AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MALE CHASTITY AND PEGGING

JUST LUST

PERFECTLY AVERAGE BOOK 2



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Perfectly Average 2:

Just Lust

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and Pegging

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Perfectly Average 2: Just Lust

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Chapter Five

As I struggled into the harness, Jessica flopped back on the bed, her head on a pillow, and watched me, her hand between her legs, gently stroking her pussy.

I'd never worn a strap-on harness before, but I understood the principles. It was a popular technique to make a caged man fuck his girlfriend or wife or whatever with one to keep him under her thumb. The center of the harness and the base of the dildo sat on the pubic bone, above the cock. Maybe for women it sat a little lower.

Strap-ons were originally designed for lesbians to fuck each other. She was trying to turn me into a woman.

Or maybe not. Maybe she just wanted to get fucked with some sort of cock. I could either complain about it or abandon my kink that kept my cock locked away or I could go with it.

I went with it.

The harness was fine to wear. It took a little effort to get her favorite dildo properly attached to the harness, but I got it done. When I looked down to examine my handiwork, I realized that the marbled purple and blue dildo wasn't just a different color than my cock, it was bigger too.

It wasn't like I was suddenly wearing a horse cock or anything like that, but it was significantly bigger in both length and girth. I wasn't exactly intimidated, but I was put in my place. While I knew that I had a perfectly average and capable cock (and I knew that I did because I had measured and every woman I had ever been with had said it was perfect and what I did with it was fantastic!) it was still a blow to my ego to realize that my girlfriend's favorite toy was much bigger than me.

I tried to tell myself that her preference for a large dildo was because she could get mine any time she wanted.

It was a lie I wanted desperately to believe.

Jessica was watching me from the bed. She was on her back, her knees bent and legs slightly open. With one hand resting behind her head and the other covering her pussy, she looked incredibly wanton. And sexy. And seductive. And

inviting.

And I didn’t know why I was standing there at the end of the bed, holding her favorite dildo in my hand while my cock was locked up and just contemplating her.

“Well?” she asked as if I knew exactly what she wanted.

I was pretty sure I knew what she wanted, but with women who can honestly tell?

“Are you ready?” I asked her, still not moving.

She was naked and she had a pair of fingers in her pussy. How could she be any more ready?

The truth was I was scared and nervous. What if fucking her with the dildo was better for her than doing it normally with my real cock? Could I live with that?

I was certain I could. On one level, I wanted that. On another level, I dreaded that.

My mind was reeling and if it hadn’t been caged, I’m sure my cock would have turtled quicker than if I had been in bed with a tattooed art major who insisted on calling me Daddy.

Jessica laughed at me, but it was a friendly laugh. “I’m so wet and ready that my pussy should be labeled ‘slippery when wet.’”

Sometimes sexy talk should be left to the professionals.

Plastering a smile on my face, I crawled up on the bed and tried to pretend that this was perfectly normal and I wanted to do it and I had the confidence that I didn’t feel.

Fake it until you make it.

Unfortunately I wanted to make her cum. With my real cock.

I was so nervous and scared for either outcome (success in making her cum with

the strap-on or failure that made her kick me out of bed) that my cock couldn't have gotten hard if Medusa herself stared at it magically willing to turn to granite.

Unlike my usual smooth, suave self when getting into bed with a woman, even a long-term girlfriend like Jessica, I was nervous and fumbling around.

It didn't help that the cock I was using wasn't mine.

It also didn't help that the cock I was using was too high up and the wrong angle.

It definitely didn't help that Jessica reached down between her legs and grabbed the cock to guide it into her pussy.

Under normal circumstances that would have been natural and unremarkable, but I was hyper-aware of all my failings at the moment.

"Fuck me," she begged as I watched the slightly bulbous head disappear between her swollen lips. "Fuck me like a savage."

I tried my best. I really did.

It's hard to fuck with a strap-on cock.

The harness was fine. The dildo was fine. Even though I hadn't done anything physical to get her ready, Jessica was more than wet and eager enough.

The angle was weird. I couldn't get my hips to work the way I wanted them to go. It was a struggle. It wasn't all that much fun for me. It was hardly enjoyable.

However, Jessica seemed to love it. She panted and moaned as I penetrated her with my fake cock. She shivered when I sucked on her nipples. She grabbed my ass and shoved me in further when her excitement was peaking. She said all the right things a man wants to hear during sex.

"Fuck me harder! Fuck me! I love your cock! So fucking deep! My pussy is on fire!" And so on.

It was strange looking down at her during sex and seeing her overtaken by ecstasy, but I felt nothing. My cock didn't react at all.

Maybe she got off on knowing that.

It was the most exhausting session of sex I had ever had, but eventually I made her cum. Jessica clung to me as she shivered and quaked around the dildo I was using on her. I loved the way she wrapped her legs around my waist and squeezed hard. Normally that would have done wonders for me, but this time it was little more than casual human contact.

“You fucked me lovely,” she said, not making a whole lot of sense, but what does right after orgasm?

“You’re welcome.” I didn’t know what else to say. I also didn’t know what to do. Normally after stopping sex, my cock would soften and I’d slip out of her and we’d be done, but a dildo is always hard and ready to go. I was inadequate compared to it.

“I like having a hard cock in me after I cum.”

“It’s not a cock,” I pointed out. “It’s a dildo.”

“It’s the only cock that I can have right now,” she pointed out.

“Well...that’s not entirely true,” I said without thinking about it.

Her brow furrowed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You could fuck another guy if you wanted. I mean, in addition to me.”

She looked at me with narrowed eyes. “It’s like you want me to fuck someone else.”

I swallowed my pride. “I wouldn’t mind...because you’d be coming back to me for my cock.” It was more bravado than I’d earned since my cock was currently encased in an unyielding steel tube.

Jessica laughed at me. It was the type of humiliating laugh that stirred my cock, but I couldn’t tell her that. “Right. If I was cheating on you, I wouldn’t come back to you for a fuck. Your cock can’t get hard.” She pushed me away, forcing the dildo out of her pussy. Just for emphasis she grabbed my cage and gave it a good shake. “See. This is as hard as you can get.”

“You’re going to let me out in a few days,” I reminded her.

“Am I?” she questioned me in a tone that made my heart stop and stomach sink...and my cock struggled to get hard.

I wanted to fuck her so badly...and then be told I couldn’t.

I was living the dream.

Chapter Six

Our schedules didn't always line up. The day before she had promised to release me Jess couldn't have me over because of some family obligation. I wasn't ready to deal with her whole family just yet, so she let me skip attending. It was good. I took a cold shower, cleaned my cage with the showerhead, and got ready for bed without reminding myself every second that tomorrow I'd be free of the cage and Jessica, if I hadn't fucked everything up, would be thrilled to have my cock inside her once again.

And then she texted me.

Party's over. Can I come over?

Cum over? HA!

I looked at her texts and I immediately had a bad feeling about them because she told me there was no way she was going to be able to come to my place. She was going to be late and didn't want to stay the night.

I carefully considered my response. Sure.

It was a stupid choice.

Don't go anywhere. I'll be right there.

I knew something was up and I didn't think there was a good answer to her question.

When someone literally holds the key to your cock you don't think logically.

I liked that more than I liked to admit it.

I didn't know what to do to get ready for her so I just anxiously paced around and tried to watch something on TV, but I was a wasted effort. I felt both overdressed and underdressed in my briefs, pajama pants and t-shirt.

As it was she arrived a hell of a lot quicker than I expected her. It was like she had texted me after already having made the decision to invite herself over.

When I opened the door the first thing that struck me was she was drunk. Maybe

not completely blitzed, but she was way too happy, her face was flushed, and the distinctive smell of alcohol all but assaulted me.

The second thing that struck me, after the alcohol attack, was that she was more than a little disheveled. More than would have been normal for a family get-together.

She pushed her way into my apartment's small entryway and grabbed me for a kiss. I happily kissed her back. The taste of alcohol was still in her mouth. I hoped she wasn't so blitzed that she was making a bad decision.

"Wanna fuck?" she asked me, breaking the kiss.

"Umm...always, but there's one little problem." I grabbed her hand and put it to my crotch so she could feel my cage, as if she needed a reminder.

"That's not a problem," she said as she began taking off her clothes.

I didn't stop her.

I helped her.

Shirt, skirt, shoes, bra. And then she was down on her knees, pushing down my pajama pants and underwear to get out my small, soft cock still in its cage. "Do you have the key?" I asked her desperately. I wasn't sure if this was a tease or not.

Jessica just laughed and gave the top of my cage a kiss. "Bedroom," she said. "We need to go to the bedroom." She headed for my bedroom and I looked around, making sure I wasn't doing something stupid.

If she had the key, it had to be hidden in her panties. Or maybe she had it on a chain around her neck. Jessica wore necklaces all the time, but I didn't notice if she was wearing one tonight because I had been too distracted by her tits.

Realizing I was well behind her, I rushed to my bedroom to find that she had shoved all the sheets down the mattress and was sprawled with her head on the pillow and one hand down inside her panties, masturbating.

"Took you long enough," she said.

“Sorry, I was…” I trailed off, distracted by her busy fingers hidden under the soft cotton of her underwear and their motion.

“Take them off,” she said.

In response, I yanked down my pants and underwear and, just for safety’s sake, I pulled off my t-shirt as well.

When I was done, she was laughing at me. I figured she wasn’t laughing at my cage because she had seen me naked except for my cage many times.

“Why are you laughing?” I said with a smile on my face. She was drunk and I thought that maybe the room was spinning for her.

“I meant for you to take off my panties,” she said as she pulled her hand out from between her legs. I could see her wetness making her fingers shiny.

In my most chivalrous tone I said, “I can still do that.” I proceeded to slide the last scrap of clothing she was wearing down her legs. The cotton briefly clung to her wet lips before I pulled it away.

Jessica flopped open her legs and revealed her pussy.

It was wet.

Her labia were swollen and red with anticipation.

The little landing strip of her dark blonde pubes was soaked.

“Eat me out,” she said softly, her voice a little husky now, as if she was excited and a little worried at what was to happen next.

She didn’t have anything to worry about. I was always willing to go down on her when she asked. Moving between her legs, I laid down on my bed, kissed her inner right thigh, and went right for her pussy.

Her scent was strong, which I expected because she was so turned on. It was muskier than usual, but I attributed that to where she had to be in her cycle. I didn’t care. It smelled like heaven to me.

The moment I put my tongue to her slit, I tasted her desire. Moving lower on her labia, I sucked up the wetness and swallowed it, letting her know how much I needed her. Going back up, I found her clit and sucked it lightly before licking it enthusiastically to get her going.

She was already halfway there so it wasn't going to take much effort to make her cum. Still, that wasn't any reason to be lazy and give her a lame orgasm.

As I continued to tease her clit, I inserted my index finger into her pussy, getting it nice and wet. I could have searched out the little bump inside her, that hidden g-spot that could make her cum really hard, but I had other plans.

Jessica had moaned when I put my finger inside her. She groaned in complaint when I withdrew it. And then she tensed up when I pressed my finger against her puckered anus.

She could have protested and told me no. I even paused in sucking on her clit and looked up at her. She was staring down at me, but she said nothing. Her tight asshole was already wet; I hadn't needed the extra wetness from her pussy.

Seeing that she wasn't complaining, I pushed my finger up her ass.

The moan she let out was lovely.

I sucked on her clit harder as I slowly moved my finger in and out of her ass. Maybe she didn't want this, but I wanted to be released from my cage right now and if I made her cum, she might be more amenable to that.

Knowing that she loved anal sex more than anything else, even though she didn't want to admit it, was my secret weapon against her.

When she came, she didn't exactly squirt, but the gush of wetness from her pussy onto my face was like a blessing of libations.

"Ooohhh...that was good," she moaned, complimenting me.

I lifted my face up from her pussy and pulled my finger out of her ass. I wasn't sure how long it was allowable to leave it up there, so I went for a quick withdrawal.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

“Does my pussy taste good?”

“Always,” I said and kissed her inner thigh again, making her tremble a little. She laughed at me. “What?” I asked, a little miffed.

“You ever fuck two girls on the same day?”

My brows furrowed. “No.”

“Marty came in me earlier tonight. I was so worked up I had to show you.” She propped herself up on her elbows and grinned down at me. “You’re eating his cum.”

That would explain her extremely wet pussy.

I tried to process my feelings, knowing that I had just inadvertently eaten her out and gotten some of Marty’s cum too.

“Who the fuck is Marty?” I demanded.

Dropping herself back to the bed, she replied. “Family friend. Sort of. He and I always flirt. Tonight I fucked him.”

“Have you fucked him before?”

“Yeah…”

“Oh.”

“Jealous?”

“No…”

She laughed at me. “I think you’re jealous. I’m drunk. And you ate his cum.”

“Yeah. I know.” I wasn’t into that. It wasn’t terrible, even after the fact, but still, a little warning would have been nice.

“It was fucking hot.” At least she was into it. That pricked up my ears.

“Glad you liked it.”

“I came really hard.”

“I know.”

“I want to fuck Marty again.”

“You just said you fucked him today.” My cock was already straining at the cage. I had to play this carefully. I wanted her to keep fucking him. And me. But I couldn’t force it.

“I know. But we...we’re friends with benefits.”

“Really?” I was only mildly surprised.

“But he’s not my boyfriend.”

“Good to know.”

“He’s too busy fucking everyone else.”

That made me a little nervous knowing she was letting him cum in her when he was banging other women as well, but I couldn’t object now.

“But you still want to fuck him?”

“Hell yes,” she moaned a little. “He’s hot and got a body that’s killer.”

“And you want me instead of him.”

She laughed at me again. “No, it’s more like he wants to fuck everything that moves. Won’t settle down for just me.”

“Oh...okay.”

“You’re okay with this?”

“Sure. Yes. Very much.” I tried not to sound like an idiot. “It’s hot. I like being in chastity and I like the idea of you having sex with other men because I can’t fuck you.”

“You’re warped!”

“I know. But if you took my cage off right now, I could truly fuck you the right way and then you could say you really fucked two guys on the same day.”

She laughed at me once more. “I don’t have the key. It’s at my apartment.”

I wasn't getting released early.

Jessica spent the night at my place. I barely slept because I was thinking about what she and I were going to do. It hadn’t taken all that much to get her to fuck someone else. She was a much bigger slut than I had thought.

I couldn’t wait for tomorrow when she got the key and released me so we could have proper sex.

Chapter Seven

The big day had arrived. Jessica had spent the night and it was my wish that she take off the cage in the morning and we fuck right then and there.

That didn't happen.

First, because she had left my cage key at her apartment. I wanted to give her a lecture about how a good keyholder always kept the key on her person, but I didn't think that would help me at all in escaping my cage.

Second, it was morning and, as she so eloquently put it, "I fucking locked you up in the evening and you'll get fucking released in the evening. If I fucking release you at all."

Somehow, that made the anticipation all that much better.

Work was hell.

Going to take a piss was hell because every time I touched my cock, even through the cage, it wanted to get hard. It was like it had a mind of its own.

Jess kept sending me little messages via text.

Can't wait for tonight

Are you hard?

I'm so wet

It was the usual sexting shit, but it was worse because I knew it was happening soon. I wanted to alter time to suit my needs, but that was impossible.

If only.

And still, the inevitable eventually happened because time moves forward no matter what we want.

By the time Jessica got to my place and we were ready to have sex, I could feel my cock swelling inside the cage. It wasn't painful. Not yet. It was as if my cock knew how big it could get before the point of pain.

“Strip,” she told me when we went to the bedroom.

“Do you have the key?” I foolishly asked before I started to follow her order.

Frowning, she said, “Oh I have a hell of a lot more than just that.” Jess had brought in her large purse to my place, so I knew something was up, but that wouldn’t stop me from doing everything I could to fuck her so hard that her mind exploded.

When she pulled a chain from inside her shirt and showed me the key, I stripped so fast I was surprised that my clothes didn’t burst into flames from the speed and friction.

“A gentleman would help me undress,” she said.

That led to me carefully helping her out of her clothes. Shoes. Skirt. Blouse. But she wanted me to leave her stockings on. I appreciated that. Her breasts were so small that she didn’t really need a bra, but she wore one almost all the time anyway. It was my honor to unhook it and slip it off her shoulders.

When I went down on my knees to slip her pretty flowered panties off her hips, she stopped me.

“Not so fast.”

“What’s the matter?” I asked nervously.

“Go get my bag.”

It took me a second to realize she meant her giant purse. I ran to the living room, grabbed it, and ran back. I hated the way my cage made my cock bounce around, but I was on a mission and in a hurry.

I should have looked in the purse, but I wasn't thinking clearly. When I came back to the bedroom, she was lounging on my bed and waiting impatiently. She snatched the purse away from me, and instead of just dumping the contents on the bed, she reached in and pulled out the familiar purple and blue dildo I had recently used on her along with the harness.

“Oh no…” I said. This wasn’t what I had meant by sex.

Jessica smirked at me. “Don’t worry. You don’t have to wear this,” she said as she started pulling the harness on.

“Oh good,” I breathed and then realized what that meant. I just froze in place. “You can’t mean…”

“I told you I loved anal sex,” she said, reaching into the bag a second time and pulling out an also familiar bottle of lube. “I didn’t say I just loved receiving it.”

“But you said you’d release me from my cage.”

“I did,” she agreed. “And I even said tonight. I’ll give you a choice. I can remove it before I fuck you in the ass or I can remove it after. Which do you want?”

It was a choice even if it wasn’t much of a choice. “Before.”

“That’s what I thought.”

She looked slightly strange wearing the harness over her flowery panties because the harness was essentially black straps and a triangular black leather piece that held the dildo in a steel ring. I’m sure she kept her panties on because she wanted to let me know that I wasn’t getting my cock into her pussy any time soon.

“Lay down on the bed,” she said as she pulled the chain with the key over her head.

I did as she asked because it was the only way I was going to get out of the cage.

Taking off the cage is as simple as putting it on. Pop open the lock, separate the curved shaft from the retaining ring. Once that was done, I started to rise to the occasion. I then pushed her hand aside. If I got hard before getting the base ring off...well, it would be impossible to get it off without going soft. Or next to impossible. Certainly painful. I wanted to be free and that meant working fast and risking pissing off Jessica and enduring a bit of pain as I worked the ring over my balls.

It wasn’t quite like getting kicked in the nuts, but was of a similar vein.

I don’t get guys who are into cock and ball torture, but it takes all types.

I’m sure there are guys into CBT who would never consent to wear a chastity cage.

Jessica looked at me with alarm. “That looked like it hurt.”

I smiled at her with assurance that I didn’t feel. “Not at all. Ready to go?” I reached for her hips, but she slapped away my hands. My last minute pitch for some normal sex was denied.

I don’t think I could get off to normal sex anymore anyway.

“You’re going to fuck me in the ass, aren’t you?” I asked her.

“Well, you wanted to fuck me in the ass, didn’t you?”

“No!” I protested. “I just wanted to have regular sex with you again!”

She smirked. “I don’t think you ever wanted to have regular sex. Get on your back and I’ll make sure that you cum.”

More than anything I wanted a nice orgasm. She could have blown air on my cock at that point and I would have cum.

I did what she said and got on my back.

Then she had me lube up my ass, move down to the edge of the bed, and grab the backs of my knees. She stood on the floor and got into position.

“Don’t worry,” she assured me, “this is going to be fun for you too.”

“Uh-huh,” I said nervously.

Jess paused and looked me in the eye. “You’ve never been fucked in the ass before, have you?”

There was no reason to lie. “No. I’ve only ever been with women...and they never asked to fuck my ass.”

“Huh. Really? Because it was the first thing I thought about when you told me

about your chastity cage fetish.” She smiled and took my already hard cock in hand and pumped me a couple of times. Not that I needed it.

“To be fair, you have a thing for anal sex.”

She nodded. “True. Don’t worry. I think you’ll have fun.” Letting go of my cock, she grabbed the lube and poured some on my shaft. She even took the time to pump her hand up and down me again, spreading the lube, getting me so close to the edge that I was certain I was going to blow before anything exciting happened.

I was thrilled when she let go and then I was nervous again when she pressed her dildo’s head against my opening. I tensed up and she sensed it right away.

“Relax,” she told me. “That’s the key to enjoying anal. Relaxing. I know. I’ve been fucked in the ass more times than I can count.”

“Did Marty fuck you in the ass?” I don’t know why I asked that question, but I had to do something to delay the inevitable.

“A few times, yeah,” she said happily. “But not when I had you go down on me.”

“That’s good to knooowwWW!” My word slurred into an amalgamation of “know” and “oh” and “ow.” There wasn’t any pain, I just wasn’t used to being penetrated. It was, of course, much more enjoyable than I had been expecting.

“You like that?” she asked as she pushed all the way in.

I was surprised at how easily she went in. And how good it felt.

“Yeah, I like that.”

“Good. I like it too.” She grabbed my cock with one hand and started fucking me while stroking my cock.

It was fucking incredible.

I made all those stupid jokes in middle school that all young teens do about anal sex and getting fucked in the ass. I regretted every joke about being the victim of butt sex.

Butt sex is awesome.

Especially if it's in combination with someone who knows what they're doing. Jessica was a pro.

"You're incredible," I moaned at her. I would have pulled her down for a kiss, but she was too far away and I didn't want to change anything about how I was positioned.

"Thanks. It's the first time I've fucked anyone in the ass." She continued to rock her hips back and forth while stroking me.

I stared at her blankly.

Okay, so maybe she wasn't a pro.

She was just a natural.

I focused on her small, pretty tits bouncing, especially the one with the barbell through it, and her fake cock in my ass touching my prostate, and her hand on my cock jerking me off.

I guess I wasn't focusing on anything in particular.

I was in her hands and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

There wasn't anything I wanted to do about it.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna," I tried to warn her, but it was already too late. One more stroke of her hand and one more thrust of her dildo up my ass and I was cumming.

It hurt and it felt wonderful at the same time.

During orgasm the male body's muscles in the lower abdomen tense up and that includes the sphincter. Only mine right then couldn't clamp down because I had a huge dildo up my ass.

It only made the orgasm more intense.

Normally when I jerked off while laying down, when I came, my spunk would

just land on my stomach.

This time my load shot all the way up to my neck and chest. I might have hit the wall over my head if Jessica hadn't been aiming my cock slightly downward.

I made a bunch of humiliating sounds, but that was expected.

I hoped.

The entire time Jessica grinned at me, knowing she was in control. She kept jerking me off even though it was too intense and I wanted her to stop.

And I wanted her to keep going at the same time.

Eventually I stopped shooting cum and started to go soft. With a condescending motion, Jessica wiped her soiled hand on my thigh cleaning off the bits of cum clinging to it, and pulled her strap-on out of me.

She stood up and headed for the bathroom. I just lay there, exhausted, and wondered when we could do this again.

It wasn't right away. She came back wearing the strap-on and sent me to the shower to clean up.

When I came back ten minutes later she was still on the bed, but had removed the harness. Her panties were still on. I noted there was a moisture stain between the legs.

"Ready?" she asked me.

"For what?" I had gotten off and my brain wasn't functioning the way it should have. I had to remember not to be selfish.

"You need to get me off," she pointed out.

She was right. My cock was soft and I was, momentarily at least, not interested in sex. Still, I forced myself to lay down on the bed between her legs, ease her panties down and plunge my face into her pussy.

Her scent was strong. She was wet and hot and perfect. I slipped a couple of

fingers up into her pussy and sought out her g-spot, but this time I kept away from her asshole. I didn't want to delve into it again tonight.

As it turned out, I didn't need it. A little clit stim, some sucking, and some enthusiastic finger curling on her g-spot was all it took. Maybe her orgasm wasn't incredible, but I barely had an interest in finishing the job.

I didn't tell her that.

What I did do beyond making her cum was make her sleepy.

"I'm gonna spend the night here, okay?" were her last words to me before drifting off.

I should have done the noble thing and put the cock cage back on, but the irony of being a chastity kinkster is that you want it off and on at the same time.

I didn't jerk off, though. I just went to sleep next to my satisfied girlfriend, but my cock, for the first time in weeks, was free from its steel enclosure.

Chapter Eight

I woke up Jessica in the most gentlemanly way possible. I gave her a kiss.

And then I climbed on top of her with my morningwood and kept kissing her until her legs opened up and she allowed me to push inside her.

I was going full speed before she was fully awake. She didn't complain. She wasn't the perfect keyholder who would have control over my cock at every moment of the day, but I think she liked getting fucked as much as I liked fucking her.

"I'm going to lock you up the minute you cum," she told me with a nasty grin.

That excited me and I felt myself right on the edge; I had to slow down.

"Were you about to cum?" she asked. She knew me better than I thought.

"Yeah…"

"Make me cum first, don't be fucking greedy."

I did what she asked, thinking about projects I had at work and not about how good her body felt next to mine. It wasn't that tough to make Jessica cum, but after being caged for two weeks, it was hard not to cum first.

Once she started crying out—loudly—that she was cumming, I relaxed and let myself cum as well.

I was worried about the neighbors, but fuck them. They didn't have to listen to my girlfriend scream about how good my cock made her feel.

"Get off me," she complained after I laid atop her for a minute when I was done.

"Sorry," I said, rolling off. I didn't say anything about her putting me back in my cage, so I decided to keep her off-balance. "Did you really have sex with other women?"

She laughed at me. "Woman. I once dated another woman. Wren. She was good in bed."

"I didn't know you were bi."

“I’m not. Not really. I just wanted to see what sex with a woman was like. I think that most women do. Especially after a bad breakup.”

I let that sink in for a minute. “You had a bad break up?”

“Let’s just say that I’ll never date a man named Adam ever again.”

“Duly noted.”

“Now get out of bed and take a shower. I can’t wait to put you back in your cage.”

I went to the bathroom to shower. The thing about wearing a cock cage all the time is you need to practice good hygiene to keep your cock clean. As a guy wearing a chastity cage, I spent more time in the shower than I ever did as a teenager, but this was mostly making sure I had enough soapy water flowing through my cage, instead of jerking off in relative privacy.

Still, a good shower meant that I wasn’t driving away women with body odor. I was driving them away with my personality and kinks.

After showering I dried off and came back to the bedroom where Jessica was still lounging on the bed. When she got up I stopped her from heading directly to the shower.

“What?” she asked, more than a little annoyed.

“We need to talk about our relationship,” I said.

“Isn’t that my line?” she joked.

“I want to lay down some rules that we both need to follow so my chastity works correctly for the both of us.”

She frowned and I could tell that she didn’t want to talk right then. Maybe because her pussy was full of my cum and she wanted to shower it off as quickly as possible. Maybe she just didn’t want to think about us and my kink.

Instead of fighting it, she sat back down on the bed. I had taken my chastity cage with me to the bathroom and washed it as well. It was in my hand, so I passed it

to her.

A little smile grew on her face. She was more into my kink than she was letting on.

“Please put it back on me,” I asked her. “I don’t want to let anyone else touch my cock but you.”

The smile didn’t deviate from her face and she started working the ring around my cock and balls. After a hot shower is when my junk, any man’s cock, is loosest and most relaxed, the other side of the problem is sometimes there’s a little too much friction from the warm skin. I paused her actions and put some lube on my cock. Not for sex but the prevention of sex.

She was a bit rough, but once the ring was in place everything proceeded quickly.

“You need to carry my key on you at all times,” I said, starting to give her a lecture.

Jessica abruptly twisted my balls and I let out an involuntary gasp. “First of all, it’s my key and my cock.” She looked up at me with a gaze that made me shiver. “Right? As your keyholder, I’m in charge, right?”

I nodded. “That’s right.”

“And you have to do what I say. I’m in charge of your cock. The only thing I have to do is carry your key. Everything else is up to me, right?”

“You’re right again.”

“Great. So you won’t be telling me what to do with my cock any longer, isn’t that correct?” She slid the curved tube up my shaft. Between my incredible shrinkage and the lube, it went on easily. That scared me.

“That’s correct.”

“And I can fuck whoever I want, whenever I want, and it doesn’t have to include you.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Just remember, you wanted this. And I’ll be sure to tell you about every person I fuck while you’re wearing this silly little thing.”

“That’s...that’s what I want.”

“Good.” She snapped the lock into place and I looked down at my now-familiar steel-clad cock.

It was both a relief and a source of tension at the same time.

“What would you say if I told you I was going to fuck Marty tonight?” she asked me.

“I’d say...I’d say that afterwards I want to hear all the details.” My face was flushed red with embarrassment, but my cock started to rise in excitement.

And was promptly squeezed tightly not by Jessica’s hand, but by the cage she had put me in.

I had never been so excited before in my life.

“This might be fun,” she admitted.

“Tell me...tell me about the woman you dated,” I begged her.

Jessica just laughed at me. She could see my cock swelling up inside the cage.

“Oh...I won’t do that, not yet. You’re already suffering. You don’t need more torture right now.” She stood up and walked to the bathroom, closing the door and locking it behind her.

I shivered.

This was what I wanted?

This was what I wanted.

Chapter Nine

Walking around wearing a cock cage gives a certain confidence that can't be found anywhere else. You have a secret that only one other person knows about. It's a secret that is easily revealed but only the crudest of people would ever ask about it. I sailed through the next couple of days with a positive attitude and a determination that impressed everyone.

Although Jessica had threated—promised?—to fuck Marty right after she put on my cage for the second time, she didn't. I went to her place and spent the night in caged bliss.

We did this for the next three days.

Naturally we used all manner of toys to make her cum. I used my fingers and mouth on her as well. I wasn't allowed to cum at all. She didn't even peg me because there was a risk that I could cum, or so she said.

She was right.

I wasn't allowed to wear the strap-on harness because she didn't want me to feel like I was a real man who could use a cock of any sort.

That was sort of fun but as the days wore on I felt myself getting more anxious and more eager to please Jessica based on the hope that she would let me out so I could fuck her.

She told me she'd let me out when I was ready, but didn't give me an actual date.

That made it more exciting and more frustrating as well.

"Her name was Wren."

"Wren?" I was confused. We had just eaten dinner and were cleaning up. "Whose name was Wren?"

"The woman I dated. Wren. Like the bird."

"That's an unusual name," I commented, trying to keep my mind focused on anything other than Jessica fucking another woman. I'd have given up my right nut to see that, which, metaphorically speaking, was the direction I was already

going.

“She was an unusual woman.”

“I’ll bet. Was she a lesbian or just bi like you?”

Jessica leaned back against the counter and watched me finish washing the dishes. “What makes you think I’m bi?”

“Well...you had sex with a woman and I know you’ve had sex with a man, so…”

She shook her head at me. “I’m not bi. I just happened to have a short-term relationship with a woman.”

“That sounds bi to me.”

“I’m not bi. I don’t see myself ever having a long-term romantic or sexual relationship with a woman. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time to fall into bed with Wren.”

“Okay…”

“Adam was a fucking asshole, but he was so incredibly handsome with a perfect body and he knew how to fuck if you know what I mean.”

I nodded in agreement and put the last of the dishes on the drainer before I dried my hands.

“But he was also an asshole,” she added. “He could be mean and abusive and controlling and he...and he…”

She had trouble finishing the statement.

“You don’t have to give me details,” I said. The excitement of picturing Jessica with a mysterious other woman had given way to her being mentally, if not physically, abused by whoever the hell Adam was. That shrunk my cock.

“He liked to fuck me in the ass,” she went on as if she hadn’t heard me. “At first I liked it, but then he used it as a tool to control me. Humiliate me.” She sighed and then gasped. This was much more an unexpected look into her psyche than I

was prepared for. “And I hated that was all he wanted to do with me. But at the same time, I loved it.”

Not knowing what else to say, I blurted out, “You don’t have to do anal with me at all.”

She laughed at me. “But I want to. Both ways.”

“I don’t get it.” I didn't understand what she was getting at.

“I loved anal before Adam and I loved it after, he’s not going to take that away from me.”

“Okay…”

She went on, not having heard me. She was staring at the far wall. “But fucking Adam put me off men for a while. Wren came into my life. She asked if maybe I wasn’t a straight woman.”

She paused.

I had to ask the question.

“Are you a straight woman?”

“Not completely,” she said. “Isn’t that obvious?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you want to see me fuck a woman?” she asked. “I’m still friends with Wren.”

My cock got hard...almost. I tried not to let the pain show on my face. “Hell yes!”

Jessica laughed at me. “Don’t count on it anytime soon.”

I frowned in disappointment.

“Would you like to see me fuck a man?”

“Do you mean Marty?” I asked. I don’t know why I was questioning her because the answer was an emphatic yes.

I just couldn’t get myself to say it.

“He’s the only guy I’m fucking right now...besides you. So do you?”

“Uh-huh.” I couldn’t even say yes...probably because I didn’t want to jinx it.

She didn’t look at me when she spoke. She continued to look at the wall opposite me. “I’ve already made plans to fuck him tomorrow. Does that upset you?”

“No…”

“Does it excite you?” she asked.

I didn’t answer. My cock was being pinched inside the cage.

“Show me my cock,” she said. “I need to see it right now.”

I loved how she had so easily fallen into the usage of it being her cock.

Turning around from the sink I unzipped my jeans and pulled down my underwear. She bent forward to inspect me. I automatically stared at the swell of her hips and ass.

That didn’t help the swelling inside my cage.

“You’re trying to get hard,” she announced after a quick inspection. It wasn’t difficult to determine that. The flesh was bulging out the end, pressing up against the bars.

“I can’t help it.”

“That’s basically permission for me to fuck Marty,” she announced. I couldn’t disagree with her.

“Yes,” I finally admitted. “I want you to fuck him.”

“I’m going to come over to your place with my pussy full of cum,” she told me. “And just like last time, you’re going to clean it up for me.”

I swallowed. “I can’t wait.”

As always, the waiting was the worst part. I could barely sleep that night with Jessica at my side in her bed. My cock kept swelling up as I thought about the two of them. I wanted it and I didn’t want it.

The next day I didn’t strut around at work like I normally did. I was too anxious and too nervous.

To make matters worse, Jessica wasn’t texting me. She didn’t reply to any of my texts.

I knew why she was doing it but that didn’t help the emotional turmoil.

What also didn’t help was that I came home to my empty apartment, ate dinner alone, and just waited and waited. I considered getting drunk, but discarded that idea because I didn’t want to have whiskey dick when...or if...she showed up on my doorstep.

And so I waited. And waited. And I couldn’t distract myself with anything.

I had already resigned myself to not being able to sleep all night.

I was considering getting the bolt cutters from the storage room to cut off the lock and jerk off because I couldn’t stand it.

Only then when I was at my lowest, did the doorbell ring.

I ran to it and flung it open.

Jessica stood there, a twisted smile on her lips. She didn’t look like she had been having sex. She didn’t have the afterglow. She didn't have messed up hair. I couldn’t even smell it on her.

“Ready for me?” she asked.

I pulled her inside, closing the door behind her so I could press her body up against it. She wasn’t surprised when I went down on my knees in front of her.

How much had she planned ahead I didn't know, but she was wearing a skirt that was easy to pull up. Underneath she had panties that I could tell were already wet between the legs.

I trembled with fear and anticipation.

Holding up her skirt, I pressed my face into her panty-covered pussy. When I inhaled, her scent was strong: musky and sour along with something else.

I knew what the something else was.

She didn't object when I yanked down her panties and pressed my face into her little landing strip. Her lips were red and sore and swollen and wet and I knew that Marty had cum in her.

That didn't stop me.

If anything, it encouraged me.

I left her panties tangled around one ankle and pushed her legs open as wide as possible. She had to lean back against the door, but that was hardly an imposition. If anything, it made it better for her.

Pushing my tongue into her I could taste her natural amrita along with Marty's cum.

Pulling back, I looked up at her. "You fucked him, didn't you?"

Her eyes were dewy with lust. "Uh-huh."

"You let him cum in you?"

"Uh-huh." She was grinding her ass against the door, looking for some friction and relief. She should have been sated already, after being fucked by Marty, but she wasn't because she was addicted to lust.

"You're a slut," I accused her.

Her smile crossed her face, partially hiding the birthmark on her cheek. "Guilty. Now make me cum." She grabbed the back of my head and pushed me hard into

her sex.

I got right to work licking and sucking and swallowing. She was all but riding my face, putting uncomfortable pressure on my neck, but it was worth it to be completely engulfed by her pussy and thighs.

Though she was overexcited by the events what she was doing wasn't all that great sex-wise. I could eat her out, but there was no technique or subtlety to it. Everything was rough and urgent.

It was, however, enough to get her off.

She came on my face and I let her gently back down off me. She slid down the door and landed on her bare ass, her legs open wide to me.

"Thank you. I needed that," she said with a little chuckle.

"Glad to be of service."

"I'm not sure if I should unlock you or not." Her toes nudged me between the legs. She just barely touched my cage and moved my cock.

"I think you know what you should do," I said cautiously.

"What do you want me to do?"

I shook my head. "You're the keyholder. You should know. Go with your instincts."

She laughed uncomfortably. I could tell the problem was guilt. She had just cum with me and had cum with Marty earlier. Maybe she had cum several times with Marty. She wanted everything to be equal with me.

But me being in chastity meant that things couldn't be equal.

I wanted her in charge.

I wanted her to be dominant over me.

"A good person would unlock you and let you cum," she said. "But I'm tired and...and I think at heart I'm not a good person."

“Then that’s good enough for me.” She grinned at me uncertainly, but then I stood up and helped her to her feet.

I think I surprised her when I gave her a kiss after we were standing.

“I need a shower,” she said, breaking the kiss.

“Good idea. You go first.”

“Why don’t you join me?” she asked.

“Because I have a small shower?”

“It’ll be more fun.”

I followed her to the bathroom and watched her strip, taking off my clothes a little slower than her.

I had thought that I had gotten to the point in my life where nothing could truly shock me about people’s sexuality and bodies.

I was wrong.

While I very much liked that Jessica had a pierced nipple, when she took off her bra, I found myself staring at the unexpected change.

Normally she wore a slightly curved barbell through her nipple. I knew she had several that she changed out every once in a while. They each had different balls and decorations on the ends that she put in depending on her mood.

This was the first time I had seen her wearing a proper captive bead ring. It wasn’t that she was wearing a ring instead of a barbell. It was that she had placed my cage key on the ring so that it looked like the small key was dripping from her nipple like a drop of water.

She saw me staring at her breast and the unusual decoration. What she probably didn’t see was my cock trying to get hard and failing because of the cage.

“You wouldn’t imagine the questions that Marty had about this,” she said, flicking the key.

“What...what did he say?”

“He asked why I had a key on my nipple ring.”

I nodded, as if that were the most natural question in the world. In context, it was, but still…

“What did you tell him?” I had to know.

“I told him it was the key to the chastity cage my boyfriend wears for me.”

My throat and mouth went dry. My cock tried to get hard but that was a wasted effort. “You did? And then what did he say?”

She laughed at me. That gave me the feeling that I love the most, being humiliated for my kink but knowing that she was enjoying it as well.

“He asked when I got a boyfriend.”

“What did you tell him?” It felt wonderful to have her describe me as her boyfriend.

“I said recently. The last month.”

“Did he...did he know about me before today?”

She turned on the water to the shower and adjusted it. I stared at her ass while she did so.

“No.”

“And you...and you and he...you had sex even though he knew you had a boyfriend?”

She chuckled again. “I’m pretty sure that Marty gets off on fucking women who are cheating on their boyfriends or husbands.”

That reminded me that, according to Jessica, Marty had more than just her on the side.

“It didn't stop him?”

“It encouraged him.”

This was what I wanted. This was perfect.

She stepped into the water. “Are you going to join me?”

So we showered together. After the usual playful washing each other, she soaped up her pussy and I took the showerhead down to rinse away the huge amount of bubbles she had created. I had to avoid looking at her tits so I wouldn’t be reminded of the key she was literally wearing.

Jessica pushed the spray away from her crotch. “Too much,” she said. “I don’t need to cum again tonight.”

I then proceeded to show her how I had to clean my cage on a daily basis.

Maybe she wasn’t exactly fascinated, but she did watch with interest. She even went down on her knees to carefully watch everything that I did.

“I bet the detachable shower head makes that easier,” she commented.

“That’s why I got it in the first place.”

“Just be careful with my cock,” she told me. “I’m not done with it yet.”

Eventually we had to get out because the hot water wouldn’t last forever. I carefully helped her dry off. I didn’t want to pull at her nipple ring and hurt her.

That brought us to bed and I did the stupidest thing possible because my lust knows no bounds.

“Tell me everything that you did with Marty.”

Jessica pushed her hand down under the sheets and grabbed the cage that was around her cock. I had to keep reminding myself about that. My cock belonged to her and not to me.

“Are you sure you want to hear this?”

“Yes,” I said firmly, but I didn’t exactly feel it. I was a good liar.

“I mean, there’s not all that much to tell. I called him a couple of days ago. We set up a date and time. I went over to his place and we fucked.”

I laughed ruefully. “I want details.”

“You probably don’t,” she said.

“I do!”

She snorted at me. “Fine. After he let me into his house we kissed and then he told me to take off my clothes right there in the middle of the entry hall.”

My cock started to stir.

“That’s when he saw your key on my ring.”

“Fucking hot!”

“And we had the conversation I just told you about.”

“He didn’t feel guilty about having sex with someone who has a boyfriend?” I wasn’t sure where I was going with the question, but I had to ask it.

“It only encourages him. I don’t think he’ll ever have a normal relationship. But at least he’s honest about telling me he’s going to fuck other women.”

“Right. Good.”

“Then he made me go down on my knees, get his cock out, and suck on him a bit. He was already a little bit hard, but he needed a little mouth work to get him completely hard.”

“Did he cum in your mouth?”

She shook her head. “No. He wanted more than that. Did I mention he has a huge cock?”

“No…” That’s the part that made me nervous. I knew I was completely average in the cock department, but that still didn’t mean it didn’t hurt when I learned other men were larger than me.

“Okay. Maybe not huge but certainly bigger than you. Probably the biggest I’ve ever had.”

“Does that include dildos and vibrators?”

She thought for a moment. “No. The biggest I’ve ever had was a vibrator.”

“Okay...”

“So after the warm up in the hallway, we go to his bed. He strips. He has a beautiful body. We go right to missionary position and he just shoves his cock in, nothing for me.”

“Ouch! That must have fucking hurt!”

“Not really. I was already pretty fucking wet from anticipation. Him shoving it in hurt a little, but not that much. It was a good sort of pain. And then he started fucking me and it was fan-fucking-tastic.”

“Uh-huh.” I was seeing it all in my head.

“He flipped me over and we did it doggy style for a bit. He asked if I wanted him to fuck me in the ass.”

“What did you say?” My heart was thumping in my chest waiting for the answer.

“I told him no.”

“Why?” It came out like a strangled protest.

“Because I’m trying not to do that any longer. But I was so fucking wet down there that everything was wet. He stuck a finger up my ass. I liked that. We fucked doggy for a little bit, then we changed positions. I got on top of him and rode him.”

“Was he watching your tits?”

“I suppose. But I was more focused on his finger up my ass. He put it back in. I’m gonna be honest. He made me came a couple of times with that finger. And then he came in me. That made me cum again.”

“Okay, that’s fucking hot. I’m not going to lie. If I wasn’t wearing this cage, I’d be rock hard right now.”

“He smacked my ass when we were done,” she added, as if she hadn’t heard me, “and asked if I wanted to go again or spend the night.”

“What did you tell him?”

I was so wrapped up in her story that I had completely forgotten that I already knew the answer.

“I told him no thank you. I needed to go see my boyfriend.”

“Hot.”

“Do you know what he said then?”

“‘Please stay with me?’” I speculated.

“If your boyfriend is in a chastity cage, I’d love to fuck you in front of him.

My cock did get hard at those words. It was the most painful erection I had ever had. It was also the shortest.

“What...what did you say to him about that?” I whisper asked.

She let go of my cock and cage. I had forgotten she was holding me.

“I told him I’d love to.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Unicorn Hunters 5: Lydia

Will continued his low, long groan. I had licked away all the cum he had shot over my fingers. Tracy looked on in approval. Bryan had stopped moving his hips; he must have realized that Will had cum. How could he couldn't have realized that?

"His ass was squeezing my cock," Bryan reported.

I had to suppress a giggle at that. It only made sense, but it was a ridiculous bit of information I had never expected to hear in my lifetime.

"Did you like it?" I asked.

"Sort of."

Tracy did let out a little half-giggle.

"I'm glad you're having fun at my expense," grumbled Will but I could tell it was a false protest.

"Do you want me to stop?" Bryan asked.

"But you didn't cum yet," Tracy said before Will could answer. "Don't you want to cum?"

Bryan looked to me and I just gave him a little nod. He could fuck me any time. By doing this with Will he was only depriving himself of Tracy, but if I knew her she'd want to fuck my husband before he was done for the night.

I was confident that Bryan had enough endurance to cum at least twice tonight.

I was hoping for at least four time for him.

“Keep going,” Tracy told him. “Make him cum again. Use him however you want.”

I wasn’t sure how I felt about Bryan using Will for his own pleasure without Will having the chance to give his opinion, but when Bryan started thrusting away and Will started moaning again, I guess it didn’t matter.

If Will really wanted to object, he would have said something.

At least I hoped that’s how it worked.

I backed away a little bit to watch them. It was a pleasure to see my husband so enthusiastically fucking another man. If I had been a closed-minded bitch of a wife I would have been freaking out about how my husband was cheating on me, and with a man no less. Since I wasn’t that person I was thrilled that my husband could enjoy the full spectrum of his sexuality and I could join in on the fun.

Since I was naked from the waist down, I put my hand back to my pussy. She was still wet and my clit was faintly throbbing. I hadn’t cum yet. I wasn’t sure I wanted my first orgasm of the evening to be by my own hand, but if that’s what happened, I was fine with it.

Tracy saw me jilling off and moved off the bed where she had been kissing Will and slowly stripped off her clothing.

Instead of watching the husbands, I watched her instead. The way she undressed was incredibly erotic because she wasn’t trying to be sexy or put on a show. She just casually unbuttoned her sweater and unzipped her skirt, dropping both to the floor. As always, she had on elaborate lingerie. This time it was demure pink. Her bra seemed to push up her tits into two huge mounds that made an impressive show of cleavage.

I don’t know what it was with her and garter belts, but she was wearing one again. This time holding up her nude stockings. Because shew as a difficult woman she wore her panties underneath her belt and suspenders. A slut like me would have worn her panties over the garter belt, but a slut like me didn’t wear garter belts and stockings.

Casually, like she did this all the time—and maybe she did do it all the time because I didn’t track everything she did—Tracy reached behind her back and

unhooked her bra, which let her tits swing free. They were huge, or at least they were much bigger than my little ones. I was still wearing my camisole which hid my little girls away and I wasn't going to free them any time soon. I wanted to reach out and play with her tits, but she was too far away and she knew it. She was teasing me. She was going to get everything she wanted.

As Bryan and will continued to fuck on the bed, now barely noticed by me and Tracy, she sat down on the edge of the mattress and unhooked her stockings. After they were free she carefully rolled the stockings off her legs. My fingers got busier with my clit. I vowed that I wasn't going to cum until her face was in my pussy, licking me, but that didn't stop me from teasing myself to the edge of danger.

Standing up from the bed she turned her body just a little, twisting the garter belt around her body to more easily unhook it and set it aside. The twist and the turn was enough to give me the view that she wanted me to see.

Always, always before Tracy had worn plain bikini style panties, nothing slutty because she was a good, demure woman who would never engage in such filthy acts as encouraging her husband to engage in gay sex or burying her face in another woman's pussy or wearing a strap-on dildo to peg a man. Actually, that's exactly who she was, but it wasn't the persona that she projected. For Tracy to wear a thong—hell, it wasn't even a thong, it was a straight up G-string that had the thinnest strap of pink that was half-hidden between her buttocks and curved around her hips to make it look from the front that she was a well-behaved woman.

She wasn't.

My pussy got even more excited for that and I let out a little moan and gasp as I masturbated.

Hearing me, Tracy tilted her head to the side and asked, "Did you cum?"

I slowly shook my head, unable to speak, not trusting any words to escape my lips.

"Do you want to cum?"

Now I slowly nodded my head.

Her fingers were inside the thin width of her G-string's waistband. She had been about to take them off, but now she stopped and just looked at me. "Would you like me to help?"

Once more I nodded. I couldn't wait for her to help.

The moans from Will had abated and Bryan had slowed his thrusting into Will's ass. They were watching this odd seduction between Tracy and me. It should have been just a matter of asking what depraved sexual act I wanted, but somehow Tracy made it seem like it was mandatory that she coax me into debauching myself with her.

I was happy to do it.

Bryan and Will's eyes were on us as Tracy approached and kissed me. Her kiss was only on my mouth, although her tongue did briefly delve between my lips, but I felt it in me pussy. She pushed me onto my back on the bed next to the boys.

They were still watching intently but Tracy only had eyes for me. I was flattered as we continued to kiss. She moved her mouth from mine and kissed my neck and collar bones and then the top edge of my cami. Abruptly she adjusted her positon atop me, skipping right over my breasts and down to my tummy. Her tongue briefly teased my belly button before she went the rest of the way down to the top edge of my neatly shaped and trimmed pubic hair.

I wasn't as bold as Tracy in removing all my nether hair, but I had reduced it to a tiny triangle that was purely decorative at this point. I hoped she appreciated my effort as she ran her tongue along the top edge before dropping her face down the rest of the way to plant a kiss on my clit.

I shivered with delight. "Oh...yesss." I wasn't able to think straight, which was fine because I wasn't being straight at the moment. Her mouth surrounded my clit and she sucked the whole of it into her hot, wet cavity. I should have realized it but I was already on edge and it wasn't going to take much to make me cum.

"No, no, no," I protested but Tracy wasn't listening to me. I know if I was in her position I wouldn't have listened either. I didn't want her to stop. I just didn't want to cum so quickly. I actively resisted cumming. I was fighting against Tracy, but she knew exactly what she was doing and wrapped her arms around

my thighs, locking her body and face around my.

With my clit still in her mouth and continuing to suck, Tracy swirled her tongue around my clit. That was it. I was spent. I came so hard that my entire body shivered and quaked with pleasure. I gasped loudly. I heard myself but couldn't stop the obscene noise. It sounded like I was in pain, and to a certain extent I was, but it was the greatest, most pleasurable pain I had ever experienced. The orgasm wouldn't stop. My limbs and torso kept shaking with unexpected spasms as my orgasm slowly abated.

It wasn't enough. I was still on edge. Making me cum again wouldn't take any special talent.

Then a loud groan from Bryan broke the moment. I knew that look on his face. He was grabbing Will's body tightly to his. His eyes were clamped tightly shut as if trying to block out the world.

I watched as Bryan came, shooting his load into the condom I had put on him. In that moment I half-wished that he had pulled out and shot his load all over Will's back, but this was real life, not some cheap porn.

Tracy and I watched as Bryan finished his orgasm. I couldn't help myself and reached between their legs. I ignored Will's now flaccid penis and found Bryan's balls. They were drawn tightly up to his body as was normal for him during orgasm. I dug my fingers into his sack, getting a good grip on it, holding his balls tightly, as if to assert they were most definitely mine and while he got to use them, I could do with them as I pleasure.

"Oh fuck, of fuck," he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" I asked innocently.

"Careful," he cautioned me. "I'm too sensitive right now."

"I know. I want that cock all to myself."

"Would you like him to fuck you?" Tracy asked after kissing my pussy lips.

"Yes, but I think he's going to need a minute."

Tracy kissed my pussy again. “What’ll make him get hard for you?”

I looked at her down between my legs. “Honestly, I don’t know. Probably anything. But he gets to fuck me all the time. I think he’d rather fuck you right now.”

Bryan let out a little chuckle and then slowly eased himself out of Will’s ass. I looked away. While I was good with anyone doing filthy, perverted acts during sex, some things I didn’t want to see.

“Maybe I’ll let him fuck me,” Tracy said, “but right now I want to fuck you.” She kissed my pussy again and smiled up at my. I could see my moist amrita on her lips and chin.

“You already did, I think.”

Tracy shook her head. “I made you cum, but I didn’t fuck you yet. Not properly.”

Without another word she got up from between my legs. I was disappointed. I wanted more of her talented mouth. She went to her closet and when she came back she was slipping on her harness with practiced ease. The hot red dildo that hung from the harness I didn’t recognize, but I knew what it was for. The three of us watched her as she adjusted the piece of sex equipment. It seemed to take her a long time and we were all silently staring at her.

When she realized that we were waiting on her, she smiled in apology. “Sorry. It’s double ended and I need to get it in me just right. It’s going to take a minute.”

Bryan took that as the right moment to hop off the bed. “Don’t do anything without me,” he said, trotting to the bathroom with his hand on the condom that still covered his now soft penis. It was more than I wanted to see so I shifted my eyes from him to watch Tracy. It was a better show anyway.

“Do you need any help, hon?” Will asked.

“No, I think I’ve got it. Why don’t you go get cleaned up. I promise I won’t fuck her until you get back.”

In that short amount of time Bryan reappeared. I glanced at his cock. The condom was gone and he looked clean. Will now left the bed.

“Did I miss anything?” Bryan asked anxiously.

“No. I was just about to ask your wife how she wants to be fucked.” She made the last adjustments to her harness and seemed satisfied how the interior end of the red dildo was resting in her pussy.

“I get a choice?” I really didn’t care; I just wanted to be fucked nice and hard.

“Sure you get a choice,” Tracy said magnanimously.

“Are you talking position or location?” asked Bryan.

“Both.”

“You mean I could tell you to fuck her in the ass while she’s on all fours?” Why Bryan’s head went right there I’ll never know.

Tracy grinned. “Sure, if that’s what you want. Heather?”

Before I could answer Bryan had made a decision. “Missionary. Straight sex. Well, Straight enough. Use her pussy.”

Tracy grinned at him. “That’s very traditional.”

Bryan put on airs. “I think you’ll find me a very boring, very conservative, very old-fashioned man at heart.”

Tracy and I burst out laughing even as she climbed atop me to start some very sincere and very traditional lesbian strap-on fucking.

There was the usual bit of fumbling about as we got the dildo aligned to my pussy. Even though it was semi-anchored inside her and was supported by the harness, the technology to make a strap-on cock work exactly like the real thing hasn’t been developed yet. At the time she had entered me, I heard a noise from the other side of the room. Will had come back from the bathroom and was just standing there. The noise he made must have been the strangled gasp upon seeing his wife fucking me. It shouldn’t have been surprising. He had seen us

together before.

Maybe watching two women fuck was just that good.

Maybe watching his wife fuck me was even better.

I let out my own satisfied groan as I raised up my knees and let her sink the strap-on all the way into my pussy. It shouldn't have felt that good, but it did. It wasn't a real cock and right away I could tell the difference but different doesn't mean bad.

Tracy started pounding away at me like a man, only she was much prettier than any man I had ever fucked. Plus, she had boobs. Wonderful boobs that I reached up and fondled, taking joy in the body of another woman.

"You...like...that?" she asked, each word coming with a thrust from her hips.

"I love it," I groaned back at her.

It wasn't just about having sex with anyone I wanted. I was about having sex the way I wanted and when I wanted and without guilt.

Plus, it was fun to do it in front of my husband. I think he and Will appreciated that Tracy and I were at least a little bit exhibitionists at heart.

And I like to think that men are in awe of women because we can have as many orgasms as we want when they are completely spent for the day if they have more than two or three.

That's why I let Tracy pound away at me. She made me cum because I was ready to cum and then she made me cum again because I had let her use my body.

I had wrapped my legs around her waist and was kissing her lips and cheeks when she abruptly stopped thrusting into me. "Don't stop," I begged. "I want to cum again."

She didn't answer right away and I looked more closely at her. I was so wrapped up in my own pleasure that I had forgotten it wasn't all about me. She was cumming and couldn't keep going while she climaxed.

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