Elliot Silvestri

Aren't You Curious

Part Two



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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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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 Bethany 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 eyebrows went up. "So you do like it up the ass."

"I don't lie."

What followed next was some careful maneuvering, the careful alignment 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 grasped 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 curiosity, 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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