
Elliot Silvestri
Milk &
Chastity
Part Three
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

Chapter Eight

Friday was date night for Tracy. We had been preparing by having me wear the cage at night. To deal with the pinching and pulling on my pubic hair I had taken to shaving the base of my penis and everywhere the plastic came in contact with my skin. When Tracy saw me in the shower with a razor she was moderately amused.

“Seeing what it’s like to have to shave like a woman?” she asked tartly. Tracy often complained about having to shave her legs and edge her pubic hair for swimsuit season. I told her it didn’t matter to me if she had leg hair, to which she would just roll her eyes and continue with her depilation activities.

“It makes it easier to wear the cage,” I told her.

Tracy reached out and fondled my cock and balls as the water from the shower fell down on me. I automatically got hard. “Stop that,” she told me, as if words alone were powerful enough to keep my cock down. She let go of my cock and move down to my balls, holding them firmly. “You should shave these as well.”

“Why?”

“I want to feel just smooth skin in my mouth when I suck your balls.”

That was a good enough reason for me and I did as she asked. I was halfway through the process when I wondered why she asked for that. I hadn’t received that many blowjobs from her and I couldn’t ever remember her sucking my balls. She had licked them a few times. Then it occurred to me that maybe it was something she did to Kevin.

Thursday night Tracy fucked me after I suckled her breasts and then put the chastity cage back in place when we were done. I was let out briefly Friday morning to shower, but it went back on. I was to wear it to work. Tracy said because, “You just aren’t trustworthy enough, are you?”

“No.”

Hiding the device under my clothes was surprisingly simple. Taking a bit of advice off the internet I wrapped a small rubber band around the lock so I wouldn't clank when I walked. Other than that everything was as normal. No one could tell my cock was encased in plastic and under the complete control of my wife. There was a slot at the end of the tube so I could pee without difficulty. My office has private bathrooms so it was a simple matter to put my dick in the sink to clean up when I was done at the toilet. No one was the wiser.

As far as I knew.

Tracy went out on her date and I stayed home. It was supposed to be with the kids, but they now had busy social lives. Both had scheduled sleepovers at friend's houses and I was home alone. Normally that would be a prime opportunity for me to jerk off until Tracy came home. Instead I was trapped watching a movie and contemplating my temporarily emasculated dick.

I was incredibly horny and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

Well, actually there was. I could go to the garage and cut the damn thing off. I could go up to the bedroom where Tracy had sealed the emergency key in an envelope and tear open the envelope to free my cock so I could jerk off. But Tracy had already warned me there would be "severe and dire consequences" if I tried any funny business.

"What type of consequences?" I boldly asked.

She looked down at her tits proudly on display under her slightly too tight dress that showed more cleavage than usual for her. "I'm willing to go through some pain to cut you off from your milk supply."

"I'll leave it on," I quickly agreed.

"I thought so."

But I was quickly getting used to the anticipation. It was almost better than the release. I couldn't wait for Tracy to get home and tell me about her night with Kevin. She was wearing the other key on a simple gold necklace she had dug out of her jewelry box. I wondered if Kevin would ask her about it.

I nursed her breasts empty before she left. Right before she walked out the door

Tracy gave me a kiss. “Don’t wait up.” And with that she was gone. I was alone in the house with nothing but my cockcage and me. The internet is a great way to find porn, but if you don’t have access to your cock, there’s little fun in porn. I watched a couple of movies and waited up for my wife.

I waited a long time.

The movies kept me distracted, mostly. Horror movies seemed to distract me the best. It was terribly late when Tracy opened the door, announcing her arrival back home. I didn’t want to look at the clock, but I knew it was much later than I wanted it to be.

“What time is it?” I asked. I hadn’t fallen asleep, but I was in that hazy zone between dreaming and full consciousness.

“Time to have sex,” Tracy told me as she pulled the chain holding my key over her head. My eyes briefly locked on the bit of brass in her hand, knowing it was my freedom she held.

I turned off the TV and got to my feet. Just a quick look at Tracy told me, and any casual viewer, that she had recently had sex. Her face was glowing, her hair was messed up, and her eyes were shining with unrestrained desire.

I was more than ready to be released. The sight of Tracy made my cock grow hard in my cage and I couldn’t wait to be released. Once I was free, I’d get to fuck her and it would be magnificent.

“Come upstairs,” she told me, leading the way to our bedroom. My eyes locked on her ass as she sashayed up the stairs. When we walked into the room she looked over her shoulder at me. “Help me take off my dress.”

It was one of those dresses that zip up the back and is practically impossible to get on or off by herself. I lowered the zipper knowing that Kevin must have done the same thing a few hours earlier. Her back was bare and I realized she wasn’t wearing her bra. Tracy pulled her arms out of the sleeves and shimmied out of the dress, letting in fall to the floor. I looked down at her ass. The blue lace thong was wedged between her buttocks and I saw on her right cheek a little bruise.

“What’s this?” I asked touching the dark blemish on her skin.

Tracy jumped and whirled around, her breasts bouncing provocatively. She shyly held her arms over her nipples, as if hiding the fact she hadn't worn her bra home. Craning her neck Tracy looked where I had touched her. "Oh, that," she said nervously. "I guess that Kevin must have given me a hickey."

I was alarmed. "On your ass?"

"He likes my ass."

"So he bit it?"

"Kissed, bit, sucked. That's how you get a hickey."

I remembered his earlier request of her. "Did he fuck you in the ass tonight?"

Tracy dropped her hands from her breasts, "Not tonight. But he did put his thumb up there while he fucked me." She smiled shyly. "I'm going to save my ass for him for a special occasion."

I couldn't think of a special occasion where a wife offered anal sex to her boyfriend, but that didn't matter.

Her words must have given Tracy second thoughts about her offer to Kevin. "Unless maybe you want to try it first?" she asked. "You've never asked for it."

"I shook my head. That's fine. Anal's not my thing."

She licked her lips. "Then I'll save it for Kevin, if that's all right with you."

My response was just to nod. I knelt down in front of her and kissed her slightly convex tummy. I was accustomed to Tracy's scent and she smelled like she normally did, but with the added element of sweat from physical exertion and what I was certain was Kevin's scent as well. He had rubbed off on her. I put my hands to her panties and started pulling them down over her hips.

"Careful," she warned me.

I had intentionally knelt down to see the unveiling of her pussy. I expected the material to cling to her pussy lips. Tracy always got wet during sex and afterwards, after getting dressed, that moisture had to have dried causing her

panties to adhere to her labia. Add to that the remnants of Kevin's cum and her panties would be practically glued in place.

What surprised me first was the complete absence of Tracy's auburn pubic hair. It was gone. I stopped with her panties still halfway on and looked up at my wife. She actually blushed at me.

"Kevin shaved me," she admitted. "He said he likes his women like a hairless sex dolphin."

"Hairless sex dolphin?" I questioned her.

She nodded and was unable to meet my gaze. "His words. It'll grow back."

"It's fine," I said. "Sexy. Different." I continued to pull her thong off. As I had predicted the material stuck to her skin and I had to pull down to free them. Bits of Kevin's cum still clung to her pussy. I leaned forward and kissed her bare pubic mound.

"Mmm," she moaned. "More."

"On the bed," I said. She took two steps back and sat down on the mattress. She spread her legs but left her feet on the floor. Now the smell of sex was strong in the air as I moved in close to inspect her pussy.

It was red, I assumed from being fucked, but maybe from being shaved. She was completely bare. Not a hair in sight.

"Can you smell him?" she asked me.

"Yes." I wasn't sure if that was true or not, but it was the answer she wanted to hear.

"Do you want to taste him?"

Again, I wasn't sure if I wanted to, but it was obvious what she wanted me to do. I lowered my face to her cunt and started licking and sucking her. Maybe her flavor was different from what I was accustomed to, maybe not. Still, it was exciting. Tracy's breathing changed immediately to quick, sharp breaths as she started writhing on the bed.

My cock was getting hard inside the cage. It was then that I realized I was still fully dressed. That didn't matter at this point. Always before when I went down on my wife, I'd absently play with my cock to keep it hard while I was pleasuring her. This was impossible now, but I was as hard as I had ever been, albeit my hardness was contained within a plastic tube.

I enjoyed eating out my wife and she was enjoying my attention to her as well. If Kevin had left anything behind it wasn't obvious or most of it had leaked out of her already. But I knew she had been fucked. When I opened my eyes I could see little bits of Kevin's cum here and there on her pubic mound. I also saw my key clasped tightly in Tracy's hand. That gave me the impetus to make her cum with the idea that if she didn't cum, she wouldn't release me.

Making a woman cum once is a challenge, but once that first hurdle is jumped, each successive one is easier. Tracy had been well-primed by Kevin, so when my tongue got busy with her clit it was simplicity itself for her to peak one more time.

"Fuck!" she screamed as her cunt quivered under my tongue. "That's good, that's so good. I want the two of you at once. I need two men to really please me."

I only half ignored her orgasm fueled ramblings. Once she was done cumming I stood up and took off my clothes. Since Tracy's eyes were still closed from her climax, she didn't comment until I got in bed next to her and gave her a kiss. She kissed me back but didn't open her eyes. "I taste good," she mumbled to me. "I can taste Kevin, too. Could you taste him?"

"Uh-huh," I agreed with her. There was no point to arguing.

Tracy's hand traveled down my body to cup my plastic cage. In her left hand she still clutched my key. "I'm going to make you wait until tomorrow morning," she told me softly as she kissed me again. "I'm too tired."

A moment later she was snoring softly. I was disappointed to say the least. It would have been easy enough to pluck the key from her hand, release my cock, and quickly jerk off for some relief, but that wasn't how I wanted to play the game. I wanted her to release me. That was when I realized that I wanted Tracy to control my sexuality.

This was exactly what she was doing and I resented it. After taking a minute I set aside my anger and realized this was probably for the best. When she woke up in the morning she'd want to have sex and I'd be ready for her and the orgasm I was going to have would be explosive.

That reasoning and logic was perfect, however, dealing with the reality of having to listen to Tracy lightly snore for the next two hours as I tried to fall asleep was infuriating. At one point her hand opened up and the key slipped out, though the chain was still looped around her wrist. I gently took it from her arm and placed it carefully on the nightstand.

I don't think I ever really fell asleep that night. Maybe I dozed, maybe I just stayed in my twilight-haze until the light from the morning sun came in through our windows and finally pushed Tracy out of dreamland.

She barely acknowledged me as she stumbled to the bathroom to use the toilet and then stumbled back. I gave her kisses, but these failed to rouse her. She went back to sleep for another half hour, her head resting on my chest, until she finally came fully awake.

"That was a great night," she said as she stretched her arms and twisted around. Her thigh hit my cock. It didn't hurt, but it reminded her of my state. "Oh." She looked down at our naked—mostly—bodies and giggled at me. "I forgot how I left you."

By now I was fully straining against the cage. I wasn't fully erect of course, that was impossible, but I was ready to be released.

"Are you ready?" she asked me.

"I'm ready for anything."

"How do those guys who wear chastity cages go for months?" she pondered. Tracy didn't make a move for my cock or the key.

"I don't know. I think some of what you read about guys in chastity is completely made-up bullshit. Or huge exaggerations. Or maybe they work up to long periods. They start with a couple of days, then a week, then a month."

"Then a year," she finished for me. "Would you like to go without sex for a

year?” she asked me

I vehemently shook my head. “Hell no.”

She smiled at me. “Would you like to have sex right now?”

“Hell yes!”

“What about their wives and girlfriends,” she said, wondering aloud again. “If the guy’s in chastity, they don’t get to have sex either.”

“They can have sex with someone other than the guy they’re keyholding for,” I pointed out.

“Oh right!” I wasn’t sure if Tracy was playing with me or if she wasn’t fully awake enough to come up with these obvious answers on her own. “Would you like that?” she asked. “Would you like me to get all my satisfaction from Kevin and just release you once a month so you can jerk off?”

“Nononono,” I said all at once and all slurred together.

This time her laugh was a little too sincere and a little too wicked. “Are you sure? You’re the one who came up with this idea.”

“A month is too long,” I told her quickly. “And this is just to keep me from jerking off so when I do have sex with you it’ll be for us, not just for me. I want to have sex with you; I just need a little help controlling myself.”

“Should we put this off a few days then?” she asked as she grabbed hold of my cage and tugged on it. “Think of how great it’ll be when you cum.”

I shook my head some more. “No. I want it off now,” I told her. “I want to please you with my cock.”

“I haven’t read a lot about this, but all the advice I’m come across says to establish a set time frame and only release you when that time is met.”

“We haven’t established a time yet!” I protested.

“I know, and it’s a good thing I woke up horny. And it’s a good thing that your

cock often pleases me. We'll see how you do now that you're in competition with Kevin."

That made me nervous. And harder. "I'm ready," I told her. "The key is on the nightstand."

She looked over her pillow at the small piece of furniture that held the brass key to my freedom. "How do I know you didn't unlock yourself in the middle of the night and jerk off while I was asleep?"

I gestured to my constrained erection. "This is how you know that."

She nodded once. "Agreed." Only then did she begin the exquisite process of unlocking me and freeing my cock. It only took a few seconds but it seemed like an eternity. Once the sleeve was clear of my shaft I pointed upward in a natural angle. Getting me free of the ring was easier this time and in just a few heartbeats I was fully erect and ready to go.

I rolled on top of Tracy and spread her legs. Just to be sure I touched her pussy and found she was wet. Either it was left over from last night or this game pleased her as much as it did me. There was no need for preliminaries. I just pushed into her and fucked her hard and fast. Although I tried to please her as much as I could, there was too much pent up energy in my cock and I exploded inside of her in less than a minute.

She gasped and laughed at my pathetic performance. "I've had better," she told me right away. "But you still managed to make me cum. A little. How was it for you?"

I answered honestly. "Mind blowing."

Even though I had only been caged in my chastity device for twenty four hours, it was excruciating to have to endure that much time not being able to touch my own cock. Boys are trained, subconsciously, from a young age that your cock will always be there and when suddenly it's not accessible at will, your brain starts to become confused. The sudden rush of being freed and being given an orgasm was truly mind altering. I wanted to do it again and again…but for that to happen I would have to be caged up again.

My life was soon to become a cycle of denial and endurance and sudden release.

“C’mon,” Tracy said as she grabbed my hand. “The kids will be home soon enough. Let’s shower.”

What she meant was let’s shower together. I was fine with that, but she had additional plans beyond just getting clean. After we had gotten wet and removed the layer of sweat and sex liquids Tracy got down in front of me with her razor in hand.

“I like your balls nice and smooth,” she told me. “And you said that the cage pulls your hair at just the wrong moments, didn’t you?”

“Uh-huh,” I warily agreed. I already knew where she was going with this and I wasn’t sure I liked it.

“I like being smooth down here,” she said as she lightly rubbed her pussy. “You’ll like it too.”

“Um…I’m not so sure.”

Tracy shook her head. “I want you to try it. You’ll like it,” she assured me as she inspected my little next of curly pubes. “I think we need to trim this back a bit with scissors first.” She shut off the water and hoped out of the tub. A moment later she was back with a small pair of scissors and started going after my pubic hair. It fell to the bottom of the tub. In a minute I was shorn down to a stubbly plush and then Tracy picked up her can of aloe vera infused shaving gel and worked it into what little hair I had left.

This led to the small problem of her hanging on to my cock while she shaved away the hair I had been growing since puberty. Oddly, the process was enjoyable except for the few times my cock started to swell and harden. Tracy nipped that problem right in the bud with a firm slap to my sensitive regions. “Keep it under control,” she muttered each time as I shrank back to my normal size.

In short order I was soon as bald as she was. One oddity of not having pubic hair was my cock actually looked larger to me than before. I was admiring my newfound length while Tracy softly rubbed me, removing the last bits of hair and shaving cream, when she said, “I didn’t invite you into the shower for just a little washing and shaving, you know.”

She stood up and turned her back to me while placing one foot up on the tub's ledge. That was all the invitation I needed. I grabbed her hips and she helped me get just hard enough to slip into her pussy. We fucked while the hot water pounded down on us. It was odd being bare down there, and fucking in the shower isn't the easiest maneuver even in the best of circumstances. Still, I was keyed up and ready to fuck. Tracy must still have been floating on the cloud of euphoria women tend to have after sex because she claimed everything I did made her fee; wonderful.

After I came in her I didn't want to take my cock out of her, but nature was in control of us both and my legs started cramping before I could go completely soft. When I fell out of her pussy she had to wash herself one more time and was nice enough to soap and rinse off my cock as well. When we got out of the shower she applied some lotion to my balls and skin where my hair had been along with applying it to her pussy.

A long shower and two fucks in short order plus a sleepless night had put me on my ass. I was ready to go back to bed, but Tracy wasn't done with me yet. We did tumble back onto the mattress and she offered me her breast as I cuddled up to her warm body.

"That was fun," she told me. "We should do it again."

"Mmm-hmm," I absently agreed as I nuzzled her breast and started nursing.

"You'll be in charge of your own shaving, of course, but a bit of denial for you along with some great sex for both of us after I fuck Kevin…I could get used to this."

I agreed with her but only continued to suckle the small amount of milk that had built up in her breasts.

"You'll have to be under lock and key, of course," she added.

"Okay," I sleepily agreed.

"Can I put it back on you now?" Tracy asked eagerly.

I just rolled to my back and pulled down the sheets to expose my cock. I barely felt Tracy's busy hands as the ring went behind my balls and the sleeve went

onto my penis. In no time at all I was safely locked away and drifting off to sleep, my body sated with sex from my slutty wife and my belly warmed by and full of her milk.

Chapter Nine

I woke up in extreme pain because my cock was trying to escape the confines of my cage. I rolled over onto my stomach and waited for the pain to ease. It didn't take long, but seemed to last for hours because any pain to a man's cock is a pain like nothing else. Maybe being in chastity for my wife wasn't such a great idea.

The bed was empty but for me and judging from the angle of the sun, it was well into late morning. My cock was hard—or at least trying to get hard inside the small space of the cage—and I was in pain. After checking the nightstand and not finding the key I stagger to the bathroom and got in the shower, turning on only the cold water. It only took me a minute of shivering under the cold spray for my cock to shrivel up so I could pee, and then it was back into the shower for a normal, hot shower.

I could hear my wife and kids downstairs, so I dressed and went to the kitchen for some food. I was greeted the remains of brunch and a kiss from my wife. She came around the central island that separated the kitchen from the dining area and embraced me, kissing me deeply enough in front of the kids to embarrass them. They responded to our little display of affection with cries of "Gross!" and "Disgusting!" and "Get a room!" We ignored them.

What the kids couldn't see was my wife cupping my crotch behind the island. She couldn't feel much beyond the hard plastic and the metal lock.

"Feeling good?" she asked. She wasn't worried about my total physical and emotional health. She just wanted to know about my cock.

"Comfortable," I told her and we moved on to the rest of the day.

It was so easy to slip into a routine. It would have been great to say that I took to the chastity cage like a duck takes to water, but that wasn't the case. As with any huge change in lifestyle like this, it took some time to find out how it worked best for me and Tracy.

We quickly agreed that the primary reason for me to wear the cage was to keep me from masturbating. While I had never before considered my self-love activities to be over-active, Tracy was suddenly fascinated about what I was doing with my dick when it wasn't in her presence.

Once she figured out the great amount of power she had over me by holding the key to my cage, she wielded that power every chance she got.

"How often do you jerk off?" she asked me as we worked out our arrangement.

"Two or three times a week," I admitted. It was more like three to five.

She was disappointed in my answer. "Even when we have sex every day?"

I shrugged. "Yeah…"

"When do you do it?"

"At work in the bathroom. At home when you're asleep or after you leave for work and the kids are at school."

She shook her head. "Well, that's going to stop. I don't have that habit, so you can't either. I'll give you plenty of releases but no more jerking off without my permission. If you can control yourself, you can get all the milk I can produce. If you're bad…I'll go back to using the breast pump."

"Sounds good to me," I agreed too quickly.

"I get to have sex with Kevin whenever I want," she added.

If she thought that was a disincentive to me, she was completely wrong. Just the idea of her having sex with another man started getting me hard inside my cage. "Agreed." It occurred to me that I should be adding some parameters to our growing agreement. "You'll need to release me a minimum of three times a week for sex."

She shook her head. "Twice a week. More at my discretion. And if you're truly bad, not doing what I want, then I'm not going to resort to the breast pump, I'm going to have Kevin nurse from me."

And just like that she found the button to control me.

Our arrangement lasted like this for a few months. She would have sex with Kevin at least once a week over at his place. Not always on the weekend, but often. These were easy to endure because even though my cock kept trying to get hard inside my cage, I knew that Tracy would be home soon enough, still riding on a sexual high, and would want to release me so I could fuck her one more time while her pussy was still full of Kevin's cum.

It was when she would text me at work with messages like, "I just gave Kevin a blowjob in the parking lot," or "We fucked at his place over lunch" that got me hot and bothered. I was at work and caged so there wasn't any relief in store for me until that evening when we went to bed. She always insisted I nurse from her first before she'd release me. Sometimes I'd doubt the truth of what she texted me, but then I'd check and would find the evidence of Kevin's cum in her pussy. That would get me even harder.

All things considered, it was a wonderful way to live. Sure, there were periods of torture when I wanted to fuck or jerk off, but couldn't because I was caged, but then Tracy would release me and it would all be worth it.

Hygiene was important, of course. It became easier for Tracy and me to keep our pubes shaved. She did it because she found sex more enjoyable without hair down there. I did it because she insisted—though I wasn't too sure why she insisted—and because wearing a plastic cockcage is a lot more comfortable when little pieces of hair weren't pulling at my tender skin. Shaving was always a supervised activity. We usually showered together in the morning when Tracy would take off my cage, allow me to shave, and then put it back on when I was smooth, clean and dry. She would shave her legs and pussy at the same time. Shaving had to be supervised because it felt incredibly good to run a razor over my cock and balls. More than once I got hard shaving myself and had to resort to a cold shower to get small enough to get back in the cage.

Instead of driving a wedge between us, Tracy's affair and my cockcage, both activities actually drew us together.

And it was Tracy's fuck up that caused the problem between her and Kevin.

She came home from work practically hyperventilating, but couldn't talk about what happened because of the kids. All she would say was, "Later, when we can talk." Taking care of household chores and cooking dinner was never so annoying or distracting. When the kids were sequestered in their rooms finishing homework, Tracy was finally able to talk to me. She wound up just handing me her phone and saying, "I sent this message today." She had gone over to Kevin's last night for sex which explained the context of her message.

I loved sucking your cock last night. It gets me so wet knowing your big cock is in my mouth and Evan's is at home locked up. Attached to the text was a low resolution picture of my cock in its cage. I had sent her the picture a few weeks ago when I was really horny—my cock was swelling inside the plastic tube, straining to escape—and wanted to show her how ready I was to be released.

The text and picture wasn't anything she hadn't sent to Kevin before. There wasn't any real way to show it was actually a picture of my cock so I wasn't worried about being identified in the picture, so I looked at her in puzzlement. "Okay, so what? Did he say something to you that pissed you off?"

I hadn't scrolled down on the phone's screen to see where the conversation went. I respected Tracy's privacy when she wanted it. She took the phone back from me and pointed at the top of the conversation. That's when I saw it. The header indicated the text hadn't been sent to Kevin. It had been sent to Kerrie.

Tracy had tears welling up in her eyes. "I was hurrying and selected the wrong contact from my list," she explained only then did she scroll down for me to let me see how the rest of the conversation went.

Kerrie: What the fuck Tracy? Did you mean to send this to me?

Tracy: I was goofing around with Evan.

Her explanation was lame and sounded hollow even in a text.

Kerrie: Holy shit. You've been fucking Kevin, haven't you. You slut! This was followed by a leering smiley face.

Tracy: No, no. I'm just goofing around with Ethan. He sent me that picture a while ago.

Kerri: Don't lie to me. Fuck, no wonder he always turns me down when I make a pass at him. And is that really Ethan's cock?

Tracy: No. Just some picture he found on the internet. He likes this dirty talk.

Kerrie wasn't so easily fooled.

Kerrie: I bet if I go to Kevin he'll tell me the truth. How long has this been going on.

Tracy: Don't do that.

I could almost hear the smugness in Kerrie's response.

Kerrie: I knew you weren't the good little girl you pretend to be. Tell me everything.

Tracy: Let's talk at lunch.

And that was the end of the conversation. I looked up at my wife. "What did you two talk about at lunch?" My tongue was thick in my mouth. We hadn't done anything wrong or illegal, but I felt guilty and upset regardless.

When she answered me, Tracy's eyes stayed locked on the bedspread. It was a deep green spread that had silver thread in it that picked out a pattern I could never make any sense of, but Tracy loved it when she saw it. "I told her everything," she admitted.

"Everything?" That seemed surprising to me. There had to be a detail somewhere that Tracy must have left out, but then I realized I was missing the point. When Tracy said everything, she probably just meant all the salient points. If some of the minor details were missing, that was unimportant.

"Yeah. Everything. She knew something was up even before I fucked up and sent her that text by mistake. She's not stupid. She dates enough to know when someone is getting something on the side because she's dated a few married men along the way." That was news to me but I let it go at the moment. I wasn't nearly as interested in Kerrie's sex life as I was in my own. "She already knew about your lactation fetish. I told her about my affair with Kevin. That drove her insane," she said with a bit of a grin on her lips, "because she's been flirting on and off with him for weeks and she couldn't figure out why he wasn't interested."

"Why wasn't he interested?" I asked, curious. Kerrie was a sexy and vivacious woman. Kevin certainly could have taken her out and fucked her once or twice if he wanted to.

Tracy looked up at me. "Oh, I think he was, but he knows that Tracy and I are friends so he avoided her, I think. He probably didn't want to make a difficult situation hopelessly complicated."

"Ah. I see."

"And I told her about your chastity cage," she informed me as she reached out and fondled me through my pants.

"Oh." I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

Her small grin broadened. "She found that sexy and said I must be a truly empowered woman if I have a boyfriend on the side and keep my husband's cock under lock and key."

I was baffled. "She actually said that?"

Tracy nodded. “And she added that she wished she had done this to a couple of her past boyfriends. Maybe she’d still have one of them if she had.”

I slowly shook my head. “That’s not really how it works.”

“I told her that, but it wasn’t the main topic of discussion.”

“What was the main topic of discussion? It seems you two covered quite a bit of ground.”

Tracy looked down at the bedspread again. “The main topic…um, it was her asking me if it was okay if she had sex with Kevin.”

“Ah…isn’t that a decision Kevin should be involved in making?”

That made her laugh. “Yeah. Right. As if a man would ever say no to a woman asking for sex if he knew it wasn’t going to get him in trouble.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” I disagreed.

“Oh, really? What would you say if I told you I had an agreement with Kerrie and you needed to go have sex with her tomorrow night? Would you say no?”

Sexually speaking Tracy and I didn’t have a lot of secrets. I was somewhat miffed that my wife was prostituting me out but then I gave it a second thought. “I’d probably say yes.”

“Don’t worry about your answer, you’re not going to have sex with Kerrie,” Tracy informed me. “The next guy she bangs will probably be Kevin.”

“So what now?” I asked her.

My wife lifted her eyes up off the bedspread. “Nothing. Well, nothing much changes. I have to tell Kevin he’s expected to go out on a date with Kerrie, and that pretty much means she’s going to have sex with him unless he’s an ass when they have dinner. Nothing changes for you. I’m not sure if I want to share Kevin with Kerrie, though.”

I nodded. “I see. And how does that change things between us?”

Her gaze met mine. Sometimes when you've been with a person long enough you know what they're thinking and feeling without exchanging a word. "It doesn't. I keep you in chastity and you get to keep nursing from me."

"Good."

The next day Tracy reported back to me that Kevin was happy to take Kerrie out on a date and (presumably) fuck her. On one condition. "He wants to fuck me in front of you."

It was like a dream come true. "Okay!" I agreed happily. "I'm in."

Tracy shook her head as she took off her blouse and offered her breast to me. I fell upon it and started happily nursing her. "You don't get to fuck me at all," she said as I drew out her sweet milk. "You just get to watch. And maybe go down on me, to get me ready for him."

I knew that nursing from her tits would get Tracy just as ready for sex as me going down on her, but I wasn't going to complain. After weeks of stories I'd finally be able to see another man fuck my wife. "He also wants your key for forty eight hours after he fucks me," she said.

"What?" I spluttered. "Why?"

She had a wicked grin on her face and kissed me as she pushed my hand down into her panties. "He said he didn't want me despoiled by your cock so soon after he has me."

I was fine with that, oddly enough. After five minutes of seeing my wife fucked I'm sure a feather brush would make me cum. Having to wait two days for the privilege would be heaven.

"I'm in," I repeated for her, just to let her know I was perfectly clear on the issue.

Her eyes were screwed shut as I had been nursing on her tit and playing with her clit at the same time. Even with that impediment, she was able to cup my caged cock and tell me, "No, honey, with this thing on, you're not going to be in me at

all.”

Chapter Ten

Kevin was much younger looking than I had pictured him. He was handsome with slightly out of control light brown hair that was cut a little too long. He was also unfailingly polite when he shook my hand. We had agreed to meet at the hotel bar—neutral ground—and then go up to the room he had rented for the night. The kids were at home with a babysitter. Everything was perfect.

We had agreed to only one drink each. We didn't want our senses dulled for the encounter…or be unable to perform.

"He looks a lot younger than I expected," I whispered to Tracy when Kevin went to pay for our drinks. She leaned forward and gave me a little kiss on the cheek which afforded me a look down the top of her purple dress. The bra she was wearing under her dress was black and lacy and barely able to contain her tits. The bra and the deep cut of the dress put her ample cleavage on display.

"What were you expecting?" she asked.

I shifted in my seat. Her hand was on my thigh, right next to where my contained cock was starting to swell. For the past half hour I had been thinking about everything but how I was about to be humiliated and how much I wanted to see Kevin fuck her. "Someone who looks roughly my age. He looks like he's just out of college." Passing the thirty year mark is a milestone everyone has to deal with on their own. I wasn't doing a terrible job with it considering it had been a few years in the past already.

Tracy couldn't help but giggle. "That's because he's only a few years out of college. I'm a cougar. Rarh!"

That was enough to spin my head. My wife was fucking a younger man. True, I was only a few months older than her, but for her to bed a man roughly a decade younger gave me a certain bit of pride. She was beautiful enough to get any man she wanted.

I don't remember the trip up to the hotel room, but I do remember walking inside

and going immediately to the window. The hotel itself was only five stories with a view of the airport and a couple of busy traffic lanes. I made sure the drapes stayed open.

“I’d like Ethan to take off his clothes first,” Kevin was saying. I turned around and saw that Tracy had her arms around him and was whispering in his ear. My stomach did a flip-flop when he spoke, but I wasn’t sure if that was from his request or the way my wife was holding him. The second flip-flop was from seeing her kiss his cheek.

“Go ahead, honey,” Tracy said to me. She let go of Kevin and walked over to me. I was frozen in place. I didn’t want to be the downer that ended the evening before it began. It was Tracy who helped move things along. She kissed me and helped me out of my jacket and shirt. We were making out as Kevin watched her strip me. Once my shirt was off, I kicked off my shoes and Tracy went to her knees to unbuckle me pants. She pulled them and my underwear off in one smooth motion. I focused on her, trying to ignore Kevin across the room. Once my socks were removed I was naked but for the cockcage which isn’t much in the way of attire.

I was swelling up inside the translucent plastic and I wasn’t the least bit ashamed. At least, that’s what I told myself.

“You weren’t kidding,” Kevin said to Tracy as stepped around the bed to inspect my chastity device. No man had looked so closely at my cock since my last doctor’s visit. “I was half sure you were pulling my leg.” He gently rubbed Tracy’s back as he sat on the edge of the bed, his eyes level with my cock. I could see why Tracy liked him. He was innocent and knowing at the same time, with a certain handsomeness that was hard to capture. “Can I touch it?”

Before I could answer, Tracy piped up. “Sure, you won’t feel much of anything, though.” Tracy wrapped her hand around my plastic shaft and moved the entire device back and forth a bit. I grunted in surprise at her rough handling of me.

Since I didn’t object Kevin reached out and manipulated my cage a bit, not at all shy about what he was doing. His knuckles grazed my balls, but that was all the skin to skin contact we had.

“Amazing,” he admired. “You’re a bigger man than I am,” Kevin said to me. Before I had the chance to ask if he meant that metaphorically or literally, he

turned back to Tracy. “Take off your clothes.”

“Sure,” she happily agreed and slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders, allowing it to fall to the floor in a heap. Kevin helpfully unhooked her bra, barely giving it the long look it deserved as it adorned her beauty, but allowed her to take off her matching lace panties on her own. Somewhere along the line she had removed her shoes so it only took half a moment for her to suddenly become naked in front of him. She wasn’t the least bit shy about it either. “What do you want next?” she asked him as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his face down to hers for an intense kiss.

My cock twitched but did little else inside the cage. It wanted to do so much more, but I was helpless.

“I want to watch him nurse from you,” Kevin said when their kiss broke.

With a nod to me, Tracy went to the bed and I joined her. Her tits were full, as Kevin had requested. I lowered my face to her chest and her milk started flowing immediately. We wrapped our bodies around each other, her leg wedged again my cock, not that it needed to be further constrained. I was aware of Kevin moving around, watching us.

“Lift up your leg, Tracy,” he told her. My eyes were close, but I could feel his hand moving between her legs, touching her pussy. “Damn. It does get you wet.”

I ignored him and switched breasts. Through half-opened eyes I could see little drops of her milk leaking from her nipple. Tracy reached up and pulled Kevin’s face to hers for another kiss.

“Want to taste it?” she said barely audibly.

When he hesitated, she wiped away the drops of milk on her nipple and brought her fingers to his mouth. Like me, Kevin was surprised at the sweetness and the flavor itself was enough to overcome his balkiness. It was strange to be nursing from my wife alongside another man, but was it really that much stranger than knowing he had been fucking my wife for the past months?

Naturally Tracy didn’t mind being double-sucked at all. She had already been excited at the prospect of fucking Kevin in front of me, and her excitement had only gone up when I started nursing from her, she was at a peak when Kevin’s

lips reached her nipple and he started drinking from her. Since we were alone in the relative privacy of a hotel room, she let herself go with her noises and writhing. In no time at all she was actively trying not to come. That made me suck all the harder on her; I'm sure that Kevin was doing the same.

I knew the signs of Tracy's impending climax, the way her breath came in short, sharp bursts, the way her thighs were rubbing together because she couldn't reach her pussy with her hand, the way her breasts heated up forcing a fine layer of sweat over her skin. When she came, she came so hard that she sat up knocking both of us off her tits which continued to leak milk as she came. Tracy grabbed her breasts, holding them in surprise, squeezing them to stop the pleasure of the pain we had given her.

"Good?" I asked her.

She couldn't talk right away, but Tracy was able to nod.

Kevin wiped his lips on the back of his sleeve and then pulled off his shirt. "Are you ready for me?" he asked her as he continued to strip.

All Tracy could do was nod as she laid back and opened up her legs. I was no longer necessary and so I stood back and watched the two lovers. Tracy grabbed his cock. While I was trying to get erect inside my cage, Kevin was barely hard so he knelt near the top of the bed and made Tracy sit up to suck him. It was a beautiful scene. It was as if they didn't know I was there or, even better, as if they didn't care I was there and watching.

Tracy gently held his balls as she nodded her head back and forth to get him hard. Kevin must have loved what she did with her mouth because it didn't take him long at all to stiffen and in short order he pulled out of her mouth and moved down her body. I wished I could have seen him sink his cock into her cunt, but the way their bodies were positioned made that impossible, but I could tell when he was inside her. Their bodies went through the motions of sex and their moans filled the air. I stepped to the foot of the bed and was squatted down to see where their bodies joined. It wasn't like watching porn, everything wasn't positioned for me to watch. What they were doing was for their pleasure, not mine.

As the fucked I wanted nothing more than to jerk off, but of course I was trapped inside the little piece of plastic that enforced chastity upon me. I had willingly had this chastity put upon me and now I was torn between the torture of being

unable to have any sexual release and the need for sexual release. I could only watch as they fucked and ignored me. The only time that Tracy even acknowledged me as they fucked was when they switched positions. They rolled over so that Tracy was on top. As they were doing so she glanced over her shoulder at me and grinned like the cat that had caught the canary. The one great advantage of their new position was that I could see his cock pumping in and out of her pussy.

It was a beautiful sight. When Kevin started fucking her urgently, his cock rapidly disappearing and reappearing from within her body, she let out a high keening wail and came. That pushed Kevin over the edge. His balls tightened up to his body and I could see the pulse in his cock with each spurt of cum he shot up inside her pussy.

I didn't say anything as they rested together from their exertions. I could hear them kissing and murmuring words to one another, but I was watching Kevin's cock still in my wife's pussy. It was slowly and steadily shrinking. I wanted it to stay there forever, but of course that was impossible. Eventually he shrank enough that his cock slipped free of her body. A moment later I could see his white cum dripping from her pussy and I saw bits of him clinging to her labia.

After their climaxes there was a long uncomfortable pause as we tried to figure out what to do next.

"Tell him," I heard Kevin say to Tracy.

Tracy rolled off him and splayed her legs, displaying her used pussy to me. "I'm full of Kevin's cum," she told me, looking me right in the eye, and then her gaze dropped to my locked cock. "You need to clean me up."

After a man cums he loses sexual desire for however long his refractory period is. That doesn't happen with a woman. Tracy was still keyed up and ready for more play. Kevin need a few minutes before he was ready to continue. I, of course, was still trapped in my cage and hadn't lost a gram of desire. I was ready to do anything she asked of me.

Tracy reached out her hand to me and I grabbed it. I knew where she was leading me and I didn't want to do what she desired—or maybe what Kevin desired to see me do—but I was caged and my desire was an inferno of lust. It was no trouble at all for her to lead me down to her pussy. I stared at it for just a second.

It was red and swollen and wet with her natural lubrication and Kevin's spunk. "Clean me," she urged me again.

That was all that I needed. I plunged my face into her pussy and started licking and sucking her. I could taste the strong tang of Kevin's cum mixed with my wife's usual flavor. She was ripe with desire so her juices were flowing steadily, pushing him out of her forcing me to swallow what was coming out. I didn't mind. It was just the next level of play for us. I'm sure Kevin was watching. How much he got off on watching me eat out my wife after he fucked her I couldn't say for certain, but since it was his idea he must have enjoyed the humiliation he was forcing upon me.

But I didn't consider it humiliating. It was an honor to give my wife what she wanted. If she wanted to fuck another man and then have me go down on her, then I was thrilled to do just that for her. No one else could do it because I was her husband and any other person would be a poor substitute for what I was doing.

Her orgasm came and she squashed my head between her thighs as her climax shook her. It was satisfying making her cum. It wasn't nearly as satisfying as cumming myself, but there had to be the small, steady steps towards sexual gratification.

My face was wet when I was done and I was breathing as heavily as Tracy, but I didn't want to smear off her juices. I wanted them to stay with me. I just climbed over her leg and fell on my back near the bottom of the bed. I intentionally fell on my back to display my semi-hard cock trying to escape the chastity cage to them.

"You like being restricted like that?" Kevin asked me.

I glanced up to the top of the bed where they were laying next to each other. Then I looked down at my temporarily useless cock. "Sort of. It increases sexual need and desire." I had to say something to defend myself.

"Do you want to take it off?" he asked.

"That's up to Tracy," I answered automatically.

"Why's that?"

“She’s my keyholder. She gets to decide when my cage comes off, under what circumstances, and for how long.”

“Among other things,” he added.

“Among other things,” I confirmed.

“Give me his key,” Kevin ordered Tracy. I didn’t know if this was something else they had planned for Kevin’s amusement—and mine as well because everything we had done I had enjoyed—but Tracy got off the bed, found her purse, and rummaged around in it for a minute before finally extracting the necklace onto which my key was attached. She didn’t make a big show of wearing it around. It was fine for a college student or a punk to wear a key on a chain but a woman working in a state office? That was mildly strange and would bring about too many uncomfortable questions and answers that were lies. I didn’t need Tracy to display evidence that she had me under lock and key. The knowledge was good enough.

Once she found the key she handed it over to Kevin. “Come here,” he said to me. “I want to unlock you.”

Now I was worried. This wasn’t part of the plan as far as I knew, but with a confident nod from Tracy I rolled off the bed and walked around it until I stood next to where Kevin was reclining. He fitted the little brass key into the small padlock and popped open the shackle. It was easy enough to slip the lock free, but it was uncomfortable for me to have another man handling my cock. I wasn’t exactly shy, but that hadn’t been part of my life experience previously.

Kevin didn’t exactly know what he was doing, but a cockcage isn’t exactly a complicated piece of engineering. I started getting truly stiff when he pulled off the tube and then I had to help him a bit with the retaining ring—I was an expert now at getting it over my balls and shaft. The moment the ring was removed I immediately became rock hard, my cock pointed up toward the ceiling and past Kevin’s face.

He nodded confidently at Tracy. “You don’t mind, do you?” he asked her.

It seemed strange that he was asking permission to free me after he had already done so, but Tracy took it in stride. “Go ahead,” she told him.

Before I knew what was happening Kevin lowered his mouth onto my cock and started sucking me off.

That was a surprise. I wasn't expecting my wife's boyfriend to give me head. But what was even more surprising—beyond the fact that Tracy was all smiles and was watching us intentionally—was how good Kevin was at fellatio.

I realized after the fact that this was not the first time Kevin had gone down on another guy. No one is that good at sucking cock the first time they try it. I was so keyed up after seeing my wife fucked and then going down on her to clean up Kevin's remains that I could have stuck my dick into a tube of sandpaper and have been thrilled. He only had to work his mouth and hand on me for a minute before I was gasping for breath and cumming.

There must have been heavy gobs of my cum filling his mouth but I didn't see any of it because my eyes were closely tightly against the intensity of my orgasm. Kevin was a professional and swallowed every bit of what I shot out. When I was done Tracy was right there next to us watching with shining eyes, thrilled at the performance she had just witnessed between her husband and boyfriend. I was spent. I all but collapsed on the other bed and breathed heavily.

A minute later Tracy's hand was on my cock, wiping it down with a warm washcloth. That was largely unnecessary since Kevin had cleaned me off fairly well, but then she applied a cold, wet washcloth to my cock and balls. I started shrinking.

"Time to get you back in your cage," she told me.

I just nodded. She expertly pushed my cock through the ring, slipped my shaft into the tube, and locked me carefully away. I was spent and I felt safe and secure once the procedure was over. What disturbed me immediately afterwards was witnessing Tracy handing over the key to Kevin.

"You'll be fine for a couple of days without this," Tracy told me.

"Thanks, babe," Kevin said to her as he started pulling his clothes back on. I just stared at them as they kissed a bit. His shirt was still off and she was completely naked. Tracy was enjoying making out in front of me. Her hand was cupping his cock through his pants.

“You aren’t leaving yet,” she told him as he made to put on his shirt.

“I’m spent,” he told her.

“No you aren’t,” she insisted. “You’ve only cum once. You’ve got a lot more in you, I know you do.” She aggressively shoved her hand down his pants and manipulated his cock. I watched in fascination wondering if that’s how she and I looked to other people or if she was completely different when she had sex with another man.

He wasn’t objecting to her rough handling of his cock and eventually his pants came down and she went down on her knees to take him into her mouth again. I could feel Kevin’s eyes on me, watching me—and maybe my cock—instead of her. I focused on her mouth and his cock. It was almost like my own personal porn film. Almost.

“Get on your hands and knees on the bed,” he finally ordered her.

In a flash Tracy did as he commanded and he took his hard cock in his hand, probed between her legs until he found her opening, and then started fucking her once more, right in front of me. He was standing on the floor while she was on the mattress. They managed to line up everything just right. It was a perfect moment.

Tracy managed to catch my attention with her eyes. “Come over here,” she pleaded. I was sitting still on the other bed. I had to do as she asked. Pulling me down to her, she kissed me as Kevin continued to fuck her. “Is this okay?” she whispered in my ear, pretending Kevin’s cock wasn’t in her pussy.

“It’s great! It’s perfect!” What can you really say when a man is fucking your wife and she’s enjoying it. I was enjoying everything as well.

She kissed me again and interlaced the fingers of one hand with mine. “Play with my clit,” she told me. “Make me cum.”

And so I held hands with my wife as I reached down to her pussy and found her swollen clit. I couldn’t help but feel Kevin’s cock as it slid it and out of her. He grinned at me like a fool riding on top of the world. Maybe he hoped I’d go further and fondle him or get down and lick both of their sexes while they fucked, but Tracy had asked me to make her cum and I was going to do that

before Kevin could unload another round of cum into her pussy.

Once Tracy starts riding on her orgasmic high it's fairly easy to make her cum. I just firmly rubbed her clit in the up and down motion she favored and watched her face as she scrunched it up and gasped as her pussy responded to my treatment. It might have been Kevin's cock hitting her in just the right spot inside her pussy, but I think it was me. I made her cum and then I made her cum again, never letting go of her hand and never letting her clit have a bit of relief. She kept cumming and crying out from the pleasure until Kevin finally let loose inside her.

Tracy collapsed to the bed as tears of relief and joy streamed down her cheeks. I held her close. I don't know what happened to Kevin but a few minutes later he gave her a kiss on the cheek. "That was great, but I really do have to be going now," he told her and then glanced briefly at me. "Thanks for everything, Ethan."

I just nodded in acknowledgement at him.

Kevin was already dressed so he simply walked out the door and left us alone.

Tracy actually fell asleep. That wasn't so surprising since she was exhausted after her multiple orgasms. I left her sleep an hour, holding her in my arms, until one started to go dead and I slithered free. In the process I woke her up.

"We should probably get going," she said to me once she remembered where we were. "The babysitter doesn't want to be at our place that much after midnight."

"Did you know he wanted to suck my cock?" I asked Tracy on the drive home.

She looked away but nodded. "Yes. I didn't know how to bring it up to you, though."

"It's all right," I told her. "He really knew what he was doing."

"Uh-huh. I kind of knew that. He told me all about his history."

That caught my attention. "What history."

"His, um, sexual history."

“Yeah. What exactly. Details, please.”

She shook her head slowly in amazement. “You’re such a perv. Okay, well, obviously he’s bi.”

“Yup, I picked up on that.”

“And he told me in college he went a little wild dating both men and women. He wasn’t really sure what he was and as a result got the reputation of a slut.”

I nodded my head as I drove. “I can see that.”

“And after he graduated he tried to break what he called his bad habits.”

I chortled. “Doesn’t seem like he’s had much success on that front.”

“No, not at all. But he’s being a little saner now, or so he tells me.”

“When did he tell you he was bi?”

“He didn’t, but one night after we had sex he asked me what it was like sucking your cock,” she said pointing to me. “Which I thought was a weird question, but I told him and he confessed he’d like to suck you off as well as I watched.” She licked her lips. “That kind of drew my interest so I agreed to help out with that tonight.”

I wasn’t sure if I would have straight out agreed to their plan if Kevin had flatly asked me to suck my cock, but I enjoyed what he had done so I didn’t complain. “I wonder how many men he’s had sex with.”

“He’s sucked off seventeen guys and had full on sex with eight of them,” Tracy informed me.

“Wow! That’s impressive.” I paused. “Impressive in that he’s had sex with that many men and you remembered the figure.”

“He’s also had sex with twenty five women.” Tracy smiled with a bit of triumph. “I’m number twenty five. Wait! Shit! He’s sucked off eighteen guys now. That includes you.”

“Um…great. When did he figure out he was bi?”

Tracy shook her head. “He’s not bi.”

It was my turn to disagree with her. “Um, he sucked me off an hour ago. And he fucked you twice. In my book that’s bi.”

Tracy cleared her throat. “Let me clarify. He says he’s not bi. Kevin also says he likes to have sex with other men on occasion.”

I looked askance at her. “Still sounds bi to me.”

“Me too,” she agreed. “Just don’t tell him that. We had an argument over it and he insists he straight but just has sex with men on occasion.”

“Based on his numbers he’s seventy-two percent bi.”

She made a face at me. “Where’d you get that number?”

“Eighteen men, twenty five women. That translates to seventy-two percent.”

My wife shook her head at me. “I don’t think it’s necessary to put a number on it.”

“Well, if he ever asks you, tell him I think he’s seventy-two percent bi.”

“If he asks me, should I tell him you had a good time tonight?”

I nodded my head. “Yes. And I’d be willing to do it again.”

End Part Three

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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