
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
COME
OUT AND
PLAY - 6
A MALE CHASTITY EROTIC NOVEL
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Come Out And Play 6

A Male Chastity Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Come Out And Play 6

A Male Chastity Erotic Novel

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First 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 22

The next day was both the worst and the best day at work I had ever had.

When I arrived at Ms. Daggett's office and started to strip, she stopped me.

"No time for that today. We'll be in meetings all day."

She had a list of tasks for me and she wasn't kidding about the meetings. They started an hour into the day and they didn't stop.

The police and banks tend to be serious when it comes to missing money. I had to sign documents and give statements. I started to get worried because I was essentially giving evidence in a criminal investigation, a lot of which I had unwittingly done myself.

Ms. Daggett is serious about protecting her money. She didn't mind spending it but she hated having it taken from her.

No one questioned the nature of the private club. Either the bank and cops already knew or they didn't care, or both.

I was exhausted at the end of the day.

"Am I going to have to testify in some trial?" I asked Ms. Daggett when the office was finally empty other than us.

"Probably not," she said casually. "I'm sure one of the three thieves will make a quick plea deal and turn on the other two. If they're smart, they'll take the deal. They probably won't get any prison time. Just have to return the stolen money, do community service, and they'll never work for me, any of my companies, and any of my associated companies as well.

In the finance world, that was a serious punishment.

"You don't like being robbed, do you, Mistress?" I asked her, happy to slip back into our familiar language after having to call her Ms. Daggett all day in front of strangers.

"That's right. But now…you've worked hard all day. You deserve a reward."

“I do?” I was just plain tired from the day. I wanted to have a drink and lay down.

I didn’t get to have that choice.

“Drop your pants and bend over my table. Keep your panties on. I’m going to enjoy this as much as you.”

And just like that we went from our business relationship to our sexual one. I kicked off my shoes and dropped my pants like she asked. I wondered about my choice of bright red panties. I liked this cut better than others, sort of a half-thong that showed off my ass but wasn’t exactly a G-string or tiny thong. I wasn’t really sure if I had chosen them or if they were just on the top of the pile when I got dressed in the morning.

Ms. Daggett liked to control me and forcing me to wear panties with a little pouch for my small cock and cage was just another part of that control. During the day I hadn’t thought about how my cock was caged. It had faded into the background. I thought about it now.

As I was preparing myself, she had moved to the other side of her huge office. She spoke just as I was getting into position.

“You have such a nice ass. Those workouts are good for my eyes.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” It was the only thing I could say.

She approached me from behind and reached between my legs, cupping my cock and balls. “So small. So cute. So useless.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She let go of me.

“Do you like being fucked in the ass? Pegged?”

“Yes, Mistress.” My response was automatic. I hadn’t given it any real thought.

She laughed at me. “You’re a liar.”

I started to speak, but my words caught in my throat. “I…I enjoy it. I just wouldn’t choose it on my own.”

“I see,” she said softly.

Her fingers flirted with the small back to my panties. She ran them over my waxed-smooth skin before finally pulling aside the thin string that cut between my buttocks. Her fingers probed at my back entrance. They were slick. She had lube on them.

I gasped as she penetrated me. I hadn’t been expecting her to go so deep.

“Do you like that?” she asked, massaging me gently.

“Yes, Mistress.”

She chuckled again. “I bet you do. Would you like me to take off your cage?”

“Yes, Mistress, but I’d never ask you for that.”

“Smart boy.”

She moved her finger around a bit, exploring and spreading the lube, before abruptly withdrawing.

Ms. Daggett then marched around the other side of her desk. Her side of the desk. She had a set of drawers there. I didn’t move as I watched her pull a strapon harness and attached dildo out of the bottom drawer. She then hiked up her skirt and buckled the harness in place over her panties and stockings.

Somehow having the toy placed like that made it seem so much more tawdry.

I didn’t say a word as she greased up the dildo, walked back behind me with her high heels clicking on the hardwood floor, and once again moved aside the string to my thong. “You’re going to love this,” she said as eased the dildo up my ass.

I did like it.

I had been pegged a few times now and each time I liked it more and more.

I didn’t want to think about what that meant exactly.

She was really ramming it in my ass, going all out. My cock struggled to get hard, but that wasn't going to happen. Not inside my cage. I wanted it off and I wanted to keep it on. I wanted to cum and I knew it would hurt like hell when I came.

By now I could recognize all the signs. My body was going to do whatever it was going to do and there was nothing I could try that would stop it. Ms. Daggett loved pegging me.

I was starting to love more than I wanted to admit.

I felt used and vulnerable. That realization, along with Ms. Daggett's cock probing at my prostate, made me cum.

My cum splattered to the floor in dribs and drabs as I gasped at her use of my body. Ms. Daggett laughed at me as my body shook uncontrollably from the orgasm.

"Did you like your reward?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you think you deserve more?"

It was a loaded question. We both knew that.

"No, Mistress. Whatever you give me is more than enough."

She slapped my ass. "Good boy." I moaned a little as she withdrew her cock. "Go home. We've had a good day. Those thieves will get arrested shortly. I'll have to celebrate."

I put my pants back on. Without being asked, I cleaned up the mess I had made on Ms. Daggett's floor. She had already removed the strapon and was working on something else. I slunk away to my apartment, ashamed and confused.

Chapter 23

Over the next week I had a lot to think about. I went to the gym to work out. I went to the spa to get waxed. I worked for Ms. Daggett. I barely saw Ms. Daggett.

I went through all the financial records.

I thought a lot about my caged cock. It didn't try to get hard as much as it used to. That scared me because I didn't want to be neutered. I was happy to have Ms. Daggett control my sexuality and my cock, but I wanted my libido to remain strong.

Eventually I had completed my project with her sex club's finances. I had rebuilt the membership lists.

And it left me angry.

Angry enough to confront my Mistress.

That scared me but I wasn't going to be emasculated. Maybe she controlled my cock, but I was still a man.

My fingers trembled as I typed out the short email to her, asking to speak with her about an important matter.

I knew I was taking a risk, but I kept the terms vague enough to hopefully intrigue her.

It worked.

My office, thirty minutes.

I reported when ordered, stopping off the elevator to strip. I then went and kneeled in front of her work table. She was busy typing something on her computer. Ms. Daggett paused for a half a second when she saw me kneel, but she didn't stop working.

My cock vaguely stirred in my cage. I was excited for a variety of reasons.

I sensed she was making me wait as long as possible. It was a control technique.

I understood and endorsed its use.

Eventually she turned from her computer to look directly at me. I knew her curiosity would win out eventually.

“What do you need to speak to me about, Mr. Beemis?”

“Who was it that sent my emails to Ms. Strohman and Ms. Taylor?” I asked boldly. “The emails that got me fired.”

“Does it matter? It happened.”

“I need to know. It had to be one of my former friends.”

“Why worry about it? Are you happier with your life now or back then?”

That question gave me pause.

I hated to admit it, even to myself, but I liked my life better now. More money. My cock under a beautiful woman’s control.

But the question nagged at me.

“I’m happier now,” I admitted, “but I won’t remain happy knowing it was a friend who betrayed me.”

“You’re going to make yourself miserable if you keep pushing for this.”

“I need to know,” I repeated. “I’ll be more miserable if I keep thinking about it.”

“Even so, what can you do about it? You’ll never know.”

“Ms. Strohman and Ms. Taylor are both members of the club. You can ask one or both of them for the information. They’ll give it to you.” I was treading on dangerous ground.

Ms. Daggett laughed at me. “Why would I do that? Why would I want to owe one of them a favor of any sort?”

“You could give me to them. One or both of them. I’ll be their slave. I just need to know.”

“You’re overestimating your value. To me. To them.”

“Could you just…please…ask, Mistress? I’ll forever be in your debt.”

She snorted. “You already are.”

“I can’t go on like this. Not forever. Not even for a year. Not even a month.”

Her eyes narrowed on me. “Are you saying you’ll leave my service if I don’t do this? You’ll ruin yourself just for this one piece of information? You are truly a fool.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

I lowered my eyes to look at her shoes. They were shiny black leather with pointed heels.

She was silent for several minutes. I remained on my knees. I didn’t move. I felt exposed, even with my cock inside its armor.

“Leave me,” she ordered harshly. “Go back to your apartment.”

I did as she told me. I wasn’t going to get anywhere by arguing.

I dressed and went back to my apartment.

I made myself some dinner. I pretended I was having a normal life.

Early in the evening the bell rang. When I answered the door it was Eleanor. She wasn’t happy to see me.

Naturally, her disgruntled face made my cock stir inside the cage.

“Step inside,” she ordered me.

I obeyed. I was used to obeying strong, confident women.

She was carrying a bag with her. “Take off your clothes,” she ordered as soon as closed the door. “Ms. Daggett says you need to be fucked in the ass.”

I blinked at her. “She already pegged me earlier today.”

Eleanor was in the process of taking a strapon out of the bag. She was almost casually dressed: jeans, silky top, leather boots that came up to her knees. She was in the process of pulling the harness on when she looked up at me. “She didn’t mention anything about that.”

“Maybe she forgot?” I suggested. “She’s a busy woman.”

Eleanor shrugged. “Doesn’t matter. She said to peg you so that’s what I’m going to do.”

“I don’t have any say in the matter?”

What was wrong with me? Why was I turning down sex? Yeah, it was pegging, but still. Had I lost my libido?

Looking at me like a teacher would look at a Kindergartener who forgot how to write his name, she said, “Do you want to call her and remind her that you’ve already been pegged by her today?”

We both looked up at the camera. The integrated speakers remained silent. The red light was on, but apparently no one was watching. Undoubtedly Ms. Daggett would review the tape to make sure Eleanor did what was asked of her.

“No.”

“Then get naked and let me fuck you.”

What could I do? I stripped.

We actually went to the bedroom. She had brought her own toy with her because I certainly didn’t have one in the apartment. I was surprised when she stripped completely. I drank in her body with my eyes as she got ready. I loved the little ring through her left nipple. I loved her carefully shaved pussy with the red landing strip. Her body wasn’t too lean or too curvy. It was perfect.

When we got on the bed, I was surprised that she fumbled a bit with the dildo she brought to use on me. Then I realized something.

She didn’t have a harness on.

“How are you going to fuck me without…?” I started to ask but then she sighed as she penetrated herself with the toy. For a moment I thought I was just going to have to watch her fuck herself and this was all a big tease, but then I saw the fake bright blue cock projecting up from her crotch

“What the fuck?”

“It’s the strapless strapon,” she said with a grin. “Double ended but it kind of sits behind my pubic bone so I can fuck you.”

“Does it work?”

“Bend over and find out,” she said.

I had to admit, I was curious, even after being pegged earlier in the day. We got lube and we got ready.

I didn’t even think of asking for my cage to come off. That was weird and that was how I liked it now.

We shoved a pillow under my ass and she got between my legs like she was the man.

The dildo went into me surprisingly easily. It wasn’t huge and it was nice and slippery. She experimentally humped me a few times and I started getting into it. I’m sure she wasn’t getting as much enjoyment out of it as I was, but then she paused for a moment.

“What’s the matter?”

“Hold on,” she muttered as she adjusted the strapon. And then I felt a buzzing in my ass.

“It’s a vibrator?” I blurted out.

Eleanor’s expression changed to one of bliss. “It’s a vibrator. Every girl should get one for her sixteenth birthday.”

I didn’t have a response to that. I was still trying to process the sensations rumbling in my bowels. It wasn’t painful, but it was a bit weird. I liked it, but I

didn’t see myself shoving all sorts of vibrators up my ass in the near future.

However, judging from Eleanor’s expression, she had been transported to Heaven. Her hips started rolling again and I found myself getting fucked and vibrated at the same time.

I could do this.

I could do this for a long time.

We did.

Eleanor was completely in charge and she fucked me how she wanted. My cock kept trying to get hard, but the cage was on and so it was a wasted effort. However, the vibrations in my ass along with her plugging away felt amazing on my prostate.

I was delighted with Eleanor’s endurance. While she fucked me, I could see that she had several little orgasms. I would have been thrilled to grab my cock and jerk off while she fucked me, but the cage stopped that.

When I felt it, it happened incredibly quickly. The orgasm built and built and then just suddenly happened. It was harsh and intense and I didn’t get hard so it felt wrong and then I was ejaculating and that was wrong as well.

I was crying when it was all over.

Eleanor rested atop me as I shivered from the climax.

She kissed me. I didn’t expect that.

I kissed her back.

“Did you like that?”

I just nodded. I couldn’t speak.

She kissed me again and slowly withdrew the dildo before shutting it off.

“We can do it again if you like,” she offered.

“N-n-n-not right now,” I managed to stutter out.

Eleanor laughed at me.

“I was thinking maybe in a day or two.”

“Oh. Right. That makes sense.”

We cleaned up. Having a non-erection ejaculation on my stomach makes a mess. So does getting my ass reamed by a dildo mounted on a pretty redhead’s pussy.

After my shower I staggered back to my bed. Oddly, Eleanor joined me.

“Do you like your life?” I asked her because I wasn’t tired enough to sleep and I sensed she was awake too.

“What kind of question is that?”

“A valid one?”

She sighed. “Yes. I like my life. Now go to sleep.”

“You like being Ms. Daggett’s sex slave. Having to fuck who she tells you to. Having to fuck her. Having to live by her rules?”

There was a moment’s pause. “Yes. Don’t you? You can leave at any moment. Just get that key from Box 78 and take off your cage and walk away.”

“I can’t. I need the money.”

“Same.”

Chapter 24

I woke up to my cock trying to get hard. That had become less of a problem in recent days. Then I realized that Eleanor was in the bed next to me.

“Fuck!” I sat upright and my heart started pounding. I had surely just pissed off Ms. Daggett again. I poked at Eleanor. “You need to get up and…fuck. There’s nothing we can do.” I looked up at the camera that spied on me constantly and tried not to scowl at it. “She already knows.”

Eleanor woke up slowly. “She already knows what?”

“Ms. Daggett saw you spent the night.”

The redhead rolled over. “She already knows.”

“That’s what I just said!”

I was annoying Eleanor. She pulled a pillow over her head. “She knew last night.” Her voice was muffled by the pillow.

I blinked. “What?

Now Eleanor groaned. “I don’t want to get up. What time is it?”

I glanced at my phone. “Six thirty.”

“Go back to sleep!” I could barely hear the words so I pulled on the pillow. She struggled against me.

“We need to go tell Ms. Daggett you spent the night before she gets to her office!” Admitting an indiscretion was undoubtedly better than trying to hide it.

“No! We don’t!” She now had both hands clamped to the pillow. It was next to impossible to understand her words. “She already knows. She sent me to spend the night with you.”

“What?”

I thought I understood her words, but they were so muffled I was sure that I misunderstood.

In frustration, Eleanor rolled back over and threw the pillow away. “She already knows! She sent me to spend the night with you!”

I stared blankly.

“You didn’t want to fuck me last night?

“Holy fucking shit,” she complained and got out of the bed to head toward the bathroom. “I need to find a new job and a new life.”

I didn’t say anything. I just admired her lovely rolling ass as she walked away from me.

There wasn’t anything for me to do other than to wait for her to exit the bathroom. As I waited, I could hear water running. I could imagine what Eleanor was doing. I heard her turn on the faucet which didn’t help the pressure in my bladder.

The moment she opened the door I rushed by her to sit on the toilet. It was the only way to piss while wearing my cock cage. If I tried to piss standing up, the urine went everywhere. Either I’d have the watering can effect or I’d get two or three streams that forked and aimed in any random direction.

Sitting down to pee was just another measure of humiliation that Ms. Daggett heaped upon me. I loved and hated it. Literally. I enjoyed the humiliation because I’m sick and twisted. I hated having to sit not because it was emasculating—it was—but because I never really felt like I could completely empty my bladder in that position. I had taken to peeing in the shower as much as possible.

When I walked back into the bedroom Eleanor was sitting in my bed, leaning against a pile of pillows against the headboard. She had the sheets pulled up over her tits and a frown was plastered on her face.

“We need to talk,” she said.

I had heard that tone in the voice of more than a couple of girlfriends. They always wanted to talk about our relationship. My girlfriends had been very limited because most women didn’t want to stay with me because of my small cock. I had tried with a few but they all ended the same way: badly.

“About what?”

“Us.”

“No thank you,” I said politely. “There is no us. There’s you. There’s me. We’ve had sex at Ms. Daggett’s orders. Happy to do it for her. But we don’t have a relationship.”

“There is an IB. We’re both slaves to her. I have a proposal for you.”

“I’m not getting married.”

“Neither am I. And you’re not funny. We do have a relationship and we need to talk about it because—”

She was interrupted by Ms. Daggett’s voice coming over the camera speakers.

“I need both of you to report to my office in half an hour. Business dress. Be prepared to work the day.”

“Shit,” Eleanor cursed. “We’ll talk later,” she said as she got out of bed. I was briefly mesmerized by her tits.

“No we won’t!” I said as she grabbed her clothes and made a hasty exit to, presumably, go back to her place to shower and dress.

That sounded like a good idea to me, so I did the same.

Twenty minutes later I walked into Ms. Daggett’s office. I don’t know how she did it, but Eleanor was already there, fully dressed. The table where I normally left my clothes wasn’t there and Ms. Daggett called me over and we got right to work.

The investigation the police had recently started into the embezzlement of money from the club was in full swing. All day, again, I was answering questions and signing documents.

For the administrator of a sex club, it was grueling and the least sexy thing I could think of at the time.

Nothing was said of my time with Eleanor. I was happy to sidestep the issue.

The day passed in fits and starts. At times, the hours flew by. At other periods, it seemed to drag on forever.

When the day was finally over, all I wanted to do was go home.

I dreaded what Ms. Daggett might have for me to do.

“Go home,” she said. “We’ll pick this up in the morning.”

I was starting to understand that her job had days where nothing happened, and other days where she and I and everyone else worked like hell.

I didn’t want Ms. Daggett or Eleanor or anyone to come anywhere near my cock and cage.

As I headed for the elevator, wondering where Eleanor had gone, Ms. Daggett stopped me.

“Don’t you have anything to tell me?” she asked pointedly.

“Uhh…I’m supposed to call that detective back tomorrow to answer some more questions?”

“No. Something else?”

She looked pointedly at my crotch. She couldn’t see through my pants but my cage was on. My PA was in place holding everything together.

Suddenly it dawned on me.

“Eleanor spent the night with me last night. She pegged me and then we accidentally fell asleep together. I’m sorry, Mistress. It’ll never happen again.”

“Hmm,” she said, with hooded eyes. “We’ll see about that.”

“I’ll take whatever punishment is necessary. I shouldn’t have done it.”

“Did you like her pegging you?”

“Yes, Mistress.” It was the only acceptable answer.

“Good. Go home.”

I did. I ordered some food. I took a shower. I stared at the TV and fell asleep on the couch watching some stupid movie. I staggered to my bed when I woke up in the middle of the night.

The next day was different.

I thought that I had done everything I could have to completely change my life.

I was wrong.

Chapter 25

The pace of work the next day wasn't so severe. We worked the morning filling out more stupid reports and forms. Then I was sent out to collect lunch that had been ordered for us.

When I returned, everything had changed.

I was dressed and carrying the meals that had been delivered to the front lobby when I walked back into Ms. Daggett's office. I had the impulse to disrobe, but I ignored it because I was carrying food and we were supposed to be working. I froze when I got halfway to the little gathering area where we were going to eat.

Ms. Taylor was there. She shouldn't have been there. She was the HR manager for Consolidated Investments and Financial Advisors. She had nothing to do with Ms. Daggett and High Gate Tower.

I was wrong, of course. She was a member of Ms. Daggett's little sex club.

Ms. Daggett had more power and influence than I could imagine.

She looked every bit the queen of the room, even next to Ms. Daggett. As always, Ms. Daggett was dressed in a business suit, today's was dark navy blue with a skirt above the knees. Stockings that might have been attached to garters or might be stay ups. Her cold blonde hair was back in a professional bun. She even kept a pair of reading glasses handy to complete the look. I had no idea if Ms. Daggett even needed reading glasses.

But Ms. Taylor…she was older. Not significantly so, but she had matured to a sexy and confident woman. Her black hair was still glossy, though it was graying at the temples and she had it cut into a short professional style, unlike Ms. Daggett's just past the shoulder loose cut. Her suit was charcoal gray but she wore bright red fuck me pumps.

I stared at her feet.

I allowed my eyes to travel up her stockinged legs and I wondered what she had under her skirt. Garters? Stay ups? Nothing? Panties?

Fuck.

My cock tried to get hard inside my cage. It hurt.

I stifled my little whimper.

To cover my discomfort, I set the food down on the table.

“Ah. Mr. Beemis. I believe you know Ms. Taylor.”

I nodded but right away I knew that wasn’t enough. “Yes. Yes, M…yes, Ms. Daggett.”

Ms. Taylor—Kris—stared at me. Her legs were crossed and her shoe was starting to dangle off her left foot. Her star slowly evolved into a smug grin.

I knew what was going to happen and I wanted to run away.

But I also wanted to let it happen.

It knew I was going to let it happen.

Fuck.

I shifted my gaze to Ms. Taylor. “Hello, Ms. Taylor.”

“No need to be so formal, Dylan,” she said easily. “It’s good to see you again.”

“The same,” I lied to her.

Her smile twisted. “I hardly think that’s the truth. The last time we saw each other you were unhappy that you were recently fired on my authorization at your manager’s suggestion.”

“I’m in a better place now,” I said, dodging the issue.

Ms. Taylor looked around. “So I see. Ranae said you had a question for me.”

Undoubtedly Ms. Taylor already knew the question and had the information for me. She was going to make me go through the motions and suffer for it.

“If you don’t mind,” I hedged.

She uncrossed her legs and sat upright. I stared at her knees and wished I could see up her skirt. I was so fucked. I wasn’t even attracted to her but I wanted to fuck her and I couldn’t because of my little cage.

“I do mind,” she said, “but I want to hear you ask the question.”

Ms. Daggett was looking at me. Her face was neutral but I knew I couldn’t claim I didn’t want to go forward now.

Gritting my teeth and finding my courage, which only caused my cock to shrink even more inside my cage, I found my voice and asked, “I wanted to know who was it that gave Ms. Strohman the emails that I had written.” It was less a question and more of a statement.

“The obscene ones where you stated you wanted to fuck her?” Ms. Taylor prompted.

“Yes.”

“I have the information, but what are you willing to pay for it?” she asked.

Fuck.

Fuck.

And fuck.

A vague “whatever you want” wasn’t going to cut it.

“Whatever you want,” I said.

The women laughed at me.

If it was possible for my cock to shrink even more, it would have happened.

“I don’t need your money. I want something else.”

“Of course,” I agreed and regretted it.

Ms. Taylor leaned forward and gave me just a hint of the cleavage her blouse hid. “I want to see your cock.”

I glanced at Ms. Daggett who gave me a little nod.

I was going to pay whatever price Ms. Taylor wanted.

“Of course,” I said and reached for my belt.

As I started to unbuckle, Ms. Taylor laughed. “Oh, you have trained him well, Ranae.”

“Thank you,” my Mistress said. “You can use him however you want. Whatever amuses you.”

I dropped my pants and pushed down by yellow panties in the same motion. They were lacy today. They made me feel sexy but now I was just embarrassed in front of Ms. Taylor.

And turned on.

She stared at my cock and cage for a long minute.

“It’s so small,” she finally said.

“Don’t humiliate the boy, Kristine,” Ms. Daggett said with a sigh. “He’s already been through a lot.”

“You think I’m going to give him what he wants just because he shows me his little cock?”

“No, but if you want something, ask for it. He’ll be happy to give you what you want.”

Ms. Taylor licked her lips. “Strip. I want to see it all.”

I expected this. I stripped and then stood in front of her naked but for my cage.

“He’s hot,” said Ms. Taylor. “I like them young.”

“I know,” Ms. Daggett. “He’s all yours.”

“You know how I like to treat them, don’t you?”

“Yes. Please go ahead.”

Fuck.

A few minutes later I had cuffs on my wrists and I was standing in the middle of the recreation area, cuffs attached to the chain that hung from the ceiling. Ms. Taylor was circling me, touching my bare skin with the riding crop I had used on Eleanor. I felt exposed and vulnerable.

And excited.

Ms. Taylor’s eyes were riveted to my caged cock.

“Can I?” she asked one more time.

“Please do,” said Ms. Daggett.

I didn’t say anything. I had a ball gag shoved in my mouth.

The crop suddenly slapped across my ass. I gave a little scream behind the gag.

The women laughed.

I shivered with fear and tried to dance out of the way of the crop.

It was a wasted effort.

Ms. Taylor continued to circle me, striking out with the crop every few seconds. She aimed it mostly at my ass and thighs, but wasn’t above hitting my stomach…or cock.

I was partly protected by the cage, but it wasn’t enough.

It was pure torture.

I hated it.

The stripes she left me stung horribly.

I didn’t get off on this sort of thing at all.

“Can I have the key?” she asked, taking a pause.

Ms. Daggett hesitated. “Are you sure?”

“He’s mine to play with, isn’t he?”

Ms. Daggett handed over the cage’s key.

Ms. Taylor struggled a moment to free me, but when the steel cage fell away, my cock only took a second to become fully erect, such as it was, four inches strong pointing at the ceiling.

“So small, so cute,” she murmured.

I shied away when she used the crop to trace the underside of my cock.

“I’m not going to whip you, dear boy.”

I couldn’t object. I couldn’t say anything.

And then I was amazed when Ms. Taylor went down on her knees and started sucking my cock.

My skin still stung where she had hit me, but I didn’t focus on that. I focused on her wet mouth surrounding my manhood.

I couldn’t remember the last time I had gotten head. She was good. Very good.

Or maybe I was just horny as hell.

I knew I was going to cum in her mouth and that would be perfect.

But she stopped far too early.

I groaned in frustration behind my gag.

“You don’t get to cum,” she told me.

“We should put him back in his cage,” said Ms. Daggett.

Ms. Taylor shook her head. “No. I want him out and hard. If he cums without permission I really want to punish him.”

They let my arms down from the chains, but then hooked them together behind my back. Only then did they remove the ball gag.

I was worried and excited about what was to happen next.

Elegantly Ms. Taylor hiked up her skirt to reveal a pair of modest stockings. She peeled these down her legs. Underneath she wore a modest pair of panties. Modest but elegant. Their texture advertised smooth silk.

These she also removed, showing me her pussy. Like everything else about her it was immaculately groomed. A neat triangle that looked natural; not bare, not a geometric landing strip, but a naturally shaped triangle.

Sitting on the edge of the couch she spread her legs wide and pointed to her crotch.

“Get to work, boy. The only puddle you leave behind should be from my pussy, not your cum.”

I didn’t argue. I didn’t want to argue. I got down on my knees between her spread legs and went right for her pussy.

I could feel Ms. Daggett watching me. I briefly looked up at Ms. Taylor when I licked her slit and then sucked on her clit. Her eyes were already closed but her hands were inside her jacket, squeezing her tits through her blouse. I was certain she was trying to pinch a nipple.

Her pussy was tangy with a sharp, pleasant scent. I loved to eat pussy. I loved to eat pussy for a woman who knew how to dominate me. I would have loved to use my fingers on her as well, but my hands were bound behind my back.

I didn’t need my hands.

I could make her cum with just my mouth and set about to prove that.

It took a few minutes. She writhed around uncontrollably at times, but eventually I got her there, using my face and shoulders to partially pin her to the couch

while sucking on her clit.

She came on my face.

It was more reward than I deserved.

After she spent a minute recovering from her orgasm, Ms. Taylor pushed me away and looked to my mistress. “Oh, he’s very good. I can see why you’ve been keeping him all to yourself.”

Ms. Daggett shook her head. “I’m happy to share.”

Ms. Taylor wiped her pussy with her hand and then wiped it off on my chest. She then picked her panties up off the floor and slid them back on. “Hand me my stockings,” she ordered me.

I knew what she meant. I used my mouth to pick them up and bring them to her.

“Good boy.” She finished dressing and smoothed down her skirt. “Now, you want to know which of your so-called friends betrayed you?”

“Yes, please, ma’am.”

“So polite,” she complimented Ms. Daggett. “Would he know if I lied to him?”

She shrugged. “Probably not.”

“Well, I won’t lie to him.” She turned back to me. “His name is Case Mickel.”

“Fucking dickbag,” I cursed under my breath.

“He wasn’t working by himself. I believe there were two others involved, but someone needed to be fired. It was you.”

“Assholes.”

“You should thank them,” said Ms. Daggett. “After all, if not for their betrayal, you wouldn’t be here today.”

I said nothing and was still kneeling. Ms. Taylor tapped my balls with the toe of her shoe. I winced but it wasn’t really painful, just humiliating, and it warned me

of her power.

“I want him again,” she said, looking at me.

“Right now he needs to go back in his cage,” said my mistress. “He’s not allowed to cum yet.”

“He can fuck me,” Ms. Taylor offered.

“No,” my mistress said firmly and then turned to me. “Get some ice and your cage.”

I had what I wanted. Ms. Taylor could do whatever she wanted to me now. I would have happily given her a thank you fuck for her information, even if she wasn’t a blonde.

Chapter 26

Things went back to normal, whatever was normal for me. Gym. Spa for waxing. Staying in my cage. Wearing women's panties. I had a new, boring assignment from Ms. Daggett. She didn't seem the least bit interested in tormenting beyond the occasional cage check. Eleanor was ignoring me. Or maybe Ms. Daggett had told her to stay away from me.

Oddly, I was allowed to work in Ms. Daggett's office while fully dressed. I sort of missed being naked while I worked. It made everything about the situation more humiliating.

I periodically checked my bank accounts. She was paying me. The money seemed ridiculous for what I was doing, but I wasn't going to complain.

"Strip," Ms. Daggett said unexpectedly a couple of weeks into my new routine. I did so. I was happy to be naked in front of her when she was dressed and in charge in her office.

As I stood in front of her desk she came around to inspect my cock and cage, fondling it, but not even suggesting I come out to play. My cock struggled a bit to get hard, but I managed to get that under control.

"Are you sleeping through the night?"

"Yes, Mistress. Usually. Sometimes I get night erections and they wake me."

She nodded absently.

"Any real pain?"

"No, Mistress."

"Your piercing has healed well?"

"Yes, Mistress."

I was hoping that she would take it off me and maybe give me head. Or a handjob. Hell, I would have been happy to jerk off for her. She could even peg me if she wanted.

The weird thing was that I had gotten my libido under control. I still wanted to fuck, but I was happiest under her control.

“I have an assignment for you,” she said without emotion after she let go of my cock. She walked back around her desk and handed me an envelope. “Go to this address at 6pm tonight. Serve her however she wants. Dismissed.”

I didn’t even get to ask a question. I grabbed my clothes and left.

The building I went to was just as nice as High Gate Towers. The apartment wasn’t the penthouse, but it was more than high enough for a view and bragging status.

Ms. Taylor smiled evilly as she opened the door for me.

“Ranae sent you. Good. Come inside.”

I did as she asked. My cock was struggling inside the cage. I knew what was expected of me. I didn’t mind being a sex slave but…was this what I wanted for the rest of my life?

“Strip,” she ordered me when the door was closed. “I don’t want to play games.”

I did as she asked and she watched. She was dressed more casually than the last time I saw her in Ms. Daggett’s office. Brown knee high leather boots. A tweed skirt. White blouse decorated with flower embroidery that was tight fitting enough to show the size of her impressive tits.

When I was wearing only my cage, she pointed to the floor in front of her. “Down. Lick my boots.”

We were still in the foyer of her home. The floor was cold tile. It hurt my knees. Still, I put my face to the floor and stuck out my tongue to lick her boots. She allowed me to lick the leather and not the soles.

This did nothing for me, but she loved it. Maybe she loved putting me in my place. I don’t know.

“I love fucking young boys, did you know that?”

“No, ma’am.”

From a hidden pocket in her skirt, she produced a familiar key. “You’re going to get to fuck me tonight…if you please me.”

She dangled the key temptingly in front of me.

“How can I please you, ma’am?”

“Follow me.”

I followed her to the bedroom.

“Undress me.”

I wasn’t going to argue with her. Before I undressed her she placed my cage’s key on the nightstand. I looked longingly at it but said nothing. I undressed her. Boots first. Skirt and shirt. Underneath she wore very fancy lingerie. Soft pink. Pretty. Feminine. Exactly what I expected out of her.

I asked for permission to unhook her bra. She said yes.

For an older woman, older than Ms. Daggett, she still had great tits. They didn’t sit as high as Eleanor’s, but that might have just been their weight.

“Use your teeth on my panties,” she ordered.

I caught the briefest flash of nervousness in her eyes.

Pressing my face to her still flat stomach, I found the top edge of her panties with my lips, got the elastic between my teeth, and pulled them down.

Her neat, black triangle was still hiding her pussy away. I didn’t see a single gray hair mixed in. There was youth in her still.

“I need to lay down,” she said, going to the huge bed, pulling back the covers and laying down. She was on the bed sideways as she bent her knees to the ceiling and opened her thighs to me.

“You know what to do.”

I certainly did. My cock was struggling to get hard. As much as she wasn’t the type of woman I was attracted to, my body still responded.

Eating her pussy was a delightful pleasure.

Her scent filled my nose and when she started moaning as I licked and sucked at her clit I was certain I was going to cum in my cage.

This time my hands weren’t bound and I could use my fingers. She allowed me to move around and eat her out how I wanted. She liked it when I slipped a pair of fingers inside her and pumped her while I sucked on her clit. That gave her the first orgasm.

“More,” she moaned. “I need more. Harder!”

I changed position on the bed so that instead of laying between her legs, I was kneeling at her side. I wasn’t eating her out now, I was just fingering her.

It wasn’t what I had imagined finger banging was when I was in high school. I had learned a lot in college and afterwards. She wanted to be finger blasted and so I gave it to her. My middle fingers fucked her hole while my palm slapped into her labia and clit as hard as I dared.

She was calling out her pleasure as I used my left hand to pin her to the mattress. Her pussy lubricated freely and easily. It was a wet mess and it sounded like I was slapping her.

I was slapping her.

She came with a scream and a gush, soaking the bed.

I’d never been with a squirter before.

It was enlightening.

It definitely wasn’t piss. There was no smell. I felt a great satisfaction in having made her cum like that. Maybe that’s why some women liked to give head and letting the guy cum on their faces. Making someone cum hard that way was

incredible. I wished she had cum on my face.

“Oh, very good,” she complimented me, patting my hand.

“Thank you for letting me please you,” I said.

Ms. Taylor laughed at me. “Oh, Ranae has done a number on you. She’s got you completely compliant and submissive. I love it.”

She rolled to the side and grabbed a pillow from next to the headboard. I watched as she shoved it under her ass and kept her thighs parted.

“You want more?” I asked her. “Sure.”

“No!”

I was confused and she read that on my face.

“I want you to eat my ass,” she said as she hooked her hands behind her knees and pulled her legs to her chest. I looked down at her crotch. Her pussy was wet and open and inviting.

When I looked lower I saw the tight pucker of her asshole. It was light brown and while it was strange enough to put another person’s genitals in your mouth, it was stranger still to do it to the excretory orifice.

I did it anyway.

It wasn’t bad at all.

The taste was weird but once I was past that, she really responded to having my tongue shoved up her ass.

She loved it when I was licking her asshole and playing with her clit at the same time.

Her second orgasm might not have been as powerful as her first, but she loved it all the same.

I loved making women cum. Especially older women. Even if they weren’t blondes.

“Oh fuck that was good,” she breathed. “Ranae found a good slave in you.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

“I think you deserve a reward.”

Moving slowly and unsteadily, she got off the bed and went to her large dresser.

By now I was used to women pulling out strapon harnesses and putting them on.

It was exciting to watch her tighten it up on her hips.

“Ranae says you loved to be pegged.”

“Yes.” I didn’t know if that was true or not.

It felt true.

“Cage on or off?”

I blinked. “I get a choice?”

“She says you can cum with it on while getting pegged, but I don’t want you to waste your load. If I unlock you…will you make a mess?”

I nodded my head eagerly. I always wanted out of my cage and I’d do anything to make that happen. I wanted out of my cage almost as much as I loved having it on.

“I’ll do anything you say to get it off,” I begged her.

She laughed at me, a little drunk on her sudden power. “Will you put it back on when I’m done with you? Put it back on without complaint?”

“Yes.” I would say anything.

She slowly and teasingly took her time to free my cock from the cage.

“So handsome with a piercing,” she said, giving me a few experimental tugs. “So small and cute,” she complimented. “You really need a piercing to look like a man.”

That put me right on the edge.

“Oh my. Well, we can’t have you coming yet. Get on your hands and knees,” she told me sternly.

I had taken enough dildos up my ass to know what to expect now. Position. Lube. Careful exploration. Penetration.

This time was a little different because my cock was free and erect and as she started pegging my ass I realized that I was dangerously close to cumming.

I had no idea if Ms. Taylor was an expert at pegging or not. I focused on dead puppies and my hideous music teacher from middle school so I didn’t cum.

Without ceremony she abruptly pulled out of my ass. “Enough of this. I’m still fucking horny. You need to fuck me.”

She unbuckled the harness, tossed it aside, and flopped down on the bed away from the wet spot she had made.

After a moment’s pause she looked at me expectantly.

“Are you going to fuck me or not?”

I was wary, but horny.

I moved over on top of her and slotted my cock into her wet labia.

“Mmm,” she moaned as I penetrated her.

Right away I knew there was going to be a problem.

“I’m not going to last long,” I warned her.

“Fucking fill me up with your little cock.”

That didn’t help matters.

I did the best I could. I rammed my cock in and out of her as quickly and as hard as I could. She was moaning and panting in no time.

Unfortunately, that was all the time that I had. In less than a minute, I came in her.

I tried to stop it. I tried to stifle my moans, but it was all a wasted effort. I finished inside of her and regretted it because I didn't allow myself to cum. I had tamped it down.

Luckily for me, Ms. Taylor wasn't disappointed.

"Oh, very good, little boy. I like making boys cum in my dirty cunt. You can fuck me any time you want." She then kissed me. I kissed her back because I didn't know what the hell else to do. "You'll be fucking me a lot in the near future."

I rolled off her and went to the bathroom. It was weird standing up to piss. It was weird to not have my cage on. It was weird to be able to wash my cock without directing a jet of water between the bars.

When I went back to the bedroom because I didn't know what the hell else to do, I found Ms. Taylor standing in front of a dresser wearing a thin white silk robe, putting on some jewelry that she had obviously taken off before I arrived.

I stared at the large rings she was slipping onto her left ring finger.

It took me a moment to process that. I looked around the room. It was a shared bedroom.

Fuck.

"You're married?" I blurted out. I tried to remember what information I had read about Ms. Taylor on her club membership information.

She displayed her hand to me. "Of course. My husband and I have an… understanding. I suppose the kids nowadays call it an open marriage. He's old. Can barely get it up. He allows me my lovers and I allow him infinite golf games, expensive whiskey, and cigars."

"Oh."

"We'll have to extend you membership to the club," she told me. "That's where I

usually meet my lovers."

"Right."

"But for now…you can spend the night if you like. I'll have to put your cage back on, but I'm sure you're used to that. Can't have Ms. Daggett's property out and available for your amusement, can we?"

"Of course not."

I stood in front of her while she put the cage back on me. She knew how to anchor the PA ring so I couldn't pull out. She knew what she was doing.

I wish I knew what I was doing.

Chapter 27

I didn’t spend the night with Ms. Taylor. She said she understood.

I went home and went to bed.

I was woken the next morning by Eleanor.

“What are you doing, sleeping in?” she said, waking me up. “We’ve got lots to do today.”

“What time is it?” I complained, waking up slowly.

As always, she was dressed professionally. This time in a deep cream colored business suit. It set off her dark red hair beautifully. I wasn’t the least bit ashamed to get out from under the covers wearing nothing but a cock cage.

“Eight.” She wrinkled her nose at me. “You smell. Go shower. Quickly. I’ll see you at the table after you’re dressed.”

I showered. I did smell. I should have showered after fucking Ms. Taylor. Instead of dressing in a suit, I put on casual clothing just to be a prick.

Eleanor was waiting for me at the dining table with a stack of papers in front of her.

“What's all this?”

“Club application. You need to fill this out.”

“What club?”

She gave me a look like I was an idiot.

“Oh. Right. But…why do I need to join? You’ve got all this information on me already.”

Eleanor snorted. It wasn’t ladylike at all. “You’re really asking that after what you’ve been through with your former friends? Ms. Daggett keeps tabs on everyone.”

“Including you?”

“Of course including me. It’s all to keep everyone in line. I think more than anything else in the world Ms. Daggett gets off on knowing everyone’s sexual secrets.”

“Hmm. I thought she got off on power, controlling others.”

“That too, but it’s the knowledge that drives her, of that I’m sure. I bet she jills off just knowing who she had under her thumb.”

I pointed at the camera and speaker aimed at the table, reminding Eleanor that Ms. Daggett was always listening. And watching.

Now that I thought about it, she had a good point.

“Okay, sure,” I relented. “I’ll fill out the membership information. Seems stupid, but…”

I sat down next to her and grabbed the pen. Undoubtedly it would be scanned and filed away in a drawer somewhere after being entered into the computers that ran our lives, public and private.

After dispensing with the initial demographic information I got to the section titled “Sponsor”. Eleanor stopped me when I started to write in Ms. Daggett’s name. “Wait. Write my name. Eleanor Thomas.”

I looked at her. “Why?”

“I’m the one who is sponsoring you.”

“Yeah, but…Ms. Daggett—”

“Has given you to me.”

“What?”

She reached into the pocket of her jacket and produced a very familiar key. I wondered if she had gotten it from Ms. Taylor or if Ms. Daggett had a hundred of them so I could be passed around to any woman she wanted.

“She gave me your key.”

“Why?” I was confused.

Eleanor opened up a folder that was part of the stack of papers. It looked official but it was just so much bullshit like everything else in the world. It was a contract. It wasn’t the contract I had signed for Ms. Daggett. It was similar. Apparently my cock was just a possession she could just give away.

She was giving it away to Eleanor.

“I own you now,” Eleanor explained because I was stupid. “Ms. Daggett gave you to me.”

“But…why? That makes no sense.”

Eleanor shrugged. “You’d have to ask her.”

“I will.”

“Bold man with a small dick. Just finish filling out the forms and sign the contract acknowledging that I own you now.”

“You know none of this is legal, right?” I asked her as I set back to work. “It’s illegal in the United States for one person to own another.”

“I know. Take that contract to your lawyer. Or continue to get paid a ridiculous amount of money from Ms. Daggett. Your choice.”

I looked up at her. “Does she own you too?”

The redhead laughed at me. “Of course not! Do I have a cock? I’m beholden to her. I have sex with her. I’ll do anything for her, but women own men. Women don’t own women.”

“I thought you said that—”

“Women will also say anything to control men.”

I paused. “I suppose that’s true. But—”

She interrupted me. “Stop talking. You are overlooking the advantages of this.”

“This?”

“The transfer of your ownership.”

“You make me sound like a car.”

“Or a piece of meat.” She licked her lips. “Yum.”

“The advantages?” I prompted her.

“Oh. Right. Yes. I can fuck you anytime I want.” She dangled the key in front of me.

My heart skipped a beat. “Okay, that would be nice.”

“You’re never going to get to fuck her,” Eleanor said.

“What?”

“You’re never going to get to fuck Ms. Daggett. Ranae.”

“But I’ve—”

“Eaten her pussy? Gotten pegged by her? Have you ever put your cock in her cunt?”

I thought about her last question. “No.”

“It’s not going to happen either. I know you have a thing for blondes too. Don’t worry. I’ll keep you in that little cage…but I’ll let you out too. On occasion.”

It shouldn’t have happened, but my cock started to get hard.

“Oh.”

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked, a knowing grin on her face.

“If you want.”

“Stand up,” she ordered, an edge to her voice.

I obeyed.

“Drop your pants.”

I think I was thrilled to do so.

She could see my cock swelling inside the cage.

“You do want to fuck me.”

“I always want to have sex,” I said. “I mean…I have this cage on my cock all the fucking time.”

“Well…luckily I have the key.”

I watched as she inserted the key into the lock and freed me.

When the pieces of the cage fell away, my cock immediately got hard. I was fully erect. All four inches of me, crowned by the silver PA ring I was happy to wear.

She took me in her mouth.

I moaned.

Eleanor was incredible at giving head.

“Oh…fuck,” I moaned.

She backed off and gently tugged on my cock while looking up at me. “Do you like that?” Our positioning was awkward. I was standing next to the table and she was seated, but I didn’t dare do anything to change positions.

“Fuck yes.”

“Do you want to cum in my mouth or in my pussy?”

“Pussy. In your pussy, please,” I begged.

She put me back in her mouth and sucked like a vacuum cleaner.

Fuck.

Right as I got to the edge she backed off. I thought she was just teasing me. I was wrong.

She pumped my small cock with her hand. I couldn't hold back any longer.

With a gasp I came all over her face.

Eleanor laughed with delight. I continued to pump out cum all over her face. I couldn't do anything other than stand there and gaze in amazement as my cum slowly started to drip down to soil her expensive suit jacket.

"Did you enjoy that?" Eleanor asked with a giggle, wiping some of my cum off her chin and sucking the thick white fluid off her finger.

"Holy fuck yes."

"Good. We need to get you back into your cage." She fingered the steel device that was still sitting on the table.

"What? Why?"

"Because I own this cock," she said, giving my slowly softening cock a shake with her hand. "And you only get to use it when I say so."

I was exchanging one mistress for another.

I was okay with that.

"I thought that you were going to let me fuck you…fuck your pussy," I said, hating the desperation I heard in my voice.

"Only if you're good. And not for a long time."

Fuck.

"Cage back on."

I washed off my cock in the sink and allowed Eleanor to lock me back up. She gave me a kiss that was completely unexpected. A kiss on the lips like we were an actual couple.

“I have a date tonight,” she told me. “You’ll have to get used to me fucking other men.”

“Yeah, okay, I should have expected that.”

“His name is Case. He was your friend, wasn’t he?”

Fuck.

END

Preview

The Demoness In My Bed 3 - Night Terror

“Dude, have I got an offer for you. Gimme a call.”

That was the extent of the message from Matt. Between the end of work and getting home I had somehow managed to miss his call.

I wasn’t sure if I wanted to call him back. Yes, sex with him had been great, but I wasn’t sure if I wanted to fuck him again. Or have my dick sucked by him.

Or anything.

But when I got home to my empty apartment, I started having second thoughts. Alcohol was a way to blot out my unwanted thoughts.

I considered that.

I also considered a nice dose of Benadryl or NyQuil so when I fell asleep I wouldn’t have Meeza invading my dreams again.

While I had always thought of myself as sexually open-minded, I was starting to find my limits.

I tried a couple of shots of bourbon as a way to relax. I considered getting a pet. A dog would be nice but I didn’t have the time for it. Maybe a cat or a hamster.

My phone buzzed in my pocket as I vaguely watched the news. I was buzzed enough to take it out and answer the call without looking at the name.

“Dude. It’s Matt. You never called me back. Want to get wild tonight?”

Sex was a good way to blot out unwanted thoughts. Dreams however...nightmares…

“I’ve been drinking,” I blurted out and wondered when I had become such a lightweight. Two shots?

Maybe I had more and had already forgotten.

“Just come on over to my place and I promise you the time of your life.”

“No offense, Matt, but I got my dick sucked by my very sexy and very female boss today. I’m not sure I need to get laid right now.”

“The chick I’ve got lined up for you is incredible. Everything you want. Big tits. Blue eyes. An ass that won’t quit. A libido that won’t quit. Special surprises that will make your hair curl.”

And somehow I found myself taking a Lyft to Matt’s place.

I knew it was a bad idea; I was now a professional when it came to executing bad ideas.

The Lyft car had already driven away as I stood on the porch to Matt’s house considering whether or not to ring the bell. I had sobered up enough to realize this was a really bad idea.

But my cock was already hard and my lust was unabated.

I should have done the smart thing. I wanted to do the smart thing.

I couldn’t make myself do the smart thing.

I rang the bell.

I was hoping no one was home, even though the lights were on.

I didn’t know what to expect. I only dreaded what I knew I was going to do.

The woman who answered the door was very pretty and hit nearly all my needs. Blonde hair. Green eyes. Fair skin. Not huge tits, but big enough. Shorter than me by at least a foot. She was petite to say the least.

The moment she opened the door, her smile lit up the dark night. “You must be John. Matt’s been telling me all about you.”

I froze. “All about me?”

She nodded. “All about you.”

I didn’t know how to process that.

I couldn’t process anything as she turned around and walked into the house, beckoning me over her shoulder. She was dressed casually in a t-shirt and jeans. No socks or shoes.

A thin t-shirt. I had clearly seen the outline of her nipples through the material.

I stared at her ass, examining it in fine detail. Very tight jeans. I was positive she wasn’t wearing underwear. There were no panty lines.

I followed; my cock was leading the way.

As she lured me into the house, my eyes were glued to her ass. It was glorious.

“Call me Hil,” she said over her shoulder.

“Short for Hillary?”

“I’m not short,” she said with a laugh. She was lucky if she was five feet tall. “It’s my nickname. My parents thought Hildegard was a wonderful girl’s name. Thanks great-grandma.”

I was missing all the interior decorations of the house. I don’t know what rooms I was led through. Her ass was perfect. I could see why Matt was attracted to her.

“Matt and I made up, if he hasn’t told you.”

“He didn’t mention it.”

“He told me all about you so I had to meet you.”

I paused at the bottom of the stairs she had just started ascending. I should have kept going; it would have put my eyes at her ass level.

“What...what exactly did...did he…”

She glanced down at me from the middle of the stairs. “Let me answer that for you before you stutter the whole thing out. I know you two messed around. I

know you fucked. I know Matt's bi. I'm fine with that." She smiled and her tongue just barely poked out between her lips, wetting them in anticipation of the next words. "I get off to it."

"Oh."

"Come upstairs."

She hurried the rest of the way.

I followed.

When she stopped at a door in the middle of the upstairs hallway, my heart was thumping in my chest. I was certain she could hear it.

"Are you okay with...well, with kinky sex? I like meeting strangers and fucking them."

"Uh...yeah?"

She laughed and opened the door. "Men are so easy."

I felt bad for Matt when I walked in behind her. Not because he was dating such an apparently slutty woman, but because of the situation she had placed him in.

Or maybe he wanted to be in that situation.

He looked good. He was naked and tied to the bed. That was sort of hot. I'm not huge into bondage, but I got the appeal of it, especially the visual appeal.

His bed was huge. It was large enough for him to be spread-eagled on it, leather bands on wrists and ankles connected to chains that were latched to hooks embedded into the bedframe. That would have been fine and almost normal, but to that was added a belt around his waist, also chained to the bed frame on both sides.

Matt wasn't blindfolded. We locked eyes and I had to look away. I was embarrassed for the both of us, but I don't think he was embarrassed at all. It was a good thing he had a large red rubber ball shoved in his mouth and held there by a strap around the back of his head. I don't know what I would have

said if he had asked me a question.

On top of all that, Matt had a choker collar around his neck that was, thankfully, not chained to the bed, but a thin metal chain descended from the thick ring in the leather down to his cock.

There was a metal ring nestled behind his cock and balls. The chain around his collar connected to the cock ring.

He was erect. Not fully erect, but close enough.

I could just barely see a bead of precum forming at the tiny slit at the end of his cock. I tried not to lick my lips in anticipation of tasting it.

I stared for far too long.

“Like what you see?” Hil asked me.

“Uh...wow,” is what I said.

She laughed at my answer. I knew I wanted to do something with Matt, but I didn’t know what.

Between the two of them, they were both blonde and beautiful and willing to fuck. They were the Aryan fuck toys of my dreams.

I didn’t like where my thoughts were going.

“Want to fuck?” Hil asked me to break up the uncomfortable silence between Matt and me.

“What?” I shook away my brain’s failure to operate.

“Want to fuck?” she repeated and then clarified her question by pulling her t-shirt up over her head to display her boobs.

They were gorgeous.

I stared.

She had pierced nipples.

No rings, just small barbells through them.

My cock started throbbing in my pants.

“Want to fuck?” I asked, repeating her words mechanically back to her.

“Yes, that’s the question. I suppose I should specify that I’m asking, do you want to fuck me?”

Without missing a beat she unzipped her jeans and proceeded to wiggle out of them. I had been wrong. She was wearing underwear. Well, a g-string, so barely underwear. I had to glance down at the floor to confirm and saw a little scrap of pink fabric inside the crumpled up ball of her jeans.

I was positive she liked posing naked in front of me. Maybe she was an exhibitionist.

“Matt said you were easy,” she said.

“What does that mean?”

She grinned. “It took him no effort to get you in bed and he was certain I could do the same.”

“Oh.”

As attractive and sexy as she was, Hil would have very little difficulty getting anyone, male or female or otherwise, into bed and fucking her.

“So do you want to fuck?”

“Uh...sure.” I looked down at her crotch. I was expecting to see nothing but skin and sexy lips. I was surprised to see a classic landing strip of...dark hair?

Glancing back up at her head, I realized her hair was dyed.

She should have just shaved all her pubes.

It wasn’t going to stop me, but it was disappointing.

“Great!” She went down on her knees in front of me and started working my

belt.

What was it lately with women wanting so desperately to suck my dick?

Glancing toward Matt, I lifted up my hands in an expression of confusion, asking him if I should let her keep going.

Naturally he nodded his head eagerly.

So I helped Hil take off my pants. When she had my cock out, I pulled off my shirt.

“You really want this, don't you?” she asked, inspecting and handling my cock. While I liked my cock, I didn’t think it deserved the amount of inspection she was giving it.

The difficult part was getting off my shoes while she started sucking me. I closed my eyes as she started getting serious about the blowjob that I didn’t need but was certainly enjoying.

“That’s it,” she suddenly announced, abruptly ending the oral attention. “I don’t want you cumming in my mouth.”

“Oh.” I stood there stupidly. “Where do you want me to cum?”

Hil stood up and leaned forward a little to kiss my bare chest, she then whirled around and bent forward over the bed, her head between Matt’s legs. She spread her legs and got up on her toes. I could just barely see her pussy. “I want you to cum in my pussy,” she said clearly as she reached for her boyfriend’s cock, gently caressing it as she waited for me.

“Are you sure I shouldn’t use a condom?”

Hil looked over her shoulder at me. “Why would I want that? I want you to cum in me. I need you to cum in me.”

She was so short she couldn’t reach Matt’s cock with her mouth, but she started giving him an enthusiastic handjob. He caught my eye again and nodded eagerly.

I didn’t have the willpower to resist.

I took my cock in hand and got up close behind her. I had to bend my knees enough to find her entrance. I was already wet with her spit from the blowjob so sliding my cock up and down along her slit wasn't necessary, just fun. Considering how little I had done for her, finding Hil as wet as she was surprised me.

Not giving it any further thought, I pushed into her.

She grunted in appreciation.

"His cock is much better than yours."

Hil wasn't talking to me. She had locked eyes with her boyfriend. As I started pumping her she started complimenting me, but only for Matt's benefit.

"Oh...he fucks better than you….no wonder you wanted him up your ass...I want him up my ass too...next. I want him to cum in my pussy first. You'd like that, wouldn't you? A stranger filling my dirty pussy and showing you who the real man is?"

It wasn't a practiced speech, but this had to be a ritual they had done before.

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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

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