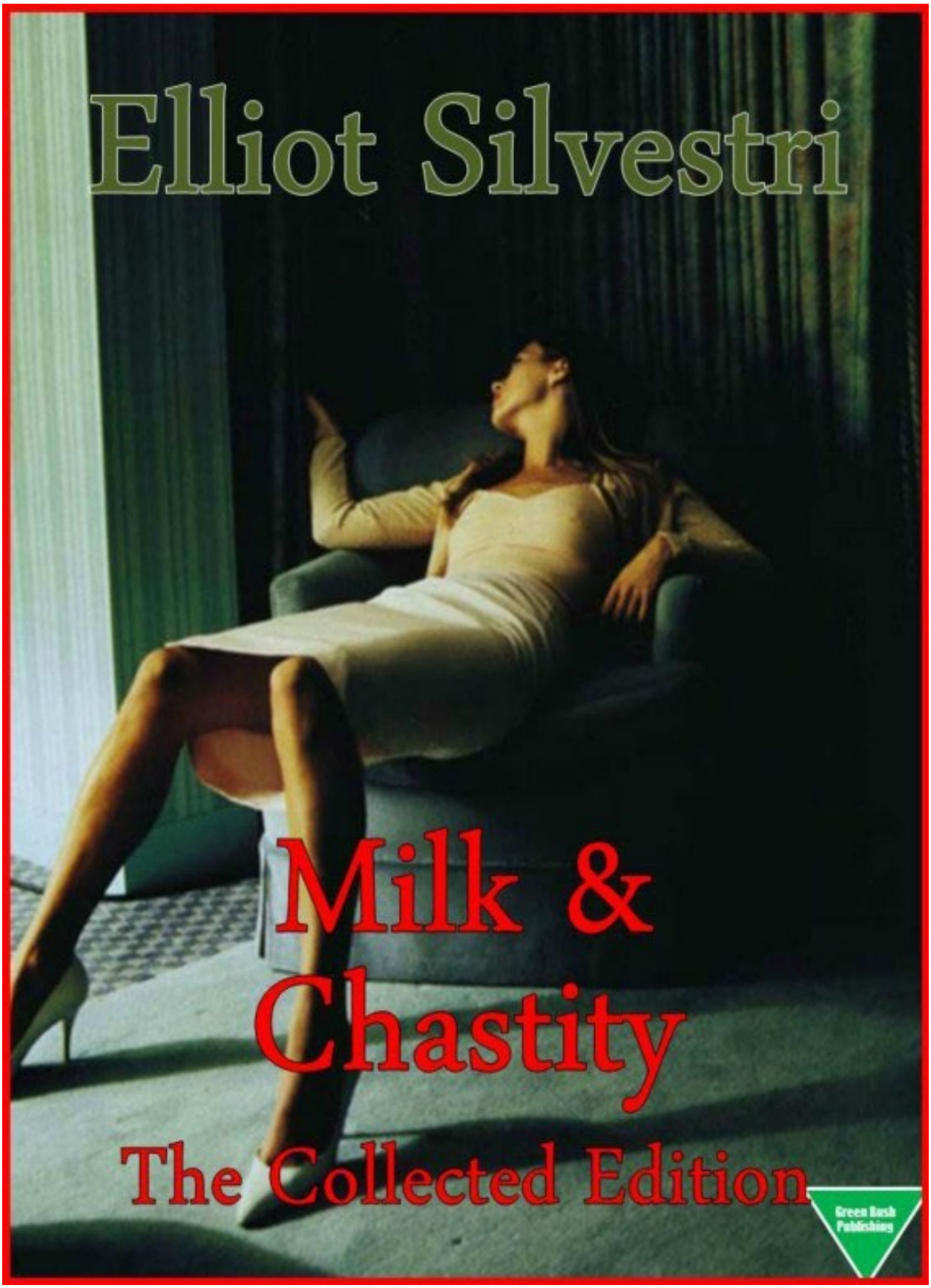
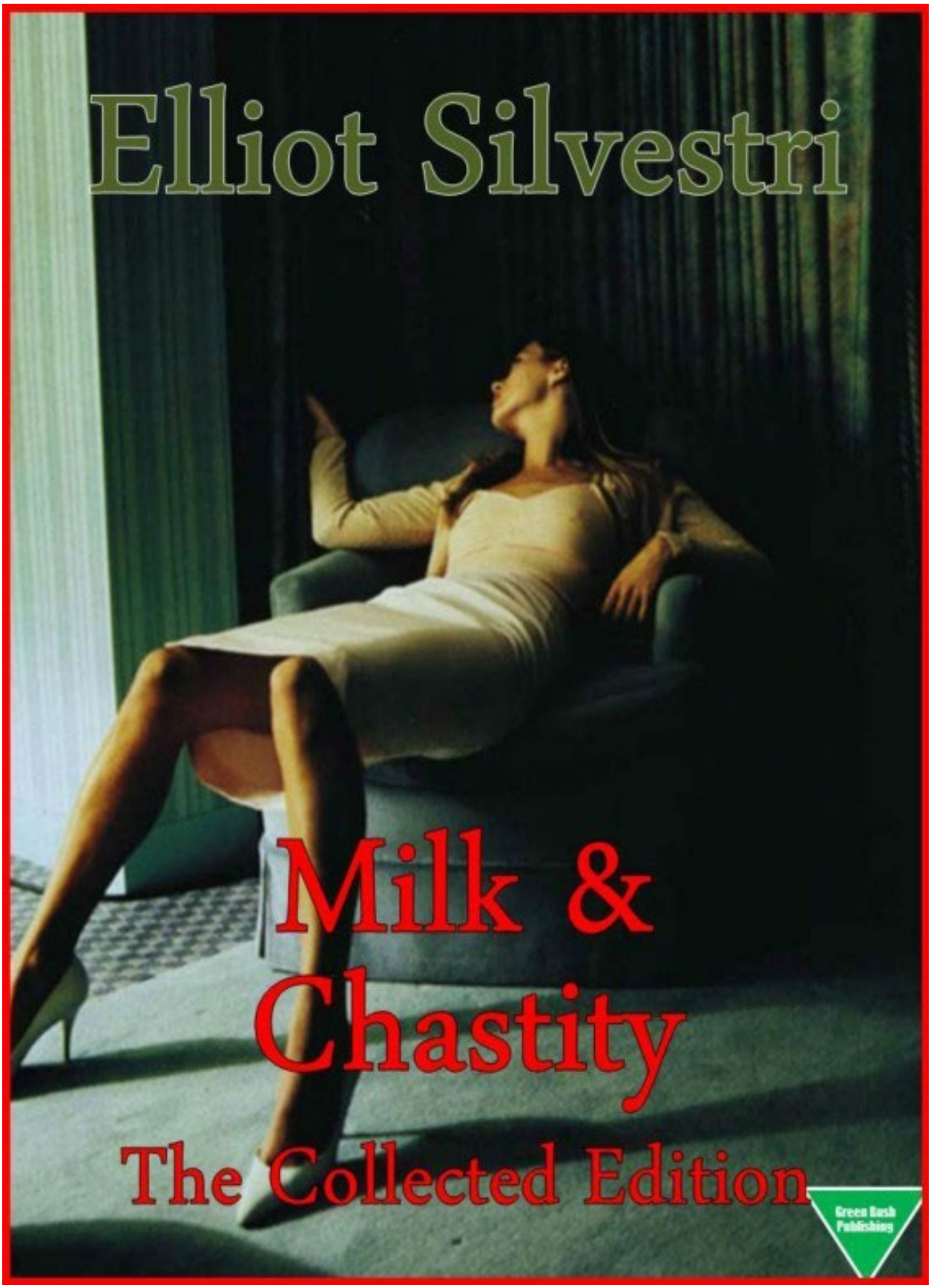

Elliot Silvestri
Milk & Chastity
The Collected Edition
Green Bush Publishing


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Milk & Chastity:

The Collected Edition

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

My wife Tracy has been lactating for me for twenty years—well, not me exclusively, but I like to think of it that way.

Tracy and I got married right out of college, mostly because we wanted to—we were stupid and in love and too young to be making any real life decisions—and partly because we had to. She was almost two months pregnant at our college's graduation ceremonies. It wasn't really a scandal; it was the 1990s not the 1950s, and we didn't have to get married; we just wanted to because it felt like the right thing to do.

Want to know what's worse than having a baby right out of college when both parents are trying to get their careers going? Having twins instead of one kid. We decided right away that two was more than enough for us. No more children for us.

She complained terribly about the pain in her breasts when the twins started weaning themselves. In my opinion she didn't have that much to complain about since they had gone almost a year happily nursing from her. Did she want them to keep nursing for the rest of their lives? She didn't think that was funny. When the pain kept her up at night—even after doses of ibuprofen and acetaminophen plus hot compresses—Tracy broke down, got out her breast pump and turned to that machine for some temporary relief.

Unfortunately she also woke me up in the middle of the night while she was pumping. "What are you doing?" I asked groggily as I came out of dreamland.

"It hurts too fucking much," she complained. Tears were welling up in her eyes even as the pump drew away the pressure on her breasts. "I need this."

Two days before the twins had both abruptly decided they were done with breast feeding. While it was cute and precocious of them to feed themselves with pudgy fingers, they were also causing my wife great pain because the massive amount of milk she had been producing now had nowhere to go.

"But if you pump," I pointed out, "you're just going to draw out the process." I sat up in bed, groped on the nightstand until I found my glasses and put them on. She was sitting in the corner of the bedroom in the rocking chair she used to use to nurse the twins, and occasionally pump her breasts.

“I know, but it hurts!”

I nodded and looked at the milk that had collected in the bottles. It wasn’t much. “Does pumping help?”

“A little.” The pump wasn’t that noisy, but it seemed to be straining to draw out her milk.

“Should I wake up one of the twins and see if he or she will nurse?” We had fraternal twins which was a giant pain in the ass when trying to find the right pronoun to use when speaking of just one in the singular. It was another of the many problems with having twins.

“No. I know they won’t nurse.” She said this in the tone that I knew she didn’t want to argue. “Fucking pump’s barely working.”

“Is it broken? Worn out?”

“I don’t know.”

“Want a hot compress?” I didn’t know what else to offer her. She ignored me.

Tracy combined the contents of the two collection bottles and went to the kitchen to put it in the refrigerator. She wasn’t one to waste anything, even breast milk the twins didn’t want.

“Is it better?” I asked when she returned to bed.

“Not really.”

“Is there anything I can do?”

She sighed in frustration. “Not unless you want to nurse from me. That’ll help.”

I shrugged. “Okay. I’ll give it a try.”

“Really?” she asked doubtfully.

When we were in college Tracy had a nice respectable pair of breasts. After getting pregnant and going through a year of nursing, they had ballooned up to the size generally found only in Hollywood, but hers were all natural. We were

still young and I, admittedly, was obsessed with her breasts. I had gotten a mouthful of breast milk more than once while we were having sex—at least the limited amount of sex married couples have immediately after the birth of the first child.

“Sure, why not? It’s just breast milk, right? It’s not going to hurt me. It’s supposed to be really good for babies, how bad can it be for me?”

Eagerly Tracy pulled up her pajama top and exposed her breasts. I clicked off the light, not that we needed to do this in the dark, but it seemed the right thing to do. It took us a minute to find the right positions for our bodies. It wasn’t like when we had sex where I’d roll right on top of her and lick and bite her nipples. That sort of foreplay would only last a minute at most before we moved on to something else. In the end what we wound up doing was an imitation of how she would occasionally nurse a single twin. We went to our sides facing each other. I put my head on a pillow to reach her upper breast and put my mouth on her nipple.

The first couple of sucks nothing happened. When I first kissed her nipple it hardened under my lips, but when I started sucking it then softened. I felt the tension start to ease in Tracy’s body and then I got my first taste of her milk. It was warm and incredibly sweet. More like a sugary fruit juice than cow’s milk you’d buy at Stewarts. I swallowed and sucked some more.

“Oh that feels good,” Tracy sighed. “Don’t stop.”

Back in college her saying “don’t stop” usually happened when I was going down on her or we were approaching orgasm. Now it meant I was relieving her pain.

Her hand wrapped around the back of my head and she almost whispered, “Not so hard. Slow down.”

I started sucking slower but longer. Each time I drew her nipple into my mouth a little eruption of sweetness washed over my taste buds. Tracy curled her leg over my hip, holding me close, keeping me from escaping.

“Switch,” she told me abruptly, rolling away from me a bit and pushing my face down to her other breast. I tasted her sweetness the moment I licked her puckered nipple. I barely had to suck on it before it squirted the milk into my

mouth. She was full to bursting. “Mmm-hmm,” she moaned as I quickly settled in and pulled the milk out of her. I didn’t have to expend much effort to get her milk to flow.

She kept her leg hooked over my hip and as we nursed, she started rubbing her pussy against my hip bone. I don’t know how much she could feel from doing just that since we were both wearing pajamas and two layers of clothing didn’t exactly help find the right kind of friction needed for sex. I knew what she was doing and she knew what she was doing, but I kept sucking on her breast. She was so sweet and I didn’t want the moment to end.

I thought she didn’t either, but then she cried out, “Stop stop stop!”

At once I let go of her breast. “What? Did I hurt you?”

She didn’t reply and simply pulled at my waistband, pushing it down, and fished out my cock which was already hard. Tracy had already thrown her leg off me. When you have two one-year-olds you generally don’t have a lot of time for slow, languorous sex. The few occasions we had the opportunity to fuck, it was always rushed and not nearly as good as it had been. This time was no different. We were extremely hurried, but not because we were afraid of the kids waking up. We needed to have sex right now.

I helped her remove my bottoms and for half a second I wished that she would go down on me like she used to in college, but that thought quickly faded as she lifted up her hips and pulled off her own pajama bottoms. Just like that we were naked enough to have sex. Her shirt was still on, but her tits were exposed because I had been nursing from her. I just climbed on top of her, she opened up her legs, and I rooted around a bit before I managed to fit my cock into her pussy. To my surprise she was incredibly wet. Normally to get Tracy that wet I had to go down on her or spend an hour teasing her clit with my fingers. Not tonight. I slipped right in and we both sighed with satisfaction. I was right where I wanted to be and she felt spectacular.

“You fit me perfectly,” she told me as she wrapped her legs around mine, trying to keep me deep within her cunt. I wasn’t having any of that and pushed back a bit, thrusting into her with absolutely no technique, but a lot of enthusiasm and pent up frustration.

I’d love to say we fucked for hours and I made her cum over and over again.

That’s far from the truth. We fucked for about two minutes. I made her cum once—but it was an incredibly hard, powerful orgasm. Tracy was never the quietest of lays and tonight when she came she screamed almost loud enough to wake the twins. That in itself got me off and I came right as she was coming down from her lusty high.

“It feels so good when you cum in me,” she breathed in my ear as I raggedly panted, exhausted from my exertions.

“Uh-huh,” I lamely agreed.

After the babies were born we were pretty sure it would be many years before we’d want another kid so Tracy had gotten an IUD, partly for the convenience and partly so she could breast feed. That made sex easy, not that we ever had enough of it.

“I want to do it again.”

“Tonight?” I asked her. “I need to rest a little…”

“No, later. Tomorrow. You made my breasts feel so good. I almost came just from that.”

I lay there in silence, thinking about her words. What I didn’t know then was how those words would bring us down a long, strange path.

Chapter Two

The next night we put the twins to bed and got into bed ourselves. Tracy immediately removed her top. She had shed her pajama bottoms before crawling into bed so she was already down to just her panties. Since I didn't need to be naked to nurse I didn't bother to remove any of my clothing. Tracy lay on her side and gently caressed her breasts as I watched. "You ready?" she asked me.

"For what?" I asked nervously. More than anything else I wanted to suckle her but I was too afraid, too nervous to ask her because I was certain she would say no and my little fantasy would evaporate like a dream.

"To nurse," she said matter-of-factly. "My breasts are already too full. They hurt. You need to fix that." She grinned at me knowing that suckling her breasts would only be the first step.

"Are you sure?"

"Hell yes!" Tracy reached across the bed to where I was standing and pulled me down to the mattress. It a flash I was at her breast, latching on to her nipple, and sucking like a man dying of thirst.

"Oh!" she gasped as I drew forth the first little burst of milk. "Not so hard. Slow down. There's plenty for you."

I nodded and paced myself. Her breast was hot and hard, but as I extracted her milk it slowly softened and cooled. Once more she threw her leg over my hip and I responded by placing my hand on her ass. I didn't do anything beyond that, but just touching her like that reminded me of how connected we were. I didn't have permission to touch any other woman's ass, so my wife's was the best choice.

She started rubbing her pussy against me again, but I ignored her until her first breast was emptied and she rolled to her back a bit, exposing her other tit, letting me latch on. Tracy tried to throw her leg back over me and put some pressure on her pussy, but I was too quick for her and pressed my hand against her tummy.

Pregnancy can ruin a woman's body, but not in my wife's case. True, her stomach wasn't as flat as it had been in college and she was now sporting stretch marks that hadn't been there before, but she was still in good shape. I slid my hand over her little paunch and down into her panties. She moaned a little bit,

probably from the combination of my mouth on her tit and my fingers teasing her clit. Though it was impossible to see in the dim light of the bedroom, I could feel her auburn pubic hair under my palm and could tell she had spent a little time shaping it with her razor. Whether she had just done some edging or had given herself a nice little landing strip, I couldn't tell. That wasn't important. The important part was she had done it, had shown some pride and interest in getting ready for sex. There's no way for me to articulate how much that meant to me.

It was easy to find and gently rub her clit. I did this in conjunction with nursing on her still full breast. In almost no time at all she was squirming on the sheets, anticipating what was to come. I didn't stop nursing from her, of course, this was the warm up. Going straight to sex was the wrong course of action. I needed to empty her breast first.

That didn't stop her from pawing at my clothes, trying to get to my cock. "Fuck me," she panted as I continued to play with her pussy and suck on her nipple.

I paused for just half a second to reply. "Not until you're empty." Then I went right back to sucking out her milk.

She whined in complaint, but I ignored her noise. I knew that noise. It meant she wanted to cum right then and there, but if she did, it would only be a little orgasm. In her more lucid times—when we weren't fucking—Tracy always said she liked to delay her climaxes as long as possible because that made them more intense. I had learned not to give in to her begging and pleading to cum right away. And as a consequence she was always more satisfied at the end.

When her both her breasts were finally done I climbed on top and fitted my cock into her. It was always that familiar sensation of coming home. Tonight I lasted longer than our first, intense nurse and fuck session, but again it wasn't a bout of tantric sex. We fucked, she came—this time muffling her cry into a pillow, then I came and we were done.

"Is this wrong?" she asked as we comported ourselves for actual sleep.

"Is what wrong? Having sex?"

"You doing this to me." She gestured at her bare and empty breasts.

"Why would it be wrong?" I asked, a little nervous about where she was going

with her train of logic.

“My milk isn’t for you, it’s for babies. Last night you just relieved me of pain and we, you know, had sex because it just happened that way. Tonight, we did it because it was…” She trailed off.

“We did it because we liked it last night.”

“You like my milk?” she asked, slightly astonished.

“It’s very sweet, like you,” I told her with a kiss to her cheek.

She rolled her eyes. “It’s a little bit perverse.”

“Were your breasts hurting tonight?” I asked.

“Yeah, a little. It would get worse by the middle of the night.”

“Then I just did you a little favor—and we had sex too. I don’t care if it’s a little perverse.”

“You probably like it,” she pointed out.

“At least I’m not into necrophilia.”

“Ha.”

“We can stop anytime you want,” I told her secretly wishing she never wanted to stop.

After a weighty pause she said, “We’ll just do it until my milk gives out and my breasts stop hurting.”

“Sounds good to me.”

Her milk never gave out. The twins had weaned themselves but Tracy couldn’t take the pain of letting her milk supply dry up. If our kids had been more normal they would have gradually weaned themselves over a period of several weeks and Tracy’s supply would have lessened a little bit each day. But our kids were

stubborn and when I helped her out to relieve the pain, we found a little game that appealed to us. I didn't want to wean myself from her supply and she didn't mind because ten minutes of nipple sucking got her going.

The sex was great. The sex was fantastic. The sex was what a lesser person would describe as mind-blowing. It was a good thing she already and an IUD otherwise we'd have already begun on our second set of twins.

We literally, with no exaggeration, had sex every day. We had to otherwise she'd start suffering pain again. We made time for it. Other less important things fell to the wayside. Who needs an hour of crappy television when you could be having some wild and kinky sex? After several months of this game we had all but admitted to ourselves that it was less about relieving her pain from sudden cessation of lactation and more about the sex and bonding.

Bonding, not bondage. I'll get to that later.

Fun statistical fact. Parents of twins are much more likely to divorce than parents of singletons. Tracy and I had our ups and downs before, during, and after pregnancy, but once we started on our unintentional adult nursing relationship we found that we were actually closer than before. We looked forward to seeing each other at the end of the day, not just for the companionship and the sex and the milk, but for the bond that drew us together.

Tracy had developed the bad habit of talking to me while I was nursing from her. It was a cliché of modern American male-female relationship. She did all the talking and I did all the listening and often I was barely even half listening. I was focused on her breasts and nipples.

"Do you really like my milk?" she asked me. As always we were on our sides in bed. She had her head propped up on her hand and bent elbow while she looked down at me. Occasionally she'd run her fingers through my hair and move my head to a more comfortable position.

"Mmm-hmm." That was all I could manage while nursing from her unless I released my latch on her nipple and she hated that. Still, it didn't stop her from asking me questions and talking to me while I nursed.

"That's weird."

“Mmm-hmm.” I didn’t really think it was weird, I had moved past that long ago.

“Is it weird that I don’t want to tell anyone what we do?”

I slowly shook my head back and forth, never releasing her nipple. It pulled and stretched her breast a bit, but over the months her tits had gotten used to being abused a bit by me…and that was after a year of twins nursing from her.

“Should we?”

I continued to suck and just lifted my shoulder in a half-shrug.

“What about my doctor?”

Sometimes my wife asked so many questions I had to stop nursing and actually speak. “Is there a reason for you to tell the doctor?”

“Not really. Some women nurse for years.”

“Then no.” I had stopped on her left breast because of her question and because it was pretty empty at that point. I snuggled down next to her and sucked her right nipple into my mouth. Tracy sighed and groaned a bit.

“Maybe I should tell Kerrie,” she said after I settled into my pattern of sucking and resting, letting her sweet milk rest on my tongue for a minute before swallowing it. As always it was warm and sweet. I’m sure Tracy had tasted her milk on my lips and in my mouth when we kissed after nursing, but I wondered if she actually went all out and tasted her milk either directly or from one of her collection bottles.

It didn’t seem the right time to ask her.

I didn’t want to answer her question so I just sort of shrugged and gave my standard, stock answer. “Mmm-hmm.”

“Fuck that feels good,” she moaned and pushed her hand down into her panties. I could feel her fingers busy in her underwear, but I didn’t do anything about it. Sometimes she masturbated while I nursed. Usually we had sex afterwards. It depended on her mood. “Don’t stop,” she muttered as her hand busied itself between her legs. I could smell the scent of her pussy as she got herself off. By

now she had managed to contain herself to a series of high-intensity squeaks when she came while I was nursing her. Tonight she came quickly but that didn't stop her masturbation. After a minute's pause while I kept nursing on her breast, she resumed her busy finger routine, but abruptly got frustrated.

"I need my vibrator," she grunted and rolled away from her, pulling her nipple from my mouth.

I grunted in protest as she rooted around in her dresser drawer that was right next to our bed, finally extracting her favorite bright red toy and switched it on. Her panties were kicked off in a flash as she rolled back to me, inserting the vibe into her pussy. I latched right back on to her and sucked out more milk as she used the toy. The vibrator was one of the few things that got her to shut up during nursing and sex. Tracy liked to talk during sex.

"Uh-uh-uh," she grunted as she teased and pleased her pussy, cumming one more time as I finished draining the last of her milk. When we were done she flung her toy aside and laid back, spread-eagled, as she panted, satiated. "I'm exhausted," she declared.

I pressed my cock forward, letting her feel my hardness on her thigh.

"Oh shit, you want to have sex, don't you?" she asked between deep breaths.

"Uh-huh," I answered with a kiss to the side of her neck.

"Would it be okay if I just watched you jerk off?"

It's not what I wanted, but I nodded in agreement and pushed down my boxers, exposing my cock. She looked down at me, intrigued, as I formed a fist around my manhood and started stroking up and down. Tracy said nothing and just observed as I stayed on my side, masturbating. It didn't really matter if she was in to watching me get myself off, I just needed to cum. I always wanted to cum after nursing from Tracy. Maybe it was just plain breast milk, but I was certain it was an aphrodisiac.

Since I had always found it hard to masturbate with my eyes opened, I closed them and hoped Tracy kept watching me. I liked the ideas of her watching me while I jacked off. That made it easy to summon up an image of her and a hundred other women watching me work it. As the imaginary women pressed

closer, wanting to see it happen, I came shooting my load on Tracy's thigh and abdomen.

"Wow," she said softly. For just a minute I thought she was complimenting my volume or technique. "I always forget how hot it is when you cum. But it cools so quickly."

Tracy leaned over the side of the bed and snagged a dirty t-shirt I had left on the floor. She used that to wipe up my cum. "You good?" she asked as she snuggled up next to me. Less than a minute later she was asleep and I was left lying next to her, wondering where the hell my life was going.

Chapter Three

“Kerrie thinks it’s weird,” Tracy reported to me after we put the twins to bed and were getting ready for our nightly nursing. I liked that she took off her bra the moment she got home from work. She kept her shirt on, of course, but I liked seeing how her heavy breasts moved under whatever she was wearing on top: a sweater, a blouse, some loose pullover. I especially liked it when she was wearing something lacy or sheer enough that I could make out her nipples through the material. I never said anything to her about that, but she knew I was watching her and I knew that she knew. It was just another game we were playing.

“She thinks what’s weird?” I asked absently as she pulled her shirt over her head and exposed her breasts. Tracy didn’t even bother with wearing a top to bed any more. It was a waste of her time to even put one on.

“That you like to drink my breast milk,” she told me as she casually slipped in between the bed sheets.

“What? You told her!”

Tracy looked balefully at me. “Yes. Of course I did. You told me it was okay.”

“When?!”

“A couple of nights ago when we were talking about this.” She was getting frustrated with me and my reaction. To be honest, I was a little ashamed of our secret habit. But not ashamed enough to actually stop doing it.

“I did not!”

She nodded her head. “Yes you did. I said maybe I should tell Kerrie about this because I need to talk to someone about your weird kink—”

“It’s your kink too!”

“—and you said yes,” she said as she ignored my outburst.

“I did no such thing.”

“You made your little noise that mean yes. Mmm-hmm,” she hummed at me.

“That’s my non-committal noise,” I contradicted her.

“Whatever. The cats out of the bag now.”

“Shit. What are we going to do about this?”

Tracy sighed. “Right now, nothing. My breasts hurt.” We had gotten the twins to bed later than usual which meant that Tracy’s tits hadn’t been drained of their milk on the schedule she was used to. “You need to help me out.” And she helpfully pointed to her tits.

Normally that was all the incentive I needed to suckle from her. Actually, all I normally needed to suckle from her was for her to show me her breasts. And tonight I went along willingly, as normal, because I’m a slave to my kink, apparently.

“We need to talk about this. Later.” I then drew her nipple into my mouth and she sighed with contentment.

“I know,” she said. “Do you want me to tell you about what happened?”

I nodded my head, tugging her nipple more than necessary. I was being sulky.

Tracy was one of those girls in elementary school that got a reputation as a motor mouth and it stuck with her until we met in college. She talked all through our first date, which included a movie at the local single-screen movie theater that showed just second-run movies for just a few bucks. I commented afterwards that the only way to get her to shut up was to put something in her mouth.

“Like what, your dick?” she smartly asked as I walked her back to her dorm.

“I was thinking more like my tongue, but my dick will do just fine as well.”

She stopped abruptly in the middle of the sidewalk and turned to face me. “Is that any way to speak to a nice young girl?”

“I don’t know,” I answered and took her face between my hands and kissed her,

shoving my tongue into her mouth. She was a good kisser. And at it turned out one of the few certain ways to keep her quiet was to put my dick in her mouth. She was a good cocksucker too.

“Kerrie noticed me trying to adjust my bra through my shirt today and asked me about it,” she said as I nursed. Kerrie and Tracy met at the huge insurance company where they both found temp jobs at right out of college. As circumstances would have it they both managed to land jobs at the state insurance commissioner’s office shortly after that. New York has a surprisingly egalitarian civil service process…if you have the right qualifications.

“Mmm-hmm.”

“And you know me. I couldn’t just say it was that time of the month or my bra wasn’t fitting correctly. I had to tell her everything.”

I opened my eyes and looked up at her. She was already looking down at me, carefully gauging my response. I raised my eyebrows and encouraged her to continue.

“So, I just told her everything. How my breasts hurt when the twins gave up nursing, how you helped me out with the pain, and how we just kept on doing it.” She grinned as I sucked extra hard on her nipple. “And how you took to it because you claimed you loved the taste of my milk but you’re really just a kinky fucker who’s a little twisted in the head.”

“What?” I spluttered as I let go of her nipple and was rewarded with a light spray of milk on my face. She casually wiped it off and kissed my forehead.

“I think she was intrigued by that,” Tracy confided in me. “She’s in the middle of her wedding planning—big day coming up this June don’t forget—and it’s stressing her out and that’s put a crimp in her sex life.”

I hadn’t latched back on yet. “And so she’s living vicariously through our sex life?”

“No. Maybe. Anyway, I think Kerrie is looking for a little excitement in her life. I think she and Keith had a pretty wild time in the sack before they decided to

get married."

"And she wants to hear all about your sex games," I filled in.

"Kind of. What? You don't tell your friends about our sex life?

My friends. That's a touchy subject. Neil, my best friend in high school had gone to college an hour away from the one I attended. We stayed in touch. After we both graduated he moved to Oregon and now I saw him once a year if I was lucky. I had other acquaintances, but no real friends beyond Neil.

"Sometimes. But there are certain things you don't want to know about your best friend's bedtime activities."

She looked at me aghast. "Men are fucked up."

"Thanks."

"Anyway, Kerrie was intrigued. She wanted to know more."

I closed my eyes and quickly asked, "How much did you tell her?" I asked before I latched on and started sucking again. She grunted in surprise before she answered.

"Everything," she said with great satisfaction. "Want to hear?"

"Yes."

Kerrie looked at her friend across the lunchroom table. It was the third time in the past five minutes that Tracy had been surreptitiously adjusting her bra. "Jesus, Trace, if your bra doesn't fit, maybe you should buy some new ones."

Tracy frowned and pulled her hand away from under her breast where she had been trying to bend her bra's underwire. "Shit. Sorry."

"You don't have to apologize to me. Just want to make sure you look professional," she added with a wink.

They tended to eat their lunch earlier than most in their office so not many of

their coworkers were around, but their department manager had recently put out a memo on proper workplace dress and behavior. Tracy was certain it wasn't directed at her, but being one of the junior members of her office she tended to be overly cautious about where she stood in the pecking order.

"The underwire's poking me," Tracy said.

"So buy some new bras," Kerrie said, already bored with the conversation.

"I have," Tracy replied defensively. "That's not the problem."

Kerrie softened her tone. "You still breastfeeding? That must be hell."

Tracy looked away nervously. "Sort of."

That piqued Kerrie's interest. "Sort of?"

"Everything fits fine in the morning but then as the day goes on, my milk, well, you know, I start to fill up and things get uncomfortable."

Kerrie stared at Tracy a moment too long. "Aren't the twins almost two?" she asked. "Not that I disapprove, but that's an awfully long time for a working mother to nurse."

Tracy was staring at the vending machines across the lunchroom. She had no interest in their contents but wasn't able to meet Kerrie's eyes. "Yeah, that would be a long time," she agreed. "I'm not exactly nursing the twins still," she admitted.

That confused Kerrie. "What do you mean?"

More than anything else Tracy didn't want to answer the question, but she felt she had to confide in someone. Keeping secrets was not Tracy's forte. She blushed a bit and then said, "Well, I'm still lactating, but I'm not exactly nursing the twins."

Kerrie was nonplussed. "What do you mean?"

Tracy found herself repeating her answer because she didn't know how else to phrase it. "I'm still lactating, but I'm not nursing the twins."

Kerrie's brow furrowed. "Oh, are you pumping and donating the milk? I've heard there's a big demand for that from NICUs. Moms of preemies don't have their milk in yet and formula isn't nearly as good as the real thing."

"Noooo," Tracy drew out the word trying to get over her embarrassment. "I'm doing it for Evan."

There was a long, uncomfortable pause as Kerrie could only stare at Tracy's chest and Tracy continued to stare at the bags of chips across the way. Suddenly she wished she could have one of the salty snacks. Then Kerrie snorted and giggled. "I'm sorry. You're kidding me, right?"

Tracy slowly shook her head. "No."

Kerrie ducked her head and lowered her voice in an effort to keep their private conversation secret. Her actions alone were enough to catch the gazes of several eyes, but they were far enough away that they couldn't hear. "What he sucks on your tits and drinks your milk?"

Tracy's head motion changed from a shake to a nod. "Yeah."

"Holy shit!" she hissed. "That's…pretty fucking weird. Is he a pervert?"

Tracy shrugged now. "I don't know. No. It's just that…he likes the taste of my milk and…" she paused. "Don't tell anyone about this okay?"

Kerrie nodded eagerly. She'd be happy to keep a secret as long as she could hear about the strange sex practices of her friend.

"He likes the taste of my milk," Tracy repeated. "And it brings up closer together."

"I bet."

"Not like that!" Tracy reconsidered her words. "Well, a little like that," she said with a small smile. "But it's hard to put into words. When he's always there and he so looks forward to seeing me because I'm giving him something no one else in the world can give him. That makes me feel special."

"You mean no other woman in the world except those that are already

breastfeeding."

"And how many of those women are willing to do that for Evan?" Kerrie asked a little more sharply than she intended.

That was a good question, Kerrie acknowledged. "Good point. And you went along with this?"

Tracy glanced down at her bulging chest. "Obviously. But it's not just for him," she said with a bit of pride. "It's for me too. It feels really good when he sucks on me. I mean really good."

"Does he make you cum just by sucking on you?" Tracy burst out in a loud hiss.

Her outburst was loud enough that Tracy wanted to wave her arms and quiet down her friend, but that would attract even more attention. "Shh! Yeah, sometimes."

"Holy fucking shit is that kinky!"

"Yeah. Great. Thanks for the evaluation."

"Do you like it?"

"What?"

Kerrie repeated her question. "Do you like it when you, you know, let him suck on you? Let him nurse you?"

"Well, yeah. It feels really good. And he can sometimes make me cum."

"Sometimes? I'd never stay with a man who couldn't make me cum all the time."

Tracy leaned forward. "He makes me cum sometimes just from drinking my milk. He makes me cum all the time when we have sex afterwards."

Kerrie reconsidered her life. "Maybe I need to train Robbie a little better. He made the cut as a boyfriend, but I'm reconsidering him as a fiancé. We've barely had time for sex with the upcoming wedding and all." She paused and gave it

some thought. “Maybe I should make him nurse on me for a while. Do you think it’ll make our relationship better?

“That’s for you to decide,” Tracy said a little bit smugly as she finished her sandwich. She was tired of hearing Kerrie go on and on about her wedding planning. It was nice to have a different topic of conversation at lunch for once. It was even better that the topic focused on her.

“So you really like this? Are you going to continue to do it?”

“Yes, I like it. Yes, I’m going to continue it.”

“I like it,” Kerrie nodded. “For how long?”

“Until I get bored with it.”

“Do you have sex every night after he nurses you?” Once she had gotten over her shock Kerrie found a rising interest in Tracy’s strange little practice.

“Not every night, but usually.”

“Does it make the sex better?”

“Umm…I think so.” Tracy stirred the contents of her fruit cup. “We haven’t really had sex without, you know, him nursing me first in like a year.”

“Cool.”

Tracy blinked, thinking about what she said. “It seems so normal now. It must seem strange to you.”

Kerrie shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know. Some people think whips and chains and leather and spankings are completely normal. Other people think that if you’re doing it in any other way other than missionary, you’re a complete pervert. Whatever gets you off and doesn’t hurt someone else, I guess that’s your business.” She stopped waxing philosophical a moment and leaned in toward her friend. “Tell me more about your business. Do you wear special nursing bras?”

“What? No. Well, I used to wear nursing bras with the twins, but that would be silly with Evan.”

A shrug showed that Kerrie had her doubts. “Maybe. But it might solve your underwire problem. Besides,” she gestured with her spoon in the general direction of Tracy’s chest, “carrying those girls around all day and knowing that they’re growing all through the day, I’d be wearing the most comfortable bra I could find.” She looked down sadly at her own much smaller chest. “If I had an ounce of courage I’d run to the doctor to get some implants.”

“You’re not a model or an actress.”

“I’d like a bigger chest. It would make my clothes fit better.”

“Trust me, bigger boobs aren’t as great as you might think.”

“I don’t know,” Kerrie said doubtfully. “They might help keep Robbie’s interest in me…”

And that’s how it went between Tracy and Kerrie, at least that’s how she reported it to me.

In contrast, my conversations with Neil were completely different. We both hated actually talking on the phone and since we lived a continent apart the only way we were willing to have a conversation was by online chat (and later on by text with the advent of the omnipresent cellphone, but that was later on). Our discussions went something like this:

Evan: Dude.

Neil: Duuude.

Evan: Duuuuude.

Neil: Are we done being stupid today.

Evan: I think so. Anything new in New Salem?

Neil: It’s just Salem. You know that. And it’s raining, as usual.

Evan: Heh. Sunny and bright here. Warm.

Neil: Shut up.

Evan: How’s the girlfriend?

Neil: Sometimes I wonder why I let her move in. How’s Trace and the twins?

Evan: [I fought the urge to call Tracy’s tits the twins]. Good. It doesn’t ever get easier, does it? My advice: don’t have kids if you want to have sex. [I have no idea why I lied to him.]

Neil: Thanks for the heads up. Elaine keeps talking about going off the pill. Says it might bring back her sex drive.

Evan: Or you might get her pregnant and never have sex again.

Neil: You’re always such ray of fucking sunshine to talk to.

Evan: I speak from experience, my good fellow.

I lied several times during that chat and outright passed several opportunities to talk sex. I’m so fucked up in the head.

Chapter Four

Life is never easy and when you're raising kids, it seems to fly by. The one constant in our life was Tracy's milk. And she produced it in what seemed like gallons. I'm certain that was an exaggeration because we never resorted to using her breast pump to keep her milk going. I was always by her side every night. I was tempted to ask her to measure her production but then I'd be robbed of the experience of nursing from her. Our relationship had evolved to the point of where we both looked forward to our time together in bed at night not just for the sex—though that was great—but for the way we bonded together because I needed her milk and she needed to have me extract it for her.

It was a beautiful symbiotic relationship. I just didn't want her to ever figure out anyone could nurse from her. I'm sure she realized it but we never spoke about it. Of course she could have just told me no and either endured the pain to allow her milk to dry up or use the pump to taper off, but she didn't.

That's love.

We fought like any other couple, of course. But we always managed to make up afterwards because we needed each other at the end of the night. She needed me to suck out her milk and I needed her to feed my addiction that had become centered on her breasts. Once we had a particularly bad fight over nothing of consequence (it was washing the dishes—it was stupid) and she went to bed mad at me. I didn't want to go to bed and sleep next to her, I was that pissed off. I slept on the couch.

Until about three a.m. I woke up with a crick in my neck and a need for breast milk. I lowered myself to go to the bedroom. When I started climbing into bed she immediately woke up and pulled off the t-shirt she had been wearing. There were wet spots on the front of it where her nipples had been leaking. Neither of us said anything as she clutched me to her breast and I eagerly nursed from her. She didn't get off and we didn't have sex that night, but we both had our needs fulfilled.

The next morning she woke up and said to me, "I'm still mad at you."

"I'm still mad at you, too," I replied.

The fight was over in the evening. I made dinner (eggplant parmesan) and she did the dishes by herself. We were back to our regular schedule of milk and sex

that night. Which was good because the twins had picked up on our anger and were similarly upset for the next week.

I don’t know how divorced couples managed it.

The years slipped away quicker than we wanted. We quickly reached the five year mark of our little secret adult breast feeding relationship. The twins were in elementary school and we had managed to scrape together enough money for a down payment on a decent house. We were living the modern American dream.

Tracy was actually proud of her continued ability to lactate for me. She was also very proud of the fact she had kept it a secret. Well, mostly a secret. She had told Kerrie, of course, and Kerri continued to get periodic updates at least as she reported it to me.

“I don’t know how you do it,” Kerrie said once on an evening we had her over for dinner. Her marriage to Robbie wasn’t going great. They had more ups and downs than a classic wooden roller coaster. She would frequently retreat to our place to get a little breathing room. Sometimes she’d ask me for advice on how to deal with Robbie, but I’m not the master of interpersonal relationships so anything I had to say to her was a waste of our time. “You’re still making milk?”

“Shh!” Tracy hissed at her best friend with a nervous glance to the living room where our kids were rotting their minds in front of the television. SpongeBob was on and the zombie apocalypse could be going on outside and they’d still be glued to the antics of SpongeBob and Patrick. “The kids.”

“They don’t know?” Kerrie teased.

“Of course not.”

“Maybe you should tell them,” she said with a grin.

I watched the banter between them, half turned on, half nervous.

“I don’t think so,” Tracy said firmly. “They’re still babies—” I snorted at that. “—and they don’t want to know anything about their parents’ sex life.”

“So this is more about sex than milk?” Kerrie asked. She was incredibly curious about our little secret kink.

“I think so,” I interjected. “Well, more about our relationship to one another and how we’ve attached to each other. The milk and sex are just bonuses, but they’re the reason parts to focus on.”

“Maybe I should try it with Robbie,” Kerrie mused.

“I wouldn’t recommend it,” Tracy said.

“Oh?” I asked. “Why not?”

Tracy put her hands under her tits. “You try walking around with these all day and see how much fun they are.”

“You can stop anytime,” I told her with a bravado I didn’t feel. I wanted her milk more than anything else in the world.

Tracy met my gaze for a moment and then melted, “But I don’t want to.”

“Bleah!” Kerrie interjected. “You two are sickening with all of your lovey-dovey stuff. Maybe Robbie and I should have a baby. I want a kid, but…” she trailed off.

“Are things really bad between the two of you?” Tracy asked gently.

“Not really bad, but it’s not as good as it should be.” She sighed and drained the last of the wine in her glass. “I want it to be better.” Then she covered her face with her hands. “We’ve had a few fights where we both threaten divorce, but I don’t want to divorce. I want a baby. I want a husband.”

Tracy and I didn’t have any good advice for her friend. We had a unique relationship that didn’t translate easily into advice for those with a more common marriage.

As it was Kerrie made her big announcement two months later. She was already pregnant and they were both thrilled. She was positive that this was exactly what they needed to keep their relationship moving forward. “As you know, a relationship is like a shark,” she quoted. “If it doesn’t keep moving forward all

the time, it dies."

I hesitated to mention the many species of sharks that rested on the bottom of the ocean waiting for the prey to come by. I had read one too many kids science books at bedtime. It wasn't the right time and place anyway.

Not much happened during Kerrie's pregnancy. Life happened around us at that point. The twins kept us busy and Kerrie kept us busy by checking in every day, it seemed, to monitor the progress of her baby.

I caught Tracy and Kerrie in the middle of a conversation one day. I was upstairs in the spare bedroom we used as an office space and they were downstairs in the kitchen. Tracy should have known the heat registers carried sound between those two rooms almost perfectly—or maybe she did know and just didn't care—but I heard everything.

"How soon did you start nursing Evan?"

"You know this, Kerrie. It was a year after the twins were born."

"Oh. Pregnancy brain. I forgot that. My breasts feel so swollen! I know they're working up to making milk. I was just wondering if I should get Robbie to start nursing on me before the baby comes."

"I'm not sure if that's a good idea, Kerrie."

"Why not? Evan likes your milk."

"Yeah, but Evan's a bit of a pervy kinkster. Have you discussed this with Robbie?"

There was a long pause before Kerrie answered. "No. We're distracted by everything and everything seems to annoy him. I was hoping the baby would help and maybe if he got off on my tits getting bigger…"

"Hon, you can't live your life like mine."

Kerrie made a couple of sobbing noises and what sounded like, "I know." It was at that point I closed the register and put on my headphones. Some things you don't want to hear.

“Her tits are bigger,” I pointed out later after Kerrie had left.

Tracy glared at me. “Don’t tell her that.”

Brett was born on schedule and without incident. Everything seemed happy with Kerrie. I liked eavesdropping (register dropping?) to the conversations the two women had in our kitchen. I never told Tracy that I could hear everything they said, but I don’t think she minded. “How’s the nursing going?” Tracy asked our friend.

“Good. My breasts feel like these giant liquid bags that don’t belong to me,” she half-complained, half-bragged. “My chest hasn’t gotten this much attention since I started budding in sixth grade.”

“Any attention from Robbie in that area?” Tracy cautiously probed.

“Not really. I can’t push it at this point. I’m focused on Brett. I have to be, right?”

“Right,” agreed Tracy. “Be sure to keep nursing as much as possible with him. The more you nurse the more milk you make. And your uterus keeps shrinking too, that’s always good. Can you feel that?”

She must have nodded because she replied, “It feels good.”

Tracy lowered her voice conspiratorially. “Is the nursing getting you horny at all?”

Brett was only a month old at this point, but I knew what Tracy was asking about. She had loved to nurse the twins at the same time, which is really the only way to nurse twins. More than once I found her in the rocking chair a beatific look on her face because she so enjoyed nursing our children.

The answer from Kerrie isn’t at all what I was hoping for. “Not really. Maybe it takes some time?”

“Everyone’s different,” Tracy agreed.

Sadly, but hardly unexpectedly, Kerrie and Robbie separated and started divorce proceedings a little after Brett's first birthday. Kerrie told us about the woman—

"The slut!" she always spat out

—that Robbie had been sleeping with.

"I understand that he didn't find me all that attractive and sexy when I was pregnant and breast feeding, but he hid it from me. I wasn't at all into sex right then, but maybe if he had asked permission from me..."

"Would you have said yes?" I asked her bluntly. Tracy kicked my shin under the table. I kept a straight face.

"I don't know! But he cheated on me, the fucker!"

It wasn't the only reason they were divorcing but it was the final straw. I didn't want to hear the ugly details but Tracy was regaled almost every day at lunch with exactly what had happened and when. She started ticking them off to me:

"He had sex with the slut when Kerrie was in labor! You remember that she was in labor for thirty six hours? He ran home at one point to change clothes and take care of things when the doctors told her it would be a while. He apparently had time to change clothes, take a shower, and fuck his girlfriend while his wife was in labor."

"Well, that was wrong," I replied. What else could I say?

"He spent five hundred dollars on a bracelet for the slut's birthday when Kerrie only got a new set of dishes for the house for hers."

"Shit! Guy's a snake."

"Kerrie went through all the receipts she could find. Found some from Victoria's Secret. He bought them the exact same set of lingerie!"

"You're shitting me."

"No! Exactly the same. Except the slut's was a size smaller."

Sometimes I don't know when not to be a smartass. "Well, no wonder he left Kerrie for the slut."

I didn't even see Tracy's hand move but I certainly felt the slap across my face. "Sorry," I instantly apologized. "That was the wrong thing to say."

I deserved the slap. I was out of line. What I wasn't expecting was what Tracy did next. She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight; her body was practically trembling as she started crying.

"Don't ever leave me," she sobbed.

"I'd never leave you," I promised. "Who would I leave you for? There's no one better than you."

That was the truth. Things weren't perfect between us. What real marriage doesn't have problems? But we worked through them. In all honesty, I was deeply in love with my wife. I wouldn't leave her for anyone. The fact that she was the only woman in the world who would willingly let me nurse from her breasts was just another powerful reason for me not to leave her.

"I love you," she told me as she grabbed my hands and pushed them under her shirt and up to her breasts. I massaged her heavy tits as we kissed. She pressed her body hard against me but it was too early in the evening. The kids weren't ready for bed yet and we could hardly just disappear to the bed room for half an hour.

Or could we?

I felt her nipples start to leak milk. We had already had dinner and the kids were in the living room once again watching SpongeBob. It was one of the few shows they could agree upon without having a massive fight. I was a big fan of SpongeBob.

"I need you," Tracy moaned into my ear.

"We can do this," I told her and removed my hands from her tits so I could grab her hand. I led her from the kitchen and through the edge of the living room as we headed upstairs to our bedroom. "Kids, Mom and Dad have a headache. We're going to lay down for a few minutes. Keeping watching SpongeBob and

don’t burn down the house.”

“Okay.” Went under the spell of the magic glowing box kids are agreeable to anything.

“Lock the door,” Tracy told me when we entered our room. You can’t be a good parent without a good bedroom door lock.

As I secured the door, Tracy whipped off her shirt and I fell upon her breasts like a man starved. She muffled her moans into the pillow while I proceeded to strip off the rest of her clothes. When I pushed my hand between her legs, Tracy’s pussy was already soaking wet. She clamped my hand to her cunt to increase the pressure. She was like a woman possessed but I took my time, working the milk from her tits slowly and steadily, the way she liked. It extended the amount of time we spent in bed together and Tracy was moaned for me to put my cock inside her, but I didn’t vary the routine. She needed to keep things the same as much as I did. We had moved up our nursing time by a few hours and I wasn’t going to throw everything else off by dispensing with our usual rituals.

“Oooh, why don’t you just fuck me,” she whined in complaint as I carefully sipped all the milk out of her left breast. My left hand was on her right nipple, pinching it closed to prevent it from leaking, while my right was buried in her pussy. Tracy found it most pleasant for me to have my middle finger up inside her while I teased her clit with my thumb or the palm of my hand.

“Patience,” I told her taking a breath. “We have to do this the right way.”

“We have to do it before the kids come check on us.”

“The kids are watching SpongeBob. They’ll be too occupied with him for the next hour to worry about us.”

I lowered my lips to her still full breast and worked harder on the clit. I teased but didn’t push too hard, it was still just enough to get her over the hump and have a pleasant little orgasm, just enough to take the edge off her desire.

“More,” she begged.

“When I’m done,” I gasped between sucking out her milk.

Having achieved orgasm once Tracy was able to think straight for a minute and realized I was still fully clothed. She started stripping me, breaking my latch to pull my shirt over my head, but then proceeding as normal, removing everything else very efficiently as I continued to nurse.

Only when she was completely empty and my cock was fully erect did I let go of her breast and order her up on her hands and knees. She looked at me in surprise for an instant, but did what I asked. We might engage in a little bit of adult lactation, but sex-wise ninety percent of the time we fucked in straight missionary. The other ten percent she was on top showing off her tits to me. We hadn't fucked doggy-style in years.

Still, there are some things you never forget how to do. One is how to ride a bike. The other is how to have sex. On her hands and knees Tracy reached between her thighs and found my hard cock. Since she was already soaking wet it was easy for her to guide me into her pussy. Once I was in, I held in her in place and fucked her hard and fast. Tracy lowered her face and all but screamed into the pillow as she came. I hoped the volume on SpongeBob was sufficiently loud.

"I want to lay down, I want to lay down," Tracy panted.

"No. I want to fuck you like this." I wasn't going to let her give up. I wanted her exhausted and satiated.

I let go of her hips and leaned forward to curve my hands around her tits. She gasped in surprise. They were probably still sore from my nursing. I then used my chest for force Tracy down a bit to the mattress and place my palms flat on the bed. Her breasts pressed on my knuckles. It took some maneuvering but I caught her nipples between my thumb and forefinger, but kept my hands flat on the mattress.

She pulled back, trying to get her nipples away from the sharp pressure I was applying. "That hurts!" she complained.

"Want me to stop?" I all but released her precious pink nipples from between my fingers. The moment I did she cried out.

"No! No! Don't stop!"

I clamped down again and she screamed into her pillow again as I slammed my hips into her ass, fucking her as hard as I could, pinching her nipples right past the red line of pain. When I came I could feel her pussy clamp down hard on my cock and we collapsed down to the bed where we panted together trying to catch our breath.

“Did I hurt you?” I asked.

“Yes.” Her voice quavered. She was on the verge of tears.

“I’m sorry. I got carried away in the moment.”

Tracy shook her head and brought her hands up to cup her breasts. “It’s okay. It felt good.”

“I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“I wouldn’t mind if you did it again that way,” she said. Then quickly added. “But not tonight.”

Chapter Five

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And I’m only at five.”

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

“Ha fucking ha. Five men.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good, no great sex and the satisfaction of knowing that you make me happy by letting my nurse from you?”

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

“What’s your kink then?”

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

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

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

“You want an open marriage then?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Maybe.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

disrupted that idea one night as I was nursing from her heavy breast.

“I hit on the new guy at work today.”

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

“I think Kevin was flattered.”

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

“You’re such a guy,” she commented.

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

“I told him I liked his tie.”

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

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

“Mmm-hmm.”

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

“Mmm-hmm?” This had taken an exciting turn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What do we do now?” I asked her.

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

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

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

Our children were already busy with their own concerns. I was left alone in the living room, wondering what my wife was up to. A minute after Tracy left my daughter’s friend Cassie called up and invited her over for the night. Half an hour later she was gone. My son, upon figuring out he didn’t have to argue with his sister over the television, immediately commandeered the living room and set in to play some video games. I quickly grew bored and retreated to my bedroom.

I knew that Tracy had prepared herself before going out. She was still wearing her work clothes to make it look like it was just a casual meeting with friends, but underneath her clothes she was wearing a fancy black lace bra and matching

panties. It was fully her intention to get into bed with Kevin. She told me that before she left, as I was nursing from her breasts before we ate dinner. Our kids knew not to interrupt us when the bedroom door was closed. I didn't know for certain if they knew what was going on behind our door, but that wasn't my concern. She had insisted I nurse from her early tonight because she didn't want her breasts leaking during sex with Kevin.

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

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

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

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

When eleven o'clock rolled around I went to the living room and sent my son to bed. He didn't protest all that much. I had already changed into my pajamas and got into bed myself. I didn't sleep, of course, I waited up for my wife, reading.

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

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

"What time is it?"

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

I couldn’t wait any longer. I had to know. “Did you fuck him?”

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

“Hell yes!”

She laughed at me. “You keep that up you’re going to turn your wife into a slut.”

“I’m okay with that.”

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

“I want all the details?”

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

“I promise,” I swore with ultimate sincerity.

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

“That’s a little too much detail. And it sounds like he ordered that to impress you.”

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

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

“He said ‘As ready as I’ll ever be.’ And I was so nervous about going to the desk to ask for a room. Kevin actually did the asking, but I’d never done this sort of, I

don’t know, adultery thing before.”

“And…?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“So what did you do?”

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

“Oh god.”

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

“All five?”

She smiled knowingly at me. “I’ve slept with five men,” she told me, “but I’ve

held or sucked on nine."

I didn't know if I was upset or thrilled at that news. "You never told me that."

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

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

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

"Uh-oh."

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

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

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

"You came?"

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

“Wow,” I breathed.

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

“Keep going,” I encouraged her.

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

“Yeah?”

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

“What happened?”

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

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

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

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

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

“But is he safe?”

“He’s safe,” she assured me. “I don’t have any way of proving that, but he’s safe.” She licked her lips once more. “Besides, it’s that much dirtier without a condom, right?”

“Right,” I stupidly agreed.

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

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

“What?”

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

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

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

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

“I already knew that,” I told her.

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

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

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

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

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

I shuddered. “Yes.”

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

“What was that like?”

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

“Three times?”

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

I stayed silent, just listening to her.

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

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

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

I laughed in delight and told her to continue.

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

“What?” I burst out and laughed.

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

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

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

“Very nice.”

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

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

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

“You swallowed?”

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

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

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

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

Much to my pride, I managed to last a good long time fucking her, mostly because I had jerked off earlier in the night. Tracy made all the right motions and noises, everything was the same between us. Almost. Her pussy felt the same,

maybe a little looser than usual, maybe a little wetter than normal, but when I came in her I was washing away all the sins of her pussy holding Kevin's cum because I was pushing him out of the way.

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

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

Chapter Six

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

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

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

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

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

"How did you manage that?"

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

I actually knew the Empire State Plaza parking garage fairly well. There are a lot of dark corners but it's also fairly well-traveled by all sorts of people. Apparently my wife liked taking all sorts of risks.

"Did you swallow?"

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

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

“Why didn’t we do this before?” I panted at her when she was finished.

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

“You don’t like it when I nurse from you?” I asked, disappointed in her assessment.

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

“I think it’s exciting and kinky.”

“You don’t have to carry around ten pound bags of milk with you all day.”

“They aren’t that heavy,” I told her.

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

“I really appreciate it,” I told her.

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

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

possible.

“Sort of,” I hedged.

“Good. You deserve a little guilt.”

“I can accept that.”

“Then you can accept the fact I’m going out with him on Saturday night.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Movie night consisted of blankets on the couch, popcorn and soda, and turning the entertainment system volume up to the point where it was probably annoying the neighbors. It was late when both flicks the kids had chosen were over, they were exhausted and I sent them to bed. I went to my room, but I wasn’t the least

bit tired. If anything, I was wired and ready for my wife to return, but naturally she didn't.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She sighed. “Fine. Whatever.”

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

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

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

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

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

“You would, you pervert.”

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

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

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

“In the middle of the room?”

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

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

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

“In your mouth?”

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

“Naturally.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Sounds exciting.”

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

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

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

“Did he cum in you?”

“Yes.”

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

“Yes.”

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

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

That made me nervous. “Your relationship?”

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

When she said Kevin was going to be her boyfriend, my cock got even harder. A married woman with a boyfriend was most definitely a slut. A very hot wife, indeed. “Do you want him to be your boyfriend?” I asked in a hushed voice.

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t want to cum yet.”

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

“Yes,” I immediately agreed.

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

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

“Yes,” I moaned.

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

“What did you tell him?” As far as I knew Tracy had never done anal, but maybe that was a secret she had kept from me during her wild high school days?

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

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

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

“Willing to learn?”

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

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

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

“Oh.”

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

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

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

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

Since it wasn’t always possible for Tracy to get away on a weekend night, or even during the week, she and Kevin set up an arrangement where she would tell me she was working late one night each week, and wind up going over to Kevin’s instead. I knew all of this, of course, since she told me everything

afterwards. It was incredibly hot to know my wife was getting attention from another man but still wanted to fuck me and let me suckle at her tits all I wanted.

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

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

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

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

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

"Excuse me?"

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

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

"You'll think of something."

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

Chapter Seven

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

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

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

I quickly learned two things. First, the reason why the pictures advertising male cockcages show the men with absolutely no pubic hair is because even a single hair caught in the wrong spot hurts like hell. Second, getting an erection inside a small plastic tube specifically designed to contain erections also hurts like hell and it's nearly impossible to get a cockcage off while the erection is still raging. I had to resort to the frozen corn not only to get the cage on but to get it off as well.

After my experiment I was a little sore, but not bruised or bloodied. The moment

I got the sleeve and ring off my erection sprang back into place. I gave in to my baser desired and quickly rubbed one out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why?"

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

“To get rid of your boner?”

“Cold is a cock killer.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What am I supposed to do with these?"

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

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

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

"Oh you can, can you?"

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

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

"No."

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

I didn't need to be invited twice. We intertwined our bodies and I fell upon her breast. Normally when I was nursing from Tracy my cock would get hard and she would get wet and when her breasts were empty we'd have sex. Tonight my cock tried to get hard, but the cage was doing its job keeping me contained. I was certain that Tracy was getting wet because I could tell from her moans and sighs that she was enjoying her daily milking. Usually she would press a thigh up against my cock, and she did that today, but instead of feeling firm flesh she just felt hard, cold plastic and metal. I wondered if that turned her on even more.

When I was done drinking her milk Tracy didn't reach for my cock. Instead she

took my hand and pressed it to her pussy. “Make me cum,” she whispered to me.

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

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

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

It was perfect.

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

“Want me to take it off?” she asked me. We both glanced at the pair of keys resting on the nightstand. They were hooked together by a cheap wire ring. I’d have to get her a nice necklace to put them on.

“Yes,” I said hopefully.

“Do you really want me to take it off?” She actually reached out and fondled my

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

"Yes," I insisted.

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

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

"What if I don't want?"

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"Do you want me to deny you?"

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

"But if I really want to have sex I can just do it with Kevin, can't I?"

I nodded in agreement. "That's true enough."

Tracy tugged on my cage seeing how firmly in place it was. Naturally it didn't

come off. “How long would you like to be caged like this?”

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

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

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

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

“Yes, please.”

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

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

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

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

When I woke up in the morning it felt like my cock was being squeezed to death. I had morningwood that was fighting the plastic and I was losing. It didn’t hurt nearly as much as getting kicked in the balls, but it still hurt like hell. I didn’t bother trying to wake up Tracy. I just leaned across her, grabbed the keys off the nightstand, and unlocked the padlock as quickly as I could. Sliding off the plastic tube hurt just a little bit from the friction and stickiness of overnight sweat, but once it was free I was feeling better.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I wanted to cry. Instead I gasped with shock.

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

“You don’t know!”

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

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

That was all the motivation I needed. Tracy laid back on the bed while I climbed aboard and pushed my cock into her. Normally it took a little effort to get her wet and ready—some cunnilingus or even just sucking on her tits—but today she was already wet. I went right in and I lasted less than a minute before I came in her.

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

exhausting and exhilarating.

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

“You didn’t come, did you?”

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

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

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

Chapter Eight

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

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

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

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

“Why?”

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

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

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

“No.”

Hiding the device under my clothes was surprisingly simple. Taking a bit of advice off the internet I wrapped a small rubber band around the lock so I wouldn’t clank when I walked. Other than that everything was as normal. No one could tell my cock was encased in plastic and under the complete control of

my wife. There was a slot at the end of the tube so I could pee without difficulty. My office has private bathrooms so it was a simple matter to put my dick in the sink to clean up when I was done at the toilet. No one was the wiser.

As far as I knew.

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

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

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

"What type of consequences?" I boldly asked.

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

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

"I thought so."

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

I nursed her breasts empty before she left. Right before she walked out the door Tracy gave me a kiss. "Don't wait up." And with that she was gone. I was alone in the house with nothing but my cockcage and me. The internet is a great way to find porn, but if you don't have access to your cock, there's little fun in porn. I watched a couple of movies and waited up for my wife.

I waited a long time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What's this?" I asked touching the dark blemish on her skin.

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

I was alarmed. “On your ass?”

“He likes my ass.”

“So he bit it?”

“Kissed, bit, sucked. That’s how you get a hickey.”

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

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

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

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

“I shook my head. That’s fine. Anal’s not my thing.”

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

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

“Careful,” she warned me.

I had intentionally knelt down to see the unveiling of her pussy. I expected the material to cling to her pussy lips. Tracy always got wet during sex and afterwards, after getting dressed, that moisture had to have dried causing her panties to adhere to her labia. Add to that the remnants of Kevin’s cum and her panties would be practically glued in place.

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

wife. She actually blushed at me.

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

“Hairless sex dolphin?” I questioned her.

She nodded and was unable to meet my gaze. “His words. It’ll grow back.”

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

“Mmm,” she moaned. “More.”

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

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

“Can you smell him?” she asked me.

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

“Do you want to taste him?”

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

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

albeit my hardness was contained within a plastic tube.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you ready?" she asked me.

"I'm ready for anything."

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

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

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

I vehemently shook my head. "Hell no."

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

“Hell yes!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I know, and it’s a good thing I woke up horny. And it’s a good thing that your cock often pleases me. We’ll see how you do now that you’re in competition with Kevin.”

That made me nervous. And harder. “I’m ready,” I told her. “The key is on the nightstand.”

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

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

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

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

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

I answered honestly. “Mind blowing.”

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

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

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

What she meant was let’s shower together. I was fine with that, but she had additional plans beyond just getting clean. After we had gotten wet and removed

the layer of sweat and sex liquids Tracy got down in front of me with her razor in hand.

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

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

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

“Um…I’m not so sure.”

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

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

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

She stood up and turned her back to me while placing one foot up on the tub’s ledge. That was all the invitation I needed. I grabbed her hips and she helped me get just hard enough to slip into her pussy. We fucked while the hot water pounded down on us. It was odd being bare down there, and fucking in the shower isn’t the easiest maneuver even in the best of circumstances. Still, I was

keyed up and ready to fuck. Tracy must still have been floating on the cloud of euphoria women tend to have after sex because she claimed everything I did made her fee; wonderful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay," I sleepily agreed.

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

I just rolled to my back and pulled down the sheets to expose my cock. I barely felt Tracy's busy hands as the ring went behind my balls and the sleeve went onto my penis. In no time at all I was safely locked away and drifting off to sleep, my body sated with sex from my slutty wife and my belly warmed by and full of her milk.

Chapter Nine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I shrugged. “Yeah…”

“When do you do it?”

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

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

“Sounds good to me,” I agreed too quickly.

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

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

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

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

Our arrangement lasted like this for a few months. She would have sex with

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

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

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

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

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

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

She came home from work practically hyperventilating, but couldn't talk about what happened because of the kids. All she would say was, "Later, when we can talk." Taking care of household chores and cooking dinner was never so

annoying or distracting. When the kids were sequestered in their rooms finishing homework, Tracy was finally able to talk to me. She wound up just handing me her phone and saying, “I sent this message today.” She had gone over to Kevin’s last night for sex which explained the context of her message.

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

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

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

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

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

Tracy: I was goofing around with Evan.

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

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

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

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

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

Kerrie wasn’t so easily fooled.

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

Tracy: Don’t do that.

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

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

Tracy: Let’s talk at lunch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ah. I see.”

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

“Oh.” I wasn’t sure how I felt about that.

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

I was baffled. “She actually said that?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I wouldn’t say that,” I disagreed.

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

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

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

“So what now?” I asked her.

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

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

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

“Good.”

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

It was like a dream come true. “Okay!” I agreed happily. “I’m in.”

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

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

“What?” I spluttered. “Why?”

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

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

“I’m in,” I repeated for her, just to let her know I was perfectly clear on the issue.

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

Chapter Ten

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

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

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

"What were you expecting?" she asked.

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

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

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

I don't remember the trip up to the hotel room, but I do remember walking inside and going immediately to the window. The hotel itself was only five stories with a view of the airport and a couple of busy traffic lanes. I made sure the drapes stayed open.

"I'd like Ethan to take off his clothes first," Kevin was saying. I turned around

and saw that Tracy had her arms around him and was whispering in his ear. My stomach did a flip-flop when he spoke, but I wasn't sure if that was from his request or the way my wife was holding him. The second flip-flop was from seeing her kiss his cheek.

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

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

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

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

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

"Amazing," he admired. "You're a bigger man than I am," Kevin said to me. Before I had the chance to ask if he meant that metaphorically or literally, he turned back to Tracy. "Take off your clothes."

"Sure," she happily agreed and slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders, allowing it to fall to the floor in a heap. Kevin helpfully unhooked her bra, barely giving it the long look it deserved as it adorned her beauty, but allowed

her to take off her matching lace panties on her own. Somewhere along the line she had removed her shoes so it only took half a moment for her to suddenly become naked in front of him. She wasn't the least bit shy about it either. "What do you want next?" she asked him as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his face down to hers for an intense kiss.

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

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

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

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

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

"Want to taste it?" she said barely audibly.

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

Naturally Tracy didn't mind being double-sucked at all. She had already been excited at the prospect of fucking Kevin in front of me, and her excitement had only gone up when I started nursing from her, she was at a peak when Kevin's lips reached her nipple and he started drinking from her. Since we were alone in the relative privacy of a hotel room, she let herself go with her noises and writhing. In no time at all she was actively trying not to come. That made me suck all the harder on her; I'm sure that Kevin was doing the same.

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

"Good?" I asked her.

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

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

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

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

As the fucked I wanted nothing more than to jerk off, but of course I was trapped inside the little piece of plastic that enforced chastity upon me. I had willingly had this chastity put upon me and now I was torn between the torture of being unable to have any sexual release and the need for sexual release. I could only watch as they fucked and ignored me. The only time that Tracy even acknowledged me as they fucked was when they switched positions. They rolled over so that Tracy was on top. As they were doing so she glanced over her

shoulder at me and grinned like the cat that had caught the canary. The one great advantage of their new position was that I could see his cock pumping in and out of her pussy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tracy reached out her hand to me and I grabbed it. I knew where she was leading me and I didn't want to do what she desired—or maybe what Kevin desired to see me do—but I was caged and my desire was an inferno of lust. It was no trouble at all for her to lead me down to her pussy. I stared at it for just a second. It was red and swollen and wet with her natural lubrication and Kevin's spunk. "Clean me," she urged me again.

That was all that I needed. I plunged my face into her pussy and started licking

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why's that?"

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

“Among other things,” he added.

“Among other things,” I confirmed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You aren't leaving yet," she told him as he made to put on his shirt.

"I'm spent," he told her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once Tracy starts riding on her orgasmic high it’s fairly easy to make her cum. I just firmly rubbed her clit in the up and down motion she favored and watched

her face as she scrunched it up and gasped as her pussy responded to my treatment. It might have been Kevin's cock hitting her in just the right spot inside her pussy, but I think it was me. I made her cum and then I made her cum again, never letting go of her hand and never letting her clit have a bit of relief. She kept cumming and crying out from the pleasure until Kevin finally let loose inside her.

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

I just nodded in acknowledgement at him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That caught my attention. "What history."

"His, um, sexual history."

"Yeah. What exactly. Details, please."

She shook her head slowly in amazement. "You're such a perv. Okay, well,

obviously he's bi."

"Yup, I picked up on that."

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

I nodded my head as I drove. "I can see that."

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

I chortled. "Doesn't seem like he's had much success on that front."

"No, not at all. But he's being a little saner now, or so he tells me."

"When did he tell you he was bi?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tracy shook her head. "He's not bi."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

Author’s Note

The type of chastity device Evan is described as wearing is a figment of the imagination. It wouldn’t be hard for a designer to actually fabricate a two lock chastity cage, but I couldn’t find one as a viable example. Further, Tracy’s twenty year commitment to lactating for her husband is an extreme example of an adult nursing relationship. While it is certainly possible for a woman to lactate for twenty years, it is not a common occurrence. As always, don’t forget this is a work of fiction.

About the Author

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

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Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

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Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

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