
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING
AND CUCKOLDRY
unbelievaBULL
Book 2
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green
Bush
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UnbelievaBULL 2

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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UnbelievaBULL 2

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Chapter 9

Courtney

Naturally there are dozens of hookup apps. My biggest mistake was creating a profile on one and putting on it that I was looking for men to fuck me. Maybe in front of my husband, maybe just in private. I shouldn't have set up the account to accept messages from men.

I had only set up my account for an hour, with a mild picture of myself from the neck down, and had nearly a hundred messages from men who wanted to fuck me.

They were from all over the country.

Most of them were outright obscene.

I started to try and make order of the disaster but after fifteen minutes of feeling like trash, I just deleted the app.

That should have been the end of it. While I liked sex and fucking another man in addition to my husband and my sort-of boyfriend sounded exciting, it was shaping up to be a lot of work.

I didn't tell Will about my experiment because it had left me feeling dirty.

When I talked to Will that night, I did give him a little something. "I've been giving it a lot of thought...and maybe we should try to make your fantasy come true."

I felt lame saying it, but it had to be said.

Will's eyes lit up. "Really? You mean it?"

"Yes, but first, can you make something happen for me?"

"If I can…"

That's how I wound up posing naked for my husband. He took way too many

pictures. Not just subtle and sexy pictures. I had him take full on vulgar pictures while I spread my legs and used my vibrator.

The difficult part was editing them so that my face wasn't obvious.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked me as he looked over my shoulder.

"Why wouldn't I want to share my naked body with the internet?"

It was thrilling and exciting and nerve-wracking to so fully expose myself.

I'll admit it. I looked at the pictures of myself and jilled off while doing it. It took me several days to get through all of the pictures. I knew I was advertising myself, but I couldn't help it.

Maybe it was just a passing thrill, but I liked that I was getting compliments on my dirty pictures. The nice ones were a thrill.

"I never knew you had an exhibitionist streak," was Will's comment to me. I knew he was making some of the complimentary comments anonymously, but really, I wouldn't have expected anything less of him.

We hadn't talked directly about me fucking some other guy, but I knew we were building up to it.

Tuesday came too soon.

Chapter 10

Ryan

I was pissed when Court sent me the link to a porn site. Not because she was sharing porn with me, though that was new and unusual, but because when I realized it was her in the pictures, I felt like she had taken something from me.

I had taken dozens of pictures of her naked and fucking me, but I couldn't post them. She had made me swear not to.

She got her husband to do it.

I felt left out.

I'll admit it.

I was angry about it.

I tried not to let it show.

When she showed up on my doorstep Tuesday morning I fucked her so hard that she wasn't going to be walking straight the rest of the week. My cum was buried so deeply in her pussy that she was going to be dripping it until her husband stuck his nose in her business.

"What did you think of my pictures?" she asked after I was done with her. We were both covered with sweat. She was sexier that way. I didn't want her to shower before leaving. I wanted her to go to work with my cum in her and dripping with sweat. Very sexy.

"You look like a slut," I told her.

"Thank you."

That wasn't the reaction I was expecting from her.

I changed tack. "Last week it looked like you weren't going to ever come back."

“I changed my mind.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because I’m going to fuck someone in front of Will.”

I blinked at her. I didn’t want to say I told you so but I was sorely tempted. “You don’t think he’ll be jealous of my bigger cock, do you?”

She loved telling me how much bigger I was than her husband.

I’ll admit it. I got an ego boost from it.

“I don’t know,” she said. “Because it’s not going to be you.”

I blinked at her. I was confused, but I didn’t want to admit it. “You’re going to fuck some other guy? A third guy? Don’t take this the wrong way, Court, but you’re going to get a reputation as a slut.”

“The term is hotwife.”

I tried to play it off like I didn’t care, but I did. I fucking did and I hated myself for it.

“Okay. So who is the lucky guy? High school boyfriend? Whore who is happy to fuck a woman for once instead of having to do gay for pay? Some random frat boy?”

“I don’t know yet,” she responded primly. Little bitch. I liked that in her. “Will hasn’t found him yet.”

If I hadn’t been laying on the bed, I would have been floored. “You have to be fucking kidding me. You’re going to let your husband pick out the guy who gets to fuck you in front of him?”

She sat up and pulled away from me. As much as Courtney loved me fucking the hell out of her, she could be awfully sensitive for a woman who regularly cheated on her husband and had been cheating on him since before they got married. Not that I’m speaking from a place of moral superiority, but still.

“Who should pick out my next lover?” she demanded. “You?”

“Sure. Why not? I know who I’d pick as well.”

She shook her head at me. “Let me guess: you.”

“Of course.”

“You don’t get this at all.”

Courtney got up and headed to the bathroom.

“Where are you going?” I called after her, which was a stupid question to ask, but I wanted her back in bed. I wanted her to suck my cock so we could fuck a second time.

If I didn’t learn to keep my mouth shut, I was going to get myself into a situation where she wouldn’t be visiting me every Tuesday morning.

Fuck!

Chapter 11

Courtney

I really needed to stop fucking Ryan, but I didn't want to stop fucking Ryan because he was a good fuck, he had big cock, and I got off to the idea of cheating on Will. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't help myself. Even if the perfect side piece suddenly appeared on my doorstop and both Will and I approved of him and were happy with him, I'd still seek out another guy to fuck because I needed to cheat.

I used to steal money from the bank every time I played Monopoly with my cousins. The one time I got caught doing it erupted into a huge fight at a family gathering. We never played Monopoly after that.

It's a stupid game anyway.

After showering at Ryan's, I barely spoke a word to him as I dressed and went to work. I had made sure to wash all his cum out of my pussy before I left. It was a simple and secret fuck you to him because normally I liked the feeling of him slowly leaking out of me all day.

As it was, I was moderately sure that I wasn't going to be fucking anyone new anytime soon. I didn't want to get involved in any new dating app; they just seemed like disasters waiting to happen.

I wasn't going to go seeking a new partner just to fuck in front of Will.

We were at an impasse.

I was actually happy to go to work and not have to think about my sex life.

It wasn't like I was going to randomly encounter someone who was going to fulfill all my needs and all my holes and all my needy holes.

"I have an idea," said Will as we were eating dinner that night.

“The last idea you had was for me to fuck some random guy.”

“Not a random guy,” he corrected me. “But I get it. You don’t just want some rando off the street.”

“You’re really pushing this fantasy, aren’t you?” I teasingly asked him. I wanted it as much as he did, maybe more, but I couldn’t let my husband know that.

“You got to do your fantasy.”

“Taking dirty pictures?” I asked him. “That was more for you than for me.” I winked at him.

Will tried to get the conversation back on track. “Anyway, like I said, I have an idea.”

“Is it to look on hookup apps for a random guy for me to fuck?”

He was offended. “No. I was thinking about asking around to find someone who is looking to have a casual relationship.”

“I don’t think me fucking a business associate of yours is a good idea.”

“It might be the best idea! Think about it. You might be instrumental in getting a deal done that otherwise would be a waste of time.”

“So...you want to whore me out?”

Will blinked and put down his fork. “I wasn’t thinking about it like that.”

I tilted my head. “But...I used to have this fantasy about being a high-priced call girl who fell in love with one of her clients and then…”

“And then what?” Will was intrigued.

“Either the relationship came to a tragic end or we got married.”

“That’s the plot to Pretty Woman.”

I frowned. “I know. But if you find someone...and he’s good in bed with a good cock, tell him I’ll only charge fifty bucks a throw.”

Medical insurance sales and service sucks. It can pay well, but after doing it too long you start to realize that the money you're earning comes off the hard work and fears of people terrified about getting sick or injured.

I tried not to think about it too much.

Doug was a nice distraction from the normal boring account managers that came through the door. He only had to walk through the door for me to see he was tempting. After a five minute conversation with him I quickly learned he was charming. That was two parts of THC (tempting, hung and charming); I just needed to know if he was hung to go along with his cute smile and dirty blonde hair.

Still, I managed to keep focused on the business. He wanted to switch his small company's medical insurance to save a few dollars. I couldn't advocate for that, but I could advocate for myself.

I flirted shamelessly.

He flirted back.

After a couple of hours we got to the point where a proposal would be written and things would move forward.

All the while I was hoping that he would make me a proposal and then I could move forward with him.

He didn't make the proposal. But I did.

"Okay, I'll have this ready for you by the end of the week. It's almost noon. I'm headed out to lunch. Do you have plans?"

My heart was thundering in my chest and I was positive that my face was flushed, but I did it anyway because for some reason I was unaccountably horny and stupid.

"I don't have any plans."

“Come with me,” I said and immediately regretted my choice of words. I pushed onward. “There’s a great little greasy spoon just down the street.”

I was being fucking stupid.

He said yes anyway.

I had no idea what I was doing.

Doug was a different person outside the office. He was even more charming. From my perspective, he was even more tempting.

Eventually, lunch had to end. “I’d love to continue this conversation but…” he trailed off.

“But what?” I asked innocently.

He glanced down at my hand. I saw my wedding band and engagement ring and so did he.

“But flirting is fun. You’re spoken for,” he finally finished.

I was stupid, stupid, stupid.

“Just because I’m spoken for doesn’t mean I’m not open to new propositions.” My face felt like it was on fire.

He glanced at the time on his phone. “I wish I could say yes to something more, but I have an obligation right now that I can’t get out of. Maybe later?”

“Definitely.”

Why was I being such a slut?

I knew why, I just didn’t want to admit it to myself.

The rest of the day was a total distraction and nightmare. I just wanted to go home and fantasize about Doug.

So I did. I got home before Will so I kicked off my shoes, stripped off my skirt and panties, flopped on the bed, pulled out my vibrator, and started going to

town on my pussy. I didn't bother taking off my blouse or bra. I was writhing all around on the unmade bed and I was really feeling myself, metaphorically and literally. I had one leg bent and the other tucked under my butt to help open me up to the big vibrator. I didn't just pound away to make myself cum. I teased. I went slow and then fast. I drew it out. I tiptoed right up to the line and denied myself. I wanted to make it so that when I came, I was going to cause myself a seizure.

"That's a hot scene."

I leaped off the bed like I had been electrocuted. My vibrator went flying. Beside the fact that I was acting as if I were doing something wrong—I wasn't—I managed to tangle my foot in the sheets and landed ungracefully on the floor.

"What are you doing here, Will?" I demanded of my husband.

"Arriving home from work," he said. "Why? Am I interrupting you?"

My face was hot and red. I was humiliated even though he had seen me masturbate before.

"No. Not really," I shamefully admitted.

"Great." He started stripping off his clothes and I just laid there on the floor, watching him.

"What are you doing?"

He dropped his pants to show off his erection. It wasn't anything to be ashamed of, but he wasn't nearly as big as I wanted him to be. He was smaller than Ryan. He was smaller than my vibrator. In my fantasy, he was smaller than Doug.

"Getting undressed to have sex with you."

I almost glared at him. "Did I say I wanted to have sex with you?"

I don't know why I was being a bitch. Maybe it was that my alone time had been interrupted and now I'd have to have sex with my husband instead of a fantasy man.

That might have been it.

“You don’t?” he asked, stroking himself a few times.

It wasn’t as tempting as I wanted it to be.

“I wanted to finish myself.”

Will shrugged. “Okay. Finish. I’ll just watch you.”

I wanted to finish but I wanted my dignity back as well. “Maybe I don’t want you to watch me,” I said as I struggled to my feet.

The moment I put weight on the leg that had tangled around the sheet, I collapsed a second time. This time with a little shriek that was all pain and no fun.

Will had started to jerk off to me, but the moment I screamed he realized something was wrong. Really wrong.

“Did you hurt yourself?” he asked, rushing to my side.

“Fuck! Yes! My fucking foot!”

We carefully unwrapped the sheet with me pissing and moaning through the process. Right away it was obvious my ankle was swollen.

“Fuck,” I cursed again.

“You must have twisted it pretty hard,” Will said. “Can you put any weight on it?”

I didn’t dare. He helped me over to the bed. He ran to the kitchen and came back with a bag of frozen peas because we didn’t have an ice pack. It helped a little, but not enough.

After ten minutes it started to balloon up. Will got dressed and helped me put on underwear and sweatpants. We spent the next few hours in urgent care confirming it wasn’t broken, just a sprain. When the doctor asked how it happened, I said I had been making the bed and got tangled in the bed sheets. I

couldn’t stop talking and I heard myself say, “We wanted clean sheets on the bed before...you know.” How I didn’t add a wink I don’t know.

Will glared at me.

“That’s unfortunate,” was the doctor’s cool evaluation.

“Yeah,” I ruefully chuckled. “Isn’t that the stupidest thing you’ve ever heard?”

She shrugged. “Not really. Sometimes people come in here with all sorts of weird things lodged in their bodies and they swear it wasn’t from sex.”

Will and I laughed along with her.

I went home with a fancy brace around my ankle. I also got a lot of fun painkillers.

Will put me to bed with some ice packs.

“It fucking hurts,” I complained.

“You can’t have another pain killer until midnight.”

“You should have been a nurse. You like hurting people,” I pouted.

“Can I get something to distract you? TV? Book? A little social media to take delight in others’ failures?”

I hadn’t gotten the orgasm I had been chasing. The vibrator was still on the bed. We both looked at it when I hobbled in.

I shimmied my sweats and underwear down over my hips. “Help me undress and then you can fuck me,” I offered. “But you need to make me cum first.”

He looked at me. “Are you sure?”

“It’s either sex to distract me from the pain or I’m going to sneak a pain pill.”

Will helped me undress and as I lay back into the mattress, he pressed his face into my pussy.

My ankle was only vaguely throbbing with pain. His tongue distracted me from that pain. I had to remain still and not thrash around as he ate me out, but it was worth it. I got to climax much quicker than I thought possible. With the application of his finger on my clit, I came with a barely stifled groan.

“Fuck me,” I begged him. My pussy was pulsing and I needed to be fucked. I wasn’t done yet.

“Are you sure?” he asked doubtfully.

“Fuck yes!” I screamed at him and started scrabbling at his clothing, trying to get it off.

Will stripped. His cock wasn’t completely hard, but that didn’t matter. My pussy was dripping and it was easy for him to slip it in me. Once inside, he quickly got harder and started fucking me the way I wanted.

I giggled when I realized that we were fucking missionary, which was nice but boring.

The sex should have been bland, but it was actually pretty damn good. Will was doing his best and was able to make me cum a second time, though the pump had certainly been primed. After he assured himself that I had climaxed, he let himself go.

His ejaculations weren’t nearly as good as Ryan’s.

I didn’t tell him that.

Afterwards, I drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 12

Will

Will watched his wife hobble around the kitchen. “Are you sure you’re going to be okay at work?” he asked for the hundredth time.

“I’m. Going. To. Be. Fine.”

“Says the cripple.”

She threatened him with her crutch. “I’ll shove this up your ass.”

He almost made a joke about enjoying taking something so large up his ass, but then wisdom silenced his tongue. “Will you at least let me drive you?”

“I have an automatic and my right ankle is fine. I can drive.”

Will was torn between demanding she let him drive her and wanting to hook up with Jason again. It was the perfect opportunity.

“You promise to call me if you have any problems?” he asked her.

She put down the crutch and put up her hand like she was taking an oath on the witness stand. “I swear.”

Will had told Jason about his wife’s mishap beforehand. Going to Jason’s house was a risk because of Anton. But that was part of the fun. The risk of getting caught.

They wasted no time and quickly stripped down. Kissing, they fell on the bed and Jason rolled on top of Will. Both their cocks were hard. Will imagined Jason’s was throbbing with desire.

“I want you to fuck me,” he told Jason.

His lover was surprised. “That’s a change.”

“I just want you inside me and not my mouth.”

Jason wasn’t going to argue about it. He got out the condoms and lube he normally used with Anton. He was certain they were going to have to change the sheets afterwards and maybe Anton would notice, but it was going to be worth it.

Starting with a blowjob, Will sucked on Jason’s cock, getting it nice and hard. His own cock was throbbing in anticipation. The condom went on easily and Will liked it when Jason used way too much lube as he fingered his lover’s ass, getting him ready to be penetrated.

It took some work but eventually Jason eased his cock inside Will. After taking a few strokes, both men reached for Will’s dick to pump him as Jason fucked him.

They laughed nervously at the shared fumble.

“You don’t have to jerk me off and fuck me at the same time,” said Will as he grabbed his erection. It was only slightly less shameful to have to hold his own small dick rather than have to see Jason do it to him.

Jason added some lube to Will’s dick and hand. They then got back into a rhythm.

Will knew he was supposed to be ashamed of what he was doing, but it felt too good.

“Want me to cum in your ass or on you?” Jason gasped.

“In me!”

Jason thrusted hard a couple of more times and then he stopped moving. Only his cock pulsed in Will’s ass. Will pistoned his hand up and down on his dick as fast as he could before the moment was lost.

He groaned as he came, shooting his load over his hand and onto his stomach. It felt good. As he came, he could feel his ass tightening up on Jason’s cock, but his lover slipped out too quickly.

Jason withdrew and disappeared into the bathroom for a minute. Will grabbed the small towel Jason had provided and cleaned himself the best he could.

When Jason returned, he drew close to Will and kissed his lover. “I’m sorry to hear about Courtney’s accident. Is she in much pain?”

“The doctor said it was a serious sprain. She goes back in a few days for a check and if it’s not good, she’s going to have to go through physical therapy.”

“That sucks.”

“Not as well as you.”

They giggled together a minute before acknowledging they needed to get dressed.

Will got home later than he wanted. The office had too much work for him to deal with. What he found was Courtney lazing on the couch, her foot up, a glass of wine on the coffee table, the television on some old sitcom.

While he wasn’t expecting Courtney to have dinner ready for him, but to find her drunk was unsettling.

“Hi honey!” she called out when she heard the door open. “Dinner’s not ready! But you can call for a pizza...or Chinese...or that Mexican place with the good burritos.”

Walking into the living room, he regarded his wife. She was out of her work clothes and had dressed in sweatpants and matching hoodie. It wasn’t a flattering look.

Indicating the glass of wine, he said, “Starting early tonight?”

“My ankle hurt,” she said. Her words were getting dangerously close to slurring.

“That’s what the pain meds are for.”

“I know! That’s why I took one! I think it was just one.” She started laughing

maniacally.

Will's eyes bugged out. "You aren't supposed to mix those!"

"I know! It's great! I'm dizzy and my ankle doesn't hurt and this show—" she gestured vaguely to the television "—is fucking great! Know it sucks, but it's great!"

Will pinched the bridge of his nose. "Honey, you shouldn't have done that."

Courtney laughed again. "I'll tell you something else I shouldn't have done—"

Before she could finish the statement, she slapped both her hands over her mouth.

Will raised his eyebrows. "What shouldn't you have done?" he prompted her.

From behind her hands, Courtney giggled. "I shouldn't tell you," she mumbled.

It was obvious to Will that she was drunk and probably a little high from the wine and painkillers and their combination. He knew he was taking advantage of her, but he couldn't help himself.

"Tell me anyway."

After another fit of giggles, Courtney managed to say, "I like fucking big cocks!"

Will winced. "I already knew that. You think I'm too small."

Courtney took a sloppy drink from her glass. "I think you're completely average. I just like big cocks."

"That's why you have the big vibrator and dildos. We've discussed this before." Will didn't want to talk about this again.

"Nooo...you got me for those...I mean, you got me those because you think you're inadequate." She giggled and drained the last of her wine, looked sourly at the empty glass, and then added, "I fuck Ryan because he has a big cock." She grinned triumphantly at her husband.

Will looked blankly at Courtney. "You cheated on me?"

His heart was pounding and he felt dizzy. Oddly, at the same time, he was aroused. He hoped that Courtney couldn't see his burgeoning erection in his pants. Not that it was all that big.

Courtney looked around for the wine bottle and then remembered she had left it in the kitchen. "Correction. I'm currently cheating on you." She looked down at herself, dressed in sweatpants, and corrected herself a second time. "Well, not at the moment, but I fucked Ryan last Tuesday. I've been fucking him for...years!"

"Really." Will had his doubts, but he also found it incredibly exciting that his wife had recently been with another man. That was fucked up. But then again, he was cheating on her with another man as well. He had no moral ground on which to stand.

"Yes. Really. I love his big cock."

"You know, we are married."

"I know," she slurred. "That's why I said I'm cheating on you."

He sighed. "You're also drunk."

"Yeah…"

"We should talk about this when you're sober."

She nodded. "I want to keep fucking him. And I want to fuck other big cocks."

Will helped her up from the couch. "Uh-huh."

"You said you wanted to watch me fuck someone else," she insisted as he draped her arm over his shoulders and put his own around her waist as he guided her back to the bedroom.

"Yeah. I know. That was a fantasy. And I said I wanted to watch you have sex with another guy, not that I wanted you to sneak off and have sex with other men without me knowing."

"I'll do that too," she offered as he guided her into the room and lowered her down to the bed.

“Will you?” he asked, trying to put doubt into his voice while remaining excited about the possibility of what might happen.

“Sure. As long as he has a big cock.”

As Will was covering Courtney with the blankets, she closed her eyes and went right to sleep.

He still wanted to know who fucking Ryan was.

Maybe it was wrong, but with his wife asleep in the bedroom, Will didn’t have any problem texting Jason.

Or, rather, sexting Jason.

Wife’s asleep. She just told me she’s been fucking someone else!

It took Jason way too long a reply. Will just sat on the couch, staring at the screen, waiting for an answer.

What are you going to do about it?

Will gave a too honest answer.

Nothing

Don’t be a pussy

Rude

You're looking at this the wrong way

How's that?

It's an opportunity

What opportunity?

Tell her you like sex with men

Women are totally into men who suck cock

That's a supremely bad idea

Why?

You've both been cheating

This evens the score

I can't tell her I like sex with men

That I'm bi

Why the fuck not?

I don't want her to think less of me

You mean you don't want her to think you're a fag

Do you have to be so crude?

I'm a fag

You just suck fag cock

I just can't do it

This is the one opportunity you have to fix your marriage

And I’m going to continue to fuck you, married or not

Will just stared at his phone. He didn’t send Jason a reply.

Chapter 13

Courtney

My head was pounding the next morning. I woke up next to Will and realized I had spilled the beans about what a slut I had been for the past few years.

All the fun was out of it.

“Fuck,” I cursed softly.

That woke up Will. “Are you okay? Are you in pain?” He looked at me with real concern.

“Just a headache. Bit of a hangover.”

“Ankle?”

“Doesn’t hurt….much...mostly it’s stiff.”

I couldn’t help myself and I looked down the bed. I could see Will’s pajama bottoms making a tent.

He looked at me. “We need to talk about last night.”

I reached out and rubbed the front of his pajamas, feeling his hard dick. “I’d rather have sex.”

I was avoiding the issue and I was more than willing to use sex to do exactly that.

“You told me you’ve been fucking some guy named Ryan!”

I was hoping that his erection was because he wanted me. It wasn’t. It was morningwood.

“I was drunk,” I said by way of explanation as I continued to rub him through his pajamas.

“For the past ten years?”

“I haven’t been fucking Ryan for the past ten years!” I shot back at him and realized right away that I had admitted to cheating while sober.

Fuck.

“For how long then?” he asked.

I noted his dick hadn’t gone soft. Was it because of the idea of me cheating or because I was rubbing him? Or was it morningwood?

“It’s been a couple of years,” I confessed. “I’m so sorry. I’m a terrible person and a terrible wife and there’s no excuse but I just love his big cock and that’s not because you’re small because you’re not you’re just average but I need the big stuff. And I’m so sorry and I don’t know what else to say.”

I hated the silence between us.

“Who the fuck is Ryan?”

I couldn’t look at him. “My old college boyfriend.”

I glanced up to see the scowl on his face. “Him?! The guy you said had a cock so large it hurt when you fucked?”

I looked away. Again. “It only hurt the first time. I like being filled up.” I kept rubbing him. If anything he had gotten harder since we started talking. I remember that sometimes men woke up with erections because they needed to pee and weren’t interested in sex.

Of course, Will hadn’t told me to stop rubbing his dick.

“No shit.”

I decided to go for broke. “I like big cocks, but I also like cheating, I think.”

“Fucking hell, Courtney. What’s wrong with you?”

“So many, many things.”

He pushed my hand away. “Look, I know I said I wanted to watch as you as had sex with another guy, but this…it’s not what I wanted.”

“I know. I’m sorry.” I started to put my hand back on his pants, but thought better of it and pulled away. “But I’m more than happy to have you watch us. Or you can pick someone else and watch.”

“Letting you fuck someone else is a reward for bad behavior.”

I gave him my most sultry smile. “I’ve been very bad. Maybe a punishment should be part of my reward.”

Nothing like blurring the lines a little.

Will abruptly sat up. “Undress. I want to fuck you.” He threw back the covers, got off the bed, and pulled off his pajama bottoms. He was fully erect. I couldn’t help but lick my lips a little as I obeyed his request. The last thing I needed to do now was piss him off. It was a bit of a struggle to get my sweatpants off along with my underwear because my ankle was still very tender. Pulling off my t-shirt was easier; I had wisely divested myself of my bra before I got drunk last night. Once I was naked, I lay back and opened up my legs, inviting Will to view my pussy.

I wasn’t as wet as I wanted to be, but I was still excited. I ran my fingers along my labia, feeling myself and my moisture. Just as I started to play with myself, I noticed what Will had in his hands.

In his right he had a restraining strap we had occasionally used during some mild bondage.

In his left he had a bottle of lube.

“Turn over,” he said. “Hands and knees. I want to fuck your ass.”

My eyes went wide. “I’m not sure I want to—”

“Really? You’re saying no now? I want to fuck your ass and you’re refusing?”

It wasn’t that I was against anal sex. I’d done it before. With earlier boyfriends and with Will early in our relationship. The lube we had around from when we

were getting wild and wanted to be extra slippery.

“No, no…I just need a little warm up,” I said as I carefully turned over and let my injured ankle hang over the edge of the mattress while I spread my legs.

I was nervous and excited. It had been a while since I had done anal and this was a nice change up.

I tensed up when his finger, covered in lube, probed at my tightly puckered rosebud.

“Careful!” I cautioned him.

He just grunted in response. I tried to relax but couldn’t quite do it and when he pushed his finger into me, I tensed up even more.

That didn’t stop Will from forcing his finger inside me.

I sort of deserved it…and I sort of liked it.

Once you get beyond the idea of anal being wrong, it’s actually very nice.

Will didn’t spend a lot of time playing with my ass. Once he was sure there was enough lube up my ass, he wiped his fingers on my thigh and then lined up his dick between my cheeks.

I could feel the head of his hard dick looking for my back entrance. I took a few deep breaths and waited for the moment of penetration.

I was looking forward to it more than I would ever admit to him.

The amount of lube he had put on me and his dick felt weird because he used so much. He was having a bit of trouble finding my entrance.

And then he got the angle right and pushed and suddenly he was inside me where he shouldn’t be.

I groaned.

It felt so good.

“You like that, slut?” he asked me as he pulled out a bit and then pushed in further. He hadn’t gone in all the way on the first thrust. He worked it in slowly.

“Yeah…” I wasn’t fully in control of what I was saying. That was fine because I did like it.

I liked him calling me a slut too.

I’m a horrible person.

“How many times have you been fucked in the ass?” he asked me as he continued to work deeper and deeper.

“Too many,” I panted. “And not enough!” I wanted this and he needed to use me.

I wanted him to use me.

“How many cocks have you fucked?” he demanded of me as he went all the way in. I felt his body press tightly against my ass and I loved it.

“Can’t count that high. Too many. Plus your dick,” I laughed.

He pulled most of the way out and slammed into me.

I screamed. It hurt, but it felt good too.

I was so fucked in the head.

He took one hand off my hip and tangled his fingers in my hair. I gasped again as he pulled my head back and started fucking my ass like it was a well-used pussy.

It was too much and not enough at the same time. I lifted my hand off the bed and found my clit. I was so distracted by getting fucked in the ass that I had completely forgotten about the vague ache in my ankle. My fingers got aggressive with my little nub and soon I was frigging myself twice as fast as I was being fucked.

I came first. It was impossible for me not to. I gasped and screamed and shuddered and still Will pounded away at my ass.

The orgasm I gave myself was definitely a clitoral one. I could tell. It was familiar and comforting.

Will's dick in my ass wasn't as familiar but it felt good.

I could feel another orgasm rising as he continued to pound away at me.

"You like being a slut, don't you?"

"Uh-huh." I couldn't form words.

"You're my slut, aren't you?"

"Yeah…"

"Like taking it up the ass?"

"Uh-huh."

He pulled my hair harder and yanked my head backwards. I was arched into a C-shape. It was too much and I came again.

As my sphincter tightened up on his dick, I felt him cum. I could feel every little squirt of cum into my rectum.

It was wrong but it was on-so-good.

He forced me face down into the mattress and laid atop me as his orgasm passed.

He hissed into my ear, "I want to watch you fuck someone else, but not Ryan. Understand?"

I nodded enthusiastically. "Yes. Yes."

Chapter 14

Doug

Doug had been propositioned by clients and coworkers before. He had been warned and primed by Jason that Courtney was more than just a casual slut, but he hadn't expected her to be so bold and direct.

They were just finalizing the paperwork for the insurance agreement between their two companies when she said, "I think we should have a little celebration after this."

Doug nodded. "Of course. Drinks?"

"We could do that, but…I was thinking that you could fuck me while my husband watched."

Doug was floored that she had made the suggestion. He had been told by Jason to make a serious pass at the woman, but he had been working up to it. She had just clubbed him over the head with her bluntness.

All he could do was laugh nervously.

"You're…you're kidding, right?"

"Why would I kid about that?" She laid her hand on top of his forearm. Earlier he had rolled back his sleeves so she was now touching his bare skin.

The touch felt hot and electric at the same time.

"I mean…it's unprofessional," he managed to stammer out.

She shrugged. "So? I'm not asking to have sex right here and now. How about tonight?"

Doug didn't know what to think.

He knew what he wanted though.

It was weird being in someone's house when Doug knew he had been invited in for the express purpose of having sex with Courtney.

He was fine with that. He was even fine with Will, the husband, watching; after all, that was why Jason had put him into Courtney's office in the first place, but it was still weird.

Doug had been in plenty of threeways, but it was always with two other women, never a man.

Not that this was a threeway. It was just some voyeuristic sex.

"Doug? I'm Will, Courtney's husband. Thanks for coming over."

Will had a bemused smile on his face while he checked out Doug. He didn't want to make small talk and play the get-to-know-you game. Doug just wanted to get his clothes off and fuck Courtney and be done with it.

"My pleasure," he said automatically and then flushed red while laughing nervously. "I mean…"

"I know what you meant," said Courtney as she hobbled over to him. She was still using crutches from her unfortunate accident, though she seemed to get around okay. "And I want it to be my pleasure as well."

She seemed eager. Incredibly eager. She pressed right up against his body and Doug's cock automatically responded. He got hard and was certain that Will could see his erection even though Courtney's body was in the way.

"Is this okay with you, Will?" Doug asked nervously. He was regretting getting into this situation even though Courtney was incredibly hot and was more than willing.

"It was his idea, wasn't it honey?" Courtney answered for her husband.

Will nodded. "It's fine with me. I want to see her fucked. She deserves all the cock she wants…and needs."

Doug laughed nervously.

Courtney was eager to move things along. “Shall we go to the bedroom?” she asked.

“Guest room,” said Will. “I’ve got it set up for you.”

Doug wondered if Will was some sort of complete submissive to his wife and did everything for her, including facilitating her extracurricular sex.

The trio moved through the house to what was a very nicely appointed guest room with a large bed. Glancing about Doug didn’t see anything amiss—no obvious sign that he was going to be knocked out and have a kidney stolen—but he didn’t see any sex toys either. He supposed that was good.

Courtney had a bit of difficulty moving around on her crutches, but once she was near him, she pressed against him again, let her crutches fall to the bed, and clung to him, turning her lips up for a kiss.

Doug couldn’t help himself. Automatically he kissed back. Her lips were soft and eager. She parted them and she slipped her tongue into his mouth as she held tightly to his body. He realized she had to feel his cock pressing against her.

Only when Will made some noise as he moved to a chair facing the bed did Doug remember they weren’t alone. Guiltily he broke the kiss with Courtney but she remained holding on to him because of her ankle.

“Is that what you wanted to see, honey?” Courtney asked, turning her head to her husband.

Doug could see the firm outline of the man’s erection from the tightness of his pants around his crotch. It was an underwhelming outline.

Will nodded. “That and more. Fuck him.”

Pushing away from Doug, Courtney fell backwards onto the bed and as he stared at her, she struggled out of her clothes. In just a couple of seconds she was down to her bra and underwear. She had worn a skirt making it easy for her to undress around the wrapped ankle.

“Come on,” she encouraged him, reaching around her back to unhook her bra. “I want to see your cock.”

Doug was hard but there was very little risk at this point; or so he told himself.

He undressed as quickly as he dared.

Courtney gasped when his cock was released by his underwear. Doug gave a little glance at the other man and noted that Will’s eyes went wide.

Doug knew he wasn’t huge, but he had never heard any size complaints from his partners.

Struggling across the bed, Courtney reached out and grabbed his cock, stroking it a few times as they all watched. “This looks perfect.” She lowered her head and took his length into her mouth.

Doug moaned at the attention and closed his eyes. Her mouth was warm and wet and enticing. She knew how to give head.

Hearing the sound of a zipper, Doug opened his eyes and glanced over at Will. The other man had opened up his pants and had his dick out. While Will wasn’t exactly sporting a micropenis, he wasn’t going to be the star of any mainstream porn anytime soon. Maybe what he had was adequate, but only barely.

Doug started to wonder why Courtney stayed with him. The man’s fist pumped up and down on his dick that was barely bigger than his fist.

But that thought was quickly set aside by Courtney’s busy mouth.

And then her mouth was gone.

“You aren’t going to cum in my mouth, are you,” she asked as she shuffled back from the edge of the bed. Her bra was off. Her tits were nice, but he only stared at them for a second before she started to take off her panties.

Without asking, he leaned forward and helped pull them down her legs.

“Thank you,” she said politely as she spread her legs and displayed her pussy to him.

She gave Will one last glance where he was beating off in the chair and then reached up to pull Doug down to her.

Their bodies quickly aligned and before he knew it, Doug's cock was ready to slip into her pussy.

"Wait a second," he said, pausing the action for a moment. "Shouldn't I be using a condom?"

"I want you to cum in me," Courtney said flatly and looked over at her husband.

Will's hand only went faster on his dick.

In any other situation, her words alone would have been enough for Doug to cum right then and there. He hesitated and was off his rhythm. Instead of entering Courtney he looked to Will.

"Is that okay with you, man?"

Will just nodded. He wanted to say yes. He needed to say yes, but he couldn't make the words come out. Maybe it was because of the tension of the moment, but more likely it was because he was about to cum himself.

That was enough consent for Doug. He slipped it in her and thrusted a few more times before then emptying his balls into Courtney who squealed with delight. She didn't cum but knowing that Doug was cumming in her and in front of her husband was thrilling.

"Yes yes yes," Doug mumbled as he came.

"Holy fuck," Will said. He forced himself to stop jerking off. He didn't want to cum. He wanted to savor this moment. "Did he…did he cum in you?"

Courtney giggled with delight. "He sure did." She pushed at Doug, trying to get him off her. He was still on the edge of his orgasm and resisted for a moment but eventually he rolled off her body.

She kept her legs spread wide for Will's benefit. Slipping her hand down to her thigh, she accentuated her reddened pussy lips. "See?" she asked.

Will indeed did see. He moved across the room, his eyes locked on his wife's pussy. It was awkward to move with his erection poking out of his pants, but he managed.

With some interest, Doug watched where he lay next to Courtney. Will knelt on the floor at the edge of the bed, between Courtney's feet.

He stared at her pussy, fascinated.

"You wanted to see me fucked," she reminded him.

He nodded and abruptly leaned forward, pressing his face to her sex, licking it from perineum up to her clit.

She shivered.

"Keep going," she encouraged him.

He should have been disgusted to go down on his wife after she had been fucked by another man, but Will had tasted and swallowed another man's cum before. This wasn't anything new to him.

In fact, tasting his wife's just-fucked pussy coated with Doug's cum, was incredibly arousing to him. He was on edge already after witnessing his wife and her lover have sex. As he ate her out, he kept his hand on his cock, stroking himself.

It was all too much. He held back as long as he could and once Courtney started shrieking with climax, he rubbed himself as quickly as possible.

He deposited his cum on the floor. Some got on the bed skirt and some on the rug and some on the hardwood floor. The mess he made he knew he'd have to clean up and the shame made the orgasm that much sharper.

As much as he wanted to keep his face buried in her pussy forever, he knew he couldn't. Will was saved from the shame of having to pull away by himself when she grabbed him on both sides of his face and raised his eyes to her.

"I love you," she said, pulling him forward and leaning down to kiss him.

She tasted herself and Doug on his lips. She wanted to taste oh so much more.

Chapter 15

Courtney

“We should have done that a long time ago,” I said to Will after Doug had left and we had cleaned up.

Will looked at me. At first I couldn’t read what was in his eyes and then I realized it was shame. That was wrong. That’s not what I wanted at all. I needed to fix this and fix it fast.

“Why?” he asked softly.

“Because it was fucking hot,” I told him, pulling closer to him and giving him a kiss. We were lying side by side on the bed. He had changed the sheets, which was a little silly because we really hadn’t gotten them messy from sex. Still, maybe he wanted to get rid of the even the idea of another man fucking me, which was stupid because it had been his idea in the first place. “You enjoyed it too,” I prompted him.

He looked away from me and stared up at the ceiling. “I don’t know what I’m feeling.”

My first instinct was to grab his dick to see if it was hard and if he was up to a second round. I went with my better judgment and didn’t do that.

“I’ll admit it was weird to have sex in front of you, but it was incredibly hot too. And I’m so, so sorry for fucking Ryan. I’ll break it off with him tomorrow…if we can do this again. Hell, we can do it with another woman if you want. I think I’m up for anything.”

“You’ll stop fucking Ryan?”

I didn’t want to, but I realized that having sex right in front of Will was a lot more satisfying than cheating on him.

“Yes.”

“What if…what if you keep fucking him…but tell me about it afterwards?”

I texted Ryan the next morning.

I fucked doug in front of will last night

I waited patiently for his answer. Being a doctor, he was often busy and it sometimes took him a while to get back to me, even when I was offering free sex.

This time, however, his response was rather prompt.

What the fuck?

My response was simple.

LOL

Are you just kidding around?

No. I fucked doug

It was great

I want to do it again

This time the response was longer. I didn’t know if he was busy or angry.

Maybe both.

Why not me?

Because maybe you haven’t earned it

Maybe doug is better in bed than you

Was he?

I didn’t answer him right away. He needed to suffer a bit.

Fucking answer me!

I waited another minute before answering him.

No reason to be so rude

I was busy

I'm working

You still haven't answered my question

I don't know if he was better than you

Maybe bigger…

Now you're just being fucking rude

You don't have the world's biggest cock

And I only fucked him once

Hardly enough to make a good comparison

Wanna fuck tomorrow?

It wasn't Tuesday, our usual day, but I wanted to see how much I could manipulate Ryan.

I was betting it was easier than I thought.

I waited until Will had left for work and then I texted him.

I made a promise

I'm going to fuck ryan

I'm telling you because I'm a good wife

I couldn't believe the answer I got back from Will

Send a video

Or pictures

Ryan looked me up and down when he opened the door to his place.

"I'd love a key to your place," I said with a winning smile.

Ryan wasn't impressed.

"Take off your clothes." He was flat and almost angry in his delivery.

"I'm still on the front porch," I pointed out.

"Afraid of showing your naked ass to the public?"

I stiffened my spine. “No.” As soon as I spoke, I started unbuttoning my blouse. I hadn’t dressed up overly so. Just enough to put me in the right frame of mind for cheating on my husband.

Ryan’s eyes lit up and then he got worried as I continued to unbutton. He grabbed my arm and pulled me inside.

Before I had a chance to protest, he slammed me up against the wall and kissed me with an intensity I hadn’t felt in years. His kiss was insistent and passionate and I could feel his hard cock pressing against me through our clothes.

We were separated by too many layers of clothing.

Just as I was having that thought, Ryan pulled back.

“Strip,” he ordered me.

I continued to unbutton my blouse, but leaving it on, showing some cleavage but not revealing all that much skin.

I unzipped my skirt and dropped it to the floor. A second later I let the blouse join it.

“Nice,” was Ryan’s comment.

A fancy bra that creates extra cleavage along with some wildly business inappropriate panties and thigh high stockings screamed “I’m a giant slut” but it screamed it quietly.

“I want to suck your cock,” I told him.

“I bet you do.”

He opened up his pants and hauled out his monster as I fell to my knees and grabbed it at the first opportunity. A blowjob wasn’t needed; I just wanted to give him one. It made me feel like a slut.

I liked feeling like a slut.

Before this had gone on very long, I backed off his cock and he looked down at

me quizzically.

“Why’d you stop?”

I grabbed my purse from where I had dropped it next to my clothes. Pulling out my phone, I said, “You need to take pics and video.”

“Okay. Why?” He accepted the phone from me after I unlocked it and went back to his cock. Right before I put the monster back in my mouth I said, “Because Will wants to see all the dirty details.”

That was good enough for Ryan.

He took some pictures of me sucking his cock.

He took some more pictures of me kicking off my high heels and then carefully peeling off my bra and panties.

We went to his bed. I spread my legs and he ate my pussy for a bit, taking more pictures both before and after. He actually handed the phone over to me so I could take a few POV pictures of the top of his head with his face buried in my pussy.

I was careful to take pictures of his cock lining up to my pussy and then as it went it.

The sex wasn’t great. I was too distracted by the phone and camera. Eventually I had to just drop it because, as always, when Ryan fucked me it felt like he was going to split me in half.

We fucked for a bit.

He flipped me over and fucked me doggy. We didn’t get any pictures of that. I climaxed once in that position with the help of my fingers.

We went back to missionary and he made me cum a second time before he let loose his own orgasm.

I loved the pulse of his cock inside me, filling me up with too much cum.

Before he rolled off my body I told him, “You need to take a few more pictures of my pussy.”

“Really?”

I unlocked the phone and handed it over to him. It had been tossed aside while we were too distracted.

“Yeah. Will needs to see your cum dripping out of me.”

Ryan willingly went along with that.

And he took a few more pictures of me sucking his cock covered in my amrita and his cum.

“Are you really doing this for your husband?” he asked me.

“If you’re very lucky,” I said as I was putting my clothes back on. I wanted to go to work still dripping his cum and covered in his scent. “Think you’re man enough to fuck me in front of my husband?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Some men get nervous and have performance anxiety in front of other men.”

“I can do it.”

I gave him a kiss goodbye.

I sent Will all the pictures, no video had been recorded, just as I was going into my office.

I couldn’t wait for his reaction.

Chapter 16

Will

It was supposed to be a business meeting. It was a business meeting, but Jason and Will quickly got through their agenda and were left alone in an office.

Normally this would mean sex. Illicit sex in the office, the best type of sex in Jason's opinion.

When he approached Will with a knowing smile on his face, Will stepped back. When Jason kept moving forward, Will stiff armed him in the chest.

"What's the matter?" Jason demanded. "If you don't want to today, that's fine, but…why?"

Will was silent for a moment, looking off to the side, and then he suddenly blurted out, "Do you want to fuck my wife?"

Jason laughed nervously and then replied, "You do know I'm gay, right? I don't have sex with women." He smiled. "Is this some sort of test?"

"I was hoping for someone who swings both ways."

"Ah. You're talking about Doug. I thought you said everything went well between him and Courtney."

"Yeah it did but…"

There was a long uncomfortable pause. Again. It was never normally like this between the two.

Finally, Jason said, "You want to suck dick in front of her, don't you?"

Quickly, Will said, "No!"

Jason just looked at him.

Will relented. "Okay, yeah. Maybe."

“Just fucking tell her!”

Without wanting it to happen, tears started forming in Will’s eyes. “I can’t. I just fucking can’t!”

“Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick. What's wrong with you?” Jason wasn’t disgusted by his friend and lover, but he was frustrated.

“Nothing…”

“Trust me. It’s something. You’ve watched your wife fuck another man and gotten off to it. She wants to do it again. You want her to do it again. But you won’t tell her you want to suck a cock?”

Will took several deep breaths. He was on the verge of outright crying and he couldn’t do that here and now. “I just don’t want to fuck up our relationship. I don’t know how she’ll react if I tell her I’m bi.”

Jason wanted to slap Will. He restrained himself. “She sounds like the sort of woman who would be okay with her husband sucking dick. Even if she doesn’t want to watch it, my guess is she won’t make a big deal of it. But what she will make a big deal of is you hiding it from her. You having sex with other men behind her back.”

Nodding, Will said. “You’re right. I need to tell her.”

“Damn straight you do.” Jason grinned. “Actually damn queer or damn bi you do.”

“Do you think that Doug…?” he asked Jason hopefully.

“Hey, Doug’s a great friend and all, but I can assure you that he doesn’t swing that way. I’ve tried. How about with that guy Ryan?”

“Her…what would you call him?”

Jason had ample suggestions. “Lover? Side piece? Slam piece? Booty call? Boyfriend?”

Will let out a half-hearted laugh. “She says he has the biggest cock she’s ever

had.”

“Oh. Well. In that case, he’s her bull.”

That left Will nonplussed. “Her bull?”

“Yeah. That’s what you call a guy who fucks a married woman whose husband is…inadequate.” He grimaced. “Sorry, dude.”

Taking a deep breath, Will said, “I want to suck a cock next to her.”

Jason smiled. “See? Was that so difficult?”

“Yes,” he all but sobbed.

“Just tell her, my man. She won’t think any less of you. I mean, you’ve got a small dick and all, but she’s stayed with you this long, just because you want to suck a little cock in front of her won’t drive her off.”

Will glared at his friend. “You aren’t making things easier.”

“I know. But would you like to suck my cock?” he offered as he took Will’s hand and placed it on his crotch. Will could feel Jason’s erection under his pants.

He wanted to suck Jason’s cock.

Will’s heart was thundering in his chest. It felt impossible to breathe correctly. He was sure his face was flushed bright red.

Judging from the look on his wife’s face, he was certain she thought he was having a heart attack.

“Hon? The next time you hook up with Doug…or anyone…can I…can I…can I be there with you?”

She just looked at him. “Of course you can watch.”

“No…I want to…participate.”

“Participate?”

“I want to…you know…suck cock with you.”

To Be Continued

Preview

The Princess and the Ogre Part 3

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

"How will you do it?" asked Dart quietly.

"Belsar's balls!" Poppy screamed.

Deputy d'Artagnan Delabreese had slipped quietly into the princess's chambers using one of the secret passages. He didn't care if the princess figured out there were spy holes and passages around her bedchamber—it seemed likely to him that she already knew—but he wanted to make sure that she knew there was little she could do to stop his spying.

He was trying to split the delicate balance between working for Crown Prince Thurston—Poppy's husband—and working for the ogre Groph—Poppy's lover—while also assuring himself that his head wouldn't be separated from his shoulders.

"Is there a problem?" he asked innocently.

The princess glared at him. Her chambermaid Azalea gave Dart a wry grin that Poppy couldn't see. The maid had either heard or sensed him coming through the secret door so she wasn't nearly as startled.

But then again, maybe Poppy was upset because she was only half dressed for the day.

Dart gazed admiringly at the princess's full, plump tits which were fully exposed. She was wearing some bit of silk and lace about her hips which hid her cunt away, though Dart imagined he could see the slit of her opening through the thin material.

"You don't fucking enter a princess's chambers without permission."

"I think we are well beyond that point, my princess," he said mockingly.

Not letting herself be the least bit perturbed, Lea the maid pulled the princess's corset around her body and started tightening the laces, hiding her tits away from view. As the spy and thief and deputy talked to the princess, Lea continued to dress Poppy.

"You haven't answered my question," he prompted her.

"What question?"

"How will you do it?" he repeated.

"Do what?"

"Meet up with…" Dart hesitated and glanced at Lea. "Meet up with your lover?"

Poppy didn't answer him right away. She allowed Lea to finish lacing her dress before she dismissed the maid who then left the room.

"Don't speak to me about that in front of my maid," Poppy hissed.

"I think you can trust her," said Dart, thinking about the two times he had already fucked the randy maid.

"You can't trust anyone in this palace."

"You're the one who sent her to distract me while you flitted off so suck someone's cock."

Poppy glanced around the room, as if expecting spies to literally come crawling out of the stonework, then then grabbed Dart's shirt, pulling his face in close to hers. She dropped her voice. "That was with one of my other lovers. A human. A distraction. A toy. No one can know about Groph!"

"I would think that Lea—"

Poppy cut him off. "She doesn't know shit!"

"Fine, fine," said Dart, carefully removing the princess's rather strong fingers from his shirt. "You still need to answer the question."

Poppy closed her eyes and sighed. "Irvas will teleport me. We've done it

before.”

“The ogre and the wizard work together?” asked Dart.

“Aren’t you a clever one,” she said, not really answering the question.

“Two nights hence?” he asked.

“How do you even know that?”

“I have my sources,” he said with a sly smile. So this is what it felt like to be someone who knew important things, Dart thought to himself.

“Yes. Two nights.”

“You’ll take me with you,” Dart told her.

“No.”

“Yes. Either take me with you or...well, I’ll have to tell your husband exactly what you’ve been up to.”

She scoffed at him and then realized he was completely serious.

“Fine.”

He doffed his cap to her. “I shall see you then, my princess. I look forward to it.”

She lifted her chin to him. “And what exactly are you going to do until then? Continue to spy on me?”

“Yes, my princess. That and many other things. You gave an excellent show last night, I look forward to another performance.”

“Find someone else to spy on,” she said. “I won’t be doing anything interesting in the next two days.”

“I doubt that,” he said and exited the room.

The problem was, Dart had no real status in the palace. He reported to the crown prince and had the title of deputy, but no one would associate with him in public.

There was Lea, of course, the maid who was happy to fuck him. And he had his little tryst with Lady Violet while Princess Poppy watched. The smart thing to do would be to lay low, take meals in his room, and escort the princess back to her ogre lover. He was certain he could spend two days doing nothing to save his neck.

He got bored after two hours and found himself wandering the palace looking for a distraction.

His initial plan was to steal something. He didn't need to steal anything, but the planning and the plotting would give him a distraction. There were all sorts of art works on the walls of the palace, but they were too large to be practical to steal. He could have hunted down some small bits of silver, but that was boring. Certainly there had to be valuables—jewelry and gems—in the bedchambers of the various members of the royal family, but breaking into their rooms would take planning beyond a two day window.

He had settled on lifting some silverware from the supply closet next to the kitchens. It was almost too easy and almost a waste of his time, but he had to do something to sate his urges.

Slipping into the supply closet was easy. Incredibly easy.

What stopped his hastily constructed plan was chance more than anything.

He moved so silently and without aid of light that he was on top of them almost before he realized it.

It shouldn't have been a surprise to find a maid performing vile carnal acts in the supply closet. The surprise was that the maid was doing it to one of the serving boys.

They hadn't realized he was in the small room with them and Dart froze. It took him just a few seconds to see what was actually going on and then he grinned and shook his head.

The maid was rather plain. Her skirts were hiked up over her hips, exposing her

broad rump. Dart watched as she thrusted them back and forth, pleased with the action of her muscles under the soft flesh.

The boy was pressed up against one of the shelves in the room, half bent over. He should have been the one doing the fucking, but there was no accounting for the taste and habits of anyone in the palace.

Each time the maid thrusted her hips, the boy grunted as he received her attention to his asshole. Dart now saw the straps around her thighs. Surely she was using a harness to hold an artificial cock against her cunt so they could reverse the roles of men and women fucking.

Dart couldn't fault them for that. He rather appreciated what they were doing. It was certainly unique for a maid and a serving boy, but perversion was easily spread and he guessed that the pair had seen or helped some member of the royal family do the same and wanted to see what it was like.

"I'm sure the chamberlain wouldn't be happy with abuse of the house silver like that," said Dart, interrupting their fun before either party could climax.

The maid gasped and pulled away from her lover.

Dart had been right. There was a harness on her hips with a large silver dildo held in place over her cunt. He wondered if the tool was made of actual silver or steel or something else. It didn't matter.

Dart was also a bit jealous. The girl's cock was bigger than his own, though it was nowhere near as big as Groph's.

The serving boy turned around as abruptly as the maid and tried to make a quick escape, but Dart was blocking the way.

It was then Dart realized he had made a mistake, but it was a mistake that would play to his advantage later on.

He sighed. "I suppose I'll just have to report this to Crown Prince Thurston," he said with a shake of his head.

"Please don't!" the boy pleaded.

In his short time in the palace Dart had learned quite a bit about the habits and power struggle that went on continually amongst the royal family. The king was still the head of the family and kingdom, but Crown Prince Thurston was the one running the day to day kingdom affairs. Every one of his siblings envied and hated Thurston, with good reason. The man was a prick.

But they didn't want to lose any status.

Dart had happened upon a maid pegging Prince Rupert in the supply closet, not some random serving boy. Dart didn't care about this, but Rupert did. He was the youngest member of the royal family and therefore the lowest status with no hope to rule in his future. Dart had seen him at a variety of events sucking up to whoever seemed to be in charge.

"Why shouldn't I?" Dart asked coolly.

"I'll...I'll make it worth your while to remain quiet," the prince said quickly.

Dart didn't care if the official royal pastime was buggering each other because they all had an incest kink that couldn't be denied, but for Rupert to want to be pegged by a maid or anyone of lower status than himself was a scandal in the making.

"How will you make it worth my while?" asked Dart.

"Money! Jewels! Power! I can give them all to you!"

Dart scoffed. "I already have that and more coming to me." That was only half the truth but it didn't really matter.

The maid had been edging away from the two men and when she moved to slip by Dart, he reached out and grabbed her arm preventing her escape. To make his point clear that he was in charge, he slapped her across the face twice, once on each cheek. She gasped in shock.

"Take that ridiculous thing off," said Dart, pointing at the silver cock, "and go back to your duties."

The maid quickly divested herself of the harness and dropped the silver cock on the floor.

“Leave,” he ordered her.

He wasn't sure if she had panties or not, but she pulled her skirt back down and raced out of the room.

“Pick it up and come with me,” said Dart to the prince.

He was in no position to be giving orders.

Prince Rupert did as he said anyway.

The prince hid the silver dildo in his coat pocket as Dart led him through the palace. They didn’t speak and the few servants they passed said nothing to them. It would have been awkward if they had run into a noble or family member, but luck was with Dart.

He led the prince back to his room and closed the door behind them.

“Do you know who I am?” he asked the cowering prince.

Rupert was a handsome young man who could bed any noblewoman he wanted. Why he asked a maid to commit an act of perversion with him was beyond Dart.

“You are Deputy d’Artagnan, my brother’s new personal enforcer.”

Dart was pleased at the sudden title increase. It was inaccurate but he didn’t care.

“So you know I report to Crown Prince Thurston and no one else.”

“Yes.”

“You’re trembling,” Dart pointed out.

“I’m scared.”

“Of what I’ll do?”

The prince shook his head. “No. Of what Thurston will do to me.”

Dart nodded. “That’s good.” He held out his hand. “Give me the toy that your lover was using on you.”

“She’s...she’s not my lover,” Rupert said, finding some tiny bit of courage, but took the dildo from his pocket and gave it to Dart.

The thief placed it in the small chest in his room and locked it closed, pocketing the key.

“You should be afraid of what I can do to you,” said Dart.

“What can you do to me?”

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