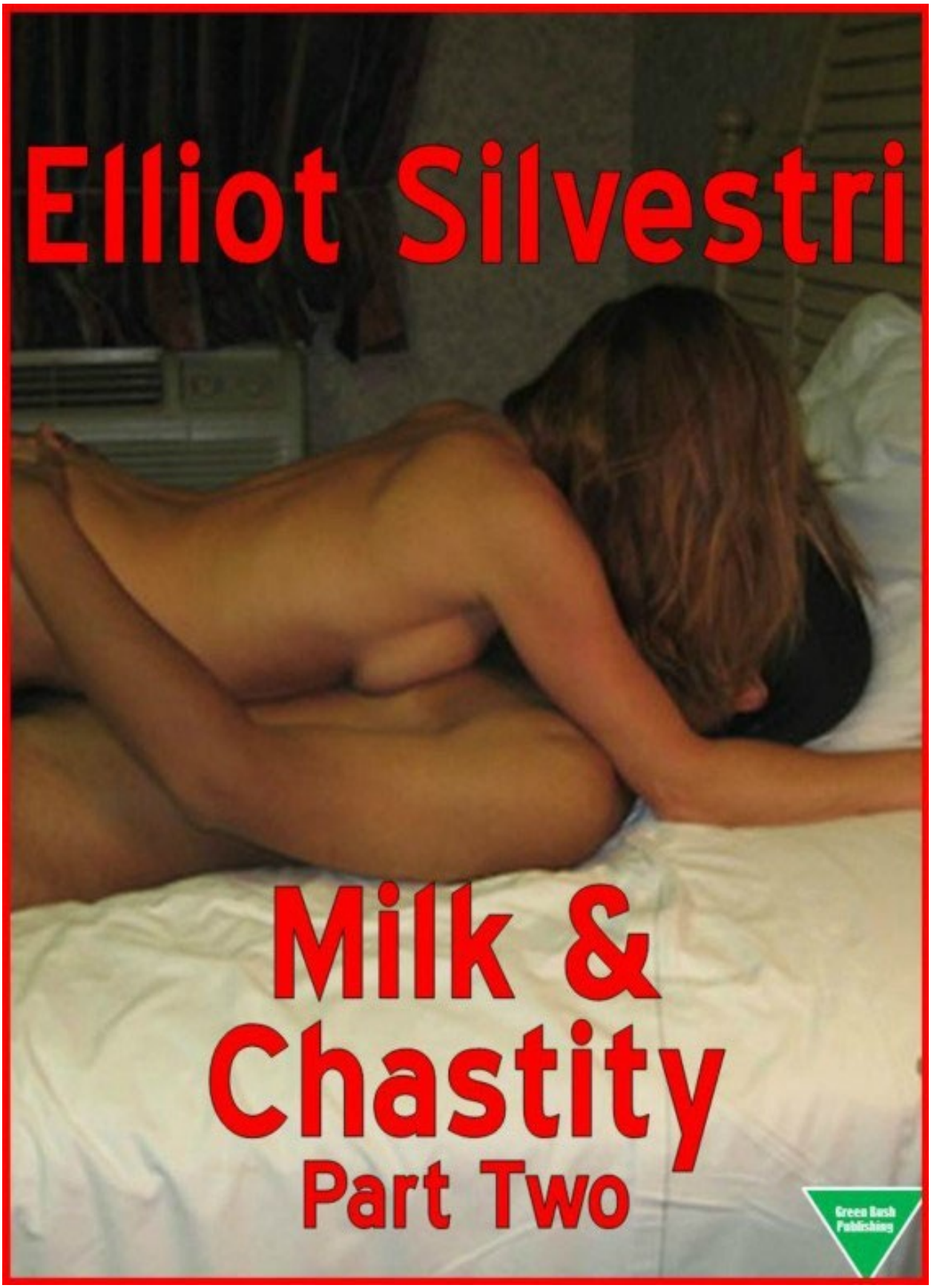
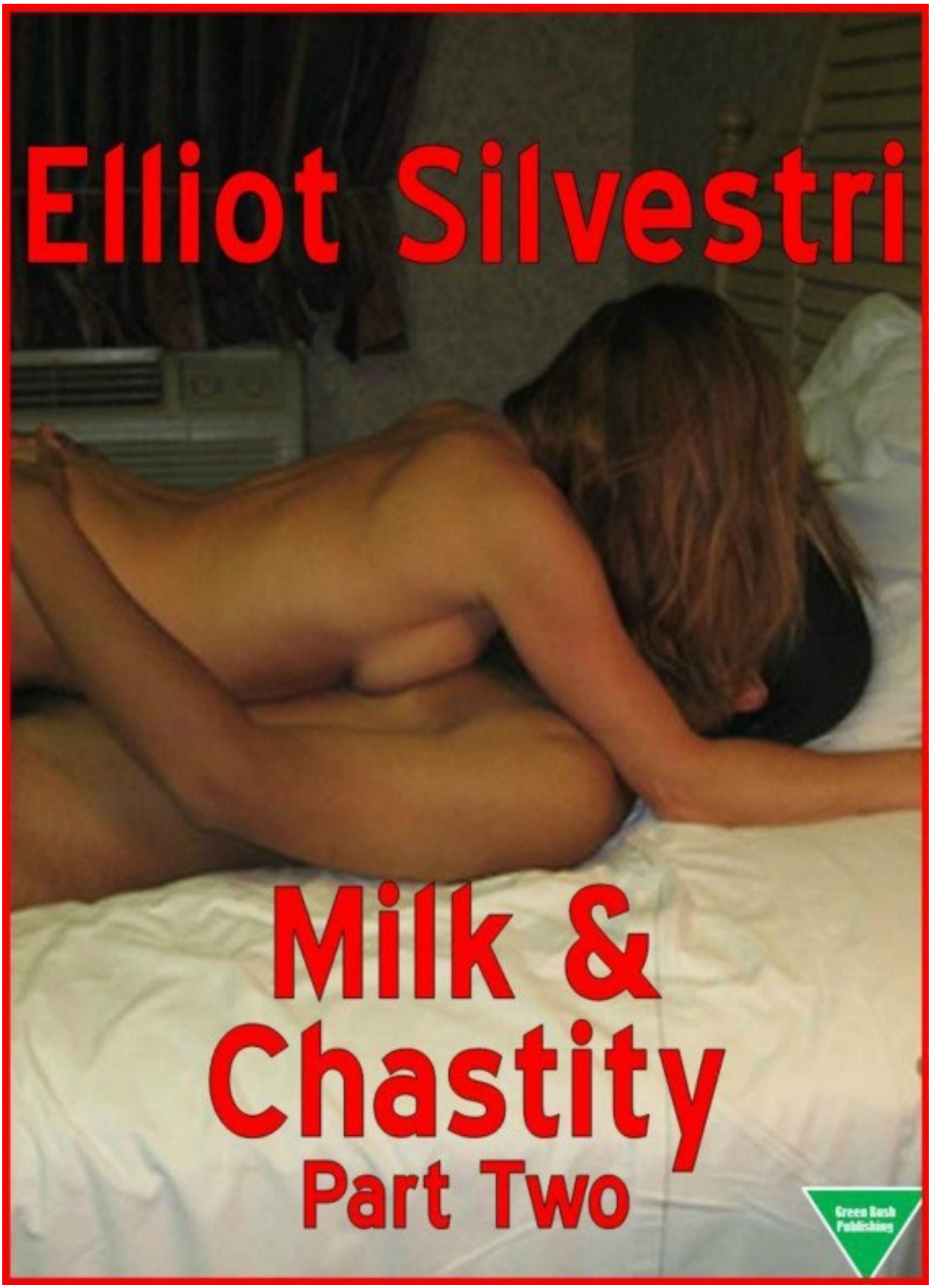

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Milk &
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Part Two
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

Chapter Five

After Kerrie's divorce she waited about a year before she started dating other men. And when she started dating she went all out. She became a bit of a slut. True, Kerrie was an attractive woman and as such she never had much difficulty attracting men. Her problem was she attracted the wrong type of man: the shallow jerk who was just into her for sex. Apparently that was working for her because she was just using them for sex too. Or so she told Tracy.

"She's got a date with John on Friday night and she has a date on Saturday with Andy."

I snorted a bit and took another plate off the drying rack. Doing dishes together just screams middle-America domesticity. "If she's not careful she'll get a reputation as the town slut."

Tracy glanced at me out of the corner of her eye. "I think she already has that reputation and doesn't mind it one bit."

"Oh." I wasn't good with witty repartee over dishes…or any other time for that matter.

Later that night after I had finished nursing from Tracy and we, by mutual silent agreement, opted not to have sex got ready to go to sleep she wanted to talk. It's never a good thing for the husband when the wife wants to talk. I had already turned off the light and had closed my eyes, but that didn't matter to her.

"I'm jealous of Kerrie," she announced to me.

"Jealous?" I was tired and wanted to go to sleep but I knew if I didn't have this conversation she'd be pissed at me.

"She gets to have sex with any guy she wants with no consequences!" I could hear just a touch of hysteria in her voice. I was already in dangerous territory and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

“I wouldn’t say no consequences. There’s all sorts of diseases she could be exposing herself to, plus there’s the risk of pregnancy, and one jealous guy finding out about her dating habits could quickly devolve into an ugly domestic violence situation, not to mention the risk of a stalker.”

Tracy glared at me. “That’s not what I meant.”

“What did you mean, then, dear?” I was a little too short and snappish with her, but I was tired.

“I’ve kept count. She’s had sex with twenty different guys that I know about. I’m jealous. We met in college and got married right away. How many women have you slept with?”

“You already know the answer. Six, including you.”

“And I’m only at five.”

I tried for a bit of levity. “You’ve slept with five women? You’ve never told me that!”

“Ha fucking ha. Five men.”

“It’s not the quantity, it’s the quality, honey.”

“I never got to have my slutty sleeping around time in college or after. When’s it going to be my turn?”

I turned the light back on and blinked at her. “When do you want it to be your turn?” I asked her bluntly.

She opened and closed her mouth, unable to answer me. “I don’t know…soon?”

I had that dreadful sinking feeling in my stomach. “Are you telling me that you want to find some guy to sleep with? Do you want your slutty period?”

“Maybe,” she admitted. “You have your kink. You’re happy. You get milk and sex every night. What do I get?”

“Good, no great sex and the satisfaction of knowing that you make me happy by

letting my nurse from you?”

She crossed her arms in front of her breasts and told me, “It’s not enough. I want my kink too.”

“What’s your kink then?”

She looked at me sheepishly and asked, rather than answered, me. “Sleeping around?”

“Are you sure about that? Do you want to be that woman? That wife?”

“I don’t know,” she answered softly. “But maybe I’d like to try. I just want something more. Maybe sex with one other guy will be enough. I don’t know.”

“You want an open marriage then?”

Tracy shook her head and then contradicted herself. “I don’t know. Maybe. I really want to have sex with another guy just once in my life.”

“Do you have someone in mind?” I didn’t expect my wife not to be attracted to other men but it was another thing entirely to hear it from her lips that she wanted to fuck other men because apparently her sex drive was kicking in after too long of being just a mother, wife, and lactation specialist.

“No. Sort of. There’s a couple of guys at my office…”

Despite myself and despite the situation, I found my cock growing hard. “Are you just playing with me?” I took her hand and placed it on my crotch. She could feel my hardness through the material of my pajamas.

“Holy shit!” she exclaimed when she felt me. “Is this turning you on?”

I wasn’t sure if she was upset or excited by my response. “Maybe.”

She pressed her luck. “Would it be okay if I fucked another guy but always came home to you?” she asked me.

“Just once?” I asked and she rubbed me through the pajamas.

“Maybe. Can I sleep with him more than once?”

“Maybe.”

“Can I sleep with more than one guy?” she asked. “If I always come home to you?” she added as she slipped her hand down inside my boxers and grasped my hardness.

“Maybe. Do you plan on coming home to me after each guy?”

She licked the side of my neck and started kissing her way down my chest. “Yes.”

“How long do you want to do this for?” Tracy was now down to my stomach and gently pushed my boxers off my hips, exposing my cock.

“Until I’m satisfied,” she told me as her mouth engulfed my cockhead. Her lips and tongue were warm on me and I wanted to cum right away, but I needed to give it some time. It had been a long, long time since I’d received head from Tracy and I wasn’t going to blow the experience, so to speak.

“Can I tell you when to stop?” I asked.

She back off my cock for half a second. “Only after the first guy I fuck.”

“Okay,” I happily agreed as she lowered her head back down on me. Maybe it was a stupid decision, but I couldn’t say no to a woman who had her mouth around my manhood. I was also happy to learn that Tracy hadn’t lost any of her cocksucking skills since college. Had it really been that long since she had gone down on me? Had we been so swept up in raising kids and my nearly obsessive focus on her breast milk and my need to feed on her that I had neglected her own sexuality? Was she trying to make me pay attention to her by giving me a blowjob along with asking me to have sex with other men?

If I had neglected her then letting her have sex with someone else an appropriate punishment for me. Only it didn’t feel like a punishment. It felt kinky and exciting. But I kept that to myself even as I was cumming in her mouth and she was swallowing everything I had to offer her.

Just the idea of Tracy going out and having sex with someone else was enough

to reignite our sex life that we quickly fell into another terrible routine. Now every night I would nurse from her and we'd have sex, but we'd have dirty talk during sex and it was all about her fucking everything that moved. The idea was hot and when it's a fantasy, it doesn't matter. This went on for a couple of months and I had almost resigned myself that it was just a fantasy that Tracy had voiced to me without ever intending on going through with. Of course she disrupted that idea one night as I was nursing from her heavy breast.

"I hit on the new guy at work today."

"Mmm-hmm." It was my stock response to her when I had a mouthful of milk and breast.

"I think Kevin was flattered."

"I don't blame him," I said, taking a quick break and swallowing her sweetness. "I think you're beautiful and wouldn't mind you hitting on me."

"You're such a guy," she commented.

"What did you say?" I asked before going back to her breast. This was how our bawdy talk typically began. I pressed my body against hers, making sure she felt my hardening cock.

"I told him I liked his tie."

That was as bland a pass as a woman could make. "Mmm-hmm."

"He said thank you and told me my dress was very nice." I remember the dress she had worn. It was deep blue with white polka dots and after a few hours of wearing it the neckline tended to droop and she was suddenly showing some deep cleavage.

"Mmm-hmm."

"And then I asked him if he had a girlfriend because he was far too handsome to be single. He didn't have wedding band on."

"Mmm-hmm?" This had taken an exciting turn.

“He told me no. Right now he was between girlfriends. And then I asked what he thought about sleeping with a married woman.”

I nearly choked on her tit. “What? That doesn’t sound like you!”

“If I continue to sound like me the rest of my life I’ll never get laid by anyone else,” she pointed out.

“What did he say?” I asked eagerly, anxiously.

“Kevin said it was her business who a married woman fucked. And then I pointed out that I was married and I told him I’d like to fuck him.”

By now I was on top of my wife and pushed aside the crotch of her panties so I could put my cock inside her. She didn’t object at all to my rough and sudden treatment of her, mostly, I believe, because her pussy was soaking wet. “What did he say?” I asked her as I started pumping my cock in and out.

Tracy closed her eyes, bit her lip and turned her head. “He said he wouldn’t mind doing that at all.”

I came inside her. I came so hard it hurt. Tracy followed an instant later with her own orgasm. I was shaking when we were done.

“What do we do now?” I asked her.

“I’ve already made a date with him for Friday night,” she confessed.

Friday night arrived both too slowly and too quickly. The week seemed to drag like I was back in high school waiting for the weekend and life to begin. Tracy came home from work as normal and we had dinner. She told the kids that she was going out with some friends and that she’d be home late. Daddy would be watching them tonight.

“Thanks dear,” she told me with a kiss and headed out the door. “Don’t wait up.”

Our children were already busy with their own concerns. I was left alone in the living room, wondering what my wife was up to. A minute after Tracy left my

daughter's friend Cassie called up and invited her over for the night. Half an hour later she was gone. My son, upon figuring out he didn't have to argue with his sister over the television, immediately commandeered the living room and set in to play some video games. I quickly grew bored and retreated to my bedroom.

I knew that Tracy had prepared herself before going out. She was still wearing her work clothes to make it look like it was just a casual meeting with friends, but underneath her clothes she was wearing a fancy black lace bra and matching panties. It was fully her intention to get into bed with Kevin. She told me that before she left, as I was nursing from her breasts before we ate dinner. Our kids knew not to interrupt us when the bedroom door was closed. I didn't know for certain if they knew what was going on behind our door, but that wasn't my concern. She had insisted I nurse from her early tonight because she didn't want her breasts leaking during sex with Kevin.

The difficult part was that I knew my wife wanted to get into bed as quickly as possible. They were supposed to meet for drinks at a hotel bar; the only reason they were meeting at that bar was to facilitate getting to a bed.

As odd as it was, I couldn't wait for her to come home and tell me what she had done. I'd never met Kevin and all I could imagine was some strange man's hands all over my wife's body, his tongue of her tits, his cock in her pussy.

It was too much to withstand. I made sure that my bedroom door was locked and listened carefully for the sounds of gaming wafting up from the living room. My son was too distracted by the powerful forces of Nintendo to be concerned with me.

I dropped my pants, laid down on the bed, and jerked off. I wasn't proud of it. I was especially ashamed that it only took me two minutes from initial contact to full ejaculation. Even so, I was red in the face and fully out of breath. I wasn't sure what was going to happen when Tracy came home and now was worried I wouldn't be able to get it up again if she wanted to have sex with me. But it was too late. I wiped up my cum with a tissue from the box in our bedroom and flushed it down the toilet. I didn't want any evidence left behind of what I had done.

When eleven o'clock rolled around I went to the living room and sent my son to bed. He didn't protest all that much. I had already changed into my pajamas and

got into bed myself. I didn't sleep, of course, I waited up for my wife, reading.

I must have fallen asleep because the light was still on when she woke me up getting into bed. Her work dress was off but she was still wearing her fancy bra and panties.

"You were snoring," she said as she cuddled up next to me.

"What time is it?"

"Three a.m." Tracy kissed my cheek and rested her hand on top of my cock.

I couldn't wait any longer. I had to know. "Did you fuck him?"

"Uh-huh," she whispered in my ear. "It was wonderful." She then kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth. I wanted her to taste different from her normal flavor, but I couldn't detect any lingering evidence of Kevin in her mouth. She rubbed my cock through my clothes. "Do you want to hear about it?"

"Hell yes!"

She laughed at me. "You keep that up you're going to turn your wife into a slut."

"I'm okay with that."

Her second laugh was lower and more serious, oddly enough. "What do you want to know? Or do you want me to keep it a secret?"

"I want all the details?"

Tracy pulled her hand off my cock and moved back from me a little, resting her head on the pillow to watch me. "Promise you won't get jealous or angry?"

"I promise," I swore with ultimate sincerity.

"So we met in the bar, he gave me a little kiss on the cheek, which was nice. And we ordered our drinks, I had wine, he had a martini."

"That's a little too much detail. And it sounds like he ordered that to impress you."

“Okay.” She shifted gears. “We made a little small talk, he told me he was nervous, I said ‘Me too’ and then I asked him if he was ready to go up to a room.”

“What was his response?” I asked. I wanted to stroke my cock, it was hard in my pants, but that somehow seemed rude.

“He said ‘As ready as I’ll ever be.’ And I was so nervous about going to the desk to ask for a room. Kevin actually did the asking, but I’d never done this sort of, I don’t know, adultery thing before.”

“And…?”

“And once we got up to our room. No luggage, of course. I think the desk clerk knew what was going on.”

“He didn’t care. He’s probably seen it all before.”

“She didn’t care, but she did ask me if there was anything I needed, which was kind of weird because Kevin was the one getting the room. But anyway, once we were up in our room and safe, we were all over each other. God, I’d forgotten what it’s like to kiss someone else.” She hesitated and looked at me. “Is that okay?”

“It’s fine,” I reassured her. “Tell me more.” I wasn’t at all repelled by the idea of her having sex with another man. It was exciting and new. I wanted to know more.

“I think we were both being a little bit shy, but it was silly just for the both of us to stand there making out, and since I’m the older one, I decided to move things forward.”

“Wait a second. You’re older than him?” I asked.

She looked strangely at me. “Yeah. I thought I told you that. It’s only by a few years.”

“So what did you do?”

“I got down on my knees and opened up his pants to suck his cock.”

“Oh god.”

“I was hoping he’d have a huge cock or something like that, but it was pretty much the same as every cock I’ve touched.”

“All five?”

She smiled knowingly at me. “I’ve slept with five men,” she told me, “but I’ve held or sucked on nine.”

I didn’t know if I was upset or thrilled at that news. “You never told me that.”

“You never asked. There were some guys in high school that I didn’t actually have sex with…”

“Okay, never mind that for the moment. What happened next?”

“I started giving him a blowjob. He really liked that. While I was doing that he took off the rest of his clothes and eventually he wound up sitting down on the bed while I sucked him. I could tell he was close to cumming because he grabbed my head and started shoving his cock into my mouth. I didn’t like that so I stood up and told him so.”

“Uh-oh.”

Tracy shook her head at me. “No, it was okay. He was just getting a bit too enthusiastic and I didn’t want to gag and puke on him. Unsexy. So I took off my dress and let him get a good look at me. Then he stood up, kissed me again, and took off my bra. He was pretty good at that. He didn’t have any trouble unhooking it. I was impressed. From there he went down on his knees and kissed my tummy.” She paused and pressed her hand on her stomach which still had the faint images of stretch marks on it along with a slightly rounded perspective. Tracy didn’t have the same body she did in college—then again neither did I. “And finally he pulled down my panties and he kissed my pussy. Well, he tried to, at least, but that’s almost impossible to do when the woman’s standing up. Instead he moved me around onto the bed and then he went down on me.”

I was good and hard again. I could see the image of Tracy with her knees up in the air and Kevin’s face between her thighs eating her out.

“He wanted to go down on me even though he didn’t really need to. I was already soaking wet. I came right away.”

“You came?”

She nodded. “Uh-huh. A couple of licks from his tongue, a finger up inside me, and then I don’t know what was happening because I was cumming from him sucking on my clit.”

“Wow,” I breathed.

“Yeah, I know. It was incredible. It’s been more than ten years since another man, besides you, made me cum.” She licked her lips. “It was great.”

“Keep going,” I encouraged her.

“Obviously he wanted to fuck me so I started pulling him up so he could get inside me.”

“Yeah?”

“I thought he was getting cold feet because he went over to his clothes. I thought he was going to leave me.”

“What happened?”

“He was just going to put on a condom.”

“Oh. Right. That makes sense.” Sex safe and protection wasn’t something that Tracy and I really had to worry about for the past years.

She nodded. “I know.” She hesitated again. “I told him not to bother.”

“You what?” We had been out of the dating pool for a while and she had her IUD, but there was always the risk of all sorts of STIs.

“I told him I wanted to feel him cum inside me and that I was safe.”

“But is he safe?”

“He’s safe,” she assured me. “I don’t have any way of proving that, but he’s

safe.” She licked her lips once more. “Besides, it’s that much dirtier without a condom, right?”

“Right,” I stupidly agreed.

“He got back on top of me and his cock went right into me. It was the perfect fit. It felt wonderful. I was cheating on you and I felt great about it.” She kissed me. “Are you okay with this, knowing I had another man’s cock in my pussy?”

I was a bit stunned, but that was because it was such a turnon for me. “Yeah. I’m okay. It’s not really cheating, you know,” I pointed out to her.

“What?”

“It’s not cheating if I know about it. It’s kind of like in Monopoly where if everyone agrees to put $200 under Free Parking. It’s not in the rules, but everyone says okay, it’s not cheating. It’s house rules.”

“Okay,” she agreed. “For the first time in years I was screwing another man other than my husband and it felt great because our house rules allow for that.”

I kissed her and pushed my tongue into her mouth. She tasted divine.

“He came in me,” she confessed when she broke our kiss.

“I already knew that,” I told her.

Tracy took my hand and pushed it down into her panties, over the small triangle of public hair that she had trimmed and shaped for her date and down into her wetness. “Do you feel that?” she whispered in my ear. Naturally she was soaked. Some of it was from our conversation, some of it was leftover from her lubrication in anticipation of Kevin’s cock. “Do you feel him inside me?”

She was stickier than normal. Tracy had Kevin’s cum still in her pussy and I was touching what he left behind in my wife. “Yeah, I feel him.”

“Once he started fucking me it went quick,” she confessed. “Less than a minute but it was burning hot when he came and that made me cum too.”

“Oh…fuck that’s hot,” I told her. “Did he cum just the once in you?”

She shook her head. “More than once. Want to hear more?”

I shuddered. “Yes.”

“After he came he stayed on top of me for a little while until he went soft and then we just laid together talking about nothing. But I was still hot for him. I wanted more so I went down on him to get him hard again.”

“What was that like?”

“I could taste my pussy on his cock and I could taste his cum still. It didn’t take him long to get hard and then I got on him and rode his cock.” She paused and smiled at the memory. “It was good he came once quickly because I rode him for I don’t know how long. He played with my tits. I fingered my clit. And I came and I came and I came.”

“Three times?”

“I lost count. At least three times. Halfway through I turned around because he said he wanted to look at my ass while we fucked and that made it easier for me to play with my clit and to play with his balls. He really liked it when I squeezed them. He rubbed my ass.” She lingered on the memory for a second and took in a deep breath. “And then he touched my asshole. At first I didn’t like it but I was so wet down there and he just wiggled one finger up inside me not very far, but when I came—wow, it was like nothing before.”

I stayed silent, just listening to her.

“And then I rode him good and hard and he came in my pussy again. It wasn’t as much cum as before, but I could feel him pumping into me and that made me cum too.”

“How many times did you cum?” I marveled.

Tracy shrugged. “I don’t know. I lost track.”

I laughed in delight and told her to continue.

“Okay, here’s the embarrassing part,” she said as if revealing every aspect of her encounter with her new lover to her husband wasn’t at all embarrassing. “After

that we fell asleep."

"What?" I burst out and laughed.

"We fell asleep." Even now after it had occurred she blushed, her pale skin turning pink with shame. "We were exhausted. And for good reason. Our second fuck lasted for what seemed like an hour."

"Okay, then when did you wake up because obviously you didn't sleep through the night because you're home already?"

"I don't know the time. I woke up because he woke up and he was fingering my pussy. I let him play with me for a while and he made me cum again with just his fingers."

"Very nice."

"And then I went down on him again. I liked the taste of his cock and his cum mixed with my pussy. It tasted really good."

That was a bit of strangeness, but I went along with it. "What happened after you went down on him?"

With more than just a touch of pride she said, "He came in my mouth. I swallowed it all."

"You swallowed?"

"That's what I said." She rubbed her tummy. "Some of him is in here, some of him is in my pussy still." I moved my fingers inside her where the mélange of girl-lube and guy-cum was fermenting. "After that we were pretty much spent. I got dressed and drove home."

After a deep breath Tracy looked at me with worrisome eyes. "Are you upset?"

I didn't answer her and instead moved down the bed so pull off her panties. There was just the beginnings of dried crust in and around her pubic hair. I could smell the scent of her sex and Kevin's leavings. It was easy for me to kick off my pants as I kissed her heavily scented pussy. Tracy opened up her legs, not at all ashamed at everything she had done. She didn't protest at all when I moved

up her body and sank my hard cock into her already well-used pussy.

Not only didn't she protest, she groaned in appreciation. "Oh, that feels so good," she complimented me as we started to fuck.

Much to my pride, I managed to last a good long time fucking her, mostly because I had jerked off earlier in the night. Tracy made all the right motions and noises, everything was the same between us. Almost. Her pussy felt the same, maybe a little looser than usual, maybe a little wetter than normal, but when I came in her I was washing away all the sins of her pussy holding Kevin's cum because I was pushing him out of the way.

"I want to do this again," she told me after I came. I wasn't certain if I had made her cum, but wasn't particularly worried about that at the moment. She had already been well-rewarded that night.

"I want you to do it again, too."

Chapter Six

After her first time with Kevin, Tracy's faux infidelity became our obsession. Every time we got in bed it was all we talked about. I'd nurse from her, we'd both get aroused by her lactation, and when we started having sex it was all we could grunt and groan about. She told me Kevin's cock was better than mine. I told her I wanted to watch Kevin fuck her. She told me that she was going to find more lovers. I confessed my need to see her fucked over and over again.

It was strangely kinky and I wasn't the least bit ashamed about it. I wanted everyone in the world to know that my wife had sex with other men. I'm not stupid, however, that isn't something you go around proclaiming at the slightest provocation. It was something that, by necessity, had to be kept secret, and ironically if we were able to tell more people about out new obsession, it would have been easier for Tracy to find a new lover.

On the other side of the coin I was conflicted about my addiction to her milk. That was something that would embarrass the hell out of me if I knew that other people were in the know. Kerrie knew, of course, but I was okay with that. But Tracy wanted to keep her secret assignation with Kevin from Kerrie. Not that Kerrie had a big mouth, but Tracy was abashed of what she had done with someone from her office.

That wasn't stopping her from looking for another partner however. And it wasn't stopping her from hooking up with Kevin again.

"I gave Kevin a blowjob today," she told me when she arrived home one night. Naturally she told me this after I kissed her.

"How did you manage that?"

"We had a meeting at the Plaza so we arranged to meet in the parking garage. I went down on him in the front seat. You'd be surprised how many dark corners there are in there."

I actually knew the Empire State Plaza parking garage fairly well. There are a lot

of dark corners but it's also fairly well-traveled by all sorts of people. Apparently my wife liked taking all sorts of risks.

"Did you swallow?"

"Of course," she answered me with another kiss. "If you're good tonight I'll go down on you too and swallow everything you have to give me."

True to her word, after homework, dinner, and everything else, and after we put the kids to bed, I nursed from her tits and then, instead of our usual sex with bawdy talk she went down on me, giving me the most exquisite blowjob until I came in her mouth and she swallowed every bit of me.

"Why didn't we do this before?" I panted at her when she was finished.

Tracy had great insight into our relationship just then. "We probably needed to have that long boring period before we could move on to more exciting stuff."

"You don't like it when I nurse from you?" I asked, disappointed in her assessment.

Tracy frowned. "I like it okay. I still want to do it because I'm sure that by now if we stop I'll miss it, but…it's like it's plain vanilla for us. You nursing from me is like missionary position sex for everyone else in the world. It's fine, but not very exciting."

"I think it's exciting and kinky."

"You don't have to carry around ten pound bags of milk with you all day."

"They aren't that heavy," I told her.

She grunted. "You try doing this for a day and see how they feel on you."

"I really appreciate it," I told her.

She made another non-committal noise. "I know. But is that why you're letting me have sex with Kevin?"

Okay, so it is true that I felt a little bit of guilt about what Tracy was putting her

body through for me. It wasn't like she wasn't getting any pleasure out of our nursing relationship, but most of the effort was on her end and I appreciated that. Maybe some of my guilt contributed to allowing her to fuck Kevin. But a good dose of me not getting upset over her fucking him was that the idea of her being with another man really turned me on. I wanted her to do it more if at all possible.

"Sort of," I hedged.

"Good. You deserve a little guilt."

"I can accept that."

"Then you can accept the fact I'm going out with him on Saturday night."

Even though she had just blown me, my cock started getting hard again.

Saturday night Tracy headed out to meet up with Kevin one more time.

"Where are you meeting him?" I asked as she was about to leave. She was dressed casually but I knew what she was hiding under her jeans and too-tight top.

I was expecting her to tell me the same hotel bar or similar location. Instead she told me, "I'm going right over to his place. Why waste time?"

That caught me by surprise. "So…you're just going there for sex?" I asked with my voice low. The kids were home. We had planned a movie night to keep all of us busy while Tracy was out with friends, as I told the twins.

"Yes," she told me bluntly. "Would you prefer I be having an emotional affair with him rather than a sexual one?" she asked with a wink and then kissed me.

"Sexual," I agreed. And with that she was out the door swinging her ass back and forth, letting me get a good view of her. Underneath her jeans she was wearing a thong that she had purchased just for this occasion, or so she had told me. She had let me see the thong, but not her in it because, as she explained, "It's just for Kevin, not you."

Movie night consisted of blankets on the couch, popcorn and soda, and turning the entertainment system volume up to the point where it was probably annoying the neighbors. It was late when both flicks the kids had chosen were over, they were exhausted and I sent them to bed. I went to my room, but I wasn't the least bit tired. If anything, I was wired and ready for my wife to return, but naturally she didn't.

I managed to contain myself until after midnight. By then images of Tracy doing everything imaginable with Kevin were running through my head. I had nursed from her before she left so her breasts would be empty, but that didn't stop me from envisaging him sucking her precious milk from her tits and her enjoying it more with him than with me. I couldn't help myself. I jerked off to the idea of him nursing from her and fucking her at the same time. It's a difficult position to hold but it's possible; I know because we did it on occasion. In my mind Kevin had no trouble at all doing what I found difficult and my wife found his nursing and fucking better than what I did for her. When she came, it was a screaming orgasm.

I was lying on my back jerking off. The idea of her infidelity made me cum so hard my spunk flew from my cock and actually landed on the pillow next to me. Even though it was a powerful orgasm I was surprised at the volume of my ejaculate. It was sufficient that I needed to change the pillow case and then, deciding in for a penny, in for a pound, I changed all the sheets on the bed.

Climbing back in bed I was now able to go to sleep.

"Why did you change the sheets?" Tracy wanted to know as she got in bed next to me.

"Um…they were dirty," I told her as I started to wake up.

"I changed them yesterday," she pointed out. Tracy had managed to come in the house silently, come up to the bedroom and change out of her clothes to put a fairly benign nightgown. It wasn't very sexy at all. And I still hadn't seen her in the thong she bought for Kevin. My wife was very traditional in her underwear choice. A thong was something she just didn't do…at least not for me. "How'd they get dirty?"

This was not how I wanted the conversation with my wife to go right after she got back from her date. Her date that was just for sex. I was still sleepy and gave an answer that was a little too honest. “I jerked off and got cum on them.”

Tracy rolled her eyes and turned off the light. It must have been the light that woke me up. “Was that necessary? You were supposed to be saving yourself for me.”

“I’m sorry, but I thought about what you and Kevin were up to and I couldn’t contain myself. I had to jerk off.”

She sighed. “Fine. Whatever.”

There was a long pause between us before I finally asked, “How did your… um…date with Kevin go?”

“Great,” she said a little too brightly. “I was able to withstand my urges to have sex on the long drive over to his place. I didn’t have to pull over to the side of the road and play with myself.”

“It’s different for guys,” I said meekly.

“Uh-huh. I suppose you want to hear all about what we did.”

“Yes, please.” Tracy didn’t have the ability to keep secrets; she had to share them with someone. Every minute she waited to tell me about her date was killing her.

“You would, you pervert.”

“Just tell me what happened. Cut right to the chase.”

“Fine.” She cleared her throat and rolled to her side, propping her head up on her right hand while reaching down into the bed to grab my cock with her left. I was already hard—she could feel that through my underwear. “At least you can still get it up tonight.” I pushed down my clothes, exposing my cock, which let her slowly stroke me as she talked. “Maybe this won’t be such a disappointment,” she pondered aloud.

“I drove over, he invited me inside, and he brought me to the living room for a drink. I said no, and just got down on my knees and gave him a blowjob right

there.”

“In the middle of the room?”

“Yeah. He has the upper floor of a house as his apartment and the living room is up front with a big window facing the street. I suppose if someone was in the right position, or if the place across the street was watching at the right time, they would have gotten quite a show as I blew him.”

“I didn’t know you were an exhibitionist,” I told her.

“Maybe I’m learning to be one.” She cleared her throat. “Anyway, I gave him a blowjob and while I was sucking on his cock, he took off his clothes. I was down on my knees sucking him while fully dressed still and he was naked. Kevin was pretty keyed up the moment I walked through the door so it didn’t take him very long to cum.”

“In your mouth?”

I sense her nodding. “Yes. Of course. His cum wasn’t bad tasting at all. I had to swallow it.”

“Naturally.”

“I kind of liked being dressed while he was naked. He’s got a nice body and all, maybe a little too hair and he’s got a definite barrel chest, but other than that, he’s good. He didn’t go soft right away, so when I stood up—and I was a little shaky—I grabbed him by the cock and hunted through his place until I found the bedroom.”

That made me laugh a little bit. “Really? By his cock? How long did that take?”

“Only a minute. His place isn’t that big. But I liked being in charge of his cock. It really got me revved up. For a guy living by himself, his place wasn’t a complete dump. I made him sit on the bed while I took off my clothes. I left on my bra and thong—”

“Did he like the thong?” I asked, interrupting.

She sighed. “He didn’t really say anything about it. Maybe he expected me to be

wearing something like it. I don’t know. But when we got on the bed we started making out and he took them both off me, but I wanted to be in charge still, so I wound up sitting on his face while he ate me out.”

“Sounds exciting.”

“He made me cum. I’ve never cum like that before.”

As far as I knew that was probably true. Tracy hadn’t ever sat on my face and lick her clit. Maybe she had played around with other guys in college that way, but they hadn’t made her cum like Kevin did. “And then what?”

“His dick was hard after making me cum with his mouth, so I got off him, laid on the bed and he fucked me missionary style.”

“Did he cum in you?”

“Yes.”

“Did he make you cum?” I was getting harder as she kept up her steady stroking of my cock.

“Yes.”

“Wow. Was that it?” It couldn’t have been because what she described couldn’t have taken the six plus hours she had been gone.

“No. We drank some wine after that and we talked, mostly about nothing, but a little about where our relationship was going.”

That made me nervous. “Your relationship?”

“Don’t be like that,” she sharply reprimanded me and then gave me a kiss. “Of course I have a relationship. Anyone who puts his cock and fingers and tongue in my pussy has a relationship with me. Don’t worry. You’re going to remain my husband for a long time. I told him at best he could be my boyfriend. And our relationship was going to stay in bed. Our relationship didn’t go beyond sex.”

When she said Kevin was going to be her boyfriend, my cock got even harder. A married woman with a boyfriend was most definitely a slut. A very hot wife,

indeed. “Do you want him to be your boyfriend?” I asked in a hushed voice.

“Maybe. We’ll see how it goes with him for the next few weeks.” She kissed me lightly on the lips. “We did discuss what else he and I want to do, though.”

“And what’s that?” I was immediately thinking of real dates to movies and things like that. My stomach tightened up to a hard stone of anxiety and jealousy.

“I told him if he behaved himself he could fuck me while you watched.”

“Oohh.” It wasn’t that I didn’t want to respond to her, it was that her words had put me right on the edge and I didn’t want to cum in her hand. I wanted to cum in her pussy.

“What’s the matter?” Her voice was teasing as she kept up the pressure on my cock.

“I don’t want to cum yet.”

“Would you like to see Kevin fuck me?” she asked as she took my hand and placed it between her legs. She was wet, soaking. I wondered how much of that was her and how much of Kevin was leaking out of Tracy’s pussy.

“Yes,” I immediately agreed.

She stopped rubbing me. She must have known that by keeping me on edge I would have agreed to anything she suggested. From that I quickly figured out that she wanted me to watch her getting fucked by him. The truth of the matter was I would have said yes to watching my wife getting fucked by another man regardless of the situation. In my mind it was already the hottest thing she could do for me.

“Do you want to know what else we did?” she asked.

“Yes,” I moaned.

“We talked some more, we kissed and played around, and then he asked me if I’d ever had anal sex.”

“What did you tell him?” As far as I knew Tracy had never done anal, but maybe

that was a secret she had kept from me during her wild high school days?

“No, of course. He asked if I wanted to try anal right then and there.”

“What did you say?” The conversation had become much more interesting.

“I said no. I wasn’t ready.” She paused. “But I told him I was willing to learn.”

“Willing to learn?”

She cleared her throat once more. “We went back to bed. He got out this little vibrator, not much bigger than your thumb, and with a little bit of lube he put it up my ass.”

I didn’t know what to say. So I stupidly asked, “How did you get it back out again?”

She laughed at me. “It was attached to a little cord and then to a controller where the battery was.”

“Oh.”

“Then we fucked again with the vibrator up my ass,” she informed me. “It was fucking incredible. When I came—and I lost track of how many times I came—my whole body shook. I couldn’t even think. It wasn’t just from the vibrator in my ass either, it was his cock in me and me learning something new and being willing to try it too.” She took a deep breath. “This is the most exciting my sex life has been since I lost my virginity.”

I noticed that I wasn’t included in the most exciting points in her sex life: losing her virginity (which was to a guy named Greg, I knew) and her new games with Kevin.

“Are you…um…good for the night, then?” I asked her nervously.

“Hell no! Why do you think I’ve been playing with your dick? I want to be fucked again.” She pulled me on top of her and I probed with my cock, slipping into her wet pussy. “Just don’t try to fuck me in the ass. I’m a little tender back there right now.”

Since it wasn't always possible for Tracy to get away on a weekend night, or even during the week, she and Kevin set up an arrangement where she would tell me she was working late one night each week, and wind up going over to Kevin's instead. I knew all of this, of course, since she told me everything afterwards. It was incredibly hot to know my wife was getting attention from another man but still wanted to fuck me and let me suckle at her tits all I wanted.

This development in our relationship and sex life got my libido working overtime. Sex with Tracy almost every night wasn't enough for me now. On the days she pretended to work late, I jerked off at home waiting for her return. Other days I jerked off at work in the bathroom while imagining what she was possibly doing in the supply closet of her own office.

We were incredibly happy. But then her birthday was just around the corner and she made a new demand of me.

"I want you to watch me fuck Kevin for my birthday." That was her answer to my question of what she wanted for her birthday. She said it like I wasn't willing to let he do that when the truth was I was incredibly curious about her boyfriend and to see my wife in the midst of passion with another man. It was the perfect present for me as well.

"Okay," I agreed. "When and where?"

"First, one restriction. You need to stop jacking off so much. It's cutting into my enjoyment of your cock."

"Excuse me?"

Tracy kissed me on the cheek and whispered in my ear. "I know what you're doing and I want you to get it under control. You need to stop jerking it so much and save it for me."

"I'm not sure I can," I confessed.

"You'll think of something."

I already knew the solution, but I was afraid of it as much as I was attracted to it.

Chapter Seven

It wasn't that expensive, but it wasn't cheap either. You'd think the cost for some molded plastic and a padlock would be a lot less than a hundred dollars, but either the markup on chastity devices is huge or there isn't enough demand for them where mass production becomes cost efficient. Either way, for a hundred dollars I purchased over the internet a male chastity device designed to keep a man from not only having sex but also from masturbating. It wasn't anything more complicated than a curved plastic sleeve that locked to a ring-shaped base than went behind and around the balls. Depending on one's point of view it was either sexy or intimidating or maybe a little bit of both.

With the advent of internet shopping it had become incredibly easy to look for and purchase sex toys that before you had to either go to a sleazy adult sex shop to find or buy them from catalogs that used to advertise in the back of men's magazines. Now anyone could connect to the internet and buy whatever kinky-weird toys and devices their hearts and genitals desired.

My desire came in a bubble-padded plain brown envelope. I hid it from Tracy, naturally, because I was afraid of what she might say and nervous about what I was doing. Since our schedules didn't mesh exactly it was easy to wait until the next day until after the kids were out the door to school and Tracy had left for work. I had a half hour. It took me most of that time to figure out how the damn thing worked and to actually get it on my cock. True confession time: I was so excited about what I was doing that I kept getting an erection before I could slip on the plastic sleeve. I resorted to a bag of frozen corn from the freezer to make my boner disappear (if only I could have done that in junior high math class without the other kids knowing). Once I had the mechanics of the chastity device down along with getting my penis to calm down, it was remarkably easy to put it on and strut around for a minute.

I quickly learned two things. First, the reason why the pictures advertising male cockcages show the men with absolutely no pubic hair is because even a single hair caught in the wrong spot hurts like hell. Second, getting an erection inside a small plastic tube specifically designed to contain erections also hurts like hell and it's nearly impossible to get a cockcage off while the erection is still raging.

I had to resort to the frozen corn not only to get the cage on but to get it off as well.

After my experiment I was a little sore, but not bruised or bloodied. The moment I got the sleeve and ring off my erection sprang back into place. I gave in to my baser desired and quickly rubbed one out.

The final lesson I learned was that a chastity device only works when in place. Which is why it came with a small padlock and two keys. The instructions hinted that one key was for the man's keyholder to use as she saw fit and the other was to be kept in a safe place for extreme emergencies. Even so, it wasn't like the cage and lock were impossible to circumvent. I had a bolt cutter out in the garage that could easily cut through the shackle of the padlock in just a few seconds, but that would leave behind some very obvious evidence.

Still, I went to work that day with a great deal of confidence and anticipation at what I would say to my wife that night. I wished I could have gone to work wearing my cage, but I wasn't that brave. I wanted to ease into this new game a little at a time.

"Is that what I think it is?" Tracy asked when I showed her my new purchase.

"I don't know," I said, suddenly shy about what I wanted from her. I couldn't stop myself from being an ass. "Do you think it's an interdimensional transport appliance?"

She gave me a sour look. "No. It looks like something that goes on your cock."

"Oh. Well. Yeah, it could do that too."

She gave me a wry grin. "And this is to help you with your little problem of jerking off while I'm off with Kevin?"

"Yes." That was the hardest word to say right then. It was also the truth. Why is the truth often so hard to say?

She licked her lips. "Show me how it works."

Those were the words I wanted to hear. “Okay, but first I need to go to the kitchen.”

“Why?”

I took her hand and placed it over my pants, letting her feel my erection. “I need some corn.”

“To get rid of your boner?”

“Cold is a cock killer.”

A minute later I was back in the bedroom. Tracy was lounging on the bed, waiting for me. She had taken off her clothes and was in a loose fitting pair of pajamas. Her shirt buttoned up the front and she had only done two of the buttons. Obviously she was well into this as I was. When I appeared with the bag or corn in my hand I froze, feeling a bit like an idiot. “Go ahead,” she encouraged me.

I nodded and took off my clothes. After laying down on the bed next to her I put the frozen corn on my still rampant cock.

“How long is this going to take?” she asked. I could tell she was eager to move things along.

“Just give it a minute.” The corn worked its magic on my cock. In less than a minute I was soft and shriveled up.

“Neat,” she said, teasing me with her voice. “Now what?”

I picked up the base ring from the bed and slipped it over my cock and then carefully forced my balls through the ring as well. No matter how much ice or cold applied to a man’s cock, things can only get so small. My balls didn’t wither away to nothing so there was a small bit of pain when I forced the second one though the ring. I grunted a bit when it popped through.

“Wouldn’t it be easier to put your balls through first,” she pointed out, “and then your dick?”

“Um…probably,” I agreed. Oddly I liked the way the ring felt when my balls

went through it. There were little stabs of pain when the plastic ring grabbed at my pubic hairs, but that was easily dealt with. I wasn't going to start over just at her suggestion. With the ring in place I put on a couple of spacers to make the tube fit correctly. I was still small from the frozen corn so my cock fitted into the cage easily. A second later I slipped the lock into place and clicked it close.

It was with some shock that I looked up at Tracy who had been watching me avidly. The moment we locked eyes my cock started to get bigger but, naturally, couldn't because of the cage. Automatically I handed the two little keys over to her.

"Here, these are for you," I told her as I dropped the keys into her hand.

"What am I supposed to do with these?"

"You unlock me and let me out when you want to have access to my cock," I told her as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"So…I can leave you locked up for months at a time if I want?" she teased.

"No!" I declared a little to vehemently. "You can't do that!' I laughed nervously. "Anyway, I can get this off any time I want."

"Oh you can, can you?"

I fingered the bit of plastic and the shackle's thin rod of metal. "Sure, I can cut the plastic or metal with some bolt cutters. It's not like this is made of inch think case-hardened steel."

"But you're not going to do that, are you?" she asked. Tracy was smart. She picked up on this game right away.

"No."

She opened up the buttons on her shirt. "I'm ready for you."

I didn't need to be invited twice. We intertwined our bodies and I fell upon her breast. Normally when I was nursing from Tracy my cock would get hard and she would get wet and when her breasts were empty we'd have sex. Tonight my cock tried to get hard, but the cage was doing its job keeping me contained. I

was certain that Tracy was getting wet because I could tell from her moans and sighs that she was enjoying her daily milking. Usually she would press a thigh up against my cock, and she did that today, but instead of feeling firm flesh she just felt hard, cold plastic and metal. I wondered if that turned her on even more.

When I was done drinking her milk Tracy didn't reach for my cock. Instead she took my hand and pressed it to her pussy. "Make me cum," she whispered to me.

I did my darnedest. I rubbed and teased her clit, plunged my fingers deep inside her cunt, hooking them upward to find that little hidden spot that made her whole body shake, but it wasn't enough. Eventually I want down on her, tonguing her clit now as I continued my assault on her depth rubbing that one spot that always made her cum, the one just up and behind her pubic bone. It seemed like it took forever because I was encased in my little plastic cage and couldn't grow and couldn't just hold Tracy down to plunge my cock into her sex. I wasn't in pain exactly, but it wasn't comfortable at all as my body fought the cage for an eternity. It wasn't nearly that long, it just seemed like it, but then she finally gave out and came on my face with a little gush of liquid.

"Oh fuck that was good!" Tracy crowed when she was done shaking and cumming. I wanted her to release me so I could fuck her while she was still good and ready to be fucked, while she was still on that little cliff of excitement where she would agree to do anything and everything for me. But at the same time I wanted to keep the cage on to prove that I could do it, that I could wear it without difficulty while she was with her boyfriend and I wasn't jerking off.

It was only fair, wasn't it? When you're married you're supposed to share your sexual desires with your spouse. To masturbate alone was wrong. To do it in front of her was allowed, of course, because she could participate or not at her choosing. And for Tracy to have sex with another man was, to me while I was wearing my cage, the epitome of her expression of love for me. She would fuck Kevin and come home with his cum in her cunt and then she'd release me and I'd fuck her better than he did.

It was perfect.

I took her hand and placed it on my caged cock, indicating I was ready to be released so we could have sex.

"Want me to take it off?" she asked me. We both glanced at the pair of keys

resting on the nightstand. They were hooked together by a cheap wire ring. I'd have to get her a nice necklace to put them on.

"Yes," I said hopefully.

"Do you really want me to take it off?" She actually reached out and fondled my cock a bit. It was a strange feeling because I could see her fingers outside the clear plastic, and I could almost sense her touch, but we were separated by the artificial barrier we had put in place on me. It was infuriating and exciting. I was positive I could feel her fingers' warmth coming through the plastic, but that was probably my imagination. Probably. She could move the cage around, and that in turn moved my cock, but there was no real friction or tension on me.

"Yes," I insisted.

"But," she asked, pretending to give this some thought, "if this is a game you want to play, isn't the whole idea that you wear this as long as possible and I get to decide when you get to have sex?"

"Well, yes," I admitted. "That's the idea. But you can release me anytime that you want."

"What if I don't want?"

I swallowed hard. My throat was dry. "Then I'll have to wait until you do want. But if you want to have sex, you have to release me."

"But I just had sex…well, I came at least. That's good enough for me. I think you're the one who wants to have sex right now. Is that true?"

"Yes." I couldn't lie to her. I was loving this game even as I started to grow inside the cage but couldn't go anywhere.

"Do you like being denied like this?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Do you want me to deny you?"

"Yes…but I also want you to release me to have sex with you."

“But if I really want to have sex I can just do it with Kevin, can’t I?”

I nodded in agreement. “That’s true enough.”

Tracy tugged on my cage seeing how firmly in place it was. Naturally it didn’t come off. “How long would you like to be caged like this?”

“I’d like it off right now.” It was an honest answer and my voice had a bit of a pleading tone which I didn’t like.

“But that’s not going to happen,” Tracy told me. “I want to play this game. So tell me: how long do you think you can wear this little cage before you truly need to have sex?”

I took a deep breath and tried to find a good answer. After a glance at the clock I made a quick calculation. “Eight hours.”

Following my eyes, Tracy made the same time calculation as I did. “Six a.m.? You want to have sex in the morning when we wake up?”

“Yes, please.”

Her face and tone softened. She wasn’t playing now, she was actually concerned for me. “Do you think you can actually wait that long wearing this?” She tugged on me one more time.

With one more deep breath I nodded. “Yes. I think so. I want to try at least.”

Tracy shook her head. “You men play the strangest games with sex.”

And with that we settled into bed. Tracy fell asleep right away. I laid awake a good hour listening to her breathe and trying not to focus on the hunk of plastic locked around my cock. It felt terrible and wonderful at the same time. A perfect torture from which I wanted to be released but couldn’t stand the freedom.

When I woke up in the morning it felt like my cock was being squeezed to death. I had morningwood that was fighting the plastic and I was losing. It didn’t hurt nearly as much as getting kicked in the balls, but it still hurt like hell. I didn’t

bother trying to wake up Tracy. I just leaned across her, grabbed the keys off the nightstand, and unlocked the padlock as quickly as I could. Sliding off the plastic tube hurt just a little bit from the friction and stickiness of overnight sweat, but once it was free I was feeling better.

Until I realized the ring base was still held in place neatly behind my balls.

“Fucking hell,” I muttered under my breath wondering what to do.

“You okay, baby?” Tracy managed to say as she woke up. She blinked bleary-eyed as she watched me struggle with the cockcage.

“Just not used to the pain.” I was trying to carefully ease the ring over my sack without getting that kicked-in-the-stomach-and-on-the-verge-of-puking sensation.

“Let me help,” she offered. I flopped back on the bed and let my wife inspect my cock. “Oh, this won’t be bad,” she said. My penis was erect so that wasn’t going to come off first so Tracy manipulated my balls a bit to see what she could do. Normally I enjoyed her fondling my sack, but this morning I wasn’t exactly in the mood.

And then she forced one through to the too-tight ring.

I wanted to cry. Instead I gasped with shock.

“Oh, knock it off,” she admonished me. “It’s not that bad.”

“You don’t know!”

She pushed the other one through. The pain was like a white flash in my eyes. “Oh fuck!” I protested and wanted to roll over into the fetal position, but Tracy still had my cock in hand. The ring slipped easily off my erection, but she didn’t let me do as I pleased. Not yet.

“It’s still hard,” she pointed out to me. “This is going to be your one chance to have sex with me all day.”

That was all the motivation I needed. Tracy laid back on the bed while I climbed aboard and pushed my cock into her. Normally it took a little effort to get her

wet and ready—some cunnilingus or even just sucking on her tits—but today she was already wet. I went right in and I lasted less than a minute before I came in her.

The upside was it felt like my entire body strained to cum at all once. It was exhausting and exhilarating.

“That was disappointing,” Tracy told me when I was done.

“You didn’t come, did you?”

“Nope. You sure did though.” She pushed me off her body and held her hand over her pussy. “I’m going to go take a shower.” She paused and looked at me. “Do you want to put your toy back on?”

I froze. “I have to think about it. Maybe after I shower.”

That day I didn’t wear my cage under my clothes. I was too nervous and scared about what it meant. But in two days Tracy had a date lined up with Kevin for Friday night and I knew I’d have to wear it all day then, otherwise I’d be too tempted to jerk off at work in the bathroom. I wanted to feel the intense desire all day of needing to fuck my wife and physically not being able to.

End Part Two

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 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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The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity