AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MALE CHASTITY AND PEGGING

MUSELETTE

PERFECTLY AVERAGE BOOK 3



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Muselette:

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An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and Pegging

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Muselette: Perfectly Average 3

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Contents

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Preview

About the Author

[3]

Chapter Ten

Naturally Marty was taller than me, more handsome, held himself with a confident air, and seemed at ease with the world around him. Comfortable in his own skin and all of that shit.

I wanted to hate him, but I couldn't. He was fun and charming.

And, of course, I wanted to see him fuck my girlfriend.

When I shook his hand, he didn't play that stupid game seeing how hard he could crush my hand. His grip was firm without being overpowering. His hand was bigger than mine, but not by much. I tried not to read into that. He didn't have calluses on his fingers but they weren't soft either.

It was like he was the perfect fucking man. Even his sandy brown hair said confidence. His green eyes sparkled. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't hate him.

After the initial uncomfortable handshake and greeting, Jessica handed me a drink and the whiskey helped settle my nerves. We were doing this at her place because, as she put it, that was neutral territory. His place would give him all the power and my place would tip the scales my way too much.

She had forgotten that I didn't want power and control. Just the opposite.

But that wasn't important at the moment. I just wanted to watch Marty fuck her so I could get my jollies, or rather, so I couldn't get my jollies because my cock was still locked up in the steel cage that Jessica had the key to.

Yes, there were two keys. One Jessica had one and the other was in a lockbox in my apartment. I wouldn't be getting out anytime tonight.

"I've never had anyone watch me have sex before," Marty said. It wasn't a subtle start to the conversation, but he got right to the point. I could tell that Marty wasn't the sort to delay and avoid. He always got right to the heart of the situation.

"Never?" asked Jess after sipping her drink. I could tell she needed to settle her nerves as well but she didn't want to get drunk, just enough to loosen up. Then again, I could get drunk because whiskey dick wasn't a problem for me tonight. I

was in my protective armor.

He gave her a quizzical look. “Yeah. Never. Why do you ask it like that?”

“I know you’ve told me you’ve been in dozens of threesomes.”

I pricked up my ears at this. I hadn’t ever been in one threesome and this guy had been in dozens?

“Okay, I’ve been in a few threesomes, not dozens,” he corrected her.

That gave me some relief.

“And it doesn’t really count. In a threesome everyone is participating.” Marty looked at me with a confident grin. “And you said that Mike here is just going to be watching, right?”

“That’s right,” I said way too quickly and realized I was coming off as a creepy pervert who only wanted to get a free sex show. I tried to remember that Jessica was my girlfriend and we were doing this together.

I wanted to see her get fucked.

I also wanted to masturbate along with them, but that wasn’t going to happen.

Just because I wanted it didn’t mean I had earned it.

Denial was good. Ask any medieval monk.

Jessica laughed at me. It was a little louder than normal so I figured the alcohol had to be hitting her pretty strongly. “It’s like you want me to do this,” she said.

“I do.”

“Hey now,” Marty interrupted. “It’s not like you’re getting married,” he said with a wink.

I laughed nervously when I realized exactly what I had said. I needed to turn the conversation, at least until they started taking off their clothes.

“How long have you known Jess?” I asked him.

They looked at each other. “Since we were like...twelve?” she asked with some uncertainty.

“Sounds about right. We were...how old when we first did the dirty deed?”

“Eighteen,” she said quickly with a nervous glance my way. I was certain that wasn’t the correct or truthful answer, but it was as close to the truth I was getting today. “Our mothers met in some book club—”

“Cooking club,” Marty corrected her.

“Cooking club,” she agreed, “and we wound up spending a lot of forced family and friend time together.”

“She hated me at first.”

“I did not!” Jessica objected.

“I think at that age she hated all boys her age and only had eyes for...who was it?

“Haley Joel Osment,” she filled in.

Marty snapped his fingers. “Hell yeah. That’s the one. Too bad for you he turned out to be a gay bear.”

Jessica rolled her eyes. “Please…”

“Well, now that I’ve upset you with childhood memories of boys you’d never get into your bed, shall we go to your bedroom, or do you want to fuck here on the living room couch?”

“Bedroom,” she said automatically and then glanced over to me. “If that’s okay with you, Mike?”

“It’s fine. Just pretend I’m not here. I’m just watching. I’m invisible.”

Jessica scooted over from her spot on the couch to sit next to me. She kissed me and wrapped her arms around my body for a quick hug. Softly she whispered in my ear, “I don’t have to do this if you don’t want to. We can stop right now.”

Marty was polite enough to pretend not to hear.

“I want to see you suck his cock and take it in your pussy,” I told her loudly enough that there was no way Marty hadn’t heard.

“Let’s make some magic,” Marty said, standing up and offering his hand to her.

I followed them as quietly as possible, pretending I was silent and invisible.

They went right to her small bedroom. I hadn’t appreciated how small her bedroom was until there were three of us there and I was trying to pretend that I wasn’t there, strictly for their benefit. (Could it be that I had a mild voyeur kink as well? Certainly possible but not something I needed to worry about. I had other kinks that were front and center.) I hadn’t realized it until that moment but Jessica’s bed was only a full size, not queen. Worse, it was jammed into the small room. There was just enough space between the dresser and bed to walk to the bathroom. On the other side was a space wide enough to put your feet down on the floor and stare out the window.

It was crowded.

That made it more exciting.

Marty proved he was completely in control of the situation and of Jessica. After an intense kiss he started stripping off her clothes. Jessica did nothing to resist; she encouraged him because that’s what I wanted.

That’s what she wanted. I had to remember that she wanted this as much as I did.

Her clothes came off fast and before I knew it she was clutching her bra to her tits. I was staring at her ass because the bottoms of her cheeks were peeking out from the short cut panties. Before she let her bra drop, she looked over her shoulder at me, wedged in between the door and the corner of the room, trying to disappear and still see everything.

The grin on Jessica’s face told me she loved what was happening and loved that it was hurting me.

Literally and metaphorically.

She couldn’t know that, but of course it was painful to see her about to fuck someone else, even though I wanted her to do it.

She could know that seeing her with Marty was making my cock hard inside the little silver cage I was wearing.

I think she took great pleasure in knowing that.

A moment later her bra was on the floor.

Marty grinned at her tits, and then his brows knitted together. He reached out and cupped both breasts. Since her back was to me, I couldn't see the details of what was going on, but I had a good idea.

"What's this?" he asked.

"My nipple ring."

He all but rolled his eyes like a teenager. "I know that. What's on it?"

"Mike's key." It was a simple explanation. I should have anticipated this situation before it happened, but I didn't. I was naive and stupid.

"You're wearing it on your nipple ring," he pointed out to her.

"Yeah. Is that a problem?" I liked her attitude. My cock stiffened a little in pride. She wasn't ashamed to wear my key on her tit, so I shouldn't have any shame in wearing a cage on my cock.

Marty gave me a surreptitious glance over her shoulder. "Not a problem. It's sorta hot...I was just wondering if it was uncomfortable."

"Completely comfortable."

Marty nodded and took his hands from her tits and placed them on her shoulders.

She got the hint. A moment later Jessica was down on her knees getting Marty's cock out of his pants.

I moved slightly to the side to get a better view, though I knew I shouldn't have.

Jessica pulled down his jeans and underwear after expertly lowering his zipper and opening the button. His mostly erect cock popped out and hit her in the face.

She wasn’t fazed by that at all.

I was.

He was huge.

Well, maybe not huge, but easily twice my size.

At least it felt that way.

If Jessica had any last minute compunction about sucking someone else’s cock in front of me, she sure as hell didn’t show it. She grabbed Marty’s thick manhood, wrapped her fingers around it, and guided it right to her mouth.

She sucked it with an enthusiasm that scared me. It was entirely unnecessary because he was already hard. If anything, Marty should have been going down on her to make sure she was good and wet to take that monster meat.

Still, it was a good show.

I couldn’t look Marty in the face, but I could feel him staring at me. I would have been watching Jessica suck my cock, but whatever works for him.

I knew he wanted me to look at him. I couldn’t. The shame was too much.

“She sucks cock like a pro,” Marty finally commented.

“Uh-huh.” I didn’t want to engage him in a conversation. I just wanted to see him fuck her.

“Do you know how many guys she’s been with?” There was no way for me not to answer that question even though I knew the smart thing was to say nothing.

I looked up at him. He was grinning at me. “No…” I answered.

Marty whipped off his shirt and pulled his cock out of Jessica’s mouth. “Thirty two,” she answered for him.

“Slut,” he said to her and laughed.

My stomach was so tight that if I laughed, I knew I’d throw up.

She nodded her head enthusiastically, popped up on her feet, fell back to the bed and wiggled out of her panties. I couldn't help but notice that the crotch was soaking wet.

The way she spread her legs so eagerly for him left me with a sickening dread.

I loved it.

"Take me, fuck me hard," she all but begged Marty.

She didn't even have to do that. He was already crawling on top of her. Even with his big cock, I couldn't see all the details that I wanted. What I wanted was a closeup like in a porn video; what I was getting was more akin to an R rated sex scene from a Hollywood movie.

Even when I squatted down and moved directly behind Marty I couldn't see all that I wanted to see. But by then it was too late anyway.

I heard the soft grunt from Jessica and then a sigh. I saw Marty's buttocks tighten up and push forward into her.

"Fuck yes," Jessica moaned. "Give it all to me!" She was begging him.

He gave her a couple of experimental pumps and that's all it took. She was immediately moaning under his assault. I could hear his cock against her wet pussy as he got up to full speed in no time at all.

She bent her knees and drew her legs up to her chest to give him better access. I'm not ashamed to say I knelt down behind them to get the best view that I could.

Inside her pussy his cock looked massive. I knew how big it was and that size meant nothing, but it still meant something to me.

Once he was plumbing depths in her that I could never hope to reach, she started with her constant dirty talk.

That's what really got to me. My cock was mildly swollen, but hearing her compliment and encourage Marty really made me start to hurt.

“Oh god, fuck my pussy! Harder.” Gasping. “Harder! Make it hurt! Cum in me!” Deep breath. “Fill me up! You fuck me so good.” Heavy moan. “My cunt is so wet and hot! Fuck it! Fuck me! Make me cum! Make me cum! Make me cum!”

She kept chanting those last three words over and over. I wanted to jack off in the worst way, but I couldn’t.

I considered opening up the secret box under her bed and pulling out whatever dildo or vibrator I could lay my hands on. I’d either press it to my cage or just shove it up my ass. I didn’t care. I just wanted some relief, some pleasure.

But I wasn't bold enough. I wasn’t sneaky enough to try to slip under their observation and snag her toy box. They weren’t paying the least bit of attention to me so it was fairly low risk, but I couldn’t imagine my shame if Marty caught me with a vibrator up my ass.

And I didn’t want to miss a moment of them fucking.

Because I could only see a limited amount from where I was crouching down to look at their conjoined genitals, I decided to move off to the side and take in the bigger picture.

The only way Marty was able to get her to shut up was to kiss her.

That made me insanely jealous, but I didn’t do anything about it.

I saw him maul her breasts with his strong hands, pinching her nipples, twisting the ring and key, and kneading the flesh like it was dough. He must have taken great pleasure in using her that way because she had never asked for that from me.

I wouldn’t have dared use her body that way.

“Oh no, oh no, oh please…!” I heard her beg for nothing in particular. I recognized the look on her face.

When she came, she was beautiful, even if her eyes were screwed tightly shut and she was grimacing and her face was all sweaty.

“You made me cum,” she murmured to Marty when the crisis had passed.

“Everyone knows you came,” he informed her, his eyes shifting momentarily over to me.

Marty, at least, hadn’t forgotten about me. Maybe Jessica had.

“Even the neighbors know that you came.” When he said that, her already sweaty and red face turned bright red.

“Don’t say that…”

“I’m going to knock on their door when I leave and ask them if they heard a slut screaming out to be fucked.”

“No…please no. Don’t do that.”

As much as Jessica complained, it was obvious she was into it more than she wanted to let on.

Marty smirked at her. “I’m going to make you cum again.” He turned his head and looked at me briefly. “Then I’m going to fill you up with my cum.”

That scared me. His size wasn’t the problem and I knew that Jessica couldn’t suddenly get pregnant, but just the thought of him flooding her with his cum made me shake.

I wasn’t sure if it was with fear or lust.

Marty pinned her down. He grabbed her wrists and held them above her head with one hand and grabbed her throat with the other hand.

Her eyes bulged. She gasped. I should have done something. It looked like she could breathe, and she wasn’t complaining, but she really couldn’t complain, could she?

I should have stopped him, but I didn’t.

I wanted to see what was going to happen.

He fucked her hard. Their bodies slapped together, wetly at their crotches.

Jessica made the most unsexy choking noises and struggled against Marty. I

wanted to save her. I wanted to be the person who she looked to and loved because I was the one who freed her of an abusive lover.

But her eyes were locked on his. Was she unable to move them away from him or did she not want to look away from him? I couldn't tell.

If she had just flicked her eyes my way I would have taken action, I knew it.

Just the briefest of looks.

And then she came again. Her body shook and quivered with delight. To see her cum that way was frightening.

I knew I could never do that to her.

I think she wanted all her lovers to do her like that.

And still Marty didn't let go of her neck or let her up. I couldn't fully tell if she was breathing or not. I was too scared to do anything.

Finally Marty came. He grunted low and deep. I saw his entire body tense up and his buttocks contracted in that rhythmic way that told me everything I needed to know: that I was an all but castrated failure unable to please my girlfriend.

The loud gasp from Jessica sucking in fresh air to her lungs brought me out of my reverie.

Marty let go of her hands and had already moved his fingers from her neck.

Instead of her slapping at him or complaining that he had nearly killed her, she took his face between her hands and pulled it to hers.

Their kiss hurt me more than any pain he had caused her while choking and fucking her.

"You made me cum so hard," she told him after they broke the kiss.

"You always say that," he shot back at her with a grin.

"Because it's the truth."

My girlfriend was into getting choked while fucked.

That was news to me.

He stayed on top of her a moment longer, nuzzling her neck and murmuring softly. I stood there trembling. Jess continued to kiss him.

When he determined the moment had passed, her flopped himself off her body, landing on his back next to her.

My eyes went right to his cock. It was partially deflated but still impressively large. Larger than me even when I was fully erect. I wondered if he had ever shoved his hard cock up her ass. That's what Jessica really loved.

His cock was wet with Jessica's amrita and his cum. There seemed to be a lot of it. I looked at her pussy. It was wet but it wasn't like his cum was flowing out of her like a river. Maybe it was so thick and sticky it would remain in her forever.

"Did you like the show?" Marty asked me.

I nodded my head. It seemed like the polite thing to do since I was staring at his cock again. "Yeah. It was...it was great."

"Did you like seeing me get fucked?" Jessica asked me now. "Was it everything that you wanted?"

"Yeah…" I was too ashamed to look her in the eyes. I just stared at her pussy. She could have closed her legs but I was positive that she was getting off on displaying herself to me.

She slithered a hand down between her legs, briefly hiding her pussy, shoved a pair of fingers into herself, and then withdrew them, showing me they were wet and sticky. My stomach tightened up again when she stuck her fingers in her mouth and cleaned them off.

She and I locked eyes. I didn't know what to say and she was staring at me, probably wondering if I was really a man any longer, or maybe she was loving how it felt to get fucked by someone else with a bigger dick than me, in front of me.

“Can I see your...what do you call it anyway? Chastity belt? Trapper keeper?” Tearing my eyes away from Jessica, I looked at Marty.

My brain wasn’t fully operational, but I was able to answer automatically. “Cock cage.”

“Yeah. Cock cage. Take it out and show me.”

I should have said no. I didn’t have the courage or ability to say no to him.

I did what I had to do...what I wanted to do. I unzipped my jeans and opened them up. What I wanted to do was just unzip and pull out my caged cock. That wasn’t really possible. My supportive underwear wasn’t cooperating. I was forced to pull down my jeans a little further just to get my cock out from my underwear.

My fumbling around made me look like an idiot. I’m sure that it amused the hell out of Marty.

Eventually I managed to pull out my caged manhood for Marty to admire.

Much to my surprise, he did admire it. He didn’t laugh or mock me.

I think.

“Holy shit you weren’t kidding,” he said mostly to Jessica, but he didn’t take his eyes off of what was essentially her property. “Does it hurt to wear it?” he asked, sitting up and taking a closer look.

“No. I mean, sometimes I feel it when I’m moving around, but once it’s on, it’s light enough that it’s like it’s not there.”

“I mean when you get hard.” He was still staring at my cage with intense curiosity.

“The cage stops that,” I said. I thought that was obvious, but maybe not.

“Yeah, but you must get horny or see a hot girl and get hard…”

Maybe Marty wasn’t very bright. It seemed that the whole purpose of the

chastity cage suddenly dawned upon him.

I let the silence hang between us. “Well, yeah, I get horny, but when I start to get hard, the cage stops that. The only reason it exists is to prevent my cock from getting hard. Without a hard cock, I can’t have sex.”

“You mean my cock,” Jessica interjected.

Marty gave her a strange look. “What do you mean, your cock?”

Jessica laughed, maybe at him, maybe at me, maybe at the both of us, and then reached out to caress the steel cage with one elegantly extended finger. “He put me in charge so it’s my cock now. I own it.”

“She’s my keyholder,” I explained. “She’s the only one who gets to decide when I get out of the cage. So essentially it’s her cock.”

I felt stupid standing there in front of the two of them with my pants half down and my cock hanging out, but I didn’t want to piss off Jessica by asking to cover up. I was hoping that maybe she’d release me so we could have sex.

“That’s kinky,” Marty declared. “Can I see it?” he asked.

Jessica laughed at him. This time I was sure she was laughing at him. “You don’t have eyes?”

“I was asking Mike,” he answered and extended his hand toward my package. I wanted to shy away, but I saw a glint in Jessica’s eyes. I couldn’t say no.

“Sure,” I said nervously. “Go ahead.”

He scooted forward on the bed, put his feet on the floor and edged Jessica off to the side. It was only fair. She had seen my cock and cage plenty already.

What I wasn’t ready for was Marty actually grabbing my cage and pulling it gently toward him for a close inspection.

I could feel his breath on my skin.

I watched Jessica who was watching Marty. She was fascinated with whatever he

was doing.

It felt strange to have a man's hand on my cock and cage, but I didn't protest. It wasn't a sexual thing. It was a curiosity thing; that's what I told myself.

"Your balls are exposed," he commented.

"Yeah. It's a ball trap cage. Can't pull it off without ripping off my balls at the same time."

He looked up at me, alarmed. "That sounds fucking dangerous."

"I'm always careful."

"It's fucking hot," Jessica commented.

"You piss through the bars here at the end?"

The cage was essentially a simple design. Thick base ring behind my balls. The curved, hollow shaft was solid almost up to my cock head; that fitted onto a projection on the base. There were bars at the end of the shaft allowing me to see my head and to piss without any real difficulty. The standard padlock held the whole thing together. There were other designs, but this was pretty much the standard and replicated a hundred different ways.

"You shave your pubes," he commented.

"Less pull and pain if I shave. Easier to get the cage on and off when needed."

Jessica hadn't commented on my aggressive trimming and shaving of body hair when we first got naked together, but then again she shaved as well, except for her little landing strip. I had noted that Marty trimmed his pubes, but didn't shave.

"Why don't you have something around the balls?" he asked me.

"Not necessary. There are all sorts of add-ons that some men get, but I like them exposed."

"Me too!" Jessica added enthusiastically, as if she had any choice in the matter. I

was the one who bought the cage and I came into our relationship with the cage. She was just along for the ride.

“Are there spikes and things inside?”

This time I did pull back, getting my cock away from his hand. “Fuck no! I mean, there are some cages where you can integrate these things called Kali’s teeth that are for extra torture and to prevent pull out, but those are mostly for play.”

“What the fuck?” Marty asked, confused. “Kali’s teeth?”

“Kali, the Hindu goddess of death, time, sexuality, and doomsday,” said Jessica, showing more knowledge on the subject than I gave her credit for. I should have known better.

“But mine’s just smooth,” I reminded Marty. “That torture stuff is for guys who are real masochists.”

He shrugged. “I dunno. Anyone who wants his cock locked up seems like a masochist to me.”

On a certain level, I had to agree with him. “We’re all born with our own weird kinks,” I said noncommittally.

“Know what I would call that?” he asked me.

I was afraid to ask. “No. No I don’t.”

“I’d call it a muselette.”

I frowned. “What the fuck does that mean?” It sounded vaguely like a diminutive form of muscle, which was insulting.

“The little wire cage that goes on a champagne cork. Keeps it from blowing off accidentally.” He smiled. “Serves the same purpose. It’s formally known as a muselet,” he went on, giving it a vaguely French pronunciation. Muzz-lay.

It made sense. Sort of. And I was impressed that he knew such a small detail about champagne beyond what he learned from watching Wayne’s World.

“How do you know all that?” I asked him.

Jessica answered for him. “Marty’s a sommelier.”

I was even more impressed. “Well, I do more than just wine,” he said. “Beer, spirits, wine, champagne.”

“I didn’t know that…”

He grinned at me. “I knew that I wouldn’t do well in college if I was studying something I hated. Got a degree from CIA in drinking. My father was impressed.”

“I guess I am too.”

It was a strange conversation to be having with the man who had just fucked my girlfriend, but life takes people to strange places more often than we expect.

Abruptly, Marty stood up and said, “Well, I’ve gotta get going. Jessica, it’s always a pleasure.” He bent down and kissed her forehead. I found my anxiety had diminished when he kissed her like that. I still stared at his cock. It was impressive, even fully flaccid.

With that he quickly dressed while I tucked my cock away and pulled my jeans back up. A moment later Marty was dressed. I pressed into the corner of the room and let him leave.

Jessica was back lounging against the bed’s headboard. She was still naked and ripe to be fucked again. I so desperately wanted to fuck her but I didn’t dare ask because she was sated, momentarily at least, and asking her for sex was running the risk of getting out of my cage.

“That went well,” I said brightly.

“Uh-huh,” was Jessica’s response. Her grin grew lopsided. That wasn’t a good sign. “Do you know what he whispered to me right after he came?”

I shook my head. “No. I...I couldn’t hear.”

“He said you were good looking. He asked if he could fuck you while I

watched.”

Chapter Eleven

I looked at her blankly. “What?”

“Didn’t I mention that Marty is bi?”

My mouth went dry. “No...no, you didn’t mention that.”

“What do you think?”

My eyes went wide. “What do you think?” I immediately tossed back at her.

“I think it would be hot to watch the two of you fuck.”

I looked over at the door that Marty had just recently left through. He had grabbed my dick. Why didn’t he take things further?

“What?” I asked after having realized she asked me another question.

“Want to do it?”

“Do what?”

“Want to fuck Marty? Or at least have Marty fuck you? I’ll watch.” She actually bit her lower lip. It was hot and sexy as fuck, but I was so confused I didn’t know what to do.

My cock was confused as well. I could feel it swelling, but not so much that it was painful. I was filling the cage but not pushing its limits.

“I don’t...I don’t know…” I wasn’t gay, I knew that. I wasn’t against it; I just didn’t have any reason to suddenly start sucking Marty’s cock.

“Promise me that you’ll fuck him and I’ll let you out of your cage right now and you can fuck me.” She still had her hand tucked between her legs, holding her pussy.

My eyes locked with hers. She smiled. “I promise,” she repeated. Her hand was moving. I could see her fingers going in and out of her pussy. They were wet with her juices and his cum.

I couldn’t stand it any longer. My cock wanted to get huge right now and I

needed to fuck. I could feel it in my balls. The situation was desperate.

“Yes,” I agreed. It was under duress, but I was willing to go along with anything she asked for as long as I could get out of my cage and fuck her.

“I knew you’d say yes,” she said with a little giggle. She cupped her breasts with both hands. I watched closely as she fiddled with her left nipple and the ring that went through it.

And the small key that hung from the ring. She pretended it wasn’t there.

“Would you like me to…” I couldn’t finish the half-formed question.

It wouldn't do for me to unlock myself. That wasn’t allowed.

Heaving an exaggerated sigh, she said, “Take off your clothes. Hurry up.”

I stripped quickly. I wished there was a spell to make my clothes disappear with the snap of my fingers. When I was naked I thrust my hips at her, presenting my cage.

“I know as soon as I unlock you, you’re gonna get big and want to fuck me, but I’m riding on top...and you’d better not cum right after I put you inside me, understand?”

I nodded enthusiastically. “Not a problem.”

Jessica sat up and put her feet on the floor. “This might be a bit tricky.”

“Do you need a tool or something to get the key off?” I asked.

The familiar smirk came back to her face. “No need for that. I don’t think I’ll be taking this key off anytime soon.”

I dry swallowed and thought about the spare key I had hidden away and then removed that thought from my mind.

“Right. What do you need me to do?”

“Just stand there.” She moved over to me, which she shouldn’t have to do, but I wasn’t going to start complaining.

I had to squat a little bit so she could bring her small breast to my cock and cage. There was some fumbling about as she inserted the key and popped the lock open.

I tried not to let out an audible sigh.

She removed the lock and worked quickly to get the shaft and ring off me. Of course she was right. The moment the lock was free of the hasp, I started growing. She had to pull off the ring and that hurt my balls, but not enough to keep me from growing bigger.

Looking down at my completely and perfectly average cock, I felt like less of a man than Marty.

Jessica wasn't impressed either.

"I suppose it's adequate," she said. "Lay down."

I did as she asked and she climbed on top. There was something nice about not having to mess around with any foreplay to get me hard or her wet. I was already hard and Marty had left her wet.

I easily slipped inside her. She was warm and wet. Wetter than I ever remember her being. It was heaven. I tried not to think about Marty having been inside her just minutes earlier, not because it creeped me out, but because it got me harder and I wanted to last for her. I needed to make her cum.

Right away Jessica started pumping her thighs up and down, riding my cock. I put my hands to her hips to guide her. My eyes never left the small key that seemed now to be a permanent part of her body, dangling down from the ring.

It was beautiful.

She was beautiful.

Her pussy was a perfect fit for my cock. Marty hadn't stretched her out. That's complete bullshit; women's vaginas are incredibly elastic and accommodating.

He had prepared her for me.

I was lost in my thoughts, enjoying the luxury of Jessica's pussy and it was already too late when I realized I shouldn't have been focusing on myself, but on her.

"Oh! Fuck!" I complained and clutched her hips, trying to slow her down, to stop her, to think of anything other than her warm pussy and the dangling key.

I was already way past that.

Jessica swatted my hands away. "You're interrupting my rhythm!" she complained.

"Sorry! I'm so sorry!" Because the moment had arrived and I had failed.

I came.

I came hard.

I was certain I was flooding her pussy just like God had flooded the Earth but allowed Noah to sail away.

I was flooding away the remnants of Marty's cum.

I gasped and spasmed and tried to control myself.

I couldn't.

The moment she realized that I was cumming, she started laughing.

I had one girlfriend laugh during sex, but it wasn't because she was laughing as my perfectly average cock or not-up-to par performance in bed. It was just her reaction to orgasm. Carol laughed during sex because she was enjoying it so much.

Jessica wasn't laughing because she was having a grand time. She was laughing at my lack of endurance.

At least she kissed me before she said, "I knew you wouldn't make me cum. I knew you wouldn't last."

"I'm so sorry," I apologized once again.

“Don’t be. Marty made me cum. And there are always my vibrators.”

Throwing her leg over my body she dismounted me. Not that she had to lift her body up all that much off my cock. I wasn’t huge like Marty and already I was shrinking back to my normal small and flaccid state.

Jessica flopped on her back. She was sweaty and beautiful.

“I do want to cum one last time,” she told me. “Give me my favorite toy.”

I scrambled underneath the bed for the toy box and found the purple and blue dildo she had put into the harness to use on me. It was by itself now, which was almost a relief.

“You don’t want a vibrator?” I asked, handing over the toy. There were at least three vibrators in the boy.

She shook her head. “No. My pussy is already humming. I don’t need a vibrator, just something to fill me up.”

Filling her up was something I couldn’t do.

She plunged the dildo into her pussy and with no warm up, just started pounding it in and out of herself.

I was fascinated as always.

Jessica’s head flopped back, her thighs tightened up, and her mouth began to fun. “Fuck yes. So tight. So hot. So much better than you.” If she had looked at me and winked, I wouldn’t have been surprised, but she was too into herself at the moment.

It didn’t take much or very long. Either she was that much on edge or that’s how much she desired the big dildo.

She thrusted her hips up into the air and came with a little screech. The dildo wasn’t that good for her. It had to have been living out a little fantasy in her head that made her cum so hard.

When she pulled the purple and blue dildo out of her pussy, it was dripping with

her amrita...and my cum...and probably a little of Marty's as well. She held it up for me and we both watched as the thick liquid slowly dripped off the end and splashed down on her tummy.

"I want to do this again," she told me.

I was elated. A little surprised, but still elated. "You do? That sounds fantastic."

She looked at me blissfully and then let her eyes trail down my body to my cock, which was now shrunk back to its normal small and flaccid state. "Yeah, you're going to wear your cage all the time now."

I nodded enthusiastically "Perfect."

"You really want this, don't you?"

"Uh-huh!"

"It's not just some uncontrolled lust, it's who you are."

"Yeah." I looked down at my small cock. Average cock. I had to remember I only looked small in comparison to Marty. "I mean, I did just cum and everything we did...I'd do it again."

"Can I fuck other men? In addition to Marty?"

I didn't know what she was planning in her head, but it didn't matter. We weren't writing a contract, we were just coming to a casual agreement. "Sure. If that's what you want...as long as I can watch or if you tell me all about it."

Her smile grew even larger and she fell back on the pillows. "I'll be so much fun when I suck him off with you watching and then he buggers you with your little cage on. I'm going to pound myself with my biggest vibrator!"

I wasn't sure about all that, but I didn't say anything to contradict her because maybe, just maybe, the reality was as good as the fantasy.

Chapter Twelve

I wasn’t ready to hop back into bed with Marty and Jessica right away, but that was fine. Apparently Marty had a busy life, or at least a busy sex life, so that gave us some time to plan and prepare.

The most important preparation was me giving up my second key to Jessica’s possession.

“But what if there’s an emergency?”

She flicked my lock with her fingers. We were laying in my bed. I was naked except for my cage. She was wearing a little lacy babydoll that hid nothing and enhanced everything about her. It was colored a deep maroon but I could still clearly see the outline of my key in the ring through her nipple.

“Then get the bolt cutters out of the garage and cut it off. We can always get another key.”

It was just an excuse, but I still regretted telling her about the bolt cutters. The next day my spare key went into the toy box under her bed. I was wearing the cage all the time now. I didn’t regret it. I liked being under her control.

I loved Jessica taking away my sexual agency and making it her own.

Two days later I had spent the night at her place and we were getting ready to go to work. I watched as she changed her bra five different times.

“They’re all sexy,” I told her. “Are you planning on wearing a special dress or shirt?”

“I’m not worried about showing too much cleavage,” she told me, adjusting her smallish tits.

“So what’s the problem?” I should have watched my mouth. Our date with Marty was only a few days away and she could easily meet up with him alone.

“If I wear a thin bra and thin blouse, your key is visible underneath.”

To demonstrate she turned toward me. The bra she was currently wearing was very lacy, the sort of thing that a woman would only wear out on a date where

she was certain she was going to wind up in bed. Or maybe she would wear it to a club to go dancing. Or maybe she'd wear it if she were a stripper.

All those thoughts caused my cock to swell just a little inside my cage. I cherished that little thrill of pain.

Over the thin, lacy bra she pulled on a white silk blouse. I loved the texture of the material. It wasn't see-through, not exactly, but most women would wear a camisole under it. The lacy bra and the thin silk just showed off my key. You couldn't see the metal color, but the outline was there. Maybe underneath the two layers it wasn't obviously a key, but certainly something was there, especially when considering that her right breast was smooth. Definitely a piercing on the left. A big one. Or in Jessica's case a normal CBR with a key on it.

"You could take the key off," I suggested.

Her smile made my heart melt and my cock strain inside the cage. "I'm never taking your key off," she told me. "How else will anyone else know I'm your keyholder?"

I didn't exactly want her to go advertising that she was my keyholder, but I could see her dilemma. She worked in a professional office and while tattoos and some non-conventional piercings (nose stud, extra holes in ear cartilage) were acceptable, openly advertising she had a huge nipple piercing was not allowed.

It was fucking hot, but it wasn't allowed. Jessica had told me about the newly hired staffer who had been told never to wear short sleeves because she had too many arm tattoos.

That sort of office.

I was convinced at least one member of upper management either had a clit ring or a cock ring.

She said I was dreaming.

"It's sort of hot," I carefully suggested to her. "Why not just wear that and see what happens?" I knew I was pressing my luck, but I couldn't help myself.

Jessica pulled off both the shirt and bra. She replaced the bra with something that had padding, making her tits appear completely smooth, which was unnatural. The deep blue blouse she put on hid any suggestion of body modification with thick fabric.

“You’re going to buy me a bunch of bras,” she informed me. “Need to be presentable.”

“As long as I get to help pick them out.”

She cupped my caged cock through my pants. “Don’t let anyone know about your little secret or this thing never comes off.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

It was that sort of sexual play that kept me on edge all the time.

And that was on top of her making me go down on her almost every night to service her sexual needs. She didn’t even bother offering to get me off with a vibrator to my cage or a dildo up my ass.

That wasn’t a bad thing. It made my initial reluctance at getting back into bed with Marty and Jessica slowly fade away.

I wasn’t gay, but I was willing to do whatever Jessica wanted if it pleased her and I got to take my cage off.

Chapter Thirteen

This time we went to Marty's place because he said it would be more comfortable. But he gave us instructions to bring along everything that I thought I might need.

Marty was right about his place being more comfortable. It was plainly decorated, because everything about his place was designed around having sex.

The artwork on the walls was subtle but was all about implied sex and the nude body. The living room was as plain as could be. The flow of the apartment was to funnel guests into the bedroom.

I was impressed with the amount of video equipment in the room: cameras, huge TV screen, and a stack of AV components in a cabinet. The bed was enormous, bigger than a queen size, maybe king or some other designation. Plain sheets that were plainly not just for sleeping. When I touched them, they were obviously for a sensual experience.

On his dresser a variety of sex toys were prominently displayed. They weren't hidden away under the bed or in a drawer like in Jessica's bedroom. Next to the toys were lubes and lotions. I didn't see any bondage equipment on display, but there were several heavy-duty hooks embedded in the ceiling along with marks on the headboard and bed posts that indicated ropes or other restraints had been looped around them at some point.

Marty didn't waste any time. I'm sure his busy life left little time for dilly-dallying. He had partners to fuck and didn't want to play games.

Jessica and I knocked on the door to his townhouse. It was as if he were waiting right behind it, ready for us. "Come on in," he invited the two of us.

I wasn't sure about Jessica, but I was nervous, even knowing exactly what we were supposed to be doing. Jessica had been in Marty's place many times before and it made me wonder if I was somehow being victimized here.

We went in. He didn't offer us food or drinks. Not even a shot to get us loosened up. "Bedroom is through here," he said, indicating the direction and then moving us along. "Shall we get down to it?"

Once we were in the impressive and sex-centric bedroom, I froze. For the first

time since I had first put on my chastity cage, I could distinctly feel it around my cock. I wanted to get out of there. I was certain that I was going to be forced to do things I had no interest in.

And then Jessica went over to Marty, put her arms around him, and they kissed.

My cock tried to get hard and failed.

I was mesmerized and there was no way I was going to leave.

With her help, Marty quickly undressed, leaving him completely naked. He wasn’t ashamed.

He didn’t have anything to be ashamed of.

Maybe his body wasn't perfect, but it was nicely proportioned with firm muscles and just a little bit of chest hair that tapered down to a narrow triangle pointing directly to his cock.

His big cock.

He was half erect when Jessica pulled down his boxers. She stayed down on her knees in front of him. I moved to the side so I could get a better view.

Though he wasn’t fully erect, I could easily see that Marty’s cock was much bigger than mine. Even so, Jessica took all of his length into her mouth and down her throat. I was in awe. She had done the same thing to me previously, but the size difference between him and me meant her deep-throating skills were more than just a little impressive.

“Go ahead and join her, Mike,” Marty said. He was directing the action. It was all about him.

I couldn’t blame him.

Jessica backed off his cock. It was like seeing an endless pipe being expelled from her mouth and throat, like an alien from a sci-fi horror film. She kept her hand wrapped around the base and aimed the tool at me. “Come one, Mike. We talked about this. You aren’t going to back out now, are you?”

It was the one thing she had demanded of me. And she had promised that if I didn't perform as demanded, it was over between us.

I wasn't sure how adamant she was about that threat, but I didn't want to risk it.

I was this far into the situation so I had little left to lose.

Going down on my knees next to Jessica actually settled my nerves. I wouldn't have been able to do this without her there, no matter how much I wanted to do it.

Sucking cock not only wasn't bad, but it was enjoyable.

On one level, it was just an act that meant nothing.

On the next level, it was a sexual act designed to please someone else.

On the ultimate level, it was a sexual act intended to make me submissive, humiliate me in front of my girlfriend and her lover, and was a gauge to see how far I'd gone in my sex life.

Marty was already hard, certainly hard enough to fuck someone and hard enough to cum, though I knew that being hard wasn't a requirement to make a man cum.

"It looks like he sucks cock pretty good, doesn't he?" Jessica asked Marty.

"Mm-hmm," Marty seemed to agree. "I prefer your pretty mouth though."

"Is that all you prefer?" she asked.

Marty didn't keep up the flirtatious exchange. As always, he got right to the point. "Take off your clothes."

Jessica didn't have to be told twice. She bounced up on her feet and started stripping.

I backed off Marty's cock, but he put his hand on the back of my head. "No, you keep going, Mike. You seem to know what you're doing."

I had no clue as to what I was doing, but I wanted to please Marty. More importantly I wanted to please Jessica because that way I could keep her as my

girlfriend.

Twisted fucking logic.

Once Jessica was out of her clothes, I glanced sidelong at her. She was wearing just a simple silver necklace and her nipple ring from which hung my cage's key.

Naturally she had brought it along. There wasn't any easy way to remove it.

"He wants to see you get fucked, doesn't he?" Marty asked Jess. "That's why he's sucking my cock, hmm?"

He was partly correct and Jessica knew that, but she didn't know everything.

"And I want to see you fuck him. Don't forget that." She leaned up for a kiss which he gave her.

How fucking humiliating is that? To have my girlfriend kiss the guy I was currently blowing.

Incredibly humiliating.

I loved it.

My cock wanted to turtle, but instead it swelled up inside the steel tube I was wearing, filling all the available space.

"Get on the fucking bed," Marty ordered her, giving her a little shove. "Hands and knees."

She did exactly as he asked and pulled his cock from my mouth. I was left with the slightly musky flavor in my mouth. The slickness of his precum still coated my tongue.

Once she assumed the position, Marty moved in behind her, standing on the floor, his cock just inches from her pussy, and one hand resting on her ass, the other at the base of his cock. He paused and looked at me.

I was certain he was going to say something humiliating.

I was partly correct.

“Why don’t you make sure her pussy is ready for me,” he said.

I couldn’t speak, so I just nodded and crawled over to Jessica.

I’d eaten plenty of pussy in my time. I wasn’t ashamed to do it, even in front of Marty. What I didn’t like was eating her out from behind. Even if she lowered her hips as much as possible, I could lick her clit and labia by tilting my head all the way back, but I still had to have my nose in her asshole.

Maybe some people got off on that sort of thing, but it wasn’t for me, even if Jessica was extremely diligent with her hygiene.

And I still did it because Jessica wanted it and Marty ordered it.

I had to admit, doing it was a hell of a lot hotter than I would have expected.

Jessica was already wet, but I got her wetter. I wasn’t even bothered by Marty standing next to us watching and stroking his cock. I was the fluffer and he was the stud.

The little moan that Jessica let out gave me pause. I wasn’t sure if eating her out in this manner was doing it for her, or if she was doing a little acting to move the scene along, but the moment she moaned, Marty edged me out of the way and replaced my tongue with his cock.

He had to pump it back and forth in her pussy a few times before he sank all the way to her depths, but eventually he got it in.

And then Jessica moaned in a way that let me know she was truly enjoying getting fucked.

Marty grabbed her hips and got down to the serious business of fucking her.

I watched intently.

Marty disrupted that. “Don’t just sit there,” he grunted at me. “Get your clothes off and grab some lube. You’re next.”

I shivered with fear.

Fear and anticipation.

I did exactly what he said, stripping down to nothing except for my cock cage. I could see the head of my cock—Jessica's cock—pushing against the thin bars at the end of the solid tube. I loved it and hated it at the same time.

Marty had more bottles of lube on his dresser than I had bottles of salad dressing in my refrigerator. Not knowing the difference between one and the other, I grabbed the biggest bottle and went back to the bed to watch the action.

"I'm not going to cum in her," Marty told me as I stood next to him. "I'm saving that for you."

Jessica turned her head to look at me. The grin she had on her face was wild, falling somewhere between sexual pleasure and sadistic humiliation for me. "Lube up your ass. You're gonna need it," she said with far too much enjoyment.

"I am?" was my automatic reaction.

"Uh-huh," she grunted. "I've taken his cock up my ass a few times and it wasn't easy."

Moving away from Marty so I couldn't be hypnotized by them fucking, I squirted what seemed like a gallon of lube into my hand and got to business. I knew applying it just to the outside of my asshole wouldn't be enough. I had to shove my finger up inside myself. It wasn't so bad. A little weird, but not too bad. I was glad that I didn't have sausage fingers.

"You gonna make me cum?" Jessica grunted to Marty. I could see that her hand was now between her legs, rubbing her clit. Her eyes were unfocused and she was concentrating on his cock.

"No," Marty said abruptly and pulled out of her.

Jessica moaned in complaint. "No...please make me cum!"

"Nope. Saving it for your boyfriend." He looked over at me, a bottle of lube in one hand, one finger of the other hand up my ass.

Guiltily, I pulled my finger out of my ass.

“Give me the lube and bend over. It’s easier that way.”

“Okay.” I should have objected. I could see how big his cock was. I wasn’t even into anal sex.

I was into being humiliated, especially in front of my girlfriend.

As Marty lubed up his cock, Jessica flopped over on her side and watched us. She still had one hand tucked between her legs. I wasn’t sure if she was masturbating or not, but I wasn’t focusing on that. One thing was for sure; she looked pissed at having been denied an orgasm.

Marty tossed the bottle on the bed and placed one hand on my ass. I tensed up. I could feel my cock withdrawing up my cage, only that was partially prevented by the structure of the cage and the ball trap.

“Just relax,” he murmured to me. “It will definitely hurt if you fight it. Just relax and go with it.”

I wondered at how eager Marty was to bugger me. Not that I was one to be talking. But did he enjoy anal sex with other men on the regular or was it just an occasional thing.? Jessica told me he was bi as if was casual knowledge to her and everyone else, but she had also indicated she had never done a threeway with him, so this was new territory to her as well.

It wasn’t new to Marty. I could tell right away he had fucked plenty of men.

He found my back opening, not that it would be that hard, and stuck a finger in me. I tensed up and then forced myself to relax, as crazy a concept as that is. He pulled his finger out and trailed it down to the ring that encircled my balls, inspecting me.

“This is going to be fucking hot,” he exclaimed. “I’ve fucked guys and made them get hard and I’ve fucked guys that were hard and made them go soft, but you can’t get hard.”

“Yeah it’s—” I was about to say but then I felt his cock pressing against my anus and words failed me.

He pushed in.

It didn’t hurt.

I could feel my sphincter fighting him but the lube and his hard cock was too much.

He eased just inside me.

“Are you in?” Jessica asked with far too much enthusiasm.

“Just barely. Don’t rush it.”

I glanced at Jess and saw her eyes shining with anticipation.

Marty settled himself a little, pulled out a tiny bit, and then pushed in further.

I gasped but it didn’t hurt. It felt like I had to take a giant shit, but even that sensation faded away after a few seconds and it started to feel good. Really good.

He was hitting me in the right spot.

He was also huge. I could feel that.

Marty paused for a second, grabbed the lube bottle, poured more on my ass and his cock, and then eased himself back and forth again.

Lots of lube was the key apparently.

I appreciated that.

My cock kept trying to get hard, but it wasn’t going to happen.

I must have been making noises that disturbed Jessica because she shushed me and reached between my legs to caress my balls.

It felt good.

Really good.

I’d cum in my cage before. I knew the signs. It was going to happen again.

“You close?” Marty asked me.

“Uh-huh.”

Wrapping his arms around me, he pulled me up so I was off my hands with just my knees on the bed. His hands roamed over my body, feeling my muscles, going down to grab my cock cage. It was all a show for Jessica.

“Cum for me,” he whispered in my ear. “Just cum.”

Jessica was right in front of me, ready to see what Marty did.

It was so unnatural to be, to have sex this way, but there was no denying my enjoyment of it.

A minute later I was cumming. My cock was still soft, mostly, inside my cage. I was swollen but not hard. The unmistakable sensation of orgasm overswept me and I felt the contractions of ejaculation.

Those contractions hurt.

It fucking hurts to cum in a cage.

It still felt fucking good.

My cum dribbled out of the end of the cage. I could feel the orgasm, but I didn’t feel the relief that comes with orgasm. I still wanted more.

That was a good thing because I was still lust-drunk. Jessica had shrieked with delight when Marty made me cum. She caught most of my cum as it dribbled out of me.

When she lifted her cum-soaked fingers to my lips, I did what was natural and normal, or so I thought.

I licked her fingers and tasted my own cum.

To Be Concluded

Preview

Seduction: Love Sweet Sex Magic 1

“Cage or collar? What’s it going to be?”

Malaes curled his lip back in disgust. I didn’t give in. You always had to be firm with a slave. This was his punishment and he needed to take it.

“Collar,” he finally decided.

I was surprised, but that was his choice. He stood still while I reached up and circled the leather collar around his neck. It was dyed bright red and contrasted nicely with his pale skin and shiny, black hair.

The moment after I fixed the buckle in place, the change took place. He shrank down into a large tomcat, the collar shrinking with him. He angrily shook his head and twitched his tail. A moment later he dashed out of my den.

I much prefer it when Malaes wore his cock cage. He stayed in human form and I could admire his naked body, but on the other hand he was a distraction that way.

I went looking for a different distraction. It was a wonderfully sunny and breezy autumn morning. I could smell the change of the seasons on the air when I left my family’s ancient home and headed toward the disgustingly boring suburban housing development on the other side of the orchard.

My family had lived on this land for generations. I had been gone many years when my mother fell ill and was forced to sell some of the land to survive. When I returned half our land was occupied by interlopers. I blamed myself but instead of taking petty revenge, I looked to my grandmother for advice and decided to use them to my advantage.

A modern witch had to embrace modern solutions.

As a modern witch I immediately regretted my choice of dress. It was traditional black with plenty of lace, but I should have worn tights or stockings instead of bare legs. No matter. My jacket was wool and warm, even if it left my legs bare. I eschewed the non-traditional pointed conical hat and wore a much more stylish beret. If witches actually rode brooms for transportation I would have embraced the switch over to vacuum cleaners. Much more efficient.

My first stop was at the Drysdale's house. I needed supplies for the potions I would be brewing. Officially and legally I was a licensed therapist who dabbled in natural medicines and herbs to alleviate the problems of modern life. It was a convincing lie my neighbors were happy to believe. Besides, the basic upper middle-class white women, married and divorced and otherwise, were always looking for some alternative to make their empty lives fuller.

I was just providing a service they needed.

The Drysdale's house was on the edge of the development. It was just another ticky-tack house of tan siding and white trim. There were three designs of houses in Apple Meadows. This was doubled to six when the builders realized they could simply flop the blueprints over and have a mirror image of the three houses. The owners could choose between tan or beige or sandstone siding with white or antique white trim.

It was truly horrible.

I emerged from my orchard and walked through the Drysdale's backyard. Both Mrs. and Mr. Drysdale were gone to work for the day. Or perhaps Ellen Drysdale was shopping. I had never met the two. I had only ever spoken to their son who still lived at home and was a college dropout.

He was, however, doing well financially with his marijuana resale business. It was an illegal business, I had warned him, but like so many young men he wasn't worried about the future. He bought his supplies across the border in Massachusetts and sold to college and high school students who either couldn't buy on their own or were too lazy to make the hour drive.

He also sold the devil's lettuce to at least one neighbor, a witch who lived in the farmhouse on the other side of the orchard.

I didn't need the weed, but I did enjoy it. I also did occasionally need it for some

of my potions. “Nick?” I called as I opened the back door. I had punched in the security code he had given me. That was a foolish choice of his, but twenty-one year old boys weren’t known for their wisdom.

The pungent smell of burning weed filled the air. I knew he was downstairs in the basement tending to his handful of plants he was growing. He had no talent for agriculture. Nicholas Drysdale had two talents: selling pot to kids and fucking middle-aged witches.

I tried not to think about the fact that I was close in age to Nick’s parents. I especially tried not to think about it when I was in bed with him.

There was no reply and I closed the door behind me. Walking through the kitchen I headed to the basement door and opened it. The smell of weed hit me in the face like an elemental force. If his parents didn’t know he was getting high during the day, fucking into the afternoon, and selling at night they were idiots.

“Nick?” I called again as I headed down the stairs. I grimaced as I looked at the recently redecorated living room on the edge of the kitchen. Shiplap? Really Mrs. Drysdale? Will you follow every trend?

“Down here,” he called up to me.

I walked confidently down the stairs, even in my high-heeled boots because they had a practical heel, and into the warmth of his hideaway. A third of the basement was for the boiler and storage. The second third was nominally his bedroom which contained a bed and a dresser and a ridiculous video game setup. The last third was devoted to an indoor growing operation that somehow never seemed to generate money for my dear Nicholas.

“I have a need,” I said to him.

Nicholas was slightly overweight and had shaggy hair. His youthful muscles were still holding on, but he wasn’t getting enough exercise in his new lifestyle. He had a handsome face and was growing a beard that was still charming because it was short. He wore a t-shirt with a ridiculous design for some obscure band and jeans. Inside of those jeans was a cock that had pleased me to no end.

But I wasn’t going to let him know that.

“A need for me?” he asked crudely. He set down the pipe he had been smoking and looked over his plants. I could have given him both practical advice and unnatural assistance in making his plants grow. I did neither.

“A need for your product,” I told him.

“How much?”

I told him and he was disappointed at the amount. “So little?”

“My needs are limited.”

“How are you going to pay?” he asked as he produced a small baggie from a locked box under his bed.

“How would you like your payment?” I asked, sitting down on the edge of his mattress. It smelled of weed and his sweat. It wasn’t a bad combination. I crossed my legs and let my dress slid up my thigh exposing much more skin than was acceptable.

I wasn’t an acceptable woman. I was a witch.

“Cash would be nice,” he said, staring at my leg.

I shifted on his bed. My dress wasn’t low cut, but I do have impressive tits thanks to both genetics and a little unnatural help because I was vainer than I liked to admit. Just the shift was enough to draw his eyes up to my chest. “I’m a little short of cash right now,” I lied. “But I can offer you a blowjob or an enthusiastic fuck.”

I blinked innocently at him. I had happened upon Nicholas’s little operation because the smell wafted over to my house and, like I’ve already said, I have needs both physical and material and magical.

“Does it make you uncomfortable having sex for weed?” he asked me. “Doesn’t that make you a prostitute?”

“No, it doesn’t make me uncomfortable,” I told him. “Sex work is an honorable career. What would be wrong with it?”

“Uh…” If he was trying to shame me, it wasn’t going to work. “But if you don’t like it I can offer you fifteen dollars for that small baggie,” I said indicating the marijuana in his hand. It was half the usual payment. Thirty dollars for a fuck with a beautiful woman—I’m not modest or delusional—was a good deal. What Nicholas didn’t know was that I wanted to fuck him for reasons that he couldn’t possibly imagine. “Nothing I guess,” he finally decided.

“So how would you like your payment?” I asked him as I rose up from my seat on his bed, took the baggie out of his hand and slipped it into my purse where it would be safe, and pressed up close to him. “Hmm?” I could feel his cock through his jeans. He was hard. That was no surprise. To push things alone, I kissed him on the lips.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned.

Young men are so easy.

“A fuck it is then,” I decided for him as if there had been any doubt to what was going to happen.

Stepping back from him I took off my jacket and placed it on one of the chairs that filled the small room. After that I untied my dress at the waist. I love wrap dresses because they are easy to get in and out of. Letting it slip from my shoulders and onto the floor I stood boldly in front of him.

Young men are so easy especially when presented with a woman in elaborate lingerie. And I wasn’t wearing lingerie that was all that elaborate. Push up bra. High-waisted panties. Both black lace. That was it. But that was all it took.

“Fuuckk,” he breathed as he sat back onto his bed.

“We already established that,” I said, enjoying his stare. I understand that many women don’t like to be leered at by men, but I wanted Nicholas to leer at me. I took power from his gaze. But, that being said, if he had done the same thing to me on the street, I would have put a curse on him. Something that would make his dick fail to work for a week so that he thought he had cancer of the cock. “Stand up and take off your clothes. It’s easier to have sex that way.”

He struggled and stumbled out of his clothes. It would have gone smoother if he had removed his sneakers first, but youngsters need to figure out things on their

own.

He was naked before I had even considered removing any of my lingerie. I was determined to leave my boots on. Call me traditional, but I think they're sexy and Nicholas was the type to either have a foot or shoe fetish. Maybe both.

His cock caught my attention. It always did. While not excessively long, it was thick. I liked that. More importantly my eyes focused on his balls. They were my primary interest now. Not his cock. Not his weed. What he had in his balls. For such a critical component in potion work it was both surprisingly easy and difficult to acquire.

Nicholas's body was on that cusp. If he kept using his steady supply of weed and kept snacking and he'd cross the boundary from burly to fat. He still had his muscles, even if they were partly hidden at the moment.

Of course his cock was already hard. Young men are like that: always ready to fuck at the drop of a dress.

Doffing my beret, I reached out and caressed his manhood. He groaned at the attention. "Ready for me?"

"Uh-huh."

"You'll have to help me out a bit. I'm a little older than you and it takes a girl some time and effort to be fucked by such a lovely cock."

Nicholas didn't have to be asked twice. He went to his knees in front of me. Without asking permission—permission that I would have happily given—he yanked down my panties and pressed his face into my cunt.

Styles and fashion come and go, but the scent of a woman's sex always brings a man to his knees regardless of what she has done with it. Shaving is fine. Completely natural is fine. I split the difference and carefully groomed myself to an appropriate length and shape. It was just easier to deal with all types of lovers that way. I'm sure young Nicholas would have preferred a completely bare cunt, but he got what I wanted to give him.

Leaning back I let his tongue explore my sex. Nicholas wasn't the best at eating pussy, but he was learning. I wasn't interested in his cunnilingus technique

anyway. I wanted his cock and I was going to get it.

Still, it was nice to have the attention. I wasn't that much older than Nicholas, but my public age was old enough to cause a scandal if news of our liaison were to get out. I liked that. As luck would have it, it doesn't take much to get me wet, especially when I want to fuck and need to fuck.

"Okay, quit wasting time. I'm wet enough."

"I thought older women loved getting their pussy licked." Nicholas was always a little slow on the uptake.

"I'm ready," I said pushing him aside to get to the bed. I still had my bra on and didn't bother to remove it. This was transactional sex. Nothing more. I needed him to fuck me and he'd get what he wanted for it.

Nicholas climbed on top of me and I happily spread my legs for him. He wasn't the smoothest of lovers, but he'd only had a few before me while I'd had dozens. More than I could remember. Still, it felt wonderful when his big cock went into me. Despite myself I let out a little groan. I didn't want him to know how satisfying it was.

I didn't just lay there doing nothing. I took great pleasure in my work and there was no reason not to take pleasure in the necessary sex that went along with it. I caressed his body. I thrusted upward with my hips to meet his. I made it better for myself, but there's only so much an innocent witch can do when bedding a rather clumsy lover. For all his wonderful cock, Nicholas was adequate at best.

The good part was that a nice thick cock was all it took to get me off and because he was so eager Nicholas could finish in less than five minutes. He came in me and I savored every pulse of his cock spurting thick semen into me.

He lay atop me for a minute, huffing and puffing. It was nice but started to get stifling.

"I need to pee," I announced to him.

Nicholas begrudgingly rolled off me and I daintily walked to the bathroom, carefully snagging my small purse and panties as I went. I doubted Nicholas saw that. If he did notice he wouldn't say anything because he's a man and they so

often let women have their little privacy especially when it came to sex and the cleanup afterwards.

Silver or glass really make no difference. Sitting on the toilet in the half bath I carefully inserted the silver tube into my cunt and pushed out. I didn't need a huge amount of semen, but the more I could easily produce from Nicholas's deposit would mean I wouldn't have to return to him right away. I rather liked silver because it traveled well, but the advantage of glass was that I could see how much was there.

When I removed the tube I could see that it was nearly full, no dip test needed. Practically speaking, I was stealing in repurposing Nicholas's semen, but since it wouldn't be producing a child he didn't care. At least, that's what I assumed. You can never tell with some men.

Coming out of the bathroom I made a show of adjusting my panties as I gathered up my dress and slid it back on. Nicholas watched me, his tree-like body sprawled on his bed, thick but soft cock now flopped against his thigh. It was an inviting sight, but I had other duties to fulfill today.

"You're leaving already?" he asked, complaining.

"I'm a busy woman and I have what I came for." I carefully slipped the silver tube into my purse and made a show of displaying the baggie of marijuana. Let him think what he wanted to think.

"Can I fuck you again?" he asked. "I'm horny."

"You're soft," I pointed out.

"That can be fixed with your mouth," he said hopefully.

I laughed and went to the bed while tying my dress into place. I gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "For a blowjob and a fuck you'll have to give me more than twice this," I told him indicating the buds in the baggie.

"I can do that," he said eagerly.

"But I don't want it." I found my beret and jacket and headed toward the stairs.

He didn’t chase after me. He never did.

That was good. I had other places to be.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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