
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
COME
OUT AND
PLAY-4
A MALE CHASTITY EROTIC NOVEL
Green
Bush
Publishing


ELLIOT SILVESTRI
COME
OUT AND
PLAY-4
A MALE CHASTITY EROTIC NOVEL
Green
Bush
Publishing

Come Out And Play 4

A Male Chastity Erotic Novel

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.

Come Out And Play 4

A Male Chastity Erotic Novel

Copyright © 2022 Green Bush Publishing

First Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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.

Contents

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Preview

About the Author

Book 4

Chapter 12

I woke up the next morning with a plan. I decided to learn how to pick the lock to my cage. The tiny padlock holding me in was simple. At the library I had watched a few videos on how to pick a lock. It wasn't that complicated. I could do it with some time and determination.

I'd have to do it outside the apartment, but that wasn't going to be that difficult.

Ms. Daggett would never know.

I'd be able to meet women out and about and I could fuck them.

It was the perfect plan.

I had dressed for the day when the phone from Ms. Daggett buzzed with a message.

Report to my office immediately. I have a report I need you to look at.

I could do that. I was learning patience. I could delay my plan.

In Ms. Daggett's office she was on the phone when I walked in. She indicated the work table for me along with a computer. I booted it up as I waited for her.

Shortly, she ended her conversation and my computer gave me an email alert.

"Open the attachment," she said.

My stomach dropped as I did what she asked and an MP4 video file started.

Fuck.

The quality was okay, even if the subjects weren't centered on the screen. It was undoubtedly me and Eleanor fucking.

I tried to open my mouth and protest, come up with some sort of excuse, but Ms. Daggett spoke first.

"Did I give you permission to fuck Miss Thomas?"

"No," I managed to croak out.

“Stand up. Take off your clothes.”

I couldn’t see any way out.

I slowly undressed. I knew I was going to be punished.

I sort of wanted the punishment.

What I was really afraid of was losing my job and the money that came with it.

I hoped I wasn’t completely fucked.

Ms. Daggett glared at me as I undressed. I heard a door open and close and as I finished undressing, Eleanor appeared.

I was worried for her too.

And then I saw the smile on her face.

I was fucked.

“Give me the summary of your report, Miss Thomas,” said Ms. Daggett.

Fuck.

“I went to Mr. Beemis’s apartment. He asked to have sex with me. I showed him how to defeat the cage on his cock. We had sex. He came in me.”

“She tricked me!” I protested but I knew it was a waste of breath.

Ms. Daggett ignored me. “Did you have permission to have sex with Mr. Beemis?”

“Yes,” Eleanor reported.

Traitor. Liar.

“Did you, sweet Dylan, have permission to have sex with anyone?”

My mouth worked for a moment before I gave in. “No,” I admitted.

My Mistress turned back to her assistant. “Was he any good?”

Eleanor shook her head slightly, her dark red hair swaying around her face. “Not really. His cock when erect is small. He didn’t last very long. I faked an orgasm and he came too quickly to satisfy me.”

“You’re lying!” I snapped at her.

I didn’t see when Ms. Daggett had picked up the crop. I barely saw it move. The sting between my legs was incredible. I bent in half and crumpled to the floor. My balls felt like they were on fire. I couldn’t breathe.

Weirdly, I felt like this was natural, to be on the floor in front of two beautiful women while I suffered.

It got worse.

Ms. Daggett walked up to me and, using her foot, rolled me from my side to my back.

“Stop whimpering,” she admonished me.

I hadn’t realized I had been doing that.

Getting control of myself I forced my legs down. I was flat on my back and completely vulnerable. As much as I hated this, I wanted this as well.

I wanted it more when Ms. Daggett, using one hand to balance herself on her table, pressed the toe of her pointed shoe into my ball sack.

I moaned a bit more.

As she squished my balls, I felt the sharp spike of her stiletto heel pressing between my buttocks. The angle was wrong. It wasn’t going to go up my ass, but I got the message.

“You deliberately misused a piece of my property, this cock,” she said, pressing harder.

It took all of my willpower not to shove her foot aside and run away.

“I’m sorry,” I whined. “I’m so sorry. It’ll never happen again.”

She didn’t move her foot away. She started moving it around, squishing my balls in a most painful manner.

“Hmm. Over the years I’ve learned that when a man—a boy, really—learns how to slip free of his cage, he’s almost untrainable, uncontrollable. He’s rarely worth the effort any longer.”

“I’ll do anything,” I begged. I wanted her abuse and her money. I was willing to do anything in the moment. I had no limits to my depravity. “Please don’t send me away.”

“He is obedient when his cage is on,” said Eleanor.

I said nothing as Ms. Daggett considered something.

“Stand up,” she ordered me and went to a locked cabinet behind her work table.

I wasn’t surprised to see she pulled out a leather paddle and handed it to Eleanor.

“Bend over the table and take your punishment.”

By the time Eleanor had spanked my ass twenty times, I was truly crying. I was embarrassed. I hadn’t cried for any reason since I was eight. I was able to endure physical and emotional and financial pain.

Except when it came to being paddled on the ass by a woman.

“Thank you,” I whimpered when she was done.

“See?” asked Eleanor. “Good manners.”

Ms. Daggett sat down at her chair and glared at me. “Get off my table. Get dressed. We have an appointment this afternoon to see if I’ll keep you. Meet me at the car at 1pm sharp. Leave me.”

I pulled on my clothes as quickly as possible and hurried to the elevator. I didn’t care about the pain in my balls or ass as I fled. I saw Eleanor smirking at me as I ran away.

Overall I thought I got off easy considering the nature of my crime.

I was wrong.

Chapter 13

I was at her Porsche at 12:45. I wasn't going to mess around.

I shouldn't have been surprised that she didn't show up until 1:30.

I considered leaving, but I saw the security cameras. She knew I was there.

I heard her before I saw her. Her stiletto heels clicked loudly on the pavement.

"Get in," she said as she let herself into the car. It had unlocked when she approached.

I got in. She said nothing to me. Her phone was in her hand and the GPS popped up on the screen. I started the car and off we went.

I wasn't sure where we were going now. The drive only took a half hour and we wound up in an area that I never would have guessed that Ms. Daggett knew existed, let alone frequented.

The arts district of the city was wedged in between the rail terminal, the river, and the student slums. It had what every arts district needed: cheap housing and plenty of studio and gallery space.

We parked on the street in front of a tattoo parlor. There had to be a dozen in the area. I had no idea why she chose this one.

"Are you making me get a tattoo?" I asked nervously.

It seemed the sort of thing she would do. I didn't have any and I didn't particularly want one, but I knew I didn't have any choice in the matter.

After all, I was her possession. I figured it would either be her name or some symbol of ownership.

The storefront of the parlor gave me pause, but inside I was surprised. Like many things I had encountered recently, it was masquerading as something more than it appeared to be. Instead of a seedy joint, once we were through the entry hall, the place was more akin to a doctor's office.

I didn't even see any flash art on the walls. There were some very nice

landscapes however. Artists all had their additional outlets.

The receptionist greeted Ms. Daggett by name and I was hustled into a private exam and treatment room.

Or a tattoo cubicle. Whichever.

A big bear of a man walked into the room and said, “Take off your pants and underwear.”

Ms. Daggett slipped in behind him. Of course she was going to want to watch. She was all about control.

I started to unbuckle my belt. “Is it going on my leg or butt?” I asked, trying to be cool about this.

He gave me a look. “It’s going on your dick.”

“You’re going to tattoo my dick?!” I started to hyperventilate.

Ms. Daggett burst out laughing. The man just looked confused before turning to her. “What the fuck, Ranae?”

“I didn’t tell him what he’s having done, Ian,” she giggled.

He shook his head. “Not cool.”

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“You’re getting a PA ring inserted,” Ms. Daggett said sweetly.

It took my brain a minute to process that.

“Oh. Fuck.”

“You don’t have to do it, man,” Ian told me.

I looked him up and down. He had to be easily two hundred and fifty pounds of burly man. I noticed he had tattoos on his arms, partially exposed by shirt sleeves that came down to his elbows. His tough guy beard was trimmed and well-maintained. It was only then I realized he was wearing surgical scrubs.

“I kinda have to,” I said as I undressed.

Ian turned on Ms. Daggett. “You shouldn’t bring them here for this.”

“Why not? You love the money. They love the money. Everyone is happy.”

“I’m not cool with piercing anyone who doesn’t want it done.” Even as he talked, he started prepping a surgical tray. I knew what was coming. I didn’t fight it.

“Do you want a pretty PA ring through your cock, Dylan?” Ms. Daggett asked me sweetly.

“Yes,” I automatically replied.

Ian sighed. “He’ll sign anything I put in front of him, right?”

“Yes.”

“Lay down on the table,” said Ian. He spotted my cock cage. “And can you take that thing off him?” he said to Ms. Daggett.

She removed the small key from her purse and a moment later my cock was free.

I wasn’t sure if I was glad I was being pierced by a man or if it would have been better to have it done by a woman. Either way, I was glad that I didn’t get hard when the cage was off. Maybe it was because I was scared.

The whole piercing process was an ordeal. I’ve never had anything shoved up my urethra before. I’ve never had anything pierced before.

It stung. And then it burned. And then it just hurt as Ian manipulated my cock to get the silver ring in place.

I didn’t cry or sob or any of that.

Ian didn’t comment on my small cock. I appreciated that.

“All done,” he announced, sliding his chair back and pulling off his gloves. He handed me some alcohol wipes to remove the antiseptic from my cock and thighs. I did so carefully.

“Ready for your new cage?” asked Ms. Daggett.

“You know it’s too early to put that on,” said Ian.

“Don’t tell me how to treat me slaves,” she snapped at him. He backed down. She had the same relationship with him that she had with everyone.

“Yes, Mistress. I’m ready.”

Ian shook his head. He didn’t leave, though. He watched. I hoped it was because he was a professional and didn’t want me hurt and not because he wanted to see me suffer.

The new cage was much like my first one. The style was a little different, but the important part was that a retaining rod went through the PA ring and that integrated with the rest of the cage when it was locked. Essentially, the rod was holding my cock’s head at the end of the cage. It couldn’t be pulled out at all.

Fuck.

Oddly, I welcomed the feeling of the steel around my cock. It was…reassuring.

Walking and moving around was a new experience. Ian hadn’t commented on my feminine panties, but the stretchy silk I had worn for that day was a good choice. My small cock and cage fit into the little pouch and provided me with just enough support.

“Keep it clean,” said Ian as we were leaving. “You don’t want an infection. You’re going to hate the first time you piss.”

He wasn’t wrong.

Chapter 14

I had gotten into the habit of pissing sitting down because the cage made a mess of my stream regardless of what I did. It was a good thing I was sitting when I pissed for the first time after getting pierced.

I nearly passed out from the pain.

Okay, maybe it wasn't that bad, but it wasn't good.

I spent the next couple of days mostly in my apartment, healing. Or maybe escaping reality. I had just been getting used to wearing a cage on my cock all the time when I suddenly had a PA ring and couldn't pull out.

I was afraid of what would happen the first time I came.

Fuck.

Ms. Daggett sent me messages of work I was to do. Mostly it was the financials of the club. I delved deeply into it.

I didn't see her or Eleanor or anyone.

I realized I was going crazy.

I had to get out.

I went to the gym. I worked out. I felt better. I reminded myself of the money I was making just for these little things.

I got myself back on track.

I considered ordering a vibrator and shoving it up my ass to see if I could cum that way with my cage on.

I realized I was getting horny. Hornier than I had ever been before.

I considered risking contacting Ms. Daggett and asking her to abuse me.

I was lucky.

Eleanor walked into my apartment a week later like she owned the place.

She pretty much did.

“Ms. Daggett wants to see you,” she announced.

I was sitting at the desk in the second bedroom that was now serving as an office. When I moved in I had dreams of making it a sex room. Not now.

“How could you do that to me,” I demanded.

“What?” she asked innocently. She knew exactly what I meant.

“Lie to her. Get me to fuck you. All of that!”

“She asked me to. I was happy to do it for Ms. Daggett. I am her slave. As are you.”

I wanted to slap her. I wanted to punch her.

“What you did got my cock pierced!” I complained to her. “Have you ever had anything like that done to you?” I was on my feet, all but screaming at her.

“You would have wound up with a PA regardless. Ms. Daggett has that done to all her male slaves. You’ll love it.”

“Doesn’t mean you had to trick me into it!”

To my surprise she pulled up her blouse and bra and displayed her left breast to me. I saw the piercing she had and realized I hadn’t thought things through.

“She made me get this when I had been her slave for a month. Get pierced or get out. You can see the choice I made.”

The wind went out of my sails.

“I…I didn’t realize.”

“You can walk away at any point. You can take out that PA and the hole will close. This is all a game and you’re playing it as much as we are.”

She pulled her clothes back into place.

“Now are you coming upstairs or are you going back home to whatever shitty hellhole you managed to climb out of?”

I followed her up to Ms. Daggett’s office.

“Tell me your findings about the club,” my Mistress said when I reported to her. She indicated a chair where I could sit.

It was a comfortable chair.

Apparently I had earned some status.

I made my report. The finances for the club were still a mess. I hadn’t gotten very far in figuring out who was stealing but I was narrowing it down. Oddly, one manager seemed to be in the clear. I wasn’t sure if number one and number two were working together, if one was trying to frame the other, or if they were both stealing without realizing the other was also stealing.

“It might be easiest just to start fresh and rebuild everything,” I concluded.

Ms. Daggett looked over my work and nodded. “Do that.”

I was surprised at her quick decision. What did I care? It wasn’t my money.

“It’ll take a week or so.”

“Report back when you’re done.”

I thought I was being dismissed. She let me get halfway to the elevator before she called for me to stop.

“Wait. Come back here, Dylan.”

I returned.

“Yes?”

“Take off your clothes,” she said with a smile. “I could do with a distraction.”

All the while, Eleanor had been listening in. I wasn’t sure what was going to happen, but I obeyed.

I was a slave.

It was my life to obey.

I kicked off my shoes, took off my shirt, unbuckled my belt, dropped my pants, and removed my socks. I stood on the opposite side of her work table, waiting for her.

Ms. Daggett had barely glanced at me while I was undressing.

When I was done, she finally deigned to look my way.

“Very nice,” she said, her eyes riveted on my cock and cage. “Are you healing well?”

“Yes.”

“Any pain?”

“A little. It’s mostly gone, just little stabs when I forget what I’m doing.”

She nodded and came around the table.

I didn’t move.

She put her hands on my shoulders, turning me to face her. I loved it when she ran her hands down my chest and then gently cupped my small cock in her hand.

“When is your next appointment at the spa?”

“Tomorrow, Mistress.”

“I love a smooth body,” she commented, taking her hand away from my sack to inspect my skin with her fingers.

My cock ached and tried to get hard. As always it was defeated.

“Are you sleeping through the night?”

“Usually. I’m not getting too many nighttime erections any longer.”

That pleased her and her face lit up. “Really. That’s excellent progress. But you’re trying to get hard now.”

“You’re turning me on, Mistress. You always turn me on.”

“That’s quite a compliment coming from a young man such as yourself.”

“I have a thing for older women. Older blondes with blue eyes.”

She laughed at me.

“Do you want to fuck me, Dylan?”

I paused. I didn’t want to give her the wrong answer. I decided to be honest. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Right here, right now?”

I had to control my breathing. I felt myself trying to get hard. That hurt my cock. I was getting excited. “If you want.”

She laughed at me. “You’re too small. You’re in a cage.”

I wanted to point out she had the key. At least I thought she had the key. I started to worry.

“I would do anything for you, Mistress.”

“Eat my pussy?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Eat my ass?” She was teasing me now.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Suck my tits?”

“If you desire, Mistress.”

“Would you like to fingerbang me and make me squirt all over your hand? All

over your face?”

“Nothing would please me more, Mistress.” I started to dream about doing any of that.

Her hand had been pressed against my chest. When I looked down I could see her cleavage. My cock hurt. It was a good ache. She let her hand wander down to cup my balls again.

She squeezed gently to let me know I was her possession, under her control.

“You won’t be doing any of that,” she said, dropping my cock and walking away.

I forced myself not to groan in frustration.

“Miss Thomas, you can have him.”

I had been so distracted by Ms. Daggett that I had forgotten all about my nemesis. Turning my head, I saw her standing there in her sharp business suit, blue pinstripes, pants clinging tightly to her legs and ass, with pointed-toed heels. A bold red blouse setting off the look. She was in the process of removing her jacket. Of course, I barely noticed that because over her suit she had put on a strapon harness. A large red dildo projected out from her crotch.

She was ready to use me.

“Bend over the table,” Eleanor said, an eager grin on her face. “But put some lube on my cock first. You might want to put some on your ass.” She tossed to me a jar of overpriced semi-solid lube.

Fuck.

I knew what they wanted so I did it. I got down on my knees and lubed up Eleanor’s fake cock. The semi-solid lube softened and almost melted as it warmed from my fingers. I then greased up my ass. I knew what was coming and I wanted to be ready.

Just as I was about to bend over the table to take my punishment—reward?—Eleanor stopped me.

“You didn’t lube up my cock!”

“I did!” I insisted.

“With your mouth?” she said smugly.

Forcing myself not to frown, I went back down on my knees and proceeded to give her cock a blowjob. I had no idea what I was doing. I just imitated what women had done to me that I liked. The lube was largely tasteless but I definitely tasted the silicon of the toy.

I hated that it was bigger than me.

Eleanor could only get some sort of emotional thrill out of this. I didn’t understand why she made me do it for more than five minutes.

“Enough. Bend over and take it like a good boy,” she instructed me.

As I bent over the table that Ms. Daggett used as a desk, I saw her smug smile. She was in her chair, watching, with one leg up on the chair. Her heel was resting on the seat with her skirt hiked up to her hips. Her fingers were between her legs. I first heard her jilling off and then smelled the sweet scent of her pussy.

Obviously she was getting off to this. I wondered if she had been without panties the entire time, but then I spied a scrap of pink lace on the floor next to her chair.

I couldn’t look at her long. I was ashamed of what I had done to Eleanor’s cock and what it was next going to do to me.

The redhead’s hands went to my hips and I adjusted my stance, opening up for her. She gave me some instructions on how to position my body. Essentially I was face down on the table, my cock cage pressed up to the edge, just barely dangling free, my chest pressed down. I turned my head so I could see Ms. Daggett’s stocking-clad legs. I focused on the bare skin between the stockings’ top edge and her skirt. I couldn’t see her pussy; it was hidden by her hand.

And then Eleanor’s cock was pressing at my asshole, opening me up.

I groaned as my sphincter resisted for a second and then the lube and pressure

was too much. She pushed inside me in a most unnatural manner.

I loved it.

My cock started to get hard and it was thwarted as always. That sensation was something I desired more than I had realized.

I got the whole humiliation thing. Two women, fully dressed—more or less—fucking me and watching me get fucked. I was naked and they were in control.

“Don’t make him cum too fast,” Ms. Daggett cautioned Eleanor. “I want to…I want to…”

She was too distracted by her busy fingers to finish her statement.

“Don’t worry,” Eleanor muttered as she started fucking me faster.

I groaned at the combined pain and pleasure.

“Slow down,” Ms. Daggett ordered.

She waited a second before doing so, but Eleanor obeyed.

“Look at me, both of you.”

I looked up into Ms. Daggett’s eyes as she masturbated. Watching her pleasure herself was almost as exciting as Eleanor reaming my ass. Everything about this felt wrong, but it made me feel so good.

Ms. Daggett’s face screwed up tightly and she abruptly came, her body trembling so hard that I thought she would fall out of her chair. I still couldn’t see her pussy; her hand was blocking the way.

As she came, Eleanor picked up the speed she was using to fuck my ass. It was like she knew exactly what I wanted.

“Fuck yes,” I moaned.

Eleanor laughed at me.

Then Ms. Daggett stretched out her hand to me, offering her fingers to me. I

knew what she wanted and I did it. I opened my mouth and she shoved her fingers inside so I could taste her pussy. It was heaven. I wanted to eat her pussy more than anything.

That was the thought I needed. Eleanor was pegging me just right and I started cumming.

It fucking hurt.

It was a prostate orgasm. I knew that. It hurt but it felt so good.

Then the burning in my cock started. Well, the urethra. I wasn't completely healed yet. I had gotten used to the burn from pissing, but this was something new. Something I didn't want.

Fuck it hurt.

When she saw the expression on my face, Ms. Daggett started laughing at me.

"Does it hurt?" she asked me as Eleanor pulled out of my ass. I hated that feeling of sudden emptiness as my ass closed up.

"Yes," I whined.

"Good. I won't even make you clean up your mess on the floor."

I struggled to push myself up off the desk. My legs were trembling. When I was unsteadily on my feet, I looked down at the puddle I had created. It was impressive. At least my balls were still working.

"Get dressed, Mr. Beemis," said Ms. Daggett. "You can continue your work in your apartment for the rest of the day." She stood up from her chair, skirt still rucked up around her hips. I got the quickest glimpse of her pussy as she pulled her pink panties back into place. "Miss Thomas, you can clean the mess you helped create."

"The janitorial staff—"

"Don't need to deal with this," Ms. Daggett said, pointing at the mess I had made. I quickly dressed, uncertain as to what was coming next. "Clean it."

“Yes, Ma’am.” Eleanor started to loosen the straps around her hips but was stopped by Ms. Daggett.

“Don’t. Leave the cock on. Don’t bother going to the bathroom. You won’t need a rag. You have a tongue.”

Eleanor’s face flushed bright red. It was a reaction that was impossible for a redhead to hide.

“Please…don’t make me,” she begged.

Ms. Daggett’s expression when cold. “Don’t humiliate yourself this way. Do it.”

I stepped back but I didn’t leave. I wanted to watch this.

Eleanor slowly got down on her knees and, with her strapon cock bouncing around, getting the lube and santorum on her blouse and pants legs, she bent over and put her face to the puddle I had left behind.

I hoped that she appreciated that Ms. Daggett liked hardwood floors in her office and not carpeting.

It was unsettling seeing her lick up my leavings. Eleanor didn’t complain, but she didn’t look my way either. The floor was reasonably clean, but it was still a floor. And she was licking up my cum.

It was just Ms. Daggett asserting her authority because she could.

It was also sorta hot.

I tried not to think about the little bit of cum drying inside my panties. There was no way to get it all off my cock and cage before I dressed. I’d have to shower later.

Just as Eleanor was finishing, Ms. Daggett suddenly seemed to remember that I was there.

“Didn’t I give you instructions, Mr. Beemis?”

“Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.” I retreated to the elevator.

As I waited for the door, I watched Eleanor finish her humiliating task. She turned her head to look at me.

I shivered at her loathsome gaze as I retreated into the elevator.

Chapter 15

Once I was back in my apartment, I quickly stripped and took a shower. The one thing I knew for certain was to keep my cock and cage and piercing clean. The last thing I needed was a penis infection. How does one go to the doctor for that?

I had just gotten out of the shower and was carefully drying my cage when the speakers attached to the observation cameras suddenly came to life.

“Did I give you permission to shower?” asked Ms. Daggett over the speakers. I was surprised at the sound quality. It was impressive…and scary.

“No, Mistress. I needed to wash myself.”

“You needed to wash your cock and cage, nothing else.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

There was a moment of silence. I could tell from the slight hum that she hadn’t disconnected. I hadn’t dressed yet. The cameras were on. She could see me naked. I liked that.

I liked that she could always see me naked. I dropped my towel to the bathroom floor and proceeded to the bedroom to dress. It was like I could feel her eyes on me. Was I becoming an exhibitionist?

I pulled a pair of bright green panties out of my drawer. They were mostly silk with lace edging. Definitely feminine. The sort of thing that Ms. Daggett liked to see me in.

“Not those,” she ordered. “The pink ones.”

The cameras were damn good. I spied the ones she wanted me to wear. Girly pink that was all lace. I put them on without complaint. My cage fit nicely into the pouch. It took me a moment but I realized that the panties I was wearing were a close match to the ones I had recently seen her put on after I had been fucked by Eleanor.

“Should I continue dressing, Mistress? Or would you like me to work in just my panties?” It was a question that was equal measures of insolent and obsequious. I both dreaded and desired her answer.

“Get dressed,” she ordered. “Act like a real man. Not that you are one. Not with that tiny cock. It’s not even a cock. It’s a cocklette. Finish your assignment by the end of the day.”

I had no idea what she meant by that. My current task of rebuilding the club’s financial records would take weeks, not a day. There was no way I could finish by that artificial deadline.

But I didn’t argue. “Yes, Mistress.”

I quickly dressed and got to work.

As much as I hated to admit it, I sort of liked the work she gave me. It was below my skill set but it was intriguing in so many ways. I discovered the members of the club were largely the elites of the city and the surrounding area, but also some people from further afield who presumably wanted memberships for when they visited the city. The attraction of the club was its discretion and the entertainment it could put on.

Basically sex shows and orgies, but ones that were private.

I was being trusted with information that could ruin lives, marriages, and careers.

I liked it.

Before I knew it, I had worked far too late.

After my ass fucking and seeing Eleanor humiliate herself and realizing how much I knew about other peoples’ lives through the club, I was feeling pretty good about myself.

So I went out to the Rat Trap to check up on my so-called friends.

I had been wearing my cock cage for a few weeks now and had the piercing for a good week. It was time to figure out which one of the fuckers had tipped off my old boss and caused me to lose my job. I didn’t want it back, but I wanted to make their lives miserable in revenge.

I was petty that way.

The three of them, Aaron, Bennett, and Case, were all there at their usual table. Stupid fuckers. I was starting to hate them.

No. I wasn't starting. I did hate them.

But I slipped into a seat next to them and pretended everything was copacetic.

We laughed. We drank. We ate some wings. Everyone was having a good time.

And then, without warning, Eleanor appeared at my side.

I blinked when I saw her. I had only downed two beers so I wasn't drunk enough to be seeing things, not by any stretch of the imagination.

"Hi, honey!" She greeted me brightly and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

I sat there, stock still. I had no idea what was going on.

The guys suddenly had much greater interest in me. Or rather, in Eleanor. They all greeted her.

"Are you the trio that's been keeping my boyfriend away from me?" she asked with a laugh and another smooch, this time on my lips.

They laughed and agreed. Case focused on me after checking out Eleanor. "You've been hiding this beauty from us?"

"Only because you three are grope-happy assholes," I said coolly. Eleanor was pressing her side against mine possessively. I knew what she was doing. I liked it.

So did my cock. It tried to get hard and failed miserably.

I winced.

I'm sure the guys brushed that off as emotional discomfort and nothing else.

"Ooh, I liked to be groped," Eleanor said suggestively, leaning forward a bit to let Aaron get a view of her cleavage. "But only by the right guy."

"Trust me, sweetheart," he said smoothly and indicated me with his thumb.

“This guy ain’t the right guy.”

They laughed and so did she.

“Have you been hiding her from us, Hitch?” asked Bennett. His eyes were already bleary. I looked at the bottles in front of him on the table. He was definitely drunk.

“Yes, because that’s just smart,” I said.

“Who’s Hitch?” Eleanor asked innocently.

“Him,” they all crowed together.

“How’d you get that nickname?” She sounded genuinely curious.

“He likes the ice blondes,” said Aaron. “Like Alfred Hitchcock did. I bet he likes to torture them like Hitchcock did too.” He stared intently at Eleanor’s red hair. “So you must have seduced him into bed unless you dye your hair red.”

She leaned in and gave him a wink. “I can assure you, it’s all natural and I can prove it.”

The three of them howled with laughter. “I like her, Hitch.”

Eleanor went on. “You should see the woman I stole him away from. She’s your ice blonde,” she nodded knowingly.

Case was all over that. “Natural blonde?”

“Yes.”

“Blue eyes?”

“Yes.”

“Older woman?”

“Oh, definitely!”

They all laughed again.

I was willing to take the laughter. I reminded myself about the money. About how I was having weird, kinky sex—sort of—with Eleanor and Ms. Daggett. They were just three assholes who couldn't get laid in a whorehouse.

So my friends had a laugh at my expense. I still didn't trust one of them. As we talked and drank and laughed, I gently probed them about my old job at Consolidated Investments and Financial Advisors. It was still a shitty company. They hadn't replaced me and they weren't going to. They were just going to wait for a new batch of college graduates at the start of summer. Rebeckah Strohman was still hot as fuck. The guys made lots of comments about me being Hitched, as they called it.

"I'm still pissed that they somehow got a hold of my private email."

"Don't worry about it," said Case. "They dragnet every email going in and out of there just looking for excuses to fire people."

Lying fucker.

Eventually I got out of there with Eleanor next to me. Neither of us was as drunk as we were pretending to be. They had only made a few comments about me fucking an older woman. She rolled with it.

She wasn't that much older than me. But they could tell she WAS older. I liked that.

Somehow we eventually made our way back to High Gate Tower. Maybe I was drunker than I thought I was. Maybe I wasn't.

Fuck.

"Come up to my place and I'll fuck you," I said as we rode the elevator up to my floor. Without discussing it, we just started kissing each other.

"We can't go to your place," she said between kisses.

"Why not?"

"Cameras." She reached around and grabbed my ass. I ground my body against hers. She could feel my cage, I'm certain, but I didn't know what the point was.

After all, I couldn’t get hard and I couldn’t pull out.

“Fuck,” I moaned as she massaged my ass.

“Let’s go to my place,” she said.

“No cameras?” I asked.

“No cameras,” she confirmed.

I knew that she lived in High Gate Tower, but it was a revelation to walk into her place. It was nicer than mine. Higher up the tower. Better view. Better everything.

I didn’t look at anything but her body and her bedroom.

By the time we got to her bedroom, I was naked except for my cage. I had her down to her bra and panties. They were a matching set. Black silk and the sort of cut that promised sex, not support.

“Go down on me,” she begged, pushing my head toward her pussy. She was on her back and I was on top of her. Seeing that my cock wasn’t going to get to come out and play, I did what she asked.

Peeling her silk panties off was a pleasure followed by the greater pleasure of eating her pussy. I loved the little red landing strip that was like an exclamation point on top of her mound. Eleanor opened her legs for me and reveled in the talents of my lips and tongue.

She didn’t mind the least when I used my fingers as I sucked on her clit. Eleanor was the sort of slut who got wet just thinking or reading words like sextant or Middlesex County, not not because she liked naval navigation or had an interest in the geography of New Jersey and southeast England. For all I knew, she loved cunt as much as I did.

She got so wet it was dripping down from her pussy to the bed. I was bold enough to stroke her puckered back entrance. The moan I got from her was all the permission I needed.

I wiggled my pinky up her asshole and then stuffed my other three fingers in her

sex while rubbing her clit with my thumb.

“Oh…fuck!” she cried out. She wasn’t cumming. Not yet.

Using my free hand, I helped her take off her bra. I pinched her unpierced nipple while sucking on the one with the jewelry through the sensitive flesh.

At that point she wasn’t speaking, mostly because she was cumming hard, her body trembling.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” she pleaded. “Stop! Please stop!”

I relented, pulling my fingers free of her pussy, licking them once before offering her the same treat.

To prove she was a slut, she took all four fingers in her mouth and sucked eagerly.

“You know,” I said, suddenly sober. “My pinky was up your asshole.”

“I wish it was your cock,” she replied, returning my hand to me.

“That’s…wow…you’re really…”

“Depraved? A slut? Kinky? Perverted?” she said, tossing the insults at me. I wasn’t sure if she was proud of herself or was trying to intimidate me.

“All of the above?”

“You wouldn’t believe half the twisted stuff I’ve done,” she said and idly flopped my semi-hard cock in the cage. It was easy for her to reach me; I was kneeling at her side.

“I’d love to hear about it.”

“No.”

“I’d love to have sex then.”

“No.”

She laughed at me. “Too bad. It’ll never happen.”

“We could get the key from the box down at security…” I said hopefully. I knew that there would be a penalty, but in my lust-drunk and alcohol-drunk mind, any penalty would be worth paying.

Eleanor shook her head. “Nope.” She flicked my cock back and forth. “I’m not going to take this cutie out of his cage.” She giggled. “I’m not going to take that risk for a fuck with such a tiny little cock.”

I grimmaced and blushed a little. “Do you like big cocks?”

“I love them,” she laughed at me. She was definitely drunker than I had guessed. “I don’t get Ms. Daggett’s obsession with little ones.”

I shrugged. “She just knows that men with small cocks are insecure and she can control us easily.”

Eleanor rolled her eyes. “Of course. She’s all about power and control.”

“Do you like having sex with men or women more?”

To my surprise, she gave this some thought. “Men, I think. I mean, I love having sex with women. It’s just so different. I think women are better at eating pussy and knowing how I want to be touched. But you eat pussy pretty good too. Definitely the best I’ve ever had from a man. But I don’t think I could just have sex with a man the rest of my life. Or just a woman. I’d probably choose to have a relationship with a man, but he’d have to be okay with me having a girlfriend.”

“So you’re not a lesbian, you’re bi,” I declared.

She laughed. “Yeah. You’re so insightful.” The insult stung a little, but I continued on.

“What about Ms. Daggett?”

“She’s not lesbian or bi or straight,” Eleanor quickly declared.

I blinked. “I don’t get it.”

“She gets off on being in control, making people do what she wants. She’ll fuck anyone as long as she can be in charge. She’s not heterosexual or bisexual or homosexual, she’s…powersexual.”

“That…that makes sense.”

“Do you want me to peg you?” she suddenly offered.

“What?”

“Do you want me to fuck you in the ass?” she clarified. “I have a strapon here somewhere.”

“I think once a day is plenty,” I replied, brushing her off. “You did it to me in Ms. Daggett’s office this morning, remember?”

“I remember,” she said dreamily. “I just figured since I got to cum, so should you. If you don’t want to be pegged, I have some vibrators we can put up your ass or—”

“I’m good,” I said quickly before she could go too deeply into other activities I wasn’t ready for.

She flicked my cock again. “But he wants to come out and play.”

“Yeah…but…the penalty…”

“Aren’t I worth it?” she asked.

I changed the subject. “Was getting your nipple pierced for her worth it?”

In a small voice she said, “Yes. Was getting your cock pierced worth it?”

I had the same answer. “Yes.”

She looked down at the little bit of metal in her flesh. “It reminds me of her every day. I love and hate her for that.”

“Me too.”

Chapter 16

When I woke up next to Eleanor in her bed, I knew I had fucked up and fucked up badly.

My cock was trying to get hard in my cage and I wanted to fuck her. Fuck anyone.

Fuck Ms. Daggett.

I groaned and rolled over.

Sunlight was coming in around the blinds. I staggered to the bathroom and sat down on the toilet to piss.

I was surprised when Eleanor walked in not even a minute later, completely naked. I covered my cock with my hands, which was stupid because she had seen me naked before. Just not naked and pissing.

“What are you doing here?!”

“Pissing?” I looked down at myself. “Well, I was, but you interrupted.”

“You shouldn’t have spent the night!”

“I hadn’t planned on it! I was drunk!”

“We’re so fucking screwed,” she moaned, and not in a good way.

“Would you mind giving me a minute so I can finish pissing?” I asked. When she walked in I was in the middle and somehow I managed to cut off the stream. I don’t know why.

Eleanor gave me a dirty look and exited the bathroom, but left the door open.

I resumed pissing, but it wasn’t that satisfying morning piss that had somehow become a surrogate sexual relief for me. I washed my cock and cage off in the sink. As soon as I left the bathroom Eleanor pushed by me and slammed the door shut.

I looked around her bedroom, really seeing it for the first time. Last night I was drunk and it was dark. Besides being the epitome of a woman’s fancy bedroom, I

spied no less than two cameras in her bedroom, one obviously pointed at the bed. They were the exact same model as in my apartment.

She really was in the same boat as me.

I heard the toilet flush and a moment later Eleanor came charging out, this time wearing a white bathrobe. I was still naked. I should have put my clothes back on.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” she yelled at me. “Get fucking dressed! Go to your place. She’s going to call us and we’re going to—” She cut herself off and approached me, putting her arms around me like she was my girlfriend or something. “It’s possible she isn’t going to see this,” Eleanor whispered in my ear. “Just act natural and go back to your place.”

“Doesn’t she already know?”

“She doesn’t always check your and my locations and the cameras or recordings. I don’t know what she was doing last night, but…” She paused and pulled back a bit before suddenly kissing me.

Her kiss was nice.

“But the mics aren’t great. Maybe we can get away with this. Just…go.”

It wasn’t the worst way I’d been dismissed from a woman’s apartment or bedroom. I hurriedly dressed, took the elevator down to my place, showered, dressed in clean clothes and opened my work computer at a time that was reasonable, if a little late.

Maybe Eleanor and I were going to pass this off.

It was just before noon when I got a message from Ms. Daggett.

Report to my office immediately.

It wasn’t unusual and I tried to calm myself. The worst she could do was fire me and I’d be right back to where I had started. I had already come to terms with that disaster.

Nothing was amiss when I got off the elevator. Ms. Daggett was on the phone. Everything seemed calm.

And then I scanned the room and saw Eleanor tied up in the little sitting area. I only recognized her by her brilliant red hair and the shape of her body. She was fully dressed and turned half away from me.

Her arms were above her head, a cable holding them up, thick leather cuffs around her wrists. I noted she was barefoot but was otherwise fully dressed.

The way she was restrained pushed her tits against her blouse, straining the white silk and showing off a huge amount of cleavage.

I finally looked at her face and realized she was wearing a blindfold. It looked to be effective since it wasn't a simple sleep mask, but a device one might see in a BDSM video or club. She had a large red ball gag shoved in her mouth. I noticed that the mask and the gag were separate and wondered if there was something that would have been better as a combination device.

Under other circumstances this would have been a huge turn on.

But I was in a cock cage.

And under Ms. Daggett's watchful eye.

I just stared at Eleanor as my mouth went dry.

"Mr. Beemis," Ms. Daggett said after she hung up the phone. "Thank you for coming so promptly."

"You're welcome, Mistress," I managed to say with a thick tongue.

"I'm going to get right to the point. I know what you and Miss Thomas did last night. You're both going to be punished."

It wasn't possible for my mouth to go drier. For some damn reason my cock wanted to get hard.

"You'll be punished second. Miss Thomas needs to be reminded that as your superior, she needs to follow the rules better than you do. Do you understand?"

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. You’ll see the crop on the sofa in front of Miss Thomas. Do you remember what you did to her last time she needed punishment?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. Do that again, but this time make it twenty-one strokes. Tripling her penalty might help her remember her place.”

With her mask and gag it was impossible to judge Eleanor’s reaction. I hesitated to move forward. It made no sense, so I asked the question.

“With her clothes on?”

“Oh my. I forgot she was clothed. Thank you for reminding me.” She reached into a cabinet behind her and pulled out a pair of scissors. Ms. Daggett even came around her work table to hand them to me. They weren’t just any pair of scissors. I recognized them as trauma scissors, the sort carried by EMTs to cut through clothes and seat belts and everything else. Effective and strong and safe.

“I’m not going to bother to take her down just to strip her. Please cut her clothes off her.”

Eleanor made a little moan of complaint. It was her only reaction.

I was sure that Eleanor wasn’t reacting to having to be whipped with a crop. She loved that sort of thing.

She was worried about her clothes?

I looked a second and peered at what she was wearing. A professional business suit. It had to be expensive. How expensive? I was no expert on the subject. Certainly what she was wearing was worth…what? $500? A thousand? More?

Probably.

And Ms. Daggett was going to have me casually ruin it.

I didn’t disobey.

I took the scissors and started cutting.

I started with her blouse, cutting up the front to expose her tits still inside her bra.

Ms. Daggett seated herself on the sofa and put her feet up on the table in front of her. “Go around back and cut away the jacket. You’ll have to do the sleeves as well.”

She was right. I cut up the back and the blouse and jacket parted but didn’t fall. The scissors cut right through the luxurious material. Eventually they fell to scraps on the floor.

“Leave the bra for now. Cut the pants.”

I did as instructed. I had to go down one leg and then the other to completely remove the now ruined pants. She stood there, almost calmly. I wondered if she was crying at the destruction of her clothing, but I couldn’t tell because of the mask.

She looked beautiful in her black silk panties and bra. I wondered if they were as expensive as her suit.

As I moved to return the scissors to Ms. Daggett, I noted that Eleanor wasn’t really wearing panties. She was wearing a thong.

Of course.

“The bar and panties next. Cut right down the middle.”

I nodded and snipped the piece of material holding the bra cups together. Her tits practically burst out at me.

I wanted to suck on her delectable nipples, but I managed to control myself and just snipped the shoulder straps, ruining the bra, letting it fall to her feet.

Before I could move on to her thong, Ms. Daggett stood up and approached her slave. I moved to the side. The ice blonde reached up and pinched Eleanor’s nipples so hard the redhead whined behind her gag and tried to get away. Both were futile gestures.

My cock got pinched inside the steel cage. I would have loved to pinch Eleanor's nipples.

"Cut off her panties. Down the middle. Don't just snip the sides."

It was impossible for me not to press the back side of the scissors into Eleanor's pussy as I went down the middle and eventually got to the crotch where I snipped the little string holding the thong together.

The ruined silk slid down her thighs and off her feet.

"The crop," said Ms. Daggett. "I leave it to you to decide how to decorate her."

I wanted to apologize to Eleanor ahead of time, but her face was impassive beneath the mask and gag. I didn't dare try to whisper something in front of Ms. Daggett.

I just laid into Eleanor with the crop, not holding back at all because I knew that if I did, Ms. Daggett's punishment for me would be a hundred times worse.

I laid the crop across Eleanor's tits, ass, thighs, and belly. I started to like seeing the red stripes I left behind. I liked the way she jumped at each blow and the way she squealed behind her gag.

There was no way for Eleanor to keep a verbal count, but I counted silently in my head.

Ms. Daggett stopped me when I got to eighteen.

"Why haven't you hit her pussy yet?"

I hesitated. I had laid the crop across her upper thighs and lower belly several times, but to actually hit her pussy, she'd have to spread her legs, and she was already barely on her feet. The stress of being whipped by me had made sweat form all over her body.

"I wasn't sure how to get to it without making her change position, Mistress," I said.

"You're in charge. You can position her however you want." Ms. Daggett took a

sip of her water. “Miss Thompson, please expose your pussy. You need to suffer some more.”

Eleanor balanced herself on one foot and lifted her other leg like a ballerina. I wondered if she had some sort of dance background. The position was awkward and she hung from the cable to the ceiling, but it also opened up her pussy.

I was nervous, almost scared to hit her there, but I had done it before and I wanted to do it again.

And I wanted to prove to Ms. Daggett that I could obey and follow orders.

I struck Eleanor three times in rapid succession on her wet and open pussy.

She screamed from behind her gag.

I regretted my decision.

Her leg came down and her entire body was trembling. It took me a minute to figure out she was orgasming.

Ms. Daggett was laughing and went to her bound slave and unbuckled the gag from behind her head. Eleanor was crying. That didn’t stop Ms. Daggett from kissing her.

I was shaken.

“Very good,” Ms. Daggett complimented me as she took the crop out of my hand. “Now, Mr. Beemis: your punishment.”

I shivered. I was sweating from the exertion of whipping Eleanor, but I was still cold.

And my cock struggled to get hard. I wanted to fuck anything right then and there.

“Wh-wh-what are you going to do to me, Mistress?” I was certain she was going to hand the crop over to Eleanor and I’d have to take her place being bound.

I didn’t want my cock whipped.

She went up on her toes and kissed me lightly on the lips, pulling my face down to hers.

“I have a task for you. Are you up to it?”

I had no idea what the task was. I couldn’t even imagine. “Y-y-yes,” I stammered out. Ms. Daggett didn’t even correct me for not calling her Mistress.

“I need you to go to this bar,” she said while handing me a business card. “And I need you to seduce any young lady there and bring her back to your apartment. Can you do that?”

“Y-y-yes, Mistress.”

“Good. When you get her home, I want you to fuck her.”

“But I—”

She cut me off before I could get the words out of my mouth. “Go,” she said. “You have until eleven o’clock tonight.”

Fuck.

Chapter 17

I went back to my apartment to get ready. It was still the middle of the workday. I needed to wait and plan.

The only real plan I needed was to take off my cage, but that wasn't going to happen.

Fuck.

The bar she sent me to was nice. Better than the Rat Trap. Better than just about every place I'd ever been in to drink. Or eat. Or breathe.

I was glad I had checked out their website and dressed for the role. It was a hookup establishment but even going in knowing that everyone was there to hook didn't make things easy.

It made it harder.

Knowing I had to succeed made it even harder again.

I spent a few hours chatting up women and buying drinks. I didn't go overboard spending money or pressing anyone too hard. I didn't want to make it look like I was desperate. The women here weren't just looking for a fuck. They were looking for a classy fuck they could brag to their friends about.

Eventually I focused on a blonde, because of course I did. She was pretty enough and had hazel eyes. Eventually I figured out she wasn't a real blonde, but had a very good dye job.

I didn't worry about that. I focused on the task at hand.

She wasn't stupid. We talked about this and that and eventually I figured out she didn't have a job but existed off Mommy and Daddy. She was also smart enough not to let me get her drunk but she certainly wasn't thinking clearly because I invited her back to my place for a life-changing experience.

She laughed at that phrase. She told her friends she had to know what would change her life.

I promised her mind would be blown.

We left and headed back to my place. On the way up in the elevator, I turned her around, pressed her face first into the wall, while kissing her neck and feeling up her tits.

I had no idea what we were going to do once I got her to my bedroom.

“Nice place,” she commented when we walked in.

“I’m working my way up,” I admitted as she went to admire the view.

She nodded. “I can see that. Normally I go for older men, men with money, but there’s no reason not to have a little fun now and then, right?”

She was insulting me and I just stood there and took it.

I tried to remember her name.

Katrina? Karen? Katherine?

It didn’t matter. She pulled up her sleeveless blouse along with her bra and tossed it aside.

“Nice tits,” I complimented her.

They were nice. A little small, but obviously all natural. Small areolas tipped with small nipples.

She smiled and wiggled out of her skirt, but kept on her panties and shoes.

“Like what you see?” she asked.

I crossed the room and kissed her again, trying to keep my crotch away from her body, which was impossible. She liked the kiss. She liked the way I grabbed her ass. She liked the way I played with her nipples.

“Shall we go fuck?” she asked me.

“Yes.” I glanced at the camera in the corner. The red light was on. Everything was being observed and recorded.

“Where’s the bedroom?” she asked as she dashed in the right direction.

I chased after her.

She tackled me as I raced into the bedroom. We landed together on my bed.

I forgot myself when she started kissing and grinding on me.

She took my hand and pushed down her panties.

Her pussy was smooth and wet.

I groaned.

My cock strained mightily in the cage and needed to escape.

I should have done something. Anything. I couldn’t think.

Next thing I knew her panties were off and she was straddling my face with her thighs getting into a 69 position. I was looking up at a beautiful pussy that she lowered down on me.

I don’t even remember her trying to get my pants off.

“What the fuck!” she exclaimed as she jumped off me.

My one night stand had found my cock cage.

To Be Continued

Click here to continue the story

Preview

The Demoness In My Bed 1 - Dream

In my defense, we were coming out of the COVID panic and we were all vaxxed so a party seemed an ideal thing to do.

She totally wasn't my type. I prefer petite blondes with blue eyes, though I once dated a blonde with green eyes, just to let you know that I had an open mind.

Meeza was tall and elegant with dusky skin and shiny black hair that fell to the middle of her back, long and sleek. She wasn't thin, but athletic. My preferences in the opposite sex included large breasts with a nice sized ass. Meeza had a small chest and while I couldn't get all the details under her skirt, she definitely did not have a big butt. Judging by the muscle definition on her exposed arms I figured her ass had to be muscular if nothing else.

She was pretty, very pretty. That would have been enough to catch my eye, but I would have moved on. I should have moved on.

We met at a party held by a friend of a friend. I forget why it was held. It doesn't matter. It was just an excuse for a group to get together and drink and listen to music and dance and hook up.

After she caught my eye, she held it. Normally I would have just nodded at her, maybe said a word of greeting, and moved on, but I paused.

That was the mistake.

She was alone but didn't look out of place. She looked comfortable. She looked like she was looking for someone.

Someone like me.

When Meeza smiled at me I was startled. She had Hollywood white teeth that glistened and were unnaturally sharp. I was drawn in.

Figuring I would never make anything of this, I didn't even bother with subtle flirting.

“Is your father a thief?” I asked her.

Her eyes narrowed but she said nothing.

I smiled. “Because someone stole the stars from the sky and put them in your eyes.”

The smile that had caught my attention disappeared and she slowly shook her head.

“The whole using cheesy pickup lines routine as an attempt to displace or cover up your natural nervousness when approaching a woman you’re never met before has already been done,” she told me in a rich voice.

I pressed my hand to my chest like I was having a heart attack. “You wound me. But, then again, I bet you’ve heard every line in the book, so what’s one more?”

She tilted her head to the side. “Okay, try one more.”

Just for the hell of it, I tried, “That outfit you’re wearing looks great on you.” That wasn’t a lie. She was wearing a red silk blouse and a black skirt. She was also wearing heels, but not unduly high ones. “It would look even better on the floor of my bedroom.”

“The last time a guy tried that line on me, he said my bra and panties would look great on his bedroom floor,” she said, looking me dead in the eye.

Unperturbed, I stared back at her. “Did it work?”

“I don’t wear bras,” she said.

Immediately I looked at her chest. Her blouse wasn’t tight, but she could have been telling the truth. There was a hint of nipple outline through her shirt.

My cock stiffened. “What about panties?”

I saw the tiniest hint of a smile on her lips. “Let’s go to your place and find out what I wear.”

It couldn’t be that easy. But it was.

She put her arm in mine and I walked her out of the party. On the way out I waved to a couple of friends. They stared in surprise. Not because I was with a beautiful woman, but because I wasn't with a blonde.

As it turned out, Meeza was the sort of woman who knew what she wanted. If only I had known the type of woman she was.

We introduced ourselves on the short walk from the party back to my apartment building. We made small talk. We flirted.

I was going to get laid. She wasn't my type, but I'm not above one-off flings.

We kissed the moment the door to my apartment shut. I was right. Her teeth were sharp. I thought I tasted blood when we kissed, but that wasn't enough to stop me.

Running my hand down her back, it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra.

I pressed my crotch into her body, letting her feel the size and hardness of my cock.

"Want me to do something about that for you?" she asked.

"Sure!"

We weren't even in my bedroom yet. We had barely made it to the small living room when she kicked off her heels and went down on her knees. I helped her by opening up my jeans and getting my cock out.

From there she knew just what to do.

The light was dim and I was excited, but when she parted her lips to take my shaft into her mouth, I would have sworn that her teeth weren't just sharp, but long and like daggers.

Once her lips closed around my cock, I forgot all about that. She knew how to suck cock and did so eagerly.

Meeza must not have had any gag reflex. I put my cock all the way down her throat without difficulty. She caressed my sack with one hand and held my cock steady with the other as she got serious about the blowjob.

This was exactly what I wanted. She was getting me wound up tighter and tighter and before I knew it, I was about to cum.

Being a gentleman, I warned her. “I’m gonna cum.”

Backing off, she licked her lips and looked up at me. “How many times can you cum tonight?”

I laughed. “I’m probably good for three.”

She frowned. “That’s it? Well, I’m not going to waste your first load in my mouth.”

That encouraged me. “Well how do you want me to use it?”

Getting off her knees, she asked, “Where’s the bedroom?”

I pointed. It was a small apartment. Meeza pivoted on her toes and headed down the short hallway. She pulled her blouse up over her head, tossing it on the floor as she walked.

From her naked back I could clearly see that she was not wearing a bra. Her long hair and the dim light hid some intricate tattoos, one of which had to be a tramp stamp. That didn’t deter me at all.

I followed a few steps behind her.

By the time I got to the bedroom she was in the midst of unzipping her skirt. When she dropped it to the floor I learned that she hadn’t just been bragging.

She wasn’t wearing any panties.

Turning around to face me, she asked, “Like what you see?”

Her tits were small, but perfectly sized and shaped for her thin frame. I glanced at them and then focused on her pussy. Unlike the current trend that so many

women seemed to follow, she didn’t shave off all her pubic hair, but instead had a classic landing strip that was wide enough to almost make it seem natural. The dark black curls against her lovely dusky pale skin was a beautiful contrast.

More importantly: no tan lines.

As I approached her, I realized she was still partially dressed; she was wearing nude thigh high stockings that I only saw as I knelt down in front of her and spied the fancy lace tops.

Wanting to return the favor, I went down on my knees and kissed the top of her mound. Her scent was strong, but not unpleasant. It was an aphrodisiac to me. Her skin was smooth and I felt like I was committing some sort of crime just by touching her.

Ducking my head and hunching down, I slid my tongue into the top of her slit, searching for her clit.

It was a struggle.

“Stop teasing me,” she said as she backed up to my bed and lay down.

I was glad that I had changed the sheets before going to the party, just in case.

From past experience I knew that women liked clean sheets.

As she lay down, she scooted back and opened up her thighs, showing me the full loveliness of her pussy.

It was beautiful.

Her light tan skin parted like turbid waters to reveal an enticing pink slit that called to me.

Scrambling forward I pressed my face into her sex, once again inhaling her scent as I licked from the bottom of her slit to the top before finding her clit and teasing it with my tongue before pulling the whole of it into my mouth.

Meeza squirmed under my eager attentions, panting heavily and moaning as I explored her sex.

I didn’t know what kind of woman Meeza was. Did she orgasm easily? Could she have multiple orgasms? Did it take her a long time to build up to climax and then spend all her energy in one huge orgasm and not want to be touched again? Learning a new partner’s quirks and desires was half the fun. Looking up along her naked body as I ate her pussy I saw no other tattoos which was odd, but I wasn’t going to have a conversation with her about it. The tattoos on her back, from what I had seen, were extensive and intricate.

As I continued to eat and finger her pussy, looking for her elusive g-spot, her pussy kept heating up and I knew she couldn’t last much longer without some sort of relief. I wanted to make her cum with my mouth. I had decided she was the sort of woman who needed a good warm-up orgasm before we got to the main event.

I made her cum by sucking on her hard, little clit and pistoning a pair of fingers in her pussy. When she came, she screeched loudly.

I wasn’t concerned. The neighbors were used to dealing with my noisy female guests.

While she didn’t exactly squirt and spray me with her amrita, there was a sudden gush of pungent pussy juice that left everything between her legs a slick playground.

“Fuck yes!” she declared. “That’s what I needed. Now I want your cock.”

I wasn’t exactly naked. My cock was still out after following her into my bedroom, and my jeans were down to my knees. My shirt was still on because I hadn't had the opportunity to pull it off while eating her pussy.

Everything I wore was off in two seconds and I climbed atop her, aiming my cock for her wet and ready pussy. She grabbed me and guided me in.

Never before have any of my lovers had such a hot pussy. I mean literally hot. It was like sinking my cock into a welcoming envelope of pleasure. Not hot enough to burn, but it almost felt like the time one of my weirdo lovers had decided to use one of those stupid heating gels. That only made my dick feel like it was on fire.

This wasn’t that. This was so much better.

I only pumped her a couple of times, getting the full measure of her pussy before she said, “You have a perfectly unholy cock.”

I’m sure that was an exaggeration, but I know how to take a compliment. “Thank you, how about I—”

Before I could get out my suggestion, she suddenly flipped us over. I was now on my back and she was riding me.

“I love being on top,” she told me as she adjusted her body, getting on her knees and starting to roll her hips.

I didn’t complain. If she wanted to do all the work, I was fine with that.

Meeza knew what she was doing and she obviously loved what she was doing. Watching her fuck me was like watching an artist create a masterpiece. She wasn’t just trying to get herself off; she was trying to get me off as well. The way her body moved was indescribable. A vision of beauty in motion. Sex personified. Lust made manifest in human form. The erotic incarnated.

She wasn’t the sort of woman that I was normally attracted to, but when we fucked, I wanted no one else in the world but her.

When she spied me feasting on her with my eyes, her motions slowed.

“Like what you see?”

My mouth worked for a moment before I was able to say, “I love it.”

“Of course you do,” she said condescendingly.

Before I could do or say anything else, she lifted herself off my cock. I whined in complaint and reached for her but my arms wouldn’t obey the orders I gave them.

It was like I was paralyzed.

But Meeza wasn’t leaving me. She just turned her body around and then re-straddled my body. I was now presented with her shapely, firm ass. Once again she lowered herself onto me, joining our bodies.

I inhaled sharply.

I wasn’t a huge fan of reverse cowgirl, but Meeza knew exactly what she was doing. She didn’t look over her shoulder at me. She wasn’t doing this for me. She was doing it for her pleasure alone.

Click here to continue reading The Demoness In My Bed 1 - Dream on Smashwords

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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

Ami's Ambrosia

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

BULL

Caged and Milked

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

Cream In My Coffee

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cuckquean

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Demoness in My Bed

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

An Erotic Arranged Marriage

Even If I Did Hate Her

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

Honeysuckle

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Key Holder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Love Sweet Sex Magic

Lover's Milk

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Marge Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Mike & Cookie

Milking the Alleyways

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Mentally Milks Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odets Odalisque

Overly Familiar

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Perfectly Average

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Princess and the Ogre

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

Ranulf's Conquest

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sexy Preg

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilling the Milk

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarcane Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Tiresias

Too Intimate Sibs

Total Lockdown

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Turn Off My Feelings

UnbelievaBULL

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Why She Cheats

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

You Cow Hucow

You're Doing It Wrong

Your Name Written On Me

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity