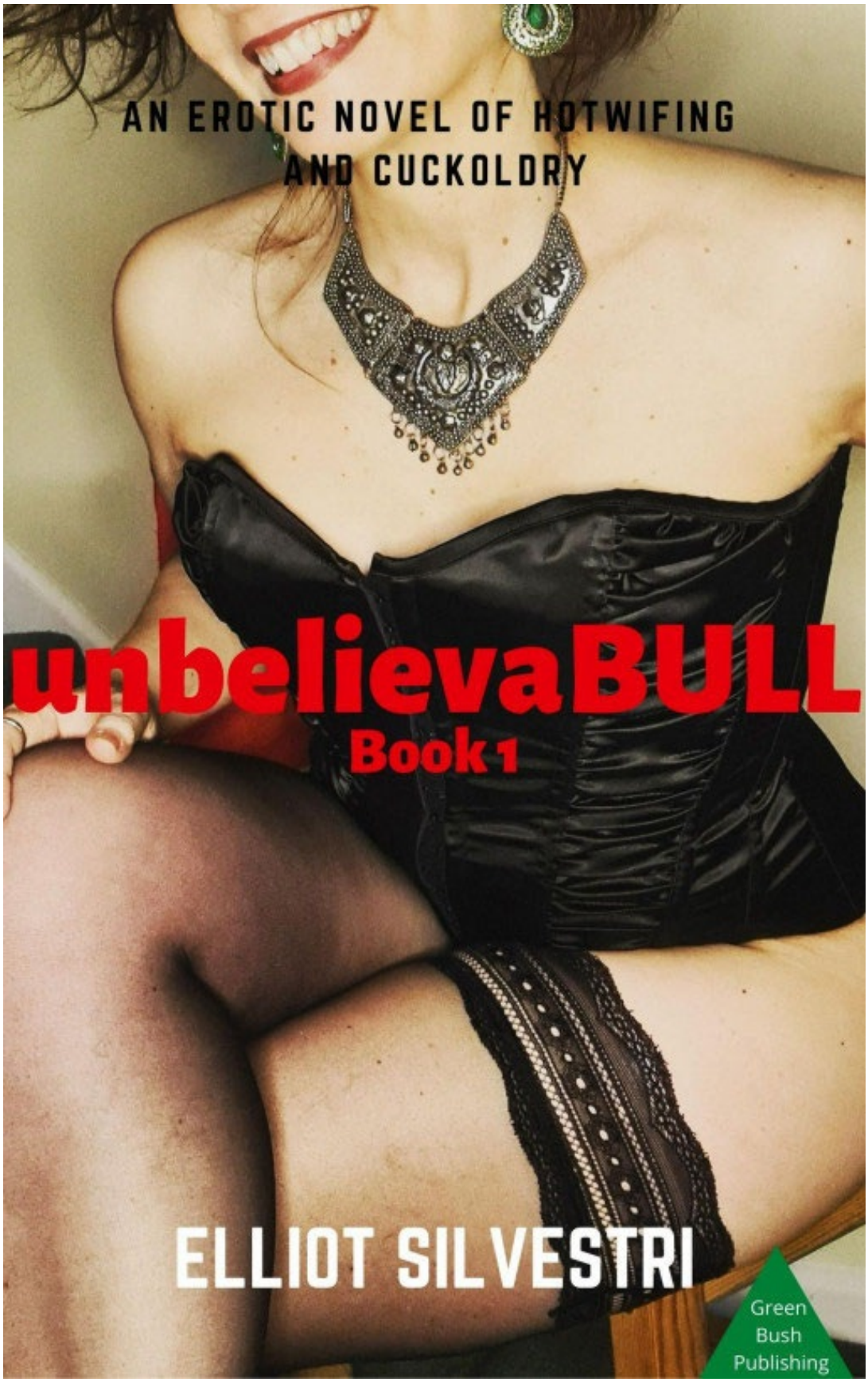
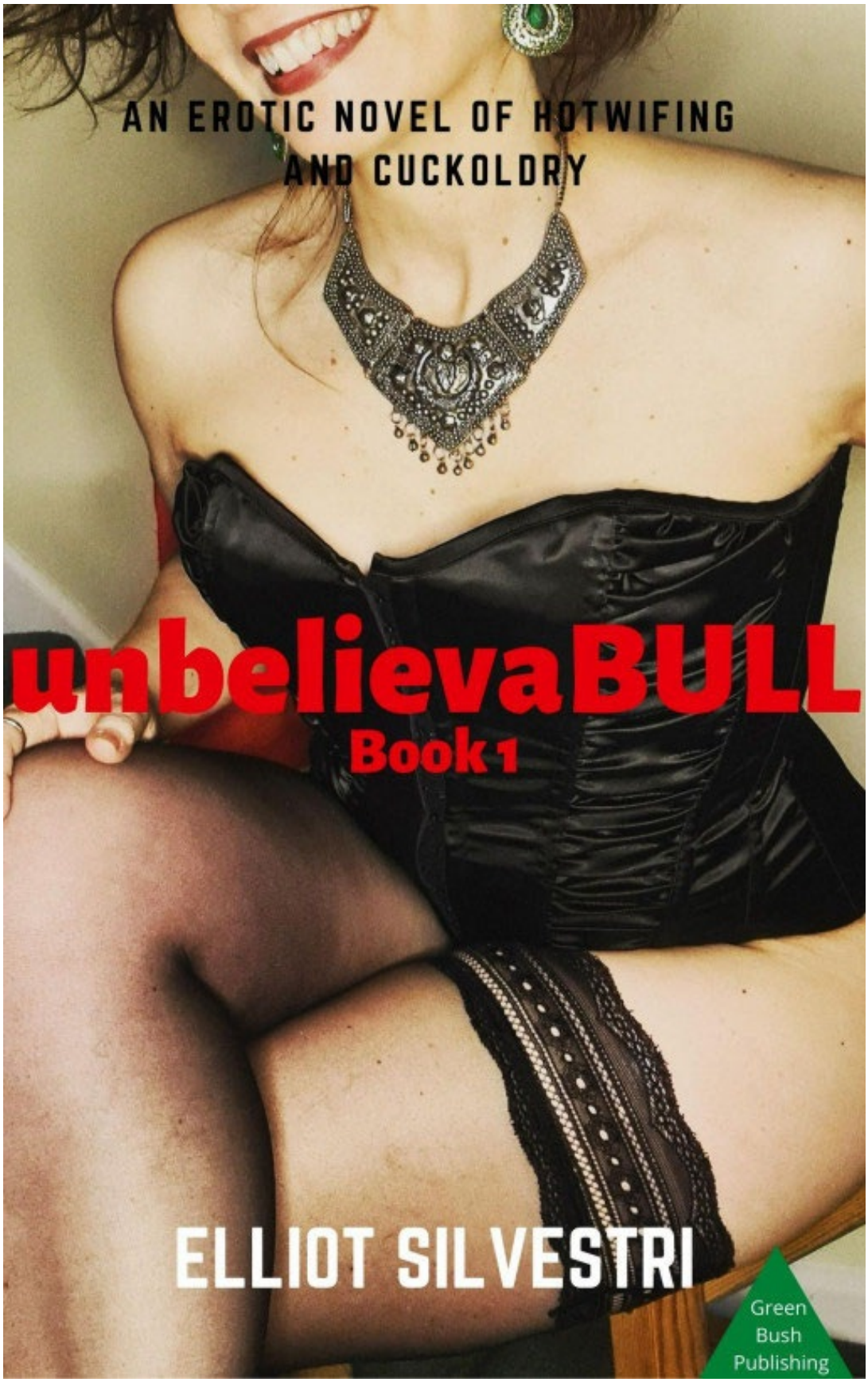

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING
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Book 1
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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UnbelievaBULL 1

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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UnbelievaBULL 1

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Part One

Chapter 1

Courtney

You never know how lucky you are until you lose it. My husband was a wonderful partner, a good husband, and a great lover. Sex with him was amazing.

But the sex I had with my boyfriend was better.

I hated to admit it, but cock size matters. At least for me.

Will had everything I wanted in a husband...except a big cock. Four inches was perfectly adequate...for most women.

I needed something bigger.

I'm not proud of the fact, but I started my affair with Ryan six months into my marriage with Will. I had put up with his small dick for nearly three years. Three years of average dick is three years too many.

It wasn't that Will didn't try. He put a hundred percent into fucking me when we had sex. He got me big vibrators and dildos. He used a cockring to stay hard and get bigger. The only thing we hadn't done was get him to use Viagra or other drugs. That wouldn't make him bigger anyway, it would just make him harder. Hardness wasn't the problem. I needed to be filled up.

Will couldn't do it.

Ryan could.

Ryan was my old college boyfriend. We were terrible for each other, but the sex was amazing. We just wanted different things in life after college. Fast forward ten years and our wants had intersected. He wanted to fuck me and I wanted to be fucked by him. He didn't want a serious relationship. I didn't want a serious relationship with him; I already had someone that I was going to marry soon.

It was perfect.

How did I reconnect with Ryan? He had become a doctor and was working in the city where Will and I were living. Working in medical insurance I was lucky enough to come across his name and started wondering.

He had a flexible schedule working as a doctor. Usually we hooked up in the morning, at least once a week, because Will was working at his nine to five. Sure, property finance paid well, but it was boring as hell.

My first time reconnecting with Ryan...I was like a cat in heat.

The email I sent to Ryan was completely inappropriate.

I just asked him if he remembered me. I asked him that from my private email because I wasn’t stupid.

He was smart enough to reply from his private email as well.

The message was short. Of course I remember you. To that he attached something much longer. A picture of his hard cock.

I got wet just from looking at it. It brought back good memories.

From there it was incredibly easy to set a time to hook up and fuck.

Chapter 2

Courtney

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” I said when I got to Ryan’s place. I had worn my slutty bra and underwear. It was Tuesday morning, our usual appointment time. Ryan was waiting for me. I just wanted to get into his townhouse, suck his cock a little, get fucked nice and hard, and go to work, guilt free, before reporting home to my husband. Nice and simple.

“What?” he protested. “We used to do this sort of thing all the time.”

I had already taken off my skirt and heels, leaving me in thigh highs, a pair of red panties that were almost but not quite a thong, a matching bra that created cleavage I had no right to, and my silk blouse that was appropriate for work but still far too dressy. The blouse I had unbuttoned halfway down when Ryan hit me with his little proposition.

Ryan was looking very tasty in his tight black briefs. I could see the outline of his big cock, not yet hard but I was going to change that. He was wearing nothing else. He had been waiting for me to come over and have sex. Why bother dressing or romancing the woman you knew you were going to fuck and didn’t have to talk into bed?

“I don’t want to go to work with a bruised ass.”

He scoffed at me. “I used to spank you all the time. Hell, I spanked you last week.”

“With your hand,” I pointed out.

He was holding in his hand a leather and wood paddle. It was true. I liked my ass spanked during sex, but this was a new step and I was reasonably certain I didn’t want to do it.

But maybe he could talk me into it.

“It’s just a paddle. Adds a little extra sting. Makes things more exciting.”

“I don’t think so.” I shook my head but I didn’t make any move to get dressed and leave. I’ll admit it. I wanted to get laid. Get fucked. Forget my troubles for an hour.

As it was, my panties were already wet...and that was just in anticipation of what I was going to do with Ryan.

Him asking to paddle my ass didn’t exactly dry me up.

I just didn’t want to go back to Will with evidence that I had been cheating on him.

Plus I didn’t want to go to work with a bruised ass.

“I’m a doctor. It’ll be fine.”

“I don’t think so.”

“You sit on that fancy inflatable ball chair all day. It’ll cushion any bruising.”

“You’re not making a good argument.”

I started fingering the edge of my shirt. I wanted to fuck him but I didn’t want the paddle.

Then he turned it slightly and I saw it wasn’t just a flat paddle. It took me a second, but I could read the letters carved into the paddle. They would leave a contrast of color on the skin. My pussy suddenly perked up and started drooling.

I’m ashamed to admit that in the past I’d let Ryan take a few pictures of me while we were having sex. Mostly my pussy. And my ass. And a couple of me sucking his cock. My face wasn’t fully visible in any of the pictures, but if you knew me, you’d be able to recognize me in the pictures. I knew he was posting them on the internet but I didn't complain. I was living a dangerous life.

“What does that say on it?” I asked him outright.

Ryan turned the paddle, fully displaying it to me. I could read the bold all caps letters.

SLUT

“I suppose you wanted to spank my ass with that and then take a picture?” I asked him.

Ryan had the good manners to pretend to be embarrassed. “Yes.”

“I didn’t come here today to get my ass paddled,” I told him.

He was disappointed, frowned at my answer, and tossed the paddle on the bed.

“Fine. Can we still fuck?”

I brightened. “Happily,” I answered him and quickly unbuttoned my blouse the rest of the way as I crossed the room and snagged a pillow off his bed. He didn’t move as I went down on my knees in front of him, padding the hardwood floor with the pillow.

Ryan just grinned down at me as I pulled down his briefs and his cock plopped out. He wasn’t huge, but he hadn’t grown. Yet.

I wasn’t sure if he did it because it made his cock look bigger or if he wanted to be a porn star, but Ryan regularly shaved his pubes. It did make his already big cock look bigger.

Without using my hands, I took his semi-flaccid cock into my mouth and surrounded him with the warm wetness. I sucked and bobbed my head a little. It didn’t take much to get Ryan hard. I appreciated that. Low effort, high reward.

Almost too soon he was too large for my mouth.

“I want to fuck your face,” he told me.

I steeled myself for what was about to happen. And by that, I meant I grabbed onto Ryan’s ass while he grabbed the sides of my head and used my mouth as a fuck hole.

I learned to deepthroat in college. I learned just so I could take Ryan all the way down to his balls.

So he fucked my face, shoving his cock all the way down my throat. Repressing my gag reflex was easy when I enjoyed being used this way.

I didn't know why Ryan loved using me that way, but he did.

He paused. "Want me to cum down your throat?" he asked.

I couldn't answer. I literally had a mouthful of cock. And a throatful as well.

I tried to shake my head but he was gripping me too tightly.

Fuck I loved this.

"What's that, slut, speak up!"

I tried to make some noises around his cock, but I couldn't. That was the game.

"Do you like being face fucked?" he demanded.

I tried to nod my head up and down, to similar results.

"Well, do you?" he demanded and suddenly pulled his cock free.

I gasped for breath and I couldn't immediately answer.

Ryan slapped me across the face. "Well?"

"I love being face fucked," I gagged. He was holding me upright by my head, otherwise I would have collapsed to the floor.

"Do you want me to cum down your throat?"

"No," I whimpered.

He slapped me across the face.

It stung, but it made my pussy gush a little more. It was just the perfect amount of roughness.

"Where do you want me to cum? On your face?"

I violently shook my head back and forth. “No.”

“Where?” he demanded.

“In my pussy.”

Ryan lifted me off the floor and threw me on his bed, face down. He didn’t even bother to take off my thong; he just pulled it aside and slammed his big cock into me.

It should have hurt. It should have been next to impossible for him to put his hugeness into me.

Instead he went right in. It felt wonderful. He filled me all the way up all the way to his balls. No woman should have been able to take such a big dick in their pussy, but Ryan had trained me over the years.

And I was a slut.

So, face down and ass up, he plowed me hard. I moaned and groaned as he used my body. His hands were on my hips and ass, controlling how I moved and how I was positioned. I felt like a slut and I loved it. I like being fucked hard and used for someone else’s pleasure. That’s what gets me off.

I came before I realized I was peaking. It was a short, intense orgasm that made me howl.

Ryan slapped my ass. “Do you like cumming on my big cock?” he demanded.

“I...love...it,” I grunted out.

He slapped my ass again.

“Do you like being a slut?”

“I love it,” I repeated.

“Do you like cheating on Will?”

“I love it!”

This was a game we had been playing for far too long. It was terrible that I was cheating on my husband. Ryan knew Will. They had met in the past. That made it worse.

It also made the sex that much better.

I was about to cum again.

“Are you going to tell him you’re a slut?”

“I...I can’t,” I sobbed as I started to orgasm again.

Ryan spanked my ass again, but this time he didn’t use his hand.

He used the paddle I had earlier refused. He had picked it up off the bed while I was otherwise occupied and hit me.

It made me cum.

I cried out from the pain and the sudden rush of the orgasm.

My body was trembling and I couldn’t control myself.

Only after the orgasm faded away did I realize that Ryan came in me.

He was holding my hips, grunting, pushing in deeper, depositing the last of his seed in my pussy.

We should have used condoms, but we didn’t.

I was safe on birth control, but it was wrong for another man other than my husband to cum in me.

That also made the sex better.

Ryan pulled his cock out of me and wiped in on my ass.

“Don’t move.”

I wanted to refuse his request but my limbs were aching from our quick, strenuous workout.

So I just remained there on my elbows and knees, ass in the air.

Ryan's cell phone flashed as he took several pictures of my used pussy. I was used to this. Honestly, I sort of liked it.

When he was done he said, "How much time do you have before you need to get to work?"

I looked at the clock he had on his bedroom wall. "Fuck," I groaned as I struggled off the bed. "I need to leave in like...two minutes."

A quick trip to the bathroom where I peed and cleaned myself the best I could with a wet washcloth. I checked my face in the mirror. The red marks from the slaps were already fading. By the time I drove to work, they'd be gone.

Ryan fiddled with his phone as I dressed. "Same time next week?" he asked.

After I zipped up my skirt and adjusted my blouse, I gave him a kiss on the lips. "Of course."

As I walked out to my car I checked my phone for messages. There was just a picture from Ryan. A picture of my ass. A picture of a red mark highlighting the paleness of my skin. The SLUT letters were prominent. My ass still hurt.

I loved it.

Chapter 3

Will

Will watched as Jason sucked his dick. It wasn't that Jason did it better than Courtney, it was that having Jason give him head was more exciting because he wasn't supposed to have his dick sucked by anyone other than his wife.

Of course, in Will's experience, most men sucked dick better than most women.

He knew that because he had enough partners to make the distinction. Eight men and ten women. It seemed like a good ratio. The men had almost always been better than the women.

Of course, he couldn't tell his wife that.

She didn't know anything about his other life.

It was wrong to hook up with Jason not just because Will was married to Courtney, but because Jason was a client. Or rather, Jason's business was a client of the property finance company Will worked for.

But Will liked to think of their meetings as a cooperative venture. Both their companies got what they wanted and both the men got what they wanted.

Having sex in offices and other illicit places just made everything more intense.

And Jason was excellent at giving head.

Will watched, his hips on the edge of Jason's desk, as his cock disappeared and reappeared from Jason's mouth. He was close to the edge and he knew he needed to keep his lips clamped tightly shut because Jason's secretary was right outside the door.

That made the sex even better.

"MMmmmph!" Will grunted as he came. Jason kept a tight seal on his partner's cock, taking all of his load into his mouth and swallowing it.

No mess, no evidence.

When Jason was done sucking him off and had let go of his cock, Will stood up and pulled up his pants which had been around his knees. Jason reached for the bottle of water on his desk. That brought him uncomfortably close to Will. The two men smiled nervously at each other.

“Hey,” said Will, unable to think of anything better to say.

“Hey yourself,” Jason replied and then took a drink from his bottle, washing away the taste of Will’s cum. It wasn’t that Will’s cum tasted bad, on the contrary it was rather savory, but he couldn’t let the cloying flavor fill his mouth and distract him for the rest of the day.

They were standing close together. Jason just did what came naturally to him. He leaned over a little further and kissed Will on the lips.

Will was surprised. He only half kissed back and then pushed Jason away.

That upset Jason.

“What’s the matter?”

“You don’t have to kiss me.”

“I just gave you some of the best head you’ll ever get, and I can’t kiss you?”

The two men glared at each other. Jason forced himself not to get upset.

“What’s the matter?” he asked his friend.

“This isn’t a romantic relationship.”

“Don’t I know it,” Jason said sourly.

“You know I’m married!”

“And I’ve been with the same guy for the past ten years. What’s your point?”

Will sighed. “I don’t know. I don’t like cheating on Courtney.”

“So says the guy who I know has been cheating on her since before the two of you were married.”

“And I feel guilty about it.”

“But it doesn’t stop you.”

“I’m not like you and Anton. I’m not in an open relationship.”

Jason scoffed. “Maybe you should be.”

“I don’t want her to know I’m cheating.”

“Why not just ask her for an open relationship?”

“We’ve only been married a year!”

“Oh, I forgot. It’s the fourth year anniversary that’s the open relationship anniversary.”

“Sarcasm doesn’t help.”

“And I know that you get off on cheating on her.”

“And I feel terrible about it.”

“How long do you plan on hiding your sexual desires from her?”

“She doesn’t even know I’m bi!”

“Time to come out. Courtney seems like a very open-minded woman who would be more than happy to accommodate your needs.”

“I...I can’t.”

“You mean you’re afraid to.”

“Well, yes.”

“Maybe if you asked her one of her sexual fantasies because you want to share one with her…”

“And share with her that I like guys sucking my dick?”

“You also suck them pretty well.”

“Thanks, but that doesn’t solve the problem.”

“I’m just saying, if you ask her and expose yourself just a little, maybe you’ll be happier. Besides fucking guys, what do you want to do with her?” Jason moved around to the other side of his desk and sat down in satisfaction, like he had accomplished something.

“I kinda want to see her fuck other guys.”

“That’s just your guilt talking.”

“Maybe, but I could watch her fuck another guy and she’d be like my personal porn star.”

“That’s the straight guy in you talking. Don’t ask me to fuck her. I’ve never touched a woman.”

Chapter 4

Courtney

I should have felt guilty about fucking Ryan every Tuesday morning, but I didn't. In college my circle of friends came up with this rule that you weren't a slut as long as you didn't fuck two different guys within a twenty four hour period. That led to a debate over if that meant you had to wait twenty four hours before fucking a new guy, or if the twenty four hour period reset at midnight or noon or whatever time.

A lot of my friends in college were sluts who didn't want to admit it. I was a slut and I broke the rule multiple times and never told anyone.

I didn't want anyone to know I was a slut.

I wanted to be a slut, I just didn't want anyone to know.

So I was always careful to fuck Will Tuesday nights after being with Ryan. He deserved a wife who was a good lover and a slut.

I checked my ass before I undressed and came to Will in bed. There wasn't a bruise on my butt. I was sort of disappointed. The sting was gone. The mark was gone. There was no bruise. How was anyone to know I was a slut?

Not that I wanted my husband to know I was a slut, but I wanted the thrill of fucking him while I had the letters on my ass. Risky and fun.

After undressing in the bathroom, I slipped on my too short red lace nightie and came to bed.

Will grinned at me when I walked in.

"What?" I asked him innocently.

"When you wear that, I know you want to get laid."

"Why would you say that?" I asked, posing at the foot of the bed.

“Because that nightie doesn’t cover your pussy.”

It was true. That’s why I wore it.

I was fairly sure that all of Ryan’s cum had dripped out of me over the day, but I needed to push that boundary anyway.

“Oops,” I said as I approached him. “You must be embarrassed to have a wife who dresses like a floozie.” I couldn’t compel myself to call myself a slut, even in the privacy of my bedroom, even when I was teasing and flirting with my husband.

“Depends. Can she suck a golf ball through a garden hose?” He pushed down the sheets to show me that he was already naked. His dick lay limply to the side. I pretended that I didn’t care that he was much, much smaller than Ryan. I had to keep those thoughts out of my head when I was fucking my husband.

“I think she can,” I said as I crawled up on the bed and lay down between his legs. After sucking Ryan’s cock earlier in the day, sucking Will’s dick was a disappointment.

However, he did respond to the warmth of my mouth. It took no time at all for Will to get nice and hard. I didn’t, however, immediately just jump on his dick. I showed off my fellatio skills.

A husband appreciates a wife like that.

I liked hearing his breathing change as he got hard in my mouth. I kept going, seeing how close to the edge I could get him.

When he was nice and hard and throbbing in my mouth, I felt his balls tighten up to his body. He was ready to cum.

“Oh...fuck yes…” he moaned.

I stopped sucking.

“Don’t stop!” he pleaded.

I laughed at him and ran my fingertip along the underside of his dick.

“But I want to fuck you.”

“I was about to cum!”

“I’m going to make you cum with my pussy.”

He happily let me crawl up his body, straddle him, and then helpfully held onto his dick as I lowered myself down on it. I was already wet enough because I had been thinking about fucking Ryan earlier. Maybe some of his cum was still in me.

Will slipped into me easily. How couldn’t he? I was positive that Ryan had permanently stretched me open for the rest of my life.

Still, it was fun to ride my husband. His hands moved from my hips to my tits, mauling them through my nightie.

“You still like fucking your wife?” I asked him.

“Why wouldn’t I?”

“Seven year itch?”

He laughed which threw off my rhythm. “We’ve barely been married a year!”

“Right. I can’t count.”

We were silent for a moment as we savored each other’s bodies. I mean, I felt his dick in me, but I wished he was larger. I had never told him he was too small, but every toy I got it was obvious that I preferred something big inside me.

I wasn’t going to bring that up now.

“Tell me a fantasy,” he suddenly blurted out.

“What? Here? Now?” I was confused.

“Why not?”

“Because we’re having sex…”

“Isn’t that good enough?”

“I’m...I’m focusing on your dick right now.” I closed my eyes and pretended it was too much.

“Can I tell you one?”

“Sure,” I readily agreed. Anything to not have to take in the moment.

“I want...I want...I want…” He was either making something up on the spot or didn’t have anything to say.

“What do you want?”

“I want to watch you fuck another man, Court,” he blurted out.

I stopped moving. Did he know?

He couldn’t know.

I started to hyperventilate.

He knew.

He was going to divorce me.

I had fucked up my life.

I could feel his dick throbbing in me.

I couldn’t remember the last time I had felt his dick throbbing in me.

I said the only thing I could at the moment.

“Really?”

“I know. It’s fucked up fantasy. I’m sorry!”

I started bouncing up and down on his dick again. I felt like a porn star.

“You dirty boy. You’d like to see me fuck someone else, wouldn’t you?!”

“Uh-huh.” It wasn’t a very witty response, but I was fine with that. He was looking up at me with shining eyes. I could feel him throbbing inside me.

His hands were all over my tits. I didn’t know what to make of this. Was he just speaking a fantasy out loud with no intention of ever following through on it?

We stared at each other as we fucked. It was the best sex we’d had in as long as I could remember.

I found that I couldn’t talk. I figured the same was with Will.

He grabbed my hips and slammed into me, holding me in place.

I loved that.

It only took me another moment before I came. A few seconds later I could feel Will cumming in me. The gush of liquid inside me. The grunting from my husband.

It was the second time in less than twenty-four hours I had fucked someone.

I retained my slut crown.

The sex was intense enough that I lay atop Will panting, desperately trying to get my breath back. I hadn’t realized I had been going that hard. His dick was still inside me. He was still hard. I was considering going for a second round. It had been a while since we had done that.

“That was fucking intense,” he said to me.

“It sure was,” I agreed. I was afraid to bring it up, but we both knew why it was so intense.

He wanted to see me fucking another man.

I was already fucking another man, but he didn’t know that.

I needed to give him a fantasy I wanted fulfilled.

“What do you want to do?” he asked me.

“Right now I want to wait a minute, get my legs back, and go to the bathroom.”

I was avoiding the issue.

“I mean...what fantasy do you want?”

I forced myself not to freeze up. I didn’t need to make him suspicious.

Naturally I should have confessed that I had been fucking around on Will for most of our relationship. Well, maybe not most of our relationship. But certainly before and after our wedding.

I could have even said that I had a guy in mind, an old boyfriend from college, who might just fit the bill, but I didn’t say a word because I’m a chicken and I was afraid of blowing up everything in my marriage.

“I...I don’t know. Can I say I want a threeway with you and another guy? Isn’t that what you want?” I was half whispering in his ear, confessing something that wasn’t true.

Well, I wouldn’t have turned down a threeway. It wasn’t any special wish of mine, but it sounded fun. Will in my mouth and Ryan in my pussy. Perfect.

“But I just want to watch you fuck another guy,” he said, a little more boldly now.

It clicked with me. He wasn’t just making dirty talk during sex to make it more exciting. He actually wanted me to fuck another guy.

It was the perfect opportunity and I passed it up.

Fuck I’m stupid.

“You know, there’s a word for that,” I said, changing the subject. “Cuckold.”

“I know.”

“And you want to be called that?”

He pushed me up a bit and his dick, already going soft, slipped out of me. He looked me right in the eyes and I felt that guilt again.

“I love watching you when you cum,” he said. “You’re beautiful.”

“Liar,” I muttered.

He ignored me. “I love watching you when you get yourself off with the vibrators you have. I just want to see you do it with another guy.”

I turned my eyes away from him. “Why don’t we just record ourselves having sex?”

He rolled me off his body. “Sorry. I wasn’t thinking. I don’t want to force you to do this.”

He moved off the bed and went to the bathroom just off our bedroom. Will didn’t close the door all the way. I could hear him peeing and then flush the toilet. The water ran and he came back to the bed.

“Bathroom’s free.”

“Except for the mortgage,” I said.

He didn’t even chuckle at my lame joke. I went and used it as well. I felt terrible about not acknowledging his fantasy. I hadn’t realized it wasn’t just a fantasy. He wanted to do it.

I could have fixed everything, but I didn’t.

“Are you serious about this little cuckolding fantasy?” I asked when I returned to the bed. He was on his side, facing away from me. I slipped my hand over his body and pressed my palm against his stomach. I could have cupped his dick, but I didn’t. I didn’t want to fuck things up any worse.

“I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“This just came from out of the blue,” I told him. I took a breath. “I’m not opposed to the idea, but do we want to be like...that?”

“Like what?”

“That couple who fucks anything and everything.”

“I just wanted to see you with another guy once. I thought it would be hot.”

Using all the courage I had I said, “I’m not saying no.”

Maybe his breathing changed a bit. “What are you saying?”

“That I’ll...think about it.

Chapter 5

Debbie

“I’m going to work and I’ve got a buttplug in,” Debbie said over the phone to Courtney.

“Why do you tell me these things?” Courtney sighed. “Is that really hygienic? Does your dentist know?”

“Of course he doesn’t know. He looks at my mouth not my ass!” Debbie howled with laughter.

“Why is your dentist even looking in your mouth?” asked Courtney. “You’re the hygienist.”

“I’d let Dr. Gehl look at any part of my anatomy.”

“You know, you do have a fiance,” Courtney pointed out.

“And you have a husband who you’ve been cheating on for how long?”

Courtney remained silent for a moment. She liked talking to her cousin and sharing secrets, especially sex secrets, but she knew the risk. Debbie lived a thousand miles south of her cousin so it wasn’t like she was going to reveal Courtney’s affair to Will, but Courtney still worried.

“Too long,” was Courtney’s eventual answer.

“If it gets uncomfortable I’m just going to take it out in the restroom,” Debbie told her. “Maybe tomorrow I’ll wear nipple clamps. I’m not sure how I’ll hide them…”

“You’re a slut,” Courtney laughed.

“No, you’re a slut,” Debbie countered.

Courtney loved hearing about Debbie’s sexual adventures.

“Are you really wearing a buttplug right now?” Courtney had to ask. It was a little extreme even for Debbie.

“Well, it’s called a princess plug, but yes. Now tell me about Ryan. Is his cock still huge?”

Courtney laughed nervously as she headed out the door. She had plenty of time to get work and Will was already gone. It wasn’t like someone was going to hear her. Still, she waited until she was inside her car.

“Yes. It’s still huge.”

“Did he make you pass out when he fucked you yesterday? He did fuck you yesterday, didn’t he?”

“Yes, and no. We had sex but I didn’t pass out.”

“Did you fuck Will last night?”

“Dirty Girl Slut Club! Of course I did.” Courtney couldn’t help herself. “Last night Will asked to watch me fuck another guy.”

There was a pause on the other end of the line.

“Hello? Debbie? Are you there?”

“Yeah, yeah. I’m here. Wow. That’s crazy. Will has never asked anything like that before, has he?”

“No.” Courtney got in her car, started it, and backed out of the driveway.

“What did you say?”

“I said I’d think about it.”

Debbie’s cackling laughter came over the phone and Courtney stared sourly at it.

“You had the perfect opportunity to introduce your boyfriend to your husband and have them double team you, and you missed it!”

“It’s called a spit roast,” Courtney replied.

“You know what it’s called!” Debbie howled with laughter.

“Of course I do. Who doesn’t?”

“Well, me obviously.”

“Because you’re clueless. It’s also called finger cuffs.”

Debbie sobered up for a moment. “You know a lot about this for some reason.”

“I have my reasons,” Courtney said archly.

“Yeah, you want two big dicks fucking your pussy at the same time.”

“That’s called DP, double penetration or dual penetration. And I think I’d like one in my ass and one in my pussy.” Courtney’s face felt like it was on fire. She had admitted these things in the past to Debbie, but never when it could be a real possibility. That was just fantasy talk. This now felt like...planning.

“Wow. You’ve got it bad, don’t you?”

“No,” Courtney angrily replied and focused on her driving when she realized she almost ran a stop sign. “It’s just got me flustered.”

“Okay, well, I’m at work. Tell me when you’ve got a date set to fuck your boyfriend and husband at the same time. Pics or it didn’t happen.”

She ended the call.

Courtney drove on in silence, lost in her thoughts.

Debbie parked her car at the back edge of the lot and hurried into the dental office. Only Dr. Gehl’s car was there along with Miss Halligan, the pleasant, but ancient, secretary who practically ran the office for Dr. Gehl. She had run it for Dr. Gehl’s father when he operated the practice.

“Morning,” she greeted Miss Halligan as she walked in the back entrance. Just that thought made Debbie smirk. Miss Halligan, hair coiffed just so, cardigan sweater buttoned in place, red lipstick painted on her lips, just nodded in acknowledgement of Debbie’s greeting.

Miss Halligan didn’t like Debbie. Miss Halligan didn’t think young dental hygienists should have tattoos and certainly not visible tattoos.

Debbie was certain that Miss Halligan’s pussy had dried up years ago.

It only took Debbie a minute to set up her work station, check the schedule, and then she proceeded back to Dr. Gehl’s office so they could prepare for the day.

She knocked once on the door and opened it. “Dr. Gehl?”

The handsome young dentist looked up at her and waved Debbie inside. “Come in. What’s the schedule like?”

“I’m not certain, but could you check something for me? You’re a medical professional right?” She walked up to his desk.

“Problem?” he asked her, his brow suddenly furrowed in concern.

“Maybe?” Debbie abruptly turned around, pulled the bottoms of her scrubs down and bent forward over the chair. She waved her bare ass back and forth in front of Dr. Gehl for a few seconds. “Do you see anything back there?”

Dr. Gehl stifled a giggle and walked around his desk. He placed a hand on Debbie’s lower back to hold her still. “You seem to have something that doesn't belong back here.”

“Are you sure?”

“Let me see what I can do.”

Debbie smiled and rested her chin on the back of the visitor’s chair, arching her back and presenting her ass for inspection from the good doctor.

Courtney had her secrets and Debbie had hers as well. This wasn’t an affair. This was just playing. Dr. Gehl was her boss and Debbie was very happy with her fiance of five years.

She felt Dr. Gehl’s fingers go down her cleft and then circle around the bright pink glass gem embedded in the base of the princess plug. Debbie forced herself to relax as Dr. Gehl pulled on it.

“Ow,” she complained.

“Am I hurting you?” He released the plug and her body sucked it back into position.

“No. I just like it when my ass is played with,” she giggled at him.

“You’re a very bad girl.”

“You’re a very bad boy, Dr. Gehl.”

“Call me Ron. You know that’s my name.”

“Of course, Dr. Gehl.”

He growled with faked anger. His fingers went around the gem again and this time he tugged insistently. Her body resisted a moment but eventually it gave up the prize.

“Oh! Thank you, doctor! What was that?”

They had played this game before. They both knew it was stupid, but they couldn’t help themselves.

“Just a little obstruction. It’s gone now. Want me to fuck your ass?”

“Doctor, I could never do that!” That was a lie. Brad fucked Debbie’s ass all the time.

“Liar.”

“We don’t have time,” she said, changing tactics as she went to pull up her scrubs.

Dr. Gehl moved quickly to prevent her from doing that. His foot was on her scrubs and underwear. He noted she was wearing a thong. Not exactly the dress code, but he was going to allow it.

“Don’t move,” he said. “If I can’t fuck that cute ass, I’m going to do the next best thing.”

He unzipped his pants and she turned her head at the sound. His cock was out and he was hard. She watched for a few seconds as he jerked off before putting her own hand between her legs and fingered herself.

It was a race. They had played this game before as well. Quick and quiet. Her fingers danced on her clit. His fist pumped up and down his cock.

It was impossible to tell who finished first. His load shot onto her lower back, coating her poorly chosen tramp stamp. Her orgasm was intense and only enhanced by the hot liquid on her back.

They both managed to keep their moans to a minimum.

As soon as he was done, Dr. Gehl tucked away his cock, zipped up, and used a sanitized wipe to get rid of the mess he had left on Debbie's back. Debbie quickly cleaned her hands with some more wipes after pulling up her scrubs.

She grabbed the schedule off Dr. Gehl's desk and opened the door. "I'll be ready in two minutes, doctor."

Miss Halligan frowned at Debbie as she walked by the office, but said nothing.

Debbie wondered if Miss Halligan knew or cared.

Chapter 6

Courtney

I was desperate for Ryan's cock the next Tuesday. Yes, Will was an excellent lover and we had sex three times over the weekend, but his dick wasn't doing it for me.

When I had an hour to myself in the house I used my biggest vibrator to fuck myself silly. I couldn't walk straight at work that Monday morning.

When I went to Ryan's, I just wanted to get my clothes off, my legs open, and my pussy fucked.

He wanted to be romantic instead. He was dressed like he was going to work. Dress shirt and tie, even though he knew I was coming over. He kissed me at the door and drew me inside. He brought me to his bed where I could smell he had just changed the sheets.

Instead of tearing my clothes off, he slowly undressed me. I helped things along. Instead of just getting out his hard cock, he went down on me.

While I loved a good pussy licking, I wanted a good hard fuck. I struggled against him, but his arms were locked around my thighs and, as much as I wanted him inside me, his tongue on my clit was a total distraction.

He got me off and I squirted on his face a little. After I came I was able to talk again.

"Give me your fucking cock!" I demanded.

He sat up and wiped his face. I realized that though I was naked, he was still in shirt, tie, and pants.

"Why so eager? I've got plenty of time this morning."

"I don't. One hour. Get your cock out!" I sounded oddly desperate.

Ryan relented. I fingered myself while I watched him strip. I liked watching him

undress. Tie first. Then his dress shirt that he unbuttoned only the top two buttons and then yanked it over his head. Unbuckle the belt while I try not to think about what that belt could do to me. His black boxer briefs were tight and when he lowered them, his big cock plopped out just ready for me to suck.

My pussy was wet. My fingers were wet. I was certain I was soaking his bed. I didn't care. I grabbed for his cock and for a moment I couldn't decide if I wanted it in my mouth or my pussy.

Apparently he wanted it in my pussy. That's where it went.

I groaned loudly as he filled me up. It was what I needed.

"You're so noisy," he told me as he started thrusting.

"Fuck! Yeah!" I cried out. He lived in a townhouse and maybe his neighbors could hear him through the walls. I didn't care. Fuck them. Or not.

I tilted my hips so he could penetrate me more deeply and locked my ankles behind his back.

"Fuck! Me! Hard!" I ordered him.

Ryan laughed at me and did as I asked.

It was so wrong to be cheating on my husband with another man, especially when my husband wanted me to be his hotwife and fuck other men in front of him.

But that thought made the sex even better.

I wasn't exactly screaming, but I was doing my best porn star imitation. Loud, but not too loud.

I hoped.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," I chanted over and over.

He fucked me. He fucked me hard.

Hard, the way I came. I was trembling so hard I lost my ankle lock around his

back as I came.

He continued to pound away at me for another minute while I just trembled. Finally he came. I loved the feeling of his thick cum filling me up. That was enough to give me another little orgasm.

We lay there together for a minute. I didn't especially need to be cuddled after sex, but it was nice. I could pretend anything I wanted. I pretended I was back in high school fucking my boyfriend in my bedroom hoping my parents wouldn't get home early.

My high school boyfriend's dick was too small as well.

"You sure you don't have any extra time this morning?" said Ryan as he flopped off me and rolled to the side. I glanced at his cock. He wasn't fully flaccid yet.

"Sorry." I made no move to get off his bed. His cum was slowly flowing out of me.

"I can get it up again in a minute," he promised.

"I can't."

I could have, but I didn't want to.

"Did you see that thing on the news last night about the shooting downtown?"

"Ugh. I don't want to think about it."

"Want to get together tomorrow or Friday?" he asked me.

The thing I liked about sex with Ryan was that he had a big cock and it was uncomplicated and we didn't have to talk.

"No."

"What's bothering you?" he asked me. "You're being...irritable."

I almost laid into him about questioning my emotions and acting like my husband.

But I didn’t.

We had more or less silently agreed that we wouldn’t discuss Will.

So naturally I broke that rule.

“Will asked to watch me fuck another man.”

And naturally Ryan’s face lit up.

“And you want me to be the guy that fucks you! Yes! I’ll do it!”

I just glared evenly at him. “No.”

Ryan was miffed, to say the least. “What do you mean, no?”

“I think the word is pretty self-explanatory. Don’t turn into one of those terrible memes about safe sex and entitled assholes.”

In his defense, Ryan was truly confused. “Why don’t you want me to fuck you in front of Will? He’s practically begging you to be cuckolded! This is a dream come true!”

“For you, maybe. Not for me. I haven’t given him an answer yet.”

“Why the fuck not?!”

I sat up and put my feet on the floor, which put my back to him. I didn’t want to face him when I said the next part.

“Because...what if it turns out Will doesn’t like it? What if this little fantasy turns out to be a nightmare?”

“Then we go back to the way things were.”

“Yeah. It won’t be that simple. He’ll know about you. I won’t be able to just sneak away.”

“You’re making this more complicated than it has to be!” He put his hands on my shoulders and kissed the side of my neck. I wanted to pull away, but I didn’t.

“Look, I like the way things are. I don’t want to fuck things up just because you want to fuck me in front of my husband because you have some weird fetish.”

“He’ll get off on it too,” Ryan assured me. “And it’s not like you have a cheating fetish,” he accused me. Then he snapped his fingers. “That’s it, isn’t it! You like cheating on him and if Will meets me and approves, there goes your fetish!”

I got up from the bed and headed to the bathroom. “You couldn’t be more wrong!”

I hated that he had way too much insight into me.

I normally didn’t take a shower after I fucked Ryan, but today was an exception. I aimed the water away from my face and hair, and made the whole event quick.

I marched back out into Ryan’s bedroom with a towel wrapped around my body and quickly dressed while he lounged on the bed, watching me.

“The offer stands,” he said again. “Happy to fuck you right in front of your husband. Hell, I’m happy to fuck you in private. Right here even. You can take pictures and videos and send them to him. I’ll also do it in your house. He can listen at the door.”

I was angry. Mostly with myself, but also at Ryan. “Delete my pictures,” I told him.

“Sure.” I could tell he was lying. “See you next Tuesday?”

I walked out on him, not answering.

I hated that I knew I was going to be back in his bed next Tuesday.

Maybe earlier.

Chapter 7

Debbie

“You have got to be fucking kidding me!” Debbie all but screamed through the phone. “This is perfect!”

Courtney was talking quietly in the bedroom while Will made dinner in the kitchen. He knew that his wife was talking to her cousin, so she had some time and didn’t need to worry too much about hiding the topic.

“How is this possibly perfect?”

“You can fuck Ryan in front of Will now. Hell, you can have the two of them at once. One at each end. It sounds like heaven.”

“Believe me, it’s a lot closer to hell.”

She was keeping her voice down. The last thing she needed was for Will to overhear her conversation.

“Why?”

“Because it’s going to destroy my marriage!” she whisper-shouted into the phone.

“How could that possibly happen?” Debbie was still giggling.

“Because...either Will is going to find out that I’ve been fucking Ryan for...for way too long or he’s going to hate seeing me with Ryan.”

“I suppose those are both risks. Maybe you should distract Will by giving him a little fantasy of yours to fulfill while you think over how you’re going to reveal your boyfriend to your husband.”

“I don’t have a fantasy for him to fulfill,” Courtney mumbled into the phone.

“Oh. That’s a problem. I know! You can give him one of mine!”

“I’m almost afraid to ask what you’d say to Don.”

“Centaur fuck,” Debbie said in all seriousness.

Courtney was silent for a moment. “You want to fuck a centaur. Half horse, half man?”

“That’s right. You remember I was obsessed with horses and ponies when I was in elementary school.”

“Right, right...except centaur’s don’t exist...and I don’t want to fuck one...and I’m not fucking a horse.”

“Well, you could have Will dress up as a horse and fuck him that way,” Debbie suggested.

“That’s fucking stupid. No. Just...no.”

Courtney was unsure if Debbie was just winding her up or if Debbie really did have a centaur fetish. She made a note of it and was determined to find some centaur porn to send to her cousin in the near future.

“Okay, I’ve got a better idea.”

“It had better not be fuck a unicorn.”

“Eww! No! Those long spiral horns could do some serious damage to your vadge.”

“Debbie…” Courtney wanted to end the call.

“Okay, okay. Seriously. Find a new guy. Use one of those hookup apps, pick out a new guy, and fuck him in front of Will.”

“What?”

“Think about it. It makes perfect sense. There’s lots of guys on those apps. You wouldn’t have the least bit of trouble finding someone. If Will hates seeing you fucked by someone else, well, that’s on him. You go to couple’s therapy for a few months and keep your relationship with Ryan a secret. If you like it, then

win-win. Will gets his jollies seeing you with another guy. You have no emotional connection to the guy. It's just raw, dirty sex of the highest order. Yum!"

Courtney hated to admit it, but Debbie was making sense. "What about Ryan?"

"What about him?"

"What do I do with him?"

"Keep fucking him."

Courtney was nonplussed with this answer. "So you want me to have active sexual relationships with three men?"

"Dirty Girls Slut Club for life, remember?" said Debbie.

"It seems a little much."

"Well that's all I've got for you."

"Court! Dinner!" Will called to his wife through the house.

"I've gotta go, Deb. Dinner."

Chapter 8

Will

It wasn’t often that Will and Jason had a whole afternoon to themselves. Sure they were in charge of their companies, but they still had responsibilities they couldn’t escape. Luckily this afternoon, they didn’t need to make excuses. They had a lunch meeting together with a larger organization; it went well. The meeting had been held in a small banquet room attached to a hotel. It was almost too easy for Jason to book a room, text the number to Will, and they had the rest of the day together.

Surprising himself, as soon as the door was closed, they kissed each other but then Will went down on his knees, anxiously getting his lover’s cock out so he could suck it. Jason took no action as he allowed his lover to suck him. This was unusual. Will didn’t usually go down on the other man.

Jason was pleased because Will, without doubt, sucked cock better than any other man he had ever been with, including Anton, not that he would tell his long-term boyfriend that.

The privacy of the hotel room seemed like a luxury. Jason focused on Will’s face, watching him as he fellated his lover. When Will unexpectedly opened his eyes, they looked at each other for a split second before Will suddenly backed away.

“Sorry.”

“For what?” Jason asked. He took off his shirt, kicked off his shoes, and started to drop his pants.

“I usually don’t do that.” He stood up.

“Yeah? So?” Jason approached his lover, naked now, erection poking up and out.

Will hesitated, but allowed Jason to embrace him. They kissed again. Jason drew Will’s hand to his cock.

“Do you want to do this?”

“Of course I want to do this.”

Will allowed Jason to help him undress. Jason did most of the work. And then Jason all but pushed Will to the bed. By this point Jason was worked up and was the aggressor.

“I want to fuck you.”

“I know.”

Jason laughed. “Okay, Han Solo.” He kissed Will lightly on the lips, bounded off the bed, grabbed his work bag where he had secreted some supplies, and returned with a small bottle of lube and a condom.

Will didn’t say anything. Normally when they messed around, it was mostly oral, or hand work. Jason saw his hesitation.

“We have the time and supplies,” Jason said, almost teasing. “If you want, we can start with you fucking my ass. You know I’m a switch.”

“Is that anything like being bi?”

Jason finally frowned. This had been a point of contention from the beginning of their relationship. Jason said he didn’t mind that Will had a wife, but Will sensed that Jason, even with his boyfriend, wanted something more out of their relationship.

When it came to sex, they both craved something more. Will had been penetrated by other lovers before, yet he had never done anal with his wife. He had never even asked.

Jason was a switch. Mostly he was a top with Anton and he wanted Will to top him, but hadn’t pushed the issue. Doing the fucking was fine, but Jason wanted to be used by Will.

The obnoxious question that Will asked as they were playing angered Jason, but he kept his emotions under control.

“No. It’s nothing like being bi. On your back or do you want to be on your hands and knees?”

Jason squirted a tiny bit of the lube on his cock and then quickly rolled the condom down his length before adding a bit more lube to the tip of the condom. Will hadn’t moved. He was just watching, almost jealous of how expertly Jason got himself ready.

Will wished he had that sort of confidence.

Tossing Will the lube, he said, “Lube up. You’re going to need it.”

Maybe it was because Will had trouble touching his asshole. He didn’t know for certain. Still, he used plenty of lube because he was intimidated by his lover’s cock, even though he knew they were almost the exact same size.

Having opted to lay on his back, Jason didn’t give Will the opportunity to change position. The moment he moved his hand away from his ass, Jason was all over him. Will liked being dominated but it was almost humiliating.

When he realized that, he started to enjoy Jason’s treatment of him more.

He was on his back like a woman and Jason’s cock was insistent. It didn’t take all that much effort on Jason’s part to penetrate Will.

They both grunted together when Will’s sphincter relaxed and he pushed inside.

“You like that?” Jason demanded.

“Uh-huh.” Will’s hand went to his dick. Jason had his legs up in the air and he felt very submissive in this position, almost like a woman. They both looked down at Will’s hand stroking his dick.

This was the sort of sex that Will wanted more of. He and Jason had too many handies and blowjobs and not nearly enough anal.

As much as he wanted it to last, there was no way that was going to happen. Will’s hand was slippery from the lube and he had surreptitiously applied some to his dick when getting his ass ready. His hand was going too fast and Jason’s cock felt absolutely wonderful up his ass.

It was too much to take.

Quicker than he wanted, he came all over his stomach.

Jason laughed at him and kept going, plowing Will’s ass like he didn’t care.

He didn’t care.

He wanted to get off, but he didn’t want to get off like a bitch and prematurely ejaculate like a teenager touching boobs for the first time.

As Jason continued to fuck him, Will suffered in silence for a minute, and then realized that even though he had cum, his dick wasn’t going soft.

He enjoyed taking his lover up his ass much more than was appropriate.

“You like being my bitch?” Jason grunted at him.

“Uh-huh.”

“You like taking it up the ass, don’t you?”

“Yeah…”

“Your wife fucks you like this, doesn't she?”

“Yes!” Will sobbed. He came again. There was very little ejaculate but he felt all the sensations.

He also felt Jason cumming. His body trembled, Jason’s cock went further up his ass. Will wished the thin latex wasn’t there, separating them. He wished that Jason had cum in his ass. It would have been better if he had pulled out and added his load to the mess Will had made on his stomach.

They rested together for a moment, both breathing heavily. Finally Jason’s cock slipped free and Will experienced that loss that felt so wrong.

“That was intense,” said Jason.

“Yeah. It was good,” Will said without enthusiasm.

“Okay, what the fuck is the matter?” Jason demanded as he moved away from the other man. “You’ve been pouting since we got in this room.”

Will considered lying, making up some story to cover for his emotions, but he was too invested in Jason at this point, both professionally and personally. It was never a good idea to get in bed with someone you’re doing business with, Will knew that but he broke the rule.

“I told Courtney I want to see another man fuck her.”

Jason took a moment. “And?” he prompted his friend.

“And she said she’d think it over.”

After another pause, Jason said, “I hope you don’t expect me to fuck her.”

Will chuckled at his friend. “No. I don’t expect that at all.”

“I could find someone for her though.”

Will sighed and threw his arm across his eyes. “I’m not sure I want her to now.”

“Should have thought about that before you followed my advice.”

To Be Continued

Preview

The Princess and the Ogre Part 2

Dart was escorted to Princess Poppy's private chambers deep within the royal family's apartments inside the complex known as the Mansion.

Her private apartments were bigger than any house Dart had ever called home.

Two servants were in the bedroom.

Dart waited expectantly.

One of the maids looked at him. "What do you need?" she demanded.

"I'm to speak with the princess," he said boldly while brandishing the metal badge the crown prince had given him. Thurston said the letters etched on the circular plate read "Deputy" but they could have spelled out "Asshole" for all that Dart knew.

It inspired the maid to shut up after saying, "I'll see that she knows you're waiting."

The other maid just stared at him. "She's in the bath," the girl said.

Dart wondered what it would take to talk her into bed.

Before he could try seducing her, the first maid abruptly reappeared through the far doorway. "She'll see you now."

Dart blinked. "I thought she was in the bath."

"She is." The maid kept her face neutral.

"Is she...done?"

"She wants to see you there," was all the maid would say.

"Fuck," Dart cursed under his breath and allowed the plump maid to show him

the way.

He wasn’t the least bit surprised to find the princess in a large bathtub full of steaming water. Rose petals floated on the surface of the milky water full of soap and salts and scents. It was inaccurate to say the princess was fully in the bath. She was sitting on the edge of the huge tub that was large enough to accommodate four or five bathers. The princess was naked and wet, which seemed a natural state for her.

Her butt sat on the tile surface that surrounded the tub. Her legs were splayed wide. Her tits and chest were wet with water and bathing oil. Having seen the princess naked and fucking an ogre and naked again while he fucked her in the forest, seeing her beautiful tits prominently displayed in such a fashion did wonders to harden his cock.

She met his surprised look with a smug gaze.

Another woman was fully in the tub, but her face was between Poppy’s thighs and was actively eating her cunt.

“Yes, Mr. d’Artagnan?” she asked as if it were completely normal for her to take visitors in her bath while having her cunt given a tongue bath.

“It’s Deputy d’Artagnan now,” he said, somewhat proud of his promotion from common convicted criminal to law enforcer.

Poppy groaned loudly.

It was obvious her lover knew her way around a cunt.

“Should I come back at a more convenient time?” he asked, though he wouldn’t have minded watching the pair for another hour or two.

“No. Not necessary,” she panted. “Why...why are you here?”

Judging by the stress in her words and the red blush to her skin, the princess was close to climax.

Dart wanted to see that climax.

“Your husband sent me to be your guardian,” he said flatly.

Poppy laughed and pushed her female lover’s face from between her legs.

“You’re a lousy liar, Dart.”

He tried again. “Your husband sent me to spy on you and report to him who is your lover.”

Poppy’s laughter only grew. The other woman—a pretty young woman with dark hair, small tits, and a crooked smile—joined in.

Pointing a finger at her bath partner, Poppy said, “Her name is Violet. Will Thurston want to kill her or bed her?”

“I...I don’t know. Is she your lover?”

Poppy laughed at him again, this time Violet joined in but politely hid her mouth behind her hands. Dart couldn’t help himself and let his eyes inspect the young woman’s body. Only her tits were visible. They were big; bigger than Poppy’s.

“She is, but do you think my husband would rather kill her or watch me fuck her?”

“If I were him, I’d want to watch the two of you together.”

The two women shared a smile.

“Are you going to tell him about her?”

Dart cleared his throat. From where he was standing it was obvious to both women that he had an erection in his pants. “I believe your husband is just interested in your male lovers.”

“Are you going to tell him about all the men that have shoved their cocks in my pretty cunt?” Poppy asked as she spread her legs wider and opened up the lips to her sex, clearly displaying their pinkness and their swollen state.

“Just the ones that are relevant,” Dart said, dodging the question.

“Are you going to tell him that you fucked me?” asked Poppy.

The question caused Violet to dissolve into a gales of laughter. It was an odd, lilting laughter.

“I don’t believe I will,” said Dart. “It’s not relevant or necessary.”

“I want to watch you fuck Violet,” Poppy said abruptly. “I need to be able to trust you.”

Dart had no idea what fucking Violet had to do with Poppy trusting him, but since that wasn’t violating any agreement he had with the crown prince, Dart was happy to go along with the suggestion.

“Sure!”

The women exchanged glances again.

“Are you certain?” asked Poppy as she helped her female lover up out of the water to better display her body. Dart had been right. Her tits were large and perfect, capped with big nipples and generous areolas. Her body was curvier than most women, but Dart didn’t mind that at all. A thin chain circled her waist. Small charms dangled from it. He recognized the jewelry as an affectation of the aristocracy to indicate their wealth and status. A dark triangle of black curls hid her cunt away, but Dart was certain he would be getting a close look at that shortly.

“Does she please you, Deputy d’Artagnan?” asked Poppy.

“Hells yes!”

“It’sss been a while sssince I’ve fucked a commoner,” said Violet.

Dart’s brow furrowed at her sibilant hiss upon hearing her speak for the first time. He didn’t care that she had a lisp, but it wasn’t exactly a lisp.

“How do you want to do this?” he asked the both of them.

“Take off your clothesss,” said Violet in her strange manner. “I want to sssee what I’m getting.” Both women were still in the tub, but now Poppy stood up and put her arm around her lover’s waist.

“Sure.” As Dart started to undress. He considered himself a dead man so anything he did now didn’t matter. Fucking some random noblewoman was just a quicker swing of the headsman’s axe.

In no time he had his clothes off and was displaying his hard cock. He was still standing away from the giant tub while the women stood in it, but he wasn’t going to suddenly jump in with them, not without permission.

“He hasss a handsssome cock,” said Violet.

“Thank you,” said Dart.

“Start off with a blowjob,” suggested Poppy. “I’d like to watch that.”

“Cccertainly,” said Violet as she opened her mouth wide and leaning over the edge of the tub, reaching for Dart’s cock.

Dart didn’t know exactly what to expect of Violet, but seeing two pointed tongues suddenly loll out between the woman’s lips made him abruptly back up.

He slipped on the wet, tiled floor and fell heavily to the floor, bruising his ass.

“Oof!”

The women laughed at him. At least Poppy did. Violet just kept her mouth wide open and made an odd noise as she displayed her long tongue.

He had been mistaken at first. She didn’t have two tongues. She had just the one, but it was split down the middle like a snake’s. The noblewoman showed off, making the two halves of her long tongue move back and forth, squirming around in a most unnatural manner.

“Belsar’s balls!” Dart exclaimed.

Poppy only laughed harder. “I know she’s strange to look at, but once you have her tongue wrapped around your cock, you’ll be thanking me for the rest of your life.”

Dart wasn’t sure about that.

His cock didn’t diminish in size or rigidity. It only got harder as he watched the two women kiss.

“Fuck…” he cursed.

Poppy broke the kiss and looked at him. “Can you imagine what she can do with her wonderful tongue on a woman’s cunt?”

Dart just shook his head.

“I can. Well, I don’t need to imagine. She was doing it to me when you rudely walked in.”

“Can I fuck him?” Violet asked the princess.

“You need to suck his cock first.”

“Of courssse. It’sss just been too long sssince I’ve had a cock other than my husssband’sss.”

Dart knew he had been getting into something that would surely be his doom. Now he was going to be fucking a married noblewoman as well. It was hardly the worst crime he had already committed.

Violent climbed out of the tub and knelt over his body. Warm water dripped on him and the floor as she lowered her mouth to his cock. Poppy sat on the edge of the tub to watch, one hand firmly planted between her legs.

The first thing that Dart realized was that Poppy had been completely correct. Violet’s unusual tongue resulted in the best blowjob he had ever received. Better than every whore he had hired. Better than every man he had taken to bed. Better than Princess Poppy’s efforts.

He groaned loudly as her tongue parts wrapped around his cock and did such things that were obscene and if they weren’t illegal, they should have been.

“Her husband had it done to her,” Poppy explained as she watched them. “He’s an aficionado of mouth work. I should know. I gave him more than a few blowjobs before Violet married him.”

For a moment Dart had been worried that Violet's tongue had been the product of an unusual mating between a human and lizardfolk. That would be rare, of course, and most human hybrids were hidden away by their noble families, but anything was possible.

Of course, the fact that Violet's husband had it done to her, as Poppy had put it, wasn't any more reassuring to him.

But he couldn't focus on the behaviors of noble families and their many and varied and strange kinks. Violet's tongue was doing wonderful things to his cock and he appreciated what her husband had made her do, even if it was wrong, so very, very wrong.

"Don't cum in her mouth," Poppy cautioned. "I want to see you fuck her."

Abruptly Violet expelled Dart from between her lips. He had been rapidly approaching climax, so maybe that was a good thing. It still felt like she had left him hanging. "No! Don't cum in my mouth," the strange woman demanded. "I have a perfectly good pussssssy to you to ussse."

She got off the floor where Dart had been sprawled, a happy victim to her attention, even though the floor was cold and hard. Poppy was still in the warm water of the tub. Violet rejoined her, splashing more of the water on the floor, though he supposed that nobility like the two of them didn't worry about a little water on the floor.

Poppy resumed the pose she had been in when Dart had entered: perched on the edge of the tub, her shapely ass on the shelf that surrounded the back half of the giant brass spa. Violet got back between the princess's legs and put her face to Poppy's cunt, but this time her ass was above the water.

Dart wasn't looking at her ass. He was looking lower, at her bulging cunt lips.

The princess moaned a little, catching Dart's attention. "Mmm. What are you waiting for? I said I wanted to see you fuck her. Start fucking her."

Poppy suddenly sucked in her breath as the Lady Violet employed her tongue to pleasure the princess in a most unnatural way.

For just half a second Dart reflected that in the past three days he had gotten a

blowjob from a wizard, been buggered by a tentacle-cock, and fucked a slutty princess. Those were strange enough, and fucking the princess was a certain death sentence. He figured that if something was wrong with Violet's cunt and he wound up dying from fucking her, he was still ahead on the game that he had been drawn into.

Walking carefully on the slippery tile floor, Dart got into the tub. It was deep and the water wasn't just warm. It was hot. Steam was rising from the surface of it.

"How is it so hot?" he asked.

"Heat," moaned Poppy. "The tub heats the water. Now fuck her!"

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About the Author

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

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