
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
COME
OUT AND
PLAY - 3
A MALE CHASTITY EROTIC NOVEL
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Come Out And Play 3

A Male Chastity Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Come Out And Play 3

A Male Chastity Erotic Novel

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Second Edition

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Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Chapter 8

I hurried home without crashing my car. The last thing I needed right now was to get arrested for drunk driving. The Samuel Adams Utopia was hitting me harder than I anticipated.

I managed to get home without encountering the police. White man privilege and dumb luck. The most infuriating part was taking the elevator up to my floor. I wanted to run, but I couldn't. I should have taken the stairs.

When the elevator finally, after taking its own sweet time, arrived at my floor, I raced into my apartment and started stripping immediately. I had glanced at the time on my phone before leaving the elevator. I had two minutes left before Ms. Daggett expected me on my bed naked.

Well, naked except for my panties.

And cage.

I was to be caged at all times according to our contract.

I skidded into the bedroom wearing just the electric blue panties.

I wasn't sure what to expect.

I had been hoping that maybe Ms. Daggett would be waiting for me there with the key to my cock cage and she'd free me and we'd fuck and she'd realize that she liked small cocks better than big ones.

Wishful thinking, I know.

What I didn't expect to find was Miss Eleanor Thomas half naked in my bed idly fiddling with her phone. She was wearing a black bra, black panties, and black thigh high stockings. Despite her monochromatic look, the black looked lovely on her pale skin. Her lips were highlighted with bright red lipstick. Her hair was just a shade darker.

"Took you fucking long enough," she complained.

"What the fuck are you doing here?!" I demanded, starting to panic because what would Ms. Daggett do if she found another woman in my bed.

I had no idea.

“Waiting for you because that’s what Ms. Daggett ordered.”

“I’m supposed to meet her here,” I said lamely.

“No. You’re supposed to meet me. Didn’t you read your message?”

I thought back to what was on my phone. I had dropped it when I had stripped in the living room.

Report to your bedroom by 7:30.

That was it. That was the whole of her message.

Fuck.

“So…why are you here?” I asked, confused.

She sat up. I couldn’t take my eyes off her tits. I could just barely see the outline of her areolas through the lace of the cups.

“You impressed Ms. Daggett today,” she said. “But she doesn’t like to waste her time. Cute panties by the way, I think I have a pair like them.”

I momentarily covered my crotch with my hands, but then realized she had already seen everything. I had no secrets when it came to Ms. Daggett and Miss Thomas.

“Okay but how is this not wasting her time? I don’t get it.”

Eleanor laughed at me and reached behind her back to unhook her bra. My cock swelled inside the steel cage when her tits came into view. They were perfect. Her left nipple was pierced with a silver ring. That was fucking hot. She then adjusted her position on the bed and pulled the black panties off, tossing them aside. She was effectively naked except for her stockings.

I would have loved to fuck her…except I was wearing a cock cage.

“Take off your panties,” she instructed me and leaned across the bed to pick up a small key from my nightstand. “I need to take off your cage.”

I should have been eager to strip, but I was suspicious.

“Why?”

“So I can evaluate how good fuck you are.”

“What?”

“So I can evaluate how good fuck you are,” she repeated. “Ms. Daggett isn’t going to waste her time on you if you aren’t a good lover. You’d better work hard to make that three inch cock worth my time…and hers.” She dangled the key from her finger. “Well, what are you waiting for?”

“I’m certain this is a trap.”

Eleanor pointed to the camera in my room aimed at the bed. “Everything is being recorded, there is no trap.”

“You just fuck men that Ms. Daggett tells you to?”

“Yes.”

I goggled at her. “Why? Doesn’t that make you a…” I trailed off.

“A whore? I’ve done worse things for money, believe me. Now take off your panties, get over here so I can take off that cage, and fuck me. If you aren’t worth a fuck…well, you might just be losing your job.”

I yanked down my panties and went to the bed.

All I needed was a beautiful older woman telling me what to do and I’d do it, consequences be damned.

She fitted the key in the lock and slipped off the curved cage. At once my cock stood up as proudly as it could.

“Very nice,” she murmured as she struggled to get the retaining ring off. Pushing one ball through and then the second was painful in a gut-sinking sort of way, but when it was off, I felt huge. Maybe it was because I had all my hair removed.

Eleanor didn’t comment on that. She just lay back on my bed and spread her

legs. My eyes locked onto her landing strip. I put my face between her legs and licked her pussy. Much to my amazement she was already sopping wet.

“Quit fooling around and fuck me already. I don’t have all night.”

“Condom?” I asked, leaning toward my nightstand where I kept a supply.

“Not necessary! Now fuck me!”

I was hard. She was wet and begging for it. I got up between her thighs, took my small cock in hand—which felt weird because I hadn’t touched it in over a day—and found her entrance.

A little moan escaped from Eleanor’s lips as I pushed into her. I’m only four inches. It didn’t take much for me to bottom out.

“Are you in yet?” she asked.

I had a terrible flashback to high school.

“Yeah…”

She laughed at me. “I know. It’s just that you’re so small. I can barely feel it.”

I flushed bright red though in the dim light of the room she probably didn’t see that.

“Keep going,” she said, a bit of boredom in her voice. “I’m judging you for Ms. Daggett, remember.”

I knew that. I pinned Eleanor to the bed, holding her wrists so she couldn’t move at all. Then I began slamming my cock into her. She lifted up her legs to better receive my thrusts. I knew I was impacting her clit. She tried to keep her face neutral, but I knew she was enjoying it. Some women are size queens and say they just want a huge cock. Others say average is great because they don’t want to get hurt during sex. Small might not be impressive, but I’ve always gotten the job done.

That hasn’t stopped women from running away after sex and never returning my calls, however.

We fucked in silence for a few minutes. Relative silence. Despite her best efforts, Eleanor still made little moans and sighs as we rutted. I watched her expression closely. She mostly kept her eyes closed but they tended to flutter open when I kissed the side of her neck.

“Oh…oh fuck…oh fuck!”

It looked and sounded like she was trying to resist, but she couldn’t. She came. Her pussy tightened up on my cock and I felt a hot flash as she climaxed. She didn’t exactly squirt, but there was a definite gush of amrita that soaked the sheets. Eleanor tried to keep her reaction muted, but her body betrayed her.

“You fucking came,” I accused her, grinning in triumph.

“Even a blind squirrel finds a nut every once in a while,” she replied.

“Oh really. So you didn’t enjoy me just fucking your pussy?”

“I could barely feel it,” she taunted me. “Tiny cock. It was you slamming against my clit that made me cum.”

Undoubtedly she saw my sneer at her response. She just grinned up at me as I rested in her pussy.

Not giving her any warning, I abruptly pulled out of her pussy, grabbed her legs, and folded her in half, keeping her pinned to the bed.

“What are you doing?” she demanded.

“Ever been fucked in the ass?” I asked as I took my cock in hand and aimed it lower.

“No!” she cried out. I wasn’t sure if she was saying no to having ever been fucked in the ass or if she was just surprised at what I was going to do to her.

She struggled a bit, but I was much bigger and stronger than her. I pressed my small cock head against her anal ring. It was nice and slippery from her gush of amrita and my cock was well-lubed from her pussy. She was able to resist for a few seconds, but then I pushed into her, spreading her sphincter and penetrating her forbidden hole.

Eleanor groaned long and deep. She stopped resisting.

“Ohhh…fuck yes,” she moaned.

“You like that?” I asked her as I slowly and carefully rocked my hips back and forth.

She bit her lip so she couldn’t reply. That was fine with me. The way her body responded was confirmation enough.

And then I saw one of her hands go to her nipple and the other to her pussy.

As I fucked her ass, she shoved her fingers up her twat and rubbed her clit while pinching her pierced nipple.

I met her gaze and she looked back at me. We didn’t say anything. There wasn’t anything to say.

Her ass was tight on my cock and her juices had gotten her wet enough. Eleanor masturbated vigorously as I fucked her where she didn’t want me.

“Oh fuck…oh fuck…oh fuck,” she repeated over and over.

It was a battle of wills between us.

I’m not sure who won.

She made herself cum a second time, announcing her orgasm with a little scream. Her asshole clamped down tightly on my cock and that was enough to cause me to orgasm.

The first couple of shots I deposited into her ass, but she was still jilling off and since I’m so small, I easily slipped out of her back entrance and finished cumming all over her pussy and hand.

By the time we were both done, we were sweaty and panting heavily.

Trying to assert a little dominance, Eleanor flung her leg over where I was kneeling, rolled off my bed, and went to the bathroom to clean up. I continued to kneel there, panting heavily, until she returned and pulled on her panties. Only

then did I stagger to the bathroom to wash off my cock.

I glanced at the camera in my bedroom. I wasn't sure if the indicator light on it winked off from red to blue or what.

I reminded myself that I was constantly being monitored and probably recorded.

When I returned to the bedroom, I found Eleanor laying in my bed.

"I thought you were leaving," I said to her.

"Give me a minute. I'm exhausted." She had only managed to put her panties on. Her bra was still on the floor. Only now did I notice her other clothes were carefully folded on top of my dresser. "I have to put your cage back on." She was on her side, facing away from me. Her words were half mumbled.

Shrugging my shoulders, I joined her in bed. Pressing my chest to her back. She pressed her silk-covered ass against my crotch. I was soft so she didn't feel much of anything from me.

Chapter 9

“Fuck fuck fuck!”

I woke up instantly and looked around for the problem.

“What’s the matter?” I asked Eleanor.

The pretty redhead had jumped out of my bed and was rushing around pulling on her clothes. Her hair was rumpled and her tits shook beautifully as she hurried.

“I fell asleep!” she cried to me.

“So?”

“I didn’t put your fucking cage back on you!”

She pointed to the device that she had left on the nightstand. I was just as happy to have it off.

“So?” I said again. My cock was hard. Morningwood and, as always, I wasn’t very big, but I pulled back the covers to show her my erection. “We can fuck again before you have to leave.”

She smiled and walked up to me where I lounged on the bed.

I didn’t even see her hand move. I felt the sting of the slap on my face, though.

“Fuck!” I protested.

She ignored my complaint. “There’s three ways to get rid of an erection,” she lectured me. “One: will it away. Two: cum. Three: ice. Number two isn’t going to happen this morning. You’ve got thirty seconds to will it away.”

“It doesn’t work that way!” I complained.

She finished dressing. She looked professional in her pantsuit and blue blouse. I wanted her naked again. I wanted to fuck her again. I wanted to play with her pierced nipple.

I knew I wasn’t going to get any of that.

In silence she slipped on her heels. Sexy and professional. “You’re still hard,” she commented. “I’ll be back with the ice.” She grabbed the ring and cage off the nightstand along with the key.

I didn’t want the cage back on. I followed her to the kitchen.

“You don’t have to put it back on me,” I told her. “Ms. Daggett doesn’t have to know.”

Eleanor removed some ice from the freezer and found a plastic baggie for the cubes. She pointed to the camera in the kitchen. “She already knows.” Eleanor approached me with the ice bag and I backed up against the counter. “We’re already both going to be punished,” she said. “If you resist, it’ll only make things worse for the both of us.”

I considered the money I was risking.

I let her put the cold ice on my cock and balls.

A minute later I was flaccid enough for the cage to go on.

She snapped the lock shut and marched out of my apartment.

I took a shower and made breakfast.

I had just started eating when the camera speakers came on.

“Dylan, report to my office immediately.”

My heart sank. My cock still tried to get hard.

Fuck.

“Yes, Mistress,” I said. The blue light on the camera winked out and was replaced by the red. I was being recorded again.

I shoved as much of my eggs as I could into my mouth and went to the hall’s elevator.

When I stepped out into Ms. Daggett’s office, I automatically started to undress but her voice called to me. I didn’t immediately see her, but that was to be

expected. Her office area was huge.

“Don’t get undressed. Come here.”

I stopped unbuttoning my shirt and as I walked out of the entrance area, I saw a familiar pile of clothes on a low table near the elevator.

The clothes belonged to Eleanor.

I was shocked by what I saw when I stepped into the office proper, but I shouldn’t have been.

Most of the office space was taken up by Ms. Daggett’s large, impressive table and visitor chairs and a couch. There were some undoubtedly overpriced decorations and a large bookcase that held more books than any one person could read in a lifetime. That was her formal business area.

Ms. Daggett was standing on the far side of the office, near an exterior wall that was all window. Eleanor was with her. Eleanor was naked. Her hands were bound over her head. Leather cuffs were on her wrists which were attached to a heavy chain that was anchored to the ceiling. I saw a clever recessed area that hid the small winch that controlled the chain.

Where Eleanor stood I remembered seeing a coffee table in my previous visits. There were three small sofas forming an open square for guests to casually chat. In this case guests could casually observe a naked woman restrained like she was in a sex club.

I was certain that Ms. Daggett would be happy to run a sex club.

“Holy shit,” I breathed when I took in the scene.

Ms. Daggett was wearing a business suit with a skirt. Instead of heels, on her feet she had boots that came up over her calves. Her hair was back in a bun. She looked every inch a professional businesswoman…except for the leather crop in her hand.

She used the end of the tool to trace idle patterns over Eleanor’s pink nipples.

My cock tried to get hard in its cage.

It couldn’t.

It hurt.

Fuck.

I saw several bright red stripes on Eleanor’s stomach and thighs.

“Please turn around, Miss Thomas,” said Ms. Daggett.

Eleanor complied without a word.

I saw more stripes on her back and ass.

How she wasn’t crying was beyond me.

I approached quickly. I didn’t know what I was going to do but—

“Stop right there, Dylan.”

I paused like I was in the middle of a game of red light-green light. Even in a ridiculous situation like this, she had complete control over me.

“Give me a full report on your evaluation of Mr. Dylan Beemis from last night.”

Eleanor turned back around. I drank in her pert breasts pulled higher than normal by her upraised arms. The landing strip of her pussy was almost the same color as the stripes given to her by Ms. Daggett.

Eleanor raised her chin and started talking. Her voice didn’t break or quaver once. “As you requested, I evaluated Mr. Beemis for his sexual skills. I found them to be fully competent. He knows how to please a woman. He is skilled in using mouth, fingers, and cock. He fucked me and made me cum, even when I didn’t want to. This is even more impressive considering that, at most, when erect Mr. Beemis’s cock is four inches long. His circumference is proportional to his short length. In my opinion, though most women prefer a larger cock on their partners, he could easily please any woman who chose to partner with him.” She stopped talking.

“I see. Did you suck his cock?”

“No, Ma’am, I did not. You did not request his response to fellatio. He was already hard when I released him from his cage. My job was to rate his skills, not his response to receiving oral sex.”

“Very good. On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate his overall performance?”

“A seven, Ma’am. He lost points for the short amount of time he was able to have sex, his small cock, his rough and vigorous sex over refined techniques.”

“Did I as you to engage in anal intercourse with him?”

“No, Ma’am, you did not.” Only now did Eleanor look at me. Her eyes were watering but she wasn’t crying.

“Did he fuck you in the ass?”

“Yes, Ma’am, he did.”

Ms. Daggett allowed the words to hang in the air.

How did I get involved in this fucked up situation?

“Did you enjoy getting buggered by a man with a small cock?”

“Yes, Ma’am, I did.”

“I see.” Ms. Daggett seemed to consider this for a moment. It was fucked up and I was so turned on I couldn’t move from where I stood six feet away from Eleanor. “Did you cum from him buggering you?”

“Yes, but I also masturbated while he was doing it.”

“Would you like him to bugger you again?”

A single tear slid down Eleanor’s freckled cheek.

“Yes, Ma’am, I would like that.”

“Do I own you, Miss Thompson?”

“Yes, Ma’am, you do. I signed a contract to perform a variety of sexual activities at your command.”

“Do I own your tits?” Ms. Daggett slapped Eleanor’s nipples with her crop.

Eleanor didn’t even wince. “Yes, Ma’am.”

“Do I own your cunt?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Do I own your ass?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Then what the fuck were you doing letting him fuck your ass?” Ms. Daggett emphasized her anger and the question by whipping the crop across Eleanor’s belly one more time.

Eleanor whimpered but mashed her lips together, not crying out.

“I was…I was swept away in the moment, Ma’am. It felt so good and—”

I cut off the redhead. “I did it without asking. I wanted to hurt her. I was angry,” I blurted out.

Ms. Daggett turned on me, an evil smile on her lips.

“You wanted to hurt her?”

Fuck.

“Yes, Mistress.”

I wondered why I had to address her as “Mistress” but Eleanor had to use “Ma’am”.

She marched up to me and I was certain she was going to use the crop on me. Instead, she handed it to me.

“Do it.”

I stared at the tool in my hand. The leather was warm where she had been holding it.

“Do what?” I dumbly asked.

“Punish her. Make her hurt. Make her cry out in pain.”

“I’ve…I’ve never done anything like this, ever,” I stuttered out. That was true. I had once engaged in a little bit of spanking with one college girlfriend, but that hadn’t lasted, like all my relationships.

“Then you’d better learn fast.” Ms. Daggett sauntered back to one of the sofas. She picked up a glass with a drink in it. Alcohol? “I want to hear her scream. But she knows if I think those screams are fake, she’ll be punished worse. Try not to cut her skin.”

I was trembling. I looked from the crop in my hand to Eleanor’s eyes. Tears were freely sliding down her cheeks now.

“Do it,” Ms. Daggett repeated. “You know how I can punish you, Mr. Beemis. Focus on her ass. She rated you a seven, so seven strokes should do it.”

I walked up to Eleanor. She turned around on her bare feet, offering me her bare ass. It was better that I couldn’t see her face.

I swung the crop experimentally and then brought it down on her plump rump.

Eleanor’s flesh rippled from the impact but she made no noise.

“Too soft,” said Ms. Daggett. “Again. Harder. You still have seven to give her.”

I swung much harder the second time. The crop whistled through the air.

Eleanor’s scream was electrifying.

My cock stirred anxiously in my cage.

I loved and hated this.

A lovely red line traveled diagonally across Eleanor’s ass.

“Perfect. Six more. Give me the count, Miss Thomas.”

“One,” she said, her voice breaking.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered to Eleanor.

I don’t know if she heard me or not.

I continued to beat her ass. She cried out each time the crop hit her. Each time I hit her. Her screams were…lovely.

“Two.” Sobbing. “Three.” Tears. “Four.” Whimper. “Five.” A yowl. “Six.” Sniffling.

“Stop!”

I had pulled my arm back for one last strike, but I paused at Ms. Daggett’s command.

“Put the last one across her tits or on her cunt. If you put it on her tits, it had better be on both nipples. Turn around, girl.” She smiled and adjusted her position on the sofa. A lesser woman would have been masturbating to the scene she had created. I wanted to masturbate to the scene, but I had a cage on my cock.

Looking at the crop I figured the leather flap on the end was less painful than getting the hard stick across the nipples. Or maybe I was wrong and I just wanted to indulge in a bit of sadism.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered again to Eleanor as she turned to face me. Her face was wet with tears. There was a wild look in her eyes. I didn’t give her a chance to react. I brought the crop up between her legs. I had a good measure of the tool now and the leather flap hit her right on the pussy.

She screamed bloody murder. She brought up one leg too late to protect her sex. Her body weight pulled on the chain attached to her wrists.

“Perfect!” Ms. Daggett cried and jumped up from the sofa. She took the crop out of my hand. “You have so much potential, Mr. Beemis.”

“Th-th-thank you?” I said, making it a question.

Now that the ordeal was over, Eleanor started sobbing in earnest.

“You’re welcome,” said Ms. Daggett and went up on her toes to give me a kiss on the cheek. “One more thing,” she said casually.

“Yes?” I started to say.

I had been lulled into a sense of safety. Her knee came up between my legs. The cage was no protection from the attack. In fact, it probably made the impact worse because her knee slammed my balls into the steel ring and shaft.

“Never fuck a piece of my property in the ass without my express permission.”

I fell to the floor groaning. I wanted to puke. It was a sensation I was too familiar with.

“When you can get up again, you may release Miss Thomas. You may then go about your daily routine. I won’t have any further need of you today.”

She left the office in her private elevator, leaving Eleanor and me alone.

Chapter 10

After a few minutes I struggled to my feet and stumbled over to the little button panel that controlled the chain. It took me a second but I quickly figured out how to lower the chain.

The chain went slack. I let go of the button but it was on a dead man's switch. I had to hold it down until it was completely released.

Eleanor wound up on her knees, her hands still linked together by the chain.

I hobbled over to her. My balls hurt slightly less and I didn't feel like puking all over the place at the moment.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," I said as I struggled to release the cuffs from around her wrists.

At first I thought she was sobbing in pain.

She was laughing.

I presumed she was laughing at me.

"Did she squish your tiny balls?" Eleanor managed to wheeze out.

"I changed my mind. I hope I hurt your cunt!"

I had freed one of her hands and she finished the other and then got to her feet. I stepped back and internally winced at the welts on her body.

Unable to help myself, I looked down at her pussy. It was bright red where I had struck it.

She gave me a lopsided grin. "You did. Thanks."

"What the fuck?"

"You didn't think this was the first time I had a flogging, did you?" She looked at me in disappointment and then walked to where her clothes were folded on the table. We continued our conversation as she dressed.

"She's done this to you before?"

“Of course. She’s a sadist. I’m a masochist. It’s the perfect relationship.”

“That’s fucking insane.”

“You made me cum when you slapped my pussy.”

She adjusted her underwear before pulling on her pants.

“You’re kidding.”

“Not at all.”

She hid her tits away in her bra. I wanted to ask about the nipple piercing. I had a hundred questions.

“How did…how did you get involved with her?” My head was spinning. That, combined with the hard pit in my stomach made me lean against the wall.

“I was young and stupid and needed money. How else? It's been a good relationship for the both of us.”

“She beats you? You get off on that?” I slowly slid to the floor.

“Yes, but today you beat me. Thank you, by the way.”

“This whole thing is fucked up. Why don’t you…leave?” I asked her.

“For the same reason you don’t: the money. Ms. Daggett is fucking rich.” She shrugged into her blazer and winced momentarily. She wasn’t immune to the pain caused by the welts on her body.

“Does she…does she really own you?”

“As much as she owns you. I signed a similar contract. We’ve modified it over the years. I don’t regret a thing.” She checked her face in a handy mirror in the entryway. She wasn’t pleased with her appearance but shrugged it off after wiping away the remnants of her tears.

“You have to be kidding…how long have you been…been doing this?”

“Almost ten years now,” she said and bent down to touch my face before she

gave me the quickest kiss I'd had since playing spin the bottle in seventh grade. "Get out now if you can't handle it," she said, pressing the elevator button.

"Handle it? She owns you. And me."

"And I like it that way. Do you?"

The bell rang, the doors opened, and Eleanor stepped onto the elevator.

A moment later she disappeared as the doors closed.

I sat on the floor for far too long before I struggled to my feet and took the elevator down to my apartment.

I sat with an ice pack on my balls for an hour before I resolved what to do.

I decided to do something I hadn't done since college.

I went to the library.

I could have done my research from the laptop Ms. Daggett had given me. Or the phone. Hell, I could have used the Xbox to access the internet. I was getting paranoid, but I knew she could monitor everything that I accessed with those devices.

The American public library was the last bastion of free information and research.

Research had been part of my job. I had been very good at research in college as well. In less than an hour I knew way too much about Ms. Daggett. I regretted my research, but it was too late now.

The good news was that she wasn't a criminal. There wasn't even any hint of anything untoward with her many companies.

It was obvious that Ms. Ranae Daggett cultivated a proper public persona. A little history first. The important stuff for her started in college. State university, but she put herself through college with some modeling. Just fashion modeling,

nothing that couldn’t be splashed across the cover of a fashion magazine, not that she ever got that famous to appear on a cover. The sexiest thing I could find was some tame lingerie ads where her nipple pokies were obvious.

Graduated with a business degree and got married almost right away to a rich real estate developer many years older than her. No surprise there. Everyone knew it was a marriage of convenience. The gossip rags mentioned Henry Daggett wanting an heir.

She didn’t produce one. He died of a heart attack before any child could be conceived. There was no evidence saying so, but I imagined she fucked him to death. No surprise there either.

As it was Henry Daggett did wind up having an heir of sorts. Ranae Daggett proved herself to be a very capable businesswoman. She expanded her dead husband’s empire in boring but lucrative deals.

She owned more companies than I could comprehend. Most were holding companies, but still, she was rich. Maybe not billionaire rich, but never having to worry about where your next meal is coming from rich. Never having to worry about affording a summer home rich.

I hadn’t expected to find out much about Ms. Daggett’s private life on the internet, certainly not slave contract with employees. But as far as I could tell, after her husband died, she hadn’t had a relationship with anyone, at least as far as the gossip rags could figure.

I went home with more questions than answers.

The next few days were a study in frustration.

My cage stayed on.

Sleeping at night was rough. I’d wake up several times a night with a mini-erection that needed ice applied before it would go away.

I went to the gym to work out.

I researched Ms. Daggett at the library.

I played video games.

I started to resent being a kept pet.

I suddenly understood living in a gilded cage.

I was so afraid of getting caught that I didn’t even try to masturbate.

I was thrilled when Ms. Daggett messaged me on her phone.

Report to my office immediately.

I was in the middle of a hot game of Call of Duty. I bailed on my teammates without a second thought.

When I got to her office less than a minute later, she didn’t have a sex game ready for me. She indicated a computer, some files, and a workstation as far away from her table desk as possible.

“There is a problem with the accounts in that file. Find the problems. I can’t be bothered to deal with it and you need something to do other than go to the gym and library.”

Before I could deny going to the library, she picked up her phone and started talking to whomever she had on hold.

I was bored. I needed something to do.

I researched the problem.

After a few minutes I figured out the first problem. The accounts were for a private club. The club was private because it was a sex club. Strictly speaking, that wasn’t illegal, but Ms. Daggett wanted her public image to be squeaky clean. Further, the club dealt in a lot of cash because people don’t want their private sexual activities traced back to them.

And it dealt in a lot of cryptocurrency transactions.

The main problem was that the names on the accounts didn't match the names in the private club membership.

After a few hours of working on the problem, I figured that one of three key members of the club's management was skimming money.

The amount of money wasn't much. At most twenty thousand over the last year was missing. It was throwing the books out of balance, but the club wasn't losing money.

Yet.

I brought my findings to Ms. Daggett when she paused in her many phone calls. I found it interesting that she liked to work alone in her huge office. After listening in on her conversations I knew that there was a staff of secretaries and assistants on the floor below. I presumed that was where Eleanor worked.

"Very good," she complimented me. "I think we need to go on an in person investigation. What do you think?"

"That would be appropriate," I said. I had no idea what I was doing.

She stood up from her chair and walked around her table. I stood up and she marched up to me. I was frightened, but she didn't knee me in the balls again. She did grip my cage through my pants.

"Everything working down here?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good. You aren't trying to escape, are you?"

"No, Mistress."

She smiled and kissed me.

Her ice blue eyes thrilled me. I wanted to get hard, but the cage put the kibosh on that.

I was starting to like the frustration it generated.

We took the elevator down to the parking garage and got in the same electric Porsche I had driven before.

As I carefully eased it out of the garage, she reached across the seats and rested her hand in my lap, gripping my cage through my pants.

I said nothing.

Neither did she.

I was starting to like being owned by her a little too much

I focused on following the GPS.

It took us to the edge of the industrial part of the city. Land was cheap here. There were a variety of clubs in the area. Most were just music venues. I knew that plain warehouse we pulled up in front of was hiding secrets inside. It wasn't just because I knew Ms. Daggett, but because the vehicles parked in the lot and attached garage were far too upscale for a simple club.

There weren't that many cars, but there were enough, even though it was early evening.

"The party never stops," Ms. Daggett told me as we walked up to a heavy metal industrial door. Next to it was a keypad. She punched in a code. The door opened. We went in.

It was silent though I could sense vague vibrations coming through the floor. We went through a series of doors until we rounded a corner and were confronted by a man who had bouncer written all over him.

"Ma'am," he said as he stood up from his stool and opened the door he had been guarding.

The noise hit me first. Ms. Daggett went in. When I followed, the smell hit me. Sweat and body odor and too much perfume and alcohol. It was a little too much of everything.

I was expecting to go to the club's offices. Instead we were in what looked like the main room where the entertainment went on.

Tables crowded around a padded pit where two women were circling each other. There was some music playing in the background, but no one cared. The crowd of maybe a hundred people, equal amounts of men and women, all nicely dressed, cheered and encouraged the combatants.

The women were fighting.

Well, wrestling.

Sort of.

They were in bikinis and nothing else. Just as I started watching they got in a clinch, both wound up on the floor and one lost her top, much to the crowd's delight.

I was enthralled, never having seen anything like this before other than a few cat fights in high school.

The woman with black hair quickly dominated her brunette opponent, getting off her bikini bottoms. The raven-haired athlete lost her top but didn't care. Their tits flopped around as the brunette was finger banged by the one in control. I hadn't expected that, but it went well with the fight's theme. She responded sexually, which was interesting, and then was summarily pinned by the woman with black hair.

The crowd cheered. I expected the match to be over. I was wrong.

The man acting as referee to the match brought out a strapon harness to the winner. She quickly put it on while the loser got down on her hands and knees. The winner was still wearing her bikini bottoms and didn't bother putting her top back on.

There were more cheers and calls of encouragement from the audience as the winner used her fake cock to fuck the loser.

I wasn't sure how much of this was staged and how much was real. The expression of triumph on the winner's face looked genuine. The loser, however,

didn’t seem to mind getting fucked. The fucking continued until the loser climaxed. Then the winner paraded around the makeshift ring with her hands raised in triumph.

“What the fuck,” I breathed as the show ended.

“Wait here,” Ms. Daggett ordered me.

I just nodded. She didn’t seem to care and disappeared.

The show wasn’t over. The two women exited the pit and were replaced by two others wearing bikinis. I was expecting another, similar match.

I was wrong.

They were joined by a man who looked middle-aged and past his prime, but happy to be there.

In the first match, one woman had been wearing a blue bikini and the other had worn red. This match featured both women in red with the man wearing blue briefs.

The women must have been professionals, or at least experienced in this sort of game. Working together they quickly had him on his back, his briefs off to display his swelling cock, and then had him pinned in less than a minute.

I was disappointed at his lack of skill in the match, but then again, the women were obviously experienced and worked well together.

His penalty for losing—or maybe his reward?—was getting down on the mat with both women. He was on all fours, they were kneeling and wearing strapon harnesses. They spit-roasted him. He was forced to suck on one woman’s fake cock while the other pegged him. It should have been torture. He seemed to like it. After all, it didn’t take much massaging of his cock to make him cum.

Just as they were leaving the pit to the applause of the crowd, Ms. Daggett appeared at my side. “Come with me,” she said and immediately started walking away.

I wanted to see what was going to happen in the pit next but I didn’t argue with

her.

A minute later I was in what looked like a combination dressing room and locker room.

“Strip,” I was ordered.

In no time I was down to just my cage and an attractive female assistant was oiling up my body.

“What’s going on?” I asked with rising dread.

Ms. Daggett seemed genuinely happy. “You got to watch. Now you get to participate.”

“You can’t be serio—”

She slapped me across the face before I could finish my words.

“If you win, you get to fuck your opponent. She’s pretty. You’ll like it. If you lose…” Ms. Daggett paused and licked her lips. “If you lose, your opponent will get to fuck you. She’s pretty. You’ll like it.”

My mind was whirling. How did I get in this situation? I was given a pair of red briefs to wear.

After that, I couldn’t keep track of anything.

The woman I was suddenly facing was attractive enough. And she was fit as hell. Small tits, short black hair, well-defined muscles showing off her tight bikini. I had never been much of an athlete. My physique was pure gym and some running. I had never been on a sports team. My wrestling experience was a single semester in high school gym class.

Still, I was a good head taller than whatever her name was. In my head I called her Bitch. I had to outweigh her by a good fifty pounds.

When the bell rang, none of that mattered. She was as fast as she was experienced. I was taken down incredibly quickly. She knew wrestling moves and holds and locks and techniques. I couldn’t get a grip on her slippery body.

She stripped off my briefs. Somehow in our struggle her top had gotten loose. I wondered if I had done it.

Her hand curled around my cage and she tried jerking me off. The crowd laughed. I partially broke out of her hold. Then I felt her finger going up my ass. The crowd roared. My face burned red with shame.

Then I was on my back, my legs tangled around hers but not in a good way. The bell rang.

I had lost.

I should have known that would happen.

I heard some shouts from the crowd about my cage as the ref and two bouncers forced me down on my hands and knees.

Suddenly Ms. Daggett was next to me, kneeling down. I looked at her, my eyes begging for some respite.

Her cruel beauty ignored my silent plea.

“You did better than I expected,” she said softly as she reached under my body.

“I don’t want to do this,” I begged her.

“You lost. This is your penalty.”

“But—” I started to protest. She expertly pulled the cage off my cock. Instantly I got hard. That was the last thing I wanted.

A second later I felt hands on my hips and Bitch’s dildo was probing between my buttocks. There was the wetness of the lube and suddenly she was inside me where I didn’t want her to be.

I cried out but no one heard over the cheers of the crowd.

She fucked me good and hard. It wasn’t anything like when Ms. Daggett had pegged me. I hated it.

But my cock stayed hard.

Fuck.

And then it started to feel good.

Fuck!

Bitch continued to fuck me. Ms. Daggett had moved away so that the crowd had a good view of my humiliation.

I didn’t want to cum.

But I came anyway.

A huge puddle of thick white semen splattered on the mat beneath me.

Finally Bitch pulled out of me. I sobbed and tried to keep tears from welling up and sliding down my cheeks.

Someone helped me to my feet and I stumbled out of the pit.

Back in the locker room I showered and Ms. Daggett was there. Before she said a word to me, she sat on a bench and slipped my cock cage back onto me. I didn’t complain. I wanted it back on.

Only then was I allowed to dress.

I confronted Ms. Daggett where she was waiting for me.

“Why did you make me do that?” I demanded of her.

She just smirked and didn’t answer me. I hadn’t really expected her to. I didn’t know what I was expecting from her at all.

“Follow me,” she said.

I followed her.

We went from the locker room to the main floor of the club where no one noticed us to some stairs where a bouncer stood aside to let Ms. Daggett up and finally to an office where three people waited for us, two women and one man.

“Let me keep this short,” said Ms. Daggett. “You’re all dismissed from your positions. You can leave immediately.”

They protested, loudly.

I was taken aback. I had immediately figured out these were the managers of the club. I hadn’t yet figured out which manager was doing the stealing. I knew that I could, but it would just take me a bit more time.

“Why?” I blurted out, not thinking. “We don’t know which one was…doing it yet.”

Ms. Daggett glared at me. “One or maybe all of them have been stealing from me. If it was only one, then the others should have caught the crime.”

We glared at each other for a moment. I had no authority. I backed down. She turned her gaze back to the management trio. “You can leave now or you can leave escorted by security. Severance packages will be prepared for all of you… the severance will depend on how much of a fuss you create.”

She turned on her heel and left the bouncer that followed us into the office. I followed Ms. Daggett. I had no choice.

Back out in the club’s main room, she abruptly turned on me and slapped me across the face again.

I stood there and took it.

“Never, ever question me and my decisions in front of others.”

The drive back to the High Gate Tower was uncomfortable to say the least. She didn’t touch my caged cock.

I was afraid she never again would.

Chapter 11

I was left alone in my apartment for the next four days. I wasn't sure what was worse, being abused or being ignored by Ms. Daggett.

I wanted both her abuse and her affection.

I kept to my routine. Gym. Library. Day spa for laser hair removal. Drinks at the bar. I received an email from Eleanor with instructions to continue my work on the club's finances. Ms. Daggett wanted to find the offender. It gave me something to do, even if it was working alone in my apartment.

I kept up appearances with Aaron, Bennett, and Case. I was growing annoyed with the treacherous fuckers. I carefully pulled bits of information out of them as we drank. I drank a lot less than them.

I boldly used my work computer, the one given to me by Ms. Daggett, to research my old company. I hated those fuckers as well, especially Rebeckah Strohman and Ms. Taylor.

What I wouldn't do to tie up Ms. Taylor and whip her like I had Eleanor. I would enjoy it too, even if I didn't get to fuck her.

What I had done at the club apparently wasn't that bad. I turned in a couple of reports to Eleanor.

She came back with a short email.

Ms. Daggett says your work was satisfactory.

That made me happy and frustrated the hell out of me.

I was getting physically frustrated because I couldn't cum. I had looked up techniques on escaping the cage and cumming. There were all sorts of tricks. Lube. Ice. Using a vibrator on the cage for some stimulation. Pulling out just the shaft to jerk off.

I could do all of these, but I didn't. I didn't want to break Ms. Daggett's trust. More importantly, I didn't want her to catch me doing it on the cameras in my

apartment.

Oddly, I should have been fucked up by being fucked in the ass by a woman I didn't know, but I wasn't. It was a punishment I deserved. Or maybe it was something I wanted more than I was willing to admit.

Almost a week after the debacle in the club Ms. Daggett sent me a message to come to her apartment immediately.

The elevator couldn't move fast enough.

As soon as the doors opened I stepped into a luxury apartment and paused. Ms. Daggett was nowhere to be seen.

A second later she called out to me. "In the bedroom!"

That was a good sign. I didn't expect her to take off my cage and fuck my brains out, but maybe I would be allowed to eat her pussy or maybe she'd fuck my ass again.

I took two steps inside the bedroom and froze. Ms. Daggett was wearing some elaborate purple and black lingerie that looked fantastic on her. That didn't give me pause.

I paused because Eleanor was tied to Ms. Daggett's bed, spread-eagled and naked.

Fuck.

They both looked at me.

"You need to watch this, Dylan," said Ms. Daggett as she moved between Eleanor's spread legs. She lightly blew on the redhead's pussy.

Eleanor shivered and looked away from me in shame.

Laying on her back, her tits had almost disappeared. I admired the stud through her left nipple and then let my eyes travel down to her pussy. Her landing strip was little more than decoration to her mound. I could see her pussy lips open and inviting.

The only thing better than Eleanor's available body was what was hidden away by Ms. Daggett's lingerie. Just looking at Eleanor's naked body was enough to get me hard. Or I would have gotten hard if not for my cage. I groaned at the pain my attempted erection gave me.

"Like what you see?" Ms. Daggett asked.

I just nodded my head. My feet were frozen in place.

With a wink she lowered her face to Eleanor's pussy and licked the entire length of her puffy lips.

Eleanor sighed softly.

I didn't know what to do.

I could only watch as Ms. Daggett ate out her assistant. Eleanor kept her eyes closed and moaned and sighed as she suffered under Ms. Daggett's cunnilingus skills. She pulled on the restraints that tied her to the bed.

It didn't take all that long for Eleanor to reach a climax. Ms. Daggett had to use her fingers on the bound woman, but no one was complaining.

After Eleanor let out a little scream of orgasm, Ms. Daggett laughed. "Did you like that?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Do you like being my toy, my slave?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Ms. Daggett crawled up the other woman's body and gave her a kiss. Eleanor had to taste her pussy on Ms. Daggett's lips. She didn't shy away from the kiss. I never would have guessed the two women were…lesbians? Bisexual? I had no idea how to categorize them.

The kiss was more painful to watch than the cunnilingus. There seemed to be genius affection, maybe even love, there. I was being used. It was so fucked up.

After breaking the kiss, Ms. Daggett sat up, unsnapped the crotch to her lingerie, exposing her pussy, and turned her body around, getting into the classic 69 position. She lowered her pussy to Eleanor's face.

I could hear Eleanor lapping at my Mistress's sex. Ms. Daggett's eyes briefly glazed and then she refocused on me.

She pointed at the end of the bed. "There. Kneel. Watch."

I did as she ordered.

When I was in position Ms. Daggett lowered her face again to Eleanor's pussy and proceeded to give it a tongue lashing. I was getting a free sex show that other men would pay thousands of dollars to watch.

It was fucked.

Ms. Daggett made Eleanor cum again, then she sat up and ground her pussy into the redhead's face until Eleanor was able to make Ms. Daggett cum.

I had no idea why I was getting to watch this. Was Eleanor being punished? Rewarded? Was it supposed to be a reward for me? The cage made it feel like a punishment.

After she came, Ms. Daggett rolled off the bed and approached me. I stayed on my knees. She bent over and lightly kissed me on the lips. I tasted just a hint of Eleanor's pussy.

"Untie her," my Mistress ordered and sauntered to the bathroom.

I cast a glance at her and admired her ass as it swayed back and forth.

If Eleanor noticed, she didn't say anything as I started to free one foot.

"Start with my hand," she ordered.

I briefly considered ignoring her order, but undoubtedly in the pecking order, I was on the bottom. I did what Ms. Daggett's assistant asked.

Once her first hand was freed, she quickly started working on her other hand

while I went back to her feet. In short order she was completely freed.

I heard water running in the bathroom. A sink, not a shower.

“Now what?” I asked.

Eleanor slapped me across the face.

“Fuck! What was that for?”

“You deserved it,” said Ms. Daggett as she walked back into the bedroom wrapped in a fluffy white bathrobe.

“Why?” I asked plaintively.

“For watching two women have sex,” said Ms. Daggett, amused at her answer.

“You wanted me to,” I pointed out.

“I wanted you to,” she said. “Miss Thomas made no such request. Show me your cock.”

I was confused, but not so confused that I was going to refuse to comply. I unbuckled and unzipped, dropped my pants and displayed my small cock inside the cage.

Ms. Daggett sniffed. “See? I told you he’d try to get hard.”

“You’re right, Ma’am,” said Eleanor as she headed to the bathroom.

“Go back to your apartment, Dylan. I’ll call you when I need you again.”

I was miffed and confused.

I went back to my apartment.

A few hours later Eleanor rang my bell.

“What the hell?” I complained when I opened the door to find her waiting there in her business attire. “Are you going to slap me again?”

Instead of a slap, I got a kiss. A passionate one. She pushed me into my apartment and slammed the door behind us. She started undressing and I helped her. In the back of my mind I knew that Ms. Daggett could be watching. I didn't care. I was so pent up and frustrated I was willing to take any punishment.

We moved to the couch and Eleanor pushed me down onto the cushions. "Want a blowjob?" she asked me.

"Sure, but…" I indicated my cock cage.

She laughed. "Wait here. I'll get some ice."

I didn't know what to do. I was horny as hell and wanted this to happen but I knew it was too much of a risk.

Why didn't she just use the key?

I knew that Ms. Daggett had one and there was one down in box 78.

She came back with the ice and pressed it to my cock cage.

"We shouldn't do this," I said.

"Why not?"

"Ms. Daggett will be upset with me. And you."

"Only if she checks the recordings," Eleanor said softly with a wink and a head nod to the camera that was always watching.

The ice worked fast. The cold seriously shrank my cock.

Showing a skill I didn't know existed, Eleanor somehow managed to fish my cock out of the steel enclosed cage. She wasn't able to free me entirely because of how the ball trap cage worked, but as soon as I was free, I started to get hard. She put my cock in her mouth.

The warmth she gave me was incredible.

Eleanor was an incredibly skilled fellatrix, although in my state, it didn't take much to bring me right to the brink.

And she knew when I was on the edge, stopping before I could cum, pressing her thumb and forefinger tighter around the base of my cock.

“Do you want to cum?” she asked.

“Yes,” I whined.

“Do you want to fuck me?”

Her question caused my brain to light up.

“Yes!”

She giggled at me and stood up. Although she had stripped me, she was still wearing her panties and bra. She pulled down her panties and climbed onto my lap.

I was rock hard and still I felt inadequate.

Eleanor took my cock in hand and guided it into her pussy. She was wet—How had she gotten wet? When had she gotten wet?—and sat down on me carefully.

With our bodies joined, I couldn’t see her pussy any longer. That was fine. I stared at her tits. I could see her pink nipples and areola through the translucent lace of her bra.

She started bouncing up and down on my cock.

I gasped and she stopped. “Problem?”

“Go careful. The cage is…pinching.”

She laughed and started again. Maybe she was a bit more careful, but maybe not. I didn’t care now. I knew I wouldn’t last long.

She groaned as she ground down on me. There wasn’t that much to grind on. I hoped I wasn’t disappointing her.

“I miss fucking a cock,” she moaned in my ear.

“What?”

Pulling back a bit from me, Eleanor looked me in the eyes. I suddenly noticed hers were a brilliant green. “I haven’t fucked a man in…I don’t know how long.”

“Why not? We fucked last week!”

“Because I was told to fuck you. It wasn’t like…this.”

I cautiously thrusted my hips upward into her. She seemed to appreciate the gesture. “You’re…you’re beautiful. You could get any man you wanted.”

She laughed at me. “Ms. Daggett has forbidden me.”

“From fucking men?”

“Uh-huh.” Her eyes closed and she moaned a little as I did my best to fill her pussy. “I’m her possession, like you. I’m only allowed to have sex with her…”

That was fucked up. But me wearing a cock cage was fucked up. Everything about Ms. Daggett was fucked up…but I liked it.

“You don’t like having sex with her?”

Her eyes snapped open. “I love having sex with her. I just…I just need a cock every once in a while.”

So Eleanor was at least a little bit bi.

Maybe.

“You don’t like her strapon cock?”

That made Eleanor laugh. “I love her strapon cock, but I love the real thing more.”

I was about to ask another question when she silenced me with a kiss, shoving her tongue in my mouth. She was on her feet, squatting on my lap, and used her impressive thigh muscles to bounce on my cock. I did my best to help.

It took all my concentration—I thought about the spreadsheets waiting for my attention—not to cum. I was proud of myself when Eleanor cried out. She was cumming. Her pussy clamped down on my little cock. A wave of heat burst out

of it.

A second later I was cumming in her.

We clutched each other as our bodies shook.

“Oh, fuck that was good,” she sighed into my necks.

“Thank you. You were great too.”

Eleanor got off my lap.

“Clean yourself up,” she said. “We need to put you back in the cage.”

After researching ways to defeat cock cages, I knew what I needed to do. Stuffing my deflated cock back in the cage after I got in the shower and cleaned up with cold water was easy. I was surprised to find Eleanor still in the living room, but she was dressed.

I walked up to her, still naked but for my cage, and lightly kissed the side of her neck. “Do you think she saw us?” I asked.

Eleanor barely responded. “You can’t tell anyone about this.”

“Who would I tell?”

“You can’t tell anyone I’m Ms. Daggett’s slave.” Her arms were folded across her chest and she seemed genuinely worried.

“Why would I?” I paused and thought a moment. “How did you get to be her slave?”

She sniffed. “Same as you. Financial troubles. She doesn’t care about the money. She just likes controlling people.”

“What about you?”

“I like sex. And money. And I like a good, firm spanking.” She softened a little and wet her lips. “I also like administering a good firm beating. We should do that next.”

“Tonight?” That worried and excited me.

“No. Later. I can’t spend the night. She’ll know that for certain.” She went up on her toes and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. “We’ll meet later.”

My cock wanted to stiffen at her kiss.

It couldn’t.

I was still caged.

But I knew how to get out now.

To Be Continued

Click here to continue the story

Preview

Spilling the Milk 3: Soaking

I licked my lips. “What do you mean?”

Tristyn ran her hand along my thigh. “It’s been a long time since I’ve gone down on another woman.”

My heart started thudding in my chest. I wanted to give her two answers right away. “Yes!” and “No!”

She clearly saw the fear and confusion on my face.

“It’s okay; you don’t have to if you don’t want to. I was just offering.”

That made me love her all the more. I wasn’t in love with my friend. I loved her as a friend. A friend with benefits. But that’s a type of love.

I couldn’t tell her no.

Besides, I wanted to get off at least one more time.

I wondered what she would think if I offered to bring out some of my toys.

“I want to say yes…”

“Then say yes,” she told me.

I didn’t say anything. I just unzipped my pants and shimmied them down my legs along with my amrita-moistened panties.

That was a clear enough answer for Tristyn.

I wound up on my back, my legs spread, and Tristyn between them, kissing her way up my inner thigh.

I forced myself not to giggle. It was hot and ticklish at the same time.

I noted she still wore her panties. I wondered if she wanted to take them off.

She skipped over my pussy and planted a kiss on my mound. “I love your little red triangle.”

I flushed even though I had nothing to be embarrassed about. “Garrett wanted me to shave it off.”

Tristyn shook her head. “It’s a crime for a redhead like you to shave off your beautiful curls!”

“That’s what I’ve…” I wasn’t able to finish the sentence. Her tongue found my clit and I was in heaven.

Maybe women are better at eating pussy than men. It’s just natural that way.

I was completely lost to the world. The only thing I could sense was her tongue and fingers delighting my pussy.

“Holy fucking shit!”

Garrett’s exclamation caused me to scream in fright.

Tristyn screamed a little as well, jumping back from my pussy before she had the chance to make me cum—again—and clutched a blanket to her chest to hide her nudity.

It was awkward to say the least.

The three of us just looked at each other for a long, uncomfortable, and guilty moment.

“Should I even ask?” said Garrett.

“Uh...things got away from us and...here we are?” I suggested to him.

It wasn’t exactly a lie.

But it was a lie.

“I’m sorry, Garrett. I shouldn’t have let it get this far,” said Tristyn as she moved

off the bed and found her pants. When she started pulling them back on I was pissed because I wanted to get her panties off. Was I already in that mindset? It wasn't bad but...

Garrett had given me a classic clam slam and I deserved better than that.

Even if I was cheating on him.

Sort of.

"You don't have to apologize or leave, Tris," I said. "Garrett and I have an agreement."

Tristyn paused. "Yeah, but I don't think it included this."

I turned to Garrett. "Does it?"

He looked at me, mouth agape. Things had gone much faster than I ever would have anticipated. It was hot, but I didn't want to fuck up the relationship I had with my boyfriend.

"I mean...sort of…" Garrett didn't know what to say.

I did.

At least, I hoped I did. "You can stay and watch if you want," I offered.

What the fuck was going through my brain?

At that moment? Mostly lust-inducing hormones.

Garrett closed his mouth from where he had been gawping at me.

"Are you sure—" Tristyn started to say.

But Garrett cut her off. "I'd love to!"

"See?" I asked Tristyn. "He'd love to."

She sniffed. Her pants were back on but she hadn't buttoned and zipped them yet. I could see the patch of soft pink material peeking out of her open pants.

“Of course he’d love to. What man wouldn’t want to see two women having sex?”

“Gay men,” Garrett was quick to reply.

“Hilarious,” she said dryly.

“And asexuals,” he added.

“You aren’t helping your case.”

I interrupted them before the situation could turn. “Um, I’d love to keep going. You can’t get a girl all excited like that and just leave.”

She chuckled nervously. Garrett was frozen in place. He was excited, because I could see the outline of his erection, and I knew he didn’t want to blow this opportunity.

It was one thing to fuck Tristyn. It was another entirely to watch me and her fuck.

Tristyn glanced back and forth between me and my boyfriend. “Are you sure you’re okay with him watching?”

I shrugged. “Why wouldn’t I be? We’ve already swapped Brad and Garrett.” I couldn’t figure out why she was so reluctant to have sex with me in front of Garrett. She was willing to do it alone.

“Yeah, but that’s not the same.”

I went to her and took her hands in mine, gently pulling her back to the bed. “I swear to you that Garrett will not tell Brad anything.” I glanced at Garrett and he nodded enthusiastically. “I won’t tell him either. I just want to play with you.”

She barely resisted me pulling her to the bed. When I started tugging down her pants, she helped me.

Garrett watched us anxiously.

Feeling emboldened, I pulled down her panties, revealing her shaved pussy.

While I wasn’t looking at Garrett, I could sense him closely watching us. I hoped he pulled out his cock and started jerking off because I really needed that sort of appreciation and variation.

I kissed Tristyn's tummy and started working my way down to her pussy while working up my courage to actually perform oral sex on her. It was one thing to have her nurse from me and go down on me, but it took a whole mindset shift for me to get to the place where I needed to be to eat her pussy.

“You don’t have to,” she said quietly, pulling my face up from her body.

“I want to,” I told her and moved the rest of the way down. She wasn’t going to stop me.

I inhaled her scent and found it intoxicating. Her pussy was clean and enticing, not nasty at all. I’d tasted myself before and was eager to taste her.

I didn’t bother checking in with Garrett as to what he thought. I was certain he was thrilled to see me go down on Tristyn.

Her labia was smooth. She must have shaved recently. Or maybe she waxed. It didn’t matter. She was already wet, which was hot. I felt dirty and nasty and daring and dangerous and then the tip of my tongue traced over her clit and I knew that I was happy to do this for her.

And for Garrett.

And myself.

I just did to her what I liked. A bit of licking. A bit of sucking. I liked sticking my tongue up into her as far as possible. I especially liked slipping a finger up inside her pussy and stroking her front wall while sucking on her clit.

That drove her wild.

That made her cum.

I felt proud of myself after making another woman cum for the first time.

It wasn’t like Tristyn was frigid or anorgasmic, but I had never made another

woman cum before. I'd been with women before, but I hadn't sealed the deal, as it were. It was a good first step.

"You're a natural," she said as she recovered her senses.

I kissed her inner thigh, making her shiver. "Thank you."

"That was incredible," Garrett declared, reminding me that he was in the room.

Looking over his way I saw that Garrett had dropped his pants and had been jerking off while I was eating pussy. He hadn't cum, not yet, but his strong erection was giving me ideas.

"Thank you," I told him.

Tristyn made a little noise and I glanced up at her. I was surprised that she had an embarrassed and guilty look on her face.

Was she worried that we had been caught or was she embarrassed that Garrett had watched us?

It was strange.

After eating her pussy, I was still feeling hot and in need of sex. I don't know what got into me, but I made an offer I knew I couldn't have refused.

"Want my boyfriend to fuck you?" I asked Tristyn.

She laughed off my offer.

"I wasn't kidding."

"I just came," she replied.

"Don't you want to cum again?"

"I'd love to fuck either of you," said Garrett.

Of course he would.

"Don't you want to cum again?" I pressed her.

Tristyn almost looked shy when she answered. She certainly looked away. “I want you to make me cum again,” she said softly.

My face was still between her thighs, so I could just go down on her again.

I wanted to go down on her again.

“Do you mind?” I asked Garrett.

“Not at all. Can I fuck you while you eat her?”

That was an easy yes.

So my first time alone—sort of—and sober with a woman was immediately followed by a threeway with my boyfriend.

I got up on my knees, putting my ass in the air, while I pressed my face back into Tristyn’s lovely pussy. Garrett got behind me and easily slipped his hard cock into my pussy.

And just like that we were fucking like threesome professionals.

Full disclosure: I had messed around in college and immediately after with threesomes and other women, but I had always been too nervous and shy to really enjoy myself. It had always been me putting my fingers between her legs and playing around.

I had never cum with another woman. I had never really gone down on another woman. I had used my fingers and a couple of times a vibrator. I had sucked off a guy while he ate out his girlfriend. Just fun things single women did for fun.

I sort of missed it.

Getting rammed by Garrett while eating Tristyn’s pussy was perhaps the greatest sexual experience of my life.

Other than having my tits lactating for pleasure.

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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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