AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MALE CHASTITY AND PEGGING

STEEL BANANA

PERFECTLY AVERAGE BOOK 1



ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Steel Banana:

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An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and Pegging

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Perfectly Average 1: The Steel Banana

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Chapter One

“You can’t be fucking serious.”

I looked at Jessica. My stomach was already tight because I was so nervous but I pressed on anyway because there was no reason to waste time on a relationship that had no future.

“I told you I was serious. Now it’s your turn.” I waited expectantly.

She looked down at the object I had placed on the table. Maybe it wasn’t a conscious choice, but she had hidden her hands under the table so she wouldn’t be tempted to touch it.

I knew I was dumping a lot on her, but what was she expecting? We were six weeks into a fairly intense relationship and if she wasn’t going to participate in my kink then I wasn’t going to waste any more of my time on her.

The cock cage on the table between us was expensive. For the amount of money I had spent on it, it wouldn’t be a stretch to consider it a work of art. I had often wondered how much time Michelangelo had spent on sculpting David’s small, soft cock in his famous statue. It was probably less time than had been spent on the surgical steel containment device.

“I don’t think I can touch that,” she said finally.

Disappointed, I looked at her face. Her eyes were wide open and projecting shock. My eyes were drawn to the little birthmark on her right cheek. It was an imperfection that was both sexy and intriguing to me.

With a sigh, I stood up. We were in her apartment. I had given her the I think we need to talk about our relationship line to get the conversation started.

She had been nervous. I don’t think that telling her about my kink had helped. Nor had demanding that I know what her kinks were.

“Then I don’t think we’re going to be able to continue on,” I said. “I knew I was into this since I was like...I don’t know...sixteen? Eighteen? I want you to be completely in charge of my cock and if you aren’t willing to do that...let’s just part as friends, okay?”

I picked up the cage from the table and started to make my way out of the place.

“Anal!” she suddenly blurted out.

I stopped in my tracks.

“Excuse me?”

“Anal,” she said. “I love anal sex.”

“We haven’t had anal sex.”

“I know...I’ve been trying to stop...and maybe if you are wearing that cage...maybe I can stop.”

Though I had stopped walking away, I now froze completely. I just wanted Jessica to be my keyholder. Now she was talking about keeping me inside the cage just because she didn’t want to have anal sex?

“We’ve never had anal,” I repeated, mostly for myself because I was confused.

“I know. And I want to keep it that way.”

“Most women don’t have anal sex,” I said, though that seemed self-evident.

She grimaced in a way that was somewhere between embarrassment and pain. “Yeah. I do. I did. I don’t want to do it any longer.”

“Well...that seems like a simple request.” I’d done anal with other girlfriends. It was a nice change of pace from the usual vaginal and oral, but it had to be the right circumstances to make it worth the effort.

“Have you worn that thing before?” she asked me.

I looked down at the cage in my hand. “Yeah. I have. With a couple of girlfriends.” I didn’t go into detail. She didn’t want to hear more than that I was sure.

“If you wear it, we won’t have anal sex, right?”

“If I’m wearing it and you’re my keyholder, I won’t be having sex at all. You can

still have sex."

She looked blankly at me. "What? You think I'll be fucking other men?"

My heart skipped a beat and I found myself thinking If only! But that was a step too far right now. "No. No...of course not," I lied. I sort of lied. Wanting her to do it wasn't the same as demanding that she do it. "I mean we can have oral and manual sex. That's sex."

"Manual?"

I had already partially fried her brain so it wasn't a question out of nowhere. In response, I held up my hand. "Fingers. I can make you cum from manual manipulation of...of whatever you want."

"Oh."

The curiosity was killing me. Maybe I'm part cat. "Why don't you want to have anal? And I'm going to point out that I wanted to know what kink you like to do. Not one you don't like to do."

"I love anal," she said with more enthusiasm than I ever would have guessed.

"Ookaayy…" I carefully approached the table and sat down. In the back of my head I was hearing my college roommate's advice, Never stick your dick in crazy! Never stick your dick in crazy! This happened after he had been dating Juliana, a particularly hot girl who wound up spray painting his car bright pink because he talked to another girl in his chemistry lab. But it was the best sex of my life!

I often wondered what happened to Mark after college.

"If you love anal, why don't you want to do it?" Jess hadn't struck me as particularly religious or uptight about sex or anything, but maybe this was the first red flag that I was seeing.

"I love anal," she repeated, her eyes getting a dreamy look. "When I have anal, I have the best orgasms. The best. Ever. Nothing else compares."

I felt a little emasculated. Sex with Jess had been fun and wild and I thought

rather great. But she was saying the best orgasms she had were from anal.

I hadn’t even put a finger up her ass.

“So sex with me has been...adequate and now you want to avoid having better sex,” I said carefully.

“No...I just want to stop having anal,” she tried to explain, but she was lacking in her actual explanation.

“Why?” I especially wanted to know why because, as much as I liked Jessica, I didn’t want to be the only man she had sex with who didn’t get to have anal with her.

Of course, if I was wearing my chastity cage, she wouldn’t be having sex at all.

Except manual or oral.

With me.

If she wanted vaginal—or anal—she’d have to go elsewhere for it.

I was hoping she wanted to go elsewhere...and let me watch.

But first steps.

“Why what?” she replied.

“Why don’t you want to have anal sex if it’s what you really like?” I asked her.

“I could ask you the same thing.”

“I’ve never been fucked in the ass,” I said quickly, though I realized right away that was the wrong thing to say since she apparently loved it. “Not that there’s anything wrong with liking anal. I’ve only ever done it a few times.” I kept the details vague. Two women, Josie and Mandy. Josie wanted to try it because her gay best friend said she had to. Getting out of that relationship was easy. Mandy and I did it three times; each time she was completely drunk.

“Well...it’s a lot of fucking work and...and it’s disruptive.”

“How so?”

She sighed. “I’m not meant to have a cock up my ass. No one is.”

“Yeah, but you like it. You said you like it.”

“I like it at the moment...but then the next day it’s not so great. There are a lot of complications afterwards.”

“Oh. You mean santorum and pain.”

“Not pain. Mostly soreness. But it’s messy too.”

“Right.Well. I don’t see much of a problem here. Do you?”

Jessica held her face between her hands, elbows on the table, wondering what the fuck she had gotten herself into. “I guess not.”

“Great. So you’ll agree to be my keyholder and I agree not to fuck you in the ass?”

“Sure. Why the fuck not?”

We celebrated by doing exactly what we shouldn’t have been doing.

We each had a shot of tequila to start things off. That was a bad decision.

I showed her how the chastity cage worked.

“Why is it called a chastity belt?” she asked. “It’s not really a belt. It’s more like a hollow steel banana.”

“It’s not called a chastity belt. Those are made-up things from the Victorian Era. No one every actually wore one.”

“Oh. Okay.” She took another shot of tequila. That was probably a good idea now that I couldn’t think straight. “So why do you like wearing this?”

I had disassembled the cage. It was sitting on the bed between us. It's really just a few pieces. The main part was a curved solid metal shaft with the end for my head an elaborate pattern of bars left open end so I could pee. The base ring that goes behind my balls to hold the whole thing in place. The lock and key on top to keep me locked up. There are a couple of spacers that are permanently affixed to it because it was sized exactly for me. That's it.

"I don't know. I just like the emotional feeling of having someone else in charge of my cock. Probably because I had a fucked-up childhood." I didn't want to get into that now. Let's just say my parents divorced when I was young. They both had multiple marriages after they divorced each other. Multiple affairs that I knew about which meant there had to be multiple affairs that I didn't know about. I had witnessed, accidentally, more sex in real life than any teenager should see before, after or during the apogee of internet porn.

"Do you want to tell me details—?"

"Nope," I cut her off quickly and took my second shot of tequila to wash away the memories. "But once I started wearing cock cages, I started liking the feeling of them on my junk."

"Okay," she agreed. "I think I'm drunk enough now to put it on you."

"Great!" We were both a little drunker than we realized. There was a lot of fumbling around as I showed her what to do. I took off my pants and underwear but left on my shirt. The trick was to get the base ring in place without pinching any skin and then slide the shaft on without getting too bent.

"Now I know why you shave your balls and trim your pubes," she commented. Apparently I was the first guy she had ever been with who shaved his balls. What type of sheltered love life had she been living?

"You shave your pussy," I pointed out.

"I leave a landing strip. And it's so I don't have curlies hanging out when I wear a swimsuit. Or a thong."

"I'm going to point out I find your landing strip sexy."

"Thank you." She had been manipulating the lock and key and once she figured

it out she let out a little cry of triumph and displayed the key to me. I smiled at her. My cock, despite years of training in private, tried to get hard, but naturally I couldn't since it was surrounded by unyielding metal.

Grabbing my armored junk she shook it back and forth a little. "I'm in charge of your little dick now," she crowed.

"It's not little, I complained to her. "I'm perfectly average. Five inches long is perfectly average."

She sniffed a little. "Don't I know it. You, Michael my dear boyfriend, are perfectly average. Five inch dick. Five foot nine. Brown hair. Average looks."

"Average looks?" I protested, but she went on.

"Medium build. Average weight. I bet you even have an average shoe size."

"I wouldn't know."

"I can look it up."

"I'd rather try out the second half of our agreement."

"What second half?"

"I go into chastity. You hold my key. I don't fuck you in the ass, but I do oral and manual on you."

She brightened and took another shot, this time directly from the bottle. "That's right. Let's see if your average tongue lives up to your average cock." She started struggling out of her jeans, flopping around on the bed. "Can you make me cum just with your mouth?"

"And fingers," I added.

"Right. And fingers." She managed to get her jeans off without too much trouble. Her panties were askew on her hips. They were bright blue with a thick white elastic waistband, high cut, but not a thong. Jess flopped back on her pillow and spread open her legs which actually prevented me from pulling off her panties. The top edge of her pubic hair was just barely visible from how they

were partially pulled down.

Pushing her knees together with my hands I moved up her body and kissed her. “You can’t fuck me if my knees are together,” she told me.

“I can’t fuck you if I’m wearing a chastity cage,” I reminded her.

“Oh. Right.” She giggled. She was drunk. So was I. A little. At least I didn’t have to worry about whiskey dick. Pulling down her panties for her, I exposed her pussy and this time when she opened up her thighs she displayed her pretty little pussy to me. Her labia were already dark pink. I could see a bit of wetness on her protruding lips. I wanted to dive in right away and start feasting, but she sat up and started struggling with her shirt and bra. It was more like a camisole than a bra because Jess had small tits.

I liked small tits on women.

Actually, I liked any tits on women. I’m not that picky.

But I preferred smaller ones. Call me crazy.

And call me a little drunk, because I was.

Once she was sufficiently undressed, from the waist down at least, I pushed her down on the bed while she continued to skirmish with her camisole. When I put my face between her thighs, she got distracted and eventually stopped trying to remove her remaining clothing while I slathered all my attention on her pussy.

I was already familiar with her intimate anatomy and what she liked. Since Jess was already wet, I just ran my tongue along her open lips to get her taste and then I focused on the little pink pearl sitting atop her slit. A little tongue work and then some firm licking followed by sucking it into my mouth had her crying out for more.

Jessica was a vocal woman in bed. She had trouble shutting up. Either she was moaning with pleasure or running her mouth telling me what to do or how to do it or she was just talking dirty in general. So she was either “Oooh...ummm,” or she was commanding me, “Fuck me harder. Faster! More intense!” or it was a string of filth, “Stick your tongue up my cunt. Suck on my clit. Ohh...fuck I love it when you do that!”

At least she liked sex.

I once pursued a girl in college, Janice, who was beautiful and charming and everything a person could possibly want in a partner. Except when we got into bed, she played the role of starfish and just laid there.

Still, for all my mouth work on her pussy, it wasn't enough for Jess, not tonight. That wasn’t a problem for me, however. I had other options.

While I continued to lick and suck her sensitive little button, I inserted a pair of fingers in her pussy. I didn’t realize it at the time but my pinky was resting near her back entrance. No big deal. I was a little drunk; she was a little drunk. When you get down to it, you’re close to all those parts of the anatomy. I wasn’t purposefully trying to cause problems.

Reaching up inside her, I find the little bump that really gets her going. I hadn’t made her squirt yet by stroking her g-spot, but that only encouraged me to try harder. Knowing now how much she liked anal sex, maybe I was wasting my time with that particular tactic.

Still, I wasn’t going to give up in the middle of sex right then. Not unless she told me to stop. She didn’t. I kept going, sucking and licking and stroking.

Her thighs closed on my head, trapping my hand, as she came. Her entire body tensed up and quivered as she first groaned and then shouted out, “Fuck yes! Fuck!”

While I didn’t think she was going to crush my skull with her thighs, the way my arm was trapped was painful. Luckily her orgasm passed after half a minute and I left her panting and wet.

“You can take your finger out of my ass now,” she told me.

“What?” Unconsciously I jerked back my hand that had been between her legs just as I realized that my pinky wasn’t exactly up her ass, but it was resting against her anus. Had been resting against her anus.

I wasn’t sure if she had liked it or not.

“Thank you,” she said.

I wasn’t sure if she was thanking me for pulling my finger out or making her cum or both.

It didn’t matter.

“You’re welcome. It was my pleasure.”

She reached down and grabbed my metal-covered cock. “I don’t think it was completely your pleasure,” she told me. “You didn’t get to cum.” I liked how she asserted her authority over my cock. It was exactly what I wanted.

“That’s the whole idea. I don’t get to cum except when you decide.”

“What if I decide I want you to fuck me right now?”

I shrugged. “Sure. If that’s what you want. But you need to lock me back up when we’re done. I can’t guarantee I’ll be able to get it up, though.”

“Why’s that?”

“Whiskey dick.”

She laughed at me. “More like tequila dick.”

“Whatever.”

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked. Her fingers drifted down to my balls. They were more vulnerable than the rest of my manhood. At this point she was just caressing, but I didn’t put anything past Jessica.

“Yes, but no.”

“What?”

“Yes, but no.”

“I’m a little drunk,” she said, making an understatement, “but I’m not that drunk. Explain.”

I continued to let her fondle me. I felt so vulnerable. “The whole purpose of chastity is denial. Denial to me, service to you. I’ll make you cum however you

want: fingers, mouth, toys, or cock, if that's what you want. I'll make you cum whenever you want."

"Interesting…"

"Some couples where the man is in chastity go months without PIV sex."

"I don't want that!" she declared.

"Okay, but can we go for a week?"

"No sex for a week?"

"No, I don't get to be released for a week. You can have sex whenever you want." I left it like that. I should be involved in her having sex, but I didn't have to be.

"So next week, I get to take off your cage and do whatever I want?"

"You can do whatever you want, whenever you want. I'm in your power."

She liked that. She squeezed my balls hard enough to leave me gasping.

"Did you like that?"

"No," I grunted. "But if you liked it…"

"You're turning into a pussy," she told me.

"I just know what I like."

We went to sleep in her bed, me in chastity, her completely naked. It was a good start.

Chapter Two

I woke up with my cock trying to get hard. Morningwood is the worst. It had been a while since I had worn my cage overnight and it still took a little getting used to it. My rolling over with a painful groan was enough to wake up Jessica.

“What? What’s the matter? Are you dying?”

Apparently my groans alerted her to my distress.

“No. Not dying. Just a bit of pain. Got to get used to riding the horse again.”

I rolled over to face her. My cock was only slightly swollen now. The head was visible through the lattice and while it wasn’t dark purple, which would have alarmed me, it was dark red.

She grabbed my cock and examined it. “That doesn’t look safe.”

I let out a little half-chuckle. “I’m used to it. Sort of. It’ll go soft soon enough.”

“When’s that?” she asked.

“When I get away from you and take a cold shower.”

With a knowing smile, she leaned over and kissed me. I could feel the warmth of her body and my cock was unsure of what it wanted to do: go soft and get the rest of my body comfortable or get hard and tell me to go fuck myself...and maybe Jessica as well.

“You said I could have sex anytime I wanted,” she said softly, letting the bedsheets fall down to reveal her body. I couldn’t help but stare at her tits. They were gorgeous, especially the left one where she had a silver barbell through the nipple. Earlier she had told me she had gotten it done with friends and after the first one she had chickened out on the second.

I sort of liked that she was semi lopsided. It was sexy.

“Yes…”

“And I want to have sex,” she finished for me as if she were explaining her

needs and emotions to a child.

“Okay,” I readily agreed. “What do you want me to do? And please don’t tell me that you want to take off the cage. I really want to go a week before I take it off. I need to prove something to myself.”

She affected a look of insult. “I would never dream of doing that. But I did wake up horny so…”

In response I started to move down her body, happy to put my face to her pussy once more.

“No. Not that.”

I paused halfway to my goal.

“What then?”

She rolled over and reached beneath her bed. Dragging out a rather large shoebox she threw off the lid and revealed a small collection of sex toys. I saw at least three dildos, several bottles of what I assumed was lube, a silver toy that had to be a butt plug (and I wanted to ask her about but held my tongue) and a paperback book that could have been anything since I could only see the back cover.

Jessica grabbed the medium sized bright blue artificial phallus and, unexpectedly, handed it to me. “I woke up craving cock this morning. Since yours isn’t working right now, you’ll have to use this one.”

Flopping back on the bed she spread her legs open and raised her knees giving me easy access to her pussy.

“Lube?” I asked her politely.

“Please.”

I reached for the shoe box, which I now realized had to be a boot box, and grabbed one of the bottles. In the process I flipped over the large paperback. I wasn’t the least bit surprised to read the title. Anal Pleasure and Health.

There was no time to quiz her on her desire to have her ass used for sexual purposes. I flipped open the top of the lube, squirted some along the length of the vibrator and then drizzled some on her pussy.

She wasn't wet, not yet. Or at least not that I could see. That didn't stop her horniness, it seemed.

"Go slow at first, and then towards the end you're really going to need to pound me," she instructed.

"Can do."

It felt a little strange introducing the head between her lips, but I found the correct angle and pushed it into her slowly.

"Mmmm," she moaned. "Nice...go slow."

I moved from between her legs to her side, and holding the vibrator in my right hand, I started to slowly move it in and out of her pussy. Laying on my side I could kiss her, which was nice, and I could lean down to take her nipples into my mouth, which I also did, savoring the left one more because it was pierced.

She lay back and let me do what I wanted, but unlike Janice the starfish, she gave me all sorts of feedback with moans and motions and, of course, instructions. "Faster. Turn up the speed. Faster! Harder."

Faster and harder were her favorite words. It didn't take that much time for me to get her to the point of orgasm, but my arm was getting tired. I started to understand why women wanted powerful vibrators that they could ram in their pussies. A halfway decent one would only take too long for them to get off before their arm muscles gave out.

For some women at least.

Abruptly she screamed out her pleasure and grabbed my wrist, preventing me from continuing to fuck her with the dildo, though I tried. I was certain what she needed was another little push to give her a second orgasm, but she fought me too hard and I stopped.

"That was fucking incredible," she complimented me. "I think I could get used

to this, keeping you in chastity."

"I hope so," I fervently agreed.

"It's probably just the endorphins talking, but I want to make you cum."

"That's not possible, baby," I assured her.

"I still want to do it."

"Perfectly natural, but I'll be okay. Just think about what it'll be like when you do free me."

"It better be fucking mind-blowing," she told me.

"I hope so." I grunted as I got up and went to drop the vibrator back into the boot box.

"Don't!" she cried out.

"Why not?"

"It needs to be washed first. I don't want a fucking infection from dirty sex toys."

That seemed reasonable to me so we went to the bathroom where she instructed me on how to wash the vibrator. Using the bathroom sink was fine, except my encased cock kept hitting the edge of the vanity while I stood there, working naked.

"You look funny with a metal cock," she commented, watching me from where she perched on the edge of the bathtub.

"You ever been fucked with a metal cock?" I asked her, grinning.

"No, but I'm willing to learn," she smirked. "But seriously, I've looked at metal dildos and they are expensive."

"Uh-huh," I absently agreed as I dried off the vibrator with the towel she handed me. "What's up with that book I saw in your little pleasure chest?"

I looked at her while I asked the question. Her cheeks flushed red for a moment before she answered. “What book?”

“Anal Pleasure and Health. Don’t tell me you don’t know what I’m talking about. I saw it and I can go get it right now if you want.”

“Oh. That book.” She smirked again. “It’s good to know what’s safe to put in your ass. Not that I’m doing that any longer.”

I had my doubts, but I didn’t push the issue.

I didn’t think she was done with anal sex just yet, not by a long shot.

Chapter Three

Wearing a chastity cage can be compared to a marathon as opposed to a sprint. It's a long and grueling process that is rewarded at the end with an incredible release of relief that causes the participant to collapse in complete exhaustion. A sprint is over so quickly the participant doesn't get to revel in it and truly enjoy the experience; the pleasure at the end is hardly worth the struggle.

Even before I had started dating Jessica I played around with my chastity cage but only for short periods. Putting it back on for some endurance wearing was a struggle.

But a fun struggle, like a marathon.

As I slowly got used to again wearing it all the time, Jessica took an interest in chastity. She took an interest to the point that I was getting worried because she started to know a lot more than I wanted her to.

That was scary.

And exciting.

As part of an agreement that we were going to take our relationship seriously, we had started to spend every evening together, not always sleeping over, but often. On the fifth night after she had put me into chastity, she glanced up from whatever she was reading on her phone and said, "Show me your cock."

"I can't. I'm wearing a chastity cage. You can barely see it."

"Ha ha. Very funny. Open up your pants and show me your cock and cage."

I knew something was up so I decided to play along. What could be the harm? I unzipped and shoved my pants and underwear down to mid-thigh, letting my caged cock flop out.

Jessica got down on her knees at my feet. For just a second I thought I was going to get a blowjob and then I remembered that my cock was caged.

Chastity will fuck with your mind.

Instead of putting her mouth to my cock, she instead just grabbed my metal package and started inspecting it.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Checking the fit of your cage.”

“I can assure you, it is properly sized to my cock.” I didn’t mean to sound like an arrogant prick, but it came out that way.

“According to the article I just read, improper fit is the most common reason men are able to pull out of their cage and masturbate, thereby defeating the whole purpose of being in chastity.”

I was about to object to her inspection, but she just held up a finger and shushed me while she flopped my flaccid cock all around. It wasn’t exactly uncomfortable, but when the rod of might is inside a metal case, there are sensitivities that must be kept in mind.

“It looks like a good fit,” she finally decided.

“I’m so glad I passed inspection,” I told her, sarcasm dripping from my lips.

“Well, I don’t want you pulling out too soon,” she smirked at me, “and wasting all that precious cum. That’s supposed to be for me.”

“I know,” I said gently. “And I’m glad you’re taking an interest in my kink.”

That set her off, on a good path, but like any new recruit to any cause, she was a little too enthusiastic. “Did you know that chastity is incredibly popular in the gay community?”

“Yes, I was aware—”

She cut me off. “Can you imagine being gay and one half of the couple never gets to use his cock? Apparently gay men can be cuckolded as well. I figure those who participate are really into it and love the humiliation and control aspects.”

“I would a—”

But she was still babbling. “The guy without the cage still gets blow jobs from the guy in chastity and gets to ass fuck the guy in chastity.” Of course she was interested in the anal aspects of chastity.

Not that I minded that.

I didn’t blame her.

“And sometimes the dominant partner, the keyholder, will fuck another guy in front of the guy wearing the cage for some extra humiliation.” She paused and sighed sadly. “Sometimes I think sex as a gay man would be a lot more exciting than what I have right now.” She followed that comment with a glum frown.

“Hey!” I protested. “I’ve made you cum every day since we put on my cage!”

“I know but still…” She had a dreamy look in her eyes.

That made me nervous.

Nervous in a good way.

“Supposedly the only way to be really sure that a guy is never pulling out of his cage is for him to get a PA piercing and have a special cage with an adapter that prevents him from pulling out unless he totally shreds is cock.”

“I’m familiar wi—”

“You should get pierced,” she announced.

“Excuse me?”

“You should get a PA piercing,” she repeated. “It’ll be great for keeping you in your cage.”

“I’m not sure I want—”

“It barely hurts!” she said, getting up from the floor and pulling up her shirt to reveal that she wasn’t wearing a bra, which was a thrill, and a visual reminder that she had her nipple pierced, so she had some idea of what she was talking about.

“I don’t think I need to do that just yet,” I said cautiously.

“Well, not tonight,” she said with a wink, pulling her shirt back down over her tits.

“Ha ha,” I said, playing along.

She was just kidding around.

At least, I was pretty sure she was.

“You know the other big problem with chastity cages, don’t you?” she asked me.

I eyed her cautiously. I felt more than a little exposed with my cock out while she was fully dressed.

“You can still cum while wearing one,” she told me.

I gave her a blank stare. “Yeah. I know.”

“You do?” Clearly she doubted me.

“It’s fairly simple. Just use a vibrator against the surface of the cage, and, just like a woman, enough vibration should cause an orgasm”

She looked at me with piercing eyes. “So you’ve done this before.”

I was offended. “Of course not. If I’m going to let myself cum, I’m going to take off my cage.”

Her eyes narrowed. “But your keyholder—”

“I’ve always been able to persuade my keyholder to take it off when I really wanted.”

“Really?” she said as if I were challenging her.

“Yes. Really. I’ve done it a few times.” I was digging a hole and I knew it but I couldn’t stop myself.

“We’ll see if that works with me.”

I didn’t tell her that I could just cut off the small lock with a pair of bolt cutters or pick the lock, it wasn’t like the padlock that I used was super high security, but I left that unsaid.

“I’m glad you're fascinated with cock cage management,” I told her as I pulled up my pants, “but—”

She stopped me. “Take them all the way off. I want to play.”

My brow furrowed. “You want me to make you cum?” I was happy to do that. I loved watching her cum.

A smile was all she gave me as she headed to her bedroom. After kicking off my shoes and dropping my pants all the way off, I followed behind like a puppy.

Since the shirt only look was stupid, I pulled off my shirt before I walked into her bedroom, leaving me naked except for my cock cage. Sadly, she was still fully dressed when I found her going through the cardboard boot box where she kept her toys.

“Want me to use a vibrator on you?” I asked. “Maybe that big dildo we haven’t used yet.”

“No. I’ve got other plans.” When she stood up I saw she had a fairly slim light purple vibrator and her bottle of lube. These she tossed on the bed and then opened up the bottom dresser drawer. “I haven't shown you my favorite toy yet.”

I was intrigued and watched closely as she pulled out the clothes jammed into the drawer. At the back was a large, corded vibrator. I recognized it as a Magic Wand. I wasn’t sure if it was an original model or one of the variants or knock offs, but I was positive it was more than powerful enough for any woman.

“You want me to use that on you?” I asked. “Sure. But if it’s your favorite, why are you hiding it back there?”

“I only get it out on special occasions. Lay down.”

I was puzzled. “Aren’t you going to get undressed? I don’t mind not going down on you if you want the vibrator, but you need to get undressed.”

I held my hand out for the big vibrator, but she shook her head at me.

“Silly boy. You’re not using this on me. I’m going to use it on you...and make you cum.”

“Uh...no.”

She nodded enthusiastically. “Um...yes!”

“I don’t want to,” I explained as carefully as I could. It wasn’t much of an explanation.

“But I do. And I’m your keyholder. You don’t know where your key is. If you want to get that key back so you can get your cock back, you’ll do exactly what I say. And what I say is I want to use this vibrator on your little cock until you cum.”

“Can’t cum in a cage,” I reminded her, grabbing my steel-encased junk and shaking it at her.

“Sure you can. You just can’t get hard in a cage. It’ll be an anal orgasm for you. I love them so I’m sure you’ll love them as well.”

Jessica had that look in her eye that I had only ever really seen in Juliana, Mark’s crazy girlfriend. I hadn’t seen it in Jessica before. I hoped it wasn’t something that I had previously missed.

“I’m not sure this is what I want to do,” I said cautiously.

She put down the vibrator in front of her body and faintly shook with annoyance. “Oh come on, Mikey! We’ve been playing your game for the past week—”

“Five days!” I corrected her.

“Whatever! It’s my turn to put a variation on this. I promise I’ll let you out for doing it.”

I wanted to keep her happy, and, to be honest, I was curious. I had never had an anal orgasm before. What would it be like while wearing the cage?

“Okay,” I relented. “We can try it out.”

“Yeah!” she cried. “Okay, lay down. I’ll plug in Bob and we’ll get to business.”

“Bob? You named your vibrator?” I wasn’t sure I wanted something with a man’s name on it against my cage.

“Battery Operated Boyfriend,” she clarified. “Sometimes if I’m feeling affectionate, I call him Bobby,” she joked.

I think she was joking.

“It’s not battery operated,” I pointed out.

“It’s a traditional name,” she explained.

“Okay…”

“Just lay down. I want to try this out.”

“You’re a little crazy,” I told her as I got on the bed.

“Says the boy with a steel cage around his cock.”

“What?”

“Normal men don’t go putting their junk inside a steel tube,” she pointed out to me.

“Okay, but—”

She cut me off before I could complain any further. “Shush now. I want to make you cum with my trusty electrified boyfriend. Just lay back and relax.”

“Think of England?” I said.

“What?” By now she had plugged in the vibrator. Its cord had to be over five feet long, which seemed like nothing compared to the nearly foot-long machine itself. It was easily as thick as a soda can with a flared head that was more than a little intimidating.

“Lay back and think of England. Old joke about how British women are cold and don’t like sex. They’re supposed to lay back and think of the good they're doing for England while getting jolly rogered by their husbands because they’re raising the next generation of Brits.”

She just looked at me.

“I suppose it’s not funny if I have to explain the joke.”

“Right,” she agreed and switched on the Magic Wand. It was rather quiet, not nearly as loud as I was expecting. “It’s on the lowest setting. Tell me if it hurts.”

Without further romance, she pressed the soft silicone head to my armored cock and I tried not to flinch away.

It was...rather nice. Not painful. It didn’t make a terrible rattling noise. It was a sort of stimulation I was unused to but I could see why women were so in love with their vibrators.

“You like that?” Jessica asked, fascinated by what she was doing to me.

“Sure.” My response wasn’t exactly enthusiastic.

“Okay, let’s change things up a bit.”

Jessica seemed to know what she was doing. She moved the control switch and shortly, instead of a steady low thrumming, I was getting pulses that went from the tip of my cock and spread all through my lower abdomen.

“Okay, that’s better,” I said, relaxing.

“You need a little tease,” she declared and whipped off her shirt, baring her breasts. I was immediately mesmerized.

I don’t know who initially said it, but tits are great.

As I watched her tits, Jessica focused on moving the Magic Wand vibrator around my cage and balls while I focused on watching her tits and enjoying what she was doing to me.

It was unique, something I hadn’t done before, but it wasn’t exactly getting me all the way there. My cock swelled inside the cage, pressing tightly to the metal tube that held the shaft and pushing against the bars at the end of the tube, but not much beyond that.

After maybe five minutes, Jess frowned at me. “How close are you?” she asked.

“To cumming?” I replied dreamily.

“No, to fucking Norway!” she spat out. “Yes, how close to cumming are you?”

“Uhh...it feels nice, but I don’t think this is going to do it for me.”

“Want to try a different vibration setting?”

She had already used a few different options, so I didn’t think that was going to work. “You can try, but this just feels nice. I don’t think it’s going to make me cum.”

With a firm nod of her head, she agreed. “That’s what I thought.” She pulled the vibrator away, much to my disappointment. “Get on your hands and knees,” she ordered.

“What?”

“Get on your hands and knees and put your ass in the air,” she clarified.

I knew what she was getting up to and I wasn’t sure if I wanted to go along with her plan. “Ookaayyy…”

“You don’t want to cum?” she asked me.

I wasn’t stupid, but I wasn’t thinking straight because I was so turned on after her having the vibrator against my junk for the past ten minutes. Though I knew she was controlling me through sex and lust, I was helpless to resist, all because I wanted—and needed—to cum.

I did as she asked, turning over and putting my ass in the air with my elbows on the mattress along with my knees.

It’s a vulnerable position.

I’d never admit it to her, but I liked it.

“I’m going to be nice and use some lube,” she told me right before I felt the cold drizzle of liquid between my cheeks. Her aim was excellent. I could feel it on my puckered anus.

Showing that she was more than a little familiar with anal sex and its routine preparations, she didn’t hesitate to stick a finger up my butt to make sure the lube was everywhere it needed to be.

Full disclosure: it wasn’t the first time I had a finger up my ass.

Further full disclosure: it wasn’t going to be the first time I had a toy up my ass either.

“Do you like that?” she asked me.

I faked it a little because I didn’t want her to think I was the sort of guy who stuck all sorts of things up his ass out of curiosity, even though I totally was. “Y-y-yes.”

“I’ll be gentle,” she promised with a little giggle.

“What’s so funny?”

“Normally it’s the guy saying that.”

Before I could reply, I felt the rounded tip of the dildo against my back entrance.

“Careful!” I cautioned her almost by reflex.

“Relax,” she told me. “Otherwise it won’t be as much fun as it could be.”

I didn’t need to force myself to relax. I wanted this more than I would ever say. The dildo went up my ass. It went in way further than I thought it would, way further than I thought she would put it.

“Oh…” I tried not to moan, but it was impossible.

“You like that?” she asked me.

“Uh-huh,” I confirmed for her, hanging my head down, not in shame, but relief. My eyes weren’t closed so I could see my metal-clad cock hanging down between my thighs. It made me wonder what type of man I was.

“I like this, Mike,” she said, slowly pulling the toy halfway out and then pressing it back in. “Most men would be totally embarrassed and humiliated to admit they liked this, but not you. It’s fucking hot.”

I couldn’t really process my feelings in the moment, not with a firm silicone toy up my ass, but I appreciated her sentiment. “Thanks.”

“I think you’ll like this even better.”

She switched on the vibrator. I had forgotten it was a vibrator and not just a dildo. I wasn’t sure if she had it on low or high settings or what, but it felt fucking incredible. I wanted to melt. I wanted to cry. I wanted to cum. I wanted her to do it to me forever.

“How’s that?” she asked.

“Uh-huh,” I moaned. “Just...just more,” I begged, not totally humiliated, but getting there.

It’s not like I was going to go hang out with my buddies on game night and tell them all that my girlfriend stuck her vibrator up my ass and I loved it. Hell, they didn’t even know that I wore a chastity cage for fun.

Jessica was pleased with my reaction. “You little slut! You love this, don’t you?”

“Yeah…”

“I bet most men like getting fucked in the ass.”

“Uh-huh,” I agreed. I couldn’t say anything else. She made the vibrator speed up and I quivered in response.

“You know why men like getting fucked in the ass?” she asked as if she were a professor lecturing a class on basic anatomy.

“No…”

“It’s the prostate. It’s all about the prostate. It’s a little hidden pleasure center for a man, hidden away where he’s ashamed to let anyone know about.”

I couldn’t disagree with her.

I didn’t want to disagree with her.

“I think it’s why gay men know more about sex than straight men.”

“Uh-huh.”

“You know what else this is used for?” she asked.

“No….”

I was reduced to single syllables and grunts, that’s how good it was.

“Press a vibrator against a man’s prostate long enough and it’ll cause spontaneous ejaculation without erection,” she said.

“How…”

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “But I learned about it on the internet, so it must be true. Ejaculation without really cumming.”

I knew what she was talking about. It was all over the chastity forums. I had never gone this far myself and now I was going to get the opportunity to see how accurate the descriptions were.

“Do you want me to stop?” she said, pausing in her manipulation of the vibrator in my ass.

“No!” I shouted out. “Please no,” I begged.

She laughed and started pumping it in and out of me again. “Sure thing. I want to see your little cock cum.”

I nodded. I didn’t have any choice.

And I wanted to see my little cock cum.

I didn't even complain that my cock wasn't little. It was perfectly average, just like me.

She kept pumping the vibrator in and out of my ass. I wanted to grab my cock and jerk off in time with her thrusts, but that was impossible, not just because I could barely move, but because I was still locked safely away.

When it was about to happen, I didn't want it to happen. I resisted. I tried to push every sexy thought out of my head, but some things, like the sun rising and the seasons changing, are inevitable.

I could feel the climax building, but when it happened, there was no relief. All of a sudden my body, my cock, was pushing out—dribbling out, really—cum, but there wasn't the pleasant peak of orgasm.

When she saw the cum dripping from the end of the cage, Jessica shrieked with delight. "You're cumming! Holy shit, you're cumming!" She was an excellent lover and didn't stop working the vibrator in my ass. There were some vague spasms of orgasm in my thighs and abdomen, but nothing like I wanted.

The cum fell to her bed in a small puddle. I was ashamed at what she had done to me.

And at the same time, I wanted her to do it again.

Sex is weird.

When Jess abruptly pulled the vibrator out of my ass, I was left with a vaguely hollow, empty feeling that I regretted and savored.

"Did you like that?" she asked almost clinically.

"Yes," I admitted. Lying was no good. As much as I was ashamed, I had set us down this path. Once you've had your girlfriend stick her vibrator up your ass, there isn't much more shame to endure.

"Don't move," she told me and walked away from the bed. I heard the bathroom door open and water running. I figured she was washing her vibrator. Cleanliness

and all that. I should have at least laid down, but I didn't want to upset her. I wanted to please Jessica however I could.

A minute later she was back. "Oh, good. You haven't moved. I'm done with your ass, so you could lay down, but don't move just yet."

I felt vulnerable with my ass in the air, but it was also a hell of a lot of fun what we had just done, so I didn't argue with her.

Jessica walked around and got on the bed. Sometime in the last minute she had stripped off her clothes. She smoothly slid onto the bed and lay on her back, legs slightly spread. "It's my turn. You know what I want."

Her pussy was swollen. She didn't have much in the way of pubic hair, but her little dark blonde landing strip had dampness clinging to it. Probably a combination of amrita and sweat.

It didn't matter to me. I put my face between her legs and got to work. Eating her pussy was a pleasure. Because I didn't get a full release from her fucking my ass, I took it out on her.

Everybody won.

In short order I had her panting, right on the edge of orgasm, but I pulled back at the last moment.

"Fuck! Why'd you stop!?"

"No reason," I said idly as I inserted my index and middle fingers into her tunnel, curled the ring finger up against her perineum, and because she was so wet from my very sloppy cunnilingus session, I had no trouble easing my pinky into her ass. There was a hint of resistance as I pressed against her sphincter, but then she let me in.

"What are you doing?" she was protesting, but not emphatically.

"Playing a one man band with your pussy," I told her as I pressed my thumb to her clit.

She shivered with delight.

“You like that?” I asked.

“Oh...yeah…”

I kept rubbing her, pushing my pinky up as far up her ass as I could. Maybe she didn’t want to admit she liked it, but she loved it.

With my free hand, I reached up and twisted her nipple, the pierced one. That was just what she needed. A second later she was shaking and cumming.

“That’s not exactly what I was looking for,” she told me.

“It got the job done, didn’t it?” I asked smugly as I pulled my digits out of her orifices. I was still a bit angry and upset that I hadn’t really gotten to cum. I wanted to and I needed to, but I couldn’t. Not without begging her for the key to be released and she had already told me that wasn’t going to happen.

She wasn’t even telling me where she hid the key.

She wasn’t even wearing the key like a good keyholder would.

There was some release from her having drained my balls of the built-up cum. But it wasn’t enough.

Day seven couldn’t come soon enough.

Or so I thought.

Chapter Four

I glared at Jessica. I knew I had pushed my luck by asking to be released the morning of day seven, but I was eager to get my cock inside her again. It had been too long. I was more than willing to wait for the evening, but I didn't see the harm in asking.

I was harmed though. That was for sure.

"I didn't say when I would let you out," she said, twisting what she had said previously and what we had agreed to. "I think your first adventure will be two weeks instead of one. After all, you got to cum once already."

"That was hardly an orgasm!" I protested. "That was more like...a tortuous tease. I didn't cum. You just got me to ejaculate a little."

"It looked like cum to me," she said smugly. "Keep pushing and it'll be another two weeks instead of just one."

I shut my trap. It was a vile threat, but one I feared. "Sorry."

"Ohh...I like you much better when you're obedient. I can see why so many women like having their men in chastity." She reached out and grabbed my armored cock. We had just gotten up from bed and I was hoping for a release and a quick fuck.

No such luck.

"Yeah. Makes sense, doesn't it," I said grumpily.

"Don't mope," she said. "Besides, I left the key at my place so I wouldn't be tempted to release you."

We switched back and forth, spending the night at the other's apartment. I'm sure she intentionally left the key behind, but that was just to tease me.

I could see her logic.

I hated it, but I could see it.

“Would you like me to do anything for you?” I asked, hoping that bit of kindness would get me an early reprieve.

“No. Gotta get ready for work. I’ll see you tonight and then...maybe we’ll play.” She gave me a kiss and she finished getting ready and sailed out the door.

With her gone, it was easier to get ready for the day. I was already used to the slight weight of the cock cage I wore every day. Because of the cage, I couldn’t wear boxers, briefs were required for the support. I only hoped that Jessica didn’t find the many suppliers of man-panties out there. I didn’t want to wear a lace thong to show off my cage; I wasn’t into sissification but I couldn’t let her know that because she might, just might, want to explore that with me.

It scared the crap out of me.

Normally, no one could tell I was wearing a cage under my clothes. Working an office job I didn’t have to worry too much about moving around, but it was always a consideration because an unsightly bulge is one thing, but having a huge unexplainable bulge that was misshapen would be difficult to explain away.

Loose, somewhat baggy pants always helped.

More importantly, after Jessica left I had time to peruse a few forums on the interwebz. My ultimate dream was to find someone to fuck Jessica while I watched.

The problem with that dream was I hadn’t brought it up to Jessica yet.

And I was fairly certain she wouldn’t go along with it anyway.

Still, a man can dream, can’t he?

I had put out a few requests for guys who were looking for fuck a random woman in front of her boyfriend. There were plenty of men out there willing to do exactly that, but most of them were giant assholes who wanted to play the role of super dominant alpha male but acted like a jackass. Those that weren’t jackasses tended to be overweight, very old, or very young. Nothing I wanted to deal with, but I kept up the search, because I was dogged in my determination to see my girlfriend take another cock.

(And at the same time I was afraid of what would happen if she started fucking someone else. I was a fool to ask her to lock my cock because I had something wrong and twisted in my brain that made me do this thing.)

I looked at the latest batch of responses to my request for a nice bull to fuck Jessica.

To a one they were all terrible.

A sixty-two year old man who claimed to have a ten inch cock. I didn't think that Jessica was into old, not just older, men.

A nineteen year old guy who included a nude picture of himself with an erection. He had too many tattoos and his cock was hardly impressive.

A man who didn't mention his age but couldn't spell half the words in his message correctly. I had already instituted an intelligence requirement.

I knew it wouldn't be an easy search, but maybe my standards were too high.

As it was, I got through the day with a minimal number of problems. My cage didn't pinch my skin even once. Jess and I had set a dinner date for her apartment.

She had been acting hinky all evening and I knew something was up.

I hated it when I wasn't in control.

And oddly, at the same time, I loved it because she was in control of my cock.

After we had dinner, she got a look in her eye and I could tell she was ready to lay it all out.

"Wanna fuck?" she asked.

"Do you have to ask?" I replied and pulled her to me for a kiss. Kissing was nice. It gave me the opportunity to press my body against hers so she could feel the hardness of...well, not my cock, but the cage. It was a semi-subtle reminder that she needed to release me from my mini-prison if she wanted to be properly fucked.

She didn’t object when I moved my hands down to her ass. She didn’t object when I moved us back to her bedroom. She didn’t object when we got on the bed and I started undressing her. She even undressed me.

Jessica giggled as she grabbed my metal-cased cock. “This is hard, but the wrong sort of hard.”

“Take it off me and I’ll show you the right sort of hard.”

We were both on our knees, kissing and fondling each other, and she had her hand on my cock while I was massaging her ass. I had to be careful otherwise she might never take off my cage. As exciting as that was to contemplate, I didn’t want to take a pair of bolt cutters to the cage around my dick.

She laughed at me and shook her head. “No. We’re not taking it off just yet. You haven’t done your two weeks yet.”

“Then how are we going to fuck?” I asked and immediately regretted the words because there are all sorts of fucking and she had something planned.

“You’re going to fuck me, but not with your cock,” she said, pulling me side to side. I had to not wince at the slight pain she caused me.

“I’ve got fingers and a mouth,” I told her with a kiss. “And whatever else you can imagine.”

“I don’t have to imagine very hard,” she said, pulling away and rolling to the side of the bed. I watched as she reached underneath the bed and dragged out the boot box with her toys. I watched as she pulled up a toy. I wondered what she was going for and when she did so, I was first puzzled and then disappointed.

“Where did that come from?” I asked.

“Under the bed, duh.”

“I mean...I haven’t seen it before.”

She smiled at me, loving being in control of the situation. “That’s because I have more than one treasure chest.”

“Oh.”

“Put it on,” she said. “And I’ll find my favorite dildo.”

“I’m not putting that on,” I complained, knowing it was the wrong thing to say.

Her eyes narrowed at me but she turned away long enough to drag another box out from under her bed—I wondered how many she had under there—and pulled out a thick purple and blue dildo.

“If you don’t put it on, you don’t get to fuck me.”

I could have pointed out that I wasn’t really going to get to fuck her anyway. Wearing a strap-on harness and using a dildo instead of my cock was emasculating.

Of course, wearing a cock cage was also emasculating so I didn’t know what my real complaint or point was.

Jessica threw the dildo and harness at me. I automatically caught them. “Put them on.” It was an order. “And be careful with the dildo; that’s my favorite one.”

I liked orders.

But I liked asking questions as well.

“Why do you even have a strap-on harness?”

“I had a sort of girlfriend a while back. We used it to fuck each other.”

Those words caused my cock to try to stiffen inside the little cage. It was almost too much. Just to distract myself, I went through the motions of putting on the harness.

Life was about to get a lot more interesting.

To Be Continued

Preview

Unicorn Hunters 4: Keith

I watched intently as Bryan resumed sucking Keith's cock. It would have been better if I was spying on them without their knowledge, but I couldn't have everything. Still, I tried to melt back into the corner and silently watch while my husband debauched himself with another man.

I'd never see an pierced cock in the wild before and that made it extra hot. I had no idea that Keith was pierced. Then again, I had no idea that he was bi or gay or whatever.

They had obviously gotten up to something before I got home, but hadn't gotten far. They were both naked and there were no obvious signs that either of them had cum yet.

I was proud of my husband. He handled Keith's cock with remarkable skill, which I suppose wasn't that surprising because he had a cock himself and had been dreaming about this sort of thing for years. It was exciting to see Keith's cock disappear into Bryan's mouth and then reappear a moment later with the silver ring covered with Bryan's saliva and Keith's precum.

My thought was "What wife wouldn't want to see her husband do this?" But then I realized I didn't have the same desires as most of the adult population.

That was a good thing.

And I couldn't help myself as I watched Bryan get busy with Keith. As my husband's head started to bob up and down on Keith's manhood—which, while erect, wasn't all that large so I guess I wasn't seeing some serious deepthroating, a skill that either Bryan was a natural at or had quickly developed—I took not of Bryan's cock. It wasn't a raging hardon, but it was large and erect and drooling his customary precum.

Bryan was into sucking cock. Maybe he was into sucking cock in front of his

wife. Hopefully it was both. While he held Keith's cock with one hand, he had the other down on his own, slowly stroking it. Keith was on his back, enjoying the treatment. His eyes were closed as he concentrated on Bryan's actions.

I tried to remember if Keith was married or what. There was no wedding band on his finger, so probably not married. Unless he took it off when he went to whatever gay hookup location where he had met Bryan. I don't think he was married. He was Lydia's younger brother and I probably would have heard something about a wedding. I couldn't remember a girlfriend being mentioned. Was he out? Did it matter? I wasn't going to go running to Lydia to tell her my husband had sucked her little brother's cock.

That naughty thought was enough to drive my hand into my yoga pants. My pussy was hot and wet. That was becoming my natural state. Even though I had showered at Tracy's place after fucking her and her husband, I should have been fresh and clean and, most importantly, my sexual impulses should have been sated. They weren't. Seeing Bryan with another man—Another man again! I had already seen him fucking Jay!—had instantly gotten me hot and bothered and ready to fuck. What was wrong with me?

I wasn't going to be able to answer that question right away, so I did the next best thing. I found my clit, pulled my yoga pants and thong down a little farther, exposing my ass and pussy—not that Bryan and Keith were watching me—and got to work. If I was going to be given a private sex show, I was going to make the most of it.

There was no way to tell if they minded or didn't even notice. I didn't care. I was going to make myself cum because I might never get this opportunity again. And since I was a woman and wasn't hobbled like a man, I could make myself cum as many times as I wanted.

If Bryan and Keith were lucky they'd get two, maybe three, orgasms each before they were completely spent.

Bryan's technique had to be good, or maybe Keith was that fucking horny, because it didn't take long at all for Keith to give the signs that he was about to cum.

Plus the most obvious sign of all: "I'm gonna cum!"

I intently watched Bryan. I hoped he would have keep his mouth firmly affixed to Keith's cock, but he didn't. He backed off and started jerking him off. His fist went up and down no more than three time when Keith came with a deep groan. I wanted to see thick ropes of white cum go flying up into the air. I almost got that.

I had never seen a man with a cockring, a PA, cum before. I thought it might be just like another other man cumming. It wasn't. Most of the spunk ejected from his slit like a normal man, but some half dribbled out of his piercing hole on the underside. Even the stuff that came out of the correct hole was slowed down by thick ring he wore.

There were four or five spurts but that was more than enough to completely coat his cock in a wet, sticky mess.

It was a beautiful sight and I couldn't help myself; I furiously rubbed my clit until I came, stifling my little mews of satisfaction by biting into the meat of my hand.

I was expecting to cum. I was expecting Keith to cum. What I didn't expect was what Bryan did.

To suck off Keith was one thing, to go back down on him and lick his cum off his cock was another thing entirely. I'd swallowed plenty of cum in my time and knew it could either be a thrill of the moment thing or a sexual satisfaction thing.

Maybe for Bryan it was both, but he licked some of the gobs off Keith's cock and swallowed them. It was almost too much for me to take. My hand hadn't let go of my pussy, so I plunged my fingers back inside, got them good and wet, and rubbed my clit some more as I slowly slid my back down the corner wall. By the time my ass hit the floor I was cumming. Two quick, powerful orgasms in such rapid succession almost spent me entirely.

Almost.

I must have made some noise while I was doing this because both of the men looked over at me. "That was fucking hot," I gasped out at them, the only explanation of my behavior. My hand was still on my pussy. I wasn't covering it for shame or embarrassment. I was just waiting for the spasms to subside so I

could maybe stand up or maybe go again. There was no way I was done.

“I’m glad you enjoyed the show,” said Keith. He was a little miffed that I was there, of that I was certain.

“It was great,” I commented as I struggled to get up.

“Did you have to watch?” he asked me. There was more than a touch of snark in his voice. Was it always there or was he just a rude fucker. True, I had walked in on him about to have sex, but he was fucking around with my husband so that entitled me to some rights.

“No, but you’re fucking my husband and you’re in my bed, so you can always leave if you want,” I retorted as I got to my feet and wiped my fingers on my thigh. I stepped out of my pants and considered taking off my top, but there was no reason to get fully naked. Not yet.

“You said you’d bottom for me,” said Bryan. I could tell he was disappointed.

Disappointed and horny. His cock was fully erect and looked bigger than I remembered it. He was definitely bigger than Keith and probably bigger than Will. Maybe the same size as Jay.

Not that size matters. Who wants a huge painful cock inside their pussy or ass?

The head of his cock was wet and slippery with precum. If he didn’t get to fuck Keith I was going to fuck him and I’d let him choose between my pussy and my ass.

Keith glanced back and forth between me and Bryan and Bryan’s cock. “Well, that was before she showed up.”

I didn’t want my husband to be disappointed so I did what any good wife would do. I rolled my eyes and said, “I’ll be in the study if you need me. You two boys fuck your hearts out.” I marched over to Bryan and gave him a possessive kiss on the lips. If Keith was going to play with my husband then he needed to know what he was getting into.

“Fine,” Keith sniffed.

“No, not fine,” Bryan said angrily. “She can stay and watch if she wants.” Bryan is big, but he isn’t huge. It was hard to tell with Keith laying on the bed, but he was much smaller than my husband. I didn’t think this was going to dissolve to violence and forced sex, but it gave my heart a thrill I hadn’t been expecting.

“I don’t like giving shows,” said Keith.

“She’s participating,” Bryan grunted as he picked up a box from the floor and pulled a condom out of it. When had he bought condoms? I guess it was smart of him but I never expected to be buying condoms again in my life. “She’s watching and she’s going to help out.” He handed the condom over to me and picked up a bottle of lube that was next to the box.

Nervously I opened the packet and started rolling it on his cock. Bryan thrusted his hips toward me. My hands were shaking a little. I knew I had helped put condoms on him before, but I couldn’t remember when the last time that was.

Bryan lubed up his cock both before and after I put the condom on him. Keith was just watching. Tossing him the bottle, Bryan said, “Lube up or it’s going to be rough ride.”

I guess that was good enough for Keith. He filled his palm with the lube and pressed it to his ass before getting on hands and knees to offer himself up like a sacrifice.

It was sort of hot how Bryan took charge of the situation. Keith was definitely the submissive in this case. There was no hesitation on Bryan’s part this time. He got behind his new lover, one hand on Keith’s hip, the other on his cock and guided his manhood into Keith’s ass.

The smaller man seemed to resist for a moment, but Keith knew why he was there and he might have gotten off from Bryan’s mouth but they weren’t done yet, not by a long shot.

Bryan slowly worked his cock in and out of Keith’s ass, going deeper by increasing increments until he was fully settled into Keith.

“Oh...man that’s stretching me.”

“Am I too big?” Bryan asked.

“No...no you're fine. Just give me a minute to get used to you.”

“Sure.”

I watched and listened to this little exchange with intense interest. It was incredibly hot.

“You’re a lot bigger than my boyfriend,” Keith added.

Raising my eyebrows questioningly at Bryan I moved in closer to give him a kiss. I’m certain that it made Bryan feel like a real man to kiss his wife while fucking a man in the ass. It was a masculine display in my eyes.

Bryan shrugged his shoulders after the kiss, indicating that if Keith had a current serious boyfriend it was news to him.

I was good with that.

It wasn’t like Bryan was going to have a serious relationship with Keith.

But it was still good to hear that Keith had a boyfriend.

Of course, that meant that he was quite possibly cheating on his boyfriend—unless they had an open relationship—but that wasn’t my concern at the moment.

My concern at the moment was Bryan getting his rocks off and he seemed to be enjoying himself, moving his cock in and out of Keith’s ass.

For his part, Keith was responding to Bryan’s pounding by rocking his body and alternating between little moans and careful breathing.

I couldn’t help but be curious and moved to the side to get a good look at his cock. It was hard and limber enough that it was flopping up and down, occasionally slapping up against his belly when Bryan rammed into him good and hard.

“Can I help?” I asked them. I was eager to get my hands on Keith’s cock. I could have Bryan any time that I wanted, but this might be my one opportunity with Keith. It was too much to resist and so I started reaching out to caress his cock

and maybe get him off while Bryan fucked him. This, I realized in that moment of clarity, was the whole meaning of having a third in the bed to share with your partner. It was having someone you loved to share adventures and exploring with. It made so much sense.

“No!” Keith practically screamed at me.

I recoiled from his verbal assault.

“What the fuck!” I blurted out.

Bryan stopped moving. He was as surprised as I was.

“Don’t touch my cock!” Keith told me.

“Okay. I won’t! Sorry!” I pulled back, a little bit angry and a little bit confused and a lot upset.

He looked over his shoulder at Bryan. “I said she could watch, not grab my cock!”

“Okay, okay,” Bryan tried to soothe him. “She’s not going to touch you. She’s just going to watch. Don’t make this weird.”

I almost chuckled at his last word. The whole thing was weird. How couldn’t it be weird? We were three people in a bed together. I was watching my husband bugger another man and I was getting off on that. It was the very definition of weird.

“Sure, sure,” Keith muttered. “Just finish up, would you?”

“Want me to give you a reach-around?” Bryan asked and then didn’t give Keith a chance to answer. He just reached around Keith’s hip and grabbed his cock.

I knew I was going to enjoy this, even with the abrupt rejection from Keith.

Maybe Keith was going to object, but once Bryan started fucking him again and stroking his cock, any words he had in his throat never made it past his lips.

There’s something oddly erotic and almost violent about two men having sex

together. Maybe it was because it was done for pure pleasure because there was no other purpose to it. Maybe it was because two men that close together were usually fighting, not fucking. It didn't really matter because I backed off with the intent on getting off.

I went back to my corner and put my hand between my legs. My pussy was wet and my clit was inflamed. It was going to be easy to cum to this scene.

I loved the way that my husband was doing everything he could to make Keith cum. His efforts were Laud-worthy and I let out a little moan as I came just because he was putting so much effort into it.

Bryan looked over at me with triumph as Keith groaned low and loud and splurted his cum all over the bed sheets.

"Fuck!" he cried out as he came.

Some of his spunk got on Bryan's hand. He didn't seem to mind that and wiped it on Keith's side. He then continued to pump his lover, he didn't last much longer. I was familiar with the face that he made when he came. It was weird seeing him make that face with someone else...someone else who wasn't a woman...or me.

Anyway, he seemed to take great pleasure in finishing inside Keith, even as he pulled out and I saw the santorum over his condom.

Keith crawled forward a little bit right before Bryan grunted and collapsed to his side. "That was fucking good," he declared.

Keith kept crawling forward and eventually made it to the edge of the bed where he got off the bed and scrambled on the floor for his discarded clothes. They had been tossed there when he and Bryan were warming up. I had missed that, but could well-imagine it in my head.

I watched, with some confusion, as Keith quickly put his clothes on. He did it quicker than I thought possible. It was disappointing as well because I wanted to keep looking at him body. Maybe he was gay and maybe he wasn't interested in me, but he still had a pretty face and cock. Yeah, maybe it was smaller than Bryan's, but size wasn't important.

Plus he was much more cut than Bryan. I wanted to run my hands over his smooth skin and feel his hard muscles, but that wasn't going to happen.

Not tonight.

"Thanks for the fuck, Bryan," he said as he jammed his shoes on his feet and headed toward the bedroom door. He glanced at me and didn't even so much as nod before he left.

A few seconds later I heard the door open and close.

"Well, you know what they say," Bryan grunted after we heard the door slam.

"No. What?"

"The best unicorns leave after they fuck."

I looked at him. "Is that what they say?"

He shrugged. "It doesn't matter. I said it." He got out of bed and headed to the bathroom, the condom dangling from his cock.

"Was he worth it?" I called after him.

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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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