CUCKQUEAN

2: THE HONEYPOT



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Cuckquean 2: The Honeypot

An Erotic Romance of Cuckqueaning

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cuckquean 2: The Honeypot

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Chapter Six

“Tell me how many times you fucked Gigi after we started dating,” I prompted Brent.

Once again he had me tied to my bed. I wasn’t wearing my playsuit this time because this was just casual sex, there wasn’t any need to get dressed up and fancy. Instead of being in the traditional spread-eagle position, he had me face down and ass up. My words were slightly muffled by the pillow under my face. The other pillow was shoved under me to keep my ass in the air.

I felt open and vulnerable.

I loved it.

“We only hooked up once after you and I started up,” he told me, running his hand over my bare ass. He didn’t touch my pussy or asshole, though I desperately wanted him to. He was going to keep teasing me until I was begging for it.

“How many times?” I repeated.

“Let me think,” he said as he caressed my skin. His fingers ran down the edge of my crease, getting close to where I wanted him to touch, but not close enough. My pussy felt like it was on fire, which was odd because I was also dripping wet. I could feel my amrita starting to dribble out of me. It was wanton and wrong and I loved it. “It was probably a weekend thing. That’s how long she usually visits for. Arrived on Friday night and spent the night with me, visited her family on Saturday. Claimed to go to a hotel that night, but spent it with me. Saw her family again Sunday morning. Geez, I can’t remember details now. Let’s say twice Friday night. Once Saturday morning. Twice Saturday night. And once more on Sunday. That would be six times.”

“You came in her each time?” I asked. I wanted details. I got off to details.

“I couldn’t say for sure, but probably she gave me a handjob at least once.”

“Ooh...you poor baby. You deserve better than that.”

“I can assure you her handies are very good. But let me think. One handjob, probably one blowjob and she usually swallows, so I came four times in her

pussy.”

I could feel my jealousy rising. Brent ran his index and middle fingers on my labia, not truly touching my pussy, but coming oh so desperately close.

He circled one finger around my tightly puckered asshole. I wanted him to touch it, but was afraid to ask. I wanted him to put a finger inside me where it didn’t belong. I wanted his cock in me because my body was in desperate need to be fucked and used.

But I had to play the game.

And I wanted to hear how my boyfriend had been fucking his life-long friend.

“You didn’t fuck her ass?” I asked, realizing exactly what he had told me.

“No. We never do that.”

I turned my head as far as I could to see him out of the corner of my eye. Brent’s handsome face with a little stubble on his cheeks and chin looked down, not at me exactly, but my ass and exposed pussy. He was shirtless. I could just see his lean muscles and bare arms. I couldn’t see below his waist. I didn’t know if his cock was out and hard or if he was still just teasing me.

Was he going to spank me?

Was he going to put a finger up my ass?

Was he going to reach down low and find my pussy to rub and tease it?

Was he going to do all the above?

“You never do that? You’ve never fucked her ass?”

“No. Never.”

“Why not?” I demanded of him. It was a strange thing to be asking, but I had already given myself over to the fact that I didn’t have a normal sex life compared to...well, compared to just about everyone else in the world.

He shrugged. “Turn your head back around. You’re not supposed to be looking

at me.”

I did what he asked because he had promised to make me cum and make it fun and interesting.

I liked the idea of interesting.

But I didn’t shut up about it. “Why haven’t you fucked her ass?”

“She’s never asked me for it,” he replied without concern. He pulled his hands away. I heard the sound of him opening up the bottle of lube I kept handy at the bedside. A moment later I felt the cool liquid glide between my cheeks and over my anus.

I tensed up ever so slightly and then tensed up again when Brent’s finger pressed against this forbidden opening that had been violated over and over again in my lifetime.

Okay, so maybe it wasn’t so much forbidden as it was an alternative entrance that only a special few people got to use. Like half my lovers over the course of my lifetime.

I moaned a little because I like to be used and violated.

“Please…” I tried to keep it a whisper that only my pillow would hear, but Brent had sharp ears.

“I told you not to beg!”

“I’m sorry! I’m so sorry! It’s just too much.”

He pulled his finger out of me.

“You’ll need to be punished now.”

I just silently nodded.

I could take any punishment.

Unless that punishment was denial of sex. I needed to be fucked right now. I needed a cock in me, preferably in my ass, but I’d take it where I could get it.

He spanked me once on the ass.

That was nothing. I could easily handle that.

I could easily handle a severe spanking and beg for more.

He paused and caressed the slightly reddened skin where he had struck me.

His hand pulled away and I smiled, readying myself for a nice spanking in preparation for sex.

He waited for a long moment and I wondered what he was doing. There was something to be said for the anticipation of it, but sometimes I just wanted to get down to business.

And then the flogger hit my ass and I yelped without meaning to.

I'm not big into masochism or pain, but a little bit is fun every once in a while. I had bought the pretty pink flogger with its leather straps and glittery handle because I was in an experimental mood. It was a nice bit of equipment but when I tried it on myself it was all I could do to not to cry.

I had allowed one other person to use it on me. Evan. He was okay in bed and he liked to spank my ass during sex so I had decided to push things up a notch.

Big mistake.

I couldn't sit down on a hard surface for a week.

That was the end of my relationship with Evan. His bad luck.

But I kept the flogger.

Brent didn't use it on me so hard that I wanted to cry, but the pain was...exquisite.

"Oh please don't," I begged. I pulled against my restraints, but I wasn't going anywhere. I was scared and excited and I wanted to be fucked more now than when we started. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

He didn't hit me again.

I was a little bit sad at that.

His cool hand rested on my bottom which now had to be bright red.

“Are you going to be good?” he asked me.

I nodded vigorously. I don’t know why. I was just as happy to be bad. Bad girls are fun in bed. Good girls are boring.

He paused and I wished he had put a blindfold on me. Brent had only ordered that I not look at him and not beg for anything. I had violated both of those orders so I deserved whatever I got.

Again something cold touched my anus. It took me a second to realize what and I smiled.

I was glad that Brent couldn’t see my smile.

I had recently opened up my treasure box for him, showing my boyfriend all my sex toys and equipment I had gathered over the years. It was quite a collection if I do say so myself.

But I didn’t show him everything. I kept a few secrets tucked away in my closet.

Secrets are fun.

“Tell me if this hurts,” he said pressing the toy against my slickened anus.

“Will you stop?”

“No, but at least I’ll know why you’re screaming.”

I sighed and he penetrated me. He was using the buttplug I had put in the treasure box for him to use. It wasn’t the biggest plug I had ever used, but it was big because I needed that sort of thing to feel pleasure.

There wasn’t any pain. There wasn’t much resistance as he pushed the smooth metal plug into me. My sphincter resisted just a tiny bit and then opened up. The lube was more than enough to ease the passage of the plug. I was stretched to the utmost and then my ass pulled the toy into me.

“Wow,” he said. “That’s impressive.”

“Thank you,” I said smugly. That’s the sort of girl I am. “Is that all you’re going to do to me? It’s hardly a punishment.”

“I’m not done with you yet.” He stepped back and I heard him moving around. A minute later his hands were back on my body. Hips and ass. I felt his cock, his hard cock, pressing between my legs. I opened up my stance a little more so that he could easily find my entrance.

It was an automatic response. My pussy was needy and greedy and I needed to be filled by his cock and then his seed.

No, I don’t know what’s wrong with me and why I need to do and think these things.

Like any woman I needed stimulation to my clit to get full pleasure out of sex. Being fucked from behind was fine because either my lover or me could play with my clit.

Except right now my hands were bound to the bed and I was positive that Brent wasn’t going to be doing me any favors.

That was okay. The buttplug was firmly lodged where I wanted it and his cock filled me up more than adequately.

Brent fucked me hard. This was all for him, or so he thought. I was the sort of bad girl who liked to be used and abused and fucked like a toy, an object.

But more than anything I wanted to see Brent fuck Gigi again. I wanted to watch him fuck someone else while I watched.

Why?

I don’t know. Maybe I have low self-esteem.

Maybe I’m just fucked up when it come to sex.

Maybe I want to see him happy with someone else because I know I’m not good enough.

The thought about not being good enough pushed me over the edge and made me cum. That was good because Brent came a few seconds later, filling me with his delicious cum.

Even after he pulled out of me, I was still full. I was full of his cum and full of the buttplug.

He left and went to the bathroom to clean up. I wanted to tell him I would have sucked his cock clean. It would be a pleasure.

When he returned, he looked at me and smiled. “Did you like that?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like being tied up and plugged?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I think I’ll leave you like that a while.”

And with that, he left the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

What exactly had I gotten myself into?

Chapter Seven

I didn’t know what I was getting myself into. If hooking up with Gigi every once in a while was the extent of it, that would have been great. I was open-minded. Gigi was a lusty woman. Brent appreciated the fact that he had two women who were bi-curious and happily willing to fuck him.

It was perfect.

Except that I still couldn’t tell Brent everything. I had shame. (And let’s admit it, shame is what makes a lot of sex acts extra spicy.) And I couldn’t get beyond the fact that I liked seeing him fuck Gigi.

Not that there was anything wrong with that.

Oddly, I found it easier to talk with Gigi than with Brent.

Go figure.

Brent gave me her number so I could call and text her.

I was worried about my first call to her, but as it turned out, I had nothing to worry about.

Or maybe I should have been more worried than I had anticipated.

I kept my first text to her short and sweet, it was only a few days after our initial weekend together as a trio, and I didn’t want to scare her off.

Hi Gigi! It’s Ellie. Brent gave me your number so I could text you. Is that okay?

Short and simple and to the point.

I was surprised at how quickly she texted me back.

Of course it's okay. Why don't you call me when you have a chance to talk.

Is right now okay?

Right now is perfect.

I couldn't believe I was doing it. But more importantly, I couldn't believe I was this lucky.

I called her and she answered almost immediately.

"Hi." It was all I could think of to say. I had called her without any plan. That was stupid.

"Hi yourself."

"Uh...I just wanted to let you know I had a great weekend with you and Brent."

"I more than got that impression," she replied.

I laughed. I laughed stupidly. It would have been better if I had laughed nervously. "I've got a million questions, but I don't know where to start."

"Well, can I ask you one?" Her voice was sweet in my ear. Sweet and sexy.

I could feel myself getting wet just talking to her.

What was wrong with me?

"Sure!"

Too eager. I was too eager.

“Why did you want to watch me have sex with Brent?”

I laughed again. This time it was a nervous laugh. Or maybe it was still just a stupid one. I couldn’t tell.

There was no justice in the world because I couldn’t get control of my emotions while speaking to the FWB of my boyfriend.

“Uh...I don’t know. Just the idea of it got me hot. And then to see it...that got me hotter.” I paused and drew in a deep breath. “And then when you two tied me up and made me watch, that was even better. I’m into bondage. Can you tell that? Is that telling you too much? I don’t know when to stop.”

“You’re a cuckquean, aren’t you, Ellie?”

Her question made me sharply draw in my breath. I hadn’t ever heard the word before, but it sounded like a dirty word. The sort of dirty word you heard on the playground in elementary school when you’re trying to impress your friends with how cool and sophisticated you are.

I remember hearing the word slut for the first time when Colleen Gomez said it on the playground at Lake Street Elementary. We were in fifth grade. She said her older sister was a slut. The way she said it sounded like half an insult and half in admiration.

I was certain I wanted to be a slut right then.

“What...what’s that?” I asked, confused.

Gigi let out a little chuckle. “Oh, come on. You don’t know? I thought you were cool and sophisticated, Ellie? You know what a cuckold is, right?”

“A man whose wife cheats on him. He knows about it and doesn’t complain because he’s weak.”

“Yeah. That’s the traditional definition of a cuckold. Modern definitions usually include men who like to watch their wives get fucked in front of them. They get off on it.”

“Oh.”

“And a cuckquean is the female equivalent,” she said, connecting all the dots for me.

“But I’m not married. I’m not married to Brent.”

“If you were, would you want to watch him fuck other women?” She paused. “Would you want to watch him fuck me? Again?”

“Yes,” I answered, my voice trembling.

“That’s good. I like that.”

“I’m glad,” I said letting out the breath I hadn’t realized that I had been holding.

“Do you know what that makes me?”

“No.”

“I’m the cake. The cupcake.”

I nodded, temporarily forgetting that she couldn’t see me. “How do you...how do you know all of this?”

“It’s called the internet, hon. When I got home I got curious and went looking. There’s a kinky term for everything.”

“I guess so.” We were silent a second. “Can I ask you a serious question, Greta?” I used her formal name rather than her nickname because I wanted to know I wasn’t just goofing around or talking to get myself off.

“Sure.”

“Why haven’t you gotten serious with Brent? You’ve known him all your life. You’ve been fucking him for half your life. Someone in one of your families surely has to suspect something about the two of you. Why not just marry him?”

“I’m not the marrying type,” she said a little too quickly. It sounded like a prepared answer and it obviously wasn’t the truth.

“But you married that other guy. Charles.”

“Chad,” she said with a sigh. “Yeah. And that was a mistake. I’m not the marrying kind.”

“But you already got married,” I pointed out. Again.

“Okay, let me put it this way: Marriage isn’t for me. I’m never getting married again.”

Her voice took on an edge and I knew I was getting into dangerous territory.

“Do you love him?”

“Chad?” she said, trying to duck the question.

“No. Brent. Do you love him?”

“Of course I love him. How could I be fucking him for half my life if I didn’t love him?”

“Am I a threat to you, Gigi?”

“No. I love him, but I don’t love him in the way that the world thinks love is.”

“What?”

She sighed again. “You know how you love your aunt or best friend from high school or chocolate cake? That’s how I love Brent.”

“Okay,” I said, accepting her answer.

There was some tension between us and I was certain I had fucked up something, so I needed to make myself a little more vulnerable to her.

“Can I tell you a secret?”

“Sure. It’s not like we have all that much to hide from each other.”

“I’ve posted nude photos of myself on the internet.” It felt good confessing to her. No one in my life knew that little secret. I’ll admit that I liked revealing my secret. I liked it almost as much as I liked the thrill it gave me to post my nudes. I was wet. I could feel my panties getting soaked.

“Oh my god. Tell me where I can find them! No. Wait. Better yet, send me a link so I can see them.”

I liked that she was thrilled and excited.

“Okay. Give me a second.” I pulled my phone away from my ear to find the site where I did most of my secret displays of flesh, but then I had a second thought and put it back to my ear. “You aren’t going to tell my family about this, are you?”

“I don’t know your family,” she pointed out.

“Yeah but...this is a secret. No one knows. Not even Brent.”

I could hear her smile. “He doesn’t know? You dirty girl.”

“I’ve got a couple that Brent took and sent to me that I need to post.”

“Oh! I want to see those. Come on, Ellie. Send me the link. I’ve already seen you naked and...and pretty fucking vulnerable. I want to see your secret kink.”

It wasn’t my only secret kink. But she didn’t have to know that.

“Okay, hold on.”

It took me a minute, but eventually I found the link and texted it to her.

“Okay, got it,” she said. “Give me a minute while I take a look.”

“Can I hang up for a minute? I want to post those pictures from Brent so you can see them.”

“Okay sure. Jesus fucking Christ! You’ve got like a hundred pictures here! Over a hundred!”

I checked my account. “Two hundred and seventy eight,” I told her. “I’m hanging up now. It’ll take me a minute to post the ones from Brent.”

“Fine, fine,” she said. “I’m going to need a few minutes to go through all of these. I bet your Sunday School teacher would be so ashamed of you, Eleanor.”

Gigi was right about that. My family had stopped the church thing after I left elementary school, but I do remember my Sunday School teacher being an old biddy who, looking back, seemed like a dried up prune. Either she was as dry as the desert, or she had a secret tempestuous affair going on with the pastor.

I hoped it was the latter.

It took me longer to post the pictures than I thought. That was partly because I kept getting alerts on my account that someone was commenting on the pictures.

Usually the comments I got were typical and boring.

Nice tits!

Show your asshole!

If I send you a pic of my dick, will you suck it?

I just jerked off to you and I'm gonna do it again in a minute. Totally hot.

Those were the typical and somewhat nasty ones.

There were plenty of guys, and a few girls as well, who would send comments like:

Beautiful.

I wish you were my girlfriend.

If I had a body like yours, I'd post my nudes as well.

I'm so jealous of you.

It was all sort of fun and playful and dirty all mixed together.

I knew the new comments were coming from Gigi because she had gone so far as to create a user account. Gigicake was making comments like:

I'd lick that day and night.

I bet she could steal my boyfriend from me.

Tiny but perfect.

I love your tattoos.

Maybe she was just being nice. Maybe she had some other game she was playing. That didn't stop me from pushing my hand into my panties and rubbing myself.

I was interrupted between my picture posting and masturbating when my phone buzzed in my hand.

"Why did you really call me, Ellie?" Gigi's voice was lower and huskier than I remembered.

"Because I think I do love Brent and I didn't know how I figured into your relationship with him."

"Tell you what? I promise you the next time I'm in town, I'll let you watch Brent and I. Again."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

“I’ve got another confession to make,” I said.

“I’m getting to know the real Ellie, aren’t I?” she asked.

“I’m bi.”

Gigi laughed at me. “I pretty much guessed that. Maybe you like fucking me, but you went down on me like a champ. Probably better than any man I’ve been with.”

“I’ve had relationships with women,” I clarified.

“Well that would make sense if you were bi.”

“Are you...are you…” I couldn’t get the question out.

“Am I bi?” she asked. “I don’t think so, but that doesn’t mean I’m going to turn down a talented woman eating me out.”

“Was it okay that I did that?”

“It was more than okay.”

“Can I do it again?”

“Yes. The next time I’m in your town.”

“When you’re visiting Brent?”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

Chapter Eight

Gigi must have told Brent about my dirty online pix the moment she got off the phone with me. An hour later I got a text from him.

Holy shit you're really hot in these!

It was a compliment and I took it. But the moment I read his message, my face turned bright red.

I had to respond to him.

You aren't upset?

Well, it's your body and all that.

If you aren't worried about people finding out,

then you should do whatever you want.

It was the approval I was looking for. Just those few words from him got me wet. I knew what I had to do.

Want to have sex?

Always, but I can't get away right now.

Brent lived twenty minutes from my place, but he worked strange hours and it was sort of late in the evening.

I'm really horny. Do you want to watch me get off?

I didn't even give him a chance to say yes or no. I just Facetimed him.

"I can't right now," he said when he answered my call.

I had already taken off my pants and underwear. I had a tripod I used for taking my dirty pictures and that was set up between my legs. He had a good view of my pussy when he answered.

I hoped that surprised him.

He had accepted the call but right away he said, "Not now, Ellie. I'm busy." He glanced nervously offscreen. I didn't know much about his job. Something about patents and legal procedures. All I saw was his face and a desk and a generic office décor. He wasn't in his home office. Him not being at home made things more exciting.

"Put in your headphones," I told him as he was already fumbling around with them. I saw his phone move and shake and eventually he came back on the camera with earbuds in.

"Perfect!" I crowed. "Now I can say anything I want and you can't do anything about it."

“I don’t have time to talk right now,” he repeated, using bland office-speak to get around his predicament. I didn’t know if there was one other person within earshot of him or a dozen or a hundred. The numbers didn’t matter.

The situation did.

I started moving my fingers over my clit and automatically groaned at my own touch.

That plus the thought that Brent was enjoying the secret show I was putting on for him.

I knew exactly what I was doing.

I was a cam girl for a very short period of time. I didn’t make a lot of money at it. That wasn’t the point. I was doing it because I’m kinky and perverted and it really rocked my world to perform sexual acts for strangers.

I let out a few more moans and then got down to the real business. “Oh...I wish you were here with me, Brent,” I said softly. I closed my eyes and focused on my fantasy. “You can jerk off along with me, if you want. Or you can go to the bathroom and do it there when I’m done.”

I plunged my middle finger into my pussy, getting it wet. The penetration didn’t do all that much for me, but I knew that, visually, guys liked that part of the show. I didn’t have any toys handy and this was impromptu, so Brent would just have to be happy with whatever I showed him.

“You should do this the next time Greta visits,” he said so softly that I barely heard him.

My eyes popped open. “You want me to put on a show over Facetime for her?”

Brent’s eyes had that dreamy look of someone who was incredibly distracted or was incredibly turned on.

It had to be the latter.

He shook his head. “No. She and I should see this in person.” He glanced nervously offscreen again, but that was innocuous enough.

I took my finger out of my pussy and sucked on it.

Again, this was another crowd-pleasing move that guys loved. I'm not in love with the taste of my pussy. I much prefer the taste of other women's.

"You shouldn't do that," Brent said. Again, this was almost whispered.

"I just need to get myself off, I promise." I put my hand back to my pussy and started frigging myself like my clit had been a very bad girl and needed to be punished.

If only.

I managed to keep my eyes open, looking at the tiny screen of my phone, as I jilled myself and made all the noises that accompanied pleasure.

Brent just stared back at me. I'd seen guys whip out their dicks and start going to town during my shows. I'd seen them try to hide it. I'm sure all sorts of stuff was going on behind the screens and cameras, stuff I couldn't see, but I'd never see someone just stare at me.

It was disturbing and hot.

When I came, my thighs clamped around my hand and I rolled to the side, breathing heavily.

After a few seconds, Brent said, "Okay. Thanks for the information. I'll get back to you as soon as possible."

He disconnected the call without another word. I laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation.

Brent and I hadn't gotten to the point in our relationship that we could, or would, go into each other's houses without an invitation or a knock on the door. I was annoyed that I had to get out of bed at nearly eleven o'clock to see who was ringing my bell.

That wasn't a euphemism.

Looking through the door, I could see it was Brent. The number of people coming to my door at that time of night was vanishingly small. Every family member I knew would call first.

I was just glad it wasn't the cops.

Opening the door, I leaned against the jamb and asked him, “What are you doing here at this time of night?”

I had the porch light on. There wasn’t much light coming from the neighborhood because I lived in a fairly isolated area. Quiet was the key word. The air was cool enough that I could feel my nipples grow hard under my thin sleep shirt that barely came down to my thighs.

I liked that feeling, being exposed but no one was around to see. Nearly risk free.

“I came over to get laid,” he said. He looked at my face, but his eyes went immediately back to my chest. He was on the porch, keeping him almost a foot shorter than normal, which brought our eyes nearly level. He had to consciously look down to check out my tits.

I liked it.

“I already came once tonight. If you check the internet you might find a copy of the video.” That was pure bluster on my part. Brent didn’t know about my camming past, but I could imply all sorts of lies.

“I can make you cum again.”

“I have my doubts,” I said archly. “What makes you so special that you think you can make me cum?”

He grabbed his crotch. I could see the outline of his already erect cock. “I have a hard cock that’ll make you scream.”

That was probably the case, but it wasn't good enough for me right now.

“I need more than just a cock to make me cum.”

“I can put it in your ass,” he offered.

“Oh. I thought that was already understood that you’d be fucking my ass.”

Brent blinked. He looked tired. Long day at the office. Long and hard day at the office. “Sure. Yeah. I can do that. And use my hand on your pussy at the same time.”

I shook my head. “No. Fuck my ass and I’ll use a vibrator on my pussy. That’ll make sure that I get off.”

With that I turned around and walked back into my house, leaving the door open for him to follow. Brent was smart. He got the hint and followed.

We went right to the bedroom and got down to business. I only had to toss aside my nightshirt to get naked. Brent had to waste time removing his shoes and clothes, but while he was doing that, I went into the treasure box for the toys we’d need.

Lube. Vibrator. Cock ring just in case Brent had trouble.

I rolled onto the bed with the bottle of lube as Brent finished undressing. I was already wet. Not soaking, but wet enough, which was a little strange. Our foreplay up to this point had been a little flirting at the door and getting out the toys.

Was just the sight of my toys enough to get me wet? That was an interesting thought.

Glancing at Brent I noted that he was already hard. Mostly hard. I’ve seen harder cocks, but his was more than adequate.

On the bed I squirted some lube into my hand and applied it liberally to my ass, pushing my finger up inside where it didn’t belong but still felt strangely good.

Brent was staring at me. “Oh. You were serious,” he said, a little bit stunned.

I eyed him. “Yeah. Why wouldn’t I be serious about it?”

“I’ve just never...never been with a woman who was so into anal.”

I smiled at Brent. “There’s so much you don’t know about me.” I dropped the

bottle and grabbed his cock, pulling it to my mouth. I should have just lubed him up and insisted he fuck my ass because that would have been dirtier and nastier and really would have gotten me off, but we were being well-behaved adults tonight.

Well-behaved adults who did dirty things behind closed doors.

The blowjob I proceeded to give him wasn't noteworthy other than it got him plenty hard. Obviously Brent hadn't jerked off in the bathroom at work. If that had been the case, he wouldn't have driven all the way to my place just for some sex where his hand would have been as good.

Well, not as good as my hand, but close.

"Ready?" I asked him when I judged he was sufficiently aroused and hard.

"Fuck yes."

"Good. Let me get into position."

I found anal to be slightly more difficult that vaginal sex, but there wasn't any one position that was easier for it. From behind on hands and knees or me on my back with a pillow or whatever under my ass. Since I was intent on using Terry the pink vibrator on my pussy, I went to my back.

Brent was confused. "Do you want normal sex?"

I shook my head. His cock was curved up slightly, pointing at his bellybutton. "I never want normal sex. Just put it in my ass first and then I'll use the vibe."

He nodded, understanding the plan.

My ass was willing. He fumbled around a bit but eventually he penetrated me where nothing should go.

It felt so good. I would have been happy to have just plain anal right then, but I had made a promise to him and me.

Still, I let him take a few experimental strokes in and out of my ass. I groaned. It was that good.

“Wait, wait,” I insisted. “Let me do this.” I fumbled a bit as I got trusty Terry up and running and on the right setting. My pussy was drooling so he slipped right inside without a problem. I pushed him in all the way because I needed that.

“Oh fuck!” Brent burst out.

“What?”

“I can feel the vibrations.”

I smiled and chuckled a bit. “Of course you can. Terry is big and strong.” I pulled the pink vibe halfway out of me, and then shoved it back in, and then pulled it all the way out so I could tease my clit with it.

I don’t love intense vibrations on my clit, but I was putting on a show for Brent and his cock in my ass.

Glancing his way I could see the disappointment on his face.

“What?” I asked.

“Put it back in your pussy,” he said.

“Why?”

“I liked the way it felt.”

I laughed and did as he asked.

The sex was good. The sex was very good. I used Terry to pleasure myself and didn't worry about Brent in my ass, which also felt incredibly good. We worked a rhythm together.

I didn’t last long, which was good. Brent was a gentleman, but he wasn’t superhuman.

I came first, my body shaking because it was so full of cock, real and fake.

He came shortly after I did.

Like a gentleman, he pulled out of my ass and shot his load on my belly and

pussy.

Up to that point I wasn’t sure where our relationship was going. After he fucked my ass and unloaded on my girly bits, I was convinced I was in love with him.

Chapter Nine

It was strange setting up a weekend meeting with Gigi. Normally she came into our city once every couple of months to see family and have surreptitious sex with Brent. I was pushing for her to visit sooner. Between my schedule and hers and Brent's that just wasn't going to be possible. As it was we were looking at a three month separation and none of us wanted that, but for different reasons.

I came upon a brilliant solution.

Brent and I would travel to see Gigi at her place. It was only a four hour drive away.

"Are you really that eager to drive that distance just to see me have sex with Greta?" Brent asked me.

He probably shouldn't have asked the question when he had his fingers in my panties, but that was his error, not mine.

"Uh-huh," I moaned as he penetrated me. It was a good thing he had his fingers in my underwear already, because just thinking about Gigi and what she would be doing with Brent got me incredibly wet.

I came on his hand in less than a minute.

"You're a slut," he laughed at me while giving me a kiss.

I violently shook my head back and forth in denial. "No. I'm not a slut. I'm a cuckquean," I told him.

But I was also a slut. That was just understood.

The next Friday we got cut out of work early, hopped in Brent's car, and started driving to Gigi's place. I had packed an overnight bag with clothes I was fairly sure I wouldn't need to wear because I planned on spending most of the weekend naked and in bed with them.

I also packed a large amount of my toys, most of which I was fairly sure I would need.

Brent rolled his eyes when he saw that I had two bags for the car's trunk. "It's two nights," he pointed out. "Women always overpack."

I didn't contradict him.

We arrived at Gigi's early in the evening. I was upset and disappointed to discover that she wasn't home.

Brent checked his phone. He had a text from her. "She had to work late. Should be here in an hour or so."

"We just have to wait here?" I complained. It wasn't a dangerous part of the city. If anything, it was boring. We were in the middle of a suburban development where all the houses were either beige or tan and of four basic designs. The only difference between them were ornamental and the numbers on the mailboxes.

It was hideous. I didn't want to sit in her driveway doing nothing and I didn't want to drive to the local strip mall for generic coffee or prefab food.

Brent shook his head and dug into his pocket, pulling out a key on a ring. "No. We can let ourselves in."

"You have a key to her house?" Clearly their relationship went further than I had realized...and I knew they had been fucking since they were sixteen.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"For occasions just like this." He fitted the key into the slot on the door and opened it, letting us in. I felt like we were breaking into a house to rob it, even though that was the opposite of the truth.

I liked the feeling of doing something that shouldn't be allowed, but was.

We had special permission.

Gigi's place was nice. It was plain but nice. Lots of flower artwork on the walls. Some bold colors. Her living room had a small television, but she probably didn't watch a lot of sports. Kitchen was huge and nice. The place only had two

bedrooms, plus a small study. The study was well-used. She must have worked a lot from home.

The smaller bedroom was a guest room that she used for a spare bed and some storage of clothes and whatnot.

Her master bedroom was huge.

I was hoping it would have been a temple of debauchery, but it was just a nice place with a big bed and a comfortable mattress. I sat down on it because I wanted to judge what it would be like to have sex on.

It was comfortable and firm. It would be great for sex.

Brent had followed me through the house as I explored.

“Getting comfortable?” he asked me as I sat down on her bed.

“A little.” My eyes fell on the mirrored doors that led to her closet. Obviously we could watch ourselves having sex in the mirrors, but I wondered what toys and secrets she had hidden away in her closet.

My eyes then fell on the nightstand. She had a pair of them, one on either side of the bed.

She had to have a vibrator. Which drawer was it hidden in?

I so wanted to open the drawers and see her secrets. I couldn’t do that in front of Brent. If I was alone, I would have snooped. I’m that sort of person.

I’m not a good person.

“How comfortable?” he asked me.

“I’m still a little nervous,” I said.

“Because you’re going to watch me fuck Gigi again. And you aren’t going to get my cock at all this weekend?”

I wanted to contradict him about his cock. I was going to have it one way or another.

“No, because I feel like I’ve snuck into someone’s house without their permission.”

“I have permission to be here,” he pointed out. “What would make you more comfortable?”

“Probably a drink,” I said. “Or getting naked and having sex.”

“Well I know where Gigi keeps her booze.”

“Okay,” I said, bouncing up off the bed.

“But it would be easier for you just to take off your clothes and…” he left the rest of the statement unsaid.

“Which would you prefer?” I asked him.

“I don’t want to get whiskey dick,” he said thoughtfully.

I locked eyes with him as I unbuttoned my top halfway down the front and then pulled it up over my head.

His reaction pleased me. His eyes went wide and his fake-thoughtful attitude disappeared.

“You weren’t wearing a bra?”

“You didn’t pick up on that after being in a car with me for four hours?” I asked as I unbuttoned the top of my jeans but didn’t bother unzipping them. Yet.

“Uh. No. Sorry. Are you wearing panties?” He was almost leering at me, his tongue hanging out like a cartoon character.

I wiggled out of my jeans and showed that I was wearing panties. Tiny white lace panties that were nothing in the back and were more decorative in the front than anything practical. I had to pause with my jeans around my knees to get my shoes off and then step out of the denim.

I knew he could see my little line of pubic hair that wasn’t in any way hidden by my panties. I stood them letting him admire me. I was nervous. What would

happen if Gigi walked in right then? It was scary and thrilling at the same time.

My pussy was getting wet and my tiny panties weren't going to soak up any of my amrita.

"Should we fuck before Gigi gets home?" I asked him, wrapping my arms around myself, but not really hiding my tits.

"I promised you that you weren't going to get my cock this weekend."

"Promises are made to be broken," I told him as I sauntered over to him, swaying my hips more than was necessary.

Before he could reply, I circled my arms around his neck and pulled him close, kissing him.

Apparently kissing was allowed. His hands went to my waist and then to my ass. I pressed tightly against him, feeling his body, his muscles, and most importantly his hard cock.

Breaking the kiss, he said to me, "I've never seen these panties before."

"I told you I have secrets."

His hand traveled over my hip to reach down between my legs. It was easy for him to push aside the scrap of fabric and discover how wet I was.

"You are a slut," he whispered in my ear.

"Fuck me before Gigi gets home. She'll never know."

He smiled and kissed me again. Then his fingers got busy between my legs. Some went up into me. Some rubbed my hot and swollen clit. I was so horny I couldn't distinguish one from the other. I clung to Brent, barely able to remain upright. My knees were going weak.

"Are you going to cum?" he hissed in my ear.

"Nooo," I moaned in what was clearly a lie.

"Cum, little girl," he urged me. "You need to cum."

I don’t know why I was resisting. There wasn’t any point to it. I wanted to cum. I needed to cum. There wasn’t anything to gain by not cumming.

Except maybe I didn’t want him to feel superior to me.

Except maybe I didn’t want to cum in Gigi’s house without her there.

Yeah, I had more than a few shame issues, but I wasn’t going to confront them.

And—to be completely honest because what is the point in lying here?—I wanted to delay my orgasm as long as possible to make it more powerful.

I wasn’t sure how long I stood there, slumped against Brent’s body, his fingers anxiously rubbing my clit, before I came. It could have been a minute, it could have been an hour.

When I came, it hurt. It wasn’t a painful orgasm, but one of so much relief, I didn’t know how to process it. And the orgasm kept going. I can cum multiple times—that’s never been a problem for me—but this orgasm seemed to keep going. I could feel my pussy leaking juice all over Brent’s fingers and slicking up my thighs.

Finally it ended and I let out a little sob, my body indicating it was mollified for a few minutes at least.

Brent eased me down to the bed. I was certain I was getting Gigi’s pretty flower-print duvet all wet, but I couldn’t do anything about that. He sucked my juice off his fingers and then offered them to me.

I sucked as well. I tasted myself. It was heaven. It was what I wanted and I still wanted more.

“Say it,” Brent ordered.

“Say what?” I was too confused to know what he meant.

“Tell me what you are.”

I clued in. “I’m a cuckquean,” I said boldly, avoiding what he wanted to hear.

“Say it,” he repeated.

“I’m a slut,” I slurred at him, licking my lips.

“You’re both,” he reminded me with a kiss to my forehead. I smiled and rolled to my side, curling up into a fetal position.

I wasn’t aware of what Brent was doing until I heard a couple of bangs. I opened my eyes to see him bringing a sturdy chair into the bedroom.

It wasn’t exactly like my chair in my bedroom, but it was close and would serve the purpose.

“You said you wanted to watch, didn’t you?” he asked me, a touch of anxiety in his eyes.

I nodded and got up from the bed. It took all my effort not to just lay there and luxuriate in my post-orgasmic bliss. By now my panties were soaked and uncomfortable. I dropped them to the floor on top of the rest of my clothes.

After my orgasm I was a little more relaxed about being inside Gigi’s home. It still felt a little bit wrong, but it was the right sort of wrong.

Maybe being naked helped as well.

“Did you bring your cuffs and everything?” Brent asked as he positioned the chair just so.

“Of course. What do you think the second bag was for?”

We had dumped the bags in the front hallway. I went and retrieved the one that had all my toys in it. I wanted everything to be perfect when Gigi showed up.

He was a gentleman and helped me put on my cuffs. I kept hidden in the bottom of the bag the collar that matched the cuffs. I wasn’t ready for that. Not yet.

But maybe soon.

Instead I next got out the big dildo. The one that scared and excited me.

Brent’s eyes went wide when he saw it.

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

I affected a look of innocence. “About what?”

“That thing is huge! You can’t possibly mean to use it. That sort of thing is for...well, a prop in a really terrible porno.”

I fixed him with a steely gaze. “I can assure you that I’ve had this toy all the way up in my business more than once.” I paused and considered my words carefully. “Are you intimidated by it?”

Brent’s mouth opened and closed several times. “Of course not. It’s just that no man has a cock that big.”

“How would you know?”

He didn’t answer my question and tried a different tack. “Are you really going to use that on Gigi?”

“Of course not,” I said and then made my bold move. I slammed it down, base first, on the hard wooden chair that was going to be my prison while I watched my boyfriend fuck another woman.

It stuck fast to the seat sticking up not exactly at a right angle, but close to it. The weight of the toy made it flop over slightly, giving it a natural curve.

“I’m going to have it in me while I watch.”

“Oh.” His response was quiet. He was cowed. I wasn’t sure if I liked that, but I couldn’t help myself and I pushed forward.

“Want to see it in action?”

“Uh…” was his answer.

I didn’t wait for further clarification. I dipped into my bag once again and found my giant bottle of lube. I opened up to the top and applied a liberal amount to the dildo’s tip and shaft. I then squirted some into my hand and rubbed it on my pussy. I didn’t really need any extra lubrication at that point. My pussy was still plenty wet from Brent’s dexterous fingers.

“You can’t be serious,” he said as I got myself into position.

The answer I gave him was a grin. It was easy to insert the tip between my lips. From there I had to carefully move myself up and down in a weird squatting maneuver, but I managed it.

Brent just stood and stared at me.

Eventually I eased myself all the way down on Sec. Yes, I named the dildo after Secretariat the race horse. It was huge.

I only hope it was admiration that I saw in Brent’s eyes as I managed to seat myself on the chair with all of Sec’s girth and length inside of me.

There’s no reason to lie. I was stretched to the point of pain. It felt good.

“Holy shit,” was all Brent had to say.

“What’s holy shit and why is Ellie naked in my bedroom?”

Brent and I had been so distracted by our play and my need to show off to him, that we hadn’t heard Gigi come in. It was her house, so it wasn’t unexpected and she surely saw Brent’s car out front. And she was expecting us.

Still, her words from behind him made Brent jump a little. I would have had the same reaction if I hadn’t been sitting with Sec all the way up my twat.

“Hi,” I said a little too breathily.

Gigi turned her head to the side slightly, showing off the pink streak in her blonde hair. She gave me a smile. “What are you up to?”

“About ten inches of fake cock in my pussy,” I blurted out, half bragging and half confessing.

Her eyes went suitably wide. “Really?”

Brent had to chime in. “I didn’t measure it, but I don’t think she’s lying.”

“Let me see.”

I wanted Sec in my pussy but at the same time I wanted to show off for her. It took all my willpower to lift myself off the long dildo and let it plop out of me.

Looking down between my legs, I saw Sec's length covered with my amrita and lubrication. Looking up at Gigi I saw that she was amazed.

I liked that.

"Can you put it back in?" she asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Can you tie her to the chair?" Gigi asked Brent. "So we can fuck while she watches?"

It was crazy how quickly we had gotten to this point, but I was all on board. "Yes. Please!"

I sat back down on Sec—he went back in a lot easier than the first time—and Brent picked up the restraints from the bed where we had left them.

Gigi joined in on restraining me. I gave them pointers along the way, not that it was difficult to do it again. In short order, I was restrained to the sturdy wooden chair, Sec up in my pussy, and my boyfriend and his FWB staring at me.

"This is weird," Gigi declared.

"Do you want to stop?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "No. I've had a long, shitty day at work. I wanted to be home before you two showed up and instead I get...well, this, but I'm okay with this."

"Can I ask a favor?" I said to Gigi. It was strange how easily I went to her instead of Brent. It was almost like he was a prop.

"Sure. Anything."

I pointed to the bag on the floor. There were a lot of toys still inside it, but the one I wanted the most was right on top. I could see it. "Will you gag me while

you two have sex?" I asked the favor shyly because I was ashamed of my fantasy I wanted to bring to life.

A wicked smile spread across Gigi's face. "Certainly." She went right to the bag and pulled out the ball gag I had indicated, but then she hesitated a second. I feared that maybe she was having second thoughts.

I wasn't that lucky.

"What's this?" she asked, pulling out the collar that matched my wrist and ankle restraints. The ball gag didn't match the set, so I could see why she was confused.

But I did like wearing them both.

And I wasn't going to tell her that. Or Brent.

"It's a slave collar," I said nonchalantly.

Gigi wasn't having any of that. "It goes with your set, doesn't it?"

"Y-y-yes."

"I'm going to put it on you. It'll make you look so hot."

It wasn't like I could have objected. I mean, I could have, but I wanted it on. I just didn't want to admit that I wanted it on.

Brent watched, his hand on his crotch, massaging his cock through his pants. He was all on board with this.

I lifted my chin, allowing Gigi to put on my collar. The way her fingers moved with such assurance I wondered if she had done this sort of thing before, but I'm sure that Brent would have mentioned that.

"The gag too, I think," she muttered to herself, picking up the large red ball with two leather straps to hold it in place.

I had to open my mouth as wide as possible. The red ball was rubber so I could bite down but I wouldn't hurt my teeth. I could make some noise, but not much.

The best, and most humiliating, part of the ball gag was that it made me drool. They made everyone drool after wearing it for a few minutes. But it was still a delightful bit of humiliation.

It only took Gigi a minute to figure out how it fitted behind my head and she buckled it into place. It helped that I had already adjusted it to the right size.

With a sigh, she stepped back from me. “I think I really needed this after today,” she said to Brent.

“Really?”

“Sometimes at work…” she started to say, but shook her head. “No. I just want to fuck. I want to fuck and cum and then have something to eat and then go back to bed. Let’s make a weekend of it.”

She drew Brent to her and they kissed.

My pussy throbbed around the fake cock embedded inside me. I could feel my heartbeat in my pussy. I was getting a show that should have been forbidden—and it was!—and it was exactly what I wanted.

I just couldn’t tell anyone that.

They proceeded to kiss and undress and move onto the bed. I was thrilled when Brent took off Gigi’s blouse and bra, exposing her tits. When she pulled down his pants and took his hard cock in her hand, I moaned.

They didn’t hear me.

The frustrating part was that I couldn’t participate other than to watch.

Next time I promised myself that I’d have Brent put a vibrator in my pussy and not just a dildo.

As it was I was able to rock my hips up and down to get some friction off Sec, but it wasn’t on my clit where I really wanted it.

Brent rolled on top of Gigi. He was naked now. She was wearing only a pair of very modest panties, perfect for the office.

His fingers went into the soft material to feel her hot cunt. Gigi moaned and showed she wasn't going to drag this out. She had said she wanted to fuck and she wanted it right away.

Gigi yanked down her panties and spread her legs for Brent. She guided his cock into her pussy and I moaned loudly as their bodies joined.

They ignored me and they rutted like animals. I drove my hips up and down on Sec, letting him fill me, getting what little pleasure that I could.

My stomach was tight with anxiety, but I knew this was just sex between them.

Wasn't it?

The moans from Gigi's throat were lovely. She bent her legs, inviting Brent's cock into her body as deeply as possible. She encouraged him with her moans and with words.

"Harder, baby. Hard and fast. Fuck me like you mean it."

I would have loved to be the one beneath Brent, but at the same time, I was happy where I was, suffering gladly for my perverted pleasure.

Like any lovers who had been separated for too long, their first round of sex was fast and intense. Brent managed to hold off long enough to make Gigi cum once. It was a powerful orgasm. She locked her ankles behind his waist and hugged him tightly as her body quivered with pleasure. That was more than enough for Brent and he came as her pussy gushed in delight.

They laughed and kissed when they came down from their orgasmic bliss.

I was happy for them.

And at the same time I was frustrated as hell. Sec filled me up, but didn't really satisfy me.

After a minute or two Gigi turned her head to acknowledge me. "Is that what you wanted to see?"

I nodded my head, unable to speak because of the gag. I could feel my spit

dribbling down my chin and onto my chest. Gigi opted not to laugh at me because of that.

“Get off and free her, Brent,” she ordered my boyfriend.

“Why?” he asked even as he started to move. His cock came out of her pussy wet and limp.

I still wanted it.

“Because she needs to clean me.”

My heart started pounding in my chest. It wasn’t that I was unwilling to do what she asked. It was what it meant that she was asking it of me.

Brent didn’t question her. He released the cuffs from the chair, freeing my hands and feet, but leaving the cuffs on.

I was the one who unbuckled the ball gag. My mouth was sore from biting it, but I didn’t care. It hurt to open my mouth wider to get it from behind my teeth and I savored that extra stretching.

The hard part was lifting my ass up off the chair and letting Sec slide out of my body. As much as I wanted to be fucked, I wanted to feast on Gigi’s well-used pussy even more.

When I was free, I left my slave collar on and knelt at the foot of Gigi’s bed. She had already scooted down so that her ass was right at the edge of the mattress.

I didn’t hesitate. I wrapped my arms around her thighs and applied my tongue to her pussy, licking up her amrita and Brent’s cum that was slowly leaking out of her.

It was delicious.

I surreptitiously moved one hand down to my pussy and rubbed my clit while I cleaned up Brent’s mess.

“Don’t just eat his cum,” she told me. “Suck my clit. Make me cum.”

I did what she asked. I needed to do what she asked. It was my job to keep her happy and satisfied.

When I came I stifled my cries and my pleasure. I’m sure the two of them knew what I was doing, but they didn’t object.

I made Gigi cum. She cried out, louder than during her time with Brent, and she came all over my face.

I fell away from her, my face covered her amrita and Brent’s goo.

I was never happier.

To Be Continued

Preview

Caged and Milked 5

Dennis knew something was amiss the moment he pulled into the driveway and saw a strange car parked behind Kyleen's. Other people might have thought their girlfriend simply had a friend over from work or something equally innocuous.

Dennis knew his girlfriend better than that. Everything that involved her involved sex on one level or another.

He couldn't help it when his cock started to swell inside his hard metal cage. That's all it could do: swell. He couldn't get hard. It was impossible. His body was so trained by now that he would really only try to get hard when Kyleen took the cage off him.

Parking his car next to Kyleen's, he sat there a minute and fantasized about what Kyleen was doing in the house with her newest lover. He knew her. There was no way this was just a friendly visit; if a friend or family member had been planning on coming over for a visit, she would have mentioned in that morning, or she would have texted him.

Seeing that he had little information Dennis was faced with a dilemma: he didn't know if she wanted to be caught or not. Either she had lost track of time and hadn't gotten her lover out of the house before he was scheduled to arrive home, or she was actively fucking the guy right now and she wanted him to walk in so she could force him to watch.

He hoped it was the latter.

There wasn't any doubt in his mind that there was a man in the house fucking his pregnant girlfriend. He was the bisexual one, not Kyleen. She would never fuck a woman; that just wasn't Kyleen. Oddly, Dennis wasn't sure if he could handle her with another woman. That would be a level of insult he wasn't prepared for. He knew he had a small dick and most men easily outsized him; that was

humiliation he could handle, but for her to take up with a woman because he wasn't a real man…

He tried to ignore his cock as it attempted to stiffen in the cage. Getting out of the car he walked to the house and went in as quietly as possible. It was his house too and he could have entered any way he wanted, but the truth was he wanted to spy on Kyleen and catch her in the act and then have her catch him spying on her.

The moment he walked in the door he could hear them. They weren't being quiet. Why would they? He could hear Kyleen's near-constant moans, the thump of the headboard against the wall, and the sound of a man talking or making noise as well.

Having fucked Brett more times than he could remember, Dennis knew it wasn't Brett in bed with Kyleen. The anticipation was making his fingers tremble and he curled them into fists, but immediately realized that perhaps that wasn't the best way to approach the bedroom.

Forcing himself to relax as much as possible, Dennis breathed in and out. He could hear them moaning and was able to make out some of the words. His cock stirred again, trying to get hard, but that wasn't going to happen.

In the back of his mind he had a desperate hope that maybe Kyleen would want to release him when she was done with her new lover. It had only been a couple of weeks since he had last been released. There was no way she was going to let him out, but he needed to see her fucking this new guy.

Moving as slowly and carefully and silently as possible he removed his shoes before walking down the hallway to the bedroom. Maybe a real man would have stormed in and challenged the man fucking his girlfriend to a duel, but that wasn't Dennis.

He wanted to see the stranger fucking Kyleen.

"We need to change positions," her voice came wafting down the hallway.

“Getting tired?”

“Yeah, I need to be on top. My belly.”

Dennis knew she was lying about being tired, but she loved to be on top, literally and metaphorically.

There was a pause and the sound of bodies moving. Dennis took a chance and peered around the edge of the door.

She was riding the stranger. Her tits were leaking milk. The man reached up and grabbed a breast to squeeze it, forcing out milk which sprayed all over him.

“Nice,” he complimented her.

“You like that?”

“I want to suck on those tits.”

“Make me cum one more time.”

He did the best he could. It was more than enough. She came again. To help things along Kyleen grabbed both her tits in her hands as she bounced on his cock and sprayed down his face and body with the milk.

He laughed and lapped at the milk, trying to catch it in his mouth.

It was too much for Dennis. He walked through the doorway. It took Kyleen a moment to see him and only then did she stop bouncing on the stranger’s cock.

“Like what you see?” she said to Dennis, her head turned enough to alert the man underneath her.

When that man looked at Dennis there was a brief moment of panic in his face. Dennis might have been emasculated by Kyleen because she fucked other men and had him wear a chastity cage, but he still cut an impressively intimidating figure with his broad chest and large shoulders and arms. He carried himself like an athlete, a fighter. Robert might have been a smooth seducer, but on size alone he fell short of Dennis.

“Oh shit! I’m so sorry dude!” He started carefully pushing Kyleen off his body. He’d been caught with the wrong woman before. He’d taken a couple of punches to the face and always said afterwards it was worth it. Half the time the man was angry at the girlfriend and just ignored him.

Robert was ready to run out of the door naked if need be. He had a spare set of clothes in his car. He always planned ahead.

“Don’t worry about him,” Kyleen said, grabbing Robert’s chin in her hand and making him look back at her.

“Is that your husband?” Robert blurted out worriedly. He didn’t want to get his ass kicked. It was one thing to fuck a woman who was married, but it was another entirely to fuck her in front of the husband.

“No, my boyfriend,” Kyleen said as she ground her hips down on him. Her baby belly bulged against Robert’s stomach. He didn’t know what to do. Throwing her off was anathema to him; there was no way he was going to risk hurting her in front of her partner.

“I’d better go,” he said as he tried to lift her up off his cock. He encountered two problems. First, his dick was long enough that he needed to raise her up a good distance. Second, she was resisting him because she wanted to keep going.

“No. You need to cum.” She slapped at his hands on her hips and thighs. “Keep fucking me.”

“I can’t,” Robert said nervously, glancing at Dennis who was staring at them like a pervert. Robert was surprised that Dennis hadn’t walked over and started punching him in the face. After a few more seconds passed by he was surprised that Dennis didn’t whip out his dick and start beating off.

“Sure you can, don’t go soft on me,” said Kyleen as she resumed riding him like they hadn’t been interrupted at all.

Dennis watched—thrilled and fascinated as he always was when he watched Kyleen fuck a new lower—and wished there was something he could do.

Robert realized he was caught up in the couple’s kink and decided to make the best of it. While he preferred to fuck women alone when they were cheating on

their partners, he could make do with this, especially since her tits were full of milk.

Still, it was creepy to fuck a woman while her boyfriend was watching.

“Get it out, Dennis,” Kyleen ordered as she continued to ride Robert. “I want to see you little cocklette.”

Robert tore his eyes away from Kyleen’s leaking tits and looked at the other man in the room. To his amazement Dennis unzipped his pants and lowered them, exposing a pair of small frilly underpants that were only appropriate for a woman. His fascination continued as Dennis then took down the panties to expose his cock.

Or what he could of his cock. Robert wasn’t the least bit surprised that Dennis was shaved like a female porn star. He couldn’t see a single hair on or around the man’s genitals. What was more interesting was that Dennis was wearing a steel case around his cock.

They were truly a fucked up couple.

His actions were exactly what Kyleen wanted. She groaned deeply and ground her pussy and clit down on Robert’s impressive equipment.

She was fucking him faster now. Her eyes were unfocused and her tits weren’t just leaking milk, they were spraying it without being touched. The soft globes of flesh were wobbling and shaking all about as they sprayed. Robert wanted to grab onto them and suck, but her didn’t dare take his hands off her hips for fear she would go up too high and come crashing down on his dick, breaking it in the most painful way possible.

“Cum, you stupid fucker, cum!” Kyleen spat at him.

“What?!” Robert was confused.

“You need to fucking cum!” she barked.

Robert just nodded, closed his eyes and put Dennis out of his mind, and whipped up a little fantasy of being drowned in the breast milk of a hundred virgins to get him over the edge.

If Kyleen needed to go to such extremes, she didn't give any indication. Her hips pumped. Her tits bounced. He could feel her belly hitting his.

And then she came. She came loudly. Her pussy got incredibly hot and for the briefest of moments Robert was sure she was going to burn his cock off, and then she spasmed several times as her orgasm finished taking control of her body.

He was right on the edge and her performance was enough. His cock pumped spurt after spurt of his heavy, thick cum into her pussy. He knew there was no chance of getting her pregnant but thought of his sperm burrowing up into her already full womb and changing the baby to his made the orgasm that much better. He wanted to fuck her so hard that he changed what was in her belly.

All too soon his orgasm was over and he was panting, looking up at her as her tits continued to dribble down on him. They weren't spraying any longer but apparently she had a more than adequate supply of milk.

Kyleen was breathing heavily, trying to recover from the stressful and fruitful exercise she had just endured. Sweat beaded on her forehead and a bit dripped down her face, traced her jawline, and eventually splashed down on his body.

Robert looked down and saw his body was faintly covered—soaked—in her milk.

"Did you like that?" Kyleen asked.

"It was fucking fantastic," Robert quickly replied. He leaned up to catch her nipple between his lips. He was thirsty for her milk, the only thing that would slake his desire.

"I wasn't fucking talking to you," Kyleen snapped at him. Her head was turned. "Was it good for you, Den?" she asked her boyfriend.

Dennis nodded. He looked down with some shame at his dripping cock. He hadn't cum. He really couldn't, but he could release plenty of cuckold tears—his precum—to show how much he wanted to fuck her.

"Well?" Kyleen prompted him, looking for a verbal answer.

“You fucked him perfectly, beautifully,” he said, his voice cracking.

“Good,” she said, satisfied as she moved off Robert. His cock slid wetly from her pussy and slapped back on his belly. “I’m soaking and full,” she announced. “I think I need you to clean my pussy first. If you do a good job you can have some of my milk.”

Kyleen rolled over onto her back and opened up her legs. Her pussy was wet and open but not a sloppy mess. Dennis wasn’t sure what exactly he had been expecting but her pussy looked like it always did during and immediately after sex.

That is, it looked good and he wanted to lick and suck and fuck it. That made his cock start to get hard—like it always did—but the snugness of the metal cage, the bars, the PA ring through his flesh, everything combined made it impossible for him to get hard.

That denial of desire made him want to obey Kyleen’s every request.

A moment later he was lying between her legs happily licking and sucking away at her. Dennis was always unclear as to how much pleasure Kyleen got out of doing this. He liked doing it for her, not because he got sexual pleasure out of it, but because she wanted it and if it made her more aroused, he was willing to go along with it.

Licking and cleaning up another man’s cum from his girlfriend’s pussy wasn’t anything new to Dennis. He’d done it before she was pregnant and they were a little wilder. He’d done it when she had gotten pregnant and Brett was fucking her. Dennis didn’t mind doing it for Brett because he had sucked off Brett more than Kyleen had. He hadn’t minded doing it for the occasional other lovers because Kyleen liked humiliating him that way.

But doing it when she was pregnant and full of another man’s cum, a man they hardly knew… Dennis was certain that he would have been disgusted by the action, but he wasn’t. It was a new level of perversity and, once more, his cock started to swell inside the cage.

What was wrong with him?

He started tasting Robert’s cum now, mixed with the usual flavor of Kyleen’s

pussy. The thickness of the other man's ejaculate stuck to his tongue and he was forced to swallow.

Once it started flowing, it seemed to keep coming and coming.

While making sure to clean Kyleen's pussy the best that he could, Dennis also spent time focusing on Kyleen's clit. She had already cum, so making her cum a second time wouldn't be that difficult, but he had to thread that needle with her order to clean her pussy.

It was supposed to be an incredibly intimate moment with his girlfriend, but Dennis could feel the other man, Robert, watching.

And judging.

"Is your boyfriend gay?" he asked, a laugh just barely hidden behind his words.

Dennis didn't look up, but he could sense the change in attitude from Kyleen. "No. Of course not. He's the one who got me pregnant. How could he possibly be gay?"

She was speaking far too clearly and smoothly to be close to orgasm. Dennis wasn't sure if he should continue or stop, but since she hadn't told him to do anything, he continued on, eating her pussy.

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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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