
Elliot Silvestri
Turn Off My Feelings – 5
An Erotic Novel of FemDom and Male Chastity
Green Bush Publishing


Elliot Silvestri
Turn Off My Feelings – 5
An Erotic Novel of FemDom and Male Chastity
Green Bush Publishing

Turn Off My Feelings 5

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and FemDom

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.

Turn Off My Feelings 5

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and FemDom

Copyright © 2021 Green Bush Publishing

Second Edition

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

Ami's Ambrosia

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

BULL

Caged and Milked

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

Cream In My Coffee

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cuckquean

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Demoness in My Bed

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

An Erotic Arranged Marriage

Even If I Did Hate Her

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

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

Honeysuckle

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Key Holder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Love Sweet Sex Magic

Lover's Milk

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Marge Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

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

Mike & Cookie

Milking the Alleyways

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Mentally Milks Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odets Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Perfectly Average

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Princess and the Ogre

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

Spilling the Milk

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarcane Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Tiresias

Too Intimate Sibs

Total Lockdown

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Why She Cheats

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

You're Doing It Wrong

Your Name Written On Me

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

Contents

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Chapter 24

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Preview

About the Author

Part Five

Chapter 22

Amelia liked getting invited to her boss's house. Not just because it was a break in the routine of work, but because of all the extra benefits.

"Should I invite Evan or Bill to accompany me?" she asked.

"Do you even have to ask?"

It wasn't a completely stupid question. Amelia needed to know if she was to bring her husband-to-be for humiliation or her boyfriend for fun.

She invited Bill, who naturally accepted.

"But should I really be meeting your boss and her husband?" Bill asked a bit nervously as they traveled together to Kristen's fabulous house.

"Why not? She introduced me to her boyfriend." Amelia couldn't help herself. "She likes to call him her bull."

Bill frowned at that. "You know I don't like that term…"

Amelia laughed. "You'll fuck me in front of Evan, but you get nervous about a word…"

"It's not the same!"

Amelia and Kristen had a wonderful time. The meal that had been prepared wasn't cooked by Kristen or Jonas; they had it specially catered.

"The meal was delicious," Amelia complimented her hostess as Jonas cleared away the dishes and leftover food.

"Thank you. I hired the caterer myself." The two women laughed together and Bill smiled. "I did make a special dessert all on my own, though," she added, standing up.

Instead of going to the kitchen, she instead circled around the table and stopped next to Bill. “Do you need some help in the kitchen?” he asked.

“No. Not at all.”

Kristen sat her butt on the edge of the table and, showing a grace that a woman her age shouldn’t have, kicked one leg over Bill’s head so that she was suddenly seated directly in front of him. She planted a foot on either side of his chair. Her skirt rode up her thighs revealing stocking tops but not her panties.

Bill didn’t know where to look. Kristen’s tits were right in front of him at eye level. He wanted to look down at her crotch because he felt she wanted him to look there. Looking up at her face was awkward, so he wound up looking to the side to take a cue from Amelia.

She gave him a neutral, but interested look.

“Do you know what’s for dessert?” Kristen asked Bill.

He looked anxiously at Amelia who merely gave him a slight shrug of her shoulders.

“I don’t know,” he answered.

“Pussy’s for dessert,” she said, hiking her skirt all the way up her thighs to show off her red panties covered in lace flowers.

Amelia was mildly surprised Kristen was wearing underwear at all.

Bill looked back and forth between the two women.

“You can’t be serious,” he said.

“Completely serious.”

Bill’s eyes went to the kitchen door where Jonas had disappeared. “Your husband…”

“Oh, he’s seen worse,” said Kristen. “Besides, Amelia will see to him.”

Her thumbs went into the thin waistband of her panties and pulled them down to

mid-thigh before lifting one foot so she could pull them down the rest of the way, leaving them dangling from an ankle.

Her thighs were spread.

Bill stared at her bare pussy.

“Start eating,” she told him, leaning back.

Bill turned to Amelia. “Is this okay?”

“Of course it is. Don’t make her wait. It’s rude.”

Leaning forward, Bill pressed his face between Kristen’s thighs and tentatively licked at her pussy.

She let out a little groan of appreciation and leaned back further.

“Harder,” she urged. “Work my clit.”

It was a wanton display of Kristen’s power and sexuality. While Amelia wanted to feel nothing when her boyfriend—her Artemis approved bull—was eating out Kristen, she was instead vaguely aroused.

“Oh...fuck,” Kristen exclaimed. “He knows how to please a woman, doesn’t he?”

Amelia just nodded. She didn’t know what to do with herself. She didn’t want to reach into her panties and start jilling off to her boss being eaten out by Bill, but that seemed appropriate.

At least it did until Jonas suddenly appeared at her side.

“I’m supposed to invite you to the bedroom,” he said softly into her ear.

“Oh?” It was just the mildest exclamation from Amelia.

“Go with him,” Kristen muttered. “His key is in the bedroom. Fuck yes.”

Amelia knew when she was being dismissed. She stepped away from the table. She knew the way to the bedroom. She had been there more than a few times

with Kristen and Jonas.

“I’m so sorry,” said Jonas as soon as they were in the bedroom. “I didn’t know she wanted to have sex with him.”

“Mmm-hmm,” was Amelia’s response. “Strip.”

“Yes ma’am.”

Amelia was certain that Kristen had made the decision to fuck Bill the moment after meeting him. She was like that.

Jonas knew how to undress quickly and efficiently. Amelia appreciated that. She was left looking at his caged cock and wondering what to do.

“She...she said that, Kristen said, that is, she said you could unlock me if you wanted.” He was oddly nervous. They had had sex before many times. It was because they were alone, without Kristen, that he was unsettled.

It wasn’t that Amelia was uninterested in fucking Jonas. She liked the variety she had between Evan, Bill, and Jonas, plus any other lover she cared to take if the moment struck her. She had fucked Jonas before. He was good in bed. But she didn’t feel like rewarding him when Bill was fucking her boss.

“I don’t want to,” Amelia said coldly.

“Oh. Then why are we here?”

She only considered that question for a moment before kicking off her heels and unzipping her pants, letting them fall to the floor around her ankles.

“Get on the bed. Hands and knees. Ass in the air.”

He did as she asked. Amelia had been in the bedroom enough times to know where everything was kept.

She was starting to think that maybe Kristen kept some supplies on hand just for her.

The harness she chose from the small selection was specially built for a dual-

ended dildo. It was easy to fit in place.

“Face down into the pillow,” she ordered Jonas and then pulled down her panties. Her pussy was throbbing now. She could feel the tightness in her tits. Almost to her shame, after pulling the harness around her hips, the short end of the dildo easily slipped into her pussy and nestled just where she wanted it. The ridges on the little device pressed against her clit and she took a moment to enjoy the sensation.

She left on her blouse and bra. There was no reason to remove them. She’d give Jonas a good rogering and see where that led.

The longer end of the dildo looked almost ludicrously large, but Amelia knew that it wasn’t too much for Jonas to take.

Hell, he probably wanted it that large.

She greased up her girlcock and then applied some to Jonas’s well-used asshole. She had fucked him more times than she cared to remember. She had seen Kristen fuck her husband that way as many times.

Just as she knelt behind Jonas, it occurred to her that he was probably getting fucked up the ass more than he was using his cock.

That wasn’t her concern.

Though it was a bit distasteful, Amelia had grown to like fucking Jonas in the ass. Hell, she liked fucking Evan in the ass the exact same way. It made her feel powerful and in charge because she was powerful and in charge. She liked wielding a cock.

The dildo slipped easily into Jonas’s ass. He grunted in satisfaction as she started thrusting. Her motions felt as good to her as it did to him. The way the double-ended dildo was shaped was perfect for her. She felt full of cock and had her clit stimulated and got to put a man in his place.

She had left the bedroom door open. The house was big but it wasn’t so big that she couldn’t hear Bill and Kristen going at it. Her vocalizations were loud and a bit shrill.

“Your wife is getting it good from my boyfriend,” she commented to her lover.

“Yeah. She told me she was going to fuck him.”

“She’s such a slut.”

“That’s...that’s why I love her.”

Amelia hoped that wasn’t the only reason Jonas loved his wife, but that wasn’t her concern. She focused on fucking his ass.

She noted that he lifted a hand from the bed to manipulate his cock through the cage. She didn’t mind; it wasn’t like he was going to get himself off that way.

On the other hand, she was going to get herself off by using the dildo. That was the real reason she was pegging Evan. She didn’t care if he came or not. If Kristen wanted her to make sure Evan had proper sex and an orgasm she would have specified it.

Amelia just kept thrusting until the climax blossomed through her body. She felt her nipples tighten up around the metal piercings giving her a sting of pain that made the orgasm more intense.

After coming down from the climax, she pulled the cock free of Jonas’s ass and noted he had ejaculated on the bedspread.

“Clean up your mess. I’m going to check on Bill.”

It occurred to Amelia that she should take off her cock and harness, but that wasn’t the person she had become. Instead she simply walked down the stairs, her strapon bobbing as she moved through the house.

She followed the sounds of fucking. She already knew the way, of course, but it amused her to listen to her boyfriend and her boss going at it.

It would have been smart for them to move to the living room couch, or even the carpeted floor, but Amelia found the pair still on the dining room table. They had pushed back the few dishes that had remained and changed position, but that was it.

Kristen was now bent forward over the table with Bill behind her fucking for all he was worth. She was completely naked at this point. Upon entering the room Amelia could see that Kristen was still wearing her nipple crowns and belly chain, presumably to highlight her fit body.

Bill was also naked. Their clothes were piled on the floor. She loved watching the way Bill's firm buttocks contracted as he fucked Kristen. She watched a moment longer; they didn't seem to take any notice of her.

"Can I join in?" she asked because even watching her own private porn wasn't that interesting.

She had timed the question perfectly between the high moans that Kristen was making every time Bill thrusted into her.

Both their heads snapped around to look at the interloper.

"You're done already?" Kristin asked. Bill was shocked enough at Amelia's appearance that he actually stopped fucking her boss.

Amelia shrugged. "Jonas is easy to make cum."

Kristen agreed. "I have kept him caged for the past month. Was he on a hair trigger?"

Before Amelia could answer, Bill blurted out, "What the hell are you wearing?"

She had almost forgotten about the harness and strapon. Amelia looked down at the girlcock she was sporting. "Just the strapon I used on Jonas. He loved it."

Bill just stared. He didn't know what to think.

Kristen, however, always had an idea.

"Why don't you fuck Billy with that baby?" she suggested.

"What?" Bill stepped back, which pulled his cock free of her pussy. Amelia stared at it. His length was covered with Kristen's wetness. It was all Amelia could do not to lick her lips.

“Sure,” said Amelia, moving forward.

“I don’t think so,” said Bill.

Kristen laughed at him. “What are you scared of?” she asked. “Don’t tell me you’ve never been pegged!” She turned over from where she had been face down over the table to look at them both.

“No!” He was emphatic on the point.

Kristen was taken aback. “Never? How sad. Surely someone has given you a blowjob and stuck her finger up your ass.” She emphasized her point by waggling her index finger.

Bill opened his mouth to deny the act, but he remained silent.

That caused Kristen to giggle. For her part Amelia smiled.

“I knew it.”

“I didn’t know I was going to be doing this tonight,” he said. “I mean, having sex with a woman I just met and I’m not sure I want it to go any further.” Amelia was reasonably sure he was telling the truth.

Kristen cupped one breast and placed the other over her pussy. Amelia saw her middle finger disappear between her labia. “Tell you what. You can fuck me while Amelia takes your ass. Two women at once, that way it’s not gay at all.”

She had correctly diagnosed the problem.

But Bill just shook his head. “I just don’t want to do this. That. Whatever.”

Kristen glared at him. “Ever want to fuck me again? Ever want to fuck Amelia again?” She took her hand from her breast and grabbed his cock. He was still hard as she began to stroke him. “Don’t be such a square.”

“Fuck,” he cursed. “Fuck,” he cursed again as Kristen moved her butt off the edge of the table and went down on her knees to suck his cock a little.

Kristen was well-familiar with a man giving consent.

It took a few minutes—they had to go to the bedroom and kick Bill out, and Amelia had to grease up her girlcock and Bill's ass—but eventually they were ready.

Kristen got on her hands and knees on the bed—almost directly over the spot where Jonas had recently ejaculated and then cleaned up the mess—so that Bill could slip his cock back into her pussy. Amelia noted that his erection hadn't gone away during any of the preparations.

A loud moan from Kristen as he entered her encouraged Bill. "Fuck yes. You have an excellent cock."

Amelia let them go a minute before she knelt behind Bill. With one hand she pushed on his back, forcing him down, curling around Kristen's body. His asshole was fully exposed. She admired his large ball sack hanging between his legs for a moment before taking her girlcock in hand and pressing it up against his tightly puckered back entrance.

It took a moment due to inexperience and nervousness and Bill's slightly tense sphincter, but eventually she pushed by the ring of muscle and filled him up in a way he had never been before.

"Oh fucking hell," he cursed, frozen in place between the two women.

"Like that?" Amelia asked.

"It hurts."

"Like hell it does," Kristen called from the bottom of their little scrum. "Just give it a moment and get used to it."

To help him enjoy the moment, Kristen reached down low and found his sack. She gently massaged his most delicate anatomy to help him get into the right frame of mind.

It was almost more effort than it was worth.

Almost.

It was a bit of trouble to get everything aligned and to find a rhythm that worked

for them all, but once it all came into alignment, Amelia was enjoying herself. Kristen was loud in her approval of how Bill—and by extension, Amelia—was fucking her. Bill was strangely silent, just making enough noise with his heavy breathing but not complaining at all being pegged for the first time.

Kristen came first. She came several times. Amelia had a couple of small orgasms that just left her wanting more, but she kept going, fucking Bill's ass.

When he came he gasped loudly and groaned like he was under severe pain. Amelia liked the sounds he made.

Kristen just laughed at him. Maybe she had another orgasm; Amelia couldn't tell for certain.

Either way she pulled her girlcock out of Bill's ass, which caused him to gasp again. Maybe from pain; maybe from the sudden void it created.

"How was it for you?" asked Kristen, rolling over acrobatically, leaving Bill on his knees, unable to talk for a few long seconds.

"Holy shit."

She laughed at him again. "See? It was wonderful, wasn't it? New experiences are important, aren't they?"

Bill silently agreed.

Amelia said nothing. She knew the real reason Kristen wanted to do this.

It was to put Bill in his place.

Chapter 23

“It’s less than two months away,” said Amelia. “I’m only inviting twenty people and it still feels overwhelming.”

Kristen nodded sympathetically. It was the end of the workday and she had called her protégé into her office not to discuss business, but pleasure. Though working at Artemis it was often hard to tell the difference.

“You should have just eloped, just the two of you,” Kristen advised.

“Too late now.”

“You just said you have two months.” She slid a crystal glass across her desk at the younger woman. They were sipping Scotch, pretending they lived in a different reality where executives kept active bars in the offices to lubricate business meetings.

Amelia sighed. “I know. I just don’t want to face reality.”

“What about after you get married?”

“He’s going to graduate, join the practice he’s been interning at, and then…” Amelia trailed off. She hadn’t thought beyond that basic success in her life.

Kristen let that hang in the air a moment before saying, “Jonas and I are thinking about having a baby.”

This came as shocking news to Amelia. “What?! I never knew you wanted to have kids!”

“We’ve been discussing it. I’m not that old yet, but it’s time to get serious about it if I want to have children.”

“Well, congratulations and good luck and all that.”

Kristen’s smile was tight. She looked in her glass. The Scotch was almost gone. She wanted to refill it, but refrained. “There’s only one problem.”

“Only one?”

“Jonas isn’t able to have children.”

Amelia smirked. “Just take the chastity cage off. He’s always risen to the occasion before.”

“He’s not impotent. He’s sterile.”

That all but killed the conversation. “Oh.”

“I have a favor to ask.”

A feeling of dread built in Amelia’s chest. “What?”

“I want Evan to impregnate me.”

Amelia looked at her for a long moment and then finished the contents of the glass. The Scotch burned going down. “That’s a big favor to ask.”

“You’ll both be adequately compensated and rewarded.”

“I wasn’t worried about that. Why not just get a donor?”

Kristen made a face clearly showing her distaste for that suggestion.

“Random men lying on applications so they can jerk off and get a vicarious thrill about impregnating some unsuspecting woman who doesn’t know any better? No thank you. And yes, I could screen my own applicants, but I want Evan’s sperm.”

“Why him?”

“He’s smart. He’s a doctor. Or will be shortly. He’s handsome without being a prettyboy. He knows his place in the world—you’ve seen to that. He’s a perfect candidate for me.”

Amelia nodded in agreement.

“There is another reason,” Kristen added.

“I know,” Amelia said softly.

“It’s because I need to assert dominance over you,” Kristen specified.

“I know.”

“It’s necessary.”

“Yeah, I know.” Amelia sighed. “I don’t have any say in the matter, do I?”

“No. And neither does he.”

“He won’t object.”

“Good. He’s well-trained. He shouldn’t even think of objecting. But tell me this, does the idea of Evan fucking and impregnating me turn you on a little or a lot?”

Naturally Kristen would want to have sex with Evan—there wasn’t going to be a discussion of artificial insemination.

“I don’t think it does anything for me at all,” said Amelia.

Kristen smirked. “I’ll be the judge of that. Stand up.”

After doing so Kristen circled around her desk and reached up Amelia’s skirt. The younger woman flinched at first, but allowed Kristen to explore.

Kristen’s hand went up her thighs and slipped into her panties, pulling them down just far enough for her to push a finger between the dark-haired woman’s legs.

She wasn’t soaking wet, but more than a little amrita had leaked from her pussy and moistened her lips.

Amelia shivered at the other woman’s touch.

“Does me fingering you turn you on or were you turned on because your boyfriend, your fiancé, your lover, your husband-to-be is going to knock me up?”

Knowing she had to give the correct answer, Amelia said, “Both.”

Kristen laughed. “Little slut.” She pulled her fingers away, but tasted the open

that had penetrated Amelia's pussy. "Strip. I want to see you naked."

Amelia could have refused. She could always walk away and go back to her shitty life. But she didn't comply to please her boss.

She complied because she loved this life too much.

Jacket. Blouse. Skirt. They all went into a pile on the extra chair. She kicked off her heels but left on her thigh high stockings.Those were always left on. She paused just a moment to let Kristen look at her. Only after the older woman nodded in approval did she slip her pink bra from her shoulders, unhook it, and toss it on top of her other clothes. Her tits were better than Kristen's and she was momentarily proud of that.

Her bare pussy was already exposed because Kristen had earlier lowered her panties to explore her pussy. This last scrap of fabric she removed the rest of the way down her legs and added it to the growing pile of clothes.

"Fuck but you are gorgeous naked." Kristen reached out and tweaked Amelia's pierced nipple. They were fully healed down and Kristen found she liked wearing the secret jewelry. The only problem was she had to be careful what type of bra she wore so the jewelry would snag or show unless she wanted to show off.

Then Kristen moved in close and kissed her underling. Amelia knew it was all about dominance and control. She still kissed back. Kristen was an incredible kisser.

And she liked being naked in front of Kristen.

She let Kristen explore her body, pinching her nipples, squeezing her ass, and finally re-inserting a finger into her pussy. Amelia could have tried to undress her boss, but she went passive and just allowed her body to be used.

She enjoyed being used by the right person.

Kristen finally pulled back. "I don't know whether I should make you cum or tell you to make me cum."

"I didn't bring a strapon with me," Amelia said as submissively as possible. "I'll

have to use my mouth and fingers on you if you want me to make you cum."

Kristen patted her face. "Such a good girl."

She backed up a step and pulled her skirt up to her waist and then took off her panties. Except for that one piece of clothing, she remained dressed.

Amelia went down on her knees and put her mouth to Kristen's pussy. She inhaled the other woman's scent before beginning cunnilingus. Kristen's hand went to the younger woman's head, guiding her, tangling her fingers in the long tresses.

As she ate out Kristen Amelia realized that this wasn't about sex at all. It was power and dominance and control.

She wasn't sure if she wanted to be in control like Kristen was all the time. Getting used was just as satisfying.

Making Kristen cum was a lot of work, but it was worth it in the end because Amelia wanted to prove to her boss that she had value.

After making Kristen cum, Amelia's boss took pity on her and gave her an orgasm. It was only manually generated, but it bonded the two.

Chapter 24

“Ever fucked two women at the same time?” Amelia asked Bill.

“Sorry. No. I only have one dick.”

She slapped his shoulder. They were in bed at his place. Amelia was getting ready to leave and go home to Evan. “I’m getting married in a week,” she told him.

“I know. Don’t remind me.”

“I want you to escort my boss to the party.”

“What?”

“Kristen. You know her. She’s nice. You fucked her.”

“Ha. Hilarious. Yes, I know that I fucked her.”

“So you shouldn’t have any trouble escorting her to the party.”

“Why do I have to go to your wedding?” he asked. It wasn’t an unreasonable question. He was Amelia’s bull and boyfriend. He should have been doing everything possible to keep his life separate from Evan’s. Instead, Amelia was inviting him to the wedding.

“You don’t. But you want to.”

“I do?”

“Hey! That’s my phrase!”

“You’re hilarious,” he deadpanned.

“But you want to because you’ll get to fuck me on my wedding night,” she informed him.

Bill had been about to object to anything she said, but the ridiculousness of what she had just said gave him pause. “Please tell you that you are making a terrible joke.”

“Do you think I would like something else for my wedding night?”

“Yeah, I’d think that you’d like to have sex with your husband then. Like normal people.”

“Oh, Bill,” she said while rolling on top of him. They were both still naked and while his cock wasn’t fully erect, her physical presence on top of him did amazing things to his anatomy. “Haven’t you figured out that I’m not a normal person in any way? Why would I want to be plain vanilla? I want to have sex with someone other than my husband on my wedding night.”

“Seems cruel.”

“He likes that. But don’t worry. He’s getting a treat too.”

“Oh yeah? How’s that? Does he get to watch us and then clean up the mess?”

“No. Don’t be silly. He’s going to fuck my boss. We’re going to have a foursome.”

Bill rubbed his forehead. “This is all getting confusing and is giving me a headache.”

“Want me to suck your cock to make the pain go away?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Next Saturday night. Wear something nice. I’m sure Kristen will still be interested in you in addition to Evan.”

“That’s what worries me.”

“You can’t make me do it,” said Evan when she got home and revealed all of her plans to her fiancé. She was in the process of undressing while he watched. He was already in bed, wearing pajama bottoms that helped support his cock cage.

Amelia nodded in agreement as she casually undressed in front of him. She hadn’t showered after fucking Bill and she could feel his cum in her pussy.

Looking down at the panties she had just removed, she saw they were lightly crusted with both cum and amrita. Certainly she could smell Bill's scent on herself; she was sure that Evan could smell Bill as well.

She liked that.

"You're right," she agreed with him as she stood naked in the middle of the bedroom contemplating joining her fiancé in bed or showering first. The decision seemed natural, but there were her needs as well. "I can't make you. But I can encourage you."

"Why can't I have sex with my wife on our wedding night?" he asked in protest.

"You can, but I want you to fuck Kristen."

"To feed your kink needs," he all but spat at her.

Kristen nodded and decided that a shower wasn't necessary. She walked the rest of the way across the room and slipped between the sheets. They were clean. She was not. Still, she cuddled up against Evan's body and ran her hand over his controlled crotch. The hardness of the cage was deceptive. It made her think about a cock that was useful.

"Partly. But you're being used for something else as well."

"Wait a second. What am I being used for?"

Evan figured he was being used as nothing more than a living, breathing amusement park ride for the women, but this bold admission was on another level.

"Does it matter?"

"Yes it matters! I'm a person not a hunk of meat!"

"Oh, honey. You are a person, but you're a hunk of meat as well."

"What the fuck, Amy? What the fuck am I being used for?"

"Kristen wants you to get her pregnant," Amelia said as casually as if she were

offering Evan up to move some heavy furniture in the other woman’s house.

Evan didn’t know what to think. “This has gone way around the bend.”

“You’re going to do it,” she said flatly.

He didn’t refuse. He knew an argument was pointless, but he was still most definitely not going to do it.

Amelia was positive she felt his cock twitch inside his little cage. He said he didn’t want to knock up her boss, but his body said otherwise.

Chapter 25

Evan sat in the office of his training doctor. Dr. Kemp. This was the big meeting to get his final work signed off for graduation.

Kemp rushed into the office, a cramped space in the back of the office suite where they treated patients, carrying a folder. He went right to the fancy desk chair and sat down. “Sorry, but I have to keep this short.” Kemp opened the folder and hurriedly began applying his signature to the official looking letters. “I’ll have Kathy do the official filing tomorrow on the website, but you’ve completed all your work here. Congratulations, Doctor Mickel.”

“Thank you,” Evan said with satisfaction.

“I know that you’re getting married this weekend, so this next part is more difficult. We won’t be able to extend you a position at this practice.”

Evan felt the floor drop out underneath him. “What? Why? What did I do wrong?”

“Nothing! Nothing. I’m happy to give you an excellent recommendation. But Dr. Jayne has decided to put off retirement another year and there’s no way, financially or physically—we just don’t currently have the space for it, that we can have another doctor on staff.”

Evan stared blankly. He felt he had no control over his life now. None at all. Before it was just at home his fiancée had dominated him, but now in his professional life he had no control either. Even before it had started. “But...but I’ve worked so hard.” His complaint sounded like whining, even to his ears. It was pathetic.

“I’m sorry. Naturally, like I said, I’m happy to give you an excellent recommendation and I’ve already put out some feelers to other practices where I have friends. I know something will turn up shortly for you.”

“I’m not getting a job?”

“You’re not getting a job with us...right away...but that shouldn’t be a problem with a man of your skills.”

Kemp shoved the manila folder across the desk at Evan like he didn't want it near him any longer. He then stood up, shook the younger man's hand, and then quickly exited the office.

Evan didn't know what to do or think.

Amelia knew that the last thing Kristen wanted to hear on a Friday morning was a personal problem. Unfortunately it was the day before her wedding and Amelia didn't have the time or willpower to deal with such a stupid issue.

She went right into Kristen's office with a full head of angry steam. "Fucking fuckers who Evan has been interning with aren't going to give him a job like they promised!" she fumed.

Kristen calmly regarded her protégé. "Would you please explain in detail?"

After telling the tale, Kristen smiled. "This is solvable. It's not like he needs to have a job immediately on graduation. You can support him...for a while, but it's good to make your husband work. He needs to find value in himself otherwise you'll just crush his spirit when what you want to do is control him for your pleasure."

"So what's the solution?"

"It's multifaceted."

"There never is a simple solution."

"I think you're going to love what I'm going to propose…"

Evan wasn't the sort of man to cry. That least that's how he thought of himself. As terrible and abusive as his childhood had been, he had resolved to save tears for something that was really worth it.

A job wasn't worth it.

He still wanted to cry.

Instead of crying he was drowning his feelings in a bottle. It was almost half gone. He was reasonably sure he hadn't drunk it all by himself but there was no one else in the apartment so it had to be him.

Later, when he would reflect on it, he realized that being extremely drunk made it much easier to be angrier...and sadder.

It wasn't that he hated his life, it was that he felt he had no control over all the things that made life worth living.

"Fuck," he cursed and downed another shot. It didn't burn anywhere near as much as the first one did.

The first one didn't burn nearly as much as he wanted it to.

When Amelia found him passed out at the kitchen table, she started to panic. First, she thought he was dead. When it was obvious he was breathing and alive, she thought about other medical needs: alcohol poisoning and the like.

It didn't take that much to wake him up and get him on his feet—just a few firm slaps to his face—but she was angry at him for the panic he had caused in her.

"I'm going to be a shitty husband," he mumbled into her chest as she moved him to the bedroom.

"No you're not," she reassured him. "You're going to be a fine husband. You're going to be a cuckold husband, but that's what I want. It's what you want too, isn't it?"

"Yeah…" he said it without conviction, but it was the truth.

"I have good news for you."

"What? Are you leaving me for a better man? Because I'm a shitty man. No job. My cock doesn't work. I'm shit."

She slapped him across the face again. "None of that talk. I've solved your employment problem."

His face brightened. “You have? Oh, honey, I love you!”

“I know you do. And you should love me.”

“Did you find me a practice where I can drill people’s teeth and maybe the head dentist is a woman who has a key to my cock and will fuck me when you want her too?”

Amelia laughed at him. “Don’t you have an active imagination?”

“Yes.”

“Well, it’s nothing like that. I’ve gotten you—and me—a very low interest loan—practically zero percent—to open your own practice.”

His eyes went wide. “You did? How did you do that?”

She smiled at him. “I do work at a financial services company, you know. I can make all sorts of magical things happen by moving money around.”

“Oh. Right. That.”

“There’s only one thing…”

Evan nodded sagely. “There always is.”

“Remember your relucatance to fuck Kristen? Well, you don’t get to say no now.”

Previously buoyed, Evan was suddenly crestfallen. “Oh…”

“I want you to do it.”

“I know.”

“It turns me on.”

“I know.”

“I’ll be there watching.”

“I know...but I just wish things were a little more...normal for us.”

She laughed at him and kissed him, even stinking of whiskey, and lowered him to the bed. “I don’t want anything normal at all for the rest of my life.”

“But...why?”

“Because normal is boring.”

Chapter 26

It wasn’t an elaborate party for a wedding, but it was still much more than Amelia wanted. Her one cousin she wanted there attended, along with a couple of friends of Evan’s from his hometown.

And naturally Bill was there with Kristen. It all seemed so normal.

It was far from normal.

But it was normal enough for the guests.

The service was quickly performed by a justice of the peace. There was music and dancing and dinner.

No one would have guessed that Evan was wearing a cock cage under his suit.

Amelia was reasonably certain that everyone could see the nipple crowns Kristen was wearing. The unnatural outlines of her nipples beneath her thin dress were more than obvious. To her knowledge no one commented on it. Neither did anyone comment that her escort was Bill and not her husband.

There were only twenty people in the private dining room of the banquet hall, but it was enough. More than enough.

Amelia was more than happy to end the formal celebration before it got too late. She didn’t want to be exhausted for the true celebration later in the evening.

The hotel was across from the restaurant. It was an easy walk.

Amelia had to stop herself from running, dragging her new husband with her.

He had been reluctant going into the wedding, but he was all in now.

At least he seemed that way.

It had been a bit of a pain to get the hotel to allow Kristen to check in for her, but they paid the extra fee and all was well with the world.

As they took the elevator up to the suite, Amelia noticed that Evan’s hand was trembling.

“Nervous or excited?” she asked him.

“Both?”

“You’ve had sex with Kristen before.”

“But never like this.”

“Sure you have. You’ve had an audience.”

“That’s not...she wants me to get her pregnant.”

“So?”

“That’s life changing.”

“For her, not you.”

“For all of us!”

She patted his cheek. “You’re overdramatizing,” she dismissed his concerns. The elevator arrived. They found the door to the suite.

Kristen and Bill were waiting for them.

Amelia hadn’t been sure exactly what to expect when she walked in. It could have been a Roman orgy reenactment. She could have walked in on Bill and Kristen fucking.

Instead, everything seemed normal. There was an unopened bottle of wine on the table along with some glasses. The last thing Amelia wanted was more to drink.

Bill and Kristen were watching a terrible comedy movie on the large television screen.

Amelia wondered if there was a video camera available to record and display what was about to happen on the gigantic bed.

It was mostly normal. Bill had removed his jacket and tie, but Kristen had removed her dress and was patiently, in her robe and lingerie, awaiting the appearance of her breeder.

What she was wearing was much more elaborate than what Amelia was wearing under her rather plain and simple white wedding dress. Amelia was wearing white bridal lingerie under her dress. It was rather modest compared to what her boss was wearing.

She couldn't identify the material, other than being see-through black. Her nipples and the crowns were clearly visible through the bra. The bra itself was too elaborate with too many straps that wound around her body down to her waist. Her ever-present belly chain was gone. She wore a garter belt that seemed attached to the bra's straps. The belt held up black silk stockings. To this she finished the look with see-through panties that were more thought than reality. Amelia could clearly see Kristen's labia through the thin material. Right away she knew it was a g-string and nothing else.

It was barely a g-string.

As soon as the door opened, Kristen bounded to her stocking feet. "Oh good! You're here!" She rushed over to Evan and went up on her toes to kiss him.

Surprised, he kissed her back. It was an intimate kiss, their mouths mashed together.

Amelia felt her pussy moisten as she watched the display.

"Oh fuck that's hot," Amelia moaned.

Evan blushed. Kristen laughed a little at his reaction and went down on her knees in front of him, not caring what happened to her stockings.

"Where's his key?" she asked.

Amelia had given her purse to Kristen earlier in the day and went to it now, plucking the small brass key from its depths, and handing it over to Kristen, who was in the middle of unbuckling Evan's pants before hauling out his steel-caged cock.

She eagerly unlocked the device and removed it from Evan's manhood.

Amelia had seen this many times before and barely paid attention. Bill, however, looked on in interest.

“There’s no fucking way I could do that,” he muttered softly.

“Don’t be so sure,”Amelia whispered in his ear after sidling up to him and cupping his cock through his pants. She was delighted to feel he was erect.

But she didn’t get his cock out yet. She could fuck Bill any time; she wouldn’t easily be able to see her husband breed her boss on another day.

The moment the cage and its retaining ring were off, like a miracle, Evan’s cock quickly became fully erect. It stood up proudly, the large head highlighted by the silver PA ring he wore.

“She didn’t even touch him,” Bill marveled.

“He’s been locked up for a month,” Amelia told him.

“Just like I asked,” said Kristen as she gave Evan’s cock a stroke and then kissed the side of it before rising to her feet.

As she stood up she smoothly removed her tiny panties and left the tiny bit of elastic and silk on the floor. Her hand went between her legs and she inserted a finger into her pussy, getting it wet, before stretching her hand up to Evan’s face.

He allowed her to put her finger in his mouth. “Don’t I taste good?”

Evan just nodded.

Kristen whirled around, showing off her ass to the small group and walked to the bed, crawling up on it and spreading her legs to show off the moisture dripping from her pussy.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked Evan over her shoulder.

His pants were around his ankles. Amelia swooped in and quickly unbuttoned Evan’s shirt, leaving him naked. She gave him a firm push toward the waiting harlot on the bed.

“Fuck her hard,” Amelia encouraged him.

He crawled on the bed and knelt behind Kristen. His cock was in hand, but the

moment he started probing between her legs, she reached down to grab his rock-hard erection and guide it inside.

As unsettled as he was to be in this situation, it was already too late. He had taken the loan for the practice he was going to launch, his now-wife demanded that he do it, and Evan couldn't fight human nature.

As soon as his bare cock was inside Kristen's perfect pussy, he couldn't resist. He started fucking her. She smiled in satisfaction. He grabbed her hips to better control her body.

He wanted the moment to be over as quickly as possible, but he also wanted it to last forever.

There was no fighting any of it.

After little more than a minute Evan found himself on the edge. He wanted to stop so he thrusted one more time and came to a rest with his abdomen against Kristen's ass. Bill and Amelia were still watching closely; Amelia was disappointed.

"Why did you stop?" she demanded of her husband.

"Fucking hell!" Kristen all but screamed. "Why did you stop!?"

"I-I-I don't want to cum too soon."

Amelia slapped him on the ass. "Fuck her!"

"You need to cum in me!" Kristen demanded. "You're going to do it a dozen times tonight."

Surely that was an exaggeration, but Evan had his doubts.

He was breathing heavily and wanted to pull out, but the moment he started withdrawing his cock, he couldn't fight it and thrusted back into her.

"There you go…" Kristen moaned and jiggled her ass. "Keep going. Fill me up."

He couldn't stop. Just a few thrusts later he was cumming, pumping semen from

his balls deeply into Kristen who whooped with delight as she felt the hot liquid gushing about in her cunt.

“What a good boy,” she complimented him and then laughed. “I think this is literally the first time someone has cum in me when I wasn’t using birth control.” Evan stumbled back, his cock slipping wetly from Kristen’s pussy. It was coated with amrita and semen.

“Even in high school?” asked Bill.

She turned her head to look at him. “Even then. I was a good girl...about that at least.”

When she started to get up, Amelia stepped up to the bed and pushed down on her shoulder. “No. Stay down. Let his cum stay in you as long as possible. You want to get pregnant, don’t you?”

“Right. Good advice.”

Bill couldn’t help himself and moved behind Kristen to stare at her exposed ass and pussy. The lighting wasn’t the best, but he could clearly see her well-fucked pussy. It wasn’t exactly dripping, but the moisture on her hairless labia was obvious.

“I’d love to fuck you,” he said without thinking.

Kristen laughed at him.

“Sorry, Bill, but her cunt is only for Evan tonight. She wants him to get her pregnant.”

“Mm-hmm!” Kristen emphasized.

“But you can fuck me,” she offered, turning her back to him. “Just lower my zipper.”

“But...I wanted to do that,” Evan blurted out, dismayed by the situation.

Bill had been reaching for the zipper, but he stopped and stepped back. “Sure, bud. Go ahead.”

It was the one privilege that Evan was to be afforded on his wedding night: helping his wife undress.

He did it with is cock flagging and dripping. The zipper went down and he assisted her in stepping out of the garment. Evan was careful to not get his cum on it and hung it from the small closet in the hotel room.

Bill watched with a bemused smile on his face; Kristen stayed in doggy position but turned her head and body to watch.

Amelia was elegant in a simple white silk corset and matching, almost modest, panties paired with white thigh high stockings. Her feet were in elegant heels that gave her a little height and made her ass stand out more prominently.

He then helped her step out of her shoes. She lost some height but not a bit of sexiness.

When he reached for the zipper holding her corset shut—she had opted for a modern body shaper instead of the traditional eye and hook closures— she slapped his hands away. “Take off my panties, but leave on the corset.

He did as she asked. He always did as she asked. She pushed down slightly on his shoulders. Evan went to his knees and then removed her panties. Her pussy was bare, waxed free of every hair for the big day.

Amelia allowed him to plant a kiss on her smooth mound before stepping away.

“Do you need me to suck your cock to make you hard, Bill?” she asked as she moved next to Kristen on the bed.

He grabbed his crotch. “Hard as a rock,” he said and then proceeded to quickly remove his clothes. Evan looked at him jealously; Bill didn’t have to wear a chastity cage, had a bigger cock, and got to fuck his wife.

“I can’t wait for this,” said Amelia as she got into doggy position next to her boss. Kristen reached out and took the other woman’s hand in hers. Amelia stretched far enough to kiss the older woman.

“Are you ready for me?” Bill asked.

“You tell me.”

Bill knelt down behind her, but instead of trying to insert his cock, he put his face to her nethers and licked from the exposed edge of her pussy near her clit, all the way up to her anus.

“You’re plenty wet,” he reported as she moaned at the attention.

“Keep going,” she encouraged him and then looked at her anxiously awaiting husband. “Get your cock over here, dear. I want to suck it and make it plenty hard for Kristen. She deserves only the best.”

Although Evan’s cock had been flagging, he had never fully lost his erection. Doing as his new wife asked, he joined her on the bed, kneeling in front of her as she stayed on all fours with Bill’s face buried between her buttocks, licking away at her pussy. Amelia didn’t hesitate at all in taking Evan into her mouth. She savored the melange of cum and amrita that coated his cock.

Although she fancied herself an accomplished cocksucker, it didn’t take all that much skill or technique to get him hard again. He was still as lusty as ever and watching his wife get eaten out by another man was exactly what he needed right then.

Amelia had only one goal in getting her husband fully hard again and so when he got to the point, she stopped her blowjob. “Get back to work, honey,” she told him.

“What?”

Distracted as she was by Bill’s tongue, she still managed to point at Kristen who was waiting patiently next to her. “You need to fuck Kristen again.”

“Oh.”

“Yes, yes he does,” the older woman said with enthusiasm.

“And you can start fucking me properly, Bill,” Amelia added, sitting up a bit and pushing his face from her ass. “There’s no reason two women can’t get fucked side-by-side, especially on my wedding night.”

The men quickly repositioned themselves. Evan found it incredibly easy for him to slip his cock back into Kristen. That only made sense; she was still flooded with his cum and watching Amelia had only gotten her wetter. Bill didn't have any trouble pushing his cock into Amelia's waiting pussy. She was plenty wet from his mouth work and her natural lust.

Bill felt a little strange fucking Amelia next to Evan, but he just chalked it up to another experience that would make a good story. Grabbing Amelia's waist, he focused on fucking her.

For his part, Evan wasn't any more introspective. It had been a month since he had been out of his cage longer than a few minutes for a cleaning. He wanted to fuck and was willing to let himself be controlled in his fucking. Kristen's pussy would serve just as well as Amelia's.

Amelia was certain it was Kristen who reached out first and grabbed her hand, but in the end all that mattered was the two women were holding hands while the men fucked them. She felt Kristen's hand grip hers all the more tightly when she started to cum. Kristen was not a quiet woman in the midst of orgasm.

Because Evan had a little more endurance now, he was able to fuck her much longer, making her cum a couple times more before he finished inside her for the second time that night.

Bill had even better control. He continued to fuck Amelia even after she had cum hard once and after Evan had finished. Even so, Amelia welcomed his hot spunk inside her body.

She briefly wondered what it would be like to get pregnant by another man on her wedding night. It was a nice fantasy to flirt with, but it wasn't going to happen. She didn't want children, at least not yet.

Maybe when she was in Kristen's position.

After Bill was done, the men seemed to retreat. Amelia and Kristen collapsed to the bed facing each other. "Fuck that was good," Kristen said languidly.

"It was. I'd love to do this every day."

Kristen laughed at her. "You can't get married every day. And besides, that

would take away from the delicious anticipation."

"Mmm...you're right." Amelia reached down Kristen's body to gently cup her well-used pussy and felt the wetness caused by Kristen's easy lubrication and Evan's double dose of cum. She couldn't explain why she reached out, but Kristen didn't complain.

She rolled to her back and spread her legs. "Keep going," she encouraged her young protégé.

This wasn't anything that Amelia had planned, but since she had done this many times before there was no reason to stop. Her pussy was a wet, squishy mess. That only egged Amelia on. That and Kristen's loud vocalizations. Amelia could feel the men's eyes on her. She wanted to do more, so much more, with Kristen, but she wanted the older woman to remain as full of cum as possible to help her get pregnant.

Amelia sidled closer to her boss and kissed her. Kristen was breathing heavily and pinching her nipples, a mostly wasted gesture because of the nipple crowns she wore. It didn't take much effort on Amelia's part before she made Kristen cum.

The older woman's body shook and her legs crossed as she climaxed, trapping Amelia's hand. Once the moment of crisis had passed she sighed and laughed and kissed Amelia.

"Thank you."

"My pleasure."

"No, it was mine, but I appreciate the sentiment."

The women laughed a little more before Kristen spied Evan standing awkwardly at the foot of the bed. His cock was hanging limply now and his knees were trembling. "Ready for round three?" asked Kristen.

"I don't think I can get it up again," he answered honestly. "I can barely stand."

That wasn't going to be an impediment for Kristen. She got Evan to lay on the bed and watched happily as, once again, Amelia blew her husband.

This time she didn’t have as much luck as before. He got hard, but it wasn’t the proud erection of a young, eager man. Still, it could be excused because of his recent two orgasms. Amelia didn’t mind trying to get him hard; she rather liked the mixture of cum and amrita; the annoying part was that he wasn’t living up to her expectations.

To solve the problem Kristen directed Amelia to her overnight bag. “It’s not exactly the same as wearing a cock cage, but it’s close.”

The ring wasn’t huge, but it was bigger than the wedding ring or nipple rings Amelia was wearing. It was an inch and a half in diameter and made of stretchy but firm silicon. It took some effort to get it in place over Evan’s cock and balls. It was much tighter than he was used to. The steel ring of his cock cage rested comfortably in place; this was almost impossible to remove.

“It’s fucking tight,” he complained.

“That’s the whole idea, hon,” Amelia replied.

The cock ring did exactly as advertised. In less than a minute Evan had gone from a weak soft erection to sporting a purple warrior on his crotch. A few seconds after that Kristen was riding on top of his magically summoned flesh weapon.

For a moment Amelia was concerned that maybe all of Evan’s cum would flow out of her boss, but at this point it didn’t matter. Either it would happen or it wouldn’t.

Kristen certainly didn’t seem overly concerned. She was bouncing up and down on Evan’s now-enormous cock like she was a teenager who had just discovered her body.

For his part, Evan found it a pleasurable enough experience, but when he got up to the edge, he found it almost impossible to cum. He couldn’t make that last step. Kristen had a series of orgasms while Bill and Amelia watched, occasionally caressing Kristen or sucking her nipples, but she showed no signs of slowing down.

“You need to fill me with your seed,” Kristen begged, briefly pausing her in obscene dance on his lap. “Fill me up and knock me up.”

“Does this help, honey?” asked Amelia as she reached between his legs and found his swollen sack, giving it a squeeze. “Do you need two women to make you cum?”

“No, no...I’m almost there.” He grunted and strained and grabbed Kristen’s hips to hold her in place while he jackhammered upwards into her.

“I think he’s going to need a cock or dildo up his ass,” Amelia suggested.

That was all it took. The orgasm was painful, but it was the final bit of relief he needed. Pushing his cum and seed past the tight cock ring was practically impossible and he was glad when it was all over.

He never wanted to wear a cock ring ever again in his life.

Chapter 27

“You should take Evan on a honeymoon to our resort,” said Kristen.

Amelia pulled her hand back quickly from the ever so slight roundness of Kristen’s belly. She was wearing a form-fitting black knit dress. It was still too early in the pregnancy for her to be really showing, but Amelia was positive she felt a swell in her boss’s belly.

“We really haven’t had much of an opportunity to have a proper honeymoon, between things getting crazy here and Evan spending all his time getting his practice off the ground.” After the wedding it was like she hadn’t had time for anything.

She certainly hadn’t had time for Evan. He was left in his cage most of the time. She tried to remember every other week or so to free him so she could watch him jerk off before locking him up again.

Amelia wasn’t depriving herself, of course. Occasionally she would mess around with Kristen in the office, but she was sure to meet up with Bill on a weekly basis. The only downside to that was she wasn’t making Evan suffer in watching her get fucked.

“Not everyone honeymoons directly after the wedding. Things are slowing down. Now is the perfect time.”

“But the resort? I mean...that’s not really for husbands, is it?”

“East Beach is for couples. Wouldn’t you love to parade your husband around in his little cock cage and fuck other men in front of him?” Kristen sighed dreamily. It was the most girlish thing that Amelia had ever seen from her. “I’m going to miss doing that.”

“You took Jonas to the resort?” Amelia was gob-smacked.

“Of course. We’ve been there several times together. I like getting a host that will fuck me and then him.”

“A man or a woman?” Amelia asked. She had to know. She needed to know.

Kristen smiled. “Both. Not at the same time, of course. I’ve watched women peg him and men bugger him.”

“Okay, that’s hotter than I thought it would be.” Amelia vaguely fanned herself with her hand. She sat down in the guest chair across from Kristen’s desk. A drink would have been nice. It was lunchtime, after all, but with Kristen being pregnant, drinking at work or elsewhere wasn’t going to be a part of the older woman’s life for a bit.

“You should definitely try it. I’m going to give you two things. First, I’ll need you to lend me Evan on a regular basis because I’m getting to the horny part of pregnancy and there’s no way I’m going to miss out on that and there’s no way I’m going to let Jonas reap those benefits either. Second, you’ll need to step up and take over some of my day-to-day responsibilities.”

Amelia blinked. “What and what?”

“I’m going to be a working mom. I’ll need you to do some of my work. It’s a step up with a raise and a new title.”

“I was more focused on the first point,” Amelia said blankly.

“Do you really want to fuck your husband when you have that handsome stud Bill giving your cunt all the attention it needs?”

“Kind of…”

Kristen chuckled at her. “Wait until you’ve been married for a few years. Fucking your husband will seem boring. Why don’t you just give me the key to his cock cage right now and we’ll be done with it.”

“His key?”

“Yes, the key to his cock, not his heart, dear. I just want that one piece of his anatomy and nothing else. That isn’t too much for your boss to ask, is it. I don’t think so.” Kristen wasn’t asking questions. Those were all statements.

Amelia responded mechanically. She picked up her purse from the chair next to her and removed the small key kept on a special ring. There was a matching one at home, but she knew she would be bringing that to work as well.

Kristen held out her hand.

It was all too easy for Amelia to hand it over.

End

Preview

You’re Doing It Wrong 5: Amiss

The strapon harness fit perfectly around my hips and ass. I had gotten used to wearing it over the last few months. Since his realization that he was bi, Wayne had taken a great interest in anal sex. I had helped with that interest by pegging him on at least a weekly basis.

A man less secure in his masculinity would have been emotionally crippled by what his wife was doing to him. Wayne was better than that. He had learned to wear his chastity cage with pride. Sometimes I pegged him with the cage on, but just as often I did it with it off.

Wayne had learned to enjoy his prostate orgasms and so had I. There is no way to effectively describe the power I felt when I was fucking my husband’s ass.

There’s no way to realistically describe what it’s like to have two lovers besides my husband.

There’s no way to tell others that my husband had two men who he fucked regularly, one of whom was my lover as well.

And we were getting ready for Wayne to have a reunion of sorts with one of his terrible students who needed to earn an A in his economics class. Again.

Tonight I had Wayne head down and ass up on the bed. It was strange that good sex in my early forties could only be had through lots of preparation. When I was a teenager and in my early twenties, some of the best sex I had back then was done on the fly with no preparation.

It’s a miracle I didn’t wind up dead or riddled with those dreaded “social diseases” we were told about in high school health class.

We had plenty of lube and time and patience. Wayne groaned in relief when I eased my girlcock into his ass. It took a few minutes, but eventually I got it all the way in.

“Oh fuck that feels good,” he moaned as I carefully began rocking my hips back and forth, fucking him like a man.

I curled my body around his and reached between his legs. The new cage that fitted perfectly to his cock and piercing constrained his manhood. Even so, I could feel him swelling inside the metal.

“I love you like this,” I told him.

“Uh-huh,” was his half-moaned response.

“I’m going to make you cum in your cage,” I whispered in his ear.

He stiffened at those words. Not his cock—that was impossible since he was caged—but his entire body. I liked that reaction.

“We...we’ve tried before.”

“Mmmm,” I agreed with him. “But this time I’ve made you go two weeks without an orgasm. We can do it tonight. You can cum for me, can’t you, honey?” I asked him.

Wayne just gave me a nervous nod of his head.

I straightened up and focused on properly fucking his ass. We had been doing this enough now that I knew his body better than he did. I knew what he needed. If this didn’t work—making him wait two weeks for an orgasm, day long teasing with the dirty pictures I sent to his phone, making him eat my pussy to get me ready to fuck him, all of that and more—then I’d have to get out a couple of my vibrators to use on his caged cock and in his ass at the same time.

To be frank, I was sort of interested in trying that because we’d never done it before.

But Wayne was responding beautifully to my thrusting and my girlcock. I knew his responses and his breathing and I kept checking his cock with my hand. He was drooling precum.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck...I can’t...I can’t…” he was saying over and over and then it just happened. He started forcing out semen while his body shook with

his orgasm.

He had never had a prostate orgasm while caged before and it left him gasping and shaking. It was a reaction I had never seen from him before.

I loved it.

“That...that hurt,” Wayne said when he was done cumming. I was kneeling behind him still, my girlcock in his ass, my hands on his hips. I think staying with him like that soothed him and calmed him down.

“It wasn’t supposed to hurt.”

“It was just...new. It was a good hurt.”

“Well then, I’d call this a success.”

“I made a puddle on the bed.”

“Then you need to clean that up after you shower,” I said as I extracted my girlcock from his ass. “This was good. I’m sure we’ll have a great time with Hannah this weekend.”

That made Wayne nervous. Once again he was giving a student a good grade for fucking him, but breaking the rules was half the fun.

Half the fun for me anyway.

“You probably think I’m a bad student, don’t you?” Hannah asked me shortly after I let her into the hotel room. It was going to be a repeat performance of our previous encounter with the girl, with a few changes.

“I don’t think that at all,” I easily lied to her. Being a clinical social worker I had honed my deception skills to the sharpest edge possible.

“Oh.” She was surprised at my easy answer. I looked her up and down. She hadn’t dressed up nearly as fancy for this time as she had for our first. While she was nicely dressed in black slacks and a bright red silk blouse, it wasn’t anything

like the form-fitting dress she had previously worn.

I immediately started to wonder what she was wearing underneath her clothes.

“Why would you be concerned with that I think?” I asked her as I ushered her the rest of the way into the hotel room where Wayne was waiting.

As soon as she saw Wayne, she smiled and then I knew. She had a crush on my husband. I wanted to roll my eyes.

“Hello, Hannah,” said Wayne. He was dressed casually in jeans and a button down. Apparently this encounter was all about sex. No reason to dress up when you’re just going to undress.

I’m sure it took all of Hannah’s self-control not to giggle like the schoolgirl that she was.

“Hello Professor Hutchins.”

He smiled. “Here you should call me Wayne.”

“Oh...thank you.” Hannah turned back to me. “Um...because I’m failing Microeconomics I,” she replied.

I was starting to suspect that Hannah was failing so she could earn an A by fucking Wayne.

And I was okay with that.

“Maybe you’re a good student who just struggles with economics,” I said generously.

“Yeah...that’s a bad thing. I’m a business major.”

I turned away from her to look at Wayne so she wouldn’t see the disapproving look on my face. “Well, why don’t you help the poor girl earn her A,” I said to my husband.

I was about to turn back to Hannah and order her to strip, but when I did so I noted that she had already removed her blouse off and was in the process of

shimmying out of her tight pants.

Naturally she wore a matching set of bra and panties. Bright red. And the panties were a thong because of course they were.

“I think she’s eager for you,” I informed Wayne as I stepped back.

Hannah went right to him and he greeted her with a kiss. I approved, especially when his hands went from her waist to her hips and then down to her mostly bare ass. It was a nice ass. Nicer than mine.

As they kissed she helped him out of his clothes. I wanted to touch myself as I watched, but I refrained. I wanted everything to be perfect and it wasn’t time yet.

Eventually Hannah went down on her knees to help Wayne out of his shoes and then his underwear.

“Holy shit,” she gasped as she pulled down his last garment.

I grinned and tried not to giggle.

To give Wayne some dignity and to prevent too many rumors about him from flying around campus, I had taken off his cage for the night, but I had left on his fancy PA ring.

“What?” asked Wayne mildly.

“You didn’t have this last time,” Hannah said, half giggling and half in awe. She was holding his cock but he was only half erect. I admired his self-control. While Hannah was staring at Wayne’s cock, she was looking directly at the PA ring that he now wore.

“I did it to impress my wife,” Wayne lied.

Hannah glanced my way. “Really?”

“Spouses often make little sacrifices for each other. I think he looks handsome with it in. Plus it makes sex better.”

That doubled Hannah’s interest. “Oh. Wow. Now I can’t wait! I’ve never fucked

a guy with a cock ring before!" She immediately lowered her mouth to his cock and started sucking.

I just shook my head and grinned. While I didn't know her full sexual history, I imagined that Hannah had had more than her fair share of cocks in her lifetime. At the same time, I found it hard to believe that she hadn't seen a pierced cock before in the flesh.

Maybe she was as accomplished a liar as I was.

In any event, it didn't slow her down.

I walked up to my handsome husband and went up on my toes to kiss him. I loved being fully clothed while he was naked and his student was sucking his cock.

She pulled off after a few seconds. "Okay, that's weird. It's weird, but I like it."

"Good," I declared before Wayne could say anything. "Let's see if you like it in your pussy."

Moving away from them I went to my bag to pull out the condoms we brought along.

The couple went to the hotel room bed and Wayne quickly and expertly unhooked Hannah's bra, freeing her tits. Her small Bs can into view and I noted that she still wore her single nipple ring. Hannah rolled on top of Wayne and they kissed as he worked to peel off her thong.

I helped him remove the offending garment. I couldn't resist.

Hannah looked back at me as I slipped the tiny bit of red lace from her ankles. "Are you going to ride him?" I asked as she looked at me in surprise. Hannah didn't have a ready answer so I handed her the unopened condom packet. "You should put this on him."

Wayne laid back on the bed and watched as Hannah fumbled about getting the condom open and then on his cock. I felt I was teaching her a valuable life skill.

Once my husband was in his latex armor, Hannah moved to get back on top of

him. I would have loved to watch the show of her doing the cowgirl dance, but Wayne and I had already worked out the other plans.

“No, get on your hands and knees, I want to fuck you from behind,” he told her.

Hannah, working hard for that A, did as she was told. Such a good little slut.

I got on the bed with them, still fully clothed, and ran my hand over her smooth ass before I grabbed my husband’s cock. “Ready for this, honey?” I asked him before giving him a little kiss.

“You know I am.”

I laughed a little as I inserted his cock into her pussy. She was already plenty wet. Maybe this was Hannah’s kink, fucking for grades instead of doing the schoolwork. In the process of seating Wayne’s cock in her pussy I gave Hannah’s freshly waxed pudendum a visual and manual inspection.

It got me a little wet. Wetter than I wanted to admit.

Click here to continue reading You’re Doing It Wrong 5 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

Twitter: @GreenBushPub