Elliot Silvestri

A Cuck In Hand



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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

Chapter Eight

They both knew on one level, that this was inevitable. A man sufficiently motivated, would be able to slip out of a chastity cage either by dint of physical manipulation to his cock or surreptitious use of an emergency release key. There was only one solution to the problem.

Sam had never seen himself as someone to be in a tattoo parlor for any reason. Judy had spared him some embarrassment by scheduling the appointment at a time when the place was practically empty. If not for the small OPEN sign in the corner of the window he would have thought the place was certainly empty. The woman he had the appointment with was short and cute, and barely looked like she was old enough to be done with high school let alone be in charge of punching holes through human flesh. She had earlobe stretchers and other piercings on her face that were popular with younger kids. Sam's concern for her inexperience wasn't alleviated when she introduced herself as Trixie.

What made it even worse was when she said, "I do couples all the time! Are you both getting pierced today, Mrs. Hayes?" To Sam's ears she sounded exactly like a high school student addressing a guidance counselor.

Judy shook her head in answer to the question. "No. Just Sam."

Trixie glanced at the sheet in her hand and grinned. "Getting him a PA. You're going to love it." The words were directed at Judy. Same felt a bit like a piece of meat and, oddly, he enjoyed the feeling. "I had a boyfriend with one and it drove me crazy!" The rolled her eyes in remembrance of fond times.

A frown crossed Judy's face. "That may be, but this is for more practical reasons."

"Oh?" Trixie was intrigued.

"Show her, dear," Judy said to Sam.

They were in one of the semi-private rooms of Full Throttle Tattoo and Piercing.

Theoretically no one could see them. Still, Sam glanced around before opening up his pants and pushing them down along with his underwear to reveal the steel cage around his cock.

Trixie showed a good dose of professionalism when she didn't react with horror or surprise. "Oh. I see. This is more of a security issue than just decoration."

"Right," Judy agreed.

"You'll have to take the chastity belt off," she said to Judy and then to Sam: "Take your pants and underwear all the way off. Keep on your shirt. Lay down on the table."

"Have you done this sort of piercing before?" Judy asked Trixie as she waited for Sam to finish undressing. As eager as she was to see her husband with a ring through his cock she didn't want him permanently damaged either.

"A few times. It's not particularly dangerous. Though you want to pick out the right jewelry for him. It needs to fit through the wires so you can lock it, right?"

"Sort of," Judy said as she knelt down next to Sam and unlocked the brass padlock, slipped it out of the holes and slid off the birdcage-like shaft. Almost immediately Sam's small cock became erect and pointed toward the ceiling. She rolled her eyes. "Really, Sam?" With a sigh she turned to Trixie. "Do you have any ice to make him go down? It's not time for him to have any release and ice works best to shrink him."

"Sure. We keep some on hand for first aid emergencies. I'll be right back. She pulled aside the curtain giving them privacy, glanced down at Sam's small and erect cock, grinned and walked out, not bothering to put the curtain back in place. Sam looked away, his face red.

"I know this was going to happen," he grumbled.

"You know the rules," Judy said as she flicked his cock with her finger. "It'll all be over soon."

Trixie reappeared with the needed ice in a plastic bag and draped it over Sam's cock while Judy showed her exactly how the ring needed to fit through the chastity cage in order to be locked. The piercer had brought back several

different rings to try and they sorted through them to find the best fit.

“Now you know this isn’t permanent and any guy who is determined is going to get out of his chastity belt, right?” Trixie asked.

“Oh, I know,” Judy agreed. “But this will make it extremely difficult for him to escape again.”

“Again?” Trixie asked as she lifted the ice bag to look at Sam’s penis it was shrinking nicely. “And we’re going to have to remove the ring he’s wearing. You can put it back on him after a few days of healing. Do you want me to do it?”

“I suppose I could…” Judy pondered.

“Let me,” Trixie offered. Judy raised her eyebrows. “Guys really get off on chastity games, I know. When a woman handles him and there’s zero chance of anything good coming from it…he’ll have fantasies galore.”

“Do you have a boyfriend who is into this?” Judy asked, slightly amazed.

Trixie shook her head. “No. But you’d be surprised at what I see working hear.” She tilted her head to the side. “Or maybe not? Do you mind?” she asked, lifting up the bag again and saw that Sam was sufficiently flaccid.

“Go ahead.”

The young piercer knew exactly what she was doing. She stuffed his balls through the ring and slipped it off his penis with little effort. Sam tried to get hard again, but Trixie reapplied the ice bag. Another minute or two, I think.”

Sam’s head was swimming. He had been thinking about asking for an analgesic but he was certain that his state of mind at the moment was all that he needed.

“How many times has he gotten out of his belt?” Trixie asked as they waited.

“Twice that I’m certain of.”

Trixie made a “tsk, tsk” sound and shook her head. “Well, this should help with that.”

“I hope so.”

Sam was glad Trixie didn’t probe more deeply about the relationship he had with his wife. He considered this to be a private part of their marriage, but between Lee and now Trixie, what was private was slowly becoming public.

It was all the prep work that took the majority of the time for the whole process. Trixie carefully inspected his cock, making sure his anatomy would take the piercing, cleaned and sterilized the skin, made ink marks to line up where the hole would go, and finally inserted a thin plastic tube up his urethra to actually do the piercing. It was uncomfortable, but she did use lubricant and Sam told himself it wasn’t any worse than others had endured before him. Which made him wonder what the first man who decided to put a metal ring through his cock was thinking.

“Now don’t move,” Trixie cautioned. “This is the part you don’t want to fuck up. Your shaft doesn’t have that many nerve endings right here, they’re all bunched up at the head, but you’ll feel some pressure, some burning, probably a stabbing as well, and if you can’t handle it, you’re going to regret having been born. Are you ready?”

Sam spoke to her for the first time. “You know how to give a hell of a pep talk.”

Trixie grinned at him. She was holding his cock—Judy’s cock—between her latex glove-covered fingers with one hand and a specialized needle in the other. “Just don’t jump or flinch,” she said. “That’ll fuck up your manhood worse than any STD. I’m going to count to three and push the needle through on three. Ready? One, two, three.”

Sam flinched. Trixie had anticipated that and didn’t even bother drawing the needle close. In his protective motion, Sam had pulled his cock from between her fingers. The plastic tube was still in place so she just grabbed him and realigned everything. “I knew you were a flincher. Keep it under control this time. Ready? One.”

Before she reached two the needle was through his flesh and pressed into the tube. “Done. Well, except for the ring.”

When Sam looked down he tried not to pass out when he saw the needle sticking out of his dick. What hurt more than the needle was her forcing the ring up his

slit and through the hole the needle had made. That surprised him. Judy had chosen a captive bead ring for his cock (“A classic look,” Trixie assured her.) and watching the small girl use a pair of powerful pliers so near his sensitive flesh was almost enough to make him nearly pass out again. When it was all over and done Sam found himself looking down at his cock which now sported a rather substantial metal ring coming out the top of the shaft and circling back into his urethra. It was impressive and made him feel more manly.

“The first time you pee it’ll be painful, burning,” Trixie told him. “But that’s good because the urine is keeping the wound clean. Here’s the list of aftercare instructions.” She handed papers to both Sam and Judy. “Don’t put the chastity belt back on him for at least two days, a week would be better. Contact us if there’s any sign of infection.”

Judy frowned. “He needs to wear the cage otherwise he masturbates without permission.”

“Oh, he won’t be doing that for a few days probably more. That cock is out of commission probably for a week, if not longer.”

“Good,” Judy smiled. “I guess I can call my boyfriend to help me out.”

Trixie wasn’t fazed at all. “You certainly could.”

As it turned out, Sam learned that Trixie knew exactly what she was talking about. He resisted taking a piss for as long as possible, but eventually his resistance gave out—his bladder was overfull—and he used the toilet. If he had been a weaker man, he would have screamed when the piss flowed out his opening and burned the fresh wound. As it was, he whimpered in pain. Luckily he had taken her advice and sat down like a woman to pee. He was certain he would have passed out if he had been standing.

Sitting down to pee was something he had learned to do right after Judy had put him into chastity with the old plastic cage. The cage caused his urine stream to spray all around and it was easier to sit than it was to clean up the mess afterwards. The same held true with the steel cage. It was ten times worse with the PA piercing. Now he had two streams, both of which he couldn’t aim properly. The pain from peeing was worse than having the piercing done in the

first place. He started to rethink his decision to go into chastity in the first place.

Trixie was also correct about him wanting to masturbate. After the procedure, the pain quickly faded to a vague throbbing. Not that he didn't try to jerk off. Once the pain had subsided enough a few thoughts and he was sporting an erection and immediately had the temptation to pleasure himself. Just one stroke was all he needed to convince himself that it would be a few days at least before he was ready to try an orgasm.

Thankfully his wife left him open and free for two days. "Enjoying your liberty?" she asked the morning after he had been pierced.

"Not really," he answered honestly.

That surprised her. "Why?"

"I'm so used to being in chastity. It feels…strange to be free for so long. And it still hurts a bit. I keep getting erections and I can't do anything with them."

At the last statement Judy laughed at him. "I can see how that would be worse," she agreed. "Maybe I should take you for a piercing every few days and keep your cock permanently out of commission that way."

"No!"

Judy laughed again. "I think you'd run out of space on your cock for new rings pretty quickly. We'll keep using the cage, okay?"

"Okay."

The cage went back on the third morning after his piercing. It was like greeting an old friend. They didn't even have to use ice to get him down from his turgid state to his normal tiny size. Judy was especially amazed when she got out the cage and showed it to him. At first Sam was hard, not rigid but hard, but when she asked him if he needed to ice to calm down, he just said, "No, give me a minute." He closed his eyes and breathed carefully, focusing on nothing at all, and he quickly shrank.

“Wow, I’m impressed,” Judy told him as she went about the businesslike routine of slipping his cock and balls through the retaining ring and carefully aligning the shaft of the cage. It took longer than before because when she put on the shaft, Judy had to be careful in lining up his new PA piercing with the slot on between the wires. It wasn’t a difficult task, but it demanded precision. Once the little ring was sticking out between the wires, Judy took one of the new padlocks and slipped it through the ring. The tiny, almost inaudible click, when she shut the shackle caused a shiver to run up Sam’s spine. Judy didn’t sense that of course, she just took the second lock and put it in place at the base of his cock. When she let go, Sam felt completely encased and locked securely away with no chance of escaping.

“How does that feel?” she asked running her finger along the new lock at the end of the cage.

“Good.”

“No pinching or pain? I don’t want you ruined.”

Sam shook his head. “Actually, I’m glad it’s back on. The temptation to jerk off when I was without it…that was almost too much. I think I would have made myself cum today at work, even with the pain, if you hadn’t put it back on me.”

“Consider it a special little Band-Aid then,” she said, giving the cage a little kiss on the side.

“I’ll do that.”

“And I’ll be home late tonight. I’ve got a date with Lee and since you can’t help me…”

“Are you coming home with a full pussy,” he asked with shining eyes.

“Of course I am.”

Chapter Nine

Though they met at a bar, one they often used to meet up, instead of going to one of the local hotels, Lee convinced her to come back to his house. They had been dating, such as it was, for over six months. Judy felt safe enough with him and didn't consider him a threat at all.

His house wasn't all that remarkable. It was nice and lived in, but Judy wasn't in his house for the atmosphere. He led her to the bedroom and quickly stripped her down, pushing her onto the sheets and spreading her legs to eat her pussy.

"I get enough of that at home," she giggled at him as his tongue started bringing her up to orgasm.

"I want to make sure you're good and wet. I don't want to hurt you when I fuck you."

When he finally sank his cock into her well-prepared pussy, Judy groaned in relief. "Oh, I've been missing your big cock. There's nothing but a vibrator for me at home."

"Have you stopped fucking Sam?" Lee asked as he started pumping. He took a certain perverse pleasure in quizzing Judy about her sex life—or lack thereof—with her husband.

"No, I had him pierced because he was slipping out of his cage."

Lee stopped thrusting his hips. "What?"

Judy took her lover's face between her hands and kissed him, then slowly explained, "He figured out how to slip out of his cage while we were fucking so he could beat off. I took him to the piercer and had a PA ring put through his cock so I could lock it to the end of his cage, not just the base. And keep fucking me, I hate it when you stop."

Her words set his hips working again. "I can't believe he went along with it,"

Lee marveled. “I could never do it.” The idea of Sam double locked to the steel cage excited him and he started thrusting harder and faster.

“Well I’m not in charge of your cock,” she said and was silent a minute as they moved their bodies together. She carefully considered her next question, having been wanting to ask it for some time. “Are you bi, Lee?” she asked without any warm-up to the blunt question.

He didn’t answer right away. He just kept thrusting for a minute. “Do you mean, do I like having sex with men?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Yes. I like sex with both men and women, but I’m only romantically attracted to women.”

“Oh,” she moaned. “Good.” She was only half listening to him at this point, her body had overtaken control of her mind. “Would you like to fuck my husband while I watched?”

“Yes,” he grunted. Somehow his huge cock grew even bigger and harder in her pussy and made her groan with satisfaction.

“I can arrange that.”

The thought of the three of them in bed together again set them both off. Lee emptied his balls into her pussy and Judy climaxed to the thought of his cock invading Sam’s body. They collapsed together on the bed, sweaty and sated.

They hadn’t meant to fall asleep but both were thoroughly exhausted by their enthusiastic lovemaking session. It was a woman’s voice that woke them up.

“Jesus, Leland, when I said you could fuck her in our bed I didn’t mean you should actually sleep with her.”

Judy sat up clutching the sheets to her body to cover her nudity. There was a small woman, barely five feet tall, standing at the foot of the bed staring at the two of them. Lee didn’t seem all that disturbed at the sight of the interloper.

“Sorry, dear. I didn’t mean to fall asleep,” Lee mumbled and yawned.

The woman walked around the side of the bed occupied by Judy and stuck out her hand. Judy shirked away. “Hi. I’m Alice, Lee’s wife.”

Judy gave her a terrified look and said nothing.

“…and I’m guessing that Lee said nothing to you about being married,” Alice concluded.

A firm shake of Judy’s head confirmed Alice’s suspicions.

“Lee doesn’t think he’s really had a conquest unless he’s bedded her in our house,” Alice added. “And don’t worry, I know he’s been fucking you. Apparently he didn’t tell you about me though.”

“No,” Judy managed to croak.

“Leave her alone, hon,” Lee grunted as he rolled out of bed, walking casually to the bedroom. Glancing back at the two women, he said, “Shake her hand, Judy, otherwise she’ll just keep it stuck out like that until you do. Too many years working as a company flak,” he grumbled.

Tentatively Judy reached out and grasped Alice’s hand. The short, dynamic woman shook it with a firm authority and perched herself on the corner of the bed nearest Judy. Alice was wearing a business suit and had a slight scent of alcohol on her breath. “I had a working dinner and cocktail party to attend tonight,” she explained at her appearance. “Lee knew I’d be gone for most of the night so he took advantage of you and me.”

There was the sound of running water from the bathroom. “I didn’t take advantage of either of you,” he called.

Alice rolled her eyes. “Don’t worry about sleeping with him, I was only teasing earlier. We have an open marriage. I presume you and your husband do as well?”

“How did you know I was married?” Judy was still clutching the sheets to her body but had rearranged them enough to appear a little more modest.

“Third finger, left hand,” Alice intoned. “And he’s told me all about you. I

wouldn’t mind meeting your husband,” she added with a knowing wink.

Lee reappeared in the bedroom at that moment, his large, but currently soft, cock swinging from between his legs. “I already told you no to that, hon,” Lee said as he slipped into bed next to Judy. When he yanked up the covers to hide his nudity, Alice pulled them back down to expose his cock. He didn’t protest when she took it in her small hand.

“Why not?” Alice asked petulantly. Her hand started working her husband’s flesh. “I know he already gave Lee a blowjob.” She grinned triumphantly and then a thought occurred to her. “Or don’t you have an open marriage.”

“It’s not that exactly…” Judy started to say.

“Can’t the poor woman have some secrets?” Lee said to his wife even as his cock started getting harder.

“Sure she can,” Alice replied. “I’m just curious, that’s all.” Abruptly she leaned forward and took her husband’s cock in her mouth, sucking him for a moment. Judy looked away, not that she was disgusted, but because she wanted to give them a moment of privacy for such an intimate act. She couldn’t explain her feelings because she had willingly brought Lee into her and Sam’s bed, but the involvement of another woman in that other woman’s bed seemed…wrong.

“I can still taste her on you,” Alice said to Lee as she shrugged out of her jacket exposing a tight blouse that would have shown off her cleavage if she had sported any. Alice was either blessed or cursed with tits as tiny as she was. Turning her head to Judy she asked, “Would you like to join us? You can’t be sated yet, can you?”

“Um, no, that’s okay,” Judy said as she jumped out of bed and awkwardly grabbed at her clothes while trying to hide her nudity and failing at both miserably.

Alice paused mid fellatio and watched as Judy got dressed, admiring the other, curvier woman’s body as she pulled on her red thong and matching bra. She slowly lost interest as more clothes went on Judy’s body. Together Lee and Alice worked to remove the rest of the small woman’s clothes. In effect, as Judy dressed, Alice got naked. Well, nearly naked. By the time Judy was slipping on her shoes Alice was down to a demure beige bra and modest, comfortable

panties. “I’ve got to go,” Judy said. “I need to get back to my husband. He’s waiting for me.”

“Okay,” Alice agreed, removing Lee’s cock from her mouth to speak. “I look forward to seeing more of you again,” she said emphasizing the double entendre as much as possible. “And I can’t wait to meet your husband as well.”

Judy paused at the bedroom doorway, unable to resist. “I don’t think he’s your type.”

“Oh?” asked Alice as she shrugged out of her bra exposing her tiny tits topped with pale pink nipples.

“He’s got a much smaller cock than Lee.” The two women looked at Lee’s now fully engorged manhood. He grinned in satisfaction.

“I like variety,” Alice said.

“I don’t think he’ll be able to please you,” Judy said. “But if you insist…then maybe.” With that she disappeared out the door.

Out in the driveway she was relieved Alice hadn’t blocked her in. She started her car’s engine and took a deep breath, trying to gather her thoughts. Her panties were moist, damp, almost wet and it wasn’t from Lee’s cum slowly dripping out of her. Judy shuddered at what she was contemplating.

Chapter Ten

“I have something new for you to do,” Judy said to Sam.

Sam was fully healed now, or at least as close to healed as was reasonable. He had been locked up in chastity for over two weeks. Concern about scarring prevented them both from having Sam actually engage in sex. The complete lack of sex was hurting them both. Judy’s needs were somewhat alleviated by her visits to Lee, but she found that while she got a thrill out of denying Sam sex, she had also started looking forward to the once a week releases on Saturday when he would take her any and every way possible.

“What’s that?” Sam was eager to hear what she was going to propose. After all, there wasn’t much for a man to fear after having his dick pierced.

“You have an appointment at the salon this afternoon.”

“Salon?”

“Yes. With Becky.”

Sam blinked. “You want me to get a waxing?” he asked. Sam was already beyond any concern of waxing and hair removal being a strictly feminine activity. Neither was he worried about the pain of having hair ripped about. He was more focused on his shaving and lack of hair at the moment. Waxing wouldn’t work if he didn’t have any hair for the wax to grab onto. He said as much to Judy.

“You aren’t getting waxed,” she told him. “They’ve got the new laser hair removal service.” A smile tugged at her lips. “It’s all coming off forever. How does that sound to you?”

Sam’s knees shook. “It sounds exciting,” he said, not sure if he really meant it.

“All that hair gone forever…”

“Is that how you want me?”

Her smile didn't diminish. "Is that how you want to be for the rest of your life."

"Well, that's a bit of myth," Becky was saying. "The new laser pretty much kills the hair follicles, but it's not a hundred percent effective. Sometimes a few hairs survive and because follicles go through different cycles, you have to have treatments over the course of six months."

Sam nodded. His pants were still on. Becky was giving him a pep talk along with basic information about what she was going to do for him. "So this isn't a one and done thing."

"It's more like a six and done. Ready to start?" Becky was slightly older than him with dyed blonde hair and black eyebrows. She had a few lines starting to form at the corners of her eyes, but she also exuded a certain sexiness that Sam found enchanting.

"Um…how small is the laser that you use?" he asked. He still hadn't told Becky about what he was hiding in his pants.

Showing that even professional estheticians could get embarrassed, Becky actually blushed and looked down into the folder she had brought into the treatment room. "Um. Judy told me about what you and her are doing. She gave me this." Becky plucked a key that had been clipped to the inside of the folder. Sam immediately recognized it as the key to his chastity cage. "I've never seen one being used before. Can I see it?"

"Uh…yeah, you'll have to. You have the key and you're supposed to do the, um, treatment right?"

Becky nodded eagerly, belying the fact that she was supposed to be the professional in this exchange. It was only when Sam started to open up his pants did he remember that Becky was an old college friend of Judy's who had opened up the salon with a couple of friends.

"Oh, wow," Becky commented as the cage came into view. "That's impressive. It's very visually striking."

"Thanks," he said as she stepped awkwardly out of his pants and got on the

treatment table. The cage made a little clanging noise as it struck the hard metal cabinet under the table. They both looked at his manhood a moment as it swelled and subsided. “Sorry he apologized for his misbehaving cock. “It does that sometimes. I don’t have complete control over it.”

“You’re not the first man I’ve treated,” Becky said as she returned to professional mode and snapped on a pair of latex exam gloves. “You are the first I’ve treated who was wearing a chastity belt,” she added.

“If I get hard when you take it off, I can only say that it happens. It like a Pavlovian response.”

“It won’t be the first erection I’ve seen in this office,” she said as she brandished the key but couldn’t decide if she should unlike the base or the tip first.

“Start at the head,” Sam instructed and Becky did so, quickly figuring out how the device worked and sliding off the curved shaft. As predicted, Sam’s cock got hard and erect without any outside help. “I told you,” he said, his face slightly flushed.

“Do you need some help getting it to go down, or do you want me to work around it?” Becky asked and then said, “Shit. We’ve got to get this ring off,” she tapped on the large metal ring behind his balls, “to get to the skin underneath.” She inspected his small cock, noting the piercing was healing well but was still fresh.

“I’ll probably need some help,” he admitted. Becky was an attractive woman and he wondered how open minded she was to blurring the line between client and lover.

Without realizing what she was planning, Becky ran her index finger along the short length of Sam’s cock. She could feel the heat of his desire through the latex of her glove. Lust almost caused Sam to arch his hips up to increase the tiny amount of friction she was generating. “Judy said ice works best to bring you down to size.”

“Yeah,” Sam breathed. “That works.”

“I’ve heard pain causes some men to shrink up, but I know others get off on it, so I won’t be doing that.”

“That’s fine.” Emboldened by her lingering finger Sam added, “There are other ways too,” he hinted.

Becky’s smile was cordial but distant. “We won’t be doing that,” she said flatly. “Judy had me promise.” She paused a moment and then stood up from the stool she had been seated on. “I’ll get some ice and remove the ring.” Just before she left the room Sam was certain he heard the word, “Tempting,” pass her lips.

When she returned Becky was in professional mode again, applying the ice to his cock and letting his erection fade away uselessly. Showing great skill and good instincts she easily slipped the retaining ring off his cock and balls, leaving him effectively naked from the waist down, except for the bit of jewelry through his cock head.

Sam was amused to have to put his heels into the little stirrups on the treatment table.

“It just makes everything easier to get to this way,” Becky told him. “And yes, before you ask, it is from a medical supply company and is designed for gyno exams.”

“Ah.”

Becky started spreading conducive gel over the area to be treated. They had already agreed on some demarcation lines. “Everyone is different,” Becky said. “And everyone has ideas on what exactly is esthetically pleasing.” In Sam’s case they settled on everything on the abdomen below the navel and out to the crease between body and leg. Before starting with the laser she used a razor to remove a few stray hairs which better defined the working area. Once the laser was brought into play the procedure went quickly and smoothly with only an occasional stab of pain.

“Why exactly are you getting this done?” Becky asked conversationally as she worked. Her face was half-obscured with protective goggles.

“Comfort and hygiene, I guess,” Sam answered. “The less hair I have the less problems there are with the ring.”

“Mmh-hmm,” Becky absently agreed. “Makes sense.”

Becky wasn't at all shy about holding his cock to stretch the skin and get into the little wrinkles and creases on his balls. She even lifted up his testicles to do the sensitive area between them and his anus. The worst part was when she had him get on his hands and knees to spread his cheeks so she could remove the hair around his rear opening. It was embarrassing for him and he couldn't imagine what was going through her head at the time.

When it was all over she applied a cooling lotion and then picked up the shiny steel retaining ring. "Judy made me promise to put your cage back on."

Sam wasn't sure if he should have been excited or upset. "Right," he agreed. "Can't let the husband with a masturbation problem out in public without his chastity cage."

It took some doing because his cock was on the edge of excitement with Becky so near, but she was able to slip on the ring and pop both balls into place through the ring. The resulting problem, however, was that his cock started getting hard again and his blood couldn't easily leave his cock because of the ring.

"She said you were small," Becky commented with the wire shaft in her hand as she looked at his engorged cock, "but I think you're perfectly average." She was on her rolling stool again, between Sam's legs. He could feel her breath on his naked skin.

"Thanks, I guess."

Becky laughed and ran her finger along his shaft once more. Sam's entire universe shrank to encompass only her finger and his cock. "Would you like a blowjob?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, please," he moaned.

The slap was sudden and unexpected, but once he realized what had happened, Sam knew he should have expected such a response. The shaft of his cock stung with the impact. "Judy said you were easy to tempt. And it isn't often that I get a man as handsome as yourself in here. I'd do it, but Judy's a friend…and you're a client." She raised her hand again, but then lowered it. "You enjoyed that, didn't you?"

"Yes," Sam admitted.

“You might like pain more than you realize.” Her hand went to his balls and she squeezed, gently at first, but then with increasing pressure. “Do you like this?”

“No,” Sam grunted and then immediately changed his answer. “Yes!”

Becky laughed and abruptly slapped his balls. He gasped in pain; the application of the ice bag to his tender flesh didn’t help much with the pain, but it went a long way in reducing the size of his erection. In short order Becky had the birdcage back on his cock and was locking the unit back together. With her nimble fingers Becky had no difficulty fitting the PA ring into the slot and attaching the lock to that as well.

“I’m starting to think that maybe my boyfriend could use one of these,” Becky said as she stood up. “He likes to be teased.”

“Maybe he would like it.” Sam couldn’t resist adding. “You should ask him about it and get him one whether he wants it or not.”

Chapter Eleven

“Do you like him naked?” Judy asked Lee. “I like him naked. He looks good naked.”

“He’s not really naked,” Lee said as he reached out to grab Sam’s cock where he stood next to the table. “He’s fully dressed in his chastity cage.”

“Well, there is that,” Judy agreed. “But he’s more than just a cock to me. Not much more, but more.”

Sam had never been a fanatic about working out but he was glad that his time in chastity had given him more time for exercise. Oddly, the small cock cage wasn’t a distraction when he was at the gym or out running the roads. And because of the extra exercise, he was in better shape than he had been in a long time.

Lee held Sam’s cage a moment longer than was socially acceptable, if there was a level of acceptability when a man may hold another’s caged cock at the dinner table. Judy had invited her lover over for dinner cooked by Sam. He was also the one waiting on them in full uniform: a cock cage and nothing else. They all knew what was going to happen after dinner.

For their part, Lee and Judy either pretended Sam wasn’t in the house or was simply a waiter at a small, private restaurant. It was a fun game for the three to play and no one except Sam noticed when his cock tried to get hard when the two lovers would kiss at the table. Sam knew his feelings of jealousy were out of place when Lee fondled Judy’s tits because his cock would strain to break free of the steel cage and immediate be forced back under control. The dinner was a constraint strain on his emotions and his cock.

When it was finally over Judy instructed him, “Clean up the dining room and kitchen and then join us in the bedroom.” Although he hurried through the entire process of clearing the table, washing the dishes, stacking them carefully to dry, and cleaning the countertops, Judy still said to him when he presented himself in the bedroom, “What took you so long? We had to start without you.” She was on

her knees in front of Lee who was bare-chested and had his large cock hanging out of his fly. Judy had dressed for the evening and had already removed her red dress which revealed her black stockings held up by a garter belt. A bustier kept her tits under control while her sex was hidden by a modest pair of black panties pulled on over the garters.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized.

“I had to get Lee hard all by myself,” she said after licking his cock from balls to tip once more. “You can take over for a minute while I grab something.”

Sam just nodded and knelt down next to his wife. She watched intently while her husband grabbed the other man’s big cock by the base and put his lips on the head, slowly letting the length penetrate deeply into his mouth. Although it wasn’t really wrong especially because he was fellating Lee to please his wife, in the back of his head Sam could hear the schoolyard taunts of, “Fag! Fag! Fag!” The taunts had never bothered him back then because he never considered himself gay and had simply laughed off the insults because they were so misplaced. They were oddly accurate now. And even though Sam had no shame in what he was doing he didn’t want this to become public knowledge.

While he was lost in his thoughts and enjoying Lee’s cock, Judy had disappeared and now returned with another command. “Okay, up on the bed, Sam. Hands and knees, spread them wide.”

Even though they had talked about what they were going to do, Sam was nervous and afraid, but he didn’t let his wife or her lover see that. He did as ordered and tried not to flinch away when she carefully began painting the entrance to his ass with the lubricant she had retrieved.

“Are you ready for him?” Sam wasn’t sure who the question was directed at so he remained silent.

“You need to lube me up too,” Lee said, presenting his big and still erect cock to Judy. She happily complied, rubbing his shaft and head with the lubricant making sure he was slippery and hard. All Sam did was hold still and wait with his caged cock dangling between his thighs. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to be fucked by Lee or if he was just excited to be doing it for Judy.

“Is that good?” Judy asked.

“Better stop before I cum on your hand,” Lee said. “That would be a waste.”

“It would be,” she agreed. “I want to see you fuck my husband. I can give you a hand job any day of the week.”

The only previous introduction to ass play that Sam had had was an occasional finger probing at his anus. This was something else entirely. He tried not to move when Lee knelt behind him, put his hands on his hips, and moved the submissive man around until the correct angle was achieved. Judy moved in close and put her hand on Lee’s big cock as he slowly introduced it to Sam’s bottom.

“Oh wow!” she exclaimed. “The head slipped right in!”

“The magic of lube,” Lee grunted. “Just relax, Sam. I’m going to go as deep as I can.”

The initial probe wasn’t bad but Sam quickly felt himself filled up by the massive tool Lee was wielding. Maybe it felt bigger than it actually was, but it was also the first time anyone had used Sam’s ass.

“Oh, for a virgin, he’s good,” Lee said.

“He is?” marveled Judy. Sam heard the unmistakable sound of them kissing. His wife was right next to him and a moment later she kissed him as well.

“He’s a natural,” Lee complimented as his hips started to move slowly and steadily back and forth. Sam found the sensation odd and arousing at the same time, but while his normal reaction would have been to get hard and grab his cock, he was thwarted in both respects by his cage.

“Make love to him,” Judy said as she laid on the bed next to the two men joined in love’s embrace. She tucked her fingers into her panties to play with her pussy as she watched her own private sex show.

After a minute Sam was able to relax enough to enjoy being buggered. It wasn’t bad at all. He couldn’t get hard and respond in kind, but Lee didn’t mind at all. It was Sam who remained frustrated.

“He’s nice and smooth,” Lee commented, running his hands over Sam’s ass and

then reaching around to cup his naked and dangling balls. “I like that.”

Judy sighed, her fingers still busy with her pussy. “I had that done for you.”

“You should do it as well,” Lee suggested. “Then you two will be a matching pair.”

While Judy laughed Sam started breathing heavily and struggled slightly to get away from Lee’s cock. For his part Lee held Sam in place. Judy intently watch the two struggle.

“Oh god, oh fuck,” Sam moaned.

“What’s the matter, honey?” Judy asked.

“I don’t know.”

Lee stopped pumping his cock into Sam. “Am I too big?” he asked with a somewhat self-satisfied grin.

“Don’t stop!” Sam pleaded.

Lee chuckled a bit and resumed his thrusting. “He’s okay. He just wants to cum. Sometimes men are like that the first time they get fucked in the ass.”

“He’s not going to cum,” Judy said. She was on the edge herself but didn’t want to spoil the moment, not yet. “That’s what his cage is for.”

As if in direct defiance of Judy’s assessment, in the next moment thick white spunk erupted from Sam’s caged cock. The piece of flesh was trying to get hard, but it couldn’t because of the steel wires, yet he managed to emit out six heavy spurts of semen. Sam cried out, partly from the pain on being caged, partly from the joy of cumming, and partly because of how strange it felt cumming from being fucked in the ass.

Judy just stared in surprise. Sam’s cum landed on the bed sheets; she didn’t even try to catch what her husband offered up. When her surprise passed, she laughed nervously. “I guess he can cum after all.”

“Ready for my load?” Lee asked, he didn’t direct the question to anyone in

particular and Sam didn't have presence of mind to answer. Judy's fingers were too busy in her pussy for her to bother answering. Taking a lack of protest as permission, Lee let go and came in Sam's ass. The submissive man barely felt Lee's ejaculation, he was still too wrapped up in the remains of his own orgasm.

"You've fucked men before, having you, Lee?"

Her lover carefully pulled his cock out of Sam's ass, letting him whimper with the loss of sensation. "Yeah, a few times."

"It's hot," Judy declared pulling her finger from her pussy and licking them. "I never realized gay sex could be so hot."

"Sex with a man is completely different than with a woman," Lee confirmed. "I like variety."

"I never would have guessed you—or Sam," she added running her fingers along Sam's cheek as he still panted from the fucking he had received, "would have gone that way."

"I told you I was bi," he confirmed. "What about you, Sam? Do you think you're bi?"

Judy's wife shook his head. "No."

"You sure enjoyed Lee fucking you," Judy said.

He looked deeply into his wife's eyes. "I did it for you."

She smiled. "Thank you." She shivered with excitement. "And I'll want to see it again."

The bed shook as Lee climbed off and headed to the bathroom.

"Does it hurt?" Judy asked Sam, indicating his still restricted cock. Even though he had just cum, his cock was still trying to get hard in the cage.

Sam shifted a little. Both his cock and his ass hurt. "A little."

"Do you want to be free?" she asked him and tugged at the thin necklace around

her throat, fondling the small key hanging from it.

“Yes,” he begged.

“Come here.”

He walked on his knees up to her where she remained reclined back against the pillows. With a few careful breaths Sam calmed himself enough for Judy to open both locks and slip of the metal cage. “So handsome,” Judy complimented him, stroking his cock as it immediately got hard and stood up from his body. “I like the look of the ring,” she said. “I didn’t think I would, but it makes you look so much more manly.” Her eyes flicked to the bathroom. “Even next to Lee’s big cock.”

They hadn’t had sex—proper, real sex—since he had been pierced. The moment Judy started stroking him he knew what they were going to do. “Come here,” she encouraged him, pulling him by the cock, getting him down between her legs. Sam pulled her panties off, tossing them aside. He pulled her down and they started arranging their bodies like a married couple that knew each other too well. Right before he was about to push his ringed head between her lips, Judy grabbed him by his cock’s base, holding him by the metal ring still “This, off,” she said. “You’ll fuck me in the raw.”

It was all but impossible to slip off the metal retaining ring while sporting an erection. There was just too much blood inside his flesh. Judy’s eyes flicked over to the bathroom door where Lee was now standing, watching. Sam didn’t dare look. He didn’t know how he would react to the presence of his wife’s lover. Instead he looked down at his cock and considered what to do. Forcing his right testicle through the ring first was the easy decision. His left hung lower and he figured the right would be easier. It was all a matter of willpower and pushing his body to the limits of his pain threshold. He was certain he felt the pop as he forced his testicle through the ring, but was straightaway rewarded with a loosening of the ring. Pushing the left testicle through was easier and then it was simplicity itself to slip the ring off his cock. Now he was fully free and he smiled.

“Very good,” Judy complimented him. She took hold of his cock and ran her fingers over his smooth, hairless skin. “Very, very good.” From there it was an easy decision to pull him all the way into her pussy. They fucked rapidly and

without reservation. It was easy for Sam to forget Lee was watching them. Judy never stopping thinking about her lover watching as her husband fucked her. “I can feel your ring in me,” she told him. Sweat was dripping off his face; he was concentrating so he wouldn’t cum too soon. More than anything he wanted to please his wife.

“Is that good?” he asked. Anything for a distraction.

“It’s very good. Did it hurt to cum with it in?”

Sam shook his head. “No. It hurt because I was in the cage.”

“Can you cum again, right now?”

“I’m trying not to,” he panted.

“I want you to cum,” she told him. “I want you to cum right now.”

That was all the encouragement he needed. Sam pumped her two more times and then came in her. It didn’t hurt this time. It felt wonderful. There wasn’t as much to his second orgasm, but that was okay. His enthusiasm and orgasm was enough to give Judy her climax.

Judy kept her legs entangled around his, keeping him in place inside her. She kissed him. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“But now I want you off me,” she giggled in his ear.

“Why? Am I too heavy?”

Judy shook her head. “No. I want you to watch while Lee fucks me.”

Chapter Twelve

“Did you like last night?” Judy asked Sam as she sipped her coffee. Lee had left late, in the middle of the night, after he had fucked Judy twice more in front of Sam who hadn’t minded in the least. He took great pleasure in cleaning her pussy for Lee each time after he finished in her pussy.

“I loved it.” Judy had allowed Sam to stay cage free through the night, only putting his chastity cage back on in the morning after he had fucked her one more time. Either he had gotten so used to wearing the cage or he was a true, full submissive, because it felt odd to have his cock free and uncaged unless he was having sex. Being caged was his natural state he had decided.

“Want to do it again sometime?”

“What, watch Lee fuck you?” he asked. “Sure. That would be great.”

She shook her head. “No. I want to watch Lee fuck you.” There was no teasing smile on her lips, just a lusty shine in her eyes. “Want to do that?”

Sam didn’t hesitate in answering her. “I’d be happy to, if that’s what you want.”

Judy’s hand went to his lap and felt his hardness, the hardness of his cage, through his pants. “That’s what I want.”

They met at Lee’s house. Lee wanted them both there because he had already fucked Judy in his bed and it felt right to even the score with Sam. After Lee answered the door and ushered them inside to the kitchen, the married couple stopped short upon seeing Alice sitting at the kitchen table. She stood up and extended her hand to Sam. “Hello. I’m Alice, Lee’s wife.”

Automatically Sam shook her hand but looking questioningly at Lee and Judy. “What’s going on?” he asked.

It was Alice who answered. “It would be rude for your wife and my husband to

have sex and not give me the opportunity to watch."

"Oh." Sam understood his place in the order of things.

"Lee didn't tell me about this," Judy said, a bit upset at the turn of events.

"A wife's prerogative," Alice said. "I get to say who he does and doesn't have sex with."

Judy looked at Lee. "Is that how it is?"

Nervous, Lee looked away and then right back at his lover. "Yes."

"You should have told me."

"Sorry."

Moving her eyes from Lee to Alice, she said, "He's supposed to fuck Sam tonight, not me. Not necessarily."

Alice smiled, her eyes shining. "That's fine. There's nothing more beautiful or masculine than two men fucking. I've seen Lee do it before."

That stabbed Judy in the heart. She had only seen Lee have sex with Sam once. Alice had apparently seen her husband have sex with many different men.

"Okay then," Judy said, not knowing what to do next.

There was no hesitation in Alice's voice when she asked, "Is it true that you keep Sam's cock inside a little cage?"

Judy didn't answer her directly. "Sam, take off your pants and show her your cock."

Sam was proud, eager, to show off his cock. He unbuckled his belt, lowered his zipper, and pulled down his pants and underwear to display his manhood.

Encased in the chastity belt to Alice's eyes his cock almost looked threatening, like a dangerous caged animal. But it was caged and not a threat at the moment. She reached out and grabbed the metal covered flesh. "Wow. That's fantastic." She ran her fingers over his exposed skin. "And so smooth. Waxing?" she asked

Judy.

“Laser removal.”

“Even better.” Alice let go. “But I’m here for a show. Shall we all go to the bedroom?”

The small group headed upstairs. The moment Lee was through the door he walked up to Sam and kissed him fiercely. Sam was shocked but returned the kiss, deciding to go with the moment and give a good show. Lee pulled at his clothes and soon Sam found himself naked but caged. The men went to the bed, Lee pushing Sam down on to his back as they continued to kiss. It was strange kissing a man, not be interplay of lips and tongue, but the hardness of the other person’s muscles. Lee was strong and well-built, the complete opposite of Judy. As they continued making out, Sam helped Lee out of his clothes.

“On his back?” Alice asked.

“Uh-huh,” Lee moaned. Sam’s hand had found his cock which was already mostly hard.

“You’re going to need some lube,” Alice said. She removed a tube from the nightstand and stood by, ready to assist her husband. Judy couldn’t believe what she was watching. It was one thing entirely to watch Lee take her husband’s ass when he was excited and in the moment, it was another entirely for the two of them to perform like familiar lovers. She couldn’t help it. Her panties were already wet and her hand went between her legs as she continued to silently watch.

Sam ducked his head down and took Lee’s cock into his mouth. He tasted the salty, slipper precum that Lee was leaking, much like himself. The blowjob was unnecessary, Lee was already hard enough and ready. Alice slipped in between the two men, slathering the lube on Lee’s cock and preparing Sam’s opening as well.

They put a pillow under Sam’s hips, his caged cock pulsing inside the cage, and Lee bent the other man’s legs to open up his ass.

“This is the part I like best,” Alice commented as she pulled Lee’s cock to Sam’s entrance. “Just as he’s about to go inside.”

Lee's cock hovered at Sam's ass for just a moment, and then it sank all the way in as Lee pushed his cock deep into the other man. To Judy's eyes it seemed completely natural, two men fucking, Sam's cock completely constrained, all but useless as Lee used his to pleasure them both.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Alice asked Judy softly, barely whispering in her ear.

"Uh-huh."

"Your husband likes to get fucked in the ass?"

"Yeah," she admitted. Judy wasn't sure if this was actually the case, but it seemed true enough.

"Can he cum like that?" Alice asked in a more normal tone of voice, indicating Sam's cage. The men seemed to be ignoring the women; they were too wrapped up in their own activities.

"Yeah. He can."

"I can't wait to see that."

Judy just nodded and glanced at the short woman next to her. Somewhere along the way Alice had dropped her pants and, like Judy had her fingers inside her panties, playing with her pussy. Alice didn't seem at all ashamed or embarrassed.

"Do you want some help?" Alice asked, indicating Judy's fingers busy inside her open garments. To her own surprise Judy suddenly realized she had pulled up her skirt and pushed her panties all the way off. Before Judy could answer, Alice just reached over and thrust her fingers between her legs, found her clit, and started rubbing. "I'm not that much into women," Alice said, "but Lee likes to watch me."

"He's not watching now," Judy said with a groan, pressing her back against the wall.

Alice grinned. "I'm into women a little bit," she corrected as she rubbed Judy faster, making her pant with anticipation.

Their private party was interrupted by Sam exclaiming, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh

fuck!” over and over. His little cock started twitching, making the cage jump around, as Lee continued to fuck him. “I’m gonna cum.”

“Go ahead and cum,” Alice called to him.

“Shit!” Sam erupted, shooting his white load onto his stomach. It was less shooting and more a steady dribble. His cock was held fast by the cage and he had an ejaculation that didn’t fully satisfy him.

“Beautiful,” Alice said as she kept playing with Judy’s pussy. “Are you going to cum too, hon?”

“Yeah,” Lee grunted.

“Shoot it onto him.”

Lee pulled his thick, long cock out of Sam’s ass. It was still slick with lube and he pumped his cock a few times before unloading it on Sam. His semen was thicker and had more volume than Sam, but after a few spurts it was impossible to tell one man’s cum from the other.

“Beautiful,” Alice declared. She walked away from Judy to approach the two men. Judy was miffed. She had been well on her way to climaxing. As she got on the bed with the men, Alice grabbed her husband’s still rigid cock and ran her thumb along the underside, forcing out the last few drops of spunk. When these landed with a splash on Sam, she lowered her mouth and licked up their combined cum. “Delicious,” she declared as Judy watched wild-eyed. That was something she could never do.

“Is it?” Judy asked.

Alice turned her head. “Is there anything more delicious than a man’s cum? Would you like to try some?”

On unsteady feet Judy walked the short distance across the room and joined Alice for the salty-sweet feast. They took turns licked up their husbands’ leavings from Sam’s stomach.

“Do you like cumming with a cage on your cock?” Alice asked as she allowed Judy the last few drops.

“Yeah,” Sam breathed. “It hurts, but it’s so much more powerful than a regular orgasm.”

“In my experience all men have more powerful orgasms when they get their prostate stimulated. A good ass fucking is the best way to do that, right Lee?”

“Yes dear.”

She fondled Sam’s cage. “We should get one of these for you, so you can see what it’s like to cum when you’re small.” She giggled. “Not that you’re every really small.”

“I’d never fit in that cage,” Lee said.

“They come in all sizes,” Judy said, joining the conversation. “I’m sure something could be found for you.”

Alice smiled. “That sounds like an excellent idea.” She leaned across Sam and kissed Judy, tasting male cum on her lips. “I think I know what’s next for my husband.” She laughed a bit but kept her hand on Sam’s encased cock. “Do you think you could help me out with it?” she asked Judy.

Judy’s heart thumped in her chest. “I’d love to do that.”

Lee looked down at them. “You can’t be serious.”

“You didn’t get him pierced right away, did you?” Alice asked, ignoring her husband.

“No, no. We started with a plastic cage first, but the piercing became necessary when he learned to slip out of his metal cage.”

“I’m not sure if I would want him pierced.”

“I like the look,” Judy told her new friend. “Very handsome. It lets him know who has control of his cock.”

“That would be a good idea,” Alice declared. “I’d be much happier if I knew when you were using this thing.” She flicked the tip of his now faded cock with her fingertips. “I want to know when and where it’s been.” She smiled. “I’m

liking this idea more and more."

Judy sat up. "It was Sam's idea in the first place. But he knew he had a terrible masturbation problem and you can't believe how much this has helped. What's more, it made him a better lover."

"Really?" Alice arched her eyebrows. "I could appreciate that."

"I'm not listening to this shit," Lee complained and headed for the bathroom.

"Don't knock it until you tried it," Sam called.

Alice looked down at him. "You like being in caged up like that?"

"I love it." When he said the words he knew it was true.

"I wonder if Lee will like it."

"Does it matter?" Judy asked. "As long as you like it."

"But how do I convince him to put it on in the first place?" The wheels were turning in Alice's head and Judy could see she was plotting.

"You ask him," said Sam.

"And if he says no?"

"Then you promise him that if he does this for you, you'll give him the greatest desire, the best sexual experience of his life." Judy said. She couldn't believe she was giving this advice, but it only felt natural and helpful.

Alice turned her head. She could hear water running in the bathroom. "He's got a big fantasy of running some wild orgy. I'm not sure that will ever happen."

"It doesn't matter," Sam told her. "The best sexual experience of his life will be you holding him in chastity."

End Part Three

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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