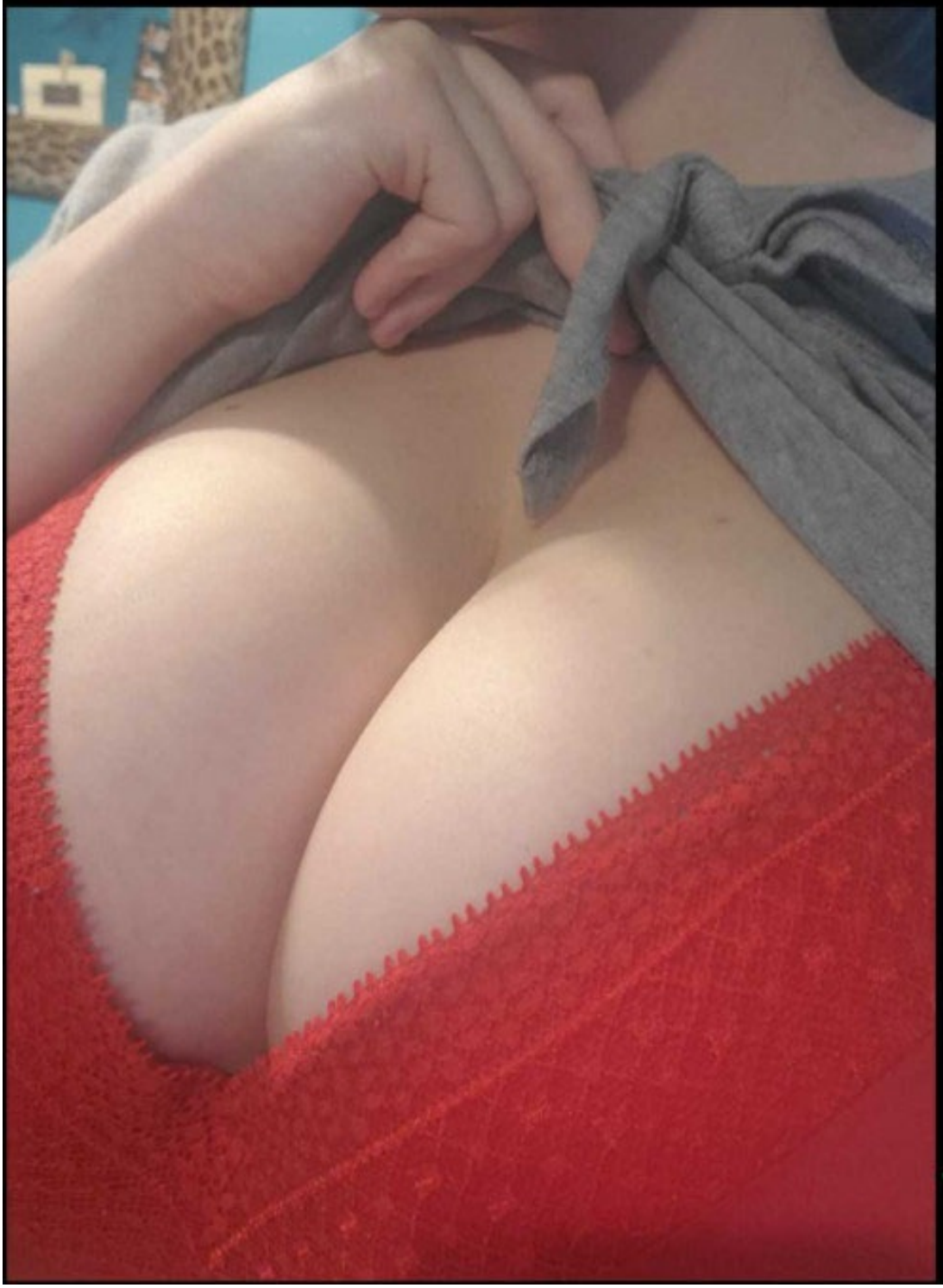
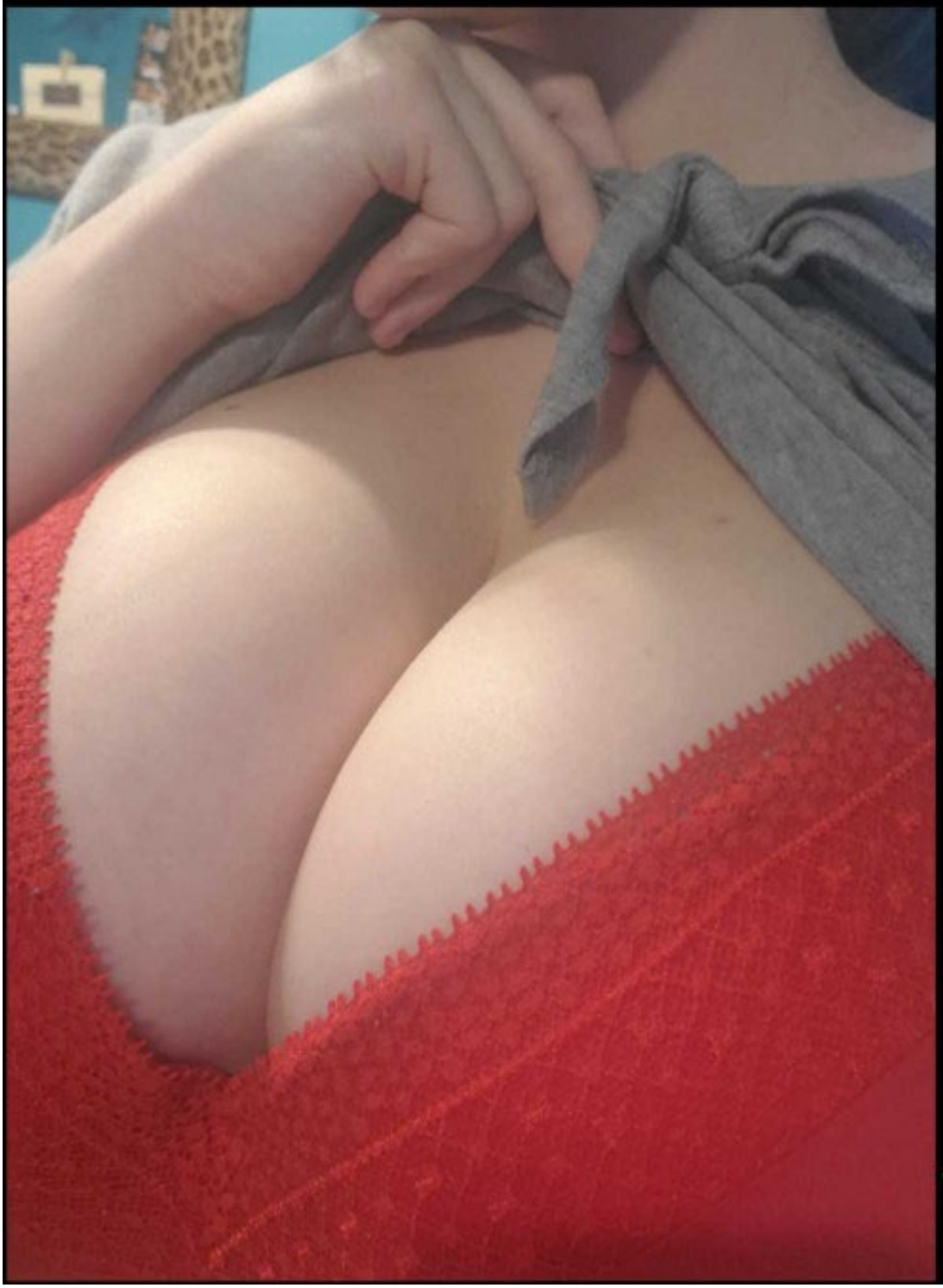
Elliot Silvestri



Caged and Milked 5

Green Bush Publishing

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An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Caged and Milked 5

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Chapter 12

Dennis knew something was amiss the moment he pulled into the driveway and saw a strange car parked behind Kyleen's. Other people might have thought their girlfriend simply had a friend over from work or something equally innocuous.

Dennis knew his girlfriend better than that. Everything that involved her involved sex on one level or another.

He couldn't help it when his cock started to swell inside his hard metal cage. That's all it could do: swell. He couldn't get hard. It was impossible. His body was so trained by now that he would really only try to get hard when Kyleen took the cage off him.

Parking his car next to Kyleen's, he sat there a minute and fantasized about what Kyleen was doing in the house with her newest lover. He knew her. There was no way this was just a friendly visit; if a friend or family member had been planning on coming over for a visit, she would have mentioned in that morning, or she would have texted him.

Seeing that he had little information Dennis was faced with a dilemma: he didn't know if she wanted to be caught or not. Either she had lost track of time and hadn't gotten her lover out of the house before he was scheduled to arrive home, or she was actively fucking the guy right now and she wanted him to walk in so she could force him to watch.

He hoped it was the latter.

There wasn't any doubt in his mind that there was a man in the house fucking his pregnant girlfriend. He was the bisexual one, not Kyleen. She would never fuck a woman; that just wasn't Kyleen. Oddly, Dennis wasn't sure if he could handle her with another woman. That would be a level of insult he wasn't prepared for. He knew he had a small dick and most men easily outsized him; that was humiliation he could handle, but for her to take up with a woman because he wasn't a real man…

He tried to ignore his cock as it attempted to stiffen in the cage. Getting out of the car he walked to the house and went in as quietly as possible. It was his house too and he could have entered any way he wanted, but the truth was he wanted to spy on Kyleen and catch her in the act and then have her catch him spying on her.

The moment he walked in the door he could hear them. They weren't being quiet. Why would they? He could hear Kyleen's near-constant moans, the thump of the headboard against the wall, and the sound of a man talking or making noise as well.

Having fucked Brett more times than he could remember, Dennis knew it wasn't Brett in bed with Kyleen. The anticipation was making his fingers tremble and he curled them into fists, but immediately realized that perhaps that wasn't the best way to approach the bedroom.

Forcing himself to relax as much as possible, Dennis breathed in and out. He could hear them moaning and was able to make out some of the words. His cock stirred again, trying to get hard, but that wasn't going to happen.

In the back of his mind he had a desperate hope that maybe Kyleen would want to release him when she was done with her new lover. It had only been a couple of weeks since he had last been released. There was no way she was going to let him out, but he needed to see her fucking this new guy.

Moving as slowly and carefully and silently as possible he removed his shoes before walking down the hallway to the bedroom. Maybe a real man would have stormed in and challenged the man fucking his girlfriend to a duel, but that wasn't Dennis.

He wanted to see the stranger fucking Kyleen.

"We need to change positions," her voice came wafting down the hallway.

"Getting tired?"

"Yeah, I need to be on top. My belly."

Dennis knew she was lying about being tired, but she loved to be on top, literally and metaphorically.

There was a pause and the sound of bodies moving. Dennis took a chance and peered around the edge of the door.

She was riding the stranger. Her tits were leaking milk. The man reached up and grabbed a breast to squeeze it, forcing out milk which sprayed all over him.

“Nice,” he complimented her.

“You like that?”

“I want to suck on those tits.”

“Make me cum one more time.”

He did the best he could. It was more than enough. She came again. To help things along Kyleen grabbed both her tits in her hands as she bounced on his cock and sprayed down his face and body with the milk.

He laughed and lapped at the milk, trying to catch it in his mouth.

It was too much for Dennis. He walked through the doorway. It took Kyleen a moment to see him and only then did she stop bouncing on the stranger’s cock.

“Like what you see?” she said to Dennis, her head turned enough to alert the man underneath her.

When that man looked at Dennis there was a brief moment of panic in his face. Dennis might have been emasculated by Kyleen because she fucked other men and had him wear a chastity cage, but he still cut an impressively intimidating figure with his broad chest and large shoulders and arms. He carried himself like an athlete, a fighter. Robert might have been a smooth seducer, but on size alone he fell short of Dennis.

“Oh shit! I’m so sorry dude!” He started carefully pushing Kyleen off his body. He’d been caught with the wrong woman before. He’d taken a couple of punches to the face and always said afterwards it was worth it. Half the time the man was angry at the girlfriend and just ignored him.

Robert was ready to run out of the door naked if need be. He had a spare set of clothes in his car. He always planned ahead.

“Don’t worry about him,” Kyleen said, grabbing Robert’s chin in her hand and making him look back at her.

“Is that your husband?” Robert blurted out worriedly. He didn’t want to get his ass kicked. It was one thing to fuck a woman who was married, but it was another entirely to fuck her in front of the husband.

“No, my boyfriend,” Kyleen said as she ground her hips down on him. Her baby belly bulged against Robert’s stomach. He didn’t know what to do. Throwing her off was anathema to him; there was no way he was going to risk hurting her in front of her partner.

“I’d better go,” he said as he tried to lift her up off his cock. He encountered two problems. First, his dick was long enough that he needed to raise her up a good distance. Second, she was resisting him because she wanted to keep going.

“No. You need to cum.” She slapped at his hands on her hips and thighs. “Keep fucking me.”

“I can’t,” Robert said nervously, glancing at Dennis who was staring at them like a pervert. Robert was surprised that Dennis hadn’t walked over and started punching him in the face. After a few more seconds passed by he was surprised that Dennis didn’t whip out his dick and start beating off.

“Sure you can, don’t go soft on me,” said Kyleen as she resumed riding him like they hadn’t been interrupted at all.

Dennis watched—thrilled and fascinated as he always was when he watched Kyleen fuck a new lower—and wished there was something he could do.

Robert realized he was caught up in the couple’s kink and decided to make the best of it. While he preferred to fuck women alone when they were cheating on their partners, he could make do with this, especially since her tits were full of milk.

Still, it was creepy to fuck a woman while her boyfriend was watching.

“Get it out, Dennis,” Kyleen ordered as she continued to ride Robert. “I want to see you little cocklette.”

Robert tore his eyes away from Kyleen’s leaking tits and looked at the other man in the room. To his amazement Dennis unzipped his pants and lowered them, exposing a pair of small frilly underpants that were only appropriate for a

woman. His fascination continued as Dennis then took down the panties to expose his cock.

Or what he could of his cock. Robert wasn't the least bit surprised that Dennis was shaved like a female porn star. He couldn't see a single hair on or around the man's genitals. What was more interesting was that Dennis was wearing a steel case around his cock.

They were truly a fucked up couple.

His actions were exactly what Kyleen wanted. She groaned deeply and ground her pussy and clit down on Robert's impressive equipment.

She was fucking him faster now. Her eyes were unfocused and her tits weren't just leaking milk, they were spraying it without being touched. The soft globes of flesh were wobbling and shaking all about as they sprayed. Robert wanted to grab onto them and suck, but her didn't dare take his hands off her hips for fear she would go up too high and come crashing down on his dick, breaking it in the most painful way possible.

"Cum, you stupid fucker, cum!" Kyleen spat at him.

"What?!" Robert was confused.

"You need to fucking cum!" she barked.

Robert just nodded, closed his eyes and put Dennis out of his mind, and whipped up a little fantasy of being drowned in the breast milk of a hundred virgins to get him over the edge.

If Kyleen needed to go to such extremes, she didn't give any indication. Her hips pumped. Her tits bounced. He could feel her belly hitting his.

And then she came. She came loudly. Her pussy got incredibly hot and for the briefest of moments Robert was sure she was going to burn his cock off, and then she spasmed several times as her orgasm finished taking control of her body.

He was right on the edge and her performance was enough. His cock pumped spurt after spurt of his heavy, thick cum into her pussy. He knew there was no

chance of getting her pregnant but thought of his sperm burrowing up into her already full womb and changing the baby to his made the orgasm that much better. He wanted to fuck her so hard that he changed what was in her belly.

All too soon his orgasm was over and he was panting, looking up at her as her tits continued to dribble down on him. They weren't spraying any longer but apparently she had a more than adequate supply of milk.

Kyleen was breathing heavily, trying to recover from the stressful and fruitful exercise she had just endured. Sweat beaded on her forehead and a bit dripped down her face, traced her jawline, and eventually splashed down on his body.

Robert looked down and saw his body was faintly covered—soaked—in her milk.

"Did you like that?" Kyleen asked.

"It was fucking fantastic," Robert quickly replied. He leaned up to catch her nipple between his lips. He was thirsty for her milk, the only thing that would slake his desire.

"I wasn't fucking talking to you," Kyleen snapped at him. Her head was turned. "Was it good for you, Den?" she asked her boyfriend.

Dennis nodded. He looked down with some shame at his dripping cock. He hadn't cum. He really couldn't, but he could release plenty of cuckold tears—his precum—to show how much he wanted to fuck her.

"Well?" Kyleen prompted him, looking for a verbal answer.

"You fucked him perfectly, beautifully," he said, his voice cracking.

"Good," she said, satisfied as she moved off Robert. His cock slid wetly from her pussy and slapped back on his belly. "I'm soaking and full," she announced. "I think I need you to clean my pussy first. If you do a good job you can have some of my milk."

Kyleen rolled over onto her back and opened up her legs. Her pussy was wet and open but not a sloppy mess. Dennis wasn't sure what exactly he had been expecting but her pussy looked like it always did during and immediately after

sex.

That is, it looked good and he wanted to lick and suck and fuck it. That made his cock start to get hard—like it always did—but the snugness of the metal cage, the bars, the PA ring through his flesh, everything combined made it impossible for him to get hard.

That denial of desire made him want to obey Kyleen's every request.

A moment later he was lying between her legs happily licking and sucking away at her. Dennis was always unclear as to how much pleasure Kyleen got out of doing this. He liked doing it for her, not because he got sexual pleasure out of it, but because she wanted it and if it made her more aroused, he was willing to go along with it.

Licking and cleaning up another man's cum from his girlfriend's pussy wasn't anything new to Dennis. He'd done it before she was pregnant and they were a little wilder. He'd done it when she had gotten pregnant and Brett was fucking her. Dennis didn't mind doing it for Brett because he had sucked off Brett more than Kyleen had. He hadn't minded doing it for the occasional other lovers because Kyleen liked humiliating him that way.

But doing it when she was pregnant and full of another man's cum, a man they hardly knew… Dennis was certain that he would have been disgusted by the action, but he wasn't. It was a new level of perversity and, once more, his cock started to swell inside the cage.

What was wrong with him?

He started tasting Robert's cum now, mixed with the usual flavor of Kyleen's pussy. The thickness of the other man's ejaculate stuck to his tongue and he was forced to swallow.

Once it started flowing, it seemed to keep coming and coming.

While making sure to clean Kyleen's pussy the best that he could, Dennis also spent time focusing on Kyleen's clit. She had already cum, so making her cum a second time wouldn't be that difficult, but he had to thread that needle with her order to clean her pussy.

It was supposed to be an incredibly intimate moment with his girlfriend, but Dennis could feel the other man, Robert, watching.

And judging.

“Is your boyfriend gay?” he asked, a laugh just barely hidden behind his words.

Dennis didn’t look up, but he could sense the change in attitude from Kyleen. “No. Of course not. He’s the one who got me pregnant. How could he possibly be gay?”

She was speaking far too clearly and smoothly to be close to orgasm. Dennis wasn’t sure if he should continue or stop, but since she hadn’t told him to do anything, he continued on, eating her pussy.

“He sure wants to eat my cum,” Robert pointed out.

“It’s because he loves me.”

“A fag loves you?”

Without ceremony, Kyleen abruptly shoved Dennis away and rolled out of the bed, no mean feat for her and her ever-growing belly.

“What did you just say?”

There was a pause. Dennis looked up at Kyleen and recognized the expression on her face. He’d only seen it a few times before and it was always before or during an epic argument. They hadn’t had that many arguments but based on the ones they had, he didn’t want to have another one.

Knowing what was about to happen, Dennis almost felt bad for Robert.

Almost.

Robert didn’t know to give up. They hadn’t started yet, but he’d already lost. “I asked if a fag loves you,” he said, not backing down at all.

“You’re calling my boyfriend a fag.”

Robert rolled his shoulders, trying to give the attitude that he didn’t care, but it

was obvious that he cared and his act wasn't convincing. "No. I'm saying he's acting like a fag."

"For eating my pussy."

"For eating my cum out of your pussy."

Her face was bright red now. She pointed at the door. Maybe not as intimidating as she could have been, but Dennis knew better than to judge on looks alone.

In his opinion, she was sort of sexy with her big tits and rounded belly, her face a barely controlled mask of rage, one hand on her hip and the other aimed at the door. "Get the fuck out and lose my number."

"What the fuck, lady?" Robert all but spat at her. "You're fucking crazy!"

He shuffled off the bed. Dennis didn't like how the moment was going so he stood up from the bed and put on his badass face.

It was all an act. Dennis had never been in a fight in his life. He knew he was tall and muscular enough to cut an imposing figure, especially compared to Robert who was more than a little paunchy and a few years older. Once the two men were on their feet, Kyleen suddenly became nervous.

Her fun fantasy fuck had gone from fun to fucked in the space of a few seconds. She was certain that there was going to be a fistfight and she didn't want to be in the middle of it.

The real problem for everyone in the room was that Dennis, unintentionally, was blocking the route to the door. There was no way for Robert to get by him without pushing Dennis aside or walking over the bed in a most undignified manner.

There was a short standoff while the two men eyed each other and Kyleen started edging toward the door. She wanted to get out of the bedroom. Her next thought was trying to remember where she had left her phone. It wasn't on the nightstand. It was probably in her purse which was on the kitchen counter. It might be on the end table in the living room. Would it be better to call Brett for help or go all out and call 911?

“Your clothes are out in the hallway,” Dennis said calmly. Robert had been looking around, either for his clothes or a weapon or an escape route that didn’t involve a fight. He stepped aside and tucked his caged cock back into his pants before walking toward the kitchen, as if he had better things to do.

Kyleen followed because she didn’t want to be left alone with a strange man she had just fucked and then fucked over. She felt safer with Dennis, the man she loved.

A second later Robert came out of the bedroom, grabbing his clothes. He put on his boxers and pants before pausing at the door and pulling his shirt over his head. It was inside out but no one said anything about that. All his other clothes were in his hands.

He left without further incident and got in his car. Dennis checked the front window to see the man pull his car out of the driveway and speed away.

“I hope he gets a ticket for driving like an asshole,” Dennis commented.

The cops in their neighborhood had a reputation for pulling over anyone and everyone. Rumor had it that the town made most of their annual budget from traffic fines. Kyleen suddenly hoped that was true.

“Me too,” agreed Kyleen.

Dennis went to the cabinet where they stored their alcohol, pulled out a bottle and a pair of glasses. “How much do you want?” he asked her, pouring some whiskey into a glass and then looking at her.

His girlfriend was naked. Her tits had stopped dribbling milk. He could see the wetness from being fucked on the insides of her thighs. While she had put on weight because of the baby, her tummy was inexplicably sexy to him.

“Dipshit, I’m fucking pregnant,” she reminded him, pointing unnecessarily to her stomach.

“Oh. Right. I just needed something to...something to help me calm down.” He looked at the whiskey in the glass. It was barely a shot. He considered some ice or maybe a mixer.

“You shouldn’t be drinking either,” she told him.

“Why not?” He swirled the light brown liquid in the glass.

“You’ll get whiskey dick.”

That made Dennis laugh. He tossed the shot back and swallowed it all in one go. It washed away the taste of Robert’s cum from his mouth. Unfortunately it also washed away the flavor of Kyleen’s pussy.

“Why are you laughing?”

“Have you forgotten that my cock is in a cage?”

Her smile was seductive. He recognized that look as well. He knew what she wanted. It was sex, as always, but he wasn’t going to be able to give it to her.

Grabbing his crotch he felt his caged cock through his jeans and squeezed. He felt nothing and was reasonably sure that was because of the hard steel and not the whiskey which seemed to be going right to his head. “This bad boy isn’t going anywhere.”

The bottle was still on the counter and he contemplated another hearty shot. The fact that he had been inches away from getting into a fight in front of his pregnant girlfriend had made his mind suddenly need a forced relaxation. The alcohol was going to have to do it.

“That little bad boy is going to do exactly as I say,” Kyleen told him. “I own him. I have the key and get to tell him what to do.”

Dennis looked at her, not understanding. “What?”

“Stay here,” she said. “And don’t have another drink.”

Kyleen sauntered out of the kitchen, swinging her hips. Dennis admired her full, firm backside and realizes she was just starting to waddle a little bit, but that too was sexy in his eyes.

Everything about his girlfriend was sexy.

He knew he was fucked up.

Looking down at the bottle he wondered what the risk was to down another shot. How would she know?

As it turned out, he didn't get a chance to decide. Kyleen walked in with the key to his cock in her hand.

"Ohh...is that what you meant?"

She laughed at him. "Of course it was. What did you think I meant?"

"I had no fucking idea."

"Of course you didn't. Unzip. I'm unlocking you."

"Why? It's not my monthly time."

"That's my line," she muttered under her breath.

"What?"

Gazing directly into his eyes she said, "Because that cock in your pants belongs to me and I'll do what I want with it when I want. Unzip."

He liked it when she ordered him around. He unzipped and pulled out his caged cock.

The metal shone brightly in the bright, harsh lighting in the kitchen. She went down on her knees, still naked, and fitted the key into the lock. It came open easily. She slipped it off and carefully slipped the curved metal shaft from his penis. There was a retaining bar that hooked through his PA ring, but after a bit of fumbling around she managed to free it.

The most difficult part of getting the equipment off his cock was the metal ring that sat snugly behind his balls. It was tight without being too tight, but they both knew it was almost impossible to get it off when he was hard.

Though Dennis couldn't believe his sudden good luck, he didn't get instantly hard when the cage was removed. He managed to control his breathing and his

emotions. His small dick stayed soft as Kyleen worked to slip the ring from his body.

There were two ways to do it: either balls first or shaft first. The balls were more sensitive but if he was hard that was the only way to get the ring off. If he was soft, taking the shaft out first was the way to go.

Kyleen didn't even need to use lubricant. She pushed on the shaft, squishing it up against itself, and managed to pop it out of the ring. His balls easily followed.

Dennis was free and he couldn't believe it. He looked down at his cock and willed it to come to life.

His wish failed.

"Why are you so small?" she asked him, giving his penis a kiss on the side and gently tickling it with her fingers.

"I don't know," he answered, unable to think clearly.

She laughed at him. "I think I meant to ask, why are you still soft. I'd think you'd want to get hard and fuck me."

"I don't know," he repeated.

Again she laughed at him. "Help me up."

He did so because it was the gallant thing to do.

"You'd better get hard in the bedroom because I'm not blowing you on the kitchen floor. These tiles are murder on my knees."

Kyleen quickly walked away from him, once again giving Dennis more than an eyeful of her ass as her firm buttocks rolled in the way that had caught the eye of men for millennia. It took him a moment to realize that he had to follow her.

His cock pointed the way.

He had taken a couple of steps before realizing his cock had suddenly woken up and gotten hard without a second thought or any effort on his part. It was like

magic, only it was commonplace for almost every other man in the world.

By the time he got to the bedroom, Kyleen had dropped a pillow to the floor and was kneeling on it. She was pleasantly surprised when she saw that his small cock was fully erect when he walked into the room. “Maybe I won’t have to give you a blowjob after all,” she said as Dennis struggled out of his clothing, trying to strip as quickly as possible but was burdened with the disability of having an incredibly hard—but small—cock.

Kyleen watched him with amusement.

“No, no, you can still give me a blowjob,” he told her.

“It looks like you don’t need it,” she repeated, but reached out to caress his balls. They were velvety smooth because she insisted that he shave them along with the rest of his pubic hair every day. Dennis shivered at her touch. “You’re already hard and I don’t feel like wasting my time on unnecessary play.”

Even though she was supposedly resistant to blowing him, Kyleen licked his short cock from balls to tip, getting a taste of the precum that he was leaking. The thought of him leaking fluids was enough to make her tits tingle. Maybe she wasn’t expressing milk just yet, but it was going to happen.

Taking the head of his cock into her mouth, she sucked just a little, just enough for him to feel it and shiver. It wasn’t much in the way of stimulation, but it was more than enough. He was already on the edge.

Kyleen liked giving blowjobs. She liked giving blowjobs to strangers, to men she barely knew, to Brett, and to Dennis. It had been a long time since she had blown Dennis and taking his small cock into her mouth she was immediately reminded how much easier and fun it was to blow a man who wasn’t packing a gigantic tool in his pants.

Maybe Dennis wasn’t huge, but his elegant cock was a pleasure to have in her mouth.

“Oh shit...I’m gonna…”

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Kyleen pulled back and let his cock hang free. She wondered for a second if it was appropriate to just let him cum,

have a hands-free orgasm that felt like it was ruined, but then she realized she didn't want that. She wanted more out of him. Her hand grasped his cock right behind the balls. Pressing her fingers and thumb tightly into the underside she resisted all other stimulation, preventing an unwanted orgasm.

"Shit! Why are you doing that?"

"I need your cock in me," she told him. "My pussy needs it."

While Dennis had some doubt about that, he couldn't argue with her. Her fingers were the only thing keeping him from cumming and while he fought off that much-desired orgasm, he couldn't speak.

Once Kyleen had judged his moment of crisis had passed, she let go of his cock and turned around to climb onto the bed. Their bed wasn't that high off the ground, but every time she climbed up on top of it, it felt like it grew an inch taller. She knew it was the pregnancy, but that didn't make it any easier.

Getting down on her hands and knees, she presented herself to him. "Well? It's not going to fuck itself, is it?"

"You want me to fuck you?" Dennis couldn't believe his good fortune. It was like she wanted to be his girlfriend.

"Stick it in me," she all but begged. "Robert's cock wasn't enough...yours probably won't be either, but it's all we have right now."

Dennis had to stop himself from suggesting that they call Brett to fuck her, but then he realized he'd lose his one opportunity to actually fuck the mother of his child-to-be.

Before he knew it, he was kneeling behind her and running his cock up and down her slit, looking for her entrance. She was wet enough and eager enough that the search didn't last very long.

"Are you in yet?" she asked as he sank his small cock all the way into her.

"Yes!"

She laughed at him. "I know. I could feel it. Barely. Fuck me like you mean it,

baby.”

He wondered if she actually felt him inside of her. He knew he was small, but he wasn’t tiny. Grabbing her hips, he got to business, fucking her as hard as he could. While he knew that he couldn’t go deep or stretch her out, he knew that he didn’t need to. It was all about the right angle and the right rhythm with Kyleen. The trick for him now was to find her semi-hidden g-spot inside her pussy. Luckily he was fucking her doggy-style so that would work for him...and her, but he wasn’t above reaching around her body and rubbing her clit to make her cum if it came to that.

As he got his pace up to the speed that she liked, Kyleen couldn’t stop encouraging him. “Fuck me, baby! Fuck my pussy. Prove your little dick can do it!” She looked at him lasciviously over her shoulder. “Or can you? Should I get a better dick? A better cock? A better boyfriend?”

Never before in all his life had Dennis wanted to pull out of her pussy and fuck her tightly puckered asshole. He wanted to make her hurt. To make her cry out in pain and passion. He was a real man and he could prove it to her.

Normally he’d have driven her forward into the bed and slammed into her as hard as he could. But she was pregnant and that was a nonstarter. Instead Dennis forcefully shifted his position and placed his hand on her lower back.

Kyleen grunted at the sudden change but didn’t protest. Instead, she lifted a hand up to her tits and gathered up some of the milk that had started leaking steadily. She was right on the verge and just needed a little push from him to get over that hump.

She brought her cupped hand up to her mouth and made a show of licking her palm. “Umm. Fucking tasty. My milk is so sweet.”

Looking over her shoulder again she saw the desperate look on Dennis’s face. “Want to taste?”

There was no way for him to resist. Dennis curtly nodded several times.

Laughing, Kyleen went back to her tits and squeezed out some more milk. It was easy. She was ripe and full. Her milk was already dribbling out so making it spray was easy.

Once she had a few tablespoons in the palm of her hand, she lifted it up and awkwardly tried to give Dennis a chance to lick it up from her hand.

He leaned forward and tried to catch the precious liquid. It was an impossible task. Her arm didn't bend that way and he couldn't lean forward far enough. Her hand tilted and the milk ran down her arm. Some splashed onto her side, but most wound up falling onto the sheets.

Kyleen laughed at him. "Looks like you don't get to drink tonight," she teased him.

That was almost too much for Dennis. Taking his hand from her hip and the other from her lower back, he leaned all the way forward, curling his body against hers. She was surprised when his hands abruptly grabbed her tits and squeezed.

It wasn't painful, but it did catch her unawares. She should have known he would do something like that, but the surprise was better than knowing it was coming.

He squeezed. Hard. She felt her milk shooting out and soaking the bed underneath her. She felt like a cow. The feeling made her feel dehumanized and she loved that feeling.

"Oh shit," she breathed.

Dennis said nothing. He slammed his small cock into her as hard as he could. It wasn't fast now. He just wanted to hurt her. The tip of his cock was just reaching her hidden spot and Kyleen knew it wouldn't be much longer.

His hands practically crushed her breasts as he squeezed again. That hurt. She gasped at the pain. She could feel the milk being forced out faster than it should have been. It wasn't about sex now; it was all about mixing the pain with the pleasure.

And then she was cumming without realizing it.

Her body shook and she just rode the wave of pleasure. It wouldn't be too long before this sort of sex play would be impossible for the two of them.

“You like that, you slut?” Dennis barked at her.

“I fucking love it,” she replied, gasping and loving it. There was no subterfuge on her part. This was a perfect way to fuck and cum. “Are you going to cum or are you just going to keep pounding away with your little cocklette until you give up?” she taunted him.

Dennis let go of her tits and sat straight up on his knees, once again changing the angle of his cock. Kyleen was fine with the change, but then she felt his thumb pressing between her buttocks, right against her asshole.

“No!” she protested right as he pushed his thick thumb inside of her where it shouldn’t be.

There was no way she was going to admit she liked the feeling of his thumb up her ass while his cock was in her pussy. She’d never done that before with any of her lovers and immediately regretted that decision. It should have been something she had been doing all her life.

“You like that?” he asked her, holding her hips and ass steady as he resumed fucking her.

“No!”

“Want me to pull my thumb out?”

There was a hesitation to the moment and they knew that something had shifted between them. Finally Kyleen gave her honest answer. “No,” she gasped. She was glad that she wasn’t facing her boyfriend because she didn’t want him to see the tears of pleasure that were streaming down her face.

“Almost there,” he grunted as he pumped a few more times. He could feel the pressure of his thumb through the thin tissue that separated her pussy from her ass. It made him wonder what it would feel like to fuck her with a toy up her ass or in her pussy. Or, better yet, another man’s cock in her at the same time.

And then he came. It felt like he was emptying his balls into her and his short cock was only serving as a firehose-like conduit for all the semen he had built up. It seemed like it wouldn’t stop. Every little pulse of his orgasm was a little flash of pain, but it was also a relief.

Unable to stay up on his knees, Dennis pulled his thumb out of his girlfriend's ass and then settled back down on his knees. His cock slipped out of her pussy and he could see his cum already starting to drip out of her.

Kyleen fell forward and onto her side, curling around to protect her pregnant belly. Not having any reason to remain upright, Dennis fell forward as well, facing her.

She reached out and pulled his face closer to hers. The kiss wasn't passionate, but a small one. It said more about the intensity of their relationship than anything else. There was no way she would ever give him up.

Chapter 13

Brett had an open invitation to their house, but it always felt a little bit like he was sneaking into a stranger’s home to rob them. He was arriving later than usual but not so late that it would be unusual for him to be dropping by.

The Tinder date he had hadn’t been good at all. It was with a woman who seemed to be perfect and fun while texting back and forth with her. The meet up went terribly; Anna’s picture was at least five years and fifty pounds out of date. She was miserable and wouldn’t stop comparing everything that Brett did to an ex-boyfriend. Eventually he had enough and just left her. Maybe it wasn’t the most mature thing to do, but he had his limits.

But he was still left horny. Without any other real options, he headed over to Dennis and Kyleen’s place. He texted them first, but didn’t receive any reply. That probably meant that they were asleep or otherwise busy. Or maybe they were ignoring him. Brett didn’t care. He was too horny to care.

The lights were on, so he just went in, but still felt like a robber.

How late was it?

The door wasn't locked, but the house was silent. The television wasn’t on. There was no music playing.

Some of Kyleen’s clothes were strewn about the hallway to the bedrooms in the back of the house, but that wasn’t all that unusual. More than likely Kyleen had gotten horny—something that was happening more and more as she progressed through her pregnancy—and demanded that Dennis service her.

It was easy for Brett to imagine the scene. Kyleen stripping off her clothes as she walked down the hallway, telling Dennis she needed his tongue in the bedroom. And maybe his fingers. And probably she needed him to hold or use a toy on her.

Without doubt she’d want him to nurse from her tits. Just a bit of sexual arousal and her tits would start leaking. One simple orgasm and she’d be spraying milk everywhere.

His cock was getting hard thinking about it. He was hornier than he thought.

He was also jealous. Why did Dennis get all the good opportunities?

Settling himself down, he reasoned that Dennis had gotten her good and worked up and by now she would need a real cock to finish her off. Kyleen always wanted his cock; she was that sort of slut.

What Brett didn't want to think about was how he was becoming accustomed to nursing from Kyleen's tits. He enjoyed her milk. He actually looked forward to feeding from her. It wasn't much, but it was incredibly intimate and seemed to put Dennis in his place when Brett nursed from her.

Maybe it was a fucked-up relationship the three were in, but he was content with it.

For the moment at least.

Brett rounded the corner to the master bedroom. The overhead light was off, but the room was illuminated enough by the lights on the dresser and next to the bed.

Kyleen and Dennis were in bed together. That was expected. They were naked, as far as he could tell. That too was expected.

They were sleeping. If Brett had given it a moment's thought once he was inside the house he would have realized that he should have expected them to be sleeping because of the lack of noise.

Not sure of how to proceed, Brett just stood there a minute, staring. He started to feel like a creep.

Because of her belly, Kyleen was laying on her side, a pillow between her legs. He could see one exposed breast. There was no obvious sign she was leaking milk. He could just see the curve of her ass that was partially hidden by sheets that were just barely pulled up over her legs.

Shifting his gaze over to Dennis, Brett took a moment to admire the other man's body. Dennis was taller and if he was being honest with himself, Dennis had broader shoulders and probably bigger muscles, but Brett knew that his body was more well-defined, an advantage of not being as tall as Dennis.

He was sleeping face down. Whatever the couple had been up to, Dennis must

have gotten overheated, because the sheet and blankets were pushed down all the way to his lower legs. Brett admired Dennis's firm ass. He wanted to grab it and massage it and then stick his cock in Dennis's face to make the other man suck him off.

But that wasn't necessary. Brett had Kyleen there as well. She might make him do something he didn't necessarily want, but tonight he was in the mood to fuck a woman. Anna had been too much of a promised tease and fuck and he was frustrated now.

While it would have been rude to just wake up Kyleen and expect her to let him fuck her, there were clever ways around that. He stripped off his clothes and gave his cock a stroke or two. He had started off semi-hard and just a couple of strokes plus some dirty thoughts made him nice and hard.

He couldn't tell if her pussy was still wet and ready for him, but he wasn't above eating a little pussy. But he wasn't starting there.

Kneeling down next to the bed he gently repositioned Kyleen's body, exposing her tits a little more.

They had definitely grown since he had met her, and had gotten much, much larger since she had gotten well into her pregnancy. They weren't completely full. He could tell just by looking. He knew when she was bursting with milk and they were at least partially drained. It wasn't fair to fault Dennis for that. Kyleen loved to have her tits sucked and not just because it got her off.

Lowering his mouth to the closest breast, he wrapped his lips around the prominent nipple and gently sucked. It immediately became erect. Milk didn't come shooting out. There was no surprise to that if Dennis had recently fed on her. It took a couple of sucks before he tasted her sweet milk.

Kyleen moaned. It was a noise halfway between sexual pleasure and annoyance at being woken up.

Brett didn't care. He was horny and wanted to fuck.

He sucked for another moment or two. Kyleen wasn't exactly waking up, but he didn't need her awake to fuck her. However, if she wanted to ride his cock—something she couldn't do with Dennis—she'd have to wake up. He imagined

she'd be disappointed if he fucked her while she was still in twilight sleep and missed out on the fun.

Whispering to her, Brett said, "If you wake up I'll give you a fuck that Dennis can't compare to."

Her eyelids flickered but still she didn't wake up. Brett pushed the sheets down a little further, fully exposing her ass and pussy. There was a little gap between her thighs, so he put his hand there, pushing her legs apart and touching her pussy.

Maybe that was enough to wake her up. She made a noise that didn't mean anything to Brett, but she didn't clamp her thighs together. If anything, she opened them wider so he could more easily finger her.

At that point her milk started flowing more easily and Brett found he had to actively suck and swallow. That was always a good sign. It meant she was getting really horny and would be ready for a good fucking in a matter of minutes.

Kyleen shifted her position, forcing Brett to switch from one breast to the other. He didn't mind. The second breast was fuller and her milk was flowing. He loved the taste of it. While happily nursing, he pushed a pair of fingers up into her pussy. It was as hot as ever and nice and wet. Wetter than she should have been. Dennis must not have satisfied her at all.

Pumping his fingers in and out of her pussy, he stimulated her little clit, trying to get her to have an orgasm before he flipped her onto her hands and knees to give her the proper fucking that she needed because Dennis certainly couldn't do the deed with his little cock.

"No!" Kyleen said suddenly, pushing his face away from her tits. She even went so far as to push his hand away from her pussy.

That was fine with Brett. He was ready to go. If she didn't want to cum first before he shoved his fat cock into her snatch, he was fine with that.

"Get up on your hands and knees," he told her.

"No!"

Brett looked up at her and then he realized that Dennis was looking at him over Kyleen's body. He didn't mind when Dennis watched; in fact, he often preferred it just to show off in front of the other man.

"Did you want to ride me?" Brett asked. He was fine with that as well. He just wanted to fuck.

"No," Kyleen said, exasperated now. "I'm too fucking tired and I've been fucked twice today already. I don't need another go tonight."

Brett grimaced. "What about me?" He didn't regret the words. He just wasn't self-aware enough to realize what he was actually saying.

Kyleen's expression went from annoyed to amused. "What about you? Wait I know. Why don't you have Dennis fuck you?"

Brett shrugged his shoulders. "I was looking for more than a blowjob tonight."

"What about anal?" asked Kyleen, her expression not changing.

"I'd prefer your pussy."

"That's off the table. But I'd love to see Dennis fuck you."

"You mean you want to watch as I fuck Dennis."

She shook her head. "No. No I don't." She paused and licked her lips. "I want to watch him fuck you."

Brett shook his head. "You'd have to unlock him and it hasn't been a month yet."

Dennis let out a dry chuckle. "Dude, you don't have very good powers of observation."

Only now did Brett look down at Dennis's dick. It wasn't in the cage like it was supposed to be. The cage was nowhere in sight. The only metal that Dennis was sporting was the silver PA ring that decorated the end of his cock.

It was still a small cock but Brett felt a quiver of uncertainty in his guts. "You

want him to fuck me?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes. I haven't seen that. I've seen him blow you but I'm certain you can take it up the ass, can't you?"

It took Brett a minute to answer, partly because Kyleen's words alone were enough to make him start to get hard. "Yeah. I can do that. I've been topped before."

"Fuck him like a woman," said Kyleen as she struggled off the bed and padded over to the dresser where she pulled out a condom packet and some lube.

There were two boxes of condoms in the drawer, large and small. One box for Brett and one for Dennis. From the color of the one that Kyleen had selected he knew that it was for Dennis. She wasn't just goofing around.

Brett was disappointed that his cock wasn't going to be going into her pussy...or even Dennis's ass. He was reasonably certain he'd get off some way, but now wasn't the time to argue.

There was a short show as Kyleen opened the packet but left the condom inside it. She took Dennis's cock in her mouth and sucked him for a minute, getting him hard. Just was it was starting to get good, she stopped and looked at Brett.

"Get down here and help me."

The last time that Brett had blown Dennis escaped him. It had to have been some time recently…

He followed Kyleen's order and joined her in front of Dennis, took the other man's semi-hard cock from her hand and put it in his mouth.

It had been a long time. He couldn't remember the last time he had sucked off a guy with a piercing. Brett liked the mixture of flesh and metal in his mouth.

Getting Dennis fully erect was an easy task. Brett wasn't sure if that was because he knew how to suck cock or if Dennis was just fired up to have sex with him.

Had Dennis actually ever buggered a man? It seemed to Brett that it had happened, but in the moment he couldn't remember if it was true.

“Suck that cock,” Kyleen encouraged him as she sidled up to her boyfriend and gave him a kiss. Brett couldn't fault her for loving Dennis. He was handsome and had a great body. He was an actual nice guy, not a dick.

The wish that Brett had was for her not to be so attached to Dennis. He still held out hope that the baby in her belly was his. Then he’d be able to displace Dennis that much easier.

It was easy to deepthroat Dennis. His cock was that small.

“Want to join me?” he asked Kyleen, taking a quick break from sucking Dennis.

She shook her head. “No. Why would I want to do that?”

Brett just shrugged. “More for me,” he said putting Dennis’s cock back into his mouth.

After just a few seconds, Kyleen pushed him away from her boyfriend. “That’s enough. I want to see him fuck you now.”

That was the one thing about Kyleen that annoyed the hell out of him. She always had to be in charge. Didn’t she understand she was the woman? Still, he gave in because he knew that if he argued with her, he wouldn’t get to fuck her later. It was a game of patience.

What he didn’t like at all was when Kyleen rolled the condom onto Dennis’s cock, as if he couldn’t do it himself. There was no way that she should have been submissive to him in that way. It was his job to put on his own fucking condom.

Worse, it left Brett having to lube up his own ass. It wasn’t humiliating, but it would have been better if Dennis had done it. That was the role Dennis should have had: serving both Brett and Kyleen. He was the one with the constantly locked up cock because he was so small and useless.

“On your back,” Kyleen reminded him. He hadn’t forgotten. Brett preferred to top but he’d taken it up the ass plenty of times. When he was bottoming he liked to be on his hands and knees; it felt more powerful that way. His second choice was to be on top of the other guy, riding him like a gay cowboy, but if Kyleen wanted Dennis to fuck him like a woman, he’d go along with it.

More than anything he wanted to get fucked and get off.

Brett was forced to hook his hands around the backs of his knees to properly present his ass to Dennis. Kyleen was right next to them with Dennis's cock in her hand.

"You ready for it, dude?" Dennis asked him.

Brett just nodded. He felt like he was getting fucked for the first time again. That had been years ago, in the backyard of the guy he was in love with, the guy who was home from college for the summer and no one knew that they were gay or bi or whatever. Dennis looked nothing like Kevin but the situation felt exactly the same. They had both told each other they were interested in dating Dani the pretty girl with long brown hair. Neither of them dated Dani.

Whatever happened to Dani?

Whatever happened to Kevin?

He felt it when Dennis pushed into him. For just the briefest second he tried to resist, clamping down with his sphincter to keep Dennis out of his ass, but that wasn't possible. Dennis's cock was too hard and Brett's desire was too strong.

He felt the odd bump of Dennis's PA as it pushed inside him. He liked that strange feeling.

"Like that?" Dennis asked.

Brett just nodded, not willing to trust himself to actually speak.

Dennis started fucking him like a woman. Brett liked it more than he was willing to admit to himself or anyone else. Kyleen watched them with shining eyes.

Brett wanted to grab his own cock and start jacking off to get some extra pleasure out of the moment. He imagined that jacking it while being ass fucked was similar to a girl playing with her clit as she was fucked. It felt that good.

But he couldn't quite do it. While he was plenty strong, the position that Dennis had him in didn't make it easy to jerk off and hold up his legs at the same time. Still, he tried and then his leg started slipping down.

“Put your leg back up,” Kyleen ordered him. “Dennis doesn’t have a long cock. You know that.”

She wanted to watch them fuck and she was going to get her wish even if that meant that Brett was going to have to suffer. She was fine with that, Brett realized.

He wasn’t sure if he was okay with that, but he still grabbed the back of his leg that was slipping down and pulled it back into position. “Just wanted to jerk off,” he complained.

“Well, I can help you with that,” Kyleen said, almost delighted. She grabbed the lube bottle and dumped some into her hand and some more all over his cock. Dennis changed his position a little to give her better access to Brett’s thick cock.

The couple worked well together and soon they had Brett’s eyes rolling up. He was moaning louder than he wanted. Maybe Dennis had a small cock, but Brett had had a few guys fuck him with big cocks because he thought that’s what he wanted. Being stretched was nice, but to have a cock in his ass that was just giving him pleasure was better than bragging to someone about having a huge cock.

It wasn’t the size, it was the skill.

Maybe Dennis didn’t get to use his cock a lot, but he knew how to use it and Brett briefly wondered if he was missing out on something.

It was hard to focus in the moment because Kyleen, as always, proved adept with her slender, gentle fingers in giving him a handy that was much more than a handy.

“Are you going to cum soon?” she asked.

Brett nodded and then saw that Kyleen was looking at Dennis. The other man had his eyes closed and was pumping away at Brett’s ass, obviously enjoying himself. Brett didn’t like the way she was looking at Dennis, but there wasn’t anything he could do about that.

“Uh-huh,” Brett said anyway, just to let them know where he stood.

“Cum for me, baby,” Kyleen said, giving Dennis a kiss. “Pull out and cum all over his dick.” She kissed him again. “Can you do that for me, baby?”

Dennis nodded. Brett realized the other man was very close. He didn’t want Dennis to cum first and leave him hanging, but there wasn’t anything he could do about it. While he wasn’t chained down to the bed, it was almost as if he were being pinned in place by the bigger man.

Brett was determined to cum one way or another.

And then Dennis abruptly pulled out of his ass and yanked off the useless condom. Brett peered down between his legs as Dennis’s hand pumped up and down on his short cock before it exploded all over Brett’s cock and Kyleen’s hand.

There was more cum shooting through the air and landing on him than Brett had thought possible for Dennis to produce. Dennis groaned and grunted like he was in great pain. Brett figured it was just a show for Kyleen but he hated the feeling of his ass suddenly being empty. He wanted to be fucked.

Kyleen didn’t let Dennis’s orgasm stop her. She kept pumping Brett’s thick cock. While she could barely wrap her fingers around him, she still knew what she was doing. It would have been better if Dennis hadn’t cum, but that wasn’t possible.

He grunted as he pushed himself over the edge. The moment he started cumming Kyleen let go of his cock. It wasn’t exactly a ruined orgasm, but it wasn’t how he wanted to be finished off. Fumbling around, he grabbed himself and pumped a couple of times, getting a little more mileage out of the orgasm, letting his cum fall heavily onto his stomach.

“That was fucking hot,” Kyleen declared.

Brett didn’t want to contradict her, but he had had better sex in the past.

“It was great,” he lied easily.

“I’m glad you’re happy.” When Kyleen spoke it didn’t sound like she was happy for him at all. “Go clean up.”

It would have been hotter if Dennis had used his mouth to clean up Brett, or

even if Kyleen had done it. Brett was being relegated to the shower. That wasn't supposed to be the way it was supposed to be.

Still, he didn't complain even though he knew he should have. He levered himself off the bed and went to the bathroom.

Brett hated showering right after sex, when he had cum all over his body. Hot water just seemed to spread it so he had to use cold water to wash it off first and then switch to hot and use soap. By the time most of his and Dennis's cum was gone, he was shivering. The hot water was a welcome switch. Turning around, he presented his ass to the spray of water, letting it get between his buttocks before soaping there and letting the lube be washed away.

He spent far too much time rinsing off. He wasn't sure if he was hiding in the bathroom or was trying to wash away something else.

After he finished in the bathroom, Brett came out, not bothering with a towel. It would only slow him down if Kyleen changed her mind and let him fuck her. The happy couple was lying on the bed together. Brett wasn't disgusted, but he was jealous. They were cuddling, which was something that didn't match the dynamic he had in his head about their relationship. Dennis was the submissive bottom. Brett was the switch who served Kyleen and dominated Dennis. Kyleen was the one who was truly in charge. He would do whatever she asked or whatever she ordered.

He loved being under her thumb, but she or Dennis could never know that.

They barely took a look at Brett when he walked back in. Unable to help himself Brett looked at Dennis's small cock. He still had his PA ring in, but the cage wasn't there. For a reason he couldn't articulate, that angered him Dennis was supposed to be the neuter, the plaything. He was supposed to wear his cage all the time.

Dennis was playfully sucking on Kyleen's tits, drawing out a bit of milk and then stopping. She was giggling at him like a schoolgirl.

It was almost sickening.

The cage was right there on the dresser. Brett picked it up and brought it over to the bed where the other two were lounging.

“Don’t you want to put this back on him?” Brett asked, all but brandishing it in Kyleen’s face. He didn’t even address Dennis. Dennis wasn’t a real man; he was the cuckold in this relationship.

“No. Not right now. I think Dennis has earned the right to be free for a little while longer.” Kyleen gave Dennis a kiss.

That hurt Brett even move. “No. He should fucking wear it unless he’s actually fucking.”

They both looked at him like he was a petulant child not getting his own way.

“Don’t be an asshole, dude,” Dennis said mildly.

“Don’t tell me how to act,” Brett snapped back. “You don’t even know if that baby is yours!”

Dennis frowned and started to move off the bed, but Kyleen put a hand on his shoulder, stopping him. “He’s the father, Brett. I’ve always known he was the father.”

“Yeah, bullshit.”

Kyleen was done with his attitude. Carefully she slid off the bed and went to the dresser, taking Dennis’s cock cage from Brett’s hand. Out of the dresser she pulled her diaphragm inside its case. “This is a diaphragm, Brett. Every time I fucked you without a condom before I got pregnant, I was wearing it. There’s no way you’re the father.”

Brett just stood and glared at her for far too long. Dennis became nervous and started to move off the bed.

“Well this fucking sucks!” he screamed and quickly found his clothes. “I’m fucking leaving.”

“Don’t come back,” Kyleen said as he was halfway down the hall.

Brett was in his car and starting to drive away before he realized how badly he had fucked up. If he had been a smarter and more humble man he would have turned around and begged for forgiveness.

He didn’t turn around. He kept driving.

Back in the house Kyleen was crying, her head on Dennis’s shoulder. She still had him. It would be more than enough.

It had to be.

END

Preview

Isla: Milk Slave 1

It’s an incredible feeling knowing you own another human being. Some owners say it’s bad form to consider a slave a fellow human being, but I don’t buy into that mindset.

To have another person completely under your control, to do with them as you will, for them to have no say in what happens to them in a rush greater than sex or any drug in the world.

I remember when I was starting the search with the agent and he asked for general parameters of what I wanted in my slave.

“Blonde, hairless from the neck down, not even on her arms, full breasts but not huge, natural, of course, not enhanced. Her skin should be pale, a little freckling is fine but nothing excessive. Blue eyes are preferred—easy with a blonde—but I’m willing to pay a premium for green. Trim body. Height isn’t important, but neither excessively tall nor short. Hair should be natural blonde, not dyed. No tattoos. No piercings. No brandings. No body modifications, even the newer styles.”

The agent looked at me impassively. He was polite and measured in everything he did; he had to be as a slave agent dealing with clients who were among the über-wealthy. It wasn’t his job to judge but to provide for his clients’ needs. I knew that. However, he also needed to be wise enough to guide his clients. He could provide whatever they wanted, but in order to make them happy, he had to know what they actually wanted.

“You don’t have to follow popular trends,” he told me mildly. “This is completely anonymous and private. I don’t care you if want to own a midget with three breasts and a hair lip if that’s your preference. If you want a boy who is cute with a huge cock, I can find you that as well. I just want you to be happy.”

“Blonde, all natural, unmodified,” I repeated.

He smiled thinly. “Perfect. A few clarification questions. Are ear lobe piercings allowed? It will be hard to find a woman without them.”

I considered his question. “I’ll happily pay extra for unpierced, but if that’s all you can find…”

“I’ll find her,” he promised. “The difference isn’t money. It’s time.”

“I’m a patient man.”

“Her age range?”

“Younger is better.”

“It always is,” he agreed.

“Keep her under thirty.”

He raised his eyebrows at me. “That opens up possibilities,” he commented.

“How so?”

The agent didn’t directly answer my question. “Wider parameters,” he murmured. “Can she have given birth or been pregnant at all?”

That question should not have caught me unawares, but it did. “Is that an option?”

“Everything is an option,” he said, spreading his hands wide and giving me his best non-oily grin.

“Are women who are…mothers…even available?”

“Of course. Some sell themselves into slavery to support their families.”

“This is to be a long-term ownership deal,” I clarified with him. “Up to ten years. My option.”

“Already understood.”

I nodded. “Then it doesn’t matter. As long as she fulfills the other requirements.”

His smile became happy. “Certainly. One last question. Do you intend to breed her?”

“What?”

“Do you intend to breed her, either with your seed or someone else’s? The child would be yours if you want, or given away. I can make that happen as well.”

“She won’t be bred.” I had decided to purchase a slave for my amusement, not for creating offspring.

“Standard clause in the contract is no breeding, but that can be changed by mutual agreement of both parties. Also standard in the contract.”

“Fine.” I had heard of owners falling in love with their slaves. I didn’t intend for that to happen to me.

He nodded and we signed the search agreement. He promised quick results.

I had high standards and was a patient man. I wasn’t expecting a slave to appear on my doorstep the next morning.

The first four I rejected. It wasn’t that they didn’t meet my standards—they did—but there was something about their faces and bodies that wasn’t exactly what I wanted. It was the ineffable descriptor: when I saw it, I would know it. To his credit, my agent didn’t complain at all. I’m sure I wasn’t the most difficult client he ever dealt with. While I was among the upper echelon of wealth in the world, I wasn’t at the top. I wasn’t even in the top one thousand or ten thousand. The thing of money is, when you have a little, it never goes far enough. When you have too much, you don’t know what to do with it.

I had more than enough, but not too much; just the right amount of excess. I could afford what I wanted but couldn’t waste it just to make a point.

Well, I suppose I could have, but I didn’t.

Fourth time was the charm. She was perfect. All the right aspects I had asked for: nearly flawless but naturally and not so perfect that she was artificial.

It had only taken my agent six months. I was pleased with his results.

She stood in the middle of my apartment, naked and perfect, eyes slightly

downcast, saying nothing, doing nothing. She was well-trained; I liked that. I circled around and around her, drinking in every inch of her skin with my eyes. I didn't touch. I was waiting; heightening the anticipation.

"She's trained, of course," the agent said. "Nothing special, but you didn't request anything beyond normal training."

"I know," I said absently. "I'll train her myself."

"We have people for that."

"I'll do it myself. I know what I'm doing."

The late afternoon light streaming through the wall of windows in the high rise where I made my home highlighted the slave's perfect skin. She was pale, but not colorless. She hadn't been subjected to light to make her skin that artificial gold that was so unnatural. More importantly, she didn't have any tan lines.

I tended to keep my rooms cooler than most people enjoyed. The slave's pink nipples puckered at the cool air. It was fetching. I judged her breasts at having a volume of roughly 400 ml each. I had a good eye for that sort of measurement.

I dropped my eyes to her buttocks and sex. Hairless, as I requested. Then I paused at her side. Her buttocks weren't muscular, but trim enough to meet my expectations. There was, however, a scar on her hip. It was the length of a finger and thin, maybe a half centimeter wide. It was faded white, not red and hardly noticeable, but it was a flaw.

"What's this?" I asked, indicating the scar.

The agent was unruffled by my question. "Old surgery scar. She had a minor procedure years ago. Excellent doctors and facility. I have the paperwork if you want it." He paused and then anticipated my objection. "You said natural. Natural comes with flaws and imperfections."

"I know," I said trying to hide my disappointment. "Still…so close to perfection…"

"I can keep looking," he offered.

For a fee, of course. It wasn't that I didn't have the money. It was I wanted results after half a year.

"No. I'll take her."

And with that, I owned a human being. She came into my possession with literally nothing. The agent had her in a nondescript dress when he walked her in, and he walked out with the dress. She had nothing but herself.

I took her to my bedroom and fucked her.

She was very good. She obviously wasn't a virgin, but I didn't want a virgin. I wanted a sex slave and that's exactly what I got.

You don't know someone until you intimately rub your body all over theirs.

I was pleased with her body. All her body hair had been removed. Her skin was as smooth as a dolphin's. I carefully inspected her pussy with both fingers and tongue and couldn't detect a single hair, even around her anus. I didn't bother to find out what method was used to depilate her. It didn't matter as long as it didn't come back.

Her breasts were perfect. Not too large, not too small, topped with perfect pink nipples and small areolas. I couldn't have found a prostitute who was her equivalent.

She loved—or pretended to love with peerless acting—every position I fucked her in: missionary, doggy, cowgirl. She lubricated freely, which was a necessity for her job, and orgasmed three times. Certainly once wasn't faked—I could feel her inner walls trembling around my cock—and the other two seemed honest, but I'm not a fool. Maybe she was faking. It didn't matter. When I came, I was fucking her from behind and shot my seed deep into her.

It was thrilling knowing I could fuck her that way without any fear of consequences.

Everything was perfect…until the next morning.

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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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