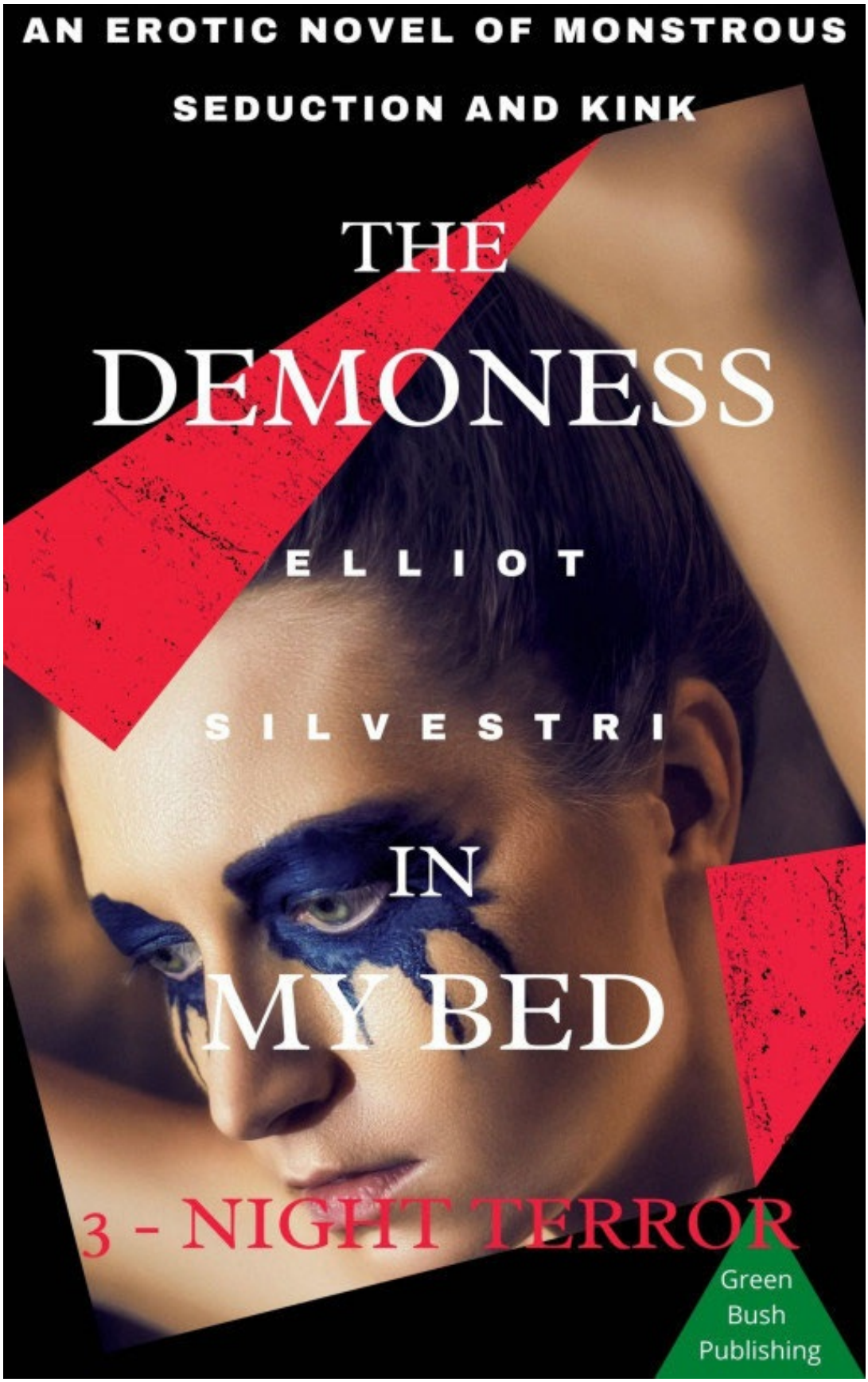
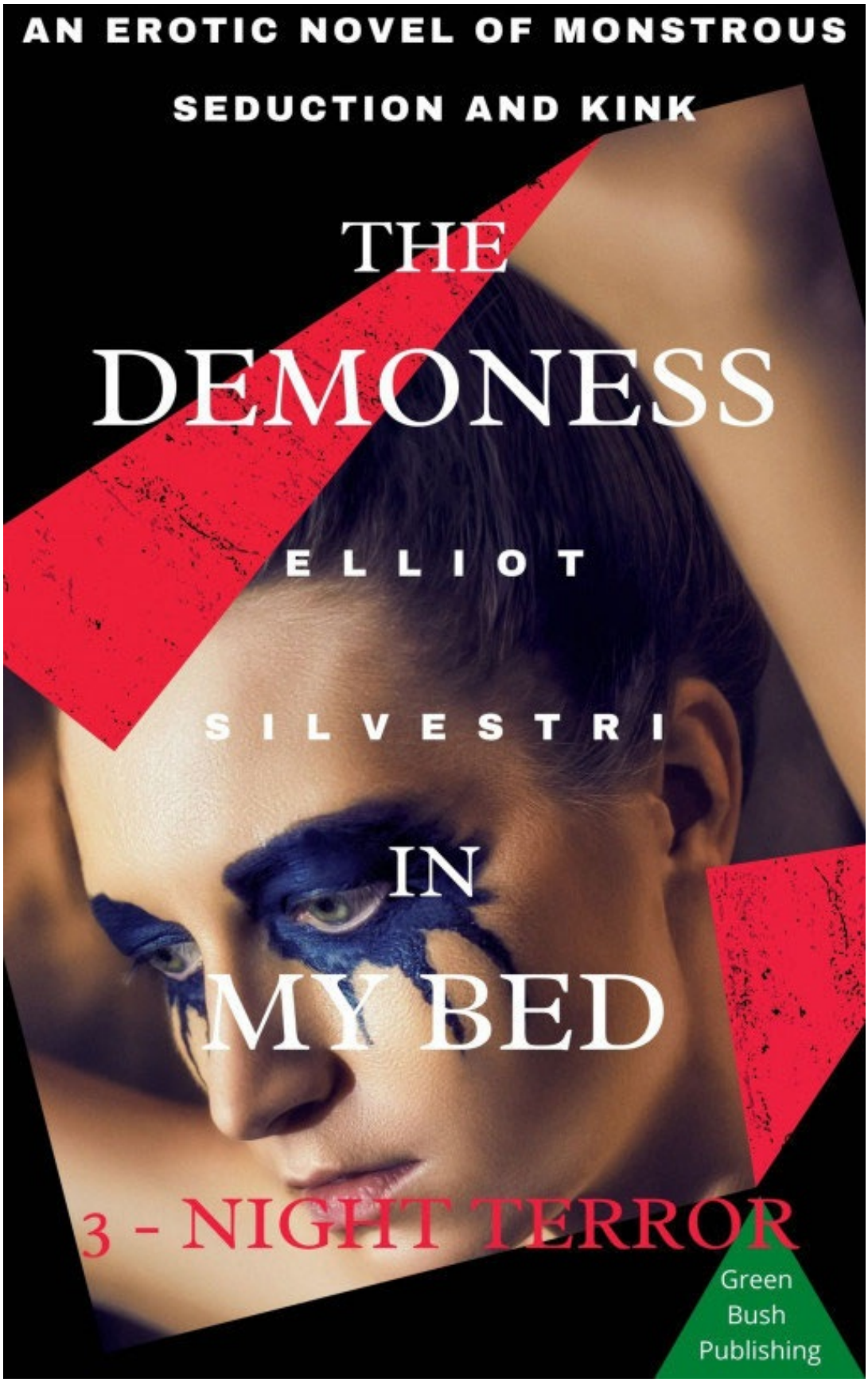

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MONSTROUS SEDUCTION AND KINK
THE DEMONESS
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
IN MY BED
3 - NIGHT TERROR
Green Bush Publishing


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The Demoness In My Bed

3 - Night Terror

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Demoness In My Bed 3 - Night Terror

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

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Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Preview

About the Author

Chapter 10

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

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

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

Or anything.

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

I considered that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maybe I had more and had already forgotten.

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

“No offense, Matt, but I got my dick sucked by my very sexy and very female

boss today. I'm not sure I need to get laid right now."

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

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

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

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

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

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

I couldn't make myself do the smart thing.

I rang the bell.

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

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

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

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

I froze. "All about me?"

She nodded. "All about you."

I didn't know how to process that.

I couldn't process anything as she turned around and walked into the house,

beckoning me over her shoulder. She was dressed casually in a t-shirt and jeans. No socks or shoes.

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

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

I followed; my cock was leading the way.

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

"Call me Hil," she said over her shoulder.

"Short for Hillary?"

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

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

"Matt and I made up, if he hasn't told you."

"He didn't mention it."

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

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

"What...what exactly did...did he…"

She glanced down at me from the middle of the stairs. "Let me answer that for you before you stutter the whole thing out. I know you two messed around. I know you fucked. I know Matt's bi. I'm fine with that." She smiled and her tongue just barely poked out between her lips, wetting them in anticipation of the next words. "I get off to it."

"Oh."

“Come upstairs.”

She hurried the rest of the way.

I followed.

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

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

“Uh...yeah?”

She laughed and opened the door. “Men are so easy.”

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

Or maybe he wanted to be in that situation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I stared for far too long.

“Like what you see?” Hil asked me.

“Uh...wow,” is what I said.

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

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

I didn’t like where my thoughts were going.

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

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

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

They were gorgeous.

I stared.

She had pierced nipples.

No rings, just small barbells through them.

My cock started throbbing in my pants.

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

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

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

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

“Matt said you were easy,” she said.

“What does that mean?”

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

“Oh.”

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

“So do you want to fuck?”

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

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

She should have just shaved all her pubes.

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

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

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

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

Naturally he nodded his head eagerly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I didn’t have the willpower to resist.

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

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

She grunted in appreciation.

“His cock is much better than yours.”

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

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

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

I wasn’t thinking clearly; I was enjoying the sensation of my cock in Hil’s pussy. I also liked the visual impact of my body against her plump ass.

While I was fucking her, Hil kept her hand busy on Matt’s cock. It had gone from passingly erect to fully erect and throbbing. It was reddish purple and looked angry, like it was going to spit in her eye.

I’m sure that Hil would have loved that.

Matt was having trouble breathing around his ball gag, but that wasn’t my problem. Worst case scenario, he would pass out before cumming.

“Are you going to cum?” Once again, Hil wasn’t addressing me; she was talking to Matt.

He nodded desperately.

She let go of his cock and laughed. “No, no you’re not.” Hil let out a long groan. “Oh...fuck me...make me cum.” Those words were for me.

I was close to the edge and couldn’t stop. I didn’t want to cum until she did, but there was no way for me to hold back.

I came. I grabbed her hips and came as hard as I could, burying my cock deeply

into her pussy.

It felt like her pussy was milking my cock, pulling the cum out of me. Maybe she came and maybe she didn't, but by the time I was done cumming, she was laughing.

"Oh, he is a good fuck," she told Matt. "Was it good for you?"

He nodded enthusiastically.

Hil couldn't wait for me. She crawled up on the bed, decoupling my cock from her pussy. I stumbled back and then watched as she crawled up Matt's body, carefully avoiding his cock to prevent an inadvertent orgasm caused by casual contact. When she reached his face her hand went behind his head and unbuckled the strap holding the ball gag in place.

Matt spit out the gag and she set it aside. It was wet with his saliva and his cheeks were streaked with saliva as well. That didn't bother Hil. She just kissed him.

"Did you love that?"

He nodded. "Did he fuck you good?"

"Why don't you see for yourself?"

I loved how they worked together. I loved how she kept moving up his body until she was above his face.

Only then did I remember that I hadn't used a condom and had just cum in her.

Matt wasn't the least bit upset as she lowered herself down. The last I saw of his face was his tongue reaching upward to her dripping pussy.

As a smaller woman she couldn't have weighed all that much, but I was still surprised that she seemingly put her whole weight down on his face.

"Oh...yeah...get your tongue up there. Eat up his spunk." She rotated her hips enough that I knew she had to be smearing her amrita and my cum all over his face. "That's right...suck my clit...oh...oh...Fuck!" Her body shook as she

climaxed. It hadn’t taken all that much effort on Matt’s part. I wanted to think that I had a lot to do with her getting to that point.

I didn’t want to think about the fact that Matt was eating my cum out of her pussy, though really it wasn’t much different from him sucking my cock and swallowing my load.

“He’s really good with oral, isn’t he?” she asked me.

“Uh...yeah.” What else was I going to say?

“I’m going to ride him for one more and then we can focus on each other.”

I eyes Matt’s throbbing cock. It was an angry purple now, pulsing in time with his heartbeat, precum still steadily dribbling down onto his stomach.

“Focus on us?” I asked.

She grinned as her eyes closed, shifting her focus to Matt’s tongue and her clit. “He loves to watch me fuck other men...and women.”

That piqued my interest, but I didn’t want to be a giant ass and immediately comment on it. While I fully supported all women exploring their innate bisexuality, there wasn’t an opportunity for her to display that to me and Matt at the moment so why bother spoiling the moment?

I continued to watch as she rode Matt’s face. It was going on for so long that I started to get worried she was literally going to smother him to death.

There were worse ways to go.

It didn’t last all that long...or rather, Hil didn’t last all that long before she came again, to much satisfaction.

I was relieved when she got off his face and I saw that he was still breathing.

“Wanna fuck?” she asked me with lust-filled eyes.

“I just fucked you,” was what I said. That was the wrong answer.

“So? I want to go again.”

“Fuck her,” Matt encouraged me.

“Uhh...sure. Except there’s one small problem.” I pointed to my mostly flaccid cock. It wasn’t that I didn’t want to fuck her again. It would just take a little time.

“I can help you with that,” Hil offered, licking her lips. She started moving off the bed and toward me. “Unless…” She glanced at her boyfriend. “Unless you want to let Matt show off his cocksucking skills.” Her body shivered in anticipation. “I wouldn’t mind that.”

“Sure!” was Matt’s reaction.

I stood there, frozen, afraid to answer and afraid to say yes or no.

It wasn’t that I had a serious hangup about having sex with a guy. Or getting a blowjob from a guy while his girlfriend watched. Or even all that so I could fuck Matt’s girlfriend. And it wasn’t because I found Matt unattractive. Just the opposite.

In short, I didn’t know why I didn’t take the initiative. I had no clue what was going on with me. Everything I was doing lately was out of character. It was me taken to the extreme while ignoring common sense.

“Sounds good to me!” Hil declared and started the process of unlocking her boyfriend from his bed. I should have done something to take control of the situation, but I couldn’t.

The only thing I could do was stand there watching...while my cock slowly started getting harder.

By the time Matt was fully released, I was at half-staff. I wanted to say something, but Matt was too fast for me.

“Are you okay with this, dude?” he asked as he got on his knees in front of me.

“Uhh…” was all I managed before he had my cock in hand and his mouth was surrounding me.

Matt knew how to deliver an excellent blowjob.

I moaned a little.

Tiny Hildegard stood next to me, watching intently. “He’s such a good cocksucker,” she breathed and then gave me a kiss on the side of my neck.

He was a good cocksucker.

I just watched him work on my cock. I didn’t like it when he looked up at me but he didn’t say anything, so that was fine.

“Stop now, Matt,” Hil instructed him. She was laying sprawled on the bed, her legs wide, and her pussy open. “I don’t want him wasting his second load down your throat.”

Matt did what she asked, leaving my cock wet and throbbing.

“Stick it in me,” Hil all but begged, gently rubbing her clit as she waited.

I did what she wanted. I did what I wanted. I got on the bed and crawled up to her. She grabbed my cock and slipped it into her waiting pussy.

Say what you will about missionary position, there’s nothing wrong with it. I’m sure she chose to go that way because she was able to wrap her arms and legs around me, making it more intimate, as a special bonus to humiliate her boyfriend.

I didn’t mind at all because she had a very welcoming pussy.

While I hesitated to kiss her, our faces were so close together that it was impossible not to. Her tongue darted into my mouth and swirled around my own. She certainly wasn’t shy about kissing me in front of Matt.

“I love your cock,” she told me, breaking the kiss.

“Thank you.”

“Fuck me hard with it. Slam it into me. I want to feel your balls slapping on my ass. I want you to go balls deep. I want you to make me scream because it feels so good.”

I tried to do all that and more. I didn’t focus on Matt at all. I just fucked her as hard as I could. I wasn’t even trying for a decent technique. It was all force and speed.

I loved her moans and groans as we rutted. I was pleased at how long I lasted.

It felt like I was on the edge for an hour.

“I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna cum,” I warned her, unnecessarily.

“Cum in me, fill me up,” she panted in my face. Sweat was beading on her forehead and somehow that made her sexier.

I came in her. Knowing the risks I still would have done it again because without risk, there is no reward.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh fuck…” she repeated over and over as I used her pussy for my pleasure. I tried to pump as much cum into her as possible. By the time I was done, I was completely drained.

I laid on top of her, breathing heavily, for a minute. I couldn’t do anything else.

And then we heard a noise. I was familiar with the sound.

Hil pushed me off her body. Or she tried to. She was too small and I was too heavy to be moved so easily. Still, I got the hint and rolled off her to the side.

I didn’t want to look, but I did. We both saw Matt jerking his cock.

“Stop that right now,” Hil insisted.

Matt went for another couple of strokes but then stopped. His cock was still hard —partly because of the thick silver ring he was wearing—and red and throbbing and dripping precum.

I was tempted. I wanted to suck it, but I didn’t voice my need. I expected Hil to either invite him to fuck her or to suck him off.

I was wrong.

She pointed to her pussy and the little landing strip.

“You know what to do.”

He didn’t hesitate and moved right between her legs to eat my cum out of her pussy. Or maybe he was just eating her out to make her cum. Whatever.

“And don’t you fucking touch your cock,” she ordered him.

I was starting to get a handle on their relationship, such as it was.

She grinned up at me. “You ever eat a cream pie?” she asked me.

I shook my head no.

“You’re missing out. Matt can tell you.”

He made some vague noises confirming her assertion.

“I love it. It really puts him in his place, doesn’t it, sweetie?”

Matt lifted his face from her pussy long enough to say, “Yes. I love it.”

I watched for a bit longer and wondered if I should just leave. They seemed to have everything they wanted from me.

I was wrong.

“Okay, enough.” She pushed his face away from her crotch. “Would you like to cum, baby?”

For just an instant I thought she was talking to me. The two were into orgasm denial, obviously.

“Yes...please.” Matt was whining in his need. I looked at his cock again. It was so large and purple at this point that I was starting to get worried for him. Cock rings are no joke if left on for too long.

“You know what I told you about how I was going to let you cum, right?” She was teasing him now...and playing to the audience: me. Something was up and they wanted me to witness it.

“Yes.”

“Get the toys,” she told him.

“Toys?” I echoed.

Matt just scrambled for the closet. Hil looked at me. “Don’t tell me you’ve never used toys during sex.”

I didn’t answer her. Matt was back too quickly.

Right away I recognized one of the items he brought back: a pair of handcuffs. Sex cuffs, they were padded for sex play. The other item took me a second to figure out, but when Hil started pulling on the straps, everything clicked. She was putting on a harness for a strapon dildo. The dildo was impressively large, not huge, but more than big enough to give even the above average man a run for his money.

Matt put on one of the cuffs and then asked me for help.

I felt like a sex cop as I restrained his hands behind his back. By the time we were done, Hil had her big blue dildo adjusted and jutting out from her crotch. She was in the process of lubing it up.

“Give me a hand and lube Matt’s ass?”

I should have let him do that himself before I handcuffed him. The only thing to do was be an active participant in their little game.

Lubing up Matt’s ass wasn’t a thrill, but it wasn’t a chore either.

With Matt standing on the floor and his chest on the bed, Hil got behind him and held her dildo in hand so she could stuff it up his ass.

Naturally I watched. I hadn’t come this far to not see their little show.

I was surprised at how easily Matt took her cock. She grabbed his hips and started going to town with an enthusiasm that told me this wasn’t the first time they had done this. Maybe it was the first they had an observer, but they were both experienced in pegging.

“You better cum for me, baby,” said Hil. I loved how sweaty she got when

fucking him. It was hot. Literally. I loved how her tits shook with every motion of her body. When I moved behind her, I confirmed that her ass looked spectacular in the harness. Matt was a lucky man. “If you don’t cum from my girl cock...well, you might not get to cum at all.”

I knelt down to get a better look at Matt's cock. It was still straining and shaking. Precum dripped. I was starting to get worried for him.

“I’ll jerk him off,” I offered.

Hil let out a barking laugh of derision and paused in her thrusting. “That’s not how it works, honey.”

I wanted Matt’s take on the offer, but he just moaned as she pegged him harder. Now she was holding the links between his wrist cuffs and really pounding him. He was whining, but I wasn’t sure if it was from pain or pleasure or both.

And then he came. I was amazed when he came. He let out a strangled moan. His purple cock somehow forced out the cum. It was like a firehose of thick, sticky spunk. He sprayed it against the bedspread and onto the floor. I didn’t worry too much about the mess; it was his problem.

As his orgasm started winding down he started to cry softly.

Hil extracted her cock from his ass and wiped it off on a towel before turning to me. “Want me to peg you?” she offered. “I’m not done if you aren’t.”

“That’s...that’s okay. I’m good.”

She gave me a wink and rushed up to me, going up on tiptoes to give me a light kiss on the cheek. “I’m going to peg you sooner rather than later.”

I just nodded in acknowledgment. I wasn’t sure if I wanted her to or not.

“You okay, Matty?” she asked her boyfriend.

“Uh-huh,” he panted into the mattress. His knees had given out and was now kneeling and leaning against the bed. “Give me a minute.”

“No,” she told him as she unhooked the cuffs. “Go clean up and bring me the

prize.”

I watched as Matt struggled back to his feet and then stumbled to the bathroom.

“Prize?” I asked.

Hil turned toward me and I was a little intimidated by her strapon dildo. It was bigger than me, even when I was erect.

And I couldn’t stop thinking about what it would feel like to be fucked by her.

“You’ll see,” she said sweetly as I heard water running in the bathroom. She held her hand to the blue cock’s base. “You sure you don’t want some of this?”

“Uhh...I’m pretty much spent for the night. Maybe some other time.”

“I’m impressed you came twice so quickly.”

“Thanks for the compliment.”

Before the conversation could go awry, Matt was back from the bathroom with another toy in his hand. As soon as I saw it I knew what it was and it only made sense.

I watched with interest as Matt stood in front of his girlfriend seated on the edge of the bed as she carefully stuffed his now flaccid and small cock into a pink plastic cock cage, sheathing his shaft inside a curved tube that locked to a matching pink ring that nestled behind his balls. I figured he must have removed the steel cock ring in the bathroom after he had gone soft.

When she was done, Hil held out her hand to me. I saw she was offering me the key to the lock.

“How about the next time Matt wants to have sex, he has to come to you to get out of his little cage?”

Chapter 11

My dream started with me fucking Meeza in her full demon form. She was underneath me; we were fucking missionary. I liked how her bat wings were spread out on the ground.

That would have been great and fine, but then she—or rather her twin—was behind me. It didn't make sense. It didn't need to; it was a dream. And then her cock was in my ass. She had a real cock and she was fucking my ass. There were two of them. Two Meezas. I was fine with that. It was just an amplification of everything about her.

She didn't talk to me. She didn't say a word. I was the meat in the Meeza sandwich, fucking her and taking it in the ass. I liked it.

And then there was a third Meeza. She was suddenly squatting over On-Her-Back Meeza. And her cock was in my face. I did what only made sense. I took her cock in my mouth and started sucking. I felt like I was being used by her and using her at the same time.

"You like sucking cock, don't you, little slut?" It was Third Meeza talking.

I couldn't answer. My mouth was full of cock.

"You like getting buggered, don't you, little faggot?" This was Second Meeza talking. The one fucking my ass.

"You like being a useless fuck, don't you?" the first Meeza asked. "I can barely feel your little cock inside me."

It was all true.

I loved it.

I wanted it to stop.

I all but spat out her cock. "Stop," I begged. "I want this to stop."

Meeza already knew that.

"It'll never stop until I say so," they said in unison. "

I came. I came hard. I came so hard that it hurt.

I woke up in sticky, wet sheets again. My cum made the sheets disgusting, much more so than the sweat. The first thing I saw when I woke up was the key to Matt's cock cage on my nightstand.

"Shit."

I never should have agreed to take his key.

I had been hoping it was all a bad dream. All of it.

Obviously it wasn't. I had gone to Matt's and fucked his girlfriend, had my dick sucked, and watched while Hil had pegged him. Getting his cock caged was just the logical icing on the cake.

My life was spiraling out of control.

I needed it to stop.

The first thing I did was take a shower. A long hot Silkwood shower.

It barely helped.

I took a couple of Ibuprofen because I didn't have any better drugs in the medicine cabinet. You'd think in the 21st century mind altering chemicals would be easier to come by. I didn't want to go to work drunk so alcohol was out and I didn't have any illicit drugs in my apartment.

Fuck.

I went to work.

I was late.

I didn't care.

The class was waiting for me when I walked in. I didn't give excuses or reasons

for being late. I just went into the lesson and training for the day.

I hated it.

The new hires hated it.

We managed to get through the day.

I managed to get through the day without losing my shit or resorting to snorting heroin. Not that I had access to heroin. Or any other good drugs.

Jenn called me to her office before I could leave.

I considered just leaving because I was done.

I went anyway.

The moment I walked in I knew I was in trouble. Not because of anything I had done but because of what she was wearing.

Business suit. Tight fitting. Her bra was pushing up her tits to create all the cleavage I needed. Her blouse was already straining at the top button. It would take no effort at all to release it and then she would be in her glory. I wondered what her ass looked like in the pants she was wearing. She was going full professional today; no sexy skirt.

She had done her makeup more carefully than usual and her hair was precisely styled. She looked hot and I knew why she had called me to her office.

“Hey! John! You haven’t heard a word I’ve said, have you?”

She had snapped her fingers several times to catch my attention. I had no idea how long I had been sitting in front of her desk. I had been staring at her modest cleavage and using my non-existent telekinetic powers to get the top button to give way.

“I heard those words,” I said as I shifted in my chair to readjust my cock. It was semi-erect and I knew I’d be needing it soon. We were going to fuck.

With a sigh Jenn came around the desk and got right in front of me and rested

her butt on the desk's edge. Her tits were literally inches away from my face. It was a calculated move on her part.

"Maybe if I'm right in front of you, then you can focus?"

"Focus on your tits? Sure…" I reached out and cupped her breasts through her jacket and blouse.

She sighed. I'm sure she loved it but it sounded like I was annoying her as well. Still, I kept up massaging her bountiful boobs.

"We've talked about this, John."

"Yeah we have…" I kept massaging and, as if by a happy accident or miracle, the top button to her blouse popped open revealing all of her glorious cleavage.

"You're not paying attention."

"I'm paying plenty of attention to your tits." I proceeded to press my face between them, covering them with kisses.

"John, we've talked about this. Not at the office. We can only have sex at your apartment."

"Uh-huh," I said absently, barely taking in her words. Then I understood her words. "We've had sex in the office before."

"Yes. Once."

I shook my head back and forth. "We've had sex in your office plenty of times."

Jenn pushed me away. "We had sex in here once. And it was a huge mistake."

I contradicted her. "No. Lots of times. Just a couple of days ago." I tried to put my face back in between her tits.

She prevented that and actually moved away from me. "Have you been taking your meds, John?"

I blinked at her. "What are you talking about?"

She sighed. “Shit. You’re off your rocker again. Again. Because you’re off your meds.”

“I don’t take meds and I’m completely normal and sane.”

“Sure you are.”

I didn’t like her tone, but she was making sense. I did feel...off.

“Maybe I should check in with the company’s EAP.”

Once more Jenn sighed. “That’s probably a great idea.”

Long story short, I was set up with a shrink for the next day.

Longer version of the story: after Jenn and I set up my appointment, I asked her back to my place.

Jenn was probably getting tired of sighing so much about me. I figured she had just a couple left in her before she just gave in to all my needs.

“I thought we had worked out a mutually beneficial schedule to hooking up?”

“No reason not to have a bonus meet up tonight.”

She fell victim to my seductive techniques and agreed to come over. “It’s hard enough hiding this from Bill once a week.”

“You can always say no, but then you won’t have the great pleasure of my cock inside your pussy...and other parts of your body.”

And yet somehow she couldn’t resist my charms.

She didn’t arrive at my place until after seven, but that gave me time to prepare for her. As it was, the sex was just okay.

She showed up in the most casual of clothing. We started making out right away in the entrance to my place and moved to the living room. It was easy getting off her bland shirt and yoga pants. I took a moment to admire her matching lingerie. I had learned long ago that if a woman wore panties and a bra that matched, she did that to impress the guy she was going to bed with.

“We really shouldn’t be doing this,” she told me as I pulled her bra up over her head like it was a shirt. I couldn’t be damned to fumble around with the hooks. Her tits were spectacular as always and she appreciated when I sucked on the nipples and made her shiver.

“Ever been titty fucked?” I asked her.

“No. And I always tell you no when you ask.”

“Oh. Right. Too bad, your tits are perfect for it.”

“I know.”

I didn’t mind going down on her at all. Her pussy was musky and sweet. I loved that she was seated on my couch, legs spread with me kneeling on the floor in front of her, eating her out. I don’t think her husband did enough cunnilingus on her. She always came when I ate her pussy.

She didn’t exactly squirt on my face, but after she came and I sat up to kiss her, she pulled my shirt up over my head and wiped my face before she allowed that.

“Can I fuck you right here on the couch?”

“Of course.”

I should have felt a little guilty that I had been fucking around on Jenn with Meeza...and Emily...and Meara...and Matt...and Hil. I had been a busy boy.

Even so, I was rock hard and slipped it into her tight little pussy. I fucked her right there on the couch. It was good, as always. I made her cum a couple of times before I finished.

“That was fucking great,” I told her without irony.

“You always say that.”

“I know, but it’s true.”

“We can’t keep doing this, John. You can’t keep doing this.”

“Sure we can...as long as you don’t mind cheating on your husband and as long

as you don’t mind me fucking other people.”

“Other people?” she asked, concerned.

“Yeah. Emily and Meara.” I paused and considered my words before getting off my knees and sitting down next to her on the couch. “And Matt. He’s a guy—”

“I figured. Most people named Matt are male.”

“I thought you might be worried about me having sex with a guy…”

She waved away my concern. “I’m not.”

“And Matt’s wife Hil. Hildegard. Weird name, right. But she’s hotter than a two dollar pistol, as my grandfather always said. She looks a lot like you. Short. Big boobs and ass and blonde. Sort of. I’m having trouble keeping track of it all.”

“I’m sure…”

“And Meeza.”

“Who’s Meeza?” Her brow furrowed.

“Meeza. The woman I hooked up with at the party.”

“What party?”

“The one last week? Or was it two weeks ago? Doesn’t matter. Not my type. Dark hair and too pale skin. Thin and muscular.” I couldn’t stop myself from talking. “I shouldn’t have fucked her. She’s a demon.”

Jenn gave me a skeptical, but worried look. “A demon?”

“A demoness? She’s haunting my dreams. Making me do things I don’t want to do.”

“I’m starting to really worry about you, John. You know just saying that...it doesn’t sound normal.”

We looked at each other. I thought I was the most normal guy in the world...except for the need to bed as many women as possible.

But that’s normal too.

“I’m not losing my mind,” I said flatly.

“I didn’t say you were.” She stood up. I admired her curvy ass. “Let’s go to bed.”

“I just fucked you and you want more?” I stood up, a wry grin on my face. “I am that good, you know.”

Jenn took my hand and led me to the bedroom.

She had never spent the night before.

Naturally Meeza came to my dream that night with Jenn sleeping next to me. She was still a hot demon woman, but she was wearing black leather armor instead of being naked.

I didn’t like that. She should have been naked.

Worse, we weren’t fucking. I hated that she came to my dreams and destroyed my night’s sleep, but at least I got dream sex out of it.

“Who the fuck is the whore in your bed?”

“Jenn.” I was just standing there. I was naked. My cock was soft. Very soft. And very small.

“Who is she?”

“My boss.”

Meeza laughed at me. “Fucking your way to the top or just servicing her?”

“I don’t know.”

“Wake up. Kick her out of your bed.”

I found courage I didn’t have. “No.”

“Do it.”

“No.”

“Wake up. Kick her out of your bed. Make her piss on you. Make her put you in your place.”

“I don’t like this.”

“You love this and you’ll do it.”

Chapter 12

As always, I woke up sweaty. This time I was flailing about as I woke up, scaring myself and Jenn.

“Jesus Fucking Christ,” she blurted out as I started her awake. “What’s wrong with you?!”

I hesitated to answer. I didn’t know. “So many things…”

We stared at each other for a minute. We had never slept in the same bed before. It was weird waking up to her naked. Weird but good.

“Nightmare?” she asked.

“Yeah.” I had throbbing morningwood, but I didn’t want to fuck. “I need to piss.” I ran to the bathroom and wet a washcloth with cold water, using it to abate my erection before I could piss.

She must not have heard me come back into the bedroom. She was on her phone.

“Yeah. Sorry. I needed to spend the night. No...everything’s fine. He woke up from a nightmare but...it’ll be fine. In the bathroom. I’ll see you later. Love you.”

I pretended I hadn’t heard a thing. I didn’t understand Jenn’s relationship with Bill. I guess they had an open marriage, or something.

“Want to shower?”

She sighed. “I should. I didn’t bring a change of clothes…”

“You can take whatever of mine you want to borrow.”

Jenn sniffed at my offer. “I don’t think you have anything little five foot two me could wear.”

“Let’s shower,” I said, taking her hand and leading her to the bathroom.

“I need to use the toilet…”

“Piss on me,” I blurted out.

I had just pulled her into the bathroom and she froze.

“That’s crossing a line, John.” Her voice was cold.

“Please…” I was begging her. I cringed at the shame and desperation in my voice, but that didn’t stop me. “Just once. I want to feel it on me. I need it. I want you to humiliate me. I need it so much.”

She stood there shaking her head at me. I didn’t know what the fucking problem was. After all, she had already cheated on her husband and spent the night at my place. She didn’t have much further to fall.

“It’s a terrible idea and I’m not doing it.” She was firm in her words. That just angered me. I had been holding her hand, but now I shifted my grip to her wrist and pulled her further into the bathroom.

“You have to do this for me,” I insisted.

“I don’t have to do anything. Let me go.” She tried to squirm out of my grip.

I was a lot stronger than her and I wasn’t going to let this go. I needed it.

“Please just do this for me and...and...and I promise I’ll go talk to the EAP shrink.”

Jenn paused in her struggle against me, but I didn’t physically drag her further into the bathroom. “What...what about all those previous appointments?”

In a moment of lucidity and honesty, I gave her the truth. “I never followed through with them. Maybe I spent a couple of minutes in the office, but then I always left.”

“You fucking lied to me?!” She was pissed.

“To be honest, I lied to a lot of people. And I’m sorry.”

“I don’t believe anything you’re telling me now.”

“What can I do to prove I’m not lying...not lying now?” I fell on my knees in front of her.

“There’s nothing you can do,” she said as I checked out her pussy from eye level.

There were so many things wrong with me.

I backed up into the bathroom’s shower. “I’ll do whatever you say. I’ll go to the EAP shrink and listen to whatever he has to say. I’ll follow his orders and suggestions. I won’t fuck around with the new hires any longer...just please piss on me.”

Jenn sighed and rolled her eyes.

I knew I had her.

“Lay down. This is disgusting.”

My place was nice enough to have a fancy tub and shower enclosure. I lay down on the floor and she stood above me.

“This is a one-time thing from me,” she clarified.

“Of course!”

“Now shut up so I can do it.”

I lay there quietly and expectantly. I looked up at her, waiting patiently.

Her eyes were closed and she was concentrating. I supposed that women weren’t used to peeing standing up.

When the first hot droplets hit me, my cock got hard. It took her a moment to get a stream going, but when she reached that point, it was coming down hard and fast and hot. Most of it was hitting my stomach and chest. I carefully wiggled my position so that her stream was landing higher up. I wanted her to piss on my face but the positioning wasn’t working.

By the time she was done peeing on me I got a couple of splashes on my face, but the majority of it went on my neck and chest.

“There is so much wrong with you,” she declared.

“I know,” I sniveled. “I know.”

She turned on the shower. I already knew that the water wouldn’t wash away the shame.

“And why are you here today?”

“You don’t know?”

At once I hated her and was attracted to her. Dr. Kyleen Karabeenian. She checked off almost all my desires: blonde, blue eyes, lightly tanned skin. She was a little older than me, which was fine. She wasn’t too old. Kind of a sexier older woman who knows better but is willing to give in to her desires and needs. She was a bit thinner than I liked, with a small chest, but I could work with that.

“I get no information from your employer, if that’s what you’re asking.”

I liked how she was cagey. What could I do to seduce her? I'd happily eat her pussy if she was willing to reciprocate.

“And you’re not going to tell them what I tell you?” I asked, doubtfully. “I know who pays your salary.”

“I don’t tell anyone anything about what is said inside these walls...unless you tell me you are going to hurt yourself or someone else and I deem the threat to be valid.”

“Uh-huh.”

She shrugged and pushed back her hair. I liked how the light reflected off her glasses. Other than the sexy doctor, it was pretty much a standard shrink’s office. Chairs. Couch. A few books on a shelf. Desk. Wall of windows with the blinds closed. Random artwork on the walls.

“If you don’t want to talk we can just end the session.” I liked how she was blunt.

“I promised my girlfriend that I’d come today and go through the whole head-

shrinking ritual."

Dr. Kyleen smiled at me. "I suppose that's good. Tell me about your girlfriend."

"Uh...well, she's more of my boss than my girlfriend. I don't really have a girlfriend."

"That's not good. The fact she's your boss, not that you don't have a girlfriend."

"She's also married."

Dr. Kyleen blinked at me. "Oh."

"I thought I'd get all the bad out right away."

"So tell me more."

"It's mostly about...me and sex, actually. She slept over last night, we had sex, naturally. I had her piss on me this morning."

That was enough to elicit a little noise out of Kyleen, not quite a gasp, but close.

"Don't worry. It was in the shower. We didn't make a mess."

"Uh...I suppose that's good. How often do you and…"

"Jenn," I helpfully supplied.

"Do you and Jenn have sex?"

"Couple of times a week. Usually in her office. I think she has an open relationship with her husband. I don't know for certain. Never asked. She also has a couple of kids, if that matters."

"No, but go on."

"I hooked up with a couple of women from my office. I'm their trainer for the systems they're going to be using so there's a bit of an ethical problem there. Of course, there's also a bit of an ethical problem with fucking my boss, I suppose."

"That is true."

“Do you want all the information on them?”

Kyleen placed a hand over her heart and closed her eyes for slightly longer than a blink. “Just give me the relevant highlights.”

“So the three of us went drinking after work one day, I brought them back to my place and we all had sex.”

“Okay…”

“I’m not hooking up with either of them now. They were trying to figure out if they're lesbians or bi or what. They’re more interested in each other than me. I was actually being a good guy, helping them get where they both wanted to be. With each other.”

“Except that you shouldn’t have been sleeping with either of them.”

“Right.” I nodded. “There’s also Matt.”

“Who’s Matt?”

“Guy I picked up in a bar. Or maybe he picked me up.”

“Are you bisexual?”

I should have expected that question.

“No. Not really. I don’t think so. I just had sex with him because...I’m not sure why, really.”

“Hypersexuality is a thing.”

I blinked. “Is that a diagnosis?”

“I would need to make a further examination of you, but I’m starting to see it as a possibility. Hypersexuality isn’t a problem, unless it interferes with your life.”

“Maybe hypersexuality is my life.”

“Why would you say that?”

“Because I fucked Matt’s wife as well.”

Her eyes got a little wider. I liked her professionalism.

“That could be a problem for you, couldn’t it?”

“Uh...I don’t think so. It was a threeway between her and me and Matt.”

“Uh-huh. Do you have many threeways?”

“More than a few, less than a hundred in my life.”

“What else should I know?”

“I don’t know how many women I’ve had sex with in the past year...hell, I don’t know how many women I’ve had sex with period.”

“And men?”

“Just Matt. Pretty sure just Matt.”

“So just the two women from work, your boss, and Matt and his wife recently? That’s still a lot.”

“And Meeza.”

“Who’s Meeza?”

“Just a woman I picked up at a friend’s party.”

“What’s your friend’s name?”

My brow furrowed. “Does it matter? Meeza was just another woman I brought home to fuck.”

“I’m just trying to get all of the information I need. I’m not prying into your private life because I’m a voyeur. I’m a medical professional.”

“Just a friend. It was a lame party. The weird thing was that Meeza wasn’t my type at all.”

“How so?”

“I go for petite blondes with curves. Blue eyes preferred. My grandfather called them tomatoes.”

“Very progressive of your grandfather.”

I smirked. “Yeah. He would have been all over you.”

“That’s inappropriate,” she reminded me.

“Yeah. I know. Sorry. Anyway, Meeza had black hair, was tall and thin and was a monster in the sack.”

“‘Monster in the sack’?”

“She was a good lay.”

“I understood the slang. If she wasn’t your type, why did you take her to your bed?”

“Because...because...I was horny.”

“Anything else you want to tell me about her?”

“Besides being a great lay?”

“Yes.”

“She’s been haunting my dreams.”

There was a silence between us.”

“Maybe the type that you have is the wrong type,” Dr. Kyleen suggested. “Maybe you’re more attracted to her than you think.”

“No. That can’t be it. I mean, she’s literally haunting my dreams. I go to sleep and she’s there, literally in my dreams—which are more like nightmares—and she knows who I’ve been sleeping with and what I’ve been doing and what my fears are. All of that.”

“Your dreams are your subconscious so of course this woman in your dreams knows what you think and feel.”

I shook my head. “No. It’s more than that. She visits me every night. I wake up in a panic every morning. My sheets are sweaty. Sometimes…” I hesitated to reveal all because I didn’t want to sound like a teenager. “Sometimes...I have wet dreams of her. That’s fucking embarrassing.”

“I’ve heard worse.”

“And she’s not just Meeza. She’s a demon.”

“Go on…”

“You don’t sound like you believe me.”

“I think that maybe your subconscious is twisting this mystery woman into something dangerous and forbidden.”

“But I mean she’s literally a demon in my dreams. Horns. Talons. Bat wings. Creep-scary pale skin. A tail.”

“Do you have sex with her in your dreams?”

“Nightmare sex, but yes.”

“Is this what’s truly bothering you?”

“You tell me. You’re the shrink. I don’t want her invading my dreams any longer. It’s too much.”

“Maybe you should be having less sex. And sex with more appropriate people. Not your boss. Not a guy who you picked up in a bar. And his wife. And women from your office.”

I laughed. “Are you saying this is just my subconscious telling me to find a healthy romantic relationship?”

“Maybe,” she hedged.

“I don’t think I’m the sort of guy who has healthy relationships…”

Dr. Kyleen put down her pad. I wasn't sure how many notes she had been taking. It was either a huge amount or none at all. It didn't matter.

"Let's try something different," she said and stood up.

"Are we going to have some weird trust fall or new age-y yoga workout?" I asked skeptically, sarcasm barely in check.

"No. Something better."

Without warning she pulled open her blouse.

I blinked thinking I was hallucinating.

She was professionally dressed in a blue blouse and a matching pair of pants. She looked like a sexy but pushing middle-aged psychologist. Underneath she was wearing a pink bra that clearly showed the bumps of her nipples. She had a nice body.

"Uh…" was all I could manage.

Her grin was smug. "Like what you see?"

"Yeah…"

"Sex therapy is underrated," she declared, unzipping her pants and pushing them down.

For an older woman she had a rocking body. She was also wearing panties that perfectly matched her bra.

What the fuck was going on? This was completely unprofessional of her and I had done nothing to seduce her.

Or had I?

"What are you doing?" I managed to sputter out.

"I'm going to fuck you," she said. "Take off your clothes."

She tossed her shirt to the desk and stepped out of her shoes and let her pants

slip to the floor.

“Well?” she asked expectantly.

I was confused. “Oh...okay. Should I...should I…” Where my confidence had gone I had no idea.

Luckily Dr. Kyleen was there to tell me what to do. She pointed at the floor in front of her. “Down on your knees.”

I did what she wanted...mostly because it was what I wanted.

Her legs were spread just enough for me to kneel between them and press my face into her crotch.

I could smell her desire rising from her sex.

“M-m-m-may I?” I asked as I put my hands to the sides of her panties and started easing them down.

“You’d better,” she ordered me.

Pulling down her panties, she daintily stepped out of them and I immediately pressed my face to her pussy. Unlike most women I bedded, her pubes were a classic tangle of curls, thick and rich and golden in color. She was truly a wild woman.

Her hips were angled outward just enough for me to get to her slit and clit. It got right to work on eating her out.

If this was what treatment from an EAP shrink was like, I regretted not doing it earlier.

Her little moans were lovely. I wanted to open up my pants to get my cock out so I could jerk off while eating her, but I didn’t dare. I focused entirely on her pleasure.

“You really know how to eat pussy, don’t you?”

I briefly paused. “I’ve had a lot of practice.”

“Make me cum and maybe I’ll give you a solution to your problem,” she promised.

I nodded eagerly and got back to work, slathering my tongue all over her pussy and clit. Sucking the little organ. Pushing my tongue up into her as far as I could. I first put one finger into her slit and then a second as she moaned appreciatively.

Encouraged by this I wiggled my pinky against her tightly puckered asshole and she allowed me in. I wondered if they taught freakiness in whatever medical school or college she went to.

“Ooh, you’re a naughty boy, aren’t you?” she asked.

“Umm,” I mumbled into her cunt.

Once my fingers were where they were doing the most good, I tickled her clit with my tongue and sucked it. She responded most positively.

I loved how her thighs clamped around my head as she shook with orgasm.

“Oh, you have a very talented tongue,” she told me as she clutched my head for balance.

“Thank you.”

“No wonder you’re such a good liar.”

“Thanks?”

“You like eating pussy?”

“Yes!”

“Do you like eating ass?”

I looked up at her blankly.

“I’ve never—”

Dr. Kyleen pushed me away from her pussy. I wondered what her tits looked like without the bra she was still wearing.

That didn’t matter because when I was rocked back onto my heels, she turned around and shoved her ass in my face.

The truth was I had never eaten ass before. I glanced at the tattoos on her lower back. Dr. Kyleen must have lived some wild days when she was younger because the tramp stamp she was sporting was large and elaborate, but also nicely done.

The secrets you learn about some people are amazing.

Dr. Kyleen wasn’t patient, which was odd for a doctor. She reached back and grabbed my face, shoving it between her buttocks. My tongue found the tight pucker of her sphincter and I was shortly introduced to analingus in a way I had never envisioned.

The desire to fuck her hadn’t abated at all.

“Make me cum,” she ordered. “You love giving me the black kiss, don’t you?”

I agreed with a series of mumbles.

“Make me cum, make me cum, use your fingers, make me cum,” she chanted over and over.

I did my best. It was strange and sour-tasting, but there was an odd pleasure to it as well. I liked fingering her pussy while eating her ass.

When she came, I swore her asshole trapped my tongue while she quivered with orgasm. Her hands clamped against the sides of my head as she came, blocking out all sound.

Her scream should have alerted every patient in the shared waiting room of the office. My eyes had been closed while I earned my analingus stripes, but popped open when she came.

The laughter that followed her climax chilled me and made my cock go soft. I knew I wouldn’t be fucking her.

Meeza looked down at me, having turned around from being bent over the desk. Her bat wings were spread, her skin was pallid, her eyes glowed evilly, and she

stroked one of her horns.

“You’ve been a bad boy, John. I have punishments for you.”

To Be Continued

Preview

An Erotic Arranged Marriage 4

Lyn walked into the party with a confidence she didn't feel. It was comforting having Bruce next to her, but she could sense he was as nervous as she was. It was like they had a mystical sixth sense of the other person, the sort of sense that only developed after years of being together, of being married.

They had only been married six months and they were going to their first orgy.

But no one called it an orgy, Chelsea had made that clear. It was just a party. Where there would be sex and nudity and maybe perverted acts, but they weren't required to join in. They could just watch.

Chelsea had cautioned them that some of those in attendance liked to be watched, so if they did watch, they might be participating in someone else's kink.

Bruce had said he was fine with that. Lyn had agreed.

The moment after she walked in, Lyn started to doubt her every choice up to this moment. When she had asked what to wear, Charlotte had said party casual, whatever the hell that meant.

When Lyn pressed her on it, Charlotte simply said to be comfortable. And maybe wear something that was easy to take off.

Bruce had gone with jeans and an Oxford button down shirt. That was easy for him. Lyn had debated for hours among all her clothes. Eventually she went with a casual purple sweater that was low cut enough to be sexy and show off some of her cleavage, but not so low cut that it would be inappropriate in a casual get together. She paired it with a comfortable black skirt that Bruce assured her was just the right amount of tightness over her ass. To this she added black thigh high stockings but eschewed a garter belt because that was too much trouble and too cliché.

"Are you going to wear panties?" Bruce asked as he lounged on their bed

watching her dress and undress.

For Lyn a bra was necessary under almost every circumstance. Her tits weren't huge, but they were big enough that going braless out in public—even to a munch as Chelsea had called it—wasn't really appropriate...or comfortable. She was wearing a silk and lace purple bra that helped her cleavage, but she hadn't yet chosen panties.

More than once she had gone out on a date with Bruce without panties. It was a thrill to be naked under her skirt, breaking social norms, and no one but her husband knew.

But this was different, wasn't it?

"I was thinking of a black thong. Keep it simple and classy," she said looking into her underwear drawer.

"No exactly easy to get out of if you want to fuck," Bruce observed.

"You want me to go commando?" she asked. For the briefest flash of a moment she hated him because his clothing choices were easy. She had made him wear underwear that brought his cock forward so he'd have an impressive bulge when called for, but that was it.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Fine!" she slammed the small drawer closed. "Ready to go."

He said yes, but they were both uncertain.

"I'm so glad you're here!" Chelsea said when she met them outside the warehouse at the appointed time. Though they were on the edge of the industrial part of the city, it was being revitalized by the arts community using the cheap rent, along with some bold restaurants and microbreweries. It was the hip, new trendy place to be.

The older woman gave Lyn a kiss on the cheek in greeting while Bruce shook hands with John. Both men nodded and remained silent.

"Are you ready?" Chelsea asked.

“Not really,” Lyn answered causing John and Chelsea to laugh. Bruce just smiled.

Unconsciously Lyn touched her silver collar, the one with the lock that could only be removed by the key that Bruce carried. It was her one bold piece of jewelry.

That and the silver ring that pierced her clit hood. She could feel it pressing heavily against her clit right now. It was throbbing in anticipation of what was to come.

And of course she wore her wedding band. She was a married woman, after all. No engagement ring. Bruce and her didn’t go in for that sort of thing.

She half hoped that by the end of the evening she’d be only wearing those three pieces of jewelry.

“Don’t worry. Just think of it as a party with nudity.”

“And sex,” John added.

When they stepped through the large, heavy, metal industrial door, Bruce and Lyn had expected some sort of transformation.

It wasn’t. Not exactly.

The space was nicely converted. It had been redesigned to be a restaurant or meeting space. There was dim lighting, music, and a bar along one wall. Lyn could see perhaps a dozen people seated at the tables and bar. For a fleeting moment, it looked like any other party.

And then she realized that half of those in attendance were naked or nearly so.

That made her stomach jump and her pussy to moisten.

Seeing some friends, Chelsea drew Bruce and Lyn over to a table where another couple was already seated.

Chelsea and John were a middle-aged but well-paired couple. On a second, quick glance around the room, Bruce observed that most of those in attendance

were middle-aged. He and Lyn were probably the youngest couple there. The couple at the table were roughly Chelsea and John's age. At first Bruce thought that the man was wearing a black tank top, but it was more of a see-through material. Bruce could clearly see the thick nipple rings the man wore. He also had a black leather collar around his neck. Attached to the collar was a leash of steel links. This was attached to a hook at the table.

Looking closer, Bruce noted the man wasn't sitting at the table. Instead, he was kneeling like a slave. It had never occurred to treat Lyn—his slave—like that, but that wasn't the sort of slavery games they were into.

"Lyn, Bruce. Meet Christine and Dave."

Bruce forced himself to look away from Dave because he didn't want to stare and though this didn't seem to be the place for it, he didn't want to be accused of staring at a man and acting gay. Bruce wasn't gay or even bi. He was fine with that, but he didn't know how to act in this new situation so he overthought everything.

Christine looked like she had come to the party directly from the office. She looked like she worked in one of the tower buildings full of management companies and specialty contractors. Maybe her skirt was a little tight. Maybe her blouse was unbuttoned a little bit too much to be considered business appropriate, but they weren't at an office, were they?

Bruce found himself staring at Christine. She was pretty enough with blonde hair and brilliant blue eyes. Maybe she used a little too much makeup to cover up the fact that she wasn't twenty five any longer, but there was no shame or shyness in her face. Her blazer was open and Bruce stared openly at her cleavage. The white silk blouse she wore clearly showed the fancy lace bra she had on underneath. He imagined what her nipples looked like.

Someone shoved a drink in his hand.

The conversation flowed around him. He didn't follow any of it, which was fine because Lyn conversed enough for the both of them. Dave the slave was similarly silent. Bruce wondered if Dave didn't like to talk or if he had been ordered by Christine not to talk.

Occasionally Bruce would glance around the room. He barely noticed the

clothed patrons and partygoers. At least two women were completely naked except for some jewelry, both conventional and of the body piercing variety. One man wore a leather hood, but his cock was plainly visible, flopping around as he walked.

A redhead wore a yellow G-string that hid nothing. The matching bustier she had on hid her tits but created a huge amount of cleavage. In one hand she carried a riding crop and in the other she held the handle to a leash attached to one of the naked women. Two men were chatting with the women. Bruce couldn't figure out their relationship.

Except for the lack of clothing and bits of fetish clothing, everything seemed very normal about the party.

"So what do you think, Bruce?" John asked suddenly. "You've been quiet on this subject."

"Yes, tell me what you think, hon," Lyn purred sweetly.

He foolishly didn't want to admit that he hadn't been following the conversation. He had been staring at the pretty and naked and half-naked women. "Do you think it's a good idea?" Bruce countered. He knew that he should have just outright admitted he had been ignoring them, but he couldn't.

"I think it's a great idea!" Lyn replied enthusiastically and everyone else around the table chuckled. "But I think you should have a say as well."

"I'm fine with it," he said evenly, wondering what he had inadvertently gotten himself roped into. If he only had a little more courage around people he hardly knew...but that wasn't who he was.

"Excellent!" crowed John. "Why don't you show us what you've got, Lyn?"

A giant grin spread across Lyn's face and she stood up from the table. Before Bruce could find his courage and common sense, Lyn quickly pulled up her sweater and took it off, dropping it on the table.

Everyone admired Lyn's large breasts and she looked around the table with confidence. She liked having everyone's eyes on her. She especially liked the shocked expression on Bruce's face and the look of longing admiration on silent

Dave’s face.

“Nice tits,” commented John.

“You haven’t seen anything yet,” Lyn informed him before unzipping the top of her skirt and shimmying out of it.

Since she wasn’t wearing any panties, the effect on the small group was immediate. There was some scattered applause and a few sounds of admiration.

Lyn posed for a few seconds, showing off her mostly naked body. She was now down to her stockings and bra.

“Oh, what a pretty piercing,” Christine said before anyone else at the table spoke.

“Thank you,” Lyn said smugly as she cocked her hips back and forth, showing off her bare pussy and the silver CBR ring. “I got it to piss off my mother.”

There were chuckles all around the table again. “Not to piss off your father?”

“Ugh. No. It’s my mother who is the real problem.”

“Does she know?”

Lyn grimaced. “No. I should tell her, but no.”

“Turn around,” said John. “Show us your ass.”

Lyn did so willingly, shaking and rotating her bottom to make it jiggle. She knew that she had a little more to her rear end than was strictly attractive, but in the heat of the moment, she didn’t care.

She did care when John put out his hand and caressed her ample ass.

Bruce was about to object, but Lyn was too fast for him. She turned to face the partner of her aesthetician and said, “Like what you feel?”

“I love it.”

“You aren’t just going to tease me, are you?”

“Hell no.”

Keeping her back to him, Lyn asked, “Why don’t you help me with my bra so you can really see what you’re getting?”

Bruce sat there with his mouth hanging open. He would have said something, but his cock was hard and all the blood that filled it took away the ability in his brain to properly speak.

John stood up and expertly unhooked Lyn’s bra. It fell to the floor and she turned around, fully displaying herself to the small group.

“You have wonderfully big tits,” Christine complimented her. “What do you think, dear?”

Dave, speaking for the first time, said, “They’re perfect. Big and beautiful and perfect.”

“Silver tongued devil,” Lyn said with a wink.

“He’s on his best behavior,” commented Christine, “because I promised him a treat if he was good tonight. Maybe you’ll be his treat,” she commented.

“Oh! I’d love that!” Lyn gushed. Turning to John, she asked, “How do you want me?” In an effort to move things forward and because she was already half-drunk with lust and eagerness, Lyn bent forward onto the table, resting her forearms on the flat surface, pushing her tits forward while raising her ass up, offering it to whomever might want to take her. “Is this good?”

Bruce’s jaw dropped as he stared at his wife. He had been expecting something sexual to happen tonight. He wasn’t an idiot. But to see his wife so wantonly displaying herself and asking the men—and perhaps the women?—at the table to fuck her was incomprehensible.

That didn’t stop Bruce’s cock from getting hard. As much as he was surprised at this turn of events, he was just as thrilled for it to happen. He wanted to see his wife fucked—or at least his cock did. It was confusing to say the least.

He could have objected—or said anything at all—but he didn’t. Bruce didn’t know how to react.

But before anything could really happen, the fun was abruptly interrupted.

“No sex in the bar area. We need a private room.”

It was Christine putting an end to the fun.

Bruce was relieved. He wasn’t sure how he was going to react.

“Private room?” asked Lyn standing up straight. The men around the table looked at her bouncing breasts. “Where do we get one of those?”

Christine stood up as well. “Follow me.” Turning her head to Chelsea she said, “I’m glad you found someone so eager to participate.”

Chelsea just laughed as everyone stood up. Bruce was the last on his feet, which made him feel like a sap, but he didn’t know what to do or what was going on.

Or rather, he knew what was going on and what was going to happen, he just didn’t know if he wanted it to happen or what to do about it.

The private room that Christine led them to wasn’t what Bruce was expecting at all. From the bar area where they had gathered she took them through an open doorway and led them down a short corridor. There were other people walking back and forth as well, in the same mode of dress and undress as everyone else.

There were numbers on each room’s door. Bruce briefly wondered if they had to be reserved or if it was just for convenience sake.

Christine opened room number four with a key that she tucked back into her jacket pocket. Inside Bruce had been expecting a scuzzy mattress and some bondage equipment on the walls.

That was far from the reality.

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