Steel Restraint 1



A Male Chastity Story

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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“No. Absolutely not.”

“C’mon, Marci. You used to do it all the time for me.”

“Yes. I used to. When I was married to you. I don’t do that anymore.”

Basil sighed with frustration. They had stayed on good terms, but he knew he was asking a lot of his ex. “Thanks anyway. I thought I’d ask.” He didn’t disconnect the call immediately. Maybe he was hoping for a reprieve. Maybe he was waiting for her to end the call.

“Hold on,” Marci said. “What exactly do I have to do?” She still felt a little guilt about their breakup. Technically she had been the one to cheat during their marriage. It wasn’t that simple, of course, it never is. But that was that.

“Just hold my key.”

“Yeah, I know. And I need you to spell out exactly what that entails because I’m not touching or looking at your junk.”

In the pit of his stomach, Basil felt a tiny bit flame start to kindle. “I just need you to hold my key for twenty four hours. Probably less. I can even drop it off for you. I’ll only have to see you when I pick it up.”

“Uh-huh.” Marci’s tone was doubtful. “Why? Why so short a period and why me and why are you doing this now?”

Basil considered his options and decided to go with the truth. “Because I trust you. Because I only need twenty-four hours.”

“Why?” she repeated, not missing that Basil had left out the critical part of the answer.

He sighed and confessed all. “Because I have a date and I don’t want to be tempted to do something stupid.”

“Like fuck her on the first date?”

When she said the words they both immediately regretted it. Basil and Marci had

fallen into bed on their first date. The sex was great. The relationship had started out on a high note and had slowly disintegrated from there, a slow disintegration that took fifteen years.

“Yes.” He cleared his throat. “Think of it this way, if this works out well, you might never have to do this again.”

She sighed. “Fine. You can drop off the key anytime at my place. As long as I don’t have to see your cock or that contraption.”

That contraption took Basil more than the usual time to lock onto his cock, partly because it had been some time since he had last put on his chastity cage and partly because he was so excited by his upcoming date that he kept getting hard which made it impossible to put on since chastity cages were designed to go onto flaccid cocks, not hard ones.

He tried ice and thinking about baseball. He considered beating off just to be done with it, but that wasn’t how he wanted to condition himself. In the end, it had to be a cold shower and judicious application of lubricant to get himself soft enough and slippery enough to get inside his cage.

It had been too long since he had worn it. While Basil knew it was largely his perception, he was certain that he had grown bigger in the time he had been out of his cage. There was a certain eager anticipation and high-intensity worry in the community that wearing a chastity cage for too long could cause permanent shrinkage of man meat; some men desired this and some feared it all the while knowing—at least among them who were willing to think clearly and logically—that such a thing was impossible. Oh surely, a cock grew and shrank with the sexual thought and general lust and the temperature, but wearing a steel cage around one’s manhood couldn’t do that.

At least that was the logical thought process.

Once his cage was on and Basil had firmly clicked the small padlock shut, he exhaled with some relief. He had shaved all his pubic hair off first, which was a process not because he was particularly hirsute, but because getting all the little hairs around his sack and the base of his cock wasn’t an easy task. Still, he liked the look and feel of being hairless, and it made wearing the cage easier because

he wouldn’t get an unexpected hair pull at the wrong moment.

He was also certain it made his cock look bigger. Not that he was into that.

After admiring his caged self in the mirror for a minute, he wrapped a rubber band around the padlock to prevent any tell-tale clicking—thank you, Mr. Poe—and proceeded to get dressed. It was supposed to be a date. He dressed nicely, not formally, and once he was ready, he headed out to his ex-wife’s place to drop off the key.

She wasn’t home, of course, because she didn’t want to see him, but he put his key into an envelope and dropped it into the mail slot of her door. The thrill of his predicament gave him a burst of blood to his cock and a pinch of pain. He loved it.

Dorothy was a very nice woman whom he had met the way all modern relationships start: on a dating app. Unfortunately the one he had met her on was of the variety that was tamer than most. The ones that were openly kink friendly had too many men and not enough women. Basil didn’t blame women from avoiding them.

In person Dorothy was every bit as charming as she was on the messaging app. “Call me anything but Dot,” she told him as they sat down for drinks. They had agreed to a drink first, then maybe dinner. They left the end of the evening open and undiscussed which Basil was fine with because he had no intention of fucking her on the first date.

“Most of my friends call me Baz,” he said. “Do you prefer Dorothy?”

She rolled her eyes and brushed her bangs out of her eyes. Her thick brown hair was caught back in a casual ponytail, but she carefully maintained her bangs. “No. My parents cursed me with a three-syllable name. Thee or Thena.”

Basil was momentarily puzzled. “Oh. Doro-thee.”

“Yeah.”

“Thee becomes Thena?”

“Yeah, it’s supposed to be short for Athena.” She winced and took a sip of her

drink. “I went through an obsessive phase in high school. Greek gods and goddesses.”

“At least you chose the goddess of wisdom.”

She raised his glass to him. “There is that.”

“And war,” he added, also drinking.

“True,” she smiled. “I don’t get parents these days naming their daughters Aphrodite. I mean, who could possibly live up to her responsibilities: sex, beauty, and fertility.”

“It is a little much,” he agreed.

“But maybe not for me.”

The date went wonderfully. Dorothy—Thee—allowed Basil to walk her home since she didn’t live far from the place where they had met. The walk was good for him because he had drank and eaten too much and needed to work some of it off. He wasn’t even thinking about the cage around his cock which was a good sign because he knew that would get him into trouble. Of course when he realized he wasn’t thinking about it, he started thinking about it.

It was a vicious cycle.

Without even realizing it, Basil had walked Dorothy up to the third floor of her building and she paused at her door. She wet her lips and he noticed that most of her lipstick was gone; too much drinking and eating and talking.

“Want to come inside?” she asked, hinting at nothing but implying everything.

The question was enough for Basil to get hard, but then he couldn’t get hard because no matter how desperate he became, human flesh was no match for surgical steel. He smiled at her sadly, hoping he was a better actor than he knew he was.

“I’d better not,” he said with as much regret as possible.

Dorothy was taken aback. “And here I was thinking things were going swimmingly.” She flipped her ponytail off her shoulder.

“They are…but I have a strict policy on first dates.” He said it without saying it. “I’ve had a couple of bad experiences in the past with making things go too quickly on the first date and…I’m trying to be more mature.”

She twisted her lips and nodded once. “Okay. The goddess of wisdom would probably say you’re playing the long game. But I can admire that. Still, it feels wrong to end this with a handshake.” Her smile, even without perfect lipstick, was more intoxicating than the drinks he had consumed.

Before they realized it, they were kissing. Basil pressed her up against the door, feeling her body against his. Her breasts mashed into his chest and she hooked one ankle around his calf. It was much more intimate than either one of them would have guessed. Her mouth was warm and wet; she loved the way he probed his tongue into her.

She especially loved the way she could feel his hard cock even through all the layers of their clothes.

He was the one who drew back first because he literally knew there was no way it could go any further. Sure, he could go down on her and please her in a variety of ways, but eventually he’d have to explain about the cage and that wasn’t a first date conversation.

“Okay, wow. That’s almost enough to tempt me.”

“Almost?” she teased.

Basil closed his eyes and forced himself away from her body. “I have willpower that’s like steel.”

“That’s not the only thing you have like steel,” she said, flicking her eyes down toward his crotch.

If only she knew. Basil walked away regretfully, but confident their second date would end on a different note.

The following day Basil went to Marci's to get his key back. Being in chastity for over twenty four hours wasn't a big deal to him at all. In the past when they'd been married, he had gone weeks being caged. It was an endurance test he had loved at the time.

When he knocked on the door, Marci didn't answer. Liz did. She wrinkled her nose at him. "What do you want?"

"I'm just here to speak with Marci. She has something for me."

Liz leaned against the doorjamb with no intention of letting him in or going to get Marci. "What could she possibly have for you?"

"It doesn't involve you, Lez."

As soon as he had said it, Basil regretted the insult. Liz's face went from sour to angry in a flash. "You've got nothing she wants or needs." For a short woman she could be extremely loud when she wanted. "Remember she left you for me!"

That wasn't quiet the case but before the argument could get out of hand, Liz slammed the door shut in his face. If Basil's cock hadn't already been tiny and restrained by his cage, it would have shriveled up. He hated that his ex hadn't just left him, but left him for a woman, Liz. And Liz was exaggerating. Her initial affair was with another woman; Marci just wound up with Liz afterwards.

He took in a deep breath and told himself not to pound on the door and make a scene. She had wound up with the house and he still sort of knew the neighbors. Instead Basil took out his phone and calmly texted Marci.

Before he could finish the message, the door opened back up. It wasn't Liz.

"You shouldn't call her Lez," Marci said.

"I know."

"It doesn't help."

"I know."

"She told me to punish you."

Basil lifted an eyebrow. “Oh? And you do everything she says?”

“I’m inclined to do exactly as she asked today. She wanted the punishment to be keeping your key another day.”

Basil said nothing.

“But I wasn’t sure if that was a punishment or not. You might actually enjoy it.”

Basil knew he’d enjoy it more than either Marci or Liz realized.

“So what are you going to do?” he asked her. His voice was stiff; his cock was not—it couldn’t be stiff until he got the key back.

Her smile was barely perceptible. “I’m going to keep it a day. Come back tomorrow.” She stepped back into the house and closed the door.

While he didn’t drive like a madman, Basil got back to his apartment in record time. He was ashamed and embarrassed at what he knew he was going to do, but he did it anyway. The entire time he was thinking it was only one more day and he could deal with it, but he couldn’t. He knew he couldn’t.

After stripping down, Basil got out the lube and the two vibrators, all the while thanking the machines of industry that ordering such products through Amazon was incredibly easy and private. The cage wasn’t coming off, not easily at least. But there were other ways for a little release. Both vibrators had well-charged batteries and he tried not to think about what he was doing while he was doing it. A generous dollop of lube went onto the top of the smaller vibrator and he applied just as much to his asshole. This was where he tried not to think about what he was doing. It was too personal and too shameful.

The small vibrator easily slipped up into his ass. There was no pain, just the usual hard presence that wasn’t supposed to be there. When he turned on the little device, the thrumming was off-putting for a moment, but then it became an agreeable pulsation. Basil didn’t have to summon up thoughts of unfulfilled fantasies; they were already there. He started to get hard, couldn’t, and the orgasm subsided.

He was expecting that. He was used to that. All of the preparation he had been carefully not thinking about his cock, but now he had to think about it. There

was just a little pain—but that was expected and wanted—and while he knew he couldn't get hard, he knew he could give himself a little relief, just enough to take the edge off.

Since he was lying on his back and had raised his knees to his chest to get the vibrator into his ass, it was easy to slowly move the vibrator in and out of his ass by a few inches to simulate getting fucked. He was just looking for an orgasm. Just a little relief.

It wasn't enough. It had been so long and he had built up his need that he was certain he could get off this way, but it wasn't going to happen.

Still keeping his true thoughts at bay, Basil searched blindly for the other vibrator on the bed, found it, switched it on, and pressed it against the hard steel bars of his little cock cage.

The pulse from the second toy were transmitted through the steel bars and then to his fleshy cock. It started to get hard once again. The second set of vibrations set up a sympathetic response with the toy in his ass. It was all too much to fully contemplate. Basil didn't have to fuck himself with the ass toy now, it was going to happen whether he wanted it to or not.

When he did finally cum, it was painful. It was like the first time he had ever cum when he had rubbed himself over and over until suddenly his cock spit out thick, gluey cum all over his pajamas and sheets. He didn't really get hard, but the vibrator in his ass pressed just the right way against his prostate and that combined with the one pressed to his chastity cage caused him to cum.

Once again thick, white, gluey cum forced its way out of his limp cock, soiling his cage and spreading slowly over his stomach. It wasn't fun, but it gave him a tiny margin of relief.

He turned off the vibrators, pulled the one from his ass, and staggered to the bathroom for a shower. Cold water washed away most of the cum and then he carefully directed the showerhead at the cage, taking great care to make sure all the cum was washed away. It took long enough that he was actually shivering and shaking before it was over. Only then did he switch over to warm water and thoroughly washed himself.

He changed the sheets on his bed, washed his toys in the sink, carefully dried

them and put them away, all the while pretending he was doing it for someone else.

No one wanted a man who wanted his cock to be controlled by someone else. No one wanted a man who liked to be fucked in the ass. No one wanted a man who wasn’t in control of himself.

It was just one more day. He’d get the key back from Marci.

He could have cut the lock off, but that wasn’t the man that he was.

One more day.

Chapter Two

Dorothy turned out to be a terrible flirt and also turned out to be terribly eager to get Basil into bed. She was subtle in her text messages but the intent was obvious.

While Basil was all for revealing kinks, enforced chastity wasn't something that most women were eager to see in their partner. In terms of how far beyond the pale it was, Basil placed it somewhere between being a foot fetishist and being a furry.

It was with some relief that Basil found his key in an envelope outside the house, the house that he and Marci once lived in. He knew he could have cut off the lock, but that wasn't the same as being unlocked.

He held the lock for a long time, trying to decide if he should be so bold as to give it to Dorothy if they did wind up back at her place or his place for sex. If nothing else, he'd shock the hell out of her. Or maybe scare her off. Or maybe intrigue her. Or maybe thrill her because he had suddenly put her in the dominant position of their budding relationship.

He decided no, it was not a second-date revelation. They had to have sex first. That was only polite.

As much as he wanted to be bold about it, Basil found that he couldn't go through with his plan of giving the key to his cage to Dorothy on their second date. It was his intent to do so. He had worn the cage to the date because it gave him the confidence that he needed, but when she reached across the table and touched his hand, he knew that they were going to wind up in bed and to do that to her would be crazy. He didn't want to spoil it now.

Instead he went to the bathroom and unlocked there, putting the cage in his jacket pocket before returning to the table.

"You were taking so long in there I was sure I was dating a woman," she laughed at him.

He played along. "No. I can assure you I'm all man. All. Man."

She gave him the side eye. “Really. There’s only one way to prove that.”

“I can prove it.”

“Here?” she boldly challenged him.

A quick scan of the friendly restaurant they were at led him to an understanding of what she was getting at. “Well…maybe not here. Perhaps some place a little more private.”

“What’s closer? Your place or mine?”

His place was closer. They quickly left and eagerly went to his apartment.

It was almost cliché how they stumbled into his place, kissing and groping and removing each other’s clothing. Basil didn’t even have time to turn on the lights. He could barely tell what she was wearing under her clothes. There was a definite flash of a black lace bra—there was some light leaking in from the windows even with the blinds drawn—but Dorothy was eager to get to his bed and so was he.

She got his shirt off but he felt he was in charge, at least for the moment, and kept on his pants. Somewhere along the way her skirt had fallen to the floor. Basil wasn’t sure if her bra ever came off. He did peel off her panties—black and lace, he was sure of it—and realized they were somewhere halfway between a thong and a bikini. That didn’t matter.

When he plunged his face between her thighs she gasped in delight. She groomed herself of course, but had left behind a nice, narrow strip of pubic hair. In the poor lighting he couldn’t tell exactly what was going on, but that wasn’t important. Dorothy was more than willing to go along with his plan for cunnilingus.

His tongue tasted her tart flavor and delved into the depth of her pussy before licking eagerly along her lips, already well moistened by her desire, and eventually sought out her clit. When he tickled the tiny little organ she gasped and squirmed in delight.

“Too much?” he asked her.

“No. Keep going.” She pushed his face back down to her pussy. “You know exactly what you’re doing.”

If not for his desire to be put in chastity by his wife Basil never would have learned the fine art of cunnilingus. Marci had always given him high marks for pussy eating which was good because his cock was barred from her pussy more than it was allowed in and she had a high sex drive. Marci said that vibrators were wonderful and all, but they didn’t match the satisfaction of a real cock. She also said that she was more than satisfied with cumming just from Basil’s mouth.

Marci said a lot of things.

Basil had learned that Marci was a liar.

He had not idea if Dorothy was the same type of woman as Marci—and Basil hoped to all the power that might be that she wasn’t—but she certainly appreciated a good tongue lashing to her pussy.

Even with his experience at eating out Marci, Basil was surprised at how easily and quickly Dorothy orgasmed just from cunnilingus. There was a minor flood in his mouth and then she was shaking and moaning loudly with satisfaction.

She actually pushed his face away from her pussy.

“I need a break.”

“Did I hurt you?”

“No…I just haven’t cum that hard in…I don’t know how long. Holy shit. Where did you learn how to eat pussy?”

“You won’t like my answer.”

“Try me.”

Basil hesitated but then gave in. When it came to any sexual situation Basil inevitably found himself submissive to the woman.

“From my ex-wife.”

Dorothy pushed herself up on her elbows and now he saw that she still had her bra on. “I’d like to meet her someday. She taught you right.”

“Hey!” he objected. “Maybe I have some good instincts on my own.”

With a shrug Dorothy tossed aside his concern. “If you say so. I’d still like to meet her because she did something right for you.”

“She is my ex,” Basil reminded her.

“Oh. Right. Sorry. Wrong time and place.” She fingered the connection between her two bra cups. Dorothy’s breasts weren’t that large, they were rather small in fact, but Basil wasn’t focused on a woman’s physical attributes. He was more into how she would treat him. Unexpectedly she popped open the clasp that held the bra closed. “Want to fuck me now?” The removal of her bra didn’t do anything extra for him—he could barely see their outline in the dim light—but he didn’t mind the display.

“Sure!” he replied easily.

His cock was already hard since he had been focusing all his pent-up energy on her pussy because that’s what women liked. Or so he believed.

He crawled up her body and somehow she knew exactly where his manhood was. She grabbed and measured his length.

“Got a condom?” she asked.

Shit. For all his worry, Basil hadn’t planned that far ahead. “Fuck. I fucking forgot.”

“Good thing I didn’t,” she told him. “I prefer to suit up a man anyway. That way I know there’s nothing funny going on.” She hopped off the bed and found her purse that had been dumped unceremoniously on the floor. “Gives me a chance to size him up too.”

With alarming efficiency, Dorothy found a condom packet in her purse, opened it up, rejoined Basil on the bed, and once again grabbed his cock. While she wasn’t exactly gentle with him, neither was she rough. After only a second Basil realized his partner was obviously experienced in this which made him both

nervous and excited. Using a practiced hand, she smoothly rolled the latex down the length of his shaft. Instead of then flopping back on the bed and opening her legs, Dorothy instead held his cock, considering and assessing it.

“You’ve got a very nice cock,” she finally said after what seemed like an eternity to Basil. He was used to controlling his cock when told to, but this was excruciating.

“Thank you.”

“I’d even venture to say it’s perfectly sized.” She looked at him with a grin on her face.

“Uh…thank you again?”

“You’re welcome. Don’t take this the wrong way, but you’re not too big or too small. Sort of the Goldilocks of cocks, if you will.”

“You’re saying I’m average sized?”

“Yes. Exactly. And that’s a good thing. Too small and I’m feeling nothing. Too big and it’s painful. Don’t believe everything you see in porn.” She ran her finger lightly on the underside, feeling the thick bulge of the urethra, which made Basil want to cum right then and there and to hell with actual sex. She looked up at him and caught him looking at her. He was entirely under her control and while Basil didn’t know if she knew that, he was happy to let her have the lead. “Shall we?” she asked as she moved to lie down on the bed.

Basil would have preferred her on top, but missionary was fine as well. He liked the woman superior position for obvious reasons. As they moved into position, she never let go of his cock and took the initiative in guiding it into her pussy.

As he expected, she was hot and wet and welcoming and he slid easily inside her. He let out a stifled moan as he did so. That cause her to giggle a tiny bit and ask, “Is it that good?”

“Yes,” he answered honestly and decided to continue with his honest streak. “It’s been a while since I had sex with anyone.”

“Okay,” she happily agreed. “If you cum too fast, I’ve got more condoms. Can

you get it up a second time?”

“Yes, but I won’t cum too fast. I promise.”

One thing that being married and being held in chastity by his wife had trained Basil to do, was to cum on command and only on command when having sex.

The sex was amazing. It wasn’t all that incredible or noteworthy, but Dorothy moved in exactly the way Basil loved; somehow she managed to be in control of both of them while he was on top fucking her. The best part, Basil was thrilled to realize, was that it was exceedingly easy to make Dorothy cum a second time.

“You’re beautiful when you cum,” he gasped at her.

“You like that?” she asked. “You like it when I cum?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you want to cum?”

“Uh-huh,” he moaned eagerly.

“Why don’t you then?”

“You need to tell me to cum.”

She snickered at him, trying to see if he was joking. When it seemed like he was serious, she was intrigued. “Okay, go ahead and cum for me then.”

Basil only needed one more thrust to blow his load. He would have preferred to do it in directly into her pussy, but the condom was better than not getting off at all.

Dorothy was thrilled with his enthusiasm at cumming and how it seemed to last forever. “Wow.”

“I…I told you it’s been a while since I’ve been with a woman.”

She gave him an unexpected kiss. “And why is that?”

“Ex-wife. Not a good breakup.”

“Is it ever?”

“No, but you don’t want me to talk about my ex.”

“Maybe I do. Why’d it end between the two of you?”

Basil knew they were veering into dangerous territory. “Combination of things,” he hedged.

“That’s not an answer. Do you want to know why I broke up with my last boyfriend?”

“That’s different,” Basil countered. “Boyfriend or girlfriend isn’t the same as wife or husband.”

“He was cheating on me,” she said, not hearing his words.

“Oh. Yeah. My wife was cheating on me too.”

“Is that a lie? Are you just making up the most convenient lie?”

“No, no. I assure you. She was cheating on me…with another woman.”

“Huh. My boyfriend was cheating on me with another woman too.”

He frowned at her joke and rolled off her, careful to keep the condom on his softening cock. “Probably not the same woman,” he said.

“Probably not. Do you have any idea when she figured out she was a lesbian?”

“When Marci figured out her new girlfriend was a lesbian? Probably right away.”

Punching him lightly in the shoulder, Dorothy said, “Don’t be obnoxious. When your ex-wife figured out she was a lesbian.”

“I don’t think she has. At least not yet. Maybe. If anything she’s bi. Or maybe she’s just put off men now. After me.”

Dorothy pulled back a bit. “It wasn’t a violence thing, was it?”

“No, no. It was a bunch of the usual bullshit.” He got up out of the bed and headed to the bathroom. “It was mostly sex.”

She called to him from the bedroom as he pulled off the condom and tossed it in the toilet before flushing and washing his hands. “That makes sense, seeing she’s at least bi, right? And her cheating. Although…there are plenty of men out there that would have thought that would give them the opening to the perfect three-way with the wife and another woman.”

Basil flipped on the bathroom light and looked at his naked body before heading back to the bedroom. His cock looked normal. No way to tell it had been in a cage for three days just before their second date. “The woman she is with now is pure lesbian and hates me.”

“Leave the light on,” said Dorothy as she got out of the bed. “I need to pee.”

He stared at her tits as she walked into the small bathroom and he couldn’t look away.

She caught him staring—the bathroom was suddenly very crowded—and gave him a cocksure grin. “Look, I know we just fucked and all, but I still like to pee in private. Call it my one sexual hangup.”

“Just the one?”

“Get out,” she said smiling and pointing to the bathroom.

He followed her orders. He always followed the orders of a beautiful naked woman, especially if he was naked.

After a minute she opened the bathroom door and returned to the bed where he was lounging. Dorothy practically launched herself at him and landed atop his body, making half the air rush out of his lungs. “I’m still horny,” she declared. “Wanna go again.”

“I think you just killed me,” he groaned.

“Does your cock still work?” she asked. “That’s all I’m really interested in right now.”

“I think so,” he muttered as her hand went down between his legs. He was soft but he knew that wouldn’t last very long. “Can I ask you a question first?”

“Sure. As long as it’s not about my ex-boyfriend.”

“Why did you get your nipples pierced?”

Glancing down at her chest, Dorothy checked out the barbells that went through both her nipples. They weren’t especially large or prominent, the barbells or her nipples, but the barbells were silver with little balls on the end with scrollwork to make them look like flowers.

“I was recently out of college and wanted to do something wild that would upset my then-boyfriend and my family.”

“Why?”

“Because he was a jerk and a religious hypocrite.”

“Oh.”

“I never told my family.” She cleared her throat and busied her hand on his cock. “It worked on him, though. He broke up with me for being a slut.”

“You were a slut?”

“Only sluts get their nipples pierced.”

“That doesn’t make any sense.”

“That’s good, it means you’re not a religious hypocrite. Now do you want to fuck or talk about my nipple piercings?”

“Can’t we do both?”

“Not if my mouth is full of your cock,” she said and lowered her warm mouth down on his semi-turgid cock. It quickly got fully turgid after a few seconds.

Before all the blood rushed out of his brain, Basil had two more questions. “Two more questions. First, why haven’t you taken them out. And did you know that I’ve never dated anyone with nipple piercings.”

Dorothy sucked hard as she backed off his cock which caused him to shiver with delight. “Second point first: no. First point last: I kind of like them.”

“So do I,” he admitted.

She rolled over and grabbed her purse to pull out another condom. “Now can we shut up and fuck?”

“Yes.” Basil did have one other question. He wanted to know how many condoms she had in her purse.

Chapter Three

Three. The answer was three. They used two that night and the last one in the morning. She allowed him to go down on her twice more giving her a series of orgasms. When Dorothy offered to give him a blowjob to completion because they were all out of condoms, he demurred.

“I don’t think I can get it up again anyway.”

“Tonight then?” she asked a little too eagerly.

“Sure. That’ll give me time to recharge.”

“Great!” she said brightly before rolling out of the bed and heading to the shower. “We’ll call tonight date number three. That’s the date where you have to reveal all the ugly truths about yourself. Brace yourself, you don’t want to know about my family.”

Although he knew that Dorothy meant it as a fun and playful way to look forward to their next date, Basil couldn’t help but think about what he was going to tell her. After spending way too much time online browsing chastity forums (because where else was he going to go to discuss his kink? It’s not like it was a common topic at any bar or other person to person location) he knew that waiting way too long to reveal his kink would only and inevitably end in disaster. He had gotten exceedingly lucky with Marci when she went along with his kink, but that was because she was looking for something else to satisfy her sexuality and was willing to indulge in him. Ultimately it wasn’t what she wanted and—rightfully—left him.

There was no way that he would get lucky a second time. Telling Dorothy was the right thing to do, but that didn’t make it any easier because the negative outcome was much more like. The best he could hope for was that she found him disgusting and never wanted to speak to him again. Worst case was that she would blab his kink to everyone she knew. Again, Marci had been a good wife and a better ex-wife. She had only told Liz about his fetish, but who had she told?

He resigned himself to their short affair ending and quickly made peace with it. The only thing to consider was how to drop the headsman’s axe. He could just

tell her what he liked to do in a normal conversation and have her walk away or he could put on his cage, go on the date, give her his key, and drop his pants. That seemed the creepy way to do it. Instead, he just brought the cage along on the date. With the key because he wasn't an idiot.

They didn't bother to go to a restaurant or bar. She invited him over to her place. It was a nice apartment. "My roommate is out. We have the place to ourselves for the night." Dorothy had laid out some cheese and crackers along with some wine.

"I haven't had a roommate in…well, a long time. Less time if you count an ex."

"Splitting expenses is the only way to go." She took a sip of her wine and blurted out, "I like to be spanked."

Basil tried not to choke on his cracker. "What?" he managed to say between bursts of coughing.

"I promised to reveal my kinks," she said. "Sometimes I like to be spanked during sex. It's not a big thing but it really gets me going."

"I…see."

"A boyfriend gave me a drunken spanking on my twenty-fifth birthday," she went on. "And I liked it way too much. Don't get me wrong. I don't need it all the time, but when it's done right, I love it."

"That's…adorable?" he said cautiously. "And not that strange really. Lots of people are into spanking. It's only a problem if it becomes the center of your life, your sex life." He cleared his throat. "That's how I understand it, at least."

"Right," she agreed, a smug grin on her face. "So what's your kink? I've shown you mine, now you show me yours."

Basil froze. It was worse than being paralyzed. For once in his life he truly understood what it was like to have his cock inside a cage from which it couldn't move. It was awful.

It was also scary and exciting and he had to do it.

“You’re not going to like it,” he warned her.

Dorothy shrugged. “Let me be the judge of that.”

“I’m going to remind you, you asked.”

“Now you’re making me nervous,” she said with a grin, not seeming the least bit nervous. “What are you into, necrophilia or bestiality?”

“Neither,” he said and took in a breath, preparing himself. “Enforced chastity.”

Showing great self-control, Dorothy waited a second before saying, “What’s that?”

“Remember,” he said one more time, “you asked.” Basil reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out the chastity cage he normally wore on his cock and displayed it to her. In essence, it looked like a tiny dick with a small padlock attached. He felt foolish, but this was the time to end their relationship if it wasn’t going to go where he wanted it.

“You like to wear this on your…” Dorothy trailed off. She reached out for the cage but then stopped with her hand halfway to it, awkwardly holding it there.

“Yes.”

She nodded once. “Okay, yeah. That is kinky. And you take it off before sex.”

“Actually, the idea is that I get to wear it as long as possible and my keyholder only releases me when I’ve earned the privilege to have sex.” He met her gaze for a minute. “It takes a strong personality to be a keyholder.”

“I can see that. So it’s sort of like a dom-sub relationship?”

“Ah…yeah.” He was pleased with her quick and accurate assessment of enforced chastity.

Dorothy abruptly snapped her fingers. “That’s how you got so good at eating pussy,” she declared.

“Yeah.”

“How long would your wife make you wear it?” Dorothy was feeling bolder now and she reached up and grabbed the cage from Basil’s hand.

“She didn’t so much make me wear it,” he said. “I wanted to wear it. She was just the one in charge of deciding when I got to take it off.”

“That would make for a strange sexual relationship. The center of your kink is not having sex.”

“Yeah…that and Marci’s bisexuality is what led to my divorce.”

Dorothy nodded, barely hearing him. She was already five steps down the path of where their relationship was going. “So what you’re telling me is that if I stick with you, I’m going to be getting a lot less dick than what I was hoping for. But on the upside, I’ll also be getting all the oral love I could possibly want. And I’ll be in charge of your dick.”

“Well, if I want to make you my keyholder,” Basil said nervously, suddenly realizing that Dorothy was far too into the idea.

She ignored his words. “Can I put it on you right now?” she asked. “Or can I watch you put it on? I’m glad we’re at my place. I mean, a good fucking is all well and good, but sometimes I cum better from my vibrator than from any man’s cock. I can’t wait to show you my collection.” Her eyes fell on the lock and she poked at it. “Where’s the key? How can I help?”

Her eagerness was so overwhelming and Basil didn’t know what to think or do. Almost automatically he dug into his pocket and pulled out the small key on the plain leather fob and handed it over to her. He could recognize his submissive qualities coming out and he wasn’t at all sure if Dorothy was dominant or was just eager. Even so, he couldn’t resist obeying her.

She unlocked the tiny padlock and slipped it free, letting the two pieces of the cage come apart. “Oh, shit. Sorry. I don’t know what I’m doing. Sorry. Can I watch you put it on? Please. No, wait. You need to take off your pants and put it on for me.” She didn’t say it in some authoritative voice, but firmly like a teacher instructing a student and with a tone that brooked no disobedience.

Basil obeyed. He unbuckled his pants and opened them up, pushing them and his underwear down. He was glad he was soft. Sometimes the moment of realizing he was going to get to wear his cage told his body to get excited and he'd get hard even though he didn't want to.

Since he was an old pro at putting on the cage, it went on fairly easily, the shaft going between the unyielding bars of the cage, sliding down fairly easily. The retaining ring went behind his balls and he fitted everything together. Without asking permission, he plucked the lock from her hand and inserted it through tiny holes. However, when he went to close the lock, he hesitated. "Would you like to do the honors?" he asked her.

"What, exactly?"

"Close the lock."

She said nothing, but reached out and snapped the small lock shut. It happened so quickly that Basil was barely aware of it. "Does that make me your keyholder now?" she asked, displaying the key attached to the fob.

"Uh…not really. I mean, it's more of a situation when I'm supposed to ask you and—"

She cut him off. "But I like being in charge. It's my key now." She slid it into the pocket of her jeans. "I'll let you out when I'm good and ready for your…cock."

Smugly she sat down on the edge of the couch which brought his cock to her eye level. It wasn't the most humiliating position that Basil had ever been in. He allowed her to inspect his cock while his pants were around his ankles and his shirt was still on.

"It's kind of sexy like that," she declared. "I like it." She reached out and grasped him. Basil wasn't ready for the light tug that she gave him and it caused a shiver to run down his spine ending in the base of his cock. It twitched inside the cage and he tried to get hard, but was immediately defeated. That was the sensation he loved. Looking down at her hand on his cage, he desperately wanted to feel her fingers on his flesh but the steel prevented that. He imagined he could feel the warmth of her fingers coming through the cage but he knew he was just imagining it.

“You do?”

“Uh-huh. Take off your clothes. I want to see you naked...well, naked except for…that.” She smiled and settled back on the couch.

Basil didn’t have the least bit of shyness about stripping off the remainder of his clothing. He stood before Dorothy and let her inspect him with her eyes. “Well?”

“I can see the attraction,” she said while moistening her lips. “What woman wouldn’t want a man at her beck and call and completely under her control?”

After she said the words Basil had to make himself not mention the key he had at home where he could free himself. He didn’t mention that he could cut off the lock with a pair of bolt cutters at his place. He didn’t say a word about how much he loved being under her control at the moment. His cock filled all the available space inside the cage but naturally it couldn’t go any further. If she saw that he was suffering she didn’t give any indication. Maybe she saw. Maybe she didn’t. Maybe she saw and didn’t care. That would be best. That’s what Basil wanted.

“I…I don’t know,” he answered her.

“Can you get out of that on your own?”

“No.” That was a partial lie. There were ways of escaping the cage. They were of different degrees of pain, but it was possible. He didn’t tell her that. He didn’t want her to know. He didn’t want to know them himself.

“It’s making me horny. Is it making you horny?”

Basil enthusiastically nodded his head.

Dorothy unzipped her jeans and shimmied out of them, pulling her panties down in the same motion. Unconsciously Basil’s eyes went to her pussy. The well-maintained landing strip was still there. When she opened her thighs he could see her inner lips pinkly pouting outward and he could smell her scent. He didn’t need to be told what to do. At once Basil went down on his knees and put his face to her sex.

Her scent was strong and filled his nose. When he licked the length of her

swollen labia she shivered oh-so-softly and a little moan escaped her lips. There was no need to get her any wetter than she already was. There wasn't going to be any penis in vagina sex tonight; he knew that without being told. While savoring her pungent flavor he focused on her clit, first vibrating his tongue against it, then licking it broadly, and then sucking on it.

What seemed to work the best was when he focused on a bit of licking followed by some sucking all with steady pressure. It was hard to do and keep doing, but he knew his place and he wasn't there for his pleasure. This was all about Dorothy and how he could serve her. She was generous enough to give him a little direction with moans and repositioning his head from time to time.

Eventually she got to the point where she was slouching all the way down on the couch and pumping her hips up and down to get some additional friction against her clit. Basil just followed her lead and eventually they were both rewarded with an energetic and loud orgasm. She clutched his face to her pussy, not letting him escape until the entire wave of her climax had passed.

"You really know how to eat pussy," she complimented him.

"Thank you." He rubbed at his jaw and worked it up and down a bit.

"What's the matter?"

"You gave me a workout. I haven't eating pussy like that for…well, a long time."

Giving his caged cock an idle tap with her toes she said, "You know you aren't going to get to cum tonight, right?"

"I know."

"Good. "I've got a nice little collection of vibrators in my bedroom," she said standing up. They both ignored the little wet spot they had left behind on the couch. "Let's see how good you are at using them on a young lady."

She stood up and headed deeper into the apartment, pulling off her shirt and bra in one smooth movement. As she casually dropped them on the floor, she sauntered around the corner. Basil scrambled to his feet and trotted after her, his caged cock barely having enough room to bounce around as he did so.

When he got to her bedroom she was already on all fours, ass slightly in the air, expectantly waiting for him. She turned her head with a wicked smile. “Where do you think a young lady keeps her sex toys? Better find them quick, little boy.”

Basil headed directly for the small nightstand next to her bed, doing his best to ignore her naked body, raised ass, and spread legs. Pulling open the top drawer he discovered it was full of jars and tubes of a variety of ointments and lotions. A quick perusal of them told him none were any type of sex lube; the drawer was also decidedly short of sex toys. Flinging open the small door under the top drawer he discovered a little cubbyhole that was held only a small carefully folded blanket and a pair of slippers. He stared blankly at the bit of knitted warmth and didn’t know what to do.

Dorothy laughed at him. “You’re missing a prime opportunity,” she giggled at him. Looking up at her, he glimpsed her dangling breasts, ornamented by the little barbells piercing through the nipples. She was a fervently sexual woman and she would never deny herself some sexual relief when needed. Her toys had to be easily at hand.

Flopping onto the floor, Basil fished blindly with one hand under the bed. He didn’t have to go deep at all before he found a flat wooden box. Dragging it out from under the bed he flipped open the lid—it wasn’t locked, that would only slow down Dorothy in her times of need—and looked on with satisfaction at the box’s interior that was lined with blue velvet and contained four vibrators of different sizes.

“Oh! You found my secret stash!” Dorothy giggled. “Such a clever boy.”

Considering his options—a smallish, smooth one; a tiny silver bullet; a large multicolored one that appeared to be an alien’s dick, and a medium-sized but heavily textured purple one—Basil quickly chose the purple one, partly because he hoped she’d appreciate a quick decision and partly because he didn’t want to go to any extremes right away.

He turned the knob at the base and set it to what he hoped was a medium speed before he approached Dorothy on the bed.

“You’re feeling confident, aren’t you?” she asked him.

“I just want to make you happy,” he said as he rested his weight down next to

her. She was still on all fours, waiting expectantly with the vibrator humming its eager tune. Reaching out Dorothy grabbed his caged cock and gave it a little shake.

“I like this,” she told him. “Let’s see how well you do really pleasing me.” Giving him an indication of how ready she was, Dorothy arched her back. Basil wasn’t an idiot. He knew what to do.

Moving behind her and slight to the side, Basil crouched down and carefully inspected her proffered pussy before sliding the bullet-shaped device into her.

“Oh…yes,” she moaned. “That’s what I need.” She dropped her head to the mattress and let him get to work.

Basil wasn’t an expert with a vibrator, not like he was with his mouth, but he was more than familiar with the mechanics and the geography.

It wasn’t the same as fucking her with his actual cock, but in some ways it was better. He could watch the changes in her pussy as he moved the vibrator in and out of her body. She clutched at the sheets on the bed and moaned when he hit her in exactly the right spot. Her scent was amazing and he tried not to be a creep as he inhaled, but then realized being in this exact position made him a bit of a creep so there was nothing to lose.

“Oh fuck yes, right…right there,” Dorothy panted. Her pussy lips gripped the vibrator and he had trouble pulling it out of her. “That angle. Go deep.”

Basil let the vibrator follow the curve of her tunnel, pressing the toy as deeply into her as he dared while she panted for more.

“Yes…yes…uhhh.”

The heat coming off her pussy was astounding and before he knew it, she was quaking with a climax. Her juices dripped out between her lips and the vibrator and the noise she made—half-stifled into the pillow—was almost inhuman.

She collapsed onto the bed. Turning her head she managed to mumble out, “You know how to make a girl feel good about herself.”

Chapter Four

She made him sleep in her bed wearing the chastity cage all night. If she thought it was supposed to be a punishment, she was wrong. Although he woke up several times in the middle of the night because his cock wanted to get hard—he had to retrain his body not to do that—it was exactly what he wanted. Maybe it was too early to think long-term relationship, but Basil allowed himself the indulgence of thinking exactly that. Even if it only lasted a few months, it would be better than nothing, which is what he had had for the past several years.

Basil wasn't sure if he woke up because he felt Dorothy's hand on his cage or if she had been holding him for a while and she had taken the initiative in waking him up. "I love waking up to a man who is already hard," she told him.

"I'm not really hard," he told her.

"Yeah, but your cage is," she pointed out. "And I can feel the heat of your cock."

They both looked down at her holding his cage. He was swelling—to little effect—and the redness of his cock was obvious through the bars of the cage. "Yeah, well, I'd like to fuck."

She didn't directly answer his statement. "I love being in control of your like this. I've never had the feeling of this much power before. It's like I own your cock or something." Her smile was a bit greedier than he remembered seeing on her before. "Do you want to go get the key?"

He nodded eagerly all the while knowing that it would be better to deny himself longer because he didn't need to orgasm every day. The longer he went without climaxing, the better the climax was. Quality over quantity.

"It's in the pocket of my jeans. Go."

In his haste to get released Basil didn't bother grabbing up anything to disguise his nudity. He headed right to the living room where he remembered Dorothy shimmying out of her jeans.

Finding her pants and the key was easy. He was halfway back through the living room when he stopped mid-step when he looked into the attached kitchen. There was a strange woman staring at him. She wasn't so strange, wearing a t-shirt and shorts and having obviously just woken up with messy hair and no makeup, but

Basil didn’t know who she was. The fact that she was in the apartment and holding a cup of coffee told him this had to be Dorothy’s roommate.

He knew he should either say something or just run away to Dorothy’s bedroom. Instead he just stood there, wearing nothing but his cage and carrying the tiny key.

“I’m Caroline,” she finally said.

“Basil.”

Caroline looked pointedly down at his caged cock but said nothing more. Basil took that as the opportunity to run away. He closed Dorothy’s door behind him.

“I think I just met your roommate.”

“Caroline?”

“Yeah.”

Dorothy smirked at him and held out her hand. She had put on a t-shirt in his absence. It declared her love upstate New York with a heart and an editor’s carrot inserting “Upstate” above the logo. Without giving it any real thought, he handed over his key to her. There was the expectation that she would release him, but he was a patient man.

“She’s a nice girl. A little loud when her boyfriend fucks her, so I guess seeing you naked was my revenge. Or maybe that’s making her jealous.”

“Maybe.” He looked expectantly down at his caged cock, trying to silently prompt her to release him.

“Do you want to have sex?” she asked.

“Um…yes.”

Dorothy leaned over the edge of the bed and dropped the key into the velvet lined box, flipping the lid closed with her foot. She then sprawled on the bed with its messy, rumpled sheets and parted her thighs. “I think you first need to prove you’ve earned the right to be unlocked.”

Basil didn’t need to be told twice. He climbed on the bed and plunged his face between her legs. Her pussy was both spicy and musky, much stronger than the night before. It was perfect. His cock tried to get hard, but he quieted that part of his body by focusing on her needs.

It took some work and it took a while, but eventually he got her there. When she came, her legs clamped around his head and she shook pleasantly. Basil could tell her orgasm wasn’t as strong as the night before, but he assumed that was because she was mostly sated with her lust for the moment and sex this morning was just a pleasant way to start the day.

It couldn’t be anything else, he told himself.

“Okay,” she sighed, “I could get used to having someone on hand to make me cum like that every morning.”

Basil looked up from her crotch. “I can do that for you.”

She licked her lips and ran her fingers through his hair, curled them tightly and drew his face up to hers for a kiss. “I’d be interested in doing that. But right now you need to get dressed and go home.”

“But—” he started to object.

Lifting her chin ever so slightly was enough to stop his protest.

“I’m not going to get to cum today, am I?” he asked her.

“No, no you are not.”

Dorothy was a fast learner. That pleased them both.

She put on a robe and escorted him back out to the living room. Caroline was sitting in the kitchen, listlessly stirring her coffee and scrolling through the news on her phone. She looked up to watch the show of the naked man with the cock cage on get dressed in her living room. She did it without comment. It wasn’t polite of Dorothy to drag her roommate into her sex games, it was her suspicion that Caroline got off on others hearing her have loud, noisy sex, so she figured it was an even exchange.

After sending Basil off with a chaste kiss on his cheek, Dorothy turned back to her friend.

“Care to tell me the story on that one?” Caroline asked dryly.

“Not yet,” Dorothy said, a smug smile on her lips. “But maybe soon.”

“He just gave me a hell of an eyeful. Plus earlier.” She put down her spoon. “Is there something wrong with his cock. He had…something…on it.”

“No. It works just great. He just likes wearing a cage on it.” Her smile broadened. “I like him wearing a cage on it too. I have the key to the lock.”

“Really?” Caroline took a sip of the coffee. The conversation woke her up more than the caffeine.

“It’s very modern,” Dorothy said, putting on a fake posh accent. “In the olden days a boy would give you the key to his heart, now it’s the key to his chastity cage.”

“You’re playing a very kinky and very dangerous game,” commented Caroline.

Dorothy dismissed her concerns with a scoff. “It’s all just fun and games. When I unlock him, the sex is going to be mind-blowing in the extreme.”

Caroline slowly shook her head. “I don’t know about that. Guys into the weird stuff…”

“Are guys who know what they want. I’m just glad he told me up front.”

Basil went home happy because he was both satisfied and unsatisfied. He had such wonderful plans for him and Dorothy.

End Part 1

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri teaches bad things to bad boys and girls by day and writes kinky erotica by night. He doesn’t really have a good alter ego, which makes him sort of a villainous hero of low-brow literature. He lives in upstate New York and tries to avoid the worst in humanity. Feel free to contact him:

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Preview

Faithless Milk 1

Angie set the time on her phone, set it on the dresser, pulled up her nightshirt, and rolled to her side to face Rob. His eager grin made her roll her eyes. He didn't see that because he was completely fixated on her small breasts.

In actuality they weren't that small; they were average sized if anything, but she had lost weight over the past few years, not a lot, but enough, and they had shrunk from her peak weight and when she was breastfeeding their two children.

"Are you just going to stare or are you going to do this?" she asked him.

"Savoring the moment."

Angie sighed. "Savoring time is over. It's time to get to work."

Rob moved closed to his wife, kissed her cheek, and slid down her body until his face was level with her chest. She let out a little exhale that wasn't quite a sigh when he drew her small nipple into his mouth and started gently sucking, playing with the nipple, rolling it between his tongue and lips.

After a minute, Angie got frustrated with him. "I'm glad you're having fun, but you really need to actually suck on it if you want this to happen. Stop playing games."

He looked up at her in surprise. "Oh. Right. Sure. I can do that." He bent back down and pulled as much of her breast into his mouth as he could, sucking with enough force that she startled slightly at the pressure, but then quickly settled down because after the initial shock, what he was doing to her felt lovely.

While it wasn't the first thing that Angie would want to admit, she rather liked her tits played with and sucked on, either during sex or as foreplay. This wasn't supposed to be either, but she still found herself liking it. Getting her tits sucked on relaxed her and she was reminded of the time she had spent nursing her children when they were babies. It made her happy to nurse them. It now made

her happy to nurse Rob…and it turned her on too.

“Do you want me to stop?” Rob asked. He had abruptly pulled back from her breast.

“What?” Angie had become so relaxed that his sudden question brought her out of her near-meditative state.

“You were moaning. Was I hurting you?”

“Umm…no. It wasn’t hurting. It felt good.” She turned her body a little and pulled his head over to her other breast. Rob knew how to take a hint and he gave the second breast the exact same treatment as the first.

It wasn’t that Angie didn’t want to get aroused; it was that she hadn’t been expecting it. She wasn’t sure if she was ready to fuck her husband, but he was making it so that she didn’t want to resist it much longer. She wasn’t sure what his reaction would be if she suggested it, or even if she just grabbed his cock.

It was too much for her to resist, so she didn’t give it any thought. Her hand cupped his cock through his pajama bottoms and she felt he was hard, ready for sex, but the moment she touched him, he pulled away, both from her hand and her breasts.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, disappointed he had abruptly ended what they were doing.

“I’m not ready.”

She frowned at him. “Not ready for sex? I felt you, Rob. You were rock hard. Don’t tell me you weren’t ready. You’ll suck on me, but you won’t have sex with me.” To Angie’s ears, it was the stupidest argument she had ever heard, doubly so because it was with her husband over something so petty.

Well, maybe it wasn’t petty to him.

“I’m not ready yet, Angie. Can’t you give me that?”

“It’s been two fucking weeks.” She couldn’t remember the last time she had gone without sex for two weeks. Hell, she couldn’t remember a time when she

hadn’t gone without sex for two days. Jilling off in the bathtub or the bedroom when Rob wasn’t around just wasn’t the same. “When is it going to be time?”

Rob looked away, which was difficult for him because he loved looking at his wife’s tits. He loved everything about her. What she did to him should have been enough to end everything, but he still loved her regardless. The most difficult part was admitting what she did to him made him want her even more.

“Well?” she demanded of him.

“When I’m fucking ready,” he said with more anger than he actually felt.

Angie shrank back from him, slightly frightened at his vehemence.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “Can we just give this a week?” he asked. “I don’t think you know how much you actually hurt me.”

While she wanted to think that she did know exactly what she did to Rob, Angie knew it wasn’t the case. Sex for her was different than it was for Rob. While she loved him, for Angie, sex wasn’t intimately intertwined with love. For Rob, it was. And she did love him. While she had intended to be faithful when she married him, her nature gradually overcame her good intentions. Three years was pretty good, she reflected. Three years of complete fidelity. Actually just over four years if she counted from the last time she had sex with someone other than Rob. A year. Marriage. Three years of being married. Then it happened.

And it happened again and again. She knew exactly how many affairs she had had over fourteen years of marriage. Sadly, it wasn’t too many, not by her accounting.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized again. She had lost track of how many times she had apologized to him for her transgression. “Okay, let’s do this. Let me make it up to you.” She pulled her nightshirt up over her head, leaving her dressed only in her panties. Still on her side, she cupped one of her smallish breasts and offered it to him. “It felt really good when you were doing it to me. I could easily get to love this.”

Rob knew he was a slave to her. He loved everything about his wife—even her infidelities—and gave in. While he might have given in, he was proud of himself for extracting some concessions from her. While Angie was always willing to try

out anything he suggested in bed, this was something new and different. It wasn't a one-time game or experiment. It would last weeks, perhaps months.

They settled back onto the bed together. Rob's arm went to her back and drew her close. His mouth found her nipple and he pulled it into his mouth. They both calmed down. Rob's sucking on her tits Angie found oddly relaxing. And arousing. She couldn't deny that. And he couldn't either. She felt his hard cock against her leg, but she controlled herself this time. But controlling herself didn't mean fighting it. The more he nursed on her, the hotter she got and she was ready to do whatever he wanted. Maybe it made her tits sore, but it would be worth it.

"You're moaning," he said, abruptly ending his nursing session.

Angie eased her eyes open and resisted the temptation to look at the clock. She was certain it had been hours, though realistically it couldn't have been more than thirty minutes. "Was I?" she asked. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize."

"Just wanted to make sure you were okay."

"I'm fine," she said lazily as she dragged her hand down her body and eased her fingers into her panties. Rob watched her but said nothing. Her little patch of pubic hair was trimmed but long enough to feel plush rather than stubbly. But she didn't stop there. She slipped her fingers down her slit, feeling her wetness and the swelling of her labia. It was too late; she couldn't stop herself. If Rob wasn't going to fuck her, she'd have to do it herself.

With her eyes barely open and focused on Rob, she asked him, "Do you mind if I jill off?"

Rob didn't say anything, but as she pushed her panties down off her hips and halfway down her thighs, he slowly nodded. While he kept watching, she made her fingers go faster and keep as busy as possible. Her head flopped back and the sound of wet flesh being abused filled the air. Angie liked to masturbate to an audience. She had done it before in front of Rob, and in front of her other lovers, but this time was different.

Slowing down, because she didn't just want to cum and be done, Angie forced her eyes open and looked at Rob. "Get your cock out," she encouraged him. "Let me watch you."

It was incredibly easy for her to seduce her husband. Rob did as she asked, pushing down his pajamas and underwear to show his already erect cock. His hand went up and down his length, slowly moving himself toward orgasm.

That visual was all the Angie needed. She brought her knees up and anxiously rubbed at herself as hard and fast as she could. If she did it just right there would be a quick, painful spike of pleasure followed by a long denouement of relief. It worked perfectly and she let out a little yelp as she peaked followed by the long groan of release.

The gorgeous ride down the mountain was interrupted by a wet splash on her thigh. Opening her eyes Angie saw that Rob had finished just after she was done and had shot his load to land on her leg. The thick white globs of semen slowly started sliding down her skin, but before they could get far, Angie caught Rob's little present with her fingers, wiping it off and bringing her fingers to her mouth. He watched in fascination as she sucked her fingers, tasting his cum. He wished he could get hard again right away just so he could see her eat his cum again.

Purely to make him a little more upset Angie started moving her fingers again. What she really wanted was the vibrator in her dresser drawer, but fingers would do. He kept watching as she picked up from the downward slope of her orgasm and forced herself back up. It didn't take very long, not for the second round. Her fingers were slick with her juices and it was difficult to get real friction on her clit, but somehow she persevered and made herself cum again.

"Okay," she panted, "maybe this won't be so bad after all."

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