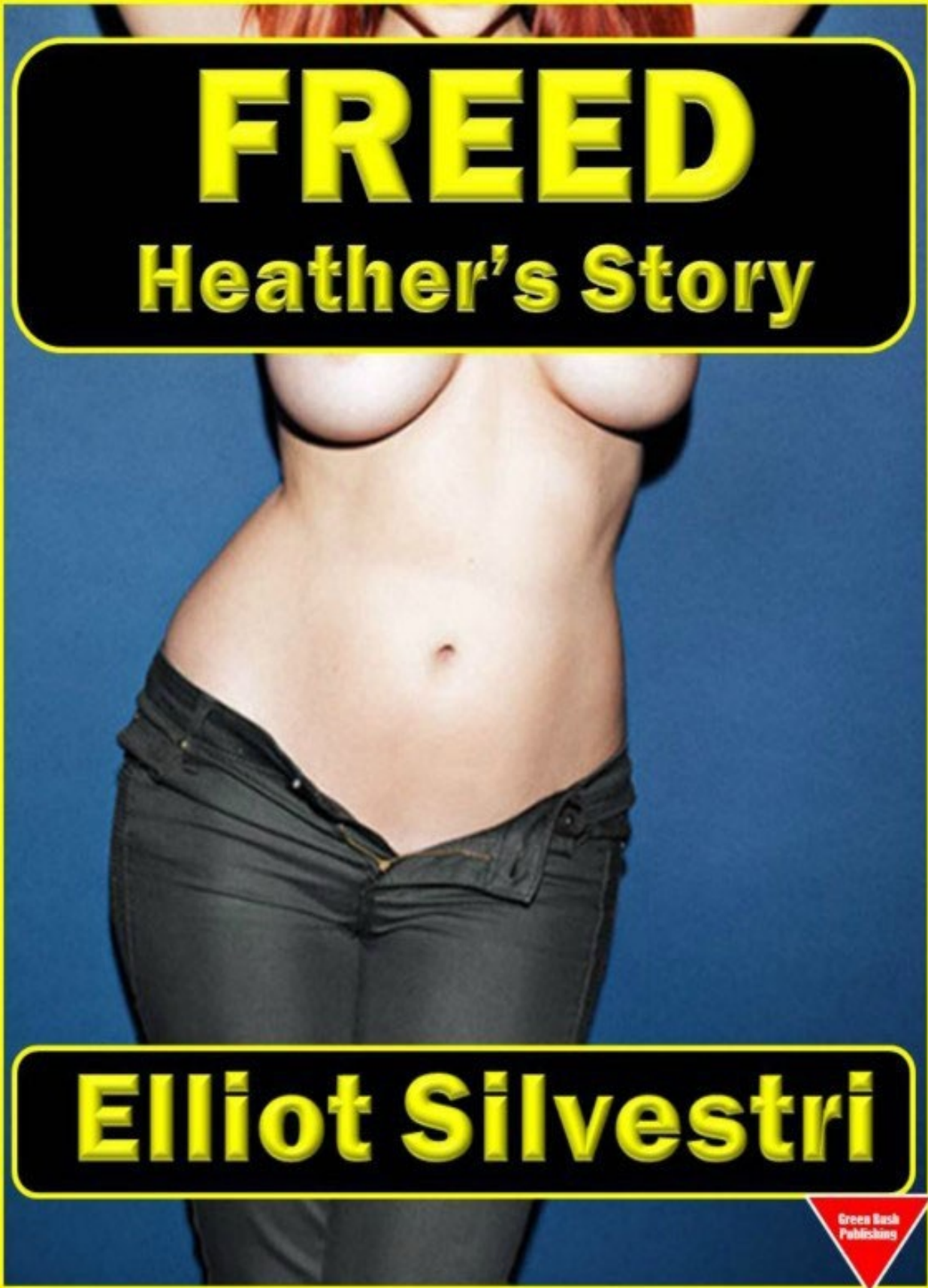


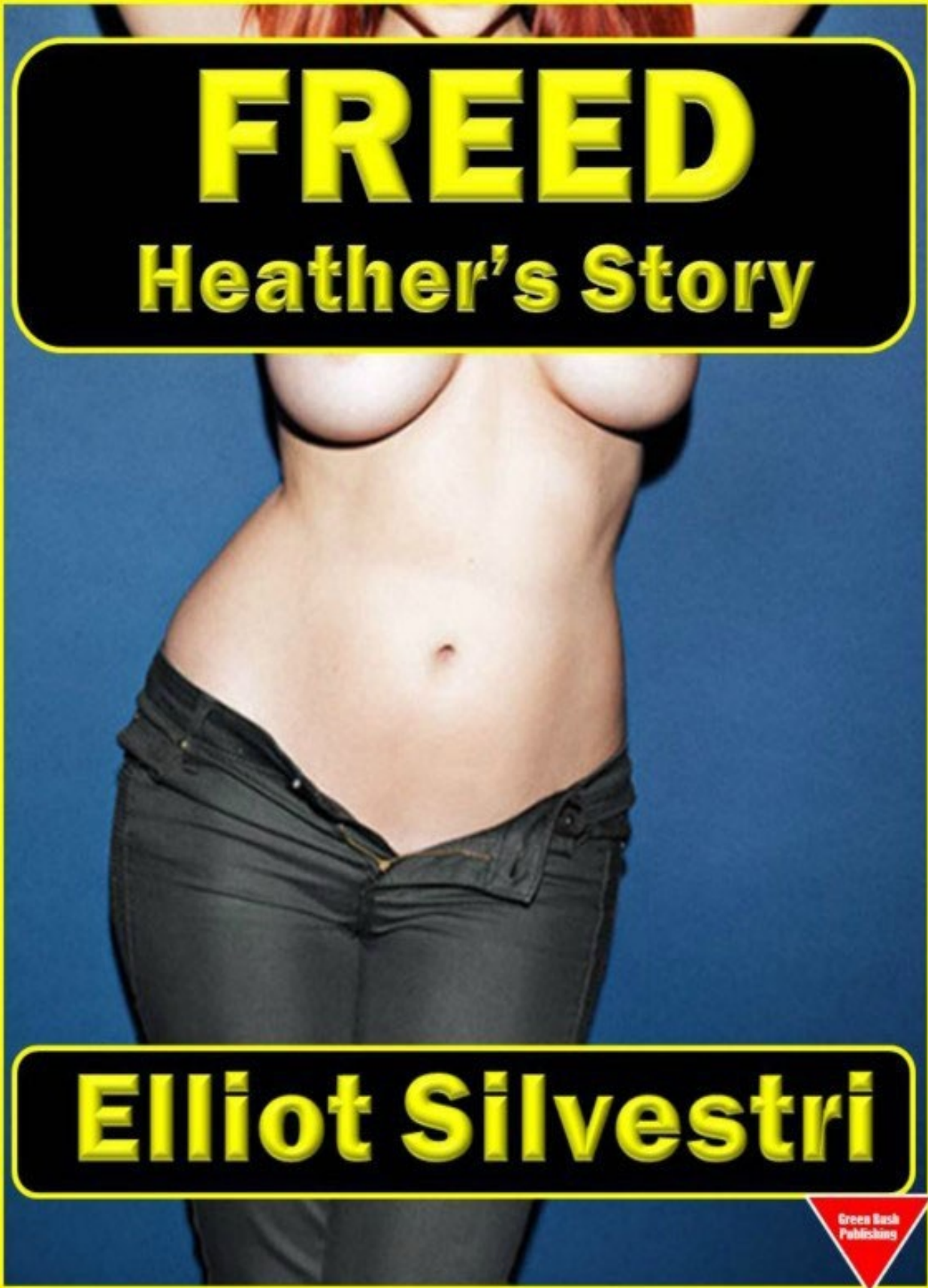


FREED

Heather's Story

Elliot Silvestri

Green Book
Publishing



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Freed
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter Eleven

TOMORROW I GET released.

Heather couldn't stop staring at the text message Nick sent her.

Tomorrow I get released. Rebecca wants me to pick between sex with her and sex with you.

An immediate answer came to Heather, but she didn't want to say it to Nick because she didn't want to unduly influence him. He was married and belonged to Rebecca even if she wanted him more than his wife did. Finally she texted back: What are you going to do?

His answer came quickly. She's going to invite you over this weekend. I have to pick then.

Heather stared at the message for a long time, ignoring the work on her desk and afraid to text him back. The phone buzzed with a message from Rebecca. True to Nick's prediction it was an invitation, or more accurately a summons. I would like you to come over Saturday night. 5pm is best for us. Please be on time.

There was reason for her to reply. She already knew she was going to attend.

"Is it just going to be the three of us?" Heather asked after Nick handed her a drink in the large space that was a combined kitchen and dining room.

"For now," Rebecca answered. The married couple was casually dressed and Heather felt like she had overdressed with her slightly too tight skirt with a blouse that would have showed off her cleavage if she had a bra capable of smooshing her small tits together to create a dividing valley in the middle of her chest. "Why do you ask? Did you enjoy getting fucked by John?"

Immediately Rebecca's face flushed. While she had enjoyed Rebecca's boyfriend fucking her, that wasn't why she was asking. Trying to hide her

autonomous reaction, she took a gulp of her drink, wincing slightly at the strong alcohol content. “No. It’s not that. It’s that...I was hoping this was going to be a bit more private this time.”

Rebecca reached out and lightly ran her fingertips down Heather’s cheek. It was far too intimate a gesture but Heather didn’t shy away. She wanted this more than anything tonight. “This will be private. For now at least, like I said. Do you know why I brought you here? I mean, exactly why?”

“Not entirely,” Heather answered with a glance at Nick who had been listening to the conversation but had remained silent while drinking.

“You’re the choice,” Rebecca told her as she picked up her phone and activated the screen. She opened an app and displayed the screen to Heather. It was a simple countdown. Only thirty minutes remained.

“I’m the choice?” Heather was confused.

With an annoyed sigh Rebecca explained. “In just,” she glanced at the phone, “twenty eight minutes and thirty seven seconds, Nick gets to be released from his cage for the first time in sixty days. By then he gets to choose. Me or you.”

“Choose for...” Heather couldn’t bring herself to complete the sentence.

“Choose who he wants to have sex with tonight.” She turned and smiled at her husband. “Right dear?”

“Right,” he agreed glumly after taking another swallow of his drink.

In only took a second for Heather to understand the conundrum Nick was in. If he chose his wife, he would not be able to please Heather who had been waiting patiently for his cock to be freed. If he chose Heather, his wife would be pissed and undoubtedly she would lock him up for a longer period than sixty days, and while he would get nothing, Rebecca had John to fuck her as she pleased. He was caught having to choose between his wife and girlfriend. There would be a small immediate benefit regardless of who he picked, but the long term consequences might be enormous.

Heather opened her mouth with the intention to leave, so Nick wouldn’t have to make a terrible decision, but before she could speak Rebecca cut her off. “And

don't try to be noble and take the burden away from him. He has to choose. I want him to choose. There are benefits—good and bad—for the both of us. Nick wanted me to put that cage on his cock and he enjoys the torments it gives him. Not right away, but he realizes how good it is for him, don't you honey?"

"Yes," Nick said. At first it was without conviction, but like a man knowing he was going to the executioner's chamber, he found his courage because he didn't want to seem weak in front of those he loved. "Yes. Before I got pierced and locked, I was jerking off all the time and it didn't make me happy. Now..." he smiled. "Now I only get to have sex once in a while, but it's intense and better than ever before. Too often makes sex...boring. Once in a while makes it that much better."

"So choose," Rebecca told him. "Don't let the timer run out. You need to make a decision before then."

"Or what?" asked Heather.

"Or else I don't unlock him at all and he does another sixty days before getting released." There was a certain wicked lilt to her words. "Unless that's what you really want." She rested her hand on Nick's thigh. It might have been a friendly gesture from his wife, or it might have been to influence his decision.

Nick looked over at Heather. She couldn't read his expression and Heather realized that things would be so much worse for him if he chose her so she flicked her eyes toward Rebecca, indicating that he should choose his wife over her. Heather told herself that she could be happy with whatever small morsel of pleasure Rebecca might send her way.

As his indecision went on, Rebecca tried to force the issue. "Do you need some help making your decision?" she asked as she stood up and pulled her shirt up over her head revealing her ample tits bound up by her bra. "Take off your shirt, honey," Rebecca said to Heather. "Let's give him a comparison."

Knowing her words were an order and not a suggestion made it somewhat easier for Heather to quickly unbutton her blouse and remove it, showing off her small tits.

"No bra?" Rebecca clucked her tongue. "Very unladylike." Once more Heather blushed. "Are you even wearing panties?"

“Yes!” Heather quickly blurted out, angered at the implication.

“Prove it,” Rebecca smirked.

Seeing that she had fallen into Rebecca’s trap, there was little for Heather to do other than to unzip her skirt and shimmy out of it. The small white lace panties she wore left nothing to the imagination, though Nick didn’t need much imagination with Heather; he had seen it all already. Before she could say anything to defend her actions, Rebecca took the initiative again. “You aren’t going to pass up this sweet young thing, are you, Nick? You can have your chubby wife anytime, but this,” and she gestured to Heather. “This is a treat.”

To call herself chubby was unfair, but Rebecca knew exactly what she was doing. Nick’s mind was focused on his cock, struggling to escape the cage, and the timer that was counting down the deadline that would determine the next several months of his destiny. He wasn’t fully thinking when he said, “Heather. I want to fuck Heather.”

Heather’s heart thumped in her chest, for joy because he had chosen her and she would shortly be rewarded with his big cock, but also in sorrow because she knew he would be paying a penalty for his choice. He truly hadn’t won anything.

Rebecca tapped the screen to her phone. “Still twelve minutes left. But an excellent choice. Why don’t you two go upstairs and I’ll be along in a minute.” She smiled at the nearly naked Heather and her stunned husband. While she didn’t seem upset, Nick knew now that everything he did would be under the microscope.

“Why do you need to come upstairs?” Heather stupidly asked.

The smile on Rebecca’s face thinned. “Because Nick doesn’t know where I keep the key to his cock and I’m certainly not going to let him know now. Go and wait,” she ordered.

There was no reason to pick up her clothes and since she knew the way, Heather headed out of the kitchen with as much of her dignity as she could. Nick started to say something to his wife, but she just shook her head at him and he meekly followed Heather. He should have been celebrating, the journey upstairs should have been a victory parade, but instead it felt like a funeral march

Once upstairs Heather glommed onto Nick, kissing him passionately before Rebecca could appear. He wanted to push her away, but couldn't. After a minute Heather broke off the kiss and rested her head on his chest, surreptitiously wiping away a few tears that had squeezed out of her eyes. "I'm sorry," she told him.

"For what?"

"For making you choose me. She's going to torture you." Heather couldn't bear to look up at him even as he ran his hands up and down her back wanting to dip lower to cup her ass, but not daring to because he didn't know how Rebecca would react.

"She was going to torture me regardless of how I chose. We'll enjoy tonight and then cope with tomorrow," he promised her.

"Very sweet sentiment," said Rebecca as she sauntered into the bedroom brandishing a small key. "I'm surprised I didn't find you between your girlfriend's legs, eating her pussy. Every moment is precious."

Nick lightly pushed Heather away, as if that would help, but she remained at arm's length, holding his hands.

"And why aren't you already naked?" she asked Nick. "I would think you would want to make the most of every second before she has to go." Rebecca seated herself on the edge of the bed, crossed her legs, and dangled the key from her fingertips on its short chain.

At once Nick started stripping and in a flash he was in front of Rebecca, his cock presented to her face where she could easily unlock him.

Rebecca took her time and seemed almost reluctant to touch her husband's manhood. "I shouldn't let you out," she mused, "but a promise is a promise." Still, she didn't insert the key into the lock but looked over to Heather who was waiting patiently, wearing nothing more than her panties. "I want you to give him a blowjob first, would you do that for me?" she asked softly.

The only correct response was the one Heather gave. "Yes. Of course. I'd be happy to."

That answer made Rebecca smile. "Thank you." Only then did she put the key into the lock and twist it separating the cage from the retaining ring. It was easy to slip the bird cage-like shaft from the base ring along with the hook that fitted through the captive bead ring that Nick wore through the head of his cock. The moment Rebecca pulled everything aside completely freeing Nick's manhood, he immediately rose to the occasion, getting hard like a teenage boy. Clearly a blowjob as foreplay wasn't going to be necessary for him, but it wasn't necessary for Heather either because her panties were soaked from the anticipation of what was to come.

Without any prompting from Rebecca, Heather went right in front of Nick, fell to her knees and put her mouth on his wonderfully large cock. She reveled in the difference of the hard metal ring through his flesh that was soft and hard at the same time. Even though she had done all sorts of carnal and erotic in front of Rebecca before, Heather felt another blush of shame and embarrassment because she felt Nick's wife's eyes on her. In essence, it didn't matter because she had barely started fellating Nick, carefully cupping his balls as she sucked his entirely length into her mouth, when he began making the unmistakable noises and unconscious motions of a man on the edge of orgasm.

"He's going to cum," Rebecca informed her. "I want you to catch all of his load in your mouth and swallow it."

That was an easy task for Heather. The noises he made as he came sounded painful, rather than pleasurable, but that didn't stop Heather; she knew what he needed at the moment. As soon as Nick started pumping cum into her mouth and she tasted the salty-sweet liquid, she started swallowing. Her first instinct was to hold it on her tongue as long as possible, but she knew the volume that Nick produced and she had been told time and time again by past boyfriends how good it felt when she swallowed their cum. And so she swallowed Nick's cum, proudly and happily. It seemed like it would go on forever and swallowing with his large dick and ring in her mouth wasn't easy, but she did it without complaint because she had no reason to complain. She was doing this for the man she loved.

She didn't stop sucking up every little drop until Nick shuddered and pushed her away. Heather licked her lips as she looked up at him. From start to finish the blowjob barely lasted a minute. Before she could say anything, soft mocking applause came from Rebecca who had gotten up from the bed and walked

around behind Heather. “Very good, very impressive, Heather. But I have a question for you.”

“Yes?” Heather looked over her shoulder at her rival, the woman who was married to Nick.

“Do you have my blue princess plug in your ass right now?”

Rebecca had a singular talent in making Heather feel great embarrassment and making her blush. Yet again her face flushed red and she quickly looked down at the floor. “Yes,” she admitted.

“I don’t remember telling you to wear it,” said Rebecca.

“You didn’t say not to,” Heather quickly tossed back, angry at herself for feeling embarrassment over something she enjoyed and angry at Rebecca for her controlling ways.

The older, curvier woman inclined her head to the side. “True.”

“You promised you wouldn’t interrupt,” Nick said to his wife, alluding to an earlier pledge Heather had not witnessed.

“I’m not interfering, I’m watching. And as we agreed, you can do anything you want at all with her, but you have to do it in this house.” Rebecca smirked and went to the opposite side of the room to pull the toy box out from underneath the bed. She pulled out a vibrator and looked over at Heather who was still on her knees in front of Nick. “Are you going to fuck her?” she asked. “The timer is running.”

“No, it’s not,” Heather answered before Nick could say anything. “You stopped it when he picked me.” It felt good to say that out loud to Rebecca; it was a bit childish, she knew, but she wanted to rub it in Rebecca’s face that Nick hadn’t chosen his wife.

“It is,” Nick contradicted Heather. “When I was released, Rebecca started a new timer. For every hour I’m out of chastity, I have to do a week in chastity.”

“What?” Just when Heather thought that Rebecca and Nick couldn’t shock her any further, they put a new twist on their strange games. “Why would you agree

to that?”

Nick smiled sadly at her. “You wouldn’t understand until you’ve been denied orgasms for a month or more.”

Heather supposed that was true. “We should make the most of our time together, then.”

“Let me help you,” Rebecca said as she walked around the bed and pulled Heather’s white panties down over her butt, exposing the blue jewel lodged into her ass. “You like it from behind, don’t you?” she asked, a wicked smile on her face. “Why don’t you have him fuck you?” And then Rebecca walked casually away to seat herself on the chair in the corner. She watched them intently, waiting.

Almost too stunned to do anything, Rebecca remained on her knees, but Nick pulled her up while at the same time lowering her panties. They kissed in front of Rebecca—something that made Heather feel good because she felt it strengthened her claim over Nick—and he moved her to the bed. Stepping out of her panties made Heather stumbled and she wound up sprawling on the bed. Nick flipped her over. He was that much bigger and stronger than she was. Heather didn’t know what to do, usually she enjoyed giving a blowjob to a guy before they fucked, to help get him hard, but as he knelt behind her, Heather realized that Nick was already hard again. He had been denied for so long that he didn’t need any extra help.

She wanted to look over her shoulder to see what his cock looked like with the handsome ring through the head, but before she could even make the request, his cock was pushing between her lips, splitting her open, making her audible moan in appreciation of his size.

“Yesss,” she sighed.

Nick grinned and pushed his entire length into her. She accommodated him easily and he rested his hands on her upturned ass. His hands were large that they easily covered her cheeks and he was able to press on the blue jewel that decorated the base of the plug inside her. While he didn’t shove it deeply into her ass, he did press on it making it go deeper so that he could feel the rigid steel toy through just a few layers of tissue with his cock. It made fucking her even more exciting than he remembered. It didn’t hurt Heather; it was a new sensation and

she loved that as well.

The cock ring found her hidden spot just like she remembered and almost too quickly she found herself gasping and clawing at the cover on the bed. The climax was going to cum too fast and it wasn't how she wanted it. And at that moment Heather realized it didn't matter how she wanted it, it only mattered how Rebecca wanted it. This was all a show for Rebecca; Nick did as she asked and did so happily. So Heather decided to give them a show worthy of her price of admission.

When she came, she came hard. She let her body shake and let out a cry that sounded foreign to her. The way the climax took over scared Heather, but it seemed to please Nick.

"Beautiful," he told her as he slowed his thrusts. He leaned forward, molding his abdomen around her ass, pushing the blue princess plug deeper in her, pressing his chest to her back. His hand turned her head and he kissed her from behind. It was an awkward position to hold, so it didn't last long, which was fine with Heather because she got to see what Rebecca had been up to.

The other woman had kicked off her jeans but had left her bra and panties on. One hand was holding a small vibrator and she was busily guiding it around her pussy as she watched Nick and Heather fuck on the bed. Heather couldn't see Rebecca's sex as she pleased herself, but that was the point. Rebecca was watching a show she had designed and orchestrated, and now she was taking pleasure in it. To strip down and fully reveal herself would be showing weakness. Still, she wasn't inhuman; while her husband continued to fuck Heather, Rebecca allowed herself a little groan of pleasure. "Keep going," she urged Nick. "See how many times you can make her cum before you spurt again."

It turned out that number was three. At the end of her fourth orgasm Heather's limbs were like rubber and she wanted nothing more than to lie down and rest. But Nick wasn't done; he waited for his wife to wail out her orgasm before he permitted himself to cum. Seeing that Nick had cum, Heather turned off her vibrator and walked over to the edge of the bed to kiss her husband even as his cock remained inside Heather. "I love you," she told him.

Heather wasn't sure if the other woman actually meant it.

“I love you too dear,” he said as he slowly extracted himself from Heather and collapsed to the bed.

“Enjoying yourself?” she asked.

“Very much.”

“It’s only been an hour. Want to go back in your cage and only have to do a week in chastity.”

Heather rolled to her side, interested in the conversation.

Nick shook his head. “No. I’m not done with her yet.”

That made Heather smile, despite her situation.

Rebecca’s eyes flicked to Heather. “Open your legs up,” she said. Even though Rebecca wasn’t supposed to be interfering, Heather did so. She wasn’t ashamed at showing off her pussy and she didn’t shy away or close her thighs when Rebecca reached for her sex, running her fingers along Heather’s naked slit, collecting both Heather’s juices and Nick’s cum. After tasting her fingers she said, “Delicious.” Heather kept her face neutral. “Would you like a taste?”

There wasn’t a chance for Heather to protest before Rebecca was pressing her fingertips to her lips. Automatically Heather opened up and tasted both herself and Nick.

“Shall I remove her plug?” Rebecca offered. “Do you want to fuck her in the ass?”

That idea excited Heather, but Nick dismissed it. “No. You can leave it in. I’m going to fuck her a couple of more times and then be done with it.

Rebecca nodded and sauntered out of the bedroom, still in her bra and panties, unconcerned with what her husband was doing. Heather closed her eyes, telling herself she would just doze for a minute to recover. When she woke up it was completely dark and Nick was on top of her, his cock already buried in her pussy, pounding away. They were in the missionary position and it felt completely free and natural, even if she could still feel the plug in her ass.

Chapter Twelve

HEATHER WOKE NICK by sucking on his cock. It was something she had never done before, waking up her lover with oral sex, but it seemed the perfect alarm clock. The sensation of soft flesh and hard metal was a wonderful mix in her mouth. She periodically looked up at his face as was delighted when his eyes finally fluttered open. Smiling around his big cock wasn't easy, but Heather managed it. "Good morning," she greeted him.

"Morning." He pulled her face up to his and kissed her. She liked that he wasn't shy about kissing, even if his cock had recently been in her mouth. As they kissed she moved on top of him and straddled his hips, lowering her pussy onto his cock, letting the metal ring slide up to where it shouldn't be, and before the two of them knew it, she was riding him. Between his big cock and the princess plug in her ass, she felt overfull and it was wonderful.

The orgasm they shared wasn't earth-shaking like the night before, but it was a wonderful way to greet the day. Heather laid on top of him, listening to his heart beat. "What are we going to do today?" she asked him, hoping it would be a day filled with sex and naughty activities.

"I don't know," he answered and glanced at the clock. A groan escaped his lips. "Shit. It's six a.m."

"It's early," she agreed.

"I'm going to have to do close to nine weeks of chastity," he informed her as he looked around the room. Rebecca was nowhere in sight.

Heather was crushed that his first thoughts were of her, or even sex with her, but how quickly he could get the cage back on his cock. She was starting to hate the device that kept them apart.

"I need to find Rebecca and have her put my rig back on," he said pushing her and the covers off.

"Can't you do it yourself?" asked Heather.

He shook his head and gathered the pieces of his chastity device that were on the nightstand. "No. She'll only count from the time she actually sees it on me. And the fucking key isn't here anyway!"

Naked, he all but ran out of the bedroom and down the hallway, figuring his wife was in the guest room. All it would take was a minute for her to turn the key and he would be safe and secure once more.

As it turned out, Rebecca wasn't in the guest room or the house. Nick was in a near state of panic, rushing around looking for her, until Heather suggested he check his phone. A text message had arrived in the middle of the night. Rebecca had gone to John's place for the night.

"She's not going to be home until nine o'clock," he announced looking at his phone.

Horror and elation filled Heather's heart at the same time. "Should you go over there and have her put it on?" she asked cautiously.

He shook his head. "No. It'll just piss her off. That won't help. It looks like I'm going to wind up doing twelve weeks of chastity. Three months." He sighed.

Heather wasn't sure if he was happy or angry. Or both.

"We might as well make the best of it, right," she asked, reaching for his cock.

By the time Rebecca returned home, he had fucked her twice more and was on the point of exhaustion. His wife found them in bed together, Heather's hand wrapped around Nick flaccid, but still large, cock and his finger resting on her clit. "Get up and get showered," she told him, walking into the bedroom like it was a normal thing to find your husband nakedly intertwined with another woman. "You'll want to make it a cold shower to shrink that cock so it'll fit back into your cage."

She didn't speak to Heather at all; it was like she was a distraction, or worse, that she was simply a prop for the amusement of Nick and Rebecca.

To her great shame, Heather realized she didn't mind being that prop and wanted it more than she wanted to admit to herself.

I'm sore, she texted to Nick the next day.

He didn't respond for a long time when he finally did she was home and getting ready for bed. She had actually considered going to sleep with a cold pack between her legs because she was still a little swollen from all the sex with Nick over the weekend.

I'm not surprised. That was the extent of his answer.

It pissed off Heather. She had gone through a lot for him—mostly waiting—and he didn't seem to appreciate that she was happily playing second fiddle to his wife just so he could have an extra source of sex.

I suppose it's a good thing you have your cage on because I still want to fuck you and that would make my poor sore pussy even worse.

His reply made it seem as if Nick was trying to intentionally anger her or drive her away. Heather wasn't going to allow that to happen. You should try going without sex for a couple of months. You'd appreciate it more.

She gave his suggestion some serious thought.

It was one of those horrible after work get-togethers sponsored by the union designed to promote camaraderie. Heather hated them. It was the sort of forced socialization that she despised. Joseph Barnett was cute and charming, but he was cute and charming in the way that let everyone know he knew exactly how cute and charming he was. His technique had probably worked well in college and Heather could see other single women from her office observing them at a somewhat respectful distance, waiting for their chance to swoop in the moment Joseph was shot down or when Heather lost interest in his charm.

"I can't believe my sister went to the same college as you," Joseph said. "Small world."

It wasn't that surprising. Heather had gone to one of the largest college's in the state system. She was certain that half the office had been to the same college. "Big state, big school," she replied and finished her drink in a few gulps. Seeing her drink quickly a shadow of doubt passed over Joseph's face. He was worried that she had already lost interest. Leaning in conspiratorially, Heather said, "This is boring. Want to go back to my place and fuck?"

Never before had Joseph been so bluntly propositioned when the girl wasn't at least halfway drunk and Heather had just finished her first drink. He liked the feeling. "Sure," he blurted and bolted down his drink as well. "Let's go."

Heather didn't care if everyone else saw her leave with Joseph. On the other hand, Joseph was happy to let everyone know.

In her apartment Heather was all over Joseph, stripping off his clothes before she even removed one item. He didn't object; it was the easiest time he had ever had in getting off with a girl. Joseph was more than happy to look down at her sucking on his cock.

For her part, Heather was disappointed in Joe's manhood. It was...adequate at best. He wasn't nearly as large as Nick, but that wasn't surprising. The truly disappointing part was that his pubic hair was wiry and curly, completely unattractive. She had become accustomed to Nick's clean shaven look and feel. Still, that wasn't going to stop her, not that she had him in her bedroom.

"Do you like being naked in front of a woman who is still dressed?" she asked him taking his cock from her mouth.

Only when she pointed out his position did he realize what was going on. He wanted to be a gentleman about it, because that would usually guarantee a return performance. "Yeah, I do. But half the fun is making you cum." He lifted her up from her knees and his cock scraped along her body. As they kissed when she was all the way up, he pulled her skirt up over her hips, exposing her bottom.

Heather wasn't wearing her sexiest underwear, but that wasn't necessary. She already had him where she wanted him; purple silk panties over the garter belt was good enough for him. Before she knew it, he had her on her back on the bed and was pulling her panties down. Joseph tried to play it cool when he saw that she completely shaved her pussy, but he had never been with a woman who did that on her own, without him asking.

It only took a minute for Joseph to prove to her that he was an expert at cunnilingus. She actually regretted not wearing her princess plug to work that morning, but she knew it wouldn't matter in the long run. As Joseph worked around her sex, she opened up her blouse and dipped her hands into the cups of her bra to pinch her nipples. Once she judged that she was wet and ready enough for him, Heather pushed Joseph away.

“I need cock,” she told him.

“I can make you cum with my mouth first,” he asserted. “I know what I’m doing.”

She shook her head. “I can’t cum that way.” Heather yanked her skirt down over her stockings, leaving her sex bare, but keeping on her shirt and stockings. I made her feel sexier—dirtier—to do it that way. Turning over she presented her sex to Joseph. “I’m waiting,” she almost begged, waving her ass at him.

He hesitated for just a moment. “Hold on, I’ve got a condom.” He always carried, just in case of occasions like that. The wait frustrated Heather, so she reached down to her pussy and anxiously fingered her clit. Once Joseph was encased in latex he knelt behind her. “Don’t you want to turn over?” he asked as he ran his hands over her hips.

Heather violently shook her head. “No. I can only cum in this position.” That wasn’t strictly true, but it was close enough. A shrug was Joseph’s response; he wasn’t going to turn down a chance to fuck a girl just because she wanted it doggy style instead of missionary, his preference. He got to be on to either way and he was going to bust a nut on her either way.

As he fucked her from behind, Heather had to reach down to her pussy and rub her clit. His cock wasn’t nearly long enough to reach exactly where she wanted. Still, it wasn’t enough. Eventually Joseph came with a long self-satisfied groan leaving Heather unsatisfied.

She wasn’t going to take that lying down.

“I didn’t get off.”

“Sorry,” he apologized as he fell onto the bed next to her, his cock slowly shriveling up inside the condom.

If she could have dismissed him at that point, she would have. Instead Heather crawled over to the nightstand where she pulled out her vibrator and went to work on her pussy.

While there was no way for he to get an exact replica of Nick’s cock, she knew his rough measurements and was able to find something online that fit her

requirements. She liked the fact that it was bright purple but otherwise realistically shaped with random veins and ridges placed along the extended shaft. She gave Joseph a nice show, masturbating with the buzzing appliance, penetrating herself as deeply as it allowed, letting it tremble against her secret spot far inside until she came with a little gush of liquid.

“Wow,” he commented, not knowing what to think. As she finished he had the sudden desire to fuck her again, but Joseph’s cock remained sadly limp.

“Hope you don’t mind,” she told him as she put away the vibrator, “but I needed to get off the way I like.”

Heather had set the appointment and was more than willing to pay the extra fee for the consultation. She carefully explained to the woman exactly what she wanted. To her credit, the piercer didn’t seem the least bit surprised. Heather knew she was terrible at guessing ages. At first Trixie looked like she was very young, too young to be a piercer, but the more Heather talked and studied the woman with tattoos up and down her arms, piercings in her ears and face—and who knew where else—she started to think the short-statured woman with pink and blonde hair was older than she first seemed.

“And you don’t have any piercings currently?” Trixie asked.

“Just my ears,” she said pulling back her short brown hair where it barely covered her earlobes. “I was going to get my navel pierced in college with some friends, but I chickened out.”

This admission made Trixie raise her eyebrows as she rolled the stiff piece of coiled heavy gauge wire between her fingers. The hardware didn’t concern her. It was still in the sealed packaging from a company she was familiar with. It was the lack of experience of her client that made her have second thoughts about proceeding.

“I’ve always said it’s your body and you can do with it as you wish, I’m just here to help people make themselves into what they want to be. My only concern...is that you’re talking about a pretty serious modification when you haven’t had any body piercing done before.”

“I know what I want,” Heather asserted confidently. “I know the risks. I know what I’m doing.”

“I’m not saying no,” Trixie replied. “But it might not be best to get all eight of these done at once. Perhaps we should start with one and—”

But Heather cut her off. “I want all of them done today.”

“Sometimes people have second thoughts after the needle goes in for the first one,” Trixie informed her.

“I’m not changing my mind.”

Trixie smiled. “Well then, let’s get you in the stirrups and have a look. I need to make sure you have the right anatomy.”

Taking off her skirt and underwear was easy. Heather was oddly calm considering what she was doing. She had hoped that she would feel more excitement at the procedure, but calm was a perfectly acceptable way to feel. The table in the small room in the back of the tattoo and piercing parlor was exactly like every one she had seen in a doctor’s office. Climbing into the stirrups was easy. Trixie rolled a stool up close to the table and peered between her legs.

As it turned out Heather’s anatomy was perfect. Trixie was even impressed with Heather’s grooming. “You shave?”

“Yes. Every day.”

“Mm-hmm. You’ll want to skip for a while after this. You’ll be too sore. You might even want to consider something a little more permanent, waxing or laser removal.”

“Thanks.”

Using the coil that Heather had brought along as a guide, Trixie made a series of marks with a purple pen on her client’s labia. “Normally when doing a lacing on labia, I do them in perfect pairs, but this spiral isn’t exactly lined up for that,” she informed Heather. “It might look slightly odd, the rings I’m going to have to do won’t be in pairs, but offset.”

“I don’t want rings, I want the spiral,” Heather insisted.

“I understand, but this,” Trixie said while gesturing with the metal jewelry, “isn’t for initial piercings. It’s an ornament to wear after you’ve healed. I’ll give you the eight holes you want, but you’ll have to wear plain rings for at least a month before you should even consider putting in the coil. It’s just not safe to start with this.”

Dropping her head back onto the padded table, Heather sighed and said, “Fine. Do all eight today. I have more than a month before I really need to wear it.”

“Did you come here because your partner wanted you to?” asked Trixie conversationally as she prepared the piercing instruments and jewelry.

“No. I want this,” Heather insisted.

“Oh, because this is something a woman wears for a boyfriend or husband, usually, as a sign of loyalty to him. You won’t be able to have normal sex with it in, but you’ll still be able to orgasm.”

“I know,” Heather said, all but snapping at Trixie. “It’s a display of faith,” she explained.

Trixie was impressed when Heather didn’t flinch at all when the first needle went in and she asked for more. Normally Trixie didn’t do more than two piercing per person per day. Heather managed all eight without a whimper.

“Are you sure you’re going to be able to drive home by yourself?” Trixie had held Heather inside the parlor long than was usual, but the woman seemed fine.

“More than able,” Heather replied. She had grown bored with waiting. Yes, her pudenda stung a little so sitting down was hard, but she was pleased with the strange bulge that was visible through her underwear, evidence of eight rings now secured through her flesh.

Upon arriving home she took a few photos of herself, the most risqué selfies she had ever produced. A couple with her panties on for a warmup, and then an intimate look at her private parts now beautifully decorated in the manner she had devised. The rings were bright silver and contrasted nicely with her pink flesh. Her lips were redder than usual but that was to be expected, and there were a few spots of blood, but she felt that gave her pictures a more immediate realism.

Heather didn't send the pictures to anyone. She saved them for her personal use. She also spent the next two days at home, calling in sick to work. They didn't ask why; she had the time and no one questioned her. The healing period might take a while and Heather was determined to do everything she could to speed it along.

"Just a bikini waxing today?" the stylish woman behind the counter of the spa asked. Heather wasn't a fan of these sorts of places, over-priced and a little too concerned with appearance over substance, but it was the one place locally that offered everything she wanted. Self-consciously Heather had even dressed up more than usual, as if to prove she belonged to this exclusive and self-centered group. Even the receptionist's makeup was applied with too much precision and too heavy a hand.

"Yes. For now. You do offer laser hair removal as well, don't you?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes. Of course." The smile was somewhat disingenuous.

"Then I'll be scheduling that on my way out," Heather said as she was summoned into the treatment room.

"Remove you bottoms and lie down on the table," the aesthetician instructed Heather who was more than ready for the procedure. When the woman with dyed platinum blond hair turned to inspect Heather, she paused, her eyes wide, and didn't know what to do. "Oh my," was all she managed to utter.

"Is something the matter?" Heather asked trying not to sound too innocent.

"I've...never seen so many piercings all at once," the blonde said.

"Do you like them?" Heather asked, taking the surprise as a compliment, or at least pretending to do so. "My boyfriend loves them."

"Most men do," the blonde said, recovering her professional composure and moving on. She had seen plenty of women with one or two bits of metal through their intimate areas, but never so much all at once, and it looked like Heather was wearing jewelry of a fairly significant gauge, much larger than what most

women had.

“It’s not going to be a problem for the waxing, is it?” she asked. During her healing time Heather had allowed her pubic hair to grow back. It felt strange to have coverage down there again and she was eager to have it gone.

“No, no. I can work around it.”

“Good. And I plan on getting it permanently removed by the laser process. That’s not a problem, is it?”

“No, not a problem at all,” the aesthetician repeated. “We can do that as well.”

“Good,” smiled Heather. “He’s going to be so happy to see me naked again.” She settled back on the table and allowed the other woman to get to work.

Chapter Thirteen

WANT TO SEE a picture of my pussy? Heather wasn't a fan of unsolicited dick pics, and while she could imagine that most men wouldn't object to getting pictures of pussy, it was still always polite to ask.

It didn't take all that long for Nick to reply, but every minute she waited seemed like an eternity. She was disappointed with his answer. It's been a while. Where have you been?

Busy. Want to see my pussy or not? She was eager to show off and couldn't wait for him to say yes.

Sure. Why not? Show me what you've got. It wasn't the reaction that Heather had been hoping for, but she would take it. After all, it had been a while since she had talked to or seen Nick. For all he knew, she might have fallen off the face of the face of the Earth.

Getting the metal spiral through her freshly healed holes had been more difficult than she originally anticipated. It hurt, but just a little. The angle was the most difficult part. Someone else putting it in would have been easier, but Heather wanted to do it on her own.

The special piece of jewelry was essentially a thick piece of wire coiled into a spiral. One end had a large flared base that wouldn't fit through the fistulas the piercer had created for her. The other end had an eye in it, much like the hole in the end of a needle to take the thread. Since this part of the coil was larger than the rest of the piece, it was difficult to get through her holes. The first time she put the spiral in, it hurt each time she pushed the head through her holes, but she didn't stop. The metal wound up stretching her holes, but that was fine. She had anticipated that. The enlarged head was necessary. The small hole was the only way to attach a lock to the spiral and make her pussy secure.

It was odd looking down at herself with the single piece of jewelry in place. The initial rings were unsettling at first, but she quickly got used to them. The spiral was another world entirely. It was blatantly sexual, a decoration to her pussy, but at the same time it prevented her from having penetrative sex. Her lips were essentially stitched together, closed to everyone.

Walking around in with the spiral in took a little bit of practice. It was uncomfortable at first having the bit of metal inside her panties but she got used to it. The spiral, even more so than the eight rings Trixie had put into her, made a noticeable and nearly indecent bulge in her panties. It was like she still had a bush of pubic hair. After a short amount of time she decided that she liked the look. She couldn't wear thin, tight pants while the spiral was in her pussy, but that was okay. It was invisible under a skirt or thick, loose pants.

She tried it for a whole day on the weekend first. It went well. Wearing it to work was scary at first, but no one was the wiser. She liked having a secret no one knew about, especially such a private secret. It made her feel sexy and changed her entire perspective on the world. She wanted sex more, even if she was the one denying herself. Seeing Joseph in the office while wearing the spiral made her want him more.

Though she had no real reason to, Heather stopped by Joseph's desk. "How have you been?" she asked.

He seemed surprised by her sudden appearance and looked up from his computer screen as she sat down in the chair for sitting next to his desk, placed there for visitors. It was lightly padded and she was fairly sure he didn't see the slight twinge of her face as her bottom touched down and the spiral readjusted itself, nestling comfortably between her lips. "Good. Long time no see. Well, long time no talk." He smiled his charming smile and expected her to make the next move.

Never before had a woman so bluntly come on to him in such a large crowd in a formal, working environment. "What are you doing after work?" she asked.

"Nothing special. Home, dinner, maybe see a friend."

"Drop all that. Come over to my place. We'll have sex." And with that she stood up and walked away. It was his choice if he wanted to follow up.

Heather wasn't the least bit surprised when he came knocking on her apartment door just before six. She had already changed into her pajamas, nothing sexy, just respectable enough to be seen at the door, but also revealing enough to immediately put Joseph's brain in neutral. Before she opened the door she had checked and made sure the outlines of her nipples were visible through the thin cotton top. "Took you long enough," she said to him.

“I wasn’t sure if you were serious or not,” he replied. “I had to stop for a drink before I got here.”

“Come on in,” she invited him, closing the door behind him. “I hope you aren’t hungry because I already ate and I’m really horny.”

“I’m not hungry,” he said, suddenly feeling a bit nervous, as if he was on stage and everyone was watching him. Normally he was the aggressor with women he bedded and this made him a little off kilter.

After a kiss and some awkward groping, they wound up in Heather’s bed. Determined not to let her control the situation, Joseph started stripping off her clothes, which was easy. The shirt went first, exposing her small, pert nipples, which he briefly sucked on while helping her shimmy out of the pajama bottoms, leaving her on her back in just a pair of plain white panties.

Heather was delighted with his response when he slipped his hand into her underwear and practically jumped out of his skin when he touched the hard jewelry laced through her lips. “What the fuck!” He yanked his hand back as if he had been bitten.

It was hard not to giggle at him. “What’s the matter?”

“What do you have down there?” he demanded.

“Want to see?” she asked eagerly, bringing her knees up to her chest and pulling off her panties, tossing them aside to reveal her modification to Joseph. Despite himself, Joseph felt he had to look down at Heather’s pussy. His experience with body piercing extended no further than a few women who had rings in their navels and one wild girl who had both nipples pierced. Genital piercing, from Joseph’s point of view, was strictly for porn actresses.

He wasn’t shocked at seeing her bald pussy, but that only served to highlight the bright silver metal coil that wormed through her flesh. “Oh my god, what did you do?”

“Just had a piercing done,” she said casually.

“You had, like, a dozen holes put into your pussy.”

“Eight,” she said. “Only eight.”

“Still...” he said, trying to think. “Why’d you do it?”

“Because I wanted to. My body, I can do with it what I want. You don’t think it’s sexy?” she all but purred at him.

“Well...yeah, I guess. You just took me by surprise. You should warn a guy about stuff like this.”

She laughed at him and brought his face down to hers for a kiss. That distracted him long enough for her to lead his hand back to her pussy. He carefully, cautiously moved his fingers over the tangle of metal and flesh, and then brought himself up short again.

“Okay, hold on.” He paused and looked down at her pussy again. The flared base was snug against the bottom hole in the zigzag pattern of holes. At the top Heather had attached a little ornament that hid the hole that was designed for a lock. He studied what she had done to herself. “How do you actually have sex?” he asked her and then continued talking, thinking out loud. “Oh, I see, you just have to unscrew it, right? How hard is that?”

Heather shook her head. “I’m not taking it out. Do you know what a pain in the ass it is to get it in?”

Joseph was puzzled. “Then...how do you have sex?” he repeated. What he actually wanted to ask was: How do I fuck you? But that seemed a little blunt and self-centered, even for him.

“Right now, no one gets in my pussy,” she informed him.

That angered Joseph. “Then why did you invite me over for sex?” He tried to control his temper, but it seemed to him that Heather was playing a stupid game with him.

“Oral and anal,” she told him. “I’m still open for both. Which do you want to start with? I’m game for either.”

Her bluntness was arousing and scary at the same time. Joseph, like too many men, was easily led by his cock into dangerous territory. “You like anal?” he

asked her.

“Only when I get fucked from behind,” she told him. “That way I can play with myself at the same time.”

After getting out of his clothes, Heather was happy to suck his cock to get him hard, rub it with some lube, put more lube on her ass, and then get down on all fours for him. This time he didn’t use a condom. He wasn’t as big as her toys, so he fit easily into her ass without difficulty. Rubbing her clit as he fucked her, Heather fantasized about what it would be like when she got Nick to fuck her again.

What did you do?!?

Heather smiled at the text he sent back in response to the picture of her pierced pussy.

I had a piercing done. In her head the words sounded completely innocent, like she was talking about a haircut.

His second response was more measured and thoughtful. That’s not you, is it? You’re using some picture from the internet.

Give me the last code word Rebecca used with you.

It was a long wait before Nick replied. Avocado.

She wrote the word on a 3x5 card and placed it on her thigh. It took some work, but she managed to balance it there while taking the picture that showed both the card and the piercing.

Holy shit, you did do it. Are you crazy?

She ignored his question. When are you free so we can fuck again?

His reply was almost immediate. She was pleased he replied so quickly. Not until Rebecca releases me. Another month.

The answer was easy. I can wait a month.

Heather didn't hesitate to drop her pants and underwear in front of Rebecca so the other woman could get a good look at her newly decorated sex. She didn't feel the least bit of shame; she felt pride. What she had done to herself was a sacrifice she had done for Nick and she was willing to show off to anyone to prove her determination. Oddly, she was showing off to the wife of the man she was in love with.

Rebecca knelt down and peered between Heather's legs, inspecting. She moved the spiral gently back and forth with her finger, making sure the strange device was exactly as it appeared. "Impressive," she declared. "You had this done a couple of months ago?"

"Yes."

"You heal quickly."

"Thank you."

"What's this little loop, this hole at the top of the spiral?" Rebecca asked, already suspecting, knowing what the answer would be.

"Security," answered Heather. She picked up her purse from the table and removed the small lock. The fact that they were doing this in the kitchen didn't disturb her at all. It seemed...normal, or whatever passed for normal in her life now. She slipped the shackle of the small padlock through the hole of in the top of the spiral and closed it with a tiny, but audible click. Rebecca was surprised when Heather grabbed her hand and placed the two keys to the lock into her hand.

Everyone knew the lie they were all living. A decent pair of bolt cutters could easily free Heather from the chastity she had given to herself, either cutting the thin hasp of the small lock or the wire coil itself. It would be harder to release Nick because his lock was directly integrated with the chastity rig. There was no hasp to cut. Unlike Heather's particular device, there wasn't any easy place to get a pair of cutters into position to make a simple snip and open it up. In addition, his rig was made of hardened steel; it wouldn't cut easily. But it wasn't

impossible. Everyone knew that. A little determination and both could be free of their chastity devices in a few minutes.

All three knew this and none of them discussed it. It was the lie that allowed them to play the game. But if their chastity devices were cut away the game would be over and no one wanted that.

Rebecca looked at the keys in her hand. "I never agreed to be your keyholder," she said, lightly shaking the keys in her palm. "Why would I want this burden?"

"So that you know I'm not fucking your husband without your permission."

"Your clit is still exposed. You can cum whenever you want." Rebecca ran her flinger over the spiral and landed on the spot just above the tiny lock, pressing lightly on her bald skin, just barely touching Heather's clitoris. It took all of Heather's control not to shiver at the pleasure.

"Maybe," she hedged. "But my best orgasms, the one I really like, are when I'm getting fucked from behind. While I'm wearing my spiral, I can't get fucked at all."

"But I still don't want the responsibility. And you gave me keys to a lock you purchased. How do I know that you don't have another key at home?"

"I don't have another key. What would the point of that be?"

"I still don't want to be your keyholder," Rebecca said flatly and went to hand the two small pieces of brass back to Heather, but hesitated. "And yet you want to stay in chastity for what reason?"

"I'm in love with Nick," she confessed. "But it would be wrong of me to fuck him without your permission. If you hold the keys, you can give permission when you like."

"I would have to unlock the two of you if I wanted you two to have sex," Rebecca stated. "That seems like a lot of work with very little payoff for me." She turned to her husband and stretched out her hand holding the keys. "Here, Nick, you take them and hold them for the poor girl. Maybe you'll start to understand the responsibility I'm under all the time being your keyholder." She glanced over at Heather. "I doubt I'll ever want the two of you to fuck, even for

my amusement.” Standing up she headed for the stairs. “Come up to the bedroom and we’ll see what we can make of this evening.”

Nick glanced angrily at Heather. “Why did you do that?”

“Do what?” Heather asked innocently. She wasn’t exactly sure what he meant, exactly.

“The fucking piercing I don’t care about. Nor do I give a shit that you want someone to control your chastity, to be your keyholder. Fine. Whatever. Why the fuck did you tell her that you love me?” He said all of this in a fierce, hissing whisper.

“Because I do.”

“Even so, that doesn’t help.”

He turned around and headed up the stairs to join his wife. After a minute’s silent reflection where Heather decided she hadn’t done anything wrong, she got up from the wooden chair on which she had been perched, and headed up the stairs as well. She didn’t bother putting her pants and underwear back on.

Upstairs she found Nick had removed all his clothes and was bent over the bed, his ass exposed while Rebecca held a small wooden paddle in her hand. With an exasperated sigh Rebecca said, “It took you long enough. We’ve been waiting. I wanted you to witness this.”

She swiftly raised the paddle up over her shoulder and brought it down smartly on Nick’s ass. The crack! that filled the air caused Heather to jump and she wanted to cover her ears. Nick said, “One.” His voice was partially muffled by the blanket on the bed.

Before Heather could do or say anything else, Rebecca did the exact same thing; this time bringing the paddle down on Nick’s other cheek. “Two.”

“Don’t!” Heather called out, unable to take the suffering her boyfriend was going through and she realized how weak she was.

Calmly, Rebecca turned around and looked directly into Heather’s soul. “Remember who Nick is married to. He chose me to be his keyholder, but for

some reason when I allowed him to go off the leash, he chose you as a temporary partner. He chose poorly. He was supposed to remain clear of emotional entanglements. He's receiving his punishment for that now. You will stay and witness it."

She could have left at any moment, but Heather didn't. She watched Rebecca paddle her husband's ass, turning it pink and then bright red. If she had thought that saying anything would have helped, Heather would have said anything to stop the torment of her boyfriend, but she knew words were useless, so she waited. The count eventually reached twelve and Rebecca stopped. "Good boy," she complimented her husband and patted him lightly on his sore skin before dipping down low to cup his balls. "Knees on the bed now. Almost done."

Nick assumed a position that must have been familiar to him because it looked both awkward and uncomfortable. Heather could see his steel cage and exposed balls hanging down between his legs. Without warning, Rebecca swatted his family jewels firmly with the pliable paddle causing him to howl his pain into the pillow, fall to his side and curl up into a fetal position. Heather wondered if his wife had just destroyed his balls.

"He'll be fine," Rebecca told her, seeing the look of shock on Heather's face. "He's suffered worse, but he'll be out of commission for a day or so. You might as well go home."

Slowly Heather went down the stairs and found her underwear and pants in the kitchen. As she was putting them on, Nick hobbled down the stairs, cupping his balls with one hand. He seemed unstable on his feet. "I'm sorry," he said. "But you shouldn't have fallen in love with me. You should have known that was wrong."

"It's fine," Heather lied as she pulled her panties snugly into place, outlining the chastity spiral. "I'll be fine."

"I left the keys upstairs," he said as he stared at her crotch.

"You can send them to me," she said, her voice breaking with sadness.

He shook his head. "No, I'll use them on you the next time I see you."

She drove away from their house happily, wiping tears from her eyes, but a

relieved smile on her face.

About the Author

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

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Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

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Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

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