Steel Restraint 3



A Male Chastity Story

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Chapter Nine

The healing process had gone well. It was a week after getting his cock pierced that Basil was feeling up to facing his ex-wife and hearing her request for whatever it was about her newly announced wedding to her girlfriend-now fiancée Liz. When Marci asked if he could have Dorothy there when she stopped by to make her request in person, he was wary of what was to come.

“Why does Dorothy have to be here?”

“Doesn’t she still have you under lock and key?” Marci asked.

He tried not to let her knowledge—and participation in—his chastity kink bother him. It was going to be that way the rest of his life and he’d have to deal with it. “Yes. So she doesn’t have to worry about me fucking other women. What does that have to do with anything?”

The silent sound of her smile came through the phone. “Just checking. I’m starting to think all men should wear a cock cage.”

Basil hung up before the conversation could go sideways into how previously straight married women could easily become man-hating lesbians. It would be another few weeks before he was fully healed and Dorothy was eager to get him into his new cage. He had been free of any steel restraints since he had been pierced. It was the longest amount of freedom he had had since the beginning of his relationship with Dorothy. It was both a happy escape and an annoying one.

He liked having his cock safety encased.

When the time came for Marci to drop by, he was glad that Dorothy was already there. He was wary of his ex. They had divorced mostly amicably, but he had never gotten along well with Liz. He chalked it up to personality clash.

“What is she going to ask you?” Dorothy inquired, ever curious.

“If I knew that…” he began and stiffly walked around the living room. In some ways having his cock pierced was worse than wearing a cage because occasionally it would burn and pinch in unexpected ways. However he had gotten used to seeing a piece of metal through his flesh and had come around to the idea that it was definitely a masculine look and understood why Dorothy would occasionally ask him to get it out so she could admire it. “I’m worried

she’s going to ask me to give her away or participate in her wedding. Lesbian wedding.”

“Don’t say it that way.”

“What way?”

“Like it’s an insult.”

“Sorry. But I don’t want to participate in her wedding. I don’t even want to go to it. I’m hoping she’s going to tell me in person I’m not invited.”

“Maybe she just wants to return her wedding ring to you.”

“She already did that.”

“Oh.”

The doorbell rang and Basil rigidly went to the door and let in Marci. She introduced herself to Dorothy and it was at that moment that Basil realized that while the two women knew about each other, they had never met in person before. Marci seemed happy and Dorothy was gracious. He didn’t like the fact that the two women who were most active in his kink were getting along so well.

“Okay, the suspense is killing me,” Basil said, acting like he’d rather be anywhere else other than in their presence. “What do you need to ask me.”

“Direct and to the point,” said Marci.

“I just want to get this over,” he said. “What do you want?”

“Such a wonderful attitude. I can’t remember why I didn’t stay married to you.” Her snark was coming out.

“Because you’re a lesbian now,” he reminded her.

“Oh right. Except you’re wrong. I’m bisexual.”

At this point Dorothy interrupted. “I can see why you two divorced, but why don’t you let Marci ask what she came here to ask?”

Basil glared briefly at his girlfriend, but said nothing and just nodded to Dorothy. Marci chewed on her thumbnail, suddenly unwilling to say anything.

“What is it that you wanted to ask, Marci?” Dorothy said sweetly, but not overly so to make it too obvious.

“I was going to ask, and now I’m starting to regret it, if Basil could help me out with something before I get married. To Liz.” She added the name of her fiancée as an afterthought.

“And what is that favor?” Dorothy prompted.

“I was going to ask him to fuck me one last time because after I get married I’m not going to get any dick for the rest of my life.” Marci recited this while looking at the wall, unable to face either Dorothy or Basil. “Sorry. I had to ask. I’ll go now.”

“Well you aren’t going to get my dick any time soon,” Basil snapped at her. “You can thank Dorothy for that!”

“Yeah. I get it. Your new girlfriend likes to keep you in chastity and I didn’t. I don’t care.”

“Ha! Wrong. I’d love to fuck you right here and now—”

“Bas!” Dorothy blurted out but he kept right on talking.

“—but she got me pierced and I’m not risking it just so you can cheat on your fiancée. That’s what you’re good at, aren’t you, Marci. Cheating?”

“I don’t fucking believe you,” Marci muttered.

Dorothy wasn’t sure what exactly Marci didn’t believe, but before she could say anything Basil pulled down his pants and underwear to display his cock.

The healing was coming along nicely. There was no undue redness and the CBR that Basil wore looked good on the end of his cock, or at least that’s what Dorothy believed. He wasn’t overly small or large in the manhood department, but it had been a while since Dorothy had seen her boyfriend unencumbered by a full cock cage and she stood back a moment admiring him.

It only took a glance for Marci to start to doubt her decision to marry Liz. It had been far too long since she had fucked a man and she realized that without a doubt she was bisexual. Yes, she loved Liz but she was now fully torn between her desire to marry the woman she loved and stay nominally single so she could fuck men. Her goal had been to fuck Basil one last time—because he was safe and easy—but now she was having deeper doubts.

“Wow,” she said without irony. “That’s really hot.”

“It’s going to be another month before it’s safe for me to fuck anyone. And it’ll be Thena before it’s you,” he said, just to spite his ex-wife.

“I don’t know about that,” said Dorothy. “I wouldn’t mind seeing you in action again,” she said with a dreamy smile. “And maybe my goal is to keep you away from my pussy.”

Basil couldn’t comprehend what he was hearing even though the words made sense to him. “You don’t want me to fuck you?” he said to his girlfriend.

“Of course I want you to fuck me,” she said, resting her fingers lightly on his forearm. Basil looked down at her hand and compared it to his own. Her hand was open and soft; his was balled up into a fist. He didn’t understand his anger. “But I want you to fuck me when I want to be fucked by you…because that’s what you want. That is what you want, isn’t it, Bas?”

He nodded. “Yes. It’s just hard…” Realizing what he was saying, he pulled up his pants, hiding his cock away from both women, and disappointing both as well.

“Not right now it isn’t,” Marci said snarkily.

Dorothy ignored her comment and pushed the conversation forward. “This might not be as big a problem as it might seem,” she said. “When are you getting married, Marci?”

“In a couple of months.”

“See? Perfect. Basil will be ready to go by then.”

“Does Lez know?” Basil asked, unable to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

“Bas,” Dorothy said, warning him.

Marci let it go because she wasn’t making her request under the best of circumstances. “Not exactly.”

Basil laughed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Marci lifted her chin, which was almost a lame gesture of bravado because she was so much shorter than Basil. It was really like she was lifting her eyes just enough to look at him. “It means she knows I’m bi and she’s okay with that, even if she’s a lesbian.”

“I predict a short marriage,” said Basil.

“No!” Marci said emphatically. “She and I already talked this out. We’ve made a commitment and we’ve agreed to be one hundred percent faithful for the first whole year of our marriage.”

“Really?” asked Basil skeptically. “A whole year? With your record? And then what, you start cheating again?”

“Ha fucking ha funny. No. We’ll revisit our marriage at that point and maybe open it up or maybe not.”

“And have you told her you want some dick right before you get married?” Basil asked.

Marci turned away. “No.”

“Does she know you even want dick?”

“Bas…” Dorothy said, trying to prevent an argument.

“She knows I’m bi and she’s willing to deal with that.”

“Don’t say anything else, Bas,” Dorothy said, cutting the conversation short. “It’s their marriage and they can run it however they want. The question is, do you want to fuck her.” She paused for a half a second. “Actually, the question should be do I want you to fuck her. I own that cock.”

Basil opened his mouth, but said nothing. “I’ll fuck her, just so she can—”

Dorothy put a finger over his lips. “That’s good enough.” She turned back to Marci. “You know, there’s literally hundreds if not thousands of men out there. You don’t have to use you ex-husband in this little game.”

Marci couldn’t help herself. She knew she was a cheater at heart and if Liz ever found out, it would drive her fucking wild, for better or worse. “I know, but Liz…she’s would get really upset…”

Shaking her head, Dorothy said, “You are playing a dangerous game. A game you shouldn’t be playing.”

“My life, my game.”

“We’ll do it,” Dorothy abruptly decided. “We’ll tell you when we’re ready. And I get to watch you two.”

Basil opened his mouth but said nothing. His key holder had spoken and that was that.

The next few weeks went smoothly with Dorothy suddenly very interested in how well Basil was healing. She also showed him what she had in store for his cock.

“Okay, we could modify your current rig, but that’s not going to happen, too much of a pain in the ass. Instead, I’ve ordered you two new cages.”

They were lying in bed together. Basil was naked, or at least as naked as he could get. He wore no clothes or his cage—which made him feel truly naked—but the ring through his cock felt like almost enough ornamentation and cover. Dorothy was in an oversized t-shirt of his, a faded Star Trek logo printed across the front. She had no underwear on, but that wasn’t a problem for his cock because he still didn’t feel up to actual sex, not with his ring in. Besides, there was always his mouth.

“What are they like?” Despite wanting to have complete control over his autonomous functions, Basil’s cock still stirred at her words. Her head was on

his chest and she saw the movement, reaching out to caress it by running a finger down his length.

“The fancy one I’m not going to tell you about. Not yet. But the other one is pretty much what you have now. Maybe a little smaller. But with a slot for your PA. That way you can’t pull out.”

“I never pull out.”

She laughed at him. “Maybe that lie worked on your high school girlfriend, but I’m smarter than that.”

He was upset. “You think I try to cheat my way out of the cage?”

“I think that all men cheat,” she said boldly. “And most women too. Look at your ex.”

It was supposed to be teasing, sexy banter, but it was hitting a little close to home. “Why the hell would I pull out? I can just use a vibrator on my cage if I really want to cum.”

“And in your ass,” she reminded him.

He tried not to blush. “Yeah. That too. But so what?”

“You know it’s why I got you pierced. And if you don’t know this already, you should: I like having control of your cock. I want to fuck someone else right in front of you while you’re wearing your cage and not give you any release. How do you like that?”

No verbal answer was necessary from Basil. Just those few words from Dorothy was enough to make him hard. His cock proudly stood up, rampant and rigid and ready to be used.

Dorothy wasn’t going to let him use it. But she didn’t tell him that.

“How long has it been since we fucked?” she asked as she ran her finger on the underside of his cock, following the thick bulge of the urethra up to the new hole in his flesh courtesy of the CBR. He was silent as her finger circled the ring and then traveled around the ridge of his head. The touch was perfect, not too hard

and not too soft, but just right.

“Since before I got pierced,” he said, his breath low and soft.

“Since before I had you pierced,” she corrected him.

“Since before you had my cock pierced,” he said.

“Want to give it a try?” she asked.

“Yes, but…”

“Don’t worry. I’ve got condoms. We’ll put your new ring safe inside some latex. The last thing we need is to have your tear my cock.” The mind fuck of her refereeing to his cock as hers still drove him wild; he groaned in the back of his throat.

“But first I think my pussy needs some attention,” Dorothy said, moving her head off his chest and back onto the pillows. She pulled the Star Trek shirt off and tossed it aside while opening up her legs, exposing her pussy.

It wasn’t like Basil had neglected her pussy while his cock had been out of commission. He had shown her sex every bit of attention with fingers and mouth and lips and tongue and toys. If anything, him getting pierced had improved her sex life tremendously. But it was all part of the ritual. If he had any chance of getting laid like a normal man again, he had to do the penance between her legs.

Recognizing his sacrifice, Dorothy had been scrupulous about her shaving habits. Her little landing strip was perfectly maintained because it was only polite for her to be as well-shaven as Basil. Before they had started dating he had been in the habit of shaving everything. Since he had spent the last few weeks entirely out of his cage, Dorothy had demanded he shave daily. His pubic shaving was more regular than his facial shaving.

It was a pleasure for him to slide his tongue along her already swollen labia, smooth and hairless. Only when he reached all the way up at the apex of her slit did he encounter any hair, which was already damp with her scent. It didn’t take much to get Dorothy going. Maybe she had found her true kink. Previously she had confessed to him that she liked to be spanked, but they had never explored that, and instead they focused on his cock and cage, and her pussy and

dominance.

Because he was denied use of his cock, Basil took his already considerable pussy-eating skills and combined them with his growing knowledge of Dorothy's pussy and preferences. It didn't take him long at all to get her worked up and rapidly climbing toward climax. When he attempted to pull back just a bit to see her reaction, she grabbed his head between her hands and held it in place so that she could hump his face with her pussy.

Basil was used to this. Getting her scent and juices all over his face was part of the pleasure of being her submissive. He still managed to get her clit into his mouth, suck firmly and not let go. She didn't have any choice but to cum, which she did with elation. Her needs always came first.

After wiping his face with her hand, she brought it up to her lips for a kiss. "You know how to do me better than anyone."

"Practice."

"Chastity," she corrected him. "It's what's makes you a better lover, you know that. And a better man as well."

He had nothing to say to that and just kissed her again. His stiff cock pressed into her stomach and she could feel the hardness of the ring contrasting with the hardness of his flesh. "I suppose we should get you suited up," she said, pushing him off and rolling to the side grab a condom she had set aside. Basil rolled onto his back and he calmly let her grab his cock and start to open the plastic packet.

"You're making a lot of precum," she commented, pausing in her task and dipping her finger into the clear fluid that was steadily seeping from the end of his cock and through the hole made by the CBR he now wore.

"I'm really horny," he commented.

"Understandable," she agreed. Instead of rolling the condom on him, she continued to play with the slippery fluid, circling her finger around his head and then down the length of his cock. There was more than enough of the fluid. "Would you like me to make you cum like this?" she asked wiggling her finger across his sensitive head. He was more than ready to cum and too much attention would make him pop off before he was ready.

“No. Please no.”

“I’ll make it quick, I promise!”

“Don’t make it quick!”

Dorothy laughed at him. “This is so much fun. We should make you go a few months without getting off at all.”

“No thank you.”

“How long is the longest you went in chastity for Marci?” Dorothy’s finger had slowed and she was making slow, lazy circles around the corona now, not trying to make him cum, but keeping him right on edge.”

“Thirty eight days,” he admitted.

“You know I’m going to make you do longer than that, right?”

He nodded. “I know.”

“Are you ready to cum for me?”

“You know I am.”

“I should make you wait a bit longer.”

“It’s fucking torture.”

Dorothy laughed at him again. “Of course it is, that’s what makes it fun.” Before he could say anything else she rolled the condom down over his cock. When it was on, she paused to look at the CBR trapped under the latex, though clearly visible through the thin material. She wondered what it would feel like when she got it inside her, but knew at the same time she wasn’t going to find out.

“All ready?” she asked him as she applied some lube to the outside of the latex sheath, making sure he was slippery and once again assuring herself that he plenty hard and on edge.

Basil nodded. He wasn’t willing to risk saying anything out loud. His body was already quivering with anticipation.

In deference to his need, Dorothy took the bottom position, legs open and pussy welcoming. He climbed on top and she grabbed his cock as if to guide it into her, but she kept a firm grip on his manhood and didn't let him get more than the tip against her wet lips.

"Are you sure you're ready?"

"Please…" he begged.

"I don't think I've ever felt you this hard and hot," she told him, still blocking access to her pussy.

"I really need it…"

"I know you do," she practically purred at him. "But have you earned it?"

"Yes…"

"Okay then," she acquiesced, but instead of guiding him in, she stroked him several times.

It was too much for Basil. He knew once he started fucking her he would cum. The buildup had been too great. He thrusted forward, pinning her hand between his body and her thigh.

The head of his cock got inside her pink pussy before he started cumming. He sank all the way in as the orgasm continued on, but he didn't even have enough time to pull back for a single stroke before he was completely spent. It wasn't painful, but it wasn't how he wanted to cum.

It was literally enough to make him cry and he started sobbing in her ear. Dorothy was equally amused and saddened. Already his cock was shrinking; she could feel it happening inside her pussy. She could also feel the heat of his cum; there had to be a huge amount of it, all contained by the condom. Gently she stroked his back, comforting him.

"Did you have a nice cum?" she asked him.

"No," he sobbed.

“I know,” she said without sympathy. “I wanted to give you a ruined orgasm, but this is almost as good. You know what this means, don’t you?”

“No.”

“I think you’re healed enough for the cage.”

“No.”

“Yes, I’m sure of it. Besides, we’ll need to put it on so you have enough time to build up a fresh batch of spunk for Marci. Don’t you want to please her with a nice big load?”

“No.”

“I know you do,” Dorothy continued on, ignoring his petulance and pretending this was exactly what he wanted and how he wanted to be treated, because it was exactly what he wanted and how he wanted to be treated.

“I wanted to last longer,” he sobbed.

“Oh, I’m sure you will. Right now, your cock is so out of practice and so useless, this was the best you could do. Don’t worry. I’m sure I’ll find some other man who’ll be happy to fuck me the way you can’t.”

Basil nodded against her neck and shoulder, quietly crying now. It was what he wanted and it hurt him to admit it.

Chapter Ten

It took some doing, but when they finally got the new cage on his cock, Basil was pleased. His old cage was an off the shelf model that was nothing more that steel bars and a retaining ring for behind his balls that were held together with a rather ordinary key padlock. He could feel the weight of it when it was on and the annoyance of having to wrap a rubber band around the lock—along with the rubber band breaking more than once inside his underwear—were inconveniences that he was eager to leave behind.

The new cage was everything that his old one wasn't. The lock was still in the same place, right above the base of his shaft where his pubic hair would have been if he wasn't shaving it off, but it was integrated into the retaining ring that went around his balls. There was a special ring for his PA piercing at the end of the short tube that was the majority of the material for the cage. The idea was that he slid his flaccid cock down the tube and then the PA ring would go through his PA hole. The ring would fit snuggly into the base of the tube; the ring was held in place by the lock and the bit that went behind his balls. It was a struggle to get on the first few times, but once they figured out the mechanics of it, everything worked perfectly.

"It's surgical steel," said Dorothy as she made Basil parade back and forth in the bedroom in front of him. "You won't be able to cut it off without cutting off your pretty little cock. That's also why it's so light."

"I can barely feel the weight," he commented.

"That's the idea. Do you like it?"

"Yeah. Very comfortable. The vent holes are kind of small though."

"Those aren't vent holes," she said. "Those are screw holes for punishment pegs."

"Punishment pegs?"

Dorothy opened a second box with the logo of the company that had made the new chastity cage. Inside was a set of eight screws with different ends, some sharp and pointed, some with ridged ends. They all looked uncomfortable. The box also held a small screwdriver. The end was specially shaped to fit into the ends of the screws, the punishment pegs that Dorothy had purchased for either

her own amusement or for Basil's punishment.

"See how they fit into the holes?" Dorothy asked, gesturing for Basil to come over. She held his properly chastised cock in one hand and a screw in the other. It was easy to start threading it into the hole. The steel tube wasn't tight; Basil had some wiggle room inside it so putting one or even a whole set into the holes wasn't painful, but he could feel them. The sharp points were right there. If he started to get hard, eventually the steel tube would stop him from getting fully hard, but not before the screws cut into his flesh.

"Uh-huh," he said warily. He was used to Dorothy manipulating his cock. He was used to the occasional stabs of pain from trying to get hard when he shouldn't.

After putting all eight screws into the holes on the shaft, Dorothy then took the screwdriver and proceeded to make sure they were all secured firmly in place. There would be no easy way for Basil to remove the screws. It was likely he wouldn't be able to remove them at all without the special screwdriver. The eight screws were placed along the side and underside of his shaft, where it was more sensitive. With a quick count Basil saw there were eight more holes she could have placed them in, or there were eight more holes she could use if she bought another set of punishment pegs.

"Don't get hard," she warned him.

"I don't want to," he said earnestly.

He had been standing in front of her while she played with the cock cage. Now Dorothy stood up from the bed, reached up under her skirt, and pulled down her panties. They weren't anything special, just some cotton and lace, but they were strong with her scent. She held them under Basil's nose. "Can you tell how turned on I am?" she asked.

"Yes." Basil's voice shook.

Reaching up and resting her hands on his shoulders, she gently pushed him down to his knees in front of her. It was a common position for him to be in. "Put your fingers in my pussy."

Her stance was wide enough that Basil could put one hand up her skirt and

between her legs. The first thing he discovered was that her inner thighs were damp with her juices. When he reached her sex, her labia was swollen and slick with anticipation. It was easy to slide his finger up inside her pussy. Inside she was hot and even wetter than on the outside.

Though she liked to remain in control, to assert her dominance over Basil, a moan still escaped her lips. “You know what I want,” she breathed.

“I know.”

“No, no you don’t. You don’t know what I want or need,” she reprimanded him.

“I’m sorry,” he quickly apologized.

Dorothy found that at that moment she wanted to slap him across the face, just because she could and just because she knew he would thank her for it. A slap was just good discipline, but she restrained herself. Basil’s chastity wasn’t to abuse him, but to bring out his sexuality and his submissiveness. It was her job to dominate him and take pleasure in his service.

With a push on his forearm, she made him withdraw his hand. She then dropped her skirt to the floor, pulled off her shirt and removed her bra. It had become her custom to have some clothing on the rare occasions she had actual sex with Basil. Even when they played, she kept some of her clothes on, usually a shirt or bra to cover her nipple piercing because somehow that made her equivalent to him. She wasn’t. She was better.

Once she was naked, she laid down on the bed and opened up her legs. Basil started to move forward, trying to place his face between her thighs, but she stopped him. “No. Make me cum with your hand only. I want to squirt. You make me squirt and you might get a treat. No squirt, no treat.”

“You don’t want oral.”

“Fingers only. No mouth. No toys. Get to work.”

Basil was only too happy to do as she ordered. This was what he was born for. Pussy eating was his forte and he wished he could to it for Dorothy every day but that, unfortunately, wasn’t possible.

He started slow because there was no reason to attack her genitals like he had something to prove. He didn't have anything to prove because he knew his exact place in the universe: between his lover's legs. There were so many ways to make a woman cum and he wanted to try out every one of them on Dorothy. After licking the length of her slit and sucking on her swollen labia, he moved up to her clit to lick and suck the tiny and exquisite organ. He would have liked to have slipped a couple of fingers into her sex, gently searching out her hidden spot while pressing a third finger against her tightly puckered anus, not penetrating, but just putting pressure there to let her know what was available.

But that wasn't possible right now. He was forbidden to use his hands so he wrapped his arms around her thighs and focused on what he knew she loved.

It seemed to take forever to get her to where he wanted her to be. There were all the usual moans and groans issued from her lips, but it seemed like nothing was happening. Maybe it was because he wasn't throwing himself fully into the activity. Every so often he found his thoughts drifting down to her cock, happily encased in its new cage. The threat the punishment pegs offered was enough to distract him. He could just barely feel the sharp edges of the screws touching his skin. Since he was still flaccid, there was no real threat, but he wondered what it would feel like to try to get hard while the pegs were in place. Would the pain be terrible or would it feel like a wonderful spike of pleasure.

Abruptly his face was yanked up from her pussy. Dorothy's finger were in his hair and they locked eyes. "You aren't focusing," she told him.

"I'm sorry. The new cage…"

"Don't be such a baby. Do what you have to do." She pressed his face back into her pussy.

Basil resumed his work, but this time he fully focused on her. What did it matter that he was in a new cage? The pain didn't matter. The damage it did to him would be damage he deserved. It seemed to take forever to bring Dorothy to where she deserved to be. Basil's jaw and tongue were exhausted by the time her legs started quivering uncontrollably but he was, sadly, not afforded a pleasant squirt of girlcum. It was just an ordinary orgasm from Dorothy.

"That was nice," she told him, "but I've had better."

“I know. I’m sorry.” Basil hung his head.

Rolling to her side, Dorothy found the small screwdriver for the punishment pegs. “Come here,” she said, holding her hand out expectantly. It was his job to place his cock in her waiting hand, not for her to reach out and do it. When he was in position, she started removing the pegs. He wasn’t fully erect. That was impossible inside the cage, but he was big enough to feel the painful bite of the pegs.

Dorothy removed four of the pegs and placed them in the box. He didn’t understand why she dropped the screwdriver in with them as well; there were four more pegs to be removed.

“You haven’t finished,” he pointed out.

“I have,” she said. “You’re going to wear those all night. It’s your punishment. Your cunnilingus wasn’t up to par tonight.”

The way she had learned the right amount of cruelty astounded Basil. It was exactly what he wanted from her.

It turned out to be the most painful night of his life. It was exactly what he wanted.

Chapter Eleven

“What do you mean you have a date?” Basil couldn’t understand what was happening.

“It’s just a date,” she told him. “For sex.” She glanced down at Basil’s pants. His cage wasn’t visible through them because it was carefully designed to give a normal appearance, but he was still wearing it. She had been kind enough to remove the remaining four punishment pegs that morning, but he had been hoping that maybe she’d release him that evening.

That wasn’t going to happen, he knew that.

“But…why are you going on a date?” It wasn’t exactly a whine, but it was closer than he wanted it to be. He needed to be a man, a man who could take any punishment and was strong enough to be controlled by a woman.

“Relax honey, I’m not leaving you. It’s just for sex.” She paused and let that settle in. “Because you can’t have sex with me right now.”

Pointing out that he could if she would take off the cage was pointless. She’d just make him wait longer. “Why didn’t we talk about this first?” he asked. It was a lame attempt to control the inevitable and they both knew it.

“We did talk about it, remember? You told me it would be incredibly hot if I fucked other men—like I did with Rich—and so I’m making that little fantasy come true for you.”

“Are you…are you really going to do it?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

“It’s my intention to,” she said while picking up her purse. She was dressed nicely, not like a slut but like someone going out on an innocent date. But it wasn’t an innocent date. Nothing was innocent with Dorothy, Basil knew that. Her skirt was tight, but not obscenely tight. Her blouse showed off a little cleavage, but nothing that was scandalous. Her makeup was appropriate and highlighted her cheekbones and brilliant green eyes. As much as he wanted to know, Basil didn’t dare ask what she was wearing underneath her clothes. He’d find that out soon enough. Or not. It was all up to Dorothy, after all. She was in charge.

“Where’s my…where’s my key?” he asked boldly.

In response to this question, Dorothy rolled her eyes, plunged her hand into her purse, and pulled out her key right. It was right there, on the ring with the ones to her apartment, his apartment, her car, and those for work. It looked innocuous. “And don’t get any ideas. I’m not wearing it on a stupid chain around my neck. So tacky.” She started putting on her shoes. The heels were only an inch and a half. Just enough to look good but not slutty.

More than anything he wanted to beg her not to go, but he didn’t because more than that, he wanted to see her come back to his place. “What should…what should I do while you’re out.”

“Whatever you want,” she said with a sincere smile. “You always come home with a pile of work from the office. I’d say do that, or watch TV or read a book. I don’t know. I’m not running your life.” She blew him a kiss and walked out the door. The fact that she used his place to get ready should have upset him, but it didn’t.

When she was gone, Basil slowly sank to his knees and let out a long breath. His chastity cage was keeping his cock under control, but it was trying to get hard and that hurt. It was a good hurt, but it still hurt.

It might be that Dorothy wasn’t running his life, but she was running his sex life.

It was hours later when she returned. Basil had managed to focus on his work and had gotten through a surprising amount of back reports. It had been good for him because it was the only way he was able to survive the night without constantly thinking about what she was doing.

When the door opened his heart leaped and he practically ran to the door to greet her, but when he started moving he realized that was overly needy and he took his time. That was easy because his cock tried to get hard again upon hearing her return. On the way to the apartment entrance he glanced at the clock and saw it was barely eight thirty. Seeing her, Basil recognized the annoyed look on her face.

That should have been bad, but a moment later he realized it wasn’t. Or maybe it

was. He couldn’t decide. Her makeup was still in place and looked perfect. Her hair, which she always kept in a simple, easy to maintain style, showed no evidence of being in a bed or near a pillow.

Not wanting to upset her, Basil didn’t know what to say as she put down her purse and shrugged out of her jacket. “How did it go?” he blurted out.

Her face soured, not that she was apple pie and sweetness. “Horrible.”

“Oh.” He cleared his throat. “What…what happened.”

“He was a stupid fuckboy who only wanted to have sex with me,” she fumed.

That statement brought Basil up short. “I thought…I thought that’s what you wanted.”

“It was, but not with a liar. The picture he has on his profile? At least five years and forty pounds ago. Didn’t dress up at all, torn jeans and a dirty t-shirt. The restaurant was nothing fancy, we were just meeting up there, but I was pretty sure the smell was coming from him. And take off your fucking baseball cap. It was like I was dating Brad from college. Bad Brad from college.”

“I’m sorry it didn’t go better,” Basil said as sincerely as he could.

“You aren’t sorry,” she told him. “And I wanted to get laid. I guess I’ll have to do what’s second best.”

Basil was fine with being second best, though the thoughts of her coming home with a pussy full of another man’s cum made his cock twitch inside his cage.

“What would you like—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Dorothy told him what to do. “Get your clothes off, get in the bedroom, and get the toybox out. I’ll be there in a minute.”

Rushing to do what she wanted, Basil was ready on the bed when she walked in a minute later. Her blouse and skirt were gone, but her heels were still on. Besides that she had gone all out for her stupid fuckboy. Garter belt, stockings, a new bra that seemed to enhance her tits, and a pair of panties that would be generous to call a thong. He noted the thong was worn over her garters; she had

definitely planned on getting laid.

Out of the toybox she pulled out a harness and a long, curved dildo. Basil knew exactly what she had planned for them. “Get on your hands and knees. Get the lube. You’re going to want it.”

As fierce as she sounded and as angry as she was, Dorothy’s aggression was somewhat overstated. While she put on the harness, Basil applied more lube to his ass than was truly needed. Once the harness was in place, Dorothy inserted one end of the dildo into her pussy and then through the harness. They had used it a few times before and Basil knew she liked it because she got enjoyed out of fucking him with it because it was designed with the woman in mind.

Kneeling behind him, set slicked up her fake cock, pressed it against his tight pucker and pressed forward. It went in surprisingly easy.

“You like that?” she asked him.

“Y-y-yes,” he stuttered out.

“I bet you do. Useless cock so you have to take it up the ass like a stupid girl who doesn’t know what her cunt is for.” Dorothy grabbed his hips and started fucking him like a man. The steady pumping action make her ass shake in a way that was more pleasurable than she would ever admit to anyone. The dildo rocked back and forth pleasantly inside her and ground against her clit. It wasn’t like getting fucked by a cock, but it was close enough.

She took no notice if Basil was getting anything out of the severe pounding she was giving him. The noises he was making could have been from pleasure or from pain. While she would have claimed she didn’t care which, it wasn’t the truth. More than anything she just wanted to get off. Having Basil for a partner was wonderful because he was king, loving, and caring, but he didn’t give her all the cock she needed. When it was there, it was truly world-altering. When he just wanted to be locked up and humiliated, it would grate on her more than she wanted to admit.

There had been three time when she had pegged him, stopped halfway through to take off his cage, and then finish because she wanted him to have a full erection when he came. He said the orgasm from getting pounded in the ass was different than from any other way. Nothing touched his cock and still he came

because his prostate was gathering up all the sexual energy they were generating.

She didn't take his cage off this time. She wanted him to have the cruelty of an orgasm that gave no real pleasure. Ejaculation without erection. He said he didn't like it. She didn't care.

As was right considering the circumstances, Dorothy came first. She came harder than she expected and had to stop thrusting into him and needed to rest her weight on his body to recover from the toil. Basil locked his elbows and tensed his legs, letting her do with him as she pleased, letting her gather her strength.

"I came," she said, her cheek against his back.

"I know."

"You didn't."

"It doesn't matter."

"I want to make you cum." She pushed up off his body and started rocking her hips again.

"Are you going to…"

"Take off your cage," she laughed and reached around his body to grasp the steel enclosure that emasculated him. "No. You need to cum this way." She could feel the tenseness of his flesh outside the cage, the heat and the stiffness that surrounded him.

Basil said nothing. She had decided and he went along with her plan. He had no other options.

Cumming inside a chastity cage was more punishment than pleasure. A full erection was impossible. He was barely able to achieve any reasonable firmness. His body responded in a way that was devoid of any enjoyment. Worse was the unexpected pain as his cock pumped out what little cum he was able to generate. The pain was mostly from the thick liquid being forced by the metal ring that pierced his cock and held the cage in place.

It dripped wetly to the sheets.

“I’m done,” Dorothy declared, pulling the dildo out of his ass and rocking back from him. “Go get cleaned up in the shower. I’ll use it when you’re done.”

A nod acknowledged her order and he headed on uncertain feet to the bathroom. He had had ruined orgasms before. This was worse than a ruined orgasm.

Instead of waiting for him to finish in the bathroom, Dorothy stripped off the harness and joined him in the shower. He said nothing as she took the showerhead from its mount on the wall and knelt down to direct the spray to wash away the cum still clinging to his cock and cage. “Maybe we’re not that couple that has me going out and fucking other men just to come home and rub it in your face.”

“Do you want to be that couple?” he asked. It was strange seeing her kneeling in front of him. That was not the usual dynamic of their relationship.

“Do you?” she asked.

The idea excited him. Maybe he was still horny. Maybe it was part of his chastity kink. Maybe he was just fucked in the head. “I wouldn’t mind it.”

“I need to find someone better than fuckboy Adam from tonight then,” she said, standing up and handing the showerhead to him. “Wash me,” she said. It was a simple request and he did it willingly because it properly reestablished the dynamic of their relationship.

Chapter Twelve

Basil was only mildly surprised when he came home to find both Dorothy and Marci at his place. Dorothy had a key, of course. That was her role as keyholder, to always have the right key at the right time. Marci was more of a surprise. The two women were in the kitchen, having drinks and talking.

“Surprise!” said Dorothy when he walked in. “What man wouldn’t want two wonderfully hot bitches waiting for him at his home?”

The situation made Basil wary. “What’s going on.”

“You have a promise to keep for Marci,” his girlfriend told him. Marci laughed a little bit longer and louder than seemed natural. It took him a few seconds to realize they must have been drinking for a while and while maybe they weren’t completely drunk, they were well on their way.

“Time to do your husbandly duty,” said Marci. “Except you aren’t my husband and longer.” She laughed. “And with that thing on your cock, you’re hardly a man.”

That was the part that Basil didn’t like. Maybe he craved some humiliation when he was alone with Dorothy, but he didn’t want it from his ex-wife and certainly not in front of his girlfriend. His face went dark which amused both women.

“Are you wearing it right now?” Marci asked knowing full well the answer.

He said nothing.

Dorothy had to prompt him. “Of course he’s wearing it. I wouldn’t send him to work without it on. How can I be sure he’s not whacking it or fucking some other woman if he’s not wearing it?”

That caused both women to dissolve into giggles again.

“Show her,” Dorothy said after she had recovered from her amusement fit. “Show her your pretty new cage.”

“Ooh. Is it pink. That’ll make him look more girly.”

“No. Just shiny silver.”

“Steel,” Basil corrected her.

“Steel. Whatever. Take off your pants.”

Basil could have argued, except for two things. He wanted to show off his caged cock. And the humiliation appealed to him. Those two things plus he liked taking orders from Dorothy.

Dropping his pants, Basil pulled up his shirttails to show off his caged cock. Marci actually made an “Oooh,” sound when she got a good look at it.

“It looks a bit painful.”

“It’s very lightweight,” he said. “Hardly noticeable.”

“How long have you had it?”

“Just two weeks.”

“And do you like the piercing?” she asked.

“What does that matter?” Dorothy interjected. “I like it.”

Both women laughed again. When Basil started to pull up his pants, Dorothy stopped him.

“Might as well get completely naked,” she said. “You’re going to be fucking Marci in a few minutes anyway.”

Though he wouldn’t have believed it, those words made his cock twitch. He was going to get hard and the cage was going to keep him emasculated. It was humiliating and thrilling at the same time.

“Yeah,” said Marci. “Undress now. We’ll finish our wine and then I’ll fuck you.”

He had already started unbuttoning his shirt, paused briefly, and then resumed. They didn’t seem to notice his hesitation. He doubted Marci meant to peg him. She had voiced her desire for dick. She could peg Liz anytime she wanted. Unless it was her desire to be with a man and the cock was just an extraneous bit of the equation…

“Strip off,” Dorothy commanded. “We’re waiting.”

It was easy for Basil to undress. He was already halfway there and he had been naked in front of both women before. Plus, they were promising him something that he desperately wanted. What was a little humiliation in the face of getting laid?

The ladies watched him remove his clothing, exchanging glances and giggling while he did it in the middle of the kitchen. He unceremoniously dropped each piece of clothing in a heap on top of his shoes, the first two pieces of clothing he had removed. Strangely, when he was done, he was completely comfortable being naked, except for his cage, in front of the women.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Dorothy asked Marci. “I mean, this is going to blow your chance at being a gold star lesbian.”

“I was never a gold star lesbian,” she replied. “Where’s the key?” she all but licked her lips in anticipation.

With an unconcerned shrug, Dorothy dragged her keychain from her purse and gestured for Basil to stand next to her.

“It’s so small,” Marci commented as Dorothy took her boyfriend’s cock in hand and started to slide the key into place.

“His cock?” Dorothy asked, pausing. “It’s about average.”

“No, no. The key.”

“It does the job.” The key was in now, but she paused, before opening the lock. “Are you sure you want to do this here? I can’t guarantee how long he’ll last before he pops off. It’s not exactly premature ejaculation, but close enough. Chastity will do that to a man.”

“Here is good,” said Marci, leaning in a bit to watch.

Dorothy opened the lock and removed the key. From there it was an easy matter to remove the chastity cage after unhooking the PA ring that held everything secure. When she saw that Basil’s cock was just as she had remembered, Marci frowned in disappointment. Even as she did so, Basil’s cock started to stand

erect, jumping and firming up with every heartbeat.

“What’s the matter?”

“I wanted to fuck him with his piercing in.”

“Oh, you can do that. We have his initial ring in the bedroom.” Her smile was predatory. “We’ll have to put an ice pack on that to make it soft again. It’s hard to get the ring in when he’s hard.”

They went to the bedroom with a package of frozen peas and the specialty pliers to align the CBR.

“I wouldn’t want that on my pussy,” said Marci when Dorothy had Basil lay down so she could apply the frozen peas to his hard cock.

“It’s the only way to get him soft.”

“Yeah. I know. I’ve been there.”

That set the two women giggling again.

It took a few minutes, but eventually Basil got soft enough for Dorothy to thread the CBR through his extra hole. She did this while sitting astride his body, her crotch only inches from his face. Marci saw this overt sexual display as merely an attempt for Dorothy to assert ownership over Basil. It was fine with her. She didn’t want to have Basil to herself; she just wanted him for the evening.

“If you slipped with those pliers…” she said.

“Yeah, I’d mess up his junk pretty bad,” Dorothy agreed. “Why don’t you get undressed. I’m going to watch you two.” She didn’t ask if that bothered either Basil or Marci. They didn’t have any say in that matter.

Unperturbed Marci stripped down in front of the woman. Her clothing and underwear were rather plan. She wasn’t trying to impress anyone; she was just there for the sex.

Dorothy moved off Basil’s body, taking the now semi-frozen bag of peas with her. Once the source of cold was gone, he started to stiffen again. That and the

fact that his ex-wife immediately joined him on the bed, lowering her mouth onto his cock, warming it and causing it to rapidly grow. She looked like a staring woman eating a banana.

“Careful,” Dorothy cautioned. “You don’t want him to cum in your mouth.”

“It’s like sucking a popsicle,” she commented. “A popsicle with a metal ring shoved into the end.”

“Are you wet?” Dorothy asked, realizing she was eager for a show. “Does he need to go down on you.”

“Nope,” Marci replied, already moving up his body, planning her knees on either side of his hips and lowering herself down on his cock, using one hand to hold it and the other on Basil’s shoulder to steady herself.

Dorothy watched in glee as her boyfriend’s cock disappearing into Marci. Without thinking about it, her hand wiggled it’s way into her pants. The couple of the bed didn’t notice.

“It feels the same,” Marci announced with more than just a note of disappointment in her voice.

“What?” asked Basil.

“What?” asked Dorothy.

“I was expecting to feel something…special…with your piercing. But it feels just like it did before we…from before.”

“What were you expecting exactly?” Basil didn’t know what else to ask. He barely had control of his cock and her sitting on it wasn’t helping matters. It would only take him a few seconds to cum as it was.

“Something…more,” she explained lamely. “Did it feel different to you?” she asked Dorothy.

“I haven’t fucked him with it in yet.”

“What?”

“Well, I’ve fucked him with a strap on and giving him a handjob and used a vibrator on him, but he hasn’t been inside me yet. So I wouldn’t know what to tell you. Try changing the angle.”

Marci nodded and leaned forward, hanging her tits against Basil’s chest. She started rolling her hips.

“Oh god, oh fuck,” Basil started to pant.

Marci slapped him sharply across the face. “Don’t you fucking dare cum yet,” she warned him.

“I can help with that,” said Dorothy.

The couple on the bed looked toward Dorothy simultaneously.

“You can?” Marci asked.

She went to the box kept next to the bed. Over the course of their relationship, Dorothy had been spending more and more time at Basil’s house because he lived alone and consequently brought along more and more of her toys. He hadn’t noticed everything she brought along and when Dorothy pulled out a rubber ring the roughly twice the size of a key ring, he thought it was a part of something else.

“Get off his cock,” Dorothy told Marci, who did so because she was intrigued. After having been an active participant in Basil’s Dorothy wasn’t the least bit surprised at anything unusual being done to his penis. She was slightly taken aback at how roughly Dorothy handled her boyfriend’s cock, but with some deft and firm movements, Basil shortly had the hard rubber ring firmly behind his balls.

“He’ll last longer wearing that,” said Dorothy.

Marci understood right away and remounted Basil’s cock. She had altered the angle of how she rode him and now, if nothing else, she was positive she could feel his ring inside her pussy. Plus he was harder with the ring on and it felt incredibly good.

“It’s gonna hurt when you cum,” she promised him.

“I know,” Basil grunted.

“I’m gonna cum right now,” she squeaked out and then quivered atop his cock.

Dorothy watched the two of them, her hand down her jeans and inside her panties, button and zipper undone so she could stroke her clit. Her mouth was dry from breathing rapidly but also from the scene she was taking in. Her heart was full of jealousy but she wanted to see Basil both happy and suffering, or happy because he was suffering. While she wasn’t ready to cum yet, she wanted to cum; she wanted to cum but only when Basil did.

“Are you going to keep going?” she heard herself asking Marci.

The ex-wife looked over at Dorothy, took in the fact that the new girlfriend was masturbating along to them, and said, “Yes. Didn’t Basil tell you about me?”

“A little…”

Marci laughed at her. “I’m multiply orgasmic.”

“Aren’t all women?” Dorothy was a bit offended.

“Watch,” said Marci and started riding his cock again. Dorothy knew from her own experience it wouldn’t have taken her very long to cum again, but Marci only had to rock her hips up and down three times before her body was shaking with another climax. Basil grunted, trying to cum, but defeated by the hard rubber ring he wore. “See?” Marci panted.

“Impressive.”

“When I do it with my hand but his cock in me, it feels…fantastic.”

To prove her point, Marci slid her hand between their bodies, found her clit, rubbed herself for a moment, and then had another body-shaking orgasm.

“Wow.” Dorothy was impressed. She could get herself off in a minute or two if she really tried, but where was the fun in that?

“I can do it all night.”

“Don’t…” begged Basil.

“Finish him off,” said Dorothy, happy to be in charge once again. “Make him cum. I want him to cum and I want it to hurt.”

Marci gave her a wild grin and started pumping her thighs and squeezed down on Basil’s cock with her PC muscles. His cock felt enclosed and overheated inside her pussy. A moment later he was cumming. As promised, it hurt, but he was grateful for the pain.

He was gasping and whimpering as Marci climbed off his body. “I could have cum a dozen more times,” she said.

“No needed.” Dorothy poked at Basil’s still hard and very red cock with her finger. It was rigid like a telephone pole. A modicum of sympathy made her grab the ring, stretch it just enough to slip it over his balls and along the length of his cock. She took some care to make sure she didn’t rip out his CBR and then it was all but over. His cock deflated and she wiped her moist hand on his thigh.

“I have a present for you,” she said to Marci as the other woman sprawled on the bed, panting slightly. It was hard for Dorothy not to look at the other woman’s exposed pussy. It was as red and swollen as Basil’s cock, plus it was leaking Basil’s cum. Tearing her eyes away from the sight, she went out to the kitchen where she had left her purse. Back in the bedroom, she handed Marci a small, unusually shaped key.

“What’s this?”

“The key to his cage,” Dorothy said casually. “He needs someone else in charge of it. Not just me.”

Marci giggled with glee. “Are you giving me the key to your boyfriend’s cock?”

“Yes. You can fuck him whenever you want.”

“You shouldn’t temp a bi girl like that.”

Now it was Dorothy’s turn to smile. “I know.” She dipped into the toybox next to the bed, pulling out a harness and the curved, doubled-headed dildo. “I don’t mind you watching, but you should know that I’m going to fuck Basil now.”

Pausing as she stripped off her jeans and panties, she then said, “But I don’t mind if you watch.”

Marci didn’t just watch, she helped get Basil into position and assisted Dorothy in getting the generously sized dildo into Basil’s ass. He knew he should have been objecting, but it was too much to resist. When else in his life would he have the opportunity to be fucked and used and abused by two women?

“Oh god,” Marci gasped as Dorothy grabbed Basil’s hips and went to town fucking him as hard as she could. “I wish I had done this with him when we were still married!”

“This…is…new…for…him,” said Dorothy as she spat out each word with each thrust. She was almost there; pegging Basil was an activity she never would have guessed she would have loved so much.

“His cock,” Marci said, looking at Basil’s full erection. “He’s so hard,”

Half-pausing in her anal fucking of Basil, Dorothy reached around and ascertained that Basil was indeed hard. She then pulled her hand away. “I’m not going to jerk him off,” she told Marci as she resumed her ass pounding. “He’s going to cum the way nature intended, getting pegged by a woman. Prostate stimulation is incredible.”

Marci continued to watch from her side of the bed, one had covering her pussy, not masturbating to achieve an orgasm, but just enough to keep her on edge and interested. When Dorothy paused unexpectedly she was about to ask what was the matter, but the clenched expression on her face told Marci everything. “Are you cumming?”

“Uh-huh.”

“What about him?”

“Gimme a second.” When the wave of pleasure had passed over Dorothy, she gave Marci a nod and started fucking Basil’s ass again. “You like this?”

“Yes,” said both Marci and Basil. Marci giggled and watched her ex-husband’s cock bob and strain. It didn’t take much longer; he was already well-primed. When he ejaculated, it was a sight to behold. Cum not just dripping out, but

shooting out and splashing onto the sheets. It was unlike any orgasm Marci had ever seen before.

“Finally,” groaned Dorothy as she pulled out of Basil and fell to the bed with a sigh of contentment. “Do me a favor, Marci?”

“Sure.”

“Help Basil clean up and then get him back into his cage.”

Marci’s eyes lit up with anticipation. Dorothy was just glad to be done with the responsibility of being Basil’s exclusive keyholder for the moment.

It was easy to remember the old routines; Marci made Basil clean his own cock and then got a cold pack from the freezer to shrink down his cock. It took some doing to get the CBR off his cock and the new cock cage on, mostly because it was a learning experience for Marci, though Basil helped and Dorothy gave advice as she watched. Eventually Basil was back in his cage, safe and secure, and both women collapsed onto the bed while making Basil walk back and forth in the bedroom to show them he was settled.

“Let me show you one more thing. Well, eight more things,” said Dorothy as she got out the punishment pegs and their screwdriver. It only took a minute to put them in place, and the implied—yet very real—threat of damage to Basil’s cock was once more present.

“But he can’t get hard in the cage,” Marci said, manipulating him a bit. There was a bit of a familiar rush of blood to his cock, but nothing came of it.

“But he can try,” said Dorothy.

“Yeah, but it goes away pretty quick. Or at least that’s how I remember it.”

“He can try to get hard. He tries very hard,” said Dorothy. “Want to help me see how much he can stand?”

Marci looked at her new friend. Yes, maybe they were a little drunk, but the wine had mostly worn off. And the situation was supercharged with lust, but it still took her more time than it should have to get Dorothy’s meaning.

Dorothy gently ran her fingers down Marci's arm. "I know you only came over to fuck Basil, but…"

"I promised Liz I wouldn't cheat on her," said Marci.

"This isn't cheating, not yet." It was a lie and they all knew it.

Marci turned her head to Dorothy and they locked eyes. Then then both closed their eyes, moved closer and kissed.

To Dorothy, Marci's lips were incredibly soft, just like a woman's should be. To Marci, Dorothy's lips tasted of deception and lies and cheating, just as she liked. While she had never had sex with a woman before, Dorothy found herself becoming the aggressor, rolling on top of Marci and quickly kissing her way down to Marci's breasts. The moment took her and she didn't stop there; she knew what she wanted. When her kisses reached Marci's belly, a groan from Basil gave her pause.

Both women looked over at the only man in the room. His cock was effectively trapped inside the steel cage, but it was still swollen and red. It was bigger inside the cage than Dorothy had ever seen before. "Don't," he begged of them.

"Honey, I'm going to fuck your ex-wife. You can leave the room or you can watch. It doesn't matter. We're going to do it again, with or without you." She turned away from Basil and continued her path down to Marci's clit. Marci closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment.

It was Basil who had to wipe away a tear, but he didn't leave the room. He continued to watch.

End

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 3

Rob watched as Marc continued to pound away at Angie's pussy. His cum remained on Angie's chest, even as she absently rubbed it into her skin. Marc wasn't the least put off by his lover's gesture. If anything, it was a turn on to the other man to see his lover covered in her husband's cum.

"That's so fucking hot," Lisa breathed from her place on the floor. She released Rob's cock and turned to her friend, leaning over Angie's body to kiss the other woman. It wasn't a friendly kiss between casual acquaintances, it was the kiss shared by lovers. "I wanted him to fuck me," she confided in Angie, but loud enough for everyone to hear.

Angie said nothing, but simply drew her legs up so that Marc could more deeply thrust his short, stubby cock into her wide-open pussy. Rob didn't know what to think. He stood there with his pants half down and his cock slowly drooping as the other three continued on almost without him. He felt half-blocked from their intimacy.

Without asking for permission Lisa helped Angie struggle out of her bra, freeing her tits. They bounced around as Marc continued to fuck her. Turning around, Lisa looked at Rob. "Aren't you going to suck on them?" she asked.

"What?"

Lisa rolled her eyes. It was like the gesture of a teenager. "Angie said you loved to drink her milk. I wanted to see you do it. Aren't you going to do it?" The other woman didn't wait for an answer and turned back to Rob to help him get out of his clothes. He automatically followed her lead. He didn't know what else to do.

It occurred to him as the last of his clothes fell to the floor, that Lisa was the only one wearing anything at all; she was down to just her panties. Once Rob was naked, Lisa turned away from him and lowered her mouth to Angie's left breast. Turning her head, she looked at Rob and before she started sucking, she said,

“Aren’t you going to join me?”

That was all she said and Rob felt his cock getting hard again. He could smell Angie’s milk. He was certain that he could see little white beads forming on her nipples as they rocked back and forth with Marc’s thrusts. Moving quickly around the foot of the bed he got on the bed and lowered his mouth to Angie’s right breast. It would have been completely normal for him to nurse from her if not for the presence of Lisa and Marc, but he wasn’t going to let that deter him. He wasn’t going to let them steal her away from him.

The first taste of Angie’s milk was always the sweetest. The pure honey that flooded his mouth was divine. Without meaning to he let out a little groan as he settled to the task at hand.

“So fucking sweet,” Lisa said. “I could get to like this.” And then she put her mouth back to Angie’s nipple.

The woman in the middle of all the action—both breasts being nursed rom and being fucked by Marc—couldn’t say anything. It was almost too much attention. Her breathing came fast and ragged. There was no way to prevent the inevitable from happening. When she came, the noise she made was barely human, but was obvious to everyone that it was the sound of pure ecstasy.

“Fucking made to be fucked,” Marc muttered.

Rob turned his head but Lisa grabbed his cheek and turned it back to her. The kiss she gave him was unexpected and it was right in front of his wife. It was almost cheating, except that his wife was getting fucked right then and there by another man. Marc’s thick cock was buried in her pussy. Kissing another woman in front of his wife was hardly a crime under the circumstances.

“Hmm,” Lisa said, obviously disappointed.

“What?” he asked.

“I was hoping your kiss would be extra sweet from her milk.”

He half smiled. “Sorry.” Before he could say anything else he was pushed out of the way by Angie’s knee as Marc nearly folded her in half as he increased his thrusts to nearly jackhammer speed.

“Gonna fuckin’ cum!” he grunted and then it was obvious he was cumming, filling Angie’s pussy with his thick, white spunk.

It wasn’t enough to give Angie another orgasm, but it was a pleasant way to temporarily end things. She curled her arms and legs around Marc, embracing him and holding him tightly to her body, forcing Rob and Lisa out of the way. “I needed that,” she gasped. “I needed that.”

Lisa sat back, grinning, admiring the way her friend and her husband unselfconsciously relaxed in the afterglow of orgasm. Rob didn’t know what to think. He was still turned on. While his cock wasn’t hard, he could feel the stirrings happening. If he had been a normal person—someone able to accept all the rules of society without question—he knew he would have been incredibly upset to have just witnessed his wife fuck another man, let alone participate with that other man’s wife. Then again, he had the secret kink of inducing his wife to lactate for him and that was fucked up on so many levels that he didn’t dare unpack his feelings.

“It’s better than porn and better than a private sex show,” Lisa said to him.

Rob’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

Lisa grinned and adopted the attitude of an instructor lecturing a student on an obvious concept. “Porn you just watch on a screen so you’re separated from reality that way. A private sex show is better, but you’re still watching actors just go through the motions. Having your spouse fuck someone else in front of you… well there you have an emotional and visceral connection to the participants. It makes it more immediate and more unnerving. It’s disruptive and exciting.”

Marc groaned and rolled off Angie. “My wife, the community college philosophy instructor, ladies and gentlemen.”

She lightly smacked her husband. “As if you don’t like it,” she replied.

“What I’d really like is to see Rob fuck you.”

Lisa sniffed. “I bet you would, but I’d like to see Rob suck on his wife’s tits.” She gently nudged Angie’s breasts with her hand, making them jiggle a bit, but they were hard and full. “Care to share?” she asked Angie.

“You want to watch me nurse Rob?” she asked, confused.

“Sure. Why not?” Clearly Lisa was more adventurous than Rob had initially guessed.

“It’s weird.”

“Sure it is,” Lisa agreed. “That’s what makes it fun.”

“There’s not much to see,” said Angie. “You’ll just see him sucking on my breasts.”

“No, it’s weird,” interjected Marc. “I mean I understand it, but I still think it’s weird.”

“But you’ll still fuck me?” Angie asked archly.

“Sure,” he laughed.

Rob had been silent during this friendly interchange between the friends and lovers. He felt like an outsider. He was welcome, but he was still outside their little circle. Angie turned to her husband, still giggling a bit, and asked him, “Why don’t you show them how you feed on me?”

“There’s not much to see,” he said softly.

“Then show them what you can,” she said. Her hands were under her breasts, pushing them up a bit, making them look a bit bigger than they already were. Marc and Lisa were watching intently; his hand was absently moving up and down her thigh.

“Can I do what you don’t like?” Rob asked.

Angie wet her lips with her tongue. “Sure. Just remember I don’t get any thrill out of it.”

Twisting his lips, Rob said nothing but reached out and grabbed both of Angie’s breasts. She didn’t complain. Everyone watched as he massaged the globes of flesh for a minute and then squeezed them forcefully. It wasn’t exactly painful for Angie, but it wasn’t the sort of relief she wanted either. He squeezed several

times before he got the result he wanted: a minor eruption of milk from her nipples. The twin fountains shot up a foot into the air before dropping back down and spattering across Angie's chest and the bed sheets.

"That's hot," Lisa declared.

"You think?" Marc asked.

"Did you like it?" Lisa asked.

Angie shrugged, making her tits bounce. "It feels weird to do that. I prefer to be nursed."

In response, Rob squeezed her breasts again causing another fountain of milk to fly into the air and fall back onto her body.

"Stop it," said Lisa. "You're wasting it."

"Does it matter?" asked Rob.

"I thought you liked drinking it."

"I do," he admitted, "but I like seeing her make milk as well. And seeing her tits get bigger. And she's put on a little weight from having to eat more to make the milk, so that's kind of sexy as well."

"Ohmigod!" Lisa burst out. "You're in love with her."

Marc and Angie laughed at the declaration.

Rob's face soured, but he was vaguely amused. "Of course I love her. She's my wife."

Angie snorted. Lisa leaned in and asked, "But do you love her more now that she's lactating or do you love her the same amount? And not all husbands love their wives."

"That's for sure!" interjected Marc. Angie ignored him.

Rob bristled. "I've always loved her! That's why it hurt when I found—" He cut himself off. "Never mind."

It took the other couple a moment to realize what Rob had been about to say. They glanced at each other uneasily while Angie grimaced.

“Okay, shouldn’t have brought it up. Sorry,” Lisa apologized.

“Are you just going to squeeze my tits and shoot milk all over me or are you going to actually do something about it?” Angie demanded, trying to change the direction of the conversation.

“Yeah!” Lisa agreed. “I want to see you nurse on her. And I want to help too.” She lowered her head to Angie’s body and licked up a few of the milk drops. Seeing little other options out of it, Rob rolled his shoulder and bent down to suck Angie’s nipple into his mouth. It only took one suck for her milk to let down after having been primed by his massaging and squeezing. The flood of sweetness into his mouth reminded him of the better parts of being married and having his wife lactate for him.

There was silence in the room for a minute as both Lisa and Rob nursed on Angie, and then Marc asked, “What’s it like?”

“Feels really good,” Angie said dreamily.

“I was talking to my wife,” he said.

Lisa lifted her head. “Very sweet. I like it probably more than I should. You should try some.”

Marc shook his head. “That’s fine. I already tasted it once. I’m good.”

“But it sooo sweet,” Lisa cooed. She sucked fiercely on Angie’s breast, drawing up as much milk as she could, even as Angie moaned slightly at the unexpected frisson of pain, and then sat up to kiss her husband. Marc didn’t pull away, even though he knew that Lisa’s mouth was full of Angie’s milk. He had to admit that after she kissed him and passed some of the milk, that it was an incredibly sweet kiss.

“Look at his cock,” Lisa whispered to Marc after they ended their kiss. She tilted her head to the side, indicating Rob. “He’s getting hard again.”

The way Rob was sprawled on the bed it was easy to see his rising cock. Lisa

wanted to reach out and grab it, but she maintained some dignity.

“Do you want to fuck him?” Marc asked.

“God yes.”

“Go ahead and fuck him,” he encouraged his wife.

“Like you were going to stop me,” she said coyly and gave him another kiss. His hand traveled down from her shoulder to slip inside her panties. He found her pussy was so wet her panties were clinging to her clean-shaven labia. “Keep going,” she encouraged him as his finger probed between her lips.

“I thought you wanted to fuck Rob.”

“I do. Doesn’t mean you can’t get me off too.” Her hands went around his neck and she clung to him, working her hips in time with the movements of his hand.

Marc was vaguely amused at the eagerness of his wife’s need to be fucked, though he had recently cum and she had not. It would only be polite to let her get off next.

Turning his head, Marc spoke to Rob. “Do you want to fuck my wife?” he asked.

It took Rob a moment to realize that Marc was speaking to him and exactly what he was asking. “You want me to fuck Lisa?” he asked, confused.

“Yeah. That’s half the reason we’re here.”

Angie piped up. “Go ahead and fuck her,” she encouraged her husband. “You deserve it.”

Rob didn’t know what to think. He said the only thing that came to mind. “She’s still wearing her underwear.” It was a weak reason not to have sex with anyone.

In response, Marc pushed his wife onto her back and yanked the panties off her, practically tearing them in the process. “Now she doesn’t,” he said with a grin. “Go ahead and fuck her.”

Rob found his eyes going directly to Lisa’s pussy. It was completely bare, not a

hair in sight, unlike his wife. It wasn't like he hadn't seen such a thing before, but to see it in person was something new.

Lisa settled back and opened her legs further. "Like what you see?" she asked, unashamed at her wanton display.

"He sure does," said Angie, stroking her husband's hard cock. She nudged her husband. "Go ahead and fuck her. It doesn't mean anything."

Rob wasn't thinking clearly, but he fell to the peer pressure that was being applied to him. It was easy to give in because he wanted to do it; his sex drive wouldn't allow him to pass up the opportunity of sex with a new woman.

Lisa welcomed him to her body. He was surprised at the kiss. He was surprised at the warmth of the body and the smoothness of her skin. He was surprised at how casually Angie and Marc took his actions. But then again, they had encouraged him to fuck Lisa. Lisa, who was not his wife, who was now holding his cock and guiding it into her pussy.

As he entered her, Rob couldn't remember the last time he had fucked another woman. There had been plenty before Angie—he just couldn't remember them at the moment—but there hadn't been any after. Until now. Her pussy was hotter than Angie's, which seemed strange. And though he easily went into her, somehow Lisa's pussy didn't fit him exactly the way he expected. It was nice, but it wasn't Angie. He wanted Angie's pussy.

"Fuck her," Angie encouraged him breathlessly. He glanced over at his wife who was watching him with shining eyes. She was clearly more excited to see him fucking another woman than he was to be actually fucking someone else. How in the hell did he wind up with the lactation fetish when everyone else seemed to have a group sex and cheating fetish? It didn't seem right. "What are you waiting for?"

Rob just let his body take over and stopped thinking. Sex was sex and letting go was the easiest route.

"Do you want some help?" Angie asked him.

He turned his head away from Lisa's face that was partially contorted into a mask of pleasure though he didn't understand why she was reacting so strongly

to his lame attempt at sex. “Help?” he asked his wife.

Angie got up on her knees and moved close to the copulating pair. “Help like this,” she said, her hands holding up her breasts, offering them to Rob. She got close enough so that he automatically turned his head and latched on to her nipple. When he had nursed from her before he hadn’t taken that much. The moment he started sucking, his mouth was flooded with her sweetness. Almost like an automatic response, he started fucking Lisa harder and faster. That was exactly what both Lisa and Angie wanted.

“Good, very good,” whispered Angie. “Keep going. It’s what she wants.”

Even as he sucked her the breast she offered, the other breast started dripping. Noticing this, she smiled and squeezed, spraying the milk on both Lisa and Rob. He was surprised by his wife’s actions but that didn’t stop him from fucking Lisa who seemed delighted at being soaked with Angie’s milk. Seeing Lisa’s reaction and inhaling the smell of Angie’s milk was all that he needed to go over the edge.

It felt like a betrayal to cum inside Lisa. She was thrilled when he came because his last few hard thrusts made her cum as well, that and the knowledge that another man cumming inside her excited her husband who was watching them. Angie couldn’t have been betrayed because he was doing it right there in front of her and with her encouragement. Rob didn’t know what to think. Luckily his reptile brain didn’t need higher order reasoning the make his body do what it needed to do.

“That was beautiful,” Angie said as Rob rolled off Lisa. “I should have made you fuck another woman years ago.” She laughed at her ridiculous statement, even though it was the truth. She had been so wrapped up in cheating on her husband that she had completely ignored the possibility of what fun it could have been for them both to be enjoying sex with another couple.

Rob was taken aback by her statement. “Really? Why?”

She grinned and cuddled up to him. “Because this was incredibly fun,” she said offering him her breast. Rob was well-trained and automatically opened his mouth and started nursing from her. That was the least-strange part of the evening for him.

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