Cuckold Cheat



A Cuckolding, Male Chastity, and FemDom Story

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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A Cuckolding and FemDom Erotic Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Chapter One

I met Tomassa at one of those horrible work-related conferences that no one wants to go to but the company dropped a ridiculous amount of money on the meeting, so everyone in the office had to go. I only half paid attention to the workshops. I'll admit it. I was scanning the crowd for attractive and likely women. Tomassa was rather plain, but she had long, straight blonde hair and I couldn't resist flirting with her. Maybe she was a few pounds overweight, but that would be overly critical and judgmental of me. It wasn't as if I had a perfect body. Yes, I tried to stay in shape and work out, but I wasn't gym obsessed.

Still, Tomassa played along when I approached her after one of the workshops.

"That's an unusual name," I said pointing at the tag right above her breast.

Okay, sorry. I admit it. I aimed my finger more at her breast than her name.

I can be an over ass more than I like to admit.

"My friends call me Tomi," she replied.

"So...can I call you Tomi?" I asked.

She laughed.

It was that easy.

We sat next to each other at the terrible lunch that was served. It was edible, but just barely.

We talked more than we ate. Half the conversation was about how terrible the food was.

"Want to cut out of here and get something decent to eat?" I asked her.

She looked around nervously. None of my coworkers were in my afternoon workshops. "Aren't we supposed to stay the entire day."

"I'd rather go home and get something good to eat."

"How far is your place from here?" she asked.

Suburban sprawl is weird. It's easier to measure distance is drive time as related to the time of day. "Right now? Fifteen minutes. After the workshops at five o'clock when everyone else leaves? Easily half an hour. Or more."

She was reluctant. I could tell. Anyone could tell. But still she played along. "What do you have to eat at your place?"

"Mostly leftovers."

She laughed again. "You know how to romance a girl."

"I'm sure they're delicious." I got up from the table and headed to the exit. She caught up to me by the time I reached the door.

On the way out to the parking lot I gave her my address and she promised to follow behind in her car.

My heart was thudding in my chest and I couldn't believe my good luck. We kept things cool as we headed to our cars. We weren't leaving a club where you were supposed to hook up with strangers. I saw her just as she got into her Honda Civic. Her face was flushed as if she were blushing.

I hoped that was a good sign.

I didn't live in some super-exclusive place. I rented a place in a garden apartment complex. It was nice but not fancy. Tomi didn't comment on it at all as we went into my place.

"So...what do you have to eat?" she asked as she looked around my rather plain apartment. The living room was little more than a nice couch, huge television, and every gaming system known to man. I'm sure it didn't impress her. I didn't care.

"I was hoping you'd supply that," I said, moving too close to her.

She went back one step, pressing her back against the wall, but she didn't look afraid and she didn't protest.

When I ducked my head to kiss her, she lifted her chin so that our lips met.

The kiss was intense.

She willingly accepted my tongue into her mouth. I sparred with her tongue and stroked the inside of her cheek for a little preview of what she had below.

I don't know which of us broke the kiss, but when we both stopped for a breath of air and a moment's reflection, she looked me right in the eyes. "You want me to supply the food?" Clearly she was bewildered by me. I didn't blame her.

"Uh-huh," I said before sliding down her body, lading on my knees in front of her.

Tomi, like myself, was dressed casually because that's what conference day was all about. She had a thick black belt that cinched her jeans tightly around her waist. The button-up blouse she wore did a terrible job of hiding her large tits. I hoped that was intentional.

I ran my hands down her hips and to her thighs, feeling the soft flesh underneath the denim. I fantasized a minute about what her skin would feel like and then I moved on to find out exactly what it felt like. I fumbled a moment with her belt and she took over to loosen it. I helpfully popped the button open and unzipped her jeans.

"I'm sorry I'm so fat," she apologized.

I hated her for just a second when she said that. She was looking down at me with her round face that was flushed red with embarrassment, or maybe with lust. Her blond hair perfectly framed it. Yes, she wasn't perfectly proportioned with a model's body, but that didn't make her any less sexy to me.

"Don't say that," I told her. "You're beautiful." I wondered if she had Polish ancestry with her hair and face. Maybe Danish. It didn't matter. I wiggled her jeans over her hips. Yes, she was a little fleshy, but I loved that and kissed her tummy right above her cotton panties that were decorated with sheep. I glanced up at her questioning her sartorial choice.

"I wasn't planning on getting laid today," she explained.

"They're cute," I commented before pressing my face into her crotch. I could smell her pussy. She was clearly aroused and I grabbed the elastic band of her

underwear between my teeth. It was an ineffective way of stripping her, but I hoped it showed that I was playful as well.

“Fuck,” she cursed.

I wasn’t sure if she was worried or eager.

“Problem?” I asked.

“It’s been a while since I’ve...since I’ve had sex with someone.”

“Do you not want to?”

“Hell no,” she declared and yanked her blouse up over her body.

I was right. She had huge tits. They were barely contained by her bright pink bra that didn’t match her panties. Still pressed against the wall, Tomi kicked off her shoes and I yanked her jeans all the way off, leaving her in just her undergarments.

My cock was hard and uncomfortable in my jeans. I wanted to go down on her to taste her pussy before we went any further. That was the way I judged women: by how their pussies tasted.

I’m sure there are worse ways to judge.

Before I could press close again and ease her panties down, she tugged at my shoulders, trying to get my shirt off. I helped her and pulled it off, tossing it aside.

“Stand up,” she said. “I want to see what you look like.”

“Really?” I asked, getting back to my feet, but taking the opportunity to get my sneakers off, stepping on their backs to expedite the process.

“I’m not going to fuck you unless I like what I see.”

That was a reasonable request and I unbuckled my jeans, opening them up, before pushing them down. Just like that I was naked in front of her. My hard cock bobbed around a little while I stepped clear of my jeans. I felt a little

foolish in just my socks, but I'd take care of that soon enough.

"Wow," she said, reaching out for my cock. She gently ran her fingers up from my balls that were tight against my body, up along the shaft, all the way to the head that was just starting to leak some precum. Circling the head with one finger she let her hand slid back down a bit to lightly grip my shaft.

I shivered at her control.

"I like your cock," she complimented me.

"Thank you."

Her fingers curled around me and slowly went up and down. She wasn't masturbating me like I would do myself, but that was the point. Tomi wasn't trying to get me off; she was trying to tease me.

It was working.

"Is this too forward?" she asked.

"No...it's perfect." I closed my eyes and let her manipulate me for a minute, but then I grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "Except I don't want to cum that way."

"Do you want to fuck me?"

I opened my eyes. "Yes."

"Here?" she asked looking around the living room.

"Bedroom." I took her hand off my cock and started to lead her through the apartment. It wasn't that big. It didn't take long. My bed was a mess but I didn't care and she didn't comment. Only when we were in my bedroom did I notice the ring that pierced her belly button. There was a small charm dangling from it.

Tomi didn't protest when I moved her onto the bed, shoving the sheets and blankets aside. She was on her back and I was on top of her. We kissed for a minute, my hard cock pressing on her thigh before I started kissing my way down her neck. I planted a bunch of kissed in her cleavage, but I didn't remove her bra, not yet. It was still too soon.

With more kisses I worked my way down her body, briefly tonguing her belly button and the little ring and charm which made her gasp, before I stopped at the edge of her sheep-covered panties.

This time I used my hands to pull them down her hips and legs.

She helped.

Her skin was perfectly smooth and pale except for her shoulders and chest which were generously covered with freckles. It was still early spring. Her body was still white from having been hidden from the sun all winter. There were faint red marks on her hips where her underwear, just a little too small, cut into her skin.

Between her legs she had shaped her pubic hair into a neat strip, a couple of inches wide. For a woman claiming that she hadn't had sex in...a few weeks? Months? A year? I didn't know. For a woman claiming a lack of sex, her pussy was well-groomed. I kissed above her mound and then to the side. She didn't shave. It was perfectly smooth. Maybe she waxed or had it laser removed.

Just that little detail let me know she took some pride in her body and was a sexual woman.

That was perfect.

I pushed her legs apart and her scent rose up from her pussy. Running my tongue through the blonde curls, I found the top of her slit and then her clit.

My cock throbbed when she gasped at the touch. I wiggled my tongue against the tiny bit of flesh and she tensed up, squeezing her pillowy thighs against me.

"Should I stop?" I asked her.

Her eyes were clamped tightly shut. "Nooo," she moaned.

I moved my tongue lower, into her pussy. She was wet. She was tart and sweet and musky all at the same time. The inside of her tunnel was as smooth as the inside of her mouth.

Her knees went up toward the ceiling, giving me better access to her pussy.

“Can you cum from oral?” I asked her, taking a quick break.

She answered me by enthusiastically nodding her head. I traveled back up to her clit and got to work on it. I sucked. I licked. I slipped a pair of fingers into her pussy and stroked the front wall searching for her little hidden spot behind the pubic bone.

Tomi was a very sexual woman. I brought my best game to her pussy and it only took a couple of minutes before she was gasping for air. When I sucked hard on her clit she pounded the mattress with her fists before her entire body shook and a little trickle of her natural juices filled my mouth.

It was only polite to swallow.

Pulling my face up from her pussy I smiled at her. “Did you cum?” It was a cliché question, but I wanted to ask it because I knew I had made her cum. Unless, of course, she was the best actress I’d ever been with or seen.

I’ve seen a lot of porn.

“Fuck yes,” she answered. “Are you going to use your cock on me?”

I knelt up and moved to the side of the bed. I was good and hard. She was wet and panting to be penetrated. “Yes. Just let me get a condom.” I opened the drawer next to my bed and got one out.

“You don’t have to use one. I’m safe,” she said as I rolled it on.

“Better safe than sorry,” I said as I got back into position. Her hand went right to my cock and guided me in.

I had no regrets about fucking her or going down on her.

There are lies and then there are lies. Lies of omission aren’t as bad of a lie, but that’s my opinion.

And what’s cheating really? Looking at another person’s body? Flirting? Kissing? Mutual masturbation? Oral sex? Penetrative sex with a condom? Penetrative sex without a condom?

Pick a line. Wherever you put the line, someone has cheated.

Once I was inside Tomi, I realized that not only did her pussy look perfect and taste perfect, but it felt perfect to my cock.

It might have felt better than my girlfriend's pussy. Or maybe it was the thrill of fucking someone new for the first time combined with cheating. Either way, the sex was, to use the cliché, fan-fucking-tastic. I didn't regret fucking her at all.

I don't want to brag, but I'll do it a little. I made her cum twice before I finished. Once on her back and once doggy style. She didn't seem to have a preference for which position she came in. I liked seeing the full flare of her ass when we fucked doggy, but it was just was satisfying to kiss her while we did it in the traditional missionary.

Maybe she peaked a final time when I finished inside her, but I'm sure that was just my imagination.

I didn't pass out and neither did she, but we faded into that hazy afterglow that accompanies amazing sex. I wasn't sure how long we half-slept there in my bed.

I can tell you, however, precisely when I was awoken from dozing. 4: 37pm. It was the exact time my girlfriend walked into the bedroom of my apartment. She had the right. We'd been dating six months and she had the spare key. She almost always stopped at my place after work because I lived alone and she had two roommates in her bigger and nice place, but mine had privacy.

Except for when I had a guest over.

This was the first time I had a guest over that I had been fucking.

Did you forget that this was a story about cheating? I hope not because there's going to be a whole lot more cheating going on before we get to the end.

Her first words at catching me in bed with another woman?

"Really Travis? You couldn't go to her place?"

I sat bolt upright and Tomi clutched the sheets to her chest, hiding her tits. "Uh...here was closer?" I had no idea if that was true or not, but I felt the need to

say something, even as stupid as it was.

Perrin ignored my stupid remark and looked at Tomi. “Get your clothes on and get out. I need to speak with my...boyfriend.”

With those words she turned on her heel and left the bedroom, politely closing the door behind her.

“Oh fuck, oh shit,” Tomi cursed. “What are we going to do?” She was in full panic mode. I didn’t blame her. I wasn’t sure if Perrin’s cool was worse than if she had turned into a raging maniac.

“We’re going to get dressed and you’re going to leave,” I said as calmly as possible. I tried to make it seem like I did this all the time. I didn’t. It was the first time I had cheated on my girlfriend.

Technically it wasn’t cheating, but still…

Tomi jumped out of bed and grabbed her bra and underwear. Her fingers were trembling as she tried to hook the bra together. I helped her. It was the gentlemanly thing to do. I grabbed a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, putting them on as she cast her eyes around the messy bedroom. Her eyes were wide and fearful when she saw that I was dressed.

“I left the rest of my clothes out in the living room!”

“Well, let’s go get them,” I said, heading for the door.

She stopped me, putting her hand on top of mine as I grasped the doorknob. “I can’t go out there naked like this!”

“You’re not naked,” I said with a calmness I didn’t feel.

“In my underwear!”

“Just pretend you’re wearing a swimsuit. A bikini.”

“That doesn’t help! Go get my clothes and bring them in to me!” She was trembling with fear and I felt bad for her. I sighed.

“Fine.”

Out in the apartment proper Perrin was sitting at the table that occupied the space between the living room and the kitchen. She had poured herself a drink and was calmly sipping from it while scrolling through her phone.

I couldn’t meet her gaze.

I grabbed the pile of clothes that Tomi and I left behind and quickly returned to the bedroom. Tomi grabbed them from me and quickly finished dressing while I watched her. It was disappointing because she had a lovely, curvy body and I was reasonably certain I would never get to see it again, let alone fuck her.

I tried anyway.

“Can I get your phone number?” I asked as she stepped into her shoes.

“Are you fucking crazy?!” She glared at me. “Your girlfriend is out there!”

I shrugged. “She might not be my girlfriend for much longer.”

Tomi rolled her eyes at me. It was expected. “You are fucking crazy,” she declared and made a dash from the bedroom to the front door, mumbling, “Sorry,” to Perrin as she left.

Perrin said nothing but did look up when I appeared.

“Did you use a condom?” she asked me, putting down her phone.

“Yes.”

I couldn’t read her expression. “That’s good.”

Before an argument could start I blurted out, “You always said we had an open relationship!”

“Go get it,” she said to me, ignoring my protest and attempt at circumventing any discomfort that we were both in for.

“Are you...are you serious?”

She gave me a look. I was certain that Perrin loved me and was open-minded, but this was a big step.

For the both of us.

“Go get it,” she repeated. “We both agreed to this. You’re the one who made the mistake.”

Did I actually make a mistake or were my actions subconsciously intentional? There was no easy answer to that question so I did what she asked.

What she wanted was in the bottom drawer of my dresser in a black velvet bag closed tightly with a drawstring. It was surprisingly light but solid. I brought it out to Perrin.

She smiled when I handed it over to her. “This was your idea,” she reminded me as she opened the strings.

“Yeah but...fantasy is different from reality.”

“You’ve worn it before,” she said and shook out the elegantly shaped metal cage into her hand.

“But...only for short periods. For fun.”

“You won’t have it on forever. And this is for fun.”

For you, maybe, I thought to myself. “How...how long?”

“Get your cock out,” she said as she inserted one of the keys into the lock and opened up the device. It separated into two pieces plus the lock. I had worn it before, but only when we were playing around in the bedroom. Only for a few hours at most. Now...now Perrin wanted to make it permanent.

Well,...almost permanent.

I did what she asked, unzipping my shorts and pulling out my soft cock. It seemed smaller than usual. It was cool in the well air-conditioned room, but maybe I was just worrying unnecessarily.

Perrin frowned at my manhood. “Yeah, maybe you’d better take a shower first, “ she suggested. “And trim back your hair. Nice and short.”

“Should I shave?” I asked her.

“No. Not yet.”

I went to the shower and removed any traces of Tomi from by body. Her scent was replaced by soap and shampoo. I had an electric hair trimmer in the bathroom that I occasionally used on my hair when I wanted a quick buzz cut. This time I used them on my pubes, reducing the length of my short and curlies to almost nothing.

After toweling off I went back to the living room where Perrin patiently waited. I didn’t bother with a robe or towel.

She smiled at my nudity. Or maybe she smiled because she was eager to keep me under lock and key.

Maybe both.

“Ready?” she asked.

“No.”

“Come over here anyway.

The chastity cage was a model of simplicity and utility. One part was a curved shaft for the length of my penis, the other half was a ring that went around my shaft and balls. Some models have a split ring that can encircle the balls and fit neatly around them to avoid the slightly weird feeling of having one’s balls forced through an enclosed space. The male human body wasn’t exactly designed to be easily forced into chastity.

Perrin had put it on me before, but it had been a few weeks since we had last played with the cage. Even so, she had a firm hand because she’s a strong woman and likes to be dominant in the bedroom even when bedroom play extends to the living room.

The shaft went through the retaining ring first. She pulled my left ball through

the ring next, maybe because it hung lower than the right or maybe because she was right-handed. Who knows? It was uncomfortable but not terrible. Forcing my right ball through was the worst part. I could feel every bit of it. It squeezed too tightly. It made my stomach sink and it briefly felt like I had been kicked in the balls leaving me with an upset stomach.

My girlfriend smiled at me. “There. The worst is over, isn’t it?”

“The worst part is not being able to use my cock,” I complained.

“You should have thought about that before you fucked another woman.”

“Would it have made a difference if I fucked a man?” I snottily asked her.

Perrin paused, the curved shaft cage in her left hand. She hadn’t yet started to line it up to the retaining ring already on me. “I hadn’t thought about that. I don’t know. I suppose I’d want to watch the two of you together first. I do like gay porn, but to see my boyfriend with another man...I don’t know if that’s hot or not.”

The shaft went on fairly easily. I was small enough that I didn’t even fill up the whole length and diameter of the cage. I wasn’t sure if that was the shower, the situation, the cool air, the fact I had just fucked and cum, or what. Not knowing is a mind fuck.

From there it was easy for her to line up the shaft to the ring and then join them together with the integrated lock.

My girlfriend had effectively locked me away in chastity.

“So...we’re not breaking up?” I asked her.

She laughed. “Wouldn’t it be funny if I left you like this and never came back?”

“No,” I said flatly. “It wouldn’t be funny.”

“Don’t worry. I’m not going to do that,” she said as she took both keys and dropped them in her purse. “It’s not like you haven’t worn it before. It was fun. Your pussy eating skills are twice as good when you’re caged.”

“When will you let me out?” I asked.

She didn’t answer that question. Instead she pivoted to a question of her own. “So, this is the first time I’ve caught you cheating since we started together. How many other women have you fucked since then? It’s been what? Six months?”

“None,” I answered truthfully.

“None?” she repeated doubtfully.

“Yes.”

“Care to guess how many times I’ve cheated on you since then?”

And there she was admitting it. I’d never caught her, but I had my suspicions. It was easy for her to attract the attention of plenty of men--and probably a few women as well. Perrin was a beautiful woman with slightly honey-kissed skin, brilliant black hair than hung to her back, angular eyes that were light brown. All of this was all because of her combined genetics. She claimed to be half Norwegian and half Vietnamese.

I believed her.

“I don’t want to guess,” I told her.

We had sex on our first date. She told me that she was actively dating a couple of different guys at the time and wasn’t looking for anything exclusive. That was fine with me because I just wanted to get laid.

It wasn’t until our third date that she demanded that we reveal our kinks to make sure we were compatible at least for a long-term sexual relationship if not a full-blown romantic relationship. I agreed.

She revealed her kink first.

“I’m a cheater,” she said. “I get off on cheating on my boyfriends. I don’t think I’m ever going to get married because I’d probably cheat on my husband during the honeymoon.”

“Wow,” was my response. We were in bed together and her hand was playing with my soft cock. We had just fucked and it was crazy sex just like the other two times we had met to fuck. “That’s...sort of twisted.”

“Which is what kinky means,” she reminded me as she rolled on top of me. I palmed her small breasts and lightly pinched the nipples. She smiled at me. “I’m cheating right now.”

“What?” I was confused.

“I told Alex I was staying late at work. I knew I was going to fuck you instead of him. Maybe I’ll call him after I leave and fuck him tonight anyway.”

That was my introduction to Perrin’s kink.

“What’s your kink?” she demanded.

When I admitted it because I was amazed at her confession, she smiled. “I think we can work well together in bed. Hell, there might even be a relationship in store for us.”

She was right. There was. She even made up the rules for the game she wanted to play and I willingly went along.

“Four times,” she confessed. “I’ve cheated on you four times since we started dating.”

I didn’t want to ask if that was four guys, one time each, or four guys multiple times.

“But I didn’t catch you,” I said, reminding her of our agreement, our game.

“Because I didn’t want you to,” she said. “You must have wanted to get caught otherwise you wouldn’t have fucked...whatever blondie’s name is...in your apartment when you knew I was coming over.

I didn’t want to delve into my problematic psychology. “Or maybe I just fell asleep because I was exhausted from fucking her.”

“Maybe. She looked cute. Did you fuck her because she’s a natural blonde?” Perrin asked. “You want to breed her and have perfect blonde children?”

“No.”

“Did you want to get caught?” She wiggled my cage back and forth. I liked the way that felt.

“No.” I wasn’t sure if that was a lie or the truth.

It didn’t matter.

Chapter Two

“Maybe we should revisit our agreement,” I suggested to Perrin the next morning.

I had suffered the night wearing the cock cage that she now held the keys to. We’d played at chastity before. Usually only for an hour or two. She’d lock me up and tease me. I’d go down on her, make her cum, use my fingers on her, use her vibrator on her. After all that I’d be so worked up that when she finally released my straining cock from the cage, I’d barely have time to get it inside her before I came.

No, I don’t know why I was into chastity play. Yes, it was extremely lucky that she was into it as well.

Only once before had I gone an entire night wearing the cage. Perrin had fallen asleep after I made her cum too many times to count. She mumbled in her half sleep that she wanted a nap before I got mine. I was fine with that and cuddled up next to her on the bed. Before I knew it, I was asleep as well. I was woken up in the middle of the night by a pain in my groin. It was a midnight erection trying to fight the unbendable bars of the cage. When I had begged Perrin for the key, she had just giggled at me and left the bedroom. We kept them in the living room when we played because that made it more intense. Instead of returning with the key, she came back with a bag of frozen corn and put it on my failed erection. The cold made it go away. She promised that she’d let me free in the morning.

She did and we fucked like normal people. Still, it was the only time I had gone more than an hour in the cage.

Now she wanted me to wear it forever.

Or what seemed like forever.

Perrin looked over her bagel and coffee at me. “Well, I was going to tell you no, I like the current agreement. But…” She reached down to my crotch and grabbed my cock and cage through my shorts. It was mind-bending to feel her gripping me, but at the same time I couldn’t really feel her holding me. She gave my package a little shake and let go. “But maybe now that things have changed, maybe we should.”

Our agreement was simple. Since Perrin had a kink for cheating and she promised me that there was no way that she wasn't going to cheat on me, then we should have clear rules as to what should happen to our open relationship. There was no debate over whether or not there should be an open relationship, that's just the way she framed it.

I went along because sex with Perrin was amazing and I didn't see any downsides to possibly getting laid on the outside as well.

I was wrong.

Perrin promised to be discreet and not bring up who else she fucked. She'd deny it if I found evidence of her cheating. If I caught her mid-act, mid-coitus, in flagrante delicto, with some guy's dick in her pussy she promised to make a three way with her and another woman happen. If she caught me fucking another woman, then I'd have to wear the cage for a month and she'd be the one to hold the keys.

That was never going to happen so I quickly agreed.

I was wrong. So wrong.

"What should the new agreement be?" I asked because I didn't want to push her and I wanted a way to get the cage off my cock as soon as possible. An hour or two was fun, but a month was going to be unbearable.

"How about I'm free to fuck whoever I want, whenever I want, wherever I want during the next month?"

"Uh...isn't that already the agreement on your end."

"I won't hide it from you anymore."

I opened my mouth to reply to her, but had no words. Maybe I had a hint before that she had fucked someone else, but this was the first time it was going to be rubbed in my face. I didn't want that.

But apparently my cock did because up to that point in our conversation it had been soft and pliant. Now it tried to get hard. I winced at the sudden appearance of an unwanted erection.

Noting my expression, she tilted her head to the side. “You don’t want that?”

“I...uh...I got a little hard and it hurt,” I admitted, distracted by the pain.

She smiled. “So you like that idea. Do you want to watch me fuck another guy?”

“What? No!” My words were emphatic, but once again my cock gave me away. I didn’t want to see my girlfriend fuck someone else, but apparently my subconscious did.

“I think you’re lying.” She pulled at my shorts in an effort to see my cock. There was some struggle and I tried to push her away. I did and stood up from the table, out of her reach. “Show me your cock,” she said. “Show me it’s soft and I’ll let you out. But if you’re hard, I’ve got a lot of wonderful ideas for the both of us.”

I could have protested. I should have protested. I should have walked away.

Instead I pulled down my shorts and showed off my caged cock. It wasn’t soft. It wasn’t exactly hard, either, but it was trying to get hard. Did I want her to humiliate me? Maybe. At the very least I was confused on this whole issue and there was going to be more suffering in the near future.

“So we’re in agreement that I can fuck other men in front of you. The only real question is do I let you join in or do I make you watch.”

I didn’t have an answer for her.

“We can make that decision when the time arrives, I suppose,” she mused aloud.

“What about me?” I interjected. “What if I bring some woman home and bang her. Again.” I was angry and spoke out of anger. And stupidity.

Perrin looked pointedly at my caged cock. “Can you get out of that?” she asked. “I know that some men with application of enough lube and ice can get their shaft free to fuck someone, but I can’t imagine you finding anyone willing to do that for you. Still, if you manage...how about I join in for that elusive three-way that you’ve desperately hoping for?”

“That’s the same deal as before. Basically,” I said.

“Except that you want to watch me fuck another woman. And I get to have all the orgasms around here. You get nothing. Isn’t that what you want?”

It wasn’t exactly what I wanted, but I was willing to play along because I had some strange ideas of what was exciting and kinky.

Perrin kept me on edge all day and the next few days, teasing me through text messages and pictures.

I hated and loved it at the same time.

Are you hard or soft right now? That was her favorite thing to text to me. She did it three or four times a day.

The answer was almost always the same.

Soft.

Send me a pic and prove it.

Sometimes it took me a few minutes to get to the bathroom for a private picture. It wasn’t often that Perrin and I exchanged dirty pictures, but once she had caged me, it was happening much more often.

Half the time when I got to the bathroom, I had been pondering my kink long enough to try to get hard. Other times when she had texted me I was already hard and went soft. It was always a roll of the dice as to what type of picture she was going to get.

By the end of the week I was positive that Perrin had the most boring collection of caged cock pictures in this hemisphere. I deleted all the pix off my phone, but I had no idea what she did with hers.

I still got more than occasional erections, usually at the wrong time. I started reporting to my coworkers that I had a stomach issue. That was enough that they weren’t eager to follow me to the bathroom and was more than enough to cover any sudden and unexpected groans accompanied by doubling over for no

apparent reason.

Perrin also took great pleasure in sending me, without any prompting or requests, pictures of her pussy. I was already intimately familiar with this bit of her anatomy, but they were still arousing. Sometimes she was wearing panties, but not usually. She kept her pubic hair neatly trimmed and shaped into a perfect small triangle. She wasn't into shaving. She got waxed every few weeks. As the week went on she became more and more obscene, spreading her inner lips for my viewing pleasure.

I loved and hated it.

When do you think the last time I had a dick in this pussy? The text was accompanied by yet another picture of her pussy. It was rather tame. Not much was showing because her hand covered her hair and her slit. I could see that her middle finger was penetrating her sex, but details were unfocused and sketchy.

We last had sex eight days ago. This depends on the definition of sex. Perrin had been coming over to my place every other night to tease me. She made me eat her pussy, which I enjoyed, she made me use a vibrator on her, she had me use my hands on her to make her squirt. I was a sex toy to her and I loved it.

She kept me in the cage and didn't want to discuss removing it.

That's not what I asked.

I sighed and made sure no one was watching me at my desk before I tapped out an answer to her. I hope the last time you had a dick inside your pussy was eight days ago.'

Keep hoping.

My cock tried to get hard. I was getting used to it now and managed not to groan or let the office know I was suffering another bout of fake stomach pains.

When was the last time you had a dick inside you? I decided to push back because I was frustrated.

Wouldn’t you like to know?

YES! I don’t know why I made it seem to emphatic, but I was losing blood from my brain because it was all rushing to my cock where it was useless. My heart thudded in my chest and I wanted to be uncaged and I wanted it to last forever.

She didn’t answer me directly, of course, because she was a cruel tease. The first time I cheat on you, would you rather see me fucked by someone else or would you rather I come over to you with a pussy full of cum?

I was dizzy with her question. It had only been a couple of months since we had stopped using condoms. The mere suggestion that she would fuck someone else bareback scared me. It was an exciting fear. She was using other birth control besides condoms, but still…

I want to watch.

I didn’t remember tapping out the reply or sending it, but there it was on my phone and I wanted it to be true.

Good. You might get lucky tonight.

My cock got hard, truly hard. I could feel my flesh pressing into the metal bars and then retreating because flesh is weaker than metal.

Lucky? How? I sent several more texts to her but she didn’t reply. It wasn’t because she couldn’t reply. It was because she was tormenting me.

I had to wait until five o’clock to hear from her. Every minute was torture. I hated it and wanted it to end...but only if that end resulted in an orgasm for me. It had been a week. I needed to cum. Her text was just a list of rules.

I’ll be at your place at 6:30 with Shane.

You’ll be naked...except for your cage.

You'll greet Shane with a handshake.

We (Shane and me) will go to your bedroom.

You'll follow us.

He and I will fuck.

You'll watch. You won't say anything except to answer my questions.

You'll do whatever I ask if you want to stay with me.

Text back only YES or NO.

I wanted to text back NO, but I texted back YES, because I'm a slave to my base urges. I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Maybe I should have been ashamed to admit it.

I rushed home early and cleaned my place. Why? I don't know. I was going to be humiliated and shamed for watching my girlfriend fuck another man, so I didn't want to be ashamed at home I kept my place. I'm not a slob, but it could still use a decent cleaning. I did as best I could and started to regret not hiring a cleaning service to come in at least once a week.

The most important thing was to change the sheets. I did that with pride. They were clean and perfect.

What was wrong with me?

I received a reminder text from Perrin at 6:15. It was a good thing that she reminded me to strip down because I had completely forgotten.

Or maybe I had wished it away. The subconscious is a strange thing.

I wasn't ashamed of my body and I was in reasonably good shape, but it's one thing to wear a cock cage in front of my girlfriend, it was another thing entirely to greet her lover of the evening naked but for it.

And still I did it.

Much to my relief Perrin didn't just use her key to let herself into my place. She rang the bell and waited like a sophisticated woman. I went to the door and peered through the peephole.

It was impossible to tell because of the fisheye lens used in the hole, but Shane was a handsome man.

FUCK!

I would have been happier if he was ugly and she was just fucking him to play into my fantasy and hers.

Wait. Whose fantasy was it now.

She rang the bell again because I was taking too long to open the door.

Taking a deep breath I carefully opened the door, making sure to keep my body behind it so that anyone passing by wouldn't see me naked.

Perrin hadn't said anything about that so I went with the understanding that it was allowed.

She just stepped inside and pulled Shane in behind her. I quickly shut the door.

Remembering the rules I immediately stuck out my hand for Shane to Shake. I saw a smile tug at the corners of Perrin's mouth. "Shane, Travis. Travis, Shane. I'm sure you're pleased to meet each other."

They were both dressed in business casual clothing because they had just come from work, presumably. I just assumed that Shane worked in her office or was some sort of business associate.

Or maybe she had sought him out, looking for a guy to fuck her in front of her boyfriend. Anything was possible.

Shane had been polite and kept his eyes at my face until she introduced him. Then he couldn't help himself. His eyes descended to my caged cock. They went wide with amusement and surprised. I hoped it was a pleasant surprise.

It wasn’t that I had a small cock. Even flaccid I knew I was perfectly average. I had measured and consulted every internet site that was fascinated with cock size. Hard, I was slightly above average. Maybe I was flattering myself, but I had a great cock. It was nothing to be ashamed of.

Or maybe I felt like the tough guy who woke up in the back of a police cruiser surprised at finding himself in handcuffs and unable to control his life any longer.

Something like that.

“Holy fuck! You weren’t kidding. He really is in that...thing.”

“It’s called a chastity cage,” I quickly blurted out.

“Whatever, man. You do you. No way am I that weird or kinky.” He saw shaking his head and I hated him.

Perrin grabbed him by the hand and started pulling him to the bedroom. “Let’s get down to business,” she said in the demanding tone that she liked to use. “Or do you want to spend the evening staring at my boyfriend’s useless cock?”

I swelled with pride at her small insult. She had called me her boyfriend; I liked that. She had called my cock useless. I both loved and hated that.

They were halfway down the hallway before I remembered to follow. By the time I got to the bedroom Perrin had turned around to face Shane and was kissing him.

My stomach became a tight knot and my heart slammed against my sternum. It was painful to watch her kissing another man, both physically and emotionally. The emotions were obvious. She was my girlfriend and wasn’t supposed to be playing around with anyone else, though I knew she did and would do so again. The physical pain was more centered. It was directly centered on my cock as it tried to get hard and couldn’t. I wanted to fall on my knees in pain.

When I realized there was no reason I couldn’t fall to my knees and I could see them better on the bed from that position, I did so.

Shane and Perrin were well into stripping each other of their clothing. Perrin was

eager to get right to the main event. She pulled her blouse up over her head along with her bra, freeing her tits. Seeing this, Shane dropped his face to her chest to kiss and suck her nipples. She caught me staring at them and smiled triumphantly.

“Like what you see?” she asked.

I didn’t have time to answer. My mouth was dry. My cock was semi-hard.

Shane answered for me. “I fucking love your tits. They’re beautiful.”

He pulled back and quickly unbuttoned his shirt enough to get it off, then went down on his knees like me, only he was busy unbuttoning her black pants and eagerly pulling them down.

Perrin had planned this. All of this. She had to. Underneath her pants she was wearing a thong that was completely out of character for her to wear to work. It was bright red and lacy and exposed her ass cheeks and who knows what else. I didn’t have time to carefully analyze her choice of undergarments because she kicked off her shoes and stepped out of her pants.

Shane quickly yanked down her thong. If he pulled it any harder he was sure to have torn it. He wasted no time in pressing his face into her crotch, inhaling her scent and trying to reach her pussy with his tongue.

Once again Perrin caught my eye. “This is what a real man does for a woman,” she told me.

I said nothing, of course, because I had spent more time eating her pussy than any other person on this earth. Slowly she backed up to the bed, Shane’s face in her pussy then entire time, sat down on the edge, spread wide her thighs, and leaned back on the mattress, giving him full access to her pussy.

I moved to the side. Shane continued to slather attention over her sex as he removed his dockers and underwear. I’m not ashamed to admit it: I checked out his cock.

It was perfectly nice. It wasn’t fully erect, not yet, but there was nothing wrong with it. He might have been huge. I didn’t have a good point of reference and didn’t have a good point of view since his thighs were blocking a direct look.

What I did know at that moment was that I wanted to see him fuck her. I wanted to see Shane make her cum, make her scream with pleasure and deposit his cum into her pussy.

“Come over here and hold my hand,” said Perrin.

Shane lifted his face from her pussy. “What?”

She glared at him. “I was talking to my boyfriend. But that’s enough oral. Are you hard enough to fuck me or do you need some extra help?” Not waiting for anything to go awry, I moved to the bed and grabbed Perrin’s hand.

Standing up Shane showed her his fully erect cock. “I’m good to go.”

“Good,” she smiled up at him. “Get a condom on and let’s do it.”

His smug grin diminished slightly. “I have to use a condom?”

“Don’t worry, Travis will give you one. He’ll even put it on you if you want.”

Knowing what was expected of me, I moved to the side of the bed and opened my drawer, getting out a condom. Call me twisted and sick, but I was sort of looking forward to handing it over to him. I was more than willing to roll it down his length if that’s what Perrin and Shane wanted. I was that overcome with lust that I had no sense of agency or sexual identity.

Wanting to move things along, I started to rip the packet open, but Shane snatched it out of my hand. “That’s fine. I’ll do it myself. I’ve been using them since I was fourteen.”

I was certain that was an outright lie of when he lost his virginity, but he wanted to make himself seem the dominant male in the room, so I let him have that little victory.

“Quit fucking around and get your dick in me,” Perrin complained. She had her hand between her legs, gently rubbing her pussy, while Shane wasted time. I watched as he rolled the condom on his cock and got into position on top of my girlfriend.

I wanted to reach out and hold his cock to guide it into her pussy. I was the one

who knew her body better than anyone and my assistance would have been well-received, but Perrin was the one to grab his shaft to put it at the right angle.

The feeling I experienced when he went into her, plumbing her depths, penetrating where only I should have been, was indescribable. It hurt and it mixed with lust and made my cock swell but the pain put me back in my place. I desperately wanted to jerk off but knew that wasn't possible. I wanted to closely watch them fuck. I wanted to see her penetrated and used again and again by Shane and any man she wanted.

It was the perfect feeling, naked pain and pure emotion roiled with lust and fascination.

Perrin tightly gripped my hand as Shane started thrusting into her. I squeezed back. She turned her head just enough to acknowledge me, a smug smile on her face told me that she was enjoying this just as much as I was, if not more.

And then that was it. She turned her face back to Shane, stared deeply into his eyes, and then pulled his face down to hers for a kiss.

If anything, the kiss hurt me more than her pussy being filled by his cock.

Shane was an enthusiastic lover and started pounding away at Perrin's pussy. Maybe he was eager or maybe he didn't know how to fuck my girlfriend or maybe he was nervous with another man in the room, watching and silently judging him.

Yes, I was judging everything about him.

I wished I had found more about him that was lacking.

Perrin moaned and groaned prettily as he fucked her. I was jealous, I'll admit it. There wasn't any reason not to be jealous.

I recognized the noises that my girlfriend made and when she squeezed my hand so tightly I thought that she might break a few of my fingers, I knew she had climaxed.

Somehow the whole encounter would have been better if she hadn't cum.

Or maybe her cumming was the best part. I couldn't tell.

"Give it to me," she begged Shane. "Give me your load." Her voice was tight and strained. I wanted her to cum again. I loved it when I could make her cum three or four times in a row, leaving her shaking with exhaustion.

"Almost there," Shane grunted. He was covered with sweat from his efforts. I wanted to reach out and run my finger down his spine, feeling the smoothness and perhaps cupping one of his buttocks to feel the thrusting power of that muscle, just underneath the skin.

But I didn't. I couldn't.

"Don't cum in me," Perrin suddenly instructed.

Shane stopped moving. "What?" Clearly he wanted to cum and expected to finish in her. I wanted him to finish in her, maybe make her cum once more.

"Cum on me," she told him, pushing back on his shoulder. "I want your hot cum on me. Make me pretty with it."

Apparently that was enough for Shane. He pulled out and got up on his knees. I would have taken off his condom, but he did it on his own, tossing it aside before pumping his shaft with his meaty hand. I watched in fascination as I had seen so many other men doing before, only this was real and live and every other time I had seen it was on a video.

Perrin spared me a quick glance, licking her lips in anticipation of what was to come. Literally cum. She had the fingers of one hand interlocked with mine and the other was on her pussy, rubbing at her clit, waiting for Shane to finish.

It wasn't a huge show of shock and awe. It was a nice load erupting from his cock that arced gracefully through the air before landing with little splatters all over Perrin's tummy and pussy. A few drops made it as far as the bottom of her tits. I could see one thick droplet had landed in her little patch of pubic hair.

Almost immediately she withdrew her fingers from her pussy and idly traced them through the thick liquid that now covered her. She looked to me. "And I pretty now?"

“You’re beautiful.” I couldn’t help myself and leaned forward to kiss her on the lips. Under any other circumstances the kiss would have been chaste. As it was it felt obscene.

“Do you love me?” she asked in such a soft whisper that I wasn’t certain if I had heard her or if it was my imagination. Certainly Shane couldn’t have heard the questions.

“Yes.” We had never exchanged the love word before, but now it felt natural and almost mandatory. “I love you.”

She smiled. It was an evil smile. My cock twitched in my cage. “I know you do.”

“You’re a good fuck,” Shane told her, a self-satisfied grin on his face.

I hated his face and wanted to wipe the stupid expression from it.

“Thank you,” she said politely. “Are you done?”

“Done?” he asked dumbly.

“Yes. Done? You came. Was there anything else you wanted?”

Shane gave a small chuckle. “Well, yeah. To fuck you again.”

“Not tonight,” she said almost demurely, but in such a way that said she wasn’t going to put up with an argument from him. “But if you want, Travis will suck you off. No one likes to go home with a sticky cock, right?”

I was alarmed that she was offering me up for oral sex with a man that I had barely met. I wasn’t at all eager to go down on a man. I suppose I was lucky that he turned Perrin—and me—down.

“No thanks,” he said, glancing my way with a mild look of disgust. “Now if you’re going to suck me off, I’ll gladly say yes.”

Perrin frowned at him. “No. I’m not sucking you off tonight. I need to spend some time with my boyfriend. Why don’t you get your clothes on and leave?” It was phrased as a question, but it was obvious that it was a command.

Shane kept kneeling there a minute unable to comprehend what had just happened. “What?”

“Get dressed and leave,” she said, levering herself up a bit on her elbows. “Do I need to be any more clear?”

I could tell from the look that Shane gave me he was sizing me up. Even in my cock cage, I managed to project a look of confidence and masculinity because he back down.

“You’re both fucking freaks.” He got off the bed and quickly found his clothes.

“Yes,” Perrin agreed. “That’s the fun of it. And you just fucked a freak.” It sounded like she was more than a little amused by her humiliation of him along with me. My mind was reeling. I couldn’t believe that my girlfriend was like this.

I should have expected it, but I was stupid.

Lust does that.

We watched together for the minute it took Shane to get dressed. He said nothing else to us, but it was clear he was angry from the expression on his face. “Goodbye, you twisted fucks,” he dismissed us as he walked out and slammed the front door to my apartment.

I cleared my throat. “Do you...do you want me to get a washcloth and clean you up?” I wanted to do something for her, something intimate. A shower would have been better for her, but that was too impersonal.

“No. I want you to clean me up,” she said boldly.

“What?” I was confused.

“With your tongue,” she specified and continued to trace her finger through the cum Shane had left behind.

“Uh…”

“Do you want to do this or not?”

The answer was no. I didn't want to do it, but on the other hand, I did want to do it because I didn't understand myself.

"Yes," I squeaked out.

She pointed to her wet tummy. "I've swallowed plenty of guy's cum in my life. It's not that bad. Sometimes it's even fun. I promise I'll make it worth your while if you do it."

Any hint of a promise to get out of my cage was good enough for me.

It wasn't easy, but once I started, it wasn't terrible. The cum had that chemical bleach smell and taste. I couldn't blame women for not wanting to swallow when they gave blowjobs. It was thick and mildly vile. I'd drunk beer in college that was worse. I pretended it was just a kink that she was into and it wasn't a man's cum, it was just like lapping up thick sweat from her body. I'd spent plenty of time in her pussy with my tongue, so this was no worse.

It was going to be worth it when she released my cock and I got to fuck her. Or maybe she'd suck me off. That sounded fun too.

It only took a couple of minutes to lap up all of Shane's cum. I liked it when I got the last few drops out of her pubic hair because her pussy scent was particularly strong just then.

"Good enough," she said. "Now go to the bathroom and get me that washcloth."

I eagerly followed her command, returning with one that was wet with warm water and a dry one to remove any lingering moisture from her skin.

I was confused when I found her in the bed. She had moved, of course, and had a long pink vibrator in her hand. She stored that vibrator in my bedroom nightstand; we had integrated it in our sex life before, but she wasn't using it on herself just then.

"Are you going to use that on your pussy?" I asked.

She just smiled. "Clean me."

I followed her orders. I wanted my cock to get hard, but I couldn't manage it. I

was too nervous.

“Lay down,” she said when I was done.

I tossed aside the washcloths and did was she said. The cage didn’t flop onto my thigh. I was too hard for it to rest easily. Perrin moved so that her pussy was over my face. I wasn’t a big fan of 69, but if that’s what she wanted, that’s what she would get.

“Where’s the key?” I asked.

“I left it at home,” she said. “I didn’t want to be tempted to release you.”

“What?” I was staring at her pussy. It was swollen from being fucked and I wanted to lick it, to suck on her little clit and make her cum while she jerked me off or sucked me. Anything.

I recognized the hum of the vibrator. “This might take a little while,” she said. “I’ve been reading up on it. If it doesn’t work after a while, I’ll put it up your ass. Supposedly prostate orgasms for men are just like g-spot orgasms for women.”

She pressed the vibrator gently against my cage. It felt weird and arousing at the same time. Her scent filled my nose. Her pretty pussy was a feast for my eyes. I wanted to get hard and I couldn’t. I kept trying and failing. My hands were resting on her thighs and buttocks. The sensations were terrible and wonderful at the same time.

Exquisite torture.

The vibrator was a soft silicone model. The rattle of it against my cock cage wasn’t loud, but it was powerful enough to shake me in a way that was unnatural.

The orgasm happened without me having any control over it. Instead of my cum shooting out, it more or less leaked out. My cock was semi-hard but not hard enough for a real orgasm. It hurt and didn’t give me the real relief that I wanted. I felt pathetic.

I felt especially pathetic when her laughter reached my ears.

“That’s...that’s so weak and weird,” she said as she lowered her pussy closer to my face. “I want to do it again.”

“I can’t,” I nearly whimpered.

“Maybe tomorrow. Right now eat me out. Make me cum. Then you can shower. This is going to be so much fun for the both of us.”

I wasn’t so sure of that, but I went along with her. Who was I to refuse the request of a woman with her pussy in my face?

Part Two

Chapter One

“Don’t you want to hear about the times I’ve cheated on you?”

That was the question that Perrin asked me the next morning. I had to get to work first. She had a much shorter commute from my place to her office than she did from her apartment which meant she could lounge around my bedroom, unclothed and unconcerned, as I raced to get showered, dressed, eat something for breakfast, and get on the road.

All while wearing a cock cage that she refused to take off me.

In all honesty, I didn’t want her to take it off.

But at the same time, I wanted it off.

Emotions are confusing.

I poked my head back into the bedroom when she called out the question as I was rushing about. “I’m sorry, but what did you just ask?”

“I asked if you wanted to hear about the times I’ve cheated on you,” she repeated for my benefit. Perrin was naked, but mostly covered up. Mostly. I could see the top edge of one areola and the clear outlines of her nipples through the sheet that covered her. Just viewing her body through that flimsiest of material was enough to make me want to call in to work and claim illness.

My cock not working wasn’t a very good excuse, though. I’ll be the first to admit that.

“Why would I want to hear about that?” It was as much an answer as it was a question. I was glad I was fully dressed and she couldn’t see my cock. A few seconds before she asked the question, I was soft and getting ready as normal. Wearing the cage to work was no big deal. I had been doing it for a week.

But the moment she asked the question and hinted at all it implied, I was straining against the bars and trying to get hard. Somehow I managed to keep my wits about me.

“Because it’s hot and you enjoyed watching me fuck Shane last night,” she explained as she slowly got out of the bed and walked my way.

I couldn’t take my eyes off her. Perrin moved with a perfect grace that was impossible to describe without the use of the words “goddess” and “dancer”. Her nipples were erect and I couldn’t help but let my eyes rove all over her body. The dark triangle at the apex of her legs just barely hid her pussy. Even in the early morning her skin was honey gold and maybe her body wasn’t perfect, but I couldn’t see any flaws with it.

“That’s...that’s something we need to talk about,” I began.

“It’s going to happen again,” she informed me before I could begin a conversation.

I opened my mouth to protest. It was one thing to play with chastity just between the two of us, but it was another to drag other people—willing people—to our bedroom kink. But before I could say anything, Perrin grabbed my cock through my pants. Or rather, she grabbed my cock cage through my pants and gave me a little squeeze. Or what should have been a squeeze, but she didn’t have a crushing grip because she wasn’t the Incredible Hulk. I sensed she was squeezing and then gave me a little shake. “You’re hard for me already, I see.”

“No, I’m not,” I lied.

“You are,” she insisted.

“I don’t have time for this.”

“You don’t have time to get me off?” she asked as she brought my hand to her pussy.

The space between her legs was warm. I pressed my fingers against her swollen labia and I could feel her heat. Unable to help myself, and with the encouragement of Perrin pressing her fingers on top of mine, I slipped one finger between her labia. She wasn’t soaking wet, but she was getting there.

“See how I’m ready for you?” she asked, whispering in my ear.

I was trying to get hard and failing. I wanted to get her off, but I didn’t have the

time.

And yet my finger still went up inside her, exploring her tunnel, seeking out her clit.

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled back into her hair.

She opened her legs wider to admit my fingers deeper. “Just get me off quickly,” she begged. I knew she was acting, but I couldn’t help myself. I was completely under her spell. “Just get me off and then go to work...because I’m not unlocking you today.”

That was probably a good thing because if she had released me, I would have wanted to fuck her all day. I was horny. The little caged orgasm she gave me the night before was nothing. It barely took the edge off.

I started pistoning my finger in and out of her pussy while rubbing her clit with my thumb. Her arms encircled my head and she clung to me, letting me do all the work because that was my job.

The way her body clung to mine as she quivered with pleasure was pure bliss. I was in control of her pleasure the way she was in charge of my cock. Only after I made her cum, she’s be in charge of herself once again and I would still be her emotional and romantic and sexual prisoner.

Not that I minded that.

Somehow Perrin managed to remain on her feet while I quickly guided her up the scale to an intense orgasm. She didn’t scream and carry on, but the way she peaked had her completely dependent upon me to keep her upright and dependent upon me to finish her off. I was completely in love with her at that point.

When she came, she soaked my hand. I wouldn’t say she squirted like a cheap porn video, but she was so excited and over-lubricated that my hand came away from her dripping. I didn’t mind.

After kissing me on the cheek, she said to me, “Thanks. I needed that. You might get a reward tonight.”

I was as hard as it was possible to be inside the cage. I needed to know more. I wanted to fuck her right then and there, but I knew it wasn't going to happen, and if I pleaded for her to unlock me, it would be much longer before I was released.

Still, I needed something. "What reward?"

If she answered the question, it was her choice. If I begged for release, I would be cursing myself.

"I'll tell you all about who I fucked when I was being unfaithful to you."

It sounded like torture.

I hated and loved it.

"I don't...I don't want to hear that," I said, pulling away from her.

She stood there confidently in front of me. She was naked and panting from having just cum. Her skin was shiny with light perspiration from her orgasm. Her smile was one of those who took pleasure in hurting others.

"I'm going to tell you anyway and you're going to love how it makes you feel."

I couldn't reply to that because I knew she was right. I loved the feeling of my cock getting hard in my cage. I loved how I got that tight sensation in my stomach when things weren't going my way and I knew she had been unfaithful to me and I wanted to beat off at the very thought of it.

But I couldn't beat off because she had the key to my cock.

Throughout the day I got periodic text from Perrin. They were designed to tease and annoy me. They worked.

The first one was just her pussy. It shouldn't have gotten me hard and it didn't, not really. I couldn't get fully hard; I could only feel the fullness of my cock swelling against the bars. I had seen her pussy dozens of times but this one, a shot of it with one leg raised at her desk chair, the walls of her office in the

background, up her skirt with no panties on...it just did something to me.

That something was physical and emotional torture.

It felt good to get hard and not be able to do something about it.

If nothing else it motivated me to focus at work so I could get out on time and get home to where she would release me from my cage, tell me a dirty story, and then fuck me.

It was an almost perfect and foolproof system.

I was a fool.

I complimented her on the picture and eagerly awaited more.

Her next text was just a name.

Dennis.

At first I thought the text was a mistake, something she had intended to send to someone else or just the first word of a longer text. I waited patiently but she didn’t send anything else for the next half hour and it was too much to take. I had to reply.

Who is Dennis?

Her reply came quick, as if she were waiting. That wasn’t a good sign. It took you fucking long enough to reply.

I was just as quick with my response. Sorry. I was in the middle of a meeting. That was a lie but I wasn't going to let her know I had inadvertently annoyed her.

I expect quicker replies in the future.

I promise I will.

She waited ten minutes to text me back. It wasn’t torture, but it was close. Dennis was the first guy I fucked after I promised to go exclusive with you.

My cock started leaking precum along with trying to get hard inside the cage. I

didn’t want to hear more but I needed to hear more.

I don’t want to know this…

Perrin wasn’t going to let it go that easily. His cock was bigger than yours.

It was a simple insult, the same sort of insult one would hear on an elementary school playground. It still hurt. It probably hurt more because it was the sort of insult that one would hear on an elementary school playground and it was being used by an adult woman.

It also hurt because it might have been true.

I didn’t know this Dennis. Maybe she was making it up and Dennis didn’t exist. (I didn’t believe that for an instant.) But maybe Dennis did have a nice thick cock that filled her up just the way she liked and it made me somehow inadequate in her eyes.

I wasn’t inadequate. At least Perrin had never complained about my cock. In fact, more than once during sex she had burst out with the compliments of “I love your cock” and “Fuck me with your perfect cock” or other such statements used in the heat of passion. Those weren’t insulting to me in any way. And I knew I wasn’t inadequate because I had measured my cock more than once. I’m six inches long, slightly above average, and just above five inches in circumference. There’s a reason most men are average, because that’s what millions, if not billions, of women have selected for their mates as someone they want to fuck them on a regular basis to get them pregnant while having recreational sex. Men with extremely small or large cocks are outliers, freaks, and men that most women don’t want.

But to be negatively compared to someone else still hurt.

I even wore one of the larger sizes of chastity cages.

It still hurt.

Knowing it wasn’t true still made it hurt.

Did you like having a big cock fuck you? I asked her, unable to help myself. That’s the sort of mind-fuckery that having a chastity kink will play on you.

You’re always fearing that you’re inadequate in some way, whether it be in cock size, cock skill, or volume of ejaculation. There’s very little than can be done to change any of those. (Yeah, yeah, I know: fewer ejaculations will modestly increase volume, first ejaculations during a period of abstention will increase volume, and sufficiently hydrating will help as well.)

Her reply was almost instantaneous. Yes. Of course. It’s good to feel something in my pussy instead of whatever it is you have.

That hurt me again. I liked it.

I’ll fuck you with my cock tonight to prove just how good I am.

I could sense her smug smile as she sent back an answer. You can try.

That made me determined to get my work done as quickly as possible and leave work early.

Chapter Two

I got to my place before Perrin. It was stupid, but I cleaned the apartment, though it didn't really need it. I made sure clean sheets were on the bed. I started dinner, because I wanted to show her that I was a well-rounded man.

It was only halfway into cooking that I realized she had me entirely under her thumb.

I liked it.

"You made me dinner," she said when she arrived at my place. She greeted me with a kiss and sat down at the table, ready to be served.

"Yes. Of course. I wouldn't want you to have to tell me a story on an empty stomach." I was playing along with her game, pretending that I liked hearing her humiliate me and listening to her stories about fucking other men.

I kept it a secret from her that I liked hearing those stories. Or I thought I did. I hadn't heard any of them yet.

We ate together. Perrin was very careful to avoid any mention of what was to happen after dinner. She didn't hint about Dennis. She didn't imply that I was going to be released from my cage. She focused the conversation entirely on what had happened at work (which meant nothing to me) or what I had cooked (which she said was merely adequate).

"Before you ask, I fucked him because I was bored."

I knew who she meant and I didn't know how to reply. Every relationship I had before Perrin was exclusive. I didn't have the words or emotional capability to discuss the sort of open relationship Perrin wanted. Yes, I know, that's fucked up. Yes, I know, I'd already taken advantage of our relationship status by fucking another woman, which is what set off this second phase to our relationship.

"Bored?" was all I managed to get out.

"Yes, bored. You and I had been going hot and heavy for almost two months and

I needed some variety. I’m not ashamed to admit it. Isn’t that why you fucked...whatever her name was?”

“Tomi,” I helpfully supplied. “And no. It wasn’t why I fucked her.”

That intrigued Perrin. “Really? Then what was the reason?”

I had had time to think about the answer to that question. At first, I didn't know why I had taken Tomi to my bed. She was attractive and available and flirted with me, but those weren’t reasons. Not really. “Because I could.”

My answer made Perrin smile. “Good. That’s good. Because you aren’t going to be able to do that any longer since I have the key to your cage.”

I felt a surge of blood to my cock, but it, thankfully, didn’t swell up and fight the bars.

“How could...how could you be bored?” I asked her. “It had only been a couple of months for us.”

She smiled mischievously. “I told you that my kink was to cheat and I had been faithful to you for maybe the longest time I’d ever been faithful to anyone.” I was certain that was a lie. “Maybe I like sabotaging relationships. I don’t know. Do you want to hear about his cock?”

“Not really.”

“It was beautiful,” she said, ignoring me. “Nice and big but not so huge that it hurt putting it inside me. Hefty and firm. Gently curved. He filled me up perfectly.” Her smile didn’t waver as she added. “As you know, yours is just merely adequate.”

The final word made me want to get hard and of course I failed.

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because you want to hear it.”

“I don’t.”

“Are you trying to get hard in your cage right now?”

I looked away.

“You are, aren’t you?” she asked. “Show me your cock.”

I looked blankly at her.

“Show me your cock,” she repeated. “Prove to me you aren’t excited by this.”

When I, or any man, swelled up against the bars to his cock cage, different things could happen based upon size, anatomy, intensity of desire, and cage design. Usually I just swelled up a bit, tested the strength of the bars, and then went down. Sometimes when I was really horny, I’d swell up and my flesh would get pressed to the edges of the bars, threatening to push out between them, but then the weakness of the flesh would take over.

I could feel my cock pressing up against the bars. I wasn’t hard, not really. But I was almost as hard as it was possible to get while caged.

When I didn’t move, she said, “Get up and show me your cock or you’ll never get out of that cage.”

I knew she was lying, but the lie was enough to make me swell a little more and propel me into action. I stood up and lowered my pants and underwear.

Her smile didn’t waver as she reached out and grabbed my cage, feeling the metal warm from my body, and visually inspected it.

“Is that as hard as you can get?” she asked me.

“With the cage on, yes.”

“Good. Wanna fuck? I’ve got more to tell you about Dennis.” She spoke as she held my cock. I was certain she felt the twitch of my anticipation.

“Yes,” I said. I was desperate for any relief from the torture of being caged.

“Well, let’s go to the bedroom.”

As we walked the short distance from the dining able to the bedroom, she shed

her clothes. Or rather, she shed most of her clothes, leaving on her matching panties and bra, both nude colored, almost matching her skin, and very modest as well. There was no way to guess she was a kinky woman.

I followed her lead, but took off all my clothes. There was no reason to play games or be coy.

“I’m not going to tell you what hookup app I used to find Dennis because I don’t want to spying on me or stalking me,” she said as she sprawled on the bed. “My hookups are my business. But that’s how we met. I made abundantly clear to him that I only wanted to fuck and that was after he had sent me pictures of the dimensions of his cock.”

I wanted to ask if she still had those pictures. I wanted to compare him to me, but I remained silent. That was maybe pushing the limits of what was allowed.

“Obviously you approved and fucked him otherwise you wouldn’t be telling me.”

“I did,” she said as she rolled her panties down her hips and legs. She leaned back into the pillows mounded at the bed’s head and spread her legs wide, showing me her pussy.

It was beautiful. I could see just a hint of moisture on her outer lips and some swelling to them as well. She was in the mood, probably keyed up by the thoughts of telling me she had cheated on me. “Get to work,” she invited me, pointing at her pussy. “It’s not going to lick itself.”

I didn’t need to be told twice. I liked eating pussy. I especially liked eating Perrin’s pussy. I knew that if I could please her, make her cum a couple of times with my mouth, she’d be more than eager to unlock my cage and let me fuck her. Want me to fuck her.

She moaned a little when I pressed my face into her sex. I licked the length of her slit, just getting the flavor of her. I went from top to bottom and then back up to top, briefly pausing to tease her clit, before rasping my tongue along the length of her triangle of hair.

She unceremoniously pushed my head back down to her sex and I found her clit, licking and sucking it for her pleasure.

“Dennis didn’t go down on me,” she reported. “Dennis didn’t need to go down on me.”

I knew that was a lie.

I wanted that to be a lie.

I hoped that was a lie.

What woman didn’t need a little oral attention to get her going, to make sure she’s good and lubricated.

“Dennis is a real man and doesn’t eat pussy,” she moaned as I slurped on her clit.

What real man doesn’t eat pussy? Is there anything more delicious in the world than a woman’s pussy when she’s ready to fuck? Is there any greater sound in the world than a woman’s moan as she cums from oral attention? Is there any better emotion than when a man gives the woman he loves the attention she needs?

I had professed my love for her, not directly, but she knew; and yet at the same time she never said if she loved me or not.

I knew that if I was a good boyfriend and attentive to her needs in bed and in chastity she’s confess he love for me and all would be perfect.

I ignored her words and her elevation of Dennis along with her humiliation of me. I kept working her pussy, working her clit until she came all over my face.

If she had squirted on me, I would have been thrilled. It would have been the perfect ending. I wasn't sure if she could squirt or not, but I wanted her to. If she was able to, I wanted to be the one who she ejaculated onto. Still, my face came away dripping from her pleasure.

Her grin wasn’t just one of a satisfied woman, but one of a woman who knew she was completely in control of me.

“You know what we’re going to do next, don’t you?” she asked.

I was nervous to suggest it, but she asked the question and I needed to make a

bold move.

“We’re going to have sex, aren’t we?”

It wasn’t a weak suggestion, but it should have been stronger.

“Yes,” she agreed. “We’re going to have sex. Well...we’re going to have a type of sex,” she allowed.

“A type of sex?”

Once more my girlfriend didn’t answer my half-questions. She got out of the bed and left the bedroom, leaving me hard in my cage wondering what the hell was going on.

A minute later she returned to the room with her oversized purse. “I hate carrying this around with me, but it’s fun so it’s worth the risk.”

She pulled out a small tangle of straps and a cylindrical object that I quickly identified as a dildo. It took me a moment longer to understand what she was holding. It was only when she worked out the tangles and got everything aligned and then started putting it on that I was able to figure out that she was holding a harness with a strapon dildo.

My sphincter involuntarily tightened up. I couldn’t say anything. She didn’t say anything. Once Perrin pulled up the harness around her hips and snugged the straps tightly did I realize what I was in for.

She still wore her nude bra, covering her tits for the most part. The harness of the strapon mostly covered her pussy. The dildo wasn’t huge—it was about the size of my erect cock—and it hung semi-limply from her crotch, but I had no doubt that it was firm enough to penetrate my ass. I suppose I should have felt grateful that it was a pale pink.

“Do you like anal sex?” she wryly asked me.

I couldn’t answer.

“I love it,” she said. “Both giving and receiving.

“I’ve only done anal a few times,” I managed to get out.

“Giving or receiving?”

“Uh...just giving.”

“Great. You’ll be receiving tonight. It’ll be new for you. I’m experienced at fucking guy’s asses, though. I’ll be careful. Do you have any lube?”

I did. I couldn’t remember where I had acquired it. Was it hers and she left it in my place? Was it mine that I had left over from some other lover? It didn't’ matter.

While I knew it was normal for guys in chastity to get fucked in the ass, that wasn’t my kink. I just wanted to be teased and tormented, then released so I could fuck my love. This wasn’t what I wanted. Not really.

“Wait,” I protested after I had handed over the lube to Perrin. She was in the midst of greasing up her artificial pole. “I’m not sure I want to do this?”

“Why not?” she asked innocently.

“Because...I’m not sure I want to. We’ve never discussed it.”

“Well, I love anal. Especially giving it. Every guy I’ve fucked in the ass said it was fantastic and nothing else compared to it. Think about the orgasm you’ll have. A prostate orgasm while caged. It’ll be fucking incredible.”

I could see she was eager to try this out. I understood the implication that she had maybe fucked other guys in the ass before, but never while they were in a chastity cage. I had cum from her vibrator in the cage, but I’d never done this sort of anal before.

Did I really want to be one of those guys who likes to be pegged?

“Let’s just try it,” she suggested. “If you hate it, I’ll stop. But how do you know if you don’t try it at least once.”

There was a logic to her argument.

I was curious.

I was willing.

I was too willing.

I took the lube from her, got on the bed on hands and knees, and applied the lube where I knew she was going.

It felt humiliating and almost dehumanizing to be in that position, open and vulnerable. Was that how women felt when they were about to do doggy? It couldn't be because I'd had more than one partner ask for that position, but then again, they weren't about to be pegged in the ass.

I swallowed my pride and waited for what Perrin would do. As I sensed her moving into position behind me, I hoped against hope that at the last second she would slap my ass and call out, "Just kidding! Let's get that cage off you so you can fuck me like a real man!"

Those weren't the words she uttered. "Just relax and breathe. It's going to feel a little weird going in the first time."

"How would you know?" I asked her. I kept the anger out of my voice, but it was right there at the edge, trying to get loose.

"I've been ass fucked before," she explained as I felt the head of her fake cock pressing against my tightly puckered anus. I could have stopped everything at that point.

I didn't.

As she moved around, she jostled my body which caused my cock and cage to shake. It bobbled back and forth, bouncing against my thigh a few times. It was just another reminder how in control of the situation Perrin was and how I was just an object at the moment.

"You have?"

"What woman hasn't?"

I didn’t have an answer for that. I wondered why I hadn’t asked to fuck her ass. I knew the answer. That wasn’t my thing, my kink. Maybe some men thought it was the greatest way to have sex and some women absolutely loved it, I could honestly say I had no real interest in stuffing my cock up my partner’s ass.

That didn’t extent to Perrin. She pressed the dildo against me. I tightened up and denied her access.

“Relax,” she said softly. “It’ll go better if you don’t fight it.”

It’s impossible to relax when someone tells you to relax. I couldn’t do it. I tried to force it but there was no way I was going to let her fuck my ass.

“Uhh!” With that little utterance I suddenly felt her inside me.

“There you go,” she murmured. “First inch is the hardest.” She chuckled. “You’ve only got seven more inches to go.”

“What?” I gasped.

Perrin laughed. “Kidding.”

It was more than a little weird to have a dildo partly into my ass. It didn’t hurt, not exactly.

“Don’t fucking do that!” I protested.

“But I’m already fucking you,” she teased me.

“Don’t make jokes!” Yes, this was something new to me but I was still acting like a baby.

“How about I actually just fuck you then?” she asked. Perrin eased the dildo halfway out of my ass and I could feel her pouring lube on my ass and the dildo, before she pressed it back into me. She repeated this a few times before I became accustomed to what she was doing.

Not only did I become accustomed to it, but I started liking it.

I didn’t confess this to her. I didn’t want her to know how much I liked it.

Not that I liked it all that much. I would much rather been fucking her with my cock, but this was a nice warm up.

We were a couple of minutes into her sliding the cock in and out of my ass before I realized she was making familiar moans. They were the moans that indicated she was well on her way to an orgasm. She was really enjoying ramming me.

“Do you...do you like this?” I asked her.

She laughed but didn’t stop thrusting. “That’s my line.”

“Yeah but...you’re moaning.”

“That’s ‘cause I like this,” she said, finally answering my question. “Now shut up.”

Apparently in addition to cheating on her partner of the moment, Perrin’s other kink was pegging men. It made me wonder what else she was keeping from me.

I remained silent, letting her use my body. I had to admit that I liked it more than I thought I would. My cock periodically swelled and softened. It felt good having something up my ass and doing things that I couldn’t possibly imagine. When she went just the right depth and angle, I could feel her pressing against my prostate and I knew what was going to happen.

I went soft, much to my alarm, but at the same time I could feel the impending orgasm steadily approaching.

Opening my mouth to warn her, I found I couldn’t make any sound other than a few random grunts. There was no speaking at this point, only animalistic noises.

“That’s it,” she said softly. “Just let it happen.”

And it did. I came. There was no real relief, I just came. Cum poured out of my cock. It wasn’t the strong spurts that I had become accustomed to associate with orgasm, but just the thick ejaculate flowing out of me.

“Good boy,” she complimented me. “Good boy. Did you like it?”

I realized I was practically crying, gasping for breath and shaking from the experience.

When I looked down at my cock, it was still mostly soft between my legs, still in the cage. Some bits of cum were dripping off the bars at the end. There was a puddle making a large wet spot on the sheets. My entire body was trembling; it was like I was reliving my first orgasm all over again.

I knew I'd never have that experience again. Ever.

"I...I...I...yeah."

She laughed at me and abruptly pulled the cock out of my ass. I wasn't expecting that and the sudden absence was disorienting.

"That was fun," she declared. "I only came once, but so did you, right?"

"Right," I agreed. What else could I say.

"Well, I need more than one orgasm. Time for you to get to work."

I fell to my side and looked at my limp cock inside it's cage. "I don't think I'm going to be able to get hard. Not without being released." I did my best not to wink at her.

"Doesn't matter. You aren't going to get out of that cage anyway."

That stopped my heart cold.

"What do you mean?"

Perrin stripped off the harness, once again giving me a decent look at her pussy as she sprawled and moved around on the bed. It was a slightly red and swollen so maybe she did have an orgasm and just wanted more. That was a woman's right, wasn't it? To have as many orgasms as they could. Men couldn't do that; it made me jealous of her.

"What I mean," she said as she disentangled the straps of the harness, "is that I need a few more orgasms and you are going to provide them."

“I can do that,” I said gamely, rubbing my jaw. Once she was fired up it was fairly easy to make Perrin cum again and again. It was even easier to make her cum when I could use my fingers on her.

“I’m sure you can, but I want some cock right now.” She disconnected the dildo from the harness.

I blinked at her. “Well, then you need to unlock me.” The night was getting better and better. A little tease, a little cunnilingus, an introduction to pegging and anal sex, and now I was getting released in the best possible outcome. It might take a little effort to get me hard enough, but I was willing to put in the work.

Instead of getting out the key to my cage, Perrin instead handed over the harness to me. “Let me get a new dildo,” she said, going for the drawer next to my bed where I kept the toys that we used. There were a couple of dildos in there that I had used on her before. “Are the condoms in here too? Found ‘em! Great. Probably should have put one on the one I used on you, but I’ll just disinfect it later.”

When she turned back to me she saw me staring at her, the harness dangling from my fingers. I was just staring at her in surprise.

“What?”

She sighed. “I just blew your mind, didn’t I? Put on the harness. I’ll put the dildo on the harness and you’ll fuck me. Wait. Condom first. Cleanliness is next to godliness, even if I am an atheist.

“You’re not going to let me out of my cage?” I asked plaintively.

“Of course not. You need to suffer in there a little longer. Besides, you just came.”

“It wasn’t a real orgasm,” I complained.

Her smile was evil. “But it’s all you’re getting tonight.”

My attitude changed. “Just give me the fucking key. I want out of this thing right now.”

Slowly she shook her head. “No. I left the key at home so it’s not going to happen. Besides, you need to focus on me right now, not your stupid, useless cock.”

Her insult hurt. It was supposed to hurt. Her insult also spurred my cock into action, or at least it tried to spur itself into action. Once again flesh failed against hard steel.

She noted the swell of my cock and grinned. “Put on the harness and fuck me like a real man might. It’s the best you’re going to get tonight.”

She was right and I knew it.

I put on the harness. She helped me get the dildo in place and rolled a condom on it. I looked down at the semi-hard tube of silicone jutting out just above my caged cock. It was impressively large, not huge, but more than enough to fill up any woman; so that meant it was larger than me in my greatest glory. It was black. Not natural black but deep, dark black, nearly vantablack except it had some highlights on the surface and was shiny enough to reflect a little light. It wasn’t designed to be a realistic cock, it was smooth and almost without any surface texture, but it was hers and I’m sure she loved it.

It didn’t give me confidence.

Perrin laid back on the bed with her legs spread. Her pussy, topped by her little triangle of wavy black hair was still swollen. I could see the wetness seeping out from between her lips. My first instinct was to dive between her legs and eat her pussy once again. I knew I was good at that and could make her cum that was. Wearing the harness made me feel useless and stupid.

When I started to move low on her body, she immediately caught my hair in her fingers and pulled my face up to hers.

“No, I don't need that right now. I need you to fuck me like a real man would.”

Her hand went down to my fake cock. She didn’t even take note of my cage. She just grabbed the condom covered dildo and guided it to the entrance of her pussy. “You need to do it,” she told me. “Put yourself inside me.”

Doing her bidding, I put my hand on the fake cock. It felt unnatural. It was firm

enough to penetrate her, but every motion I went through was deviant. No real man fucked this way.

Even under the circumstances she was wet and eager enough to be penetrated. She groaned deeply as I went all the way into her that I dared. Her pussy managed to swallow almost all of my unnatural length.

“Fuck that’s good,” she moaned. “It feels good to be filled up all the way.”

I couldn’t feel anything. It was like someone shot my cock full of Novocain and told me to fuck her. It was just...wrong.

Even if it was wrong, I started to fuck her. It was more difficult than I had initially imagined because the angle and foundation was all wrong. I was used to my cock being lower and more firmly mounted on my body because it was part of my body unlike the substitute item Perrin was forcing me to now use. Instead of a natural thrust of my hips, I had to use more of my lower body to imitate the natural rhythm of sex. It was a lot more work than I was accustomed to and I could feel the effort in my abs and thighs.

“Harder,” she instructed me. “Faster. I need that big cock.”

Her acting was pretty damn good. Or maybe it was her being truthful. I couldn’t tell the difference anymore.

Had I ever been able to tell the difference?

It was humiliating having to use a dildo to fuck my girlfriend, but she was getting off on it and that was the important thing.

I kept having to readjust the harness and cock to make sure I wasn’t going to hurt Perrin and because I hadn’t properly fitted the harness to me when I put it on. Being stupid and eager got me into the problem in the first place.

Perrin arched her back and pointed her toes, adjusting her angle of entry so I could really lay it into her. Her knees were to the ceiling. Apparently she was extremely eager to be fucked by me and the fake cock she had given me.

I was grateful the sex didn’t last very long. Eventually Perrin reached that perfect peak and came with a long, satisfied groan as her body shook and

clenched. I got none of the normal feedback I was accustomed to. I was starting to hate sex.

Or maybe I hated my cage.

Or maybe I didn’t know what I wanted.

Sex is fucked up.

Chapter Three

“Want to hear about the other three?” Perrin asked me the next morning.

“No,” I said, rolling over and turning away from her. I wanted to pretend that my ass hurt because having a huge dildo up it for the first time was the most painful event in my life.

My ass didn’t hurt. If anything, it felt perfectly normal. Maybe I could feel a little something from last night, but barely and it might have been my imagination.

Perrin ran her hand down my side. “You don’t mean that, do you?” Her voice was almost laughing, teasing.

I didn’t answer her.

After a minute of silence with her hand on my hip, she said, “Dennis was just the first. I think of all of them Derek was the best. I fucked him four times.”

“Do I really need to hear this?”

“You do and you know you want to hear it.”

She was right. I didn’t know how many details I wanted to hear, but I wanted to know. I couldn't help myself.

“Tell me,” I sighed. I had woken up before her with my customary morningwood that was defeated by the cage. After using the bathroom, I laid back down next to her, feeling my cock swell and subside for the next half hour

Her hand went around my hip and cupped my caged cock. “Good boy,” she whispered in my ear.

“Derek had a perfectly average cock, but also perfect shaped and curved. Doggy style with him was just okay, but missionary was perfection. He also had a fantastic body, muscles like you wouldn’t believe, not huge, but well-defined and hard. When I rode him it was like riding on the softest rock possible.”

“Tell me more,” I said softly.

“The second time I fucked him was a night after I left your place—we had just started dating—after we had sex so I could compare him to you. He was definitely the better lover.”

That hurt. I wanted to get up out of the bed and leave, but I stayed and listened.

“Why did you stay with me if he’s the better lover?”

“He’s an asshole. One of those guys completely into himself, especially his body. Sex with him is incredible...except when it isn’t. He could fuck me for an hour and make me cum so many times that I’d lose count. But if he came first, he’d be done and I’d have to get myself off.”

I looked over my shoulder at her. She was frowning. I was going to offer her some words of sympathy, but she started speaking again. “Don’t get me wrong. I’d fuck him again if he called me. But it was just sex. It was great sex, but just sex. Not like you. We have a relationship.”

“And sex,” I added.

“And sometimes sex,” she teased. “Want to see a picture of him?”

“No.” Why in the world would I want to see a picture of a man who was my rival?

She didn’t accept my answer and rolled away from me, grabbed her phone, and rolled back. I could hear here tap and fiddle with the phone. I was still staring at the wall.

A few seconds later she shoved the phone in front of my face. It was displaying a very attractive man, well-muscled, who probably spent too much time on his hair and body grooming. He was naked, of course, because what other picture would Perrin want to show me of Derek, her asshole (to use her words) lover? His cock wasn’t huge and I could easily see it was comparable to mine. In the picture he was soft, and it lay heavily on his upper thigh. He trimmed his pubic hair back much like I did but not for practical reasons like I did for my cage, but to better display his cock.

I wondered how big he was when he was erect.

That question was answered a second later when she flicked her thumb on the screen and showed me the next picture. He was fully erect. He wasn't huge but I could easily see her attraction to his hard cock. It was perfect.

"What do you think of that?" she asked me.

"Uhh...it's nice."

"I loved sucking on it. I bet you would too."

"Umm...no."

"I'll put that down as a maybe," she said. "It's never a good idea to say no."

"I'm saying no to that."

"I said no to Doug about ten times before I fucked him," she said, only half changing the subject. "Looking back, I really regret saying no to him. He's not much to look at, but the way he fucked me was incredible. He could go all night."

"That's...good. Every guy you fucked...did all of their names start with D?"

"I love the D," she said.

I rolled my eyes and turned back to her. "You're making up those names, aren't you? Just for a stupid joke?"

"I'm not making up those names," she swore. "Anyway, of the Doug was really the best out of them. One time I fucked him right after I got out of work and then came over here to fuck you."

I frowned at her. "You're a slut."

I was expecting her to get offended and start a fight. I was looking for a fight. It was the only way to get out of the situation I was in. "You're right. I am a slut. Did it feel good when my pussy was soaked with Doug's cum and you sank your hard cock into me. I was so wet that day. Partly because I was fucking two guys in a couple of hours and neither of them knew about the other, but partly because I was so full of his cum. You probably don't remember, but I stopped you from

going down on me and eating his cum. I should have let you. That would have been ten times hotter."

There was no way for me to fully comprehend what she was telling me. "I had sex with you right after him?"

"That's right." She gave me her evil, mischievous grin. "I shouldn't have let him cum in me, but I knew I was going to see you afterwards and I couldn't resist. It was dangerous, but it was totally worth it."

"You should have told me!"

She nodded in agreement. "You're right. I should have. It was dangerous and dishonest of me. I was involving you in a kink of mine without telling you. But that got me off so hard that night I don't regret it at all."

The amazing thing was that I should have had anger for her, but I didn't. I liked the way she was tormenting me. I liked that she was a sexually wanton woman. I liked the abuse and I needed and wanted more. It made the both of us terrible people but we couldn't help ourselves, could we?

Could we?

I also realized that she had a lot more kinks than I was aware of. She was withholding information and I was the victim.

I didn't like to be the victim.

Apparently I loved being the victim.

"I don't want to hear any more," I told her, getting out of bed. "I need to go to work."

"Don't you want to hear about my last lover?" she asked as I headed for the shower.

"I don't think I can take it if you tell me."

Her footsteps reached my ears as she followed me to the bathroom as I turned on the water and prepared to step into the shower.

“It’s the best story,” she teased as I closed the bathroom door.

“I don’t want to hear it. I can’t take it,” I called through the door and over the sound of the shower as the water streamed down my body. I kept the water as cool as possible to cool my ardor, my need to use my cock, and for the physiological reaction that would make my cock shrink in the cold. I wanted to clean the cage as much as possible. The best way the clean such a piece of intimate body wear is to remove it, but I didn’t even bother to ask Perrin for that privilege. She was probably masturbating at work to the thought of me suffering through the day.

She could have opened the door. It wasn’t locked. Maybe I was hoping she’d come in and release me. Maybe I was hoping that she would come in and tease me more with her stories and lies about the men she’d been fucking while I was being faithful—mostly—to her.

“Are you ashamed to have a slut for a girlfriend?” she shouted through the door. I was glad that the walls to my apartment weren’t paper thin. I didn’t know my neighbors well at all but I still didn’t want them to know my girlfriend was a slut.

Or maybe I did. I didn’t know anything anymore.

“Yes! No!” I shouted back at her. “I don’t fucking know!”

“Wait ‘til I tell you about number four!”

I wanted to hear about number four, but I needed to shower and get to work. I turned off the hot water and stood under the freezing water, quickly soaping up and rinsing off. Taking the showerhead off the mount, I aimed it directly at my cock and cage. It only took a few seconds for my flesh to shrivel up. There were better ways of cleaning, but I was pressed for time and energy. I squirted some liquid body wash on my cage and rinsed it as best I could.

Under the cold water I was less than half my normal size. I bet I could have slipped free of the cage with the lubrication from the body wash, but that would be breaking the rules.

Why the hell was I following the rules if she was intentionally breaking them?

I could just go to a hardware store, get a set of bold cutters and be done with this torture.

Why didn't I?

Because I liked it too much.

I was fucked in the head.

Wrapping a towel around my waist, I opened the door to the bathroom. Perrin was right there, naked and available. She glanced down at my towel, disappointment on her face. She wanted to see my cock and cage.

"I'm going to send you so many dirty pictures today at work you'll wish you had listened to my story this morning. And I'm coming over tonight. And I'm going to tell you everything. And I'm going to fuck you again."

She pivoted sharply on her toes and strutted away. I couldn't help but stare at her shapely ass. And I couldn't help but want to get hard in my cage.

I got a little hard, and then went soft.

Flesh is weaker than steel.

To my surprise, Perrin was waiting for me in my apartment when I got home from work. I shouldn't have been that surprised; I knew she still had the key to my place. It made sense that she should have the key to my apartment since she had the key to my cock.

"I couldn't wait," she admitted the moment I walked through the door.

What she couldn't wait for, I was uncertain. She had a bottle of wine open and was drinking from a glass. There was another glass on the table that was empty. She was dressed almost casually in a summer dress and tights. She wasn't naked or masturbating, but just because I didn't see it, didn't mean she hadn't already indulged herself.

"What are you doing here?" I managed to ask, trying to sound like I was still in

charge.

She stood up slightly unsteadily. Perrin wasn't a big drinker; I had rarely seen her drunk. "What do you think I'm doing here?" she replied.

I didn't feel like playing any verbal games. "I think you came to torment me and suck my dick."

"Close, close. I never told you about the fourth person I cheated on with you." She paused and considered her alcohol-addled words. "The fourth person I used to cheat on you. My fourth cheater." She grinned. "I'm a slut."

"I don't want to hear this," I said, though I knew it wasn't going to stop her.

"I haven't even started yet," she protested. "I haven't even told you the best part!"

"You haven't told me anything yet."

"I wanted to try something new," she said, ignoring me. "Things were getting boring with you and the other guys--"

"After less than six months," I interjected. She ignored me.

"--so I decided to branch out a bit." She paused and grinned at me.

"What the hell does that mean?" I asked, giving in to her leading statement.

"Denise was the first woman I ever fucked," she said with a triumphant grin.

I looked at her blankly which was tough to do since my cock was all but hammering at the bars on the cage, trying to get hard. I was still so easily aroused. I wanted to have complete control over my cock and I didn't. "You're fucking lying," I accused her.

"What makes you think that?" she asked, pretending to be innocent.

"You...you've never said anything about an interest in women. You never said you were bi." Those were weak arguments and we both knew it.

Silently she pulled her phone from her purse, opened up the photos app, and

showed me a picture of a woman's face eating a pussy taken from the pussy owner's POV. I was familiar with that pussy. It was Perrin's.

"You're lying," I repeated even though I knew what I saw in the picture was true. It was hot and intimate and just another step of me being completely clueless about what was going on with my girlfriend. She didn't need to have a chastity cage on my dick to control me; she was doing whatever the hell she wanted regardless of what I was doing or wanted.

And still it made my dick hard.

"Of course I'm not lying, silly," she teased me. "Want to hear all about it?"

"No," I said. Then sighed. "Yes."

"Show me your cock first."

I sighed again and complied. I hated myself. Dropping my pants and underwear, I showed her my cock. It was swelling up inside the small cage, the flesh starting to push through the bars. It hurt, but only a little. I liked the pain. I wanted to hear all about how my girlfriend had cheated on me.

She reached out and grabbed me. "Perfect as always."

"Did you really fuck her?" I asked.

"Of course I did," she smiled as she moved my cock back and forth. "Best I've ever had my pussy eaten. I'd go lesbian for Denise in a minute. She's married though. To a guy. She just wanted to explore a little bit on her own too."

Perrin dropped my cock and sauntered away from me. "You'd be amazed at how many women are out there looking for a hookup with other women, but they claim they're straight. Or straight-ish."

"Maybe."

"Want to fuck?" she asked me, pulling her dress up over her head and tossing it aside. She was wearing a bra so small it barely contained her tits and a pair of panties that she revealed was a thong when she turned away from me and headed for the bedroom.

“Are you going to fuck me in the ass again?” I asked her, pulling up my pants and following down the hall.

“If you want,” she offered. “I was just going to have you eat my pussy and compare you to Denise. Again. And probably unfavorably.”

She took off her bra and yanked down her panties before laying on the bed, legs spread wide. I crawled between her thighs and put my face to her sex. It was already dripping with anticipation. I got to work, not caring if I got released or not.

“Umm,” she moaned. “Yeah, you aren’t as good as Denise. Good, but not great. I’m definitely going to fuck her again. Sex with a woman is so much different than with a man, softer, better. I just know what she wants and she knows I want.”

I lifted my head from her pussy. “Can I watch the two of you?” It was a stupid request, but I asked it anyway because apparently I’m a masochist.

She shoved my face back where it belonged. “No,” she said as I expected. I laved my tongue over her clit and sucked it for a moment. She shivered. “Well...maybe. But only if I get to watch you get fucked by another man first.”

I stopped showering attention on her pussy. I just froze. I didn’t lift my face, but I opened my eyes and looked up her body to see the expression on her face. She was staring at me, smiling, waiting for my answer.

“Are you hard?” she asked me.

Lifting my mouth from her pussy, I answered. “Sort of.” I wanted to be hard, but of course the cage kept me in check.

“Do you want to watch me have sex with Denise?”

“Yes,”

“Then I want to see you do it with Derek. He swings both ways.”

That was news to me. Everything was news to me. I should have been getting soft inside my cage. I didn’t want to have sex with a man. I only wanted to have

sex with Perrin.

But I was willing to do whatever she wanted so I could fuck her again. So I could get out of my cage.

“Are you willing to fuck him?” she asked me. “For me?” She pushed her hand down over her pussy, covering it, pushing one finger up inside herself. I was drooling for her.

“Yes,” I sobbed.

“You’re going to love having his cock up your ass,” she said, pushing my face back to her pussy.

I wasn’t sure about that, but I was sure of something:

I was going to do it for her because I was completely in her power.

Part Three

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 bucket loads 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

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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