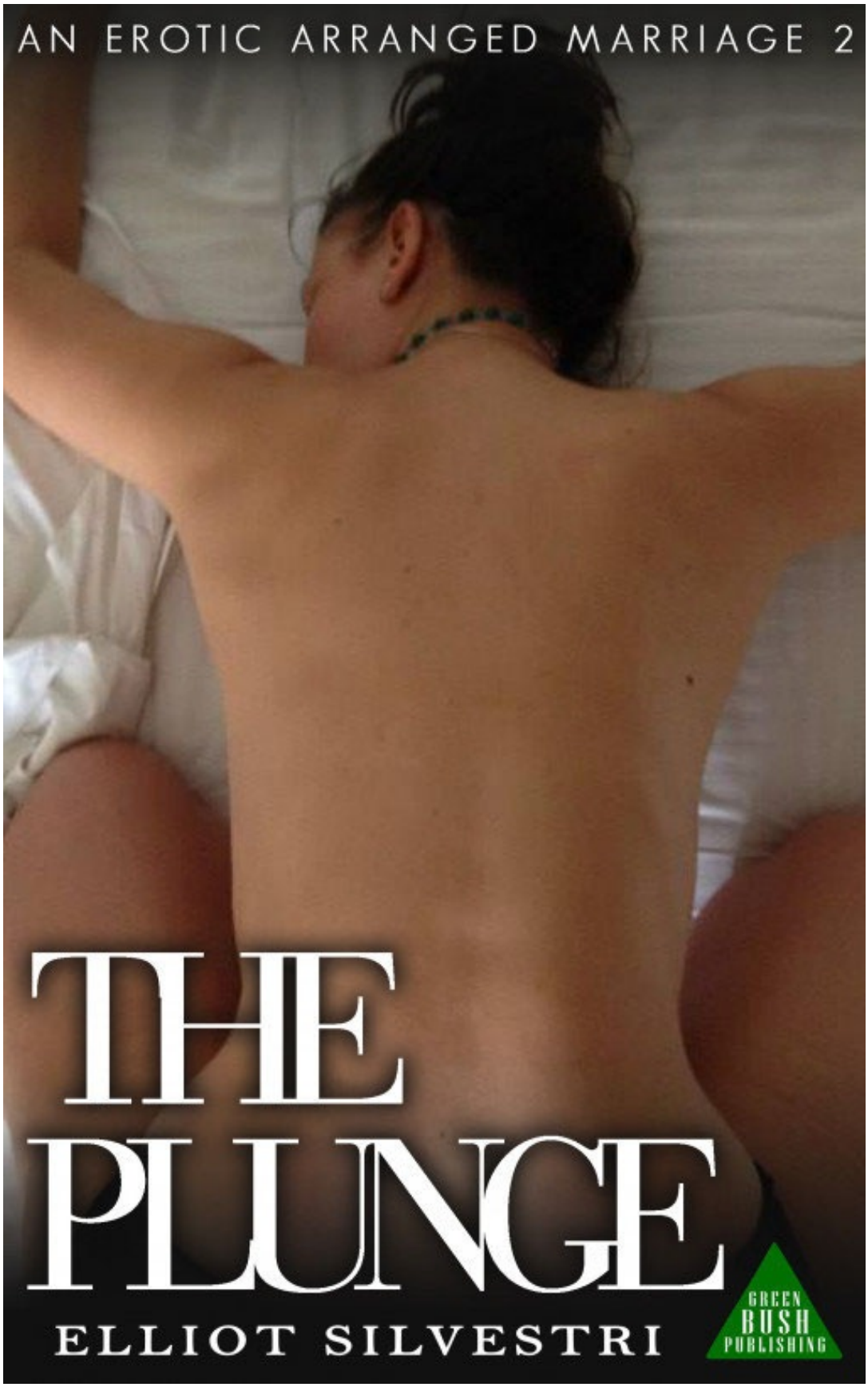
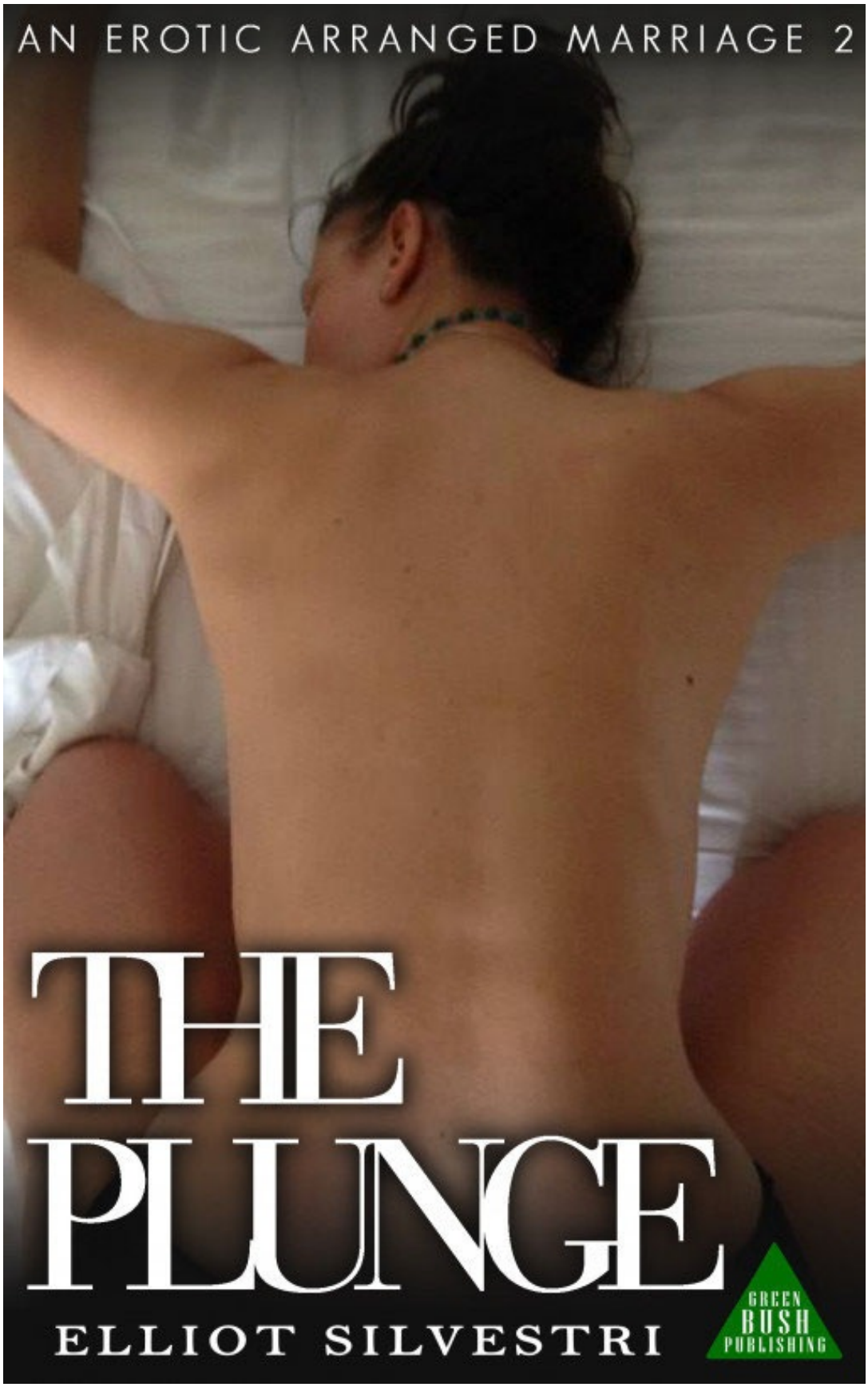

AN EROTIC ARRANGED MARRIAGE 2
THE PLUNGE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 2: The Plunge

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 2: The Plunge

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Cover design by Millie Godwin

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Chapter Four

“Okay, that’s fucking kinky,” said Ana.

Those were bold words for a woman standing in the middle of a sex club—which was really just a converted warehouse space owned by one of the club’s member’s—who was topless. And had rings through her nipples. Rings that were connected by a chain with a floating charm in the middle.

Plus Bruce had seen Ana sucking off a man who was most definitely not her husband a half hour earlier...while getting fucked from behind by a woman wearing a strap on dildo.

“What, having sex on a first date or waking up to a cat watching me?” asked Lyn.

Ana laughed lightly and shook her head, which made her tits sway back and forth. Bruce was temporarily mesmerized by the motion of her flesh and the charm that zipped back and forth on the delicate chain between her nipples.

“No, I was talking about your collar.”

Lyn rolled her eyes but also fingered her collar at the same time. “This isn’t kinky. Half the people here are wearing collars,” she pointed out. That was a slight exaggeration, but many men and women in the small club wore collars identifying them as submissives, as property of someone else.

“Yours is different,” Ana pointed out.

That was true. Very true. The collars the other submissives wore were generally leather that buckled. A few had hard metal collars with a hinge to remove them. Most had name tags or other identifying marks.

Lyn had a tag hanging from her collar with her name on one side and Bruce’s on the other.

She liked being different from everyone else.

“I’m not kidding around,” Bruce said. “I’d want you to be completely

submissive to me. I'd want you to wear a slave collar. I'd want to control you. I'd want to watch while other people fuck you."

Lyn's heart was pounding in her chest. "Ask me all those questions again, but one at a time."

Bruce looked askance at her, but started repeating the questions. "Would you like to be my submissive?"

"Yes," she said quickly.

"My slave?"

"Yes again."

"Would you be completely submissive to me?"

"Yes."

"Would you call me master?" he asked, adding in a new question.

She sighed and breathed heavily. If her pussy hadn't already been moist, that question alone would have gotten her wet. "All the time."

"Would you wear a slave collar for me?"

"Yes. I'd be proud to."

"Would you like me to control you?"

"Yes."

"Would you fuck other people while I watched?"

"You want me to fuck other men?" she asked. Lyn wasn't opposed to the idea. It excited her, in fact.

Bruce tilted his head. "Who said anything about you fucking other men? I want to see you fuck other women. Are you willing to do that?"

"Yes."

The fantasy was great; working out the details was more complicated.

Bruce and Lyn both combed over kink and BDSM sites looking for the perfect collar for her. The one she wore during their bedroom play was fine, but Lyn wanted to push her limits. She wanted something different. Just having kinky sex wasn't enough; she had to be different from all the other women out there willing to take a risk fucking someone else just for the thrill of it.

When she showed him the paired collar she had found, he took a second look at the woman who had become his girlfriend. His very kinky girlfriend.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Why would I show it to you if I wasn't sure?"

"Because you like to play all sorts of mind games."

"Okay, true. But this is the one for me."

"It looks like a dog's choke collar," he pointed out.

"I know. That's kinda hot, isn't it? I like getting choked."

His eyes bulged out at her confession. "You have got to be kidding me. This is new—"

Lyn couldn't contain herself any longer and burst out laughing. "Okay, I don't like being choked. That shit's dangerous. But I do like this collar. It's plain. It's simple. I can wear it in public if I'm feeling bold. It has a lock and it's adjustable in size."

"It looks hardcore," Bruce mentioned.

"Stop teasing me and making me want it more. It's even silver, not steel, so it's more like jewelry than sex equipment. It doesn't have stupid spikes and black leather and hearts and shit like that. No froo-froo stuff. Just a simple chain. You can even get a tag with my name on it." She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "If you want me to be your slave, you need to buy this for me."

“I feel like I’m not the one in charge here.”

“Get used to it. You know all about topping from below.”

When the collar finally arrived in the mail a week later, Lyn was so excited she couldn’t wait for Bruce to put it on. He had kindly sent it to her apartment instead of his. It was too much to ask her to wait. She put it on and admired herself in the mirror.

Lyn didn’t consider herself to be all that attractive, but she liked the way the collar circled her neck. She had to remove a couple of links to make it the proper tightness. The lock that came with it was reminiscent of Sid Vicious’s punk collar, but hers was much more elegant. After locking it she carefully set aside the key and was about to call Bruce and tell him, when another idea occurred to her.

She quickly took off her top and bra and snapped a few pictures of herself. It was a bold move for Lyn. She had never taken nudes of herself before. She had never taken—or received—nudes of anyone before.

While she liked how the collar looked on her, she was disappointed with her tits. Bruce claimed to love them, but she wished they were bigger and perkier, which was a difficult request, but she wanted what she wanted.

Still, she was sure he’d be happy with the results.

Carefully selecting one of the pictures, one that showed tits, collar, and face, she sent it to Bruce without any text. Just the picture. He was smart. He’d get the message.

Fucking hot was the message he sent back to her five minutes later.

Lyn let out a breath she hadn’t realized she had been keeping in.

U like?

Yes. Got any more?

Lots. But you need to see them in person.

Bruce arrived at her apartment less than half an hour later. He had left work early because there was no way he could focus on work with his girlfriend in the collar and waiting for him.

To show her appreciation she greeted him at the door wearing only her new collar and a pair of red thong panties. She wasn't shy about opening up the door. She was so lust-drunk that she opened the door wide, not caring who saw her naked body.

Sadly, it was only Bruce, but she was certain that would change in the future.

"You're looking good," he said, trying not to be stunned by her appearance.

"Thank you," she said modestly, twisting her body, showing off her tits. "Would you like to come in?"

"Into your apartment or into you?" he asked with a grin.

She laughed and twirled halfway around to go into her living room. He followed, his eyes staring at her exposed ass. When she got to the low coffee table she picked up a small key from the table and handed it to him. "This is yours. It belongs to the lock," she said touching the silver chain around her neck. "You're the only one who can open it."

He accepted the key and kissed her. Considering that she was mostly naked and he was fully dressed, the kiss was rather chaste. He didn't even grope her ass while she pressed against him. She, however, felt the hardness in his pants.

"Is that an erection in your pocket or do you just want to fuck me?" she asked.

"I'd love to fuck you right now. After all, you are my property," he said as he pulled out his keyring that contained the keys to his apartment, his car, and his office. He added her small key to the ring. "But there's a problem."

"Yeah, you're still wearing your pants. Get them off," she said. "Or better yet, let me help." She went down on her knees in front of him, her hands going to his belt.

He grabbed her wrists before she could start undressing him. “I said there’s a problem,” he repeated.

“What?” she asked. They were still playing a game, weren’t they?

“I called Sharon a few days ago. She finally got back to me.”

Lyn swallowed hard. Her throat had gone dry and she felt the choke collar around her neck. This wasn’t how she envisioned this evening going at all. Just the name of Bruce’s ex made the pit of her stomach tighten. She knew she should have been secure in her status as Bruce’s girlfriend—and submissive—but she wasn’t.

They had talked out some wild fantasies in bed. This was one of them.

“What...what…” Lyn cleared her throat and pulled her wrists out of his hands. “What did she say?”

“First she wondered why I hadn’t called her in weeks.”

“Uh-huh. And?”

“And I told her I met someone else.” He paused and Lyn waited patiently on her knees. She didn’t want to jinx anything by saying the wrong thing. By saying anything.

But Bruce was waiting for her to say something. This was wrong. She wasn’t supposed to feel like this, not with someone that her mother had set her up with.

“What...what did she say to that?”

“Well, she asked why I was calling her. She wanted to know if I had gotten bored with my new toy and wanted her again.”

“Really. Huh. What did you say?” Lyn wanted to make it sound like she didn’t care what his answer was, but they both knew she was dying to hear the outcome.

“I told her I just wanted to fuck her again.”

“Okay…” This was part of the plan. Still, Lyn felt her heart thundering in her chest.

“I told her I wanted to fuck her again because my new girlfriend is a complete submissive and I needed to put her in her place.”

Lyn blinked at that. She was a demanding woman in bed but she didn’t know how she would react if someone made that proposition to her. “You’re killing me,” she whined. “I need to know what she said.”

“Sharon called me a pervert,” he reported.

Strangely, Lyn was disappointed by that information. “Oh. That’s too bad, I guess…”

“But she also said she was interested.”

Lyn’s heart started beating again. “She said that?”

“She wants to meet you.”

Lyn didn’t know how to feel about that. “Why?”

“How else is she going to fuck me in front of you? I mean, we could take a video of it, but that’s not really the same thing, is it?”

“She wants to fuck you in front of me?” Lyn couldn’t believe her good luck.

“Yes.”

“Holy shit that’s kinky as fuck.”

“I told her you were a complete submissive to me and you’ll do anything I ask.”

Lyn bobbed her head up and down eagerly. “That’s right. I’m a perv. I’ll do anything in bed. I’ll fuck a boatload of guys in front of you.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll get there eventually.” He paused. “Now, you’re down on your knees for a reason, aren’t you?”

“Oh yeah. Ha. I almost forgot.”

He allowed her to open up his pants this time and haul out his erect cock. She took it between her lips and sucked eagerly. While she sucked him off, she wasn't thinking about her boyfriend's cock in her mouth; Lyn was thinking about a beautiful woman fucking Bruce while she was chained up against the wall and forced to watch.

She hoped that Bruce would leave her hands free so that she could masturbate while they fucked.

Bruce was obviously just as excited by the possibilities of what was going to happen. His cock was huge in her mouth. It throbbed and she loved every second of it. She didn't understand women who didn't love giving head. In her opinion, if you weren't happy sexually servicing the man you were with, then you shouldn't be with him.

"I'm...I'm gonna cum," he announced.

Lyn knew that. At this point in their relationship she could tell when he was about to pop off.

"Cum in my mouth," she all but begged, taking a quick break from filling her mouth with his cock.

He allowed her to continue sucking him off, pumping his cock with her small hand as she bobbed her head back and forth, sucking his sweet precum, waiting for the reward.

"No!" he said abruptly, pulling out of her mouth, leaving her more than a little surprised.

He continued to pump his cock with his hand while she knelt in front of him, startled by the sudden turn of events. She didn't know what to do or say.

Bruce solved the problem for her.

"Close your eyes," he ordered her. He didn't tell her what he was going to do, but she knew. It was that obvious.

She could have objected, but she was curious and she wanted to please him.

Lyn closed her eyes and waited.

A few seconds later she felt his hot cum land on her forehead, her cheek, her nose, her mouth. There were several hard spurts. She was fairly certain he hadn't gotten any on her eyelids, but she wasn't positive.

"Don't move," he cautioned her.

"What? Why?" she asked.

Those questions were answered a moment later when she sensed the flash of light followed by a few more.

"Are you taking my picture?" she asked. Once again Lyn was confused. She wasn't sure how she felt being photographed on Bruce's phone with his cum all over her face.

What was he going to do with those pictures?

And at the same time, she wanted to see the pictures.

"I should have been taking pictures of you from the start," he said. "I would have loved to take a few shots of your ass the first time I flogged you."

Those words alone were enough to cause a blush of excitement to her cheeks and to her bottom. She would welcome a nice spanking right now.

She sensed him moving away so she started to get to her feet, but she was still too afraid to open her eyes.

"Don't move!" he ordered her.

Sensing that obedience was the best option for the moment, she waited on her knees.

Bruce reappeared a moment later, a wet washcloth in his hand, wiping away his cum.

"What are you going to do with those pictures?" she asked nervously.

"Send them to Sharon. And to you."

Chapter Five

As much as she wanted to, Lyn found she couldn't hate Sharon. If anything, the other woman was funny and charming. Especially considering the circumstances.

Sharon was a good five inches taller than her. Lyn knew she was short, but next to the other woman she felt positively shrimpish. Sharon had brilliant honey-chestnut curls that fell well below her shoulders. She was curvy in all the right places. Maybe her tits were bigger than was best for her frame, but Lyn doubted any man would complain about that. She had just a scattering of freckles across her nose and cheeks that made her warm brown eyes stand out without making her look cute or childish.

She was everything that Lyn wasn't.

Lyn had no idea why Bruce would choose her, a dumpy dull blonde, over this gorgeous goddess of a woman.

They met Sharon at Bruce's apartment. That only made sense. Maybe doing it in public would have been a wiser choice of action, but there was little chance of humiliation of the sort that Lyn was learning to crave out in public.

Besides, a private meeting meant they could get right to the point of why Sharon had been invited over.

As planned, Lyn waited in the bedroom for Bruce to call her out. She had gone to the bedroom once the doorbell rang. Even though this was supposed to be low risk, Lyn found herself trembling with nerves and anticipation.

Leaving the bedroom door open, she could hear Bruce letting in his ex-girlfriend, or whatever it was Sharon was considered. There was some muffled conversation that seemed to last for hours, but really couldn't have been more than a few minutes, five at the very most, more likely it was just two.

Then she heard Bruce's voice call out for her. "Lyn? Why don't you come out here and meet Sharon?"

Taking a deep breath, Lyn steeled herself and then walked as boldly as she could into the living room where the old friends were talking.

As soon as Sharon's eyes fell on her, the beautiful brunette gasped. Lyn cast her eyes on the floor. There was wetness between her legs; an automatic response that Lyn couldn't do anything about.

"Fucking hell, Bruce. You've gotten fucking bold without me."

"What?" Bruce asked innocently, putting on an act that fooled no one.

"She's pretty, I'll give you that," Sharon said, which was enough to let Lyn bring up her eyes and gaze at Sharon.

She saw the tall woman was dressed casually, but with flair Lyn didn't have. She showed off her tits with the tightness of her sweater. Lyn drank in her beauty and immediately looked down at the floor again.

Sharon had called her pretty. But Sharon was gorgeous so she could afford to hand out compliments like that.

"She gave you a compliment, Lyn. What should you say?" Bruce prompted her.

He made her feel like a little girl who didn't know how to mind her manners.

"Th-th-thank you, Sharon," Lyn said quietly. She forced herself to keep her hands at her sides and not cover up her tits and pussy.

"I've never met anyone for the first time when that person was naked," Sharon observed.

Lyn was already blushing and she felt her face now turn bright red.

She reminded herself that she wasn't naked. She was as fully dressed as Bruce wanted her to be in his apartment or whenever they were alone together.

Finding courage that she didn't know she had, Lyn lifted up her chin and looked at Sharon. She wasn't bold enough to look the other woman in the eyes, but she did allow her gaze to caress the outline of Sharon's generous rack. "I am fully dressed," Lyn said. "At least, I'm as dressed as Bruce wants me to be."

She stood with a calm she didn't feel, hands at her sides, one foot slightly in front of the other, knee slightly bent, back straight. She wore her silver collar, the

lock and tag hanging heavily against her throat. She wore red leather wrist and ankles restraints. These weren't locked but simply buckled in place. It wasn't like Lyn was trapped. She wanted to be here like that.

At least she was telling herself that.

"What do you think of her?" Bruce asked.

"Great tits and nipples," Sharon complimented.

For just a second, a long, uncomfortable second, Lyn thought that maybe she had been played by Bruce and Sharon. Maybe this was some twisted game the couple played for their own amusement.

"You like them?" Bruce asked, securing in Lyn's mind that she had been duped.

"Pretty little pink nipples and areolas? I'm jealous," said Sharon.

"I like yours," Bruce said.

"Hers are better. Don't be stupid. Mine might be bigger, but her tits are better." Sharon licked her lips, trying to hide the reaction but failing. "So tell me...does she want to see us fuck or was that your idea?" she asked Bruce.

Lyn kept her smile to herself. She liked being talked about like she wasn't there. It was a strange thrill to be seen as an object, a sexual object.

"We both came upon it. Are you still willing?"

"I'm always willing to fuck you, Bruce, you know that. But I don't feel like I'm the guest star in this little drama."

"Oh? Why not?"

"I think I'm just a prop. You're using me to prove something to your new girlfriend."

"There's only one way to find out."

"True." Sharon moved away from Bruce and carefully circled around Lyn. She could feel Sharon's eyes on her ass and tried hard not to wiggle it.

Then she had second thoughts because maybe Sharon liked a little wiggle to a curvy ass when she looked at other women.

But then the moment was past and Sharon was walking up to Bruce.

What happened next made Lyn gasp.

Sharon walked up to Bruce, grabbed his face between her hands, and kissed him.

The action struck Lyn like she had been punched in the stomach.

It hurt.

It also made her pussy throb. She could feel her amrita making the insides of her thighs slick.

Bruce kissed her back, pulling her close, wrapping his arms around her waist and then moving his hands down to grip Sharon's ass.

As shocking as it was to see this, Lyn knew right away that she wanted to see more. She wanted her boyfriend to fuck this interloper. She would do whatever it took to make it happen.

"Call me a traditional girl, but I like to fuck on a bed. You haven't moved the bedroom, have you, Bruce?" Sharon asked when she broke the kiss. She didn't give him a chance to answer; she walked directly to the bedroom that Lyn had recently left. Her words let Lyn know that Sharon hadn't just fucked Bruce before, but she'd done it in this very apartment, on the bed that Bruce still used.

He waited and looked at Lyn. The two locked eyes and smiled at each other. He gestured for her to follow Sharon. Lyn wanted to kiss him right then and there, but that wasn't what he was asking for.

She turned around and followed Sharon. Bruce brought up the rear.

Sharon was already in the bedroom. Lyn had expected to find her undressing, or perhaps sprawled on the bed, ready for her lover.

Instead Sharon was standing next to the bed, waiting for them.

“You say she’s supposed to be your little slave girl?” Sharon asked Bruce.

“Submissive, but it's sort of the same thing.”

“She’ll do anything you ask?”

“Within reason.”

“Good.” Sharon took her eyes from Bruce and looked at Lyn. “It’ll be nice to have someone assist in undressing me. Someone that doesn’t have clumsy hands.”

Lyn didn’t move.

Bruce nudged her. “Help the nice lady undress,” he told her.

Lyn stumbled forward.

“Shoes first,” Sharon instructed.

Lyn went down to her knees and helped Sharon step out of her high heels. There was a simple strap she unbuckled, but the assistance was unnecessary. Sharon turned around on her stockinged toes. “Take off my sweater.”

This was new and thrilling. Lyn had never undressed another woman before. The sweater was a tight pullover, but it was easy enough to remove, even if she did have to go up on her toes to get it all the way off.

Sharon’s massive amount of honey-brown curls seemed to fly everywhere but she smoothed them down with a practice hand.

“Skirt,” said Sharon, still facing away from Lyn.

Looking at the other woman’s trim waist, she saw the small zipper and lowered it. Lyn had just enough time to note the thick back band of the bra Sharon wore. It was black satin and looked like it could easily support the weight of a small horse.

Unzipping the skirt, Lyn opened it up and worked it over Sharon’s full hips.

Of course she was wearing a thong that matched the bra.

Lyn went down to her knees to get the skirt all the way off Sharon’s legs. The taller woman put a hand on Lyn’s shoulder to help with her balance.

Once again Lyn was little more than an object, a thing.

Sharon was left in her bra and thong and matching black thigh-high stockings. She was a beautiful sight to behold and Lyn was incredibly jealous.

“If you don’t mind, I'd like to take it from here,” said Bruce as he approached Sharon. He had removed all his clothes except for his boxer briefs. Lyn noted the thick bulge of his cock, barely contained by Bruce’s sole garment.

Sharon held up a warning hand to Bruce. “No. Little Lyn seems competent. She can finish undressing me.” She looked down at Lyn on the floor. “Bra next. Be careful with the hooks. This is my favorite bra.”

Lyn knew what that meant. Sharon had dressed for sex. This was all part of a display for Bruce.

And maybe for Lyn.

Carefully she unhooked the bra’s strap. Sharon’s skin was smooth and warm under her fingers. She wanted to caress the other woman’s body but controlled herself. Now was not the time.

Sharon was facing away from Lyn so she couldn’t see the taller woman’s breasts. That didn’t matter. “Thong,” she said. “Leave on the stockings. I like to wear them when I fuck.”

Every step of this process had been a test and Lyn was sure she was doing well. However, everything she had done up to this point she might have done for a friend who needed help undressing because of an injury or some strange circumstances. Taking off Sharon’s panties was something else entirely.

Lyn was bold and ran her hands down Sharon’s sides without trying to make it seem she was caressing Sharon’s body. Slipping her fingers into the black satin, she eased the thong over Sharon’s hips and down her long legs.

It was all Lyn could do to prevent herself from literally kissing the other woman's ass.

“Thank you,” Sharon said politely. “I was going to tell you to suck your boyfriend’s cock to get it ready for me, but that doesn’t seem to be an issue.”

They both looked at Bruce’s generous bulge.

Lyn looked away first, wanting to see Sharon’s nude body.

Sharon hadn’t been lying or exaggerating. Her tits were bigger, capped by large brown nipples and areolas. Maybe they weren’t as perky as Lyn’s, but the brunette certainly had pride in her body and with good reason.

Lyn’s eyes went lower to inspect Sharon’s pussy.

She had a neatly shaved—or maybe waxed or maybe laser hair removed, both were reasonable to consider for a woman of Sharon’s beauty—triangle of short curls a shade darker than the tresses on her head. The length had to be trimmed. The triangle was too perfect.

Lyn could smell the other woman’s desire rising from her sex. She was certain she could see drops of dew clinging to Sharon’s barely visible pussy lips.

Whatever she or Bruce asked of Lyn, the short blonde was sure she would do it in the heat of the moment.

Bruce, eager to move things along, pulled down his underwear, revealing his cock, hard and red and ready for action. “Shall we?” he asked Sharon, not giving her a chance to answer. He took her hand and drew her to the bed, but paused before laying on it with her.

“Excuse me a moment. I need to restrain Lyn.”

When Bruce approached her, she wanted to reach out and grab his hard cock, but he swatted it away.

“Hands!” he said and she automatically offered him her wrists.

This was what she wanted.

He hooked the wrist bands together with a carabineer and then hooked them to the D-ring on her silver choker collar, forcing her balled up hands under her

chin. Her forearms pressed against her breasts, but that couldn't be helped. There were other ways to restrain her, but they were complicated and they both wanted to do this as efficiently as possible. Plus, the carabineers allowed her a way to escape if that became necessary.

The second step was to pull her over to the wall, force her down on her knees and then take another carabineer on a short chain and attach that to the back of her collar and to a heavy eye bolt driven into the wall. She was effectively restrained, facing the bed, to watch her boyfriend and Sharon.

He stood there a moment, looking at her. She looked up at him and realized that his hard cock was only a few inches from her face. Lyn moved as much as the chain allowed, trying to get his manhood into her mouth.

It tantalizingly hovered just an inch out of reach.

Bruce noted this and grabbed Lyn's face between his hands. Automatically she parted her lips wider to accept his cock.

He thrusted into her mouth a few times. He took no great pleasure in it other than to know he was using her. There was no reason for it. Bruce wasn't going to finish in her mouth; he was saving the best of it for Sharon.

Pulling out, he turned around and left Lyn on the floor, her eyes wide, her mouth empty, and her pussy pulsing in anticipation of what was about to happen.

Sharon had arranged herself on the bed. The expression on her face was mild disbelief. "You just fucked her face," she noted.

"Yes," said Bruce as he crawled on the bed and kissed her.

They both heard Lyn suck in her breath at the kiss but they both ignored it.

"You never did that to me," Sharon said, kissing him back.

Bruce nodded. "I've done a lot of things with Lyn I haven't done with anyone else."

Those words made Lyn's heart pound in her chest and she made a little noise of pleasure.

Sharon glanced at the bound blonde and frowned. “Is she going to make those noises while we fuck?”

Glancing over at his girlfriend, Bruce said, “Keep quiet or I’ll get out the gag.”

Lyn nodded as much as she could and settled in to watch.

“I like how you handle her,” Sharon complimented him, pulling Bruce tighter to her body, spreading her legs, and searching for his cock with her hand. She wanted to get right to business.

“It’s what she needs,” said Bruce, kissing her neck and moving down her body. He pulled his cock out of Sharon’s hand as he moved down to kiss her breasts. She groaned in frustration.

“What about what I need,” she breathed. “I need your cock.”

“I need to check your pussy first. See if it’s still the high quality that I remember.” Bruce continued to kiss his way down her body, pausing at a breast to suck and then gently bite a nipple, descending to her belly where he toyed with the small barbell decorating her navel, before descending all the way to her open legs.

With one last glance at Lyn, Sharon smiled at the bound woman—her rival, whatever that meant—and closed her eyes as Bruce focused his attention on her pussy.

Lyn could just barely see her boyfriend’s face as he licked and sucked at Sharon’s sex. His features were partially obscured by her little triangle of dark curls. Just seeing him pay that much attention to another woman’s pussy made her jealous and she desperately wanted to either pull him away from Sharon’s cunt or furiously masturbate.

She couldn’t do either of those things.

All she could do was watch and focus on not whining at getting exactly what she wanted.

Sharon was a woman who was easily responsive or maybe she was keyed up from all the foreplay, but in the matter of a minute or two she was writhing

around on the sheets and gasping.

Lyn recognized the signs. She knew that Sharon would be cumming in short order.

Abruptly Bruce pulled his face out from between her legs.

“Nooo,” Sharon moaned and tried to push his face back where she wanted it. “Make me cum,” she begged.

“I will,” said Bruce, moving his way back up her body. “But I’m going to do it with my cock.”

Sharon didn’t even need to guide him in. His cock easily slid into her pussy made wet by her juices and Bruce’s saliva.

Lyn stifled the gasp that started to form in her mouth. Seeing Bruce sink his cock into Sharon was a hundred times more thrilling that seeing him go down on her. Lyn had to press her thighs together and trembled. It wasn’t the stimulation she wanted, but it was still good. It was very good. She wasn’t going to cum, but it was the distraction she needed.

Bruce fucked Sharon. The curvy woman lifted up her thighs and locked her ankles around his waist. Watching them fuck was everything that Lyn had imagined it would be.

It was thrilling. It made her jealous. It made her horny. It only increased her desire for Bruce. It was so confusing and satisfying at the same time.

The only disappointment was how quickly it was over. Almost right after he penetrated her, Sharon came. She obviously had needed his cock. They rutted hard and fast. Sharon never stopped gasping and moaning. Right as she was about to cum a second time, Bruce grunted low and tensed up.

She lost her ankle lock on him as he came, flooding her pussy with his cum. That was good enough for Sharon and she peaked a second time, which left her exhausted.

Lyn wanted to cum too, but other than the vague pressure of her squeezing thighs, she wasn’t anywhere close to climax.

The couple on the bed lay panting together a minute and then started kissing each other again.

Seeing that pulled at Lyn's heart. She was confused and loved it.

"Was it good for you?" Bruce asked as a smile twisted on his lips.

Sharon laughed and kissed him again. "Yes. Very good. But I'm not done yet."

Bruce groaned and rolled off her. "You're going to have to wait a bit. I need a minute to recover."

That wasn't good enough for Sharon. Or maybe she had other plans from the very start.

"What about her?" Sharon asked, pointing at Lyn.

Bruce glanced back and forth between the two women. "What about her?"

"I want her. She can make me cum again."

This was exactly what Bruce wanted to hear. His cock had been wilting, but what Sharon was proposing was just enough to reverse the process. He wasn't hard again, not yet. But he knew it wouldn't take much to get to where he wanted to be.

While she had considered this, to actually hear it caused Lyn to experience a thrill of fear she couldn't define.

"I can make that happen," said Bruce.

He boldly walked over to Lyn and knelt down to where she was trapped against the wall. He grinned at her and gave Lyn an unexpected kiss right before he unhooked her collar from the wall.

"Do a good job and I'll free your hands," he told her, pulling her up to her feet.

Lyn was confused and scared...and excited and eager.

Sharon was still on the bed, her knees bent upward and her legs spread wide, displaying her pussy. Lyn took a good look and prepared herself for what she

was expected to do. Oddly, the act was simple and wasn't all that kinky...except she was doing it to a woman and she had never done anything like this ever before.

Her balance was off, partly because her hands were still bound to her collar and partly because she was nervous about what was expected of her.

And she couldn't deny she was eager to try this. Why let sex get boring, right?

Bruce guided her in between Sharon's legs. It was hard for her to crawl up to where she needed to be. Bruce helped.

It was no stretch of the truth to say that Lyn had never been in this position before. While she was open-minded, her sexual adventures had never landed her in bed with another woman. She hadn't even kissed a girl before and now she was expected to perform cunnilingus.

Her face was only inches away from Sharon's wet and swollen and recently used pussy. The scent from her lover-to-be's pussy was incredible: heady and intoxicating. Evidence of her recent fucking was leaking out from between her lips. Bruce had even left some of his cum behind on the well-manicured curls that decorated her mound. Lyn was certain she could smell the familiar scent of her boyfriend on this woman's sex.

"Do it," Bruce whispered in her ear.

Sharon reached down between her legs and lightly caressed Lyn's cheek. "You'd better be as good as Bruce at eating pussy."

There was no way that Lyn was going to allow herself to be unfairly compared to Bruce. She dove right in.

Lyn had given head to lots of men. She had even done so while restrained and tied up ina variety of fashions. It was always difficult to perform oral sex on a man without the use of her hands and it was no less difficult in doing it on a woman.

That didn't diminish her enjoyment of it, however.

Sucking off a man was just a matter of ball handling and controlling the pole,

according to an old roommate. Going down on a woman was much more complex. While every woman's pussy was unique, Lyn quickly realized that Sharon's pussy wasn't all that much different from her own. Labia, clit, entrance, depth. Simple yet complex.

Lyn licked along the length of Sharon's opening, tasting the woman's sharp, musky flavor, but getting strong notes of Bruce's familiar spicy cum at the same time. She put her face directly into Sharon's vag and stuck in her tongue, penetrating her, and then sucking as much of the wetness, Sharon's amrita and Bruce's cum, swallowing it.

Sharon let out a little groan during this process and then sharply sucked in her breath when Lyn went up to Sharon's clit, first licking the tiny organ before sucking the whole of it into her mouth.

"Oh fucking yes!" Sharon exclaimed.

Lyn smiled, an expression completely hidden by her face being in Sharon's pussy.

"She does it better than you," Sharon informed Bruce before moaning quietly under Lyn's attention. "No, no, no, no," Sharon continued to moan.

There was no way that Lyn was stopping.

"Go, go, go," Bruce told her. "Make her cum."

That was entirely Lyn's intent. She kept licking and sucking, until she was forced to stop when she felt Bruce kneeling behind her, his cock probing between her legs, looking for the entrance to her pussy.

"What are you doing?" she asked, surprised.

"Don't stop!" Sharon begged.

"Fucking you," Bruce told her and shoved her face back down into Sharon's pussy. "Now put your face back down in there and make her cum."

With Bruce fucking her, Lyn found it more difficult to eat Sharon's pussy, but it was actually more enjoyable. She was lying on her arms, face in Sharon's sex,

getting fucked from behind with her ass in the air, swallowing Sharon's amrita and Bruce's leftover cum.

It was dirty and perverted and sexy and fun and when she made Sharon cum she felt like she had leveled up in the world.

Sharon's thighs squeezed on Lyn's head. That was fine and almost enjoyable since Sharon cut out Lyn's connection to the rest of the world. She wasn't able to see or hear anything. She could only taste and smell Sharon's pussy.

And then Bruce came in her. She could feel the familiar hot pump of cum filling her pussy. She had only gotten halfway to an orgasm herself when Bruce was done. It was his second orgasm of the evening and she realized it would probably be his last.

Lyn gasped as Sharon's thighs released her and she had to stop herself from crying, knowing that an orgasm would be denied her.

"She's a good little slut," said Sharon.

The words were a compliment to Lyn. It was strange to be called a slut and consider it a compliment, but that was just another part of her personality that Lyn was discovering.

"Did you cum, slut?" Bruce asked.

Lyn's pussy quivered at being called a slut by her boyfriend. She wanted to be a slut for him.

"No…"

"Would you like to cum?"

"Yes. Please. Yes."

Bruce looked up at Sharon. "Make her cum," he said.

"I'm not going down on her," Sharon said disdainfully.

"Use your hand," Bruce ordered as he rolled Lyn over Sharon's leg and pushed

her legs apart to display her pussy that was dripping his cum.

“I don’t swing that way,” Sharon said with a superior tone.

“Right. Sure you don’t,” Bruce dismissed her objection. “Make her cum or I’ll never fuck you again.”

“You’d better appreciate this, slut,” said Sharon as she reached between Lyn’s legs and inserted a pair of fingers into Lyn’s pussy. There was no resistance and plenty of heat and moisture.

“Make her cum,” Bruce instructed, watching closely.

On her back with her wrists still bound to the collar, there was little that Lyn could do other than be finger blasted by Sharon.

Either the other woman was a liar and had done this with other women or she was just naturally skilled at masturbation because she found Lyn’s spot immediately, making her gasp for air. She quivered. It wasn’t going to take long.

Her orgasm wasn’t as powerful as she wanted it to be, but she still managed to soak Sharon’s hand, which the brunette wiped off on Lyn’s stomach.

“Did you like that?” Bruce asked Lyn, whispering in her ear as she was still trembling from the orgasm.

“Uh-huh,” was all Lyn could manage.

Bruce turned his head to look at the brunette who was smirking at them both. “Thank you, Sharon.” The way he said it, she knew that she was being dismissed.

Chapter Six

The awkward part was getting Sharon out of Bruce's apartment. The sex had been fine. Great. Fantastic even, but the afterwards was...uncomfortable.

They cleaned up. Made chit chat. Offered drinks, but eventually Bruce had to force the issue and ask Sharon to leave.

She gave him a surprisingly intimate kiss right in front of Lyn. True, Lyn was still wearing only her collar and cuffs, but Bruce was wearing only his underwear. Lyn was comfortable in her skin; it was Sharon who was the (invited) interloper.

And still the kiss made Lyn's pussy throb. She was jealous of the other woman trying to steal her boyfriend away, but at the same time she would have been happy to watch Sharon fuck him again.

Hell, she would have happy to invite Sharon back to her place to fuck Bruce. She would have fucked Sharon herself if it would have helped.

And Lyn didn't consider herself bi.

"So how did you like your first lesbian experience?"

Lyn was slightly taken aback at Bruce's question. She didn't consider going down on Sharon while the other woman was full of Bruce's cum to be a lesbian experience. She didn't even consider Sharon making her cum to be a lesbian experience. It was just a display put on for Bruce's enjoyment. And her own, she wouldn't deny that, but she had no intention of going out and fucking other women...not unless Bruce asked her to.

"It was fine."

Bruce was unhappy with her answer. "It was fine? Just fine? The way you were moaning and begging to cum, I was getting worried that you were going to abandon me and exclusively fuck Sharon the rest of your life."

“I wouldn’t go that far at all.”

“Then can you give me something other than ‘fine’?” Bruce looked upset with her. She pushed back.

“The only reason I allowed you to fuck her in the first place was because I got off on it. Going down on her, having her make me cum, that was all for you,” she informed Bruce. “I’d happily do it again because it was fun and it made you happy. I like making you happy, but it doesn’t make me bi or a lesbian.”

Her words came out more stridently than she intended. Bruce was surprised.

“Sorry,” he replied. “I should have realized...thank you.”

“You’re more than welcome. It was fun. I’ll have a story to tell my grandchildren.”

“What?!”

She laughed. “Kidding. Or am I? Maybe I’ll tell them when they’re adults and they think I’m a senile old lady.”

“Now you’re creeping me out.”

“It’s your turn to give a little,” Lyn said, a sly smile on her face.

“Okay, what?”

“You’re going to love this...or maybe hate it. But we need to do it.”

“Why don’t you take that necklace off,” said Clay after he kissed Lyn.

Lyn pushed him away. “Not in a million years. This shows that I belong to Bruce.”

Clay took her little shove in stride. He was a good foot taller than her and she liked it rough in bed so he was used to her getting physical when she wanted to get fucked. He figured she was just being playful, but her words worried him.

“You don’t really belong to him though,” Clay pointed out.

Her response was to nod enthusiastically. “Of course I do. I’m only allowed to do what he tells me.”

Her response confused Clay. “Uh...what? You’re in my house and we’re about to have sex...and you’re telling me that you only do what he tells you to do. Do you want me to believe that he sent you here for me to bed you?”

“Yes.”

Clay had to laugh at her. “You’re putting me on. And I’m worried that you’ve gotten way too serious with him way too quickly.”

“No I haven’t,” she dismissed his concern. “And yes he knows I’m here. He didn’t exactly send me, but he wants me to take a few pictures and maybe a video when we fuck. He told me he wants to know what it feels like when the love of his life is fucking someone else.”

Clay just blinked at her and slowly shook his head. “You have got to be fucking kidding me. What the hell are you doing, Lyn?”

“What do you mean ‘What the hell am I doing?’”

“You’re getting serious with a guy. You’re wearing a necklace—”

“Collar,” she corrected him.

“Fine, collar with his name on it. You’re fucking me because he said to. All of that is fucked up. You’ve barely been with him for how long? Three months?”

“It’s closer to five.”

“Really? Huh. I guess I wasn’t aware of when you started up with him.”

“To be fair, I fucked you a couple of times after I started dating Bruce. Don’t tell him.”

“What the fuck,” Clay said under his breath and stepped back. His relationship with Lyn had always been a matter of convenience. They had never been in love.

It was always about sex. They had never moved past the friends with benefits stage, which was fine with them both, but now, knowing that Lyn had gotten serious with someone else, put Clay off his game.

“What’s the matter?” Lyn demanded. “I want to fuck you and go to Bruce’s place to tell him all about how I cheated on him. He can’t wait.”

“You’re lying,” Clay decided.

Lyn frowned at him. They were on Clay’s bed. She was topless and his hand had been about to go down into her yoga pants. He was already naked, the result of her having given him a blowjob as foreplay. She had considered letting him cum in her mouth, but she wanted to visit Bruce later and prove to him what she had done.

Photos and videos weren’t enough for her.

“There’s only one way to find out,” she said, grabbing Clay’s hand and practically shoving it down her pants.

“You’re fucking crazy,” he told her but didn’t move his hand away. If anything he pushed it in further. He could just barely feel a tiny bit of stubble where she had shaved her pussy, probably that morning. She opened her legs wider, trying to give him more access.

“No, I’m fucking you...in a minute,” she said and hooked her thumbs into the sides of her pants and underwear, pulling them down over her hips.

“This is a bad idea,” said Clay, once again pulling his hand away.

Lyn flopped her head back on the pillow. “Argh! You’re driving me fucking crazy and not in a good way.”

“Sorry, but I feel bad about fucking someone else’s girlfriend—”

“It’s fine, really,” she reassured him.

“—because I’ve been cheated on before.”

“I’m not cheating.”

“It feels like you’re cheating,” Clay pointed out.

“Argh! Double argh!” said Lyn, pulling up her pants and rolling off the bed. She found her bra and shirt on the floor and started putting them back on.

“You’re leaving?” he asked. “Why?”

“Because of all this,” she said, vaguely waving her hands around.

“But I—” he started to say, but realized he didn’t know what he wanted to say. He wanted to have sex, but not with her right now under these circumstances.

“But what?” Lyn asked pointedly as she quickly buttoned up her shirt.

“I don’t know. I’d like to have sex…”

“But not with me?”

“It’s just so...weird.”

“I never should have told you about Bruce.”

“I would have figured it out. It’s not like you to disappear from fucking me for months at a time.”

That was true. Ever since their first roll in the sack, the longest they had gone without fucking each other was two months.

“I should have lied to you,” she corrected herself, “and told you I was on a break with him and was horny.”

“Well I’m glad you didn’t. Now I won’t feel guilty.”

She snickered at him and found her shoes. “Yeah. That’s great. You’ll kiss me and accept a blowjob and suck on my tits and shove your hand down my pants, but you won’t fuck me. You’re so honorable.”

“It was you who shoved my hand down your pants.”

“Po-tay-to. Po-tah-to.”

“I’m sorry this isn’t going to work out.”

“Let’s not leave this as an argument,” she said, trying to keep a clear head. All she wanted was to get laid and Clay had always been so reliable in that department...and now he was being difficult.

“Okay. Fine. Let’s cool off and I’ll call you in a week.” He looked around the bed and found his underwear, pulling on his boxers, hiding away his cock.

“No,” she said firmly. “We need to resolve this now.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Come with me to Bruce’s apartment,” she said suddenly.

“Uh...what?”

“Fuck me in front of Bruce. That’ll work, right?”

Clay just stared at her. “You have to be fucking kidding me, Lyn. I think you’ve totally gone around the bend.”

“Does that mean yes or no?”

Clay had done a lot of stupid things in his life, but this had to be the top of the list in measures of stupidity.

“’How did you wind up with a concussion?’ That’s what my mother will ask me tomorrow morning after I get out of the ER,” he said to himself as he parked his car in front of Bruce’s building. “No big deal mom. Just went over to my FWB’s boyfriend’s place to fuck her in front of him and he took offense. There was no way that I could have predicted that!”

He shook his head. “I’m fucking stupid.”

Lyn parked her car a few spaces away and rushed up to him as he got out, grabbing his arm and guiding him toward the main entrance.

“You’re putting me on, right?” he asked her. “This is just some elaborate scheme to make me look like a fool. This is just a practical joke.”

She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before unlocking the door. He knew this wasn’t her apartment and that she hadn’t moved. Someone else trusted her enough to give her a key. “No joke. I want your cock inside of me in the next fifteen minutes. Hopefully with my boyfriend watching.”

Clay just shook his head and allowed her to guide him through the hallway and stairs of the building until they arrived at a door which she unlocked with another key. As the door opened she called out, “Bruce? I know you’re home; I saw your car. There’s been a change of plans.”

A tall man who was handsome enough came out from what Clay figured was the kitchen. He was drying his hands on a towel.

Before either man could say anything, Lyn introduced them. “Bruce, Clay. Clay, Bruce.”

Automatically Bruce stuck out his hand and Clay shook it. “Hello. Good to meet you.”

Still not giving them an opportunity to say anything, Lyn pressed on, “Clay was getting nervous so I brought him over to fuck in front of you,” she explained as if it were the most normal introduction ever.

Both men looked at her wide-eyed.

“She’s kidding,” Clay blurted out.

“I thought you wanted to do this alone,” said Bruce.

Clay did a double take. “She’s not lying?” he asked the other man.

Lyn actually giggled. “We have a complex relationship.”

Bruce nodded his head. “I’ll say we do.”

“You mean that—” Clay started to speak, but Lyn, once again, cut him off.

“Come on. Let’s get naked and go to the bedroom. You can watch or not, hon,” she said to Bruce, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek before moving aside and starting to unbutton her shirt.

Clay googled at her. “She’s not playing around, is she?”

“Just to explain for a moment,” Bruce began, “it was only a week ago that I fucked someone else in front of her. Forced her to watch. This is her revenge. Sort of. I guess.”

“There’s no guessing about it,” said Lyn grabbing her boyfriend’s hand and shoving it down her yoga pants. “See how wet I am?”

Bruce nodded. “Very wet.”

Lyn grabbed Clay’s hand and did the same to him. Bruce pulled back his hand from between his girlfriend’s legs so there wouldn’t be any inadvertent contact between the men.

“See?” she asked her FWB.

“Wet,” he agreed.

“She’s a bit of a slut,” Bruce unnecessarily informed Clay.

“Yeah. I knew that.”

Lyn took the moment to shove her pants and underwear all the way off, leaving her naked except for the silver collar she wore around her neck. She was determined that she was never going to have sex without it on.

“Are we going to fuck or what?” she demanded.

Clay looked nervously to Bruce, who had an amused smile on his face. “This is entirely your call, dude.” The last thing that Clay wanted was to get into an argument or a fight just because Lyn wanted to have sex with him. “She dragged me here.”

Even after fucking Sharon in front of Lyn and her having given him full permission to do what he wanted with his sort-of ex-girlfriend, it was difficult

for Bruce to wrap his head around where their relationship was headed.

But he couldn’t deny the strength of his erection and his desire to see Lyn in the throes of passion with another man. It was so wrong that it felt perfectly right.

“Go ahead and fuck her. We both want this,” he said evenly.

That was more than enough for Lyn. She grabbed Clay’s hand again and dragged him to the bedroom. Clay wanted to resist, but he didn’t.

He tried to ignore the fact that Bruce was following them.

Once in the bedroom he lost track of the other man because Lyn went right down to her knees, opened up his pants, and got to work on sucking his dick.

It was easy to focus on just that act of fellatio because it was either that or think about how another man was in the room.

In a matter of moments Lyn had him hard and drew him onto the bed.

He tried not to think about it being another man’s bed.

He tried not to think about he was fucking another man’s girlfriend.

He tried not to think about anything at all.

Lyn moaned as he entered her. She put her heels up on his back, pulling him in deeper. She was wetter than she had any right to be. Lyn had never had a problem lubricating but he hadn’t even needed to go down on her to get her ready. Obviously fucking in front of her boyfriend was a kink that she enjoyed.

The stray thought about Bruce made Clay turn his head to see what the other man was doing.

Bruce was just standing in the doorway, leaning against the jamb. Clay would have felt more at ease if Bruce had been jerking off instead of just staring, but before he could start worrying about what might be happening, Lyn grabbed his face and kissed him.

Somehow the kiss seemed more intimate than plunging his prick into her pussy.

“Focus on me,” she told him.

Clay nodded. Her pussy was warm and inviting, like always. As he rocked his hips back and forth into her, she met his every thrust with her own rhythm. As strange as the situation was, he knew he wasn’t going to last much longer. It had been too long since he last had sex and it had been too long since he had last had sex with Lyn.

“Oh fuck...oh shit,” he moaned.

Lyn grabbed his head and kissed him again. “Are you going to cum?”

He just nodded. That was all he could do. He couldn’t stop thrusting. Clay needed to cum but he was holding back for reasons he couldn’t understand.

Even as much as he wanted this to last forever he couldn’t deny himself what his body wanted.

He came with a couple of deep grunts. Lyn spasmed under him. He embraced her warm, soft body as she accepted his offering. He wasn’t sure if she came or not, which he felt some shame over. It was always best to make the woman cum first; that had always been his motto when it came to sex.

“You’re beautiful when you’re having sex,” Bruce said from his position in the doorway.

Clay froze. His cock was still inside Lyn but the sound of Bruce’s voice made it start to rapidly shrivel up.

“Thank you, honey. That’s the weirdest compliment I’ve ever received.”

They both laughed which made Clay more than a little uncomfortable. He was laying on top of Lyn in the missionary position. He felt both vulnerable and exposed, not having any clothes on.

“Oh shit!” he exclaimed. “We didn’t use a condom. I came in you!” His heart started pounding from the sudden rush of adrenaline and panic.

“That’s fine,” she said. “I’m safe.” She pushed at his shoulder. “Roll off.”

When he did, she looked over at her current boyfriend.

“Do you want sloppy seconds?” asked Lyn, opening her legs wide to display her well-used pussy to Bruce.

Clay’s eyes went wide at this question. It was enough to move Bruce off the door jamb and toward the bed. He pulled off his shirt and started to unbutton his pants. “I’ve never had sloppy seconds,” he observed.

“This will be a first for you then,” said Lyn.

“What about for you?”

Lyn remained silent on that question, but giggled a bit.

When Bruce moved onto the bed with his hard cock Clay quickly hopped off the bed. Being that close to another naked man with an erection wasn't where he wanted to be.

On the other hand, he couldn’t stop himself from watching the two lovers.

Bruce had thought that maybe seeing Lyn fuck someone else would change everything.

It changed nothing. He wanted her more than ever.

Since he was hard from watching her fuck Clay and she was wet from getting fucked, it was easy for him to slip right into her pussy.

They were both surprised at how nicely he filled her up. While Bruce was certain he was just imagining it, he was positive that Clay’s cum made the experience much better than normal.

“Oh...fuck I needed you back inside me,” she moaned softly and kissed Bruce.

Knowing his girlfriend was a slut made kissing and fucking her even better.

They gazed into each other’s eyes as Clay quietly gathered his clothes and slipped away. They didn’t notice they were alone when she came and Bruce added his load to the little of Clay’s cum he hadn’t fucked out of her pussy.

To Be Continued

Preview

Honeysuckle 3: On Cassie

She pulled away from me, sloshing through the water to the other side of the tub and pretended like everything was fine. Following her cue, I slipped back into the water and hoped the red flush I felt on my chest and face would just be written off as an effect of the hot water.

I couldn't believe the shit I was hearing coming out of her mouth.

"What?" I repeated.

"I think I'm going to fuck Sam tonight and then I'm going to break up with him," she repeated for my benefit.

"That's a terrible plan," I let her know.

"He's good fuck, but I can't see myself staying with him beyond the end of the school year."

I tended to forget that Honora—Honey—was only eighteen and graduating high school shortly. She was already a slut and crazy. Not a good combination.

"You shouldn't fuck a guy and then dump him. It's...it's fucking rude." And in bad taste. And the markings of a terrible slut with low self-esteem, but I didn't want to get into that.

"Why not? It's not like I'm going to spend the rest of my life with him. I'm not even going to be with him through the summer. He's leaving for college at the end of July. I'm not in love with him. I'm just fucking him." She paused and looked askance at me. "Do you plan on living the rest of your life with Jake? Or are you just fucking him?"

She made a good point. I wasn't sure where I was going with my relationship, such as it was, with Jake, but that was beside the point. I didn't want her

screwing up her life when she was so young. It was bad enough that I was having sex with her. There was no way our relationship was going to go anywhere other than sex and exercise.

I didn’t want it to.

I didn't think that Honora wanted it to.

And Honora was crazy. I didn’t think anyone could sustain a relationship with her.

“My point,” I said trying to focus on the problem at hand, “is that it’s rude to fuck him and dump him. Do you want to be the person who uses other people just for sex?”

She shrugged. “Why not. He’s just using me for sex. I mean, he’s been on and off again with Alexis for the past two years. He’s fucking around on her.”

I opened my mouth to reply and then closed it. I had forgotten how complex and petty high school relationships could be. “Are you being safe?” I asked just to make sure she wasn’t disease-riddled or pregnant.

“Ah...duh. Yeah.” She said all three words like I was stupid. Like any teenager would.

Fuck her.

“That’s good to hear.”

“So, how long are you going to fuck Jake for? Are you going to dump him first or is he going to move on to some other slut?”

I wanted to slap her for implying I was a slut, but she was right. And I wanted to know what my relationship, such as it was, was going with Jake.

It wasn’t like I was going to marry him and spend the rest of my life with him.

Right?

Without meaning to, I had set up a routine with Jake and Honora. I would go to his house and put her through her workout routine every day. Usually he was at work when I was there. More often than not, I would wind up having sex with Honora because I couldn't help myself and I felt like I was getting away with something. I'd leave and come back later in the afternoon or early evening for sex with Jake.

And nursing. They both nursed from me. My tits were getting as much of a workout as mybody. I kept checking. They weren't getting any bigger, which was a relief, but they were sore all the time. I could feel the milk in them and it needed to be sucked out.

Maybe if I didn't have two lovers at the time, it wouldn't have been so bad.

The next day was just like any other. Two clients in the morning. Lunch. Jake's house for a workout with Honora and then sex with Honora. I didn't feel bad about it. I should have, but I didn't. She gave me the update on Sam. She had fucked him. He had asked to fuck her ass. She used that as a pretense to break it off with him. I didn't comment on it.

After sex we both showered. She wanted to play in the shower, but I said no. Then she headed out to hang with her friends. I wanted to know exactly what she was doing with her friends. Eating French fries? Getting drunk? Having a traditional-style Roman orgy? Ghost riding in the Target parking lot? I guess I didn't care because it got her out of the house and it got me some alone time with Jake.

Even so, I went home because it was just weird to wait for him in his own house. I wasn't a kept woman or his wife.

I didn't want to be either.

After showering and a quick trip home, I changed and drove back to Jake's. He was home. He greeted me at the door with a kiss. I felt like someone special. He had ordered Chinese takeout for dinner.

It was almost like a real relationship, but at the same time it wasn't.

"Do you know we've never gone out on a date?" I asked Jake as we sat across each other in his small dining room. The round table was glass which always

made me wonder what it would look like from underneath if we fucked on it.

“Haven’t we?” he asked as he combined his rice with General Tso’s chicken.

“No. We just meet up for sex.” I paused for half a second. “And sometimes you buy me takeout.”

A realization came over his face. “Oh. Uh...do you want to go out on a date?” he asked me.

“Are you asking because you want to take me out or are you asking because I’m embarrassing you?” I didn’t mean to be a bitch, but I couldn’t help myself.

He looked at me, his fork halfway to his mouth. He hesitated and put it back down. “Honestly, I don’t know.” He paused and stirred his rice some more. “Why are you asking?”

“I want to know what’s going to happen with this relationship that we have going.”

“We have a relationship?”

“Even if it’s just fucking, it’s a relationship,” I pointed out.

“Fucking and sucking,” he added.

My tits tingled at the word. “Fucking and sucking,” I agreed.

“I don’t know where it’s going. I’m having fun. I like you. I can’t predict the future.”

I took a gamble. “Honora says you date women for maybe three months and then move on. Is that true?”

He hesitated to answer. “I suppose it is. I mean, maybe I haven’t met the right woman. Maybe I’m a womanizer. A player, as the kids say.”

“So I should expect things to end in a month?”

“Maybe not,” he replied.

“Why not?”

“Because you have something those other women did not.” He was staring directly at my chest.

I asked anyway. “What do I have?”

He grinned and refrained from licking his lips. “You’ve got tits full of milk.”

I’d go into more detail about what happened next, but it wasn’t much different than every other time he took me to his bed and fucked me after sucking on my tits and draining them of milk.

The sex was incredible.

The sucking and nursing was incredible.

He shared some of my milk with me.

I loved kissing him when my milk’s sweetness still lingered on his lips.

I promised myself that I would cut it off with Honora. That I would make it, whatever it was, work with Jake.

Naturally that didn’t happen.

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Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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