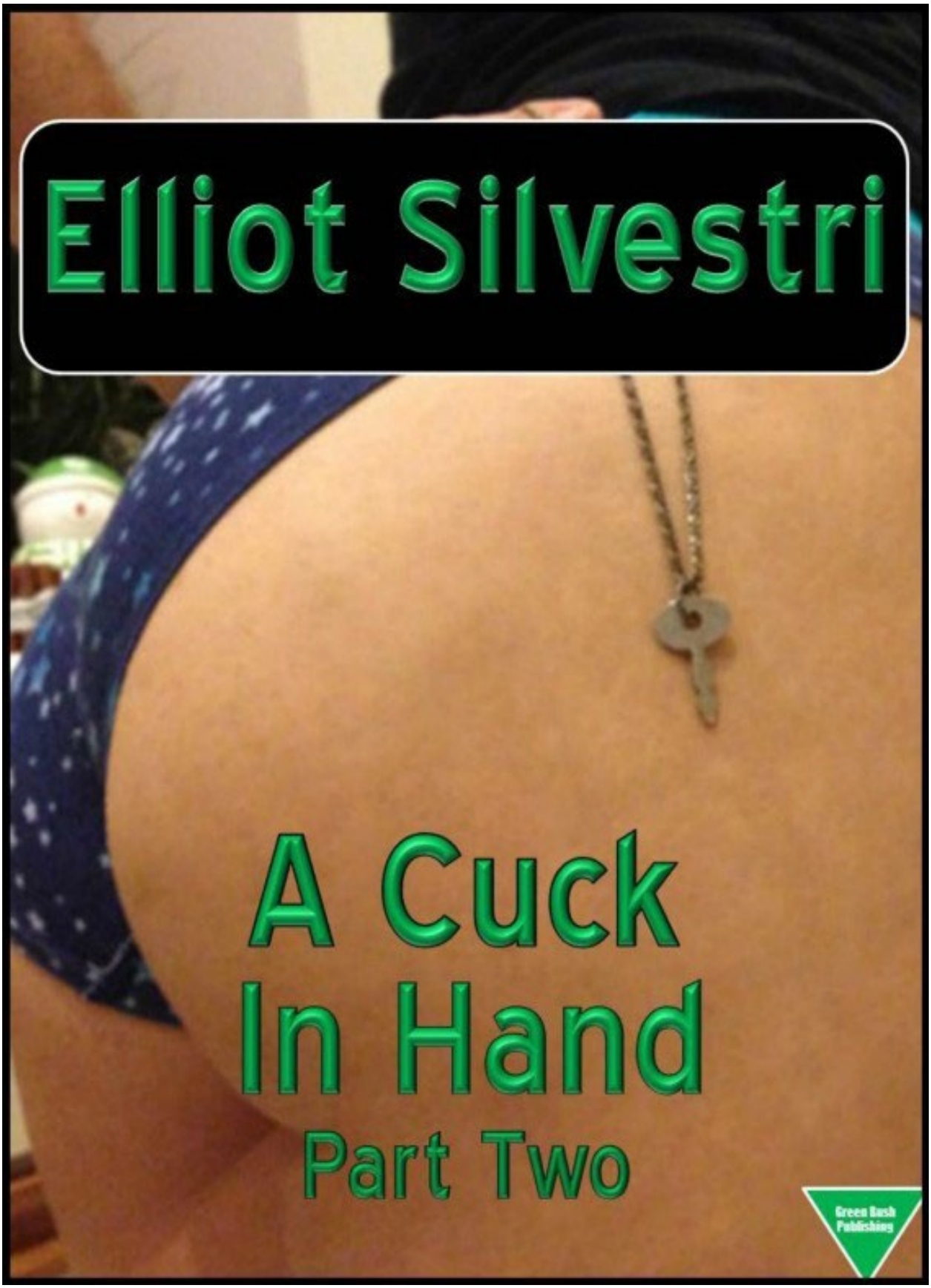
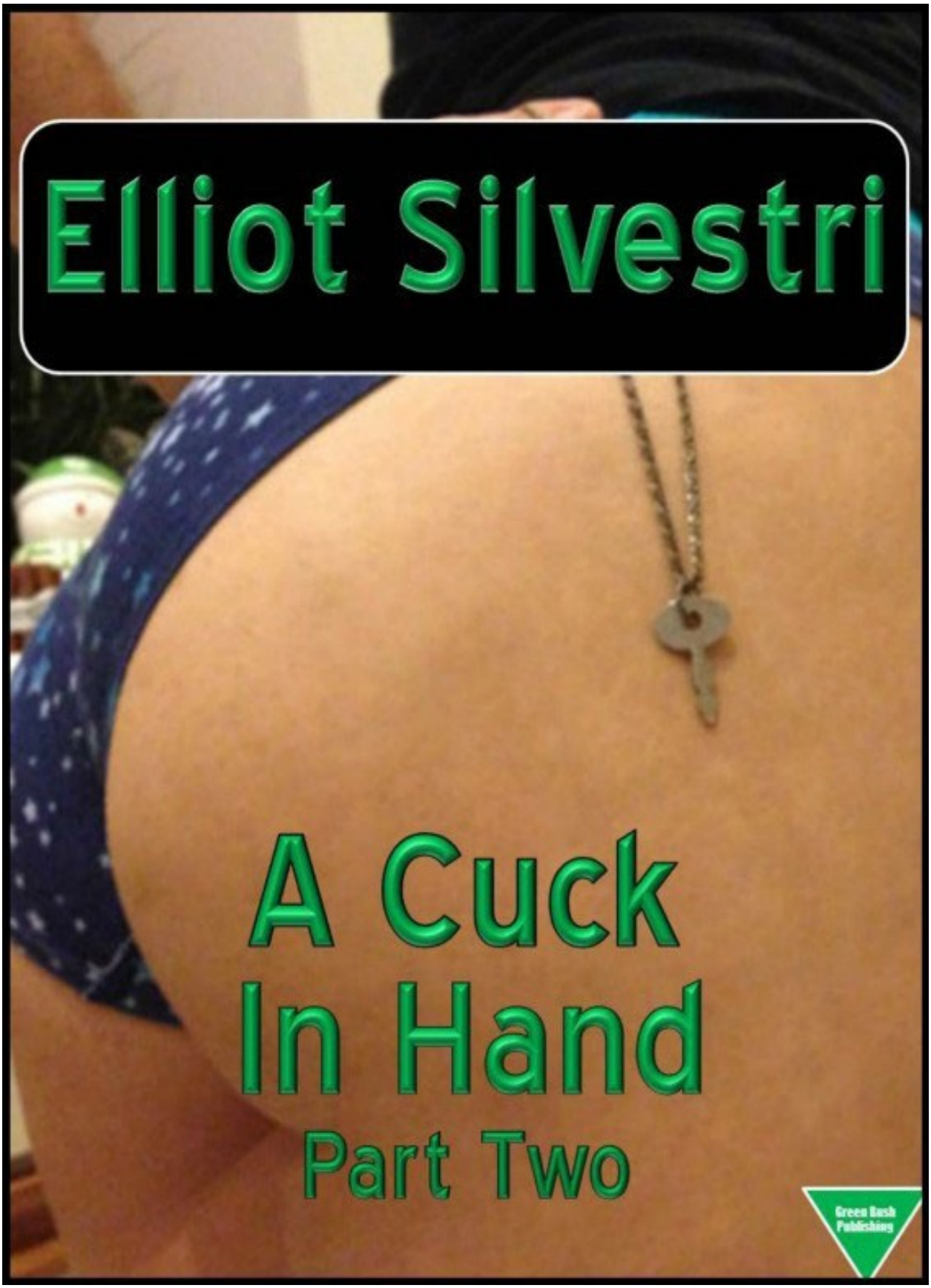

Elliot Silvestri
A Cuck In Hand
Part Two
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

Chapter Four

HER SEARCH FOR a boyfriend was harder than she thought. The profile she set up on the dating website was clear and specific; the only real physical attribute she requested was a large cock. She made sure to mention she was unattached and eager to find a bed partner, was looking only for casual sex, and it had to be someone within an hour's drive of her town.

She got requests from men across the country with average sized dicks that were looking for a romantic relationship. The volume of requests was enormous and she had to enlist Sam's aid in sorting through all of them. At first she thought that maybe it would be a little too much for him, sorting through sometimes pornographic messages to help his wife find a lover, but it seemed to her that Sam like the job. Maybe it was just another way of her controlling and dominating him but he didn't complain. Finding someone new to fuck took just over a month.

In that time they managed to establish a routine that worked well. Sam would spend the entire week locked up in his plastic cage, released only on Saturday so he could fuck her at his leisure. The rest of the week he was under strict chastity control, getting only a few minutes reprieve in the shower to wash and shave to ensure cleanliness. To keep her libido alive Judy had Sam go down on her whenever she liked, which to her amazement was more often than before when he wasn't wearing a cage all the time. She also had him use her vibrator on her and, more wickedly, had him watch while she used the vibrator on herself.

Oddly, despite the introduction of chastity into their marriage, she was having sex more often and it was more pleasurable than before.

Sam, naturally, was having sex less often but he declared his three or four orgasms on Saturdays to be the best he ever had. He had taken to strutting around the house on Saturday completely naked—not even his chastity cage on—and used every opportunity to fuck his wife on that glorious day. At first she had vowed not to say no to him on Saturdays because she felt sorry for him being locked up the rest of the week. Then she started not saying no because the way he fucked her on his one day of freedom was incredible. She was taken in

every room of the house in every possible position and always to climax. It made her wonder why more women didn't have their husbands in chastity.

The man she and Sam eventually settled on was named Leland but went by Lee. He lived far enough away, they both judged, that a chance encounter would be unlikely making it easier to control the relationship and close enough to be convenient. Judy was nervous and her fingers were trembling on the Wednesday afternoon when she was set to meet Leland for the first time in person. The pictures he had sent her were attractive enough and his cock promised to be everything she was looking for in the size department, but she couldn't shake the idea she was doing something wrong.

"I'm cheating on you," she told Sam.

"No, you aren't. If I didn't know it would be cheating. This is just having sex with a stranger."

"I'm not having sex with him on the first…date." This was something Judy was adamant about. She was willing to play the game, but even when she was single she never had sex on the first day, it was cheap and tawdry and slutty. She was none of those things. And the date they had set up was nothing more than a late afternoon lunch meeting at a restaurant where she could easily leave. She felt a little guilty that her husband knew she was going out on a date, but the man she was meeting didn't know she was married, let alone that she kept her husband in a chastity cage six days a week.

Judy intentionally arrived a few minutes late at the restaurant. She didn't want to be the one alone, the one who was too eager for the date. She was being torn apart inside. One half of her said to go on the date, the fun and adventure that she was getting from making a clandestine meeting and date was something she had never experienced before. The other half of her mind said what she was doing was wrong; she would be caught and humiliated. In her more lucid moments she realized that the conflict was what was driving the exciting. Before walking into the restaurant she made sure to remove her wedding band and engagement ring, carefully placing them in the cupholder behind the gearshift.

"I'm meeting someone here," she said at the hostess's desk.

"Is it Lee?" the young girl serving as the hostess asked her. "He said he was waiting for his date."

“Yes.” Judy hated the fact her voice quavered when she spoke.

“Let me take you to him.”

The restaurant was barely half full. She wouldn’t be able to hide in the crowd. When she saw her date, she realized right away that the few pictures Lee had sent her were entirely accurate and not just a few select photos culled from a pile of unflattering ones. He stood up the moment he saw her, shook her hand politely, and let her sit down first.

“I’ve ordered some appetizers. I hope you don’t mind.”

Right from the start he was perfectly charming. Lee led the conversation, realized she was nervous, but never tried to dominate or control the situation. They were a half hour into their date before Judy realized that she was being expertly seduced and she was happy to go along with it.

“I hate these first face-to-face meetings,” Lee was saying. “Everything is so formal and stilted. We’re both on our best behavior trying to impress the other one.”

It was understandable that Judy’s mind froze and she couldn’t think of anything to say. But she couldn’t excuse herself when she blurted out, “I never have sex on the first date.”

Leland looked at her with an almost blank expression on his face and only raised his eyebrows a little. “Um…I suppose that’s good to know.”

“I can’t believe I just said that!” Judy covered her mouth with her hand and actually blushed. She hoped her red face wasn’t too visible in the oddly lit dining room.

Showing he was ever the gentleman, Lee said. “It’s okay. I wasn’t expecting that to happen tonight anyway.”

Picking up her fork, Judy couldn’t look at him while she spoke her next words. “That’s too bad because I’d really love to have sex with you right now.”

A silence settled between them as Judy picked at the food on her plate. Lee set down his glass. “There’s a hotel across the street.”

Shyly, Judy looked up at him through the few stray bangs that were falling too low on her forehead. “I don’t want to do that. Maybe just a blowjob in the parking lot?”

He wasn’t sure if she was just teasing him or not. “Is that what you want?”

Judy looked away, suddenly unsure of herself. “I don’t know what I want. I just want to have sex. My…the guy…the last guy I had sex with wasn’t very good and he wasn’t very big. I need to know if you’re actually big and if you’re any good, otherwise I’m not going on a second date with you.”

“Well…what do you want to do? Tell me.”

A quick glance out the window told her everything she needed to know. “I want to give you a blowjob in your car. It’s dark. No one will see us.”

Lee dropped enough cash on the table to cover the bill and tip, took her elbow and escorted her from the restaurant. Two minutes later they were in the back corner of the parking lot away from all the other cars. It wasn’t exactly secluded but it was good enough for their purposes at the moment. The moment Judy sat down in the car she lowered her face over Lee’s lap and unzipped his pants. It took some effort to fish out his cock during which she reminded herself it had been a wonderful idea to cut off her long hair years ago. She had bangs and a bit of length, but not enough to hamper her activities now.

“It’s beautiful,” she breathed when Lee’s cock was free of confinement. It wasn’t huge, but it was more than big enough for her purposes. Lowering her mouth onto the big organ, Judy closed her eyes and sighed with satisfaction. Bobbing up and down to give a blowjob, especially in the cramped confines of the car, wasn’t her favorite way to please a man, but at the moment she didn’t care. It felt good to have someone else’s cock other than Sam’s, in her mouth. She was back in college when sleeping around wasn’t a big deal.

Lee let out occasional grunts and sighs but when he started shaking, Judy backed off. “You going to cum?”

“I was about to, but you stopped,” he informed her.

“Good. I want to fuck.”

“On the first date?”

“Forget what I said earlier.”

It took some reshuffling inside the car, but eventually Lee wound up in the passenger seat with his pants open and Judy hiked up her skirt and pulled aside her thong so she could settle her pussy down on his manhood.

“Condom?” he asked before they consummated the transaction.

“No need,” she said and put him inside her. She briefly wondered if he had condoms with him because she wasn’t carrying any.

It only took a couple of minutes after their bodies joined for him to cum. Judy had a couple of small climaxes along with way but nothing incredible. She felt deliciously dirty to have another man’s cum inside her pussy. When he was done she pulled off, put her thong back in place, and stepped out of the car. On pavement she readjusted her skirt and Lee got out to walk around to the driver’s seat. She followed him and motioned to lower the window. He did and she leaned in to give him a quick kiss. “I need to get home,” she said. “But we’ll talk more later. I want a second date.”

“I’ll wait for your call.”

She nodded and smiled, then walked to her car with a confidence she didn’t fully feel. That didn’t matter as long as she acted like she was confident. Once she sat down in the driver’s seat, she grabbed her rings out of the cupholder and slid them back on her finger. Her hands trembled as she performed the simple action.

Driving home wasn’t terrible, though the steady drip and seep of Lee’s load leaving her body was distracting. She wanted as much of it as possible to stay in her. She had plans for it.

Sam was in bed, naked but for his cage just like she had instructed, when she got home.

“Hi!” he said a little too brightly when she walked into the bedroom. “How was your date?” His stomach flip-flopped when he spoke the words but he wanted to

say them, wanted to hear himself acknowledge that his wife was a slut.

“Good,” she said in the most noncommittal way possible.

“Tell me about it.”

Tossing her jacket on the closet door hook she just shook her head and slowly undressed, not rushing but not making a game of it. She was trying to pretend it was just the normal end of the day. The one giveaway as to what happened was the small stain on the back of her skirt. She made a mental note to have it dry cleaned and was down to her bra and panties before she turned around to give Sam a good view of her ass, making sure he knew she was wearing a thong.

Normally Judy wore plain bikini style panties, nothing fancy. Thongs were for special occasions, when she was feeling sexy or it was the only undergarment that worked with a particular outfit. To her thongs equaled sex and Sam knew that.

She unceremoniously pulled off her bra and approached the bed wearing just the thong.

“Are you going to go out with him again?” Sam asked unable to contain his words because he cock was contained by the plastic cage Judy had locked on him.

“Uh-huh.”

Sam smiled reached for her, pulling her close to kiss her. Judy didn’t resist but didn’t let the kiss linger either.

When she pulled back Sam asked, “Are you going to have sex with him?” He needed to voice the question. It was what he had to know.

“What you mean to ask,” she answered, “is if I’m going to have sex with him again.” She took his hand and shoved it down the front of her thong. He felt her wetness and the way her pubic curls were matted down, the unmistakable after effects of sex.

“You fucked him?” he breathed. “You broke your promise not to fuck on the first date?”

It was a promise she had made to herself, not to her husband, so Judy didn't feel bad about it.

"Uh-huh," she moaned again as his fingers explored her used pussy, finding her clit. "I wish it was Saturday and I could release you and you could fuck me so you could see how good my pussy feels full of his cum."

She moved up the bed and straddled his body, kissing his lips, cheeks, and neck as he continued to play with her pussy.

"You could take it off me," he breathed.

But Judy shook her head. "No. Not until Saturday. I promised." This was a promise she had made him, not herself, so it couldn't be broken. "But you can clean me up." Drawing one leg back across his body she sprawled face up on the bed and pulled her thong down her legs, tossing it aside. Sam knew what was expected and performed admirably. He didn't hesitate at all when his wife invited him between her legs.

His tongue delved deeply into her pussy, tasting the exquisite mix of her cunt and her lover's cum. Her sex was red and puffy from the quick coupling from only an hour earlier and Sam reveled in rubbing his face in the evidence of his wife's infidelity. What they were doing was wrong, he knew, but he couldn't stop himself and he wanted to encourage his wife to do even more of it. Maybe he was sick in the head, but if that was the case he didn't want to be cured.

"It is good?" Judy cooed to him. "Do you like my lover's cum?"

"I love it," he breathed.

"I'm going to fuck him again and I'm going to let you fuck me when he's done," she declared. "I don't think one man is nearly enough to satisfy me."

Sam was more than happy to help her out in that respect. He barely noticed the pain in his cock as it struggled to get hard and couldn't. What pain he did feel he enjoyed because it was a proper punishment for a man who have given up control of his sexuality.

In the time it took him to completely clean Lee's cum from his wife's pussy, Sam gave her three more orgasms. Once Judy started climaxing, making her reach the

peak again and again was a fairly easy task. His grand total of orgasms for the evening was zero and he was happy—ecstatic—about that.

Chapter Five

“I can’t belive you actually did that,” Sam said to Judy the next morning as they got out of bed. As always now, he was naked but for the plastic cage around his cock. Judy wore a red nightie because she felt she had to show some sort of superiority to her husband even while asleep in bed.

“Don’t say that,” she told him as she turned away, unable to face him.

“Why not?” Sam was puzzled. “I’m proud of you. I’m grateful to you for doing it.”

“For what?” she asked, still unable to face him. She surreptitiously wiped tears away from her cheeks. She was deeply ashamed that she had cheated on her husband—even with his permission—and what they were doing seemed wrong to her. It was one thing to play games with a little plastic toy they put on his cock. It was another entirely for her to actually have sex with another man besides Sam.

“For fucking him,” Sam said, grabbing her as she started to make her way to the bathroom. He whirled her around and kissed her while failing to notice the remains of her tears. “For fulfilling one of my fantasies. For doing all of this for me.”

“I don’t understand it.”

“Neither do I,” he admitted. “I mean, I’ve read what other men have written when they ask to be put in chastity by their wives and encourage them to sleep around on them, but for it to actually happen…it’s like a dream come true and it’s a total mind fuck.”

Judy laid her head on his chest and tried not to sob. She was conflicted as well because, to her amazement, sex with Sam had suddenly become incredible, she found she didn’t mind treating him like an inferior when they were alone together, and, most frightening, she had enjoyed getting fucked by Lee and bringing his cum home to Sam. It was a slutty, dirty thing to do and she reveled

in every moment of it—right up until she woke up the next morning. “Promise me you won’t hate me for doing this,” she breathed softly to him.

Sam drew her hand down to his plastic-encased cock. She could feel his heat through the hard shell and was certain she could feel his manhood twitching under confinement. “I’d never hate you for this. I love you for it. I’m going to let you decide when we stop.” He curled her fingers tightly around his useless tool. “This is yours forever and always.”

Even though he was telling her all the right things and giving her all the correct signs, Judy was still unsure. “Do you want me to release you right now?” she asked.

A sharp shake of his head told her she had asked the wrong question. “No. I want to wait until Saturday when it’s my right to be free. I can wait that long, can you?”

Oddly, Judy felt like she could because unlike Sam, she had another outlet for her frustrations.

She received Lee’s text message in the middle of the morning at work. They had exchanged cell phone numbers to set up their first date.

Forgive me for not waiting for you call, but I wanted to make sure you had a good time last night and I wanted to ask when we could meet again.

His words were surprisingly formal and polite, especially for a text message. Judy was still uncertain if she was going to pursue this any further so, after waiting a half hour to show she wasn’t at his beck and call, she text back as brief a message as possible.

I’m busy.

His text came right back. I didn’t suggest a time yet. How could you be busy?

Even over the electronic ether Judy found it easy to be embarrassed and blushed. She was glad she was in the semi-privacy of her work cube. She found herself send back a second message almost right away.

I'm busy at work.

His text back said, Sorry to interrupt. Reply when you can. Is Friday night good for you for another date?

In the back of Judy's mind it occurred to her that prostitutes often used the term date to refer to a transaction with a client. She didn't feel like a prostitute. She felt like a single woman being romanced by a man. Except she wasn't single and it was wrong for her to accept the overtures he was making. She smiled and texted him back.

I'm not sure… It was a tease and Judy knew it.

Not sure? How about Saturday then?

Judy started to type into her phone, That's when Sam gets out of chastity, but stopped herself. Lee didn't know she was married and she wasn't sure if telling him she held her husband in chastity was a good idea. Instead she wrote, I don't know…let me get back to you tomorrow. Tomorrow was Friday morning, but that would be enough time for Lee to make plans if he truly wanted to fuck her.

She revealed her problem to Sam that night. He had one simple question. "Would you rather fuck him Friday night or Saturday?"

"Does it matter?"

"If you fuck him Friday night, you can come home and unlock me and I can fuck you right away while your pussy is still full of his cum." Sam couldn't believe he was saying the words, but even as he did, his cock struggled to get hard inside his cage. It was impossible, of course, but the pain actually made him focus on the problem. "If you fuck him on Saturday…well, I guess I can still fuck you when you get back home."

"But Saturday is your day of freedom. You're supposed to be able to fuck me whenever you want on Saturday."

He smiled sadly at her. "That's your decision to make. Not mine."

In the end she opted for a Friday night date. It seemed the fairest solution for everyone.

She opted to meet Lee in the lobby of the hotel. There was no pretense of a meal at a nice restaurant, or even drinks at the bar. They were there for sex alone.

Judy was unsure how she appeared to the clerks at the desk or the other guests passing in and out of the lobby. Frankly, she didn't care. She greeted Lee with a light embrace and a quick kiss on his cheek. She was wearing a green dress that was easy to take off. He was dressed as if he had just come from his office, pants and suit jacket, but no tie.

"I can't spend the night," she told him as she intertwined her arm with his. Lee had the key to their room in his pocket. He grinned at her statement.

"Neither can I. You have other obligations?"

The question was a probing one; they had promised each other not to ask about their lives outside of their relationship. "Yes." They left it at that.

The moment they were in the room, Lee pressed her up against the entrance wall and kissed her fiercely. To her surprise she kissed him back. He quickly stripped her down to her panties and she found herself pulling his cock out of his pants. "You like being on your knees sucking cock?" he asked her.

It was a struggle to get all of this length into her mouth; she had to relax her throat to accomplish the task, but she did so. When he asked the question she carefully extracted him and answered. "I don't mind it."

"You like sucking cock?"

"As long as it pleases you."

"Can I cum in your mouth?"

"I'd prefer you cum in my pussy."

He grinned down at her. "You're that type of woman?"

"I am."

“You like doing things men ask you to do, even the things you don’t care for?”

Judy licked his length from his balls to the tip of his cock and then nodded. “I do.”

“You’re a submissive, aren’t you?” Lee pulled her up to her feet and started taking off what remained of his clothes.

Judy blinked. She had been in charge of Sam’s cock for so long, months now, that she didn’t consider herself to be submissive, but if she was honest with herself, it was the truth. She didn’t like being in charge in bed. She liked the man to take control. “I guess so,” she admitted.

“Good.” He spun her around, smacked her once on the cheek exposed by her thong. “Get in that bed and we’ll see how many times I can fuck you tonight.”

It turned out the number was four times. The first three were all wonderful and Judy felt properly used by him. She managed to get him hard a fourth time and he mounted her, but their enthusiasm had faded. He might have cum, but Judy wasn’t sure. In the end they just stopped moving their bodies and relaxed together, skin to skin. When she shifted her position on the bed the clock caught Judy’s eye and she noted it was after midnight. Sam was at home, waiting.

She stood up quickly from the bed and started gathering her clothes. “I’ve got to go,” she told him.

“Why? Rest a little while with me and we’ll go again when I’m ready.”

“I’ve got to get home,” she told him.

“Let’s spend the night. You can go home in the morning after we fuck one more time.”

She had already pulled her panties back on and was in the process of placing her bra properly. “Sorry. Can’t.”

“Boyfriend or husband?” Lee asked.

Judy froze and then looked up at him. “What?”

“Are you going back to your boyfriend or husband?”

She fixed her bra and picked up her dress, using the moment to think. “We agreed not to talk about our private lives.”

“You don’t have to answer.”

“And I’m not going to,” she said primly, briefly glanced at her hair in the mirror, glad it was cut short and was easy to arrange back into place. “I’ll call you.”

“Not unless I call you first.

At first Sam found his time alone relaxing. He took care of those few nagging chores that always seemed to linger. He made himself some dinner. He distracted himself with a movie on the television and then he realized wearing a chastity cage was easier when Judy was around. He realized he was constantly trying to distract himself. The movie was a fine distraction until the sex scene happened. Sam felt himself getting hard and he needed some extra help fighting the urge. He went to the freezer and got an icepack to sit on along with a bag of frozen vegetables. The cold worked it magic and in short order Sam’s cock was back down to its normal, small size. He kept the cold packs in place to stay small.

When the movie was over Sam looked down at his cock and witnessed some impressive shrinkage, greater than he had ever seen even after a day of swimming in the cold lakes of the Adirondacks. A terrible thought occurred to him and once the idea implanted itself in his mind he knew he had to try.

Being so small it wasn’t difficult, the hard part was working his cock and balls through the narrow gap between the tube and the retaining ring without scraping skin or doing serious damage. When he was done Sam marveled at the malleability of the male penis. Getting his balls out was the most difficult part of the process. They were small but there was real pain squeezing through the small space available. Still, he was free and Sam wiped the sweat from his forehead and started to strut about, naked and free for a minute. Then he realized he had an actual problem to face. There was no way he was going to squeeze back into the cage so he could either jerk off before Judy returned or he could resist the temptation and simply face the consequences without the physical release of an orgasm.

“Shit,” he said out loud.

Judy found the empty plastic cage on the table in the entry hall. She hung up her jacket and picked up the cage, walking into the living room with it in hand.

“What is this?” she asked Sam who was on the couch watching TV.

“My cage,” he answered immediately. The guilt was obvious on his face.

“Did you jerk off?” she asked him harshly. She was truly angry but she wasn’t completely sure why. Somehow he had gotten out of the cage. He had broken their agreement. If he wanted to stop he should have let her know. If he simply wanted to jerk off because she was getting laid and he wasn’t…then that wasn’t right.

“No,” he said after a too-long pause.

“I don’t believe you.”

“It’s the truth. I got it off and realized I didn’t want to upset you and break my promise.”

“Let me see your cock.” Judy was playing a role that she knew wasn’t her, but she loved playing it anyway.

Sam stood up from the couch and opened up his pants, dropping them around his ankles. Judy knelt down and inspected him. There were no obvious signs he had played with himself. No cum still leaking from his hole or dried bits clinging to the head. He was soft which raised her suspicions because normally once he was freed, he’d stay hard until he had fucked her at least once if not twice. She lifted his scent to her nostrils but that told her nothing. Upset, she smacked him hard on his balls. That caused him to double over in pain and he slowly knelt down to the carpet, concentrating on not puking.

“That’s my cock and my balls,” Judy told him firmly. “They are not for you to touch or play with unless I say so. I thought you understood that.”

“I do,” he groaned from the floor. “Believe me, I regretted taking it off the

moment I was free.

“Stand up,” she said and started walking to the bedroom. “My pussy’s full of cum and you need to clean me up. Not that you deserve such a treat, but I keep my promises.”

When Sam delved between her legs, he found her pussy a sloppy mess, a mix of her juices and Lee’s cum. Like a good cuckold, he swallowed every drop, giving Judy an orgasm in the process. He also got hard, like any normal man, but he wasn’t going to ask for the privilege of fucking his wife. He knew that was going too far tonight.

He was wrong. “Come on!” she protested when he pulled his face back from her crotch. “Get your cock in there.”

“You want me to fuck you?” he asked incredulously.

“Want? Sure. I want to feel your little dick inside me so I can compare it to Lee’s.”

Sam eagerly followed her orders and found her opening, slamming his manhood as deeply as possible into her.

“Oh,” she said, a little noise that was neither denigration or compliment. “That’s better than I thought it would be. It still doesn’t compare to Lee’s but it’s not terrible. Small can be nice…once in a while.”

Hearing those words caused Sam to fuck her as hard and fast as possible. He didn’t even last a minute inside his wife before he came and collapsed on her body. She felt wonderfully slutty upon realizing two men had fucked her in the span of a few short hours.

“You know what I want you to do next,” she said when she tired of his weight on her.

“No. What?”

Judy pushed him back a bit and grabbed his face between her hands. “I don’t like having a sloppy pussy.” She pushed him down to her cunt.

Sam didn’t resist.

“We have a problem,” she told him the next morning. “If you can slip out of your cage, what’s to stop you from doing it again?”

“Umm…I don’t know,” Sam answered honestly. She had shown him great compassion and allowed him to sleep with the cage off. Judy had woken up before him and was sitting in the bed propped up by the pillows, her legs drawn up and his plastic cage balanced on her knees. Normally when they woke up Saturday morning, after she had freed him just after midnight so they could fuck, they would have sex “like a regular, nice married couple” as Judy put it. Not this morning.

“This cage is getting old and you know how to slip by the security,” she said. “I think it’s time to switch to a metal cage, don’t you?”

Sam swallowed hard. It was the next logical step and one he knew was eventually coming. In truth, he was looking forward to it. The plastic cage didn’t have the look and feel that he wanted in his chastity. Metal bars around his cock would be like placing it in prison and his wife would be his warden. He liked that idea. “You’re probably right.”

With that decided, Judy nodded and moved on to the next order of business. “You cheated last night. When did you get the cage off?”

Looking away Sam answered, “Probably around ten.”

“Two hours early.”

“But I didn’t jerk off!” he protested.

She ignored him. “So the penalty will be you go back into the cage four hours early, so eight o’clock tonight. You’d better get all your fuckings of me in before that because you can bet that will be strictly enforced.” That caught Sam off guard. He didn’t expect her to offer up her body to him, let alone get away with such a light penalty. She placed the plastic cage on the nightstand and looked at him. “Well? I’m waiting.”

Instantly Sam was hard and rolling on top of his wife. She opened up her legs and their bodies aligned easily in the manner of a well-established couple. They moved together like dancers connected at the hips. After her first little orgasm Judy said to him, “I might need to change our schedule. It depends on what day I meet with Lee.”

“Okay,” Sam instantly agreed, still moving atop her.

Judy brought her knees up so he could drive more deeply into her. It wasn’t the same as Lee’s big cock, but it was better. “And I’ll pick out your next cage. I want it done right.”

“Sure.”

“And I’m going to make sure that you can’t escape it.”

“Thank you,” he said when he came. He wasn’t sure if he was upset or relieve when she didn’t make him clean out her pussy with his tongue when they were done.

The rest of the morning Judy spent shopping on the internet for the cage she believed was right for her husband. It had to be perfect in her eyes because he would be wearing it a lot. She even went the extra distance and measured his flaccid penis several times to be certain she was getting the correct fit. One of these measuring sessions result in him getting hard and her bending over the desk with her ass in the air.

“Come on, take me,” she encouraged him. “I need a good fucking to distract me after looking at all those cocks.”

After they were done she showed him the cage she had chosen. “It’s called a birdcage design,” Judy told him. “Because, obviously as you can see, the wires of the tube run vertically from the base ring to the tip where they gather.”

“Nice.”

“You’re going to look handsome in this,” she told him with a kiss.

“Thank you.”

“I even had you pay for express shipping and a new set of padlocks.”

“You’re welcome…I guess.”

She laughed at his uncertainty. “You like doing this?” she asked him.

“You know I do.”

“I hope it doesn’t upset you that the size I wound up ordering is the average size, not the biggest or the smallest. Would you be happy to know if you had a little dick?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know.”

“Did you compare yours a lot to other guys in the locker room back when you were in school?”

“Guys don’t stand around in the locker room measuring dick length,” he informed her.

“Too bad because I would have liked to know. Anyway, you’ll get a chance at that when you watch Lee fuck me.”

Sam blinked at her. “Watch him fuck you?”

“Don’t you want to do that?” she asked. “Don’t you want to see his big cock inside my pussy?”

He nodded.

“I know you do.” She kissed him again, her fingers lightly touched his cheek. “I bet Lee will be pleased as well. And he doesn’t even know I’m married.”

That was enough for Sam’s cock to get hard again. Judy didn’t feel bad about the lie; after all, Lee suspected she had a man back home.

Chapter Six

It took only a week for the birdcage to arrive. When he opened the package Sam's hands were shaking. He wasn't sure if that was because he was excited or scared, but knew it was probably both. Judy was working late so Sam had to wait with his old plastic cage on. His cock kept trying to get hard in anticipation of what he was going to be doing as soon as she got home.

During his wait he carefully inspected the entire cage. He had one question for Judy when she arrived home. Judy was pleased with the design and wanted him to put it on right away. There was a little ritual of unlocking him and replacing the old cage with the new one that they were both looking forward to.

The moment Judy stuck the key in the lock and pulled the plastic tube free, Sam quickly became erect and she laughed and shook her head. "I should have expected that."

"Sorry," he apologized.

Judy shook her head, dismissing his concern, but grabbed his cock and stroked him a few times. "Does that feel good?"

"Of course."

She ran her finger along the base of his cock as she finished removing the retainer rings. "You should shave. You have stubble."

"You trust me to do that alone?"

Judy shook her head and didn't stop stroking his cock. "No. Of course not. You aren't trustworthy enough to be left alone with your cock. But I like you nice and freshly shaven."

"You'll watch me?" he grunted.

Judy picked up the pace slightly on her stroking. "Of course. And I don't want you to cum."

“Stop,” Sam heard himself begging. “I’m getting closer to cumming.”

Despite his plea, Judy didn’t stop. “Edging is the best part, isn’t it?” Judy asked. “Is the orgasm the best part or is walking up to that line and stopping the best part?”

“Stopping,” he breathed.

Judy had become intimately familiar with Sam’s body at this point. She knew when he was going to cum and his cock was at the right amount of rigidity and heat to be ready to explode. Abruptly she stopped her hand and firmly slapped his balls with a sharp upward swat of her hand. Same yelped and half bent over. “You know you’re not supposed to cum without permission, right?” she asked him, affecting the air of an unconcerned third party. “You wouldn’t want to disappoint your wife by cumming too soon, would you?”

“No,” he said.

“Go to the shower and shave yourself. I want you nice and smooth for your new cage.”

Judy had been sitting in a kitchen chair in front of her husband. Sam was naked and turned around from her and all but ran to the bathroom. “Use cold water,” she called to him as he turned on the taps. Warm water was better to shave with but cold water would keep his cock soft. By the time she got to the bathroom he was already under the water with razor and shaving cream in hand. They had a modern bathroom and shower that didn’t need a curtain to keep the spray contained, that was done by a half wall and glass partition. Judy stood at the opening and watched her husband to make sure he didn’t jerk off in the shower.

“Work was long today,” she complained, keeping the conversation casual as a method to distract him. “Sometimes all I think about is getting home and relaxing.”

“Uh-huh,” Sam said. He was working quickly, smearing the shaving cream over the stubble of hair above his cock and over his testicles as well. The trick was to do it efficiently under the cool water before he started shivering and couldn’t safely hold the razor.

“Be careful,” his wife cautioned him as he started scraping away at the hairs on

his sack. “You don’t want to slice yourself there.”

“I know.”

“Did you ever think you’d be doing this in your life?” she asked abruptly.

He looked up at her briefly. “Honestly? Five or ten years ago, no. A year ago, yes.”

“You’ve wanted this for that long?”

He nodded. “It’s crazy, isn’t it?”

She didn’t answer. “Finish up. We need to get your cock back into safety.”

A minute later Sam was done. He toweled off and applied lotion to his freshly shaven skin while under Judy’s watchful eye. He was merely to apply the lotion, not enjoy it. She had brought the steel cage into the bathroom with her and she now knelt down in front of Sam to put it on him. Seeing his wife kneeling in front of him about to take away his sexuality was too stimulating for Sam. That position was the pose of a wife about to give a blowjob. Sam couldn’t help it; his cock started to rise up.

“Eager?” Judy asked as she grasped him.

“Sorry,” he apologized.

Judy didn’t complain, she started pulling on his cock as it got harder and harder. “You’re getting big…for you.”

“Thanks, but you need to stop.” He was fully erect now. “I don’t want to cum.”

“You don’t want to cum,” she said as she continued masturbating him, “or you don’t want to disappoint me by cumming.”

“The second one,” he mumbled as he closed his eyes. It wouldn’t be so bad to cum, he thought. It would feel really good and it wasn’t like he was cheating; he wasn’t jerking himself off, she was.

“You’re not supposed to cum until Saturday,” she told him.

“I know.”

“I don’t want you to cum.”

That he didn’t know. “You’re playing with my cock.”

“It’s my cock,” she insisted. “I own it. I keep it under lock and key. You’d better not make me angry by letting this cock cum.” By now he was fully erect and right on the edge. If he was a teenaged boy, he’d be over the edge in a second. If he was the man he had been two years ago, he would have resisted cumming for another minute, letting the pleasure be extended. But he was living in the moment and he didn’t want to cum at all right now even though his body did.

“I want to cum,” he moaned.

“Don’t!”

“What if I do?” He couldn’t believe he actually asked the question.

Abruptly Judy stopped her hand and squeezed his shaft so there wouldn’t be an accident. “You have very sensitive balls,” she reminded him. “I bet it would really hurt to have them slapped.”

“I won’t cum,” he promised.

“I know you won’t,” she agreed and resumed jerking him off. “But you want to, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I don’t get anything out of you cumming. It’s terrible to deny me when you get your own rocks off. Very rude, don’t you think?”

“Uh-huh.”

There was no warning. Judy had been using her right hand to masturbate him and she slapped his balls with her left. “Fuck!” Sam fell to his knees and felt like he was going to puke.

“I’m not sure what would have been worse,” Judy said. “Stopping right before

you came or hurting those poor little boys. It sounded like getting slapped hurt a lot."

"It did," he moaned.

"I was going to let you cum," she told him, "and then I was going to give you a little love tap, but no orgasm for you now. Saying 'uh-huh', you weren't talking to me, you were trying to cum. No special treat before you go into your cage."

"No…please…"

She shook her head. "Too late. We need to make that little hard on go away before I can cage you." She sighed and blew back a few strands of her hair. "I can't leave you alone in here with that loose cock. Get on your feet, we'll go to the kitchen and get some ice to put on your little penis."

By the time Sam struggled to his feet and walked to the kitchen with Judy his cock had largely gone flaccid, but Judy insisted on putting ice on it anyway. "For the bruising if nothing else," she grinned up at him from her seat on the chair.

Putting on the steel cage was a little more difficult than the plastic one. The retaining ring that went behind his balls was a solid ring. Judy put Sam's penis through first and then had to slip one then then other of his balls through. The first went easily enough but she had to massage and manipulate him before the other egg-shaped organ would pop through.

"Oh…that felt fucking weird," he exclaimed.

"I'm sure you'll get used to it," Judy said as she started fitting the curved birdcage-like piece over his cock. Lining the pins up was easy. Sam's cock was small enough to easily fit into the little cage and then length was nearly precise. The tip of his penis didn't quite reach the end of the cage. "Perfect," Judy declared as she slipped the padlock's shackle into the holes that joined the two pieces and clicked it shut. She looked up into his eyes and they smiled, sharing an emotion that couldn't be articulated. "Better?" she asked once he was secured.

"Much." Sam looked down at his trapped cock. It was a good look. The surgical steel was bright and shiny. Judy had purchased a new brass lock that nicely set off the silver color of the steel. He was freshly shaven and lotioned so his skin

looked good as well. There was a strong appearance of masculinity with the cage over his cock. It was a real testament to masculinity unlike those horrible barbed wire tattoos some men had on their biceps.

“Very handsome,” Judy said and gave the cage a little kiss on the side. Sam just barely felt the sensation of her lips on the steel, a hint of warmth really. It was perfect.

“What’s this little slot here on the end?” Sam asked indicating a bend and reinforcement on the top edge near the tip.

“Oh, that’s where your PA ring goes through. We add a second lock there for extra security.”

“PA ring?” Sam started to feel light-headed.

“Prince Albert piercing,” Judy explained. It’s a ring that goes through the shaft and out the urethra.”

“I know what it is,” he said. “I don’t have one.”

“Yet.” She stood up and grabbed his steel-covered cock. “Come to the bedroom. All of this foreplay has gotten me really wet. You need to finish me off with your tongue.”

Chapter Seven

Sam watched Lee and Judy fucking on the bed. Lee's hands were all over Judy's body. They were in the doggy position and Judy was breathing heavily as Lee fucked her hard with his big cock. Sam wanted to exaggerate but it wasn't much of an exaggeration to say Lee was nearly twice the size of Sam when fully erect. Not that he was now; Sam was naked and seated on the far side of the bedroom, his cock fully constrained by the cage. He kept trying to get hard, but the strength of steel was much greater than the strength of his flesh. They had promised him he could watch as long as he was silent and didn't interrupt.

Judy was supporting all of Lee's weight. He was practically lying on top of her, one hand squeezing a tit, the other wrapped around her neck. She looked stressed and not in control at all; she looked beautiful. When he had met Lee for the first time just an hour earlier, Sam was impressed at how polite and well-mannered his wife's lover was. The two men looked remarkably alike in many ways… except for cock size. Sam was pretty sure that he stood a couple of inches taller than Lee, but the other man more than made up for those few inches by what he had between his legs.

"How many times have I made you cum?" Lee barked at Judy.

"Four," she gasped.

"Good enough," he grunted and released his sperm into her. That pushed Judy over the edge a second time, cumming with Lee as he pumped spurt after spurt of cum into her pussy. Sam would have loved to have been closer, seeing his wife's cunt filled with Lee's bigger prick, but he could tell by the way Lee's balls tightened up and twitched that he was cumming. The only way he could prevent himself from jumping out of the chair and joining the two was by gripping the wooden arms of the chair. Sam was almost certain he was going to rip the arms out of the chair's frame.

"Fuck that was good!" Lee declared as he pulled out of Judy and flopped on the bed. Judy started to lay down, to rest her body on the mattress, but Lee stopped her. "No, no, honey. Remember your promise? Sam needs the special treat we talked about."

Judy's face was red as she turned it to Sam, but he couldn't tell if that was from exertion or embarrassment. She swallowed and cleared her throat, obviously reluctant to say something to him. "Sam, dear, would you…would you please help clean me?" she asked politely.

"With your mouth," Lee clarified.

The married couple locked their eyes and Judy nodded twice before looking down at the mattress. She stayed on her knees but went down to her forearms instead of her hands which raised up her ass. Sam knew what she wanted him to do. Or maybe it was what Lee wanted him to do. It didn't matter. He was happy to do it.

Sam got out of the chair, knelt down on the bed where Lee had been just moments before, put his face into his wife's sex and began to clean. The first thing that hit him was her scent, a mixture of sweat and her musky, sexy smell combined with the slightly Clorox odor of semen. Her pussy was red and swollen from excitement and use, but also covered with her lubricant and Lee's spunk. There was no need to hesitate, Sam wanted this. He applied his tongue and licked her pussy, lapping up as much of the wetness as possible on her labia, then he delved deeply into her cunt, sucking and swallowing whatever else he could find. Judy shivered and shook through the process; Sam wasn't sure if she was over-sensitive from being fucked or if he was giving her the little aftershock orgasms she often had. It didn't matter. And all too soon, in Sam's opinion, the service was over. He rocked back on his heels as Judy rolled to her side and reached out, not to him, but to her lover, running her hand along the length of his chest.

"He's not done yet," Lee said. Judy looked away from them both, obviously embarrassed now. Sam looked between her legs. From his perspective her pussy was clean and perfect. She wasn't leaking any of Lee's cum. He looked at her quizzically.

Judy couldn't meet his gaze. "You need to clean Lee as well," she said. Her voice was firm but Sam could tell she was afraid to say the words. They had never spoken of this before but it was apparent the two lovers had. Lee put his hand to the base of his still swollen, but now softer, cock and shook it at Sam.

Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, Sam moved between Lee's legs and

got as close as he dared to the intimidating piece of manhood. More than anything he didn't want to disappoint his wife. Sam put his hand to the other man's cock, opened his mouth and sucked on the soft flesh. Lee tasted like a combination of Judy and thick spunk. Sam sucked and licked like he was born to the task.

"See," Lee said. "I knew he'd do it without complaint."

Judy nodded, her eyes shining. "You were right."

Slowly, steadily, Lee's cock got harder under Sam's ministrations. It felt odd to have a hard piece of flesh in his mouth, but Sam knew what was expected of him and he wanted to perform above and beyond what his wife and her lover envisaged. It wasn't long before Lee's eyes were closed so he could fully enjoy what Sam was doing. He started making sounds encouraging Sam while at the same time he grabbed Judy's hand, intertwining their fingers.

"I'm gonna cum," Lee panted.

"In his mouth?" Judy asked. She was eager to watch, but Lee shook his head.

"No. Don't want to waste it. I want your pussy."

Before Judy could say, "Again?" Lee pushed Sam aside and climbed on top of Judy, easily fitting his cock into her pussy. It only took him a few pumps before he released his seed into her. Judy gasped at the suddenness and enthusiasm Lee had. The experience, while pleasurable, wasn't nearly enough to make her cum, but she realized she wasn't there for her pleasure, she was there for Lee's pleasure alone.

"Oh, that's good," Lee complimented her as she climbed off, but wiped his cock on her thigh as he did so. "Clean her up," Lee told Sam as he staggered to the bathroom.

Sam didn't need to be told twice. In a flash he was between his wife's legs, licking her clean and sucking out the meager leavings Sam had planted. He hand one hand on his cage-covered cock. He would have loved to jerk off. He would have loved to be able to cum in any way, but that wasn't going to happen and Sam was thrilled because of it.

“You like this?” Judy asked him as he ate out her pussy.

“Uh-huh,” he mumbled into her flesh.

“You want to cum?”

He nodded enthusiastically.

“You know that’s not going to happen, right?”

He picked his face up from her sex. “I know.” He wiped his mouth. “My cock hurts,” he admitted. “I keep trying to get hard and it hurts.”

“I know,” she said even though she didn’t. Judy sat up and pulled his face to hers, giving him a quick kiss. “But you wanted this, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“You want to continue, right?”

“Yes.”

“A little pain and suffering is good.”

The next morning Judy and Sam were eating breakfast together when Sam cleared his throat and asked, “Is Lee bi?”

“I don’t think so,” Judy answered. “At least he never mentioned it to be.”

“So…last night, what was that all about?”

“Him having you suck his cock?”

Sam looked away from her gaze, unable to fully admit what he had done. “Yeah, that.”

“I think he just wanted to prove his dominance over you,” Judy said clinically. She paused a moment. “Are you bisexual?”

“What?” The question caught Sam unawares.

“Are you bi? You seemed to enjoy having sex with Lee last night.”

“Umm…no? I don’t know.”

“Did you like it?” she asked.

“I liked doing it for you,” Sam answered. “Did you like watching me do it?”

His wife stepped around the breakfast bar and gave him a kiss while reaching between his legs to feel through his pants the hard steel cage around his cock. “I loved watching you do it. I want to see it again.”

Sam’s eyes widened. “You do?”

“It was hot.” She actually blushed. A woman who had a lover, kept her husband’s cock in a steel cage, and watched two men have sex in her bed the previous night was shy enough to blush when admit she wanted more. “Do you mind doing it with Lee again?”

He took her hands in his. “As long as you’re there with me.”

Judy came home early from her Friday night date with Lee. Normally it was after midnight when she got back to join her husband in bed with a pussy full of cum for him. Depending on her mood she would tease him for a while before she unlocked his cock and allowed him to fuck her. Sometimes she made him clean her pussy first, sometimes he asked for that treat. Since she usually arrived home after midnight she always had the option of unlocking him immediately upon arriving or making him wait until she determined he had actually earned it. The entire routine was almost a pantomime play they went through, a little game to amuse them both.

When she walked in the bedroom at barely twenty minutes past nine, Judy was saying, “Had to make it a quickie with Lee tonight. He has some obligation—” She stopped in midsentence. “What are you doing?” Her words were calm but anger seethed right underneath the surface.

She had caught Sam scrambling on the bed trying to stuff his cock back into the steel cage. “I—I—I don’t have any excuse.”

“How the fuck did you get your cock out of the cage?” It was more of a demand than a question.

With a shaking hand, Sam indicated the large bag of ice in the bowl on the floor next to the bed. “If I let it sit on the cage for at least fifteen or twenty minutes, I can shrink up small enough that I can slip it out the gap between the ring and the sleeve,” he said.

“That’s my cock,” she said. “What the fuck are you doing with my cock?!”

“I…was jerking off,” he admitted. He felt stupid on the bed with the cage only around his balls and no clothes on.

“You didn’t have permission to do that.”

“No,” he agreed.

“And you can get it back in the cage when you’re done?”

He nodded, ashamed. “After I cum I put the ice back on it and push it back in.”

“You’ve done this before?

He nodded again. “A few times. I read about how to do it on the internet.”

Judy sighed and, of all things, wiped away the tears that had been forming in the corners of her eyes. She wasn’t mad now, she was upset, devastated. Her husband had cheated on her. “You cheated on me,” she said. Under any other circumstances a woman full of another man’s cum making the same accusation would have been a hypocrite, but not Judy. She had a special arrangement with her husband.

“I now and I’m sorry.”

“I should hope so. Put it back in and I’ll give some thought about what we’re going to do about this.”

“Can I—” he started to ask.

“No,” she answered and went to the bathroom. Judy used a wet washcloth to wipe away the remains of Lee’s cum from her pussy. There would be no treat for Sam tonight.

“What are you going to do?” he asked her when she got in bed with him. She was wearing her oldest, shapeless cotton flannel nightgown.

“You’ll find out tomorrow. Go to sleep.” She had already made her decision and Sam had no choice in the matter. Sam couldn’t go to sleep. For once it wasn’t because his cage was giving him fits and pains and he needed a little orgasm to relax. It was because he knew he had fucked up and what he faced was probably going to be the most painful experience of his life.

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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