
The King's Right
Captivated
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Captivated:

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Foreword

The right of the first night—also known as droit du seigneur (the lord's right)—is an ancient tradition where a feudal lord or king had the right to take the virginity of a bride before her husband. There are various legal and traditional arguments for this right, but the most logical one is the one most often ignored, that the bride desires another man besides her husband because her marriage will end her dalliances with other men…

Share Six

Chapter Sixteen

“WHY DO I HAVE TO WEAR IT?” Kevin asked, already knowing the answer.

“Because you’d never succeed on the honor system,” Jenn told him as she carefully placed the new chastity device on his cock.

Trixie had told them it would take at least two months for Kevin to fully heal. After a couple of days, the pain and soreness had faded to nothing. After a week there would be times when Kevin forgot he had a cock ring. As they neared the one month mark, Jenn insisted that Kevin resume wearing a chastity belt. He resisted, naturally, having had his cock free for a nearly a month, he was torn between wanting to be free forever and wanting to go back into the cage so that Jenn could fully control him again. He hated and loved the idea of chastity.

They had been debating the best way to deal with the problem when the specially ordered chastity device arrived in the mail and Jenn made the decision for him. Determining that he was healed well enough, he was going to go into the tube jacket and that was that.

“I’ve been on the honor system for a month.” And of that Kevin was very proud. The first week had been easy. Any untoward contact was just sheer pain, after that the soreness had faded enough that he was able to pleasure himself, in secret in the bathroom at work, but never to orgasm because he was afraid of what it would feel like. After the first week of healing pissing was no longer a project of pain, but he still didn’t want to risk what an orgasm felt like.

Jenn had taken a bit of pity on him after three weeks. By then he was desperate to cum, but didn’t want to because he didn’t want to upset her and he didn’t want the intense pain combined with the ultimate pleasure of orgasm. It had been far too long for him, an adult man, to go without physical release and he was on a hair trigger and Jenn knew it. In bed one night she simply told him he was going to cum. She wanted to make sure everything was still working.

He had begged her not to, but he couldn’t resist his wife.

She took his cock into her mouth and sucked on him a bit. It was like a miracle rebirth the way his cock rose up in the blink of an eye. Having his cock back in her mouth was heaven, and a little strange for Jenn because she felt that odd collision of hard metal and pliant flesh in her mouth. It didn’t take much to make Kevin rise up. She then left off sucking his and just focused on stroking the

underside of his cock, massaging his balls, and occasionally licking the glans until—not more than two minutes after the whole process had started—he erupted in one of the powerful orgasms that men had after going too long without.

As predicted, it was painful for Kevin…but not as painful as he had feared. There was a mixture of pain, some of it from going so long without cumming that the involuntary muscles that drove his climax were out of practice. Some of it was pushing his semen by the silver ring. Certainly some was the still sensitive flesh that was still healing, but most of it was just his fear of what would happen.

“Happy?” she asked him passing a hand towel to clean himself up. Jenn wasn’t going to lower herself to handle her husband’s spunk.

“Sort of,” he groaned, trying to sort out how his cock felt and how his emotions were roiling inside him.

“Good. We’ll get you back on track in no time.”

Back on track was determined by the arrival of the custom order in the mail. Kevin pushed back, saying he needed to heal a little longer. Jenn ignored his plea and told him he was going into traditional chastity right then and there.

“Don’t you want to be back in this nice, tight metal tube?” she taunted him. Kevin watched as she sterilized the entire unit in boiling water. That had been a piece of advice that at first seemed silly, but not that the metal device of unknown origin was going on his most important bit of anatomy, it didn’t seem so silly.

“Well, sort of yes, but I’ve been doing so well on the honor system.” Not that Kevin had much opportunity to defy the honor system.

“And I want this on you and it’ll be so much more fun for the both of us once you’re wearing one again. Don’t you want to show off for your friends?”

That was an odd question, but Jenn had already elicited from him a promise of pictures to be shared with a list of their intimate partner: Evan, Mr. King, Theresa, and Richard. She reserved the right to add more at her whim.

“Fine.”

She fished the metal cage out of the pot of boiling water with a pair of tongs and placed it on a towel to cool and dry. “Get your pants off,” she told him. “I can’t wait, can you?”

While the new cage had been boiling, Jenn had gotten the pliers needed to open the CBR that Kevin was wearing. It took some doing, because she needed to work carefully to make sure she didn’t damage his penis while removing the bead of the ring. Kevin watched nervously, because his cock and fate was literally in her hands. Eventually she widened the ring enough for the bead to be removed and then slip the ring out of the hole in the underside of his cock.

“We won’t need that for a while,” she commented as she put it aside and then picked up the new device.

The first step was a drop of machine oil in the lock. The lock was specially integrated to the entire unit, including the PA piercing, but the last thing either of them wanted was the lock to freeze from a lack of lubrication. Then it was simplicity itself. There was no need for a retaining ring behind Kevin’s balls; the tube slipped over the shaft of Kevin’s cock and the integrated PA ring and lock Jenn carefully fitted through the piercing hole. Once the two bits were in place, she locked them together with the key and it was done. Simpler and easier than the complicated cage he had previously worn. All that was needed was a simple piercing through his cock.

“Oh,” said Kevin when she let go of the device and let it dangle.

It wasn’t heavy, but after so many days without any weight on his cock, the new pull of the chastity device was strange. It was a genius design. The metal tube was locked in place on his cock and when he started to get an erection the steel tube would prevent any growth. It would look completely natural under clothing. It allowed plenty of air circulation on his skin. And, as the advertising would have the viewer believe, it was handsome and masculine enough for any man.

“Very pretty,” breathed Jenn and gave the side of his balls a little kiss.

“Thanks,” Kevin said sarcastically.

“This is so much better than any of your old ones,” she told Kevin. “Plenty of access to your balls and it’ll make shaving so much easier for you.” She ran her finger over the stubble that had grown on his crotch over the past week.

“Shaving again?” he asked.

“If I have to do it, you have to do it. Maybe we should start you on laser hair removal?”

“No, no. That’s fine. I’ll do it.”

“What do you want to do to celebrate?” she asked her husband. “Now that you’re safely locked away for a whole month?”

“A month?!”

“I can make it longer if you want,” she teased. “You’ve been off the leash for far too long.”

Kevin emphatically shook his head. “A month is fine.” When they had started their chastity journey, Kevin had thought that maybe he’d wear the cage for a week and then have a week off, or maybe just the weekend. That hadn’t been the case with Jenn. She had taken to being a chastity enforcer for Kevin, enjoying making him suffer as much as possible because she was getting all the oral sex from him that she wanted, plus she had her boytoy Evan on the side as well.

Not that Kevin really minded. He wasn’t nineteen years old any longer. Beating off three times a day had lost its allure and the wait for the one powerful orgasm rather than a whole bunch of weak ones was worth the struggle.

“So then…we’ll celebrate by me going over to Evan’s tonight and getting fucked and returning home for a nice little cream pie treat for you. How does that sound?”

It was hard to admit, but that sounded perfectly divine to Kevin’s ears. Still, he needed to push Jenn as much as possible. “He’s not going to fuck you just once, is he?”

She gave him another little kiss on his cheek. “Of course not. I’ll make sure he cums in my pussy at least twice before I come home. Would you like that?”

“Yes,” Kevin shivered.

Normally Jenn liked to invite Evan over to her house to fuck in her bed with either Kevin watching them or listening in from the next room. It was fun and safe. It teased and taunted Kevin while getting her off as well. The fact that Evan got his rocks off was of no consequence to Jenn. She had come to believe that men were on Earth for her amusement. Teasing them, making their cocks do her bidding, that was the true pleasure in life.

Sure, maybe other people enjoyed sex and their relationships a different way, but Jenn didn't worry about them. They could live life the way they wanted and she would live hers the way she wanted.

It wasn't often she got to fuck in Evan's bed. Or rather, the bed that Evan normally shared with Valerie, his girlfriend. Normally the other woman occupied the bed, which was her right because she paid half the rent, but not on the few nights that Jenn had the opportunity to take her place. The other woman worked a rotating schedule so Evan was home alone usually once a week. Jenn was a bit sad that she had never met Valerie. She had even suggested to Evan that perhaps they could have a three-way one time. He declined, not because he wouldn't have been thrilled to have two women sucking his cock at the same time, but because he thought his girlfriend would say no.

"Have you every even suggested it to her?" Jenn asked him.

"No. But she'd say no. She's not into that sort of thing."

"What is she into? I'm willing to try all sorts of things." She smiled. Evan was very lucky, having a full-time girlfriend and a piece on the side that was open to all sorts of kinky games.

"Nothing. She's very vanilla. Doesn't even like the vibrator I got her for her birthday."

Jenn found that very sad but it changed nothing in her relationship with Evan. She continued to fuck him behind Valerie's back.

This night she could smell the other woman's scent in the sheets. Jenn had a sensitive nose and while Evan's presence of course meant that she would smell him, Valerie was like a ghost in the bed, there but not really. It made her wonder if Valerie could smell Jenn after she and Evan had been fucking.

“We’re going to play a game tonight,” Jenn told Evan after she stripped down to her fancy red lace bra and panties.

“We are?” he asked, reaching for her, ready to finish the undressing job and fuck her good and hard. He wasn’t stupid. He knew he was being used for her amusement—and Kevin’s as well—but there was no reason to fight off easy sex.

“Yes,” she told him slapping away his hands and dancing away from him. “First strip. Then we’ll start having fun.”

Evan shrugged and quickly scrambled out of his jeans and t-shirt. In less than fifteen seconds he was naked and his cock was rising. Just the presence of a half-naked Jenn could make his cock grow.

“Turn around,” she told him.

“You want to see my fantastic ass?” Evan asked as he displayed his taut buttocks to her. He wasn’t bragging. He worked out enough to know he was just muscular enough to be attractive without being muscle-bound and body-obsessed.

“Yes,” she lied to him while plucking a pair of leather cuffs from her purse and quickly slipping one around his left wrist.

“What’s this?” he asked, amused.

“We’re going to play cops and robbers. I’m the cop, you’re the robber. I’m arresting you.”

“I don’t like silly role playing games.” He grinned over his shoulder at her.

“Don’t worry; we aren’t going to be playing games.” She then wrapped the other cuff around his right wrist. They were black and red leather and buckled in place. She wondered what the computers at Amazon thought about her recent purchases of lingerie, bondage equipment, and male chastity devices. The cuffs were easy to use and when she put his hands behind his back, it was easy for her to hook them together, but since he couldn’t see them, it was nearly impossible for him to take them off. That was part of the game.

“Okay,” she said flopping onto the bed. “Take me. I’m yours. Get my panties off and fuck me hard.” She laughed at him when he realized that normal, plain

vanilla sex was much more difficult when he couldn’t use his hands.

Still, Evan fell to the task. He didn’t bother to try to get her bra off. While he liked her smallish tits well enough, Evan was much more obsessed with Jenn’s pussy and getting panties off a woman without using his hands wasn’t that difficult, it just took a bit of effort, a stout jaw, and strong teeth.

Getting Jenn’s panties off her hips took time. Evan worked at it methodically, glancing upward periodically at Jenn to see her bemused look, but she didn’t help. He started on one side, pulling the side strap down as far as possible with his teeth, fighting the elastic, and then he had to roll over to the other side to repeat the process, and then back to the middle, under Jenn’s belly button, to pull down the lacey material, just exposing to top of her slit. And then he head to start it all over again. This he did five times before he was able to get his face between the thighs and grip the gusset of her panties between his teeth to yank them down the length of her legs. Here she finally gave a tiny bit of assistance, but giggled the entire time.

“Well, that took longer than it should have,” she told him as she struggled to his knees, hands still bound behind his back. Evan spat out her panties onto the floor and grinned in triumph even as she toed his ball sack ever so carefully.

“It was easy enough,” he declared.

“Right,” she agreed as she continued to manipulate his cock and balls with her toes. “But you’ve gone soft.” It was true. It had only been a few minutes earlier when his cock had been proud and beautiful, but now it was weak and limp. Jenn slid her hand down to her pussy, spread open her lips with two fingers and showed him her wetness. “I’m wet, but I don’t think that floppy thing will be of any use. And I’m not sucking cock tonight.” She started to get off the bed.

Not knowing what else to do, Evan threw himself on top of her body, pinning her down with his weight, but he didn’t have use of his arms. Still, the struggle that Jenn had engineered was fun and the scent of cunt was enough to start his cock hardening.

“Oh, I see,” giggled Jenn from beneath him. “You can have your fun if you want, but don’t think for a minute that I’m going to make any effort to put that thing in my pretty pussy.”

Her words actually encouraged Evan, and once more, with great effort, he managed to find a way between holding her down with his shoulders, struggling into position with his knees, and eventually nudging open her pussy with his rigid cockhead. Once he found her entrance, it was easy to sink all the way in and then begin to fuck her as if this were completely normal. Jenn actually helped a bit, kissing him, wrapping her legs around his waist, encouraging him to go deeper. The struggle was satisfying, getting her off twice before Evan finally made himself cum, emptying the entire contents of his balls deep into her pussy.

Puffing hard, sweating heavily on his forehead, Evan said to her, “That was fantastic, but I think my arms are going numb. Can you free me?”

Jenn laughed. It was a real chuckle, not a fake one like she was a terrible porn actress. “I could, but that would take all the fun away from tonight. Don’t you want to fuck my pussy a second time?”

“Yes, but do I get to have my arms free?” he asked.

She shook her head. “Nope, you’re not trustworthy enough. And I didn’t bring my full bondage kit with me.”

“Just take the cuffs off, Jenn,” he all but begged.

A quick glance around the bed gave Jenn an idea. “No…but I’ll hook them around one of the spindles to your headboard.”

He looked at her strangely. “You’re obsessed with this today, aren’t you?”

She titled her head to the side. “Do you want to get fucked a second time or not? I’m ready to ride cowgirl.”

He relented and willingly allowed himself to be placed on his back, hands over his head, cuffs around one of the headboard’s spindles. As a bondage method, it was terrible. As a sign of her dominance over him, it was perfect.

Jenn only had to suck his cock a little to bring it back to attention. He taste of his cum and her pussy. She still had on her bra and didn’t bother to remove it during this whole process, which Evan found odd because Valerie complained all the time about having to wear a bra, but then again, Jenn’s tits were easily half the

size of his girlfriend's.

"Ready to mount up, cowboy?" she asked when he was sufficiently hard and she was sufficiently horny.

"Sure." It was a little peculiar for Evan not to be able to assist Jenn in actually inserting his cock into her, but it was also a little fun as well since he got to watch and she had to do all the work. He could just lie back and enjoy.

What wasn't enjoyable was the sudden and violent thumping of his heart when the bedroom door slammed all the way open. "What the fuck!"

Valerie was outlined in the doorway, all five foot two of her curvy frame. Her dark curly hair hung to her shoulders and she would have been beautiful if not for the look of fury on her face.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Valerie clarified, as if they hadn't understood her the first time.

The moment that Valerie had barged in Jenn and Evan had frozen in terror. It was Jenn who recovered first and had enough presence of mind to even make a short quip. "Fucking. Care to join us?" She smiled, trying to make the best of the situation.

It was Evan who made it worse. "Val. I can explain. Let me explain."

"I knew it," Valerie said, her anger slowly building with each word. "I knew you were screwing around on me. I just knew it."

Jenn carefully climbed off Evan and started looking for her clothes. This wasn't the way she had planned for the evening to go.

"Val, I can explain. Really I can. This is the first time this has happened!" The lie actually hurt Jenn. To Evan, it was a half-truth. He had never before been fucked by Jenn while cuffed to his bed as she rode him.

"I'd better go," she said softly as she pulled a pair of panties from her bag and quickly put on her skirt and blouse. She could feel Evan's cum leaking from her pussy; this wasn't how she wanted to leave and return to Kevin.

“You’re a fucking liar!” Valerie screamed at Evan. “I found those dirty pictures on your phone. Screwing around with her,” Valerie spat the word and pointed to Jenn who was stepping into her shoes. “I don’t know why I even stayed with you the minute I saw them.”

“You probably hoped that they were from before you,” Jenn explained calmly. She understood why Valerie was reacting the way she did. Maybe she would have reacted the same way ten years ago. Maybe not.

“Shut up, slut!” Valerie looked like she wanted to slap Jenn and so she carefully stepped back. Jenn’s hand was clutching the tiny key ring to Evan’s cuffs. Her first instinct was to drop the key and leave to let the other two sort out the problems in their relationship, but then she thought better of it. What if Valerie just left Evan cuffed to the bed forever? Instead she swiftly went to Evan and freed one of his wrists.

“I’m sorry this happened. Maybe in another time and place we could have been friends,” Jenn said as she made to walk through the door, but Valerie wasn’t moving. “Do you want me to stay here?” Jenn asked in her most pissed off tone possible.

This time Valerie actually pulled back her hand and started to whip it forward to slap Jenn, but Evan moved quickly enough off the bed to catch her hand before and violence could ensue. He looked a bit ridiculous caught naked between the two women, his now soft cock flopping wetly between his legs. “Don’t,” he begged Valerie. “Let me explain.”

Valerie shook her hand free. “Let go of my fucking wrist!” she shouted, stepping into the bedroom which gave Jenn the opportunity to scurry out the door. She thought briefly of calling something to Evan, but thought better of it. The worst place in the world to be was caught in the middle of a lovers’ quarrel, especially when she was part of the quarrel.

The last words she heard as she left the apartment was Valerie screaming, “I hope you’re happy with your slut!”

Being called a slut really didn’t upset Jenn, being driven out of the apartment did.

Chapter Seventeen

“YOU’RE HOME EARLY,” Kevin said when she stormed into the house. “Did he cum too quick?”

“No, his fucking girlfriend interrupted us and they got into a fight,” she all but screamed at her husband.

“Oh,” he replied, somewhat in shock. Kevin’s first reaction was confusion as to why would someone get angry just for having sex. And then he remembered that most people were very possessive of their partner and believed way too deeply in monogamy. Kevin wouldn’t have been upset to find Jenn in bed with another man—a stranger even. He would have asked to join in. “That’s a hell of a way to end the night.”

“You’re telling me, buster,” Jenn complained. “Let’s go to the bed. I want to sit on your face and you can eat his cum out of me.”

And just like that they went to the bedroom. Once more Jenn removed her skirt while Kevin lay down on the bed, ready to receive her. He didn’t bother undressing. There was no reason because his cock was safely locked away and she wasn’t in the mood to tease him; Kevin had sensed that the moment she walked in the door. What Kevin didn’t notice was that Jenn was wearing a pair of plain black cotton panties that didn’t match her red bra. He eagerly awaited her lowering her cunt onto his face. As soon as she took off the panties, he could smell her arousal—and a touch of frustration—and saw little partially dried clumps of cum on her clean-shaven labia. Jenn didn’t weigh that much and she had developed strong thigh muscles so it was easy for her to kneel on his chest and let Kevin’s tongue clean her pussy while she relaxed and tried to remember that Evan was just a boytoy, a distraction. He was meaningless. A good fuck, but meaningless.

Kevin’s eager tongue quickly brought her to the orgasm her body craved. It wasn’t as satisfying as having Evan’s large cock slamming into her, but it would more than do for the moment.

After she came, Jenn was much calmer, much happier, and more relaxed. That was the entire purpose of recreational sex, she reflected as she slumped off Kevin and onto the mattress next to him.

Only when his was as satisfied did Kevin get out of his clothes. Even after

wearing the new chastity tube for a few days, it still felt odd after having been free for the better part of a month. He was more comfortable with it on because it felt like he was intimately connected to his wife all the time, it kept his erections under control, and it made him feel like a sexual plaything. All those were good. He still hadn't become accustomed to the weight, but that would just take a little more time.

Once he was naked, he all but undressed Jenn on his own. She was mostly passed out, exhausted, but he knew she didn't want to sleep in her clothes. She liked to sleep naked next to him, nice and safe because his cock was humbled.

They were woken the next morning by Jenn's phone. Once Kevin recognized the tone as his wife's, he stumbled out of bed and headed to the bathroom, passing the phone to her on his way. He didn't even bother glancing at the caller ID.

Jenn assumed that Kevin had looked at the caller information and it was someone important enough for her to want to talk to this early in the day. Upon answering Jenn was greeted with sounds of muffled sobbing. "She's left me," she managed to make out.

"What?" Jenn wasn't fully awake and pulled the phone back from her ear and saw it was Evan calling. Her immediate thought was she didn't need this now—or ever—but she talked to him anyway. It was only the polite thing to do with the man she had most recently fucked.

"Val. She packed a couple of bags last night and left. Said she'd be back for the rest of her stuff today." His voice cracked and Jenn sensed he was about to start crying again.

"I'm sorry, but what do you want me to do?" she replied.

Her harsh tone caught Evan off guard. "I don't know."

Jenn couldn't help herself, she didn't want to be cruel, but Evan needed to be introduced to the ways of the world, something he had been sheltered from for far too long with his parents' money, his good looks, and of course his fantastic cocksmanship. "I told you this was bound to happen eventually," she lectured him. "You should have told her about me weeks ago."

“I know,” he sniveled. “But…I couldn’t.”

“No,” Jenn said sharply. “You wouldn’t. You liked to feel like you were getting away with something. You liked the risk. You liked the game. And now you have to suffer the consequences.”

Evan was taken aback by her heartless tone. “Why are you being so mean?” He practically whined the question at her.

“I’m not being mean. I’m letting you know how the world is.” She could hear a bit of crying in the back ground while he absorbed her words.

“It’s like it’s the end of the world for me,” he insisted.

She wasn’t going to allow her to manipulate her like that. “No, it’s not. It’s the end of your relationship with her. If it had been a better relationship, or if you had been more honest, it would have survived a little infidelity. It might still. Maybe she’ll just be mad at you for a few days or weeks and then she might change her mind.”

“Okay, yeah, maybe.” He sniffed back his tears. “Can I come over to your place?” He all but begged the words.

The question made Jenn’s spine stiffen. Kevin walked back into the room and mouthed Evan? at her. She nodded. He rolled his eyes.

“No, you can’t come over today. I’ve promised today to my husband.” Jenn smiled and reached out for Kevin’s cock. She grabbed the metal tube that surrounded him and he paused next to the bed.

“When then?” Evan seemed eager for some human contact, and it wasn’t that Jenn wasn’t sympathetic, but she wasn’t looking for a boytoy with problems. She wanted one that was there for fun.

“Soon,” she promised. “Get yourself together. Deal with Valerie. Don’t call me until tomorrow.”

“Okay,” he said, but she barely caught the words. She had already disconnected the call.

“You want to spend the day with me?” asked Kevin, his cock stiffening ever so slightly under her hold. “Does that mean—?”

“No, it doesn’t mean that I’m going to fuck you,” she told him, letting all the cruelty out of her voice. “But I don’t want to spend the day with a crying boytoy. But if you’re good, I’ll promise you a treat tonight.” She placed the phone on the headboard and spread open her thighs. “Now, I’ve been woken up with a terrible phone call. Can your tongue fix that?”

Later that afternoon Jenn received a call from Theresa. That was a call she was happy to take.

“So, you’re coming up on your one year anniversary,” Theresa began.

“I know, don’t remind me. It’s like the entire year has flown by. So much has happened.”

“I wanted to call you and start arranging your first anniversary party.”

Jenn laughed. “I don’t think that’s going to be necessary,” she said. “Kevin and I are going to have a simple two-person party. Private and quiet and romantic.”

Theresa cleared her throat. “That’s not how this works, Jenn. Mr. King wants to celebrate your one-year anniversary. And I think you know exactly how he wants to do that.”

Despite herself, Jenn found her pussy lubricating and her panties started getting wet. That shouldn’t be, but it was. Mr. King had been an excellent lay, but he wasn’t so good that she had to have him again. Or maybe she did and that’s what her body was telling her; she just didn’t want to admit it to herself. She found herself saying, softly, hesitantly, “What…what does he want…exactly?”

Theresa laughed at her discomfort. “He wants to fuck you, Jenn. He wants to fuck you on your anniversary while your husband watches with his dick in a chastity cage. I told Mr. King about you having Kevin pierced. That pleased him. It showed him exactly how you can control other men, but not him. You’re going to say yes, Jenn. The only real question is what hotel I should book for you.”

Jenn gave her answer and quickly hung up with Theresa. Kevin hadn't heard the conversation but she knew she'd have to give him the details very shorty. She was going to hide it from him for a little while, at least, and that made her feel guilty. The guilt made her give in and invite her husband into the bedroom.

"I'm not going to ask," Kevin said as his wife kissed him and pulled at his clothes, encouraging him to get naked.

"You're very smart then, because you're not getting out of your cage early."

"Are you horny?" he asked running his hands down her sides to her hips and then back around to cup her buttocks.

"Yes, very. Are you?"

He took her hand from around his neck and placed it on his crotch. She could feel his softness through his pants, but the unbending tube as well. "Always. Can't you feel how hard I am?"

She laughed and pulled her hand away. "Hard and soft," she said. "Get naked. I have a special treat for you."

"Special treat?" he asked as he pulled off his shirt. Being in chastity, even with the new piercing, always had him on edge. Even the hint of the chance of release kept Kevin alert.

There wasn't an immediate answer from Jenn, she continued to undress him and then allowed Kevin to undress her. Shortly, the only thing between them was the steel tube around Kevin's cock. This Jenn gripped and smiled, loving the feeling of power it gave her, loving the fact that he allowed her to do this to him, loving the fact that she was in control of him.

"I'm not getting out of my cage, am I?" he asked her while kissing the side of her neck.

"No," she sighed. "But I'm going to make you feel very good."

"I think it's just going to make me more frustrated," he told her.

"That's fine, but this will be good for you."

“It’s going to hurt.” It wasn’t a question; it was a statement.

She smiled and kissed him, then pushed him back. “What’s a little pain and suffering for your wife?”

He groaned in the back of his throat and nodded. “What do you want me to do?”

“Get on your hands and knees.”

Jenn had been looking forward to this little adventure because she had been reading about it and studying up on what exactly to expect. It sounded both fascinating and frightening, but she knew she had to go through with it. Kevin had been denied long enough, and she knew his body well enough to control it.

All she needed was a condom, a vibrator, some lube, and a glass bowl. Over the last month she had lost all her squeamishness about the human body. Applying the slick gel to Kevin’s anus wasn’t a terrible task. He had shaved away all his excess hair making it a little less gross than she would have thought. After rolling the condom onto the vibrator she had specially purchased for this job, she added more lube to the phallic-shaped device. “Ready?” she asked him as she knelt behind her husband, looking at his steel-covered cock dangling between his thighs. He didn’t have to be erect for this; indeed he couldn’t be erect because of the tube jacket.

“As I ever will be, I suppose,” he answered.

Before she inserted the vibrator in his ass, Jenn placed the glass bowl under Kevin’s dangling dick. “Let’s not miss a drop.”

He grunted as she slowly pushed the vibrator into his ass. At first he resisted the invasion, but then calmed himself and relaxed, allowing her to do with him as she wished. It was a wonderful feeling to be taken in hand and used. Once he relaxed it was easy for her to work the tool in and out of his back entrance, and when she turned on the vibrator, his eyes practically rolled up into his head. It felt divine when the pulsations reached his prostate. When that happened, he knew he no longer had control of himself. He couldn’t get hard but the irresistible sensation of approaching orgasm started building within him.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned.

“Am I hurting you?” Jenn asked calmly, slowing the motions of the vibrator.

“No. It’s fine. I’m gonna cum.” He didn’t want to because it felt wrong, but it was going to happen if she didn’t take the vibrator out of him right then and there.

“Want me to stop?”

“No…” his voice shuddered as she continued to work the vibrator inside him. His hands clutched at the sheets and he wanted to get up and run away, but at the same time he wanted the ordeal to be over.

When it finally happened, Kevin wasn’t sure if he had made the right decision. The sensation of orgasm washed over him, but there was no relief. He cock twitched and danced and then semen dribbled out, pushing past the PA ring and dropping down into the bowl. It was supposed to be an orgasm, but it wasn’t. It was all the steps of orgasm, but none of the pleasure.

“Oh, look at that,” Jenn gushed enthusiastically. “Look at all the cum you’re making!” She stopped moving the vibrator but kept it inside his ass and running. Jenn wouldn’t resist holding his balls and feeling them pulse as his milking continued. “Is this all for me?” she asked.

“Uh-huh,” Kevin answered. His cock and balls and everything else felt like they were having an orgasm for the first time but somehow he had managed to evade the pleasure that was supposed to go with orgasm.

Finally, it was over. His cock stopped dripping semen—and it was thick semen, not just thin, clear, slippery precum—and Jenn withdrew the vibrator. Once that was away, she showed him the contents of the glass bowl. “Wow,” she commented and he wasn’t sure if she was being sarcastic. “That’s a lot.”

“Uh-huh,” he vaguely agreed.

She dipped her finger in the thick white fluid a brought a drop to her tongue. “Tastes just like I remember,” she told him. “Care to share?”

Kevin said nothing as she gathered up a good portion of the semen on two fingers and presented it to his lips. It was almost too far for Kevin, but his desire hadn’t abated at all. He opened his mouth and sucked the semen from her

fingers. Jenn kissed him and dipped her fingers back in the bowl, but this time reserved the portion for herself. “Delicious, don’t you think?” she asked.

Kevin nodded as her fingers went back and she offered him more. He wasn’t ashamed to accept it.

Chapter Eighteen

“DO YOU KNOW WHAT’S IN A MONTH?” Jenn asked.

It was just the three of them: Jenn, Kevin, and Evan. They had invited Evan over for an evening of fun. It wasn’t much of lure. He hadn’t seen Valerie in two weeks and was desperate for any intimate human contact.

Evan shook his head as they passed the food around the table. It was odd to be having dinner with the married couple, but he was willing to indulge in whatever they wanted if it meant he got to fuck them. “No. What?”

“Kevin and my first anniversary,” she said with a sly smile. “We wanted to ask —and this isn’t dependent on how things go tonight—if you wanted to celebrate with us.”

Evan grinned. “Sure! Are you asking what I think you are?”

Kevin chuckled and said, “I’m not sure what you’re thinking, but it’s only half of what she wants out of you.”

“I haven’t seen Valerie in two weeks,” he complained. “I’ll do whatever you want to get laid again.”

“You should invite her over for an evening with us,” Jenn said. “I’m sure she’d find it fun.”

Slowly, sadly, Evan shook his head. “She wouldn’t. She’s just not into it.”

Jenn had been harping on the same issue for the past few weeks with Evan and his answer today was enough for her to give up. “You’re better off without her.”

“What?”

Jenn lifted up her chin, unwilling to give an inch. “Do you really want a plain vanilla sex life? Were you going to get married to her?”

“Does she even know you’re bi?” asked Kevin, pressing the issue alongside his wife. “That’s not something you can hide, not forever.”

“Nobody knows,” Evan quickly insisted.

“Except for me and Kevin,” replied Jenn.

“And any other guy you’ve slept with,” added Kevin. “We don’t care, but if you let it control you.”

“Can we please not talk about this?”

“Sure,” Jenn agreed. “Why don’t we finish dinner and then go fuck?”

They ate quietly for a minute.

Evan asked Jenn, “What else do you want out of me?”

“Why don’t we save that for after sex?” Jenn suggested.

The three of them getting into bed was easy for them now. They undressed themselves and eagerly got on the bed. By now Evan was used to the idea of Kevin’s cock inside the steel cage. He was happy when Kevin went down on him, sucking his cock while he had to opportunity to kiss Jenn and finger her pussy. He felt like he was getting all the attention.

He liked it when Jenn fell back to the bed and Kevin encouraged him to get on her. He especially loved it when Kevin was the one assist Evan in mounting Jenn. In his eyes Kevin was a submissive guy who got off on seeing his wife satisfied, fucked by another man. He didn’t understand the dynamic between the married couple and didn’t bother worrying about it as long as he had the opportunity to fuck the both of them.

And he fucked Jenn good and hard while the Kevin watched with his useless cock. Most men would have masturbated while watching their wife get fucked, but Kevin couldn’t do that. Evan happily finished inside Jenn’s cunt and took a little extra joy when he rolled off her sweaty body so that Kevin could put his face between her thighs and eat the cream pie that Evan had left behind. Not that Evan was above sucking cock and enjoying another man’s cum. It was just strange seeing a married couple do it.

Kevin made his wife cum with his tongue while he cleaned her up. Right before she came she reached out and held Evan’s mostly limp cock, gently rubbing it to bring him back to life.

“You know what I like about men in their twenties?” Jenn asked when Kevin was finished with her pussy. He wiped his wet face with the back of his hand and smiled lovingly at his wife. The question was directed to Evan so he answered.

“What?”

“They get hard so easily.” She glanced down at his still small, but growing, cock. “Want to cum again?” she asked.

“Sure.” He grinned happily at her.

“Want me to suck you?”

“You want me to cum in your mouth?” he replied, teasing.

She shook her head. “No. I want you to fuck Kevin and I want you to cum all over him.” The way she bluntly said the words startled Evan. He had fucked men and blown his wad on them in the past, but this was something different. Jenn was looking for something special from him and he couldn’t say what exactly. Without giving him a chance to object, Jenn lowered her mouth and started fellating him. His cock tasted of raw semen and sultry pussy. It was a familiar flavor for her.

In the background, Evan realized Kevin was moving away, but he wasn’t leaving, he was applying lube to his ass. Jenn had made a request and it would be fulfilled. Once he was hard enough, Jenn pulled Evan’s cock from her mouth and Kevin got on his hands and knees next to them. “Go ahead and fuck him in the ass,” Jenn said wickedly. “I want to watch it.”

Evan shook his head, but he wasn’t refusing the request. “Turn over,” he told Kevin. “I’m going to fuck you like I fucked her.”

It took some moving around and Kevin had to draw his knees up to his chest, but eventually Evan was able to push his big, hard dick into Kevin’s bottom. Jenn’s husband didn’t object at all, he seemed to relish the attention even though Evan was certain the man had no real interest in sex with other men. His cock was limp on his stomach, held soft by the steel tube jacket. He appeared to be the perfect willing submissive bottom of two men making love.

Off to the side Jenn was watching, the fingers of one hand buried in her pussy.

She alternated the other hand between holding Kevin's hand and playing with his caged cock. Several times while Evan fucked him, the little piece of meat tried to get hard, but was immediately thwarted by the tube jacket. All the while, however, it emitted a steady drool of precum.

"Tell me when you're going to cum," Jenn instructed Evan.

"Uh-huh," he huffed, focusing on getting himself off. He was in good shape but cumming twice so quickly was difficult even for someone like him. Eventually he was there and he gave Jenn a quick warning.

"Pull out and cum on him," she cried.

He would have preferred to finish in Kevin's ass, or his mouth, or Jenn's mouth or pussy, but he was the guest and he knew what was necessary if he wanted to fuck with them again. He pulled out, pumped his cock with his hand twice, and erupted with a series of splashes onto Kevin's chest and stomach. Jenn wasted no time in letting the cum cool. She licked up his leavings from Kevin's skin, but didn't immediately swallow it. She shared as much as she could with her husband who eagerly accepted her cum-enhanced kisses.

After they rested together on the bed in a tangle of limbs, Jenn spoke. "I told you it's our anniversary in a month."

"Uh-huh," the exhausted Evan replied.

"We want you to celebrate with us."

"Sure!"

"You won't be the only one there," she continued so he wouldn't get any ideas.

"An orgy?"

"Not really. And there are some restrictions as well."

"Yeah? Like what?"

Jenn and Kevin exchange a glance. Evan hadn't said no yet and he seemed interested. She continued. "We had a…different wedding night than most people.

After we were married, I had sex with another man while Kevin watched."

Evan grinned. "I'm not surprised."

"We're going to relive our wedding night," she went on, "only this time we want you there as well."

His grin broadened. "To fuck you in front of this other guy," he said, nodding his head.

Jenn shook her head. "No. That's where the restrictions come in. Mr. King wants what he calls a 'pure pussy'. I can't have sex for the next month. And of course Kevin doesn't have sex for the next month either." She gently shook his caged cock and he smiled at her. "And if you want to be there—and we want you to be there—that means you can't have sex for the next month."

His brow furrowed. "Why?"

"It's called a sacrifice," Kevin explained, treating Evan with more condescension than he deserved. "You give up something now for a much larger and better reward in the future."

Doing a quick calculation Evan agreed. "Sure. I can give up sex with you for a month."

"All sex for a month, Evan," Jenn chided him.

He was too quick to agree the second time. "Okay."

Jenn wasn't fooled. "And I know what you're like, Evan. No sex includes jerking off. Luckily I have something that can help with that." She hopped out of bed and went to her dresser, retuning with a familiar device in her hands. "This is the only way if you want to continue with us."

The stairs up to his apartment were the worst. He had walked up them a thousand times before, but wearing the cage, it was difficult at best and at worst painful when he didn't remember he was wearing the cage. He kept telling himself it was worth it. Just a month to go before it would come off and then he

could fuck both Jenn and Kevin and it would be the most fantastic sex of his life, that's what they had both promised him.

He hadn't been inside the door more than five minutes when the knock reached his ears. "Fuck," he cursed under his breath. After the sex and the ordeal of getting the cage on his cock, all he wanted to do was fall into bed and go to sleep. The sex had been great. The idea of the metal cage over his manhood had been humiliating, but exciting at the same time because he was always willing to try something new. He just never anticipated something new as not having sex.

When Jenn put it on him, it wasn't exactly painful, but it was…strange. The ring behind his balls was the worst, but getting the metal tube on was an ordeal he didn't want to have to go through again. It wasn't that his dick was huge—Jenn said it wasn't much bigger than Kevin's—but when she handled him, he started to get hard and then she had to apply the ice and then it was a struggle because they were starting over again. He was certain that Jenn enjoyed the torment she was putting him through. Kevin was certainly amused enough by it as he watched in great confidence with his dick already under control of the tube jacket.

Almost automatically, he answered the door and immediately regretted it. "Hello, Val." He couldn't believe how ice cold his words were.

"Hi."

They stared at each other, neither wanting to say anything. Evan gave in first.

"What do you want, Val?"

She opened her mouth. Said nothing. Cleared her throat, and finally managed to force out, "I want to apologize."

"For what?"

"Everything."

Evan wasn't stupid. He knew she wanted to make up and get back together. This was the moment, the opportunity. If he hadn't just fucked both Jenn and Kevin, he might have said yes. "I can't do this right now, Val," he sighed. "It's late."

She seemed surprised by his reaction. “Okay, then…when. Tomorrow?”

Evan closed his eyes and considered all the possibilities. “Sure. Tomorrow.”

She suddenly moved in close and had her arms wrapped around him before he knew what was happening. From there everything was natural. The hug, the kiss, the melding of bodies together. It was all going perfectly, for both of them. His hands dropped down to her ass, feeling the tautness of her flesh. She followed suit, but moved her hand to his crotch, desperate to entice him into bed with her.

He had been growing inside the cage, but exhaustion and earlier sex had kept him under control. Mostly. He was focused on not getting hard to the point where he wasn’t able to stop her in time.

At first Val was thrilled. He was rock hard and ready for her which told her he was ready. Bu then, in the grip she had through his pants, she realized it wasn’t him. His cock would always get nice and hard but not like a bar of iron; that was just the gross exaggeration found in cheap pornography.

She backed away. “What the fuck, Evan?”

He kept her at arm’s length. “It’s not what you think.” It was one of the worse possible things he could have said.

“Are you keeping a roll of quarters in your underwear? What the fuck is wrong with you?” There was a look of horror on her face.

“It’s not a roll of quarters,” he said quickly.

“Then what the fuck, Evan?”

He didn’t know what else to do, so he yanked open his jeans and dropped his underwear and showed off his cock that was now surrounded by a steel cage. He had no words.

Valerie did. “What the fuck, Evan!?”

He pulled his pants back up and said nothing.

“Is this what you’re into now?” she asked, her voice full of rage. “I’m gone a

week and you're into…whatever this dirty, kinky shit is? It's disgusting."

Evan wanted to answer her, to give an impassioned reply explaining exactly what he liked and how the sex they had was great, but he needed more, much more, but he couldn't tell her that. He didn't have the words. "Yeah, it's what I'm into, Val."

"Two weeks I'm gone and you turn into a pervert!"

"No, I've always been into this," he snapped at her. "I've been hiding it from your because…you're fucking boring."

Val stepped back and closed her mouth. Now words escaped her. It was easier to leave in silence than to try to say anything.

Chapter Nineteen

IT WAS A DIFFERENT HOTEL, BUT IT WAS ACTUALLY NICER THAN WHERE SHE AND KEVIN HAD GOTTEN MARRIED. Jenn had checked them in at the front desk, flanked by Kevin and Evan. She had wanted to shock the desk clerk, but the young woman was mildly disinterested. It occurred to Jenn that the clerk had probably seen much stranger things than a woman with no luggage accompanied by two men checking into a room at her hotel.

On the walk to the room Jenn wondered out loud, “Do hotels still have honeymoon suites?”

Kevin answered. “I’m sure they do, probably several. That way they can charge extra.”

Inside the room, which was impressive, as Theresa had promised, Jenn took control, not that she wasn’t always in control of her husband and boyfriend. “The two of you strip. I want you in nothing but your cages when Mr. King gets here.” She headed to the bathroom to change from her dress to her second deflowering ensemble.

Evan said softly to Kevin. “What’s going on with this Mr. King? Do we have to fuck him as well?”

Kevin shook his head. “No. He just likes to make men watch while he fucks their wives…and girlfriends.”

“Oh.” It sounded like Evan was disappointed. He knew he would be getting the cock cage off soon, but it wouldn’t be soon enough.

There was a soft knock on the door. “Why don’t you answer that?” suggested Kevin.

“Should I grab a towel or…?” Evan didn’t know how to phrase the question.

“It’s going to be Mr. King. Better get used to being naked in front of him now. Don’t keep him waiting.”

Evan was so nervous and Kevin seemed so confident that it didn’t occur to him to check the peephole. When he opened the door he was shocked to find Theresa and her husband standing in front of him. Evan’s first reaction was to cup his

hands over his cock, looking like a naughty schoolboy caught with his pants down. It was an accurate description. Still, Theresa got more than an eyeful.

“Very nice,” Theresa complimented him. “Jenn has you in chastity. Good for her. Take your hands away, I’ve already seen it and there’s not that much there to hide.”

Evan dropped his hands and quickly stepped to the side while gesturing for them to come in. “What are you doing here?” he asked, thinking it was somewhat inappropriate for them to be crashing Jenn’s anniversary celebration.

“We were invited, of course,” Theresa almost laughed and then called out, “Jenn? We’re here!” She turned to her husband. “You’d better strip dear. You don’t want to be overdressed.”

Richard nodded and started removing his clothes. Theresa was dressed in a blue dress that hugged her figure but wasn’t overly sexy; she simply had a way of infusing whatever she wore with an undeniable allure.

“Out in a minute,” Jenn replied from the bathroom.

Theresa looked around the room and twisted her lips. “For what was paid and requested…this place is overcharging. I’m going to have to speak with them on Monday.” She sighed and looked apologetically to Kevin. “Sorry. It’s the event planner in me. I can’t ever stop working.” Her eyes dropped to Jenn’s husband’s cock cage. “Very handsome,” she complimented him, admiring the tube jacket he now wore. It was similar to her husband’s but a newer design, smaller and probably lighter as well. “How is the piercing? Fully healed yet?”

“I think so,” he replied, glancing nervously down at his constrained manhood. It was still a little unsettling to him how easily some people talked about his chastity. He knew he shouldn’t be shy about it because Richard and Evan were in the same boat, even if Evan wasn’t pierced.

“She’s not going to let you out tonight, is she?” Theresa asked, very interested in his answer.

“Jenn said she was going to,” Kevin said, a little alarmed at the note in her voice. Plainly Theresa thought he was there to see his wife fucked and then have to suffer as any good cuckold.

Theresa laughed at him. Even Richard chuckled, though Evan just looked alarmed. “I tell Rich all the time that I’m going to let him out, but those are usually lies, right hon?”

“You’re a true tease,” Richard confirmed.

“When was the last time you were out of your toy?” she asked.

“It’s been fifty four days,” he reported.

Kevin was impressed and felt great sympathy for his friend.

“I gave him a three month sentence,” she told Kevin.

“Ninety days,” Richard said. “Only thirty six to go.”

“If you’re good,” she warned. “I can always add time.”

Before Richard could say anything else, there was another knock on the door. “Go let Mr. King in,” he said to Evan.

“What if it’s not him?”

“Who else would it be?” Kevin said pointedly. At this point he didn’t know, but it would be interesting to find out who else Jenn or Theresa might have invited to the party.

This time it was, indeed, Mr. King. Or so Evan assumed when he admitted the middle-aged man, along with the woman accompanying he, into the room after he asked for Jenn. “She’s still getting ready,” Evan explained.

“Naturally,” Mr. King replied. “Good to see you, Theresa.” He ignored the naked men in the room.

Theresa smiled at the newcomer with a radiance that women reserved for secret lovers. “Hello, Mr. King. I could barely wait for tonight.”

Before he could reply Jenn swept out from the bathroom. She was wearing scrap of white silk that might have been described as lingerie if it hadn’t been so revealing. It was mere ornamentation serving no supporting purpose to any part

of her body. Nipples were easily visible through the largely sheer material. If she had any pubic hair it would have been obvious through the tiny thong she wore; as it was her buttocks were clearly visible. The stockings she wore were pure ornamentation.

Before Mr. King could speak, Theresa quipped. “White? Really? No one thinks you’re a virgin.”

The crowded room burst into light laughter and Jenn smiled with confidence. “How can I please you, Mr. King?” she asked her guest of honor.

“You already know.”

Jenn nodded and walked up to him with a confidence she didn’t have a year ago. After giving him a kiss—and her husband a sultry, slutty glance—Jenn went down on her knees and began opening up Mr. King’s pants. Everyone watched in silence as she undressed him enough to pull out his cock and apply her lips and mouth to it.

Theresa watched with approval as Jenn fellated Mr. King. It wouldn’t be many weeks before she was doing the exact same thing. Mr. King demanded tribute on anniversaries and Theresa was happy to provide that service.

The naked men in the room watched with distress because their cocks struggled to get hard while Jenn blew her lover. Theresa assisted the handsome man in removing the rest of his clothes while Jenn stayed on her knees. When he was naked and erect Jenn pulled him back to the gigantic bed. She fell to her back and he yanked off her thong, giving it no thought as he plunged his big cock into Jenn.

Kevin smiled with an odd satisfaction. Richard watched but almost dispassionately. It wasn’t his wife that was being fucked on her wedding anniversary; that would be next month for him. It was Evan who was most upset. His cock fought the cage and he wanted desperately to fuck Jenn instead of the old man with the giant schlong whom she seemed more than happy to fuck in front of everyone.

The moans and the passion during their coupling seemed realistic to Evan, but what he wasn’t expecting was how quickly it was over. Mr. King fucked her quickly, almost savagely, and it wasn’t until near the end when he noticed the

woman who had accompanied Mr. King was filming the event on her cellphone. Since no one else objected, he didn't make a scene.

When Mr. King came, there was polite applause from Theresa and the men joined in. When Mr. King was finished he pulled out but held Jenn's thighs wide open, displaying her cum filled pussy for everyone. "Kevin, I believe you'd like to take care of this?" Mr. King asked.

There was no hesitation. Kevin practically ran to between his wife's legs and eagerly started cleaning the cum left behind by Mr. King.

"And you, young man, what is your name?" asked Mr. King.

"Evan," he answered nervously.

"Evan, my cock is in need of cleaning. I'd like you to help me out."

The youngest man in the room didn't know if Mr. King knew he was bi or if he merely wanted to assert some control over him, but Evan didn't complain. After seeing Mr. King fuck Jenn, he would have done anything the older man asked.

He was large, not the largest cock that Evan had ever handled, but big enough to be impressive. And he was still half-erect which made blowing him much easier. He tasted, as Evan expected, exactly like semen and pussy. There was just enough cum leaking out of Mr. King's cock for Evan to taste and savor.

When Mr. King was sufficiently hard again, Evan was eager to make him cum, or if not that, for Mr. King to fuck him in the ass. Any sort of sexual relief would have been welcomed. But it was not to be.

While he was sucking Mr. King, Theresa had gone to him for a kiss. He pulled up the hem of her dress and slipped his fingers into her panties but didn't make her cum. When he was sufficiently hard, Mr. King pushed both Evan and Theresa away. "Maybe later," he half-promised Theresa and then turned to Jenn. "On your hands and knees, girl. I want you from behind."

Jenn was quick to comply, offering her ass to Mr. King. "You want seconds?" she asked him.

"Absolutely," he said as he stepped behind her to guide his cock into her pussy.

The group watched as he fucked her a second time. Mr. King lasted much longer the second time, partly because his libido had been lowered by his first orgasm , but maybe partly because of performance anxiety by being viewed by so many curious eyes. It was still a good show and when Mr. King finished and pulled out, his assistant moved in close to Jenn's pussy, filming the drops of cum slowly dripping out of her.

"Very good. I'll see you in a year," he complimented her as he started pulling on his clothes and his assistant wrapped up her filming duties.

It happened so quickly Mr. King was out the door before anyone realized it was all over. Sighing in frustration, Jenn said, "Fuck. He only made me cum once." She let her eyes fall on the caged and frustrated Evan. "But I did bring your keys," she told him. "Want some sloppy seconds?"

He noticed that she didn't offer her pussy a second time to her husband. Eagerly, Evan nodded his head.

"What about you, big boy?" she asked Kevin. "You want to fuck me too?"

"Yes, dear. Always."

"Hand me my purse."

Theresa didn't approve that Jenn kept her keys on a ring in her purse instead of wearing them around her neck on a chain, but to each their own. After she dug the special ring out of her purse she unlocked the men, first Kevin, because she knew she could trust him and then Evan, because he was eager to be freed. She made Evan lay down on the bed when she unlocked him. The movement he was free, his cock sprang up tall and proud. He let out a sigh of relief, glad to know his cock was still fully functional. Before he had the chance to get up, she was on top of him, inserting him into her pussy while Kevin watched patiently. Evan was hoping she'd ride his cock hard or at least let him grab her hips and thrust up into her, but that wasn't her plan. Instead she sat down on his hips, letting all her weight settle on his uncaged cock which was pulsing with anticipation inside her pussy.

"Ready for me?" she asked her husband.

Kevin was surprised. "Aren't you going to let him finish first?" he asked,

indicating the distressed Evan.

Jenn shook her head. “You get to fuck me at the same time as him. This is my celebration.”

“Okay,” he said nervously.

“The lube is in my bag,” she told him.

That confused Kevin even more. He was sporting an impressive erection and so his brain wasn’t benefiting from all the blood possible, but he should have understood her nevertheless. To him, after being fucked twice by Mr. King and gone down on by him, his wife should have been plenty slick. He just stared at her.

“Put it in my ass,” she explained patiently to him. “This is how I want to celebrate.”

And so he did, apply lube to his cock and then to her ass, forcing some through the tight ring of muscle just above her opening filled by Evan’s cock.

“Put it in me,” she all but begged him now, her lust rising as Evan struggled more and more to start thrusting. “And whoever cums first gets the longest time back in chastity.

Theresa laughed at the ridiculous situation even as Jenn was distracted by Kevin’s hard cock pushing up into her anus. “You’re cruel.”

Jenn looked at her friend, her eyes glazed with lust. “They love it. I love it.”

“You’ve done well for yourself. Two men in chastity and still garnering the attention of Mr. King.”

Jenn half laughed at that, distracted by the movements of the men within her body. “Uh huh.”

“He gave me this for you,” said Theresa as Jenn became less and less connected with reality. She placed an envelope into Jenn’s hand. “You’re fee for the night. He thinks every woman should be made to feel like a whore at least once a year.”

“Uh-huh,” Jenn agreed. “A beautiful, slutty whore.”

End

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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