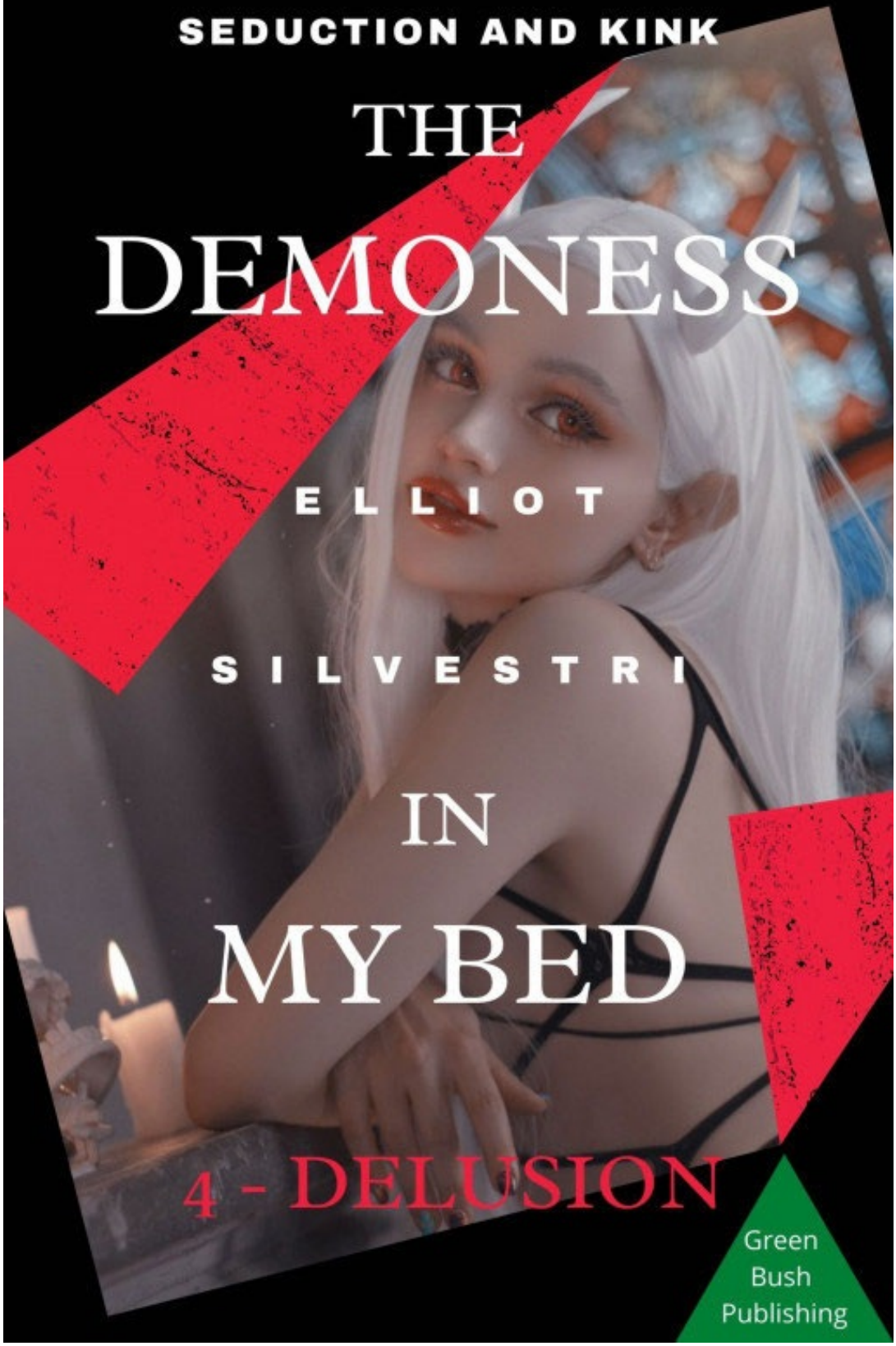
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MONSTROUS SEDUCTION AND KINK

THE DEMONESS



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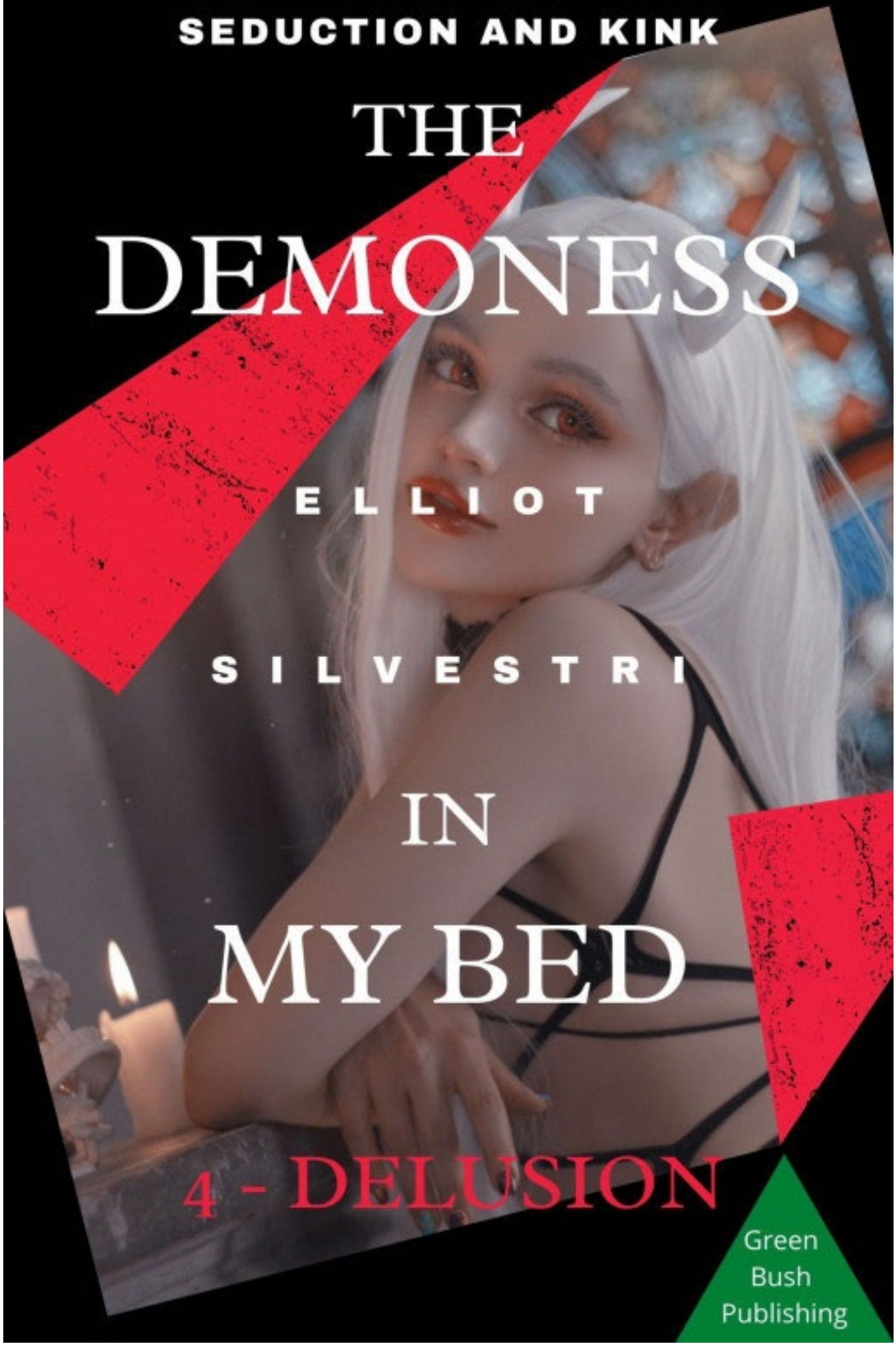
IN MY BED

4 - DELUSION

Green Bush Publishing

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MONSTROUS SEDUCTION AND KINK

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The Demoness In My Bed

4 - Delusion

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Demoness In My Bed 4 - Delusion

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

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Chapter 13

Jenn looked at me skeptically. I didn't blame her because my story sounded inane.

"Dr. Kyleen Karabeenian is a succubus who tried to eat your soul," she said flatly.

"Yes!"

Jenn glared at me.

"Okay, I know that sounds insane, but it's true."

"Are you on your meds?"

"Yes!" That was a lie.

Except that it wasn't. I had found my meds hidden in the back of my nightstand. I don't know who had put them there, or why they had been hidden away, but I was back in control of myself.

She studied me for a minute. I tried not to think about my cock trying to get hard inside my pants. The previous training class was done. Somehow I had gotten through the last of their training and I had a few down days where I didn't have a lot to do and could just prepare for the next cycle of bodies to come through the door.

Naturally I was back in Jenn's office. I had come there that morning with the full intent of fucking her.

Just because I was back on my meds didn't mean I didn't want to fuck my beautiful boss any longer.

"We have to break things off for a while," she said before I could proposition her.

"What do you mean?"

"Bill is starting to get suspicious. Again. He's always thinking I'm cheating on him."

“With good reason,” I pointed out.

“Don’t make a joke out of this,” she said firmly.

“Fine, fine. How about I go down on you, first, and then you can suck my dick. That way there won’t be any evidence of us having sex.”

“I told you not to make a joke out of this!”

“You want to suck my cock first? I’m fine with that, but sometimes afterwards I’m not so eager to eat you out and I won’t do my best work.” I stood up from my chair and glanced over the desk to check what she was wearing. “Heck you even wore a skirt today. You’re looking for sex!”

“I am not, John. Stop being ridiculous!”

“I can prove it. I bet you’re wearing thigh highs and a garter belt and matching bra and panties because you wanted one last hurrah before you drop the hammer on our...let’s call it a relationship. Sure. Why not? Don’t forget you’ve done this before. You’ve done it every time you think Bill is clued in to you fucking around behind his back.”

“All of that is just plain ridiculous, John.”

“Prove it then!” I demanded of her. “Show me your underwear. And bra. And stockings.” I grinned at her and rubbed my cock through my pants.

She tilted her head and turned the chair slightly so she wasn’t directly facing me. “No.”

“Oh, you want to see my cock first. I get it. You can’t resist me. That’s understandable.” Since I was already on my feet, it was easy for me to unzip and haul out my cock. I was fully erect. I liked to think I had a nice cock, not too big that would scare away lovers and not so small that it was a disappointment, either. The Goldilocks of cocks, as it were.

Jenn glared at me. “Jesus fucking Christ, John. Not here and not now!”

“What? We always do it in your office. You know you want this.” I stroked myself and turned to the side, giving her a better look at my stiffness.

It was impossible for her to resist my charms.

She came around her desk looking dazzling in her suit. I wanted to see what she had on under it, but I wouldn't get the chance right away.

Like a good girl she went down on her knees and took my cock into her mouth, sucking eagerly.

I moaned as she took all of me down her throat. Jenn was very good at sucking cock. She was the best.

I loved it when she cupped my balls and gently massaged my taint as she bobbed her head up and down, sucking all the while.

How a woman like her could fuck men other than her husband was beyond me. If I had been married to her, I would have done anything and everything to keep her. She was a demon in the sack and a mistress of the phallus.

I knew to keep my hands away from her hair when she fellated me because there was no more sure sign of sex at the office than messy hair.

The struggle to resist touching her distracted me enough to allow a quick orgasm. I came and she swallowed all of my load. If she ever lost her job as a manager in my department she could become a sex worker and easily earn as much in tips as she did in boring salary.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh fuck…" I exclaimed as she continued to suck me, polishing the apple, swallowing all of my cum.

When she was done, Jenn stood up and wiped her chin with the back of her hand before picking up her water bottle from the desk. "Zip up and put it away, John."

I did so. "Hike up your skirt and I'll take off your panties with my teeth."

"No, John. Just no. Tuck it away and go home for the day. You need to rest."

"You're sending me home with a blowjob?" I asked as I put my shrinking cock away and settled into the visitor's chair.

"I'm sending you home so I don't fire you," she clarified.

“Maybe I want to be fired.”

“Leave,” she told me.

Chapter 14

I left. I had something better waiting for me at home.

A bride of the bedsheets. A seductress of the sack. A demon of the davenport. A cunt of the crib. A fuckee of the futon.

It was nice having a slut to come home to.

She wouldn't be upset that I had had my dick sucked by another woman.

As usual, she was literally waiting in bed for me.

I had gotten used to seeing a succubus in my bed, but it was still a little strange. She avoided sunlight, mostly because of her pale skin, I suppose. But seeing her sharp teeth and horns and tail should have been enough to drive a sane man away.

Not me. I knew better.

Naturally she was naked. Her tits were perfect. In the dim light I couldn't see her pussy, but I knew it was there, hot and wet and waiting for me. I could just see her tail swishing back and forth in anticipation of burrowing up my ass as I fucked her.

"Hi honey. I'm home."

I wasn't sure if she actually slept or if she just pretended. Either way, I didn't care. Her eyes opened and I saw her yellow slitted irises. Then Meeza stretched and sat up in bed, showing me her perfect tits. The shadows just barely hid her pussy from my view.

"Good morning," she greeted me.

"It's the afternoon."

"It's the morning to me," she said with a vicious grin. Meeza showed off all her sharp teeth, especially her prominent incisors. "Wanna fuck?"

"With you? Always."

I started undressing as she crawled across the bed toward me. Just as she reached

the edge of the mattress and I was down to my underwear, she wrinkled up her nose.

“I smell cunt on you,” she accused.

I held up my hands showing I meant no offense. Meeza could get very sensitive.

“I haven’t had sex with anyone else! I promise.”

That was partly a lie. It was how one defined sex. It wasn’t a winning argument for Clinton, either.

Meeza inhaled deeply as she studied me suspiciously. “I smell her scent on you. Maybe not her cunt but…” She approached me slowly, getting closer. “She sucked your cock. I told you to stay away from that whore.”

“She’s my boss. I can’t stay away from her. Women can’t keep their hands off me. You know that. You’re the cause of that.”

Her dark tongue poked out of her mouth and she licked her lips. How she didn’t manage to cut her tongue open on her sharp teeth was beyond me. “I expect you to have more self-control than that.”

“You don’t own me!” I said boldly, knowing it wasn’t the truth.

“Don’t I?”

My body was shaking now. I couldn’t control myself. I needed to assert myself. “No. You don’t.”

She laughed at me. “Like you can resist me in any way. Take off your panties.”

I hated that she called my underwear panties, but it wasn’t like I could truly tell her no. When I pulled down my underwear, my hard cock popped out.

She gave me a lopsided grin. “So eager. Always so eager.”

Meeza went to her knees and put my cock in her mouth. I moaned a little as she started sucking me. I was afraid of her sharp teeth. I was afraid of her. But I still wanted to fuck her at every opportunity.

She made me stand there and endure her blowjob.

Endure and enjoy. I was helpless to resist.

I hated it when she paused and used her hand on me. “You want to fuck my tight little pussy, don’t you?”

I nodded; I was unwilling to let my voice answer for me.

“You aren’t going to,” she decided and then licked me from balls to the tip of my cock. I could see I was drooling out precum and she smacked her lips as she tasted the slippery substance. “I need to taste your cum. All of it.”

Meeza went back to sucking my cock, bobbing her head up and down on me while she cupped and squeezed my balls. I loved it. There was no reason to fight it. I wanted her to make me cum.

One of her hands moved from my balls to my taint while using the other to hold my cock steady. I almost attempted to resist, but it was pointless. When I felt her finger probing at my ass, I tried to resist, but it was impossible. And, truly, I didn’t want to resist.

As she continued to suck me, she massaged my taint and penetrated my asshole with her finger. The talon should have hurt and shredded me. It didn’t. She pushed it deep within me and as much as I struggled to prevent it, I wound up cumming in her mouth.

Meeza sucked hard as I came. I could feel my cum pumping into her mouth. She easily swallowed every bit of it. I could feel my sphincter tightening around her finger with every convulsion, every spurt. It was painful, but the enjoyable sort of pain that came with sex.

When I was finally done filling her mouth and she had swallowed every last drop I offered her, Meeza released my cock and looked up at me. She licked her lips again, sticking out her tongue to show that she had swallowed my gift.

What she didn’t do was pull her finger out of my ass.

“Did you like that?” she asked me sweetly.

I nodded. “Uh-huh.”

“Good. You know I’m not done with you, right?”

I sadly nodded in agreement. “I know…”

And still she didn’t take her finger out of my ass.

And my cock refused to abate. It was still hard for her.

“Do you want to fuck me?”

“Always.”

Her tongue slathered and slithered all around my erection. I watched her and wanted more. “You’re going to fuck me.”

I nodded enthusiastically. “Yes.”

She shifted her position and I felt something else in my ass. The moment her finger slipped free, it was replaced by the tip of her tail. It seemed to go into me and keep going until I was certain she was going to spear me from the inside and give me the King Edward II treatment.

Even so, her muscular tail up my ass was oddly enjoyable.

Still on her knees, she coaxed me back toward the bed. I was helpless to fight her. She pulled me on top of her and my hard cock sought her pussy. I had no trouble whatsoever pushing into her depths.

“Oh...very good boy,” she complimented me as I filled her up.

I said nothing. I just started fucking her, grunting and moaning as my thrusts worked in time with what her tail was doing to my asshole. As much as I wanted to hate it, I loved it.

“Fuck me. Fuck me hard. Fuck me hard and make me cum.”

She had deliberately sucked me off as the first step. I was still rock hard but I knew it would take a lot of effort to cum again.

I pounded away at her. The demoness in my bed loved it. She could take the hardest I had to offer and scream out for more.

I was used to this now. I was a toy, a tool, to her. Nothing more. I was just a live-action dildo to screw her and make her cum.

I was very good at my job.

The demonic woman underneath me came again and again as I fucked her. She loved having her hole filled. She liked it more than anything I ever did to her clit. Maybe she wanted her ass fucked the same way but I didn't know. She never requested it.

She was making me fuck her so often and so hard I was exhausted all the time.

Still, I couldn't stop.

I lost count of her orgasms before I was able to finish that second time. Ten? A dozen? Eighteen? Twenty one? A hundred? I had no idea.

When I finally came, I was crying. I was relieved that I was finally done.

Her hands stroked my back. "Don't worry about it, my little plaything. You'll never get me pregnant."

"Why would I want to?" I loved fucking her, and, oddly, I was in love with her and at the same time I hate her.

"Because that would break the curse. But you can't get a demon like me pregnant. We don't have offspring from normal sex."

"Then...then how do I break this curse?" I wasn't sure I wanted to break the curse. I loved fucking her. Yes, it was ruining my health and my life, but the sex was incredible, and that's all that really mattered.

"You just need to make a small sacrifice...preferably another woman."

Chapter 15

Prep for the next training class was going poorly. It wasn't like I hadn't done it dozens of times before. I just needed to focus at work.

I couldn't focus at work; I wasn't getting any sleep at home. I felt like shit.

Except for when I was fucking Meeza.

"You look like shit, John," said Jenn when she came into my training room.

"Thanks."

She paused just inside the door. "No. I'm serious. You look terrible. You should see a doctor."

"I saw Dr. Kyleen. She said my head wasn't on straight." I smiled at my terrible joke.

"You look awful," Jenn said firmly. "Your skin is...ashen. Your eyes are bloodshot. When was the last time you showered?"

My back stiffened. "This morning. You're right. I'm probably sick. Maybe it's cancer."

"That's not funny."

"I know. Sorry. I've been feeling run down. Probably because my cock has been getting drained too much lately." I grinned at her. "Want to help me drain it some more?"

"Eww. No. Go home, John. Take a shower. Take a day off. Go see a doctor. You look like shit. You're starting to smell like shit. Keep this up and you won't have a job here."

I glared at her. "You're just saying that because you want my cock and you're afraid your husband will find out I'm better in bed than he is...and you're upset that you married the wrong guy."

Jenn sighed in frustration. "So we fucked, John; so what? It's over now because you've gone to shit. I don't want you any longer. But you were—are—a good

employee. Get yourself straightened around or you won't be an employee any longer."

"You can't fire me."

"I can and I will. Go home or I'll have security remove you. Come back when you aren't a disgusting mess."

I was glad to be gone from the office. It gave me more time to fuck Meeza.

I hadn't been lying to Jenn. I had showered that morning. With soap. And I had used deodorant as well. The whole hygiene nine yards.

But I wasn't angry with Jenn; her dismissing me from work for the day just gave me the opportunity to go home and fuck my favorite living fantasy who was waiting for me in bed.

No, I didn't question what was going on in my life.

I should have, but I didn't want to. If I started thinking about it, nothing good would come of it.

Heh. Cum of it.

So I went home. Naturally Meeza was there.

So was someone else.

Matt.

"He was easy to track down," my demoness lover told me. "I could still smell him on you."

Matt and I eyed each other.

"You could?"

"I'm a demon. Literally. I can do whatever I want." She smiled. "And I can make

my lovers do whatever I want."

"I know."

Matt had remained strangely silent.

"Do you know what I want you to do?" she asked me.

I shrugged. "I think so…"

Matt was in my small living room. I was on the edge of the room. He was casually dressed. I had been dressed for work. Meeza was naked. It seemed that Meeza was always naked. And yet at the same time she looked like the only one who was comfortable and not awkward.

"What do you think I want him to do?" she asked Matt.

Only now did Matt speak. I was staring at him. His blonde hair was held perfectly in place. He was gorgeous. I tried not to think about it, but between his beauty and Meeza's nudity, I was getting hard.

It was easy for my cock to get hard at Meeza's command.

"You want him to watch while I fuck you," Matt suggested.

The demoness turned to me. "What do you think?"

"I think you want to fuck him while I watch."

She laughed at us. "You're both wrong. I'm the one who gets to watch while you fuck each other."

We looked at each other. I couldn't read the look on Matt's face. I didn't have any idea what he thought about having sex with me, which was strange because we had fucked before.

"Strip," my lover ordered.

Stripping was easy. Following her commands was easy.

I was relieved that, once we were undressed, that Matt's cock was as hard as

mine. His pink cage that had encased his cock when I had last seen it was nowhere to be found. I didn't know where the key was, though his girlfriend Hil had given me the key.

Maybe Meeza had already removed it. Maybe she had already fucked Matt. Maybe she had fucked Hil and Matt and now wanted more.

We knew what to do, but doing it was strange. At least it was strange for me without some alcohol.

"Kiss and then fuck," Meeza ordered.

The order made it easier. I eagerly kissed Matt. I tried pushing my tongue into his mouth, but he was stronger and more insistent. I accepted his tongue into my mouth. His cock pressed into my stomach alongside my own manhood. We were both incredibly hard. His beard's stubble scratched against my face.

We tumbled to the floor. Our kissing became more passionate and insistent. It became a wrestling match to see who would dominate the other.

Meeza watched eagerly. She was perched on the edge of the couch, watching. Her wings were spread and her hand was tucked between her thighs, slowly masturbating as the two men in her thrall battled for the right to fuck the other.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to win or lose the battle. I just needed some relief in my cock.

While our contest didn't become violent, we were both eager to prove we were the superior male. Why? I don't know. It makes no fucking sense. Nothing makes any fucking sense.

As it turned out I was the one who eventually wound up on top. I essentially had him pinned to the floor. We weren't fighting or fucking, but our cocks were pressed against each other and we were grinding on each other's manhood. I wondered if he had given in and just let me win.

I don't know.

"Stop acting like pussies. Like teenage lesbians who don't know how to fuck." This command came from Meeza. We broke our kiss and looked over at her.

“You won,” she said to me. “Fuck him in the ass. That’s what I want to see.”

Who were we to deny her that request? That was what we were building up to. We were performing for our goddess so when she gave the order, we complied.

I don’t remember using lube. I don’t remember needing it. Matt just turned over onto his hands and knees and I got behind him. I was drooling precum and he was slick enough.

Matt grunted loudly when I penetrated him.

He loved it.

I only went halfway in before I reached down and caressed his dangling balls. They were shaved smooth. I wondered who had decided on that. He liked the way I handled his balls. I liked the way his ass took my cock. We were fucking like experienced lovers. We weren’t even putting on a show for Meeza. Both Matt and I were into me buggering him. The fact that Meeza was there just made it more exciting.

“Fuck him. Fuck him hard.” Her words were dispassionate, but she was clearly interested. When I glanced up her legs were spread and her hand was busy in her pussy. Her breath was coming in ragged gasps. “Shoot your load all over his ass.”

I wanted to cum in Matt’s ass, but I had to do what my goddess demanded. But I held back. I wasn’t going to cum too soon. I knew what my duty was.

As I continued to pound away at Matt. He grunted and groaned. I circled one hand around his hip and found that he already had a hand jerking off his cock. Undeterred, I put my hand lower and gripped his smooth balls.

With my cock up his ass and our two hands working his cock, he came.

His spunk splurted over our hands and onto the living room’s hardwood floor. When he came, his sphincter tightened up on my cock making it almost impossible to keep fucking him.

Almost, but not entirely. I kept fucking him but it was less fun than I wanted, so I pulled out and pumped my cock with my hand before finishing, shooting my

load all over his back and ass.

We were both breathing heavily at this point; we were both breathing heavily. I wanted to get up and move away from Matt, but I couldn't. That gave Meeza the opportunity to swoop in and begin licking up my leavings from Matt's sweaty skin.

It was gross and exciting at the same time. I wanted Meeza to take my cock in her mouth just to humiliate her a little bit.

I was amazed when she did. I was starting to think that she could read my thoughts.

"Cock and cum and ass," she hissed at me. "Is there a better flavor? A better combination? You want it too, don't you?"

I shook my head.

Meeza pointed to a glob of my cum she had left clinging to Matt's back. "You want it, don't you?" she repeated for my benefit.

It was impossible to resist. I bent forward and licked up my own cum from Matt's back. I tasted his sweat. I tasted my salty, ammonia-flavored cum.

I swallowed it greedily.

Meeza smiled and nodded approval. Then she turned her attention to Matt.

"You've made a mess. You need to clean it up."

If Matt had even tried to resist her disgusting command, it didn't show. He pushed me out of the way and got his face down onto the floor. I watched, not feeling anything, as he cleaned up the mess he had left behind.

When he was done, Meeza turned back to me.

"I can do such wonderful things for you and me," she declared.

I didn't doubt her.

I didn't want her to do anything for me.

Chapter 16

I tried to get myself together. I really did. When we were done with Matt, Meeza sent him away. I wondered what, if anything, he was going to tell his girlfriend. It probably didn't matter because whatever he told Hil, she'd get off to it.

I couldn't figure Meeza out. There was no way to control her; no way I could escape her.

Other than what she had already told me.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to sacrifice anything to or for Meeza. Even if it meant that I got free of her.

Of course, I didn't know the nature of the sacrifice, so maybe another woman was worth it.

For the evening, Meeza was done with me. She didn't care that I showered. I hid in the bathroom for a long time. I tried to let the hot water wash away my guilt.

It didn't work.

I knew if I left, there would be problems I couldn't escape. So I went to the kitchen where I kept my limited store of alcohol, and downed as much vodka as I could stand in one long pull. It wasn't a full bottle, but it was close. By the time I was done drinking, I could barely stagger to the bedroom where Meeza was waiting.

She was in the bed. Her entire existence seemed to revolve around sex. That only made sense. It was the only thing that made sense in my life any longer.

"Do you want to fuck, darling?" she asked me.

I shook my head, which was a bad decision. It only made me dizzy. "No. Not tonight, dear. I have a headache." I laughed, unable to control myself because of the alcohol. "Not a headache. Just dizzy and spinny."

I collapsed on the bed next to her and grinned stupidly at her. She was naked; she was always naked. I stared at her tits. I was down to my underwear and t-shirt. I didn't remember putting clothes back on after I had fucked Matt. I must have put them on after my shower. That made no sense.

“Why don’t you just lay back and relax, darling,” she said huskily. “I’ll take care of everything.”

I wasn’t so drunk that I wasn’t able to resist. I didn’t want to resist. She pulled at my clothes, getting me naked. I liked to sleep naked.

Her mouth went to my cock. She gobbled it up greedily. I watched her work with a pleasant grin plastered on my face. As hard as Meeza worked at it, she couldn’t get me hard. Hell, she could barely get me a quarter erect. I had blown my load with Matt and then the vodka was giving me whiskey dick.

That was my plan.

Sort of.

Her fellatio technique was, as always, on point. I wanted to get hard; I just couldn’t.

After a while she got frustrated.

“Turn over,” she ordered. “Get on your hands and knees.”

I was drunk enough and stupid enough and trusting enough to do what she wanted.

Her hand went to my cock, which I expected. I was still soft.

That didn’t deter Meeza.

“We’re going to have sex tonight.”

There was no discussing it. I didn’t bother to contradict her.

I did wonder what she qualified as sex.

Meeza moved behind me. I could feel her body pressing against the backs of my thighs as I lay there with my ass in the air.

I thought it was her finger at first. I was getting used to being penetrated that way. It wasn’t her finger. Both her hands were on my hips. Then I realized what the sensation was.

Her prehensile tail was pushing its way up inside me again.

I briefly struggled against it, but with her demonic strength, it was a waste of my time.

Besides, I didn’t want to resist it.

I liked it when she buggered me with her tail.

Meeza was very good at it.

I wasn’t sure what she got out of it, other than making me suffer and then making me cum.

It felt strange getting fucked in the ass, but it was a pleasant strangeness. She was laughing the entire time

I felt abused and debased.

I liked it more than I wanted to admit.

So I just crouched there on all fours, taking her tail up my ass like a good submissive, when I realized I was going to cum.

I wasn’t hard. My cock was engorged but not stiff. I wasn’t at my manliest.

When I came, I came hard. It hurt, but it was pleasant as well. I made a mess all over the sheets. Meeza laughed at me. She liked controlling and abusing me. I liked it too, but much less than her. Have a prostate orgasm was fine, but it wasn’t what I wanted. I didn’t want to live my life like this.

I needed to make a change.

Chapter 17

Oddly, it was Meeza who had to agree to the change I wanted to make. I couldn't tell her everything, but I could tell her enough.

I thought I was being so smart and so clever. I was tricking Meeza and going to get myself in a better position afterwards.

I had no idea what I was doing. It was better that way.

"You've fucked your boss before," said Meeza. "Just do it again."

"I need your help."

"Why?"

"Because she's sworn off me. She wants to go back to her husband. She says...she says I don't look healthy. She says I'm not worthy of her anymore. And I know you want to corrupt her."

I don't know if Meeza bought any of my lies, but they were good enough for her to go along with my plan.

She improved my appearance.

She made me promise that I would help her fully corrupt Jenn.

That's what I wanted and that's what I fully intended.

A few days later when I went back to work, I was back to my normal self. Or at least I looked and acted like my normal self. That was good enough for Jenn. She started me on the new training class.

I didn't even make a random pass at the woman who looked like she had graduated college the weekend before. She was taller than I liked, but had huge tits she didn't bother to even try to hide, a trim waist, and an impressive ass. Her eyes were brilliant blue and I would have fucked her in front of the class given half an opportunity.

But I didn’t.

I didn’t even make a pass at Jenn. I kept it strictly professional.

For a couple of days.

Then Jenn called me into her office.

I knew it wouldn’t take her long.

I was expecting it.

“I’m glad to see that you’re back on track with your life and career,” she commented.

“We all have little bumps in our lives.” I played it cool.

“Have you tried to fuck Agnetha yet?”

“Who?” Affecting an innocent air was the best strategy.

Jenn snorted at me. “Right. Like you didn’t notice the little girl with the big tits and the come fuck me eyes.”

I blinked. “Blonde hair?”

“As if you went for any other type.”

“Geez, cut me a break, Jenn. I’ve got twenty people in this class. I can’t keep track of them all.”

“You’ve gotten the help you need?”

“Indeed I have. Not Dr. Kyleen, in case you’re wondering. I just needed to clear my head.”

“You’ve done a good job for the two days you’ve been back.”

“Thank you.” My heart was thudding in my chest. This was the critical moment. I had to make it seem like I no longer harbored interest in her when more than anything I wanted her writhing underneath me, my cock inside her. “So unless

there’s anything else, I’ll be heading home.”

I admired her determination. She let me get all the way to her office door before she stopped me.

“Wait. There’s nothing else?”

I turned my head to her. “No...why?”

I could see the pain on her face. She was going to have to suffer a bit for me to win. And then she was going to have to suffer a lot.

“I...I’ve missed you, John.”

“Well, it’s great to be back. Thank you for giving me a second chance.”

I opened the door.

“This isn’t about your job,” she blurted.

I turned back, closed the door, and carefully furrowed my brow at her. “What do you mean?”

She actually bit her lip. “It’s about you and me. Bill and me...we have a difficult relationship.”

“I don’t think you and I should get involved again, Jenn.”

“Not a relationship,” she said quickly. “Just a fuck. A fun fuck. Meaningless. Please. Just once.”

“There is no ‘just once’. Not with us.”

“Then it will be meaningless. Just hot sweaty bodies doing what they need.”

I paused. “This isn’t a great idea…”

“I know but—”

“I sort of have a girlfriend now.”

Jenn was puzzled. “You’ve acquired a girlfriend in the week that you’ve been away from work?”

“I’ve been seeing her for a while.”

“Why haven’t you mentioned her?”

“And risk what I had with you?”

“That’s...not what I wanted to hear.”

“Don’t worry, it’s not that serious between us.”

Jenn’s brow furrowed. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“We have an...open relationship.”

We didn’t fuck in her office. I couldn’t because I needed her to meet Meeza. It was a tricky needle to thread, but I managed to make it work, mostly because Jenn was desperate to get laid again by someone other than her husband. Or maybe she hadn’t been laid since the last time she and I had fucked and only pretended to want to be with her husband.

I had no idea, nor did I care.

The upside was that I didn’t need to use alcohol to lure Jenn back to my place.

I did have to lie and tell Jenn that my new girlfriend wouldn’t be at my place after work. That was a lie. I think Jenn wanted to believe my lies.

I was starting to believe my lies...starting with the one that Meeza was my girlfriend and she wasn’t using me and she wasn’t a figment of my imagination and I was back on my meds.

The moment Jenn was inside my apartment she was all over me. I appreciated that. I loved her kisses. I loved her tongue down my throat. I loved her hand pawing at my crotch, eager to get my cock out so we could get to it.

I pressed her up against the wall and started pulling on her clothes. We were both eager. More eager than we both wanted to let on.

We had both managed to kick off shoes and open up our shirts—mine was actually off but hanging from my waistband, hers was open and I was in the process of pushing her bra down to get her tits out—when we were rudely interrupted.

Or, rather, we were predictably interrupted and I should have expected it. But I had gotten distracted by Jenn's tongue and Jenn's tits. That's a good excuse.

"This isn't something that I expected."

I gasped when Meeza made her appearance.

Jenn violently pushed me away and struggled to pull up her bra, but her tits were too big. Instead she just covered her nipples with her hand.

"What the fuck!"

Jenn had a right to be surprised.

I shouldn't have been surprised. I knew that Meeza was living in my bedroom.

I had gotten distracted by tits.

It was a good thing that Meeza came out in her human form. She wasn't disguised as Dr. Kyleen Karabeenian. She was the original Meeza I remembered: tall and elegant with dusky skin and shiny black hair that fell to the middle of her back, long and sleek. Athletic, not thin. A smallish chest, but nothing to be ashamed of. I couldn't see her ass at the moment, but I knew it was muscular and perfect.

I took in all these details and so did Jenn. It was easy to take in the details. Meeza was naked.

I almost missed her horns and sharp teeth and tail and unnaturally pale skin, but I was fine with a naked woman.

Meeza just grinned like a feral animal at Jenn. It was up to me to prevent this

from becoming a disaster. “Uh...Jenn, this is Meeza. She’s my...she’s my…”

I was doing a terrible job of introductions.

Meeza took over. She wasn’t the least bit disturbed by the fact that she was naked and I had brought another woman into the apartment. Why would she have been upset? This is what she wanted.

“I’m John’s...lover.” She smiled and it frightened me.

Almost automatically Jenn shook the demoness’s hand, exposing her right nipple in the process. “Hi.” My boss was clearly in shock.

“I’m so glad you decided to join us.”

“Join you?” Jenn looked blankly back and forth between me and Meeza. Her eyes were confused...but lust was brewing in them as well.

“I asked John to bring his boss home for dinner.” She eagerly licked her lips. “I love eating out, don’t you?”

“Uh…”

“You’ve never been in a threeway before?” I asked Jenn.

Her eyes were still darting back and forth between me and Meeza. “No...I...I’ve only ever been with my husband.”

Meeza tossed her head back and laughed. “You’re a terrible liar. You’ve fucked John.”

“Well, yes, but I—”

Meeza cut off Jenn’s prevaricating with a kiss. If my cock hadn’t already been hard, that would have done it.

There was just a moment of resistance from Jenn, and then she moved her hands away from her tits and allowed Meeza to press against her, kissing intensely.

I watched, not wanting to spoil the moment.

It was Meeza who was the one to break the kiss. The two women stared at each other for a moment and then my lover stripped Jenn's bra, leaving her topless. "Show me your sex," Meeza commanded.

Jenn was helpless to resist. She shimmied out of her skirt, but left on her red lace panties and thigh high stockings. Meeza knelt down in front of her and slowly removed the panties, exposing her pussy. She was freshly shaven and I could see eager dew dripping from her.

"Please…"

Meeza didn't hesitate at all and pushed my boss back against the wall. She leaned in, extended her tongue, and licked the length of Jenn's exposed slit. The blonde shivered at the attention given to her clit. I took her hand.

"Ready to go to the bedroom?" I asked her.

Jenn was still nervous, but nodded agreement. Meeza's grin didn't move from her face. I led my boss around Meeza's crouching form. I didn't have to look back to know my demoness lover was following.

I pushed Jenn onto the bed and forced her legs apart. It wasn't difficult. She wanted this as much as I did. Maybe it wasn't exactly what she was expecting, but she was this deep in so there was little reason to fight it now.

Her eyes closed when I started eating her pussy. It was delicious as always. We both could feel Meeza's presence behind us, watching. I was still wearing my pants but nothing else. Giving a brief thought to getting completely naked, I instead rejected that idea when Meeza joined me between Jenn's spread legs. It was a tight fit for both of us, but I enjoyed the view of Meeza licking my boss's slit and dancing her long tongue on Jenn's clit, making her shiver in pleasure.

"We shouldn't," Jenna managed to say.

Both Meeza and I ignored her. I kissed Meeza but the woman who was posing as my girlfriend was more interested in eating Jenn's pussy than she was in kissing me. I didn't blame her.

I backed away, letting Meeza replace me in slathering her tongue all over Jenn's labia and clit. As I watched I dropped my pants and distractedly jerked off,

watching the two women.

It made me wonder what was going through Jenn's head. I knew that Meeza would fuck anyone and anything that caught her interest or she thought was necessary to advance her agenda. Jenn's eyes briefly opened to see it was just Meeza going down on her and that gave her a moment's pause and resistance, but that resistance quickly melted when Meeza applied some of her techniques to the blonde's cunt.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna…" Jenn couldn't finish the thought.

I saw Meeza slip a single finger into Jenn's pussy and start to gesture with the come-hither gesture. That put Jenn into convulsions. She was trying to hold back, but I knew her well enough that it was a futile gesture. Even so, she managed to hold out for almost a minute before she came.

She came hard.

She screamed out her orgasm.

She was humping Meeza's face.

She sounded like a wounded wildcat the way she was yowling.

When it was all over, I noted that Meeza's face was soaked with Jenn's amrita. My boss had made a puddle under her ass with all the juices she had released. From my perspective I could see her pussy was pulsing pink and I was certain she needed—and wanted—more.

"Oh fuck...oh shit...oh fuck," Jenn panted. "That was so intense."

Meeza flicked her tongue at me and winked. "Want more?" she asked Jenn.

"Yes," she panted and then corrected herself. "I mean no! It was too intense."

"Maybe some cock?" Meeza suggested.

Jenn was open to that. Her legs were wide open. But she wouldn't just move aside and let me fuck the willing blonde.

She repositioned Jenn onto her hands and knees and guided me into Jenn’s wet and open pussy. I just slid in. She was warm and wet and inviting and it was heaven.

As I started fucking my slutty boss, Meeza didn’t just merely observe. She slid onto the bed and worked her way underneath Jenn.

At first Jenn was hesitant to do this, but Meeza was insistent and the demonic woman held us both in her thrall. In short order, Meeza was underneath Jenn and Jenn was looking down directly at Meeza’s pussy. I could feel Meeza’s tongue licking my balls as I kept up a slow and steady fucking pace.

I knew that Jenn was all in when she dropped her head down between Meeza’s thighs and started licking and sucking the dark-haired harlot's pussy.

It was the first time I had ever done anything like this and it was amazing. I wanted to do it again and again and keep doing it the rest of my life. It was perfect.

Somehow I managed to keep myself under control and not cum right away. That wasn’t the same for Jenn. She came again. Hard. I felt her pussy clamping on my cock. I felt a hot pulse as she climaxed. That didn’t mean I stopped. I kept pounding away at her pussy and Meeza kept licking her clit. I couldn’t tell what Jenn was doing to Meeza, but the dark-haired beauty seemed appreciative of whatever my blonde boss was doing, even if it was at an amateur level.

We made her cum and cum again. Jenn was loud and let us know every time she came. We were exhausting the poor woman, but I wasn’t going to stop. Not until Meeza told me to. Using Jenn was the only way I was going to free myself of Meeza.

I was just waiting for the word from Meeza to cum. I wouldn’t cum until she told me. I was determined to make this work.

Abruptly, Meeza pushed herself from underneath Jenn, forcing her to fall awkwardly to the bed. In the process my cock popped free of her pussy.

“What the hell!” I complained.

Jenn seemed relieved. She was little more than a quivering pile of sweaty flesh.

She was still incredibly hot and desirable, but only because she was so sex-addled. “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to cum again.”

Meeza just laughed at her. “Of course you will. Have you ever been fucked by two men at the same time?”

Shaking her head ruefully, Jenn let out a little chuckle. “No. Of course not. I already told you I’ve never done a threeway before.”

“Uh-huh,” Meeza said doubtfully. “I’ve seen what you’ve just done. You’re a slut through and through and are probably a liar as well.”

“I’ve never had two cocks at once,” she replied smartly back to Meeza. Just from the way she said it I knew it was something that maybe she hadn’t considered before, but was more than willing to try.

Meeza rolled off the bed and stood up, showing off her body. I stared at her pussy. It was wet and swollen from Jenn’s attention.

“Would you like to try?”

Jenn giggled a little more. “Sure. Someday.”

“How about today?”

“Where are we going to find another cock? Or are you going to use a strapon?”

“Why not a real one?”

Jenn just laughed. I was still kneeling on the bed, my cock wet and throbbing. I wanted to shove it back into a hole, any hole. “Sure. Why not? Know of one?”

“Yes.” It was the way that Meeza said it that caught my attention. I turned my head to look closer at her and wished the lighting in the bedroom was better.

The lighting didn’t have to be perfect for what I saw next. It happened slowly and freaked me the fuck out. Meeza’s cunt pulsed and then it suddenly extended outward. I gasped and Jenn shrieked. It was completely unnatural and it didn’t happen in the blink of an eye by magic, but suddenly Meeza was sporting a cock that put mine to shame.

I wondered where her pussy had gone.

“Holy fucking shit that’s not right!” Jenn exclaimed, scrambling back on the bed in surprise. I would have had the same reaction if I hadn’t gone through similar events with Meeza. Very little truly shocked me any longer.

“You don’t like my cock?” Meeza asked innocently.

I’ll admit it was a bit of contrast seeing her big cock on a womanly body with curvy hips and full breasts.

“I...I just wasn’t expecting it,” said Jenn.

“I’m sure you’ll love it,” Meeza said with confidence as she got back on the bed and pulled Jenn down so she was flat on the mattress. I wasn’t sure if Jenn was helpless to resist or if she was interested in what was about to happen.

My boss gave in far too easily to Meeza. The demoness had that effect on people. I moved so I could watch more closely. Just as I was getting into position I saw Meeza’s cock parting Jenn’s swollen lips. It was thrilling seeing her filled up, and a little frightening as well. Meeza was a good deal larger than me when it came to cock size and seeing Jenn’s pussy swallow up all of it was unsettling to say the least.

However, watching a dark-hair vixen plow my blonde boss was every bit as thrilling as I could possibly have imagined. My cock was more like a bar of steel than a piece of flesh. Jenn didn’t seem the least bit bothered that she was getting fucked by another woman. If anything, she seemed to love it.

Since I had been denied use of either woman’s pussy, I started jacking off, watching the two of them. That caught Meeza’s attention.

“Looking for cunt?” she asked.

I nodded eagerly.

Grabbing Jenn’s arms, she abruptly rolled the both of them over, putting Jenn on top. She seemed surprised to be in that position.

“I’m using her cunt right now, but you can have her ass.” Meeza pulled Jenn

forward, down onto her chest, affording me of the joining of their bodies, but also revealing Jenn's tightly puckered asshole.

I knew what Meeza wanted me to do.

I had never done anal with Jenn before.

That wasn't going to stop me.

I got on the bed with them.

"Wait," Jenn cautioned me. "Is this a good idea?"

"It's a great idea," Meeza told her from her position on the bed.

"I agree," I chimed in. I was easily hard enough so I just took my cock in hand and lined it up against the tight little entrance that Jenn didn't want violated.

"Wait a second, wait a second, I don't think we should do this."

"Of course we should," Meeza reassured her. "Now just hold still and let him stick his cock up your ass."

"No," Jenn resisted. "Please no." She was almost begging.

I didn't bother listening to her.

I could see Meeza's big cock firmly wedged in her pussy as I pressed my cock head to her tightly puckered asshole. She resisted for just a moment before I was able to push through her little ring of muscle.

Jenn screamed, but tried to stifle it when I penetrated her. I should have gone slow and let her get used to my size, but I didn't. I wanted to make her suffer. I wanted to hear her scream in pain and pleasure.

It only took a couple of thrusts before she was doing just that. I wasn't sure if she loved or hated it or both, but she wasn't able to articulate any words so it didn't really matter.

Anal isn't my favorite, giving or receiving, but being inside Jenn at the same time as Meeza was different and exciting. I could feel her girl cock thrusting into

Jenn’s pussy as I used Jenn’s ass.

It was a situation I had never envisioned happening in my life.

If Jenn hated what we were doing, she wasn’t able to tell us, but judging by the pretty and enthusiastic noises she was making, she was enjoying it immensely, even with the pain.

It was remarkably easy to make Jenn cum, having her speared on our cocks. Once she had an orgasm that way, she had more and more, almost in a never ending string.

“Oh god...oh fuck...oh shit,” she cursed as we both reamed her. “Stop stop stop.”

“Not until we can cum in you,” Meeza hissed at her.

“Cum in me,” Jenn begged. “Please cum in me.”

“Cum in her,” Meeza told me.

I was used to pulling out of my partner’s ass and cumming all over their buttocks and back, but I was already on edge and it didn’t take much to push me all the way over. I firmly grabbed Jenn’s hips and rammed her good and hard, making her scream again. This time I didn’t give a shit what the neighbors heard.

I came in her ass. When I came, Meeza tightened up and then came right after me. I could feel the pulse of her orgasm through the thin wall of Jenn’s pussy and ass. She was pumping cum into Jenn’s pussy while I was doing the same to her ass.

Where Meeza was getting spunk from wasn’t a question I could answer. Then again, where she had gotten a cock from was another mystery only explained by magic.

Or something worse.

The orgasm was intense, but I was glad when it was over.

“You fucking used me, you fucking used me,” Jenn repeated over and over. She was voicing it as a complaint, but I had seen how hard she had cum. She didn’t

have anything to complain about.

“You loved it,” said Meeza as she pushed Jenn off her body, leaving her sprawled on the bed. “Don’t complain.”

“I didn’t want to have two cocks in me at once!”

Meeza snorted. “Sure you didn’t. Just like you weren’t screaming ‘Fuck me! Fuck me!’ while we were doing it.”

I felt a little guilty but not so guilty that I was going to do something about it. “I’ve never seen you cum so hard or so often,” I commented as I backed away.

My cock had gone limp and I was exhausted, covered with sweat and all I wanted to do was to lay down on the bed and go to sleep, preferably without either woman there.

Or without Jenn and whatever the hell Meeza was now.

Meeza approached Jenn again. My boss didn’t shy away. “You’re married, right?”

“Yeah…” Jenn said warily.

Meeza’s hand went between Jenn’s legs. The blonde briefly closed her eyes. I imagined that Jenn’s pussy was full of cum and was wet and swollen. It would have been heaven to handle her like that. I wished it was me instead of Meeza.

“Take me home to your husband,” Meeza said and immediately followed up the request with a kiss.

Jenn kissed back. She kissed Meeza back with a ferocity that made me step back.

“I don’t fuck him...much,” said Jenn.

“Perfect. We can fuck him or not fuck him together. Would you like that?” Meeza asked with shining eyes. It unnerved me to see her that way. She had Jenn in her thrall, but I was fine with that.

“I’d love that.”

“Would you like to fuck me in front of him?”

Jenn nodded enthusiastically.

“Can I fuck him while you watch?” Meeza was just being cruel now. Or maybe she was testing out her control over Jenn. I didn’t know which.

“I’d love that,” Jenn breathed.

Meeza nodded. “Good. Get dressed. Let’s leave right away.”

I watched in amazement as Jenn left the bedroom and Meeza followed. By the time I had gathered my thoughts and chased after them, Jenn was in the middle of dressing Meeza had somehow magicked clothes on her body. I briefly wondered if her cock had disappeared; she was wearing feminine clothing, but that could easily conceal a cock.

“What are you doing?” I demanded of Meeza.

“Getting out of your hair,” she replied easily.

Jenn looked at me with blank eyes.

“What have you done to her?”

Meeza gave me an innocent shrug. “Just transferred my control over you to her. Or don’t you want that?”

I hesitated. I didn’t want to be Meeza’s slave any longer, but I didn’t want Jenn to be in the same position as me. It was untenable.

“Don’t do this to her.”

“Why not?” Meeza asked. “I need a slave. You don’t want to be that any longer, so I’m using her. Is that wrong?”

“Yes! It’s wrong to use people!” I turned to Jenn. She had finished dressing herself. Her eyes were still blank. She waited patiently for Meeza. “Jenn! Don’t do this. You don’t have to go with her. You don’t have to let her use you.”

Jenn didn’t respond.

“It’s too late,” Meeza declared. Her teeth were sharp again. Her skin was unnaturally pale. Her horns hadn’t grown back, but I knew that they would shortly. Along with her wings. I shivered at what was in store for Jenn.

“Why do you do this?” I asked of the demoness as she steered Jenn toward the door.

“It’s my nature,” she replied as she opened the door. “Last chance to take her place.”

I wasn’t a brave man. Or at least I wasn’t as brave as I wanted to be. I had already suffered. Now it was Jenn’s turn.

They left.

Chapter 18

Jenn didn’t come to work for a few days. That didn’t surprise me. I imagined she was spending a lot of time in bed with her husband and Meeza. I wondered what sort of perverted sexual acts they were performing on each other at the demoness’s instruction.

It didn’t matter. I was free and I told myself I was happy with that.

When Jenn returned she was a shell of her former self. I wondered if I acted the same way after I became Meeza’s thrall.

It was shitty of me, but I still fucked her once in her office, partly because she came onto me and partly because I was interested in fucking her, knowing what I did.

Fucking her like that was incredible. She was more into it than normal her pussy gripped my cock and didn’t want to let go.

Afterwards was uncomfortable. She just lost interest in me. Jenn kept coming to work, but she was barely doing her job. At my worst I wasn’t nearly as out of it as she was. I noticed all the signs of being lust-knocked but I did nothing to help her.

I was an awful person.

I blocked all communication from Matt and Hil. That was an adventure I didn’t need to explore.

Meara and Emily seemed a happy couple. I saw them around the office occasionally.

Eventually Jenn stopped coming to work. No one could get ahold of her. After a short panic, I got her job.

I waited a few days to go by her place. It was empty. She and Bill had disappeared.

I walked all around their house, not caring if I was trespassing. It looked like they had just moved out. Or something. I wondered what happened to Jenn’s kids. And her husband.

It was unsettling.

As I rounded the corner of the house to go back to my car, I nearly walked into Meeza. She was in her human form but had clearly been waiting for me.

“The fuck!” I cursed at her.

“Is that an invitation?”

“Where’s Jenn?” I snapped at her.

I hated the twisted smile on her lips. “She’s fine. Safe. Alive.”

“What have you done with her?” I demanded. “And her family.”

“What do you care? You gave her to me. Aren’t you happy to be free?”

I wasn’t. I wanted to kill Meeza, but I didn’t have it in me. “No. Not if someone else is suffering.”

“I’ll be done with her soon enough. There are more than enough victims in the world. I wonder who she will betray to escape.”

I swung at Meeza. I didn’t think about it. I didn’t care what it looked like. So what if the neighbors thought I was assaulting a woman?

I missed. She easily avoided my punch. I was never a fighter. She quickly stepped up to me and placed a hand on my neck causing me to fall to the ground, gasping in pain.

“Leave it,” she told me. “Be happy you live. Be happy you still have your cock. Go find a lover and forget all this.”

When I looked up, she was gone.

I didn’t take a lover. I never forgot

I wasn’t happy to have my cock. I never used it again.

End

Preview

An Erotic Arranged Marriage 5

After rolling off Clara, Bruce prided himself in not reacting to her question like he was an amateur at this sort of thing.

“Do you like humiliating your husband?” he asked.

Clara combed her brown hair back into place with her fingers. “Very much so. It’s the best part of having him as my slave. He’s not into men at all, so he finds it particularly humiliating to have to clean my pussy.” She grinned. “He hates it.”

This surprised Bruce. He wasn’t surprised that Daniel and Clara played much like he and Lyn did. He knew that lots of men were into being cuckolded and that went hand-in-hand with creampie eating, but if Daniel hated it, why did he go along with it?

Now was not the time to ask that question.

“I should make him clean your pussy,” Bruce said carefully, “but I think I want to watch my wife go down on you. Do you mind?”

“No. Not at all.” Clara spread her legs a little wider and ran a finger down the carefully sculpted edge of the thin line of her pubic hair. “I’ve found that women are generally better at cunnilingus than most men. Let’s see how your wife is at it.”

Bruce nodded and levered himself off the bed. Lyn watched as he approached her. She had hoped that the sex would have lasted longer, but she was supposed to be the submissive here.

Unhooking her chain from the wall he softly asked Lyn, “Are you okay with this?”

“I’ve eaten pussy before,” she replied just as softly. “And swallowed your cum.”

She started walking toward Clara’s spread legs. Bruce stopped her. “You don’t

have to."

Lyn kissed him on the cheek. It was a somewhat unbalanced kiss because of their height difference and her hands were still bound behind her back. "I want to do this. For you."

She didn't hesitate to kneel down on the bed between Clara's legs. Bruce moved quickly to the side. There was no way he was going to miss this.

Bruce found it impossible to describe the pride he felt when Lyn's mouth went right to Clara's pussy. The two women barely knew each other. Was that better or worse? Bruce had just fucked Clara, but somehow barely knowing a new sex partner seemed normal.

Lyn started by licking from the bottom of Clara's slit all the way up to her clit where she sucked the little organ making Clara gasp in appreciation.

After running her tongue through Clara's landing strip, Lyn got down to business and stuck her face into the other woman's pussy, pushing her tongue deeply into her hole before sucking out whatever liquid she could.

Lyn definitely tasted her husband's cum, but the flavor of Clara's pussy was almost overpowering. After she sucked as much cum as possible into her mouth, Lyn swallowed and started licking again. It was a strange thing to do, but it was also oddly enjoyable, especially when Clara started talking.

"She is a good little pussy licker," Clara all but cooed. "A nice carpet muncher. Maybe she's secretly a lesbian." She ran her fingers through Lyn's hair.

"I hope not," Bruce laughed.

"I'd be happy to let her go down on me anytime," Clara moaned. "Suck my clit, slave. Suck it. I need to cum again."

Lyn did as she was told. She was good at doing what she was told. There wasn't as much cum to eat as she wanted, but once she was sure that Clara's pussy was as pristine as possible, she refocused on the brunette's clit. It didn't take that much effort to make her cum again.

When she finally lifted her face from between Clara's legs, she saw Bruce

smiling down at her with approval.

There was no way to stop him from bending over and kissing Lyn. She loved the reality of him tasting Clara's pussy on her lips.

"I need you to suck off my husband now," said Clara, breaking up the little love-fest.

For just a moment Lyn looked at Clara in confusion, but the request was simple enough. "You want me to blow him?" she asked, licking her lips.

"Yes."

"Sure."

Bruce was a little bit alarmed and a little bit pleased at his wife's casual attitude at the request. They barely knew the other couple and they were getting exceedingly intimate with them.

There was no reason to stop anything now. Bruce helped her roll over and get to her feet. Clara watched from the bed and Bruce guided Lyn to Daniel.

She got down on her knees and contemplated the other man's cock for a moment.

He was almost exactly the same size as Bruce, except his erect cock curved slightly to the left and jutted almost straight out rather than upwards like Bruce's. All of that didn't matter. It was still a handsome cock, though Lyn was positive she preferred her husband's over any other man's.

That didn't stop her from opening her lips and putting it in her mouth. The way that Clara had fastened his leash to the eyebolts in the wall made it impossible for him to bend over or kneel down or lower his body in any way, really. His hands were as restrained as hers were.

That didn't stop the two from quickly figuring out the best way to have sex, even as limited as they were.

Lyn bobbed her head back and forth on Daniel's cock. He stiffened and grew, but not by much. There was no reason to hold back, so he thrusted his hips forward,

fucking her mouth.

It was crude and oddly erotic at the same time. Bruce enjoyed watching his wife get face fucked by this near-stranger.

“He’s going to cum quickly,” Clara reported from where she was lounging on the bed.

“How do you know that?” asked Bruce.

“He hasn’t cum in sooo long,” she laughed. “And Daniel isn’t known for his endurance. Can she handle swallowing his load? It’ll be a big one.”

Bruce nodded. “She can do that.” He turned back to his wife. “Did you hear that, honey? Daniel is going to cum in your mouth and you’re going to swallow it all.”

Briefly Lyn glanced up at her husband and seemed to nod her head, acknowledging his request.

“Not all of it,” said Clara.

Bruce turned back to her. “Why not?”

Clara licked her lips. She was obviously living out some fantasy. “She needs to snowball at least some of it back into his mouth.”

“Did you hear that, hon?” asked Bruce.

“Mmm-hmm,” Lyn mumbled around Daniel’s dick.

Clara slid off the bed and went to her husband, standing on the other side of the copulating pair. “Of course we’ll have to take out his gag,” she said, reaching behind Daniel’s head and manipulating the straps holding the red bar in place between the slave’s teeth. “I don’t want to hear a word out of you, Daniel. Do you understand that?”

Daniel’s eyes were closed but he nodded. Or at least he seemed to nod. Bruce couldn’t tell. The poor slave looked like he was on the edge of cumming or maybe of having an aneurysm.

The straps came free from behind Daniel’s head and Clara removed the gag.

He moaned.

He might have moaned because he was close to orgasm.

Clara kissed him on his cheek.

“Fuuuuucck!” he cursed.

Bruce looked down and saw his cock twitching. Lyn had backed off so that only the head of his member was in her mouth. With every twitch of Daniel’s cock Bruce knew the other man was pumping more and more cum into Lyn’s mouth.

She didn’t stop sucking.

He couldn’t tell if his wife was swallowing any of it or not, but she didn’t complain as Daniel groaned throughout his orgasm. Bruce didn’t know what to do other than to stand there and watch approvingly.

He had mixed feelings about this scene, but they were too deep in it now to change their minds.

When Daniel stopped moaning, Lyn let his cock slip from her mouth. Keeping her lips parted she looked up at Bruce and showed him the cum she still had on her tongue. It looked like a lot. Bruce didn’t have a good way to judge.

Since her hands were still bound, it was hard for her to get off her knees. Seeing her struggle, Bruce helped her to her feet.

Lyn didn’t hesitate. She got on her toes and Daniel, ever the obedient husband and slave, bowed his head. Their respective spouses watched them kiss. Lyn pulled back a tiny bit and opened her mouth just enough so that Bruce could see her passing Daniel’s cum back to him.

Bruce was fine with cum eating, he just wasn’t sure if he could have done it so readily as Daniel, especially right after cumming.

“That’s fucking hot,” Clara declared, her hand going to her pussy and rubbing absently. “It took a lot to train him to take his cum back, but it was worth it,

don’t you think so?”

Bruce nodded. “Yes. You’ve got him well-trained.”

Shyly, Lyn nodded as well after breaking the kiss. She didn’t dare speak. Not yet. She wanted to please her husband and so she waited for instructions from him.

Instead, he just kissed her. There was the vague flavor of Daniel’s cum and Clara’s pussy, but all Bruce cared about was how wonderful his wife was.

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Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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