Elliot Silvestri

Aren't You Curious

Complete



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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“What would it take for you to fuck my wife?” Tim asked Kiel as they finished cleaning up from the weekly game night.

“Excuse me?” Kiel said. He was fairly certain that he had heard his casual friend correctly, but was also equally certain that Tim was goofing around more than normal. They were picking up all the pieces from the Settlers of Catan game they had been playing all night. Not that it took that long to pick up, but the gaming group had almost every expansion pack and when the pieces got mixed in together, it seemed to take forever to sort and separate all the packs.

“What would it take for you to fuck my wife?” Tim repeated.

“Probably nothing,” Kiel said, joking along with Tim. “Your wife’s a pretty hot piece of ass and I wouldn’t mind bedding her.”

“Excellent!” he crowed. “Are you free Friday or Saturday night?” Tim’s face was a bit ruddy from what Kiel assumed was a few too many beers. Now he took a second look and thought that maybe Tim was a bit flushed with embarrassment at what he was asking.

Kiel gave Tim a strange look. Thursday night was game night. It had been game night for the past five years and would continue to be game night until the end of time if everyone else in the group managed to keep up the tradition. “I’m pretty sure that Esther wouldn’t like if she knew you were pimping her out.”

Tim took a deep breath. “Oh, no. she knows. She asked me to find her someone to sleep with her.”

“Yeah, right,” Kiel snorted and closed up one of his plastic totes he carried all his gaming supplies in. “Why doesn’t she just divorce you. That would make your life so much easier.”

Kiel wasn’t good friends with Tim. They had met through Kiel’s cousin Shane who worked with Tim. He had met Tim’s wife Esther a few times. Once in a

while she would join in on game night. Kiel found that a distraction because of Esther's beauty. She wasn't that incredible to look upon, her looks were actually just slightly above average, but she carried herself with confidence and used no makeup that Kiel could detect. That was sexy beyond anything else. It was sexier even than when Bethany and he flirted far too much over the game board. He and Bethany had fucked more than a couple of times, but they never really clicked as a couple. It was just sex, nothing else.

"No, she doesn't want that, she just wants a little variety," Tim said boldly, pushing his too long brown hair out of his face. He really needed to keep it back in a ponytail, Kiel thought.

"Uh-huh." Tim was a strange one.

"You've got to do this for me!" Tim was practically begging now.

"I do, huh?" Kiel asked. "Why is that?"

"She's got my cock in a vise," he laughed at himself.

"While I'm all for metaphors and euphemisms for sexual function, I don't want to know if that's the truth or not."

"It's a partial metaphor," Tim said.

"Then I definitely don't want to know."

"C'mon," he begged. "I don't get to have sex until she fucks another guy."

"Then jerk off," Kiel snorted and he finished sorting the last of the cards and pieces. The conversation had taken a turn for the bizarre and he was happy to get out of Tim's house.

"I can't," he said.

"You don't have to tell her about it," Kiel explained. "Just do it in the bathroom or some place. Shit. You'd think a grown man could figure this out on his own."

"I can't," Tim repeated.

“Whatever,” Kiel said dismissively.

“No, really,” Tim insisted and abruptly dropped his jeans and underwear down to mid-thigh as he stood up to show off his junk.

“Fuck, man!” Kiel protested. “I don’t need to see your dork!”

“She says she won’t take off the cage until she gets to fuck another guy. You were her first choice of our mutual friends, if that makes you feel any better.”

Tim stood there and Kiel couldn’t help himself. He looked at his friend and saw that Tim wasn’t just kidding around. Or maybe he was. It was sometimes impossible to tell with him. But there was without a doubt, a metal and plastic device attached to Tim’s cock. Kiel didn’t know if he should laugh at the absurdity of the situation or mock Tim or just get the hell out of there. “You’ve got to be kidding me,” he said after looking at Tim’s covered cock for a moment and then looking at him in the face. It was easier to talk to him that way.

“No, that’s what I’ve been telling you,” Tim insisted. “She needs me to find a guy for her to fuck so she can let me out of the cage.”

“Okay,” Kiel said evenly. “And how did all of this happen?”

“We were playing a game,” Tim said sadly.

“Pull up your pants, man. I believe you. Can you explain the whole thing to me?”

Esther slowly stirred the contents of her glass. Kiel wasn’t sure what she was drinking. He had a downed two straight shots of vodka and was considering a third. Yes, Esther was attractive and yes, she was willing to have sex with him, but even so, Kiel wasn’t sure if it was a good idea.

“Why not?” she countered. Her long brown hair was pulled back from her face in a simple ponytail. She had a high forehead and large lips. Kiel wanted to kiss them but he thought that was a bad idea. This whole evening seemed like a bad idea.

“I don’t think having sex with friends is a good way to keep the friendship going. And I’ll feel really weird around you and Tim if it happens.”

“It’s going to happen,” she assured him. “And you don’t feel weird around Bethany, do you? You two hook up like once a month, right?”

“It’s more like once every three months, and I don’t think our relationship is the better for it. I think, in fact, since we’re having sex regularly enough we aren’t really looking for other partners.”

“Okay,” Esther agreed. “But we’re definitely going to have sex tonight. I just need to get you drunk enough.”

Kiel already estimated he was drunk enough. He was considering hammering back a couple more shots to get whiskey dick so he could beg off the whole situation. “Why the hell is Tim walking around with his cock in a plastic tube?” he blurted to her.

Tim was gone for the evening and had instructions not to return until Esther called him. Saturday night was date night, Esther had informed Kiel. The perfect night to have sex.

“It was his idea,” she said. “We’ve been married too long and we needed something to keep up our interest in each other.”

“And so he decided to lock his dick away until you have sex with someone else.”

Esther shrugged and stuck out her bottom lip in an attitude of annoyance and acceptance. “That’s the game he wanted to play. Apparently chastity games are big among married men who’ve been with the same woman for ten years.”

“Tim’s a freak,” Kiel declared.

“Well I know that,” Esther purred at him and then laughed at the absurdity of the situation. “Why do you think I married him?”

“Apparently not for the sex,” Kiel muttered as he finished the remains of his drink and considered the bottle between them.

“I could give you details,” she said and rested her hand on top of his as he

reached for the bottle. “Let me tell you that since he’s been locked up in that little cage, I’ve been getting all the oral sex I’ve ever wanted. But I miss his cock. And I’m hoping yours is a good—if temporary—replacement.”

“Let’s hope so,” Kiel said as he turned Esther’s hand over and kissed the inside of her wrist. It was supposed to be a chivalrous gesture that made Esther realize she wanted to be faithful to her husband. It didn’t turn out that way because he was a little too drunk to make his intentions obvious. And, of course, kissing a woman interested in fucking you is never a good way to turn her off.

A minute later they were stumbling into the bedroom and Esther was pulling off his clothes, kissing him with an intense passion Kiel hadn’t experienced in what seemed like a hundred years. Esther was unstoppable. She had him nearly naked before he took the initiative enough to pop a few buttons from her blouse.

“I really need this,” she breathed heavily into his ear and then brushed aside his hands because he was stripping her too slowly. In the blink of an eye she was abruptly naked. Kiel didn’t even have time to admire her full breasts and hips before she pushed him backward onto the bed. Her hands plunged into his boxers, pulled out his cock, and eagerly started sucking on it. The act wasn’t strictly necessary. He was almost fully erect even before she climbed on top of his legs, pinning him down as she blew him. Kiel was certain Esther just wanted him in her mouth. She seemed like that type of woman—at least she seemed like that type of woman now.

“It’s been too long since I’ve had another man’s cock,” she added as she let his now erect cock plop out her mouth with enough spring to have it smack on his belly. Neither seemed to notice the little act of abuse.

“How long has it been?” Kiel asked politely. He half wanted to avoid what was about to happen, but his more animalistic nature, the part of himself he revealed only when angered or when in the middle of an intense gaming session, wanted nothing more than to take Esther right then and there. The two sides of his psyche were doing battle in his brain and he was certain his intellectual side was losing because Esther was draining all the blood from his brain.

She gave his question a moment’s serious thought. “Seven years,” Esther said.

Kiel remembered that Esther and Kiel had just celebrated their seventh anniversary. “You were banging another guy right before you got married?

That’s kind of slutty.”

Esther had the good manners to blush at his accusation. “Well, technically it was right after I got married,” she admitted and kissed Kiel’s cock on the side of the shaft. “Shh. Don’t tell Tim. He doesn’t know I had a boyfriend when we were engaged.”

Letting his head flop back Kiel actually laughed out loud at the absurdity of the situation. “You are a slut,” he said.

She licked his cock’s head and nodded in agreement. “Some things are kind of hard to hide.”

“But Tim doesn’t know you were fucking another guy when you were planning on getting married.”

“No. I’ll tell him…when the time is right.”

“I think now is the right time,” Kiel told her.

“Shh. No. He needs a little more time to mature,” Esther assured him as she struggled up to her knees. “I think he really gets off on the idea of other guys fucking me—”

“Obviously,” Kiel interjected.

“—so I’m saving that bit of information for when he’s earned it.”

“Okay,” Kiel agreed. Even if she was lying, Tim had helped set up this whole situation so he had given in to the animal lust side of his psyche and had resigned himself to fucking Esther. Once he had made the decision, going along with it was easy.

Esther straddled his legs and held his cock with one hand as she lowered herself onto him. A last moment dose of good sense suddenly flooded Kiel’s brain. “Wait. Shouldn’t we be using a condom?”

His temptress and lover-to-be just laughed at him. “Hell no. I’m safe. Aren’t you? Besides, Tim likes the idea of another man leaving him cum behind in me. Don’t you want to feel my unprotected pussy?”

She didn’t give him a chance to answer as her pussy slid down the length of his cock and there he was abruptly inside a woman he had often leered at and had plenty of dirty thoughts about, but never would have propositioned because she was married to a friend.

“Oh, that feels so good,” he sighed as she started pumping her hips.

“It does, doesn’t it?” she agreed and they fell into the silence punctuated only with moans and heavy breathing as their coupling picked up pack.

Kiel was alarmed when Esther unexpectedly screamed and tightened her thighs around his body. “What’s the matter?” he cried at her.

She waited a minute to answer. “Nothing. I just came. Why?” She actually laughed at him. “Did you think there was a problem?”

“Yes,” he admitted and was happy the shock of the moment hadn’t robbed him of his erection. “I never saw a woman cum like that before—or so quickly.”

“I’m an easy lay,” she said. “I like cumming. Maybe next time we can try to beat my personal best.”

Kiel wondered what her personal best was but didn’t ask because she was already humping up and down on his cock. While he liked the visuals he was treated to when a woman was on top of him, he had always had trouble cumming on his back. Since Esther had been at least partially satisfied he didn’t think anything of grabbing her shoulders and rolling her over, pinning her to the mattress with his weight.

“I like a man who knows how to take control,” she told him as she shifted her hips, angling them up so he could thrust more easily into her. Her knees went up and she accepted him deep into her pussy.

“Good,” he grunted as he slammed into her as hard as he could, not truly trying to hurt her, but trying to make her feel every ounce of power he had built up in his cock.

“Harder, harder, harder,” she chanted and then hooked her feet around the backs of his knees, holding him to her as she stifled another cry. “You made me cum again,” she whimpered.

“That was easy,” he exclaimed.

“Once I get going, I’m really easy,” she giggled. “You hit my clit just right.”

Kiel wasn’t sure if he could deal with her screaming like that every thirty seconds. He levered himself off Esther’s body, pulling his cock free, and leaving her open and vulnerable. “Turn over,” he told her.

“You like to fuck like an animal?” she asked as she kicked up her leg over his head.

“Sure,” he agreed as she got onto her hands and knees, presenting her ass and wet pussy to him. Kiel loved fucking women from behind. He always felt he could fuck them as hard and fast as he wanted in that position because their asses would pad anything that was too forceful. It also made him feel like he was completely in control.

Kiel liked fucking when he was in complete control but asking Esther to put on handcuffs on their first date seemed a little presumptuous.

She guided his cock into her pussy with her hand and then left it there to fondle his balls for a moment. “Oh, tight and heavy,” she commented. “I like big balls on guys. Give me an average cock and a huge set of balls. That’s what I want. You need to cum in me,” she begged.

Since he was unsure how much of that was an act and how much of that was actual lust, Kiel opted to go with it being the complete truth. “Hold on,” he said as she grabbed her hips and started thrusted hard and fast. Their flesh came together like hands clapping. It was a little disconcerting to Kiel’s ears but Esther apparently loved every moment of it, moaning and letting loose with little sounds of appreciation.

He pushed her all the way down to the bed, keeping her legs spread wide as he wiggled between her ass cheeks, holding her body against the mattress so Esther had no place to escape. He wasn’t much heavier than her, but it wasn’t truly necessary to hold her down. She wanted this. He wanted it just as much as her. When that idea crossed his mind he lost control and erupted inside her pussy. Her entire body tensed up and she smothered a scream into the pillow under her cheek.

“Oh, thank you, thank you,” she practically wept into the bed sheets. “I really needed that. Tim will be so happy.”

Kiel was dripping with sweat and couldn’t do much more than breathe heavily as he supported himself above her body on his forearms. The orgasm had been intense and perfect. Her pussy was still tightly clamped on him; he couldn’t just slip out and run to his car.

What the hell had he gotten himself into?

Chapter Two

Thursday night was game night. Sunday afternoon and evening was campaign night. It was the longest D&D campaign Kiel had ever been involved in. It was slightly surreal to be sitting down at the table with all the usual gamers that included Tim and Esther. And of course, as always, Bethany, his sometimes bed companion, but never his girlfriend.

Kiel was off his game and that pissed off the other gamers. They expected him to be his normal assholish thief-assassin self, but he was too thrown by the way Tim and Esther were treating him so casually. They were able to completely compartmentalize their private sexual life with their public gaming life. Kiel figured they must have worked through that weeks or even years ago, but it was all new to him and he felt a little used by it. Still, fucking Esther had been fantastic and he was willing to cut them a lot of slack due to that.

He just wished he could get the image of Tim's cock locked away in a small piece of plastic out of his head.

And Bethany was flirting fiercely with him and every time she made an indirect pass at him, he completely missed her innuendo or, worse, made a ham-handed remark that made him seem like a high schooler.

Even the dice were against him. They were in the middle of a minor dash and grab inside a small city. It was supposed to give the party a little extra cash to plan the next part of the adventure the DM had been building up. All Kiel had to do was sneak up on a guard and cut his throat. Easy first level assassin work, yet he managed to roll a critical failure. Kiel glared at the one that came up on top of the twenty-sider.

"Aaaaand Mortensen the assassin trips over his own feet while sneaking up on the guard," sniggered Eric the dungeon master. He wasn't a big fan of Kiel's gaming techniques. "You'd all better prepare for battle," he said as he pulled out his combat tables.

Groans went up around the table but, mercifully, the hour was late and the group

decided to put off the battle for next week.

Out in the driveway as Kiel was climbing into his car Bethany ran up to him and leaned into the car before he could close the door. She was leaning over far enough and was wearing a shirt cut low enough that he got a generous eyeful of her cleavage. “Where’re you going, Smoothie.”

It was her nickname for him. Normally Mortensen the thief-assassin was extra smooth and suave. Not tonight. “Just home,” he sighed.

“Want some company?” she asked with a wink.

“Umm. Maybe not tonight. I’m tired and I’ve got to get to work early tomorrow morning.”

“But I’m horny,” she informed him. “Just a quickie and I’ll be on my way.”

“I don’t know…” Kiel said as he tried to wheedle out of the situation. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to fuck Bethany, it was that he didn’t know if it was ethical to do so a day after fucking Esther.

“I’ve got something special for you,” she hinted to him. “You’ll love it.”

“Maybe another night?” he tried again.

“Is it Esther?” Bethany suddenly blurted. It sounded like an accusation to Kiel’s ears, but she was actually just teasing him.

“No! What? Why?”

Bethany snickered at him. “You didn’t see her giving you the eye all night?”

“No!” Kiel was in a near panic.

“I bet she wants to suck your schlong.” Bethany couldn’t help herself. She liked seeing Kiel like this.

“She’s married!” Kiel protested. “I wouldn’t do that to Tim.”

“She wouldn’t be the first married slut in the world,” Bethany commented. “And he wouldn’t be the first cuckold. How about I follow you home and I take your

mind off her?”

“My mind isn’t on her,” Kiel insisted. He could feel his face flushing red with embarrassment and was glad the darkness of the evening hid his shame.

Bethany reached into the car and grabbed his crotch. His cock was hard and she grinned at him. “Liar. I’m going to follow you home anyway and I’ll give you a nice blowjob to help you relax tonight. If you want to fuck me afterwards, great. But with a boner like that, you’re going to jerk off anyway before you go to bed. Am I right?”

Kiel knew she was right and he just nodded in assent. Bethany didn’t need to follow him home. She knew the way to his place. When they got there, he was actually glad she went home with him. Fucking a single girl was normal and he needed a dose of normal at the moment.

Normal wasn’t what Bethany had planned for him. The moment they walked in the door to his small house she was all over him, kissing and pawing and groping. Normally he would have loved such attention, but tonight was a different matter.

“I thought you had something special for me?” he asked pushing her away.

“I need to get your clothes off first for that,” she said as she pushed his shirt up over his head. A moment after that she was down on her knees unbuttoning and then unzipping his jeans. Once his cock was out her mouth engulfed his semi-rigid dick. He knew he didn’t have a huge cock, but had never once heard a complaint from any of the women he had ever bedded. He wondered how big Tim’s cock was. Was it smaller than average because it fit so easily inside the cage Esther forced him to wear—no, wait, he was the one who wanted to wear the cage.

In many ways Bethany was a surprising woman. She wasn’t at all shy about sex or telling him exactly what she wanted. He had his suspicions about what she did with other people, but he didn’t ask and she didn’t tell him about her other adventures.

Her mouth was wet and hot on his cock and that’s exactly what Kiel needed he realized after she started fellating him. Just a nice blowjob to relieve the stress and worry, and then off to bed. Nice and easy.

Bethany stripped herself as she sucked on his dick. Kiel barely noticed. His head was back and his eyes were closed. It felt wonderful. He would be happy to cum in her mouth and be done with it. Maybe it was selfish to accept a blowjob from a horny friend with benefits, but he wasn't in the mood to have a crisis of morality.

"Are you ready for me?" she abruptly asked she pulled back from his cock, but kept one hand on the base, stroking up and down just enough to keep him hard and interested.

"I thought I was going to get to cum in your mouth," he complained.

"Not tonight, honey," she said and stood up. Bethany didn't release her grip on his cock and all but dragged him to his bedroom. The living room was fine for blowjobs, apparently, but not for actual sex. Kiel found he didn't mind. He was too focused on her panty covered ass. Tonight Bethany was wearing a pair with an image of Wonder Woman emblazoned across the buttocks. Bethany had a nice big ass, not too large and not too small. The Goldilocks of asses. Unfortunately she wasn't equally balanced. Her nice ass was somewhat diminished by her smaller than average breasts. Not that Kiel was complaining. He wasn't sure of the size of his cock, or his muscles, but even though every woman he had ever slept with said he had a great cock, he couldn't help but feel a bit inadequate at times.

"Got condoms and lube?" she asked him when they were in his bedroom. She reached behind her back and unhooked her completely unnecessary bra. Her breasts swung free and Kiel found himself mesmerized by the bright red nipples. Her tits might have been smaller than average, but they were still spectacular in their own way. She had nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, Bethany was often willing to share her body with others.

"Yeah. Always," he said wishing she'd just go back down on her knees and suck his cock a little more.

"Good!" She knew where they were kept, in the wooden box on top of his dresser. She grabbed both and bounced over to the bed, tore open a condom packed and crooked her finger at him. "Time to put on your armor, my shining knight." It sounded ridiculous coming out of her mouth. Bethany didn't go for chivalric romances and she didn't play silly roles in bed.

“Why? I thought you had an IUD or something.” That was one of the may nice parts of fucking Bethany, no need to worry about birth control.

“I do, but you aren’t going in my pussy tonight.” She flopped onto her back and peeled off her panties. Between her legs was a little smudge of a brown line that was the extent of her pubic hair. Kiel stood dumbfounded at the foot of the bed, his cock erect and his hand on his hardness, absently stroking, staring at Bethany’s now nude body.

“What then?”

Her tone told him she wasn’t going to brook any nonsense. “You’re going to fuck me in the ass,” she told him as she grabbed his cock once again and started rolling on the condom. She did it expertly. She had done the same thing many times before with many different men.

“What?”

“I’ve been playing with my ass lately,” she said as she squirted out some lube and applied it to his now condom-covered cock. “I’m a kinky girl. I have the right to explore where no man dares to tread.” She winked at him. “At least until tonight. And don’t worry. I’ve used my dildo and a new buttplug in my ass over the past few weeks. I’m plenty ready for your cock. What do you say?”

“Is this the something special you promised?”

“Yes. What’s the matter? You never fucked a girl in the ass before?” She got on all fours and turned around, presenting her buttocks to him. “It’s okay if you haven’t. I haven’t been fucked by a real cock in the ass before either.”

Kiel shrugged. Sex was sex. An orgasm was an orgasm. “Okay,” he agreed and moved onto the bed, grabbed her hips to better position her puckered anus and tried to enter her.

It was more difficult than either of them had anticipated. They fumbled about for a few minutes and Kiel was about to give up. He was able to put just the head, barely the tip, into her ass, but then the angle was all wrong and he couldn’t move forward. Bethany had lubed her ass and was relaxed and eager. That wasn’t the problem.

“Fuck. I know!” she declared and pulled away from him to roll onto her back. She pulled her knees up to her small chest and inclined her hips.

“I thought you didn’t want normal sex tonight,” he said.

“What’s normal?” she asked. “But no. Every time I’ve used my toys in my ass, I’ve been on my back. Try it this way. Just go lower than normal.”

Working together they go his cock positioned just right and almost as if like magic, he slipped into her tight anus, pushing by the muscular sphincter and settling into her body.

“Ohhh…fuck that’s intense!” Bethany moaned. “Don’t move. Just let me feel it a bit.”

Kiel stayed still and watched as her face scrunched up and then settled to a mask of normalcy. “Okay, go slow now. I’m not used to this.”

Anal sex, Kiel quickly decided, was good, but more than a little bit awkward. It was certainly enjoyable because her anus clamped down on his cock unlike any pussy he had ever had in his life, but her hips were too tilted for his taste and Bethany needed to use her hand on her clit in order to make herself cum. Once she was done Kiel cleared his mind, thrusted hard a few times and came into the condom.

“Thank you,” she said when they were done.

“For fucking you in the ass?” he asked.

“Yes. I knew you were the right one to do it to me for the first time.”

Kiel wasn’t sure if he deserved her appreciation. As much as he wanted to he couldn’t bring himself to say anything to her about fucking Esther…or about how Esther was sleeping around on Tim with his knowledge. It was all too much and so he held his tongue and was relieved when Bethany finally left and he was able to drift off to a mostly dreamless sleep.

Chapter Three

He shouldn’t have been surprised by Esther’s text in the middle of the day on Monday. As much as the idea of fucking a married woman excited him, fucking Esther came with so many complications it almost wasn’t worth it. Still, he was a man and had needs. Who was he to spit in the faces of the gods and tell them no.

Are you busy tonight? Was all she texted.

Kiel was at work and had been incredibly productive this Monday morning. Now he had this distracting problem. He wanted to work. He needed to work. There was a report due at the end of the week that desperately needed to be filed away in the state archives so no one could ever read it.

“Fuck,” he cursed under his breath and picked up his phone. He knew he should have silenced it before setting it down on the desk. Kinda. I’m working late. Oddly, it was the truth. Kiel wanted to finish the report as soon as possible because working late on Thursday wasn’t an option if he wanted to participate in game night.

It took Esther less than a minute to reply. That’s fine. I’m sure you’ll want to relax when you get home. Mercifully she didn’t include a winky emoticon with the message.

It might be really late before I get home. He didn’t know why he was being so cagey with his message. No one would know what he was texting about.

I want to fuck you anyway. Apparently Esther had given up on playing games and had moved directly to bluntly asking for what she wanted. Kiel glanced at the time. It wasn’t even ten o’clock yet. Was it too early in the morning to be making sex plans for that night?

Can’t. I won’t be home until 10. It wasn’t a complete lie, but it was close enough.

Don’t you want to fuck me? She asked.

Kiel hesitated. “Yes,” he said to himself. “Fuck yes.” It’s not that I don’t want to; it’s that I don’t have time.

I can wait for you tonight.

Maybe we’d better wait until tomorrow. Kiel couldn’t believe he was turning down sex with Esther. He couldn’t believe he was turning down sex at all. When had he gone from a horny teenage to a state worker drone with no ambition outside of climbing the seniority ladder?

I’ve had Tim in chastity for a month now. He’s the one that’s supposed to be suffering, not me.

That didn’t make any sense to Kiel. How’s that?

I need more than just the oral he can give me. And I get tired of vibrators.

Kiel’s eyes went slightly wide at this little revelation. I didn’t need to know about your sex life.

He could practically hear her laughing in her response. You’re part of my sex life now. I need cock and you need to provide it.

With a shake of his head Kiel texted back, So unlock Tim and fuck him.

Can’t. We have a binding contract. He had his weekly orgasm last Friday. He has to wait a week between releases. You need to come to my rescue.

Although he played the obnoxious asshole during campaign, Kiel really wasn’t that person, it was just a character type that worked for him during gaming. In his heart he really wanted to rescue the princess, not be the one to first rescue her and then turn her over to some other peril.

Fine. Be at my place at 9. He turned off his phone so he could get some work done during the day.

When Kiel pulled into his driveway at nine fifteen Esther was already parked on the street waiting for him. “You’re late,” she said after she got out of her car and

walked across the small front lawn to meet him at the intersection of the driveway and sidewalk. Kiel lived in a large, older house that had been chopped up into four apartments. It was perfect for him even if none of his friends thought he should stay living in the city.

“I was working,” he told her. “I had a very long day.” It was only after he spoke the words did he realize she was wearing a long jacket even though it was late spring and no jacket of any sort was needed. He glanced down and saw her legs were bare. “Are you…”

Esther’s back was to the street, an unnecessary precaution since there was no one walking or driving by at the moment, when she quickly unbelted the jacket and opened it just enough so show him she was naked underneath except for her gold necklace. “Yup,” she said proudly. “Do you know how hard it was to sit here waiting and not diddle myself?”

He couldn’t answer that question. “You’d better come inside,” he managed to say.

“You’d better do the exact same thing.”

They were barely into the living room when she pressed her body to his, kissing him with a ferocity that scared Kiel. He went along with it, partly because having a naked woman next to him was an incredible turnon and partly because he was afraid of what happened if he said not. The jacket hit the floor before he was able to close the front door. Esther was on her knees, pulling out his cock and sucking on it before he could think of even to protest.

“Wow,” he breathed out.

“You like that?” she asked when she backed off for a moment, stroking his now hard cock. There was a glint in her eye that told him she had everything planned out and there wasn’t anything he could do about it.

“Yeah.”

“You want to fuck me, don’t you?”

“Yeah.”

“Does it turn you on to know I’m going home to my husband with your cum in my pussy?”

To be honest, Kiel hadn’t given that any thought at all. He was too focused on completely fucking up his relationship with Bethany, and with Tim, to think about what was Esther’s—or Tim’s—particular kink. “Yes,” he told her. That was the correct answer.

“You like to fuck doggy style, right?”

“Uh-huh.”

She spun around, staying on her knees, bur going down on her hands now as well. She wiggled her curvy ass at him. Kiel was operating automatically now. He fell to his knees behind her, his Dockers bunched up around his thighs. Entering Esther was easier this time. Maybe it was because he was used to her body now, maybe it was because she was so eager and he just allowed himself to go along with the fantasy he was fulfilling for her. He grunted with pleasure when he was all the way in and she sighed in reciprocation.

“Okay, baby, fuck me good and hard now.”

It has been barely twenty four hours since he fucked Bethany. There was no way he would ever confuse the two. They were completely different women; there was no way to confuse the one from the other. Their skin had different textures and tautness. Both were willing and enchanting women, different and perfect in their own ways.

“You like getting fucked by other men,” he grunted at her.

“Hell yes.”

“Slut,” he called her.

“Uh-huh.”

“Maybe you should make Tim wait another week before you unlock and fuck him.” He didn’t know why he suggested that. It just seemed the right thing to say at the moment.

It turned out to be right. She inhaled sharply with a stuttering noise. “Oh… fuck…yes,” she moaned. Kiel realized her hand was between her legs. She was playing with her clit and she was cumming. That was all the permission he needed. He let his weight fall down on her body and fucked her hard for a few more strokes until his cock erupted in her wet pussy.

They stayed locked together like that for a minute until Esther complained, “I don’t think I can hold you up much longer.”

Kiel pulled back and stood up. With a forgiving smile Esther picked up her jacket from the floor and pulled on the sleeves. “I hate to fuck and run, but I made another promise to Tim. I probably shouldn’t have.”

“You aren’t going to let his cock out of the cage, are you?” Kiel wasn’t sure why this alarmed him. He grabbed Esther’s arm to keep her from leaving with this idea.

She laughed at him. “No. Of course not. Don’t be stupid. That would defeat the whole purpose of what we’ve started.” With her free hand she pulled a pair of plain white cotton panties from the pocket of the jacket. “I promised him he could clean me up when I got home.”

Kiel blinked twice and let go of her arm. Esther pulled the panties on and belted the jacket into place. “Hopefully I won’t leak too much on the drive home.” She gave him a little kiss on the cheek and before she left she added, “Next time maybe I’ll spend the night. That’ll drive Tim fucking wild.”

And then she was gone, out the door and driving away.

Wanna fuck?

Kiel barely glanced at the text on his phone and rolled his eyes. His mother always told him if he continued to roll his eyes like that eventually they’d roll out of his head, across the floor, and out the door. He still didn’t believe her.

Geez. What is it with you? he texted back. He knew it sounded nasty but he wasn’t in a good mood because he had spent most of the morning redoing much of the report that was altered—incorrectly—by a coworker.

A girl's got needs. Right now my needs are "I'm horny."

He was about to text back We just fucked yesterday, when he saw that it was Bethany sending the message, not Esther. "Shit." Keeping track of two different women wasn't his forte. Instead he texted back I'm working right now.

I know. I want to have sex tonight. What say you?

For some reason Kiel was certain he needed to keep up appearance with Bethany mostly because he didn't want anyone finding out about him and Esther. It was a crazy situation. It made no sense, but life was all too often like that.

Eight okay?

That late? Fine…

Kiel was certain he was going to die of work stress and sex exhaustion. There were worse ways to die, he thought as he went back to his work.

To his surprise Kiel got to his place before Bethany and he held out a certain hope that she wouldn't show up. She did, of course, and the moment she walked in his dick hardened, much to his amazement. Maybe having sex with two different women on a regular basis was exactly what he needed. Kiel fucked her without giving a single thought to her pleasure. It took him a long time to cum, which was good for Bethany because she often needed extra time to warm up and enter her zone of orgasm. He shot his wad and grunted with each little spurt, then rolled off his friend.

"That was good," he sighed.

"It was okay," Bethany commented. "I've had better."

"Sorry. I've got a lot going on at work and wasn't planning on this."

"You sound like an old man."

"Ha ha. You want me to fuck you in the ass? You liked that when we did it."

She shook her head. “That takes some time to get prepared. Maybe next time.”

A thought suddenly occurred to Kiel. “Did you cum? Shit! I was so focused on myself…”

“I came,” she interrupted him. “It’s just usually you’re better than that.” She sat up and looked around for her clothes. Her bra was hanging off the edge of the bed while her panties were nowhere to be seen. That was distracting. They were her only pair of Supergirl panties with the pink shield in the front. She loved those panties. They fit just right and were the perfect combination of sweet and innocent and slutty and sexy.

“Sorry. I’ve got a lot going on right now. At work,” he hastily added.

“Maybe I shouldn’t have insisted,” she grumbled as she spotted her panties wadded up in her jeans that were half shoved under the bed. She hopped up and started pulling them on. “Next time I’ll plan a little better and a little further ahead.”

“That sounds good.”

“Maybe I’ll even let you have my ass again.”

“Was it sore from last time?” he asked, curious.

“Nope. I’m a well-prepared girl.” She looked over at him and asked, “Want to get together Friday night? I’m free and I’m sure I’ll be horny again.”

The next text from Esther caused him to freeze and contemplate what he was doing with his life.

I need you to stay over at our place Thursday after game night.

He sighed and pecked back a reply on his phone. Can’t. Need to finish up a report Friday morning. It can’t wait.

But I need to be fucked. She was all but begging him. It was strange. Kiel had never attracted women like this in high school or college or the first ten years of

his adult life. How had this happened to him? Did he pass some unknown chronological milestone and suddenly women were showing an unusual interest in him like they never had before. If he had, when would it end? Would it end the same way, without anyone telling him or warning him first?

You'll have to wait. This report won't.

But…shit! Kiel practically laughed at her response.

Have Tim satisfy you, he texted back. He'll just have to wait for his turn, however long that is.

Thursday night game night was uncomfortable for Kiel until he remember that it was Esther and Bethany who were pursuing him. He grinned at this knowledge. Bethany was openly flirting with him in front of the other players. Esther, for her part, made a few weak attempts at teasing him into hitting on her, but Kiel wasn't biting. It was time for a show to make Esther a little bit jealous and maybe a bit nervous. They were so distracted by their secret flirting and cheating game that the Settlers of Catan game was won by Tim that night. Tim never won. He was also oblivious to what was going on between his wife and Kiel and Bethany. Esther didn't miss a beat and when the game was over she whispered to him while they were cleaning up snacks and drinks, "I know what you're doing with Bethany."

Kiel gave her a small half-smile. "And she's enjoying every inch of my cock."

"Maybe I should tell her about us."

"Go ahead," he suggested and crumpled up some empty chip bags. "Maybe she has designs on your husband."

"He's locked up safely. She can't have him unless I say so."

"I could fix that with a trip to trip to True Value. Bolt cutters aren't that expensive."

The look of shock on Esther's face was worth it. Bethany was puzzled why he lingered.

“I thought you had to get to work early in the morning,” she said when he was slow in leaving.

“I need to speak with Tim,” he said. It was a weak excuse and they both knew it, but Bethany wasn’t willing to push the issue. “Privately. Just the two of us.”

Eventually his sort-of girlfriend left and Kiel looked to Esther. “Well?” he asked. “You wanted something?”

Esther looked meaningfully at her husband. “Take off your clothes, Tim. And then help me out of mine.”

Kiel watched the little ritual from his seat on the couch. Tim was wearing his cock cage, of course, so Kiel didn’t have to see his cock directly. Esther stood in front of Kiel as Tim undressed her. The grin that was on Kiel’s face told them both exactly what he thought about the situation.

When she was naked except for the necklace that held the key to Tim’s chastity cage Esther asked Kiel, “How would you like me?”

After a moment’s thought Kiel answered. “On your knees and sucking my cock.”

Before she complied Esther asked, “And how do you want Tim?”

“Do I have options?”

“Anything you want,” she said. “In or out of the house, in or out of the room. Whatever you wish is possible. Except for unlocking his cock. That’s for me alone.”

“He can stand there and watch.”

Esther nodded and went to her knees to pull down Kiel’s pants and get out his cock. She lowered her mouth onto him and sucked him eagerly. Kiel was pleased that he stiffened immediately under her courtesy and looked up to see Tim very carefully observing his wife. Looking at the other man’s cock hidden away inside the cage he realized that Tim’s cock was trying to free itself by becoming erect. It was an impossible task.

Realizing she was propelling him too quickly toward orgasm, Kiel put the heel

of his hand on her forehead and pushed Esther back. “The bedroom,” he ordered. “I want to fuck you in there. Tim can wait out here.”

Esther nodded and didn’t even look at her husband as she led Kiel by the hand up the stairs to her bed. She undressed him and pulled him eagerly on top of her as they fell to the bed. It was without any difficulty that she managed to reach between their bodies and help slip his cock into her pussy where it belonged.

“Oh that feels good,” Kiel commented as she pushed in deep and started thrusting.

“Uh-uh-uh,” was all the sound that Esther could make. He liked that. He loved the idea that his cock was making her forget how to talk. He was certain her husband’s cock couldn’t do that.

“Louder,” he ordered her. “Tim needs to know how much you’re enjoying this.”

She groaned louder. Not loud enough for the neighbors to know what was going on, but certainly loud enough for Tim to realize his wife was close to cumming. Kiel backed off temporarily, roughly rolled Esther to her hands and knees, and then re-entered her from behind. Once he was seated back in her pussy he reached around her hip and searched between her legs. It took him a minute to find her little clit hidden between the folds of her lips but once he did he rubbed it vigorously causing her to gasp and cry in pleasure.

“You like that?”

“Yes,” she moaned. It was a throaty word, barely comprehensible because a moment later she was cumming.

“You did like that. You’re a slut, you know that?”

“I like being a slut.” She was more verbal now that she had the temporary relief of an orgasm.

Kiel now grunted acknowledgement and squeezed her clit between thumb and forefinger. She yelped in pain. “You like that?”

“No,” she complained. Her arms were starting to shake from the exertion but Kiel wasn’t done with her yet. He pinched harder.

“You need to cum like this. Cum,” he ordered her and held on to her clit. She whined in complaint, but it felt good at the same time. He kept thrusting in and out of her and she couldn’t organize her thought which turned out to be a blessing because once her head was empty of everything, her orgasm came and she all but screamed her pleasure.

Kiel grinned down at her and pulled his cock out of her pussy. “Turn around,” he ordered.

She complied, barely; her limbs were shaking. Esther knew what he wanted. She opened her mouth and lick his still rigid cock, tasting his cum and hers mixed together.

“He’s going to clean your pussy, isn’t he?” Kiel asked.

“Yes.”

“Good.” He nodded. “Give me your necklace and key,” he ordered.

“What?”

“Give me your necklace and key,” he repeated.

“But Tim—”

“But Tim will be released tomorrow when I say he can be,” Kiel told her. “He’ll love an extra day in his cage, won’t he?”

“Yes.” Esther didn’t sound very confident about that.

“You can pick up the key from me tomorrow after work.” He held out his hand. “Now give it to me.” Slowly she lifted the necklace over her head and gave the key over to him. “Where’s the other key? The emergency key. I know you have one.”

Esther went to the large closet in the corner of the bedroom, opened the door, and took out a fireproof box. “Only I know the combination,” she said as she dialed it in, lifted up the lid, and took out a small unmarked envelope.

“If there’s a true emergency, call me. Otherwise, he can suffer a little bit, can’t

he? Suffering is good, isn’t it?”

Esther nodded, unsure of what was happening. Kiel got dressed. Seated on the edge of the bed Esther watched him. With a nod Kiel left the bedroom, went downstairs, and looked at Tim still standing in the middle of the living room. His cock was still straining inside the cage. “You can go upstairs to her now,” Kiel told him. He didn’t bother telling his friend what waited for him upstairs.

Chapter Four

Esther didn't bother with a text message this time. She straight out called him Friday morning as he was trying to finish up the report that was undoubtedly going to be late at this point. He inhaled deeply and let it out slowly when her name popped up on the caller ID. There wasn't time to talk to her now. He ignored the vibrating of the phone and continued to working. She left a voice mail and then continued to call him every half hour to see if he would answer.

Finally after lunch and handing in the report to his boss he picked up his voicemails.

"Hi!" Esther greeted him a little too breathily. "That was so fucking hot last night. Call me when you get this."

Next message. "I couldn't wait for you. I'm already horny. Call me if you want to know what happened after you left."

Thirty minutes later: "Still horny. Now I'm wondering what's happened to you. Didn't get run over by a bus, did you?"

Then: "Please tell me you aren't playing hard to get. I'm starting to get worried."

Last message: "I'm really worried now. You still have Tim's key, don't you?"

"Shit!" Kiel looked around to see if anyone heard his outburst. No one had. Everyone in his cube farm was either too deeply buried in work or had headphones on or were absent because they were state workers and were taking every advantage of their benefits.

He quickly punched in Esther's phone number. She answered on the first ring.

"So you aren't dead," she said.

"Sorry. Very busy. I've got Tim's keys." They were safely hooked to his key ring and in his pocket. The thought of them in his pants, right next to his cock, made him feel a bit confused and like he was completely in charge of another human

being's fate. "Do you need it right now?"

"No. He's really horny now, though." She laughed. "Are you somewhere you can talk freely."

Kiel looked around and all his coworkers. "Not really. A little maybe."

"After you left I made him lick me until I came really hard," she told him, her words eagerly spilling out of her mouth. He could imagine how they looked wrapped around his cock. That was a distraction so he pushed the image from his mind. "Turns out he's got some little kink where he likes eating other guys' cum, or at least the cum that's in my pussy. Does that turn you on?"

He shifted in his chair trying to loosen up some space in his pants for his growing cock. "Yeah, it does."

"I bet it does," she said happily. "When he was done he was begging to be released from his cage. I told him no." She actually giggled, not like a teenager, not like an actress from a terrible porn movie, but a giggle of a woman completely in love with her place in life at the moment.

"Did you tell him why you couldn't?" Kiel looked around, trying to see if anyone was listening in. No one cared what he was doing.

"Nope. Well, sort of. I told him he hadn't performed adequately and he needed to suffer a little longer."

Kiel's cock was not completely hard. He wanted to run to the bathroom and jack off, but he also wanted to continue his conversation with Esther. "That's good," he said and leaned back in his chair, feeling superior to everyone around him.

"Want to come over and fuck me again tonight?" she asked. "No! Wait! It's Friday. Can I spend the night at your house? I'll leave Tim at home and he can think about what he's done."

"Yes," he answered automatically and then remembered he had already made plans. "Shit! Wait. No. I can't. I've already made plans for tonight."

"Cancel them," she told him, her attitude completely blasé. "Wouldn't you rather be fucking a hot woman."

“My plans are with Bethany.”

That statement stopped her cold. “Oh. I see. You already have a hot woman to fuck.”

“Stop,” he said bluntly. “Don’t be like that. We don’t have a relationship—”

“Who?” she interrupted. “You and me or you and Bethany?”

Kiel ignored the bitchy question. “I’m not changing plans just because you have some need.” He glanced around the office again. Anonymity had its advantages. “Saturday night. You can spend Saturday night.”

“Fine.” She hung up.

Kiel looked at his phone as the “call ended” message came up. Did he have a date for Saturday or not?

Bethany showed up at his front door wearing jeans, black suede boots that came up nearly to her knees, and a blue t-shirt emblazoned with a TARDIS and the caption “You never forget your first doctor.”

“I thought we were going out to a nice restaurant,” Kiel said when he took in her outfit.

“I’m here for the sex,” she said as she walked in.

“I’m hungry,” Kiel commented. “I just got home from work ten minutes ago.”

She was flummoxed. “It’s almost six o’clock. And you work for the state.”

“Welcome to the new reality. I’m ordering Chinese. What do you want?”

Ten minutes later they were headed out in his car to the Double Dragon. When he pulled up she commented, “We’ve gotten food here before. It wasn’t very good.”

“But it’s got a great name.”

“And that video game wasn’t that great either.”

Back at his place Bethany put the food containers on the table. Kiel disappeared into the kitchen for cups, plates, and forks. When he came back to the dining area he stopped short. Bethany had taken off her shirt and was seated at the table in just her bra and jeans. “What…”

“I don’t want to get my shirt dirty,” she said.

“Uh-huh…”

She grinned and winked at him. “And I wanted to remind you what you’re putting off.”

Bethany might be a lot of things, but she wasn’t incorrect about the food. It was, at best, really mediocre Chinese food. When they were finished Kiel took her by the hand and led her to his bedroom.

“So gentlemanly,” she commented.

He spun her around and made her face the wall. His hands went around her waist and he pressed his body to hers. “Don’t move,” he ordered.

Bethany shivered and followed his command. Kiel sank his teeth, lightly, into the corner of her shoulder and neck, and sucked on her flesh. His hands went to her jeans to unbutton and unzip them. Pushing the stiff material down he left them at the tops of her thighs and pushed his right hand into her red and white striped panties, searching for her pussy, her clit. With the other hand he released the hooks on the back of her bra. It started to slip from her shoulders and he pulled it all the way off, freeing her tits, briefly letting go of his bite to allow the garment to fall to the floor. She gasped as he pinched her nipple and started rubbing her clit.

“Feels good,” she moaned, pushing her ass back against his legs, rubbing it in a slow circle as he masturbated her.

“I want you to cum right here, right now,” he told her. “We don’t do anything else until you cum.”

Her pussy was wet and sticky with her desire. Bethany hadn’t been lying about

her suddenly increased libido. She liked being taken like this. She didn't need a cock, she just needed the right stimulation to her pussy. While she half-wished he'd take his hand away from her nipple because that was starting to hurt, she could deal with it. She twisted her head back so she could kiss him. Kiel forced his tongue into her mouth and released her left nipple. The little flood of pain to the now-free nipple caused her to gasp with a shock that was quickly forgotten when he started abusing her other nipple.

His fingers didn't stop on her clit and pussy. That's what she really needed and when the moment came there was a little gush of liquid from her pussy as she came. It soaked her panties and her body shook from being held upright while she orgasmed. Bethany preferred to be on her back when she came.

"Very good," he complimented her as he broke their kiss.

"Thanks," she gasped. Kiel brought his fingers up to her lips. With a jolt Bethany realized what he wanted her to do. She had always prided herself on being an open-minded woman but no man had ever before done this to her. But if it was what he wanted…

She parted her lips and sucked in two of his fingers. She tasted her tart muskiness on his fingers. They were wet. She was surprised at how wet they were.

He pulled his fingers free from her mouth. "Take off your clothes," he ordered and stepped back from her to admire her round ass. Bethany quickly complied with his request. It's what she wanted after all.

After her boots, jeans, and panties were on the floor she turned around to look at him. Kiel was still completely clothed; that puzzled her. "Don't you want to…"

He grabbed her hands, pulled her to him, kissed her, and then pushed her down to her knees. She knew what he wanted. It took only three seconds for her to open up his pants, fish out his cock, and set to fellating him.

Bethany loved the feeling of a man's cock in her mouth. She could feel the pulsing of his heartbeat, she could taste his desire as his precum oozed from his cock, she could smell his musk as her nose became buried in his pubic hair when she deep throated him. In no way did she consider giving a man a blowjob demeaning. It was the most intimate part of love making.

Bobbing her head up and down his length, sucking with just the right amount of force, holding his balls to tease and please them as well, letting her teeth scrape along his sensitive skin just enough to be pleasurable but not so much the pain distracted him, it was all an art. An art too few women, in her humble opinion, were willing to learn.

Giving head was supposed to be preliminary to actual sex for Bethany. She saw it as an important step during sex, but not the ultimate achievement. They had fucked many times before so she was certain that Kiel understood this; that's why she was surprised when he abruptly grabbed her head between his hands and held her still. He thrusted his cock into her mouth a few times and then she tasted his semen on her tongue. There wasn't anything wrong with a man cumming in her mouth. Bethany had swallowed lots of loads from different men, but only as a special treat. It wasn't something she regularly did. Since he was already cumming in her mouth there wasn't any purpose in trying to stop him.

When Kiel finished and pulled out, she wiped her lips with the back of her hand and shook her head. "You should have told me you were going to cum."

He shrugged. "Sorry about that. You give good head."

"Great. Thanks. What about me?"

"I'm pretty sure you came once already."

"What if I wanted to cum more than once?" she complained.

"Then you'll have to get my cock hard again," he pointed out.

Bethany got up off her knees and went to the bathroom for a drink of water. When she returned Kiel was splayed on the bed. He had taken off his clothes and his cock, still semi-erect, was flopped on his belly. Despite herself Bethany wanted to fuck him; she was still horny.

"What gives?" she asked. "You aren't normally like this."

"Do you mind if I just enjoy myself? I've realized that I spend too much of my time trying to please other people. If you need me to please you, come on over here." He patted the bed next to him.

She did want to be pleased, so she crawled on the bed and up his body, straddling her chest with her thighs. “Want to eat my pussy?”

“If you’d like. I can make you cum that way.”

“I want you to make me cum with your cock in my pussy.”

“You’ll ned to get me hard again.”

Bethany wasn’t a big fan of the sixty-nine position. Mutual oral sex was more a distraction and a porn film trick than actually something most people enjoyed. Still, she could prove to Kiel that she wasn’t going to do everything he asked just because he asked. She turned her body around to face his feet and lowered her pussy to his face while at the same time leaning forward to take his cock back into her mouth. He only tasted of his cum. That was all right. She liked cum. His mouth was busy with her pussy, not that she needed to get any wetter; she just wanted him to do a little of the work tonight.

When he was hard enough she spun around again and lowered her pussy onto his cock. They slowly started fucking. “I’m not sure I like this change in you,” she said.

“Get used to it or don’t fuck me any longer.” He teased her clit with his thumb and she shivered. “I’ve got other options.”

She snorted and half-laughed. “Right. Yeah. Like who?” She rolled her hips and sighed.

“Esther,” he told her.

That made her laugh outright. “She’s married.”

“That doesn’t mean I didn’t fuck her,” he bragged.

Bethany stopped moving on his cock. “You aren’t kidding.”

“Why would I kid about fucking Esther?”

“Because…she’s married. Fuck!” She half wanted to get off his cock and leave, but she was intrigued. “Did she come on to you?”

“No. Tim did. Well, not exactly. He pimped her out to me. Said he wanted her to fuck other men. It’s his kink.”

That satisfied Bethany enough and she started rolling her hips again. “That’s weird.”

“Says the woman who likes anal sex.” He reached down to her anus and wiggled his finger against the clenched muscle. She was about to ask him to continue when another question occurred to her.

“Are you going to fuck her again.”

“Yes.”

“Does Tim know when you fuck her?”

“Yes.”

She gave it a moment’s thought and increased her pumping speed. “That’s kind of hot,” she said as her orgasm approached. The idea alone was enough to push her over the edge.

Chapter Five

“You liked it when Kiel fucked me, didn’t you?” Esther asked. She was lying in bed with Tim. He was naked—except for his little chastity device, of course—and she was wearing her bright green bra and panties. A little skin always kept Tim’s attention.

“Uh-huh.” Tim was lying cross-wise on the bed, along the foot; she was properly on the bed, her head propped up on two pillows. Her foot was extended and gently tapping at his plastic covered cock. It was already swelling inside the tiny cage. Well…it wasn’t so tiny, but it was small enough. She had let him out of the cage for a few minutes early in the evening so he could shower and clean himself. While he was showering he also shaved away all the stubble of his pubic hair. Esther liked it when he was completely bare down there. She had shaved her pubes for so long that after a while it became second-nature. It was good for him.

“You should call and thank him for giving back your key to me,” she commented and dangled the key on her necklace in front of him.

That little reminder brought Tim back to reality. He had been in the hazy twilight of cuckold lust, focused on the blunted libido that was contained within his cock. He needed that driver of lust to keep him going. “Yes,” he agreed all too quickly. “I should thank him.”

“You don’t get released until you tell him thank you,” Esther said and reached for the cell phone on the floor next to the bed. But before she grabbed it she stopped and rolled back to the middle of the bed. “And he needs to say ‘you’re welcome.’ Okay?”

“Okay,” he immediately agreed.

Once more Esther started to move to the phone, but stopped before her hand even reached the edge of the mattress. “But first I think you need to please me.”

“Please you?” While it wasn’t the equivalent of being released and then being

allowed to release, bringing his wife to orgasm was nearly as good.

“Yes, please me.”

Quickly Tim was on top of his wife, kissing the side of her neck, moving his way down her body, kissing her cleavage, kissing her nipples through her thin bra, then moving down more and more, wiggling his tongue into her bellybutton, and then down to the top edge of her satin panties. He could smell the scent of her desire and that inflamed him even more. With a deep inhale he brought every ounce of her pheromones into his nostrils just to make his cock try to swell within the cage a little more. It hurt, but it hurt the way he liked it. Being denied, that’s why he existed, that’s what he needed.

“With your mouth only,” she reminded him. “Your hands don’t touch my panties, you know that.”

“I know that,” he parroted back to her. At this point his mind was so lust-addled he would happily go along with anything Esther suggested or said. There was no questioning what she wanted from him. He knew what she wanted. She knew what he wanted. They just needed to go through the routine until one of them was satisfied. If he was extremely lucky he would be satisfied along with her.

Tim closed his eyes. His teeth bit into the top elastic of her panties and he began the long, slow process of tugging them off her hips—that was the most difficult part—and then pulling them along the length of her legs. She didn’t make things easy for him, she didn’t lift her butt off the mattress more than the fraction of an inch that was actually needed. She didn’t move her legs to facilitate her stripping. She made him work for it.

Only when Esther’s panties had slipped off her feet did Tim deign to open his eyes and view the loveliness of his wife’s open and wet pussy. “Come and get it,” she encouraged him.

Tim didn’t need to be told twice. His mouth was on her nether lips in an instant. His tongue searched out her clit. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and let his fingers dig into her flesh. Even when she was naked he wasn’t allowed to touch her pussy without express permission. He hadn’t been given express permission. Not yet. Maybe he would get it after he had brought her off at least once with his mouth.

Licking and sucking at her pussy and clit, plunging his thick tongue into her hole, using it like a dick—a poor imitation of a dick—to let her know he wanted to fuck her. That's what he did. Tim knew what his wife liked and he made every effort to bring her to orgasm.

It was a long and arduous effort but eventually he was rewarded with a sudden, rapid change in his wife's breathing and she gasped as her body suddenly bucked several times as her orgasm took control of her body. Tim waited out her orgasm, lightly licking and kissing his wife's pussy as she wiped the sweat from her brow and looked down at him between her legs.

"Good job," she complimented him. "That was very satisfying."

"You're most welcome," he told her. Long ago he had learned from experience and now never asked to be let out of his cage. Doing that just pissed her off and she would always tell him no when he was stupid and actually made the request. Remembering what he was supposed to be doing he started to reach for the phone on the floor, but Esther stopped him.

"Not yet," she said. "I'm not done with you yet."

"Oh?" Tim was intrigued. "What's next?"

"Get on your hands and knees," she ordered.

Tim froze. Though it had always been his idea to play with chastity and cuckolding, once Esther had bought into it, she went all the way and looked up all the advice columns and message boards and social networks she could find. There was one aspect of male chastity that Tim didn't like but Esther found intriguing. She didn't often force it on him, but used it just enough to keep him in line. A protest was no good because she could just keep him locked up longer. Maybe, just maybe, if he went along willingly, she'd give in to his needs a little.

"Would you like me to get the harness for you?" he asked.

"Oh, sweetie, that's so nice of you."

The harness and dildo that went with it were kept in the bottom drawer of his dresser. His dresser because she didn't want to give up space to his kink in her dresser and on the bottom to remind him of his place in their game. Helpfully he

applied some lube to the dildo, rolled on a condom, and then helped Esther pull on the harness. Esther always felt a little ridiculous wearing a harness that held a bright pink strapon dildo, but it was a great way to keep Tim in line. And as much as he protested, she secretly knew he liked getting pegged in the ass.

Making his suck on her faux-cock like it was something real was ridiculous and Esther dispensed with that, but she did like the visual of Tim rubbing lube over the condom and then bending over on his knees, putting his ass up for her to inspect, and rubbing more lube over his tightly puckered anus. During his free time in the shower she made sure that he shaved the hair that grew around his ass. That was just ugly, but he did a good job of removing it.

From this position she could see the ring that circled around his balls and the base of his cock. It wanted to hang lower, but that just wasn't possible with the model they used. Once everything was in position Esther got tigh in behind her husband, took her strapon dildo in hand, and pressed it against his ass. "Ready?" she asked.

"Uh-huh." Tim never sounded ready, but that wasn't the point.

She pushed her hips forward. They had done this enough times now that he immediately relaxed and let her peg him. It was actually a very nice feeling, penetrating a man when she was the one who was usually being penetrated. Tim breathed carefully and deeply, getting used to having a cock where normally there wasn't one. Esther reached around his body and felt his heavy balls with one hand and his plastic covered cock with the other. He was straining to get out but that wasn't going to happen, not on her watch.

"Good," she complimented him. "Now for the important part."

He grunted and she started moving her cock slowly in and out of his ass. Tim accepted it. Tim actually liked it but he wouldn't admit that to her. He slowed his breathing and relaxed. She liked the rhythmic thrusting and being in control. The way the harness dug into her soft flesh also pleased her. She had been very careful to buy the model that stimulated the woman as much as the man. leaning up Esther rested her hands on Tim's ass and set up a pace that pleased her. Almost too soon she had a little orgasm and paused in her thrusts. "Oh, that was a nice one," she said mostly for her own benefit, and then set back to fucking Tim's ass some more.

An orgasm was practically impossible for him to achieve while in chastity. His dick couldn't get fully erect and there was no direct stimulation on it. Normally he needed both to cum, but not always. The dildo in his ass was hitting his prostate just right and it felt really good. Despite his self-control, Tim moaned at being pegged by his wife. It wasn't a fake moan. He actually loved being pegged.

Esther had another little orgasm and Tim quickly grew jealous and upset. He felt like he was being denied and she was getting all the pleasure out of their relationship. And then, despite his awkward position and his chastity cage, he realized he was right on the edge.

"I'm going to cum," he vocalized in a haggard voice.

Realizing she had almost gone too far, Esther abruptly stopped what she was doing. "Oh, no you are not," she said.

He whined at the sudden lack of stimulation, but then she reached for that space between his sack and his anus and rubbed. With the dildo in his ass it didn't take long for the final step. The sensations he felt were supposed to be an orgasm, but it was being denied to him because of the cage. He gasped and clutched at the bed sheets. His dick twitched inside the little cage and it tried to pump forth a heavy gout of semen, but all it could managed was a semi-steady dribble of clear liquid.

"Oh good, oh so very good," Esther complimented him once more when she saw his anus pulsing around the dildo, his cock twitching inside the cage, and the little puddle of precum on the bed. "Did you enjoy that?" she laughed at him.

To his credit, Tim answered honestly. "No."

"Is my little cuckold crying?" she asked him, amusement in her voice.

That's what she called it when she milked him, cuckold's tears, the steady flow of precum from a denied orgasm. "A little," he admitted.

"Soon I'll release you and then you can have a full orgasm, okay?"

"Okay," he agreed as she pulled the dildo out of his ass and he felt a sudden loss of stimulation. She took off the harness and had drifted off to sleep before he had

a chance to grab the phone and thank Kiel for keeping his key from Esther for a few days. There was no chance of him having a real orgasm tonight despite what Esther had promised.

And then he realized she hadn’t really promised him anything except denial—for that he was happy.

Chapter Six

“You know what’s going to happen next, don’t you?” Esther asked him as he let her into his place. She was carrying an overnight bag and had an eager look on her face.

Kiel, without missing a beat, answered, “Yeah, we’re going to go upstairs and have sex. You’ll probably howl with delight and, if you’re good enough, I’ll let you stay the night.”

She blinked once at him. “I didn’t know you have the heart or skills of such an accomplished poet. But no, that’s not the answer I was looking for.”

“Oh?”

“Tonight is going to go swimmingly…and the next time we have sex it’s going to be in front of my husband.” She leaned up on her toes and kissed him on the cheek.

Kiel’s stomach flip-flopped and his cock started to swell. The idea made him nervous and turned him on at the same time. That was probably the best reaction to have to such a statement. Being game for such adventures Kiel replied, “Then you’d better be ready to please me tonight.”

“Oh, I’m ready,” she said and placed her hands around his neck, crossing them at the wrists, and kissing him. There was something deeply sensual about kissing another man’s wife—even if the other man knew she was going to be kissed and fucked by another man. Kiel was dressed casually in jeans and an old shirt he probably should have thrown away a year ago. In contrast, Esther had dressed up for the occasion with a skirt that came down to her knees, high heeled shoes, and a purple blouse. The outfit said she was ready to go out on the town that night.

“It looks like you’re ready to go out on a date,” he commented when he broke the kiss.

“If you want to, I’m willing,” she said a little too eagerly. “But I’m fine with just

having sex."

"Sex it is," he declared and grabbed her hand. It wasn't that he was embarrassed to be seen with Esther. She was attractive and vivacious enough—but she was also married. He didn't want to by some remote chance be caught out on a date with a married woman. That was wrong. But fucking her in his bed, that he was fine with. Since it was her left hand he couldn't help but see and feel the engagement and wedding bands she wore. He said nothing, but the physical reminder that she was cheating on her husband turned him on. It was so wrong that his cock just got harder in his pants.

Upstairs in his bedroom she dropped his hand and her overnight bag at the same time, then pushed him away from her. "I've got a surprise for you," she said. "Sit down on the bed, please."

"I'm the one who gives orders in this bedroom," he told her but sat down anyway. He was eager to see what she had planned for him.

It was a slow striptease which didn't particularly interest him, but he politely watched as she kicked off her shoes and started opening the buttons on the top edge of her shirt. Since the buttons only went halfway down the shirt she was reduced to pulling it over her head in the end.

Underneath she wore no bra.

"Very nice," he complimented her.

"Wait." She unzipped the skirt and let it fall around her ankles. Underneath that she wore no panties.

"Very nice," Kiel repeated.

"Tim says slutty wives don't wear bra or panties," she said suddenly putting on a shy act. Or was it an act? Kiel couldn't tell and didn't care.

"Get down on your knees over here." He pointed to the floor in front of him and she moved quickly to obey. In the blink of an eye she was unzipping his jeans and putting her mouth on his cock. Strictly speaking a blowjob wasn't needed. He was already hard and he had no intention of cumming in her mouth. Her pussy was going to be well-used by the end of the night. Still, the ritual was

comforting and he allowed her to suck on him for a while and then he pushed her back. “I want to fuck you,” he said standing up and pulling off his shirt.

She sat all the way down on the carpet. “Can I ask a favor of you first?”

“You can ask, but I promise nothing.”

Esther glanced across the room at her overnight bag. “Can you take a picture of me?”

“Can I? Sure. Will I? Maybe. Why do you want a picture of you?”

“I want to send it to Tim.”

He smiled thinly. “Nude picture?”

She looked down. “Yeah. Several pictures. He and I agreed that I should document my night with you. Lots of nude pictures. And pictures of us having sex, if you don’t mind.”

Kiel wondered how that agreement was arrived at. Did Tim beg for the pictures? Did Esther tell him she was going to be sending pictures of her cheating on him because she wanted to completely dominate her husband. Kiel frankly didn’t care about the why. He nodded his head in assent.

Esther scrambled across the room and pulled her cell phone from her bag, turning on the camera function and handing it to Kiel. “Full body nude of me first, please.”

He liked how she politely asked. Taking the phone from her Kiel lined up the picture as she struck a pose, showing off her tits while twisting her hips a bit and bending her knees. She wasn’t exactly hiding her pussy, but only a hint of her pussy was visible in the picture. He took several.

“Now one of me with your cock in my mouth, please.”

That he liked even more. She got back down on her knees and took his cock in her mouth. It took him a minute to get the position correct—it was a bigger pain in the ass than he had anticipated and suddenly had a new appreciation for pornographers. He snapped off several more pictures while she looked up at him

with innocent and eager eyes. She might very well have been an innocent girl if not for the cock in her mouth.

When he was done she took the phone back and quickly sent them by text message to her husband. “That’ll keep him hard all night.”

“Now how about you keep me hard all night?” Kiel asked and pushed her down to the bed. The phone slipped from her hand and fell to the floor. There was a moments struggle as they got their limbs into the traditional missionary position but finally everything was lined up and Kiel sank his cock into her.

“You’re wet,” he complimented Esther. “You must get really turned on from sucking cock—or do you like sending dirty pictures of yourself to Tim?”

“A little of both,” she confessed as he started fucking her. It almost felt like they were a married couple—except for the adultery. “But you know what got me really wet?”

“What?”

“Tim licking my pussy until I came—before I came over here.”

Kiel laughed at her and continued fucking her. They ended their conversation for a series of grunts and moans. As the pressure increased on Esther she breathed more rapidly and wrapped her legs around Kiel’s waist, allowing him to penetrate her more deeply. He appreciated that but wasn’t making any special effort to get her off. He had decided that this night was for him, not her.

“Ready?” he asked abruptly.

His cock was hard, hot, and twitching in her pussy. “Yeah.” She hadn’t cum yet but Kiel wasn’t interested in that. He grunted twice, slammed into her harder, and finally came, shooting little jets of spunk into her pussy. She cried out. He wasn’t sure if she came or not. That wasn’t important. The important part was he finished in her. It made him feel strong and dominant. He liked using another man’s wife for his pleasure.

It took a few minutes for him to slowly recover. His cock slowly shrank out of her pussy as he lost his erection. She liked the sensation of his throbbing slowing and leaving her spent. When he was completely done Kiel rolled off Esther’s

body but she stayed on her back, her legs bent and knees up to the ceiling.

“Can I ask you one more favor?”

“What?”

Esther took a deep breath. “Will you take another picture of me?”

“Sure.”

“Of my pussy,” she added.

“Sure.” He found the cell phone on the floor and grinned at her as he got back between her legs. Esther’s face was flushed red and he wasn’t sure if it was from embarrassment or if she was just exhausted from being fucked. Either way he didn’t care. Before he focused on her pussy he took a full body shot of her including her face. Her expression was odd, as if she couldn’t believe she was doing this but she was enjoying it anyway.

Without giving her time to think about what was being done, Kiel moved closer to her pussy and started taking pictures. Esther focused on the ceiling, not wanting to think about what was being done to her. Esther’s pussy was reddened, like her face, the little bit of pubic hair that was on her labia was wet, and his semen was starting to leak out of her cunt. Kiel liked that and made sure that it was obvious the thick, white spunk was visible in the picture. When he was done recording her body he handed the phone back to her.

“Thanks.”

Kiel was unsure if she was thanking him for taking the pictures or giving back the phone. She spent another minutes sending the pictures to her husband. Her fingers were shaking, half from the sex and half from the craziness of the pornographic pictures she was sharing. In the back of her mind she was thinking someday someone would stumble across them on the internet and her life would be ruined.

“What does Tim say about the pix?” Kiel asked.

“Nothing. I told him he couldn’t text me tonight. He can see the pictures, of course, but no commentary.”

“Saving that for when you get home?” Kiel grinned at her.

Esther’s face was odd, as if she were in a strange daydream. “Something like that I guess.”

“Does it turn you on to do this?”

She had to be honest. “Yes.”

He reached for her pussy and felt her wetness. “You are turned on.”

Esther almost slapped his hand away. “That’s mostly you right now.”

“It’s going to be more of me soon.”

She laughed at him.

“Do you like being a slut?”

She bit her lip and looked down at the floor. “Yes.”

“Good. I like that. Suck my cock a little more and we’ll fuck again. Did you bring any other toys in your bag?”

She reached out and fondled his slightly moist and slightly sticky cock. “Yes. My vibrator. Would you like to see me use it?”

He didn’t have to think about the answer. “Yes.”

As if she were expecting that answer, Esther rolled off the bed and went to her overnight bag. From it she pulled out a pink vibrator that was perfectly average, neither huge nor small. It had no special attachments or ridges or anything that made it stand out. Kiel stared at it and she saw his stare. “Plain, yeah, I know, right? Shouldn’t a crazy, kinky girl like me have a vibe the size of an elephant cock?”

“I wasn’t saying anything.”

“Sometimes plain and simple is nice,” was all she said in response as she lay back down on the bed on her back, spread open her legs, and turned on the vibrator by twisting it at the bottom. She introduced it slowly to her pussy as

Kiel watched. Almost immediately she started moaning as she moved the slim piece of silicone in and out of her sex, slowly at first and then with increasing speed.

Kiel picked up Esther's phone from where she had left it on his dresser. If she was aware of him taking pictures of her while she masturbated with the vibrator she gave no indication. After a dozen pictures Kiel changed functions and started recording her performance on video. He hoped she would finish soon before the phone ran out of memory.

As it turned out Esther was a loud and enthusiastic masturbator. She rolled around on the mattress and pounded the little device into her pussy as fast and hard as she could. Her moans were really more like screams. Being so free and unselfconscious made Kiel wonder if this woman had always been like that or if it was something she learned to do on her own or with a partner.

The way she came almost alarmed Kiel. She screamed, literally screamed, as she came, sitting up as if in pain. A little spray of cum moistened her legs and caused a little puddle to form on the sheets. It was quickly absorbed by the soft cotton and Esther fell back to bed, panting like she had just run a marathon. The performance was over so Kiel stopped recording and quickly sent the pictures and video to Tim. He hoped his lover's husband was getting completely frustrated inside his cock cage.

Politely Kiel applauded when Esther pulled the vibrator out of her pussy and tossed it aside. "That was beautiful," he complimented her.

"Wanna fuck me again?" she panted at him.

"You don't have to—"

Esther cut him off. "Vibrator is great. But after I cum that way I want a real cock in my pussy."

With a shrug Kiel moved to the bed. She grabbed his cock and stuffed it in her mouth, sucking it back to full staff; he had already been halfway there. When she decided he was ready she pulled him between her legs and they started fucking again. Kiel was positive her pussy was still quivering from the vibrator; she was also soaking wet, completely turned on. This time when they fucked he lasted much longer and she had two small orgasms before he finally came.

“Oh, that’s nice, that’s so nice,” she murmured in his ear when he finally came. They cuddled together a minute, his weight resting on top of her, until once more his cock shrank enough to automatically slip outside her sex. He rolled off her body and they synched their breathing, feeling the heat from each other’s body as they relaxed in the afterglow.

“I’m going to go clean up,” he said to her as he started to roll off the bed and head to the bathroom.

“No. Don’t go!” Esther grabbed his arm and held him in place. “I want to fall asleep in your arms and your smell on me.”

Kiel had to stifle a laugh. “You’re kidding, right? You’re the first woman I’ve ever met that didn’t want to run to the shower right after sex.”

“I want your scent on me when I go home to Tim,” she explained. Once more her eyes were downcast, as if she were ashamed of what she was admitting to him. Maybe she was ashamed, he thought.

“Okay.”

They rearranged their bodies and he held her as they drifted off to sleep. It would have been easier on his psyche if he wasn’t going to sleep with another man’s wife. Sure, it was all consensual but his mind couldn’t stop processing that this was wrong. It was one thing to actually fuck Esther, but it was another entirely to actually sleep with her.

In the morning that didn’t matter. He half woke up when she got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. At first he was certain she had changed her mind about the shower when he heard water running, but when she flushed the toilet he realized he was wrong when she returned to the bed. Esther wasted no time and burrowed beneath the sheets to take his cock in her mouth. It wasn’t much of an effort to give him an erection; he had been working on some morning wood.

“Hips or lips?” he asked her.

“Hmm?” she asked, sort of, as she looked up at him with her big innocent eyes, but the innocence was spoiled by the cock in her mouth.

“Hips or lips? High school question for how do you want to finish. Mouth or pussy?”

She removed him from her mouth. “Pussy, please,” she answered and started crawling up his body. They were experienced at this now. It took no effort for her to sit down on his cock, allowing it to go deep into her pussy. She sighed with contentment and started rocking up and down on his pelvis. “This is how I like to wake up.”

“I couldn’t have guessed that,” Kiel said as he laid back on the bed and watched her tits slowly bobble back and forth as she pleasured herself on his cock. It was a constant battle between closing his eyes and focusing on the feeling she was causing in his dick or to keep his eyes open and watch how she enjoyed getting herself off. In the end he varied, doing one for a minute and then switching.

“You have to finish inside me,” she begged as her pace abruptly increased.

“No problem.”

“And then I have to leave you.”

“Sure,” he agreed. He would have agreed to anything at the moment if he got to cum one more time.

“I’m going home to Tim with your cum in my pussy.”

Whether it was just happenstance or good planning, that was the moment Kiel gave in to the pleasure and started cumming. She shivered and moaned as she came along with him.

True to her word she only dallied a moment on top of Kiel before dismounting his cock and headed for her overnight bag. Kiel was disappointed.

“You’re really going to leave so soon?”

“I already told you.” She pulled on pair of electric blue cotton panties followed by jeans and a t-shirt. She found her shoes and was ready to go.

“Wham. Bam. Thank you ma’am,” Kiel said, somewhat disappointed. “I could go for another blowjob.”

Shaking her head Esther said, “Sorry. I promised Tim I’d be home with a full load in my pussy. Maybe next time.”

She opened the bedroom door and for just a half moment Kiel considered leaping out of bed to lure her back for one more fuck, one more blowjob, but he decided against it. “Thanks for the wonderful night,” he told her.

“You’re welcome. I’ll be sure to make Tim send you his thanks as well.”

With that she was gone. Kiel drifted off to sleep for an hour and then woke up frustrated. He wanted to have sex again and masturbation wouldn’t do it. After checking his phone for messages from either Esther or Tim he contemplated what to do and then called Bethany.

“Hello?” She wasn’t fully awake from the sound of her voice. Kiel checked the clock and noticed it wasn’t that early; he decided she was being lazy.

“Hey,” he said. “Want to come over to my place and have sex before campaign this afternoon?”

There was a long pause from Bethany’s side of the phone. “You really know how to romance a girl.”

“You can say no if you want,” he told her. “This is all optional.”

“Well, besides waking me up too early you managed to find a time when I’m horny. I’m in the mood. But you need to come over here; I’m not driving this early in the day.”

That was good enough for Kiel. He bounded out of bed and briefly considered showering, but wanted to see if Bethany could detect the scent of another woman on his body. Instead he just washed his face and used a washcloth to wipe away the more obvious leftovers from his night with Esther. Dressing and driving to Bethany’s was a blur. Most of the time he had a hardon and the drive, while only fifteen minutes, seemed an eternity. He let himself into Bethany’s place; either she had left the door open the previous night or had opened it for him.

It had been a little while since he had been in his occasional lover’s place but he certainly remembered the way to her bedroom. Shedding his clothes along the way he was down to his briefs by the time he saw her in bed reading a book.

Taking half a second to see it was The Annotated Hobbit Kiel pulled down his briefs and headed for Bethany's side.

"You really know how to romance a girl," she said as she dropped the book, moved over and allowed him between the sheets.

"Today's all about sex, not romance," he told her, kissing her on the neck, then the shoulder, then pushed the sheets down to expose her naked breast. Her body was warm and the bed had retained her heat. His drive over to her place had cooled his body but not his lust.

"Lucky me," she said. He wasn't sure if she meant it or not, but wasn't concerned. He only wanted to fuck her. After such a short stretch between two women the contract in skin and body types of Bethany and Esther was jarring. He wondered how it would be to fuck the two of them at once. He was certain he'd be able to tell the difference between the two of them, but wasn't positive he'd be able to say the right name at the right time.

Kiel wasn't wasting any time and pushed his hand between his sometime-girlfriend's legs only to discover she was wearing panties. He was miffed. "What kind of woman goes to bed topless but wears panties?"

"Me," she answered as she helped him remove the offending bit of lingerie. "I'm not a slut." If he hadn't been sucking on her tit at the moment Kiel was certain he would have had to bite his tongue in telling her Esther was that type of slut and Bethany might need to step up her game if she wanted to keep bedding him. After a moment's thought it didn't seem the right thing to say. "You didn't shower before you came over," she said.

"Neither did you," he answered. Her body was scented with a night's sleep; to him that was sexy.

"You're a bit funky."

"That's the smell of a real man," he told her as he parted her legs. She was complaining a lot for a woman who wasn't resisting what he was doing to her body. When Bethany opened up her legs he got the scent of her pussy and moved down the bed, burying his face into her pussy, licking and tasting her as if for the first time. She let her head loll to the side and relished what his mouth did to her sex. After what Kiel judged was the right amount of time based on the amount of

wetness flowing from her pussy, he pushed away and quickly worked his cock into her.

“Oh!” she exclaimed. “Don’t bother to ask for permission or anything,” she said.

“You like it,” he told her.

“Uh-huh,” she grunted. “But I don’t want it this way.”

“What way do you want it?” He was already thrusting happily away looking for his orgasm, unconcerned with what she needed.

“I want it in my ass,” she told him. “And you went down on me and didn’t even notice.”

“Notice what?” he asked, puzzled.

Bethany sighed and rolled her eyes. She pushed him away, rolling to her side and then getting up on her hands and knees. “I got all ready for you.”

It was between her legs that interested him. Not her pussy, he had already been there, but there, above her opening, as a soft purple plastic ring on the outside of her anus. “What’s that?” he asked with a good idea of what it was.

“Why don’t you pull it and find out?”

Kiel gently pulled on the toy and was rewarded with the sight of a semi-translucent ball attached to the ring abruptly being expelled. “Anal beads?”

“Uh-huh,” she moaned. “I told you I’ve been playing with my ass a lot lately.”

The outside of her anus was smeared with lube, as was the toy which was really just a series of balls on a soft plastic stick. Kiel pulled again and another ball appeared. Two were outside her body now. It was odd and erotic at the same time. “How many are there?”

Bethany moaned again. “Keep pulling and find out.”

Kiel drew out the process as much as possible. She was panting by the time the seventh and final ball appeared. “Seven,” he said.

“Good,” she replied softly. “That’s how many I put in.”

The bottle of lube was on the far side of her bed. He hit the pump several times and smeared it over his cock. Bethany bent forward presenting herself to be mounted. She practically sang his praises when he sank his cock into her ass. “Oh, yes, keep going.”

Kiel was amazed when he managed to get his cock all the way in. Bethany was a woman of many talents. Anal sex wasn’t about speed and force; it was about controlled friction and subtle sensations. He moved his hips back and forth slowly for her delight. It didn’t take Bethany long to cum and he was alarmed the way her sphincter clamped down on his cock when she did. “Do you want to cum in me?” she asked.

“Yeah…”

“Do it,” she begged. “Cum in my ass.”

It only took him a few more steady thrusts before his cock was emptying his balls inside his lover. Withdrawing was another careful process. Together, by mutual agreement, they went to the bathroom and showered at the same time.

As he was soaping up her tits, making extra sure they were clean enough for his approval, he asked her, “Ever been in a three-way?”

Bethany was still riding on her orgasm high. “No, why?”

“Want to be?”

“Sure,” she agreed, thinking she was teasing him and playing it to the hilt.

“Great. You, me, and Esther?”

She laughed at him. “Yeah. Right.”

He looked her right in the eye with dread seriousness. “I fucked her last night,” he said, failing to mention that he had fucked her that morning as well. “She’s into cuckolding her husband. Next thing I’m going to make them do is have him watch while I fuck his wife and you in front of him.”

“You’re crazy,” she said shaking her head at him.

“Don’t you want to?” he asked. “Aren’t you curious?”

Bethany had to admit she was.

Chapter Seven

Bethany spent too much time that afternoon staring at Tim and Esther, and then over at Kiel who would give her a wink every time he caught her staring. She wasn't too much help in the campaign and the other players complained. They didn't end the game early but it didn't go late into the night like it had so many times before.

As everyone got ready to leave, Kiel cornered Tim and Esther while Bethany looked on. "I know what we're doing next," he said to Esther.

Esther was a bit taken aback by his sudden forward nature and the way he told her what they were going to do instead of asking or, better, her asking him for it.

"What?" she asked automatically. Tim stood stock still next to her as they were climbing into their car. Eric was literally fifteen feet away at his car. He could easily listen in and Tim didn't want the game Dungeon Master to know what his private sex life was like. But then again he got a covert thrill out of the risk of knowing that his secret could be revealed at any point. That was half the game.

"Tim gets to watch while I fuck you," he said bluntly, loud enough for Bethany to hear. That was the point. "And he gets to watch while Bethany joins us as well. Is Wednesday night good for you?"

Esther couldn't believe she actually went along with Kiel's stupid plan. She wasn't bi, not really. A few fantasies didn't count, she told herself. Still, she was put on the spot by Kiel and Bethany was right there next to him with her big shining eyes eager to see Tim humiliated—or so Esther thought, she was sure he wanted that—and she didn't object so Esther knew she had to say yes. It's what Tim wanted.

And in her heart where she didn't tell anyone—not Tim and certainly not herself—she wanted to be fucked in front of Tim by another man. And if there was someone else there to witness that sublime humiliation—for both of them—all

the better.

“Are you ready?” she asked Tim. Seven o’clock was the appointed time for Kiel’s appearance with Bethany. Tim had been ready since he got home from work. He had almost immediately stripped down to his briefs and was parading around in them. She hadn’t bothered checking but she was certain his cock was trying to get erect inside its little cage. It was too soon for him to be naked so he was wearing just his tight-fitting black underwear that showed off the bulge made by his chastity cage.

Esther liked the way that looked.

“Hell yes,” said Tim a little too over-eagerly. It was only then he looked at his wife and realized she wasn’t fully sure this was the right thing for their relationship right now. “What’s the matter?”

“I don’t think I can do this,” she all but whimpered.

“Do what? Fuck Kiel? You’ve already done that. And I’ve eaten his cum out of your pussy twice now. What’s to worry about?” He was practically bouncing up and down like a little kid.

“But not in front of you. And not in front of someone else as well. Bethany.”

“I’m totally down with that,” he said.

She could tell that he was. “Maybe I’m not,” she insisted.

“Is it because she’s going to be watching or participating? Or is it because you’re going to have sex with her as well?”

“What? No I’m not.” Despite everything else in her strange sex life, Esther managed to be shocked by this suggestion.

“But you are,” he insisted. “Kiel told me. We’ve been texting. He’s going to insist. I think the penalty was if you don’t he’s never going to fuck you again. Ever. And I can’t have that.”

“Oh.”

Kiel pulled into Esther and Tim's driveway and killed the engine. Bethany just sat there, her hands in her lap. She hadn't said anything on the ride over and now stared straight ahead, not seeing the large garage door right in front of her.

"You're scared," Kiel told her.

"I've never done anything like this before," she said. She didn't move her head. She just kept staring through the windshield.

"But you said you were as kinky as hell. You like anal sex. You like trying new things."

"That doesn't necessarily include having sex with another woman. Or watching my boyfriend fuck another woman."

"Which one bothers you the most?"

"Both!"

"And yet you told me in college you had drunken makeout sessions with your roommate."

"It was the girl in the next room of my dorm!" she quickly snapped at him. "And it was once. Well, twice."

"But did you like it?" he asked.

She paused before she answered. "I didn't hate it. But I wasn't going to have sex with her either." Bethany was wearing a dark red dress which was out of character for her. Dresses were normally out of the question, but she had sensed this was a semi-formal occasion and had attired herself to fit the part.

"Would you have if you were a little bit drunker?"

Bethany had always prided herself on being an honest person with her friends. "Maybe. Yes."

"Then just consider yourself a little drunker than normal for a party."

“Thanks.”

“And since when have I been your boyfriend?”

She opened her mouth to answer but hesitated. “I don’t know,” she finally said.

“I thought we were keeping it casual, just friends having sex.”

“We were,” she said. “But maybe we should level up.”

“I’m not objecting,” said Kiel. “But it’s not going to stop what’s going to happen here tonight.”

“That wasn’t my intention,” she said.

“Good. Maybe you can look at this as an adventure. There aren’t dragons around to slay or orc armies to fight, so in the modern parlance you need to face your fears and desires.”

“What fears and desires?”

“Fear of what others will think about your sexual choices. Desire to fulfill your sexual needs.”

The door opened not five seconds after Kiel rang the bell. Esther gave them an enthusiastic greeting and admitted them both. Bethany gasped and covered her mouth, looking away when she saw that Tim was standing on one side of the living room, completely naked but for the clear plastic chastity cage on his cock. “I wasn’t expecting that first thing,” Bethany giggled and looked away. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen Tim with his shirt off.”

Esther laughed. It wasn’t a fully honest laugh, but it was true enough for the evening’s purpose. “That’s all you’ll see tonight. Tim’s not being let out of his cage tonight.” She pulled a necklace out of her electric blue shirt to display a small key on the simple chain. “If he’s good, he’ll earn this tomorrow.”

“This is kind of a shock,” Bethany said to Esther, keeping her eyes away from Tim. “I mean, you never really know what your friends are up to in their

bedrooms, do you?"

"No, you don't. Although I think everyone in the gaming group knows the two of you have been fucking for a couple of years now."

Bethany had the good graces to actually blush. A nearly naked man in the bedroom hadn't flushed her face, but an honest assessment of her sexual history had. "Everyone knows, don't they?"

"We just don't talk about it in front of you," Esther confided.

"That's all well and good," Kiel interrupted. "And we won't talk about tonight among the group. But I think we all know what's going to happen, don't we?"

The two women looked at each other and laughed nervously. To help calm everyone's nerves Kiel pulled a bottle of wine from the bag he had brought inside. Esther ran to get glasses and they all toasted the evening. The two women downed their glasses quickly, obviously nervous. Tim barely sipped at his and Kiel took his time slowly drinking what was in his glass. Bethany and Esther each had a second partial glass which ended the bottle and what followed was a casual conversation around the dining room table. Small talk, everything in their lives except sex. When Kiel noticed the women had finished their wine he stood up and went to the bag. Bethany was hoping he would pull out a second bottle. Esther was hoping he was ready to go to bed.

Instead of wine he pulled out a bright red ball attached to two leather straps. Esther knew what it was right away. "You want him silent?" she asked. "Or is that for me or Bethany?"

"It's for Tim," he said and didn't reveal his motivation. "Would you do the honors, Esther?"

She nodded, put down her wine glass and accepted the ball gag. It was a simple device designed to fit into Tim's mouth and keep him silent. It was much more effective than any other gag—cloth gags simply didn't work and duct tape was a joke invented by Hollywood writers—and while it wouldn't keep him perfectly silent it was effective enough to keep him from talking.

Bethany looked on in fascination as Tim opened his mouth and Esther buckled the straps into place behind his head. It was odd to look at. She was certain they

had done this before by the way Esther handled herself. She was too shy to ask details.

“And these, if you would, Bethany,” Kiel said handing her a pair of fancy manacles. She knew what they were for. They were nothing more than fancy handcuffs to go on Tim’s wrists.

“Do I put his hands behind his back or in front?” she asked. The wine was going to her head and this all seemed like a wonderful idea now.

“Behind.”

Tim stood up from the table and turned around, presenting his naked ass to them. Bethany didn’t look directly at it and simply worked the heavy leather straps into place.

“Where did you get these?” Esther asked as Bethany worked.

“The internet, where else? You can get the kinkiest fucking toys in the world on it, didn’t you know?”

When Tim was appropriately restrained Bethany found herself to be excited at what was going to happen next. Oddly, this was just the right amount of kink she was looking for in her life.

It was Kiel who led them. “Ladies, shall we retire to the bedroom? Tim can follow us up, you don’t mind, do you, Tim?”

Tim shook his head.

Kiel took Esther’s hand and headed out of the dining room. Bethany was quick to follow, not because she was eager to get in bed with the odd couple, but because she didn’t want to be left alone with naked and bound Tim. The fourth member of their party followed her, slowly and carefully, up the stairs.

When Bethany got to the bedroom she saw Kiel and Esther kissing and removing each other’s clothes. Instead of being dismayed at this strange sight—for she truly now considered Kiel to be her boyfriend—she found herself energized and excited. Kiel opened up Esther’s shirt to display a pair of truly gorgeous tits that were spectacular compared to her own. Esther wasn’t wearing

a bra which made Bethany feel like a prude since she was. “Wow,” she breathed as Kiel helped Esther pull off his polo shirt.

“Care to join us?” he asked and grabbed her by the wrist, pulling her close for a kiss. She kissed him and then felt Esther moving in closer. Kiel turned his head slightly and kissed Esther once more. And then it happened. Bethany turned her head as well and she was kissing Esther as well.

Bethany quickly remembered that kissing women was different than kissing men. They were softer. They did everything just the way she wanted. She lost herself in Esther’s kiss and compared it to Kiel’s. And then she was kissing Kiel again.

Without really knowing how it happened—but realizing that she helped them both—her dress was suddenly off along with her bra and the three of them were on the bed together. Esther was fully naked. Bethany wasn’t sure if the other woman had ever been wearing panties. Kiel was down to his boxers but Esther hand her hand inside them and was stroking his cock, making Bethany a bit jealous. She felt a little silly wearing Batman logo panties but would have felt sillier still pulling them off as she watched the other two so instead she helped Esther pull off Kiel’s green and white striped boxers. His cock sprang out and Esther kept stroking it.

Not wanting to be left out Bethany wiggled down a bit on the bed and kissed Kiel’s hip and put her mouth on his cock’s head. Esther was forced to stop jacking him off. Kiel was already hard so she wasn’t sure why she was sucking on him other than to keep Esther from having him entirely to herself. She paused for half a moment and out of the corner noticed that Tim had seated himself in an armchair in the corner of the bedroom. His eyes were wide and his pupils fully dilated with lust.

Kiel pushed Bethany away and told her, “If you don’t mind, I’d like to fuck Esther first. Is that all right? I promise I’ll fuck you as well tonight.”

There was only one way to answer his question. She nodded and said, “Yes. I’d like that.” She wasn’t sure why exactly she’d like that, but she knew it was true.

The mismatched couple got together in the oh-so-traditional missionary position. Esther spared her a glance before Kiel entered her pussy. “Lie next to me,” she said softly and Bethany did. The moment the two were side by side, Kiel pushed

into Esther and she moaned, turning her head toward Bethany to kiss her.

Bethany kissed back. Esther's hand went down her side to wiggle into her Batman panties and suddenly another woman was holding her pussy.

It took her just half a moment to realize there wasn't anything wrong with what Esther was doing to her. She spread open her thighs a bit to give Esther better access to her sex, but was immediately frustrated with the reality that her panties were more than half the problem. That didn't matter at the moment because Kiel was fucking Esther with great enthusiasm. She was fairly certain that Esther wasn't fully aware that she was fingering another woman's pussy right then.

"Ooohhhh," Bethany wasn't sure who was moaning but it didn't matter.

"Should I cum in you?" Kiel asked Esther.

"Yes," she begged. Instantly Bethany was jealous but said nothing. She had signed up for this and needed to let everything play out.

There were some noisy grunts from Kiel as he increased his pace and then suddenly froze and strained. It was obvious he was cumming and Bethany was jealous. She wanted to cum along with him but she knew it wasn't her turn. Not yet.

But there was no telling Esther that. Her fingers stayed busy in Bethany's pants and she let her. Bethany closed her eyes and was about to imagine she was somewhere else, doing this with someone else, when she started to cum of her own accord. The reality was just as good—if not better than—her fantasy.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed after she realized she came and then started laughing.

Esther noticed what she was doing to her companion and asked, "Did I make you cum?" as if she couldn't believe what she had done.

"Yes." The two looked at each other and started laughing. "I guess there's no going back, is there?"

"Nope."

Kiel rolled off Esther. He glanced over at Tim but barely acknowledged the man.

Even though she had just had an orgasm Bethany felt a little cheated. Esther had gotten fucked and she hadn't had a chance with Kiel's cock yet. She wanted to speak up about that, but didn't feel she had the right.

"I didn't get to cum," Esther complained. She was disappointed by the turn of events but wasn't truly upset. She knew her turn would come.

"Why don't you get Bethany to help you out?" Kiel suggested.

"Sure," she eagerly agreed, hoping to get some reciprocation from the other woman.

Before Bethany could put her hand between Esther's legs, Kiel stopped her and whispered in her ear. Esther couldn't hear what was said, but she studied Bethany's expression.

"I'm not sure…"

"Do it," Kiel ordered.

Esther had no objection when Bethany rolled on top of her and worked her way down the woman's sleek body, heading toward her pussy. Bethany couldn't believe she was giving in to Kiel's suggestion and Esther couldn't believe Kiel had talked her into eating pussy. Tim had not thoughts at all. His brain was in overstimulation mode.

Closing her eyes Bethany went into fantasy mode and imagined she was on a different world and she was someone else. That fantasy lasted a minute as she quickly became used to exploring another woman's pussy with her lips, mouth, and tongue. The taste and smell wasn't all that different from her own and giving pleasure to another person was a wonderful act all by itself. Once she stopped pretending she was a captured princess on an alien world being forced into the most erotic situations Bethany realized she not only didn't mind eating pussy, she actually enjoyed it. And when Esther actually came from having her clit teased by Bethany's tongue, she was very pleased with herself. The two women locked gazed and laughed with delight when Esther was done cumming.

"Have you ever done that before?" Esther asked. She was breathing heavily and covered with a fine layer of perspiration. The scene had gotten her overheated. Reviewing what had just happened she realized that Bethany was a natural at

cunnilingus. She was the best that Esther had ever had.

“No. Never. I’m not that type of girl.” They shared a laugh again.

“Apparently you are now.”

Kiel had been watching them with a pleased expression on his face; his hand was busy at his cock, slowly stroking it, keeping it partially erect for the performance. Tim had all but faded away into the background. To Kiel’s estimation he was nothing more than a prop in his own fantasy now. A restrained cock and little more. That was fine with Tim. He was in his glory. “Did you know that Bethany likes anal sex?” he asked Esther.

Bethany shrieked with embarrassment. “Don’t give away all my secrets!”

“You just had your face buried in her snatch. What secrets do you want to keep from her?”

“No, I didn’t know,” Esther said while trying to keep a straight face. “Why do you mention this?” she giggled with mock formality.

“Go get that toy from your dresser that Tim likes.”

“What toy?” Esther asked pretending innocence.

“You know what,” he told her as he fell on his back next to Bethany and said to her, “Suck my cock.”

Bethany asked “Why?” as she watched Esther go to the dresser where she and her husband apparently hid their sex toys.

“Because I want to fuck you and you need to get me hard.”

That was good enough for Bethany and she got on hands and knees over his cock, took it into her mouth, savored the mixed flavors of his spunk and Esther’s girlcum, and sucked him with enthusiasm. She didn’t bother tracking Esther until the other woman was tugging at her panties. In a moment they were off and Bethany was finally naked.

“Lube?” Kiel asked as Behtany fondled his balls and let his cock slip all the way

down into her throat.

“Right here,” Esther said. “I’ve already put on a condom.”

That made no sense to Bethany and she was about to turn around when Esther then touched her anus. It wasn’t what she was expecting so Bethany half sat up and let Kiel’s cock fall from her mouth. “What?!”

“Oh good, I’m ready to fuck if you are,” said Kiel. He grabbed her hips and attempted to pull her on top of him so she could ride his cock. For her part Bethany was turning around and looking at the pink strapon dildo that Esther was wearing over her pussy. It was odd to see such a masculine organ, though fake, dangling from the body of a beautiful woman.

“Oh. You want her to fuck me in the ass.” She said it dully, as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

“I like fucking Tim in the ass. He loves it too.”

“Not only do I want her to fuck you in the ass, I’m going to be fucking your pussy at the same time.”

“That’s…curious.”

“If that’s what you want to call it,” Kiel agreed. “The best way is for you to get on my cock first and then let Esther peg you.”

Bethany’s head was reeling. She hadn’t signed on for this. But what was life if not some adventure meant to be lived? Gamely she straddled Kiel’s body and together they eased his cock into her wet pussy. It was an easy fit; they had done this dozens of times before.

“I think you’d better lean all the way forward and get your ass up in the air as much as you can,” Esther told her. Bethany adjusted herself to Esther’s satisfaction and then the woman wearing the fake cock started applying cooling lube to her puckered ass.

She giggled at the other woman’s light touch and opted to be bold instead of a shrinking violet. “Push it right in. I’m not shy. I can’t be, can I?”

In response Esther slipped a lubed finger up Bethany's ass and she gasped when Esther wiggled it around a bit. "Oh, that's very nice."

Esther's eyesbrows went up. "So you do like it up the ass."

"I don't lie."

What followed next was some careful maneauvering, the careful alignement of limbs and positions and sex organs. Bethany relaxed when she felt the head of the fake cock at her sphincter and urged Esther to push forward. She wanted to move back, but she didn't want to risk letting Kiel's cock slipping out of her pussy.

The strapon went easily into Bethany's ass. She inhaled slowly and deeply and before she knew it her two lovers were slowly working their respective cocks—real and fake—in and out of her orifices. It has half grueling ordeal and half the most erotic time of her life. Before she knew it Bethany was cumming. It felt like her whole lower body from navel to cunt to asshole was quivering with desire and pleasure. She screamed her orgasm, clenched her eyes shut, and grapsed at the sheets wishing it would be over and hoping it would never end.

Somewhere along the way Esther had pulled her fake cock out of her ass—that was both a relief and a bit of a disappointment for she liked the extra stimulation.

"Wow," she breathed.

"Oh my god," Esther enthused. "I really want to fuck Kiel in the ass now, so I can say I've done all three of you that way."

"Maybe later," Kiel mumbled. Like so many men before him, to orgasms shared with two enthusiastic women was almost too much for him. He was drifting off to sleep.

Bethany fixed her eyes on Tim, still seated on the chair, his restrained cock bulging inside the plastic cage. "I think he wet the chair," she observed.

Esther's eyes went wide and she climbed off the bed to see what Tim had done. During the course of the threesome's lovemaking he had managed to leak enough precum to leave a large wet spot on the chair's fabric. "Bad boy," she told him. "No release for you tonight—and maybe not for the next week. I think

you'll spend the night in the guest room while I sleep with Kiel and Bethany."

It was clear that Tim wanted to object, but he was certain that it would only get him in more trouble. He allowed his wife to lead him out of the bedroom as Bethany cuddled up to her boyfriend. "Is she serious about that?"

Kiel gave a half-shrug. "Maybe. Doesn't bother me." And just like that he was asleep and lightly snoring.

Esther returned a minute later. "He won't be bothering us tonight," she announced as she cuddled up against Bethany, making her the middle of their three-part sandwich.

Bethany had to know. "What did you do to him?"

"Oh, I just took out his gag and chained his wrists to his cock cage. He'll sleep uncomfortably tonight, but he likes that."

"I can't believe he lets you do that."

"What can I say? He likes it. He gets off on it."

"Do you want to do it to Kiel too?" Bethany didn't fully get that Tim actually liked to be cuckolded and kept in chastity.

"No. He's my lover. I need him to keep Tim interested and on edge."

"You guys are a curiousity, you know that?"

Esther's voice was soft. She was fighting to stay awake and talk. "Says the girl who just got double fucked by her boyfriend and a girl with a fake cock."

Bethany had to agree. She heard Esther lightly snoring and lay between her lovers marveling at what she had done and realizing she had loved every minute of it.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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