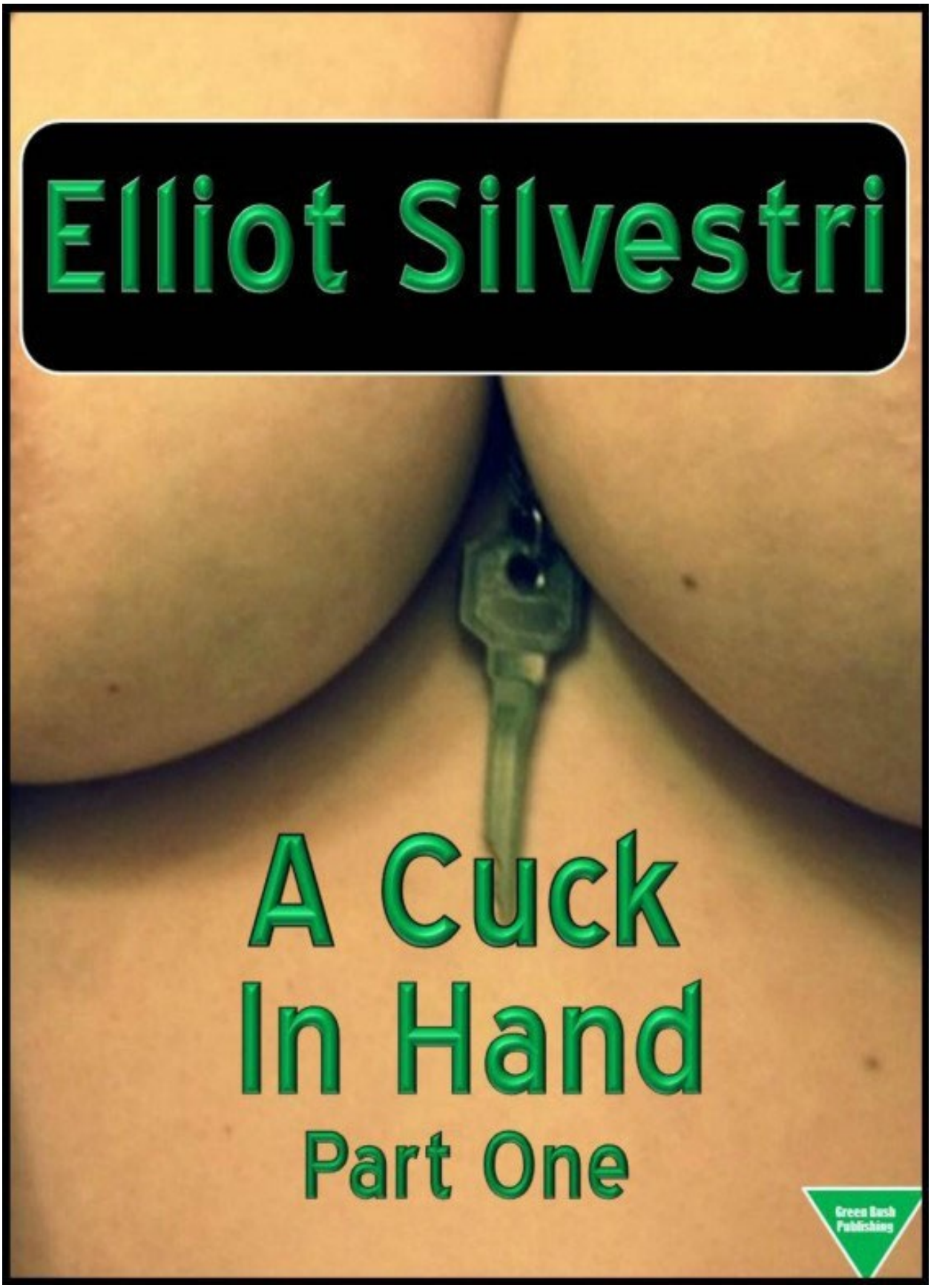
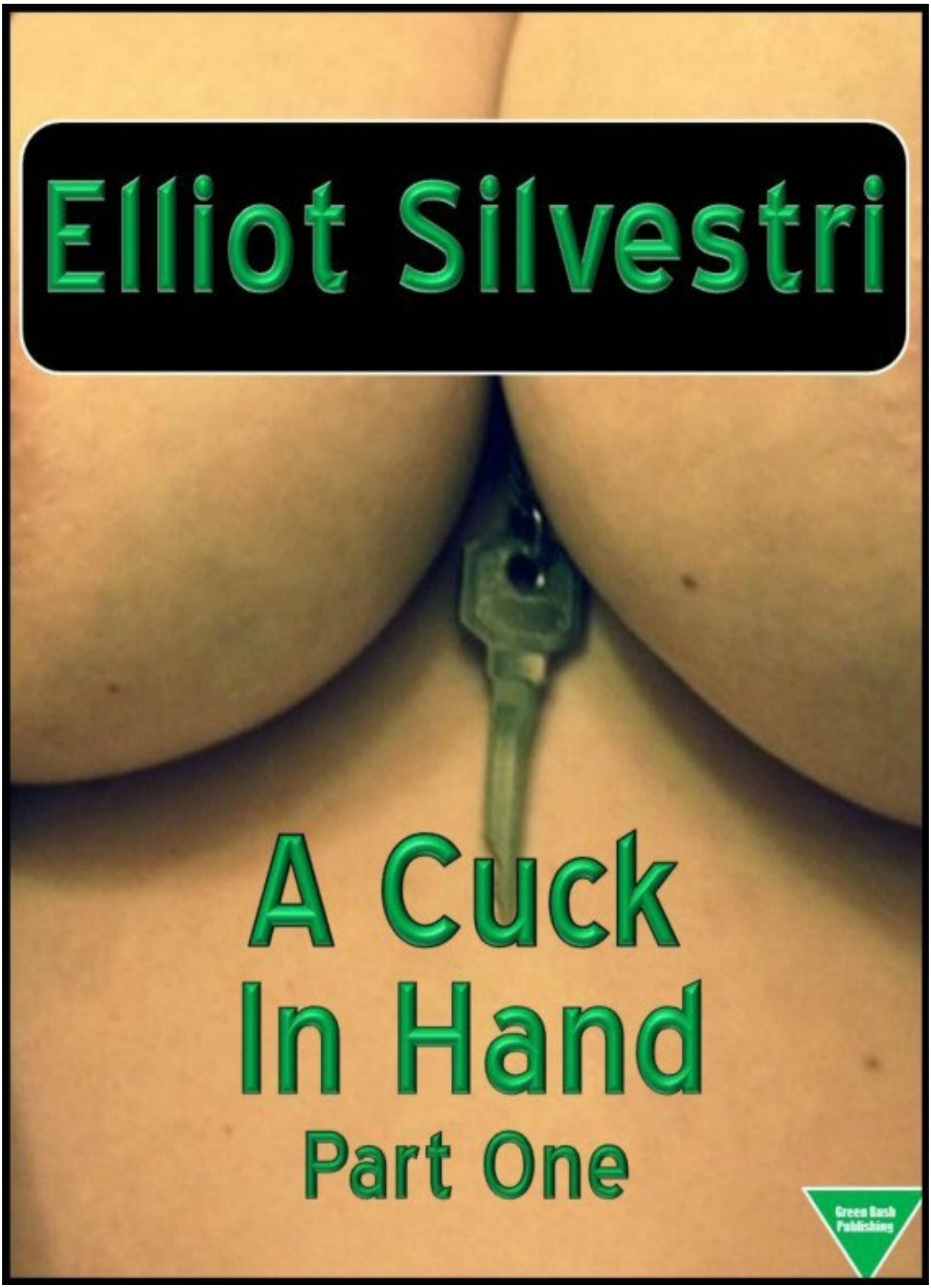

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“You HAVE A cute cock,” Judy said, pausing briefly as she fellated Sam to pay him the backhanded compliment.

Sam was on his feet looking down at his wife. “Don’t call my cock cute,” he protested.

“Why not?” she asked after licking the length of his manhood, not a very arduous task considering the distance.

“It’s demeaning.” Sam struggled for a moment to maintain his erection as Judy played with his balls and kissed the side of his cock.

“But I like it,” she said earnestly. “It fills me up just right and you make me cum better than any of my previous lovers.” She licked the little drip of precum that was leaking out of him. It was salty on her tongue. “Even if you are smallest I’ve ever had.” She squeezed his balls and sucked fiercely on his purpled head.

Sam came hard, gasping with the surprise eruption of his spunk. Judy sucked eagerly one his cock, swallowing every bit of the thick, salty fluid. “Fuck! You know how to make me cum,” he complimented her in all earnestness.

“You’re easy,” she told him as she wiped the remains of his spunk from her lips.

Later Judy woke up in the middle of the night to find her bed empty of her husband. She stumbled out of the bed to find him in the bathroom jerking off. The door was open and the light was spilling out into the hallway. He didn’t hear her approach and she watched him for a minute wondering how long it would take him to spurt, after all she had just sucked him off a few hours earlier.

Her question was answered a moment later when he shuddered silently and the thick white seed pumped out to cover his fingers.

“Gross and sexy at the same time,” she said, startling him.

Sam jumped in surprise. “What the fuck! Were you watching me?”

“Just for a minute. What are you doing?”

“What the fuck does it look like I’m doing? Jerking off.”

“Yeah. I can see that. But why?”

“You said it annoys you when I do it in bed and when I wake you up in the middle of the night to ask you for sex. So I came in here.”

“Very thoughtful.” This had been a problem at the beginning of their relationship and into the start of their marriage. While Judy thought her libido was active and robust, Sam needed sex, or so he said, twice as much as her. This led to a lot of masturbation on his part. It didn’t bother her for the most part, but now she was intrigued. How often did he actually have to do it?

Sam turned on the faucet and washed his hands. He watched dispassionately as his semen, his sperm, went down the drain. Judy watched this whole process with a clinical detachment. It didn’t turn her on nor did it disturb her, but she was intrigued by what her husband had said.

“How often?” she asked.

“How often what?”

“How often do you jerk off?”

He sighed and looked at himself in the mirror, unable to meet his wife’s gaze. “Once a day if we don’t have sex, usually.”

Judy’s lips twisted into a little moue of confusion. “But I just gave you a blowjob four hours ago.”

“Sometimes more,” he amended.

“And all in that little cock,” she teased. “It packs quite a wallop that I wasn’t expecting.”

“Ha ha.”

“Does it upset you when I tease you about your cock size?” she asked. Right then, more than anything, Judy wanted to reach out and cup his now flaccid cock, feel it under her fingers and see if she could bring it back to life.

Sam glared at her. “Yes. It’s annoying.”

“And yet when I do it while we’re having sex or I’m giving you a blowjob, you cum right away.”

He looked away now, out the tiny window at the opposite end of the bathroom. “Yeah. So?”

“You like to be humiliated.” She said it as a statement of fact, not a question.

“Maybe it helps me get off,” he admitted.

“Would you like to see me use a nice big vibrator in my pussy?” she asked, her voice low and soft. “I used to have a huge one before we got married. I thought it’s what I needed.” She paused and he looked back at Judy. “Until you came along I thought a big cock was important. But your little one does just fine for me.”

Now she reached out and touched him. He didn’t stop her. He was still soft but she could feel his hotness, feel the blood rushing though his manhood. “It might be little, but it works just fine,” she added.

“Uh-huh,” Sam agreed. He wasn’t capable of lucid thought at the moment.

“Want to fuck me?” she asked. Judy had gone to bed wearing just her white cotton panties. They were now soaked in the crotch.

“Yeah…” he vaguely agreed, and then shook his head coming to his senses. “But…” he gestured to his cock.

“I’ll fix that,” she told him, grabbing him firmly and pulling him back to bed with the slowly hardening piece of flesh.

The moment they rolled into bed she shoved his face between her legs. Together they pulled down her panties and he eagerly licked and sucked on her pussy, finding her clit and teasing it mercilessly with the end of his tongue.

“Enough,” she told him, pushing his face away. It was streaked with her moisture. “I don’t need your tongue. I want your little cock.”

They both looked down at his crotch. While not completely soft, he was barely hard enough to enter her. Judy shook her head and clucked her tongue. “Not nearly good enough,” she murmured. “That little thing just won’t do.” Suddenly she reached out and smacked him in the balls, not hard enough to do any real damage, but enough to give Sam a spike of pain.

He grew harder.

“I’ll have to order a new vibrator in the morning,” she said. “Something big and fat, something that I’ll really be able to feel inside me.”

Same grew harder still. He grabbed his manhood and started stroking it again as he knelt between her splayed legs.

She played her last card. “Maybe I’ll even call up my old boyfriend, Roy. He had a nice big cock, thick and stout. When he shoved it in me the first time we fucked, it hurt.”

That was all Sam needed. He pushed his wife down and thrust his now fully erect dick into her waiting pussy. Her fucked her hard and fast, trying to hurt her, slamming into her as hard as he could. Neither of them lasted very long. Judy came first, wrapping her legs around his waist and locking her ankles together. Sam followed shortly after her, letting out a gasping cry of pain and relief. There wasn’t much spunk left in his balls, but he forced out as much as he could, squirting it as deeply as possible in his wife.

It wasn’t that deep.

“That was fucking great,” Judy whispered in his ear as he breathed heavily into her neck. “This is going to be fun.”

“What is?” he asked her, confused.

“Now that I know how to really make you cum I’m going to do it all the time.” She paused and gave that a moment’s thought. “Well, as much as I need.”

“Okay,” Sam eagerly agreed.

Judy wasn’t sure if he was still playing their little game or if he was being serious. She decided to see how far to push the issue.

“What should I do first?” she asked. “Get a new, bigger vibrator or call up my old boyfriends by dick size?”

Sam groaned and rolled off her body. He was completely flaccid now. “Vibrator,” he said and started snoring. He was completely spent.

Judy knew getting a bigger vibe was easy. She wasn’t sure if she was bold enough to call old boyfriends…or even if she wanted to.

It had been a while since Judy had purchases a new vibrator. She wasn’t the sort of woman to take frequent trips to the local sex shop nor did she spend a lot of time online browsing through fetish gear. The vibrator she had been using was a gift from a college friend who told her that it would be more loyal than any man. Judy wasn’t sure that was true, but it had served her faithfully for the five years since her wedding. Google and Amazon proved to be incredible helpful in the selection process and she was ultimately pleased with the larger vibrator that arrived on her doorstep two days later. She was nervous about showing it to Sam, but he seemed thrilled by this little step she had taken.

“I want to watch you use it,” he said almost immediately.

This wasn’t a request that was entirely out of the ordinary. He had watched her masturbate before, both with and without assistance. It was just odd considering they were in the kitchen going through the mail after getting home from work. “Right now?” she asked, a little put off by his forwardness.

“Sure!” he agreed. There was obviously some confusion in their communication. She had been questioning the appropriateness of the timing and he was only focused on the immediacy of the event.

“After dinner,” she put him off.

Time seemed to drag forever that evening, at least for Sam. When they had taken care of all the ordinary chores, made dinner, cleaned up, and settled in for the evening, Sam insisted she masturbate for his amusement.

Judy rolled her eyes. “What if I’m not in the mood?”

“How could you not be in the mood?” he asked, more than a little annoyed. Grabbing her hand he pressed it to his crotch so she could feel he was already hard. Judy wasn’t sure if she was excited or put off by his forwardness. In the end, he persuaded her into the bedroom where she stripped down and he loaded the large flesh-colored device with fresh batteries.

Lying back into the pillows that were piled at the head of the bed, Judy opened up her legs, exposing her sex to her husband, turned on the device, found what she thought was an appropriate setting, and pressed it to the opening of her pussy. The moment it touched her skin she lost all doubt to whether or not she was doing the right thing. It felt wonderful. In a moment her pussy lubricated to the point of seeping out between her lips, the clit engorged and felt like it was throbbing pleasantly. The thick toy was easily pressed into her entrance where it slowly and steadily slid all the way up where she determined it belonged.

“Oh that feels fucking fantastic,” she breathed. “I should have done this sooner.”

Sam merely nodded in response and watched as she grabbed the large tool with both hands and started pumping it in and out of her pussy as fast as she could manage. It was almost impossible for Judy to concentrate. On one side she wanted to thrash around as if she were being fucked by a large, powerful man. But on the other side, she had to do all the work herself, to make herself cum. It was an almost impossible task until she managed, through the thick haze of her clouded mind, to remember that she only had the set to half power. Taking a half second to pause and twist the control knob, Judy soon found herself crying out with passion as one leg bounced uncontrollably up and down while the other locked into paralysis. It was a powerful orgasm, not the most powerful of her life, but strong enough that she lost more control than she intended and a little of her extra girlcum trickled out of her pussy to leave a damp spot on the sheets between her legs. She tossed the pleasuring device aside where Sam grabbed it and turned it off.

“You squirted,” Sam marveled.

“Not really,” she said, blushing with embarrassment. It always felt good to cum that way, but Judy couldn’t shake the feeling that she was either peeing herself or doing something so completely wrong it would get her in Big Trouble. Big

Trouble with who she didn't know. "It was more of a leak than a squirt."

"Still counts in my book," Sam said as he reached between her legs to feel her still trembling and soaking pussy. Right after making contact with her slippery lips she grabbed his hand and forced it away.

"No. Too soon. I'm too sensitive."

"But I want to touch you and make you cum again." He almost whined these words.

"I said no." Judy wasn't sure where these words were coming from, but she liked the power it gave her over her husband. "And you don't really want to touch me, you just want to get me all excited again so you can fuck me, isn't that it?"

Sam looked blankly at her for a minute. "No, you misunderstand…

"I understand plenty. I've already had all the sex I'm going to have tonight. If you want to get off…well, you know how to jack off." She looked at him expectantly.

There was a long moment of hesitation between the two that only ended when Sam put his hand to his cock and started jerking off. It didn't take terribly long. He was already keyed up and ready for anything. In this case anything meant cumming, which he did with copious gushes of white semen that landed on Jud's thigh and the sheets. Feigning disgust, she used her hand to wipe the fluid off her skin and onto Sam's leg. "Clean that up," she told him, rolling over to go to sleep.

Sam did as he was told.

Judy was pleased with both her new vibrator and Sam's reaction to it, but she couldn't fully say why. She knew, of course, that the size and power of the vibrator was part of it, but not all of it. In her sex life she had never been a size queen, a huge cock didn't really do all that much for her. It was nice enough and enjoyable if the man attached to it knew what he was doing, but size alone wasn't important. What was more important at the moment was her control of Sam. Telling him what to do gave her a little thrill like never before. She liked

being in charge of his sex life and decided to make it a little more exciting the next night.

When they got in bed for the evening Judy opened up the nightstand drawer where both of her vibrators were now kept, along with the lube and the few other toys they owned, and handed Sam the new, big vibrator. For half a second he looked at her, confused, but she hiked up the bottom of her nightie exposing her pussy. “Use it on me,” she ordered. “Make me cum.”

It was an order that Sam was happy to follow. He had on his pajama pants and didn’t bother taking them off before turning on the vibrator and teasing the opening to Judy’s pussy. It only took a few moments before she was moaning and starting to move around. Sam was able to push the thick tool deep into her cunt and found the correct angle that made her respond the strongest. Judy clutched at the sheets and bucked her hips as he worked her up to an orgasm. It was wonderful for them both and shortly Judy was gasping and crying out as she came. To her great surprise she managed to squirt a little bit of girlcum again. Normally that wasn’t a trick she could accomplish all that often, and usually it was at the end of an extremely intense fuck session or after she had gone a week without sex. Two days in a row was a miracle for her.

“Thank you,” she said with all sincerity to her husband as he switched off the vibrator and leaned down to her.

“You’re welcome,” he said just as he was about to kiss her, but Judy turned her head away from him, rejecting his advance. “What’s the matter?” he asked, confused.

“I don’t want you to kiss me.”

“Why not?”

She turned back to face him. His face was far enough away that there was no risk of him stealing a kiss. “Because I want to,” she told him flatly.

“That’s stupid.”

Judy rested her hand on his thigh which was still covered with his pajama bottoms. They were being tented upwards by his erect cock. Because of his size, or lack thereof, they weren’t tented up very high. “It’s what I want. Will you do

something special for me?”

“Sure,” Sam agreed too quickly.

“I want you to not jerk off tonight,” she said with perfect sincerity.

“What?” Sam was completely confused now.

“No orgasm for you tonight. It’s all for me?”

“Uh…why?” While he had been happy to please his wife with the vibrator, he had expected a little reciprocation with, if not sex, then a blowjob, or at the very least a handjob.

“Because I want to see you suffer a little bit,” she teased him and immediately laughed. “No, because I think you jerk off too much and you need to have a little restraint. I want you to wait a couple of days and then we’ll have sex and it’ll be amazing for you.”

“Um…okay,” he said warily.

She smiled up at him. Her hair was fanned out on the pillow giving her a slightly angelic appearance. “You promise?” she asked.

“I promise,” he said with a weary smile.

It was the most difficult night of his life, he kept wanting to touch himself, but Judy was right there next to him, he could risk it, especially when she rolled over and draped her hand over his torso, right above his still hard, always hard, cock. Sam barely got any sleep that night and he knew it was largely his own fault.

The next night was just as difficult. Judy asked him to go down on her and then use the vibrator to get her off. She actually came when his face was in her pussy, but she didn’t mind the follow-up orgasms that she had when Sam was allowed to use the vibrator. When she was done cumming, when her pussy was so exhausted and so sensitive even the mildest of touches were painful, she pushed his hand away. “You know what I want next?” she asked her husband.

Slowly he shook his head. In all honesty he didn’t know what his wife wanted or was planning. “I want you to deny yourself another night; can you do that for

me?”

“Again?” He tried not to whine, but that’s how the word came out. He was literally whining.

“Just one more night,” she promised. “And think of how wonderful it will feel when you fuck me tomorrow. Can you do that for me?”

Only after heaving an overly dramatic sigh did Sam say, “I’ll do it.”

And at the time he meant it. And his promised lasted until three a.m. when his hard cock wouldn’t go down no matter how he tried to distract himself. Carefully slipping out of the bed when Judy rolled over to her side after getting overheated next to him, Sam padded into the bathroom for some quick self-pleasure. Judy wouldn’t know. She’d never find out. He even left the light in the bathroom off while he pulled out his cock and quickly started masturbating. Knowing it wouldn’t take long relaxed him and he allowed himself to enjoy the moment. It had been almost three days since he had last cum which was the longest he had ever gone since hitting puberty.

The whole moment was spoiled when Judy snapped on the light to catch him mid-stroke. He looked up at her, guilt plastered on his face, and immediate he blurted out, “I can explain!”

The glare she gave him was withering, literally. His cock quickly shrank back to flaccid in just a few heartbeats. “I’m sure you can, but I don’t want to hear it. Finish or don’t, I’m truly don’t care. It’s like you cheated on me.”

She snapped the light off and marched back to bed. Sam stayed in the bathroom until he heard her softly snoring. Only then did he dare go back to bed. In the morning he told her, “I didn’t finish.”

Judy was still upset. She had been planning an eventful night with him but he spoiled it. “I don’t care. We’re not having sex tonight.”

That evening, after work, it was Sam who came to Judy with a solution. He was proud of himself for what he offered her. Judy was less impressed.

“A chastity belt?” she asked doubtfully. “You really think that’s a solution.”

“Just read the info on the website,” he begged.

After rolling her eyes Judy took the laptop away from him and he eagerly stared at her while she started to read. “Leave the room,” she said, not even looking up to acknowledge that he was staring at her. “I’ll read this, but I’m not going to do it with you watching me.”

Reluctantly Sam retreated from the room. It was an hour later when Judy called him back in. She didn’t actually need that much time to peruse what he had shown her. She was teasing him, playing with his emotions. It took Judy less than ten minutes to read and come to a quick conclusion about what Sam wanted, the rest of the time she spent fiddling around on Facebook and browsing other websites. The first thing she learned and understood from what he had shown her was he needed to be tease and controlled through his cock. Judy was pretty sure she could do that.

“Okay,” she said to him when he appeared at the doorway after she called him. “We can do this. But the first thing you need to tell me is why you want to do this.”

“Why?” he asked uncertainly.

“Yes, why. It’s not exactly…well, normal isn’t the right word. Apparently plenty of guys enjoy this, including you. I guess the right express is this isn’t exactly within the nominal sexual behavior for most men.”

“Nominal behavior?” Apparently all the blood was rushing from Sam’s brain to his cock. Judy could see the swelling beneath his pants.

She rolled her eyes and blew a stray strand of hair out of her face. “Yes. Nominal behavior. Why do you want to wear a chastity belt on your cock and have me deny you sex?”

“It’s not the sex,” Sam managed to say. “Or even the denial. It’s…wanting to please you.”

“Pleasing me?”

“My sex drive is higher than yours,” he explained. “If I wear a chastity device, it’ll keep me from beating off whenever I have the urge. You get to decide when

we have sex. I mean, I'll always be ready, but you'll have the key, right?"

She brutally laughed at him. "I suppose if that's what you want. You know you're making yourself sound like a completely submissive little boy, don't you?"

Sam blushed in embarrassment. "Maybe I am submissive. Sexually that is." He hung his head in shame.

Judy mulled that over for a few minutes. "I know a little about dominant and submissive sex roles. I've never seen myself as dominant…or submissive for that matter. You really think you're submissive?"

"Yes?" he admitted reluctantly.

"Well then I'll see if I can play the dominant role." She spun the computer around for him to use. "Order the plastic one, it seems like a good starter model. If it doesn't work out maybe we'll find something else. And make sure you get a lock too."

"You want me to order it?" he asked, a little confused.

"Of course. I don't want it in my name. And as your dominant you need to do what I tell you."

"All right," he agreed. He wasn't sure if he should be eager or scared.

As a reward Judy allowed Sam to have sex with her that night. It was good, some of the best sex they ever had, leaving them both panting.

"I can't wait for the chastity belt to get here," he confessed to her after he climbed off her body.

"Cage," she told him. "We're calling it a cage. Chastity belts are for girls."

"Okay," he readily agreed.

"You really want me to control your sexuality?" she asked once again.

"Yes," he answered with an emphatic nodding.

“And you like watching me masturbate with the big vibrator?” she asked. “Because I’m going to do that in front of you while you wear the cage.”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed. “That’ll be great. There’s only one that would be better.”

“What’s that?” she asked without thinking.

“Watching another guy fuck you,” he said too quickly. He gave it no thought. Right away she realized it had been something he had been thinking about for a long time.

Judy simply regarded him for another long, uncomfortable moment until she said, “In your dreams.”

Only later did Sam realize that she hadn’t said no.

Chapter Two

THE CAGE ARRIVED three days later. Every day seemed like a lifetime to Sam. When it finally arrived he was eager to try it on, but Judy was more circumspect in her approach.

“I’m the one in charge of it,” she told him. “I’m going to put it on you when I’m good and ready. You just need to wait.”

He waited through dinner and chores. By then Judy had formed a plan. “Get the box and take off your pants.”

In the intervening days Judy had spent some time reading her way through various chastity advice sites. She knew exactly what to do. While maybe it wasn’t her kink, she was interested to see what Sam’s reaction to actually wearing the cage would be. Her greatest worry was a possible sudden change of heart in her husband once it was on. She was interested in playing this game for a few weeks at the very least. It didn’t involve any suffering on her part. If anything, she’d be having more enjoyable sex than ever before.

By the time Judy opened the package and Sam dropped his pants he was fully erect. With a frustrated sigh Judy asked, “How do you expect me to put this,” she displayed the small clear, curved piece of plastic, “on that?” She pointed to his erect cock pointing up at the ceiling. Sam had gone overboard and was completely naked while she sat on the kitchen chair in front of him, still fully clothed.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “I’m excited.”

“I can see that but that doesn’t help the situation.” She knew what to do. “Go get some frozen vegetables from the freezer.”

Their purpose was immediately obvious. Sam placed the bag of frozen corn on his cock and slowly, steadily, the small piece of flesh shrank down to flaccidity. While they waited for Sam to shrink, Judy read of the instructions, but it was fairly obvious how to put the device on. Still, it took some practice and fiddling

around with all the little bits to get everything properly aligned and in place. In essence, a ring went behind his balls; she first had to pull one testicle through it at a time and then his entire small penis. Once the ring was in place with a few spacers, two C-rings, and the plastic tube itself slid up the length of his shaft to be joined together and all held in place by the small brass padlock that was included in the package. Before either of them fully realized it Sam was locked inside his first cock cage. They barely heard the click of the tiny padlock as it closed on his soft flesh.

Their eyes met and Judy giggled nervously. Sam's reaction was different. His cock tried to get hard. Naturally because of the plastic cage, it couldn't. He bent half over with the little thrill of pressure and pain.

"What's the matter?" Judy asked, concerned.

"Little bit of pain," Sam admitted. "Pressure. I want to get hard, but I can't."

Judy tried to affect an air of nonchalance. "I don't know how men walk around with those little bits dangling between your legs all the time anyway. I would think you'd be happier in the cage, less to worry about. Kind of like a woman with bit tits wearing an industrial-strength bra."

"It's no quiet like that," Sam told her. He was down on one knee on the floor in front of her, his hand to his cage-covered cock.

"I'm sure," she told him as she strung one of the little brass keys that came with the padlock onto the necklace that was included with Sam's purchase. She put it on over her head and discovered that, no doubt intentionally, the key came to rest between her breasts. The other key she dropped into a plain white envelope. After sealing the envelope she wrote he name across the sealed flap. "For emergencies only," she told him as she placed the envelope on the desk in their spare bedroom. "If there is an emergency, you'll inform me right away, understood?"

"Yes." Sam had recovered enough to stand up. He felt a bit odd wearing the plastic case over his cock. Judy reached out and moved it back and forth, inspecting it.

"Nice," she said. "Handsome in a certain way. You'll be able to piss out the slit on the bottom?"

“Yes.”

“Just keep it clean. I don’t want to be smelling piss on you.”

“Right,” he agreed and then yelped as she moved the cage in too far in one direction.

“What?”

“You pinched and pulled a hair,” he told her. “It hurt.”

“Don’t be such a baby,” she told him. “You wanted this, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“If it’s going to bother you, you might want to shave your pubes.”

“I’ll…consider that.” In Sam’s mind it was one thing for a woman to remove her pubic hair, but for a man…that was something different. It was almost emasculating. But maybe it would look better that way. And be more convenient. Mentally he shook his head and tried to focus.

“I think we’ll leave it on for the next twenty four hours, just to try it out. What do you say?” she asked him.

“Sounds good.” Twenty four hours seemed like a feasible suggestion.

Judy nodded, stood up, hiked up her skirt and pulled down her panties. Sam watched her carefully. They normally didn’t parade around the kitchen naked. Judy sat back down on the edge of the chair with her legs opened up and her skirt around her waist. “Eat me out,” she told him. “Let’s get this started correctly. Make me cum.”

Sam went down to his knees and pressed his face into his wife’s sex. He loved going down Judy and didn’t understand why some men considered it a chore. It wasn’t. It was a way that brought him closer to her. Judy’s taste and smell excited him, almost more than the way she moaned and writhed when he played with and teased her clit. Tonight her scent was particularly strong and she was eager to look for pleasure. But the act of cunnilingus tonight was distracting to him because it was almost always a preliminary step before they fucked and

tonight his cock couldn't get hard. Not for lack of trying, but because it was trapped and held in place by the cage.

It was frustrating and annoying which made him redouble his efforts to make her cum. If she came, maybe she'd release him and then they could fuck properly. That was how his brain was working. That was the only way it could work when he was eating her cunt.

Judy came suddenly and abruptly, tightly gripping the edge of the chair with her hands while her body trembled with pleasure. "Enough!" she told him, using the heel of her hand to push his head away from between her legs. Sam looked up at her eagerly, his face smeared with her juices, still ready and eager to please her. "Let's go to bed."

She led the way, shedding her clothes as they walked through the house. Arriving at their bed, Judy rolled across the mattress and grabbed her vibrator out of the nightstand. She switched it on and handed it to him. "More," she told him. "Make me cum more."

And he did. It wasn't difficult to make Judy cum, especially after she had her first one. Each orgasm that followed came that much easier. It was especially easy to make her cum with the large, powerful vibrator. Sam applied it to her pussy, teasing her clit at bit, and then plunging it in and out of her pussy, first slowly, and then with increasing speed. He varied the pace, teasing her as much as he was trying to get her cum. What he generated in her was a series of small orgasms that strung along one after the other. He actually had to hold her down so he could continue to please her. She pushed back on his arm that was pinning her down, but it was a playful resistance. She wanted—needed—to cum and he was determined to do it as much as possible to her.

"Oh fuck, oh stop, stop stop stop," she finally cried out as she twisted her body around and got her leg in position to actually kick the vibrator away. Sam was a bit miffed at her reaction, but then again maybe her pussy had gotten over sensitive at the treatment.

"More?" he asked as he retrieved the device from the bottom of the bed where it was shaking in between folds of the sheets and blanket.

"No, no," she insisted flopping her head back and forth. Her forehead was covered with beads of sweat from her exertions.

After switching off the vibrator Sam gently kissed the top of her thigh, then the top edge of her pubic hair, then her soft belly and the her little belly button. Only then did he dare ask, “Do you think you might want to take off my cage so I can fuck you?” He asked this is his softest voice right before kissing her breast right below her nipple.

Judy smiled at him, reached down between his legs and briefly gripped the hard plastic case around his cock. Her hand slipped lower to hold his soft balls, now pulled to near his abdomen. She could tell he wanted to get hard, but it wasn’t going to happen inside the cage.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” she asked.

“Uh-huh. But it would be for you, not me. I wouldn’t cum. I promise.”

“I know,” she agreed and squeezed his balls with twice the force she had ever used on him. His eyes went wide and then wider still when she squeezed even tighter. “I know you won’t cum because it’s not coming off. And I bet this really hurts your balls and you’d wish I’d let go and you regret asking me and you won’t be able to perform tonight anyway because of it, right?”

“Right,” he gasped weakly.

Judy let go and he groaned in pain. “Don’t ask again.”

“Sorry,” he panted. “It just hurts.”

“It’s supposed to hurt,” she told him. “Isn’t this what you wanted?”

For just a second, just half a second, the tone of her voice implied she cared and that she was worried about him, but then her face hardened and Sam saw the firmness he needed in his partner.

“Yes. It’s what I wanted. I just didn’t think it would be so hard.”

“It’s not hard,” she taunted him, shaking his trapped cock back and forth inside the plastic device.

“Difficult, I meant.”

“Suffering is supposed to be difficult,” she told him. “Just think how good the sex with be tomorrow night when I take it off.” She gave him a little kiss on the cheek, rolled over, hugged her pillow, and when to sleep.

It was the most difficult night’s sleep he had ever had. Judy slumbered right away. It took him until past midnight before he was able to drift off…and then he woke up an hour later because his cock was trying to get hard but couldn’t. He woke up to pain shooting up from his cock.

More than anything he wanted to wake up his wife and insist she open up the lock to free him, but he knew she hated being woken up out of a dead sleep and he had asked to be treated in exactly this way. If he gave in now at the very start of the adventure, he would be a huge failure in his own eyes, not to mention a pathetic failure to his wife as well.

So he stared at the gray ceiling and tried not to think about how much he wanted to jerk off and how much it hurt his throbbing cock to be captured in an annoying little piece of plastic that would be so easy to break open with a few blows of the hammer he kept in his toolbox downstairs in the basement. He would have done it as well, but he couldn’t figure out how to smash the plastic without smashing his own dick as well. That was the problem.

The lock was the weak point, that was easy to figure out. A bolt cutter would easily remove it. While Sam didn’t have a bolt cutter in the basement it would be easy enough to buy one, but there weren’t any twenty-four hours hardware stores in the area. Worse than that, if he did buy a pair of cutters and removed the lock, Judy would know. There would be no hiding it. The same applied to the emergency key in the desk. He could use it, but she would know.

In the end Sam opted to carefully get out of bed so he wouldn’t take Judy, and then quietly walk through the house to the kitchen, retrieve a bag of frozen vegetables from the freezer, and sit with it on the couch while watching flipping through the channels. It took a while for the cold to work its magic, but when the bag was applied directly to his balls eventually everything started shrinking back into place. After that, he went to bed. Exhaustion eventually took him and Sam got a solid three and a half hours of sleep to prepare himself for the day.

“How’d you sleep?” Judy asked him the moment the alarm went off.

“Terrible.”

“You’ll get used to it, I’m sure.” She bounced out of bed and he rested with his eyes closed for a minute. It was longer than a minute. She woke him a second time with a kiss on the cheek. “You have twenty minutes to get on the road,” she told him sweetly, “or you’ll be late to work.”

“Fuck! Why didn’t you wake me earlier?”

“You looked like you needed the rest. Besides, a little rush in the morning won’t hurt you.”

In fact, it did hurt. Sam found himself suddenly feeling extremely awkward while wearing the chastity cage. It was like he had a cast on his arm and didn’t know how to work it any longer. Showering was the worst because he was naked and alone and it would have been perfectly tempting to jerk off if not for the damnable cage. He did remember to put a drop of oil in the lock before dressing. That just seemed smart. When he was fully dressed the bulge wasn’t really noticeable beneath his pants. In fact, it made him looks slightly more masculine if anything, but Sam didn’t have time to admire himself in the mirror. He had to get to work because the numbers wouldn’t calculate themselves nor would the phone answer itself.

Walking around the office wasn’t the worst experience of his life until he realized that there was a slight tapping sound he made with each step. “The lock on the plastic,” he said under his breath. There was just enough movement to allow for a slight noise to be made. His office was fairly busy but that didn’t stop his paranoia. Remembering solutions from what he had seen on websites, Sam managed to find an old rubber band in his desk and went to the restroom to wrap it around the lock. That seemed to remove most, if not all, the sound. His next bout of paranoia came when he realized he had to sit to piss because the cage caused his stream to spray in every possible direction. Sitting down was the only solution along with perhaps too much wiping with toilet paper. By the end of the day he was certain that everyone in the office was certain he had serious digestive issues.

When he got home the first thing he did was beg Judy to unlock his cage. The torment was too much. He couldn’t touch his own cock. He couldn’t piss like a man. He couldn’t even walk without believing passerbys were staring and laughing at him.

“No,” she said calmly. “We put it on last night at seven thirty and it’ll come off at seven thirty tonight.” She smiled coolly. “But why don’t you take off your clothes so I can see what you look like walking around naked. Well…mostly naked. I want to see you wearing that cage.”

Realization hit Sam like a tractor trailer slamming into a Mini Cooper. “You’ve been reading about this.”

Judy’s cool smile didn’t waver. “A bit. Now strip.”

The moment he started taking off his clothes, Sam realized he liked the way his wife was controlling him. There was a certain comfort in it. He didn’t have to be ashamed that he wanted her to dominate him; she was happy to do it. He wasn’t less of a man—even if he did have a small dick—because of it, in fact he might have been more of a man because of his newfound chastity. He wasn’t afraid to give control of his cock over to his wife. It wasn’t like he was going to use it to fuck other women, right?

They made dinner and ate like a normal couple, except she was fully clothed and he was naked but for the cage. They pretended the evening was ordinary and typical, but the moment seven thirty rolled around they, by mutual and unspoken agreement, headed directly to the bedroom.

Judy fished the necklace key out from her blouse. “Looking for this?” she asked as she pulled it over her head.

“Yes,” Sam said reaching for the little brass key.

At the last moment Judy yanked it away. “Nope! You don’t touch this. It’s mine. Like your cock is mine. You only get to touch it when I say so and you never get to touch the key. Understand?”

He nodded.

“Good. Lie down and I’ll unlock you. And then maybe we’ll have a little fun.”

Sam’s body was practically quivering with anticipation as Judy grasped the hard plastic tube that contained his cock. Earlier in the day there had been a certain amount of swing and ease of movement to his cock, even while wearing the cage. Now that he was naked in front of his wife and expecting to be released so

they could have sex, his cock was struggling to get hard which afforded a bit of stiffness to the movement of his organ. It was easy enough for Judy to insert the key and twist it, springing the lock open with a small but audible click.

Unconsciously she smiled. Sam did nothing; he didn't want to destroy the moment by doing or saying something that would upset his wife and make her want to lock him back up. The lock was extracted from the pin holding the whole unit together but then Judy took her time. Sam was uncertain if this was because she was taunting him even more, making the moment last as long as possible or if she was just taking care not to damage his cock. Both of those ideas were ruined when she said, "You're a little stiff. It's hard to get it off. Should I get some ice?"

"No no!" Sam said too quickly. "I'll calm down. Just give me a second."

"No worries." Judy didn't give him a second. She yanked off the tube over his cock. It didn't do any damage but the quick shock of pain caused Sam to gasp. Working quickly she then removed the retaining rings completely freeing his cock. Almost instantly Sam got hard, and it was impressively hard. There was always variation to any man's size, but this was the biggest that Judy had ever seen Sam. It was gratifying to see. "Well I can see you're ready."

Sam reached for her. She slapped his hand away. "I can undress myself and you'll need to get me ready." Judy stripped quickly, barely giving Sam time enough to enjoy the revelation of each inch of skin. When she was naked she joined him on the bed and opened up her legs. "Get me wet and then you can fuck me."

The need for cunnilingus was largely ceremonial. When Sam's tongue delved into her slit, he discovered she was already wet with anticipation. Still, since he didn't mind eating pussy, he did it full steam. It didn't take all that much effort, even with a hard cock, to please his wife, seeking out her clit and using his tongue on the tiny bit of flesh while he curled a pair of fingers up inside her pussy, stroking that little hidden spot behind her pubic bone that made her have a deep, powerful orgasm. When she came it wasn't with an artificial scream, but with a sigh of relief and relaxation.

"Okay," she said. "You can fuck me now. I could use a little cock right now."

If he caught her joke, Sam didn't give any indication. He simply got his body

between her legs, cock in hand to guide himself in. When he slipped all the way inside her pussy his eyes wanted to roll up into his head. The sensation was overwhelming.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned as his hips started working back and forth.

“Does it feel good?” she asked him. “Is pussy better than plastic?”

“Uh-huh.”

His cock felt huge inside her pussy, but Judy knew that was relative. Her vibrator was bigger than him and she had had lovers in the past who were bigger than him, but to have her husband in her pussy the biggest he had ever been…that was rapture in itself.

The delight didn’t last very long. Whether it was the fact that he was been trapped for a day and then released or if Sam was now living the fantasy he had always wanted, it didn’t matter. In less than three minutes Sam was finished. He came. Hard. It almost hurt his balls when he started pumping his spunk into his wife. While it felt good to her—she enjoyed the pleasant heat that emanated from his cock and spilled into her—he certainly didn’t make her cum with his cock.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I’m so sorry.”

“You should be,” Judy told him with a dismissiveness she didn’t really feel. “You didn’t make me cum. That’s what you were supposed to do.”

“I wanted to make it last longer.”

“That doesn’t help me now,” Judy complained. The next thing she was supposed to utter, Judy knew, was an order to get his face back down between her legs and clean her up and make her cum again, but she couldn’t do it. She liked the feel of a cock in her body. She already had a little orgasm from his fingers and tongue. A real cock was what she needed at the moment. Sam wasn’t going to be able to supply that so she was forced to use the next best thing at hand. After sighing she told him, “Get the vibrator and make me cum.”

Even Sam was surprised at how quickly her responded. “Right away.” He scrambled to the nightstand, found the vibe, turned it on, and quickly plunged it

between his wife’s legs.

His instinct was to turn the vibrator all the way up while Judy usually preferred it at a more moderate setting. The power of the vibrations caught her unaware and Sam pumped it in and out of her pussy as fast as he could, trying to please her the best way he knew. The semen he had left behind was forced out by the vibrator. Thick white blobs of his leavings were forced out between her lips and slid down her skin. Judy grasped at the sheets and threw her head back. If it were possible she would have pushed her body away, but she wanted to cum as badly as Sam wanted to see her cum.

When she came, she let out a satisfied cry and he withdrew the vibrator. “Clean it off,” she ordered. “When you’re done with that, we’ll put your cage back on.”

“My cage?”

“I can’t have you sneaking off in the middle of the night to jerk off,” she told him as she held his soft cock in her hand. “Remember, this little thing belongs to me now.”

“I know, and I want that.”

“Good,” Judy said. “Now clean off my vibrator.” As he made to get off the bed with the toy, Judy stopped him. “Where are you going?”

“To the bathroom to wash it.”

Slowly she shook her head. “No, not like that. Use your mouth.”

A hard pit formed in Sam’s stomach. It was just an inanimate object, he told himself, just some plastic and machinery. It wasn’t like he was actually giving a blowjob to another man. Still, Sam had to close his eyes when he licked the length of the cylindrical toy because it was covered with her juices and his semen.

“Does it taste good?” Judy whispered in his ear. “Do you like doing that for me?”

In actuality, it didn’t taste bad. He loved the taste of his wife’s pussy and he had tasted his own cum before, not often, but often enough out of curiosity alone.

The only really bad flavor was the slightly artificial taste of the soft plastic. If it had been just Judy’s pussy and his cum, it would have been better. Sam swallowed the thin liquid that covered the vibe. He wished she had ordered him to eat her pussy after he came in it.

Chapter Three

SAM SLEPT BETTER the second night with his cage on. Maybe he was used to wearing it after a day, maybe it was because he got to blow his load and was satisfied for the time being, but he still woke up early when his cock want to grow and it couldn't. He woke up early and headed to the shower. The key was on the chain around Judy's neck; he wasn't going to wake her early for it. He would shower with the cage on. That was probably the best decision since he wanted to keep the cage clean.

He had also made a second decision and wanted some time alone in the bathroom to carry out his plan. While the cage was largely comfortable to wear, the occasional pinches and pulls from his hair were annoying. Further, after looking at himself in the mirror and comparing what he looked like to the models on the website, he decided he looked a little foolish with a plastic cage surrounded by a bush of hair. It was time to go.

The first step was easy. He trimmed off all his pubic hair with a pair of scissors. The wiry brown strands fell into the garbage can and formed a clump that looked to Sam's eyes like a tumbleweed from an old Western movie. Working with the scissors wasn't enough. He wanted to be smooth. Taking a can of shaving cream and his razor into the shower, Sam set to work. It was fairly easy to remove most of what he had above his cock. Sam wasn't particularly hirsute but he had to make a decision as to where to stop below the belly button. His pleasure trail extended from his navel into what was once some dense foliage, but now abruptly ended on the flat plane of his naked abdomen.

Removing the hair from his sack was slightly more difficult because of the nature of any man's testicles. The skin was soft and limp and he had to take his time to carefully remove the random hairs. It was difficult and slow going, especially since he didn't want to cut himself on such a sensitive area. Before he was done, the shower curtain was unexpectedly thrown back; Judy caught him mid-shave.

"What are you doing?" she asked coolly.

“Shaving,” he lamely answered.

“Shaving your balls?”

“I wanted to look like the other guys who wear the cage.” His words sounded pathetic even to his ears.

A small smile tugged at Judy’s lips. “You’ll need to take it off to make it look correct.”

That was the one problem that had been bothering Sam. He couldn’t get the razor in all the way to remove all the hair. He knew at the end of the shower he was going to have a ring of hair around his cock.

“Yeah, I know.”

Judy nodded and removed the key from her neck, knelt down, and removed the cage from his manhood. “Just to shave,” she warned him and she adjusted the water to make it colder than he preferred. “A cold shower will keep your cock soft,” she told him. “And I’m going to watch you shave,” she said. “I don’t think we can trust you yet with a free cock, can we?”

“No,” he agreed and set to work. Knowing the cold shower would affect him he worked quickly and efficiently, adding shaving cream and scraping it away until his cock was clean and smooth. Sam was shaking with chills when he stepped from the shower. His cock was shriveled up and smaller than Judy had ever seen it. Giving him a dose of compassion, she rubbed some lotion on his now bare skin and cock.

“How’s that,” she asked as he began to warm up in her hand.

“Good.”

“Then let’s put him away where he will be safe,” she told him and efficiently put the cage back on his small cock. When Sam looked down as she finished he noted his length barely took up half the tube. “I’m going to like this,” Judy decided when she was done. “It’s about time you learned how much effort it takes to shave legs and bikini area.

Judy didn’t go for a complete deforestation of her pussy, just enough edging to

keep her respectable at the beach, but Sam knew exactly what she was saying. It occurred to him, however, that he had just added a lot to his shaving routine of his face. Now he had his cock and balls to consider as well.

“Go get dressed,” Judy said. “I need the shower.”

And just like that he was dismissed. Sam found he liked being ordered about by his wife.

Before Sam left for work Judy gave him a kiss on the cheek and held him in a light embrace, just like any other married couple saying goodbye in the morning.

“Do you like doing this?” she asked him, looking of an honest answer.

“What? Having my cock encased in plastic so only you can get to it when you want it?” he asked her. Hearing him say the words aloud was startling to them both.

And they both enjoyed hearing it.

“Yes. That. Exactly.”

“Good,” she said brightly. “I like it too.” Judy dropped her hand down to his crotch and cupped the cage through his pants. There was nothing but hard plastic and she liked the fact that she was the only person who could free him. If she felt down lower she could have gripped his balls, but that wasn’t the point of this little exercise. “Do you want to keep doing this?”

“Yes.”

“For how long?”

“For as long as you want.”

“Today is Thursday. I’m going to keep you locked up until Saturday. How does that sound to you?”

“That sounds perfect.”

She gave his caged cock a little shake. “I’m going to play other games too,” she

informed him. “You might not like them.”

“That’s okay. I trust you. I’m in your hands.”

“Literally,” she said, pulling on his cage a bit. He winced in pain. It hurt her—emotionally—to see him in pain. But she was willing to do that for him if he enjoyed the physical suffering. “Think you can last two days in chastity?”

“Uh huh.”

“Good. I love you,” she told him and gave him a kiss on the cheek to send him on his way.

She didn’t tell him that after being freed on Saturday, he was going to go a whole week in the cage.

The next two days were pure suffering for Sam. He hadn’t been raised in a religious house, but he had cousins that were observant Catholics. From time to time while growing up they talked to him about the importance of suffering. The concept of suffering for a greater purpose was something he never understood until he asked his wife to put a chastity belt on his cock. Now he understood the Catholic concept of suffering—and he loved it.

The cage would pinch and pull at him when he tried to get hard. Sam quickly learned to control his thoughts and not think about anything sexual when he was caged—which was all the time. That made the suffering all the more exquisite.

Friday night Judy gave him a kiss on the lips after he went down on her and made her cum repeatedly. She licked her lips, tasting the flavor of her pussy on him, and told him, “Tomorrow I’ll free you. All day. Doesn’t that sound wonderful?”

“Yes.”

Judy fell asleep easily. Sam lay awake in the dark listening to her breath and focusing on keeping his dick soft. His wife had taken to, the past several days, wearing some of the more revealing nighties to bed without any panties. Right now he looked at the curve of her naked hip and caught sight of the clock on her

nightstand. It was just past one a.m. It then occurred to him that it was Saturday and his wife had promised to free his cock for all of Saturday.

Sam couldn't help himself. He woke up Judy. "It's Saturday morning."

"It's the middle of the fucking night," she complained.

"It's just after one."

"So? Why'd you wake me up?"

"To unlock me. You promised a whole day, all of Saturday I could go unlocked."

With a groan of complaint Judy reached up and took off her necklace. It took some fumbling in the semidarkness, but she slipping the key into his padlock and in short order Sat was free of his cage. Instantly his erection sprung up and Judy felt herself being pushed back into the mattress. Sam was on top of her, getting his cock aligned with her pussy and he pushed in before she knew what was happening.

To her surprise she was already well-lubricated. Not that it mattered all that much because Sam only pumped her a dozen times before he came, soaking her pussy with his cum. Judy grunted with displeasure as he finished. "You're going to regret that," she told him.

But Sam didn't care. He was already, happily, drifting off to sleep.

Judy was woken up by Sam—again—Saturday morning when the sun was actually coming through the windows. This time she wasn't woken up by his begging. She was woken up because his cock was pushing into her pussy. Even though she knew she should have been annoyed, she wasn't. This was what her husband wanted and she wanted to please him as much as he wanted to please her. They fucked in silence for a few minutes until her body gave up resisting and she came. Only then did Sam allow himself the same pleasure.

"What did you mean last night when you said I was going to regret that?"

Her smile was thin and cool. "You woke me up from a dead sleep to unlock your cock and you don't expect payback?"

“Well, I suppose I should…”

“Damn right.”

“What’s the payback?”

Judy ran her fingertips down the side of his face. She felt the stubble on his cheek, stubble similar to what was itching him above his cock. After giving him a light kiss on his lips she told him, “I’ve decided to find a boyfriend who has a nice big cock.”

Sam couldn’t help but smile. That didn’t sound like a punishment to him. That sounded like heaven.

To be continued…

About the Author

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

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