

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica In Around



by Elliot Silvestri

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Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Never Too Many Pregos

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Chapter One

“Tell me a secret,” Sara said.

She was tits up, naked on the bed. They had just fucked and Travis was walking back into the bedroom with a bottle of water.

“What?”

“Tell me a secret,” she insisted.

They had barely known each other for a month and now she wanted a secret from him.

“I shoplifted science fiction novels from the bookstore when I was a teenager,” he told her.

She scoffed. “No, tell me a sex secret.”¶

Travis stiffened, his back, not his cock. Anytime someone, especially a woman, was delving in to his personal life, he became cautious.

“I shoplifted a copy of *The Story of O*,” he said with a half-grin.

Sara groaned and rolled over, annoyed at his flippant attitude. He admired her pale, rounded ass and laughed lightly.

“What?” he protested. “That’s a sex secret.”

“You’re making it up.” Her words were muffled in the pillow.

“Hell no, I’m not.” Travis marched over to the bookshelf in the corner of the bedroom and hunted among its stuffed contents for a minute. “Ah-ha!” he announced, pulling the small paperback from the back of the bottom shelf. The spine was well-worn and cracked. There were several creases on the cover, some of the pages were dog-eared and were starting to yellow, but the white cover with the plain printing announced the title in black letters. “See?” he said, showing it off.

Her steady gaze back at him was unimpressed. “So? I have the same book at my place.”

With a shake of his head, he turned around and slipped the paperback into its place.

“Tell me a sex secret,” he demanded, playing turnabout.

“I fucked my roommate in college,” she quickly blurted. “She was beautiful.”

This caused him to burst out laughing. “Like I’m supposed to believe that,” he managed to get out once his chortles had sufficiently abated.

“Why not?” Sara asked, offended. She rolled over and sat up, displaying her ample tits to him. “It’s true.”

“There’s absolutely no way for me to verify that and it’s commonly known that for any woman to keep a man interested in her, all she had to do is announce that she is bisexual or at least bi-curious and he’s hooked for another month, minimum.”

Travis was somewhat arrogant in the way he viewed relationships and humanity, so Sara had already become immune to his attitude. There were many more layers to him than what he showed to the public.

“Besides,” he continued. “Women can’t fuck one another, they can only play, not fuck.”

Sara shrugged her shoulders in a rolling gesture that made her tits bounce wonderfully. “Doesn’t matter. We were both a little drunk, both a little curious and both pretty fucking hot. At least my story is true and interesting.”

“Again, no way for me to verify your story.”

“I win, then,” she announced.

“What, are we playing who can come up with the most outrageous sex lie?”

“No, we’re playing who has the most interesting sex secret. And I doubt you can come up with something nearly as interesting. And as true.”

He met her challenging gaze and set the water bottle on the table next to the bed. "I've got a much better secret. One that you can verify."

"So, fess up," she said.

"It'll also drive you away."

"And you don't want to do that?"

"I like you enough to keep you around a while longer."

"I don't scare easy."

A shake of his head was all Travis could do. "Fine, but know that I hate losing and you might wind up hating me."

"Just give."

He took a breath and steeled himself. "I've got a slave," he said.

She looked at him with wry skepticism. "You hardly seem the southern antebellum gentleman plantation owner."

"No, a sex slave," he said.

"Uh-huh. I seriously doubt that," she said, rolling her eyes in annoyance.

"I can prove it."

"Yeah, right," she sighed, collapsing back against the pillows. She rolled over a few times wrapping herself in the rumpled sheets. What she didn't see was Travis rooting through the bookshelf.

"Here." He dropped a photo album in front of her and opened to the first page. The large photo held in the plastic sleeve was a well dressed Travis in a non-descript room holding a leash. The leash connected to the collar that fit around the neck of a beautiful woman with long black hair, small tits with pierced nipples and bondage cuffs around her ankles and wrists.

Sara couldn't say anything.

“I win,” was all Travis needed to say.

She continued to disbelieve him.

“Bullshit. It’s a staged photo or you paid her to do it or maybe it’s even Photoshopped.”

In response Travis flipped through a few pages of the album, displaying to Sara his slave in all variety of poses and situations. It was a highly erotic exhibition, but something about it sat wrong with her. She had nothing against those who engaged in a dominant and submissive relationship, Sara had even dabbled more than a little in bondage and discipline herself, but Travis just didn’t seem the type.

Or maybe it was because she had never met someone who had that type of relationship.

Maybe it was because she was more than just a touch jealous.

“Do you have sex with her?” Sara asked bluntly, wanting to cut right to the heart of the matter.

“Yes.”

“When was the last time you fucked her?” Sara heard herself asking. She wanted to know, needed to know, even though it was none of her business. The physical relationship she shared with Travis was barely a month old itself.

“Last week,” he admitted.

Her mouth dropped open. “When?” she demanded.

He closed the album and put it away. “Does it matter? You and I aren’t exclusive. And my relationship with Yvoine has been going on much longer than with you.”

This was true. She and Travis had only known each other for two months. Asking the next question was wrong, but she had to know. “How long?”

“How long what?”

Sara swallowed hard. “How long have you two been...dating?”

He laughed. “We don’t date. She comes over. We play some games. I might spank or beat her. I might fuck her. She leaves.” He shook his head, somewhat disappointed in her shocked reaction. “She’s not my girlfriend, she’s my slave.”

“Prove it,” Sara challenged him.

“Prove it?” he asked. “What proof do you want?”

“Get her over her and play your little games while I watch.” Sara didn’t just want to see this as proof of Travis’s victory in the sex secret game; she was intrigued and aroused by the situation he had brought up.

“Ah, I don’t know if I can do that,” he hedged.

“Ha! I knew it!” she barked at him, popping up out of the bed and wagging her finger in his face. “You just play at whatever you play at.”

Travis closed his eyes a moment, then rose to the challenge of her bait. “No,” he answered. “We have an agreement of what I can and cannot do with her. This is a situation that hasn’t arisen before.”

“Why not? You just showed me pictures of her where there were obviously other people present.”

He nodded in agreement. “True, but there has never been a time where I was going to use her in front of my girlfriend.”

Sara got a warm glow in her stomach. He had never described her as his girlfriend before. “What does that matter?” she asked, half-knowing the answer.

“I don’t want to lose you just because I have a hobby that happens to involve another woman and sex.”

It was all Sara could do to stop herself from throwing her arms around Travis, kissing him and profess her undying love. Instead she walked over to the phone and handed it to him. “Call her and bring her over now,” she told him.

A quick glance at the clock confirmed that he could. “Is tonight early enough?”

he asked Sara. “You might be shocked and this would be the end of us.”

“I’m willing to risk that.”

He didn’t let her listen to the conversation, but upon coming back to the bedroom Travis told her to get dressed because Yvoine would be at his house in half an hour.

This both scared and excited Sara.

Chapter Two

True to her word, the beautiful Yvoine was at Travis's house in thirty minutes. He had given Sara strict instructions that she could not talk to Yvoine, at least not tonight, and she was not to interfere or interrupt the session. In preparation to Yvoine's arrival, he had insisted that they both dress, not in casual clothes, but clothing that denoted authority and superiority. It was basically a business suit he wore, and Sara wore the dress she had been attired in when coming over to his place for their date.

Sara wasn't sure what to expect, but was excited to see what would happen.

Yvoine arrived at the house driving a new and expensive sedan. Nothing outrageous, but it was enough for Sara to realize that Yvoine had access to money, much more than either she or Travis made. This intrigued her. Why would a woman who was well-off put herself in a position of a slave to a very middle-class, though handsome, man?

As she exited the vehicle and crossed the short driveway, Sara caught a quick glimpse through the living room window of the slim, petite woman with long dark hair as she ducked into the house's side entrance. Yvoine was casually dressed, black slacks and a plain green blouse, and was otherwise unremarkable. The door shut behind her and Travis waited a minute before getting off the couch and walking to the kitchen.

Sara followed him and what she saw was remarkable. In the short span of time since Yvoine had entered the house she had somehow managed to strip herself naked. She was kneeling on the tiled floor, her head bowed, the long black hair framing and obscuring her face. Her arms were folded behind her back, out of the way so that she displayed both her small breasts and shaved pudendum. Her nipples were still pierced with the silver rings Sara had seen in the pictures. On the floor in front of her knees was a black leather collar with silver ornaments.

She was beautiful and totally at ease. Sara was jealous and aroused. Her heart was thumping in her chest and the pit of her stomach was a tight knot. More importantly the slit between Sara's legs was rapidly moistening. All of these

were good signs to Sara; she was nervous and excited and didn't know what to do with herself.

Luckily this was routine to Travis and he took control of the situation. If Yvoine was even aware of Sara's presence, she gave no indication. Travis said nothing, but simply snapped his fingers. Yvoine dropped down to the floor, her ass in the air, displaying the small, taut globes to both Sara and Travis. But it wasn't a display for their amusement; Yvoine had actually grabbed the collar between her teeth and was now crawling on hands and knees to deliver it to Travis.

After her short trek across the room he took it from her lips and knelt next to his slave. Pushing back her hair, Travis quickly buckled the black leather around her neck. Sara only caught a glimpse of the woman's sharp, attractive features before her hair fell back in place.

Travis stood up and snapped his fingers again. Yvoine responded by getting off her hands and kneeling in her resting position. "Go to the playroom," he ordered her, not harshly, but as one would command a pet who was eager to play with a favorite toy. "You may walk."

Wanting to ask a question, Sara turned toward Travis to speak, but he simply held up a finger and shook his head no. Remembering their agreement, she kept quiet and followed the two to the playroom.

The entrance to the basement of Travis's house was off the back entrance hall. Although she knew of its existence, Sara never had reason to go down to the basement before. Before she descended the stairs, following Yvoine's rounded posterior and Travis's blond head, she noticed a pile of clothing on a small table in the corner near the exterior door. It was obviously Yvoine's, all neatly folded and stacked, from bottom to top, slacks, blouse, panties and jewelry but no bra. Her shoes were neatly placed under the table. The jewelry caught her eye for a moment. The small collection consisted of two rings, neither of them engagement or wedding bands, a watch, a pair of simple sapphire earrings and a thin and elaborately twisted bracelet. All of it looked expensive.

How had she managed to strip so quickly and fold her clothes? Sara wondered. With enough practice anything can be done quickly and efficiently. How long had Yvoine been Travis's slave?

Not wanting to miss anything, Sara quickly hurried down the stairs and found

Yvoine once again kneeling on the floor, eyes downcast. Travis was slowly circling her, perhaps inspecting her body for some flaw, maybe just waiting to see what the anticipation would do to either woman. In his hand he held a small paddle, wood overlain with leather, not unlike a table tennis paddle, but slightly longer and heavier, and obviously designed for more sinister purposes.

Sara listened and watched while Travis continued to circle his slave, the paddle lightly tapping against his clothed thigh, and he started to question her.

“How long as it been since I last saw you?”

“Six days and eight hours, master,” Yvoine replied in a soft voice. This was part of their routine so her words didn’t tremble, but the woman put enough lilt on them to make Sara wonder if she had voice training some time in her past.

“How many times have you fucked since then?”

“Twice, master.”

Sara wondered if that was true and if there was any way for Travis to verify it.

“Man or woman?”

“A man both times, master.”

“One of your regulars?” he asked unkindly.

“Yes, sir.”

This startled Sara. Was the woman a prostitute? Her first instincts told her no, a hooker could not afford the car, clothing and jewelry Yvoine had displayed. Perhaps she was a call girl, a high-priced escort?

“Are you ready?”

“Yes, master, for whatever you desire.”

Travis broke out of his steady stride circling Yvoine, stepped over to Sara and handed her the paddle. At first she was too scared, too startled to take it, but the look Travis gave her compelled her to follow his wishes. Something about him

had changed. Upstairs he had been a fun, exciting lover. But now he was something else, a dominant man who wanted his wishes fulfilled.

She took the proffered handle from him. It was smooth and warm, she wasn't sure if the smoothness was from steady use or careful polishing, but the warmth surely came from his firm hand.

Instead of barking an order at either woman, Travis instead walked over to a small wooden cabinet and pulled several items from the top drawer, leaving Sara to stand stupidly holding the paddle. She didn't mind. She was too intrigued by the ritual to pay any attention to how she was treated.

The items in Travis's hands were cuffs, matching black cuffs that went with the collar around Yvoine's neck. These he buckled on each wrist then ordered her to her feet. It was only now that Sara realized the basement was a full size, not one with a low clearance ceiling. Sometime in the past the basement had been finished over, not in the style of a storage room or a child's rumpus room, but it was entirely designed for Travis's sexual amusement. Dark wood paneling covered the walls. A small assortment of paddles, lashes and restraints hung from pegs near the door. Who knew what else was in the cabinet from where Travis had removed the cuffs? There were a few unrecognizable pieces of furniture on the opposite side of the room along with a mattress and blanket on a metal frame. In the far corner was an open door through which Sara could see a small bathroom.

On the ceiling were a variety of hooks to which heavy silver chains were attached, held up by simple tie-backs. Travis took down a pair of these chains, attached them to the D-rings on Yvoine's cuffs, then used a hand-cranked winch bolted to the wall to slowly pull her up to her feet. She followed the pull gracefully, causing Sara to wonder if the slave had some formal dance training. Her arms stretched up and reached toward the ceiling. Travis only stopped cranking the winch when Yvoine was resting only on the balls of her feet. She wasn't in pain, her eyes stayed downcast, it was a ritual they had obviously followed in the past.

"Spank her," Travis ordered Sara.

"Wha—?" Sara started to say, but the man she had started to consider her boyfriend held up a warning finger.

“Spank her,” he ordered again. “She needs to learn to respond to a different hand than mine.”

Sara looked at him dumbly. Could he possibly be serious? She looked at Travis, who glared back at her expectantly. Yvoine made no movement at all; she was waiting patiently, calmly.

If she did something wrong, Sara reasoned, Travis would be sure to stop her. With that thought she stepped forward and took up a position next to the slave. She had no assurance that Travis would do anything, but that was all she needed to impel her to action.

Yvoine stood calmly in her bonds while Sara raised the paddle with a shaking hand. She paused at the top of her stroke for just a moment, and then let the paddle fall toward Yvoine’s pale skin, but at the last moment she pulled back ever so slightly.

Travis caught the error for the stroke, instead of cracking sharply in his ears, sounded muffled.

“No!” he barked at her. “Strike hard and fast,” he ordered. “Letting her off easy only humiliates her. And shows that you are unworthy to be her mistress.”

Sara nodded and raised her hand again. Mistress? This time when she dropped it down the leather face of the paddle caught Yvoine’s cheek squarely. A satisfying crack filled her ears and a slight pink blush blossomed on the slave’s ass. Other than this autonomous response Yvoine gave no indication that she had been struck. This angered Sara slightly and she quickly spanked Yvoine on the other cheek. The response was the same, a pink blush but no other outward response. She was certain the slight exhalation of breath was her own, not the slave’s.

“Good,” Travis said softly. This encouraged Sara and she began raining down one sharp blow after another. It was a satisfying activity. Yvoine’s cheeks shook each time a blow landed and they starting changing from light pink to a brilliant red. When she had landed more than twenty blows Yvoine started to lose control. Sometimes when a slap of the paddle landed she let out a soft whimper, other times it was a too sharp intake of breath. Both excited and encouraged Sara.

Since Travis gave her no order to stop, she continued to beating. It was impossible to tell if the girl loved or hated the treatment, but Sara didn’t care.

She was swept away by the ritual and didn't stop until she felt Travis's hands on her hips. Looking over her shoulder at him, her eyes were filled with lust and expectations.

"Don't stop," he whispered in her ear.

She nodded and ignored him while he pulled up the bottom of her dress and slipped a pair of fingers into her panties. They were wet with her desire, made wetter still by each spank she landed on Yvoine's ass. It was easy to dismiss Travis for she had entered a near-trance, the only thing that mattered was the paddle and the slave. He lowered her panties and she absently stepped out of them. A few more blows were landed and only then did Travis grab her forearm, forcing her to stop the terror she had inflicted on the slightly built, but surprisingly sturdy, slave.

"Good," he told her, taking away the paddle. Sara looked at Yvoine's ass. It was nearly blood red. It was beautiful. "Sit," Travis ordered.

She looked and saw that he had placed a comfortably padded chair directly in front of Yvoine. Sara didn't need to be told twice. Obviously Travis knew much more about eroticism than she did.

Watching intently, Sara settled herself into the slightly reclined chair as Travis winched down the chains that had suspended Yvoine. He didn't remove the bonds, but let the woman rest on her hands and knees.

"I think it is time she serviced you, don't you agree?" he asked.

Eyes shining, Sara nodded agreement. Her veins were singing with lust and she was willing to have that fulfilled any way Travis wished.

Yvoine moved forward slightly and waited expectantly. Sara understood and leaned back, spreading her legs and pulling up her dress.

There was no hesitation from the slave; she used her hands to push Sara's dress all the way up to her waist, exposing her pussy. For just a moment there was a pause as Yvoine quickly studied the tall woman's sex; unlike the slave Sara did not completely shave her pubic hair, but left a neat triangle of her bronze curls hiding her labia and mons. Yvoine landed a light kiss at the top of the triangle and then licked slowly down through the nest until her tongue found Sara's clit.

The blonde gasps slightly. She was in awe. There was no reluctance from the slave, she was only too happy to follow Travis's wishes and service the woman he had brought into their strange relationship. Although she had always considered herself open-minded, once she had left college Sara had been certain her opportunity for sexual experimentation was gone. Now her old fantasies and half-remembered desires were re-awakened as the slave kissed and licked her pussy.

On her second gasp of pleasure, Yvoine looked up into Sara's eyes. She was certain this was not something the slave was supposed to be doing, her eyes were always supposed to be downcast, but Sara smiled at the woman's eager and shining eyes. Though her mouth covered Sara's labia, she was certain the slave was smiling back at her through the strands of dark hair that only slightly obscured her face. Another woman's mouth at her pussy was the most erotic sight Sara had ever beheld.

She let her head flop back with pleasure. Yvoine's tongue was well-trained. She had obviously done this before. Sara luxuriated in the pleasure she was receiving. It took her little time to reach a climax where she unconsciously closed her thighs around Yvoine's face, holding the other woman's head steady. Her head had unconsciously drifted to her breast where her fingers were now pinching her nipple through the thin material. "Don't stop," she half-ordered, half-breathed, completely forgetting about Travis's rule of silence.

Yvoine had no intention of stopping. She hadn't been ordered to and part of her pleasure of being a slave was serving her master. Once again she rasped her tongue over Sara's clit, then went lower, pushing her thick tongue up and into her new mistress's pussy. Sara loved that, a big tongue in her pussy searching around for her g-spot, which was even more sensitive than her clit. It was wonderful.

Then something started knocking Yvoine's steady strokes out of alignment. Sara opened her eyes and looked down between her legs. Nothing was amiss there, but then she noticed that Travis was on his knees behind Yvoine's naked ass. It was perfectly clear what he was doing. He was fucking her. His pants were open and though she couldn't see his cock she knew it was inside Yvoine's pussy.

A wave of disgust and jealousy rolled through Sara's body. It was only little more than an hour ago he had been fucking her! He shouldn't be fucking another

woman now! She wanted to keep Yvoine to herself!

It took her only a moment to realize these emotions were worthless and misplaced. Yvoine belong to Travis. He was sharing his slave with Sara. Yvoine didn't mind, she clearly enjoyed being used by her master and told to pleasure other people. Yvoine wasn't her lover, wasn't her girlfriend, wasn't even her slave.

Travis looked up and caught Sara looking directly at him. "Enjoying her?" he asked.

Remembering the rule of silence, Sara nodded yes and found that a smile easily came to her face. It was easy to enjoy Yvoine; it would be even easier to share her. She forced herself to relax and enjoy all the sensations her body and mind was receiving. Before long Yvoine's tongue had found her pussy's inner secret and a flood of moisture filled the slave's mouth. It was almost too much for the neophyte of this behavior and Sara had to push Yvoine's face away from her pussy to enjoy the afterglow.

It only took Travis another minute to finish. Sara was slightly surprised to see that he had ejaculated inside of Yvoine, and more surprised to see what he did next. Getting to his feet, he walked around to stand next to Yvoine who took his semi-flaccid and fluid covered cock in her mouth, carefully sucking and licking it to clean it off. It was clearly an act to show his dominance over her, and Sara was intrigued to watch the ritual. Once again, Yvoine didn't seem to mind the treatment the least.

"Good," he told her when she had completed the task. He put his cock back inside his pants and carefully zipped and buckled. She woman sat back on her heels, still kneeling while Travis unbuckled the restraints from her wrists and she was allowed to rise. "You may go," he told her as he busied himself with putting the dungeon back to its initial state.

Sara followed Yvoine up the stairs, nothing that the slave did nothing to stem the flow of semen from her reddened pussy. If Yvoine noticed Sara following her she gave no indication, even when she started dressing. The jewelry went on first. The oversized bracelet was actually an anklet that she knelt to place around her right ankle, the rest of the expensive baubles went on next, but before she could pull up the tiny panties and hide her pussy, Sara stepped forward and

thrust her fingers between the slave's legs, then up inside her.

Yvoine reacted passively, letting Sara do as she pleased. It had been too long since she had touched another woman like this and vowed to herself it wouldn't be the last time. Pulling her wet, glistening fingers out she held them up for Yvoine's inspection. Travis's semen was mixed with her natural lubrication. Sara licked her fingers, taking off some of the mixture, then offered the rest to Yvoine who happily complied, cleaning Sara's fingers as she had Travis's cock.

"I hope to see you again soon," Sara said, then leaned down and kissed the slightly built woman full on the lips. She slipped her tongue into Yvoine's mouth and tasted the combination of all their essences. Then she turned and walked down the stairs to see what was keeping Travis. She hadn't reached the bottom before the back door's slam reached her ears.

Chapter Three

“Put down those damn binoculars!” Gina raged at Roger. He had been at the tinted window for most of the evening.

“He had two women over tonight, the new girlfriend and the regular slampiece,” Roger reported eagerly while reluctantly putting the high-powered binoculars onto the shelf next to the window where he did his regular viewing.

“You’re going to get in trouble one of these days,” she told him.

Roger silently agreed with her, but was unwilling to give up his voyeuristic practices. Gina tolerated his field glasses and the porn he watched that supposedly was made without the subjects’ knowledge, but if he told her the whole truth, he’d be well over her level of tolerance.

“Don’t worry,” he told her. Gina had been his wife for over ten years and she still worried about everything he alone and they did together. Not that she was unwilling, but that she liked to worry. He was pretty sure that worrying was part of what made her enjoy some of the sex practices they indulged in. She was almost a foot shorter than him; her dark brown curly hair framed her face as she looked up at him. He was tall and muscular, though starting to go a little softer as he aged. Still he was handsome enough for her.

His viewing window was on the small sunroom off their bedroom on the second floor of the house. It gave him a commanding view of the entire cul-de-sac. Gina was already naked; she wanted to fuck.

“Get your clothes off,” she ordered. For such a tiny person—she barely stood over five feet tall—Gina always wanted to be in control when they had sex. At first their pairing didn’t work, because of his size and toned, muscular body Roger had been taught—and acted for most of his life—that he had to be the dominant partner. He wanted to be in command. But so did Gina, she wouldn’t let her small stature hold her back from anything and as a consequence had taken on a slightly commanding, domineering personality.

They had started dating after being introduced by mutual friends. It hadn't been a whirlwind romance or love at first sight, but they gave it their best efforts. They liked each other just fine, but there was no spark of passion. Even their fucking was routine, dull. Gina had been thinking about ending the dull dating process, but wanted to wait until after Roger's birthday. As part of his birthday celebration—and a good-bye present unknown to him—Gina gave Roger a blowjob, an activity she didn't mind, but didn't particularly love either. Roger was having trouble cumming that night; Gina wasn't sure why, maybe it was because she wasn't particularly into giving head right then, so she remembered an old trick told to her by a college roommate.

She took his cock out of her mouth, got her finger wet with her saliva, reached under his balls and carefully inserted it into his anus. At first Roger resisted, then gave in to her unusual advance. Probing forward she found the right amount of resistance and then Roger's cock suddenly went from semi-firm flesh to a steel rod. An instant later her mouth was flooded with his semen as he cried out in pain and ecstasy.

"What was that all about?" she asked him after swallowing his load.

"I don't know," he admitted. "No one has ever stuck a finger up my ass before. But I'd love to do it again."

That was the turning point of their relationship. The friendship blossomed and they began to enjoy each other more. Eventually it led to their marriage and to this night where Gina watched Roger strip as she adjusted the straps to the harness around her hips. Roger went willingly and easily to the corner of the bed where he laid face down waiting for her.

"You love this, don't you," she teased him a little. The tube of KY was on the bed and he squirted a dollop into his hand then reached around to apply it to his asshole.

"Yup," he unashamedly admitted. Gina liked to play the dominant in their sex lives, but she enjoyed the rough treatment of his body as much as he did. It was much better to admit and give in to one's kinks rather than hide them and never experience true pleasure.

They had purposely bought a tall bed frame and thick mattresses. Stacked as they were, Roger's ass was just at the right height for Gina to easily penetrate

with the dildo projecting out from her crotch, held in place by the harness. It wasn't just giving him the unusual pleasure of a good pegging that Gina enjoyed, they had learned early on in their relationship to buy the harnesses that accommodated a double-ended dildo so that she could fuck herself even as she fucked Roger in the ass.

She approached him and placed the tip of the lubed dildo against his anus. "Ready?"

"No warm up?" he asked.

"Do you ever need any?" she riposted, and before he had time to answer she thrust forward. Roger didn't resist. He had been through this too many times to make that mistake. Still, a muffled grunt passed his lips.

"Like that?" she asked, pulling back and then thrusting in again.

"Yes," he gasped into the mattress. She was rough and she knew that he liked that. He couldn't tell her no. It didn't take much effort and she was all the way in his ass, the dildo buried in him as far as it would go. His cock hardened underneath him. Pressed as he was it was uncomfortable and twisted to the side. An unconscious wiggle of his hips threw off Gina's rhythm and she pulled back angrily, barely leaving the tip of the dildo inside her husband.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"My cock is uncomfortable," he admitted.

"So?" she asked, half-angrily, half-amused. "Does that matter when I'm fucking you?" A smile played on her lips. The thrusting in and out and rubbed the textured harness just right against her clit and she was starting to experience the mild elation that filled her as she built toward orgasm. She liked to fuck this way, like a man would. She like to orgasm as she was the one thrusting into someone else's flesh.

"No," he said, playing along with her game.

An overly exaggerated sigh filled the room. "I suppose we can shift positions," Gina relented and pulled the dildo all the way out. He groaned as her presence was withdrawn. "Sometimes you make it awfully hard to give you a proper

pegging.”

“Sorry,” he said, still playing the game that was their sex ritual. He climbed all the way up on the bed and settled down on all fours, his ass in the air, head face down on the pillow and waited for her.

Gina applied another good dose of lube to Roger’s ass and slipped the artificial cock back into his ass. “How’s that?” she asked, thrusting hard several times, so fast he had no time to enjoy it.

“Good,” he grunted. She wasn’t sure if that was the truth or not, so she reached down and around his hips, searching for his cock.

It was erect and pointing nearly straight up at Roger’s navel. The tip was weeping precum.

“Apparently it is good,” she agreed and let go of his cock to hold on to his hips as she started thrusting back and forth in a steady pace designed to pleasure her, not him. Gina had prided herself on being an easy fuck, not in the sense that it was easy to get into her panties, but easy in that it didn’t take her an hour to reach orgasm. This was especially good for her, because it made multiple orgasms that much easier.

Her thrusting continued, speeding up to a frenzied pace until her hips were nearly a blur and she cried out as a stunning wave of ecstasy overwashed her body. It was almost too much and she collapsed against Roger, still on his hands and knees.

“Good, honey?” he asked her.

“Mm-hmm,” was all she could manage to mumble. Neither of them moved, the faux-cock was still lodged in his ass and his real cock was still hard.

“Want to finish me off?” he asked after a minute. It wasn’t her weight that prompted him to ask, but his eagerness to have his own orgasm.

“Should I?” she dreamily replied, almost teasing, but she didn’t allow him to answer. Her hand wrapped around his cock—he had already applied some lube to the taut- skinned organ—and she started sliding her hand up and down his manhood. It didn’t take long, it never did. He came hard, with a strangled cry,

his prostate being heavily pressed by the dildo in his ass; it was almost painful, but exquisitely wonderful.

As he erupted Gina slipped her other hand around him, catching his semen in her palm. Realizing what was happening, Roger froze. It wasn't often she did this, but he knew what she wanted.

After his last spurt landed on her cupped hand and she was certain he was done she asked, "Finished, baby?"

"Yes," he gasped. It was always hard to talk right after he came. The hot, sticky fluid was already cooling, but that didn't matter to Gina. She removed her hand from underneath him and brought it up to his lips. He didn't resist, he couldn't. Licking and sucking he removed half of the thick white fluid, swallowing it like she wanted.

Pulling back, lest he get the entire treat, Gina upended the rest of the cum onto her tongue and licked her palm clean. A moment later she pulled the dildo from his ass and slipped off the bed.

"I've got a surprise for you," she called from the bathroom as she washed up.

"Another one?" he asked, rolling to his side and enjoying the after effects of the explosive orgasm that has wracked his body.

"This is just as much for me as it is for you," she explained, walking back into the bedroom and opening a drawer in her dresser. She pulled out box and displayed its contents for Roger to see.

He shivered, partly from delight, partly from nervousness. "That's for me," he said unnecessarily. "Why?"

"Why?" Gina repeated back to him. "I should that that would be obvious. I like pegging you, Rog, but sometimes I need a little something more. I usually get off, but this is to ensure that I do." She pulled the oversized buttplug out of the box. It was pink and smooth with a narrow nose and flared base. It would be perfect. "Turn around," she ordered while applying a generous dose of KY to the front third of the toy.

Roger did as he was ordered. He wasn't afraid to have the plug in his ass; he

certainly had dildos just as large shoved into his anus before. The idea excited him. What made him nervous was that he would enjoy it a little too much and that Gina would stop pegging him. There was little he could do; he was a slave to his body and his desires.

Once again he was on his hands and knees, ass slightly higher than his shoulders, as Gina applied a dab of lube to his anus and started introducing the toy into his body. He relaxed. That's all there was to do. His heart was pumping wildly but he willed his muscles, most especially his anal sphincter, to remain loose. The final inch of the plug was the worse and the best part. It forced open his ass almost too much, but then it slipped in all the way to his intense relief. The flared base was held firmly in place by his well-trained anus and he could feel the nose of the plug pressing on his prostate. Against his will, his cock immediately hardened.

He was embarrassed and didn't know why.

"Wonderful," Gina breathed seeing his autonomic reaction. Roger's cock was by no means the largest she had ever seen or had, but it was more than most women ever got. She had determined she wasn't getting enough of Roger's wonderful flesh and she was determined to change that.

Having already removed the harness, Gina was already naked. She sprawled on the bed in front of Roger, her legs spread and her labia glistening with desire. Her light, dusky brown nipples pointed toward the ceiling and she reached out to grab Roger's cock. It was a scene that most men would have found irresistible. Being a typical man, Roger couldn't resist. He followed Gina's hand, the hand that pulled firmly on his cock leading in right into her pussy.

There was no hesitation as he plunged into his wife. He told himself it was perfectly normal and indeed the sensations were very enjoyable, especially after his hips involuntarily started thrusting back and forth, fucking Gina like she wanted. The plug in his ass rocked back and forth by his thrusting, each forward jolt pressing harder and harder against his prostate. He had become so used to being fucked by Gina that he had almost forgotten what it was like to have sex with a woman when she wasn't behind him.

"Fuck yes!" Gina cried out as his pace increased. Her arousal was nearly complete and her legs circled around his hips pulling him deeper into her sex.

Knowing it was causing him untold pleasure and pain, she locked her ankles around his waist, dipping the heel of one foot down just far enough to press against the base of the plug.

That was all it took. Roger screamed as his orgasm shot from the base of his skull, down his spine and out through his cock. The reflexive clenching of his anus around the buttplug forced it hard against his prostate and it was all he could do to keep from collapsing. Then, just as quickly as it had come, it was gone and he fell against Gina's body.

She let him rest against her for a minute and then pushed him to his side. "Ready?" she asked, but didn't wait for his answer. Her hand reached between his buttocks and started pulling the plug out. To resist would have been painful and useless. "Push," she told him, her voice soft. He followed her instructions and the silicone toy slid from his body. For a moment there was a gap both emotional and physical when the plug was free, quickly followed by only relief. He stayed prostrate against the bed, his shrinking cock hidden from Gina's view.

"Good?" she asked him, feeling his cum starting to drip out of her pussy.

"Wonderful, perfectly wonderful," he mumbled into the pillow.

Chapter Four

Castor watched as Roger left for work the next morning in his truck, heading off to his oh-so-trendy internet security company. Waiting for Roger to leave was the hardest part; Nancy always left for work early, giving her husband plenty of time in the morning to do as he pleased. What he mostly wished to do was to get into Gina's pants, but her damn husband always took so long to leave in the morning. As soon as the truck rounded the corner, Castor was headed across the lawn and went into the back entrance of Gina and Roger's house. No need to knock, she was expecting him.

Gina was still in bed, upstairs in the couple's bedroom. That was where he usually found her, still half-asleep, enjoying her life as the stay-at-home wife. He didn't know what she did with her spare time—other than fucking him—and he frankly didn't care.

"You awake?" he asked softly as he started stripping off his clothes. Sometimes she was and sometimes she wasn't. It didn't matter which, she always welcomed him to her bed.

"Mm-hmm," she answered, rolling back and forth in the bed, making room for him. Castor didn't bother folding his clothes; they would be back on soon enough, and simply dumped them in a heap on the floor.

"Ready for a fucking?" he asked her, slipping between the sheets.

"No," she said softly. "No cock this morning. Eat me out," she ordered.

It wasn't an unusual order. Castor had learned early on in their affair that Roger either wouldn't go down on his wife or he simply did a lousy job of it. Not that he minded. Gina had a sweet-tasting pussy with fur she kept neatly trimmed into a nice black triangle. She never had to ask him twice.

He pressed his skin against her warm body, smelling the slight musk of her night time sweat lingering in the bed. Her hands reached around his head as he kissed the side of her neck and she pushed him down. Following her lead he kissed his

way down her body, pausing briefly to suck on one nipple, then to circle his tongue around her belly button, then down to the musky sweetness that emanated from between her legs.

With her thighs parted and knees bent, access to her pussy was easy. She was already wet, maybe with desire, maybe she had been masturbating while waiting for him. Dragging his tongue across her tight black curls, Castor tickled her clit, and then slipped down to her wide open pussy.

Gina sighed as his tongue and lips went to work on her sex. She kept her hands on his head, guiding him around slightly, staying in charge, always wanting to be the force behind their affair. He didn't mind. She was a beautiful woman, it was a pleasure to fuck her and it was incredibly easy to honor her requests.

"Good," she sighed as he lapped at her wet nether-lips. "More," she ordered. "Suck me dry."

Natural lubrication had never been a problem for Gina; Castor's face was already smeared with her juices. Her pussy tasted different than normal this morning. He wondered if she was getting toward the end of her cycle. Not that it mattered.

Suddenly she clutched her thighs around his head and her body started shaking spasmodically. A slight gush of liquid erupted from her cunt and Castor did all he could to swallow it all down. After a minute her muscles relaxed and her hands fell away from his head.

Taking his cue he crawled up her body, slipping his erect cock into her sopping cunt as he did so. She managed to crack open her eyes and looked at him, his face wet with her lubrication.

"Did you like that?" she asked him.

"Indeed."

"Good." Her eyes opened slightly more, a tiny grin on her face. "Did you like the taste of my husband?"

It took him a moment to realize what she was asking him, what she was telling him. His tongue thoughtfully explored his mouth, seeking out the taste. "He

fucked you this morning?” Castor finally asked her as his hips started a rhythmic thrusting into her body. He knew he was sharing this woman with her husband—without Roger’s knowledge—but this was the first time she had been able to offer up her husband’s leavings for him.

“Yes,” she sighed, settling back into the mattress, enjoying the feel of Castor’s cock insid her pussy. Normally she was the one fucking her husband. It was nice to be fucked by two different men on the same day. “This morning and last night.”

“I thought you said he only liked you to fuck him in the ass,” Castor grunted as his thrusting became faster and stronger.

“He loves to be pegged; but I put a butt plug up his ass last night and that compelled him to fuck me.”

Castor bit back the insult that was on his lips. To him a man that allowed a woman to fuck him in the ass was dangerously bordering on being gay. Still, she didn’t seem to mind and he had fucked her like a normal man the night before. Although he knew it was wrong and told himself that he should want and desire it, a freshly fucked pussy was what he loved most in life. And he didn’t just want to fuck a used pussy, he wanted to lick and suck it as well. It was wrong. But now, after having feasted between Gina’s legs and tasted her husband’s cum—perhaps he had known all along, the moment he had entered the bedroom—it was perfect.

“He liked that?” Castor managed to puff as his thrusting became almost too much.

“Yes!” cried Gina as she reached orgasm and wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling his body tight to hers. That was enough to finish him off and he ejaculated his thick cum into her completely sopping pussy. A cry of pain and joy escaped his lips as he collapsed against her.

They rested together a few minutes, breathing heavily, their sweaty bodies warming each other, limbs entwined as his cock shrank and finally slipped out of her cunt.

“Do you have to leave soon?” she finally asked him.

Castor forced open an eye and looked at the bedside clock. He had some time still. “Soon,” he agreed.

“Clean me up,” she requested.

He hesitated. They had talked about this before. She kept trying to convince him it was what he wanted. He had always resisted, though at him, in private, he had tasted it before. The threat had been made that if he didn’t do as she asked, the affair would end. That threat was almost enough to bend him to her will.

“I don’t want to,” he sighed, in his tone he admitted to himself and her that he was lying.

“Clean me,” she ordered him. It wasn’t a request. She pushed his body off hers and rested a hand on top of her head. “Don’t you want to eat the cream pie that you made for me?” she asked him sweetly knowing he was too weak-willed after sex to resist her.

He didn’t answer her with voice, but with action. This time he didn’t kiss his way down her sweaty body, there was no reason to pretend there was anything in the exchange other than power and dominance and acquiescence to desire.

Castor positioned himself between her legs and looked at the red and puffy labia that had been shaved free of any hairs. Already the thick, white fluid was leaking out of her hole and his cock began to stiffen again. It was a beautiful sight. He glanced up and saw her looking down at him, waiting expectantly.

After closing his eyes, he lowered his face to her womanhood, opened his mouth and kissed her nether lips. The scent of his semen was heavy on her. Having no control over his own will, his tongue came out and started licking her clean. When the goo was gone from her lips, he pressed forward and started sucking what was left of the mélange of fluids from her pussy.

All the while Gina looked down at him, enjoying his ministrations, and thinking about how she now completely controlled the sexual wills of two men.

Chapter Five

Castor was both sickened and excited by his performance on Gina. He didn't understand why he loved to eat creampie, but it was practically the only thing that made him hard any more. Only thinking about eating another man's cum out of a pussy could make his cock hard, nothing else worked for him.

Early on in their relationship, Castor had confessed to Nancy his particular fetish and she had looked at him strangely. He had expected that. He had almost expected her to kick him out of her place and tell him never to come back, but she didn't. She was almost perfectly willing to indulge him.

"Have you done this before?" she had asked him. They had been sitting on her ancient but comfortable sectional couch that completely dominated her small living room watching TV, but nothing had interested them and so they had started talking. Castor knew this was something he had to tell Nancy because he wanted to be with her the rest of his life. He wanted to marry her and he couldn't keep a secret, so he told her.

"No, never. But it's something I want to do," he confessed.

She nodded, pretending understanding. "Does it have to be another man's cum?" she had asked.

"I don't know. Why?"

Her answer wasn't verbal, but the point was quickly understood. She arched up her hips pulled up her skirt, revealing the bright red cotton panties she was fond of wearing. Wasting no time she hooked her thumbs in the waistband and stripped off the flimsy bit of fabric, showing him her black bush that grew practically wild at around her pussy. "Fuck me," she told him.

It took him no time at all to pull off his pants and kneel in front of her parted thighs. Nancy's feet were on the floor and her bottom was barely on the edge of the couch, allowing him easy access to her pussy. He was already fully erect and her cunt had always lubricated easily. There was no foreplay tonight. He simply

thrust into her, both of them still half clothed, and fucked her as fast and hard as he could until his orgasm arrived and shook his body as the thick streams of ropy cum filled Nancy's pussy.

He knew he wasn't done even after the orgasm. After cumming it was easy for him to fall into a crouch; positioned as she was at the edge of the couch, his face was only inches away from her filled and sloppy pussy.

"Well?" she asked expectantly, looking down at him between her spread legs.

Castor hesitated for only a moment. He might never have this chance again. She might be the only woman willing to let him eat a creampie and then the opportunity would be gone forever. She might even dump him after tonight, but he pushed all that aside and feasted between her legs.

It was a strange feeling, Nancy reflected as she settled back to enjoy Castor's tongue lapping at her cunt. It was half oral sex and half tongue bath. Neither was exactly painful and both held great potential for pleasure. It was hard for Nancy to achieve orgasm. Even by herself. Even with one of the many and powerful vibrators she kept in her top dresser drawer, but when an orgasm finally did manage to force its way out of her subconscious, it was the most delightful experience. She almost literally left her body and time stopped during her little deaths.

So wonderful were the few orgasms that she had that she treasured each and every one. They were also distracting and so hard to reach that Nancy was always looking for a new way to reach them. This was why she had been so willing to let Castor eat a creampie from her pussy. If it brought her to orgasm, she was more than willing to let him do it whenever he wanted.

Unfortunately for her, it didn't bring her to orgasm. Certainly it was nice and Castor was oh-so grateful for allowing her to indulge him, that he became the perfect boyfriend, then fiancé, then husband.

They had a wonderful life together even though Nancy had to measure the time between her orgasms in weeks or months. Then the boys next door moved in and Nancy soon found herself more easily fulfilled.

Chapter Six

Castor worked shitty hours, Nancy thought, noon until late into the evening, usually nine or ten at least. Some housewives would have been put off by that. She wasn't. Oh, she had her part-time job at the library and her hobbies, but mostly those hobbies were fucking the boys next door.

When Mark and Eric first moved in next door, she couldn't have cared less. Just another set of neighbors, even if they were a gay couple. For the first few months they lived next to Nancy and Castor, she hardly even waved in the morning when they were all leaving for work. Then spring changed into summer and she came home from work one day to see Mark mowing his lawn; it was the first hot day of the season and he had stripped off his shirt, letting the sweat pour off his well-muscled chest.

She stopped and gawked at him, unashamed at her rude behavior. After walking the mower back and forth a few more times, Mark noticed her and stopped his task when he got to the property line.

"See something you like?" he boldly asked her, shamelessly flirting.

She laughed, tossing back her halo of frizzy curls. There was no harm in responding, she had nothing he wanted to buy. "Certainly I do. But I'm equally as certain you're not willing to sell me what you have on offer."

A wry smile played at his lips. "What makes you think that?"

Nancy leaned back against her car and threw back her shoulders, letting her shirt pull tightly around her breasts. "Because you and Eric are gay. Not that I care."

"Who says we're gay?" Mark asked, feigning a look of innocence while resting a hand on his chest, affecting the attitude of a gay queen.

"Two otherwise single men living together in suburbia?" she asked. "And I think the pink triangle on his car and the Human Rights Campaign sticker on yours gives it away."

“Maybe we bought those cars used and the stickers were already on them,” he suggested, clearly not believing what he was saying.

Nancy pulled her sunglasses slightly down her nose and looked over the shaded lenses at him. “Neither car is more than two years old. You bought them new. Try again.”

“I’m not gay,” he suggested, but this time much more seriously. “I’m bi.”

This gave Nancy pause. “Really.” It wasn’t a statement, but neither was it a question, though it was full of doubt. “And how would you prove that?”

He looked at the small amount of lawn still to be mowed. “After I finish this I was planning on taking a quick shower, then a dip in the spa. Perhaps you could join me there and I could prove to you what I already know.”

And so Nancy found herself in her yellow swimsuit looking down at Mark’s nude form already relaxing in the bubbling spa the gay couple had installed in the house shortly after they had moved in. It was impossible to see from Nancy’s house, hidden behind a tall privacy fence, which made her wonder what else she had missed in the short amount of time they had lived there.

“Is there room for me?” she asked, flirting again, half knowing the answer.

He opened his eyes and looked up at her. “Not if you’re wearing that,” he replied with a shake of his head.

She didn’t need to ask why. It was a fairly modest swimsuit, one piece, designed for actual swimming, not modeling or laying in the sun, but it showed off Nancy’s lithe form perfectly well. Since he wasn’t being modest, there was no need for her to worry about showing a little skin either. Reaching over her shoulders she pulled down both shoulder straps simultaneously. Not yet wet, the suit didn’t cling to her skin like it normally did after swimming. Her nipples were still erect, however, not because of the chill water that permeated the suit after swimming, but because of the excitement in the air.

Mark watched as she stripped. Though it didn’t show through the bubbling water, his cock was slowly hardening as Nancy performed her casual striptease. She tried to make it seem like it was a perfectly normal event for a married woman to come over to her gay neighbor’s house for a dip in the spa.

As proud as she was of her tits, Nancy didn't bother posing and displaying for Mark, because now she was eager to get naked and join him in the water. Using her palms she rolled the remaining material over her hips and yanked the wadded up suit down and off her thighs.

And then, for just a moment, she stood at the edge of the spa and posed for him. She didn't bother going through an absurd routine of a porn star displaying herself for fans or a supermodel strutting down a catwalk, but she simply paused, one leg slightly in front of the other, shoulders back, breasts outthrust showing they were natural and perfectly shaped—if somewhat small. Her belly was flat—she had given thought in the past to having her navel pierced like a much young woman, but couldn't compel herself to do such a thing—and her smooth abdomen sloped down to the perfectly coifed strip of hair that half-hid her pudenda from view. Nancy never admitted to anyone that she enjoyed taking the time to trim and shape her pubes and she was doubly glad that this morning she had spent the time shaving her tight curls into a perfect rectangle.

After that exquisite moment, she stepped into the spa, letting the hot water and bubbles flow over she skin. She settled back into one of the built-in seats and looked across the water at Mark.

“Comfortable?” he asked her, shifting his body slightly so that his now full erect cock pointed straight up.

“Not yet,” she said, and moved across the small pool to climb onto his lap.

There were no preliminaries. She simply straddled his body, grabbed his cock and slipped it into her pussy. He thrust into her a few times before she deigned to bend down and kiss him. Their lips parted and their tongues met, exploring each other, enjoying the moment.

“It's hard to fuck like this,” Mark said after their broke their kiss.

“With a woman on top?” she asked haughtily.

“No, in the water. Takes away your natural lube. Get out onto the deck and we'll fuck that way.”

She did as he requested, climbing out of the water first so that he could leer at her rounded ass. He followed and immediately lay down on the smooth wooden

deck. She straddled him again, once more slipping his large, but not oversized, cock into her pussy.

Nancy had never fucked outside before. She wasn't opposed to it, but the opportunity had simply never presented itself before. It was nice, she reflected as she bounced up and down on Mark's hips, feeling his cock going in and out of her, as the slight breeze moved past her body and the sun warmed her wet skin.

That was how they were when Eric walked through the back door.

She heard the footsteps before she saw him for her eyes were closed and she was concentrating on the moment, trying to find her orgasm by rubbing her clit as she moved on Mark's cock. For a moment she was certain that Castor had caught her in the act, but instead it was Eric watching them with an amused grin on his face.

"Enjoying yourselves?" he asked with his grin firmly in place. Nancy wasn't sure if he was asking her or Eric and didn't know how to react. She just froze in mid-rise on Eric's cock, then, unable to hold the position, slowly slid down on it.

"Yes, quite," Mark responded to his roommate. It was a good thing that he answered, Nancy thought, for words escaped her at the moment.

"I thought we agreed no fucking other people without telling," Eric said, not moving from his position. His voice was strangely amused as he gazed at Nancy's nude body. She resisted the temptation to hide her breasts behind her hands. What purpose would that have served? It was all she could do to keep herself from getting up and running home, and the hell with her bathing suit. But fucking Mark had felt so good; she didn't want to leave either, so she just sat on his cock while he calmly discussed the situation with Eric.

"I was going to tell you the minute you got home," Mark said.

"Uh-huh," Eric said doubtfully, but still didn't leave them.

"I couldn't resist," Mark admitted. "I've already told you that I wanted to fuck the neighbors," Mark reminded Eric.

"That was supposed to be a group effort," Eric chided his friend.

"So we started with a very small group," Mark joked.

Eric shook his head.

“So I started small, and by small I mean just one of the neighbors.”

By now Nancy’s head was spinning, not from the sex and the impending orgasm that now seemed to be permanently elusive, but from the conversation. Was she understanding them correctly?

Eric shook his head at the two. “And out in public, no less.”

“Back porch,” Mark countered. “And we’ve fucked here before, so don’t pretend to have some superiority about this.”

Now Eric sighed. “Betrayed, and by my neighbor and on my own back porch. Practically my own back door.”

Nancy almost missed the wink that Eric gave to Mark. Now she was truly confused.

“How can I make it up to you, lover?” Mark asked Eric.

“Let me join in,” he said. Without giving them any time to answer. He started stripping off his clothes. Nancy watched. A natural blonde who spent far too much time working out, Eric was gorgeous, if gay. All of his chest hair had been removed though his curly blonde pubes had been shaped into a careful triangle over his upright cock. A small tattoo of a flower decorated the edge of his pubic hair. “Get out from under her,” Eric ordered Mark.

Mark pushed Nancy aside and then, working together, the repositioned Nancy so that she was on her hands and knees. She had been unable to resist them. A cock was presented to her mouth while another slipped back into to her cunt. She looked up and discovered that it was Eric who was expecting her to suck his cock.

“I thought you were gay,” she said as she took his cock in her hand and started rubbing it up and down.

“I am,” he admitted, closing his eyes and letting the sensation of her hand harden his manhood. “Today you’re just a fluffer to me. Now suck.”

She nodded and took his cock into her mouth as Mark started fucking her all the harder from behind. After a moment's realization she was ashamed and excited to realize she was fucking two men at once. Once in high school she had been accused of being the biggest prude in the sophomore class because she wouldn't French kiss a boy when playing spin the bottle at a Friday night party. Now she was acting the part of a porn star and loving it.

Her orgasm burst through her head and body with this realization, her shaking body must have signaled something to Mark for he exploded inside her cunt a minute later. Nancy had to stop sucking Eric's cock because it was impossible for her to feel the orgasm and suck cock at the same time.

He didn't seem to mind, for he walked away from her as she rested on her elbows and knees. For a minute she lost track of him, but then felt a rhythmic shaking to Mark's body as he rested against her buttocks.

Looking over her shoulder she saw that Eric had taken a position behind his lover and had obviously shoved his cock into Mark's ass. Nancy had never seen two men fuck before, not even in a porn movie, and was instantly fascinated. She rolled away and moved slightly off to the side to better watch. Mark got down on hands and knees, the exact position she had been in a moment before.

His breath came hard and heavy as Eric fucked him. Mark's wet cock hung limply between his thighs, his face was twisted with pleasure and perhaps a bit of pain. It didn't matter to Eric whose eyes were still closed, though he held Mark's hips moving the slightly smaller man to the beat of his pleasure.

"Fuck him," she whispered. It was a command she said mostly to herself. If they heard her, the pair gave no indication. Watching them fuck was beautiful and she couldn't resist dropping her hand down between her legs and rubbing her clit, wet with her juices and Mark's cum. It wasn't hard for her to cum a second time that afternoon. It was the first time she had ever cum twice in one day and she was eternally grateful to both men for that.

Eric finished shortly after she did. He pulled his cock out of Mark, held the lube-slick organ in his hand and sprayed his cum all over Mark's ass and back. This made Nancy smile. Many times in her life she had a man's semen dripping from her body—hands, face, tits, stomach, back, pussy, everywhere—but this was the first time she had ever seen a man deposit his seed on another man.

She couldn't help but applaud when they were done. Eric looked over at the woman who was watching them and rose to his feet, his perfect physique all but glowing in the afternoon sunlight. "Did you like that?" he asked, proud to show off his cocksmanhood for anyone.

"Yes, it was wonderful," she enthused. "When can we do it again?"

As it turned out they started fucking as a trio on a regular basis and Nancy learned that it most definitely took two men to fulfill her. Though Mark was an eager lover with either Eric or her, fucking or sucking whatever was offered to him, Eric flat out refused to put his cock in Nancy's pussy. She asked him to do so many times, she tried ordering him, begging him, cajoling him, but nothing worked.

"I'm a gay man, a proud gay man," he told her. "The day I fuck a pussy is the day I give up my rainbow flag."

He wasn't, however, able to resist letting her suck his cock, and especially enjoyed it when Mark and Nancy performed fellatio on him at the same time. After getting a few drinks into him, Mark and Nancy were able to convince Eric to fuck her in the ass—which he conceded wasn't a pussy, even if it was attached to a woman.

Nancy hadn't been a big fan of anal sex before fucking Mark and Eric. But the two boys knew their way around the backdoor and she soon learned to love it. She especially loved it when Eric filled her ass while Mark was underneath her fucking her pussy. Just when she thought their two large cocks were too much, she would cum and every doubt she had about fucking two men at the same time was gone.

There was no reason to tell Castor about her afternoon hobby. After all, he had his next-door neighbor trollop he got to fuck, so why shouldn't she have the same privilege as well?

Chapter Seven

Travis came home to find Sara and Yvoine in bed. This was becoming a more and more frequent occurrence. It wasn't that he didn't appreciate the fact that his fiancé had discovered both her love of dominating others as part of her sex play and that she had also discovered her bisexual tendencies. What bothered him was that all too often he would find Yvoine in the house without her collar.

"She has to wear it," he instructed Sara, trying to keep his voice under control. They had entered into their own relationship as equals, sharing Yvoine as their slave, but sometimes Sara wasn't firm enough in her discipline. "I don't care if she's clothed or not in the house, but she must wear her collar."

"I always make sure she has something on," Sara insisted.

He shook his head at her. "The necklace isn't good enough. Not in the house. The necklace is what she wears on the outside; it's her symbol that shows she belongs to us. But inside the house, she needs to wear the leather collar. It's not just the ritual; it helps put her in the correct mindset for when she's to be controlled. She needs to physically understand that she is a slave."

"She's not stupid, Travis," Sara said dismissively.

He clenched his jaw and tried hard to control his voice. Sara needed to understand that treating Yvoine as an equal, rather than a slave, upset the dynamic of their relationship and how they took pleasure in sex.

"Fuck her all you want without me here. Let her dress and act how you want when I'm not around. Hell, you can fall in love with her, but she needs to wear that collar."

Sara didn't answer him. He looked carefully at her, suddenly realizing what he had revealed.

"You're already in love with her, aren't you?" he asked softly.

She nodded, trying to keep the tears from spilling down her cheeks. "I'm sorry," she confessed. "I didn't mean for it to happen, it's just that everything between you and me and her and I've never been in a relationship like this before, I didn't know how to act. I didn't know what to do, and before I knew it...I loved her." She sobbed once and then regained control of her emotions. Travis didn't like to see her lose control of herself. Yvoine was in the other room, carefully bound, hand and foot, to the bed, but Travis knew she could hear every word. It didn't matter. Yvoine would never admit to having heard anything.

He smiled at Sara.

"What?" she asked.

"It's good you're in love with her."

She looked at him quizzically. "I don't understand..."

"You need to love her. A mistress needs to love her slave otherwise this is just all play. This is my life and how I want to live. I want to live a reality, not a fantasy."

"I thought you'd be angry for falling in love with her."

"Do you still love me?" he asked her.

Sara's hesitation was only because of her confusion, not because she wasn't sure of the answer. "Yes. I mean, I think I do. I don't understand myself. How can I be in love with her and you at the same time?"

"Why not?" he asked her gently.

This only caused Sara further confusion. "Why not?" she repeated dumbly.

"Yes, why not. I love both you and her. I love you in different ways, but I love you both. There's no reason you can't love both me and her."

Sara sobbed again, but this time it was a sob of relief. "I still don't understand but I'd glad you're happy."

He smiled down at her, then picked up a wooden switch from the table and

placed it in her hand. “The only thing that would make me happier right now, is for you to go and place stripes all over Yvoine’s body.”

Wiping away her tears with one hand, Sara closed her fist on the switch. She nodded once, decisively, then turned smartly on her heel and marched into the bedroom. Travis watched her go, her shapely ass pulling at the tight silk panties that barely hid her false modesty. Her corset was laced tightly making it impossible for Sara to move in any manner but with authority.

Yvoine was bound face up on the bed, naked except for her collar and the restraints around wrists and ankles. There were no preliminaries; there didn’t need to be. Sara went to the edge of the bed, raised her hand and commenced a beating that would have shocked even graduates of old, traditional English schools.

Normally a quiet slave—Yvoine had always prided herself on her poise and grace—but she found it difficult not to cry out at Sara’s cruel treatment. It wasn’t just because of the pain: the pain was temporary and merely physical. It was because she had fallen in love with her mistress, the kind of love only two women can share. The psychic trauma of having the woman she loved treat her so harshly struck her to the bone. It was chilling and exhilarating. Never before had Yvoine experienced such strong and wonderful emotions.

Each time the switch came down, Yvoine yelped in pain and frustration. The red welts Sara left behind were only a tiny testament of her love. Try as she might, Yvoine couldn’t hold still, but this didn’t unduly annoy her mistress, she simply added a few more stripes as punishment. Soon, the slave’s entire body was covered in the painful welts: arms, legs, thighs, stomach, even her small tits and shaved pussy.

“Excellent,” Travis cried out when Sara finally paused in her punishment of the slave. The punishment wasn’t just for Yvoine it was for her as well. “She’s beautiful like that.”

“Yes, she is,” agreed Sara as she pulled down her panties and climbed on the bed. She hooked her calves under Yvoine’s shoulders and lowered her pussy to the slave’s face. No instructions were needed. The slave opened her mouth and started pleasuring her mistress.

Travis watched them awhile, going through their gyrations of sex, until he was

hard and ready to fuck. At times it didn't matter what he fucked—ass, pussy or mouth—and sometimes he couldn't even tell unless he was looking, but what he knew was that he was happy with his slave and his partner.

Chapter Eight

“Who knows?” Eric asked her.

“Just you and me,” she said into the phone. There was no way she could have done this in person, over the phone was much easier.

“You haven’t told Bill yet?”

“No, not yet. Soon.”

“Soon enough he’ll notice,” Eric commented.

Yvoine let out a short, sharp yelp of laughter. “Bill doesn’t notice anything,” she commented angrily. “I come home with whip marks all over my body, he doesn’t see anything. Each time I get a new piercing I have to point it out to him otherwise he’d never notice.”

“Why the hell did you marry him anyway?”

“The money,” Yvoine answered. Bill was a good enough husband, he certainly made enough money working eighteen hours a day to provide her with any material possession she desired. It was only after they married did she realize what she wanted most in her life wasn’t a material possession but a spiritual possession of herself.

“Do you know whose it is?” he asked her.

The pause before she spoke was more telling than the answer. “I don’t really know,” was her honest answer.

“Just some random guy then?” Eric asked, a little nastily. Though they were siblings, growing up together hadn’t been easy on either of them. Close in age made for more arguments and physical fights than family closeness. For whatever reason, perhaps because he was the oldest, if only by a little more than a year, their parents had seemed to favor Eric in any conflict or dispute. Until Eric had come out that he was gay.

Only then had their parents switched their favoritism to their only daughter. It was little more than ten years ago that Eric had made this startling revelation to his parents even though Yvoine had known for years before, yet she had said nothing. Eric suspected this was because she didn't want to reveal to Mom and Dad that she was a slut who enjoyed sleeping with many different men—and women, he suspected—abused her body with whip, lash, and piercings. There was no way he could tell them about her only slightly hidden activities for even if he could prove to them it was true, they would immediately suspect the revelation came because he was upset at their treatment of him.

“No,” she snapped at him. “It’s either Bill or Travis.”

“Does it matter whose it is?” he asked.

This is what had given her pause in trying to decide what to do with her life now. Based on sheer mathematical chance, it was much more likely the baby was Travis's, though she had tried to be careful with her birth control, nothing was foolproof; especially with the way she played with Sara and Travis. As a secondary precaution she had taken to seducing Bill almost every time Travis came inside of her, but this was little more than assurance she could possibly trick Bill into thinking any possible child was his. Unless a DNA test was done.

“No,” she finally said. “It doesn't.”

“What are you going to do?” he asked her, intrigued in spite of himself.

She sighed heavily. “I’m going to leave Travis and Sara,” she said with a heavy heart.

“I thought you couldn't do that with all your agreements and such, you were breaking some law or rule or oath that'll get you banned from the lifestyle until the day you die.”

“No,” she said. “There are ways out. I just don't want to leave the lifestyle.”

“You could always end the pregnancy,” he suggested.

“No!” her answer was quick and more vehement than she intended.

“Wow, Mom and Dad really did a number on you. No wonder you like to be tied

up and whipped.”

She sighed, shaking her head. There was no way to make Eric understand. Maybe he already did and didn’t want to discuss it. “That’s not it. I can do just about anything else, but I can’t have an abortion. I can’t explain why.”

The phone line between them was silent for a minute. “I know why,” Eric finally said. “I grew up in that house too.” Pause. “Are you going to need any help telling Sara and Travis?”

“No, I have to do it on my own. Besides, you’re right across the street. If I need help, I can get you.”

Right, he silently, sarcastically, agreed.

Chapter Nine

It would have been so easy just to run away, Yvoine thought, just never come back, never answer the next call. But that would have been dishonest; it was one matter to break a slave's agreement, it was another entirely to lie and flee.

She lay on her back, on the broad expanse of the bed in Sara and Travis's room. Her legs were spread wide and Sara's face was buried in her slave's pussy. They were alone; Travis wasn't expected to the house for another hour at least. He didn't like to see Sara pleasuring Yvoine, at least without first teasing and torturing her first, but Sara had bent a rule of master and slave: she had fallen in love with her slave. It wasn't just the kind of love a proper master or mistress should have for a well-trained and beautiful slave, but it went right over the border and invaded romantic love.

It was bad enough that Sara had fallen for her and Travis's slave; it was made even worse that Yvoine realized this. Ever the good slave, Yvoine didn't let her mistress know; it would have shamed them both.

Yvoine had insisted that Sara bind her wrists, in case Travis came home unexpectedly; her arms were raised above her head as her fingers clutched the headboard. Sara had refused to tie her down, claiming she liked to feel Yvoine struggle against her body. Knowing this the slave let her body move freely, pushing against her mistress while at the same time allowing her free access to her pussy. Sara had quickly learned how to pleasure a woman and under her tongue it was easy for the slave to reach orgasm. Every time they had played together before she always asked permission to cum. This night was different.

Without warning Yvoine suddenly raised up her knees, her upper body curling down into the fetal position that she favored when an orgasm caused her to temporarily lose voluntary control of her body. Sara was shocked and backed off just enough to let the slave enjoy the sensation. After a minute Yvoine's tense body relaxed and she let her limbs fall back down to the sheets. Sara was still kneeling between the smaller woman's legs, her face glistening with her juices. A small puddle of her emissions lay at the apex of her thighs.

“That was wonderful, thank you,” Yvoine said in a properly contrite and thankful voice.

Sara kept a stern expression of her face, though her heart was full of love for the woman. “You are supposed to ask permission first,” she reminded the slave.

“I know,” Yvoine said. “Sometimes I forget, I lose control.”

“You’ve never forgotten before.”

“Not with you. I trained as a slave for a long time before I was Travis’s,” she reminded her mistress. “You didn’t have to go through the difficulty of breaking in a slave.”

Only now did Sara let her smile show. “I should thank him and your trainers,” she said.

Yvoine sat up and took Sara’s face in her hands, kissing her lightly on the lips, tasting her own scent on the other woman.

She broke the kiss and licked her lips.

“You taste different,” Sara commented absently as she glanced at the clock wondering how much time they had before Travis returned.

“There’s a reason for that,” Yvoine said softly.

“Are you getting your period? I thought that wouldn’t be for another week.” She drummed her fingers on her chin and tried to calculate what she could make Yvoine do in the short time they still had alone together.

“No, I’m pregnant,” she told her lover and mistress.

The statement alone was enough to shock Sara back to reality.

“What?” was all she could manage at first.

Yvoine shrugged.

“It is Travis’s?”

“Maybe. I don’t know.”

“Oh my.”

“Indeed,” Yvoine agreed.

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to leave you and Travis,” she said firmly, boldly. This might have been the longest conversation she ever had with Sara. It would most likely be their last.

It wasn’t the answer Sara had been expecting. But, upon a minute’s reflection, it was the one she realized that she should have expected.

“No, I meant about the baby.”

“I’m having it, of course,” Yvoine said with firm conviction.

“Are you going to tell Travis?”

“Of course,” she replied, trying to sound casual.

Sara said nothing and they waited for Yvoine’s master to arrive home. When he was informed of her condition, a brief flash of raging anger washed over his face, and then he regained control of himself. He had always prided himself on his control when dealing with his slave.

“Take out your jewelry and leave your collar,” was all he said, and then he marched out of the bedroom door and into his small study.

Sara watched as Yvoine carefully removed her rings from nipples, pussy and navel. She hesitated for just a minute before reaching up and unbuckling the collar from her neck and dropping it on the nightstand next to the bed.

“Do you think he wants the necklaces back too?” was all she could ask, her voice raspy.

Sara shrugged.

“I’ll mail them to him.”

Sara nodded.

Yvoine padded out to the hallway and down to the entrance hall where she slowly put on her clothes and prepared to leave. She waited a minute hoping either Sara or Travis would come rushing out to stop her but neither did. The sound of the latch clicking as she closed the door behind her was the most painful sound she had heard in her life.

“What if it’s yours?” she asked.

“Then she’ll be back.”

Sara didn’t know what to do or say. So she just lay down on the still-warm bed and let silent tears slide down her face as Travis started hunting the internet for a new slave.