Elliot Silvestri



Caged and Milked 3

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 3

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Veroneeka's Time

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Contents

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Preview

About the Author

[3]

Chapter 6

Brett and Dennis were sitting side-by-side at the bar. Dennis realized it wasn't a gay bar—there were precious few of them any more—but he felt that anyone someone looked at them, the truth about the relationship he had with Brett would come out.

While he knew there was no way for anyone to know the full extent of their relationship, Brett was still uneasy about going out on what Kyleen had called a "man date."

"How long have you been with Kyleen?" Brett asked conversationally as he sipped from the glass in front of him.

"Almost two years."

"And how long have you two been...doing what you do?"

There was no one close enough to hear their quiet conversation and no one would have cared to listen, but still Dennis was nervous. He wasn't at all out about his sexuality, either with his strange kink or with his occasional attraction to men. Brett was different. He presented as straight but Dennis knew the dating profile he had up on a couple of different apps specifically stated he was bi. There was no way Dennis would ever be that bold.

"From the start."

"Her tits were...were lactating from the start?" Brett was amazed.

Dennis winced at Brett's question. It seemed too revealing. Glancing around again, he saw that no one was listening to them in their booth. "No. She started shortly after we started dating."

Brett nodded. "And what about you and your...cage?" Brett was being uncharacteristically aggressive toward Dennis but it was subtle, not obvious. Dennis started to wonder if Kyleen had put him up to it.

After their intimate three-way, Brett had been invited to stay the night and fuck Kyleen again and again.

Each time after Brett had a chance, Dennis was allowed to fuck her as well. It

didn’t sit well with Dennis that they hadn’t told Brett everything and the risk they were taking, but Kyleen had made him swear not to reveal any more than necessary. She assured him everything would be fine.

And after that first night Brett had been invited to come over every night and fuck Kyleen. Dennis went along with Kyleen’s crazy plan because it meant more and more time out of his cage. It also meant that he got time to play with Brett.

Dennis was having some difficulty reconciling his sexuality and kinks. It was one thing to secretly walk around with a cage on his cock and maybe occasionally have some guy-on-guy play with his wife around, but to actually be out on a date with another man. Another man who he had already had sex with...that was next level.

“We started the chastity thing at the same time.” He kept his voice just low enough and dropped it even more when he hit the word chastity.

“I admire you two,” Brett declared.

Dennis was confused. “You do? Why?”

“An almost two-year long relationship that’s extra kinky. Isn’t that the American dream?”

Dennis snorted. “Yeah. Sure. Why not?” He continued to snigger for a bit.

“Okay. Well. Want to go back to my place and have sex?”

Now Dennis froze. He’d never been so directly propositioned before. He didn’t know what to say, so he just repeated himself. “Yeah. Sure. Why not?”

He was wearing his cock cage. There was little he could do with his cock but he was certain that Brett would appreciate a good blowjob and maybe wanted to fuck him.

Brett’s apartment was nice. Small, but nice. Dennis tried not to make a connection between a gay man and a tidy house, but it was right there, even if

Brett wasn’t gay. He was bi.

It was a big step for Dennis. Never before had he had sex one-on-one with a man. Always before Kyleen had been there, watching and participating.

Brett didn’t waste any time. The moment the door was closed and they were inside, Brett moved close and kissed Dennis. He had to tilt his head back to kiss Dennis, the taller of them. Pressing their bodies together Dennis could feel the other man’s hard cock inside his jeans. More than he wanted to admit it, he wanted to feel Brett’s thick manhood in his hand and in his mouth.

Instead he had Brett’s tongue in his mouth. He could feel the scratch of the other man’s stubble against his own face. Once he gave into the kiss, it was just like any other kiss. It was perfectly natural and arousing.

Dennis was surprised that Brett broke the kiss, but it was only so that he could start undressing. Brett wasted no time and before Dennis could do more than remove his shirt, Brett was naked, his thick cock standing up, waiting for attention.

“Hurry up,” Brett said, his hand going to his cock. “I can’t wait…” He pulled on his pride and joy, getting himself harder.

Increasing his speed, Dennis kicked off his shoes and opened up his pants, dropping them down. They both looked at his underwear. Tonight’s selection was bright pink lace; underneath they could both see his silicone cage. Once again he was wearing a ManPanty. Brett smiled.

“Does she make you wear those?” he asked.

Dennis’s face flushed and he rolled his shoulders, trying to avoid giving an honest answer. “Not really, but sort of. They work well for the cage. They aren’t really women’s underwear—”

“I sort of guessed that from the name.”

“—because it has a pouch up front for my cock.”

“Your small cock,” said Brett with a grin.

“My small cock,” Dennis confirmed.

“Why don’t you leave them on, get down on your knees, and suck mine for a while?”

That was an easy request for Dennis to honor. Since there was no way to remove his cock cage, there wasn’t any real reason to hurry up and take off his panties.

He had been eager to get alone with Brett and suck his cock. While it was fine to blow a guy while Kyleen was watching, it was almost like he was performing for her. Alone with Brett meant that he actually had an interest in other men.

Brett was already half erect as Dennis took him into his hand. Brett’s cock was much meatier than his own. Some precum was forming on the tip so Dennis licked it off. The taste was mild, almost like thin egg whites. He then proceeded to lower his entire mouth on Brett’s cock and suck it with enthusiasm.

Dennis tried to push the thoughts of being called “faggot” and “gay” and “cocksucker” from his head. He had used those insults back in middle school because he didn’t want to stick out among all the other boys. He knew it was wrong but he also knew that he wasn’t gay and would never have another guy’s cock in his mouth or anywhere near him.

Now he was on his knees in front of a younger guy and happily sucking his cock. Dennis told himself that he had grown up and matured and who he was when he was thirteen was a completely different person than the one he was now, more than two decades later.

There wasn’t anything wrong with sucking cock. Lots of women did it. Lots of men did it. Most men enjoyed it. Brett was certainly enjoying it. He cupped Brett’s balls as his sucking became more enthusiastic. The only real difficult part of going down on Brett wasn’t fitting the cock into his mouth, but suffering the pain on his knees as he performed the act. Brett had hardwood floors in his apartment. Dennis wished he had thought ahead to put a pillow or blanket or any padding on the floor. Even bobbing his head back and forth wasn’t that difficult compared to the pain on his knees.

He thought he was doing an excellent job sucking on Brett’s cock, massaging his balls and stroking his shaft, but Brett abruptly pushed him back, taking back control of his cock.

“What’s the matter?” Dennis asked confused.

“I don’t want to cum too soon.”

“What’s too soon?”

Brett grinned. “I really want to fuck your ass.”

Dennis’s stomach tightened up. Was being fucked any different than sucking another guy’s dick. It was all just sex. “Okay. Sure. Yeah. Do you have—”

“Lube? Condoms? A bed? Yeah. Come on.” He helped Dennis back to his feet and kissed the taller man with an enthusiasm that Dennis at first confused him, but he then returned happily.

Brett drew him to the bedroom of the tiny apartment. It was a full sized bed, barely big enough for the both of them, but they were determined to make it work.

“Take off your panties,” Brett told him as he went to a basket on the dresser. He grabbed a huge bottle of lube and a packet of condoms. He tossed the lube to Dennis. “You know what to do.”

Dennis knew, but that didn’t make it any easier. He had never done this alone before. It had always been play with Kyleen. Not having her here made things different. Still, he did what Brett asked, laying down on the bed before applying as much lube to his ass as possible, pushing his finger up inside himself, making himself slick for the moment of truth.

While Dennis was busy, Brett tore open a condom packet and rolled it onto his erection. Dennis admired the younger man’s small, muscular body that managed to keep an erection without difficulty. He then grabbed the bottle away from Dennis and poured a more than generous amount onto his latex-covered cock.

“Ready for me?” Brett asked as he approached the bed.

“Give me a second,” said Dennis, grabbing a pillow and shoving it under his ass.

Brett shook his head. “No. I want you on your hands and knees. We’re doing this doggy style.”

Dennis could have argued, but he was eager to go along with anything that Brett wanted. He flipped over and prepared himself. Brett reached down between Dennis's legs and caressed his encased cock.

"You're swelling."

"I want to get hard," Dennis confessed. "I want out, but…"

"You must love her to give up your cock for her," Brett said as he knelt behind Dennis and took his cock in hand.

Dennis said nothing; he just readied himself for being penetrated. When he felt Brett's cock head pressing against his anus, he breathed out and forced himself to relax. Trying to resist would just make it painful. He wanted this. He wanted it more than he knew.

Brett knew exactly what he was doing. He must have had sex with more than a few men before Dennis. How many, Dennis wondered. Five? Ten? Twenty? Dozens?

As a top Brett knew to push in a little, then pull back, then dive a little deeper, let Dennis get used to it, and then go a little further. In short order, Dennis was acclimated to Brett's thick cock and then they began to go at it with enthusiasm.

Dennis would have loved to grab his cock and jerk off while being buggered by Brett, but his cock cage prevented that. He was trying to get hard, but that wasn't going to happen. Maybe if he was lucky Brett would fuck him perfectly and he'd have had a little anal orgasm and force out some cum even though he was soft. That had happened a few times with Kyleen. It wasn't a real orgasm, but it was all that he deserved.

It was Brett who reached around his body and grabbed Dennis's ineffective and small cock. "I like how I can make it bounce all around."

"Just my little cock," Dennis grunted.

"I want to see it out of its cage. I want to play with your little dick." Brett knew what he was doing and saying. Dennis was getting worked up but it wasn't going anywhere. As a bottom Dennis knew his role was just to provide pleasure for his partner. If he got anything out of it at all it would be through providing pleasure

to someone else. He couldn't be so selfish as to demand it for himself.

"I wanna pull out and shoot all over your ass," Brett grunted.

"Okay," Dennis quickly agreed.

"Or maybe in your mouth."

"Sure."

"Where do you want it?"

Dennis didn't know what to say and his answer was wrong and weak. "Whatever you want."

Brett pumped his cock into Dennis's ass a few more times before he came. Dennis was certain that he could feel the other man's cum filling his ass, but he knew that Brett was wearing a condom. After a little time had passed Brett pulled his softening cock free of Dennis and slapped the other man on the ass.

"You're a good fuck. Did you know that?"

"I've never been fucked in exactly that way before," Dennis told him.

"Did you like it?" Brett asked as he slipped the condom off his cock and tied a knot in it before tossing it in the trash can next to the small desk that made the bedroom seem crowded. Besides the bed and desk there was the dresser crammed into a corner and an opening for the closet. That was it and it still felt claustrophobic. "Did you cum?"

"No. Of course not. It's impossible to cum when I'm wearing the cage."

Brett had a hundred questions for Dennis. He was more than a little curious about wearing a cock cage. He didn't want to do it himself, but his curiosity was strong.

Rejoining Dennis on the bed, where Dennis had rolled over to his back, displaying his caged and swollen cock and cage, Brett handled the man's ineffective cock. The hard silicone gripped Dennis's flesh. It was frustrating for Brett as well because he wanted to taste Dennis's cock, feel it as it was supposed

to be in his hand and in his mouth. He tugged on it a little. There was moisture around the slit at the end of the cage: Dennis's precum that had leaked.

"Do you want to cum?" Brett asked, moving his hand off Dennis's useless cock and rubbing his muscular abdomen and chest.

"Always. But it's probably not going to happen. Not tonight."

"Why?"

"The cage doesn't come off without the key. Kyleen has the key. She told me I can play with you, but my cock wasn't going to get any action."

Brett leaned down and kissed Dennis. "Do you like her controlling your cock that way?"

Dennis had to look away. Facing Brett and answering was too much for him. "Sort of. It makes for...an intense game."

Pulling on the cage so that Dennis could feel a bit of pain but Brett wasn't truly hurting him, Brett kissed him again. "Want to cum tonight?"

"Sure."

Brett grinned. "I bet I can get this off."

"Yeah, there's ways to pull it off, but...they hurt. This one doesn't come off. It's too tight."

Sliding on top of Dennis, Brett's cock wet and still slightly swollen, Brett said, "I bet I can get it off."

Dennis shook his head. "No. I don't want to risk it."

"Would you let me blow you if I could get it off?"

"Sure," Dennis agreed too quickly. "But that's not going to happen. I'm not going to let you cut it off, either. It's too expensive and Kyleen would be pissed."

Brett laughed and rolled off the bed. He quickly exited the bedroom, leaving Dennis alone and confused, but he liked looking at Brett's cute ass.

He was back a minute later, jeans in hand, digging in one pocket. “I’ve got a present for you,” he said, producing a tiny key.

Right away Dennis knew what it was. He had seen it in Kyleen’s hand many times but had never been allowed to hold it himself.

“How the fuck did you get that?”

Brett grinned, went to the bed, and grabbed Dennis’s cock. “Does it matter?” he asked as he fumbled for the lock. Dennis held still. Maybe it was a cruel trick that Brett was playing.

But no. The key slid into the lock and it popped open.

“Holy shit,” he breathed.

There was a bit of fumbling about as Brett struggled to get the cage off. He wasn’t nearly as skilled as Kyleen as, but that was expected. Dennis wanted to help, but he also wanted Brett completely in charge.

Eventually the younger man got the cage off.

Brett was simultaneously elated and disappointed. He was excited that he was going to get a chance to play with Dennis’s cock, but although he knew the other man’s cock was going to be smaller than himself, he didn’t realize how much smaller it was.

“What’s the matter?” asked Dennis, seeing the confused look on Brett’s face.

“I mean, I’ve been with all sorts of guys, big and small…”

“And?” Dennis prompted.

“And, I hate to say this, but you’re the smallest guy I’ve ever seen in person.”

“I’m not fully hard yet,” Dennis complained.

“Well, let’s see where this goes,” said Brett, lowering his mouth onto Dennis’s cock.

It had been too long since Dennis had his cock sucked by anyone. By Kyleen.

By another woman. By a man. By Brett. He got incredibly hard incredibly quickly. It was almost too much and he had to struggle away from Brett.

“What’s the matter?” Brett was so pretty and Dennis hated to disappoint the younger man. What he wanted to do was face fuck him and cum in his mouth, but it was too much.

“Nothing, nothing’s the matter. It’s just a little too fast.”

“I had my cock up your ass a few minutes ago. I don’t think anything we do is too fast.” He grinned like the cat that had eaten the canary. “I’ve also fucked your girlfriend.”

“I remember.”

“Do you want me to fuck you or do you just want a blowjob?”

Dennis didn’t know what to say. He hadn’t been expecting this at all. He didn’t know how Brett had gotten hold of his key and it was distracting him. Had he found a match? Was it like a skeleton key? Had Kyleen given it to him? Had he stolen it from Kyleen?

It was all very distracting and keeping him from answering Brett’s question along with keeping him from getting hard and getting off.

His real worry was that this wasn’t allowed and if Kyleen found out, he was going to be in trouble and he’d be locked up for who knew how long. He was used to his bi-weekly releases and he didn’t want to give that up.

With Brett’s mouth on his cock, he found he couldn’t concentrate.

“This is your one chance,” said Brett, pausing in his blowjob.

“What?”

“Your one chance to fuck me,” he clarified with a lick to the underside of Dennis’s cock.

“I...I’ve never done that before,” Dennis admitted.

Brett had been about to swallow Dennis's cock again but paused at this news. "Bullshit!"

Dennis shook his head. "I mean, I've blown guys before. I've been fucked. I've given handjobs and all that."

"But you've never properly fucked a man," Brett asked with rising interest. Literal rising interest. At news of Dennis's relative virginity, his cock started to get hard again.

"Yeah."

"Do you want to?" As a bi man Brett was a switch. He had topped and bottomed for plenty of guys; it was almost expected. Because he had dated gay guys and bi guys and straight guys who claimed to be just curious, Brett had to be flexible in what his partners wanted. That was fine with him because he was flexible.

There was an uncomfortable pause that Brett made slightly more uncomfortable by sucking on Dennis's cock head. He could just taste the man's precum which was oozing out at a fairly good pace now.

"Yeah," Dennis admitted.

It was hard for him to admit that because he had never done it before.

Brett was quick to act. He knew that in the moment Dennis might change his mind. The lube bottle was found along with the condoms. He handed a condom to Dennis and then fell back on the bed, his knees up to his chest. Applying lube was key and he didn't skimp, even if it meant things felt weird between his ass cheeks.

Dennis slowly rolled the condom on. It had been a long time since he had used a condom and that had been with a woman. He couldn't remember her name now.

"I'm ready," Brett said.

Dennis locked eyes with him. Brett's cock was semi-erect. His legs were spread and his body was perfect and inviting. And still he was hesitant about what he was doing and what it meant.

Brett reached out and caught the other man by the cock. Pulling him in was easy because Dennis didn't want to resist; he didn't want to hurt his cock now that he was free, even if that freedom was only temporary. He wasn't just drawing Dennis in; Brett made sure to lube up his cock before he lifted his legs and presented himself to his lover.

"Are you sure about this?" Dennis asked, kneeling between Brett's legs. He wanted to do it, but at the same time, he didn't want to do it.

"Fuck yes." He reached up with slightly slippery hands and pulled Dennis down to him. They kissed. Dennis liked kissing Brett. It was so low risk, low stakes. But Brett wasn't just kissing. He was holding Dennis's cock and putting it exactly where he wanted it to go.

At that moment Dennis realized that he had never had anal sex with Kyleen. He had been used by her but he had never put his cock up her ass.

And then he pushed into Brett's ass, driven by lust and instinct and curiosity.

It was different and the same.

He pulled back and pushed in again, deeper this time.

It was easy to set up a rhythm.

It was almost like fucking a woman. Not exactly, but close.

Brett pulled him down for another kiss and then pushed him back. For just a second Dennis thought that Brett was rejecting him, but no. Brett was just reaching for his cock so that he could jerk off while Dennis fucked him.

Dennis wished that his cage was off when Brett had been buggering him from behind, but he couldn't regret that now. Obviously Brett wanted to be in charge and he had gotten his wish.

For all Dennis knew, Brett had planned everything from the start and wanted Dennis to fuck him this way.

That was fine. Dennis had given himself all over to the moment. At this point he couldn't stop himself from fucking Brett. There was nothing to do but to fuck

Brett like he didn’t care.

He found he didn’t care. Fucking Brett was exactly what he wanted into the moment.

“Do you want me to let you cum first?” Dennis asked, seeing that Brett had a full erection. He didn’t know how long it would take Brett to cum, especially after Brett had already cum so recently. But it must have felt good to have Dennis’s cock up his ass while he jerked off. Dennis was jealous of that.

“No. Do whatever. Cum on me.” Brett’s eyes were closed and he was concentrating on whatever was going to get him off.

Despite everything else, Dennis felt himself on the edge. He didn’t want to cum in Brett’s ass, for whatever reason. Without giving Brett any warning, he just pulled out and stroked his cock a few time, but hated the feeling of the lubed-slicked latex, and so yanked off the condom. He struggled for a few seconds with that, but once it was off, he jerked himself again and shortly exploded all over Brett’s cock and stomach.

“Fuck yeah!” Brett exclaimed and continued pumping his own cock more enthusiastically. It only took him another few seconds before he finished and added his cum to Dennis’s.

“Now what?” Dennis asked.

Chapter 7

It wasn't cheating, Kyleen told herself, as she drew Brett into her bed. She had fucked him before. She had fucked him in front of Dennis. She had watched while Brett had fucked Dennis.

But it felt like cheating because she hadn't told Dennis about inviting Brett over for a private session with her.

The first thing she had insisted upon was him nursing from her tits. She needed the physical relief. She had convinced herself that Dennis wouldn't notice that her milk supply was a little less this evening when they got in bed together for their twice-daily nursing session.

It was a little surprising to Kyleen that Brett was so willing to go along with her nursing kink. Maybe it was because she had the mindset that no one (other than herself and Dennis) liked it, especially after the group encounter with the other two assholes. But she also reflected that maybe Brett was simply willing to indulge anyone in their kink as long as he got a chance to fuck them.

She told herself she was hiding her encounter with Brett because it was supposed to be a fun secret, to be revealed later to Dennis. She told herself he wouldn't mind.

She hoped she was correct. Setting up the time and the location was easy. Brett was eager and probably would have thrown away a good job and lifetime employment to fuck anyone.

"Sorry I'm late," he said when she opened the door for him.

"You're only two minutes late," she said after glancing at the time. "That's not late."

"I should already have you naked by now," he commented, pushing in and kissing her uninvited.

She kissed back and then pushed him back. “Let’s correct that.” She quickly stripped off her clothes except for her bra and panties. Brett noted that she was wearing a nursing bra. It wasn’t the normal sort of bra a woman would wear on a date where she expected to have sex. It had the odd flaps instead of cups.

Because the bra was different from what he would normally see on a woman it intrigued him and made him want to investigate.

And it made him hard as well.

She let him reach up and caress her tits through the bra’s smooth material. He could feel her nipples hardening.

“Stop that,” she said softly.

“Why? Don’t you like it?”

“You’re making them hard.”

“You’re making me hard.” He took one hand away from her breasts, grabbed her hand and pressed it against his jeans. She cupped his hard cock through the thick material. It made her wet between the legs.

“You’re making them hard and you’re making me leak,” she said, pushing his hands away.

They both looked down at her chest. Although the material for the bra was reasonably thick, wet spots had already formed on the cups.

“That’s hot,” he commented. He was certain he could smell the scent of her milk.

“It’s fucking annoying,” she said as she moved to pull the straps off her body.

He stopped her. “No. Don’t.”

“I don’t want to wear a fucking wet bra.”

“Open it up,” he said, his eyes sparkling. “I want to see your tits. I want to see them leak. I want to nurse from them.”

“You can do that with the bra off.”

Once again he pushed aside her hands and started fumbling with the closures for the flaps himself. After only a few seconds Kyleen got frustrated and pushed his hands out of the way. “Here. Let me do it.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re shit at it.” She lowered the flaps and exposed her tits.

To Brett’s eyes they were gorgeous. Little beads of white milk formed on her nipples and slid down her breasts to soak into the bra. “It’s still getting wet,” she complained. “This is the fucking part of lactating I hate. All the bras and laundry and milk stains.”

“Let me help you,” he said and lowered his head to latch onto her still hard nipple.

The moment he started sucking she felt it in her pussy and her clit and especially in her breast. Brett nursed differently from Dennis. It wasn’t wrong or bad, just different and she craved that difference more than she wanted to admit to herself.

Kyleen shivered and her knees went a little weak. “We need to go to the bed.”

“Why?” asked Brett, swallowing his first mouthful of milk.

“Because it’s a lot easier to play there than messing around here in the hallway.”

They rushed down the hallway together and Kyleen was efficient about getting into the position she preferred to nurse Dennis in. She tried not to think about Dennis since it was only Brett with her. Her back was against the headboard and she dropped a pillow in her lap, indicating where Brett should put his head.

He got the idea right away, found her dripping tit, and started nursing in earnest.

Kyleen had to pinch her free nipple to prevent it from spraying all over the bed. Maybe it was the way Brett was nursing from her. Maybe it was the fact she was cheating on Dennis—though she was certain he would approve—but her milk was letting down easier than ever before and she could feel her lust rising faster than ever.

She was going to cum so hard she was afraid of what might happen.

Without thinking about it, her other hand, instead of cradling the back of Brett's head like she did with Dennis when they were in this position, went down his body and into his jeans. It took some fumbling about and some help from Brett but eventually she got his jeans open. Digging into his underwear she found his thick, meaty cock and gripped it.

She had no intention of jerking him off, but she had the need to hold and control his cock. She wasn't going to let go until she came.

While it wasn't exactly easy to find men who were willing to nurse from her for her pleasure, the men that she had found that were willing to do it were happily willing. Both Dennis and Brett—and a few other lovers—had proven themselves adept at the task.

Sitting back and relaxing as she was nursed wasn't as easy as she wanted it to be because the pleasant sensation of relaxation was eventually replaced with rising lust and desire.

Without meaning to she started jerking off Brett's cock. It was a reaction to her own impending climax. When she finally came she squeezed his cock as hard as she could and gasped. Her fingers pinched her free nipple so hard that it hurt, but she couldn't acknowledge the pain while she was cumming. It didn't register properly as pain, but just another sensation.

Eventually the moment of crisis passed and Brett pulled away from her breast.

"You were shooting it down my throat," he told her, swallowing a few times. He couldn't clear the taste of her milk from his throat but he wasn't sure if he wanted to.

"I was?"

"It felt that way."

She pulled her hand from her nipple. It dripped a few times, but stopped. There was still milk in her breasts, both the one Brett had been feeding from and the one she had been pinching off, she could feel it. As she relaxed she could feel the sensation running back to her nipple. It hurt now. She regretted pinching it so

hard.

“Did you like it?” she asked, an almost cruel smile on her face.

“I think I did.”

He looked at her bare breast and wet nipple from where he had been feasting. No milk dribbled out, but he could see marks from his teeth where his enthusiasm had overtaken him during his nursing. Then again, she had been jerking him off and he had never sucked on a woman’s tit before while being jerked off like that. Maybe she deserved the little bruises.

Brett indicated her injured breast and nipple. “Did I hurt you?” he asked, a little worried.

Kyleen pulled up the soft flesh and inspected herself. “It was worth it,” she said as she sat up and unwrapped the now useless bra from her body. “Do you want to keep going?” she asked him.

“You mean keep nursing from you?” he asked, eyeing the breast he had barely touched.

“Sure,” she quickly agreed. “But I think my pussy needs some attention as well.” Kyleen flopped back onto the bed and lifted her hips, skimming her panties off and tossing them aside. She opened her legs up to him. “What do you think?”

Taking that as an invitation, Brett reached up between her thighs and ran his fingers over her nether lips. She was already wet. Taking the initiative, he pushed a pair of fingers up into her.

There was almost no resistance as he penetrated her, but the angle was wrong at first. It took him a moment to find her full opening. She grunted a bit at his exploration but didn’t complain.

“You got that wet just from being nursed?” he asked slowly moving his fingers in and out of her pussy.

“And from holding your cock,” she said, meeting his gaze.

“That sort of makes you a slut,” he informed her as he gently rubbed his thumb

in a little circle around her clit.

She gritted her teeth a moment, not because she was in pain but she didn't want him to see the pleasure he was giving her. She wanted to be completely in control.

"And?" Kyleen asked. "I've been a slut for years."

"How many years?"

"Since I was eighteen and fucked three guys the summer before I went to college."

"That's nothing. How many total guys have you fucked?" He kept moving his fingers around, making it difficult for her to concentrate.

"I don't know," she said, unable to come up with a number while Brett's fingers were in her pussy and on her clit.

"How many?" he insisted.

"Over forty," she said. Kyleen didn't know the number. She supposed if she stopped and thought about it she would come up with a number, but not in the middle of sex.

"Slut."

"I told you," she breathed out.

"How many women have you fucked?" he asked.

She was slightly taken aback by the question. While she was fine with Dennis's bisexuality—and by extension Brett's bisexuality—she had no desire herself to fuck a woman

"None," she admitted.

Brett's fingers paused inside of her. "None?"

The sudden lack of stimulation caused her to snap back to reality. A man she barely knew had his fingers up her pussy. So what if she and Dennis had fucked

him; she barely knew him. “Yeah. None. I’m not a lesbian.”

“I don’t think a woman should consider herself a slut if she hasn’t had sex with at least one woman,” he said.

“Are you trying to slut shame me or non-slut shame me?” she asked. Kyleen couldn’t decide if she was annoyed or turned on by the line of questioning.

Brett caught her clit between his finger and thumb. She gasped at the sudden hard pressure. While she liked it, it was more stimulation than she was prepared for. “I think you need to fuck a woman,” he said bluntly. “I’ve fucked plenty of men and women. I’ve earned my slut status.”

Kyleen wanted him to go on and play with her clit. Pinch it. Suck on it. Twist it. Slap it. Anything. She didn’t have words so she reached up and grabbed the back of his neck, pulling his face down to her pussy.

Cunnilingus wasn’t necessary. She knew she wasn’t going to get off just from him sucking and licking her clit. She needed a good pounding, but there was no reason for him not to show her a little oral delight beforehand.

It wasn’t necessary and Kyleen didn’t make it last forever. She just wanted Brett to know that she was in charge and when she wanted her pussy licked, he was going to lick it.

“Are you hard?” she abruptly asked, pushing his face away from her crotch.

“Uh...yes.”

“You don’t sound confident,” she said, giving him a sidelong look.

In response, Brett got up on his knees and showed off his hard, thick cock still sticking halfway out of his jeans. It wasn’t a rod of steel, but it was damn close.

She nodded in approval. “Get out of your clothes. I want you naked when you fuck me.”

It was a reasonable request and he hurried to comply. Kyleen put her hand to her pussy and rubbed herself as she watched Brett fling his body around to get naked but avoided standing up on the bed or the floor.

In short order he was ready for her and started to climb on top, but stopped. “I should get a condom,” he said.

Her hand quickly snaked down between his thighs and grabbed his cock. “No. I’m safe. I want you in me.”

“But you don’t know that I’m safe.”

She pulled him forward by the cock. Not wishing to be in pain, he followed her lead. “I don’t care if you’re safe or not.” Already she had his cockhead touching her wet pussy lips. He resisted just a little bit, not wanting to get into a situation that would cause him problems.

But what was the worst problem he could get into? She was all but married and most likely didn’t have any diseases. He had already played around with her and Dennis before. Maybe she might get pregnant, but that was her problem, wasn’t it?

Sinking into her pussy was like coming home to a place he had only visited once before but intended to live in the rest of his life.

“Oh fucking shitting cunt,” he breathed as he sank all the way inside her. “You have the most gorgeous pussy in the world.”

“You’re not looking at it right now,” she told him as she wrapped her legs around him, wanting to keep his thick cock inside of her. It stretched out her pussy, but not painfully. It was like a good stretch in the morning, waking up to conquer the world.

“It still feels wonderful,” he said as he started thrusting into her. Their bodies shook with every impact.

“You need to pay attention to my tits as well,” she instructed him, pushing his head down to the breast he had barely touched. It needed to be drained.

Brett knew exactly what she wanted and followed her unspoken command. Since he was small and flexible it was easy for him to bend his head down and suck on her tit while still fucking her hard and fast.

It was an intense session. Much more intense than she had anticipated. It was

hard and fast and was all about raw sex. Nothing else.

That was fine with Kyleen. That's all she wanted.

It felt good to have a real man's cock filling her up. The skin to skin was even better. No condom meant more danger, more risk, and more excitement. It had been too long since another man had cum inside her without a condom. This was the way sex was supposed to be: raw and visceral.

As he sucked on her tit she found it marvelously easy to cum a second time. She couldn't place where this orgasm originated from. It didn't matter. When the orgasm washed over her she tightened up her legs around Brett's and held him closely to her body.

Though she was happy that Dennis wanted to nurse from her and indulge in her kink, indulging in his was difficult. She was literally keeping the hard pounding, penetrative sex that she loved from herself. As per their agreement, she just couldn't let him out and she kept her word to that because, despite everything else, she loved him. Letting him out of his cage was the greatest pleasure in her life; even more than having him nurse from her.

The actual sex with Dennis and his barely adequate cock was something else. His smallness and his kink for chastity was what had driven them to her fucking other men while he watched. She liked their cocks better. She liked fucking in front of her boyfriend and showing off for him. She wasn't sure what Dennis felt about his inadequacies but he seemed to be coping, especially since it was his idea she fuck other men.

She had loved the suggestion and ran with it.

Which was why she was certain that Dennis would be fine with her fucking Brett on her own.

She was tired of fucking other men in front of Dennis and putting on a show. This was for her.

He pumped her a couple more times and then spent himself. "Sorry! I'm so sorry!" he blurted out. "I didn't want to cum so fast!"

"Why not?" she replied with a little kiss on his cheek. He had let go of her

nipple. Finally her tits didn't feel so overfull. "It was quick and to the point."

"I wanted to make you cum and cum again. I can. I swear it."

She laughed at him and pushed him away. Brett willingly flopped over to the side of the bed.

"The thing about having an affair is to be quick and make every second count. I don't need hours in bed with you." She slipped out of the bed and went to her dresser. The sensation of cum dripping out of her pussy was starting. She wanted to feel that; it made her feel good and dirty.

"Now you're making it seem like I can't keep it up for more than a minute."

Kyleen wiggled her ass at him and dug through the top dresser drawer for a moment before turning back to him.

"For someone who has the opportunity to fuck both me and my boyfriend, your cry of celibacy is a weak."

"I'm always up for a fuck," he said, playfully waggling his softening cock at her.

"Good, because you're going to fuck Dennis again."

"I am? When?"

She handed over a small brass key to him. "You and him are going to go out on a man-date and you're going to take him to your place and fuck him."

"I am?" He accepted the key. It sounded like a good time to Brett. "Where are you going to be?"

She lifted her chin. "Maybe I'm going to be earning my slut status."

Chapter 8

Dennis knew something was amiss the moment he walked into the apartment. He could sense Kyleen's presence—he always knew when she was near—but someone else was there as well.

His first instinct was to sneak to the bedroom and see if she was fucking someone else. Just the thought of catching them alone—though assuredly if Kyleen was fucking someone at this time of day she meant to get caught—was enough to make his cock try to get hard.

It couldn't get hard, of course. He was in his pink silicone cage. His cock tried to swell up, but the cage did its job and kept him soft.

Kyleen had heard him come into the apartment. She had been waiting for him. Normally at this time if she was home first she would have been making dinner. Instead she was in the living room.

"Honey?" she called out. "Come on in and talk with us."

Cautiously Dennis approached the living room and saw her sitting on the sofa with a glass of wine, feet up on the coffee table. Seated around the corner of the modular sofa was Brett. She had her hand on his shoulder, idly playing with his long hair.

Dennis relaxed upon seeing them. While they were drinking, they weren't drunk, and they were fully clothed. They hadn't been fucking. Probably. Who knows what he missed while he was at work.

"What's going on?" he asked. The bottle of wine was on the table, but there wasn't a glass for him. The only two available were in the Kyleen and Brett's hands. Was he being excluded.

"I have something to tell you," said Kyleen.

"We have something we want to ask you," added Brett.

Kyleen shook her head. "No. He's submissive. You have to tell him."

"Am I missing something?" Dennis asked. He was worried at the way they were acting.

“Have a seat, honey,” Kyleen said.

Instead of doing what she asked, he instead headed to the kitchen immediately adjacent to the living room. He found himself a wine glass and then went back to the living room, filling the glass before sitting down next to his girlfriend. It was a small act of rebellion and he knew that it would be the last one he had in him tonight.

“What do you want to talk about?” he asked trying to mask his nervousness with a hearty swallow of wine.

“First, Brett told me that you and he had sex on your man-date last week.” It was hard for her not to giggle. She loved the phrase man-date.

“Well, you knew that was going to happen.” Kyleen was fine with Dennis’s bisexuality, or at least that’s what she had always told him.

“I expected him to fuck you,” she said. “I didn’t expect you to fuck him.” She let the words hang in the air for a moment. “He stole the key from me. You weren’t supposed to get out of your cage.”

“What?” Dennis gasped. He wasn’t covering for his indiscretion. “I thought that he…”

Dennis didn’t finish the statement. He didn’t know what he thought or what lie he was going to try.

The two of them remained silent and let him stumble over words for a minute. “Wait!” He came back to his senses. “How did you even get the key to my lock?” he asked Brett. It was just as much an accusation as it was a question.

“From the drawer in your bedroom.”

It wasn’t an answer.

“How did you get it?” Dennis demanded.

Kyleen interrupted. “Does it matter?”

Dennis looked back and forth between the two. Kyleen hadn’t removed her hand

from Brett’s shoulder and hair. They were far too familiar with each other.

“Have you been fucking my girlfriend?”

“Does it matter?” Kyleen repeated. “It’s not like you’re going to satisfy me with your tiny dick.”

Her insult cut hard into Dennis’s ego. He knew he was small. He knew that most men, and most especially Brett, were bigger than him, but Kyleen had always said he was enough for her. That he knew how to fuck her and that was just as good. “You have been fucking him,” Dennis sighed in resignation.

“Yes,” she admitted and sipped her wine. “But it’s not like you’re missing out on anything. You still get your once a month release. It’s just that Brett has access to my pussy whenever he wants it.”

She sipped her wine again. Brett nervously followed suit. He wasn’t sure what was going to happen at this confrontation.

“You knew this was going to happen, didn’t you?” Kyleen asked Dennis.

“Yes,” he said too quickly. “No. Wait. I don’t know.”

To make it hurt even more, Kyleen leaned over and kissed Brett.

“You’re getting exactly what you need and what you want,” she told him. “Do you know how many times I’ve fucked Brett in private since our last three-way?”

“No.”

“Four times,” she told him. “I gave him your key after the first time.” Dennis gasped. He was being lied to and he had no clue. “How many times have you fucked him since then?”

Dennis said nothing.

“Well?” she demanded.

“Twice,” Dennis admitted.

“At least you’re not a liar...except you put your cage back on and never told me.”

“I...I...I didn’t know what to say,” Dennis replied.

“How about: ‘Honey, Brett had my chastity cage lock and released me and I fucked him.’ Would that have been so hard?”

“No,” he said softly.

“You’re being too hard on him,” Brett said.

“If my boyfriend is going to be in chastity, I expect him to remain loyal to me. That’s the whole point of the cage.”

“That’s not the whole point,” Dennis mumbled.

“It is from my perspective,” Kyleen snapped at him and lashed out with her hand to slap him on the shoulder. “Remember I just said that Brett has access to my pussy whenever he wants it?”

“Yes.”

Kyleen hiked up her skirt, revealing she wasn’t wearing any panties. She grabbed Brett’s free hand and placed it over her pussy. He could feel the heat coming off it...and more importantly he could feel that she was starting to get wet. This was turning her on.

“Fuck…” Dennis whispered.

“Soon,” she promised. “But first, Brett made a suggestion and I think it’s a good idea.”

“What?” Dennis’s throat was dry. He had no idea where this was going.

“We need to have your cock pierced.”

“What?” Dennis couldn’t process what she was saying.

“We’re going to have your cock pierced. A nice PA ring. It’ll be very handsome.”

“I’ve fucked guys who had PAs,” Brett offered. “Very hot.”

“It’s help with your chastity. We can use a metal cage.”

“But...there will still be a lock.” As if that mattered.

“True. But there are PA rings that can be sealed on. Impossible to remove. I’m going to have yours inscribed because your cock belongs to me. Every time you use it without permission...well, we’ll leave that alone for a moment. But every one of your lovers will see it and know you’re cheating on me. Would it have been that difficult to call me and tell me you wanted to fuck Brett?”

“No. I’m sorry.”

“Not half as sorry as you’re going to be.” She stood up, pushing aside Brett’s hand from her pussy. She quickly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her large tits still contained by her bra. “You’re going to nurse me, get me good and wet. You’re going to suck Brett’s cock and get him good and hard. Then you’re going to watch us fuck. Then, if you’re very good, I’ll let Brett fuck you in the ass.”

“And if I’m not?” Dennis asked bitterly.

“I have a plan for that too.”

Dropping her blouse to the floor, Kyleen said, “Come to the bedroom.” She led the way, followed by Dennis when Brett indicated he should go first.

Kyleen arranged herself on the bed, topless but still wearing her skirt. She kicked off her shoes but retained her stockings. As he started to join her on the bed, Dennis wanted to slide his hand up her leg and feel that border between nylon stocking and flesh. She slapped him away.

“Take off your clothes first.”

Dennis got off the bed and stripped down as Brett and Kyleen watched. He revealed that he was wearing a yellow cotton ManPanty with little red flowers on it. Kyleen had picked them out for him that morning. As he made the motion to take them off, Kyleen stopped him.

“No. You can leave your panties on. You look pretty in them.”

She then gestured for him to join her on the bed, placing the pillow on her lap. He knew what to do and immediately latched on to her breast, suckling happily away.

Without thinking about it, Kyleen stroked her boyfriend's hair and relaxed. The familiar sensation of lust spread from her breast to her clit and then through her body. Though her eyes were half-closed, she managed to look at Brett who was watching them. He wasn't exactly jealous, but he didn't know what to do.

"Take off your clothes," she told him. "Put on a show for me."

She watched while Brett stripped for her. He didn't stop at leaving his underwear on. He pulled them right off to reveal his semi-hard cock.

"Do you expect to fuck me with that cock?" she asked him.

He looked down at himself. "Yeah." With that he started jerking himself off to make himself bigger.

Kyleen just shook her head at him. "Get over here. I'll take care of you."

Getting on the bed she reached out for him, caught him by the cock, and pulled him into her mouth. Giving a blowjob while nursing was surprisingly easy and got him harder than she expected.

"I can't wait to fuck you," he breathed.

She took his cock from her mouth. "Do you want to fuck Dennis?" she asked him.

"Sure. If you want."

She shook her head at him and pushed Dennis away from her breasts. Her nipples were still leaking but that didn't bother her. She was too horny already. "No. I want to fuck you." She hiked her skirt up to her waist and pointed at the bed where she wanted Brett to lay down.

A few seconds later she was lowering her pussy down on him. The easy roll of her hips told Dennis that the pair had reached the point where they were so intimately familiar with each other's bodies and didn't need to fumble around.

She looked at Dennis. “This is how a real man fucks,” she told him.

“No condom?” he asked as he swallowed the last of her milk and his mouth went dry.

Her grin was triumphant. “We don’t need one.”

Dennis was stuck watching the two because that’s what Kyleen wanted. If it hadn’t been for the cage it would have been perfect. As it was, it was still pretty great because he got to see his girlfriend ride a man with a real cock.

They fucked well together, Dennis could see that. He tried not to think that it was because Brett had a bigger cock and it wasn’t caged, but his thoughts couldn’t help but go there.

It didn’t take them very long to fuck. Kyleen did it like she was desperate to cum. Maybe she was. She climaxed first shortly followed by Brett. Almost the entire time they fucked her tits leaked and dripped all over her body and Brett’s.

Dennis was enthralled.

After they had both cum she told her boyfriend, “Lick up my milk.”

“From your tits?” Dennis asked.

“Yes. And from Brett’s body too. I like watching you.”

Dennis complied. He liked to follow her orders when they were kinky. The milk dripping from her tits was still warm. The milk on Brett’s body was also still warm; body temperature, in fact.

When Dennis started licking Brett’s body, Kyleen moved away and told him, “Suck his cock, too. Clean it up. You must like swallowing his cum, right?”

Dennis said nothing but did as she commanded. This was turning out to be hotter than he anticipated.

He was lost in sucking Brett’s softening cock, trying to get it to come to life again, when he felt Kyleen’s hands on his ass and then probing his asshole.

“What the fuck?” he exclaimed, dropping Brett’s cock from his mouth.

“Hold still,” Kyleen told him. “I’m just lubing you up. I want to peg you while you suck on Brett’s cock.”

“What?”

“It was Brett’s suggestion.”

Dennis looked around at Kyleen behind him. She was wearing a strapon dildo, attached to her body with an elaborate harness she must have put on while he was distracted sucking on Brett.

“Sorry dude, but it seemed hot to me.”

“Tell me if this hurts,” said Kyleen was she moved in close and pressed the head of the fake cock against his back entrance. “I mean, it’s going to hurt a little. This is my first time.” She laughed at her joke as she pushed inside of him.

To Dennis’s surprise, it didn’t hurt. She slid in easily. After being fucked by Brett’s big cock, taking her smooth dildo was easy. Dennis actually sighed in contentment.

“See,” said Brett. “I knew he’d like it.”

“You were right,” agreed Kyleen as she set up an unsteady rhythm in fucking her boyfriend’s ass. “You were right.”

Dennis went back to sucking Brett’s cock. It seemed to have stopped shrinking and was growing again. He wanted to do it right. Brett deserved that.

“We get a lot of gay couples coming in here to get matching PAs,” said the piercer as Dennis laid down on the table feeling sort of stupid because he was wearing his shirt, but no pants or underwear. He was grateful that Kyleen had allowed him to make the trip without his cage, but escorted by Brett. It had taken a week to get the appointment during which Kyleen had fucked Brett in front of him three times. He could only speculate if they did it more without telling him.

Before Dennis could say anything, Brett spoke up. “We’re not getting matching PAs. I’m just here for moral support. We’re not a couple.”

Brynt, the piercer, raised her eyebrows at them. “Sure. Gay friends. Makes sense. My bad. I just assumed.”

“He’s small,” Brett went on to explain. “He needs a little something to boost his confidence.”

She nodded at the both of them as she snapped on her latex gloves. “I’ve been with a couple of guys with PAs. Dick size didn’t matter to them.”

“And he wants the locking ring,” Brett added.

The piercer looked back and forth between the two. “For not being a couple, you sure know a lot about what he wants in a PA.”

Brett smiled smugly. “We have a special relationship.”

When they returned from the errand, Dennis tried to walk into the apartment with confidence, but only made it as far as the living room before he collapsed in a dramatic show on the couch.

“How was it?”

Dennis wanted to cry and complain but in truth, getting pierced wasn’t that bad. He didn’t like when the tube was inserted up his urethra, but the pinch and burn afterwards wasn’t bad. There was a dull ache now, but that was about it. The piercer had told him a month before he was ready for “full activities”.

“It was...fine,” he reported.

“Let me see it,” she demanded, coming out of the kitchen, a drink in hand, and confronting him in the living room.

Brett had followed Dennis into the living room. “Go ahead, show her,” he encouraged his sometime lover.

Dennis lowered his pants and his underwear. Underwear that was easily identifiable as the sort that only men would wear. His small cock came into view along with his new PA ring.

“I love it,” she said and reached out to caress her boyfriend’s cock, but then stopped when she realized that he was probably in pain. “Does it hurt?”

“A little.”

“Nothing like it’s going to hurt the first time you take a piss,” Brett said.

The other two looked at him.

“I’ve known a few guys who had PAs. They said the first piss is the worst.”

“Well, it’s a good thing that Brett’s here. He’s going to fuck me while you watch.”

Brett grinned; he was eager to fuck Kyleen again. Humiliating Dennis while he was in pain and recently pierced and unable to jerk off because of the PA was just icing on the cake.

“I’m going to need him to fuck me a lot over the next few months.”

“I’ll be fine in a month,” Dennis was quick to tell her.

“Maybe, but that doesn’t mean you’re going to get to fuck me. You’re going to be in a pretty little cage.”

Dennis was excited and nervous about that. His cock started to stir. It felt weird trying to get an erection without a cage on. It felt even weirder to have a metal ring in his cock. He was sure he’d get used to it.

“There’s one more thing,” she said as she sidled over to Brett and kissed him while cupping his big cock through his jeans.

“What?” asked Dennis as he looked at Brett kissing his girlfriend.

“I’m pregnant and I don’t want your cock inside me again until after the baby is born.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Rommi’s Nourishment: Milk Girls 1

The mommy and me class was ridiculous Rommi quickly decided ten minutes in. The exercises were too easy for her and the overly childish attitude the other women had toward their babies was borderline demented. Still, she kept control of her emotions—a skill she had developed since childhood—and stuck it out to the end. After a half hour of weak exercise—which most of the postpartum women desperately needed in Rommi's opinion—there was a circle time meeting where they were supposed to share histories and feelings.

She felt like she was back in Kindergarten.

Rommi felt no shame in faking getting a text on her FitBit and then grabbing her phone. She furiously texted as if her life depended on it and then offered up a weak excuse of a family emergency before making a determined entrance with her baby.

Rommi didn't make it any further than the Starbucks at the end of the strip mall from where the mommy and me class was being held. Little Grace Agnes was happily sleeping in her stroller while Rommi sipped a ridiculously oversized and over-sugared caffeine drink and tried to relax.

Motherhood wasn't it was all that was cracked up to be.

She hadn't been sitting there for more than five minutes when a woman walked in wearing exercise clothing and carrying a baby on her hip. It took Rommi a second, but she vaguely recognized the woman from the mommy and me class. Since it was impossible to hide, Rommi just nodded in acknowledgement of her and secretly wished for continued anonymity.

Two minutes later the other woman sat down next to Rommi at the long communal table. "Did you leave because you found the whole thing ridiculous as well?" she asked.

Rommi's face went bright red with embarrassment. "Sorry. It was my first time and I was just checking it out. Sorry if I upset you."

The other woman laughed. "You didn't upset me. I wished I had your courage to get the hell out of there so quickly. You should have seen the look on the

teacher's face when I got up and left. It was like we were the only ones smart enough to get on the life boats as the Titanic was sinking and she was the captain."

Despite the ridiculous situation, Rommi asked, "Did anyone else leave with you?"

"No. I think they were all too frightened or brainwashed to leave."

"Oh."

The other woman extended her hand. "Shelly."

"Rommi."

Shelly shook her hand and quickly ran her eyes up and down the smaller woman's body. "If you don't mind me asking, why the hell were you in that class? You don't need the exercise."

Rommi was almost thin, the result of years of athleticism in high school and college and continuing on into adulthood. She didn't need a mommy and me exercise class. "Boredom, I suppose." She glanced down at Grace. "I thought I was supposed to be involved in these sort of things. Turns out I hate them."

"I need it," replied Shelly. "But I hate them. Mostly because I'm too lazy to get my fat ass up and moving."

"You're not fat," Rommi said automatically. It wasn't a lie, but it wasn't the truth either. Shelly had big boobs compared to the nearly perfectly flat chest that Rommi had. Beyond her large breasts, Shelly was very curvy. Maybe she could lose a little weight, but she was nowhere near fat.

"Thanks for the honest lie," Shelly joked. She saw Rommi staring at her chest but wasn't upset. "My husband would be upset if the first place I started losing weight in my boobs first."

"Sorry," Rommi apologized again. "I didn't mean to stare." She paused. "I just don't have any…I thought getting pregnant and breastfeeding would make them grow."

“They didn’t grow at all?”

“Well…a little.”

“Mine went up a cup size. My husband was thrilled. As if I needed bigger boobs.”

Rommi didn’t know why, but she found talking to Shelly very easy. They talked, their children slept, they exchanged numbers. It had been years since Rommi had made a new friend. It was strange but exhilarating.

They got together the next day at Shelly’s place. It had to be in the afternoon because Shelly was working part time in the mornings. Rommi couldn’t decide if she was happy to not be working or if she was looking ahead to when she had to go back to work. Being a fulltime stay at home mom was exhausting.

Instead of a ridiculous exercise program that was supposed to involve their babies, Rommi insisted that they put the babies in their strollers and take a brisk walk around the neighborhood. She would have preferred a jog or a run—she had the stroller for it—but she didn’t want to push her new friend too fast and too quickly. Shelly wasn’t fat, but she did look a bit out of shape.

It was a warm day. They had fed the babies before the walk. The two of them easily fell asleep on the walk. By the time they returned to Shelly’s house—which was big and fancy enough to impress Rommi, but she reminded herself that Shelly was at least five years older than her—Rommi had worked up a light sweat while Shelly was practically dripping.

“I haven’t walked that far and fast in years,” she said after their transferred the babies to cribs. “I’m sweating like a pig. I need a shower.”

“Pigs don’t sweat.”

“I know,” Shelly said, “so I’m going to take a shower, if you don’t mind. Would you like one? You can use the one in the guest bedroom.”

At first Rommi was going to refuse, but she had a change of clothes in her car

and it would make the walk seem like an actual workout. Plus having the time for a luxurious shower was a rarity for Rommi. And while Shelly's place wasn't quite luxurious, it was still fancier than her place.

She took the shower. It felt great. Shelly's guest shower had a dozen different settings of water spray and it felt like she was getting a massage. Worry about making the hot water run out was the only reason she exited the shower.

Not wanting to put a sweaty bra back on after realizing she didn't have a complete change of clothing, she went braless under her t-shirt. The shirt came down to just barely cover her butt. She was glad she had remembered to bring panties if not a bra. She put on her standard black and tight-fitting yoga pants along with practical sandals. Figuring she had taken far too long in the shower, she exited the guest bedroom to hear the shower running in Shelly's bedroom.

She frowned and checked in on the babies. By some miracle they were still asleep.

Backing out of the room she ran butt first into Shelly who was wrapped only in a towel. Managing not to shriek in surprise, Rommi clamped her hands over her mouth and tried not to laugh. Shelly held one finger over her lips, grabbed Rommi's hand, and pulled her from the room to her bedroom.

Keeping silent and not knowing what to do, when Rommi was brought back to Shelly's bedroom with its huge bed giant picture windows looking out on the gigantic back yard, she sat down on the edge of the bed and regarded herself in the mirrored doors that made up one wall. Behind the mirrors was the closet.

"I didn't want you to wake the babies," said Shelly as she dropped her towel and started hunting through a dresser for clothing. Rommi was shocked at how casual Shelly was about her nudity and she averted her eyes to the closet…which immediately gave her a reflected image of Shelly.

She couldn't look away. Shelly's boobs were big and beautiful. Rommi could definitely see now that she wasn't fat. She had a classically curvy body, almost like a model for a Renaissance painter. Her skin was smooth and flawless and irresistibly sexy. Rommi was temporarily ashamed of her tattoos. She didn't have many, but a few that now, next to Shelly, felt tawdry.

It was wrong, but Rommi couldn't help but glance at Shelly's sex. She couldn't

see much but there was no evidence that Shelly had any pubic hair.

While she was staring, Shelly talked. “Marshall’s my second. Nathan will be home at the end of school. You’re lucky to have a girl. I wanted a girl, but I’m not sure if we’re going to have a third. One thing though, with two kids you learn to grab every free moment you have and take advantage of it.” While talking, Shelly had dressed: camisole, tank top, underwear, jeans. Casual mom chic.

Turning around to face Rommi, it suddenly dawned upon Shelly that she might have been a little too casual with her new friend. She actually blushed. “I apologize. I didn’t mean to be so…open. I hope I didn’t offend you.”

Rommi stood up. “I’m not offended.” She didn’t add what else she was thinking.

Shelly gave her an affirmative nod. “Good. Sometimes I’m too casual. My one failing, my husband says.”

Once more Rommi glanced down at Shelly’s tits. “You’re…uh…leaking.”

Two wet spots had formed on Shelly’s shirt, over each of her breasts. “Shit. Fuck. Marshall didn’t nurse much for lunch and the warm shower must have gotten my milk flowing.” Angrily, she yanked her shirt and camisole over her head, baring her breasts.

Unable to help herself, Rommi breathed softly, “They’re beautiful,” before snatching up the towel that Shelly had tossed to the floor. She pressed it to Shelly’s chest, drying her leaking milk.

“It’s no big deal,” said Shelly. “It happens all the time. I’m sure it happens to you too.”

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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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