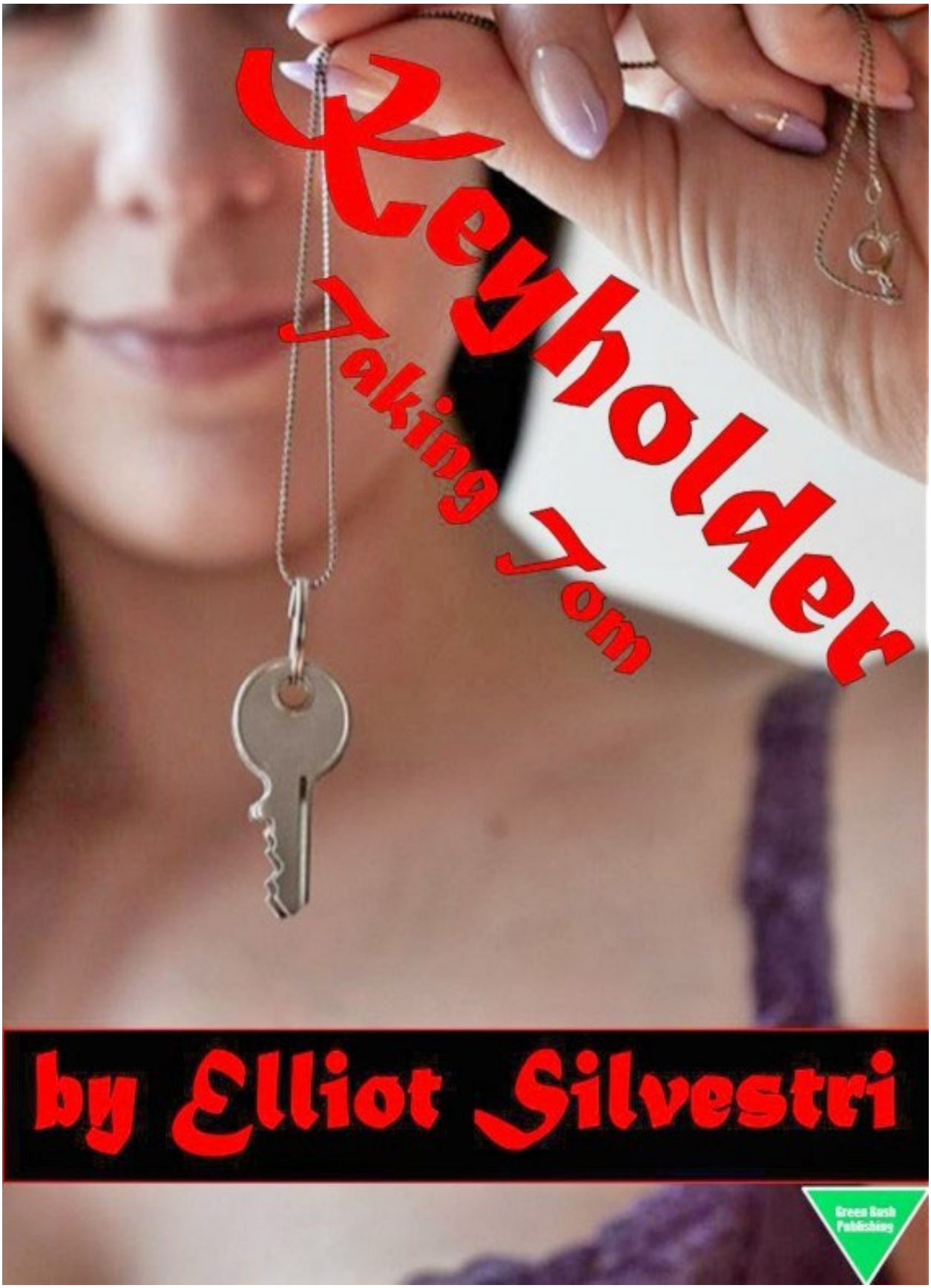
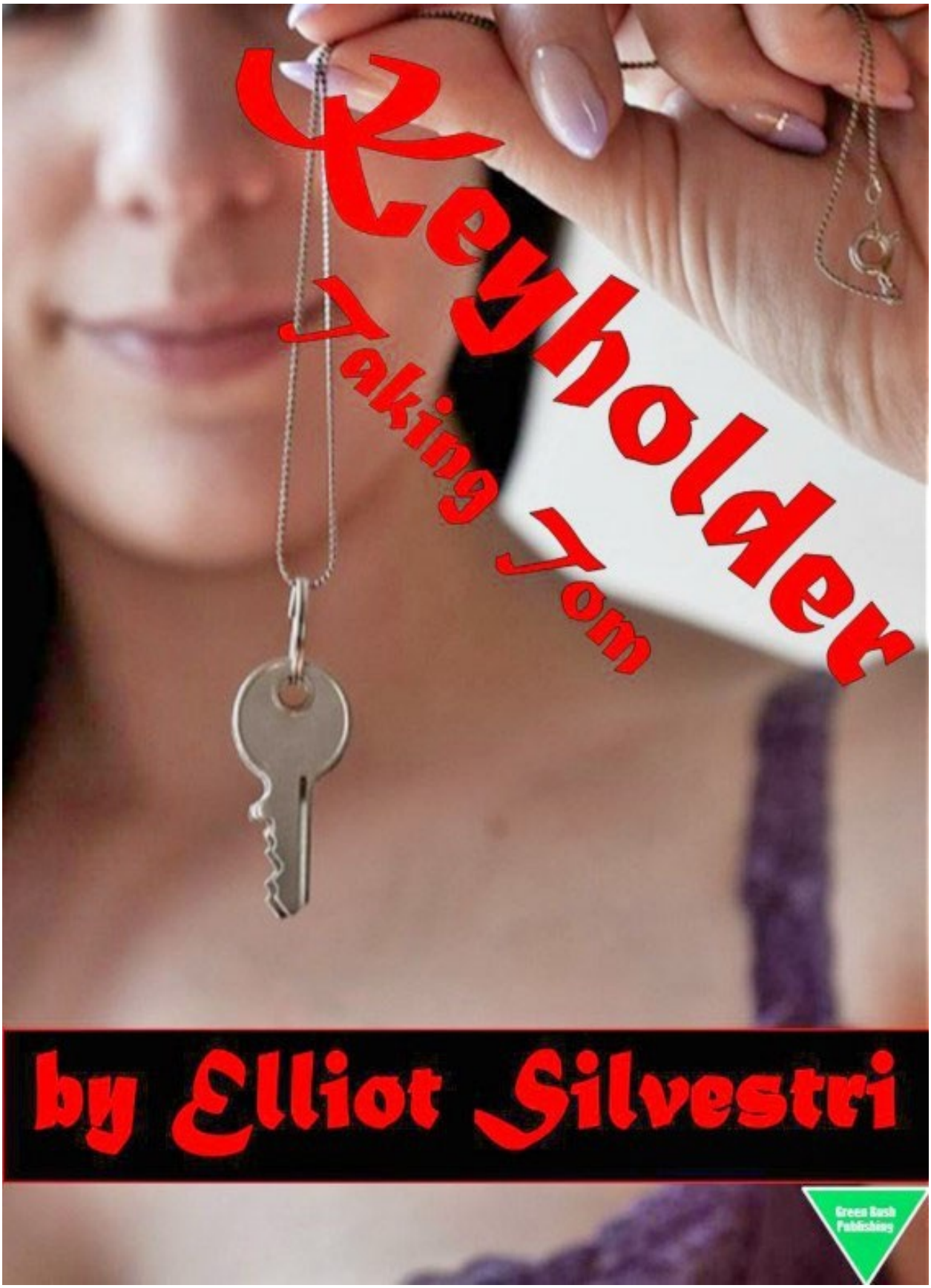

Keyholder
Taking Tom
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


Keyholder
Taking Tom
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing

Keyholder: Taking Thom

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright © 2016 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing’s eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Chapter One

“I have to make a call before this goes any further,” Sam said as he broke off his kiss from Debra.?”

The frustrated brunette groaned and turned away from the man she had been dating. While Debra didn’t consider herself overly promiscuous, this was her third date with Sam and she had decided it was time for them to go to bed together. She wasn’t going to waste any more of her time on a guy she wasn’t sexually compatible with. “Really?” she complained. “A phone call? We’ve been making out and I really want to have sex and you need to call someone. Please don’t tell me it’s your mommy because I’ll walk out the door.” As it was she stood up from the couch and adjusted her shirt and bra. It was one thing to be gentlemanly, but in Debra’s opinion Sam was veering well off into saving it for marriage territory and she didn’t date men who had such backwards morals.

“No, no, it’s not,” he promised to her. “It’s…uh…to my cousin’s fiancée.”

Debra arched an eyebrow. That was a little trick she had learned years ago. Men found it both intriguing and frustrating when she did it. “Why her?”

Sam quickly dialed the number on his cellphone that he had pulled from his pants pocket. “Uh…I’ll let her explain.”

Debra dropped her eyebrow. “Let her explain?” She had felt a certain hardness in his lap while they were making out but it had been too hard for his cock. The cell phone made a perfect explanation.

If he heard her question, Sam ignored it to talk on the phone. “Yeah. It’s time. Of course I’m nervous. We’ll wait.”

“We’ll wait for what?” Debra interrupted.

“Don’t worry. We won’t have to wait long,” Sam said to her as he disconnected the call.

“You’re starting to piss me off,” said Debra.

Before Sam could answer her, the doorbell to Sam’s apartment rang. “That’s her,” he announced and exited the living room to answer the door, leaving a very confused Debra alone to consider walking out on him.

She was just about to put her shoes back on from where she had kicked them off under the couch when Sam returned with a tall, attractive blond woman. “Debra, this is Kathleen, she’s my…uh…my cousin’s fiancée.”

The tall blonde frowned at him while Debra just eyed the woman she now considered her rival. “Sam, remember what we talked about? You need to be forthright.”

He nodded. “Yeah, okay.” He took a breath, turned to Debra and grabbed her hand before saying, “Debra, Kathleen in my keyholder.”

“What the fuck’s a keyholder?” Debra was now ready to leave. She wasn’t sure what game Sam was playing, but she was done with it.

In response Kathleen held up a key ring that was attached to a leather fob. Two strange keys dangled from it. “Obviously a person who holds keys,” she explained.

“Yeah. Great.” Debra was nonplussed.

“You’d better show her,” Kathleen told Sam.

He nodded and looked down but that didn’t prevent Debra from seeing the man she had been dating, who always before had acted with the sort of confidence and boldness she liked, now had a face flushed red with embarrassment. “We’re waiting,” Kathleen prompted him.

“Right,” he muttered and then quickly unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and pulled down both pants and underwear to mid-thigh, exposing his cock. Or rather, it would have exposed his cock if it had not been concealed and contained by a small plastic device. It twitched gently as his flesh tried to get hard but couldn’t because of the restrictive case.

“What the fuck is that?” blurted out Debra.

“Just a little cock cage,” Kathleen told her. Debra was shocked when Kathleen reached out and manipulated Sam’s cock back and forth, showing it off. Only now did Debra note that Sam was all but devoid of pubic hair. “A secret that is too well-kept is that a man who has his sexuality controlled by a woman is much happier and a much better lover than one who has easy access to his cock.”

Debra closed her eyes and looked away from Sam’s contained cock. She needed to focus her thoughts because this was a little beyond her sexual experience. “What are you talking about?” In the back of her mind she kept thinking she should leave, but found her feet were rooted to the floor.

“I’m Sam’s keyholder. I get to decide when he gets to use his cock. Essentially I control who he has sex with. He gets to make requests, of course, but I’m the ultimate authority.” She knelt down and selected one of the keys from the ring. There was a lock integrated into the device that Sam was wearing. It took her several tries to slip the key into the slot. “He’s requested to have sex with you and because it’s been a long time since he’s had sex with a woman, I’ve approved it. You should feel honored. He’ll be very eager to please you.”

“This is fucked up. I’m leaving,” Debra declared.

“Please don’t,” Sam begged. Kathleen said nothing. She sprung the lock and slipped the device free of Sam’s manhood. In two heartbeats his cock was sticking up; he was erect and ready for whatever was offered. “I know this is weird, but please…”

“I’m not getting involved in whatever weird sex game you two are playing,” Debra declared but didn’t move from her spot. “You told me you weren’t seeing anyone right now,” she said in an accusatory tone to Sam.

“I’m not seeing Kathleen—or anyone else!” Sam insisted. “She’s just my keyholder.”

“Let me explain,” Kathleen said as she stood up and placed Sam’s cock cage on the coffee table. It was clear plastic and from the way she handled it, the device was obviously rigid and well-crafted. “You’ll notice I didn’t grab Sam’s cock the moment it was free. I don’t have any real interest in having sex with him. I have a fiancé I’m in love with, and that’s Sam’s cousin Thomas. I’m Thomas’s keyholder as well. It’s a lot of work being the keyholder to two men and we’d love to find Sam a keyholder of his own.”

“I’m not into threesomes,” Debra said, though that was not the issue.

“I didn’t ask you to be,” Kathleen replied. “But aren’t you the least bit curious as to why a man would have a cage on his cock? What type of man has a woman control his sexuality?”

Although these thoughts had never before occurred to Debra, they were nagging at her now. “I suppose…”

“Let me tell you a story.” She glanced down at Sam’s still erect cock. “Pull up your pants, Sam. Your erection isn’t going anywhere anytime soon.” He did so and Kathleen sat down on the edge of the one armchair in the small living room. She indicated for the couple to sit on the sofa and they did so, side by side, but not touching.

“This goes back to me and Thomas. It’s a love story if that helps you.”

Debra shrugged.

“It was a few years ago…”

Chapter Two

“What are you doing?” Kathleen asked. She had walked in on Thom in the bedroom of the apartment they had just rented together. He normally got home from work an hour before her, so it was to be expected that he would be alone. What she didn’t expect was to find him jerking off in their bed.

Thom sat bolt upright, his hard dick in his hand, and made a half-hearted attempt at covering up the fact he had been masturbating. She looked at him expectantly. “Um…beating the bishop?” he asked trying to sound like a schoolboy caught skipping class.

“Honestly. Like we weren’t going to have sex tonight anyway,” she said rolling her eyes and turning around. “Get dressed when you’re finished.” She walked out of the room.

The excitement of the moment was gone and Thom didn’t want to cum any longer. He put his clothes back on and walked out to the kitchen where Kathleen had started dinner.

“Sorry about that,” he told her.

“Yeah. It’s fine.” It probably wasn’t fine, Thom thought judging by how enthusiastically she was chopping the onion on the cutting board. He stayed far enough away from her knife so that he was out of range, just in case. “Jesus, do you have to have it constantly? We had sex this morning. And I told you we were going to do it again tonight.” That was the euphoria of having their own apartment after having lived with roommates in small apartments for too many years.

“Um. Yeah, sort of. Not constantly, of course. But a lot. Like three or four times a day.”

“Shit, Thom. You need to get ahold of yourself.”

“That’s the problem isn’t it?” he joked.

She stopped chopping the vegetables and stared at him, long and hard, with the knife in her hand.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “But you don’t realize how bad it is for me sometimes.”

Kathleen had little sympathy for him as she set on chopping up two green peppers. “It’s not like I’ve ever really told you no.”

While that wasn’t entirely true, it was close to it. Exclusive of monthly periods and the occasional illness, from the time they had started dating Kathleen had never told Thom no to sex. She also initiated it as much as he did. She wasn’t a prude and was proud of it.

“I know, I know, but sometimes I just have this need for release and I don’t want to be bothered having sex with you—or anyone—just to cum.”

After adding some olive oil to the skillet she had heated up, the chopped onions and peppers were tossed in along with some minced garlic. “Being an adult means having some self-control,” she told him as she stirred the ingredients. “It’s not just having a job and a place to live that you pay for yourself.”

“I know,” he agreed.

“What do you intend to do about it?”

“I’m coming up with a plan.” He started opening the cans of tomatoes she had set out. No discussion of duties was necessary.

“I expect a concrete answer tomorrow night.”

Thom nodded as he picked up the kitchen shears and started cutting up the whole tomatoes in the can. He already knew what his answer would be. Telling it to Kathleen would be the hard part.

“This? This is your answer?” Kathleen asked him.

Thom was all but shaking. He had his laptop open on the kitchen table and they were sitting side by side at the table. Thom had one hand tucked under his thigh

because he was so afraid at what he was showing to her fiancée that he didn't trust his hand not to shake. "Yes," he answered.

"This is silly," she said. "This is a sex game to get you off."

He slowly shook his head. "No. No it's not. Do you think I want to wear a chastity belt?"

She pointed at the screen where a website was advertising a plastic cock cage. "Well, obviously yes."

Thom found himself getting angry. "Do you know what it's like?" he asked her, his voice barely controlled with anger. "Having to beat off three times a day—or more? I've done that ever since I've hit puberty. I can't control it. I've tried! Do you know how many times I've gotten caught jerking it in college? Everyone in my dorm thought I had a real problem. I know where every bathroom in my office is, private or not, so I can jerk off in relative peace when I need to. That's my big fear at work, getting caught whacking it and getting fired, but not getting fired because I'm incompetent."

"Jeez, all right already. If you want to be like a medieval princess and wear a chastity belt, I'm not going to tell you no."

"It's not a chastity belt," Thom insisted. "It's a cock cage."

"Chastity cage," she settled on.

"And you need to be strong for me," he told her. "Once I put on the lock, you can't just take it off because I ask. You need to tell me no and only let me out when you want to have sex."

"I want to have sex a lot," she pointed out.

"Then I'll just wear it during the day and you can release me at night at home."

"Agreed," she said and stuck out her hand at him. Almost automatically he shook it, which felt silly but some ceremony was needed to seal the deal.

The plastic toy arrived a few days later along with a small padlock and a pair of keys. Kathleen laughed and giggled as she tried to get Thom's average and she thought perfectly adequate cock into the device. There were several parts and a ring that went behind his balls along with some spacers to make it fit correctly. It took her several attempts along with his assistance to figure out how it worked even before they tried to put it on his body.

"Well it's too small," she declared after putting the ring behind his balls but was unable to put the shaft into the cage proper because he was mostly erect at that point. "You should have ordered a bigger size."

"You're supposed to order small," he said. "That way you can't slip out." He felt a little silly standing naked in front of her while she was seated on a kitchen chair.

"Uh-huh," she said doubtfully as she gently slapped the side of his cock. It bounced back and forth slightly. "How do you propose getting inside this little thing?" she asked, but before he could answer, she snapped her fingers. "Wait. I've got it. I'll give you a blowjob. After you cum you'll be small and soft again." She started to lean forward to take his cock into her mouth, but he pulled away.

"No, no. Some ice. That'll shrink me up."

Kathleen looked at him strangely. It was the first time that Thom had ever passed up a blowjob, but this was his kink and she went along with his wishes. She pulled a bag of frozen corn and a bag of frozen peas from the freezer and applied them to his erect cock. It took a minute, but eventually the firmness disappeared and he slowly, steadily, shrank down to normal dimensions, and then he shrank to a size that Debra considered to be a cute afterthought. With his penis so small it was easy to slip it into the curved, clear plastic sheath and lock the whole package together.

When it was done they both looked at the device hanging on his body.

"Looks a bit ridiculous if you ask me," said Kathleen.

"Yeah," he absently agreed. "It feels weird too."

"How long do you intend to wear it?" she asked.

“I don’t know,” he answered. His voice was unfocused. “That’s kind of up to you because you have the keys to the lock.”

“Right.” Her brow furrowed. “How are you going to pee in it?”

“There’s a slot at the front for that.” He picked up the cage and displayed it to her as if she hadn’t been handling it for the past twenty minutes and missed that particular feature.

“It’ll get messy is what I meant.”

“It’ll wash. I’ll keep it clean.”

Kathleen reached out and poked the plastic cage with her index finger, moving it first to one side and then the other. Thom stood still and let her manipulate it. Without realizing it, a smile crept across Kathleen’s face and she felt a little rush of power that went straight to her pussy. She wasn’t ashamed to admit she got a little wetter than normal for what was essentially foreplay. “What if I’m horny?” she asked. “How do I get my rocks off?”

Thom answered honestly. “I’ve got my fingers and mouth. If that doesn’t work there’s always your vibrator.”

It was strange for Kathleen to feel so in control of a sexual situation. Always before in her sex life she had either been an equal to her partner or, far too often, had been the object he had used. It wasn’t that she minded being tied up every once in a while, but she wanted to be the one in charge a bit more often. And now, suddenly, she was in charge. “Come on,” she said, standing up from the chair and walking toward the bedroom. “I’m feeling the need for a bit of release.”

Thom stood stock still for a minute, and then quickly chased after his girlfriend. By the time he reached the bedroom she had already removed her dress and was lying down on the bed with her hand in her panties. He pulled those off her body, pushed her legs wide open, and set to eating her pussy with a vigor he hadn’t had in a long time. Normally Kathleen had a bit of difficulty cumming from oral sex alone, but this time it turned out to be a fairly easy endeavor for her.

“Oh god that was good,” she gasped as he pulled back from her pussy. She pulled him up to her face and kissed his wet lips, tasting the tang of her quim.

“More,” she urged him. “Make me cum more.”

Between his hands and mouth and her vibrator, Thom managed to get her off four more times before Kathleen pled exhaustion and soreness. “What about me?” he asked as he put her hand on his plastic encased cock. There was a bit of swelling inside the clear plastic and she could feel the heat of his body through the thin material, but because she was so fully satisfied, she wasn’t the least bit tempted to free him from his self-imposed prison.

“Not tonight dear, I’m worn out,” she told him as she got out of bed and went to her dresser.

“You’re really going to leave me hanging like this?” He gestured to his cock.

“Yes,” she said without looking up from her jewelry case. “Isn’t that what you wanted?” She selected an old, sturdy necklace she didn’t wear any longer and slipped the two keys to his padlock onto it and then put the necklace on.

“Sort of, but not really,” he complained as he watched her. Normally after sex Kathleen’s pussy was dripping with his jism but not tonight. That pleased her. When Thom looked at his cock he saw a bit of precum had oozed out and was sticking to the inside of the plastic. He also had to pee and headed to the bathroom.

While he was busy Kathleen put on a comfortable nightgown and settled down for the night. His keys were safely kept on the chain around her neck; she could feel the hard metal between her breasts.

In the bathroom Thom decided that sitting down to pee was probably his best bet. It took him several minutes to calm himself before he could actually generate any urine and when he did, it seemed to spray everywhere because the slit at the end of his cock hadn’t lined up perfectly with the small opening at the end of the plastic cage. He managed to get all the piss into the toilet, but then spent the next few minutes washing his cage and cock in the sink using a cup and pouring cold water over his manhood until he judged it was clean.

By the end of the process he was starting to completely rethink what he had gotten himself into. Coming back into the bedroom where Kathleen was waiting under the blankets, he pulled a pair of sleeping pants from his dresser, but she stopped him. “No, don’t put those on. I want you naked next to me.”

He grinned. “Okay.” When he slipped under the covers he was disappointed to find she was wearing a nightgown. “Hey!” he protested.

“I like it like this,” she told him, grabbing his caged cock and holding it in her hand. “Isn’t this what you wanted?”

“Not really.”

“Well, I’m holding your key right now, so I get to make the rules.”

“I’m not sure I like your rules.”

“Maybe tomorrow we’ll change things up,” she told him.

“You want me to wear this all night?” he complained.

“Yes. That way you won’t wake me up for sex in the middle of the night, and if you wake up, you won’t go to the bathroom to beat off. Think of how horny you’ll be in the morning,” she promised him.

He sighed. Thom knew that waiting only increased desire and it had to be a sacrifice he was willing to make.

In the morning Kathleen woke up invigorated and refreshed. “How did you sleep?” she asked her boyfriend. Colin groaned and rolled away from her. She poked him in the kidney and repeated her question.

“I’m awake,” he complained. “I slept lousy.”

“Why?”

“Every time I got a boner in the night I woke up because it hurt so bad.” He was talking to the wall but she could hear the agony in his voice.

“I thought that the cage kept you from getting hard.”

“It does. That’s the problem. When I started to get hard, I’d wake up because it hurt because my boner was weaker than the cage.”

Kathleen clucked her tongue in sympathy. “Well, you wanted this.” She kissed his shoulder. “If you’re a good boy, I’ll let you out of your cage tonight and we

can have sex like a real couple."

"Promise?" he said hopefully, turning back to her.

"Promise," she swore. "If you're a good boy. I'd suggest a cold shower before you go to work because you're not getting out of there anytime today."

What followed was the most painful day of Thom's life. The cold shower woke him up and abated his lust for a bit, but by the time he arrived at the office, his cock was up to no good again and every attractive woman that walked by distracted him and made his cock try to get hard.

As a consequence he spent a lot of time in the bathroom that day. He knew there was a way to manipulate his cock and get the plastic cage off, but with his near-constant turgid state, that proved to be impossible. He grabbed some ice cubes from the refrigerator break room and snuck them into the bathroom for a bit of relief, but he didn't accomplish much more than getting his underwear wet. When Gina commented how much time he was spending in the bathroom, it was out of concern for his health. He claimed an upset stomach; that was less embarrassing than the truth.

By the time he got home he was at wit's end. Remembering his promise to Kathleen he quickly picked up the apartment, washed the dishes, and started dinner before she arrived home.

"Holy shit," she exclaimed after walking into their home, saw the table set, and smelled dinner cooking. "I think I might keep you caged for a while longer. I could grow to like this."

After dinner, after cleanup, after Kathleen judged that Thom had been a very good boy, she summoned him into the bedroom and pulled the keys out from inside her shirt. "Strip."

Thom had never gotten out of his clothes so quickly in all his life. He stood proudly before her, his cage filled to bursting with his struggling cock.

"That looks painful," she commented at the purplish-red color of his manhood.

"Just a bit," he admitted.

She went to put the key in the lock, but paused before inserting it. “Maybe I should keep you locked up a bit longer,” she thought out loud. “You made me cum so many times last night and tonight has been a wonderful night as well.” She tapped the small key against the plastic shell that was keeping him, barely, contained.

“No,” he begged. “Please let me out.”

“I shouldn’t let you out because you ask for it. You have to earn it.” She smiled wickedly. The power he had given over to her was going right to her head and her pussy. At that moment Kathleen knew she would happily play this game with Thom for the rest of her life.

“I did earn it,” he insisted. “Chores, dinner, cleaning up. I was good.”

She laughed at him. “So you were. Next time I won’t make it so easy to earn your release.” She slipped the key in and sprang the lock. Getting the small padlock out of the cage was easy. The hard part proved, quite literally, to be sliding the curved shaft from Thom’s cock. He was so engorged that it was almost impossible to pull the device free of his flesh. He wanted to harden and straighten out his cock while the cage was curved and didn’t want to release him. Kathleen giggled at his predicament. “Maybe I should get the frozen corn?” she suggested.

“No, no, I can do this,” Thom insisted as he carefully manipulated the plastic cage from his manhood. Eventually it came free and his cock sprang erect and proud from his body. The hinged retaining ring was easy to remove and an instant later Thom was on top of Kathleen, pressing her to the bed, tearing away her clothes.

Though she wouldn’t admit it to Thom, she loved the way he was ravishing her. He didn’t use any special foreplay techniques, he just got her naked as quickly as possible, stuck his face into her pussy to make sure she was good an wet—she had been well-lubricated since she had walked into the apartment—and then plunged his cock into her body. The first fuck was quick and fierce and satisfying to them both.

“That’s it?” Kathleen teased after Thom came two minutes after he entered her. She had cum as well, but it was easy to hide her pleasure from her boyfriend when he was so wrapped up in his own pleasure.

“I can fuck you again,” he declared. “Is that what you want?”

“Yes, please.”

With little effort Thom’s cock rose to the occasion and their second fuck was much more leisurely and much more satisfying. It had been years since Thom had gone an entire day without sex or masturbation and he was determined to make up for lost time.

After she cleaned up in the bathroom, Thom was waiting for her in the bed and this time she deigned to suck his cock a little, but only enough to get it sufficiently hard to penetrate her pussy. The third fuck was for Thom to prove to himself that he could still go three times in one evening.

In the morning Kathleen was waiting, seated patiently on the edge of the bed, as Thom emerged from showering wearing only a towel. In her hand was the plastic chastity device. “Come over here,” she gestured to him. They had fucked when they had woken up and so Thom didn’t get immediately hard when her intent became obvious.

“I don’t think I need to wear that today.”

“I think you do,” she insisted. “You’ve told me that you jerk off in the bathrooms at work. I don’t think I can trust you not to. You need to wear the cage.” She tapped the cage with her fingers. “Drop you towel.”

Thom’s mouth had gone dry and he tried to swallow but couldn’t. He did as she said and showed her his stiffening cock.

“See?” she asked. “We had sex fifteen minutes ago and already you want it again. Go get some ice and we’ll take care of this little problem.”

Ten minutes later Thom was looking down at his contained cock and wondered what he had gotten himself into. “Isn’t this what you wanted?” Kathleen asked as she patted his naked ass on the way to the shower.

Thom looked into the mirror and wondered if it truly was what he wanted.

Chapter Three

It surprised Thom how easily they fell into a routine of dealing with his sexuality. With his cock contained he was much more focused at work and at home. His boss appreciated his attention to detail and Kathleen appreciated how much he did for her. The most difficult part of their new dynamic was learning how to properly use the chastity device.

It took some experimentation, but eventually they settled into a pattern of Thom wearing the cunning little device all day at work, Kathleen releasing him when she arrived at home, and then putting him back into the device at night. They both knew the temptation for him to slip away from the bed in the middle of the night to jerk off was too great. He still woke up with the occasional painful attempted erection, but that was a price he was willing to pay.

For the few hours he was released, sex was off the table. Or at least sex for him was off the table. Quite often Kathleen would demand oral service or have him use a vibrator on her or ask that he make her cum with his fingers. Kathleen found she was living a rich sex life without the annoyance of a penis constantly trying to get into her pussy. Even better, the lack of an active penis in their relationship meant that her pussy wasn't regularly dirtied by his cum.

There were the occasional slip ups on Thom's part. On the occasions he went down on his girlfriend he was supposed to leave his cock alone. No touching. It was fine for him to get an erection, but actually pleasuring himself was forbidden. The still tried of course. He was only human and only a man. When she discovered what he was doing, Kathleen would stop all activity, got to the freezer and get the ice bag. That she would drape over his cock until the swelling went down and she could slip him back into chastity. Once on she wouldn't listen to any requests for removal for a full twenty four hours. It took a few failures on Thom's part before he finally learned his lesson that the cock attached to his body was truly the possession of Kathleen.

In the mornings Thom was allowed to shower with the chastity cage off but while under Kathleen's watchful eye. Hygiene, they quickly learned, was an important part of keeping his cock caged.

Kathleen set up what she thought was a fairly random pattern of letting him out of his cage and allowing him to have sex with her. She never gave him any warning and simply expected him to perform to her satisfaction. He always did which left her with a wet and sloppy pussy because he wouldn't fuck her just once and be put away into his cage; he would fuck three, four, or five times in the course of an evening or, if she was kind enough and he was lucky enough, over a Saturday or Sunday. He never complained about having to go back into his device afterwards because he was so sore and exhausted.

Once in a while Kathleen would have to delay his release because he asked to have sex with her or, worse, begged to be freed because he needed to satisfy himself. That was strictly forbidden in the way they set up their relationship. She always reminded him that he was not to make such requests and would be punished for doing so. Sometimes she thought that he actually begged for freedom just to be put off another few days.

Gradually Thom began to lose the shame he had for letting his girlfriend completely control his cock. He still kept a bit of it intact, because that was part of the thrill, but he also had a certain pride in the way he wore his cage. There was nothing wrong with the way of life he had chosen; but not everyone needed to know how he lived.

"Did I tell you about the guy at work who was flirting with me?" Kathleen asked as they got into bed one night. She was wearing her silken red nightie while he was naked but for the cock cage. She loved the feel of his smooth skin against hers at night.

"No." Thom stiffened, not in his cage, of course, but his entire body.

Kathleen laughed lightly. "He's a new sales rep and has that personality. You know what I mean, always outgoing and looking to make connections."

"Right."

"Anyway, he kept making these sly innuendoes and teasing me and a few of the other women."

"Sounds like he's just trying to be the person everyone knows," said Thom cautiously. "Aren't most of the women in your office near retirement age?"

“Yes, and you should have heard Tina afterwards. She said that Cliff was obviously in love with me.”

“Those words?” asked Thom. “’In love’?”

“She was teasing of course, but yes, she said that. She also said I was positively glowing. She said I’ve been glowing for the past few months. She actually said she thought I was pregnant a few months ago because of the way I looked.” Kathleen actually laughed at loud at that. “I’m pretty sure it’s our new sex life that has me glowing.” She rolled to her side and moved her thigh between Thom’s legs, wedging his cock cage against his abdomen and her leg.

“That has to be it,” agreed Thom.

“What would you do if I cheated on you?” she asked him suddenly, bluntly.

The question caught him off guard. At first Thom thought that maybe Kathleen had been using some verbal foreplay to see if she could get a rise out of him. His cock remained useless while there was a tight ball in his stomach as Kathleen so casually talked about other men having sex with her.

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “I mean, it’s your body, right? You can have sex with whoever you want.”

She nodded. “It is my body,” she agreed and reached down to hold his plastic cage. “And this is my cock as well. You don’t have full control over your body, do you?”

“No.” he agreed.

“And I think I love that about you,” she said and gave him a kiss. She brought his hand to her pussy. “Go down on me,” she told him. “I need a little orgasm to go to sleep tonight.”

Thom obeyed. He always obeyed.

He wasn’t surprised when Kathleen called the next day to tell him she’d be home late and not to hold dinner for her. It was well into the evening when she finally

arrived home. Thom's mind was whirling with what she had been doing. He knew, of course, and his cock knew as well because it was straining defiantly against the cage. She greeted him with a kiss and a smile. One glance at her and Thom knew she had been having sex; she looked exhausted and satisfied at the same time.

"Come to the bedroom," she told him. Once there, she hiked up her dark skirt and she ordered him down to his knees so his face was level with her pussy. The beige panties she wore were practical, the sort of thing a working woman would wear to an office, but they were moistened at the crotch. Thom leaned forward and inhaled her scent. It wasn't just her pussy he smelled; it was the obvious aroma of sex.

"I fucked him," she said without a trace of guilt. She grabbed the back of Thom's head and brought his face to her abdomen where her fragrance wafted up to his nostril.

"Oh god," he moaned. He was still fully dressed but under his clothes his cock was trying to harden in his cage.

"It was wonderful," Kathleen told him as she pushed him back a bit a pulled down her panties to mid-thigh. As she was pulling down the material clung to her labia for just a second, slightly adhering to her skin because of the gluey mixture of Kathleen's juices and her lover's cum.

"He came in you?" Thom asked already knowing the answer. His voice was trembling.

"Yes. And I want you to clean me."

Thom pulled her panties the rest of the way off and pushed his girlfriend down to the bed. Before diving between her thighs he looked at her sex and saw it was red and swollen, but he didn't know if that was from use or from anticipation. She was wet and there were obvious signs of cum clinging to her pubic hair and sticking to her lips. He didn't realize it until that moment but he wanted her now more than ever before. More than the first time they had sex. More than the first time she put on his cage.

Kathleen pulled his face to her sex and he set to work. Her taste was oh so familiar, that hadn't changed. If anything, it was stronger than usual. There was

definitely the aroma of spunk in her pussy. That he was familiar with, mostly through tasting his own. Kathleen moaned as he ate her pussy, licking up the bits of cum that were leaking out of her body and then sucking on her sex to draw out whatever remained inside her. He was so enraptured by his task that he completely missed her two little orgasms.

“I’m not going to release you,” she told him when he was done. “You need to suffer in your cage a bit, understand?”

“Yes,” he replied, but he didn’t really understand. All he knew was the heat of his contained cock and the steady pulsing he felt in his crotch. “Are you going to do this again?” he asked nervously. He was half afraid she would say yes and half afraid she would say no.

“I needed to do it this once. I don’t have plans on fucking Cliff again, but plans change.” She smiled, sat up, and kissed his face that was still wet with her desire.

The next morning Kathleen took pity on her boyfriend and released him from the device for his morning shower, but instead of escorting him to the bathroom, she instead drew him back into bed. He was already hard and she was wet with anticipation.

Their fuck was fast and powerful. Thom barely lasted a minute before he came. His jet of hot cum exploded inside Kathleen giving her an unexpected and satisfying orgasm.

“I think I saw god when I came,” he told her as he rolled off her body.

“I would have preferred you to see a goddess,” she teased as she ran her fingers through her swampy pussy.

“I might have gone blind for a second.”

“Uh-huh. Go shower. We need to get your device back on you before you go off to work.”

It was during his shower that Kathleen noticed a certain odor coming from Thom’s cage. It wasn’t completely unpleasant, and was definitely masculine, but it wasn’t a scent that she wanted her boyfriend to be walking around with. They

washed the chastity device on a regular basis but there was no denying that it was absorbing Thom's body odor and releasing it when completely inappropriate.

"Your cage is starting to smell," she told him. "We'll have to get you a new one."

"A new plastic one is just going to have the same problem eventually," he told her as he dried off. She had finished rinsing the cage as was drying it for him.

"What are you saying?" she asked.

"I think it's time to move up to a metal cage," he said boldly.

Kathleen stepped forward and grabbed his soft, cold cock. "Are you saying you like to be treated like this?"

"I wouldn't mind you owning my cock for the rest of our lives," he admitted.

"Is that a marriage proposal?" she teased him as she knelt down to put his cage back on.

Thom was silent as she worked. Normally they talked while she put the cage on and after a moment she realized how silent he was being.

"Do you want to get married?" he asked her uncertainly.

It wasn't a topic they had talked about seriously before. "Someday, I suppose," she answered trying to avoid the subject.

"You fucked another guy yesterday and now you want to get married," he said.

"You weren't complaining last night," she snapped at him.

Thom grinned. "I loved last night. I loved this morning." She slipped the padlock into place. "I wouldn't mind being married to a slutty woman who owns my cock."

Kathleen was confused. "I…I…you liked that?"

"Oddly, yeah. It was the best orgasm of my life."

“Do you want me to do it again?” she asked. “Because I don’t know if I can.”

“Maybe,” he said. “This is all moving so fast.”

“Yeah.” She tickled his exposed ball sack. “If we get married do you want to keep wearing this?”

“Hell yes.”

They laughed together and she gave his caged cock a little kiss. “We have to talk more tonight.”

Chapter Four

He knew it was the cage and Kathleen's encounter the day before that gave him a little burst of energy, but Thom didn't mind. He flirted outrageously with the women in his office and came home to make dinner, waiting to have an exciting conversation with Kathleen. Dinner was barely started when he received a text message from her.

Working late. I SWEAR it's only work, nothing else.

Okay, he texted back and wondered if she was lying.

A few minutes later she replied. Again. Just work. No sex. I swear. Servers went down today. I'm betting it'll be nine before I get home.

It's not a problem. But it bothered Thom because he wasn't sure if she was actually working or fucking Cliff again.

When he went to the bathroom and sat down on the toilet, he decided that she was definitely fucking Cliff, at least judging by how swollen and red his cock was inside the plastic cage. It took a minute to calm himself enough to pee, and then twice that long to clean up the mess, and then he stared at himself in the mirror wondering what kind of man let his girlfriend put a plastic trap on his cock so only she could fuck him. He was supposed to be master of his own domain and he should be the one to decide who he had sex with, even if it was only with himself.

After stripping down he stood in the cold shower for five minutes, long enough for his body to start shivering. He was certain he was going to give himself hypothermia before he shrank his penis enough. When Thom couldn't stand it any longer, he turned off the water and grabbed the tube of KY he had placed on the bathroom counter. Squirting some inside the plastic case was simple enough. It then proved to be a fairly straightforward operation to pull his shaft free of the chastity cage. His balls were still trapped by the tight ring, but he didn't need them at the moment; just access to his shaft.

Already slippery from the KY and amped up on the deceitful thing he was doing, Thom put some more lube in his hand and vigorously wanked his cock for less than a minute. When he came, he was pleased with the volume of spunk he shot and the number of spurts. It had been a long time since he had been able to jerk off or handle his cock without permission and it was a glorious relief.

Two minutes after he came, the guilt over what he had done started to build. His orgasms were supposed to be for Kathleen, not himself. He had been certain he was done with such self-indulgence.

That's when Thom encountered the real problem. Pulling his shaft out had been a lot easier than threading it back in.

"Shit! Fuck! Piss!"

No matter what he did he couldn't get his cock properly back into the tube portion of the cock cage. He tried ice. He tried lube. He tried careful drying and flesh manipulation. Either the head would get stuck just as he started to put it in or the shaft wouldn't bend enough to make it possible to slip into the tube opening. It was simultaneously frustrating, annoying, and unnerving.

Thom lost all track of time, something easy to do when indulging in a bit of self-abuse. It didn't occur to him to even look at the clock during the ordeal of trying to put his cock away. He knew he was hiding all of this from Kathleen, but he couldn't help himself.

He froze the moment he heard the front door open. Thom was sitting on the edge of the bed with all the supplies he had been using surrounding him. There was no way for him to hide what he had been doing.

"Thom?" Kathleen called out. "Where are you?"

"In here. The bedroom."

He waited until she walked in. It must have taken a good deal of control on her part not to gasp at the scene. She just looked at him and then asked, "What are you doing?"

"Um…jerking off."

She frowned at his answer. It was obvious what he had been doing, she just needed a moment to think. “How did you get out of your cage?”

“I’m only half out,” he said, displaying his free penis but trapped balls. “But it was easier than I would have thought. Just some ice and lube was all I needed.”

“Uh-huh. And are you happy with what you’ve done?”

Thom opened his mouth to answer but found he could only let out a sob of frustration. “No,” he managed to choke out.

Kathleen clucked her tongue and shook her head. To her surprise she found that she was truly angry at her boyfriend. It wasn’t an uncontrollable boiling anger, but one mixed with disappointment at his failure.

“Who is supposed to be in charge of that cock?” she asked.

“You are,” he immediately replied in a shuddering voice. He wasn’t crying, not yet.

“Stand up,” Kathleen ordered him as she pulled the keys out from inside her shirt. Once she unlocked the retaining ring it was easy for Thom to free himself. He hadn’t noticed it during his ordeal but his sack had turned a wonderful shade of reddish purple due to blood flow restriction. When the blood rushed back to his balls there was a painful tingling and he wanted to curl up to deal with the pain. Instead he stood up holding himself with one hand.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” he apologized.

“Do you want to do this or not?” she asked him, her words clipped and biting.

“Do what?” he asked, confused.

“Wear a chastity device and let me be in charge of your cock. If you’re going to be pulling out and jerking off every chance you get, I don’t think it’s worth my time and effort.”

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” he repeated. “I do want this, but I just got a little too worked up because I thought you were out fucking Cliff.”

Her face sourced and Kathleen yanked up the bottom of her dress with one hand and grabbed Thom's hand with her other, thrusting his fingers into her panties. Her pussy was warm and inviting, but her panties and labia were dry. "I was working, not fucking. You need to trust and believe me when I tell you something. I promise in the future if I do decide to fuck someone else besides you, I'll let you know before it happens." She paused. A slight smile tugged at her lips. "If possible. Otherwise I'll tell you right after. Circumstances, right?"

"Okay," he agreed at once. She removed his fingers from her panties even though it felt good for him to hold her. Now was not the time for sex.

"Do you like being locked up?" she asked him.

The question startled Thom. "Yes," he answered honestly. "It's reassuring that I won't be looking for a chance to jerk off or try to talk some other woman into bed. I know you'll take care of me."

His sweet words brought a smile to her lips. "Then we need to talk about security so you aren't tempted to do this again, okay?"

"Okay," he agreed and they sealed the promise with a kiss.

Their quest for security led them to one inevitable ending. All the research they did pointed to only one true solution for keeping Thom's cock safely locked away and only accessible by Kathleen. Every story and personal history they read on the internet all had some variation of the man being kept in chastity finding some way out of his cage either through flesh manipulation or, for the boldest ones, cutting the small padlock with bolt cutters.

They quickly learned the plastic device they were using was fine for chastity play, but if they wanted to make Thom's chastity a lifestyle, they needed to move up to a metal device with an undefeatable lock. There was only one way to do that.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Kathleen asked him when they saw what had to be done.

"Not entirely. But it seems like it's the only solution."

“This affects me to,” she pointed out to him. “I like your cock the way it is. This will be a big change for me.”

He grinned at her. “You said it was my cock.”

Kathleen playfully slapped his face. “A slip of the tongue. Be careful or I’ll have it tattooed with my name.”

“I’d bet you’d like that.”

She nodded. “I would. But for right now I just want you to remove all your hair.”

“What?”

“All your pubic hair. Permanently. I’ve looked at all the pictures and I like the look of a bald cock.”

“I’m not going to get waxed every month.”

Kathleen found it amusing he thought he had a choice. “Of course not. We’re going to do laser hair removal. Once it’s done, it’s done. I had it done on my bikini line. It won’t be any worse for you.”

Before they had met Kathleen had been talked into some aggressive grooming by one of the women she shared an apartment with. The laser treatment hadn’t been bad and she was left with a neat triangle of pubic hair that only needed occasional trimming. The big bonus was she didn’t need to shave the edges.

“You’re kidding,” he said.

“Nope. That’s how I want my man and my cock. And you want to please me so you don’t get much choice in the matter.”

“This is your first piercing?” Trixie asked the couple. There was a certain amount of trepidation in her voice. They looked like a nice couple and not the sort who frequented Full Throttle Tattoo and Piercing. “People don’t normally start with a PA.”

“I had an earring in high school and college,” Thom told the short cute girl as he flicked his right lobe back and forth. She looked like she was barely old enough to be out of high school, but at the same time she was sporting a variety of metal studs and rings in her face and ears, along with tattoos up and down her arms. He was certain there were more hidden by her clothes.

“Hardly the same thing,” Trixie replied.

Kathleen spoke up. “We’ve been doing the male chastity lifestyle for a while now and it’s time to go to full security. He needs the PA to keep his cock under control.”

A small grin broke out on Trixie’s face. “Is he in chastity right now?” she asked eagerly. Her words were addressed to Kathleen, not Thom.

“Of course.”

“Well, I need to see, then. I need to inspect the anatomy to make sure he can take a ring.”

“Of course. Thom, show her.”

They were in a semi-private exam room with the door open. It was probably de rigueur for people to expose their bodies in the shop, but it was a new concept to Thom. Still, he knew what Kathleen expected of him and, strangely, he was eager for this to be done. He stood up and lowered his jeans and underwear to mid-thigh, exposing his plastic-encased cock.

“CBT-6000?” asked Trixie.

“Yes. I’ve ordered a custom steel device for him, but it’ll be a few weeks before it’s ready. We want the PA to be in before it arrives.”

“Can you take it off him?” Trixie asked, a little too eagerly for Thom’s taste. It was as if he had become an object in the room and the two women were entirely in control of his fate.

He found he didn’t mind that at all.

“Yes.” Kathleen fished the keys from inside her shirt and sprang the lock on the

plastic cage. It came off easily enough and Trixie wheeled her chair close to Thom, took his penis in her nitrile-gloved hand and started inspecting.

“He’s not tiny, that’s good. No obvious anatomy problems. Also good. He’s used to wearing the cage?” Thom felt Trixie’s warm breath on his skin.

“Oh yes,” Kathleen happily reported. “It was actually his idea in the first place. It never would have occurred to me but…”

“It changed your life right?” Trixie finished with a wink and a grin.

“Do you have a…” Kathleen started to ask but didn’t finish her sentence.

Trixie picked right up on the question. “Me? No. A friend of mine does. Geez, that sounds stupid, doesn’t it? I don’t think I’d have the patience to deal with a guy who needs his cock controlled all the time. She says it’s an amazing relationship dynamic. Do you peg him much?”

The question caught Kathleen off guard. She knew what the girl meant, but it was something new to her as well. “No. Not yet.”

Trixie’s expression became a bit dreamy. “Denise said that’s the best part of having a boyfriend with a caged cock. Putting on the strapon and fucking his ass. You should give it a try.”

“I’m sure we will,” agreed Kathleen. “We’re still in the experimental stage.”

The piercer only half heard Kathleen’s words. Thom had heard everything and was wondering what strange turn his life had taken. “Denise had me peg her boy once. It was a-maz-ing. I highly recommend it. You should go to Blue Nights up the street. They have a fan-tastic selection of toys.”

Kathleen laughed lightly. “Just the PA today, I think.”

“Right,” Trixie agreed with a mischievous grin. “Power to the sisters. Anything I can do to keep a man under a woman’s heel.” She finished her inspection of Thom’s cock and rolled her chair away. “Lay down on the table. We’ll have you fixed up in just a minute.”

It took longer than a minute. Kathleen held his hand during the entire procedure.

Thom had been expecting to experience incredible, excruciating pain. It wasn't as bad as he had thought it would be. Getting the tube shoved up his urethra was uncomfortable to say the least, even with the KY jelly that Trixie used. The needle going through his flesh was a quick burning, searing pain that quickly faded away to a light burning. Oddly, it was threading the ring through the new hole that was the worst part of the process. It was just painful; there was no other way to describe it.

After Trixie placed the bead between the ends of the ring she asked, "Would you like me to put a condom on him?"

"What for?"

"Sometimes there's a bit of bleeding afterwards."

"We can wash his underwear."

By the time the procedure was done, Thom's limbs were shaking and he felt unsteady on his feet. Kathleen had to physically support him as she helped him out to the car. "I'm not sure if this was a good idea," he said as he sat down—carefully—in the passenger seat.

"It was an excellent idea," his girlfriend told him as she took the driver's seat and cautiously patted his leg. "It's very handsome."

"Thanks."

"I can't so try it out."

Thom said nothing. He was too scared to consider what she truly meant.

It felt strange to Thom to be out of his cage for so long and out in public. Ever since Kathleen had first put on the chastity device, he had felt much more comfortable wearing it than being free and loose. Ever since that day the only time he was free was when she released him for sex or hygiene. It was odd, he knew, but he liked it.

Being allowed this sort of freedom out in public, even if they were inside her car, was more than odd to him. It was just plain wrong.

“I don’t think I can do this,” he told her as she drove them home.

“Do what?” she asked absently, concentrating on the traffic.

“Not wear the cage. I need to have it on.”

“Well, Trixie said no fun and games for at least a week and to leave the cage off as well. You’d better get used to it.”

“I don’t want to get used to it,” he all but whined.

“Complain, complain, complain. Don’t worry, as soon as we get your new steel device we’ll put it on and you’ll be locked up safe and secure.” She patted him on the leg again. “Once you’re healed.”

“How long is that going to be?” he groused.

“A couple of weeks.”

Thom had to go through the healing process and it wasn’t fun. He had to sit in salt baths, move the ring on a regular basis to promote formation of a fistula. He hated being free with his dick swinging in what he now considered an unnatural fashion, but he dealt with it.

There were two parts that were terrible about the two weeks. The first was taking his first piss with the steel PA ring in. The wound was still fresh and the salt in his urine burned terribly when he went to the bathroom for the first time. He still had to sit down to pee because the new hole caused an unnatural drip. But Thom was stronger that he realized and he managed to work through the pain. The second terrible part was being unable to have an orgasm. The ring and the soreness that came with the piercing made jerking off all but impossible. At home Kathleen kept a close eye on his private time. At work it was less of a temptation and he knew he was on the honor system. Thom was proud of himself for not trying to jerk off while he healed, though he would have sorely enjoyed every moment of that indulgence.

As chance would have it, the healing period and arrival time of the new chastity device was exactly fourteen days.

The new cage was a big step up in the chastity game. It was bright, shiny steel.

Next to the toy-like transparent plastic CBT-6000, the steel cage looked like a medieval torture device. It was shaped like a gentle curve down, solid steel so he couldn't see himself, with a few air holes for ventilation and the end exposed just enough so a retaining rod could be inserted through his PA to make sure he didn't slip out of the device. A solid steel ring formed the base that fitted together to the shaft with a special integrated lock.

Getting the steel ring on was the hardest part. While the plastic cage had a hinged ring, this ring was solid. Following the instructions Kathleen first put Thom's shaft through the ring and then followed with his left testicle. That took up most of the available space and it took some effort for her to force his right testicle through the ring. It wiggled and squirmed out of the way, but eventually Kathleen cornered the little pest and made it go through with an unsettling sensation Thom couldn't rightly describe.

From that point on it was easy. A little lubricant allowed his penis to slide down the tube. The retaining rod was already threaded through the PA ring. The ends of the retaining rod were fixed into the base ring and the whole device was closed up with the barrel lock. The key was much bigger than the old one used on the padlock, but it the overall lock was integrated into the device so it took up less space.

When they were done with the locking process they looked at one another with satisfied smiles. Thom was thrilled to be captured by his girlfriend again and Kathleen's heart was thumping with the thrill of owning a man's cock.

"Happy?" she asked him.

"Yes. I'm trying to get hard and I can't."

Thom was sitting on the edge of the bed with Kathleen kneeling in front of him between his legs. She stood up and pulled down her pants, pulling his hand to her pussy. "I'm wet and you can't fuck me," she teased. "But you have fingers and a tongue and a mouth, right?"

"Right," he grinned up at her while fingering her clit. "And you have a vibrator I can use on you too, right?"

"Of course," she said, spinning away from him, stepping out of her pants and falling on the bed with her legs open, inviting him in, but Thom didn't move to

her. Instead he went to his dresser. She frowned in confusion. “I want you first,” she told him. “Toys later.”

“This isn’t a toy,” he said as he approached the bed. “You gave me a ring, so I need to give you one.” He opened his hand a displayed a silver band with a diamond. “Marry me?”

Kathleen’s smile was calm, as if she expected this event to happen. She took the engagement ring from his hand and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand. “I think all men should have engagement rings like yours,” she told him.

To be continued

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 3

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 4

The Erotic Novels of Elliot Silvestri

The Green Bush Farm Collection

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 7

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 8

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 9

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity