Unicorn Hunters

5: Lydia



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A Bisexual Secret Swingers Erotic Novella

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Smashwords Edition

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Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Epilogue

Preview

About the Author

Chapter One

Will continued his low, long groan. I had licked away all the cum he had shot over my fingers. Tracy looked on in approval. Bryan had stopped moving his hips; he must have realized that Will had cum. How could he couldn't have realized that?

"His ass was squeezing my cock," Bryan reported.

I had to suppress a giggle at that. It only made sense, but it was a ridiculous bit of information I had never expected to hear in my lifetime.

"Did you like it?" I asked.

"Sort of."

Tracy did let out a little half-giggle.

"I'm glad you're having fun at my expense," grumbled Will but I could tell it was a false protest.

"Do you want me to stop?" Bryan asked.

"But you didn't cum yet," Tracy said before Will could answer. "Don't you want to cum?"

Bryan looked to me and I just gave him a little nod. He could fuck me any time. By doing this with Will he was only depriving himself of Tracy, but if I knew her she'd want to fuck my husband before he was done for the night.

I was confident that Bryan had enough endurance to cum at least twice tonight.

I was hoping for at least four time for him.

"Keep going," Tracy told him. "Make him cum again. Use him however you want."

I wasn't sure how I felt about Bryan using Will for his own pleasure without Will having the chance to give his opinion, but when Bryan started thrusting away and Will started moaning again, I guess it didn't matter.

If Will really wanted to object, he would have said something.

At least I hoped that's how it worked.

I backed away a little bit to watch them. It was a pleasure to see my husband so enthusiastically fucking another man. If I had been a closed-minded bitch of a wife I would have been freaking out about how my husband was cheating on me, and with a man no less. Since I wasn't that person I was thrilled that my husband could enjoy the full spectrum of his sexuality and I could join in on the fun.

Since I was naked from the waist down, I put my hand back to my pussy. She was still wet and my clit was faintly throbbing. I hadn't cum yet. I wasn't sure I wanted my first orgasm of the evening to be by my own hand, but if that's what happened, I was fine with it.

Tracy saw me jilling off and moved off the bed where she had been kissing Will and slowly stripped off her clothing.

Instead of watching the husbands, I watched her instead. The way she undressed was incredibly erotic because she wasn't trying to be sexy or put on a show. She just casually unbuttoned her sweater and unzipped her skirt, dropping both to the floor. As always, she had on elaborate lingerie. This time it was demure pink. Her bra seemed to push up her tits into two huge mounds that made an impressive show of cleavage.

I don't know what it was with her and garter belts, but she was wearing one again. This time holding up her nude stockings. Because shew as a difficult woman she wore her panties underneath her belt and suspenders. A slut like me would have worn her panties over the garter belt, but a slut like me didn't wear garter belts and stockings.

Casually, like she did this all the time—and maybe she did do it all the time because I didn't track everything she did—Tracy reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, which let her tits swing free. They were huge, or at least they were much bigger than my little ones. I was still wearing my camisole which hid my little girls away and I wasn't going to free them any time soon. I wanted to reach out and play with her tits, but she was too far away and she knew it. She was teasing me. She was going to get everything she wanted.

As Bryan and will continued to fuck on the bed, now barely noticed by me and Tracy, she sat down on the edge of the mattress and unhooked her stockings. After they were free she carefully rolled the stockings off her legs. My fingers

got busier with my clit. I vowed that I wasn't going to cum until her face was in my pussy, licking me, but that didn't stop me from teasing myself to the edge of danger.

Standing up from the bed she turned her body just a little, twisting the garter belt around her body to more easily unhook it and set it aside. The twist and the turn was enough to give me the view that she wanted me to see.

Always, always before Tracy had worn plain bikini style panties, nothing slutty because she was a good, demure woman who would never engage in such filthy acts as encouraging her husband to engage in gay sex or burying her face in another woman's pussy or wearing a strap-on dildo to peg a man. Actually, that's exactly who she was, but it wasn't the persona that she projected. For Tracy to wear a thong—hell, it wasn't even a thong, it was a straight up G-string that had the thinnest strap of pink that was half-hidden between her buttocks and curved around her hips to make it look from the front that she was a well-behaved woman.

She wasn't.

My pussy got even more excited for that and I let out a little moan and gasp as I masturbated.

Hearing me, Tracy tilted her head to the side and asked, "Did you cum?"

I slowly shook my head, unable to speak, not trusting any words to escape my lips.

"Do you want to cum?"

Now I slowly nodded my head.

Her fingers were inside the thin width of her G-string's waistband. She had been about to take them off, but now she stopped and just looked at me. "Would you like me to help?"

Once more I nodded. I couldn't wait for her to help.

The moans from Will had abated and Bryan had slowed his thrusting into Will's ass. They were watching this odd seduction between Tracy and me. It should

have been just a matter of asking what depraved sexual act I wanted, but somehow Tracy made it seem like it was mandatory that she coax me into debauching myself with her.

I was happy to do it.

Bryan and Will's eyes were on us as Tracy approached and kissed me. Her kiss was only on my mouth, although her tongue did briefly delve between my lips, but I felt it in me pussy. She pushed me onto my back on the bed next to the boys.

They were still watching intently but Tracy only had eyes for me. I was flattered as we continued to kiss. She moved her mouth from mine and kissed my neck and collar bones and then the top edge of my cami. Abruptly she adjusted her positon atop me, skipping right over my breasts and down to my tummy. Her tongue briefly teased my belly button before she went the rest of the way down to the top edge of my neatly shaped and trimmed pubic hair.

I wasn't as bold as Tracy in removing all my nether hair, but I had reduced it to a tiny triangle that was purely decorative at this point. I hoped she appreciated my effort as she ran her tongue along the top edge before dropping her face down the rest of the way to plant a kiss on my clit.

I shivered with delight. "Oh...yesss." I wasn't able to think straight, which was fine because I wasn't being straight at the moment. Her mouth surrounded my clit and she sucked the whole of it into her hot, wet cavity. I should have realized it but I was already on edge and it wasn't going to take much to make me cum.

"No, no, no," I protested but Tracy wasn't listening to me. I know if I was in her position I wouldn't have listened either. I didn't want her to stop. I just didn't want to cum so quickly. I actively resisted cumming. I was fighting against Tracy, but she knew exactly what she was doing and wrapped her arms around my thighs, locking her body and face around my.

With my clit still in her mouth and continuing to suck, Tracy swirled her tongue around my clit. That was it. I was spent. I came so hard that my entire body shivered and quaked with pleasure. I gasped loudly. I heard myself but couldn't stop the obscene noise. It sounded like I was in pain, and to a certain extent I was, but it was the greatest, most pleasurable pain I had ever experienced. The orgasm wouldn't stop. My limbs and torso kept shaking with unexpected spasms

as my orgasm slowly abated.

It wasn't enough. I was still on edge. Making me cum again wouldn't take any special talent.

Then a loud groan from Bryan broke the moment. I knew that look on his face. He was grabbing Will's body tightly to his. His eyes were clamped tightly shut as if trying to block out the world.

I watched as Bryan came, shooting his load into the condom I had put on him. In that moment I half-wished that he had pulled out and shot his load all over Will's back, but this was real life, not some cheap porn.

Tracy and I watched as Bryan finished his orgasm. I couldn't help myself and reached between their legs. I ignored Will's now flaccid penis and found Bryan's balls. They were drawn tightly up to his body as was normal for him during orgasm. I dug my fingers into his sack, getting a good grip on it, holding his balls tightly, as if to assert they were most definitely mine and while he got to use them, I could do with them as I pleasure.

"Oh fuck, of fuck," he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" I asked innocently.

"Careful," he cautioned me. "I'm too sensitive right now."

"I know. I want that cock all to myself."

"Would you like him to fuck you?" Tracy asked after kissing my pussy lips.

"Yes, but I think he's going to need a minute."

Tracy kissed my pussy again. "What'll make him get hard for you?"

I looked at her down between my legs. "Honestly, I don't know. Probably anything. But he gets to fuck me all the time. I think he'd rather fuck you right now."

Bryan let out a little chuckle and then slowly eased himself out of Will's ass. I looked away. While I was good with anyone doing filthy, perverted acts during

sex, some things I didn’t want to see.

“Maybe I’ll let him fuck me,” Tracy said, “but right now I want to fuck you.” She kissed my pussy again and smiled up at my. I could see my moist amrita on her lips and chin.

“You already did, I think.”

Tracy shook her head. “I made you cum, but I didn’t fuck you yet. Not properly.”

Without another word she got up from between my legs. I was disappointed. I wanted more of her talented mouth. She went to her closet and when she came back she was slipping on her harness with practiced ease. The hot red dildo that hung from the harness I didn’t recognize, but I knew what it was for. The three of us watched her as she adjusted the piece of sex equipment. It seemed to take her a long time and we were all silently staring at her.

When she realized that we were waiting on her, she smiled in apology. “Sorry. It’s double ended and I need to get it in me just right. It’s going to take a minute.”

Bryan took that as the right moment to hop off the bed. “Don’t do anything without me,” he said, trotting to the bathroom with his hand on the condom that still covered his now soft penis. It was more than I wanted to see so I shifted my eyes from him to watch Tracy. It was a better show anyway.

“Do you need any help, hon?” Will asked.

“No, I think I’ve got it. Why don’t you go get cleaned up. I promise I won’t fuck her until you get back.”

In that short amount of time Bryan reappeared. I glanced at his cock. The condom was gone and he looked clean. Will now left the bed.

“Did I miss anything?” Bryan asked anxiously.

“No. I was just about to ask your wife how she wants to be fucked.” She made the last adjustments to her harness and seemed satisfied how the interior end of the red dildo was resting in her pussy.

“I get a choice?” I really didn’t care; I just wanted to be fucked nice and hard.

“Sure you get a choice,” Tracy said magnanimously.

“Are you talking position or location?” asked Bryan.

“Both.”

“You mean I could tell you to fuck her in the ass while she’s on all fours?” Why Bryan’s head went right there I’ll never know.

Tracy grinned. “Sure, if that’s what you want. Heather?”

Before I could answer Bryan had made a decision. “Missionary. Straight sex. Well, Straight enough. Use her pussy.”

Tracy grinned at him. “That’s very traditional.”

Bryan put on airs. “I think you’ll find me a very boring, very conservative, very old-fashioned man at heart.”

Tracy and I burst out laughing even as she climbed atop me to start some very sincere and very traditional lesbian strap-on fucking.

There was the usual bit of fumbling about as we got the dildo aligned to my pussy. Even though it was semi-anchored inside her and was supported by the harness, the technology to make a strap-on cock work exactly like the real thing hasn’t been developed yet. At the time she had entered me, I heard a noise from the other side of the room. Will had come back from the bathroom and was just standing there. The noise he made must have been the strangled gasp upon seeing his wife fucking me. It shouldn’t have been surprising. He had seen us together before.

Maybe watching two women fuck was just that good.

Maybe watching his wife fuck me was even better.

I let out my own satisfied groan as I raised up my knees and let her sink the strap-on all the way into my pussy. It shouldn’t have felt that good, but it did. It wasn’t a real cock and right away I could tell the difference but different doesn’t

mean bad.

Tracy started pounding away at me like a man, only she was much prettier than any man I had ever fucked. Plus, she had boobs. Wonderful boobs that I reached up and fondled, taking joy in the body of another woman.

“You...like...that?” she asked, each word coming with a thrust from her hips.

“I love it,” I groaned back at her.

It wasn’t just about having sex with anyone I wanted. I was about having sex the way I wanted and when I wanted and without guilt.

Plus, it was fun to do it in front of my husband. I think he and Will appreciated that Tracy and I were at least a little bit exhibitionists at heart.

And I like to think that men are in awe of women because we can have as many orgasms as we want when they are completely spent for the day if they have more than two or three.

That’s why I let Tracy pound away at me. She made me cum because I was ready to cum and then she made me cum again because I had let her use my body.

I had wrapped my legs around her waist and was kissing her lips and cheeks when she abruptly stopped thrusting into me. “Don’t stop,” I begged. “I want to cum again.”

She didn’t answer right away and I looked more closely at her. I was so wrapped up in my own pleasure that I had forgotten it wasn’t all about me. She was cumming and couldn’t keep going while she climaxed.

“Oh fuck!” she exclaimed when the moment had passed.

“You good?” I asked.

“Uh-huh. Yeah.”

“Can you keep going?”

“Yeah…”

“Then make me cum again.”

Bryan actually laughed at me. I didn’t blame him. Tracy started pounding away. I looked over to the men and Bryan was just watching while Will had his cock in his hand, working it back to hardness.

Tracy saw him and made him stop. “What do you think you’re doing with my property?” she asked sharply.

Guiltily Will jerked his hand away from his growing cock. “Nothing,” he lied unconvincingly.

“Do you want to cum again?” she asked while she continued to fuck me. I would have chimed in, but I was too distracted by her lovely fake cock.

“Yes.”

“Then get someone to take care of it for you. Bryan or Heather. Don’t touch yourself in front of me.”

I knew Will wasn’t eager to have Bryan suck him off, so it was no surprise to me that he got on the bed with us and drew my hand over to his cock.

Playing along, I jerked him off for a minute while continuing to have Tracy fuck me. This was what I wanted. This was perfect.

And then I pulled on his cock and encouraged him to move up to my mouth. It probably wasn’t the best blowjob he had ever received, but that wasn’t my concern. It also wasn’t easy to suck him off while getting fucked at the same time, but I somehow managed without too much difficulty. It was heaven having him cum in my mouth and swallowing it while his wife fucked me and made me cum.

This was what sex, for me, was all about. I wasn’t going to give it up. Ever.

I wanted to see how much of a pervert I could be with my husband and friends.

Chapter Two

After a night of adventurous and vigorous sex with my husband and another couple, all I want to do the next day is sleep in and pamper myself because my pussy is sore. I wanted a nice warm bath where maybe I could gently jill off all by myself and relive the highlights of the previous night.

Bryan and I had bagels. I told him the bathroom was mine for the next hour and to leave me alone. He was happy to give me some time on my own.

Just before getting into the steaming hot water I contemplated my body. Yes, I wished my tits were bigger but I wasn't going to get them artificially inflated. That wasn't me. I was happier with smaller boobs and a trim body than I would be with fake anything. The one thing that was easy to change would be to shave my pussy completely. I wondered if Tracy would like that or if she would think I was trying to imitate her.

I opted just for a trim and some shaping. I hated the stubble and itch from the razor.

Bringing my phone into the bathroom was a mistake. I wasn't going to watch porn, I was just going to get myself off and luxuriate, but I was creature of habit, like the rest of humanity.

I'm sorry was all the text from Lydia said. I hadn't heard the phone buzz with an alert, but there it was. I checked the time and it had arrived last night when I was getting fucked by Tracy.

I should have just deleted it and moved on with my life, but Lydia had been my best friend for years. Too many years. I sighed and replied. Sorry for what?

She had already ruined my planned masturbation session so I flicked open a stupid, mindless game to try to get my relaxation mentality back in the proper frame of mine, when she replied almost right away.

Sorry for judging you. Sorry for accidentally spying on Bryan.

Now I was curious. Sex and curiosity are what kill too many people. Accidentally?

I wanted the whole story. I doubted I was going to get it but I was willing to go

down that road.

I was spying on Rich.

Rich the Dick. Her husband. Now it was staring to make sense.

Was he in Bar None? I wasn't going to outright accuse Lydia of her husband being gay, but I was willing to walk down that path.

No. He was with the woman he was fucking. They were eating at Felia's.

Bar None and Felia's are basically next to each other on the hip street in the city. He wasn't just fucking some other woman. He was dating her. I felt bad for Lydia. At least Bryan and I knew about us fucking and dating other people. Hell, we both got off on it.

I didn't know that. What else was I going to say to her?

I've been hiding it.

Yeah, I get that. Right away it bothered me so I had to ask. How long has he been doing this?

Years.

Oh fuck. She knew and didn't tell me and presumably didn't tell anyone. And then she thinks Bryan is doing the same thing to me, only he's doing it with a man. And the worst part is I actually don't have a problem with Bryan's behavior because I'm encouraging it and I nearly fucked up my friendship with my best friend because she was too embarrassed and upset that her husband was cheating on her.

Please tell me that you're exaggerating. I was certain she was telling the truth, but I didn't want to have to believe it. How long was it?

I'm pretty sure it started right after we got married. It might have started before that.

I wiped away a tear from the corner of my eye. It was fun and funny when Lydia had been fucking around on her boyfriends in college. It was meaningless. She

was having fun. But when she got married—when Bryan and I got married—all that stopped. Sure, Bryan and I now had an agreement, but that was different.

I'm so sorry that happened to you. I didn't know what else to say to her.

It's at least partly my fault. I didn't have a boyfriend in college and after that I didn't cheat on. I'm getting what I deserve.

My response was quick. You didn't deserve that.

Well, it happened.

I didn't know what else to say to her. A little tiny part of me was saying that, yes, the chickens were coming home to roost and maybe she had just been having some youthful fun before Richard, but maybe she shouldn't have been so eager to hop in bed with every guy who caught her eye and made her pussy wet. That was wrong of me, but maybe she should have made sure those boyfriends and other lovers knew that she wasn't going to be exclusive to them.

When I didn't reply for a long time, so long that I could feel the water starting to cool, she messaged me again.

So can I fuck Bryan in revenge?

I stared at her message. She wasn't serious, was she? I considered her request. It was a slightly different step to have a close friend fuck my husband, but on the plus side, I might be able to watch her with him. I'd seen Lydia naked enough times in college to know what she looked like naked. I wanted to compare how she held up over the years. I wanted to watch Bryan in action with her.

I could feel my pussy moisten at the thought. It was wrong, but she had made the request. What's the worst that could happen? Our friendship would be over? I had already walked up to that line.

Lydia sent a second message. Sorry. I shouldn't have asked. Forget I said anything.

My reply was almost instant.

No.

It’s cool.

I need to ask Bryan.

Would you mind if I watched?

Maybe this isn’t the best revenge.

I sent these out rapid-fire to her so she’d be overwhelmed and unable to answer right away.

I wasn’t sure if I wanted her fucking Bryan, but I was going to supervise if it happened.

And I sure as shit wasn’t going to fuck Dick if she had some hair-brained scheme of complex revenge. There are things I won’t do for fun or friendship.

Her reply took a little time. Would you ask Bryan for me? And I wouldn’t mind if you watched, but I’m pretty sure I don’t want to have sex with you. I’m not into girls.

It wasn’t the most relaxing bath of my life, but it did get me motivated. I went in search of Bryan.

“Well I don’t have to watch,” I reasoned with him. “I just tossed that idea out there in case you wanted me there.”

“First, this is crazy. And second, Lydia is crazy. I’m not fucking her so she can get revenge on her husband. She should just get divorced or...or I don’t know.”

“Or maybe she should have an open marriage like we do?”

He held up a finger and said, “Maybe.”

“Do you prefer to fuck men when you aren’t with me?” I asked.

“What?”

“You’re bi. I’m bi. If you had only one other partner besides me, would it be a man or woman?”

“Uh...what are you getting at?”

“I’m trying to figure out why you don’t want to fuck Lydia. She’s pretty and has the type of body most men go for. So what’s the big deal?”

I recognized the look on his face. He felt trapped. I didn’t blame him. I was trapping him.

I should have felt guilty.

I didn’t.

“Why are you doing this?” he asked. It was a reasonable question. I didn’t want to be reasonable. I wanted to get off on my perverted sexual desires.

“I don’t know,” I confessed.

“And you want me to have sex with her?” he clarified. “But you don’t know why?”

I lifted my chin a bit. “Yes. That’s right. And I want to watch.”

Bryan’s eyes narrowed on me. “Are you sure you want to watch?”

“I’ve seen you have sex with other people. Men and women.”

“But not your best friend of how many years?”

“I’ve seen her naked. And I know I’ve seen her having sex!” I wasn’t sure why he was trying to talk me out of this crazy plan. It couldn’t have been because it was crazy and might be permanently risking my friendship with Lydia along with her marriage. In my mind both of those things were well on their way to destruction so there was little risk of loss.

“You last saw her naked in college!” Bryan pointed out.

“And I saw her having sex under a blanket with some guy whose name I don’t remember. What’s your point?”

I hated to admit it to myself and but my pussy was getting wet at all the perverted ideas that were flying through my head at seeing Lydia with Bryan. This was more for me than it was for him or Lydia.

What was wrong with me?

Bryan shrugged at my question. “As long as you know what you’re doing.”

I nodded.

I had no idea what I was doing.

Chapter Three

Lydia and I couldn’t agree if it was more suspicious if she came over to our house on a weekday or a weekend. She wasn’t bringing Dick, of course. She was getting dicked. By my husband. With my approval. And with me looking. But she didn’t know that last part.

We agreed on Thursday because why the hell not.

I greeted her at the door like I almost always did, with a kiss on the cheek and a warm, quick hug. The lie we had told each other was that she was dropping by for a quick meal because we hadn’t seen each other in such a long time.

I had not food ready, but snacks were available. I had already set out bottles of wine and booze. I wasn't sure what we would need. Maybe just a little icebreaker. Maybe a whole lot more.

It was Lydia—Lovely Lydia. Lecherous Lydia. Libidinous Lydia. Lascivious Lydia. Libertine Lydia. Loose Lydia—who broke the ice. Maybe she was more eager to fuck than I had anticipated.

Or maybe she just wanted to piss off her husband.

Or maybe she just wanted revenge.

I could understand all of those motivations.

“So do we go right to the bedroom or do we do it in the living room?”

“I was planning on using the guest bedroom,” I said dryly.

“Okay,” she nodded eagerly but we didn’t move.

Bryan snorted, trying to contain a laugh. “All talk and no action,” was his comment when I looked askance at him.

“Big words from a man who has to prove himself still,” I commented. I wanted to see him fuck my best friend because my brain doesn’t work like a normal person’s.

“Are you sure you’re okay with me doing this with Bryan?” Lydia asked.

“Positive,” I said. “Are you okay with me watching?”

There was just the right amount of hesitation and pause and uncertainty in her answer that I knew she wasn’t one hundred percent certain of what she was doing. I was pushing, but I was crazy was my excuse. “I’ve never had sex with someone watching.”

“That you know of,” I helpfully supplied. “And other than all those guys I walked in on you fucking in college.”

“That only happened once,” she replied, licking her lips in memory.

“I walked in on you in bed with I don’t know how many guys,” I corrected her. “Ten, maybe fifteen.”

“It wasn’t that many,” she tried to deny.

“I mean, I didn’t catch you in the middle of the act all those times, but I remember that guy with the green mohawk where you were on top. You looked like you were in another world.”

Lydia froze. “Yeah. Robbie. He had a big dick. That’s why I was on top. I wanted to be in charge.”

“Green mohawk?” Bryan asked.

“It was my slutty and experimental phase,” Lydia tried to explain away.

“Otherwise known as four years of college,” I corrected her. “Was he the biggest cock you had?”

Lydia’s eyes were unfocused and dreamy. “Yeah. He was. Bigger than Rich. Not huge.” She came back to herself. “Not that size matters all that much.” She seemed to see Bryan for the first time. “How big are you, Bryan?”

He smiled. “I’ve never had any complaints.”

“There’s only one way to do a proper size comparison.” I told them.

Bryan grabbed Lydia’s hand and she resisted just enough to let us know she

wanted to do this but was afraid and nervous and knew it was wrong but she was going to do it anyway because being wrong was something she could afford at this point in her life. And also: her husband was a dick.

In the bedroom Bryan was the perfect gentleman, pulling off his shirt, kicking off his shoes and dropping his jeans like he did this sort of thing all the time.

It was getting to the point where he did do this sort of thing all the time.

He stopped at his underwear. “Aren’t you going to undress?” he asked Lydia.

I melted into the background, not saying a word, not making a sound. I wanted this to happen and I wasn’t going to force things along artificially.

“Right,” she said. “Gotta get naked to fuck. Gotta get naked to cheat on my husband.”

A worried look flashed across Bryan’s face and he glanced my way. I shook my head to indicate he shouldn't do anything.

Lydia whipped off her blouse. Underneath she had been wearing a bra but that came off at the same time as her shirt.

I didn’t get a good view of her tits, but Bryan did. What I did get was a good view of her ass when she yanked down her tights and panties. Either Lydia was eager or she was scared and wanted to get it over and done with before she changed her mind.

Lydia still had a fantastic ass. I had seen it plenty it college. It hadn’t changed at all since then. It was perfectly peach shaped with just a tiny touch of too much flesh that made it wiggle attractively whenever she moved.

She moved quickly, sweeping the cover off the bed and throwing herself on it. I got to admire her tits. Bigger than mine but smaller than Tracy’s. Still fucking perky without being too boyish. I was jealous. Of course Lydia’s pussy was carefully waxed and trimmed to a neat landing strip. In college she was more traditional, but things change.

“I’m going to need a little help,” said Bryan, indicating his underwear.

“Oh, right, sorry,” she apologized and got back off the bed and on her knees in front of my husband. Showing no second thoughts, she pulled down his underwear and freed his cock. He didn’t really need her help. He was already hard but Bryan did enjoy a good blowjob.

He got one.

I wasn’t wrong about all the nicknames I had given Lydia. She gave such an enthusiastic blowjob I thought for a moment that maybe Lydia should rethink her career and maybe switch to professional adult film actress. Or maybe prostitute.

Bryan’s eyes went wide at her enthusiasm when sucking on him.

Good? I mouthed to him.

“Fantastic,” he breathed. His eyes practically rolled up into his head.

I couldn’t remain silent. “Better than me?” I asked, loud enough for Lydia to hear.

“Yes,” he said way too quickly and way too enthusiastically.

I was pissed, but not pissed enough to interrupt them. Watching Lydia go down on my husband was beautiful.

Since I had already spoken, I moved to the side for a slightly better view and managed to get into Lydia’s eye line when she took a quick break.

“Like what you see?”

“Yes.”

It didn’t matter to me if she was talking about her fellatio technique or her body. It was the same answer to them both.

She gave me a little wink and went back to sucking his cock, not that she needed to. He was plenty hard and if she kept at it he was going to pop off in her mouth. Maybe she wanted that. I know that she gave plenty of blowjobs in college. Considering that she had been married to Dick for a while, I wondered when the last time she actually had another man’s cock in her mouth.

I liked it when she managed to get all of his cock into her mouth and down her throat. I liked it when she licked the underside and took his balls into her mouth. It was too much to resist. Once again my hand went into my yoga pants and down inside my thong.

I was happy to see that my pussy was nice and wet. I knew it was wet. It always gets wet when someone else is sucking my husband's cock.

And just then it struck me as funny. The old joke about women getting married so they didn't have to give another blowjob. In my case it was almost true. My husband was now getting blowjobs from other men and women.

Not that I minded sucking him off. Not now. I sort of wanted to share his cock with Lydia, but maybe that was a little too intimate for her first time of cheating on her husband.

Bryan pushed her back. "I want to fuck you. Is that okay?"

Lydia just nodded. I knew her expressions. She was nervous. As much as she said she wanted this, it was a crazy step for her. It was a crazy step for me the first time I did it, so I decided to be helpful. Who wouldn't want their best friend to be there when they were cheating on their husband for the first time?

He helped her to her feet and moved her back to the bed. She laid back and drew up her knees. I moved along with them, wanting to see my husband's cock slip into her for the first time.

Of course he was drooling precum. His cock was slick with her saliva. That was always more than enough for Bryan and me, but I didn't know about Lydia's personal needs that well, which was strange considering how much I knew about her intimate life before marriage.

"Do you need any help?" I couldn't stop myself from asking.

Bryan looked at me with a grin. "I've done this before, just not with her."

Lydia tried to play it like she was a seasoned pro, but there's a different between playing tee ball and major league baseball. "I know what I'm doing, Heather."

I had forgotten that she didn't really want me there while I wanted to guide

Bryan’s cock into her. Unconsciously my hand reached toward her pussy with its carefully sculpted pubic hair. “Are you wet enough for him? Bryan likes a wet pussy.”

She caught me by the wrist. “I’m good.”

“Lube?” I smoothly asked as Bryan knelt between her legs. “Condom?”

“I’m not bi like you,” Lydia gently reminded me.

I grinned. “But you could be.”

“Not today. Do I need a condom?” she asked Bryan.

“I’m clean. Are you going to get pregnant?”

Lydia moved her head back and forth. “It’s a good thing I have an IUD because I would have stopped taking the pill years ago.”

I gasped. “Has it really been that long for you and Di...Rich?”

The look of embarrassment and anger that passed across her face told me everything I needed to know. “Yeah, it has been.”

In reply I grabbed Bryan’s cock and pulled it forward, practically dragging him into her. “Fuck the poor girl already, hon. She needs cock like a drowning woman needs a life vest.”

It would have been great if I was the one guiding Bryan’s cock into my friend, but that might have been a little too much for Lydia. I wasn’t at all shy about handling his cock or even touching her pussy, but it was a different matter entirely for Lydia

I let them do it.

I even backed away a little bit to give them some space, but that doesn’t mean that I didn’t watch intently.

The moan that Lydia let out just for being entered gave Bryan pause. I didn’t blame him. I had been planning on shoving my hand down my pants but I just

froze in place.

“Are you okay?” I asked her.

“I’m great!” she declared more loudly than was necessary. She was being swept away with the moment and I couldn’t blame her. I had had Bryan’s cock in me more times than I could count so I knew how good it felt.

Bryan just grinned down at her. He was happy to be fucking my best friend. Wasn’t that a fantasy of every man, every husband, to fuck the wife’s hot best friend. I was happy to help him out with that fantasy. I was happy to help out Lydia with her need to fuck someone. Anyone.

And then I remembered I was helping her cheat. Maybe that wasn’t so good, but it was her choice.

I didn’t let that bother me too much. Seeing the two of them together got me jealous and got my pussy working. The effect of her gasp had worn off and my pussy was singing for attention.

This time I didn’t just shove my hand into my pants. I pulled them off, struggling a bit with my thong because it was sticking between my cheeks and against my pussy. The amount of moisture I was drooling was almost too much. I could feel it sliding down the insides of my thighs.

Maybe there was something morally wrong with jilling off to my husband fucking my best friend, but I didn’t have a problem with morality.

Lydia drew her knees up to her chest, obscuring my view of her perfect tits, and hooked her ankles over Bryan’s shoulders. He slammed into her, fucking her hard and fast. They were making the headboard slam against the wall. The only thing missing was the bed squeaking loudly.

“Fuck!” Lydia screamed. In a panic, Bryan froze.

“Don’t stop!” she barked at him. “I’m almost there! Keep going!”

Bryan knew just what to do. He kept going, fucking her hard. It was all about speed and impact. The sound of their bodies slapping together was almost violent.

They hadn’t been fucking for that long, but if it had been a while for her, I wasn’t surprised that she came so quickly. I was proud of Bryan, however, for holding out at long as he did.

Lydia was quivering underneath him. Her legs were shaking so violently that they slipped off his shoulders and she seemed to be having a seizure as she climaxed. My fingers were still in my pussy but I didn’t know if I should keep going or if I should do something to help.

Fortunately the little death she experienced eventually wore off. “I’m sorry,” was what she said when she managed to recover.

“Sorry for what?” Bryan asked.

“For cumming like that.”

“That was great,” he replied. If nothing else, Bryan knew how to handle Lydia. “Want to keep going?”

“Uh…”

I filled in for her. “Of course she does, I haven’t cum yet.” They looked over at me and I must have appeared more than a little bit ridiculous slouched against the wall with my fingers up my pussy, still wearing my shirt but nothing on my bottom.

Bryan shook his head. “We’re not putting a show on for you.”

“Sure you are,” I argued with him. “You just need to keep fucking her. You haven’t cum yet.”

Lydia was amazed. “You didn’t?”

He half-laughed. “You were a little fast for me.”

“Sorry.”

“Nothing to apologize for. I can keep going if you want.”

Lydia looked to me which was just weird. “Can I?”

“Please do!” It was odd to think that I wanted my husband to keep fucking my best friend, but it would have been terrible if I wanted him to stop in the middle of the act. Everyone would have been unhappy.

“Can I turn over?” Lydia asked.

“Anything you want.” Bryan was generous in that respect. Although I suppose in truth he would have allowed her to take any position she wanted as long as he could keep fucking her. Men are like that.

As Lydia got into doggy position, Bryan sat back on his heels with his cock projecting upward from his crotch. It was swollen and hard and a little bit red and completely coated in Lydia’s amrita. It was too much for me to resist. I quickly moved in and gave him a quick lick and suck, tasting Lydia’s pussy on his cock.

Bryan shook his head at me and gently pushed me aside so he could put his cock back into Lydia.

“What are you doing back there?” Lydia didn’t miss my little interlude.

“Just making sure he’s ready for you.” I couldn’t help but look at her exposed pussy. I could see some of her moisture dripping from her lips. This time I didn’t let her get away with ordering me away from my husband. I placed a hand on her upturned buttock and guided Bryan’s cock into her.

It was probably wrong to do that, but I wanted to feel like I was a part of what they were doing. I wasn’t going to let Lydia just fuck my husband and think she could use him anytime she wanted. We came as a pair.

I didn’t do it creepily. I didn’t grope Lydia. It was a loving gesture.

She didn’t complain. She couldn’t complain because Bryan started fucking her right away and my pussy still had her needs so I stepped back, slid to the floor, spread my legs, and started jilling off as I watched them.

Unlike in dirty movies there wasn’t much to see. There were lots of sounds—flesh on flesh, moans, groans, and sighs—but I wasn’t getting a close up that was worthy of a medical textbook.

It was better that way.

Lydia clutched at the sheets and put her hand to her pussy. I knew she was rubbing herself as Bryan fucked her. I moved my hand in time with hers. She came again quickly. I was jealous. I rubbed myself harder and faster.

Bryan was getting tired. He started fucking her faster, trying to finish her off before he was too exhausted to enjoy the sex.

I came with a groan as I pressed my thighs together, trapping my soaked hand.

I hoped Bryan heard me and that was what pushed him over the edge. It was wishful thinking on my part but a few seconds later he came. He was polite and shot his entire load into Lydia. It would have been rude to pull out and dump his load all over her back.

Besides, it felt better for the both of them for him to cum that way.

Bryan didn’t collapse on her, but was a gentleman and held himself up over her for a minute before withdrawing. I wanted him to fuck me right away, but that wasn’t going to happen, not with his flaccid cock.

I would have been happy to have Lydia go down on me. I would have been happy to go down on her. I just wanted to keep things going. But I knew that Lydia would say no. I wasn’t going to ask. I wasn’t going to ruin our friendship, not now that it had suddenly gotten a lot better.

I was just worried about her getting in trouble with her husband, even if he was a dick. A real Dick.

“I’ve gotta pee,” said Lydia the moment I caught her eye. She jumped off the bed and ran for the bathroom down the hall. I turned to Bryan.

“You okay after fucking her?”

“Why wouldn't I be?”

“Because she’s my best friend and you just completely ruined my relationship with her,” I said calmly.

“Worth it. She had a hot pussy. When she came it felt like my cock was on fire. Better than fucking you.”

I smacked him and followed it up with a kiss. “You’re a fucking liar.”

“She was a good fuck though.”

“Are you going to fuck her again?” I looked nervously toward the doorway, not wanting Lydia to overhear us talking about her.

“Only if you say I can.” He tilted his head to the side. “Or is this a one-off? Was this some weird experiment?”

“I’m worried about her, but if she wants to carry on an affair with you…”

“An affair?”

“What would you call it if you’re fucking her alone in my bed?”

“You don’t want to watch us again? Don’t you want to see your husband laying pipe to another woman?”

I kissed him again. He curled his hand around my bottom and squeezed my ass. “I do, but I don’t think she does.”

We heard the toilet flush. Lydia would be back in a minute. “Want me to suck your dick so she gets an eyeful when she comes back?”

Bryan looked askance at me. If that was going to be his answer I was going to take him up on it. I grabbed his cock and popped it into my mouth. When Lydia walked back into the bedroom—and I was very proud of her for doing so and not just running home and pretending this never happened—she got an eyeful of me sucking off my husband and probably my pussy as well since I had put my ass up in the air and aimed it toward the door.

As a method of seducing a woman, my attempt was a terrible try. “Oh! I didn’t mean to interrupt you two.”

I was giggling when I took Bryan’s cock out of my mouth. “You weren’t interrupting. Do you want to join us?”

For maybe half a second I saw that she considered my offer. That was good enough.

“No. I don’t think I should.”

“In for a penny, in for a pound?”

That made her laugh. “I already got pounded.”

It wasn’t exactly an elegant way of exiting, but it was good enough. Lydia gathered her clothes, gave us both quick pecks on the cheek, and escaped from our lair.

I curled up next to Bryan. “Do you think we just completely destroyed her marriage?”

Bryan shook his head. “It sounds like it was already a disaster.”

Chapter Four

Jay had been texting Bryan and me for a few days and I kept putting him off. Who knew that delving into the swinging set would mean that our boring nights at home would suddenly disappear?

Not wanting to be rude I finally texted him back, after checking with Bryan.

Sorry for not getting back to you. Life's been busy. It wasn't a lie.

I get it. More importantly, do you want to get it? He followed that with a winking emoji.

I liked that he got to the point right away. I could play that game as well. Sure. When?

Saturday night works for me.

Perfect.

It turned out to be less than perfect. Lydia dropped by the next day. I was making dinner and wondering why Bryan was so damn late. When Lydia rang the bell I was glad to see her because that meant that she wasn't fucking my husband behind my back.

Was that even possible?

After she came in she asked where Bryan was.

I shrugged. "You tell me? Were you fucking him in your bed?"

It was too blunt a question for her just yet. I think she was still trying to rechannel her inner slut. I knew a beautiful slut lived in her heart; she just needed to admit it to herself.

"No! I wouldn't do that!"

"You did it a few days ago," I teased and then immediately regretted it. "I'm kidding. I think he's just working late. Why'd you stop by?"

Blushing, which was hard to see behind her tanned skin, she softly asked, almost regretfully, “Would you mind if we did it again?”

There was no way to stop the smile from spreading across my face. “Of course not? When? Tonight? Are you that horny?”

“No!” She paused and laughed nervously. “Well, a little bit. How about Saturday?”

I frowned. “I’ve made plans.”

“Oh.”

My words had completely crushed her. Honesty was always the best policy. But that being said, that didn’t mean we couldn’t change or adapt our plans. “Okay, this might be more information than you want, but Bryan and I were going to have a third over Saturday night. He’s a great guy and good in bed. Want to join us?”

Maybe I should have cleared it with Bryan first. And maybe Jay as well. But I wasn’t beholden to them. I wasn’t going to deny my best friend a new cock if she wanted it.

Lydia was, to say the least, more than mildly surprised. “Holy fucking shit and a half. What?”

I took her response in stride. “Do you want to join me and Bryan with Jay? We can turn the threeway into a fourway.” I furrowed my brow. “Is fourway even a word?”

“You and Bryan and another guy?” she asked, still not processing all the information.

“That’s right. It’s really hot watching Bryan with another guy.” I paused and had to stop myself from licking my lips. My pussy was getting wet just from the thought of bring Lydia into our little group grope. “You can watch too.”

“Wow. Huh. Uh...Bryan gets it on with another guy?”

I smiled. I had maybe more than surprised her. Was she disgusted or just

unsettled knowing that Bryan liked sex with guys. “Yeah. He’s bi, like me. Perfect, right?”

“Uh...sure.”

Pretending I had missed every cue she had given me, “What's the matter?”

“I didn’t realize...that Bryan liked guys.”

“I told you.”

“But...it’s different now. How can you have sex with him after...after he does it with a guy?”

“Easily. You’ve never watched gay porn? It’s incredibly hot.”

“Uhh...no.”

“Look, if you don’t want to join us, that’s fine.”

“I really want to fuck Bryan again,” she blurted out.

“Have you had sex with Di...Rich since you did it with us?” Yeah, technically we wasn’t correct, but I wanted to push her, make her uncomfortable, and make her confront who she actually was.

Lydia, sadly, shook her head. “No.”

“Why not?” I was a bit angry. “You fucking Bryan was supposed to get you back into the game. Guys love it when a woman comes on to them.”

She gave a defeated shrug. “I don’t know. I looked at Rich and I didn’t want to have sex with him.”

“Because he’s having sex with some other woman or because you aren’t attracted to him any longer?”

She looked at me with some hope. “Both?”

I didn’t know what to say to her about that. I didn’t know what to say in general. I knew my friend’s marriage was disintegrating and I was helping it along. It was

a good thing that Bryan showed up then, coming in the front door and giving us a distraction from our conversation.

Of course, I couldn't leave well enough alone. As soon as he greeted us both I asked him, "Want to fuck Lydia, Bryan?"

"Sure! When?"

"Saturday night?"

"Why not now?" He leered playfully at her and winked at me.

"I need to get home soon," was Lydia's excuse. "I don't have time."

"Saturday night it is," Bryan declared. I couldn't blame him for wanting to fuck Lydia again. I wanted to fuck her for the first time, but that wasn't going to happen.

"Umm...small problem, hon," I said.

"What's that?"

"I already set a date with Jay."

Bryan nodded, acknowledging the problem. "Well, go out with him and Lydia can come over here."

"Here?!" It was more a noise Lydia made than a real world, but I knew her well enough to interpret.

"Or we can go out some place if you like," said Bryan. "I didn't think you'd want to go to your place because of your husband and all…"

"Right. Sure. Saturday night." Lydia nodded and gathered up her purse. "I'll see you on Saturday. Send me the time." With that she left the house.

I looked at Bryan and shrugged. "Looks like we're going out on separate dates Saturday."

"Modern American marriage," Bryan decided.

And that's how I wound up greeting Lydia on my way out of my house on Saturday night. I was headed over to Jay's and Lydia was supposed to get a drink with Bryan. He told me that he was intent on convincing her to have sex first and then go out.

It wasn't cheating. It was doing what was necessary to stay sane in my marriage.

Jay was disappointed that Bryan wasn't coming over with me. I placated him by promising him to fulfill any fantasy he wanted.

"I'm not sure you're going to be able to do that. You don't have a dick."

"I can wear a strapon if that's what you want."

Jay's apartment was nothing fancy. He met me at the door and grabbed me, kissing me like we were long-long lovers reunited for the first time in years.

Basically, he had a hard on in his pants that I not only felt, but I could see the outline of through his pants.

There were no preliminaries. We went right to the bedroom. He undressed me, which was nice. I liked being naked in front of him. I liked it even better when he lifted me up and put me on his bed. It smelled lightly of his sweat. It turned me on. It was even better when he put his face between my legs and made me cum with just his tongue.

He had talent.

"What do you want?" I asked him after I had cum.

"I want to fuck you," he said, jumping up and stripping off his clothes. I watched him. His cock was nice and hard when he was naked. He was hairless, which I loved and I wanted his cock either in my mouth or my pussy. Hell, I was even willing to take it in my ass if that's what he wanted.

Putting up a hand to prevent him from jumping on me and slipping it in. Not that I would have minded. I was hot and ready for cock.

“No, what fantasy do you want. I’ll do anything tonight.”

“Anything?” he asked with raised eyebrows.

“Within reason, sport. You just have to do one thing for me.”

“What’s that?”

I told him and he agreed.

Who would have guessed that a bi guy would want to be pegged by someone else’s wife? Well, probably a lot of people would have guessed that. I didn’t peg him to complete completion. He told me when he was close to cumming and I pulled out of his ass. After some fumbling around, I got into position and he jerked off onto my face.

It was a boy’s fantasy and I was happy to give it to him. It was easier to have weird, kinky sex with someone you aren’t married to and have little vested interest in carrying on a long-term relationship.

I’ll admit it. I liked the implied humiliation. Plus no one had ever cum on my face before. I’d given plenty of blowjobs but had always been careful to either swallow it all or aim it away from my face.

Jay upped the ante by licking his cum off my face and kissing me with it still on his tongue. It was weird but if it got him excited, why the hell not.

“Remember your promise?” I asked when he was done.

“Straight sex?” he asked. “That’s so boring it’s almost kinky.”

The sex was pretty good. I was amazed that he could get hard again so quickly with just a bit of fellatio. Being in his early twenties and fucking someone else’s wife probably helped.

He fucked me just the way I wanted. It was perfect. I grabbed his balls as he came in me, shooting it deeply. I quivered with his every pulse.

“Hand me my panties,” I told him when he rolled off me.”

“Why?” he asked even as he searched the floor and found them.

“I need to put them on before I get up.”

“You’re serious about this thing with your husband?”

“Hell yes. Can you get it up again?”

“Of course I can!” he declared as if I had asked if he wasn’t worthy of the label of man.

He dressed with me and got in my car so we could drive back to my place.

“This is crazy,” he told me. “Is Bryan going to be upset?”

“Why would he be?”

After a moment of silence. “Because you didn’t ask him ahead of time.”

“Do you want to fuck him or not?”

And that was the end of the conversation. I did have time before he got in the car to send a text and get confirmation from Bryan that he was indeed, still at home with Lydia.

Her car was in the driveway and I brought Jay in with me. The house was almost silent. I had been hoping to walk in on Bryan and Lydia passionately fucking, but reality is often different from fantasy.

They were naked in bed when I walked in. “We’re not interrupting anything, are we?” I asked, startling them both, Lydia more than Bryan.

“Heather!” she blurted out. “What are you doing here?!”

“I live here,” I said, standing unsteadily. I was trying to pretend I was drunk but I didn’t want to oversell it. “That’s my bed and that’s my husband. Are you done fucking him?”

“Uh…” I didn’t expect anything witty from her. I loved Lydia, but she wasn’t exactly fast on her metaphorical feet when confronted with the unexpected.

“We’re done for the moment,” said Bryan.

“Want to fuck me?” I asked him as I undressed. “Jay can fuck Lydia if she’s still horny. Or they can watch. Or whatever. I don’t care. I’ve got a special treat for you.”

By that point I was down my to thong. I left it on and joined the two of them in the bed, climbing on top of Bryan’s naked body. Lydia slid over, unsure of what to do. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Jay nodding along in approval. I found I wanted to put a show on for the both of them.

Bryan’s hand went to my ass and caressed it before trying to pull down my panties.

“Ready to eat me out?” I asked him as he got the waistband over my ass.

“Do you need it?”

I shook my head and rolled off him, lifting my legs up to toss aside my panties. They briefly clung to my labia, a combination of wetness and some sticky cum starting to dry and glue the cotton to my skin. “No, but I want it. And I’ve got a treat for you, courtesy of Jay.”

Moving quicker than I thought I could, I rolled back over and turned around to lower my pussy onto Bryan’s face. Automatically his hands circled around my thighs and he made just a tiny sound of protest as my pussy made contact. It took him as second and then Bryan got to work eating me out.

I felt dirty.

Dirty felt like heaven.

I never told Bryan that Jay had recently cum in me, but he was probably smart enough to figure it out. Probably. But who actually knows?

Lydia was watching me from next to Bryan, the sheet pulled up over her body. It was almost comical except for the fact that I wanted to pull the sheet down and watch her jill off for me. Since that wasn’t going to happen, as Bryan continued to work his magic on my pussy with his mouth, I gestured for Jay to come closer.

He quickly got the idea and lowered his jeans, getting his cock out so I could suck him. I could have just gone down on Bryan if all I wanted was to suck cock, but I hate the concept of sixty-nine and because of our height difference, it's difficult for me and Bryan. Sucking another man's cock while Lydia watched however…

After a minute I heard Lydia say, "Do you want me to leave?"

Taking Jay's cock from my mouth I said, "No. I want to watch you fuck Jay." It didn't matter to me that she hadn't even met Jay. I just wanted to pull her inner slut out of her.

"That's...not a good idea."

Licking the underside of Jay's cock while he smiled down at me and removed his shirt, I asked, "Why not?"

"I just had sex with Bryan?

"So? Don't you want to fuck some more?" I took one of Jay's balls into my mouth and then the other while Bryan sucked on my clit and made me tremble. I could feel my juices flowing out of me and down his throat...though maybe that was Jay's cum.

"Uh...sort of."

I gave her a pointed look. "I just fucked Jay and now I'm riding Bryan's face. Does that really matter?"

Lydia could still look shocked. I liked that in her. Not waiting for the conversation to do downhill, I swept the sheet off Lydia's body and all but leered at her. She had great tits. I would have loved to go down on her, but I was otherwise occupied so I did the next best thing.

Jay was nice and hard by now so I pulled him by the cock over to her. "My friend needs to be fucked. Would you fuck her for me?"

When Lydia went along with it, I was thrilled for my friend. She insisted on a condom, which was a waste in my opinion, but I didn't make a fuss about it.

Bryan continued to eat my pussy as Jay fucked Lydia in the oh-so-boring missionary position. He made her cum a couple of times. I even lifted my pussy from Bryan’s face so he could watch parts of it.

When Jay was ready to finish he pulled out of Lydia, pulled off his condom, and shot his load on her body. It was a little gross, but I was in the moment and smeared it across her belly, picking some of it up and licking it from my fingers.

All in all it was an excellent way to end the evening.

Eventually Lydia claimed she had to go home to her husband. Jay spent the night. I woke up to find my husband fucking Jay in the ass while the two of them were in the shower.

Who says dreams don’t come true?

Epilogue

Eventually Bryan and I settled down. Now that we were both admitted bisexuals and knew that we couldn't help ourselves not only when the opportunity presented itself but when we got horny for something other than our spouse, life became easier.

It's a hell of a lot more fun to say, "Honey, I'm going to be late because I'm fucking Tracy and Will. I'll give you all the dirty details when I get home. Don't wait up," than to lie and say, "I'm working late," and have to rush through some barely adequate sex and then have to remember what the lie was for the rest of your life.

We still had plenty of adventures with each other and other couples and singles, but we took a break so I could get pregnant.

I'll admit it. I fucked Tracy and Will when I was six months pregnant and I'm not ashamed. I remember that night because it was the same night that Keith fucked Bryan's ass for the first time. Bryan said he was sore for the next two days because it wasn't just Keith fucking him, but Keith's boyfriend as well. They eventually got married.

Bryan and I had out first baby. We were thrilled. We were even more thrilled when the doctor gave me the all clear and I fucked Jay and Bryan on the same night, one after the other. My pussy was dripping with cum by the time they were done, but they also cleaned me up.

Tracy and Will continued their strange fem dom relationship. I hardly ever saw Will's cock because he was always in a cage, but both Bryan and I loved fucking his ass. Will never could talk Bryan into wearing a cock cage. I was fine with that.

Eventually Lydia left Dick. They got divorced, mostly amicably because she had been stalking him for so long that she had plenty of evidence of his infidelity. I stayed silent on the issue of her infidelity. Lydia let out her inner slut. She fucked Jay more than a few times.

She fucked a succession of guys I don't remember.

She brought along some temporary fling when Bryan and I did a weekend swap with Tracy and Will. I think Lydia freaked out her boyfriend of the moment

because I never saw him again. He had a wonderful cock though. I didn’t mind him fucking my ass while I was sucking off Bryan.

I still haven’t gotten Lydia in bed with just me. Soon, though, soon.

I’m a patient, if slutty, woman.

End

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 3

Helana refused to acknowledge or even think that perhaps she had been deceived beyond what she was expecting in the Kingdom of Uralia. After slipping back into her bed she lay awake for hours before sleep took her.

She wanted more than just sleep to take her.

The wakeup greeting she received was both unwanted and far too early. The sun had been up for hours but was held back by the thick drapes on the windows. Seeing as she was a princess and had only one official function within the palace there was no need to rouse her early. It was easier on the servants to leave her be and go about their day with one less problem.

It was Sir Pierce Victor who swept into Princess Helana's bedroom at the ungodly early time of four hours past sunrise. He forced a serving maid to accompany him with food and refreshment. The rudest action he took was to throw open the drapes flooding the room with light and forcing Helana to moan in protest.

"Sleep," she muttered into her pillow. "I need sleep."

"You need to rise and shine like the sun, my darling," said Pierce. "Come, break your fast with me and we'll plot and plan your conquest of this snooty empire." He ushered the maid out of the door, not that the simple girl cared anything for the politics the two represented to her.

It was his devil may care attitude that forced Helana's eyes open. "Who are you?" she demanded. She sat up, clutching the sheets to her chest, not out of a false sense of modesty, but because she didn't want the interloper to feel he was in any way superior to her.

"I am," he replied, resting his hand on his chest, "Sir Pierce Victor, assistant gentleman to Prince Arpad. I'm sure you've heard of him. You had his dick inside your quim, if memory serves."

Helana was taken aback by his crude language. What type of man—what type of gentleman—spoke that way to a princess without leave?

And then something else occurred to her.

“What are you doing in here alone?” she snipped at him. “How did you get past the guard? Where is Sgt. Sawyer?”

Sir Pierce daintily picked up a grape from the silver food tray and popped it in his mouth. He savored it for a moment, chewing and tasting, before swallowing. Helana watched him closely. He was dressed in the finest, most stylish clothing of any of the men she had seen in the palace. If he were a woman, she would have described him as beautiful with an elegant nose and Cupid-kissed lips. His light brown hair was a little longer than was usual for men in the palace, but he wore it well. In all, Helana was a little jealous that he was more attractive than she was.

“The good sergeant let me in,” said Pierce. “But don’t you worry about her. Or your precious quim. It holds no interest for me.”

That made Helana gather up the bedclothes even tighter to her body. “Why is that?” she asked nervously.

“You can’t tell?” he asked archly, sipping at a small glass of morning wine.

She shook her head.

“I’m a hoofter.”

Helana stared blankly at him.

“I sleep with men,” he told her bluntly. “I suck pricks for my amusement and sexual gratification. I do other, nastier, things but we don’t need to discuss that right now.”

It was a revealing secret which surprised Helana; men with men was unusual but not strictly forbidden in Jadwig, but she didn’t know all the rules in Uralia. From what she had gathered it wasn’t illegal or forbidden, but was looked down on and mocked. Sir Pierce seemed completely at ease with himself.

Still, she gathered the blankets even more tightly around her. “And you are the prince’s gentleman?”

“Assistant gentleman,” he corrected her. “You’d think he’d give me a step up in title, us being childhood friends and all, but that’s politics for you, isn’t it?”

“I suppose…” said Helana warily.

“Now let’s get you out of bed and ready,” he said brightly.

“Ready for what?”

“Ready to make you a little more appropriate for Uralia?”

“More appropriate?”

Sir Pierce grimaced. “Your look and style are…shall we say…stuck in Jadwig…about thirty years ago.”

“I didn’t know I was so…unfashionable,” she all but sneered at him.

“Totally fixable!” he declared.

“Does it really matter?” she asked. “I’m only here for one reason and I spend that one reason without any clothes on.”

He sighed dreamily. “I know. And you’re gorgeous without your clothes. And your skin!” He looked to the heavens. “Women would literally kill for it so that they could wear it themselves. We can fix your hair, that’s easy. And of course the ladies have gotten to your tits and quim already. Barbaric tradition.”

She looked down at her nipples, suddenly not afraid to let him see her nudity. “I rather like the rings and shields.”

“And the love ring and love chain,” he sniffed. “Did you enjoy it going into your flesh?”

“It hurt only a little.”

Pierce pursed his lips. “Well, it is a virtue to suffer for beauty. If you find beauty in such piercings.”

“I do!” Helana wasn’t sure if she actually did or not, or if she was being contrary, but if all the other women in Uralia had a love ring—and as far as Helana had seen, they all did—then she was going to have one as well.

He let out a long, slow breath. “Maybe it’s because I prefer pricks to quims, but if you find beauty in it…then I will allow it.”

Helana picked up her chin a bit, a touch of pride in her small victory, though she hadn’t realized she had been fighting for it. “A wise choice,” she said, returning to her princess-like authority.

“What style chain did they give you?”

The question caught Helana short. “What do you mean?”

“What style of chain did they give you after Prince Arpad fucked you? It’s customary for a woman’s ladies-in-waiting to gift her a love chain. There’s a whole secret ceremony that you’re supposed to go through to receiving it. I’m a man so I’ve never seen it. The first step is for the lady—or princess in this case—to be witnessed in the act of physical love with a man, usually her husband, but discrete lovers are also allowed, or so I’m told.”

Helana looked at him blankly. “What?”

“You don’t get your chain until your fiancé fucks you,” he explained simply. “Let me see yours so I can determine where you stand in the order of things in the palace.”

“How can you determine that?”

“A cheap love chain means you aren’t valued and aren’t expected to go anywhere, an elaborate and expensive and ornate one means you are well respected. So let me see yours.”

Helana frowned. “I don’t think so.”

Pierce’s expression sours. “Oh, please. You’ve been paraded through the palace naked. Everyone has seen your goodies. I have no interest in your quim other than to evaluate your status. I’m a hoofter, remember? If you were a man, I’d happily lay down in bed with you and suck your prick but—sadly—you’re a

lacking a prick."

She had absolutely nothing to go on, but she was sorely upset over her betrayal by Arpad. As betrayals went, it was fairly minor. They weren't married. They were barely engaged. Their betrothal would end if she didn't fall pregnant. She certainly hadn't expected him to be faithful to her after their initial meeting. It was common in Jadwig and in Uralia for both men and women to have lovers outside of the marriage.

What hurt was that one of Prince Arpad's lovers—maybe his only lover as far as she knew—was her closes lady-in-waiting, the Lady Ada.

Helana sat up and got on her knees, dropping the blankets from in front of her body. She felt no shame in exposing herself to this hoofter. If anything, she rather enjoyed it.

Looking her up and down Sir Pierce merely said, "Nice tits. I see the ladies are favoring the smaller nipple shields. That's a style that should never go out of fashion. We had a countess here ten years back with enormous tits and areolas like dinner plates. Completely unflattering. She ushered in these huge petal shields that were like…well, they were like dinner plates. I can't imagine how many women had their tits pulled down because this one bitch couldn't deal with having larger than average areolas." He paused and smiled. "Well, that's past us. Very pretty nipples."

"Thank you."

"Now open your thighs so I can see your love chain. They did a lovely job shaving you—which is a bit of a shame considering your hair color—but I need to see your exposed quim."

She altered her stance a bit to no real effect. His eyes were inspecting her quim from just a few feet away and he couldn't discern what type of love chain she was wearing.

"I don't see anything," he said, worried that something had gone awry with her anatomy. He was as close to a woman's quim as he dared to be and even that was too close. Her lady bits were pink and her inner lips were only slightly protruding from the larger outer. He could see the love ring that went through her flesh, but there was no dangling chain. "Have you tucked it up inside of

yourself?”

“No. I haven’t been given a love chain yet,” she informed him and carefully got off the bed to find her robe. She didn’t need to wear it in front of him; she felt completely safe because he was everything he appeared to be. At least in her eyes.

“Why not!” He was deeply offended. It had been far too long already. If anything the women should have had their little ceremony last night after Helana had been fucked. How was he supposed to raise her up in the strata of the palace if she was treated so shabbily.

Helana only shrugged which slowed down the process of getting the robe on her body. Sir Pierce quickly became offended at her ineptitude and helped her into the garment. Somehow one sleeve had gotten tangled inside the other. She nodded her thanks to him and seated herself on the comfortable chair next to the dining table. If nothing else she was famished. Sir Pierce had managed to turn around her sour mood. “I wouldn’t know. This is the first I’m hearing that I’m supposed to have a love chain already.”

“You were pierced a week ago,” he said, more as a statement than a question.

“Yes.”

“Any problems healing?”

“Not so far.”

He tapped his teeth with the fingernail of his pinky. “It’s that bitch Lady Ada. Mark my words well. She’s the problem.”

“Why is she the problem?” Helana asked, feigning naiveté. She speared a piece of melon on her fork.

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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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