
your name
written on me 4
Chizu
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Your Name Written On Me 4: Chizu

An Erotic Tale of Treachery, Betrayal, and Tattoos

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Your Name Written On Me 4: Chizu

An Erotic Tale of Treachery, Betrayal, and Tattoos

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Chapter 15

It was fucking humiliating calling Shawn back but I did it because Elise asked me. Much to my surprise, he wasn't an overwhelming dick to me, just a regular dick. He insisted on setting a time at the studio that was convenient for him to come in and get his fix.

It meant that I had to cancel on a client who had booked out weeks in advance.

I also got the impression that I wasn't getting paid for this work.

At least I wouldn't have to go to the suburbs and do the work.

It made me wonder about the Perkins-Flores family and their need for privacy. It wasn't like Shawn was part of the family. At best he was peripheral to it.

If Elise was afraid for herself—and for me—I'd do it. We'd survive.

At least he showed up on time. Shawn was the sort of jackass to make an appointment and then appear halfway through the booked time just to cause me problems.

He had sent a picture of Elise's eponym on his neck. I didn't really need it as a reference. I was well-familiar with Elise's eponym because of the one that I wore. There were a couple of solutions I could work on the eponym.

The really annoying part was that he brought along some big bruiser as his bodyguard...and some trampy looking woman who certainly wasn't Melinda. He

didn’t mention her name and I didn’t ask.

The four of us crowded into my cubicle so they could watch me work on Shawn.

I wanted to ask if he thought I was going to attack him and that’s why he needed a bodyguard, but I didn’t.

I wanted to ask who the whore was, but I didn’t do that either.

It was Shawn who wanted to talk. Not me.

“So you dated Melinda back in high school?” he asked.

“Mmm-hmm.” I pretended I was concentrating on the fix I was doing. Turning the eponym into an elegant arch of script was easy. It was overly flowing text that I changed from just “Elise” to “How I feel is everything”. I just didn’t want to talk to the prick.

“How come you never fucked her?” he asked.

That was an awfully blunt question with an obvious answer.

I gave him a half truth. “She didn’t want to. Too afraid of her family. Didn’t want them to see an eponym on her.”

He pushed my hand away from his neck where I was working and started laughing. I knew he was laughing at me.

“That’s not what she said!”

I’ll admit, it was a partial truth. I would have been happy to take the risk of where my eponym had appeared on her, but I had my family to think about as well. It was all too much for a couple of stupid teenagers.

“It was a long time ago,” I said and switched off the tattoo gun. I was halfway through the process and if that’s how he wanted to leave it, that was fine with me.

“You’ve seen all the eponyms she’s collected. She loves fucking. She loves the risk. She wanted to go back to you and make up for her mistake.” He couldn’t

stop chuckling. “She hasn’t spoken to her family in...I don’t know how long. Years. Five years? Maybe longer?”

I wanted to point out that people change. Eponyms are supposed to be immutable and prevent us from changing too rapidly, but that was just my opinion.

“Didn’t know that.”

“She’s fucked twenty six guys now,” he went on. “And nine girls.” He chuckled. “Women. Nine women. I’ve seen her fuck all of them.” One more chuckle. “Including you.”

He made me wonder if Melinda had been coerced into fucking all those men and women.

I wasn’t going to get into that now.

“Do you want to resume?” I asked him in as neutral a tone as I could muster.

Shawn glared at me, then glanced at his bodyguard. The big guy just looked back neutrally. I started to think that maybe this guy—who was Dilly’s equal in size—wasn’t a bodyguard as much as he was a minder to make sure that Shawn did as he was supposed to.

After a long, uncomfortable pause, Shawn finally answered. “Yeah, let’s finish this shit up. You know this is the only fix I’ve ever gotten?”

I switched the tattoo gun back on. “Didn’t know that.” I had seen all the eponyms on his body when he was at the orgy. He had tattoos in addition to the eponyms, but no fixes as far as I could see.

“Melinda didn’t want to see your girlfriend’s name on me.”

It was supposed to be an insult. I ignored it.

I worked in silence broken only by the buzzing of the tattoo gun.

The process seemed to take forever, but when it was finally done, I breathed a sigh of relief. Putting a bandage over the fix, I gave him the usual instructions.

“Yeah, yeah,” he said dismissively. “Now, about your payment.”

I held up my hand, stopping him. “Don’t worry about it.”

“Hey!” he protested. “I always pay for what I take.” He turned to the woman who had been silent through the entire process. She had been leaning against the wall, pouting. “Chizu, pay the man.”

Chizu moved away from the wall and I noticed for the first time that she definitely had Asian facial characteristics, probably Japanese judging by her name.

Unsurprisingly what I could see of her skin was covered in eponyms: arms, shoulders, her exposed knees between her boots and the bottom of her skirt, even on her neck and face. I hoped some of the markings were tattoos. Going by a conservative estimate—and I felt I was excellent at estimating a person’s number of sexual partners based on just a few eponyms showing—she had somewhere between a hundred fifty and a hundred seventy five eponyms.

Either she was a porn actress, a prostitute, or a slut.

Maybe a combination of those three.

I expected her to either hand me a card for payment, or maybe even cash, though where she was keeping it was a mystery. She might even have given me a piece of her jewelry because I didn’t know how these sorts of things worked.

As it turned out, none of those were an option.

Instead, she fell to her knees in front of me and reached for my belt.

I immediately backed up. “No fucking way!” I protested.

Shawn started laughing at me. “It’s the only payment you’re gonna get. You might as well take it.”

“No!”

The big silent goon now stood up from the stool he had taken the moment he had walked into the room. He opened his jacket just enough to display the gun I

knew he was carrying. “Tell the lady yes,” he growled at me.

I could have called for Dilly, but I didn’t know what would happen. I didn’t need a fight in my cubicle.

“Yes,” I said. Maybe if I had put up a bit of a fight, he would have pinned my arms behind my back or done something else to me. I didn’t want that at all.

Chizu grinned and pulled out my cock. Because of my fear, I was soft. I was happy to stay in that state.

Unfortunately Chizu took it as a challenge. She started sucking my cock like it was her job.

It probably was.

I didn't want to think about how her life had gone where she wound up in this position.

What about how my life had gone to wind up in this position?

I had to admit it, Chizu was an expert at sucking cock. I shivered with everything she did. She licked the balls while stroking my length. She knew to lick the underside and slurp in the head while massaging my balls.

As much as I resisted, I found it impossible to combat her charms. Slowly, steadily I rose up. I’m not huge so it wasn’t that difficult for her to deepthroat me.

I had never really had that done before. I could feel my cock going all the way into her mouth and down into her throat. It felt incredible. She really knew how to fight her gag reflex.

Without meaning to, I started fucking her face.

Chizu didn’t mind.

I started to wonder why I was resisting at all.

I heard Shawn chuckling in the background. “Yeah, she knows how to suck a

cock, doesn’t she? Chizu’s had a lot of practice. You should feel honored because her blowjobs go for five hundred a pop.”

I didn’t feel honored. I felt coerced.

But my body was still enjoying what she was doing to me.

I was plenty hard and I don’t know how she managed the angle of my cock going all the way down her throat.

She was fucking amazing. Better than any woman who had ever given me a blowjob. It was a short list. Elise. Toni. Melinda. Now Chizu.

There was no way for me to hold back. I couldn’t hold back. I didn’t want to hold back.

I came. I came hard.

She swallowed every drop.

I wasn’t sure if she needed to actually swallow. I was pretty sure I was cumming right down her throat.

Fuck.

It wasn’t what I wanted, but sometimes we got what we deserved.

Chizu knew I was cumming and let me finish. Hell, she helped me finish.

When she was sure I had completely deposited my load down her throat, she stood up, daintily wiped her lips, and sauntered out of my cubicle.

Fuck and fuck and fuck. Shit.

“Zip up, dude,” said Shawn as he exited, chuckling. “You look like a dork with your cock out like that.”

The minder-cum-bodyguard just nodded at me and left.

I put my cock back where it belonged, and balled up my fists to take out my anger on the wall.

But instead I just collapsed down to my chair and shook with ineffective rage.

Chapter 16

Going home to Elise was the worse part of it. I worked the rest of the day, but my heart wasn't in it. My work wasn't terrible—it always had to be good or I was sure to doom my career—but it was lackluster. Competent. Workmanlike.

Just words that described an artistry level that was just a half step above crap.

No one noticed. I'm the only one who notices when something goes wrong.

I felt the vague itch start towards the end of the day. Eponyms just don't magically appear, though they often seem to do that. Most people fuck in the evening, so a new eponym appears overnight.

I hated that it was on my upper right inner thigh. It was too close to my dick to be comfortable and if I tried scratching at it, it looked like I was either adjusting my cock or just being unaware of my vulgarity.

Not for the first time I was grateful I worked in the relative privacy of a cubicle where no one but my clients saw me.

When I finally got the chance, I ran to the bathroom to pull down my pants and look at my leg. I fully expected to see a full eponym with Chizu's name.

That's what I got, I just couldn't read it. Instead of seeing some bold or stylized version of Latin characters spelling out "Chizu" what I got was a pair of Japanese Kanji. .

It had to be her name, but since I couldn't read Japanese, it meant nothing to me.

It left me feeling cold, to say the least.

Except it was slightly irritated and itchy.

And so I learned that Chizu's first language was Japanese. That was another mystery of the eponym phenomena. The eponym would always appear in the giver's native language. Spending too much time thinking about how that works gave most people a headache.

The subject of eponyms also tended to annoy very traditional and conservative

cultures, like that of Japan where tattooing is a semi-forbidden art restricted mostly to the criminal and underground class. Don't believe what you might have seen in shitty movies and anime. Anyone in Japan taking on visible or hidden tattoos was ostracizing themselves from most of society.

It was eventually settled on that having the eponym of your one spouse was acceptable regardless of location, but more than one was going to open up questions. Certainly a widow could get remarried and carry both current and dead husband's eponyms, but that was pretty much the only exception.

A woman like Chizu who was covered in tattoos owing to her profession, chosen or not, would not be allowed into many places of business and some public spaces as well.

It wasn't surprising she was now living in the US.

My problem wasn't nearly as bad as hers, but I still had to go home and face my girlfriend.

She was open minded, but would this change anything for her?

Elise wasn't home when I got there. Still working. Fuck.

As if that made a difference.

I went to the bathroom and scrubbed at my recently acquired and undesired eponym. I knew it was a waste of time and energy to try to remove it that way, but I did it anyway because I'm stupid.

It didn't help.

I put some cortisone cream on it to reduce the itching and pondered if it was better to tell Elise or let her find it.

I couldn't decide.

As it turned out, I really didn't have to decide. I checked our shared calendar where we posted our daily schedules so we wouldn't miss work and we would know where the other one was.

She would be at work late.

I downed more whiskey than was good for anyone, forcing myself into a sad drunkenness and went to bed.

Fuck it.

My life could only get worse.

I was woken up when Elise crawled into bed with me. This wasn't that unusual an occurrence. I wasn't that heavy a sleeper and I sort of liked it when she woke me up. It made me feel like we belonged together in some way.

"Hey," I mumbled.

"I'm late," she said as if I knew what time it was.

"That's fine."

"I'm horny too," she laughed.

"That's fine too."

She kissed me. She kissed me eagerly. I didn't stop her.

I participated.

It took me a minute to realize that the alcohol I was tasting and smelling wasn't from me, but from her.

While it wasn't exactly rare for Elise to go out with friends after work, she hadn't done it in a while.

I didn't blame her for it. She deserved to have a little time to herself.

And if she came home horny...so much the better.

It took only a few seconds to go from kissing to groping to undressing. I was

already in boxers and a t-shirt so it was easy to get naked.

Her fingers curled around my cock. It was already hard. I moaned as she started stroking me.

“I want to fuck you,” she whispered in my ear.

I was happy to go along with that plan.

But I still felt guilty about Chizu’s eponym on me.

But I was also horny.

“Okay,” I agreed.

We had removed her bra but she still had on her leggings and panties. When I reached for her waist, she slipped from my hands and moved down my body.

I was glad that the bedroom was dark and she couldn’t see anything, not really.

I should have said something about the eponym, but her lips wrapped around my cock and I had trouble thinking clearly.

I blame her for that.

In less than a minute she had me to the point where I needed to cum and I would be happy to do that in her mouth.

And then she fucking stopped.

“I don’t want you to cum in my mouth.”

“Then stop giving me head!” I half-laughed.

“Okay.” She moved off me and flopped about on the bed pulling off her leggings. I helped. A minute later she was on her back and my face was on her belly. I knew exactly what to do in that situation.

Moving lower, I kissed her mound through her black cotton panties. They were the sort of clothing she wore to work, not for fun.

The scent of her pussy was overwhelming. I wanted her desperately in that moment.

When I proceeded to pull her panties down, I had a touch of difficulty. They clung to her labia from her wet desire.

As soon as they were off, her scent got stronger, driving me wild.

I couldn't resist. I put my face between her legs and started licking and kissing her pussy. Her taste was divine. Her pussy was hot and wet. I found her clit and licked and sucked on it.

While I thought I was doing an excellent job of eating her pussy, Elise had a different take.

She started laughing.

Right away I got that she wasn't laughing at me, but at the situation. Maybe she was turned to the point where she lost all inhibitions.

That was fine. I was good with that.

"Do you like eating my dirty pussy?" she asked, forcing my head up from in between her legs so that she could look me in the eyes.

It was a mostly useless gesture because the room was too dim to see anything, but I understood what she was going for.

"I love your pussy," I told her.

"I bet you do." She giggled some more.

I lowered my face again and licked her swollen labia from bottom to top, sucking in her clit to make her writhe around in uncontrolled lust.

"I have a secret to tell you," she said, teasing me.

I couldn't let her steal the moment away from me so I stopped once again.

"Me too!" If I didn't press forward I knew I was going to lose my courage, so I just blurted it out. "I got a blowjob from a woman at the studio today. A client.

Sort of.”

Elise froze. I had expected that, but I didn’t let it upset me. “Who?” she demanded.

As if that made a difference.

“Okay, not really a client. She was brought there as payment to me for doing Shawn’s fix.”

“Payment?” she asked, trying to recover from my revelation.

“They weren’t going to give me real money. They wanted her to do it to mark me.”

She rolled to her side and flicked on the light next to the bed. “Are you serious?” she asked.

I glared up at Elise and then sat up on my knees. My cock was still hard after being pressed down into the bed while I was face down. It pointed directly at her face while I pointed to the new eponym on my inner thigh.

“Her name was Chizu. She’s Japanese, if you can’t tell. I don’t know if they used her as a whore or because she liked collecting eponyms, but they forced a blowjob on me and that was that.”

I was glad that Elise didn’t bring up the issue that a woman can’t force a blowjob on a man. We were well past that discussion.

There were plenty of people in the world who collected eponyms like some people used to collect stamps or coins. Their bodies would be absolutely covered in eponyms. I got some business from them, but those collectors who wanted fixes tended to be older and regretful of their past. Those still collecting didn’t want a fix; they wanted to show off their achievements.

I hoped that’s what Chizu was, but I had my doubts.

“Holy shit,” she breathed. “They were serious.”

“That’s right they were fucking serious. I’m done with them. We’re done with

them. No more fixes. It's over." I had no idea if the Perkins-Flores family had more fixes they wanted me to do, but it wasn't worth it. I was done.

Elise gave me a small smile and gently tickled my balls. I hadn't gone soft. I wanted to fuck my girlfriend. "Do you still want to?" she asked.

"Hell yeah I want to fuck you," I replied and moved back down, positioning myself between her legs. I ran my cock head up and down her slit, getting it wet with her amrita and my saliva from eating her out. She was plenty wet. For whatever reason, she was horny as hell and I loved that.

"Fuck me," she breathed, laying back and opening up wide for me.

I was familiar with her body so it was easy to slip it into her pussy once I was lubricated enough and I found her angle.

I loved her little moan as I penetrated her. I loved when our bodies were joined.

The good thing about our little conversation is that it brought me down from how close I had been to cumming. I'd be able to fuck her long enough to make her cum.

"Oh...that's nice," she murmured in my ear. "Fuck me nice and hard."

"Uh-huh."

I plowed her for a minute and she was loving it. So was I. I loved listening to her little moans and groans. Elise had one quick, sharp orgasm. I felt the hotness of her pussy surround my cock. I kept going. I was certain I could make her cum one more time before I did.

And then she started talking.

"Did you like how wet my pussy was for you?"

"Uh-huh."

"She's a greedy, dirty girl, isn't she?"

"Yeah…"

“Do you know what she made me do?”

“No.”

I was right on the edge.

“She made me fuck Roy tonight. He came in me. You were eating his cum.”

She had timed it perfectly. I was already at the point of no return. I wanted to stop. I wanted to pull out. I wanted to be angry.

I couldn’t do any of that because I was cumming.

I filled her pussy with my cum and tried not to think about how Roy had already used her earlier.

And then I thought about it and just the thought made me cum harder.

I moaned and groaned as my body contracted and the wave of relief spread through me. There was no stopping it.

The realization that my girlfriend was a slut and there was nothing I could do about it and that I actually loved it only made the orgasm more intense.

By the end I was gasping and sobbing, not just from the physical release, but from the emotional roller coaster I had been on.

Elise had climaxed as I was in the middle of my orgasm. I felt her hot pussy clamping down on me. As her orgasm peaked and faded away, she started laughing lightly.

I wasn’t sure if she was laughing in relief or because she had so thoroughly humiliated me.

I didn’t want to ask her but I had to know.

“Did you like cumming in my used pussy?”

“Uh-huh.” I couldn’t lie. Even if she had been lying to me, it had made the sex that much more intense.

“Did you like eating Roy’s cum out of my pussy?”

She was pressing me now. I was still hard inside her and I wanted to say no, but I couldn’t.

I started sobbing. “Yes.”

She held me close, tightly but tenderly. She had used me but for some reason I didn’t care.

But I still cared.

She had made me eat her pussy. She had made me eat her pussy after she knew another man had cum in her. She could have—should have!—told me.

I would have said no to going down on her. Maybe I would have fucked her.

I probably would have fucked her.

This was fucked up.

I could feel her chuckling and laughing. Maybe at me. Maybe at the situation. I felt used and humiliated.

I’m sure that’s what she wanted out of me.

Focusing myself, I gathered my thoughts.

“Why did you do that to me?”

She waited a second to answer. The room was too dark to see her face, but I could make out a vague outline. “Okay, forgive me. I’m still a little drunk. Okay, maybe more than just a little drunk. But I wanted to see if I could. And I was horny. Still horny after fucking Roy.”

None of that answered my question the way I wanted it answered.

“That’s not...that’s not…” I didn’t finish the sentence.

“It’s okay,” she reassured me. “It’s going to be okay.”

Chapter 17

I had to get up before Elise the next morning. I figured she was sleeping off her hangover or whatever, so I was surprised when she came into the bathroom while I was showering to join me.

“What are you doing?” I asked as she stepped into the shower.

“Getting clean with you. Or maybe getting dirty with you. Which way do you want it?” she said, trying out a joke. I didn’t find it funny.

“You fucking cheated on me last night!” I protested.

“I’ve had sex with Roy before,” she replied. “That’s hardly cheating.”

“We need to rethink our relationship.”

“Let me see the eponym you got from Chizu,” she said.

I was impressed that she remembered the woman’s name.

“It’s on my thigh,” I said automatically, wishing I wasn’t so eager to give up information.

“Where?”

I signed. “Right inner.”

She turned me around. We had a nice shower with lots of room so that wasn’t a problem, but I was too eager to give in to her. I hated myself for that.

I liked it when she knelt down because her face was just inches away from my cock. For the moment I was soft, but all she needed to do was lean forward a bit and open her mouth to take my cock into her warmth.

I hated that I even had those thoughts.

“It is Japanese,” she declared after peering closely at the eponym on my thigh.

“I didn’t know you could read Kanji characters.”

“You pick up stuff in the ER.”

“Uh-huh.”

“You should know a little about Japanese. You’re the tattoo artist, after all.” Elise was still down on her knees, inspecting the eponym. Or maybe she was looking at my cock. I don’t know. But she was on her knees and the water was flowing all over me and her. It couldn’t have been that much fun for her.

“That’s not my speciality,” I pointed out. “I just know a little about it because I have to.”

“Want a blowjob?” she asked me.

I sighed. I wanted to say no. I needed to say yes. I forced myself not to answer.

She looked up at me. Even with the warm water flowing over my body, I could feel her breath on my cock. Despite everything, I started to rise to the occasion.

“Are you still mad about last night?” she asked. Her hand gently cupped my balls. I shivered at the contact, even with the warm water all over us. I wasn’t stiff, not yet, but I could feel it happening.

“Yes.”

“I thought it was okay if I fucked other people who I had an eponym of already,” she said. “Isn’t that the whole idea of having them.”

“No, it’s not!” I had no idea why eponyms existed on people’s bodies. No one did. That was the whole point.

“You can fuck Melinda or Toni,” she generously offered. “You don’t see me getting upset about you getting a blowjob from this slutty Chizu.”

I couldn’t argue with her about that. Not because of her logic, but because when she finished speaking she did take my cock into her mouth. I moaned at the contact. It felt wonderful. I knew she was controlling me with my cock and I wanted to hate her for it, but I couldn’t stop her.

As I leaned back against the shower wall, I tried to gather my thoughts. The

smart thing to do would have been to push her away and stop the foolishness. I had a plan that would upset her, but I intended to see it through.

Instead, I let her suck on my cock, making me rise. I was going to cum and we both knew it.

Backing off so I wouldn't cum too soon, she asked me, "Do you want to fuck my dirty pussy again or do you want me to make it nice and clean for you?"

Her hand was pumping on my cock. Sex in the shower is overrated. Water is a terrible lubricant and washes away a woman's amrita, but I was willing to make it work in the shower this one time.

"I want...I want...I want to fuck you," I panted out. Her hand was starting to chafe my cock.

With a smug grin, Elise stood up and turned around, offering me her ass.

The shower was big enough for her to bend over for an easy angle that worked for us. She braced her arms against the far end of the area, on the built in shelf where we kept soap and shampoo. I probed between her legs, looking for her opening.

I hated that I couldn't find it right away. Elise had to reach down and guide me in.

As much as I hated having her assistance, as soon as I was deep into her pussy, everything was perfect again.

Once I was in her, everything else just faded away. It was easy to forget when I was in Elise's pussy. I knew she was doing it just to control me and it was working.

It was working for the moment.

I fucked her hard and fast. It wasn't like I needed to have sex. We had just fucked a few hours ago. I barely had the desire to have sex, but I couldn't deny my need. It was there.

"Make me cum," she told me. "Make me cum first."

I wasn’t worried about that. In my mind, she had cheated so she needed to suffer. I wanted to cum first so I pounded away at her entirely for my pleasure.

It didn’t work.

While I was fucking her, Elise had been rubbing her clit. It wasn’t like I could stop her. She came and I felt the flash of hotness in her pussy. She groaned and leaned back into me.

I tried to hurry up, but I couldn't fuck her any harder or faster. I was almost there. As I waited for it to happen, I got the distinct impression from her that she was bored with me fucking her. I might have been wrong, but I knew I wasn’t.

When it happened, I was never so relieved to climax and pull out of her and wash off my cock.

We showered in relative silence after we were done.

“What are you going to do with Chizu’s eponym?” she asked me when I turned off the water and we started toweling off.

“What’s to do with it?” I answered.

“You could fix it. Cover it like you do for your clients.”

In a few short weeks I had gone from sporting just the name of my first intimate girlfriend, to acquiring three new eponyms. Toni. Melinda. Chizu. They were all in locations that were easy enough to hide. I didn’t need to do a fix to them. I wondered why Elise was asking about them.

“I don’t need to do that.”

“But you could if you wanted,” she pointed out.

“Yeah.” I paused and dropped the towel, exchanging it for my robe. “Do you want any of yours fixed?”

Elise bristled at the question. “There’s no need,” she insisted.

“Are you going to go out and get more?”

“Why would you ask that?” she shot at me.

“Why wouldn’t you just say no?”

Elise was silent on that issue.

I dressed and left the apartment without saying another word to her. She knew I was angry. She didn’t know what I was going to do.

I wasn’t sure what I was going to do.

Chapter 18

At work I wasn’t any more happy because my client for the morning had canceled on me.

“Sorry about it, dude. It happens,” was Dilly’s full report on the situation. All of our clients pay a reservation fee when setting an appointment—that is, all our clients except those connected to the Perkins-Flores family—so I wasn’t completely out of luck. But it still pissed me off.

“I’ll take any walk-ins,” I said as I retreated to my cubicle. I had some designs to work out, but I wasn’t going to do that.

The moment I got to my cube, my phone rang. My private phone, not the studio’s phone.

I knew that I shouldn’t answer it. I didn’t recognize the number and that only meant trouble.

I answered it.

“Hello?”

“Charlie? It’s Ed. I’ve got another fix I need you to do.”

I sighed. “I’m not sure…”

“Yeah, get used to it kid. We’re going to need you a lot in the next few weeks. You’re really going to help us out.”

“Okay. When do you want to do the fix?”

We set up a time. It wasn’t for Ed. That made me curious, but I didn’t say anything. Too many questions would only cause more problems for me.

The nice things about the cubicles at the studio is that they had lightweight doors that can be closed for privacy. Normally us artists kept them open because it was just convenient that way. I closed mine.

This morning I put my plan into place. I half hated to do it, but no way was I

going to be the tool of the Perkins-Flores family.

I didn't want to tattoo myself, but it was the only way. I started with Toni's name on my thigh. Hers was an easy fix. I just turned her flowing script eponym into an ornate design.

It wasn't my best work, but it would do. There was no reason to do this right away and right now, but I needed to do it for my own mental health.

They weren't going to leave their marks on me.

Bending over to look at my thigh wasn't exactly easy, but I managed to do it. My neck and back were sore when I was done, but I proved that I could work on myself and have satisfactory results.

I had Chizu and Melinda's eponyms to take care of, but those could wait. I had other preparations to make.

The day wasn't exactly grueling. I got my preps done. My thigh was only slightly irritated from the tattoo work I used to hide Toni's eponym. The design work I had promised went quicker than I thought. Maybe I wasn't giving them the attention to detail I normally did, but I had more important things on my mind.

The hardest part was going to Dilly and setting up a rather complicated financial transaction.

I asked to meet him in the small space we used as an office instead of the front desk where he normally worked. Dilly was the manager of the place. Half the artists who worked at the studio were partial owners, including me. We didn't have much of a need for an office, but it came in handy from time to time.

When I asked him for what I wanted, Dilly was surprised.

"Why?" was what he asked first. He wasn't entitled to know why, but I gave him a reason anyway.

"Getting married, man. Me and Elise. I need the cash ASAP."

He shook his head. “There are better ways of getting cash quickly, my man.”

“I don’t want to be tied to the studio any longer,” I added. “Eventually I’m going to strike out on my own. Everyone knows that.”

I didn’t know if that was what anyone thought, but I put the idea in Dilly’s head.

“It’ll take a couple of days. It’s not like we have that much cash on hand. And...the others will have to approve the buyout.”

I shook my head. “I’m not worried about the time, but no one has to approve anything. I’m a ten percent owner. My purchase contract lets me cash out at any point. You know that.”

“We don’t have that much cash on hand, my man.” I could see I was stressing out Dilly. He was a great front desk man, but even our low-stakes high corporate finance was a little much for his business degree earned way too long ago. “We’ll have to sell an interest or take a loan.”

“Then do it. Offer my shares to Hazel or Livvy or Drace. I just need the money in two days.”

I got up and left the studio. The clock was ticking.

It was getting to the point where I never knew what to expect when I got home. Today wasn’t any different than the last few weeks of my life. If a wormhole had been floating in the middle of my living room I wouldn’t have been surprised. Hell, I probably would have walked through the damned thing just to see what was on the other side going with the logic that whatever was on the other side had to be saner than what I was currently experiencing.

I knew it was supposed to be a pleasant surprise, but I was suspicious right from the start. It was a complete setup. Anyone could see that. I appreciated the effort that Elise had put into the scenario she had created, but I wasn’t that stupid.

At least I hoped I wasn’t that stupid.

Maybe I was.

There weren’t the usual telltale sounds. There wasn’t even a hint of conversation. Hell, I didn’t even get a text asking when I’d be home. No hints at all.

Elise heard the apartment door close when I got home and she called out to me from the bedroom.

“Hon? I’m so glad you’re home. Come in here. I have a present for you.”

Right away, I knew. I didn’t have all the details yet, but I knew.

That Elise was doing this wasn’t a surprise. That she was doing it now only made me realize I needed to accelerate my plans.

I fucking needed that money from the studio.

My first instinct was to call Dilly and tell him to have the money ready tomorrow.

That wasn’t going to fly because, first, it was going to take him two days to get the cash and pushing the issue wouldn’t help, and, second, my girlfriend was in the bedroom waiting for me. I knew she was going to give me some special sexual inducement to keep me distracted.

I’ll be honest. I was curious as to what that inducement was going to be.

Putting on my best game face, I walked through the apartment casually throwing my jacket and bag like I always did. Taking a breath I walked in as calmly as I could.

“Did you not have to work today or did you stay home sick?”

I had timed it right. I said sick right as I rounded the corner to the bedroom door.

Elise was on the middle of the bed with Melinda.

They were both naked.

Well, mostly naked.

Elise was wearing thigh high stockings. Something I knew she owned but had only seen her wear a couple of times.

Melinda was wearing a sheer thong and bra that were purely decorative.

They had their arms around each other, posing for me, indicating they were ready for whatever sexual adventure I wanted to suggest.

I wasn't sure if I should have been disgusted or aroused.

I pretended to be surprised and delighted.

"What...what's this?" I spluttered out.

The two women laughed at me?

"Isn't it obvious?" Elise asked as she kissed Melinda in an overly showy way. If there was a camera in the room she would have been mugging for it.

I'll happily admit seeing my current girlfriend—such as she was—making out with my high school girlfriend had a positive impact on my cock. It was just fucking hot.

They caressed each other's bodies for a moment as I just watched them, drinking it all in. There were worse places I could have been.

I knew it was all an act, but it was an act I had to play along with for just a little longer.

"Why am I so lucky?" I asked them. I was pressing my luck; I knew that, but I couldn't help myself.

"Don't you want to see the two best women in your life fuck each other?" asked Elise. "Or are you not the man I thought you were?"

Melinda spoke up. "Oh, don't be like that," she said playfully to Elise. "Of course he is, he's just surprised. I wanted you all to myself just once," Melinda said to me, "but Elise wasn't going to have that, so it'll be the three of us. Is that okay?"

"Hell yeah it's okay," I said with more enthusiasm than I should have.

They smiled at each other and went back to kissing as I started stripping off my

clothes.

As I watched they progressed rapidly. Melinda pushed Elise onto her back and my girlfriend opened up her legs for her lover.

I loved how Melinda didn't hesitate at all about going down on Elise. I knew it was mostly an act, but I couldn't help but delight in it.

Elise let out little moans as Melinda worked on her pussy. I had seen the same thing before, but that didn't make it any less exciting.

Turning her head, Elise looked at me. "What are you waiting for? We need your cock."

I had my doubts about that, but we already had each others' eponyms, so there wasn't any risk.

With Melinda's ass in the air, I knew what I was going to do first. My cock was already hard from their preparatory antics. Melinda had a great ass. It looked even better framed by the tiny thong she was wearing. When I reached between her legs, she opened up her stance, letting me feel her pussy through her silky panties. They were wet and her pussy was hot.

Through the thin material I found her clit and rubbed. Melinda lifted her face from Elise's pussy and gasped.

"Don't," she begged.

"You want me to."

"I want you to fuck her," said Elise as she pushed Melinda's face back down to her crotch.

I smiled and caressed my girlfriend's stocking covered leg. She smiled at me and then closed her eyes as Melinda got back to work.

The best thing to do would have been to pull off Melinda's panties, but that was too much work. Instead I just pulled them aside, exposing her wet pussy. She moaned a little as I pushed my finger into her opening.

She was so hot and wet when I explored her it made me wonder what the women had been doing before I arrived home.

It negated the necessity of having to do anything to get her ready. I just knelt behind Melinda, ran my cock head up and down on her slit to get it wet, and then plunged it in.

Her lovely moan as I went deeper and deeper only made my cock harder. Grabbing her hips, I put her in the position I wanted and started plowing her with enthusiasm.

I met Elise's gaze as she watched me fuck my old girlfriend. With each stroke of my cock Melinda moaned a little louder and the force of my thrust rolled through Melinda's body to Elise's. I saw it in her tits; they shook with every thrust.

Elise was enjoying her position of honor under Melinda's tongue. She draped her legs over Melinda's shoulders as I continued to thrust.

I wasn't exactly sure where this was going, but I was going to enjoy it.

The annoying part of fucking a woman who is still wearing a thong, is having to keep the string that goes between her ass cheeks held to the side with one hand. It was annoying and distracting, but it wasn't going to keep me from cumming.

I briefly considered shoving my cock up her ass just for a little extra humiliation to Melinda, but I was too close and her pussy felt too perfect and I was sure that Melinda would love to be fucked up the ass.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna…" I started to mutter.

"Fill her up," Elise encouraged me.

"Do you...do you want to cum first?"

She shook her head. "Just fuck her. Cum in her."

I considered pulling out and shooting my load across her ass.

But I didn't. I came and groaned loudly when I did to let Elise know. I figured

that Melinda knew I had finished in her.

It took me a moment to recover. After that I pulled out of her pussy and wiped my cock on her ass just to be that much of a jerk.

“Keep going,” Elise moaned.

“I’m done,” I announced.

“Keep going,” she repeated.

I realized she was talking to Melinda.

Since I was spent, I just watched the two. It was interesting, but after cumming watching two women have sex wasn’t nearly as exciting as it normally was.

It was as if Melinda didn’t even know that I came in her. I had no way of knowing for sure, but it sure seemed that way. On the plus side, she kept eating Elise’s pussy, even using her fingers, and that was interesting enough for me to keep watching.

Eventually she gave Elise the orgasm that she wanted. I liked how my girlfriend’s thighs trembled as she came.

They laughed together a little as she recovered and then seemed to remember that I was there.

“Did you enjoy the show?” Elise asked me.

“I liked cumming in Melinda.”

They laughed at my lame joke. “I bet you did,” Melinda commented.

“Did you like your surprise?” asked Elise.

“Of course. Who wouldn’t like to find two hot women in his bed when he got home from work?”

“A gay man?” Melinda suggested.

They laughed again. I smiled in agreement.

“What did I do to deserve this little present?” I asked. Pressing the issue wasn’t a great idea, but it bothered me. What was going on that I didn’t know about?

They exchanged a glance that let me know they had agreed upon a lie and a course of action on this question.

It was Elise who answered. “You felt bad about that woman who gave you a blowjob...and I had sex with Roy without telling you, so this is to make up for that.” She cleared her throat and sat upright. “I’m giving you formal permission —again—to fuck any woman you want whenever you want.” She smiled mischievously. “It’s a little embarrassing to have you at a little orgy with only four eponyms, Charlie. Those are rookie numbers.”

They both laughed good-naturedly at me.

I grinned stupidly along with them.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” I said, excusing myself. My cock had shrunk back to its normal size and I needed to clear my head.

After emptying my bladder and splashing cold water on my face I felt more centered. I needed to get Melinda out of the apartment. I needed to go to sleep, wait until Elise was at work, gather my things, and get ready to run.

When I got back to the bedroom, the women were still in bed. No surprise. They were holding each other. It was obvious they were posing for me. Something was up. Again.

And it wasn’t my cock.

Not yet, anyway.

“Oh!” I said. I wasn’t much of an actor, but did my best. “Are we doing something...more? I thought that maybe Melinda was going home.”

“So soon?” asked Elise. “Why would she do that when you just buttered her muffin?”

With a sly smile, Melinda rolled to her back and pushed down the sheet covering her and spread her legs, displaying her pussy to me. She had removed her thong

and bra, leaving her completely naked.

I couldn’t see my cum, but it surely was inside of her, ready to leak out.

“It’s tastiest when it’s buttered,” said Melinda.

Elise kissed her way down Melinda’s body. As much as I wanted to resist, I couldn’t. I was impressed that Elise got right between Melinda’s legs and started licking her pussy.

She had to be tasting my cum.

My cock started to rise.

Elise looked over her shoulder at me. “Do you want to fuck me while I eat her out?” she asked. “Or do you want to fuck her while I eat her out? Or—” and now Elise licked her lips, “—or do you want to eat her pussy with me?”

I made my request.

Elise laid on her back, Melinda got into the 69 position over her while I fucked Melinda.

Actually, I alternated between fucking Melinda’s pussy and fucking Elise’s face. I liked it when my cock was buried in Melinda and Elise was licking my balls.

I wondered if my girlfriend would have done this for me if she wasn’t up to something. Probably not, but that didn’t mean I couldn’t enjoy what was on offer.

Last meal of the condemned man and all that.

When I started cumming in Melinda’s pussy I forced myself to pull out after the first spurt so that the rest could hit her labia and Elise’s face. It wasn’t the sort of play that Elise and I normally did, but nothing about my life applied to the normal label any longer.

They both seemed to be pleased with this outcome, but it was probably an act.

That it was an act from Melinda, I could tolerate. I hated that Elise was putting

on an act for me, but then again, I was putting on an act for her.

Elise made some special effort to clean Melinda's pussy of my cum. I don't know what happened to the cum I put on her face, but it didn't matter.

They didn't request to keep going and all three of us eventually cleaned up and somehow they managed to still wind up in bed with me. I wanted Melinda gone but that wasn't happening any time soon.

It was when we were lounging that Elise noticed, or at least brought up, the fix I had put on myself. She noted that Toni's name was now obscured.

"What did you do?" she demanded, poking at my thigh.

"I fixed it." As if that wasn't obvious.

"I thought you said—" she began, but I cut her off.

"I fixed it," I repeated. "I don't want her name on me any longer."

Melinda giggled. "I should be glad you didn't do that to my name."

I glanced her way but said nothing.

"Why?" Elise demanded.

"I'm never going to fuck her again."

"Okay, but…"

"I don't want to discuss it, Lise." I was harsh and cold in my tone. It wasn't an act and it was one hundred percent intentional.

"Are you going to get rid of my name as well?" she asked snidely.

"No. Of course not. I love you."

The two women glanced at each other.

"What about me?" Melinda asked.

I knew that question was coming. I knew from the moment I walked in and found the two of them in bed together. “Of course I’m going to leave yours on me,” I said. “I mean, you never really fall out of love with your first girlfriend, right?”

The two women nodded appreciatively. “So why get rid of Toni’s name?”

“Isn’t it obvious? I’m never going to fuck her again. I don’t need it. I don’t want it.”

“I rather liked fucking her,” commented Elise.

“Me too,” Melinda chimed in with a small laugh.

“Are you really going to take away Toni’s eponym?” Elise sounded truly sad about it.

“Yes.”

“I don’t want you touching mine.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Once again they shared that look.

I was starting to hate that look.

“What about Chizu’s eponym?” Elise asked.

“That’s going away too. I don’t want a prostitute’s name on me.”

“That’s awfully judgemental.”

“My body, my choice,” I said.

“Still…”

“I think I’d better leave,” said Melinda as she started to get up from the bed.

A thought suddenly occurred to me. It would be better for her to stay the night. Not that I needed her there, but I didn’t want her contacting anyone. The

morning would be enough of a start for the both of us.

“No! Stay the night with us,” I insisted. “I want to fuck you and send you home with a pussy full of cum.”

“Dirty,” she said.

“Is that a yes?”

It was.

Chapter 19

The next morning I dutifully fucked Melinda as Elise looked on. My girlfriend didn't just lay there and watch us. She masturbated along to our actions.

This time Melinda spent some time riding me. We rolled around on the bed a lot, but I focused entirely on Melinda. Maybe it was to piss of my girlfriend, maybe it was just to please myself because Melinda was a good fuck. I was probably thinking fondly and nostalgically back to high school when I didn't get to fuck Melinda and I was now making up for lost time.

Anyway, when I finished, I came in Melinda, I used every bit of effort to deposit as big a load as possible into her and as deep as possible as well. I wanted my cum dripping out of her all day.

"Are you going to take a shower before you leave?" Elise asked her.

Melinda laughed wonderfully in response. "Of course not. I want Shawn to smell Charlie all over me." She grinned. "And I want him to taste Charlie in my cunt."

And so she dressed and left the apartment.

"What was that all about?" Elise asked me.

"What was that all about? She was the one who wanted to force her husband to fuck a used cunt."

"Don't be vulgar."

"Same word Elise used."

"Doesn't matter. She has one and you don't."

Except you're my cunt I silently thought.

"Fine."

"So what was it all about?"

"What?" I replied innocently.

“Having her spend the night, fucking her, getting off on getting her dirty. All of that.”

“Why can’t I enjoy that? Like you said, I already have her eponym on me, so it’s not a big deal if we keep doing it.”

“Why the change?”

“Why not? It’s like you’re looking for a problem. Fucking her was fun...oh, I get it now. You’re jealous. I fucked her and ignored you.” I pointed at my cock. “There’s plenty more of this for you.”

“Don’t be vulgar.”

I stepped close and kissed her. “Are you horny? Do you need some reassurance?”

Before she could answer, I kissed her again and brought her down to the bed. Since we were both still naked from the night before, it was easy to get down between her legs and start eating her out.

I think she appreciated it. Or maybe it made her relax and believe that she still had me completely under her control.

A minute later, after I had gotten her good and worked up, I plunged my cock into her wet, welcoming pussy. It was hard to fuck her partly because I had just fucked Melinda an hour earlier, but I rose to the occasion.

I told myself it didn’t matter if it was the last time.

Elise had to leave for work first. That gave me time to pack up the shit that I needed. It’s weird trying to consolidate one’s life down to two bags but I managed. When I gave it serious thought, I realized that I needed precious little other than what I could carry.

There was a surprise waiting for me when I got into the studio.

“I’ve got your money,” Dilly said.

“No shit?”

He nodded. “Livvy and Drace both wanted it. It was easy. They scrambled and are going in half each on your share.”

If I still had a vested interest in the studio, I would have cared.

I didn’t care.

“Great. Where’s my money?”

He pulled two cashier checks out of his drawer. Low security, but what the hell did I care?

“I’d prefer cash.”

Dilly’s eyes narrowed. “That’s a lot of cash, man.”

“Can you do it for me?”

“Yeah, but—”

“Great!” I cut him off. “I’ve got a few things to take care of in my cube. I need the cash by five.” I left before he could say anything else. Dilly had to suspect, but at this point it didn’t matter.

Working on Chizu’s eponym on my upper thigh was ticklish. Literally. I didn’t have a fancy design and just worked it into an odd geometric shape. It wasn’t the most original work, but it would do. It would be gone eventually.

Melinda’s name was a bigger pain in the ass. Or shoulder, since I had to reach over to my left shoulder to fix it. The way her name was planted on me, it was fairly easy to turn it into flowers. It looked like something a first year college student would get on her spring break trip, but it was fine with me. A little extra expression and I had a nice garden design.

Working on Elise’s eponym in the mirror was difficult. I could just barely see her name by looking down at my chest, so the mirror really helped me out. I should have just blotted away her name entirely. A big black bar over her name would have been perfect, but that wouldn't have been a fix and her name would have

popped up somewhere else or bled through my design. The only thing to do was to alter it.

It took an hour of careful work, but eventually Elise was turned into Charlie. Yes, only an egomaniac would put his own name on his body, but I figured I'd come up with something that complimented my name down the road.

I took the pile of cash that Dilly gave me and headed out the door.

"You ain't coming back, are you, boss?"

I looked at him. "Nope. Sometimes you just need to know when to leave. Speaking of which, I left most of my equipment behind. The other artists can use or sell it. I don't care."

I walked to the train station. Trains are much better than buses. More room. Classier. Quiet. I wound up sitting next to a woman who had an eponym just barely peeking up above her collar. I couldn't see any other names on her body.

Out of boredom, we started chatting. It was a four hour ride to Canada.

"What do you do for a living?" she asked me.

"I'm a fixer."

"What do you fix?"

"Eponyms."

Her eyes lit up and she pulled down her collar, "What would it cost me to get this fixed?"

"It's not worth it," I said. "Just learn to live with it."

END

Preview

Cuckquean 1: Icing on the Cake

I opened the door to let Greta in. She was my boyfriend's oldest friend. I already knew that. I was hoping against hope that she was boring and dumpy.

She wasn't.

She had a bubbly personality, curly blonde hair with a pink streak dyed into it, brilliant blue eyes, and tits much bigger than mine. Not that she was trying to show them off, but they were big and it's impossible to hide tits that big.

I knew she was bigger than me because my tits were barely bigger than A cups.

She was easily a D.

"Eleanor?" she asked behind a huge smile with brilliant white teeth.

I wanted to hate her, but somehow I couldn't. She seemed so happy just to see me, a person she had never met before.

“Call me Ellie,” I said automatically.

“Great to meet you Ellie,” she said and then threw her arms around me in a huge hug and kissed me on the cheek. ”You can call me Gigi.”

It was a much friendlier greeting than I had been expecting.

“Where’s Brent?” she asked after letting me go so I could breathe again.

“In here!” my boyfriend called from the kitchen. “Making you dinner!”

Greta...Gigi...pushed into Brent’s house looking for her old friend.

I’ll admit it. I was a little miffed. Even though he had told me she was his best and oldest friend—which I figured had to be a bit of an exaggeration—and I had only been dating Brent a grand total of four months, I was jealous of her.

Maybe because they had been friends, according to him, since practically birth (their mothers had been college roommates and Gigi was only ten days older than Brent).

Maybe because she was prettier than me. I’ll admit it.

Maybe because I was unsure of where my relationship with Brent stood.

And maybe because I was a tiny bit attracted to her.

But I would never admit that.

Gigi had been in Brent's house before, even if she did live more than two hundred miles away. She was back visiting family and had to stop to see Brent. It was mandatory, he told me. I followed behind and found her giving Brent a hug, but it was a hug like someone might give a favorite cousin at the family reunion or Thanksgiving. He gave her a kiss on the cheek and that was that.

Gigi helped finish making dinner alongside me and Brent. Dinner went well. It just seemed like a normal of old friends.

Until we got into the third bottle of wine.

We were laughing about some dumb joke or another, something about their childhood, when Gigi suddenly bursts out with, "I can't wait to fuck you tonight!"

I had a shocked look on my face when I instinctively blurted, "What?"

It was Brent that screwed everything up. He was a little too drunk and said,

“Shh! I was planning on telling her later!” Then he laughed hysterically.

At that point I knew that Gigi wasn’t just goofing around.

I fixed him with a glare. “Tell me what?” It was a question, but it was also a demand.

Gigi, to her credit, slapped her hand in front of her mouth and muttered. “I’m sorry. Shit! I fucked it up!”

Brent waved his hand at her. “It’s fine. It’s fine, Gigi. I have to tell her sometime.”

My eyes narrowed. “Tell me what, exactly? Are you two in some secret relationship? Am I a fucking beard?”

“We’re not in a secret relationship,” said Brent, suddenly very sober.

“Well, it’s not much of a secret,” Gigi giggled.

I frowned at her. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“We’re friends,” Brent said.

“Just friends?”

“More than friends,” Gigi offered too easily. “But our families think we’re just friends.”

“We were always lumped together when we were growing up,” Brent hastily explained. “Our siblings were much older and our parents were...hands off with us because we didn’t cause trouble.”

“Brent and I lost our virginities to each other right after we turned sixteen,” Gigi said as if she couldn’t help herself.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” I said, my lip curling. “And you’ve been fucking her on and off since then?”

“Yes,” Brent said.

“Except when I was married for three years. Biggest mistake of my life,” Gigi muttered.

“Yeah…” Brent said in a tone that told me there was more to the story.

“Spill it,” I told him.

Gigi did the deed. “Okay, so maybe we hooked up a few times while I was married to Chad. But that wasn’t the reason I got divorced.”

“It sounds like it,” I muttered.

Gigi looked at Brent and put down her wine glass. It was empty anyway. “Are you going to invite her into our bed or not?” Gigi demanded.

“Our bed?” I was offended.

“Can I explain?” Brent demanded.

“I wasn’t expecting to get invited into a three-way tonight,” I told him.

“Says the girl who screamed at me on our first date to spank her hard enough to cry and then to shove my dick up her ass.” Brent wasn’t exaggerating.

“You’ve got to be kidding!” Gigi hooted.

“No,” Brent said evenly.

Gigi looked at me.

My face flushed bright red.

“Okay, yeah, that’s true.”

“She’s pretty kinky,” Brent told her.

I covered my face with my hand. “Please don’t tell her everything.”

“He doesn’t have to,” Gigi said graciously. “I just want to know if we’re all going to be fucking tonight.”

“Uh…” was my reaction, which I think was fair because I didn’t think I was going to get invited into a three-way with my newish boyfriend and his life-long friend tonight.

“Well?” Brent asked me. “Usually Greta and I have sex when she visits. Do you want to join us?”

He was trembling. I could see his hands shaking.

That wasn’t the reason I said yes, but it sure helped a lot in getting me to yes.

“Yes.”

Gigi’s eyes lit up when I said yes. “I told you she’d say yes.”

I was flabbergasted. “I’ve never met you! How would you even guess at what I’d say?”

“Brent told me all about you.”

That sounded good, but she didn’t know me as well as she thought she did.

Yes, it was true that I asked Brent to spank me hard enough to cry and then have anal sex with me on our first date. In my defense, I was a little bit drunk. Sort of like now. Also in my defense, I hadn’t had sex in over six months before that.

Finally, in my defense, anal sex and spanking are pretty low key kinks. I should know. I didn’t tell, and still haven’t told, Brent about all my kinks.

I didn’t think he knew I was bi, but maybe he guessed. I wasn’t into telling guys that I was bi because as soon as they find out one of two things happens. One: they immediately want to have a three-way. Possibility two: they tell me I’m confused and I’m either straight and confused or a lesbian and I needed to pick

one right then.

Gigi was hot and the exact sort of girl I went for: blonde, big tits, effervescent and presumably straight.

“I didn’t tell her all about you,” Brent said quickly.

I gave him some side eye, but stayed quiet. He didn’t know all about me.

But he knew enough. He knew that I was into spanking and anal sex.

And why would that interest Gigi in me?

“I want to take Brent to the bedroom right now and fuck him,” Gigi said. “Do you mind? I know he’s your boyfriend and all but…”

“That sounds great, actually,” I told her. “Do you mind if I watch?”

The two of them exchanged a look that told me everything I needed to know.

“That would be great, Ellie,” Brent said to me.

So we went to Brent’s bedroom. After all, if three thirty-somethings can’t have wild sex in the privacy of the man’s home, what justice is there in the world?

When we got to the bedroom, Gigi said, “You sure this is okay with you?” She didn’t really wait for an answer as she drew Brent closer to her.

I nodded eagerly. Maybe Gigi was an exhibitionist. I was a voyeur, so that meshed perfectly. “Go ahead.”

Brent was nervous. I didn’t blame him. We had fallen hard for each other and now there was this bit of history between the two of them coming between the two of us. I was fine with it. Before Brent it had been six months since I had gotten laid...with a man.

It had been over two years since I had been with a woman. I just needed to figure out if it was okay with Brent if I played with his...girlfriend? Other friend? Best friend? Friend with benefits?

They kissed and my stomach did flip flops. Right then I was certain I wanted to see the two of them fuck and I didn’t care about the consequences.

As they continued kissing it struck me that Gigi was sort of a modern-day Marilyn Monroe. It wasn’t an exact likeness, but it was close. She had Marilyn’s body type and hair and almost the way she acted.

They started to strip each other’s clothing and I watched them intently. I was

already familiar with Brent's body. His light brown, almost auburn hair, and lean muscles. He was tall and slim, but when I gripped his biceps when we fucked, it was like holding stones in my hands. Of course he had a flat stomach, no six pack, but was more than defined enough for me.

His cock was his crowning glory, as it were. Brent trimmed his pubic hair so he didn't have a soft nest of curly pubes, but that only served to enhance the length of his cock. It wasn't the thickest I had ever had, but it was easily the longest. I could wrap both my hands around it and still the head would peek out.

That's what Gigi was doing at the moment. She was down on her knees. Brent was naked though his pants and underwear were wrapped around his ankles. He was already hard. Had I missed the start of the blowjob she was giving him?

I don't think so. She looked up at him and he grinned down at her.

"It's just like I remember," she told him.

"Put it in your mouth," he said.

She pouted. My thighs quivered at her expression. "What if I don't want to put it in my mouth?"

"Then I'm just going to shove it in your pussy."

A broad grin filled her face. She licked the head of his cock. Brent was already leaking precum so when her tongue passed over his slit a string of it ran from her tongue to his cock head.

“You’re naked and I’m still dressed. How would you possibly shove it in my pussy?”

She wasn’t fully dressed. She was down to her bra and panties. They weren’t extra fancy, but they were pretty. And they were matching. Blue and white with a lot of lace. The bra pushed up her tits making them look bigger. I wondered how big she was. The panties weren’t exactly a thong, but the way she was kneeling pulled them up into her flesh, exposing all of her thigh and a lot of her ass.

She had all the right curves in contrast to my sharp angles. I was jealous, but I wasn’t going to tell her that. There was no justice in the world when it came to other women having better bodies than me.

Greta continued to suck Brent for another minute. She did it elegantly, exquisitely. She knew exactly what she was doing. I wanted my chance to show her that I knew how to properly fellate a man, but I was too distracted by my hand shoved down into my panties.

I had hiked up my skirt so I could masturbate. I felt the smooth, slick skin of my bare pussy. I was leaking like a sieve. I wanted to be fucked, but Brent was busy. Instead I pushed my middle finger all the way into myself and groaned softly.

They didn’t hear me at all.

I watched in amazement as Gigi carefully eased Brent's cock down her throat. All the way down her throat. Her nose rested against his short, soft pubic hair. I couldn't do that; there was no justice.

I told myself they were well familiar with each other's bodies. After all they had been fucking since they were sixteen, that was half their lives.

She backed off, releasing Brent's cock. He grinned happily down at her. She ducked her head lower and took his balls into her mouth. I knew he liked having his balls sucked. That was something I could do and had done for him.

Brent moaned loudly. "Do you want me to cum in your hair?" he asked.

He had never asked that of me. But her hair was thick and curly. Mine was stick straight. Hers hung down beneath her shoulders. Mine was cut short and practical.

Her: blonde. Me: mousy brunette.

"No!" she protested.

"Want me to cum in your mouth?" he asked.

She shook her head. “No.”

“Want me to cum in your pussy?”

Now she nodded. “Yes.”

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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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