
The King's Right
Chastened
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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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 Four

Chapter Seven

“SO…HOW WAS IT?” Theresa’s voice over the phone was barely restrained with enthusiasm.

“It was…absolutely fucking fantastic,” Jenn admitted after a breathless pause.

“I told you,” Theresa said with smug superiority. Jenn allowed her to gloat. It was more than worth it.

“Best sex of my life,” she agreed. “When can I—”

“Don’t even ask,” Theresa said quickly. “Mr. King only fucks his women once, immediately after they get married. He says fucking them a second time spoils the first and only taste.”

“Oh,” said a very disappointed Jenn. “But we did have sex twice. He came in me twice.” She said it proudly as if she had accomplished something no one else had.

Theresa didn’t have it in her to tell Jenn that wasn’t unusual for Mr. King. While she didn’t have a post encounter report from Mr. King on every woman he had fucked, she knew enough from him—and her own personal experience—to know the truth.

“Very, very nice,” Theresa all but purred over the phone. “I’m impressed.”

“Thank you.”

“How did Kevin do?”

“Great. Absolutely great. I wasn’t sure if he’d want to go down on me after Mr. King came in me, but he loved it.”

“Married men do,” Theresa agreed.

“Richard?” Jenn asked, surprised.

“Of course. He’s well-trained. Why do you think I have a boytoy?”

“Because you’re a big slut and you only let your husband have sex once a month,” Jenn laughed.

Theresa laughed along with her and added, “I have a boytoy because Richard loves it that I fuck other men. He loves the smell of other men on my body. He loves that I come home to him with other men’s cum in me.”

Jenn sucked in a shuddering breath. “I have something to ask you,” she said, preparing herself.

“Yes?” Theresa asked expectantly, patiently. She knew what Jenn was going to ask but she also knew that Jenn had to get to the destination on her own.

“How did you and Richard decide to keep him in chastity?”

Theresa cleared her throat a bit primly. “It just developed naturally, I suppose. He confessed his big fantasy was for me to cheat on him, have sex with other men. We did some group scenes but eventually we decided what was the most fun was me stepping out on him and then coming home to him. The problem was, he told me after we started up our cuckolding phase, was that too often when he knew I was out with another guy, he was at home and he would jerk off before I got home. That’s where the chastity thing came into play.”

“Oh. How long did this take?”

“To get to where we are now? About three years. It was a slow process. And after we put him into a chastity cage, both when I was out on a date and whenever it amused me, we decided that what got us both off was him being locked down all the time. He loves it. I love it. It works for us. It doesn’t work for everyone.”

There was a long pause on the phone before Jenn said, “I want to do it to Kevin. I want him in chastity.”

Theresa grinned and was glad that Jenn couldn’t see her. “Did you talk this over with him?”

“No.”

“You want to be in charge of his cock?” Theresa asked. “That’s a lot of responsibility.”

“I know, but…it seemed so perfect. And Kevin said that when he fucked me the

morning after Mr. King, it was the best sex of his life. But…"

"But what?"

"But he didn't last and I didn't get off," she confessed.

"That's why I have a boytoy," Theresa laughed. "Look, talk it over with him. Maybe he wants the same thing you want. He went along willingly with everything else. He might want this as much as you. But it only works if he wants it as much as you do."

"And there's one other problem."

"What's that?"

"I know I can't wait to have sex once a month, especially if it Kevin cums in a minute."

"That's what boytoys are for," Theresa assured her. "I can help with that."

It had been a week since the wedding and Kevin was looking forward to his release. He had been caged inside the clear plastic chastity device shortly after he had fucked Jenn for the first and only time as his wife. They had agreed to keep it on a week just to see if he could endure it and if she was willing to put up with it.

The torment hadn't been so bad. On the month leading up to the wedding Kevin had been caged and he had gotten used to being kept chaste—somewhat—so another week wasn't so bad. The promise of sex at the end of it along with the opportunity to eat Jenn's pussy and make her cum with his mouth and hands helped relieve some of the stress.

When they both got home from work there was no discussion, Jenn simply dangled the key in front of him and Kevin had stripped down at once. Jenn followed suit, but more slowly.

"I think you should go down on me first," she told him. "Last time we had sex you could barely last a minute."

“But that was after a month,” he pointed out as he pretended to absently inspect the trap locked to this cock and balls. “This time it’s only been a week.”

“Yeah, and I want to cum from your cock and not your mouth.” Her blouse was already on the floor and she dropped her skirt to show a pair of very small pink panties that matched the bra she removed by reaching behind her back and slipping the hooks free. Leaving only a tiny bit to his imagination, Jenn ran her hand over her silky panties, pulling them tight against her swollen labia, showing off the wet spot growing from her saturated pussy. There was no unseemly bulge of pubic hair; she was shaved smooth.

It was all the convincing that Kevin needed. “Okay,” he agreed as he went to his knees in front of her and slid the panties from around her hips. Jenn fell back to the bed and raised her knees up to give him access to her pussy. In truth, the pussy eating wasn’t entirely necessary. But she wanted to make him wait a bit longer…and besides, Kevin knew how to eat pussy better than any other man she ever had.

She let him go at it as long as he liked, and eventually, with the addition of a couple of fingers up her twat along with one pressing lightly on her anus, she came. That was the signal. After climaxing with semi-muffled screams, Jenn picked up the key from the nightstand where she had made a show of placing it and gestured for him to get up on his knees.

It was a simple matter to spring open the brass padlock and free his feeble flesh from the cage. Immediately his cock grew to an impressive size. From what she had read, Jenn had expected his cock to start shrinking once he was in chastity. Maybe that was true when he was flaccid, but erect it seemed that Kevin was bigger than ever. Especially his balls. She grabbed his shaft with one hand and cupped his balls with the other as she pulled him forward and into her cunt. The twin orbs were heavy and full, while there had to be another physiological explanation, to Jenn the most likely reason was they were full of spunk and sperm ready to invade her pussy.

Guiding him to her pussy was easy and he settled right into what was a second home for his cock. Unlike the morning after their wedding, Kevin didn’t cum right away. He pumped and thrusted for several minutes in a grand effort to please his wife. The only way he could focus himself and not cum right away was to think about his dead grandmother, the one who insisted on church every

Sunday for every family member. It worked. He made his wife cum like a proper husband would, from his cock wielding skills. The moment she started cumming, gripping him tightly and wrapping her legs around his waist, he too erupted, flooding her sex with a seemingly endless supply of sticky white cum.

“Oh that was perfect,” she sighed when he finished and rolled off her. “I needed that.”

“Me too,” he agreed.

She rolled to her side to look at his profile. Kevin’s eyes were closed but he was facing the ceiling. She could just start to feel his cum start its slow descent from deep in her pussy and she tried not to let it distract her. Her hand went to his cock and Jenn felt the pleasant wet stickiness of their recent copulation. “Want to make this permanent?” she asked him.

“We’re already married,” he said.

She squeezed his balls a little, not to truly inflict pain, but enough to let him know she was being serious. “Ow! Why’d you do that?”

“I was talking about your cock and you needed a reminder,” she said and gave him a little kiss on the cheek. The stubble of his beard just barely scratched her lips. “Want to play the chastity game with me?”

Kevin cracked his eye open at her. “Chastity game?”

“Yeah. You get to wear a chastity cage and only get to have sex when I say so.”

“I’m married to you. I only get to have sex when you say so,” he joked.

This time she slapped his balls which caused him to jerk his body upward in a belated attempt to protect his manhood. “Not funny,” she told him.

The ache in the pit of his stomach confirmed that. “Sorry,” he apologized.

“But there’s a bit of truth in it,” she allowed.

“What?” No Kevin was confused.

“I want to keep the chastity cage on your dick,” she told him.

“You what?” He understood the words, but he had been certain what they did up to the wedding day had all just been a fun little sex game and he wouldn’t have to wear it any longer.

“I want complete control of your cock,” she clarified as her hand traveled up and down his shaft. The discussion had started to get him hard already.

“You do?” he asked, biding for time. He already knew this, of course, because she had put the plastic cage on him after the wedding and he had worn it willingly and without complaint because—or so he told himself—they were still sailing high on the kinky sex game they had pulled off in front of friends and family.

“I do,” she said letting her words mirror what she had said on her wedding day. “And I think you do too. I didn’t hear any complaints this past week.” Her fingers slowed and she just barely kept friction between his cock and her fingertips.

“Because I knew I was getting out in a few days,” he said.

“I think you like it,” she told him. “And I like it, being in control of your cock, knowing for certain that no one but me can get to it, no one else can fuck you.”

“I promise not to have sex with anyone but you,” he said hurriedly. “I made that promise when we got married.”

“I know, but this is just a little extra reassurance,” she whispered in his ear and lightly ran her tongue on the cartilaginous ridge. “And I know for certain that you won’t be jerking off without my permission. That…thrills me.” She shuddered and breathed heavily in his ear. He was fully erect now and they weren’t negotiating; they were just confirming what was inevitable.

“You can fuck whoever you want,” he told her, blurting out the words. “I don’t mind at all.”

“I know and I will,” she promised. “But you’re still going to wear the cage for me, aren’t you?”

There was only one right answer. Jenn's fingers lightly traced circles around his cockhead that was slick with her leftover juices, his spunk, and the precum that his little slit was steadily drooling in anticipation of another opportunity to delve into her depths. "Yes."

"I'll fuck you one last time before you go back into your cage. Would you like that?"

"Yes." The answer was automatic.

"I'll even ride you so you can watch my tits. You like my tits, don't you?"

It didn't matter what she asked. He would easily go along with it. "Yes." It was the only word he knew.

Jenn slipped on top of his body and guided his hard cock into her pussy, watching with her head bent as it slipped up and disappeared into her pussy. In a strange way it was like she was taking possession of it with her body. She could give it back to him any time she wanted and she didn't want to give it up now or ever.

Chapter Eight

SHE DIDN’T HOP OUT OF BED THE MOMENT KEVIN CAME TO SNAP THE CAGE BACK ONTO HIS COCK. It was unintentional, but they both drifted off to sleep and Kevin was allowed a last, final night of freedom before going into chastity.

Usually it was Kevin who woke up first in the morning. This day it was Jenn because she was eager to get the next stage of her life—and Kevin’s chastity—moving along. He didn’t have any choice in the matter and that gave her a little thrill. She retrieved the package from her bag and hopped back into bed with far too much excitement. Her bouncing on the bed woke up Kevin.

“I’ve got a present for you,” she announced with glorious job.

“It’s too early in the morning,” he groaned, pulling a pillow over his head.

It wasn’t his head that she was interested in. It was his cock and it was already erect because his body couldn’t resist the allure of morningwood. Jenn pulled down the sheets, exposing his body and erect cock. She ran her finger along the underside, tracing the thick bulge of his urethra from his balls up to the glans. A muffled moan erupted from under the pillow hiding Kevin’s face. “I got you a present,” she said, placing the jewelry box on his chest.

“I don’t want it,” Kevin complained.

“You want it,” she reasoned with him. “You told me so last night.”

“You had me confused with lust,” he said. It was obvious he was awake now. “I would have said anything.”

Pulling the pillow off his face, Jenn told him, “Open your present! I want to watch as you open it.”

“I know what it is,” he complained. “And I don’t want a hand-me-down from Richard.”

“It’s only temporary,” she told him. “We’ll have to order a custom one for you.”

“No.” Kevin tried to make it sound like his answer was final.

It wasn’t.

“Do you want to fuck me again?” she asked.

“Sure! Right now?” Kevin’s eyes opened and he reached for his wife.

She slapped his hands away. “Not this morning. You’re cut off for a week.”

“A whole week?” he complained. “That’s unfair.”

“You’ll love it,” she assured him. “You went a week before last night, and the sex was good, wasn’t it?”

A smile crept over his face. “Yeah…”

“Open your present.”

Reluctantly he did so.

Theresa had given her one of Richard’s old chastity cages. It was shaped largely like the plastic model, but this one was shiny steel. Immovable rings of metal welded together in a modest curve, the rings close enough together to prevent any friction. The advantage of the metal, they both knew, was superior air circulation around Kevin’s cock, and according to Richard it was more comfortable than the plastic. Kevin looked with some trepidation at the three solid rings that were the base of the cage. To his eyes, they all looked too small.

“Theresa said the hardest part was sizing the correct retaining ring,” Jenn said. “She suggested a good shave and some lube.” Running her finger along Kevin’s pubic mound she felt a bit of stubble. “You need to shave.”

“There’s no way even the biggest one is going to fit me,” he complained.

“Go shave,” she ordered him in her no-nonsense voice. Jenn was starting to enjoy being the dominant one in their relationship. Kevin easily went under her thumb. He obeyed once she added a firm glare to her voice.

The walk from the bedroom to the bathroom was awkward for Kevin because his cock was bouncing around, pointing up at the ceiling. He knew that she wasn’t going to let him cum and the shower seemed to be his last chance to get off

before he was locked away once again. Maybe it was a wife's instinct; maybe Jenn had developed a healthy distrust of her husband's sexual agency because he had no control over it any longer.

She followed him into the bathroom and pulled back the shower curtain a few seconds after he stepped under the running water. "You weren't going to jerk off in there, were you?" she asked him, concealing the box in her hand, setting it down on the bathroom counter, hidden from Kevin's view.

The water was spraying down his body and splashing slightly onto her. That didn't concern Jenn. The worrying part was that Kevin had a bar of soap in one hand and was using the other to work up a lubricating lather with the other. He was still erect but wasn't really masturbating.

"No," he replied, a bit angrily. She couldn't tell if the anger was because of him possibly getting caught and being prevented from jerking off, or if he was just upset at her accusation.

"Fine then," she agreed quickly and sat down on the toilet lid to watch him, keeping her eyes on his manhood. It seemed like it was shrinking under her gaze. "You don't mind me watching, do you?"

"Of course not," he said as he picked up the razor from the ledge and turned his back to the water.

"I think it's good for you to shave," she said. "Women have to shave their legs and pubic hair to fulfill some ridiculous beauty aesthetic. This makes things more equal."

A roll of his eyes let Jenn know Kevin thought she was being ridiculous. "If you say so."

"Rich and Terri are thinking about springing for laser hair removal on his cock and balls," Jenn revealed. "It's kind of pricey, so maybe we'll hold off on that for a bit."

Her words made him nervous which wasn't a good thing when he was running a sharp razor over his cock and balls. Kevin focused on his task and barely listened to his wife.

“Rich also said that steel cages are much more comfortable than plastic. You’ll be a lot happier, I bet.”

“Uh-huh.”

After their brief exchange, she watched in silence as Kevin carefully guided the razor around his cock, balls, and pubic triangle. It helped that he had shaved before the wedding a week ago, but this was the first time he had since performed the task and it took some time. The concentration and effort involved was enough to make his cock steadily shrink down from its previous rampant glory.

“It looks good,” she told him.

“Thanks.” There was no sarcasm is his voice.

“Turn off the hot water. You’ll want to be as small as possible when we put the cage on.”

For a second Kevin looked at her like he wanted to argue, but then relented and adjusted the knob shutting off the flow of hot water from the showerhead and leaving him standing under the steady spray of pure cold water.

It was like a kind of torture. It took all of Kevin’s willpower to turn around and let the icy water hit him in the chest and run down his skin, washing away the remaining lather and hair. Jenn stood up and adjusted the showerhead’s angle so the stream of water hit him directly on the cock. Kevin started shivering but more importantly his cock quickly shrank to where it looked like little more than a worm.

Judging there wasn’t going to be any further improvement, Jenn turned off the water and Kevin grabbed a towel. She allowed him a moment to dry off, but when he went to wrap the towel around his waist, she shook her head. “If you’re cold, put it over your shoulders. Let’s do this here and now,” she said, picking up the middle-sized ring and the small bottle of lubricating gel.

Kevin’s teeth were practically chattering. He couldn’t verbally object and instead carefully stepped out of the tub and stood in front of his wife as she got ready for his cock. Working quickly, Jenn ran some of the lube around the retaining ring in her hand and grabbed Kevin’s balls. “They told me it takes some effort and

getting everything lined up can be tricky. I had to decide between cold water to make you small or hot to relax you." She grinned and rubbed some of the lubricant along his now very tiny shaft. "I chose cold."

"I kn-n-n-now," he managed to stutter between chattering teeth.

"Rich said putting your balls through will feel weird." And with those words she put his sack through the round ring. With all the lube, it wasn't that difficult. It was like threading the floppiest thread through the world's largest needle eye. Once the ring was around his balls, slipping his penis through wasn't that much more difficult. It took some doing, but between the lube and the general softness of his flesh, it was fairly easy. That left Kevin with the metal ring firmly around his manhood. The real different between it and the plastic retaining ring was the steel ring was sold, one piece, and the plastic was two semicircles that fit together.

There was also the knowledge that cutting or breaking the plastic wouldn't have been too difficult. Cutting the strong steel ring would be next to impossible without special tools.

The retaining ring wasn't just a ring, of course. It had three projections on it. One designed to go at the top, call it twelve o'clock, and the other two, shorter ones were positioned at two and ten. The receiver, the curved shaft designed to hold the cock, had three holes that lined up with the projections. There large projection went all the way through; the small ones just centered the device. Slipping the curved body over Kevin's shaft was easy; he was small enough that there was no resistance. At the end of the large projection was a hole. Through this hole Jenn slid the familiar brass cock into place. She closed and locked him away without giving it a second thought. He was so used to being locked into the plastic cage—plus he was distracted by his shivering—that he didn't have time to object.

In essence, this had become normal for them.

"Hmm. Maybe I should have asked for a shorter one," she said seeing as how his shriveled shaft barely took up half the available space.

"I'll grow when I warm up," Kevin promised.

"Blood rushes away from your cock to keep you warm, because it's an

unessential little bit of flesh that doesn’t need to keep you alive,” she commented. “But most men would say it’s the most essential part of their being. Their brains don’t agree with their bodies.” She laughed. “I like this.”

“You like tormenting me?” he asked. It was supposed to be the sort of rhetorical question that contained notes of anger, but it truly wasn’t.

“I like being in charge of your cock. We’re married now, so that’s only right, don’t you think?” She smiled and held his steel-clad cock between her hands. It only took a few seconds and Kevin was able to detect the warmth she was transferring to him.

It felt good.

“It seems right,” he agreed. He felt safe and secure between her hands, but he felt even more secure inside the steel cage.

Chapter Nine

HE'S LOCKED UP, JENN REPORTED TO THERESA VIA TEXT LATER THAT AFTERNOON. She and Kevin had decided to stay at home that Sunday to allow him to get used to the size, weight, and feeling of the steel cage on his cock. He would be going to work tomorrow wearing it and Jenn wanted him to be safe. After all, it was her cock now and she didn't want it damaged through improper sizing.

That's great, Theresa replied. When do you want to meet the boytoy Elias picked out for you?

Now! Jenn hoped she sounded eager and not desperate.

Theresa replied with a laughing emoticon and added, How about tomorrow evening, after work?

I can't wait.

For his part, Kevin had quickly figured out that the weight of the new steel cage, though not much more than the old plastic one, needed some support. He went through a variety of underwear that day, experimenting. Boxers wouldn't cut it. Briefs were good, but it was boxer briefs that seemed to work best for him, giving him a little lift and support to make up for the weight. He had briefly considered an athletic supporter without a cup, but that seemed a little excessive once he discovered that the boxer briefs worked well.

After his many wardrobe changes Jenn commented, "I think I like you naked, showing off your cage around my cock."

He paused as he adjusted himself in his pants once again. The whole setup took some getting used to. They had fallen back to the trick of wrapping a rubber band around the lock to keep it from clinking against the metal cage. He wanted to be comfortable and ready for work the next day. "Is that how it's going to be?" he asked. "Jenn's cock and Kevin's cage?"

She smiled, liking how those words sounded together. "Yes. That's it exactly." She gave him a kiss and cupped his crippled cock through his pants. She felt steel and was satisfied. While they kissed Kevin slipped his hands around her waist and reached down to hold her ass. Nothing had truly changed between them; the cage had just given their dynamic the boost it had needed.

Kevin had never been one for being obsessed with his appearance, there were too many narcissists in the world already in his option. But that night, while he was undressing for bed, be admired himself in the full-length mirror Jenn used to check herself before leaving the house, and found he looked incredibly masculine wearing the metal cage. It pleased him that his wife had given him this gift.

“What are you doing?” Jenn asked from the bed. She was wearing a short purple nightie that barely covered her hips. Underneath that she had on a pair of lace panties that matched the nightie. Her hand was busy inside the panties and between her thighs. “My pussy needs some attention.”

Grinning, Kevin joined her, knowing his cock would suffer a bit, but his wife would soon be gasping with pleasure.

It almost seemed wrong to be visiting Theresa in the late afternoon at her house. Almost. Richard wasn’t home and of course Kevin was at work. Under normal circumstances, in a normal world, the two women would have been drinking wine and gossiping. Instead Jenn was meeting the very handsome and very young Evan, who was introduced to her by Theresa’s boytoy Elias as his cousin.

“Second cousin, actually,” Evan said. He looked similar to Elias. They both had sandy-brown hair that was a little too long and a little too carefully tousled to be natural. Evan was a little taller and a little thinner, but had the most fetching patch of freckles across his cheeks and nose that made him look even younger than the twenty two years he claimed to have.

There was no reason for her to be meeting Evan. Except for one. “You two look remarkably alike,” Jenn heard herself saying. As much as she hated to admit it, she was a little dazzled by Evan’s pretty face.

She wondered if Evan’s dick was as handsome as Elias’s. That was the reason they were meeting. The meeting was for Jenn to approve Evan. Or, as Theresa put it, “Take him out for a test drive.”

“Yeah,” chimed in Elias. “Our grandmothers were sisters.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Theresa said dismissively. “I didn’t invite you two over to hear

about your family tree.” She looked over at Jenn. “I’m going to take Elias up to my bedroom. You can use the guestroom.” She glanced once over at Evan and smiled a little too eagerly and aggressively. “Or not. If not, send him over to my room and I’ll entertain both the boys.”

With that she grabbed Elias’s hand and led him out of the living room and toward the stairs.

Jenn didn’t know what to do next, so she just stared at Evan. He was pretty enough for her to spend the afternoon just gazing at him. Evan, however, quickly grew uncomfortable in the silence.

“Elias said you just got married?”

“Uh-huh.”

“So why are you cheating on your husband?” he asked. His face flushed bright pink when he asked the question.

Jenn laughed. “I’m not cheating on him,” she tried to explain, but then realized it was too complicated for such a simple-minded boy. “Or rather, I am, but it’s complicated. And I’m not cheating on him yet.”

“You know Elias invited me over here to have sex with you,” he said boldly. “He said you were looking to have sex with someone other than your husband.”

It was weird to know that she was being discussed by other men as a sexual object—an easily obtainable sexual object—but that idea turned her on as well. It was with some embarrassment she realized her panties were getting uncomfortably damp. Evan must have been thrilled knowing she was a sure thing. She was thrilled that she was having handsome young men brought to her. Were men really that desperate to have sex?

Were they as desperate as her?

“True. I won’t go into the reasons right now.”

“You know that Elias has been banging Theresa for like, a year now. He says her husband can’t get it up. He’s too old or something and sex with him is no good.”

Jenn wondered if that was a lie that Theresa had told Elias or if it was a story that Elias had surmised was the truth. In truth, she didn't know how much of her private life that Theresa had told Elias and that made her realize she could tell Evan anything she wanted and he'd probably believe it.

Except for putting her husband's cock inside a steel cage. What twenty-two year old boy would believe a man was willing to have his cock taken away from him and be denied sex?

"I don't know about that," Jenn said carefully. "But I'm just looking for a little something on the side. Do you think you can provide that? Discretely?"

"Yeah!"

"It'll just be sex, nothing more. I don't want romance and I'm not looking to leave my husband. Do you understand that?"

"Hell yes. Why would I say no to a beautiful woman who wants to get down?"

Now it was Jenn's turn to blush. It was a wonderful compliment to hear someone as young as Evan call her beautiful. That alone was enough for her to get in bed with him.

She extended her hand to him. "Take me upstairs and fuck me?" she asked as innocently as she could.

They were barely halfway up the stairs when they heard the sounds of Theresa getting fucked. She wasn't a quiet woman in bed and Elias was banging her with enough force to shake the bed and make it thump. Giggling, Jenn ran up the stairs, wishing she had worn a shorter skirt so Evan could get a better view of her legs.

Inside the guest room, she whirled around and fell to her knees in front of Evan. He was surprised at her aggressiveness when she started opening up his pants seeking out his cock. She could feel in under his clothes and he gasped in surprise. "Holy shit," he breathed as she fished out his rigid cock. "You're really going to do this, aren't you?" He looked down at her in amazement even as he pulled off his shirt. Clearly he had no qualms about fucking a married woman.

She licked the underside of his cock, making sure to get a bit of the precum on

her tongue, and then answered him. “Of course. Why does that surprise you?” She pumped his cock with one hand while unbuttoning her blouse with the other.

“You’re married. You just got married, right?”

“Last weekend,” she answered as she continued to stroke and lick him. Jenn shrugged out of her blouse revealing a sheer blue bra. “Why?”

“And you’re cheating already?” Evan unsteadily stepped out of his shoes and jeans as she continued to work on him. Sucking his cock was largely unnecessary; he was already erect and ready to take her. Jenn was fellating him because she could and because it pleased her.

Jenn shook her head. “It’s not cheating if he knows.”

Evan’s eyes nearly bugged out of his head. “Your husband knows you’re here right now?” he asked, thunderstruck.

With a roll of her eyes, Jenn got to her feet and shimmied out of her skirt, revealing her panties matched her bra. “We have an open marriage,” she explained with a bit of exasperation. “Very modern.” With a half turn she headed toward the bed. The turn was intentional because she wanted to show off her ass to her new lover. While not exactly a thong, the panties she wore exposed more flesh than what anyone of good morals would consider appropriate.

In the moment of silence that followed they could both hear Theresa’s moans coming through the walls. Evan laughed nervously as he stood naked in front of the room. “I’ve never done this before,” he admitted.

“You’re a virgin?” she teased, kicking off her shoes and settling onto the bed.

“No, no,” he reassured her. “I’ve never…uh…fucked a married woman before.”

“And I’d better enjoy it,” she said, reaching under her breasts to pull the bra off in one swift practiced move. Exposing her naked tits to Evan made her relax, oddly enough. “Come over here and take off my panties,” she ordered him. “With your teeth.”

Evan proved to be adept at performing that task. She helped, but she wasn’t playing games; she wanted to get fucked. Once she was as naked as he was, she

grabbed his cock and guided it toward her pussy. “I’d ask you to eat my pussy,” she said, “but I’m already too wet.” The moment his cock touched her entrance, he knew she wasn’t exaggerating.

“Do I need…?”

“No. Fuck me raw.”

And he did. It was a primal, animalistic type of rutting. It was rough and incredibly enjoyable for both of them. At the end Jenn had come more than she could remember and her throat was sore from the sounds she had made.

Evan was panting when he was done. “Holy fuck,” he said as he let his weight settle on top of her. “That was incredible. I can’t believe I did that.”

“You were very good,” she complimented him. “You can be my boytoy.”

He rolled off her and they both stared at the ceiling. His sweaty body felt good on top of her but she was relieved when the pressure was removed. “Uhh… thanks? I guess. Is it okay that I came in you?” he asked.

Jenn reached down between her legs and felt her warm, wet pussy. She was a bit sticky as well, and was just start to detect his cum slowly sliding out.

“It’s perfect,” she assured him. They lay silently together a minute and Jenn realized that Theresa had gone silent in her cries of passion. “I’ll want to see you on a regular basis,” she informed Evan. “You have a very handsome cock and I can’t let it not be used.”

“I sort of have a girlfriend,” he confessed.

She turned her head just enough to look askance at him. “Sort of girlfriend?”

“Well…you know…we aren’t really serious but we have been dating a few months.”

“Does she know where you are right now?” Jenn asked.

“Sort of. I told her I was with Elias.”

“Does she know what you’re doing?”

“Hell no!”

“Are you going to tell her?”

“Hell no!” he repeated with a smug grin.

“That’s fine with me. I’m not getting involved in some stupid fucking drama. I don’t want to hear about her and I don’t want her to come seeking me out accusing me or stealing her boyfriend. I just need you for the sex. Keep her pussy satisfied and you’ll have all the opportunities you want to keep mine satisfied.”

That was agreeable for Evan.

A few minutes later Jenn got out of the bed and dressed, all the while wishing she had thought far enough ahead to bring a tampon or even a better pair of panties to keep Evan’s cum inside her pussy.

“You have a great body for an older woman,” Evan told her, watching as she dressed.

She laughed a short, barking yelp at him. “First, sweetie, don’t tell a woman she’s an older woman, even if she’s older than you. And don’t phrase compliments like that. You come off as being far too judgmental. You need to improve the way to conduct yourself. You’re pretty, but that’s not going to last forever, and you’re a wonderful cocksman, but that’s just my opinion. Women are fickle. Trust me. I know.”

He tried again. “You have a great body and I’ve love to fuck you again.” He grinned with that cocky grin that made her want to whip her panties off and give him a second go, but she had to get home to Kevin.

“Much better. I’ll call you. We’ll do this again.”

She met Theresa on the way to the stairs. Her friend was in a sheet robe that showed as much as it hid. She must have been returning from the bathroom.

“How’d it go?” Theresa asking, pausing on her way into the master bedroom.

“Well enough for me to want him again,” Jenn said boldly.

“I could tell,” Theresa said with a knowing grin. “We could hear you through the walls. It gave us enough of a thrill for a second round.”

That would explain Jenn’s sore throat. “Thanks. He’s a keeper for the moment.”

“Richard won’t be home for hours. Stick around and give him another fuck.”

Jenn shook her head. “I made a promise to Kevin.”

“What? Not to fuck other men?” Theresa grinned.

“No.” Jenn lightly patted her skirt above her pussy. “I promised him a treat tonight.”

“Oh. Hurry on home then.”

It was a lie, of course, but Jenn decided that Kevin was going to like his treat.

Kevin, naturally, loved his treat. He didn’t know it of course, but when Jenn arrived home, she kissed him and invited him to the bedroom.

“Is this how it’s going to be every day?” he asked. “You teasing me and me suffering while you get off?”

She noticed he didn’t say no to her invitation and he willingly went along. “Not like this every day,” she said. “But often enough.”

There was no reason for him to strip, but together they got her clothes off quickly, except for her panties, before falling onto the bed. Once Kevin placed his face between her thighs he caught the undeniable scent of her arousal…and something else.

“Did you—?” he started to ask, but she cut him off.

“Take off my panties,” she ordered.

At once he knew exactly what was in store for him, and Kevin didn’t hesitate.

He slowly eased her blue panties over the flare of her lips. The material clung to her labia, partly from her moisture, but mostly from Evan's cum that was leaking out and drying to a gluey consistency. Kevin watched as her soft skin slowly separated from the material and when she was finally free, he lifted up her legs to remove the garment from her entirely, and then plunged his face between her thighs.

Having her husband clean her cunt of her latest lover's cum should have reviled Jenn. That's what the vast majority of her friends and family would say. Instead, she loved it. His tongue laving around her sex, his mouth slurping up what Evan had left behind, it might have made her wanton, but she reveled in her wantonness and came hard on his face before he was done with his task. She didn't cum a second time as he finished, which was disappointing, but she wasn't upset.

"Did I do a good job?" he asked too eagerly. "Will you let me out early?"

The question chilled her blood. This wasn't how he was supposed to behave. "You did a good job," she complimented him, "but I'm not letting you out early. In fact, for asking, you get an extra day in. Don't ask again."

It seemed like a harsh penalty, but Jenn had been reading up on how a good dominant wife kept her chaste husband under control. Adding chastity time was really the best way and she knew she needed to be firm. Besides, she liked being firm.

"Don't you want me to fuck you?" he pleaded. "Don't you want my cock?"

Now Jenn smiled wickedly at him. "I have a boytoy who fucked me today. I can get him to fuck me anytime I want. I'm adding another day to your sentence. Keep it up and I'll keep adding days. Just remember, I can have any cock I want any time I want."

It wasn't complete truth but hit Kevin hard and he started to realize what he was fully in for. His stomach tightened and his nervousness made his cock want to get hard. But it couldn't. It wouldn't have that freedom until Jenn said so.

"I'm sorry," he immediately apologized. "I won't do that again. It was a rookie mistake. Could you please take back that punishment?" He looked up from between her thighs with an open, honest smile.

“I accept your apology, dear. Thank you. I’m sure you won’t do it again. Mistakes happen. But I’m not taking the day back. In fact, for asking that, I’m adding another. You’re up to three additional days on top of your first week. How many more days are you going to add?”

At that point Kevin knew he was well and truly fucked.

Chapter Ten

“WE RECEIVED A LATE WEDDING PRESENT TODAY,” Jenn told Kevin as they were getting ready for bed. He had been on his best behavior for the past nine days and was looking forward to the next day because then Jenn would release him from chastity and he’d be able to fuck her and he’d have another mind-bending orgasm. He kept telling himself it was going to be worth the wait but at the same time he kept reminding himself to keep calm because erections inside the cage could be painful.

“Really? From who?”

“Mr. King,” she answered with a smug smile on her face. She was lying in bed with her laptop. Intrigued, Kevin turned around. “What exactly did he send?”

“Just a video. Want to see it?”

They hadn’t bothered with a videographer at the wedding because Jenn believed they were a waste of money. Sure, the day would be recorded, but who went back and watched wedding videos? Sad, pathetic divorcées and their ilk. Pictures were fine. Kevin knew there hadn’t been any video camera at the wedding, so right away he knew what to expect in the video.

It had obviously been recorded using a smartphone. It took him a minute to figure out that Thalia had been the one to do it. He had been so distracted by Mr. King fucking his wife that he hadn’t noticed her at all. Together they watched the video, Jenn’s hand down Kevin’s pants to hold his caged cock. What they viewed was largely what they remembered. Mr. King fucking her twice and Kevin happily eating Mr. King’s cum from Jenn’s pussy. The episode where Thalia fucked Kevin in the ass with the strap on was also there, but the camera was still then, obviously having been placed on a table for that. It was lightly, but effectively edited, so that Mr. King’s and Thalia’s faces never appeared, but it was obvious who Jenn and Kevin were.

“Wow, maybe I should get a second career as a porn star,” Jenn commented after it was over.

“Sure,” Kevin readily agreed. “You’re pretty enough for it and you have the raw talent. We should post this on one of those amateur porn web sites.” He smiled at his wife and leaned in for a kiss.

Instead of a kiss he was rewarded with a rough twist to his cage that left him gasp. “No,” she said firmly. “You don’t offer your wife to the internet for free,” she told him angrily. “And you don’t tell her that she’s ‘pretty enough’. I’m adding two days to your sentence.”

“What?” he gasped. “Why?”

“For being stupid. But maybe posting the video isn’t a bad idea,” she pondered out loud. The idea of other men beating off to her having sex had a certain appeal.

“Why can you suggest it but I can’t?” asked Kevin. It felt like he had been kicked in the stomach.

“Because I’m the wife. I get to make those suggestions. Not you.”

Kevin was starting to wonder if he would ever get to be freed of his cage. He wanted her pussy in the worst way, but it seemed Jenn was determined to keep him inside the steel bars forever.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “It won’t happen again.”

“Damn right it won’t,” she told him with a kiss. “And I’m sorry about tugging on your cock. I was waiting for you to screw up.”

“You were?” Kevin was confused.

“Yes. I’ve got a date set with Evan tomorrow and I couldn’t have you fucking my pussy after he’s had it. I’ll let you clean me up when he’s done. Oh, and I need you out of the house until nine tomorrow night.”

Even though her words and attitude were cruel, Kevin interpreted her attention as loving. Just the idea of her getting fucked again appealed to him and he started to get hard. This time his cock wouldn’t stop until the pain was almost as bad as when Jenn twisted his package. He groaned and rolled to his side.

“I’ll call you if we get done early,” she promised. “That way everything will be fresh and ready for you to clean.”

Kevin didn’t know what to do with himself while Jenn had her date with Evan. And it wasn’t really a date even; it was just sex. She told him that she had invited her boytoy over just for sex and he had to be out of the house. Not knowing what else to do, Kevin found a bar that wasn’t too loud and obnoxious and watched television sipping a drink until he finally got the go ahead text from his wife. It was 8:57 when the text came through and he wasn’t sure if he was thrilled she summoned him three minutes early, or if she had some other game in mind.

When he got home Jenn was still in bed, naked, of course, and the room stank of sex. The smell alone was enough to stir his cock, but that’s all it did. He wasn’t sure if his cock didn’t try to get hard because of the cage or because the cage had trained him not to get erections any longer.

“I need your tongue to clean me up,” she informed him. Her breasts were already exposed above the sheet, which she now dragged down her body, revealing her sopping wet pussy. Kevin could see clumps of Evan’s cum clinging to her lips and inner thighs. The sight alone was enough to make his mouth go dry. Seeing that he hesitated, Jenn ran a finger down her slit, getting it wet with her juices and Evan’s cum, and brought it up to her mouth. “What are you waiting for?” she demanded of him.

“Sorry,” Kevin apologized. “I was…mesmerized.” He stripped down quickly. It was an unnecessary step because she wasn’t going to let him out of the cage, but he wanted as much skin-to-skin contact as possible.

By now Kevin didn’t regard cleaning his wife’s cunt of cum to be a punishment, but a reward. He settled to the task which, in truth, was half sucking Evan’s cum from his wife and half getting her off again. He enjoyed making her cum because that was really the only way he was having sex currently: going down on his wife.

It wasn’t that difficult to get her to cum because she was already keyed up from her romp with Evan and he just had to nudge her up the hill one more time to bring about one more climax. The only real difficulty was making her nice and clean before she came.

“Very good,” she complimented him after her orgasm had shaken her body and he had successfully sucked the cum from her pussy.

“Thanks.”

“Want to hear about what I did with Evan?” she asked, pulling him up to her face for a kiss. Jenn had lost of shyness about the intermingling of bodily fluids.

He wasn’t sure if she was taunting him or if she actually wanted to share her little adventure with him. It was hard to tell. But it didn’t make a difference. He wanted to hear her story if she was because he loved the torment and he was intensely interest in her sex life.

“I fucked him,” she giggled at him.

“I know that.”

“Want to know what I found out about him?”

“That he’s got a big dick?”

“Well…no, he’s about average sized. About your size.” She shook his caged cock, his soft flesh contained in the hard metal device. “You’re not in chastity because you’re small. You’re in chastity because we both want it, right?”

“Right,” he agreed.

“Anyway, I sucked his cock a little, got him nice and hard, and he fucked me twice, once doggy-style and once missionary. He was good. I’m going to have him again.”

He words started getting him hard and Kevin was torn between wanting to hear more because he loved that is wife fucked other men, but at the same time he didn’t want to hear any more because he didn’t want his cock to get hard and have to deal with that pain.

But he couldn’t help himself. “Yeah? When?”

“The next time I’m horny,” she replied. “But it wasn’t like I sucked him and then he fucked me twice in a row. We took a few hours to do all that. Even though he’s only twenty-two he couldn’t get it up again right away. We talked.”

He bit at the bait. “What did you talk about?” Just asking that question was

enough to cause his cock to stir. He let his mind wander because a little bit of pain wouldn't be terrible right now.

"Him, mostly. He lost his virginity when he was sixteen. That means he's only been having sex for six years; that's less time than I've known you."

"Uh-huh."

"He said he screwed around a lot in college. Maybe that's a lie; I don't know. But he knows what he's doing in bed. He's got a girlfriend. She doesn't know about me."

"Are you okay with that?" Kevin asked.

Jenn shrugged. "I told him he should be honest with her." Now she grinned. "And I told him that if he wanted, I'd go to bed with the both of them."

Kevin's cock was hard enough now to press against the cage's bars. "What'd he say?" Kevin asked, unable to resist the urge to know.

"He said he'd think about it."

The answered disappointed Kevin. "Pfft! It sounds like he's gay. What man would turn down the opportunity for a three-way with two women?"

"No, he's not gay," said Jenn. "He's bi."

"Bi?"

"That's what he says."

"Huh. Does he just claim to be bi or has he fucked guys?"

"Says he did a couple of guys in college."

"Huh."

"I want to see him fuck you," Jenn revealed to him.

Kevin's cock was confused, it didn't know if it wanted to get harder or shrivel away to nothing.

“Why would you want to see that?”

“Because it would be fucking hot.”

“It would be?” Kevin had his doubts.

“Hell yeah.” Jenn was warming up to the idea. “Two guys going at it, especially if one of them can’t get a boner.” She patted his exposed balls once more. “Maybe I’m a sick ticket, but the thought of two guys fucking gets me going. It’s probably the same for most men, right? You want to see two women fucking, that gets you hard doesn’t it?” Now Jenn shook his entire package to remind him he was still in his little cage. “Well, it gets you hard when you aren’t in a cage, right?”

“Right,” he readily agreed, too confused by his sexual frustration to disagree.

“This is going to be so much fun,” she said with unbridled enthusiasm. “We should have gotten married sooner. You’re going to get to see me fuck another woman and I’ll get to see you fuck another man.” Jenn kissed her husband, almost overcome with enough sexual energy to throw aside concern for his chastity and release him that very moment. “Marriage isn’t the end of a great sex life. It’s the beginning of one.”

Kevin had to agree.

Chapter Eleven

WHEN THE END DATE OF HIS FIRST CHASTITY SENTENCE DAWNED, Kevin knew better than to ask Jenn the moment she woke up to let him out of the cage. That would only piss her off and she'd add extra time to his sentence. Not that that wouldn't be fun…but he wanted time out of the cage to please her with his cock. Torment was only so much fun as far as it went. He didn't need extra time or teasing; he wanted relief.

And so he quietly started the day, went to work, and pretended that everything was completely normal. He would wait for the evening, when he got home, for Jenn to release him. If she didn't come to him, he decided when, for the fifth time while sitting at his desk he had allowed his mind to wander and think about sex, his cock was pinched tightly in the cage, he would tell her she had promised to release him and a good marriage was a partnership where both parties kept up their end of the bargain.

Jenn was already home when he arrived at the house. He didn't notice the extra car on the street, partly because they lived on a busy street and partly because he was too focused on his caged cock and Jenn's pussy.

Bounding inside with boyish enthusiasm, Kevin was stopped dead in his tracks when he found another man in the house. He should have been thrilled that the other man wasn't in his bed or his wife, but only in his kitchen. Still, it was enough to temporarily crush Kevin's heart. And cock. At once his manhood shriveled up in the cage when only moments before it had threatened to break the metal bars.

"Kevin!" Jenn said brightly the moment her husband came in the door. She dropped Evan's hand and quickly crossed the kitchen to kiss Kevin. She had been holding the other man's hand far too familiarly and it was obvious from her ripe lips that she had been kissing him—at the very least—if not doing something much more deliciously erotic also. "This is Evan, my boytoy."

The introduction should have been awkward—and it was—but Jenn either didn't notice or didn't care. She gazed back and forth between her two lovers with adoration in her eyes. Evan mechanically stuck out his hand and Kevin robotically shook it. The two men sized each other up, not because they intended to fight over Jenn's favor, but because they were looking for what Jenn saw in the other man.

To Kevin, Evan's advantages were obvious: handsome, young, obviously virile and he assumed the sandy-haired youth didn't have his manhood constricted in a metal cage.

To Evan, Kevin seemed to have all the benefits of an older man. He was married to Jenn, she adored him, and he seemed to have a certain rugged assurance to the way he carried himself.

After a moment that filled the room with a silence that uncomfortably overflowed the space, Jenn spoke. "Tonight is going to be great. It's the end of Kevin's sentence," she said to Evan, "and I invited Evan to help us celebrate," she directed to Kevin.

"I thought you invited me over for dinner," Evan said nervously. Only then did Kevin realize that his wife hadn't told Evan that her husband would be home.

"No, I actually invited you and your girlfriend over, but only you showed up." Jenn narrowed her eyes at her young lover. "Did you even extend my invitation to her?"

Ashamed, Evan shook his head. "No."

"Well then, no dinner. I had been hoping we could all play, but Evan's being a bit of a disappointment." She smiled. "But I have something else in mind." She picked up a small keychain from the counter and dangled it at Kevin. "Come upstairs and we'll have a little party," she promised her husband. "You too, Evan. I want a show before dinner."

The two men followed her up the stairs, neither speaking, both nervous, but for different reasons. In the bedroom, Jenn sat down on the edge of the bed and spoke to her husband. "Strip. It's time for you to get released."

Kevin refused to be intimidated or ashamed in his own bedroom. He efficiently removed his clothes while Evan stood off to the side, pretending to not watch the older man. While he might have been fifteen years Evan's senior, Kevin was still in decent physical shape. When he was naked but for the chastity device, there was a certain physical presence and confidence Evan thought that he himself couldn't project.

"Ready to get released?" Jenn asked when her husband was naked and dangled

the key from her fingers.

He smiled. “Of course.”

“You’re not going to cum right away, are you?” she asked. “I don’t want cum spraying all over my dress.” She ran her hand modestly down the bright blue dress that showed just the right amount of cleavage to be sexy but not slutty.

“No. Never.”

She nodded and reached for his cock, but stopped before her fingers met steel and she seemed to realize that Evan was in the room. “Oh, I think Evan should strip as well. I want a show before dinner.” She looked pointedly and expectantly at her young lover. When he didn’t move, she gave explicit instructions. “Go on, take off your clothes. I want to size the two of you up together.”

With a dopey grin on his face, Evan did exactly as Jenn asked. Taking off his clothes wasn’t a very long process, and Kevin tried not to snicker when Evan revealed a pair of boxers covered with Batman emblems. He also tried not to stare at the other man’s cock that was already erect and ready for use. True to Jenn’s word, Kevin estimated it was roughly his size but was fully erect while his was still caged.

Jenn dropped the keychain to the bed and now reached out to caress both men, Kevin’s constrained cock in her right hand and Evan’s rampant one in her left. She stroked her lover a few times and then paused. “I want a show,” she repeated. “And I bought a few toys to help us play.”

Stepping up smoothly from the bed Jenn went to her dresser and retrieved the very simple toys. Kevin didn’t know what to expect and she only had with her a bottle of lubricant and box of condoms. At once he knew exactly what she planned. A lesser man would have balked. Kevin made the immediate decision to do whatever his wife wanted.

“When was the last time you fucked a man?” Jenn asked Evan softly.

“It’s been a while,” he confessed. “A few years.”

She nodded. “Let me help you get dressed for the occasion.” Grabbing his cock, she pulled him forward and sat back down on the bed’s edge. Kevin watched,

rapt, as Jenn lowered her mouth to Evan's cock and sucked it a bit, bobbing her head up and down a few times, just enough to make sure he was good and hard and to taste the precum he was oozing. Evan closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation, but was disappointed when she stopped and began rolling a condom down his length. Still, he didn't object; he was eager for this to happen.

"On the bed, honey," Jenn told Kevin when Evan was fully armored in latex. "Hands and knees. I want to see your cock dangle while he fucks you."

Since he had no words at the moment, Kevin just nodded and did as his wife asked. She took Evan's hand and squirted a healthy serving of lube into his palm, and then did the same with herself. She set about preparing Kevin's ass. It wasn't as distasteful a task as she would have though. It was amazing what love could help brush aside. Evan slicked up his length, knowing exactly what to do through previous experience.

"This is going to be wonderful, honey," she whispered to Kevin while wiping her hand on a towel after applying the lube to his back entrance. "You'll love it, I'm sure."

Kevin just nodded and kissed his wife. She moved back and grabbed Evan's cock, pulling him forward and helping to guide him into Kevin's ass. Evan's tool went into her husband easier than she would have imagined. Evan gripped the older man's hips and moved him a bit, shuttling his hips back and forth to push the lube deeper inside Kevin. And just like that, before Jenn's eyes, her lover and her husband were fucking. In celebration she first kissed Evan, distracting him momentarily, before stepping back and shedding her dress. Underneath she wore matching black panties and bra, plain and sexy at the same time. She flopped on the bed next to Kevin, slipping her fingers inside her panties, just barely touching and teasing her clit, to kiss him while he was reamed by Evan.

"Does he feel good in you?" Jenn asked.

"Uh-huh," Kevin answered. He was concentrating on the very different sex sensations. It didn't hurt but it was completely different from normal sex.

"Is it better than Thalia's fake cock?" she asked him, reminding Kevin of the pegging he had received from Mr. King's assistant.

"Yeah…"

Jenn kissed him again and flicked her eyes to Evan who was rocking his hips back and forth, fucking the other man like he was a pro at this sort of thing. Jenn wondered how many men he had actually been with. “Don’t mess around and cum too fast,” she warned him.

“Do you want me to cum in him?” Evan asked.

“Only when I say so.” She reached under Kevin’s body and grabbed his dangling cock that was shaking back and forth with Evan’s thrusts. “Is he trying to get hard?” Jenn asked her husband, making reference to his caged cock.

“Yeah…no…sort of.” It wasn’t a very helpful answer.

“I’m going to let him fuck you until one of you cum. The one who can last longest gets my pussy first.” Jenn’s eyes flashed wickedly.

Evan didn’t know what to do. He was at a distinct disadvantage. Kevin was caged and being fucked while he was doing the fucking, and it had been far too long since he had been with a man. While his preference leaned to women, there was something undeniably visceral about a using a man’s body. And he enjoyed sex with men while he had no idea of Kevin’s preferences. Plus he was showing off for his lover. Did Jenn want him to use her husband or was she just being a fickle woman?

All of these concerns didn’t matter in the end because Evan’s cock was too free and he had been denied this treat from himself for too long. Before he could stop himself, he started cumming, ramming his hips and cock as hard as possible into Kevin’s ass while the other man grunted in surprise.

The orgasm Evan had was surprisingly intense and short. It was as if he had no control over his cock and then, all too quickly, it was over and his softening flesh pulled free of Kevin’s bottom. A moment later he slipped off the condom.

“It’s your lucky day,” Jenn told her husband. “Looks like you get first go at my pussy.”

Evan stumbled back from the bed as Jenn snatched up the key and sought out the lock to her husband’s cage. He rolled over on his back, allowing her access, realizing she was just as eager as he was.

It was difficult fitting the key to the lock with trembling fingers, but Jenn managed and the hasp popped free. A moment later the curved shaft was pulled free of the retaining ring and Kevin was all but free. The next step was very difficult and very uncomfortable because once free of the shaft, Kevin's cock grew to an enormous erection. Jenn had already outright decided not to fuck him unless he was fully free. It took some doing but eventually she managed to force one testicle though the tight circle of the retaining ring.

Kevin jumped when his ball popped through. It was an unsettling and uncomfortable—to say the least—sensation. Once the first one was through, the second followed easily enough, though the unsettling sensation still remained. After that, it was easy to slide the ring over the length of his cock and he was fully free. The moment that happened, Kevin was on top of his wife, pushing her down on the mattress, pulling her panties off with her scrabbling assistance. He plunged his rock-hard cock into her waiting pussy and started pumping away.

He didn't last long. Not even a minute. But that was fine. The orgasm was mind-melting and the hot cum he pushed forth into Jenn made her reach and sharp and rewarding orgasm. Kevin knew he had several more in him for that night.

Evan marveled at what he had just witnessed. "That was fucking great!"

Kevin couldn't say anything. The orgasm had been so intense the base of his cock hurt. He hoped it was from the powerful involuntary muscle contractions and not damage from the cage. It wasn't that he feared what the cage was doing to him, it was that he wanted the cage back on and if it was causing problems, Jenn wouldn't allow that.

Jenn pushed Kevin off her body. "I'm still horny," she said. "I think I need another cock." She looking meaningfully at Evan whose manhood wasn't even at half-staff. "But I'm not in the mood for sucking cock right now." She licked her lips and looked at Kevin. "Why don't you help him out, hon?"

It wasn't what Kevin had anticipated, but he went along with his wife's suggestion. It was a bit of a struggle to move around because his body was still sore from the intense orgasm, but he wanted to please Jenn. And more than that, he wanted to watch as Evan fuck his wife.

That was enough to compel Kevin to kneel down in front of the other man and take his cock in hand. At that moment, Kevin realized it was the first time he had

ever touched another man's dick. It was strange and familiar at the same time. Hot and pulsing. Kevin didn't allow himself to think too much about it and simply took the stiffening flesh into his mouth and started sucking.

There was a mixture of flavors on his tongue: latex and lube and semen. Since it didn't both him, Kevin kept sucking and enjoyed the way Evan's cock steadily filled his mouth as it grew. It might have been a humiliating task for some men, but Kevin viewed it as an entirely necessary task in pleasing his wife.

"Oh god," Jenn breathed after a minute. Kevin glanced her way and noticed her fingers were busy between her legs. "Come over here and fuck me, Evan!" She all but pushed Kevin out of the way in order to pull Evan down on her body. Kevin wanted to help fit Evan's cock into her body, but he wasn't quick enough. She was wet and sloppy and he was erect and ready. Evan's cock slipped easily into her willing cunt.

The young man fucked her much longer than Kevin had, partly because he had cum once already and partly to show off to the older man.

It was beautiful. Jenn moaned and gasped passionately, clutching at her lover, wrapping her legs around him, and kissing him. All of this was done while Kevin held her hand and looked on in admiration.

"I love you, I love you," she said repeatedly as she climaxed. Evan didn't stop fucking her until he came as Kevin was kissing Jenn. Kevin knew that shortly he'd be going back into the chastity cage, but it was all worth it.

It was more than worth it.

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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