
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
COME
OUT AND
PLAY-5
A MALE CHASTITY EROTIC NOVEL
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Come Out And Play 5

A Male Chastity Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Come Out And Play 5

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 18

“What the fuck!” Kellie (?) repeated as she bounced off the bed.

I flopped my head back in frustration and groaned. My cock had been trying to get hard inside the inflexible cage. It was sweet frustration.

“What the fuck is that?” she demanded, pointing with one hand at my partially exposed cock and cage while covering her tits with the other arm. I was glad she hadn’t gotten my pants all the way off. I had been smart enough to wear a pair of panties that were almost masculine, but were a feminine green shade and cut. They were a silky stretchy material and maybe I could have passed them off as a pair of men’s underwear if they hadn’t essentially been a thong. But I didn’t need to worry about that because my hookup had barely reached into my pants before encountering my caged cock.

“My cock cage,” I moaned. The next words out of my mouth were, “I can explain.” The words alone made it worse.

“Explain why you have a metal dick?” she asked.

“It’s not a metal dick,” I snapped at her, which was a stupid argument. “It’s a cage. So I can’t have sex.”

“What the fuck!” She was grabbing at her clothes now. She found her shirt and struggled to put it on. “Why the fuck would you pick me up and take me to your fucking place if you couldn’t have sex!”

She was angry. She had a right to be angry.

“Okay, I know you’re angry and you have a right to be angry,” I said, trying my best to calm her down. “But look at it from my perspective.”

Kathy (or maybe Kayla?) glared at me as she pulled her skirt back on. I noticed she hadn’t bothered with her bra. “Your fucking perspective? Oh please, tell me about your fucking perspective! All I wanted to do tonight was get drunk and get laid. You’re a fucking asshole.”

I ignored her insults. I had to press forward. “My mistress said if I could get a woman back to my place and have sex with her, she’d take off my cage,” I blurted out.

Kylene folded her arms across her chest. Under her thin blouse her tits looked soft and inviting. “How the fuck were you going to fuck me without taking that ridiculous thing off in the first place?” Her brow furrowed and she leaned forward where my cage was caught in the open fly on my pants. “You have a tiny cock anyway.”

Only now did I realize the stupidity of what I had tried.

There was no way I was going to be able to fuck anyone with the cage on. Maybe I could have used my fingers and mouth on her. I had few sex toys hidden away for my old trysts who wanted to get nasty during sex. I’m sure I could have found a dildo to manually fuck her.

I was also a hundred percent sure that would have been a failure in Ms. Daggett’s eyes.

“I’m not tiny,” I sulked. “I’m average. I’ve measured.”

That was a lie. The size, not the measuring.

Kimberly/Klair/Kara/who the fuck cares picked up the light jacket she had worn and slipped it on before stuffing her bra into a pocket. “You’re a fucking liar. I bet you wear that thing because you can’t get it up.”

I struggled to my feet, but it was way past too late. She practically ran out my bedroom door and by the time I got to the short hallway, she had slammed the front door to my apartment.

“Fuck,” I moaned, leaning against the wall.

I had been so excited that my cock was fully swollen inside my cage. I briefly considered finding a vibrator and shoving it up my ass just to get a little orgasm. It wouldn’t satisfy me at all, but it would be something.

Of course Ms. Daggett would be watching. If she wasn’t watching right now she would be certain to review the video and see me humiliate myself further. I knew that she would love that.

I was going to do it just because I needed some self-abuse to round out my evening.

Or I could cut the lock off my dick and start to have a normal life.

But I was too used to the luxury that I had lucked into.

If I went home, I'd know a different sort of humiliation.

I'd rather be rich—okay, well-off—and humiliated instead of poor and humiliated.

I went to where I kept my booze in the kitchen, downed three shots of bourbon, and then took a cold shower.

The alcohol and the freezing water did its magic on my cock and libido.

I was just getting into bed when the speaker came alive in my bedroom.

"Mr. Beemis, please come to my apartment. Now."

The speaker then immediately cut out.

"Fuck."

I was already in bed wearing nothing.

I had to get dressed.

I got dressed and reported to Ms. Daggett's apartment on the top floor of the building.

The moment I stepped off the elevator, I saw two piles of clothes on the low table in the entry hall.

I knew what my mistress expected of me, so I stripped. Why had I bothered dressing? Was it just in a million to one case that I encountered someone on the elevator at midnight? A semi-private elevator that took me directly to my mistress's home?

The apartment's lights were dimmed, but there was illumination coming from the far corner, where Ms. Daggett's bedroom was.

Wearing only my cock cage I followed the noise and light.

I hesitated when I got to the door because I realized her bedroom was dark, but the smaller room across the short hallway was where the activity was happening.

Upon entering I saw three people.

First I saw Ms. Daggett, wearing a pair of tight black pants and low-cut blouse that left nothing to the imagination.

I spied Eleanor bent face down over what looked like a piece of gymnastic equipment. She was gagged but not blindfolded. Her hands were bound behind her back and she briefly made eye contact with me before looking away. Except for the cuffs around her wrists and the black ball gag in her mouth, she was naked.

The man in the room I had never seen before. He was a good looking guy, athletic build, dark hair, and a confident, cocky look on his face that made me hate him right away. He was naked as well, but unlike me, he wasn't caged. His erection stood up proudly from his crotch.

I guess I was relieved to see that he wasn't sporting a huge cock. He was average.

He was also pierced. He had a black metal PA ring through his cock, much like mine. Only mine was silver. And mine was used to keep my cock under control.

His was a proud crown on a king.

He stood behind Eleanor, his hands massaging her naked ass.

"It took you long enough, Mr. Beemis," said Eleanor disdainfully.

"Sorry, Mistress. I hurried. The elevator was slow."

"Hmm." Clearly she didn't care. "Well, you are here now." She perched herself on a stool where she could observe Eleanor and the stranger. "Just in time to see Justin fuck Eleanor. Kneel on the floor. It's sure to be a good show."

I knelt. I was shaking. I knew what was going to happen and I didn't want to witness it, but my cock certainly did.

There was no reaction from Eleanor. I wanted her to protest or have some type of reaction. She just lay there, bent over the padded bench.

Justin, his lips twisted into a lopsided grin, rolled a condom down his cock, grabbed a bottle of lube and coated his latex-ready cock with the additional lubricant.

I wondered why he did that because Eleanor was the sort of woman who lubricated easily when sex was on the table. Only when he pressed in tightly to Eleanor's body, with her legs spread wide, did I understand.

I couldn't see everything, but the angle he was going in was wrong.

He eased his cock into her. I saw the tension and straining in Eleanor's face as he penetrated. If she didn't want this to happen, she surely could have said something to Ms. Daggett, couldn't she?

As Justin started thrusting, he did so with enthusiasm. Each impact of his body against hers shook her body, causing beautiful ripples through her flesh.

My mouth went dry. I wanted to get hard and fuck her too. I wanted to shove my cock into her mouth.

It wasn't going to happen.

Unexpectedly, Ms. Daggett went to Eleanor and removed her gag. Eleanor spit it out with a whining moan.

"Enjoying it, dear?" asked Ms. Daggett.

The redhead grunted a few times before saying, "Uh…yeah…yeah."

"He's going to keep fucking you until he cums."

"Good…" Eleanor's eyes were glazed with…lust? Was she putting her mind in a different plane of existence just to survive?

"Would you prefer him in your cunt instead of your asshole?"

"No…this is…this is good."

He was buggering her. I should have known. I wanted to do the same to her. I wanted to penetrate her in any way possible.

Did Eleanor actually like anal sex?

“Look at poor little Dylan watching you,” Ms. Daggett instructed. “He wants to get hard. He wants to use his cock. He wants to cum. Isn’t that so sad?”

“Yeah…very sad.”

Eleanor was enjoying this more than I wanted her to.

While I liked the humiliation and being put in my place, I found it exceedingly difficult to meet Eleanor’s gaze was she was being fucked in the ass.

“I think he wants to fuck you in the ass.”

Eleanor looked away from me to meet her mistress’s gaze.

“Of course he does.”

I found that her being able to maintain this conversation while getting fucked fascinating.

“Do you want him to fuck your ass? Or your pussy? Or your mouth?” Clearly Ms. Daggett was asking leading questions.

This was going to be my opportunity. She was going to let me out of my cage and if I was lucky I was going to get to fuck Eleanor. If I was unlucky, I was going to get to jack off on her, maybe cumming on her back or face. Either way, I was going to win.

Eleanor flopped her head back and forth. “No. I don’t want his tiny little dick coming anywhere near me.”

Justin laughed and fucked her harder.

If my cock wasn’t already soft it would have deflated like a pricked balloon.

Eleanor focused herself as Justin continued to fuck her.

Apparently she liked anal sex because he made her cum.

He came a minute after her climax, with overly expressive faces and weird noises.

When he pulled out of her ass, he removed the condom and tossed it on her lower back. I saw it was clearly full of his cum.

I tried but I could feel hot tears sliding down my cheeks.

“You failed in fucking the girl you brought to your place,” Ms. Daggett said more as an observation than a question.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“And she laughed at you. She ran away.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“This isn’t the sort of failure I expect in those who I own.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

“Go back to your apartment and think about your failure.”

I absently wiped my tears away. I was ashamed to be crying and I was ashamed to be such a failure. “I…I’m not getting a punishment?”

She laughed at me. “Your punishment was whipping Miss Thomas…and having to seduce that poor girl…and having to fail to fuck her…and then having to witness Miss Thomas getting fucked by another man. A real man. Didn’t you want to fuck Miss Thomas?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I replied all too quickly.

“Did you want to fuck me?”

The words caught in my throat, but I forced them out, “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. Go. Leave me.”

I left. I grabbed my clothes on the way to the elevator and hurriedly dressed on the way down.

I didn’t encounter anyone. Once I collapsed in my bed, I ruminated for hours before sleep took me.

Chapter 19

I was woken up by my cock getting hard, well, attempting to get hard, in the cage.

I rolled over with a groan and tried to sort myself out.

I was starting to regret my every life decision.

Instead of just hiding from the world, I got up, took a cold shower, and ate some breakfast.

Not having anything else to do, I looked at my day.

Work, more club finances.

Spa, I needed to have more hair removed.

Gym, I needed to maintain my body.

I could only hope to see Ms. Daggett today.

Or Eleanor.

I just needed to cum. Just one little orgasm. I'd buy a vibrator and fuck myself in the ass just for a little bit of relief.

I had resolved to work through the day, then go to the spa and gym.

I needed a routine.

I did everything.

I started to get a handle on the club's finances and membership.

I wasn't humiliated at the spa when I was subjected to laser treatment again. My esthetician didn't comment on my cage.

I was confident enough at the gym that I didn't care if anyone saw my chastity cage.

I took a cold shower to cool off after my workout.

I was surprised to find Eleanor and Ms. Daggett in my apartment when I got home.

They were sitting on my couch watching my television like they lived there. Of course Ms. Daggett completely controlled my finances so she could certainly make the argument she had a right to be in my apartment. She was already spying on me 24/7.

“What are you doing here?” I blurted out as soon as I saw them.

The two shared one of those glances I hated when middle school girls did it to me years ago.

And then they laughed at me. I could feel my cock shrinking inside my cage.

The thing of having a PA ring while wearing a chastity cage is that the end of my cock was essentially anchored at the end of the cage. Luckily my cock was small and short so I wasn’t being stretched out.

Except now I could feel it.

I felt like I had done something wrong.

I loved and hated that feeling.

“Are you really asking me that?” Ms. Daggett said as she rose from the couch. As always, she was elegantly dressed.

Eleanor turned off the TV. I think they were watching some talk show, or maybe the weather, or a soap opera. Are soap operas still a thing?

“I’m sorry, Mistress,” I immediately apologized. “I wasn’t thinking. Your presence here just surprised me.”

She seemed to accept that as an appropriate answer. “Strip,” she ordered.

I did so as quickly as I could. I didn’t want to upset her further.

Being naked in front of two beautiful women was natural to me. I wasn’t the least bit ashamed.

I wanted to feel a little shame.

“Where have you been?” asked Ms. Daggett as she picked up the riding crop I had recently used on Eleanor. I shivered as she approached me and gently touched it to my back.

“I did my work this morning,” I said quickly. “And then I was at the gym and the spa.”

Her hand stroked down my back to my buttocks and then between them. I gasped as she reached further and grabbed my hairless balls.

“You aren’t lying. You’re as smooth as a baby’s bottom.”

They both laughed at that statement. I rather liked being hairless on my thighs, ass, cock, and belly. Maybe it wasn’t macho, but it made my skin so smooth.

“I’d never lie to you, Mistress,” I said.

That was a lie. I’d lie to get to fuck her or anyone.

“You’re such a liar,” she said, pulling her hand away as she circled me, trailing the crop across my caged cock. “Do you like pain?” she suddenly asked and I was certain she was going to start whipping me.

“No,” I said as quickly and emphatically as possible. I didn’t like pain with sex. I didn’t like pain at all.

“Miss Thomas does,” she all but purred in my ear. I glanced at the redhead on the couch. She was smiling and waiting. She was in a skirt and blouse and I could just see the top edges of her thigh high stockings peeking out of her skirt as she crossed her legs.

“It’s true,” Eleanor confirmed. “But you know that.”

“I don’t like it,” I said, bracing myself as the crop lifted from my left ass cheek…and then let out a long breath as it came back to caress my right hip.

“But you liked whipping Miss Thomas?”

I dry swallowed. “Yes, Mistress. You told me to and—”

“But did you enjoy hurting her?” She interrupted me.

My hesitation was only for a moment. I had to be honest. “Yes. I liked the feel of the power it gave me.”

“Did you like it when, before I had you pierced, she pulled your cock out of your cage so you could use it?” Ms. Daggett asked. I was certain she was trying to trick me into something. “Did you like violating the rules by spending the night in her bed?”

“I shouldn’t have done either of those things, Mistress.”

“But did you like it?”

“Yes,” I sobbed. I was on the verge of crying and I didn’t know how to process that feeling.

They both started laughing at me. Not sly laughter, but full-throated mocking laughter as if they were watching a comedic genius perform.

“What?” I sniveled. Ms. Daggett continued to circle me with the crop. I looked down at my cock and it had never looked so small inside the cage. I was afraid.

“Half the fun is breaking the rules and taking the punishment,” Eleanor explained. “I did those things because I like Ms. Daggett’s punishment…and her attention.”

That boggled my mind, but it sounded true.

“Did you like your punishment?” Ms. Daggett asked. She was standing behind me. She whispered in my ear. One hand held the crop against my thigh. The other curled around my body so she could grab and hold my cock.

“N-n-no,” I sobbed.

“Hmm. Why do you do this for me?” asked Ms. Daggett. “It can’t be the money, can it?”

Breathing heavily, I said, “It’s partly the money.”

“And what else?” she prompted.

“And I like that you keep my cock in a cage?” I admitted. “I like when you dominate me. I like being in your power.”

She let go of my cock and pulled away from me. She circled around again to look me in the face. “You sound like the perfect submissive man. Would you like to kiss my foot and worship me?”

“Yes,” I reluctantly admitted.

“Would you like me to wear a strapon and fuck your ass?”

“Yes, please, Mistress.”

“Would you like to be in that cage for the rest of your life just so I could control everything about your sexuality?”

“Yes.” That was easy to admit.

“You like older women?”

“Yes.”

“You love blondes?” she asked, touching her hair.

I glanced at Eleanor and her brilliant red hair. “Yes. Blonde hair and blue eyes. They are my greatest weakness. They’re the only women I’m really attracted to.”

“But I’ve seen you with Miss Thomas. And…other women.”

“I can get it up for them…but blondes are so perfect.”

She had lulled me into a sense of security. I was exposing myself.

Literally.

The crop came up between my legs. It felt like she had kicked me in the balls. They were on fire. I clutched myself and went down on my knees.

“You’ve been very honest, Mr. Beemis,” Ms. Daggett said as she continued to circle me even as I slumped to my side. “For that you will be rewarded. I’m giving you the same task today as yesterday. Go to a bar. Pick up a woman. Bring her back here. If you can do that you can fuck her. I’m leaving your key so she can release your cock.”

She moved away from me and placed my cage’s tiny key on the coffee table.

“Go shower. Get dressed. Put on that pretty pair of powder blue panties with the butterfly lace. Go pick a bar and bring a slut home so you can fuck her.”

Ms. Daggett sat down on the couch. She gently pushed Eleanor off. The redhead crouched on the floor.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked imperiously, staring at me on the floor, my stomach a hard knot of pain.

“Sorry, Mistress. I’ll hurry.” I struggled to my feet and went to the bedroom. The shower gave me time to focus and think and plan.

After I dried off and opened my drawers to dress, I discovered the panties that Ms. Daggett wanted me to wear were right on top. Had she placed them there? Did she just look or re-arrange things?

I dressed like I was going out to the club, because that’s what I was doing. It was like I had become little more than some sort of sex slave.

I suppose that’s slightly better than whore.

Finally ready, I went out to the living room to face my Mistress.

I stopped dead in my tracks.

I knew I shouldn’t have been surprised by anything at this point, but I was. I would have been less surprised to find Eleanor and Ms. Daggett having sex.

I suppose it was sex of a sort.

Eleanor was on the floor in front of Ms. Daggett, sucking her toes. My mistress had removed her stockings so that Eleanor could suck the older woman’s

individual toes. I watched for a long moment as Eleanor licked and sucked and pleasured Ms. Daggett in a way I had never seen. Eleanor was fully dressed and ignored me; she was completely focused on our mistress.

I wasn't a foot fetishist by any stretch of the imagination. I was glad that Ms. Daggett hadn't made me do that.

Yet.

I tried to banish the "yet" from my head.

I stared and wondered if this was foreplay or something else.

"Is there a problem?" Ms. Daggett asked me sharply when she noticed I was in the room with them. Eleanor didn't stop ravishing the older woman's feet.

"No, Mistress."

"What are you waiting for?"

I glanced at the time. I was early, maybe too early to pick up women in a nightclub but not too early to pick up someone who had recently left work and was getting boozy before going home.

"I was just leaving."

I wanted to ask if she and Eleanor would be there when I got home.

I didn't have the courage.

Or the stupidity.

Not knowing where else to go, I headed to the Rat Trap.

I hoped that neither of them would be at my place when I returned, either with a one night stand or not. It didn't really matter because I knew I was going to be watched through the cameras.

I was lucky that my so-called friends weren't getting drunk tonight. As usual, the Rat Trap was busy, but not so busy that it was just a teaming mass of humanity.

I considered just getting drunk and going home a failure. That's what my life was. A failure.

Then I checked out some of the women there. They seemed to be a cut above the usual attendees at the bar. I decided to stay and moderate my drinking. Maybe there was a bit of hope for me.

The weird thing was I was getting used to wearing my cock cage all the time and it felt natural to me.

I wondered what it would be like to take it off and not have the present security with me all the time.

I'd never had trouble introducing myself to new women. I could chat them up with the best. I never pressured anyone. I had the confidence and the looks to make it work regardless of the situation. The key was not to be an asshole.

And to pick out women who had morals at least as loose as mine.

I had seen a lot of the faces before. Some I just rejected, others I considered, others still I had already picked up and subjected them to my small cock (and I wasn't ready for a second round of humiliation which was stupid because I loved being humiliated I had recently learned), but one face stood out to me more than the others.

I already knew her name.

It came back to me like a bolt from Thor.

Lilly.

Fuck.

It took me a minute of staring, but I finally placed her face and name.

Lilly from the Rat Trap.

She was the one who had robbed me weeks ago. I was still pissed about it, even though I was in a better position financially.

Fucking bitch.

The best thing to do would have been to confront her about it and maybe call the police.

Instead, I went up to her and gave her my most winning smile.

“Hey. Saw you across the room. Buy you a drink?”

I expected her to freak or run away.

Instead, she accepted my offer.

She didn’t recognize me. She had either forgotten me or had been so drunk she couldn’t remember me. Either result was perfect.

We chatted.

I was charming.

She was receptive.

So receptive, in fact, that she accepted my offer to take her back to my place.

Chapter 20

I was worried that she might sober up or remember my place or something, but, if anything, the drinks started hitting Lilly harder when we got to my place.

I wasn't sure how to handle this. I wanted to fuck her and the key was supposed to be on my coffee table.

How would Lilly react to my chastity cage?

Would Ms. Daggett or Eleanor be there?

I knew my mistress would be watching, but would she interrupt? Would my performance be affected?

Everything was slowly revealed.

Lilly didn't seem to remember my place. I kept her distracted with kisses as we rode the elevator up. I pinched her nipples through her dress to make sure she wasn't focused. I could just barely feel her pierced nipple through her shirt and bra.

I was relieved that the apartment was empty. While I didn't exactly race to the coffee table, I was thrilled to see the key was still there where Ms. Daggett had left it.

Turning around, I saw Lilly kick off her shoes and unbutton her shirt. "I so want to get fucked hard."

My mouth went dry. My cock strained inside its steel prison. I just had to grab the key and free myself and I could fuck her. Hopefully she wouldn't be upset by my small cock.

Taking the initiative, I moved back to her and kissed her passionately. My hands went all over her so she would have to focus on them and not my cock. The problem was she wanted out of her clothes as much as I did. Before I knew it she was naked. She wasn't even wearing stockings. She was completely naked. My eyes went to her left breast. I remembered before she had been wearing a bar through her nipple but now she had a ring.

"Like what you see?" she asked.

“Fuck yes,” I breathed. I took too much time taking in her body.

She moved too quickly for me and was suddenly down on her knees unzipping my pants trying to fish out my cock.

“No, wait,” I implored her, but I was too slow. It was too late.

She yanked down my pants. Her lips were parted to put my cock into her mouth, but she froze when she saw my cock cage.

“What the fuck!” She fell backwards on her ass. I tried to pull up my pants to cover my shame, but I fumbled the effort and managed to get them twisted around and caught in my underwear. I was essentially standing there with my ineffective cock out while Lilly stared at it.

“I can explain,” I blurted out.

There was no explaining what I was showing her.

“What the fuck is that?” she demanded as she scrambled to her feet and skittered backwards away from me like I was some sort of monster.

Maybe she wasn’t wrong.

“It’s…it’s a cock cage,” I tried to explain.

“Yeah. I can see that,” she said sarcastically as she pawed through her clothes. Eventually she found her underwear and fumbled about trying to straighten out the thong and pull it back on. “Why the fuck are you wearing one?”

“I like it?” I ventured.

She glared at me. “I’m not a fucking idiot, Dylan.” She spat my name at me. “I know what it is. It’s something perverts wear because they get off on not being able to get hard and that’s just fucked up in so many ways.” She got her underwear in order and yanked them up so quickly that I never got a look at her pussy. Lilly was still a blonde, but I never got the chance to see if she was completely bare or was happy to show off her natural color and curls.

“It’s not like that!” I protested.

She was working on her bra now. “How is it then?”

So many lies formed in my head. I decided to go with one that sounded logical, if fucked up and twisted. “My girlfriend makes me wear it.”

For some reason the bra was easier to figure out than the thong. She pulled it back on and hid away her wonderful tits. “Ha. That’s fucked up. You’re cheating on your girlfriend? Or trying to? How were you going to fuck me with that thing on? You’re sick!” Lilly picked up her blouse. It was inside out.

“Okay, yes. I was going to cheat on her. With you. I have the key! See?” I zipped around the couch and picked up the key where Ms. Daggett had left it for me on the coffee table.

“Why the fuck would your girlfriend leave you the key to a cock cage if she doesn’t trust you?”

Another lie. “She doesn’t know I have this copy.”

Lilly just shook her head at me but didn’t put her shirt back on. “Why the fuck didn’t you take it off before you went out looking to get laid?”

I grimmaced and lied again. It was getting easier to make up lies. “Okay, I sort of like wearing the cage. I can’t explain it. And occasionally my girlfriend texts me and demands to see my cage on. I have to send her a picture.”

“Why are you cheating on your girlfriend? That makes you a terrible person.”

I swallowed hard. “I am a terrible person. But I saw you in the bar and I had to try to…you know, get you back here.”

“To fuck me?”

“Yes.”

She scowled at me and shook her head.

“Do you like cheating on your girlfriend?”

“I have serious sexual problems when it comes to trust and cheating and sleeping

around," I answered. "And yes, I like cheating on her. I get off on it. It's exciting and dangerous and…"

"I like cheating too," she admitted with a sly smile.

That reassured me a little. "Really?"

"Well, I'm not seeing anyone seriously now, but it's that secret thrill of having… extracurricular sex that makes it better."

She was warming up to my lies. I liked that.

So did my cock.

"Yeah. Exactly. I mean…maybe I shouldn't have done this without giving you __"

"Give me the key," she said eagerly, dropping her blouse back to the floor and stretching her hand out to me.

It was still in my hand. I happily handed it over.

She examined the small piece of metal for a moment before looking up at me with a sly smile.

My heart stopped beating. My stomach sank. I knew she wasn't going to give it back.

I was truly screwed.

Lilly went back down on her knees in front of me.

My heart resumed its urgent beat.

"You shave?" she asked, running her finger over my smooth and bare skin.

"Yes. She likes me this way."

"You look like you do porn. Most men don't shave."

I didn’t have an immediate answer for her. I didn’t need one. She fitted the small key into the lock and turned it.

I heard the little click and she expertly detached the cage’s shaft from the base. It took her a second to work out how to detach the retaining rod that went through my PA ring, but a moment later I was free.

I was scared.

But also excited.

It took less than two heart beats for my cock to become fully erect.

She studied my cock. Her fingers were wrapped around the base as if about to give me a blowjob. “I like your cockring.”

“Thanks.”

“Guys with cock piercings like to fuck.”

“True.”

“You’re small,” she said with a frown.

“Yeah…sorry.”

She shrugged and leaned forward. She had no trouble at all taking all my length into her mouth and down her throat.

I doubted I was reaching into her throat.

As she gave me a fantastic blowjob I quickly shed my shirt and managed to get my shoes off so I could disentangle my feet from my pants.

Then she looked up at me, her fingers wrapped around the whole of my cock. “You’d better be able to fuck me with this little thing. Where’s the bedroom?

I indicated the way. She stood up and took off her bra. I followed. She took off her thong at the bedroom door.

I was on her in a flash. We fell to the bed, kissing and touching and exploring.

Being stronger and bigger than her, it was easy for me to roll her to her back. She willingly spread her legs and a second later I was rubbing my cock head along her slit.

She was completely shaved. No way to find out if she was a natural blonde, but I knew she was. I couldn't remember if she had been shaved the last time we had…sort of fucked.

I let out a whimper as I sank my little cock into her warmth. She moaned appreciatively.

"Fuck me," she begged. "Fuck me hard."

I did as ordered. I was happy to do so.

The only thing was I was far too keyed up and I wasn't going to last.

I stopped moving.

"What's the matter?" she moaned.

"I don't want to cum too soon."

She scowled at me. "I'm not even close!"

"I've been locked up for…I don't know…two weeks? Longer?"

"Fucking hell!"

"I can go down on you and make you cum that way!"

"I don't want to cum that way! I want to be pounded and pounded hard. You'd better fucking do it! Do it!"

I did it. I did my best. I fucked her as fast and hard as I could.

I came no less than thirty seconds later.

She started laughing at me.

"I knew you wouldn't last."

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” I repeated over and over.

Lilly pushed me and I rolled off her, collapsing on my back, breathing heavily. She was still giggling. “Poor little thing,” she teased me. Her hand went to my cock and I shivered at the contact. I was still super-sensitive.

“What’s the matter?”

“Sensitive, too soon,” I told her.

“You haven’t gone soft yet.”

“I will.”

“What if I blow you?”

“Uh…”

I didn’t get a chance to answer. She went down on me and I gasped.

My cock had just started to soften, but the moment her lips wrapped around it, I got hard again. Her mouth was almost as welcoming as her pussy. She held tightly to my balls, barely letting me move as she sucked me.

That was fine. I was happy to let her do it.

After a minute, she paused in her artful fellatio. “Ready to try again?” she asked, her hand tight around my balls, threatening me if I was unable to perform up to her standards.

I was afraid but I wanted to try anyway because I was stupid.

“Yes!”

“How do I know you won’t cum too soon?”

“I promise I won’t.”

The way she slapped my balls made me want to double over in pain. Oddly, it turned me on as well. I wanted to please her more than anything in the world.

“I know!” she said brightly and jumped up from the bed to race out of the bedroom.

Now I was confused.

She came back a minute later, digging through her purse. “This should solve the problem.

She pulled out a double ring of rubber. It took me a moment, but I knew what she wanted to do with it.

“You’re so small that I want you as hard as possible and I don’t want you to cum too soon.” She smirked at me. “Again.”

Women wanting to put things on and around my dick seemed to be a theme in my life.

I accepted the double ring from her and then struggled over the next five minutes to get it on my cock. It might have been simpler to have gotten some ice so I could go soft, and then put on the double ring, but I was determined.

Lilly watched me, laying on her side, her hand between her legs, idly masturbating. Eventually I got the damned thing all the way on. One ring went around the whole base of my cock and the other held my balls separate from the shaft. It was weird but it fucking did its job.

I had dipped a bit in hardness, but once it was on for a few seconds, I realized it was restricting blood flow enough that I was slightly purple in the cock but standing up proudly.

“Bring that thing over here,” Lilly said, laying back and opening up her legs for me again. “This time you’d better fucking make me cum.”

I wasn’t going to argue. I needed to fuck her again. I don’t think I had ever been this hard. The cock ring she had put on me was tighter than the retaining ring of the cock cage. I was excited to try it out.

In a flash I was on top of her and my cock was quickly buried in Lilly’s pussy. I fucked her as hard and as fast as I could. I was crossing the border between sex and violence.

She loved it. She moaned and writhed and panted and finally she came. She came hard. I could feel her pussy tighten up on my little hard cock and then there was a wave of heat and she gushed and came hard, her entire body shaking as she clung to me.

I rode out her orgasm and continued pounding away.

She just let me. It took her a bit to recover but finally was able to make eye contact as I fucked her.

“I knew you could do it little man,” she complimented me.

“I’ll make you cum again,” I grunted.

“Please!”

I made her cum three more times. The bed sheets were getting soaked with our sweat and her amrita that made a bigger and bigger wet spot. She didn’t complain and I didn’t stop.

After a while I realized that while I was right on the edge and had been right on the edge for a little too long

Noticing my frown between her orgasms, she asked, “Problem?”

“I need to cum.”

“No one is stopping you.”

“I…I can’t cum,” I panted. I was getting exhausted now. As much fun as it was fucking Lilly, I couldn’t do it forever. The rubber cock ring was making it impossible for me to climax. I wanted to but it was just so fucked.

“Sure you can,” she encouraged me.

“I can’t,” I moaned. “Not with this fucking thing on!”

“Either you cum with it on, or you don’t get to cum,” she told me.

I just nodded in agreement, submitting to her order. I wasn’t thinking with anything other than my cock. “Okay, give me another minute and I can cum.”

“I think you need a little extra help,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

She didn’t answer my question and instead adjusted our bodies. She somehow managed to reach around behind me and grabbed my ass. Then I felt her fingers pressing against my asshole.

I tensed up.

“Oh, you like that don’t you,” she said.

I was about to protest when her finger pushed inside me.

I was simply glad she had short fingernails.

I felt her go deeply where her fingers didn’t belong.

It was wrong and I wanted it to stop.

I thrusted into her a few more times before I came.

It was a painful orgasm. My body shook. I barely produced any cum. It hurt to cum. I could feel my body forcing the cum past the ring. My sphincter clamped tightly on her finger. I wanted to die.

I did die the little death.

I was glad when she pulled her finger out of me.

I felt better afterwards.

I was sobbing by the time my climax abated.

Lilly patted me softly on the back like she was soothing a child.

“Good job, good job,” she said over and over, infantilizing me.

I rather appreciated it.

“You didn’t cum very much,” she said, pushing me off her and putting her hand

to her pussy.

“Sorry.”

Lilly shrugged. “No big deal. Makes cleaning up easier.” She looked at my still hard cock. It was turning a bit purple. “You might want to get that off,” she said to me.

“Yeah. Good advice.” I didn’t see any easy way to get it off. The thing was fucking tight. Incredibly tight. Painfully tight. “How the fuck do I get it off?”

I could imagine a few ways, including one that involved scissors.

“Go get some ice,” she advised me.

That sounded like a good idea.

As I walked to the kitchen, I could feel my cock throbbing and not it a good way like before sex. I sensed it was slowly, very slowly, abating, but I wasn’t willing to wait. A little ice would hurry the process along.

I had just applied an ice pack to my cock and was starting to get a bit of relief. It was cold and that was shrinking things down. I didn’t try to hurry things along by struggling to get it off too quickly because that would just end in heartbreak.

When I judged I was small enough—no mean feat for me—I carefully eased the first ring off my balls. That gave me a measure of relief I hadn’t been expecting. Everything started to feel normal again.

As I tried to get the ring off the base of my cock the apartment door opened and Ms. Daggett and Eleanor barged in.

I stood there and stared at them as I held an ice pack to my cock and balls.

Ms. Daggett glared at me. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

“I…I fucked her. Lilly. You saw it on the cameras, right? Right, Mistress?”

“You did fuck her,” Ms. Daggett agreed. “Twice. And you came…twice. That’s not what you were supposed to do.”

The blood drained from my face and my dick. I could feel the thick rubber ring loosen from around the base of my cock. It would be easy to slip off now…if I wasn't paralyzed with fear.

"But you said…" I had no way to end that statement.

"I said you could cum. I didn't say you could come twice," she said sharply.

My cock had shriveled up to the point where I could feel the cock ring slipping free. I put the ice pack on the counter. The ring was upside down. I carefully removed it and set it down next to the ice pack. Except for my PA I was as naked as I had ever been in front of Ms. Daggett.

She gave me a look of disdain. Eleanor's face was stone.

A second later Lilly came out of the bedroom. She was still naked as well. She wasn't the least bit disturbed to see Ms. Daggett.

"Hello, Lilly."

"What?" I gasped.

"Thank you for your hard work."

"It was my pleasure, Ma'am," she said. "Can I go get cleaned up now?"

"Of course."

Lilly smirked at me, pivoted on the ball of one foot, and flounced back to the bedroom.

"She…she works for you?" I managed to stutter out.

Ms. Daggett tilted her head. "Of course. It took you this long to figure that out? I'm disappointed."

"But…how? How could I have possibly known?"

Now she shook her head at me. That was more humiliating than anything she had ever done to my cock. "You should know that nothing goes on in this building that I don't know about."

“Right.” I had no idea what she was talking about. Did she have cameras in my apartment before she made me her slave?

Probably.

We stared at each other for another moment before Ms. Daggett said, “Miss Thomas, please go get Mr. Beemis’s chastity from the coffee table.”

“It’s my punishment, isn’t it?” I asked.

Ms. Daggett frowned at me. “No. Of course not. You are expected to wear your chastity cage all the time unless I otherwise permit it. You should rejoice in your chastity, not see it as a punishment or something to be endured. No. The punishment will come later.”

When she was done speaking, Eleanor stepped in front of me with my familiar cage. She knelt down in front of me. My cock didn’t even attempt to get hard. It took her no time at all to slip the thing back on me and once again I was safely locked away.

Ms. Daggett was right. It felt like a bit of relief to have the cage around my cock. Having someone else in charge of it was so much better for my mental health.

Just as the lock clicked shut, Lilly appeared again, this time fully dressed. She went right up to Ms. Daggett, embraced the other woman, and they exchanged a brief kiss. Lilly looked back over her shoulder and gave me a wink as she left my apartment.

Even as she left I felt myself longing for her ass. It was exquisite.

My attention was quickly refocused when Ms. Daggett walked up to me and slapped me across the face.

“You were allowed one orgasm tonight and you violated my trust. Report to my office tomorrow morning at eight o’clock.”

She turned smartly on her heel and marched out the door, following Lilly.

Eleanor got up to her feet.

“I fucked up, didn’t I?” The words gave me shame.

“Yes. But it’s expected. You are just a man.”

It was the best sympathy that I could possibly expect.

Eleanor gave me one last parting gift. I had leaned forward, hoping to get a kiss from her. Some real act of sympathy.

Instead she kneed me in the balls, crushing my most sensitive anatomy against my cock cage.

“You need to learn faster,” she instructed me. “You must really like humiliation and punishment.”

She left me on the kitchen floor.

She was right about me.

Chapter 21

I reported for work at eight o'clock sharp the next morning. As I was riding up the elevator I received a text from Ms. Daggett.

Strip when you enter.

I had sort of expected that.

My stomach was still a bit upset from getting kneed in the balls. My balls hurt too.

What I didn't expect was to be completely alone in Ms. Daggett's luxury office. I went to the desk where I normally worked. There were written instructions for me. I glanced up and saw the cameras on the ceiling.

I got to work.

I worked through the day, completely naked except for my chastity cage. I worked alone. No one interrupted me. I took a chance and dressed to go down to my apartment for lunch, and then came right back. I worked until five p.m.

And then I kept working.

Not because I wanted to, but because I was suddenly fascinated by the work.

Sure, before it had been an effort to reconcile the accounts and numbers and memberships of the club, but today it all seemed to come together.

Maybe because I was doing some sleuthing of my own.

It took me a bit of effort to crack the coded system used for the membership of Ms. Daggett's exclusive sex club, but eventually I figured out.

With the help of the internet, there are no real secrets in the world.

I found Ms. Daggett's information first. Of course she was a member. The interesting thing was that everyone was simply listed as "member". There were no special tiers or groupings. Either you were in or you weren't.

Out of curiosity, I searched for Eleanor Thomas.

She was a member.

I liked that as a security method, membership records in the club's database included pictures. They were driver's license pictures, and Eleanor's wasn't flattering.

Ms. Daggett's was.

I didn't find any Lilly in the database.

I did find three Lillians.

The Lilly that I had thought I seduced was really Lillian Dunkelrot.

Her picture was recent and accurate.

How could I have been so stupid?

Aaron Carbrey.

Not a member.

Bennett Blythe.

Not a member.

Case Verrator.

Not a member.

I guess it was good my so-called friends weren't members of my mistress's secret sex club.

I should have stopped there.

I didn't.

I 'm a stupid fuck.

Rebeckah Strohman

Member.

Kris Taylor.

Member.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

My boss and HR chief were members of the club. Had they manipulated me?

But fucking why?

So…someone had leaked my private conversation between my friends to my former company and gotten me fired. Then I stupidly got drunk and by chance—not a fucking chance that it was chance—bring home a woman who was a member of Ms. Daggett's secret sex club which results in so much destruction to my apartment, which I'm blamed for, that I have to beg Ms. Daggett for her pity and indulgence. This gets me into a position of being her sex slave.

Which I turn out to love.

Was I being manipulated from day one?

Was this all bad luck? Or incredibly good luck?

How was having a sex slave in chastity really worth the thousands of dollars in damage to my apartment and the building plus whatever additional money Ms. Daggett had spent on me?

As I pondered that question, I did some more digging into Ms. Daggett's personal finances. I wasn't sure what I was looking for. I was just looking.

Then I realized that the money she had spent to acquire me—at most twenty thousand and probably less than that, roughly the cost of a five year old used Honda Civic—was nothing to her. I managed to find a few accounts and some investments.

Ms. Daggett wasn’t just rich. She was filthy rich. She didn’t flash it around like some living large bling bling nouveau riche. She was smart.

I was just an amusement to her.

A distraction.

A toy.

My cock ached inside my cage as I considered all of this.

What the fuck was I going to do?

I knew myself.

Nothing.

I was going to go along with the life as long as I could. Make as much easy money being a rich middle-aged woman’s sex slave for as long as I could bear it and then take the money and run.

It was a shitty plan.

It was late when Ms. Daggett called me on the phone.

I was surprised to receive an actual phone call.

“Hello?”

“You’re working late, Dylan,” she purred in my ear. Either she was inebriated or turned on.

Or both.

“I have to. It's a pleasure to work for you, Ms. Daggett.” I didn’t ask how she knew I was still working. I just took it for granted that she watched my every move. Hell, she might have a secret tracking chip inside my cock cage.

She laughed at me. “You’re a liar. I want you to come up to my apartment. No need to dress. I’m in the bedroom.”

She disconnected the call.

I shut down the computer.

There was no reason to fight this.

It only took me a minute to arrive at her place. There were sounds coming from the bedroom. I went with no expectations.

This time I truly wasn't surprised.

Ms. Daggett was there wearing what looked like a dominatrix's costume. Black latex bodysuit that looked like a swimsuit. I couldn't imagine how she got it on. Black knee high boots combined with fishnet stockings. Red evening gloves that went up past her elbows. She had a blood red strap on cock harnessed to her hips.

I expected to see her there.

I didn't expect to see Rebeckah Strohman there as well. She was wearing a matching costume to Ms. Daggett's except the fake cock she was wielding was pink.

I should have expected to see Rebeckah, my old boss. She was a member of the club. She was still beautiful. A few years younger than Ms. Daggett, but her firm athletic body was a wonderful complement to Ms. Daggett's more womanly curves.

Together they were as hot as sin.

They were both laughing.

The men on the bed didn't seem amused, but they weren't exactly crying either. Both were completely naked and were down on all fours. It didn't take a genius to figure out the women were getting ready to peg the pair of them. It took me a second to recognize Justin, the asshole who had fucked Eleanor in front of me. The other was a complete stranger.

I regretted not searching out all the Justins in the club's database. I bet he was in there. I could have found his last name.

Spying me, Ms. Daggett spoke first. “Ah. Good. Dylan. Lovely to see you here. We need an impartial third party. The last time we did this we couldn’t come to an agreement.”

“An agreement over what, Mistress?” I asked respectfully while glaring at Rebeckah.

Both women giggled a little. “Okay, we need to explain. Short version. I’m going to peg her date and she’s going to peg mine. Whichever boy cums first, loses. The winner…well, the winner, the one who doesn’t cum from getting pegged, gets a reward. You need to judge who cums first. We need an impartial judge.”

“We’ve done this before,” added Rebeckah. “Last time there was an… argument.”

“I’ve forgiven you,” laughed Ms. Daggett.

“You should!” Both women laughed again.

The men were strangely silent.

“Just watch their cocks,” said Ms. Daggett. “Whoever ejaculates first, loses.”

“I trust you, Dylan,” Rebeckah said with a wink as she knelt on the bed behind Justin.

“Hey!” Ms. Daggett protested. “No starting early.” She quickly got into position behind the other man. Both must have already greased up their cocks and asses because the large dildos went where the sun doesn’t shine with remarkable ease.

I just stood there and watched.

Both men looked like they had done this before. Maybe not, but neither objected. Why would they? They were probably being paid good money to be fucked in the ass.

They probably liked it as well.

The only rule the women seemed to be following was that neither could touch

the men’s cocks.

Both men were erect during the proceedings. Both seemed to enjoy it.

Neither complained.

It wasn’t even a close contest. Rebeckah either knew what she was doing or Justin loved to be fucked in the ass.

He came first, making a big splash on the bed’s sheets.

“Justin came,” I announced loudly.

“I win!” Ms. Daggett declared.

Rebeckah pouted and pulled her fake cock out of Justin. I wasn’t sure who was whose date, and I certainly didn’t understand exactly what was going on.

The nameless man hadn’t gotten anywhere close to cumming.

“Do you think he’s going to last?” asked Ms. Daggett as she stripped off her strapon harness and dropped the fake cock to the floor.

What happened next was just another bland event in my fucked-up life. Justin slunk away, presumably to the bathroom. While Rebeckah watched with interest, Ms. Daggett found the tab to a hidden zipper on the crotch of her bodysuit. She unzipped, exposing her pussy, and then lay down on the bed, spreading her legs wide.

A moment later the man, who had an impressively large cock, was on her, thrusting inside her as she giggled and laughed. I should have slunk away at that point, but I hadn’t been told to leave, so I stayed and watched.

The man, who I decided to call Guy out of an abundance of laziness, fucked Ms. Daggett in the missionary position for all of a minute before he expired, much to the women’s delight.

“I knew you couldn’t last,” Rebeckah said derogatorily at him as his orgasm passed and Ms. Daggett pushed him off her body. He slipped away as well. Justin had returned at this point and was waiting against the wall next to the

door.

“Well?” said Rebeckah expectantly.

“Well,” Ms. Daggett repeated.

None of what had just happened did anything for me. It was interesting to watch, but that was it.

What happened next did interest me.

Ms. Daggett and Rebeckah kissed each other. It was the sort of passionate kiss that new lovers shared.

Was it for my benefit?

Unlikely.

Was it because they were both twisted and sick perverts?

Probably.

Still, I enjoyed the show. My cock tried to stiffen but my cage was on. I was happy that I didn’t have to have sex right then and there.

As they continued to make out Ms. Daggett’s hand went to Rebeckah’s crotch and unzipped her bodysuit so now both women’s pussies were exposed.

I don’t know if it was by silent agreement or was part of the game they were playing, but a few moments later, Ms. Daggett was on her back, legs spread wide, and Rebeckah was licking the other woman’s used pussy.

I’ll admit it. The scene was fucking hot.

Was Rebeckah just eating out Ms. Daggett or was she eating Guy’s cum as well?

It didn’t fucking matter.

Eventually Ms. Daggett came from Rebeckah’s determined cunnilingus. Ms. Daggett didn’t exactly return the favor but she did pick up a dildo from the floor and rammed Rebeckah’s pussy with it until my former boss came with a little

scream that seemed overly theatrical to me.

And that was the end of the evening.

Almost.

“Bring me your chastity, Justin,” said Ms. Daggett.

Of course the men were slaves as well. That only made sense.

Ms. Daggett and Rebeckah then proceeded to put their dates’ (Partners? Lovers? Slaves? Who the fuck knows?) cocks back into chastity cages. Neither complained. Both seemed satisfied with what had just happened.

I knew I was being sucked into this strange world and I wasn’t doing anything to stop it.

Ms. Daggett disappeared to the bathroom and Rebeckah took the opportunity to change her outfit.

“Unzip me, Dylan?” she asked, turning her back to me.

I noticed a zipper on the back. That’s how the women got in and out of the skintight latex costumes. She could have asked Guy to unzip her. She asked me. I was being set up.

I did it anyway because I wanted to see Rebeckah naked, even though I had seen her pussy, sort of, when she unzipped the crotch.

“Ahh, thank you. It looks sexy as hell, but it’s hell to wear after an hour,” she said as she peeled the bodysuit off and left it on the floor. As she walked away, I admired her firm, muscular ass. She knew what she was doing.

She especially knew when she turned around and showed off her tits and pussy to me.

They were smallish tits, but rode high on her chest with full dark red nipples. Her pussy was shaved which was a shame because I love dark blonde curls decorating a woman’s mound.

“No hard feelings,” she said as she dressed quickly, putting on stylish, but modest, clothing.

“About what?” I was confused.

“Well, you had to be fired, but Ranae saved you from a life of poverty. There’s worse things in the world than having to wear a chastity cage on your little cock, isn’t there? Like starving in a trailer park?”

I loved and hated seeing her skin slowly disappear underneath her clothes.

“Right,” I automatically agreed even though I hated saying the words.

“Good,” she said as she stepped into a pair of slip-on loafers. “Maybe sometime Ranae will let me play with you for a night or weekend.”

“Don’t count on it,” said my mistress. She had returned from the bathroom and was wrapped in a fluffy white robe. I noticed the men were also dressed. Once again I was the only naked one.

“Thank you for a wonderful evening,” said Rebeckah as she gave Ms. Daggett a friendly kiss on the cheek. “Come, boy,” she ordered Guy.

He followed her out the door.

“Dismissed,” said Ms. Daggett to Justin.

He also silently left.

I was alone with Ms. Daggett. I had no clue what to do.

“Don’t get your hopes up,” she warned me. “That cage isn’t coming off anytime soon. I just wanted to give you a taste of the pleasures that might be available to you if you are a good boy.”

“Pleasures?” I was confused.

“Go to your apartment. We have work to do tomorrow.”

I left.

I was so fucking confused.

To Be Continued

Click here to continue the story

Preview

The Demoness In My Bed 2 - Nightmare

I avoided Jenn’s office the next morning. I didn’t need to see and speak to her every day. I didn’t have that sort of job. She wasn’t that sort of supervisor. We only did it because we liked flirting with each other.

And we had fucked that up by fucking each other.

I went right to the training room and got the new hires busy with their next steps. Naturally Meara and Emily were there giggling and behaving in a non-corporate manner. I tried to ignore them, but eventually Meara slipped me a note. At least she was smart enough to write it on paper and just use her initials to sign it.

Meet us at the Rat Trap after work?

—MP

I wasn’t surprised they had already found the closest bar that a lot of the staff went to after work.

I folded the note and put it in a pile of papers. I didn’t give her an answer.

Naturally I went to the Rat Trap after work.

Naturally they were there waiting for me.

I looked around the place and saw a few other people I half-recognized from the office. No one I worked with directly.

They were waiting for me in a booth. I noted they both inhaled deeply when I sat down across from them.

“You know that this is completely inappropriate, right?” I asked them.

“That’s what makes it more exciting,” Meara answered.

They giggled.

I hated it when women giggled.

But my cock was already hard. I don’t know why. I was attracted to the both of them, but not so much that I got instantly hard at seeing the both of them outside of the office.

Maybe it was the chance of bagging two babes.

And yet, in the back of my head, I couldn’t escape that nagging feeling that I was doing something wrong. Not that I was breaking the rules at work, but I was cheating on Meeza.

I wasn’t cheating on Meeza. I didn’t have a relationship with Meeza.

That was over and done with.

Alcohol is, was, and will continue to be the cause of and solution to life’s problems.

The short version was that we had a few drinks and wound up back at my place. All three of us.

I’ll be honest. I’ve bedded a lot of women, but never more than one at a time. I’ve had multiple relationships going with different women, but the glorious MFM had never been in my history.

As the three of us kissed and undressed, I wondered if they had planned this or if it had just happened.

Or maybe they had done it before.

“We’ve never done this before,” Meara giggled as she kissed me. I could taste the alcohol on her tongue. They had removed their tops but were still wearing bras.

Somehow we had moved quickly from the entrance to the living room to the bedroom. We hadn't exactly tumbled onto the bed, but we were slowly swaying that way. I knew what was going to happen.

At least I think I did.

"You haven't?" I teased. "You seem like experts in it."

They looked at each other and then Emily unexpectedly kissed Meara. That got my already hard cock throbbing.

"We're fast learners," said Emily as Meara gazed at her in shock. "You should know that from the class you're teaching."

"Uh-huh," I said as I quieted her with a kiss.

For a long moment they looked at each other. We were pressed tightly together with our arms around each other. It was easy for me to reach up behind Emily's back and release her bra hooks.

She wasn't the least bit disturbed by the action. She just let her bra straps fall down as she reached behind Meara and unhooked her bra.

They then turned to face me. Their tits were beautiful. Meara's were smaller with pink puffy nipples. Emily's were bigger with light brown nipples. I couldn't decide which was better and which I wanted to touch first.

Before I could make a move toward either of them, they quickly took off their pants, but left on their underwear.

Next thing I knew we were on the bed together. They were pulling off my clothes. I was fine with this.

I was fine with it until I was completely naked and they were fondling my cock. I couldn't tell whose tongue was licking me. They both had their faces down in my crotch and I was staring at the ceiling enjoying the sensation of having two tongues and mouths on my cock.

And then abruptly both stopped. I waited a second before looking down. They were kissing each other. They looked far more into kissing each other than they

were in sucking my cock.

That’s when it dawned on me that they were just using me as a means of getting with each other, something they probably didn’t want to admit out loud.

All the same, I still wanted to fuck one or both of them.

“Who likes to have their pussy eaten until they’re screaming because of too many orgasms?” I asked them.

They were still kissing each other, but Emily put up her hand first even as she continued to kiss her girlfriend.

Meara’s followed a second later, much to my disappointment. I wanted to eat the blonde’s pussy first.

“Take off your panties,” I said. “Then come sit on my face. I loved to be queened.”

I don’t know why, but that made the both of them giggle.

Both struggled out of their panties. I was pleased that Meara had a little landing strip of dark blonde curls. Emily’s pussy was shaved bare.

“I thought facesitting was just something that was a joke,” said Emily.

I shook my head. “It’s not. Most women love it.” I laid back and beckoned at her. With some hesitation, she approached me, and put her knees on either side of my head. I looked up at her pussy.

It was already swollen and I could see her amrita starting to drip from between her lips.

Maybe she didn’t want me, but I was happy to go along with the game.

Before she lowered herself all the way down, I made eye contact with Meara. “You can ride my cock while I’m eating out your friend.”

It wasn’t an order; it was barely a suggestion, but Meara practically jumped at the chance to jump on my cock. I held my stiffness still while she lowered

herself down on me.

And just like that I suddenly had pussy in my mouth and pussy on my cock.

It was something I had aspired to and now that I got to do it, I understood why so many men loved this.

Of course, while I was busy thrusting up into Meara and eating Emily pussy, the two of them were kissing and fondling each other's tits.

I was fine with that.

Meara's pussy was warm and perfect. It surrounded my cock and the way she rode it proved she had plenty of experience. She might have been young, but she was far from innocent.

When I licked and sucked on Emily's clit, she shivered in delight. I could feel her quaking on my face. She had taken naturally to queening; she knew not to put her full weight on me, though I would have loved it if she had. I even went so far as to lick her tight little asshole.

All the while Meara was grinding her hips on my cock.

The young women were in perfect sync with each other. I wondered if I was corrupting them or if they just needed the slightest suggestion in order to be corrupted and I was merely an excuse.

It didn't matter. They came at almost exactly the same time.

I felt Meara's pussy tighten up and send a pulse of heat into my cock. At the same time Emily shook as she climaxed. Her pussy didn't exactly gush amrita, but her wetness covered my face as she rode me. I needed to use my hands to hold her up as she completely released. She would have smothered me, which wouldn't have been a bad way to die, but I wasn't ready for that yet.

She rolled off my face and laughed at Meara. "You're a dirty whore," she accused her friend.

"No I'm not!"

“You fucked him without a condom!”

“That doesn’t make me a dirty whore!” Meara complained. “It makes me a dirty slut. I don’t take money for sex. I give it away for free.”

The two women laughed again and moved around on the bed so that they could kiss.

I watched them. They were overly affectionate with each other, even for two friends. Even for two close friends who had just fucked a guy together.

They both clearly wanted more. They weren’t just kissing and giving affectionate caresses. As I watched Emily slipped her hand down between her friend’s thighs and started fingering her. “You have a dirty pussy.”

Meara moaned. “A wet pussy. A wet pussy full of cum.” She moaned some more. “Make me cum. Make me cum again...please…”

They were off in their own little world. It was hot seeing the two of them go at it. My cock had barely had time to lose half its stiffness before I was fully hard again.

I wasn’t done with them. I needed to fuck them more. I knew what I wanted to do.

“You need to eat her pussy, Emily.”

They both turned their heads at the same time, suddenly reminded that I was there.

“What?” Emily had clearly heard my words but this time she didn’t jump to follow my suggestion.

“Eat her out,” I clarified. “You need to clean up her dirty pussy. Don’t worry. I’ll fuck you while you do it.”

They both looked uneasy. I wasn’t the sort to force women into doing things they didn’t want to in bed, but I was more than willing to entice them into it.

“You know you want to taste her pussy. You’ve been wanting it for years,

haven’t you?”

Neither of them gave me an answer but I didn’t need verbal confirmation. I just moved into action.

It was easy enough to push Meara on to her back. “Spread your legs,” I ordered. “Emily needs to freshen up that pussy. She wants your cunt anyway. Just let her. She’ll love it. You’ll love it.”

Emily wasn’t exactly moving fast, but she got into position between Meara’s legs, on her hands and knees, ass in the air. She knew what I wanted.

Meara let out a little moan as her friend started eating her out. I knelt behind Emily, cock in hand, as I watched for a minute. There wasn’t much to see, but I did get off on Meara’s moans and heavy breathing as I slid my cock head up and down along Emily’s slit.

It was then that I noticed the butterfly tattoo on her lower back. It matched her purple hair nicely. Seeing that she didn’t object to my using her pussy to lube up, when I was hard enough I found her entrance and pushed in.

She paused long enough in her pussy eating to moan as I filled her up.

“Oh my fucking god…”

“That good, huh?”

Emily just nodded before going back to eating out her friend. I liked that I knew she was licking up my cum. If that did anything for either woman, they didn’t give any special indication. That was fine. I was just thrilled to fuck two women in short succession. I didn’t care; they just needed me there to prove they weren’t full blown lesbians.

I was going to use their bodies for my benefit.

I fucked Emily as hard as I could. For a moment I thought that maybe I was hurting her, but then I realized that I didn’t care.

It was fantastic.

Her entire body was jerking with each impact, making it harder for her to eat Meara's pussy, but that wasn't my concern. I just wanted to get off again.

It didn't take all that long. I was living out a fantasy few men got to experience, so when I was on the bubble, I didn't bother to warn Emily; I just came in her.

Maybe she had made Meara cum and maybe she didn't. Maybe I had made her cum, but I wasn't worried about it. I had gotten what I wanted.

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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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