Unicorn Hunters

1: Tracy



Elliot Silvestri

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A Bisexual Secret Swingers Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Jay was one of those arrogant twenty-somethings that knew he was more than handsome enough to get by and thought that's all he needed in life. While he was easy on the eyes there wasn't anything going on inside his head.

That didn't stop me from admiring his body. I had that right. After all, I was the one who had invited him into my bedroom.

I wanted to reach out and grab his cock just to feel the heft and firmness in my hands. While I wanted to make him cum, I wasn't going to do that, not right away. We were going to play with him first.

We. My husband and I. We had a handsome and arrogant and sexy young man in our bedroom. Naked in our bedroom. I knew I wasn't going to get to make him cum right away because my husband's cock was in his mouth.

Maybe I should back up.

We were both feeling it. We'd been married a few years. Things were going well: jobs, house, happiness. Right after we hit our sexual peak, I knew that something was off. There's no way to keep things going at the same pace when we had first met. Sex two or three times a day wasn't unusual for us. Daily was mandatory. Eventually we dropped back to just weekly and we were both feeling the effects of it on our relationship.

Same story for every couple, right?

So we did exactly what every other couple did. We looked for a way to spice things up in the bedroom.

Shit. I hate that fucking phrase.

We were looking for a way to keep our sexual relationship going along with our romantic one. I was starting to have second thoughts about the whole marriage thing and I knew why. So what did I do? I asked my husband what he wanted to do to keep things interesting and exciting. I was following the same advice every relationship advisor and couples counselor has given out for the past century.

His fucking answer?

“I don’t want to say.”

How the fuck is an enthusiastic wife supposed to deal with an answer to that? We had tried all the usual stuff in our intense first couple of years: bondage (fun, didn’t matter which of us was getting tied up, but nothing I needed to keep doing), spanking (which I liked more than I admitted, but Bryan had a problem giving me a proper spanking because of some childhood abuse from his family), anal sex (which was a giant meh for me, it was okay with lots of lube, but I had to use my hand on my clit while he fucked me, and the impression I got from Bryan was that he was trying it because anal was, at one point, the ultimate taboo in porn), and we even considered voyeurism but it seemed too difficult to work out the details (online voyeurism seemed dull). We certainly weren’t going to delve into weird piercings (I had just my ears and my belly done, that was more than enough and Bryan had an earring in high school and college, but gave that up years ago), or leather costumes and dress up (that seemed silly and childish to the both of us). I actually googled a list of kinks and fetishes but declined to try them.

I knew what I wanted but I couldn’t say it.

Bryan, my brave husband, had the strength to tell me what he wanted.

“What about a threesome?”

Even though he was suggesting just what I wanted, I still couldn’t compel myself to say yes.

Why couldn’t I do that?

I don’t know. Judgement? The fact I was still trying to keep secret a part of myself that I should be happy to show to my husband?

“You just want to see me fucking another woman,” I replied in what I hoped was a playful manner. I didn’t know anything now.

“Sure. Or another man.”

That thought intrigued me. “You wouldn’t be jealous to see another man’s cock

in me?”

We were in bed, I was wearing nothing but my nightshirt and he was in his boxers. All he had to do was put his hand up my shirt and he’d find an already wet pussy. I was tempted to grab his package to see if he was hard.

He had to be hard.

“Of course I’d be jealous,” he said. “Isn’t that half the point?”

“I don’t know.”

“Maybe it’ll make me want to fuck you more.”

That did it. I slid my hand under the sheet and over his hip. Yes, his cock was hard. He shivered a bit when I grabbed him.

“Would you wait politely for the other guy to finish in me or would you shove him aside and fuck me hard?” I asked.

“Which would you want?” he asked as he rolled on top of me. I couldn’t remember just then when the last time it was that we had sex.

I spread my legs and felt his hard cock pressing against my pussy. We were still separated by the cotton material of his boxers. My nightshirt was up around my hips. We were going to fuck. I was certain of that.

I didn’t answer his question. “Maybe you want to fuck another woman in front of me,” I said, teasing some more. We didn’t need more teasing. We needed to get his boxers off and his cock into me. Maybe this was just bawdy foreplay, but it was going to have to get me through the next week.

“Would you like that?” he asked moving against me.

It made it difficult to concentrate.

I thought about it for a second. Some strange woman on top of Bryan, riding him while I watched. The thought was hot. I’d be willing to do it. There was a tinge of jealousy at the thought, but I wasn’t the sort of person who felt like she owned her husband. I wanted him to be happy. If fucking another woman made him

happy then I was willing to do that.

I was willing to do that because I wanted to fuck that theoretical other woman as well.

I've known I was bi ever since puberty hit. My secret desire in my sex life was to get in bed with another woman and fuck her just to see what it was like. But I was brought up prim and proper and being bi (or lesbian or gay or anything slightly outside the heterosexual norm was forbidden) wasn't going to be a reality for me. Cousin Jerry was gay and I was one of the few family members that talked to him. Cousin Jerry was a doctor who was happily married with his husband. I don't know how he escaped the family with his sanity intact.

My family issues aside, it's just more socially acceptable now for a woman to explore her bi side.

At least that's what I told myself.

That's what I had been telling myself.

I wanted it to be true.

If it was true, maybe Bryan would he okay with a bi wife.

I shoved down his boxers and found his eager cock was absurdly hard.

That's what I wanted.

"I'd be happy to fuck another woman in front of you," I said as I fitted the head of his cock between my nether lips. I couldn't remember being this wet without some serious foreplay.

Was this foreplay?

He blinked at me as he sank his cock into my pussy. "You'd fuck another woman while I watched?"

"Yes," I admitted because it had been too long since I had him inside of me. "Or you can fuck her," I said trying to make some sort of respectable recovery. "Or we can fuck her together."

“That’s fucking hot,” he hissed in my ear as he pounded into me.

Yes, it happened insanely fast. Yes, a true gentleman would have made sure I was good and ready to be fucked, but Bryan didn’t do that because I was good and ready. I wanted him to pound into me.

The sex was short but intense. I came so quickly I surprised myself. He came too, but that wasn’t surprising at all. It’s easy to get a man off.

It was the conversation we had the next morning that was the most revelatory.

“Are you serious about last night?” Bryan asked me.

I would have been happy to pretend that it never happened. We could have both said that we had sex and had used some fantasy talk to get things going. A fantasy that was never going to happen.

It was me who wanted to forget it all because to admit to it would cause me more anxiety than I wanted to think about.

“Last night?” I asked breezily. “That was some good sex, wasn’t it?” We were sitting at the breakfast table scrolling through our phones because we didn’t know what else to do with ourselves. I reached across the table and patted his hand. It felt patronizing when it was supposed to be a loving gesture.

“Yeah, but I was talking about what we said.” He looked down at my hand on his.

“Oh! That. Just fantasy talk, wasn’t it? Something to get us going.”

“I thought you were serious.”

“Well, people really don’t do that, do they?” I asked knowing very well that people had all sorts of kinky goings on.

“I’m sure they do...maybe.”

As much as I was trying to undermine what he was doing, I couldn’t stop myself. “Well, even if we said yes, where would be find someone else? I’m certainly not going to fuck someone I know.”

That was the real problem. I wanted to have sex with a woman, but I didn't know how to go about doing it. What are the chances that some woman I know socially or at work that I'm interested in would, first, want to fuck me, and, second, actually be bi or lesbian, and third, be discrete enough to not say anything about a clumsy pass I would make?

It was easier just to deny my sexuality and continue occasionally fucking my husband to mild satisfaction.

"Like everything else, there's an app for that," he said with a smile.

"Oh shit! Look at the time. I'm going to be late for work."

I practically ran out of the house. I wasn't proud of that.

But in our modern society, there's no way to escape from someone so easily. Bryan sent me several texts with suggestions for apps.

And I was stupid enough to look into some of them.

The boring part of looking for a casual hookup is all the grunt work that has to be done before any sort of sexual satisfaction. There was lots of boring work to do just to hook up and fuck.

Because I couldn't help myself, I slowly slogged through it, found an app I liked, created a profile, and started narrowing down my search for a third to entertain Bryan and me.

Yes, I was looking for a unicorn. Yes, I was only looking for someone to come into our bedroom, fuck the both of us, and then leave. Yes, it's somewhat dehumanizing. But that's all I was willing to admit to myself that I wanted. That I was allowed. That was what would make me happy.

This didn't happen in an afternoon when I had a little extra time at my desk. This took weeks, which was fine because it wasn't like Bryan and I were having any more or any less sex.

I created two profiles, which is incredibly deceptive, I know, but I was looking for someone for Bryan and myself, but I was also looking for someone just for myself.

Was that cheating? Probably.

Was it nice? Definitely not.

Was it something that I felt I had to do otherwise I'd go crazy and divorce my husband because I wasn't getting the sexual happiness out of my marriage that I wanted? Hell yes.

I showed Bryan the profile I created for us as a couple. He was pleased with it. What we discovered right away was that there were plenty of couples looking for a unicorn, but surprisingly few unicorns out there. And we lived in a fairly large city known for its liberal attitude in all things.

The other thing I quickly discovered was there were plenty of women out there, married and not, who were looking for flings on the side with other women.

Apparently in the over thirty age bracket there were lots of unfulfilled women looking to explore sex without their husbands at their sides.

I knew what I was going to do and I wasn't proud of it.

Apparently modern dating is something I hadn't kept up on.

But is it really dating if I'm just looking for a hookup?

There was a lot of emailing and text messaging. Most of it was boring. I was starting to think that I was wasting my time because there wasn't a lot of interest. Supposedly there were dozens of singles (and not so singles) in my area looking to hook up. That was a lie.

Since I decided I was just looking to explore and have sex, not have a relationship, I went entirely that route.

Do you know how hard it is to take a decent selfie that makes you look sexy but

not slutty and not desperate?

Difficult. Very difficult.

And I didn't want a bathroom mirror selfie with toothpaste on the mirror and a toilet in the background.

The trick that worked for me was finding a decent camera control app and setting my phone on a cheapie tripod. From there it was just a matter of posing and timing.

The one I eventually wound up using showed me sprawled on the bed in my best black lace lingerie. A keen observer could just barely see the outline of my dark nipples through the thin material of my bra. I kept my smile but not the rest of my face in the picture.

I felt a little guilty that I was posing in this lingerie when it was purchased for me by Bryan for some special occasion.

This was another special occasion, I reasoned with myself.

If everything went well, it would benefit him as well.

I had my suspicions about the app because I had my profile set so that just bi and lesbian women could see it. I was getting a surprising number of messages from men who liked my picture. That was nice, but I was looking for a nice woman to get into bed with. I didn't want to just have an affair.

I wanted to have a lesbian affair.

Still, the picture did have the intended effect. I started getting responses from women who were interested. Some I scared away when I asked for a body picture and a note confirming who they were (those were probably men posing as women; fuck dating in the 21st century is tough!) but a few followed through.

I'm not saying I have a flawless body, but I'm still in pretty good shape. Yes, my picture was designed to show off my body in a way that I thought would be advantageous and while I wasn't a hundred percent sure what type of woman I was looking for, I wasn't looking for someone who was too lazy to put a little effort into their pics.

But blah blah blah. Eventually Tracy sent me a decent pic. She was tall and curvy. Not perfect. No one is, but she was topless and I couldn't help but stare at her tits. They were larger than mine and I wanted to know how they felt in my hands.

And in my mouth.

Is it too superaggressive to say I want your body against mine? It was a terrible ploy to seduce her, but I was tired of playing games with pictures and text conversations that went nowhere.

Her reply? No but I'm slutty that way.

I think I had found the girl of my lusty dreams.

Keeping Tracy hidden from Bryan wasn't that hard. As a modern couple we spent way too much time on our phones. I'm not proud of that, but that's life. Tracy and I figured out that we had similar lives, which was kind of scary. Both married. Both worried our marriages were slowly falling apart due to disinterest and lack of action in the bedroom. We were both bi, no surprise. I admitted to her that I had never done anything with any other woman, though I had fantasized and masturbated to the thought of being with another woman.

Her little confession. I slept with my best friend in high school. I thought we were in love. The next day she refused to speak to me and we weren't friends any longer.

That was the last time Tracy had been with a woman. Seventeen years. Yikes. But then again, it was all new to me.

I welcomed her unflinching advance. When do you want to meet and how do you want to fuck?

Sometimes things work out perfectly. Back and forth went our messages. Schedules were tough to work out. We both wanted to keep this a secret, at least initially, from our husbands. Maybe we weren't really bi and just needed a little confirmation of this.

Eventually we settled on an after work coffee date in a few days. She told me for the next week her husband worked the late shift at the hospital where he was a

lab tech. He wouldn't be home until midnight at the earliest.

The implication was obvious. If our coffee date went well, we were going back to her place to fuck.

That's exactly what I wanted.

Lovely Lydia. Lecherous Lydia. Libidinous Lydia. Lascivious Lydia. Libertine Lydia. Loose Lydia.

Those were just some of the names my college roommate and best friend had while we lived in the same dorm. Eventually we got an off-campus apartment. The names didn't go away. One day I came home from a morning class to find her in bed with Gene. All well and good. That evening she went out with Mike and wound up in bed with him.

Her nicknames were well-earned.

I never told her that I helped popularize a few of them.

But as soon as we graduate and get out into the working world, she becomes a prude and two years later she winds up marrying Richard.

I secretly called him Dick, for good reason.

And still she was my best friend.

I didn't tell Loose Lydia about my coffee date to come. I couldn't. It was something private that I needed to work out on my own.

Still, Lecherous Lydia had always been a good friend to me. We stopped by each other's houses at least twice a week.

Wednesday I stopped by her place, if only to reestablish who I was in her eyes because Thursday I was meeting with Tracy.

"Rich and I are trying to get pregnant," she confessed to me when offering me coffee instead of our usual glass of wine.

First off, I hate the expression “we’re trying to get pregnant.” The woman gets pregnant; the man helps. I let it slide. I needed a friend’s support at this time, even if she didn’t know why she was supporting me.

“Congratulations! Um...are you having trouble?”

“We started trying last month.”

“And you didn’t tell me?!”

She grimaced and pretended like this was a meeting between herself and a fertility expert. “We don’t want anyone to know. I thought that maybe you and Bryan…”

I had gotten married two years after Lovely Lydia. In the intervening years we had both gotten the third degree from family members as to when we were going to start a family of our own.

“Not yet,” I said quickly.

“I’m starting to worry that all the birth control I’ve used...maybe it’s made me barren.”

That was ridiculous and I told her so. In college her birth control of choice was the hope and pray method and maybe a condom. She had been using an IUD with Dick, but obviously that wasn’t in the picture any more.

“Still, all my sisters and cousins...BAM! First try, they’re pregnant.”

“Give it time. Enjoy it. Fuck all over the house,” I advised. “You aren’t going to be able to do that next year.”

She got a wistful look in her eyes. “I know.”

I wanted to confess to her my planned date for the next evening. But I didn’t. She didn’t need to know her best friend was bi. Maybe bi. Maybe I was just trying to live up to her slutty standards from a decade ago?

I’d confess after it went well.

Or maybe if it went poorly.

Chapter Two

Tracy was a half head taller than me and she had an impressive amount of cleavage showing when I met her in Madeline's coffee shop. I felt almost frumpy next to her in my bland work clothes from the office. The moment she saw me walking in, she stood up and walked over to greet me which she did with a kiss on my cheek.

I liked the mild scent of her lotion or perfume or whatever she was wearing.

I was glad she was taller than me but not taller than Bryan.

After ordering our coffees, when I sat down at the small table across from her, I didn't know what to say.

"This is awkward," was her opening line.

"Yeah...what should we talk about?"

We were both silent for a minute.

"How about sex?" I suggested because I have a dearth of social graces.

We both looked around nervously, like we were drug dealers or assassins for hire making sure the DEA or FBI weren't checking in on us.

Let's face facts. No one cares if two people are hooking up for sex...unless they have a voyeurism fetish.

"What about it?" Tracy asked when we were done with our far-too-obvious observation of the coffee shop.

"Want to do it?" I asked and smiled over the rim of my cup as I smiled at her.

She smiled back at me. "Yeah."

"Want to get out of here right now?"

I don't know what I was thinking. My panties were vaguely damp with anticipation. (It was finally going to happen!) The woman across from me might be a serial killer, but I was willing to risk that. No one knew where I was, not even my open-minded and loving husband, who would almost definitely

probably would approve of what I was doing if I had told him and offered up details later on.

“Shouldn’t we finish our drinks first?”

Tracy was right. Wasting a five dollar cup of coffee seemed overly extravagant, but then again, it was all in the name of getting fucked.

Or was it? Do two women actually fuck? Do they bump uglies? I rather liked the way my pussy looked and was eager to see Tracy’s.

I wasn’t thinking straight, but that was good because if I went to bed with her, I certainly wasn’t going to be straight any longer.

Taking a hefty sip of my coffee which was a stupid thing because it was too hot and I just wound up burning my tongue, I said, “I’m good. Want to go back to your place and fuck?”

I had decided just then that the term fuck was universal for any two people having any sort of sex.

“You don’t want to discuss what you want to do in bed?” she asked me.

“Let’s surprise each other,” I said surprising myself in the process.

We went to her house. I didn’t know exactly what I was getting into, but she was driving an Audi and as I followed her, we headed to one of the nicer suburbs. Where we arrived wasn’t exactly a mansion, but a tasteful home that was worth far more than I could possibly imagine. She parked in the garage. I parked in the driveway.

I was a little lost as to what to do when she disappeared inside and closed the garage door. Tracy reappeared at the front door and waved me over. When I reached the door she held the storm door open for me in such a way that I had to slide by her to get inside.

She didn’t let me slide by easily. Our bodies touched and I paused to look at her as I was halfway in. We were too close and it was too much to resist.

I’d seen that look in the eyes of every lover I’d ever had. I paused and lifted my

chin as she leaned down.

When our lips touched it was like an electric shock went through my body, right to my clit which was pulsing in anticipation of the rest of the evening. I wanted to rip off my clothes and do whatever I could with her. Her lips were so much softer than Bryan's or any other man's. The skin of her face was smooth, smoother than mine. I didn't miss the stubble I had become accustomed to when kissing my husband.

It felt incredibly freeing just to kiss her on the front steps. It was romantic and sexy and erotic and way too many more emotions for me to properly process.

She broke the kiss. I wanted to keep kissing her forever.

"We shouldn't be doing this here?"

"Why?" I asked, my lips still incredibly close to hers.

"Because of the neighbors."

I looked around her cul-de-sac. Not one person was in evidence in the dim evening light. Most of the houses were completely dark. "Who's going to see?"

"It's all about appearances," she said, pulling me inside.

I let her. She was bigger and stronger, but I still stole a kiss on the way in.

She gave it to me freely.

Inside the house was amazing. I knew that Tracy was a few years older than me, but she wasn't that much older. Maybe she made a really good living at...I couldn't remember what she did. Her husband worked at the hospital, so that was good money. It wasn't overly showy, but well designed and decorated. I didn't see much of the house. Entryway. Stairwell. Hallway. Bedroom.

Her bedroom.

Their bedroom.

Unlike my bed, theirs had been made up that morning.

Maybe she had a maid or housekeeper?

Seeing the bed made me freeze. I was about to make her cheat on her husband.

I was about to cheat on my husband.

I could leave now if I wanted.

I didn’t want that.

Feeling Tracy’s presence next to me I glanced to my right. She was standing stock still, just like me, eyeing the bed. We both had voiced that we wanted to get to this point but the moment it was looming there...we were on the verge of chickening out.

“You have a very nice bed,” I said because it was the truth. Nice and big with an elaborate headboard and way too many pillows that gave me ideas and a fancy comforter that she probably called a duvet. It was right then that I realized I was getting involved with someone from a higher social and economic strata. Maybe it was because she was a few years older than me and acted more mature, but I felt outclassed.

“Thank you.”

“Want to get into it?”

She giggled a little and turned to me. “I’d rather kiss you first.”

“Right. That.”

We gracelessly put our arms around each other. We didn’t have any of the smoothness we had downstairs in the doorway. The first thing I was aware of was her tits were sitting above mine and a quick glance downward confirmed she had jugs much more massive than mine. I was jealous and I wanted to set them free.

The second thing I was aware of was the warmth of her body. And her closeness.

And then her lips were pressing against mine. I didn’t know what to do so I became the aggressor. The kiss was intimate. The moment her lips slightly

parted I shoved my tongue into her mouth. She didn't protest; if anything she pressed her body closer to mine and carefully moved her tongue around in an elegant ballet with mine.

But I hadn't come all this way just to kiss her. Without thinking about it my hands automatically descended until I encountered the inward curve of her back and then the outward curve of her buttocks. I didn't squeeze and maul them like some inept high school masher, but she still broke the kiss.

"We're really going to do this, aren't we?" she asked me, delight in her voice and eyes.

"That's why I showed up," I said.

Smiling widely, Tracy backed up and slipped her green suede jacket off. Unlike me she didn't just let it drop to the floor or toss it aside. She went to her closet and carefully hung it up.

Her clothing separated her from me as well. Like me she must have come from work, but she was dressed a step up from me, in a jacket and dress. I was far too business casual.

"Unzip me?" she asked after she walked back to me and turned around, sweeping her hair off her neck.

The dress was black, nothing fancy, but office appropriate.

This was the moment and I knew there would be a lot of new moments for me in the next few minutes.

I must have zipped and unzipped dozens if not hundreds of dresses of my cousins, mother, and friends over the years. Somehow doing it for Tracy was incredibly erotic.

Underneath her black dress she was wearing a pink bra. That surprised me. I would have figured she would have worn black. Sexier.

And she wore matching panties. Of course she did.

While she didn't wear a garter belt, she did have thigh high stay up stockings,

but these were black to match her dress. She had shimmied out of her dress. Maybe it was just a tiny bit too tight because she had nice curves. Walking with a confidence that I felt between my thighs, she went back to the closet and hung up the dress. Dry clean only or something like that.

I drank in her body with my eyes. She wasn't flawless, but who is? Seeing her mostly naked made me want her all the more.

Her arms went around my waist and mine went around her neck and we kissed again. This time her hands went to my ass. I tensed up and hoped she liked what she was groping.

"Need help?" she asked fiddling with the buttons on my blouse.

I shook my head and went to undo a couple of the buttons. My fingers were shaking too badly to do anything. When she reached for them, I let her, but I couldn't stand to watch. I wanted to be as naked as her. More so. I wanted to be completely naked in front of her.

So I just grabbed the hem of my shirt and pulled it up over my head to drop it to the floor. Not very elegant or classy, but it got the job done. My tits are an A cup, maybe a B in certain bras. Next to Tracy my body was practically boyish. Maybe she liked that. Before I gave her the chance, I unzipped my pants, dropped them, and kicked them off, peeling my shoes and peds along with them.

She frowned for half a moment which panicked me.

"What?"

"I was hoping to see you in that lingerie you were wearing in your picture."

I looked down at my plain white bra that maybe was flattering to my shape, but the real reason I had worn it was because you could clearly see my nipples through the thin material. My panties were much more revealing. While still white I had made sure to wear a thong, not only because Bryan compliments my ass when I wear a thong, but because I knew I wanted to get naked in front of Tracy. Maybe dressing up and showing off was a girl thing, but I was a girl and I was with a girl so it was legitimate.

"I'm not going to be wearing this for very long," I told her as I turned around

and strode boldly to her bed, throwing back the cover to reveal extra fancy and silky-smooth sheets so that I could roll on them.

I made sure that she got a good look at my ass because I certainly couldn't compete with her in the tits department.

"You seem eager," she said as she slowly and confidently approached the bed.

I couldn't take me eyes off her.

"Why delay the inevitable," I said with a shrug and then took her into my arms as she climbed on top of me. Her weight felt good on me. We kissed again. Her tits crushed into my chest.

Unable to help myself, I circled my arms around her body and quickly found the back of her bra. I knew that if I didn't keep pressing forward, I would stop and run out of her house, probably half naked. Showing off years of being a girl, I managed to unhook it without any difficulty (surprising myself again) and together we removed it.

Tracy sat up while straddling me and showed off her tits. They bounced around so fetchingly that I didn't resist. Reaching out I cupped both of them in my hands, rubbing my thumbs over her nipples.

She let out a shuddering gasp. "Careful…"

"Am I hurting you?" I didn't want to hurt her. I wanted to make her feel really good.

"No…" She grabbed my hands but didn't pull them away from her tits. "If you keep doing that I might cum."

I wanted her to cum. "What if I suck on them?"

"Then I'll definitely cum."

I could feel the heat of her pussy through the silky panties she was wearing; it was pressed on my thigh. We were into it now. I lifted my head and pulled my hand away from her left breast. I had stopped thinking; I was just acting on what felt good. It was surprisingly easy to catch her nipple in my mouth.

I sucked.

It quickly hardened under my tongue.

I bit down ever so carefully.

Tracy shivered in reply.

She moved her hands down so that she was on all fours above me. That gave me the opportunity to pinch her right nipple.

She shivered again.

“You’re gonna make me cum,” she whispered, her eyes screwed tightly shut.

I let her nipple slip out of my mouth. It hung down pendulously. I licked the topside before saying, “That’s the idea.”

That encouraged her. She moved up, offering her breast to my mouth. I sucked on the nipple and pinched her free nipple as hard as I dared.

She ground her panty-covered pussy down on my thigh. It was weird but I liked it.

Moving my hands down, I slid them both into her panties and gripped her ass while pushing down the pink material. I could just get it over her buttocks, but since she was riding my thigh, they weren’t going any further.

It didn’t matter. She started trembling and I was amazed because I knew what was going to happen. I could feel wetness spreading from her pussy, through her panties, onto my leg. Her panting became loud and ragged. A moment later she made the unmistakable sound of a woman climaxing when she was trying to hold back.

Her face was twisted into a mask of ecstasy, which was weird but satisfying. I’d made men cum before, but not a woman. I felt like I achieved something.

“I’m so sorry,” she apologized after she was finished. “I didn’t mean for that to happen.”

“You didn’t want to cum?” I teased her.

“Well...sort of. But not so fast.”

“I was impressed. Sometimes it takes me forever to cum.”

Her smile broadened. “Let’s see how long it takes me to make you cum.” Her hands went down to my tits. My bra was still on but it was nice to have her hands feeling me up. I felt like I was back in eighth grade at a shitty gym dance.

And then she pulled my bra up over my tits and over my head. I had to fumblingly help her, lifting my arms so she could fling it to the side. I wasn’t embarrassed at all that she had stripped me. Of course, that was partly because I had just made her cum by sucking on her tits.

Tracy gave me a quick kiss on the lips and rapidly moved down to my chest. I started hyperventilating when her breath warmed one nipple and then her lips closed on it. While I had never had terribly sensitive nipples, this first time when she sucked on me, a cheery warming spread throughout my body from my tits.

I wanted her to suck on me forever.

She didn’t. It was more than enough to make me embarrassingly wet, but she wasn’t down between my legs. Yet.

Eventually she gave up teasing my nipples and kissed her way down to my belly, sticking her tongue into my navel and flicking my belly ring with her tongue. I was breathing fast and heavy now because I knew what was coming and while I wanted it to happen; I was shocked that it was going to happen at all.

Tracy kissed her way down to the top edge of my thong. Actually calling it a thong was aggrandizement. What I was wearing were two white triangles connected by the thinnest of elastic. The front triangle barely covered my mons and labia. The back triangle nestled at the top of my cleft between my buttocks, revealing everything.

Pausing she looked up at me and we locked eyes. “Ready?” she asked.

I nodded, unable to speak.

Her slender fingers hooked into the sides of my panties and she pulled them down, revealing the little strip of hair that I allowed to decorate my pussy. I lifted my legs and together we took off my last article of clothing.

“You have a pretty pussy,” she complimented me as I spread my legs for her.

Not knowing what else to say, I said, “Thank you.”

“You don’t shave?”

“Well, a little. The sides.” I was embarrassed now at the way she was examining me.

She nodded and said nothing but simply lowered her head and licked the length of my labia, making it blossom.

It was really happening. I’d been eaten out by guys before, but never a woman. I needed to know if it was going to be any different.

Closing my eyes I focused on what Tracy was doing to me and while she knew exactly what she was doing, it wasn’t much different from when I’d had my pussy licked by a man.

At first.

And then, she just seemed to know when to suck my clit and use her tongue to make me gasp. Tracy didn’t have any shame about what she was doing and used her mouth and tongue and her fingers with great skill. My juices flowed out of my pussy, soaking her face and the sheets. I was alarmed when she dipped her finger low, pressing against my tiny, puckered hole, and I resisted at first, but I was so wet and turned on when she forced it inside me, I gasped and then relaxed. It felt good. Strange, but good.

All in all, having a woman eat me out wasn’t that different from having a man do it.

Only it was better.

I swear.

Normally I don’t cum easily. I didn’t cum easily with Tracy. Maybe it should have been easier because I was extra excited because she was my first woman. Maybe it should have been harder because I was also nervous because I was with a woman and cheating on my husband (sort of). I normally don’t even cum from oral; it gets me nice and wet and ramped up, but I need something pounding into me to push me over the edge.

Maybe it was her sucking on my clit, something my husband had never done.

Maybe it was her finger up my ass.

Maybe it was my fucked up psychological state.

I came. I came so hard that it hurt.

“You soaked my face,” Tracy commented when I was done shaking.

I could feel a slowly spreading puddle under my butt. I was an easy and ample lubricator. I don’t think I had ever actually squirted in my life, but maybe I could if I tried.

“Sorry,” I apologized.

“No need to apologize. It just means that you liked it.”

“I loved it,” I told her.

She was laying between my legs looking up at me. Tracy had a pretty face. She wasn’t beautiful, but she was attractive and she knew it. I could sense it. I felt like a plain Jane next to her.

That didn’t stop me from grabbing her face and pulling her up to me for another kiss.

I tasted my cum on her lips. It got me ready for what I wanted to do next.

“Can I have a turn with you?” I asked her boldly. I could have done it shyly, but she had already buried her face in my pussy so, really, we had nothing to hide from each other. Playing coy was stupid.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

There was some fumbling about as she rolled off me and onto her back. She still had on her panties and stockings. I wasn’t sure exactly what to do, but kissing her seemed like a good start.

Her tits had to be real because they settled onto her chest and didn’t sit artificially high. I pressed mine into hers and we kissed like...well, like lesbian schoolgirls I guess.

Just like her I worked my way down her body, playing with and sucking her nipples as I moved toward my goal. She didn’t have a belly ring or any tattoos like me because she had more class, probably. When I reached the top edge of her panties, inspiration struck me and I grasped the elastic between my teeth and started pulling downward.

It was a move that was designed for porn or maybe a Hollywood comedy. I didn’t get very far with them that way. Eventually we caught each other’s eye and laughed. She then artfully skimmed them down over her hips and lifted her legs straight to the ceiling. I helped with the unceremonious removal and tossed them aside.

She happily spread her legs for me and I was suddenly confronted with another woman’s pussy, something I had never had to do before in real life. I had gone through that phase of inspecting myself with a small mirror but that’s not the same. I’d seen my fair share of porn, but close-ups of other women weren’t my thing and video versus reality are two entirely different things.

As she had hinted, she was completely bare of hair between her legs. I was fascinated. I had shaved myself bald once at Bryan’s request, but didn’t like it. When I was younger I even did a complete waxing which is something I’ll never do again. Ever.

I put my fingers to her labia because I was curious and because it was expected. We were lovers and lovers weren’t supposed to have secrets.

Her lips were incredibly smooth so either she had very recently shaved or she was recently waxed or maybe she had some permanent laser hair removal. It made her look young and innocent.

And ready to fuck.

Her scent was much the same as mine but her skin was paler and her inner lips bulged out between her larger outer labia ever so slightly. They were incredibly pink, a much softer shade than my own.

Running my finger down her slit I felt her wetness and was fascinated. She was so much like me but so different as well.

“Do you like what you see?” she asked, bringing me out of my contemplation.

I laughed nervously and looked up at her. “Yes. Very much.”

“What are you going to do?”

I tried to put some confidence into my answer. “I’m going to make you cum.”

With that I pushed my middle finger into her pussy. She was hot and maybe not as wet as me, but my finger went far in. I used my index and ring fingers to splay open her lips which exposed the pulsing little tip of her clit. I didn’t lick it. Not yet.

Moving around a bit, I wrapped my other hand around her thigh and was reminded that she was still wearing stockings. I felt the smoothness of the nylon along with the lace top.

Her pussy pulsed for me and I knew what I had to do. I withdrew my finger and ran my tongue from the bottom of her slit all the way up to her little button.

From there it was easy. I licked her clit and then I sucked on it. She shivered. I slipped a pair of fingers into her, palm up, searching for that spot. She was different from me and I was working from the opposite direction, but when I found that little bump behind her pubic bone and sucked on her clit at the same time she cried out like I had applied an electric shock.

I pulled back suddenly. “Did I hurt you?”

“Nooo…” she moaned. “Do it again!”

I was happy to do it again.

It took some effort because it was hard to get my face into her pussy along with my hand without getting a crick in my neck but I was more than willing to provide the service she needed.

Tracy was a lot like me in that once she got rolling with her orgasms, it was easy to make her cum again. And again. And yet again. Before I was done eating her pussy I had made her cum at least four times by my count. Maybe more. The only reason I stopped was because my jaw and wrist were getting sore.

“Oh thank god,” Tracy breathed when I finally pulled back from her pussy. It was glistening wet. Her lips were swollen. Her clitoris sat fatly at the apex of her slit and I was certain it was pulsing from the workout I had just given it. When I had started her pussy was a deep pink and now her lips and sex were flushed a brilliant red. I had done my work well. “I thought you were never going to stop.”

“Sorry. I didn’t know that you wanted me to stop.”

Lifting up her head, Tracy looked down at me still laying between her thighs. “I didn’t want you to stop.” Her smile was vicious.

Putting my fingers to her still-hot pussy I pressed my middle finger between her lips. “Do you want me to keep going? I can make you cum again.” I kissed her thigh, right where her stocking stopped.

“No!” She put her hand on my forehead so I couldn’t make good on my promised threat. “I’m good.”

“Are you? I think you’re a very bad girl.”

“So are you,” she countered.

She was right. “One time, shortly after Bryan and I started dating and the sex was still incredible, he made me cum I don’t know how many times one night. It was literally fucking incredible. He had cum once and I was easily over a dozen times. I want to show my appreciation so I went down on him and sucked him until he came. He came in my mouth. It was the first time I had ever swallowed anyone’s cum.”

“Hot,” was her comment.

“Thanks,” I nodded in appreciation at the compliment. “After he was done, he pulled me back up and gave me a kiss. And he called me a good girl. ‘Good girl,’ was all he said. Those words caused such a thrill in me, all I had to do was press my thighs together and I came again.”

Tracy pulled me up to her face and we kissed. “Good girl,” she whispered to me.

I didn’t cum, but her hand found its way between my legs. I let her masturbate me while we kissed. It wasn’t that hard to make me cum again. I whined when I reached my peak and I could feel how wet I had made her fingers.

She sucked one finger dry and then offered the others to me. I went along with her little bit of perversity because I was lust drunk.

After that, we just cuddled in silence together for I don’t know how long.

“How long can you stay?” she eventually asked me. We were on one side of the bed, avoiding the wet spot that the two of us had made together.

“I don’t know. As long as I want, I suppose.”

“What about your husband?”

“He thinks I’m over at my girlfriend’s house.”

That answer made her laugh. “Well, you sort of are.”

“Are you my girlfriend?” I asked, giggling along with her.

“Not yet. But maybe.” She cleared her throat and got more serious. “So he doesn’t know what you’re doing.”

“He doesn’t even know that you exist.”

“I thought you had an open relationship?”

“We’re supposed to...but we haven’t actually done anything about it yet.”

“I think you have,” she said, tweaking my nipple.

“I know. I feel guilty.” Just the thought of my husband home alone thinking his

wife was visiting a friend when I was actually fucking a woman for the first time didn’t put me in a good mood. I hate feeling guilty.

“You could confess to him,” she offered.

“I might,” I agreed with her suggestion. “Like every other man, he wants to watch his wife fuck another woman.”

“I might be able to help with that,” she teased.

I laughed. “Right. That might be a little far. He’d want to fuck you too.”

“I have an open marriage. Will and I have swapped before. We used to be swingers but haven’t had the time lately.”

This was news to me. Tracy had revealed a lot about her relationship and marriage to me in our texts, but this was new. What else was she holding back?

“Oh...wow. That’s...that’s kinda sexy and kinky. Would you like to fuck my husband?”

“I don’t know. Would you like to fuck my husband?” was her reply.

I couldn’t help but laugh. “I don’t know. I haven’t met him.”

She gave me a little kiss. “I have the same answer for you. But I’m willing to meet him and consider it.”

That sounded like music to my ears. Bryan would be thrilled. How could I make it happen? I couldn’t think straight at the moment because of the possibilities rolling around in my head. I was so excited I wanted to go home and fuck my husband. That would make me a slut, but I was okay with that. This was a new phase in my life.

Chapter Three

I went home to my husband, guilty and afraid. Before I left Tracy and I made a bunch of promises between getting dressed and kissing. Actually, I was the one getting dressed while she just put on a robe. I wanted to ask what she had planned for her husband when he got home late that night, but I was too much of a coward.

On my drive home, I realized I was still keyed up and horny. Fucking Tracy hadn't gotten my curiosity about sex with women out of my head; it had only intensified it.

If there had been any question before, it was now settled. I knew I was unabashedly bisexual. At least when it came to sex. I'd happily fuck another woman given half a chance.

But at the same time, I don't think I'd carry on a romance with one. I don't think I'd date and marry a woman because...maybe my sexual attraction is to women, but men are the target of my romantic and sexual attraction.

Life is fucked up.

As it happened, I was still turned on from my roll in bed with Tracy that when I saw Bryan sitting on the couch watching playing his Xbox when I got home, I couldn't help myself and got right on his lap, straddling him, getting in the way of his game.

"I'm horny," I unnecessarily told him as I kissed his neck and pulled on his shirt, trying to get it off.

"I can tell." He was staring around me, still focusing on his game.

"Pause that and fuck me," I ordered him.

"Why don't you give me a blowjob while I finish?" he grinned at me. This was obviously some gamerboy fantasy of his.

"Hmm...how about no," I said as I dismounted. "I have a vibrator in the bedroom and I don't need you for that." I paused. "Besides, I'm sure you don't want to hear about my lesbian fantasies, do you?"

I left the living room. I wasn't running, but I was moving with purpose.

In the hallway, I heard him pause the game. "Are you serious?"

I didn't answer him, but I stripped off my clothes as I went, scattering them through the hallway.

By the time Bryan walked through the door, I had thrown back the covers, found my vibrator from the box under the bed, and was getting to work on my sexy lady bits with the gently humming tool.

"Oh shit. You weren't kidding around."

"Go away, I don't need you."

"But you want me," he said as he began undressing.

By now I was plunging my vibrator in and out of my pussy at a vigorous pace. This was what I was missing during sex with Tracy. Penetration. Sure, she had used her fingers, but it wasn't the same.

My eyes were closed, so when the bed moved was my first indication that Bryan was joining me. His hand grabbed my wrist and pulled my vibrator out of my pussy. He turned it off and tossed it aside.

"No…"

"I've got something better than that," he told me as he got between my legs. Opening my eyes I could see his cock was already hard even as it was parting my lips.

"Ohh…"

"You're really wet," he commented as he pulled in and out a few times before really getting going.

"Uh huh, there's a good reason for that." I lifted up my legs, putting my knees to my shoulders to let Bryan penetrate me as deeply as he wanted.

"What's that reason? You and Lydia talk about shoes all night?"

(Okay, yeah, I have a minor shopping and shoe addiction problem. But that's another story.)

Before answering, I grabbed Bryan's face between my hands and gave him a kiss. That confirmed for me that I still loved him. How fucked up is that?

"I met up with someone."

"What?" He stopped moving inside me. I could feel his cock pulsing. His response to my little revelation I would feel in my pussy. I was excited and scared for that.

"I met up with someone," I repeated.

"Met up?"

"On the app that we've been using."

"We haven't been using it."

I blushed. That was a stupid response. "I have. I made a couple of accounts." I had made three, but he didn't need to know that. Yet.

He hadn't gone soft. That was a good sign. "Who...who did you meet up with?" he asked hesitantly. And then he immediately followed that with: "Did you fuck someone else?!"

"Yes," I answered honestly. "Her name's Tracy and she's beautiful and sex with her was amazing."

"You...you fucked another woman?" He gazed down at me in what I hope was admiration.

I nodded enthusiastically. I wanted to take ownership of my newly confirmed bisexuality. "Uh huh. She made me cum so many times."

His cock stayed hard in me. If anything it got harder. I could feel him pulsing. It felt like I had a rock in my pussy, which was sort of nice, but I wanted to cum again and if he got too excited I was worried that he was going to cum without any more effort.

“How many?”

“I lost count.”

We stared at each other so I kissed him and eased my legs down from up at my shoulders. He was still inside me but it was more intimate now.

“Did you go down on her?” His eyes were glazed with lust. I loved that.

But I didn’t answer his question. I shook my head. “You need to make me cum first for all the details.”

He started thrusting hard and fast which made me squeal with delight. “Harder,” I panted. “Faster. More intense.”

He just grunted in reply, too focused on holding back. I appreciated that.

He kept going, which is what I wanted. He pounded into me. Making me cum was no special achievement, but I came. I came for him. I cried out in triumph.

And then he came and I loved the sticky wetness of his spunk inside me.

He just laid on top of me for what seemed like an eternity. An eternity that I didn’t want to end. Eventually I started to cramp up and he had softened to the point where his cock was just sitting on top of my pussy; he had slipped out.

It was a relief when he rolled to the side. Bryan was still panting and there was sweat on his forehead. I had to kiss him because as good as the sex with Tracy had been; I was still in love with him.

And the sex with him could still be incredible.

And I was certain that I wasn’t going to fall in love with Tracy.

Fairly certain.

Who knows?

“So...tell me everything,” he finally said. “I want to know it all.”

So I told him everything. I let him know it all.

That’s guilt working for the both of us. I was relieved that I had confessed my cheating to him, so I felt better. He liked what I told him because by the time I was done, he had another raging erection.

I couldn’t remember the last time we had fucked twice in one night.

My pussy should have been getting tired, but she was ready for more of Bryan’s cock.

I reached down and wrapped my fingers around his firmness. “Want to go again?”

“Fuck yes.”

He made to move back on top of him but I was too quick and got on top of him instead.

He didn’t protest.

I didn’t put him inside of me right away. I teased him.

“She really had her fingers inside of you?”

I don't know why that fascinated him.

“Her fingers. Her face. Her tongue.”

I could feel the wetness of his precum smearing on my ass as his misaligned cock searched in the wrong direction for my opening.

I didn’t let him in me. Not yet.

“Did you like it?”

“I loved it,” I told him. “I loved her going down on me. I loved going down on her.” I let out a little gasp of delight at the new realization of who I was. “Did you know your wife was bisexual?”

He slowly shook his head.

“Do you like that your wife is bi?”

“I love it,” he proclaimed.

Reaching around behind me, I guided his cock back into my pussy. It went in effortlessly.

“Do you want to watch the two of us fuck? Do you want to see your wife with another woman?”

“Yes. Fuck yes! Can I fuck her too?”

That was the question I wanted to hear, but I wanted to push the limits of where we were both afraid to go.

“If you’re good and she says yes, you can fuck her.” I was happy to give him permission.

“Oh fuck…” We had barely been moving and he was nearly ready to cum.

“Can I fuck another man in front of you?” I whispered in his ear.

We had only teased and talked about it before. Just by asking we both knew it was going to happen.

“Yes, please yes,” he whimpered.

I rolled my hips like I hadn’t been fucking and cumming all evening. I wanted...I needed to cum again.

“I can’t wait to watch you with that same man,” I hissed in his ear right before we both came.

To Be Continued

Preview

Margaret Over Billy 2

“It won’t hurt, I promise,” said Hedy with the entire sincerity of a person who was either an accomplished liar or entirely believed her promise.

“That’s what you said about fucking me in the ass,” Billy replied.

“Pegging you in the ass,” she corrected him. “And did it hurt?”

He paused before answering. “Kind of, sort of. At first.”

She had pegged him several times now. Every time seemed better than the last. He could barely remember the last time that he had fucked her.

Was fucking all about putting the cock you owned—real or not—into someone else? Was it a dominance thing?

If that was the case, Hedy had definitely dominated him. He wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

Oddly, he didn’t miss actually penetrating her, mostly because she was now penetrating him.

It was more than just a little bit of mind-fuckery.

“But did it hurt?” she asked again.

“No…it felt really good,” he admitted.

“So there might be just a tiny bit of…discomfort, but it will be worth it in the end.”

They were sitting together in what was essentially the waiting area of the spa. Hedy had assured him plenty of men were treated here. They were both wearing the cliché white terrycloth robes that covered everything on Hedy and seemed to be just a little too small and snug on Billy, which was strange considering it was

a fucking robe.

He was nervous but didn't want to admit it. While he wasn't going for a manicure or facial, Hedy had scheduled him for a waxing, something she did monthly but he had never done even once in his life.

Surely he could cope with a pain that she went through every month, right?

"What are we getting done today?" the aesthetician asked when they were ushered into the room. It was clean and antiseptic and looked pretty much like he imagined it. Massage tables. Potted ferns. Big, white, fluffy towels. Soft atonal music playing in the background. Some aroma therapy bubbling on the shelf.

He could smell the hot wax as soon as he walked into the room.

Hedy dropped her robe and when immediately to one of the tables. While he imagined it wasn't just a like a gynecologist's examination table, it did have the stirrups and everything else that accompanied such a table. Billy noticed that she had left on her simple bra that was more of a tank top than an actual bra. Now he felt stupid for being completely naked under his robe.

Without a word she expertly put her heels in the stirrups and leaned back. "Just the usual, Anne. Leave the triangle. Nice and smooth."

"Always."

The other aesthetician looked at Billy, waiting for instructions or for him to drop his robe, he wasn't sure. He was also unsure if he was relieved or upset that his aesthetician was a woman. She had a unique look with dark purple hair that was shaved on one side with tribal tattoos on the exposed skin. He supposed that was smart because she could just let her hair grow to cover the tattoos.

"And for you?" she finally asked.

"Uh…"

Hedy laughed at him. "Full swim trunks, Myl," she called from her side of the room. "Back to front and everything in between."

That made Myl smile. "Take off your robe and lay down," she said. "This might

take a while."

Billy wasn't particularly hirsute. He had been jealous of guys in high school who had chest hair when he had none. Now he was completely switched on that opinion. Even so, he had more hair down and around his cock and balls that Hedy wanted. And it was more than he wanted because shortly it was all going to get ripped out.

"Is this going to hurt?" he asked as he took off his robe like he didn't care and got into position.

"Yes," Myl told him.

The women then laughed at him. While Billy wasn't particularly hung up on the size of his cock, he was glad his wasn't shrinking up and trying to hide away like a turtle. Hedy had insisted that he shave down the length of his pubic hair before they made the trip today.

It had been at her insistence, because, as she put it, "I'm tired of pegging your ass and seeing all that hair."

So here he was with his legs spread, his heels in stirrups, his knees to the ceiling, and his cock bobbling around as Myl moved into position between his legs. He was certain she wasn't going to give him a blowjob. The fear kept his cock small, which he was glad for because getting a boner in front of the aesthetician would have been humiliating.

"Just relax," she told him as he heard a little grunt from across the room. Hedy's aesthetician was going ahead at full speed, but then again his girlfriend was a pro at this. "I've done men before."

"Okay." What else was he going to say?

"How sensitive are you around your cock?" she asked.

"Uh…lots?"

She chuckled at him. "Just kidding. I'm glad you cut down the length already. I hate doing that." She smiled up at him. It wasn't the smile he had seen on other women how were about to go down on him. He got the distinct impression that

she liked doing this to men.

The warm wax felt good going on. Soothing almost. The first fabric strip she pressed onto his skin wasn't bothersome. When she tore it off he wanted to scream.

Instead he just made some strange noises through gritted teeth.

"I'm impressed," she said. "I've had guys cry like a baby on the first strip."

"Thanks?"

Myl wasted no time. That made sense since the more customers she worked on, the more she earned. She had started at the top of his thighs so he could get used to the process, and then focused on his patch above his cock. He gasped when she grabbed his cock to either keep it out of the way or to make sure it didn't get caught up in the wax.

"Sorry. Giving a warning isn't a great idea. I just do it."

"Uh-huh," Billy managed to vocalize.

The patch above his cock hurt the worse, which was no surprise. He expected his balls to be the worst, but since his was so sparse there, it wasn't too terrible.

Just when he figured he was done, she told him, "Turn over."

Glancing over at Hedy to see her reaction, he saw that she was already up from the table and putting her robe back on. It made sense. This was just maintenance for her. For him, it was the start of a process. Had she had to turn over?

"Just do it, hon," she said casually. "This is why I brought you here in the first place."

Whatever he and Hedy were paying for this treatment, it wasn't enough for Myl, Billy realized. What was the appropriate amount of money to pay someone to look at your asshole and then tear away the hairs around it?

He was wrong. The patch above his cock wasn't the worst. The worst was the little hairs in his crack. He refused to cry but he did gasp a few times.

“You were braver than the last guy I had,” said Myl when she was done. “He actually cried and said he was going to go home and get high.”

That wasn’t the case for Billy. He knew he was going back to Hedy’s place because she wanted to fuck him in his newly denuded state. Looking down at his body he was struck at how smooth his skin was. It almost looked like he was wearing nude shorts. His hair stopped right below his belly button and he was naked until the top of his thighs. It was weird.

However, it did feel fantastic to run his fingers over his smooth skin.

He could see the attraction.

This was the first time she wanted him on his back. Hedy’s harness was on and she was proudly wearing the bright pink dildo she favored using on him. Her cock was already up his ass, his knees were well up into the air, and she was rocking her hips back and forth as she pegged his ass.

He liked this. It was more intimate than he would have imagined. Her hand was holding his hard cock, stroking him in rhythm with her strokes. She was naked except for her harness. He had learned that not only did she take emotional pleasure from her pegging him, but there was a small dildo inside the harness as well that she put inside herself, so as she fucked him, she was fucking herself as well.

“I’m going to make you cum all over yourself,” she told him, her wicked smile firmly in place.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “Make me do that. Make me cum.” He knew he was far too into getting pegged. It was crazy, but sex often didn’t make sense.

She wasn’t riding him; that would be something different. She was kneeling between his legs with his lower back half wedged under a triangle prism-shaped support. It was sex furniture but he wasn’t surprised that Hedy had such a thing.

It was a different position to be in and he loved it. No wonder so many women loved being in traditional missionary; they got to lay back and enjoy getting

fucked. He didn’t exactly lie there, but she was doing most of the work.

“I love how smooth you are now,” she said as she kept a grip on his cock but allowed her fingers to trail over his hairless balls. It tickled a little but he didn’t mind. It was an easy tradeoff for getting fucked like this.

What he didn’t exactly love was when he came. He still loved cumming, but he hadn’t realized how much his lower body clenched up when he climaxed. What he noticed the most was when Hedy pegged him that his sphincter tightened up incredibly. It was clamping down on her hard dildo and afterwards it was sore—but from being overworked rather than damaged. But maybe he loved it more than he realized.

“You like me being in control, don’t you?” she asked him.

“You know I do,” he groaned at her. He was so close…

“You like it when I humiliate you too.”

He wasn’t sure if she was asking a question or telling him, but he couldn’t answer regardless. He was right there. Her cock was stretching his ass wonderfully and her fingers were keeping his cock under control.

And then she pulled her fingers away, denying him of his climax.

He panted heavily, outraged at having been robbed.

But then her fingers were back and she wasn’t jerking him off eagerly like she had been, but they were lightly trailing up and down his erection, just barely in contract with the sensitive underside. His erection looked bigger than ever and was purple with denied pleasure. It was also bright and shiny and slick with the extra lubricant she had slathered all over him.

“Please…” he begged, trying to thrust up against her hand to get some more friction, but she wasn’t having any of that.

Abruptly she slapped his cock.

It hurt. He gasped. But it didn’t hurt as much as he thought it should.

She kept fucking his ass and then slapped his cock again.

He groaned in pain.

Finally she grabbed him with an almost crushing grip and pulled on him once, twice, three times.

Ultimately on the fourth pull his body gave out and he went over the edge of orgasm. His thick spunk arced through the air but quickly splashed back down onto his body. The first shot reached his sternum. The second landed next to his navel. The last few landed on his lower belly right under his cock head.

Hedy was laughing at him. “That’s all?” she asked. “Just one little cum.”

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About the Author

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

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