

# **KEPT**

## **Heather's Story**



**Elliot Silvestri**

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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## Chapter Five

NICK KNEW WHAT his wife expected of him. Hiding the message was out of the question. Honesty above all else was the only way their relationship survived. He showed her his phone the minute he got home from work.

Rebecca laughed at him. “It seems you have a little girl who wants some more of your cock,” she told him.

“Yeah,” he agreed.

“Too bad she’s not going to get it.” She cupped his cage through his pants, feeling the hard steel hidden under his clothes. “This is my property and it stays locked away for...” she quickly checked the countdown timer on her own phone. “Fifty eight more days.”

“Should I tell her to not bother texting me anymore?” It was cruel to lead Heather on.

Rebecca, after keeping her husband in chastity on and off for a decade, was an accomplished mistress of loving cruelty. “No. Of course not. Keep texting her. We’ll have to set up something between the two of you.”

“That’s just wrong,” he told his wife.

“But fun,” she said. “And as we know, a man doesn’t need a cock to keep a woman sexually fulfilled.” She smiled at him. “Well, not me of course. But other women are out there who fit that description.”

“But...I’m not going to have the opportunity to fuck her ever again,” Nick stated flatly.

“Who said that?” Rebecca questioned him, a small bemused smile on her face.

“Well...you did. No. We just sort of agreed to it.”

“You might get to fuck her again,” Rebecca told him, patting his hand. “I’m not making any promises, but it would be cruel to say no, never. There’s always a chance, if she’s a good girl and does what we—that is, I—want.”

“That’s still cruel,” Nick said.

“Text her anyway,” Rebecca told him.

After their conversation, Nick began texting back and forth with Heather. He didn’t want to flat out tell her it was unlikely she’d ever have his cock again, but he also didn’t want to disappoint his wife. Since Rebecca would read all his texts, he had to be careful in exactly what he wrote, making no promises and agreeing to nothing that would upset his wife.

Heather kept after him, always turning the conversation back to an opportunity for them to meet and have sex again. He kept turning her down because Rebecca refused to give him permission in any way.

Since Rebecca didn’t seem to want Heather to actually have another encounter with Nick, and Heather was desperate to have his cock again, she forced the issue. She already had all the information she needed on Nick. Finding his home address wasn’t that much more difficult.

The doorbell rang which surprised both Rebecca and Nick. It was rare to have visitors in the middle of the week who were unannounced. When Nick opened the door to reveal his former lover, his heart started pounding in his chest. He wasn’t excited and aroused—the cage around his cock served to keep his libido in check—he was in a sudden panic that his wife would somehow think her appearance was his idea. That would be very bad.

“What are you doing here?” he blurted out.

“I came to see you,” she said with a bright smile on her face. Inside she was in a panic because she knew that Rebecca was home and confrontation was not her strength, but she needed to let Nick know she was determined to get him in her bed again.

“Why?” he hissed, glancing nervously into the house.

“You know why,” she told him softly and handed over a folder stuffed with papers. In a louder voice she said, “These are the documents you needed from us. I wanted to make sure you got them before the deadline.” He voice carried into the house, letting Rebecca know exactly who was visiting and why.



Nick glared at the attractive brunette who wanted inside his pants and inside his house. Before he could say anything, Rebecca called from the depths of the house, “Who’s at the door?”

“Just work,” he replied, calling back into the house.

“Why don’t you invite me inside,” suggested Heather.

Nick frowned. He hated to be forced to do anything—except by his wife, but that was part of his private life. This intersection didn’t please him. “Why don’t you come inside and we’ll discuss this,” he said, taking the folder from her.

“Who’s this?” asked Rebecca with a smile, walking up to the pair as Heather stepped into the foyer.

“Heather Gildcraft,” Nick introduced her. “Her company and my agency deal with a lot of information. “She was just dropping off some papers I needed.”

Rebecca extended her hand and Heather automatically shook it, nervous at confronting the wife of her one-time lover. “How long have you two worked together,” Rebecca asked.

“Not long now, only a few weeks,” said Heather and right away she knew it was the wrong answer by the way Rebecca smiled at her.

“He’s mentioned you, don’t you know?” Rebecca told her.

That surprised Heather. “He has?” She was truly shocked at this revelation, or maybe it was a lie.

“Why wouldn’t my husband mention the woman he fucked while he was at that conference?”

The boldness of her statement robbed Heather of her words. She could only stand there with her mouth open before she was able to say, “He did? That makes no sense.”

“Rebecca, don’t,” Nick said, cautioning his wife.

She ignored him and pressed on. “So you’re not denying that you fucked him.”

Heather's stomach dropped through the floor and she tried not to panic. "Maybe I'd better leave," she said nervously, backing toward the door.

"You don't have to," Rebecca said easily. "We have a mostly open marriage. I gave him permission to play around at the conference. Or didn't he tell you that?"

"Nick, did. Sort of." Heather stopped moving but remained wary, ready to bolt at the first sign of true danger.

"He doesn't get many opportunities to have sex," Rebecca went on.

"With other women?" Heather asked nervously. She knew what open marriages were supposed to be—or so she thought—but to actually talk to someone who was in one, was a bit different.

"With me or other women."

That made Heather laugh. "You don't have sex with him? Why not?" She knew that if she was married to Nick she'd be fucking him every day of the week. He had a beautiful, large cock that filled her up and he could make her cum the way she loved. Even if they had been married a long time and the sex got boring, Heather couldn't imagine not lusting after his cock.

Rebecca laughed. At first Heather thought the other woman was laughing at her, but she realized it was just a laugh at the universe. Abruptly Rebecca grabbed Heather's wrist. The younger woman started to panic, but there was no real violence in the move. She just pulled Heather forward and forced her hand to cup Nick's crotch. It was a seemingly vulgar thing to do, but Nick didn't flinch away. He let the two women grope him.

Despite the odd situation, Heather was pleased that she could feel his hard cock through his jeans and was thrilled he was excited for her.

But then she realized something was wrong. He was hard, but too small, and he was far too hard.

"Do you feel him?" Rebecca asked.

"Yes."

“Is he hard for you?”

It seemed an insane question. But she answered anyway. “Yes.”

Rebecca released Heather’s hand and she pulled away, stepping back. Nick didn’t seem embarrassed at having his manhood groped, but she could tell he was uneasy at what had just taken place. “He’s not hard for you,” Rebecca informed him. She turned to her husband. “Show her.”

“Now? Here?”

“Yes and yes,” she told him.

With a frustrated sigh Nick’s hands went to his belt and he started opening up his jeans.

“I’ve already seen his piercing,” Heather admitted, trying to spare her lover a bit of embarrassment of showing off his cock in the foyer of his house in front of his wife and the woman he had fucked a few times.

“No. This is much better than that,” said Rebecca and nodded to Nick who continued to lower his pants.

Heather watched with a mix of fascination and horror as Nick’s cock came into view. Only it wasn’t just his cock, it was a steel cage, a chastity device, holding his precious manhood in check. She hadn’t been feeling his cock through his pants, but the steel bars around the object of her lust. As he displayed himself to her, Heather found she couldn’t think clearly.

“Why--?”

“I don’t have sex with my husband,” Rebecca explained calmly as if this were the most normal thing in the world for her to be doing with a near-stranger, “because I’ve had him in chastity for the past five years.”

“You haven’t had sex in five years?” Heather was stunned.

Rebecca laughed. “I didn’t say that. We have had sex, just not like most people. And of course I have my boyfriend, so I get all the sex I want. Nick had been very good for the past six months, so I gave him a little treat when he went to

your conference. No cage. He fucked you how many times?”

A silence filled the air and Heather realized Rebecca was actually expecting an answer. “I don’t know,” she answered honestly.

“I came in her eight times,” Nick said, pulling his boxer briefs back up into place.

“That’s more sex than he had all year,” declared Rebecca. “He’s going to go without for another two months. He needs to recover. For Nick orgasms are a precious thing and he doesn’t get to have them very often.”

“Okay,” said Heather as her brain started working again. “This is a little too crazy for me. I shouldn’t have come here.”

“Would you like to fuck him again?” asked Rebecca as Heather started to turn away and head for the door.

“Would I—?”

“Yes. Would you? He only has forty seven more days to go and then he can fuck you again. I’ll want to watch, of course, but I know that won’t be a problem for Nick.”

“Um. That’s crazy,” Heather pointed out.

“You can just say no,” Rebecca frowned. “There’s no need to be judgmental.”

“Then I’m going to have to say—”

“Don’t say no, Heather,” Nick interrupted her. “Don’t say anything just yet, but don’t say no.” He was begging, which seemed strange, but it still melted Heather’s heart.

She glanced back and forth nervously at the married couple. Nick looked like he was ashamed at having had his secret revealed to Heather. Rebecca seemed oddly pleased with herself. “Okay, fine, I won’t say no, but this isn’t what I was expecting.”

Rebecca pounced. “And what were you expecting exactly when you came here

tonight?” she asked. “Were you going to seduce my husband and get him in bed with you again?”

That had been Heather’s exact plan, but it fell apart the moment Rebecca had appeared. “I suppose so,” she hedged.

“Good,” Rebecca said with a smile. “I like a woman who goes after what she wants. “Why don’t you sit down, have a drink with us, and see what we can work out?”

Not knowing what else to do lest she completely lose Nick, Heather agreed. Drinking wine at the couple’s dining room table was weird, to say the least. The conversation started off stilted but Rebecca apparently had no shame and as they consumed more alcohol it became easier for the difficult subject to be discussed.

“Would you like him to make you cum?” Rebecca asked. “He can take you to the bedroom and give you the orgasm you were looking for.”

Heather laughed nervously. “You’ll take off his cage for that?”

Rebecca laughed and shook her head. “Of course not. But he has fingers and a mouth, those will do nicely.”

“But his cock is so beautiful,” Heather complained and realized the alcohol was hitting her harder than she realized. “So keep it hidden away.”

“Think of it like Christmas, it’s great to have it out once a year or once in a great while, it makes it special and wonderful, but to have the house decorated all the time for Christmas makes it common and ordinary.”

Heather heard herself saying, “I’d love to unwrap his cock.”

A small smile from Rebecca told her that wouldn’t be happening. “Why don’t the two of you go to the bedroom? Nick, help the nice girl out. She looks like she could use a good orgasm or two.”

The bluntness of Rebecca’s suggestion caught Heather a little by surprise, even given the circumstances of the situation. “That’s okay,” she said, trying to defer the suggested encounter to a more private time.

“No,” Rebecca insisted. “He needs this and you need this.” She indicated for Nick to stand up and he did so. “Take her to the bedroom. Keep her happy.” She smiled behind her wineglass.

Nick grabbed Heather’s hand and pulled her away from the table. She didn’t resist because she didn’t know what to do in this strange circumstance. They left Rebecca alone at the table and she was happy.

Upon entering Nick and Rebecca’s bedroom, Heather was immediately uncomfortable. The bed was huge and the room was nicely decorated, restful and muted, but just entering the room with him made her anxious. His kiss didn’t help matters at all.

“Don’t,” she said.

“I’m doing what she told me to,” he said and pulled her down to the bed. Despite herself she found kissing Nick to be as natural as breathing, but she didn’t allow her hands to wander. As much as she wanted to, to feel his cock trapped in the metal sheath would have been too frustrating. Nick didn’t have any such qualms about caressing Heather’s body and slowly undressing her. Since she didn’t resist, he took that to mean she wanted to proceed.

Before long her shirt was open and his hand was up her skirt with fingers tucked into her panties. He discovered her pussy was still smooth and hairless as a single finger slipped between her lips. The moan that escaped her lips was one of frustration and anticipation. With her skirt hiked up around her hips they worked together to shuffle her panties down her legs, giving Nick free access to her sex and allowing her to spread her legs wide open for him.

He kissed his way down her neck and upper chest, barely pausing at her small breasts and was heading toward her exposed pussy when she realized what was happening. “Don’t,” she said. Her eyes were screwed shut and she didn’t want him to stop but neither did she want him to proceed. Not here and not now.

“No,” said Rebecca. “Keep going,” she insisted. Heather gasped and looked at the foot of the bed where the dark-haired woman was standing and staring at them. It was one thing for Nick to cheat on his wife with Heather, but it was another for the semi-innocent woman to do it in the marriage bed in front of her.

“I can’t,” Heather insisted.

“You can,” Rebecca replied. “Go ahead and make her cum, Nick. I want to see it.”

This was more than Heather was used to. Still, Nick didn’t stop and got between her legs so he could lick her pussy. The moment he applied his tongue to her sex he realized she had recently shaved; there was no stubble. Heather put her head back on the pillow and tried to drive the thought from her head that Rebecca was watching. That proved to be surprisingly simple after a few seconds of Nick eating her out. Everything else vanished and she allowed him to bring about her orgasm.

While climaxing wasn’t a particular problem for Heather, it was always better when she was getting fucked from behind by a big dick. She could cum from cunnilingus alone, but it wasn’t easy for her. That made her all the more grateful when Nick inserted a pair of fingers into her and stroked upward, looking for her secret spot.

She didn’t want to cum, not in front of Rebecca and not from Nick’s fingers and tongue, but when she did it was painful perfection. Her body shook and her thighs clamped around Nick’s head. The moans she made excited Rebecca who was tempted to play with her own pussy, but resisted thinking it was inappropriate to do so in front of her caged husband and his lover.

When it was over Rebecca applauded lightly which brought Heather back to uncomfortable reality. “Very nice.” Her words made Heather want to cover herself but Nick was still in the way. That problem was solved when Rebecca pulled Nick up from the bed and kissed him on the lips. She watched uncomfortably for a moment and twisted her hips so that she wasn’t open and exposed to view.

“You have a very tart flavor,” she commented to Heather who didn’t know what to say.

“She does,” agreed Nick.

“This was nice, wasn’t it?” asked Rebecca as Heather uneasily struggled off the bed and cast her eyes about the floor for her panties.

“Umm...sure,” Heather absently agreed. She spied her panties and went to grab them, but Rebecca stepped forward and placed her heel on the scrap of lace.



“I’d like to do it again sometime,” she continued. “What do you think of that?”

Heather paused with her fingers outstretched to the panties. They were yellow and black lace designed to expose more than they hid, but she still wanted to put them back on. “Tonight was a little crazy,” she said trying to dance around the question.

“It’ll be better the second time,” Rebecca promised.

There were a few uncomfortable moments as Heather put her clothes back in order but Rebecca refused to give up the younger woman’s panties. “We’re going to keep them here as a trophy of sorts,” said Rebecca. “Nick told me you paraded around at the conference without any panties, or was that a lie?”

For some reason Heather felt compelled to tell the truth. “No, it’s true,” she admitted.

“Then you can go home without these. Don’t worry. They aren’t my size. I won’t wear them.”

Heather forced herself not to stare at Rebecca’s larger hips. By no means was she fat, but she had the sort of curves many men lusted after, making her much different than Rebecca’s lean, athletic form. “Okay,” she meekly agreed.

Eventually she was dressed (mostly) and out the door, leaving the married couple alone. “Why did you do that to her?” Nick asked. Rebecca was on the bed twirling the other woman’s panties around her finger. She would never admit it to her husband, but Rebecca was a bit jealous of the other woman’s smaller size.

“A bit of humiliation, a bit of fun. Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy going down on her.”

Nick didn’t disagree with her. “You’re playing a dangerous game with her emotions.”

She nodded in agreement with her husband. “She’s smitten with you. It’s probably a good idea to drive her off now before she becomes some obsessive stalker.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Are you going to leave me for her?” Rebecca teased. “Remember, I’m the only one with the key to your little cage,” she reminded him.

“I’m not going to leave you. Don’t be stupid. But she doesn’t understand our lifestyle.”

Rebecca stopped twirling Heather’s panties and thought for a moment. “Maybe we should give her the full show,” she suggested.

## Chapter Six

THE NEXT DAY, when Nick arrived home from work, he heard the unmistakable sounds of sex coming from upstairs. Already knowing what was to be seen, he still couldn't stop himself from climbing the stairs and peering into his bedroom to see his wife in bed with John. They were in the missionary position, but with Rebecca's knees drawn up so that John could penetrate her more deeply and could thrust as hard as he wanted. Neither heard Nick as he stood in the door, watching.

More than anything at the moment Nick wanted to reach into his pants and stroke his cock, but that would be a waste of time because his stainless steel cage was constraining his excited cock. If he had been given permission, he would have happily joined the couple in bed, but he hadn't been given permission—he hadn't known that Rebecca had set up a date with John—and so interrupting was strictly forbidden.

She wasn't hiding her affair—such as it was—from Nick. If she didn't want him to know she was fucking John that day, she would have done it earlier when he wouldn't be home or would have gone to John's house. Nick knew that she wanted him to see them, but she didn't want to be interrupted either, not until she called for him. So he waited patiently at the doorway.

The big finale didn't take long. Rebecca did her customary deep breathing and let out with a long, low groan that was the vocalization of frustration leaving her body. The two wore each other out and eventually Rebecca pushed John off her body.

"How long have you been waiting there?" she asked Nick.

"Not long, maybe ten minutes."

"Did you like the show?" she asked, glancing at John who was about to get up from the bed and head to the bathroom. She grabbed his arm and made him stay with her.

"Always," Nick replied.

Her legs were together but now she opened them up, showing off the neat black triangle of curly hair above her pussy. "Do you want to clean me?" she asked.

Nick wanted to show a touch of reluctance, but couldn't. "Always," he answered and went right between her legs with his face. She smelled strongly of sex and John's semen. It was a familiar scent to him. He eagerly went to work cleaning his wife's pussy, licking up John's cum and swallowing it.

John shook his head. "I can't believe he does that for you."

Rebecca intertwined her fingers with John's. "It's because he loves me." She groaned and lowered her head back to the pillow, closing her eyes as she enjoyed the rough sensation of Nick's tongue on her clit and labia. "And he does it so well."

"It's a bit humiliating," John said.

"You don't think so, do you, honey?" Rebecca asked, running her fingers through his hair. Nick looked up at her, met her eyes, and shook his head back and forth, not stopping from the task at hand. "That's right. The humiliating part is coming up in a minute."

Nick didn't know what she meant, but that didn't stop him from continuing to dip his tongue into his wife's sex and slurp up her boyfriend's cum. He wasn't humiliated at all by watching his wife had sex with other men; it turned him on. He didn't mind eating their leftover cum because it got his wife off. Whatever she asked, he would do.

John continued to watch as Nick finished licking the last little bits of cum from Rebecca's pussy. He didn't stop until Rebecca's toes curled and she had another little orgasm. That's what Rebecca liked best, the little aftershocks of orgasm once she had her primary. "Okay, you can stop now," she ordered Nick. He did so somewhat reluctantly. His face was smeared with her juices and the glistening remains of John's cum. He waited patiently for whatever she had in store next. Rebecca took a moment to compose herself and then glanced over at John's limp cock lying wetly on his thigh. "Oh, look. John didn't wash himself. Why don't you help him out too, honey?" Rebecca asked him.

Because his cock was still fully caged in his pants, there had been no reason for Nick to take off his clothes. If his being dressed had made Rebecca or John uncomfortable they would have said something. He was used to this sort of thing, but never before had Rebecca asked him to suck her boyfriend's cock. He froze and John waited, just to see what Rebecca would do.

“Is there a problem, hon?” she asked Nick. “Because I need to see you clean his cock.”

She didn’t say want or wish or would like. She said need and Nick had to fulfill her needs. With some reluctance he moved over on the bed and gingerly put his hand to the base of John’s cock. He shaved his ball sack, which didn’t surprise Nick, but had a full thatch of pubic hair above his cock, unlike Nick who had to shave completely at Rebecca’s insistence. While Nick knew—from experiences in the seemingly distant past—how to suck cock, he had never done it before. Once he put his fingers around John’s tool, he knew he would do it.

There was a slight pulsing from the organ and Nick could feel a familiar stirring to the flesh. Even though John had recently cum, he was getting hard again at the idea of his girlfriend’s husband giving him a blowjob under the guise of cleaning his cock. Rebecca’s sharp eyes notice this just as much as Nick did. “You’re getting hard again already?” she all but squealed. “When was the last time you got a blowjob?” she asked him, teasing.

“Today. From you,” John informed her. He laughed a bit, but there was a nervous edge to his chuckle.

“That was just play,” Rebecca said. “And I didn’t make you cum.”

“Who says he’s going to make me cum?”

“When was the last time you got a blowjob from a man?” she asked.

“It’s probably been two years,” John replied.

Nick had been holding John’s cock, not wanting to interrupt them and not wanting to start the blowjob in case they had some other request, but once their conversation stopped, he carefully put his mouth on John’s growing organ and felt it steadily enlarging. It was a slightly peculiar sensation to give another man head. He had always been on the receiving end before.

The immediate sensation was the taste of his wife’s pussy combined with John’s spunk. That he was familiar with having cleaned plenty of loads of semen from her pussy before. Sucking on John’s cock was different, but since his wife wanted it, he did it to the best of his abilities.

Nick did to John what he liked to have done to himself. Or he did to John what he used to like have done to himself. It had been at least five years since he had been given a proper blowjob, ever since he had gone into chastity. Now, whenever Nick got release and Rebecca's mouth got anywhere near his cock, he would blow his load after only a couple of licks. It was different with Heather, but not much. He thought back to when he was unrestrained and used those techniques. He sucked firmly, enjoying the collision of hard and soft in his mouth, while working the shaft with one hand, cupping the balls with the other, and bobbing his head up and down.

"How is he?" Rebecca asked after a minute of watching.

"He's pretty good," John evaluated with caused Nick to suck harder. All pretense of cleaning John's cock was dropped. All remnants of Rebecca's pussy juice and John's spunk were gone from his cock. This was oral sex, pure and simple.

"Can you cum?" Rebecca asked eagerly.

"Yeah, I think so."

"Make him cum, Nick," she whispered to her husband. "Make him cum in your mouth."

Nick didn't know what else to do, so he simply continued the blowjob, doing it with great enthusiasm now, partly to please John, but mostly to please his wife.

When John erupted, Nick managed to contain the load in his mouth, for which he was proud. The first little burst was thick and salty on his tongue, tanged with a bit of sweetness.

"I'm cumming," John blurted out as warning.

"Don't swallow it," Rebecca demanded so Nick just let John finish in his mouth. There were four small spurts of semen and then he was done. He carefully sucked the last few pearls and then Rebecca pulled him away, making sure he held the cum in his mouth by kissing him, pushing her tongue against his, tasting her boyfriend's spunk. When she broke the kiss she gave another order.

"Swallow now. No reason to waste it."

Nick did so and told himself it wasn't any more humiliating than other things he

had done for Rebecca.

Later, after John had left and Rebecca had gotten dressed, he had a question for his wife. “How long have you known John was bi?”

She had demanded he strip after John was gone. She liked seeing her husband naked but his cock hidden by the cage. Their dressing roles had reversed. “Who says he’s bi?” she asked innocently.

“He said it had been a couple of years since he got a blowjob from a man. A couple of years ago is when you two first hooked up. Most men don’t receive blowjobs from other men unless they are at least a little bi.”

“Very good detective work.” She shrugged. “I guess I’ve always known. And maybe you’re a little bi too. I just saw you suck off another man.”

“Does he want more from me?” Nick asked nervously.

“Why? Do you want more of him?” she teased.

“I want whatever you want me to do,” he replied.

“I know.” She couldn’t help but smile. “He hasn’t made any requests...but he’ll do whatever I ask so I’m certain you two will be getting to know each other better in the future.”

Nick wasn’t sure if that worried or excited him. His cock twitched in its cage but didn’t get hard. It had been thrilling playing with another man’s cock for the first time, but it was also a little strange because John wasn’t caged and he wasn’t pierced either. Normal to Nick, now at least, was a man with a ring through his cock. Pure and intact seemed...wrong.

Rebecca didn’t waste any time; she had a plan. The next morning she got Heather’s phone number from Nick and texted her.

*This is Rebecca. Nick and I had a great time with you the other day. We’d like to invite you back for some more play. Are you interested? As always, Rebecca was direct. If they had already scared off the girl, that was fine, but she wasn’t going*



*to waste her time in a coy little back and forth of pleasant and teasing text messages. She knew what she wanted from her sex life—that had been determined the moment Nick had asked her to be his keyholder—and she wasn't going to play games with what she wanted.*

It took an excruciatingly long time for Heather to respond. That might have been because it was the middle of the day and she was working or it might have been because Heather was scared to answer or—worse—didn't know how to answer. The possibility that Heather was ignoring her dismissed when she finally did reply hours later and much to Rebecca's disappointment, apparently the young woman either wanted to play silly flirting games via text or didn't know what she wanted.

*Hi Rebecca. Wow. That's one hell of a question. I'm just glad you aren't angry at me and Nick.*

Rebecca frowned and quickly replied. Of course not. We weren't expecting you, but pleasant surprises are what life is about. We were thinking of having your over this weekend. Would you like to do that?

The reply that came back was just as flirty and unsure as the first message. I've never been asked anything like that before. Wow.

Not wanting to spend hours on an activity that didn't interest her, Rebecca tapped out what she considered a bit of an ultimatum. Look, if you're afraid of playing with us, that's fine. We all had a good time already. If you want to play a little more intensely, just say yes. We're not going to judge you. It's fine to be nervous. That's half the fun.

It seemed forever, but the answer came back in less than fifteen minutes. Yes, but I'm really nervous and really afraid.

A smile crawled across Rebecca's face. Perfect. It's fine to be nervous and afraid. This is new. We'll see you Saturday at noon. Bring a change of clothes.

Over the next two days Heather sent both Rebecca and Nick a series of texts asking questions as to what she should bring and what she should expect. Rebecca told Nick not to reply at all. She wanted Heather to deal directly with her. Every time Heather sent Rebecca a text the answer was always, Just bring a change of clothes and prepare to go home satisfied.

## **Chapter Seven**

SATURDAY ARRIVED BOTH too early and not fast enough for Heather. She had been anxious the entire week and it showed in her work. Normally she went out with friends on Friday night, but opted not to this week, staying home with a bundle of nervous and a heightened libido. Around midnight it became too much and she wound up masturbating with her vibrator. She didn't think that was against the rules but she didn't mention it to Rebecca when she appeared on the doorstep of Nick and Rebecca's house.

It was Nick who answered the door and he was only wearing his boxer briefs. He grinned at Heather's slightly shocked expression. "Rebecca likes me next to naked when it's playtime," he informed her.

After moving her eyes over his broad chest lightly covered with hair, Heather found herself staring at the bulge in his underwear. Even knowing what he had in there made the bulge impressive. "She makes you answer the door in your underwear?"

"We knew it was you."

"Yeah, but still..."

"The boxer briefs give me a little extra support," he explained to her. "It's not exactly easy to carry around all the weight of this metal." He tapped the chastity cage through the cotton material. "Not that it weighs all that much, but enough."

"Right," Heather agreed as she followed him into the house. She wasn't much for leering, but bright blue boxer briefs outlined his buttocks perfectly.

Rebecca was waiting for them in the living room. She made a small show of glancing at her watch and then saying, "Heather. On time. Good. I like that."

"Thank you," she said feeling a bit embarrassed and self-conscious. Rebecca was dressed casually in jeans with a thin white blouse open over a black camisole. Nick was all but naked. Heather felt a little over-dressed in her business casual tan pants and dress shirt. She hadn't been sure how to dress and now was regretting her choice.

"Are you hungry?" Rebecca asked politely. "Would you like some lunch?"

She shook her head. “Too nervous to eat.”

That made Rebecca laugh and Nick smile. “Okay then, why don’t you take off your clothes and we’ll get started.”

The request wasn’t unreasonable. Sex was why she had come to their home. Still, the words shocked her, even after everything else she had done alone with Nick and together with his wife.

“Here?” she asked. “Now?”

It was as if Rebecca didn’t even hear her question. “You too, Nick. Though you don’t have much to take off, do you?”

When she glanced over at Nick, Heather was annoyed with his almost smug grin. He dropped his underwear, revealing his caged cock, and looked expectantly at her. The whole situation was a little unsettling for Heather. She swallowed and realized her mouth was dry.

“But what are we going to do?” she asked Rebecca. “Are you going to take his... thing off his cock?”

Rebecca looked disdainfully at Heather. “Of course not. He’s going to be in chastity for the next month. He only gets to cum at the end of sixty days. Until then I’m not even telling him where the key is. But there is a bit of maintenance that needs to be done. You can help. And of course he’s going to service us both, right dear?” Rebecca looked lovingly at her husband. “Sex isn’t just penis in vagina, hon,” she said to Heather. “Sex is a lot more than that. I’ll make sure you have all the orgasms you need this weekend. When was the last time you came?”

The question seemed almost out of the blue and when it was tacked on to the end of Rebecca’s little spiel, it seemed only natural for her to answer. “Last night. I used my vibrator.”

“Good. We’ll see how Nick stands up to a machine. Would you be more comfortable undressing in the bedroom?” she asked.

Heather glanced at the large living room windows with the open drapes. “Yes.” Anything to avoid getting undressed and facing her frankly kinky interest in what was going to happen to her—and Nick—over the next few hours.

“Good idea,” agreed Rebecca as if it had been Heather’s idea in the first place. “That’s where we keep all our equipment anyway. And the camera.”

She spun on her heel and marched out of the living room expecting the other two to follow. Nick inclined his head toward Heather. “Let’s go. This will be fun, trust me.”

“How will it be fun for you?” she asked, pointedly looking at his caged cock.

“There’s only one way for you to find that out.” He grabbed her hand and pulled her along to the stairs. At first she thought he was being a gentleman by letting her ascend first, but then she realized he was staring at her ass. That gave her a little electric thrill.

In the bedroom Heather found Rebecca pulling a large wooden box out from under the bed. The dark-haired woman looked up and said, “Modern America. We need accessories and accoutrements to have the wild sex life we desire.” The box wasn’t locked even though there was a latch on it for a padlock. It was slightly larger than a standard sized suitcase and when she flipped the lid open Heather was treated to a collection of sex toys she had only imagined existed on porn sets and in large anonymous warehouses. “Wow,” she commented as Nick walked in behind her.

“What are you waiting for?” Rebecca asked as she selected a few items from the box. “Get undressed. Don’t tell me you aren’t eager to see what we have in store?”

“Umm. Yeah. I just never did anything like this before,” Heather reminded her as she kicked off her shoes and nervously started unbuttoning her shirt. The way the married couple stared at her made her even more nervous. They said nothing until her shirt was open and she let it slip down her arms to toss it aside.

“They might be small, but they’re great,” Rebecca commented. “Maybe it’s because you’re still young, but you don’t really need a bra, do you?”

“No, not really,” Heather admitted as she reached behind her back and tried to unhook the strap. She struggled awkwardly and wasn’t able to do it. The pink and black bra had been chosen for its attractiveness, not the ease in dressing or undressing herself. The front cups were largely lace and she was certain that Rebecca could clearly see her nipples through the gauzy material, not that it

really mattered because both Nick and Rebecca had already seen her naked.

“Let me help,” said Nick as he stepped behind her and expertly released the single hook on the back strap. From there it was easy for her to slip the bra off and let it drop on top of her shirt. It took all her willpower not to shyly throw her hands and arms over her tits.

“And the pants,” prompted Rebecca. Heather shimmied out of her khakis to reveal a pair of panties small enough to seem like more of a decoration than serving a useful purpose. From his vantage point behind Heather, Nick clearly saw the panties were nothing more than a G-string. Obviously Heather knew why she was at the house. Now she just needed to be at ease with her decision.

“Very pretty,” commented Rebecca. “Take them off.”

Heather did as she was told, pulling down her panties and kicking them aside with a little wiggle to her slender hips. Immediately Rebecca’s eyes went to her sex.

“Still bare, I see.”

“Yes.” There was a slight tremor in Heather’s voice. She wasn’t scared now, but was nervous. Even though she wanted this, it was obvious that Rebecca was in charge, and she had no real control over what was about to happen. She was simply a prop in whatever game Rebecca wanted to play. She reached out and touched Heather’s pussy, running her fingers over the velvety labia but not slipping between them. The brunette almost shied away, but realized it was going to happen one way or another so she let Rebecca touch her.

“Very smooth. Nice. When did you shave?”

“This morning.” While her pussy wasn’t public property, Heather did get a little thrill in realizing she was going to be available for whatever sex game Rebecca had in store. Knowing she was a bit trapped, it was easy to give herself over to being controlled.

“I’m going to have Nick have sex with you now,” Rebecca told her. “Why don’t you get on the bed while I get him ready?” It was phrased as a question, but Heather had already learned not to defy the older woman. She obeyed but a question nagged at her still.

“How are we going to have sex?” she asked as she settled back on the soft mattress, her head on the pillows. “Are you going to take off his...cage?”

The question made Rebecca laugh. Even Nick grinned in amusement. “No. Of course not. There’s more than one way to have sex. Nick’s going to have oral sex with you, dear girl. Once you cum, there will be more in store, but first I need to get him ready.” She displayed a small pear-shaped shiny metal object in her hand that had a flared base. In her other hand Rebecca had a small tube of lubricant. At once Heather knew what was going to happen and was scared, not for herself but for Nick. She had never witnessed this before and was equally intrigued and horrified.

Without being told, Nick got on the bed on all fours and waited for his wife. Heather couldn’t see everything, but she knew that Rebecca applied some lube to the butt plug and some to Nick’s ass. His expression barely changed as she slowly forced the object inside her husband.

“Have you ever had anal sex?” Rebecca asked her.

“No,” Heather admitted. “But I’m willing to try.”

Rebecca chuckled. “Not right now. Maybe later.” She looked carefully at Nick’s bottom, making sure the plug was firmly in place before she stepped away from the bed. “Lots of men are afraid of receiving anal—it’s probably a hang up from the playground, little boys telling each other they’re gay—but once they try it, they love it. At least Nick says so, right dear?”

“Right,” he agreed, still not moving, not without her permission.

“And if you read about it, a lot of men like their asses played with. A good sized plug in the right spot presses against the prostate and makes for a more intense orgasm. Okay, go down on her and make her cum.”

Heather wasn’t sure why Nick needed a plug in his ass to perform cunnilingus, but she happily opened up her legs and allowed him to get to work. His tongue and fingers quickly put her on the road to climax. Since she was already keyed up with anticipation it didn’t take long for Nick to get her right where she wanted to be. It was almost too much, too intense. She could feel her pussy getting incredibly wet and not just from Nick’s saliva. When she came she knew it was going to be incredibly strong and the longer she resisted, the more

powerful it would be. That caught her in the conundrum of wanting to cum and wanting to wait to make it stronger.

She was vaguely aware of Rebecca in the room moving about. There was a strange noise and Heather opened her eyes to see the other woman holding a digital camera. The idea that she was being recorded was enough to push Heather over the edge. An embarrassingly large orgasm erupted out of her, much to Rebecca's approval.

"You like performing for the camera?" Rebecca asked when Heather was done cumming.

"Yes," Heather answered, not because she felt it was true, but because it was the answer that Rebecca was expecting.

Rebecca put the camera away. "Why don't you go downstairs to the kitchen and grab a glass for me."

It was an odd request and certainly not one that Heather expected to hear, but she was in a wonderful state of mind and was more than happy to do whatever her hostess asked. She padded down the stairs naked and spent a minute looking through the cabinets for a glass. After thoughtfully filling the short glass with water, only a few minutes had passed before she returned to the bedroom and what she found shouldn't have surprised her, but it did.

Rebecca had taken off her jeans and white shirt. Underneath she was wearing a pair of plain black cotton panties paired with what Heather had thought was a camisole but was actually a corset. The wardrobe change wasn't surprising, what she had added was. A harness was strapped around her hips and projecting from her crotch was a large bright blue dildo. Nick was still on the bed on all fours and Rebecca was kneeling behind him, the strapon tool in her hand as she was starting to wedge it between his buttocks. Nick was reaching back between his legs to guide her in.

Seeing Heather, she paused and said, "Good. You're back." But her eyes narrowed when she saw the full glass of water. "I needed an empty glass," she said with exasperation.

Glancing at it, Heather did the only thing she could think of and quickly swallowed the contents while wishing it was something stronger, vodka



preferably. "Sorry. I was thirsty," she said, uncertain as to why she was lying.

"Okay," Rebecca said to Nick. "Here we go." She slowly eased the strapon into his ass. He inhaled slowly and deeply, taking the entire impressive length.

"Wow," Heather breathed.

If they heard her, neither Nick nor Rebecca reacted. The dark-haired woman slowly began fucking her husband like a man would fuck a woman. It was odd to watch, not just because of the role reversal and the fact that Rebecca was still almost fully clothed, but because Heather could clearly see Nick's cock dangling between his legs, caged up like an ineffectual little worm. Slowly Heather approached the bed and rested one hip on the edge of the mattress. She covered Nick's hand with hers and softly asked, "Do you like this?"

Rebecca grinned and didn't stop pumping her hips. Nick met Heather's eyes and they exchanged a certain knowing understanding that they were both under Rebecca's command. They could either enjoy their time or suffer through it. Nick had decided long ago to enjoy his treatment and humiliation.

When Nick didn't give a verbal answer, Rebecca spoke up for him. "He likes it well enough, don't you, hon?"

"Yeah," Nick moaned.

Reaching out, Rebecca caught Heather's chin and turned her head so they met each other's eyes. "This is an important part of maintaining a cuckold's good health. His prostate needs to be milked on a regular basis. Some men need a good vibrator up their ass, but Nick responds well to a regular ass fucking. Right, hon?"

"Yeah." Nick's eyes were glazed over and Heather didn't think he really understood Rebecca's question, but that didn't matter. He was obviously enjoying himself.

"Hold the glass under his cock," Rebecca instructed. "It's your job to catch his cum."

She wasn't sure how Rebecca was going to get any cum out of Nick if his cock was encased in the cage, but it wasn't her job to question what the older woman

was doing. So she held the glass as was requested. Nick's cage clinked against the rim which was annoying so she backed up a little and just held it close to the head of his cock, waiting. She was certain that she would have enough warning to catch anything that came out.

Nick stayed on all fours taking Rebecca's thrusts. It seemed an awful ordeal for him, but he didn't complain and Rebecca seemed to be enjoying herself. As Heather had predicted, she had plenty of time before she was actually needed, but she dutifully kept her glass under Nick's constrained cock. When he started making grunting noises and a beads of sweat appeared on his forehead, she grabbed his cage, noted that he was fully swollen inside the unbending bars, and held it against the glass's rim.

The noise he made when his cock spurted was unsettling to say the least. The thick cream of his cum spurted out between the bars and around the piercing he wore. She caught it and every successive spurt in the glass. While Heather was no expert, she judged that the volume that Nick produced was well beyond that of other men, though she wasn't sure if that was because he went a month between ejaculations or if he just naturally made huge amounts of semen.

"Good boy," Rebecca complimented him after she stopped her thrusts and patted his rump. "Good boy. Did he fill the glass?"

"Not all the way," said Heather.

That made Rebecca laugh. "I would hope not. Squeeze the base of his cock, make sure you get as much out of him as you can."

Heather had handled enough cocks in her time not to be shy about it, but it was strange having the intersection of metal and flesh as she massaged his organ, trying to get the last few drops of cum out of him. He grunted and pulled away from her firm hand.

"Very good," said Rebecca and took the glass out of Heather's hand after easing the strapon out of Nick's ass. She sat back on her heels as Nick groaned in frustration. "You hear him?"

"Yes."

"A good prostate milking will relieve the physical pressure in his balls," said

Rebecca, “but it does nothing for his sexual urges. Did you actually cum, honey?”

“No,” complained Nick sourly as he rolled to his side.

“But...he did,” Heather pointed out, indicating the partially filled glass in Rebecca’s hand.

The black-haired woman shook her head. “Nope. Just some ejaculation. No real orgasm. Wearing the strapon is just more fun.” She dipped her finger into the glass, getting some cum on her finger, and tasted it. “Sweet as usual,” she declared, handing it back to Heather. “Taste it and see.”

Heather wasn’t shy about swallowing cum, but she normally did it as the end result of a blowjob. Still, she dipped her finger in like Rebecca and tasted. She was right, the normally Clorox-tinged taste of cum was different for Nick. There was a definite sweetness to it.

“Yeah.”

Rebecca took the glass and passed it over to Nick who weakly accepted it. “Waste not, want not.”

Nick drank.

It seemed overly odd to see a man drinking his own cum from a glass but the truly incongruous thing was that Nick didn’t hesitate to do it. Either he had done this before or was completely under Heather’s spell that he didn’t have any free will. Although she didn’t demand it, Nick upended the glass and allowed the semi-sticky viscous fluid to fall into his mouth. Thankfully he didn’t swallow with loud lip smacking noises, he did it like he was simply taking medicine, but without a child’s grimace.

The glass was handed back to Rebecca when he was done and she ran two fingers around the inside, gathering the last few gluey drops. “Heather?” she asked expectantly.

Not knowing exactly what to do Heather turned back to Rebecca. “Yes.”

“Open your mouth.” She held out her hand, the wet cum glistening, clinging to

her fingers. Heather knew what was expected and did it. Sucking the last of Nick's cum off Rebecca's fingers wasn't the most humiliating thing she had done in her life, but she was certain that Rebecca would find something to easily top it. "Good girl," she set down the glass on the nightstand as she handed out the compliment. "Are you enjoying this?"

Heather swallowed the last of the cum that clung to her tongue. "Actually, yes. I guess I've always wanted to be a little wilder and..." she giggled nervously, "and this is a little wilder."

A knowing nod from Rebecca introduced her next question. "You've already said you've never done anal. Have you ever had sex with a woman?"

There was no reason to lie; Heather was fairly certain that things would be significantly more uncomfortable if she were to lie. "No." Her heart was hammering in her chest again.

The answer was acceptable to Rebecca. "Good. New experiences are wonderful to have." She carefully loosened the straps of the harness and removed the strapon device from her hips, placing it on a towel on the floor next to bed where it joined the plug she must have removed from Nick's ass when Heather was in the kitchen.

"You want to have sex with me?" Heather nervously asked even though she was certain she knew the answer.

"Of course, you're young and pretty, why wouldn't I want to have sex with you?" She paused and pretended to consider a question. "You do want to, right?"

It was an unfair and leading question. Heather answered anyway. "Yes. Of course. I've just never done it before."

Rebecca smiled and nodded, and then slipped off the bed to choose a new toy out of the box. While she did so, Nick moved off the bed and headed to the bathroom. Heather could hear water running as she continued to watch Rebecca.

The older woman finally removed her black panties revealing a neatly trimmed and sculpted triangle of curly black pubic hair. While she wasn't sure if it was rude or not, Heather couldn't stop herself from watching the other woman as Rebecca prepared her new toy. It was a double dildo in the rough shape of a V

instead of being just a long straight tube. “I’m already wet enough that I don’t need any lube to get it in place,” Rebecca briefly explained as she opened up her stance and carefully inserted the strange toy up inside her pussy. When she was done Rebecca had an unnatural erection growing up from her pussy. It looked alien, but at the same time Heather was eager to see what she would do with it. New was always exciting.

“Lay back on the bed,” Rebecca instructed her.

“How is it staying inside you?” Heather asked while she stared at the strange object projecting up from between the dark-haired woman’s legs.

“It’s a Feeldoe,” she explained. “It’s a special dildo that sort of hooks on the inside of the pubic bone, but having good pelvic muscles helps keep it in place too.” She crawled up on the bed and pushed Heather down to the mattress. Heather didn’t resist; she didn’t want to resist. Having a woman as her partner—and the aggressor—was thrilling and new so she went along with the adventures. She decided to treat the situation as if she were having sex with a man, so she laid back, spread her legs, and allowed Rebecca to get between them with her Feeldoe. It worked great until Heather felt Rebecca’s tits, contained by the corset, mash into her own and then their lips met in a kiss. The kiss was incredibly soft, completely unlike kissing a man, and Heather was thrown out of the fantasy she was creating in her head.

While they kissed Heather realized why so many women were willing to try lesbian relationships. It was thrilling and different than a man.

And then she felt the fake cock probing at the entrance to her pussy. She was wet and swollen and ready to be penetrated. Just as if she were with a man, she put her hand down to her sex, grabbed the smooth shaft of the Feeldoe, and eased it inside her body. A small sigh that evaporated into a moan left her lips. Nick made a sound from the door to the bedroom. Heather briefly opened her eyes and watched him looking at the two women, then closed her eyes again to allow Rebecca to fuck her properly.

The softness of Rebecca’s body combined with the firmness of the fake cock they were sharing was a wonderful collision inside Heather’s mind. She knew that Nick was watching them and that turned her on as well. Everything was an adventure with this couple and she was more than willing to go along with

whatever they—and specifically Rebecca—wanted. Nick was almost emasculated with his cock locked up in his cage. It quickly became apparent to her from Rebecca's motions that the woman fucking her was going to cum first. Her face was screwed up into an intense scowl, she was panting heavily with each thrust, and beads of perspiration formed on her forehead. Rebecca had been holding herself up off Heather's body by supporting her weight on her forearms and elbows, but now she almost collapsed down on Heather and thrust hard and fast with her hips, wiggling them back and forth, until she let out a long, grunting moan of pleasure as she came.

"Oh, that was good," Rebecca informed her. At first Heather didn't fully understand, and then remember that the strap on she was using had to have been specifically designed for both the giver and the receiver to get off. Or maybe fucking women was how Rebecca got off. It didn't matter. It still felt good to heather. "You didn't cum yet?" Rebecca asked with polite sadness, as if Heather we missing out on something special. She even brushed a few stray hairs from across Heather's forehead. It was a surprisingly intimate gesture.

She shook her head. "No, not yet. I do usually cum in this position," she said. She wanted to say missionary, but that didn't seem right. Missionary was for a man and a woman, not two women.

"What position do you like?"

Heather swallowed her pride. "Doggy."

Pushing herself up off her arms and kneeling up, the dildo slipped out of Heather's pussy, and Rebecca said, "Turn over. I'll fuck you the way you need."

After shooting a shy glance at Nick, who was still watching them intently with his cock still swollen in the cage, Heather did so, presenting Rebecca her taut posterior. This time Rebecca didn't need any help guiding her girl-cock into Heather; apparently she was more comfortable fucking from behind rather than face to face. The large dildo filled up Heather's slick walls. "Do you like my cock?" Rebecca asked as she grabbed Heather's hips and started thrusting again.

"Yeah..." Heather moaned. The fake phallus somehow found the exact right spot inside her, causing her to quickly climb the wall to orgasm.

"I had this specially made," Rebecca explained without interrupting her rhythm.

She liked the way Heather reacted to being fucked in a submissive position. “It’s the exact same size as Nick. Do you like that?”

“Uh-huh.” Heather wasn’t thinking, just reacting. The idea she was being fucked by Nick’s cock but attached to Rebecca drove her wild. She came, clawing at the bed sheets. Heather wanted to slide forward and lay down, get off her knees and hands, but Rebecca held her up.

“We’re not done yet, honey.”

“We’re not?” Heather had half passed out. The statement confused her. She had cum hard and wanted to rest.

“You’re beautiful when you cum, Heather. I want to make you beautiful again.”

“Okay,” Heather somewhat reluctantly agreed. Nick came over to the edge of the bed and sat down. Unable to help herself, Heather reached out and grabbed his caged cock. She could feel the warmth of the useless bit of flesh through the steel bars. It was swollen but not erect; it couldn’t get erect. As Rebecca started fucking her again Nick took Heather’s hand off his cage and intertwined his fingers with hers. Bending down he kissed her. The kiss was rougher than Rebecca’s and that was good. She had never been kissed by one person and fucked by another at the same time. It seemed the perfect way to have sex.

Rebecca seemed relentless. She fucked Heather so long and so hard that Heather lost track of how many times she came. One climax melted into the next. By the time they finally uncoupled Heather’s pussy was so worn out and sore she was afraid that she would never be able to have sex properly again. When Rebecca was done with her, she was allowed to lay down on the bed and have a moment’s respite.

“Just a little nap,” she begged Rebecca.

The older woman gave her a kiss on the cheek. “Of course. You rest a bit. We don’t want to exhaust you before tonight.”

Her words made Heather shiver. What did the other woman have planned? Already she had been pushed well beyond any boundaries she thought she had. What remained for her?

## 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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