I Love Your Wife

Part III: Minnesota



Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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By Elliot Silvestri

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Chapter Eight

Minnie was the first married woman I fucked. We were both going through initial training at the company I still work for (she changed jobs years ago) and were seated next to each other. I commended on what I thought was a flashy anklet that she was wearing, gold with a series of bangles hanging from it.

“I used to know a girl who wore an anklet like that in college,” I told her. “She was a big deadhead, way too many years too late to be a proper hippie. Everyone in my dorm would make fun of her because we could always hear her coming.”

Just the way Minnie gave me a private smile and said, “I like it when people can hear me cumming,” made my cock get hard despite the fact she was almost ten years older than me. I was fresh out of college and she was way too worldly for me. She laughed lightly at what was supposed to be a joke, but she wasn’t kidding around.

I laughed along with her, not knowing the joke. “It’s very pretty though,” I commented and started to reach out my finger to run it along the fine gold chain around her ankle. She was leaning back in her chair with a foot up on her knee. The leggings she wore just barely covered her calves and her ballet flats exposed a huge amount of skin on her lower legs. She didn’t stop me when I was about to touch her; I stopped myself, remembering I was in an office, not a college dorm.

“Thank you,” she said, receiving the compliment. “My husband gave it to me.”

Hearing the word “husband” should have killed my boner, but it didn’t. If anything, it made it harder. I should have turned the subject back to something mundane, but I didn’t. “You’re married?” I managed to force out.

Her smile told me everything…and so did her answer. “Sort of.” She displayed the rings on her finger. “But we have an…understanding.” Her smile didn’t waver as she looked directly into my eyes.

Me, being young and stupid, I asked, “What sort of understanding?” Today, I would just nod in acknowledgment and suggest we meet after work for a drink and let things grow from there.

Instead of giving me a direct answer, she said, “I’ll explain after work.” Minnie knew how this worked. After the office closed, we met up at a bar and that was the beginning of my end. I could blame Minnie for ruining me for single women,

but I don’t regret a single thing.

Much to her chagrin, Minnie had to come to my hotel room the next evening. Unlike Carrie she much preferred to have sex in her house and her bed. It takes all kinds, I suppose.

“What an odd coincidence meeting you here like this,” I commented to her as I opened up the door.

“Hilarious,” she said as she pushed in. Minnie, unlike her name, is a statuesque woman just a few inches shorter than me with an impressive body for a woman in her late forties, especially considering she has two kids. “I need to get laid,” she added as she kicked off her shoes, a prelude to her undressing

“You really know how to romance a guy,” I teased, watching her unbutton her shirt and unzip her pants. I didn’t remove an article of clothing. I liked when Minnie was demanding. She knew what she wanted because she didn’t get enough sex at home. Well, that’s not completely correct, she got all the sex she could stand, it just wasn’t the right kind of sex.

“Are you just going to stand there watching me, or are you going to strip?” she asked as she pulled down her bra revealing her breasts. They weren’t spectacular or anything like that. Maybe they were a bit better than the average over-forty woman’s but nothing that made me over-excited, and yet my cock still managed to stir inside my pants. Her bra and panties were matching, she made that much effort, but they were hardly super-sexy lingerie. She was here for sex, not games. Games would be for tomorrow, I was sure.

“I thought I’d let you get naked and then suck my cock first. You don’t get to do a lot of that at home, do you?”

She made a face at me and pushed down her panties revealing a perfect triangle of black pubic hair that almost matched her head. Though she wore her short hair stylishly, she refused to dye it and strands of silver shot through her once midnight-black hair. I didn’t mind. I didn’t spend a lot of time looking at her hair. “Fine, a little cock sucking first. But you’re not cumming in my mouth, understand?”

“Perfectly.”

Naked, except for her two rings and the thin chain that was always around her left ankle, Minnie got down in front of me as I opened up my pants. It actually took a bit of concentration to not get a hardon before she had me in her mouth.

Almost as soon as she started sucking on me, I got an erection. “It’s been a while since I’ve seen one of these,” she said while stroking my length.

“I bet,” I laughed at her. It was only then that I noticed she wasn’t wearing the necklace I had always associated with Minnie, a silver chain with a small key charm. It was gone. “Where’s your necklace.”

She frowned and brought her eyes away from mine to look at my cock. “I only wear it when I’m around Harry.”

“I see,” I said as she put me back in her mouth. We stopped talking and I just focused on her mouth on my cock.

“You’re not going to cum in my mouth,” she told me, snapping me back to reality from where I had drifted. I was rigid and in another minute, if she hadn’t stopped, I would have cum.

“Why not?”

“I came here to get fucked, not give a blowjob.” Minnie stood up and started pulling at my clothes. “Come on, get naked and we’ll fuck.”

In a minute we were tumbling naked into the bed with me on top of her. It was easy to slip my rigid cock into her and we rutted passionately for a long minute before both she and I came. She came much harder than me; apparently she had been denied the sex she needed for much longer than was good for her.

“God I needed that.”

“You’re welcome,” I told her.

“When can you get it up again,” she asked as I rolled off her body and relaxed on the soft hotel mattress. The moment I moved away from her, Minnie shot out her hand and grabbed my dick, not wanting me to be further than arm’s length. I

knew what she needed and wondered if I was up to it.

“Give me a few minutes,” I protested. “It’s not like I’m a machine and can do whatever you want whenever you want.”

“Thank God for that as well,” she teased. “I’ve got five different vibrators at home, each of them different, but none of them compare to a real man.”

“Most women say a vibrator is better than a real man,” I said.

She scoffed. “Those women don’t have a husband like mine.” She didn’t let go of my cock, but did lean over and kiss me, which was nice. “How have you been?” she asked. “It’s been too long? Any new women in your life? Who have you fucked lately?”

“New women? Just one. Her name’s Ginny.”

Minnie rolled to her side, her hand still holding me. “Ooh! Tell me all about her. Wait. No. Tell me all about her while you show me her pictures. I know you take pictures of all your conquests.” Her grin was eager. Minnie knew exactly the type of man I was and it didn’t bother her, mostly because it was her fault I was the way I was.

I opened my phone to my pictures and handed it to her, allowing Minnie to scroll through the few pictures I had taken of Ginny along with the one’s she had sent me. Since she needed both hands to do this, I was freed from her grasp, which was nice, but having a woman’s confident fingers on my manhood was always a pleasure.

“She’s very pretty,” said Minnie as she inspected each and every picture. “A little chubby, though. Are you into that now?”

“No,” I snapped. “I’m only into married women. You know that. Stop being so catty about the women I sleep with; it makes you sound jealous.”

“Well I am jealous,” she insisted.

“No you’re not. If you were, you’d get divorced from Harry.”

“I sleep with other men, you know.”

“I know.” Minnie had a voracious sexual appetite and even without her husband’s kink, she would have cheated on him at every opportunity.

“Doesn’t it drive you wild with jealousy?” she asked eagerly.

“No.”

“Fuck you!”

“How many men have you fucked since we last got together?” I asked her.

“Two.”

“Were they any good.”

She sighed and handed me back my phone so she could once again hold my cock. “Both one night stands. They were both fifteen years younger than me. It was the old classic: wham, bam, thank you ma’am. I hate being called ma’am.”

“Would you prefer slut?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, slut. You need to go down on me again so I can fuck you one more time.”

Her grin filled her face and she eagerly slid down to my manhood. “I love sucking cock,” she informed me—unnecessarily because I already knew that—as she lowered her head. Since my phone was in my hand I took the opportunity to record a short video of her sucking me along with a bunch of pictures. I added them to the many I already had of her. She didn’t mind; Minnie was used to being a porn model for me.

This time when we had sex, I took her from behind. Minerva on all fours, hands and knees, while I knelt behind her and we mated like animals. Oddly, this time was slower and gentler and lasted longer than our first time that evening when we had fucked as hard and fast as possible, neither of us able to last long. I kept my hands on her slim hips and she rocked gently back and forth into me as I thrusted into her. Occasionally I could feel her hand go between her legs where she played with herself a little bit before placing it back on the bed for better balance. She didn’t need to cum a hundred times tonight. I was spending almost

a week in town and she would have plenty of opportunity to cum many times with me.

It wasn't terribly long before her muscles clenched up and she had an orgasm. While her body trembled and shook, her pussy tightened around my cock and it felt wonderful, but I didn't cum. I kept going, making sure she had a second climax before I released my seed into her.

Minerva had two children, both in college, and claimed both were father by her husband. They looked enough like him for that to be believable. I had never used birth control with her. I didn't know her habits with her other lovers, but I couldn't imagine they varied much. She was older now so pregnancy wasn't a real risk, but it certainly could happen.

"Ahh. I love it when a man cums in me," she said when I finished.

"There's more where that came from," I told her as I forced her down to the mattress and pinned her briefly with my weight before rolling us slightly so I could spoon her. We remained joined as my cock slowly shrank up.

"Am I spending the night?" she asked.

"Of course you are. Is your husband going to worry about you?"

"No."

"Then you'll spend the night we me and I'll make love to you in the morning and then we'll go to your house in the afternoon for the real entertainment."

"Mmm-hmm," she absently agreed as she drifted off to sleep. I now slipped out but put my hand over her pussy so I could feel our combined liquids slowly leak out from inside.

Chapter Nine

MINNIE RODE ME to orgasm in the morning. It wasn't particularly kinky or exciting sex, we just both woke up, decided we were horny, and started fucking. The only thing noteworthy about our coupling that morning was she was still, undoubtedly, married to another man who didn't mind her coming to my hotel room for sex. In fact, that was the way he preferred it.

When we were done and showered, I was getting dressed when she invited me to her house for that evening.

"Are you sure?" I teased her. "Won't it upset Harry?"

She shook her head slowly and sighed. "Of course not. Stop playing stupid games."

"What time should I show up?"

"Whenever you want."

Like any job, mine was the same routine from day to day, with some variation from week to week. The training was largely the same. I instructed the new hires in our computer systems and gave them the basic information they needed. I could do it on autopilot for the most part, which was good, because most of the day I was thinking about Minnie…and her husband.

I had dinner alone because sometimes eating with other people is just a pain in the ass, and arrived at Minnie's house not terribly late in the evening. She opened the door for me wearing casual clothing, nothing like she would wear to work. I liked that. After greeting her with a kiss, I asked, "Where's Harry?"

"Does it matter?" She brought me up to the bedroom and we undressed. The only jewelry she left on were her two rings and the chain she customarily wore around her neck, the one with the key charm dangling from it.

I liked Minnie's body. I liked all women's bodies because they were all different and yet at the same time, they were all the similar in the most important ways.

The moment she was naked, she reached out and grabbed my semi-hard cock.

“I’d suck you and get you nice and hard for me, but I don’t want that.”

“You don’t want to get fucked?” I asked her while simultaneously reached for her pussy. Minnie allowed me access and she was already wet. She was always wet when she was in this situation. As much as she complained about it, Minnie was happy to play this game.

“Oh, I’m getting fucked tonight. But it has to be done the right way.” This was a little ritual we had worked out. For all I knew it was the same ritual that Minnie and Harry had worked out with a dozen or more men over the years. She turned away from me, pulling my fingers from her pussy and went to the corner of the bed, kneeling on it, presenting me her ass. But she didn’t speak to me; instead, she turned her head to the door. “You can come in now,” she called.

Now Minnie grinned at me and wiggled her ass in anticipation. I waited patiently. I was a guest of the moment and I knew what I was expected to do, but I had to wait for directions from Minnie if I wanted to be invited back. A few seconds later Harry walked in. I don’t know where in the house he had been waiting, but he had done so quietly and patiently.

He was a mostly unremarkable middle-aged man, slightly muscular that had gone slightly to softness over the years. His black hair was now shot through here and there with grays and he had a tattoo on his right arm showing previous military service. All this I already knew and was unremarkable. There was a good scattering of hair across his chest, but really the most notable bit of Harry’s body was the complete removal via shaving of his pubic hair. I knew this extended to every bit above and around his cock, along with his balls and the crack between his ass. He was as smooth as a nubile porn star.

Even more notable than the removal of his pubic hair, was the small metal device on his cock. It was a small cage around his shaft and a thick ring behind his balls and a small padlock to keep the pieces together and his manhood made useless. The size of the little metal cage gave the impression that his cock was a tiny thing, but I knew he was actually perfectly average.

“Jake’s not hard enough,” she told her husband. “Help him out.”

I stood near the corner of the bed occupied by Minnie, with my hand resting on her upraised rump. Jake didn’t hesitate to get on the floor in front of me and his wife, but he didn’t put his mouth to her pussy or ass. No. He grabbed my cock

and started sucking on it.

Whether or not Harry was actually bisexual or not, I had no idea. What I did know was that he was way into chastity games and he'd do anything his wife asked if it meant he could watch another man fuck her. As far as I knew, the idea of her fucking other men and him having to wear the chastity cage was entirely his idea.

The first time I ever had any type of sex with another man was with Harry. He'd been so eager to blow me that Minnie had talked me into it. Not that it was all that hard to convince me. I got off on fucking other men's wives so it wasn't all that surprising to me that there were men out there that got off on their wife fucking other men. If receiving a blowjob from a guy was the price to fuck Minnie, it was one I was happy to pay.

Harry was good at sucking cock. Maybe he was a natural, maybe it was a skill he had developed, maybe his wife had taught him. Either way, it didn't matter. Minnie watched while her husband blew me, and when I was hard enough, I pulled out of his mouth so I could fuck her.

I wasn't sporting a bar of iron, so I didn't achieve penetration on my first attempt. Minnie wasn't willing to screw around. "Harry, give us a little help."

He took my hard cock in hand and expertly guided me into his wife's pussy. Once I was mounted, I started thrusting away.

"You've been a very good boy for the past month, Harry. Would you like to watch?" Minnie asked her husband.

He nodded eagerly. "Yes. Please."

She patted the bed underneath her. "Right here," she told him and we adjusted out stance so Harry could crawl underneath her body placing him in the classic 69 position, but Minnie had no intention of sucking his cock. From my position I could see it straining against the thin bars of the cage, but it wasn't going anywhere. Minnie's small hand grabbed the metal cage and held on. "Suck his balls," she said. "He likes that. But don't interfere."

I felt Harry carefully get my balls into his mouth and gently suck while I continued to thrust away at his wife. It wasn't exactly a fun position, but they

liked it—Harry especially—so I was bound to indulge them. Harry moved back and forth from my balls to licking his wife's exposed clit and my shaft, undoubtedly tasting the both of us while fucked literally right in front of his nose. This wasn't for Minnie or me, it was for Harry. It was the sort of sex he enjoyed the most.

Minnie managed to cum once from Harry's tongue and my thrusting. After she came I knew I wouldn't last much longer and Harry eagerly—and little too enthusiastically—got my balls into his mouth to suck on them while I thrusted. It felt amazing and I wondered what he felt while I came and emptied my balls' contents into his wife. Not just the sensation of a man's testicles in his mouth, but the emotional turmoil he must have been going through.

"Deep," Minnie moaned. "That's really deep," she said as I finished cumming. I had five strong spurts into her and I wasn't delusional. I didn't have some monster cock that could probe a foot and a half into her pussy. I'm not tiny, but the deep compliment was a little over the top.

When I was done I carefully withdrew. Harry took the opportunity to lick the length of my shaft as I pulled out. Once I was free, he buried his face into his wife's pussy and she put one foot on the floor and stood almost upright, giving gravity the chance to work in tandem with her body as my cum slowly ran out of her. I stepped back and watched, fascinated because this wasn't my kink but I had willingly participated, not just today but many times before.

"Are you getting any?" Minnie asked as she grinned at me. I could see Harry shake his head no as he continued to lave away at his wife's sex, his arms wrapped around her thighs.

"Jake came deep inside me," she informed him. I'm sure he already knew that. "It's going to take a bit." Her grin didn't diminish at all and she reached her hand out to me. I took her and she pulled me close to kiss me. "Thank you," she said softly so Harry wouldn't hear. There was no way for him to hear and he was too distracted by his wife's cunt and his straining cock to care.

Suddenly Harry's body shook and he tightened his arms around her thighs. Minnie actually laughed at him. "He's tasting you," she told me. "It's come down far enough."

I wasn't sure if Harry's spasm was from surprise—it shouldn't have been

because that was the whole purpose of him eating out his wife after I came in her —or from the bitter, salty taste of another man's cum. But really, the taste shouldn't have been a surprise either.

Unable to help myself, I ran my hands over Minnie's tits and kissed her again, taking every advantage of her that I could. "Do you prefer to be cleaned by a tongue instead of washing in the shower?"

"Uh-huh," she said as loud as she could. "You should give it a go."

"I'm not one much for eating my cum, or anyone else's."

Minnie shook her head and kissed me again. "No, no. I mean that you should let Harry clean your cock." She then stood all the way up and moved away from her husband. "Go ahead and let him do it. I love watching. I love watching me suck each other's cocks."

"I'm not going to be doing any cock sucking today," I told her.

She didn't comment on that. "Harry, Jake needs his cock cleaned."

"Yes," he said immediately and scrambled off the bed. I wasn't sure if he was eager to suck my cock again or to obey his wife's request. A moment later I was back in his mouth. Harry's face was wet with the combination of Minnie and my liquids. "Go gently," she warned him, pressing up against me to watch. She was supersensitive to the fact my cock was also supersensitive for a few minutes after climax.

Harry did a good job cleaning me. He must have loved it or maybe he was just happy to please his wife. I never could fully wrap my head around their dynamic. When I looked down at what Harry was doing to me I saw his cock dangling between his legs inside the silver-colored cage. It was really straining against the steel. "That looks painful, man."

"Harry gets released tomorrow," said Minnie. "If he's good."

I nodded my head, appreciating the fact that he'd get out of his cage and have the orgasm he'd been denying himself. I understood the logic: go a month or more without cumming and then when you do get the chance to cum just once a month, it must feel incredible and be incredibly powerful. I couldn't do it; I had

too much of an addiction to too many married women, but I could understood the value he placed on his denial.

“I think you’re done,” he said to me. It was the most words that Harry had spoken all night.

“Thank you, dear,” Minnie told him. “Why don’t you leave us now? We’ll be spending the night here. You can use the guest room.”

Harry got to his feet and glanced down at his straining cock. Obviously what we had done was driving him nuts and he wanted a bit of release. I felt for the guy, but I wasn’t in charge. “Don’t even think it,” she warned him. “You don’t want to upset me by having to discipline you, do you?”

“No,” he said with a shake of his head. Two seconds later he was out the door, which she closed behind him.

“I didn’t know I was spending the night,” I told her.

“Bullshit,” she said and pulled me to the bed. “You knew you staying.”

“But my company is paying for an empty hotel room,” I protested as if that mattered.

“I need a warm body and a hard cock to sleep next to,” she said. “The company can afford an empty hotel room.”

We settled down next to each other, getting ready to go to sleep. “God, I’d love to see you fuck him,” she suddenly blurted out.

“Oh really? I didn’t know you were into seeing your husband fucked. I thought it was only the other way around, he likes seeing you fucked.”

“I’ve been watching a lot of gay porn lately. It’s been on my mind.”

“This is new.”

“Yeah. You can’t expect me to stay the same year after year, can you?”

“I suppose not.”

“Will you?”

“Will I what?”

“Fuck Harry while I watch.”

“I didn’t agree to that.”

“But it’ll be so fucking hot!”

I could tell she was excited by this. “I’ve never really been into that sort of thing,” I said, not wanting to crush her hopes.

“So I’ll put that down as a maybe.”

In the morning we had a slow, languorous fuck, like we were an ordinary married couple, not a single man fucking a married woman in her bed. She didn’t bother being quiet. I didn’t know how well sound carried in their house but the bedroom door was open so Harry had to have heard us.

After I rolled off her, Minnie headed right to the bathroom attached to the bedroom, calling to her husband. “I need a cleaning, Harry.” Ten seconds later Harry appeared in the door and headed right to the bathroom. He was naked but for his cock cage. I blinked once at him from the bed; I don’t think he noticed me at all. I lay in bed another minute before curiosity got the best of me and I headed to the bathroom as well.

I heard the water running and wasn’t at all surprised at the scene in front of me. The two of them were in the shower together with Minnie perched on the edge of the shower seat and Harry kneeling between her legs, licking her pussy. I had just ejaculated in her but since eating cum out of his wife’s cunt was Harry’s kink, I just shrugged. The water was spraying over them and Minnie opened her eyes enough to see me, grinned, and went back to focusing on the attention Harry was giving her.

He didn’t eat her pussy all that long. He wasn’t trying to get her off; he was simply consuming my cum. When that was over, they both stood up and he started washing her body with body wash and a giant puff ball. “Want to join

us?” Minnie asked, seeing me still watching.

I shook my head. “No. I’m good. I’ll wait until the two of you are done.”

“Want Harry to use his mouth on your cock again?” Minnie asked, half-teasing me. “He’s very good at it.”

I smiled and said, “Pass.” I waited in the bedroom until the shower was free.

I was actually eager to get back to Minnie’s house after a day of training at the office. It was Friday so we’d have more time to play than before, and I didn’t have to leave until Monday so this was my leisure time. The hotel room might go to waste, but that wasn’t my concern.

When I returned to their house for dinner—we had decided to make an entire evening of it—there was another car in the driveway and Harry answered the door with a sour expression on his face. Usually Harry’s face was one of slack-jawed lust or beatific smile as his wife was getting off. “What’s the matter?” I asked.

“Althea’s here,” was his terse answer.

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope. She came home for the night, college dorm life was getting to her.”

“Uh-huh,” I said, standing uncomfortably in the foyer. “I should just leave,” I decided and put my hand to the doorknob.

“Don’t,” he told me softly. “Minnie wants you to have dinner with us. Thea found the guest room already made up and figured we had company. You sort of have to stay now.”

I nodded and headed into the house where I met Thea. I had actually met her a few years ago, before she was a college student. Back then she had been a slightly scrawny, long-limbed teenager. The years had been good to her. She looked much like her mother but with her father’s height and skin coloring. In short, she was borderline gorgeous.

“Thea, do you remember Jake? Our old friend from my job back when you were

in middle school?" Minnie prompted her daughter. The young woman moved from the table where she had been helping her mother prepare dinner and shook my hand. Up close she was even more attractive, but she was lacking in one quality I looked for in every woman. Her left hand was bare.

"Barely," she said. "I remember you being taller, I think."

"Either I've shrunk or you've grown. Anything I can do to help with dinner." I had thoughtfully brought a bottle of wine along, because my parents had taught me good manners, and it was the least I could do for Harry for fucking his wife. In the end, it was good because it made it look like I was an actual dinner guest.

Dinner didn't go horribly. It was just slightly uncomfortable with Althea there. If she hadn't been eating with us, it would have been a completely normal dinner. As it was, the three older adults had to watch where the conversation went. The plan had been dinner, a little conversation, and then a lot of sex in the bedroom with Harry getting released from his cage. We never got to third part. After an extended conversation, I tried to excuse myself to drive back to the hotel, but Minnie insisted I stay because I had drunk too much. I was pretty sure she was wrong.

It felt ridiculous to go to bed so early but I supposed I could use some extra rest. I wasn't in bed more than five minutes, reading on my phone, when there was a soft knock at the door. I figured it was Minnie sneaking in for a little bit of sex without letting her daughter know what she was up to. In the back of my mind, I wondered about Harry and whether or not he was going to be released by Minnie for a bit of sex tonight. Any minor concerns like that were quickly forgotten when I opened the door and saw Althea standing in the hallway. She quickly pushed inside the room, a finger over her lips, and closed the door behind her.

"Hi!" she said softly but brightly. She had changed from her regular clothes into pajamas that didn't leave much to the imagination. The camisole top was thin white cotton where the outlines of her nipples were clearly in evidence. I didn't let my eyes go down to her matching bottoms, but they hugged her hips like a second skin.

"What are you doing in here?" I demanded of her.

She didn't answer my question. "Are you the guy my mom's been fucking?" she asked me bluntly.

“What? No.” It was a lie, but I panicked and figured an outright, boldfaced lie was the best course of action. “How could you even think such a thing?”

Like any young woman who had only recently been a teenager, rolling her eyes and grunting in annoyance was second nature to her. “I know she’s been sleeping around on Dad. It’s not any of my business, really, but they think they’re being clever and hiding it from me.”

“They? Don’t you mean she?”

Another roll of the eyes. “I don’t think Dad can get it up any more,” Althea said. Apparently she didn’t know all her mother’s secrets. “They arrange for her to fuck other guys, to keep her happy, I guess.”

“Why are you asking me this?”

Her smile was one I was far too familiar with, but I had always seen it on older, married women. Althea took two steps forward and I took one step back before I ran into the edge of the bed. “Because I don’t want to fuck a guy my mother has already slept with.” She put her hands up on my shoulders and made her intentions known.

“I don’t think this is a good idea,” I said rapidly, pushing her hands aside and trying to slip away from her far too shapely, young body.

“Why not? I’m an adult. I can fuck whoever I want. And you’re really handsome —for an older guy—and I’m really horny.” She frowned for a half-second. “You aren’t one of those guys really hung up on sex, are you?”

“No!” I said with a little too much vehemence. “I just don’t think it’s a good idea to have sex with the daughter of my friends.”

“They aren’t going to know,” she insisted and pressed her body against mine.

I could feel the warmth of her skin and if I were any other man, I would have been hard and tearing at her clothes. But she wasn’t married so I barely felt any stiffening in my pants. Her abdomen was pressed up against my crotch so she felt next to nothing either. “Still a bad idea,” I said. “You should leave.”

Althea was confused now. “You aren’t married, are you?”

“No.”

“So what’s the problem? You aren’t one of those religious nuts who thinks sex outside of marriage is wrong, do you?”

“No, of course not.”

She repeated, “So what’s the problem?”

I had no answer for her. I didn’t want to admit that I couldn’t get it up for nubile women. They already had to be married. And I didn’t want to admit to her that I was fucking her mother; that sort of family dynamic was far too complicated. While I stood there with my mouth open, she stepped back a pace and abruptly yanked her camisole up over her head.

Her tits were spectacular. They stood up proudly without a bit of sag. Perhaps they were on the small side, but there was no shame in that. Both were capped by beautiful pink nipples with small areolas. And yet, probably because she was barely twenty two years old, she had opted to pierce her nipples. Small silver balls rested on either side of each nipple and as I stared, I could imagine the small silver bar that went through her delicate flesh. At once my heart went out to the girl; how could she had done this to herself?

“Do you like them?” she asked after a long silence filled the air between us.

I wasn’t sure if she was talking about her tits or the piercings. Or both.

“Yeah,” I said. My voice sounded like it was a hundred miles away. “You can’t tell anybody about this?”

She shrugged, which did spectacular things to her tits, making them roll and bounce perfectly. “Who am I going to tell? I’m horny and I don’t have my vibrator. Left it at college. I’m just using you to so I can cum easier. It takes a lot of effort to make me cum.”

I quickly Althea’s many sexual oddities and preferences. One: She loved having her nipple piercings twisted and rolled back and forth. Two: Unlike her mother she completely shaved her pussy. Three: She insisted I wear a condom and said she had never fucked without one. Four: Her preferred position was missionary. Five: She might have looked athletic and graceful, but she wasn’t yet an expert

on how to move her body during sex. Six: She stated she loved to give blowjobs but I learned she hadn't yet acquired all the necessary skills to be an expert fellatrix. Seven: While all women are beautiful and different, Althea's pussy looked and felt almost exactly like Minerva's. I found this thrilling and unsettling, but I didn't mention it to her. Eight: The soft panting and mewling she made during sex was almost exactly the same as her mother. Nine: Sucking on her pierced nipples was weird. It wasn't horrible, but I decided I liked my nipples plain. Ten: A thirty six year old man doesn't have nearly the stamina to match a twenty two year old. I managed to get it up twice for her, but she still wanted more. I needed my hands and mouth to get her off to her satisfaction.

I fell asleep next to her but woke up alone.

Chapter Ten

GOING DOWNSTAIRS THAT morning was the scariest thing I had ever done in my life, which made me realize I had either lived an extremely boring and safe life, or I had a strange, skewed sense of what is actually scary.

I found the three of them eating in the kitchen. It was all very middle-American and very domestic and very normal. It scared me even more. Harry was at the stove cooking pancakes. Minnie and Thea were sitting side-by-side at the table. Minnie had nothing on her plate, but did have a huge cup of coffee while resting her forehead against her hand. Thea was happily devouring a stack of pancakes which made sense because I presumed she needed a good amount of food to sustain her athletic body.

“Good morning,” I said cautiously.

“Morning, Jake!” Althea called out brightly. She seemed far too awake and happy for a college student.

“Quiet, Thea, honey, please,” said Minnie softly. “It’s too early in the morning for loud noises.”

“Pancakes, Jake?” Harry asked me.

“Sure.” I sat down at the table as far away from Minnie and Althea as possible without making it look like I was trying to stay away from them.

Before the conversation could go any further, Althea bounced up from her chair. “Good pancakes, Daddy-o! But I’ve got to get back to college.”

“So soon?” Minnie asked. She actually sounded concerned. “You just got here last night.”

“Just needed time away from the dorms. People were driving me nuts. I need to get back and write a paper. It’s due Monday.”

“Why come home then?” Harry asked her.

“Sometimes you just need to get away from the crazies,” she told her parents and all but danced out of the room.

A moment later Harry finished cooking my pancakes and delivered them to me. The three of us ate in silence. A few minutes later Thea came back downstairs with her bag, kissed her parents, and ran out the door.

Minnie looked at me for a long moment before she asked, “Do you think she ran out of here so fast because you slept with her last night?”

“She came to my room!” I protested.

Minnie looked at Harry. “I told you she fucked him.”

Harry shook his head.

“I didn’t have sex with—” I started to lie to them, but Minnie was shaking her head so I just caught myself in mid-sentence. “Sorry. But believe me, she came to my room.”

“I believe you,” Harry said. “She’s a little too much like her mother.”

I didn’t want to point out how correct he was, anatomically speaking.

“Thanks dear, I appreciate it,” Minnie said snidely. Not that I blamed her. “Do you want to get out of that cage today?”

Seeing a shift in the conversation, I went with it. “You didn’t let him cum last night?” I asked Minnie.

“No. It was supposed to be the three of us,” she said sharply. “I was waiting for our daughter to leave to give him a treat.” Although she was speaking to me, Minnie was looking directly at her husband.

“I’m free all day,” I said. “No reason why we can’t do whatever you want today.”

“You’re not too tired from last night?” Minnie asked. She was still angry, probably at me, and I didn’t blame her.

“Do you want me to leave?” I offered.

“No,” Harry said quickly.

“Just because he doesn’t leave doesn’t mean you get any pussy,” she informed him. “And no, I don’t want you to leave. What I would prefer was that you not have sex with my daughter last night.”

“She wasn’t a virgin,” I told her. “If that makes any difference.”

“It doesn’t make any difference!” she snapped at me. “I already knew that.” She slammed her hand down on the table hard enough to make the plates rattle.

“So what are you so upset over,” Harry asked quietly.

Minnie closed her eyes and breathed carefully. “I don’t like Thea fucking Jake. He’s supposed to be for me, not her. I don’t like it that she knows about us. What we do. Everything.”

“I’m pretty sure she thinks that you’re just having an affair,” I said, trying to reassure Minnie. “The whole chastity thing I think she has no clue about. Though…” I paused and they both looked at me.

“What?” Minnie demanded. “Out with it.”

“She think’s Harry can’t get it up any longer. That he needs Viagra or something and that’s why you cheat on him.”

Minnie chuckled and Harry snorted. “Totally not the case,” he said.

“Just letting you know what she thinks.”

“And she thinks I’m having an affair with you right under my husband’s nose,” said Minnie.

“More or less. I got the impression from her that sex is still pretty new and she’s inexperienced and she doesn’t understand the…complexities that are often involved.”

Minnie looked away, out the kitchen window. “Uh-huh.”

A silence ensued, broken only when Harry said, “So what do you want to do, hon?”

She stood up. “I want to take a shower. Alone.” And she left the kitchen.

I smiled at Harry. “What about us?”

“I’ll do the dishes. You give her about five minutes and go wait in the bedroom. See what happens. Call me up if you need me.”

Harry set to the dishes and I finished my breakfast in silence. Minnie was still in the shower when I got to the bedroom, so I sat down on the edge of the bed and waited patiently, dressed only in my pajama bottoms and t-shirt.

Eventually she emerged from the bathroom covered only by a towel wrapped around her body. “Oh. You’re here,” she said, uninvitingly. “Where’s Harry?”

“Downstairs doing the dishes. Said to call him if we needed him.”

“Hmm.” She turned and considered her dresser for a moment before turning back to me and dropping the towel, showing me everything with which I was so familiar with already. “She has a better body than me doesn’t she?”

“Who?” I asked, playing dumb.

“Althea. My daughter.”

“Not better,” I answered carefully. “Younger, yes. But youth isn’t really an advantage over experience.”

Her expression soured. “That’s not what I wanted to hear.”

My eyes hadn’t moved from her body. Except for their breasts, Minerva and Althea were almost exactly the same. “You’re still beautiful and I wouldn’t give up fucking you in front of your husband even for the chance to bed Althea again.”

That made her laugh. “You’re a lousy liar.”

“It’s the truth!” I insisted. It was. That might change in the future if Althea ever got married, but for the moment, married women still held more attraction to me than a young one.

“I didn’t need this stress in my life this weekend,” she complained. “It was supposed to be fun. You and I would fuck, Harry’d get a little release time, everyone would be happy. Why the fuck did Thea have to come home?”

“Don’t ask me. She’s your daughter.”

Minnie grimaced. “Don’t remind me. She’s going down the same path I did. Sleeping around and…”

“You don’t want her to be like you?”

“Having a husband who wants a cage on his cock and encourages me to fuck other men in front of him? It wasn’t exactly the fairytale marriage and life I dreamed of as a little girl.”

“But would you change it?”

Her pause was too long and she didn’t answer me. “Want to have sex?” she abruptly asked, half changing the question.

I was more than happy to say yes. Anything to change the subject. I didn’t want to get any further into Althea’s psychology or the fact that I had sex with a mother and daughter—though not at the same time. Some people got off on banging the same members of a family. Not me. I was only in the game for married women.

We climbed on the bed and started kissing and caressing each other. It was going to be a slow, languid fuck. I tried to keep out of my mind comparisons between Althea and Minerva, but it wasn’t always possible. Without thinking about it, I went down on her and remembered how similar their pussies were in shape and color, but I didn’t say anything. I wasn’t stupid.

“You don’t have to do that,” she moaned while running her fingers through my hair. “That’s what Harry’s for.”

I looked up at her. “I like eating pussy,” I said. “You don’t like it.”

She met my eyes. “I like it. I just get a lot of it from Harry. It’s all he can do when he’s locked up. That get fucked in the ass.”

I stopped now. “Who fucks him in the ass?”

“I do.”

“How?”

“With a dildo.”

“Oh. That makes sense.”

Her happy grin spread across her face. “What were you thinking?”

“I don’t know.”

“We should invite him up here. He can get my pussy wet and get you hard and you can fuck me.”

I slipped a finger into Minnie’s pussy. “You’re already wet.”

“Then he can just suck your dick to get you hard.”

Admittedly, I was soft at the moment. “Do you want to make him watch me fuck you?” I liked that idea. Just saying the words made me start to stiffen.

“No. I think I should get him out of his cage and let him fuck me while you watch. You can fuck me when he’s done.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever gone second before.”

“Don’t worry. He won’t last long. And going second is better. You know that the human cock is designed to essentially pump out other men’s cum so when the last guy fucks a woman, it’s his cum that’ll get her pregnant?”

“Are you looking to get pregnant?” I asked. Minerva wasn’t that old, but it seemed an outside chance at best. And as far as I knew, she was using some permanent birth control as it was.

“No, I’m looking to get laid.”

She hopped off the bed and went to the hallway, calling for her husband. He appeared at the door like he had been anxiously awaiting her call. I’m sure h had

been.

Standing next to the bed, Minnie held up the key on the chain around her neck. “Do you deserve this?” she asked him.

Harry shook his head. “No. I don’t really deserve it. I want it, but I don’t really deserve it.”

He was maybe too honest for his own good but apparently it was the right answer for Minnie. I loved the way she smiled at him and I realized at that moment she truly loved him. I had never seen them have sex before. Sure, I had fucked Minnie in front of him and I had fucked her alone, but always before I had been the only one who was allowed to penetrate her pussy with a cock. “If I take off that cage will you be able to please me?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said far too quickly. I looked at his cock and it was obvious he was trying to get hard inside it. His shaft was swollen but unable to grow; his balls were purple, almost blue, they were so enlarged with anticipation.

Minnie glanced over at me. “Well, I suppose if I do fuck you, and you don’t make me cum, Jake will be on hand to show you how a real man does it. You’d like to watch Jake fuck me again, wouldn’t you?” The grin wouldn’t leave her face and she kissed him lightly on the lips after she asked her question.

Harry nodded eagerly. I’m sure words were failing him because he couldn’t think straight with all the blood rushing to his cock.

“I’ll give you a chance,” she told him. “And you’d better not blow it.” Minnie went down on her knees in front of her husband, pulling the chain from around her neck. It took a moment for her to fit the key into the lock, but once it was open, things moved quickly. With the lock removed it was easy to separate the slightly curved shaft of the cage from the ring around the retaining ring base. I didn’t realize the base was actually two parts that separated once the lock was gone. And just like that he was free.

Almost instantly Harry popped a boner like a teenaged boy. His erection was… average. Neither small nor large. In fact, I was pretty sure that he was probably the exact same size as me. The chastity cage kept him small, but once he was free, the shrinkage disappeared.

Minnie let out a fake gasp at his erection and turned her head to me. “It’s like magic,” she laughed as she stood up and drew her husband to the bed.

He was hard and she was wet. It should have been the perfect romantic moment—except for me, the third wheel, standing at the edge of the bed watching them. But it wasn’t. Harry managed to get on top and slip his cock into Minnie without mishap. They started rutting away but it had been far too long for him and the anxiety of performing adequately for his wife and in front of her lover became too much for him. Harry didn’t last more than a minute before he lost his load in her pussy.

He groaned and grunted in satisfaction while Minnie laughed in amusement at his ineffectiveness. After he managed to catch his breath after such a quick and painful sprint, Minnie pushed him, indicating he should get off her. “I didn’t cum,” she told him. “Looks like Jake is going to have to finish the job.” She beckoned me to the bed.

I’d never knowingly fucked a woman that was full of another man’s cum. This was to be a first and I didn’t want to disappoint Minnie. I was already hard from my foreplay with Minnie and watching Harry fuck her, so it was easy to climb aboard her body and slip my cock into her pussy.

I was glad that I did. Some women get really wet, really easily, but most just lubricate themselves adequately. I’ve had to use lube with some women—sometimes for fun, sometimes because it was necessary—but when I entered Minnie’s pussy that was overflowing with Harry’s cum, the feeling was incredible.

I understood why some men liked fucking their wives after another man had used them. Minnie was already fired up, she was extra wet, and she was eager to fuck me, though I’m sure she would have been eager to fuck anyone with a cock who happened along.

There was no challenge in lasting longer than Harry. I made Minnie cum four times before I decided that was enough and finished inside her. She moaned uncontrollably as I emptied into her and then she finished laughing, exuberant at getting fucked by both her husband and lover.

“That’s how a real man does it, Harry,” she told her husband when I rolled off her. Because her eyes were half shut she didn’t immediately see that he had been

jerking off, watching us, while we fucked. “What are you doing?” she curtly demanded of him once she realized his hand was busily pumping up and down his shaft. Harry stopped immediately but it was already too late for him. I actually felt sorry for him because the sharp tone in Minnie’s voice reminded me of that particularly nasty teacher everyone had in elementary school at some point. “Are you touching yourself?”

“Yes,” he admitted. He had little recourse. The erection he sported was pointing to the ceiling. I couldn’t tell for certain, but he was probably way too close to orgasm for Minnie’s comfort.

“I told you that masturbation is not something you’re allowed,” she angrily continued. I couldn’t tell if she was playing a game or if she was being serious. “It’s only for women and real men, who don’t actually need to jerk off because they have women willing to have sex with them.”

“I’m sorry,” he said. Right away I knew that wasn’t going to be enough to get him out of this jam. It was far too little.

“I was going to let you out of the cage for the day. Not now. Get it. We’ll put it back on.”

“But—” he protested. At first I thought the protest was that he shouldn’t be locked up into the chastity cage again, but then I realized that Harry was point out his erection.

“Do you think you’re going to get to cum again just because you have a baby boner?” she humiliated him. In actuality, his cock wasn’t any smaller than mine. “I can take care of that.”

She reached into a dresser drawer and dug around a moment before pulling out a small wooden paddle. I shrank back, literally and metaphorically. My cock had already gone flaccid after cumming hard, but once I realized what she intended to do to Harry caused me to shrivel up even more.

“You don’t need to do that,” Harry said. There was real fear in his voice. I remained frozen in place, horrified and fascinated at what was happening.

“Come over here,” Minnie said, sitting on the edge of the bed and pointing to the floor in front of her. With great trepidation, Harry did as he was told. Fear should

have caused his erection to collapse. It didn't. When he walked over, his cock bounced around like an obscene antenna. Once in front of his wife, she grabbed him by the cock head and with a firm uppercut, slapped the underside of his cock along with his balls with the wooden paddle.

The sound it made caused my stomach to clench. Harry fell to his knees in shock.

"Jake, be a dear," said Minnie, "and go downstairs for some ice. Put it in bag for Harry, please."

"Okay," I quickly agreed and exited the bedroom.

"You'd better get rid of that thing before he gets back," I heard Minnie say. "Get on your feet."

As I went down the stairs I head the paddle on Harry again. This time he yelped and begged, "No. Please."

"You better hope that Jake brings you the ice damn quick."

I wasn't sure if I should hurry or not. Did Harry actually like suffering under the paddle? Because I was unsure, I didn't scramble about madly, but I didn't dawdle either. In the time that it took me to find the baggies and ice, I heard Harry get walloped four more times. When I got back upstairs I was amazed to see his erection hadn't abated at all.

"Some men respond to pain by shrinking," Minnie said to me as I walked back in with the bag of ice. "But not Harry. I think he likes it."

Harry's cock was just as big as when I had left and now it was red as well, not he happy, eager red of a man with a hard on ready to bed his lover, but the angry red of a cock that has only seen abuse. "Maybe," I said with some uncertainty.

"The ice will do the trick," Minnie declared, tossing the paddle on the to bed and grabbing the bag from me. She pressed it to Harry's abused bit of flesh. "You'd better get soft. I need my pussy cleaned and you're making Jake wait to fuck me again. That's just plain rude."

"Sorry," Harry apologized to me. I wasn't exactly waiting to fuck Minnie again.

It would take me some time to get it up again—unlike Harry—so I wasn't in any rush.

"It's fine," I told him while fervently wishing his cock would go flaccid if for no other reason than I didn't want Minnie turning her anger on me. Maybe Harry was into getting his cock paddled; I wasn't.

There was a short silence while Minnie held the bag in place and kept a close watch on her husband's genitals. Her mouth twisted into a little moue of amusement. "It's working," she told him. "A good thing too. You wouldn't want to know the next trick I have to make it go down."

"I don't?" I asked automatically. And truly I didn't. It could only get worse , at least from my perspective and my cock, though free and exposed because all of us were naked, was probably next on Minnie's list of victims.

"You don't," Harry promised me.

I continued to watch as his cock steadily decreased in size until it was a wizened bit of flesh that any man would be embarrassed to walk around with.

"Time to go back in your cage," Minnie announced, pulling away the ice.

"But I don't want—" Harry started to protest, but shut up when Minnie gave him a sharp look.

"It can be worse," she told him and then turned to me. "Would you give me a hand putting his cage back on?" she asked. "It's such a pain in the ass."

I really didn't want to, but by now I was afraid to cross Minnie. "Sure."

Never before in my life had I handled another man's cock. Sure, Harry had sucked me off, but receiving isn't giving; it was a completely different dynamic. While it was strange, I went along with Minnie. As it turned out she had me do most of the work. Harry didn't object. He was too afraid to. While his cock was much like mine, it was different as well. All his pubic hair was gone so he was smooth, which I actually liked feeling under my fingers. His sack didn't hang as low as mine and was more bulbous, but beyond that, it was much the same.

While I didn't exactly like putting his cage on, I didn't mind it. I tried to get to

the mindset that I was like a doctor, a urologist doing what was necessary. The two parts of the ring went around behind his balls and around his shaft; that was easy. The hard part was slipping the curved length of the cage onto his cock. His skin tended to rub against the inside of the bars and prevent it was gliding smoothly into place. The trick that Minnie showed me was to use my fingertips to encourage his shriveled up flesh to slide along. Eventually everything was in place and properly lined up. It was Minnie who put the lock into the holes and snapped it shut, effectively emasculating Harry.

“That took long enough,” Minnie complained as she flopped back on the bed, put her knees up and spread open her thighs. “I need to be cleaned,” she told Harry. I looked at her exposed sex and my and Harry’s combined cum had been leaking out of Minnie through this long process. It coated her labia and inner thighs and was starting to dry. “You’d better do a good fucking job or they’ll be hell to pay.”

And so I watched, bemused, while Harry got down between his wife’s legs and used his tongue to clean the last remains of my cum from her body. I did this dispassionately, neither bothered nor stirred to action by it. Harry put his all into the effort and was rewarded by Minnie having one small orgasm. Obviously he wasn’t just eating my—and his—cum from her, but was making the most and going full cunnilingus to please her.

When he and she were done, Minnie pushed him away from her body and rolled to her side to face me where I still stood at the side of the bed. “It’s not that I don’t enjoy getting eaten out,” she told me, “it’s that when he’s caged, it’s really the only thing he can do for me. And he loves eating pussy too much for me to say no.”

I liked how she talked about Harry in the third person, like he wasn’t there.

“I like it too,” I said, showing a little solidarity with my brother-in-pussy.

“I’m sure you do,” she reassured me. “But I need another shower. And you need one as well. And then, Jake, you’re going to take me out on a date and Harry here is going to stay home and do his chores. Then—and only then—will he get a second chance of release today. Maybe.”

Harry looked at me from his position kneeling on the floor. The expression on his face was one of shell-shock. “Sorry, man,” I said to him. “Duty call,

apparently, and your equipment apparently isn’t up to the challenge.” Giving him a nod, I headed for the bathroom.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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