AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MALE CHASTITY AND PEGGING

RING OF HONOR

PERFECTLY AVERAGE BOOK 4



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Ring of Honor:

Perfectly Average 4

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and Pegging

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Ring of Honor: Perfectly Average 4

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Chapter Fourteen

Marty's cock was still up my ass. In spite of the situation, it was enjoyable to be in that position. I was done cumming, but he wasn't.

He saw me lick my cum from Jessica's finger. I wasn't looking over my shoulder, but it most definitely surprised him because I heard a gasp in my ear and then he said, "That's...fucking...hot!" He accompanied each word with a thrust into my ass. He had one hand on my chest and the other holding the base of my cock.

I felt him cum inside me, in my ass.

He grunted and strained. His cock was pressing right against my prostate and it was enough to rouse my soft cock, but that wasn't going anywhere because the cage kept me in check.

So that was my first experience with gay sex.

It wasn't bad.

After Marty came, his cock started to soften and I could feel the decreasing pressure.

"Keep going," Jessica encouraged him, or maybe the both of us.

"Can't," Marty mumbled. "I just came."

"What about me?" she complained.

I saw that I would have to be the one to make my girlfriend happy. I couldn't do it with a soft cock in a chastity cage, so I had to go back to my old, reliable methods.

Once Marty slipped out of my ass—a sensation that was equal parts relieving and strange and pleasant—I moved across the bed to where Jess was watching us. Watching and waiting.

Right away she knew what I was planning for her and she opened up her legs, exposing her pussy. I went down on her and, not wasting any time, I went right

for her clit.

She appreciated that.

Her moans were music to my ears. The type of music that gets a cock hard.

Not my cock, of course, because I had recently cum and was still trapped in my cage.

I mean, it tried to get hard, but once I swelled up and felt the pressure, I immediately started shrinking back to my normal, and perfectly average, size.

Her pussy was wet; she never had trouble lubricating. I didn't need to get her wet for penetrative sex. I needed to make her cum. At the very least she deserved an orgasm, if not more.

I went right for her clit, licking it a little before sucking the entirety of the sensitive little organ into my mouth.

She grunted in surprise and then relaxed. Her mouth, of course, never shut up while I was working on her.

"Good little boy," she murmured. "Keep going. Suck my clit. Make me cum. You can't satisfy me like a real man so you'd better make sure your mouth can! Suck it! Lick it! Oh! Yes! Yes! Right fucking there! Put your finger up my asshole! Do it!"

That was an easy request to fulfill. I ran a finger along her open slit, getting it wet with her amrita, before pressing it against her tightly puckered muscle. A little pressure was all it took to penetrate. She grunted in satisfaction.

"Eat my ass!" she commanded.

I was stymied because I couldn't eat her pussy and ass at the same time, and certainly not with my finger up her ass.

"You need to lick my ass whenever I want!"

That clarified things a little. It was just her normal dirty talk that got her going.

“Fuck my ass with your finger! Make me cum!”

I could work with that.

Fucking her ass with a finger was a delicate process. Even though Jess was more familiar with anal sex, I didn’t want to hurt her, but at the same time, I didn’t want to go so gently that she didn’t get the thrill she needed.

Making sure that I was letting plenty of spit slide down her pussy, across her perineum I began moving my finger back and forth. In addition to my sloppy pussy eating, her natural juices were keeping her asshole wet.

“Fuck! Yes! Just...like...that!”

Then she was silent a moment before she let out a loud moan that surely penetrated the walls of Marty’s townhouse. I was betting his neighbors were well-familiar with his busy sex life. I didn’t know if they got a thrill from listening to his lovers or not, but at the very least they had to be annoyed with Jessica’s loud and dirty mouth.

She came. I felt her ass tighten up on my finger. Her body quivered. Her pussy let out a burst of heat.

It was a beautiful orgasm.

Everything she did in bed was beautiful.

I looked up at her face to see as she came. I was upset and joyous when I saw her cry of ecstasy was cut off by a kiss from Marty.

He shouldn’t have been kissing her. She was my girlfriend.

But Jessica wanted that. She wanted to use and humiliate me.

I was all too willing to go along with it.

It wasn't just a casual kiss. Their lips were locked together and I knew that his tongue was halfway down her throat, fucking her mouth with his tongue just like he’d fuck her pussy with his dick.

I hated and loved it in concert.

Tearing my eyes away from their kissing, I saw something I didn't anticipate.

Marty's big cock was no longer flaccid.

He was nice and hard and Jessica's hand was wrapped around it, slowly stroking him.

"I want to fuck you," he told her, breaking off their kiss.

"Fuck yes!"

I was the wet blanket. "Is that a good idea?" I asked. "I mean...you just fucked...you just fucked me." It was hard to admit aloud what I had just done, but I forced out the words because I wanted to protect Jessica. Isn't that what a good boyfriend should do?

And I have to admit I was more than a little jealous. Not only was his cock much bigger than mine, but he was able to get hard again so soon after cumming.

I wanted to chalk at least part of that erection to his admiration of my pussy eating skills.

"Dude! I know what the fuck I'm doing!" Marty exclaimed. "While you were eating her pussy I was in the bathroom cleaning up. I'd never do something that would give a girl an infection." He grinned at me. "Why don't you go clean yourself up."

Seeing that I was being dismissed, I started to move off the bed. There was no reason to piss off Jessica.

To my surprise she grabbed my arm and stopped me.

"Wait!"

"What?" I was nervous. I didn't know what else she could do to humiliate me.

Her legs were already spread. Her pussy and ass were plenty lubricated. What use did that have for me?

“Marty’s got a pretty big cock,” she said, as if I didn’t know. “Help guide him into me?”

I looked at her not knowing what to do or say. Her sly smile didn’t move from her face as she pulled on Marty, having him move on top of her body so they could fuck in the very traditional missionary position.

Except nothing we were doing was traditional or in accordance with what missionaries would approve of. They didn’t need my help. Marty knew how to use his cock. Jessica wasn’t shy about doing anything with him.

It was all about sexually humiliating me.

I went along with it.

Marty moved in between Jessica’s spread legs, her knees up. He hovered over her, his cock just inches away from her pussy. He was too high up; the head of his cock was close to the top of her pubic bone.

Reaching down between their legs, I grabbed his cock. It was hot and hard.

I don’t think my cock had ever been that hard. I couldn’t remember.

Holding another man’s cock wasn’t gay, I told myself.

Getting fucked in the ass was probably gay though, even if I was just doing it because my girlfriend wanted to see it.

It was easy to aim his cock head between her slick lips. Once he made contact he pushed his hips forward and sank his manhood all the way into her.

I didn’t realize she was that turned on.

Even so, Jessica let out a loud, deep moan. I was jealous of her at that moment, not because she had Marty’s cock in her, but because she could cum again and again. It was a secret power that women had that I never would.

Marty took a couple of experimental thrusts while I watched. Just that was enough to stir my cock. The cage squeezed it.

I was amazed my girlfriend could take all of his cock so easily.

“Go clean up, Mike,” Jessica said. “I don’t need you watching us.”

Just like that I was dismissed. It wasn’t that Jess was shy or didn’t want me to know that she was fucking Marty and enjoying it more than any time I had ever been inside her.

It was just a calculated statement meant to humiliate me.

I liked it more than I wanted. The feeling it gave me was incredible.

Not wanting to start an argument, I got off the bed and went to the bathroom.

Despite the fact that another man was fucking my girlfriend not less than fifteen feet away, I was blown away by Marty’s bathroom. It was fucking impressive.

It was at least as big as his bedroom. The townhouse complex he lived in was upscale, but I could really see it in the bathroom. Huge mirror. Double sink. Gigantic shower and a separate tub.

I used the toilet. One thing that never really gets discussed about anal sex is the leftovers. Marty had cum in me and while it wasn’t like I had gotten a gallon-sized enema it was strange getting it out. It wasn’t exactly like shitting, but it wasn’t exactly fun or pleasant either.

I sat on the toilet for a while, letting everything settle out. I had to listen to Marty fuck Jessica.

Even in my position, it was fucking hot.

When I was done with the toilet I went to the door and watched the two of them on the bed.

They were fucking as passionately as a spring thunderstorm. Jessica was moaning and groaning. Marty had pinned her down with her knees in her ears, folding her in half. He was slamming his cock into her. I didn’t know how her little pussy was taking that pounding.

“Hard!” She all but shouted at him. “Fuck me hard! Harder!”

If he fucked her any harder he was going to drill right through her body.

I could tell he was holding back. His balls were slapping against her ass. I wanted to stick my face between their legs and lick everything that I could.

Somehow I managed to hold back and he finally pushed her over the edge. She screamed as she came. The neighbors had to be pissed by now.

A second later Marty came, filling up her pussy with his spunk.

It was my own personal sex show.

It was worth it.

Marty rolled off her. I stared at her red and swollen pussy.

“Jess, you are such a good fuck. If you were any sluttier, people would start mistaking you for a whore.”

She slapped him. “Shut your fucking mouth!” She was kidding around with him. Sex with them was just for fun. It meant nothing.

Jessica spotted me spying on them. “What are you looking at?” she asked with her lopsided grin.

“Just...just the two of you,” I replied guiltily.

“Did you like the show?”

I nodded. “Yes.”

“Want to clean me up?”

Her legs were still open and I was staring at her pussy. I have wanted to dive into her pussy and eat her to another orgasm...and taste Marty’s cum, but I had a more immediate problem. “Sort of. But I need to clean my cage.”

“So go clean it.”

“There’s too much cum inside it. I need to take it off.”

Strictly speaking, that wasn’t true, but I wanted to see what I could get away with.

She rolled her eyes. “Fine. Come over here. I’ll take it off.”

I stood next to the bed while she used the key attached to her nipple ring to unlock me.

The cage slipped off easily enough. I didn’t get hard, much to my relief because I was sure that if I had, Jessica would accuse me of lying to get out.

“Go shower,” she told me.

“Right.”

I went back to the bathroom and turned on the water. Right after I stepped inside I considered the chances of me getting caught if I jerked off in the shower. The risk was a thrill because Jess and Marty were just feet away.

I didn’t get the chance to try. I had just started soaping my chest when the bathroom door owned and Marty came in.

He was still naked. His cock, even flaccid, was more impressive than mine.

I looked at him. He grinned at me with a confidence that made me nervous. “She sent me in here to keep an eye on you.”

“Oh. I guess that makes sense.”

“You like wearing that thing?” He indicated the cage in my hand. I was rinsing it in the shower stream. The lock was with Jessica.

“Yeah...it’s hard to explain.”

He nodded and I froze when he slid the glass shower door aside and stepped in behind me.

“You don’t mind, do you?” he asked. “Sharing the shower?”

“No…” I didn’t know what to think.

He was right behind me. There was plenty of room in the tiled shower for the two of us. He wasn't shy at all. He grabbed the soap and washed my back. He pressed in closer. I could feel his cock against my ass. Even soft I could feel the bulge.

His arms went around me and his chest pressed against my back while he soaped my chest.

I wasn't surprised when his hand went down to my cock to wash it.

"Do you like this?" he asked me.

I hesitated. "Yes…"

I was nervous. This was unexpected and wasn't a show for Jess. It was something else entirely.

He soaped up my cock and I couldn't resist because my cock did what it wanted to do.

It rose up. I got harder quicker than I thought was possible.

I tried not to think about a man's hand around my cock. I tried not to think of his semi-stiff cock pressing against my back.

The soap served as a good enough lubricant, but then he moved me so I was directly under the water which washed away the soap.

It didn't matter because he turned me around.

I wasn't prepared for what happened next.

Marty went down on his knees and took my hard cock into his mouth.

"Holy fucking shit," I breathed before I groaned.

His cock sucking skills were different from Jess's, or any other woman I had ever been with. Maybe it was because he had a cock or maybe it was because it was the first time I was getting blown by a man, but I enjoyed it immensely.

If he asked me for a second go around I would have trouble saying no.

It also gave me some insight into Marty's bisexuality. I got the distinct impression that he enjoyed sex for the sake of sex, not just because he had an urge that had to be fulfilled.

I pressed my back against the shower wall and let him do what he wanted.

If I had been allowed to cum in his mouth, I would have been fulfilled.

I wasn't allowed.

"What the fuck's going on here!" Jessica's voice brought me out of my lust trance. She was standing in the bathroom door glaring at us. At me. Her anger would have been obvious to a deaf and blind man.

Marty was fucking bold or he just didn't care or, more likely, he was showing off in front of Jessica. He wasn't ever going to let her really be in charge.

His head continued to bob up and down on my cock for a few long excruciating seconds before he deigned to remove my manhood and turn his head to address his occasional lover.

"I'm just giving Mikey a little head. I think he likes it." Marty was cool under the circumstances, but he didn't really have anything to lose. He didn't care. He just went to where his dick led him.

I locked eyes with Jessica. I didn't know what to say so the words just shot out of my mouth. "Yeah! I like it."

"I fucking told you to check on him! Not to fucking suck his dick!"

"You can't expect me to walk in on a hot naked guy in the shower and not make a pass at him."

Marty wasn't the least bit perturbed. I admired his cool.

And I was so horny that even under Jessica's withering gaze my cock refused to detumesce.

"This is not checking on him!" Jessica repeated.

“I would argue that it is,” Marty replied. He was still on his knees in front of me, holding my cock. I really didn’t care which of them won the argument as long as I got to cum.

“This isn’t what I meant!”

“You should have been more specific. Now do you want me to stop or do you want me to make him cum?”

I looked back and forth between the two of them. There was something else going on that I was missing. Was I being set up? Anything was possible with Jessica. All I wanted was to cum so I couldn't think straight.

Apparently I couldn’t have sex straight that night either.

Jessica looked back to me. She was in a battle of wills with him and she didn’t want to have to argue about the situation right then.

“Well, what do you think, Mike? Do you want Marty to finish you off?”

She didn’t offer to suck or fuck me. I knew that I wasn’t going to get a second chance at this. If I told her that I didn’t want Marty blowing me, I knew she'd insist on my cage going back on. I didn’t want that, not without a nice orgasm first.

“Yeah...he can finish me off.”

She rolled her eyes and threw up her hands.

“Fine. Suck his cock. See if I care.”

I was about to protest her reaction, but then my small cock was back in Marty’s mouth and he was sucking me again and I could barely remain on my feet.

He was that good at sucking cock.

My eyes closed and I just focused on what felt good. My cock. His mouth.

Jessica’s cock. It was Jessica’s cock. She was the only one who could give me permission to use it. To cum. To have sex. To do anything.

I felt her eyes on me.

My eyes snapped open.

For all her protestations of being pissed off that Marty was giving me head, Jessica was standing in the doorway watching the two of us.

She had that eager grin on her face that told me she was enjoying the show.

I couldn’t do or say anything. I was on the edge. I didn’t want to cum, but at the same time I needed to cum.

But I didn’t want to cum without giving Marty some warning.

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna…” was all I managed to stutter out before erupted in Marty’s mouth.

He continued to suck while I came. It felt incredible. It felt even better when he swallowed each spurt so eagerly.

“Did you like that?” she asked us. “Did you like sucking his cock? Did you like having a man suck you off?”

The first two questions were directed at Marty. The last one was for me. I didn’t know what to say. I had enough clarity to pull back from Marty’s mouth. He generously allowed me that small bit of dignity.

“Yeah,” Marty said, getting to his feet. If he was ashamed of having sucked my cock, he was hiding it well. “It’s been a while since I’ve been with a man.”

“I should tell everyone that you’re bi,” she all but spat at him.

Marty didn’t look as cool and casual as he had a moment before.

“Fine. What’ll that get you?” he asked as he approached Jessica.

I watched the two of them intently.

Marty was significantly taller and more muscular than her. No surprise. He used his size to intimidate her. It almost worked.

She took a step back and he grabbed her. There was no violence other than her pulling away for a second before he ducked his head and kissed her.

There was no way she didn't taste my cumin his mouth. I shuddered and turned off the water.

They kissed for an inordinately long time and I wasn't sure what to do. They were blocking the bathroom doorway so there was no way for me. I had to look away but I couldn't stop looking at them.

Finally, after half an eternity, they broke the kiss.

"Did you like what you saw?" Marty asked.

She giggled nervously and ducked her head. If I had to judge the moment, I was certain her cheeks were a little flushed. "Yes. It was hot. You were right."

"You want to see it again, don't you?" Marty asked.

I was surprised. It wasn't all that unusual for a guy to dabble with bisexuality, but Marty apparently wanted to actively pursue it.

Her voice shuddered a little when she said, "Yes."

He kissed her again, this time it was more a peck on the lips than a deep French kiss.

"But he needs to put his cage back on."

Marty grinned down at her. "I can see to that."

She handed him the little lock that went to my cage, then nodded and stepped away. Her skin was slightly damp from Marty's wet body. The water on her only served to make her hotter.

Marty turned back to me and saw the cage on the shelf where I had left it before he had come into the bathroom. "I've never put a chastity cage on anyone before? Do you mind."

I shook my head. "No. It's fine."

I looked down at my cock. Jessica's cock. Her property. I wasn't completely shrunk back to normal proportions yet. My perfectly average size.

I would need to get smaller before I'd fit back into the metal tube.

"Give me a second."

Turning the shower back on, I made sure it was entirely cold water. I only stood under the flow for maybe thirty seconds, but that was long enough to get me shivering and to cause my cock to shrivel up to an embarrassingly small size.

Marty got down on his knees in front of me again and used a bath towel to dry my groin, cock and balls.

His touch was surprisingly gentle.

There was some fumbling about as he put the ring over my package and then inserted my shaft into the cage. But he was smart and saw how it worked.

"Did she tell you I was bi?" he asked as he worked.

"No." I paused and watched his fingers work. "How long has she known?"

He laughed a little. "Almost forever. She's never made it an issue before."

"Would your family be upset?"

"I don't know and I don't care to find out."

That was the end of the conversation. When he was done he slipped the lock into place and closed it.

I was safe and emasculated again.

Chapter Fifteen

“I’m sorry for the way I acted yesterday,” Jessica apologized to me.

I was frankly shocked at her apology. She was my keyholder and didn’t need to make any excuses for her behavior. If she wanted to see me fucked and sucked by another man, I was fine with that.

I was a little surprised and delighted in myself that I was okay with what had happened. I’m positive I wasn’t gay or bi, but there wasn’t any problem with indulging in a little curiosity play.

“You don’t need to apologize,” I said quickly.

“I do!” she insisted. “I shouldn’t have tried to humiliate you or Marty that way. I already apologized for threatening him. I just didn’t...I was upset that you two were fucking without me. I was upset that maybe I was going to lose you to him.”

Her confession frankly floored me.

“You’re not going to ‘lose me’ to Marty. I’m not gay.”

“You know the girl that I used to date. To fuck?”

“Umm...only by reputation.”

Jessica looked away from me. We were in my place. I was naked except for my cage. She was in a nightshirt. We didn’t even discuss having sex. We were both exhausted from having fucked Marty the day before.

“I had a threeway with her and Marty,” she admitted.

“Really?” She had more than piqued my interest. “Do tell.” As sated as I was from our group scene yesterday, Jessica’s property still stirred inside my cage. Not getting hard, but showing interest.

“Don’t get too excited,” she told me.

“How could I not?” I protested. “You just told me the guy you and I both had sex

with yesterday, also had sex with the woman you had fucked."

"The one girl in my life I had sex with," she reminded me.

"Still hot."

"Yeah, well, Marty stole her away from me."

That brought down my ebullience.

"Oh."

"It started off fun. I had been fucking Marty before her. She was interested in a threeway. So was I. It was fun...at first. And then she started falling for him, becoming obsessed. I like Marty, but he's a player. Will never settle down with one person. She and I broke up. She started dating Marty and got it in her head they were each other's destiny. Until she found him in bed with someone other than me. Of course by then I was pissed at her so it was over between us."

"And you're still fucking Marty."

"He knows the score between us. Sex and fun and games only."

"Honesty," I agreed. She sighed and rested her head on my chest.

"I just don't want to lose you. Even if it's not to Marty. I don't want to lose you at all. I think I love you."

That confession floored me.

"I-I-I-I," I stammered.

"Sorry. Shouldn't have tossed that out there so soon."

"I love you too," I quickly blurted out so I wouldn't completely fuck up our relationship.

We looked at each other in silence for a long moment, not saying or doing anything. Without any warning she kissed me, which I was thankful for because the silence was starting to become uncomfortable.

The kissing became passionate very quickly. Not because we were both horny (though I was; I always was) and not even because we were trying to cover up the uncomfortable and awkward moment, but because we were both expressing what we were actually feeling.

All too quickly, the kissing led to groping, which was fun enough, but that led to the other problem: I was still wearing my chastity cage. I swelled up inside the device and it got painful. I had to pull back from Jessica.

“What’s the matter?”

I grabbed her hand and put it on the cage. “This.”

She smiled. “I can unlock you. I have the key, you know.”

“But…” And here was the real problem. I liked being in chastity and having my sexuality controlled by her. If we just took it off every time I got horny, there was no real reason to wear it.

I didn’t want to say all that to her right then.

“But what?”

“If we take it off...there’s no purpose to having it on in the first place,” I complained.

She moved her hand off the metal shaft and down to my exposed balls, giving them a tight squeeze. I gasped in response.

“These are mine,” she said. “The whole package is mine. If I want it out and used, then you take it out and use it, understand?

I nodded.

It was exactly what I wanted to hear from her.

It was a game, but a game with consequences.

She pulled up her nightshirt, exposing her small tits. My key was still attached to the ring through her nipple. Moving quickly, she slid down my body to bring her

breast to my cock. There was the bit of fumbling about as she unlocked the padlock that kept my cage closed.

“This is all just show,” she said as she worked. “I get to take it off anytime I want.”

“Yeah, but…”

She looked up at me as she slipped off the shaft. It was impossible for me not to rise up.

“But what?”

“I sort of like being in the cage.”

Her smile was lopsided as her hand started stroking me. “Doesn’t matter what you like. It matters what I like and want. And right now I want to fuck you.”

We both looked down at the rigid erection between us. It was slightly painful because we had gotten distracted in the removal process and she hadn’t taken off the ring behind my balls before I got hard.

The ring was now making my cock incredibly hard, like a bar of steel. It seemed bigger than normal, too, but that was just wishful thinking.

“I really need this cock inside me right now.”

“The ring…”

“Does it hurt?”

“A little.”

“Do you want me to get some ice and make you go soft?” she asked me.

I made my decision quickly. “It doesn’t hurt that much.”

She pushed on my shoulders and I laid down.

It turned out that she was serious about fucking me. She didn’t have anything on under her nightshirt. There were no more preliminaries; there wasn’t any need.

The moment I had gotten hard, she had gotten wet.

Handling my cock—her cock—she guided it between her lips and I easily sank all the way inside her.

“You feel huge,” she moaned as we joined.

“You flatter me.” I was in wet, warm heaven.

Jessica shook her head slowly back and forth as she started to ride me. “No. I can feel it. You aren’t as big as Marty, but you’re the hardest and biggest I’ve ever felt you.”

It was a compliment designed to keep me on edge.

It worked.

She rode me like a woman possessed, which only made sense because the cock we were using was her possession now.

I was happy for her to have it.

It was everything I could do to hold back. The consequences if I came before she was ready scared me because I didn’t know what they would be.

Luckily Jessica was just as horny and lusty as me. I don’t think she rode me for more than two minutes, rolling her hips, pumping them up and down, before she came with a little scream.

That’s all I needed.

I popped off inside her.

It fucking hurt.

It felt like I was cumming for the first time again, like a teenage boy just figuring out how to jerk off.

It was the hard metal ring behind my balls. It made my cock harder and bigger and the orgasm more intense, but it also hurt. The pain was the trade off for the pleasure.

It was worth it.

“We’re going to do this more often,” she told me when she collapsed on top of me, her lips nuzzling my neck.

“Fuck?” I asked.

She shook her head.

“No. We’re going to fuck only with your ring on. I love the way your...my cock feels with it on.”

I shuddered with anticipation.

At least now she knew how I wanted to be fucked.

Chapter Sixteen

Even though she had seemed to promise that we'd fuck a lot more, Jessica grew serious about her role as my keyholder. She limited PIV sex between us to once a week. That meant I was getting only one orgasm a week at the most.

Well, almost. Occasionally she'd want me to drain my balls. She'd watch while she had me put a vibrator up my ass to ineffectively cum that way. Or she'd use a softer vibrator on the hard steel shaft. That was a different sort of orgasm, but no less pleasurable.

Seeing that she had me as a willing sex slave, Jessica used me however she wanted. Almost every night I went down on her and gave her the best oral orgasms of her life.

Or so I hoped.

She wasn't above requesting that I use one of her vibrators on her. She would even make me watch while she used one on herself. That was the worst because I could only watch and not touch her nor myself.

The cage stayed on as much as possible.

The first real difficulty we had was when she got her period. She didn't want to have sex. I always wanted to have sex, but I didn't complain. I just lay in bed next to her, not saying anything.

That was the life of a man in chastity. I would have been happy for her to abuse me, but I wasn't that lucky every four weeks.

We had settled into a routine of sorts and a couple of months flashed by before Jessica even mentioned Marty again. We were happy and in love and didn't want to break our little cocoon.

Of course the heart wants what it wants, but the cock and pussy also have needs.

While, to a certain extent, Jessica got off to making me do what she wanted when she wanted, we didn't want to have my cock—her cock—out of the cage too much.

And even when it was out, I was just an average sized man with an average sized cock.

Although she didn't say it much, I knew that she wanted something bigger.

And, to be honest, I wanted to see her fuck Marty's big cock again.

So...we planned another date with Marty.

"Are you going to suck his cock?" Jessica asked me a little more eagerly than I wanted.

"Sure, if that's what you want," I answered. It was noncommittal enough. I was sort of curious about trying it again, but actually voicing my interest in doing so was too much for me.

"Are you going to let him fuck your ass?" We were driving over to Marty's place. It had been decided that was the best location.

"Sure. If that's what you want."

"Do you want to watch him fuck me?"

"Hell yes!"

"Should he put it in my ass?"

"Yes."

She laughed at me. "You seem overly eager now. Should I give him a blowjob just to warm him up, or should I swallow his load?"

"Definitely swallow. He can cum at least twice a night, right?"

"Of course."

"Mouth and pussy. I want to see both."

"Do you want him to cum in you?" she asked me and I froze. She went on. "Do you want to swallow his cum? Do you want me to share it with you?"

We were both getting each other worked up to a ridiculous degree. I was positive I could smell the scent of her wet pussy wafting through the car. My cock was as hard as it was going to get inside the cage. I could feel it trying to swell out, but steel beats flesh every time.

I wanted to reach between her legs and up her skirt to feel how wet her pussy had made her panties.

I tried not to think about the black silk panties she was wearing.

She had put them on in front of me as we were getting ready. I wanted to die when she asked me, “Do you think that Marty will like seeing me in these?”

It was fucked up that I enjoyed the thought (and actually witnessing) of her being fucked by Marty.

Or any other man for that matter.

“Share it with me?” I asked when I realized she was waiting for an answer from me.

“Snowballing? Ever tried it.”

“No. Never have.”

“It’s sorta hot. I’ve only ever done it with another girl.” I took my eyes off the road for half a second to see the lopsided smile on her face. “And we did it for Marty.”

This was more of Jessica’s active sexual history that was only revealed to me in dribs and drabs.

“That’s hot.”

“Watch the road,” she said. “I don’t want to wind up dead before we get to Marty’s.”

I looked back at the road. It was clear. Just as I was looking away I saw her hand going slowly and sneakily up her skirt. I got a flash of inner thigh before I had to look away.

“Take your hand out of your skirt,” I said, my tongue thick in my mouth.

“Why?” she asked.

“I don’t want you cumming before we get to Marty’s.”

“But I’m horny,” she said softly. Her hand was moving under her skirt. I kept glancing her way while still trying to focus on the road. “And you don’t get to tell me what to do.”

“Okay…”

Abruptly she pulled her hand out from between her thighs. “I shouldn’t. You’re right. It’s dangerous and distracting.”

Then she put her hand to my face. I could smell her pussy. Her fingers were wet and she put two of them in my mouth. I had to suck on them; I couldn’t help myself.

My heart was pounding in my chest and I wanted to stop the car, pull her out of the passenger seat, and fuck her bent over on the side of the road.

Except I was wearing a chastity cage and there was no way that was going to happen.

Instead I just focused myself and continued the drive to Marty’s.

“I’ve got a present for you when we get there,” she told me.

I was too afraid to ask what the present was.

Marty’s place was exactly as I remembered it. Nothing had changed. There had probably been a parade of women through it since Jess and I were last there, but there was no reason to mention that.

He had drinks ready for us, which wasn’t necessary, but nice.

We made a little small talk and then Jess kicked things into high gear.

“I’ve got a present for Mike,” she announced to him after finishing her drink. “Want to see it?”

I had been hoping that the present was letting me out of my cage, but maybe that would happen later. Jess had refused to say what she was going to let me do at Marty's.

"Sure," Marty said, a sly smile on his face. I had caught him looking at my crotch several times. I was certain he wanted to know if I still had the cage on.

I always had my cage on.

I was starting to hate taking it off.

She reached into her purse and produced a small velvet box; the sort of box that jewelry came in. It could have been anything but I had my suspicions as to exactly what it was.

Before Jessica could offer it to me, Marty snatched it out of her hands.

"Hey!" she protested.

Moving quickly, Marty turned the box so that only he could see inside when he popped it open. He grinned and then smirked. "It's nice, but it's not my size."

"I didn't get it for you!" Jessica took it back from him. There was a brief struggle as he initially refused to give it up, but Jessica won the battle. Or more likely, he just allowed her to take it from him.

"Sorry about that," she said, closing the lid and handing it over to me. "It was supposed to be special, but some big jerk can't help himself."

"It's no big deal," I told her. "Thank you."

My fingers caressed the fake black velvet of the box. Just from the size and shape I knew what it was, even before Marty's reaction. When I popped the lid open, I wasn't surprised at all to find a new chastity cage.

The current one I was wearing was very nice. Not top of the line, those are custom made and can cost up to a thousand dollars, but this one was actually nicer than mine. I could tell just by looking because I spent far too much time on chastity cage and bondage equipment websites.

The design was similar to what I already had, but there was a new wrinkle that sent a chill down my spine.

“I hope it’s the right size. I mean, I know how big you are, but there’s no way to really tell until you have it on. The website said they could do an exchange if it’s wrong.”

“You spent a pretty penny on this, didn’t you?” I asked her.

“You’re worth it,” she said to me.

“Aww, isn’t that cute.” Marty wasn’t exactly mocking us, but it was more than just a little bit passing strange for a woman to give her boyfriend a present—a new chastity cage—in front of her occasional lover. Her piece on the side. Her friend with benefits. Or maybe it was normal for the type of relationship that Jessica and I had. “I didn’t know you two were getting so serious.”

“Keep up, Marty,” Jessica mocked him. “Life moves pretty fast when you’re not fucking everything that moves.”

“How many chastity cages does one man need?”

I was still admiring the cage so I couldn’t think of anything to say to him. Jessica, however, had a sharp tongue. “Right now, Mike only needs one. I just got him a better one. But now that he has a spare, maybe you’d like to try one on?”

Marty held up his hands. “Oh no. My cock needs to be free. I’m not into that kinky shit.”

Jessica turned away from him. “Put it on, Mike,” she said to me. “I want to see how it looks on you.”

I fingered the accessories that came with the new cage. “Are these why you bought it?”

She blushed a little. “Partly. But I wanted you to wear one that was from me, not just one you’ve had for years.”

I didn’t bother telling her about all the plastic and silicone cages I had tried out

over the years, ones that I had broken and thrown out or found uncomfortable and gotten rid of.

“This is probably the nicest gift that a woman has ever gotten me,” I told her. “Thank you.”

“You're welcome,” she said and kissed me. “Now go put it on.”

“Okay. Sure.” I stood up. She needed to take my current cage off me. It was my intention to sneak off to the bathroom with the hopes that I would find her and Marty in the middle of fucking when I came back.

No such luck.

She put her hand on top of mine. “Right here. In front of Marty. And I want you to try this ring with it.”

I shivered again.

The cage she had bought me came with three rings of Kali’s teeth that could be inserted into the shaft. They served two purposes. First, to punish me if my cock got hard when wearing the cage. Kali’s teeth were just rings that had metal spikes facing inward on the ring. If I got hard, I wouldn’t need the strength of the metal cage to keep me contained. The spikes would dig into my cock.

The second purpose of the rings was to keep me from pulling out of the metal cage. The spikes were angled so that if I tried to pull my cock out of the shaft, the spikes would dig in.

Nasty fun.

I had never tried rings with Kali’s teeth before. This would be something new for us both.

She looked at me eagerly. I couldn’t say no to Jessica. She was my keyholder, after all.

As I dropped my pants, she pulled down her top, exposing her breasts. She hadn’t worn a bra over to Marty’s. No reason to. I momentarily stared at her tits and the key dangling from her nipple ring, but I quickly averted my eyes. The

last thing I wanted was to struggle getting my cage off.

We had gotten pretty damn good at unlocking my cage with the key attached to her breast. It only took a few seconds for me to slip off the metal tube and retaining ring.

“Nice cock,” Marty commented as he watched us.

Jessica showed that she had been practicing with my new cage. She inserted the ring of Kali’s teeth into the shaft, getting it ready for me.

Since the basic design was the same, it was easy to get the base ring in place. It fit perfectly. That was a relief.

The slightly curved shaft was a little different, but the principles remained the same. I was relieved I managed to thread my thin cock down the shaft, through Kali’s teeth, and get everything into position with relative ease.

I was certain the teeth were already digging into my sensitive flesh, but that had to be my imagination.

Not wanting to go through the laborious process of taking off her nipple ring—and I don’t think she had the correct pliers with her—Jessica just reused my old lock.

Once it was snapped shut, I felt a great sense of relief.

It fit.

“Fit’s perfectly,” I told her.

She admired my steel-encased and protected cock for a moment, and then said, “Want to try it out?”

“Yes!” I said automatically before it dawned on me what she meant.

I was still staring at the new cage—it was shinier and had a slightly larger slot at the end of the shaft than my old one—when I realized that Jess had moved away

from me.

Looking up I saw her making out with Marty. Her top was still down and he was mauling her tits with his hands. He took one hand away and put it up her skirt.

I stared for a moment and then my cock did exactly what it should have.

It tried to get hard.

The pain was excruciating and beautiful.

I gasped aloud and grabbed my crotch.

They stopped kissing and Jessica looked over at me, an amused smile on her lips.

“If you’re going to be distracting like that, you’re going to have to wait out in the car.”

“The teeth are sharp,” I said.

“Good. Want to watch or do you want to help me give Marty a blowjob?” Jessica wiggled out of her skirt, leaving her naked but for her black silk thong.

I needed something to focus on other than my cock. Giving Marty a blowjob would be the perfect solution.

Before I could answer, Jessica unzipped Marty’s jeans and hauled out his thick cock.

“I’ll help,” I said gladly.

Getting down on my knees and getting to work on Marty’s with Jessica was a wonderfully strange experience. She put his cock into her mouth. I went for his balls. They were velvety soft and how they rolled around in the sack while it was inside my mouth was weird, but fun weird.

Jess and I traded off his cock and balls, sucking and licking him while we kissed each other. My hands went to her tits. One of hers strayed down to my steel-clad cock.

Blowing Marty didn’t get me hard, but her hand just holding me was enough to make my cock rise.

Feeling Kali’s teeth dig in made me pull back from Marty and her.

Before the moment could get awkward, Marty said, “Get on the bed. Mike, get her ass ready. I’m going to use it tonight.”

Jess and I looked at each other, but neither objected. Marty’s cock was huge and erect, wet with our saliva and his precum. I knew what he wanted and I was eager to see it happen. While I grabbed a bottle of lube from the dresser, Jessica got on the bed, hands and knees on the mattress, ass in the air.

Marty watched while I drizzled lube between Jess’s ass cheeks. I wasn’t shy about putting my finger up her ass to make sure she was well-lubricated. There was only a slight noise from her when I penetrated her anus. It was almost a shame because her pussy was so wet, but we both wanted to please Marty.

He watched me as I worked. There was no need for him to ask me to lube up his cock. I did that just as eagerly as I had attended to Jessica.

I even led him by the cock to her back entrance.

He took it from there. I would have loved to see her face as he pushed into her, but I was more interested in watching his cock open up her ass.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!” she muttered as he pressed against her sphincter until at last it gave out and he went in. “Shit!” she screamed.

Marty paused. “Am I hurting you?” he asked with a tone like he didn’t care.

“A little. Just give me a second,” she replied.

That was all he gave her. I poured more lube on their joined bodies. That was good enough for Marty. He worked his cock back and forth, small inches at first and slowly but with increasing depth and speed.

I was tempted to reach down between Jessica’s legs and find her clit to rub it and give her a little more pleasure.

That gesture wasn’t necessary.

“Fuck! Oh fuck my ass!” she begged. “Fuck me harder! Harder!” The next noise she made I was well-familiar with. It was the little screech she made when she came.

Marty grunted and pulled out of her ass, pumped his slicked-up cock with his hand a couple of times, and unloaded his spunk all over her ass and back.

It was an incredible scene and my cock reacted to it as any man should have. I started to get hard, and then made the sound of defeat when Kali’s teeth dug into me.

“Was it good for you?” Marty asked Jessica.

“It’s been a while since I’ve had something that big in my ass,” was her answer.

“But did you like it?”

I looked at Jess’s face. She was panting, exhausted, but she was grinning as well. She nodded. “It was fucking fantastic.”

Marty nodded in satisfaction. “Give me a minute to clean up.” He staggered off to the bathroom.

Jessica pulled me down to her and gave me a kiss. “Is this okay with you?”

“Yeah…”

Her hand went to my caged cock. “Is little Mikey in pain?”

I shook my head. “No. But this is fucking hot.”

“He wants to have sex with you next,” she said.

I could hear water running in the bathroom. “I know.”

“Is that okay with you?”

I nodded again. I wanted it more than I could say. “Yes.”

“I have to say,” she started to confess, “I love anal sex. Especially with a big cock. I’m sorry, but yours just doesn’t measure up.”

I nodded a final time. “Understandable.”

Before the conversation could continue, Marty walked out of the bathroom. His cock was halfway between erect and soft. Even soft he would have been huge.

My girlfriend was practically salivating at the sight of him.

“I’m not quite ready to go,” he said. “Give me a hand?” He asked her. “Or a mouth?”

Jessica was off the bed and down on the floor blowing him again before I could react. As I started to move off the bed, Marty stopped me.

“Why don’t you get yourself ready, Mike?” he asked as he stared at my small, caged cock and rested a hand on top of Jess’s head to guide her. “It won’t take her long to get me hard.”

I nodded and did what needed to be done. I laid on my back and used plenty of lube to prep my ass. Taking his big cock into my ass wasn’t impossible, but I wanted to ease the passage.

Putting a finger up my ass felt good too. That’s something you don’t learn in sex ed class.

I’m positive that half of Marty’s erection was because he was watching me.

Did he prefer fucking mostly straight guys or did he prefer bi or gay guys? It made me wonder. From what Jess had told me, his primary preference was women, but he went for as wide a variety of partners as possible.

“Ready for me?” he asked, pushing Jess aside.

I nodded nervously.

His cock looked huge. I was certain I could take it all, but it would be a struggle.

He stopped me when I started to turn over on my hands and knees. “No. Not like

that. I want you on your back."

It was one thing to take a dildo up my ass when it was driven by my girlfriend. It was also okay to have a man's cock up inside me if it was coming from behind where I couldn't see it.

But to be on my back and fucked missionary style—but in a manner no missionary had ever imagined—was my extreme limit.

I still did what he said, but I was scared as hell.

Jess did me the favor of lubing his cock. My own cock flopped around between my legs and on my stomach as Marty pushed my legs up in the air.

It was Jess that guided him into me.

The lube certainly helped, but I could feel his large size.

I enjoyed it much more than I would have thought.

Jess watched us with bright eyes, one hand tucked between her legs, slowly masturbating.

I knew I wasn't going to cum. Kali's teeth dug into me every time I started to get hard. The pain was a reminder that my cock belonged to Jess and she hadn't given me permission to cum.

Marty wasn't shoving it hard into me, but was playing my body like a professional. I hadn't been this sweaty familiar with a man's body since high school wrestling in gym class.

This was a hell of a lot more fun.

I didn't mind it when he kissed me.

Jessica gasped at that sudden action and then groaned. I could hear her wet, busy fingers and knew she was cumming.

Marty's cock was throbbing in my ass. He didn't cum in me that time. Right when he was on the verge of orgasm, he pulled out and shot his load on me.

My chest and belly.

My ass, a little.

And some on my cock cage.

Jessica only waited half a second before she ducked her head down and started licking up his cum.

It was the hottest thing I’d ever experienced.

I’d do it again for her in a moment. All she had to do was ask.

Chapter Seventeen

Couples do things together as a bonding experience to bring them closer together. Often that's things like dating, going to movies and dinner together, and going on a vacation together. Even silly stuff like playing board games or cooking dinner.

When we got back to my place, we both realized that our bonding experience was both of us getting fucked in the ass by Marty and his big dick.

It was strange, but it was a bonding experience.

"Do you regret doing it?" Jessica asked me.

My ass was a little sore. My cock wanted to get hard, but the new cage and Kali's teeth kept that in check. I was in that strange state between horny and sated.

"Not at all."

"Do you want me to take your cage off?"

I considered my answer carefully. "Yes, but no. Not now. You know I can't explain it, but I like being in chastity. I especially like being in chastity for you."

She smiled at me. "That is both the cutest and kinkiest thing anyone has ever said to me."

"Good."

"Do you mind if...would you want me to…?" She couldn't finish her question.

"What?"

"I don't know how to put this."

"Just say it. Chances are I won't get upset and if I do, we probably shouldn't stay together."

"Would you mind if I fucked other men besides Marty?" she blurted out.

“I wouldn’t mind at all...as long as I got to watch you.”

Her smile was broad and honest and open.

“That’s what I was hoping you’d say.”

The next morning Jessica took off my cage and was alarmed at the little pinpricks on the shaft of my cock.

“Oh no! We can’t have that happen!” She gently gave my cock a kiss on the side, a sly smile on her face. She had taken off the cage with a promise of a morning blowjob. I didn’t say no. The hardest part (ha) of being in chastity is morningwood.

I shrugged. “It happens. Don’t look up pictures online of chastity bruised cocks. It’s not pretty.”

Her eyes went big and round.

“That’s awful.” She put me in her mouth and sucked greedily. I watched her; watching was almost as good as getting blown. Pausing for a second, Jessica asked, “What’s the worst part of chastity...other than not being able to have sex?” Her mouth went right back on my cock.

I loved that.

But it made it hard to concentrate. “Uh...pain. Bruising. The sound a lock can make, clinking against the cage...uh...peeing in a public bathroom...knowing I could probably pull out if I wanted.”

That seemed to alarm her. “You can pull out of your cage?” She glanced over on the bed at the new fancy cage she had bought me. “I thought this one was supposed to be perfectly secure.”

I wanted to grab her head and put her mouth back on my cock. That would be rude and I wouldn’t get what I wanted. “Where there’s a will, there’s a way. An ice pack, some time, some lube, lots of lube, and any guy can get his cock out of a cage.”

“To beat off?” she asked me archly as her hand started pumping up and down on my cock.

Again, I couldn’t focus. “Uh...yeah.”

“We’ll have to fix that.” She put her mouth back on my cock and started sucking earnestly again.

I silently agreed with her but never thought we’d actually do something about it.

Her name was Luna. The left side of her head was shaved. She wore too many earrings through her cartilage for me to count. She had a couple more piercings on her face which made me wonder what else she had pierced.

“Have you done this before?” I asked nervously as I got into position on the table. I was already naked from the waist down. I suppose it was just professional conduct of Luna not to comment on the size of my cock.

As soon as I settled on the table, Jessica grabbed my hand, like she was going to be suffering in a minute, and not me. The place was clean, antiseptic even. Luna had on gloves and a mask along with a uniform that looked like scrubs, except the top was emblazoned with the logo of the tattoo and piercing parlor we were in.

“Dozens of times,” Luna reassured me.

“See?” said Jessica. “I do my research.”

“You’re doing this for a chastity cage?” Luna asked. I wasn’t sure if the question was directed to me or Jessica. I answered.

“Yes. She’s my keyholder and wants to make sure I can’t slip out.”

“I don’t want him fucking anyone else,” said Jessica.

“That’s so romantic!” Luna exclaimed as she prepped her tools and the small PA ring that would soon be through my cock. She said it completely without sarcasm. “I wish my boyfriend would do something like that for me.”

“I told you,” Jessica said to me.

“I’ve given lots of guys PA rings. They’re all happy with the results. And I know that their girlfriends and boyfriends and wives and husbands are all thrilled.”

“Boyfriends?” I asked. “Husbands?”

“Uh-huh,” said Luna as she pulled her surgical mask into place and rolled herself between my legs on her short stool. “PAs and male genital piercings are very popular in the gay community.” She picked up and examined my cock, but said nothing. I was glad I was soft, but also ashamed. “I want to get this right,” she said, grabbing my cock cage off the counter where I had put it when I had undressed. “The alignment needs to be perfect.”

“Right,” I absently agreed, putting my head back and staring at the ceiling. Never would I have imagined I would be here doing this to my cock.

“Most couples just exchange rings when they’re in love,” said Luna as she slipped a narrow plastic tube up my urethra. It didn’t hurt, but it was different and uncomfortable. I tried not to squirm.

“I know,” Jessica agreed with her.

The little spike of pain made it worth it because now Jessica would be my keyholder forever.

End

Preview

Temptation: Love Sweet Sex Magic 2

Todd's revelation about his vasectomy derailed some of my plans. He was handsome and willing and as the father of a client I had easy access to him. In addition, he was handsome and had a wonderful cock and knew how to fuck. And did I mention he was handsome? Unfortunately if he couldn't give me the life-giving sperm that I needed, I wasn't going to waste time on him.

However, I was going to keep him around. Just because he wasn't going to be terribly useful as a source of sperm didn't mean that I wanted to stop fucking him.

Isn't that the way of life? You find yourself terribly attracted to someone and they are perfect in bed, but as a life combination, the two of you don't fit?

Luckily I had my many other lovers. My real goal was to protect my family lands and buy as many of the horrible bits of housing that had encroached on my land to tear them down and turn them back to the wild nature they should be. I wasn't the least bit worried about using my lovers against their own self-interest.

I needed to put together a coven. That was dangerous because society became nervous when women band together to do what is right, but as it was I had the rough basis of a coven. There was nothing to do but to go forward and see who was receptive to my proposal.

Joy, certainly. She was easy enough to seduce into bed. I was certain she had hidden anger toward her husband and the life he had set them on. She would be perfect.

I rejected Nicholas's mother because that was far too complex a situation. Besides, I needed Nicholas's sperm and weed. I didn't want to risk that yet.

Instead I decided to see if I could recruit Margaret Fox. She was a single woman who bought far too many of my potions. I dressed myself and prepared to leave

the house when Malaes appeared at the back door to the kitchen waiting patiently to be let in.

Something was wrong the moment I admitted him. He tried to slip by me, but I caught him by the color and removed it, forcing him into human form.

He hissed at me because he's that sort of man, or whatever it is he considered himself. Sometimes the transition between cat and man confuses even the finest warlock. The hiss didn't bother me. The scratches on his body alarmed me.

"What have you been up to, Malaes?" I demanded. If he was going to be my prisoner and have to exist in my house as his punishment I needed to keep a close eye on him. Coming back from an evening outside covered in scratches wasn't acceptable without an explanation.

"Nothing," he replied, a surly curl to his lips.

"You're a terrible liar, which is why you are here in the first place," I patiently explained as I examined his body. He didn't like me running my hands over his body, but it was necessary. He was naked, of course, because of the limitation I put on his transformation spell. His cock didn't stir at all as I inspected him so he was either too distracted by his wounds or had expended all his sexual energy last night.

Or maybe both.

"Tell me or I'll put a compulsion on you and that will be more painful than any momentary embarrassment," I said flatly. "How did you even get out of the house? I don't remember letting you out."

His cock remained soft as I ran my fingers over his buttocks. I had my suspicions about his nocturnal activities.

He sniffed at me. "You were too moon-eyed for that man you fucked nearly to death. I slipped out when he left."

I briefly flushed pink with embarrassment. Maybe Malaes was lying about his sneaking abilities and he had found a secret escape route, but I wasn't worried about that at the moment. I finished my inspection. "Your cuts are superficial. No need for alarm. I'll heal them for you if you tell me what you were up to last

night.”

We glared at each other briefly and eventually he relented. “I was fucking Shadow Princess and Muffin saw me. She attacked after I was done.”

He didn’t have the good sense to have some shame. He was proud.

“Was it worth it to get pussy that way?” I asked. “How satisfying can it be to fuck as a cat?”

He grinned at me, showing me his unnaturally long canines. “Completely worth it. You should try it some time.”

I frowned and shook my head. “No. I think no. I don’t need a cat’s barbed penis in my cunt.”

“That’s why the girls love mine,” he bragged.

I sniffed. “I doubt that’s the case. If you keep fucking the neighborhood cats you’re going to wind up the father of a litter of demoniac kittens.”

He glared at me and raised the corner of his upper lip. It wasn’t a snarl—he knew I wouldn’t stand for that—but it was as close as he would risk coming. “You said you’d heal me,” he stated flatly.

“There’s bandages and ointment in the bathroom cabinet. Use them.”

“You said you’d heal me!” he protested.

“But I didn’t say how I would.” I exited the house and closed the door firmly behind me. Malaes could only leave as a cat, not in his human form. Anyway, he’d be busy attending to his wounds for the foreseeable future. And then, knowing him, I’d come home to him watching porn on my computer. It was always a tossup if it was going to be human porn or cat porn.

I walked over to Margaret Fox’s house. I kept close tabs on all of my clients. Margaret was a nurse who worked odd hours. If she was in, all the better. If she wasn’t, I’d put a few minor wards on her house and a charm. It would help soften her up for recruitment.

I was only mildly surprised when, after knocking on the door, it opened. I had hoped for Margaret but what I got was better than what I expected.

The red-headed goddess that looked at me was proof that the earth mother still deigned to bless her daughters with unlimited beauty when she so chose. I tried not to let myself be startled or taken in by the beauty because appearances are so deceiving and I needed to judge the character of my recruits, not their bodies.

I judged this goddess's body in how wet she made my cunt. She was a young woman, fully flowered, but not fully awake. Her hair was a frizzy mess around her head. Her eyes were sleepy and puffy as if she had just dragged herself from bed. She was wearing a white cotton camisole that clearly showed the outline to her hard nipples, brought about by the chill air from the open door. Her sleep shorts were baggy but I could easily imagine what they hide away. It wasn't possible for them to completely hide the curve of her hips, however. Her long legs were bare and I desired to touch her smooth skin.

I contained myself.

"Yes?" she asked when I said nothing.

"I'm sorry. I was looking for Margaret Fox. Is she in?"

She shook her head. "Nah. Mom's at work."

"Oh. You are her daughter, I should have guessed." Margaret was an attractive woman but to produce a beauty such as this one made me think that Margaret was a witch herself or maybe she had inked a deal with the devil.

"Yeah…"

"Your name, dear?" I asked politely. I didn't want to seem like a friend of her mother's but I didn't want to seem like a stranger either.

"Aisling."

"Aisling Fox. A pretty and aggressive name. I like it."

"Thank you."

“I have something for your mother.” I paused. “And something for you as well.”

Her brow remained furrowed. “What?”

I reached into my purse and pulled out a pair of silver flasks. I was letting myself be drawn into a situation being led by my own desires. Foolish, I know, but I had to take chances. “Your mother orders from me quite often. This is her latest delivery.”

I held the flasks in my hand, not really offering them to her. “What is it?” she asked, intrigued.

“Just a little...booster, enhancement.” I paused. “How old are you, Aisling? I wouldn’t want to get someone who is very young in trouble.”

“I’m twenty one,” she said proudly, dismissing the idea that she was a child of any sort. “I’m an adult,” she asserted. “Is that drugs?”

“No,” I said quickly. “Nothing illegal. Why?”

She lifted her chin and put back her shoulders. “I was thinking about getting high. I’m bored.”

I thought about the weed that was in my house. I thought about hooking her up with Nicholas so she could have a steady supply.

“Why are you bored?”

“I’m back from college. Nothing to do right now. Looking for a job.”

“It’s not drugs,” I said with confidence. “Well, not a drug the police care about.” I started to offer her the flasks. “Would you like to try?”

Her eyes lit up. “Sure! Come one in.”

That’s the invitation I needed. She was alone and vulnerable and looking for excitement. She was beautiful.

It was perfect.

She was perfect.

I accepted her invitation.

Their house was exactly the same as every house in the development. The Fox household was style B, left orientation. I hated that I knew that, but it let me know exactly where to go to get to their kitchen.

“Some tea?” I suggested.

“No coffee?” she asked as she went to the pantry to fulfill my request.

“Tea works better with my elixir,” I said. “Beans are too bitter. Leaves of the tea plant are so much better. It heightens the aphrodisiac effect.” That was pure bullshit—well, maybe ninety percent bullshit—but I hated the taste of coffee so I didn’t care.

Aisling managed to find some tea, already pre-packaged in bags, but I was willing to suffer for that.

“Did you say aphrodisiac effect?”

Her question didn’t stop her from heating some water in the kettle on the stove.

“Yes, your mother buys quite a bit of this elixir from me. It’s not really a love potion, but it works pretty much the same way...along with a mild euphoric effect.”

Aisling smiled. “Will it get me high?”

“Among other things.”

“How do you know my mother?” she asked as we waited for the water to boil. Small talk. I hated small talk.

“She came to me looking for some help with her love life and I was happy to provide that,” I explained easily. “She’s a very good customer.”

Aisling laughed in that knowing way that young adults have, like they are sure of everything and know how the world works.

I wished more people were like that.

“My mother has a lot of dates. Last week she had three different guys leaving the house at all hours. I don’t want to think about my mother fucking, but what else was she doing all night—or day—with them?”

“I think that’s partly my fault,” I admitted. “The help I’m giving her with her...boyfriends.”

Aisling rolled her eyes at me. “Puh-lease. They’re her slam pieces. Her one night stands. Her booty calls. Her hook ups.” She sniffed. “How are you helping her?”

I indicated the silver flasks on the table. “Just a little extra help. Nothing fancy.”

“It’s not like it takes a lot to get a man into bed,” she said. “Most guys will fuck anything with a pussy.”

That was true in general and doubly true for a beautiful woman like Aisling. “But my little potions make it better...and easier.”

The tea kettle decided to boil just then. I took over, going through the ritual of pouring into the cups that Aisling had removed from the cabinet and steeping the tea. I added a few drops from the flask I intended to give to Aisling. It didn’t take long.

“I like mine with honey,” she said.

“So do I.”

She supplied the honey. We sipped together. She knew exactly what was going on.

Or at least she thought that she did.

I was seducing her without any effort.

It was almost a shame how easy it was. It was a shame how she didn’t know what she was getting herself into.

“How long does it take to hit?” she asked after a few sips.

“Not long. You’ll see,” I told her.

It worked quicker than she expected.

“Oh...wow.” She paused and her eyes unfocused. “Oh...fucking wow!”

“I know,” I said dreamily. It worked better the first time. Since it was her first time, it must have hit her like a truck. She stumbled to the side as she stood up from the table.

“Is it supposed to set my pussy on fire?” she asked.

“Yes, but not literally. Shall we lie down?”

“My bedroom is…” she couldn’t make her tongue work.

I knew the way and guided her to her bed. She was still a little dazed from the elixir so she wasn’t surprised at how I knew where I was going. It’s not like it was hard to puzzle out. The master bedroom was for her mother and at the top of the stairs were two other bedrooms. One had obviously been converted to a study. The other was Aisling’s. It was decorated halfway between teenaged girl and emerging adult.

Ignoring the decor was easy. Getting Aisling into the bed was also easy. The hard part was keeping her from falling out of the bed. For just a moment I worried that I had overdosed her and she was now no longer able to fully consent to sex with me. I needed her full consent, and no just because it was wrong to take advantage of a person in an inebriated condition (that’s rape), but because the magic wouldn’t work unless she wanted it.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” I asked her as I helped her back into the bed as she started to slide off

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub