Steel Restraint 2



A Male Chastity Story

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Steel Restraint 2



A Male Chastity Story

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Steel Restraint 2

A Male Chastity Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Steel Restraint 2

Copyright © 2018 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

About the Author

Preview

Part 2

Chapter Five

“But have you really earned it?” Dorothy asked.

“What else could I do?” Basil pleaded.

She slowly twirled the key around her finger. It was attached to a short keyring and chain which facilitated the twirling. Basil was wearing nothing…nothing but his cock cage and a desperate look. He was kneeling on the floor in front of her as she sat on the edge of her bed, legs slightly apart so he could kneel between them. She was wearing a thin, tight t-shirt emblazoned with the command “Think Beaches!” along with a palm tree and sunset. The outlines of her prominent nipples were easily discernable through the thin fabric. Her nipples and barbell jewelry. That’s what Basil was focusing his attention on at the moment. He didn’t like meeting her steely gaze right after he had eaten her out and came her cum. While he liked being submissive, sometimes it was too much.

“You’ve gone a week in lockup. You’ve given me over a dozen orgasms during that time,” she said ticking off each item on her fingers. “You’ve taken me out to dinner twice. You were polite to my roommate when I made you walk around naked.”

“Naked except for my cage,” he reminded her.

“Naked except for your cage,” she agreed. “And you haven’t asked to be released once. That’s very good behavior,” she complimented him.

“Thank you.”

“But I don’t think it’s enough.”

Basil gritted his teeth and tried to take the news like a man, but it was hard. No. It was difficult, not hard. “What more could I do for you?” he asked politely.

Her smile was thin. “It’s not what you can do for me,” she said. “It’s what you can do for yourself.”

He waited expectantly and after a moment’s pause she continued, reaching out and resting one of her soft hands on his shoulder.

“I know you love being in your little chastity cage. And I know you love being

released from it too." She smiled, remembering the first time he had done a weeklong lockup for her and when he had been released he had been so eager to fuck her he had barely gotten into her pussy and pumped two times before he came. That was funny and disappointing. But he quickly recovered and fucked her twice more that night before agreeing to go back into his cage. "But that can't be the extent of what you want. Surely there's so other deep, dark secret about your little cock that you want to tell me."

Using her toes she gently nudged his trapped cock. It wasn't painful, but it reminded him that he was completely under her control. The more she dragged out the interview, the more eager he became to please her.

"What is your little secret?" she all but whispered to him. She leaned in and automatically Basil's eyes dipped down to sneak a peak at her hidden breasts. It wasn't like he needed to do that. It was an automatic male response. She saw it and frowned at him. "Eyes where they belong," she reminded him.

"Yes, Thena. Sorry. It's just that…"

"It's just that you want out of your cage, but that's not going to happen unless you obey the rules, right?"

The rules were the basis of their relationship. Obedience meant rewards, disobedience meant punishment, which was usually a longer lock up.

"Yes, Thena."

"What do you want?" she asked again. "What do you need? Do you want to see me fuck another man? Do you want to fuck another man while I watch? Do you need a painful ruined orgasm?"

"I want you to fuck me in the ass," he quickly blurted out, trying not to think of the words and what it meant. The only way his kink worked was when he didn't think about what he was doing.

Showing the poise and coolness she had learned over the past few months of indulging Basil in his kink, Dorothy said sweetly, "The only problem with that plan is I don't have a dick where I could fuck you in the ass."

"You'd have to wear a strapon one," he said quietly. "With a harness."

“And do you have one of these toys?” she asked, caressing his cheek with the back of her hand. She felt the light stubble that had grown there over the course of the day. It was a caring gesture that was also designed to make him feel inferior to her, submissive.

“Y-y-yes.”

“Of course you do. And has anyone else worn it?” she continued on.

Basil swallowed. He should have lied, but if he was caught in a lie, the punishment would be more severe than if he had just told the truth in the first place. “Y-y-yes,” he stammered out again.

They both knew who he was talking about but neither of them wanted to say her name.

“Then I think you should get me a new one,” she said. “A nice one. Pay the extra for the overnight shipping.”

“I can…I can do that,” Basil said bravely.

“Good. When I fuck you in the ass, will you cum?”

“Yes,” he said quickly, almost too eagerly. “I mean, I have before and I’m sure you can make me do it again.”

“It’ll make a mess of your cage, won’t it?”

He looked at her blankly.

“I’m not going to fuck you without your cage on,” she told him flatly. “And I know you can cum with it on, so that’ll make a mess.”

“I can clean it up,” he said.

“Good. I’ll have to inspect you when you’re done. I don’t like it when a boy can’t keep his chastity cage clean.”

“Yes, Thena.”

She bent forward and kissed him on the cheek. A chaste kiss. “Then get dressed.

I'll see you tomorrow. Make sure you have that strapon cock ready to go for me. And make sure it's bigger than yours. We both know who is in charge here, right?"

"Right."

She cleared her throat.

"Yes, Thena." She smiled again.

Over the weeks Dorothy had learned a lot about Basil's kink and she had come to enjoy playing the game with him. The sex was definitely exuberant and different from anything she had ever had before, but one thing was missing.

Dick. Good hard dick. There was some of it, of course. But not enough. Fingers and tongues and lips were well and good. A nice vibrator was even better. His cock—when it was time to use it—was nearly perfect, but she wasn't getting enough of it.

But she had a plan for getting more.

Caroline looked at her with more than a modicum of dubiousness on her face. "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

"No. Why would you say such a thing?" Dorothy said this with all the sweetness and innocence she could muster. Over the past few months she had managed to practice that to near-perfection.

"I should say the same thing to you," Caroline replied while shaking her head. "Why would you ask such a thing?"

"Oh come on. It's not like you love Rich—"

"Rick."

"Rick. He's just the guy you've been fucking for the past month."

"But I like him."

“But you don’t love him. I know your patterns, Car. At most you’re going to continue to fuck him another few weeks before dumping him and moving on. I’m giving you and him both too much credit to say he’s your boyfriend.”

“Yeah. About that. You want to fuck Rick—”

“Rich.”

“Rich.” She paused and shook her head. “Don’t fucking do that, Thena. His name is Rick.”

“Right. I forgot.”

“You say you want to fuck Rick because it’ll make Basil jealous. And that he’ll love it.” She repeated her dubious look. “Even for you and his…weird kink that’s fucking bonkers.” She paused and took a breath. “And why the fuck should I let you fuck my boyfriend?”

“I was just asking as a favor. Basil will get off on it.”

“I think you’re trying to drive him away. Get him to dump you. That’s what you do, Thena. Date for a few months, sleep with another guy, let guy number one know and get him to dump you.”

Dorothy’s voice caught in her throat. “It’s not like that this time.”

“Uh-huh.”

She frowned at her taller and prettier roommate. “Then just tell me how much longer you intend to fuck Rick. Or if he’s the one, should I look for another guy to fuck?”

Chapter Six

Dorothy felt more than a little ridiculous strapping on the harness and fake phallus that encompassed the entirely of the strapon device that Basil had selected as what he wanted for her to fuck him with.

The harness wasn't all that strange, it was a bit like a climbing harness that she'd used when bouldering back in college, except it had a pad and ring in the front to hold the dildo in place. Oddly she was rather pleased with his choice of dildo. It was silicone and a muted blue and completely smooth with a bullet-like head, no ridges at all. It was definitely bigger than Basil's cock when he was fully erect, but it wasn't huge. She could respect that; she doubted any man—or woman—wanted to be fucked with a gigantic tool. Maybe it was exactly the same size as his dick. She'd have to do a more in-depth comparison later on.

When everything was in place and she was ready to go, the dildo drooped slightly from her crotch. She figured that was normal. It was only then she started to get nervous. Up to that point it was something new and fun to explore and Basil seemed to know what he was doing; he'd done this before with his ex-wife and maybe someone else. Dorothy didn't want to ask those questions. He had been the first one to strip down and was still wearing his cage. It was odd how comfortable he was walking around in front of her wearing nothing but the cage, but that was his kink and she certainly didn't hold it against him.

"What do we do now?" she asked, holding her lips in a little moue and holding her fake cock with one hand, the other shoved against her hips, clenched into a fist.

He had told her that it was fine if she wanted to keep her clothes on, but that didn't seem very intimate and she wanted the full experience. She had stripped down to her panties and bra. Some planning ahead had told her that lace and thongs wasn't what was needed for tonight. Instead she went for the athletic underwear she wore to the gym along with her jogging bra that was more of a corset than a bra.

Sex was a sport, right?

"Well, do you want me on my back or my hands and knees?" he asked.

"Hands and knees, I think. A little more humiliating for you, though I'd like to see that little cock of yours shoot out cum all over your belly. It's really more of

a prostate massage than anything else, right? You can cum without getting hard?"

Basil nodded, suddenly intimidated by her knowledge. He had told her about the websites he visited for chastity advice and now he was starting to regret how much she knew. He didn't have to explain everything to her and that was scarier than he would have thought. "Yeah, if you fuck me from behind I'll probably wind up shooting all over the bed."

"Good. You can clean it up too," she said with a nod.

"Have you ever done this before?" he asked, fully knowing that she hadn't, but wanting to seem like he knew something more than she did. He wanted to have the experience.

"Anal? No. But I'm a quick learner. Give me the lube."

She wasn't stupid. Everyone knew that you had to use a lot of lube when getting pegged, male or female.

Dorothy didn't feel the least bit bad about lying to Basil. She had done anal before, except it was with a guy who was obsessed with sticking it in her ass—and presumably every other woman he ever had sex with—and when she finally agreed she was nonplussed by it.

When she agreed to try it with Paul those years ago, she had hoped in her heart of hearts that she was one of those women who would truly enjoy it as a happy and occasional alternative to vaginal sex. It wasn't terrible or painful, but it did nothing for her. Almost nothing. She could appreciate how it felt, but it would never get her off. Paul seemed offended that she played with her clit when he fucked her in the ass. And she didn't just try it once to appease him. After a dozen times of having his cock in her ass she was done with anal and with Paul.

But pegging Basil was different from getting anally fucked by Paul. She was in the metaphorical driver's seat. Lubing up the dildo was fun and fine. Basil was the one who got his ass ready for her, which was the best way to approach it. She wasn't sure if she was up to lubing her new boyfriend's ass just yet.

Kneeling behind him, she felt a power rush and placing the tip of the dildo against his tightly puckered anus she smiled and said, "Tell me if I'm hurting

you.”

“I’ve done this before. I know what to do.”

She knew she should have admonished him then and there, but she was too eager to move forward with the pegging. And maybe a little suffering would be good for him.

Sliding the dildo into Basil’s ass was much easier than she thought it would be, but she assumed that was because they had used a lot of lube and Basil was used to doing this. She would have loved to see his face as she filled him up, but that wasn’t going to happen if she was going to continue to dominate him. Once she was inside, he let out a little whimper.

“Too much?” she asked and found that she didn’t really care if she was hurting him. He probably like to be hurt and humiliated a little when playing this game.

“No, no. It feels really good. I’d forgotten how good it is.”

Dorothy wished she could say the same. There wasn’t any pain while she fucked him, but there wasn’t any true pleasure either. She rocked her hips back and forth and found the rhythm that seemed appropriate. The motion was strange, completely unlike getting fucked by a man on top. It was completely unlike riding a man’s cock and pumping her thighs up and down to ride him or to roll her hips back and forth. What she was doing was undeniably masculine, but she took no great pleasure in it.

“Oh fuck that’s good,” Basil said. He breathed unsteadily and clutched at the sheets and then his hand went to his cock, but masturbation was out of the question because the cage was keeping his flesh completely under control. Dorothy was amused at his frustration and did take pleasure in how he was not able to fully give himself over to the pleasure that he wanted.

“You like that?” she asked, unkindly. “You like getting fucked in the ass by a woman?”

“Yes,” he sighed, his breath coming jaggedly now. “Yes. I love it. Fuck me. Fuck me hard!”

While she didn’t suddenly increase her thrusting and start jackhammering away

at his ass—she liked what she was doing but she wasn't crazy stupid—Dorothy did increase the pace and force of her thrusts. He responded to what she was doing. It made her wonder what other things had been up Basil's ass and what other women had done this for Basil, besides his ex.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck," Basil said in rapid succession over and over. She didn't stop fucking him immediately, but the way he said it made her pause.

"Are you okay?"

"Don't stop, don't stop," he pleaded. "I'm almost there!"

She grabbed his hips and kept going. She never appreciated until that moment how much effort it took to fuck like a man. She was getting tired and had little to show for it.

And then it happened. Basil made a noise that didn't sound like pleasure, but she knew he was cumming.

"Yes," he sobbed. "Fuck yes."

Dorothy slowed the pace of her thrusts and eventually stopped. She was curious and couldn't help herself. Basil barely managed to stay up on his hands and knees because he wanted the dildo to stay in his ass. She reached around his body and found his steel-encased cock. The cage was wet and sticky and a little bit slippery; it felt exactly how cum always felt. Just underneath the immovable bars she could feel his hot flesh that was restrained against his will.

"Did you like that?" she asked him, bringing her fingers up to her lips and giving them a single lick. She wasn't one of those women who either had a real affection for swallowing cum or at least gave the show of liking it to please her partner, but there was a certain visceral attraction to the products of sex.

"Uh-huh," he breathed. "I loved it."

Her hand went back to his cage to wipe up some more of his cum. Undoubtedly some of it had splattered onto the sheets, but that was Basil's problem, not hers. She offered her fingers to Basil. His head was turned and he knew what she wanted. Making a man participate in a boundary-pushing kink after he came was always difficult, but Basil made little protest. He extended his tongue and licked

her fingers clean.

“We’ll have to do this again sometime,” she told him.

“Yes…”

“And I have a little experiment I’m going to try on you,” she told him.

Even though he was exhausted, Basil perked up. “What is it?”

“Oh, you’re not going to like it, but I think you like humiliation a little don’t you?”

It was easy to admit this to her now. “Yes.”

“Prepare to be humiliated.”

Basil shivered in anticipation.

Chapter Seven

Rick looked skeptically back and forth between Dorothy and Caroline. He had known his relationship was on the rocks with Caroline he might have done things differently, but apparently this was going to be the last hurrah he would have with Caroline. It was strange because Caroline had seemed such a plain and normal woman. Her roommate, however…

“You want me to have sex with you to make your boyfriend jealous,” he said to Dorothy.

The bright-eyed brunette smiled and nodded eagerly at him. “Yes. You’ve got it perfectly. Car says you’re clean and so am I and I’ve got an IUD so it’ll be fine when you cum in me.”

“You want me to cum in you?” he asked. This was new.

“You want him to cum in you?” Caroline asked. This wasn’t part of what they had discussed.

“How else can I prove to Basil that I had sex with someone else?” she asked innocently.

The sweet look on her face collided with the vulgar words and plan coming from her mouth.

Neither of them had an answer for her.

The silence between the trio grew uncomfortable.

It was Caroline who spoke first. “You can say no, Rick. I don’t see our relationship going anywhere. You’re a nice guy and all but…” She cleared her throat. “Anyway, as you can see, my roomie has some…unusual tastes in sex.”

“I’m kinky, is what she’s saying,” Dorothy interjected. She turned to Caroline. “And just to be fair, Basil is all yours when I’m busy with Rich.”

“Rick,” Caroline and Rick said in tandem.

“And what the fuck?” asked Caroline.

Dorothy put her hand on Caroline's forearm. "He's got a tongue like you wouldn't believe. His cock will be in his cage, but you won't mind in the least. He's given me more orgasms by eating me out than with his cock. You should really indulge."

Rick couldn't believe what he was hearing. And despite what he was hearing, his cock was growing steadily harder. He'd never been in a negotiation for casual sex. He knew that listening to his cock was probably a bad idea, but lots of men found themselves having a wonderful time because of a bad idea.

He looked at Caroline. "You were going to break up with me, weren't you?" he asked her bluntly. There was a tinge of anger in his voice that he struggled to hide.

"Well, yes, but it wasn't like we were going to get married or anything."

Rick turned away from Caroline. "I'd love to fuck you for your boyfriend."

Oddly, up to that point Caroline had been positive that Rick was going to refuse Dorothy's request. In a fit of petty revenge, she snapped, "And Basil can eat my pussy until I scream." She glared at Rick. "Then you'll see how thin these walls really are."

Basil wasn't exactly sure what he walked into when he arrived at Dorothy's apartment. Caroline and her boyfriend were there and they looked pissed at each other while Dorothy was all eager smiles and grabbed his hand (and surreptitiously, his cock) when she greeted him in the entryway, pulling him into the living room where the other couple was sitting on opposite sides of the couch.

"Bas, you already know Caroline," she said, reintroducing him to her roommate. "And this is Rich—"

"Rick," said the other man, rising up off the couch with his hand extended.

Dorothy had the good manners to blush. "Sorry. Rick. I always forget."

The two men shook hands and Dorothy carefully timed her next words. "Rick's

going to be the one to fuck me tonight while you wait out here."

Basil blanched. His stomach tightened up. His cock tried—and failed, naturally—to get hard. Rick's handshake was firm, but he didn't play the stupid game of squeezing so hard like he was trying to prove something.

That was the signal to Basil. Rick had already proved something. He was going to fuck Dorothy with or without Basil's permission or endorsement and there was nothing he could do about it.

This was the bit of humiliation she had in store for him. They all knew before he did. They all knew he was an emasculated chastity fetishist.

That turned him on even more.

"Okay," he said warily.

"See?" Dorothy said smugly to her roommate. "I told you he'd agree. He's a good, obedient boy who does what he's told." She turned to Basil. "And if he's very good, he'll get a reward."

The pain in his cock was incredible. He loved it when she talked to him as if he wasn't there. A hundred scenarios popped into his head as to what his reward might be.

When no one said anything else, Dorothy grabbed Rick's hand and pulled him out of the room and down the hall. Basil and Caroline heard the bedroom door slam shut.

Caroline looked at Basil. "Do you…do you think they're actually going to have sex?" For the first time in the quick encounter, Basil saw some vulnerability in the woman. Maybe she was done with her relationship with Rick, but it was one thing to break up with someone, and then another entirely to see him dragged from before her eyes and into another woman's bed. Her roommate's bed to be specific.

"Probably," he offered. "Thena's not the sort of person to fool around…uh, not the sort of person to make idle threats and boasts."

A nod confirmed Caroline's suspicion. She looked down at the floor and wished

she could find someone who she could truly love. The number of men she had dated over the past several years had been astounding and it disappointed her. Was she being too choosy or not choosy enough? Yeah, she was having fun, but was her life stalled because she couldn't find someone she wanted to commit to?

"Do you know what she said to me?" asked Caroline.

"No. What?"

"That if I wanted you to go down on me, all I had to do was ask."

Basil shrugged. "Well, if you're asking, then I'll do it. I'm happy to."

Caroline looked up at him, eyes narrowed. "I thought you were in love with her."

Love hadn't been discussed between Basil and Dorothy. Sex had, yes. Kinks, most definitely. Continuing their relationship for a few more weeks, without a doubt. But love?

"Yes," he said.

"And you'll just fuck another woman because she said it was okay?" Before Basil could answer, Caroline added, "And she's fucking another man. Is that okay with you?"

The answer came easily to Basil. "If that's what she wants, then yes. I'm her… well, not her slave. Her thrall, I guess. What she wants, I want."

He wanted her to fuck Rick. He wanted to watch her fuck Rick, but that wasn't going to happen. Her going to bed with another man was both a punishment and a gift.

"Are you wearing that stupid thing on your cock?" Caroline asked.

Basil said nothing, but he unzipped his pants and presented his steel-covered cock to her. She nodded in satisfaction. "Fine." She stood up from the couch and strode purposefully toward her small bedroom. Basil watched her skirt flounce with her every move. "Come on," she said as if there was a dirty job to be done. "She said you ate pussy better than anyone she's ever been with. Time for me to see if she's right."

The two roommates had discussed their many sexual partners before. Neither had admitted to a certain number, but Caroline was reasonably sure she had fucked more men between the two of them. She knew was a much better judge of cunnilingus than Dorothy.

For just half a second too long, Basil remained in the living room while Caroline had already disappeared to her bedroom. He couldn't hear anything happening inside Dorothy's bedroom. He hadn't even heard the lock click shut. He knew this was his time to take control of his life and stop heading down the road to full cuckoldry and became a real man.

"Coming?" Caroline called from her bedroom.

Dutifully Basil slipped down the hallway and into his girlfriend's roommate's room. Caroline was already on the bed, her skirt and underwear on the floor, legs spread and knees to the ceiling. Her pussy was shaved bare and Basil would have been instantly hard if not for an elegantly crafted bit of metal surrounding his cock. As he went to shut the door, Caroline stopped him.

"Leave the door open. I want them to hear us."

From his time in the apartment with Dorothy, Basil knew how thin the walls were. Shutting the door made no difference. It only then occurred to him that if he could heard Caroline fucking Rick, then she certainly could have heard him and Dorothy's varied sexual activities.

Caroline's heels were at the edge of the bed. It was patently obvious what she wanted of him. Basil walked up to the bed, knelt down on the floor, curled his arms around her thighs, and pressed his face into her pussy.

It had been too long since he had worshipped at the temple of Venus of any other woman besides Dorothy. Before that there Marci and before that there were several women, but while he had low numbers, he traded that for quality. Caroline's scent was different from Dorothy or Marci's while still being so similar with just a few notes of difference. He inhaled deeply before tasting her, running his tongue along her slit, taking stock of her geography. Her clit was prominent and he knew it would be easy to make her cum. That was always the goal, to please his partner above all else.

Once he started in, Caroline proved her previous behavior in the bedroom wasn't

an act, or she acted equally for all her lovers. Though his hearing was partially muffled by her thighs squeezing tightly to the sides of his head, Caroline gave a command performance with her heavy breathing, sighs, moans, and calls for more and faster. If he hadn't heard it all before, Basil would have been convinced that she was simply doing it to piss off either her ex-boyfriend or to piss off Dorothy who was fucking Caroline's ex-boyfriend. He couldn't deny, however, that how she moved and vocalized make his dick hard. Or it would have made his dick hard if his dick wasn't encased in immovable steel. And the feeling of not getting hard made him want to get harder and so the cycle went around and around while Basil focused on Caroline's pussy and especially her clit.

When she came, she came hard. She ground her pussy into his face while grabbing the back of his head to prevent him from moving away. Her scream was like something announcing she had just had a limb amputated, but in a good way. She also flooded Basil's mouth with her girlcum. He didn't feel like he was drowning, but he was delighted when he realized that she was a squirter because he had resigned himself to never being with a woman who had that particular talent.

By the time she was done cumming, her entire body was quivering, especially her thighs, and her moans still didn't stop.

But then he realized that she had stopped moaning. The moans he was hearing were coming through the walls. They were Dorothy's. They were hard evidence that Rick knew how to fuck Dorothy better than he did.

And of course that made his dick try to get hard again.

Caroline didn't looked up at him, but spoke to the ceiling. "Sounds like Rick is giving her all the dick that you couldn't."

If the words were supposed to hurt Basil, they didn't have their desired effect. Somehow the sounds of Dorothy being fucked and her appreciation of what Rick was doing to her made him love her all the more. He wanted his girlfriend to be happy. Locking his cock away into a cage couldn't make her happy, he knew that. She was a sexual and sensual woman and denying her even one fuck was more punishment than she deserved.

If it was a punishment for him, listening to another man fuck her, it had

completely backfired. Not only did he want to continue to listen, but he wanted to watch her with Rick. He wanted to see her enjoy her body and his cock.

“Yeah. It sounds like she’s really enjoying it.”

Caroline laughed. Basil wasn’t sure if she was laughing at him or at the situation. “She sure does. He’s got a huge dick, you know.”

“I didn’t.”

“Stand up,” she said, bending her neck to look at him.

Basil did as she asked, but the moment he stood up she saw he was fully dressed. “Oh shit. I forgot. You still have that stupid thing on, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Show it to me.”

There was no thought given to opening up his pants and displaying his steel-encased cock. When a woman told him to do that, he did just that.

“It looks small,” she commented.

“It’s supposed to be small,” he said. “There’s a sort of pride in the chastity community of how small a cage a guy can wear. Then there’s the whole concept of shrinkage.”

“Cold water will do that,” Caroline said above another one of Dorothy’s louder groans.

“No, not. Not even that. The idea is the longer you wear a chastity cage, the smaller your dick will get because it’s not being used or allowed to get hard.”

Caroline snorted. “That’s ridiculous.” She put her feet down on the floor, bringing her face closer to his cage. It also had the effect of hiding her pussy, which was where Basil had found his eyes were going. She reached out and grabbed his cock. “Oh. I thought your balls were inside it too.”

“No. Just the shaft really. There’s the ring that goes behind the balls, but they’re

free.”

She caressed his smooth, hairless sack. “Nice.”

Basil tried to focus on the issue at hand: listening to Dorothy get fucked. He wanted to hear her cum, but Caroline was distracting him. “Thank you.”

“Your balls are as big as Rick’s. But I’m pretty sure he’s got a bigger dick. Not that I need a huge one, but he’s got one of the biggest—maybe the biggest—I’ve ever had. It feels really good when he fills me up.” There was another load moan from Dorothy. They were getting faster now. Basil was certain it wouldn’t be long before she came. “It sounds like Thena likes a big dick as well.”

“The Greeks had a belief that men with big cocks were like animals, little more than beasts. That’s why you see small cocks on Greek statues. A small penis meant an intelligent and cultured man; a big cock meant a man who couldn’t control his animal instincts.”

Caroline looked up at him. “Is that why you wear this silly cage? Because you can’t control your animal instincts and need a little help?” She continued to caress his balls, but used her other hand now to manipulate the shaft, not that he could truly feel it. Still, he could feel the heat of her fingers coming through the bars of the cage.

“Something like that.”

“I’d like to fuck you,” she said. “To compare your cultured cock to Rick’s big dick. How do we get this off?” She fingered the rubber-band wrapped lock that held him under control, locked safely away.

“We don’t. Thena has the key.”

“Where does she keep it?” Caroline’s eyes had lit up when she suggested him fucking her. She wanted it now and that was impossible.

“I don’t know,” Basil lied. It was on her keyring that she normally kept in her purse. He tried to convince her to wear it on a chain around her neck but she refused. Apparently she wasn’t that type of woman.

Dorothy’s moans and groans were coming rapidly now. “I’ll just ask her for the

key when she's done. She's going to cum soon, isn't she?"

Basil nodded and swallowed.

"I've listened to you two fuck…or do whatever it is you two do when you have this on." She shook his cock almost to the point of pain. "She's almost there."

The two listened to the couple in the other room for another minute. Dorothy's cries grew more intense and passionate. They could even hear Rick making a few grunting and straining noises along the way, but it was a satisfied and drawn out moan that told Basil his girlfriend had finally cum with Rick.

"I think she liked it," Caroline said smartly. "It sounded like she liked it."

Basil's stomach was doing flipflops. He didn't know how he should feel about his girlfriend cheating on him—but was it really cheating if he had given her permission to do it. Was it really cheating if he wanted her to do it. And though he was loath to admit it to himself, he did want her to fuck another man. It was sick and twisted and he hated himself for it, but it had him excited and hard. Or it made him excited and he wanted to get hard over it.

Things in the apartment were quiet for a minute. Caroline was still holding onto his caged cock, inspecting it out of curiosity, but then they heard footsteps and Basil turned his head to see who was at the door.

Rick stood there in the opening, naked and smirking. Basil couldn't help but look at the other man's cock. In the dim light he could just barely see the sheen of cum and girl juice on Rick's cock. Even though it was flaccid and recently used, Basil could tell Rick was more than well-endowed. Not only did Rick not care who saw him naked, but he was probably the sort who liked to walk around naked just to show off his dick.

"Do you like holding that thing, Car?" he asked.

"It's harder than you ever got," she snarked at him but let go of Basil's useless dick. "What do you want, Rick?"

"It's not what I want. It's what the slut in the other room wants." He grinned. "She's summoning her little boy."

“Put on some fucking pants,” Caroline told him.

“I can’t fuck if I have pants on,” he pointed out.

Basil said nothing, but stepped back and tucked his cock into his pants. Rick stepped aside when Basile approached the doorway. He was halfway down the hall before he realized that Caroline was following him. He ignored her.

The door to Dorothy’s room was wide open. There was one light on and he could see her on the bed, the covers tossed to the side and her in the middle on her back, knees to the ceiling. It was obvious what she was waiting for. Still, he paused at the door.

“Thena?”

“Just who was I waiting for,” she told him, a satisfied note in her voice. “You need to get to work.”

Basil approached her warily. “What exactly do—”

Caroline interrupted them. “Can I have his key?” she asked rudely. “I’d like to fuck him before you. It only seems fair. You got to fuck Rick.” There was an odd note to Caroline’s voice and right at that moment Basil realized that Dorothy’s roommate didn’t know what she wanted at that moment other than a bit of revenge, something to equalize the two.

Dorothy made to cover herself up, but then dropped the pretense. She looked angrily at her roommate. “I don’t need Basil’s cock right now,” she said curtly. “When I’m done with his mouth maybe I’ll let him fuck you. Maybe I’ll fuck him myself. I’ve never fucked two men in the same night. Now would you fucking leave us alone? Rick’s cum is leaking everywhere and my boyfriend has a job to do.”

There was a more than awkward pause while the two women glared at each other and then Caroline finally retreated. She went all the way back to her room where Rick was lounging on the bed, naked. “Put your fucking clothes on and get the hell out,” she snapped at him.

“That’s fucking rude,” he commented.

“My place. My bed. And I don’t need or want your cock any longer. Get out.”

“Rude bitch.”

“Lousy lay.”

“That’s not what you were screaming Friday night.”

“I was faking it,” she said nastily as she wrapped a robe around her body.

Rick left the room, found his clothes thrown in a heap in the hallway, pulled on his pants, and marched with some, but not much, dignity to the front door.

After throwing Rick’s clothes into the hall, Basil joined Dorothy on the bed and slid between her legs, his face just inches away from her sodden pussy. He hesitated, not because he was afraid to eat her out, but because he could see and smell the mess that Rick had left behind.

Catching him under the jaw with her fingers, Dorothy lifted his head so that their eyes met. “What’s the matter?” she asked sweetly, already knowing the answer.

“He came in you.”

“Uh-huh. I know. And I need you to clean me up. You don’t want his cum to stay in me, do you?”

He slowly shook his head. “No.” There was no promise of sex, he was just burdened with the task of licking up the mess that Rick had left behind. Basil knew this was the next step in his enforced chastity, one he wanted and feared, but it was a hard step to make.

She let go of his chin and dropped her finger down to her pussy, drawing it along the length of her slit, gathering some of Rick’s cum, before circling her finger around her clit and finally offering it to Basil.

As her finger hovered just an inch from his mouth, she said, “You know you want to and you know I want you to. It’s going to happen, just let it happen.”

Without thinking about it, Basil leaned forward and took her finger in his mouth, sucking off her wetness and Rick’s cum.

She sighed and with her other hand, she pressed his face down into her pussy. He licked at her clit and then down lower into her tunnel. Once he started, it wasn't so bad and he found himself enjoying the task for the woman he loved.

It wasn't so bad. Rick's cum made the flavor a little different than what he was used to. Dorothy's scent was still strong and she was still incredibly wet. It didn't take much to get her moaning loudly and squirming around. Before he knew it—and almost too quickly—Dorothy reached her peak and was crying out as she came.

"Oh, good boy, good boy," she sighed as she came down from the climax. "You know me so well."

Wiping his face with one hand, Basil moved back from her pussy. It was beautifully swollen and red from too much sex. "I want to fuck you," he said. His cock was straining at his cage, threatening to split the steel bars.

She looked up at him. "I know you do, but that's not going to happen. I think you need to suffer a bit, don't you?"

He knew he didn't need to, but he wanted to, but that could only happen if she enforced it. And apparently Dorothy was well-satisfied from his tongue and Rick's cock.

"I can go a few more days," he said. He'd been locked up for almost two weeks now, but release was constantly on his mind.

"Or maybe you could give his key to me," Caroline said from the doorway. She was wearing a thin robe that hid her body. Neither of them knew how long she had been there watching, though she didn't seem the type to be a voyeur. Then again, it was always the true voyeurs who never seemed the type.

"You want to fuck my boyfriend?" Dorothy asked her.

"You just fucked my boyfriend."

"Ex-boyfriend."

"Whatever. I'm horny and you obviously don't want his dick. I do," she said with a shrug.

“I do want his dick,” Dorothy said coolly. “It’s just that he doesn’t deserve it. It’s better for him to go without.”

“It’s your pussy that he doesn’t deserve,” said Caroline. “I’m willing to give him mine.”

Dorothy scoffed at her friend, amused at her argument, and turned to Basil. “What do you think? Do you deserve to fuck me or Car?”

Basil chose his words carefully. “I would hope that I deserve both of you, but only if that’s what you want.”

Dorothy snorted again. “When was the last time you fucked someone other than me?”

“Four years ago when I was with Marci.”

“And before that?”

“Probably ten years when I was dating other women.”

Caroline broke in. “I think he deserves a little variety, don’t you?”

They both could see Dorothy considering it. She tapped her fingernail against her front tooth and then pursed her lips. “Do you know I’ve fucked more guys than you’ve fucked women?” she asked Basil.

“How…how could you know that?”

She sighed and rolled her eyes. This was getting to be a longer discussion than she wanted. “I’ve fucked forty-two guys since I was eighteen. How many women have you been with?”

Basil swallowed and did some quick calculations, but it was pointless. He was honest and he had valued quality over quantity, but maybe… “Including you? Eight.”

Caroline sniggered. “See. He deserves a little more. Let him live a little.”

“Yeah, but his cock belongs to me,” said Dorothy. “My property. It would be like

I was fucking you.”

Her words made Basil’s cock try to swell with pride, but they didn’t dissuade Caroline.

“I’m down with that.”

She made Dorothy laugh. “Okay, fine. Sure. What the fuck does it matter?” Rolling off the bed she went to her dresser where she kept her purse, rooted through it, found her key ring, and gestured for Basil to come over to her.

“Can I unlock him?” Caroline asked a little too eagerly.

Her question caused Dorothy to quickly clasp her keys tightly in her hand. “No. Like I said. It’s my cock. I get to have complete control over it. Let’s go to your room because you’re not fucking him in my bed.”

“Okay,” Caroline quickly agreed. Basil said nothing, but he was secretly thrilled that they were talking about him like a piece of meat, just a fuck toy. That’s all he was. That’s all he wanted at the moment.

The group moved back to Caroline’s room and Dorothy made Basil lay on the bed on his back. “Do you have a condom?” she asked her roommate.

“Why? I’m safe. He’s clean. What’s the problem?”

Dorothy sniffed. “You’ll want anything to slow him down from cumming too quickly. This is definitely going to be a wham, bam, thank you ma’am situation.”

Caroline laughed at her. “Who even says that?”

“My aunt.”

“Your aunt?”

“My aunt to me when she was telling me about how she regretted her slutty years.” Dorothy smirked. “It didn’t sound like she regretted it at all. Now do you have a condom.:

“Of course I have a condom.” Caroline pulled open one of her dresser drawers

and pulled out a large box of them.

“Only sluts buy in bulk,” Dorothy commented.

“Satisfied and economical sluts,” agreed Caroline.

She watched in fascination as Dorothy unlocked Basil’s cage and removed it from his cock. Almost like magic his cock came alive, become instantly hard; he was ready to go. Caroline dropped her robe and made ready to mount him.

Dorothy interceded herself between them. “Condom first. I’m putting it on. And I don’t have any interest in seeing you two fuck. Wait until I leave the room.”

“Sure. Whatever.” Caroline watched as Dorothy suited up Basil, who had a stupid grin on his face because he was so happy to be used in such a cold fashion. Dorothy’s touch was deft; she knew exactly what she was doing with Basil’s cock. Once the condom was on, she marched without a word out the door, went down to her own bedroom and closed it.

Then she snuck back to Caroline’s bedroom. She had lied. She wanted to spy on them while they fucked. She owned the cock attached to Basil and she was determined to see that it was used correctly.

In the short amount of time she was gone, they had already changed positions. Caroline was on her hands and knees while Basil was kneeling behind her, ready to fuck doggy style. While Dorothy couldn’t see her cock going into Caroline, from the motions of Basil’s body, it was obvious what was happening.

And just like she had predicted, it didn’t last very long. Caroline grunted once or twice very loudly when he had entered her and then she quickly breathed as Basil fucked her like he was a rabbit desperate for another litter of babies.

She could feel him getting bigger and harder and hotter in her pussy. Caroline wasn’t sure if that was from the friction of pumping in and out of her or if he was just so eager and needed to cum. The warning she had received from Dorothy, which she initially thought might be a joke, turned out to be serious and Caroline realized this might be the quickest fuck of her life, even faster than when she had lost her virginity to her high school boyfriend. There was no way she was going to let him cum and not get her own cookies as well.

She snaked her hand down to her clit and found the hot little nubbin of pleasure. “Slow down!” she barked at Basil even as she anxiously rubbed her clit. She was already turned on from the situation and from what Basil’s talented mouth had done to her earlier. It wouldn’t take much, but it would be a race to see who came first.

Basil wasn’t interested in listening to a woman he was using as a masturbatory aide. It didn’t matter to him if Caroline hated him for the rest of his life. He just needed to cum and he was determined to do just that. Grabbing her hips he pounded away in earnest.

As she watched from around the edge of the doorway, Dorothy’s own hand found her clit as well. If everyone else in the apartment was going to get off, so was she.

And though she was loathe admitting it to anyone, including herself, watching her boyfriend fuck another woman was hotter than she would have imagined. Yes, jealousy was there, but so was some admiration for how Basil used Caroline’s body while at the same time giving her the pleasure that she obviously needed.

“Your cock is so much smaller than Rick’s,” Caroline burst out, hoping that a bit of humiliation would slow down her temporary lover. She didn’t know him very well.

Digging his fingers into her fleshy hips, Basil slammed his cock into her one last time before exploding an orgasm into her that was neatly caught by the condom he had been forced to wear. She could feel his orgasm deep within her pussy and that, along with the urgency of the moment and her own busy fingers, was enough to push her over the edge, giving her a short, sharp orgasm that wasn’t nearly up to the high standard he had set for himself, but was pleasurable nevertheless.

It was Dorothy who was the last to cum. She pushed herself over the precipice when Basil drove hard against Caroline, forcing her down onto the bed as he lost his climax within her body. She took a certain delightful pleasure in seeing her boyfriend use her roommate for a bit of raw pleasure.

Unfortunately her moan was loud enough for both of them to hear, even over the heavy breathing brought about by their sudden and strenuous fucking.

“Fucking liar,” Caroline huffed in amusement, pinned as she was under Basil’s body. “You said you didn’t want to watch us fuck.”

“I lied,” Dorothy said without shame, though she carefully wiped her wet fingers on her thigh as she stood up. Masturbating while spying had forced her down to her knees; her body was unable to take the strain of that sort of kinky sex. As she stumbled back into the bedroom, she picked up Basil’s cock cage where she had left it on the dresser next to the bed. “Get off her, Bas,” she said in her firm but not fully demanding voice. He only had to obey and he loved to obey, especially when it came to her controlling his chastity. “Time to go back in your cage.”

Caroline began laughing as Basil rolled off her and willingly offered the cock he had just used on her to Dorothy. “You’ve got to be kidding. Cut the guy a break. Don’t you want to give him a few minutes to get hard again and fuck you?”

“No,” Dorothy said firmly, enjoying the control she had over the moment and the control she had over the cock she was putting back in its cage where it belonged. “Bas and I have come to an agreement. One orgasm a week for him. He just spent that with you.”

“But I didn’t cum at all last week,” Basil pointed out.

Dorothy’s smile wasn’t cruel, but it was firm. “And you missed out on your chance. I’m sure the two-week buildup was more than worth it.”

She expertly slipped Basil’s spent and slippery cock into its cage and locked it away. She then turned to Caroline who was watching the scene with some amusement and some horror. “If you aren’t done with him, I’d be happy to have him clean you up with his tongue.

Caroline didn’t know what to say.

Chapter Eight

“It’s a terrible idea,” Basil argued.

“It’s going to happen and you know you want to do it,” Dorothy replied calmly from the passenger seat of his car. They were sitting in the tiny parking lot as they went through the same argument they’d been having for several weeks now. Dorothy had made a decision and that was that. Basil simply had to get his thinking in line with hers.

“I don’t want to do it,” Basil replied.

“But I want you to do it, so you don’t have much choice in the matter.”

Basil sighed. “I know. But…I don’t want to.”

“Sometimes you don’t get to do what you want. Sometimes you have to do what someone else wants.”

She got out of the car. He followed. She knew he would.

The tattoo and piercing parlor was, incongruously, located in a strip mall along one of the busier local highways. It didn’t have the vibe of a sleazy place frequented by bikers and criminals; it felt like a cross between a doctor’s office and a high end retail store patronized by young women spending their parents’ money and a slightly older clientele trying to establish themselves in the world. The piercer that Dorothy had booked wasn’t the least bit surprised when both of them came back to her work area. There were no private rooms, instead the place was laid out almost like a cubical farm.

“I’ve been doing this a while,” Strike said, “and I still don’t get many requests for PAs. Nipples and lips and navels and every little flap of skin women have in their cooches, but men are still reluctant to get pierced on their Johnsons.” He grinned. He had gauges in his ears and tattoos everywhere but his face, yet his teeth were perfectly straight and white. Basil quickly sized him up as a middle-class kid who wanted to be the rebel and pushed it as far as he could, but couldn’t escape the braces that his parents put on him when he was thirteen.

“He’s doing it for me,” Dorothy said.

“Ring of commitment?” Strike asked. “How long have you two been together?”

He started prepping the table of simple instruments he would be using on Basil.

“Nine months,” Basil blurted out nervously.

Dorothy laughed at his answer. “We could have had a baby by now,” she commented. “Instead were getting him a Prince Albert so his dick doesn’t go anywhere it shouldn’t.”

Strike looked up from where he was pulling on sterile gloves. “You doing this for a chastity thing?”

“Show him, Bas.”

Knowing what was expected of him, Basil lowered his pants and showed off his chastity cage. Strike nodded once in approval.

“I’ve done guys’ dicks before, but only one every admitted to me he was doing it for chastity. You’ve got an expensive rig there,” he said, nodding toward the shiny silver cage.

“I’ve already picked out what he’s going to be wearing once the piercing heals,” said Dorothy.

“Extra nice,” said Strike, and then he leaned in toward Basil to whisper conspiratorially, “She obviously wears the pants, dude. But if you don’t want to do this, just make a fist with your left hand. I’ll say no.”

His fingers wiggled, but Basil kept his hand loose and open. He was scared out of his mind, but he was going through with it.

“Nice,” said Strike. “It’s not going to hurt as much as you think it will.” He turned to Dorothy. “You have anything pierced, besides your ears? Just so he knows not to act like a baby.”

Without hesitation Dorothy pulled up her blouse and popped her breast out of her bra, showing off the barbell she had through her nipple. Strike smiled. “You’ve got a nice piece of jewelry there. Care to show me the other?”

“I have just the one piercing,” she said as she tucked herself back into place.

“I don’t mind if you show me the set,” he said with a leer.

She laughed him off. “Just put a ring in my boyfriend’s cock while I watch.” She put a hand to her mouth. “Oops. I mean, my cock. I own it. It’s mine.”

Strike nodded toward Basil’s cock and cage. “You’d better unlock him then.”

Pulling her keyring from her purse, Dorothy started to unlock his cage, but saw the stricken look on Basil’s face. For a moment she hesitated. It was strange knowing she loved him, but at the same time she loved to have him under her thumb. She loved to make him do the things that he wanted to do but didn’t have the courage to do on his own. Chastity was weird and fucked up but she enjoyed it more than she ever thought she would and this would just make their kink a little easier to manage which meant more fun for the both of them.

“If you truly don’t want…” she started to say.

“I just don’t want my cock mangled.”

“Dude!” Strike interjected. “I’m an artist. I enhance and modify. I do not mangle. Satisfaction guaranteed. Besides, if you let it go long enough, it’ll heal up on its own and you’ll be back to where you started.”

“It’ll be beautiful,” Dorothy reassured him.

Basil nodded and laid down on the table.

After the initial set up of sterilization, Basil found that the process wasn’t so bad. The worst part was getting a tube slid a couple of inches up his urethra. Then there was a pinch. Some burning. Some discomfort. And then he looked down at his cock, so familiar to him for his entire life, and what he saw was almost like he was looking at an alien object. It was his manhood, but it now had a large silver colored ring projecting through the end and underside. It hurt and he felt disconnected.

“It’s gorgeous,” Dorothy gushed. “I can’t wait for it to heal.”

“Shouldn’t take very long. You’re not going to gauge up very much. Not with the new cage you’ve picked out for him,” Striker said. “He’ll be back to normal in no time and not fucking you, only now with a ring through his cock.”

Basil looked at Strike with a mixture of anger and humiliation. Despite the pain and situation, he started to get stiff. Strike noticed that.

“Yeah, and try not to get hard right away. It’ll hurt worse. And piss as much as you can. It’s good for the healing process.”

Back in the car, Dorothy took the driver’s seat and leaned over to give him a kiss before they set off to his place. “I’d fuck you in appreciation for your sacrifice, but…”

“Very funny,” Basil said sourly.

At his place he got settled in. Dorothy was kind enough to give him all the comfort he needed. Ibuprofen helped, as did the cold pack he kept in his freezer. The only problem with the cold pack was that he alternated between having a painful and slightly inflamed cock and having a slightly not-painful but very fucking cold cock.

There was no reason for Dorothy to spend the night. They weren’t going to have sex and Basil wasn’t in the mood to eat her pussy the way she deserved. He wasn’t going to be able to masturbate so there was little reason to put him into his cage. She gave him a kiss goodnight and went home to her own bed. Basil briefly wondered if she was planning on fucking someone else, but that was probably more than wishful thinking.

An hour after she had left, he got a text. He figured it was Dorothy saying goodnight. It was Marci. She didn’t text him that often. Even though he was still on good terms with his ex-wife, they didn’t have a lot to talk about.

I’ve got news!!!

He hated her overuse of exclamation points. It was a minor complaint, but another item that led to the demise of their couplehood.

He shrugged and texted her back. OK. I could use some good news.

I didn’t say good news. I said news. I’m getting married.

Basil sighed and shook his head. He hoped she wasn’t going to invite him to her lesbian wedding. To Liz?

Of course to Liz!!! You don't have to be an asshole.

Sorry. But please don't ask me to walk you down the aisle.

Ha fucking ha. No. I have a different request for you.

End Part 2

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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Preview

Faithless Milk 2

Rob could smell everything on her. Her natural scent. The milk in her tits. The lotion she used. Her pussy when she was aroused. And definitely the smell of her lovers when she came home after getting fucked.

He had always had his suspicions about his wife. She was incredibly attractive and for some reason he couldn't fathom, she decided to marry him, but she always attracted attention from other men. And she encouraged it. And he did nothing to stop it. But he loved her and as far as he could tell, she loved him as well, but in her own way.

Inhaling deeply through his nose, Rob took in all the information he could from his wife. Her milk was sweet and tasty, as always. There was little she could hide from him with their bodies pressed tightly together, his arms wrapped around her, and her breast in his mouth as he nursed greedily from her pink nipple. All of the scents were there: her pleasant body aroma, a combination of sweat, milk, lotion, and what he could only call her essence. That was always there and always had been.

But there was more. There was the musky scent of her arousal which wasn't unusual. Rob's nursing always caused a bit of sexual excitement in Angie. He was used to it and he could feel the heat of her pussy, even through her white and red striped underwear. If he let his mind wander he was certain he could feel the moisture seeping through the thin cotton as well.

Those scents combined would have been fine. Rob would have enjoyed that. But he could smell that she recently had sex. Very recently. Within hours. Another man's smell clung to her. And there was more. The aroma of cunt was strong on her. At first he wanted to believe her smell had changed from sex with another man, but he couldn't lie to himself. He knew the truth.

She was definitely having sex not just with her lover, but another woman as well.

He had confirmed her affair with the mad—Marc was his name—but the woman

was a new wrinkle. Rob should have been upset at all of this and he gave that impression to his wife. Secretly—to his horror and shame—he found the idea of Angie cheating on him to be the most sexually thrilling thing to happen to him. He wanted her to keep cheating—hopefully with different partners—but he couldn't let her know that so he didn't have normal sex with her. He knew that if he didn't she would seek out sex elsewhere.

But at the same time he needed to demand something else of her. That's where his long-term obsession with lactation came into place. He hadn't been able to ask her for that before. When he found her in bed with Marc, the request came very easily.

And at the same time he couldn't articulate his desire to encourage her to keep cheating on him. In fact, he made it seem like he wanted her to stop because that was the proper way of it. It was fine. It worked out. She kept cheating on him anyway.

While he knew his sex drive was lower than hers, somehow her cheating increased his libido. But instead of funneling that libido into his wife's pussy or ass or mouth, he instead found himself jerking off on an almost daily basis.

Rob knew the situation he had created was fucked up, but he couldn't figure out a way to make it stop. And he didn't want to.

All the thoughts running through his head were wiped away when his wife ran her fingers through his hair. He liked when she did that while he nursed from her. It was probably an unconscious gesture, but that didn't make it any less loving. "Are you getting enough milk, honey?" she asked him.

He nodded his head a little, shaking her breasts. She had gotten better at hiding her infidelities, which was both exciting and annoying. Her breasts were always full when he laid down with her. They had stopped sucking away her milk. Either she had forced them to stop or they had lost interest in his specialized kink. Gone were the occasional bruises and bite marks that marred her skin from vigorous sex and over-eager lovers. But she still hadn't learned to take a shower before coming back to him. Or maybe she knew and just wanted to taunt him with the smell of her lovers. Or maybe she did shower and the powerful scent of her lovers was just too much for a simple shower to overpower.

Letting her nipple fall from his mouth he said, "You've got lots today." He

pressed on the underside of her breast, making the milk spray out in a little fountain which he caught in his open mouth. It was little more than a party trick and not very satisfying to either of them, but he still liked to try it every once in a while.

“I made sure to make enough for you today,” she smiled down at him. She pressed her thigh between his legs, feeling his hard cock. They were lying on the bed together, half undressed, getting ready for bed before the mood struck Rob and he pushed her down onto the mattress to nurse before pulling on any pajamas. Normally he nursed from her just before they went to sleep. “Want to fuck when you’re done?” she offered eagerly.

Her constant requests to get him to fuck her again—plain, simple cock in pussy sex—confused him. She was getting plenty of sex from Marc—and presumably her other lovers—so why would she want it from him as well? He had decided to experiment with his wife in other ways she wasn’t accustomed to. And neither was he.

What he didn’t know was that while Angie had fucked Marc and Lisa earlier that day, she had made sure they didn’t suck away any of her milk. She had to keep her affair with them as secret as possible from Rob. He knew she was cheating on him, but she was polite enough to be discrete about it.

“No,” he said, taking a breath between suckling. “Not yet.”

She grunted in annoyance. “If not now, then when?”

Rob was irritated by her question. She was getting all the sex she needed from her lover. What did it matter if he fucked her or not? “When I’m ready for you again,” he said, speaking into her wet, milky breast, but at the same time he thrusted his hand between her legs and found her wet.

She inhaled sharply when his hand found her pussy, but she didn’t push him away. She welcomed his fingers into her body. “I’m ready,” she told him unnecessarily. “I’m ready for you to fuck me.” Rolling her hips, she rubbed her clit on his fingers.

His only response was to grunt into her breast and suckle some more. It felt good and she didn’t complain. There was no reason to complain at the moment. His fingers in her pussy and against her clit felt good. Maybe Angie should have

been a bit embarrassed at how much she needed to have sex, but she was enjoying this phase of her lift and there was no reason to stop it.

As his fingers moved faster within her, the milk in her tits flowed faster and easier. Maybe it wasn't real sex, but it was good sex. Angie's panting and noises confirmed that. Rob would have been happy to fuck her—but she had already been fucked once that day and he had his pride.

Maybe too much pride.

Angie's noises became elevated vocalizations and then nearly a shriek which she stifled with a pillow as she came. The long, drawn out groan that followed the orgasm was the signal that she was done.

"I just want your cock," she breathed quietly. Rob said nothing and just listened to her breathing. After a minute it slowed, became steady, and then she settled into her pattern of light snoring.

Rob got out of bed and went to the bathroom, leaving his sleeping wife behind. After briefly considering a cold shower, he instead drank some water and then splashed some cold water on his face. His cock was uncomfortably hard in his pants so he pulled them down and looked at his erection. As much as his wife had annoyed him and caused him grief and suffering, he still loved her and he had become obsessed with her milk. It was a terrible kink to endure, but it was a burden he had willingly created.

With a sigh he grabbed his cock and started jerking off. He didn't do it out of any real need for pleasure. It was only because he needed a physical release and a way of calming himself down so he could go to sleep. Rob didn't need to whip up any elaborate fantasy in his head; it was already there. Closing his eyes, he thought about his wife's tits, how perfectly his cock fit into her pussy, and how he was just denying himself from her because he was a fucking idiot.

It didn't take long. One, two, three. He clenched his jaw and ejaculated with a quick grunt. Immediately afterward he inhaled deeply and felt the tension leaving his body. After cleaning up he tucked himself back into his underwear and left the bathroom.

Slipping back into bed next to his wife was easy. She was still topless but at some point she must have wiggled all the way out of her panties. Sensing he had

returned, Angie drew her body closer to his. Her breasts pressed into her back and he wanted to turn around and suckle on them some more, but he restrained himself. He knew his limits. Angie's arm draped over his chest, only vaguely holding him next to her. If he had the courage, he would have turned to face her and said it was time for them to start having normal sex again.

But he didn't have the courage.

And he had just blown his load in the bathroom.

He didn't have the energy.

Click here to continue reading Faithless Milk 2 on Smashwords.