

SWINGING RING

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing

SWINGING RING

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing

Swinging Ring

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2013 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book 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.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.
Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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 for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

Also by Elliot Silvestri

And Giselle's Mother

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Bringing in Casey's Cream

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Gretchen's Twins

His and Hers Affairs

Jillian's Contract

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

The Milk Thief

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Misanthrope – First Summer

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Taking Gwendolyn

The Cheating Secret

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Chapter One

Kaitlyn looked at the old fashioned ring sitting in the velvet lined jewelry box. The faux velvet had been worn down to a shabby level. The slit between the padded portions of the box that held the ring had widened and while it still allowed the ring to sit prettily it wasn't standing up strong any longer. It was oddly beautiful and tragic at the same time.

"You said this was your grandmothers?"

"Great aunt, actually."

Derek had shown her the box and the ring after a spate of cleaning out the closet where everything in their apartment tended to gather when it had no other place to be put.

"How long have you had it?"

"A few years. She died shortly before we started dating. It took a while for everyone to sort through all her stuff and parcel it out."

"How the fuck did you wind up with an engagement ring from your great aunt?"

He shrugged. "No one else wanted it. It was supposed to go to either my sister or one of my cousins. They're all either married and didn't want it or thought it was ugly."

"Well, it is very old-fashioned and out of style. Still, it's traditional for an engagement ring to stay in the family."

Derek grinned. "I don't think most of them realized it was an engagement ring."

She looked at him queerly. "Well it's obviously an engagement ring. Gold with a diamond. What else would it be?"

"Great Aunt Sadie never got, um, married."

“Oh? Did her fiancée die on her and she wound up a spinster?”

“Not exactly.”

She looked at him expectantly. “Not exactly...what?”

“She lived with her best friend Sophia most of her life.”

That caused Kaitlyn to grin. “She was a lesbian.”

“Yup. But I don’t think most of my family even figured that out. The two were inseparable. Took vacations together. Lived together. Bought matching engagement rings.”

“That’s kind of romantic. But never got married? They could have, you know,” Kaitlyn pointed out.

“I know. But maybe they didn’t want to jinx things. They were both in their nineties when they died. And gay marriage is a relatively new thing.”

“Still...”

“Yeah, well, still...” Derek plucked the small piece of jewelry from the box and held it up for his girlfriend to admire. “Do you want to get married?” he asked her.

She blinked twice at him. “What?”

“Do you want to get married?” he repeated.

“Are you serious?” she asked with a nervous giggle. They had been dating for a little over two years and had only lived together for the last year. Marriage wasn’t something they had seriously discussed other than possibly it being something they would consider sometime in the future if their relationship ever evolved to that strangely distant and adult point.

“Yes.” He shrugged. “Why not. Aunt Sadie liked me. I think I was the first member of my family to ask her if she was a lesbian and not make it sound like an accusation of a crime.”

“How open minded of you.”

“Thank you, but you haven’t answered the question.” Derek grabbed her left hand and tried to slip the band onto her third finger. They both started laughing when he could barely get it past Kaitlyn’s first knuckle. “Did I mention Aunt Sadie was five foot one and barely weighed ninety pounds?”

“Ah, no, no you didn’t.” Kaitlyn was a good six inches taller than Sadie and though she never really shared her weight with Derek she knew that pushing one fifty was more than Derek’s great aunt could have imagined would have been appropriate for a young lady.

“Let’s try this.” He backed the ring off the third finger and moved down to the pinky. When he eased the small ring into place they were both thrilled how easily it fit.

“Oh shit,” Kaitlyn cursed. “It’s bad luck to wear an engagement ring that isn’t yours.” She started to pull it off.

Derek stopped her. “Well, is it yours?”

She hesitated. “I don’t know.”

“You don’t want to get married?”

“I do,” she said and ignored the two words she had just uttered. “It’s just that I want to do a lot of other stuff before I get married.”

“Like what?” Derek asked. Though they hadn’t yet reached their thirtieth birthdays that particular milestone was rapidly approaching and he didn’t exactly consider getting married a barrier to still living his life.

“I don’t know,” she hedged. “Travel a little. Europe. Australia.”

“Uh-huh. What else?” It was the first time she had ever mentioned traveling anywhere.

She looked him straight in the eye and said. “Get fucked by two guys at the same time,” she told him bluntly.

He took the answer in stride. “I can probably help with that. Anything else?”

Kaitlyn had to laugh at his boldness. He really did want to get married and suddenly when presented with the opportunity she wasn’t sure what she should do about it. Why not give him an honest answer. “Have sex with a woman.”

“You know, you can do both of those things while you’re married.”

“I want to do them before I get married.”

“Really?” he said doubtfully.

“Really,” she smugly replied and pushed her hair out of her eyes. “Why?”

“So, if I can arrange it so that you can be the center of a three-way with two men and get to have sex with another woman, you’ll marry me?”

She tilted her head to the side and considered his secondary offer. “If I get veto power over your choice of my partners, then yes.”

“Can I be one of the two male partners?” he asked, pulling her close, slipping his hands around her waist, then simultaneously moving one upward under her shirt and the other downward to sneak inside her pants and panties.

“Hmm, I suppose that’s okay,” she agreed as he expertly released the hooks on the back of her bra while pushing her up against the spare room’s wall.

He nuzzled into the side of her neck. “Then, young lady, you’d better prepare yourself to experience some strange cock and pussy because you’ll be married within the month if I have anything to say about it.”

There was little Kaitlyn could do other than wrap her arms around him and let Derek use her body as he wished.

After a frantic two weeks of combing the internet Derek came to Kaitlyn with a solution to his problem—her lust. “I have a solution that will satisfy the both of us, if you are willing to accept it,” he said.

“Really?” she asked putting down her book. She was reading in their bed, her normal ritual before turning in for the night; she had assumed that Derek was tapping away on his computer for something work related, which was also a normal ritual. “What problem would that be?”

“Your desire to have a three-way with two men and a serious encounter with another woman before we get married.”

“I hardly see that as a problem.”

“Be that as it may,” Derek answered smoothly, “I have a solution that will make everyone extra happy.”

“And that is?”

“Hooking up with a married couple.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Did you know there are a lot of married couples out there bored with their suburban lives and looking for a little sexy adventure on the side?”

“No.” Actually, Kaitlyn was aware of the phenomena—she wasn’t an idiot.

He moved on. “So I figured that a married couple would supply exactly what you and I need. An extra man and an extra woman.”

Kaitlyn opened her mouth to protest, but then said nothing when Derek held up his hand. “Doesn’t this meet your requirements?”

“Yes, but...I guess I didn’t expect this.”

“Expect what?”

“For it to actually happen, I guess.”

“You can’t make your dreams come true without a little effort.” He turned around his laptop and displayed the screen for her. “I found three possibilities. I’m going to contact all three. You get to make the final choice.”

Kaitlyn blinked twice at his authority on the matter and tugged on the old t-shirt

of Derek's she was wearing to bed. She liked to wear his old clothes, she said they always retained a little bit of his scent. There was little she could do when he handed her the computer and pointed out the couples advertising for other to play with.

"Oh," was all she could say.

"Are you still serious about this?" he asked as he pushed up the hem of the shirt she wore to reveal a pair of the comfortable cotton panties she wore far too often. They were dark purple and faintly outlined the bulge of her pubic mound. She pretended not to notice as he ran his finger along the elastic waistband.

"Yes," she said vaguely.

"I have to say, I'm surprised you would want to go to bed with another woman," he said.

"Why?" she asked, not taking her eyes off the computer screen.

"You never seemed the bisexual type."

"Never said I was bi. Just...curious."

He lightly kissed the strip of exposed skin between her panties and t-shirt. "I'm here to help satisfy your curiosity."

"These two," she said suddenly pointing to a picture of a rather plain couple on the screen. "I want to meet these two."

Derek glanced at the screen and nodded. "I'll contact them first." He lightly pulled down the top of her panties until he exposed the edge of her light brown pubic hair. He kissed this little bit of exposure.

"What are you doing?" she asked as she set aside the computer.

"Pleasing you," he said easing the panties down to the top of her slit.

"Maybe you're annoying me," she suggested but lifted up her hips to allow him to completely remove her underwear.

He quickly tossed the garment aside and pushed open her legs. Taking a moment to sniff delicately he looked up at her and shook his head. “No, I don’t think so. I can smell your scent. You always smell that way when you’re ready to fuck.”

“Maybe I’m just turned on because I was fantasizing about the couple I’m going to fuck.”

“I thought we were going to fuck them together,” Derek said after kissing the inside of her soft thigh.

“Maybe,” Kaitlyn said. “Maybe I just want to compare how you eat pussy to how a woman eats pussy.”

He lightly kissed her hair covered mound and slipped down further between her thighs. “Men do it better,” he said before licking her once.

She shivered a tiny bit. “Not from what I hear. Women know what women want; they know how to properly eat pussy.”

“Men love pussy,” Derek commented. He pulled his face away from her cunt; it was already smeared with her moisture. “Women don’t have the same passion for it.”

“Women all have one,” Kaitlyn forced out. “They have intimate knowledge of it.”

“I’d say this is pretty fucking intimate,” Derek countered and pressed his face back into her sex. He licked and sucked her clit for a moment causing her to shiver once more and caress the top of his head. He stopped and said, “And I’ve eaten the pussies of...eighteen girls. We’ll have to see how I stack up against whatever woman you choose for your first.”

“First I’ll get to eat out?” she asked. Her breath was coming quickly now.

He looked up again. “Are we going to have a pussy eating contest?” he asked. “Will your lesbian lover be the judge of the golden tongue?” He slipped his tongue back into her vag and nuzzled her clit with his nose. Since Kait was already playing with her breasts Derek simply wrapped his arms around her thighs and went to work on her pussy in full earnestness.

They fell silent as he made love to her cunt. Normally they used cunnilingus as a warm up before sex; it was rarely the main course. Derek was determined to make his fiancée cum with his tongue.

“Fuck me,” she urged him, pulling at his ears, trying to encourage him up to her body.

“No,” he resisted. “Cum first, then I’ll fuck you.”

“I want your cock,” she groaned.

“Mmm,” was his only comment. His mouth covered her cunt.

“I can’t cum from oral,” she wailed.

Derek changed his technique; he slipped two fingers into her tight pussy, stroking upwards searching for the hollow behind her pubic bone, and lathed his tongue all over her clit. It was hard on his neck and tongue, but after a few minutes of Kaitlyn wailing and begging to be fucked her thighs clamped around his head and she screamed out in pleasure. A flood of sweet water erupted from her pussy and Derek found himself half-drowned.

“Fucking hell,” he said once her body stopped shaking and she collapsed back to the sheets exhausted. Her body trembled faintly from the climax; she felt as if she had just run a marathon. “You’ve soaked the bed.”

“I did what?” She looked down at her leavings on his face and the sheets. Indeed both were soaked with an unnatural amount of pussy juice. “What the hell?”

Derek grinned. “You’re a squirter,” he told her. “Only a few special women can do that. Or can be made to do it by a man of truly phenomenal sexual potency. Let’s see how your lesbian lover stacks up against my magic tongue.

Chapter Two

In all it took nearly a month before Derek and Kaitlyn were able to hook up at a casual restaurant with Victor and Carol. The meeting went poorly, Kaitlyn felt. It was forced and awkward. The couple was roughly ten years older than her and Derek which made an immediate connection rough, but things never seemed to get better. Carol had a hundred questions for them and every answer Kaitlyn gave seemed to be wrong or stilted or was something she had never considered before. Derek had visions of them leaving the restaurant and going to a hotel where the foursome would strip down and fuck like as if they were reenacting a Greek orgy.

That didn't happy.

They said pleasant goodbyes, shook hands, and went their separate ways. "I'll call you," Carol said as they departed. Kaitlyn was sure this was the equivalent of "don't call us, we'll call you."

"That could have gone better," Kaitlyn said when they were back in the car.

"Maybe this will take longer than I thought," Derek agreed.

Kaitlyn couldn't have been more shocked when Carol did call her the next morning.

"Are you busy this afternoon and evening, dear?" the older woman asked.

It was hard to answer with her heart in her throat but Kaitlyn managed to sputter out, "Nothing important..."

"Excellent. Can you come over to my house where we can have a girl-to-girl chat?"

"Yes...?"

"Perfect."

And so Kaitlyn found herself ringing the doorbell to Carol's nice suburban home in the middle of a quiet neighborhood that looked perfectly ordinary. When Carol answered the door and ushered her inside out of the cold she was wearing a stylish business suit and had obviously arrived home from work shortly before Kaitlyn appeared on her doorstep. "Come in, don't be shy. Vic's not around and won't be home for a long time. How have you been?"

"Since yesterday?" Kaitlyn asked nervously with a slight laugh. "Fine. Good."

"Are you hungry? I haven't started dinner yet. Maybe a drink?"

Kaitlyn was too nervous to eat but the glass of wine that Carol offered helped settle her nerves. "How long have you and Derek been at this?" Carol asked bluntly when they sat down at the table.

Though she was somewhat taken aback by the question, Kaitlyn answered. "Um, we sort of just started looking, you know how it is."

Carol ignored the last comment. "Whose idea was it to open up your marriage?"

"We're not married," Kaitlyn said quickly.

"You're not? I thought I saw a ring..." She glanced down at Kaitlyn's hand and saw the antique engagement ring on the girl's pinky finger. "Engaged then? Did he buy you the wrong sized ring?"

Despite herself Kaitlyn laughed. "No, it's his great aunt's ring. I haven't had it sized yet. And I'm still thinking about saying yes."

"What's stopping you from saying yes?"

Kaitlyn was disturbed at the sudden change of direction in the conversation but she opened herself up to Carol. "This," she answered vaguely and took a sip of wine, and then another sip. "Sewing wild oats. I haven't lived enough yet, I guess."

Carol smiled and tried not to laugh. "Sometimes it's easier to be a little wild after you've been married and together a long time. You start looking for ways to stay connected, to keep things lively. You seem to think you need to be wild first and then settle down."

That confused Kaitlyn. “It’s that how it’s supposed to be?”

Carol’s smile didn’t lag. “What do you think is the root behind so many divorces, but I’m not judging you. Everyone is different. Everyone comes to their own sexuality their own way. If this makes you happy, then who am I to judge? Besides, you’re too beautiful not to want to take to bed.”

Her compliment embarrassed Kaitlyn who averted her eyes to the table where she noticed her wine glass was leaving a series of faint interconnected moisture rings on the highly polished surface. She surreptitiously wiped these away with her palm. “Wow. Thanks.”

“It’s not just a compliment, Kait.”

Carol’s words brought up Kaitlyn’s eyes. “What?”

“It’s a test.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’ve had sex with another woman before?” Carol asked and stood up.

“Umm...not exactly.”

“By which you mean no.” Carol had already removed her suit jacket and now kicked off her shoes.

“Right.”

“But you say you want to, correct?”

“Uh, yeah, that’s right.” Kaitlyn swallowed the last of her wine. She knew exactly what Carol was getting at but she couldn’t face what her new acquaintance was suggesting.

“This is your test, then.” Carol proceeded to unbutton her blue and white striped blouse exposing her white lace bra. “If you can’t have sex with me right here, right now, then perhaps you’re not ready to sew your wild oats.”

Kaitlyn dry swallowed and found no words in her throat. Carol opened her shirt

all the way and Kaitlyn saw the woman wasn't wearing a bra, it was more of a corset, pushing up her breasts to an impressive amount of cleavage that had been hidden by her jacket and buttoned up shirt. "Right here, now?" Kaitlyn finally managed to say.

"Yes, now, but I think upstairs in my bed would be best, don't you?" Carol unzipped her skirt and stepped out of the circle of cloth. She was wearing a very practical pair of black lace panties that didn't exactly match her corset, but that was okay. Kait found her eyes inspecting the woman's nearly naked body. She was wearing stay-up stockings that encased her legs in black nylon that would appear completely normal at any office. She wondered how far ahead Carol had planned for this.

"In your bed?"

"That's where I like to have sex? Are you going to join me?"

Kaitlyn hadn't expected to face a moment of truth so early in this process but she pressed ahead. Did she truly have any other choice? Carol was nearly naked and Kaitlyn realized—with some delight and some trepidation—that her panties had grown slightly moist in the past minute. She slowly stood up. "Yes."

Carol offered her hand and Kaitlyn accepted it. She expected to be led through the house and to the seductress's bedroom. Instead she suddenly found herself in Carol's arms and her lips were pressing against Kaitlyn's. In surprise she opened her mouth to protest. Instead of being able to utter a single word Carol pushed her tongue forward and Kaitlyn was silenced before she could speak.

The mechanics of kissing a woman, Kait discovered, were exactly like the mechanics of kissing a man. What she wasn't prepared for was the softness: Carol's soft lips, her ductile tongue, and her supple breasts pressing against Kait's. It was sensual in a manner she had never before experienced. She let herself go into the moment and when Carol broke off the kiss her paramour had a wide smile as her reward. "You passed the first part of the test," she said. "Come." She tugged on her hand and pulled Kait along. As they walked through the house Kaitlyn realized she could taste a hint of Carol on her lips. The flavor and scent wasn't at all unpleasant.

Was it wrong to kiss a woman? Kaitlyn wondered. Not at all, she realized, but wondered if Derek would be upset after the fact since she hadn't told him about

her rendezvous with Carol. As they went up the steps she admired Carol's shapely hips that moved exactly the way a runway model's should. For an older woman she was in comparatively trim and healthy. But the thoughts about the wrongness of what she was doing started creeping in; Kait pushed them away and concentrated on her lust and Carol's body. That was sufficient distraction.

Once in the bedroom Carol dropped her hand, whirled around and sat at the edge of the bed. "Strip," she ordered.

Kait suppressed a nervous giggle and took a breath. Pulling off her shirt was easy. She was a bit jealous she wasn't as sexily as Carol, but that couldn't be helped now. If only her job had a more business-like dress code, then she wouldn't be standing in front of this near stranger in a plain pullover shirt and khaki pants. It was easy to slip off her shoes and socks. She pushed her pants down off her hips and took a step forward to join Carol on the bed. But a hand came up between them stopping her.

"No, I said strip," Carol clarified. "I want to see what I'm getting." Her grin was a bit smug and superior, but Kait was actually relieved at that. Being told what to do released her from any responsibility of having to come up with her own plan of action. She had hoped to hide her undergarments from Carol's view, but there would be none of that now. Her bra was okay, plain white with a flower pattern stitched into the material, but her panties were cartoonish. Sometimes it was fun to wear Wonder Woman cartoon panties, other times it wasn't such a good idea. This was one of the times where it was the latter occasion.

The bra went first and Kaitlyn forced herself to keep her eyes on the ground. There was no way she could do this if she saw Carol watching her. Pulling down her panties and exposing her pussy to the other woman was emotionally a lot more difficult but Carol didn't disapprove, she merely watched.

"You have a very nice body," she complimented. "Youth will allow for that."

"Thank you," said Kait softly. She didn't know what else to do other than to shift her weight from one foot to the other while Carol inspected her.

"You don't shave your pubic hair?" Carol finally asked

Kaitlyn replied, "No, just my legs. And underarms."

“Turn around.” Kaitlyn did a slow circle for Carol. “Very nice. Come here and join me on the bed.”

Relieved she had passed inspection Kaitlyn nearly jumped on the bed. Carol had moved back to the head and was lounging against the pillows. She was still wearing her lingerie. Carol knew enough to cuddle up next to the older woman. As they lay on their sides there was a kiss and then another. Kaitlyn felt Carol’s hand on her hip, and then she was rolled onto her back by the older woman. “Are you ready for this?” Carol asked.

“Uh-huh.”

Carol ignored the tentativeness in Kait’s reply. She kissed her on the neck once, then between her breasts, then quickly moved down between the girl’s legs and pushed her thighs apart exposing Kait’s sex to the cool air. Before Kaitlyn could stop her Carol pushed her face to the younger woman’s pussy and licked the length of it, savoring the flavor and teasing her lover.

“It’s been a while since I’ve eaten pussy,” Carol said. “And even longer for pussy that still has hair. I’m sure I haven’t forgotten anything though.” With that she went back to work. Kaitlyn quickly discovered that Carol certainly knew her way around a woman’s sex and was no amateur when it came to cunnilingus. Receiving oral sex from a woman was hardly different from having a man perform on her, Kaitlyn realized. Perhaps the stimulation was a bit softer, but when Carol gently, yet firmly, pinched her clit between two fingers while licking the very tip Kaitlyn found herself pushed over the edge.

A climax was a climax, Kaitlyn realized when she started to come down from the peak that Carol had brought her to. “Holy shit,” she said as she recovered her breath.

“Did you enjoy that?” Carol teased.

“Yes,” Kaitlyn groaned and started to move, but then felt that Carol was still squeezing her clit.

“Do you want to cum again?” Carol asked. Her hold on Kaitlyn’s clit wasn’t painful, but she wasn’t going to release it any time soon.

“Yes,” Kait repeated.

“Easy enough.” She squeezed and teased Kait’s clit with one hand and slipped a single finger inside the girl’s tight pussy with the other. The digit didn’t fill up Kait, but once Carol started stimulating her, that didn’t matter. She came again with a little dribble of moisture from her pussy. Carol didn’t quit and kept after the girl’s pussy. A third orgasm wracked Kaitlyn’s body and caused her to cry out half in pain, half in pleasure; she had never been so over-stimulated before. It was wonderful and terrible at the same time. A few tears leaked out of her eyes and she prayed for freedom from any sensation.

And then the fingers were gone, her clit was no longer imprisoned and she wished they were back in place. Kait half-laughed, half-cried at her strange situation.

“Was it good for you?” Carol asked.

“Fuck yes!”

“I’m glad. It’s nice to make love to a woman for a change. Sometimes I get tired of men and a woman is a nice change of pace.”

“Derek has an idea that men are better at oral sex than women,” Kaitlyn said. “I think he’s wrong.”

“He’s never made you cum three times?”

She shook her head. “Never.”

“Maybe I’ll have to do it in front of him, give him a few pointers.” Carol laughed.

“I don’t think he’d appreciate that, but I would.”

Carol moved back up next to Kait and gave her a kiss on the lips. Kait tasted her pussy on Carol’s lips which was strange but not unpleasant. “I think you know what you need to do next,” she said.

“I’m not sure I want to,” Kait replied. “I mean, it’s one thing to receive, but another entirely to...you know.”

Carol filled in the gap. “Go down on a woman?”

“Yeah.”

“Say it,” Carol ordered.

“Go down on a woman,” she repeated.

Carol sat up and turned her back on Kaitlyn. “Help me unhook my corset. It’s sexy to wear, but after a while I just want it off.”

She did as instructed. The hook and eye closures on the back of the corset were exactly like those on a standard bra. Kaitlyn wondered how Carol had gotten it on by herself that morning—or maybe she had help. Once freed of the restrictive device Carol lay back down on the bed and grabbed Kait’s wrist. “Now take off my panties,” she ordered.

Kait saw what was happening. She obeyed direct orders better than she listened to her own heart. Carol was a smart woman. She arched her back, bringing her buttocks off the bed. Kaitlyn obeyed, easing the lacy garment off Carol’s hips and down over her legs. Only when the scrap of material was safely deposited on the floor did she allow herself to look at Carol’s pussy. It was completely denuded of hair.

“Does it hurt getting waxed like that?” she asked pointing at Carol’s pussy and feeling like an idiot for doing so.

Carol laughed. “No, because I don’t get waxed.”

“Oh.” Kait’s brow furrowed. “Then how—”

“Laser hair removal,” she explained. “It’s expensive but worth it.”

“It is?”

“For many reasons. Convenience; I don’t have to shave any more, ever. Beauty; you’d be surprised at how many men like the smooth look. And health; pubic hair removal has cause a near extinction to pubic lice. I’m doing my share for the good of public health.”

Kaitlyn laughed at the last comment. “You look so—”

“Young? Sexy? Wanton? Slutty? I’ve heard all those and others. If it’s a compliment I’ll take it.”

Kaitlyn licked her lips and said, “Tasty?”

In response Carol opened up her legs a bit more. “Why don’t you find out?”

It was simultaneously the hardest and most erotic thing Kaitlyn had ever done. In the back of her head she could hear her mother, the creepy old pastor from church, and too many members of society telling her she was sinning and was going to hell for kissing a woman, for putting her mouth on another woman’s twat. In her heart she could hear Derek telling her to do it and take pictures at the same time. In the pit of her stomach she felt her lust driving her forward.

The first kiss was tentative. The next was firm. There wasn’t a third because she pushed her tongue into Carol’s cunt and started licking her new lover with complete abandon. Her flavor was not at all like a man’s and she loved Carol for that.

Like any beginner Kaitlyn didn’t know exactly what she was doing, but she had a lot of enthusiasm for it. It took her a long time to actually get Carol to have an orgasm, and Carol had to give her a bit of instruction, but when Carol finally came, she was extremely proud of herself.

“I think that a group meeting would be a good idea, Carol told her.

Chapter Three

“Are you sure you’re ready to go through with this?” Kaitlyn asked Derek for what seemed like the hundredth time since they had gotten in the car. They were almost to Carol and Victor’s house and she was a bit nervous, but more excited than anything else. But beyond her anticipation, she was worried for Derek’s feelings.

“Of course I’m ready,” he said. His voice wasn’t filled with braggadocio but there was a hint of it hiding there. There was also more than a touch of annoyance in it as well.

“Okay, I’m just making sure you’re not going to get upset when you see Derek fucking me.”

“Why would that upset me?” he asked coolly. “I’m down with this.” He reached out with his right hand and intertwined his fingers with hers, feeling the small antique ring on her pinky drag against his skin.

She shrugged. She actually had a hundred answers to his question but none of them seemed to be the right thing to say at the moment. Instead she said, “Carol just says that sometimes some husbands get upset when they see their wife having sex with another man.” In the week since they had sex the pair had become fast friends, exchange texts at a rate that would shame even the closest of teenage BFFs.

“Uh-huh.”

“And she also says that some men get really turned on by it,” she added.

“And which do you think I’ll be?” he asked her pointedly.

“I’m hoping the horny kind,” she said as she disengaged her hand from his and slid it up his thigh. His cock wasn’t rock hard, but it certainly wasn’t a shriveled frightened worm either. “The horny kind,” she declared.

“I can’t believe we’re going this,” he said absently as he steered the car around another corner of the subdivision filled with too many houses.

“Why?”

“Not that I don’t,” he hastily added. “It just seems a little surreal. Do normal people do this sort of thing?”

“Yeah, why not?” It was hard for Kaitlyn to remember that she was ahead of him in the sexual experimental arena. Though she didn’t consider herself a lesbian by any stretch of the imagination, she had walked well into the bisexual sphere. Sex had become less mysterious to her and more exciting, something she controlled rather than something she wondered about. “Are you ready?” she asked him when they pulled into the Waldron’s driveway.

“Yes.”

Their second meeting went better. There wasn’t any meal, just some drinks as they talked about what was going to happen that evening. Kaitlyn had spent a lot of time planning what she was going to wear, nothing too dumpy, and nothing too slutty, just that fine line of sexy.

She was somewhat disappointed that both Victor and Carol were dressed like happy suburbanites. No matter. Derek wore what he always wore on the weekends: jeans, sneakers, t-shirt.

“Are we ready?” Carol asked when the ground rules had been established. Kaitlyn nodded and was on her feet in a flash. The two men were a bit slower to stand up. Carol laughed at Kait’s quick response. “Eager, are we?” she asked.

“Very,” Kait said. “I came here to get fucked and I plan on doing just that.”

They all trooped upstairs, Carol followed by Vic, followed by Kaitlyn holding Derek’s hand. The moment the second couple walked into the bedroom Kaitlyn said in a stage whisper to her fiancé to be, “That’s where Carol and I fucked for the first time.”

Carol and Victor laughed. “And the only time if I’m correct,” Victor added.

“Unfortunately yes,” Carol said. “Go ahead and get naked. I’m going to watch,

so I'll grab a chair from the guest room."

Kaitlyn had been told the men would be nervous about stripping in front of one another, so she would need to take the initiative. That didn't bother her the least. In a few moments she was out of her skirt and shirt, her shoes had been left downstairs. Victor had removed his shirt and she turned around putting her back to him. "Undo my bra, Vic, please?" she asked.

This was also a suggestion of Carol's. Victor didn't say no, but he took a moment to comply with her request. As he unhooked the bra Kaitlyn caught Derek's eye and maintained eye contact with him the entire time the other man was helping her undress. When her bra was off she took a step forward, kissed her fiancé, and crawled onto the bed still wearing her green panties with the wide lace waistband. "Who's going to join me first?" she asked looking directly at Victor.

He unzipped his pants and pushed them off with his underwear in one smooth motion. Then almost everything in the room stopped as Carol returned pushing a comfortable armchair on rolling casters. The action didn't stop because of her appearance. It stopped because Derek and Kaitlyn couldn't tear their eyes away from the odd device Derek was wearing on his cock.

"Oh, good, I've returned just in time. Let me get your key from my purse, Vic." She disappeared again. They heard her steps running down the stairs.

"What's that?" Kaitlyn asked, already knowing the answer but she wasn't able to stand the silence that filled the room.

"My chastity device. CBT-6000."

"Your wife keeps your cock locked up in...that?" Derek asked.

Victor smiled."Yeah. It's a game we play. Usually she only keeps me locked up for a few days at a time, but this time it's been longer. Ever since you and Carol fucked she's been keeping the key hidden."

"Oh," Was all Kaitlyn could say.

Derek looked at his girlfriend. "Did you know about this?"

She shook her head no. Her eyes hadn't moved from Vic's cock. She noticed something else strange about his penis. "Do you have a piercing too?"

"Yup. Carol and I decided to get it because the ring makes it impossible to slip out of the cage," he explained. "If you use enough ice to make your cock shrivel up small enough, you can slip almost any cock cage—if your determined enough."

"And that's why Vic needed a piercing," Carol explained upon returning. In her hand was a key ring that sported the usual assortment of keys: house, car, office, and a small one that fit the tiny padlock attached to the cock cage Victor was wearing. Carole fell to her knees in front of her husband, fit the key to the lock, and removed it.

"Quickly," Vic said.

Carol's small hands moved almost too fast to follow. The rest of the device came apart fairly easily once the lock was removed, except for the ring that went around his penis's base under the balls. "If you don't do it quickly enough," Carol explained as she worked, "he gets too hard to remove the retainer ring." She slipped the device free of Victor's flesh and as if by magic and with a few pumps of his heart his cock grew and grew. A small silver ring went through the flesh of his cockhead but other than that his cock was unadorned. Kaitlyn noted that Victor was just as devoid of hair on his genitals as Carol was on hers.

After Carol gathered up the pieces of the cockcage she gave the side of his erect cock a little kiss before she stood up. "The fun part of keeping him in chastity is that you don't need to have any foreplay if you don't want it," she commented.

"Holy fucking shit," Derek said.

"Yes," agreed Carol. She then looked at Kaitlyn. "Are you ready to take him, dear?" she asked. Silently Kaitlyn nodded and walked over to the bed where she lay down and scooted back. She hardly realized what she was doing as her legs opened up and she exposed her sex to the other three.

Derek and Kait were looking at Victor's erect cock. It wasn't huge, but average; the impressive feature wasn't his size but the ring piercing the end of it. Neither of them knew what to say about the intimate bit of jewelry. Kait wondered what it would feel like insider her pussy and Derek wondered what it would feel like

to wear such a bit of metal and how painful it must have been have done.

“Ready for this?” Carol asked Victor. It took him a moment to realize she wasn’t speaking to his fiancée.

“Yeah,” he said softly, nodded. He was mesmerized by Derek’s cock and Kaitlyn’s willingness to have sex with a near stranger.

“Move closer to the bed,” Carol instructed. “Let Kait hold your cock. She might want to suck you a bit while Derek’s fucking her.”

He did as instructed and Kaitlyn reached out and grabbed his also erect member. She held onto it like she was holding his hand, for courage. He wrapped one hand around her wrist and watched as Victor climbed atop Kait. His erection grew stiffer.

“He won’t last long. Do you want him to cum in your pussy or all over your tummy and tits?” Carol asked.

“In me,” Kaitlyn said quickly before Derek could offer his opinion.

“Excellent. He’s been in chastity for a week so I doubt he’ll even last two minutes inside your pretty cunt.”

Fascinated by the moment, his stomach tense with anxiety Derek saw Vic’s rampant cockhead nuzzle up against Kait’s pussy, moisten a bit from her dripping lips, and then smoothly penetrate her sex.

Her grip on Derek’s cock tightened. He didn’t complain. “He’s in me,” she told him and turned her head to kiss his cock.

“I know,” he breathed in response. Much to his surprise watching Kaitlyn get fucked was arousing and exciting. He immediately wished they had done it earlier.

Her legs lifted off the bed and her knees came up nearly to her tits. Her breathing quickened and she took Derek’s cock into her mouth. Oddly, he didn’t want a blowjob right then. He wanted the moment to last as long as possible. He didn’t want to cum.

“Doing good, hon?” Carol asked.

“Uh-huh,” Victor replied to his wife. He started thrusting. Derek looked at the other man’s face and realized the poor guy wasn’t going to last long. What kind of torture was it to wear a cock cage like she forced on him? Was it some secret sexual thrill Vic liked or was it painful torture the entire time?

Or both?

“Tell me when you’re going to cum,” Carol ordered.

If Kaitlyn heard those words she gave no indication. She sucked Derek’s cock harder. He wanted to pull away and watch.

“Now, it’s going to be now,” Victor moaned.

“Not yet!” Carol demanded in a firm voice as if disciplining a petulant child.

“C-c-cumming,” Victor sobbed.

Derek pulled his cock out of Kaitlyn’s mouth and moved back. Vic’s buttocks were clenching. His balls were tight up against his body and he could see them pulsing with each wave of the man’s orgasm. He was undoubtedly cumming in Derek’s fiancée’s pussy. He wanted to fuck her more that moment than ever before.

There was a sharp crack in the air and Derek came out of his half-aware coma. Carol had smacked her husband smartly on the ass leaving a red handprint. “Did I say you could cum?” she asked him sharply.

“No.” The shame in his voice was palpable.

“You know what the punishment is,” Carol told him. “Get to work. Wait.” She turned to Kaitlyn. “Did you cum, dear?”

“A little,” Kaitlyn admitted. “I want more,” she practically whined.

“You’ll have more.” She turned back to her husband. “Get to work.”

Obediently Victor put his face between Kaitlyn’s thighs and started eating her

out. Derek wasn't sure if he was just smearing his cum around or if he was swallowing it, but Kaitlyn undoubtedly was enjoying his oral attentions. She arched up her back and closed her eyes. Already the young woman was so keyed up about the sex it was easy to see that she was well on her way to orgasm.

Carol sidled up to Derek. "Do you want to cum?" she asked but didn't do anything so bold as grab his cock.

"Yes," he said softly while Victor continued to eat out his girlfriend.

"We'll give Vic another chance to fuck your little Kaity first, maybe she'll suck your cock a little more while he does it. Would you like that?"

"Yes." Again his answer was soft.

"Would you like to cum in her mouth or her pussy?"

"Pussy."

"Good. I'll make sure Victor does a better job of fucking her the second time around then you'll have your chance, okay?"

"Okay," he agreed.

Watching the other two writhe around on the bed was like having his own personal porn film right in front of him, actual size and in real time. Vic and Kaitlyn were half gone from reality—if they knew Derek and Carol were watching them they gave no indication.

It wasn't very long before Kaitlyn suddenly lost control of her vocalizations and Derek realized she was cumming. She was beautiful when she came. Her teeth were clenched, her head was back, her body was straining, and then finally it happened for her. There was a small flood of liquid from her pussy—a mixture of her juices and Vic's cum—and a large wet spot formed on the sheets.

Carol gave the pair a minute to rest before she was directing the action again.

"Ready to cum again, Kaity?" she asked.

"Ooh," the exhausted girl moaned. "Yeah. I think so. Wow. That was fucking

intense.”

Carol chuckled. “That was hardly anything. I have many more pleasures to show you. Get on your hands and knees.”

As Kaitlyn slowly followed ordered Carol pushed Derek back to the bed’s head, where he could present his cock to his girlfriend’s mouth again. “Don’t suck too hard on his cock,” Carol instructed. “You don’t want him to cum in your mouth, do you? No. Of course not. His spunk belongs in your pussy. Victor’s going to fuck you again. Are you ready?”

Derek looked as was amazed to see that Victor’s cock was erect again. Maybe it wasn’t as hard and firm as before, but it was undoubtedly erect. Did staying in a cock cage for a week do that to a man? Was Victor so well trained that his wife could just order him to fuck another woman and his cock would respond?

It didn’t matter. Kaitlyn was on hands and knees, her ass in the air, and Victor’s cock entered her again. She grabbed for Derek, found his still erect manhood, and slurped it into her mouth. Her warm tongue and lips engulfed him and he immediately wanted to pull back but couldn’t.

Victor set to fucking Kaitlyn as if he were a man given a second chance to live again. Derek could hear their flesh slapping together, could feel the impacts of Victor’s hips against Kaitlyn’s ass, saw as the older man gripped Kaitlyn’s hips and controlled her body. It was beautiful and frightening. This was what Kaitlyn had wanted and suddenly Derek understood why; she had lost all control of herself, had lost all sense of who she was, and had become the center of her universe because of the attentions of others.

And then Victor came. He grunted and announced it to the room. Kaitlyn responded in kind; she pulled Derek’s cock from her mouth and vocalized her pleasure. It was wonderful bliss to see her cumming. He couldn’t have been more happy for her at the moment.

“Get out of the way, Vic. Derek, get back here and fuck Kaitlyn. She’s waiting for you.” Carol’s orders were clear but Derek wasn’t how sure Kaitlyn was waiting for him to fuck her. She had already been taken by Victor twice in fifteen minutes. Would she really want his cock in her so quickly?

If she didn’t it was impossible to tell because his hard cock slipped right into her

abused pussy. “Perfect,” Carol complimented him. Derek fell forward, forcing Kaitlyn to support his weight. His hands went around her to tightly grip her tits. Inside her pussy he found her hotter and wetter than he ever had before. Certainly some of the wetness was Victor’s semen, but the heat was all hers.

He found it impossible to make love to his fiancée. He fucked her as hard as he could and had no control over his body. The bed and their bodies shook with his ferocity. Kaitlyn cried out at his abuse of her body, but it wasn’t in complaint, it was to compliment and encourage him. He responded to her.

The fucking didn’t last terribly long. Derek had been ready to shoot his load the moment he entered Kaitlyn’s sloppy pussy, but he wanted to make the moment last as long as possible. Every moment that their coupling went on intensified the sensations emanating from his cock until finally it was too much and he cried out as loud as he could. His balls tightened and he blasted his spunk into his girlfriend’s cunt. She screamed and cried at the orgasm. Perhaps she came herself, Derek was beyond caring or understanding.

When he came back to himself he was laying atop Kaitlyn. Realizing he was probably too heavy for her to support for very long he rolled to the side freeing her.

“Kaity, if you aren’t too exhausted, would you mind coming over here and helping me out?” Carol asked.

To Derek’s amazement Kaitlyn somehow managed to get off the bed and walk over to the chair that Carol had brought in to watch the action. Victor was sitting down with a bag of ice resting on his crotch. He glanced at the clock on the bedside and experienced a sense of time distortion. Somehow he had managed to lose an hour. Had he truly fallen asleep and not realized it?

“I think every woman should learn how to do this,” Carol was saying. “Putting a man’s cock in chastity is something you can’t really prepare yourself for. I mean, how many mothers tell their little girl ‘And Daddy likes it when Mommy puts his thing-a-ding inside a metal cage so he doesn’t use it when she doesn’t want him to.’?” The two women laughed together. Derek blinked blearily and watched while Carol gave Kaitlyn instructions on how to fit the plastic and metal chastity device over Victor’s now shriveled cock. It was fascinating in the same way watching a video of a gall-bladder operation was fascinating: horrifying in a way

that you hope it never happens to you, but if it does happen, you want it done the right way.

When the women were done and Victor's cock was safely locked away, Kaitlyn stood up with a proud giggle.

"Here, I want you to have this," Carol said to Kaitlyn as she handed her a small key on a tiny ring. She snapped the matching padlock shut on Victor's cock cage; he took it in stride. Kaitlyn accepted the key with a mischievous grin. "You can give it back to me the next time you need Victor to fuck you."

Kaitlyn turned and looked at Derek who gave her a nervous look. She licked her lips and smiled.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter [@GreenBushPub](https://twitter.com/GreenBushPub).

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.