Unicorn Hunters

4: Keith



Elliot Silvestri

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A Bisexual Secret Swingers Erotic Novella

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

I watched intently as Bryan resumed sucking Keith's cock. It would have been better if I was spying on them without their knowledge, but I couldn't have everything. Still, I tried to melt back into the corner and silently watch while my husband debauched himself with another man.

I'd never see an pierced cock in the wild before and that made it extra hot. I had no idea that Keith was pierced. Then again, I had no idea that he was bi or gay or whatever.

They had obviously gotten up to something before I got home, but hadn't gotten far. They were both naked and there were no obvious signs that either of them had cum yet.

I was proud of my husband. He handled Keith's cock with remarkable skill, which I suppose wasn't that surprising because he had a cock himself and had been dreaming about this sort of thing for years. It was exciting to see Keith's cock disappear into Bryan's mouth and then reappear a moment later with the silver ring covered with Bryan's saliva and Keith's precum.

My thought was "What wife wouldn't want to see her husband do this?" But then I realized I didn't have the same desires as most of the adult population.

That was a good thing.

And I couldn't help myself as I watched Bryan get busy with Keith. As my husband's head started to bob up and down on Keith's manhood—which, while erect, wasn't all that large so I guess I wasn't seeing some serious deepthroating, a skill that either Bryan was a natural at or had quickly developed—I took not of Bryan's cock. It wasn't a raging hardon, but it was large and erect and drooling his customary precum.

Bryan was into sucking cock. Maybe he was into sucking cock in front of his wife. Hopefully it was both. While he held Keith's cock with one hand, he had the other down on his own, slowly stroking it. Keith was on his back, enjoying the treatment. His eyes were closed as he concentrated on Bryan's actions.

I tried to remember if Keith was married or what. There was no wedding band

on his finger, so probably not married. Unless he took it off when he went to whatever gay hookup location where he had met Bryan. I don't think he was married. He was Lydia's younger brother and I probably would have heard something about a wedding. I couldn't remember a girlfriend being mentioned. Was he out? Did it matter? I wasn't going to go running to Lydia to tell her my husband had sucked her little brother's cock.

That naughty thought was enough to drive my hand into my yoga pants. My pussy was hot and wet. That was becoming my natural state. Even though I had showered at Tracy's place after fucking her and her husband, I should have been fresh and clean and, most importantly, my sexual impulses should have been sated. They weren't. Seeing Bryan with another man—Another man again! I had already seen him fucking Jay!—had instantly gotten me hot and bothered and ready to fuck. What was wrong with me?

I wasn't going to be able to answer that question right away, so I did the next best thing. I found my clit, pulled my yoga pants and thong down a little farther, exposing my ass and pussy—not that Bryan and Keith were watching me—and got to work. If I was going to be given a private sex show, I was going to make the most of it.

There was no way to tell if they minded or didn't even notice. I didn't care. I was going to make myself cum because I might never get this opportunity again. And since I was a woman and wasn't hobbled like a man, I could make myself cum as many times as I wanted.

If Bryan and Keith were lucky they'd get two, maybe three, orgasms each before they were completely spent.

Bryan's technique had to be good, or maybe Keith was that fucking horny, because it didn't take long at all for Keith to give the signs that he was about to cum.

Plus the most obvious sign of all: "I'm gonna cum!"

I intently watched Bryan. I hoped he would have keep his mouth firmly affixed to Keith's cock, but he didn't. He backed off and started jerking him off. His fist went up and down no more than three time when Keith came with a deep groan. I wanted to see thick ropes of white cum go flying up into the air. I almost got that.

I had never seen a man with a cockring, a PA, cum before. I thought it might be just like another other man cumming. It wasn't. Most of the spunk ejected from his slit like a normal man, but some half dribbled out of his piercing hole on the underside. Even the stuff that came out of the correct hole was slowed down by thick ring he wore.

There were four or five spurts but that was more than enough to completely coat his cock in a wet, sticky mess.

It was a beautiful sight and I couldn't help myself; I furiously rubbed my clit until I came, stifling my little mews of satisfaction by biting into the meat of my hand.

I was expecting to cum. I was expecting Keith to cum. What I didn't expect was what Bryan did.

To suck off Keith was one thing, to go back down on him and lick his cum off his cock was another thing entirely. I'd swallowed plenty of cum in my time and knew it could either be a thrill of the moment thing or a sexual satisfaction thing.

Maybe for Bryan it was both, but he licked some of the gobs off Keith's cock and swallowed them. It was almost too much for me to take. My hand hadn't let go of my pussy, so I plunged my fingers back inside, got them good and wet, and rubbed my clit some more as I slowly slid my back down the corner wall. By the time my ass hit the floor I was cumming. Two quick, powerful orgasms in such rapid succession almost spent me entirely.

Almost.

I must have made some noise while I was doing this because both of the men looked over at me. "That was fucking hot," I gasped out at them, the only explanation of my behavior. My hand was still on my pussy. I wasn't covering it for shame or embarrassment. I was just waiting for the spasms to subside so I could maybe stand up or maybe go again. There was no way I was done.

"I'm glad you enjoyed the show," said Keith. He was a little miffed that I was there, of that I was certain.

"It was great," I commented as I struggled to get up.

“Did you have to watch?” he asked me. There was more than a touch of snark in his voice. Was it always there or was he just a rude fucker. True, I had walked in on him about to have sex, but he was fucking around with my husband so that entitled me to some rights.

“No, but you’re fucking my husband and you’re in my bed, so you can always leave if you want,” I retorted as I got to my feet and wiped my fingers on my thigh. I stepped out of my pants and considered taking off my top, but there was no reason to get fully naked. Not yet.

“You said you’d bottom for me,” said Bryan. I could tell he was disappointed.

Disappointed and horny. His cock was fully erect and looked bigger than I remembered it. He was definitely bigger than Keith and probably bigger than Will. Maybe the same size as Jay.

Not that size matters. Who wants a huge painful cock inside their pussy or ass?

The head of his cock was wet and slippery with precum. If he didn’t get to fuck Keith I was going to fuck him and I’d let him choose between my pussy and my ass.

Keith glanced back and forth between me and Bryan and Bryan’s cock. “Well, that was before she showed up.”

I didn’t want my husband to be disappointed so I did what any good wife would do. I rolled my eyes and said, “I’ll be in the study if you need me. You two boys fuck your hearts out.” I marched over to Bryan and gave him a possessive kiss on the lips. If Keith was going to play with my husband then he needed to know what he was getting into.

“Fine,” Keith sniffed.

“No, not fine,” Bryan said angrily. “She can stay and watch if she wants.” Bryan is big, but he isn’t huge. It was hard to tell with Keith laying on the bed, but he was much smaller than my husband. I didn’t think this was going to dissolve to violence and forced sex, but it gave my heart a thrill i hadn’t been expecting.

“I don’t like giving shows,” said Keith.

“She’s participating,” Bryan grunted as he picked up a box from the floor and pulled a condom out of it. When had he bought condoms? I guess it was smart of him but I never expected to be buying condoms again in my life. “She’s watching and she’s going to help out.” He handed the condom over to me and picked up a bottle of lube that was next to the box.

Nervously I opened the packet and started rolling it on his cock. Bryan thrusted his hips toward me. My hands were shaking a little. I knew I had helped put condoms on him before, but I couldn’t remember when the last time that was.

Bryan lubed up his cock both before and after I put the condom on him. Keith was just watching. Tossing him the bottle, Bryan said, “Lube up or it’s going to be rough ride.”

I guess that was good enough for Keith. He filled his palm with the lube and pressed it to his ass before getting on hands and knees to offer himself up like a sacrifice.

It was sort of hot how Bryan took charge of the situation. Keith was definitely the submissive in this case. There was no hesitation on Bryan’s part this time. He got behind his new lover, one hand on Keith’s hip, the other on his cock and guided his manhood into Keith’s ass.

The smaller man seemed to resist for a moment, but Keith knew why he was there and he might have gotten off from Bryan’s mouth but they weren’t done yet, not by a long shot.

Bryan slowly worked his cock in and out of Keith’s ass, going deeper by increasing increments until he was fully settled into Keith.

“Oh...man that’s stretching me.”

“Am I too big?” Bryan asked.

“No...no you're fine. Just give me a minute to get used to you.”

“Sure.”

I watched and listened to this little exchange with intense interest. It was incredibly hot.

“You’re a lot bigger than my boyfriend,” Keith added.

Raising my eyebrows questioningly at Bryan I moved in closer to give him a kiss. I’m certain that it made Bryan feel like a real man to kiss his wife while fucking a man in the ass. It was a masculine display in my eyes.

Bryan shrugged his shoulders after the kiss, indicating that if Keith had a current serious boyfriend it was news to him.

I was good with that.

It wasn’t like Bryan was going to have a serious relationship with Keith.

But it was still good to hear that Keith had a boyfriend.

Of course, that meant that he was quite possibly cheating on his boyfriend—unless they had an open relationship—but that wasn’t my concern at the moment.

My concern at the moment was Bryan getting his rocks off and he seemed to be enjoying himself, moving his cock in and out of Keith’s ass.

For his part, Keith was responding to Bryan’s pounding by rocking his body and alternating between little moans and careful breathing.

I couldn’t help but be curious and moved to the side to get a good look at his cock. It was hard and limber enough that it was flopping up and down, occasionally slapping up against his belly when Bryan rammed into him good and hard.

“Can I help?” I asked them. I was eager to get my hands on Keith’s cock. I could have Bryan any time that I wanted, but this might be my one opportunity with Keith. It was too much to resist and so I started reaching out to caress his cock and maybe get him off while Bryan fucked him. This, I realized in that moment of clarity, was the whole meaning of having a third in the bed to share with your partner. It was having someone you loved to share adventures and exploring with. It made so much sense.

“No!” Keith practically screamed at me.

I recoiled from his verbal assault.

“What the fuck!” I blurted out.

Bryan stopped moving. He was as surprised as I was.

“Don’t touch my cock!” Keith told me.

“Okay. I won’t! Sorry!” I pulled back, a little bit angry and a little bit confused and a lot upset.

He looked over his shoulder at Bryan. “I said she could watch, not grab my cock!”

“Okay, okay,” Bryan tried to soothe him. “She’s not going to touch you. She’s just going to watch. Don’t make this weird.”

I almost chuckled at his last word. The whole thing was weird. How couldn’t it be weird? We were three people in a bed together. I was watching my husband bugger another man and I was getting off on that. It was the very definition of weird.

“Sure, sure,” Keith muttered. “Just finish up, would you?”

“Want me to give you a reach-around?” Bryan asked and then didn’t give Keith a chance to answer. He just reached around Keith’s hip and grabbed his cock.

I knew I was going to enjoy this, even with the abrupt rejection from Keith.

Maybe Keith was going to object, but once Bryan started fucking him again and stroking his cock, any words he had in his throat never made it past his lips.

There’s something oddly erotic and almost violent about two men having sex together. Maybe it was because it was done for pure pleasure because there was no other purpose to it. Maybe it was because two men that close together were usually fighting, not fucking. It didn’t really matter because I backed off with the intent on getting off.

I went back to my corner and put my hand between my legs. My pussy was wet and my clit was inflamed. It was going to be easy to cum to this scene.

I loved the way that my husband was doing everything he could to make Keith cum. His efforts were Laud-worthy and I let out a little moan as I came just because he was putting so much effort into it.

Bryan looked over at me with triumph as Keith groaned low and loud and splurted his cum all over the bed sheets.

“Fuck!” he cried out as he came.

Some of his spunk got on Bryan’s hand. He didn’t seem to mind that and wiped it on Keith’s side. He then continued to pump his lover, he didn’t last much longer. I was familiar with the face that he made when he came. It was weird seeing him make that face with someone else...someone else who wasn’t a woman...or me.

Anyway, he seemed to take great pleasure in finishing inside Keith, even as he pulled out and I saw the santorum over his condom.

Keith crawled forward a little bit right before Bryan grunted and collapsed to his side. “That was fucking good,” he declared.

Keith kept crawling forward and eventually made it to the edge of the bed where he got off the bed and scrambled on the floor for his discarded clothes. They had been tossed there when he and Bryan were warming up. I had missed that, but could well-imagine it in my head.

I watched, with some confusion, as Keith quickly put his clothes on. He did it quicker than I thought possible. It was disappointing as well because I wanted to keep looking at him body. Maybe he was gay and maybe he wasn’t interested in me, but he still had a pretty face and cock. Yeah, maybe it was smaller than Bryan’s, but size wasn’t important.

Plus he was much more cut than Bryan. I wanted to run my hands over his smooth skin and feel his hard muscles, but that wasn’t going to happen.

Not tonight.

“Thanks for the fuck, Bryan,” he said as he jammed his shoes on his feet and headed toward the bedroom door. He glanced at me and didn’t even so much as nod before he left.

A few seconds later I heard the door open and close.

“Well, you know what they say,” Bryan grunted after we heard the door slam.

“No. What?”

“The best unicorns leave after they fuck.”

I looked at him. “Is that what they say?”

He shrugged. “It doesn’t matter. I said it.” He got out of bed and headed to the bathroom, the condom dangling from his cock.

“Was he worth it?” I called after him.

There was some silence and then the toilet flushed and Bryan came strutting back into the bedroom. His cock wasn’t fully deflated; it swung handsomely back and forth as he walked. “Did you like watching me fuck him?” Bryan asked.

My hand was still on my pussy and I gently rubbed my clit. “Hell yes.”

Just a shadow of a doubt crossed his face. “Did you...did you find it...bad?”

“How could it possibly been bad?” I wet my lips and wondered if he could get his cock hard again and fuck me.

“Because...because I shouldn’t be having sex with a man.” Just the vaguest flicker of a doubt crossed his face when he said that.

I took my fingers from my pussy and sat up to throw my arms around his neck and slowly drag him to the bed. “Watching you fuck him was the hottest thing I’ve seen or done today,” I told him with a kiss. “And I got to fuck Tracy’s husband earlier.”

His eyes lit up. “Really?”

“Uh huh.”

“You need to tell me all about it!”

I shook my head. “No, first you need to tell me how you wound up with Keith in our bed instead of Jay.”

That story proved to be fairly simple.

Our city is big enough for a couple of gay bars and a few more that are more than open to alternative lifestyles. Jay and Bryan wound up at one of those. Bryan tried out a few exciting things: kissing Jay in public and flirting with other men.

Naturally one thing led to another, Jay disappeared for a while and Bryan went looking for him and instead found Keith. They talked. They flirted. Bryan made a deal about looking for Jay. Jay eventually showed up and said he’s going home with a guy he’s fucked before.

Bryan was pissed.

Keith took advantage of the situation and Bryan was more than happy to take him home instead.

It was like a middle school drama, only between adult men all of whom want to fuck each other.

At least, that’s the story that Bryan told me. I was happy to believe it.

I told him my story. I told him the truth and spared no details.

“He really has a cock cage?” Bryan was fascinated by this detail.

So was I. “Yup. I got the impression she keeps him like that all the time and he loves it.”

“I’ve only heard of men who wore those. Gay relationships. Dom sub thing. Or maybe one doesn’t trust the other not to fuck around.”

“Huh,” I said, processing that information. “What if the guy who’s wearing the cage is a total sub and likes to bottom? His ass can still be fucked.”

My husband just gave a little shrug to that. “I don’t know. I guess that’s a risk they have to take.”

We were laying in bed next to each other, both of us tired from the events of the evening, but neither of us wanted the night to end. I tugged on his shoulder and he got the hint, rolling on top of me. I opened my legs to him. I could feel his hardness against my thigh. I'd felt him harder but I could understand why he wasn't sporting a rod of granite at the moment.

"Want me to put one of those cages on you?"

"Hell no!" he exclaimed and quickly searched for my opening. Finding it he slipped in and I groaned as I was penetrated once again. "How could I fuck you whenever I wanted if you had me in a little cage."

"That's the idea," I whispered in his ear. "You'll only get to fuck me—and others—when I want you to."

"I'd hope you'd want me to do a lot of fucking."

I didn't tell him, but I'm pretty sure I'd have him fucking everything he could.

Chapter Two

Saturday morning I got a bunch of text messages but I ignored them. It was Saturday morning which meant I got to sleep in and didn't have to do anything. I could hear my phone—and Bryan's—buzzing each time a new message came in.

Eventually the noise, combined with the maximum capacity of my bladder, woke me and I grabbed my phone as I stumbled to the bathroom. I had no intention of answering anything unless it was an absolute emergency. My pussy was sore from overuse and I didn't even want to fuck my husband.

As I sat on the toilet I scrolled through my messages.

I'm jealous. Will can't stop talking about you.

Sorry about last night. Tell Bryan

I'm worried about you call me.

The first was from Tracy. I wanted to send her a message teasing that I was going to steal her husband away from her.

The second text was from Jay. I don't know why he was apologizing to me. I'd have to check with Bryan first before we invited Jay back into our bed. I was more than happy to fuck a younger man again, but he had been a jerk to Bryan. My husband came first.

The last message was from Lydia. I didn't want to call her at all. It was probably some made up crisis and she wanted help for something ridiculous.

And then I remembered that Bryan had fucked Lydia's brother last night. That had to be coincidence, right?

I shivered and finished up in the bathroom. I didn't want to wake up Bryan, but I didn't know what else to do.

I didn't even know if he knew that Keith was Lydia's brother.

After gently shaking his shoulder, once he was awake I asked Bryan, "Do you know who Keith is?"

He blinked at me, not fully awake. “Some guy I picked up last night. Or maybe he picked me up. Probably a combo.”

I took a deep breath. “He’s Lydia’s brother.”

Once more Bryan blinked at me. “I didn’t know she had a brother. Oh fuck. I fucked up.”

“Technically he’s her half-brother. And when I saw you with him last night, I didn’t think it was going to be a big deal because I don’t think that Keith would share intimate details of his sex life with his sister…”

“But…?” Bryan prompted me.

I showed him Lydia’s message. I’m worried about you call me.

He shrugged. “Have you called her?”

“No.”

“So you’re panicking about nothing. Call her.”

“What do I say if she asks about you and him...and me?”

“I...I don’t know.”

I swallowed and found some courage. It was in the past; I couldn’t help what already happened and if Lydia hated me and Bryan because we had fucked her brother...well then I didn’t have to worry about her as a friend any longer. “Well then, I’ll shock her with what a slut her friend is.”

“Do you really think you can shock Lecherous Lydia?” Bryan remembered one of her old nicknames. That’s another reason why I loved him.

I smiled. “I hope so.”

My hands were trembling when I placed the call to Lydia. At least she texted me asking me to call and didn’t just call me first. Who wants to get a phone call? That’s plain crazy.

“Umm...hi, Heather,” Lydia greeted me. Caller ID is a wonderful thing. Who

answered a call from some number they don’t know?

“Hey. You wanted me to call you?” I prompted her. Might as well get to the execution and not drag it out and ruin my morning in addition to the rest of the day.

She hauled in a deep breath and exhaled carefully. “Okay, brace yourself. I know this is going to hurt and I’m not trying to hurt you but sometimes it’s just plain better to let someone know and whatever happens, happens.”

It was odd hearing her prattle on like that because I already knew what she was going to tell me and the real point of this conversation was going to be her reaction to the information I revealed to her.

Life is strange, especially when it comes to sex.

“Geez, Lydia, get to the fucking point. It’s early in the morning and I don’t need a problem this early.”

Maybe she wouldn’t want to tell me her troubles if I pushed her off. Avoidance wasn’t smart, but I used it more than I liked to admit.

“Okay, are you ready for some bad news?”

“I wasn’t expecting anything good the way you were all worked up.” I tried to sound disinterested and a bit angry.

She breathed in again. “Okay, don’t say I didn’t warn you.” Another pause. “I saw my brother and Bryan leaving Bar None last night. Together.”

Hearing it wasn’t as bad as I thought it might be. The way Lydia put it made it seem absolutely bland.

“So?” I played coy.

“So? You know my brother’s gay, don’t you?”

I knew I should have known. I avoided her question. “Isn’t he your half-brother?”

“Sure. Yeah. Doesn’t matter. He was with Bryan!”

I remained calm. “Bryan said he was going out to a bar last night. Watching a game with friends. Honestly, it’s fine. I don’t care.”

“You don’t care that Keith and Bryan were leaving a bar together? A gay bar, not a sports bar, Heather!”

I shrugged even though I knew Luscious Lydia couldn’t see it. “So what?”

“So...I think your husband had sex with my brother last night.”

“Is that any of your business?” It came out harsher than I intended, but I needed to keep Lecherous Lydia in her place. This was none of her business.

“Okay, look. I love Keith as a brother and all, but he’s a man-whore. He’ll sleep with anyone. Well, anyone with a dick. If he left Bar None with Bryan last night then...well, they had sex. There’s no way around that.”

“But you don’t know for certain.” Why was I defending my husband’s honor when I knew for well and good that he definitely fucked Keith last night? I saw it with my very eyes. I helped!

“Okay, yeah, I didn’t see them in bed together but—”

I cut her off. “What were you doing downtown last night?” I demanded.

“What?”

“What were you doing downtown last night?” I repeated. “Were you spying on Keith? Or Bryan?” I left open the possibility that she was doing something with someone else, but I didn’t want to accuse her of something because that would only give me another headache to deal with.

“I was on a date with Rich,” she replied stiffly.

That was possible because Bar None is in the same bar and restaurant district as most of the trendy places downtown. But the way she answered…

“And why are you so interested in whether or not Keith and Bryan are fucking?”

“I’m just looking out for Keith. He’s...he’s a man-whore, like I said. He’s been cheating on his boyfriend and I want to keep them together.”

“So you think that Bryan’s going to break them up?”

I wished we were on Facetime instead of just a voice call; I wanted to see her expression when I was all but admitting that I had more than a hint that Bryan and Keith were or had been fucking.

“No, I don’t think that,” she said steadily, but we both knew that she was lying.

I should have called her out on it.

“But I’m worried that maybe Bryan is having sex with men and I don’t want you to be at risk.”

I was silent for too long. That was my mistake.

Lewd Lydia spoke before I could. “You know that Bryan was having sex with men, didn’t you?”

I sighed. “Does it matter?”

“But he’s…”

“He’s what, Lydia? What is my husband, Lydia?”

She stuttered a moment and then managed to get out, “He’s putting you at risk.”

“How?”

“You know…”

“No, Lydia, I don’t know. Is your brother some disease ridden monster?”

Again there was silence and I was ready to end the call. Then she said, “You knew. You knew about Bryan and...and whatever he’s been doing?”

“So what if I have? Do you want to know all about my sex life, Lydia?”

Silence.

“Well, do you?”

“I...only if you want to tell me.”

“What has Keith told you?” Somehow I managed to keep my head and ask this critically important question.

“What...what do you mean?”

“What has Keith told you? Do you talk a lot with him about his sex life? About your sex life? About my sex life?”

“No. Not really. When things come up he...he tells and asks me things when needed.”

“Did he tell you if he fucked Bryan?”

After a pause she said, “No.”

I managed to keep myself from sighing in relief. “Do you want to know all about my sex life, Lydia? I knew a hell of a lot about yours when we were back in college. I didn’t care. I didn’t judge, but do you want to know about mine now?”

“It’s...it’s not really any of my business.”

“Right. Like you said. Do you want to know about all the people I’ve fucked?”

Lydia wasn’t stupid. Lusty Lydia had a history just like I did. She knew almost everyone I had had sex with, which consisted mostly of Bryan and a few college boyfriends. I didn’t share a lot of details with her, but she knew a little.

But she didn’t know that I’d fucked Tracy. And Jay. And Will.

And touched, however briefly, her brother’s dick.

And she wasn’t going to know that.

Unless she asked me. I wanted her to ask me, if nothing else then just to prove that I was now as big a slut as she was in college.

“I think I know enough. I probably shouldn’t have gotten involved with Keith

and all…”

“Her name’s Tracy,” I blurted out. “And her husband’s name is Will. Did you ever fuck a couple in college? It’s great. Four hands, two mouths, and cock and a pussy to choose from.”

Silence. And then, “Oh.”

“Do you want to know more?”

“I don’t think so.”

I brightened my tone because I had just completely fucked up my life. “Okay, great. I’ll talk to you later.” I ended the call. What the fuck else was I going to do?

My guess is that in elementary school, and probably middle school as well, Lascivious Lydia was probably known as Blabbermouth Lydia or Lying Lydia. What I’m saying is that Loose Lydia is also a gossip. She knows my friends and family. She was going to talk about me and Bryan to everyone.

My life as I knew it was over.

Oh well?

I put down my phone and went into the kitchen where Bryan was washing dishes. I said nothing and just put my arms around him and started crying.

He had the good sense to dry his hands before he turned around and held me.

As it turned out, my pussy wasn’t too sore to have sex again.

Chapter Three

It was strange to see Bryan talking with Will. It was a weird intersection of my lives coming together, but it was good as well. We were having dinner out at a restaurant because we needed to behave like nice couples every once in a while.

Tracy and I had realized that our husbands had never met and since we both were instigators, we decided to get them together. The plan was to have a nice dinner and nothing else. If things went well then maybe later on down the line we'd get together and see what would happen.

The thing of it was, once you've started a perverted relationship with another person, or a couple, it was hard to talk about mundane things such as work or the news of the world or even the weather.

"But, like, how did you discover it?" Bryan asked Will.

Of course I told Bryan everything I knew about Will's chastity belt. Admittedly, I didn't know everything, but Bryan was fascinated and wanted to meet Will. I encouraged it because everything about it was hot. Will in chastity. My husband interested in it. The possibilities were endless.

"Porn," was Will's answer.

Right away I started looking around. I got nervous and sweaty. I was certain we were going to get into trouble, but then I realized, what were we going to get into trouble for?

Tracy swatted her husband for his answer, which I thought was rude because it was an honest answer, or at least I believed it to be an honest answer.

"Shh!" I hissed at them. They looked at me. "At least keep your voice down."

Will looked calmly at me. "I think you attracted more people's attention with your hissing."

"Honey," Tracy warned him.

The lop-sided grin on Will's face only got bigger when I tried to see who was staring at us.

No one was staring at us.

“So porn?” Bryan asked, undeterred.

“You know how it is, you’re looking around for something new and exciting and I stumble across a video of a guy getting pegged while wearing a cage.” The words were largely innocent. You had to know what was being said to understand their meaning.

I loved living in a secret code.

“And then?” Bryan prompted.

Will liked the attention. When we had met Tracy and him at the restaurant I had given her a friendly kiss on the cheek in greeting, but for Will I gave him a hug and made sure to press into his crotch enough to make sure he was wearing his cage.

He was.

Or he was incredibly hard at meeting us for dinner.

Either way, I was happy.

It would have been great if Bryan could have felt Will’s cage in his pants as well, but that was maybe a step too far. They had only just met.

It wasn’t like they were gay men meeting up just for sex.

Dinner first, and then maybe sex.

If the wives said yes.

“And then I look around online and you can find a hundred websites selling them.”

“There are all sorts,” Tracy said with a sigh.

“And you just ordered one?” I asked this question because it still blew my mind.

“Sure why not?”

“We ordered several,” Tracy clarified.

“Soft plastic, hard plastic, metal,” Will said proudly.

“You’re wearing the metal one now, aren’t you?” I asked.

“You grabbed my dick,” he said, “so you should know.”

Bryan turned to me. “Really Heather?”

I actually blushed with embarrassment. “Sorry. I couldn’t resist.”

“I liked it,” said Will.

Tracy laughed.

“Now I want to see this.”

“For his birthday, I made a special order,” Tracy told us.

“What type of special order?” I asked. I couldn’t help myself. I was intrigued and I was also surprised at her willingness to participate in the kink that seemed to benefit neither of them at first, and Will mostly because he got to have powerful, if a limited number of, orgasms. Then again, she got to be in charge and she had a definite dom streak in her when in the bedroom.

“Custom made stainless steel cage,” Tracy reported.

“Custom made?”

“We sent in his measurements and they create a cage that fits him exactly.”

“Wait a second,” Bryan interrupted. “I’m pretty familiar with the male anatomy. Measurements are pretty variable considering what a dick does throughout the day.”

Tracy smiled. “We measured him when he was at his smallest.”

“How…?” was my reaction.

“I had to take a cold shower.”

“Wouldn’t that make you too small?”

“We’ll find out soon enough,” Tracy said.

“The real trick is getting a cage the right size, not too big or small,” Will declared “Something too big and you can slip out of it either easily or by accident if it’s really big. Too small and you’re going to be in pain, or not be able to get in it at all.”

Bryan was slowly shaking his head. “But, you’re going to get hard and that’s going to hurt.”

Will watched as our waitress walked by and then answered Bryan. “Yeah, that happens, but my body’s gotten to the point where when I try to get hard, the cage stops it. There’s a little bit of pain, but it’s over and done with in less than a minute.” He sipped at his drink. “The best part is when she takes the cage off.”

“I can imagine,” Bryan commented.

“But...why would you want to do this?” I was still puzzled at the whole kink. I loved the idea of it, but it seemed crazy to me.

“Quality,” was his answer.

“What?”

“Quality,” Will answered. “How often do you and Bryan fuck?”

“Uh…”

Will turned to Bryan. “How often do you get to have sex and cum?”

I was glad the question wasn’t for me.

“With Heather?” Bryan half joked.

I hoped he was half-joking.

“With anyone. Including yourself. How many weekly orgasms?”

“Uh…”

I turned on my husband. “Be honest, honey. I know what you’re doing in the bathroom alone.”

“Let’s say five times a week,” Bryan said boldly.

“That’s a high estimate,” I giggled.

“I’ll take it as fact,” Will answered. “How often do you think I get to cum?”

Once again I looked nervously around the restaurant. No one was paying the least bit of attention to us. I wasn’t sure if that was good or disheartening.

“Once a week,” I said. “What do you think, Bryan?”

He shrugged. “Damned if I know. I’ve only just met him.”

Before Will could speak I quickly said, “Wait! Does that include anal orgasms?”

“Just include all sorts,” Tracy said, her smile never diminishing.

“Uh...once a week,” I repeated.

“That’s some great clarification work,” Bryan snickered at me.

“Twice a month,” Will said.

Tracy spelled out Will’s information. “If he’s lucky. He’s been lucky lately because he’s been a good boy and Heather’s come into the picture.”

“For a good while it was once a month,” Will said proudly.

“I don’t get it. Why limit yourself?” I was still puzzled.

Will put his hand on mine. I couldn’t help but think of his poor caged cock. “Think about it. Women can cum and cum and cum—”

“And cum!” Tracy added unnecessarily.

“But men are good for maybe two a night, three if we’re really young and horny. It’s the law of diminishing returns. I get one a month, but it’s the best I’ve ever had.”

“If you say so.”

The next evening we were in Tracy and Will’s bedroom. Tracy and I were sitting on the edge of the bed, our feet dangling over the edge, Bryan between us. The three of us were fully dressed, which must have made it uncomfortable for Will as he was standing in front of us, slowly taking off his clothes.

It wasn’t quite a gay strip show, but it was close.

In truth, it wasn’t that close. There was no music playing and there wasn’t a group of drunk suburban wives screaming for buff guys to take off their clothes. Heck, there wasn’t a group of gay guys screaming for Will to take off his clothes. It was just the three of us leering excitedly at him.

Tracy and I had already seen Will in his cock cage. Well, I had only once, but Tracy had seen him in it plenty of times. Hell, she’d put him in it most of those times. I was mostly interested in seeing Bryan’s reaction to Will showing us everything he had.

His stripping wasn’t awkward. He wasn’t trying to put on a show, which helped him come off as confident and not moronic.

Shirt. Shoes and socks. Belt opened. Pants down. Kicked the pants aside.

He wore tight fitting underwear that had a pouch to help hold his cock and cage in place. It made him look bigger than he actually was.

I was thrilled when he pulled down his boxer briefs. I wasn’t sure if he had freshly shaved his pubic hair, cock and balls and everything, but it sure looked that way. The cage he was wearing was shiny metal. There were hard steel bars that looked like a coil circling around his curved shaft. The padlock was still brass. The thick metal retaining ring behind his balls was bigger than on his silicon model, but that made it sexier.

“Holy fucking shit!” Bryan exclaimed.

I had been so taken in by Will’s big reveal that I hadn’t been watching Bryan. His shining eyes were riveted to Will’s contained cock. A huge grin was spread

across his face. It was almost as if he had an autonomic reaction and Bryan reached out to touch Will's cage.

At the last moment he pulled his hand back. "I mean...may I? Touch it, that is."

It was the first time I truly saw Bryan nervous about doing something sexual ever since we decided to embark on our little journey.

Thankfully, his nerves didn't deter Will.

"Sure. Go ahead."

It wasn't really erotic or sexual, but it was interesting to see Bryan handle and inspect Will's cock and cage. He gripped the curved shaft, turned it this way and that, closing examining how it worked in staying on and preventing unwanted erections. When Bryan caressed Will's balls, my pussy went wild and let loose a little rain of amrita into my panties.

Just then I realized I wanted to watch Bryan give Will a blowjob. That presented several questions, the most important of which was: (1) would Tracy allow Will out of his chastity and (2) was Bryan willing to give Will a blowjob. Just because I wanted it didn't mean that it was going to happen.

Then again, maybe Bryan just wanted to fuck Will like he had fucked Jay and Keith. I would be happy to watch that as well, but it wasn't what I really wanted.

And, of course, because all four of us were horny and stupid, we hadn't discussed ahead of time what would and wouldn't be done.

Tracy couldn't wait for him to finish his impromptu exam. "Are you going to keep playing with it or do you want to suck it?"

Bryan didn't know how to respond to her and the silence filled the air for far too long. I figured I'd help.

"You need to unlock it for him to suck it."

Tracy clucked her tongue at me. "You didn't even give him a chance to try it with the cage on first."

I actually blushed. That's the sort of person I am. "Sorry."

Bryan asked, "Can you do that?"

"Obviously you don't watch a lot of chastity porn."

Still holding Will's cock in his hand, Bryan replied, nodding his head. "True. I don't."

Will explained for us. "In some videos a woman—or man, if it's a gay scene—will pretend to suck and tease the guy through the cage to try to force him to get hard. It's pretty terrible."

"Do you want me to try?" Bryan asked. "We can pretend it's like a first timer video."

"No," Will replied. "Don't bother."

"He hates it," said Tracy. "And the metal isn't any fun to have in your mouth."

"How do you know?" I asked and immediately realized how stupid the question was.

"Because I've tried it." From out of nowhere Tracy produced the key to his lock and my heart quickened. Bryan was more than ready to do what I wanted him to do. Unconsciously my hand slipped toward my pussy, even though I was still fully dressed. Trying to maintain some dignity, I moved it away and waited to see what was going to happen.

In the most businesslike fashion possible, Tracy took control of Will's cock away from Bryan, smoothly unlocked the padlock, slipped it free, slid off the curved shaft from Will's penis, and to my amazement, let the metal ring fall into two pieces in her hand.

Will was completely free.

I watched as Bryan, his face just inches away from Will's cock, hesitated a moment, and then lowered his mouth to Will's manhood.

Almost at once Will started to rise to the occasion.

“Oh that’s fucking hot,” I breathed. I must have said it louder than I intended because Tracy giggled at my verbal appreciation.

Both men looked at me.

Uncomfortably, I shrugged. “Well it is!” I insisted.

“She’s right,” Tracy agreed.

This is the first time I’m doing this,” Bryan said. I could tell he was self-conscious. He didn't exactly blush, but the back of his neck turned red. That was his one little tell. From where I was sitting I was essentially looking over his shoulder at Will’s cock. It wasn’t exactly Bryan’s point of view, but it was damn close.

“That makes it hotter,” said Tracy.

“I have to agree,” I added nodding.

“Why don’t you two take off your clothes and do a lesbian sixty nine while the men get down to business,” Will suggested to his wife.

That sounded good to me, but a quick glance at Tracy said it wasn’t going to happen, at least not right away.

“Nope,” Tracy firmly declared. “It’s been too long for you, hon. You don’t need any special help.”

“Maybe I do,” Will insisted.

Tracy sighed, clearly annoyed.

“Why?” I asked.

“I’m not gay,” Will blurted out.

At once Bryan stopped halfway up Will’s shaft where he had been licking the underside as he warmed to the experience of fellatio.

“Not that there’s anything wrong with that,” Will quickly said to Bryan. “But Trace is making me do this.”

“No I’m not,” Tracy quickly corrected him. “You said you were willing to play along. I’m not making you do anything.”

“It’s fine if you don’t,” Bryan said. “But first, I’m not gay either. I’m bi.”

“I told Tracy I’d give it a try.”

“You’re hard,” Bryan unnecessarily pointed out.

“I always get hard when I get out of my cage.”

“It’s true. He’s always ready to go with the tiniest bit of encouragement.”

“Stop talking and start fucking!” I all but shouted at the three of them. “I just want to see my husband blow your husband, is that too much to ask?” The moment the words were out of my mouth, I started giggling. “Sorry,” I apologized.

“I didn’t know I was putting on a show for you,” Will said mildly.

“Well...you asked me and Tracy to put on a show for you.”

Tracy slipped off the bed and got on her tiptoes to give her husband a kiss. Bryan was still on his knees in front of Will, his cock in hand, ready to continue on. I was proud of my husband for embracing his sexuality, but at the same time I was a little worried for Will because I didn’t want him coerced into doing something he didn’t want, no matter how hot it was.

“Just let him suck you off,” Tracy all but whispered in her husband’s ear. “Close your eyes and pretend it’s me doing it. Or Heather,” she said with a wink aimed at me.

“If you want, I’ll help out Bryan,” I suggested. “I’ve never shared a blowjob with someone else. It’ll be a romantic bonding moment.”

Before anyone could object or ask a question, I slipped off the bed and knelt to the side of Bryan. He was still holding Will’s cock and I took advantage of that, putting it in my mouth and sucking greedily.

Was that wrong?

Probably.

Was it hot?

Definitely.

I could feel their eyes on me, all three of them, and I loved it. Having an audience while sucking dick was a new experience. Well, a newish experience and I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like if I was doing it on a stage in front a huge group of people.

Did I secretly want to be a porn star? I wouldn't have thought so, but life takes strange and unexpected twists.

After a moment Bryan moved back in. Obviously there was only one cock to suck so he went lower and put Will's balls in his mouth. I wasn't a huge fan of sucking balls, but only because I wasn't a fan of the way they felt in my mouth, but Bryan wasn't so shy or worried about it.

What you don't get in porn is how difficult it is for two people to suck one dick. It's a lot easier for two people to fuck a third rather than to try to give simultaneous oral; I've learned that much at least. I'm sure the actors who do it on camera work out all the moves ahead of time and it just looks good due to editing. Bryan and I worked fairly well together.

Will got very hard very quickly. I took that as a compliment to me and Bryan, but Tracy wasn't having any of that. She physically pulled me back from sucking on Will's cock.

I protested. "Hey!"

"This is a show for us," Tracy reminded me. "I can see you sucking a dick any day of the week. I want to see what they get up to on their own."

While I was okay with that, my pussy was singing for attention. "Okay, okay," I agreed while keeping my eyes on Bryan sucking off Will. It was too much to take and I unconsciously started to strip. I only opened up my shirt, exposing my cami, and then pushed my hand down into my yoga pants. My thong was more of an annoyance than serving any useful purpose. I shoved it aside, getting the thin crotch strap into the crease between my thigh and abdomen, so I could curl

my fingers up into my pussy.

“You’re really horny,” Tracy whispered into my ear, sweeping back my hair and kissing my neck.

I just nodded, watching Bryan bob his head up and down on Will. It was raw. Visceral. I loved it. There was nothing fancy or artistic about how Bryan was fellating him. It was just pure sex.

“I’m close,” Will said. “I’m gonna cum. Do you want it in your mouth?”

“No!” I was the one who answered and I didn’t care if it was rude. I wanted a display. I didn’t just want Will cumming, filling Bryan’s mouth with his spunk, and maybe Bryan swallowing or spitting. I wanted a show. I wanted to see him cum.

They both looked at me.

“Sorry,” I muttered, looking away for the first time. I was ashamed, but not ashamed enough to pull my hand out of my pussy. My middle finger kept circling my clit, keeping me on edge. That wasn’t smart, but it was what I needed in the moment.

“I’m ready for you,” Bryan said, briefly taking his mouth away from Will. Just before he clamped his lips back into place. I knew what he was going to do. Suck on the head and use his hand to work the shaft until he came. I had done the same thing dozens of times before with Bryan. I’m sure he’d learned his technique from me.

While I was proud of my husband totally embracing his sexuality and throwing himself into the moment, it was Tracy who stopped the big finish.

“No,” she said, putting a hand onto of Bryan’s and slowly pushing him off her husband’s cock. “I don’t want him cumming yet. You two haven’t put on a proper show for us.”

“What...what do you want?” It was Will who asked her. He was the one who was reluctant to do this. Bryan seemed eager for anything. I knew I was.

“You haven’t returned the favor to our guest yet,” Tracy said to Will.

“You said...you said I wouldn't have to do that.”

Tracy stood on her tiptoes—I hadn’t realized how much taller he was than her—and gave her husband a kiss. “I’m not asking you to give him a blowjob.”

“Oh.” He paused and thought a second. “What do you want then?”

“Get on the bed and put your ass in the air,” she said firmly. “He’s going to fuck your back hole.”

I was slightly alarmed that Tracy was taking control of my husband’s choices in the matter, but then again, I was eager to see Bryan fuck Will. Or anyone for that matter. Bryan glanced briefly at me with a questioning look. I quickly nodded letting him know that’s exactly what I wanted.

He nodded in return.

This was more fun than I could have guessed.

“You didn’t say I’d have to do that,” Will complained.

“You’ve taken my cock up your ass plenty of times,” Tracy pointed out. “You need to expand your horizons.”

“But it’s with a man,” he complained.

I felt a little for Will. Maybe he didn’t want to be doing this. Maybe he was bi and didn’t want to admit it to me and Bryan. Maybe he was putting on a show for us because that’s the game he wanted to play. I didn’t know and I didn’t want to know. All I wanted was to see Bryan fuck Will. After all, he’d come this far in Bryan sucking him, what was the difference now that Tracy wanted him to go all in on the experience.

I wouldn’t judge Will for having sex with a man, but I would judge him for playing a stupid mind game because he wasn’t mature enough to know who he was. Besides, would it kill him to give in to his wife and let her—and my—fantasy come to life?

“He’s been sucking your cock, Will. What’s the difference?”

There was a pause while Will either tried to come up with an argument or just waited for the moment to pass.

Seeing that there was no reply coming, Tracy upped the stakes. “You can open your ass up for Bryan or you can go back into your cage. Don’t plan on getting out soon.”

That was the motivator that Will needed. He was on the bed and assuming the position before I had another thought.

“Why don’t you take off your clothes, Bryan?” Tracy asked. “If you’re not hard, I’m sure your lovely wife would be happy to help you out. Or I could,” she added with an eager smile.

From out of nowhere, or maybe because they had been carefully positioned beforehand, Tracy produced a bottle of lube and a strip of condom packets.

Bryan started undressing. “I’m already pretty hard,” he said as he dropped his pants and showed up his cock. His little slit was drooling its precum and I knew a little sucking wasn’t going to be necessary.

Tracy reached out and handled his manhood, smearing the precum around the head. I didn’t fault her for that. I liked watching it. I wanted her to do more with him...after Bryan fucked Will.

Pressing the condoms into my hand, Tracy said, “Why don’t you get him ready and I’ll see to Will’s ass.”

I had to pull my finger out of my pussy and get down on my knees to properly roll a condom onto Bryan. I didn’t need to put lube inside the tip; he was overproducing precum. Once he was in his latex armor, I did steal the lube bottle from Tracy and greased up my husband’s manhood.

Turning around, I saw that it looked like Tracy had dumped half the bottle into and onto Will’s ass. She was making it easy for him and for Bryan. That was a good idea. If Will was in pain, he wouldn’t like getting fucked by Bryan. I didn’t see it as a real problem, because I had seen him pegged by Tracy and she claimed he loved it.

Of course this was going to be at least a little bit different. Having your wife

plow a dildo up your ass isn't the same as getting fucked by a man you barely know.

That's was made it even more exciting.

Caught in my daydreaming, I almost missed Bryan climbing on to the bed and getting into position behind Will. Tracy had moved up next to Will's face and was giving him attention and caresses and kisses.

"You're going to love it," she reassured him. "I'm going to love it. You're doing it for me. It doesn't mean anything."

I couldn't see his expression and I was curious to know if she was still talking him into doing this or if she was just encouraging him

It didn't matter, because a second later I watched as Bryan pressed his cock head against Will's slicked up anus. It didn't take much pressure from my husband to push himself inside of Will

It must have been all those times that Tracy had pegged him or maybe he wanted it more than he was letting on. Either way, Bryan easily went inside. He grabbed Will's hips and started fucking him like a pro.

Just seeing it was too much for me to take. I yanked down my yoga pants and thong and started jilling off to the little scene. Tracy caught my eye and nodded in approval even as she showered more kisses on Will.

For his part, Will was silent for a bit, and then he started moaning. It was the good sort of moaning. Tracy had trained him well.

"How long do you think he can go?" I wasn't sure if Tracy was referring to my husband or hers.

Glancing up at Bryan, his face a mask of concentration, I said, "Not too long. He already wants to cum."

Bryan's eyes popped open and he slowed down his thrusting. "I can last as long as I need to."

"Do you want to fuck his ass forever?" Tracy asked.

“No…”

“Make him cum first.”

A worried look flashed across Bryan’s face. “I’ll try…”

“Can I help?” I asked. I wanted to be part of the fun too, not just an observer.

“How are you going to help?”

I snatched up the bottle of lube. It was already half gone. Squirting more of its contents into my hand, I reached under Will’s body and grabbed his cock. He was nice and hard. Slicking up his manhood I pumped my fist up and down his length in time with Bryan’s thrusts.

I loved the feel of his cock in my hand. He wasn’t huge, but he was throbbing and he was hard. Very hard. Harder than I ever remember Bryan being whenever I was giving him a handjob or blowjob.

I was a bit miffed at that bit not miffed enough to stop from working my hand up and down Will’s cock. It was a very nice cock. Very smooth because it was hairless. I couldn't detect a hint of stubble on him.

“Too much,” Will complained, but really, he just wanted to cum. I slowed my strokes. No reason to make him cum too fast.

“Don’t slow down!” Tracy ordered. “He can cum.”

Looking to her I said, “I was thinking of sucking him off while Bryan fucks him.”

She shook her head at me. “No. That’s too good for him. He doesn’t deserve it.”

I was disappointed. I wanted to suck him off. I wanted to feel his hot cum go shooting down my throat. I wanted to be my slutty best. It was who I was.

“Just make him cum,” Tracy decided.

From my new position I could just see the Will’s expression. He was grinding his teeth, clenching his jaw, and doing his damned best not to shoot his load too

soon. I could see the delight in making him cum when he didn’t want to. Was a woman’s touch to his cock more welcome that Bryan’s cock up his ass? There was no way for me to know.

The pulse of his orgasm rippled through my fingers. I could feel his body forcing out the hot spunk that landed on the sheets as we worked on him. I wrapped my fingers tighter around his girth and tried to get him to stop cumming. Sometimes that worked with Bryan.

It didn’t work with Will.

He came and he came. I counted seven heavy spurts of spunk before he stopped gasping and straining. His cock continued to dribble out cum, but he was done.

I couldn’t help myself and lifted my fingers to taste his cum.

It was delicious.

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 2

Lady Ada led Princess Helana back through the large, imposing hallways of the palace. Helana didn't want to admit it, but after a week the twists and turns of the palace still confused her. What was worse, she was still somewhat intimidated and impressed with the opulence of the wall decorations.

"Now what do I do?" Helana asked as Ada ushered her through the maze of corridors.

"We go back to your rooms and we wait for your husband-to-be."

Helana paused in her steps. "You must be joking, Lady Ada."

As quick as she was with her wit and with her feet, Lady Ada wasn't quite quick enough this time to stop at the same time as Princess Helana; she continued on for two and a half more quick steps before coming to a halt. "Why would I joke about that?"

"I just…wait for him to appear?"

"Yes."

"I don't go to him? I don't invite him to my place. I just…wait."

"Well, yes. When he appears is entirely dependent upon you." She smiled thinly and glanced up and down the long hallway. Only a few servants were moving in the distance. The initial interest in Helana had waned somewhat.

"Upon me? What can I do, then, to get him to come to me?"

The thin smile disappeared. "Nothing, Princess Helana. His interest in you depends upon my reports."

"Your reports?" Helana was thoroughly confused now.

"Yes. My reports. My reports as to when you are most fertile. Prince Arpad is a

busy man. He has many places to go and people to…people to do as well."

Helana was offended at Ada's implication, even though she knew it was undoubtedly true. She picked up her skirts and started marching down the hallway, not really sure where she was going, but moving anyway.

Ada followed. It was her job, after all.

Hours later, after Ada had managed to escort Helana to her rooms, the lady returned to Helana's apartments with a servant carrying food, drink and other refreshments. Since she was next to starving, Helana ate silently with Ada. She consumed more wine than was wise, but there was precious little else to do in the gilded prison in which she had been ensconced.

"The other ladies and I are having a small party in your honor," said Ada as they finished eating. Helana poured herself another glass of wine and said nothing. "It's a woman-only affair. We'd love to have you there."

"I'm sure you would."

"It'll be this evening, of course. And we'll be having the party with you or without you there. You can stay here and enjoy the…wonderful view," she said indicating the pretty gardens outside the window, "or you can join the social culture of Uralia. Your choice."

Ada left. A few hours later she returned, dressed for the party. Officially it was her job to dress and prepare Princess Helana, but Helana, showing her more humble roots and self-reliance, had already found an appropriate dress in the closet and had applied makeup kept in the dressing room. It wasn't the height of fashion or cutting edge design, but the princess had done better than Ada would have imagined.

"We are pleased to have you join us at your betrothal ceremony, Princess Helana," Ada said formally.

"Better than rotting here."

“Much better,” Ada agreed. “Shall we?”

Once more they marched out into the corridors, but this time was different. They were immediately followed by a pair of women that weren’t dressed as servants or noblewomen, but were in what appeared to be military uniforms. They wore snug fitting jackets and skirts that occupied the space between formal and utilitarian. What Helana had failed to notice on her first glance at the women were the pistols they wore on their belts. While she hadn’t expected an escort to be beautiful, the pair had androgynous, bordering on masculine, visages. They also carried themselves unlike any woman Helana had ever seen.

Helana looked inquisitively at them and then back to Ada. The lady waited a pregnant moment before answering. “Our escorts,” she said.

“Why do we need escorts within the palace?”

“Protection.”

“From what?”

“From any threat,” Ada replied, cagily. “Don’t worry. They’re well-trained.”

“Should I address them?”

“No. That would be a bad idea.”

Not knowing what exactly to expect, Helana didn’t know what to think when she wound up in a smaller room that had four women, formally dressed, and waiting for them. There was food and drink on a table along the wall and little else. She missed them at first, but after she let her eyes scan the room, Helana noticed a pair of the female guards keeping semi-hidden in the corners of the room.

“This is a party?” asked Helana.

The four women were already drinking wine and sampling the hors d'oeuvres from the table. “The duchesses Marim and Kayla,” Ada quickly introduced two of the women, pointed them out. “Baroness Livia and the Lady Errither. They form your ladies-in-waiting.” Each curtsied in turn, accompanied with a smile and a giggle.

Helana turned to Ada. “I thought you were my lady in waiting.”

“I am. This is your retinue. You’ll need them on occasion.”

“I will?”

“Of course.” The conversation ended as Lady Ada brushed by everyone else and went straight to the banquet table. Helana expected her to sample some of the food for she herself was hungry, but instead Ada opened up the brocade handbag she had been carrying. From it she pulled a small round looking glass and a green glass bottle.

“Thank goodness, Ada,” said the one Helana thought was Marim. “We’ve been waiting for you.”

“You could have started without us,” said Ada as she uncorked the bottle and tipped out some fine white powder.

“But it’s more fun with you,” giggled the one Helana had decided was Kayla.

“With me?” Ada said doubtfully.

“With you and your refreshments,” Kayla corrected herself.

The small group of women pressed around Ada as she prepared the powder. Helana, unable to help herself and seeing as the party was supposedly in her honor, forced herself into the group, pushing up next to Ada.

It was fascinating watching her work. From somewhere she had produced a small knife and was using short, rapid movements to chop and divide the powder into equal little piles. The powder wasn’t perfectly granulated but was of different sizes which Ada efficiently chopped into pieces. As her work drew to a close all the other ladies suddenly had small silver and glass tubes in their hands. Ada’s eyes fell on Helana. “Didn’t bring your own straw?” she asked while she pulled two silver tubes out of her handbag.

“Me first,” said Lady Errither as she abruptly pushed in and placed her tube over one of the little powder piles. She delicately placed the other end of the straw in her small nose and inhaled sharply, sucking the powder up into her nose. Standing upright she continued to inhale while pressing her fingers to her nose.

“Sweet,” she declared. “Very sweet. I can taste it in the back of my throat.”

“My turn,” said one of the other women, pushing aside Helana and repeating the process that Lady Errither had started, sucking up another pile of the powder. Helena was certain that such a push was a breach of etiquette, but she didn’t protest because of her curiosity.

Why were the women so eager to partake of the powder?

Before Helana could ask the question, she felt Lady Errither’s hand on her forearm. “I just wanted to tell you how beautiful you are and what a pleasure it is to meet you. Prince Arpad is so lucky.”

It was an odd way to be greeted for the first time by the woman, but Helana took it in stride. “Thank you. It’s so nice to hear some kind words.”

What Helana didn’t expect was Errither to suddenly press forward to embrace Helana. Even this was easy to deal with…until she felt Errither’s lips on her neck. And then Errither’s lips were on hers.

Laughter filled the background. For just a second Helana was certain the laughter was directed at her, but when she pushed back and looked at the collection of bodies, it wasn’t just Errither kissing her. The other four were busy exchanging caresses and kisses. Helana didn’t have to be a genius to connect the powder to their behavior. She watched their inappropriate public behavior for a few seconds. But they weren’t really in public, were they?

And was it inappropriate if she had already done similar things with Lady Ada?

It was Lady Ada who stopped the kisses before things went too far.

“Ladies, gentlewomen, noblewomen, please behave yourselves,” she said with more than just a little giggle behind her words. “We are here to celebrate Princess Helana’s betrothal and she hasn’t even partaken yet.”

Ada gestured to the one remaining pile of powder on the small mirror. With her other hand she offered the silver straw to Helana.

The princess was unsure of what to do. It seemed like such a risk not to follow their example…but at the same time she didn’t want to wind up like every other

Uralian noblewoman.

Did she?

“What is it?” Helana asked as she took the straw from Ada.

“Venus powder,” said one of the ladies-in-waiting.

“Love pollen.”

“The lord’s dust.”

“Virgin’s pride.”

They all giggled again.

Helana knew exactly what they were talking about and what the intent of the powder was, but she had a question. “Why are you taking this if there are no men around?”

The group tittered again. Marim and Kayla seemed to have lost interest in whatever Helana was saying and were focused on each other. They weren’t kissing like lovers, not yet. But Helana knew it was going to happen, and from the looks of things, it was going to happen sooner rather than later.

“Sometime it’s better to have love pollen without a man around,” said Ada, lifting the silver straw up to Helana’s nose. “A man can be so…fickle when it comes to see.”

“He comes and he goes,” Errither suggested making Livia laugh aloud.

It was Livia who added, “A little of Venus’s love powder and sex doesn’t need to be a five minute affair, but an all-night one.”

Gently she pushed Helana toward the mirror.

There was no resisting. Helana put the straw right over the little white pile and delicately inhaled. She didn’t know what to expect but she hadn’t expected it all to go flying up into her nasal cavity. Just the sensation of the fine powder flying up where nothing but air should go was strange enough, but then after a few

seconds she started to realize why the powder was so sought after by the women.

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