


# 3: FILLED

## AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING AND CUCKOLDRY

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bush Publishing




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# BULL

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**An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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BULL 3: Filled

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Chapter 9

Watching Diane put Jimmy's cock back into his chastity cage wrecked my mind. I didn't have to watch, but I did. I don't know what is wrong with me.

I learned that putting a chastity cage on is a fairly simple matter. Ring behind the balls, curved shaft carefully slid up Jimmy's small, thin cock. A small, simple padlock secured everything away.

After watching I was one hundred percent positive I did not want that happening to me.

To each his own, but I liked having my cock out where I could use it anytime I wanted.

Once he was locked up, Diane made Jimmy strip the sheets off the bed. We went to a guest bedroom for some privacy while he did his domestic chore.

It felt like I was about to get a lecture from a teacher about adult responsibilities.

"Would you like a blowjob?" she asked me.

"Uh...normally I'd say yes, but I'm a little confused after seeing his small cock and the cage you make him wear."

"I don't make him wear it."

I blinked. "Come again?"

"I'd love to, but you'll have let me give you a blowjob first," she joked.

"What?"

She rolled her eyes. “I don’t make him wear it. He wants to wear it. Something about wanting to prove he’s faithful to me while I fuck other guys. He says he loved the feeling of it on his cock and the psychological mindfuck it gives him.”

“Okay then.”

“So would you like a blowjob?”

“Uh…”

“You can spend all night with me,” she offered. “We can fuck in my bed once Jimmy puts the sheets back on. He’ll spend the night here in the guest room.”

“That’s very generous.”

She laughed at me. “You mean that’s very kinky. We haven’t done this before. An overnight guest with both of us in the house. It’s something that Jimmy really wants. He’s got a bunch of fantasies he wants to live out.” She smiled at me. “He told me he loves your cock and how big it is and how it stretched me out.”

“Thanks?”

“Want to hear some of the other things he wants to do?”

“I know I’m going to regret saying this but...sure. Why not?”

Her smile was sly. “I’m not going to tell you. If he wants a special fantasy fulfilled, he’s going to have to ask you.”

“Ask me? Why?”

She just smiled. “How about that blowjob? Or would you rather go home without one?”

“Can I fuck you in the ass?” I asked her just to see how far I could push her.

“Maybe. But we can do that on the big bed. Not in here.”

We went back to her bedroom. Jimmy was just finishing making the bed. No one was wearing clothing but it was strange to see Jimmy’s cock mostly hidden by the cage he wore.

It was only then that I noted he was basically devoid of pubic hair.

Glancing over to Diane I noted that her pussy was hairless as well. She had shaved for me and I hadn't noticed at all.

In my defense, I was trying to stuff my cock into her pussy at the time, so I was distracted.

"You shaved for me," I said happily.

"Well! You finally noticed!" she laughed, half-complaining. "Jimmy hates my bare lips, don't you, honey?"

Jimmy frowned. "It's fine. Your bull has the right to tell you how to style your pubes."

"You don't have any either," I pointed out.

"It's easier to wear a cock cage without any pubes," Diane answered for him. "No pinching or pulling and it goes on easier."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"You need to spend the night in the guest room dear," Diane said firmly to her husband. "Justin is spending the night and he wants to fuck me in private." She smiled.

I thought I saw Jimmy's lower lip quiver. "But…"

"No buts! If you're good I'll let you eat me out in the morning." She gave him a quick kiss on the lips and gently, but firmly, showed him the door.

Spinning around she asked me a question I never thought I'd hear in my life. "Want to take out my princess plug and fuck me in the ass?"

Oddly, the answer to her question was yes.

She hopped back on the bed and wiggled her ass at me.

"Pull it out, but be careful," she said to me just as I reached for the brightly colored jewel between her cheeks.

I paused and immediately thought of a dozen different scenarios that could end in disgusting misadventure.

“Why do I need to be careful?”

“Don’t just yank it out. You need to ease it out.”

“Oh. Right. That makes sense.”

“The first time I used anal beads, I pulled them out a little fast.” She laughed ruefully. “Never again.”

“It didn’t seem to stop you from ass play,” I commented as I curled my fingers under the edge of the big fake gem. It was slippery, partly from her amrita, but I suspected that she had greased up the plug with something to get it in her ass in the first place.

She wiggled again and I lost my grip on the device. “No. It didn’t. I love being fucked in the ass. I’m just afraid to take something as big as your cock up inside me.”

“You offered…” It would be the first time I ever had anal sex. I was more excited than I wanted to admit.

“I know. That’s why I’ve had this plug in for hours! I’m good and horny and worked up and this is my biggest plug so I should be able to take you.”

“Your biggest plug?” I was dumbfounded.

“Yeah. I’ve got several of different sizes.”

“For all occasions?”

“Depends on what I’m looking for.” She looked over her shoulder at me. “What are you waiting for?”

I tried again. This time I knew what I was doing. Sort of. I got my fingers under the gem and started pulling.

Her anus puckered and started opening up but the stem from the gem pulled out

the shiny silver vaguely lava-lamp shaped plug from within her.

It seemed like I was pulling forever. The diameter of the plug seemed to grow and grow to some horror movie ridiculous size until finally it crowned at the largest size and her body suddenly seemed to expel the huge toy.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed. Maybe it wasn’t the best choice of words.

“Ooh,” she moaned. “I love it going in. And I love it when it’s in. And I love it coming out.”

I briefly inspected the toy. Its shine was slightly diminished by the lube that clung to it, but it appeared to be feces-free.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” asked Diane. “Are you going to stick it where the sun doesn’t shine or what?”

I didn’t want to admit I was nervous and I didn’t want to tell her I was worried about hurting her. The princess plug I had just extracted from her was large, but in comparison to my cock, it wasn’t that large.

“Lube?” I asked like a pro. Diane’s pussy didn’t need lube, but I’d been with plenty of women who had needed that extra bit of slipperiness. Not that I was going into Diane’s pussy again.

I was going to fuck her ass. Lube didn’t just seem like a good idea. It seemed entirely one hundred percent necessary.

With a groan of annoyance, Diane crawled across the bed, reached into an overly elaborate nightstand, and pulled out what seemed to be an industrial sized bottle of lube. She took a generous handful before handing it over to me.

I watched as she applied it to her ass. Knowing what was expected of me, I greased up my cock and we got back into position.

“Just take it easy on me,” she said as I lined myself up.

“Will do.”

“I love your monster cock,” she said as I pressed the head against her anus.

“That’s the sex hormones talking.”

“I hope so.”

“Scream if this hurts,” I said before pushing forward.

It wasn’t like entering a pussy at all. It was...strange.

I was glad that she was experienced in this sort of sex. I had no clue what I was doing.

“Keep going,” she encouraged me.

Getting and staying hard had never been a problem for me. That was good because in this situation I was more focused on not failing than I was in enjoying it or in pleasing Diane.

I wasn’t more than a quarter of the way in when Diane said, “Oh my fucking god…”

“Yes?” I smartly answered. It was nice that she considered me a god. A sex god.

“Don’t go any further. I’m completely full up.”

“I’m barely two inches in.” I wasn’t telling the full truth.

“Jimmy hasn’t been this deep before.”

“His cock isn’t that small,” I told her. “Just a little deeper.”

I wanted to be inside her. All the way inside. I didn’t want to hurt her, but she needed my cock in her. At least, that’s what I thought.

I pushed.

She screamed.

I stopped.

“Sorry.”

Diane said nothing, but I suddenly realized that her hand was extremely busy between her thighs. She was obviously playing with her clit and I didn't fault her for that. Hell, getting fucked in the ass and masturbating at the same time probably felt incredible to her.

"That was a pleasure scream," she said.

"Okay," I agreed.

I had already decided that anal sex, while interesting, wasn't nearly as fun or satisfying as regular old penis in vagina.

I didn't tell Diane that however. It was a good thing that I didn't.

"How much of your cock do you have in me?"

I looked down closely at the intersection of our bodies. "Uh...half maybe. Four or five inches."

"Okay, don't put any more in me, but keep fucking me. It feels really good."

I shrugged. "Can do."

While it would have felt great to plunge all the way in and feel the entirety of her body against mine, I respected her wishes.

From this session I discovered a couple of things. First, Diane did love getting fucked in the ass. Even though she kept her hand busy playing with her clit, she loved it when I pushed my cock into her.

Second, I could control myself when it came to anal sex. It didn't drive me wild, but I could appreciate how Diane enjoyed it.

Third, I didn't like anal. Fucking an ass wasn't nearly as enjoyable as fucking a pussy. Maybe other guys got off on the rules breaking aspect of anal sex, but it just felt too tight (maybe because I'm big) and not wet enough and not accommodating enough.

I still made her cum a couple of times.

Well, she came from being fucked in the ass and playing with her clit, but Diane wasn't complaining.

I knew it was taking too long and I didn't want to hurt her and I just wanted to be done with the whole affair.

We had already stopped twice to apply more lube. The third time I pulled out, I just added lube to my hand and jerked off, shooting my load onto her ass and back.

"You could have cum in my ass. I don't mind."

"It's all good."

She collapsed to the bed. "You aren't an anal virgin any more," she told me with her wry grin.

"Don't tell all the other boys. They'll want special treatment as well," I joked. "Let me get a washcloth to clean you up."

"I could just call Jimmy in here. He can lick it up. He'd like that."

I froze halfway to the bathroom. "Uh...that's okay. I don't...he doesn't...need to do that."

"It's one of his big kinks."

"Yeah, but…"

"You can hide in the bathroom while he cleans me up," she offered. Diane tilted her head at me. "I would really appreciate it and so would he." She upped her offer. "Just let me call him and and I'll fulfill any fantasy you can dream up."

Despite just having cum, my cock twitched. I could feel the blood rushing to my crotch and I knew it wouldn't be impossible for me to get hard again.

"Anything?" I asked.

"Let's leave the extreme stuff out of it," she said wisely as she reached for her phone on the nightstand. I watched as she typed out a message.

“I’ll be in the bathroom if you need me,” I said as I heard Jimmy’s footfalls in the hallway.

I’ll admit it. I hid there longer than necessary. I don’t know why. I had seen all sorts of porn where cum play was a thing and it shouldn't have bothered me, but it did.

After pissing and washing off my cock—though I was certain that Diane would have happily sucked it clean—I stared at myself in the bathroom mirror.

“What the fuck are you doing, Justin?” I asked myself while keeping the water running. Jimmy and Diane didn’t need to know I was borderline crazy.

I suppose it was a good thing that my image in the mirror didn’t answer back.

After I thought an appropriate amount of time had passed, I opened the bathroom door and went back out into their large bedroom.

Diane was still laying face down on the bed. Jimmy was essentially laying on her legs, licking her ass and back. It had been at least five minutes, more like ten. There couldn’t have been any of my cum left on her skin.

They both turned to look at the same moment.

“I told you that you were taking too long, Jimmy,” Diane said, annoyed. “Get up and get out. Justin is spending the night.”

“Sorry,” mumbled Jimmy as he rushed out of the bedroom. I couldn’t help but stare at the cage he was wearing on his cock.

I wasn’t opposed to kink and sexual exploration, but I was getting into areas that were almost too much for me.

Maybe they were too much for me and I hadn’t realized it yet.

It was worrisome.

She patted the bed next to her. “Come. Spend the night with me.”

“This is fucked up.”

Diane laughed at me. I didn’t blame her. “What? You fucking a married woman in front of her husband? You fucking my ass? My husband licking up your cum?”

I nodded. “Right. Yes. All of that. But most especially you and him wanting me to literally sleep with you tonight.”

“He wants you to fuck me in the morning and just leave,” Diane added.

I groaned in frustration.

“You seem annoyed, but your cock says you want to do this.”

Looking down I saw that my cock had indeed betrayed me. I was getting hard despite myself. Like a child, I quickly covered my growing hardness with my hands.

“I’ll spend the night but…”

“But what?” she challenged me.

“But we can’t keep doing this.”

The words sounded stupid to me as I got into bed with her.

Luckily I was already exhausted and didn’t want to do anything else.

My fear was that one of her kids would find me in bed with her. That was unlikely and most likely Jimmy would intercept the problem, but still. I didn’t mind fucking a married woman, but I didn’t want to cause problems for them or their kids.

# Chapter 10

The next morning Diane woke me up with her mouth on my cock. When my eyes opened I could see sunlight coming in the windows.

“What time is it?” I asked, reaching for where I had left my phone. I had set the alarm before falling asleep, reasoning that eight am was early enough to prevent any teenager from coming home early on a Saturday morning.

“Just after seven,” said Diane, after removing my cock from her mouth. I was hard. I was always hard in the morning.

“Fuck…”

“Yes, that’s exactly what I wanted.”

She didn’t give me much choice. Almost before I realized it, Diane was climbing on top of me. She held my hard cock and lowered herself onto me.

I watched her lovely tits bobble around as she started bouncing up and down. “Just cum in me, fill me up, so Jimmy can have a breakfast snack.”

It wasn’t the sexy talk I was looking for, but it worked for me.

Was I now that fucked up?

I grabbed her tits, squeezed, thrusted upward as she continued to ride me. We must have fucked for less than two minutes before I came. I was reasonably sure that she didn’t cum at all.

After I came, I jumped out of bed and grabbed my clothes, dressing as quickly as I could.

“What’s your hurry?”

“I don’t want to be here when your kids get home,” I said as I pulled on my pants.

“You have time for a shower. They won’t be home until noon.”

“And your husband has to eat your pussy,”I said, avoiding the subject. “And I

don’t need to watch that.”

I almost wished that she had tried to persuade me further.

Almost.

It was later that day when I was relaxing on the gigantic back patio of the McCarthy mansion that I got a text from Diane.

*Thank you so much for a wonderful night...and morning!*

I smiled and started to tap out a reply, but she sent another text to me before I could even start my reply.

*I want to ask another huge favor of you*

*And your huge cock*

I should have been smarter, but I wasn’t. It had been enough hours that my libido was already on the rise.

And I was curious.

And stupid.

You can always ask

Her request wasn’t that strange.

*I want to be double teamed again*

I shrugged and texted back to her: Sure. I’ll fuck you with Jimmy.

*No*

*I want you and someone else*

*Can you find a stranger to fuck me?*

The problem wasn't that she was asking me.

The problem was that I was considering going along with her request.

A few days later I took Diane out to dinner. I liked to cook, but I liked to eat at restaurants I knew were good. The place I took her to wasn't fancy, but it had great food. And I knew a lot of the staff.

Alec was a waiter there part time. He had been working on his bachelors for a few years. Said he wanted to work on Wall Street or high finance or something. I didn't care what he wanted to do, but I had heard him tell more than a few stories about bedding fellow students and horny customers at the restaurant.

Right away he noticed Diane's flashy diamond ring.

"Another one of your many girlfriends?" he asked me as he gave us our menus.

Diane played along. She knew the score. "Justin! You said you've never brought anyone here before! And now I'm just another girlfriend."

Alec winked at her and added a bit of a leer. He was good enough looking that he could have gotten a job as a model if the whole high finance thing didn't work out for him. "Well, one of the best looking, if not the best looking, girlfriend he's brought by in a long time."

"Please don't call me his girlfriend," she said.

"What should I call you?" asked Alec

"What do you call a woman cheating on her husband?" she tossed back at him.

Alec, not missing a beat, replied, "A hotwife."

Two hours later we were back at my place.

I felt out of place because the moment Alec arrived at the door, Diane was all over him. They both knew it was all about sex and suddenly I had insight into why Jimmy was into watching his wife have sex with other men.

I was jealous and I had no reason to be jealous. I wasn't married to her. I didn't have any hold over her.

And it was hot too. Like watching a personal porn video.

It wasn't my thing, but I could see why some men would want to watch their wives get fucked by a stranger, or near stranger, or even a best friend.

"She's a slut, isn't she?" said Alec after breaking the kiss.

I nodded. "That she is."

"And I want to get fucked by the both of you tonight," Diane said boldly. "Come over here."

I walked up to her and she pulled my face down to hers so that we could kiss. She was pressed back against Alec's body, trapped between the two of us.

She didn't mind.

She didn't mind at all when the two of us started stripping her.

She helped.

"How do you want to do this, bro?" Alec asked me when we had her down to her bra and panties (matching, pink and black lace). His face was a little closer to mine than I found comfortable, but that's how it worked in threeways, I supposed.

"I want you in my mouth and you in my pussy," said Diane. I was gifted her pussy while Alec got her mouth. "Same time. And then switch." She looked at Alec. "Did you bring condoms?" she asked Alec, "because you can't cum in me, but he can."

"Can I at least cum in your mouth?" Alec asked.

In reply Diane went down on her knees and fished his cock out of his pants while I watched. As she proceeded to blow him, I stripped.

Eventually we moved over to the bed with Diane during her best to keep Alec's

cock in her mouth. I was thrilled that Alec wasn't bigger than me, but he was plenty big. I'm sure that pleased Diane as well. She got on all fours in front of Alec as he stood on the floor next to the bed. I eased her panties over her hips and knelt behind her.

Naturally she was already wet. It took very little to get Diane wet. Or maybe it just took two men with big cocks.

As I entered her she moaned deeply in her throat but didn't bother taking Alec out of her mouth.

"Holy fucking shit, she's a slut."

That was too much for Diane. "Hotwife slut and proud of it," she moaned. "Do you want to cum down my throat?"

"Sure!"

"Can you get it up again?"

"Hells yeah!"

She stuffed his cock back into her mouth and focused on sucking him.

Lots of women like sucking cock but I knew she didn't get any special pleasure in giving Alec head. For my part, she was holding still and just letting me fuck her pussy as normal.

It was almost like having regular sex, only with a third participant who was active in the event.

Like I said: almost like regular sex.

"Fuck. Fuck! Fuck!" Alec all but screamed as he came.

There wasn't much to see but I could hear Diane swallowing as she hung onto Alec's cock. I kept fucking her because she didn't say to stop and I wanted to cum too.

When she was done with Alec's load she managed to look over her shoulder at

me. “Are you almost done?”

“I thought you liked this.”

“I do...I want Alec’s cock in me next.”

Alec had stepped back and I looked at him. His cock, while not fully erect, was still more than stiff enough to service Diane if that’s what she wanted. His hand was on his manhood, absently stroking it.

“Take your time, man,” he said casually. “I’ll finish her off when you’re done.”

I wasn’t going to be shown up by Alec coming in with his average cock and cocky attitude. Grabbing Diane’s hips, I started fucking her as hard as I could, ignoring my usual cautious attitude when it came to hurting a woman during sex. I was well beyond that point with Diane.

She loved it and let us audibly know. I kept pounding away, watching Diane’s shapely ass bounce under my assault, as Alec kept his hand busy on his cock. A minute later I was cumming in Diane and she let out her whimpering cry letting me know she was cumming as well, as if the sudden hot flash through her pussy wasn’t a dead giveaway.

“Fucking hot!” was Alec’s assessment of the scene.

I pulled out of Diane and she went from all fours to sprawled face down on the bed. “That was nice,” she mumbled.

“Thank you,” I said smartly. There was a wet string of cum and amrita connecting my cock to her pussy. I broke the string with my finger and wiped it off on her ass. “She’s all yours,” I told Alec. “I need to take a piss.”

“Just give me a minute,” Diane mumbled as I walked away with Alec laughing in the background.

I did my business in the bathroom and walked back to my bedroom. I should have expected the scene I walked in on.

Diane was flat on her back, feet to the ceiling. Alec was on top of her going to town. They were also kissing and ignored me when I walked in.

I was impressed with Alec's stamina. I was also impressed with Diane's randiness. They must have started fucking the moment I left the room because as I stood there for all of five seconds, Diane wrapped her legs around Alec's waist and had yet another orgasm.

As she cried out from the climax, their kiss broke and Alec turned his head to notice me.

"Hey man!"

Naturally he didn't stop fucking her.

"Hey. Don't mind me. Just watching."

That wasn't good enough for Diane.

"No, no. Bring your cock over here, baby," she said to me, moaning the words. "I want to suck you while he fucks me."

"Uh...how?"

She laughed at me and spoke to Alec. "Move me over to the edge of the bed so I can flop my head back."

They did so and I moved in close with my cock. She opened up and accepted it between her lips so Alec and I were spit roasting her, which was another new experience for me.

I wasn't just getting a blowjob from Diane. I was fucking her face. I could see my cock going down her throat because I saw the bulge in her neck when I went deep.

Not only didn't she mind, but she seemed to enjoy it.

I just didn't like having my cock so close to Alec's face. I didn't think he was going to try to suck me off, but it gnawed at the back of my mind.

I thought it was going well, but then Diane pushed me out of her mouth.

"I haven't been face fucked in years," she panted.

“Uh...do you like it?”

“I love it.”

“Shut up and fuck her face,” Alec told me. He hadn’t stopped thrusting into her the whole time. “Cum down her throat.”

“Okay,” I agreed and tried to push back in, but she turned her face to the side. “What?”

“Pull out,” she told Alec.

“Why?”

“Just fucking do it!”

I watched as he sat up and pulled out his cock. It was wet and dripping with their juices. Then she reached down to his cock and pulled on it. It took me a moment to realize she wasn’t jerking him off. She was pulling off the condom he was wearing.

It took her a few tries. He could have helped but either he got off on watching her struggle or maybe he was too shocked to take any action. Whatever. Eventually she pulled off the condom and tossed it aside.

“Put it back in me. Fuck me hard. Make me cum. Cum in me!”

Alec didn’t need to be told twice. He plunged his rigid member into her pussy and started going for broke.

I was pissed that she was so eager to throw aside her rule of not fucking a new guy without a blood test, but whatever.

Once that was done, she grabbed my cock and pulled me back into her mouth.

She was a woman of driven desires.

I didn’t mind face fucking her.

“You found a hell of a slut, bro,” Alec said to me as he continued to fuck her. “I’ll have to thank you for this later.”

I just nodded and focused on how good the blowjob was.

It was pretty good.

Eventually Alec made her cum again. She started gagging on my cock so I pulled out of her throat. Her pussy must have gotten hot and tight on his cock because he started cumming a moment later.

Not wanting to be missing out on the party, I jerked off my cock and shot my load across her face, neck and tits.

“Ohhhh, yesss,” she moaned. “Would you do me a favor and take a picture for my husband?”

Not thinking, I automatically moved to pick up my phone. As I did so, Alec started to pull out of her.

Nothing doing.

“No, stay inside me. I want my husband to see what a slut I am!”

Alec looked to me for guidance. I looked back at him with my phone in my hand and my cock dangling limply and wetly.

“Is she serious, dude?”

“As a heart attack.”

“She’s a slut!” He laughed.

“That she is,” I agreed.

“Hey!” Diane protested. “I prefer the term hotwife.” She grinned at me with satisfaction as she licked her lips as she tried to use her tongue to catch some of the cum I had left on her face.

Without another word, I started taking pictures of her.

A got a few with my cum on her face.

A few more of Alec and her in a tight clinch.

And even a few more of him pulling out of her, showing off the amount of cum he had deposited in her pussy.

I felt a little used.

But it was what she wanted. It was my job as her bull to do this.

Alec was the perfect guest star for Diane's sex life. After fucking her, he used the bathroom, cleaned up, got dressed, thanked the both of us for a great evening, and then left.

"Can I stay the night?" Diane asked me after Alec had left.

"Why?"

"Jimmy says it makes me a bigger slut, a better hotwife."

"That's crazy."

"You mean kinky."

"It's still strange to me."

"Why are you complaining? You get to fuck this luscious body," and she ran her hands down her body, cupping her tits and spreading her legs to frame her pussy, "and my husband approves. Sex without responsibility."

"I just...it doesn't seem like a great idea."

"You want me to go home to my husband and tell him I failed to fuck you well enough to convince you to let me spend the night?"

"Don't play with my sympathies that way."

I let her spend the night. It was the least I could do.

# Chapter 11

“You haven’t told me your bull fantasy yet,” said Diane when she woke me up the next morning.

Actually, that was an exaggeration. After she woke me up, we fucked, because she wanted once again to prove she was a slut, and then she asked me that question.

I wasn’t turned on and my sex brain was fully sated. I liked having sex with Diane so the one humiliating and controlling thing that would get me hard.

“No. I haven’t,” I agreed with her.

She looked at me expectantly for a moment and then realized that I wasn’t going to say anything else.

“What is it?” she prompted.

I shook my head. “No. You won’t like it.”

She slapped my shoulder. “How can you say that? Maybe I will. Tell me. I’ll make the judgement.”

“You’ll hate it because it’s too much. Certain things shouldn’t be done, not between casual lovers.”

“Now you’re intriguing me. I need to know.”

“You don’t. You’ll hate me and you won’t want to fuck me any longer. I like fucking you. I want to keep fucking you.”

We were laying side by side in the bed, naked, of course, and now she put her hand over her pussy. “If you want to get back in this pussy, you’ll tell me your fantasy, your kink, whatever it is. I want to know. I need to know. If you could put your finger in me right now you’d see I’m so wet I could end the drought in California.”

I shook my head. “I think you’re a liar and I think you’ll change your mind the moment I say what I want to do to you.”

“As long as it doesn’t involve shit, children, illegal acts, or serious bodily harm, I promise I’ll go through with it.”

“Today?”

She shrugged. “Sure. Why not today?”

“It’ll take a bit of time.”

“Let me call Jimmy and tell him he’s in charge of the kids and I’ll do it.”

The thing about being a personal chef is that I had time to maintain personal contacts, not just in the industry, but with those on the periphery as well.

“I’ve never been in a tattoo parlor before,” said Diane as we sat next to each other in the waiting area of Diesel’s Tattooing and Piercing Emporium. Her left leg was jiggling up and down like she had touched a live electric wire and the breaker hadn’t tripped.

“Are you nervous?” I asked her.

“No,” she lied and put her hand on her leg to stop the trembling.

“You’re a terrible liar. But I’ll let you out of this if you want.”

“But what else can I do to prove that I’m a hotwife?” she all but whined, trying to make a joke out of it.

“Fuck a dozen more guys in front of your husband?” I suggested.

Before she could answer, Diesel came out of the back. At one point I had worked for a restaurant that had sent just about every employee to him when he was just getting his business started. He needed the work and restaurant employees aren’t known for their good decision making skills when it came to their personal lives.

I was the only one who got out of that restaurant without getting a terrible barbed wire tattoo around my biceps or an anklet of a flower chain. Maybe my

chef Jolly Roger tattoo wasn't exactly the epitome of cool, but it said a lot about me and it wasn't something half the rest of the world had on their bodies.

Naturally Diesel was the one who had done it for me.

"Calling me at the crack of dawn," said the tattoo artist, shaking his head. He was exaggerating. It was nearly 9am before I woke him up. "You said it would be worth my time, Jus," Diesel grumbled at me. "You finally getting that special tat? You know, the one of the frying pan with a muffin burning?"

I pointed to Diane. "She's the one getting the ink."

Diane smiled wanly and gave Diesel a small wave.

He looked her over and nodded appreciatively. Maybe Diesel had a thing for older women. "Come into my parlor, young lady."

The three of us trooped into his work area. It was a bit crowded and I explained what I wanted. Diesel nodded along but when I stopped talking, he immediately looked at Diane.

"You don't have to get this done. I've known lots of people who got kink tattoos and regretted it the next day."

Diane nodded slowly and carefully. "I want to do this. I'm nervous, but I want to do this."

"How long have you been with my man Justin?"

We glanced at each other. "A few months," I said quickly before she could speak.

He snorted. "And how long have you been married?" he asked.

Far too late Diane hid her left hand behind her back. "I'm not...fuck."

The silence hung heavy in the air.

Diesel broke it. "But I trust my man Justin. If this is a kink thing, fine. Whatever. People are stupid. You aren't eighteen and want to be stupid. I'll do it, but you

need to buy a second tat today."

"Why?"

"It's going to be the coverup that I'm going to give you in three to six months when you come back here regretting this decision."

"Oh."

"I'll make sure the one today will be easy to cover up," he assured her.

"Thanks?"

"Can I watch?" I asked Diesel.

He rolled his eyes. "Sure. If the lady agrees."

"Yes," Diane said quickly.

"Get on the table and lower your pants," he told her.

"Can I just take them off?"

Diesel shrugged. "Sure. What the fuck do I care? It'll make things easier. I've seen more pussy in my professional life than I have in my private sex life."

"Huh," I said thoughtfully. "Same goes for me. It's amazing how much pussy chefs get from restaurant staff."

"Asshole," Diesel muttered with a grin.

We both watched as Diane shed her pants and underwear.

"Already shaved," she said, pointing at her pussy.

"That also makes things easier."

Diesel got to work.

It was strangely uncomfortable watching Diesel tattoo Diane. I knew that it meant nothing to him. He had done hundreds, if not thousands, of tattoos on

people of all types, ugly and attractive, young and old, fat and skinny, male and female. I had seen a few people tattooed in my time as well.

Still, it was strange watching him work on Diane because I had been having sex with her and it was one thing to see an artist work on someone's arm, it was another entirely to see him tattoo the soft skin right above Diane's pussy.

It was unnerving to see my name slowly and steadily be inked into her skin. He placed it right on her pubic mound, right on the bone. She didn't complain about any pain. There had to be plenty of protective fat under the skin and over the bone. Maybe the ink would be hidden if she grew her pubic hair back in. Maybe she'd cover it up forever.

Or maybe she'd keep shaving her pussy and every time her husband went down on her he'd see my name prominently claiming possession of her pussy.

I'll admit it. Watching the process gave me a hard on like never before.

It wasn't a confused, awkward boner, but it was something way too similar to that.

Diesel worked quickly and efficiently. He had done this before. Not just tattooing someone, but tattooing them right above the genitals. I didn't ask him, but I knew. It was obvious. Or maybe I was just dreaming how obvious it was.

"Done," he announced, turning off the tattoo gun and stripping off his latex gloves.

"Already?" asked Diane. "That didn't hurt at all. Well, a little sore." She looked down at her pussy. "Holy shit. My head's spinning. What's my husband going to think?"

"He's going to think you lost your fucking mind," was Diesel's quick assessment.

Diane disagreed. "No. I don't think so. Maybe? I don't know."

"He'll think it's hot," I decided for her. "It'll drive him wild knowing another man's name is on your body. That another man's name is declaring who actually owns your pussy."

Diane all but leapt off the table where she had been lying so that she could kiss me. Being kissed by a half-naked woman in front of Diesel was hardly what I had been expecting but there I was. “Yes. That. Exactly. Thank you.”

“Lie back down,” said Diesel. “I need to cover your tat.”

He laid a piece of cling wrap over her small tattoo and held it in place with a couple of pieces of medical tape. I watched and listened while he gave her the usual aftercare instructions.

“This is so fucking hot,” she said.

“It’ll be a bit sore. Lots of people perceive it as heat,” Diesel told her.

“I meant emotionally,” she told him.

“Right. You’ll get over that.”

“I hope not. How much do I owe you?”

Diesel glanced my way. “I thought your boyfriend was going to pay.”

“He’s not my boyfriend,” Diane said quickly. “He’s my bull.”

I could tell that Diesel wanted to roll his eyes. “Just put your pants back on so someone can pay.”

As she picked up her pants from the small table in the corner, Diane managed to knock her purse to the floor, spilling the contents everywhere.

I knelt down to gather up what she had scattered on the floor.

“Thanks,” she said as she dressed.

“No problem,” I managed to say even as I picked up her wallet. It flopped open and the small fanfold of pictures were displayed. I wasn’t trying to pry but the first thing I saw were the faces of two kids, a boy and a girl. For just a moment I thought the girl was Diane at a much younger age. A teenager.

And then I realized I was looking at Diane’s daughter. The girl looked just like Diane. Different hairstyle and more youthful, of course, but the genetics were

strong.

It didn’t make me feel good.

I quickly shoved everything in her purse, making it a mess. When I stood up Diane was in the process of zipping up her pants.

“It’s a good thing I didn’t wear my skintight jeans today,” she told me with a wink.

After we paid Diesel for his time, we left and went our separate ways.

Back at the McCarthy’s estate and mansion I collapsed on a couch and stared at the ceiling.

How badly had I just fucked up a family?

# Chapter 12

I didn’t hear anything from Diane for a couple of days. That was fine by me. I didn’t need a girlfriend. I had my own life. And the last type of girlfriend I needed was one ten years older than me with a husband and kids.

Tasha called me and asked if I wanted to fuck.

“Why? Did you have another terrible date?”

“No. Last night’s date was great. She wants to take it slow. I wanted to hop in bed, but…”

“Careful,” I cautioned her. “Lesbians like to have a serious relationship right away if you sleep with them.”

“She’s bi, like me.”

“A match made in Heaven.”

“She’s not sure what she’s looking for.”

“Do you know what you’re looking for?”

“Right now I’m looking for fuck. Do you want to or not?”

I wanted to. An hour later she was in my bed. I fucked her from behind and admired the muscular back and buttocks. It was one of the joys of fucking a horse girl.

“I don’t think I’m ever going to be able to give up cock if I get serious with a woman,” she told me when we were done and just laying next to each other in bed.

“So don’t. Have an open relationship like Diane and her husband. Or whatever.”

“Does it work for them?”

“Does any relationship ever work?”

“Why so dour?”

I hesitated a minute and then decided nothing matters any longer. “I saw a picture of Diane’s daughter.”

“So?”

“She’s pretty. Looks just like Diane.”

“Don’t turn creepy pedophile on me!”

“Hell no. It just made me think that I’m destroying her family.”

“For fucking a slutty woman whose husband apparently gets off on her cheating on him? I hardly think you are the cause of anything. Has she said she wants to leave him for you?”

“No…”

“Do you want to marry her and spend the rest of your lives together?”

“No, but—”

“But nothing. It’s a fling. Get over yourself. Want to bang again?”

I did. We did. She left me alone in my room to go home to her apartment.

Sometimes being a personal chef to a family that only used the house a couple of weeks out of the year was great. Way too often it was lonely.

I was thrilled when Diane sent me a text. All it contained was a link to Imgur. I clicked the link and was taken to a private video. Already I had a good idea of what I was going to see. The only thing to do was to watch it.

It started black. Then the lights came on or were turned up so I could see what was going on. The phone was obviously being held by Diane and she was laying in bed, naked. I was familiar enough with her body now to not need any time to identify it at all. Her tits looked great.

A moment later the audio kicked on and there was some muffled conversation

between Diane and Jimmy. He approached the bed, naked except for the ridiculous cage he had to wear on his cock at Diane's request.

"You need to show Justin how much you appreciate him," said Diane.

"Yes. Of course."

The camera work wasn't great. I was fine with that. I was used to watching shitty homemade porn videos.

Jimmy got on the bed between Diane's legs and she lifted up the angle so the viewer could see her pussy. I saw my name upside down on the mound right above her slit.

My heart was already pumping with anticipation and seeing her newly altered pussy got my cock twitching. I shifted it around inside my pants as I knew what was about to happen.

"Do a good job and make me cum because you aren't going to be using your cock."

"Mmm-hmmm," mumbled Jimmy because his mouth was already full of pussy.

"MMmmm," was all that Diane said.

I admired how well she managed to keep her husband's face in frame as he ate her out. I couldn't clearly see my name all the time as he worked on her, but that didn't matter.

Diane was more than ready for an orgasm. It didn't take long at all for her to climax.

I had to admire Jimmy's cunnilingus skills.

"Oh...good boy," Diane complimented him. "You know how to do it."

"Thank you," said Jimmy, wiping his lips and cheeks with his hand. "Do you think that I could—"

"No," she cut him off. "Whose pussy is this?" she asked, running her fingers

over her smooth labia, almost framing my name with her fingers.

“Yours,” was Jimmy’s quick answer.

Just as quickly Diane’s hand flashed out and slapped him across the face. She calmly repeated her question as he rubbed his cheek. “Whose pussy is this?”

“Justin’s,” he said this time, taking the hint.

“How does it make you feel to know another man owns your wife’s pussy?”

In response, Jimmy sat up, getting on his knees, to show off his captured cock. He held the ring that went around the base and gently shook it, displaying himself to Diane and the camera.

“This is how it makes me feel.”

Diane reached out and caressed the hard metal that encased his soft flesh. “Oh, look. You’re trying to get hard. But that’s not going to happen, is it?”

He shook his head. “No.”

“Do you like being in a chastity cage?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like other men fucking your wife?”

“Yes!”

“Do you like seeing another man’s name on your wife’s pussy?”

“Yes. Hell yes.”

“Do you like knowing your wife is a slut?”

Jimmy swallowed hard. “Yes. Very much.”

“Now tell me and Justin what you want.”

Jimmy hesitated. He looked away and let go of his caged cock. “I don’t want to.”

“Do you ever want to get out of that cage again? Do you want to eat my pussy again? Do you want to have the opportunity to fuck my pussy again?”

“Yes,” he said almost sulkily.

“Then tell me and Justin what you want.”

Jimmy licked his lips. His face was flushed red, either from excitement or embarrassment, or maybe both.

“I want to watch Justin fuck you again. I want to watch up close. I want to suck Justin’s cock to get him hard so he can fuck you. I want to eat his cum out of your pussy.”

Jimmy looked like he had run a marathon after that admission and confession.

Diane turned the camera around so it was pointed at her face. “There you go, Justin. You can see what type of man my husband is...and you know what type of woman I am. So...if you want to see me again, you know what’ll happen.”

The video ended.

I sent a text to Diane.

Yes, I want to fuck you again

Jimmy can be there

I didn’t know what else to text because I didn’t know how I felt about what they were asking.

# Chapter 13

We had to meet in a hotel because their house just wasn't possible with their kids and for what Diane wanted, there was no way I was going to risk my job at the McCarthy’s.

This time there wasn’t any pretence of romance or games being played or even just a small group of friends meeting for dinner. We went right to the hotel room.

I knew I shouldn’t have been there. It was all too much. As much as I enjoyed fucking Diane—and other women as well—I didn’t have any special desire to be her designated bull. I didn’t need to fuck her—or anyone—in front of her husband. That wasn’t me.

The moment we walked through the door I lost my nerve. I was going to tell her I couldn’t go through with it, but I was betrayed by my cock. She whirled around and quickly unzipped her dress, opening it up.

It wasn’t that she had such an incredible body or that I lusted after her so much I couldn’t control myself, or even that her willingness to fuck me anytime made my cock get hard.

Yes, she was wearing fancy lingerie under her dress.

What there was of it.

The dress was blue and red and flowery, underneath she wore a pink bra that was appropriately adequate for her large tits, even pushing them up to create some unnecessary cleavage. When my eyes dropped down to her crotch, my first thought was why did she bother with panties at all? She could have just gone without panties and no one would have noticed the difference.

To call them panties was overstating the reality of the situation. It turned out she was wearing a g-string. It barely covered her pussy at all. Since she was shaved there wasn’t any hair to cover. The tiny scrap of silk was pressed to do its job of hiding her labia and it did that and only that. The strings of material that came up from what covered her pussy almost perfectly framed my name inked on her mons.

“I love wrapping up presents,” she said to me, one hand on her hip, with the forefinger extended toward my name.

“I like watching them get unwrapped,” said Jimmy as he stood off to the side.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked me as she approached where I stood just inside the door.

I felt like I was on stage when she kissed me. It wasn’t a casual kiss. It was complete passion. She shoved her tongue in my mouth and I happily accepted it. My hands went to her waist and then lower to her ass to confirm that, yes, she was wearing a g-string.

“Come to the bed,” she said, breaking the kiss and drawing me into the room.

I followed. I was already in this deep and there was no further risk, was there?

Instead of pulling me to the bed, Diane went down on her knees. This wasn’t unexpected. I let her open up my pants and pull out my large semi-hard cock.

Diane licked her lips and took it into her mouth.

I forgot that Jimmy was there watching us. I was putting on a show for him. The only thing to do was to close my eyes and focus on the good sensations.

As Diane got into giving me some of the best head I’d ever had, I pulled my shirt up over my head, undressing for the main act. As I did so, Diane took a quick break from sucking me. I don’t blame her. I’m a lot of man to have in her mouth.

“Just open up and let it slide in,” Diane said as I tossed my shirt aside.

That didn’t sound right so I looked down to where she was doing her business.

Jimmy was next to her. He still had his pants on but his shirt was off. I could see his chest and once again noted he was lean and in good shape for a man of his age.

What I should have known was coming and anticipated it was Jimmy taking my cock in hand and then putting me in his mouth.

It wasn’t terrible. In fact, it seemed that instinctively Jimmy knew how to give head. Or maybe he had been getting instructions from Diane. Maybe she had him practicing on dildos at home. I don’t know.

I should have pulled away and protested. I shouldn’t have gotten to this position in the first place.

But I didn’t. I allowed him to suck my cock while Diane looked on happily, her hand on his shoulder, giving him little hints and cupping my balls.

“Good, very good,” she complimented him. “He’s big so don’t try to take too much of him into the back of your throat. You don’t want to gag.”

“Mmm-hmm,” said Jimmy as his head bounced up and down on my cock.

I just stood there.

Diane looked up at me. “It’s his first time with a real cock,” she explained to me. “Don't judge him too harshly.”

If anything, I was judging myself.

The truth of it was, Jimmy was pretty good at giving blowjobs.

Maybe even better than Diane.

I didn’t want to consider that I was enjoying it more from him.

Things got slightly less awkward when Diane fully rejoined the action, sucking on my balls and running her tongue along the underside of my cock while Jimmy sucked on the head.

Getting a double blowjob was everything it was cracked up to be.

Diane was the first to break off the fun.

“Do you want to cum in his mouth?” she asked me.

“Why not yours?” I replied.

“Why not in my pussy?” she offered.

“Why not?”

Getting into position took a minute, but it was well worth it. After having her husband strip off his pants, Jimmy laid down on the bed first, face up with his cock fully trapped by the cage she made him wear. I wondered when they had put it on. Did he have to wear it all the time?

Did he wear it while working? Did he wear it in the operating room?

I wondered but I wasn’t going to ask the question. It seemed rude...even if he was sucking my cock moments earlier.

With Jimmy’s head slightly over the edge of the mattress, Diane crawled on top of him in the classic 69 position, but she wasn’t sucking his cock. It was well locked away in the cage. She had removed her g-string before getting on board, so her pussy was right above his face.

Diane didn’t hesitate to lower her pussy where Jimmy could lick it. She moaned a little as he got to work. I watched as she hovered there a minute, holding his cock like a subway strap-hanger.

“That’s hot,” I said, my own big cock in my hand, wondering if I should just fuck her ass or pussy or what.

Diane looked up at me and gave me a wink. “Jimmy’s an expert at oral. Sometimes I think he doesn’t deserve a cock. That’s why it gets caged.”

I wasn’t sure about that, but I rolled with it. “What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to fuck me. I want you to make me cum.”

“Right above his face?”

Diane was having trouble focusing on our conversation. Her eyes were glazed and her answer was uneven. “He...he needs to...to see your big cock fucking me. Let him know how useless his little thing is.”

Standing on the floor I got behind her and slowly pushed my big cock into her waiting and dripping pussy.

The moan she made as I penetrated her was pure music. The sounds of Jimmy eating her pussy stopped when my cock was over his face. I knew he was watching. I wondered if he liked the view.

He had to love the view.

I started pounding away at her pussy. Her ass jiggled beautifully as we rocked back and forth. It was almost like Jimmy wasn't down there at all.

And then I felt his tongue licking my balls. He went all the way and sucked them into his mouth.

I froze.

"What's the matter?" asked Diane, suddenly miffed that her gentle pounding had stopped.

"Jimmy's sucking my balls?"

"So?" she asked like it was the most normal thing in the world to be doing.

"I don't want them ripped off." I was exaggerating, but I was nervous. I had never done this before.

Had they?

"Jimmy, honey, just lick his cock, don't suck his balls. I don't want my bull to be hurt. You could spend a little time licking my clit as well."

He released me and I felt his tongue laving over her labia and my cock and who knows where else.

I started fucking Diane again. This wasn't my favorite thing to do, but at least it would be an entertaining story to tell my grandkids when I went senile.

Making Diane cum wasn't that hard, as usual. Her pussy clamped down and heated up as she came. I wondered how much of her orgasm was from me and how much was from Jimmy's tongue.

"Ohhh," she moaned, "you have to cum in my pussy. Fill me up!"

I grunted and got to business. I was already most of the way there so I just pounded her harder, not worrying about damaging her pussy or caring about what Jimmy saw or suffered. I focused my eyes on Diane's ass; I didn't need to see her holding his caged cock.

She cried out in surprise when I came. She had to love it. Her pussy tightened up on me again.

"That's right. Fill me up. Give me all your cum."

I gave her as much as I could before my legs started to go weak and I had to pull out so I didn't fall down.

"Clean me," she ordered.

I paused a second, thinking she was talking to me.

She wasn't.

I couldn't look away as Jimmy pressed his face fully into her pussy. I could hear him licking and sucking while Diane giggled and laughed.

She turned her head to look at me. "It always feels a little weird to have him clean me. I mean, I love it, but I can feel him sucking your cum out of me."

I didn't know what to say to that. "I'm going to the bathroom to clean up."

"No!" she demanded. "Don't!"

I froze. "Why?"

"What good is it to have a cuckold if he's not going to clean my bull's cock?"

"Uh...I'm not really into that," I demurred.

"But I want to see it." She didn't whine about it. She just stated it flatly.

Clearly this was just as much a fantasy for her as it was for Jimmy.

"I mean, I was okay with him sucking my cock when you were doing it with him," I said cautiously, "but to have him do it afterwards…"

“It’s not gay,” she said clearly.

“I never said it was.”

“It’s totally hot to me to see him suck a guy’s cock.”

I wasn't sure how much of that she believed, but she did her best to make it sound real while she squatted on her husband’s face. As we talked she occasionally became unfocused as his tongue found the right spot.

“I’m sure it is, but—”

“Do you want to fuck me ever again?” she interrupted me.

“Uh...yeah. Of course I do.”

“Then you’ll let him do this.” Diane interrupted herself and lifted herself up enough to look down between her thighs. “You all done?” she asked Jimmy.

He nodded. “Yes.”

“How was it?”

“Delicious!”

“His cum or my juice?”

“Both!”

She laughed at him. “You’re a wonderful liar.” Diane got off the bed. “Justin’s turn. I want you to do a good job sucking off all my juices and his leftover cum.”

“Yes ma’am!” Jimmy said with enthusiasm as he rolled over, got off the bed, and went down on his knees in front of me. He reached for my cock without so much as asking permission.

I backed away.

“What’s the matter?” Diane was miffed.

“Sorry. It’s the first time I’ve ever had a cuckold suck my cock.”

“Clean your cock,” Diane clarified.

“Right.”

“And you’ve already had your cock sucked by him,” she reminded me. “Now stay there and let him do his duty.”

I did as she commanded. Diane reclined on the bed, her hand between her legs, gently jilling off, while I looked down at Jimmy, his face a mask of concentration, as he licked and sucked me.

I clearly hadn’t known what I was getting myself into.

## To Be Continued

Preview

# Total Lockdown 4

Thad really knew how to polish the apple. Or maybe he didn't know exactly what he was doing. I finished in his mouth and he kept sucking, getting every drop of my cum as his wife looked on.

Eventually I had to push him away from my cock. "Enough! Too much."

Thad couldn't look at me. He only had eyes for his wife. "Okay. I did what you asked," he said. He was trying to sound like he wasn't begging, but he was. "Can you take it off now?"

He was referring to his cock cage. While I had been fucking his wife, he had stripped and was naked except for the metal cage on his cock. He was swollen inside the small cage, trying to get hard, but failing. I was fascinated and amused.

"I said if you did everything right, I'd let you out of your cage," Tara said. She was reminding him of something that must have occurred before I showed up.

"Yes," he agreed. "And I did it."

She shook her head. “No. You didn’t. You sucked Nate’s cock, but he had to tell you to stop. That’s not a good performance. You should have known to stop before that.”

Thad opened his mouth to object. I could see the anger on his face, and the complete and utter disappointment. Somehow he managed to swallow his anger. “I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I was too eager.”

Softening her tone, Tara said. “It’s fine. Now untie me.”

He did exactly as she asked, freeing her from the cuffs around her wrists and ankles, tossing aside the restraints.

When I moved aside, Tara sat up and kissed her husband, laying a hand on the side of his face.

“You were very good,” she relented a little. “You should get a reward of some sort.”

Thad nodded in agreement, but said nothing.

Tara slipped off the bed and headed to her dresser. I thought she was going to get his key out of the envelope where it was stored.

I was wrong.

Instead she opened up a drawer and pulled out a tube of lube and a vibrator.

I wasn’t sure where this was going.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Tara said to Thad.

“No,” he started to say, but bit off the short word.

He obeyed.

Now I was sure where this was going.

Thad stayed on his hands and knees as she dribbled the lube between his ass cheeks and onto the vibrator. I didn’t watch that closely, but there was only one thing she could be doing.

The vibrator wasn’t that big, but it was big enough. Dark pink and torpedo shaped, she pushed it up her husband’s ass. Thad didn’t complain.

“Mmm,” was the only noise he made.

Tara pressed a button on the vibrator's base and I heard the humming. A second later Thad moaned loudly.

"Nate, go to my drawer. There's another vibe in there. Bring it to me please."

Following her directions, I found several vibrators in the drawer. How many vibrators did a woman need? How many did a married couple need?

"Which one?" I asked.

"The small white one."

It wasn't small. It was tiny. Maybe four inches long. I grabbed it and brought it over to Tara. By now she was slowly moving the pink vibrator in and out of Thad's ass. I watched before handing over the white vibrator.

Tara refused it. She had one hand on the pink vibrator while resting the other on Thad's hip. "No. You use it."

I stared at her not understanding. "What?"

She glared at me in annoyance. "Turn it on and press it against his cage," she

instructed me. “I promised him a reward.”

“What’s the reward?” I asked, confused.

“He gets to cum,” Tara said, almost laughing.

“How...how does that work?” I asked.

“Turn on the vibrator and find out.”

I pressed the button that turned on the small device. It buzzed in my hand but I didn’t know what to do.

“Press it against his cock,” she repeated to me. “He’ll cum inside the cage.”

“How can he cum if he’s not hard?” I asked.

She smirked at me. “Just do it and see.”

So I did it. I reached under his body and found his caged cock. It felt so small compared to my own. The steel was nice but I would have preferred to feel his flesh.

I pressed the small vibe against Thad's cage. The outer surface of the vibrator was slightly soft and textured so it didn't exactly rattle against the steel cage, but the vibrations were definitely transmitted to his small cock.

It only took a few seconds before Thad was moaning. I wanted to take off his cage and feel his hard cock in my hand, but there was no way his cage was coming off in the next few minutes.

"No, no," he pleaded. "It's too much. Stop."

Tara put an immediate end to his begging. "Just cum and be done with it, honey. You know you want to. It's your reward. If you don't, this cage isn't coming off for a month."

She grinned at me and leaned forward for a kiss. It felt strange to be kissing over the body of her husband, but I went with it. She never stopped fucking his ass with the bigger vibrator.

His moans became louder and more urgent.

"You're right there, baby, keep going."

His body trembled just a little and then it happened. I felt his hot cum spill onto my hands. He made a mess, ejaculating on my hands and the sheets and his cage

and the vibrator, but it’s what he wanted.

Or maybe it was what Tara wanted.

What I wanted was to handle his cock without the cage, but Tara was in charge and Thad went along with it.

“Good boy, good boy,” Tara cooed to her husband as he stopped grunting and let out little whimpers of pain and relief.

It must have hurt like hell to get his balls drained like that inside the cage.

I wanted to see it happen again.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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