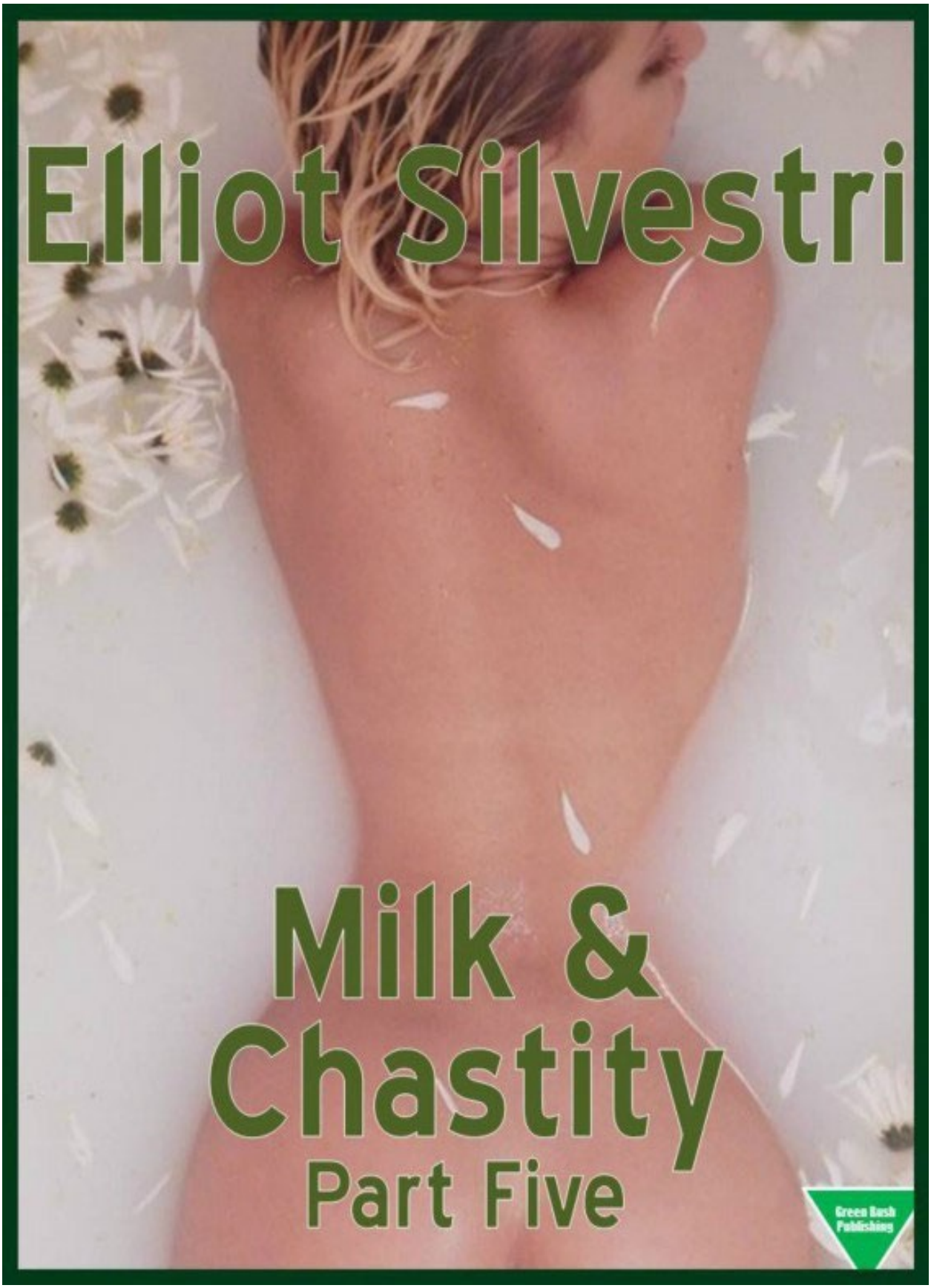
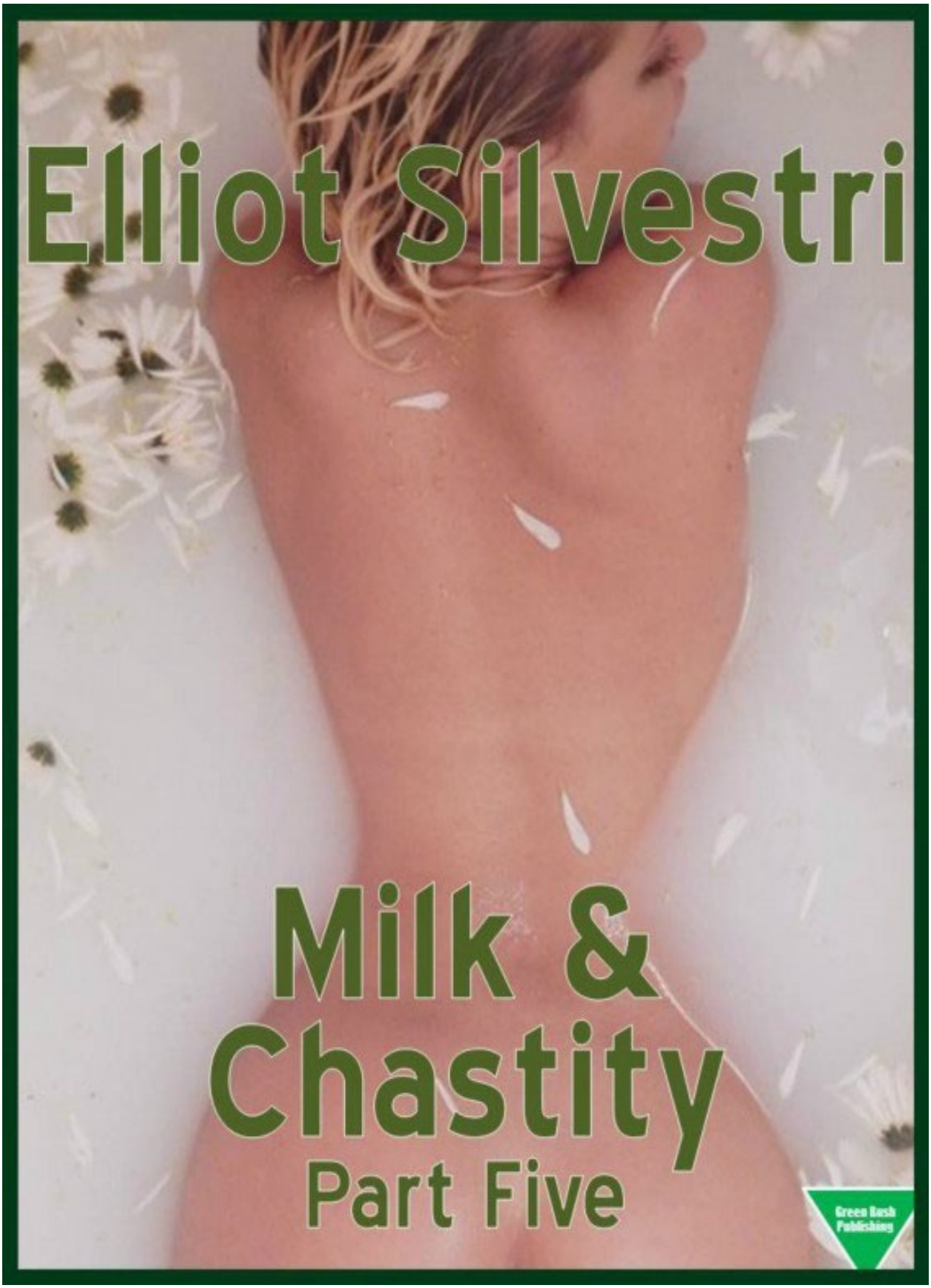

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Part Five
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Five

Chapter Fourteen

“I’ve got a two week trip to Chicago next month,” Tracy said to me after I had nursed from her and was just about to sink my cock into her wet pussy.

“What? Why are you telling me this now?” I complained as I put myself inside her. One of the advantages of being a long-term couple was that we could carry on a conversation while having sex.

“Because I wanted you in a good mood when I told you.” It was Wednesday night and she had opted to release me from the cage for making her favorite dinner, scallops with pasta, and doing the dishes so she could relax. “And I you need to prepare yourself to be caged for two solid weeks because I’m not flying back home just so you can have sex.”

“Caged for two weeks?” I asked. It sounded more like fun than a punishment. Tracy normally wore her key to my cage around her neck, or on a bracelet, and sometimes on her key chain the keys to her car and the house, but we also had the emergency key in the envelope in the study’s desk just in case. If she was gone for two weeks I’m sure I’d have an emergency. I wasn’t worried.

But she knew me too well. She knew I was used to regular release from chastity twice a week. She had trained me and my body well. “I’m going to have to ask Kerrie to be your keyholder for those two weeks. You can’t be trusted that long on your own, I know you.”

I sought to deflect her worries with a counter of my own. “What about your milk? How are you going to keep up your supply for that long without me?”

She stroked my hair and gave me a little kiss. “I’ll have my pump with me. It’ll be fine.”

“No, it won’t. I’ll have to come visit you halfway through your trip.”

Tracy shook her head. “No. You won’t.”

I wasn’t sure if she was telling me I couldn’t come to visit her or if she didn’t believe I actually would. True, I had responsibilities and home and work, but those could be worked around.

The twins were off at college. Tracy and I had kept our relationship going in no small part due to her continued lactation and my PA keeping me in chastity at her whim. When we sent the twins to college we realized she had been lactating for nearly twenty years. I asked her if she wanted to take a break. Her reply?

“Why would I stop doing something I love?”

Being held in chastity was a little more difficult for me. The locks were always there. I was only let out when Tracy was pleased with me. We had searched a little bit for a new partner for her to taunt me with but hadn’t had much luck beyond a couple of uncomfortable one-night stands for her. We had even considered asking Kerrie to join us in bed, but she was back to her unrestrained dating ways—now with both men and women—and it never seemed the right time.

But we had never before gone two weeks without releasing me. Sure, Tracy got pissed at me from time to time and kept me locked up for a few days longer than usual, but at most we would go five days at a time. Some men swore that being locked up for a month—or more—at a time was the only way to approach the perfect orgasm. They also advocated prostate milkings and other strange practices. Tracy and I were just too horny to deny ourselves carnal pleasure for more than a week.

Or, rather, she wouldn’t deny herself carnal pleasure for more than a couple of days. I’d gone a week or more without masturbating or having sex.

“We’ll use it as a test of your resolve and willpower,” Tracy decided.

As always the emergency key was in the little envelope in the desk. I could always use it if there was a true emergency. I never had although we had twice when Tracy lost track of her key for a couple of days. Tracy trusted me. We never had to use those little plastic numbered zip ties that could easily be cut with a pair of scissors but once the tie was cut it was obvious I the lock had been breached. Because of her trust, I wanted to make her proud and show her I could endure this separation.

It would be the longest period we had ever been apart since we were married.

“I don’t want my willpower tested,” I all but whined to her.

Her smile was a little too sly for my taste. “I might have a solution for this.”

She didn’t tell me her solution right away. Waiting was part of the thrill. Frisson

Tracy and Kerrie were in the kitchen when I got home from work. Since I started work later than Tracy I usually got home after her. It wasn’t unusual to have Kerrie over for dinner, especially right now as she was between lovers (her new term for her romantic partners because it was too difficult to switch back and forth between girlfriend and boyfriend) and they liked to drink a little wine before dinner.

The wine bottle was mostly gone when I walked in the door.

“Evan, take off your pants,” was the first thing Tracy said to me after I announced my arrival.

“Um…what?” I asked nervously glancing at Kerrie who was watching me intently.

Tracy rolled her eyes impatiently. “It’s not like she hasn’t seen your cock before. Just do it. She wants to see your steel cage.”

Although I knew Tracy told Kerrie pretty much everything about our strange sex life, it was still a bit uncomfortable to be told to take off your pants in the kitchen and show your wife’s best friend your caged cock.

I did it anyway.

“Nice,” Kerrie complimented me. “Maybe if I had done that to at least one of my boyfriends I’d have a man right now.”

“I thought you were dating what’s her face…Tamara?” I asked her as I tucked my caged cock back into my pants and zipped up.

Kerrie's face soured. "She was just fucking around with me. After three dates she tells me her boyfriend proposed and she said yes."

"Oh." I didn't know where to go with the conversation. Luckily my wife came to save me, as usual.

"I invited Kerrie over for a reason."

"To see my cock?" I asked.

They laughed at my snarkiness. "Only partly. She's the solution to the two-week problem."

"How so?"

"She's going to be the keyholder while I'm gone. I just wanted to make sure you were okay with that." They laughed again at me.

"I don't see how that's a solution," I huffed at her.

"She can release you every three or four days so you can jerk off and clean yourself," Tracy told me. "It's perfect."

"Right," I groused. "No sex and I get to jerk off in front of your friend."

"Eww," sneered Kerrie with a grin on her face. "Who said I was going to watch?"

The women had another laugh at my expense. "Joke's on you," I pointed out to Tracy. "You'll be the one suffering after using your breast pump for two weeks."

That brought her back to reality and her formerly happy face crashed into gloom. "Don't remind me. It's only slightly better than hand expressing."

I picked up the wine bottle and emptied the remains into the glass on the table. It barely filled it half full. "The things we do for love," I told her.

Despite the slightly tipsy state Tracy and Kerrie managed to cook a very tasty skillet chicken and rice dinner. We ate. We drank another bottle of wine. We sat around the living room talking about everything and nothing. Naturally we

wound up back at Tracy's upcoming trip.

"Show me your cock again," Kerrie said to me.

"Again?" I complained.

"Do it," Tracy told me.

"She'll get to see it plenty when you're gone," I said as I stood up and started taking off my pants.

"Don't tell a woman no when she asks to see your cock," said Kerrie. "It's very rude.

I had already kicked off my shoes and I just dropped my pants all the way to the floor to show off my caged manhood. I had drunk too much wine. I was small inside the cage.

Kerrie was disappointed. "I thought it was supposed to be trying to get out all the time," she griped. "You're tiny."

"Thanks." She missed my sarcasm.

"When was the last time you got out and had sex?" Kerrie rested her empty wine glass on the floor and tucked her feet up under her legs as she reclined on the couch.

"Two days ago."

She looked at my wife. "You let him out in the middle of the week?"

Tracy shrugged. "I was horny and wanted sex. He nursed, I unlocked him, we fucked. I love it when a man cums in me. Half the time that alone makes me cum."

"When does he get out again?"

"When I feel like it," Tracy answered.

"How do you make him hard?"

I was a little uncomfortable with the way they were talking about me like I wasn't there, like I was a piece of meat to be used for their pleasure. But that thought made my cock twitch and start to inflate.

"You just have to tease him like this," Tracy said as she clumsily unbuttoned her shirt and pulled down her bra, exposing her tits.

It wasn't quite enough to make me hard, but it helped. Kerrie was drunk enough to pick up on my wife's hint. "Like this?" she asked as she pulled her shirt and bra over her head in one smooth move. Her breasts were smaller than my wife's, but stood up proudly on her chest. Her nipples were small and surrounded by tiny light brown areola.

A woman exposing her tits to me for the first time was enough to make my cock hard. They kept an eye on my crotch and noticed my flesh was starting to press again the metal bars of my cage.

"Now it's working," Tracy commented as I pulled off my shirt. I wasn't sure where we were going with this little game, but I was happy to play along.

"How do you give him head when he's inside of that thing?" Kerrie asked.

Tracy shook her head. "I don't. It's been a long time since I've sucked his cock. That's not my thing."

"It's my thing," Kerrie commented as she slithered off the couch and knelt next to me where I was seated in the reclining chair. "How can you not love sucking cock?" She reached out and fondled my cage, flipping it back and forth, causing just a little bit of pain as she did so.

"I've learned to love other things."

Kerrie barely heard her. Her eyes were glazed with lust and alcohol. I wasn't expecting it, but I appreciated it when she lowered her face to me and licked the length of the cage. I could just barely feel the heat of her tongue as she did so. A few drops of her saliva dripped between the bars, touching my flesh. A little frisson of excitement ran through me, shaking my body.

"Unlock him," she pleaded Tracy. "I want to play with his cock."

My wife shook her head. “No. Let’s tease him a bit more first.” She stood up, unsteadily, and shimmied out of her skirt and panties. I looked with lust as my wife’s naked body. Her tits were ripe and needed to be sucked. I could smell her milk from across the room. At the apex of her thighs her auburn pubic hair had been carved into a neat little strip. There was nothing not to love.

I wasn’t the only one to look upon Tracy with lust. Kerrie stumbled to her feet and kissed my wife. It wasn’t the type of kiss shared by friends, it was the type shared by lovers. It must have been the sort of kissing they did in Kevin’s bed. As I took all this in I noticed my cock was uncomfortable. I looked down and noticed it was swelling up against the bars. I wanted to be released but I didn’t dare interrupt my wife and her lover.

“Come on,” Tracy said softly, taking Kerrie’s hand and leading her up the stairs to our bedroom. Though I wasn’t invited, I eagerly followed, my frustrated cock bouncing around as I climbed the stairs.

They were already on the bed when I walked in. Tracy was tugging off Kerrie’s pants and looked at me with unbridled lust as she plunged her tongue into her friend’s pussy. This was where any other man would have found an orifice to fill with his cock or at least stroke his manhood as his wife and her girlfriend made love on the bed. I wasn’t that man; I was kept in chastity by my wife. I could only watch.

Kerrie promptly started moaning under my wife’s ministrations. It was beautiful and frustrating to watch. She wasn’t nearly as loud as Tracy, but she moved around much more, clutching at the sheets, caressing Tracy’s shoulders, running her fingers through Tracy’s auburn curls. Right after Kerrie’s first climax Tracy looked up at me. “Well? I’m waiting for you.” Then she went right back to Kerrie’s pussy.

I wanted to be between Kerrie’s legs. I’d gone down on my wife a hundred times and she had no right to delve into our friend’s black furred pussy. Still, I knew my place and role. I knelt on the floor. Tracy’s ass was up in the air and I got between her thighs and started licking. The angle was awkward, but Tracy’s intent was obvious; I was there to service them. I wasn’t sure how much pleasure she got from my wife, but finally Kerrie pushed Tracy away. I had been listening intently to her breathing and moaning; she must have climaxed half a dozen times under Tracy.

“Your turn,” she said to Tracy as she pushed my wife over onto her back and spread her legs wide. She gave her a couple of firm licks to Tracy’s swollen and wet labia, and then looked to me. “Aren’t you going to help me?” she asked.

I eagerly climbed between Tracy’s legs with Kerrie. It was a stretch for Tracy to open up that wide, but she managed. Kerrie and I took turns licking and sucking Tracy’s pussy. I put a finger up inside her, stroking forward, looking for that hidden spot that would always make her cum. We actually shared kisses, of a sort, over Tracy’s swollen clit. I’m not sure if Tracy caught ever little aspect of what was going on, but she enjoyed herself with a pair of orgasms announced by muffled shrieks.

“Stop stop stop,” Tracy begged. “I need a break.”

Kerrie laughed in satisfaction. “I bet you do.” She kissed Tracy’s inner thigh. “Can we release him now?” she asked softly.

Now Tracy laughed. “You’re going to be disappointed.”

“Why? Is his dick really small even with it’s hard?”

Tracy kept giggling. “Nope. He’s average—”

“Thanks hon.”

She ignored me. “—but he won’t last.”

“Show me!”

Kerrie was over eager, but Tracy gave in and retrieved my key. While we waited for Tracy to return, Kerrie held my caged cock and contemplated the way I was swelling up against the metal. Tracy didn’t waste any time opening my two locks and pulling the cage off me. In a flash I was hard, my cock pointing to the ceiling, crowned by the silver PA ring.

Unable to help herself, Kerrie clapped her hands. “That was like magic.”

“You want to see some magic?” she asked her friend. “Watch this.”

When she reached into the nightstand I knew exactly what Tracy was up to and I

resisted. “No, c’mon, please?”

“Nope, we’re doing it my way.”

I didn’t blame my wife. She had already been satisfied by my and Kerrie’s tongues. She squirted a pile of lube in her hand, grabbed my cock, and started masturbating me. I held off as long as I could, but between the two day break from sex combined with eating out both my wife and Kerrie, and seeing them play with each other, I barely lasted a minute under Tracy’s hand.

I hated and loved the way my body clenched and shot semen from my cock. It sort of got caught around the PA ring, but there was still enough force for it to go flying. Most of it landed on the sheets but a little splattered on Kerrie’s side where she lay watching me on my knees as Tracy jerked me off.

“See?” Tracy laughed. “Less than a minute. He’s so easy to make cum.”

Kerrie wiped my spunk off her skin and then licked it from her fingers. “I see,” she said to Tracy while keeping her eyes on me.

“He’s so easy to make cum after he gets released,” Tracy said as she gathered the pieces to my chastity cage in preparation of putting it back on. I was already shrinking back to my normal size. “Maybe you should do this with your next boyfriend.”

Kerrie lightly toed me in the balls as Tracy was preoccupied with my cage. Her eyes never left me. “Maybe I should,” she agreed with my wife.

I shivered a little.

Chapter Fifteen

Day One

“You’ll be safe with Kerrie,” Tracy told me right before she kissed me goodbye.

“Is she going to be spending every night ?” I asked.

“Of course not. Don’t be silly. She’ll check in on your, of course, but remember she has a teenage boy at home. You remember how you were as a teenage boy, don’t you?”

I did and I’m sure Brett was looking forward to some additional free time with great anticipation.

I looked down at the small amount of cleavage Tracy was showing off. The key that she often hid between her breasts was not there. She had already passed it off to Kerrie the night before. Tracy and I had sex and then Kerrie put me back into my cage under Tracy’s watchful eye. She then left our house and went home, leaving me alone with my wife and no way to get out of chastity.

“But she’ll release me, won’t she?” I was almost whining now; I was worried about my welfare when it was supposed to be Tracy’s responsibility to worry about that.

“If you’re good…maybe, “she teased. “Don’t worry about me. I’ve got my breast pump and two weeks away from home.” She winked. “What do you think I’ll be doing?” And with those ominous words she turned around and marched to the security gate. Our words had been whispered in the middle of the airport, but no one really gave us a second glance. Just another couple parting. It was a scene repeated over and over there a hundred times a day.

It wasn’t until I was back in the car did her question really register with me. What was my wife going to be doing away from me?

The rest of the day went pretty normally. I went to work. I came home. I contemplated my dick inside its metal cage until my wife called.

“How was your trip?”

“Exhausting.”

“When do your classes start?” The two-week meeting was corporate training on new laws affecting commercial liability insurance. It sounded almost as exciting as watching walls crumble into dust.

“Tomorrow morning. Has Kerrie checked in with you yet?”

“No. Not yet. Why?”

“I told her to keep a tight rein on you.”

“Thanks.”

“You’ll appreciate it later on, I’m sure.”

“If you say so.”

“I’ve got a dinner meeting in an hour.”

“For what?”

“Meet and greet. There’s over three hundred of us here and they want us in a good mood before they start in on the twelve hour days of classes. Free food and drinks. It’s a bribe.”

“I’m sure they did a wonderful cost-benefit analysis before they made that decision.”

“I’m sure too. I’m going to get a little drunk and see if I can coax someone back to my room.”

Instantly my cock tried to get hard inside the cage. “What someone?” I asked with my voice hushed. I put my hand on my cage and tried to massage my dick, but it was a waste of time.

“Any someone. Do you think I should wear my wedding band?”

“I don’t know. Some guys will see it as a sign to stay away. Others will see it as a challenge.”

“I’m going to wear it,” she decided. “I don’t want to be accused of false advertising. Wish me luck. I’ll call you in the morning with an update.”

“Luck,” I told her just as she hung up.

Maybe it was all an act for me. My cock wanted to get hard and I wanted to jerk off to the idea of my wife picking up some man in the hotel ballroom where they were having a dinner buffet and drinks. He’d probably be a coworker from elsewhere in the country. He’d probably be married and just as eager to cheat on his wife as my wife was to cheat on me.

I knew the emergency key was downstairs in the desk. I looked down at my caged cock. Two simple locks, one at the base and one at the tip. Tracy would only know when she got home. Kerrie would know when she visited me tomorrow or the next day, but that was a problem for Future Evan to deal with. Present Evan just wanted to get off and fall asleep.

I turned on the TV instead and watched a couple of movies until I fell asleep, exhausted.

Day Two

I was woken up by the phone ringing. It was Tracy I saw from the caller ID. I also saw it was just after six a.m. That meant it was five a.m. in Chicago. Tracy never woke up early.

“What an asshole,” were her first words to me.

“Who? Me?”

“No, the guy I slept last night.”

After years of being in a chastity cage I was used to waking up with morningwood. It usually faded after a couple of seconds; today it came on with a vengeance.

“What’s his name?” I asked her. My hand was inside my pajamas, holding my cock through the cage.

“James. Wanted me to call him Jimmy.”

“Tell me everything,” I begged. “Is he still there? Are you going to have sex again this morning?”

“No,” she sighed. “I woke up half an hour ago and wanted to have sex. Again. When he realized I wasn’t his wife he panicked. Apparently he was drunker last night than I realized.”

“Are you naked?”

“Yes.”

“Are you masturbating?”

“Are you?” she asked harsher than necessary.

“Of course not. I’ve got my cage on.”

“Well there’s your answer. Anyway, we were drinking at the bar last night, a whole mixed bunch of us from dinner. The company purposely placed us at tables where we’d meet people from other regions. I told him I was horny and wanted to have sex. He said he’d be happy to help me out.”

“Just like that?” I asked, surprised.

“Just like that. We talked for a few more minutes, and then we went up to my room.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah…it wasn’t as good as I had hoped.”

“Why?”

“He had trouble undressing me. The one nice thing was that I didn’t have to deal with unlocking him from a cage.” I liked the nice, subtle jab she sent my way. “His kissing was a little too sloppy, too much tongue. But he had a nice big cock.”

“He did?” I wanted to hear more.

“Well, bigger than yours,” she taunted me.

I groaned.

“First time we fucked—”

“First time!”

“—we did it straight missionary. I was good and hard and fast. Second time was actually better. He lasted longer. I was on top for most of it and then he rolled us over, put me on my hands and knees and fucked me from behind.”

“Did he come in you?”

“Of course.”

“You slept together naked?”

“Naturally.”

My cock was starting to hurt, trapped inside the cage and the swelling wouldn’t stop. I should have stopped asking questions, but I had to know. “What happened this morning?”

“I woke up and I was horny so I grabbed his cock. He started getting hard right away.” She paused. “I went down on him. He tasted really good, little bit of sweat and musky, and then he sat up and jumped out of bed.”

“Realized you weren’t his wife,” I filled in for him.

“Yeah. Stupid fucker. If you’re going to cheat, fine. But don’t have regrets halfway through.”

“You’re the other woman,” I pointed out to her.

“So? He’s an adult. If he didn’t want to have sex, he didn’t have to. If he needs to get drunk to have sex with someone other than his wife…well, he deserves the guilt. I’m going to find him and hit on him today, just to mess with him.”

“You’re an evil woman.”

“I am what you made me.”

“How are your breasts?” I asked. “Are they full and sore?”

“I pumped last night before the dinner. I’ll pump again this morning. It’s nothing like your mouth,” she said longingly. “And Jimmy hardly paid attention to my tits when we fucked.”

“What a cad.”

“I’m going to call Kerrie and tell her to check on you. No release for you today,” she decided. “Uh. Look at the time. I’ve got to hurry to make the first meeting this morning.”

“I love you,” I told her.

“I love you too.” She hung up and left me with a semi-hard cock and no means of release.

Work was excruciating that day, not just because we were in crunch time before quarterly reports were due, but because I couldn’t stop thinking about what my wife was going to be doing that night and what she had done the night before. I came home, made myself dinner from leftovers, and settled in with a nice glass of scotch, something I rarely did. Television seemed like the best distraction.

“What exactly are you doing?!” Kerrie demanded of me. I nearly jumped all the way out of my chair. My drink was gone. I must have drifted off while watching TV and drinking.

“What the fuck are you doing here!?” I demanded of Kerrie.

She laughed at the way she startled me. “Checking up on you.”

“How the fuck did you get in?” My heart was pounding in my chest but I was

getting control over my limbs again.

Kerrie displayed two keys on a special key ring. “This one is to your house,” she explained indicating the larger key. “And this one is to your cock,” she added unnecessarily. I recognized it and didn’t need to be told the purpose.

“Tracy gave the house key to you?”

“Naturally.” She smoothed back her long black hair and looked at the empty glass on the floor next to my recliner. “Getting drunk because you can’t fuck?”

“No,” I automatically replied and felt guilty. “I’m just having a drink.”

“That’s fine. So…show me your cock, I told Tracy I’d check on you. I need to make sure you’re safely locked up still.”

I stood stock still in the middle of the living room. “I wasn’t expecting this.”

She tapped her foot, taking on the pretend role of a 1950s school teacher. “I’m waiting.”

I followed orders and dropped my pants down to mid-thigh showing her that my cage was still locked on.

“Very good. Are you suffering?”

“Just a little.”

“You’ll get over it.”

“Yeah, when Tracy returns.”

“Speaking of her, she told me I need to keep you on edge.”

“She fucked another guy last night,” I blurted out to Kerrie. “She’s already got me on edge.”

Kerrie shook her head. “That doesn’t matter. I have my orders.” She hiked up her skirt to reveal a pretty pair of yellow panties. These she pulled down and stepped out of. My cock, once again, tried to get hard and failed. “Last time I had sex was with you and Tracy,” she said. “I’m horny and you need to fix that.” Kerrie

sprawled on the couch, her feet on the floor and spread wide, revealing her pussy that was decorated by a small black triangle of hair just above her slit. “Pull up your pants and get to work.”

Servicing Kerrie was probably an agreement made between her and Tracy that I wasn’t told about. Not that I minded. Cunnilingus wasn’t a chore to me. Kerrie wasn’t lying about not having sex in a few weeks. The moment my tongue met her clit she was shaking with desire. Her juices her flowing before I had a chance to do any work. I wrapped my arms around her thighs and kept control of her body as I licked and sucked her to orgasm. It didn’t take long.

“Fuck!” she screamed when she came. I looked up from between her legs.

“Good?”

“Yes. Yes. More,” she demanded.

“Can do.” I went back to work. This time I inserted a couple of fingers up her cunt and stroked at her anus with my ring finger. She loved that. She cried out every time I sucked her engorged clit into my mouth while tickling her asshole. I’m not sure how many times I made her cum that night, but finally she pushed me away.

“I’m good, I’m good,” she kept repeating to herself. Her eyes were still glazed with lust when she demanded of me, “Show me your cock again.”

I did so eagerly, dropping my pants and displaying my enlarged member for her. I was eager and hopeful that she would use the other key on her ring and open up my cage, if not to have sex with her then to let me jack off.

No such luck.

“Wow, that must hurt,” Kerrie commented.

“A little,” I admitted.

“Tracy said a cold shower would be the best thing for you tonight. I’ll be back tomorrow.” She stood up and stepped over me on the floor

“Wait,” I protested. “You can’t go now.”

Kerrie pulled on her panties and smoothed her skirt into place. “I can and I will.” Her resolve was strong and she managed to walk out the door, leaving me a wreck on the floor.

Not wanting to be a failure in my wife’s eyes I studiously ignored the beckoning call of the key in the study, went upstairs for a very cold shower, and sent her a text message.

Kerrie just left. Made her cum 5 times. How are you?

She didn’t reply to my text that night.

Day Three

Tracy sent me a text the next morning. Texting instead of calling? Are you in high school?

I sent back a reply. I just wanted to know how you were.

Instead of playing the texting game, Tracy called me. “I’m fine. And I knew that Kerrie checked in on you last night. You don’t have to tell me everything.”

“Did you find someone else to bring back to your room last night?” I asked her a little too eagerly.

Her answer was bitter and angry. “No. I’m not here just to screw around, Evan. I’m here for my job. I have work to do.”

“Sorry. I forgot.”

“I’ve got my computer working with the hotel Wi-Fi. We can Skype tonight.”

“Okay.”

My third day away from Tracy again seemed to last forever. I’d been held in chastity longer than three days before, but it was always with her next to me. This was different.

At home I turned on the computer in the study, carefully keeping the desk drawer with my key's enveloped closed, and waited for her to sign into Skype. I waited a long time.

Sitting there it was so temping to go on the internet and find some porn, but to what end? I'd just get more frustrated and either give in to temptation and unlock myself or wind up taking the world's longest cold shower. That would deal with the swelling but not the desire.

Before I could fail, Tracy signed in and prevented a meltdown.

"Hi honey!" I said a little too cheerfully.

"Hey, babe. Show me your cage. I know you're in the study and I need to know." It wasn't the sort of greeting most men got from their wife, but I didn't complain. I opened my pants and displayed my proudly contained dick. "Very good," she complimented me. "Now show me the envelope." I didn't need to ask what envelope. We both already knew.

I held up to the camera the small white envelope with her signature across the sealed flap. I could feel the tiny key inside but I said nothing to her about letting me open it or being allowed to do anything else with it. To ask was to invite her to tell me no.

"So you've been a good boy then."

"Yes I have," I said proudly.

"Kerrie will be over later to check on you," she told me. Tracy was wearing a hotel bathrobe and abruptly opened it up revealing her tits. It wasn't completely unexpected and it was certainly welcome, but I didn't know how to react right away. My cock did, of course. It tried to get hard and was immediately prevented from doing so. "Do you miss the girls?"

"Hell yes," I answered staring at the computer screen. The lighting wasn't the best, but I was familiar with her tits and all I needed was a reminder. "They're beautiful. And full. I can tell they're full, aren't they?"

She laughed and nodded as she pushed back from the computer. Tracy bent over and placed her breast pump on the hotel's desk and started attaching the

collection horns to the pump and then her tits. “I thought you might like to watch as I pump.”

It wasn’t anywhere nearly as good as being there actually nursing from her, but it was better than nothing. I nodded. “Yeah, that sounds good.”

Once she turned on the pump it made enough noise to make talking difficult, but not impossible. We didn’t need to talk that much anyway. I just watched at the efficient little machine pulled on her precious nipples, stretching them out, and drew out her milk. Little fountains of off-white liquid sprayed from her nipples, filled the horn’s tubes and went down into the collection bottles. It was a beautiful sight.

My eyes glanced back and forth from her face to her tits. Tracy was enjoying pumping herself, but it wasn’t nearly as good as my mouth. It might be enough to make her cum if she had gone a few days without pumping, but I doubted it. I just watched Tracy get more and more turned on hoping that when she was done she’d lay on the bed behind her and masturbate while I watched. That was as good as I could hope for.

“Does it feel good?” I asked when the collection bottles neared capacity.

She nodded. “Really good. But it’s not going to get me off.”

“Are you going to masturbate for me?” I asked hopefully.

Tracy switched off the machine and removed it from her breasts. “No.”

“Are you going to turn off the computer and do it?” I was upset.

She smiled thinly, enjoying my suffering. “No. I have a date tonight.”

Once more my cock struggled to get hard and failed. “That’s great. With who?”

“One of the guys in my training class today.” She closed up her robe. “I need to get ready. I need a shower and time to get dressed. We’re going out to eat.”

“Are you going to have sex with him after?”

She grinned at me already knowing what I wanted to hear. “That’s the plan.

Don’t call me, I’ll call you. I love you.” And with that she disconnected.

I sat at the desk staring at the computer screen and contemplated the key in the envelope on the desk. It was almost too much. I was willing to take a penalty if I could jerk off right then.

The doorbell saved me. I zipped up my pants, went to the front door and found Kerrie waiting patiently. “Why didn’t you use your key?” I asked

“Didn’t want to scare you again. Are you going to invite me in or are you going to drop your pants for the whole neighborhood to see?”

“Oh. Yeah. Come on in.” Without even thinking about it the moment after I ushered Kerrie inside, I automatically opened up my pants for her to check my cage. She turned around to look at me and shook her head.

She gasped and then said, “You could buy a girl a drink first.”

“What? Oh shit!” I quickly covered back up as Kerrie laughed at me. “Sorry, I just knew why you were here so I just, well, you know…”

“At least I don’t have to actually ask you to see your cock. I think it’s better if you pull it out and wave it around when I show up.”

“Really?”

She shook her head. “No, not really. Now…about that drink?”

I poured us both some wine and we went to the kitchen. It seemed neutral ground. “Who’s watching Brett when you’re over here checking on me?”

“He’s not a baby. He can be by himself for a few hours while Mom is gone.”

I tilted my head to the side. “Yeah, but do you remember what you were doing when you were home alone?”

Kerrie’s face went sour. “Don’t remind me. I hope my kid is better behaved than I was.”

“My kids are at college,” I pointed out. “They’re on their own for screwing up

now.”

She nodded in agreement. “So…want to have sex?”

It was my turn to nod. “Sure. Do you want to go upstairs to the bed? It would be easier to go down on you there instead of on the couch.”

“The bed is a great idea.” We stood up from the kitchen table and headed to the stairs. “Oops, forgot my keys,” Kerrie said, whirling and around and grabbing her key chain off the counter.

I paused. “You like teasing me, don’t you?”

She looked at my. For the first time in my life I saw Kerrie actually acting shyly. “I do, but we’ll need the key to unlock your cage so we can have sex.”

It took a moment for the words to sink in. “You mean actually have sex?” My cock was straining hard against the metal and failing miserably. “Is that allowed?”

She nodded eagerly. “Tracy gave me permission. You’ve been a good boy and I haven’t had sex with a man in far too long. Shall we?”

We did. I nervously led the way up the stairs to the bedroom where I took off my clothes as she watched. Kerrie went down on her knees in front of me, opened both locks on my cage and slipped off the pieces. As soon as I was free I sprang up proudly. Kerrie laughed with delight and gave me a little kiss on the side of my shaft.

“He’s ready to go. Help me undress?” She stood up and turned her back to me. I reached around her body, pressing my hard cock against her, and unbuttoned her shirt, unbuttoned her jeans and lowered the zipper. She actually took off her own clothes, but left of her bra and panties. I unhooked her bra and she slipped the garment from her shoulders. I went down on my knees to lower the pink and black lace panties from her hips, revealing her taut, round ass on which I placed a light kiss before she turned around and presented her artfully shaved pussy to my face. “You know what I want first.”

Her scent was rising on the air. If my cock wasn’t already hard I would have risen to the occasion just on smell alone. As I leaned forward to kiss her pussy

she stepped back and sat down on the bed, crawling backwards up the mattress with her legs opened wide. I eagerly crawled after her, my erection pressing up against my stomach, chasing her until my nose was buried in her pussy. Kerrie let her head flop back in resignation, giving herself over to my need to lick and taste her.

I used everything at my disposal. I licked and sucked on her clit. With one hand I slipped a pair of fingers up into her pussy, exploring her inner walls, while with the other I teased and stroked at her anus causing her to gasp and lurch her hips in an effort to escape the teasing pleasure. Since I already had a pair of fingers in her pussy it was easy to hold her hips down, making her take the pleasure I was conferring to her body.

In no time at all she was gasping and calling out her need to cum. I lost track of time and the number of ways she climaxed under my tongue. I knew she was done when she started screaming, “Enough! Stop! Too much!”

I pulled back from her soaking and red pussy. Her labia were swollen with desire, her lips covered with my saliva and her juices. “Did you enjoy that?”

Kerrie covered her face with both hands. “Tremendously. But I’m not done yet.”

I said nothing and just waited for her request.

After an uncomfortable silence she lifted one hand from her face and looked at me. “What are you waiting for?”

“Oh! Sorry.” I moved up and over her. When in chastity it’s so easy to forget that when your cock is free, it works and it should be used. Kerrie reached down and grabbed me to guide me into her pussy. The moment I was inside her I immediately realized there was a problem. “I’m going to cum,” I told her.

“You can’t cum that quickly,” she said. “No one can.”

I started moving my hips. I couldn’t help myself. “You’ve never fucked anyone right after they got out of chastity, have you?”

“What? No.” She could feel my hardness and the pulsing in my cock. Her eyes widened as she realized I was telling the truth. In an effort to stop me from ruining the moment she grabbed the base of my cock and pressed her fingers

tightly against the bottom, but she couldn’t stop the inevitable.

“Sorry!” I cried out as I came. It hurt because of her fingers trying to keep me from cumming, but it felt so good once the climax ran through my body. I collapsed on top of her, sobbing.

“Shh, shh,” she repeated over and over as she stroked my hair. “It’s okay, it’s okay.”

“I’m sorry,” I blubbered to her. “I’m sorry.”

We just laid together for a long time until I got control of myself. It was embarrassing the way she held me and the way she comforted me.

“Am I supposed to call you pathetic and make fun of you for going less than a minute?” she asked me, trying to contain a bit of laughter.

“No,” I replied sharply. “I mean, you can if you want, but I don’t particularly get off on that.”

“I’ve never had sex with a guy who has a cock piercing,” she confessed to me.

“Did you enjoy it?”

“I could barely feel it,” she told me with an uncomfortable chuckle. “I mean, I’ve had hard vibrators and dildos before, and those I could feel. Your cock was nice, but it was just like a little tiny topper. Maybe if you had fucked me longer.”

I looked away, embarrassed at my lack of stamina. “I’d have liked it better if we had gone longer. We should do something else.”

“What else would you like?”

I decided to go the bold route. “I’d like to fuck you again.”

“Can you get it up for me?” she asked, lifting an eyebrow.

“Maybe with a little help.”

“I can do that.” Kerrie pushed me off her and slipped down my body, taking my cock into her mouth before I could stop her. It was still wet with my cum and her

juices, but that didn't stop Kerrie. Neither did the unfamiliar PA. She licked the metal ring and then took my entire cock into her mouth. Either she was talented or I was horny, or both. It didn't take her more than a minute to get me good and hard. "Ready for me?"

"Uh-huh."

Kerrie straddled my thighs and aimed my cock back into her pussy. She lowered herself down and we were fucking again, this time slower. She rocked her hips back and forth. Her breasts gently bobbed up and down. I reached for them and gently caressed her nipples, squeezing them a bit. It was strange to play with a set of tits and not have milk come out of them.

"This is good," she said. "I can feel your ring rolling inside me. I like this."

"Fucking me?"

"Yeah. You've got a nice cock. If I was married to you, I wouldn't keep it locked up. I'd keep it out where I could get to it all the time."

"Sounds good to me." I couldn't imagine going without my chastity cage, but it wasn't the time to argue with Kerrie. She closed her eyes and enjoyed every little sensation of me inside her.

We stopped talking and focused on bringing our bodies together. Since I had cum once already I had much more staying power and we were fucking like we were professionals. She spoiled the moment.

"Okay, I lied. I'm not supposed to have sex with you," Kerrie blurted out.

I stopped moving. "What?"

Kerrie's body was still in motion. She was rapidly approaching her peak and telling me she had lied to both me and Tracy about having sex with me was probably stoking her imagination and libido.

"Tracy told me to let you jerk off, but not to have sex with you," Kerrie grunted as she ground her pussy down on my pubic bone. "We're not supposed to be doing this."

“Shit.”

“I don’t care,” Tracy’s eyes were closed. She was close to cumming. “It’s been totally worth it.”

In truth it was for me to. We fell silent and abruptly increased the pace of our fucking. I came in her again. Her eyes snapped open and she moaned in appreciation of the hotness flowing into her.

She came, her body shaking on top of mine. “This was good,” she sighed when she was done. “We have to do it again.”

We didn’t, but we planned to. She had to go home to her son and I had to think up a lie to tell Tracy about my infidelity. Before she left Kerrie put the cage back on my cock and took the key. “Just to keep things safe,” she said as she walked out the door.

Day Four

“What did you do last night with Kerrie?” Tracy asked me on the phone as I was getting ready to go to work.

“She came over and unlocked me and watched as I jerked off,” I lied to my wife.

“How long did that take?” she teased me.

“About a minute.”

“Was it good for you?”

“It was…fine.”

“Oh, right. You want to fuck her or me or any woman and you’re trying to tell me that a little jerking off was good enough for you.”

“I didn’t say it was good enough, I said it was fine.”

She laughed again.

I turned the conversation on her. “How was your date?”

“It was good. He was nice.”

There was a silence between us for a moment. “Did you have sex with him?” I blurted.

“I don’t have time to go into it right now. I’m going to be late for my first class. I’ll call you tonight.”

She hung up on me. It might have been the truth. It might have been just another long tease for me. I was still sated from my two fucks with Kerrie so my cock didn’t try to get hard right away, but I could feel the lust down there.

Five minutes later my phone buzzed with a text message. There weren’t any words, just an attached picture from Tracy. It was so cock sliding into her pussy. I didn’t recognize the cock, but I recognized the pussy. I was intimately familiar with my wife’s cunt. The picture was enough for my cock to try to get hard all day long.

“What’s his name?” I asked Tracy the moment she called that night.

“Whose name?” she asked innocently.

“The guy you fucked last night.”

“Don. Donovan, actually. He was a good lay.”

“I’ll bet.”

She doesn’t even bother to ask if I want to hear her story. Naturally, I do, but I’d like to be asked as well. “After dinner we came back to my room and we had sex. It was great. He likes to switch positions, but we were fucking doggy style when he came.”

“Did you cum?” I asked breathlessly.

“Yes. I lost track of how many times. He spent the night. Does that bother you?”

Although she had had sex with Kevin and her other few lovers before, she had never actually spent the entire night with sleeping next to another man. That was something she had only done with me. “No,” I told her. “You can do that if you like.”

“We woke up in the early morning and had sex again.”

“That sounds like something a slut would do,” I commented.

She pretended like she didn’t hear me. “After we had sex he called his wife and talked with her. I was holding his cock when he did that.”

That made me breathless. “Does his wife know…?”

From the sounds the phone was making I knew that Tracy had to be shaking her head. “No. She doesn’t know he’s cheating on her. I told him he should be honest with her, but that’s their life.” She paused and then added. “He hung up when went down on him.”

“While he was talking to his wife?”

“While he was talking to his wife,” she confirmed for me.

“Well, now, that does sound like something a slut would do. Did you make him cum?”

“No, he already did before he talked to her. I was just teasing him.”

“You’re good at that.”

“Indeed I am,” she agreed. “Send me a picture of your cock.”

I was startled. “I think that’s the first time a woman actually asked for a picture of a man’s cock.”

She blew me off. “There are hundreds of dick pics flying around the internet.”

“From guys who take a picture of their junk and send it to women who don’t want to see that. Or from gay guys to gay guys. A straight woman never requests it from a man.”

“I’m bi,” my wife pointed out.

“That’s a good argument.”

“Just send me the picture so I can be sure you’re still locked up. I’ll call you tonight.” She ended the call.

That left me with the conundrum of how to best photograph my caged cock. While it was a problem thousands of men had dealt with already, it was new to me. It took some doing to fine the right lighting and angle that pleased me, but eventually I prevailed and sent my cock anonymously to my wife. I felt dirty.

I liked it.

The call from Tracy that night was short and to the point. “I’ve got another date with Don so we need to make this quick.”

“I’m feeling a little left out here,” I complained.

“Too bad. Kerrie’s not going to be over tonight to check on you. You’re going to suffer on your own.”

“Drat.”

“I’m also going to offer Don my milk?”

“What?!”

“Holy shit, Evan. I’ve been hit on more times today than my entire life. If he’s turned off by it I’ll find a new guy tomorrow to sleep with.”

“Um, I wasn’t complaining about you not getting sex. I thought your milk was for me.” I was disappointed to say the least.

“My milk is for whoever I say it’s for. Besides, the pump isn’t nearly as good as a mouth.”

That was the last of my conversation with Tracy that night.

Day Five

I called Tracy in the morning. It was a break in our routine, but I think I had a certain right to mix things up. I wound up waking her up.

“It’s too early in the morning for this.” Her voice was froggy with exhaustion.

“Is he there?” I asked her.

“Yes.”

“Did you have sex with him last night?”

“Yes. And it was good.”

That made my cock twitch, but I stayed on task. “Did he nurse from you?” I asked. My leg was bouncing up and down with nervousness as I sat at the breakfast table.

“Yes. It was good for both of us.”

I tried to process that information but I wasn’t sure how I felt about it. “Are you going to do it more?” I tried not to sob when I asked the question.

“Of course I am,” she replied. Either she was awake now or was getting upset and angry at my questions. “I’m going to offer him my breast when we get off the phone. He’s going to drink my milk and then we’re going to fuck. Is that what you wanted to hear, Evan?”

I wasn’t sure. “I guess so.”

“Stop being such a baby. I’ll send Kerrie over tonight. She’ll get you off, okay? I’ll be home next week and you’ll be the only one nursing from me. Is that okay?”

“That’s okay,” I managed to gasp out as my throat tried to strangle itself.

“I love you and I’ll call you tonight.”

She didn’t call that night. I didn’t want to call and piss her off so I waited and waited until finally Kerrie rang the bell. I let her in.

“You don’t look so good,” she told me.

“Cuckold anxiety,” I admitted to her.

“Oh hell, Evan. Don’t be such a pansy. Tracy isn’t going to leave you for some lay she found in Chicago.”

I nodded. “I know, but that doesn’t make it any easier right now.”

She sighed. “You need a little stress relief. Okay, up to the bedroom.”

“But—”

“Up to the bedroom!” she insisted.

Upstairs she told me to take off my clothes. I did so and she produced the key that freed my cock from its cage. Like magic I was instantly erect. I didn’t feel at all uncomfortable being nude next to her while she was fully clothed.

“Let’s do this right this time.” She sat on the edge of the bed and massaged my balls then stroked my length. “A little lube?”

I got the tube from the drawer and filled her palm with a small puddle. She applied the slick liquid to my erection and a minute later I was cumming. Unfortunately I came all over her shirt.

“Oh shit! I’m so sorry,” I apologized.

She shrugged out of the shirt. “Don’t worry about that old thing,” she told me as she dropped it on the floor. Underneath the shirt she was wearing a bright yellow bra. “I’ve had more cum spilled on me than I care to remember.” She paused and looked at my cock that had quickly detumesced. “Let’s get you locked back up before you get hard again. I still haven’t had my turn.”

“I’ll need some ice.”

“Go get it then. And I’ll let you know I had a long talk with Tracy. She told me all your tricks and how to control you. Get the ice and we’ll put your cage back on where it belongs.

When I returned from the kitchen with the ice Kerrie was wearing just her bra and matching canary yellow lace panties. She took the ice bag from me, made me lie down, and applied it to my crotch until it was easy to slip the cage back in place and lock both the base ring and the PA into place.

“Much better,” she said with satisfaction. Kerrie pointed to her oversized handbag she had brought with her. “Get out the vibrator and other toys. You’re going to see how many times you can make me cum tonight without your cock.”

“What’s your record?”

“That I remember? Seventeen distinct orgasms. But that was with a guy who had use of his cock. Let’s see how you do.”

Inside her bag I found a large silver vibrator, a small pink vibrator, a pair of nipple clamps, and a slim butt plug. When I looked questioningly at her over the plug she smiled and said, “I like a little bit of play back there, but the couple of times a guy as actually tried to put his dick up my ass…let’s just say no.”

Between the huge bottle of lube Tracy and I had it was a simple matter to ease the plug up Kerrie’s ass. She responded best to the silver vibrator, but liked my tongue on her clit while wearing the nipple clamps. I didn’t beat her record, but twelve is a respectable number.

By the time she was done—she had pushed me away saying her pussy was too sore—I noticed it was nearly midnight

“Don’t you have to go home to check on Brett?” I asked her.

“He’s at his father’s,” she replied. “Besides, I’ve never slept with my best friend’s husband before. And I’ve never slept with a man wearing a chastity cage either.”

Sleeping next to a new woman who has been sexually satisfied while I was

caged was a frustrating event. On the plus side I had stopped thinking about what my wife was doing.

Day Six

Saturday morning it was Kerrie who spoke with Tracy. She had big news for me when she hung up. “We have a date this afternoon.”

“You and me?”

“No, you and Tracy and Don and me. We’re going to Skype after they get done with their morning class. Apparently Tracy has been keeping your little secret a secret from Don. This afternoon is the big reveal.”

“I have to show him my…”

“But only if you want to.”

The secret shame and pride of every man in chastity is wanting to hide his chastity from everyone while at the same time announce it to the world. I couldn’t wait for the afternoon.

The image of my wife sitting next to another man at a hotel room desk was disconcerting. He was an attractive enough guy, roughly her age, curly black hair and a prominent chin. Don wore glasses and casual clothing. I didn’t miss that he kept his hand on my wife’s thigh through most of the beginning of our Skype conversation.

Kerrie was sitting next to me and the women ran the conversation for the first two minutes. She was the one who asked Don, “Why don’t you tell your wife about having sex with another woman.”

He shook his head. “She wouldn’t understand. She’s not very sexually adventurous.”

Tracy shook her head. “I told him to ask her, but apparently they’re boring.”

Don looked at me. “Are you sure you’re okay with me banging your wife, dude?” He reminded me of Neil when he asked the question.

“It’s fine. We have an open relationship.”

“I wish I did,” he joked.

“And I have to say thank you, because it’s polite, but also, I was weirded out when she told me that she was making milk. It’s no really my thing, but I guess I’m into new experiences.”

I nodded. “It’s very sweet, isn’t it?”

“It sure is,” he agreed and groped one of Tracy’s breasts.

She slapped his hand away. “Honey, why don’t you show Don our other little secret?”

Kerrie looked at me with a knowing grin. “Yeah, do that, Evan,” she encouraged me.

“What secret?” Don wanted to know.

I just stood up and dropped my pants, making sure I didn’t move out of the computer’s camera range. And just like that I was displaying my caged cock to another man over the internet.

“Fuck,” he whispered. “You guys are kinky. Are you pierced?” he asked after he took a close look.

“Yes,” I said proudly.

By now Tracy was taking off her shirt. “I promised Don that we’d have sex while you two watched. He’s a bit of an exhibitionist. Kerrie, if you want to masturbate, that’s fine, but I’m afraid that Evan’s just going to have to suffer. No release for him today.”

They backed away from the computer but left it on. I watched as my wife

tumbled into the bed to be stripped by Don, then she undressed him, and then the two of them got into the oh-so-familiar missionary position. I didn't actually see his cock go into her, but it was obvious what was going on.

Kerrie had one hand on my cage and the other inside her Saturday morning yoga pants. I could hear her busy fingers lost in her wet folds. Everyone else was having a good time and I was trapped in my cage.

I was okay with that.

Day Seven

Sunday was the one day during Tracy's trip where she wasn't in class. She had actually set aside some time for just me, Don wasn't in her room, Kerrie was at her house. Tracy had just finished masturbating for me over Skype. She had her bathrobe on, but kept it open so I could look at her breasts.

"Are you sure you're okay with all this?" she asked me.

I nodded. "Yeah, I mean, it's grueling and all, and really fucking with my mind, but it's also really revving me up for when you get home.

"Friday," she promised. "I'll be home Friday night. Just five days away."

Five long days away, I told myself.

Day Eight

Monday sucked. I hate Garfield and I generally don't mind Mondays because going to my job gives me a purpose in life. It also gives me a focus beyond my dick which is usually held inside a hunk of plastic or metal. No such luck this Monday. For some reason—probably me not getting any release and my wife not

being around—my cock kept trying to get hard. I wanted to run home and use the emergency key for a completely unsatisfactory wank just so I could focus on my job.

I kept the faith…mostly because I couldn't get away from work that day. When I did arrive home I calmed myself with a full glass of Scotch and contemplated my dick, something unremarkable for most men to do, but I wasn't in the position of most men.

Dinner was takeout from the local deli down the street. I was slowly getting drunk when my wife called.

"How are you doing?" she asked me. She didn't seem rushed or distant; she seemed genuinely interested.

My answer was a bit too honest. "Terrible. I want to unlock myself and jerk off."

"Don't do that, honey," she begged me. "Can't you save yourself for me?"

I almost sobbed when I answered. "I'm trying."

"Try harder. Should I send Kerrie over to release you, let you give yourself a little relief?"

When she asked me that my first instinct was to say yes, I needed it in the worst way. Then I realized that was giving up. I wanted to save myself for her. I needed to. "No, that's okay. I'll make it through."

"You're slurring your words. Are you drunk?"

"I'm getting there," I said after a sip of Scotch. "What are you doing tonight? Another date with Don?" I tried not to sound bitter when I asked the question.

"No, not really. He's talking to his wife right now. But he'll be over later He's spending the night."

"I figured."

"Are you angry? Do you want me to tell him to stay away tonight?"

That’s exactly what I wanted her to do, but I didn’t want to seem petty and bitter. “No, that’s okay. Go ahead and have some fun.”

“Want me to send you some pictures? Give you something to think about.”

She was teasing me again. She knew I loved to be teased. My answer told her everything. “Yeah. That would be nice.”

A few hours later right as I was falling asleep my phone buzzed with a message. The pictures from Tracy included one of Don sucking on her tit, drinking her milk. Another one was his face between her legs. The last was his cock in her mouth. I wasn’t sure if I should be bitter or excited.

My cock decided for me. It stayed semi-hard the entire night.

Day Nine

I woke up on Tuesday energized. Kerrie was supposed to come over in the evening and let me out so I could jerk off. This had been pre-arranged because Tuesday night was three nights before Friday night when Tracy would be home. Three days was the perfect time for me to be in chastity, not too long and not too short. I would be at the peak of my desire but not so worked up that I wouldn’t be able to perform adequately.

When the phone rang as I was finishing dinner I answered expecting it to be Tracy. I didn’t even look at the caller ID.

“Hey, honey.”

“Well, hello to you too, dear. I didn’t think you wanted to get so familiar so quickly.” It wasn’t Tracy. It was Kerrie. She was bemused by my temporary confusion.

“Sorry, Kerrie. I was expecting Tracy to call.”

“I know. I talked with her a few minutes ago. She’s not going to call you tonight.

She’s asked me to tell you that. She’s…busy with Don were her exact words.”

Busy doing exactly what I wanted to know, but it was probably better than I didn’t. “When will you be over?” I asked her. I was waiting for our date.

The way she cleared her throat told me everything I needed to know. “I won’t be coming over tonight. Tracy asked me not to. She wants to have sex with Don tonight and make sure that you aren’t getting off at all.”

“That’s fucking cruel,” I burst out. It was a lot of other things as well, but that’s the best I could do at the moment.

“I know. I feel for you.”

“No you don’t!” I fired off at her. “You don’t know what it’s like.”

The pause that hung on the line between us lasted only a short infinity. “You’re right. But I promised my friend not to come over tonight.” She sighed. “Are you experiencing some true physical suffering where you might…damage yourself?”

“No. I’m fine.” I hung up the phone on her. I was angry mostly because my relief had been taken away from me because my wife wanted to play a sex game that meant I wasn’t supposed to masturbate. I could just unlock myself, but I couldn’t bring myself to do it. It wasn’t really an emergency. I just wanted to get off. That’s what chastity was to me, denying my perceived needs.

But it didn’t make me any less angry.

Day Ten

“I’m so sorry about last night, hon,” Tracy said to me in the morning. I had considered just ignoring her call, but I wasn’t that petty.

“It’s okay.” My reply was sulky. It obviously wasn’t okay but I left it at that.

“Do you want to know what I did?”

“Sure.” I didn’t, really, but I had to go along with her game. It was part of the chastity game we were playing, she was in charge, and she made the rules.

“We picked up another guy at the hotel bar last night.”

That admission startled me. “What?”

“Well, I picked up another guy at the bar. Told him I wanted to fuck him and my boyfriend at the same time.”

My mouth went dry and my cock—that horny little bastard—struggled against the unbending bars of my cage. The cage won. “Did you? Fuck them both, I mean.”

“Of course I did.”

Never before had I wanted to jerk off so badly.

“Are you okay, honey? You’re groaning like you’re dying. “

“Close to it,” I said as I held my metal encased cock through my pants. It was a stupid gesture, but I couldn’t help myself.

“Want me to tell you all about it?”

“Yes. But I can’t take it. Not now.”

“Tonight, then.”

Wednesday night she called as she was pumping her breasts. I could hear the little machine working in the background. “Tell me about last night,” I demanded. If I was going to be locked up in a cage because it amused her, I wanted to bring out the fullness of that torture.

“It’s been a little fantasy of mine for a while now,” she began.

“Wait. Since when?” I wanted to point out that she had been with two guys at the same time before, me and Kevin, but then I remembered when we were doing that, I was either in my cage, or Kevin was sucking my dick. It probably wasn’t

the same thing for her.

“A few years now. I’ve never gotten the chance.”

All she would have had to do was ask me and I would have done it for her. Then again, what she probably meant was she wanted to have sex with two guys at the same time other than me. Or with me watching, maybe.

“Okay, go ahead.”

“So Don and I went to the bar. I scoped out a couple of likely prospects. I’ve been out of the dating and bar scene for what seems like forever but it’s incredibly easy for me to pick up a stranger in a bar.”

“I’m not surprised.” What man wouldn’t like my beautiful wife hitting on him and inviting him back to her room for sex?

“So I chatted up this cute guy and then—holy shit I can’t believe I actually did this—I told him I wanted to have sex with him…and my boyfriend.”

“And how did he respond?” I asked already knowing the answer.

“He said yes…as long as he didn’t have to fuck the other guy.”

I nodded. “That makes sense. And what did you do?”

“I took Roisen and Don up to my room and fucked them both.”

“Roisen?” Sometimes it was easier to focus on the little details.

“Roy.”

“Did you fuck them one at a time while the other watched?”

Tracy laughed at me. “Of course not. Well, sort of. Don sort of watched while Roy and I made out and undressed each other. Roy went down on me first. I was lying on the bed and then Don put his cock in my face so I started sucking on it. They wanted me both at the same time. I thought it would be easiest if I got on my hands and knees. Roy fucked me from behind while I sucked on Don. It was tougher than I thought.”

“Uh-huh.”

“So I got on my back, Roy continued to fuck me, missionary style and I just had to turn my head to suck on Don.”

“Simple.”

“Yes. The best part was when Roy came in me and then Don came right after him.”

“The perfect double orgasm,” I agreed with her. “But did you cum?”

“Only about a handful of times. Why do you ask?” she teased me.

I looked down at my caged cock. “Because I’m hard and I want to cum.”

“Are you going to use the emergency key?” she asked me.

“No.”

She ended our conversation with a compliment. “Good boy.”

Day Eleven

Thursday I had a good reason to wake up. It was less than a day away from my wife’s return and my relief.

I was upbeat the entire day. It all came crashing to an end when I was at home waiting for my call from Tracy and the front doorbell rang. My heart sank. I knew who it was. Who else would be stopping by so late at night?

“Kerrie,” I said as I opened the door.

“I’m horny,” she announced as she walked in with the confidence of a queen.

“Don’t you have a vibrator at home?” I asked.

“Of course I do. I’m not in the mood to masturbate tonight.”

“Fine. I don’t mind eating your pussy.”

She shook her head as she started unbuttoning her shirt. “That’ll be a good start.” Kerrie grabbed my hand and lead me up to the bedroom. I should have resisted. I should have argued.

I didn’t because my cock was laboring so hard I wanted to cry. It started the moment Kerrie slipped free the first button on her shirt.

Before I knew it Kerrie was down to her panties and my key on a chain around her neck. She fell to the bed and looked at me expectantly. I had watched her undress and hadn’t said a word. “You know what to do.”

I joined her on the bed and pulled her pale green panties down. She spread her legs and revealed her pussy. I could smell her scent and see she was swollen, ready for me. Lowering my face I gave over to my desires and hers. It wasn’t terribly difficult to make her cum; she let me use my fingers and she wanted to cum. After two small orgasms announced by quiet cries of happiness, she pushed me back.

“I don’t think a guy has ever kept all his clothes on while he went down on me.” She grinned triumphantly at me. “Take off your clothes.”

“Why?”

“You know why?”

“I’m good. Tracy will be home tomorrow.”

She shook her head. “I know you’re hard in there. I know you want some release. Let me do it. You know you want to. It’s going to happen, just let it happen.”

When I shook my head again she sat up and then knelt on the mattress to pull my shirt over my head. “Stop it,” she told me. “You tell me no, no, no, but you know the truth. Tell me the truth.”

“The truth is…” I began and then had to stop and think. “The truth is I want to have sex with you right now but I want to save myself for Tracy tomorrow.”

Kerrie gave me her best lop-sided grin and shook her head. “You’re not going to have sex with me,” she promised. “I’m going to suck you off, but you aren’t going to cum in my mouth. You’re going to finish free and clear. And then you’re going back in the cage for Tracy.”

That’s exactly what happened. She helped me undress, and then she unlocked my cage. She never took the long chain off her neck; she just bent forward to unlock me with the key on the chain. When the cage fell off my cock immediately unfurled and pointed straight up.

Kerrie wasn’t at all shy about fellating me. It wasn’t hard to get me to the edge of orgasm. She was an expert and after dating so many men she should have been. Right before I was about to warn her I was going to unload she backed off. “You ready? You going to cum?”

“Yeah,” I moaned.

She sucked me a little more, tickling the underside of my cock lightly with her fingers, and when I began to twitch a pulse she backed off again while still running her fingertips up and down my length as long, ropy streams of cum erupted from my cock and splashed all over her chest.

The orgasm was unsatisfying but it met my immediate needs. Kerrie watched with a satisfied smile as I came on her. When I was done she got out of the bed and walked to the bathroom, my cum dripping down her skin. I fell to the bed, ashamed at what I had done.

I heard water running and a minute later Kerrie reappeared from the bathroom, her skin no longer sullied with my spunk. She started to dress. “I hope you had a good time,” she told me

All I could do was grunt at her. I didn’t know how I felt. When she put on her shoes she said goodbye and headed for the door.

“Wait!” I stopped her. “Aren’t you going to put my cage back on?”

She shook her head. “If you want to wear that, you have to put it back on yourself.” And with that she was out the door.

Day Twelve

Friday was horrible. My cock kept trying to get hard for no reason and I couldn't concentrate at work. I cut out of the office early to pick up Tracy. I was split on being excited for her return and nervous that she would find out what Tracy and I had been doing.

The moment she walked through the security barrier she spotted me and we embraced like long lost lovers, which, in all honesty, we were. We kissed and she surreptitiously pressed her body against my crotch feeling if my cage was in place. It was.

"Is that a big metal chastity cage in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?" she asked when we broke our kiss. The crowd was swirling around us, ignoring us, too swept up in their own business, their own reunions.

"You know what it is," I told her.

"And I bet I can change a cage into a reason for you to be happy to see me," she told me as we gathered her luggage and headed out of the airport.

I drove her home and Tracy kept her hand on my thigh, occasionally letting her fingers drift up to my cock, the entire way. "My tits are full," she informed me when we were halfway home. "I'm starting to let down." She pulled aside her jacket just enough for me to see the two circles of moisture staining the front of her shirt.

"Holy shit."

"They're ready for you," she told me. "I'm ready for you. Do you think you can keep your cage on and still nurse from me? It's been a long time."

I just nodded. I wasn't in that much pain. Kerrie had given me relief last night.

We left her luggage in the car and rushed inside the house. Tracy practically ran up to the bedroom, shedding clothes the entire way. I chased after her doing the same. She was naked when I got to the bedroom; I left on my pants. Her milk was flowing steadily down her chest. I couldn't let that go to waste so I fell upon

her, pushing her back to the bed, both of us collapsing there as I latched on to her heavy breast and drank deeply of her milk.

“Ohh,” she moaned. “That’s good, that’s really good.”

I wished I had two mouths so I could suck on both her nipples. Tracy solved the problem of relieving some of the pressure in her free breast by massaging and hand expressing her milk, causing a little fountain of the pearly liquid to erupt from her nipple and fall back to her skin, covering her breast. I switched from one breast to the other but first licked up the milk that was cooling on her skin. We did that back and forth, slowly pushing her to orgasm. My cock kept busy inside my tight cage, but I didn’t complain. I didn’t have anything to complain about.

When I reached between her legs she was soaking wet. My fingers slipped up inside her while my thumb teased her clit. I had barely done three circles around her little nub before she was cumming. “Fuck fuck fuck,” she chanted as she came.

“Good?” I asked her.

“For now,” she said. “But I need your cock.” She reached for the key that was supposed to be around her neck. “Oh no! Kerrie has your key still! Shit!”

“That’s okay,” I told her. “I’m used to it.”

“But you’ve been caged up for so long and we deserve to have sex.” She snapped her fingers. “I know the emergency key! I’ll get it.”

Just like that she was out of the bedroom, her ass jiggling as she left. I would have been happy to wait a day, let my lust libido build up a bit before we had sex, but that wasn’t going to happen. I took off my pants and stared at my cock, semi-hard and trying to break free of the cage. A minute later Tracy reappeared with the emergency key envelope in one hand and her cell phone in the other.

“Let me show you something,” she said as she pulled up her text messages. The conversation was between her and Kerrie. Right away I knew I was in trouble. The messages were short and to the point.

The first Tuesday Tracy was away the message just said: He made me cum 5x

with his mouth and fingers.

On Wednesday the message was more detailed. I lied to him like we planned. I fucked Evan twice. You're right. Lying and cheating make it more fun.

Friday's message was just Quick handjob. Sleeping over. I didn't even remember her getting her cell phone out to send a message then.

The final message was yesterday. Ruined his orgasm, just like you asked. I think he liked it.

"You knew everything," I said.

"Of course I did. I wasn't going to leave Kerrie without directions." She paused. "Are you angry?"

"No."

"Are you upset that I fucked those other guys?"

"No. A little bit jealous, but not angry."

"I'll make it up to you. We'll invite Kerrie over for a three-way just for you."

"Thanks."

Her brow furrowed in concern. "You don't seem okay. I know what you need, you need to get laid." She ripped open the envelope and dumped the key in her hand. "Ready?"

I shook my head. "I'm not sure I want to. Maybe I should go a little while longer. Push my limit."

She shook her head and grabbed my cage. I could have pushed her off, but to what end? "This isn't just about you. I need to fuck you. I need to feel you inside me. I've had all those other men, and now I need my husband to fuck me again." She carefully slipped the key in the bottom lock and opened it up, then repeated the procedure with the top lock. She nearly gasped when the cage came off and I rose to the occasion, my PA ring proudly crowning my cock. "That's what I need," she whispered as she kissed the side of my shaft.

“Are you sure?”

“Of course I am,” she said as she stroked my length. “My tits will always be for you, my milk for you. And since you were a bad boy these past two weeks, fucking around with my best friend without my permission—”

“But you knew about it!”

“—proving I couldn’t trust you, I’m going to leave you locked up for another week. After you fuck me tonight. How does that sound?”

“That sounds perfect.”

Fin.

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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