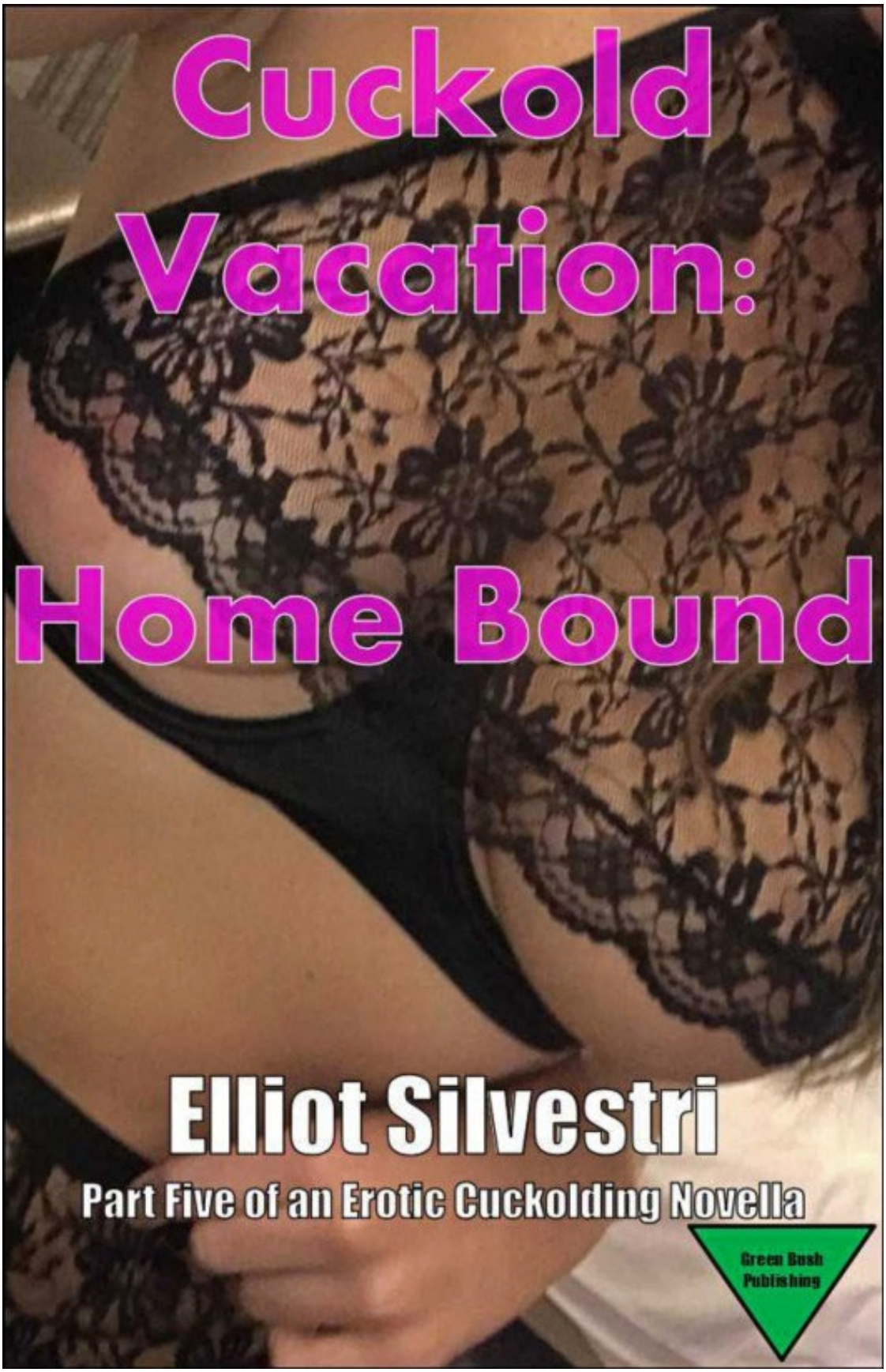
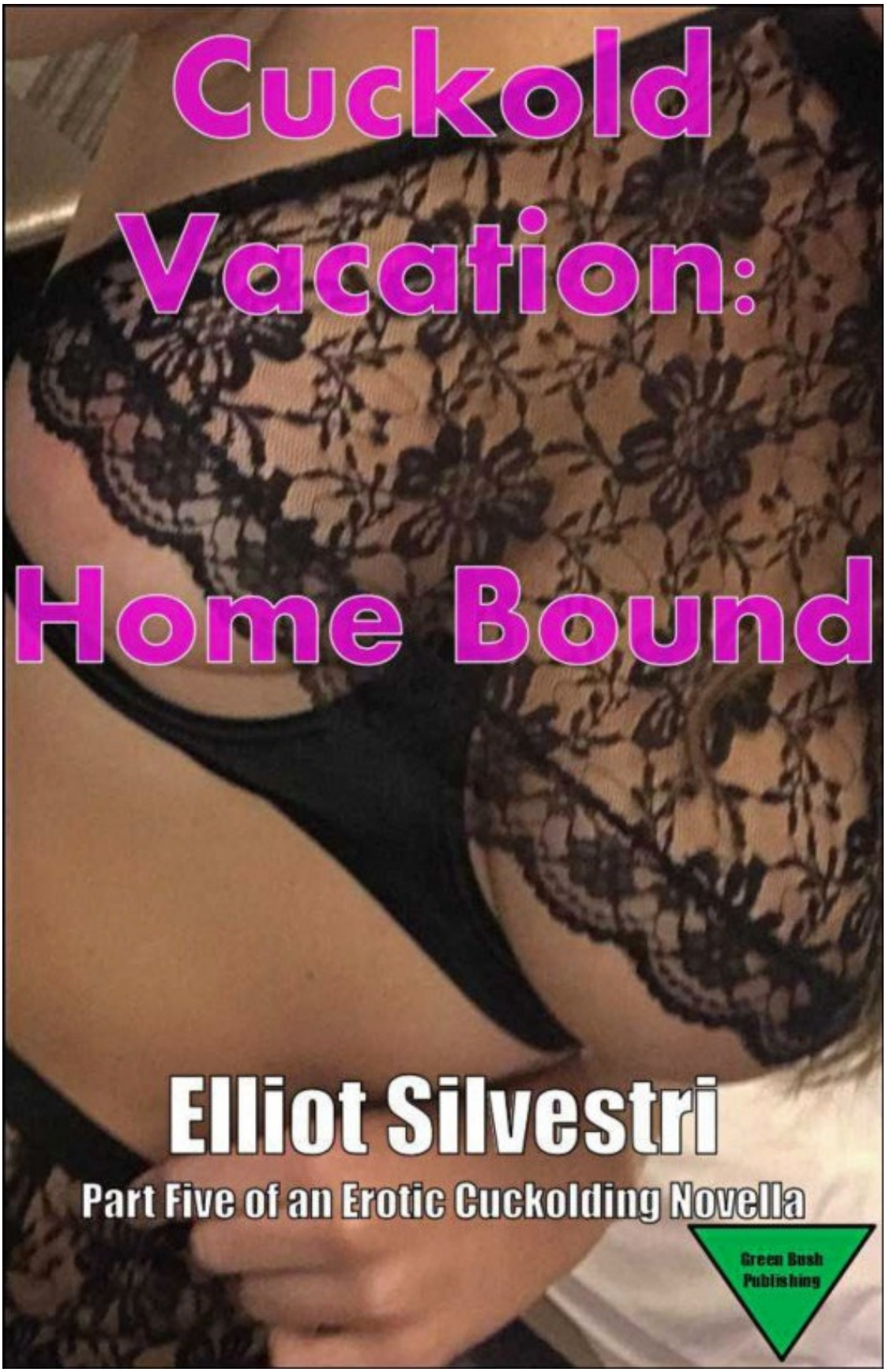

Cuckold Vacation:
Home Bound
Elliot Silvestri
Part Five of an Erotic Cuckolding Novella
Green Bush Publishing


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Cuckold Vacation: Home Bound

An Erotic Cuckolding Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Cuckold Vacation: Home Bound

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Chapter One

“I should have told her earlier,” said Keith. He was at the bar and far too drunk to think clearly.

“You never should have told her at all,” Jason told him. There was a glass in front of him but he had only sipped from it. The last thing he wanted was to be drunk while talking with Keith, Maddie’s cuckold and the father of his sort-of girlfriend.

“I never should have told her at all,” Keith all but wailed. The bartender had already cut him off but Keith was eying Jason’s glass. Taking care to make it seem casual, Jason wrapped his hand around the glass but didn’t move to drink from it.

“What now?” asked Jason, not wanting to just listen to the older man wail about his crumbling marriage.

“I’m gonna get drunk.”

“You’re already drunk,” Jason pointed out.

“I’m going to get laid,” he decided.

“You are at a sex resort…though for sexual interaction, it seems to cater more toward women and gay men.”

“I don’t mind sucking a dick or two!” Keith announced for all to hear.

That was enough for the bartender and the bouncer. The bar at the hotel’s resort was more of a casual meeting place and an excuse to avoid other activities but they still had plenty of what they called guest hosts who knew when to escort people to the privacy of their rooms when necessary. Usually that was because they were getting a little too sexually intimate in public areas, but being obnoxiously drunk was another reason for a forced removal.

Jason waved off the host and pulled Keith to his feet and off the bar stool. “C’mon. Let’s go to your room.”

“She’s probably taken it away from me already!” Keith was on the verge of tears.

“I’m sure you can have it for one more night,” Jason assured him without really knowing if that was the case.

Keith didn’t resist when Jason pulled him along. Either he didn’t care or he didn’t have the will to resist.

Escorting Keith up to his room went without incident. He was relieved that the man’s keycard still worked. He all but dumped Keith onto the unmade bed. “I jus’ wanna rest my eyes,” he mumbled before falling into the steady breathing of sleep. Out in the suite room, Jason called the front desk to report a guest passed out drunk and considered his next move.

He wanted to leave the resort and be done with working, but there was a huge bonus to be paid out at the end of the summer and leaving early meant he would abandon that. Calling his father for help was a non-starter. Normally he would have sought out sex with someone—anyone—to forget his troubles but with easy access to sex at the resort that seemed more work than necessary. His thinking was wrong, he knew, but that’s how he felt.

Not having an appointment for the rest of the day Jason first tried swimming some laps in the lake but only managed half his usual routine. He retreated back to his room to hide and found himself scrolling through his phone looking for inspiration. He had gotten to the point where even masturbation seemed like too much work.

When Drea’s contact info came up, he stopped and stared. Calling her seemed like a terrible idea so he stared at the button for far too long.

The smart thing to do would be to put the phone away and take a walk.

What he should have done was send a text

Instead, he called her like he was an overeager teen looking to get laid.

It wasn’t far from the truth.

He was hoping that it would go to voicemail.

Naturally she picked up.

“I was wondering when you’d call,” she said. It was a hell of a way to start a conversation.

“What?” Jason was confused.

“You can’t stay away from me.”

He realized she was playing with him. “You’re right,” he admitted. “I can’t. Not even with all the crazy sex I’m having with other interns.” He kept the lie going. No reason to have a real relationship now.

“Want to know what I’m doing right now?”

“Working at a convenience store?”

“Nope. I’m lying next to the pool behind my dad’s house.”

“Nice. Don’t have a pool here.” He didn’t add that they had a lovely lake and a beach filled with naked and half-naked women and men.

“Guess what I’m wearing.”

“Amish bonnet and Russian peasant dress with combat boots.”

“Nope. Close.”

“1920s-style swimsuit, ankles to wrists covered.”

“Closer.”

“Red bikini like Phoebe Cates wore in Fast Times at Ridgemont High.”

“Closer still.”

“One of those slutty bikini’s only porn stars wear?”

“Too many guesses.”

“So what are you wearing?”

“I’m topless.”

“So half a bikini.”

“Less than that.”

Jason paused. “You’re sunbathing naked?” He glanced out the window to check the weather. It was late afternoon and the sun was bright, but she was two hours away and the weather could be different there.

“Naturally.”

“Your skin is so pale. Don’t you burn easily?” He tried not to think about her skin and body. It was soft and pale. He loved it. Just the memory was enough to get him hard. Jason didn’t want to be hard right then.

“I’m underneath a shade umbrella.”

Adding more information did nothing to calm Jason’s erection. “So then, you’re just outside naked next to the pool.”

“I went for a swim. Skinny dipping would be more accurate, I guess.”

That was another image Jason didn’t need in his head. His cock was nearly at full mast now and he was actively resisting masturbating. “Are you wet right now?” he asked.

“How do you mean?” she giggled. “But yes. And yes.” She sighed or moaned or made some noise into the phone. “I was going to get myself off. Want to join me?”

Jason wondered where Maddie was. She had left the resort hours earlier and had plenty of time to make it home by now. Maybe she hadn’t gone home. He didn’t know everything about her. It was likely she had gone somewhere else in the world to spend Keith’s money. Surely Drea wouldn’t be lounging naked by the pool if her stepmother was home, would she? “Kind of,” he said as he pushed his hand into his shorts and wrapped his fingers around his shaft. For just a second he resisted pulling on it, but then gave in. “But I can’t get to where you are.”

“Of course not. That’s why the gods of technology invented FaceTime and

sexting."

The call disconnected and was immediately replaced with a FaceTime request. Jason gave in. When the connection went through he didn't see Drea's face. He saw her pussy. She had already positioned her phone between her legs. In the far distance he could just barely see the outline of her face. "Wanna watch me get off?"

"Yes." Jason didn't even have to think about the answer.

"I wanna watch you play with your cock. Turn your phone around."

He was helpless to resist her request. Flipping the phone's camera around, he focused it on his cock and started stroking himself in earnest. As always, he was big and he could barely wrap his fingers all the way around his circumference. But he wasn't looking at his cock; he was looking at Drea's busy little fingers slipping moistly around her clit and labia. She was teasing and playing with herself. She must have masturbated at least once already because her pussy was far too wet to have gotten that way just from their flirtatious talk.

"You like my pussy?" she asked as she plunged one finger in as deeply as possible and then pulled them out to show him how wet and sticky they were.

"Yeah…"

"Your cock is so big…"

"Uh-huh." Jason hated he couldn't think of anything better to say. He wanted to think it was because all the blood was rushing away from his head.

"I should get a bigger vibrator that's your size," she said softly. Even Drea was getting distracted by their sex talk, lame as it was. Her fingers got very busy rubbing her clit. Jason followed suite, pumping the head of his cock. He didn't know why he was so eager to cum. It was a hell of a lot of work for so little reward.

"Cum," she purred in his ears. "I wanna see you shoot your load."

That was enough for him. He wanted it to be over rather than for it to be good. He closed his eyes, her pussy now just a memory, and quickly finished. His thick

cum came out, not so much shooting as welling out and flopping on his hand and stomach.

“Pretty…” she sighed and his eyelids fluttered back open. A moment later the phone was knocked aside as she closed her thighs around her hand and rolled to the side. He couldn’t see much other than what he thought was part of her thigh and a bit of the blue sky. However, he could clearly hear her orgasm in the background. She wasn’t making any effort to keep quiet. He hoped she was along and that Maddie wouldn’t find her.

And then he hoped that Maddie was home and would find her. He wanted to see how uncomfortable Drea was with her stepmother demanding why she was naked in the backyard next to the pool and masturbating.

Then again, maybe Maddie would approve of her stepdaughter’s behavior. But probably not. This was real life, not some lame and transgressive porn scene.

“That was great,” Drea said after a long silence. The phone was picked u and Jason could see her face again. “I’ll talk to you later.” The connection was abruptly cut leaving Jason with his cock in his hand covered with jizz.

He groaned and reached for some tissues.

Chapter Two

For the next few days Jason continued to work at his job. He didn't love it or hate it any more than a typical summer job, it was just that this one centered around sex and little more than that. He was a prop in too many women's fantasies and too many couple's fantasies. They appreciated him for his cock and his abilities but they didn't care about him as a person. He was paid just as much for his ability to leave when they wanted it as he was for his sexual prowess and his big cock.

Throughout the summer Jason had gotten more than his fair share of repeat performances from satisfied couples. It wasn't so much a compliment as it was an obsessions with his large cock or perhaps with the couples sudden comfort with a man they had had sex with.

It was with little surprise that he saw Trudy and Ernie's names on his daily schedule. It didn't please or upset him; he just showed up at their suite at the appointed time. He was a cog in the machine.

If nothing else Trudy was happy to see him when he knocked on the door and she threw it open. Without saying a single word she gave him a hug and kiss on the cheek. It was a greeting more on par with an old friend than a lover. He was a visitor from the past rather than a bull sent to ravish a hotwife in front of a cuckold.

"I can't tell you how happy we are," she said, pulling him into the living room of the suite. He was mildly surprised she didn't take him to the bedroom, but Ernie was there, sitting on the well-padded couch. It was early afternoon, prime time for sex in the resort; not too late in the evening to interfere with more traditional entertainment and not so early that the wealthy elite were roused from slumber too early in the day.

"I'd glad to hear that." Trudy was a lovely woman and Jason knew what was expected of him. He ran his hand down her back and rested it on her rump. She turned around, a little surprised.

"Oh. Right. Sex."

Jason took a step back. "Sorry. That's what I'm usually called to guests rooms for."

She smiled. “Well. Yes. We’ll get to that…but a couple of things first. We wanted your help with something that we just purchased. And then we’ll get to the sex.”

“Okay.”

From a bag that was from the resort’s gift shop—only this gift shop had a well-stocked selection of adult toys—Trudy pulled out a small box. “We wanted you to help us put this on.”

Jason recognized the cage right away. It was one of the stock designs and one of the more popular ones worn by many of the men at the resort. Simple metal rings polished to a high sheen. He knew that a lot of the men compared cages that were custom made for a perfect fit. This was an off the shelf model which wasn’t a surprise. Custom cages often took weeks to be made. Still, it wasn’t cheap and probably set back Ernie—or Trudy—the equivalent of a week’s wages for Jason.

“I haven’t put one on myself,” said Jason, “but I can help you.”

“This is just temporary,” Trudy assured him. “We’re going to get a custom cage soon enough.”

“Of course,” Jason agreed. He looked to Ernie who, to Jason’s mild surprise, had an eager expression on his face. “You’ll have to take off your pants.”

“Right!” Ernie bounced up from the couch and looked like he immediately regretted it judging from his wince. “Not quite healed all the way yet.”

“It takes more than a few days,” said Jason. “More like a month.”

“But I want to see him in his new cage,” said Trudy.

Ernie slowly and carefully stepped out of his shoes and then lowered his pants that looked like they were more appropriate for the golf course than anywhere else. Underneath he wore jockey underwear and these too he carefully lowered.

Underneath he was perfectly shaved around his cock and balls. A substantial ring protruded from out his urethra and curved back underneath. Jason was close enough that he could see no signs or redness or swelling so it was healing well. It was the first time he had seen a husband with a fully naked cock. He was soft

so he wasn't so eager in this situation that he was at risk of suddenly popping a boner. His flaccid cock was small enough that Jason actually felt a little empathy for the other man. Maybe fully erect he was average sized, but he looked absurdly small with the large ring and no hair.

Together Jason and Trudy got the full metal cage on Ernie. It took some experimentation and manipulation but when everything was locked safely and securely away they were thrilled. It was the first time that Jason had clinically handled another man's cock and came away from the experience without any emotional scars.

"Now…I want the sex," Trudy laughed.

"Shall we go to the bedroom?" Jason asked, purposely ignoring Ernie. That's how they liked it.

"No…first we need to find another woman," she said.

"Ah. I see…"

"We're both bisexual," Trudy explained unnecessarily. "Or at least, I'm curious. This seems the perfect time for me to see what it's like to have sex with a woman."

"But I'm not a woman," Jason unnecessarily pointed out.

"But surely you can find someone here who can help me—us—out?"

This didn't come up often at the resort, Jason had been told. After all they were catering to the whims of hotwives and cuckolded husbands. It had never happened to him before. While he was reasonably sure some of the women were hooking up behind closed doors and in front of their husbands, Jason had never been privy to that particular scene. But the resort was primarily interested in keeping their guests happy, so he had been instructed to do whatever was necessary—without breaking the law—to do so.

Technically speaking his entire job was illegal, so he didn't have much to worry about when he made a call to the front desk. They would know what to do.

The desk, smooth as always, just asked what type of woman, exactly, he needed.

When passing this request along to Trudy she seemed to consider it for a moment before answering. Whether or not she was actually considering the question, Jason couldn't say. "Young. Pretty. No one with too many tattoos or weird hair."

Jason didn't question her restrictions and passed it along to the desk. "It'll be about ten minutes. If we can't accommodate, we'll call back."

They disconnected. Jason passed along the information.

"I think I'm too nervous to wait ten minutes," she told him. "Want to have sex?"

Without answering her question, Jason replied, "What if she shows up and you don't like her? What if you do?"

She just shook her head. "Okay. Let's just make out. That way I'll be really horny and I'll fuck whoever walks through the door."

Jason had no idea who was going to walk through the door, but Trudy moved up to him and wrapped her arms around his waist. He was human. He bent his head and began to kiss her.

Even after doing this for too many women to count—mostly because he didn't want to have to count them all—Jason still found it a little unsettling that her husband was there with his pants off watching them.

It was Ernie who groaned first at their physical display. Jason glanced his way and saw his hands were over his steel-encased cock. The painful expression on Ernie's face told it all.

"You okay man?" Jason asked.

"Not really," Ernie groaned. "But keep going."

"You don't have to watch."

"The fuck he doesn't," said Trudy, turning Jason's face back to hers to continue the kiss. She made obvious the movement of her hand to Jason's crotch, cupping his enlarging cock through his shorts.

This only elicited another groan from Ernie and Trudy laughed. “That’s why I got him pierced. I like to hear him suffer.”

Jason wasn’t sure what the outcome of the bit of torture would have been, but there was a knock at the door and he was relieved that they were all temporarily distracted. “She’s here,” he announced, pulling away from Trudy.

He wasn’t sure why it was important that he answer the door instead of Trudy, but he made sure he was the one to do it. Upon opening the door, Jason saw a young woman, early twenties with light blonde hair pulled back in a tight ponytail. She was in the resort’s uniform and it occurred to him that he had seen her around but didn’t know her name or job. The name problem was solved easily enough by looking at her name badge. Ellie.

“Hey,” she greeted him with a nod. “You called for a slut?”

Jason blinked at her. “Uh…yeah, I guess.”

Ellie pushed by him. “Well, what do you need me to do?” She got right down to business. The uniform everyone wore at the resort was the same: white sneakers, white shorts, blue polo shirt. In one smooth movement she pulled the shirt over her head. It briefly caught on her ponytail but then she tossed it aside.

Underneath Ellie was wearing a thin bra that clearly showed the outline of her nipples and the dark circles of her areola. Jason nodded in appreciation, but it was Trudy who was most appreciative.

“You’ve got wonderful boobs,” she gushed. Ellie smiled and quickly sized up the other woman. Being a natural blonde Ellie had both freckles and tan lines on her body after spending so much of her time outside during the summer. Jason could easily imagine the sports bra top that she must have worn while swimming. More importantly she had freckles all over her shoulders and back and chest. His eyes flicked to her face and noted the freckles that danced across her nose and cheeks.

As ordered she didn’t have too many tattoos. All that Jason could see was some green ivy with blue flowers curling over her right shoulder.

“Thank you,” Ellie replied politely. “Do you want me to strip or do you want to help me?”

“Would you mind if I helped?” asked Trudy.

“I’d love it.” Her smile was genuine. Or at least it read as genuine. Jason had to admit that Ellie was a very good actress or she truly enjoyed her job.

Trudy approached the younger woman and reached out hesitantly. Ellie must have been an old pro at this because she moved forward, tilting her head slightly, moving into Trudy’s personal space, as she wound her arms around Trudy. The kiss was natural and almost like they had done it a hundred times before. Without realizing it, Trudy was being swept away in the moment.

Jason watched as the two women kissed. It was surprisingly intimate and arousing. Ellie was an experienced hand in this sort of thing so Jason wasn’t the least bit surprised to see her taking the lead. It must have been at least a semi-common fantasy that the resort fulfilled on a regular basis because Ellie wasn’t the least bit surprised by it.

For all her inexperience Trudy wasn’t the least bit shy about what she was doing. Her hands ran up and down Ellie’s back, going down to rest on the top curve of her buttocks before wandering back up to stop on the younger woman’s bra strap.

“Do you want to take it off?” Ellie asked, breaking the kiss.

Trudy blinked at her. “Am I that obvious?”

“I’ve done this more than once.”

The blush that spread across Trudy’s face was actually more arousing to Jason and his cock than watching the two women kiss. “I feel so inexperienced…and I’m older than you.”

“If it makes you feel any better, you’re a great kisser.” Ellie followed that with a quick peck on Trudy’s lips. “If you don’t want to strip me, I’ll undress you.” She turned her head and looked pointedly at Ernie who had been watching the two women his mouth wide open and his hands still clutched over his caged cock. “Your husband?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Is he going to join in?”

That made Trudy laugh. “No. Of course not. Show her, Ern.” She sighed and blew a stray strand of hair out of her face. “And take off your shirt. You look ridiculous. Like Winnie the Pooh.”

The order to take off his shirt was enough to get him moving and when Ernie took it off he was fully naked. He also simultaneously showed off his small cock and cage.

“How about him?” Ellie asked with a tilt of her head at Jason. He was certain the bulge in his shorts was showing but he wasn’t worried about that. These women had seen much more in their time.

“Yeah, he’s going to join us,” Trudy said with a lick of her lips. “But I want to play with you first. Is that okay?”

“Whatever you want is okay.”

“Then I want to do this.” Trudy groped behind Ellie back, looking for the clasp to her bra. Oddly, she had as much trouble unhooking it as a teenaged boy would have because everything was backwards to her. Even so, it only took a few seconds before Trudy was able to release the clasp and reveal Ellie’s breasts in all their glory. While she was doing this, Ellie looked at Jason and licked her lips. Her meaningful glance down to his crotch and his bulge told Jason everything he needed to know about her eagerness in having Jason join the two women.

Ducking her head, Trudy kissed one of Ellie’s nipples and then sucked it into her mouth, savoring the firmness of the little nub of flesh and the way it made Ellie shiver.

The younger blonde woman grabbed Trudy’s hand. “Where’s the bed. You’re making my knees go weak and I don’t want to fall down.”

Silently, eagerly, Trudy led the way to the bed. The two women fell on it together and Trudy rolled on top of them Jason followed them into the bedroom while Ernie brought up the rear. Ernie was only going to get to watch while Jason simply had to wait until he was invited.

Being in the bed seemed to free up Trudy entirely. She was actively kissing Ellie's breasts while her hand struggled to push down inside the other woman's shorts. Ellie had already kicked off her sneakers and somehow had managed to pull off Trudy's top without any real effort. Trudy had been ready for the encounter and wore no bra under her shirt. Or maybe her bra had been pulled off with her top; Jason couldn't tell and didn't care.

"I want to eat your pussy," Trudy said eagerly, fire in her eyes. She looked up at Ellie like she was being given the keys to the kingdom but she was only a queen.

"I'd love for you to do that. Let me help." Ellie rolled a bit to the side and then quickly slid down her shorts and panties in one smooth move. Jason took a step to the side to get a better view. To his mild amusement it appeared that Ellie didn't follow modern pubic grooming trends and had a rather full and large bush. He figured that she had to at least do some trimming and edging, but it didn't matter and Trudy didn't care. As soon as her newly ordered partner was naked she lost all inhibitions and pushed Ellie's thighs wide apart.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she said, pausing, her fingers covering Ellie's labia, hiding her sex from both her and Jason's view. "You're so hot."

Jason wondered if Trudy meant that literally or metaphorically. "why don't you see how hot?" Ellie asked and put her hand over Trudy's to push two of the older woman's fingers inside her. She let out a little sigh and let her head flop back. Trudy didn't want to just finger her new lover. She wanted everything.

Pulling her now wet and sticky fingers free she lowered her face to Ellie's pussy and licked it from bottom to top. "You taste wonderful."

Ellie said nothing and Trudy took the opportunity, once she realized that Ellie's pussy didn't taste all that much different from her own, to get serious with her planned cunnilingus technique.

Jason and Ernie watched in silence as Trudy did what the two of them had done to a variety of women over the years. Trudy had the knowledge that what she was doing, she knew women liked. Jason and Ernie weren't afforded that little bit of knowledge.

Once again Ellie proved her acting skills—or her general eagerness to fuck—and quickly started hyperventilating. "Don't…don't stop," she breathed. "Suck on

my clit a little. Just…like…that." Her orgasm was quiet. Her thighs quivered and her body shook in little spasms. Maybe it was that easy to get her to cum or maybe Ellie just wanted to move things along.

"Did I make you cum?" Trudy asked, delighted with Ellie's quick reaction.

"Uh-huh. Just a little one, but I liked it."

"Can I…can I keep going?"

"Of course."

Trudy started to lower her face again, but then paused and looked at Jason. "Wait a second. This is my fantasy. I get what I want, right?"

"Right," Jason agreed.

"I want you to fuck me while I eat Ellie's pretty pussy," said Trudy as she got up on her knees and yanked down her panties from under her skirt. The short skirt stayed in place and Jason helped her slip the panties from off her legs. She went back to Ellie's pussy but this time with her ass high in the air.

Jason knelt behind her and put his fingers along her swollen labia. She was moist but not wet enough for him. While it wasn't his favorite way to eat pussy, he still pushed his face forward into the space between her spread thighs, his nose uncomfortably close to her puckered anus, and got to work eating her out while she was doing much the same to Ellie.

Between Trudy's burgeoning interest and skill at cunnilingus, plus Jason's attention to her pussy, she quickly got wet. Trudy loved getting a good session of pussy eating, but up until that moment she didn't realize that she also loved actually eating pussy herself. For Trudy, pleasing her partner was just as much fun as being pleased herself.

Taking a quick moment away from showering attention on Ellie's pussy, Trudy lifted her head and addressed Jason without turning around to look at him. She was too fascinated by the beauty of Ellie's pussy to tear her eyes away. "Just stick it in me," she all but moaned for him. "I wanna be fucked." She went right back to eating Ellie's pussy because there was only so much begging a proud woman was willing to do.

Jason didn’t need to be told twice. He backed away, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and then got back into position. Trudy was far too involved in eating Ellie’s pussy to give him any assistance, but now she was plenty wet and worked up. Jason eased his cock slowly into her. Her pussy was accommodating, but he still needed to take it slowly. As he went deeper and deeper, he could hear Trudy moaning in appreciation of his care and skill.

“Fuck,” she muttered into Ellie’s pussy.

“Can do,” Jason replied as he gripped her hips and started to get to serious work. He was now familiar enough with Trudy’s body that it was easy for him to fuck her. Her pussy was accommodating enough that he could use his big cock on her without need to worry about being gentle.

After a minute Jason glanced over at Ernie who was watching the scene with wide eyes. “Missing out?” Jason asked, trying to humiliate the older man just a little.

Ernie tore his gaze away from where his face had buried her face between Ellie’s thighs. “I’m not missing anything,” he said earnestly.

“You aren’t getting to fuck anyone,” Jason pointed out, slowly increasing the pace of his fucking.

“I’m going to go down on both of them when you’re done…if they want,” Ernie said. “That’s what I get to do. That’s sex. That’s fucking.”

Jason couldn’t understand the cuckold mindset. While maybe he could appreciate holding back as long as possible before an orgasm, but not cumming at least once a day? That was crazy. Maybe not doing it for a couple of days, sure, if he was sick, maybe. But locking his cock away in a steel cage? Hell no. Getting pierced so he couldn’t pull out of the cage? That was a nonstarter. He had his needs.

Fucking Trudy while she was going down on Ellie was more fun than Jason would have thought. Ellie kept looking at him, catching his eye. While she was surely enjoying Trudy’s sloppy but enthusiastic pussy licking, she could also pull herself out of the moment when needed. It took him a moment to realize it, but Ellie was flirting with him. Whether or not she wanted Jason to fuck her he couldn’t determine, but he was interested. He was human. While he hated to

admit it to himself, he liked fucking new women all the time.

Still, it was just something new, not something that he desired. Closing his eyes he willed himself away and focused on cumming. It only took another minute and he unloaded inside of Trudy. Panting heavily he asked Ernie, “I’m done with her. Do you want to eat her pussy now?”

Ellie started laughing at the other man. “Yeah. Do that. I’ll eat her pussy once you’ve cleaned it up for me.”

Jason pulled his large and still mostly erect cock from inside of Trudy. Grabbing the base he waved it at Ellie. She nodded and licked her lips. “I’m interested in that now that you’re done with her.”

While he wasn’t turned off by Ellie, Jason didn’t have any special desire for her. She was just another woman in a long string of new women.

“Sure,” he agreed but left it at that. The thrill of sex had left him for the moment.

Ellie refocused on Ernie. “What are you waiting for? Get under her and clean that pussy for me.” She waited and when Ernie didn’t move, she snapped her fingers. “Get moving. I don’t eat pussy unless it’s clean.”

Jason was unimpressed with Ellie’s attitude, but he was stuck with her inside the suite with Trudy and Ernie.

Right away Jason could tell that what Ellie was trying to force on Ernie wasn’t his kink. Yes, he liked to see other men fuck his wife but humiliating himself by being forced to lick his wife clean wasn’t something that he signed on for.

“I don’t…that’s not what I like,” Ernie said, standing up for himself. He might not be able to have sex with his wife unless it was when she wanted, but he had his self-respect. “That’s not what Trudy and I like.”

Trudy now lifted her face from Ellie’s pussy. “Maybe not, but I want to try it, honey. You eat my pussy better than anyone else I’ve ever had. Don’t you think that Ellie deserves my pussy at my best?” She wiggled her ass in the air. “I’ll make it worth your while.”

After he got up from the bed, Jason went over to the other man and nudged him

with his shoulder. “Go ahead and do it. No one’s gonna know. I’ve seen a dozen men go down on their wives after I’ve fucked them. They all love it.” Jason purposely left vague who loved it; it was always the women…though more than a few men claimed to have a passion for cleaning creampies.

Not wanting to disappoint his wife or look like a fool, Ernie submitted and lay down on his back on the bed, pushing himself under Trudy’s pussy. She had already let some of Jason’s cum drip down onto the bedding. He ignored that and examined his wife’s freshly used sex. It was open and swollen. She was wetter than he had ever seen her. Wetter than he had ever left her. Closing his eyes he lifted his face to her sex as she lowered it down to him.

The taste, he realized after a second, wasn’t much different than what she was normally. Maybe stronger than usual, but not all together horrible, musky and strong. As he danced his tongue on her clit and lapped at her thick lips, the moisture that was created almost became too much. He was forced to swallow and he knew that what he was swallowing wasn’t just his wife’s pussy juice; he knew some of it had to be Jason’s leavings.

That didn’t stop him.

It didn’t stop him from getting hard either. Jason watched the three on the bed. Ernie’s cock remained as swollen as it could get inside the small cage. Ellie was more than pleased with what Trudy was doing to her and Trudy also periodically paused in her new-found cunnilingus skills to let out little moans from what Ernie was doing to her. The biggest thrill to Trudy was when Ellie’s legs quivered uncontrollable and she pushed Trudy’s face back from her pussy so she wouldn’t be overstimulated when she came.

“Was I good?” Trudy asked, please she had made the other woman cum again. Or maybe Ellie was just a very good actress. It was impossible to say and Jason, from his observation point, wasn’t willing to make a decision either way.

“Very good,” Ellie told her with a kiss. She pushed Trudy over onto her back and away from Ernie before eagerly putting her own face between Trudy’s legs. “Now it’s my turn. I’m going to give you the best orgasm of your life.”

Receiving oral sex is completely different than giving it and at first Trudy was certain Ellie was just bragging to make the moment seem more exciting, but when she started, she realized right away that Ellie was a talented cunnilinguist

or that women were just better at the job than men.

The fact that Jason and Ernie had done a lot of the groundwork to get her ready for Ellie's tongue was lost on her in the moment. Still, Trudy looked very happy to have her legs spread wide for another woman. It was hardly the most transgressive moment of her life, but it was an important achievement to her.

Jason watched the two women for the next few minutes as Ellie continued to work on Trudy. After a little bit Ellie introduced her hand to the mix. Jason couldn't tell if she had penetrated Trudy's pussy or ass or both. It didn't matter as long as she was loving it.

It was impossible for Jason not to sneak a look at Ernie as he watched his wife with another woman. The man's cock hadn't wilted at all. Either he loved being locked up or he loved watching his wife get it on with another woman. And a man. Probably all three.

When Trudy came with a triumphant shout of triumph Jason was relieved because it was over, finally. He hated to admit it, but all the sex was getting kind of boring and monotonous. He wanted something else in his life.

Ellie wasn't quiet done, though. After Trudy came she slid up the older woman's body and cuddled her like a good partner would. They exchanged some rather chaste kisses until Trudy turned her head away.

"If you don't mind, would you stop?" The request was firm but not rude. Trudy was done with her fantasy. Ellie was nothing more than a hired warm body.

"Of course," said Ellie, backing up. "Is there anything else you need?"

Trudy just shook her head and looked to her husband, holding out her hand to him. Jason caught the wetness in her eyes and realized she was on the verge of tears. "No. Not right now."

"Would you like me…us…to leave?" asked Ellie as she slipped off the bed.

"If you don't mind."

Ellie inclined her head at Jason as she rapidly, without rushing, started dressing. Jason followed suit even as the married couple cuddled together on the bed.

Sometimes a hired warm body was hired because it was easy to make the warm body go away.

A minute later Jason and Ellie slipped out the door, leaving the couple to themselves.

“I’ve seen it before,” Ellie said breezily. “Married couple tries something new and it freaks them out. Sometimes they freak out because one or both of them enjoy it so much they realize their partner is rather lousy in bed.”

Jason nodded in acknowledgement. He didn’t have anything else scheduled for the rest of the day so he was headed back to his room. Ellie stopped him by grabbing his forearm.

“Hey, don’t be so eager to leave me. I’m still horny. How about you?”

“Uh…that wasn’t enough for you?”

She smiled and moved closer. Normally it would have been Jason’s reaction to take a step back but he managed to react like a person who wasn’t easily freaked out by a woman who was eager to get in bed with him. “She was just a warm up for me. And I don’t get off on guys who just want to wear a cage on their cock and not fuck. I mean…what’s the point?”

“That’s kinda the whole point of this resort, isn’t it?”

Ellie shrugged. “Half the point. Recreational sex in a safe setting. But I’m horny and I’ll do anything to get that monster you have in your pants between my legs. What do you say?”

Her proposal was honest and forthright and almost a little too aggressive for him. And at the same time he was turned on more than he thought he should be. “I sort of need to save it for my next appointment later today.” That was a lie.

The only reason he was lying was because he was just so exhausted from the sex. He didn’t have an appointment to fuck another couple. He just wanted some time alone. Was that too much to ask.

Ellie frowned at him. “Not what I wanted to hear. One more try? How about you just fuck me and you don’t have to cum. I just want to feel what it’s like to be

stretched by you. The men around here have such small dicks."

Jason laughed when he realized what she was asking. "You just want me to fuck you. I don't have to cum. That's it?"

"I'd like to cum, too. If you don't mind." She moved even closer and whispered in his ear. "You might not realize this buy you're a hot commodity and I want to say I've fucked the guy with the biggest dick here."

In the end, Jason just went with Ellie. They went to her room and took off their clothes. She was again delighted with the size of his cock. He wasn't that huge she had to open her lips all the way in order to get his full girth inside her mouth. Ellie was a pro—and very eager to prove to herself she could handle any cock that came her way—and was able to take more of Jason into her mouth than any woman had before.

When she was done sucking him, he fucked her. It was a mechanical fucking. She had never felt so full before. He had never been so remote during sex before.

She came—Jason was willing to go that far at least—and Jason stopped fucking her. He pulled out with his mostly full erection, put on his clothes, and left.

He had only one week to go before the end of his contract for the bonus. He stayed. He was a lousy employee, but he stayed.

And then he left without looking back.

Chapter Three

“On your back, like a woman,” Maddie ordered.

Keith did as she requested, laying on the bed on his back. He drew his knees up to his chest while Maddie knelt near his bottom. His small cock lay soft inside the cage. She briefly tickled his balls and then reached lower, all the way down to his tightly puckered anus. Maddie wasn’t cruel to him. They both wanted this and she generously greased up his entrance with more than enough lube.

“Are you ready?” she asked him while handling his balls again. It was partly for the fun and partly to wipe off the excess lube from her fingers.

“Uh-huh.”

She moved away and Mike moved in. He was already hard, assisted by a hard rubber ring he wore around the base of his cock behind his balls. It wasn’t lost on Maddie that it looked just like the metal base ring to Keith’s caged cock. He claimed it was to give him a harder erection, but Maddie wondered if it was just to keep him hard. Mike had already put on a condom and greased himself up with lube. Maddie had helped him get hard with a little mouth work while giving Keith the opportunity to watch. Sadly, it was a bit mechanical. Mike just didn’t click for her like Jason did.

The one disappointment so far was that Mike wasn’t as big as Jason.

She’d give almost anything for another chance with Jason in bed with the two of them, but he was at the resort and they weren’t going back there again.

Maddie moved to Keith’s side and reached between his legs to grab his caged cock. They had a new cage on it with a special lock that Maddie had been assured was impossible to pick or defeat. She had the only key and she wore it around her neck on a chain. It could be cut off, but that was too dangerous around Keith’s precious cock.

Keith had been less than enthusiastic about this little scene with Mike, but it was the only way that Maddie said she’d take him back, so there they were.

“Should I hold him up out of the way?” Maddie asked, a cruel smile on her face.

“You don’t need to,” said Mike.

“But I want to.”

“Then go ahead,” he agreed. His cock was dark red; maybe it was his natural color or maybe it was because of the ring he wore. Maddie watched in satisfaction as Mike sank himself slowly into her husband’s ass.

It was a process. In an inch, pull back out. In two inches, pull back out. Keith was used to this sort of thing. He had taken Maddie’s strapon cock up his ass plenty of times before, but to be fucked by a man was something different.

She liked the humiliation he had to endure.

Even more she liked watching two men have sex.

The best part was that her husband was willingly taking part in that man on man sex.

It was hot enough to get the juices in her pussy flowing.

As they started to fuck, she slipped off the bed and found her harness and strapon. She was going to use it and didn’t want to waste any time getting it on when it was the right moment.

Watching the two men fuck, or rather, watching Mike fuck Keith was arousing to Maddie. She liked seeing him suffer, both physically and emotionally. He’d do anything for her, which was odd because he’d cheated on her, and he’d hurt her so it was her time to hurt him.

“Keep fucking him until he cums,” she told Mike.

“Uh-huh,” he grunted. They had already extensively discussed exactly what she wanted. Maddie was in complete control of both men and she was getting her own private sex show in exactly the way she wanted. Maybe she was directing too much, but she was getting what she wanted and that had to be good enough.
“I know.”

“You’re not gonna cum too soon and fuck it up for me, are you?”

“Of course not.”

It had been two weeks that Keith had been in chastity. She hadn't given him any release at all and had kept careful tabs on everything he did. Keith didn't have enough time to fuck around on her.

It showed. He was full swollen inside the tight cage. He couldn't get hard but all the blood rushing to his cock practically turned it purple.

"Don't make me use a vibrator on you, honey," Maddie said sweetly to Keith. "I know how you hate that."

Keith said nothing. His eyes were closed and he was trying to cum, or at least he was trying to ejaculate to end his ass fucking.

When it happened it was no less humiliating than anything else he had ever done or been forced to do. The thick cum forced its way out of his cock and splashed weekly on his stomach. Since he had been locked away for two weeks the amount of ejaculate he produced was impressive.

"Okay, you can stop now," she told Mike.

He nodded and withdrew his cock from Keith's ass. Maddie eagerly grabbed it and yanked the condom off.

"Are you close?" she asked as she ran her hand up and down his shaft. He had just enough lube on under the condom to keep it nice and slick, making it easy for her to jerk him off.

"Yeah."

"I'm not a big fan of flavored lube…or plain lube for that matter," she said right before she lowered her mouth onto him.

Her first impression was that he wasn't as large as Jason. Her second impression was that the lube wasn't so bad; she would have been happier without it. The last impression she had was that he was throbbing and ready to cum. He hadn't been lying about that. Maddie had no real interest in sucking his cock and giving him pleasure that way. Mike was there for one reason only and she wasn't willing to work very hard for it.

After less than a minute of enthusiastic—if passionless—fellatio, Maddie forced

Mike over the edge and she felt him erupting in her mouth. She wasn't worried about the volume; she just wanted enough of him for a taste. A good taste.

Maddie felt three good spurts and then maybe a fourth one, but it was weak. Still, there was more than enough in her mouth. She ran her thumb along the underside of his cock, forcing out the last few drops of ejaculate. Maddie didn't swallow or spit. She had a plan.

Keeping her lips firmly wrapped around his cock, she kept them sealed around his organ until it was all in her mouth. Smiling but with closed lips, she moved away from Mike and straddled her husband's body. Out of the three of them, Maddie was the one almost fully dressed. She wore a silk corset that hid her breasts and most of her torso. The panties she wore were seemingly conservatively cut and practically modest, covering her ass and her pussy. She even went so far as to wear thigh high stockings on her legs.

The sexy but almost demure outfit was completely at odds with the strapon cock she wore over her hips and panties, the bright pink dildo that jutted out from her crotch was incongruous to her very feminine contours.

Maddie leaned forward so that her face was only a few inches away from her husband's. They stared in each other's eyes for a long moment. She waited patiently. They had discussed this and she was determined that he go through with it. It was a small gesture, but it was seemingly the next step in his steady humiliation.

Keith hesitated just long enough to let Maddie's anger start to rise. He could see it in her face even as she held Mike's cum in her mouth.

Finally he parted his lips and she leaned forward for a kiss. It was an intimate kiss, her tongue in her mouth, but more importantly she was putting Mike's cum into Keith's mouth. Keith didn't complain. He didn't pretend to choke or try to spit it out. He was a good cuckolded husband and swallowed every drop that she gave him.

The flavor was familiar, like all cum was. He missed tasting it along with her pussy, but that was the whole point to this experiment. The humiliation was extra strong, eating another man's cum this way, so he liked it more than he ever would admit.

“Did you like that?” she asked him, grinning so hard that it hurt her cheeks.

“It like it better when I get it from your pussy.” It wasn’t a direct answer, but it was honest enough.

She rubbed her fake cock on his stomach where she was straddling him. “Do you like my cock?”

“Uh-huh.” Even though he had just cum, he was eager to be fucked by his wife. That was the role and the life of a cuckold.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Yes…”

“Would you mind if I fucked Mike instead?”

It wasn’t the question that Keith wanted to hear. He already knew how he had to answer, but he didn’t want to say it. After sex with another man she was supposed to fuck him, regardless of anything else. That was how their relationship operated. It was the rules.

“No,” he finally said.

“So I can fuck Mike?” she asked again. “Say it. Say it for me.”

“You can fuck Mike,” he relented.

“I’ll let you watch,” she promised. “But I’m not letting you out of your cage.”

The cum from his previous orgasm was starting to dry on his stomach and in his cage. That was uncomfortable and he’d had to spend a long time cleaning it out because Maddie promised him that he wasn’t going to be unlocked for a month.

That was half a promise and half a threat.

In his heart Keith was looking forward to it.

“I want to fuck you like a man,” she told Mike, already having moved off Keith’s body and on to her next conquest. Mike was a hired hand. He knew what he’d gotten himself into and was willing to do whatever it took to get paid.

“Sure. Want me on my hands and knees?”

“Of course. And I want to reach around and play with your cock. Can you cum again for me?”

“Sure. Not a problem.” Mike always saved his orgasms for his paying clients. There were worse ways to make a living.

It took them a minute to get into position. Maddie lubed up her cock and Mike applied a large amount of the lube to his ass. He’d done this before. He was a pro.

As he crouched down and helped her fit the head of the strapon into his ass, he asked her, “What do you get out of this? Do you really like humiliating him this much?” He was glad he was facing away from her when she pushed into him. She wasn’t gentle and he winced which he considered unprofessional.

“I do,” she said. “And this isn’t an ordinary strapon. Half of it is in my pussy.”

“Good…good for you,” he grunted as she started pumping her hips. She put her weight on him. She wasn’t a small woman but he was big and muscular and could take it. When her hand encircled his cock, he actually smiled. Sometimes servicing a couple was more fun than he normally had in his job.

Maddie loved topping men, especially her husband, and especially men more masculine and muscular than Keith.

What she missed at the moment was fucking Jason. He was the best bull she had ever had and he didn’t need to be paid.

Drea closed her laptop and shivered at her desk. Maybe hiding a camera in the room wasn’t a great idea. It had been her intent to spy on Maddie. She hadn’t expected to see Maddie fucking both her father and another guy. The audio wasn’t great, but Drea got the message. Her father was a wimp in bed and Maddie needed another man to satisfy her.

The most disturbing part was that Drea found her hand inside her panties, fingering her clit. She was halfway to orgasm. She should have run to the

bathroom for a cold shower. Instead she flopped on her bed and tried to push the images from her head as she furiously masturbated to thoughts of reuniting with Jason in a week.

The two of them had no trouble finding each other the evening the dorms opened. Jason was staying in the same house and Drea came to his place the moment she had settled her room. She didn't even bother calling, she just showed up at the door.

The house wasn't shaking with an out of control festival, but enough friends were attending to make it a party. A low-key party. Now an experienced sophomore, Drea wound her way through the guests and eventually found Jason on the back porch gloomily staring at the crowd that filled the tiny backyard of the house while slowly sipping on a beer he barely tasted and didn't want in the first place.

"Fancy meeting you here," she said, taking the beer out of his hand, sipping it, and handing it back to him, all without permission.

Jason found that he didn't care if she had kept it.

"You knew I'd be here."

"Of course." She smiled at him. "Have an eventful summer?"

"You could say that."

"Did you make more money or more contacts?"

He looked at her a second before he remembered his lie to her. "About the same of both. It was good. Mostly good. Exhausting, but good."

"Glad to be back at school?"

It took all of Jason's self-control not to glare at her. "You certainly have a lot of questions tonight."

"I'd have less questions if we were in your room and fucking. I'd have no

questions at all if your cock was in my mouth."

That was her subtle way of telling him that she wanted to fuck.

Drea was done with being subtle.

It had been a week since Jason had had sex with anyone, including himself. After leaving the resort he has vowed never to have sex again. He still felt the lust but not the need.

Or rather, he hadn't felt the need until Drea showed up. She was willing. She was young. She was nothing like the women—and men—at the resort. That was good enough. He was done with that. He was done with being a bull. He wanted to have a nice, perverted and over-active sex life of a normal college senior.

They went to his room. Jason had to redirect her to a different room from the one he had before the summer. He had made more money than he had expected and didn't need a roommate. He was happy to have the privacy.

Drea was eager to fuck. Her summer alone—or mostly alone—had given her a lot of fantasies she wanted fulfilled. She didn't need them satisfied tonight; tonight she just needed to get laid.

The moment the door was shut, Drea was all over Jason. He accepted her kisses and her eager undressing of him. She went down on her knees, unbuckled his jeans and let his big cock flop out. He wasn't hard. He wanted to be hard, but he needed help.

"You're giving me a challenge," she said as she grabbed his shaft and licked along the underside. His cock twitched and started to grow. "Did you fuck a lot of the interns?" Drea asked as paused to tuck back her hair. She hated getting hair in her mouth especially during sex or kissing.

"What?"

"Did you fuck a lot of the interns?" she repeated with a laugh. "I've heard those places can be hotbeds of sex because of all the horny college students working there."

Jason slowly shook his head. "No. Not really."

“Oh? Then did you fuck a lot of the women guests?”

He stiffened, but not where she wanted him to. “Why are you asking that?”

His cock was only at half-mast at best. Every time before when they had fucked, he had gotten hard right away. “Because you aren’t hard and I thought you loved to fuck.”

“Oh. Yeah. Sorry. I’m just…exhausted. And I’ve been drinking too much.” Both were sort of lies. It was late. He was a bit tired and he had had almost half a beer.

“Do you want to fuck or not?” she asked him.

Jason pulled Drea to her feet and yanked her shirt and bra off. He was rough because he had to prove himself. “Yeah. I want to fuck. But I need you to shut up to do it.”

“Will that help?”

Jason stepped out of his jeans and then yanked her shorts and panties down. “Taking too long he said and spun her around. He was taller than her but he still loved the feeling of her ass pressed up against his big cock. She needed to turn her head so they could kiss. Jason pinched her nipple and pushed his hand down to her pussy. To his relief she was wet. It was easier that way.

Together they walked forward to the bed and Drea went down on her hands and knees. A second later he was kneeling behind her. Together they got their bodies aligned and she reached down between her legs to let him enter her. As always it took a little time and effort and patience, but eventually he got his length into her.

Drea had forgotten how much he spread her open and filled her up. She had gotten a larger vibrator over the summer, but it wasn’t as big as Jason.

“This,” she moaned, “this is what I needed.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you know what else I need?” she asked.

Jason realized he should have just let her continue the blowjob so she couldn't talk at all. "What?"

"Another cock."

"You can go fuck another guy. We aren't exclusive." He started slamming into her harder and faster. She moaned at the sensations and arched her back to take every inch of him.

"I want…I want you and…another guy at the same time," she panted, already close to orgasm.

"You want the other guy in your mouth?" he grunted.

"Or my ass. You in my pussy, him in my ass. I'd love that."

"Uh-huh." Jason was getting closer now as well.

"Actually…I want to fuck in front of another guy with you and make him watch. Torment him. Maybe not fuck him at all." She paused and savored the fantasy. "Want to do that with me?"

Jason pumped her a couple of more times and then he came. He didn't care that she hadn't cum yet. He might fuck her again tonight, or maybe not. It didn't matter.

"Yeah, we can do that."

End

Preview

Steel Restraint 1

“No. Absolutely not.”

“C’mon, Marci. You used to do it all the time for me.”

“Yes. I used to. When I was married to you. I don’t do that anymore.”

Basil sighed with frustration. They had stayed on good terms, but he knew he was asking a lot of his ex. “Thanks anyway. I thought I’d ask.” He didn’t disconnect the call immediately. Maybe he was hoping for a reprieve. Maybe he was waiting for her to end the call.

“Hold on,” Marci said. “What exactly do I have to do?” She still felt a little guilt about their breakup. Technically she had been the one to cheat during their marriage. It wasn’t that simple, of course, it never is. But that was that.

“Just hold my key.”

“Yeah, I know. And I need you to spell out exactly what that entails because I’m not touching or looking at your junk.”

In the pit of his stomach, Basil felt a tiny bit flame start to kindle. “I just need you to hold my key for twenty-four hours. Probably less. I can even drop it off for you. I’ll only have to see you when I pick it up.”

“Uh-huh.” Marci’s tone was doubtful. “Why? Why so short a period and why me and why are you doing this now?”

Basil considered his options and decided to go with the truth. “Because I trust you. Because I only need twenty-four hours.”

“Why?” she repeated, not missing that Basil had left out the critical part of the answer.

He sighed and confessed all. “Because I have a date and I don’t want to be tempted to do something stupid.”

“Like fuck her on the first date?”

When she said the words they both immediately regretted it. Basil and Marci had fallen into bed on their first date. The sex was great. The relationship had started out on a high note and had slowly disintegrated from there, a slow disintegration that took fifteen years.

“Yes.” He cleared his throat. “Think of it this way, if this works out well, you might never have to do this again.”

She sighed. “Fine. You can drop off the key anytime at my place. As long as I don’t have to see your cock or that contraption.”

That contraption took Basil more than the usual time to lock onto his cock, partly because it had been some time since he had last put on his chastity cage and partly because he was so excited by his upcoming date that he kept getting hard which made it impossible to put on since chastity cages were designed to go onto flaccid cocks, not hard ones.

He tried ice and thinking about baseball. He considered beating off just to be done with it, but that wasn’t how he wanted to condition himself. In the end, it had to be a cold shower and judicious application of lubricant to get himself soft enough and slippery enough to get inside his cage.

It had been too long since he had worn it. While Basil knew it was largely his perception, he was certain that he had grown bigger in the time he had been out of his cage. There was a certain eager anticipation and high-intensity worry in the community that wearing a chastity cage for too long could cause permanent shrinkage of man meat; some men desired this and some feared it all the while knowing—at least among them who were willing to think clearly and logically—that such a thing was impossible. Oh surely, a cock grew and shrank with the sexual thought and general lust and the temperature, but wearing a steel cage around one’s manhood couldn’t do that.

At least that was the logical thought process.

Once his cage was on and Basil had firmly clicked the small padlock shut, he exhaled with some relief. He had shaved all his pubic hair off first, which was a

process not because he was particularly hirsute, but because getting all the little hairs around his sack and the base of his cock wasn't an easy task. Still, he liked the look and feel of being hairless, and it made wearing the cage easier because he wouldn't get an unexpected hair pull at the wrong moment.

He was also certain it made his cock look bigger. Not that he was into that.

After admiring his caged self in the mirror for a minute, he wrapped a rubber band around the padlock to prevent any tell-tale clicking—thank you, Mr. Poe—and proceeded to get dressed. It was supposed to be a date. He dressed nicely, not formally, and once he was ready, he headed out to his ex-wife's place to drop off the key.

She wasn't home, of course, because she didn't want to see him, but he put his key into an envelope and dropped it into the mail slot of her door. The thrill of his predicament gave him a burst of blood to his cock and a pinch of pain. He loved it.

Dorothy was a very nice woman whom he had met the way all modern relationships start: on a dating app. Unfortunately the one he had met her on was of the variety that was tamer than most. The ones that were openly kink friendly had too many men and not enough women. Basil didn't blame women from avoiding them.

In person Dorothy was every bit as charming as she was on the messaging app. "Call me anything but Dot," she told him as they sat down for drinks. They had agreed to a drink first, then maybe dinner. They left the end of the evening open and undiscussed which Basil was fine with because he had no intention of fucking her on the first date.

"Most of my friends call me Baz," he said. "Do you prefer Dorothy?"

She rolled her eyes and brushed her bangs out of her eyes. Her thick brown hair was caught back in a casual ponytail, but she carefully maintained her bangs. "No. My parents cursed me with a three-syllable name. Thee or Thena."

Basil was momentarily puzzled. "Oh. Doro-thee."

"Yeah."

“Thee becomes Thena?”

“Yeah, it’s supposed to be short for Athena.” She winced and took a sip of her drink. “I went through an obsessive phase in high school. Greek gods and goddesses.”

“At least you chose the goddess of wisdom.”

She raised his glass to him. “There is that.”

“And war,” he added, also drinking.

“True,” she smiled. “I don’t get parents these days naming their daughters Aphrodite. I mean, who could possibly live up to her responsibilities: sex, beauty, and fertility.”

“It is a little much,” he agreed.

“But maybe not for me.”

The date went wonderfully. Dorothy—Thee—allowed Basil to walk her home since she didn’t live far from the place where they had met. The walk was good for him because he had drank and eaten too much and needed to work some of it off. He wasn’t even thinking about the cage around his cock which was a good sign because he knew that would get him into trouble. Of course when he realized he wasn’t thinking about it, he started thinking about it.

It was a vicious cycle.

Without even realizing it, Basil had walked Dorothy up to the third floor of her building and she paused at her door. She wet her lips and he noticed that most of her lipstick was gone; too much drinking and eating and talking.

“Want to come inside?” she asked, hinting at nothing but implying everything.

The question was enough for Basil to get hard, but then he couldn’t get hard because no matter how desperate he became, human flesh was no match for surgical steel. He smiled at her sadly, hoping he was a better actor than he knew

he was.

“I’d better not,” he said with as much regret as possible.

Dorothy was taken aback. “And here I was thinking things were going swimmingly.” She flipped her ponytail off her shoulder.

“They are…but I have a strict policy on first dates.” He said it without saying it. “I’ve had a couple of bad experiences in the past with making things go too quickly on the first date and…I’m trying to be more mature.”

She twisted her lips and nodded once. “Okay. The goddess of wisdom would probably say you’re playing the long game. But I can admire that. Still, it feels wrong to end this with a handshake.” Her smile, even without perfect lipstick, was more intoxicating than the drinks he had consumed.

Before they realized it, they were kissing. Basil pressed her up against the door, feeling her body against his. Her breasts mashed into his chest and she hooked one ankle around his calf. It was much more intimate than either one of them would have guessed. Her mouth was warm and wet; she loved the way he probed his tongue into her.

She especially loved the way she could feel his hard cock even through all the layers of their clothes.

He was the one who drew back first because he literally knew there was no way it could go any further. Sure, he could go down on her and please her in a variety of ways, but eventually he’d have to explain about the cage and that wasn’t a first date conversation.

“Okay, wow. That’s almost enough to tempt me.”

“Almost?” she teased.

Basil closed his eyes and forced himself away from her body. “I have willpower that’s like steel.”

“That’s not the only thing you have like steel,” she said, flicking her eyes down toward his crotch.

If only she knew. Basil walked away regretfully, but confident their second date would end on a different note.

The following day Basil went to Marci's to get his key back. Being in chastity for over twenty four hours wasn't a big deal to him at all. In the past when they'd been married, he had gone weeks being caged. It was an endurance test he had loved at the time.

When he knocked on the door, Marci didn't answer. Liz did. She wrinkled her nose at him. "What do you want?"

"I'm just here to speak with Marci. She has something for me."

Liz leaned against the doorjamb with no intention of letting him in or going to get Marci. "What could she possibly have for you?"

"It doesn't involve you, Lez."

As soon as he had said it, Basil regretted the insult. Liz's face went from sour to angry in a flash. "You've got nothing she wants or needs." For a short woman she could be extremely loud when she wanted. "Remember she left you for me!"

That wasn't quiet the case but before the argument could get out of hand, Liz slammed the door shut in his face. If Basil's cock hadn't already been tiny and restrained by his cage, it would have shriveled up. He hated that his ex hadn't just left him, but left him for a woman, Liz. And Liz was exaggerating. Her initial affair was with another woman; Marci just wound up with Liz afterwards.

He took in a deep breath and told himself not to pound on the door and make a scene. She had wound up with the house and he still sort of knew the neighbors. Instead Basil took out his phone and calmly texted Marci.

Before he could finish the message, the door opened back up. It wasn't Liz.

"You shouldn't call her Lez," Marci said.

"I know."

“It doesn’t help.”

“I know.”

“She told me to punish you.”

Basil lifted an eyebrow. “Oh? And you do everything she says?”

“I’m inclined to do exactly as she asked today. She wanted the punishment to be keeping your key another day.”

Basil said nothing.

“But I wasn’t sure if that was a punishment or not. You might actually enjoy it.”

Basil knew he’d enjoy it more than either Marci or Liz realized.

“So what are you going to do?” he asked her. His voice was stiff; his cock was not—it couldn’t be stiff until he got the key back.

Her smile was barely perceptible. “I’m going to keep it a day. Come back tomorrow.” She stepped back into the house and closed the door.

While he didn’t drive like a madman, Basil got back to his apartment in record time. He was ashamed and embarrassed at what he knew he was going to do, but he did it anyway. The entire time he was thinking it was only one more day and he could deal with it, but he couldn’t. He knew he couldn’t.

After stripping down, Basil got out the lube and the two vibrators, all the while thanking the machines of industry that ordering such products through Amazon was incredibly easy and private. The cage wasn’t coming off, not easily at least. But there were other ways for a little release. Both vibrators had well-charged batteries and he tried not to think about what he was doing while he was doing it. A generous dollop of lube went onto the top of the smaller vibrator and he applied just as much to his asshole. This was where he tried not to think about what he was doing. It was too personal and too shameful.

The small vibrator easily slipped up into his ass. There was no pain, just the usual hard presence that wasn’t supposed to be there. When he turned on the little device, the thrumming was off-putting for a moment, but then it became an

agreeable pulsation. Basil didn't have to summon up thoughts of unfulfilled fantasies; they were already there. He started to get hard, couldn't, and the orgasm subsided.

He was expecting that. He was used to that. All of the preparation he had been carefully not thinking about his cock, but now he had to think about it. There was just a little pain—but that was expected and wanted—and while he knew he couldn't get hard, he knew he could give himself a little relief, just enough to take the edge off.

Since he was lying on his back and had raised his knees to his chest to get the vibrator into his ass, it was easy to slowly move the vibrator in and out of his ass by a few inches to simulate getting fucked. He was just looking for an orgasm. Just a little relief.

It wasn't enough. It had been so long and he had built up his need that he was certain he could get off this way, but it wasn't going to happen.

Still keeping his true thoughts at bay, Basil searched blindly for the other vibrator on the bed, found it, switched it on, and pressed it against the hard steel bars of his little cock cage.

The pulse from the second toy were transmitted through the steel bars and then to his fleshy cock. It started to get hard once again. The second set of vibrations set up a sympathetic response with the toy in his ass. It was all too much to fully contemplate. Basil didn't have to fuck himself with the ass toy now, it was going to happen whether he wanted it to or not.

When he did finally cum, it was painful. It was like the first time he had ever cum when he had rubbed himself over and over until suddenly his cock spit out thick, gluey cum all over his pajamas and sheets. He didn't really get hard, but the vibrator in his ass pressed just the right way against his prostate and that combined with the one pressed to his chastity cage caused him to cum.

Once again thick, white, gluey cum forced its way out of his limp cock, soiling his cage and spreading slowly over his stomach. It wasn't fun, but it gave him a tiny margin of relief.

He turned off the vibrators, pulled the one from his ass, and staggered to the bathroom for a shower. Cold water washed away most of the cum and then he

carefully directed the showerhead at the cage, taking great care to make sure all the cum was washed away. It took long enough that he was actually shivering and shaking before it was over. Only then did he switch over to warm water and thoroughly washed himself.

He changed the sheets on his bed, washed his toys in the sink, carefully dried them and put them away, all the while pretending he was doing it for someone else.

No one wanted a man who wanted his cock to be controlled by someone else. No one wanted a man who liked to be fucked in the ass. No one wanted a man who wasn't in control of himself.

It was just one more day. He'd get the key back from Marci.

He could have cut the lock off, but that wasn't the man that he was.

One more day.

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Elliot Silvestri is a world-famous author of erotica focusing on lactation and male chastity. He knows he’s world famous because he’s sold books in every region Amazon Direct Publishing has. Besides that he has another whole life he’s certainly not going to reveal in the “About the Author” section of a fun little bit of erotic writing. Feel free to contact him:

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