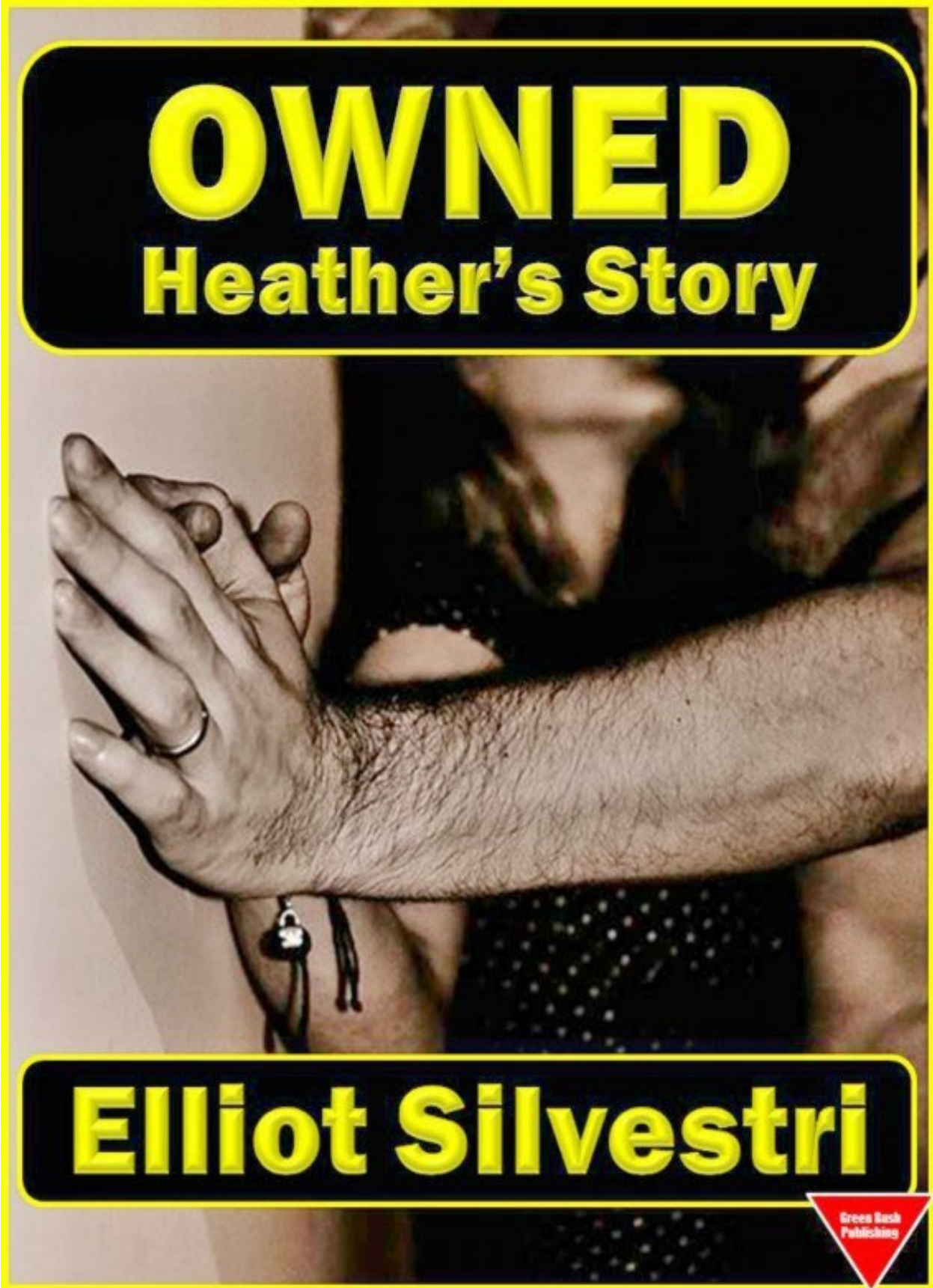


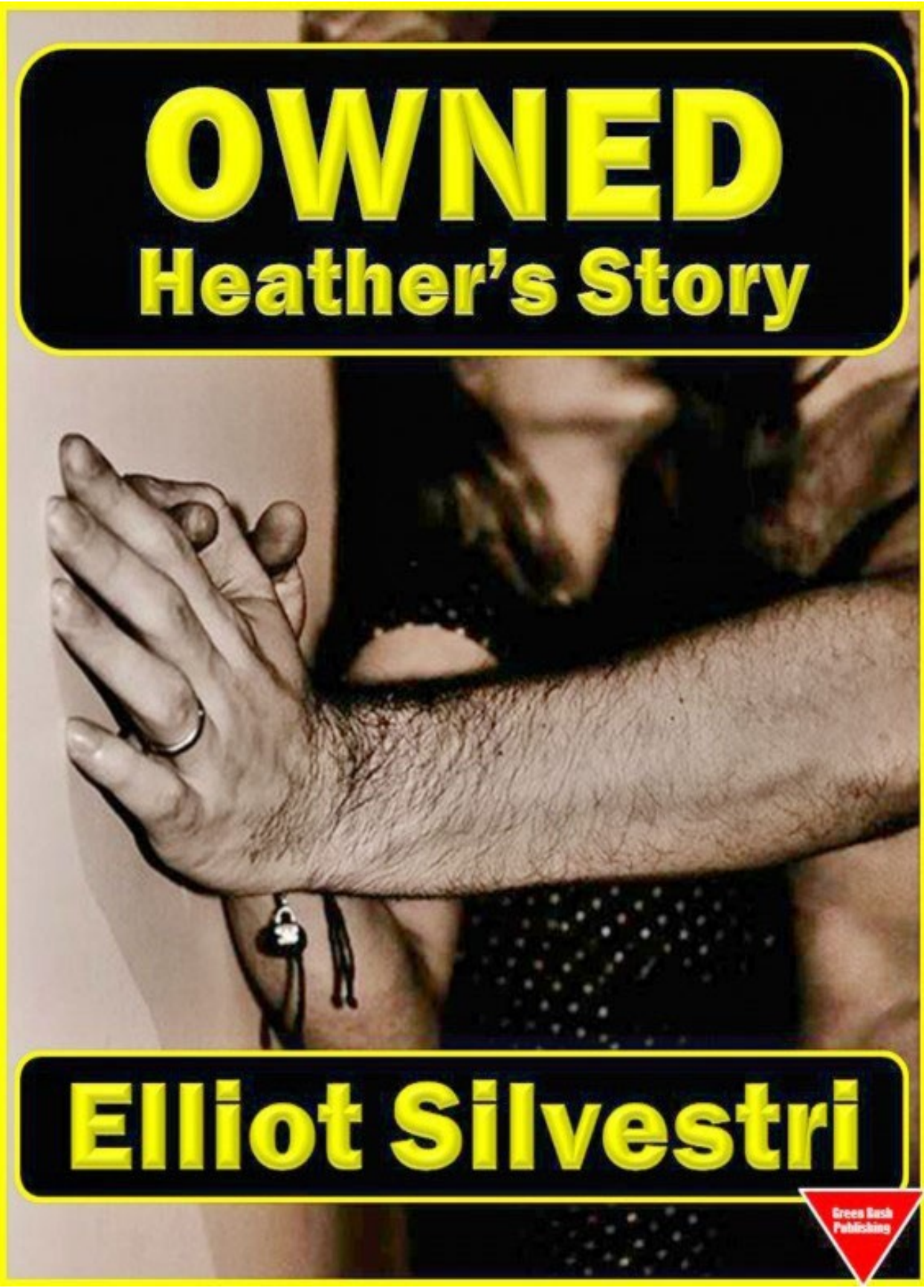


OWNED

Heather's Story

Elliot Silvestri

Green Book
Publishing

The background of the book cover is a photograph of a person's torso and arms. The person is wearing a dark, polka-dot top. Their hands are clasped together in front of their chest. The person's left arm is hairy, and they are wearing a silver ring on their ring finger and a black cord bracelet with a small silver bell. The entire cover is framed by a thick yellow border.

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter Eight

WHEN THE BED moved, Heather woke up from her nap. She didn't recognize the man joining her in bed, but for some reason she didn't panic. It seemed... normal. When she managed to focus her eyes she saw the man was handsome, with blonde hair and a hairless chest. He was naked, which to her frazzled mind was good. At once, even though her pussy was sore, she felt herself getting wet and she was ready for him without any preparation.

A hand was between her legs, and Heather wasn't sure if it was the man's or Rebecca who was suddenly right next to her. "You're wet. Good. I want to watch. So does Nick."

"Okay," Heather agreed. She had already decided she was dreaming. Since she was already on her back, all she had to do was open up her legs and invite the stranger into her pussy. His cock was erect—Heather had expected that—but to her disappointment it wasn't larger than Nick's. What she wanted in her dream right then was a nice big cock that would satisfy her every need. Still, there was no reason to complain. She ran her fingers over his shaved and velvety balls, gripped the shaft, and guided him into her.

"She's a bit of a slut, isn't she?" the blonde stranger asked as he started fucking her. She picked up her knees, bringing them up to her chest so he could penetrate her more deeply and easily.

"You say that like a bad thing," Rebecca commented coolly. "Any woman worth knowing and fucking is a slut. I'm a slut as well."

"And I love you for it," the man said, turning his head so he could kiss Rebecca while he fucked Heather. Halfway to her climax, Heather realized she wasn't in a dream—and then she realized she didn't mind having sex with a stranger.

As it turned out having sex with someone she didn't know and had only met once his cock was inside her as amazing. There was no agenda with him; it was simple, raw, pure sex. She raised up her knees and grabbed his ass, pulling him deeper into her with every thrust, but it still wasn't enough. The only thing to do was to push him off her, turn over, and allow him to fuck her from behind, like an animal. This appealed strongly to her base desires and once she had positioned herself the way she wanted, Heather howled when the orgasm took control of her body, making her shake uncontrollably. The orgasm was long and drawn out, making Heather moan and groan. While she came the man fucking

her also finished; she felt his hot cum splashing inside her and that gave her another sharp little peak of intensity. By the time the orgasm was over, she was shaking from exhaustion and tears were starting to form in the corners of her eyes. It was perfect.

“Thank you,” she told him politely over her shoulder. It came out as half a sigh, but that was fine.

“Heather, this is John,” Rebecca said, introducing the two. “As you’ve already figured out, he’s a wonderful lay. Don’t get attached to him. He’s my boyfriend.” She laughed lightly at her declaration.

“Okay,” Heather agreed. She was in such a pleasant place in her body and mind that she would have agreed to anything.

Slowly John crawled off Heather’s body with a satisfied groan. He turned over and looked at the woman who identified herself as her girlfriend. Rebecca was an attractive, almost middle-aged woman with long black curly hair. She was naked but for the corset that barely contained her large breasts. At the moment she was breathing deeply, which threatened to spill her tits out of the hard sculpted cups of the corset. Her husband Nick stood to the side of the bed he too was only wearing one article on his body, but it wasn’t properly classified as a piece of clothing. The metal chastity cage fitted around his cock kept it mostly hidden from view and fully restricted from growing into an erection. He had quietly observed John fucking Heather on the marriage bed; he hadn’t touched his cock—he couldn’t—but Rebecca had played with her pussy just enough to keep it moist and ready.

As John made his way off the bed, he headed toward Rebecca who greeted him with a triumphant—and intensely intimate—kiss. There was no reaction from Nick who, being Rebecca’s husband, should have had some sort of response, but he was a well-trained submissive and chaste husband. He knew when his wife wanted him to act and when he was just a prop in her fantasies.

Heather was the complete unknown in the group’s interaction. She had been brought into the bedroom by Nick as a plaything for Rebecca who now wanted to see what she could make the young woman do, and how far she could push her humiliation levels.

“Ugh,” said Rebecca when John’s wet cock touched her side. “You need to get

cleaned up. Nick will be glad to help you out.”

She grinned widely at them both.

At first Heather hadn't been paying attention to what Rebecca was saying, but she managed to roll her head to the side and watch now because she was certain that Nick's role in the evening's activities had suddenly been reduced to servant.

She was wrong. Instead of going to the bathroom for a washcloth or some other means to clean John, at Rebecca's urging he instead got down on his knees in front of the muscular man, and took John's cock into his mouth, slowly sucking and licking away all the cum and remains of Heather's pussy juice.

It was intriguing to watch two men together because it seemed so transgressive. Women having sex with women, in Heather's mind at least, seemed normal and acceptable, but two men together was so wrong that it was exciting and thrilling because it was not conventional. While the supposed purpose of Nick taking the other man's cock into his mouth was to clean it, everyone immediately understood that Nick was giving a blowjob and John was there to enjoy it while Nick was humbled and humiliated by being the weaker, submissive man.

Heather didn't have that take on the situation at all. Nick performed his duty eagerly which, in her eyes at least, made him strong-willed and entirely masculine.

It took some time and effort on Nick's part, but he eventually got John's cock to rise up once again. Heather wondered if he had gone long between orgasms and was ready for more sex or if he just naturally had a short recovery period and could get it up without much trouble. Heather hadn't gotten a good look at John's cock while he was fucking her, and while he was certainly adequately endowed, he wasn't huge, unlike Nick's more than adequate cock. Though she was satisfied with the way John and fucked her and made her cum, Heather found her hand going down to her pussy, feeling her wet pussy and John's cum starting to leak out. She lightly rubbed her clit and continued to watch the two men.

From out of nowhere Rebecca slapped Heather's hand away from her pussy. “Look, but don't touch,” she warned the younger woman. “Let it build up inside you. You don't have to give in to every little urge you feel.”

Heather only nodded, properly chastened.

“He’s ready, Nick. Are you ready for him?” Rebecca asked her husband.

Nick took his mouth off Nick’s wet cock and nodded. “Yeah. I’m ready.” He looked nervous and Heather was certain she knew what was about to happen but she wasn’t sure if she wanted to see it. Still, she knew better than to look away. If nothing else, she was there to be a part of Nick’s humiliation.

“Lay down like we talked about. Good submissive boy acting like a girl,” she said softly as she found the bottle of lube and squirted some into her hand to apply it to John’s length. He smiled at his girlfriend as she rubbed him. “Don’t get too excited yet,” she told him as she added more lube to her hand and turned to Nick. He had taken his position on the bed next to Heather who moved aside, uncertain what her entire role in the game was right then. Nick raised up his legs and exposed his bottom to his wife. His cock wasn’t fully limp—Heather could see a certain stiffness and redness behind the bars—but it still managed to flop against Nick’s stomach as he moved about.

There was no way to explain Heather’s nervousness as John got on top of Nick and the two men carefully aligned John’s cock with Nick’s back entrance. Between all the preparation going back to when Rebecca put the plug in his ass in the middle of the day all the way up to the moment she had smeared lube to his entrance, it was easy for John to slip inside Nick’s ass. Both men groaned as their bodies joined together. Heather’s eyes bulged; it was erotic and scary at the same time. She felt for Nick who was being used by his wife, but he certainly didn’t complain and Nick wasn’t complaining about having sex with John.

It was the new man who seemed most eager for the encounter. John’s face was beaming with excitement as he sank his thick cock into Nick who closed his eyes and concentrated on the sensation. After a moment Rebecca realized this wasn’t the first time that John had fucked another man, he was too skilled too self-assured at what he was doing. At the same time she was unsure of where Nick was. Obviously he had been penetrated like a good submissive before—by Rebecca’s Feeldoe and butt plugs if not other devices—but if he had actually had sex with another man previously Heather couldn’t tell.

Among the small group it was Rebecca who was most excited at what she was seeing. Heather didn’t know how to feel but Rebecca was thrilled to see her

boyfriend fucking her husband. The world had turned topsy-turvy and Rebecca loved it while it only confused Heather. She was further confused when John kissed Nick and the man on his back didn't shy away at all. Apparently he was fully engaged in the encounter.

As the two men fucked, Rebecca sat down next to Heather. "Isn't it beautiful to see two men fuck?" she asked softly. "They look so manly when their bodies are together, don't you think?"

"Uh-huh," Heather vaguely agreed. She wasn't sure exactly what she thought, but Nick was making small grunting noises as John fucked him harder. "Is he going to make him cum?" Heather wasn't sure what she was asking exactly, but she felt the need to ask a question and be engaged in the event.

"I certainly hope so. That's why I set this up." She reached out and caressed Nick's cheek with her hand. John pulled back a little bit as he continued to fuck Nick. "You going to cum, baby?" she asked her husband and gave him a little kiss.

"I want to," he grunted. "But..."

She shook her head and rested a finger on his lips. "I don't want you to cum. I already milked you once today. You're good for a month. It's John's turn."

Heather got the impression it was always John's turn. Without much warning John suddenly pulled his cock free of Nick's ass. It was still coated in a layer of lube. Laying it along the shortened length of Nick's trapped cock he pumped himself with his hand a few times before he sprayed his thick droplets of semen over Nick's chest and stomach. The noises he made while cumming sounded painful to Heather; she wasn't sure if John was really enjoying himself or if he hadn't fully met his refractory period after fucking her. Still, he came and Rebecca was pleased. She clapped her hands together once in appreciation, holding them tightly, thrilled at what she saw.

"Beautiful!" she declared and turned to Heather. "Now Nick has the same problem as John just did. Would you mind cleaning him up?"

There was a wicked gleam in her eyes but Heather was still eager to please both Rebecca and Nick for she wanted him to be happy.

Heather just nodded once and lowered her head to Nick's body as John fell heavily to the bed next to Nick. "I'm fucking exhausted," he complained. It sounded like a good complaint.

Extending her tongue and lowering her head, Heather proceeded to lick up the semen that John had spilled on his partner. It was a strange combination of salty and sweet. Heather didn't mind performing this little humiliating cleaning act. She wanted to prove her worthiness to Rebecca and—more importantly—she wanted Nick to be happy. Eating cum was almost an act of blessing in her view.

"I can't believe he managed to find such a submissive little girl," Rebecca commented to John, acting as if Nick and Heather weren't in the room or were incapable of understanding what was being discussed.

"Where did he find her?" asked John

"The business conference he went to. I suppose I'm lucky that he didn't find some super-domme who wanted to take him away from me." Rebecca cuddled up to her boyfriend and watched as Heather continued to lick Nick's skin. "Did you like fucking him?"

"Why didn't you let me have before?" John asked her with a kiss.

"Special treat," she told him. "I don't let just anyone fuck my husband. You've earned the right, and I need to keep him in his place. He needs to remember I'm in charge of his cock."

"When do I get to play with his cock?" John whispered in her ear soft enough so that the other two couldn't hear.

"Soon," she promised, "soon."

Eventually Heather finished cleaning up Nick and she looked proudly at Rebecca, having accomplished the task without the least bit of hesitation along with enjoying it more than she wanted to admit.

Either Rebecca was enjoying her time cuddling with her boyfriend, who was more muscular than Nick even if he had a smaller cock, or she was doing a good job of faking it just to upset her husband. When she noticed that Heather was done with her task she said, "Oh. Good. Why don't you and Nick go downstairs

and put dinner together. We'll be down shortly."

For just half a second Heather was about to ask if she should dress, but when Nick got off the bed and headed naked out the door, she just followed. Apparently she was being put in her place and her place at this point didn't involve any clothing.

Cooking dinner with Nick wasn't terribly involved, which was good because Heather didn't feel comfortable preparing food while naked. Everything had been put together ahead of time—Rebecca was an excellent planner—and they had little more to do than put the food in the oven and set the table. Nick explained everything to her as they worked.

"How do you deal with her having sex with another man right in front of you?" Heather asked as she carefully placed the plates and silverware on the table.

He gestured to his steel rig around his cock with a wistful smile. "The physical means is easy."

"But the emotional," she prompted him.

"I get off on it," he admitted.

"What?"

"I like watching her have sex with John. Or any man for that matter."

Heather shook her head. "That's crazy."

"Maybe. But I love watching her cum, I love seeing her happy, and when she does let me out of my cage," again he looked down at his temporarily useless cock, "the sex is so much better. One Friday night she went out and came home with her pussy full of cum..." his eyes glazed over with the memory. "And she came home to let me out. I fucked her a dozen times that weekend. Sometimes the orgasms were so intense they were painful, but I loved it. Maybe it's sick and twisted, but I love it."

Heather tried not to judge, especially since she was eagerly trying to carry on an affair with Nick while his cock was denied to her. She wasn't sure if she was trying to steal Nick away from Rebecca or if she was just trying out a new thrill

in her life. Never before had she really cheated with someone; it was exciting. And she couldn't stop thinking about his big cock. It was beautiful.

"How did she convince you to put that on in the first place?" Heather asked. She was too scared to ask about the piercing.

"She didn't. I asked her."

Heather almost dropped the glasses she was carrying to the table. That would have been a disaster, shattered glass all over the hardwood floor with her bare feet. It was strange how quickly she had adapted to being naked in a near-stranger's house, working with him. "You asked her?"

"Yeah," he admitted. Nick didn't see the least bit ashamed about it. "I was jerking off way too much for a married man and I happened across it on the internet. Some guys claiming that if they wore a chastity cage for the week, the sex they had with their wife or girlfriend on the weekend was that much more intense."

"Uh-huh," Heather said doubtfully, carefully placing the glasses on the table, her hands trembling slightly from the nervousness she was feeling for Nick.

"And it's true," he continued on. "I mean, I'm having less sex than ever before, and I'm not jerking off every day, but the sex that Rebecca and I have...it's incredible. The sacrifice is more than worth it."

"Even if the sacrifice is your wife going to other men for sex?"

He shook his head. "She doesn't go to other men for sex. She can have all the sex she wants with me. She can release me at any time, but neither of us wants that. Sometimes she has me go down on her; sometimes I use the vibrator on her. The sex is great. She gets all she wants and I get the intensity I want." A satisfied smile spread across his face. "I don't regret any of this."

Glancing at his cock Heather saw his cock was trying to swell inside the cage. It had taken on a red tone again, but as usual it couldn't really grow. "Why did she take the cage off you for the conference?" That was what really confused Heather.

Nick stepped to the edge of the kitchen and opened a cabinet that was in the

large pantry where Heather spied the house's washer and dryer. He pulled a few folded towels from the cabinet and brought them over to the chairs. "It was a game. She let me off the leash. She knew I wouldn't be able to resist trying to get laid. She was right, of course. The sex you and I had," he smiled at her happily. "It was great, but it wasn't the same as fucking my wife." He placed a towel on each of the chairs. "But it turned out better than either of us predicted."

"What was the advantage to her of freeing you?"

He shrugged. "You'll have to ask her. I know that John spent the nights with her. Maybe she wanted me to be able to pretend I was a normal cheating husband for a weekend. I don't know."

Even though she nodded, Heather didn't really understand. To deny sex to herself seemed wrong, almost immoral, but she wasn't a man and she wasn't married. She tried not to judge. "But, you can just take off the cage whenever you want too, right?"

"No. I don't even know where the key is."

That stunned her. "You don't? But...what if you have an emergency?"

He looked at her blankly. "An emergency? What emergency could I possibly have that would necessitate me getting my cock cage off?"

Right after opening her mouth to answer, Heather fell silent. She couldn't think of a single situation. "Well...maybe if you were in a car accident and had a serious groin injury?" It sounded stupid the moment she said it.

The face that Nick made told her that she was being silly, yet still he answered. "We have a small safe in our home office. Inside the safe is an even smaller lockbox that can be opened with a four digit code and inside the lockbox is a key for my cage. If I open the lockbox there's no way to close it again without Rebecca's code, so she'll know if I used the key. I've never used the key. Enforced chastity," he told her, "is an honor and a privilege. I'd never break that trust with my wife. I love her too much."

"Oh," she said in a small voice. "That makes sense."

Nick nodded in agreement and there was a short silence between them. In that

short amount of time they heard the unmistakable sounds of a woman in the throes of passion. Heather couldn't help but smirk at Nick. "It sounds like she's enjoying herself."

His eyes had glazed over slightly and she noticed once more his cock was futilely struggling to break free. At that moment she realized that Nick wasn't emasculated or sexless, if anything he had a higher sex drive than most men, he simply knew how to keep it in check and how to harness it to enhance his sex life.

"Yes. She sure is." He couldn't help but smile. "She's going to cum soon and then we'll have dinner. Would you like me to make you cum before they come downstairs?"

"Is that allowed?" Heather nervously asked. "How would you do it?" She wanted to because it seemed like that would be breaking the rules, but with his cock still restrained.

"What Rebecca doesn't know," he said and held up his hands to wiggle his fingers. She understood at once and decided a quick little orgasm wouldn't hurt. Allowing Nick to place her on the edge of a chair protected by one of the towels he had taken from the cabinet, she spread her legs wide while he knelt down in front of her. As he applied his fingers and tongue to her pussy, she relaxed while at the same time reminding herself to peak quickly. She didn't want to be caught, which was half the fun because she felt like she was getting Nick to cheat on his wife. To the sounds of Rebecca happily suffering under John's attention upstairs, Heather allowed the other woman's husband to get her off as she sat on the dining room chair, her feet on his shoulders as he explored her pussy. When she climaxed, it was quiet and quick because she was enjoying listening to Rebecca getting off.

There wasn't much evidence afterwards. Her face was flushed, but that was quickly solved by splashing some cool water on it. Nick washed his hands and face and they waited for Rebecca to finish up so dinner could be served.

Chapter Nine

DINNER WAS A strange affair. Rebecca came downstairs wearing her corset and a skirt while John wore jeans and a soft cotton t-shirt. Nick and Heather weren't allowed any clothing; that wasn't discussed but it was certainly understood. Nick and Heather served the meal, but were allowed to sit and eat at the table with the other couple. It almost looked like a normal dinner party; Nick across from his wife and John facing Heather. She was initially a bit self-conscious of her breasts—they were the only overtly sexual organ on easy display—but Nick was also topless and the conversation stuck only to the mundane: work, politics, and current events. It was as if everyone was ignoring the fact that half of those in attendance were naked and everyone had recently fucked in front of each other.

The purpose of the towels became obvious to Heather after a few minutes. Gravity and relentless sex for the past six hours started pulling liquids out of her pussy. She didn't question why everyone had to sit on towels, but she suspected that under her short skirt, Rebecca wasn't wearing any panties.

Still, it was a largely pleasant meal. When it was over Heather found she was expected to clean up; this didn't surprise her. At least she had Nick's help. Where Rebecca and John went to she had no idea, but there were no sounds of more sex coming from anywhere in the house.

Quietly, she asked Nick, "Is this it? Are we done for the night? What's your wife doing?"

He shrugged as he loaded the plates into the dishwasher. "I don't know. Probably upstairs, but she's not done with us yet, that I'm sure of."

Nick was right. After dinner was put away, they were summoned upstairs where Rebecca was waiting for them. John was with her, an amused grin on his face. On the bed was a squirt bottle of lube along with a harness, the familiar dildo that was supposedly the exact same size as Nick's erect cock, and a condom in the wrapper. Heather was puzzled, not knowing what to expect.

"Get the harness on, Nicholas," Rebecca greeted her husband. That confused Heather, because after a moment's reflection she figured that she was going to be the one to wear the harness. It made no sense. "Would you like me to lube you up, Heather?" Rebecca offered. "You said you've never done anal before and preparation is key."

Nick didn't question Rebecca's order at all. He just started putting the harness on and Heather quickly figured out by the way he handled the harness, it was something he had done before. "Lube me up?" Heather asked, nervous. She knew what was going to happen. She could leave of course, and never come back, but she didn't want to do that either. This was the most exciting thing she had ever done in her life and to say no now would be throwing away every bit of personal development since the conference when she had become a new woman.

"It's hard to for some to reach their backside, especially if you're inexperienced." Rebecca picked up the lube and gestured with it. "You can either lie down or get on all fours. It's up to you."

"Which is better?" she asked, uncertain as to what she should do.

"Well, since you loved getting fucked from behind, I'd suggest all fours."

Heather nodded and got on the bed, spread her knees wide and arched her back a bit to give Rebecca access to both her ass and pussy. When Heather first had sex, it was strange to have another person touching her pussy, but she quickly got used to it. It was the same thing for having Rebecca touch her anus and then push a lubed finger inside her. It was scary and oddly intimate at the same time. No one had ever done that to her before and she very briefly flashed on being a virgin again—though she couldn't really ever consider herself pure and innocent ever again.

The moment Rebecca's finger slipped inside her, Heather knew that getting fucked in the ass wouldn't be as terrifying as she had imagined and might actually be enjoyable. Taking a man's cock in her ass was wrong on so many levels that just the idea excited her as Rebecca fingered her. But she wasn't going to have a real man's cock in her ass; she was going to have the dildo that was strapped to Nick's crotch, right above his steel cage.

While Heather was attended to by Rebecca, Nick made sure the dildo was properly in place in the harness and then rolled the condom down his artificial length. As he did so he was thinking the fake cock looked almost exactly like his real one, both in size and color, so it was strange to put on a condom when he couldn't feel the sensation of latex on skin. He felt the stirrings of lust lower down, in his real cock, but those stirring were under control of the cage.

After she was done greasing up Heather, Rebecca wiped her hand on a towel that

was part of the kit kept in toy box under the bed, and said, “Go ahead and fuck your girlfriend, Nick. Just make sure you do it in her ass. Her pussy’s off limits to you right now.”

Heather found that she couldn’t look at Nick as he positioned himself behind her. Normally she loved to look over her shoulder when a man was getting ready to fuck her like an animal, but the tension was too high at the moment. She simply clutched at the sheets and braced herself.

That was the wrong approach. “Relax,” Rebecca told her, resting her hand on Heather’s upturned rump, patting her lightly, like a pet. “It’ll go easier if you just relax.” Her words were soft and soothing which helped ease Heather’s anxiety as Nick settled the large dildo against her rear entrance. She could just feel the head pressing against her puckered opening and willed herself to relax. There was nothing she could do about the situation at the moment so the best thing to do was give herself over to Nick and Rebecca.

“His cock is lubed too,” Rebecca reminded Heather. “Just let it happen.”

When he first entered her was the worst. She could feel her body being forced open in an unnatural way...and she loved that it was unnatural and this was being forced upon her. The more wrong the act—especially to do this in front of Nick’s wife and John, Rebecca’s boyfriend—the more exciting it was. What she was doing was what Heather had always wanted to do, be the bad girl when on the outside and by all appearances, she was a good girl.

Heather didn’t realize she was gasping until Rebecca told her to breathe. “Long slow breaths, honey,” she said as Nick continued to push his length into her. She was incredibly full back there—it felt like she was more full than if she had been fucked in her pussy, but that didn’t make sense because the dildo was supposed to be the exact same size as Nick’s real cock—and it was splitting her open. “You might want to play with your clit,” she suggested.

“I can’t move my hands,” Heather said. She was afraid if she picked up her hand she’d fall over and that would be disastrous.

“I’ll do it,” John volunteered, eager to play with Heather’s body.

Rebecca rolled her eyes at him. “Dear, you don’t know your way around a woman’s body as well as you think,” she told him while reaching down between

Heather's legs and searching for her clit between her swollen labia. It was easy to find.

Being touched by Rebecca didn't bother her at all. It felt good. Rebecca knew exactly what she was doing which briefly made Heather wonder if she and Nick had done this before with other women. That was only a passing thought that was quickly pushed aside as Heather concentrated on what was happening to her body.

It was wonderful.

If nothing else, Heather was familiar enough with her body to know the difference between her types of orgasms. Vaginal ones were rare for her and not particularly intense. Clitoral ones were very intense but lasted only a short time; they were just sharp peaks. The ones that came from her G-spot were much longer than the clitoral ones and could vary from mild to wonderfully intense.

She had never played with her ass as a sexual outlet before. It had never appeal to her, but between Rebecca's hand and the slow, steady pumping of Nick's faux-cock in her ass, she began to realize how good anal sex could be. The unmistakable signs of orgasm began to build up inside her—something Heather hadn't expected because anal was supposed to be painful for the woman, wasn't it?

"I'm going to cum," she announced.

"Go ahead and cum," Rebecca encouraged her. "That's what you're here for, your pleasure. Nick certainly isn't going to get off using a fake cock on you, is he?" She laughed at Nick's predicament and continued to gently rub Heather's clit.

When it happened, it was unexpectedly intense. Her muscles clenched down on Nick's cock which made his fucking slightly more painful while most of her body shook from the orgasm that spread through her body. She couldn't tell if it originated from her clit or G-spot, but was fairly certain it wasn't from her vag. Was it possible to have an anal orgasm? Heather didn't know but as she climaxed she began to believe it was possible.

"Ease off his cock carefully," Rebecca told her after placing a hand on Nick to get him to stop moving. "It's the comedown that's the hardest part. Your ass is

going to be sore for a while, but that's part of the experience as well, right?"

"Uh-huh," Heather vaguely agreed as she moved forward off the cock and slowly lowered herself to the soft mattress. Her ass—rectum and anus—were throbbing, half in pain and half in pleasure. Getting fucked in the ass was definitely something she would be doing again, sooner rather than later.

She relaxed on the bed as Nick got out of his harness. Her eyes were half glazed from the ordeal and she lost track of where John was. Rebecca got out some more equipment and Heather wondered for a moment if he was going to be released from his little cock cage—even for a moment—but no, that wasn't to be.

The older woman with the impressive breasts gave her husband a kiss and wrapped a leather collar around his neck. He didn't object at all when Rebecca buckled it in place and secured the collar with a small keyed padlock. "What's that for?" Heather asked dreamily.

"There's only room in this bed for three people," said Rebecca. "Nick will be spending the night in the guest room." A second lock was added to the collar and Heather saw that there was now a long chain dangling from the black leather collar. She tugged the ersatz leash gently, leading Nick toward the door.

"Why does he have the chain?" Heather asked, starting to come back to herself.

"I don't want him sneaking in here in the middle of the night," Rebecca informed her and then they were gone. John reappeared from the bathroom. His shirt was gone but he still had on his jeans. He leered at Heather but said nothing.

Rebecca was back shortly and dipped one last time into the toy box, coming up with another short metal chain and collar. Heather pulled back from her, already knowing what was in store. "I don't want that on me," she declared.

"It's for your own good," Rebecca said. "I can't have you wandering off to Nick's room to have sex without my permission. You did that once already downstairs and I'm not going to have it again."

Heather's eyes went wide. "You knew about that?"

Reaching out with her hand, Rebecca lightly stroked Heather's cheek. "Honey, I know about everything in this house. Now you can wear the collar and be a good girl tonight or you can leave the house and never come back."

Heather lifted up her hair to allow Rebecca an easier time of placing the collar on her neck. A padlock held it in place which was joined to the metal chain. The chain was looped around the bedpost and secured with another lock. There seemed to be an endless supply of locks in the toy box. Heather noted some marks and scratches on the bedpost from the chain. This wasn't the first time someone had been chained to this bed. Heather wondered at the previous circumstances.

The bed was large enough to accommodate three adults easily; four could have slept in it, but it would have been crowded. That was fine with Heather. She watched as John took off his jeans and had sex with Rebecca, like two normal people. But there was nothing normal about anything they had been doing.

Chapter Ten

SLEEPING IN A chained collar was difficult for Heather. Difficult but not impossible. The chain was long enough to give her room to move, which was necessary because John fucked Rebecca before the trio went to sleep and then again in the middle of the night which made it necessary for her to move to the edge of the bed. She wasn't entirely sure why she was in bed with them because it certainly wasn't for the sex. She figured it out in the morning; she was a prop, a toy. She was there to deny sex to Nick twice over.

She liked that idea. It gave her a little thrill.

"Want to fuck her?" Rebecca asked the question of John. It was just loud enough to wake up Heather. Heather was still covered up by the sheets but Rebecca had tossed back those on her side of the bed. John was between the two women, lying on his back. His cock was hard and Rebecca was running her finger from base to tip, teasing him. Heather was acutely aware of the collar and chain around her neck.

"I've already had her," John pointed out.

"But I want to see you fuck her again." Rebecca didn't really whine, but she did sound like a sulky child.

"You wouldn't rather I fuck you one more time?" he asked while cupping her large breast, running his thumb around her nipple. Rebecca's eyes fluttered at the tease.

"You can fuck me any time," she said. "It would please me to see her fucked once more."

John grunted in amusement. "Well, since I've got a hardon, I might as well use it." He rolled away from Rebecca and reached between Heather's legs, feeling her pussy. Almost automatically she spread her thighs, giving him easy access. Under any other circumstances she would have been appalled at his rude behavior, but in Rebecca's bed, she did what she thought was expected of her. Although it was shocking to be treated as an object, a living toy for the other two to play with, it secretly thrilled her. The moistness of her pussy quickly became evident to John who climbed on top of her.

Finding no reason to resist what he was doing, Heather, did all she could to help

John get inside her pussy and was an ever-subservient fuck toy for him. Next to them Rebecca watched as her boyfriend fucked Heather, masturbating slowly along with them. The collar neck wasn't annoying, but the chain seemed to pull her neck at an unusual angle which distracted her. Since she was on her back Heather knew it would be next to impossible for her to cum, but that didn't mean she couldn't enjoy the experience. It wasn't very long before John came inside her, the flush of hot semen in her pussy was pleasing, but not enough to get her to cum as well. She needed to be fucked from behind.

"Did you like that?" Rebecca asked her. "Do you like to be fucked by a real man?" The voluptuous woman's hand was busy between her legs while John rested atop Heather.

"Uh-huh. He's wonderful."

"You're lucky I share him with you."

"Uh-huh." Heather was far enough away from a climax that she knew it wouldn't happen, but that didn't stop her from wanting one.

"I'm not going to share him again," Rebecca told her bluntly with her hand frigging her pussy almost violently now. "You'd better fucking enjoy it!" She let out a long, low, painful groan as she came.

Heather was jealous. Eventually John rolled off her and headed to the bathroom. "Can you unlock me?" she asked. For some reason she was angry now, being treated like an animal. While it was thrilling the night before to be humiliated and used and fucked for everyone's amusement, it was too much now. She needed to go back to being herself.

"Of course," Rebecca said, turning toward the nightstand and fishing a small keychain out of the drawer. There were two keys on the small ring and in short order Heather was freed. Even though she was happy to be freed, as Rebecca rubbed her neck she also had the odd emotion of wanting the collar back on. It made no sense to her. Once she was released, Rebecca handed the key ring to Heather. "Go down the hall and release Nick. He's been good. I'm very proud of you both."

It was praise, but praise that one would give to a child, and yet at the same time it made Rebecca have a little thrill of pride. Before she got two steps down the

hall she saw the door to the bathroom and stopped there to use the toilet and wash away John's leavings. In the small guest room, Heather found John already awake and waiting for her.

"Do you like being chained up like this?" she asked him softly as used the key in the small locks.

"Yes and no," he answered. "It's part of Rebecca's game, but it's also annoying as hell. I could hear you fucking in the other room and the frustrated the hell out of me." He gestured to his trapped cock.

Although she understood his frustration, Heather found she had no sympathy for Nick, and that gave her a secret thrill as well.

Heather showered and dressed at Nick's direction. She put on the one change of clothes she had brought: panties, jeans, and a t-shirt. No bra, not that she especially needed one, but she was always more comfortable wearing one. By the time she made it downstairs, John was gone, but Heather was invited to brunch with the Whiteheads. At mealtimes, apparently, everything was supposed to be normal. Conversation wasn't about sex or Nick's chastity; it was about the weather and what Nick had to do the next week at work. If they had been talking about the strange sex the three of them had been having over the past day, it would have made a lot more sense to Heather, but she went along with the married couple's traditions and mores.

By the time everything was said and done, it was almost noon when Heather was ready to leave. Nick and Rebecca walked her to the door where Nick gave her a polite, if not particularly intimate, kiss on the lips to say goodbye. Rebecca had something else planned.

After a quick hug Rebecca said to Heather, "Take down your jeans and panties."

"What?" Even at this point Rebecca could still surprise Heather.

"Take down your jeans and panties. I have a going away present for you."

"Okay," Heather agreed, doing what was asked of her, opening up her jeans and pushing them down along with her panties, exposing her bottom in the house's foyer, a strange place to be half-naked as opposed to the bedroom or bathroom.

“Turn around and bend over.” Those orders weren’t all that surprising, but even as Heather exposed herself she knew that something was being plotted against her.

“Just relax and it’ll be a lot easier.”

Heather placed her hands on the wall to maintain her balance while Rebecca knelt down behind her as Nick watched. She wasn’t the least bit surprised to feel Rebecca probing at her anus, and then she felt herself opening up as Rebecca forced an object into her. “Oh, you’re responding beautifully,” Rebecca praised her as the cool metal object went deeper and deeper. “I knew you would.”

“What is it?” Heather moaned.

“Just a little princess plug,” Rebecca giggled as she forced the plug all the way inside the younger woman. Heather felt her sphincter suddenly squeeze tightly around a small base but she could tell there was much more of the toy inside her body and at the same time it was held in place by the flared base on the outside.

“Princess plug?”

“If you want to be crude, you can call it a butt plug, but princess plug sounds nicer, and it has a little jewel to cover your hole, so it’s pretty as well. Stand up.”

When Heather did so, Rebecca took a small mirror and placed it between her thighs, allowing Heather a view of her nether regions. Upon looking down Heather saw not only her shaved pussy but a round blue glass jewel surrounded by a metal ring pressed up against her anus. It felt odd, like she needed to go to the bathroom, but it was exciting as well. It didn’t exactly feel like she was being fucked in the ass, but it was a close approximation, or maybe a reminder of what it was like.

“Don’t take it out until you get home,” Rebecca told her as she pulled her panties and jeans back into place. At first Heather was a bit worried the toy might slip out unexpectedly, but her jeans were tight enough that an accident was extremely unlikely. “You might even want to leave it in for a while. Get used to it. Some women really love the feeling.” After a quick peck on the cheek and a smile from Nick, Heather was pushed out the door to drive home alone.

It might have pained her to admit it, but Heather quickly became accustomed to

the metal plug in her ass. She kept it in for most of the day, even masturbating with it in place, cumming hard with her sphincter clenching around the immovable metal stem. When she finally removed it before going to bed, completely sated and exhausted from her weekend's sexual adventure, Heather felt a tiny bit of loss, like something was being taken away from her.

The next day before she left for work, Heather carefully applied a small amount of lube to the cone-shaped princess plug and eased it into her rectum. It took some doing because while it was one thing to have Rebecca do it to her, it was another entirely to undergo the stress herself. The only way she could get it in was to lie on her back with her knees up to her chest and spread as wide as possible. That opened up her small entrance and then, with a bit of breathing and relaxation, she managed to slip the smooth metal plug into place. After walking around her apartment, experimenting, eventually Heather put on panties and a pair of slacks that were tight enough to help hold the plug in place, though that didn't seem entirely necessary, and thick enough that no outward sign of the plug would show through her clothing, though if anyone saw anything they would have to admit to staring at her ass, and who wanted to go through that sort of humiliation.

She wasn't surprised to receive a text from Nick midway through the morning. Normally Heather left her phone on her desk and would glance at it when an alert came through. The text tone sounded and she smiled to herself when she saw the message from Nick.

Had a good time this weekend. Hope you did too.

Before she could reply to him, the phone buzzed in her hand a second time and immediately a text picture came through. Her first thought was "unsolicited dick pic" but the second was "kind of sexy." The photo was of Nick's caged cock, but with a small piece of paper next to it with the word "chart" written on it. Taking offense to the picture would have been stupid, but she was puzzled why he sent the picture along with the word. As she started to pick out a message back to Nick, a third message came through from him.

Sorry. That was for Rebecca.

Why are you sending her a picture of your dick and chart next to it?

The answer made perfect sense, but it was also a little too perfect. Part of our agreement to make sure I'm still locked up. I have to send her a pic of me with whatever code word she sends to me to prove I haven't escaped.

The logic was perfect, except that his cock cage was supposed to be inescapable. I thought you couldn't get out of your cage.

I can't, he replied. This is a holdover from before I had my piercing.

Heather doubted he was fully telling the truth, especially about supposedly accidentally sending her a picture intended for Rebecca. How often does she ask this of you?

Every day.

Heather didn't know how to reply and got distracted by actual work she needed to accomplish before lunch. Still, she thought about what Nick had to go through every day because he and his wife thought it was sexy for him to wear a cage on his cock. Without giving it too much thought, she picked up her phone and sent him a message, hoping he would understand the sympathy she felt for him.

I'm wearing the princess plug Rebecca gave me. She dashed it off between shuffling papers and didn't give it much thought until his reply came back.

Send me a picture of it.

She wasn't sure if he was demanding or begging. Either way, it caused a little frisson of excitement to wet her pussy. Still, she wasn't going to be taking pictures of her plugged ass for him.

I don't think so.

The reply changed her mind. Rebecca says if you do it, I can take you out on a proper date next weekend.

To confirm this, a moment later her phone buzzed with a message from Rebecca. Send a pic of the plug in your ass and I'll allow Nick to go on a date with you.

Against her better judgment Heather was in the bathroom two minutes later with her phone between her legs aimed at her ass. It took a few tries, but eventually

she got a good shot of the plug and sent it to both Rebecca and Nick.

Eventually a message came back to her from Rebecca. Very nice. Nick will pick you up for dinner on the 9th at 6pm. Be ready for him. Wear the plug.

Heather didn't know what to think.

Nick picked her up at her apartment. When she opened the door the first thing he said was, "I have to come in. I need to do something first." He glanced down the hallway of the apartment building; it was quiet and all the other doors were shut, but he obviously wanted a bit of privacy with her for a minute.

"Okay."

The moment he was inside, Nick pulled out his cell phone and a slip of paper. "You're wearing a skirt. Good." His eyes quickly scanned the living room of the apartment and pointed to the couch. "Lift up your skirt and pull down your panties. It's probably easiest if you bend over the arm of the couch."

She looked at him in disbelief. For the past week she had been looking forward to having an actual date with the man she had become obsessed with. So eager she had been to go out, she had skipped out of work early and spent far too much time getting ready. It hadn't been like that before for her. Not once had she set aside so much of herself just for a man. Doing it was exciting, sure, she could admit that to herself, because she was doing things she had never imaged before, but in her quieter moments she knew the stupid risks she was taking. And those risks were oh-so-easy to ignore when she wasn't thinking logically.

"You want me to do what?" Even though she understood the instructions, Heather couldn't quite believe what he wanted.

He made it simple for her. "Lift your skirt. Take down your panties. Bend over the couch's arm." She could see he had set his phone to camera mode. His intentions were obvious.

"Is this for Rebecca?" she asked, disappointed in him and herself.

"Of course. I need to make sure you are following her instructions."

There had been only one instruction from Rebecca and Heather had followed it, but proof was needed. She wasn't trusted to that extent, not yet. Turning her back to Nick she hiked her skirt up over her hips. It wasn't excessively tight, just tight enough to show off her body without being obscene or overtly revealing. Nick was treated to a quick view of her ass cheeks parted by a lacy red thong before she pulled the garment down to mid-thigh and then bent over the couch's arm, as ordered.

The fake blue jewel twinkled between her buttocks. Nick bent down to lay the slip of paper across her right cheek and took a single picture of her exposed bottom. "Go ahead and send it to Rebecca," she said a little more snidely than she actually intended.

"I am," he muttered.

"Why do you do everything she asks?" Heather questioned him as she stood up and pulled her thong back into place before smoothing down her skirt.

"Because I love her. Because I'm married to her."

The words actually hurt Heather and she knew she was wrong to feel hurt by them because she had gotten involved with Nick knowing he was married. It was her own fault, she knew. She looked at herself in the mirror next to the door, making sure she looked presentable to go out on a date. Nick waited patiently as she primped and then an alert sounded from his phone. Heather knew what it was.

"Text from Rebecca," he said. "We have permission to go out. You're supposed to leave the princess plug in the entire time."

"I know", she told him curtly.

When he moved close to open the door for her, she abruptly moved in close and kissed him. Nick didn't shy away and returned the kiss, even though the door was open and any passing neighbor could get a view of the couple. As they kissed Heather reached down between his legs and cupped his manhood. She wasn't surprised, but was disappointed, to feel the steel cage hidden from sight.

"I love you," she told him when she broke off the kiss.

Nick didn't look the least bit surprised. "I know. But that doesn't matter right now."

She nodded in agreement.

For what it was worth, the date was a great distraction from everything else. Dinner was at a comedy club where they could eat while listening to the performance and not have to have an extended conversation. When they left, Nick asked, "Would you like to come back to my place?"

She answered before she gave it any thought. "Yes! Please!"

They were on their way before Heather even considered if Rebecca would be at the house or not. By the time this occurred to her she was too afraid to ask so they drove together in silence.

As it turned out, Rebecca wasn't at home and Heather didn't ask about her absence. They were hardly through the front door when she pressed her body to his and they started kissing. She could feel his cage through his pants pressing against her body and she felt for his frustration. "I don't suppose she left you the key?" she asked him hopefully.

Nick shook his head. "No. Of course not. Why would she do that?"

"I was hoping..."

"Well...don't. I get released in two weeks and then we might have an opportunity again. But until then..."

"Should I just leave?" she asked, forgetting she didn't have her car with her. "Is this a waste of my time?"

Once more Nick shook his head and then grabbed her hand, physically picked her up, and brought his girlfriend to the bedroom. She stripped down to nothing while Nick left his clothes on. There was no point in stripping because they would both only be further frustrated by what would be revealed and yet denied to them both.

Still, Nick did his best to please his girlfriend. Years of being Rebecca's cuckold had made him learn all sorts of tongue and finger techniques. By the time he removed her panties, they were soaked. Her pussy was smooth and it was a pleasure for him to go down on her. Between his fingers and tongue Heather had two satisfying climaxes added by the plug that was up her ass. Each time she came her muscles squeezed tightly on the unyielding steel which made the orgasm slightly painful and that much more intense.

Between his concentration on her pleasure and Heather's focus on her pussy, it wasn't a surprise that neither of them heard Rebecca's return to the house and her entrance into the bedroom.

Soft applause caught Heather's attention after her second orgasm. Embarrassed, she pulled the sheets over herself, hiding her breasts, but then relaxed when she realized it was Rebecca who confronted them. "Enjoying yourself?" she asked Heather.

"Yes," the younger woman answered. It was uncomfortable being the only naked person in the room. Casually, Rebecca slipped off the light jacket she was wearing and tossed it on the chair in the corner. As she went to the bed Nick turned over to look at his wife. She reached between his legs, feeling his cage through his pants, checking to make sure it was where it belonged.

"Uncomfortable, dear?" As she asked the question Rebecca lightly shook the cage, moving Nick's cock around.

"No. I'm used to doing this."

Smiling, Rebecca bent forward and kissed her husband, making sure that Heather got a good view. She tasted Heather's pussy on her husband's lips. Oddly this gave her an excited little thrill even though she didn't consider herself bisexual at all. And she should have been sated; after all, John had just fucked her twice before she came home, yet she wasn't. She needed more.

"Get out the toy box," she told him. "And then get out of your clothes."

"What are we doing?" Heather asked, nervous. It was one thing to sleep with Nick while at a conference; that was acceptable. It was also acceptable to have sex in front of Rebecca; that she was sure of. But having sex on the marital bed while she was out of the house...Heather wasn't so sure.

Under the light jacket Rebecca wore a black camisole and jeans. When Nick pulled the box out from under the bed, she grabbed the harness and dildo set and started strapping it around her hips. “Did you cum yet tonight?” she asked Heather.

“Yes. Twice.” There was no reason for her to lie.

“Turn over. Show me your princess plug.” Rebecca had no trouble at all tightening the straps and positioning everything expertly. She kept on her jeans but kicked off her shoes as she prepared herself.

Heather followed the order given, even though displaying herself as commanded was humiliating. She knew what was coming and didn’t have the words or wherewithal to protest. Seeing the bright blue gem between Heather’s buttocks satisfied Rebecca. She pushed lightly on the toy, making sure it was properly seated. “You have removed it tonight, have you?”

“No.”

“Good. Do you like cumming when it’s up your ass?”

“Yes.”

“I love your honesty,” Rebecca said as she rolled a condom onto the dildo and knelt on the bed behind the submissive woman. “Get on the bed next to her, Nick. I think she’ll want to hold your hand.”

Those words made Heather certain Rebecca was going to take out her plug and fuck her in the ass, but she was wrong. Nick intertwined his fingers with hers and lightly kissed Heather before Rebecca entered her body. Lube wasn’t really necessary because Nick had gotten her pussy so wet already. The fake cock, exactly mirroring Nick’s dimensions, easily slipped inside and reached the exact spot that always gave Heather her most powerful orgasms. Her fingers tightened on Nick’s.

Rebecca’s hands held Heather’s hips and the submissive woman could feel Rebecca’s rough denim jeans on her skin. “You like this?” Rebecca asked.

Heather was far too honest. “Yes!” Her utterance was louder and more vehement than she intended. Letting Nick and Rebecca know how much she liked getting

fucked from behind by Rebecca was more embarrassing than anything else she had done with the couple.

In response, Rebecca slapped her ass. “Good. I want you to cum for me, girl. I want you to cum hard.”

“Uh-huh. Okay.” Agreement was easy, especially when holding Nick’s hand. What pushed her over the edge to orgasm was when Nick passionately kissed her in front of Rebecca. It was the one bit of power that Heather had—Nick’s sexual interest in her.

The big fake cock running over her G-spot caused her orgasm. When she did her sphincter tightened on the princess plug’s stem intensifying the orgasm. It was almost too much and she seemed to lose control of her body. Her passionate cry sounded like she was being physically abused, but it was pure passion. At first she thought she had lost control of her bladder, but then realized she was just letting out girlcum, female ejaculate. It was wonderful and a tear slid out of her eye.

“Good girl,” Rebecca complimented her with a slap on the ass as she slipped the dildo out of Heather’s pussy. “But you got girlcum on my jeans. Nick, clean her up.” Rebecca headed for the bathroom.

“Did you like that?” Nick asked Heather after picking up a towel from the toy box and wiping up the mess she had left behind.

“Yes,” she admitted. “I shouldn’t have, but I did.”

“Do you want more?”

Heather nodded in shame.

“I get released in two weeks,” he told her placing her hand on his steel-covered cock.

Rebecca watched the scene from the bathroom attached to the bedroom and smiled.

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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And Giselle's Mother

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Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

The Keyholder

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

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My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

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Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

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Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

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Too Intimate Sibs

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Trust

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