

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



Bull Handler
**MORGAN
SIERRA**

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Morgan Sierra

Courtney and Nils have brought a bull into their bed for a one-night trial. One night to see if this man can take charge and bring all their darkest fantasies to life. Nils wants to submit—to both his wife and another man. Courtney wants him to submit to her, but she also wants something a little more intense and a little less mainstream. A long night of kinky, no-holds-barred sex with their powerful bull will give them what they've been dreaming of.

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BULL HANDLER

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Chapter One

Courtney bore the scrutiny of their bull in silence, thankful that her nudity didn't allow him to witness the rapid staccato of her heartbeat. The scent of caramel filled the air and between it and Vic's spicy cologne, her mouth watered. Next time she went candle shopping, perhaps she'd pick something more seductive instead. Tonight was about desire and sexual gratification, not ice-cream sundaes.

"Very nice," he murmured.

She lifted her chin, flushing deeply at his compliment. "Thank you."

He called over to Nils. "So you can't handle this, *boy*? Don't know what to do with your woman in bed?" Vic made a slow circuit around Courtney, his gaze hungrily taking her in from head to foot and then back again in an elegant, ponderous sweep.

"No sir," Nils said.

"A woman should be treasured when you make love to her." Vic spoke over her husband as if he hadn't heard him. The weight of Vic's brown eyes seemed capable of caressing her body. He said, "She should know what it's like to wake up in the morning fully satisfied, the area between her thighs sore and swollen. Her breasts heavy and gently scraped from her lover's use."

Courtney tried to think of a morning after like he described. She could only come up with one time. Once when she might have awoken with her body well used by her lover. Maybe.

She and Nils had hungered for each other's touch and searing kisses on their wedding night, as if saying their vows had ignited a lust they could not quench. Hours upon hours of writhing together, exploring each other's sensitive places and sweet spots until no part of their sweat-slick skin had been left untouched. To this day she shivered at the memory of it.

But they'd celebrated ten anniversaries since that night. It seemed a horrible blow to the state of their marriage that their most sensual night together had been so long ago. To make matters worse, she couldn't remember the next morning. Not really. What had she felt like?

She hated that Vic's words make her wonder if she'd ever had a morning after like the one he described. She loved her husband. Their sex life was amazing and going strong. Tonight represented the culmination of both of their desires.

"She should stretch like a cat before she arises," Vic continued, "testing muscles she didn't know existed until then. Her body should be one giant ache, satiated, yet if the opportunity arises, hungry for her lover's touch again."

Vic stopped speaking to look at Courtney and she raised her eyes to meet his. Catching sight of his thickly muscled thighs, she bit down on her lower lip. His erection strained against the fabric of his briefs, and studying the wide expanse of his lightly furred chest on the way up sent a shiver galloping over her spine. At the same time, she felt the subtle shift in her body, the way she relaxed in his presence until all tension melted away. The feeling left behind made her skin tingle all over with life and heat.

Courtney shook her head and tried to focus on her breathing. Vic's intense attention felt strange beneath her husband's watchful gaze. Yet this was Nils' fantasy as much as hers. Nils had the desire to see her with another man. She wanted to take that scenario one step further by fulfilling her own very specific fantasy.

Vic had advertised himself as a "bull" — a man available to fulfill the sexual needs of a married woman. Well endowed, confident in his abilities, he specialized in making sure the women never forgot their trysts with him. The services of a bull could be had sometimes for a price, more often for nothing more than the understanding of a long-term relationship. In all situations, the woman's husband knew he was being replaced in their marital bed.

Nils suggested bringing a bull into their relationship for a one-night trial – perhaps more than one night, if it went well – to help them both realize their desires. Agreeing to it hadn't taken much deliberation.

"Should I do for you what your husband can't, Courtney? Do you want to wake up in the morning feeling satisfied by a real man?" Vic asked.

She chanced a quick glance at Nils, who stood at the head of the bed, his cock at attention. He waited, poised for her response. Vic's words must have been humiliating, but her husband's face was eager. She'd seen glimpses of this side of him before, but for the first time realized how much he craved having someone else take over. This was definitely something they'd explore again.

"Are you man enough to do that for me, Vic?" she asked. Her aching pussy was practically weeping. He was more than man enough. All three people in the room knew it.

A purely masculine sound rumbled from his chest and he pulled her against him. The breath rushed out of her as her oversensitive nipples met the hard wall of his muscles. "I can smell your sweet pussy, Court," he said. He shifted his hips and she moaned. His thick erection promised a long night ahead. "And this is what it does to me. Let's see if you're ready for it."

Vic's hand traveled over her stomach and slid into the waistband of her soaking panties. She grasped onto him for support, her legs almost buckling at the graze of his fingers on her sensitive bundle of nerves. Deliberate touches of his fingers on her clit were meant to tease and nothing more. She almost groaned aloud when he removed his hand and gave her a soft grunt of approval.

His voice alone had her stoked to simmering. Every time she moved, lingerie hugged her curves. A reminder of what she was doing. Of the men she was with.

Vic's hoarse "sweet Jesus" left her tingling all over. He leaned closer and whispered in her ear, "Before we go on...it's not too late to change your mind."

Her heart beat as if she'd just run a marathon. "I know," she replied, almost breathless.

The comfort from his warmth dissipated when he pulled back and looked into her eyes. "Your body wants this, but be sure. If you do this now, will you be able to look at yourself in the morning with your head held high?"

Courtney suppressed a smile, but his concern touched her. They'd chosen well. "I look forward to the morning when I ache between my thighs and my body screams for more." She looked toward Nils and waited until Vic followed her gaze before adding, "This is what we want. What we both want."

Vic waited a beat. "Very well." He stepped back and raked her body with a long, assessing gaze. He called over his shoulder, "Get on the bed, boy, and lie with your head hanging close to the edge."

Nils' gloriously hard cock bobbed while he maneuvered himself as instructed.

"And you," he said to Courtney, "slide off those panties. I can't wait to see what you've got to show me." Vic put his hands on his hips and studied her reaction. "I'm going to show you how it's done and the boy's going to get a lesson he'll never forget. Up close and personal."

The time it took her to shimmy her hips and push her black panties onto the floor was perhaps the longest ten seconds of her life. Courtney swiveled like a dancer, her confidence rising with each winding movement. Vic's eyes glittered in the candlelight as he watched, his jaw tightening in a very sexy display of restraint. She lost sight of him when she bent at the waist, but felt the heat of his nearness again. Strong hands gripped her waist immediately afterward.

"Jesus, don't move. Let me look at this ass," he said.

The soft cotton of his boxers brushed the backs of her thighs. Then Vic bent and brushed his fingers along her skin. It was a trail of fire that began at her ankles, circled around to her calves and then moved higher.

"Am I to your liking?" Courtney asked, gasping in spite of herself when his fingers hooked her cheeks and spread them slightly. He moved his touch in a teasing caress over her anus and her hips bucked.

"Have you ever been taken here?"

Her heart kicked. "No..."

"The boy not capable of doing that either?" Vic asked, derision hanging from each word.

She glanced at the bed where Nils lay waiting. "I-I...we've never..."

"Don't defend him," he said. His finger slid up and down, inciting delicious sensations that rippled outward. The base of her spine tingled in response to his touch. "Is it something you want? Something we should explore?"

Her dry mouth became even drier. Courtney swallowed, an almost impossible task, and tried to quiet rioting nerves. "Yes. Please—if it pleases you." She gasped when gripped by her shoulders and spun around to face him.

He whispered harshly against her ear, "Tonight you take what you want. Do what pleases *you*. Not me. Not him. What *you* want. This is your time, so use it wisely."

Swallowing her trepidation, she nodded. Right. Her night. Take charge and tell him what she wanted.

"You wanted me to here to help you realize your fantasy, Courtney. Take it. Own it," he finished.

Her racing heart gathered speed.

She lifted her chin. Steeling her voice, she said, "Look but don't touch. Not until you've earned it."

The corner of Vic's mouth lifted in a proud smile. He dipped his head, an acknowledgement of her newfound courage and growing dominance. "Good. Now stand before the bed and then bend over...right over the boy."

Her role might be shifting, but he was still their bull. She did as instructed.

Arms by his sides, Nils lay relaxed on the thick, deep-red comforter. His cock thumped gently against his belly in time with his beating heart and she loved the sight. She loved *him*. Despite the three of them being here together now, he could have changed his mind. He could have watched his wife in the arms of another man and halted everything. But no. Not Nils. His soft blue eyes held admiration without recrimination.

The fine delicate features of his nose and lips that were quick to smile made something in her belly flutter. Studying his long, lean body made her fall in love with him all over again. The man she married hadn't changed much over the years.

"Boy, time to get to work. Get her ready for me," Vic ordered.

Vic steadied her hips as she crawled onto the bed with her knees anchored on either side of Nils' head. She sat back and his warm breath teased the insides of her thighs. His strong hands stroked her skin and sent shivers racing across it. "You're already so wet, baby," Nils said softly.

His statement only served to make her wetter. Her belly clenched in anticipation, the gentle caresses of his breath almost as stimulating as his touch. She curled her fingers with Nils' and lowered herself to his waiting mouth.

Courtney threw her head back at the first touch of his exquisite tongue between her cunt lips. His strokes were soft, delicate, and she rolled her hips in excitement, urging him to continue. To push her trembling body toward completion.

Nils explored along her labia with long teasing licks. More than she could have asked for, yet not enough. Her hypersensitive clit pulsed, coaxing a deep-rooted yearning for him to caress it to her consciousness. "God, yes, that feels good..."

Another pair of hands pushed up the silken material of her teddy, finding her bare skin beneath. Goose bumps of anticipation erupted all over. "What is it you want, Courtney?" Vic's voice broke through the rising ecstasy surging through her.

"I don't understand," she gasped.

Nils feasted. Vic teased. "Why did you bring me here? What is it that you want from me?"

"I need..." She hesitated, not knowing how to express it. Waves of sensation rippled out from her clit. "I need to be fucked." She grew bolder. "A long night of hot, sweaty sex from a man—from men—who can go for *hours*."

"Perfect," he replied huskily.

A warm tongue flicked over her ear. A shocked breath escaped her lungs and she knew a flood of moisture greeted Nils' mouth. He pushed his tongue into her cunt, lapping at everything she offered him. If she were to stand right now, there was no way her quivering legs would be able to support her.

But Vic was there. His strong presence standing at her back. His nimble fingers exploring the curve of her breasts. He played with their heft, his thumbs just barely grazing her nipples. They responded immediately to the whisper of sensation, swelling and becoming a deep blush in color. Too soon, Vic separated her from Nils, lifting her away from his probing tongue before an orgasm could consume her.

She almost whimpered, a complaint that she'd been interrupted, but their bull pressed hot kisses down her neck, across her shoulders. She arched, moving her body in anticipation of his path, twisting to keep the sensation going. To remain connected to him. His clever hands explored her breasts, her belly, her back. He tested Nils' progress, pushing two thick fingers into her cunt. She clenched around him at the invasion, her mind whirling. Needing.

Casting her face to the side, eyes closed, helped with so many emotions warring within her. Greedy desire. The thrill of arousal. When she heard the distinct sound of Nils groaning, Courtney looked down. At first glance, she couldn't see him, but when she shifted her leg, the most glorious sight awaited her.

Vic had pushed down his underwear and fed his cock into Nils' previously unoccupied mouth. Her husband swallowed the thick shaft, paying it the same loving attention he'd just lavished on his wife. He stared up at her, a question in those pretty

blue eyes. *Was this what you wanted...how you'd imagined it?* She gave him a brief nod, and ran her finger across his jaw because *God, yes* — this was exactly what she'd wanted.

Perhaps without knowing it, he'd just gifted her with a memory that would never, ever be forgotten.

Chapter Two

Vic's hands moved like a miracle worker's over her body. He touched, aroused, teased beneath her breasts. Over her belly. Trilled his fingers like the velvety glide of silk along her sides.

Courtney closed her eyes and drifted away on sensation. Goose bumps that erupted along her skin had as much to do with the way he heightened her arousal through his casual strokes. When his tongue slid along her earlobe, she shivered.

"Are your eyes open, Court?" Vic cooed. "Watch him. This is what you want, isn't it? To see your man with someone else?"

Not just someone else. Another man.

"Yes," she replied on a breath.

A bulge formed in Nils' cheek, his mouth a perfect circle around the cock he swallowed. His lips were a wonderful contrasting color to the smooth skin sliding next to them.

Courtney moaned, the need for fulfillment, for one of the men to touch her, somehow include her in their debauchery, rising swiftly through her. "God, Vic...inside me. Now."

"Yes, just like that," Vic said, his voice raspy. The pads of his fingertips skated across the tips of her nipples. "Know what you want. Take it."

A quick shrug of her shoulders made the flimsy straps of her teddy gap. After shoving down the material, she bared her breasts. Exposed herself for their pleasure. Then she entwined her fingers with Vic's, forcing him to apply more pressure. Together they rolled her nipples, twin sparks of pleasurable pain shooting through her torso. She gasped, her need partly sated, but not nearly enough.

“Vic,” she growled. “Please.”

He tsked at her. “You’re not there yet, Court. Soon, though, I suspect.” The objection brushed against her cheek, his lips following. “But I’m proud of you.”

Heat blossomed on her cheeks. Turning away from him seemed the best way to hide her sudden shyness induced by his words. Strong hands took advantage.

Vic pushed her shoulders, guiding her into bending over. She let gravity take her weight, pulling her down until her cheek pressed against Nils’ lower abdomen. Courtney inhaled the musky scent rising from his cock, licking her lips a second later almost an involuntary response. How could she be so close to tasting him, yet not allow herself the indulgence?

“Don’t come,” she whispered, not knowing or caring if her husband heard. She had to taste him.

Nils’ cock jumped when her hand enclosed its girth. The smooth texture, the firm, solid column was a temptation for her senses. Courtney dragged a single finger down its length, watching in satisfaction as the color drained and then rushed back to the trail she created. Nils made a soft sound and she was pleased by it. Thrilled that her husband responded so quickly to just a touch.

He wanted to please her. She yearned for him to have that want.

The taste that exploded on her tongue was a familiar one. Still, she savored it. Pulling his cock deeper into her mouth, she swallowed around him, bringing more of his essence into her throat.

Then she felt hands massage over the cheeks of her ass, seeking and finding the cleft of her sex. The scent of her arousal perfumed the air, blanketing them all. Vic parted her lips, opening her to his inspection.

“So pretty,” he muttered. “So pink and very, very wet.” He tested his proclamation by inserting at first one finger and then two. “My God...”

A deep, sexual hunger caught her by surprise. Her heart hammered, her breath coming in pants. Courtney couldn't remember ever being this tight with need. A stranger teased her body, his own personal and wanton plaything, and she loved it. Wanted more.

A soft gasp of surprise that rippled through his chest signaled the instant Nils' mouth had been liberated. Even as Vic's thick fingers readied her cunt, Courtney focused on driving Nils senseless with her tongue. She applied more suction, hummed around his cock, urgency to push him right to the edge of losing control spurring her on. With a desperate longing for oneness with him, she yearned for Nils to join her on this path to debauchery. His hips punched into the air, pushing his thick erection farther down her throat. Beneath her belly, she felt his heart kicking. His hands curled into the comforter, pulling on the soft material as if it would provide him the strength he needed to survive her ardor.

Vic slowly entered her and her eyelids fluttered closed. This sensation of fullness, of being stretched to accept him, overwhelmed her almost to the point of distraction. Vic groaned, a soft, simple sound of pleasure. And then the dance began.

The three of them moved together in synchronized rhythm. Nils skated his hands over her back and thighs, sending approval through his touch. She sipped from his cock in return, sucking on him until her jaw ached. The moans that rippled through her chest incited his abdomen to flex and she loved it. Loved the signs of his arousal.

Vic drove himself into her over and over again. Nils' face was just below where Vic penetrated her body in a very up close and personal view of their bull at work. All the while his teasing tongue brushed and licked her cunt. In her mind, she held a vision of Nils using that same tongue over Vic's balls and the base of his cock.

Nils shuddered, a tremor that vibrated down the length of him. "Don't you dare come," she said, knowing he held on with his last vestiges of restraint. That her own worshipful licking had pushed him to a precarious position. Nils whimpered in reply

and that glorious sound amplified in the room, heightening her awareness of how truly close he was. "Please me, baby." She licked again. "Don't come."

"Oh, good girl," Vic said above her. Her reward came a second later when he tortured her swollen clit. Incessant circular rubbing of his fingers sent her thoughts scattering. The strokes built in intensity and she didn't know where to focus, which man should occupy her concentration. Somewhere deep in her belly a firestorm of sensation began to burn.

Courtney rolled her hips and let the warmth spread. She cried out, called to Nils and to Vic. They answered her with murmured encouragements, with lustful groans. Through it all, Nils' tongue continued to please her clit as well, until she couldn't distinguish Vic's finger from her husband's pleasing licks.

She squeezed Nils' cock when the orgasm swept through her. It was a sudden, violent possession that left her tense with shock. Trembling with ecstasy.

"Yes!" Vic shouted, driving into her faster, his own frenzied need evident in his quavering voice. For a brief moment she thought she would drown beneath the weight of the sensation, that the tingling and warmth that overrode her vision and hearing would overwhelm her until she succumbed, but then Vic grunted one final time. He thrust into her with one powerful surge and when he held himself still, his harsh breathing no more than escaped pants through clenched teeth, she knew he'd come.

The jets of his seed were noticeably absent. The depth of her own disappointment at this surprised her. So caught up in teasing Nils earlier, she hadn't realized when Vic had donned a condom. For now, she simply moaned as her cunt pulsed around him, the gentle pulls meant for encouraging his ejaculate.

Her breath shuddered out of her and she realized the tender licks from her husband hadn't ended. He acknowledged her sensitivity and used his mouth with loving care.

She unwrapped her fingers from Nils' cock to inspect how hard she'd made him. Pearly drops of moisture leaking down the sides of the dusky rose-colored head. "You did good, baby," she told him.

Vic withdrew and helped her to stand on trembling legs. A smile quirking her lips, head held high, she reviewed the man who'd just made her first threesome a reality. She looked back at Nils, at his submission, and knew with everything in her heart they'd made the right decision. She closed her eyes, a contented smile curving her lips.

By the time she opened her eyes again, the clock radio verified almost an hour had passed. Her belly growled lightly and, somewhat annoyed at having to leave her comfortable position, she decided to satisfy yet another of her carnal needs.

"Hungry?" Nils whispered in a sleepy voice.

On her other side, Vic's light snore filled the air. She glanced first at him, then her husband. "Yeah."

"I'll get us something."

All traces of sleep left her system as she ogled Nils' naked form slide from the bed. He walked with a subtle grace, one long leg in front of the other. The motion of his muscles was worth admiring as he moved. She allowed her lust to rise again at the vision of his swollen cock and later the retreating swell of his buttocks. She almost called him back, to ask him to drive himself into her again and again...to watch the rise and fall of his hips as they fucked...to stretch her pussy, touch her sweet spot and make her scream.

Hell. She wanted him. Now.

Courtney managed to slide from the bed without awakening Vic, his light snoring continuing uninterrupted. She walked into the kitchen to find Nils working efficiently to cut an apple into slices. Already, he had a plate adorned with soft hunks of Gouda cheese and a few clusters of sweet grapes. "Are you happy?" he asked without looking up.

As she stood in the nude, the tingling and sense of verve flowing through her veins lifted her. All of it combined was too potent for stifling beneath the heavy weight of clothing. "Yes," she replied almost giddily. "Thank you, sweetheart. That was wonderful."

Courtney pressed her body against his, reached down and handled his cock, which was still semi-erect. Vic was right. She'd begun to fully embrace the play of power she and Nils decided to explore. As she'd instructed, he hadn't come, and he would be rewarded for his obedience now. To her surprise, he shifted and pulled himself away.

"Nils?"

Her quiet husband of ten years looked up and the admiration and encouragement from before had vanished from his eyes. "How much longer before Vic leaves?" he asked.

The question stunned her. "I-I don't know. I thought—"

He artfully arranged the apple slices next to the cheese, then muttered, "I can be polite for a little while longer, I suppose."

Courtney laid her hand across his arm, halting his movement. Nils put down the plate he'd picked up but kept his gaze cast down. She said, "Nils, talk to me. What's going on here?"

Almost a full minute passed before he acknowledged her question. His throat bobbed as he swallowed hard. "I know what I wanted—what I still want. But Court, I've never seen you look as radiant as you do now."

"I'm happy, Nils. I love what you did for me."

There was more he wasn't saying. More she needed to understand. She wished he would look up so she could see into his expressive eyes.

"I didn't do that for you," he replied softly.

The everyday noises of their house filled the room as her understanding dawned. Their old refrigerator chose then to boom—a noise they'd never figured out—before starting its gentle hum again. A wall clock bought at a local discount store clicked every time the second hand moved. Beyond the walls of their house a car door slammed, its sound reverberating in the silence of the kitchen. Courtney listened to them all and to the insistent knocking of her heart beating against her ribs.

“Is that what you think, Nils?”

He looked up finally, but there was despair in his eyes. Seeing such hurt there made all the good feelings flowing through her waver. “Look at you,” he cried. “You’re glowing like nothing I’ve ever seen before.”

“You are my heart —”

“Yet I have never made you feel this way,” he said, his chest heaving. His hands gripped the countertops as if they alone had the strength to hold him up.

Where had this come from? This was their fantasy. *Theirs*. They’d spent nights thinking of what to do and how to do it. They’d pored over the responses at the message board together, talking about it over dinner and late into the night on how to fulfill what they both wanted.

Nils had met Vic first and her husband’s approval had given her enough confidence to meet Vic later. The trio had dinner at a local restaurant and by the end of the night, she felt close and safe enough with Vic to continue.

She hated seeing her husband like this. Angry. Confused. Broken.

This would not do at all.

She shifted her weight and faced him squarely. “Get on your knees.”

He looked at her sharply. “What?”

“This is the last time I’m going to repeat myself for you, *boy*. Get on your knees.”

His gaze roamed over her face, but she kept her expression impassive. They’d had a misunderstanding and she wouldn’t let another minute of his turmoil pass unacknowledged. When Nils dropped to one knee and then the other on the cold ceramic tiles, Courtney released a breath she hadn’t realized she held.

He lifted his head, watched her. Waited expectantly.

Leaning forward, she deliberately let her breasts sway in his line of sight. “Now make yourself hard. Stroke your cock with one hand only,” she said. Something in his eyes flickered, but Nils did as instructed, quick motions meant to accomplish the task.

"No!" she barked. "Slowly. Keep watching my face while you do it. No speaking unless it's because you want to stop. Understood?"

Her lazy pulse sped up while she watched him nod. Her body began to tingle, encouraged by his ardent display. He was tall and thin, his torso a feast for the eyes. Lean, tight muscles rippled in his abdomen as he stroked, his right bicep bulging and relaxing in turn. Focused on him, she almost forgot what prompted this session.

"Let's get something perfectly clear between us. You are my heart and my soul. And you're forgetting an important fact," she said. Courtney circled around him, pleased that he followed her instructions and twisted to keep her within sight. "More than one thing happened tonight to make me this happy."

His cock swelled and she had to regulate her breathing. Swallow against an increasingly dry mouth. "Not only did we bring another man into our bed—*our* bed, husband—but for the first time, you showed your true self to me."

She reached down to run her finger over his nipple. It pebbled almost immediately. She did the same with the other. "Do you know how sexy I find you? You like this, on your knees and pleasing me is the most erotic sight I've ever come across in my entire life."

Courtney pressed her mouth to his ear, intent on making sure he heard her every word. "You did this to me. Not Vic. Your trust in me. You."

He groaned, then shuddered. A quick glance verified his cock was at its hardest, swollen and brushing against his belly. Courtney rose to her full height, stepping close enough that his mouth could almost graze the soft curls of her mound. "Now lick my pussy, pet. Taste what you do to me."

Without pause, her husband complied.

At the first touch of his tongue on her clit, Courtney threaded her hand through his wavy blond hair. When she realized he still stroked his cock, she almost came. His tongue inserted and retreated between the folds of her sex, licking her dry. Using his left hand, Nils exposed her hardened clit and his mouth closed over it. Her hips bucked,

the sensation making her cry out. She tilted up on her toes, giving him better access. Anything in her power to keep his mouth connected to her.

Her husband worshipped her body, feathering delicate kisses that made her shudder on her bare sex. His tongue dipped inside, lapping at the pool of moisture his touch alone had caused. "Oh God," she moaned.

This connection she felt with him strengthened, inspired by his soft slurping, by the way his body arched and twisted. There was so much power in her new role. Until now, she'd been a very willing participant with Nils, always accepting of his direction while they made love. But tonight, right now, she directed where and how they found their pleasure. It was an awesome responsibility. An act of pure love on his part to bare himself to her like this. So vulnerable. Hers to do with as she wished. Could she have ever asked for more?

God, she loved this man.

She remembered he still stroked his cock, that his passion had risen twice already today and had not yet been satisfied. She felt his restraint and that turned her on even more. "Nils...oh...God, Nils!"

Something within her tightened, a rush of pleasure that rippled out to her extremities. She reached blindly for the counter, gripping its edges lest she fall over. Nils shifted his hand, held her steady and continued his assault.

And then she was coming, such glorious fervor running through her, she slammed her eyes shut. Cried out his name as she tensed. Nils held on, pulling her to him, forcing her to endure the torment until she was too sensitive to stand any more. Reluctantly, gratefully, Courtney at last pulled away from his questing mouth.

"Don't come," she whispered with urgency.

Nils sucked in his bottom lip, licking the remains of her essence before she lowered her face to his, capturing his mouth in a dizzying kiss that was as breathtaking as the recent orgasm. She didn't know how long they kissed. She simply lusted after the heady taste of herself on his mouth. The way his tongue plunged inside and curled with hers.

This was her man. Her husband. Her lover, who she'd never give up. Not for anything or anyone.

She pecked his mouth again and drew back to study him. His chest heaved and flushed almost to his shoulders. He still stroked his cock, his hips bucking every time he neared its tip. It must have been torture not to be release from this task yet. And because she loved him, because he owned her heart, she didn't tell him to stop.

"Come with me, pet. There's one more thing I want you to do for us," she said.

Her heart pounded as they entered the bedroom side by side. Vic was awake, stroking his own cock, apparently ready for more play. He reached for her when she crawled onto the mattress, pulling her close. Courtney allowed him to wrap her in his embrace and, unthinking, she settled against him, her legs spread wide allowing cool air to touch the moisture gathered there. She was so very tempted to stroke herself, to test her wetness. The sound of her stomach's growl of displeasure distracted her instead.

Nils set the tray of snacks next to them, and Courtney dug in. Vic's finger drew circles around her areola as they ate, stretched out in relaxed poses on the bed. Nils watched in silence, nibbling on cheese wedges. Every once in a while, he leaned over to press a delicate kiss on her belly. Every single one sent shivers racing up her spine. Courtney felt drunk on their attention. Definitely high from her rekindled romance with Nils.

"Thank you for coming," she said to Vic in between bites of the apple.

He winked at her. "The pleasure's been all mine."

She laid her hand on top of his. "No, seriously. Thank you. After you've been married awhile, sometimes couples have to be reminded of their younger days when they had sex because they couldn't get enough of each other."

"You two don't seem to have any problems like that," he replied.

She smiled at his polite response, for what other could he have given? "Yes, well, this was also a way for us to fulfill our fantasies. Until now, the most I did was tell him that I'd been with another man."

Nils groaned and she turned in time to catch his swollen cock thump against his abdomen.

"See how much it turns him on?" She laughed lightly. "Now when we're alone, I'll remind him of tonight. Of what it was like to actually watch me with someone."

"But what about you? I thought this was part of your fantasy too?" he asked.

"I'll admit I had to become used to the idea, but yeah, after a while it definitely turned me on too. But like Nils, that's not where my fantasy ended. It's not enough to just have sex with another man or even to have Nils submit to me." She looked at her husband. Was it her imagination that his breathing quickened? "Mine goes a little further."

"His need has been to submit to your desires, I understand. But you still want something more?" Vic asked.

She nodded. "Yeah. Our reason for wanting medical record proof that you were healthy goes a little deeper." She took a deep breath. Exhaled it slowly. After a beat, she asked, "Are you ready to go again?"

Vic pinched her nipple gently. It sent a streak of lightening straight to her cunt. "Whenever you are."

"Good," she replied. "This time, please, no condom."

His eyebrows furrowed, but a slow smile curved his lips. "As you wish."

He knew she'd had her tubes tied and wasn't worried about getting pregnant, but did he have any clue about why she didn't want any barriers between them? The mutual exchange of health information had been as much for his benefit as theirs. It was time to fulfill the fantasy that turned her on like no other. Beyond sex. Beyond

dominance. Her need was unexplainable even to herself, but her loving husband understood. And more importantly, he approved.

Chapter Three

She turned to her man. "Pet, if you'd please..."

Nils elevated himself, but not before brushing a kiss across her nipple. She shivered at his light caress but almost moaned when he shimmied down Vic's body. There was no hesitation on his part when Nils lifted Vic's cock, stroked it and then ran his closed mouth over it. Vic watched Nils take his cock into his mouth, closing his eyes the moment his lips enveloped the plum-shaped head.

Courtney forced herself to look at them without interfering. She fought a desperate urge to spread her legs wider and touch herself. Or perhaps join in.

"Oh fuck, he's good at that," Vic groaned. He opened his eyes, studying the way Nils sucked him, his hips gently rocking and encouraging. Her stomach tightened, a little signal from her body that she could be doing so much more than simply watching. Her head buzzed as if she'd been sipping wine instead of just the bottled water now sitting on the nightstand. Vic made another little noise and she made a decision.

To hell with sitting idly by. She was joining in.

Vic turned to face her when Courtney cupped his jaw in her hand. His dark eyes were bright in the dim candlelight. She ran her fingertip over his lips, brushed the light stubble on his chin and dipped in for their first kiss.

One of them moaned when their mouths met. Vic leaned in to her, devouring her in his kiss. It was passionate and tempting, stirring her arousal. Vic pushed his tongue into her mouth, insistent and commanding. His kiss was forceful. Demanding. And for an instant, she wanted to yield to him, let him take control.

But then Courtney rose to her knees, gripping Vic's strong face between her hands, and held him in place. She took for herself what she wanted. What she needed.

Her hand traveled over his trembling stomach, her fingers lightly toying with the nest of dark curls when she went lower. Nils' mouth met her questing hand, the brush of his mouth worshipful. She moved her own lips over Vic's jaw, grazing his stubble with her teeth.

Courtney moved lower, suckling hard on his Adam's apple, making him gasp. The contradictory sensations of pain and arousal evident in his soft growl. In the way his back arched, pressing the vulnerable spot against her bite.

She lifted her head and said, "Get him close, pet."

A shiver of delight ran up her spine at Vic's unrestrained moan. The slurping sounds Nils made were both obscene and beautiful.

The scent of sex surrounded them all, overriding the caramel sweetness that only a couple hours ago clouded the room. Cologne mingled with perspiration created another layer, one that heightened the charged atmosphere. The air was redolent with her body's natural perfume. Also with the scent of pure male. Males.

The bed dipped beneath her knees as Courtney climbed to Vic's head, facing away from him. She tossed her hair back as she straddled him, before then lowering herself to his face. All the while she focused on her husband sucking Vic's hardened cock. And it was lovely to watch Nils at work. To succumb to Vic devoting his tongue and lips to idolizing her slick pussy while she stared at the visual feast.

She licked her lips, closed her eyes against the sensation of drowning. Of overwhelming stimulation that sent shivers circling her spine. But she forced her heavy lids open a moment later, lifted them in time to meet Nils' blue-eyed gaze. Lust reflected back at her. His hands worked over Vic's cock, sliding up and down, pulling and drawing out the pleasure.

She called quietly, "Will you let him fuck you, pet? Would you do that for me?"

This time she didn't know who moaned first. Whether it was Nils or Vic who reacted the strongest to the suggestion. Vic's hips lifted into the air, his hands digging

into the mattress. His hands reddened beneath the force and for a moment the stabbing motion of his tongue in her cunt paused.

She crawled forward and then kissed where Nils' mouth worked. Their lips met, caressing and retreating. She slid her tongue next to her husband's, savoring the taste of Vic. The work of her man.

And then they were kissing, Vic beneath them and almost forgotten. Courtney lost herself in Nils' arms, in the way he captured her face between his hands, groaning into her mouth. She tasted the salty tang left behind by Vic, felt how hard Nils had become. Her breasts pressed against his chest, his cock prodding her belly. He lifted her with strong arms, brought her forward until Vic's erection brushed against her sodden cunt. Nibbling on Nils' lips, she gently rocked her hips, teasing the man below her as Vic pushed his pelvis forward, trying to sink into her warm depths. Facing away from Vic with Nils before her so her husband would have a prime view of her slow ride. She wanted him to enjoy watching the roll of her hips as Vic plunged into her. To watch the pleasure spread across her face. Her clit and breasts available to him to tease and arouse at his leisure.

Nils shifted, wrapping his hand around Vic's cock and pointing it toward her entrance. "This is it, baby," he said softly. His mouth whispered across her skin, sending little tremors across her body. "I know how much you want this."

She thought back to many nights of sitting in front of the computer, her legs spread wide, Nils' elegant fingers rubbing slow circles on her clit. They watched the movies together and he encouraged her want. Her growing desires.

Courtney lowered herself, closed her eyes as the tip of Vic's swollen cock pushed forward to split her cunt lips. Nils alternated between pumping on the shaft and touching her clit. Then, two fingers entered her body at the same time that glorious cock did. Stretched full. So tight.

Nils kissed her still. Used his tongue to follow a bead of perspiration as it tracked down her neck. The delicate kisses he blazed across her throat coaxed a groan from her.

He removed his fingers from her cunt, spread her natural lubrication across her clit, just like when he toyed with her in front of the pictures on the internet. The ones that made her crazy for his touch. The same ones that made her need a night like tonight.

“What is it that you want, baby?”

“Oh, God,” she moaned. “You know...”

“Tell me. Let me hear the words,” he demanded.

He held her aloft, denying her the full length of Vic’s cock. Their bull had sensed the shift and remained still, much to her frustration.

Nils flicked her clit and the result was explosive. She grunted, willing an orgasm to begin and sweep her under.

Nils tried again. He said, “He’s not wearing a condom this time. What is Vic going to do to you?”

Her breath panted out, sharp, gasping bursts.

“Tell me,” Nils growled at her.

“Fill me with his cum.”

“And then?”

She looked into his gorgeous blue eyes and moistened her lips. Her heart fluttered, but with unwavering certainty, she realized the depths of her lust.

“You’re going to lick it all out.”

There was no one specific day her curiosity began. The internet was a great resource for material that got them both hot and bothered. It worked, always. The images and words led them to amazing bouts of sex, like it used to be before they got married and had children.

But when Courtney discovered internal cum shots on one adults-only site, her attention intensified. Curiosity had driven her to click on the oddly named category. Her confusion grew when she realized the male lead had come inside his co-star. When the camera zoomed in to show between the woman’s legs, the cum leaking out of her,

Courtney's heart pounded. The first time she watched a man actually lick the mess left behind, she orgasmed almost immediately afterward.

The attention grew into fantasy until the fantasy grew into obsession. One Nils happily tempted her with, night after night, almost for a year now.

Where she'd found his Achilles' heel in his desire to submit to her — the one act that turned him on like none other — he'd found hers.

"I love you, Nils," she said. Her body stretched to accommodate Vic. By the time she'd fully taken him in, her bottom resting on his groin, she thought her heart might burst. Nils knelt before her, straddling Vic's legs.

Nils gripped the back of her neck, pulled her closer, his hand threaded in her hair, and then bruised her mouth in a kiss. Lips locked with Nils', she found her rhythm. She used Vic's cock, lifting her hips and riding him as Nils feasted on her mouth. Her breasts. He tweaked her nipples, pinched her clit.

She saw stars behind closed lids, watched blackness encroach from the sides when she kept them open. Nils allowed her no reprieve and Vic rocked forward, driving himself into her again and again.

"He's going to come soon, Courtney," Nils whispered urgently. One hand rested on her hip, the other had snaked down her belly and toyed with her swollen clit.

"Yes," she moaned.

"You'll be full of his cum and I'm going to put my mouth on that pretty pussy of yours and get every last drop."

Her body quivered. The decadent images Nils placed in her mind almost too much to process. Rolling her hips faster, she rode Vic harder. Wanting him to come. She listened to Vic behind her, laboring as his hips punched upward, filling her over and over again.

Nils kept encouraging them. "Come and take him with you, baby. Come so I can taste it."

Courtney whimpered, the pull of orgasm so close she felt it stroking up and down her spine.

Vic called out, "Come for us, Court. Your boy – your pet – needs you." He mastered her body, pushing her closer to the edge. She teetered there, hovering, ready to topple over. Glancing down, she noticed Vic's hand curled with Nils', their fingers pressing into her skin. The delicate spark of pressure bordered on hurt, another layer of eroticism to the already overwhelming stimulation.

Nils captured her lips in an awe-inspiring kiss, plunging his tongue inside her mouth. He thrilled her senses to overwrought. Then a sharp concentration of pleasure mingled with erotic pain erupted on her clit. It was too much – and exactly what she needed.

Throwing her head back, Courtney screamed as her body went rigid with shock. With an instant, furious ecstasy.

Nils held her as she came, his fingers dancing along her clit, exciting her into producing wave after wave of rippling sensations that extended throughout her body. When she felt Vic's first expulsion of cum, she moaned into her husband's mouth. There was no way to tell how long she shuddered beneath his breathtaking kiss. How many times Vic drove himself into her as his cock released what they needed.

What felt like hours later, Vic stilled, his harsh breathing the only sound in the room. The scent of sex reached its peak, all traces of the tempting caramel whisked away by the activity of the people in the room.

Her chest heaved as she tried to pull oxygen into her gasping lungs. Every inch of her skin tingled with life and she had never felt as sexy as she did right then, still straddling Vic's cock, her husband holding her close.

He brushed a kiss on her cheek. "Ready, baby?"

She swallowed. Groaned. Shaky limbs refused to respond and it was Nils who understood her state. She was high on emotion, on sensation. Too caught up in what had happened, what was about to happen, to get her mind and body to cooperate. He

wrapped her in his soothing, comforting embrace. She inhaled the subtle, faded scent of cologne on his skin as he helped her onto the bed.

She managed to turn her heavy head and looked at Vic, who lay with his eyes closed. He was drenched in perspiration, his breathing quick and shallow.

“Tend him first, pet,” she said softly to Nils. If he touched her now, she didn’t know if she could handle it. Besides, the vision of Nils licking Vic’s abused cock, cleaning all remnants of their tryst, was as stimulating as she could have asked for. But it was soon too much for Vic, it seemed, for he used a hand to tilt Nils’ face away from his task before it was completed. Not that it mattered, because she was ready now.

Courtney spread her aching thighs, inhaled sharply as the cool air of the room caressed between her legs. “And now me.”

Lying on her back, she found the strength to raise herself on her elbows. The view between her legs, where Nils settled himself comfortably against the bed, made her heart thunder. He wrapped his arms around her thighs, his mouth hovering right above her cunt. Nils looked straight into her eyes, inhaled deeply and lowered his head.

Her toes curled into the bed and her body arched before he touched down. It was the vision in her mind, the one of what he was about to do, that made her senses soar almost immediately. There was no hesitation on his part. Nils would deliver her fantasy – their fantasy – with a single swipe of his tongue.

Nils did more than that. He ravished her cunt.

Courtney cried out as his tongue dipped into her cunt, pulling from it the warm cum Vic left behind.

Her mind went seven ways at once.

Nils pressed his mouth against her, inserting his tongue as far as it would extend. Brilliant light exploded behind her closed eyelids as ecstasy turned into oblivion. For some reason, she’d never considered this day would ever arrive. Always, it seemed something they might one day do. But now “one day” was here. It was all coming true.

Courtney's senses tightened and the roar of blood pouring through her ears drowned out the sounds of her moans. The hammering of her heart was forceful enough to be felt through her fingers and toes.

She twisted beneath Nils' feast, moaned as she gripped the bed. Nils held on to her, forced her to endure the erotic torment. His mouth worked feverishly, his jaw brushing against her skin repeatedly as he consumed her lust. She came twice more, one mind-blowing orgasm followed quickly by another. Her body was unwilling to relax, but gave over to instinct and arousal, her orgasms unrelenting in their intensity.

Her fantasy—the culmination of everything they'd planned—had become reality. Right here, right now, with her husband leading the way. It was too much to wrap her mind around. All this sensation. Knowing the depths of Nils' love to do this for her. For them.

She shuddered, her back bowed, her hips rolling as Nils ate out her cunt. Sheets tangled in her hands as she twisted. The writhing only served to make Nils tighten his hold.

Courtney screamed again, a hoarse cry the only way to release what built inside her, easing some of the tension. She voiced her pleasure to her man. To the men who brought her to these heights. Words of love and thanks teetered on the edge of her lips, sucked back in when she drew a deep breath. Another orgasm creeping up on her too soon. Rising too swiftly.

Vic pushed his face into the crook of her neck. Delicate pecks against her heated flesh, his soft encouragement inciting her further. "Does the boy make you feel good, Courtney? He's so very good at sucking my cock and probably even better at eating you out."

She would have answered could her dry mouth manage more than moans that increased in pitch, in volume. Every muscle locked, another orgasm hovering just beyond her reach. She teetered on a ledge, tipping perilously close to falling, almost going over...

"That's all he's good for. Getting you ready for me. Tending to your needs. My needs," he said.

Nils flicked her clit with his tongue, the broad strokes making her clench her thighs around him. He held on, though, undoubtedly getting every drop as he promised he would.

"Give it all to him, Courtney. Give him my cum because he wants it so bad. He wants to please you."

The world around her exploded as she fell into an abyss, driven there by her husband's actions. By her lover's words.

Nils wanted to please her, and so he had.

Together, the men eased her down from her orgasm-induced high gently. Vic massaged her aching muscles, rubbing away the tension in her abdomen and thighs. Soon after, Nils lifted his head, licking his lips. Around his mouth was moist, glistening from the task he completed. Those pretty blue eyes had darkened in color and she saw the depths of his lust within them.

She whimpered one final time, knowing he'd done well. Knowing without a doubt how much her husband loved her. And knowing it was time to reward him.

Nils crawled forward, his mouth seeking and finding hers, the scent and tang of cum enveloping Courtney as soon as they connected. The moment his tongue pushed inside, she tilted her pelvis, allowing him to finally slip inside. Welcoming him home.

Vic kissed her as she made love with her husband. Soon Nils trembled in her arms, crying out as he buried himself in her cunt one last time. Courtney's heart soared as he spilled inside her and she cradled his shuddering body. Vic drew close to them both and she welcomed his presence. Encouraged the way he wove himself into their relaxed holds.

Her husband and her bull. The one man she knew almost as well as she knew herself, but the other was an enigma still. That he allowed them into his life was a gift.

There had been no promises up front. No question of the brevity of their relationship. Now she wondered.

“How long can you stay?” she asked Vic gently. Later, once they’d all regained the ability to breathe normally again.

He lifted sleepy lids, a question in his eyes. “Me?”

“Yeah. Would breakfast be too much to hope for?” Out of Vic’s sight, Courtney squeezed Nils’ hand, seeking his understanding. They could have more—so much more—if they sought it out together.

Nils squeezed back. He added, “Perhaps brunch. I have a feeling our lady will keep us occupied well into the night.”

“Brunch would be nice,” Vic replied. He lowered his head, brushing his lips over the curve of her shoulder. Butterfly kisses turned into erotic torment against her bare flesh. “Can you handle more of both of us? For the rest of the night?”

“Without a doubt,” she said with a smile.

And there would be no doubts. She loved Nils. She welcomed Vic. One night of decadence might blossom into two. Maybe a week, or a month—or longer—of indulgence. Only time would tell.

No matter when and if they decided to let their bull go, Courtney embraced it all.

The End

About the Author

Morgan Sierra – the other name for author Dee Carney – began writing short stories in middle school, but did not attempt completion of a novel until almost ten years later, which, despite good intentions, she never finished. Almost ten *additional* years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again and her love for storytelling was rekindled.

Now Morgan is a bestselling, award-winning author who lives at home in Georgia with her husband, two dogs and a cat. When not writing, Morgan is usually curled up on the couch with a good book!

Morgan welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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