# THE URGE



## Part 4 of A FemDom and Male Chastity Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

# THE URGE



## Part 4 of A FemDom and Male Chastity Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

**The Urge Part 4**

**A FemDom and Male Chastity Erotic Novella**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

The Urge Part 4

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

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

A Green Bush Publishing Book

**Smashwords Edition, License Notes**

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

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

# Also from Green Bush Publishing

# By Elliot Silvestri

*Already Pregged*

*An Adorable Slave*

*And Giselle's Mother*

*Andrews St. Crossing*

*Aren't You Curious*

*Astrophil & Stella*

*The Breast of Dawn*

*The Breast of Day*

*The Breast of Night*

*Breeding on the Farm*

*Bringing in Casey's Cream*

*Centaur's Harem*

*Centaur's Slave*

*Centaur's Wife*

*The Cheating Secret*

*The Collegiate Milkmaid*

*Cornered*

*Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds*

*Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds*

*A Cow's Tale*

*A Cuck In Hand*

*Cuckhold Cheat*

*Cuckold Vacation*

*Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around*

*The Devil of Dunwich*

*The Devil's Kiss*

*The Devil's Mark*

***The Devil's Wife***

***Dollar Milk Maid***

*Emergent Milk*

*Experimental*

*Faithless Milk*

*For A Slave*

*Gretchen's Twins*

*Good Boy Sub*

*Happy Hucows, Inc.*

*Heather's Story*

*Her and Me and Him*

*His and Hers Affairs*

*His Wife's Rich Milk*

*I Love Your Wife*

*Ida's Milk*

*In The Knight's Bedroom*

*The Invisible College of Magic*

*Jacki's Milk*

*Jillian's Contract*

*Kassie's Service*

*The Keyholder*

*The King's Right*

*Lactation Control*

*Lactation for Two*

*Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski*

*The Let Down Reflex*

*Like Candy on the Tongue*

*Luke's Milkmaids*

*Margaret Over Billy*

*Margeaux Known As*

*Ménage á Milk*

*MILF Milk*

*Milk & Chastity*

*Milk Addict*

*Milk and Honey*

*Milk Bar*

*Milk for Free*

*Milk Girls*

*The Milk Lovers*

*Milk for Sale*

*Milk for the Prince*

*The Milk Producers Collective*

*Milk Slave*

*The Milk Thief*

*The Milkmaid of Human Kindness*

*Milke & Cookie*

*Milking the O'Malleys*

*Milking on the Farm*

*Milking Polly*

*A Milky Education*

*Misanthrope – First Summer*

*Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk*

*My Submissive Pair*

*Never Too Many Pregos*

*Odette Odalisque*

*The Palace*

## *Pain and Lactation*

## *Pain Makes You Beautiful*

*Penny's Secret Life*

*Petranella's Lactation Control*

*Preg Party*

*The Prince's Whores*

*Princess Not-So-Innocent*

*Raffe the Rake*

*The Red Collar*

*Rhette is Red*

*Rosemilk*

*Selling Myself*

*The Sex Wizard*

*Sexy Preg*

*Sharing Her with Him*

*A Slave Auction*

*Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others*

*Spilt Milk*

*Steel Restraint*

*Submissive Milking*

*Sugarman's Milk*

*Summer Collar*

*Sweet Susan*

*Sweet Treats*

*Swinging Ring*

*Taking Gwendolyn*

*The Tamed Bull*

*Tania's Transformation*

*Thrall of the Succubus*

*Too Intimate Sibs*

*The Troll's Trollop*

*True Cow Girl*

*Trust*

*Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts*

*Using Naomi*

*Victor's Chastity*

*A Virgin Sacrifice*

*The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk*

*Willing to Milk*

*Winifred Polk—Adult Experience*

*Winifred Polk—Learning Curves*

*Without Your Wife*

## Adventures on the Farm series

*Breeding on the Farm*

*Milking on the Farm*

*The Red Collar*

*Rosemilk*

*Victor's Chastity*

## By Grace Vilmont

*Alien Eggs*

*Alien Milk Fiend*

*Built*

*The Centaur and the Goddess*

*Centaur's Conquest*

*Demonbred*

*The Exo Breeder*

*Felicia on Film*

*Feymina*

*Forward Cowgirl*

*His Acquiescence*

*In The Harem*

*A Lady's Slave*

*Laying with the Sea God*

*The Minotaur Breeders*

*Mother's Milk*

*My Wife, My Slave*

*Porcelain Milk*

*Proper Service*

*Rowan*

*Sex Spawn*

*Stepmom's Boyfriend*

*Taken by the Dragon*

*Tania's Transformation*

*Tart*

*The Unicorn Curse*

*Veroneeka's Time*

*Wife Swap Wife*

# Table of Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Preview

About the Author

# Part Four

# Chapter One

“I can’t believe you wanted me to leave Evan at home,” Morgan said when Jerry answered the door and ushered her inside. “He’s disappointed he’s not going to get laid tonight.” She greeted Yolanda in the kitchen with a peck on the cheek.

“I thought he never got laid,” Yolanda answered her with an eager smile.

Morgan laughed. “That’s not true. He gets laid whenever I want him to.”

“When was the last time that happened?” Jerry asked.

“I pegged him yesterday,” she said, unable to contain a grin from spreading across her face.

“But it that really getting laid?”

“It is for me,” Morgan chuckled again.

The women shared a laugh while Jerry looked on nervously.

Noticing his trepidation, Morgan gave him a wink. “Don’t worry, Jerry. I won’t try to coax you into wearing a chastity cage.”

Jerry glanced at his wife and she tried to keep her face neutral, but failed. “You told her?” he asked. “You actually asked for advice?”

“Don’t worry about it,” replied Yolanda, trying to brush off his concern

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he asked, angry now. It was the response of a teenage girl who was desperately trying to avoid confronting a part of her personality that was emerging and she didn’t want to face it or show the world who she actually was.

“It means that she’s curious and excited by keeping her male partner in chastity,” said Morgan, “but she doesn’t know exactly how to go about doing it.”

“I’m not going to do it,” Jerry said flatly.

“No one is asking you to,” Morgan said, annoyed at her friend and how the conversation had gone off the rails right away. “Look, I came over here to get laid and laugh about how I left my husband at home, in his cock cage, suffering for me. Are you two going to destroy all my fun?”

“No,” said Jerry quickly.

Yolanda gave him a quick look before nodding her head. “Of course not.”

“Good,” Morgan said with a deep breath and moving closer to Yolanda. “You said that Jerry was going to watch us?”

“Yes…” Now that the moment was here, she was nervous when she didn’t have any real need to be nervous. Whatever was going to happen, was exactly what she and Jerry wanted. At least, that’s how the discussion had gone before Morgan arrived.

Her tentative answer made Morgan look askance at her. “Is it or isn’t it?”

“I might have hinted that he was going to be given permission to join in...if that’s all right with you…”

Morgan once again laughed. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Maybe you came over just for me?” she said in a small voice.

“Sure, you can believe that if you want,” Morgan replied and gave Jerry a wink before she moved into close to Yolanda and kissed her.

It wasn’t a friendly peck on the cheek. It was so much more. They kissed like lovers because they were lovers, they had shared a bed and they had shared husbands. It wasn’t possible to get much more intimate.

Jerry watched as the two kissed. They tilted their heads back and forth. He could just see Yolanda open up her lips and accept Morgan’s tongue into her mouth. The two women pressed up against each other. Morgan’s large breasts crushed into Yolanda’s nearly flat tits. Their arms went around each other and Jerry moved to the side just enough to see Morgan slide her hands down over

Yolanda’s trim ass.

It was Yolanda who broke the kiss. “Okay, wow. This is going pretty fast.”

Morgan looked at her innocently. “All we’ve done is kiss and I’ve grabbed your ass. I went further on my first date in eighth grade.”

“Huh. You’ve always been a slut then, haven’t you?” Yolanda asked boldly.

Morgan nodded her head. “Pretty much. Want to go to the bedroom and we can go down on each other while your husband jerks off in the corner?”

“Hey!” Jerry protested but they ignored him.

“Yes.”

The two women giggled and Yolanda grabbed her friend’s hand to pull her to the bedroom.

Jerry gave them a little space and then followed. He was certain that, for Morgan at least, having sex in front of an audience, even an audience of one, was part of the thrill. He wouldn’t have been surprised if she and Evan had streamed their sessions in bed on the internet. There was plenty of kink to go around on all the strange, secret corners of the digital world.

By the time he got to the bedroom, the women were on the bed and Yolanda’s top was off, along with her bra. Jerry tried to remember if his wife had even bothered putting one on. They knew that Morgan was coming over and they were going to have sex and with her small tits a bra wasn’t entirely necessary…

Settling into a chair where he had a good view of the both of them, he watched as Morgan continued her slow descent on Yolanda’s body. She was adept at unbuttoning Yolanda’s pants and together they slid off the lithe woman’s bottoms and panties. While Yolanda wasn’t shy, Jerry was still blown away at how eagerly she got naked for a woman—not even a man, a woman!—and opened up her legs to let Morgan dive between them.

He was used to hearing about her fuck other men. He had dreamed about watching her fuck other men, but to see her with another woman—again!—made him consider himself the luckiest man alive.

Yolanda let out a moan as Morgan pushed her tongue into her pussy. Her knees went up and she let out a deep sigh of relief. Jerry was amazed at how the two of them just settled into oral sex right away. Any sex right away. He knew his wife was a slut and Morgan had to be as well, but to actually see it happening in front of his face was amazing, even after having witnessed it before

They were ignoring him, which was fine. He wanted a show. Yolanda placed her hand gently on the top of Morgan's head, guiding her lesbian lover to the exact spot in her pussy that needed attention. Judging from the moans and gasps escaping Yolanda's lips, Morgan hadn't forgotten anything about how to eat pussy and more importantly, how to eat Yolanda's pussy. Jerry knew it was the truth that Morgan was making his wife approach climax quicker than he ever had. He wasn't embarrassed about it. He figured that Morgan just knew what she was doing. And maybe, just maybe, the wrongness of the situation—Yolanda having sex with a woman—was a stronger turn-on because it was forbidden made the sex better.

What could Jerry do to make sex between him and his wife just as forbidden?

The strange thing about the situation, as if there wasn't anything about the situation that wasn't strange, was that Morgan was completely clothed. Only Yolanda was naked and she didn't seem to mind. Hell, Jerry was pretty sure she didn't even notice she was the only one in the room unclothed.

From where he was sitting he couldn't see everything that Morgan was doing, but it was perfect judging from the noises Yolanda was making. He wasn't going to interrupt them by moving closer or telling that what to do. He knew that if he behaved himself he'd get to do this again.

Abruptly Yolanda locked her knees around Morgan's head and her body started jerking. It looked painful, but Jerry recognized the signs of orgasm in his wife. Normally she didn't climax so powerfully from simple cunnilingus—she usually needed a good pounding or a strong vibrator for her body to shake like that—but this was an unusual circumstance. She all but screamed and rubbed her pussy in Morgan's face. Jerry couldn't tell if that delighted Morgan or not, but the other woman wasn't complaining.

When it was over, Yolanda relaxed with a long, drawn out moan and let her legs flop to the bed. Morgan looked up at Jerry. Her face was wet with Yolanda's

pussy juices. A smug smile was on her face. She kissed the peak of Yolanda's mons. "Was it good for you?" she asked.

Yolanda smiled happily. "It was great."

"Do you need a cock?" she asked after another light kiss was planted on her swollen clit. Morgan gave Jerry a surreptitious look before she locked eyes with her lover.

"No."

"No never or no not yet?" Morgan asked.

"No...I want to eat your pussy first."

Jerry's cock had been hard inside his pants the entire time he had witnessed his wife being eaten out by Morgan. It should have been impossible for it to get harder.

It got harder. His pants were uncomfortably tight.

"Think you can make me cum?" Morgan asked.

"I know I can make you cum."

"Okay then." Morgan sat up and started taking off her clothes. Yolanda shifted around on the bed and gave Jerry a clandestine wink. It happened so quickly he wasn't sure if it actually happened or not. What exactly did his wife mean by it? Was she enjoying sex with Morgan more than she enjoyed it with him? With other men? With Evan even though Morgan's husband hadn't gotten his cock into her yet.

Yolanda didn't let Morgan undress completely on her own. She pushed the other woman over onto her back and got between her legs. Her bra and panties were still on. Yolanda didn't bother with subtle kisses or seductive licks and caresses. She went right for Morgan's panties, grabbing the elastic waistband between her teeth and drawing the downward.

Morgan helped with the process. Jerry couldn't help but crane his neck so that he could observe the other woman's bald pussy come into view. Once she was

bared, the two of the worked together to get her panties all the way off and then without any hesitation, Yolanda moved between her lover's legs and buried her face between Morgan's thick thighs, directly into her pussy.

If Yolanda wasn't a natural at eating pussy, she must have learned a lot from the one other time she had had sex with Morgan. Or maybe she had been reading a lot of pointers. Or maybe women just knew how to eat pussy and please another woman because it was inborn for them. If nothing else, Morgan was enjoying the attention that Yolanda was pouring on her, but she wasn't completely swept away by the moment.

Turning her head she looked at Jerry while Yolanda continued to lave and suck at her pussy. "Why don't you get your cock out and jerk off?" she asked him.

Jerry didn't know what to think. Or do. Yolanda kept working at Morgan's pussy.

Morgan kept staring at Jerry, waiting patiently at first, but at the same time she was distracted by Yolanda's busy tongue.

"Well?" she prompted him. "I like seeing men's big cocks."

"Do you like to watch men jerking off?" Jerry asked her as he slowly lowered his zipper and started to pull out his cock.

"I prefer to watch them fucking women with their cocks."

Jerry looked at his now exposed and hard cock. He then looked over at his wife on her knees and elbows, her ass in the air, her pussy left moist by Morgan's busy mouth and her own natural lubrication. Did Morgan want him to fuck Yolanda while his wife was proving her cunnilingus skills?"

"Do you want me to fuck her?" he asked. Jerry wanted to fuck either of them. HE wasn't picky. He would do whatever Morgan wanted. He knew that. He knew he could have walked away, but he didn't. If at that moment she had asked him to put on a cock cage so she could control his prick he would have willingly done so, even with his raging hard on that would have prevented the application of a cage, but still.

He eagerly awaited her permission to fuck his wife. "No, not yet," said Morgan

as she settled back onto the pillow and opened her legs a little wider to let Jerry have a view of his wife eating out Morgan's pussy. "Maybe not at all tonight."

Jerry stopped moving his hand on his cock. He hadn't even realized he was jerking off.

"Don't stop!" Morgan barked at him. It might have been understandable that she was ordering Yolanda to continue on, but the lithe woman hadn't lost any focus from her descent into lesbianism. Besides, Morgan was glaring directly at Jerry.

He started moving his hand again. She smiled at him and nodded before closing her eyes to focus on Yolanda's tongue.

It was a difficult thing to do to masturbate without cumming. Jerry had jerked off to plenty of lesbian porn scenes and this was his opportunity to do in in real life. He would just have to keep edging himself until Morgan gave him permission to do something else.

From his position at the edge of the chair he had a good view of Morgan's pussy and his wife's face. Either Yolanda wasn't confident in her pussy-licking skills or she was just more interested in manual manipulation than Jerry. She had inserted a pair of her fingers into Morgan's pussy and was actively working them in and out as she tongued and licked Morgan's clit.

At some point as Jerry continued to jerk off while watching them, Yolanda ran out of stamina and abruptly pulled back in frustration. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "My arms are too tired. And my tongue too. And neck."

"Fuck!" Morgan cursed. "I was almost there."

"Want me to lend a hand?" Jerry offered.

The two women looked at him as if he were intruding on a private conversation.

"What do you think?" Yolanda asked Morgan.

The curvy woman looked at Jerry with his cock out and lust dripping from his eyes. "Can you make a woman squirt?" she asked him.

"Of course," he said with a little too much confidence.

Morgan nodded. She was on edge and needed to be finished off. It didn't matter how it happened in the end, she just needed to cum however it could be provided.

Sliding over to the bed, he took a position next to Morgan's right leg and put his right hand to her pussy. It was wet and very hot. She was right on the edge, he judged, and it wouldn't take much to push her to the limit. It was easy to push his middle and ring finger into her pussy.

Morgan moaned. "Mmm...okay, I like men's hands better." Her eyes opened up and she looked directly at Yolanda. "Bigger fingers."

"Uh-huh," Yolanda acknowledged and watched her husband as he got to work on her lover.

He didn't go after her like a jackhammer, but it was damn close. The way he moved his arm rapidly, forcing his fingers in and out of Morgan's quim, it caused his palm and outer fingers to slap against her vulva. The slaps sounded painful, but Morgan didn't complain. If anything, she let out a little cry of passion with each impact. The slaps were wet; Yolanda could sense Morgan's juices being splashed around as Jerry continued to frig her. Unable to use her hand or mouth on Morgan, Yolanda knelt up and kissed her husband, which he happily returned. If Morgan saw what they were doing, she didn't complain or compliment; she merely moaned louder as Jerry continued to work her.

The orgasm she had was short and sharp and surprised even Morgan when she squirted enough to soak the sheet between her legs. Jerry's hand was left dripping and Yolanda was impressed with what her husband had done. She couldn't help herself and reached down to wipe up some of the liquid that had gushed forth from Morgan's pussy. Her skin was glistening from her orgasm. The girl-cum was almost sweet, which confused Yolanda, but it didn't stop her from greedily sucking her fingers.

"Can I fuck her?" Jerry asked.

Morgan was about to answer, but Yolanda was quicker. "I want to watch you fuck her."

In a flash Jerry was out of his clothes. It was quite a feat considering he was burdened by a wet, slippery hand and his hard cock was projecting outward from

his crotch, causing an impediment that didn't really slow him down.

Morgan just watched and was happy when, as he climbed on top of her, Yolanda grabbed her husband's hard cock and guided it into Morgan's pussy. Yolanda then kissed her husband and then kissed Morgan. There was no room or time for jealousy for any of them. It was just sex. Hard, passionate sex, but sex only.

And that was good.

He thrusted away at her like a man who hadn't had a woman in years. Right away Yolanda saw that a problem was going to happen. She did the only logical thing to stop a disaster and grabbed her husband's balls. She grabbed them firmly around the base; they were already tight up to his body and her action caused him to gasp in pain.

"What the fuck!" he protested.

"You're going to cum too soon!" she cautioned him.

"I want to cum," he moaned.

"I don't want to you to cum yet," said Yolanda. "You can make her cum, but you're saving yourself for me."

"I am?"

"You are."

"I like that," Morgan agreed. "I need to cum again. I want to cum more than once, but don't you dare cum inside of me."

"Can I pull out and shoot it on your stomach?" Jerry groaned in frustration.

"No!" the two women said at the same time and laughed.

"Could you please let go of my balls at least?"

"Are you going to cum in her?" Yolanda asked.

"No…" It sounded like he was lying, at least it sounded that way to Yolanda's ears. She needed to enforce her will on him.

“You cum in her and I’m going to put a cage on your little prick and it won’t come off for a month.”

Jerry locked eyes with his wife. “You’re kidding.”

“Just try me,” she said. “I’ve got plenty of other options where I can get dick.”

Nodding his agreement, Jerry started thrusting away again the moment she released his balls. He was glad the pain was gone, but it had also focused him enough so that he knew he could make Morgan cum at least one more time. Maybe then he’d pull out and stick it in his wife. It didn’t matter if he made her cum. He only agreed to cum in Yolanda, not Morgan; there was no agreement made about pleasing his wife.

Morgan, for her part, was already hot and primed. It didn’t take much to get her over the edge, not when she drew her knees up to her body so that he could thrust as deeply as possible and Yolanda could reach her full-sized nipples to tweak and suck them.

Her second orgasm was extraordinary.

“You can stop,” Yolanda said.

“Thank fucking god,” he groaned as he levered himself off Morgan’s soft, sweaty body.

“You’re making it sound like a chore,” Morgan complained as she put her hand to her pussy and checked that he hadn’t cum in her accidentally. She was wet, but only from her own slipperiness. There was no spunk inside her pussy.

As Jerry lay on his back, his cock pointing to the ceiling, Yolanda eagerly straddled his hips and sat her pussy down on his shaft. She was wet—Morgan has seen to that—and so was his cock. It was an easy fit.

“Can I cum now?” Jerry asked. He was right on the edge and wasn’t sure how long he would last.

“No,” his wife told him. “Morgan, why don’t you sit on his face? He was supposed to give you at least two more orgasms. Think his tongue will do?”

Morgan was tired, but she was never too tired for more sex. “Of course!” she replied brightly and moved herself into position.

Jerry could have complained, but he didn’t. He didn’t want to complain. He wanted to taste Morgan’s pussy. He wanted to make her cum again while his wife rode him.

It was a bit odd having Morgan lower herself onto his face while his wife rode his cock, but it was an easy adjustment to make. He had had women sit on his face before. It wasn’t a common thing for him and he hadn’t done it in a long time; he couldn’t remember the last time Yolanda had done it. It wasn’t exactly like being smothered, but there were some similarities. Jerry found he liked it more than he thought he would.

Getting to her clit with his tongue was fairly easy, though he didn’t have any control over where he had access to. Morgan could move around and grind her pussy down on his face, but with his head trapped between her thighs, he had a limited range over what he could do to her. In an effort to get some sort of handle on the situation, he grasped her thighs with his arms and tried to hold her in place.

Yolanda wasn’t all that worried about Morgan suffocating her husband. His cock was filling her up nicely and though he was close to the edge, she didn’t enthusiastically bounce up and down on him. She wanted this to last. Instead, she slowly ground her hips back and forth to pleasure herself. Her clit was rubbing on his pubic bone and the way he filled her up was like heaven; she was stretched more than normal. It made her think that her husband had a new cock installed, as if such a thing were possible. When Morgan moved into her position on top of Jerry’s face, Yolanda only half realized it; she fully realized it when Morgan leaned forward and kissed her.

“I wasn’t expecting that.”

Morgan grinned and put her hands to Yolanda’s small tits, squeezing her nipples just enough to make Yolanda audible gasp. “Were you expecting that?”

“Not that either.”

“Good.”

Figuring everything was permissible now, Yolanda leaned forward for a kiss from Morgan and palmed her bigger tits. Morgan didn't complain. Jerry couldn't complain. Yolanda was thrilled. This wasn't exactly what she was expecting, but she was happy with it.

Sadly, she knew that Jerry wasn't going to last forever. "I think he's going to cum soon," she whispered in Morgan's ear.

"Do you want him to cum?"

"Not yet."

Morgan pushed her hand down between Yolanda and Jerry's bodies. Her forefinger and thumb wrapped tightly around the base of his cock. "Ride him as hard as you want. He's not going to cum until I let him."

Jerry felt what they were doing but couldn't hear their muffled conversation. Trusting Morgan to be the expert, Yolanda began humping her husband. It was good. It was very good. It felt a little strange to have another woman's hand down there, but she worked with it.

They could hear Jerry's little noises of frustration as he tried to cum but was prevented by Morgan's tight fingers. Yolanda was pleased when she got herself off. Her pussy squeezed tightly around his husband's cock and the orgasm shook her little body. Having Morgan pinch and play with her nipples was the perfect way to push her over the edge.

Only after she was certain that her friend had cum did Morgan release Jerry's cock. "Fuck her," she told him, lifting up her hips just enough so that he wasn't distracted by pleasuring her pussy. "Fill her up."

That was easy for Jerry. He only had to endure her grinding on him for another few seconds before he released his load into her. He gasped with each spurt of his ejaculation. It was harder on him than he had anticipated and looked forward to Morgan using the same technique on him again. It made his orgasm incredibly sharp and powerful.

Morgan intently watched her friend's face as Jerry finished inside of her. It was like watching a drug addict get a fix and then another and another. "Did he give you want you need?"

“Uh-huh,” was Yolanda’s unfocused response.

“Can I feel?”

“Uh-huh.” It was more work than she wanted to do, but Yolanda managed to slid off her husband’s cock and slowly lay down. Right away Morgan’s hand was there inspecting her pussy. “Are you going to get me off again?”

“Do you want me to?” Morgan asked with a smile as she moved from Jerry’s face. Queening was less fun than it looked; it was really more of a power move to establish dominance than to orgasm.

“Sure…”

“Fingers only, okay? I’m not a big fan of eating out a woman after she’s been filled up.”

“Why not?” Yolanda was genuinely curious. Jerry stayed silent; he was interested in what they were planning.

“I don’t like to swallow men’s cum.”

“You don’t?” asked Yolanda as Morgan’s fingers got busy. She moaned a little despite herself. “I love giving head and tasting a man’s cum.”

“To each their own.” Morgan concentrated now. Yolanda was the sort of woman that once she starting having orgasms it was easy to get her to peak again and again.

Jerry watched as Morgan eagerly masturbated his wife’s pussy. It was almost too much to watch. He had just cum and was having second thoughts about their encounter, but after a few seconds observation, he was once again convinced that two women together were perfect.

It took very little effort for Morgan to make Yolanda climax. She seemed delighted at the smaller woman’s easy orgasm and laughed a little as Yolanda hyperventilated and scissored her legs shut, forcing Morgan’s hand away.

“Do you really want me to stop?” she laughed.

“Yes,” Yolanda panted.

“Are you sure you’re sure?”

“Y-y-yes…” She didn’t sound so confident the second time.

“Do you want me to make you cum again?” Jerry asked.

“Let him fuck you again,” said Morgan, noticing his cock, while not the bar of steel it had been a few minutes previous, was still standing up proudly. “It’ll be easy to make you cum again. You’re that sort of slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Jerry agreed.

“No!” Yolanda insisted.

“Then let him fuck you and prove it. Are you the sort of woman who cums and cums or the sort who cums once or twice and is then done?” Silently Morgan encouraged jerry to approach his wife.

She rolled onto her stomach and closed her legs. It didn’t take much effort from Morgan and Jerry to get her legs parted. Almost unconsciously Yolanda arched her back and facilitated Jerry penetrating her. They weren’t fucking doggy style, not exactly, she was flat on her belly but that was good enough. He was only halfway inside her and it was enough for both of them.

Unable to help herself, Morgan put her hand to her pussy and masturbated along with the happy couple. She didn’t peak, but Yolanda did, followed by Jerry.

After Jerry rolled off her and they lay their panting, thoroughly exhausted, Yolanda asked. “What’s Evan doing right now?”

“Either watching something on Fletnix trying not to think about his wife getting laid because it hurts his cock, or putting a vibrator up his ass to get some sort of orgasm, why?”

The innocent look on her face made Jerry and Yolanda laugh at Evan’s discomfort.

# Chapter Two

When Morgan got home, she found Evan sitting glumly in front of the television. He wasn't watching a movie; he was playing a video game. She recognized the blocky graphics of Minecraft and didn't bother to figure out what he was doing.

"Have you been playing this all night?"

"No. I was playing Horizon Forza earlier, but I got tired of racing."

"That's all you've done?"

"Yes."

Morgan's heart went out to her husband. She liked the chastity games they played, but she knew that sometimes it was rough on his soul. It had to be difficult to see his wife go out on dates with other men and women, for her to come home well-fucked, and know that he wasn't going to get to do the same with her. Yes, he got off on it because it was his kink, but maybe he didn't love his kink all the time and as passionately as he could.

She collapsed on the couch next to him and watched the giant screen TV for a minute. It was a gift from her to him so he could better enjoy his video games. Occasionally they would watch movies on it together. They had never watched porn on it which made her sad as well. It wasn't that Morgan needed to watch porn or even liked it all that much, but once in a while it was fun to see other people going at it when she had no obligation to participate.

"Jerry didn't cum in me," she said quietly. "Would you like to go down on me?"

"Did Landa go down on you?"

It wasn't a time to lie.

"Yes."

"Did he eat you out as well?"

She paused for a second. "Yes."

"What makes you think that I want to do the same with you. Didn't you already

get to cum tonight?”

“Yes. Several times. And you shouldn’t be resentful of it. This is your kink, remember?”

Evan was silent for a while. The sounds of the game were starting to annoy Morgan and she remembered that this wasn’t all about her. It was about him as well. “When was the last time you had your cage off where you got to cum?”

“Two weeks. You gave me a handjob.”

“Uh-huh. When was the last time you got to cum with it on?”

“Three days ago.”

Normally at this point Morgan would mention that was more than enough for most men and he should be happy. But he wasn’t happy. He was borderline miserable. It was fun when their lives revolved around sex and their kinks...except when it got to be too much and it became overwhelming.

She reached for his crotch and felt the hardness of his cage through his jeans. Rubbing just a little bit she started to open her mouth, but he cut her off before she could say a word.

“Don’t!”

“You don’t want to have sex?” she asked him.

“I’d love to have sex, but all you want to do is put a vibrator up my ass, drain my balls of what little cum is in them, and laugh at me when I don’t get a real orgasm.”

Silently Morgan pulled out the key on the necklace she wore almost all the time. “Let’s get your cock out and fuck like an old-fashioned couple.”

“Stop teasing me. I’m not in the mood.”

“Well, I’m in the mood to fuck. I want a cock to cum inside of me. I want to feel your love dripping out of me all night.”

“Right.” He didn’t even pause in his gaming. He hadn’t even moved his eyes from the television screen.

It scared Morgan more than she thought it should. She was coming on to her husband and he was rejecting her because he had put himself into a mindspace that wouldn’t let him think about having sex like a normal person. Not that there were any normal people in the world. Everyone was kinky, just to different degrees and how much they showed it.

“Fine. Just sit there then. I can do all the work.”

Maybe there was a bit of flicker to his eyes as she reached for his waistband and zipper. Morgan was an old hand at getting men’s clothes off for sex, and she was more than familiar with her husband. He let her do as she wanted.

He even paused his game.

She wasn’t sure exactly why she was doing this because he didn’t seem like he wanted to have sex. When he got this way, it was time to give him a little treat. That didn’t mean that she was going to let him walk around with a free-swinging cock, but she could make all sorts of hints and promises.

Skillfully, she got his trapped cock out of his jeans and found the lock at the top. It was a simple matter to slip the key in the lock and open it up.

The cage itself was really just three pieces. Once the lock was off, it was easy to separate the pieces and slide the hollow tube off his shaft. That left the retaining hook that went through his PA ring. That was simple to separate from the base ring. As soon as the restraint hook was of he started to rise to the occasion. Before that could happen she grasped the ring that encircled the entirely of his cock and balls. He was still soft enough to get his shaft out of the ring without any difficulty. From there it was simplicity itself to release his balls one by one.

For the first time in longer than Evan could remember, his cock was unencumbered by anything at all that than his PA ring that they had done when they decided full-time chastity was the lifestyle for them. It felt wonderful. And scary.

Almost without any will of his own, Evan watched as he cock grew to full size and hardness.

He knew his wife would be disappointed, but it was the best he had. One a good night, and this was shaping up to be an excellent night, he stood proudly erect at four inches. Evan knew that for a fact because he had regularly measured himself all throughout high school and beyond, right up to the time where Morgan had put him into chastity and he didn't have to worry about his size any longer.

Except when he was released, but then he was usually too eager to use his cock because he got it back if only for a limited time.

"Pretty boy," Morgan breathed and then leaned down and licked his length from base to tip , ending with a little suck on the head and catching his PA ring between her teeth.

"Don't," he cautioned her. "I'm going to cum if you keep doing that."

"Isn't that the idea?"

"Yeah...but I want to actually fuck you."

She smiled and licked him again. "I'll let you fuck me...and then maybe I'll give you the best blowjob of your life."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

She backed away and he stood up to struggle out of his clothes. It was strange to have his cock free and erect and pointing toward the ceiling. He didn't want to ruin things and cum too quickly, cum without even putting it in his wife, but he was already awfully close.

Watching him undress, Morgan did nothing; she waited. When he was ready, she made him wait some more by taking his hand and slowly leading him to the bedroom. He knew the way, so it was a purely symbolic gesture, but it proved her point that she was still in charge.

In the bedroom she told him to undress her. What was the use of having a husband who was perfectly submissive and chaste to her if she didn't get him to do all the little menial tasks that she could?

Slowly her clothes came off. She allowed him the privilege of removing her bra and panties and getting down on the floor in front of her to kiss her mons.

“You’re so wet,” he said, sliding his tongue along her slit.

“Some from you...but mostly from Jerry and Landa. Mostly Landa.” She grinned down at him and he licked her again.

“I don’t want to keep doing this,” he said, resting his head on her full thigh. “I’m going to cum if I do.”

“Cum without me even touching your little cock?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you want to shoot your load on my feet?”

He desperately shook his head. “No. I want to put it in your pussy and cum there.”

“Okay,” she agreed, backing away from him and sliding onto the bed. She opened her up legs and let him get a good view of her bare, used, and wet pussy before covering it with her hand and slipping a finger inside herself.

He watched, enthralled, as she pulled it free and sucked her juices from the finger. “You’d better put it in me quick before I get myself off.”

He did as she suggested, climbing onto the bed and on top of her before anything untoward could happen. She reached down to grab his cock, was briefly disappointed in his small size, and then when he was all the way in, she reminded herself she wasn’t a size queen. She didn’t like to have huge cocks stretching her to the point of pain. She loved sex but didn’t need to react terrible porn scenes just for a little sexual pleasure.

Still, it would have been nice if her husband was just a little bit bigger.

She had to admit to herself if no one else that one of the reasons she was so willing to go along with Evan’s kink was because he was so small. If she had a husband with even an average sized cock, the hesitation would have been significant. The idea of putting Jerry’s handsome cock into a cage did give her a

momentary thrill, but to trap such a tool and deny it to the general public of women who liked to fuck would be a crime.

Evan started thrusting away hard and fast. He was going to waste himself before she got any real pleasure out of their encounter, but that was what she had essentially promised him so it was fine. To give herself just a little touch of what was good between them, she arched her back and beared down. It wasn't perfect, but it made him reach the right spot and made him seem a little bigger.

Morgan wasn't expecting much from this session, so it wasn't at all surprising when, after less than a minute, Evan jerked hard, shuddered a couple of times, and then unloaded inside of her. It was pleasant feeling his hot gooeyness flood her pussy, but it wasn't anything close to what she needed to cum.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he repeated over and over into her ear as he involuntarily continued to ejaculate into her. That was the wonderful thing about Evan: he produced plenty of spunk during sex. She loved that feeling; it reminded her of the danger of having sex back in high school with maybe some sort of birth control and maybe not. She was safe now, but the memory of the thrill remained.

"Are you sorry you came or are you sorry that you didn't make me cum?" Morgan asked him when he was done cumming and flopped himself off her body.

"Both, both," he said, repeating himself again.

"You should really work harder at making me cum first," she told him. "It's not that hard."

He wasn't sure if she was making a joke or not about the sudden flaccidity of his cock. That was one of Evan's many problems. He came too fast. His cock was too small. He went soft right away. He didn't know why his wife stayed with him.

"I know, I know. It's just been so long…"

"It's been three days since you got to cum," she reminded him.

"In my cage…"

“And two weeks since you got to cum with it off. And don’t tell me that was just a handjob! I let you cum on my tits.”

“I know…”

“Some men,” she started to lecture him. “Some men get out of their cage once a month and are given five minutes to make themselves cum. I give you all sorts of sexual privileges that I shouldn’t.”

“I know, I know…” Evan was most vulnerable right after he had cum. He was on the verge of tears. She couldn’t let him do that now because she still wanted to give him a blowjob and she couldn’t do that when he was crying. Maybe some people got off on that shit, but not her.

“But I let you out of your cage because you’ve been so good with putting up with my abuse and I know that you love it but sometimes you deserve to be rewarded. Now...how about that blowjob?”

He inhaled deeply through his nose and calmed himself. “I can’t get hard again so quickly.”

“Of course you can. You might have a small cock, but you can use it over and over. That’s one of the reasons we caged you, remember? You’re too horny for your own good.”

“Will you let me go to work tomorrow without my cage?” he asked.

She didn’t answer. Instead she kissed the side of his neck and slowly worked her way down his body. On the way down to his cock she paid special attention to his nipples while she gripped his cock. She felt him pulse when she teased his nipples. He was getting hard without much help from her at all.

By the time Morgan reached his crotch, he was standing proudly once more. She liked how his PA decorated his cock, sexy and manly and vulnerable all at the same time. It was a short man standing, but she wasn’t going to have to go through the somewhat annoying process of stuffing a small, flaccid cock in her mouth.

There was something nice about giving Evan a blowjob. He didn’t try to shove it all the way down her throat and gag her. That was gross. He didn’t try to face

fuck her because that was next to impossible and she had warned him years ago that if he ever tried such shit she would keep him in his cage forever. He was small enough that she could take some pleasure in the act of fellatio without having to worry about size issues. She could do what she wanted. Right after they had him pierced she worried about the PA ring, but it turned out not to be a problem for her during the very rare times she gave him a blowjob and the rarer times he got to use his cock inside her pussy.

If anything, having a husband with a short refractory period was the best choice she ever made in her life. One time, out of sheer curiosity, she made him cum over and over with her pussy, mouth, hands, and vibrators. A woman could cum easily a dozen times and keep going. The best men were good for maybe three or four ejaculations and orgasms over the course of an evening. She made Evan cum six times in two hours before he was begging her to stop.

Morgan poured love and attention onto his cock. It might have been less than average but it was more than adequate. She loved the feel of him in her mouth and she loved the taste of her pussy combined with him cum that was left over from their very brief fuck session.

It took less than five minutes from the time she put his head in her mouth for him to climax a second time. She was careful to tighten her lips around the crest of his head and swallow every drop of cum he shot into her mouth. She liked the feel of hard metal on her tongue as she swallowed his load. It was the very least she could do for him.

“Oh...fuck!” he exclaimed when she had swallowed for the third time. “That was...that was perfect!”

It had been a long day for Morgan. She had fucked three different people and was at the point of exhaustion after servicing her husband. After managing to crawl up his body to give him a kiss on the lips to make sure he got a taste of his own cum, she snuggled up next to him and almost immediately fell to sleep.

It could be forgiven that she forgot to put his cock cage back on him.

Morgan woke up the next morning with Evan’s small cock pressing against her

thigh. He was hard and she could feel the PA ring, which wasn't all that surprising, but when she realized what was happening she realized that she had failed in her duty as a keyholder: she had forgotten to lock him up. Morningwood was not allowed because it set a bad example that it was okay for him to have some authority over his own cock.

However, she also woke up horny and the idea of riding Evan's cock as some morning exercise sounded like a great idea. Morgan moved smoothly on top of her husband. She wasn't wet—not yet—but that would be easy to solve. After giving him a kiss, she rubbed her bare slit along the length of his cock and she could feel her body respond. He didn't need to have any other reaction other than to stay hard, and that was easy for Evan.

She had to pee. She always had to pee when she first woke up, but the distraction of sex was enough to push that thought aside. She could pee after she came.

Since Morgan lubricated easily enough and Evan had a small dick, it only took a few strokes of his cock on the outside of her pussy and against her clit to get ready. He easily slipped inside of her when she lifted her hips and sat down on him.

"Umm...why am I getting lucky early in the morning?' he asked he now that he was fully awake.

"Because I woke up horny and didn't put your cage on you last night,' she replied easily as she started lifting and lowering her hips on him. After less than a minute of this she stopped, leaned forward and arranged herself kneeling above him with less than half his cock inside her pussy. The advantage of her new position was that it took no effort to stay where she was. "Your turn," she told him. "You do the work and I'll let you cum inside me. But you need to do the work."

Evan was eager to cum again and cum as a real man would. He grabbed his wife's hips, keeping her in place, and enthusiastically slammed his hips up and down into her, plunging his small cock in and out of her pussy, trying to please her because he knew that if he couldn't make her cum this way, it would be a long, long time before his cock ever saw the light of day again.

It wasn't much of an orgasm, but it would do to start her day. Her body shook once and then twice as she reached her peak. Anything else wasn't going to

happen until she peed. “Okay, finish up,” she ordered him. “You’ve got a minute and then I’m done.”

Seeing that she was serious, Evan started fucking her as vigorously as he dared. He knew he needed up cum otherwise not only would she be angry, she’d lock him up and not let him out for so long that he’d forget what sex was actually like.

With great effort, and some great amusement on her part, he managed to finish in her, but only just barely. His first ejaculation went into her pussy, but the second only splashed against her lips. He had slipped out while in the midst of orgasm. She was amused by his failure, but still liked what happened because the amount of cum he produced felt like a hot firehose against her pussy.

“Time to clean up,” she said without ceremony, getting off his body and heading directly to the bathroom.

Evan was glad that she didn’t make him clean her pussy with his tongue.

Not that he would have protested. He still loved her and loved how he abused her.

Morgan was efficient in the bathroom, peeing first and then going to the shower. She was out of the bathroom in less than ten minutes. He immediately followed her and was just as quick. When he headed to his dresser to pull out socks and underwear, she stopped him.

“Not so fast.”

“What?” he asked innocently.

“Time to get your cage back on.”

“Do we really have time?”

“Of course we have time.” She knew what he was getting at. Once he was freed of his cage he always tried to keep it off as long as possible. She also knew that he’d be back in Yolanda’s office today. There was no way that she was going to let him have the opportunity to fuck her.

“But, I’m in a hurry—”

She cut him off. “You’re in a hurry to get to the office so you can fuck Yolanda. You need to wear your cage today.” It was in her hand and she was perched on the edge of the bed, legs crossed, her bathrobe barely covering her body.

Evan considered an argument. He considered pleading. He considered everything.

And then he went over to his wife and slightly thrusted his hips forward, presenting his small cock to her.

Morgan poured some lubricating oil on his skin, rubbed it in, added some more, and then slipped the retaining ring over one testicle, and then the other. Getting the slick shaft in wasn’t difficult at all. She slipped the retaining hook through his PA ring. That kept everything in place as she slid the hollow tube over his cock and then locked the two pieces together.

“Perfect,” she told him, leaning forward to kiss the hard metal device. She then stood and tilted her head up for a kiss. He kissed her. He loved her. He had to kiss her.

# Chapter Three

“Jesus fucking Christ on a pogo stick!” Yolanda tried to keep her voice down but she felt she had been pushed to the edge of sanity. “She doesn’t want me to get laid, does she?”

Evan knew that she was referring to his wife. In any other marriage, in any other context, it would make sense that a woman wouldn’t want her husband to fuck other women. But officially Evan and Morgan had an open marriage, but in practice, since Morgan held Evan in chastity, he only had sex when she allowed him to.

Yolanda had summoned Evan to her office under the pretext of a problem only he could solve. The real problem was she was horny and she wanted his cock. The moment he had walked in the office, she closed the door and threw herself at him. Evan was more than happy to engage in a makeout session with Yolanda. The true problem revealed itself when Yolanda cupped his cock through his pants, found a nice firmness to his manhood, but was immediately disappointed when she delved deeper and found him still in his chastity cage.

“I think it’s more that she doesn’t want me to get laid,” Evan unhelpfully supplied as Yolanda twisted on his cock and cage, trying to see if there was some possible way it could be removed. She wanted his cock inside her and was desperate to do anything to make it happen.

Evan knew it was impossible to remove his cage without the key and he winced in pain every time she pulled or twisted the device a little too far.

“I’ll do anything for a little cock right now,” she muttered.

Once more Evan winced, but this time at her words because she didn’t know the truth she was speaking. “I can go down on you,” he offered. “I can make you cum. Or if you have a toy—”

“Do you think I bring vibrators and dildos to work?” she snapped at him.

“No—”

“Of course not. I could fucking jill off if I just wanted to cum. For that I don’t need you or a cock or anything but myself and my fingers.”

“Right.”

“Why doesn’t she want me to fuck you?” Yolanda asked with a gasp. “Does she hate me? Or you?”

“I think it’s more that she likes being in complete control.”

“What will it take?” Yolanda asked despairingly. “My kingdom for a horse. My cunt for a cock.”

“Maybe you can ask her?” Evan suggested.

“You really think that will work?”

“It can’t hurt,” he suggested. “And you really haven’t tried it yet. I’m pretty sure that Morgan just wants to make sure you’re subservient to her as well. Like I said: she gets off on that sort of thing.”

After kissing Evan she pulled out her cell phone and found Morgan’s number.

Evan was taken aback. “Are you going to call her right now?”

“Why not?” asked Yolanda as she put the call through.

It only took a couple of rings for Morgan to answer. “Yes?”

“Hi Morgan. It’s Landa.”

“I know. Caller ID.”

“Right. Sorry. Can I ask a huge favor of you?”

“Make it quick. I don’t have much time.”

“Could I fuck Evan? With your permission, of course. That’s why I’m calling.”

“You can fuck him right now. Isn’t he in your building today?”

“Yes, but he has his cage on. No key.”

“Oh. You wanted to use his cock.”

“Yeah…”

“Has he really earned the right to be properly fucked?”

“I think so…”

“Or are you just desperate?”

The question huge in the air. Evan looked imploringly at his lover. “I think he’s earned it and I’m a litter desperate as well.”

There was another pause while Morgan considered. “Why don’t you come over after work and I’ll unlock him. I don’t like to let Evan out of his cage unsupervised.”

She disconnected the call.

In celebration, Yolanda kissed Evan and pulled at her skirt, lifting it above her hips. “Okay,” she said between kissed. “I can wait, but you need to go down on me now.”

He went down on his knees between her legs. She practically ripped her thong off. As always, she wore it over her garters, so it wasn’t difficult. They only managed to get if off one leg, leaving the small lacy garment tangled around her ankle and high heel before he plunged his face between her legs.

Yolanda let her head fall back and enjoyed the attention he slathered on her. It wasn’t as good as a cock, but it was close.

Very close

The day seemed to drag forever. When it was late enough to leave work without anyone commenting on her short day, Yolanda did so, insisting that Evan cut out early as well. She didn’t care if anyone saw or commented on them leaving together. She was too horny to give a fuck about anyone else.

She followed Evan home, practically tailgating him, urging him to go faster. The thought of causing a major traffic accident wasn’t a concern for Yolanda.

When they finally got to his house, she was relieved that Morgan was home. Morgan would have the key and she'd be able to release Evan's cock and she'd finally have him like a woman should have a man. She would be happy if Morgan wanted to watch them. That might even make it better. She was already sans-panties. Her thong was carefully tucked away in Evan's pocket.

Yolanda wondered if her pussy was leaving a wet spot on her skirt but she didn't really care. No one who saw at this point would make much of it.

Inside the house she greeted Morgan with a kiss on the cheek. Morgan responded with a firm kiss on her lips which Yolanda returned. "Eager to get going?" Morgan asked her with a knowing smile.

"Horny as hell," Yolanda confirmed.

"Are you sure you want to fuck him?" Morgan asked.

"Yes!"

"You need to peg him first," said Morgan. "He can cum four or five times a night, so you need to drain him once first."

Warily, Yolanda turned to Evan for confirmation. He nodded. "It's true."

"You could cum in me five times?" she asked incredulously.

"Probably."

Without permission or prompting Yolanda pulled her blouse over her head and tossed it aside. While unzipping her skirt and dropping it to the floor, Morgan casually observed, "You forgot your panties."

"No I didn't," she answered, posing in front of both of them. "They're in Evan's pocket."

Morgan looked at her husband expectantly. He withdrew the small article from his pocket and handed it over to his wife. "You don't need those. Go get a harness and your favorite cock from the sex room. Meet me and Yolanda in the bedroom."

Yolanda walked casually in front of her occasional lover up the stairs. Her naked ass was exposed to Morgan at what had to be eye level, but she didn't mind. Maybe she'd fuck Morgan when she was done with Evan, if she was still in the mood.

"I like watching Evan get pegged," said Morgan. "Usually I have to do it and it becomes a chore. Do you think that Jerry would want to fuck him in the ass. I've been looking for a bi man who'll bugger Evan. It's the next step for him."

"I...I don't think Jerry's into that."

"Too bad," Morgan mused and gave her friend a little kiss as Evan appeared with a harness along with bright pink and sizable dildo.

They took a moment getting the harness on her while Evan stripped, got into position on the bed on his back, and applied more than enough lube to his back entrance.

She was feeling like an old pro now wearing the harness and applying lube and getting into position between Evan's raised legs. Only as she was introducing the head of the pink dildo to Evan's ass, did she pause and look down at the cage still tightly encasing his cock.

"You said you were going to take it off," she said to Morgan, pausing in everything else.

"So I did," Morgan agreed. She was still fully dressed and casually pulled her necklace out. "Could you start pegging him first?" she requested. "I like to see him try to get hard while getting fucked.

That Yolanda could do. She slipped the dildo into Evan's ass, taking four or five thrusts to fully do so. As she did, his cock tightened up inside the cage. It went from flopping around to almost holding rigid.

Only then did Morgan fit the key in the lock, as Yolanda paused, and remove the lock.

She was fascinated as Morgan pulled the tube free of Evan's shaft. Then she didn't know what to think. She had never seen a pierced cock before.

The retaining hook was easy for Morgan to disengage from the ring and slip free of the PA. “I’m going to leave the ring on. It makes his cock harder.” Even as she spoke Evan was getting hard and as far as Yolanda could tell, he was fully erect. The PA ring he wore seemed huge compared to his small, thin prick.

She was grossly disappointed.

While she hadn’t expected him to be huge, she wasn’t expecting him to be so...tiny.

Yolanda decided to move forward. What else could she do? The thrusts into his ass made his little dick shake around as she continued pegging him.

Morgan then dumped a liberal amount of lube on the tip of his cock, covering the PA ring and his cock with the slippery fluid. She rubbed the lube into his skin, jerking him off as Yolanda continued to peg him. Yolanda knew she was doing a lousy job of it, but couldn’t stop or think of what else to do.

“You do it,” said Morgan while pulling her hand away and then adding more lube to his small cock. “He loves to be jerked off and pegged at the same time.”

She did as Morgan bade. Her fingers wrapped around his small cock. He fit perfectly in her slim hand. Only the PA ring reached above her fingers. It was hard to jerk him off compared to Jerry. It was hardly a cock at all.

Eventually she found the right rhythm with her hips and hand. Evan just held his legs up, hands behind his knees, holding the position long enough for her to finish him off.

His climax was impressive. He shot his load all over his stomach and chest. Morgan clapped her hands once at the display. “Very good, very good boy,” she complimented her husband as Yolanda pulled the dildo free of his ass and slid off the bed. “Should I clean him up or do you want him dirty when you ride him?” Morgan asked. “Just give me a minute and I’ll get him hard again with a blowjob.”

“That’s...that’s okay. You don’t need to do it,” she said as she slipped off the harness and dropped it to the floor.

“You want to do it? I get that.”

“No. not that either. I need…” she didn’t finish her sentence and quickly fled the bedroom, all but running down the stairs to find her skirt and blouse, putting them back on right before Morgan appeared at the foot of the stairs.

“What’s the matter.”

“I didn’t know he was pierced like that.”

“You didn’t ask.”

“I can’t do it.”

“Why not. He can’t be the first guy you fucked with a cock piercing.”

“Actually, he is.”

Morgan brightened. “This will be fun then.”

“No. I can’t do it.”

“We can put a condom on him if you’re worried about the jewelry.”

“No. That’s not it either. It’s the piercing...and he’s so small.”

Morgan raised her eyebrows. “You’re rejecting him because he’s small and pierced?”

Yolanda looked around for her panties and couldn’t locate them anywhere. She made a decision and headed for the front door.

“Yes. I’m sorry.”

Morgan moved to block her exit. “That’s shitty reason to reject someone.”

“I thought...I thought it would be different,” she said sidestepping Morgan and opening the door. “Tell Evan I’m sorry.”

“You should show some class and tell him yourself.”

Yolanda opened her mouth to answer, but found she couldn’t. Instead she ran away to her car and drove away.

Her lips twisted into a moue of anger, Morgan went upstairs to where Evan was on the bed, his cock soft but not limp, waiting naked on the bed. “What happened?” he asked her.

Picking up the pieces to his cage, she sat down on the bed next to him and started getting them into position to be locked back on. “You don’t want a woman for a lover who doesn’t love your cage and your PA.”

At home Yolanda went to Jerry crying. He just held her until the tears stopped. When she was ready, she told him about her encounter with Evan. Jerry said nothing.

“I think I just want a normal open relationship where I fuck guys who don’t have messed up kinks,” she sobbed.

“Okay. We can do that.”

She nodded her head against his chest. “And I want to find a woman we can both fuck.”

He smiled. “Okay. We can do that.”

# End

# Preview

# Alluring: Sweet Treats 3

The support wedged under Aimee's body reminded Henry of a particularly thick mat that they used back in high school during gym class. It wasn't exactly a tumbling mat nor was it a crash pad either, but somewhere in between. It was thick enough to fit under her body comfortably but was covered in some vinyl-like material that, while better feeling than an old gym mat, wasn't very sex, in Henry's opinion.

Aimee, however, loved it. She said it was easy to clean. Even better, it fit perfectly under her body while they fucked. The bonus was that she said it was easy to clean afterwards. This, Henry had to agree, was a good feature. The support tended to get sweat, breast milk, and occasional his cum all over it.

They had taken to fucking exclusively in the doggy position. Henry didn't mind, but he had been with one woman who absolutely hated sex where she was on her hands and knees. It wasn't because it was painful, but because she claimed it was degrading and humiliating and abusive to women.

Aimee didn't hold that same belief, mostly because it was easiest for her to have the breast pump running on her tits while he was fucking her that way. The wedge support under her body helped align the pump and hold it in position while they had sex. It also helped her stay in the right posture for Henry to effectively fuck her. She claimed that position made no different to her, or rather to her pussy, when they had sex.

She didn't really seem interested in the sex. Henry knew that she was, but only in connection with her tits. He could fuck her to his heart's delight, but she only took real pleasure from the pumps on her tits. He could suck on her tits and taste the milk and take enjoyment that way, but putting his cock in her pussy was little more than a sidelight to her tits.

He could suck on her and make her cum that way and she would scream her enjoyment, but if he put his hard cock in her wet pussy, she claimed it did little for her. Henry had to agree. In the months they had been fucking, he had only

make her cum a handful of times by actual penis in vagina sex. On the other hand, the number of orgasms he had given her from nipple sucking and pinching and squeezing…Henry couldn't count that high.

As they fucked this evening, he gripped her hips between his hands and pumped steadily in and out. He looked down to where their bodies joined together, his cock appearing and disappearing into her. It was slick and wet from her pussy. Her ass was two beautiful curves bifurcated down the middle. Her skin was smooth and clear. Everything about her was close to perfect in Henry's eyes, even her tightly puckered asshole. It was a shade of light brown and seemed perfectly exposed as her fucked her.

He stared down at it, fascinated.

In the background, Aimee was steadily moaning. It wasn't in time with his thrusts—it was at her own pace—in time with the pumps that were pulled on her nipples, filling up the collections bottles.

They were both having sex, but it wasn't necessarily together.

Henry moved his hands down to her ass, massaging the wonderful mix of flesh and muscle. Aimee let out an appreciative moan. At least, Henry thought it was a moan of appreciation. She didn't talk to him when they had sex.

"You like that?" he asked.

Aimee just moaned again.

He started thrusting faster, trying to go deeper as well.

The support pad under her might not be pretty or sexy, but Henry had to admit it worked well. He liked fucking her while she was bent over it. Maybe they didn't have a deep, emotional connection, but they had a sexual one, albeit an unusual sexual connection.

"Can I…" he started to ask, but he knew she wasn't listening or paying attention to him. She enjoyed having his cock in her, but that was it. She was just focused on her tits. If he spent time sucking her tits—which he loved—she appreciated him more, but that was the extent of her sexual interest in him.

“Uh…huh,” she moaned.

It wasn’t permission, but it was close enough for Henry. What was the risk? Almost none. If she got offended, he’d stop. If she got really offended, they’d end their relationship and he’d move on to something else.

He repositioned his hands and pressed his thumb against her pucker. She didn’t react. He couldn’t help himself. He pressed his thumb harder and she seemed to notice now; her moans diminished and the sound of the pump filled the room.

Her asshole was wet from the excess lubrication that her pussy had made. That hadn’t been a problem for Aimee at all. She lubricated easily and that made sex more enjoyable. He hadn’t realized until this moment exactly how wet she got and how much it spread. It made it easy to push his thumb into her ass. It disappeared up to the first digit.

“Ohh…fuck,” she moaned.

“You like that?” he asked.

She didn’t answer. He took that as a good sign. He wasn’t sure what his plan was. He saw her puckered asshole and wanted to know what it was like to penetrate it. He wasn’t going to stick his dick in her back door, but a finger seemed like a much better idea. Aimee didn’t tell him to take it out, so he started thrusting away again.

“Ohh…ghaawwdd…” she moaned. It wasn’t a protest. It wasn’t encouragement. Henry kept going.

He would let her cum in her. She was on birth control and neither of them were fucking anyone else. She preferred it when he came on her rather than in her, but Henry was going to take advantage of her now. He was done being her source of easy nursing.

“I’m gonna cum in you,” he told her.

“Uh…uh…uh…” was all she managed. If the sex was bad, she would have told him to stop, he figured. Maybe she didn’t intellectually like it, but physically her body was reacting to it. Henry liked it, so he continued to pound away. He was close to cumming. She had cum once already; Henry was familiar with her

routine and her moans to tell when she had climaxed. It was his turn. If she didn't want it, she'd have to say something.

When he came, it was great. Her pussy was wet and warm and cumming inside her was thrilling. Her asshole clamped down on his thumb and that was weird and wonderful. The pumps didn't stop; they were machines and only reacted to the on/off switch. They'd keep going until Aimee turned them off. Henry wasn't allowed to touch them.

He shuddered a couple of times as his orgasm passed and he pulled his cock out of her. A second later he pulled his thumb out of her ass. Only when he was disconnected from her body did he see she was quivering with another orgasm. It wasn't a powerful one, but he knew the signs and how Aimee reacted. Maybe she didn't want him to fuck her, but she had loved it regardless.

She lay on top of the mat for a minute, quivering, before she reached out and switched off the pump. While she hated to admit it, the orgasm that she had wasn't entirely of her own doing. Henry putting his thumb in her ass had given her an orgasm unlike any she had ever had before.

"Why…why did you do that?" she asked.

He knew what she meant, but he couldn't help but avoid the situation. "Do what?"

"Stick your finger up my ass!"

"It wasn't a finger, it was a thumb."

"Fuck! Why'd you do it?"

He shrugged. "I was curious. And you liked it. I could tell."

Aimee didn't have it in her to lie to him about sex. "You should have asked first."

"But you liked it," he reminded her.

She ignored him and disconnected the collection cones from her large tits. They released with an audible hiss of pressure equalizing. Her nipples were red and

distended. Henry had become an expert in Aimee's tits; he could tell they were empty, diminished in size. She freed the bottles from the collection hoses and immediately handed one over Henry. It was part of their routine.

She capped the other one but didn't put it away or dump it out.

Henry hated to admit he loved the taste of her breast milk. He preferred it straight from the breast, but even from a bottle he loved drinking it. He couldn't help himself and quickly downed half the contents. It was only a few ounces, but it refreshed him.

"What are we going to do?" Aimee asked, still holding the bottle in her hand.

"I'm going to sleep," he told her.

It wasn't the answer Aimee was looking for.

*Click here to continue reading Enticing: Sweet Treats 2 on Smashwords*

# 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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub