Elliot Silvestri



Caged and Milked 2

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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Version 2

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Chapter 4

Kyleen felt like a stripper as she slowly took off her clothes in front of the small group of men. At least, she was certain what she was feeling would be a stripper's emotions the first time she got on a stage and had men leer at her as she slowly undressed.

Kyleen liked the feeling.

Dennis had done a good job recruiting the three men that now stared at her, their mouths slightly agape as she undressed like they weren't there. They all appeared to be younger than her and fit. She didn't know where Dennis had found the, though she suspected they were from the gym that Dennis frequented rather than the internet, but that didn't matter. Not tonight.

Her thirty-sixth birthday had been last week and her family had insisted they have a small party for her. She didn't care about their party; this was the one she had been looking forward to.

The men were all younger than her, all but Dennis who was hanging back in the corner of the hotel suite. He was there to watch and help. He wasn't going to be participating, not tonight. He, like her, had dressed for the occasion. While he wasn't wearing a suit, he was sporting a blazer and looked as handsome as ever. She knew what little secret he was keeping from the other men and that was half the fun.

She had dressed up as well. Red dress, heels, stocking, and lingerie that was appropriate only for a sex date.

The three men watching her hadn't gotten the memo and were more casually dressed. That was fine because they wouldn't be wearing clothes for much longer.

Unable to look directly at the men, Kyleen focused on the wall behind them as she slipped the dress from her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. They didn't exactly gasp and scream for more like out of control salesmen in a strip joint, but she could hear them all suck in their breath as she revealed her body. She was fit from many hours spent in the gym. Her tits threatened to spill out of the large bra she wore. After a long search for something that was sexier, she had resorted to a longline bra that kept her girls under control.

Her next move was to kick off her high heels. She hated wearing them. While Dennis said it did amazing things for her legs and ass, she wasn't there to just be stared at. She was going to get fucked. She then sauntered over to the king-sized bed, letting them get a good look at her ass in the impractical thong. "Like what you see boys?"

They all made sounds of agreement.

"I need a little help with my bra. Who wants to help?"

All three put up their hands like schoolboys.

She couldn't help but laugh. "Which of you is the youngest?" She figured she might as well be as slutty as possible, considering the circumstances.

The three quickly got into a discussion that culminated with them pulling out their wallets and driver's licenses. It turned out that Noah was the youngest. He approached Kyleen and she turned her back to him. There were six hooks on the back and he undid them with trembling fingers.

Obviously the young man was nervous, which Kyleen couldn't blame him for, but she was strangely calm and eager. Maybe it was because she was older than them or maybe it was because her boyfriend was there watching all the action from the back of the room.

She felt for Dennis, or at least she tried to. He was probably suffering, not because his girlfriend was about to get fucked by three different men, but because his cock cage was undoubtedly pinching his cock, preventing him from getting hard. Just the thought of that caused a little rush of wetness to her pussy.

When Noah got the bra off her, she turned around abruptly, hitting him in the arm and chest with her large tits. He laughed nervously. She silenced the laugh by pulling him close and kissing him.

She liked kissing other men in front of Dennis. It caused his jealousy to rise, or so he claimed.

Noah was a good kisser, but broke off too quickly to reach down and grab her tits, pulling them up to his face so he could suck her nipples.

While she loved that, she wasn't there to be nursed. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she pushed down gently. He didn't get the hint. "Take off my panties," she ordered.

He got the idea then and fell down to his knees.

Kyleen had considered going all out with a garter belt for her stockings but that seemed like too much work. She had just worn thigh highs and a simple thong. Much easier.

Noah hooked his thumbs into her thong and pulled it down slowly, as if waiting for her to say, "Just kidding," and ordering him out of the room with his compatriots.

She just watched as he lowered her panties.

He inhaled sharply as her pussy was revealed. Her pussy was carefully groomed to a simple inch-wide strip of pubic hair, courtesy of Dennis's handiwork.

It was easy to pull Noah's face to her sex. He tried to lick it, but the angle was all wrong.

After a moment, she backed up to the bed, sat down on it and scooted back, her pussy in full display.

"Well?" she asked.

Noah wasn't stupid. A moment later his face was between her thighs, licking her pussy and searching for her clit. He wasn't very good at it, but that didn't matter. She was already so turned on her pussy was starting to soak the bedcover.

Closing her eyes, Kyleen focused on the moment. She couldn't wait for all the cocks she was about to receive. Dennis was going to keep her safe. Everything was perfect.

As Noah continued to eat her pussy, the bed moved. Briefly she opened her eyes and saw that one of the other men was joining them. Adrian was his name. Maybe. She couldn't remember at the moment. It didn't matter. The important thing was that he was naked and his cock was firm.

She took a hand off Noah's head where she had been guiding him and grabbed Adrian's cock. He grinned stupidly down at Noah as if he had won some sort of competition and nodded in satisfaction as Kyleen drew his cock to her mouth where she first licked it and then put it between her lips.

"Hey!" Noah protested.

"Shh!" Kyleen insisted after reluctantly withdrawing Adrian's cock from her mouth. "Get your clothes off. It's easier to fuck that way."

She went back to sucking Adrian's cock as Noah withdrew. To her surprise he was almost immediately replaced by the third man. Brett. That was his name. Brett. He had sandy hair and was the shortest of the three, but that didn't matter because his mouth did wonderful things to her clit and she shivered with delight.

Giving head while on her back receiving head wasn't the easiest thing and Kyleen wasn't exactly a fan but after a minute Dennis interrupted the action.

"He's ready for you, Ky."

Opening her eyes she saw Noah standing next to the bed, his cock large and erect and—most importantly—covered with a condom.

He certainly was ready.

She pushed away both Adrian and Brett.

"Doggy-style," she said. "Noah first. He's earned the right."

Turning over was easy. She got on all fours and aimed her ass at Noah. He took the very obvious hint and rejoined her on the bed, kneeling between her spread legs.

The boy was obviously inexperienced and fumbled around a bit trying to find her entrance. Kyleen reached down between her legs and grabbed his cock to guide it into her pussy.

"Ohh...fuck yeah," he exclaimed as he easily slid all the way into her.

As much as she wanted to fuck them all raw, that seemed an incredibly bad idea

since this was their first meeting and having three men cum inside of her in one night was just a tiny degree more crazy than she wanted, Kyleen and Dennis had insisted on condoms for all the men. They hadn't objected.

Kyleen wasn't surprised at that.

Noah's cock was nice and large. Even so, he easily slipped into her pussy, filling her up. She could tell right away that he was much larger than Dennis. That wasn't a surprise. Most men were.

Grabbing her hips he began thrusting away in earnest with no preliminaries. Under other circumstances that might have been a little too much, but she was well warmed up and ready to take whatever the three gave to her.

"Keep sucking me," Adrian insisted, edging back closer to her, pushing his hard cock into her face.

Since she was all in on being a slut this night, she was happy to accommodate him. There was a bit of difficulty in getting fucked while giving head, but Adrian was happy to face fuck her while Noah was busy with her pussy.

Group sex was fun, she reflected, but it was also a lot of work.

Where was the third guy? Brett? She didn't exactly want to be buggered in the ass, but she was willing to consider such a proposition. She would have been happier to just hold his cock to say she had been with three men at the same time but before that could happen Noah abruptly announced, "I'm gonna cum."

He paused in his thrusting so it wouldn't happen right away.

"You can cum in her if you want," said Dennis. "Or if you want to take off the condom, you can shoot your load on her back and ass."

Those were the rules. Kyleen was hoping he'd take off the condom. She wanted to be a complete slut.

"Cum in her," Adrian grunted. Maybe he didn't want the younger man's cum to be all over Kyleen when he took his turn with her pussy. Maybe he was just giving solid advice because cumming in a pussy felt better than cumming in a hand.

“Gonna have to,” Noah said and started pumping again. It only took three thrusts before he finished.

Kyleen would have loved to feel his hot cum fill up her pussy, but that wasn’t possible with the condom.

It was better that way.

He dug his fingers into her hips, thrusting hard with each pulse of his cock. Being handled roughly like that was exactly what Kyleen wanted in the moment.

“Are you done?” Adrian asked. He was talking to Noah even though Kyleen still had his cock in her mouth. She had stopped sucking on him, too distracted by Noah’s orgasm.

“Yeah…”

“Then pull out. I want her next.”

Kyleen had been expecting that sort of language. She wanted to be an object and to be used. That was the fun of the night and a gang bang.

She shook her head. “No. I’m going to have you next,” she said to Adrian. “Lay down, I’m going to ride you like a pogo stick.”

“Condom first,” said Dennis, tossing a plastic packet to Adrian.

The man scrambled to open it and roll it on. He had a bit of trouble because of his eagerness and maybe, just maybe, he might have the largest cock that Kyleen had ever seen in person. She was eager to try it in her pussy.

Apparently her mouth was able to easily accommodate it and she had been so distracted by Noah that she missed his size.

Once he was ready, she climbed up on his body, straddled his hips, and lowered herself down on him. Her pussy easily took his large cock. She hadn’t cum yet but was fairly certain it wouldn’t take much riding his hardness to get her there.

Only one thing was bothering her…

“Where’s Brett?” she asked, wildly looking around for the third man. She needed a second hard cock in hand to proceed.

“Right here,” he said. In the short amount of time that Noah had been fucking her, he had gotten undressed and she looked at him. He was easily the best looking of the bunch and he had the best body. Maybe he was a little shorter than what she liked in a man, but he had a perfect body. Lean, well-defined muscles. He ever shaved all his body hair, making his large cock stand out that much more from his crotch.

“Bring that big boy over here,” she said, reaching for his manhood.

Brett was happy to follow her orders. She caressed his cock even as she started rocking her hips back and forth on Adrian. He grunted in pleasure.

No one said anything as Kyleen lowered her mouth onto Brett’s cock. She tasted his slippery, salty precum and reflected that maybe he wasn’t the largest cock she had ever held, but it was the most perfectly shaped and seemed destined to be held in her hand.

Having a second cock in her pussy in the space of a few minutes was all she needed to do to get off for the first time. The orgasm originated in her pussy, focused on her clit, then quickly spread through her body, culminating in her tits.

They started dripping and then spraying milk. There was no way to stop it. They were too full and she was surprised they hadn’t started earlier.

Riding on top of Adrian meant that most of the milk issuing forth from her tits landed on him. He didn’t realize what was happening at first because he was too wrapped up in his own pleasure. He was too close to orgasm. But then he felt the wetness and knew it couldn’t be just a few stray drops of sweat. His initial fear was that Brett was cumming and unloading his cock all over the other man.

From Adrian’s perspective, in some ways it was worse, but at least the milk was coming from a woman and not a man. It was okay to fuck alongside other men, but he didn’t want their fluids on him.

“What the fuck!” he burst out and actively tried to get out from underneath Kyleen. She was still happily riding him as her orgasm passed through her body.

At first she interpreted his struggling as his impending orgasm which made her orgasm that much more intense. After a few moments it became obvious that Adrian was no longer having a good time. Brett was disappointed because Kyleen took his cock from her mouth.

“What’s the matter?” Brett asked, looking down at Adrian and his complaining.

“She’s soaking me with...with...with her fucking milk!” he spluttered and rudely pushed Kyleen off his body. She didn’t appreciate the rude gesture but was glad that her orgasm had passed by then.

“Don’t be a fucking dick!” Brett told him. “Weren’t you ever told it’s fucking rude to hit—or push—a lady?” His cock was starting to shrink. It was been a great evening, the three of them sharing Kyleen while her boyfriend watched. What could be better?

Dennis started to move forward, not liking how the encounter was going. Kyleen started to move back on the bed to get away from Adrian. “What’s the matter?” he asked trying to keep things calm.

“Her tits!” Adrian complained as he got off the bed and found his clothes. “That’s fucking disgusting!”

Silence filled the room for a minute as they watched Adrian get dressed. Seeing that he needed to make a decision, Noah followed suit.

“This isn’t my scene, man,” he said. “I’m not into fucking pregnant chicks.”

“I’m not pregnant!” Kyleen insisted. She started to explain exactly what it meant to have lactating breasts, but Dennis waved her off. No matter how much she explained anything to the small group, their opinions wouldn’t change. It was better for them to leave. She had been cupping her hands over her tits, not to hide them but to stem the flow of the milk. Seeing that both Noah and Adrian were getting dressed, she was happy because it meant she wouldn’t have to deal with them any longer.

Even if it had been a good fuck up until then.

“There’s no reason to be fucking rude,” Brett insisted. He had taken a step back from the bed and was trying to get his emotions under control. It was hard

enough to get a decent group of guys together for a group go, but it was a hundred times worse when half the group turn out to be a bunch of dicks.

Adrian stood up from tying his shoes and considered walking up to Brett, just to stare him down. He'd been in enough tough situations to know how that might go and he opted not to make it a problem. He was already walking away with a set of blue balls. He didn't want to walk away with a bashed in face as well. Sure, he could take a punch or seven and easily give as well as he got, but it wasn't worth it.

"You're not worth it," he said to Brett and walked away. "Neither is the slut."

Noah followed on his heels, both quickly exiting the hotel room.

"He shouldn't have called you a slut," Brett said to Kyleen.

"Why not?" she said, taking a breath, relieved that the situation was over. "I am a slut. Do you know how many guys I've fucked in my life?"

"No."

"Ahh...neither do I. Dennis?"

Her boyfriend took a few deep breaths, happy that nothing had come of the confrontation, but still shaking slightly with released adrenaline. "Umm...by my count, forty two. But I've only witnessed twenty eight of them. The other fourteen was before I met Kyleen."

Brett goggled at Dennis a moment. "Does that include you and me?" he asked.

"It includes me, but not you. You haven't fucked her yet. She's just given you a blowjob. I'm not counting just blowjobs."

"Okay...I guess that makes sense."

"Do you want to fuck me still?" asked Kyleen.

"Why wouldn't I?"

She pointed at his now flaccid cock. "Because you're soft. And because I'm

lactating.” She pulled her hands away from her tits. “Though it’s not coming out right now.”

“Sorry about not warning you,” said Dennis. “It doesn’t always happen for her that way.”

“Yeah,” agreed Kyleen. “He might have been a dick, but Adrian had a nice cock. I’d love to fuck him again...if he wasn’t such a dick.”

“Sorry about that,” said Brett as he moved to his pile of clothes and started sorting through them.

“What are you doing?” asked Kyleen.

He looked up at her and then glanced over at Dennis, looking for approval. “I thought the party was over and I’d get out of here too. Sorry it had to end this way.”

A smile spread across Kyleen’s face. “It doesn’t have to end. You don’t want to go home with blue balls, do you?”

“No.” He straightened up. His flaccid cock stirred.

“Do you still want to fuck me?” she asked. “Even if my tits leak a little milk onto you?”

“Sure. I’ll fuck you. No problem.” His hand went to his cock and he started to stroke it, to make it hard. Maybe it wasn’t exactly what he had been looking forward to, but it would be better than nothing, which was what he had been going to get.

“You don’t have to do that,” she said, pulling his hand from his cock. “Let me.” She took him into her mouth again, paused, and then withdrew it. “Den, why don’t you strip down as well? Looks like my choice of cocks for the night are limited.”

She didn’t wait for an answer from Dennis. Putting Brett’s cock back into her mouth she sucked enthusiastically. It took little effort to get him fully hard again.

“Condom?” Dennis offered to Brett when Kyleen backed off in anticipation of

actual sex.

It took the smaller man a second to understand what Dennis was offering, but he quickly took the packet, opened it, and rolled on the latex sheath.

In that short amount of time Kyleen had gotten back into position on the bed, this time on her back and her legs spread, but more importantly Brett noted that Dennis had taken off his clothes. He had been expecting that, thinking them might double team Kyleen, but Dennis had stopped at his underwear.

Or rather, Dennis was wearing what looked like a pair of Kyleen's underwear. He sported what was a bright purple thong that vaguely shimmered in the light because of its satiny material. Brett wasn't put off my Dennis's display of cross-dressing. If that's what the couple was into, he was fine with that.

He was interested in finding out what other kinks the two were into.

He was also fine with Dennis's undergarment because the bulge he sported showed the other man's cock was, even soft, much smaller than Brett's.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Kyleen after she waited what she thought was an inordinate amount of time. She noted that Brett spent an inordinate amount of time staring at Dennis's hidden cock. It might have just been the shock of seeing Dennis wearing what looked like a woman's thong, or it might have been something else.

"What? Sorry. Got distracted," said Brett as he crawled onto the bed, his cock bobbing up and down, encased in latex.

She grabbed him by the cock and balls when he got close enough. "You got distracted from me?" she asked, pretending to be innocent, while guiding him into her pussy. "What could possibly distract you from this luscious body and pussy?"

"Uhh...nothing," he said, refocusing himself on her. "Nothing could distract me from you." They were words better suited for a lover to another, but it was close enough for this instance.

Brett sank his cock all the way into Kyleen's pussy. After all the events of the evening, she was still hot and horny and ready for sex. There was no resistance

as he went all the way in.

“You’re not going to get upset if my milk shoots out when I cum, are you?” she asked him.

“Is that how it works?” He started pumping his hips back and forth; they both enjoyed the sensation as he did so.

“Yeah, pretty much.” It was hard for her to focus and form the words.

“What does it taste like?”

“It’s fucking delicious,” Dennis piped up. “Sweet and warm.”

Brett’s eyes went down to Kyleen’s tits. “Can I taste some?” Her breasts were jiggling as he thrusted his cock in and out of her.

Cupping the sides of her breasts, she offered up both to him. “Sure. Have at it.”

He ducked his head and caught one nipple between his lips. The first thing that struck him was that her nipple already tasted a little sweet, rather than salty from the sweat on their bodies. As he started to suck, her nipple hardened under his tongue, but then it released a flood of sweet flavor into his mouth. It was surprising and he swallowed reflexively.

“Wow!”

“Did you like it?” Kyleen asked, still cupping her tits. She gave one a squeeze, causing milk to well up and then form a little fountain. He caught some of the thin, white liquid in his mouth and then caught the nipple between his lips.

He wasn’t going to let any of it go to waste.

“I think he likes it,” Kyleen reported to a grinning Dennis.

While Dennis was glad that her new lover liked her lactating, he was a bit jealous that perhaps the other man was going to take away the milk he had come to crave. Seeing the worried expression on his face, Kyleen gestured him over and offered up her free breast to him.

This was something she never got enough of: being nursed by two people at once.

It was divine.

“I’m going to cum,” she moaned.

Neither of the men reacted. They both kept nursing from her while Brett fucked her. Since they were both close to the same height, Brett found it easy to nurse and fuck at the same time.

Dennis wanted to put his hand down to Kyleen’s pussy and feel her wetness, feel Brett’s cock going in and out, help make her cum. Since he didn’t know how Brett would react to that and he didn’t dare ask Kyleen’s permission in the moment, he just kept nursing.

His cock struggled to get hard inside his cage, but that was the sort of suffering that he relished. It was how he wanted to live his life.

Brett was actually encouraged to suck harder on her tit when Kyleen announced her need to cum. It wasn’t necessary, but when she came he could feel her pussy clamping down on his cock, trying to hold it in place but he still kept pistoning it in and out of her body.

Her moans and her hot pussy were too much for him to take. A moment later he was cumming inside her, but his spunk was contained by the condom he wore. In the back of his mind he was thinking that he should have pulled out and shot his load onto her stomach and chest, but it was too late.

As he finished cumming her hand cupped his taut ass, pulling him deeper into her pussy. “You were just what I needed,” she told him. “A nice big cock to make me cum. My boyfriend can’t do that.”

Her words made him laugh a little. “I’m sure that he could,” Brett said as he rolled off her body and looked at Dennis who had just released her breast. Milk continued to well up from her nipple.

“I’m sure he couldn’t,” Kyleen replied.

“Why not?” asked Brett, genuinely curious.

“Show him, Den.”

The other man backed away from Kyleen and got to his feet. He nervously hooked his fingers into the thin straps of the thong he was wearing. It was only then did Brett see the small tag on the thong. ManPanty. He was intrigued.

He was doubly intrigued when Dennis lowered the thong but didn’t fully reveal his cock. Dennis had removed all of his body hair—not unusual for man who frequented the gym—but his cock was still hidden away by a hard pink silicone contraption that made him stay soft and small.

“Oh. Well. That makes sense, I guess,” Brett said and reached out to caress Dennis’s trapped cock. Neither Kyleen nor Dennis made a motion to stop him, though male-male play hadn’t been negotiated beforehand.

The couple exchanged a glance but continued to let Brett examine Dennis. They wanted to let this play out to whatever conclusion seemed natural.

Brett suddenly seemed to come to his senses and realized that he was holding another man’s cock in what was supposed to have been a gangbang focusing on Kyleen. “Sorry,” he apologized. “Didn’t mean to overstep.”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Kyleen said quickly. “Keep going.” She knew what she liked to see.

Brett laughed nervously. “I don’t think I can with his cock inside that thing,” he said. “Unless you have the key to the lock.”

“I left it at home.”

“Why? Weren’t you going to fuck your boyfriend when you were done with us?”

“No.”

Brett just looked at her. “No?”

“That’s right. No.”

“Just no.”

“I mean, I’ll fuck him eventually, but not tonight.”

“Why not?”

“Because he hasn’t earned it yet.” She looked directly into Brett’s eyes. “Do you want to help him earn it?”

Intrigued, Brett asked, “How do I do that?”

Her heart was thumping in her chest. She hoped her eagerness didn’t show on her face. “Well, he’ll need to suck your cock.” She glanced downward to Brett’s cock. It was still covered by the condom and was semi-hard. He should have removed it already, but they had gotten distracted.

“That’s it?” asked Brett. Already his cock was stirring inside the condom.

“He’ll need to suck your cock...and make you cum.” She couldn’t believe she was saying the words. It wasn’t that Dennis wouldn’t go along with her plans—they had done this before—but that they hadn’t planned for this.

“Is this okay with you, dude?” Brett abruptly asked Dennis.

Not trusting himself to speak, Dennis just nodded and managed to force out an “Uh-huh.”

“Sure, why not?” Brett agreed.

“Go clean up first,” said Kyleen, pointing at his cock and then indicated the bathroom.

He followed her request without a word, which gave Dennis and her a moment alone.

“Are you okay with this?” she asked him.

“Yeah. Of course.”

“I’m not letting you out of your cage.”

“I know.”

“This is going to be hot.” Kyleen put her hand to her already well-fucked pussy and fingered her clit. “Do you want him to fuck you or do you want him to cum in your mouth?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“You always have a choice.”

Before the conversation could go any further, Brett came out of the bathroom with a freshly washed cock.

He felt both of their eyes on him. “Is something the matter?” he asked, suddenly nervous. He had had sex with plenty of men, but he couldn’t remember ever having sex with a man while a woman watched. This was new to him as well.

“Nope. Everything’s fine,” said Kyleen. “I’m going to jill off while Den sucked you off, is that okay?”

She didn’t bother waiting for an answer as she scooted back on the bed, pressed her back against the headboard and parted her thighs. Both men watched for a second as she exposed herself and then put her hand to her pussy. They continued to watch as she started rubbing herself, but then she abruptly stopped.

“I want a show,” she said curtly. “You two aren’t getting a show.” She gave her boyfriend a look and that was enough to compel Dennis. He had been sitting on the edge of the bed. He slid off it and knelt down before Brett. The other man just stood there. He couldn’t believe his good luck.

Dennis wasn’t shy at all about taking another man’s cock in his hand and then into his mouth. It was the first time that Brett had been blown by another man in a chastity device, but he was fine with that. His greater worry was being able to get hard again. The events of the night had been wilder than he had anticipated, but once Dennis got to work on him, he was able to relax and his cock got hard.

There was no way for him to fathom exactly how the relationship between Kyleen and Dennis worked. It didn’t matter. He got to fuck the girl and now he was getting blown by the boy. It was entirely possible that they weren’t even dating and just had some strange relationship where they both got off on their shared, weird kinks.

Brett was fine with that. He didn’t care if Dennis was gay or bi or whatever. Kyleen seemed to be straight; lots of straight women loved gay porn. She was getting her own private gay porn show. Brett was bi; he’d known that for years. He’d happily fuck men or women. His only real romantic relationships had been with women, but maybe he hadn’t met the right guy yet…

Dennis quickly got Brett hard. It wasn’t difficult. It had been a while since Brett had fucked a man and to show off in front of Kyleen was just icing on the cake. He glanced shyly at the woman intently watching him get a blowjob. She smiled at him and kept her fingers busy in her pussy.

Wanting to show off some more for her, he pushed Dennis back so he could show off the full extent of his cock. He knew he wasn’t huge, but his cock was thick and nicely proportioned with a slight curve that had seemed to fit Kyleen perfectly. She appreciated the view but was already intimately familiar with his manhood.

“Are you going to use it on him?” she asked.

“Use it?”

Dennis sat back and let the conversation develop. He liked sucking cock but he also liked being told what to do. He didn’t want to take the initiative.

“Are you going to fuck his ass or are you just going to cum in his mouth?”

“Uhh…” Brett hadn’t planned that far ahead. He hadn’t planned for any of this.

“I want him to finish in my mouth,” said Dennis, surprising them all.

“Why?” asked his girlfriend.

“Uh...my ass isn’t really ready to get fucked tonight,” he said.

It might have been a lie. It might have been the truth. It didn’t matter.

“I love it when guys swallow my load,” Brett said, ending the short debate.

Dennis took Brett’s cock back into his mouth as Kyleen slid lower on the headboard. “Show me when you’re done,” she begged.

That was enough to impel Dennis along. He started bobbing his head up and down with greater enthusiasm. He cupped Brett's balls with one hand and used his other to stroke the thick length of Brett's shaft.

In the end he was forced to almost entirely use his hand and just suck the head to get Brett to cum. He felt the other man's balls tighten up to his body. Dennis knew what was coming. He sucked harder and rapidly pumped his hand on Brett's shaft.

It was the amount of cum that surprised Dennis. Despite having cum with Kyleen just a few minutes earlier, Brett still managed to produce a huge amount of the thick, white liquid. He counted as each jet filled his mouth. By reaction, he swallowed the first shot, but then held the rest in his mouth because of Kyleen's order.

Brett wasn't noisy when he came, it was just a soft grunt or two, but Kyleen was smart enough to pick up on it.

"Show me," she ordered, suddenly sitting up and leaning forward. She supported her weight on one hand while the other remained busy between her legs.

Dennis held up a finger and then backed off Brett's cock when he finished cumming. Turning his head, he displayed his tongue to his girlfriend. It was covered with cum.

"Oh...fuck!" she exclaimed as her hand got busier between her legs. The two men could hear the wetness of her pussy as she anxiously frigged herself until she gasped and quivered when she finally came.

The two men both watched her, fascinated by her fascination with them.

"Give it to me," she said a moment later. "I need to taste it."

Neither man moved so Kyleen took matters into her own hands and crawled the rest of the way across the bed to grab Dennis by the shoulder. Only then did he understand what she wanted. They kissed passionately. She tasted the cum that Brett had deposited into her boyfriend's mouth. It was salty and a bit sour but that didn't stop her from taking as much of it as possible and swallowing it herself.

“Holy shit,” Brett breathed.

“Did you like the show?” asked Kyleen.

Chapter 5

“We have to do that again,” Kyleen said to Dennis the next morning. They hadn’t spent the night in the hotel. After the bad interaction with Noah and Adrian they were both happy to leave. Even the promise of a morning fuck with Brett wasn’t enough to keep them around.

“Sure,” Dennis agreed. “Why didn’t you bring my key last night?”

She looked at him as if he was an idiot. “I already told you. It wasn’t your time. You only get to fuck me now if it’ll get me pregnant.”

“But...if you had I could have maybe had sex with Brett.”

After a quick laugh she kissed him and said, “You did have sex with Brett.”

“I gave him a blowjob.”

“That’s sex.”

“It’s barely sex.”

“Next time I’ll make sure we bring along a lot of lube and he can fuck you in the ass. Would you like that?”

When Dennis didn’t answer right away, she knew she had her answer. “You would like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yeah...maybe.”

“I’m down for that.” She pushed his head down to her large, full breasts. “But first you need to drain me. And then we need to go work out. And then maybe we can plan another date with Brett.”

He started sucking and got her milk flowing from one breast. Taking a quick break to ask a question he said, “So you want to fuck him again?”

“Uh-huh,” she moaned and grabbed Dennis’s hand, pushing it down between her legs. He quickly found her pussy was wet and slowly began to masturbate her. “I want to fuck him in front of you. I want to fuck him and have him cum in my pussy.”

“He already did that,” said Dennis as he switched breasts.

“No condom,” she added.

That caused his cock to twitch uncomfortably in his cage. The idea was crazy. It was so crazy that he wanted to do it, to witness it, to start to panic over the risk.

“You’re regular,” he said, swallowing another mouthful of her milk. “The rhythm method will work on you, won’t it?”

It wasn’t really birth control, but it was close. After she had started lactating and her periods had become lighter and more predictable, Kyleen often claimed that she could set her watch by her body’s clock and knew exactly when she was ovulating. Maybe it was just bragging, but it set Dennis’s lust into the stratosphere.

“Maybe,” she breathed. His fingers were busy with her clit and she idly pinched her free nipple. Already she was close to orgasm again. It started to make her think that something was wrong with her mind and body.

Her vague answer got him harder. “You’ve got to let me out of my cage,” he begged.

“No begging,” she said. His whine was making her orgasm more elusive. “No release. Not yet. You can both fuck me and we’ll see who had the better sperm. Would you like that?”

Dennis most assuredly would like that, but he couldn’t tell her. It was too risky, too crazy, too much. He just moaned and sucked harder at her milk. Would she really take the risk of getting pregnant with someone they barely knew or was it just bawdy talk to get him hard and get her off?

“That was a crazy night, wasn’t it?” Kyleen asked Brett a week later when he arrived at their apartment. Both of them had been pleased he had accepted their invitation for a follow-up date; both of them were nervous for what it meant.

“It sure was,” he agreed with some hesitation. “Did you...did you like that?”

Dennis spoke up. “We liked the sex. The other two assholes however…”

“I haven’t seen them in the gym, if that means anything to you,” Brett offered.

“That’s good.”

“But let’s talk about why we invited you over,” said Kyleen. “Wanna fuck?”

Brett laughed nervously. They were in the living room of the apartment. It wasn’t very big but it had a nice view of the city’s park and was more than adequate for Kyleen and Dennis’s living needs. “Yeah, I kinda guessed that’s why you had invited me over.” He looked at Dennis’s crotch. There was nothing to see. It wasn’t like he had been expecting the other man to be sporting a huge cod piece or an enormous bulge. Not knowing what was inside of Dennis’s pants was killing him.

“So?” Kyleen pressed him. “Do you?”

Secretly Dennis was hoping that Brett would say no. It wasn’t that he was unwilling to watch Kyleen and Brett have sex. He enjoyed hat idea. The problem was that Kyleen was ovulating and she wanted to put her crazy plan into place. It was almost too much for him.

Almost.

“Sure, I’d like to have sex with you,” Brett answered.

“Good, because it’s going to be with the both of us.”

Brett glanced at Dennis. “I’m good with that. Are you?” he asked the other man.

“Sure, why wouldn’t I be?” Dennis answered. It was a lie, but he had to go through with it for Kyleen.

“Great,” interjected Kyleen when she saw the dreamy look Brett was giving Dennis. The men could do whatever they wanted, but only after her needs were met. “Let’s get started. The first thing you two need to do is empty my tits.” She smoothly pulled her sweater off revealing she had a camisole on underneath. It really wasn’t enough to contain and control her tits, but she since she hadn’t planned on leaving the apartment it was the easiest thing to wear.

Brett stared at her, surprised at how casual she could be with her nudity and sexuality around a man she barely knew.

She took off her camisole just was casually. “It’s easiest to nurse from me on the bed. Let’s go there.” With that she turned around and headed to the bedroom. Automatically Brett started to follow. He wanted to fuck her. He wanted to see her tits again. He wanted it all.

And then he remembered that Dennis was in the room with him and the other man probably wanted some say in what went on with his girlfriend.

He paused in his pursuit of Kyleen’s ass. “Uh...she meant the both of us, didn’t she?”

“Yeah. Are you sure you want to drink her milk? She wants you to fully nurse from her.”

Brett wasn’t sure what Dennis meant by fully nurse, but he was willing to find out. “I’m sure. We’re going to fuck, aren’t we?”

“All of us? Yes, yes we are,” Dennis answered. “Specifically she wants you to fuck me in the ass. Are you into that?”

Brett paused before answering. He was already in too deep. “Yeah. I’m bi, but you knew that, right? You’re bi too, right?”

“Right. Two bi guys and one straight girl all fucking together,” Dennis confirmed.

“You still wearing that thing on your cock?” Brett blurted out, unable to let the mystery linger.

“Yeah. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Just curious. You two are interesting. She’s got big tits full of milk and you’ve got a cock she doesn’t allow you to use. That’s...odd.”

Dennis tilted his head. “Do you want to fuck my girlfriend or not?” he asked.

Brett remembered why they were they. “Right. The fucking. The sex. Let’s get to

it.”

Together they proceeded down the short hallway to the bedroom. Brett wasn’t exactly surprised to see Kyleen on the bed. She was now fully naked, laying on her back, a dildo in her hands, slowly pumping it in and out of her pussy.

“It took you two fuckers long enough,” she commented as they walked in. “I almost don’t need you.”

Moving quickly Dennis went to one side of the bed and crawled up next to her. He lowered his mouth to her breast, took the nipple in his mouth, and started sucking.

Kyleen let out a huge sigh of relief. “Ohh...yessss. I need that. They were too full.” Her eyes fluttered open and she momentarily focused on Brett. “Get over here. I’ve got two tits and they both need attention.”

This was, without doubt, the strangest sexual situation Brett had ever been in, and he had been involved in a sexual relationship with two cousins, one a gay man and the other a straight woman. They both had revealed to him, on separate occasions, that they were more than just kissing cousins.

Still, Brett did as he was asked, and got on the opposite side of the bed from Dennis. Kyleen offered up her breast to him. Before he started nursing from her he looked the older woman in the eyes. “This is crazy.”

“I like crazy.”

“I was starting to get that impression. Do you mind if I kiss you?”

In answer she bent her head down and kissed him. It wasn’t a long, lingering kiss. It was a formal one that could only lead to him sucking on her tit.

He was surprised at how easily her milk flowed and flooded into his mouth. The milk was thin and sweet. Almost too sweet. It reminded him of fruit juice.

She moaned beautifully as both men nursed from her. Since Brett didn’t want to be the one to initiate anything, he allowed Dennis to push aside Kyleen’s hands and the dildo she held so that he could finger her pussy.

Kyleen didn’t protest. She had two men attending to her needs. She was going to cum several times before they were done.

The first one was on her before she expected it. Being dual nursed was much more powerful than she guessed it would be. Dennis’s fingers in her pussy helped, but the orgasm originated in her tits.

When she came, it was like she was pushing out the milk that remained. If they had been hanging free, her milk would have shot across the room or would have made four foot high fountains above her body to splash back down on her chest and bed. As it was, her climax was enough to flood the men’s mouths.

It was enough to cause Brett to choke and splutter. He detached his mouth from her breast and coughed at the sudden influx of liquid.

“Too much for you?” Kyleen asked. “Just learning to drink?”

“Didn’t expect it to come out so quickly.”

“You should have,” she told him. “You saw me shoot my milk when I came.”

“I forgot. I wasn’t expecting it.”

Dennis had easily swallowed his load and now stopped nursing. “You still have plenty of milk,” he said. “Do you want me to keep going?”

“Of course. Always,” she said.

“What about Brett?”

It was almost like they had rehearsed this. “He can keep going...or he can fuck you while you nurse.”

She was pushing the decision off to him. It was one thing to blow another guy or accept a blowjob, but it was a huge step to be fucked in the ass. While he and Kyleen had played around with her pegging him, this was something different entirely.

And he found that he wanted to try it, regardless of the consequences.

“Do you want to watch him fuck me in the ass?” Dennis asked eagerly.

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t want to see it,” she told him. “Now both of you take off your clothes.”

That was easy for the both of them to comply with. Brett kept an eye on Dennis as they undressed.

This time Dennis wasn’t wearing a purple thong, but a semi-translucent yellow bikini-style pair of man-panties. Brett could easily see the other man’s cock cage through the thin material. Just knowing that Kyleen had to have the key somewhere in the apartment was enough to keep him interested.

By the time he was out of his clothes but still wearing his underwear, the head of Brett’s cock was poking out of his waistband. Both Dennis and Kyleen looked at his thick, erect cock.

“That’s beautiful,” Kyleen complimented him.

“Thank you,” said Brett.

“Take his underwear off, Den. “I want you down on your knees in front of him. You’re going to give him a blowjob.”

“I thought you wanted me to nurse from you.”

“I do, but you can give him a blowjob first. Don’t let him finish in your mouth. I want to see the two of you fuck.”

He did as his girlfriend asked and took Brett’s big cock into his mouth. A blowjob wasn’t really needed; he was already hard, but Kyleen wanted a show so she was going to get a show.

And it was just a show. His mouth was going to be well used. Brett took Dennis’s head between his hands and face fucked Dennis just because he could.

“Oohhh...I can’t wait any longer,” Kyleen moaned. “I need your mouth, Den.”

Brett released Dennis’s head and the bigger man got off his knees and onto the bed with his girlfriend. He went right for her breasts, laying on his side and

latching on to the one closes the mattress. Kyleen immediately relaxed and Brett watched as the two of them seemed to fall into a familiar routine that he was afraid to disturb.

But he was still left with a hardon and didn't want to acquire a set of blue balls nor did he want to jerk off to the two of them. It was fine to suck milk from Kyleen's tits, but watching the two of them nurse wasn't Brett's kink.

"What are you waiting for?" Kyleen unexpectedly asked him. Her eyes were focused on him and his erection.

"Uh...what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to fuck him in the ass, or did you forget?"

Dennis unlatched from her breast and looked over his shoulder. "She's pegged me plenty of times," he said, as if that explained everything."

"Lube and condoms are in the top drawer," Kyleen said, pointing to a dresser before settling back and closing her eyes to concentrate on Dennis's nursing.

He hesitated for only a moment before following her instructions. The top drawer of the dresser was filled with lube and condoms and sex toys and some objects that Brett just assumed the couple used during sex. It took him a moment to recognize one device had to be a breast pump. He'd never seen one before, but from the shape of the device along with the tubing and bottles, its purpose was obvious. He even found a couple of cock cages. Apparently Dennis had used others with Kyleen. They were both about the same size: extra small.

"What are you waiting for?!" This time it was less of a question and more of a demand.

Grabbing the lube and a condom, Brett slammed the drawer shut and quickly rolled on the condom. He then joined them on the bed.

"Lift up your leg a little," he said to Dennis. "I need to grease you up."

As Dennis shifted his position, Brett applied as much lube as possible to his erect and latex-covered cock. It always made Brett a little nervous to handle another man's ass along with his cock and balls, but that didn't stop him from

smearing the lube around and in Dennis's ass.

The other man barely acknowledged what Brett was doing. He seemed too distracted by nursing from Kyleen. It was as if the other pair was in their own little world. Keeping it clinical made it simpler.

"Ready for me?" Brett asked as he moved into position behind Dennis. Essentially he was spooning the other man. It wasn't Brett's favorite position, but it would work. He was so hard that anything would work for him right then.

It was strange feeling another man's cock constrained by a hard silicone sheath. There was a ring made of the same material that went around his balls. That was strange too. Brett had worn cock rings before to make his erection harder and bigger, but this contraption was supposed to keep Dennis from getting hard at all.

It must have been excruciating for Dennis, but Brett didn't think about that now. He pushed his cock into Dennis's ass, slowly and insistently, when he was far enough in, Dennis let go of Kyleen's breast and moaned in spite of himself.

"You like that?" Brett asked. "Ever have a cock this big in your ass?"

Dennis slowly shook his head, trying to get used to the big object where only Kyleen had ever penetrated with her strap on cock she liked to wear to torture him. "Feels fucking big."

"It's gonna feel even bigger when I'm done with you."

Brett started fucking Dennis slowly, but steadily increased his pace. Dennis was having trouble focusing on Kyleen's breast while being fucked by Brett.

Abruptly he pulled back from her nipple. She was still actively releasing so her milk sprayed him in the face. He seemed not to notice. "Stop," he begged. "Please stop."

At once Brett stopped moving and even pulled his cock all the way out of Dennis's ass. He had the bad experience once of being railed by another man. Something had gone wrong and it quickly went from pleasurable to intensely painful. He had to literally force the other man off. Worse, it took a week before it didn't feel like he was being torn apart from the inside when he went to shit.

“What’s the matter?” asked Brett.

“Too much, can’t do it,” Dennis complained.

“You agreed…” his girlfriend insisted.

Dennis made a sour face at her. “Give me a minute.”

“I want to watch him fuck you,” she repeated her demand. “I want to see him unload his cock all over you.”

That hadn’t been part of the agreement or discussion, but Brett didn’t argue.

Neither did Dennis.

“Just give me a minute,” Dennis begged.

“Maybe a different position?” Brett suggested as he rolled away from the two.

Kyleen asked, “What do you suggest?”

“Either on his hands and knees instead of curled up next to you.” Brett had found the position they were in intensely uncomfortable on his back but he was willing to go along with it for the fun kink value. “Or he can lay on his back and I can fuck him missionary style.”

“You can do that?” Kyleen asked.

“Sure. Why?”

“I want to see his little cock in its cage as you fuck him,” she said. Her hand was between her thighs and she was rubbing her pussy. The woman had no shame when she was aroused. “I want to see it useless and bouncing around.”

“I don’t see how that’s going to work exactly…”

“Put a pillow under his back, raise up his ass,” Kyleen was quick to suggest. One of her old lovers had been an aficionado of unusual sex positions. She had been pretzeled into so many positions with the help of special sex wedges, as he called them. He had gotten off to positioning her in ways that were completely unnatural but it had done almost nothing for her. However, she had learned a few

tricks from him. “He can lay under my tits and nurse that way.”

Brett scratched his head. “How is that going to work?”

Kyleen didn’t answer him, but instructed Dennis how she wanted him to lay. After adding a couple of pillows under his ass and back, his bottom half was raised up to the point where Brett could penetrate him while kneeling.

At this point Dennis was laying crosswise on the bed and Brett didn’t see a way for Kyleen to nurse him while laying down.

As it turned out, she didn’t lay down. She got on her hands and knees and hung her tits over Dennis’s face. He took one breast in hand and brought it to his mouth to begin sucking immediately.

“Mmm,” she commented and wiggled her ass in the air. “I wish we had someone else because I’d like my pussy fucked right now.” she looked meaningfully at Brett and he almost got up from between Dennis’s legs to walk around the bed in order to fuck Kyleen.

“Do you…?” he half asked her.

“What are you waiting for?” Kyleen asked in her harsh tone. “I want to see you fuck him.”

She had already seen her boyfriend fucked by Brett, but that wasn’t good enough for her. Because of Dennis’s attention to her tits, her eyes were slightly unfocused. Brett noted that one of her hands went up underneath her body to play wetly with her pussy.

“Sorry,” he muttered and moved in close to Dennis. Penetrating him a second time was easy, but once again it was weird to see the other man’s cock trapped in the pink silicone cage. It was easy to see that Dennis was trying to get hard, but it wasn’t going to happen.

Brett had fucked plenty of men and held onto their cock while railed their asses. This was a different situation. Kyleen was there watching and hanging her large tits over Dennis’s face. He didn’t feel that he could grab onto Dennis’s cock and cage. It seemed wrong, so instead he grabbed the other man’s legs, brought them up, and focused on fucking him.

“Oh god that’s fucking hot,” Kyleen gushed. She wasn’t just gushing from the mouth. The sound of her busy fingers in her pussy added to the sexual tension in the room. It almost sounded like she was squirting but that couldn’t have been the case, could it?

Without saying a word, Kyleen grabbed one of Dennis’s hands and drew it between their bodies, and then up to her pussy. She saw Brett watching her as she put both her hands firmly on the bed. “I can’t hold myself up,” she admitted. “He’s going to have to do the work.”

Brett nodded and continued to fuck Dennis. He was getting closer but wasn't there yet. He didn’t care if Dennis came or not. That seemed to be the point of the cage.

“Grab his cock,” Kyleen ordered.

“What? Why?”

“To show him you’re in charge.” She panted a bit as Dennis got busy with her pussy while continuing to nurse from her heavy tits. “And I like it. I want to see you get him off.”

Nodding, Brett did as he was told. Normally if he was fucking like this he would have stroked the other guy, attempting to get them both off at the same time. Alternatively he would have the guy stroke himself, but Dennis was a little busy with one hand in Kyleen’s pussy and the other steadying whichever breast he was currently sucking on.

Using Dennis’s cock as a handle made fucking him a little easier. Brett was certain he was going to cum first. Kyleen was looking at him with lusty eyes. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

It was a bold question considering what she had ordered him to do three times already, but Kyleen just shook her head. “No.”

“Do you want me to cum in him?”

“No!”

“Then do you want me to—”

“I want you to shoot your fucking load all over him!” she barked at him and then groaned. She was right on the verge of another orgasm.

That was all the instruction that Brett needed. He pulled out of Dennis’s ass, quickly removed the condom, pumped his cock with his hand a couple of times, and then unleashed jets of thick, white ropey cum onto Dennis’s body.

“Fuck yes!” Kyleen hissed. “Fuck yes!”

Maybe she was cumming as well. Brett couldn’t tell and was too wrapped up in his own orgasm to care. He suddenly realized the true fun of having a male partner in chastity. Dennis was just an object waiting to be used and he loved being used.

Brett had to assume he loved being used.

It took a moment for Brett to get control off himself, groaning loudly as he did so, and then he saw Kyleen lower her face to Dennis’s body and cock. For just a second he thought that maybe she was going to release the other man’s cock, but no. She just started licking up the cum that Brett had left behind.

“Jesus Fucking Christ,” Brett breathed. It was almost more than he could take.

Kyleen looked up at him with her mouth open and tongue hanging out. His cum coated her tongue. For just a second he was certain she was going to pull him to her and pass it back with a kiss.

He didn’t know how to react to that.

But instead she pulled her tit free of Dennis’s mouth and backed up, kissing him upside down, giving him all of it. Dennis didn’t complain. If anything, from Brett’s perspective, he seemed to love swallowing Brett’s load, even if it was from a secondary source.

“My pussy needs attention,” Kyleen announced. “Are you up to it?”

It took Brett a moment to realize she was talking to him. He looked down at his cock. It was wet and limp. There was no way he was getting hard again, not right away. “I’m going to need some time. Why don’t you...why don’t you just unlock Dennis and have him fuck you?”

Kyleen laughed at his suggestion. “Don’t be ridiculous. You get to fuck me first. He gets sloppy seconds.”

“Okay…” Brett didn’t know what else to say.

“Get one of Den’s cock rings out of the drawer. It’ll help you get hard quicker,” she suggested. “I’m going to sit on his face for a bit to keep my pussy ready for you.”

From Brett’s perspective, once Kyleen got going, she was incredibly lusty. Sitting up, she moved her body forward, carefully placing her pussy over Dennis’s face before lowering it down on him. She gave Brett a satisfied grin. “Ever have a woman do this to you?”

He shook his head no.

“You should give it a try. Women are the superior sex, you know that, right?”

Brett just nodded in agreement. He had nothing to gain by arguing with her.

“Go get the cock ring,” she told him again.

Having fucked a good number of men, Brett was well familiar with using cock rings. It took him a few seconds to find the ones in the dresser. He paused for a second upon realizing that he was going to be sharing it with Dennis. Then again, Dennis had shared his girlfriend with Brett in a terribly intimate way, so this was, at most, a marginal bit of perversity.

The ring he took was stretchable rubber—he wasn’t going to risk his cock to a hard metal ring—and it went on over his cock and balls easily. It wasn’t too tight, which was perfect.

Almost right away he started getting hard, but it was only from the restricted blood flow, not from being aroused.

“Let me suck you,” she said, gesturing for him to come over to her.

Dennis had moved out of the way. He was still on the bed, laying on this back, watching. His cock was still constrained by the cage around his shaft and balls. By now he thought that maybe Kyleen would have freed her boyfriend. If

nothing else she was denying herself sex.

It didn't stop Brett. He went over to the bed and presented his cock to Kyleen. She was more than happy to go down on him. It didn't take much to get him hard. Apparently he had more in him than he realized.

"You've got a handsome cock," she complimented him, removing his manhood from her mouth and pumping him a couple of times with her hand. "I need you to fuck me now."

"Sure." Brett knew he was being used as a prop for their weird sex game.

He liked that he was being used.

Kyleen spun around on the bed and presented her as to him. She actually lowered her shoulders and spread her legs to make herself more accessible.

"Should I get a condom?" he asked, mesmerized by her invitingly wet pussy.

"Uh-uh," she all but moaned. "I'm safe. Take me raw."

He was fairly certain she wanted him to fuck her PIV. She didn't want to be buggered like he had done for Dennis. Still, he moved cautiously as he put his cock to her nether regions.

Kyleen was quick to grab him and guide him into her pussy.

He knew what she wanted and got right to work.

There was no subtlety to his fucking of her. Their bodies slamming together like rutting animals. A minute in and Brett knew it was going to take him a while to cum, considering her was wearing a cock ring and he had cum so recently. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Dennis watching them.

Cautiously, he asked, "Is this okay with you, dude?"

Dennis nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah. Keep going. Make her cum."

That proved to be incredibly easy. Kyleen was primed and ready. After no more than two minutes she met her first climax. Brett liked that making her cum was

easier than it should have been.

He was starting to get frustrated minutes later when she had had four orgasms and he still hadn't reached his peak.

"Maybe I should just stop," he suggested.

"Fuck no!" Kyleen protested. "I need you to cum in me!"

"I don't think it's going to happen just yet."

"Take off the cock ring," Dennis suggested.

Brett paused in his fucking of Kyleen. "Really?

Dennis moved over to the pair and had Brett pull out of Kyleen's pussy. She groaned in protest. Brett didn't mind at all that Dennis handled his cock, and he handled it with some skill. Getting the hard cock ring off took some concentration, but in less than a minute it was done. Before Brett had a chance to re-enter Kyleen's pussy, Dennis gave him a quick kiss, hoping his girlfriend wouldn't notice.

Dennis hadn't kissed any men in his life. He had fucked them and been fucked by them and sucked them off, but he had never really kissed a man.

He found that kissing Brett was more enjoyable than he had anticipated.

Dennis didn't linger, but as Brett started fucking Kyleen again, Brett pulled him back for another kiss. Only after the second kiss did Dennis move away.

If Kyleen knew what was happening she gave no indication. She moaned as Brett continued to fuck her. He found that he didn't lose any of his erection. By the time he had worked her up to another orgasm he was on the verge and he just let himself go, flooding her pussy with his cum.

"Yesss…" she moaned. "I needed that."

The moment Brett awkwardly uncoupled from her, she moved across the bed to the dresser where the sex toys were kept. A second later she was back with a small key attached to an elaborate key chain. Although he had seen it when he

had opened the drawer, Brett hadn’t noticed the key.

“Really?” Dennis asked eagerly as she fitted the key into the lock that kept his cock cage restraining his manhood.

“I promised, didn’t I,” Kyleen told him.

The device came apart easily and it only took Dennis a few seconds to achieve a full erection. Brett watched in fascination and marvel. Neither Dennis or Kyleen had to even touch his cock.

Tossing aside the key, Kyleen laid back on the bed and opened up her legs. “You’ve got five minutes,” she told him.

Brett felt a bit like a spy or criminal voyeur watching them, but that thought didn’t stop him from watching. Dennis was on his girlfriend in no time at all. He easily sank into her wet, open pussy. Brett reminded himself that his cum had just filled her up.

Five minutes was too generous. Dennis fucked her with enthusiasm. Their bodies were beautiful to watch as he fucked her, but he didn’t last long. It was a minute at the most before he was emptying his balls into her.

“I love you,” Kyleen whispered to Dennis.

Her words weren’t intended for Brett to hear. Only then did he look away and give them some bit of privacy.

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 6

Helana settled into a happy routine for the next few weeks. During the day she poses for Sir Pierce. She knew that she could have had a model stand in for her but that felt false to her sense of pride. Besides, she had little else to do.

Every day she had a different lady-in-waiting accompany her to the studio where she posed. Pierce did his best to keep her amused. He had different poets and singers there to help pass the time. That was all well and fine, but Helana liked it when he had two or more entertainers there. Often the entertainment was a display of sexual wantonness. That really helped pass the time.

Still, sometimes she grew bored and needed to use her switch to discipline the poor efforts of the entertainers. Oddly, after a good seeing to and a reddened bottom their performances improved dramatically. Since she had a rotating cast of five different ladies-in-waiting, there was always fresh flesh for Helana to abuse and mark. The women didn't complain—much—about the stripes they were often forced to wear. The stripes that Helana put on them.

They didn't have much standing to complain about. They were ladies-in-waiting and were supposed to cater to Helana's every whim.

She knew it couldn't last, but Helana was determined to make the most of it while it lasted.

Today's lady-in-waiting was Duchess Kayla. After arriving at the studio, Kayla noticed that the poet Cosimo was back and she rolled her eyes.

Kayla wasn't a fan of poetry. Or maybe she wasn't a fan of Cosimo's poetry. Helana wasn't interested in trying to figure out which—or both—were the case.

"Do you not like Cosimo's poetry?" Helana pointedly asked when she saw the way that Kayla rolled her eyes.

"It's fine," said Kayla knowing she had already made a critical mistake and there was no escaping from the inevitable punishment that Helana was eager to dish out.

"It's very rude to roll one's eyes. At least, that's what I was taught in my backwater kingdom. Would you say that Jadwig is a backwater, Sir Pierce?"

“Not at all,” the painter and minor nobleman replied.

“Did your mother teach you that rolling your eyes is incredibly rude?” She directed the question to Pierce while she slipped her trusty switch out from the secret pocket of her dress. Helana had the royal seamstresses sew such pockets into all her clothing to make carrying the switch easier.

“Yes,” said Pierce, a smile tugging at his lips. He couldn’t help himself. He loved to see Helana in action, wielding her switch. It was perverted and wrong, which made the enjoyment all that more piquant.

“Lift your skirts, Duchess Kayla. I can’t have my ladies-in-waiting behaving in a manor I wouldn’t tolerate of a servant.”

Unable to help herself, Kayla started to roll her eyes again, but caught herself. Helana didn’t miss the woman’s expression. The recovery was too late, but Helana let it slide; she couldn’t push her authority too far.

Turning away from Princess Helana, Kayla lifted her skirts, exposing her bare bottom, and bent over the couch where Helana would shortly be posing.

The princess ran her hand over Kayla’s bare bottom. It had been nearly a week since she had last used the switch on the duchess. The welts were gone, but there was just the faintest hint of scars left behind. Helana was still learning the capabilities of the switch. Sometimes she was too hard on the tender skin of her ladies and the servants that Peirce brought her. She didn’t let it bother her, but neither did she want to earn a reputation of being merely abusive. There was pleasure to be found in the pain that Helana dealt out. Some of the ladies had learned that—like Ada—but others still needed more training.

Sliding her hand lower, Helana allowed her fingers to find the tight pucker of Kayla’s anus, but she didn’t stop there. She went lower, eventually finding the chain that ween Kayla’s legs. Her love chain was much like every other noblewoman’s. It hung from a simple ring piercing of her left labia. There were charms and gems worked into the chain showing status and accomplishments. Helana didn’t bother to memorized any of those rules. She just liked that her ladies had to wear the chain. She loved wearing hers.

Giving Kayla’s chain a little tug, she caused the duchess to gasp in surprise. “Hold still, dear Kayla. You don’t want to be jerking about when I get to work

on your bottom, do you?”

“No, Princess Helana.”

“Good.” And just like that she laid the switch down sharply on Kayla’s beautifully curved bottom. The duchess jerked just a tiny bit. Helana smiled. A thin red welt rose up on her skin.

“Beautiful,” Helana murmured.

Kayla said nothing. She knew she just had to endure the torment. It was her role in life—for now at least.

Helana curved her arm around Kayla’s thigh. Her fingers searched upward for the entrance to her quim. Instead of her sex lips being completely smooth a fine stubble had grown between her legs.

“You haven’t shaved lately, have you?

“No. I’m sorry, ma’am.”

“No matter.” Helana pushed her fingers up into the older woman. Inside her quim Helana found a warm, inviting place to rest her fingers. Kayla winced but thought the worst of it was over, until Helana’s thumb found her clit. The pad to the princess’s thumb circled the little pleasure bud and as Kayla started to relax, Helana swatted the switch across her bottom again.

“No…please.”

“It’ll all be over in a minute,” Helana said softly.

Kayla nodded silently, her lips mashed together to resist screaming.

The switch moved quickly as Helana continued to circle the duchess’s clit. Helana was in love with the way skin reacted to the switch. The red was lovely and painful.

When she judged that Kayla had enough marks on her ass, Helana let the switch trail down the back of the woman’s thighs, but she didn’t stop rubbing her clit. Kayla moaned, half in pain and half from pleasure.

“Just let it happen and we’ll be done here,” said Helana. “I don’t want you to suffer without some reward.”

It took a few minutes but eventually her legs started to tremble and Kayla couldn’t resist any more. The orgasm wasn’t all that pleasurable, but it did make Helana stop rubbing her intimate parts and took the edge away from the pain on her ass. The noise she made was more a cry from the release of pain instead of pleasure, but that was what Helana preferred anyway.

“Very good,” said Helana as she pulled her hand away from Kayla’s quim. She wiped her fingers on the woman’s fresh stripes, making her hiss in pain.

“Shall we get to work?” asked Pierce

“Yes. Let’s.”

Working through the pain, Kayla stripped Helana of her dress. Before she took her customary position on the couch, Helana examined the progress of her painting. She looked wanton and more beautiful than she had any right to, but she figured that Sir Pierce had that right as an artist to make her look however he wanted. Her sharp eyes noted a new addition to the painting.

“Am I holding something there?” she asked indicating her carefully cocked hand.

“Yes. I’ve added in your ever-present switch, Princess Helana. I am supposed to capture your essence and your personality. The switch is nearly inseparable from you, isn’t it?” He smiled.

It was the truth and Helana liked that. “Perfect,” she agreed and took her position on the couch.

“Cosimo, entertain us, please,” said Helana. She was the epitome of politeness and nobility. At the same time she eyed the handsome and young poet. As far as she knew Cosimo was only a few years older than she was, which made him far too you a lover for Pierce, but perfect for her. Helana didn’t know Cosimo’s preferences in a bed partner, but she didn’t care.

What Helana wanted, she got…one way or another.

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

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