Elliot Silvestri



Caged and Milked 1

Green Bush Publishing

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An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Caged and Milked 1

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Prologue

Kyleen had never considered herself a size queen, but then she met Dennis.

Dennis didn’t have a huge cock. It could best be described as adequate. At best it could be described as on the small side. At best he could take off his clothes in the locker room and not be completely humiliated.

The upside to Dennis having a small cock was that he knew what to do with it.

Yes, before Dennis all her previous boyfriends and lovers were on the downslope of the bell curve of cock size. Sex had always been good, but a bit bland. As it turned out a lover with a smaller cock was surprisingly good.

Having a partner with a small cock automatically made her think that he would be submissive...and he was in more ways than Kyleen ever would have imagined.

She was a good girl and waited until their third date before they had sex. She had gone home and masturbated with her vibrator after each of the first two dates, but that was acceptable. The most surprising part of the third date wasn’t that they had sex, it was her realization that his cock was the smallest she had ever had. Kyleen had several vibrators at home. Dennis was larger than the tiny travel-sized one she took with her on trips, but it wasn’t much bigger than that one.

They had been having sex for a month when she applied the other firm rule she had in all of her relationships. Kink cards had to be laid on the table. As a gag gift at some bachelorette party she had attended, Kyleen had a literal deck of kink cards. After sorting through them one night in a fit of boredom, she found the kinks in the cards boring and limiting.

Specifically, no cards in the deck spoke to her.

Still, she laid the deck out on the table when she invited Dennis over for a bottle of wine and some sex. That is, they’d have sex if her card game went well. If not, she’d down the bottle on her own and start looking for a new partner.

“You want to play cards?” he asked her, seeing the deck next to the bottle on the small kitchen table in her tiny apartment.

“Sort of.” Kyleen poured the two of them very full glasses. She wished that she had thought ahead and gotten at least slightly inebriated before he arrived. This was always hard to do.

She had wished that every time she got out the deck it went as smoothly as it had gone with Chris, who had quickly claimed to have a foot fetish. She had a wonderful six month of foot rubs, new and sexy shoes, and had learned to give a decent footjob, before Chris had moved across the country for a new job.

On the other end of the spectrum was Micha who showed her the “All Things Anal” card. Still, she had been triple G on that. Micha was the first guy she had anal sex with. He was also the only guy she ever had anal sex with because after that first time that’s all he wanted to do. It bored her and he wasn’t that good at it. Breaking up was a relief.

“Sort of?” Dennis asked, accepting the filled-to-the-rim wine glass.

In explanation she displayed the cards to him. “Each one has a kink. You show me yours and I show you mine and if we like each other’s kinks, we keep dating.”

After adjusting his glasses, Dennis quickly sorted through the cards. “You’ve done this before,” he said.

“Does it show?” she asked.

“You’ve already selected your card,” he pointed out, indicating the card on the table in front of her.

Her face flushed, and not from the alcohol. “You caught me.”

Dennis focused on the cards, either looking for the one that encapsulated his kink or perhaps selecting one that wouldn’t upend their relationship.

“Should I be worried?” he asked.

“About what?”

“About my kink or yours?”

“Do you have a kink?”

“Yes. And obviously you do too.”

“Doesn’t everyone?”

“I suppose. Some people aren’t brave enough to admit to theirs.”

“I’m not going to waste my time if you are disgusted by mine.”

Dennis paused in his sorting of the cards. “How many guys have you driven away with that card?” he asked.

Kyleen looked down at the innocuous blank side of the card. It was slightly bent and more scuffed than all the other cards. She had handled it more than she wanted to admit.

“A few,” she said.

“What do I do if my kink isn’t listed here?” he asked as he rifled through the stack in front of him. The cards tended toward a variety of BDSM activities, which was understandable.

Turning around, she took a marker from the small kitchen counter along with a blank card. “Write it down here. And then we exchange cards and read them. At that point you can leave if you want to. Or maybe I’ll kick you out.”

“Can I ask questions?”

“Yes.”

He paused on one card. “What if what’s on the card doesn’t say exactly what I need it to?”

“You can explain, I suppose.”

He took the card he had been looking at out of the pack, put the rest of the pack on the table, and lifted up his chin, trying to put on a brave face.

“Are you sure?” she asked him.

“Yes. I’m getting to the point in my life where if I don’t have a partner who wants to indulge in my kink then I don’t want to waste time on her.”

It was a motto that Kyleen agreed with. She slid her card across the table. He did the same.

Kyleen found her heart was pounding in her chest as she lifted the card. She couldn’t stand to look at Dennis while he did the same. She tried to keep her mind open, but there were plenty of cards in the deck that she wasn’t going to participate in or even consider, no matter how much she liked Dennis. Deep in her soul she knew she was falling in love with him which meant she had to do this now or she’d hate herself forever for letting the relationship drag out longer than needed.

Chastity. She had seen the card in the deck before but had never really considered it.

“Nipples?” he asked her upon seeing the pre-printed kink on the card and then he read the note she had added ages ago. “Make me lactate.” He blinked. “I don’t know how to do that.”

“I can show you,” she said. “But I don’t think that I can fuck a guy who wants me to be in chastity for him. It just doesn’t work that way.” Her heart had stopped beating. It was over, all over. She needed to fuck on a regular basis. Teasing and making her wait and beg for it, maybe that was fine for a few minutes when they were naked and rolling around, but she wasn’t going to be able to go without sex for more than a day or two.

It was over. She wouldn’t be chaste for him.

“You’re not understanding,” he said. “I’m the one who goes without sex. Not you.”

That was something different.

“Have you ever seen that episode of Friends where Ross tries his ex-wife’s breast milk?” Kyleen asked.

Chapter 1

Dennis sat on the chair in the corner of the room; he was naked but for a pair of panties. He wasn't ashamed to wear the pink lace underwear that would have been more appropriate on a woman. He was proud to wear it.

Kyleen was kneeling in front of the bed. It was like the bed of any other hotel room. They had spent more time in generic hotel rooms than Dennis could keep track of. Rarely did they use the rooms for anything other than sex. Half the time they paid for a night and left after a few hours. It seemed a waste, but that wasn't the point.

She was still wearing her panties and bra. They matched each other and matched the panties that Dennis was wearing. Only the man sitting on the edge of the bed was completely naked. They had met him in person only an hour earlier. They had been texting him for a few weeks. The meeting had gone well so they invited him up to the room they had reserved for this reason.

Dennis judged that Mel was maybe in his mid-twenties, so he hadn't lied on the meet-up app. That would make Mel about a decade younger than him and Kyleen. Dennis was fine with that. Kyleen deserved handsome, young, competent lovers.

Her head was bobbing eagerly up and down on Mel's large cock. Dennis never ceased to be amazed at her fellatio skills. While Mel wasn't hiding a monster in his pants, it was proudly erect and proudly large. Unlike Dennis, Mel had nothing to be ashamed of when he took off his clothes. He had been eager to strip down the moment the trio walked into the room.

Dennis didn't blame him. Mel knew fucking Kyleen was assured as long as he didn't come off as an asshole.

"Oh...fuck," he moaned as Kyleen went all the way down on him, letting his cock go all the way into her throat. Her nose rested on his pubic bone. Most of his pubic hair had been trimmed away, so Kyleen didn't mind doing this one little trick.

She turned her head a bit and looked up at him, momentarily locking eyes before changing her focus to look at Dennis. Withdrawing Mel's cock from her mouth, she ran her tongue along the underside making him shiver a bit as she sucked

away the droplet of precum that was seeping out of his dick slit.

“Did you like that?” she asked.

Mel was unable to answer her right away. Sucking on his cockhead had shut down the speech function of his brain. That turned out to be a good thing because she was looking at her partner, Dennis, who was staring intently at the two on the bed.

He eagerly nodded his head. “Uh-huh.”

Mel swallowed and said nothing. They had done some negotiations beforehand and they had told him he was there as a plaything for Kyleen. Dennis would be watching.

He had agreed and was happy to go along with it. Kyleen was beautiful, even if she had unfashionable short brown hair. Her tits were borderline huge and her ass, the little opportunity he had to check it out, matched her chest like the couple’s panties matched each other.

“Want me to go all the way?”

Again the question wasn’t directed at Mel. It was directed at Dennis.

The cuckolded man nodded with enthusiasm, much to Mel’s relief. He couldn’t imagine driving home with a case of blue balls that Kyleen was on the edge of giving him.

Standing up, Kyleen reached behind her back and smoothly unhooked her bra, but she turned around before revealing her tits to Mel. Even as she turned around, she bent over, aiming her ass directly at Mel’s face. He was transfixed by the view. The thin, semi-sheer lace both obscured and hid her pussy from his view.

While he was distracted Kyleen was digging about in her purse. It only took her a second to find the package of condoms, pull one out and open it up. She turned around just was Mel was reaching out to touch her semi-hidden ass.

He quickly pulled his hand back. Both Dennis and Kyleen saw the gesture but said nothing. It was allowable by agreement between the couple, but they hadn’t

told Mel that. They were keeping him in the dark as much as possible.

It was more fun that way.

Mel got a quick view of Kyleen's full tits before she went back down on her knees, grabbed his cock, and started rolling the condom on it. Condoms hadn't been discussed, but he didn't protest.

If he had the couple would have walked out on him.

It went on easily enough. Kyleen had brought along two sizes of condoms. Sometimes guys bragged about their size and then when the time came, turned out to be mostly talk.

That wasn't the case with Mel at all.

"Move back," Kyleen said, standing up and savoring his gaze on her tits. They were swollen in anticipation but weren't dripping. Not yet.

Mel scrambled back on the bed, his hard cock almost getting in the way.

"I'm going to ride you," she informed him as she pulled her panties down. Both Dennis and Mel watched her. The lace briefly clung to her wet and swollen labia, shaved bare. Mel was happy to see the older woman sported a neat triangle above her pussy. Completely smooth was fine, but made some women look too young for his taste. Mel liked a little bit of decoration.

Neither Dennis or Kyleen cared about his opinion on her body.

Dennis watched his girlfriend's hanging tits and rounded ass as she crawled up Mel's body, grabbed his large cock, and fitted it between her legs.

It should have been mind-blowing for him to see the woman he loved about to commit an act of physical adultery in front of him.

It wasn't.

He had seen her do this before.

His cock stirred inside the firm silicone chastity cage he was wearing inside his

panties. Seeing Kyleen having sex with another man wasn't enough to get him hard, not now. He had seen this too many times for it to be enough.

He adjusted his caged cock through the panties he wore. Man panties. They were of a style and color that would be more appropriate on a woman, but had a small pouch in the front to accommodate his cock and cage. Dennis wasn't into crossdressing but Kyleen liked to feminize and humiliate him when they were having sex with another man. It put him in his place. It made the other man realize that Dennis was playing the submissive role.

Dennis would never admit it to Kyleen, but he loved the feel of the lace and satin panties she made him wear.

He also thought he looked good in them.

Kyleen lowered herself down on Mel's large cock. It took her a couple of attempts to get it all the way in, even with her easily lubricated pussy.

Dennis had seen this a hundred times before.

Well, maybe not a hundred. At the moment he couldn't remember exactly how many men he had watched Kyleen fuck in front of him. Certainly more than a dozen. Was it more than twenty? That seemed reasonable. Had they hit fifty yet? They couldn't have hit fifty yet.

Kyleen fulled seated herself on Mel's hips. His cock was deep inside her. Looking sideways at Dennis she gave him her most lascivious smile and wiggled her ass for his pleasure. He liked to see her muscular ass moving up and down and sideways. They had cemented their semi-demented relationship in the gym and on the running trail. Maybe they spent too much time maintaining their bodies, but it paid off. They were able to attract the sort of extra partners they both wanted her to fuck because of it.

She saw his hand on his caged cock and her smile went from lusty to amused.

"Trying to jerk off?" she asked him.

"Just making things more comfortable," he replied.

Kyleen didn't bother continuing the conversation. She wasn't interested in

Dennis's currently useless cock. She wanted to ride Mel's cock and get herself off.

That's exactly what she started to do. Her hips went up and down. Dennis leaned back and saw Mel's cock momentarily exposed as her pussy slid up the length of hard flesh before slamming back down. The slap of flesh on flesh did cause a thrill to run down his spine and into his trapped cock.

He knew he'd have to wait. It was torture, but it was the sort of torture he was willing to go through.

Mel's hands moved all over Kyleen's body. She didn't object. At first it was just her hips and ass, but he became emboldened and started feeling her firm upper arms and neck and then her face. She didn't mind his strong hands on her face, but it did nothing for her.

But then he moved his hands down to her tits and she momentarily paused in the athletic display on driving her hips up and down on him.

It wasn't that she hated her tits played with. No, it was the opposite.

But they hadn't told Mel about her little secret.

This was a point of contention between Dennis and Kyleen. He took the position that they should reveal all before going to bed with a new lover. She said no because she liked to reveal her little secret as a surprise during sex. Dennis could have argued and objected, but it wouldn't get him anywhere. So they went with the sudden reveal with almost all of their third partners.

"You like tits?" Kyleen asked Mel as he caressed and then lightly pinched her nipples. That caused her pussy to quiver on his cock and her eyes to close as she savored the sensation.

"I love tits," Mel grunted. "What real man doesn't?" His eyes briefly flicked over at Dennis. The implication was obvious but both Kyleen and Dennis ignored it. They knew the score and his veiled insult didn't bother either of them.

She lifted her hands off Mel's muscular shoulders to push aside his hands from her tits. She squeezed the small globes of flesh and pinched her nipples just hard enough to make Mel think that perhaps the freaky couple he had hooked up with

was a little more freaky than he had first guessed. That didn't bother him. He wouldn't mind a little spanking or rough sex...if that's what she was into.

"They used to be smaller," she told him as she let go of her tits and planted her hands on his shoulders again. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard."

Mel could do that. He wondered what she meant about her tits being smaller. She wasn't fat, so that hadn't added to their volume. They weren't that big, but were a nice handful for him. They weren't fake either; he had been with women who had fake tits. Hers were real.

Her tits were right above his muscular chest, the nipples just barely grazing his skin. He grabbed her hips and held her in place while he bounced his ass off the mattress, slamming his body into hers, driving his cock deep into her pussy.

She grunted with each impact. Each time he thrusted upwards the sound was like a slap across her face. It caused a thrill of pleasure to originate from her clit and spread through her body and coalesce in her tits.

Kyleen's breathing became rapid and shallow. It wasn't going to take much more effort to make her cum. Still, she pushed the little death away. There was no way she was going to cum too soon. Kyleen had never had trouble getting herself off, but she had discovered that the longer she delayed orgasm, the more powerful it was when she actually came.

The real trick was not holding off so long that her new lover came first and couldn't satisfy her. That had disappointed her more than once and she actually had to resort to Dennis's cock to finish.

There was another reason she wanted to hold off as long as possible. She didn't tell Mel the reason. He'd find out soon enough.

She wanted his mouth on her tits. Or Dennis's mouth. Either man would do. She just wanted her nipples sucked. They were screaming out for attention. Her normally light brown nipples had hardened from the sex and the desire and the anticipation. They turned from light brown to dark brown. The areola had wrinkled up. She knew all the normal responses of her body and knew it was going to happen when she came, but she needed to hold off just a little longer.

Dennis was watching her intently. He knew what was going to happen. He

wanted to warn Mel and at the same time he remained silent. As much as he knew not warning the other man was wrong, seeing his reaction would tell him and Kyleen everything they needed to know about Mel and whether or not they'd fuck him again.

Once more Dennis adjusted his cock inside his panties, trying to make the flesh more comfortable. His cock was responding to his girlfriend's show, just like he knew it would. The firm silicone pressed in on his flesh and prevented him from truly getting hard. He wanted it off and at the same time he wanted to remain safely inside the cage forever.

The key was in Kyleen's purse. He knew that. He knew he could dig through her purse and free his cock and do what he wanted with it, but that was against the rules of the game.

He was afraid of the punishment she would give him if he even dared voice that desire.

If he was good he would get his reward. He just had to wait. And be good.

Between her moans and heavy breathing Kyleen let out a squeak of pleasure. It wasn't very loud, but Dennis knew her time was at hand. He just needed to hold out a little longer.

Mel continued to thrust up into her, but Kyleen was bringing her hips down in time with his rhythm, increasing the force of each thrust. They fucked together beautifully even if it was their first time. They both knew what they wanted and it meshed together perfectly.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna…" Kyleen started to warn her young lover.

"Cum," he encouraged her. "Cum you slut!"

The insult should have stung. It didn't. It was exactly what Kyleen needed.

She came.

A blossom of warmth spread through her whole body. She recognized when it was going to be a good orgasm and it was going to be a great one and that meant the inevitable.

Her tits got hot. They always did when she came. There was no way to prevent the autolactation that happened to her during orgasm.

Kyleen leaned back, displaying her body and tits to him, glorying in the way his cock filled her pussy. In leaning back her nipples sprayed her milk all over Mel's body and the bed sheet underneath him.

At first Mel didn't realize what was happening. He was on the verge of orgasm himself and he wanted to hold back as long as possible as well. When she went back it changed the angle of his cock and he didn't want to risk continuing to thrust upward and so simply paused in his activity. He'd get it back when she was done cumming. After her climax had passed he'd flip her over onto her back and really slam it into her and make her cry out with every thrust. That was the way that Mel really liked to fuck.

And then he felt the moisture. It confused him for a second. The dim light of the hotel room wasn't conducive to fine details. Seeing the fine spray of milk from Kyleen's tits was almost impossible, but once he realized it was happening, he could see the multiple streams of white milk arching upward into the air and then landing on him and the bed.

Mel tried to scramble backwards to get out of the range of fire, but he was already on his back and Kyleen was all but pinning him in place with her body. She had wrapped her legs around his thighs, holding them both in place. He didn't know what to do so he grabbed her tits and prevented more milk from hitting him in the face and chest.

His palms immediately got wet. He could feel the milk continue to pump out of her tits.

Never before had this happened to him. What type of woman just had milk erupt from her tits? That wasn't normal. Was she pregnant? Why would a pregnant woman fuck him while her husband or boyfriend watched? Was something wrong with her physically? Emotionally? It was fucked up.

Since he didn't know how to react, he just held onto her tits until her orgasm had run out to its completion and she leaned forward to kiss him.

He was strong enough to hold her up in place. His cock was still hard and in her pussy but she seemed both relieved and happy like any woman who had just had

an orgasm.

“What was that?” he blurted out, not knowing what else to say.

“What was what?” she asked innocently.

“Your tits!” he exclaimed and pulled one hand away to display the milk. It dripped from his hand. It dripped from her nipple and off the bottom of her breast.

“Just a little milk,” she told him. “That happens when I cum.” She grabbed his hand and licked the palm, removing the milk. He liked the feel of her warm, wet tongue on his hand, but the milk was too much for him.

“That’s fucking weird,” he said, pushing her away gently.

Kyleen kept her legs locked around his thighs. He was definitely stronger than her but he wasn’t going to push or shove or hit a woman. He had been raised correctly and while it was one thing to violate some social norms to fuck a woman in front of her boyfriend, it was wrong in every way possible to assault her.

“What’s the matter,” asked Dennis as he sat on the edge of the bed and caressed one of Kyleen’s still dripping tits.

“Nothing,” she said. “Mel’s just a little...surprised he made me cum so hard that he fucked the milk right out of me.”

Mel froze. He had all but forgotten that Dennis was there. The man was a little older than him, and even if he wore that weird cock cage and girly panties, he was easily as strong and big as Mel. The last thing Mel wanted was a fight. He had met them for a fuck, not a fight.

Dennis nodded at Kyleen’s words and then, to Mel’s further amazement, he lowered his head and sucked on one of Kyleen’s nipples. Mel’s eyes bulged. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

Dennis sucking on Kyleen’s nipple seemed to tighten her pussy on Mel’s cock. The last thing he wanted was to go home with blue balls.

There was only one thing to do: close his eyes and make the best of the situation by finishing inside of Kyleen's pussy and then getting the hell out of there.

She was still riding him so he grabbed her hips and held her in place was giving her the best upward dicking that he could summon up. He even went so far as to force the scene he had just witnessed out of his mind and whipped up his usual fantasy of three people on their knees worshiping his cock: one on his dick, one sucking his balls, and one shoving a tongue up his asshole.

It wasn't very creative but it got him off and the feel of his ejaculate erupting inside Kyleen was the relief he needed. It was a second later that he felt the warmth of his cum pooling at the end of his cock, caught by the condom. A second after that he remembered where he was and opened his eyes.

Kyleen was grinning happily down at him. Automatically his eyes went to her tits. They had a slight sheen to them from moisture, maybe from Dennis's saliva and maybe from her milk.

Just the thought of her milk spraying forth from her tits was enough to make his cock shrivel up faster than normal after orgasm.

"You came really hard," she told him.

Dennis was eyeing him as well. Mel then remembered all the innuendo and implied suggestions of what might happen. He was no longer eager to explore that. He had been one hundred percent interested, but that was before he came.

Before he could answer her or say anything to Dennis, Mel's cock slipped free from Kyleen's pussy with a wet plop.

"Let me go take care of the condom," he said, gently pushing Kyleen off his body and scrambling off the bed to dash to the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom he locked the door, yanked off the condom that was barely clinging to his now completely flaccid and most definitely completely shriveled up cock and tossed it in the toilet. Taking the opportunity he pissed on top of the condom while gathering his thoughts. He eventually had to come out of the bathroom, but what then?

Back in the bedroom portion of the hotel room, Kyleen and Dennis looked at

each other.

“Well?” asked Kyleen softly. She didn’t want their guest to overhear her and be driven off.

“Well what?” asked Dennis.

“What do you want to do?” she asked, almost hissing now. They heard the toilet flush and then the water run from the sink’s faucet.

“I want to wait for him to come out of the bathroom.”

“And then what?”

“We can’t force him to do anything.”

“I’m not finished yet. Are you?”

Together they looked down at his blue panties and the pink cage he wore on his cock. They both knew what they wanted, but it depended on Mel.

Before they could discuss the matter further, the bathroom door flew open and Mel dashed out. He practically dove for the pile of his clothes near the end of the bed. His underwear was on top and he yanked those on first before grabbing his jeans and pulling them on as well.

“What are you doing?” asked Kyleen.

His answer was rushed and obviously well-rehearsed. “I’m sorry. This wasn’t exactly what I was looking for. Sorry. I’m so sorry.” It was an apology, but not much of one. He didn’t even bother to put on his shirt or shoes. He had the sneakers in one hand and the shirt in the other as he dashed to the hotel door where he fumbled about a bit, trying to hold the articles of clothing he hadn’t bothered to put on while trying to manipulate the door handle at the same time.

He would have saved time if he had just put on the shirt or dropped the shoes.

Eventually he got it open and dashed out into the hallway. He disappeared around the corner and the door slowly closed behind him, leaving Kyleen and Dennis by themselves.

“That’s the quickest exist we’ve seen in a while,” said Kyleen. “Maybe he wasn’t bi,” she suggested.

“Maybe he was freaked out by your milk,” replied Dennis.

“Let’s not start an argument.”

“You said that if he was going to suck me off, you’d let me out of the cage,” said Dennis sourly.

“Did you really want that?” she teased him.

“Yes,” he insisted. It had been a month since he had had a real orgasm.

It wasn’t going to happen tonight.

“I’ll give you a blowjob,” Kyleen offered.

Dennis sucked in a big breath and tried to focus himself. His cock was still slightly swollen inside the cage. He wanted it off so he could cum. What he had really wanted was to watch Mel give him a blowjob; getting one from his girlfriend wasn’t exactly the same.

“It’s not the same coming from you,” he said.

Kyleen was offended, but tried not to let it show. “Why not? I’ve blown you lots of times.”

“That’s the point,” he said. “I wanted it from someone new.”

“And from a man?”

“Maybe that too.”

“Maybe I want to give you a blowjob,” she said. “It’s been a while. I love the taste of your cum.”

“Now I know that you’re lying.”

Kyleen licked her lips. She was still turned on from her short, hard fuck with Mel. She wanted at least one more orgasm. Maybe a bunch more. It depended on

Dennis's endurance. It had been a month since he had been released from his cage so as soon as she unlocked him, it would be a matter of seconds, not minutes, before he came. There was a way around that.

"Why would you think I'm lying. I'll give you a nice blowjob and then we'll have a nice fuck when you're relaxed."

"You think I'll cum too fast?"

"Of course not." She caressed his cock through his panties and his cage. He could feel her hand, but the sensation was muted. "But I need something else first."

He sighed. "I know what that is."

Leaning back, Kyleen indicated her tits. "They're still full. Mel was useless when it came to knowing what to do with a woman's boobs. You however, my dear, know exactly what these girls need."

"You just want me to nurse from you to make you cum."

"You know me so well," she said. "That's why I love you."

"Is that what we have?" he asked. "Love?"

"I don't know why else I'd put up with you for two years if that wasn't the case."

He allowed her to draw him down to a lying position. She propped herself up on a pile of pillows against the headboard. He was lying almost perpendicular to her body, partly held by her arms and partly supported by a few extra pillows as well. It was a cuddling position they had used many times before and imitated the posture a woman would have with a nursing baby.

His lips sought out her nipple and latched on. It was an automatic response after having done this too many times to count. As soon as he started nursing they both relaxed. It was a strange sort of sex, but enjoyable regardless. Her body reflexively let down her milk as he started nursing.

Some couples gave foot massages to relax and enjoy each other's company.

Kyleen and Dennis nursed.

He complained about it, but the truth was he enjoyed it more than he let on. It brought them close. He doubted they would have been together this long if not for her lactation. It was weird at first, but he learned to enjoy the flavor of her milk. It was light and sweet. When she had told him her kink was lactating for sexual pleasure, he had been certain that she was kidding.

He couldn’t have been more wrong.

When they started dating she already had a breast pump and had used it several times a day to get her milk flowing. Kyleen had insisted he nurse from her tits a few times a day as well. He went along with it thinking it wouldn’t last.

Then her milk came in.

Then he learned to love it.

Then they formed an emotional bond.

He had to admit that it made sex better. Nothing got her more turned on than a fifteen minute nursing session. Her orgasms were powerful and because he was the first man who was willing to go along with her crazy kink in the long term, she was willing to indulge his weird kink as well.

As he continued to nurse from her in the hotel bed, he could hear her breathing change. Her hand went between his legs and cupped his cock through cage and panties. He was swollen but not hard. He couldn’t get hard inside the cage. That was the torment of the kink.

She gripped the hard silicone, squeezing it without concern for his anatomy. She had a half-grip on his balls and he felt that, but it only enhanced what he wanted.

He could have asked her to stop. He didn’t. She was on the verge of orgasm and stopping would ruin everything. Dennis continued to suck at her breast even after it went dry. She only had so much milk and she had wasted some on Mel.

It didn’t matter. He wasn’t drinking her milk for nutrition but for pleasure.

When she came her moan was low and full of emotional relief. Unable to stop

himself he slithered his hand under her thighs, found her pussy and nodded to himself when he found that it was completely soaked. Maybe her preferred orgasms originated in her tits, but it still spread out to her pussy.

“Did you cum?” he asked her after letting her empty breast fall from his lips.

She smartly smacked his cock and balls. “You know I did,” she said.

“Ow! Fucking hell that hurt!”

She eyed him. “So I don’t need to give you a blowjob? You’re done?”

Rolling away from his girlfriend Dennis said, “Fuck no. You owe me a blowjob. And a fuck. And a favor to be named later.”

“I don’t think I owe you all that,” she sniffed.

Dennis got off the bed and pulled down his panties to reveal his pink cock cage with bright brass padlock. While he wasn’t a very hairy guy, it was obvious to anyone with eyes that he removed all of his body hair from mid-thigh up. Since he spent a lot of time in the gym he could easily get away with such a grooming regime. Lots of weightlifters and athletes shaved their body hair for performance advantage.

“Unlock me,” he said.

“You don’t get to tell me that,” she said, but she was already crawling across the bed to her purse where the key to the lock was kept. As much as she was happy to indulge Dennis in his chastity kink, she loved unlocking him more. The sex when he was released was incredible.

Almost better than cumming from being nursed.

Almost.

They went through the ritual they had developed. He stood at the foot of the bed while she sat on the mattress, taking her time slipping the key into the cage, unlocking it, removing the lock, and then the slightly curved shaft, and then finally the retaining ring behind his balls. It was a simple yet effective device.

As soon as it was off, he rose quickly in hardness and shortly his cock was pointing at the ceiling. Kyleen gripped the small shaft and wrapped her fingers around it. The head just barely poked out from her curled fingers. Unable to help herself, she pumped her fist up and down on his small cock. “Maybe a handjob would be good enough?” she asked.

Dennis groaned. “No...please no...you promised.”

She had and she intended to keep her promise. Besides, she liked blowing her boyfriend. With his small cock it easily fit into her mouth and she could pretend she was a porn star, swallowing all of him without any real deep throating.

As promised, because he had been imprisoned for so long, she only had to bob her head up and down on his cock for fifteen seconds before he erupted in her mouth.

His cum was thick and salty. She savored it on her tongue for just a moment before swallowing the load.

“You don’t have to swallow, you know,” Dennis said to her politely after a moment.

“I like swallowing your cum.”

He shook his head at her. “Did you know you’re the first woman I’ve ever been with—”

“I thought you might have been a virgin,” she interjected.

“—that willingly swallowed cum,” he finished, ignoring her jibe.

“Well, you do drink my milk. That’s worth some consideration.” Kyleen paused and let that sink in for a minute. They both knew where they stood in their relationship. “You’re the first guy who was ever done that for me.”

“I know.”

“That’s why I love you.”

Dennis couldn’t remember who was the first to tell the other that they loved

them. It was the first relationship he had with a woman where he truly felt in love after so much time together.

“I love you too,” he said and then gave her a kiss. He wasn’t reluctant about tasting his cum on her lips and tongue.

“Don’t get all maudlin on me,” she teased.

“You know what would cure me of that?”

“What?”

“A good fuck with a good woman.”

“I’ll see if I can find you one,” she said, rising to her feet.

Dennis didn’t give her the chance to escape and pulled her back down onto the bed with him.

She might not have been able to rise up, but he was. Even though he had just cum, his cock hadn’t fully lost its hardness. Her hand went to it and stroked him.

He rolled on top of her and she spread her legs. After everything else, finishing the night with a rather boring fuck in missionary position couldn’t have been more routine.

It was exactly what the two of them needed.

Chapter 2

When Dennis woke up he didn't know where he was. He was confused and it took him a second to find his glasses on the nightstand.

It wasn't the nightstand in his bedroom. Upon putting on his glasses he recognized the hotel room. They hadn't intended to spend the night. They had only rented the place to fuck Mel; their elaborately planned three-way with the younger man hadn't gone exactly as they had wanted.

Other than being disoriented by the unfamiliar location, Dennis woke up with a unique sensation between his legs.

His cock was hard.

It had been a good year since he had woken up with morningwood; ever since he and Kyleen had decided to fully indulge in their kinks.

Wearing the cock cage was a privilege, he felt. Kyleen was his keyholder but she didn't use it to control every aspect of his personality. It was something they did together because it was fun. Yes, occasionally it was painful to wear the cage, but it was a sacrifice he was willing to make.

There was no way he could tell any member of his family about it, not that they would want to hear about his kink. But his family was Catholic so he and they were both intimately familiar with sacrifice and guilt. He was sacrificing his cock to Kyleen and his lust; he gloried in the guilt of knowing it was not normal by any stretch of the imagination.

He couldn't remember the last time he had slept without his cage. It was weird and he wasn't fully sure that he liked it.

"Hey honey," he said softly, shaking Kyleen's hip.

She was facing away from him and she always, always, needed more sleep than he did. But this morning he wanted to show her his hard cock and maybe get to use it before she put him back into the cage.

Kyleen moaned a little and rolled over to face him. She didn't wake up. She did, however, pull a pillow over her face to block out the morning sunlight that

peeked around the improperly closed blinds. In the same motion she pulled the sheet and covers down to expose her large swollen breasts.

It was their morning routine and Dennis couldn't deny it to her.

He wiggled down lower in the bed and grabbed the pillow he had been using, putting it under his head so he could lie on his side while he nursed from her.

To both of their surprise, getting Kyleen to lactate hadn't been that difficult. The difficult part now was trying to stop. She had been lactating for nearly two years and her supply hadn't dried up at all. That was a good thing, she reasoned, because she loved it when Dennis nursed from her.

She loved it just as much when a new lover was willing to try, but Dennis knew how to manipulate her tits in exactly the way she needed. At one point she had voiced a desire to start weaning slightly, but the pain wasn't worth it. Dennis happily went along with sucking on her tits every morning and every night and, often enough, during the day whenever they had a chance.

Her tits had grown to twice the size she had when they started dating. That wasn't unexpected, but she wasn't exactly a fan of her new size. It made exercise more challenging. She drew unwanted stares from men—and some women. She didn't love that she could see blue veins in the flesh of her breasts.

Dennis declared he loved them regardless of size and appearance. She wished she could fake her contentment with them like he did.

After he settled in, Dennis drew one of her nipples into his mouth. It only took a few sucks to get her milk flowing. Her body was attuned to this routine, this need. He loved the taste of the warm, sweet milk in the morning. Always he wondered if breast milk was a health food and she just rolled her eyes at him.

The morning nursing was one that was normally done in a half-doze, a twilight sleep. More than once Dennis had fully woken up with her nipple in his mouth. Neither of them could ever say if he had gone after her breast before they woke up or if she had offered it to him.

They meshed together more than they fully realized.

Dennis switched to the other breast. It was dripping milk onto the sheet. That

wasn’t a problem for them. They were in a hotel. The breast he left wasn’t fully empty, but he knew he had taken enough to relieve her of any painful pressure.

“Mmm,” she moaned in her sleep. Or maybe she was waking up.

With his hard cock and the morning nursing and a lack of a cage, Dennis let his lust run wild and allowed his hand to go down between his girlfriend’s legs.

To his surprise, she parted her thighs and let him feel her pussy. She wasn’t soaking wet, but he hadn’t expected her to be.

He rubbed her labia and parted her slit with his middle finger. She was wetter than he had thought at first. Getting his finger into her pussy was easy. He went in deeply. She moaned again and he sought out her clit. It wasn’t that hard to find on her. Her lady bits weren’t exactly a mystery. When Kyleen got turned on her clit swelled up and finding it was like locating the emergency shut off switch to a nuclear reactor: it was right there in his face, large and red and obvious.

Her hips started rocking back and forth under his attention as he continued to suck on her breast. Making Kyleen cum wasn’t that difficult. It was her kink that put off so many men before she had settled on Dennis.

Abruptly she woke up, letting out a little scream. Her pussy clamped down on Dennis’s fingers and her tits sprayed milk on him and her and the bed.

“Oh shit!” she gasped, breathing heavily. “You made me cum!” She shoved him playfully aside.

“I do that a lot,” he told her, pulling his hand from between her legs before sucking off her amrita from his fingers. She watched him, still panting from the unexpected orgasm.

“It woke me up!”

“I would think that’s a pretty great way to wake up.”

Kyleen opened her mouth to continue the teasing argument when she realized his hard cock was pressing against her leg. “Wait a second. Where’s your cage?”

“Where did you put it when you took it off me last night?” he asked innocently.

She looked at the nightstand on her side of the bed and didn't see anything. "Why didn't we put it back on you?"

"We were tired and fell asleep?" he suggested.

"Fuck! I can't do that with you."

"Why not?" he asked and led her hand to his cock.

She automatically curled her fingers around his short length and pulled on him. "Because of this," she said. "You aren't supposed to have any unauthorized erections and you certainly aren't supposed to have sex or cum without permission."

"It's a good thing that you're the one who gets to give permission."

"I'm not sure I want to give permission this morning," she said as she continued to masturbate him.

"Then I'd better find that cage," he said as he started to roll away from her.

Kyleen's fingers tightened on his cock, threatening to rip it off if he moved any further. "I didn't say I wasn't going to. I think I'd like to fuck you, but you don't get to cum, just me."

"Okay, what do you want me to do?" It was a little game they played and Dennis was more than willing to go along with it.

"Well, since you're already hard...get on your back. I'm going to ride you harder than a stolen bike."

They quickly got into position, Kyleen straddling his hips and inserting his cock into her well-moistened pussy. He went right in.

"Don't you dare cum," she reminded him as she began pumping her hips back and forth. "Put your finger on my clit," she ordered.

Dennis was happy to comply. He gently rubbed her clit while watching her tits sway back and forth. He wanted to catch one between his lips, but wasn't in the right position to do so. Kyleen was already primed so it didn't take her long to

get to the point where she was breathing heavily and panting, waiting for the orgasm. He could feel her pussy tighten on his small, hard cock. He wanted to ask her a hundred questions but knew that his voice could spoil the moment. Instead he just focused on her tits. They were the most important part of her right now.

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna,” she warned. Dennis kept rubbing her clit but with his other hand her grabbed her right breast. She gasped at his touch. Her hands were planted right on his shoulders and she dug her fingers into his muscle. The expression on her face wasn’t sexy but it helped her let out a loud groan announcing her second orgasm of the morning.

As expected, when she climaxed her tits let loose with more milk. They didn’t spray like she was overfull, but dripped steadily down onto Dennis’s chest. He pulled away his hand from her tit and licked it, savoring the sweet flavor of her milk.

Kyleen stayed atop him for another moment, occasionally shivering with aftershocks from her orgasm, letting her milk drain naturally from her tits. They were both used to this. It was completely natural and normal.

“That was good,” she finally said as her eyes opened. “That’s a good way to start the day.”

“Uh-huh,” Dennis agreed as he lowered his hands to her hips. He lifted his up into hers, starting to fuck her.

She didn’t let him. Kyleen quickly climbed off his body, disengaging her pussy from his cock.

“What are you doing?!” he complained.

“I already told you that you weren’t going to get to cum,” she told him. “Go take a cold shower,” she ordered, pointing to the bathroom. I’ll be there in a second with your cage.”

“I was hoping—”

“No. You’ve had your fun this month. Back into your cage after you shower.

It wasn’t what he wanted to hear...but it was what he wanted to hear. He had told her again and again the orgasms were better when they were fewer. He had told her again and again to be firm with him.

Since he had cum twice the previous night, he was over his allotment for the month. Complaining would just make things worse.

Dennis got out of bed and headed to the bathroom, hoping that maybe he could jerk off before she found the cage and was there to monitor him.

He didn’t have any such luck. After setting the water to warm—not hot and not cold—and getting under it, Dennis quickly soaped up, but before he could get more than a few seconds of rubbing his cock, Kyleen opened the bathroom door. She had the pink cage in her hand.

“Hey hon,” he said to her.

She said nothing and merely checked the water temperature before turning the cold tap up.

Almost immediately he started shivering. “What did you do that for?”

“You’re still hard,” she pointed out.

That was no longer fully true. His erection quickly abated under the assault of the cold water.

“Rinse off,” she said.

He did so quickly, not wanting to suffer any longer than necessary. She closed the toilet lid and and sat down on it while he stepped out of the water and toweled off. In addition to the pieces of the cage, she had brought in some lube with her.

“Give me your cock,” she said.

Dennis didn’t argue. She was being firm, the way he wanted. The way they had agreed on. As much as he wanted the cage off so he could cum, he wanted it on more so the orgasms would be better.

It was a simple matter to lube up his shaft, fix the ring in place, and lock his cock away. They had been through the routine dozens, if not hundreds, of times.

“Are you happy?” she asked him as she turned the water back on and adjusted it to a warmer temperature than she had allowed him.

“Happy?”

Kyleen stepped under the water and luxuriated in it for a moment. “Yes. Happy. Are you happy with your life? With our life?”

The question wasn’t exactly out of nowhere, but the timing was odd.

“Yes. I’m happy. I love you and I love our life together.”

She nodded and started washing her body.

“Why do you ask?” Dennis was nervous. Something was wrong.

“I’m turning thirty-six next month. Do you know what that means?”

“That I need to find a bunch of guys to gang bang you while I watch?” he asked hopefully.

“No...that even if I get pregnant right now, I’ll be labeled a geriatric high risk pregnancy.”

He looked at her dumbly for a moment and then put on his glasses. “I didn’t know you wanted to have a baby.”

“The clock’s ticking for me.” She quickly shampooed her short hair, rinsed, and stepped out of the shower. Dennis handed her a towel. “Do you want to have a baby?”

“We haven’t talked about it before. We haven’t even talked about marriage.”

“I don’t need to be married to have a kid.”

“Right.”

“Do you want to be the father?” she asked.

“Well...yeah. Of course. With you.”

“Good. My real worry is about getting pregnant.”

“Why?”

She reached out and grabbed his caged cock. “It’s not like you get a lot of opportunities to impregnate me,” she pointed out. After letting go of his manhood, such as it was, she lifted up her temporarily empty tits. “And this is going to make it harder to get knocked up.”

“Why?”

Kyleen rolled her eyes at him. “Because lactation is a sort of natural birth control. It’s not reliable, but women who are actively nursing and lactating have trouble getting pregnant. It’s the hormone mix.”

“Oh.” He paused and thought for a long time while she finished drying herself. “Do you still want me to set up a gang bang for your birthday?”

“We’ll have to use condoms,” she told him, dropping the towel to the floor and spreading lotion all over her skin.

“That’s no fun.”

“Do you really want some other guy knocking me up?” she asked.

Dennis didn’t answer. The blood in his brain was rushing to his cock. It was trying to swell inside his cage. She noticed this right away.

“Does that idea turn you on?” The pit of her stomach tightened up and she found herself strangely wet between the legs. The mere thought of someone impregnating her should have been revolting, but seeing that the risk of it turned on Dennis made it somehow acceptable. It was crazy and risky and was nothing they should be contemplating, but at the moment if there was another cock in the room, she would have fucked it.

“Y-y-yes,” he stuttered out and turned away from her in shame.

Kyleen pressed her body to his back and reached around to his cock. She held

his cage and gave it a little squeeze to let him know how she felt.

“It’s okay,” she reassured him. “It sounds kinda hot to me too. But I only want you to be the father.”

“Really?”

“Really and truly,” she told him. “I don’t want to stop fucking other men either. We’ll have to work out the details.”

He nodded and turned around. “Can I fuck you right now?” he asked.

She laughed and backed away. “Of course not. I’m not ovulating. That’s your new schedule. You only get out of the cage when I can get pregnant.”

Chapter 3

Once they had made the decision, Kyleen and Dennis were all in on the plan to get her pregnant. He became more intimately in tune with her cycle than before. She revealed to him that her lactation had made her monthly period shorter and less intense than before. It had enhanced their sex life in that way as well.

The conversation with Dennis was easier for Kyleen than making the appointment with her ob-gyn, but she forced herself to do it. The conversation with a doctor was going to be weirder than with her boyfriend.

After the physical exam Dr. Tu asked the inevitable question. “So what brings you in today?”

Kyleen was happy to take her feet down from the stirrups and become a person again, and not just a body. “I need to change my birth control.”

“You’re using NuvaRing now. Why do you want to change? Is it not working for you?”

“Well...It’s okay.” Kyleen picked at the paper on the examination table. “I just want to get pregnant now.”

Dr. Tu smiled. “Congratulations on your decision.” Kyleen was glad Dr. Tu was a woman. Talking about this with a man would be impossible. “All you need to do is leave it out. Your cycle will regulate in a month or so.”

“I’ll still need birth control,” said Kyleen.

The smile faded from Dr. Tu’s face. “I don’t understand.”

“I want to get pregnant by my boyfriend, but I have other partners…” Kyleen left it there.

It took Dr. Tu a moment to shift gears. “Do you know the general risks of having more than one sexual partner at a time?”

“Yes.” Kyleen wanted to tell her doctor that she probably knew the risks more

than her, but that was a conversation for a different time.

“I’d suggest condoms for all your partners except your primary boyfriend.”

“I do. Well, usually. But...I need something else as well.”

“Does your other partner not want to use condoms?”

“We haven’t been using them for a long time.”

The doctor hesitated. “Are you in any physical danger from your other partners?”

Kyleen gasped and stifled her uncomfortable giggle. “Oh! No! Nothing like that.”

Dr. Tu nodded. “Well, then, if you want to get pregnant from only one man and you aren’t willing to stop having sex with the other…” She looked at Kyleen archly and Kyleen shook her head. “Then it’ll have to be a barrier method. Either a diaphragm or cervical cap since condoms are out. I don’t like the sponge.”

“Thank you, Dr. Tu. One more thing.”

“Yes?”

“I’m also lactating.”

The doctor blinked and checked Kyleen’s digital records. “You haven’t had children. Is this a hormone imbalance?”

“It’s because...well, I think it’s because my boyfriend spends a lot of time sucking on my nipples.” She left out telling Dr. Tu about the pills she had taken to get a kick start on lactation. She left out that she liked lactating.

“It’ll make getting pregnant more difficult…”

“I know.”

“But it won’t prevent it on its own. I’d suggest less of that activity and more traditional sex,” the doctor said with a smile.

“I can do that.”

“What did the doctor say?” Dennis asked when he saw her that night.

“I’ve got a brand new diaphragm to try out.”

Dennis brightened. “Great! Want to celebrate?”

She smiled. “Sure. But I’m not ovulating so you don’t get out of your cage. My pussy needs some attention. A doctor’s glove-covered fingers don’t compare to your tongue.”

He knew he wasn’t going to get out of his cage, but it hadn’t hurt to try.

Kyleen walked from the living room and toward the bedroom. “One more thing,” she said as she started taking off her clothes.

“What?”

“You need to set up that gang bang. I want at least three cocks, all of them bigger than yours.”

“That’ll be easy,” he said as she laid down on the bed with her knees bent toward the ceiling. He got between her legs and admired her pussy. It wasn’t wet, not yet, but he was going to correct that.

“With your tiny cock, I would think so.” She moaned happily as he applied his mouth to her pussy.

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 5

Helena stayed on her knees taking in the scene. There were still stray droplets of Cosimo's cum on her face and chest, though most had been kissed or wiped away by Ada. Her lady-in-waiting was still licking her lips, savoring the last of Cosimo's spunk. Pierce was standing just a few feet away, his prick in his hand, holding the erect organ expectantly.

She had been expected to pose for Pierce, but she certainly wasn't supposed to fellate his lover, the poet Cosimo. While what she had done wouldn't get her pregnant, that was hardly a defense if she were to be brought in front of the court on charges of treason.

Oddly, neither Sir Pierce nor Lady Ada seemed worried. Why would they be worried, though? They were perfectly safe from a beheading for treason.

When the pause had been too long for Pierce, he asked again. "Are you going to suck me off or not, Cosimo? I suppose you could just bend over the couch and I'll fuck your arse. It is a pretty arse, after all. But since prick-eating seems to be on the menu, I thought it was only fair."

"I…right here and now?" asked Cosimo.

Helana couldn't blame Pierce for wanting his lover to service him, but for the first time while inside the palace, she had a bit of shame for her actions, even if they were spurred on her by associates.

"Yes, right here and now," insisted Pierce as he waggled his prick at the young man. "Or do you want me to look elsewhere for my needs?"

The implied threat, and the possible loss of a very minor nobleman's patronage was enough to spurt Cosimo into action. He moved across the short space between then and got down on his knees in front of Pierce before taking the knight's prick in his hands like a delicate treasure.

Ada moved closed to Helana and whispered in her ear. "I love watching men debauch themselves with each other, don't you?"

Before Helana could answer, Ada was wiping at the little spatters that Cosimo had left behind on her face and chest. It happened so suddenly that Helana couldn't fully believe that it was happening but there was Cosimo eagerly

devouring the artist's prick, sucking and licking and stroking it with both enthusiasm and skill.

Helana's quim quivered at the sight.

"They never admit it, but the men are just as flexible as we are when it comes right down to it," whispered Ada right before she pinched the princess's nipples. Her pinches hurt from both the pressure and way she did it through the shield had hid Helana's small areolas.

Not knowing how else to respond, Helana just nodded in agreement and continued to watch as Cosimo went full speed on Pierce.

It was interesting to see his technique because it was different from how Helana had approached the issue with Cosimo and different again as well with what she had spied upon going on between Ada and Prince Arpad.

Her prince.

Either watching his lover get blown by Helana had excited Pierce or he truly had a need for some physical release. It didn't take Cosimo very long to bring the knight to completion. Cosimo showed much more skill in the art of oral love than Helana. When Pierce reached his peak he let his partner know with an excited moan and then let loose. Cosimo wasn't fazed in the least; keeping a steady seal on the older man's prick and swallowing every bit of his ejaculate was well within his ability.

Helana watched in fascination as Cosimo swallowed visibly several times. When it was over, Pierce caught Cosimo's chin with his fingers and held in face in admiration.

"You're so good at that," he complimented the poet.

"Thank you," was all Cosimo said.

To her surprise, Pierce bend down enough to give Cosimo a loving kiss on his forehead. The two gazed longingly at each other for enough time to make Helana uncomfortable, even as Ada was right next to her caressing her body, before Pierce realized that sunlight was burning.

“Time’s wasting,” he declared. “Princess Helana, would you be so kind as to get back on your couch so we can resume.”

Helana thought that was a good idea, even though it gave her too much time to brood over what crime she had just committed.

Ada didn’t move far from her side as Pierce continued to record her on canvas for posterity.

Even though she was exhausted after posing all day for Pierce—who would have thought that being an artist’s model would be so fatiguing?—Helana did all she could to fight off the attack of sleep.

It wasn’t as if Ada was in the room with her. She was alone except for the guard just outside her door to the hallway.

But there was another exit to the room. One that everyone was sure to know about. That thought struck Helana as she lay in her bed. Though she only had explored a tiny portion of the secret passageways in the palace, there had to be many passages that were unknown to her, but known to many others.

Did anyone know that she knew?

Someone had to know?

Didn’t they?

Judging that the time was right for her to go exploring Helana slipped out of her bed, hastily arranged the pillows and blankets to maybe make it look like there was still a body in the bed. She knew it was a poor job, but that didn’t stop her from slipping out of the room, visiting her closet, and opening the passageway she had discovered.

Having become so accustomed to wandering around the palace either in the heavy wool formal dresses of proper society or the thinnest of silk gowns—or nothing at all—it was strange for her to grab a set of sleeping pajamas from the closet and quickly put them on. Helana didn’t want to be naked or nearly so if she encountered someone else. It was one thing to be naked and sexually willing when among supposed friends but it was another entirely if she was undertaking a spy mission.

On whose behalf she was spying other than herself she couldn’t say.

Still, the black silk pajamas lent the moment to a clandestine affair.

It was hard to remember the exact route through the passageways to Prince Arpad’s room. She got sidetracked more than once. What she did discover along the way were a series of spy holes lending credence that these passages were for the benefit of those willing to spy and break trust within the palace.

For the most part the spy holes showed her nothing. Either the rooms were darkened and the beds were being slept or they were completely empty. She did find one that had a naked woman riding on top of a man. Helana couldn’t make out either of their identities and what she witnessed wasn’t very exciting or interesting. Near the end of her journey she did see another pair of lovers in a bedroom. Taking the time to study them Helana discovered it was Duchess Marim with a man she didn’t recognize. Both parties were naked with Marim bent of the foot of the bed and the man plowing her from behind. Marim was a loud lover, or maybe her paramour’s prick was that good. The man’s face was partially obscured, not that it mattered. Helana wouldn’t have been able to recognize Marim’s husband if it was him. And Helana certainly wasn’t going to betray Marim if she was having an affair.

That gave her pause. Why should she be so honest? Certainly no one else in the palace was. Taking her time now, Helana carefully studied the man’s features, committing them to memory. He was handsome enough, and roughly the age of a man who would be appropriate for the duchess to marry. If it was a secret affair, Helana would be sure to use it again Marim if the need arose.

When she was done spying on her lady-in-waiting, she slipped away. What Helana didn’t see was Marim’s husband seated in chair just below the spy hole. He had been watching Marim being plowed the entire time. Marim looked up at him with lust just as Helana left. Her husband’s hard prick was in his hand as her lover continued to fuck her. The risk of her falling pregnant with another man’s child while under the watchful eye of her husband thrilled them all.

To her great disappointment when Helana finally found the entrance to Price Arpad’s rooms, she discovered they were empty.

That wasn’t all that surprising. He had many important duties. She slipped into the rooms and quickly toured through them. Soon enough she would belong

there. If she fell pregnant with his child.

Idly she searched some of the furniture to the room. The desk was full of drawers and papers and notes. She couldn't read anything in the dim light and even if she could she was reasonably sure she wouldn't be able to understand the language or the meaning of any written notes.

Turning her attention to the large and heavy wooden bookcase near the windows, she wished she could read the titles to the heavy volumes it contained. It was a risk, but a calculated one when she turned up the gaslight on the wall, giving her marginally more illumination.

Most of the books seemed to deal with history and warfare. Some seemed to be philosophical treatises. One or two were obviously mathematical manuals. Helana avoided all of these.

Eventually her eyes fell on the slimmer volumes at the top of the case. They had no titles or labels on spines, but the bindings seemed vaguely familiar. She had seen them before somewhere but couldn't immediately place where. Standing on her toes she took one down and opened it up to the middle.

Helana was rewarded with an obscene picture of a man buggering a pretty maid while she fingered herself. It was rude and sexy at the same time. The features of the two lovers weren't familiar; there was no way for Helana to tell if they were drawn from the artist's imagination or if they were supposed to be actual people. The lovers, however, did seem to have great passion for each other. Unable to help herself, she flipped through the pages and established she hadn't' just happened upon the one dirty picture in an otherwise dull tome. It was filled with pornography.

Underneath each picture was a caption but the light was too dim for her to read. She debated the risk of turning up the gaslight just to read one caption and quickly decided a little more illumination couldn't hurt. Just as she was turning the key on the lamp, the door to the rooms started to open.

Helana's heart pounded in her chest. Instead of turning up the light, she turned it down and quickly faded into the darkness, working her way back into the closet and escape.

She stopped, however, when she saw who the interlopers were.

Prince Arpad and Lady Ada.

Helana’s lip curled back in anger. She stopped in her tracks, unsure of what she was going to do, but eager to catch the two unawares.

The kissed like only two lovers in the midst of an illicit affair can. Their kisses were passionate and weighty and Helana almost felt a touch of shame for spying on them in such an intimate and private moment.

Almost.

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About the Author

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

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