Caged:

Cuckold Cheat 3



Elliot Silvestri

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A Cuckolding and FemDom Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

As strange as our relationship was, Perrin and I still tried to maintain a somewhat normal outward appearance. She had a family party or gathering that weekend that she couldn't avoid and she insisted that I attend with her. All she had to do was ask and I was compelled to say yes, but she wasn't on the best of terms with her family so when I hesitated just a moment to think if I had any obligation that I had to show up for, she took it as reluctance on my part.

"Please come with me," she almost begged me.

I should have pointed out she was almost asking me to cum with her, but I didn't.

I should have pointed out that she could have ordered me to, and I would have.

I should have pointed out that I was willing to do anything for her if she'd take off my chastity cage, but I wasn't that quick thinking.

I opened my mouth to answer, but didn't know what to say. She automatically sweetened the implied reward that I would have gotten if I had said yes.

"I'll let you out of your cage," she hinted.

My eyes went wide and for just a brief moment I was scared. It had been a few weeks since I had been out in public without my cage on. It shouldn't have been scary, but it was. I liked being her possession and going out unarmored was perhaps something I wasn't brave enough to face.

Realizing the small modicum of power that I suddenly had, I smiled at her. "Maybe I don't want that," I said. "Maybe I want something else."

"What do you want?" she asked it quickly and too eagerly. She was desperate and that was bad for us both. She was offering something that I shouldn't even been allowed to contemplate. It was wrong. An inversion of our dynamics.

I hated it.

"I want to fuck you like a real man," I said too quickly, the words tumbling out of my mouth.

The deal made and all but sealed, a little smile appeared on her lips and I wondered if I had been trapped into something I should have completely avoided. “I can do that,” she promised, moving close to me. Her hand cupped over the front of my pants, feeling the hidden cage within, where I was safe. “But I’m not sure if you’re big enough to fuck me like a real man, but we can try.”

The family gathering was nothing more than a birthday party for a young child, but for Perrin to appear without an escort of some sort, a boyfriend to prove that she wasn’t going to be spinster. Apparently there was a great shame in her family not to be married and having children by age thirty. If there was anything the two sides of her family agreed upon, it was that she was not living up to family expectations. The blonde Norwegians and the dark-haired Vietnamese elders made strange companions especially as I caught snatches of conversation all evaluating Perrin’s life choices.

Apparently I was a good choice in that I appeared somewhat stable and normal, compared to all the other men she had dated.

Or fucked, I silently added. I tried not to think about whether or not my kink made me normal.

The younger part of the family was mostly disinterested in whether or not Perrin had children. Or got married. Or even had a boyfriend.

Most of the party was me quickly meeting a family member, me immediately forgetting their name, a quick quiz on who I was and if I had a good job and, if Perrin allowed the conversation to go on long enough, if I was the marrying type.

On the few instances where the question was asked, Perrin quickly ended the conversation and steered me elsewhere. I was starting to get annoyed and amused at the same time. I wanted to tell someone, anyone, that I was wearing a cock cage at the moment and Perrin was wearing the key to the lock on a chain around her neck that was hidden inside her very modest—for Perrin—dress.

I also would have been stupid enough to say that Perrin could marry me at any point. She had the key to my cock and that was close enough to the key to my

heart.

The cake was good. I avoided the ice cream. The little kids ran around like crazed kangaroos. The elders silently judged; I wondered how their judgement would change if they had all the information on the relationships in front of the. After being in chastity and giving into my kink I started to wonder about the secret sex lives about everyone around me. They were all hiding something, I was certain of this.

Because she was flustered and tired and annoyed, Perrin accidentally introduced me to Denise. I recognized her immediately from the pictures Perrin had shown me on her phone. Denise was pretty with long honey-brown hair swept back from her face and fastened into a ponytail. She had striking green eyes and a little birthmark on her left cheek that was unforgettable.

Of course it was unforgettable; the first time I had seen that birthmark it had been in the picture where she was eating my girlfriend's pussy. I glanced at her left hand and saw both a wedding ring and engagement band on her ring finger.

I hadn't heard the words that Perrin had spoken, so I stupidly asked the first question that came to mind. "How do you two know each other?" I asked innocently.

"Jesus fuck," Perrin cursed at me. "Don't you pay attention. I swear, a pretty face makes all the blood rush out of your brain and into your dick." It was the friendly sort of insult any woman would make about their randy boyfriend. "She's cousin Donny's wife."

I smiled. I couldn't help myself. I had just met the one woman that my girlfriend had gone lesbian with and Perrin had half-lied to me about how they knew each other.

"Oh," I said blankly. "I thought you said you met her through the same hookup app we met on," I was looking at Denise when I said the words, but quickly flicked my eyes to Perrin.

Right away she realized her error. Her face flushed red, a rare occasion for her. Denise put her hand to her mouth but tried to maintain her composure. For my part, I could feel my cock swelling in the cage. I hurt, but it was a wonderful sort of pain. I was enjoying the discomfort of the situation—both my physical pain

and Perrin’s emotional humiliation—far too much.

Denise tried to recover, but she only made things worse. “We didn’t meet on a hookup app. We barely know each other?”

“Really?” I asked. “I’m positive I’ve seen your face buried in Perrin’s pussy.”

Denise gasped.

“Shut up, Den,” Perrin hissed at her. “Fuck! Don’t say anything.”

Denise didn’t listen and spoke in an accusing tone to my girlfriend. “I thought you said you had him under control. That you had a cage on his...you know!”

“I do!”

I was enjoying the situation too much. I couldn’t resist. “I’m wearing it right now. Want to see?”

Denise’s eyes went wide. “Fuck no! Not here!”

“Want to feel it?” I asked and pressed ahead. “Want to go someplace private and see?”

Denise hesitated just long enough that I quickly figured out that she was interested in a private viewing.

“Shut up, Travis!” Perrin now hissed at me. “Or I won’t let you out of that cage to fuck me.” It was a not-so-subtle way of letting me know she intended to reneg on her promise. That was okay. I was punch drunk and lust struck.

“How about letting me out to fuck Denise then?”

“Hell no! We’re leaving!”

I resisted as she pulled on my arm. Whatever else the situation, I was still a lot physically stronger than her. “Let’s not make a scene,” I said softly.

“You’re the one making a scene.”

“Do you really want me telling cousin Donny that you fucked his wife?” I asked.

“You don’t even know which one is Donny,” she said.

I knew I had been introduced to him and quickly scanned the crowd. I did a rapid process of elimination and made my best guest. Pointing across the backyard of the very nice home of Perrin’s aunt and uncle, I indicated a good-looking Vietnamese man. “Him.”

“Fuck.” Perrin’s curse let me know I guessed correctly.

“I kind of want to see his caged cock,” Denise said softly.

I grinned. “See?”

“Not here!” Perrin snapped.

“Of course not here,” Denise agreed. “In private. Later.” She smiled at me. “We did meet on a hookup app, though. Just lucky we were both looking for women, right?”

Chapter Two

If anything, Denise was better looking in person and with her clothes off than in the pictures of her and Perrin. We hung out at the party for another hour before we left. Perrin and I first and then Denise ten minutes later. I had agreed to be quiet and polite for that hour or nothing would happen, Perrin promised me. Denise smiled and gave me a little wink. I wasn't sure if she was just playing along or teasing me or promising me something that was going to happen regardless of what Perrin said.

Denise didn't seem to be the sort of woman who followed the rules at all.

We went back to my place after giving Denise the address. Her place was out because of her husband and Perrin didn't want any of her roommates to know that she wasn't only fucking me, but another woman alongside me. They knew she was a slut but she didn't want them to know about my chastity kink.

"Where did you and Denise meet up then?" I asked as we efficiently changed the sheets on my bed. They were only a couple of days old, but Perrin insisted and I went along with it because I wasn't going to risk saying no when I had the chance of having both of them in bed with me. Plus, if I pissed off Perrin enough, she wasn't going to let me out of my cage.

Just as we finished getting the place ready, the buzzer alerted us to Denise's arrival. I headed for the door.

"No!" Perrin stopped me. Her smile was back in place. "You need to do it naked."

It was a gut punch, but I wanted to do it. The worst that could happen would be Denise would leave, and she already said that she wanted to see my caged cock so I didn't see that happening.

Stripping quickly was easy. I was well beyond shame and having Perrin tell me to greet Denise while naked was all the encouragement I needed.

Just to be sure I checked the peephole before opening the door. It was Denise. I decided to be bold and swung open the door wide. While I didn't see anyone else in the hallway, there was no guarantee as to how long that would last.

The moment the door opened and she saw me naked in front of her, Denise froze. It wasn't because she was admiring my body. I'm in reasonably good shape, but I'm not a Greek god walking the earth. Her eyes went wide at first when she realized I was naked except for my cage. Right away her eyes bolted on to my shiny metal cage and she smiled nervously but eagerly.

"Holy shit, is that it?" she asked a little too loudly.

I subtly thrust my hips out a little, showing off my well-contained cock. "Yes. Of course. Do you like it?"

For a long, uncomfortable moment, Denise didn't know what to say. "Yes. It's...wow. I don't know what to say." She leaned forward to inspect it and I stood there proudly.

I was also a little nervous. It was one thing to play this game with a woman who had come over for the express purpose of viewing my caged cock, and maybe getting fucked as well, but it was another thing entirely to do it in view of the entire apartment building.

Footsteps from behind informed me that Perrin had come to check on us. "Come in and shut the damn door," she ordered. "Do we really need to involve all the neighbors?"

Denise smoothly stood up and walked into my place. I shut the door and followed her. Perrin greeted her lover with a kiss on the cheek. I had been hoping for a more passionate moment, but I was determined to be patient.

My cock wasn't. It started to swell.

"Men are fucking weird," she said to Perrin while indicating my caged cock.

"Don't I know it," Perrin replied. "He gets off on wearing it."

"Isn't it impossible for him to get off while wearing it?" Denise asked, intrigued and teasing. I could sense she was a natural at this sort of thing.

“Difficult, but not impossible,” Perrin told her.

“Really?”

“I’ll show you if you want.”

“Actually, right now I sort of want to see it up close.”

“Sure. Have a seat on the couch. Travis, show the nice lady your cock and maybe we’ll take it out of the cage. If you’re good.”

This was all but literally the definition of heaven for me. To have another woman inspect my caged cock next to my girlfriend was enough to make me start swelling even as I approached her as she was seated on the couch.

Denise leaned forward, interested. “Is it always pressing against the metal like that?”

Perrin answered for me. “No. He’s just excited. He wants to show off for you and here you are giving in to him.”

Denise turned her head. “Shouldn’t I?”

“Hell no. Men need to be put in their place and made to be subservient. They love it.”

A thoughtful look crossed Denise’s face. “Maybe I should ask Donny to wear one.”

I interrupted their conversation. “You should tell him to wear one for you.”

They looked at me and then at each other and laughed. Perrin took the opportunity to kiss Denise and my cock tried to stiffen. I groaned in pain. Perrin took Denise’s hand and guided it to my covered cock.

“You need to get a feel for it. There’s nothing like holding a cock in a cage. He can’t do anything with it and he’s entirely yours.”

They kissed again. “Yeah...I need to get one of these on Donny. I’m so wet right now…”

And just like that they seemed to lose all interest in me. Instead they showered attention on one another, kisses and caresses as they slowly started to disrobe each other. It was hot, that was easy to admit, but I felt a little miffed. I thought I was supposed to be the central attraction at our meetup.

They hadn't gotten any further than removing their tops and unzipping Perrin's shorts before Denise seemed to remember me. I smiled at her as she put her hand back on my caged cock and tugged on it a bit.

"Do you truly like wearing this?" she asked me.

"Yes."

"Why?" She was ignoring the little kisses that Perrin scattered on her neck and shoulders, intent on me for the moment.

"I...I can't really explain it. I guess the easiest way to describe it is that I love being completely under someone else's control. Plus the secret that no one else knows what I've got in my pants."

"But I know now," she all but purred at me as Perrin unhooked her bra and slipped it off. It was my first glimpse at her tits and I was pleased. They weren't huge, but perfectly formed with light brown nipples that stood out proudly. She wasn't the least bit worried about being naked in front of me; either she was comfortable with nudity or she didn't see me as a threat. "What's to stop me from telling everyone I know?"

"Nothing," I breathed. Her words more than her tits were starting to make me hard. "That's why I love it I feel so helpless in front of you."

"Do you want to see us fuck?" Perrin asked, interrupting the flirtation between us. She had slipped off her own bra, and took Denise's chin in her hand, forcing her lover to turn her head. I watched as Perrin pressed her tits against Denise's and kissed her with a ferocity that scared me.

I wasn't sure if Perrin's question was directed at me or Denise, but I answered anyway. "Y-y-yes," I stuttered out.

"Let's go to the bedroom then," she said, abruptly standing up from where she had been kneeling in front of Denise and sauntering to the bedroom. On the way

she dropped her shorts, revealing a small thong whose strong disappeared between her cheeks.

“How can I resist such a wonderful invitation?” Denise asked me and followed her lover, shedding the rest of her clothes as well. Her ass was bigger than Perrin’s, but no less beautiful. I struggled out of my clothes and followed a few seconds after them.

By the time I got to the bedroom, I found Perrin on her bad, legs wide, knees to the ceiling with Denise’s face pressed to her sex. Denise was kneeling on the floor with her ass in the air. If I hadn’t been wearing my chastity cage I would have gotten behind her and fucked her like a real man.

As it was, I couldn't even beat off while watching them.

Perrin saw me the instant I walked through the door and smiled. “Watch and wait,” she said, indicating the spot against the wall where I should stand and observe.

As punishments it wasn’t terrible at all. Yeah, I wanted to join in and, yeah, it hurt my cock to watch them because I kept getting hard and pinched inside my cage, but to see two beautiful women having sex was a good day regardless of the circumstances.

Denise was definitely the more aggressive of the two, though Perrin had made it seem like she had done the seduction entirely on her own. It was Denise who spent a good ten minutes between Perrin’s legs eating her pussy. Listening to my girlfriend’s cries and moans was painful, but a wonderful sort of pain. I was amazed at how seemingly easily Denise made Perrin cum. For me, making Perrin cum through oral stimulation only had always been a chore and she made it seem like it was an innate ability. I was jealous.

She left Perrin panting and looked over my girlfriend's thigh at me. “Do you want a turn? Can you make her cum like I can?”

I nodded eagerly and crossed the room to kneel next to Denise. Perrin lifted up her head. “Who says I want him eating my pussy? Maybe it’s my turn to taste yours.” She looked at Denise with eager eyes.

“You deserve a second orgasm,” said Denise.

“Nope. My turn. Get on your back and open up those pretty thighs. I need pussy.”

I was pushed aside as the two women exchanged places. It was one thing to see my girlfriend having her pussy eating in a picture. It was another thing to see it done right in front of me. It was yet another order of magnitude again to see her eagerly do it to another woman.

There was no hesitation or reluctance from Perrin. She wanted to do this, maybe for her own amusement, maybe to torment me, maybe because she wanted to make Denise happy. I honestly couldn’t say.

I could say that I loved watching it. I only wanted to be more involved.

Either Denise wasn’t as into receiving oral sex as she was in giving it or perhaps Perrin wasn’t good at eating pussy, but she didn’t moan and gasp like Perrin had. More than once Denise caught my eye and smiled in amusement as I watched my girlfriend performing an intimate act of the highest order.

“You don’t like her tongue?” I asked, unable to hold back and not get myself into trouble.

“I prefer cock,” she declared.

Perrin lifted up her face. “Then why am I eating your pussy?”

“I didn’t say I didn't like it. I just prefer cock.”

“Says the woman who eagerly jumped into bed with me even though she’s married to my cousin,” Perrin said as she stood up.

Denise gave a shrug. “I fuck who I want.”

“I’ll give you a cock,” Perrin muttered as she headed to the closet where we kept our sex supplies. I knew what she was up to and was frankly shocked at it, but then again, Perrin was in charge and was a randy woman.

“Are you going to unlock him?” Denise asked her as she rooted about in the closet. She looked at me with an eagerness that I was willing to give in to. If Perrin wasn’t going to release me to fuck her, maybe she’d release me to fuck

her lover. I realized I wasn't very particular at the moment.

"No!" Perrin called from the closet.

"Why not?"

"He's not going to get to fuck you." Perrin stood up with the toy that she had selected. The straps of the harness were already around her hips and she tightened them up with a practiced motion. She and I had been using the toy a little too much and she had become skilled with it. The purple dildo that hung from her crotch wasn't huge, but it was more than mine.

Denise let her eyes go wide. "That's not a real cock."

Perrin ran her fingers up and down the length like she was jerking herself off. "Travis says it feels more than real."

"How would he know?"

With a shrug, Perrin agreed. "Well, why don't you let me fuck you and you can tell me?"

Denise readily agreed. "Sure."

"Get out of the way, Travis," Perrin said as she moved by me to climb on the bed and on top of Denise. I wasn't sure if this was direct disrespect to me as another slice of humiliation or if she was just eager to fuck her lover.

It didn't matter. The two women fumbled around a bit as they got the fake cock aligned but in short order they were fucking along like a pair of accomplished lesbians.

I was purposely being left out because they wanted each other.

Maybe.

It made me wonder what the two of them had done when they had gotten together before. Was it just oral and manual stimulation? Did they use vibrators and dildos on each other but not a strapon? I could have asked, but that seemed too personal. They were entitled to their privacy.

But I was also witnessing them fucking and sucking each other so what level of privacy did they actually expect?

Sex as a man in chastity was confusing.

The two women were enjoying themselves, however. Perrin was very aggressive on top of Denise, much in the same way she was aggressive with me. I liked it and Denise liked it. I wasn't sure which of them came first, but they both did and I was jealous. After her orgasm, Perrin kept fucking Denise, making her cum a third time. It was only at that point did Denise beg her to stop.

I wanted her to keep going, but my opinion didn't matter.

"Okay, fuck, that was good," Denise panted as Perrin laid sweatily on top of her. They exchanged some light kisses. "We should have used that last time."

"Want to use it on me?" Perrin asked her. "Or would you rather use it on him?"

They both looked at me and I knew the answer right away.

"I'll get the lube," I told them.

"Good boy," Perrin laughed as she loosened the straps to the harness.

I suppose one of the advantages of having sex with a woman who likes oral is that it's pretty easy to get her naturally lubricated. My ass didn't do that at all. I was now somewhat accustomed to getting my ass lubed and so I did it myself.

At the same time, I kept an eye on the two women as they exchanged the harness. Denise was a little larger, a little curvier than Perrin which was great because it made distinguishing between them a lot easier. Perrin helped her friend get the harness on and adjusted the straps and dildo.

"I feel a little silly," Denise commented and then immediately twisted her hips back and forth, making the dildo slap against her thighs. That delighted her and made her laugh.

Perrin wasn't so amused. "Don't mess around so much, you'll loosen the straps. I don't want you breaking the dildo."

“Grumpy pants.”

“I’m not wearing any pants,” Perrin primly informed her. “Can’t you see? Get on your hands and knees, Trav. Present your ass to her. She’s a novice so she might be a little rough.”

Almost at once Denise was behind me. I could feel her getting into position and the dildo was pressing into my right cheek, way off target, but that was a good thing.

“Slow down,” Perrin cautioned her. “I need to put a condom on it first.”

“And lube it up,” I added.

“Yeah, yeah,” Perrin said absently as she ripped open a condom packet and started to roll it down the dildo.

The actions might have confused Denise. “Why use a condom. It’s not like his ass is going to get pregnant.” She chortled at her little joke.

“Because it’s been in your pussy and it only goes in an ass with a condom. Think about it. All that bacteria.”

“Right, right.” She had her hands on my hips while Perrin did all the work. I could tell she was eager. I felt my cock hanging between my legs and it wanted to get hard, but oddly it didn’t. Denise would only be the second woman to peg me, not that I needed to have a huge number of women pegging me.

Perrin knew what she was doing and used plenty of lube on the now-protected dildo before grabbing the shaft and guiding it to my anus.

“Wait, I want to do it,” said Denise, taking control of her fake cock.

“Don’t hurt him,” Perrin said. “Do you know how hard it is to find a man into chastity? I sort of like it and…”

“I hope it’s not hard at all. I want to try this with Donny.”

I felt the cockhead going against my anus and then penetrating slightly. I relaxed and let the whole thing slip up into me. I groaned and then gasped as I felt

Perrin’s hand caressing my exposed balls, shaking my whole caged package.

“Is she going to be able to make you cum like a girl?” Perrin asked.

“I hope so,” Denise called out. She had a good hold on my hips and started slowly thrusting back and forth, increasing speed as she got used to the motion and how pegging worked.

There was little I could—or wanted—to do at that moment other than be used by her. I knew I was going to cum and if it was shameful the way I came, I was fine with that.

“I like this,” Denise declared. Her voice was lightly strained from fucking me. “I like being in charge.”

“I knew you would,” said Perrin. Her hand didn’t move from caressing my balls but I sensed her moving and heard the kiss she gave Denise. “There’s nothing like being in control of a man, is there?”

As much as I wanted to remain silent and be used and eavesdrop on their conversation, I let out a groan because my body was betraying me. There’s only so much I—or any man—could take. “I’m gonna cum,” I announced when my groan caused Denise to stop thrusting her hips and fake cock into me.

“Should I stop?” she asked after already having stopped. The question wasn’t directed at me; she was asking Perrin.

“He won’t really cum.”

“The hell I won’t!” I protested, but the moment was lost. I could feel my orgasm fading away.

Perrin gave my balls a good squeeze. “Are you sure?’ she asked me. “I bet Denise can keep you on edge for an hour, easily.”

“Oh fuck, please don’t,” I begged. It should have been heaven to been the sex object of two women. It wasn’t. It was hell.

It wasn’t so bad, but still…

Purposely moving her head to the side, Perrin addressed Denise as if I wasn't there. "Think you can keep this up for an hour. I've heard guys who edge for an hour produce bucketloads of cum."

"Hell no," Denise complained. "This is hell on my abs. Maybe another five minutes."

Heaving an elaborate sigh, Perrin said, "Well fine, go nice and slow. He loves to be tortured."

She knew that without me ever having told her.

There was no way I was going to last five minutes, not with the dildo going in and out of my ass and Perrin playing with my balls. My cock was fully swollen and then some inside the cage. I could feel the sensation of the bars pressing into my flesh, but my brain refused to acknowledge the pain. I wanted to cum. I could feel the dildo pressing in and rubbing against my prostate. It was perfect and I wasn't going to last.

"Keep going," I urged Denise. "Almost there…"

Denise was strangely silent. Her hips continued to move back and forth, slapping into my body, rocking me gently. It was nice and I wanted it to continue but something was amiss.

"Denise?" I asked.

"Shut up," Perrin hissed in my ear. "It's rude to interrupt a woman when she's cumming."

Twisting my head around I could see that Perrin was right. Denise's eyes were scrunched tightly shut and there was the look of ecstasy on her face that was unmistakable. I was glad she was able to get off—again—before I did.

"There's a little vibe inside the harness," Perrin explained to me when I looked questioningly at her. I wasn't feeling those vibrations because I was too far separated, but it only made sense that the woman in charge should get her reward first, before she made me cum.

"Fuck that was good," Denise breathed softly after the wave of pleasure had

passed through her.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” Perrin said dismissively to me while giving her lover another kiss. “Now make him cum.”

“How can he cum in that cage?”

I could hear Perrin’s smile. “Trust me. He can cum. You just need to give his ass the ramming is so blessedly deserves.”

Before I could protest, Denise started doing just that. While she wasn’t slamming into me as hard as she could, it was still without any withheld enthusiasm. I was gasping before I knew it.

The distinct sensation of an impending orgasm started to originate in my balls. Why there I couldn’t say. Since I didn’t want to ruin the moment with words or warnings to my two partners, I remained silent other than for my heavy breathing.

I’m sure I didn’t fool Perrin at all. She must have felt my balls try to tighten up to my body. She must have felt the hot pulsing as I urged my body to give off whatever orgasm it could if only to end the torture I was going through.

The long groan I let out between my lips was the final warning. A second late cum started pouring from my cock. It wasn’t in spurts like a proper orgasm. My cock was tight and almost hard in the cage, but without a real erection, a man can’t have a proper orgasm. My cock twitched and jerked as I came. There was some small bit of release, but not the complete sensation that I was used to. Having an orgasm in a cage was like watching someone else play a video game. Everything is there...it’s just that you have no control and the enjoyment is severely limited.

I came, but I didn’t reap the benefits.

“That’s a huge puddle of cum,” Perrin announced when I was done shaking and gasping. “How long has it been for you?”

“Over a week,” I told her. “You should know that.”

“I should,” she smiled. “But I don’t keep track. That’s your job.”

“Did you like cumming?”

Denise’s dildo was still in my ass and her hands were on my hips. She had stopped moving; I sensed that she wanted to hear the answer to Perrin’s question. “Yes…”

Perrin could hear the ellipsis. “But…?” she prompted me.

“It wasn’t really satisfying,” I finished.

“Get used to that,” she said more to Denise than to me. “Cumming in a cage isn’t a real orgasm, but they get used to it. Some even grow to love it.”

I didn’t argue with Perrin. I should have, but I didn’t.

I didn’t because it was become the truth for me.

Chapter Three

The thing about being a man who loves his cock caged up is that I can't so no to it. Ever. I want it more and more, whether I'm locked up or if I'm out of the cage. It's terrible.

The next day, Perrin asked me that awful question I didn't want to answer.

"Did you like playing with us?"

"Umm…"

She laughed at me as we lounged in bed. The party had been on Saturday. Denise hadn't spent the night. Sunday morning I still held out hope that I would be released. I knew it wasn't going to happen, but I still hoped.

"You loved seeing me fuck another woman, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"See, you had an immediate answer to that, but when I give you the big question, what did you say?" She paused. "'Umm…'"

"I would have preferred to cum with the cage off," I said quietly while shaking my cock still encased in the rigid steel cage.

"Of course you would. I bet it would have been the best fucking cum of your life."

"I think I want to stop this," I told her.

"I don't think you do," she contradicted me. "But I absolutely promise I'll let you out of that cage...if you do one thing for me."

My heart leaped. "What?" I asked too eagerly.

"I want to watch while you and Derek fuck. Good for the goose and gander," she said.

My heart continued thumping in my chest. Could I do for her what she had done for me? My head didn't think so, but by the swell of my cock, another part of my anatomy thought I could.

“I’m not sure I can.”

She gave me a kiss. “I know you can. You’ll love it.”

I wasn’t so sure.

Right before our big date with Derek a thought suddenly occurred to me.

“How the hell did you find out that Derek is bi?”

This was a fact that Perrin had repeated to me over and over for the week leading up to the time she had arranged for the three of us to meet up.

“It’s on his bio from the hookup site we used.”

“That’s an odd bit of info for a guy looking for a woman to fuck would include in his bio.”

She shrugged. Since she was driving she had to keep her eyes on the road. I kept my eyes on her tits which were mostly hidden by the loose black blouse she wore. It was surprisingly conservative considering the event she was wearing it to. I liked her white skirt that was covered with vaguely French expressionist sketches. I looked even more boring than her. Tan dockers and a golf shirt. I looked like a middle-aged suburban dad in training.

Except I had a cock cage on underneath my pants, so I had that going for me.

“That’s it?” I asked. “A shrug?”

“What do you want me to say? He was looking for guys and girls. He’s open-minded.” She glanced my way. “Unlike someone else I could mention.”

I didn’t rise to her bait. I was thinking too much about what was about to happen. She had told me what she expected of me and I was going to do them all because I wanted out of my cage.

What she was asking of me wasn’t all that strange or kinky. It wasn’t anything thousands if not millions of men had done before.

I just wasn’t sure if I wanted to do it in a hotel room with my girlfriend and a complete stranger.

The room was already rented by Derek. He texted the number to Perrin and we went directly there. She carried a small overnight bag though we had no intention of staying overnight. It just had our supplies in it.

When he opened the door, though I had seen pictures of him before, I guess the pictures didn’t have the right perspective in them. I’m not exceedingly tall, but I’m over six foot. I was a good four inches taller than him. His muscles were well-defined under his tight t-shirt, but I seemed to tower over him. Perrin, for all her other lovely attributes, was a good six inches shorter than Derek.

At least I had that one small advantage.

“Hey babe,” he said to Perrin and I hated him right away. I hated him more when he grabbed her and kissed her like I wasn't there. Like I wasn’t her boyfriend. She giggled and slapped playfully at him, but kissed back with more enthusiasm than I wanted. It caused my cock to shrink...and then it started to grow.

I found myself thinking about comparing our cock. I wanted to get out of my cage but I knew what I needed to do first.

I knew I could do it. I’d prove myself to Perrin.

After a long, uncomfortable delay Perrin managed to push him away and pushed her way into the room. I followed the two of them. “Derek, this is Travis. You know why I brought him along.”

Derek smiled at me, though it was more of a smirk in my opinion, and stuck his hand out at me. He was dressed in the too tight t-shirt and a pair of black jeans. I shook his hand because I didn’t know what else to do.

“Pleased to meet you.” Turning his head to Perrin he added, “You didn’t tell me he was so tall.”

“Does it matter?” she asked, falling backwards onto one of the queen-sized beds and scooting her way up to the pillows piled at the head. “All men are the same height when they’re horizontal.”

After taking a few seconds to size each other up we looked at Perrin, looking for some sort of guidance. Men can be ready for sex in an instant, but I didn't know the protocols here. "I'm just here to watch," she said smugly.

"That's not what you told me," Derek said, his confidence strong, a smirk still on his face.

"Okay, I'm here to watch...at first. I want a pretty show. Let me help you get started." She slowly pulled up her skirt. We both watched. Underneath she wore no panties, not even a thong. I hadn't thought to ask about that when she picked me up at my place.

She spread her legs but quickly hid her pussy behind her hand. I was certain that she slipped a single finger up into her pussy.

Derek nodded his head and turned back to me. "She said you had a surprise for me."

"Uh...yeah."

Apparently that was enough conversation for him. Derek suddenly moved in close and grabbed the back of my head, dragging my face down to his for an unexpected kiss.

He kissed unlike anyone else I'd ever planted my lips on. That made sense. He was the first man I'd ever kissed. His tongue invaded my mouth. I could feel the stubble of his beard scratching against mine. I was nervous and unsure, but my cock didn't know that. I started to get hard.

Moving in closer to me, Derek's body pressed against mine. He felt my cage.

"You're that hard already?" he asked, breaking our kiss. "You must be horny."

Perrin laughed. Her fingers were busy between her legs. "Show him, honey."

It took me a minute to realize that she was talking to me and not Derek. I was the boyfriend, not him. I was "honey". Stepping back from Derek, I unzipped my pants and let them drop, pushing down my underwear as well. I wasn't ashamed at showing off my caged cock—I think—and did so for Derek.

“Fuck!” was his response. “I thought you were kidding!”

Perrin laughed delighted. “Nope. I told you so.”

Without asking permission Derek reached out and took hold of my cage and my cock. I should have backed up and insisted he keep his hands to himself. I didn’t.

I liked being handled by another man.

“Does it hurt to wear it?” he asked me.

“Only when I get hard.” I checked myself. “Only when I try to get hard.”

“This is pretty fucking hot.”

“Thanks.”

“Can I take it off you?”

“No,” Perrin insisted. “Remember out agreement. Fuck him first and then I’ll take it off.”

“I’ll fuck him all right,” Derek said softly as he dropped my cock and stepped back to pull off his t-shirt.

In person his body was even more impressive than in the pictures Perrin had shown me. He stripped quickly and was suddenly wearing nothing while I was still standing there with my pants around my knees. His cock wasn’t hard, but it was swollen and rising in anticipation of sex...in anticipation of fucking me.

I struggled out of my clothes, feeling somehow inadequate in front of Derek though I was the object of his momentary desire. Soon I was as naked as him—except for my cage which managed to hide most of my cock—and then I didn’t know what to do.

Luckily, Derek did. He pushed me back onto the bed and climbed on top of me. I accepted his eager kiss and let him draw my hand to his cock. It was strange and soft and weird and hot and growing and different from me but still the same.

He broke the kiss. “You’re going to have to use your mouth a little,” he said,

flopping to the side and working up the bed at the same time. In short order I was soon directly facing his cock and I knew what was expected of me. I wasn't sure if I wanted to do it or not.

"I'll get the lube," said Perrin from the other bed. "There's no way he's going to get you wet enough to slip into his ass."

She was right about that. My mouth was dry with nerves and anticipation. Perrin's words were enough to urge me along. I opened my lips and accepted Derek's cock into my mouth. It was...interesting. Yeah, maybe I was sucking cock, but I was also giving someone else pleasure and that was a wonderful thing for the both of us.

I'd gotten more than my fair share of blowjobs in my life. It was both easier and more difficult than I had imagined. I didn't understand the complaints of the women who had sucked me off saying they hated it; then again, those women were usually lousy in bed and weren't worth the time. It was an interesting skill to learn and it was easy to convince myself there was nothing wrong with what I was doing.

Mostly because there wasn't anything wrong with what I was doing.

Abruptly Derek pulled his cock from my mouth. "You've gotta stop, dude. I don't want to cum in your mouth."

"Uh-huh," Perrin agreed. She was right next to him, watching us closely. The bottle of lube was in her hand. "My turn to help."

She didn't help Derek, of course, other than by handing him a condom which he quickly rolled on. She helped me by having me hold up my legs and applying the lube to my ass. It was going to happen and I didn't have any way of stopping it. She was gracious enough to pour some lube on Derek's latex covered cock and then backed away. I saw her putting some more lube on her hand and slipping her fingers back up into her pussy. It only then dawned upon me that she had taken off her skirt leaving her bare from the waist down. It was odd to see her bottom half only naked.

Wasting no time, Derek moved back to me and got into position like a man on top of a woman in missionary position. "Hold up your legs," he told me. "It'll be easier to fuck you that way."

Obviously he had done this more than a few times before. I was the virtual virgin. He helped me position my body. “You haven’t done this before, have you?”

“No, he hasn’t,” Perrin called out, answering for me. “Whenever I’ve pegged him, it was doggy style.”

“Just relax,” Derek said. “I know what I’m doing.”

I didn’t say anything. His cock was already pressing at my hole and I didn’t want it to be a struggle; I wanted it to be perfect.

“You’ve never had a cock up your ass before?” he asked as he eased inside me. I could feel my sphincter being forced open. It wasn’t painful, but it wasn’t exactly like when Perrin pegged me either.

“Not a real one,” I moaned. He was halfway in. I loved it.

“This is all real,” he said as he pulled out a bit and then sank all the way in.

It was a good thing he wasn’t huge because it felt like I was being stretched beyond my means. True to his word, Derek knew exactly what he was doing and started to fuck me carefully and slowly.

My body responded. It was completely natural. My cock started to swell because getting fucked in the ass by a real cock was better than I could have imagined. I closed my eyes and focused on the sensations but Derek must have had his riveted to my cock and his.

“That looks fucking painful,” he commented. I looked down at my cock. The flesh was swelling around the bars. I was hard but couldn’t feel the pain. Good sex will do that.

“I can fix that,” said Perrin. She moved in close to the two of us. Once again she had a surprise in her hand: the small key to my cage’s lock.

She moved quickly and opened the lock. There was a moment of struggle when it was almost impossible to pull the cage off my shaft because it was so tight, but she drizzled some lube on the cage, worked it back and forth a bit, spreading the slick lube and suddenly I was free. My cock swelled to its full size.

However, there was still tightness in my crotch. The retaining ring that was snugged behind my balls and around the shaft wasn't going to come off unless I went soft, so for the moment it operated like a normal cock ring. It was tight, but not unduly so.

Derek's hand went to my cock and started stroking me in time with his thrusts. Perrin slapped his hand away. "No. let him cum like a normal man."

Derek laughed. "There's nothing normal about this."

I wanted to say something, but Derek just grabbed both of my legs and started fucking me hard. At first it was more than I could take, but then I started to enjoy it, really enjoy it.

My cock bounced and throbbed with Derek's every motion. I could have grabbed it and stroked myself off, but that didn't seem right. I kept my hands behind my knees, keeping my legs up and open for Derek.

"Beautiful," Perrin breathed. "Just beautiful."

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna," I managed to get out before the wave took over my body. I didn't cum right away.

"Stop! Stop!" Perrin ordered, putting a hand on Derek's chest. He paused with his cock buried in my ass.

"I can feel his asshole grabbing my cock," my unexpected lover said with smug self-satisfaction.

What I wanted at that moment was for my cock to be stimulated, either with a hand or a mouth or a pussy, but I didn't get that. I didn't get anything.

And still it was all too much. The orgasm erupted up out of me like a surprise volcano.

My cock shivered and shook and then it strained and pulsed and finally a thick blob of white, gooey cum came flying out of the head, curving through the air before falling onto my belly.

More and more spurts shot out of my cock. It was the relief I had been waiting

for, but it still wasn't good enough. It was my first orgasm in over a week and it was weak, much weaker than it should have been because Perrin made it a perfectly ruined orgasm: no direct stimulation to my cock when I was cumming.

It was the best and the worst orgasm possible.

When I was done and near tears, Derek took that as a cue to continue fucking me. It still felt good, but I realized I was just being used.

I was just being used and I liked it.

"No, no," said Perrin. "Are you ready to cum?"

"Almost," he grunted.

"Pull out. I want to see you shoot your load on him."

If nothing else, Derek, like me, was under Perrin's spell. He did as she asked, withdrawing from my ass. Right away I was relieved and disappointed. I missed his erotic presence.

Perrin smoothly pulled off his condom, dumped lube onto his bare cock, and stroked him right in front of me.

He groaned prettily and I just watched. It didn't take long for him to finish, shooting his load over my chest and stomach, joining his cum with mine.

"So fucking hot," said Perrin right before she dipped her head forward. I was hoping she was going to catch my cock in her mouth. She didn't. She didn't even put her mouth on Derek's cock. She licked up our combined cum from my stomach.

I felt like I was living in a dream.

She didn't swallow it, of course. She kissed Derek with it still in her mouth. He readily accepted her gift.

I shouldn't have been surprised when she repeated the process, but did it with me this time. I was less eager to have another man's cum, let alone mine, in my mouth, but I went along with her plan. It wasn't gross, but it was more than I

wanted. I wasn't in love with the flavor, but it's amazing what you'll do for the woman you love.

"I want you to fuck me now," she said.

She wasn't talking to me. She was talking to Derek, of course.

"I'm a little soft at the moment."

Everyone looked at his cock. It wasn't completely soft, but it was well on its way to being nothing more than a hanging worm. "Why don't you give Travis a ride?" he suggested.

I hadn't detumesced much, if at all. The base ring to my cock cage was keeping me nice and hard. In fact, it might have been the biggest erection I had had in my entire life.

It's amazing what a good buggering will do for the body.

She kissed Derek and giggled. That was unlike her. "Are you sure? You might not get to have me again for a long time."

"Ride him first, and then I'll fuck you when you're done with him."

I didn't know what to say, so I just lay there, waiting. Derek moved politely away and helpfully encouraged Perrin to mount me. He went so far as to handle my hard cock, guiding it into her pussy.

She was wet and hot. It had been too long since we had properly fucked.

But what is correct and proper and real sex? Is putting a dick in a cunt the very definition of sex. I hoped not because I couldn't see a lot of real sex in my future. I guess any time someone else is manipulating your body and junk and making you cum, that's real sex.

Perrin smiled down on me as she rode my cock. She leaned forward and kissed me, pressing her breasts into my body. I put my hands on her hips and guided her up and down, going so far as to thrust my hips up and down in time with her movements.

“Are you going to cum again?” she asked me.

I wasn’t sure, but I wanted to seem confident. “Hell yes.”

She kissed me again. “Good. I want you to fill me up with your cum and then I want Derek to fuck it out of me.”

Those words alone were enough. I started thrusting for all I was worth. It had been far too long since I had cum. I was still hard. I was going to make it work.

It took some effort but I got there. The orgasm wasn’t so much satisfying because the cock ring was still in place, but it was better than my ruined orgasm.

I groaned with the pain and the effort. It was worth it. I think that Perrin came as well.

Derek had been watching us. He was at the foot of the bed, his cock in hand, slowly stroking himself, watching our connected genitals.

Perrin lifted herself up off me and looked over her shoulder at him. “Ready for me?” she asked. I could feel my cum dripping out of her pussy and down onto me.

“Hell yes,” he said. “Your pussy looks so hot and ready.”

She lifted up her hips and I realized that she wasn’t going to move off me. Derek got back on the bed, kneeling behind her, entering her pussy as she knelt on all fours over my body. They fucked like I wasn’t there except for Perrin occasionally catching my eye and resting her head on my chest like it was a pillow.

I was being used.

I liked it.

I was half amazed that he could go on her a second time so quickly. Perrin, of course, didn’t surprise me at all since she had more than exceeded anyone’s expectations as a slut.

I was little more than a mattress to them. It was fun. It was exciting seeing my

girlfriend being brought to orgasm by another man. I was watching her from inches away; she was excited to be fucked and didn't care that I was there.

Everything was over when Derek came a second time. I was certain that I could feel him pumping her pussy full of his cum. It was probably my imagination, but her self-satisfied smile let me know she loved it.

She was supposed to have made him use a condom, but that didn't matter either. "He came in me."

"I know."

"I love it like that."

"I know."

And that was that.

Chapter Four

It took a little while for my cock to finally lose its erection. The retaining ring was a marvel of engineering when combined with my over-eager cock's need for sex. A cold shower was ultimately needed to make me small enough to slip the cage back over my shaft. Perrin stood there and watched me shower; watched my cock shrink.

The water was cold enough that I probably could have slipped off the ring and walked free. But I didn't want to walk free. I liked my cock caged and being secure that my girlfriend completely controlled my sexuality.

Yes, it's fucked up, I know.

Derek, of course, did not understand that and watched closely with a curious look on his face.

"I can't believe you allow her to do that, dude," he commented as Perrin put a bit of lube on my shaved balls. They were a little damp after showering so the lube was necessary to get the ring back on me. It always felt weird when she manipulated my package to get everything back into place. The second ball popping through was always the worst.

"I like it."

"Yeah. Obviously. But...why?"

"It's a kink. A turn on. Makes sex better."

The ring back in place, Perrin worked quickly, applying some more lube to my shaft and slipping the cage proper over me. It took a little effort to get everything aligned.

"How can it make sex better?! You can't fuck with that on and she's the one who gets to decide when you have sex!" He was upset. Derek was worried about what Perrin might want to make him do; I could see that.

"I'm going for quality orgasms over quantity." It was my fallback answer; I didn't have anything else. I couldn't explain it further.

"Whatever dude."

Perrin snapped the lock back in place and stood up from the bed where she had been sitting to lock me up. “Get dressed,” she said. “I’m going to shower. Too much sweaty man stink on me.”

That left Derek and me alone in the hotel room, staring at each other. I dressed. He watched me, a little more closely than I found comfortable, as he sat on his bed naked.

“Still can’t believe you wear that thing.”

“You should give it a try. You might like it.”

“Fuck no. She’ll probably never want to take it off me. No one controls my cock but me! I’m in charge of who and when I fuck.”

“Sounds good.”

“What if she decides to never let you out of your little cage again?”

I ignored the implication that I had a small cock. He was no bigger than me, but since I was the one in chastity he took the attitude of someone who was superior to me.

“She won’t.”

“But what if?” he demanded of me.

“Then I’ll got buy a set of bolt cutters and take it off myself. It’s not like this is a supermax prison!” I was exasperated and I wasn’t going to argue with him. There was no point to it. If he couldn’t understand, there was no way I was going to make him understand.

A minute later Perrin came out of the bathroom, threw on her clothes and we were ready to leave.

“So soon?” Derek asked.

“I’ll call you again,” she promised.

He smirked. “What about your...boyfriend?”

I didn’t like them talking about me like I wasn’t there, but I held my tongue like she held my cock.

“Maybe you’ll get to fuck him again, maybe you won’t. I’m the one in charge of sex in this relationship, remember?”

She was talking to the both of us. I didn’t realize that.

Perrin dropped me off at my place and then went home. We were both exhausted and I expected her to spend the night, but Perrin was an independent woman and did what she wanted. Some time alone was a good thing. I wanted to think over what it was like having sex with a man (It was hot and new and interesting. I knew that if she asked me again, I’d say yes. I was weak like that.). I wasn’t ashamed, but I was a little confused about what had gone on. I knew that I’d say yes to anything that Perrin asked of me.

The next day I texted Perrin. Last night was hot. We should do that again.

With Derek or Denise?

I almost laughed at her reply. It was so perfect. Everything was perfect. Both. Either. Someone new. I love being your possession.

Your cock belongs to me.

Fuck yes it does.

I didn’t expect to see her that night. Spending time apart was good for us. A little extra torment for me in my cage, but nothing I couldn’t handle. An orgasm once a week was more than enough for me. Quality over quantity.

Tuesday I sent her a request because I was bored. Send me a pussy pic. I’m missing it.

She didn’t reply not for a long time. I figured she was busy and work and didn’t want to be bothered. Sometimes life was like that.

I hate the U.S. Postal Service. I always pick up my mail before going into my

apartment. There was an envelope from Perrin mixed in with the flyers and advertisements. Puzzled, I opened it. Inside was a piece of paper folded over several times. I recognized the key that fell out of the paper when I opened it up. The message on the note was simple and direct.

It's over. Sorry.

The key was to my cage.

I managed to hold everything together until I got into my apartment. I started crying when the door closed. I was ashamed and confused.

I knew it was over the minute we fucked Derek. It had probably been over the first time she fucked someone after me. She was a serial cheater. I was a chastity slave.

We weren't a good mix.

I wore my cage another week before I took it off because I still loved her.

END

Preview

Cuckold Vacation 2: Small Package

Jason was surprisingly calm about getting undressed in front of another man, especially when that man was watching his every move. Of course, it helped that the other man's wife was actually undressing him as she undressed herself.

He should have been a lot more nervous, but Jason was almost serene about it. Keith took up a position on the far side of the bedroom, sitting in a chair that had definitely been brought into the room for just that purpose, and tried not to be intimidating. Jason didn't miss the that Keith had his cell phone in his hand and would be using it to take pictures or video of the event; that didn't bother Jason either.

Maddie had quickly taken off her outer clothes and was down to her bra and panties in no time before she began to undress and kiss him. It was a performance for her husband and her lover; Jason knew that. He wasn't stupid. But he was going to take part in the performance and he was going to enjoy it.

"Nice." It was the first word that Keith had spoken since they had entered the bedroom. It was the first word that anyone had spoken since the three of them had entered the bedroom. It was in response to Maddie pulling down Jason's underwear and revealing his large, semi-erect cock. The word of appreciation encouraged Jason as Maddie grasped his length and got down on her knees in front of him. She was careful to turn their bodies so that Keith could get a good view of the blowjob she was about to perform. Jason knew it was just for show. It wasn't the highlight at all. Maddie had already clued him into exactly what was expected of him.

Maddie was good at blowjobs. She was good at any part of sex. Jason just assumed that was because she was an older woman and had years to refine her technique. Maybe she didn't have the perfect beauty of younger women—women his age—but she more than made up for it with her skill and enthusiasm.

He watched in satisfaction as his large cock disappeared and reappeared between her lips. She used one hand to cup his balls and the other to hold the base of his shaft. It was easy to forget that Keith was in the room with them because of the

blood drain from his head along with the fact that he and Maddie had done this many times before only without Keith there, watching.

“Do you like to eat pussy?” The question came from Keith and caused Jason to turn his head to look at the other man. He was relieved to see that Keith hadn’t pulled out his cock to jerk it while he watched his wife with another man.

“Yeah. Sure.”

“Get your clothes off, Maddie. You know what he wants.”

Maddie struggled to her feet; Jason gallantly helped her. He didn’t know what else to do.

“I’m wet enough already,” said Maddie as she took off her panties. It was odd seeing her in just a bra, but she didn’t make any motion to take it off. She just tossed aside her panties and sauntered to the bed, went up the two steps that surrounded the giant mattress, and flopped down on it, opening up her legs. “But that’s no reason not to have a little fun.”

Jason knew what was expected of him and he followed through. This was yet another audition to ensure that he could continue to fuck Maddie whenever he wanted. And whenever she wanted. They were a fucking kinky couple that got off of her cheating—with Keith’s approval, so it wasn’t really cheating. Jason couldn’t wrap his head all the way around their sex life.

While he never considered himself an expert at cunnilingus—he was certain that he didn’t have enough experience to get that rating—Maddie moaned and moved round while he applied his mouth to her pussy and clit. Jason was certain that it was all show for Keith, but he was okay with that.

The nice thing about Maddie is that her pussy flowed easily. While it wasn’t exactly a river, it was more than sufficient for anyone’s needs. He found that he liked her flavor more than any other woman he had been with. He was also fairly certain that there was something in her juices that kept his cock hard without him having to stroke himself while he ate her out.

There wasn’t any special signal or order given. Jason just determined it was time, and he lifted his head from her pussy, wiped his mouth and cheeks with the back of his hand, and then climbed up her body. Her hand easily found his

hardness and the correct angle so that he easily slipped inside her.

“Oohhh,” she moaned loudly as their bodies joined together. Jason loved this moment, when they first joined together. It wasn’t the peak of orgasm, but it was indescribable as the two of them became one. “You stretch me wonderfully.”

She had never said that before. Jason knew the reason. She was showing off for Keith.

“Fuck me,” she begged as he began to move. “Fuck me hard.”

Maddie lifted up her legs, parting her thighs as widely as possible. She encouraged him on with his every thrust. It was a show and it put Jason off, but that didn’t stop him from fucking her. He was young and horny and there was an attractive, willing woman underneath him. What did he have to lose?

Beyond everything else, fucking Maddie was all he needed at the moment. He knew he was being used and that didn’t stop him from wanting her all the more.

Keith was unable to remain silent. “Fuck her good and hard,” he said from his chair across the room. “Make her beg for it.”

The sound of flesh slapping on flesh filled the air along with Maddie’s over the top moans. It was almost too much for Jason, but he didn’t stop. He couldn’t stop. He was too close and yet he still held back. He wanted Maddie to cum first.

And then she started begging.

“Do it,” she moaned. “Harder. Faster. Fuck me…fuck me like you mean it.” Her words came out staccato. Jason had to give her credit: she was a good actress. It was slightly off-putting but that didn’t stop him, it only delayed what was inevitable. He was going to cum. He was determined to cum.

He just wanted her to cum first.

When it did happen he could tell that Maddie wasn’t faking. Maybe she was louder and more theatrical than all his other times with him, but knowing that was for Keith’s benefit went a long way. The important thing was that he could feel her pussy clamp down on his cock, get incredibly hot, and her chest flushed as she came. The little quiver of her legs as they released from around his waist

was a little bonus.

That didn't stop him of course. That was just her call for his big finish. Jason pumped her hard, not worried about her pleasure now; he just wanted to cum, to get the release that drove the sexual instinct in everyone.

The strength of his orgasm surprised him. He hadn't expected it to be weak, but he hadn't expected much since he was under the sharp eye of Keith. There was much more gratification in depositing his sperm into Maddie now that Keith was watching. He had been sure that would spoil the moment, but he was wrong.

He grunted and strained more than he thought he would. He wanted to put every sperm as deeply into Maddie as was possible. He hadn't asked closely about Maddie's birth control use, but he figured she had to be on something. They wouldn't want him getting her pregnant, would they?

It was crazy. The fact that she was cheating on her husband made Jason's orgasm that much better. It was fucked up.

When he was done, when he was certain that his body didn't contain a single sperm cell or another drop of spunk, Jason collapsed on top of Maddie and basked in the moment of hedonism.

He was given all of five seconds to do that before Maddie was pushing on his shoulders and whispering in his ear, "Get off. You've got to get off me."

With a groan of annoyance, Jason managed to heave his body off hers and roll to the side, his still semi-erect cock pulling wetly from her pussy. He hated the way his cock flopped wetly on his thigh, but when he caught sight of Keith coming across the room, he remembered why he was there. It wasn't because he was fucking his horny girlfriend; it was because he was the bull in a cuckold relationship. He was there to perform for the hotwife and her cuckold.

In the short second before Keith made it to the steps of the bed, Maddie had closed her thighs and was looking at him with a lusty gaze that said she was ready for more sex than any man could give her.

"Do you deserve this pussy?" she asked him, teasing.

"Yes!" Keith's voice was strained. His hands were resting on her knees and

Jason was certain that he could have just wrenched her legs apart to get at her sex, but that made no sense. They wanted this…and Keith wasn't naked. He was fully dressed. What the hell was he trying to accomplish?

"I'm not sure you do. I should just wait a minute and let my boyfriend get it up again. I could suck his cock and he'll be hard…unlike you."

Jason had doubt that he could get hard that quickly again, but he was willing to let Maddie try. At the same time he suddenly had some insight into what was going on. If Keith couldn't get hard, if he was impotent maybe that's why she used him like she did. And maybe Keith did actually like watching his wife with other men.

It was fucked up, but he had already arrived at that conclusion.

"I can get hard," Keith protested.

She laughed at him. "If I let you. If I help you out. Other than that…you aren't any good for my needs."

"Please…" It was sincere begging on his part. Jason let his eyes go to the other man's crotch. There was no tell-tale bulge at the front of his pants. Maybe he couldn't get an erection. "I can…I can…"

Maddie waited expectantly for him to finish. "You can what?"

"I can…" Keith literally swallowed his pride. "I can clean your mess. I can make you cum."

"You can clean what?"

Jason was totally lost and confused now.

"I can…I can clean your pussy."

"With what?"

"With my tongue."

And just like that, as if by magic, Maddie opened up her legs, exposing her

pussy to her husband. Jason couldn't see, but he imagined her little strip of pubic hair was wet from her juices and their sweat and his cum. Her lips were most likely pink and swollen and drooling out his spunk.

"Holy shit," he breathed to himself and hoped they didn't hear him.

Without any further theatrics or pleading, Keith lowered his face between her thighs. Jason moved on the bed to get a slightly better view.

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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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