CUCKQUEAN

1: ICING ON THE CAKE



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Cuckquean 1: Icing on the Cake

An Erotic Romance of Cuckqueaning

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cuckquean 1: Icing on the Cake

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Chapter One

I opened the door to let Greta in. She was my boyfriend's oldest friend. I already knew that. I was hoping against hope that she was boring and dumpy.

She wasn't.

She had a bubbly personality, curly blonde hair with a pink streak dyed into it, brilliant blue eyes, and tits much bigger than mine. Not that she was trying to show them off, but they were big and it's impossible to hide tits that big.

I knew she was bigger than me because my tits were barely bigger than A cups.

She was easily a D.

"Eleanor?" she asked behind a huge smile with brilliant white teeth.

I wanted to hate her, but somehow I couldn't. She seemed so happy just to see me, a person she had never met before.

"Call me Ellie," I said automatically.

"Great to meet you Ellie," she said and then threw her arms around me in a huge hug and kissed me on the cheek. "You can call me Gigi."

It was a much friendlier greeting than I had been expecting.

"Where's Brent?" she asked after letting me go so I could breathe again.

"In here!" my boyfriend called from the kitchen. "Making you dinner!"

Greta...Gigi...pushed into Brent's house looking for her old friend.

I'll admit it. I was a little miffed. Even though he had told me she was his best and oldest friend—which I figured had to be a bit of an exaggeration—and I had only been dating Brent a grand total of four months, I was jealous of her.

Maybe because they had been friends, according to him, since practically birth (their mothers had been college roommates and Gigi was only ten days older than Brent).

Maybe because she was prettier than me. I'll admit it.

Maybe because I was unsure of where my relationship with Brent stood.

And maybe because I was a tiny bit attracted to her.

But I would never admit that.

Gigi had been in Brent's house before, even if she did live more than two hundred miles away. She was back visiting family and had to stop to see Brent. It was mandatory, he told me. I followed behind and found her giving Brent a hug, but it was a hug like someone might give a favorite cousin at the family reunion or Thanksgiving. He gave her a kiss on the cheek and that was that.

Gigi helped finish making dinner alongside me and Brent. Dinner went well. It just seemed like a normal of old friends.

Until we got into the third bottle of wine.

We were laughing about some dumb joke or another, something about their childhood, when Gigi suddenly bursts out with, "I can't wait to fuck you tonight!"

I had a shocked look on my face when I instinctively blurted, "What?"

It was Brent that screwed everything up. He was a little too drunk and said, "Shh! I was planning on telling her later!" Then he laughed hysterically.

At that point I knew that Gigi wasn't just goofing around.

I fixed him with a glare. "Tell me what?" It was a question, but it was also a demand.

Gigi, to her credit, slapped her hand in front of her mouth and muttered. "I'm sorry. Shit! I fucked it up!"

Brent waved his hand at her. "It's fine. It's fine, Gigi. I have to tell her sometime."

My eyes narrowed. "Tell me what, exactly? Are you two in some secret relationship? Am I a fucking beard?"

“We’re not in a secret relationship,” said Brent, suddenly very sober.

“Well, it’s not much of a secret,” Gigi giggled.

I frowned at her. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“We’re friends,” Brent said.

“Just friends?”

“More than friends,” Gigi offered too easily. “But our families think we’re just friends.”

“We were always lumped together when we were growing up,” Brent hastily explained. “Our siblings were much older and our parents were...hands off with us because we didn’t cause trouble.”

“Brent and I lost our virginities to each other right after we turned sixteen,” Gigi said as if she couldn’t help herself.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” I said, my lip curling. “And you’ve been fucking her on and off since then?”

“Yes,” Brent said.

“Except when I was married for three years. Biggest mistake of my life,” Gigi muttered.

“Yeah…” Brent said in a tone that told me there was more to the story.

“Spill it,” I told him.

Gigi did the deed. “Okay, so maybe we hooked up a few times while I was married to Chad. But that wasn’t the reason I got divorced.”

“It sounds like it,” I muttered.

Gigi looked at Brent and put down her wine glass. It was empty anyway. “Are you going to invite her into our bed or not?” Gigi demanded.

“Our bed?” I was offended.

“Can I explain?” Brent demanded.

“I wasn’t expecting to get invited into a three-way tonight,” I told him.

“Says the girl who screamed at me on our first date to spank her hard enough to cry and then to shove my dick up her ass.” Brent wasn’t exaggerating.

“You’ve got to be kidding!” Gigi hooted.

“No,” Brent said evenly.

Gigi looked at me.

My face flushed bright red.

“Okay, yeah, that’s true.”

“She’s pretty kinky,” Brent told her.

I covered my face with my hand. “Please don’t tell her everything.”

“He doesn’t have to,” Gigi said graciously. “I just want to know if we’re all going to be fucking tonight.”

“Uh…” was my reaction, which I think was fair because I didn’t think I was going to get invited into a three-way with my newish boyfriend and his life-long friend tonight.

“Well?” Brent asked me. “Usually Greta and I have sex when she visits. Do you want to join us?”

He was trembling. I could see his hands shaking.

That wasn’t the reason I said yes, but it sure helped a lot in getting me to yes.

“Yes.”

Gigi’s eyes lit up when I said yes. “I told you she’d say yes.”

I was flabbergasted. “I’ve never met you! How would you even guess at what I’d say?”

“Brent told me all about you.”

That sounded good, but she didn’t know me as well as she thought she did.

Yes, it was true that I asked Brent to spank me hard enough to cry and then have anal sex with me on our first date. In my defense, I was a little bit drunk. Sort of like now. Also in my defense, I hadn’t had sex in over six months before that.

Finally, in my defense, anal sex and spanking are pretty low key kinks. I should know. I didn’t tell, and still haven’t told, Brent about all my kinks.

I didn’t think he knew I was bi, but maybe he guessed. I wasn’t into telling guys that I was bi because as soon as they find out one of two things happens. One: they immediately want to have a three-way. Possibility two: they tell me I’m confused and I’m either straight and confused or a lesbian and I needed to pick one right then.

Gigi was hot and the exact sort of girl I went for: blonde, big tits, effervescent and presumably straight.

“I didn’t tell her all about you,” Brent said quickly.

I gave him some side eye, but stayed quiet. He didn’t know all about me.

But he knew enough. He knew that I was into spanking and anal sex.

And why would that interest Gigi in me?

“I want to take Brent to the bedroom right now and fuck him,” Gigi said. “Do you mind? I know he’s your boyfriend and all but…”

“That sounds great, actually,” I told her. “Do you mind if I watch?”

The two of them exchanged a look that told me everything I needed to know.

“That would be great, Ellie,” Brent said to me.

So we went to Brent’s bedroom. After all, if three thirty-somethings can’t have wild sex in the privacy of the man’s home, what justice is there in the world?

When we got to the bedroom, Gigi said, “You sure this is okay with you?” She

didn’t really wait for an answer as she drew Brent closer to her.

I nodded eagerly. Maybe Gigi was an exhibitionist. I was a voyeur, so that meshed perfectly. “Go ahead.”

Brent was nervous. I didn’t blame him. We had fallen hard for each other and now there was this bit of history between the two of them coming between the two of us. I was fine with it. Before Brent it had been six months since I had gotten laid...with a man.

It had been over two years since I had been with a woman. I just needed to figure out if it was okay with Brent if I played with his...girlfriend? Other friend? Best friend? Friend with benefits?

They kissed and my stomach did flip flops. Right then I was certain I wanted to see the two of them fuck and I didn’t care about the consequences.

As they continued kissing it struck me that Gigi was sort of a modern-day Marilyn Monroe. It wasn’t an exact likeness, but it was close. She had Marilyn’s body type and hair and almost the way she acted.

They started to strip each other’s clothing and I watched them intently. I was already familiar with Brent’s body. His light brown, almost auburn hair, and lean muscles. He was tall and slim, but when I gripped his biceps when we fucked, it was like holding stones in my hands. Of course he had a flat stomach, no six pack, but was more than defined enough for me.

His cock was his crowning glory, as it were. Brent trimmed his pubic hair so he didn’t have a soft nest of curly pubes, but that only served to enhance the length of his cock. It wasn’t the thickest I had ever had, but it was easily the longest. I could wrap both my hands around it and still the head would peek out.

That’s what Gigi was doing at the moment. She was down on her knees. Brent was naked though his pants and underwear were wrapped around his ankles. He was already hard. Had I missed the start of the blowjob she was giving him?

I don’t think so. She looked up at him and he grinned down at her.

“It’s just like I remember,” she told him.

“Put it in your mouth,” he said.

She pouted. My thighs quivered at her expression. “What if I don’t want to put it in my mouth?”

“Then I’m just going to shove it in your pussy.”

A broad grin filled her face. She licked the head of his cock. Brent was already leaking precum so when her tongue passed over his slit a string of it ran from her tongue to his cock head.

“You’re naked and I’m still dressed. How would you possibly shove it in my pussy?”

She wasn’t fully dressed. She was down to her bra and panties. They weren’t extra fancy, but they were pretty. And they were matching. Blue and white with a lot of lace. The bra pushed up her tits making them look bigger. I wondered how big she was. The panties weren’t exactly a thong, but the way she was kneeling pulled them up into her flesh, exposing all of her thigh and a lot of her ass.

She had all the right curves in contrast to my sharp angles. I was jealous, but I wasn’t going to tell her that. There was no justice in the world when it came to other women having better bodies than me.

Greta continued to suck Brent for another minute. She did it elegantly, exquisitely. She knew exactly what she was doing. I wanted my chance to show her that I knew how to properly fellate a man, but I was too distracted by my hand shoved down into my panties.

I had hiked up my skirt so I could masturbate. I felt the smooth, slick skin of my bare pussy. I was leaking like a sieve. I wanted to be fucked, but Brent was busy. Instead I pushed my middle finger all the way into myself and groaned softly.

They didn’t hear me at all.

I watched in amazement as Gigi carefully eased Brent’s cock down her throat. All the way down her throat. Her nose rested against his short, soft pubic hair. I couldn’t do that; there was no justice.

I told myself they were well familiar with each other’s bodies. After all they had

been fucking since they were sixteen, that was half their lives.

She backed off, releasing Brent's cock. He grinned happily down at her. She ducked her head lower and took his balls into her mouth. I knew he liked having his balls sucked. That was something I could do and had done for him.

Brent moaned loudly. "Do you want me to cum in your hair?" he asked.

He had never asked that of me. But her hair was thick and curly. Mine was stick straight. Hers hung down beneath her shoulders. Mine was cut short and practical.

Her: blonde. Me: mousy brunette.

"No!" she protested.

"Want me to cum in your mouth?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No."

"Want me to cum in your pussy?"

Now she nodded. "Yes."

In a flash she mounted the bed on all fours, still in her bra and panties. Brent stood on the floor behind her and yanked down her panties, exposing the beautiful, broad expanse of her ass.

I licked my lips and ran my finger up and down against my clit. My panties were completely soaked through now.

He didn't use a condom. He just eased his cock into her pussy. She was wet. I could see that from where I sat on the floor, my back against the wall, legs sprawled.

Brent didn't just plunge in. He eased in an inch, pulled back a half inch, eased in another inch, until he was using the whole of his cock and my heart was pounding in jealousy.

"Fuck yes," Gigi grunted as they got to business.

I watched closely, two fingers in my pussy now. It wasn't the same as Brent's cock, but it would do for the moment.

The two of them fucked with an enthusiasm I hadn't ever seen. Not that I've ever been in a three-way before. Not that I watch a lot of porn. But it was still fucking exciting.

They were so eager to fuck that he didn't even bother to remove Gigi's bra. That was a shame because I would have loved to see her tits.

He grabbed her hips and fucked her fast and hard. Their flesh slapped together noisily. I couldn't help but find beauty in the ripples and waves through the flesh of Gigi's ass each time their bodies impacted.

I was close to orgasm already so I slowed myself down. I wanted to watch them, not just get myself off as quickly as possible.

"It's gonna be quick," Brent grunted to her.

"You gonna cum?" she replied huskily.

"Yeah. Want me to…" He didn't get a chance to finish his question.

I recognized the sound of Brent cumming. His balls tightened up and I knew he was ejaculating in her.

Either something went wrong or they expected the other to move in a certain way that didn't happen. It didn't matter. Somehow Brent's cock popped free of her pussy while in mid-ejaculation. His cum splattered on her lower back and ass.

It was a beautiful sight.

"Fuck! Sorry about that," Brent apologized. I wasn't sure if he was apologizing for cumming on her ass or inside her pussy.

"It's fine."

"That was fucking hot!" I exclaimed much more loudly than I had intended.

Brent looked over at me in surprise, as if he had forgotten I was there. He recovered smoothly. “Did you like the show?”

I just nodded. How could I not like that show?

I still hadn’t cum. I wasn’t sure if Gigi had or not either. I struggled to my feet, my fingers still in my panties as I walked over to them.

They were both watching me, unsure of what I was going to do. I was unsure of what I was going to do.

The first thing I did was unzip my skirt and drop it to the floor. It was just in the way. That left me in my panties and top.

I couldn’t say why I did it, but I lowered my face to Gigi’s ass where she was still on all fours on the bed. I had swallowed enough of Brent’s cum to know what to expect.

It was tastier than I remembered it. Maybe that was because I was licking it off Gigi’s smooth, soft skin.

“Holy shit,” Brent breathed.

Gigi just giggled.

That was the best reaction I could have gotten.

“Did you cum?” I asked Gigi between licks.

She shook her head back and forth. “No,” she said softly.

I turned my head to look at Brent. His cock was inches from my face, covered in Gigi’s amrita and his cum. I wanted to put it in my mouth and suck it, but he had already gotten his reward. Gigi deserved more.

“Ladies always cum first,” I told him. “You were being rude.”

“I apologize,” he said, pressing his hand to his chest.

“Ladies sometimes have to take things into their own hands,” I said and pushed him aside. I took his spot behind Gigi but knelt on the floor, bringing my face in

line with her pussy and ass.

Brent had left a mess behind. She was dripping wet, not just from her natural juices, but from his cum as well. It had been a long time since I had been with another woman. Watching the two of them fuck had put me back in the mood for pussy, even if, or perhaps especially because, Brent had already used her.

I didn't ask permission and I didn't know what Gigi's reaction was going to be, but if the relationship I was building with Brent was going to be ruined by this, it was good that we were only four months into it.

Her pussy was hot. I could feel the heat coming off her as I ran my tongue over her swollen labia. I savored the mix of their juices and then licked her again. It was almost too much so I had to swallow it.

"Ohh," Gigi said in a small voice that quivered.

"Keep going," Brent encouraged me.

That was a good sign.

"Do you want me to keep going?" I asked Gigi, but I was addressing her pussy and tightly puckered back entrance.

"Yesss," she said in the same quivering voice. "Please."

That's all the reassurance I needed. I pressed my face into her pussy and got down to serious business.

I've had my pussy eaten by men and women. One gender isn't better than the other. You might think that women would be better than men, but I hadn't found that to be the case. It was highly individual.

Anyway, I loved eating Gigi's well-used pussy. And either she loved it as well, or she did a good job of faking it because her moans were beautiful music as I lapped up every bit of their combined cum.

It was hard to get my mouth down low enough to reach her clit, but I made a good effort and sucked the little organ into my mouth.

That sent her spasming.

I held on for dear life, my arms wrapped around her thighs, my face buried in her pussy from behind as she came.

After I disengaged from her, Brent looked at me with amazement. “What?” I asked him, wiping Gigi’s amrita and his cum from my face.

“I didn’t know you were bi.”

“Am I?” I teased him. “Or do I just like eating your cum?”

Brent’s eyes bugged and I laughed. “Maybe I am a little bi,” I admitted.

“So you enjoyed the show?”

“Yes.” I lightly kissed Gigi’s upturned ass before giving her ass a little pat. “I enjoyed it and then some.”

Gigi fell over on her side and looked at me. “That was great. Did you...did you get to cum yet?”

I shook my head. “I don’t need to cum. This was...this was great.”

“Maybe if you gave me a little head, I could get it up for her,” said Brent. I’m sure he would have been thrilled to be able to say he fucked two women on the same night.

For some strange reason, I didn’t want him to have that bragging right.

Unexpectedly, Gigi came to my aid. “I’m not going to suck your cock,” she said firmly and then shifted her eyes to me. “But I wouldn’t be averse to watching a show.”

Brent was confused. “But...how…?”

I laughed at him. “I think your best friend wants to watch me masturbate.”

Gigi didn’t say anything, but she nodded. That was all I needed.

I was an exhibitionist, that I knew. And a voyeur. And a lot of things. I could

sense all sorts of possibilities of things I could do with Brent and Gigi, but now was not the time to explore them all.

Climbing up on the bed, I flopped next to Gigi, but I kept my panties on. Not for modesty, but because I was in too much of a hurry. Plunging my hand down between my legs, I rubbed myself hard and fast. It only took a few seconds. This was too much to contemplate. I came and I came hard.

If my panties weren’t already soaked, I would have made them so. I rolled to my side and moaned loudly as I came, my thighs clamped around my hand.

Chapter Two

“Are you sure you don’t mind?”

“It’s fine. You two haven’t seen each other in how long?” After we recovered from our unusual sexual encounter, I put my skirt back on while Brent had put on his robe. Gigi was in the bathroom.

“Months,” he reported.

“I didn’t know you had a friend with benefits,” I said and gave him a kiss. “It’s fine that you do.”

“She’s more than a friend with benefits.”

“A girlfriend?” I prompted, half teasing and half curious as to his answer.

“No. Not exactly. Not that. I don’t know how to define it.”

“If I leave for the night, are you going to fuck her again?”

He didn’t even hesitate to answer. “Yes.”

I laughed happily. “Good. Fuck her. Have fun with her.”

He paused. “Why do I feel like I just fucked up?”

“Why would you think that?”

“Because my girlfriend is telling me to spend the night with my friend with benefits and I don’t want to lose you over this.”

“I just went down on your friend with benefits and made her cum. Do you really think you’re going to lose me?”

“I want you to spend the night with us.”

It was already late. It was past midnight. I wanted to go home for a very good reason. “Your bed is too small,” I told him, which was mostly the case. It was queen sized, not tiny, but too small for the three of us. “Go have fun. We’ll have some of our own fun tomorrow.”

I left him. Gigi was still in the bathroom. Maybe she was hiding, maybe she had an elaborate bedtime preparation ritual, but I was certain that if I saw her again, I wouldn't leave.

On the drive home I went through every possible emotion. Elation. Depression. Confusion. Lust. Hunger. Ennui. Disassociation. Happiness. Fear. Anger. Disgust. Joy. Pity. Envy. Jealousy.

Love.

I'll admit it. I had ulterior motives about leaving them.

No, I wasn't cheating on Brent.

It was almost something worse.

Back at my small house I settled in for the night. I had too much energy just to go to sleep. I could have crawled into bed and masturbated a second time and put myself to sleep, but I didn't want that.

I was too worried.

Brent hadn't been exaggerating about our first hookup. He had spanked me and fucked me in the ass. We both knew we were kinky. I hadn't revealed everything to him yet. Apparently tonight was his night to reveal that he had a strange sexual history with a very nice woman whom he didn't want something more permanent with.

I still worried I was a lot kinkier than him.

I hadn't yet shown him all the bondage equipment in my closet. Not the leather, the chains, the restraints, the cock rings, the buttplugs, the nipple clamps, the whips, the paddles, the gags, and all the other things that made sex fun.

I was pretty sure he wouldn't be freaked out by it.

Most of my most recent past lovers and boyfriends I had met online. Upfront they knew what I was into. My chance meeting with Brent threw all of that into disarray.

It made things difficult.

But he would be able to move past that awkwardness once I revealed all to him.

The tough part would be two other small pieces of my personal and sexual history.

The toughest part would be dealing with my other, current sexual outlet. My outlet other than Brent.

I turned on my laptop and pulled up the porn sites where I regularly posted my pictures.

My nudes.

I didn't worry too much about my postings. I never showed my face. My body is moderately generic. I'm always careful to obscure my tattoos in the pics.

I started doing it for fun. Where is the justice in the world if a sexually active woman can't post nudes of herself for a little sexual relief?

Okay, yeah. I did masturbate to my own pictures.

Okay, that's not completely true. I masturbated to the comments that guys, and some girls, made about my pictures.

I didn't know what was wrong with me, but I knew that if I wanted this to work with Brent, I had to tell him.

I had a lot to tell him.

I wished I had thought to ask him to take a few pictures of me while I masturbated in front of him and Gigi.

I wished I had taken a few pictures of my own.

I tried not to think about what the two of them were doing in bed together, and then I stopped not thinking about it and let my imagination run wild.

I masturbated a second time, came hard, and put myself to sleep.

Chapter Three

Brent came over to my place mid-morning with coffee and bagels. Well, coffee for him and tea for me, because I'm classy. He let himself in, which both freaked me out and thrilled me. I wasn't sure we were at that point in our relationship yet, but I had just watched him fuck his best friend while I got myself off to it, so there shouldn't be many secrets between us.

Except I had a huge amount of secrets I was keeping from him.

He called out when he walked into my place. I should have locked the door, but I was glad that I didn't. I was still naked in bed.

"In here," I replied nervously, as if I would be anywhere else at such an early hour on a Saturday.

Brent walked in drinks in hand and the bagel bag under his elbow.

"Gimmie gimmie!" I blabbered, stealing the bag from him, yanking out my asiago cheese covered with cream cheese in the middle of the sliced bagel. After taking a bite, I sipped the tea. He had gotten it right. English breakfast with sugar, no cream.

Although he came bearing gifts, Brent remained quiet as we started eating. "Where's Greta?" I asked just to break the silence.

"She's visiting her parents."

"Do they know that she arrived last night?"

"No. And they don't know about the extent of my relationship with her. And my parents are similarly in the dark."

"Gotcha. I won't say a thing to those four people I've never met."

"How are...how are you doing with all this?" he asked nervously.

I threw back the covers to show him I was naked. It didn't make him any less nervous.

“I came home last night and fucked myself so hard I passed out.”

“Is that good?”

“Fuck me right now and I’ll tell you.”

It wasn’t the height of seduction, but it worked.

Brent placed his coffee on the nightstand and took my tea away from me. He crawled on top of my body, pressing me down into the bed, kissing me. I didn’t like the taste of coffee on his lips, but I suffered through it as he moved down to my neck and then shoulders and then my breasts, drawing a nipple into his mouth, making me sigh in contentment.

He kept moving further down. I opened my thighs for him and he went right to my pussy, dragging his tongue through my narrow strip of pubic hair before parting my labia. Brent never had trouble finding my clit and he went right for it this morning.

In a matter of moments I was soaking wet, not because he was dancing his tongue all around and over my clit but because I had conjured up in my head images from last night.

Of Brent fucking Greta. I wanted to fuck Greta again. I wanted to watch him fuck her again.

It was all too much. He made me cum. I didn’t want Brent to get a big head about how good he was at eating pussy. He was good at it, but that alone hadn’t made me cum just then.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” he asked lifting up his face from my pussy.

“Uh-huh.” I reached down for his belt to open up his pants, but my hands fumbled around not knowing what to do.

Brent quickly yanked off his shirt and then opened up his pants. That was good. It allowed me to put my hand between my legs and rub my pussy. I just wanted his cock in me. I was desperate for it.

There was no justice in the world that I had seen him fuck another woman and I

still wanted him.

Once his pants were off he took his cock in hand and ran it up and down my swampy slit, getting the head wet. Once he found my entrance, he plunged the entirety of his length into me.

I gasped at the sudden pleasure of being filled up.

Only after he started fucking me did I realize exactly what we were doing.

We had already had sex so many times that I had lost count. That was fine. I had fallen hard for Brent so only a few weeks into our relationship we dispensed with using condoms and just relied fully on my birth control, which was great because I loved feeling him cumming in me. I loved not having that barrier between us.

As I lifted up my legs and hooked my ankles together behind his back, I realized his bare cock had been inside Gigi. We were fluid bonded and I hadn't given it a second thought.

Even though it was incredibly hot to see him fuck her, maybe I should have been a little more cautious before we went that far.

"What did you do after I left?" I asked, grabbing his face between my hands and kissing him.

"Went to sleep."

"Liar."

He grinned at me. "We kissed and I made her cum with my hand. Then we went to sleep."

I took his hand and brought it to my face. It smelled vaguely of coffee and bagels. I wanted it to smell of Gigi's pussy.

"That's so fucking hot," I moaned to him.

"I fucked her this morning," he then added.

I kissed him again. “Of course you did. How long ago?” His cock was reaching all the way inside me, hitting all the right spots. I loved dirty talk during sex. It made it more intense. I shifted the angle of my hips so his cock rubbed along my g-spot.

“Right before I left to get breakfast for you.”

“Thanks for thinking of me.”

“I didn’t even shower,” he added.

I gasped. That’s just what I wanted to hear. “You’re filthy! You’re fucking me with a dirty dick?”

He laughed at me. “It’s not dirty!”

“Does it have her cum all over it?”

“Well...I didn’t shower,” he repeated.

I couldn’t help myself. It was too much, his words and my thoughts and his cock in my pussy.

I came. I came hard.

I was almost ashamed at how intense my orgasm was.

Almost ashamed. That made it even better.

He kept fucking me in the middle of my orgasm. That made it more intense. As I started toward my second orgasm of the morning, his cock suddenly stiffened and it got incredibly hot.

His orgasm filled my pussy to overflowing with his cum.

I was glad he hadn’t wasted it all on Gigi. Though that would have been fine as well.

“Did you like that?” he asked after rolling off me and collapsing on the bed.

“I loved it,” I said, turning to him and kissing his cheek. I also snaked my hand

down to his cock. He was wet and slimy and soft. It was too much to resist.

Wiggling down his body, I took his cock into my mouth and started sucking.

“I don’t think I can get it up again,” he groaned. “I’ve fucked two women this morning. I’m only human.”

“You don’t have to get it up again,” I reassured him, taking a quick break from the blowjob. “I just want to taste her pussy again.”

“You don’t like the taste of my cum?” he put on a wounded air.

Again I removed his cock from my mouth. “Your cum is fine. I just want Gigi’s pussy.”

He grunted and nodded as I got back to cleaning his cock with my mouth. I mostly tasted his cum, and my pussy. I was well familiar with how my pussy tasted. I wasn’t sure if I was tasting Gigi’s pussy at all.

It didn’t matter. I was proving to Brent what type of woman I was.

The real concern was that he would see what type of woman I actually was and wouldn’t want me any longer. After all he already had had Gigi for nearly twenty years. Why would he want me, a woman who had so little self-esteem that she begged a stranger to spank her on the first date and then bugger her on that same first date?

Why would he want a woman who had so little self-esteem that she encouraged him to fuck other women?

Why would he want a woman like me?

There’s no justice in the world.

“You want to fuck her again?” Brent asked, clearly living the fantasy of every man. “You want to eat her pussy and make her cum?”

“Uh-huh,” I said as I finished cleaning his cock. It remained soft, but I didn’t blame him for that.

“You’re surprisingly open-minded. Most women would have dumped me for finding out I already had a piece on the side.”

“I’m fucked up,” I said, resting my head on his thigh, looking up his body at him.

“You sure are,” he agreed, still grinning.

“I’m pretty fucking kinky too,” I continued on. I was going all in on my needs and kinks. Now was the time.

“That’s for sure,” he drowsily agreed.

“Want to see how kinky?” I asked him.

“Mmm-hmm,” he hummed. “Yeah. Just give me a minute.”

And like that he was asleep.

I couldn’t blame him. It had to be a lot of stress emotionally and physically to service two women.

I decided to make things special for him when he woke up.

Slipping out of bed I went to the bathroom and showered, spending extra time shaving my legs and pussy, carefully shaping my little landing strip.

Normally Saturdays meant a day of leisure where I didn’t have to worry about my appearance. Seeing that Brent was still asleep in my bed, I spent a few more minutes in the bathroom carefully applying makeup.

While I didn’t hate wearing makeup, I only did it when necessary. Today I wanted to be completely hot for Brent. It was worth the effort.

After that, I snuck back into my bedroom. Brent still wasn’t stirring. In my closet I went to my treasure box and found exactly what I wanted.

The sad truth was I spent more time playing with my toys alone than I had with others.

Only recently had I introduced vibrators in sex play with Brent. I had four. He

had only seen two of them.

But no vibrators were necessary today. Today I would wear my playsuit.

The playsuit was a ridiculous affair of black leather straps and nothing else. It was holy hell to put on. The straps covered nothing. That was the point. My small breasts were outlined by the network of leather straps that criss-crossed my belly. My pussy was exposed but two straps went between my legs, one on each side of my labia, and rose up between my ass cheeks. There were straps that attached around my neck in a collar that finished the whole look.

Well, not exactly finished the whole look. To my black leather playsuit I added red leather cuffs around my wrists and ankles; that made it easier to tie me up.

After checking myself in the mirror, I was pleased with the results after I pulled my barely shoulder length hair back to a practical ponytail. That made it easier to pull on while I was being fucked.

After that I curled up in bed next to Brent. He stirred slightly when I pressed my body against his.

I got bored after waiting for two minutes for him to wake up so I curled my hand around his cock.

That wasn't enough to wake him either so I resorted to a blowjob.

That worked.

It also got him hard.

"What are you doing?" he asked groggily.

"Blowing you," I said between licking and sucking.

He came awake a little more. "What are you wearing?"

I smiled and turned my head to him. It wasn't lingerie. It was better. "My playsuit."

"How come I've never seen your playsuit before?"

“Because I’m shy,” I told him.

“Says the girl who screamed for me to fuck her ass on the first date.”

“You’re never going to let me forget that, are you?”

“No.”

Gently taking my face between his hands, he said, “Why don’t you let me go shower and then we can play.”

“I don’t think I can wait that long. I’ll just get out my vibrator and cum that way.”

His eyes narrowed. “Really?”

I shook my head. “But maybe you can tie me up to make me wait while you shower.”

That brightened his eyes.

“You want me to tie you up?”

I nodded enthusiastically and showed him my wrists wrapped in leather sporting a thick D-ring. “I’ve got the restraints under the bed.”

Him tying me up was more fun that I thought it would be. He put me spread eagled on the bed. I had carefully selected the bed frame when I bought it just for this sort of game. It was basically impossible for me to escape. The corner posts were too thick and strong.

And I didn’t want to escape.

“Go shower,” I begged him. “And then come back and use me.”

He ran his fingers along my exposed pussy. I was wet. I could feel my amrita sliding down to the sheets.

“Fine,” he said, sauntering away.

“Hurry,” I begged.

He took his time. I could hear him showering. He even turned on the speaker I have in there and turned it up loud so he wouldn't hear if I called out to him.

I tried squeezing my thighs together to get some sort of friction against my clit, but I'm fairly short and my big bed wouldn't allow that while I was spread-eagled.

I had to lay there and endure the torture. It was a mild torture, but I still loved it.

Eventually Brent came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. I admired his muscular torso and the smattering of hair across his chest.

"Are you going to fuck me?" I practically begged him.

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes!"

"Then no," he replied coolly.

"What? Please! I'll do whatever you want."

He smiled. "Whatever I want? What if I already got whatever I wanted?"

"I'll do it more. I'll do it again."

"You want to watch me fuck Gigi? Again?"

I nodded enthusiastically. My ponytail came out, but that was merely a distraction now.

"So why should I fuck you now if I have your permission to fuck her whenever I want?"

I couldn't think of an answer to that. "Uh...I don't know, but please fuck me anyway."

He let his towel drop. His cock wasn't hard, but it was swollen and getting bigger.

"I already fucked you this morning. And Gigi, for that matter. Why should I fuck

you again?”

“Because I’ll do anything you ask. Anything you want with Gigi. Anything at all.”

“Anything?” he asked. He tried to make it seem like a threat. Like he’d ask me to do something so vile, so disgusting, I’d blow a gasket or refuse or something worse.

He didn’t know me that well.

“Yes. Anything.” I tried to make it sound like I was a wanton slut willing to do...well, anything.

“Can I take a picture of you?”

He didn’t have to lay it out for me. I knew what he was saying. He wanted to take nudes of me while I was bound to the bed in my revealing playsuit.

I’d already posted worse pictures of myself on the internet. True, none of them had my face, but he wasn’t asking to post them. He just wanted nudes of me.

I was fine with that.

“Sure. Just send copies to me, okay?”

He was surprised. He wasn’t expecting me to say yes.

I was happy to surprise him.

“Okay, just let me get my phone.” He dug around in his pants for a moment before coming up with his phone. He fumbled with it for a minute.

“Are you sure about this?” he asked, not acting like a dominant at all.

That disappointed me.

“Just make them dirty,” I told him.

He nodded and started taking pictures. I couldn’t see them but I could imagine them. I pretended I was a fetish model posing naked so I could make my rent

this month.

Just the idea was making my pussy wet.

“Take a picture of my pussy,” I told him, straining against the cuffs.

He moved the phone between my legs and took a couple more pictures.

“Don’t forget to send them to me,” I reminded him.

He nodded and fiddled with the phone a moment. A second after that I heard my phone across the room buzz with a received message.

“What do you want to do now?” he asked me.

“Fuck me. Tease me. Rub my pussy and make me cum. Whatever you want.”

What I really wanted was to tell him about the paddles and nipple clamps in my closet, but I didn’t want to scare him away. Not yet.

“Want me to use your vibrator on you?” he asked.

“That would be lovely.”

I wondered if he would go into my closet and search through my treasure box and pick out a vibrator he thought I might like. But no. He had no idea what I was hiding in my closet.

Instead he went into my dresser drawer and found the big pink one that was my old reliable.

Terry. I called him Terry.

Brent switched on Terry and brought him over to me. Reaching between my legs with Terry, he moved the head up and down my slit.

“You’re really wet,” he said as Terry plunged all the way up inside me. The pleasant vibrations made everything better. They made everything perfect.

I had to fight it, just a little. I couldn’t help myself.

Plus it made everything feel better.

I pulled hard on the cuffs and tried to kick my legs. I couldn’t. When I came, I came hard.

I didn’t exactly wet the bed, but there was a puddle underneath me.

“You’re fucking amazing,” Brent told me.

“Thank you.”

He leaned in and kissed me. I savored that kiss.

Chapter Four

Later, after he released me from the restraints, we talked. We talked a lot.

Our conversation covered everything.

And still I didn't tell him about my many, many kinks.

I didn't even tell him I was going to post those pictures he had sent me of me tied to the bed.

I did tell him I liked to be tied up. But he had already figured that out. And he knew that I liked to be spanked.

And let's not forget about anal sex.

"Are you going to wear that all day?" he asked me.

I looked down at myself. I still had on my black leather playsuit, straps hiding nothing but framing my tits and pussy and ass. "Yes. Why?"

"Seems a little silly."

"Everything about sex is a little silly."

"I didn't know you even had that."

"There's a lot you don't know about me."

"Ever wear it before?"

"Yes."

"But not with me."

"I've worn it to work under my clothes."

His eyes went wide. "Holy shit! You're kidding me!"

"Nope."

“That’s sexy as hell!”

“Thank you.”

“Did anyone know?”

“I don’t think so. I didn’t tell anyone. No one said a word to me.”

“What else?”

I grew scared. I didn’t want to say anything else.

“Tell me about you now. Tell me about fucking Gigi.”

“I think you already know all about us.”

“She was your first?”

“And I was her first.”

“Romantic.”

We were in my living room. Brent had gotten dressed. I was just in my playsuit and cuffs. That’s all the clothing I needed.

“Why haven’t you married her...or something. Live together. Have a relationship. Whatever.”

“We do have a relationship. And we haven't gotten married because...I don’t know. Gigi is a strange girl. She...I...we…” he trailed off.

“What?” I prompted him.

“I don’t like putting it this way, but she’s got problems.”

“Who doesn’t?”

“Well, we all have problems. She had problems with anxiety and maintaining relationships. She hates her parents...but at the same time she loves them. It’s complicated. She’s complicated.”

“Well...who doesn’t love and hate their parents?”

He smiled and nodded. “She moved all the way to California once. Lived there for a couple of years and got married.”

“She was married!”

“Don’t look so stunned. Yeah, but the weird thing was that she and Liam never lived in the same house. Weird, right? Anyway, it didn’t work out, she moved back here, got divorced, and here we are.”

“Was it hard seeing her married to someone else?”

Brent reached into his pants and adjusted his cock. “No. Why do you ask?”

“Don’t be gross.”

“Did your relationship with Gigi suffer while she was married to someone else?”

Brent shrugged uncomfortably. “It wasn’t so bad.”

There was something off about his answer. I wasn’t stupid. “You’re a fucking liar and cheat!”

“What?” he asked innocently.

“You were fucking her while she was a married woman!”

Brent nervously looked away. “It’s all in the past.”

“Just yesterday I saw you fucking her in front of me! I know you’re a cheater!”

Putting up his hands in protest, Brent pleaded with me. “You said it was okay!”

“It was okay. It was fucking hot! I want to do it again.”

He gave me a puzzled look. “Now I’m confused.”

“You fucked her while she was married, didn’t you?”

If he had it in him, he would have hung his head in shame. I don’t think Brent

had shame when it came to sex. “Yeah. I did. But it was her idea.”

“How many times?” I asked, turned on by the idea of cheating. I think I had a new kink.

“I can’t remember how many times I fucked her!”

“Just while she was married,” I clarified.

“I didn’t keep track.”

I sighed and rolled my eyes. “How many times did you go to California so you could fuck her?”

“Four times,” he said quickly.

“And how long was she married?”

“A little over a year.”

“You two have no self control.”

“That’s true.”

“So about once every three months or so,” I said.

“Something like that. At least one of those times she flew back here.”

“And how long have we been dating?” I asked him.

Brent thought a moment and then said. “I guess it’s almost five months now.”

“When did you last fuck Gigi?”

“Last night,” he said quickly. Too quickly.

“And before last night?” I prompted him.

There was a pause that was for too long. “Don’t forget that I fucked her last night with your permission.”

“My memory is good.”

“She was in town for her cousin’s birthday back in April.”

“That was two months ago!” I was acting. I’m a pretty good actress.

“I know.”

“You should have said something to me about it.”

“I’m sorry! I didn’t know you were like this!”

I took his hand in mine and pressed it between my legs, letting him feel my wet pussy. I was so wet I was starting to soak the leather straps on either side of my labia.

“Tell me about it. Tell me all about it and maybe we’ll fuck.”

Chapter Five

Brent invited Gigi over to my house that evening. She came eagerly and happily. As Brent put it, “She loves her family, but only in small doses.”

I didn’t know what lie they were telling their families, but she wasn’t spending the night with any family member. Did their families know they were carrying on a relationship and chose to let them live in ignorance?

She arrived well after dinner, which was fine, because I knew I wouldn’t have been able to contain myself if I had to eat a full dinner in front of the woman I wanted my boyfriend to fuck.

“I like your outfit,” she said to me after I got a kiss on the cheek in greeting.

“This is nothing special.” It wasn’t just a pair of shorts and one of those armless turtlenecks that I didn’t especially like, but it did an excellent job of hiding my playsuit’s collar.

Brent had insisted I get dressed for Gigi because, in his words, “Unwrapping the present is half the fun.”

“I love your place.”

I had a small house. Well, it was small-ish. Since I was the only one who lived there, it was plenty big for me. The nice thing about it was I was moderately isolated from my neighbors and there was no HOA. That’s true freedom.

“Thanks. I’m having a room a year renovated until I’m happy or I move.”

“Are you two really going to make small talk all evening?” Brent asked us.

I laughed nervously. “No. I expect...I expect...I want…”

I didn’t know how to put into words what I wanted, but I desperately wanted to see the two of them.

Brent smoothly interrupted me, not that it took much. “Ellie wants to watch while we have sex again. She’s discovered she has a previously unrealized kink.”

In response, Gigi gave me a little kiss. “Is that why the two of you invited me over?”

I nodded enthusiastically. “And I want you to do it in my bed.”

“And what else?” Brent prompted.

“And I want you to tie me to the chair so I can watch,” I recited my rehearsed lines.

“How do you want to be tied to the chair?” he asked.

“Naked,” I said too quickly.

“What did we agree on?”

I sighed. “Almost naked.” I shyly looked at Gigi, taking a step back. “Can I show you?”

I didn’t wait for an answer. I started removing my clothes so I could show off the playsuit I was still wearing.

Gigi wasn’t put off by my blatant display. Maybe she liked girls more than she was letting on. Maybe she could just drink in beauty in all its forms.

“Ready to get kinky?” Brent asked Gigi, kissing the side of her neck.

She looked away from me; it probably wasn’t a good idea on her part to give away to her friend with many benefits that she was attracted to me.

“I’m always ready. Where’s the bed and where’s the chair?” she asked.

I led them into my bedroom. I tried hard not to think of it as my lair.

The bed was ready and so was the chair.

It was just your average king-sized bed with satin sheets and fluffy pillows and thick corner posts for bondage fun. The sturdy wooden chair sitting next to the bed I had purchased with just this scenario in mind. It wasn’t rickety and there was no way I would be able to tip out of it or break the arm rests.

“You’ll soak through that cushion,” Brent said, yanking the thin pad I had placed on the chair’s seat to protect my bottom a little.

I should have protested, but I didn’t. This was too exciting.

“Oh my god you’re completely serious about this, aren’t you?” blurted Gigi.

“Uh-huh,” I said to her and grabbed the leather restraints. They were easy to use, a combination of leather and metal designed to go around the chair legs and arms. I sat down and waited expectantly.

Brent took the restraints from Gigi and moved to put them on me.

“No, I want Gigi to do it,” I said.

“I’ve never tied anyone up before,” she protested.

“There’s a first time for everything,” I said with a smile.

Gigi, with Brent’s help, made sure that I couldn’t get up from my chair.

“No mask?” asked Gigi. “No gag?”

I shook my head, shifting on the hard wooden surface. I wasn’t sure, but my wet pussy was already starting to pool on the seat. ”I want to watch and I want to tell you what to do.”

Brent laughed and bent down to kiss me. I savored his lips on mine. “I’m not going to do anything you ask,” he said.

“Except fuck Gigi?” I asked breathlessly.

He tweaked one of my nipples and I yelped. He laughed again.

“Where’s your dildo? I want to put it in your pussy while you watch us.”

I shook my head. That would be...too much.

It sounded delightful.

Gigi came to my rescue. “I thought we were going to have sex, Brent.”

Distracted by the woman who wanted his cock as much as I did, he stood up from where he was bent over me and kissed her.

I watched intently as they kissed and undressed each other. I remained silent. I couldn't help myself in swirling my hips around. I wanted some friction on my clit, but there was nothing there for me to grind against.

Gigi was wearing pretty pink lingerie under her clothes. It wasn't terribly fancy, but it was nice enough and it matched, so I knew she had come to my place to get laid.

"So pretty," I breathed without thinking about it.

"You like it?" Gigi asked, posing for me.

I nodded enthusiastically.

"You're not supposed to be talking," Brent reminded me.

"Sorry," I apologized. "It won't happen again."

"There's one way to shut you up," he said, leaving Gigi and approaching me. His cock was partially erect.

I was practically drooling when he put his manhood in front of my face. I leaned forward and took it in my mouth, sucking and bobbing up and down on it, getting him fully hard and ready for Gigi.

"I thought she was just going to watch," Gigi complained.

It was a legitimate complaint. I had promised her that.

Brent pulled his cock out of my mouth. "Are you going to be silent?" he asked, a warning tone in his voice.

I nodded again, not saying a word.

He went back to Gigi, his wet and hard cock bobbing up and down. They kissed again and he reached behind her, unhooking her bra, freeing her tits.

It occurred to me that I hadn't seen her naked boobs yet. When they had fucked

the day before, she had left on her bra. It wasn't because of modesty, obviously, so I figured it was because she liked the extra support during sex. She was a big girl in the chest department.

I gasped when I saw her bare tits. They pointedly ignored me. Her nipples were pierced with little barbells, bright blue gems were fixed to each side of her nipples.

That just made me wetter and harder.

Together they fell on my bed and worked to get Gigi's panties off her hips. They moved smoothly together. That made sense. After all, they were old lovers. They knew each other very well.

Better than Brent and I knew each other.

He didn't go down on her, which I found disappointing because I wanted to hear her little cries while he licked and sucked on her clit, but she didn't complain so I didn't either. His cock glided smoothly into her shaved pussy. Gigi lubricated as easily as I did.

What I got to witness was an enthusiastic fucking of a beautiful blonde woman with a pink streak in her hair get fucked so hard by my boyfriend that she cried out so loudly I couldn't tell if she was in pain or couldn't contain her pleasure.

She was just loud and enthusiastic. Brent kissed her and grinned at her as he made her cum.

It was so lovely it brought a tear to my eye. I wanted to be a part of it, and at the same time I wanted him never to have the opportunity to fuck me again. That's fucked up.

And I wanted to go down on Gigi. I wanted to bury my face in her pussy and lick up her juices and Brent's cum and lose myself in the intricate folds of her womanhood.

My fantasy unfolding in front of me was almost enough to get me off.

Almost.

I lost count of the number of times Gigi came. She was no shrinking violet and threw herself into lovemaking even under strange circumstances.

Brent only came once, but what an orgasm it was. He finished with several deep grunts and thrusted as far as he could into Gigi, filling her pussy with his seed.

After it was all over, they lay together and kissed.

My heart melted. I was so happy for Brent.

And I was as horny as hell.

“I need to go clean up in the bathroom,” Gigi finally said.

That was the part of sex that was always annoying. The cleanup afterwards.

“I’ll do it!” I volunteered without thinking.

Brent looked over at me with a frown. “You said you wouldn’t talk. And you’re tied up. How can you help?”

“Untie me and I’ll clean up Gigi’s pussy,” I said.

Brent looked at her and she just shrugged. “Why not?” was her response.

Getting off his lover, Brent sauntered over to me, his cock now soft and wet, to release me. He started with the legs and the moment my arms were free, I practically jumped out of the chair and ran to the bed.

Before Gigi could react, I put my face between her thighs and licked the length of her swollen labia, tasting her amrita and his cum.

“That’s...that’s not what I meant,” she sighed. It was a complaint, but after her first protest, she fell silent.

“I’m going to like this,” Brent said, joining us by sitting on the edge of the bed where he could watch. He put his hand to my ass and caressed it before abruptly lifting up his hand and bringing it down smartly on my skin.

I yelped in protest, but went right back to licking and cleaning Gigi’s pussy. I knew my place in our odd relationship.

“Spank her again for being a bad girl,” Gigi said. “Spank her until she cums or cries.”

This was going to work. I knew it.

To Be Continued

Preview

Caged and Milked 4

The pregnancy went quickly. Kyleen's family wanted her to get married right away, but she demurred, saying she wanted to wait until after the baby. Dennis's family didn't take a strong stance on it either way.

No one asked Brett his opinion because it didn't matter. He hadn't exactly moved into their apartment, but during her peak pregnancy horniness, Brett was fucking Kyleen almost every day. He would fuck Dennis at least twice a week.

It was borderline crazy.

Oddly, Dennis found that he enjoyed being in his small metal cage. He liked the bright shiny bars that kept himfrom touching his own dick. The cage only had one lock but a special metal bar that went down through the device and threaded through his PA so there was no way for him to pull out.

When Dennis and Kyleen went through the whirlwind process of actually buying a house to have it ready before the baby was born, Brett proved to be invaluable with his assistance. He helped move them. He helped fix things. He was the third in their unexpected triad.

After they were finally moved in, Kyleen was in bed, exhausted from the work. Her belly was showing now. Her tits had grown with the pregnancy. They weren't huge yet, but she joked about having to add a line to their budget for new bras.

Dennis gave her a kiss on the forehead. She moaned and rolled over. He exited the room to go to the living room where Brett was fiddling with Dennis's Box. "She's asleep," he reported.

"I didn't realize that pregnancy would make her sleep all the time."

"Yeah, who knew?" Dennis struggled to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

Brett was either distracted, didn’t pick up on the veiled sarcasm, or didn’t care. “Well, since she’s asleep, want to go to the other room and fuck?”

The house had three bedrooms. One was for Kyleen and Dennis. One had already been designated the nursery. The other one was officially a guest room, but Brett had been the only one to actually use it as a guest room.

“You know you’re really asking if I want to suck your cock and then have you fuck my ass.”

“Yeah. Like I said. Do you wanna fuck?” He put down his controller and put his hand on Dennis’s knee. “I know where your key is if you want out of your cage.”

Dennis didn’t know what he wanted. Yes, getting out of his cage would have been great. He could use an orgasm, but he had trained his body to cum when been buggered by Brett. It wasn’t as good as cumming from his cock alone, but it was better than nothing. There was also the trick of pressing one of Kyleen's vibrators against the steel cage and cumming that way, from a flaccid cock, but that too was unsatisfying.

He preferred to stay in chastity until Kyleen gave him permission to unlock and then fuck either her or Brett. Yes, he was in chastity, but it was because he wanted to be. He wasn’t trying constantly to escape the cage. It was a sacrifice he had made for Kyleen and he was happy to do it.

He lived for it.

“I don’t want you to unlock me,” said Dennis. He had a good idea of where Kyleen kept the key, but it was hers to do with as she wished. He was violating one of the terms of their relationship if he took it off.

“Great. I don’t mind fucking you.” Brett paused the game he was playing and slid over next to where Dennis was sitting. He boldly kissed Dennis.

Dennis liked the contrasting kissing styles of Brett and Kyleen. Brett was much more aggressive while Kyleen was soft and inviting. Fucking a man always meant fucking with all its violent and aggressive connotations. Sex and fucking with Kyleen was more loving.

Dennis loved that he had access to both and didn’t have to choose one over the

other.

Brett's hands insistently helped him out of his clothes. In almost no time Dennis was nearly naked, his jeans caught around his ankles and his ManPanty still around his hips. These were a soft lavender color and nearly see-through. The small bulge of his steel cage was visible through the silk-like material.

Pulling back Brett stood up but left Dennis on the couch. He didn't start undressing. He just unzipped his jeans and pulled out his thick cock from his tight red underwear. Dennis would have liked to admire the man's natural bulge inside his clothing, but they were past that already.

Licking his lips, Dennis leaned forward and placed one hand on Brett's hip and the other on the base of his cock, right behind the balls. He guided the thick rod of flesh into his mouth and sucked the little smear of precum off the head.

Dennis liked to think that since he had been in chastity his cocksucking skills had dramatically improved. For the past few months he had only been practicing on Brett, but the younger man gave him plenty of compliments.

There wasn't any one thing that Brett loved more than another. Dennis varied his routines, finding what the other man responded to. This evening it seemed to be when Dennis squeezed his balls just hard enough for Brett to feel but not so hard that he was causing actual pain.

But close.

Dennis wasn't nearly as good at deep-throating as Kyleen. While he could get Brett's thick cock easily into his mouth, he had more trouble getting the length of it down his throat. Brett didn't seem to care, but Dennis felt like he was in a strange competition with his girlfriend over who could deliver the best blowjobs to their mutual boyfriend.

That was the word that Dennis stumbled over more than once. He had no trouble referring to Brett as Kyleen's boyfriend, usually because he was teasing her about it. Brett might have been a boyfriend, but he took a backseat to Dennis. He was the secondary; Dennis was the primary. Dennis was the father of the baby growing in Kyleen's belly.

But referring to Brett as Dennis's boyfriend was more difficult. It was true by

almost any measure: they spent time together, they hung out and played video games together, they had sex together both with and without Kyleen. What was Brett if he wasn't Dennis's boyfriend?

Dennis moved his hand back between the other man's legs, gently rubbing his perineum and guiding his middle finger up towards Brett's anus. Just before he reached his goal, Brett pushed him away.

"What?" Dennis spluttered, upset that his favorite suck toy had rudely been pulled from his mouth. Brett's cock bounced up and down, still wet from Dennis's saliva.

"I want to fuck you," Brett said. "Where's the lube and condoms?"

Dennis frowned. As if Brett didn't know. "In the bedroom. Where Kyleen is sleeping."

"We should really keep some in the guest room," Brett commented. "Do you want to go get them or should I?"

There wasn't much risk of waking Kyleen. Once she was out, she was out and it took a lot to wake her up. Dennis was confident he could retrieve the tools they needed. The lube was definitely necessary if he was thinking the same thing that Brett was, but the condoms weren't really needed. He was certain that Brett was safe and was reasonably sure that Brett used them with his other partners. Still, it never hurt to be extra safe.

"I'll get them," Dennis sighed and disentangled his jeans from his ankles, leaving him in just his ManPanty.

As he moved to go back to the bedroom, Brett stopped him. "Take off your panties."

Dennis paused. "Why?"

"I want to see your cute naked ass."

It was supposed to be playful, but Dennis found it annoying. Still he stripped off his panties and tossed them at his lover, hitting Brett in the chest before walking confidently away. His small cock was still in the steel cage that defined half his

personality, but he walked cock first because he was confident in himself.

“I’ll meet you in the guest room,” Brett called after him.

They could have fucked in the living room, but why not put a perfectly good bed to use?

Dennis walked into the bedroom he shared with Kyleen, but left the light off, allowing only the light from the hall to seep in. He moved to her dresser and carefully opened the top drawer.

She didn’t even stir as he grabbed the lube and condoms. He took the whole box because maybe they’d need more than one. Before closing the drawer, Dennis hesitated. He saw the ring and fob that held the key to his cage. He could take it and unlock himself or—better—have Brett unlock him so he could have a proper orgasm.

If he took the key and used it, he was certain that Brett would tell Kyleen. Since she had gotten pregnant Dennis had only been allowed out of his cage three times. Twice to fuck Kyleen and once to fuck Brett. She called it his special treat because their agreement had been he would only be let out of the cage when she was ovulating. She was no longer ovulating because she was pregnant and they still had yet to revise their agreement.

If he took the key and offered it to Brett, the other man might not tell Kyleen and she’d let him out again before the one month mark. It was a risk. He was willing to take it but…

He liked having his cock caged. It made him different from the vast majority of men. It was a privilege he could give his girlfriend—having complete ownership over a man’s cock—that no other man could give her. It made her special.

It made him special to her.

He left the key behind and took only the lube and condoms with him.

In the guest room Brett was lounging on the bed, idly stroking his cock, waiting for Dennis.

“What took you so long?”

“Had to be quiet,” Dennis lied and tossed the condoms to the other man. “How do you want to do this?”

He opened the lube and squirted some into his hand. Lubrication was key and he applied plenty of it to and up into, his ass.

“Hands and knees, baby,” said Brett as he put a dab on his cockhead before rolling the condom down over his thick cock. He then added more lube to his latex-covered length. Lube was key.

“We haven’t done that in a while,” Dennis commented as he grabbed a pillow and put it under his body. He assumed the position that Brett wanted: his ass slightly higher than his head and shoulders. It was a submissive position, but in his heart Dennis was a submissive in the bedroom. It defined another part of his personality.

“I didn’t tell you about the guy I fucked the other night,” said Brett as he got into position behind Dennis, his cock in hand.

“Who was this?”

“Eddie. I practically had to pin him down to get him to hold still.” Brett pressed his cock between Dennis’s buttocks searching for his back entrance.

Dennis looked over his shoulder at his partner. “That sounds like you raped him.”

Brett paused. “Sorry. Should have given you the full story. He was a wrestler back in high school.”

“Like you?”

“Yeah, like me. We decided to—” and he grunted as he found Dennis anus and pushed in. Dennis closed his eyes briefly as he was penetrated. It was always a mix of pleasure and the feeling of what-the-fuck-am-I-doing?! when Brett fucked him. Once that initial feeling was gone, it was easier for Dennis to relax and enjoy being used.

“We decided to wrestle to see who was stronger and better,” Brett continued his story as he eased his cock in and out a little, getting Dennis to loosen up and

finding the rhythm that would work for them.

“Who was it? No, it was you, wasn’t it?”

Even though Dennis couldn’t see the grin on Brett’s face, he grinned in triumph, remembering how it was to fuck Eddie and mixing the memory with fucking Dennis. He liked having his own submissive plaything he could fuck any time he wanted.

“Of course it was me,” Brett bragged. “Eddie loved taking it up the ass, just like you.”

Dennis grunted as Brett curled his body around the older man. Brett reached around his hip and grabbed Dennis’s steel-encased cock. There wasn’t any real way for Brett to stimulate Dennis’s small cock, but just gripping it was enough to let Dennis know that Brett was in charge.

“Careful,” Dennis cautioned.

Brett all but ignored him. “I love having your little cock like this. You look good in steel.”

“Thanks.”

Brett started fucking faster now. Dennis felt his body responding. While he couldn’t get hard while wearing the cage, it still felt good. A few times when Kyleen had been feeling particularly cruel she would press one of her vibrators against the hard steel and let him be stimulated that way. It always felt good. She could make him cum that way. She could make him cum even harder if she put a dildo up his ass and used a vibrator on the cage at the same time.

It wasn’t a real orgasm. It was a soft orgasm. It was really just being milked like an animal, draining his balls because it was bad to let too much seminal fluid build up.

That’s what was happening now. Brett’s big cock filled him pleasantly. His hot hand on Dennis’s caged cock was that extra psychological stimulation that Dennis needed.

He knew he was going to cum and it was going to hurt.

He had to cum before Brett finished otherwise, he'd be left hanging with blue balls. He wasn't going to let that happen. He needed to cum.

Brett drove him downward. The pillow under his body cushioned Brett's hand as he continued to fuck Dennis's ass and hold his cock. The pillow forced up Dennis's hips at just the right angle to let Brett go deeply into his ass. It felt better than he wanted to admit but Dennis was beyond talking. Not right now. Not with Brett's big cock up his ass. He let his mind focus on Brett's cock in his ass, hitting all the right spots, pressing up against his prostate, making it work in a way that was a semi-secret to the men who knew the best way to cum was with something up their ass.

Dennis felt used and he loved it. He focused his emotions on his submission and how he was used.

Before Brett could finish Dennis found himself at the critical point. He couldn't help it when his ass clamped down on Brett's cock. A second later his soft but working cock started pumping out cum all over Brett's hand. It made a mess but there was nothing to be done about that. Dennis made a near-inhuman noise as his climax peaked and he started coming down.

"Slut!" Brett spat at him. "You like it up the ass, don't you?"

"Uh-huh." It was all that Dennis could moan out.

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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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