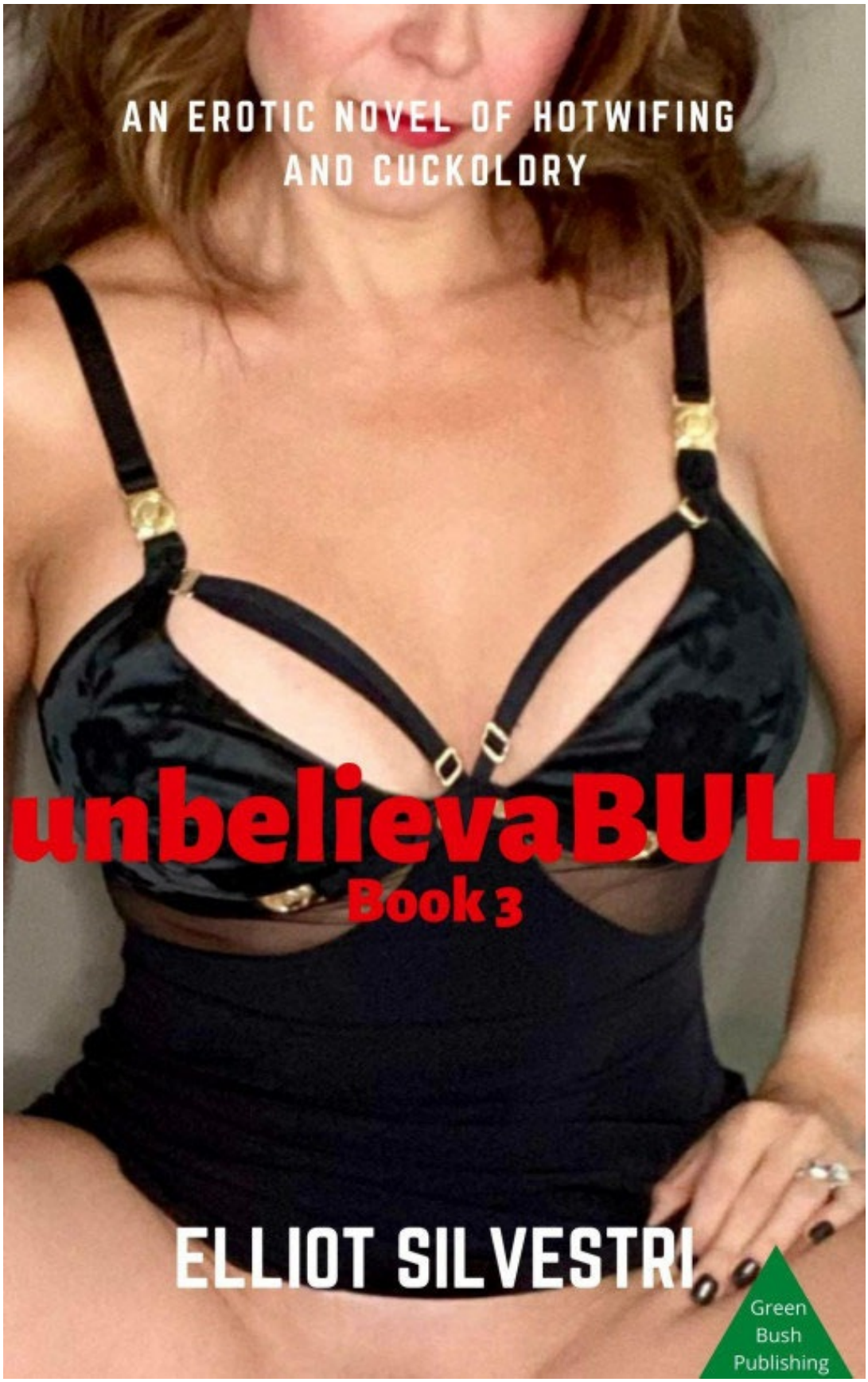
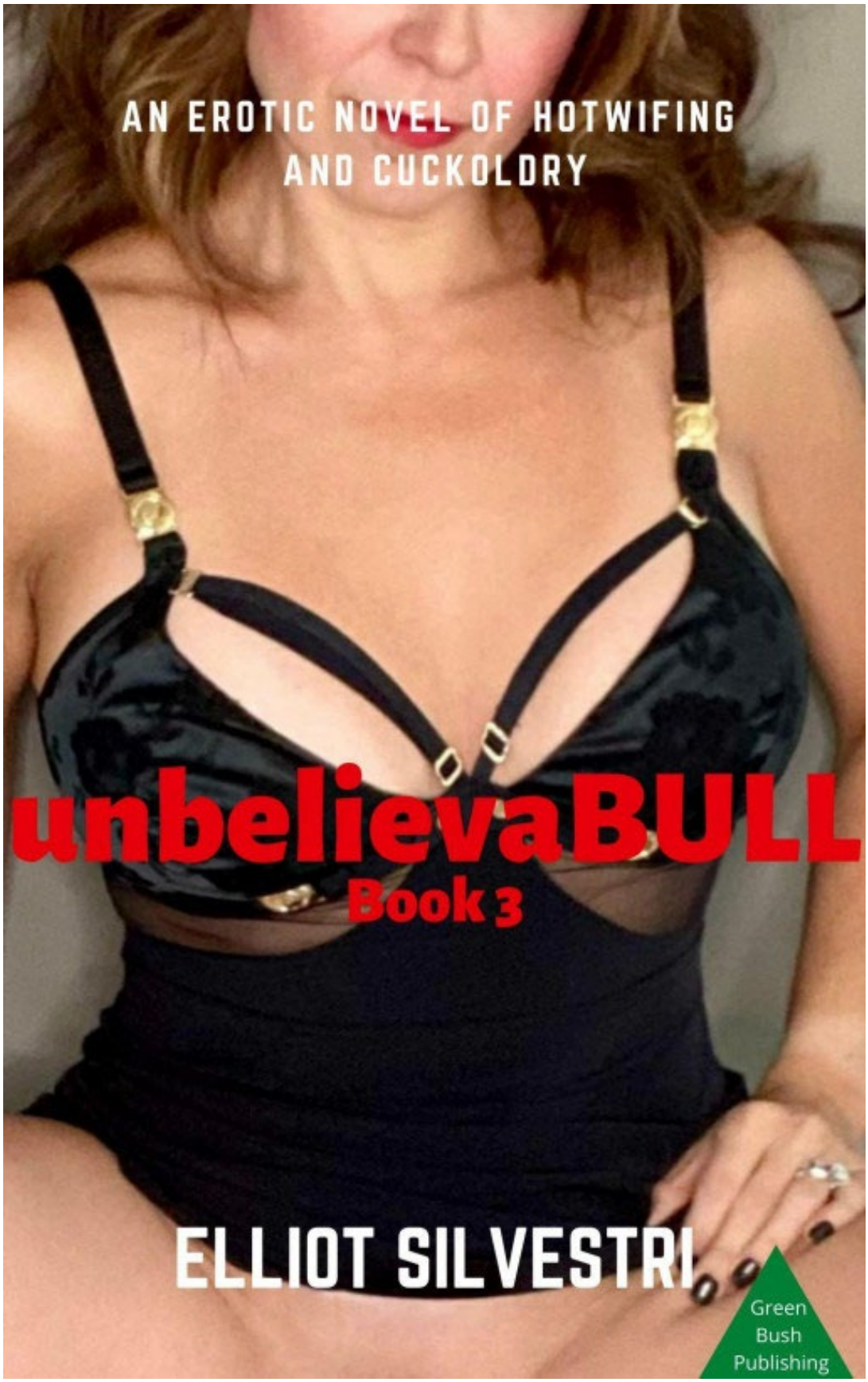

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UnbelievaBULL 3

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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UnbelievaBULL 3

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Chapter 17

Courtney

I should have known better.

Or at least I should have had some better awareness of my husband.

I had been so obsessed with keeping my own secret that I never considered that Will could have one of his own as well.

There is a good reason why “gay” is the next word that Google suggests when typing, “Is my husband…”

I knew that Will wasn’t gay. Well, reasonably sure. Gay men have been married to women for years before coming out. But Will wasn’t gay. That’s what I told myself. I told myself that Will was bi.

I was pretty sure he was bi.

I hoped he was bi.

I hated that the world had so fucked up my understanding of human sexuality that I doubted my husband.

So what if he wanted to suck a little cock. Or a big cock? I liked sucking cock. It was something a nice married couple could do together.

“You want to suck cock with me?” I asked, repeating back to him what he had just said because the words, for some reason, had shut down my brain.

“If that…if that wouldn’t be too weird.”

I don’t know why we were being so formal and stilted. We were married. We were in love. We should have been able to tell each other anything. After he confessed to me that he wanted to watch me fuck someone else…after I had admitted to him that I had been cheating on him for years…we should have been able to say anything to each other.

Wait a second. What if he said he wanted to watch me fuck another guy just so he'd have a chance to try out his new-found bisexuality?

"It would be weird…but I'm okay with weird. Unless…"

He looked at me with desperate eyes. "Unless what?"

"Unless you…did you say you wanted to watch me with someone else just to suck his cock?"

Will violently and vehemently shook his head no.

"No. No. Of course not. I mean, it was so fucking hot seeing you do that. But this is something else I want. I mean…can't I have more than one kink?"

"Is bisexuality a kink?"

"I don't know, is it?"

"Does it matter?" I took a deep breath and told myself my marriage wasn't ending. It was entering a new phase. This was exciting.

Working out the next step was the hard part.

It was fine that Will wanted to watch me fuck other men. Somehow that's acceptable. It seemed an incredibly difficult thing, however, to broach the subject with one of my lovers. I mean, I could ask Doug or Ryan if they minded if Will joined in and sucked their cocks, but it didn't seem the most normal of topics to bring up.

"Are you worried about losing him?" Will asked me.

"Who?"

"Ryan or Doug. Both."

"Maybe."

“You’re married to me,” he reminded me. “If anything, you should be worried about upsetting me. It’s always easy for a beautiful woman like you to find a new lover.”

“Flatterer. And that won’t get you anywhere.”

“Do you want me to ask them?”

I blinked. “You mean, just show up with me one day and ask if you could suck his cock?”

“Which one?”

“Either. And realize that they are both presumably straight.”

We decided not to pursue the option of Tinder or Feeld. Instead we decided to go with what we had.

What I had.

We were going to ask Doug and then Ryan if either minded if Will joined in.

I wanted him to join in.

I wanted to see him suck a cock.

I wanted to teach him how to suck a cock.

Since our relationship was low stakes with Doug, we started with him. We invited him over a few days later for—and there’s no other way to put this—a little more cuckold sex.

He was down for it.

Of course.

And I didn’t ask him about Will when I invited him.

Yes, it was unfair and putting him on the spot, but I wanted to feel the power of my sexuality.

Everything started much the same. Doug and Will shook hands. I paraded in front of them in a dress that was too low cut and too tight for the office but Will assured me that it made me look like a sexual dynamo packed into a green frock.

After some preliminary flirting, I said to Doug, “I really want to invite you up to our bedroom.”

“That is why I came over,” he said with a smile.

We were in the kitchen, chatting, and I sidled up to him, pressing my body against his. He automatically ran his hand down my side to my thigh, and then back up to my ass, cupping it but not squeezing. “I want to ask you a little something first.”

“Sure. What?”

“Is it okay if Will joins us?”

Doug kept his grin on his face. “Of course. I was expecting him to watch us.”

I had kept my question a little vague. “Umm…I don’t want him to just watch, I want him to join in.” I glanced over at Will who was standing there, his face an emotionless mask, as he watched us.

Shrugging a little, Doug replied, “Okay. Sure. There’s nothing wrong with a threeway, right? Do you want to be spit-roasted or do you want double penetration or what?”

I glanced back and forth between Will and Doug. I knew we were going to get to this point but actually asking the question was next to impossible.

“No, I was thinking that…I wanted to teach Will how to give a proper blowjob.”

It took Doug a minute to process what I was saying.

Or maybe he was just being polite.

Or maybe he was just disgusted by our offer.

I wasn't sure.

I wasn't making any assumptions.

Doug looked at Will. "Dude, you want to suck my cock?"

Will's face went bright red. I wondered if his dick was hard.

He looked away. "Well, yeah, a little. If that's okay with you."

The pause hung in the air. I could feel my pussy getting wet with anticipation. This was going to be so fucking hot.

"Hell no, that's not okay with me! I'm not gay! You're not sucking my cock!" Doug looked back to me. "Are you serious with this? Your husband is gay?"

"No he's not!" I insisted way too fast.

"I'm not," Will echoed.

"Then what are you?" Doug challenged.

It didn't matter at this point. The mood and the night had been ruined. I could see that. Maybe Will could too, but Doug was getting angry.

"I'm…I'm bi," Will stuttered out.

"Yeah, you're a fag," Doug spat out. He flared at me. "And you're a fag hag. I'm fucking out of here."

I stepped aside as he ran out of the kitchen and then the house, slamming the door behind him.

"That could have gone better," said Will.

I went to him and gave him a kiss. "I'm so sorry, honey. I wanted to make this happen for you."

"It's okay." When I held him he was shaking.

It wasn’t okay.

“No, it’s not okay. We fucked that up and fucking Doug is a dick who should never, ever get a chance to fuck another woman. I hope his cock shrivels up and falls off.”

That was enough to get a gasping laugh of relief from Will. The tension slid out of his body.

“Yeah, me too.”

There wasn’t much I could do to fix the problem, but I was going to try.

“How about we go upstairs and I give you a blowjob like you’ve never had before.”

“That’s quite an offer.”

We went upstairs.

“Take off your clothes,” I told him. “But I’m keeping my dress on.”

He started taking off his shirt. “Why?”

“Have you ever had a blowjob from a fully clothed woman before?” I asked.

He paused before answering. “No.”

I went to the closet. “You had to think about that?” I started rooting around our supply box. It only took a moment before I found what I needed.

“I was thinking about college.”

I gave him a wink as I approached him, toy in hand. “Oh. Right. Sure you were.”

He looked at what I had in hand. “What are you going to do with that?” He seemed alarmed.

“Don’t worry. It’s for you, not me.” I gave him another wink. He was just wearing underwear now and I got down on my knees in front of him.

Through his briefs I could tell his dick was soft, but I intended to fix that.

“But what are you doing?”

I hooked a finger into the elastic waistband and pulled down, revealing his small, soft dick. But that wasn’t what I wanted to see right then.

“Turn around and grab the lube out of the nightstand. I’m going to put this up your ass and then blow you.”

Will didn’t move. But his dick did. Within the space of a few heartbeats he was rock hard. It was a small rock, but he was very, very hard.

We both looked at his erection.

“I don’t care that you’re hard. I still want to put this up your ass,” I said.

Slowly Will turned around and bent over. That allowed him to open the nightstand drawer and hand me the lube. I painted some of the slippery liquid on his puckered rosebud and some on the plug.

“Just relax,” I told him like I knew what I was doing. I had never put a plug up Will’s ass before. Always before it had been up my ass. We had experimented with it a while back. I liked the feeling when he fucked me and I had the plug in.

What’s good for the goose is good for the gander.

It wasn’t that difficult to put it in him.

I loved when he groaned as the widest part was pushed in and his body sucked it up. The flared base snuggled up to him.

I realized I had never been so turned on in my life before.

“Turn around!” I demanded and practically spun him like a top so I could attach my lips to his dick.

It was easy to deep throat Will because there wasn’t that much to deep throat. I enthusiastically sucked on him. He put both hands on the sides of my head and started face fucking me.

Ryan had done that on several occasions. It was a lot more difficult when a cock twice the size of Will's was being shoved down my throat.

I hadn't realized how much Will wanted this. I had barely started my favorite fellatio techniques when Will gave me a warning.

"I'm gonna, I'm gonna—"

He didn't have to finish his statement. I knew what was coming. Literally.

I backed off his dick enough so that the corona was just behind my teeth.

It felt like he exploded onto my tongue. I felt it hitting the back of my throat and then filling my mouth. I kept stroking his small penis, getting all that lovely spunk out and letting it rest on my tongue. I didn't swallow. I had something else in mind.

When I judged that he was done, I pulled back all the way and stuck out my tongue, showing him how much he had cum.

"Oh wow," he breathed, looking down at me looking up at him.

I struggled to my feet and closed my lips. It wasn't exactly easy to do, but I managed to swallow part of his load before kissing him.

Will didn't object when I snowballed him.

We shared his cum.

When we were finally done and broke our kiss, he looked at me adoringly.

"That was fucking incredible."

I smiled back at him. "I should hope so. Let's see if you can match it."

I pulled up my dress to my hips, revealing my tiny panties and thigh high stockings. Backing up to the edge of the bed I hooked my fingers into the tiny strings on my hips and pulled down my underwear before sitting on the edge of the bed and spreading my legs.

With one hand I pointed to the floor in front of me, I said, "Get to work." I

indicated my pussy with the other hand.

Will got to work.

I was very impressed.

Chapter 18

Debbie

It wasn't often that Courtney called during the middle of the day so when Debbie saw her cousin's number she became worried and immediately took the call.

Instead of answering like a normal person, Debbie said, "What's the problem?"

Courtney was momentarily confused and paused for a second.

"Uh, nothing. Why?"

Debbie slipped from the hallway to one of the currently unoccupied exam rooms of the dental office. She knew she had only a few minutes.

"You're calling in the middle of the day."

"I have something to tell you."

"You couldn't text me?" Debbie was annoyed.

"Not for this."

"Okay, what is it then?"

"Will and I were going to have sex with Doug. Together."

Long pause. "You're fucking kidding."

Courtney was gleeful. "Nope. He said he wanted to suck another man's cock!"

"Holy fucking shit!"

"I know? Right!"

"And you're okay with this?"

"Why not?" Courtney said firmly, staking out her position. "I like sucking cock

so having my husband liking to suck cock is great, right?”

“Right,” Debbie agreed warily.

“Anyway, it went like shit.”

“Oh,” said Debbie, relieved. “What happened?”

“Doug acted like an asshole. Got all homophobic on us. We kicked him out. I’m done with him.”

“I see…”

“It’s okay. I gave Will the most incredible blowjob of my life. His too. It was probably the buttplug I put up his ass beforehand.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah. And guess what?”

“I can’t imagine.”

“Ryan said yes.”

Debbie was confused. “Ryan said yes to what?”

“To letting me and Will give him a double blowjob. We’re on for tomorrow night.”

“I never expected that.”

“I was a little drunk when I propositioned Ryan. Maybe he was too. I never would have guessed he was open to the idea.”

“You’ve got to tell me all the details.”

“I will.”

“Okay, I’ve got to get back to work.”

They disconnected the call and Debbie tucked her phone into the pocket of her

scrubs.

A minute later she walked into Dr. Gehl's office where he was working on the computer between patients. Probably making procedure notes. Debbie felt a little guilty about keeping secrets from Courtney, but her cousin was much more open about her sex life. Debbie didn't want to be judged for acting like her sluttier older cousin.

After closing and locking the door, Debbie silently walked up to Dr. Gehl's desk, turned around, pulled her scrub bottoms down, showing she wasn't wearing any underwear, but she did have a butt plug firmly lodged in her ass.

"Just as you asked for, Dr. Gehl," she said sweetly.

He smiled and reached out to caress her ample bottom. After a few seconds he pulled his hand away, reached into the bottom drawer of his desk and pulled out a paddle.

The smacks were loud in the small confines of the office. Debbie worried that someone might hear, but the door and walls were supposed to be soundproofed.

The paddle hurt, but the sting was welcome. There were only four hard smacks on each cheek before Dr. Gehl put the paddle away into the drawer and pulled out a tiny pair of panties. They were lacy and inappropriate for a medical setting.

"Put these on," he ordered her.

Debbie kicked off her shoes, pulled off the scrub bottoms, and pulled on the panties. The string wedged between her buttocks, helping to hold the butt plug in. She was glad she had shaved her pussy that morning. Any hair would have looked ridiculous with the tiny triangle that barely covered her labia.

"You look pretty. Come back to my office at the end of the day," he ordered her.

Debbie knew he was going to fuck her. But she didn't know if he was going to use her ass or her pussy.

She also didn't know how she was going to hide the encounter from her fiance.

It was all part of being in the Dirty Girl Slut Club.

Chapter 19

Will

“He said yes?” Will was confused. His impression of Ryan was that the other man was the sort of guy who advocated for the alpha male personality. Single. Well-off. Hung. Used women. Why would he want or even allow Will anywhere near his cock?

“He said yes,” Courtney told him again, for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“But why?”

She glanced over at him from behind the steering wheel. It was Courtney’s car so it only made sense that she should be the one to drive it, but it made Will feel like she was even further in control of him. He liked that.

“I have no idea why he said yes. Maybe you can ask him.”

The rest of the drive was done largely in silence.

Will was extremely nervous—bordering on outright fear—to meet Ryan. As it turned out, when they rang the bell to his townhouse, Ryan was handsome and friendly and personable.

It was like they had been invited over to his place for a casual meal rather than for kinky group sex.

Will’s eyes darted everywhere while Ryan and Courtney made small talk. He didn’t miss that his wife gave Ryan a kiss on the cheek, but it was a casual kiss. The sort one would give to a friend or cousin.

After more than a few minutes, Will started to wonder if he had been hallucinating and they really were at Ryan’s for a casual dinner. Maybe Courtney had lied to him just to see if he would embarrass himself.

“Well, Will?” she suddenly prompted him.

Will realized that he had been lost in his thoughts.

“I’m sorry. What? I was…I was distracted.”

Courtney just laughed gaily. Then she took Ryan’s hand in hers, pressed up against him, and kissed the other man.

Will watched, his mouth agape.

After Courtney broke the kiss, she said, “I asked you if you minded if I kissed Ryan.”

“Oh.”

Ryan was chuckling and shaking his head. “Dude. Get your head in the game.”

“Speaking of the game,” said Courtney. “Let’s start playing. To the bedroom?”

Ryan nodded. “To the bedroom.”

They didn’t say another word to Will. He just followed along as they moved through the townhouse. It was nice, but obviously Ryan had hired someone to decorate it. He probably had a maid as well.

When they arrived in Ryan’s bedroom, Will took note of the huge bed and wondered how many times Courtney had been fucked it in.

“Get it out, big boy,” said Courtney as she got down on her knees in front of Ryan.

Will wasn’t sure how this was supposed to go, but he hadn’t been expecting this. Not exactly.

Ryan smirked at Will, then unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants and underwear.

Will gasped. Ryan wasn’t even erect and his cock was huge. He noted that Ryan apparently shaved all his pubes. The man was completely smooth. Not a hair on his body from his waist to mid-thigh.

Courtney reached for the large, soft organ. Instead of going further, she instead

looked to Will. “Get down here,” she said as she reached up to him with her other hand.

His fingers met hers and she pulled him down to his knees in front of Ryan. Now it looked like they were both worshiping him.

“Is this okay?” Will nervously asked his wife.

“It’s what we wanted, right?” she replied. She was still holding Ryan’s cock. It had started responding already. Will couldn’t keep his eyes off it. Slowly it grew in her hand and he wondered how big it could get.

Unconsciously, Will licked his lips. He wanted to suck it but to do so in front of Courtney…

“Go ahead and blow him,” she encouraged her husband. “I want to watch your technique. I’ll tell you what you’re doing wrong.”

“So will I,” said Ryan sardonically as he pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Of course the man had well-defined muscles. Will wasn’t jealous; he was turned on.

Knowing that if he gave it too much thought, he’d chicken out. So Will just forced himself to take Ryan’s cock in his hand, forcing Courtney’s aside. He moved closer and Court moved to the side for a good view of her suddenly bisexual husband’s supposed first encounter with another man.

By this point Ryan was semi-erect and it was easy for Will to close his eyes, part his lips, and put the big organ in his mouth.

He tasted Ryan’s musky flavor right away. That alone was enough to cause Will’s small cock to become erect.

Courtney didn’t know what to think. She had seen men blow each other before, but only in porn videos. It was one thing to watch some porn and create a fantasy, but it was another entirely to see her husband doing it right in front of her.

After a few seconds she decided that she liked it. Her pussy was throbbing and dripping. She had never imagined she wanted this, but she wanted it more than

she could have imagined.

From her point of view, Courtney quickly assessed that Will needed little instruction on how to suck cock. He was a natural. She quickly surmised that he was just doing to Ryan what Will liked her doing to him. He was a natural at getting Ryan's big cock not just into his mouth, but well down his throat. She didn't know what Will's gag reflex was before this, but apparently it was next to nothing.

"Your hubby can really suck cock," Ryan complimented her as she watched.

It was an odd compliment, but she took it happily. She kissed Will on the cheek as he continued to bob his head back and forth on Ryan's cock.

"He sure can," she agreed.

"Want me to cum in his mouth?" Ryan asked Courtney. By all rights he should have asked Will, but the dominant man wanted to keep Will, the obvious submissive, in his place. Doing it through his wife was just extra icing on the cake.

"Why not in mine?" she asked, ducking her head and getting in a quick lick on his shaft when Will was pulled back with just Ryan's head in his mouth.

"Why not on your face?" Ryan countered as he pushed deeper into Will's throat.

"Why not in my pussy?" she offered.

"Now you're talking." He pulled free of Will's mouth. The other man looked disappointed, or maybe he was relieved at having successfully blown another man and not embarrassed himself in the process.

"Do you mind if he fucks me, honey?" Courtney asked sweetly, but didn't bother waiting for an answer.

She stood up from her kneeling position, glad the weight was off her knees, and smoothly unzipped her dress, opening it up, letting it fall to the floor.

Even though he had watched her get ready and knew what she had on underneath the dress, it was still an incredible sight to him.

Black push up bra. Matching panties that were criminally small and enhanced what she should have been concealing. Thigh high stockings that now had a small hole in one knee ruining the effect of the dark color on her pale legs.

If his cock hadn't already been hard, Will's would have jumped to attention.

The pair moved to the bed. Ryan spun her around so she was facing the bed and forced her down onto it on her hands and knees. He stripped off her panties, yanking them so hard that they tore. He didn't give her any warning or time to prepare. He just plunged his cock right into her waiting pussy.

She gasped as he pushed in as hard and far as he could. Ryan grunted in satisfaction. Will, still on the floor, watched intently as he saw his wife roughly used by another man. His hand went to his dick and he started jerking off.

From her position on the bed Courtney could just barely see her husband and it was obvious what he was doing.

"Get over here," she grunted between thrusts from Ryan, gesturing with her hand.

Will moved slowly, unsurely toward the bed. His wife was reaching out to him and he carefully avoided getting too close to Ryan. It wasn't that he was afraid of contact with the other man; it was that he didn't know where it would lead.

Courtney gestured with her hand again and Will moved closer. When he drew close enough, she grabbed his erect dick and pulled him to her.

Her lips wrapped around his small dick and it went down her throat, barely. As Ryan fucked her, she gave head to her husband. The angle was awkward so after less than a minute, she released his dick before he had any chance to cum.

"Lay down," she ordered between moans as Ryan continued to use her body. "I'm gonna blow you before he blows his load in me."

The bed was more than big enough for what Courtney wanted. Will went along with her because he was helpless to resist. Once he was on his back and his crotch was close to her face, she started blowing him again.

It was nice. Will closed his eyes and let his wife do to him as she wished.

A couple of sharp slapping sounds made his eyes blink open. Ryan was in the process of spanking Courtney's ass. From the expression on her face, she loved it.

Will and Ryan locked eyes. Ryan grinned down at Will. He knew he was in control of the situation.

"Cum in her mouth," Ryan told him. "That's all you're going to get tonight."

Already on the edge, Will couldn't hold back any longer. He exploded in Courtney's mouth. She eagerly gulped down every bit of his cum. Her suction was so strong that it was actually painful to Will for her to continue to suck his dick.

"Fuck! Yes!" Ryan cried out and slapped her ass one final time before he climaxed. Will knew the other man was cumming based on the deep grunts he made. Courtney forgot all about Will's dick and just moaned as he filled her up.

Will couldn't move his eyes off the ecstatic look on Courtney's face. He wasn't sure if she came or not because Ryan was so loud, but he knew that he wouldn't want to deny this to her.

Finally Ryan's orgasm was over. He slumped back and his big cock slipped free of her well-used pussy.

But Courtney wasn't done yet. She grinned over her shoulder at Ryan and then started crawling away from him. Her eyes refocused on Will where he was laying sprawled on the bed.

"I've got a surprise for you," she said as she kept moving forward.

He quickly worked out what the surprise was.

He didn't know how he should react.

Not moving was the best choice.

When her body was directly over his, she kissed him on the lips.

"Ready?"

“Sure.”

Ryan had no idea what was going on.

She continued to climb up his body and then he prepared himself a few second before she moved her pussy over his face.

“Nice,” was Ryan’s comment as she sat down and nearly smothered her husband. “You’ve got the perfect ass for that.”

Courtney just laughed a bit and then she moaned.

Right before she placed her pussy on his face, Will saw how open and used she was. How had he never figured out she had been fucking Ryan for months… years? Her lips were bright red and puffy. She was wet. He wasn’t sure if she was wet from her amrita or if it was Ryan’s cum dripping out of her.

It didn’t matter.

Her pussy made contact with his face and he quickly got his mouth aligned with her opening.

It was savory and pungent. There was the usual scent and smell of her pussy, but also the strong flavor profile of cum. Will was well familiar with his own cum and Jason’s and some other men as well. Being used in this way wasn’t humiliating. It was liberating.

He held his wife’s legs in place while his tongue explored her sex and he swallowed as much of her and Ryan as he could.

“Sucks cock and eats pussy and swallows cum,” Will heard Ryan say. “Maybe you should marry this guy.”

Courtney gave a distracted giggle and Will had just sensed that Ryan moved close to her. There was some movement but he couldn’t see what was going on, but he figured out they were kissing.

As much as he liked eating his wife’s pussy while full of her lover’s cum, Will wanted to do so much more and he wanted to do it in front of her.

If only Ryan would go along with his fantasies.

Courtney made some more noises as Will brought his hands into play. It was difficult to wrap his arms around her thighs, but he managed. He used the forefinger of one hand to tease her butthole and the thumb of the other to gently rub her clit.

That was what she needed. She started to tremble and when it happened, Will was thrilled. Her orgasm made her body shake. She leaned into Ryan for support. Will sucked the last of the savory cream from her pussy as she ground her pussy into his face and then, finally, slumped to the side.

All three were quiet for a long moment. It was Ryan who spoke first.

“That was great. We should do it again.”

“Right now?” Courtney asked with a low laugh.

Ryan chuckled. “Give me a minute to recover. Actually, I want Will to blow me again. He’s very good at it.”

Will blushed. He felt like he had been found out by his wife. He had, but she didn’t realize by how much.

“I can arrange that,” Courtney said. “But I never would have guessed this of you.”

“Guessed what?” asked Ryan innocently.

Will remained silent. He didn’t want to spoil the mood and upset the lovers.

“That you like your cock sucked by a man.”

Ryan snorted. “He’s just very good at it.”

Courtney laughed in his face. “Yeah. Right. Better than me?”

Ryan nodded. “I think so but I need a little more time to be sure.”

Suddenly, Courtney got offended. “Wait a second. He’s better than me?” She sat up. “I’ll have you know I’m fantastic at fellatio.”

Ryan agreed with her. “You are, but men are just better at it in general.”

Her eyes narrowed on her lover. “How would you know that?”

Up to that moment Courtney had been reasonably sure that Ryan had gone along with her wild suggestion that she and Will blow him because Ryan wanted to keep fucking her and was willing to skirt the edge of bisexuality for that.

Her lover and boyfriend couldn’t be bi like her husband, could he?

Ryan shifted uncomfortably. “I just…know. Men have access to cock twenty four hours a day. Of course we’re better at sucking it.”

“You should be better at handjobs, not sucking it,” Courtney pointed out.

“Why not both?” Ryan nervously suggested.

“I think your boyfriend might be bi,” Will suggested.

It all clicked into place for Courtney. “Oh my fucking god. You’re right, hon.” She turned to look Ryan directly in the eyes. “Are you bi?”

“No,” he said too quickly.

Courtney wasn’t going to let that go. “Have you ever had sex with a man before?”

Now Ryan looked uncomfortable, but he decided to get in front of what was a looming disaster. “No. Not like you’re thinking. Let me explain.”

Slumping back onto the bed, Courtney folded her arms across her breasts. “Sure. Explain.”

“Things get a little crazy in college. I was in a fraternity and we’d drink a little too much…anyway, one of our hazing rituals was…was having to give a blowjob to a big brother. Fraternity brother,” he quickly clarified. “Everyone did it.”

“Just the once?” she asked skeptically. “And you know I can tell when you’re lying to me.”

Ryan didn’t look directly at either half of the married couple. “I sucked a couple of cocks in college and had my cock sucked plenty of times. It was a pretty wild fraternity. It didn’t mean anything. I’m not gay or bi, I’m just open-minded.”

Courtney seemed to accept that explanation. “You’re going to have to tell me more sometime. All the details.”

The moment passed and Ryan opted not to tell his lover all the details of his sordid history he had been hiding from her right then.

They rested a bit, used the bathroom, had some water to drink, and when they had all returned to Ryan’s bedroom, he spoke up.

“I was serious when I said I wanted Will to blow me again.”

Courtney was floored at Ryan’s bold suggestion.

Floored and thrilled.

She looked to her husband. “How about it, hon? You want to blow my side piece again while I watch?”

Before Will could answer, Ryan interjected, “I want to cum in his mouth.”

“Of course,” Courtney quickly agreed.

Will made a strange noise.

“You don’t mind, do you, hon?” she asked her husband. She had all but offered him up on a platter for Ryan.

“No, it’s fine.” He was eyeing Ryan’s cock. It was currently mostly flaccid, but he remembered it in its turgid state.

Courtney moved around on the bed and gently encouraged her husband to move closer to Ryan. Her lover relaxed on the bed and spread his legs wide, his large cock laying to the side, fat and happy. He grinned at Will.

“Go for it, dude.”

Will had more confidence this time. His wife had already seen him sucking cock

and she liked it. He didn't want to spoil it, but he had whipped up all sorts of scenarios in his head about how lovely it would be if he could do this forever.

For having cum very recently, Ryan's cock responded readily to his touch and then his mouth. Will could feel the blood pulsing just under the skin. Ryan's cock was heavy to lift to his mouth and he could taste Ryan's spunk and his wife's amrita. He noted that Ryan shaved all his pubic hair. The skin wasn't exactly smooth, there was some stubble, but for some reason the other man removed it all.

It didn't matter.

Ryan's cock quickly grew and grew in Will's mouth. Courtney watched intently, slowly masturbating, her legs as wide as Ryan's while her husband sucked the other man. This wasn't something Courtney had ever imagined she'd be doing, but she was happy to watch it.

Will showed surprising skill and talent when giving Ryan his second blowjob.

Ryan got hard and was enjoying what Will was doing. It had been far too long since another man had blown him.

Will was happy to finally be able to be himself in front of his wife. He was enjoying giving the blowjob as much as Ryan was receiving it.

He licked, sucked, and caressed while overcome with pure bliss. His little dick was as hard as Ryan's large cock. He rocked his hips back and forth, rubbing his small tool against the sheets, as he blew Ryan. He was certain that Courtney could see what he was doing, but he didn't care.

"Keep going," Ryan encouraged him. "You suck cock like a pro."

Will said nothing. He didn't want to spoil the perfect blowjob with unnecessary conversation.

They both heard the little moans coming from Courtney. That and the wet, sticky sounds of her pussy as her frigging went faster and faster while she watched her husband debase himself.

"I'm gonna cum, dude," Ryan warned.

Will didn’t stop sucking. He clamped his lips on the end of Ryan’s big member and viciously pumped the man’s cock.

Courtney was the first to cum. She let out a little scream and rolled to her side, her thighs clamped around her hand. That was enough for Ryan.

He grunted once and his spunk flooded Will’s mouth. He swallowed and swallowed again and again as Ryan pumped his cum into the submissive man’s mouth. For his part, Will’s hips increased the pace of his rocking and he was right on the edge, but Courtney stopped him with a slap to his bottom.

“You’d better not cum and dirty Ryan’s sheets!” she warned him.

Will finished swallowing Ryan’s load and whimpered a little. He was hard and he knew he wasn’t going to get to cum.

That was the way Courtney wanted it.

Chapter 20

Courtney

“Are you sure you aren’t angry?” Will asked me again.

We were back home. We had showered. We were in bed together naked. Usually we wore some bit of nighttime clothing to bed, but not tonight. We needed to feel each other’s naked skin as much as possible.

“Why would I be angry? That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen!”

I could tell he was worried. I needed to reassure him because I wanted this to happen again. And again.

“Are you sure?”

I wanted to smack him across the face. Instead, I reached down under the sheets and found his dick. He wasn’t hard. Not at first. A few seconds after I touched him, he was hard. I loved that reaction.

“Would I do this to you if I was angry?” I asked as I started jerking him off.

“Uh…maybe?”

“Not a chance,” I told him with a little kiss on his cheek. “I just wish you were bigger.”

He moaned a little. My hand could encompass most of his dick. “Ryan was so big,” he moaned.

“That’s why I fuck him,” I whispered in his ear. “Your little dick isn’t enough for me.”

“I know, I know,” he panted. He was ready to cum again. I slowed my fist on his erection. I wanted him to cum, but not yet.

“Did you like watching him fuck me?” I asked.

“Yes. I want to see it again.”

“You will,” I promised.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I pushed down the covers. I briefly considered going down on him, but then I figured that was his area of expertise. I didn’t know everything about Ryan, but I guessed my boyfriend wasn’t just into getting head from men, but he liked to give it as well.

There was one thing I could definitely do better than the both of them.

I swung my leg over Will’s body and straddled him. It only took a second for me to aim his dick into my pussy and sit down on it.

He penetrated me, but only barely. I laughed at this revelation. There was no way he could fill me up like Ryan.

“I can barely feel you inside me,” I told him.

He groaned. Either he was loving being inside of me or he loved the humiliation I was giving him.

Either way, win-win.

I pumped my hips a few times. I was wetter than I expected. I don’t know where it came from. He looked up at me thrilled and surprised.

“Fuck me,” I told him as I stopped, hovering above him with just the tip of his dick still inside me.

He grabbed my hips and thrusted hard and fast up into me.

It was good.

Well, it was okay.

Ryan’s fucking was better.

Still, I gave Will credit for trying.

I laughed at him again.

“You aren’t nearly as good as Ryan,” I informed him.

We should have been spent, but Will was ready to go. He fucked me and I endured it.

He lasted maybe all of two minutes before he came. When he did, I ground my hips down on him, letting him deposit his seed as deeply in me as possible.

“I can barely feel you,” I laughed in his face. It was still red from the exertion of fucking me.

It wasn’t good enough.

“You…you can't feel me?”

I leaned down and kissed him lightly on the lips. “Just barely.”

Without another word I moved forward, letting his small penis slip out of me. I could hear his softening flesh slap wetly on his belly. But I didn’t wait for him to figure out what was going on.

I continued to crawl up his body.

“You know what you did with me earlier, right?” I asked him as I got into position over his face.

Will didn’t resist at all. I wasn’t surprised. By now I had figured that my husband was the sort of man who would do anything that his wife—me—asked of him as long as it was sexual and humiliating at the same time.

His tongue eagerly reached up and licked my swollen labia.

It felt nice. Will was an accompanied pussy eater. I supposed he was an accomplished or natural cock eater as well.

His tongue delved into my tunnel. I could feel him licking upward, searching out the cum he had recently deposited. It was slowly leaking out of me. He was undoubtedly tasting himself.

That made me shiver.

But I didn’t want him to just lay there and enjoy himself. I had to keep him under my heel. So to speak.

I shifted my hips, moving my pussy away from his mouth. He made a few attempts at reaching the prize. I moved away from his eager tongue. That didn’t matter. As I moved, my asshole landed directly on his mouth.

Will hesitated. That wasn’t good enough for me.

“Eat it!” I demanded. “Eat my ass or you don’t get any of the good stuff.”

There was a tentative probe of a wiggling tongue at my tight rosebud. I shivered.

“Don’t stop,” I urged him, trying not to sound as if I liked it.

I loved it.

His tongue started licking at my asshole with more confidence. I strongly recommend bidets. Once he started, Will found the confidence he had when eating pussy and swallowing cock.

It turned out I had a thing for having my ass eaten.

I was betting that most people did but were too afraid to admit it.

Will made a few noises as he continued to eat my ass. I wondered how long I could go like this. Maybe for hours, but I didn’t think it would get me off.

Once more I shifted my hips, bringing my pussy back to his mouth. The few minutes that Will had been eating my ass had given his cum the opportunity to slide further down my tunnel. I could feel it just there.

His tongue went into me; it felt like it was further into me than his little dick had reached. Will feasted on the cum he had given me. Once I had judged my pussy was sufficiently clean, I shifted again, bringing my clit to where it needed to be.

Will attacked my clit like a starving man.

Well, not exactly starving.

I braced my hands against the wall and shivered with delight as he first licked,

and then sucked. His hands were holding my hips. Moving them back, he gripped my ass.

It was almost too much. I was shivering and shaking with delight.

It took only a few more seconds of my clit in his mouth before I came.

I didn’t exactly smother him to death, but after my orgasm I sat there a long moment restricting his breathing until I was able to slump to the side.

We were both panting heavily after that.

“We need to find someone else to fuck together,” I said to him, kissing my husband on the lips again. I tasted myself. I liked it.

“Sure. Yes. I want that,” Will agreed. “Or we could fuck Ryan again.”

I laughed.

“Oh honey. I think that Ryan just indulged you.”

He was disappointed, but I was certain we’d find someone to indulge us.

Chapter 21

Ryan

Ryan looked at himself in the mirror. He had just finished showering and needed to keep wiping the glass to study himself.

He wasn't sure what to think.

He knew he was still handsome. He had that.

It had been years since he had done anything with a man. He thought that he had put it all behind him.

He had decided to indulge Courtney because he wanted to keep her as a slam piece.

But when it came to the moment, he had enjoyed Will's cock sucking more than anything else.

Fraternity hijinks were one thing. He had told himself the guys just did that at his college in his frat because everyone did it. He hadn't touched a guy since college.

But he couldn't lie to himself. He had missed it.

Fucking women had been easy. But that didn't mean that he didn't want to indulge in fucking a man every now and then.

This was perfect. He could continue to fuck Courtney—and other women as well—while at the same time he could mess around with Will.

It's what he wanted.

He still felt guilty about it.

But he didn't feel so guilty that it in any way stopped or even slowed him from what he did next.

It had been easy to get Will's phone number while Courtney was otherwise occupied in the bathroom.

The text he sent was casual.

Hey. It's Ryan. Had a great time last night. Want to meet up and talk about it?

It had always worked with the women he had bedded.

It worked again with Will.

They met at a coffee house. Just two friends meeting up for a quick bite in the middle of the day.

"You've sucked cock before, haven't you?" Ryan asked him discreetly as they sat in a semi-secluded corner of the eating area.

Will's face flushed bright red but Ryan didn't comment on that. He just let Will think about it for a minute.

"Yeah," he finally admitted. "Does it show?"

"Definitely. I appreciated it, dude."

"Uh…thanks?"

They shared a smile.

"I don't want there to be any hard feelings. I'm going to come clean. I've been fucking Courtney for…I don't know how long. Years? Certainly before you were married."

Will nodded. "I know. She told me everything. Basically."

Ryan sighed in relief. "Okay, that's good to know. Does she know about you?"

"What about me?"

“That you’ve sucked more than one cock in your life.”

Will looked away. “She doesn’t know everything.”

“What’s everything?”

Taking a deep breath, Will said, “I’ve been cheating on her too.”

Ryan chuckled. “Hell. The two of you are a matched pair. What’s her name?”

Will looked back to Ryan and caught his eye. “His name is Jason.”

There was no reason to play games any further. “Want to go back to my place?” Ryan asked.

Ryan kissed with an intensity that Will hadn’t felt in years. Not with Courtney. Not with Jason. Not with anyone else. Ryan was a bit taller and heavier and stronger than Will so it was easy for him to push the other man up against the back of the door the minute they walked into Ryan’s townhouse.

Will shied away from Ryan’s hand cupping him between the legs but Ryan was insistent. He felt the other man’s erection, small as it might be. That was good enough for him to proceed.

“Bedroom?” Ryan asked.

Will nodded.

The moment Ryan walked into his bedroom, where he had fucked Courtney repeatedly, and as recently as the previous night, he quickly stripped out of his clothes. Will just watched, uncertain as to what to do.

It was a pleasure to watch the other man’s big cock come out. Will confirmed Ryan’s was twice as large as his. Ryan gave himself a couple of strokes, improving his hardness.

“Get down on your knees and suck me,” Ryan ordered.

Will didn’t need to be told twice. His mouth was watering at the prospect of sucking the other man’s cock again.

He licked along the underside up to the tip that was already drooling precum. It was slippery on Will’s tongue. It took him a little bit of effort, but in bobbing his head back and forth, Will eventually got all of Ryan’s cock down his throat. Will’s nose pressed into the other man’s pubic bone before he backed off.

Then he proceeded to cup the balls and work the shaft while licking Ryan all over. It was an artistic as well as a very effective blowjob. Ryan enjoyed every second of it.

“Careful, slow down, dude. I don’t want to cum in your mouth,” Ryan cautioned.

Will backed off but kept his hand going up and down the other man’s shaft. “You don’t?”

“I want to fuck you.”

Will shivered. Ryan would be the biggest cock he had ever taken. It was wrong to be doing this without Courtney’s permission, but that didn’t mean he was going to deny himself any pleasure.

“Yeah, yeah,” said Will as he got off his knees and started to undress.

Ryan watched him for a moment, until Will was down to his underwear. Then Ryan moved in close, kissed the other man again, and pushed his thick hand into Will’s underwear.

Will was still erect. He hadn’t abated at all during the blowjob.

“You’re small,” Ryan declared after fondling Will’s dick.

“I know. I’m sorry.”

Ryan gave him a grin. “Don’t worry about it. Having a huge cock isn’t as much fun as it sounds. Get on the bed.”

As Will moved to the now-familiar bed, Ryan pulled some condoms and lube out of a dresser drawer. He put a couple of pumps of lube on his cock while Will

watched. Then he rolled on a condom. Will had been sitting while watching.

“On your back, dude. We’re fucking missionary.”

Will did so, pulling up his legs in preparation, hooking his hands behind his knees.

Ryan grinned. “You’ve done this before.”

To that Will said nothing. Ryan put more lube on his fingers and reached between Will’s buttocks. It was easy to find his hole. Ryan pushed one of his large fingers inside.

Will groaned.

“You like that?”

“Yeah…”

“Wait until you get the full treatment.”

Preliminaries dealt with, Ryan got on top of Will and slowly introduced his cock to the other man’s ass. Will groaned but guided Ryan into the correct angle.

Even with the lube it took some work for Ryan to push past Will’s ring of muscle. Will wasn't keeping Ryan out. He was relaxed and eager. It was that Ryan was so much bigger than he expected.

Will whined and whimpered and groaned as Ryan steadily worked his cock deeper and deeper into his newest lover. Finally, when it happened, Will’s ass just opened up and accepted Ryan all the way in.

They groaned in unison.

Only then did Ryan start pounding away at Will’s ass.

Will reflected that he liked sex with men because of the roughness and the strong muscles. It wasn’t anything like sex with a woman. It wasn’t necessarily better, but different in a way he needed.

Full of bluff and bluster and over-confidence, Ryan was still a good lover. He

held Will down and used his ass. It had been far too long since he had truly fucked another man. He hadn't realized how much he missed this sort of thing.

They took turns jerking off Will's small dick. Next to Ryan's cock he was embarrassed to be a man, but that made the sex ever better. His dick disappeared in Ryan's hand.

"I'm gonna cum," Ryan announced. "You ready for me, dude?"

Will's hand was on his dick. He nodded. "Yeah. Go for it." His hand went faster on his small penis.

Much to Will's disappointment, Ryan abruptly pulled out of his ass, pulled off the large, stretched condom, and pumped his own huge cock a few times before unloading on Will's hand, dick, and belly.

Will was surprised but not enough to stop jerking off. He finished a few seconds later, adding his spunk to Ryan's.

"That was great," Ryan told him as he moved away and grabbed a towel he had earlier left on the dresser. "You should probably get cleaned up and leave. I've got a shift in an hour."

"Are we going to do this again?" Will asked, trying not to sound like he was whining.

"Do you want to do this again?"

Chapter 22

Courtney

“We have to get together again with Ryan,” I said with far too much enthusiasm. I couldn’t contain myself. Getting fucked by Ryan in front of my husband and then watching Will suck Ryan’s cock was too much. It had been running through my head ever since we had done it and it was distracting me. I was useless at work.

The only solution was to have a lot more kinky sex.

“Are you sure?” he asked me.

“Why wouldn’t I be sure about that? I’m fine with you being bi. It was kinda hot. We need to plan a few things for next time. Are you open to suggestions?”

He chuckled a little. “I mean…sure. Why wouldn’t I be open to suggestions?”

“I’m starting to think that I have a very dirty mind.”

“I suppose we should enjoy it.”

“Do you mind if I fuck Ryan on my own?” I asked him quickly. I had thought about it and while it wouldn’t be cheating, exactly, it felt like the right thing to do. We were moving to an open-ish marriage and we needed to be honest with each other.

“Only if I can too,” he said quickly and then laughed.

“Sure,” I said generously. “Just let me know afterwards. Or maybe beforehand. Take pictures.” I kissed him. “Do you really want to have an open marriage?” I asked him.

“Is that what we’re doing?” There was worry and concern in Will’s eyes. I didn’t blame him for that. This was a scary step we were taking.

“Isn’t it?”

“Can I have sex with other women?” he asked.

I hadn’t thought of that. “Oh.” The fun of the conversation suddenly disappeared.

“What’s the matter?”

“I mean…if you’re having sex with some other woman…I guess I feel a little…a little like I’m not enough for you.”

“You aren’t,” he said, which was really just twisting the knife he had just stabbed me with.

“What!”

“I like having sex with men. You’re not a man.”

“But you said you were going to have sex with women too!”

“I was sort of kidding.” He paused. “Are we sure we want to do this?”

“Yes,” I said boldly. I wanted this to work and I wanted to keep fucking Ryan. And maybe other men as well. “We’re both allowed to have sex with different men and women. I’m not going to be having sex with any women any time soon.”

“I’m not planning on it either,” said Will.

I had only planned on fucking Ryan on my own once more before I brought Will back into the bedroom. Yes, I was trying to have both cake and cookies, but I was a greedy little slut.

Or I was becoming one.

Will and I decided that we’d make a date with Ryan for the weekend. For sex. All three of us. That got us excited enough to have a quick little fuck right there in the living room. It was fast but it was good as well. I went to work with a pussy full of cum.

At work I texted back and forth with Ryan. I didn’t tell Will. Secrets were still

fun.

We set a date for the next night.

I was excited when he sent the message: I'm going to have a surprise for you.

And that's how I wound up with my face in another woman's pussy.

I suppose that takes a bit of explanation.

I told Will I'd be home late from work. Just an hour. No big deal. Will wouldn't know. I'd tell him afterwards. He'd be thrilled to know I'd just fucked Ryan. I would come home with a pussy full of cum and he'd get a little treat.

When I rang the bell, Ryan answered the door in a pair of athletic pants and nothing else. I glanced at his shirtless chest and immediately stepped inside, not just because it was cold outside.

"Hi!" I gave him a kiss.

He had a funny look on his face.

"What?" I asked defensively as I shed my jacket and kicked off my boots. "We don't have much time. I need to be home in an hour."

"Are you ready for your surprise?" he asked me.

"Is it in your bed?" I asked him playfully. I had unbuttoned my shirt and danced away from Ryan, heading toward his bedroom.

"Court! Wait!" he called out to me as I rounded the hallway corner to his room.

I only took two steps inside the room when I slid to a stop.

What I had been expecting to find was handcuffs and sex toys on the bed. Maybe something a little more extreme.

It wasn't more extreme, just unexpected.

A very pretty blonde in just her bra and panties was waiting on Ryan's bed.

"Who the fuck are you?" I blurted out.

She just looked back at me.

Ryan stepped up behind me. "Courtney, this is Callie. Callie, please meet Courtney."

Callie, the pretty blonde, looked at me. "Hi!" she said brightly.

"Hi." My response was a lot flatter than her voice or her tits. They weren't huge, but they were bigger than mine.

"Callie is a nurse at the hospital. She's going to be joining us tonight."

Callie gave me a winning smile. "I have a reputation," she bragged.

"Good or bad?" I asked her nastily.

"Depends on your point of view."

Ryan kissed the back of my neck. "I had sex with you and your husband. I'd like you to have sex with me and Callie."

I wanted to say no, but I listened to my body.

Callie was very pretty. And sexy. And eager.

And I felt Ryan's big, hard cock pressing into my back.

"Oh…fuck," I moaned.

Was this the sort of person I was now?

I took a step forward.

I supposed I was.

Ryan encouraged me forward and slipped my blouse off in the same motion.

“Hi,” I said uncertainly to Callie again.

“Hey.”

Ryan went down on his knees and unzipped my skirt. Off it came with my stockings as well. I was down to my bra and panties.

“Why don’t you two girls get to know each other a little better?”

When Callie grabbed my arm and the back of my neck, I started to feel I was being used and being set up.

And then Callie’s lips met mine.

They were so soft. Her tongue was hot and wet and I parted my lips to let her explore my mouth. I felt her bra-covered tits press up against mine.

Ryan encouraged me to move onto the bed.

“I knew you’d do this,” he whispered in my ear as Callie lay down on the bed. I liked feeling her body under mine. We kissed again. And then some more. I heard Ryan taking off his pants but he didn’t join us. Not yet.

“Go down on her,” he said.

I wasn’t sure which one of us he was instructing, but I took the initiative. I kissed Callie’s neck, and then her cleavage, and then her belly, and then I found my face inches away from her panty-covered pussy. I could smell her eagerness.

She opened her thighs and I could see the wetness that was forming there.

“Go ahead,” Ryan encouraged me.

Callie slipped her hand down her body and into the top of her very small panties. I could tell her finger dipped into her tunnel and then she pulled her hand back out. Then she stuck her finger into her mouth and sucked off her juices.

“Oh…fuck,” I moaned. I knew what was going to happen.

I was afraid and eager at the same time.

To Be Continued

Preview

The Princess and the Ogre Part 4

Dart was certain that his little adventure was about to come to an unwelcome conclusion. The small group was gathered in the large room where he had arrived earlier with Princess Poppy. Already the wizard Irvas was working up a portal spell to take them into the middle of the kingdom's palace where they would find Poppy's husband, the crown prince, and kill him along with the king, effecting a coup d'etat.

The thief wasn't sure of the long-term strategy that Groph had in mind for maintaining control over the human kingdom, but he wasn't asking a lot of questions. Dart's entire strategy was going to be do whatever it takes to stay alive and ally himself with the winning side.

The planned murder of several members of the royal family didn't bother him. He had fucked the princess so his head was already on the chopping block.

Dart wondered if Groph the ogre knew he had fucked his lover, Princess Poppy. Further, did Groph care? Would Groph want to watch while his lover fucked others? After all, he had recently witnessed a threeway between Poppy, Groph, and an intelligent black pudding living in a helm of intellect.

Besides the ogre, the princess, the deadly pudding, and the wizard Irvas, there was Irvas's shirtless and handsome lover who now carried a pair of swords and it seemed that his skin had been oiled. Dart wondered if the oil was just for looks or if it protected the silent man.

And of course there was the gorgon who had recently bedded Dart—repeatedly — all but making the thief her possession.

Dart never would have thought he would have actively fucked a snake-woman, but his life had taken a series of unexpected turns after being caught stealing.

His newest lover carried a pair of daggers on what passed for her hips. She wore a leather corset that he supposed protected her upper body. A satchel was flung over one of her shoulders.

Next to Groph Dart felt positively underprepared with the uniform leather armor he was wearing along with his rapier and dagger. The big ogre was wearing a suit of mail armor that had random pieces of plate added to it. He carried a giant broadsword and battleaxe. His boots were literally iron. Not just the soles, but the entire body of the boots were metal. How that worked was beyond Dart.

The princess just wore her casual dress. Irvas the wizard was in leather pants and a loose fitting shirt, but he wore ceremonial robes over those.

His presumed lover carried Svart the deadly pudding in his helm, holding it by the chinstrap.

“We’re all going to die,” Dart muttered under his breath.

The gorgon shot him a look, but remained silent.

It seemed everyone else in the small group was confident they would be successful.

Or at least they didn’t fear death as much as Dart.

Once the portal bubble was fully formed, Groph looked at Dart.

“Well?” the ogre prompted him.

The last time Dart walked through a portal bubble, he had wound up getting violently sick on the floor. He hoped the same wouldn’t happen this time.

Bracing himself, he boldly stepped forward and into the portal.

When he stepped out, he was in the anteroom of the crown prince’s office. Irvas’s targeting had been precise. His stomach was tight and it threatened to regurgitate its contents, but Dart kept moving, making space for the others planning the insurrection.

There was no way to dim the light of the portal, but they all managed to walk through in relative silence.

Except the office wasn’t silent.

At first, to Dart’s ears, there were groans of pain. Someone was being tortured.

As Groph walked through the portal and he heard the noise, he grinned.

“I think we’ve caught the prince with his pants down.”

The group of seven rounded the antechamber into the office proper. They couldn’t have arrived at a more opportune moment if they wanted to pull off a coup. It was unfortunate for the crown prince.

As they turned the corner and took in the scene, Dart wondered if Princess Poppy had ever seen her husband fucking another woman.

Would it have been any better if she had found him fucking a man instead of a woman?

The presence of four other people watching the crown prince fuck Lady Tullee Samminite didn’t help the situation.

“My husband,” Poppy said mildly as she stopped in her tracks, taking in the scene.

Crown Prince Thurston’s head snapped around to look at his wife.

Dart knew the royal family could be sordid, but he didn’t think they could get this sordid. Dart wished he had a word to describe the emotion he felt while watching a man realize his wife had just caught him fucking another woman.

“Wife,” Thurston said evenly.

It might have been a perfectly fine formal greeting in the throne room, but was completely out of place in the crown prince’s private office when his cock was buried in Lady Tullee Samminite’s cunt.

Taking in the scene, Dart didn’t know what to think. Lady Tullee was naked and restrained on Thurston’s desk—what was it with nobility and bondage during sex?—but was unable to talk because her mouth was filled with some overly large gag.

She was face up across the desk, her legs spread wide so that Thurston could fuck her. Even though she had a collar around her neck that was chained as well, she was able to turn her head and look at the interlopers.

Oddly, she didn't seem all that perturbed.

Crown Prince Thurston was naked from his waist to his boots. Why had he removed his trousers only to put back on his high, black, shiny military boots? On his torso he wore his military jacket, festooned with ribbons and medals. It was a ridiculous item of clothing from the start, wearing it during adulterous sex was just icing on the cake.

The four in attendance watching the crown prince's performance with Lady Tullee were in all manner of dress and undress. Two of the men were seated next to each other. The both had their cocks out of their pants and were stroking each other. Dart was unsure if they just enjoyed masturbating that way or if they were in some sort of relationship. Since he didn't recognize either man—though judging by the mode of dress, they were nobility—he didn't give it a second thought.

The other two watching the crown prince were a man and woman. The man was dressed in some elaborate costume made of leather straps and silver chains. The straps made no sense how they criss-crossed his body, leaving skin exposed. Dart could see his nipples were chained and his cock was out. Or maybe not. His cock was not hidden by the leather straps, but it might as well have been. There was metal all around and possibly through the man's organ. The woman next to him held a chain that seemed to connect directly to manhood.

She stood tall and proud in a military uniform that was tailored for her body, but there were no women in the House Gainas personal bodyguards. At second glance, Dart realized it wasn't a real uniform. No military would allow that much cleavage to show. As he stared, she gave him a haughty glare.

Without withdrawing his cock from Lady Tullee, Crown Prince Thurston demanded, "What the fuck are you doing in my office?"

It was a bold move.

It was also stupid and ineffective.

“Getting rid of you,” Groph grunted as he stomped forward in his iron boots brandishing his broadsword and battleaxe.

Realizing that this wasn’t a joke, Thurston abruptly withdrew his cock from Lady Tulle. Dart evaluated the crown prince’s manhood and decided Thurston wasn’t all that small, contrary to the complaints of Princess Poppy. Thurston stumbled backwards, his hard cock snapping up against his stomach and the bottom edge of his jacket.

For a moment it looked like Groph was simply going to cut the other man down where he stood behind his desk, but the crown prince was more agile and able than he appeared. From a hidden compartment in the desk he withdrew a sword and parried Groph’s heavy-handed swipe with the broadsword.

Showing he wasn’t just a heavy, awkward bruiser, Groph didn’t overextend his attack and quickly brought his battleaxe into play. He attacked with it as well, causing Thurston to stumble back against his chair. Groph kept advancing as the crown prince fell. The man disappeared from Dart’s view as he fell behind the desk but he saw Groph upend his sword and stab it down heavily.

There was a meaty thunk as it struck home.

The woman in the military uniform screamed.

The other two men’s cocks suddenly shrank up from their previously large erections and they scrambled away from the rampaging ogre. The only problem was there was nowhere to go.

Groph’s team was effectively blocking the door, the only exit from the office.

Irvas moved quickly to the door and cast a spell. A moment later there was heavy thumping at the door as guards sought entry.

“Shut up!” grunted Groph at the screaming woman. The other two men looked around for weapons but were only able to come up with a letter opener and a heavy book to protect themselves.

Evanora slipped up next to one of them and, moving lightning quick, sank her teeth into the man’s shoulder. The wound was superficial, but he stumbled about for a moment before fainting, falling down face first.

The second man tried to run to the wall in an apparent attempt to access the hidden door Dart knew was behind the paneling. Irvas's lover blocked the way. "Out of the way, queer!" the man shouted.

The silent lover just stabbed Crown Prince Thurston's friend through the throat.

The amount of blood that sprayed didn't quiet the screaming woman at all.

Svart the deadly pudding stretched out from his helm and cold-cocked her companion on the head. He collapsed to the floor in a heap.

Not wishing to continue to hear the screaming woman, Dart drew his dagger and walked up to her, pressing the blade to her throat.

"Shut up or die."

The scream ended. She shivered with fear. Dart continued to watch her and she continued to tremble. After a moment he realized it wasn't fear that was driving her.

"Do you like this?" he asked her. "Do you like being afraid?" He tried to spit out the words, make it an accusation, but he was genuinely curious.

"You made me cum," she said huskily.

He wanted to slap her across the face but he was also certain that she would love that.

"Do we have them?" rumbled Groph as he moved from behind the desk.

Dart expected him to be carrying the crown prince's decapitated head or to see a puddle of blood growing larger by the moment from behind the desk. Neither was the case. Instead, he saw Thurston's feet and legs moving slightly while his body was shielded by the desk. He also heard his former employer moaning softly.

Apparently the crown prince wasn't dead.

"We have them," Irvas reported. "Door secure."

He was confident in his answer, but that didn't stop the pounding on the door from the outside.

"Now what?" asked Dart.

Groph grinned at him, showing an impressive number of sharp teeth and his two upward protruding tusks that Dart found positively intimidating. "Now we complete the coup of the kingdom."

The next few hours Dart found incredibly boring. Apparently coups were all about a few moments of excitement followed by an interminable amount of boredom.

There was very little to do in the crown prince's office.

Dart spent most of his time talking to the woman he had taken prisoner.

The rest of the motley crew he had somehow partnered with were in the middle of intense negotiations with the crown prince and a series of officials. The problem was the crown prince was the effective head of the kingdom, his father being infirm and mostly incompetent. Right away Dart realized there was infighting going on between the royal family, mostly Thurston's siblings, over who should be in charge.

Dart was surprised at the length of time Lady Tullee was allowed to remain chained to Thurston's desk. He was also surprised that Evanora used a potion from her satchel to heal Thurston's wound. Mostly. The pulling out of the sword had been sickening, but Dart tried not to think of that.

The dead man's body was moved to the far corner of the room.

The other two that Evanora and Svart had incapacitated were bound back to back and gagged. They remained silent throughout the ordeal. Dart felt bad for them. They had expected to attend a sordid sex show with the crown prince and his lover and instead they were now hostages in a coup.

As it turned out the woman that Dart had threatened—and inadvertently caused

to orgasm in the process—was yet another member of the nobility that was bored. What Dart thought was a pseudo-military uniform was the outdated uniform of the women's auxiliary corp of the king's army.

Lady Gemala Moon was a rival of some sort of Lady Tullee. Seeing the turning tide of politics, she quickly shifted her allegiance to Dart and his crew. Dart knew he should tell the Lady Gemala he was a nobody, but she was flirting with him and it kept her and him distracted.

"Do you mind letting me up?" asked Lady Tullee. "My arms are going numb."

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