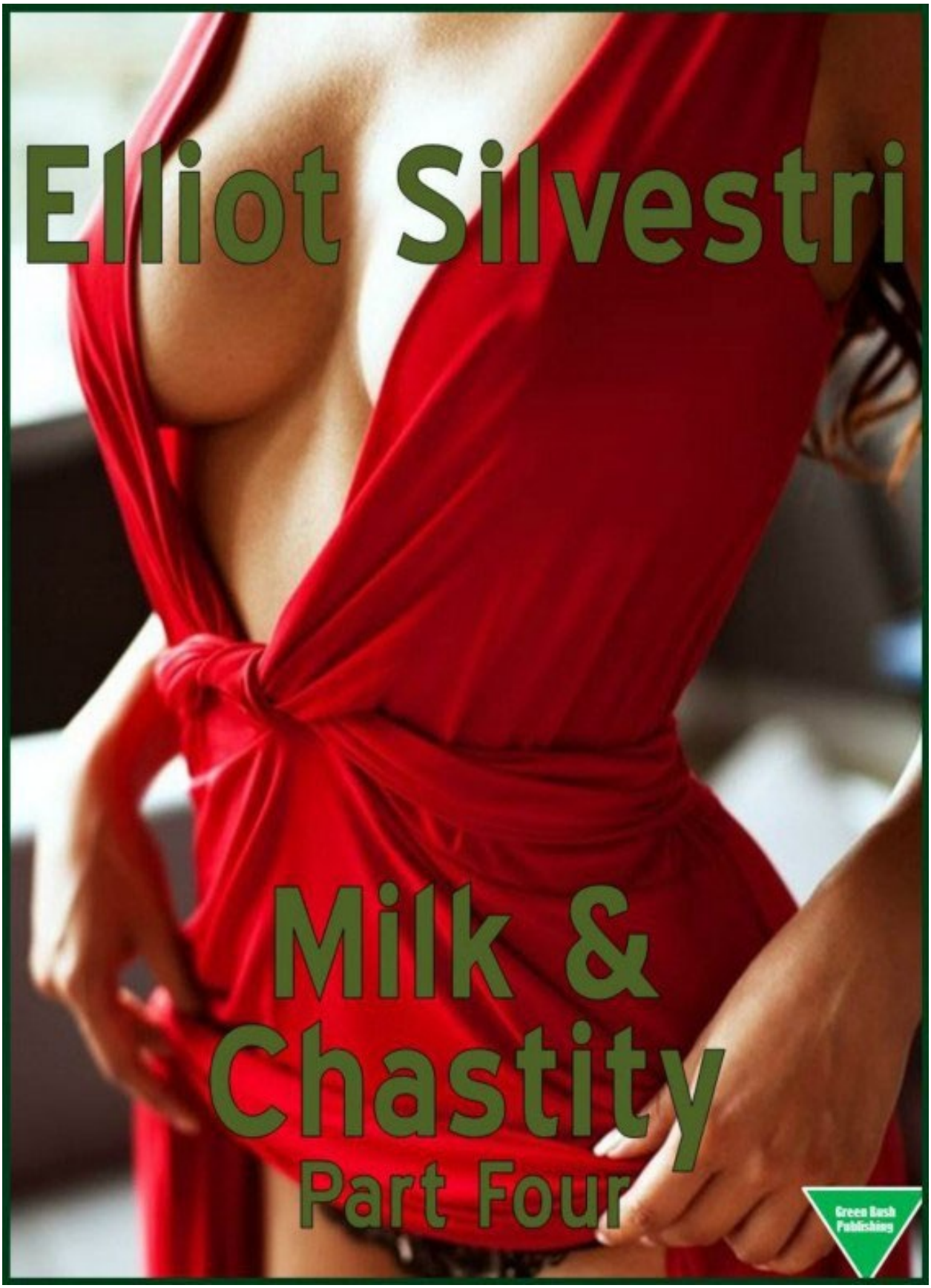
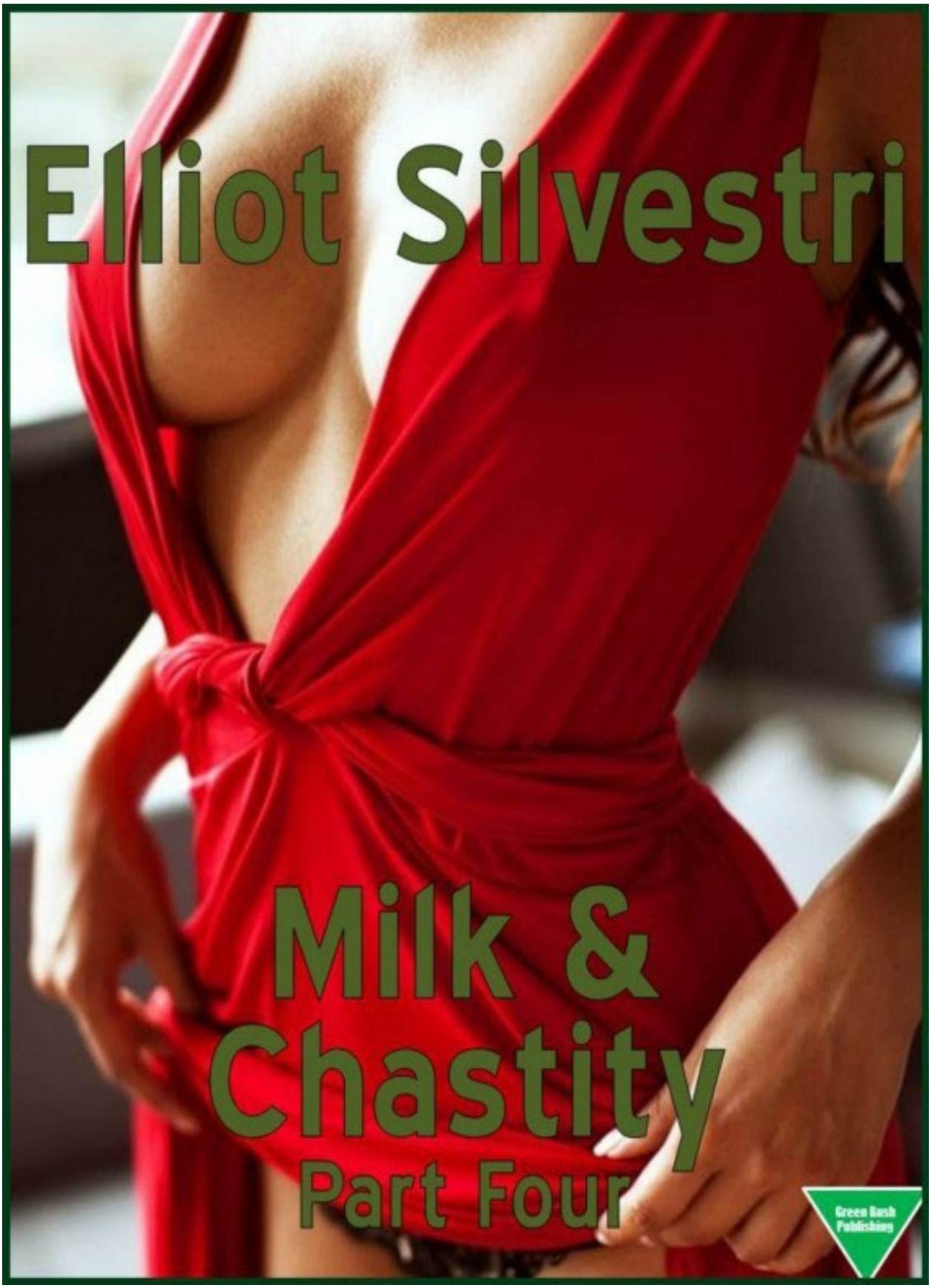

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Milk &
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Part Four
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Four

Chapter Eleven

I wound up spending the entire weekend in chastity, which was both wonderful and terrible. At this point Tracy was generally keeping me locked up for two or three days at a time, after the three day mark she'd release me and we'd have the type of normal straight sex that hypocritical preachers advocate while fondling teenage boys in the rectory. But generally on the weekends she would release me every night so we could have sex. Naturally I'd nurse from her every day just to keep her milk supply going and because she needed the relaxation nursing gave her.

Even during my three day lockups Tracy would release me every morning for shaving and other hygiene purposes. It was then she would tease me the most, getting me hard and then applying ice or making me take a cold shower to get soft enough again to go back in my cage. That wasn't possible this time because Kevin had my key. True, we did have the emergency key that we could have used, but that would be cheating. It wasn't an emergency it was just a difficult period that I'd suffer through and be better for. At least that was what Tracy told me, but she wasn't the one suffering with a painful erection every morning. She wasn't the one not getting any sexual relief, I was going down on her every night, getting her off. She got to use her vibrator whenever she had the need. She got nursed every night, her breasts emptied and her sexual needs met while I just had to suffer.

It was a good suffering.

I was positive that Tracy would come home from work Monday evening with my key and I'd be released and we'd have wild, uncontrolled sex that evening. I wasn't so lucky. Tracy come home empty-handed.

"Where's my key?" I asked her after dinner.

To my surprise Tracy actually blushed and looked away, unable to admit to me what happened to my key. "Um…you have to go get it yourself."

"Get it myself?"

“Yeah…over to Kevin’s. He said he’d give it to you, but not to me.”

“Why not me?” I asked already knowing the answer.

“He went down on me in the office today,” she said softly. “He made me cum. The price was that you have to retrieve your key.”

“You’re getting off on this, aren’t you?” I asked her.

She still couldn’t look me in the eye. “A little,” she admitted.

I drove over to Kevin’s alone, my cock still locked up. I wasn’t uncomfortable really, not yet, but I was annoyed and wanted release to be with my wife. Kevin was trying to insert himself into our game and it was annoying me.

He opened the door literally seconds after I rang the bell.

“Hey,” he said with a big grin on his face.

“Tracy sent me over for the key,” I said without prefacing my visit with an explanation. I didn’t even refer to it as my key it was the key. I was pissed over how this was going. I just wanted to nurse from my wife and fuck her. Kevin had no right to force himself into my chastity.

His grin didn’t stop. “Sure. Come one in.”

Stupidly I stepped into the apartment and closed the door. He went to the kitchen table and picked up a key ring. I immediately noted he had put the small brass key on his key ring. It was just another attempt of his to assert some control over me. I wasn’t having any of it.

“Want me to unlock you?” he asked.

“No thanks, Tracy’s waiting for me. She wants to do it.”

He slowly, slowly started to remove the key. “I’d love to give you a blowjob.”

I was expecting something like that. “Um, no thanks.”

“Didn’t you like the first one I gave you?”

“Oh, yeah, it was fine. Great. I’m just not into that.”

The disappointment on his face was obvious. But that didn’t stop him. “Huh. That’s not what Tracy agreed to.”

My brow furrowed. “What exactly did she agree to?”

Now Kevin grinned again. “She said the only way for you to get back your key is if I were to give you a blowjob. It was her idea. I’m not supposed to give it back to you until I suck your cock.”

I froze. “Um…I’m not buying that.”

He pulled out his phone. “Want to call her and ask?”

I reached into my pocket for my own phone. Tracy answered after the second ring.

“Yes?”

“Did you really tell Kevin not to give back the key until he blew me?” I asked her.

Her laughter pealed through our wireless connection. “I’m a pretty good actress, aren’t I?”

“Ha ha. But he can’t blow me until the cage is off.”

“Duh. He can unlock you and hold onto the key until he’s done,” she pointed out.

I was so anxious that I had forgotten that little detail. “Right. But how are you to know if he just gives me the key without a blowjob or not?” Kevin was watching and listening to everything I was saying. I tried to ignore him.

“I’m going on your honesty and his integrity…and his desire to suck cock. Don’t make me insist upon pictures,” she chimed. “Besides, you’ll love it.”

“I have my doubts.”

“You loved it on Friday. Don’t call me back until he’s done.” She ended the call.

I put my phone away. “Okay, let’s get this done,” I told Kevin.

He was still excited even though I had my reservations about the whole operation. “You’re going to love this,” he promised me as I unbuckled my pants.

“We’ll see.”

Oddly, my cock was straining inside the cage. I wasn’t sure if that was because I had gone so long without release or if my body was betraying my own desires. It didn’t really matter. After I dropped my pants Kevin went to his knees and used the key to unlock my cage. He was eager. I could have acted like a complete dick and taunted him about his hidden bisexuality, but that wouldn’t have helped me at all. And that wasn’t who I was. But I wasn’t sure if having my cock sucked by my wife’s boyfriend was who I was either.

The moment my cage was off my cock sprang into action. I was immediately hard even though I didn’t feel any desire for Kevin. He lowered his mouth onto me and proceeded to give one of the most exquisite blowjobs I’ve ever received in my entire life. He knew exactly how to control my balls and use his hands on my shaft while he licked and sucked. I had to lean back against the table to support myself. During the entire process I was torn between trying to hold out and not cum because that would mean I was enjoying fellatio from a man and trying to make myself cum as quickly as possible to get it over with.

In the end the whole episode lasted less than five minutes. I came in Kevin’s mouth and he swallowed my load. The release felt good and my stress over being cooped up was gone.

“Want me to put it back on you?” Kevin offered.

I shook my head and quickly put my cage back in place. Tracy hadn’t specified that I should wear it home, but it had now become an extension of me that to walk around without it was starting to feel unnatural. Being exposed in front of Kevin made me shrink up quickly which expedited the process. He took a drink of water as he watched me get things back in place. When I was done and zipped up, he handed over the key and I went home to my wife.

“Did you enjoy it?” she asked me when I got back home. She was already in bed so I stripped and slipped in next to her.

Before I answered I handed the key over to her. She slipped it over her head. “Enjoy the blowjob? Yes. Enjoy the process? No.”

She laughed at me. “Oh, I’m sure you enjoyed it more than you think. Every guy needs a bit of humiliation in his life. Puts you on an even level with most women who have to deal with humiliation of having sex with jerks.”

“Kevin is a jerk now?”

She shook her head. “No, just giving you an idea of what some women have to deal with.” She reached down and cupped my cockcage. “You need to nurse me, my tits are so full right now.”

“And I suppose you want sex afterwards?” I asked sulkily.

“You can make me cum, but you already had sex tonight.”

Wednesday Tracy came home with news I didn’t know how to react to. “I’m not going over to Kevin’s Friday night.” They had more or less evolved into having a standing date most Friday nights. Occasionally they had to cancel or change that, but not often.

“Why not?”

She kept her face neutral but I knew she was upset. “He’s going out on a date with Kerrie.”

“Oh.”

“That’s your reaction. ‘Oh.’” She was pissed at me now and I had done nothing wrong.

“What should I say? A single guy shouldn’t date a single woman because he’s already involved with a married woman?”

“No!” Her answer was short and sharp. “Kerrie’s just going out on a date with him to fuck him. She wants to fuck him because I’m fucking him. She’s jealous.”

“And where exactly do you see your relationship with Kevin going?” I felt like a relationship counselor.

Tracy opened her mouth to answer, but nothing came out. I tilted my head expectantly at her and she frowned and said, “Just nurse me, will you? The things I have to go through…”

Friday night Tracy was a complete grouch and when we got in bed after I nursed and drained her breasts, she fucked me with a vengeance, but only after forcing me to make her cum with my mouth. I knew it was because of Kerrie but I opted not to say anything about it. The upside of being in chastity is that I knew I was going to get to have sex whenever Tracy released me. It was pretty much a given. One of the real downsides is that I no longer had any staying power. A five minute fuck was literally my maximum copulation time. Tracy didn’t mind so much because she had usually gotten off a few times before I was released and had the opportunity to get inside her, but I would have liked my freedom to last longer. After sex I cleaned up and she put my cage back in place. We did that Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. That was a new record for me since I had gone into chastity. Our new normal was once every three days or so, but over the weekend it had been every day.

As I was locking the cage back on myself—sometimes Tracy allowed me that privilege because she couldn’t be bothered after being exhausted by sex and nursing—I commented to her, “I’ve been having so much sex lately that it hardly feels like I’m being locked up every day.”

That caught her attention. “Oh, shit. I’m sorry, honey, I guess I’ve been a little preoccupied.”

“With Kevin and Kerrie.”

Her face tightened up. “Yeah. She texted me Saturday to tell me everything went great and they had wild sex all night.”

“You think she’s lying?”

“No, it think it’s the truth. Kevin is such a man-whore.”

“Is this something I should be concerned about?”

Tracy shook her head. “Nope. I’m going to fuck Kevin tomorrow night. How does that grab you?”

My cock started to swell inside the cage even though I had just fucked my wife. “That sounds great.”

True to her word Tracy had her lunch hour with Kevin at his apartment and came home to me that night with sticky panties. I nursed her to an orgasm and then went down on her, but we had agreed I needed to be locked up for at least three days; I needed to build up my strength.

On Tuesday she reported that Kerrie had left work with Kevin for sex. I had to nurse my wife to an orgasm and use her vibrator on her pussy to make her cum until she was a puddle of jealous exhaustion.

Wednesday Tracy came home without any panties because Kevin had taken them from her when he had finger banged her in the car after she had sucked him off. Thursday night Kerrie was going out with Kevin on another date which—according to the texts flying back and forth between the two women that Tracy allowed me to see—was a date that was going to consist of her going to his place for sex.

I wasn’t too worried about that development. In fact, I was happy for it because it would turn on Tracy’s jealous, emotional taps and she’d get me out of my cage for some wild sex.

“No,” she told me when I asked. “And don’t ask again. I’ll tell you when you’re ready.”

I had to nurse her breasts and make her cum with my fingers. I got nothing and was supposed to love it.

I did love it…except for the lack of sex. But if I did get to have sex, I would have been just as disappointed.

Friday night I was expecting Tracy to come up upset and angry because Kerrie was going out on another date with Kevin. Instead she came home excited and worried—and was seeking my permission.

“Can I go to Kevin’s tonight?” she asked me eagerly—but there was trepidation in her voice.

“Sure. Does Kerrie have custody of Brett tonight? Robbie busy?”

“No.” She didn’t offer any more details.

“Then…what?”

“Um…it is sort of going to be a double date.”

I furrowed my brow. “You want me to go with you to Kevin’s? No. Wait. What?”

Tracy looked up at the ceiling as if searching for inspiration. “Um. No. It’s going to be more of a trio. Me and Kevin…and Kerrie.”

I blinked at her and then finally got it. “Ohhh…”

“Yeah. He said the only way he could choose between the two of us is to compare us both at the same time.”

I grinned even though my cock was struggling to free itself of the hard plastic case. The pain hadn’t really reached my brain yet. “You know he’s just using you,” I informed her. “He’s just fulfilling every guy’s fantasy of banging two chicks at once.”

Tracy flipped her hair back from her eyes and affected a nonchalant attitude. “I know and I don’t care.” She grabbed my cock through my pants but felt only hard plastic. “Do you care?” she asked. “Does the idea of your wife having a three-way get you hard because I can’t tell.”

I nodded my head. “Uh-huh. If you have the key I can show you how much the idea turns me on.”

“Maybe later tonight,” she said.

There’s nothing more excruciating than watching your wife getting prepared for a date where you know she’s going to have sex. The idea alone turned me on and my cock kept trying to swell up. She dressed in her finest pre-sex clothes: purple

thong, matching heavy satin bra, form fitting jeans and a low cut top. She added a pair of black suede boots that laced up to her knees and just enough makeup to enhance her features. Sexy, not slutty.

“Do you think he expects you and Kerrie to…you know?”

“To what?” she asked me as she finished with her makeup. “Lesbianize each other?”

“Uh…yeah. Since you put it that way, yeah.” The image of Tracy and Kerrie eating each other’s pussies while Kevin watched seared itself into my brain. I could feel the ring start to constrict which I knew wasn’t the case. It was my cock and balls that were swelling.

“You want me to do it, don’t you?” I wasn’t sure if she was teasing or angry. I decided to play it safe. “You’d love it if I had sex with Kerrie.”

“I wouldn’t object to it if you had the desire to.”

“Such a half answer,” she sneered. “Are you half a man?” Tracy reached out and grabbed my cock, then went lower and squeezed my balls. While my shaft was protected by the cage, it was my balls that were just as sensitive and perfectly exposed.

“No,” I squeaked.

“Drop your pants. Let me see.”

I did as she asked, not knowing where this was going but loving it all the same. Tracy bent down to inspect my trapped treasures.

“They’re turning blue,” she commented.

The idea of my wife getting dirty with her best friend was too much for any response other than a massive rush of blood to my cock and balls. I looked down at myself and saw that my balls were swollen and more of a purplish color than actually blue. I told her so.

“Oh really? You’re right. Blue is generally the color of a bruise.” And then she slapped my balls.

Any guy who has ever been hit in the sack—and that's every man in existence—knows exactly what it feels like. It's the worst pain in the world. I gasped and fell to my knees while trying to not vomit, my pants around my ankles, and collapsed to the floor as I drew my legs up to my body, protecting my greatest assets too late.

"Did that hurt?" Tracy asked as she stood up.

"Yes," I wheezed.

"If you're lucky maybe they'll be back in working order before I get home." She then knelt down on the carpet next to me, kissed my cheek, and said, "I love you," before she left on her date.

I spent the next fifteen minutes recovering from her slap. I spent the next hour trying to get soft so the ring wouldn't cut off all circulation to my cock. It was a good thing the kids were out with friends. I was home alone and I knew the only solution to my little problem was direct application of cold to the affected areas.

Since I didn't want a cold shower, I went to the freezer and filled two galloon Ziploc bags with ice, staggered back to bed, and rested both bags on my crotch for half an hour. When my stomach ache had gone away I lifted the bags and found something amazing.

Every man who has gone swimming in a cold lake or pool knows what happens immediately afterwards: shrinkage. Even the most manly of men is greatly humbled by unlimited amounts of cold water. I was alarmed at the amount of shrinkage I had endured while under the double ice pack. My penis was tiny to the point of embarrassment. On the upside, the pain was gone.

On the upper upside I figured out that with such a temporarily tiny penis, my cockcage was nearly useless. With just a bit of concentration and some careful pulling I managed to ease my cock out of the plastic shaft. My mind was reeling because it was the first time I had been free in months without someone—usually my wife—being there to control me. Almost instantly I started to get hard, partly from the freedom, partly from believing that right that moment Kerrie was going down on my wife. Yes, the ring tightened around my balls, it was only the shaft that was free of the cage, but it was good enough for me.

It had been months since I had masturbated. I went all out right then and jerked

off like I was an adolescent kid discovering the true purpose of his dick for the very first time.

It took me two minutes to cum.

Afterwards I was ashamed. Very ashamed. I had broken my agreement with my wife. I had wasted a perfectly good orgasm on some self-pleasure that wasn't even that good. I should have called Tracy that moment and apologized.

But when I thought about her I started getting hard again, especially when I pictured her on her back with Kevin's cock down her throat and Kerrie's tongue up her twat.

I jerked off again.

When I was done and my shame covered me for a second time, I had to get more ice from the freezer and apply it to my cock and balls. I started to panic when I had difficulty threading my penis back into the plastic shaft, but eventually with the application of some water-soluble lubricant I managed it. Once I was locked up and quickly got rid of any bit of remaining evidence and took a cold shower to wash away the last of the lubricant.

It was the perfect crime.

I, however, was not a criminal mastermind nor, like Raskolnikov, did I consider myself morally superior to the rest of the human race. I got into bed and waited for my wife's return, shaking from the cold shower and my waves of guilt.

"You were so good by waiting for me tonight. Come, drink my milk."

How could I say no to my wife? Tracy woke me up by slipping into bed with me. I was wearing my pajama bottoms and she was already naked. She smelled of sex. That was a turn on so I curled up to her, popped her nipple into my mouth, and started nursing. It took her a couple of minutes to respond before she went into her arousal breathing pattern and started clutching at me. A couple of things were going wrong, however. First, it took her too long to respond to me. I was used to an immediate response. Second, I was getting very little of her milk. Her breasts weren't completely empty, but they weren't at the fullness that I was

used to; someone had been nursing from her earlier. Last, and most alarming, I wasn't responding at all. Normally when I nursed from Tracy my cock got hard right away and stayed hard while I nursed. I liked the anxiety; I liked the tension.

Since I was locked away inside the plastic cage, there was no way for Tracy to sense my lack of arousal unless she actually looked. The bedroom was dark and my cock was safely hidden beneath the sheets. Still, it was upsetting to me that I wasn't responding to Tracy's warm, sweet milk in the way I was accustomed to. I wanted to get hard and feel the tension, but it just wasn't happening.

As I nursed from her Tracy took my hand and placed it between her legs. Her pussy was still hot from her three-way encounter. Not only that, but she was swollen and wet. Either I had turned her on enough or she was still sailing high from what she had been doing with her best friend and boyfriend. I knew what she wanted so I used my middle and ring fingers to pump into her pussy while rubbing her clit with my thumb.

"Fuck yes," she moaned out loud. I didn't let go of her nipple; I figured if I nursed from her long enough I'd get hard and everything would be right with the world.

She clamped her thighs around my hand as she came. It wasn't that usual for her to do that. Her grunts as she came told me she was near exhaustion and maybe I wouldn't be expected to do anything else tonight. When she was done my hand came away from her soaked and she clutched me to her. "I bet you'd like a reward, wouldn't you?" she asked me.

I decided to play along. "Yeah, I'd love to fuck you right now."

"Do you know how many times I came tonight? Before I got in bed with you?"

There was only one correct way to answer this question: guess high. "Umm…a hundred?"

She laughed. "No. Don't be stupid. I lost count but it was over twenty times."

"Holy shit!"

"Want to know how it happened?" Her hand curled around my contained cock and started flopping the device back and forth, trying to tease and torture me, but

actually doing nothing because I had stupidly jerked off twice.

“Yeah,” I breathed into her hair. I had moved away from her breasts and started giving her kisses on her face and forehead.

She pushed me away and I thought I was in the clear, but she was actually just gathering the key and chain from the nightstand. Tracy snapped on the light next to the bed and moved down to my cage. Although she was skilled at releasing me in short order it was a hundred times easier if she could see what she was doing.

My nerves were on fire with unease as she unlocked me and slipped off the curved tube that was my cock’s home. Nothing happened at first when I was freed, but then she removed the retaining ring from behind my balls and I barely swelled up. “What’s the matter, baby?” she whispered to me and lowered her mouth to my cock, sucking me into her warmth. “Worried that your cock isn’t nearly as good as Kerrie’s pussy?”

That sparked life into my manhood. Her mouth and the image of her tangled up naked with Kerrie and Kevin pumped blood into my cock. It wasn’t nearly as good as it should have been. Normally I got really hard when I was released and Tracy wasn’t so stupid that she missed the obvious signs that something was wrong.

Once I was hard enough we rolled into position with her under me and I entered her pussy. She was hot and wet and I felt the obvious signs that someone—Kevin—had fucked her and left a deposit of his cum behind. Tracy knew something was wrong. Normally her coming home smelling of sex with a pussy full of cum and letting me nurse from her tits was a sure combination to get me over-excited. Tonight it was as if everything was going wrong.

I started pumping and focused on making her cum once more.

“What’s the matter, baby?” she asked looking up at me in the half-light from the small lamp.

“Nothing,” I lied.

“You aren’t hard like you should be,” she said. “And you should have cum by now. I know you.”

I kept pumping away. The worst boner killer is a woman asking you why aren't you measuring up to your usual performance.

"Do you want to hear what I did tonight?"

"No!" I blurted too quickly.

She pulled my face down to hers and kissed me. "I bet you do. Don't you want to hear what a dirty girl your wife was tonight?"

I would have loved to hear exactly what she did. I was certain she had her first lesbian encounter and if she told me all about it, the story would be wasted. It would make me cum and I wanted to have a super orgasm when she did it, not a little weak one.

I shook my head. "No, don't tell me."

Tracy stopped moving and looked at me, puzzled. "Why not?"

"Don't want to…"

Realization dawned upon her. "Oh! You're jealous. That's cute. Is that why you could barely get it up for me? Don't you want to know who had their fingers inside me tonight?"

I did want to hear about it, but not right then. I doubled my efforts and slammed into her as hard as I could. Just a few seconds later I managed to cum. It wasn't the feeling of excruciating relief from pain; it was more like crossing the finish line in a race you didn't want to be in and barely having enough energy to take one more step.

Tracy looked sadly up at me. "Poor baby," she chided me. "You really need to get control of your jealousy."

I didn't, actually. I needed to get control of my need to masturbate.

I woke up next to Tracy. I didn't remember falling asleep—I never do. I didn't remember my chastity cage going back on either, but when I touched myself

there it was, locked into place. Tracy must have done it when I was asleep, but I had no recollection of it at all.

Tracy was already awake when I started to stir. She was still naked, just like me, and was still in a randy mood. “Morning.”

“Morning.” I didn’t know what else to say so I gave her that overly familiar spousal good morning kiss.

“Do you want to hear about my night?” she asked.

Just from her tone I knew that she wanted to spill her guts and tell me everything. Once more, and unbidden, the image of her and Kerrie locked in a passionate embrace filled my head and, thankfully, my dick started to get hard in the cage. I let out a silent sigh of relief. “Yeah. I’m ready for it now.”

“I’m going to cut out all the stupid stuff,” she said. “Basically, we met at Kevin’s place, had a little wine, and had too much small talk because Kerrie and I were nervous. I could tell that Kevin wanted to get right to bed, but he didn’t know how to open the subject.”

“Sounds uncomfortable,” I said, mostly because my cock was starting to get uncomfortable inside my cage. Kerri had let the bed sheet slip down enough to expose her nipples, but she didn’t care.

“Finally Kevin asks ‘What are we going to do tonight?’ Kerri was a little drunk so she said, ‘I came here for the sex. Are we doing it right here or in the bedroom?’”

I commented, “She sounded horny.”

“Uh-huh. We went to the bedroom. I watched them kiss, and then I kissed Kevin. Kerrie took off her top and then Kevin said he wanted to watch me and Kerrie kiss.”

I raised my eyebrows as my cock struggled inside the cage. “That’s pretty blunt.”

“It was probably better that way otherwise everything would have taken forever.”

“What did you do?” I wanted to know everything right away, but I knew it was best to let the story unfold.

“We kissed,” she told me softly. “Not all gross with tongues everywhere and unnecessary licking, but first just a little peck that changed into a little bit of Frenching. Kevin was excited about that. It wasn’t bad kissing Kerrie, but I really wasn’t that interested in it. It was probably a good thing we were all a little drunk. Eventually we sort of saw him watching us and we just sort of mutually decided to bring him into it. So the three of us traded kisses. Actually, it was more like he kissed me and then Kerrie and then went back to me. All the while he’s slowly undressing the two of us and we’re pulling off his clothes.”

“Sounds hot.”

She shrugged her shoulder. “It wasn’t bad. It was nice. We got on the bed and there were hands everywhere. I wasn’t always sure whose hand was on my pussy and breasts, but that was part of the fun. I played with Kerrie’s tits a bit, but I didn’t go down to her pussy. I was too shy. Eventually Kerrie and I started going down on Kevin. She’d suck him for a while and then I’d suck him, trading back and forth.”

It started to sound to me like a typical man’s fantasy as depicted in a standard porn film.

“I’m not sure how we decided, but eventually he put Kerrie on her back and started fucking her right there in front of me.”

That sounded great to me.

“He was preoccupied with her and I guess she didn’t want me to feel left out so she puts her hand on my pussy while I’m lying next to her.”

“Did she make you cum?”

Tracy shook her head. “No, but I wanted to…and eventually I did when Kevin, while still fucking her, kind of lays sideways on her and starts sucking on my tit. He must have gotten some of my milk but didn’t say anything. A few minutes of them playing with me made me cum. I was the first to cum.” She was proud of this accomplishment I could tell.

“Then it got a little strange. Kevin made her cum but he pulled out of her before he was done. Said he wanted to give us both a chance before he shot his load. He moves over on top of me and I lose track of Kerrie for a minute. She must have told him to turn me over because he does and continues to fuck me while I’m on hands and knees. Next thing I know, Kerrie’s sprawled in front of me, her legs wide open and she’s putting her pussy right in front of my face.”

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed.

“I know, right?”

“What did you do?”

Tracy licked her lips, cast her eyes down for a second, pretending to be shy, and then looked back up at me. Her hand was still on my cock though the only thing she could feel was the heat coming off it as my manhood struggled to get free. “I did the only polite thing to do in such a situation,” she said boldly. “I went down on her and made her cum.”

“You didn’t!”

“I did,” she said proudly. “Doing cunnilingus on a woman isn’t so bad. Not my thing, really, but making her cum was something I did like doing. Like I had some power over her.”

“Wow.”

“Kevin must have loved that.”

Nodding in agreement Tracy said, “Yeah, he must have because he came a second after Kerrie was done screaming.”

“I’m so proud of you,” I told her.

Tracy just acknowledged my compliment with a nod. “Would you like to fuck me now?” Her hand circled down to cup my balls. They were heavy and full, straining against the plastic ring.

“Hell yes.”

The slap to my testicles shouldn't have taken me by surprise, but it did. I yelped in pain and tried to roll away to protect myself, but Tracy grabbed my most sensitive region—now in excruciating pain—and didn't let go.

"We're not going to have sex right now. You're going to get my vibrator and make me cum with it."

I nodded and staggered to the drawer where we kept our toys. It was hard to make her cum since I felt like throwing up, but I managed to turn it on and pleasure her with the vibrating bit of plastic while I held her nipple in my mouth. Once she managed to climax she gave me a little lecture.

"I don't know why you couldn't perform adequately last night," she began, "but it's not going to happen again. You'll get a little more of my story every night. You don't get any release until I'm satisfied I know you aren't being stupid with jealousy. I'm not going to leave you for Kevin or Kerrie. I love you but it was just sex. I enjoyed have a three-way. You enjoy my milk and being caged. We're going to be happy about this, right?"

"Right," I agreed.

"No release today," she told me. "Or tomorrow. But you do get to make me cum. That's enough for you for now, isn't it?"

"Yes."

That was how Saturday morning went. The rest of the day was as normal as it could possibly be with me in chastity. There was never a chance for me to slip free even though I wanted to jerk off in the worst possible way. Saturday night I nursed from Tracy and made her cum with my mouth, going down on her and fingering her while I licked and sucked on her clit. Once she came and was satisfied I was still horny she resumed her story.

"Where was I?"

"You had just made Kerrie cum b eating her pussy and Kevin came in you."

My wife grinned at my memory. "Very good. Okay, after that we rested a bit. I

think we were all thrown a bit by what had just happened. Kevin asked us both if we'd ever been in a three-way or done group sex of any sort before. Kerrie and I both said no, I think she was telling the truth."

I was certain my wife had never been in an orgy before so I accepted her information.

"Kevin wanted to brag. Said the first time he had a three-way was with another guy and a girl while in high school."

"Yikes. That's awfully precocious of him."

"Maybe he was lying, I don't know. He said that was the first time he also sucked another guy's dick, so who knows."

"Makes sense."

"Anyway, he then says he wants to watch while Kerrie and I have sex."

"He said that?"

"Actually he said he wanted to watch while we made love."

"Smooth operator. What did you do?" Despite that morning's abuse, my cock was growing inside the cage and my balls were swelling in sympathy. I shifted slightly on the bed so they weren't so vulnerable to my wife's hand.

"Well, since I'd already done oral on Kerrie, I told her it was her turn. She didn't argue and I laid back as she ate me out."

"With Kevin's cum inside you still? Nice!"

She shook her head. "No, that's your thing. I went to the bathroom first and cleaned up a little. She had a nice, clean pussy to enjoy."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes. She made me cum."

"Geez. Wow."

Tracy then kissed me and said, “Don’t think this makes me full on bi or lesbian or anything like that. It was probably a onetime thing. I was just experimenting because I never really had the chance back in high school or college.”

“Right.”

“But I did enjoy it,” she admitted again. “And judging by the way that Kerrie did me, she enjoyed it as well.”

“I always had my suspicions about her…”

That got me a slap on the shoulder. “No you didn’t. I think she’s just in her exploratory phase as well.”

“It’s lasted a few years.”

After another slap Tracy continued, “And there’s nothing wrong with it.”

“I never said there was!”

“Wait until I tell you what we did next.”

“Tell me!”

“Tomorrow, you’re excited enough as it is.” She ran her hand over my swollen balls and caressed them. I braced for a slap, but it didn’t come. Tracy rolled over and went to sleep. I had to lie in bed for the next two hours calming myself down and suffering from constrained blue balls.

Sunday night wasn’t any better. Tracy wasn’t the least bit inclined to release me —and we were both enjoying that. She picked up her story as I settled in and started nursing from her. I noticed that her breasts lately had started to swell more than before. There had always been a pattern to the rise and fall of her tits; right after I nursed at night they were what could best be described as flaccid. In the morning they were how most women and men would call normal. At night when they were full of milk she was swollen and I could see the blue veins hidden under her skin. I didn’t say anything to her, of course, I just settled in next to her, my cock well-contained, and got her milk flowing right away.

Her sigh at the sensation of her sweetness pouring out was music to my ears.

“Where was I?” she asked me.

“Mmm-hmm?”

“Right, Kerrie had just made me cum with her mouth. I think she was more surprised at that than I was. I think she was also more pleased with her little accomplishment than I was. Making me cum isn’t that difficult. Maybe she has more trouble climaxing than I do?”

I didn’t say anything. I just wanted her to get on with the story.

“Anyway, Kevin was pleased with our performance. I could tell that because he got a boner when she was done with me. And of course he had another request.”

“What was that?” I asked as I took a breath and nuzzled her tits before switching over to the opposite side.

“He wanted a blowjob.”

“Of course he did,” I confirmed for her.

“From both of us.”

“Naturally.” I tucked my hand between her thighs. She was still wearing her panties but I was sure those were coming off soon.

“At the same time. He specified that he wanted to watch us kiss with his dick between the two of us.”

That gave me pause. I had to answer her. “Okay, that’s just a pretty lame attempt at recreating a scene he probably saw in a hundred different porn clips.” I noticed her milk was dripping steadily from her nipple and quickly went right back to nursing. I didn’t want to waste a single drop of her precious milk.

“True. I’m sure it’s some male fantasy.” She waited a beat and added, “That’s why we did it for him.”

I spoke up again, my voice was muffled by her heavy breast in my mouth, but

she heard the question. “You did? Did you make him cum?”

She shrugged, which made her breast bounce and nearly slip out of my mouth, and said, “He came. I’m not sure if it was Kerrie or me who made him cum, but she was the one who was sucking on him when he came. She swallowed him.”

“Nice.”

“Then he insisted that I kiss her after he was done.”

I hurriedly said, “Perv,” between pulls on her nipple.

“Jealous,” Tracy replied. “And you’re all hard in your cage, aren’t you?” We both looked down at my dick and it was trying to get stiff inside the plastic sleeve.

“Uh-huh,” I confirmed.

“Finish nursing me and then take off my panties. You still need to make me cum.”

When I did go down on Tracy her pussy was nice and moist. It took little effort to make her cum with my tongue, but she still insisted I use her vibrator on her to give her another bit of satisfaction.

I didn’t get anything for my efforts other than a pain in the groin and a few hours of sleeplessness as Tracy serenely slumbered next to me in bed.

Monday morning was the usual rush of getting up, getting the kids ready and out the door to school, and then leaving ourselves for work. I, however, had an extra half hour, as usual, before I had to leave. Although I hated myself for it, I filled a couple of bags with ice from the freezer and laid them on my caged cock. Five minutes later I had shrunk enough to pull out and was happily masturbating to the memories of the stories my wife had told me. They weren’t stories. They were what had actually happened. That made it better. I came in less than two minutes and cleaned up in one. Panic struck when I couldn’t immediately get my dick back where it belonged but then I remembered the ice bags, applied them, and everything was right with the world.

Except for the feeling that I had just cheated on my wife. True enough, she was having sex with another guy besides me, but then again she had permission. I was supposed to keep my hands off my cock unless she gave me permission. She hadn't given me permission and so I had cheated.

I felt terrible…but not so bad that I was going to tell her about it. I wasn't stupid.

Chapter Twelve

I was stupid.

It's always one piece of evidence that trips up the criminal mastermind, something overlooked, something not obvious, something the genius detective finds or puzzles out because it never even occurred to the criminal that such a minor detail could be a problem.

Of course I had left two wadded up Kleenexes on the floor next to the bed. Tracy found them and quickly figured out that they weren't from me blowing my nose. They were from me blowing my load.

I'm not a criminal mastermind. She might have been a genius detective, but in this case my wife only had to summon up the powers of a beat cop using the powers of basic observation.

She was pissed and confronted me.

"I know what you did this morning and you need to explain yourself."

"Um…" was my explanation.

"Well?" Tracy demanded.

My response was lame and worse than what a teenager would try. "I don't really have an explanation."

"Then tell me how you managed to do this," she demanded as she tossed the tissues and the semi-dried remains of my cum into the trash.

"I…uh…don't know?"

Tracy glared at me. "Try again."

My chest was tight from anxiety and my knees felt so weak I was certain I was going to fall down. I had that terrible sinking feeling in my stomach; the same

feeling I had when I was a little kid and had been caught in a lie by my teacher. I felt like I wanted to hyperventilate, but I could barely breathe. It was terrible.

It was lovely.

After an eternity and a half I finally found my voice. “I figured out how to slip out of my cage,” I told her.

Her face soured. “I already knew that. Tell me exactly how you managed that.”

“A couple of bags of ice and some patience.”

After shaking her head at me Tracy finally said, “I hope it was worth it because you certainly aren’t getting any milk tonight. Don’t even bother asking for sex.”

“I wasn’t going to.”

“And how long have you been doing this?”

“Just a couple of days.” It was the truth, but of course it sounded like a lie to my ears.

It sounded exactly that way to Tracy as well. “Which means more like a couple of weeks,” she interpreted for me. I don’t blame her. I would have thought the exact same thing. “We’ll need to keep you in your cage for a week, I think.”

I immediately flashed on an old rhyme. If you can’t do the time, don’t do the crime. I was pretty sure I could do the time, but I didn’t want to do it. I hung my head in shame. “Okay, I understand.”

“I don’t think you do,” she said as she walked out of the bedroom shaking her head.

Needless to say, things were tense between us for the rest of the night. She locked the bedroom door for a while and I could hear her using the old breast pump to empty her breasts. Tracy loved to be nursed so this was as much a punishment for her as it was for me, though I was more upset because I imagined she must have dumped the milk down the drain which was a tremendous waste. When she let me into the bedroom nothing was said between us. We slept next to each other, but there was no shared affection, no touching, no caresses.

The next morning I had to shower with my cage on. It's designed for that sort of thing. Normally Tracy would let me out to wash, but not that morning. She was pissed at me and she had to punish me. I knew it was necessary and I needed it, but it was still hard to deal with.

And that's the way it went for the rest of the week. No release at all. No nursing. No affection. It was terrible. But at the same time it was also oddly centering—I knew I just had to endure the punishment for a week and I'd get my reward at the end.

Friday night Tracy called me into our bedroom and closed the door. The kids were busy elsewhere in the house. She hiked up her skirt and pulled her red and white flowered panties down to mid-thigh. The way they clung to her pussy lips for just a second before she managed to pull them free told me what she had been doing during the day. She told me anyway.

"I fucked Kevin during lunch today," she told me as I stared at her pussy. It had been long enough that any obvious signs of sex had disappeared—except for the bits of dried cum clinging to her labia. "What do you think of that?"

"That's hot," I said. "Did you enjoy it?"

I couldn't read her expression. "Yes. But not enough. And you're still being punished." Her panties fell the rest of the way to the floor and she dropped her skirt, then unzipped it, stepping out of it when it joined her panties. With a practiced motion she pulled her blouse and bra up over her head, freeing her tits. They were big and heavy, larger than I remembered. Now naked she went to the bed and laid on her side, then indicated the floor next to the bed. "Kneel and you can nurse from me."

Like a flash I went to the floor, banging my knees on the metal frame, and I put my lips to her nipple. With the first suck she sighed in relief as her milk started flowing. I had chosen the bottom breast because I wanted to watch her milk flow. Tracy's eyes were closed. I drew her sweetness into my mouth and eagerly swallowed every little drop. She had become some accustomed to me nursing her every night for fifteen years that her body craved my mouth to release her milk. The breast pump wasn't nearly as good as what I could do.

Tracy had one hand under her head and the other tucked between her legs. She wasn't masturbating yet, she was just holding her pussy, but that would change

shortly. As I nursed I watched her other breast rise and fall with every breath she took. More importantly I saw her milk started to coalesce on the dark nipple. It took no time at all for the drop to form and slid down the slope of her heavy breast and drip onto the flesh of the other breast. I briefly broke my latch and licked her free nipple, collecting the milk that was now flowing freely from her breast.

Tracy barely noticed. Her hand was busy between her legs and she was making the little sounds of pleasure, half from her hand and half from my nursing. I was trying to get hard inside my little cage, but that was impossible.

I was proud of myself. Even though I knew how to escape from the chastity cage, after I had been caught by Tracy I hadn't even tried to repeat my little trick. That was due to a couple of different reasons. Mostly she was keeping an eye on me, giving me less time at home in the morning so I didn't have time to apply the ice bags. At work I didn't have the means to release myself, and at home at night our house was too busy for what I needed to escape. It was good. But I had gone so long without any physical gratification that I was ready to explode except I couldn't light the fuse.

It was easy to judge by her moans and jerking body that Tracy came at least twice while I was nursing. I didn't begrudge her any of those orgasms; I was glad for it.

When she was done with her climaxes and her breasts were empty of milk I sat back on my heels. I was still fully dressed. She hadn't told me to take off my clothes and I wasn't expecting to either. Tracy pulled her hand from between her legs and showed me her wet, sticky fingers.

"Do you see what you did to me?" Tracy asked. "Do you see what Kevin left behind in me?"

I thought I could see little bits of Kevin's cum clinging to her fingers. Whether I could or not didn't matter. Just the idea of his semen being there was more than enough. "Yeah…"

She pushed her hand in my face and I opened my mouth. The moment her fingers touched my tongue I could taste her tartness, her musky flavor and I sucked off every bit of moisture that I could.

“Do you like that?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

Tracy kept talking while I cleaned off her fingers. “If you’re good, if you can control yourself tonight, I’ll let you get a little release tomorrow.”

That made me want to cum, but of course I couldn’t. I remained swollen inside my cage. Later, when I finally took off my clothes for bed I noticed that precum had seeped from my cock and through the slit at the end of the cage.

We actually held each other that night. Tracy slept softly, silently. I stayed awake and suffering, happily, until the middle of the night when sleep overtook me.

Tracy getting out of bed woke me up in the early morning. I wished she hadn’t because my cock was going through its morningwood routine and it was extremely painful. I staggered to the bathroom where Tracy was getting into the shower.

“I have to pee,” I explained to her.

She looked down at my swollen cock and slowly shook her head. “I don’t think that’s going to happen.”

“I’ll take a quick cold shower. That’ll make it go down.”

“Maybe I’ll just free you so you can go to the bathroom and then you can shower and shave.”

I nodded, not trying to show how eager I was for that to happen. Tracy walked naked back to the bedroom, retrieved the key from where she had left it on the nightstand, and unlocked my cage. The padlock came right off, but I was so swollen inside the curved tube that I actually had to turn on the cold water to the shower and stay under it a moment for my cock to shrivel back to where I could slide it off. Once that was gone it was a cinch to remove the retaining ring and I was free.

Naturally my body responded automatically. Almost instantly I got an erection

and Tracy giggled at me. “Such a man,” she sighed melodramatically.

“Sorry.” I was embarrassed and reached for my razor to shave away the pubic hair that I couldn’t reach while in chastity. Tracy stayed my hand.

“Maybe we should do something about this,” she said as she ran her finger from my balls all the way along the underside and up to the tip.

I shivered. “Maybe,” I said not wanting to press my luck.

“It shouldn’t take long, should it?” she asked me.

I shook my head no, unable to form the words that needed to be spoken.

The shower was off but the cold water I had used to calm myself earlier still clung to my skin, cooling my. I shivered again, but this time from desire, not a drop in body temperature. My wife was seated on the edge of the tub and I so wanted her to put her mouth on my cock, but when she didn’t I wasn’t surprised.

Instead, Tracy reached for a bottle of body soap, not wanting to chafe my sensitive skin, and poured some in her hand. I stood at a right angle to her and held my hands at my side while she rubbed the slippery soap along the length of my cock. I was already energized; it took little effort or time for her to make me cum. I could have counted the number of strokes she used on my, but even so it was over too soon and I was shooting out heavy pulses of cum. The thick, white ropes of my semen hung in the air a second before falling to the bottom of the tub with an unsettling splat.

Tracy didn’t move from her seat on the tub’s edge and watched as my cock continued to produce a copious amount of cum, much to her delight. She had used light, soft strokes of me and stopped the moment my climax was inevitable. Even so it was almost overwhelming how powerful the climax had been. It almost felt wasted because we hadn’t had sex; she had just jerked me off.

“Better?” she asked.

I wasn’t sure exactly what she meant, but I nodded yes. It was the answer that she wanted.

“Turn on the water,” she told me as she got in the shower and closed the curtain.

We then showered together. I paid special attention to her, making sure her breasts and pussy were clean, but she barely seemed to notice.

“Make sure to shave yourself,” she told me as she got out of the shower when she was clean and rinsed off. She didn’t turn off the water or close the curtain. Knowing that I was being watched the entire time, I carefully removed the stubble that had grown around my cock.

When I was done I got out and toweled off. Tracy was drying her hair at the sink but when I reached for my cage to wash it so I could put it back on she said, “Leave that. I’ve got something else in mind.”

Now I was hopeful. Tracy led me out of the bathroom to our attached bedroom. She had a towel wrapped around her body and led me by my cock. I was ready for action again and was getting hard under her grip. I didn’t know what she had planned but I was going to go along with anything she suggested.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and opened up her nightstand while motioning for me to remain standing. “This came in the mail yesterday. I’ve done a lot of research online and your little problem isn’t unusual.”

“What little problem?” Now I was really excited. She obviously had a new toy for us and wanted to use it. I was off the shit-list.

“Pulling out. I think we both know that your plastic cage wasn’t going to last forever. It’s time we upgraded, don’t you think?”

“Absolutely.”

Opening the box, Tracy presented me with a brand new chastity cage. It was stainless steel instead of plastic and looked both scarier and sexier than my old plastic one which had the appearance of some bit of discarded medical equipment. The new cage was shiny and was shaped much like the old one, but had a two part base ring while the shaft essentially the exoskeleton to some hollow alien cock. “It works just like your old one,” Tracy told me. “Except the base ring hooks together like this,” she demonstrated for me. “And the shaft locks the whole affair together.” She took the lock from the plastic cage and put it on the new one. Everything meshed together perfectly, like a Swiss watch.

It was undoubtedly secure and while I might be able to break through the lock

shackle with bolt cutters the stainless steel looked impossible to cut.

“Want to try it on?”

I nodded yes. Of course I did. I wanted to be in chastity and I wanted to please her. This elegant new cage was almost a fine sculpture, a piece of art instead of a utilitarian hunk of plastic.

Unfortunately between Tracy’s hand leading me out of the bathroom by the cock and my anticipation as to what was going to happen, I was once again hard and would be unable to go into my new cage. She looked down at me and sighed. “Go to the kitchen and get some ice. I’m sure you know the way.”

Her words stung, but not enough to prevent me from racing downstairs in my robe gathering another bag of ice, and running back to the bedroom with my erect cock flapping around like a half-secured mast to an out of control sailboat. I lay down on the bed and applied the ice bag to my cock. Tracy shook her head at me. “The things I do for love,” she muttered.

It took a minute, but the ice worked its magic and I was back to my normal size. Tracy secured the base ring behind my freshly shaved balls and then slipped the birdcage-like shaft over my cock. It took some effort because my skin wasn’t completely dry making some unexpected and unwanted friction. But eventually she was successful and joined everything together. The metal was cool on my skin, but my skin was still cold from the ice. Everything started to warm up when my blood started flowing and pumping. The snap of the lock closing cause an automatic relaxation of my body…except for my cock which immediately started to rise again. The immoveable steel prevented a full rise, of course, but I then noticed one real problem.

“Um, the spacers seem a little large. I don’t want to lie to you; it looks like I might be able to slip out of this one as well.” Just saying the words made me nervous. I didn’t want to upset my wife.

“Uh-huh. That’s always a real problem. And you know there’s only one solution to it, don’t you?”

I froze. I knew exactly what she meant. “Okay, I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

Tracy bristled at my reluctance. “Why not? It solves the problem. Don’t you like

being in chastity?”

“Yes, but—”

“Don’t you want my milk?”

“Yes, but—”

“Because you’re not getting it if you don’t go along with this.”

“Yes, but—”

“And I think it’s sexy. Your metal cage is so handsome.” She ran her fingers along with outside, just grazing my skin. I could feel the warmth of her fingers, but little else. “Yes, but—”

“Don’t you want to wear it for me?”

“Yes, but—”

“Yes, but what?” she interrupted me.

I cleared my throat. “I don’t to get pierced. I’m…afraid.”

Tracy brushed her hair back from her ears to expose the small ruby studs she had in the lobes. “You don’t think getting pierced ears hurts?”

“You got them done when you were five,” I protested. “And there aren’t nearly as many nerve endings in your earlobes as there are in my dick! And there aren’t nearly as many ways to screw it up! Not to mention the bigger consequences.”

She gave me a withering glare. “Are you going to wimp out on me now?” Her voice was even, but her anger was in full evidence. “Yes, there are greatest consequences, but there are greater rewards too, aren’t there? And wouldn’t you go through a little bit of pain for me.” She paused. “For me and my milk?”

I wetted my lips and tried to answer. I couldn’t.

It didn’t matter. We told the kids we were going out for the evening but we wouldn’t be out terribly late. They called it date night. To me it wasn’t much of a date.

Tracy allowed me to go out not wearing my cage, which felt weird, but she didn't want to deal with any strange questions from the piercing studio she had selected.

"No appointment necessary?" I asked her as we drove into the artsy section of downtown, small as it was in our city.

"Oh, I needed to make an appointment. I did it yesterday."

"I don't really have much say in the matter, do I?"

"Nope. I think you like it better that way, don't you?"

It was true. I did. But I didn't say that to her. Instead I asked, "What am I supposed to say to them when we get there?"

Tracy looked straight ahead as we carefully maneuvered around the narrow streets of downtown. "You tell them that you have a seven o'clock appointment for a piercing."

"And why is my wife with me?"

"Shouldn't she bet?" Tracy asked me. "I'm also your ride home. Do you really want to drive afterwards?"

"I'll be fine," I muttered, not wanting my masculinity called into question.

"I'm sure you will be. See, you've already convinced yourself it won't be that bad."

We found the tattoo and piercing parlor, parked reasonably close to it on the street, and waited in the front. My right leg was bouncing up and down uncontrollably as we waited. Tracy put a reassuring hand on my thigh. That helped a little, but it also made my cock a little hard. I wondered if that would affect the whole process. I wanted the whole affair to be over and done with so I could go home and nurse from my wife's milk-filled tits. It seemed to be an awfully lot of pain and anxiety for such a little bit of pleasure.

But it was going to be worth it, I kept telling myself.

“Evan?” the receptionist at the front desk called out. She had more metal in her face than most modern cars do in their frames.

“Here!” I called out a little too eagerly as I jumped up quickly and got a dizzy head rush. “That’s me. I’m ready.”

“Good. Come on back. Diesel and I will be with you in a minute.” Her eyes focused on Tracy. “Who are you?” she asked not rudely but firmly to let her know who was in charge.

“Tracy. I’m his wife. I’m here to watch.”

The receptionist glanced at me and I nodded. “She’s my ride home. Just in case I can’t drive.”

“My name’s Tracee too. But I go by Trixie.” She nodded once and turned around, leading us to the back of the studio. She admitted us to a private room and told me to strip from the waist down. “Get comfortable,” she told me. “You might be in a bit of discomfort for a few days.”

I grinned at my wife. “Heh. Her name’s Tracy too.”

“Tracee,” she said pronouncing it slightly differently. “Goes by Trixie, don’t forget.”

“Right.”

She looked at me. “Well? Take off your pants.”

“Right.” I started undressing myself, taking my time. Tracy controlled herself and didn’t roll her eyes.

Right after I pulled down my underwear there was a knock at the door and before either of us could say anything it opened to admit a tall, wiry man along with Trixie.

“Hey. I’m Diesel. So, I hear you want to get a Prince Albert done.”

I just stared at him. If Tracy hadn’t spoken up time might have stopped and we’d be there for all of eternity. “Yes, that’s what he wants.”

Diesel glanced at Tracy but spoke to me. “That’s a pretty serious piercing to get done.” He looked me up and down, pausing briefly at my dangling cock. “Do you have any other piercings or tattoos?”

“No,” I said a little too loudly. “Why?”

He held up his hands to calm me. “I try to make sure when a person asks for a piercing or tattoo that they actually want it and it’s the right thing for them. Most of the time, I don’t question it at all. What an adult does with their body is their business. If that person wants to give me money to help him in the process, I’m good with that.” He steadied his gaze at me. “I’m just wondering why a nice middle-class guy like you with no other piercings or tattoos or any other body mods suddenly walks in here and asks for a piece of metal to be shoved through his dick.”

I looked back at him. “Is that a question?”

“No, I’m just wondering why. I ask the question so I can make sure this is what you want. You have to sign a release form before we do anything. As long as you’re an adult—which I can see you are—we’re going to get this done tonight.”

Once again Tracy saved me by speaking up. “I told him I thought that piercings were really sexy so he said he wanted to get one done.”

Diesel now looked at her. “You his girlfriend?”

“Wife.” Her answer was short and sharp.

Tracy’s answer made him shrug. “That solves the other half of the puzzle. As long as the wife knows and approves, I’m fine with it.” He looked to Trixie. “Get him the paperwork and get started.” He then looked back to me. “You’re going to want to lie down when she starts the work.”

“Wait,” I said. “When she starts the work? Aren’t you going to do this?”

The tall tattoo artist shook his head. “Nope. I own the place so I’ll be overseeing what she’s doing. Trixie here is an apprentice piercer. She’s working on getting her license. That’s why what we’re charging you is so cheap.”

I goggled at my wife. “You’re letting a novice do this to me?”

She shrugged. “You love a bargain. And besides, Diesel knows what he’s doing. He’s the expert.”

I wasn’t sure if I wanted a pretty, but inexperienced, woman handing my cock right before she shoved a needle through it, instead of a man who knew what he was doing. I didn’t want to pop a boner during the process, but I after my experience with Kevin I wasn’t sure which was the greater risk.

Trixie gave me a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry. This is easier than you think. The pain is mostly psychological. I’ve had sex with guys sporting PAs and it’s fucking amazing.” She glanced at Tracy. “You won’t regret this at all.”

Tracy probably wouldn’t, but I might.

After we go the necessary paperwork out of the way, Trixie started the whole piercing process. I’ll skip over most of the details because I only hazily remember exactly what happened. Getting a tube shoved up my cock wasn’t painful, the actual piercing…that hurt like a motherfucker. I didn’t scream or cry, but I’m pretty sure I almost passed out when the needle went through my flesh. I don’t remember her actually putting the ring in my dick, but when I looked down, there it was, a steel circle with a little bead in place. I didn’t think about anything when I saw what had been done. I just stared at my cock, impressed with my change.

My head was woozy after the process. As I lay on the table I saw Trixie look over at Tracy.

“Anything for you tonight? We do discounts on couples getting work done together.” She glanced at Tracy’s large tits. “I’ll do your nipples if you like. You’ll love the way they feel.”

Tracy shook her head. “I’m lactating right now. I can’t.”

“Oh! You have a baby? I can’t wait to have kids.” She glanced at Diesel. “Someone just needs to grow up a little first. How old is your baby?”

Diesel pretended he didn’t hear. It was Tracy who spoke. “I have twins, actually. And they’re sixteen.” She nodded her head toward me. “He’s the baby who had me lactating.”

Trixie’s eyes went wide with delight. “Kinky! You really drink her breast milk?”

I must have been on some sort of endorphin high because I nodded. I’d never admitted my kink to a stranger before. “Yup. It’s delicious. I can’t help myself.”

Trixie looked back to Tracy. “Did you make him get the PA because he’s drinking your milk.”

“Partly,” Tracy answered but kept quiet on our more complex reasons.

The pretty tattooed and pierced woman nodded in triumph. “I always knew people who live in the burbs have secret kinks they never tell anybody.”

“How do you know we live in the suburbs?” I asked, a little offended that she was correct in her estimation of me.

That caused Trixie to laugh. “You’re white, married, look like you could be models in an LL Bean catalogue and have that attitude like you listen to NPR twenty four seven. Where else would you live?”

She had a point.

“One last thing before you go. Keep the piercing clean. Follow the aftercare instructions.” She handed me another sheet full of all sorts of rules to follow. “Don’t play with it. Any problems, call or come in immediately. No sex for at least a week.”

“Oh, that won’t be a problem,” Tracy assured her.

Chapter Thirteen

Waking up the next morning I wanted to scream in pain. I had tears in my eyes. It felt like someone had kicked me in the balls and the cock. I writhed around in agony for a few minutes before I reasoned that the pain wasn't that bad and I should grow up and deal with it.

If anyone tells you that getting your cock pierced doesn't hurt, he's a fucking liar. It's not a crippling, debilitating pain, but it fucking hurts. A lot. But it's not something that can't be dealt with. Having an erection is when it hurts the most because of all the blood filling up the flesh. It's strange to contemplate the sensation of metal through flesh where it most definitely shouldn't be, but there it is. I'm not going to go into deep detail about the whole healing process, but I will hit a couple of highlights.

After getting pierced the pain slowly ebbs away into a steady, sore throbbing. The first big hurdle to get over is pissing. Since I didn't have a urinary tract infection Trixie told me that urinating is a good way to clean the piercing. What she didn't tell me is that it hurt like hell. I knew it would and it did. I couldn't stand up to pee, I had to sit on the toilet and let fly that way. Instead of the familiar fire hose effect I was more like a watering can. That wasn't fun.

The second issue was dealing with erections. Those were painful at first, but I managed to get over them.

Needless to say, sex wasn't primarily on my mind the day after I had been pierced. Nor was it on my mind for the week after. It wasn't really a concern for me for at least a month.

Tracy showed a great amount of compassion for me and didn't force me to wear the new cock cage. I wanted to, but I knew it wasn't going to be possible. I put it on in private after a few days, but I didn't keep it locked on. I just wanted to know if it would work with the new steel cage. It did. She let me nurse from her tits whenever I asked. I drained them every night and that made me feel better. It was probably my imagination, but I think it helped the healing process. She even allowed me to nurse a little in the mornings. I think she felt bad that my cock

was out of commission for so long.

She didn't feel so badly that she stopped having sex with Kevin, but that was down to once in the middle of the week and once on the weekend. The first time she fucked him after I was pierced she came home with his cum in her panties, but she didn't make me clean her pussy. She just said thank you and cuddled up to me to go to sleep.

My proudest moment was when the initial healing was over and Tracy knelt in front of me to lock the new cage onto my cock. It fit perfectly and was held in place by two padlocks, one where the base ring was joined to the shaft and one at the end of the shaft where it hooked into my PA. Total security. It was scary and sexy both at the same time. We had to use ice to shrink me down enough to get into the small cage, but once she had locked me safely away, I started swelling up again. In almost no time my cock's flesh was pressing up against the inside of the cage, trying to escape.

"Oh, trying to break free?" Tracy teased me. She kissed the warm metal. "You know that's not going to happen."

I nodded eagerly. "I know. That's the way I want it."

After another kiss I couldn't feel she rewarded me by opening up her shirt and laying on the bed. I nursed from her, drinking every drop of her milk until she came, then I went down on her and made her cum with my mouth, but still she wasn't done with me.

"I want to see what it feels like on my pussy," she breathed in my ear as she climbed on top of my body. I was on my back and she rubbed her pussy along the short length of my contained cock, smearing me with her girl-cum, brushing her clit on the hard metal until she came again. "Fuck that was good," she told me when she was done. "Was it good for you?"

I just laughed at her. I could barely grow inside the cage let alone feel enough friction to have an orgasm.

Having an orgasm was another big milestone that I knew I needed to pass otherwise there was no point in having a cock ring. There are all sorts of different schools of thought on what is the best way to have a first ejaculation after getting pierced. They all more or less agree on waiting as long as possible.

We waited over a month to put the steel cage on me for anything longer than a few minutes. It was just under a month before I knew I was ready to try cumming.

The first week after getting pierced everything that touched my dick was a new experiment in pain levels and sensations I never expected. I came to realize how much I needed my cock. Pissing is the most obvious part, but even though sex and orgasm were unattainable goals right away, they were always in the back of my head. Once I was able to walk around without falling down in pain, take a piss without gritting my teeth, and get an erection without making it seem I was a twelve year old boy who couldn't control himself, I knew the next step was to actually cum.

"The instructions said no sex for at least a month," Tracy told me when I informed her of my plan. "I'm not sure I like this."

"It's not sex, it's masturbation."

"Six of one, half dozen of the other," she countered.

"Lots of lube and careful going," I told her. "You don't realize what torture this has been for me. Ever since I was old enough to know how to jerk off, I've been doing it every day except for when I've had sex or a blowjob. I'm probably one of those guys who actually do need to have sex every day or I'll die."

"You didn't have sex or jerk off for the past month," Tracy pointed out as I laid on the bed with a towel and a huge bottle of lube. I wasn't taking any chances.

"So maybe I'm dead already," I muttered as I filled my hand with lube and carefully smeared it all over my cock. I should have been concentrating on the head, but I found myself focusing on the shaft instead. Inside, I was afraid. "You don't have to watch, you know."

Tracy shook her head and then propped it on her hand to lie on her side, watching me. "I wouldn't miss this for the world."

It didn't take much for me to get hard. I whipped up an image of Tracy and Kerrie making out and then Kerrie using a strapon to fuck my wife. I felt the oddness of the ring running into my slit and then out the artificial hole just down the shaft. Since I was sensitive from the healing still going on and the lack of sex

for the past weeks I went easy on my cock until I was near climax when I went for broke and started stroking myself in my usual manner.

When I came my spunk shot out the end of my cock like it always did. It didn't hurt, though I was expecting it to. I sort of expected half my load to go shooting out the piercing hole, but that didn't happen. What mess I left behind was the usual mess. Tracy was pleased and cleaned me up. She rewarded me by letting me play with her tits and nurse from her and making her cum with my hand.

Sex was off the table.

Other things changed in my life because of my cockring. I felt more confident. I wore tighter underwear and looser pants because I didn't want the ring to show (which was probably and overblown concern). This was also in anticipation of wearing the metal cage during the day. I was overcome with the desire to ask everyone I knew if they wanted to see my cock piercing, but I had the common sense to not do that.

Once the cage went on Tracy would only release me every couple of days to shave and wash. We agreed that freedom on the weekends was best because she could more easily control me when we were both at home. Saturdays became the default sex day. I'd be released Saturday morning and we'd have sex immediately, then we'd have sex whenever we could during the next twenty four hours. My record was five full orgasms during those sweet and too-short hours. Sunday morning I'd be back in chastity only to be released at Tracy's whim.

I know some men or couples claim it's not real chastity unless you go at least a month between orgasms and then it's best if the female partner makes him cum with the weakest orgasm possible and then put him back into his cage immediately. To me, that became a load of bullshit because we quickly came to realize the best chastity is what works best for the couple playing the game. Everyone is an individual and to make chastity the same for every man defeats the purpose. Chastity to me wasn't a punishment Tracy doled out because I was her husband or a man, it was a method we used to enhance our sex life. It bonded us together. It made us stay together as a couple. At a time when a lot of our friends and coworkers were going through divorces we were happily bonded together.

It wasn’t just the chastity, of course, they bonded us together. Tracy’s milk supply never dried up. I still had to nurse from her every day, and often twice a day, to keep her milk flowing. It kept her just as happy as it kept me. Between our chastity practice and our adult nursing relationship, we were probably the most tightly bonded couple in the neighborhood if not the town or even the county.

Tracy continued her occasional encounters with Kevin, usually once a week. But their relationship hit a serious bump when Kerrie broke up with him. Tracy’s best friend had been exclusive with her young squire for almost a year before they ended it. They had become nearly exclusive during that time—excepting Tracy of course. Sometimes Tracy would fuck Kevin on the side by herself, other times it would be the three of them in bed together. I never joined the group because I wasn’t invited. It wasn’t part of the chastity game.

That was fine with me. Tracy told me everything she did with her lover and with Kerrie. I’d get pictures from Kevin that he took of the two women having sex and him having sex with them as well. It was supposed to make me jealous. It just made me hotter for my wife. She’d come home from their fuck sessions and want me to suck and fuck her for a second round. Her sexuality had come to full fruition.

I don’t know why Kevin and Kerrie broke up. Tracy said she was pretty sure he was fucking around with other women and that Kerrie didn’t like that. Apparently it was okay with Kerrie if he was fucking Tracy, but no one else. I was pretty sure Kerrie wasn’t so comfortable with Kevin’s bisexuality, but I knew when to keep my mouth shut.

In the long run it didn’t matter. A month after they broke up Kevin got transferred to Columbus, Ohio and that ended that. I was sort of sorry because now Tracy didn’t have a guy to sleep with and then tell me about. I was also sorry because Kevin never got the opportunity to give me a blowjob after I got my piercing.

Tracy did. And Tracy had sex with me with my piercing. She said it felt weird at first, but quickly got used to it and enjoyed it. She didn’t experience any huge change in orgasm pleasure—unlike what Trixie promised—but I sure did. Sex

with a PA is incredible. It doesn’t change everything, but then changes it makes are well worth the pain and struggle in getting and maintaining it.

End Part Four

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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