THE URGE



Part 3 of A FemDom and Male Chastity Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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The Urge Part 3

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Chapter One

Being alone with Evan in his house was not a situation that Yolanda had prepared herself for, though she knew that she should have. Ir wasn't like the situation had happened by chance; it had been carefully laid out by her and Morgan.

And yet still she was nervous.

"What do you want to do?" Evan asked her. Morgan had left with Jerry. They were alone. They could do anything they wanted...except have sex because the key to Evan's chastity cage was locked away in the little tube safe for close to the next two hours.

"I was going to say go to the bed room but…" she shook the key keeper that Morgan had handed her. Two hours wasn't long, but it felt like an eternity when all she wanted was to pull off Evan's clothes and get his cock inside her. She couldn't even give him a blowjob, the cage he was wearing was unyielding steel and there was no way for him to even get hard inside of it.

"Why not?" Evan asked innocently.

"We can't have sex," she explained unnecessarily to him. "Duh."

"We can," he said, "or at least I can go down on you. Oral sex is sex."

"Oral sex is real sex's black sheep cousin," she said, frustrated. "I just want to cum like a woman."

Evan nodded and asked, "Do you mind if I take off my clothes?" He didn't wait for an answer. He just started stripping.

Yolanda watched. He had a beautiful body. Obviously he worked out, but he wasn't overly muscular. Nice forearms, though. She focused on that rather mundane feature until he pulled off his jeans and underwear. It was odd seeing a man who was completely devoid of hair from just below his belly button all the way to the tops of his thighs.

It was sort of nice.

She then focused on the shiny metal tube and ring and lock that covered up his manhood.

It was almost cock-like, which only made sense since it encased his shaft. She couldn't really see any of his penis, but his balls were red and swollen just behind the tube he wore.

"Does it hurt to wear it?" This was the first time she had truly asked him about wearing the cock cage. She figured it was just the way it was between him and his wife. Normal and natural for them, even if it was extra weird and unusual for her.

He shrugged. "Sometimes.Only when I get turned on and I can't turn it off."

She laughed at that. The whole situation was ridiculous, but she went along with it. "What man can turn off their desire?"

"Well, I can't, not really. I mean. I'm getting hard right now, but…"

"But…?" she prompted him. Maybe it was rude to stare but she imagined his cock cage was twitching not with the movements of his body but because he was getting hard and he wanted to fuck her. She wanted to fuck him as well, but she could be patient for a couple of hours. After all, it wasn't like she couldn't get some pleasure out of the time while they waited.

"But I've learned there are things I can do to stay soft."

She was running her fingers up and down the row of buttons that closed her dress. Normally she didn't unbutton them at all and just pulled the whole thing over her head, but maybe slowly undoing them one by one would be a good way to prolong their banter and turn him on.

"What things?"

"Cold water or ice."

"That doesn't sound fun." She popped open a couple of the buttons. There were two dozen of them. Normally three was all it took to make sure her head could get out of the dress.

“It isn’t.” He watched her fingers pop open a few more buttons. “But there are things you do for love and lust.”

“Uh-huh.”

“And when it gets bad, I think of dead puppies.”

She stopped moving her fingers. “Gross.”

“It works.

“Yeah. I bet. I’d rather think about your cock and my wet pussy.”

“Is it wet?” he asked going down to his knees in front of her.

“Why don’t you check for yourself?” she asked as she pulled the dress up over her hips, revealing her stockings and garters. Evan helped, exposing her panties and garter belt. Working together they got it all the way over her small breasts and she tossed it aside.

Evan looked up at her with eyes of admiration. “You dressed for the occasion,” he said, commenting on her matching bra and panties and garter belt. It was a lingerie outfit she only got out when she was interested in seducing a new lover. Evan wasn’t exactly new, but they were truly alone for the first time where they could fuck with abandon and so he deserved the treat.

“I did. Do you like?”

“What’s not to like?” he asked as he reached for the panties that surrounded her hips. He wasn’t as yet familiar with her body as he was with his wife’s, he was eager to learn. She was leaner and more angular than Morgan; that was a nice change.

She stood with her feet firmly planted shoulder width apart as he lowered the lacy panties down her hips and off her legs. He assisted her in getting them over her high heels before he dared looked at her naked pussy.

It was exactly as he remember it. Dark brown curls shaped into a small triangle, pretty and different from his wife’s. Their scent was similar and he inhaled her musk before pressing his face into her crotch.

Yolanda let her head fall backward a bit as she grabbed his head and held it to her sex. The gesture wasn't done out of lust, but to help keep her upright. His tongue sought out her clit, but standing upright it was practically impossible to reach, even as she opened up her stance. It was still enjoyable, but she wanted it all.

They hadn't made it to the bedroom yet, so she took two careful steps backwards and found the couch.

"You're wet," he reported to her.

"I know."

Evan let her sit down on the edge of the large couch. As she parted her legs, he moved in eagerly and applied his tongue to her pussy. While Yolanda enjoyed a good pussy licking, for her it was only a preliminary. She loved having a cock inside her body; her pussy, her mouth, her ass. She could cum from oral but she had her preferences and she didn't care what anyone else thought of them.

Evan proved he was an accomplished cunnilinguist and slipped a pair of fingers up inside her pussy as he tongued her clit. She wouldn't have minded him teasing her anus, but one thing at a time. Since they had plenty of time, she decided to let him do with her as he pleased. The cock cage wasn't coming off any time soon, so it was just as well that he get her worked up with his mouth and tongue and lips and fingers. A few little orgasms would be a great way to start the evening.

She rode his face, lifting and lowering her hips, proving that she was in control, but eventually she stopped that. He knew what he was doing; she didn't have to help at all. That was nice. It was nice to be waited on and treated as a queen. She was starting to see the attraction of keeping a husband's cock caged at all times.

His fingers knew exactly what they were doing. Between his sucking on her clit and moving his fingers inside her, a pleasant little orgasm erupted much quicker than she would have guessed would happen. Abruptly she pushed his face away with the heel of her hand.

"Did you cum?" he asked innocently.

"You know I did," she breathed.

He grabbed her hands and moved them out of the way so he could dive back in. She was sensitive from her initial orgasm, but she allowed him to go back down on her. His fingers went up inside her pussy and she realized what he was doing.

Yolanda had never squirted in her entire life. She couldn't decide if the women doing it were just peeing or if it was something else, but she knew it wasn't something for her, something that she could do.

She was wrong. Evan stopped using his mouth and moved to the side, holding her in place while actively using his whole hand on her. When his palm came down on her swollen labia there was an audible wet slap. She had never gotten this wet so quickly and without a cock in sight. Everything felt like it was rushing to her pussy and she wanted him to stop but found she couldn't talk. Yolanda squirmed backwards, but he held her in place, preventing her escape, preventing her from denying herself an orgasm.

As much as she wanted him to stop, she also wanted him to keep going because she wanted to see what would happen.

When it happened, she had never been embarrassed in her entire life...at least when it came to sex. The orgasm was sharp and long and beautiful. She was certain she was peeing—not a lot, but even so—and she couldn't stop it. Evan's face was right there in her pussy and as she came she realized she was squirting on his face.

He didn't seem to mind in the least.

"Ohmighodimsosorry!" she blurted out all at once even though Evan seemed to enjoy having her unleash her liquid lust on his face.

"Why are you apologizing?" he asked as he casually wiped of his face.

"I didn't mean to do that!" Her face was bright red, not with lust but with shame. As much as she liked sex, she liked to be in control a little more than that. She didn't want to humiliate him, though after a moment's reflexion she realized that she should have. If anything, Evan probably loved to be humiliated because it had to be humiliating to have to wear a cock cage all the time.

"I liked it."

“You did?” She was more shocked than he was. If anything, he was more than pleased to have made her cum so hard that she lost control of her sexuality—and her body—if only for a moment.

“Why wouldn’t I have loved it? I like making you, making all women, cum.”

“But...I peed on you,” she said. Her hands were over her face, ashamed at what she had done, even though he sought to reassure her.

“You came on me. Girl-cum. It’s beautiful and tasty.” He ran his finger along the liquid that had soaked her thighs and still clung to her nether lips and offered the nectar to her.

Yolanda hesitated. She had tasted pussy before, hers and Morgan’s, but this was something different. She wasn’t shy about swallowing Jerry’s cum, or the cum of any of her lovers, and she knew she was going to love eating Evan’s cum once she got his cock in her mouth, but she couldn't move past the idea that there was no such thing as squirting. Whatever she had just produced was something...wrong.

And still she stuck out her tongue and sucked the liquid off her fingers.

It was mild in flavor and inoffensive. Maybe a bit salty and sour, but nothing that was disgusting.

What was wrong with her? Yolanda shook her head. She knew there was something wrong with her. She had cheated on every boyfriend she had ever had, but it was only for the sex, the lust, the urge to fuck as many men as she could. Somehow she had gotten lucky with Jerry and he encouraged her to fuck other men. While she couldn’t understand why he hadn’t taken advantage of the situation and fucked as many women as he could have, it didn’t matter. Everything was working out.

Except for her urge to try any new sexual adventure that came her way, including sex with a woman and sex with a man who was in chastity and now tasting her own girl-cum.

But what she really wanted at the moment was to get a cock inside her. The timer was still counting down. She’d have to find something else to temporarily occupy her time.

“Okay, it’s not so bad,” she admitted to Evan.

“I knew I could make you squirt,” he bragged.

“I’m glad you made me do it.”

“To make Morgan squirt like that I have to put a small bullet vibrator up her ass and really go to town on her pussy. My arm winds up getting sore before I can make her cum.”

“She likes that?” Yolanda asked, thinking about having a little vibrator up her ass. A little anal couldn’t hurt right now…

“She loves it.”

Yolanda nodded and stood up. Her back was a bit sore from half laying on the edge of the couch. She noticed how much she had squirted; there were wet spots on the rug and small droplets on the hardwood floor.

“We should clean that,” she said, her face flushing again.

“No. I’ll do it. It’s my job,” he said, scrambling to his feet and rushing to the kitchen for cleaning supplies.

She hadn’t meant for him to jump to it and serve her, but she figured it must be the dynamic that existed between him and his wife. It was strange. Between her and Jerry, everything was more or less equal, but Evan was definitely the more submissive of the other couple.

He rushed back in carrying paper towels and a spray bottle. Yolanda was in the middle of stretching. Her bra cut into her shoulders and she considered removing it. Wearing a bra, garter belt and stockings was a little silly since her panties were off and Evan was wearing only his cock cage. As she started to reach behind her back to release the two hooks of her bra, he stopped her from his kneeling position on the floor where he was wiping up her mess.

“Leave it on,” he all but begged her.

“Why?” she almost laughed. “You’re practically naked, why can’t I be naked too?”

“You look sexier with it on and just your pussy exposed.”

“My ass too,” she said, half pivoting and wiggling her posterior at him.

“Your ass too,” he agreed, “but women who are half naked are sexier than those who are completely naked.”

“I thought tonight was supposed to be about me,” she said, following him to the kitchen where he threw away the paper towels and put away the bottle. “Do you think you’re getting laid?”

“Yes,” he said emphatically and then abruptly grabbed her and kissed her passionately.

Yolanda melted against him. She had forgotten that it wasn’t just about the urge to fornicate with as many men as possible. Sex was also about making a human connection to another person. She could see herself falling in love with Evan, if she wasn’t already in love with Jerry. She could never betray her husband in that manner. It was sex and sex alone. It was fine to had feelings for her lovers—it would be wrong to share her body with someone she didn’t like and respect—but she couldn’t fall in love.

Up to the moment that Evan had kissed her, she had no problems compartmentalizing her emotions. She had her lovers and she had her husband.

Evan kissed her with more enthusiasm and passion than she had felt with anyone for a long time. Too long a time. And she realized as her tongue explored his mouth while his explored her, that included Jerry. He loved her, she knew that. But maybe she had lost some of the passion they had once shared.

She liked the feeling of his hard cage pressing against her stomach. He wasn’t hard, but the cage was and that made her realize how much Morgan controlled Evan. It was cruel to Evan, but apparently he loved it. He was just a tool, a toy, to Morgan. He could be so much more to her...and they only had a few minutes before he would be more to her.

Breaking the kiss, she had to push him away, but kept a grip on his strong forearms. She had never admitted to anyone, even Jerry, that more than once she had masturbated to images of men’s muscular forearms. Jerry’s were nice, but Evan’s were nicer.

“Let’s go to the bedroom,” she told him.

“We still have about fifteen minutes,” he told her after glancing at the metal tube and timer than contained his cock keys.

“Sometimes sex isn’t all about you,” she told him and sauntered away.

Evan followed. She knew that he would. She had studiously avoided going into the sex room that Evan maintained for him and his wife. Nothing was more about romance than it was about sex—but it was all about sex too.

Yolanda rolled onto the bed and made herself comfortable against the pile of pillows that all but hid the headboard. Lifting one knee, she exposed her pussy to him a tiny bit, but then hid it behind one hand while holding the other up to him, indicating he should stop where he stood in the middle of the room.

“What?” he asked her.

Slowly Yolanda inserted a finger into her pussy. She was wet, not sopping wet for there had been a few minutes to catch her breath after her vigorous squirting climax, but she was wet enough to slip a finger inside herself. Watching Evan’s eyes told her that he was watching her intently.

“I want you to flex for me,” she said.

That made him chuckle a little. “What? Like put on a Mr. Universe show. I’m not in that good of shape.” He did one quick and mocking biceps flex.

“I don’t need a full show,” she told him. “Just your forearms.”

“My forearms?”

“Yeah, your forearms. Do you have tennis balls or something around that you can squeeze?”

“How about your tits?”

She shook her head. “No. I’m just watching. You can watch me, but you can’t touch.”

He didn’t have any tennis balls in the bedroom, but grabbed two balled up pairs of socks from his dressed and squeezed them for her.

The muscles in his forearms bulged in the right way that always made her wet and hot. She didn’t care about the size of his biceps or any other muscle or organ in his body, but if he had forearms like Popeye she’d be able to cum just by watching alone.

The pair of fingers inside her pussy were practically flooded out by the wetness her lust suddenly generated. The way his forearm muscles rippled and moved was obscene, almost obscene enough to get her off, but not quite.

“How much time?” she asked as her fingers got busier in her pussy. She was debating stopping so she’d be on edge the moment his cock was free and he could fuck her or just going and head and cumming so he’d have to get her all worked up again.

Both had their advantages.

“Five minutes.”

“Want to watch me cum?” she asked while not caring about his answer.

“Yeah!”

She closed her eyes and got her hand busier in her pussy. The liquid was leaking out of her pussy, wetting the bed, but that didn’t matter. She was going to cum. Her hand was almost as fast as his had been when she reached her peak, she was rubbing her clit just enough and slapping it with her palm. Her groan was low and painful. Her body twisted around which didn’t give Evan much of a view, but that wasn’t the point. The point was to cum and make him want her all the more.

As she lay panting on the bed there was loud beep beep! and she picked up her head.

“What was that?”

“Timer. I can get my keys now, but you should do it. Morgan says I’m not supposed to handle my keys without her express permission. It’s better if you do

it.” He grabbed the small metal tube off the dresser and handed it to her.

Though the timer had gone off, the cable hadn’t yet disengaged, but it was a simple matter to figure out how it worked. After detaching the cable, she pulled it free of the tube and the keys slid out into her hand. They were small, but that only made sense because the lock on his cage was vanishingly small.

Evan stood boldly in front of her, his hips slightly thrusted forward, waiting for her attention. It made no sense, but she was nervous and her fingers were trembling. It was stupid. She had had sex with dozens of men and had never been this nervous, not even the first time when she lost her virginity, not even when she slept with Jerry for the first time, not even when she cheated on Jerry for the first time, and certainly not when she had her first lover with Jerry’s permission.

What was wrong with her?

It was with her trembling fingers that she tried to insert the first key into the tiny lock. Both keys looked alike so she figured both were exactly the same. There couldn’t be much, if any difference, between them. The key eventually went into the lock but she found it impossible to turn and bit her lip, concentrating. Maybe it was a touchy lock and pushing it too deeply was ineffective. Easing it out a bit she tried again and then started jiggling it around, trying to find the correct depth that would release Evan’s cock.

“What’s the matter?” Evan asked kindly and patiently.

“It won’t open,” she said, frustrated.

“Maybe it’s the wrong key,” he suggested. “I have more than one lock. Try the other one.”

Yolanda nodded and tried the other key.What kind of fucked up relationship did Evan have with his wife where they needed more than one key to lock up his cock?

The second key wouldn’t work either.

Throwing up her hands in frustration she left the key in the lock. “I can’t fucking do it!” she all bur screamed at him.

“Patience,” he cautioned her. “It’s probably just stuck or you’ve got it going the wrong way.” Evan tried both keys again as she watched, hoping she was just too nervous and her fingers were trembling too much to be of any use.

He couldn’t open the lock either. “I’ve got some machine oil in the dresser,” he told her walking away. “This happened once before,” he explained as he found the small tube of oil and got to work. “Water gets in the lock and jams the pins with a bit of rust.”

After five minutes of him fiddling with it, he still didn’t have the lock open. He was as frustrated as she was.

“It won’t fucking open!” he complained.

“I know. So what do we do?”

Evan closed his eyes and breathed evenly for a moment, trying to find his center. “I’m going to have to call Morgan. She probably made a mistake and put the wrong keys in the tube.”

“You have other keys?” Yolanda asked, knowing it sounded stupid. “Where are they?”

“If I knew that, I wouldn’t have to call Morgan.”

He found his phone and put the call through. It rang and rang, eventually going to voicemail. Disconnecting he asked Yolanda for her phone.

“Why?”

“She’s ignoring my call. She might answer for you.”

“If she’s ignoring you, she won’t answer my call either,” Yolanda pointed out.

“Fine. Call your husband then.See if he answers.”

Yolanda found her purse out in the living room and walked back into the bedroom where Evan was waiting. Her call to Jerry also went to voicemail.

“Fucking hell,” Evan complained.

“I’m calling her again.”

This time Morgan answered.

“What!?” Morgan demanded of her phone.

Yolanda was taken aback at the vehemence of Morgan’s voice when she spoke.

“Sorry to call, hon,” said a very tentative Evan. “But the keys to the lock aren’t working. Maybe you left me the wrong keys?”

Morgan’s voice was barely audible as it came over the tiny speaker.

“It’s the wrong key?” she asked, winking at Jerry. “Are you sure?”

Apparently Morgan’s teasing question had pushed Evan to the brink; the urge to fuck was coming over him and he hated to be denied. “The fucking key doesn’t work!” Evan repeated. “We’ve been trying for the last twenty minutes!”

That was an exaggeration, but Yolanda wasn’t going to interrupt him now to point that out. The next question from Morgan didn’t help the situation. “Did you try it both up and down?”

“Yes!” Evan was practically crying now.

Morgan let out an exaggerated sigh.; the sound was obvious through the weak connection on the phone. “Well, it’s not my fault that you can’t figure out a simple lock and key.”

“What have you done, Morgan!” Yolanda could sympathize with Evan. She wanted to fuck as much as he did and she could see how Morgan was hurting her husband. Maybe, just maybe, Yolanda fucking other men and coming home to tell Jerry all about her adventures hurt Jerry just a bit more than she realized, even if he was asking for her to do those things.

After another exaggerated and elaborate sigh, Morgan said firmly and evenly, “Look at the number on the key that you have. Read it to me.”

Evan scrambled with the key that was still hanging out of the lock. Getting it free, he carefully read off the numbers. “Seven three five.”

“Oh dear. The lock you’re wearing is for number five one eight.” Either she was a terrible actress or she was deliberately taunting her husband. Yolanda was certain the latter was the case.

“Where’s the key, Morgan!?” Evan demanded.

“It’s in my purse, of course. Where else would it be?”

“You need to come home right now!” Evan demanded.

“Jerry’s fucking my ass right now. When we’re done. It’s going to be a while. He’s got me tied to his bed.”

“Morgan—!” Evan started to demand but she had already disconnected the call. In frustration he called her back immediately. It went right to voicemail. Lowering the phone he stared at it, unable to process what had just happened. “I think she turned off her phone.”

“What...what do we do now?” Yolanda asked.

“I...I don’t know.” Evan continued to stare at his phone.

“Is there a key hidden somewhere in the house?”

“No. We don’t do that.”

Taking a careful look at the lock that kept Evan’s cock protected, Yolanda make a quick evaluations. “It’s a small lock. We could cut through it with a hacksaw if you have one. Maybe a pair of large pliers.” She thought about watching her husband use tools when they did home improvement projects at home. He always thought she was rewarding him with sex for a job well done; the truth was she was getting off to watching his muscly forearms.

Evan shook his head. “No. That breaks the rules.”

Yolanda was silent for a moment while she thought. She couldn’t tell what Evan was doing, maybe he was forming a plan; maybe he was just wallowing in misery.

“Could you...would you use a strap on...on me?” she suggested.

“What?”

“I know it wouldn’t be the same thing as actual sex sex, but it would be better than nothing.”

Evan let out something between a gasp and a rueful laugh. “Morgan makes me use a strapon on her when...when she refused to let me free.” His smile had no joy. “It’s like I’m with my wife again.”

Yolanda frowned. “Sorry. It was just a suggestion.”

“No. I’ll do it. You deserve better and I’m happy to do what I can for you.”

She was taken aback. “Really?”

“Yes. Why not?”

“But...what do you get out of it.”

He moved close to her and gave her a kiss. Despite the unusual situation, it was a perfectly normal and compelling kiss. She loved it.

It wasn’t a mad scramble after they broke the kiss, but they moved with purpose and action. They went from the bedroom to the sex room.There was a harness on the shelf that was already fitted for Evan, which gave Yolanda a moment’s pause because she realized this was something that Evan—and Morgan—had done before. She had given up all pretence that there was some sort of romance going on now. It was just about sex.

In her estimation he looked ridiculous having a harness buckled around hips hips with a large, but not gigantic, dildo mounted above his cock. Or rather, mounted above his cock cage. She couldn’t see his cock. It was pink and complete normal...except it was on a man and it was going to be used on her.

“How do we do this?” she asked him, uncertain on how to proceed.

“It’s just like regular sex. I’d offer you a choice of positions, but it works best in missionary or doggy style.”

“Missionary,” she said automatically. She was going to try to salvage some bit of

romance for the evening.

It was a bit mechanical getting into position. Evan used some lube on the dildo and put some on her pussy as well, but that was unnecessary. She was still wet and trying something new was enough to get her excited. It wasn't exactly the sex she had envisioned with Evan, but it would do for the moment.

The fake cock was floppier than a real one. It was maybe a little bigger than Jerry when he was fully erect, but maybe that was being unkind. Evan knew exactly what he was doing and it slipped into her pussy with just a couple of efficient strokes. Her knees went to her chest and she opened up herself for him.

It wasn't bad. Yolanda had used a variety of dildos and vibrators on herself over the years, and had more than a few used on her by her lovers, but this was the first time a man was using one with a harness. She wondered how many men with erectile dysfunction used them, but that wasn't her concern at the moment.

After a minute she forgot that Evan was even wearing a harness. He knew exactly how to use the hefty cock on her, finding the right angle and pace. She wanted it more than she had realized because it took a surprisingly short amount of time for her to reach orgasm. Underneath Evan's body she squirmed and squealed as she rode out the explosion of lust.

"Want me to keep going?" Evan asked.

"Uh-huh!" Yolanda was nowhere near done and she wanted as much of him as possible before they were done.

After a moment's pause he resumed. Yolanda was floating on the orgasm. It was that wonderful space where she wasn't completely in control off herself and she couldn't think clearly. It was fun. It was the feeling of sex when everything was perfect and there was nothing else to worry about; the world faded away.

The second orgasm was better than the first. It always was when the sex was like this. She let Evan use her body because she wanted to be used. She wanted orgasm after orgasm. She wanted to be left gasping and begging for him to stop.

The third orgasm started the moment the second one had faded away. It took some effort to get like this, but when it happened, sex for Yolanda was just a series of peaks. There never seemed to be any valleys.

After the third orgasm she knew that she came again. And again, but everything blurred together. In the end, it wasn't Yolanda begging for Evan to stop. He had to stop because he was exhausted.

He collapsed on top of her, panting heavily. She was disappointed it was all over, but at the same time she was relieved because she came back to herself.

"Sorry I couldn't keep going," he said. "I'm...I'm too tired."

"It was lovely," she said with kisses to his lips and cheeks. "It was perfect. Did you cum?"

Evan ruefully laughed and shook his head. "No. It was fun, but I didn't get to cum."

And then Yolanda remembered that he wasn't using his actual cock to fuck her. She felt sorry for the man whose cock was trapped by his wife. "How can I make you cum?"

"You can't, that's the whole purpose of the cage."

"Yeah...but...when I pegged you before, I made you cum."

"Okay, sort of."

"Is that the only way it can work?"

"Uh…"

"There must be some other way to make you cum," she said, a knowing smile on her face. "Tell me."

"Besides getting pegged? Yeah, you can put a vibrator on my cage and another one on my taint. That'll make me cum."

"Well, which do you want to do?"

He lifted his head and looked at her. "Are you serious?"

"Of course. It's only fair. I got to cum...uh...I don't know how many times but you certainly deserve one measly orgasm."

“It hurts to cum in my cage,” he reminded her.

She tilted her head to the side. “Would you rather not cum at all?”

In the end, they decided that she would peg him. Yolanda found a beautiful fake cock on the shelf that she wanted to use on him. It was ultra realistic and maybe a bit larger than would be comfortable, at least in her estimation.

“We can’t use that one,” Evan said, shaking his head.

“Why not?”

“It’s Morgan’s. And it’s a vibrator.”

Yolanda frowned. “It doesn’t work on the harness?”

“I never tried.”

“Well, let’s try.”

He was still resistant. ‘It’s Morgan’s. I don’t think she’d like it if you used something of hers.”

“Well, you belong to her and I’m using you. I’m sure she won’t mind me borrowing a dildo. We’re friends after all.”

“I’ve never had a vibrator up my ass,” he admitted with some shame.

She now understood that he liked to have some shame when it came to sex; he was a lot like Jerry in that way.

“Well then this will be something new for the both of us.”

It took some doing, but Yolanda eventually got the harness on and correctly adjusted. Because she was a soul with intense curiosity she fiddled with the controls on the dildo even before she applied lube to it. It had a variety of setting and she quickly found one that she liked. What Yolanda discovered almost right away was that the vibrations from the dildo transmitted through the harness and right to her clit. Maybe this was a secret that Evan was keeping from her.

Turning off the device she gave Evan the same choice he had given her.

“Missionary or doggy?”

“Which...which do you want?” he asked nervously.

“I’ve already pegged you missionary. Want to be romantic and do it like a married couple?”

He agreed on got on his bed. Everything they did seemed to be so unnatural, but in the long run it was worth it, at least that’s what Yolanda told herself. Evan put lube on and up his ass. She took the bottle from him and applied it generously to her fake cock. He grabbed the backs of his knees and offered up his bottom to her. It was strange seeing a man’s cock encased in steel with his balls exposed. She wanted to slap them just to remind him that she was in charge, but considering the position he was in, he more that likely knew how vulnerable and submissive he was.

Whenever she had been in a position similar to this, a man on his back and her about to have sex with him, she was straddling his legs and lowering her pussy on an erect cock. This was the reverse of that. Sort of. She was having trouble figuring it all out in her head.

Trying not to think about exactly what she was doing as she pushed the dildo into his ass while doing it at the same time was a bit difficult, but eventually she eased almost halfway into him.

“Oooh. Hold on. Stop there a moment,” he cautioned her.

“Are you okay?”

“Just need a moment to get adjusted.”

“Want me to pull out.”

“No...just wait…”

She waited for a minute.

“Okay. Good go ahead.”

“Can I try something a little different first?” she asked. Before he answered, she

turned on the vibrator and let the rapid oscillations transmit to her clit. The pleasant sensation made her pause.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Evan asked. If he was enjoying having his tight hole stimulated by the deep rumbling of the vibrator, it wasn’t obvious in his voice.

“Getting off while I fuck you,” she replied, a beatific smile on her face. She started moving her hips back and forth in that semi-unnatural manner that she easily took to.

If Evan had a real objection to her innovation, he quickly fell silent. They were both enjoying the pegging she was giving him more than either would have anticipated.

Yolanda would have been happy to go for hour sand hours of pegging Evan, but that was just impossible. She wasn’t going to be able to hold back all that long. It was her goal to make sure he came before her, though she wasn’t sure how that was going to happen.

It was hard to judge if he was close to cumming or not. Yolanda gave herself two little orgasms before Evan gave her any indicating of where he was.

“Oh shit. I’m there. I’m there!”

Yolanda didn’t know what to do. She just kept working the vibrator in his hole. Common sense told her that if Evan wasn’t caged, he’d shoot his load up into the air and onto his stomach. That couldn’t happen, not really. But he definitely came. His cock was swelling around the edges of his cage and through the air holes along its length. He groaned and strained and a minute later his thick spunk surged out of the end hole, where he’d normally pee through. It was odd and disturbing and it made Yolanda laugh.

Evan continued to moan and squirm about as his orgasm slowly abated.

“Was it good for you?” she asked him with a laugh.

“Not as good as it could have been,” he replied and looked down at the mess left on his caged cock and stomach. “I think I need to take a shower.”

Yolanda decided to join him in the shower. She stripped off her bra, belt, and stockings as he adjusted the shower temperature. Their shower was surprisingly roomy. It might not have been designed for two people, but there was plenty of space for them both. She detached the shower head from the wall mount and used the water to gently wash his caged cock. She soaped him eagerly and made sure to rinse away all the suds and any remnant of his spunk.

“You’ve done this before,” he said to her.

She laughed. “No. I mean, I’ve given blowjobs in showers before, but that’s not going to happen tonight, is it?”

“No. Not tonight.”

“I’ve also gotten my pussy eaten in showers and I love that.” She pressed her back against the far wall from the shower controls and opened up her stance, exposing her pussy.

Evan was a good boy. He knew what to do when offered such an invitation.

Chapter Two

Morgan walked into the house with a smug smile on her face. Both Evan and Yolanda were at the kitchen table, holding hands, drinking, and talking. Until she spoke, she wasn't sure if they had heard her come in. "Have a good night?"

Yolanda seemed startled by the other woman's questions and immediately pulled her hand back from Evan. Evan grimaced in annoyance and all but glared at his wife. "It was very nice, hon, thanks."

Still feeling self-conscious in front of Morgan because she had fucked her husband , even though Morgan had fucked Jerry while they were out, Yolanda blushed a tiny bit which was mostly hidden by her olive skin. "Um. It was great. Mostly. You know we had a spot of trouble." How else would she describe being denied sex with Evan because it amused Morgan. Or maybe Morgan was just cruel. Or maybe it was all part of the game that Morgan and Evan played. Yolanda honestly had no idea how it worked.

"I know," Morgan replied, her smug expression not disappearing. "Your husband is waiting for you outside."

"Right," she said as she hopped up from her chair and grabbed her purse. Steeling herself, she gave Evan a peck on the cheek. "I'll see you later at work?"

"Of course."

As she went to walk by Morgan, the other woman stopped her. "Thank you," Morgan said and leaned in for a kiss. It wasn't a deep soul kiss, but it was more than just a peck on the cheek. The gesture was enough to make Yolanda's stomach flip-flop. She knew that Morgan was avowedly bisexual and was probably interested in fucking her again, but she didn't know how she felt about that. "I'll see you later?"

"Yes. Soon." She tried not to run out the door. Yolanda hoped that it looked like she was eager to tell her husband about her evening, not that she was running away like a frightened girl. Or maybe the other couple didn't give a shit about what Yolanda thought and felt.

“You can be a fucking bitch sometimes, you know that?” Evan told her.

Morgan sauntered across the room and took Yolanda’s place in the empty chair. “But did dear Yolanda get all her cookies?”

“Yes, of course I made her cum.”

“Good. That’s all that matters.”

“No, that’s not all that matter! You promised you’d let me out of my cage so I could have sex with her.”

“I lied.”

“No shit!”

“I’ll let you out now and you can fuck me,” Morgan happily offered. “My pussy could use another good pounding.”

“No thank you.”

Morgan laughed at him. “If you want, we can stop this game. You don’t have to wear a cock cage the rest of your life.”

The sad truth, Evan knew, was that he liked wearing the cage. He liked feeling the anxiety and worry about being discovered. He liked having to plan out everything with his sexuality. He liked the more powerful orgasms he had when he was uncaged. He even liked the prostate orgasms he was forced to have when she—or Yolanda—pegged him. There was very little he didn’t like about being in chastity. The only real annoyance was having to spend so much time on grooming and hygiene.

But it was worth it. He knew it was worth it. He knew he’d never tell his wife to take off his cage and leave it off. He wanted it on.

The truly hard part was getting control of his emotions. He could do it, but it was harder than he liked to admit.

“No. I’ll wear it. You know I will.”

“Of course I know that,” she replied and leaned across the table to give him a kiss. “Did you get to cum tonight?”

“She pegged me, so yes.”

“Good, then I won’t have to do that for you.”

“Yeah. Thanks.”

“Want to eat my pussy?” she offered.

“Jerry couldn’t make you cum?” The question wasn’t supposed to be snide, but it came out that way.

“Oh, he did. Again and again. I’m just offering you a cum-filled pussy for your enjoyment.”

“That’s your kink, not mine.”

She smiled. “I know. I’m still horny. It seems like the more I cum, the more I want to cum. Take off your clothes. I want you naked when you eat me out.”

“You mean clean you up. Clean up your dirty pussy?” Automatically Evan stood up and started taking off his clothes. It wasn’t unusual for her to demand that he strip off his clothes. He was never truly naked because he was always wearing his cock cage. Was that the fig leaf he needed to feel like he wasn’t vulnerable?

She waited until all his clothes were on the floor in a heap at his feet. Only then did she stand up and tell him to undress her. It was an unnecessary step and only slowed things down, but she liked to make him feel like he was being useful in some way. When she was fully naked, more naked than him, when he had taken off her bra, freeing her breasts, and slid down her panties—panties that clung to her bare labia because Jerry’s cum had leaked out of her pussy and wetly glued them to her labia—she turned around and headed for the bedroom.

Evan followed. He always followed. He didn’t mind. He got to admire the gentle roll to her generous hips and ass.

“You used our bed,” Morgan commented upon walking into the room and flicking on the lights.

“Just a little,” Evan admitted. “Only until we figured out that you didn’t leave us the right keys.”

“What did you do then?” she asked as she pulled down the bed covers and slid onto the mattress. It smelled vaguely of her husband and a woman. Was that woman’s scent her own—she spent more time in the bed than anyone—or was it the last remains of Yolanda’s recent presence?

“We went to the sex room so that I could peg her?”

“You used a strapon in her ass?” Morgan asked, impressed. She gestured to her husband, beckoning him into her bed.

“No. Straight sex.”

“In her pussy?” Morgan prompted, pushing Evan’s face down to her pussy.

“In her pussy,” he confirmed as he kissed his way down her body, pausing at her nipples, her belly, the little ridge above her mons, all before diving into her well-used and still slightly swollen pussy.

Morgan sighed as he tongued her clit. She could feel the remains of Jerry’s cum sticking to her pussy. This would be a good way to end the night, another orgasm and a clean pussy.

“How did she peg you?” Morgan asked before events could move too quickly.

“On my back.”

“She should have done it doggy.”

“That’s for you and me.” He gave her red lips a kiss, tasting not only her natural musk but the hint of Jerry’s cum as well. His cock swelled inside the cage. It wasn’t trying to escape, not yet. He was done for the night, but he couldn’t help every reaction of his body.

“She made you cum?”

“Yes. We showered afterwards.”

“Good. Clean is good,” Morgan murmured. “Clean me first, then make me cum.”

Evan did as she asked. He always did as she asked. Her pussy was drooling out some of Jerry’s cum, but there wasn’t much there. Either he hadn’t deposited all that much inside her or it had leaked out and soaked her panties. It was like any man could cum gallons and gallons. It was usually a small amount; it just seemed like a lot.

Doing what she asked was just natural to Evan now. He’d cleaned her pussy before, drinking down another man’s cum because that’s what his wife liked. At first he was certain that it would be the worst thing in the world, just another humiliation for her to hold over his head. But that wasn’t it at all. He loved going down on his wife; in his mind the moment another man came inside her, that cum was no longer masculine. It was a part of her. Cleaning up cum from her pussy wasn’t in any way gay.

That’s what he told himself.

He didn’t say a word about it to the other men that fucked his wife. He didn’t say a word about it to his wife, otherwise she might might make them cum on his face or in his mouth. That made him shiver.

Would it be better that way?

“Enough,” she said. “Make me cum.”

Silently Evan moved up from her opening to her little bud. Her clit was already swollen and she was breathing raggedly. It would take much to make her cum again. Evan sucked her clit into his mouth and she gasped at the sudden sensation. Inserting a pair of fingers into her pussy he found her hidden little stop right behind her pubic bone.

A minute later she was cumming once again, this time with the man she was married to.

Chapter Three

On the drive home Yolanda told Jerry everything that she had done with Evan. He knew a tiny bit of it because of the phone call between Jerry and Morgan, but he let her fill in the details. Despite his certainty that he was fucked out for the night, his cock slowly stiffened as Yolanda told him every depraved action she and Evan had shared.

“You pegged him?” Jerry marveled.

“Technically he pegged me as well.”

“And did you like that?”

She shrugged. “It was...okay. I would have preferred a real cock. I really want his cock.”

“Who would have thought that your sort-of boyfriend’s wife would be the ultimate cock blocker,” Jerry mused.

“Yeah...imagine,” she said drily.

“Do you want to just drop him and move on to someone else?” Jerry asked. “It seems like a lot of work just for a little dick.”

“Are you calling my boyfriend’s dick little?” she asked with amusement.

“I’ve never seen your boyfriend's dick.”

“Neither have I. And are we calling him my boyfriend now?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“Because I haven’t actually fucked fucked him. Yet.”

“Modern relationships are complicated,” Jerry decided as they pulled into their driveway.

Inside the house they undressed and Yolanda tried not to think about the fact that her bed had recently been occupied by Morgan while the other woman was fucking her husband. She tried not to think about it...and failed. Which was okay

because the though turned her on more than she wanted to admit.

“Want to have a quickie before we go to sleep?” Yolanda offered.

“I think I’m all fucked out for the night,” he replied.

“I haven’t had a real cock in my pussy all day,” she pointed out.

Jerry finished undressing and indicated his flaccid cock. “If you can get it hard, I’d be proud to fuck you tonight.”

Yolanda had removed her dress but was still in her lingerie. Knowing the opportunity wouldn’t last long, she quickly assumed the position on the floor in front of her husband and put his cock in her mouth. She could taste Morgan’s pussy on him. That was fine. That was a bit of a turn on.

Despite his protests, Jerry rose to the occasion. He wasn’t rock hard, but the invitation was more than he could resist. Since he loved seeing his wife in lingerie, seeing her on her knees in front of him was an extra inducement.

“Doggy style,” he told her. “That’s how I want you.”

Moving quickly, she stripped off her panties and wiggled her ass at him as she eagerly got on the bed, ready for him. Since she stopped at the edge of the mattress, he remained standing on the floor. Reaching down between her legs, she found his firm cock and eased it into her pussy. As always, she was wet and ready for him.

Jerry grabbed her hips and set up a steady thrusting pace. “It’s going to take me a while to cum,” he told her. “If I can at all.”

“Just make me cum,” she told him. “Just make me cum.”

He liked how her ass was framed by the garter belt and straps. The top edge of the stockings clearly defined the tops of her thighs. It was a perfect view.

Her hand went down to her pussy and found her clit. Jerry liked it when she rubbed herself. He liked being married to a woman who liked sex and knew what type of sex she liked and was willing to do what it take to make herself happy.

It wasn’t the best sex of they had ever had, but it was good. It was very good. She made herself cum once with her hand and he made her cum once with his cock. That was good enough for the two of them. He stopped when her second orgasm had faded away.

“Is that enough for you?” she asked as he pulled his semi-hard cock from her. She liked him like a rod of steel, not a limp piece of meat.

“Are you happy?” he asked her.

“Ecstatic.”

“Then let’s go to sleep.”

Chapter Four

“What would it be like if I locked up your cock like Evan’s?” Yolanda asked him the next morning while they ate breakfast.

He looked at her. “No.”

She gave him a pretend pout for a second. “You didn’t even give that a moment’s thought.”

“No need to. I don’t want to do that.”

“I think it would be hot.”

“Lucky for you that you have Evan and his locked up cock to play with and think is hot.” He raised his yogurt spoon in salute to her and finished the last of the container.

“You wouldn’t even want to try?” She was pressing too hard now, Yolanda knew, but she couldn’t help herself.

“Nope.”

“Not even for me?”

“I already let you fuck whomever you want. That’s pretty open minded for any man or husband.”

“Yeah, but I let you fuck whomever you want as well,” she pointed out.

“And the only woman besides you I’ve had sex with since we married was Morgan. How many guys have you fucked?”

Yolanda tried not to let her wince show. She knew the number, but she didn’t want to tell it to her husband. She was halfway proud of her number and halfway embarrassed by it. “I’m not really sure…”

“It’s forty-three, Landa. Forty-three guys you’ve fucked since we got married.”

“No it’s not,” she all but snapped at him. “It’s forty-four.”

He looked at her calmly for a moment. “Are you so sure? I thought you said you didn’t really know?”

“Um...yeah.”

“I wasn’t counting Evan because he hasn’t gotten his cock inside you yet. But sure, let’s make it forty-four. That’s nine guys a year, roughly, since we got married.”

“I know,” she said. The number made her feel nervous. She hadn’t been that big a slut in high school, in college, and after college before she met Jerry. Yeah, she had boyfriends, not so many in a year.

“Nine men a year is about one every five to six weeks. A new lover every month and a half.”

“What’s your point, Jerry?” she asked, a bit exasperated.

“You’re about halfway through that six-week period with Evan. Are you going to keep up trying to fuck him or are you going to give up and move on?”

“What difference does it make?” she asked. Already Yolanda was thinking about the future, not so much about her future with Evan—and maybe by extension, Morgan as well—but if she wanted to keep up fucking all these random men. Yes, it was working for her now, but how much longer would she be able to keep going.

Her immediate thought was that she didn’t want to quit, ever.

Her second thought was that she wanted to get Evan’s cock out of his cage and into her pussy.

Jerry gave her a half shrug. “It doesn’t make much of a difference at all.” He paused. “Do you mind if I keep fucking Morgan while you keep fucking—or not fucking—Evan?”

Yolanda was taken aback. Never before had Jerry essentially asked permission to have sex with another woman. She was proud of him in a twisted, kinky way. “I think you should definitely keep fucking Morgan, if she’ll have you.”

“If she’ll have me?”

“She’s definitely bi, Jerry. You were a nice novelty when I was with her husband, but maybe, just maybe, she’ll get bored of you. Maybe she’ll want me.” Despite herself and the seriousness of the conversation, Yolanda licked her lips and realized her pussy was wet. She was thinking about fucking Morgan again. She was thinking about getting Evan out of his cage and fucking him.

She hoped it wasn’t obvious what she was thinking and looked at her husband.

He was studying her carefully. “What?” she asked nervously.

“I’m hard,” he said.

“You are?”

“Why would I lie?”

She reached under the table and felt his crotch. His cock was hard. It wasn’t as hard as Evan’s steel encased cock, but then again, she could fuck Jerry’s cock and Evan’s was still denied to her.

“You like that?” he asked her as she continued to rub him through his pants. They didn’t have to go to work today. They had plenty of time.

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Uh-huh.”

Jerry didn’t need a further invitation. He pushed back from the table and moved over to her. She expected him to help her out of the chair and then be politely escorted to the bedroom.

She was wrong.

He helped her up and spun her around before pushing her down onto the table. It was mostly clear, but she still had to push some of the breakfast dishes out of the way. “What are you doing?” she asked.

He answered by yanking down her comfortable black weekends-only yoga pants along with her panties, exposing her ass. He pushed them all the way down, getting one leg of the tight garment free and letting the other tangle around her ankle.

A second later he had opened up his pants and pulled out his cock. Yolanda welcomed his weight pressing her into the cold tabletop. This wasn't about romance or lust, it was just the pure urge to fuck because they had inadvertently worked each other up. She helped him find her entrance. It wasn't too hard. She was wet and ready for him and he knew the way.

"Fuck," she moaned as he penetrated her.

"You like that," he grunted as he started thrusting.

"Y-yes, fuck yes!"

It was a good way to start the day. He was rough with her but she wanted it rough. She wanted it hard and so did he.

Yolanda was ashamed to admit that she was incredibly turned on and knew that she would cum first. That had never been a problem for her; she pitied the women who had trouble cumming. She loved cumming, maybe that was why she was such a slut.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna cum," she warned him. It was how she encouraged him to keep going.

Jerry started thrusting. She moaned in annoyance. "What the fuck! Keep going!"

He pressed into her, pinning her hard to the table. She thought he was going to try something else, but he just reached across the table and grabbed her cellphone. They had taken dirty pictures before, but generally it wasn't their kink and they talked about it beforehand.

"Call her," he said huskily into her ear, pressing the phone into her hand.

"Call who?"

"Call Morgan. Tell her you want to fuck her tonight."

Yolanda hesitated and then did what he asked. Scrolling through the contacts to find Morgan's number was difficult because she found concentrating on the task next to impossible while Jerry's cock was in her pussy.

Seeing she was doing what he asked, he started thrusting again. That didn't help her concentration. They were slow, shallow thrusts. He was just waiting.

It seemed that Morgan's phone rang forever. It seemed awfully bold and forward calling Morgan so early in the morning. A text would be more appropriate, but these were strange times for Yolanda and Jerry.

"Yes?" came Morgan's voice faintly. Jerry lowered his head next to Yolanda's to listen in. "You're calling awfully early, Landa."

"Jerry made me call," was there first words that came to her.

"Why?"

The married couple managed to make eye contact. Jerry nodded at her. Yolanda swallowed and forced the words out. "I wanted to know if you would come over and fuck me tonight." She paused. "Without Evan."

Jerry thrusted harder into her. Yolanda stifled a moan.

It seemed like Morgan took forever to answer. It was probably just a couple of seconds before she replied. "I'd be happy to. What time?"

"Seven?"

"I'll be there."

Yolanda dropped the phone to the table and gripped the far edge. Jerry was fucking her hard now. She didn't bother stifling her cries of passion.

When she came her pussy gripped Jerry's cock and he filled her with his hot cum, grunting loudly as he did so.

Only after their cries faded away did Morgan disconnect the call. She smiled and put the phone down as Evan came into the room.

“What?” he asked her, seeing the satisfied smile on her face.

“I have a date tonight.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Enticing: Sweet Treats 2

Henry watched from his bed as Aimee dressed. It was an interesting process. Not quite as much fun as a striptease, but it was still fascinating. Her first step after showering was to put on her underwear. No surprise there. Then she went through the tedious process of strapping her bra to her body. Hook. Twist. Turn. Pull on the shoulder straps. Adjust. Readjust. Bend over—that was the extra fun part—straighten up. Adjust a third time. Only then were her tits properly situated inside her bra. Once her undergarments were properly in place it was easy for Aimee to step into her dress and pull it on. She turned around and presented him her back.

“Zip me up?”

“What would you do without me?” he asked her in response as he got off the bed to assist her. He was still naked but felt completely comfortable in front of her in that bare state.

“Use a zipper puller,” she replied.

He couldn’t argue with her. Aimee danced on that thin line between voluptuous and actual fat. She seemed to carry every pound exactly where it needed to be. Yes, maybe her hips and bust were larger than what was considered to be perfection, but on her every curve—to Henry’s eyes at least—were a precision outline of sexiness. As a result of her body shape, the dress clung to her curves in a way that hid nothing to the imagination. Of course, Henry knew exactly what was underneath her dress.

As he settled the zipper into place, he was slightly disappointed that everything was now hidden away from view, but then she turned around and presented him with her cleavage. It was semi hidden under a lace panel, but knowing she was trying to hide it made it sexier.

“It would be incredible if you didn’t wear a bra to work,” he told her as he stared down into her cleavage.

“Incredibly stupid,” she said. “I have no intention of ever doing that. I didn’t grow these babies all through high school and not learn anything.”

“It would still be fucking hot,” he said.

“It’s not going to happen,” Aimee adamantly told him.

The thought of his girlfriend being without her very much needed brassiere started to stir Henry’s cock. She noted his rising. “Nope,” she said, pushing it away. “I’ve already showered and I need to be at work on time today.”

They had taken to switching off days when they slept over at the other’s apartment. Neither location was terribly convenient for the other, but the sex—such as it was—was too good for either of them to pass up.

“But…” he started to say.

“Nope. Jerk off if you want something more today.”

Aimee walked away to finish getting ready. Henry headed for the shower.

By the time he got out, Aimee was gone. However, she had left him a short note and a treat on the small table in his tiny kitchen.

Love you. Have a good day. I didn’t need these.

—A

Her red panties were sitting next to the note.

He couldn’t remember if they were the panties she had put on that morning or not. Her overnight bag was gone and he was left with a stiff cock.

“Shit…” he moaned.

He waited to get to work before he texted her. They had only been dating a little over a month and were still feeling out the edges of their relationship. While they hadn’t been shy about sending dirty text messages to each other, he hadn’t

been so bold as to request nudes from her. It seemed a little silly since he could see her naked any night of the week. It seemed even bolder now that she was actually teasing him into it.

It bothered him enough that he eventually had to ask, but he came it at sideways.

Why did you leave you panties on my table?

She replied in an unexpected way, but he should have expected it. Henry had never received nudes texted to him before. He'd seen plenty on the internet, but to get one just meant for him what dizzying.

It wasn't that revealing; her face wasn't in the picture. But then he took a second look and realized what risk she must have taken to snap the picture.

It was taken at her desk, or at a desk. In the background he could just barely see the generic setting of an office: desks, drop ceiling, terrible lighting. She was stilling on a spinning desk chair but with her heel up on the edge of the chair. Aimee was most definitely not wearing panties. Maybe she had taken them off for this one picture, but he had no way of figuring that puzzle out. Her pussy's labia weren't that prominent, but it was definitely her. Henry had become intimate with her nether regions over the past month. Her lips were slightly pouty and swollen. Her pubic hair was still neatly trimmed and shaved.

It was an incredible photo. It made his cock stiffen uncomfortably in his pants and he had to control himself and not groan at his desk.

So they were yours, he texted back to her.

—Unless you're fucking someone else

Why did you do that? Henry knew. He just wanted to get off on the conversation he was trying to engineer.

She didn't give him the answer he expected or wanted. My boobs hurt so I left my panties behind.

That made no sense to the logically motivated Henry. He focused on the first half of the reply. That might be my fault. I was sucking on them pretty hard last night.

—It’s the only way I can cum now, you know that.

Strictly speaking, that wasn’t the truth, but it was close enough to the truth. Henry had a fascination with her large breasts. He loved sucking on her nipples and she loved that he did it. Theirs was a perfect symbiotic relationship. While Aimee could have an orgasm without attention showered on her tits, the orgasms were better if they were being played with, so she insisted that he suck or pinch or play with them during sex. If he couldn’t because of the position they were using, she would.

He couldn’t way for tonight. I’ll give you a nice breast massage tonight.

—I can’t wait for tonight

I can’t leave work right now

—I’ll just go to the bathroom and massage them

Will that work?

—It won’t make me cum if that’s what you’re thinking. They’re just sore.

As it turned out, they weren’t just sore. Shortly after Henry got home, Aimee was at his door. She let herself in and right away he could tell she was on the verge of tears.

“What’s the matter?” he asked when she walked in.

Aimee opened her mouth to answer, but instead of words, all she had were some sobs. All he could do was hold her close until she settled down. It took a few minutes and he felt useless until she could speak.

“My boobs are still sore,” she managed to get out.

Henry pulled back a little because he realized he was crushing her chest against his.

“Sorry. What can I do?”

“Do you know why they’re sore?”

“I was a little too rough with them last night?”

She punched him in the shoulder. Since she wasn’t very strong and had never learned the punch, it was weak and ineffective. Still, Henry was rocked back slightly by the impact. It didn’t really hurt. “No! Stupid! They’re leaking!”

Her explanation meant nothing to him.

“What’s leaking?”

It took all of Aimee’s self-control not to slap him across the face. “My tits! What the hell are we talking about?”

Henry’s brow furrowed. “What are they leaking?” His first thought was blood and then lymph because they seemed to make the most sense. He was wrong.

“Milk! What do you think they’re leaking?”

He wisely kept his mouth shut on that question. He knew when he was about to say the wrong words. “Oh. That makes sense, I guess.”

“It makes sense?” she asked him blandly, all but accusing him serious mental deficiencies.

“Well…yeah, doesn’t it?”

“Do you know how disturbing it is to massage my boobs in the bathroom and suddenly have milk start leaking out?”

“Honestly? No.”

This time she did slap him. “It’s really fucking disturbing,” she clarified for him.

Henry held his hand over the cheek that she had slapped. “I’m getting that message now. What do we need to do about it?” he asked and quickly followed up with, “I mean, this was partly my fault, right?”

“You’re fucking right it is,” she told him.

When he pulled his hand away she saw the red imprint of her finger and only then did she realize how hard she had slapped her boyfriend. Her anger abated slightly as she realized the extent of her actions. “It’s not entirely your fault. I was busy on the internet and I figured out a couple of things.”

“Like what?”

“Like excessive nipple sucking can induce lactation. Some women who adopt babies do that to breast feed.”

“I think I knew that.”

She grimaced at him. “Certain types of birth control pills can cause it as well.”

Henry blinked twice and made the connection. “You’re on birth control?”

She glared at him with exasperation. “Yeah. Of course. Do you think my ass and tits got this fat on their own?”

He ignored her sarcasm. “But you always insist that I use a condom when we have sex.”

“Because I didn’t want any disease that you might have!”

He nodded. “Fair enough.”

“Right now I’m not worried about getting pregnant. Right now I’m worried about my boobs.”

“Well, what did you read online? Is there a treatment for this?”

“Yeah. Stop taking birth control and stop having my boobs sucked on all the time.”

“Oh.” He was crushed by the second half.

“Yeah. Oh. I’m not going off my BC and…” She didn’t finish the second half of her thoughts.

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About the Author

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

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