Unicorn Hunters

3: Will



Elliot Silvestri

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A Bisexual Secret Swingers Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

It was freeing and scary to have another man pump his cum into me. It was wrong but hot. I was violating moral codes and getting off like never before.

I suppose that since I was holding my husband's hand while Jay cam in me and cause me to cum as well, it was allowable. After all it was exactly what Bryan and I had been working for all this time.

We wanted to fuck unicorns and we were.

Jay rocked my body with each spurt of his cum. I shivered as he filled me. Bryan looking on, smiling in approval.

Apparently we had conquered that bit of marriage where sex gets boring, and all we had to do was invite other people into our bedroom to make it happen.

Modern love is so much fun.

"Good fucking god you have a hot pussy," Jay declared with enthusiasm as he finished cumming. He didn't just collapse on me; he politely withdrew his cock and flopped to my side. I was a little sad to have him pull out.

"Are you okay?" I asked Bryan. He was staring at me with shining eyes. I wasn't sure if I had blown his mind or just stunned him.

"I'm great," he said, moving his hand to my pussy. Since my legs were still splayed open, it was easy for him to finger me. I rather liked it when he pushed his fingers deep in me. Despite myself, I groaned and then groaned again when he pulled his fingers back out.

They were wet and sticky and coated with Jay's cum. I watched, fascinated, as Bryan sucked his fingers clean. I allowed him to dip in again. Just to show him what sort of woman I was, I had intended to grab his wrist and suck them clean for him, but Jay beat me to it.

Maybe he was a little too smug about how he did it and licked his lips afterward like he was savoring a lollipop like a child, but it was still hot to see the two of them still enjoying me.

"Do it again," I said to Bryan.

He happily obliged. This time I made sure to grab his wrist first and got a taste of my pussy mixed with Jay's cum.

Jay had gone soft, which wasn't a surprise because he had just cum in me, but I was amazed at seeing Bryan's cock slowly start to rise.

"Want to use that?" I asked him, reaching out to caress his cock.

"Yeah," he said.

I was ready to be fucked a second time. Would that make me a slut? I sure hoped so. But then again, based on everything I had already done with Jay and with Tracy, sharing both with Bryan, I was well into Slutland.

I started to reposition myself so he could climb on top. Jay had other plans.

"Want to use that on me?" he asked Bryan.

I said nothing. My breath was caught in my throat. I just looked at Bryan and waited for his answer.

"I've never...not before with a man."

"Just offering," Jay said casually. "We don't have to."

There was one thing I was sure of. I wanted my husband to have access to every opportunity and experience that I had had. All things can't be equal between men and women with sex with women and men, but I had fucked Tracy so he should have the same chance as I did.

Besides, I was eager to see him fuck Jay. I wanted it to happen because it would be fucking hot.

"Are you sure?" Bryan asked.

"I'm sure!" I piped up. "I want to see the two of you together. I want you to fuck him hard." I leaned over and kissed my husband. Maybe I was messed up in the head, but I knew what I wanted to see and what I wanted him to do.

"Is...is it okay with you?" Bryan asked me even though I had just told him it was

fine.

I was unsure of the extent of my husband's bisexuality. I mean, I knew he had fantasized about men and we had discussed having a threeway with another man but we had left the details vague.

Bryan already had his cock sucked by Jay. I didn't know what else he wanted. Did he want to suck off Jay? Did he want to fuck him in the ass? Did he want to be fucked in the ass? I was eager to find out.

"Tell him what you want," I prompted Bryan. I was eager to move things along.

"I want...I want…" Bryan couldn't seem to finish his thought.

"I'm up for whatever you want," Jay said helpfully. I was getting the impression that Bryan wanted to do something, but was afraid to try. Why? I don't know. It didn't matter to me. I was just in this for the kinky sex.

But still Bryan couldn't say what he wanted.

"Want me to fuck you?" Jay offered, obviously eager to move things along. "I just need to get hard again."

"No!" Bryan was a little too adamant about that. "But would you...would you mind if I fucked you?"

Jay was easygoing about it. He was arrogant and proud of his body, but he was ready to do anything if it involved fucking. "Sure. I'll bottom for you? Ever done anal before? Got any lube?

"Just with...just with her," Bryan said, pointing at me.

"Great!" said Jay brightly. "Then you know what you're doing. Sort of. Do you want me on my back or my hands and knees? Got any lube? I've got a condom." He jumped off the bed and pulled a small package of three condoms out of the pocket of his jeans.

Of course we had lube. We hadn't used it much recently, but we had it. I got it out of the dresser drawer and started applying it to Bryan's cock to show him that I was happy for him to fuck Jay.

For his part, Jay took the lube from me and started putting it on and in his ass. I was certain that he had done this many times before. He was perfectly hairless around his cock and balls and anus. He had probably done it the day before with some other lovers.

“Well?” he asked when he saw me staring at him. “On my back or on my knees? I like it either way.”

I turned to Bryan and he finally made a decision that was his own. “Hands and knees. I want to fuck you from behind.” He got a determined look on his face and his cock got harder under my hand. He was going to fuck a man.

I wanted to think that he was fucking Jay for my amusement, but I knew it was for his own perverted urges.

Everything I did now was perverted because that was the sort of woman I was.

They both got into position and I realized how mechanical sex could be. It was still hot, don’t get me wrong, but there are just some things that have to be done to make it happen.

I was kneeling on the bed right next to Bryan as he contemplated Jay’s upturned ass. The younger man had obviously done this many times before. He got right into position and angled his body to accept Bryan’s cock into his ass.

Placing a hand on Bryan’s chest, I gave him a little kiss and said, “What do you need me to do?”

Bryan just shook his head. “Is this okay with you?”

“It’s great! It’s fucking hot!” I wrapped my fingers around his cock. He was faintly throbbing with desire.

Judging that he wasn’t slick enough, I added more lube and then rolled a condom from jay’s pack onto him. Better safe than sorry. I then added more lube over the condom. He wasn’t dripping exactly but was close to it. That was the one piece of advice I remembered about anal sex: use ten times as much lube as you’ll think you‘ll need.

If it had been me, I would have been too nervous, but Bryan, while reserved, was

still eager to try out this new adventure. Her grabbed Jay's hips and got him into position a little better. I kept my grip on Bryan's cock and positioned it at Jay's back entrance.

For a little extra encouragement I gave Bryan another little kiss. "I love you," I whispered in his ear as he began working his cock into Jay's ass.

It didn't go in without resistance, but it went into him a lot easier than it had gone into me a few years back. I immediately decided that was because we had just used half a bottle of lube and Jay was experienced at it.

"Can I fuck you hard?" Bryan asked when he was halfway in.

"Just give me a minute to adjust," Jay said with a grunt. "Then you can pound me as hard as you want."

Bryan eased his cock back and forth a little bit. I drizzled more lube on the intersection of their bodies.

"Oh yeah," Jay muttered. "This is going to go well." He slithered his hand down between his legs. I couldn't see, but from the motion of his arm, I knew he had to be jerking off. I just hoped he didn't waste his load all over the sheets.

I've seen gay porn. I like gay porn. Maybe Bryan wasn't skilled at fucking like some of those men, but seeing him drilling Jay's ass made my pussy sing.

Giving into desire I slipped my fingers up into my pussy, getting them wet, and then spread my amrita around my lips and clit. From there I just laid back and enjoyed the show, slowly jilling off as my husband fucked another man.

It wasn't incredibly erotic or intense because it was mostly Bryan learning how to have anal with a man, but even that was still hot. First time fantasy and all that.

It wasn't disturbing at all to see my husband enjoying himself with another man. It was hot and I was glad he was doing it. Sex would him would never be boring as long as we kept doing this together.

The good thing was that it didn't last forever. Either Bryan was keyed up and ready to go or anal sex with Jay was just that good.

“Oh fuck I’m gonna cum,” Bryan grunted, his face screwed up in anticipation.

“Pull out and shoot your load on me,” Jay replied.

I had moved a little so I could see his hand was busy on his cock. He wasn’t ready to cum, but he was hard and I could see that he needed a little push.

That didn’t happen.

Bryan didn’t pull out. He came in Jay’s ass. It took Jay a few seconds to realize what was happening and he groaned in disappointment. I was sort of disappointed too. I’m not a cum whore, but it would have been hot to see Bryan unleash all over our lover.

Instead, his cum was contained in his condom. Condoms are great for birth and disease control but after they’re used, they’re about as unsexy as possible.

Bryan pulled out and I could see the tip was filled with his cum. I looked away and put my hand to Jay’s cock. “Want me to finish you off?”

Jay looked to me with a look I couldn’t define. When I pushed aside his hand and replaced it with my own, he didn’t object so I jerked him off while Bryan watched.

It had been a long time since I had given a handjob to anyone. In high school and college I did it more often than I want to admit. I know I’ve given a bunch to Bryan, but nothing recently. I was glad to learn that I hadn’t lost any of my hard-won skills from the backseats of cars.

Jay stayed on all fours while I worked his cock. It didn’t take long before he was shooting his load onto the sheets. I made a mental note to change them before we went to bed for the night.

He gasped as I kept polishing the apple and he shot his load. Maybe it was cruel, but I like the hot pulse of men’s cocks when they’re cumming. Eventually he started to go soft and he pulled away from me.

“Oh fuck! That’s almost too much.” Jay curled up into a fetal position to protect his cock from more casual abuse.

I glanced over at Bryan but he was already heading to the bathroom to dispose of his condom and clean up.

“Thank you,” I said to Jay.

“What for?”

“For fucking my husband.”

“Technically, he fucked me.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, yeah. But you know what I mean.”

“Most wives would be upset.”

“Most wives don’t watch as their husband drills another man.”

Jay glanced, almost shyly, at the bathroom door and then lowered his voice conspiratorially. “Would you mind if I got together with Bryan in the future?”

“I wouldn't mind at all.”

“Just with him alone,” Jay clarified.

“As long as he tells me all about it,” I said as Bryan came back into the bedroom.

“Tells you all about what?” Bryan asked. I looked at his cock. It wasn’t hard, but it was swollen and looked bigger than usual. Maybe he’d be ready to go again soon.

Maybe not.

“About how much you liked fucking Jay,” I said and stood up to give him a kiss.

Jay stayed another fifteen minutes or so chatting with us, but he knew how to read the room and eventually excused himself, got dressed, and left.

That was when the real fallout started to happen for Bryan. And me, because we're married and we love each other.

I had been in the bathroom cleaning up myself. We had stripped the bed and I had left Bryan to make it because he's good that way, but when I walked back in, he was throwing the news sheets across the room in frustration.

"What's the matter?"

"I can't fucking get the sheets on the bed!" he raged at me.

"Well let me help," I said calmly.

"You've helped fucking enough already!" he all but screamed at me.

I froze. That wasn't what I was expecting at all. "What did I do wrong?"

Yes, Bryan and I had argued in the past. What couple hasn't, but this was a completely different reaction from him than I ever had seen before.

Bryan collapsed down on the floor, his back to the wall. "Nothing. You didn't do anything wrong," he said.

"So...why all this?"

"You're going to think less of me, think I'm not a real man, because I fucked Jay. You don't want a husband who's a fucking fag."

"You're not a fucking fag," I told him. "You're bi. Like me."

"You don't know what it's like," he muttered.

"Honey, I got you Jay because I know that's what you want and I wanted it for you as well. Do you think any less of me for fucking Tracy?"

"No...but it's okay for women to be bi, or to have sex with women."

"Or both," I suggested.

"Well...yeah."

“I think it’s hot we get to share lovers,” I confided in him. “Would you have rather fucked Jay alone in some hotel room and without the loving support of your wife?”

“That’s what you did, sort of.”

I blanched at his reminder. I wasn’t a good wife for doing that, but I was a good wife for finding him a nice man to fuck.

“Sorry about that.”

“You don’t know what it’s like being a man and wanting to have sex with other men,” he said and hid his face from me. He was careful about it, but I could tell he was wiping away tears that he didn’t want me to see. “It’s supposed to be fucking shameful. And it is. It’s different with women because the whole girl on girl thing is supposed to be hot. Men, it’s supposed to be wrong unless you’re a hundred percent gay.”

I winced. I felt for him. He was right. “Any time you want to fuck a man, I’m happy to let you and help you,” I promised.

Chapter Two

Libertine Lydia called me as I was leaving work. “Where have you been?” she asked when I answered. “I haven’t heard from you in over a week!”

I sighed, feigning fatigue. “I’ve been busy. Work and everything.” And getting fucked by a stranger right before my husband fucked him as well. But I left out that detail.

“I need to talk with you?”

I paused. “When?”

“Are you busy now?”

As it so happened, I wasn’t busy. No hook up with Tracy or Jay scheduled. I hesitated to say yes. I felt like I was moving past my friendship with Loose Lydia. I wanted to lie.

But I couldn’t.

Still, I hesitated too long. “Are you there?”

The cell connection wasn’t great, but it was decent. I lied. “I’m walking to my car. My lot’s under the bridge. Messes with my phone, but I have some free time.”

“Great. I’ll be at your house in half an hour.”

I sighed and put my phone away.

“I don’t think Rich loves me anymore,” she said as I poured the wine. I had already sent Bryan a text not to hurry home.

He wanted to know if I was fucking Jay or Tracy.

I told him I was talking with Libidinous Lydia and a sad face emoji.

He sent me back two peaches.

I replied with a single upraised middle finger.

“Why is that?” I asked instead of That’s because he’s a Dick.

“No sex. We haven’t done it in months.”

“Have you tried fucking other people?” was what I wanted to say to her because it was working for me and Bryan, but that didn’t seem prudent.

“That’s a long time,” I observed.

“I’m worried he might be fucking someone on the side,” she said to me cautiously.

“Have you tried coming onto him?” I asked her, just to get her reaction.

“What?”

“You know...seduce him. Put on some sexy and completely unnecessary lingerie, give him some alcohol, and tell him you want to do unspeakable things in the bedroom.” It was over obvious advice which is why I gave it.

“Uh...no.”

I looked blankly at her. “No?”

“Why would I do that?” she asked me almost blankly.

“Because...you want to have sex with your husband?”

She just looked at me.

“Don’t you want to have sex with D...Rich?”

“I suppose,” she said, unconvinced.

The conversation was incredibly stupid. “Jesus you’ve come fucking far since you were Lecherous Lydia,” I commented.

Her eyes narrowed on me. “Who called me that?” she demanded like it wasn’t something that hadn’t happened over a decade ago.

Like she hadn’t deserved the label.

Like she was trying to change the past.

“Everyone. Fuck, Lydia. You were such a slut in college. When did you become a prude?”

She looked like she wanted to slap me. Under any other circumstances I wouldn’t have blamed her, but she was a slut in college and we were in private and she was asking my advice on how to improve her sex life with her husband (who I didn’t even like) and she starts to get mad at me for reminding her of the truth.

“I don’t want to talk about college,” she said curtly and sucked down half the wine in her glass.

“Fine, but maybe you’d be a bit happier if you’d loosen up a bit and enjoy sex again.”

“Do you know why I fucked all those guys?” she asked me abruptly.

“Um...because you wanted to?”

“I was raped by my high school boyfriend when we broke up because we were going to different colleges.”

I didn’t know what to say.

“He was angry and he raped me so I started fucking too many guys in college because he fucked up my mind as much as he raped my body,” she blurted out at me.

“I didn’t know,” I said softly. “You never said…”

“I was fucking all those guys because I was trying to wipe out the memory. I tried so fucking hard. At one point I thought if I fucked enough guys and pretended I was having fun, I’d start having fun and start forgetting about Graham.” She sucked in a ragged breath and finished the wine in her glass. “It didn’t fucking work.”

“Oh.”

We were silent a long time. I added more wine to her glass and drank from mine.

“I’m going to ask the obvious. Have you gotten counseling for this?”

“No.” She looked away from me.

“Why not?”

“I don’t know.”

“You probably should.”

“It’s been almost...it’s been what...fifteen years? It’s over and done with.”

“It’s not if you’re acting like this.”

“How do you do it?” she abruptly asked me.

“Do what?”

“Keep it good with Bryan? Keep wanting to fuck him?”

“It’s not easy…” I suggested to her slowly and carefully.

“I didn’t say it was. Give me something better than that.”

I didn’t know what to say. I went with Oprah-level lame advice, like all her advice. “Toys and roleplaying in the bedroom, mostly,” I said, trying to sell it to her like I believed it.

Lydia’s eyes narrowed on me. “Bullshit. What are you hiding?”

I couldn’t help myself and I looked away. “N-nothing.” The stammer doomed me.

“It’s anal, isn’t it?” she half-accused me. “I did a lot of that in college. Guys loved it. Never did anything for me. Could have been worse.”

I said nothing, happy that she had found an answer that pleased her.

But Luscious Lydia wasn’t so easily fooled.

“That’s not it, is it?”

“Do you really want to know all the secrets of my sex life which will totally change your opinion of me, Lydia?”

She thought about it a moment. “It’s anal, isn’t it?” she repeated. “I suppose I could give Rich anal. I’ve done it before.”

“You could try that,” I agreed with her. “But I think you should see a counselor as well.”

“Why? What good will it do?”

“It might make you feel better about yourself,” I said.

She nodded and wiped away the tears that had been welling up in her eyes, the tears I had missed seeing not just today, but for the entirety of our friendship.

Chapter Three

Bryan's got a date Friday night, I texted Tracy. Are you busy?

It had taken a little convincing on my part to get Bryan to ask out Jay on a proper date.

"I don't date men," he told me, exasperated with my odd persistence.

"You just fuck them?" I asked. He was inside me and I was riding him. Our sex life had gotten tremendously better since we had started fucking other people.

"Yes," he grunted as I ground down on his cock.

"I think you need to go out on a man-date with him, bring him back home, and fuck him without me there," I said, rolling my hips faster in anticipation of another orgasm. I had already had one and wanted another before he finished.

"Okay sure," he agreed to shut me up.

"And I want you to tell me every dirty detail of how you bad boys fuck in bed alone."

He came before I did. I was just behind him, but I was pleased that I made him cum with my words more than my pussy.

I'm not busy, but…

She actually trailed off her text message that way. It was weird. I was sitting in my car before going into work. I was eager for a little sexy texting and she was being coy.

I expected a follow up message. I got nothing.

But what? I felt like an idiot actually texting that to her. Were we in high school?

But I have plans with Will.

I frowned. Sometimes I forgot that Tracy was married. Often I forgot that she was married when we were having sex, or at least were sexting. And I often forgot that I was married as well.

Oddly, that didn’t make me a bad wife, just a horny bisexual one.

Okay. I can make other plans. She was married and it was rude to assume that she would drop everything just to get in bed with me. True, she had done that before, but I couldn’t expect her to do it all the time.

Give me a few minutes. I’ll get back to you.

Was she going to cancel her plans with Will for me? I was elated and upset at the same time. I didn’t want to be the one responsible for breaking up her marriage. How little did I know.

It was Thursday and going into work was almost as difficult as on a Monday. I wanted to pester Tracy and get an actual answer out of her. I didn’t want to make plans with Lydia because she was just too messed up for me to deal with. I wanted to get laid. It wasn’t that hard to get a date in less than twenty four hours on the various apps I used, but I didn’t want a random date with some suburban dad cheating on his wife. I wanted to fuck Tracy.

I had only gotten as far as my desk when Tracy texted me back. Want to get crazy?

There were a thousand possibilities in her question, and all of them seemed dangerous, but what was the real risk? Being boring and miserable in my job and life and marriage because I had lived life so conservatively? Or maybe I could have my experimental phase now.

I was already having my experimental phase, so it was time to start pushing my limits.

Sure, I always want to get crazy.

Want to fuck in front of Will?

We had already done that in front of Bryan, and that turned out great, so I was excited to say yes.

But then she followed up her question. You might not get to fuck him, though.

I was intrigued. Why?

You'll have to come over Friday night to find out.

Will was a charming and handsome man. Maybe he was a few years older than I would have found attractive, but I wasn't going to date or marry him. I was going to fuck him.

Maybe.

She hadn't made any promises and it would be rude, to say the least, to fuck Will in front of Tracy without her permission.

They actually had me over early for a lovely dinner and a couple bottles of wine. I felt like they were trying to seduce me which was entirely unnecessary because I was ready to take off my clothes and participate in whatever deviant, or non-deviant, bedroom activity they could devise. Sure, there might be a few things I wouldn't go along with, but I wanted to find out what those were.

For all her veiled complaints about Will and how she hadn't fucked him or seen his cock in weeks, I was getting the impression the two of them were very much in love and had a good relationship. He obviously knew what she was up to with me (and possibly other women besides me and before me, and probably some other men as well, but that wasn't my business) but the subject of sex was only hinted at. We talked about jobs and local events, but avoided any sex talk entirely.

Sadly, my panties remained dry through the meal. I was starting to think that I had been invited over for a dinner and maybe a board game. Certainly not Monopoly or Parcheesi, maybe Ticket to Ride or Catan.

As we were finishing eating, Tracy abruptly turned to Will and asked, "Does she pass muster?"

"I wouldn't kick her out of bed," he said with a smile.

"You might not get to do anything tonight," she said in a tone that indicated she had reminded him of this many times before.

“I’ll get to watch you, won’t I?” he asked with a now confident grin.

“Only if I don’t kick you out of the bedroom,” Tracy said and then turned to me. “He wants to watch us, is that okay with you?”

“That would be great!” I was letting my inner slut out and being a bit of an exhibitionist was fun. Apparently Will knew just about everything about me and Tracy. The thought made my tiny panties get damp. That was a good sign.

“Why don’t we all go up to the bedroom and see what happens?” Tracy suggested.

I knew the way. I don’t know if Will disliked that or was encouraged by it, but I was the first into their bedroom, followed by Will and Tracy.

“Over there,” she told him, pointing to a wall next to the closet. “Stand there. Don’t move. Don’t say anything. Don’t interrupt. You know the rules.”

Will silently obeyed. I was impressed and honestly a little intimidated. She didn’t bark out the orders like a drill sergeant or some Hollywood-fake dominatrix, but she was incredibly unyielding in her demands. It was sort of a turnon.

“Don’t bother giving him a show, just enjoy yourself. If he doesn’t get to see anything, that’s his problem.” She moved closer to me and gave me a kiss.

That’s all I needed.

Somehow kissing a girl in front of her husband was hotter than I imagined it would be. I let my hands wander. I encouraged Tracy to do the same. She was dressed more casually than I had ever seen her before, a simple blouse and skirt, but she was still a hundred times more elegant than me.

I think Will liked that. I managed a quick glance at him to ascertain that he was watching and watching intently. My panties were getting wetter from that than from what Tracy was doing to me.

But I was enjoying that as well.

Her hands went down to my ass and she turned my body, facing my back to Will.

Tracy peeled down my yoga pants, showing off my ass and thong to him. It was smaller, but firmer, than his wife's and I hoped he liked it. I hoped he liked it when she squeezed my cheeks and then went down on her knees in front of me.

Tracy pressed her face into my crotch. My thong still covered my bits, but that wasn't deterring her; if anything, it encouraged her. I happily shed my shirt and bra, pulling them off at the same time while giving Will a shy smile over my shoulder.

He was watching us intently and gave me a nod as I checked him out.

Tracy was busy inhaling my scent so she missed my flirting with her husband.

She did, however, peer around my hip to see what he was doing. He was watching, so easing down my tiny panties was a please and a tease for all of us. She helped me out of my shoes and thong which left me naked in the room with them.

I couldn't wait for the next part.

When I tried to turn around to show Will my tits, Tracy held fast to my hips and pressed her face against my now naked pussy. Her tongue snaked in, barely able to reach my clit, but I appreciated the effort.

Curling my fingers under her jaw, I pulled her face back from my pussy. "I want to fuck you," I told her.

"I was going to say the same thing to you." Tracy got up off her knees and kissed me. I vaguely tasted myself on her lips. "Get on the bed."

I was happy to oblige her. I tried to arrange myself in a position that wasn't slutty or silly; I just wanted to be sexy without looking stupid.

Together Will and I watched Tracy undress. Once again she showed that she had a particular talent for finding sexy lingerie that fit her perfectly. Her underwear budget must have been huge.

I bet Will indulged her on that.

This time she was wearing classic white undergarments. They appeared to be

silk, maybe satin, with fine embroidery all over. A nice plunging bra held her large tits in place while she sported a garter belt that held up her stockings. Underneath the garter belt she wore rather plain panties. Elegant, but plain. She wore them under the belt and suspenders, showing she was classy rather than slutty.

I could appreciate that, though I liked her slutty better.

It was almost a classic striptease. She released one stocking first, put her foot up on a small footstool next to the tall bed, unrolled the stocking and removed it. She repeated the process with her other leg. The garter belt was next; she reached around to the small of her back, slipped free the hooks and tossed aside the belt.

Just as casually she unhooked her bra and tossed that at her husband's feet.

We were both mesmerized by her tits swinging free as she joined me on the bed, her panties still in place.

Kissing and caressing followed with me eagerly pushing my hand down into her panties (they were satin) and feeling her silky smooth mound. She was nearly as wet as I. Her panties came off and I crawled between her legs to lick her sex.

It was as enticing as always. Cunnilingus was always a revelation to me at how good it could be while also being a mystery. Having a pussy was more complicated than I thought it would be when I was younger.

Complicated but fun.

While I got to business on Tracy's pussy, I put mine up in the air. From where Will was standing, he couldn't get a good view, but I'm certain he got the idea of what I wanted. By now I had become intimately familiar, literally, with Tracy's pussy and preferences, so it wasn't that hard to make her cum. Suck on the clit. Curl a couple of fingers up inside her. A little pressure against her anus, but no need to penetrate.

She came on my face. She wasn't a squirter but I was intrigued by it. I wasn't either, but I wanted to learn...maybe some other day.

"Why are you still in your clothes?" she asked Will, again a false-angry

expression on her face when she addressed him. I gently kissed the mound of her pussy and waited expectantly. I wanted to see his hard cock and then either get to watch while he fucked her or go a second round of eating her pussy while he fucked me. Either way I would be happy.

I watched as Will slowly undressed. It was like he was nervous. Okay, admittedly he didn't have the body of Bryan, but I wasn't expecting him to. I wanted to see his cock; I wasn't going to laugh at it.

Or maybe he was just putting on a good show.

After his shirt was off, he kicked off his shoes and stripped off his socks. After dropping his pants he was in his underwear. I was hoping to see a nice bulge, but his hidden manhood was unimpressive.

I hoped he wasn't one of those unlucky guys with a micropenis.

"Are you sure?" he asked Tracy.

"Show her," she ordered him.

He pulled down his boxer briefs. I would have been fine if he was average sized and needed a bit of oral or manual help to get hard. I was willing to do that. Happy to do it.

What I was presented with I had no idea what to do with.

His cock was average sized...as far as I could tell. But it was hidden away by a black plastic case, which I later learned was actually silicone, that was secured with a small, brass padlock

"What the fuck is that?" I blurted out.

Will blushed bright red.

"That's my property," said Tracy. "I only let his cock out of its container when he's earned the right to use it."

I looked up at her expectantly. "Well? Has he?"

“Not yet,” she said firmly. “I need to see if he can please you with his tongue first. How are you with queening a man?”

“Queening?” I wasn’t familiar with the term, but after she explained it, I was familiar with the act.

“Queening. Face sitting while he eats your pussy. Traditionally it’s done by women who are overweight, but I’m sure that Will won’t complain.” She pointed to the bed and Will laid on it, face up, head well away from the pillows, giving me plenty of mattress territory to kneel above his face. “Are you ready for him?”

I was distracted and fascinated by the little device that Will wore on his cock. I suppose calling it a little device was humiliating, and that was part of the reason he wore it, but I didn’t know that at the time. Why would a man wear such a thing? Why was it locked? Who had the key?

Those questions were answered for me by Tracy because I was too distracted by Will’s small accessory to get on his face and ride him for my pleasure.

I moved to the bed and instead of positioning myself above his head, I instead reached out and gently poked the cage. “What is it?” I asked again.

“A chastity cage,” Tracy replied with an annoyed sigh. She had to have known that I would be intrigued so I figured she was just creating a scene because she could.

“I thought those were for women,” I said.

“Chastity cage,” Tracy repeated. “Not a chastity belt.”

“Oh, right.” I tried to play along like I knew what I was talking about. I was in way over my head. “Why does he have it on?”

I poked it again and discovered that it was warm and obviously not hard plastic but firm silicone. There were plenty of air vents along the sides of the small curved device, that was shaped exactly like a flaccid penis, which only made sense if he was going to be wearing it under his clothes and out in public, but it left his balls exposed. On closer inspection I saw there was a hard ring that went behind his cock and balls; the curved shaft of the chastity cage attached to the ring, making it impossible to remove. He was already half-swollen (I chalked

that up to my little show with Tracy) so it looked painful.

“Does it hurt you?” I asked Will, talking to him like he was a person and not just an object in the room for my sexual amusement, though he was both.

He looked to Tracy and she nodded curtly. “Normally no, but I’m excited and my cock—”

“My cock!” Tracy interjected with vehement insistence.

“Tracy’s cock,” he corrected himself, “starts to hurt a bit when I’m trying to get hard.”

“Tracy’s cock?” I had missed something.

“It’s my property,” Tracy said coolly. “We’ve come to an agreement. It’s mine and he only gets to use it when I want him to.”

Tracy was much kinkier than I had given her credit for. Sure, she was bi and liked threeways, but what average, healthy adult didn’t like that sort of thing? To put her husband’s cock—or rather, her cock—inside a cage so he couldn’t use it was next level kinky.

Something clicked for me. “Is this why you haven’t seen his cock for a week?” I abruptly asked Tracy.

“Yes. It’s been longer than a week though. It’s been...what? How long, Will, since you’ve been free?”

He answered right away. “Twenty three days since I’ve been caged.”

Tracy suppressed a giggle. “And I’ve been fucking you and Bryan instead of my husband,” she said to me. “Don’t you think that’s hot?”

I nodded in agreement. What was I going to say? No. I think you’re abusing your husband and I’m not going to have any part of it!

That would have been a lie because I was already thinking about what it would

be like for Bryan to wear one for me.

My mind was fucked.

“How do you shower? And pee?” I asked, too focused on the practical questions.

Tracy laughed at my question, but Bryan gave me an honest answer. “It’s waterproof,” he said. “And so is the lock.” He flipped it up for me to see. It was mostly brass, but it also had a small rubber plug where the key would go. “And there’s a slit on the end for me to pee through.”

“Oh.”

“Enough of this,” said Tracy. “Get on his face and let’s get down to business.”

“But I won’t be able to fuck him,” I pointed out even as I moved to sit on his face. Will helped by using his hands to position me.

“If he’s good and makes you cum, I’ll let him out of his little cage,” she said. “Maybe.”

This was shaping up to be kinkier than I had planned. I lowered my pussy onto Will’s waiting face. I really hadn’t done much of this sort of thing before. I didn’t know if Will got off specifically to a woman riding his face or if it’s just something that Tracy wanted to see. It took a little bit of work to get my clit into the right place where Will could get to work on me and then it was good.

I wasn’t exactly sitting on his face, not like a bicycle seat, but I was more crouching over him, resting my hands on his burly chest while Tracy stared at us. His cock wasn’t that far from my hand or my mouth. I stared at his cock. It moved slightly but not from his motions or mine; it was struggling to escape the semi-hard binding it had been placed inside.

That captivated me. He was in a sick sort of chastity and still his cock struggled to free itself. That was hot. It made me want to fuck him more.

But first he needed to get me off. My pussy was faintly throbbing and his pussy-licking skills weren’t nearly as good as his wife’s, which was understandable.

“I’m not going to make him pass out, am I?” I asked Tracy, seeing that she was

carefully studying me.

Her hands reached out and gently caressed my tits. I allowed her because it felt wonderful. She pinched my nipples and twisted them slightly. Between Will's mouth and her fingers, getting over that summit of orgasm was easy.

I came all over Will's face, leaving it a wet mess.

When I lifted myself off his face and saw what I had done, and admittedly it wasn't that bad because he was just wet, I was chagrined. "Ohmyghod I didn't mean to do that."

"It's fine," he said with a grin, wiping my amrita from his face. "At least I made you cum."

"I helped," Tracy said drily. She was unimpressed by Will's performance.

"How did you help?" he asked, upset and worried.

"She was playing with my tits," I helpfully supplied.

"Fuck," he cursed softly.

"You didn't make her cum on your own," Tracy informed him.

"I know."

"Ready for your punishment?" she asked.

I was uncertain if I liked being used as the pawn in some bizarre power struggle or kink game between them.

And at the same time, I was intrigued.

"How are you going to punish him?"

Tracy grinned. "Let me show you."

She went to her closet and pulled out what I thought was a vibrator or dildo and a harness of straps with a small mount. Putting the device on, she wore it on her hips and between her legs like the least sexy bit of underwear in existence. "Get

into the position," she told Will as she then proceeded to attach the semi-flexible dildo to the base held by the straps. It made her look unsexy in every possible way. The purple dildo hung from her crotch, describing an upward arc that quickly turned downward. The whole thing was just odd.

What was odder still was how eagerly Will got into the same position as had been taken by Jay only a few days ago in my bed when my husband buggered him. Now Tracy was going to bugger her husband while I watched.

Life is a wild ride.

From somewhere (the bedside table? under the bed? a pocket universe?) Will had found a bottle of lube and was greasing up his ass. If I was a better person I would have done it for him, but I wasn't that person. He handed the bottle over to Tracy and she applied some...a lot...of it to the fake dick she was sporting. The fake dick she was going to use to bugger her husband.

I couldn't help myself and had to ask. "Have you two done this before?"

My question made Tracy laugh because it was ridiculous. "A few times," she offered and Will agreed with her.

"Do you like it Will?"

I was surprised by his answer. "More than I thought I would."

"Really. It seems…" I didn't know how to finish my statement. Wrong? Painful? Gay? All of the above?

"Kinky?" he suggested.

"It's well-earned," Tracy said as she knelt behind her husband. "We decided to give it a try because lots of men who are into chastity swear it's the best way to have sex."

I could just barely see Will's caged cock hanging down between his legs. I wondered what it was like to be fucked in the ass while having to wear such a device. I'm sure he knew.

And then my view of his manhood disappeared as Tracy moved into position.

They had obviously done this many times before. There was some adjusting of bodies and repositioning but eventually Tracy got her fake dick up his ass.

The moan he let out was halfway between pain and relief. I wasn't sure which way he preferred.

"You like that, baby?" she all but cooed at him.

"Uh-huh. Go slow."

"Only to start with."

She didn't start slamming away like she was trying to jackhammer him into oblivion. It was slow and sweet at first. I watched her tits gently bounce as she thrust her hips back and forth with greater and greater speed. At the same time I was keeping an eye on his cock, what I could see of it. It was impossible for it to get hard and big, but I wanted to make sure of that. It was almost too much for me.

"Is this going to make you cum, Tracy?" I asked.

She grinned at me and spoke over her husband's moans. "Sometimes it does. Right now...I'm just going to make him cum and then maybe he can fuck you."

"How...how will that work?"

Tracy didn't answer me. She just kept working on her husband's ass. Watching others have sex can be exciting, but there are also long, boring periods when they are enjoying what they're doing and there's little for the third party to do. I masturbated a little bit, but didn't make myself cum.

"It's gonna...it's gonna," Will started muttering.

"Let is happen," Tracy told him softly and calmly. "Just let it happen."

And then it did. He came. There wasn't a huge splurt of cum gushing out of his cock and splashing all over the bed. No. He groaned and moaned loudly. He moved forward off Tracy's fake dick. His body shuddered and spasmed, almost like a woman's in the middle of climax.

I’m not trying to say that Will was fucked and came like a woman, but he was acting that way.

“Did you cum, honey?” Tracy asked, overly sweetly.

“Fuck yes.”

“He came?” I knew he had cum, but I didn’t see any evidence of that and immediately I hated myself for doubting his orgasm. Sure, most of the time when guys cum, there’s physical evidence, but rarely is that true with a woman. Just because the roles were reversed didn’t mean I should doubt him.

“Of course he did,” Tracy purred. “A nice anal orgasm, right honey?”

“Uh-huh.”

Tracy grinned at me. “An anal orgasm means that he can still cum again. Not as many times as a woman, but more than just once a night, right honey?”

“Right.”

Maybe anal orgasms had something special that I just hadn’t figured out yet.

Will was now on his back, his legs open while Tracy kneeled on the bed. She reached out and caressed his cock still covered by the strange cage. “Are you ready to use this thing?”

That perked him up right away. “Sure!”

Tracy flicked her eyes at me. “Do you want to use it on Heather?”

Will froze. I didn’t blame him. “Is this a trap?” he asked.

Despite the situation, Tracy was having a good time. “Of course it is. If you want to fuck Heather, that cock going back in your cage for another month. Is her pussy worth that much to you?”

I was flattered and alarmed. Understanding that if I had sex with him, Tracy was going to put him back into his little cock cage for a month was scary. I didn’t want to be the cause of his punishment.

And then I remembered that term bandied about in college about sadism and masochism. It wasn't punishment, it was funishment.

Will played along well, I had to admire him for that. "I'd rather fuck you than have to get caged for another month," he lied convincingly to his wife.

She almost melted. Almost. Tracy leaned over and kissed him and then slapped him across the face. "You're a liar."

"I'm not lying," he proclaimed.

"About being caged, sure."

Before things could go sideways, I decided to help out. "I want to fuck him. I've never fucked a guy who's been in a chastity belt for a month. Or any other length of time."

They looked at me.

"My girlfriend is saving that poor little cock," said Tracy as she moved off the bed and loosened the straps to her harness, dropping it and the attached dildo to the floor.

"Are you leaving?" I asked her nervously. While I was completely fine with fucking her husband, I wanted her in the bedroom while it happened. How strange is that? Years ago adulterers would cheat behind closed doors; nowadays they cheat right in front of their spouse.

"I'll be right back," she told me.

"Where's she going?" I asked Will as he lay placidly on the bed.

"To get my keys."

"Your keys?"

"The key to my chastity cage," he said, pointing unnecessarily at his cock.

"Oh." Nothing more needed to be said, because Tracy just then returned with a key ring that I'd seen many times before. It was the key ring where she kept her

house keys and car keys and apparently her husband's chastity key.

"Couldn't he just take those keys out of your purse and…" I didn't want to finish the question.

"And free his little dick so he could beat off?" she asked for me as she climbed on the bed and so roughly handled his cock that I was worried for him. "I'd know."

Will nodded in agreement with his wife. "It's true. I'd love to do it, but luckily I don't have to worry about it too much."

"So...he's on the honor system?" I asked. "I mean, you just told me where the keys are and he can go through your purse at any time."

Tracy gave me a knowing look and said, "He wouldn't dare. That takes half the fun away." With that she inserted the key into his lock and sprang it open. Once she removed the brass padlock from the hasp at the front of the cage, it came off rather easily. The curved, hollow tube that surrounded the meat of his cock simply slid away. The retaining ring behind his balls was a bit more difficult. She first had to push his shaft back through the ring and then do the same for each of his balls. It didn't look exactly painful, but judging from the expression on Will's face, it wasn't exactly fun either.

Once he was free, I expected his cock to rise up magically.

It didn't.

I just stared at it.

It must have been ridiculous the scene we had created, because eventually Tracy said, "Well, it's not going to suck itself!"

I laughed. "Shouldn't he get hard right away? I mean, you've been inside that cage for a month, right?"

"Yeah, but I also just came when she pegged me," he pointed out helpfully.

"If you don't want to suck my husband's cock, he might be out of luck," Tracy said. "I stopped doing that when I got married." She laughed. I wasn't sure if she

was serious or not.

“But...you sucked Bryan’s cock! I saw it with my own eyes!”

“Well, I’m not married to him. And he has a nicer...and bigger...cock than this.” She poked poor Will’s cock with her finger. It rose slightly at the attention.

I was starting to feel sorry for him so I decided to give him a pity suck and fuck, even if it did get him locked away for a month.

Without a word I bent down to his manhood and took it into my mouth.

Almost immediately Will’s cock started to rise. Maybe it was because I was fellating him. Maybe it was because another woman besides his wife was fellating him. Maybe it was because he was free of his cage and his wife had given him permission. Maybe it was because he had some preternatural ability to get an erection at will, but I was happy to have him getting hard in my mouth.

It didn’t take long. I was already wet; I was always wet.

Tracy wanted to direct the action. I was fine with that. I maybe had a bigger submissive streak in me than I wanted to admit.

“Woman on top,” she instructed. “As we all know, men are inferior to women and the woman should always be on top.”

I knew that wasn’t true for her, but maybe it was supposed to be true for Will. I didn’t mind. I liked being on top. It gave Will the chance to play with my tits as I rose up and down on his cock. Maybe I was bouncing more than I should have, but I knew that Tracy couldn’t do it like me because her tits were so much bigger than mine. My little girls barely needed a bra. I think that Will enjoyed my show.

“Oh...fuck,” Will groaned after only a minute of me being inside of him.

“Already?” Tracy asked, disappointment obvious in her voice.

“I can’t hold back,” he groaned. “I’m going to cum.”

“Don’t you dare!” she warned him. “Don’t you fucking dare cum in her!”

I stopped moving on his cock and made to lift my pussy off his cock. I didn't want him cumming before his wife was ready for him. I had no idea what was going on and didn't want to upset their marital applecart.

"Don't you fucking stop!" she barked at me. "Make him cum!"

Talk about confusing. I rolled with it and pumped my hips and up and on his cock. I could feel him throbbing inside of me as he palmed my small tits and struggled to not cum. I've seen a similar expression on Bryan's face when he was trying to last longer. I took a little sadistic pleasure in grinding down on him a few more times before he lost his battle.

The cum filled me. I could feel it shooting in and dripping out as I continued to ride his pole. Bryan's moans were ugly but satisfying to me.

I felt a rush of air and movement under my ass and then the unmistakable sound of flesh slapping flesh. I've been spanked before, but Tracy miss my ass by a mile.

She didn't however, miss slapping her husband's balls. I felt the impact up into my pussy.

"A very bad boy," she declared. "As soon as she gets off your cock, you're taking a cold shower and are going right back into your cage."

"Should I get off him?" I politely asked Tracy. I supposed it was only polite to ask the wife how I should or shouldn't fuck her husband.

"If you wouldn't mind, dear," she replied absently. "Did he make you cum?"

I'm sure it was obvious so I told the truth. "No."

"Shower!" Tracy barked, ordering her husband to the bathroom. He quickly left.

"I'm sorry about that," Tracy said smoothly. "A proper gentleman would have made you cum before seeing to his own needs."

Considering that it had been a month or however long since Will had been out of his cage, I wasn't blaming him at all. It had been fun. But I didn't tell all of that to Tracy.

“It’s fine. It was fun, even.”

Tracy lifted her chin. “Thank you for being so understanding. Would you like me to make you cum?”

“Uh...sure.”

At least with Tracy I knew what I was getting into.

At least, I thought I knew what I was getting into.

Instead of joining me on the bed, she went back to where she had dropped her harness and dildo. She pulled them back into place around her hips and then got a new dildo from her closet. In the background I could hear the shower running in the bathroom.

Her new dildo was pink and a little bit sparkly. “Do you mind if I fuck you like a man?”

“Not at all...as long as you don’t fuck me in the ass. I’m not ready for that tonight.”

Grinning, Tracy joined me on the bed, crawling on top of me, kissing me, letting big boobs crush into my smaller ones. I parted my legs for her and together we guided her second fake dick of the night into my pussy.

Since we were both women I wasn’t sure if her woman always on top rule applied, but it didn’t matter. She fucked me passionately and before I knew it I was cumming like I had gone without a proper dicking in a month.

I’m not certain she came, but that didn’t matter because by then Will was back in the room watching us.

Tracy rolled off me after giving me one last passionate kiss. My pussy was a frothy mess of lube and my amrita and Will’s cum. I needed to clean up.

“Well?” she said expectantly of her husband. “Get your cage back on so I can lock you up.”

And that was pretty much that. I took a quick shower because I didn’t know

what to expect back home. By the time I returned to the bedroom, Will's cock was safely locked away for another month. Tracy was wearing some casually sexy silk pajamas. We chatted about nothing of importance while I gathered up my clothes and got dressed.

Tracy saw me to the door with a kiss and I drove home.

All in all it was a lovely evening. I couldn't wait to tell Bryan about it. I was even more excited to hear about Bryan's evening.

My excitement grew when I pulled onto our street and found a strange car sitting in the driveway next to Bryan's.

He had a guest. A few lights were on inside.

I didn't exactly sneak into my house, but I kept the noise level down.

I did go as quietly as possible up the stairs. The bedroom door wasn't completely shut and some light was leaking into the hallway.

Sticking my head inside because I wanted to catch Bryan and Jay in the middle of some hot gay sex, but I got the surprise of my life.

Well, a mild and thrilling surprise.

Bryan was in bed, but it wasn't with Jay. He had a stranger's cock in his mouth.

"Holy fucking shit!" I exclaimed when I should have known better.

They acted like a couple of teenagers caught fucking by mom and dad. They pulled the covers up to hide themselves, but it was a disaster because of the way they were positioned. When Bryan pulled the stranger's cock from his mouth I got a good long look at it and was thrilled to see that he had a silver ring through the head of his cock.

My husband was quiet the cockhound when he wanted to be.

"Care explaining?" I archly asked Bryan.

The man's cock was out of Bryan's mouth and he nervously cleared his throat.

“Uh...Keith this is my wife, Heather.”

I took a second look at Keith and realized he wasn’t a complete stranger. He was Lydia’s brother.

The important thing was I don’t think he recognized me. Or maybe he did and was pretending he didn’t.

“Don’t let me stop you,” I said graciously. “I’ll just stand here in the corner and watch.” I nodded encouragingly to Bryan.

They didn’t know what to do with me.

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 1

The journey to the palace wasn't difficult at all. It was more enjoyable than any journey she had undergone within the border of Jadwig. The coach she traveled in was luxurious. The inns and waystation—former outposts of the expansion of the Jadwigian kingdom—offered hot, delicious food and comfortable beds.

If not for the fact that no one other than Lady Ada spoke to her it would have been a wonderful journey for the land was beautiful to look at and the people who showed up to greet the small caravan waved and applauded as they went through the small villages.

"They aren't really applauding for me, are they," Helana observed to Lady Ada.

"Of course not," Ada agreed. "They are applauding for the king's coach."

"Seems a silly reason for applause."

"They'd rather be seen applauding than to be ignoring the king's power. A few minutes of applause is easier than a beating for denigrating the king's authority."

Helana shivered.

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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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