

A woman in a black bikini is shown from the waist up, holding a showerhead. She is looking over the top of the title box. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

# RELEASED

## Heather's Story

# Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush  
Publishing

A woman in a black bikini is shown from the waist up, holding a showerhead. She is looking over the top of the title box. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

# RELEASED

## Heather's Story

# Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush  
Publishing

**Released**  
**Heather's Story**

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright © 2016 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

The characters and events portrayed in this work are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

**Smashwords Edition, License Notes**

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be

re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to [Smashwords.com](http://Smashwords.com) and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you're the type of person to read copyright notices, why don't you go to [elliotsilvestri.blogger.com](http://elliotsilvestri.blogger.com) for a coupon code at [Smashwords.com](http://Smashwords.com).

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing's eBooks please visit [elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com](http://elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com)

## **Also by Elliot Silvestri**

*Already Pregged*

*An Adorable Slave*

*And Giselle's Mother*

*Aren't You Curious*

*Astrophil & Stella*

*The Breast of Dawn*

*The Breast of Day*

*The Breast of Night*

*Breeding on the Farm*

*Bringing in Casey's Cream*

*Centaur's Harem*

*Centaur's Slave*

*Centaur's Wife*

*The Cheating Secret*

*The Collegiate Milkmaid*

*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*

*Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk*

*My Submissive Pair*

*Never Too Many Pregos*

*Odette Odalisque*

*Pain and Lactation*

*Pain Makes You Beautiful*

*Penny's Secret Life*

*The Prince's Whores*

*The Red Collar*

*Rosemilk*

*Selling Myself*

*A Slave Auction*

*Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others*

*Submissive Milking*

*Sugarman's Milk*

*Summer Collar*

*Sweet Susan*

*Swinging Ring*

*Taking Gwendolyn*

*The Tamed Bull*

*Tania's Transformation*

*Thrall of the Succubus*

*Too Intimate Sibs*

*The Troll's Trollop*

*True Cow Girl*

*Trust*

*Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts*

*Victor's Chastity*

*A Virgin Sacrifice*

*The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk*

*Willing to Milk*

*Winifred Polk—Adult Experience*

*Winifred Polk—Learning Curves*

*Without Your Wife*

## **Adventures on the Farm series**

*Breeding on the Farm*

*Milking on the Farm*

*The Red Collar*

*Rosemilk*

*Victor's Chastity*

# **Table of Contents**

[Chapter Fourteen...Want To Get](#)

[Chapter Fifteen...Sleeping Next to Nick](#)

[Chapter Sixteen...The Key Arrived](#)

[Chapter Seventeen...Going On A Date](#)

## **Chapter Fourteen**

“WANT TO GET together again tonight?” Joseph had essentially cornered her in the break room where some people ate their lunch, but most just stored their meals in the refrigerator there and ate somewhere—anywhere—else.

“I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed,” she told him with a steady, level gaze.”

He glanced quickly at the entrance to the room. They were still alone. “Why is that? I wasn’t disappointed last time.” He grinned his charming schoolboy grin. It was a smile he had practiced for hours in front of a mirror. He knew it alone could get the panties off half the women in the office. Well, the half that interested him.

“I’m still in chastity,” she explained to him.

“I didn’t mind just your mouth and ass,” he replied, lowering his voice slightly on the last word.

“I’m saving myself for someone else,” she explained less cryptically.

He almost snorted. He hadn’t heard the “I’m saving myself for marriage” excuse since college. Then he gave her words a second thought. She hadn’t claimed marriage—or virginity—as her reason for saying no. But then again, she hadn’t said no. She just said he’d be disappointed.

“How long have you been saving yourself for him—or her?” He grinned some more, showing his perfect straight white teeth. She seemed like the type of girl to swing both ways.

Giving him a sidelong glance, Heather replied, “Him. For a couple of months now.”

His charming, boyish grin melted into a sneer. “So...that would be during the time that we last fucked.” He didn’t care if anyone entered the break room at the moment. His cock was hard inside his pants and he wanted to get an agreement out of Heather to fuck him—or at least suck his cock.

“Yes,” she answered coolly. “And if you remember, you didn’t have my pussy back then.”

“And like I said, I’d be perfectly happy without your pussy.”

It had been nearly a month since Heather had last seen Nick, though they texted every day. Nick claimed to want to fuck her again, but Rebecca had added time to his current chastity run because of her behavior. Every day he gave her an update and it was always Not yet. She masturbated almost every day and while she could make herself cum, it wasn’t the same as a real cock, not even when she used a vibrator or dildo in her ass. It just wasn’t the same.

Joseph was a known—and skillful—quantity. It was too much for her to resist. “Tonight. Seven o’clock. My place. Don’t be late.”

“Wouldn’t dream of missing even a second.”

She hated to admit it, but getting down on her knees in front of Joseph to take his cock into her mouth was almost a privilege, but she would never tell him that. He wasn’t as large as Nick, and he didn’t have that wonderful ring through his cock, but his cock was perfectly sized and shaped. Evens his musky, masculine scent was attractive to her. Joseph was every inch the cliché cocksman and he knew it. Though she felt powerful on her knees with his cock in her mouth, the moment she looked up and locked eyes with him, Heather felt that electric thrill of fear mixed with lust; she hated that he could do that to her.

He was naked but she still had on her bra and panties. If he was going to tell the truth, he was a bit nervous about getting her fully naked again. The fact that last time they had been together she had been wearing the spiral chastity device had thrown him more than he realized. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to see it again. When she had shed her pants, he had automatically glanced at her crotch and saw the bulge there, but told himself it was from her bush.

“Want to cum in my mouth or my ass?” she asked him, taking his cock from her mouth and stroking it slowly to keep him hard.

“No pussy?” he asked hopefully.

In answer, she stood up and pulled down her lacy panties. Underneath, as expected, he saw the coil of thick wire that essentially sealed up her pussy. “Not tonight, dear,” she said, almost mocking him, “I have a lock on my pussy.”

He stared. She had replaced the little ornament on the top of the coil with a small padlock. To his surprise, she was completely serious about staying chaste for whoever it was she was obsessed with. “Is that a fucking lock?” he blurted out.

“Actually, it’s a non-fucking lock,” she teased, pointing out that he was being denied her cunt. “Do you want my ass or my mouth?” she asked, repeating the question.

“You have lube?”

“Of course.”

“Ass.”

Between the plug she was wearing on a semi-regular basis and her previous experience with anal, he entered her fairly easily and she found herself enjoying it more than she would have guessed. Still, she had to keep her hand on her clit, rubbing as he fucked her from behind. What she really wanted was a cock in her pussy, but the only cock she wanted in her pussy was Nick’s.

Joseph didn’t finish in her ass. Right when his cock became super-rigid and he was about to cum, he pulled out and jerked himself a few times, spraying his cum over her ass and back like he was in a cheap porn film. The droplets of cum fell hotly on her skin. Heather wasn’t sure if it was better for him to finish that way. Cumming in her ass would have been just fine, but maybe he was into humiliating women. Oddly, that didn’t humiliate her at all because she anxiously frigged herself as his cum cooled on her back and she made herself cum with a whining cry.

“That was good,” he groaned.

“Why didn’t you finish in me?” she asked, a tint of anger in her voice.

“Wanted to see what you looked like with my cum on you.” He grinned even though she couldn’t see him.

Heather just shook her head and crept to the edge of the bed but realized she didn’t want to walk to the bathroom with cum dripping from her skin. “Go get me a washcloth from the bathroom,” she ordered him.

He was back in a minute with a warm, wet washcloth to wipe her skin clean. “I don’t know why you want me to do this,” he said as he washed her. “My cum is a gift and you’re rejecting it.”

“If you didn’t want me to reject it, you should have cum in my mouth,” she told him curtly.

The invitation from Rebecca didn’t exactly surprise her, but she was somewhat miffed at the wording and what was to be expected of her.

“Nick still has some time to do in chastity. He’s been very bad lately.” Rebecca didn’t specify, but Heather understood that part of Nick’s so-called bad behavior was Heather’s revelation that she loved him. That wasn’t his fault, but Rebecca was punishing him for it anyway. “And I’m getting in desperate need for a good fucking. I’m having John over this weekend. I’d like you to join us. You’ll be there to help with our...games.”

It was without doubt that Rebecca was enjoying a power trip while she was entertaining John. Heather had arrived well before Rebecca’s boyfriend and was made to strip and wait in the bedroom with Nick. They made an oddly matched pair. Heather still had her chastity spiral in, all but sealing her nether lips together, and naturally Nick was wearing his steel cock cage, but Rebecca had ramped up the level of his bondage. A leather collar was around his neck. From the collar a chain hung down to waist level where it connected to leather bands around his wrists. Another chain extended from his wrists down to a small hook on his cock cage. He had some freedom of movement with his hands and arms, but not much.

Rebecca had placed them on opposite sides of the bed, standing up, staring at each other, and had told them to wait. But she hadn’t told them to remain silent.

“What is she doing to you?” Heather asked softly as soon as she heard Rebecca go down the stairs.

“What do you mean?” Nick asked.

“Look at yourself,” she almost snapped at him. “You’re wearing a collar, you’re handcuffed, you can barely move. And she paddled you.” The scene of her boyfriend being abused by his wife still scared her.

“What’s your point?” Nick was a bit frustrated with Heather now.

“Do you really enjoy this?”

His brow furrowed. “What do you mean? Of course I do.”

“But...she’s hurting you, making you suffer.”

He shook his head slowly at her. “You put that thing in your pussy so you can’t have sex, but you don’t really understand chastity, do you?”

“What do you mean?” Now Heather was confused.

“I convinced Rebecca to be my keyholder because I was too involved with masturbation. Yeah, sometimes she makes me suffer, but that’s the point. A little bit of suffering for the great relief at the end. That’s what it’s all about. And sacrifice. I could have sex every day with her or anyone else, but I don’t. I’ve given up that...for her.”

The last words hurt. It was stupid but Heather had fallen desperately in love with Nick, both he and Rebecca knew that. The smart thing to do would have been to walk away and forget him, but she couldn’t. She was obsessed and would remain obsessed until something serious changed. The chastity spiral she had put into her sex was supposed to show Nick how much she was willing to give up for him, but it hadn’t changed his mind at all.

Their conversation was cut short by Rebecca’s words drifting in from the hallway. “...and wait until you see the surprise I have for you,” she was saying to John who had apparently arrived at the house while Nick and Heather had waited in the bedroom.

During her short time away from them Rebecca had stripped down to a red corset that barely contained her ample tits, a matching pair of black panties, garters that extended down from the corset to hold up the stockings that encased her legs. She was every inch the voluptuous temptress who saw what she wanted and got it because she was fawned over from head to foot.

John was wearing just a pair of denim jeans and a tight t-shirt. He was a strong contrast to the woman he escorted, but since he would be out of his clothing shortly, Heather decided it didn't really matter what he was wearing.

"I've seen these two before," John told Rebecca. "That's no surprise. And I've had these two before as well."

"Check between the girl's legs," Rebecca all but purred at her boyfriend, flopping on the bed and arranging herself artfully.

Doing as she bid, John looked at Heather's pussy, noted the metal jewelry and small padlock that now decorated her there. Intrigued, he knelt down in front of her to get a better look. "What's this?"

"Some special chastity device she had put in. Silly girl."

"She can't be fucked with it in?" he asked, running his fingers over the coils. The metal was warm to the touch and slightly moist with Heather's juices that were starting to run out of her sex.

"Well, not her pussy, no. But her mouth and ass are both open to you. And me." Rebecca pronounced.

"Can you unlock her?" John asked. "Maybe I want to cum in her cunt."

Rebecca shook her head, giggling like a schoolgirl. "I don't have the key. Silly girl gave it to someone else."

Either John was too clueless to realize that Heather was in love with Nick or he simply didn't care, but he took Rebecca's revelation in stride. "I wouldn't mind using her."

"Only after you're done with me?" Rebecca asked, a finger along her bottom lip.

"After you," he agreed and bent down to the bed to kiss her. She laid there as they kissed, reaching up between his legs to feel his cock through his jeans.

"Why aren't you hard for me?" she asked.

"Because I know what to expect from you," he said. "You need to really surprise

me to get me hard.”

Rebecca rolled away from him looked at Nick. “John needs his dick sucked. Make him hard so he can fuck me.”

Nick wasn’t at all surprised by the request and he didn’t hesitate to respond to his wife’s order, even if he had to move slowly and awkwardly because of the restraints he was wearing. Grinning wildly, John quickly got out of his clothes and laid back on the bed, making the task more difficult for Nick, but that, Heather reasoned, was half the point.

Though she hadn’t considered it before, it was exciting to watch Nick suck another man’s cock. By the time the two men got into position, John was already half erect with excitement and so Nick didn’t need to put that much effort into his fumbling bit of fellatio. Both Heather and Rebecca watched the show closely and Heather could feel herself get wetter by the moment. It was the first time she truly regretted putting in the chastity spiral because by the time Rebecca spoke, she desperately wanted to get fucked.

“Come here, girl,” Rebecca called from where she lay on the bed, arching up her ample hips to skin her panties down her legs. It was only then that Heather noted the other woman had worn her panties over her garters. Obviously she had planned ahead. She laid back and spread open her legs, knees bent to the ceiling. “I need you to get me wet for John.”

Heather looked between Rebecca’s legs and noted the carefully trimmed and sculpted pubic hair. The scent of desire was already heavy in the air. She knew that a good performance was necessary if she wanted to have any access to Nick at all. Since her hands weren’t chained together like Nick’s, it was easy for her to crawl between Rebecca’s legs and start licking and sucking the other woman.

Just like John, however, her participation was largely unnecessary. Rebecca was already wet from her desire. Her lips were swollen and her natural juices were flowing out of her pussy. Still, Heather did all she thought necessary to ramp up the other woman’s desire for sex...and found herself enjoying giving head to Rebecca. It wasn’t at all humiliating. Making love with another woman was just part of who she was.

And then John rudely pushed her aside, his cock in one hand, so that he could mount Rebecca. Displeased, but silent, Heather wiped her wet lips and chin as

she glanced over at Nick. His eyes were shining with desire as he watched he wife get fucked by another man. If he hadn't been encased in steel, his hand would have been anxiously pulling at his cock, but since he was, all he could do was hold himself gently, thinking about what he was missing.

Heather had become accustomed to watching other people have sex, and to be present when others were having sex in her presence. It didn't bother her at all. It was lovely to see Rebecca enjoying herself. All too quickly, in Heather's opinion, John came and Rebecca announced her delight a little too loudly.

"That's the way it should be," Rebecca said after she came, kissing her paramour.

John just grunted in agreement, unable to form words. Eventually he rolled off her, his cock separating wetly from her cunt. The married woman remained on her back, her legs spread open, while John staggered to the bathroom door. Both Nick and Heather were staring at Rebecca's used and sopping wet pussy, but it was easy for her to decide what to do next. "Nick, I need to be cleaned up. Your mouth isn't tired, is it?"

He shook his head no and fell to the joyous—and humiliating—task that was between her legs. Heather watched this process in silence. While she didn't find it particularly arousing, it was interesting to see how easily Nick fell to what was nothing more than an opportunity for his wife to demean him. It seemed to go on forever. Surely John couldn't produce the same amount of cum that Nick did?

"Is he getting you off?"

The question from John startled Heather. For half a second she thought that he was addressing her but then realized he only had eyes for Rebecca. She self-consciously pulled her hand back, quickly and sharply, from her clit where she had been fingering the top of her slit.

Rebecca laughed and then Heather thought that she was laughing at her, but no. She was giggling at John's question. "No." She shook her head back and forth.

"He's no good with his tongue?"

Now Rebecca moaned and let her head fall back on the pillow. "I didn't say that. But I'm not going to let him make me cum. He's being punished."

“You have a strange way of punishing men.”

Rebecca gritted her teeth and pushed Nick’s face away from her pussy. “Who do you want to fuck next?” she asked John. “The girl or the boy?”

“Can I fuck both of them?” he asked, drawing out the teasing.

With her hand still on Nick’s forehead she said, “Yes. But you need to pick one first.”

“The girl. But is she going to take out that thing she’s wearing in her pussy?”

“No. You’re going to fuck her in the ass.”

For some reason Heather didn’t feel the least bit of humiliation as she got down on all fours on the bedroom floor. It was Rebecca who lubed up Heather’s ass and John’s cock. Heather told herself it was perfectly natural to enjoy the sensation of another woman’s finger up her ass. It didn’t take much to get John hard a second time which made Heather wonder how potent he was. His entrance to her ass was easy and she started to realize that her ass had become her new default hole for sex...and she wasn’t ashamed. She was proud not to be ashamed. She was proud to be fucked in the ass while Nick and Rebecca watched her. It was worth it, she told herself and she fully believed it.

Nick watched silently, his face a mask. Heather spent most of her time getting fucked by John concentrating on the sensations he was forcing upon her but she was able to glance up at Nick occasionally. She wondered what he was thinking, but that was easily swept aside as John used her for his pleasure. To her surprise, getting fucked in the ass actually made her cum and her body shook with surprise as he came inside her ass.

Seeing he had finished, Rebecca turned to Nick and asked, “Would you like to clean her ass?”

Nick said nothing at all, but climbed off the bed, his hands still restrained so his motions were slow and careful, and applied his tongue to Heather’s ass. It was the first time she had ever been rimmed.

She liked it more than she wanted to admit.

## **Chapter Fifteen**

SLEEPING NEXT TO Nick when they both had their genitals effectively blocked was a different experience for Heather. Nick fell to sleep fairly quickly, but Heather was kept up by the noise coming from the master bedroom where Rebecca and John were fucking. Eventually sleep took her and her dreams were oddly disturbed.

Rebecca insisted Heather shower in the master bathroom the next morning. As fitted their overly contemporary house, there was no door to the shower, just a glass partition separating the shower area from the rest of the bathroom. As she was washing Rebecca came in to watch. She was already naked which didn't exactly surprise Heather, but she was startled when the other woman reached in and ran her hand down Heather's back. Heather didn't shy away; she just smiled over her shoulder at the strong, dominant woman.

"You have such lovely skin," Rebecca complimented her. "Smooth and soft."

"Thank you."

"Turn around."

When Heather did so, Rebecca ran her fingers over Heather's belly and down to her mons. She inspected the delta above Heather's chastity spiral and frowned. "No stubble. Your hair grows very slowly then."

Heather shook her head. "Not really. I'm not shaving any longer. I got it waxed. I'm going to get laser treatment as soon as I can."

Rebecca nodded her approval. "Finish showering and come out to the bedroom. John wants to fuck you one more time." She turned around and left without even seeing Heather's nod of agreement.

After finishing the shower, drying off and applying a lotion she took from Rebecca, Heather walked out into the bedroom to see John fucking Nick on the bed while Rebecca stood next to her boyfriend, her hand on his shoulder, watching the two men.

Heather's immediate reaction was to be offended. Rebecca had told her that John

was waiting to fuck her and here he was on the bed with another man. As always, Nick's cock was trapped inside the steel cage, and from what Heather could see, it was small and soft. When he was excited his cock still tried to get hard inside his rig, but that wasn't the case right now with John, even though his face was one of pure ecstasy.

"I thought he..." Heather started to say, but realized that whatever she said wouldn't make a bit of difference in what was going on. Still, Rebecca turned her head and looked at the slim woman.

"Don't worry, John's just giving Nick his prostate massage. He needed to be milked and this way they both get a little fun out of it." Rebecca's grin was wide and wicked. Standing off to the side, Heather watched as John's cock continued to go in and out of Nick's ass. It didn't look painful, exactly, but the pose the two men took was one of every gay dom-sub image Heather had ever seen. Nick's face was screwed up in a scowl of enjoyment mixed with shame while John had a broad smarmy grin plastered across his visage. They were obviously both enjoying themselves, but that made Rebecca wonder how much each enjoyed the physical aspect of their coupling and how much each enjoyed showing off for their small audience.

"No, no, no," Nick began to chant softly. It wasn't that he wanted John to stop. It was that he was having an autonomous reaction and his cock started pumping out drops of thick white cum around his chastity cage. He was ejaculating without orgasming. It was the exact reaction Rebecca wanted. She snatched a glass off the nightstand and placed it under his cock, the steel cage rang against the cup's rim as John continued to bugger Nick.

He covered the bottom of the glass with his cum before John pulled out his cock and rolled off the condom he was wearing. There was a fire in his eyes and he focused his attention on Heather. Ignoring both Rebecca and Nick, he grabbed Heather, and forced her down on the floor in front of him. She knew exactly what to do and took his erect cock, still smelling slightly musky from Nick's ass, into her mouth, sucking eagerly and waiting for the treat stored within.

"She's such a good slut," John commented to Rebecca. "Where did you find her?"

"Just good luck," Rebecca replied dismissively. Nick had rolled to his side and

he was panting. The milking forced upon him by John had done nothing to slake his lust and now Rebecca handed him the glass with his cum in it. "Drink up, honey. Maybe you can earn back a few days." Before letting go of the glass, she dipped in a finger to taste the cum. It was still warm and salty-sweet on her tongue. The smile from his wife wiped away all hesitation. Nick drank down the ejaculate without a second thought.

While the married couple was busy, Heather focused on taking all of John's length into her mouth while carefully playing with his balls. Since he was already on edge, it didn't take much to get him to cum. The spurts of his seed were thick and heavy on her tongue. It wasn't an unpleasant flavor, but not nearly refined as Nick's. When he was done, it occurred to her that maybe Rebecca didn't need any sex that morning, but it was only John who received any real satisfaction. Nick and Heather were left suffering.

"Well," said Rebecca with great satisfaction as she went to her dresser and started pulling clothes from it. "I've had an excellent morning. We'll have to have you over again soon, Heather."

It was then she understood that Nick wasn't being released from chastity...and neither was she.

Later in the week Nick called her and set up a date, a formal date, for the two of them to have drinks and dinner together. Heather leapt at the chance and ignored all requests from Joseph to coax her back into bed. She was too afraid to ask him to bring the key to her chastity spiral but in the back of her mind she understood that their Friday night date was supposed to be preliminary to a night of love making.

During dinner Heather reached across the table and put her hand on top of his. "You know I'm in love you with, don't you?" she asked. The restaurant was moderately busy, no one was paying the least bit of attention to them so they could have a private conversation even with more than a dozen people around.

Nick looked slightly offended. "Yes. Of course."

She plunged right ahead, she had already puzzled through all the possibilities of what might happen and opted to see what would happen. "Would you ever

consider leaving her for me?” There was no need to define who her was. It could only be Rebecca.

The same slightly offended look stayed on Nick’s face. “I don’t think I could do that?”

“Why not?” Heather pressed. “I’m younger, I’m prettier, I’m cut from the same cloth as you.” She lowered her voice discretely. “We’re both in chastity right now, aren’t we?” He was too far away to reach with her hand, but she had slipped off her shoe and now ran her foot inside his thigh, feeling for his caged cock. Her toes just barely touched it, steel hard, harder than any man could naturally be, and she felt a little rush of wetness to her pussy. Her lust showed in her face and her smile was as bright as the sun.

“We are,” he agreed though he didn’t know for sure she was still wearing her chastity spiral. “And that’s the problem.”

Heather frowned. “What problem?”

“We are too similar. Cut from the same cloth, like you said.”

“We both love to be in chastity. I’m just like you.” It sounded so obvious to her.

Nick shook his head. “No. That’s the problem. I love being in chastity, but more importantly, I love that Rebecca is my keyholder.”

Her smile didn’t wane. “And you’re my keyholder.”

“I don’t want to be,” he said flatly.

The words crushed her. “What?”

“I don’t want to be a keyholder. Maybe it’s not the same for women as it is for men, but before I was chaste, I was jerking off twice a day and my wife almost resented sex with me. Once a week was our average. But the moment it went on, everything reversed. She had a greater interest in sex and my lousy orgasms were suddenly mind-blowing because I had them so rarely. Putting me in her hands revved up her sex drive. You already have a high drive. I don’t know what to do with that.”

“I...I don’t know what to say.” She swallowed. Her mouth was dry.

“Neither do I. I don’t want to leave Rebecca. You’re a distraction, a fun amusement for Rebecca and me, but I’d never give her up.” He looked away from Heather, unable to speak the words directly to her because he knew they were cruel. “We’ve used you, and I think you’ve enjoyed that, but she’s used you to taunt me and it’s made things much more...exciting. She promised I get released tomorrow and I’d get to fuck her alone, without John or you or anyone else around. It’s going to be spectacular.”

“You don’t want me?” She couldn’t even bring herself to say the words, You don’t love me?

“I didn’t say that. But I have no long-term interest in a woman who denies sex from herself. Women shouldn’t be chaste. Only men.”

Heather stared straight ahead for a long, uncomfortable moment. “Do you have my key with you?”

“No. I left it at home. Rebecca insisted. She likes tormenting people.”

“You can take me home now,” she said, putting down her fork. Her voice had gone from being full of life, to a flat, robotic tone.

“What’s wrong?” Suddenly Nick had concern for her and she brushed aside his concern.

“Nothing. You can send me the key in the mail if you want.”

When she was home alone, Heather wished she had insisted that Nick drive home first, get the key, and give it to her before dropping her off. She was annoyed and frustrated and wanted her damn chastity spiral out of her pussy. She wanted penetration and a good, hard fucking, but she wasn’t going to get that. While she could get a pinky finger in between the spiral loops and nestle it between her lips, it was hardly the same as a big, hard, pulsing cock. Sadly she was reduced to taking her vibrator and pressing it to the top of her slit. It felt good on her clit and made her cum, but it wasn’t the right type of orgasm she wanted.

When she was done, she called Joseph.

“Wanna fuck?” she asked the moment he answered the phone, not even giving him the opportunity to say hello.

His laughter came clearly over the connection. “That’s what I like about you, Heather. Always direct and to the point.”

“So answer the question then,” she insisted.

“Always. Do you still have that...thing in your pussy?”

“Yes.”

“Shit.”

“What’s the matter?”

“I was hoping for some...you know...traditional sex with you. That thing makes it weird.”

Heather had to hold her hand over her mouth in order to stifle the laughter. She understood his point. “I like it weird,” she finally managed to say.

“Yeah, but sometimes a little bit of the traditional is nice too.” He was so charming, even when—especially when—he was trying to get into her panties. Of course she wanted him to get into her panties. It was the unexpected block of the chastity tool she had put on herself that was the cause of her immediate problem.

“If you want traditional, you’ll have to wait a couple of days. If you want to fuck my ass, you can have me tonight.”

As it turned out, Heather had come to love having anal without even realizing it. Since Joseph was smaller than her plug, Rebecca’s Nick-inspired dildo, and Nick’s cock, it was easy to fit him in. True, taking it in the ass wasn’t nearly the pleasure of getting fucked from behind by a well-hung man, but she was pissed at Nick, Rebecca, and John. She didn’t mind at all when Joseph asked if he could cum in her ass. She reasoned that’s what it was there for.

## Chapter Sixteen

THE KEY ARRIVED in the mail two days later. It was in a plain envelope with Nick's return address carefully wrapped in several layers of paper. Heather's emotions veered wildly between elation and depression. She could free herself from the cock-blocking device she had had installed, but it also meant that Nick was bored with her and didn't want to continue their odd relationship. To make herself feel better, once more Heather called Joseph.

"Want to come over for a fuck?"

"Geez, you're almost insatiable, you know that?"

"I know. There's a reason for it though."

"What's that?"

"I've got something very special for you if you get over here tonight."

She held the key in her hand while she waited for Joseph to arrive. It wasn't lost on her that Nick had only returned one of the two keys that came with the lock.

When Joseph appeared at her door, she flung it open and greeted him with a kiss as she pulled him inside. Showing that she had a bit of restraint to her actions and emotions, Heather had dressed in a white tank top and plain white cotton underwear. That was it. It might not have been sexy, silky lingerie, but it would be easy to get out of and she wasn't looking for any romantic entanglements.

"Wow," Joseph exclaimed mildly when they broke off the kiss. "I wasn't expecting that." Her tongue had explored every inch of his mouth and since she knew what she was getting, her body was ready for him. She could sense the wetness in her panties and she knew that the outlines of her nipples were clearly visible through the thin tank top. "And I don't want you getting the wrong idea —"

"Don't worry," she reassured him. "I'm not looking for a boyfriend. I'm just

looking for a bed partner tonight.”

He nodded. “You said you had something special for me?” he grinned, happy that he knew how their relationship currently worked.

Heather whirled around and sauntered to the living room’s coffee table. She swung her hips more than necessary, knowing her panties were just a little bit too small which let the edge of her cheeks peek out the bottoms. Snatching the key off the table, she all but ran back to Joseph and put it in his hand. “Guess what this is to?”

There was no way for Joseph to resist the smile that slowly spread across his face. “Is this the key to your pussy?”

“Of course,” she said and drew him toward her bedroom.

She fell on the bed, her knees parted, letting him get a good view of her crotch. The strange bulge under the white cotton slightly disturbed him. Joseph wasn’t above admiring a woman’s camel toe or bulge if she didn’t shave, but the unusual shape under the thin, tight material unsettled his sense of what proper sexual behavior in a woman was.

“Do you like what you see?” she asked, moving her knees back and forth.

“I can’t see much.”

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband and pulled them down her legs, kicking off the small garment. She had aimed to kick them and hit Joseph’s chest, but she missed badly. The panties caught on a drawer knob of her dresser. That made her laugh, but she still opened her legs up further, giving Joseph the access he needed.

He still couldn’t believe what she had done to herself. The bright steel coil through her labia was both frightening and exciting. His cock was already stirring and he’d barely touched her. As he got between her legs he took a close look at the odd device. The flared base was tight against her swollen labia, holding it in place. At the top of the coil was the small, tiny really, padlock that rested against her bare skin right next to the top of her slit. He was certain he could just barely see the tip of her clit poking out from her slit.

“Are you going to stare or do you want to open your present?” she asked him.

That’s what he realized she was giving him, a present, and he needed to open it up. To his surprise Joseph realized his fingers were shaking as he grabbed the small lock and tried to insert the key into the tiny hole. This resulted in him tugging on her labia harder than he should have.

“Ouch! Careful!” she protested. “If you can’t handle it, maybe I should do it.”

“I’ve got it,” he said firmly and calmed himself. Once the key was in, it was easy to pop the lock and slip it out of the narrow hole. After it was free, he realized he would have to unthread the length of the coil through the eight holes in her labia and it was already a little bit slippery from her pussy drooling in anticipation of getting fucked.

“Go gently,” she warned him.

As it turned out, it wasn’t that difficult. It took some effort to get the slightly flared head of the coil through each hole, but after the first one, he figured out the trick of turning the coil at the base while helping the metal through her flesh. And he enjoyed it, much to his delight, because it was almost exactly like unwrapping a present, because there would be a reward at the end.

Once it was out he set it aside and gently kissed her swollen lips.

“Keep going,” she encouraged him with a sigh.

He was certain he was going to be freaked out by the holes in her pussy, but they were almost invisible as he went down on her. She was already soaking wet so this was either for his pleasure, because he loved pussy, or to get her a nice orgasm before he entered her. She moaned in appreciation as his tongue delved deeply into her folds and then came up to rasp along her clit which made her shiver almost uncontrollably.

“Take off your fucking pants,” she commanded pushing his face away from her pussy. It was almost too much for her to focus because it felt so wonderful to be free of the coil and she knew what was going to happen next. He was going to use her, fuck her, and make her cum the way she wanted. “I need you inside me!”

Hearing her beg for his cock was all the encouragement that Joseph needed. He jumped off the bed and quickly stripped. As he did so, she turned over to get on her hands and knees, presenting her ass to him while arching her back, giving him a welcome, inviting view.

As he crawled back on the bed, his erect cock bobbed up and down. She had to reach down between her legs so he could slide up into her pussy. That was the only guidance he needed. The moment he was buried in her cunt, he grabbed her hips and started fucking her like he hadn't enjoyed the comfort of a woman in a decade. They both grunted and groaned at the rough activity, rutting like animals, and enjoying every bit of it. At first Joseph stayed kneeling up, holding her hips, but then he leaned forward, wrapping his body around hers, sliding his hands up under her tank top to cup her tits and pinch her nipples, letting her support his weight as he thrust hard and fast.

She barely noticed his hands. She barely noticed taking his weight. She barely noticed the world around her. All Heather could focus on was the tiny space between her legs. Joseph wasn't as large as she liked, but with her back arched his length reached her secret spot that made it worth every bit of effort to be fucked.

When she came, she screamed out her pleasure, unashamed at letting him know she was a sexual being and he was there just for her amusement. He didn't mind being used for her amusement; he was getting great delight out of their encounter as well. They were using each other for the same thing.

He pumped for another half minute before he came. The gush of cum into her pussy was a hot jolt that cause another orgasm to shake her body. It had been far too long since she had been properly penetrated. While it was good to have a cock in her ass, it was a hundred times better to have it in her cunt.

After pulling out and collapsing on the bed next to Heather, he realized she was crying. That alarmed Joseph. "Jesus! Did I hurt you?"

She shook her head and wiped away the tears. "No. It just felt so good. I've had the coil in for so long. I didn't realize how much I missed normal sex."

Normal would be one way to describe what they just did, he supposed. "This is normal?" he asked.

“As normal as it gets for me now, I suppose.”

He laughed at that. “What do you do that is less normal?”

She turned her head away from him. “All sorts of stuff with the guy I’m in love with.”

Joseph was relieved that she wasn’t in love with him. He didn’t want to deal with that disaster. “Yeah?” he asked, half interested. “Stuff like what?”

Her head turned back to him. “Do you really want to know? It’s pretty kinky.”

He nodded. “I’m an open minded guy. I’m into kinky. Does he tie you up?” Unable to help himself, Joseph grinned, imagining ropes binding Heather’s wrists and ankles, holding her helpless, while her boyfriend fucked her.

“Rebecca likes to watch while her boyfriend fucks me in the ass. She makes Nick watch too.”

He blinked at her. “Who’s Rebecca again?” She had never mentioned these names before.

“Rebecca is Nick’s wife. I’m in love with Nick—stupidly, I know, but the heart only knows emotion, right?—and she keeps a chastity cage on his cock.”

“What the fuck?” Joseph was confused. “And she has a boyfriend?”

“Nick can’t fuck her if he’s in a chastity cage, can he?”

“Why doesn’t she just let him out?” Joseph was already way out of his depth.

“Because apparently when you play chastity games and you’re a man, you keep that chastity cage on for months at a time.”

“Wait. I thought you said she kept him in a chastity cage.” Joseph didn’t understand anything apparently.

Heather sighed. “Just a little cage around his cock.”

“Oh.”

They were silent for a while.

“I didn’t mean to shock you,” Heather finally said.

“You didn’t shock me,” he started to say, but thought better of it. “Okay, maybe you did. That shit’s pretty fucking kinky. And not just fun kinky, super-weird kinky.”

“Do you want to know more?” she asked, almost too happy to unburden herself.

“That’s okay. I’m good.”

“Can I ask something of you?”

“I suppose.” He was going cautiously. Who knew what she was going to demand of him. Joseph just wanted a pleasurable fuck from an attractive woman, not involvement in a sub-rosa sex society.

Heather rolled off the bed and opened up a small plastic box shoved in the corner of the room next to her dresser. He saw several adult toys inside it but she pulled out a steel pear-shaped one that sat on a large flared base. “Fuck me with this princess plug in?”

“In me?” He blanched at the thought of a butt plug up his ass.

“No. In me! It’s a princess plug, not a prince plug. Duh.”

“You put that in your ass?” he suddenly blurted out. He didn’t mean to make the question sound judgmental, but it came out that way.

She frowned at him. “Why not? You’ve put your cock in my ass.”

“Yeah, but that’s something natural, people have done anal going back to the ancient Romans. When were butt plugs invented?” Despite his criticism, he took the heavy object out of her hands and inspected it. The entire toy was smooth, cool metal except for the flared base that had a blue cut glass crystal set into it. He tried not to think about it being up her ass.

“I don’t know. But I like it. Are you going to go along with it or do you want to sit there being judgmental and never have the chance to fuck me again?”

When it came to sex, Joseph always tried to remain open-minded, especially if it meant he had a chance of getting laid again.

“I’m going to go along with you,” he quickly agreed. Who knew? Maybe he’d love it. “You just surprised me was all.”

The process that followed was less sexy and more preparation than he would have imagined. Heather stripped off her shirt, leaving her fully naked, laid down on the bed with a rolled up blanket under her butt. After applying what seemed to Joseph was a huge amount of lube to the top of the plug, Heather lifted up her knees to her chest and carefully applied even more lube to her tightly pucker anus.

Joseph watched this in fascination. He wanted to offer to help, but he didn’t want to offend her either.

Unconsciously Joseph’s eyes widened when Heather grabbed the plug and pressed the tip against her opening. It was fascinating the way she managed to get her muscle to open and accept the foreign object, pressing it harder as it went deeper until suddenly it disappeared except for the base which settled snugly against her flesh.

“Holy shit,” he breathed.

A triumphant grin on her face, Heather pulled the blanket out from underneath her hips and gestured for Joseph to join her. “You’re not hard,” she said, disappointed when she grabbed his cock. “Want me to suck you a little first?”

He nodded and she bent down to the task. When he was finally hard enough for him to enter her, he quickly understood why some men liked double-teaming a single woman. He could feel the steel plug in her ass as he slowly fucked her in the all-too-traditional missionary position and it felt great. He reasoned it must feel amazing for her as well.

“Jesus, fucking you is an adventure!”

Heather smiled up at him as he continued to rail into her. He didn’t see the sadness in her eyes.

## **Chapter Seventeen**

GOING ON A date with Nick was strange, but not because he was married. Heather was used to that by now. It was strange because there was a real distance between the two of them now. She had finally realized that she was nothing more than an amusement for him. Maybe after dinner they would go back to her place for sex, maybe they would go back to his house and she would be used by Rebecca, or John, and maybe even Nick, but it wouldn't be because they wanted to please her. It would be because the couple needed someone to fill out the fantasy they were working up in their minds. She was little more than a prop. And she hated herself for knowing it and giving in to it. It hurt to admit it but she enjoyed the abusive treatment she got from Rebecca and Nick, both physical and emotional.

Amid the soft conversation of the restaurant's dining room, Heather asked Nick, "Do you still have my key?"

"Your key?" he asked innocently. She couldn't tell if he was playing a game or honestly didn't know what she was asking.

"The key to my chastity spiral?" she said in a normal tone of voice, unashamed of who might hear and unconcerned with privacy. "You only returned one of the keys to the lock and I gave you two."

A small smile played at his lips. "Yes. I know where it is."

She didn't miss that he didn't say he had the key, simply that he knew where it was.

"Are you still wearing your cage?" She couldn't resist asking. She had to know.

"Of course. Rebecca wouldn't ever let me out, not now. Not after what happened when we met."

"Does she hate me?" Heather asked. The answer wouldn't upset her, she just wanted to know where she stood with Nick's wife.

"No. She sees you as an occasional obstacle, but mostly as someone who is too young to know what she wants.

Heather was wrong. His answer did upset her, but she didn't let it show. "When

do you get released again? Soon? Or do you have to do another month in the cage because you're taking me on a date?"

He paused with his fork halfway to his mouth. "I get released for twenty four hours when I get home tonight."

The answer surprised Heather. "You've earned that?"

"Very much so."

"I'm surprised you don't have me in the car right now, racing home to fuck your wife."

"She told me if I bring you home I can have you and her tonight."

She didn't doubt his answer and didn't give any thought to her response. "What if I'm wearing my chastity spiral right now and I've put a new lock in so you can't have me?"

"I won't have your pussy, but there's still your ass and mouth," he said as he finished his meal. "Dessert here or at my place?" he asked.

They found Rebecca and John on the couch when Nick brought Heather to his house. They weren't having sex or playing any erotic game; they were holding hands and watching a movie. Only Heather could find that strange in her new world view. "You're home early," Rebecca commented as she paused the movie.

Nick inclined his head toward Heather. "She's eager to get laid apparently."

That made John laugh and Rebecca shot him a dirty look that only stifled his laughter into a series of barely contained snorts. "I want to finish watching this first. You two go upstairs and wait for us. Take off your clothes. Be ready." She didn't give any indication of how long she and John would be. She didn't indicate at all that Nick would be released from his cage, nor did she seem concerned with the state of Heather's chastity spiral.

Silently Nick turned and went up the stairs. Not knowing what else to do, Heather followed. In the bedroom they stripped down. Heather noted that Nick

still had on his cock cage; that was expected. Before she removed her panties Nick noted the peculiar bulge between her legs. To him, a man wearing a cock cage was completely normal; if someone was staring at his package through his clothing, he would look like any other man, but Heather had placed herself in a different position. Ever since she started wearing the spiral, every time that Nick saw her, she was wearing a skirt or a dress, that way the tell-tale shape of the spiral would be all but invisible. Wearing pants would run the risk of everyone knowing what she was hiding wasn't normal.

She saw him staring at her panty-covered pussy and pulled the thin material tightly against the spiral and her flesh for a moment before pulling off her last article of clothing. "Do you like what you see?"

He didn't answer her question. "Did you ever take it out after I sent you the key?"

"Of course. Joseph takes it out every time he comes over to fuck me."

"Who's Joseph?"

It occurred to Heather she had never before mentioned her friend with benefits to Nick. What reason did she have to? "A guy I sleep with every once in a while." She didn't mention that every once in a while was actually once or twice a week. She didn't mention she held her own key to the spiral though she made Joseph unlock her and extract the spiral before they had sex. It wasn't anywhere near the level of chastity play that Nick and Rebecca engaged in. Still, she had left her copy of the key home this night. If her pussy was going to be used—penetrated—either Nick or Rebecca would have to supply their copy of the key. And then she lied outright. "He has the other key."

Nick nodded, understanding her confession—even if it was a lie—knowing that it was better for another person to control a submissive's sexuality. "Is he a good lay?" Nick asked.

"Wonderful. The best." That was only half a lie. Joseph worked hard to please her in bed, but his cock couldn't compare to Nick's.

"So why are you here tonight? Why did you go out on a date with me?"

She could be honest, but Heather decided to hide as much as possible from her

once-almost-boyfriend. “Joseph prefers sex a little more vanilla than I do. Sex with you...and Rebecca...and John...it’s a little more kinky.” She smiled. “You three let me explore what scares me.” That was a lie. She didn’t know why she was lying so much. Nothing sexual scared her any longer.

What Heather didn’t tell Nick was that every time after she and Joseph had sex, he asked—begged—her not to put the spiral back in. But she did. Every time.

They sat on the edge of the bed and waited.

Eventually Rebecca came to the bedroom, John in tow. Heather wasn’t sure how long they waited; she had refused to look at the clock. In one hand Rebecca had a small key ring, from which dangled two small keys. Heather knew exactly what they were for. In her other hand she carried her smart phone. “A promise is a promise,” she said and displayed the timer on the screen. It read 00:00. She put the phone on the nightstand and crouched down to release Nick from his tiny cage. Just as she was about to put the key into the lock, she paused. “Should I undress first?” she asked. “I know what you’re like when you get released.”

As Nick started to answer, she reached up and put a restraining finger on his lips. “Or should I release Heather first? Take out that silly coil so you can fuck her over and over?”

“You better undress first,” he said, not even glancing at Heather. That made Rebecca laugh, but she stood up and slowly took off her clothes. Everyone watched her. Nick, who was right in front of her. Heather, next to Nick on the bed. And John, where he leaned against the doorjamb taking in the entire scene.

Once again Heather was briefly jealous when Rebecca’s round, full tits came into view, but she didn’t stop undressing. When she was completely naked, Heather saw she still shaved her pubes into a neat black triangle, but that was quickly hidden from sight when the older woman knelt down between Nick’s legs and unlocked his cage.

The moment the pieces of metal were free of his cock, he stood up, grabbed Rebecca, whirled around and all but threw her on the bed. Heather scrambled out of the way. In those brief few seconds, his cock had gotten hard and he climbed on top of his wife. Either the thrill of the moment took her and she quickly got wet, or whatever she had been doing downstairs with John had made her wet. Nick entered her easily and pumped five, maybe six times before he came,

flooding her pussy with his cum while she laughed at him.

“That’s it?” she chortled teasing him further. “You cheated. I was supposed to start the timer when you got released, not after you fucked me.” She reached over to the nightstand and grabbed her smart phone. After tapping it a few times, she showed him the screen. It now read 23:59 with the seconds steadily counting down. “I suppose I can forgive you this once. After all, it has literally been months since you had my pussy.”

“I can go again,” he puffed at her, recovering quickly from his intense orgasm.

“I’m sure of it,” she said, pushing him off her. “I’m counting on it.” She rolled to the side of the bed and picked up the key ring from the floor. “I suppose I should unlock her and let you have a go at her pussy...” But then Rebecca paused and thought a moment. Or pretended to think a minute. She may have been planning what she said from the moment Nick had left the house to pick up Heather for their date. “Or maybe she should be last. A special treat. It’s been a while for John...” She looked over at her boyfriend and nodded thoughtfully. “Get undressed, hon. It’s time for you and Nick to put on a show for me.”

John did as she asked, stripping quickly and falling into bed with the couple. Heather moved aside, feeling the metal wires of her chastity spiral brushing against her inner thighs. She didn’t know exactly what was going to happen, but she had a good idea. John lowered his mouth to Nick’s soft cock and started sucking. Both men, apparently, not just John, were open to swinging both ways. In almost no time, Nick’s big cock was hard once again and under Rebecca’s direction John got on his back while Nick took the superior position. It was almost like they were doing the traditional missionary position between a man and a woman, but there was no pussy, only John’s ass. As the men moved around and figured out the best way to arrange their limbs, Rebecca reached between their bodies to lubed up John’s anus and Nick’s cock. She led her husband’s manhood to John’s opening and before Heather’s eyes, the two men started fucking and moaning.

It wasn’t that Heather had never seen gay sex before—she had perused plenty of gay porn—but it was different to see the man she was still obsessed with fucking Rebecca’s boyfriend. Maybe Nick was treating it much like he was fucking any other person—any other woman—in the ass, but it must have been difficult because when he looked down to see his cock, John was jerking himself off

while they fucked.

Nick lasted much longer with John than with Rebecca, though Heather couldn't have said if it was because he needed a refractory period or if gay sex didn't appeal to him.

"Isn't it beautiful," Rebecca whispered to Heather as the men fucked. "I love watching men having sex, it's so much more primal and rough."

Silently Heather found herself agreeing. The men's muscles bulged and moved as they grasped each other and tried to coax an orgasm out of the other. It was John who came first, his cock jerking and spraying cum over his chest and belly. Maybe it was the sight that pushed Nick over the edge, maybe it was John's unconscious sphincter contractions on his cock, but when Nick came he grunted, pulled out, and added his cum to John's, the two men's semen mixing together on John's skin.

"Why don't you clean him up, Heather?" Rebecca suggested, nudging the brunette with her shoulder. "Use your mouth. Nick will wash up in the bathroom."

When Heather didn't move at first, Rebecca nudged her again and Heather realized she didn't have a choice in the matter. John waited expectantly on the bed. Heather didn't know why she didn't move immediately. It wasn't the task; she had done a dozen things worse. Eating the cum of two men wasn't anything so horrible.

The cum was still warm on the John's body, but it still would have tasted better if Heather had been getting it directly from their cocks. She could hear the water running in the bathroom while she applied her tongue to John's skin, lapping up the cum and swallowing it.

As always with sex in Rebecca's bedroom, Heather was half frightened and half excited. Her pussy was moistening, her juices slowly dripping down around the coils of her chastity device.

Nick was back in the bedroom before she finished and he watched her.

"Are you ready for her?" Rebecca asked Nick.

“Yes,” Nick replied, but his cock was still soft.

Ignoring him, Rebecca addressed Heather once again. “Don’t forget his cock. Make it clean as well.”

Heather took John’s cock in her mouth, sucking away the remains of the sticky cum from the soft, pliable flesh. She didn’t especially like sucking guys when then didn’t get hard. She liked hard, firm flesh in her mouth.

“Good enough,” Rebecca declared. “Roll over, on your back.” When Heather was in position, she reclined on her hips, on arm resting on Heather’s thigh, the other up and free. Rebecca popped open the lock and removed it from the spiral. She quickly unwound it from Heather’s lips, opening her up, breaking the seal that kept her safe from men’s cocks.

Once the spiral was free, Rebecca turned her over, on hands and knees, but then she noticed that Nick was still soft. She raised an eyebrow. “What’s the matter, Nick? I’ve gotten your girlfriend all ready and you aren’t even hard.” She dipped a finger into Heather’s pussy, drawing up a long, thin line of her juices. “She’s ready for you,” Rebecca almost giggled.

John sat up and scooted forward on the bed. Sitting on the edge, he bent forward and took Nick’s cock in his mouth and started sucking. Nick started to respond. He wasn’t sure if he got hard faster than normal or not. He wanted to tell himself his response was normal speed, but it was impossible to tell. Shortly he was hard and ready for Heather.

His cock slipped into her pussy and he started fucking while Rebecca and John watched, both stony faced, but inside Rebecca was highly pleased.

It took Nick a long, long time to cum, mostly because he had just cum twice in the span of a few minutes. He didn’t have all that much left in him. It was Heather who suffered—or benefited—from Nick’s difficulty. His huge cock penetrated deeply into her pussy, stretching her wide, reaching that secret spot that was almost impossible for most men to reach. The cock inside her found the goal again and again.

Heather lost count of her orgasm. She was in tears by the time Nick finally came, much to her great relief.

Before Heather went home, Rebecca insisted on putting the spiral back into Heather's cunt. If Heather had done it, the process would have taken only a few seconds, but because it was a new to Rebecca, it seemed to take forever. But Rebecca showed special delight in snapping the lock back into place. Once she was sealed up again, she reached out and fondled Nick's cock. He was still free. He still had over twenty hours of freedom. Rebecca sent him to deliver her home. She didn't worry about Nick being free. He was exhausted and Rebecca was locked up safe and secure.

They would never be fully together.

Heather placed the key in Joseph's hand. "What's this?"

She rolled her eyes at him and smiled. "Duh. It's my key. You can use it any time you want. I still want to wear the spiral, but you have special access to me." She pulled him close and kissed him. She wasn't in love with Joseph, but he'd do for now. She wasn't in love with anyone.

"You want me to have your chastity key?"

"Of course. You're the best lay I've had in a long time." It wasn't a lie. He might not have the biggest cock and wasn't as refined a cocksman as Nick, but he was still the best lay she had had in a long time. "I want you to have it."

Joseph's hand closed around the key. "I'm not sure I want to have it, hon."

Heather froze. "What?"

"Fucking you is great and all. I love to do it, but the baggage you bring, all this..." he waved his hand around. "All this stuff that you need to have sex. Why can't we just take off our clothes and fuck?"

The room was silent while they looked at each other. Heather didn't have an answer for him, so she lied.

"I don't need the key, the chastity game, to enjoy sex. It just makes it more fun." She grinned at him. "I can have sex without it. I can take out the spiral and not need it anymore."

Joseph slowly shook his head. “No, I don’t think you can.” He put the key on the table and walked out of her apartment, out of her life.

She picked up the key. It was small and brass, but she had a lot of anger bottled up inside. As she shifted on the chair, she could feel the coil move inside her panties, reminding her exactly who she was...and she was comfortable with this. It took effort, but she managed to bend the key, effectively destroying it. There was only one way to break her chastity now.

**The End**

## **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.

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: [elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com](mailto:elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com)

Tumblr: [at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com](http://elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com)

Twitter: [@GreenBushPub](https://twitter.com/GreenBushPub)

Blog: [elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com](http://elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com)

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri