Unicorn Hunters

2: Jay



Elliot Silvestri

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A Bisexual Secret Swingers Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Version 2

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Chapter One

After my first time with Tracy, Bryan and I became much more honest and open with each other, which was really the point. Sex between us became more frequent. We weren't back to twice a day, every day, but three or four times a week. I even masturbated a couple of times on my own, something I hadn't done in years.

We started using the hookup app together and comparing notes. I knew exactly what Bryan wanted. Finding out what he wanted wasn't that difficult. The hard part was finding an appropriate match and then arranging a time.

Things didn't cool off between me and Tracy. We didn't have time to hook up the way we wanted, but things were looking up.

Texting back and forth was convenient, but it seemed to stretch out a conversation that should have taken ten minutes top. Our text messaging went something like this:

Me: I really want to get together with you again

Tracy: me too

Me: when

Tracy: soon?

Me: Monday after work?

Tracy: Tuesday would be better for me

Me: Great! What about our husbands?

Tracy: Fuck em

After a half hour pause on my part because I wasn't sure if she was serious or not and I was a work and actually had work to do.

Me: Are you talking literally?

Tracy: Do we want to involve them?

Me: I sort of proposed to Bryan that I'd fuck you in front of him. Sorry. The moment got away from me, but in my defense, he did have his cock inside me ATM

Tracy: ass to mouth?

Me: what?

Twenty minutes later...

Tracy: ATM. Ass to mouth. Or automatic teller machine.

Me: I had a friend who calls them any time money

Tracy: Weird.

Several hours break because of work and commuting

Me: But I meant ATM as in "at the moment"

Tracy: right. makes sense.

Me: do you want to do it in front of Bryan? Or maybe we could start with Will

I had to wait overnight for her reply because of life and sleep

Tracy: Not Will. No.

Me: I thought you two used to be swingers

Tracy: we were. Are. Sort of.

After a pause to get to work.

Me: I was just offering either husband to be fair. Or maybe we could do a fourway swap? Is that what it's called?

Tracy: I'd rather not involve Will right now

After a long, nervous pause from me because something was off

Me: Did I touch a nerve?

After another pause which only made me more nervous.

Tracy: No. I'd just rather try a threeway with you and your husband.

Me: Really? You haven't even met him yet.

Tracy: after I meet him, of course. Maybe he'll only get to watch.

Me: He told me he wants to beat off while watching the two of us.

Tracy: Of course he does (she then included the eye rolling emoji)

Me: Are you okay with this? I don't want to pressure you or anything or get you in trouble with your husband. Are you two going through a tough time?

Tracy: Don't worry about me. We're fine. I do want to fuck you one more time before I meet Bryan.

Me: (swelling with pride and lust because she wanted me) You do?!?

Tracy: Wasn't it good for you, just the two of us?

Me: Yes

Tracy: So there

Me: When?

I was too lust-addled to think about what we had already planned.

Tracy: We already said Tuesday, or is that no good for you now?

Me: Now would be perfect. I have lunch in an hour. Want to come over to my office, pretend to be a client, and cum in my office.

I had shoved my hand between my thighs and was vaguely rubbing myself. I don't have a perfectly private office, but there was enough privacy for the

moment.

Tracy: Yes, but no. Can’t do it right now.

Me: I’m going to the bathroom to jill off in ten minutes. I can’t stand it right now!

Tracy: Maybe I’ll join you.

After that, I did exactly what I said. Our office bathroom is private and clean. I pressed my back against the wall and got myself off with my hand while thinking about Tracy doing the exact same thing miles away.

Unless she was lying.

We met at my house. I knew it wasn’t as nice as her place, but if she was going to be a bitch about the person I was, it probably wasn’t worth the stress to fuck her. To fuck her literally. To fuck her metaphorically would be easy.

She didn’t want to risk her husband finding out about us too early, or so she said. Earlier she had implied that maybe her husband would get off on it, but I wondered about what she had done to hide evidence of our earlier tryst in her bed. But maybe that wasn’t my business.

I convinced Bryan to be scarce for the evening until I gave him the all clear. He readily agreed because the benefit was obvious for him. Pissing off Tracy or making life difficult for the two of us to fuck would just mean that she wasn’t in the right mindset when it came time for the three of us to get together.

Tracy didn’t say anything about my house other than to mention how nice it was. I had done a desperate cleaning before she came over. Maybe it wasn’t as fabulous as her place, but at least it would be clean.

I greeted her at the door with a kiss. A real kiss. A kiss between two lovers.

I didn’t care if the neighbors saw us. Fuck them.

I didn’t bother with a tour of the house. The only place I wanted to show her was the bedroom.

Once we were there, I flopped on the bed and told her to strip.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, put a show on for me. I want to see what you’ve got under those clothes.”

Tracy smirked at me. “You already know.”

“Be glad I didn't text you to send me nudes.”

Still, she complied with my request. As I lounged on the bed she unflinchingly peeled off her blouse and skirt. Underneath she wore matching lingerie. I was sure that all her lingerie was matching. This time she went with classic black: a longline bra that was almost a corset which pushed up her tits and created a nice valley of cleavage. Again, she wore stay-up stockings but had matched them with lacy panties that would have shown off her bush if she had any hair between her legs.

She paused and fiddled with the front hooks on the bra. “Do you like this?”

I nodded enthusiastically.

“I know I’m a bit older than you, and getting older sucks in a lot of ways. I don’t worry so much about what other people think, but my body isn’t holding up the way I want it to.”

She had big tits. I was focused on that. Yeah, she had some curves that were bigger than most people would like, but I didn’t care. Then I realized that she was comparing herself to me and was feeling inadequate because of it.

I got up on my knees and pulled my boring shirt off to reveal my thin camisole that did nothing to support my small boobs, but my hard nipples were clearly outlined by the clingy material. She watched with a lusty smile.

Wearing jeans wasn’t a smart choice. I had to roll around on the bed and struggle

a bit to peel them off, but she must have gotten a nice show because of my struggle. I'm sure she admired my ass. I was wearing cotton panties that supposedly were designed as athletic wear, but very few athletes wear a thong that completely exposes their ass.

"Are you ready for me?" I asked. We must have been an interesting contrast. I secretly hoped that Bryan had planted a spy camera in the bedroom to watch us.

She moved across the room, sat on the edge of the bed, and put her hand behind my neck, pulling me close for another kiss. The kiss was great. What was even better was the way our tits touched. We were separated by two thin pieces of material that I intended to get off as quickly as possible.

Tracy had other ideas. She traced her finger on the tattoo adorning my inner left wrist. "What's this for?" she asked.

"To make me feel beautiful," I told her.

It was a lie. The tattoo was a sun and moon combined into a fancy icon. I got it after my brother died.

"It's pretty," she said, going along with the lie. Or maybe she believed me. Her eyes and her finger went down to my left hip, or really the crease between thigh and abdomen. Normally that tattoo was hidden by a swimsuit, even a bikini, or underwear, but my thong clearly showed it, and Tracy had already seen me naked. "And this?"

I laughed a little. "I got on my honeymoon. I was a little drunk. But Bryan likes it."

"Why wouldn't he?"

"He can see it clearly when he goes down on you, can't he?"

"So can you," I pointed out and immediately regretted it because it sounded like I was falling in love with her, but she didn't pursue the idea.

"And your ankle?" she asked, pointing.

It was nothing special. Just a blue rose on the inside of my right ankle.

“That’s...that’s a memory from college. Bunch of friends and I wanted to be rebels so we all got tattoos together. Most of them were flowers.” I blushed slightly with the cringy memory. “I wish I had chosen better.”

“At least you didn’t get a tramp stamp.”

“Ugh.”

“I’ve thought about getting one, but I can’t. Not with my job and position.”

“Sure you could,” I encouraged her brightly. “Just get it somewhere that only your husband...and your lovers...will see.”

“Oh really? Like where?”

“You could get a tramp stamp that says ‘Sexy Lady,’” I suggested without a hint or humor.

She spanked my thigh. “Try again.”

I smiled and looked down at the deep valley of her cleavage. “On your tits where your bra covers…”

She shook her head. “Too risky if I want to wear something low-cut.”

“Your ass,” I said, moving close and running my hands down her body to grab her generously-sized buttocks.

“Cliché…”

“Or right on your mound,” I said, feeling the heat of her pussy through her panties.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” she asked me.

“Uh-huh.”

We kissed again. She put her tongue in my mouth and we melted onto the bed together but strangely we didn’t try to strip each other further. We just kissed and I ground my pussy against her thigh. I was hot and wet and ready to fuck. I could feel the thin gusset of my thong getting soaking wet as we played.

Somehow she managed to get her hand between us and inside my panties. I was more than glad for that. She found my neatly trimmed pubes that were shaved to a perfectly shaped rectangle. I was proud of the work I had put in on my body, but she didn't pause to note or comment. Her finger plunged between my lips and curled up into my pussy.

I rolled on top of her but continued rolling my hips as her hand was down between my legs. We kissed and I had to pull back because she found my clit. In a moment I was gasping and half-paralyzed above her.

When I came, and it didn't take that much effort on Tracy's part to make me cum, I completely soaked her hand and my panties.

"Oh fuck I needed that," I whispered in her ear and kissed her cheek.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but it felt like you peed on my hand."

"I didn't!" I declared and pulled back, a bit ashamed but determined to defend my honor. "I lubricate pretty easily."

Tracy pulled her hand away from my pussy. In my climax we had managed to work my thong down to the tops of my thighs. I was exposed but not ashamed. It was easier just to take them off now; I rolled to my side and did just that.

"Obviously. Maybe you're a squirter. Has Bryan ever made you squirt?" She licked her fingers. I could smell my scent on her hand. I wanted to lick it, but she didn't offer her fingers to me. If I wanted a taste of pussy I'd have to go after hers.

I was willing to do that.

"No. No one has ever made me squirt. I don't think that's a thing. Women can't do that."

"Are you saying I've peed on my lovers?" she asked archly.

I paused with my panties tangled around my ankles. "You've squirted?"

Her smile didn't waver. "A few times. It takes some effort to get me there, but it's fantastic when it happens."

“You’ve got to be kidding.”

“Nope. I bet I can make you do it.”

I didn’t like the smug look on her face, but I also wanted her to make me squirt. Why? I have no fucking idea. Occasionally when I had a really good orgasm, it felt like I was losing control of my bladder, but I just chalked that up to crazy muscle spasms. Yeah, Bryan and I often left behind a wet spot, but that was a combination of a lot of things.

Was I a squirter in addition to being bi?

“Not right now,” I said forcing her to defer her lovemaking skills for the moment. “I want to go down on you.”

“You do?” she asked skeptically even as she helped me take off her panties. When they were free of her legs, I shoved them down into the sheets, hoping they would get lost.

I didn’t bother with any preliminaries. Foreplay is well and good, but I wanted to taste her pussy. She willingly parted her thighs and offered herself to me. I went facedown into her sex, licking her swollen lips, penetrating her with my fingers, sucking on her clit.

While I didn’t agree with people who said two women, or two men, having sex are perverts, I could understand the sentiment. There was something unnatural about what Tracy and I did, but the unnaturalness of it somehow made the sex better.

Tracy struggled for a bit as I was focusing on her pussy. I spared her an upward glance and saw that she had just completed freeing herself of her bra. Her hands went to her substantial tits, massaging them and pinching her nipples.

I liked how smooth and slick her pussy was. Hairless was interesting, but I was too afraid to go that far myself.

She loved it when I sucked on her clit and had my finger inside her pussy rubbing up and down on that one little spot. She didn’t cum as hard as I did, but I was happy with her results.

As she panted I looked at her pussy. There's something raw and sexy about a naked and exposed pussy.

"I'm starting to feel like I'm at the gyno," she finally said after I had gotten lost in the folds of her pussy.

"Oh shit! Sorry."

"It's fine."

"Actually, it's beautiful," I told her, teasing a bit.

"Don't try to flatter me."

I changed the subject slightly. "Do you shave it to get it so smooth?"

"No. Waxing."

"Ouch."

"Not really. I've gotten used to it."

"But still…"

"Will wants me to get laser treatment. Permanently remove it."

"Do you want that?" I asked.

She pulled me up to her for a kiss. "Does it matter?"

I wasn't sure if she was asking me if it mattered if she had an opinion or if it mattered what method she used to remove her hair.

"No," I answered as I crawled back up her body.

We kissed some more but our passion was spent. I would have gladly made her cum a hundred more times, but something felt a little off. Maybe we had spent a little too much time examining and judging the other. Did lesbian couples go through that all the time? I didn't know.

After lying quietly together for a little while, the unmistakable sound of a phone

vibrating came from Tracy's purse which she had just tossed aside when we came into the bedroom.

"Yours?" I asked her.

Tracy didn't answer and just groaned and rolled out of the bed. I admired the pleasant roll of her ass as she moved, bent, dug the phone out of her purse, and answered it.

Who actually calls another person's phone nowadays?

"Hi hon," she said into it.

Will, her husband, obviously.

What followed was a short, boring conversation that consisted of her mostly saying "Uh-huh," "Sure," "Soon," and, "I'm hurrying."

While she was talking she started gathering her clothes to put them on. She started with her stocking that were already on, everything else went on smoothly considering she was searching and talking at the same time.

Finally she got off the phone and asked me, "Where's my underwear?"

I shrugged and started to search. She did the same. It's not like I have a messy bedroom or a lot of places to hide things, but after a couple minutes of fruitless searching, she got frustrated.

"Forget it! I need to get home. When you find them, just give them to me the next time."

"Tomorrow," I reminded her.

"Tomorrow?" She was obviously distracted.

"You're supposed to meet Bryan and…" I indicated the bed with my eyes. I felt sexy next to her, me being naked and her fully dressed...except for her panties.

"Right. Tomorrow." She gave me a quick kiss, found her shoes, and headed out the door.

I tossed on my pajamas and remade the bed. I had shoved her panties down into the sheets as far as I could while Tracy and I were fucking. As I carefully remade the bed, I planted them on Bryan's side. He'd have to be oblivious or blind to miss them.

After texting Bryan to let him know it was safe to come up, I waited anxiously for him on the couch, pretending to read a novel.

"How did it go?" he asked me when he got home.

I bounded off the couch and greeted him with a kiss. There was the faint smell and taste of beer on his breath. I couldn't fault him for hanging out at a bar while his wife was fucking another woman.

"I fucked her," I reported happily. "I made her cum and she made me cum. What more do you want to know?"

He laughed and shook his head at me. "My wife is turning into more than just a little bit of a slut," he commented.

"Only with other women."

"Tell me everything."

"In bed," I promised him, pulling his hand, guiding him toward the bedroom.

"Are you still horny?"

"Yes! Fucking a woman is fun, but I need cock too. And, sadly, Tracy is lacking in the cock department."

I stripped off my pajamas and was naked in a flash. Bryan barely had removed his shirt. "Jesus fucking Christ, you are eager and horny."

I nodded as I slipped into the bed. It smelled vaguely of Tracy: some of her scent, some of her perfume, and a bit of unfamiliar pussy. "Come here and fuck me."

Bryan finished undressing and his cock was already pointing outward and heading upward. I was a little bit disappointed by that. I liked sucking on him

when he was soft to make him big and hard; it gave me a sense of accomplishment.

As he pulled back the covers, Bryan discovered the panties I had planted.

“What’s this?”

I shrugged innocently.

He knew I was lying.

Picking up Tracy’s panties he inspected them. “These aren’t yours,” he said.

“Of course they are,” I lied. “Who would leave a pair of sexy black lace panties in our bed?”

“Maybe Tracy, your girlfriend.”

“She’s not my girlfriend,” I replied as I slipped across the bed to him. Wrapping my hand around his cock I prepared to put it in my mouth. “She’s my lover.” I licked him from his balls up to the tip where he was oozing precum.

Bryan lifted the panties to his nose and inhaled Tracy’s scent. It was impossibly kinky and obscene, him getting a bit of her flavor without having even met her yet. I found it an incredible turn-on.

“She’s a horny bitch, isn’t she?”

I nodded enthusiastically as I kept busy on his cock. Much fellatio wasn’t needed. Since I didn’t want him popping off in my mouth, I crawled on top of him and lowered my dripping pussy onto his hard rod. He filled me up nicely. I was more than well prepared from my time with Tracy and so it was easy for him to enter me.

“Are we really going to do this?” he asked me. I was too distracted by how good it felt to think about what he was asking.

“We’re already fucking.”

“Are we really going to have her over tomorrow night?”

I locked eyes with him. “Uh-huh. You’re going to be on your best behavior. I’m going to fuck her in front of you and then you’re going to fuck her in front of me.”

We said nothing else. I pumped my ass up and down on his cock like a porn queen. It was the quickest we had ever fucked. I don’t think either of us lasted two minutes.

Time doesn’t matter. It was incredible fucking sex.

Chapter Two

I was worried about what to wear for our date with Tracy. I worried about every article of clothing from panties to bra to pants or skirt or dress. Fancy or not? Casual? Sexy? Slutty? Maybe she liked me in my slightly athletic clothing?

Bryan just put on a pair of dress pants, a button down shirt, and even went so far as to put on a blazer. He was handsome and borderline hot without trying.

We hadn't planned for food, but I had some cheese and crackers out along with some wine and other alcohols because who knew what we would need.

When she finally arrived fifteen minutes late, Tracy was dressed impeccably in a casual skirt, comfortable blouse, and who knows what she was hiding under her clothing.

I was going to find out.

I greeted her at the door with a kiss. It was a casual kiss: on the lips, but no tongue. I wasn't being a slut for the neighborhood.

Bryan's eyes lit up at Tracy. She was confidently beautiful. Maybe not a supermodel, but more womanly than me. I experienced a pang of jealousy and that went straight to my pussy. I was getting wet without any effort.

It was a good sign. To me, at least.

We had a little of the boring small talk that no one wants to go through, but social niceties force us to go through that uncomfortable ritual.

Two minutes into it, Tracy turned to me and said, "I think so, yes."

I blinked at her. "What?"

"I'll happily fuck your husband," she said carefully, as if she were declaring her intention to come to my next dinner party.

Of course her pronouncement made Bryan stir with interest. I wished I could have seen his crotch at that moment because I was certain his cock would have been visibly bulging under his pants.

“Well good,” I blurted out at her and turned to Bryan. “Did you hear that?”

Of course he had. I just didn’t know what else to say. “I sure did,” he confirmed for me.

“But I want to fuck you first,” Tracy said, putting her hand on top of mine from across the table. “If that’s all right with you, Bryan?”

He nodded enthusiastically. “Sure. Why wouldn’t it be?” he asked, voicing my exact thought.

“Bedroom?” Tracy suggested. “I know the way.”

Bryan raised his eyebrows at me when she said this, but I took it in stride.

Tracy led the way. I eagerly followed and I could sense Bryan behind me. I hoped his eyes were on my ass, but I’m sure they were on Tracy’s. I know mine were.

When we got to the bedroom, I kept my focus entirely on Tracy, just as Bryan and I had planned. It wasn’t that I didn’t want him there (I desperately did!) but I knew I was going to be too nervous to really enjoy myself if I was doing things to please him rather than myself or Tracy. He had graciously agreed that he would be silent and only do what we told him or asked him to.

It was strange to negotiate sex, but I suppose if more people did so, there’d be less misery in the world.

So I just pretended like Bryan wasn’t there. I went up to Tracy as she turned around, slipped my arms around her waist, lifted my chin, and kissed her. It wasn’t the most electric kiss of my life, but it was close. I knew that Bryan was watching closely because I sure of hell would have been, and that made it better when Tracy lifted up my shirt to strip me.

Underneath I was wearing a soft cotton cami. She managed to catch both the cami and my shirt as she undressed me. I was glad for it. I didn’t want it to take forever to get naked. I knew once I was naked and my face was buried in her pussy, I’d be able to relax.

My nipples immediately contracted and hardened when Tracy exposed my small

breasts. I liked that. I liked that she massaged one and ducked her head to suck on the other. I wasn't so distracted that it was impossible for me to unbutton my pants and shimmy out of them. I left on my thong because I didn't want to appear that eager.

Instead I tugged on her blouse and she took the hint. After taking a step back from me, she pulled off her blouse. Once again she was wearing a fancy bra that showed off her expansive cleavage. The bra was bright red and silky. I couldn't resist touching it. She almost shyly glanced at my husband as I was feeling her up; I ignored Bryan because I kept my word.

Even so, I couldn't resist knowing more. Dropping to my knees I kissed her convex tummy and slid my hands up along her stockings. With my hands hidden from view, I discovered she was wearing her usual thigh highs as I encountered her bare skin at the top of her thighs.

Since she was just as eager as I was, she unzipped the skirt and dropped it to the floor.

Tracy had far too much money to spend on fancy lingerie. Of course her panties matched her bra. Bright red and silky. They were a little skimpier than what I had seen her wearing before, but I didn't mind.

I'm sure that Bryan didn't mind the view either.

Since all eyes were focused on me, I didn't pause and simply hooked my fingers into the elastic of her panties and pulled them down, showing Bryan her bare pussy.

"Nice," he murmured, breaking our agreed upon rule, but I didn't mind. Her pussy was nice. At least he didn't have his cock out, beating off.

Though that would have been kind of hot, too.

Once I got her scent, I completely forgot about Bryan. I pressed my face into Tracy's pussy. I couldn't get into her depths, but her labia were smooth under my tongue and she gave out a little gasp of pleasure even though I had barely done anything to her.

Tracy didn't let me get very far. She pulled me back to my feet, gave me another

kiss, and said, “No. I want to go down on you.” With that, she pushed me backwards onto the bed.

As she crawled on top of me, her fingers went right to my thong to tug it down and off. I lifted up my hips and helped her while consciously avoiding looking at Bryan.

As eager as she was to get me naked, Tracy was sloppy in getting my panties off. They remained tangled around one ankle as she pushed my thighs open and pushed her tongue into my slit, forcing my lips open and ending her lick when she got to my clit and sucked on it.

I gasped. Loudly.

Tracy crawled on the bed and got down to business. She knew exactly what she was doing and I loved it.

Fingers interlaced with mine. For just a second I thought it was Tracy’s hand. It wasn’t.

Bryan was holding my hand. He was standing next to the bed watching closely as my lover ate me out. I wanted to apologize

Before I could say any stupid words, Bryan bent down and kissed me.

It was going well.

I had to close my eyes and just focus on Tracy’s mouth and lips and fingers.

Was it normal for a wife to want to show off in front of her husband by letting her lover make her cum?

If that’s not a normal thing, then I don’t want to be normal.

Bryan had seen me cum plenty of times.

Bryan had made me cum plenty of times.

Bryan had watched while I had made myself cum.

It was incredibly freeing to have an orgasm in front of him, an orgasm that was

created by another woman.

“Holy shit,” Bryan breathed.

Tracy lifted her face from between my legs and smiled smugly at him. “You’ve never made her cum like that?”

For a few seconds Bryan’s mouth just worked, trying to create words but failing. I didn’t want him flailing about for the right thing to say and then spitting out something stupid.

“Of course he has,” I said smoothly. “It’s just that he usually uses his cock, not his mouth.”

Rolling to her side, Tracy said, “About that...I’d like to see his cock.”

“It’s a great cock,” I assured her.

“I’m sure it is,” she agreed. “But it’s been a while since I’ve seen one so…”

I wanted to ask about her husband, but by now Bryan was on his feet and unzipping his pants. When he pulled out his cock he was fully erect, precum making the head glisten in the light.

In a flash, Tracy was out from between my legs. She sat on the edge of the bed and reached out to hold my husband’s cock. I didn’t know when the last time he had been touched by anyone other than myself.

“Oh, it is nice,” she practically cooed at him.

“Thanks,” Bryan said right before me.

It took me a second to remember that any compliment directed at his cock wasn’t for me.

“You’re welcome,” she replied and then put it in her mouth.

I was thunderstruck.

And incredibly turned on.

My stomach was tight and I didn’t know what to do.

This was exactly what we had been working up to and I didn’t know what to do or think or how to react or if I should walk out or watch or what.

Tracy proceeded to calmly lower her mouth over the length of Bryan’s cock. He’s not huge, but he’s not small either. I was impressed with how far down on him she got.

Bryan was clearly happy with her skills as well.

If it had been a while since she had seen her husband’s cock I was impressed because none of her cock-sucking skill had withered.

Her hand gently gripped his balls as she bobbed her head up and down on him. I watched, fascinated, and started to dread not giving my husband head every day.

Before anything else could happen, Tracy abruptly backed off with a satisfied gasp.

“I don’t want you to cum in my mouth,” she told him.

“Okay,” he readily agreed.

“Help me with my bra?” Tracy directed at me.

I reacted automatically. Since I was already behind her it was easy to sit up and dig my fingers under the chest band. She lifted her hands and I pulled it off her tits.

If Bryan had any one real regret in marrying me, it had to be my tits. I just automatically assumed that he liked women with big tits because all men did, right? He always claimed that he loved my little girls and I didn’t need to be bigger, but his hands went right to Tracy’s big boobs and she gave him a satisfied moan and he played with her nipples.

“Mmm...that feels great, but I didn’t come here to get my tits played with,” she told him, moving back on the bed and laying down next to me. I automatically moved over, giving them room.

Was I being too passive, too submissive?

I didn’t know and it was too late to ask questions.

Bryan moved atop Tracy as she opened her legs for him. They weren’t going to do something strange or exotic; they were going to fuck in the boring missionary position.

Tracy’s hand grasped his cock and guided it to her pussy. She wasn’t exactly dripping with anticipation, but she was ready for him, partly courtesy of me.

I didn’t regret anything.

Not when I saw his cock disappear into her body.

Not when she gasped in delight.

Not when Bryan moaned and started thrusting into her, as if he could resist.

Not when she bent her legs and locked her ankles behind his back.

I was jealous and turned on and I wanted to be a part of their fucking, but it seemed rude to interrupt so I put my hand to my pussy and started masturbating. A free sex show right in front of my eyes was something new. I didn’t know I wanted it until I had it.

I was strangely at peace with my husband fucking another woman.

True, it was only fair since I had been fucking her, but that’s beside the point.

I felt anxiety and jealousy and lust and confusion. It was going to make my hand-driven orgasm that much better.

Who knew that sex was so complicated?

He fucked her hard and fast. There was no special technique or unusual moves on his part. While Tracy didn’t just lie there, she didn’t have much to do; Bryan was doing all the hard work.

The sound of their flesh slapping together was strangely erotic.

I wanted to reach out and feel his cock going into her pussy. I wanted to kiss them both. I wanted to be a part of it, but that wasn't the agreement.

I knew we were going to do something together as a three-way, but I had promised them both they could enjoy each other alone first.

"In you or on you?" Bryan asked. He was breathing heavily and he's in excellent shape so that could only mean one thing.

I couldn't decide which I wanted more.

"In me," she said. "Make me your slut."

Tracy didn't need anyone to make her a slut. It came naturally.

The same was true for me.

She clung to him when he came. I wasn't sure if she came or not, but Bryan certainly did.

I could see every strain on his body. I moved around to their feet so I could get a better view of their genitals.

His cum was leaking out of her pussy. Either he had shot huge load or she was incredibly tight.

Or maybe both.

Bryan collapsed on top of her.

"That was incredible," he complimented her.

"Same," she told him curtly and caught my eye. "Can we do more?"

I took her meaning.

"Would you mind getting off?" Tracy asked Bryan. He's strong and muscular, and while his weight can be pleasant, it can also be painful after a while, especially his sharp hip bones.

Bryan rolled off her, exposing her by now well-used pussy.

I've swallowed more than my fair share of Bryan's cum. While I'd only eaten out Tracy's pussy a few times, I wasn't going to be shy about doing it again.

I was certain I was going to do it right then and there.

Without thinking, I moved right in between Tracy's legs. She just watched me, not taking any action to stop me nor saying anything.

I don't think Bryan noticed what I was doing until I spoke. "You don't mind, do you?" I asked her right before I lowered my mouth to her pussy.

"Holy shit," Bryan breathed. I ignored him as Tracy put a hand on the back of my head to gently guide me. She let out a little moan.

By now I was used to eating pussy and I rather enjoyed it. Since I had only had one female lover I couldn't fully gauge how it was supposed to go, but while it was strange, it was also fun. Plus, I liked making Tracy cum.

I knew what my own pussy tasted like. I knew what Tracy's tasted like. No surprise; they were extraordinarily similar. At first I didn't taste Bryan's cum at all, which made sense since he had shot it deep into her. What was different this time was how hot she was. Tracy's pussy had been plenty hot before when I went down on her, but this time it seemed different. Maybe her labia was more swollen as well. Her clit certainly was. She gasped sharply when I flicked it with my tongue and then sucked on it.

"Should I stop?" I asked because of her strong reaction.

"No!" She still had her hand on top of my head and shoved me back down to the location she wanted.

"Fucking hot," murmured Bryan.

I ignored him and focused on Tracy's pussy. We had been together enough times now that I knew what she liked. Since she was already worked up, it didn't take that much effort on my part to push her over the cliff again.

Her thighs trembled around my head and her body quivered as she climaxed. I had a pair of fingers up inside her while I sucked on her clit. That was all it really took for Tracy.

After her orgasm mostly subsided, I put my tongue back down to her slit. She was leaking a steady flow of juices and I had the need to taste her. I was well-familiar with her slightly musky and slightly savory taste, but then there was something that was unexpectedly salty.

I was stupid. It shouldn't have been unexpected, but for some reason it was. I didn't stop eating her out because it would have been rude. That's the sort of thinking that I have. Between the natural wetness that Tracy was creating along with Bryan's cum, I was forced to swallow.

I wasn't turned off by this.

I'm not ashamed to say I was turned on. How many more times I was going to get to do this in my life?

"Can I fuck you?"

It was Bryan asking the question. His hand was on the back of my thigh. I was still between Tracy's legs and would have happily stayed there the rest of my life. I lifted my face from her pussy. "What?"

"Can I fuck you?" he asked me.

I couldn't remember the last time he had asked to fuck me. Normally as a married couple, we just sort of mutually agreed upon that it was time to have sex and did the deed. I liked his asking.

"Sure!" I replied enthusiastically. Why wouldn't I want to be fucked? Bryan's cock was already hard. Maybe not as hard as it had been with Tracy, but I wasn't going to complain.

"Do you mind?" This time he directed his question to Tracy. I didn't see why she should mind or why he even needed to bother asking her. I was his wife and he could fuck me anytime I wanted...and almost anytime he wanted as well.

"Sure," she said gamely. "Go ahead. Just don't move her. She's not done with me."

Tracy knew me well. I did want to keep eating her pussy. I wanted to make her cum again and again.

“I can do that,” Bryan said as he moved behind me.

Not knowing what to do, I just lay there. It wasn’t going to work, exactly, with me lying on my belly. I mean, we’d fucked like that before, but there wasn’t enough room with Tracy there as well.

“Get your ass in the air,” Bryan instructed me and suddenly I clued in. Three-ways were all about negotiation and if I couldn’t tell or ask someone in the bed what they needed to do, it wasn’t going to work out.

So I got up on my knees, forcing my ass into the air, while I kept my face down in Tracy’s pussy. I started licking her again and then Bryan pushed his cock into me.

“Ohhh!”

“What’s the matter?” asked Tracy.

I lifted my lips from hers as Bryan started thrusting. I was so familiar with his cock that I knew how close he was to orgasm. He wasn’t. He wasn’t fully hard, but he was going to get there. I knew doggy was his favorite position even if he wouldn’t admit it. (Truth: I liked it too, just not all the time.)

“I’m not sure I’m going to be able to do this,” I admitted. My eyes closed as my body gently rocked in time with Bryan’s motions.

“Why not?” asked Bryan. I was positive that he was suddenly worried that I would reject having another woman in our bed.

“Too much input,” I sighed.

Tracy rejected that I idea by pushing my face back down where it belonged. Bryan kept fucking me. If Tracy didn’t like that rhythmic rocking of my body she didn’t say anything.

As it turned out getting fucked while eating pussy wasn’t that difficult. For me, at least, it wasn’t any more difficult than having sex with one other person while we were both doing different things to each other.

I didn’t think about myself; I only thought about Tracy and making her cum. It

worked. I made her cum and cum again. I didn't cum at all, maybe because I was too focused on her. Or maybe it was because Bryan wasn't fucking me as well as he could have. I'm certain his attention was entirely focused on me eating out Tracy.

I couldn't blame him for that.

Eventually he finished inside of me. I don't think I came at all. That was okay. This was more about proving that we could fuck someone else together and not get upset by it.

If anything, we found sex better when it involved a third party.

After he was done, Bryan withdrew from me and collapsed on the bed next to Tracy. After giving her a third and final orgasm, I pulled back as well.

"Thank fucking god," she breathed heavily when I was done.

"What's the matter?" I was a little bit upset by her reaction.

"I thought you were going to make me cum forever."

"I couldn't. My jaw's getting tired." So I guess it was a compliment.

"That's good. I'm fucking exhausted."

"Literally," I commented.

That made her laugh. I took that as a good sign and climbed up her body to feel it against mine. I was showing off for Bryan, but that's what he wanted. I weighed half as much as he did so Tracy didn't object to me being on top of her. We kissed. She placed her palms on my ass and I wondered what we were going to do next.

I was disappointed by what she decided.

"I hate to break up the party, but I have to get home."

"Why?" It came out of my mouth, insistent and demanding. I sounded petulant and childish.

She wasn’t upset. “I do have a husband I’m responsible for,” she commented and gently forced me off her body. Bryan and I both watched her dress, which was sort of sexy but ended on a down note. She gave me a kiss on the lips before leaving the room and then turned to Bryan and gave him the same kiss.

My stomach tightened with jealousy. I’m sure that was her intent.

“Before I leave, did you find my panties?” she asked.

I lied. “Yes, but I just tossed them in the laundry. I’ll wash them and then return them, okay?”

She agreed without argument and then left.

I guess that’s the best part of having a unicorn. They leave when you’re done with them.

Chapter Three

Finding a girl unicorn was difficult. Rewarding, but difficult. I was so focused on myself that I had almost forgotten that we were looking for Bryan as well.

Tracy had left it that we would get together again in a few days, either all three of us or maybe just her and me alone.

You don't want to fuck my husband without me? I teased her innocently.

Ugh. My own husband is too complicated.

I didn't understand her reply, but that was okay because I didn't want her to fuck Bryan alone. I'm open minded but more jealous than I give myself credit for.

Still, I can't leave a scab alone. What is up with your husband? When do I get to meet him? Also, when do I get to fuck him? (Kidding, I know that's not part of the deal, but if you two ever need a third…)

I was curious about Will, but I wasn't going to push Tracy. Relationships are complicated and I still wanted to fuck Tracy again, both with and without Bryan. Pissing her off wasn't going to help.

We're just going through some shit right now. We'll get it straightened out.

That was fine with me. Like I said, finding a girl unicorn was difficult. The exact opposite was true of a boy unicorn.

When Bryan and I checked our shared account for a guy willing to go to bed with the both of us, we had a plethora of responses to choose from.

It was almost worse than having none at all.

"There's like a hundred replies in here," I commented to Bryan as we started sorting through the replies together. We were on separate phones, but looking at the same account at the same time. Yeah technology?

"One hundred and twelve," he said.

I frowned at him.

"I scrolled to the bottom. There's a counter."

“Do we have to read through all of these?”

“No. I’m going to start deleting some.”

“What are the parameters?” I asked him.

Bryan just shrugged. “If I don’t like their opening line, I’m deleting.”

That seemed harsh, but when I opened my first message, it was simple. Hi, I’d like to meet up with u 2 b/c u seem fun. It wasn’t a terrible message as texts go, but attached to it was a picture of a slightly overweight man, bent over and displaying his asshole.

Delete.

I’m open-minded, but I have my limits. The first thing I want to see on a new person isn’t their asshole.

After that, it was easy to get rid of a bunch of messages and block those who I never wanted to see or hear from again. I know it was a sex hookup app, but maybe not lead with how you want to fuck me into oblivion. Coming from my husband, that might be hot. From a rando, it’s off-putting.

“How did people do it before the world of the internet and social media?” I mused.

“I suppose there were bars and secret societies,” Bryan speculated. “Or maybe people were just hornier back in the day.”

“I doubt that.”

Why we chose Jay I can’t tell you for certain. Yes, he was young and handsome and hit all the right visual cues for me and Bryan. He didn’t show us his asshole in any of his pictures. Of course a few were shirtless, but I appreciated that he didn’t have any fully nude pictures. Leaving a little something for the actual, in-person introduction was a bonus.

He was a lot younger than us, but that was a selling point as well.

Plus, he got right to the point in his message. “I’m just looking for a couple to

please, a man and a woman. I go both ways and I appreciate women and men who do as well."

That was the hook that brought him into our bedroom.

It wasn't that hard. We messaged him a few times and set up a meet. That was it. Jay was in this for one reason only: to fuck.

I could appreciate that.

We had one initial meeting before the main event. Jay showed up at the diner looking like a college student and acting like one. He wasn't overly familiar but he was polite and knew how to behave. We had half promised that the next day would be an invitation back to our place...if it all worked out.

Since we were just looking for a young man who wanted to fuck us and was reasonably good looking and knew how to follow social cues, it wasn't that hard to say yes.

When he arrived at our house he tried to project an air of confidence and knowing, but I could see beyond that. It's all in the eyes. He was nervous.

"Is this your first time?" I asked him after offering him a drink. He chose beer, not my favorite, nor Bryan's, but we weren't judging him on his choice of alcohol. If anything, I was going to judge him on his skills in bed and how well he fucked.

He laughed a little too loudly. "Fucking? No! It would be strange if I was a virgin, wouldn't it?"

Bryan and I exchanged a glance. We were starting to have doubts.

"No, I've done this before, but never with a married couple," he added.

"Really?" Bryan was interested in this. "Who have you fucked before in a group?"

"Uh...don't want to give many details...you know. Discretion and all."

"Don't give us names," Bryan pressed, "just some dirty details."

That gave Jay a moment's pause. I waited expectantly, hoping he's suddenly start dishing on a neighbor I knew or a semi-famous local celebrity.

No such luck.

"Usually the couple isn't married," he said cautiously.

"So they're dating?" I asked. "Trying to get crazy before they get married?"

"Sure," he agreed. "Although…"

"Yes?" I prompted him.

"At least once I was with a couple and they definitely weren't married. The guy had a tan line from his wedding band. It was missing."

Bryan, my loving husband who is occasionally a little slow on the uptake, said, "What does that mean?"

"That means he took off his ring when he was with his girlfriend," I informed Bryan.

"And they brought in you because an affair wasn't exciting enough?" Bryan asked Jay. He was clearly amazed and amused and probably more than a little turned on judging by the bulge in his pants.

Jay shrugged. "I'm not judging. He liked watching me fuck her. I didn't care if they weren't married. She seemed into it so everyone wins."

"Except the wife who was at home watching the kids," I pointed out. They both looked at me.

"I don't know if he had any kids," said Jay. "And maybe she was off fucking her boyfriend. I didn't ask. None of my business."

"And maybe the girlfriend was married too," Bryan pointed out.

Jay emphatically shook his head. "No. Definitely not."

“How do you know?”

His grin was wry. It hadn’t taken much to get him talking about his adventures. “She was easily ten, probably fifteen years younger than him.”

“So?”

“And she told me she wasn’t married.”

My eyes must have bulged out of my head. “Why would she do that? Did you ask her?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“Because I was pretty sure she wasn’t married and was just fucking this guy for fun.” He took a swig of his beer. “And the next week I met up with her and fucked her without him watching.”

“Was it better that way?” Bryan asked. He hid the anxiety in his voice well.

“Yeah.”

Jay couldn’t have crushed Bryan any harder if he had actually been trying.

“Why?” I asked.

Jay rolled his shoulders. “Don’t take this the wrong way, but he was pushing fifty, if not more, and was kinda fat and unattractive. I was there to fuck her and for him to watch. I knew that. It’s still distracting to see a guy jerking off when I’m trying to concentrate on his pretty girlfriend.”

“Oh, well, that makes sense,” I said.

“Thanks.” He finished his beer. “She was a better fuck alone.”

“Do you want to fuck my wife alone?” Bryan asked, his voice on edge.

Jay looked Bryan up and down. “Actually...no.” And then, casually, as if he did it all the time and maybe he did because that’s how we met him, Jay pulled off

his shirt and tossed it aside.

He had a nice muscular chest, lean and firm, and was hairless. I didn't want to drool, but if I had, I would have excused myself. Jay had a handsome face and his body complimented that perfectly.

"Does she like to watch?" Jay asked Bryan.

Bryan was staring at Jay's body just as much as I was.

"I don't know," Bryan said softly. This was his big moment and he wasn't thinking clearly. He was thinking with his cock, which was fine on the one hand.

"I like to watch," I piped up. I wasn't a huge connoisseur of gay porn, but I appreciated it. "But only in the bedroom. Why don't we go there?"

Jay nodded and let his eyes linger of my husband's crotch. I was eager to see where this was going.

We must have made an odd parade to our bedroom, but the moment we were inside Jay kicked off his sneakers and dropped his jeans. I didn't even see if he was wearing underwear.

What I did see was a beautiful younger man who apparently shaved his entire upper body. He had some leg hair, but not much. No pubic hair. No chest hair. He was dolphin smooth. I wanted to feel his chest and take his cock in my mouth. I wanted to suck his balls and see how skillful he was as shaving his sack.

But Bryan moved quicker than I did, and I knew what he wanted, and we had an agreement that he would get to go first. That's what I agreed to. I was happy to agree to it at the time, but in person Jay was much more alluring than in theory.

I tried to calm my heart and nerves, telling myself it was going to happen, I just needed to be patient.

Bryan undressed himself, not as quickly as Jay had, but then again I was staring at Jay's body the entire time. I had seen my husband naked too many times to really care.

The moment he had his pants off Jay was down on his knees in front of Bryan. While I couldn't say if Jay was truly bi or gay or straight or what, but he didn't hesitate at all to put my husband's mostly hard cock into his mouth and start sucking.

Bryan gasped softly. I hoped because he was having sex with a man for the first time and not because Jay was so much better at giving head than me.

I was still fully dressed and didn't bother to strip. I just shoved my hand down into my yoga pants, into my tiny thong, and felt how wet my pussy was. I had to be soaking through the thin material of both garments, but it didn't matter.

Bryan stood there, a little hunched over, as Jay continued to blow him. Placing a hand on top of his new lover's head, Bryan gently guided him. I knew what Bryan liked in a blowjob, but maybe Jay was showing him something new that I should learn.

They were at the foot of the bed and seeing that it was empty, I laid down on it, my knees up and my hand firmly wedged between my thighs as I watched my own personal gay sex show.

It was wonderful.

Jay bobbed his head up and down on Bryan's cock, sucking and licking to take periodic breaks. He even went so far as to suck on my husband's balls. I wanted to join them, but that seemed rude.

I wanted to see how far Bryan would go on his own.

Bryan had never said anything specifically about blowjobs. I didn't give them to him all that often, but he didn't ask either. Still, did I want to be shown up by a younger man who knew more about blowjobs than I did?

Not that Bryan is all that huge in the cock department, but I was impressed when Jay managed to get all of Bryan's cock into his mouth and down his throat. His nose was pressed up against Bryan's pubic hair.

I couldn't do that.

Or, rather, I hadn't tried to do that.

But Jay seemed completely at ease with deep-throating.

I was sort of jealous.

After that little display, Jay backed off and took a break while slowly pumping his hand up and down on Bryan's cock. "Do you want to cum in my mouth or my ass or in my hand?" Jay asked.

I was happy for any of those possibilities, but I remained silent. I wanted to hear what Bryan wanted.

"Mouth," Bryan grunted. "In your...mouth."

Jay nodded and started blowing Bryan again.

He used his mouth and his hand at the same time. I was never a huge fan of taking a load in my mouth; I had to be in the right mood to do it.

Jay was in the right mood.

Bryan got that screwed-up look on his face and I knew it was going to happen. I busied my fingers between my lips and found my clit to rub it ferociously.

I didn't cum, but Bryan did.

He grunted. He strained. From my position with a pair of fingers up my pussy I could see his cock pump cum into Jay's mouth.

Jay was a good cocksucker. He swallowed it all.

I was a bit jealous. I often had trouble with it all.

But I wasn't jealous of Bryan getting a blowjob from Jay. It was hot. I wanted to see it again. And maybe again.

But then my eyes fell on Jay's cock. His hand had been busy on his cock and he was nice and swollen. I judged it was thicker than Bryan's. Maybe a bit shorter, but did that really matter. Size is only one measurement of a man, and a minor one at that.

I was going to measure him by how good he could fuck.

I knew he could suck; now he needed to show me he could fuck.

I shucked off my yoga pants and thong. That was easy.

Bryan stumbled backwards to sit on the edge of the bed.

Pulling off my shirt and tiny bra, I tossed them in his lap.

“Mind if I fuck your boyfriend?” I asked Bryan.

It didn’t matter what he said. I was going to fuck Jay regardless of what Bryan wanted.

“Go ahead,” Bryan said. His voice was strangely thick either from exhaustion or from lust. I didn’t care which.

Showing he was much younger than my husband and having all the lust of a young man, Jay scrambled up off the floor and onto the bed. His hard cock was bobbing up and down in anticipation of what was to come.

To cum.

I pulled him back on me, spreading my legs, inviting him into my body.

It had been years since I had been with another man, touched another man. I snaked my hand down between us and found his hardness.

It was wonderfully perfect.

He grinned down at me. His cock didn’t produce precum like Bryan’s, but that was okay. I was plenty wet for the both of us.

Maybe I should have checked in with Bryan before I went any further, but I didn’t and I didn’t regret it either.

Jay knew exactly what he was doing. He ran his cock along my open lips, getting it wet. He then experimentally probed at me. Maybe he was playing a game, but I wasn’t eager to wait. I grabbed him firmly again and guided him into my pussy.

No one minded.

“Oohh...perfect,” I told him as he stretched me wide and filled me.

It was probably just my imagination but I was certain he was thicker than Bryan. Not that it mattered. What I loved about a cock was feeling any penetration and then some nice pounding on my clit.

Once Jay was settled in, he started pounding away and it was right on my clit.

I was enjoying it much more than I should have been. It was wonderful and I immediately lost myself in fornicating with a man other than my husband.

I didn’t regret a thing.

After watching them and masturbating, I was already almost there. Jay fucking me hard put me right on the edge. Oddly, it was when Bryan grabbed my hand, intertwining his fingers with mine when I had been clutching at the sheets, that I climaxed.

Who knew having sex with another man in front of my husband was what it took for me to have an epic orgasm?

To Be Continued

Preview

Margaret Over Billy 3

The moment after he had cum and Mitch had swallowed his load, Billy felt the effects of the plug in his ass. He had clenched so tightly on the metal object that he could feel the exhaustion in his sphincter muscle. It took him a moment to realize that maybe it wasn't just Mitch's fellatio abilities but the plug that had enhanced his climax.

Would he have to incorporate another piece of hardware into his regular sexual routine?

And would that be so bad?

After Mitch finished swallowing, Kimi gave him a kiss. An engaged couple kissing wasn't unusual, what was strange about what Kimi was doing with her fiancé was her apparent eagerness to taste Billy's cum, or what was left of it. Billy could see her tongue delving into Mitch's mouth. When they broke the kiss Kimi was practically smacking her lips, savoring the taste of Billy's cum.

"You could just give him a blowjob if you wanted," said Hedy. "I mean, it's like you're giving him a secondhand one as it is."

"I don't particularly like the taste of cum," said Kimi.

"Then why are you kissing my boyfriend after your fiancé just sucked him off?"

She smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Sorry. I couldn't help myself. It was pretty good tasting cum, though. I hate doing all that work and getting something so blah tasting as a reward." She turned to her fiancé. "What did you think of his cum?"

Mitch swallowed one more time before answering. "It wasn't bad. I need a little water, though."

"Would you do it again?" Hedy asked him.

There was a moment's pause before he answered. "Of course I'd do it again. You only have to ask."

Billy knew exactly what that foretold.

"Bend over," Hedy said to him.

It wasn't an unusual order from her, but in the context of where they were in the house's living room, Mitch naked and kneeling in front of him with the two women watching them, it was a little discomforting. Did she want to fuck him right then and there? He didn't have the particular need to fuck at the moment—after all, Mitch had just made him cum—so he had no real interest in getting pegged, but he was all too willing to do whatever his girlfriend wanted.

"Do you…do you want to fuck me?" he asked. The situation's awkwardness was compounded by the fact that his pants were tangled around his ankles.

"Well, sure, if you're offering," giggled Hedy. "But no, I was thinking I would take your buttplug out so you didn't have to go home with it in."

Billy felt like he was being placed in an untenable position. If he said no, leave it in, it would make him seem like some sort of weird sex maniac, which wasn't true, though he did like the feeling of the plug in his ass. That wasn't a surprise. He liked being pegged so a buttplug was such a tiny step beyond that.

If he said yes, he was sure that Hedy would make some cruel game out of it and force him to do something humiliating. But that wasn't so bad because as he had slowly learned over the past few weeks, he was into being humiliated under the right circumstances. To openly show his need for humiliation in front of Mitch and Kimi, people he barely knew, was not a step he was yet ready for.

So of course Hedy was pushing him to do it.

Through pure chance it was Kimi who came to his rescue. "Can I take it out of him?" she asked.

"Why?" Hedy wanted to know.

"I want to feel his smooth cock and balls," she said as she moved behind Billy and tapped him on the shoulder to indicate he should bend forward.

There was no reason to resist her guidance because it was going to happen one way or another. Billy began to lean forward. Mitch proved that he was either a good friend in the making or had been through something similar in his life, because he quickly got out of the way and pulled over the living room coffee table, giving Billy a place to brace his hands and upper body.

Kimi ran her fingers of Billy's exposed and hairless ass. She dipped them lower and found his balls, also smooth and hair free. She cupped them, rolling him manhood around in the silky sack before experimentally holding his cock. "Soft," she commented.

"Uh." Billy couldn't comment further.

"I like it when a cock is hard. It's like velvet covered steel." Her fingers moved back, found the edge of the flared base of the buttplug, and started pulling.

Billy resisted a moment before he forced himself to relax and let it happen.

There was some tugging and his unexpected resistance. Billy was used to having a smooth dildo the same diameter up his ass, not a pear-shaped plug with a handle. Eventually Kimi proved that she was the mistress of his ass and dragged it clear of his body.

Almost

He sighed when the pressure was gone, and then he realized that it wasn't completely gone. Kimi was still holding it there against his tightly puckered anus. He tensed up.

She clucked her tongue at him. "Don't do that. You know it's going back in, right?"

"Yeah…"

"So just relax then."

Hedy moved around to see what her friend was doing. "Are you abusing my boyfriend?"

"He can say no any time he wants," Kimi commented as she slowly pushed the

plug back into Billy's ass.

Once more he resisted because this was new to him and because he didn't want to be seen as just a plaything for the women. And Mitch. Or was he? Billy was confused because he liked what was happening even though he didn't have any say in the matter.

Resisting her invasion felt good up to a point and then it because both pointless and a bit painful. Once she reached that point, Billy relaxed and his sphincter opened up. This had the effect of not just stopping the plug from going any further, but actually sucking it back up into his body.

It felt good to have it ease into his ass.

"I love watching that," said Kimi, repeating the process. It wasn't exactly like getting pegged, but it was awfully close.

He didn't want them to know how much he liked it.

"I love it when men love to have their assholes fucked," Hedy said. "Let's them know what it's like to be a woman. Leave the plug in. I don't have any place to put it for the drive back to my place."

Later, when they were alone at his place, Billy had to ask the humiliating question that he hated, but he understood why she asked it. "Why did you say that me—or any man—who likes being pegged or having a plug in knows what it's like to be a woman?"

"Because I once dated a guy who forced me to have sex. No…he raped me. In the ass."

Billy didn't know what to say to that. What could he say? "Oh my god. I'm so sorry. How did that happen?"

"How do you think it happened?"

After considering that for a moment, Billy didn't have a good way of answering her. "I don't know. Probably he got you in some place where you couldn't escape and…it happened."

“Most women who get raped are raped by men they know. Dates. Boyfriends. Acquaintances. Cousins.”

He wasn’t sure why she was telling him this so he stayed silent.

“Do you think I wanted to be raped?”

“Of course not.”

“It happened.”

“I believe you.”

“And that’s why I don’t have anal sex with anyone.”

Billy figured it was a good time not to correctly point out that she had anal sex with him all the time, just with him receiving and her giving. He’d be correct. Technically correct. Being technically correct was the worst type of being correct and now wasn’t the time to have that discussion with her.

“That makes perfect sense.”

“Do you like me fucking you in the ass?” she asked him. There was only one correct answer to that question. Luckily it was easy for him to answer her.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“It…it just feels good,” he admitted, unable to put into words the complexity that was human sexual response. It was wrong but it felt right. It was intimate and powerful and abusive and loving and erotic all at the same time all rolled up into a complex emotion he couldn’t begin to describe no matter how much he tried.

“Do you want to keep doing it?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I like making you suffer, you on your back, my cock in your ass, abusing your little fleshy manhood.”

He smiled at her. “You’re not really abusing me, you know.”

“Shh…don’t spoil the magic.”

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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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