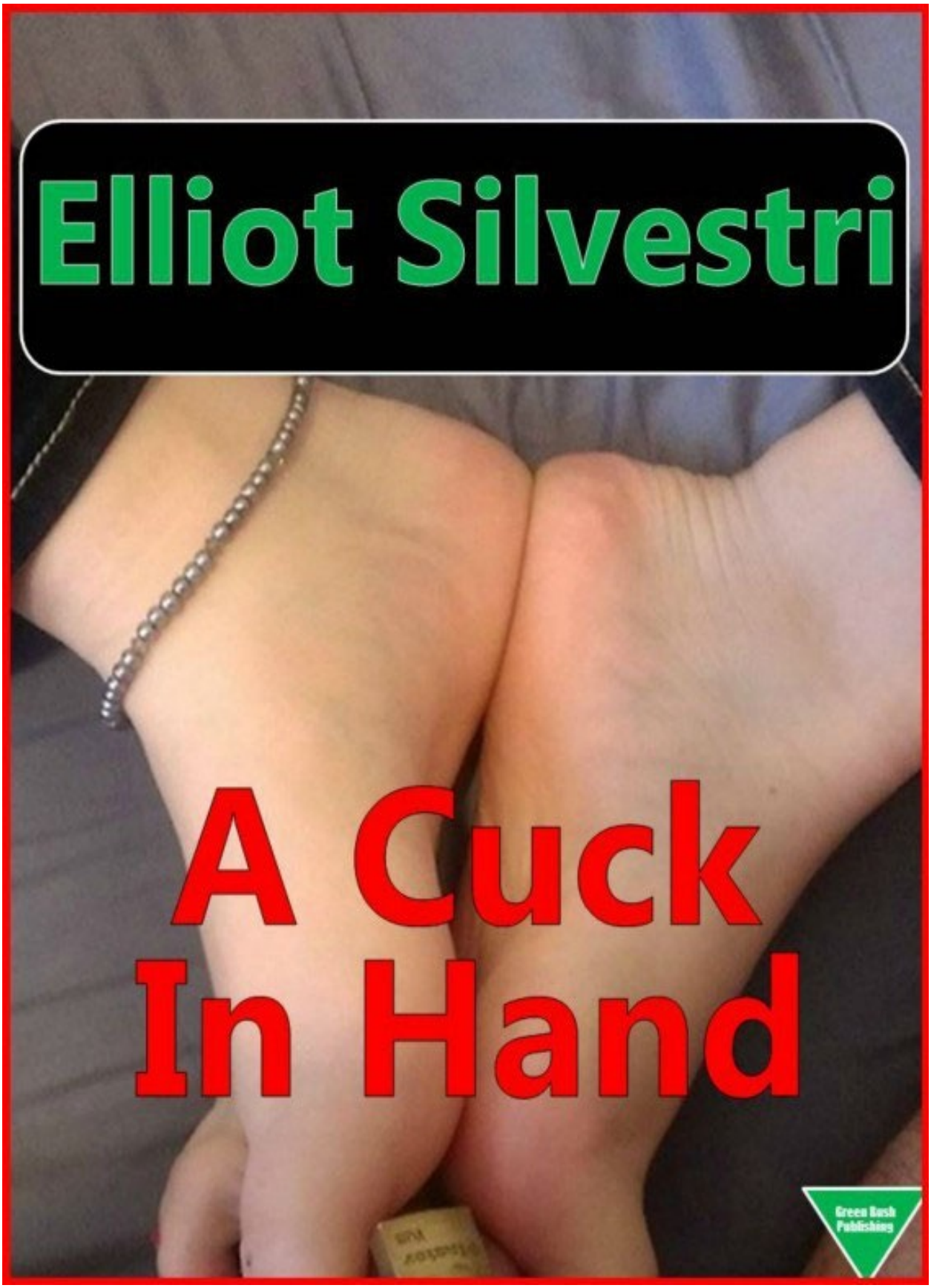
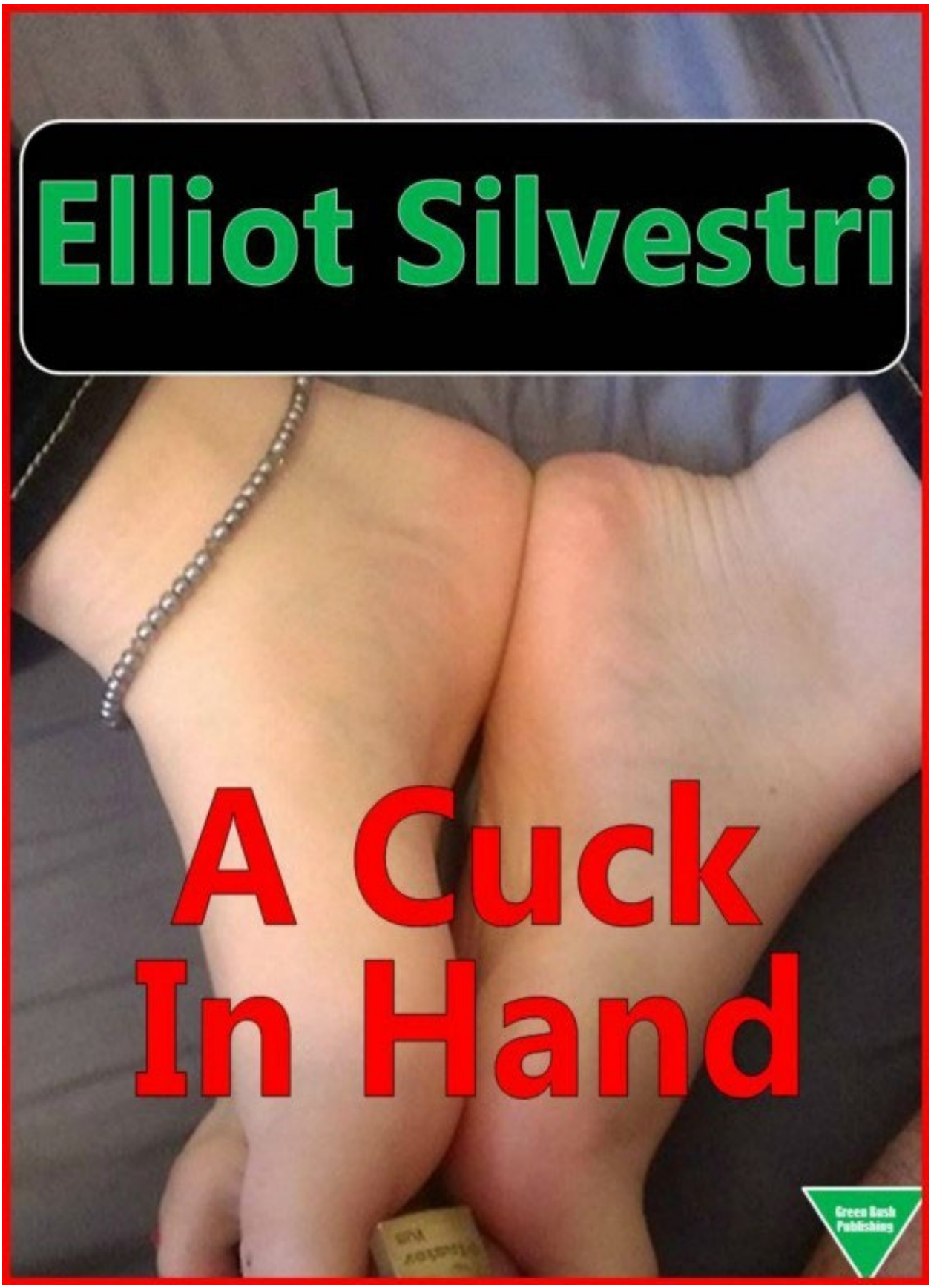

Elliot Silvestri
A Cuck In Hand
Green Bush Publishing


Elliot Silvestri
A Cuck In Hand
Green Bush Publishing

A Cuck In Hand

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright ©2015 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

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

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

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

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

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing’s eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Chapter One

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah. I can see that. But why?”

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

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

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

“How often?” she asked.

“How often what?”

“How often do you jerk off?”

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

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

“Sometimes more,” he amended.

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

“Ha ha.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He grew harder.

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

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

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

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

It wasn’t that deep.

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

“What is?” he asked her, confused.

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

“Okay,” Sam eagerly agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“After dinner,” she put him off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You squirted,” Sam marveled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sam did as he was told.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t want you to kiss me.”

“Why not?”

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

“That’s stupid.”

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

something special for me?”

“Sure,” Sam agreed too quickly.

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

“What?” Sam was completely confused now.

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

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

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

“Um…okay,” he said warily.

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

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

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

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

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

me?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why?” he asked uncertainly.

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

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

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

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

“Pleasing me?”

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes?" he admitted reluctantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay," he readily agreed.

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

"Yes," he answered with an emphatic nodding.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes.”

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

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

“What?”

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

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

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Right,” he gasped weakly.

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

“Sorry,” he panted. “It just hurts.”

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

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

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

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

“Difficult, I meant.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Terrible.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Uh-huh.”

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

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

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

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

“I wanted to make it last longer.”

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

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

between his wife’s legs.

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

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

“My cage?”

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

“I know, and I want that.”

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

“To the bathroom to wash it.”

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

"What are you doing?" she asked coolly.

“Shaving,” he lamely answered.

“Shaving your balls?”

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

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

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

“Yeah, I know.”

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

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

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

“Good.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And they both enjoyed hearing it.

“Yes. That. Exactly.”

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

“Yes.”

“For how long?”

“For as long as you want.”

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

“That sounds perfect.”

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

informed him. “You might not like them.”

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

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

“Uh huh.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

"It's just after one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, I suppose I should…”

“Damn right.”

“What’s the payback?”

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

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

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 cup holder 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 cup holder 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.

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."

Part Four

Chapter Thirteen

Alice didn’t bother asking her husband first. She had made a decision and he would abide by it. Not knowing what would work best for him Alice opted to buy four different sizes and styles of chastity cages and left all four out on the bed one night when she had decided it was time for him to begin his happy suffering.

“What the hell is this?!” he exclaimed when he saw all four devices on his bed waiting for him.

Alice appeared at his side a moment later. “Isn’t it exciting?” she asked. “Which one do you like the best? We’ll try that one first.”

“I don’t like any of them.”

Alice pouted. “You don’t want to play the same game as Judy and Sam?”

“No, not really.”

“What if I promised to fulfill your every sexual fantasy?” she asked playfully.

“I doubt you could make that happen?”

“What if I told you I had six people lined up for a little orgy at our place, all willing to play with you, and I haven’t even asked Sam and Judy yet?”

Lee’s interest was piqued. “Oh?”

“And all you have to do is put on these chastity cages.” She picked up a middle-sized cage, all silicone and plastic. “I bet you barely fit into this one. We might have to go to the largest size.”

As it turned out, Alice was right. The medium-sized cage was too small. She managed to get Lee into it, but it was obvious that even in a completely flaccid state, he was too large for the cage. It soothed his ego for Lee to have to wear the largest of the collection which was again made of silicone and plastic. Alice

could barely see her husband's cock through the translucent material and that made it all the more exciting to view. He didn't protest at all when she put the lock in place and closed it on him.

"Now you're mine until I say so," she whispered in his ear and kissed his cheek.

Try as he might, even Lee's mighty cock couldn't defeat the power of technology. He tried to get hard inside the cage, dealt with the pain, and fell victim to his wife's pleading for some oral attention to her pussy.

Alice let him work for a long time to get her to cum. It was worth the time and effort. When she was done crying out and humping his face with her crotch, Lee asked, "Is it my turn now?" He had an eager grin on his face. He thought it was all a little game.

She shook her head. "Nope. You're going to wear that until I say so."

"How long is that going to be?" he asked, playing along.

"Until the orgy," she told him. "So you'd better do as I say." She reached down and grabbed his plastic covered cock, twisted it just a little bit for better access to his exposed balls, and abruptly slapped them making him double over in pain. "Don't forget who's in charge here."

Lee spent the rest of the night in chastity without a complaint. He was fairly certain he wouldn't have been able to get hard even if Alice had freed him.

Alice called Judy with a proposal. At first Judy was reluctant because it seemed she had, to her way of thinking at least, left the realm of fun experimentation and kink exploration and fallen down the rabbit hole of perversity. But in the back of her mind she couldn't deny that she was enjoying what she was doing to, and with, her husband and Lee. There were certain things she had missed out earlier in life and now she was bound and determined to make up for that. There was no reason to deny herself small pleasures in life and to hell with what other people thought of her private life. It was private after all and none of their business.

Besides, Judy liked having little secrets.

On the outside the get together of the two completely looked completely normal and ordinary, just some friends having a little dinner party together at home. The conversation, however, was not what anyone would expect.

“Why don’t we have them naked?” Judy asked Alice. She was just a tiny bit tipsy from the wine and her words were louder than normal.

“Because that would be rude,” Alice replied with a satisfied grin. “Even at nudist resorts they dress for dinner.”

Judy gasped. “Is that true? How would you know? Have you been to a nudie resort? I’m shocked!”

That made Alice laugh. “Says the woman who keeps her husband’s cock locked up tight in a steel cage. She’s shocked, shocked I tell you, that nudists dress for dinner.” The two women dissolved into peals of laughter. It actually wasn’t that funny, but the wine and the situation made it seem so.

The men smiled and nodded. They knew their wives were up to something, but didn’t know what yet. They were casually dressed, almost alike, in plain shirts and jeans which did wonders to hide the cock cages they wore under their clothes. The women had them clean up after dinner with instructions to go to the bedroom and get undressed when they were done. Once there, they were supposed to wait.

“And no sucking each other’s cocks,” Alice called to them as she disappeared into the guest room with Judy. That was a physical impossibility considering what they had on their cocks.

“You actually like this?” Lee asked Sam as the two stripped down in the master bedroom. He casually checked out Sam’s cock. It was well-contained in the birdcage-like device that hung around his sex. Lee didn’t know if he should have been annoyed Sam wasn’t getting hard or if the other man had been so well-trained by the cage that he no longer got hard except when it was taken off.

“Like what?”

“Being caged up all the time.” Lee’s silicone and plastic cage was bigger and softer to accommodate his impressive cock, which wasn’t all that impressive at the moment considering how it was being forced to stay small.

“Um. Yeah. Well, not at first. I couldn’t jerk off and cum all I wanted, but now, yeah. Judy keeps me happy and the orgasms I do have are much better than the ones I had twice a day.” He grinned. “One gigantic bang a week instead of a dozen pathetic ones.”

“I don’t know,” Lee grumbled. “I’ve been wearing it a few weeks now and I still don’t like it.”

“You have to give yourself over to Alice,” Sam assured him. “Just let her be in charge and you’ll be so much happier.”

Lee was bisexual, which didn’t bother Sam, even though at the moment he was receiving the vibe that Lee wanted to kiss or mess around with him. But that was physically impossible and had been verbally forbidden. The two men had had sex before under the watchful—and excited—eyes of their wives, but being alone and naked together was a different experience. Much to Sam’s relief, Lee was apparently content to wait for the arrival of the women.

Judy wished she had thought ahead to dress a little more sexy than her black lace thong panties and matching bra. Alice had dressed up in a tiny fuchsia g-string that matched a bustier that barely contained her tits. Not that the short woman had all that much in the chest department, but she still came off as looking sexier than Judy. “Help me on with mine first,” Alice said.

The matching toys that Alice had purchased seemed a little silly. Judy knew their intent and purpose but she knew she had to get over her instinct to giggle at them. The strapon dildos were really just fake penises attached to a harness that was pulled on like a pair of panties and then had the straps adjusted. For some reason Alice had bought harnesses that were black and silicone dildos that were purple, more a pretty lavender, actually. Because of her slight frame, Judy wound up adjusting the straps on Alice’s harness to the smallest setting. It took some doing but eventually an impressive done was jutting out from her crotch.

“It looks silly,” Judy said.

“The boys will love them,” Alice declared. “Time to put yours on.”

Alice was more skilled at making the adjustment to Judy’s harness which indicated to her that the smaller woman must have used a strapon before, but Judy didn’t question her on it. When she was done, from the waist down they

looked a bit like twins, or perhaps garden variety dominatrixes in uniform.

“These aren’t too big for the guys, are they?” Judy asked, running her hand along with smooth length of her dildo. It felt nice under her fingers.

Alice shook her head. “Nope. I measured Lee’s cock and these are the same size as what he’s packing.”

“Well, Sam’s taken Lee before, but what about Lee?” Judy grinned wondering what her friend thought about her husband’s bisexual adventures.

“Who knows what’s been up that man’s ass? I’m not worried.”

The two women marched into the master bedroom where the men were waiting. Both were a little surprised at what their wives were wearing. Immediately they knew what was in store for them.

“First one to cum,” Judy explained as per her and Alice’s plan, “has to wear his cage another week. The other guy gets to have his cage off and gets to fuck actually pussy tonight. Two pussies if he can handle it.” A big smile was plastered across her face. It was a ridiculous game and they all knew it, but they all wanted to play it as well. “Ready?”

Alice had already drawn Sam to the bed, pushed him down on hands and knees so she could get behind him. Judy was a bit more nervous with Lee since as far as she knew, he had never been fucked by a strapon before. “I want to see your face while I fuck you,” she said, pushing him down on his back. “Lift up your legs so I can get to your ass.”

His cock was well-contained in its silicone prison. It was odd seeing it dangling half-limply in front of her as she sought out his opening with her fake cock. Lee reached down and helped her find the correct angle in order to push inside him. Once the head had pushed by his tight sphincter it was almost too easy for her to push all the way deeply into her lover. Lee groaned as she sank all the way in.

“Am I hurting you?” she asked, alarmed at what she might have done to him.

“No, no. It just takes some getting used to,” he grunted. “Go slow. But it feels good.”

She nodded and started moving her hips slowly back and forth like she knew men did. The straps and pads on her harness pulled oddly into her flesh, but once she found the right movement to make, it was easy to settle into a nice little routine. And then she looked over at Alice and Sam.

Her husband had a beatific look on his face as Alice worked her big faux cock in and out of his ass. They were an oddly matched pair, but it didn't seem to matter in the moment. Alice had one hand on Sam's upturned ass and the other was reaching around to hold his steel-encased cock. "You like that," Alice was whispering fiercely to him. "You like being fucked in the ass while your cock is useless?"

"Uh-huh," Sam moaned.

"You going to cum for me?" Alice hissed fiercely at him.

It was only then that Sam realized that all this effort was for his pleasure along with his humiliation at the same time. He wasn't sure if he wanted to cum or if he wanted to make it last as long as possible. By the time he had decided to let his body go and let Alice make him cum, Lee was letting out heavy grunts while Judy was laughing in pleasure.

There was a little puddle of cum on Lee's stomach. "Fuck fuck fuck!" he cursed while Judy kept moving her hips back and forth. The harness and the dildo along with her motions were getting her off, and seeing that she had just made Lee cum by fucking him in the ass was the final element to bring around her own orgasm.

Sam had some sympathy for the man getting fucked by his wife. He had cum several times while in captivity. It was painful and it was painfully good at the same time. There was ejaculation and climax while his dick was trying to get hard in the cage; trapped orgasms were the oddest orgasms Sam had ever had. He was certain it was the same for Lee.

"You okay, bud?" he asked.

"Shit. Yeah. I just wasn't expecting that."

Judy continued to giggle at her lover's expense. "Did you like it?" she asked Lee.

“Yeah, well no, not really.”

“But you came,” Judy pointed out. Alice paused for a moment in her motions to wipe some sweat from her brow. She left the dildo in Sam’s ass and he enjoyed the rest from being pounded by her. “You must have liked it a bit.”

Lee just shook his head, not believing his situation. “I guess.”

“Go clean yourself up,” his wife told Lee. “Looks like you’re going to be in that cage another week at least before you get to fuck Judy again. Or me.”

Judy pulled her strapon out of Lee’s ass and allowed him to stagger off to the bathroom. She looked at her husband. “Looks like you win the prize.”

He shook his head a bit. “I think I won because I’m more used to being in chastity.”

Alice shook her head. “No, you won because you won.” She pulled her fake cock out of his ass.

“Oh!” he let out a little exclamation of surprise at the sudden abandonment. Alice laughed at little at him and started loosening the straps around her hips to get the harness off.

“Get out his key, Judy. Time for his reward. I’m going to have him first because I did all the work to get him excited.”

Judy pulled the neck from the necklace she wore. “It’s always a little tricky getting his cage off when he’s excited. You have to do it quick enough otherwise it’s impossible to get him free before he’s too hard to pull it off.”

“You’d better do it then,” Alice said.

Judy worked quickly and efficiently, having performed this procedure many times before with her husband. The lock on the end came off first, and then she unlocked the padlock at the base, slipped it free of the retaining holes, and then, in one swift and smooth movement, pulled off the birdcage case with one hand and forcing one testicle back through the retaining ring.

“Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick!” he exclaimed when Judy rearranged his

anatomy. “That always feels so fucking weird.”

“Take it the rest of the way off him,” Judy told Alice, letting her friend manipulate Sam’s cock. With one testicle already through the small retaining ring it was easy enough for Alice to push the other the rest of the way through and then slip ring all the way off his rapidly hardening cock. What was left behind was the PA piercing at the end of his cock.

“Okay, you’ve got to excuse me,” Alice said. She was already kneeling on the floor as Sam sat on the bed to have his cock freed, so it was a straightforward move for her to lower her mouth onto his cock and start sucking away. He didn’t need the oral stimulation, but Alice wanted to taste the precum he was leaking.

“Don’t,” Sam begged her.

“Don’t what?” she asked, backing off and slowly masturbating him.

“Don’t make me cum in your mouth.”

“You want my pussy?” she teased him.

“He sure does,” Judy told her. Lee had reentered the bedroom and was sadly watching what his wife was doing. “And your husband wants to watch.”

“His cock felt so weird in my mouth,” she exclaimed with glee. “The ring made it bizarre. Hard and soft and hard flesh all at the same time.”

“Put it in your pussy,” Judy said. “That’s even better.”

It didn’t take much for the two to get their bodies aligned with Sam on top. Lee made a miserable little whimper when he saw Sam go into his wife. “Come over here,” Judy told him, pulling Lee by his still-caged cock to the bed next to the copulating pair. “Let’s watch them together.”

Lee didn’t complain. He was certain that if he complained he’d receive some further punishment, most likely a longer period of chastity or being made to cum again with the cage on. Besides, it wasn’t that great a show. Sam fucked Alice with great enthusiasm, but not for very long. Sam’s period of chastity was extensive enough that he was over sensitive and his cock expected—and knew—when it was time to cum. If Sam lasted two minutes inside Alice it was a long

time. Still, judging by Alice's cries of pleasure, it was a pleasant two minutes.

When he was done, Sam rolled off Lee's wife their genitals separating wetly. "You left her a mess," Lee marveled at the sight of his wife's spread legs and their apex a moist, sticky mess.

Judy spoke up. "There's only one way to solve that problem." She gently pushed Lee toward his wife. "You can use your tongue to clean her up."

Lee didn't resist or hesitate. Alice laughed a bit when his tongue reached her used pussy and started lapping up Sam's leavings.

"Okay, is it wrong that this is really getting me off?" Judy asked aloud. Her fingers were busy between in her pussy, keeping her interest primed. She wasn't sure if she wanted to make herself cum with her hand, not when there were two perfectly good men who would help her out, but it felt like a crime not to display and enjoy herself.

"Careful honey!" Alice cautioned Lee as she jerked away from him when his tongue became overly focused on her clit. "I'm sensitive down there right now."

"Sorry," he mumbled into her labia.

"Lick and suck," she told him. "You're supposed to be cleaning me, not getting me off. Sam already did that." She reached her hand out to Sam and grasped his fingers. "Your cock looks so sad," she told him. His manhood lay on his thigh. It was still wet with Alice's girl juice and a bit of his cum. It was small but Sam wasn't ashamed of it, especially now that he had made Lee's wife cum with fairly little effort.

"I just came," he explained.

"And you still need to fuck Judy," she told him. She reached down and fondled him a bit but that did little to get him hard again, in part because she played with the ring going through his flesh rather than his flesh alone. She was barely paying attention to Lee's tongue. He had stopped trying to pleasure her and was actually swallowing Sam's cum now.

"Why do men get off on eating pussy right after another man came in it?" Judy pondered aloud.

Alice pushed Lee's head back for a moment and answered her. "Isn't it obvious?" she said. "They think the other man is going to get her pregnant. Get rid of the other man's cum, fuck her right away and he'll be the one to knock her up."

That made Judy laugh. It seemed over obvious to her and too simple an explanation. "But neither of these guys are going to get us pregnant," she pointed out.

"There's no telling a man the obvious facts of the matter." Alice sighed and pulled Lee's face back to her cunt. "Bring your cock over to me," she said to Sam. "Let me get you hard for Judy."

It was a bit of an awkward stretch, but Sam was able to get his manhood close enough to Alice's mouth for her to twist her neck and suck on him. Lee continued to lap at his wife's pussy while she got Sam hard. She could taste his cum mixed with her pussy on his skin. It didn't take long before he was fully erect. "Go fuck her."

Sam didn't need to be told twice. Normally when Judy released him from his cage he would fuck her right away, rest a few minutes and then fuck her a second time. This was no different except it was with two women instead of just his wife. By the time Alice released him from her mouth Judy was already on her hands and knees ready to accept her husband into her body. It took him a while longer to cum with Judy, partly because he had already shot his first load and partly because he was overly familiar with his wife's body. It was still a passionate display of affection in Alice's eyes. She held hands with her friends as Sam fucked her.

As was often the case in their chastity games when he was released, Sam came first, unable to bring Judy off with just his cock. He emptied what he had left in his balls deep into her and collapsed back to the bed with a satisfied grunt while Judy stayed on hands and knees. She waggled her ass in the air.

"I think I know why she wants," Alice said to Lee as he finished cleaning her pussy to her satisfaction.

"What?" he asked with a bit of anxiety in his voice. He already knew the answer but he needed—or wanted, he wasn't sure which—to be told.

“Well, it’s just rude to leave our guest with a sloppy pussy. Go take care of her.”

The married couple locked eyes for a moment, Alice asserting her will over Lee. It wasn’t much of a battle, not because Alice was so dominant, but because Lee was willing—even if he wasn’t able to articulate his desire—to go down on another pussy that had been filled with Sam’s cum.

Lee got behind Judy and stared licking her swollen labia, searching out the thick drips of Sam’s spunk. He knew he was supposed to feel humiliated at having his nose in his lover’s ass, but truly he didn’t mind. Though he might be loath to admit it, Lee enjoyed being treated this way.

He gave his lover a nice quivering orgasm as he cleaned her out. She just moaned and sighed as he licked away Sam’s cum and then paid special attention to her clit, making her climax. By the time he was done there was a crick in his neck and his tongue was so tired he felt like he couldn’t talk. All the while his cock kept trying to get hard inside the cage and he started to understand why Sam was so enamored of the chastity lifestyle. It wasn’t the restriction, it was the promise that it held. If he was good, behaved himself, and pleased his wife, he would be rewarded with temporary freedom and an incredible orgasm. If he didn’t behave himself, he’d be locked away until he was good. There was a certain attraction in being a bad boy and taking his punishment until it was time for a bit of ultimate release. He learned this between his lover’s legs, with his nose in her ass. It was a properly respectful way to achieve such knowledge.

When he was finally done, he saw that Alice was holding Sam’s metal cage, inspecting and examining it. He shivered once but didn’t show his fear because more than anything he didn’t want to get pierced like Sam. It was one thing to wear a plastic chastity device on his cock, but it was another entirely for his cock to be entirely under his wife’s control.

“I want you to put this on,” she said to Lee. She paused and stifled her smile when she saw the look of panic on his face. “I want you to put this on Sam,” she clarified. “I think it’ll be sexy to watch a man put it on another man.”

With a wry grin, Sam looked at his friend and lay back on the bed, waiting for his wife’s lover to lock him back up in chastity.

“Don’t worry about getting him hard,” said Judy. “He’s pretty well spent. It’ll take him some time to recover.” This wasn’t how she and Sam usually did it, but

it amused Alice, obviously, to see Lee lock away Sam. What particular kink it appealed to, she couldn't say, but she wanted to see it. Alice always got her way.

Over the past few weeks Lee had become familiar with the basic operation of his chastity cage and Sam's wasn't all that different. He was not only familiar with his own cock, but had had sex with enough men to be familiar with how other guys' cocks worked. It wasn't that difficult to get the retaining ring over Sam's cock and balls, though he had a wince of sympathy for Sam when he had to force his testicles through. The sensation of the way the soft flesh popped through felt wrong. Once the ring was in place and Sam's cock was still fairly soft, it was easy to slide on the birdcage shaft and lock the whole unit into place. The final touch was slipping the second lock through Sam's PA ring securing his cock from escape.

When he was done Lee wasn't sure if he admired Sam for his dedication to the chastity process or if he wanted to follow in Sam's footsteps. An earring was one thing—something Lee had worn back in college—but getting his cock pierced was another universe entirely.

He didn't feel the least bit shy or embarrassed about handling another man's cock; he'd gotten over that the first time he'd had sex with another man. That first time he had a curiosity he just needed to satisfy. Every time after that was for the fun of it. While Lee didn't concern himself with hiding his bisexuality, he didn't worry about it a lot either. It was who he was.

"We should have made them have sex," Alice said when Sam was locked up.

"Maybe next time," agreed Judy.

Chapter Fourteen

“I’m not a hundred percent sure I like keeping him in chastity,” Alice said over her phone to Judy. “I’m used to having a lot of sex.”

“It’s a hardship for me as well,” Judy pointed out. “And not to be childish, but it doesn’t get hard for them, does it?”

Alice laughed and nearly drove her car off the road. “The problem is,” she said as she recovered from her near-death experience, “it takes a lot of effort to find a good and decent lover. I can’t just go out to a bar and pick up some random man to fuck. I’ve got my husband in chastity and your husband loves wearing his cage, I’m frustrated and something’s got to give!”

“Don’t his fingers and mouth work on your pussy?” Judy asked a little archly, chiding her friend for her shortcomings.

“They work fine,” Alice said, shifting in her seat. Talking like this often made her panties wet and distracted her. It seemed like the worst way to wind up on the evening news as the cause to the night’s traffic jam was a woman jamming her fingers in her pussy because she was thinking about getting laid. “I just need more.”

“Dildos, vibrators, there’s this thing called the internet where you can find the dirtiest sex toys the world’s most twisted minds have invented.”

“I like real cock.”

“You let him out once a week, don’t you?”

“Well, yes, I’m not a complete sadist.” She sighed and slowed down her car as traffic built. “But that’s not enough. I’m used to having sex three or four times a week, minimum. And that’s usually with someone else in addition to Lee. I stupidly started this when I was between boyfriends.”

“I’d like you use Sam…”

“Yeah, yeah. I already know the ending of the story.” A few months ago Alice had been having a regular affair with Rick, another state office public relations officer, but he was transferred to the city which left her only two regular sex partners: Lee and Sam, both of whom were regularly encased in chastity belts.

It wasn’t that Alice was morally against keeping her husband in chastity. She rather liked knowing his cock was under her complete control. She was the dominant in their sex life and she quickly realized he liked being told when and where to put his cock. The chastity belt was just an extension of that. She knew that eventually it would go away, but for now she liked using it on him because he knew he had no control. She had even once sent him on a date with Judy in the cage without a key for him to give to her. From his report they had gone to bed, and he used fingers, tongue, and lips on her along with a few toys, leaving her satisfied but him frustrated. That turned out to be a benefit to Alice because Lee came home completely frustrated and thrilled to be released and fuck his wife. But that was a special occasion.

“I’ll help you find a boyfriend. The internet is full of potential guys who are more than willing to fuck a married woman as long as there were no strings attached to the sex.”

“Ha. No thanks, I’ll find my own.” She was approaching the hotel where the meet and greet party she had to attend was taking place. “I’ll talk to you later. Hitting traffic.”

The conversation along with her frustration and thoughts of having sex with a new partner for the first time in months had set Alice on the path to winding up in bed. She often wondered if the companies that set up these little affairs knew they were facilitating affairs of their employees and contractors.

There were plenty of men to choose from at the party, but most of them did not meet her standards. Most were too old, well into their sixties which she didn’t risk because she wasn’t going to bed with a man who couldn’t get it up. Far too many were too drunk, having over estimated their alcohol capacity and made fools of themselves as she circulated. Many were married, which didn’t bother her, but that often signified a complication she wasn’t willing to deal with on a one-night stand. Waiters and hotel staff were always an option, but she didn’t usually go for the types who had the short-term jobs hotels offered.

In the end she was going to settle for the least drunk of the younger men who had flirted with her, when another option presented itself.

Alice pressed her hand to her forehead and feigned dizziness. “Ugh. I think I’m a little too tipsy to drive home. I’m going to have to get a room for the night.”

She was sitting across the table from a married couple, Nadia and Irving. They were an odd match, slightly older than Alice, but friendly and attractive enough. It was Irv who was there on behalf of his company and Alice wasn’t sure why he had brought his wife along. Still, the two were outgoing and both were more than happy to flirt shameless with Alice.

“We shouldn’t have bought you so many drinks,” Irv grinned. It was an open bar. He liked stupid jokes.

Alice slowly shook her head. “I just wish I didn’t have to go to bed alone.” She smiled levelly at Nadia. The blonde woman looked sideways at her husband. “Would you walk with me up to the room?” she asked the wife, all but ignoring Irv. In her experience it was better to get the wife’s permission than to ask the husband.

“Sure,” Nadia agreed. “It would be wrong to let a single woman go off by herself into the wilds of the hotel.”

The company had reserved a block of rooms for just this sort of event. It was easy for Alice to acquire a room key and head to the elevator with her escorts. They were silent in the elevator and the conversation in the hallway was little more than asking each other if they were heading the right way.

Alice invited the couple into her room. The moment she was inside she kicked off her high heels and slipped her jacket from her shoulders, tossing it on top of the low dresser next to the television. Nadia and Irv looked momentarily uncomfortable and Alice steeled herself because the first move was the most difficult. She looked at Nadia and said, “Your husband is very attractive. Do you mind?”

Before Nadia could object or consent, perhaps because she didn’t understand what was being asked, Alice stepped up to Irv, embraced and then kissed him. He kissed back. This was the part that Alice liked the most: the first time, the anticipation, the uncertainty as to what the other person was expecting. And to

do it in front of someone else, that was the height of transgression.

When she broke the kiss and stepped back, Alice immediately began unbuttoning her blouse. Once more her gaze went to Nadia. Irv was secondary to the affair; as always it was the wife who was the key. “Are you going to join us?” she asked. “Or are you going to just watch at first?” It was easy to remove her shirt. Alice stood confidently in front of Nadia wearing her bra and calmly unzipped her skirt to drop it to the floor, leaving her in just her panties.

Nadia seemed a little stunned by Alice’s actions. For her part, Alice was a little unnerved, but she always felt that way right before having sex with someone she barely knew. “I’ll…I’ll watch a little first.” The way her words came out made Alice wonder if perhaps Nadia and Irv weren’t nearly as experienced and open as she thought. But that didn’t matter. She was dead set on her course. After a few more kisses and a physical invitation to the bed, Irv and Alice were soon rolling around as he removed his clothes. She was relieved to find that his cock was completely normal, neither large or small and unpierced and uncaged. The only tattoo he sported was a blue ink design on his forearm indicating he once served in the Navy. The only pause in the action was when Alice grabbed her purse and produced a condom that she rolled on to Irv’s cock. Better safe than sorry. He was a risk even if she wasn’t.

During all of this Alice had all but forgotten Nadia. She remembered the wife when she suddenly appeared next to her right after Irv put his cock in her pussy. Nadia had shed all her clothes except for her panties. She lay down on her side next to them, watching. Alice turned her head and grinned in triumph, happy she was fucking the other woman’s husband right in front of her. Nadia grinned back, all of her previous reticence gone. Her hand went down the front of her panties and she said, “Turn over, let him do you from behind.”

Alice was happy to comply, though she wished they had a chance for a longer session in traditional missionary.

“Do you have sex with women?” Nadia asked as she checked to make sure her curly black hair was still bound up in a bun at the nape of her neck.

“Uh-huh,” was all Alice could manage. Irv was already back inside her and was eagerly pounding away.

“Good.” Nadia shed her panties and scooted in front of Alice, opening up her

legs. Irv's wife took a great deal of time grooming her pubic hair into a neat isosceles triangle. Alice knew exactly what to do as she lowered her face to the other woman's sex. The only difficult part was keeping a steady stimulation to Nadia's clit as Irv continued to fuck her from behind.

When they were done, having exhausted a handful of different procedures and Irv had cum twice, his maximum according to Nadia, Alice sighed in contentment. She was snuggled between the married couple. "It's nice to have normal sex with people who are plain vanilla every once in a while, don't you think?"

Nadia burst out laughing. "What's normal about this?"

Alice shook her head slowly. "Everything. If I told you what my life was really like…" She let the statement go unfinished.

"You smell like sex," Lee told her the next morning when she crawled into bed next to him. She had intentionally not showered after leaving the hotel. She wanted the scent of her lovers on her body for Lee to enjoy.

"That's because I had sex with a nice married couple," she told him as she poked his caged cock with her finger. "Is that hard to hear?"

His cock twitched a bit under the soft plastic cage. "Not really. It's soft."

"Would you like me to make it hard?"

"Yes." He tried to make it sound like he wasn't begging, but he was.

"Too bad. Today isn't your day for release. Maybe tomorrow." She had pulled off her clothes except for her bra and panties before getting into his warm bed. "I'm still a little bit horny. Go down on me."

Lee didn't need to be told twice. He pulled off her panties and quickly moved his tongue into her pussy, searching out whatever leavings Alice's lovers had deposited. It was with great disappointment that he looked up into her eyes.

"Sorry, dear, but condoms are still a good idea when having a one-night stand."

Lee nodded and went back to work. Alice closed her eyes and contemplated her life as her husband slowly brought her up to climax.

Chapter Fifteen

“How long has it been?” Judy asked her husband. Sam was kneeling on the floor and was grateful for the thick padded carpet. He was naked but for his cockcage that kept an erection from forming.

“One month exactly,” he said happily. “Thirty days.”

“Is a month thirty or thirty one days?” Alice asked, teasing. “Maybe for the wrong answer we should make him wait another month.”

Sam wanted to protest but he kept his mouth shut. He knew Alice liked to torment him and he wasn’t going to rise to her bait. Not today.

“Oh don’t waste out time with silly semantics,” Judy said, rescuing him. “I just want to see a little guy-on-guy action. Let’s get to it.”

Lee was standing in front of Sam wearing only a pair of jeans. “Strip him,” Alice said. She was behind her husband and watched intently as Sam removed the jeans leaving Lee in just his cage. Reaching around from behind Lee, Alice slipped the small key into his padlock and opened it up. A moment later both the restrictive shaft and the retaining ring were removed which allowed Lee’s big cock to grow to its normal—and huge—dimensions.

Sam took it into his mouth and eagerly bobbed his head back and forth. Lee was already hard so the blowjob wasn’t to get him ready for sex, it was the sex. Judy had kept Lee restricted for almost two weeks; not nearly as long as Sam but much longer than he was used to. That was why he got hard right away and that was why Lee was so close to coming after Sam had only been sucking on him for a minute.

“Oh fuck,” Lee moaned. “I’m not going to last.”

Sam was content. His cock was nice and soft in the cage, like it was supposed to be. He knew he wouldn’t get hard until the cage was off.

When Lee came it was a surprise to them both. Normally Lee could tell the climax was coming and he could ride the wave of pleasure, but today was different. Maybe because Sam was inexperienced at fellatio maybe because of his two weeks caged up. Having a man's cock in his mouth didn't bother Sam, he found the new experience to be interesting if not something more, but when Lee erupted the salty chemical taste of his cum was a turn off to Sam.

That didn't matter a moment later when Judy was pulling him away from her lover and kissing him. He had already been instructed not to swallowing. Judy sucked Lee's cum out of Sam's mouth. She was turned on and eager for some sort of pleasurable release. "Good boy," she whispered in his ear. "I'm proud of you."

Those words were enough to get his cock growing, but the moment he felt the constricting bars of the cage, he shrank down again. "Ready for the big finale?" Judy asked him as she reached for his cage.

"Uh-huh." Sam didn't trust himself to say anything else and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

Barely looking at what she was doing, Judy freed her husband's cock from the cage and slipped off his retaining ring. His body knew exactly what to do and in just a few seconds his cock was almost at its full, but pathetic height. Smiling, Judy kissed the side of his cock, carefully avoiding the head and any accidental and unwanted stimulation, and then then pulled a condom out of its packet to carefully roll it down Sam's short length.

While they had been busy, Alice had been working on Lee who was now on his hands and knees with his ass slightly raised. She worked lubricant between his cheeks, pushing some into the tight puckering orifice. Without asking permission, nor needing it, Alice grabbed Sam's cock and applied some of the lube to Sam's latex covered cock. "Not that he really needs this," she said. "He's had plenty of cocks up his ass before."

Sam didn't have any particular desire to fuck Lee's ass, but after Judy and Alice told him they wanted to see exactly that, he didn't need any further incentive. After his previous encounters with Lee, Sam had grown to enjoy having sex with a man. He doubted the interest would be sustained over a long period, but it was nice to have intimate contact with another person whose body was hard instead

of soft, who was his same size rather than being much smaller and weaker. It satisfied an urge he didn't know he had.

Anal sex with a man or a woman held no particular appeal for him, but once Alice guided him to Lee's opening, Sam gave himself to the moment and pushed his hard cock into Lee. He was glad for the condom; it kept his piercing in place as allowed smooth entry. Once he was in he enjoyed the tight fit and the gasps Lee made as he fucked him. Sam had been in his cage for almost too long. The copulation only lasted a few minutes before he blew his load and pulled out. Judy rewarded him with a kiss.

"Did you enjoy it?" she asked him softly.

"Yes." He wasn't sure if that was the complete truth, but he wanted to please his wife.

"Good, because I'll want to see that again. You've never looked so handsome or so manly to be before."

And that was good enough for Sam.

"I think that you're getting bored with this," Judy told Sam later when they were alone in bed together. She gently shook his cage-covered cock. He was used to her handling him all the time now and he enjoyed it. Just the gesture alone was enough to give him a little thrill, the small action was enough to remind him that she owned his sexuality and he was happy with that.

"No," he insisted. "I'm not."

"It's been a year now," she told him.

He blinked. "A year?"

A nod from Judy told him all he needed to know. "It was a year ago you asked me to put you in chastity so you wouldn't jerk off as much and had better orgasms."

Sam gave it a moment's thought. "Shit. You're right."

“And you still want to do this?” She shook his cage again.

“Uh-huh.” He kissed the side of her neck.

“Even if I make you do things you don’t want to do?”

“Especially if you make me do things I don’t want to do.”

“I’ll hold you to that promise,” she said as she pushed on his shoulders, indicating it was time for him to go down on her. Sam willingly obliged.

Chapter Sixteen

Judy didn't always wear Sam's key around her neck; she only did that when she wanted to assert her dominance over him. She did keep careful track of where it was, either on her key ring in her purse or sitting on her dresser. The emergency key was kept in the envelope in the desk, but Sam had been lucky enough to have never had to use it. This evening as he was watching a movie in the living room, Judy walked in and displayed the key from a small chain that wasn't the one she wore around her neck.

"What?" he asked, temporarily distracted by the movie. "It's not time to release me, is it?" Instantly he was nervous. A change in routine was never a good thing for him.

"No, of course not. I was wondering what you would think if I gave your key away to someone else so I could have a break from being your keyholder."

Sam was confused. "You don't want to be my keyholder anymore?"

Judy smiled and shook her hair off her shoulders. "No, no. I'll still be your keyholder. I'm just wondering what it will be like if someone else had your key for a while. Obviously I'd need to get sex elsewhere…"

"But how would I be released?" Sam asked, confused.

"You'll be released when you earn it," she told him.

"You would do that to me?" he asked. "For how long?"

"That's the exciting part, isn't it?" she asked. "You won't know until you earn it."

"How will I earn it?"

Judy just smiled.

The next day Judy dropped the key to Sam's chastity cage into a small padded envelope while he watched. She even dropped in the necklace she kept the key on around her neck. As Judy addressed the envelope his cock kept trying to get hard inside the cage. It was all too much for him. His heart was pounding in his chest but he couldn't tell her no. As scary as it was, he wanted to play this very dangerous game.

They went to the post office together. Judy made Sam buy the stamp for the envelope and had him drop it into the mail slot. There was a triumphant grin on her face as he turned to look at her. His expression was dazed. "Are you hard?" she asked him as they walked out of the post office together.

"No, but I want to be," he confessed.

Back in the car Judy reached across the console and gripped his caged cock through his pants as he drove out of the parking lot. "If all goes well," she told him, "you'll start working on your freedom tomorrow. We'll get the instructions in the mail. Maybe."

Sam focused on driving and trying to keep his cock under control. In the age of the internet using the mail seemed a quaint way to control his sexuality. "How did you find her?" he asked. "The woman you addressed the envelope to."

"The internet," she replied as she adjusted her sunglasses. "Where else?"

"The address, it's only about an hour away," he commented.

"And don't even think about trying to go there."

As promised, the instructions for Sam's release came in the mail the next day. Instead of a plain envelope they came in a small box addressed to Judy. Sam knew there had to be something in the box but she wouldn't show it to him, not right away. "Tonight," she promised.

When she finally revealed the contents of the box to him, Sam was unnerved but not enough to say no. What he was going to have to go through was just plain humiliating.

“I can’t put that in,” he protested anyway.

“Sure you can. You’ve had Lee’s cock up your ass. This is no different.”

“It’s a princess plug. It’s for women,” he insisted. He wondered if Judy got off on humiliating him or if she enjoyed seeing him so conflicted.

Judy lightly drummed her fingertips on her chin. “Yes, they are often called a princess plug, that’s true,” she conceded, pretending to give more thought to what he said than he actually deserved. “But it’s a nice, deep blue gem. That’s a very masculine color.”

The plug itself was vaguely shaped like a lava lamp, a large base with a flared end, and had a deep blue cut glass jewel set into the base. The business end of the plug would go into his ass so he would display the gem when someone inspected his nethers. Sam wasn’t stupid. He knew what a princess plug was for.

“So what’s the point?” he asked. “You put it in me and send back a note that I followed orders?”

A roll of her eyes confirmed that Judy thought he was an idiot. “Of course not. You’re going to put it in and I’m going to take a picture of it to post to her blog,” Judy corrected him.

After months of laser hair removal treatment Sam was well past being embarrassed at a near-stranger looking at his cock and even his anus. The treatment had made his cock, balls, and surrounding area incredibly smooth and he enjoyed that change in his body, even if it was done at Judy’s insistence. But still, he wasn’t sure if he was ready for internet fame.

The first step was getting the plug in and that proved to be surprisingly easy, much to Sam’s chagrin.

“Just a little bit of lube on the tip,” Judy instructed him.

He gave her a sideways glare. “Why?”

“You want it to slip in easily enough, but you don’t want it so slippery that it slides right back out.”

“How would you know?” he asked.

She shrugged. “Common sense. And that’s what Kathleen said. And that’s what I read on the internet. Sheesh. It’s like you think it’s a big secret.”

The easiest way for Sam to put the plug in was for him to strip down, lay on his back, draw his knees up to his chest, and carefully find the correct angle for his back entrance. He hardly noticed his soft, limp cock laying quietly on his stomach inside the cage. Judy had put a little dollop of lube on the tip of the plug and he carefully smeared that around his anus before pushing it in. With just a little bit of pressure it went in and seated itself like it was specially designed just for him.

Just as he started to lower his legs, Judy stopped him. “Not yet! I need to take a picture.” She had her camera in hand and knelt down at the edge of the bed to focus on Sam’s ass. He went along with the plan because he felt he didn’t have a choice. The flash lit the room several times before Judy said, “All done.” Sam lowered his legs and moved slowly, carefully, allowing his body to adjust to the plug. He could definitely feel it and wasn’t afraid it would easily slip out. When he started to move off the bed, Judy stopped him again.

“Wait. I need some more pictures.”

“Do you want me to roll over?”

She shook her head. “No. Stay on your back. I want to get your face and cock.”

That wasn’t what Sam had agreed to, but he went along with the plan. Again, he felt like he had no choice if he wanted to earn his freedom. He didn’t feel like a porn model even as Judy was snapping pictures of him with his cock in the cage, including close ups. “How many are you going to take?” he finally asked her.

“Just enough,” she said and finally stopped. “Give me a minute, I need to send them.”

“To who?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“To your keyholder.”

“What’s her name?” Sam asked, pressing his luck.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Judy grinned at him while she picked out a quick email on her phone and sent the pictures on their way. Sam realized that the envelope had been addressed to “A. Smith” and he could barely remember the address, the city yes, but not the street. It was probably a fake name anyway. It was more exciting to not know his keyholder’s name he realized as his cock tried once more to get hard and failed.

“What’s going to happen to the pictures?” he asked.

“With any luck they’ll be all over the internet in a day or two.”

Sam shivered, unsure if he was happy or sad with that outcome. Judy noticed his cock. “You like that idea, don’t you? Well, too bad it isn’t Saturday. You don’t get any release until them. Oh! You don’t get any release at all until your keyholder says so. And I’m not your keyholder anymore.”

Sam’s heart pounded in his chest. The words excited him terribly and he wanted to be released and remain in chastity at the same time.

“When do you get my key back?” he asked his wife.

She tilted her head to the side. “What do you mean?”

“You sent the pictures. How long do you think before you get the key back?”

Judy laughed. “Oh, that was just the first demand. You’ve got a lot more to fulfill before I see that key again.”

The next day Sam saw his pictures on the blog that Judy shared with him. The blog had a singular focus: men in chastity. He knew this was a popular kink but he was amazed at the number of obviously amateur pictures that were on the blog.

“Look,” said Judy as she brought the blog back to the short series of pictures she had taken. “You’re famous.”

“I’m not sure I want to be.” His stomach was hard and tight at the sudden revelation to the world at large of his kink.

“You’re not that famous,” she corrected herself. “Look at all these guys wearing chastity cages.” She scrolled through the images. They seemed to be never-ending. Most of them wore the plastic version of a cock cage and were unpierced. “Most of them aren’t really committed, like you,” she complimented her husband. “If they really wanted to be part of the lifestyle, they’d get pierced and be in steel, not plastic.” She clucked her tongue as they passed by a series of pictures featuring a man with a small cock hidden behind not only his translucent cage, but various pairs of women’s panties. “Look at this guy. What do you think of him? Would you like to wear my panties under your clothes?”

Sam frowned at her. “No,” he said bluntly, flatly. “If that’s what they want, fine. But it’s not for me.”

Judy leaned back and asked, “Why?” She was challenging him she knew, proving her dominance over him. Sam was truly afraid. Would she make him wear women’s panties to humiliate him just to prove a point? That wasn’t who he was. HE wanted his wife in charge of his cock, but he had no desire to be feminized.

“I think he’s confused about his gender identity,” he said carefully. “He doesn’t consider himself whole male, but maybe he doesn’t want to be female either. He occupies that hazy space between one and the other. That’s not me. I’m a man. I don’t have any desire or need to be feminine. I like having sex with women.”

“But you had sex with Lee.” She grinned remembering the times. “And you enjoyed it as well. So did I.”

Sam shrugged his shoulders. “Okay, yeah. I was showing off for you because you asked me to. But having sex with another man isn’t the same as wanting to be partly a woman or being feminine. I’m sure some men would argue that having sex with a man is very masculine because of the absence of women.”

Judy regarded him levelly for a moment and then nodded her head. “I think you found the right answer. Plus, I’m not into men crossdressing. Looks like you got lucky twice in your life.”

As he let out the breath he had been holding, Sam’s anxiety faded. Apparently his wife had a limit too.

Chapter Seventeen

The little group only numbered six including Judy and Sam. The hostess introduced herself to Judy as Angie. They greeted each other like old friends. She didn't bother introducing her partner, a man Sam immediately recognized from the blog as her husband. He was easy to place because he was wearing the pink anodized metal cage that featured prominently in the blog. It took Sam a minute to place the other man who was naked but for a heavy cage around his cock. Instead of the open air design that Sam and Angie's husband wore, the third man's cock was completely encased in a tube of shiny steel, giving him a cyborg aspect. Sam knew there was flesh behind the metal, but it was a bit unnerving to face directly. His partner introduced himself a Geoff. It took Sam a minute to realize they were a gay couple. It took him another minute to realize he had seen Geoff's partner on Angie's blog.

The men wearing chastity cages weren't formally introduced to each other or their partners. There was no need. They were the entertainment.

Angie spoke to the group. "You've been invited here tonight for a little contest. You've all been in chastity for at least a month now." Sam nodded to himself. Every day was excruciating pleasure. "Your primary keyholder hasn't had access to your key and we've all come to an impasse over how you should earn your keys back. For tonight only, for one hour, you'll all be unlocked and allowed to orgasm as many times as possible." The three men looked nervously at each other. There had to be a catch. "During that hour we'll collect your ejaculate and whoever produces the most will earn his key back. The losers…well, they'll have to suffer another month." Sam's cock temporarily strained against his cage and then quieted again. "The most will be measured in volume and weight. Don't spill a drop."

The living room furniture had been pushed back for there to be room for all three couples to have space to work. Sam had half expected it to be a round robin tournament with each dominant working the subs' cocks in an orderly fashion. That wasn't the case. Everyone had their usual partner; each dominant was given a wineglass in which to catch their sub's semen. Sam wasn't uncomfortable being naked among the other men, but it was a peculiar situation he found

himself in. He knew that Angie was his temporary secret keyholder and he wondered why she had organized this little competition. He decided she must have some kink that fed into this sort of behavior.

A soft chime indicated it was time to remove the chastity cages. Angie had helpfully put a large countdown clock on the wall. Judy quickly opened both of Sam's lock s and pulled off his cage. The freedom was invigorating and two seconds after he was free Sam was fully erect and Judy was masturbating him.

The first time never took long and Sam found himself resisting the rapidly rising climax he was facing. Judy knew what he was doing because she was carefully watching his facial expressions. "Don't fight it," she chided him. "You need to cum, remember?"

"Right," Sam grunted. "I'm gonna do it."

"I know," Judy said primly as she picked up the wineglass from the floor and held it at the tip of his cock.

Sam was embarrassed at the sounds he made when he came but was pleased to see that every spurt that erupted from him went into the glass.

"Cumming first doesn't mean winning," Angie called from across the room. Her husband was perched on the edge of a chair. She had been kneeling in front of him sucking his cock but was now using her hand. Sam watched for a few seconds and then her husband came; each thick spurt of semen went directly into the glass as well. Everyone was being very careful from the start.

"We never discussed strategy," Judy said to him as she used the rim of the glass to scrape the last bit of semen from his cock. Sam helped by running his thumb along the underside of his cock, forcing out the last drop.

"Just make me cum again, quickly," he said. He hated being late or behind in any endeavor.

The gay couple made a grievous error as the submissive came. Geoff hadn't pulled his mouth off quickly enough and the first spurt of his husband's cock landed half in his mouth, but the rest was well-aimed.

"Gentleman's rules," Angie called to Geoff. "You can wipe off what's on your

face but anything in your mouth is disqualified."

Geoff nodded as his husband glared down at him.

The second orgasm wasn't particularly difficult for Sam, but it did take some time. Judy opened up her shirt and pulled down her bra to show off her tits in order to encourage Sam along. She knelt in front of him and took his cock into her mouth. There was always a risk she would swallow part of his load, but Sam loved a good blowjob and she was willing to take on the risk, but only after carefully setting her wineglass carefully on the coffee table off to side. Sam noted his name was written on the base in Sharpie marker.

"Give me enough warning," she told him. "We don't want to waste a drop, do we?"

Sam shook his head. His wife's mouth was hot and wet on his cock. He'd been trapped in the cage for so long he knew it wouldn't be that hard to cum again in short order.

"If you win I'll give you a special treat," she promised.

"What treat?" Her words were almost a distraction to him.

"What do you want me to do for you more than anything else?"

The question momentarily stumped Sam because having his wife keep him in chastity was a dream come true…and then he was cumming and the question was forgotten. Judy was quick with the cup and once again caught all of Sam's cum.

"Very good," she complimented him.

"Twice in five minutes," he bragged.

Judy glanced at the clock. "Ten minutes. I think you need a bit of a rest before you go again." She handed him one of the bottles of water Angie had set out. "Drink up. You need to stay hydrated for this."

Around the room the other two couples were still working toward their second orgasms. Sam did some quick calculations and figured he could cum at least four

times before the hour was up. Maybe with a bit of luck it would be five times. But, he reminded himself, it wasn't the number of orgasms, it was the total volume of cum. He gulped down most of the contents of the bottle as he watched and waited for his cock to recover.

When Judy had judged the right amount of time had passed, Judy went back down on her knees and took his cock in her hand. "I'm doing this for me, not for you," she told him right before putting his cock in her mouth. The blowjob lasted a good fifteen minutes before he could manage to cum. "That's half an hour," she told him indicating the clock. "Ten minutes of rest and then back to work. If we're lucky we'll get two more loads out of you before the hour is up."

Sam nodded and put his head back on the couch pillow to rest for a minute. Sex had gone from a reward to an expectation to perform.

He was halfway asleep from exhaustion when Judy told him, "Open up your legs." She crawled between them and took his cock in her hand. Sam's eyes opened up and he looked around the room. The other two men were being worked on by their partners. He glanced at the other wineglasses but couldn't rightly judge who had the most cum yet. "Get your butt down to the edge," she ordered. "You're going to need a little help getting hard this time."

The agreement at the start of the competition prohibited the use of vibrators or other artificial stimulants. That didn't prohibit Judy's finger from going up his ass. It didn't surprise him; he knew he needed it. Two minutes later he was hard and she was sucking on him.

"Why are you doing this?" Sam asked Judy. "What's in it for you if I'm free again?"

She took her mouth off his cock and smiled up at while slowly masturbating him. "Who says you're going to be free. I'm the one winning your key. You're going right back in chastity."

That made him cum.

He glanced at the clock and saw he had fifteen minutes left. "One more go?" he asked her.

Angie and her husband looked like they were done. Geoff was anxiously sucking

on his husband's cock but it was completely soft. It wasn't like Sam had that much of an advantage over them. He was completely limp as well. Small and limp.

"What do you need?" Judy asked, her eyes bright with anticipation.

"Your pussy."

Judy quickly shimmied out of her jeans and panties. They revered positions on the couch and Sam sent to eating her pussy. She was already wet; he just needed to get himself hard again. When only five minutes remained Sam pulled back and moved close between Judy's legs. He was barely hard, but it was just enough to enter her.

"Make it quick," she ordered.

Sam fucked his wife as best he could, but he didn't have much energy left in him. He was certain it wasn't going to happen.

At one minute left Angie called out a warning. She and her husband were done, but Geoff was still enthusiastically sucking on his husband. "Pull out," Judy told him. "Come all over me," she encouraged him. Sam did as she asked; his semi-hard cock looked more pathetic than normal. "Use your hand. Shoot that load on me." Her hands went down to her pussy where she played with her clit. At that moment Sam realized she hadn't cum once that night. He felt ashamed because of all the effort she had put into making him cum and she hadn't received a single reward. The shame was overwhelming. He came, but it was a pathetic amount. It was just little more than dribble over Judy's tummy and hand.

"Time," Angie called.

Judy scraped the little bit he had dribbled out into the wineglass.

On the drive home Sam was happily secure back in his birdcage. Without it he felt naked. Judy's hand rested in his lap and she gave his steel cage a squeeze. "Comfortable?" she asked him.

"Yes."

“Good. You’re going to be locked up for the next two months,” she promised as she fingered the key around her neck.

“Is that my reward?”

“No. You’re reward is getting to watch me and Alice fuck next weekend.” She took her hand off his caged cock. “Too bad you’ll still be in chastity and won’t be able to join in.”

Did you enjoy this story? Rate it on Amazon or Smashwords.

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.

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

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

A Cow's Tale

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 3

The Erotic Novels of Elliot Silvestri

The Green Bush Farm Collection

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 7

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 8

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity