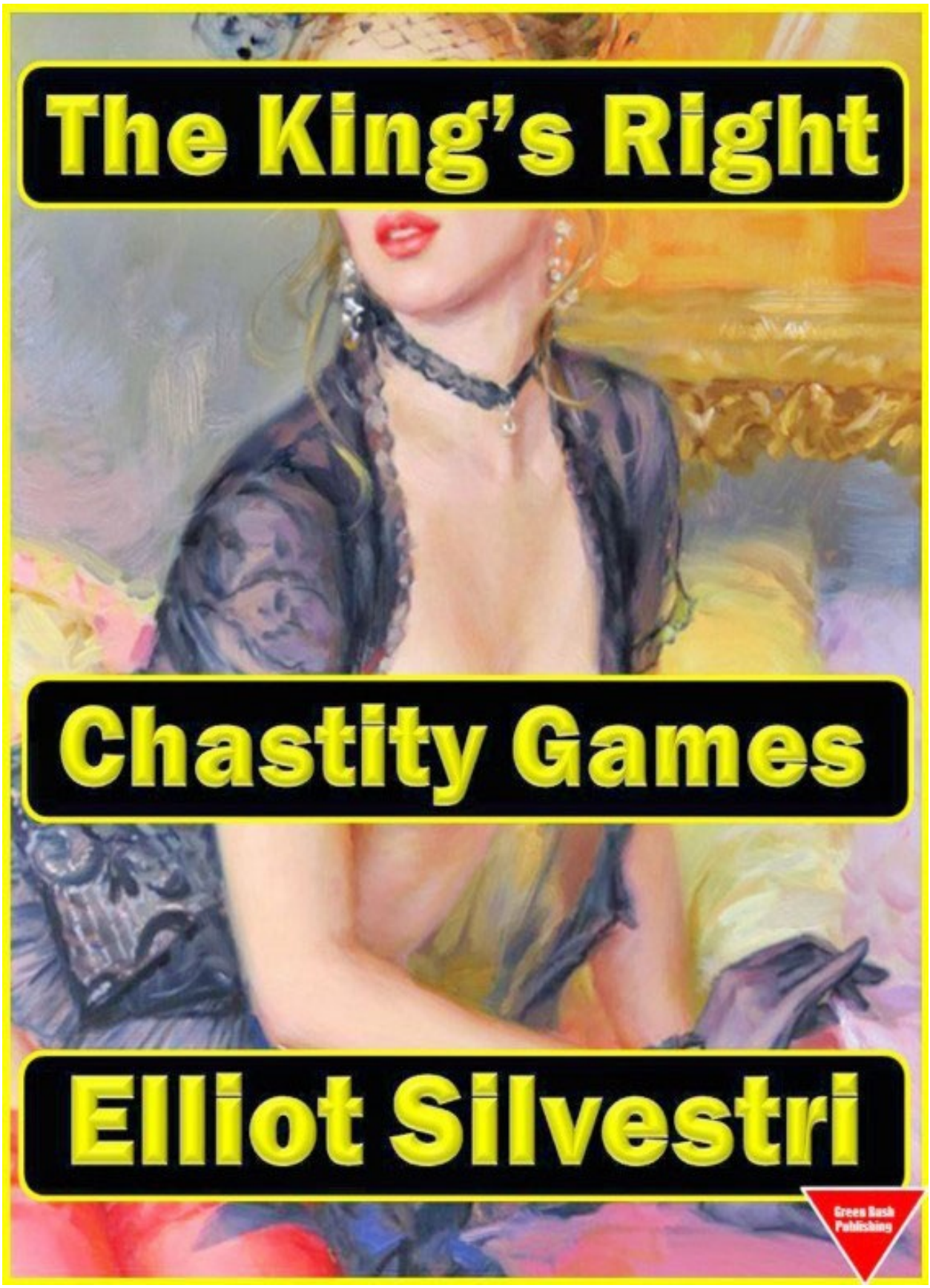
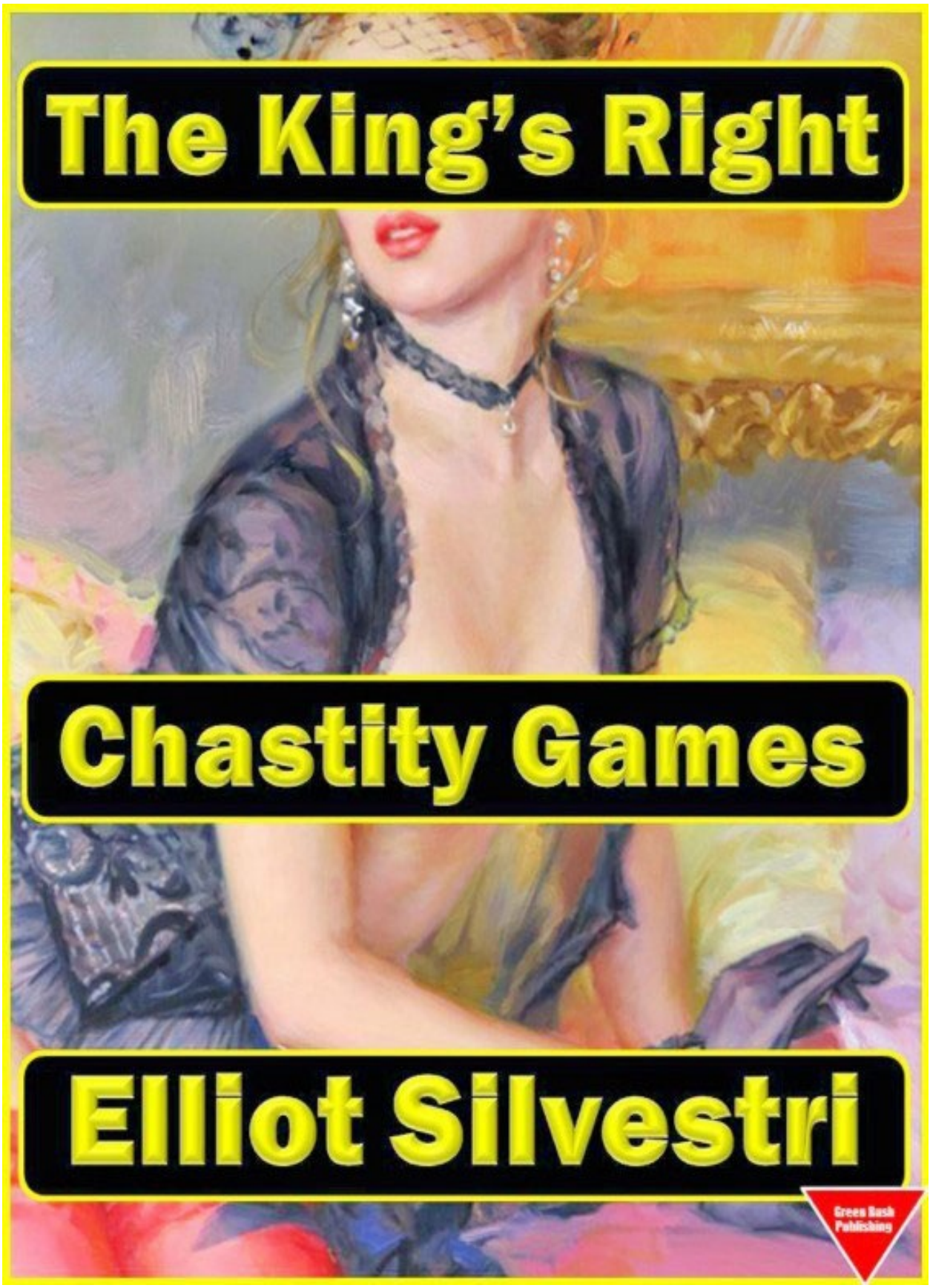

The King's Right
Chastity Games
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Chastity Games:

The King's Right

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Table of Contents

Foreword

Chapter Three…How Do You Do It?

Chapter Four…Theresa's House

About the Author

Foreword

The right of the first night—also known as droit du seigneur (the lord's right)—is an ancient tradition where a feudal lord or king had the right to take the virginity of a bride before her husband. There are various legal and traditional arguments for this right, but the most logical one is the one most often ignored, that the bride desires another man besides her husband because her marriage will end her dalliances with other men…

Share Two

Chapter Three

“HOW DO YOU DO IT?” Jenn asked Theresa.

“Do what?”

The two women were supposedly going over the details to Jenn’s upcoming wedding. What they were actually doing was drinking wine and avoiding doing any real work.

“Only have sex with Richard…how often? Is that steel tube he wears…is it on all the time?” The wine made it easier for Jenn to ask the question, but she still couldn’t look Theresa in the eye when saying the words, and her face still flushed red, and her stomach did flip-flops while she spoke. All this was after having had sex with Richard while Theresa watched less than a week ago.

“I have sex with him whenever I want,” the party planner told her friend.

“And how often is that?” Jenn surprised herself by pressing on the issue.

Theresa looked her friend right in the eye, waiting until Jenn looked up from where she was examining her wine glass. “Once a month; no more, no less.”

“You only have sex once a month!” Jenn burst out, and then laughed at her reaction and the ridiculousness of the situation.

“No, no, of course not,” she reassured her friend. “I have sex many times a month. Rich only gets me once a month as special reward for being good.”

“Oh, that makes sense, I mean he must…um…go down on you and please you, right, whenever you want.”

Theresa nodded. “Yes. That too, of course. But I have sex with…well, I have sex without Richard too.”

Jenn let the silence fall between them and finally the lack of conversation got to her. “Wait. You mean, you’re having an affair behind his back.”

“It’s not behind his back if he knows about it,” Theresa said primly. “And especially not if he’s there. Watching.”

“Oh my god. You’re having an affair. Or whatever you want to call it.”

“I like to think of him as…well, a lot of the cuckolding culture likes to call him my bull. I find that a degrading term, especially since he’s almost half my age. I call him my boy toy.”

Jenn had to contain herself from screaming like a schoolgirl. “You’re kidding me!”

Theresa shook her head, which made her a little extra dizzy with the wine, and beamed like she was the cat that caught the canary. “For a woman looking for sex, it’s a buyer’s world. You wouldn’t believe how incredibly easy it is to get laid if you just hunt a little.”

“But…” Jenn had a hundred objections, most of them she realized fairly quickly, were because of the old standards to which she had lived her life, but now, with what she was contemplating with Mr. King and what she had already done with Richard, she had new standards she could follow and to use those old objections was just silly, moronic. She had a better life ahead of her and she was going to live it to the fullest. “Do you actually like doing this?” she instead asked. “It seems like a lot of work and, I don’t know, sneaking around.”

Theresa laughed at her. “Sneaking around on who? Richard? He knows everything I’m doing. It’s safer that way. Secrets only breed problems. And who else do you discuss your sex life with? Your family?”

“Sometimes my sister.”

“Do you tell her everything? Everything?”

“Well…almost everything?”

“Did you tell her about fucking Richard?” Theresa intentionally used the vulgar term because she wanted to wake up Jenn to exactly what she was doing.

“No,” Jenn admitted in a small voice. “I was too afraid.”

“And it’s none of her business. You don’t have to tell her anything.”

“You’re right,” agreed Jenn. Brandy was always a little judgmental on anything

Jenn had ever done. Even though Jenn was the younger sister, she had been the first to lose her virginity, the first to do just about everything…except get married and Brandy held that over her head for years. She had even called Jenn a slut for having sex with so many men, even though Jenn had never been hurt and had truly enjoyed her exciting sex life.

“Are you ready for the next step?” Theresa asked her. For a moment Jenn had lost the thread of the conversation, lost in her thoughts.

“Next step?” The question made her nervous and excited and she immediately recognized that as something that had worked out well for in her the recent past with Theresa.

“Mr. King likes a pure pussy when he fucks brides on their wedding night.”

That made Jenn giggle. The wine was getting to her. “I’m no virgin.”

Theresa waved aside that concern with a flip of her hand. “He doesn’t want a virgin. Says they’re too inexperienced and tend just to lay there or cry or act like stupid schoolgirls.” She paused. The words she spoke were bitter and a dark look briefly passed over her face, but then quickly disappeared. “He likes experienced women who enjoy sex and are willing to make a small sacrifice for him. Besides, how many virgins are actually getting married nowadays? None, unless they’re Mormons or some religious sect that is obsessed with not having sex…and probably ninety nine percent of those claiming to be virgins are liars. As if lying is less of a sin than premarital sex.”

“Ooookay,” Jenn said nervously. Somehow they had wandered into territory that angered Theresa.

She smiled wanly. “Sorry. Inappropriate. Anyway, Mr. King likes a pure pussy.”

“What’s that, exactly, if not a virgin?”

“A woman who hasn’t had sex in a month.”

“Ouch,” replied Jenn. “That’s not a small sacrifice. I can’t remember the last time I went that long without having sex.”

“You can still masturbate, or use a vibrator even, but no cock.”

“Oh…no. What about—”

“And before you ask, no oral.”

“Oh.” A brief thought flittered across her mind. “What about—”

“And no anal either.”

“That’s… terrible. And I don’t think that I could get Kevin to go along with that.”

“He can get sex elsewhere,” commented Theresa. “If you’re okay with that.”

Her question stopped Jenn cold. She realized that she wasn’t comfortable with Kevin going out and picking up a stranger for sex, or even sleeping with one of his coworkers or friends. While it was a double standard she really didn’t care. It was her wedding coming up and she decided that she was going to be in charge.

“No,” Jenn declared. “I’m not okay with that.” She laughed at herself and how she was telling Kevin what he could and couldn’t do with his dick even though he was miles away.

When she said that, Theresa popped up from her chair. They had been sitting in the central waiting room of her small office. It had comfortable chairs, a couch and a small coffee table. Theresa had to carefully move around the table to quickly hug her friend and give her a peck on the cheek. “I’m so glad to hear you say that.”

Her reaction startled Jenn. “Why?”

“Let me show you something,” she said and rand with short, quick steps back to her office. Whatever Theresa was planning, it could only be trouble, but undoubtedly it was the type of trouble that Jenn was looking for.

A minute later the bleach blonde appeared from her office carrying a small box. “I’m pretty sure this will work. It’s not like I have a hundred of these just hanging around, but most men are pretty much the same and there’s nothing special about their cocks. Dime a dozen. This one is used, but Kevin will only need it for a month, right?”

“What are you talking about?” Jenn was confused, happily confused, but confused nevertheless.

In response Theresa opened up the plain black cardboard box that only bore a small logo on the side. “Plastic, of course, because it’s inexpensive, comparatively, but he might not need it very long so a loaner is a good way to start.” What was inside Jenn figured out fairly quickly. It was a clear plastic chastity device not unlike what Richard wore, only his was steel and needed a special piercing through his cock to work. This one had just a couple of pieces and had a small brass padlock that accompanied it. The lock was a separate piece, unlike what Richard had; his lock was integrated into the entire device. What Theresa was proposing wasn’t outrageous—not now, at least. Jenn was primed for the idea and bringing her into the fold of chastity lifestyle was easy enough, it was all about subtle direction and gradual steps.

A broad grin spread over Jenn’s entire face. “You want me to put him in chastity.” The idea had great appeal to her.

Theresa shook her head. “No. You want to put him in chastity. But for it to really work, he has to want it as well.”

“How do I make him want it?” The thought of asking Kevin to wear the chastity cage frightened her.

Theresa’s smile was supremely confident. “Leave that to me.”

Kevin wasn’t exactly nervous; he didn’t know how to frame his emotional state. It was a little bit of fear, anxiety, nervousness, tension, lust, and anticipation. The way this was being set up had him on edge and he realized that was probably intentional, but on the part of Jenn or her friend, he wasn’t sure.

In any case, chopping vegetables for dinner seemed a little beyond him at the moment.

“Your hands are shaking,” Jenn said to him as she finished setting the dining room table and came back into the kitchen to see him struggling with the knife and cutting board.

He looked up at her with a worried grin. “I’m worried.”

“About what?” she asked casually, taking the knife away from him and quickly finishing the job of preparing the salad.

“Meeting the guy you fucked and his wife at the same time and you also said you have something important for me but you don’t want to tell until they are here.” All of these words came out in one rush, tumbling one after the other.

“You’ve met Theresa before,” she said, brushing aside his concern.

“That’s not what I meant!” He said it louder than he intended.

Jenn tossed the last of the vegetables into the bowl and combined them with the serving spoons. Her reaction was one of utter calm. “I know what you meant. Don’t worry, hon, I’m still going to marry you. Having sex with Richard was great—it was just what I needed—and you wanted it as well, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” he said with a little shake.

Pressing in close to him Jenn kissed him lightly on the lips. “And I’m going to spend the rest of my life with you.” She kissed him again and let her hand fall onto his crotch, just barely touching his hard cock. “And I’m going to fuck Mr. King in front of you on our wedding night. And I’m going to have other lovers along the way and our lives will never be boring.”

They kissed again and he shuddered with lust, pressing her against the cabinets. It took all his control not to pin her there and strip off all her clothes to fuck her hard.

“Do you want this?” she asked him, breaking the kiss.

He pulled in a long, heavy breath. “Yes,” he admitted. “It’s fucked up, but I want it. I can’t explain it, but I want it.” No longer worried about what might happen, Kevin started pawing at Jenn’s blouse, pulling open the buttons, exposing her beige bra. Unsexy as hell but he wasn’t worried about lingerie at the moment.

Before anything else could happen the doorbell rang and Jenn slapped his hands away. “Our guests have arrived,” she announced as she buttoned up, walking out of the kitchen, leaving him alone, hard, and frustrated.

As it turned out Richard was everything that Kevin had expected along with everything he hadn't. He was polite and reserved, handsome and charming, helpful and obliging. It was easy for Kevin to forget that Richard had recently fucked his wife. And then when he remembered that Richard had fucked Jenn, he started getting hard and that made dinner both distracting and exciting.

"Jenn has a little present for you, Kevin," Theresa said at the end of the meal.

He had drunk too much wine, he knew that, but he couldn't help but ask, "What is it?" while looking back and forth between Theresa and Jenn. There was no way there was a positive outcome to the question but he asked it anyway.

The bleach blonde tilted her head indicating that Jenn needed to offer up the gift.

"Is this a good idea?" asked Jenn, expressing her doubts yet again.

"Of course it is. This is what you wanted. You told me so. And we have Richard here to serve as a good example." She glanced at her husband and he raised his glass in confirmation of Theresa's assertion.

Jenn disappeared into the other room while Kevin waited anxiously. "What is she giving me?" he asked, though he instinctively knew that neither half of the couple would give up the secret before Jenn's return.

"You'll find out," Theresa said with a smile.

"It'll be life changing," Richard assured him.

When Jenn returned with the small box Kevin had begun to worry, which was turning into a bit of fear. "Here you are, honey. It's probably not what you were expecting for a pre-wedding present, but it's what I want for you." Her face was flushed red with embarrassment and she couldn't meet his eyes.

Much to his surprise he had trouble opening the box because his fingers were trembling. The revelation of the plastic chastity cage inside the box didn't shock him, but he didn't know what to think. After her nervously chuckled upon seeing it, he looked uncertainly at Jenn. "Is this…?" he asked, not finishing his question. His mind was all but blank. He didn't know what to think.

"If you were about to ask a high quality male chastity kit, then yes," said

Richard. Kevin glanced up at him. His face was neutral but obviously he knew what was going on. Everyone else at the table knew what was going on except Kevin.

After being prompted with a light kick under the table and a tilt of Theresa's head, Jenn spoke up. "I want you to wear this for me," she said, obviously reciting a practiced speech. "I want you to wear it until we get married. It's only a month away so it won't be a terrible imposition."

"Why?" was all he could think to ask.

"Because I want you to want me more than ever," replied Jenn. "It'll make your desire…incredible." She smiled, thinking about what she was proposing for her fiancé.

"Because Mr. King likes his pussy pure," Theresa added. Kevin glanced at her. "No sex for you or your wife for the next month. Mr. King pays handsomely for the privilege of fucking your wife and this is the assurance that he's getting what he's paying for."

"It's more than worth it," Richard chimed in.

"How would you know," Kevin said immediately.

There was silence at the table a moment until Theresa spoke up. "Why don't you show him, dear?"

With a nod of his head, Richard stood up and, to Kevin's amazement, quickly unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants and boxers showing off his cock which was encased in a shiny steel tube, rendering it all but completely useless. It might have been rude, but Kevin found himself staring at the other man's cock in fascination. After a few seconds Kevin realized it wasn't rude. If Richard didn't want his encased cock admired, he wouldn't have exposed himself at the dinner table. "I've been living the lifestyle with Theresa for almost five years now," he said. "I can't recommend it highly enough. More men should try it out."

"Holy shit," said Kevin softly.

"And to sweeten the deal, you're going to get one last fuck before you go into chastity," added Theresa.

“He is?” asked a confused Jenn. This wasn’t part of the plan.

“Of course. A condemned man always gets a last meal. Who do you want?” she asked Kevin. “Jenn…or me? Or Richard. We’re very open-minded.”

Jenn just gaped at her friend while Kevin considered his choice. He knew he was being manipulated, but he didn’t care. And as soon as the question was posed, he had already made his choice. He could have Jenn any time he wanted—and had had her many times before. He had no interest in Richard. But Theresa was a new and tempting treat.

Thinking his fiancée knew everything that was going on and that Theresa hadn’t hijacked the evening, he blurted out, “I’d love to fuck Theresa.”

Jenn’s heart sank even as her panties got wetter. The revelation of the cock cage got her started and while she didn’t understand everything that was going on, she was excited to see what was going to happen. Kevin was already rock hard and the opportunity to fuck a new woman seemed perfect to him.

“Where?” asked Theresa. “I don’t want to use your bed without permission. The living room floor looks a little hard.”

“The bed is okay,” said Jenn, not believing she was going along with this.

Theresa stood up and extended her hand to Kevin. “Shall we? You don’t mind an audience, do you? Richard likes to watch, not that he’ll be able to use his cock. And I’m sure Jenn wants to see you in action one last time.”

Kevin found that he was actually frightened by what Theresa was proposing. Everything had gone sideways and suddenly they were in some alternate universe. He looked over at his fiancée. Jenn gave him a slow, approving nod. “Go ahead,” she breathed and swallowed like something was stuck in her throat.

“Really?” he asked.

“It’s your last chance,” she said. He didn’t notice that Jenn was gripping the edge of the table to keep her hands from shaking and to prevent herself from saying no. Even though she was planning on cheating on Kevin—with his permission and right in front of him—Jenn still had great difficulty in accepting that he could have sex with another woman. After tonight that wouldn’t be a problem.

He'd be in chastity and she would control who he got to fuck and when. She had already decided that he wouldn't get to fuck anyone but herself.

Kevin stood up and escorted Theresa out of the room before Jenn realized what was going on. Consciously she knew, of course, but unconsciously she couldn't imagine what her husband-to-be was going to do with her new friend.

And so she just sat there and stared straight ahead for a minute until Richard asked a question. "Do you want to go upstairs and watch the show?"

"What?" His question made no sense to her.

"Theresa likes an audience when she has sex," Richard calmly explained as he rearranged the cutlery on his plate. "Why do you think she did this here, in front of the two of us?"

"She…likes having sex when others are watching?" Jenn couldn't wrap her head around that. It sounded like something a porn actor would like. It was a kink, she knew, of course, a certain type of exhibitionism, but it didn't seem like it was a kink that Theresa would enjoy.

"She likes watching, too," added Richard. "But, if nothing else, she wants me to watch." He smiled bravely. "It's my kink too. I like watching her have sex with other men."

That revelation didn't surprise Jenn. Right as she opened her mouth to reply, there was the unmistakable sound of a moan wafting down from the bedroom.

"Sounds like she left the door open," Richard commented. "If I don't go upstairs and watch, she'll be upset with me. You should come upstairs too."

Jenn violently shook her head back and forth. "I don't think I can deal with seeing Kevin fuck another woman. Even if it is Theresa." She stopped a moment and gave that some thought. "Especially if it is Theresa," she amended.

"That's where you're wrong," Richard said, standing up. He had been considering gathering up the glasses and plates to help his hosts get a start on the cleanup, but that was dismissed for the moment. "Once you seeing him having sex with someone else, you'll realize that it's just sex. Nothing more. He won't stop loving you. In fact, he might love you all the more for it because you're

giving him permission to have sex with someone else, which is truly a loving act. What do they say in kindergarten? Sharing is caring?"

"But…after tonight he's not going to be having sex with anyone," Jenn remembered. "He's going to be in chastity, like you."

Richard smiled. She didn't know everything yet, but she was coming along quickly. "Too true. You'll be in charge of his sex life after tonight. You should honor his decision to let you be in charge by watching his last time with another woman."

Nervously Jenn nodded her head. "This is just such a mind fuck. I mean, who has a life like this?" she asked as she took Richard's proffered hand. He was pretending to lead her out of the dining room, but she was the one who knew the way.

"Beside Theresa and myself? Many, probably. We know more than few in the lifestyle. It wouldn't be as secretly popular as it is if everyone in it didn't get something out of it."

Jenn led him to the stairs. Her heart was starting to beat faster as she climbed the stairs and the volume of Theresa's moans increased as they also increased in intensity.

And then she was at the bedroom door looking in on her fiancé and friend having sex on the bed. Theresa was naked, on her back, her knees raised, with Kevin's face between her legs. The bleach blonde was moaning passionately, one hand on the back of Kevin's head, the other absently squeezing her breast. Kevin was shirtless but still wore his pants as he knelt between Theresa's legs as if he were worshipping her pussy. In a way, Jenn comprehended, he was.

There was a twinge of jealousy, but that almost immediately faded away. He wasn't having sex with her yet, though it was assuredly going to happen. Jenn didn't mind. It was just a mechanical act; they weren't in love. But it was still beautiful to watch.

Richard moved behind her and put his hands on Jenn's hips. Their bodies pressed together and she could feel the hardness of his caged cock in his pants. "Like your own personal sex show," he whispered in her ear. "Theresa likes outside participation. You can tell her what you want to see."

“It’s not like porn,” she said softly, learning something new. “They aren’t performing for us.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Richard agreed. He moved his hands off her hips and up to her breasts. She didn’t stop him when he started working at the buttons on her blouse, opening them up, exposing her bra. She let the garment slip to the floor and Richard quickly unhooked her bra and it joined her blouse on the floor. His hands cupped her flesh and she settled back into his warm body. His cock was useless, of course, but his hands knew exactly what to do to her tits. Forefinger and thumb lightly pinched and twisted her nipples. Her panties became embarrassingly wet.

“Go ahead and fuck her,” she abruptly called out. Jenn wasn’t sure if Theresa and Kevin even knew if she was there watching as Richard fondled her tits, but she didn’t care. She wanted to see what was going to happen next even if she already knew what was going to happen next.

Theresa turned her head and looked at her friend, a triumphant grin on her face. Kevin didn’t acknowledge her at all, but he did stand up and divested himself of his pants and underwear. He was hard, naturally. What man could eat out a beautiful woman like Theresa and not get hard? Even though Jenn knew that Theresa was a bleach blonde, she couldn’t confirm it even when the party planner was naked and her legs spread. All of her pubic hair was gone. Her sex was wet with a combination of Kevin’s saliva and Theresa’s pussy juice. Jenn saw this all in a glimpse right before Theresa reached out and grasped Kevin’s cock, drawing it down and into her pussy.

The way their bodies were positioned it was impossible for Jenn to see the moment of penetration, but what happened was more than obvious. Once he was seated inside Theresa, she started moaning once again softly accompanied by him, as both their bodies moved together.

“Isn’t it beautiful?” Richard asked.

Jenn nodded. Her pussy was aching and his fingers on her tits were only a distraction. She shoved one of his hands down to her pussy and started opening up her pants. Richard quickly got the hint and sought out her pussy’s opening, even as they were standing there in the doorway, watching. She let him play with her twat as she watched the adulterous couple in front of them. It was wrong, but

it felt so right.

Jenn knew that Richard wasn't going to get her off with just his fingers. And there was something she had to see for herself. She pushed him away while stepping out of the jumble of clothing that was her shoes, pants, and underwear. There were no objections as she circled around to the base of the bed and knelt down to peer between the four tangled legs. It was perverse, but Jenn took a great deal of satisfaction in seeing her fiancé's cock steadily going in and out of her friend's pussy. It was better, much better, than actual porn. But she didn't stop the couple. They needed to finish; that she knew for certain.

"What do you need?" Richard asked politely as he stepped behind where Jenn was kneeling, watching.

She shook her head. "Nothing." Her eyes didn't move from the union of the others' bodies. Jenn needed to see Kevin climax inside Theresa. It was a stupid thought, but she needed to see it. Nothing else would suffice.

"Do you want to cum?" he asked her.

"Your fingers aren't good enough," she told him.

"Oral?" he asked. "Or do you have a vibrator?"

At first Jenn didn't answer him. He was an annoying distraction. She wanted to focus on the sex organs of Kevin and Theresa. But then a flash of inspiration hit her. Pointing her finger at the floor between her legs where she was kneeling, Jenn said, "Eat me out from down on the floor. I want that."

Richard immediately took her meaning. A few seconds later his face appeared between her thighs, not that she was looking at him, but she certainly felt his tongue and lips make contact with her pussy. She ground down on his face, placing her clit where he could easily reach it with his mouth. His hands wrapped around her legs and she leaned forward a bit, peering at the still copulating organs of Kev and Terri. At this point she was leaning on the edge of the mattress, unconcerned that she might be disturbing them. In her opinion, they were there for her pleasure.

She didn't want to cum before them and she would do whatever it took to make that happen. Luckily for Jenn, she didn't have to wait forever. It had been a long

time since Kevin had been with another woman and this might be the very last time he had contact with another pussy. Logic would dictate that he would want this to last forever; the reality was that the moment he entered Theresa's pussy, he was already on the edge of orgasm.

It happened with only the barest of warning from Kevin. He made his customary quick three intakes of breath as he approached climax, and then he started grunting in the oh-so-familiar tone to Jenn. She had been the recipient of many of Kevin's ejaculations, both vaginally and orally, but this was the first time she had ever seen it from this angle. It was fascinating to see his balls tighten up to his body and his body to stop moving, but for his cock to jerk and twitch in that peculiar but perfectly natural way. It pulsed and she could see his cock pumping his cum deep into Jenn's pussy.

Then, and only then, did Jenn fully settle down on Richard's face and let him show her the attention she richly deserved. His tongue was magic in her pussy. He even licked back as far as her anus, getting her wet there and inserting a finger as he went back to focus on her swollen clit. Anal stimulation wasn't something that Jenn needed, but it was a nice distraction from routine—along with witnessing her fiancé cheating on her right in front of her eyes—and when she came Jenn's entire body tensed and the release was draining. After the climax all her muscles turned to jelly and she would have smothered Richard if he hadn't used his considerable strength to push her up enough to wiggle from beneath her body.

"Was it good for you, Kevin?" Jenn asked her fiancé when he rolled off Terri's body with a grunt of annoyance and relief. She didn't know it, but Theresa had been the one to whisper in Kevin's ear—and then encourage him with a firm push—that he needed to get off her body.

"Fuck yes," he answered with an exhausted sigh. His cock was still mostly hard even after cumming. Maybe he was ready for more, Jenn pondered, trailing her finger through her sex, feeling her wetness brought on my Richard's tongue. The firm flesh was covered with Theresa's wetness and bits of his cum. It shouldn't have turned her on, but it did and she wanted his cock right then and there.

"He needs to clean up," said Theresa in a no-nonsense tone that let everyone know not to question her decision.

“I could clean him with my tongue,” offered Jenn with a wicked grin. She ran her hand along Kevin’s lower leg. It was a bit of a surprise to Jenn when she realized that her mouth was watering at the idea of his cock in her mouth, his scent and flavor on her tongue.

“No,” Theresa said. “A shower. A good long, hot shower. And you’ll need a sharp razor and a pair of scissors,” she added.

“What for?” asked Kevin. His eyes were half-closed and he was fantasizing about how good it would feel to have Jenn’s mouth on his cock, cleaning him, sucking him to another pleasant bit of relief.

“Too much hair is a problem when you wear a chastity cage,” Richard answered for him. “Being smooth is really the only way to go.”

“Do you need any help?” asked Theresa a little too eagerly. “I’ve helped out Rich more than once.”

In the waning of his orgasm Kevin started having second thoughts. Was it really a good idea to let his wife-to-be fuck another man on her wedding night? It was in no way normal. Was it a good idea to let Jenn put a plastic cage on his junk and not even let him get an erection for a month leading up to the wedding? Sure, he had heard of other couples abstaining for a month or two before the big day. But this was something different.

He opened his eyes and saw the other three people looking expectantly at him. The look in Jenn’s eyes was such a combination of love and lust and anticipation and…greediness, perhaps. He couldn’t stand to disappoint her.

“No, I don’t need any help,” he said trying to keep his voice neutral. “I’m an adult. I can do it on my own.”

“Scissors first,” instructed Richard. “Trim it down as much as you dare, but don’t cut your skin.”

“Fuck no,” agreed Theresa. “You don’t want a cut inside or near a hard plastic chastity cage.”

“Hot shower,” Richard continued. “Shaving cream. A sharp razor. Do you have a new blade?”

“I’m not an idiot,” said Kevin with some annoyance as he headed to the bathroom.

“And don’t forget your balls,” called Theresa with a giggle. “I like a nice, smooth coin purse. Just ask Rich.”

Kevin had already closed the bathroom door so it was somewhat doubtful that he heard everything she said.

“Is that true?” asked Theresa, not quite believing she was discussing the personal grooming habits of her friend’s husband, but then again she had just cum on his face after queening him, so it wasn’t entirely out of bounds.

“Yes,” answered Richard.

It was only now that Jenn realized that Richard wasn’t naked like everyone else. At some point he had removed his shirt, but was still wearing pants. “Let me see,” she demanded. She knew she should remember from fucking him just days ago, but it seemed like her memory wasn’t working, and, more importantly, she wanted to see his steel-cased cock once again.

He did as she asked, and moments later she was sitting on the edge of the bed while holding his cock and inspecting it very carefully. Theresa was casually reclining next to them, watching but unconcerned. For his part, Richard didn’t mind standing in front of her being examined like a laboratory subject.

In the background Jenn could hear the shower running but didn’t give a single thought to what her husband was doing. It didn’t matter. She got a thrill out of being in control of two men’s cock; it was as if everything were right with the world.

As promised, Richard’s balls were smooth and soft. They were slightly swollen and red, but she couldn’t tell if that was from her examination, or because he had just eaten her out and was still aroused by that, or if it had been so long since he had had a proper erection—not to mention an orgasm—that he was permanently swollen and red.

“They feel heavy,” she commented.

“That’s nothing,” Theresa said dismissively. “You should see them after a couple

months confinement. Big purple beauties that are full of cum. I love being full of cum." The last comment caused Jenn to look at her friend. Theresa was on her back, legs slightly parted, with the fingers of one hand gently exploring her slit. Jenn could see her wetness and, undoubtedly, Kevin's cum coating her lips and fingers. Obviously she wasn't shy about playing with herself in front of an audience.

Going back to Rich's cock, she saw that his skin around and above his cock was completely smooth as if he had shaved just before coming over to her house. It made his cock look bigger. The tool itself wasn't particularly big or small, even in its flaccid state. Taking time to make sure she knew what she was looking at, Jenn was equally excited and repelled by the steel ring going into his urethra and out the bottom of the shaft just behind the head. It seemed wrong, but was also terribly sexy at the same time. After giving herself a quick reminder that it really wasn't all that different from how her ears were pierced—though earlobes are different from sex organs!—Jenn admired how the actual chastity device was locked to the ring. The lock was part of the ring and the lock held fast to the jacket-like steel tube that surrounded Rich's shaft. Essentially if he ever got an erection—and what healthy man wouldn't get the occasional erection?—it was be strangled, constricted into submission. There was no way for him to achieve a full erection without removal of the device…unless he was willing to sacrifice some flesh for the effort and Jenn couldn't imagine a man willing to part with even the tiniest piece of his cock.

"It's sexy," she declared when she was done.

"Thank you," Richard replied with a bit of satisfaction.

"It's unnatural," Theresa chimed in, "but I've gotten used to seeing him that way. We have several different models that he wears, but I like him in steel. And the only effective way to keep a steel model on is with the piercing. I was worried about that let me tell you."

"Why would you worry about getting him pierced?" she asked, trying to take on the blasé attitude of a woman used to dominating men and controlling their sexuality.

Theresa was taken aback by Jenn's attitude. "I don't want my husband's cock permanently damage, which is a real risk, you know. But in the end we both

knew it was for the best."

"And you like this, Rich?"

He nodded enthusiastically. "I can't explain it all, because some things you just have to experience, but for someone to be in charge of when and who you fuck. It's mind blowing. Other men, they get to determine when they cum. Not me. And that makes the orgasms that much better. I can't even jerk off without Terri's permission."

A familiar wicked grin passed over Theresa's face. "And he hasn't jerked it in a year. I'm considering making it a special reward for his birthday this year. No pussy for him that month, but he does get to make himself cum once."

Immediately Jenn looked to the older man. "Really. Would you like that, Rich?"

A nervous shiver went through his body. "It would be great. But then again, so would Terri's pussy."

His answer made Theresa burst out laughing. "And that's the power of being a keyholder to a man in chastity. Anything you give him he is grateful for." Her fingers were still between her legs. Theresa wasn't really masturbating, but just playing with her cunt and making herself a mess of Kevin's cum. She held up her fingers to examine them. "Clean me," she told her husband, extending her hand.

There was no hesitation from Richard. He took his wife's hand and methodically sucked all her fingers clean while she and Jenn watched. "I can feel Kevin leaking out of me," she confided in Jenn. "I love that feeling."

"You do?" Jenn was surprised. "That's the one thing I hate about sex. Having his cum leak out of me for the next few hours."

"You're looking at it the wrong way. It's empowering. When a man's cum is dripping out of me, I feel strong, sexy. I can't tell you how many times I've gone out without panties and just let the cum slide down my legs."

It seemed a little much to Jenn, but before she could say anything to that, the bathroom door opened up. All eyes went to Kevin. Sadly, he had a towel around his waist.

Theresa clucked her tongue at him. “You should be naked,” she chided.

“I wanted to give you a big reveal.”

Jenn couldn’t tell if Kevin was being coy or simply trying to be annoying. “We’ve all seen it before,” she reminded him. “Let’s see it.” The thrill of being in charge didn’t wane at all.

With some ceremony, Kevin let the towel drop from his waist. Upon first look, Jenn was pleased with the result. She had seen plenty of women’s pussies devoid of hair; it was different on a man, but no less sexy. And it had the added bonus of making him look a little larger because it wasn’t partially hidden in a nest of hair.

“Not bad,” Theresa declared. She had sat up on the bed and in her hand she had the pieces of the plastic chastity cage that was soon to be on Kevin’s cock. “No problem with the shave?”

“No.” Kevin’s face was red. It wasn’t from the hot shower.

“Jenn, do you have some lotion you use after shaving your legs? He’s going to need that. And do you have an old ankle nylon?”

“What do you need that for?” Jenn asked as she rose up to fetch the requested items.

“You’ll see.”

The use of the lotion was obvious. Jenn didn’t give the bottle to Kevin, but passed it to Theresa who applied it with a rough hand. She pulled and tugged at Kevin’s cock and balls, unconcerned with his comfort and seeming to enjoy the pain she was inflicting on him. Once that was done the actual process of putting him in chastity got underway.

In essence the chastity cage started with two thick semi-circles of plastic that hooked together and went behind his balls which separated his organ from his abdomen. This appropriately tightened to it wouldn’t easily slip off. She then pulled the nylon over his soft—but rising—cock. “Don’t get hard,” she warned him. “It’s no fun for you to have your cock stuffed inside a hard plastic tube. You have three choices: pain, ice, or self-control. The smart choice is self-control.

Kevin was nervous and excited. He nodded and looked away, not wanting to get unduly aroused. Jenn watched carefully. She knew she needed to take an intense interest in her husband-to-be's sexuality from this point forward.

The next step was weird. The end of the nylon Theresa stuffed through the plastic shaft and out the small hole at the end. What followed from there was her slipping the shaft into place over Kevin's penis, pulling the nylon as everything came together. She kept pulling until the nylon slipped off leaving Kevin encased in plastic. He looked down at the strange sensation of the nylon coming off and realized he was trapped.

Moving quickly Theresa put into place a couple of spacers that made everything fall into alignment. She had obviously done this many times before. The lock went on with a little click and it was over. Theresa stepped back with a satisfied look on her face. She did her best to fade into the background because she wanted to see the exact reaction on the other couple.

Jenn and Kevin looked at his now emasculated cock while Rich and Terri exchanged knowing glances. Theresa couldn't help herself. She went to her husband and gave him a kiss while circling her hand around his steel cage. "I love you," she whispered to him.

"I love what you do to other people," he told her.

The expression on Jenn's face went from confusion to horror to satisfaction when she realized that Kevin was effectively trapped until she gave the word to free him. Kevin's hands were shaking because of his jangled nerves and all he knew at that moment was that he needed to get out and be free immediately.

"Okay, I changed my mind," he said boldly, as boldly as a man with no pubes and a plastic cage on his cock could. "We can't do this. I can't do this. Take it off." He grabbed the little brass lock and fiddled with it, wondering if perhaps there was a small trigger he could find to spring it open. Everyone watched his near panic and he finally looked up at Theresa. "Give me the key, Terri."

With a satisfied smile on her face she said, calmly, "No."

"What the fuck do you mean 'no'?"

"I don't have the key with me," she told him and then turned her gaze to Jenn.

“Sometimes men do this. The panic that they’re trapped. They are, of course, but it doesn’t do them any good to release them right away,” she explained.

Kevin could feel his heart thundering in his chest and he sat down on the edge of the bed. He tried to convince himself he was having a panic attack, but that wasn’t the case. It was beyond his control when his cock started to get hard and then the cage did its job and prevented an unwanted erection. It hurt, not terribly so because once the pain started, the erection abated for the most part. “That fucking hurts,” he exclaimed, grabbing himself with both hands, but all he could feel was warm plastic. It was unnatural.

“You’ll get used to that fairly soon,” Rich assured him. “You’ll have to. Everyone does.”

“Everyone?” Clearly from Kevin’s tone he didn’t believe Theresa’s husband.

“Everyone who survives the ordeal,” Rich teased. “I’ve come to find it to be fun. You want the pleasure of sex but you can’t have it until she says so. Just wait until your first release. It’ll all be worth it.”

“I think it’s time for us to go,” said Theresa as she grabbed her clothes off the floor and started to dress. “We need to leave Jenn and Kevin alone,” she unnecessarily explained to Richard who followed her example and started dressing. “They need to get used to their new relationship.”

It was the most awkward goodbye of Kevin’s life. Jenn seemed to relish it. When the other couple was gone, she was ready for bed, to sleep.

“How am I going to sleep with this on my cock,” Kevin complained.

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out,” Jenn replied as she curled up and happily closed her eyes.

Chapter Four

JENN WENT OVER TO THERESA'S HOUSE AFTER WORK. She was anxious to speak in person with her friend.

"How did Kevin do?" Theresa asked as she let her friend inside.

Despite the situation, Jenn couldn't help but smile a bit. "Horrible. Well, I had a good night's sleep. That might have been because he was up three times in the night. He said he kept getting boners and it woke him up."

"Mmm-hmm," Theresa absent agreed as she looked at the bottles in her pantry and considered what drink to mix. She didn't want to open a bottle of wine but needed something to wind down with. "That'll happen. Sometimes Rich gets woken up by morningwood but his body has gotten used to the steel cage. It doesn't even try now. It's a beautiful thing." She selected a bottle of rum and went to the refrigerator for some Coke. It was an adolescent drink, but she needed a little sweetness at the moment.

"He asked me if I'd come over and ask you a favor," Jenn said with some hesitation.

As Theresa poured the drinks she interrupted Jenn. "Let me guess. He wants the key so he can be released just for a few minutes, right?"

Jenn laughed nervously. "Something like that."

"And you know the answer is no, right?" Theresa handed Jenn a drink she hadn't asked for.

"I was guessing that would be the answer. When can I have it? I don't want him to suffer more than necessary."

"What's really 'necessary'?" asked Theresa. "It's good for men to suffer for sex. They appreciate it more when they do."

"So when do I get the key?"

"You know the answer to that. I already gave it to Mr. King. He'll give you the key back once he's had you after the wedding."

Jenn looked horrified a moment and then burst out laughing. “That’s perfect!”

“I know,” Theresa said with a bit of satisfaction. “I’ve done this before.”

“But he trusts me not to have sex with someone else in the next month?” Jenn questioned.

“It’s less about you and your now pure pussy, and more about Mr. King having control over another man’s cock.”

“That’s fucked up.”

Theresa nodded in agreement. “And look at us here playing along with the game.”

It was only now that Jenn looked down at the counter to notice a third drink. She and Theresa had theirs in hand already. “Is Rich here?” she asked. “Who’s the third drink for?”

Once more her self-satisfied grin spread across Theresa’s face. “That’s for my boytoy. He should be here shortly. You’re welcome to stay if you want.”

Before Jenn could answer the doorbell rang. Theresa licked her lips. “Apparently you get to meet Elias.”

“Elias?” Jenn asked as Theresa headed to the door.

“You don’t expect me to go a whole month without sex do you?” Theresa called back.

“You just fucked my fiancé last night,” Jenn muttered to herself as he heard the door open in the foyer. “I’m the one who has to suffer for the next month.”

There was some muted conversation taking place at the front door and then Theresa reappeared in the kitchen, her boytoy in tow. Jenn had to not gasp when Elias walked in. He was beautiful in every masculine sense of the word. There was a bit of stubble on his face which was the same sandy-brown color as his tousled hair. Naturally he had piercing blue eyes and while he was fully dressed Jenn was positive he had a body of a god because she could see the play of muscles under his slightly too-tight shirt. It was only with great control that she

didn’t immediately drop her eyes to his crotch to get an estimate of what his cock was like.

“Jenn, this is Elias. He’s my…um…friend.” The two of them giggled unnecessarily at her awkward phrasing. Everyone in the room knew exactly the type of relationship Theresa and Elias enjoyed.

Elias extended his hand to Jenn. “Pleased to meet you,” he said. When she shook it, his handshake was firm, but not crushing and she could feel the rough callouses on his fingers. He obviously worked with his hands.

“Jenn’s a new friend,” Theresa said politely. “And did you need to leave or would you like to stay a bit, Jenn?” Theresa handed Elias the drink that he didn’t need.

Much to her embarrassment Jenn realized her panties were getting damp much faster than she wanted. “I don’t have anywhere to be,” she heard herself saying while continuing to gaze at the beautiful Elias.

For his part, Elias nodded, a goofy grin on his face. He obviously wasn’t much older than twenty five, if that. Wherever Theresa had found him, Jenn wanted to go and hunt down a boytoy of her own. “Are you going to be joining us then?” he asked, taking a sip of his rum and Coke. Jenn was moderately sure he was too young to be consuming alcohol.

Theresa slapped her boytoy on his muscular arm. “Stop it right there,” she warned, playing. “You’re here for me.”

“I don’t mind threesomes,” he said boldly.

And that was when Jenn realized exactly where they were headed…and she found she didn’t mind it at all.

“Neither do I,” she declared.

“He’s here for me,” Theresa declared. “Don’t presume to get your claws in him.”

“I’m just here for the show,” said Jenn. She was positive that she wasn’t going to just watch, but she’d say anything to get near Elias when he was naked. And she’d do anything to welcome him into her body. She was fairly certain that

Theresa knew this and was just playing along for her benefit.

“Well then,” Theresa breezily agreed. “I suppose I’m not above putting on a show.”

In a blink they were all in Theresa’s bedroom where Elias kissed the bleach blonde aggressively while pulling off her clothing. Jenn stood off to the side, watching. She wanted to take off her clothes and offer herself to Elias, but wasn’t sure of the protocol of the moment. Even just jilling off in front of him would have been good, but was that allowed?

Once she was naked Elias pushed Theresa to the bed and buried his face between her legs as he knelt on the floor. Jenn wished his mouth was on her cunt and found herself drawn behind the handsome man. Theresa’s eyes were closed and she was fondling her tits as Elias ate her out. The view over Eli’s shoulder was good, but Jenn didn’t want to watch. She wanted to participate.

“Umm…” Theresa moaned. Maybe she sensed what Jenn was doing or maybe she opened her eyes just enough to see Jenn moving about. “I need his cock,” she murmured. “Get him undressed, Jenn.”

That was all the permission that Jenn needed. As Elias remained kneeling she pulled up his t-shirt exposing his muscular back. He interrupted cunnilingus only long enough for her to pull the shirt over his head. Not waiting for further instructions Jenn reached around his body, unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans. She needed a little help to slide them off, along with his tight black underwear, but then he was naked and she had a wonderful view of his taut, small buttocks. There was just the hint of his cock and balls dangling down between his thighs. Jenn got a better look as he climbed up on the bed to join Theresa who had scooted back to accommodate him.

Since his cock was hard—maybe he got hard easily, maybe it was the idea of being with two women—Theresa simply grabbed the tool and guided it into her pussy. It was much like watching Kevin fuck Theresa—only better. Elias was better looking and she had no obligations to him. He was just a toy for her and Terri to share.

Theresa moaned as he started pumping away and Jenn gave in to any semblance of propriety. Her hand went up her skirt to burrow into her panties, finding her pussy slick with juices. She fingered her clit as Theresa moaned and wrapped her

legs around Elias.

The beautiful boytoy looked over his shoulder at Jenn and he grinned the goofy grin that only an overconfident cocksman would have. “Take off your clothes and join us,” he invited her.

Not giving Theresa a chance to object, Jenn threw off her clothes in the space of a few seconds.

And then she didn’t know what to do. The excitement of the moment suddenly evaporated and she Jenn stood there watching, embarrassed at the situation and her lack of initiative. Luckily for her, Elias knew exactly what to do. He paused in his thrusting into Theresa and patted the bed next to him. “Lay down,” he invited her. “I’ll get to you next.

She crawled onto the bed with the couple and lay on her side, looking at their faces. It was inevitable that Elias turned Theresa’s face with his hand making the two women look directly at each other. “You know what I want,” he told the blonde.

Theresa didn’t move her eyes from Jenn’s. “It’s what you always want, isn’t it?”

“I’ve had two women before,” he replied indignantly.

“Stop bragging,” she told him even as she reached for Jenn’s face. Too frightened to react, Jenn just laid there. “You know what he wants?”

“To fuck me.”

Theresa shook her head. “No. This.” The kiss that Theresa gave her wasn’t completely unexpected, but Jenn had never before truly kissed another woman. It wasn’t bad at all. She found that she liked performing for a man. The kissing was nice; Theresa was a good kisser. Jenn tried not to think about what kissing Theresa actually meant in the grand scheme of things and what it meant for her.

Since her eyes were closed Jenn couldn’t see Elias’s face when he said, “I love to see two women kissing.” He made a weird grunting noise and Jenn wondered if he was cumming, but he kept thrusting—she could feel Theresa’s body shake with his motions—as he spoke.

“I know,” Theresa said, gently breaking the kiss.

“You know what else I want?” he asked.

“I know,” she replied. Jenn was sad the kiss was over. She wouldn’t have minded a little bit more. “But you’re not going to get it.” Theresa’s hands went down between their bodies and Jenn watched as the other woman gripped Elias’s balls.

“But I want to fuck her after you.” Jenn wasn’t upset at Elias’s assumption that he would get to have sex with her; she was more annoyed by his whining tone. She found that she was perfectly willing to fuck him; it sounded like fun.

But Theresa was the killjoy. “Her pussy needs to remain pure.” Jenn was amazed that even in the middle of sex Theresa could remain so professional.

“Uh-huh, uh-huh,” Elias grunted. For a moment Jenn thought he was mindlessly agreeing but then realized he was cumming because Theresa started squealing in response to his balls emptying into her pussy.

Jenn felt left out of the game. She put her hand to her wet pussy but realized that even if she started furiously masturbating right then and there, it would still be many minutes before she could get herself off.

“That was amazing,” Jenn told them breathlessly after they had both come down from their peaks. “Thank you for letting me watch.”

Theresa sniggered. “Oh don’t be so polite. You want to get fucked and Elias wants to fuck you, but I can’t let that happen. What if Mr. King found out? You’re in your last month of being a free woman and I can’t let you risk what he’s offering.”

“I know,” Jenn said glumly. “But I really need a bit of release.” Giving up on being shy, she put her hand to her pussy and started playing with herself, slipping her two middle fingers inside and moving them up or down. It was her go to move when she just wanted to get off.

“Go ahead and get yourself off,” Theresa encouraged her as she pushed Elias’s off her body. “I love a good show as much as the next girl.”

“Me too,” piped up Elias.

It occurred to Jenn at that moment that Elias was a bit of a twit. He was beautiful and all with a cock that looked to be perfect, but he had not depth. It was no wonder Theresa called him her boytoy. He was fun to play with, but he wasn't worth keeping as a long-term serious romantic partner.

And so Jenn put on a show for the two who had just fucked. She opened up her legs and allowed herself to writhe around and moan as loudly as she wanted. Normally Jenn tried to stifle the noises she made during sex, embarrassed at how she carried on, but this time was different. This was a performance for others who were kinky and well outside the norms of what society considered proper sexual behavior.

In almost no time Jenn found herself on the edge and she couldn't decide if she should extend her masturbation session, or just make herself cum as quickly as possible.

It was Theresa who made the choice for her. "Cum for us, pretty girl," she whispered to Jenn and followed it with a kiss. "I want to see you cum all by yourself.

The words were enough and Jenn found herself closing her thighs around her hand as her body shook with ecstasy.

"Very good, very pretty," Theresa said softly as she added more kissed to Jenn's cheeks and lips. "Would you like to cum again?"

Jenn nodded eagerly. She was hoping against hope that maybe Theresa would relent and let Elias fuck her. His cock lay soft against his thigh, but Jenn wouldn't mind giving him a blowjob to get him hard again. It would be her pleasure.

"Do you need a vibrator? You can borrow one of mine if you want."

While that seemed a generous offer to Jenn, she wasn't ready to make that choice at the moment. She much more wanted Elias's cock. Her own hand wouldn't do; she could really only get herself off once a day at most. "No," she said softly, plaintively. "Something else," she begged.

"My hand?" Theresa offered, pushing Jenn's thighs apart and placing her fingers over Jenn's very wet pussy.

“Sure…” Jenn wasn’t so sure about being masturbated by another woman, but it seemed rude to say no at the moment.

“Something else?” Theresa offered as she started moving down Jenn’s body, giving her a kiss on the shoulder.

Jenn immediately knew what her friend meant and didn’t know how to say no. She didn’t know if she wanted to say no. Because she didn’t react, didn’t say no, Theresa kept moving down her body and Elias watched with an eager grin on his face. He periodically brushed his too long bangs out of his face to monitor her progress. It wasn’t that Jenn didn’t want to give consent to Theresa, it was she was afraid to because of what that would make her.

But then it was too late. Theresa arrived between her thighs and a moment later she was between Jenn’s legs and her lips kissed Jenn’s sex and Jenn found her head falling back with a low groan in the back of her throat. A brief thought flashed through Jenn’s mind. Her older sister Brandy had once given her the terrible advice that when she did start having sex after getting married—Jenn being sixteen at the time—that she could just lay back and think of Mother England. Brandy thought this was hilarious advice because, first, they were Americans, and second, she figured Jenn would never get married. The joke was on her, of course, because at that point in her life Jenn was no longer a virgin and she was fairly sure Brandy still was.

The idea of Mother England flitted ever so quickly through her mind before Jenn settled back and decided that having her pussy eaten out by Theresa’s very talented tongue was something she could easily—and happily—endure.

Much to her delight Jenn’s orgasm came quickly under Theresa’s very enthusiastic cunnilingus. “Better?” Theresa asked after Jenn was done cumming. She climbed out from between the brunette’s legs and flopped next to her on the bed.

“Define better,” Jenn asked with a self-satisfied grin.

“A little more relaxed and some of your anxiety gone?”

“Yeah,” Jenn agreed better. She looked dreamily over at Elias. “But I would love some of Elias’s cock.”

“Call me E,” he said. “Like ecstasy. My parents are the only ones who call me Elias.” Jenn had to remind herself not to roll her eyes like a teenager.

“No cock for you,” Theresa said primly. “You’re on a cock-free diet for the next month.”

Jenn whined in complaint.

“You’ll thank me on your wedding night.”

“Maybe,” Jenn grudgingly admitted. She was feeling good and didn’t want to think about the fact that she was feeling good because Theresa had just eaten her out.

“You’ll see,” Theresa promised. Her eyes flicked over to Elias whose hand was on his cock, slowly encouraging it to grow. “But for now, I’m going to take advantage of my boytoy one more time before my husband gets home.”

“I’m not hard enough yet,” Elias said with the tone that said he fully expected to receive a blowjob to help him get a full erection.

Theresa sighed in frustration. “And I suppose you expect me to blow you. Again.”

“Well…no.”

His answered surprised Theresa. Elias always wanted a blowjob. “You don’t.”

“Hell no. I want her to blow me.” He indicated Jenn.

“Sure,” she agreed all too quickly and started moving on the bed to take his handsome cock into hand and then her mouth.

“No,” Theresa said immediately. She was jealous. E was for her and her alone, not for Jenn to play with as well.

“Why not?” Jenn complained. Already Elias’s cock was in her hand. It was warm and slowly hardening. A blowjob might not even be necessary. “I’m not going to have sex with him. My pussy’s going to remain pure. Or does my mouth need to be pure as well?”

As much as she said she was in charge of their relationship, Theresa couldn't help but give in to Elias's pleading puppy dog eyes. She told herself she didn't want to listen to him whine. "Fine," she said dismissively. "Blow him. Get him hard. He absolutely cannot cum in your mouth. I want to fuck him one more time tonight."

Before Theresa finished her spiel, Jenn had scrambled down the bed and had Elias's cock in her mouth. It tasted of his cum, his muskiness…and of Theresa's cunt. It tasted good which made Jenn wonder if she could ever convince herself to go down on Terri.

"You're going to find a nice boytoy for Jenn," Theresa said to Elias as he grinned triumphantly while Jenn blew him. "And this is the last time you're going to have any part of your anatomy inside of her."

"Will do," Elias readily agreed. "One friend to fuck the newly married slut."

"After the wedding," Theresa reminded him as she watched Elias's cock grow in Jenn's mouth. "After the wedding."

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.

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