Trapped:
Cuckold Cheat 1



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A Cuckolding and FemDom Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Preview

About the Author

Chapter One

I met Tomassa at one of those horrible work-related conferences that no one wants to go to but the company dropped a ridiculous amount of money on the meeting, so everyone in the office had to go. I only half paid attention to the workshops. I'll admit it. I was scanning the crowd for attractive and likely women. Tomassa was rather plain, but she had long, straight blonde hair and I couldn't resist flirting with her. Maybe she was a few pounds overweight, but that would be overly critical and judgmental of me. It wasn't as if I had a perfect body. Yes, I tried to stay in shape and work out, but I wasn't gym obsessed.

Still, Tomassa played along when I approached her after one of the workshops.

"That's an unusual name," I said pointing at the tag right above her breast.

Okay, sorry. I admit it. I aimed my finger more at her breast than her name.

I can be an over ass more than I like to admit.

"My friends call me Tomi," she replied.

"So...can I call you Tomi?" I asked.

She laughed.

It was that easy.

We sat next to each other at the terrible lunch that was served. It was edible, but just barely.

We talked more than we ate. Half the conversation was about how terrible the food was.

"Want to cut out of here and get something decent to eat?" I asked her.

She looked around nervously. None of my coworkers were in my afternoon workshops. "Aren't we supposed to stay the entire day."

"I'd rather go home and get something good to eat."

"How far is your place from here?" she asked.

Suburban sprawl is weird. It's easier to measure distance is drive time as related to the time of day. "Right now? Fifteen minutes. After the workshops at five o'clock when everyone else leaves? Easily half an hour. Or more."

She was reluctant. I could tell. Anyone could tell. But still she played along. "What do you have to eat at your place?"

"Mostly leftovers."

She laughed again. "You know how to romance a girl."

"I'm sure they're delicious." I got up from the table and headed to the exit. She caught up to me by the time I reached the door.

On the way out to the parking lot I gave her my address and she promised to follow behind in her car.

My heart was thudding in my chest and I couldn't believe my good luck. We kept things cool as we headed to our cars. We weren't leaving a club where you were supposed to hook up with strangers. I saw her just as she got into her Honda Civic. Her face was flushed as if she were blushing.

I hoped that was a good sign.

I didn't live in some super-exclusive place. I rented a place in a garden apartment complex. It was nice but not fancy. Tomi didn't comment on it at all as we went into my place.

"So...what do you have to eat?" she asked as she looked around my rather plain apartment. The living room was little more than a nice couch, huge television, and every gaming system known to man. I'm sure it didn't impress her. I didn't care.

"I was hoping you'd supply that," I said, moving too close to her.

She went back one step, pressing her back against the wall, but she didn't look afraid and she didn't protest.

When I ducked my head to kiss her, she lifted her chin so that our lips met.

The kiss was intense.

She willingly accepted my tongue into her mouth. I sparred with her tongue and stroked the inside of her cheek for a little preview of what she had below.

I don't know which of us broke the kiss, but when we both stopped for a breath of air and a moment's reflection, she looked me right in the eyes. "You want me to supply the food?" Clearly she was bewildered by me. I didn't blame her.

"Uh-huh," I said before sliding down her body, lading on my knees in front of her.

Tomi, like myself, was dressed casually because that's what conference day was all about. She had a thick black belt that cinched her jeans tightly around her waist. The button-up blouse she wore did a terrible job of hiding her large tits. I hoped that was intentional.

I ran my hands down her hips and to her thighs, feeling the soft flesh underneath the denim. I fantasized a minute about what her skin would feel like and then I moved on to find out exactly what it felt like. I fumbled a moment with her belt and she took over to loosen it. I helpfully popped the button open and unzipped her jeans.

"I'm sorry I'm so fat," she apologized.

I hated her for just a second when she said that. She was looking down at me with her round face that was flushed red with embarrassment, or maybe with lust. Her blond hair perfectly framed it. Yes, she wasn't perfectly proportioned with a model's body, but that didn't make her any less sexy to me.

"Don't say that," I told her. "You're beautiful." I wondered if she had Polish ancestry with her hair and face. Maybe Danish. It didn't matter. I wiggled her jeans over her hips. Yes, she was a little fleshy, but I loved that and kissed her tummy right above her cotton panties that were decorated with sheep. I glanced up at her questioning her sartorial choice.

"I wasn't planning on getting laid today," she explained.

"They're cute," I commented before pressing my face into her crotch. I could smell her pussy. She was clearly aroused and I grabbed the elastic band of her

underwear between my teeth. It was an ineffective way of stripping her, but I hoped it showed that I was playful as well.

“Fuck,” she cursed.

I wasn’t sure if she was worried or eager.

“Problem?” I asked.

“It’s been a while since I’ve...since I’ve had sex with someone.”

“Do you not want to?”

“Hell no,” she declared and yanked her blouse up over her body.

I was right. She had huge tits. They were barely contained by her bright pink bra that didn’t match her panties. Still pressed against the wall, Tomi kicked off her shoes and I yanked her jeans all the way off, leaving her in just her undergarments.

My cock was hard and uncomfortable in my jeans. I wanted to go down on her to taste her pussy before we went any further. That was the way I judged women: by how their pussies tasted.

I’m sure there are worse ways to judge.

Before I could press close again and ease her panties down, she tugged at my shoulders, trying to get my shirt off. I helped her and pulled it off, tossing it aside.

“Stand up,” she said. “I want to see what you look like.”

“Really?” I asked, getting back to my feet, but taking the opportunity to get my sneakers off, stepping on their backs to expedite the process.

“I’m not going to fuck you unless I like what I see.”

That was a reasonable request and I unbuckled my jeans, opening them up, before pushing them down. Just like that I was naked in front of her. My hard cock bobbed around a little while I stepped clear of my jeans. I felt a little

foolish in just my socks, but I'd take care of that soon enough.

"Wow," she said, reaching out for my cock. She gently ran her fingers up from my balls that were tight against my body, up along the shaft, all the way to the head that was just starting to leak some precum. Circling the head with one finger she let her hand slid back down a bit to lightly grip my shaft.

I shivered at her control.

"I like your cock," she complimented me.

"Thank you."

Her fingers curled around me and slowly went up and down. She wasn't masturbating me like I would do myself, but that was the point. Tomi wasn't trying to get me off; she was trying to tease me.

It was working.

"Is this too forward?" she asked.

"No...it's perfect." I closed my eyes and let her manipulate me for a minute, but then I grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "Except I don't want to cum that way."

"Do you want to fuck me?"

I opened my eyes. "Yes."

"Here?" she asked looking around the living room.

"Bedroom." I took her hand off my cock and started to lead her through the apartment. It wasn't that big. It didn't take long. My bed was a mess but I didn't care and she didn't comment. Only when we were in my bedroom did I notice the ring that pierced her belly button. There was a small charm dangling from it.

Tomi didn't protest when I moved her onto the bed, shoving the sheets and blankets aside. She was on her back and I was on top of her. We kissed for a minute, my hard cock pressing on her thigh before I started kissing my way down her neck. I planted a bunch of kissed in her cleavage, but I didn't remove her bra, not yet. It was still too soon.

With more kisses I worked my way down her body, briefly tonguing her belly button and the little ring and charm which made her gasp, before I stopped at the edge of her sheep-covered panties.

This time I used my hands to pull them down her hips and legs.

She helped.

Her skin was perfectly smooth and pale except for her shoulders and chest which were generously covered with freckles. It was still early spring. Her body was still white from having been hidden from the sun all winter. There were faint red marks on her hips where her underwear, just a little too small, cut into her skin.

Between her legs she had shaped her pubic hair into a neat strip, a couple of inches wide. For a woman claiming that she hadn't had sex in...a few weeks? Months? A year? I didn't know. For a woman claiming a lack of sex, her pussy was well-groomed. I kissed above her mound and then to the side. She didn't shave. It was perfectly smooth. Maybe she waxed or had it laser removed.

Just that little detail let me know she took some pride in her body and was a sexual woman.

That was perfect.

I pushed her legs apart and her scent rose up from her pussy. Running my tongue through the blonde curls, I found the top of her slit and then her clit.

My cock throbbed when she gasped at the touch. I wiggled my tongue against the tiny bit of flesh and she tensed up, squeezing her pillowy thighs against me.

"Should I stop?" I asked her.

Her eyes were clamped tightly shut. "Nooo," she moaned.

I moved my tongue lower, into her pussy. She was wet. She was tart and sweet and musky all at the same time. The inside of her tunnel was as smooth as the inside of her mouth.

Her knees went up toward the ceiling, giving me better access to her pussy.

“Can you cum from oral?” I asked her, taking a quick break.

She answered me by enthusiastically nodding her head. I traveled back up to her clit and got to work on it. I sucked. I licked. I slipped a pair of fingers into her pussy and stroked the front wall searching for her little hidden spot behind the pubic bone.

Tomi was a very sexual woman. I brought my best game to her pussy and it only took a couple of minutes before she was gasping for air. When I sucked hard on her clit she pounded the mattress with her fists before her entire body shook and a little trickle of her natural juices filled my mouth.

It was only polite to swallow.

Pulling my face up from her pussy I smiled at her. “Did you cum?” It was a cliché question, but I wanted to ask it because I knew I had made her cum. Unless, of course, she was the best actress I’d ever been with or seen.

I’ve seen a lot of porn.

“Fuck yes,” she answered. “Are you going to use your cock on me?”

I knelt up and moved to the side of the bed. I was good and hard. She was wet and panting to be penetrated. “Yes. Just let me get a condom.” I opened the drawer next to my bed and got one out.

“You don’t have to use one. I’m safe,” she said as I rolled it on.

“Better safe than sorry,” I said as I got back into position. Her hand went right to my cock and guided me in.

I had no regrets about fucking her or going down on her.

There are lies and then there are lies. Lies of omission aren’t as bad of a lie, but that’s my opinion.

And what’s cheating really? Looking at another person’s body? Flirting? Kissing? Mutual masturbation? Oral sex? Penetrative sex with a condom? Penetrative sex without a condom?

Pick a line. Wherever you put the line, someone has cheated.

Once I was inside Tomi, I realized that not only did her pussy look perfect and taste perfect, but it felt perfect to my cock.

It might have felt better than my girlfriend's pussy. Or maybe it was the thrill of fucking someone new for the first time combined with cheating. Either way, the sex was, to use the cliché, fan-fucking-tastic. I didn't regret fucking her at all.

I don't want to brag, but I'll do it a little. I made her cum twice before I finished. Once on her back and once doggy style. She didn't seem to have a preference for which position she came in. I liked seeing the full flare of her ass when we fucked doggy, but it was just was satisfying to kiss her while we did it in the traditional missionary.

Maybe she peaked a final time when I finished inside her, but I'm sure that was just my imagination.

I didn't pass out and neither did she, but we faded into that hazy afterglow that accompanies amazing sex. I wasn't sure how long we half-slept there in my bed.

I can tell you, however, precisely when I was awoken from dozing. 4: 37pm. It was the exact time my girlfriend walked into the bedroom of my apartment. She had the right. We'd been dating six months and she had the spare key. She almost always stopped at my place after work because I lived alone and she had two roommates in her bigger and nice place, but mine had privacy.

Except for when I had a guest over.

This was the first time I had a guest over that I had been fucking.

Did you forget that this was a story about cheating? I hope not because there's going to be a whole lot more cheating going on before we get to the end.

Her first words at catching me in bed with another woman?

"Really Travis? You couldn't go to her place?"

I sat bolt upright and Tomi clutched the sheets to her chest, hiding her tits. "Uh...here was closer?" I had no idea if that was true or not, but I felt the need to

say something, even as stupid as it was.

Perrin ignored my stupid remark and looked at Tomi. “Get your clothes on and get out. I need to speak with my...boyfriend.”

With those words she turned on her heel and left the bedroom, politely closing the door behind her.

“Oh fuck, oh shit,” Tomi cursed. “What are we going to do?” She was in full panic mode. I didn’t blame her. I wasn’t sure if Perrin’s cool was worse than if she had turned into a raging maniac.

“We’re going to get dressed and you’re going to leave,” I said as calmly as possible. I tried to make it seem like I did this all the time. I didn’t. It was the first time I had cheated on my girlfriend.

Technically it wasn’t cheating, but still…

Tomi jumped out of bed and grabbed her bra and underwear. Her fingers were trembling as she tried to hook the bra together. I helped her. It was the gentlemanly thing to do. I grabbed a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, putting them on as she cast her eyes around the messy bedroom. Her eyes were wide and fearful when she saw that I was dressed.

“I left the rest of my clothes out in the living room!”

“Well, let’s go get them,” I said, heading for the door.

She stopped me, putting her hand on top of mine as I grasped the doorknob. “I can’t go out there naked like this!”

“You’re not naked,” I said with a calmness I didn’t feel.

“I’m in my underwear!”

“Just pretend you’re wearing a swimsuit. A bikini.”

“That doesn’t help! Go get my clothes and bring them in to me!” She was trembling with fear and I felt bad for her. I sighed.

“Fine.”

Out in the apartment proper Perrin was sitting at the table that occupied the space between the living room and the kitchen. She had poured herself a drink and was calmly sipping from it while scrolling through her phone.

I couldn’t meet her gaze.

I grabbed the pile of clothes that Tomi and I left behind and quickly returned to the bedroom. Tomi grabbed them from me and quickly finished dressing while I watched her. It was disappointing because she had a lovely, curvy body and I was reasonably certain I would never get to see it again, let alone fuck her.

I tried anyway.

“Can I get your phone number?” I asked as she stepped into her shoes.

“Are you fucking crazy?!” She glared at me. “Your girlfriend is out there!”

I shrugged. “She might not be my girlfriend for much longer.”

Tomi rolled her eyes at me. It was expected. “You are fucking crazy,” she declared and made a dash from the bedroom to the front door, mumbling, “Sorry,” to Perrin as she left.

Perrin said nothing but did look up when I appeared.

“Did you use a condom?” she asked me, putting down her phone.

“Yes.”

I couldn’t read her expression. “That’s good.”

Before an argument could start I blurted out, “You always said we had an open relationship!”

“Go get it,” she said to me, ignoring my protest and attempt at circumventing any discomfort that we were both in for.

“Are you...are you serious?”

She gave me a look. I was certain that Perrin loved me and was open-minded, but this was a big step.

For the both of us.

“Go get it,” she repeated. “We both agreed to this. You’re the one who made the mistake.”

Did I actually make a mistake or were my actions subconsciously intentional? There was no easy answer to that question so I did what she asked.

What she wanted was in the bottom drawer of my dresser in a black velvet bag closed tightly with a drawstring. It was surprisingly light but solid. I brought it out to Perrin.

She smiled when I handed it over to her. “This was your idea,” she reminded me as she opened the strings.

“Yeah but...fantasy is different from reality.”

“You’ve worn it before,” she said and shook out the elegantly shaped metal cage into her hand.

“But...only for short periods. For fun.”

“You won’t have it on forever. And this is for fun.”

For you, maybe, I thought to myself. “How...how long?”

“Get your cock out,” she said as she inserted one of the keys into the lock and opened up the device. It separated into two pieces plus the lock. I had worn it before, but only when we were playing around in the bedroom. Only for a few hours at most. Now...now Perrin wanted to make it permanent.

Well,...almost permanent.

I did what she asked, unzipping my shorts and pulling out my soft cock. It seemed smaller than usual. It was cool in the well air-conditioned room, but maybe I was just worrying unnecessarily.

Perrin frowned at my manhood. “Yeah, maybe you’d better take a shower first, “ she suggested. “And trim back your hair. Nice and short.”

“Should I shave?” I asked her.

“No. Not yet.”

I went to the shower and removed any traces of Tomi from by body. Her scent was replaced by soap and shampoo. I had an electric hair trimmer in the bathroom that I occasionally used on my hair when I wanted a quick buzz cut. This time I used them on my pubes, reducing the length of my short and curlies to almost nothing.

After toweling off I went back to the living room where Perrin patiently waited. I didn’t bother with a robe or towel.

She smiled at my nudity. Or maybe she smiled because she was eager to keep me under lock and key.

Maybe both.

“Ready?” she asked.

“No.”

“Come over here anyway.

The chastity cage was a model of simplicity and utility. One part was a curved shaft for the length of my penis, the other half was a ring that went around my shaft and balls. Some models have a split ring that can encircle the balls and fit neatly around them to avoid the slightly weird feeling of having one’s balls forced through an enclosed space. The male human body wasn’t exactly designed to be easily forced into chastity.

Perrin had put it on me before, but it had been a few weeks since we had last played with the cage. Even so, she had a firm hand because she’s a strong woman and likes to be dominant in the bedroom even when bedroom play extends to the living room.

The shaft went through the retaining ring first. She pulled my left ball through

the ring next, maybe because it hung lower than the right or maybe because she was right-handed. Who knows? It was uncomfortable but not terrible. Forcing my right ball through was the worst part. I could feel every bit of it. It squeezed too tightly. It made my stomach sink and it briefly felt like I had been kicked in the balls leaving me with an upset stomach.

My girlfriend smiled at me. “There. The worst is over, isn’t it?”

“The worst part is not being able to use my cock,” I complained.

“You should have thought about that before you fucked another woman.”

“Would it have made a difference if I fucked a man?” I snottily asked her.

Perrin paused, the curved shaft cage in her left hand. She hadn’t yet started to line it up to the retaining ring already on me. “I hadn’t thought about that. I don’t know. I suppose I’d want to watch the two of you together first. I do like gay porn, but to see my boyfriend with another man...I don’t know if that’s hot or not.”

The shaft went on fairly easily. I was small enough that I didn’t even fill up the whole length and diameter of the cage. I wasn’t sure if that was the shower, the situation, the cool air, the fact I had just fucked and cum, or what. Not knowing is a mind fuck.

From there it was easy for her to line up the shaft to the ring and then join them together with the integrated lock.

My girlfriend had effectively locked me away in chastity.

“So...we’re not breaking up?” I asked her.

She laughed. “Wouldn’t it be funny if I left you like this and never came back?”

“No,” I said flatly. “It wouldn’t be funny.”

“Don’t worry. I’m not going to do that,” she said as she took both keys and dropped them in her purse. “It’s not like you haven’t worn it before. It was fun. Your pussy eating skills are twice as good when you’re caged.”

“When will you let me out?” I asked.

She didn’t answer that question. Instead she pivoted to a question of her own. “So, this is the first time I’ve caught you cheating since we started together. How many other women have you fucked since then? It’s been what? Six months?”

“None,” I answered truthfully.

“None?” she repeated doubtfully.

“Yes.”

“Care to guess how many times I’ve cheated on you since then?”

And there she was admitting it. I’d never caught her, but I had my suspicions. It was easy for her to attract the attention of plenty of men--and probably a few women as well. Perrin was a beautiful woman with slightly honey-kissed skin, brilliant black hair than hung to her back, angular eyes that were light brown. All of this was all because of her combined genetics. She claimed to be half Norwegian and half Vietnamese.

I believed her.

“I don’t want to guess,” I told her.

We had sex on our first date. She told me that she was actively dating a couple of different guys at the time and wasn’t looking for anything exclusive. That was fine with me because I just wanted to get laid.

It wasn’t until our third date that she demanded that we reveal our kinks to make sure we were compatible at least for a long-term sexual relationship if not a full-blown romantic relationship. I agreed.

She revealed her kink first.

“I’m a cheater,” she said. “I get off on cheating on my boyfriends. I don’t think I’m ever going to get married because I’d probably cheat on my husband during the honeymoon.”

“Wow,” was my response. We were in bed together and her hand was playing with my soft cock. We had just fucked and it was crazy sex just like the other two times we had met to fuck. “That’s...sort of twisted.”

“Which is what kinky means,” she reminded me as she rolled on top of me. I palmed her small breasts and lightly pinched the nipples. She smiled at me. “I’m cheating right now.”

“What?” I was confused.

“I told Alex I was staying late at work. I knew I was going to fuck you instead of him. Maybe I’ll call him after I leave and fuck him tonight anyway.”

That was my introduction to Perrin’s kink.

“What’s your kink?” she demanded.

When I admitted it because I was amazed at her confession, she smiled. “I think we can work well together in bed. Hell, there might even be a relationship in store for us.”

She was right. There was. She even made up the rules for the game she wanted to play and I willingly went along.

“Four times,” she confessed. “I’ve cheated on you four times since we started dating.”

I didn’t want to ask if that was four guys, one time each, or four guys multiple times.

“But I didn’t catch you,” I said, reminding her of our agreement, our game.

“Because I didn’t want you to,” she said. “You must have wanted to get caught otherwise you wouldn’t have fucked...whatever blondie’s name is...in your apartment when you knew I was coming over.

I didn’t want to delve into my problematic psychology. “Or maybe I just fell asleep because I was exhausted from fucking her.”

“Maybe. She looked cute. Did you fuck her because she’s a natural blonde?” Perrin asked. “You want to breed her and have perfect blonde children?”

“No.”

“Did you want to get caught?” She wiggled my cage back and forth. I liked the way that felt.

“No.” I wasn’t sure if that was a lie or the truth.

It didn’t matter.

Chapter Two

“Maybe we should revisit our agreement,” I suggested to Perrin the next morning.

I had suffered the night wearing the cock cage that she now held the keys to. We’d played at chastity before. Usually only for an hour or two. She’d lock me up and tease me. I’d go down on her, make her cum, use my fingers on her, use her vibrator on her. After all that I’d be so worked up that when she finally released my straining cock from the cage, I’d barely have time to get it inside her before I came.

No, I don’t know why I was into chastity play. Yes, it was extremely lucky that she was into it as well.

Only once before had I gone an entire night wearing the cage. Perrin had fallen asleep after I made her cum too many times to count. She mumbled in her half sleep that she wanted a nap before I got mine. I was fine with that and cuddled up next to her on the bed. Before I knew it, I was asleep as well. I was woken up in the middle of the night by a pain in my groin. It was a midnight erection trying to fight the unbendable bars of the cage. When I had begged Perrin for the key, she had just giggled at me and left the bedroom. We kept them in the living room when we played because that made it more intense. Instead of returning with the key, she came back with a bag of frozen corn and put it on my failed erection. The cold made it go away. She promised that she’d let me free in the morning.

She did and we fucked like normal people. Still, it was the only time I had gone more than an hour in the cage.

Now she wanted me to wear it forever.

Or what seemed like forever.

Perrin looked over her bagel and coffee at me. “Well, I was going to tell you no, I like the current agreement. But…” She reached down to my crotch and grabbed my cock and cage through my shorts. It was mind-bending to feel her gripping me, but at the same time I couldn’t really feel her holding me. She gave my package a little shake and let go. “But maybe now that things have changed, maybe we should.”

Our agreement was simple. Since Perrin had a kink for cheating and she promised me that there was no way that she wasn't going to cheat on me, then we should have clear rules as to what should happen to our open relationship. There was no debate over whether or not there should be an open relationship, that's just the way she framed it.

I went along because sex with Perrin was amazing and I didn't see any downsides to possibly getting laid on the outside as well.

I was wrong.

Perrin promised to be discreet and not bring up who else she fucked. She'd deny it if I found evidence of her cheating. If I caught her mid-act, mid-coitus, in flagrante delicto, with some guy's dick in her pussy she promised to make a three way with her and another woman happen. If she caught me fucking another woman, then I'd have to wear the cage for a month and she'd be the one to hold the keys.

That was never going to happen so I quickly agreed.

I was wrong. So wrong.

"What should the new agreement be?" I asked because I didn't want to push her and I wanted a way to get the cage off my cock as soon as possible. An hour or two was fun, but a month was going to be unbearable.

"How about I'm free to fuck whoever I want, whenever I want, wherever I want during the next month?"

"Uh...isn't that already the agreement on your end."

"I won't hide it from you anymore."

I opened my mouth to reply to her, but had no words. Maybe I had a hint before that she had fucked someone else, but this was the first time it was going to be rubbed in my face. I didn't want that.

But apparently my cock did because up to that point in our conversation it had been soft and pliant. Now it tried to get hard. I winced at the sudden appearance of an unwanted erection.

Noting my expression, she tilted her head to the side. “You don’t want that?”

“I...uh...I got a little hard and it hurt,” I admitted, distracted by the pain.

She smiled. “So you like that idea. Do you want to watch me fuck another guy?”

“What? No!” My words were emphatic, but once again my cock gave me away. I didn’t want to see my girlfriend fuck someone else, but apparently my subconscious did.

“I think you’re lying.” She pulled at my shorts in an effort to see my cock. There was some struggle and I tried to push her away. I did and stood up from the table, out of her reach. “Show me your cock,” she said. “Show me it’s soft and I’ll let you out. But if you’re hard, I’ve got a lot of wonderful ideas for the both of us.”

I could have protested. I should have protested. I should have walked away.

Instead I pulled down my shorts and showed off my caged cock. It wasn’t soft. It wasn’t exactly hard, either, but it was trying to get hard. Did I want her to humiliate me? Maybe. At the very least I was confused on this whole issue and there was going to be more suffering in the near future.

“So we’re in agreement that I can fuck other men in front of you. The only real question is do I let you join in or do I make you watch.”

I didn’t have an answer for her.

“We can make that decision when the time arrives, I suppose,” she mused aloud.

“What about me?” I interjected. “What if I bring some woman home and bang her. Again.” I was angry and spoke out of anger. And stupidity.

Perrin looked pointedly at my caged cock. “Can you get out of that?” she asked. “I know that some men with application of enough lube and ice can get their shaft free to fuck someone, but I can’t imagine you finding anyone willing to do that for you. Still, if you manage...how about I join in for that elusive three-way that you’ve desperately hoping for?”

“That’s the same deal as before. Basically,” I said.

“Except that you want to watch me fuck another woman. And I get to have all the orgasms around here. You get nothing. Isn’t that what you want?”

It wasn’t exactly what I wanted, but I was willing to play along because I had some strange ideas of what was exciting and kinky.

Perrin kept me on edge all day and the next few days, teasing me through text messages and pictures.

I hated and loved it at the same time.

Are you hard or soft right now? That was her favorite thing to text to me. She did it three or four times a day.

The answer was almost always the same.

Soft.

Send me a pic and prove it.

Sometimes it took me a few minutes to get to the bathroom for a private picture. It wasn’t often that Perrin and I exchanged dirty pictures, but once she had caged me, it was happening much more often.

Half the time when I got to the bathroom, I had been pondering my kink long enough to try to get hard. Other times when she had texted me I was already hard and went soft. It was always a roll of the dice as to what type of picture she was going to get.

By the end of the week I was positive that Perrin had the most boring collection of caged cock pictures in this hemisphere. I deleted all the pix off my phone, but I had no idea what she did with hers.

I still got more than occasional erections, usually at the wrong time. I started reporting to my coworkers that I had a stomach issue. That was enough that they weren’t eager to follow me to the bathroom and was more than enough to cover any sudden and unexpected groans accompanied by doubling over for no apparent reason.

Perrin also took great pleasure in sending me, without any prompting or requests, pictures of her pussy. I was already intimately familiar with this bit of her anatomy, but they were still arousing. Sometimes she was wearing panties, but not usually. She kept her pubic hair neatly trimmed and shaped into a perfect small triangle. She wasn't into shaving. She got waxed every few weeks. As the week went on she became more and more obscene, spreading her inner lips for my viewing pleasure.

I loved and hated it.

When do you think the last time I had a dick in this pussy? The text was accompanied by yet another picture of her pussy. It was rather tame. Not much was showing because her hand covered her hair and her slit. I could see that her middle finger was penetrating her sex, but details were unfocused and sketchy.

We last had sex eight days ago. This depends on the definition of sex. Perrin had been coming over to my place every other night to tease me. She made me eat her pussy, which I enjoyed, she made me use a vibrator on her, she had me use my hands on her to make her squirt. I was a sex toy to her and I loved it.

She kept me in the cage and didn't want to discuss removing it.

That's not what I asked.

I sighed and made sure no one was watching me at my desk before I tapped out an answer to her. I hope the last time you had a dick inside your pussy was eight days ago.'

Keep hoping.

My cock tried to get hard. I was getting used to it now and managed not to groan or let the office know I was suffering another bout of fake stomach pains.

When was the last time you had a dick inside you? I decided to push back because I was frustrated.

Wouldn't you like to know?

YES! I don’t know why I made it seem to emphatic, but I was losing blood from my brain because it was all rushing to my cock where it was useless. My heart thudded in my chest and I wanted to be uncaged and I wanted it to last forever.

She didn’t answer me directly, of course, because she was a cruel tease. The first time I cheat on you, would you rather see me fucked by someone else or would you rather I come over to you with a pussy full of cum?

I was dizzy with her question. It had only been a couple of months since we had stopped using condoms. The mere suggestion that she would fuck someone else bareback scared me. It was an exciting fear. She was using other birth control besides condoms, but still…

I want to watch.

I didn’t remember tapping out the reply or sending it, but there it was on my phone and I wanted it to be true.

Good. You might get lucky tonight.

My cock got hard, truly hard. I could feel my flesh pressing into the metal bars and then retreating because flesh is weaker than metal.

Lucky? How? I sent several more texts to her but she didn’t reply. It wasn’t because she couldn’t reply. It was because she was tormenting me.

I had to wait until five o’clock to hear from her. Every minute was torture. I hated it and wanted it to end...but only if that end resulted in an orgasm for me. It had been a week. I needed to cum. Her text was just a list of rules.

I’ll be at your place at 6:30 with Shane.

You’ll be naked...except for your cage.

You’ll greet Shane with a handshake.

We (Shane and me) will go to your bedroom.

You'll follow us.

He and I will fuck.

You'll watch. You won't say anything except to answer my questions.

You'll do whatever I ask if you want to stay with me.

Text back only YES or NO.

I wanted to text back NO, but I texted back YES, because I'm a slave to my base urges. I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Maybe I should have been ashamed to admit it.

I rushed home early and cleaned my place. Why? I don't know. I was going to be humiliated and shamed for watching my girlfriend fuck another man, so I didn't want to be ashamed at home I kept my place. I'm not a slob, but it could still use a decent cleaning. I did as best I could and started to regret not hiring a cleaning service to come in at least once a week.

The most important thing was to change the sheets. I did that with pride. They were clean and perfect.

What was wrong with me?

I received a reminder text from Perrin at 6:15. It was a good thing that she reminded me to strip down because I had completely forgotten.

Or maybe I had wished it away. The subconscious is a strange thing.

I wasn't ashamed of my body and I was in reasonably good shape, but it's one thing to wear a cock cage in front of my girlfriend, it was another thing entirely to greet her lover of the evening naked but for it.

And still I did it.

Much to my relief Perrin didn’t just use her key to let herself into my place. She rang the bell and waited like a sophisticated woman. I went to the door and peered through the peephole.

It was impossible to tell because of the fisheye lens used in the hole, but Shane was a handsome man.

FUCK!

I would have been happier if he was ugly and she was just fucking him to play into my fantasy and hers.

Wait. Whose fantasy was it now.

She rang the bell again because I was taking too long to open the door.

Taking a deep breath I carefully opened the door, making sure to keep my body behind it so that anyone passing by wouldn’t see me naked.

Perrin hadn’t said anything about that so I went with the understanding that it was allowed.

She just stepped inside and pulled Shane in behind her. I quickly shut the door.

Remembering the rules I immediately stuck out my hand for Shane to Shake. I saw a smile tug at the corners of Perrin’s mouth. “Shane, Travis. Travis, Shane. I’m sure you’re pleased to meet each other.”

They were both dressed in business casual clothing because they had just come from work, presumably. I just assumed that Shane worked in her office or was some sort of business associate.

Or maybe she had sought him out, looking for a guy to fuck her in front of her boyfriend. Anything was possible.

Shane had been polite and kept his eyes at my face until she introduced him. Then he couldn’t help himself. His eyes descended to my caged cock. They went wide with amusement and surprised. I hoped it was a pleasant surprise.

It wasn’t that I had a small cock. Even flaccid I knew I was perfectly average. I

had measured and consulted every internet site that was fascinated with cock size. Hard, I was slightly above average. Maybe I was flattering myself, but I had a great cock. It was nothing to be ashamed of.

Or maybe I felt like the tough guy who woke up in the back of a police cruiser surprised at finding himself in handcuffs and unable to control his life any longer.

Something like that.

“Holy fuck! You weren’t kidding. He really is in that...thing.”

“It’s called a chastity cage,” I quickly blurted out.

“Whatever, man. You do you. No way am I that weird or kinky.” He saw shaking his head and I hated him.

Perrin grabbed him by the hand and started pulling him to the bedroom. “Let’s get down to business,” she said in the demanding tone that she liked to use. “Or do you want to spend the evening staring at my boyfriend’s useless cock?”

I swelled with pride at her small insult. She had called me her boyfriend; I liked that. She had called my cock useless. I both loved and hated that.

They were halfway down the hallway before I remembered to follow. By the time I got to the bedroom Perrin had turned around to face Shane and was kissing him.

My stomach became a tight knot and my heart slammed against my sternum. It was painful to watch her kissing another man, both physically and emotionally. The emotions were obvious. She was my girlfriend and wasn’t supposed to be playing around with anyone else, though I knew she did and would do so again. The physical pain was more centered. It was directly centered on my cock as it tried to get hard and couldn’t. I wanted to fall on my knees in pain.

When I realized there was no reason I couldn’t fall to my knees and I could see them better on the bed from that position, I did so.

Shane and Perrin were well into stripping each other of their clothing. Perrin was eager to get right to the main event. She pulled her blouse up over her head

along with her bra, freeing her tits. Seeing this, Shane dropped his face to her chest to kiss and suck her nipples. She caught me staring at them and smiled triumphantly.

“Like what you see?” she asked.

I didn’t have time to answer. My mouth was dry. My cock was semi-hard.

Shane answered for me. “I fucking love your tits. They’re beautiful.”

He pulled back and quickly unbuttoned his shirt enough to get it off, then went down on his knees like me, only he was busy unbuttoning her black pants and eagerly pulling them down.

Perrin had planned this. All of this. She had to. Underneath her pants she was wearing a thong that was completely out of character for her to wear to work. It was bright red and lacy and exposed her ass cheeks and who knows what else. I didn’t have time to carefully analyze her choice of undergarments because she kicked off her shoes and stepped out of her pants.

Shane quickly yanked down her thong. If he pulled it any harder he was sure to have torn it. He wasted no time in pressing his face into her crotch, inhaling her scent and trying to reach her pussy with his tongue.

Once again Perrin caught my eye. “This is what a real man does for a woman,” she told me.

I said nothing, of course, because I had spent more time eating her pussy than any other person on this earth. Slowly she backed up to the bed, Shane’s face in her pussy then entire time, sat down on the edge, spread wide her thighs, and leaned back on the mattress, giving him full access to her pussy.

I moved to the side. Shane continued to slather attention over her sex as he removed his dockers and underwear. I’m not ashamed to admit it: I checked out his cock.

It was perfectly nice. It wasn’t fully erect, not yet, but there was nothing wrong with it. He might have been huge. I didn’t have a good point of reference and didn’t have a good point of view since his thighs were blocking a direct look.

What I did know at that moment was that I wanted to see him fuck her. I wanted to see Shane make her cum, make her scream with pleasure and deposit his cum into her pussy.

“Come over here and hold my hand,” said Perrin.

Shane lifted his face from her pussy. “What?”

She glared at him. “I was talking to my boyfriend. But that’s enough oral. Are you hard enough to fuck me or do you need some extra help?” Not waiting for anything to go awry, I moved to the bed and grabbed Perrin’s hand.

Standing up Shane showed her his fully erect cock. “I’m good to go.”

“Good,” she smiled up at him. “Get a condom on and let’s do it.”

His smug grin diminished slightly. “I have to use a condom?”

“Don’t worry, Travis will give you one. He’ll even put it on you if you want.”

Knowing what was expected of me, I moved to the side of the bed and opened my drawer, getting out a condom. Call me twisted and sick, but I was sort of looking forward to handing it over to him. I was more than willing to roll it down his length if that’s what Perrin and Shane wanted. I was that overcome with lust that I had no sense of agency or sexual identity.

Wanting to move things along, I started to rip the packet open, but Shane snatched it out of my hand. “That’s fine. I’ll do it myself. I’ve been using them since I was fourteen.”

I was certain that was an outright lie of when he lost his virginity, but he wanted to make himself seem the dominant male in the room, so I let him have that little victory.

“Quit fucking around and get your dick in me,” Perrin complained. She had her hand between her legs, gently rubbing her pussy, while Shane wasted time. I watched as he rolled the condom on his cock and got into position on top of my girlfriend.

I wanted to reach out and hold his cock to guide it into her pussy. I was the one

who knew her body better than anyone and my assistance would have been well-received, but Perrin was the one to grab his shaft to put it at the right angle.

The feeling I experienced when he went into her, plumbing her depths, penetrating where only I should have been, was indescribable. It hurt and it mixed with lust and made my cock swell but the pain put me back in my place. I desperately wanted to jerk off but knew that wasn't possible. I wanted to closely watch them fuck. I wanted to see her penetrated and used again and again by Shane and any man she wanted.

It was the perfect feeling, naked pain and pure emotion roiled with lust and fascination.

Perrin tightly gripped my hand as Shane started thrusting into her. I squeezed back. She turned her head just enough to acknowledge me, a smug smile on her face told me that she was enjoying this just as much as I was, if not more.

And then that was it. She turned her face back to Shane, stared deeply into his eyes, and then pulled his face down to hers for a kiss.

If anything, the kiss hurt me more than her pussy being filled by his cock.

Shane was an enthusiastic lover and started pounding away at Perrin's pussy. Maybe he was eager or maybe he didn't know how to fuck my girlfriend or maybe he was nervous with another man in the room, watching and silently judging him.

Yes, I was judging everything about him.

I wished I had found more about him that was lacking.

Perrin moaned and groaned prettily as he fucked her. I was jealous, I'll admit it. There wasn't any reason not to be jealous.

I recognized the noises that my girlfriend made and when she squeezed my hand so tightly I thought that she might break a few of my fingers, I knew she had climaxed.

Somehow the whole encounter would have been better if she hadn't cum.

Or maybe her cumming was the best part. I couldn't tell.

"Give it to me," she begged Shane. "Give me your load." Her voice was tight and strained. I wanted her to cum again. I loved it when I could make her cum three or four times in a row, leaving her shaking with exhaustion.

"Almost there," Shane grunted. He was covered with sweat from his efforts. I wanted to reach out and run my finger down his spine, feeling the smoothness and perhaps cupping one of his buttocks to feel the thrusting power of that muscle, just underneath the skin.

But I didn't. I couldn't.

"Don't cum in me," Perrin suddenly instructed.

Shane stopped moving. "What?" Clearly he wanted to cum and expected to finish in her. I wanted him to finish in her, maybe make her cum once more.

"Cum on me," she told him, pushing back on his shoulder. "I want your hot cum on me. Make me pretty with it."

Apparently that was enough for Shane. He pulled out and got up on his knees. I would have taken off his condom, but he did it on his own, tossing it aside before pumping his shaft with his meaty hand. I watched in fascination as I had seen so many other men doing before, only this was real and live and every other time I had seen it was on a video.

Perrin spared me a quick glance, licking her lips in anticipation of what was to come. Literally cum. She had the fingers of one hand interlocked with mine and the other was on her pussy, rubbing at her clit, waiting for Shane to finish.

It wasn't a huge show of shock and awe. It was a nice load erupting from his cock that arced gracefully through the air before landing with little splatters all over Perrin's tummy and pussy. A few drops made it as far as the bottom of her tits. I could see one thick droplet had landed in her little patch of pubic hair.

Almost immediately she withdrew her fingers from her pussy and idly traced them through the thick liquid that now covered her. She looked to me. "And I pretty now?"

“You’re beautiful.” I couldn’t help myself and leaned forward to kiss her on the lips. Under any other circumstances the kiss would have been chaste. As it was it felt obscene.

“Do you love me?” she asked in such a soft whisper that I wasn’t certain if I had heard her or if it was my imagination. Certainly Shane couldn’t have heard the questions.

“Yes.” We had never exchanged the love word before, but now it felt natural and almost mandatory. “I love you.”

She smiled. It was an evil smile. My cock twitched in my cage. “I know you do.”

“You’re a good fuck,” Shane told her, a self-satisfied grin on his face.

I hated his face and wanted to wipe the stupid expression from it.

“Thank you,” she said politely. “Are you done?”

“Done?” he asked dumbly.

“Yes. Done? You came. Was there anything else you wanted?”

Shane gave a small chuckle. “Well, yeah. To fuck you again.”

“Not tonight,” she said almost demurely, but in such a way that said she wasn’t going to put up with an argument from him. “But if you want, Travis will suck you off. No one likes to go home with a sticky cock, right?”

I was alarmed that she was offering me up for oral sex with a man that I had barely met. I wasn’t at all eager to go down on a man. I suppose I was lucky that he turned Perrin—and me—down.

“No thanks,” he said, glancing my way with a mild look of disgust. “Now if you’re going to suck me off, I’ll gladly say yes.”

Perrin frowned at him. “No. I’m not sucking you off tonight. I need to spend some time with my boyfriend. Why don’t you get your clothes on and leave?” It was phrased as a question, but it was obvious that it was a command.

Shane kept kneeling there a minute unable to comprehend what had just happened. “What?”

“Get dressed and leave,” she said, levering herself up a bit on her elbows. “Do I need to be any more clear?”

I could tell from the look that Shane gave me he was sizing me up. Even in my cock cage, I managed to project a look of confidence and masculinity because he back down.

“You’re both fucking freaks.” He got off the bed and quickly found his clothes.

“Yes,” Perrin agreed. “That’s the fun of it. And you just fucked a freak.” It sounded like she was more than a little amused by her humiliation of him along with me. My mind was reeling. I couldn’t believe that my girlfriend was like this.

I should have expected it, but I was stupid.

Lust does that.

We watched together for the minute it took Shane to get dressed. He said nothing else to us, but it was clear he was angry from the expression on his face. “Goodbye, you twisted fucks,” he dismissed us as he walked out and slammed the front door to my apartment.

I cleared my throat. “Do you...do you want me to get a washcloth and clean you up?” I wanted to do something for her, something intimate. A shower would have been better for her, but that was too impersonal.

“No. I want you to clean me up,” she said boldly.

“What?” I was confused.

“With your tongue,” she specified and continued to trace her finger through the cum Shane had left behind.

“Uh…”

“Do you want to do this or not?”

The answer was no. I didn't want to do it, but on the other hand, I did want to do it because I didn't understand myself.

"Yes," I squeaked out.

She pointed to her wet tummy. "I've swallowed plenty of guy's cum in my life. It's not that bad. Sometimes it's even fun. I promise I'll make it worth your while if you do it."

Any hint of a promise to get out of my cage was good enough for me.

It wasn't easy, but once I started, it wasn't terrible. The cum had that chemical bleach smell and taste. I couldn't blame women for not wanting to swallow when they gave blowjobs. It was thick and mildly vile. I'd drunk beer in college that was worse. I pretended it was just a kink that she was into and it wasn't a man's cum, it was just like lapping up thick sweat from her body. I'd spent plenty of time in her pussy with my tongue, so this was no worse.

It was going to be worth it when she released my cock and I got to fuck her. Or maybe she'd suck me off. That sounded fun too.

It only took a couple of minutes to lap up all of Shane's cum. I liked it when I got the last few drops out of her pubic hair because her pussy scent was particularly strong just then.

"Good enough," she said. "Now go to the bathroom and get me that washcloth."

I eagerly followed her command, returning with one that was wet with warm water and a dry one to remove any lingering moisture from her skin.

I was confused when I found her in the bed. She had moved, of course, and had a long pink vibrator in her hand. She stored that vibrator in my bedroom nightstand; we had integrated it in our sex life before, but she wasn't using it on herself just then.

"Are you going to use that on your pussy?" I asked.

She just smiled. "Clean me."

I followed her orders. I wanted my cock to get hard, but I couldn't manage it. I

was too nervous.

“Lay down,” she said when I was done.

I tossed aside the washcloths and did was she said. The cage didn’t flop onto my thigh. I was too hard for it to rest easily. Perrin moved so that her pussy was over my face. I wasn’t a big fan of 69, but if that’s what she wanted, that’s what she would get.

“Where’s the key?” I asked.

“I left it at home,” she said. “I didn’t want to be tempted to release you.”

“What?” I was staring at her pussy. It was swollen from being fucked and I wanted to lick it, to suck on her little clit and make her cum while she jerked me off or sucked me. Anything.

I recognized the hum of the vibrator. “This might take a little while,” she said. “I’ve been reading up on it. If it doesn’t work after a while, I’ll put it up your ass. Supposedly prostate orgasms for men are just like g-spot orgasms for women.”

She pressed the vibrator gently against my cage. It felt weird and arousing at the same time. Her scent filled my nose. Her pretty pussy was a feast for my eyes. I wanted to get hard and I couldn’t. I kept trying and failing. My hands were resting on her thighs and buttocks. The sensations were terrible and wonderful at the same time.

Exquisite torture.

The vibrator was a soft silicone model. The rattle of it against my cock cage wasn’t loud, but it was powerful enough to shake me in a way that was unnatural.

The orgasm happened without me having any control over it. Instead of my cum shooting out, it more or less leaked out. My cock was semi-hard but not hard enough for a real orgasm. It hurt and didn’t give me the real relief that I wanted. I felt pathetic.

I felt especially pathetic when her laughter reached my ears.

“That’s...that’s so weak and weird,” she said as she lowered her pussy closer to my face. “I want to do it again.”

“I can’t,” I nearly whimpered.

“Maybe tomorrow. Right now eat me out. Make me cum. Then you can shower. This is going to be so much fun for the both of us.”

I wasn’t so sure of that, but I went along with her. Who was I to refuse the request of a woman with her pussy in my face?

To Be Continued

Preview

Milk and Honey 5

Ladies night at the club was everything I had hoped it would be. And more. Much more.

It was the more part that was disturbing. While it was one thing to play and experiment with your sexuality when you were pushing forty, it was another thing to realize that you didn't know yourself as well as you thought you did and one night at an all-female orgy was enough to make me reconsider who I was.

I wasn't going to leave Seth and take up with a lesbian lover.

But maybe that was because I hadn't met the right woman yet.

What had started as a fun little diversion and experimentation with my unknown need to start an adult lactation relationship with my husband had me questioning everything about my life, my sexuality, my marriage vows, my monogamy (though that was long gone), and how I saw myself in the world.

Who knew a greedy pussy and milk-producing tits could get me into so much trouble?

The night at the club started exactly like the other two nights at the club—I went to the bar to have a drink—except I wasn't with my husband and there were no men at the club.

Okay, that's a slight exaggeration. There were two men at the club—acting as bouncers I later learned because sometimes the women got a little aggressive with each other and sometimes a guy or two would try to slip in just to watch all the girl-on-girl action.

I couldn't blame them.

And I realized the need for bouncers around women was not a misplaced thought. One of the cardinal rules of the club was no sex or nudity in the bar. The moment I walked in the bar, I saw more naked tits than I ever had before in

my life.

And I saw more than one couple making out.

And I saw what I could only describe as three ladies doing…something that in any other context would be obscene, but in the club at that moment was pretty hot. I sort of wanted to join them, but Danielle had other plans for me.

“Oh thank god,” she said rushing up to me. I was glad to see that she was fully dressed, though of course my mind immediately wandered and I wondered what she would look like naked. It didn’t take much to get me sexually wound up. Danielle was one of the few patrons of the club that I hadn’t seen at least partially undressed. “We were hoping you’d show up.”

I’d sent an email earlier confirming that I would be coming, but communication at the club wasn’t always precise and I had learned that some people would chicken at the last moment.

Not me.

“I said I’d be here.”

She was looking at my tits. Or rather, she was looking at my cleavage. I knew what she was thinking. I’d gotten used to people in the know staring at my chest because that was what made me different than the other women at the club. And most of the women on Earth. “Are you…full?” She gestured unnecessarily with her hands, indicating my largish breasts.

“Yes.”

“Good. Do you mind if some of the women…sample from you?”

Apparently oral sex and anal sex and vaginal sex are all fine at the club, but the discussion of whether or not it was okay to taste another woman’s breast milk had potential to be awkward.

“Sample? Hell yes. I want to feed a bunch of these bitches. That’s how I get off.”

That was a slight exaggeration…but not much of one.

“Thank goodness. Where do you want to begin?”

I looked around the bar and it felt like I had been left behind. Most of the women were already paired off or in groups or were drinking. Once again I felt like an outsider. I didn’t know where to start. I just wanted to have a drink to loosen up and then maybe pair off with a nice girl to give this whole walking over the line into lesbianism thing a real try.

“Uh…with a drink.”

Danielle smiled at me in a way that was too familiar. “Are you asking for one or supplying?”

“Rum and Coke, please.” What else was I going to say? Gimmie a shot of Jack?

“Sure,” Danielle said. “I’ll be right back.”

It only occurred to me then that I was treating her like a waitress, which she wasn’t, but before I had a moment to over-analyze that I had just treated the very nice hostess of the next club where I was still a new member like a servant, I received a polite tap on my shoulder.

I turned to face a pretty woman a few years older than me. She had either pre-gamed a whole lot or had been the first one at the club. Her eyes were glassy from too much alcohol, her words were slightly slurred, and her face was reddened, but not from embarrassment.

“You’re Malka, aren’t you?” she said. The alcohol fumes from her breath were more than enough for me to start down the path to inebriation.

“Yes.”

“Erika.” She leaned in close. I wanted to take a step back, but she put her hand on my shoulder. “Can I kiss you?”

“Uh…why?”

She smiled. “’Cause you’re pretty and I want to.”

Before I could give her the brush off, she pushed up against me and I received a

kiss that was both fierce and soft at the same time. Her tongue was warm and wet and when her body pressed against mine I was reminded at how soft women are compared to men. I was getting myself into a situation that I shouldn't be anywhere near.

My hands went to her hips. Hers went around my waist and slowly descended to my ass.

I didn't stop her.

"Oh. It's so nice to see you've met Erika." Danielle returned with my drink. After kissing Erika I wasn't sure I was going to need it, but to be polite I still took it from her. "She said she was interested in…playing with you."

"All we've done so far is kiss," I blurted out, as if making up an excuse for my behavior. I knew nothing about Erika. She was wearing a fuzzy pink sweater that outlined her breasts and a pair of black slacks. In the dim light of the bar I was certain I wasn't going to be able to see much more beyond that.

"That was me," said Erika. "I thought a kiss was a nice way to star before I tasted her milk."

She reached out and groped me.

She actually groped me.

Even though I knew she was drunk it was like she was honking my tit. I had better groped in high school with boys who had no clue as to what they were doing. There was absolutely no pleasure in what she was doing to me.

And still my body responded. I could feel my pussy get wet and the milk in my breasts started welling up. I wasn't leaking, not yet, but if I didn't get something going soon, the front of my fancy silk blouse would have milk stains…and that would be through the padded and supportive bra I was wearing.

"She's a good kisser," I said, which was a lie. She was a drunk kisser which should have done nothing for me, and yet it did. I swallowed half the contents of the glass Danielle had passed to me and let the rum burn its way down my throat; the Coke only partly cut the fire. Whoever was tending bar poured it strong.

“Thanks,” said drunk Erika. “Wanna go to a room and get naked so I can taste your milk?”

A girl liked to be wooed and flirted with and seduced. Erika was acting like a drunk frat boy and I had been done with that my sophomore year of college. “Why not do it here?” I asked sarcastically.

“Okay!” She was all over me. There was another attempted, sloppy kiss and then her hand was going up my blouse, cupping my breast, squeezing uncomfortably. It was the fun, dirty bit of lesbianism I wanted to indulge in.

And still I couldn’t say no.

Luckily Danielle was there and she could. “No, Erika,” she all but shouted at my too aggressive wanna-be lover. “You’re too drunk and too rude. Go home.”

“What the fuck!” Erika complained. There was anger in her voice and she looked like she wanted to fight.

Like magic one of the two big men who were bouncers for the evening appeared at my side and took Erika by the upper arm. “Danielle’s right, honey,” he said. “Time for you to go and cool off.” Just like that he hustled her out of there. It helped that he was probably twice her weight, all of his being muscle.

I looked at his retreating ass with a little too much lust.

“Let Tom go,” Danielle instructed me. “He’s more interested in the men than the women.”

“He is?” I was disappointed.

“Yup. That’s why he’s bouncing. Are you looking for a quick fuck or do you just want to take off your shirt and offer your tits to whomever walks by?”

I’d already offered my tits to whomever walked by. I had done that the previous week when the club had been full of couples. A lot of those couples had the male half very interested in tasting my milk. I was willing to do it again, but it wasn’t my special kink. I wasn’t looking for a quick fuck either. Even knowing that’s what the club was for—fucking near-strangers in near-anonymity—I wasn’t looking for that either.

At that moment I realized that I already had what I wanted: a husband at home who was happy to indulge in my kink and loved to suck the milk out of my tits. He also super-understanding that no one man could be everything to a woman and let me have a younger boyfriend on the side—a boyfriend who was also happy to engage in my kink. What more could a woman want?

Now, to be fair, I indulged in Seth's kink for public sex and going to the club to have sex in front of others. I didn't mind that at all; fair was fair. But I wasn't into having sex with near strangers. I wanted to have sex with those around me that I had love and affection for, though I was willing to settle just for affection.

It was at that moment that Ruth appeared at my side. "Are you going to get the girls out, or what?"

"What?" I wasn't a very witty conversationalist.

"Sure, I'd be happy to take you to a private room and go down on you hard enough to make you forget your name…and that you're married…and that you prefer men."

I looked at her blankly. Clearly witty repartee was one of her strengths.

"You said what," she explained gently to me.

"I don't get it." I was clearly and loser and outclassed, so I did the smart thing and drank heavily from the glass in my hand.

"I asked if you were going to get the girls out—meaning your milk-fed claim to fame, your tits, girl, your tits—or what. And you said what. So that meant that you were ready to get down and fuck me."

I blinked. The alcohol was kicking in and I was sort of turned on but I wasn't going to be the center of attention. I just wanted a nice girl to suck on my nipple, draw out my milk, and make me cum.

Was that too much to ask?

Was Ruth that sort of nice girl?

I was certain that I had waited too long. Ruth's expression changed from eager

lustiness to disappointed resignation as I thought for too long.

“Sure. Let’s do it!” I said with far too much enthusiasm. While maybe I didn’t have as much enthusiasm for having sex with a woman I barely knew, I did want to do it.

Everything I had done up to that point was either for myself and my curiosity, or to please my husband. I was fairly sure that I wasn’t into women, but I had deliberately put myself into a situation where I had to have sex with a woman. Sort of. I could have backed out at any point, but I didn’t.

What was wrong with me?

Nothing probably, but I needed to find out.

Ruth grabbed my hand and pulled me through the crowd of half-dressed women. I caught a couple of glance of full on sex acts. There was a very pretty woman with her dress hiked up to her waist and sitting her naked butt on the bar, her legs spread wide, each foot on a separate stool, while some other woman was kneeling in front of her, eating her pussy. I saw another woman in jeans and a t-shirt wearing a strapon harness and sporting a big purple dildo while two other women were fondling and laughing about it. Both of the fondlers were completely naked.

At one of the large tables several women were playing what looked like strip poker. One of them was pinching the nipple of the woman next to her. No one at the table seemed to think this was a problem or unusual.

There were too many women to count who had paired off and were making out. It occurred to me that I was one of those women who had paired off and not only was I shortly going to be making out, but I was going to have pure lesbian sex in a few minutes.

What was pure lesbian sex? It wasn’t just a philosophical question for me. I knew I could get Ruth off with my fingers and mouth, but I was stuck on the idea of penetrative genital sex and activities that just led up to orgasm. Did it all count as sex?

It didn’t matter. In short order I was alone with Ruth. She pushed me up against the wall of the small room and kissed me. It was a surprisingly intimate kiss, soft

and wet and hot and I enjoyed it more than I wanted to admit. Our bodies pressed together and it struck me again at how much softer women's bodies were than men's. It was thrilling and I never wanted it to stop, but then I felt Ruth's hand groping at my chest, unbuttoning my shirt.

I knew what she wanted. Did she know how much I wanted to give it to her?

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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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