
The King's Right
Controlled
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 Five

Chapter Twelve

IT WASN'T A CUSTOM DEVICE, but it was damn close. It had taken some searching, but in the internet age, everything was possible. The beautiful cage that arrived in the mail after weeks of waiting wasn't just plain bars linked together by supports. It was a series of interconnected hexagons of thin but strong bars with a broad curved plate on the underside. A second plate followed the ridge of Kevin's glans, half obscuring the end of his cock. Etched into the plate was the inscription "Property of Jenn Amsco."

Jenn hadn't adopted Kevin's last name when they got married mostly because she had already established herself professionally and didn't want to go through the hassle of a name change. Her family, naturally, started referring to her as Jenn Dixon because they considered the social mores of fifty years ago far too progressive. It amused her to get mail address to both Jenn Amsco and Jenn Dixon on the same day.

"Do you think it's a good idea to put your full name on it?" Kevin asked when they were placing the order.

"Why not?"

"Because…this is the twenty-first century and it's a bad idea to let private information out in public?" he suggested.

"Who is going to see it except you, me, and some of our closes, most intimate friends."

"I don't know," was the best he could offer.

And so Jenn's maiden name went on the chastity cage. She thought that was funny because she hadn't been a maiden in any sense of the word in years, if ever. It also made her feel a bit dominant, as if it were the last step in fully taking control of her husband's cock. It was more exciting to her that an unmarried woman would have control of a man's cock. It had been an easy decision.

Kevin wanted to put it on right away, but Jenn had her reasons to wait.

"Why wait?"

"Because we'll have to take off your old one and you're not scheduled for

release for another three days. And I know you. As soon as that thing comes off, you'll pop a boner and want to have sex. It's not time for you to have sex. You need to learn patience." She grinned at him and cupped his caged tool through his pants.

Raising his hand like a boy scout, Kevin swore, "I solely promise that I will not ask you for sex or try to beat off while my cage is being changed."

He would have tried an argument of hygiene and the need to clean the cage since it was worn next to the skin twenty four hours a day, but the surgical steel the borrowed cage was made of didn't need any special cleaning or care beyond simple washing in the shower and careful drying. The only real maintenance it needed was a drop of oil in the brass padlock once a week. And that was done after sex.

It seemed the two of them could rarely get beyond one week of denial for Kevin. They both had poor willpower. Between Kevin's mouth, her hands, her toys and vibrators, and her boytoy Evan's cock, Jenn was sexually well-satisfied. Kevin could resist temptation long enough, but when the two of them were at home alone long enough, eventually they would exchange a secret look, Jenn would go diving into her purse for the padlock key, and they'd be fucking before either had a second thought.

Jenn had intentionally left the key at work on more than one occasion, but they both knew where she hid the spare in the garage. It was a bit of work to get it, but it was—in their opinion—well worth the effort.

And every time Kevin got released, he got erect right away and Jenn couldn't resist. They were considering having both keys held by Theresa in the interest of sexual frustration.

But Jenn wanted to see her husband in his new cage. She wanted to take a few pictures of him and share them with Theresa and Evan, her friend and her boytoy. And she wanted to see her name on his body.

"Okay," she relented. "We can swap it. But first a couple of precautions."

"Like?"

Five minutes later Kevin found himself sitting on the bed, his hands behind his

back and handcuffed with the cheap cuffs they had experimented with early on in their relationship. He had stripped before getting cuffed to the bed and now waited, semi-patiently, as Jenn placed a large ice-filled bag on his crotch, completely covering his caged dick.

“Is this really necessary?” he asked.

“Cold always makes a man’s dick tiny,” she said, telling him something he already knew. “And it’ll help prevent you getting that nasty erection while I change your cage.”

“You like my erections,” he told her.

She waggled her finger at him. “Only at the right time. The right time is in three days. And besides, I have a date with Evan in two days. Do you want my libido low when I have sex with my lover?”

“Of course no,” Kevin agreed.

“Good. Let the ice sit there fifteen minutes and then we can proceed.” She even went so far as to set a time on her cell phone.

When the fifteen minutes were up, Kevin was positive he was going to have a frostbitten cock. He started to shiver.

“Oh don’t be so dramatic,” she chided him.

“You sit with a bag of ice on your junk for half an hour and see you how you feel?” he snapped at her.

“It was only fifteen minutes,” she reminded her husband and lifted the bag, placing it aside for the moment. Inside the small cage Kevin’s completely average cock had shrunk to a fraction of its normal size, making a substantial gap in the cage between the tip of his cock and the end of the shaft giving an appearance that he sported a micropenis.

“Felt like longer.”

She ignored his complaint. “Sit still or this will take longer than necessary.” Moving quickly she used her key to open the lock and slip it out of the hole on

the retaining ring. Kevin had just been waxed the week before so his skin was still smooth; that made the process simpler. The curved shaft lifted easily away. Since his soft flesh was shriveled up from the cold, getting the retaining ring off was simple. She pushed his penis backwards through the ring and then followed with balls. Simplicity itself.

Kevin both loved and hated being free. He loved it because it usually meant he was going to get to fuck his wife, but today it was just another torment of denial. Denial was fun and he wanted to see the new cage on his cock, but it was incredibly frustrating as well that he had no control over his body.

The new retaining ring went on easily enough. The ring was thicker than the old one and a bit heavier, but Kevin welcomed the weight. He knew he could take it. Jenn eased the fancy new cage over Kevin's penis and lined up the pins. This part took a little effort because Kevin's body was fighting off the cold and his cock wanted to grow, plus the new device was unfamiliar in Jenn's hands and she had to focus and concentrate to make it work. Eventually everything came together and she slipped the reliable lock into place, securing Kevin's cock once again.

"Comfortable?" she asked him.

"It feels…different."

"It is different," she told him while reaching for her cellphone. "Just a few pictures before I release you."

"You don't have to keep me tied up," he complained. "I'm not going to hide it."

"I know," she said, activating the camera function. "But it's more fun this way." Once the pictures were done she looked up at him. "Should I send these just to Evan and Theresa, or should I post them for the world to see."

He leaned forward and kissed her. "My cock is in your hands, dear."

The most difficult thing about being in chastity, Kevin had decided months ago, wasn't the frustration. It was learning how to pee again. The plastic cage was the worst, having to line up his piss hole with the slot at the device's end. No matter

how careful he was, some urine always got caught inside which necessitated some rinsing and drying. It was just a pain in the ass.

While he could use a urinal at work or out in public, he didn't because he didn't want to deal with the many difficulties that came with lining everything up and cleaning up afterwards. Sitting on a proper toilet was easier.

Some of these problems were resolved with the steel cage. It was a more open design so there was less opportunity for urine to get inside the cage, but it still happened because nothing was perfect, but cleanup could usually be accomplished with some toilet paper.

Pissing at home was just easier.

The newest cage he wore, the semi-custom device, was similar to the old borrowed one from Richard, but it was slightly harder to make sure everything was lined up because of the thicker band at the glans ridge. Kevin liked the new cage. It was attractive without being pretty or sissy (which was a big draw for a lot of men in the chastity community, but not Kevin) and he liked the thrill of walking around with Jenn's name on her property.

What he discovered by accident was that even though some of the bars were thicker than the old one, it was actually less secure. He hadn't noticed it during the first few days of wear because the retaining ring was heavier, but it was looser as well. Not much, but enough that when Kevin made ready to pee on the last day of his sentence, he realized there was a lot of play between his flesh and the metal ring.

"No, no, no," he breathed silently. He was in the common restroom at work which was hardly private at all and, even though he didn't want to know, he figured out right then and there he could, with the right amount of skin and flesh manipulation, retract his cock far enough that it could slip free of the retaining ring and the back of the protective shaft.

Stunned he stared at his free cock. His balls were still captured, but he had achieved pull out, as it was known. This was a huge problem because the moment he was free, he started to grow and growing was a problem because he wouldn't be able to fit back in his cage and he'd have to explain that to Jenn and she'd be angry and then where would they be?

Kevin was torn between beating off and sneaking out of the stall to run some cold water on his dick to shrink it.

The bathroom door banged open. “Kev? You in here? We’re waiting in the conference room!”

It was James, one of his coworkers. Was he really that late for the meeting?

“Yeah. Sorry. Give me another minute.”

He could imagine James shaking his head. “Getting paid to shit. Some of us live the life. Hurry up, pal. Jaime is getting impatient. ” Slowly the door shut and Kevin anxiously shoved his cock back into the cage. The frightening interruption had made him go soft.

This was a problem.

Chapter Thirteen

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?” Kevin asked his wife as she was busy in the bathroom applying her makeup.

“Getting fucked,” Jenn told him casually, concentrating on applying mascara.

Kevin rolled his eyes. She was in a party dress and he was in pajama bottoms and a t-shirt, ready for bed. “You aren’t dressing up like that just for sex,” he said. “What does Evan have planned for you?”

“A little party,” she said. “Just some friends and drinks.”

“That’s it? Not much of a date,” Kevin scoffed.

“And then we’ll go back to his place for sex,” Jenn clarified as she zipped her makeup bag closed.

“I thought he lived with his girlfriend.”

Jenn kissed her husband on the cheek, carefully so as not to smear her lipstick. “She’s visiting her parents this weekend, or so he says.” She winked at him. “Love you honey. See you late tonight.”

She drove to Evan’s apartment and from there he drove them to the party. They were inside his apartment long enough for Jenn to establish that, yes, a woman definitely lived with him and that, no, she wasn’t there at the moment. On the way to the part, Jenn started to get nervous. “I’m going to be the oldest one there, aren’t I?” She had briefly considered that she was overdressed, but Evan had spent enough time putting himself together so that he was presentable for a party that wasn’t a fraternity kegger.

“Maybe,” he shrugged. “I don’t know. It’s mostly my friends from college.”

Which, Jenn calculated, would put her roughly ten years older than the crowd average.

“I’m not sure if this is a good idea,” she told him nervously. The proposal he had made a week ago had seemed exciting at the time, but she had too much time to reflect on it.

“You won’t be the only girlfriend there,” he reminded her.

“How many guys are supposed to show up?”

“Dave said eight. A lot of us shared a house during junior and senior year.”

“That seems like a lot.”

“Yesterday was a long time ago.”

Evan pulled the car over and parked in front of nice house. It was a generic suburban neighborhood. The location made Jenn wonder if Evan’s old friend had landed a great job out of college or if he was renting, or maybe he was back to living with his parents. He dropped her hand onto her thigh and pushed up the hem of her dress to reveal some stocking-covered flesh. “We both agreed you would love this.”

Jenn nodded. “I know. And I’m sure I’m going to. I’m just scared.”

“I’ll hold your hand the entire time if you want,” he assured her.

That seemed so ridiculous that Jenn laughed, but then it struck her as incredibly romantic and erotic at the same time. “Okay,” she agreed.

They walked up the driveway together. It was packed with several cars and there were more parked on the street. If it had been a college party, music would have been pounding out the windows and doors, but here it was sedate. She could see bodies moving around inside, obscured by shades. Evan walked in like he owned the place, dragging Jenn with him.

It wasn’t as scary as she had feared. There was muted music playing, along with some baseball game on the television, and she was given a whirlwind introduction to all those in attendance which included the host Dave, and then Josh, Marty, Justin, Logan, Sam, and Elias. The presence of Evan’s cousin didn’t surprise her. She was barely able to distinguish one from the other; they were all young and sufficiently handsome. The only one she was able to distinguish from the crowd was Sandy, the only other girlfriend in attendance.

“Sandy?” Jenn asked, barely able to hear over the music and conversation.

“Alexandra, but I go by Sandy,” the pretty girl said, brushing a few strands of long blond hair from her face. “I’m glad you showed up. I didn’t want to handle all of these animals myself.” She smiled and Jenn tried not to think about what she had agreed to but that made her think about what she was in for and that made the silky panties she was wearing start getting wet. She wanted this even though it scared her.

Sandy was wearing a white blouse and a green skirt. The blouse wasn’t buttoned, but opened up showing off the pretty pink bra that contained her small breasts. For some odd reason Jenn was glad that Sandy didn’t have huge breasts that would overshadow her. It was a strange enough situation to be in without having to worry about competing with another woman.

“Animals?” Jenn asked nervously. She still held Evan’s hand though he was talking to one of the other men. Justin, she thought.

Sandy chuckled. “That’s an exaggeration. They’re nice guys, just a little enthusiastic. It’s like they live for their dicks. They’re always polite and I’ve never had a problem. It’s fun.”

“It sure is,” agreed Evan. Jenn wondered if his college friends knew that he was bi. It was probably best not to mention it unless she saw him sucking someone’s dick.

The pretty blonde pushed Evan off-balance. “Watch it, buster, or you won’t get any tonight.”

He jerked his thumb at Jenn. “I’ll get some from her.”

Sandy grabbed his thumb and twisted it down causing Evan to wince painfully. “She’ll be too tired afterward for another.”

Jenn had her doubts about that —and she thought of her husband at home awaiting her return. “How do we do this?” she asked Sandy, eager to see how the evening would play out.

“Just pick a guy and take him to the back room,” Sandy explained. “Pretty simple math tonight. Four for you and four for me. Don’t feel obligated to fuck anyone. I’ve turned down guys who were too drunk or rude. It’s fine.”

Evan nodded enthusiastically. “And I’ll be there to keep you safe.”

Before Jenn could say anything, Sandy interjected, “He just likes to watch and beat off,” she teased.

“Why do you do this?” Jenn blurted, suddenly interested in why a nice girl who was obviously pretty and smart enough would want to be treated like a slut.

A smile played at Sandy’s lips. “Isn’t it obvious?” She leaned in and whispered in Jenn’s ear so Evan couldn’t hear. “I love being a slut. This is the perfect environment for it. Safe with polite boys who are just looking to get their rocks off. Same for you, right?” She leaned back and caught Jenn’s eye, expecting an answer.

“Right,” Jenn agreed. “It’s just my first time.”

“And the first time is the best time. You won’t forget, trust me.” The grabbed Evan and Jenn’s joined hands and broke them apart to replace Evan’s with hers. “Come on. Let me show you the room that Dave’s set up.”

Without further preliminaries Jenn found herself being dragged back through the house under the watchful gazes of all the men to what would normally have been a family room. It was a private space, away from the noise and crowding of the rest of the party which gave them some seclusion. It was filled with two beds, a couple of tables, and not much else. Jenn spied some lube and condoms on one of the tables, along with some baby wipes and other supplies. “In case you want to use condoms,” Sandy explained. “It’s required if you ask. Don’t let anyone give you a hard time about it. But they’ve all been tested and are safe. I know. I’m in charge of the testing.”

That boggled Jenn’s mind. “You are?”

The pretty blonde nodded as she kicked off her shoes, unzipped her pants and wiggled out of them, exposing a pair of pink panties that perfectly matched her bra. “I work at a medical lab. I’ve set Dave’s little parties up as a private company. The guys are all willing to pay the fee to not have to use a rubber.” She paused and saw that Jenn wasn’t undressing. “Take off your clothes. There’s fun to be done!” She giggled and then thought again. “Unless you’re having second thoughts?”

Jenn emphatically shook her head. “No.” Everything was moving so fast, but that was part of the point: semi-anonymous sex with a handful of different men on the same night. To put it in crude terms Jenn was about to embark on a gangbang. To put it in a slightly modern context, she was about to pull a train. All Jenn really knew was that she expected to go home sore and satisfied. She turned halfway around. “Help me with my zipper?”

It was a pretty party dress, which was by Jenn bought it, but she hated the forced helplessness of how to get out of the damn thing. While getting dressed Kevin had been the one to zip her up. She had been expecting Evan to unzip her, but Sandy would have to do.

“Of course,” her new partner said and lowered the zipper, allowing Jenn to shrug out of the form-fitting garment. “Oh…pretty!”

Sandy was impressed with Jenn’s choice of lingerie, black with gold trim and lace. The panties were a bit cheekier than she preferred, but Jenn figured she wouldn’t be wearing them for very long at the party.

What startled Jenn was when the other woman reached out and ran her fingertips over the material of Jenn’s bra. “I love the feel of fine lace,” Sandy confessed. Before Jenn could reply, she added, “I also like the feel of boobs.”

That caught Jenn off guard. “I…uh. Thanks?”

Sandy laughed and whirled away. She took off her white shirt so she was wearing the exact same amount of clothing as Jenn and twirled around to reveal that her panties, while full cut over the rear, were sheet enough to display both her taut bottom cheeks. “Sorry. I’m pretty excited and I forget that not all women are bi, even though I think all women are bi.” The younger woman paused in her giggles and asked, “Are you bi?”

It was a direct question and Jenn tried not to think about what Sandy was possibly digging for. Yes, she had played with Theresa, but only a tiny bit, and she had been on the receiving end. That didn’t mean that Jenn was opposed to outright sex with a woman, but it didn’t mean she was actively pursuing it either.

“I don’t think so,” Jenn said cautiously. “I mean, I’ve played a little bit, but I’ve never had a lesbian romance or anything like that.”

Sandy nodded in understanding. “I think I am, it’s hard to say when being bi means being two things at the same time. I’m primarily into men, but that might be because it’s easier for a woman to find a male partner. But I’d never give up having sex with women.”

Jenn nodded in understanding, wondering why Sandy was laying out her sexual philosophy when they should be headed back to the party to look for their first partners, but Sandy continued on.

“Still, if I ever get married, it’ll be to a man. That’s the way I’ve always pictured it in my mind. Me and my husband…and maybe another girl in our bed every once in a while.” She grinned wickedly. “He’d like that, I bet.”

“For most men, that would be a safe bet,” Jenn agreed.

“But you’re already married,” Sandy said, indicating the wedding band and engagement ring on Jenn’s finger. She had considered taking it off before the party, but Jenn had boldly decided—back then—that she wasn’t ashamed of what she was and what she was doing, but that decision—now—seemed a little foolish.

“Yes,” Jenn mechanically answered.

“And not to Evan?”

“No.”

“Does your husband know you have a boyfriend?” Once again Sandy was digging for information that didn’t belong to her, but Jenn found she didn’t mind.

“Yes. He gets off on it. He likes being a cuckold.”

That made Sandy laugh. “Men are so weird. Does he know what you’re doing tonight?”

“Not exactly. He’ll find out when I get home.”

Sandy’s reaction to that was to clap her hands together with glee. “That makes me happy just knowing that. Married life won’t be boring and terrible.”

“No,” Jenn had to agree. “Are you seeing someone or thinking about getting engaged?” She didn’t know why they were having this conversation. She wanted to get laid and Sandy was slowing things down.

“Not really. I’ve been dating Dave for almost a year now but…I don’t know if we’re ever going to make the next step. The plus side is he does like to watch me fuck other men. Word of advice: you’ll have to fuck him tonight because he won’t have any interest in me, but don’t choose him first. It’s good to keep him waiting.” Sandy extended her hand to Jenn. “Now, let’s go out there. One quick question: do you want to put on a lesbian show for the guys? They love it as a warm up.”

Jenn’s stomach did flip-flops and maybe she would have said yes under other circumstances. “Maybe not tonight, my first time. Is that okay?” The answer made her blush and feel embarrassed that she wasn’t fully participating with the plan.

“It’s fine. Don’t be surprised if you see me watching you, though.”

Clasping hands, they headed back to the front living room.

All eyes went to the women entering the party dressed only in their bras and panties. Jenn’s stomach was a hard stone of anxiety because it was her first time and she was so much older than Sandy, but that became a euphoric rush when the men began cheering and shouting approval. Following Sandy’s lead she mingled with the group, ignoring both Evan and Elias and trying to remember which one was Dave. Sandy made her choice first and led the tall, skinny guy with auburn hair to the back room.

Deciding there was not much of a difference of who went first, Jenn grabbed the guy nearest her and pulled him along.

“Go Justin!” one of the others called so Sandy figured she had chosen correctly.

Back in the converted bedroom Sandy had already pulled off her bra and was easing down her panties while her partner was in the midst of stripping as quickly as possible, but managing to get tangled up in his clothes in the process.

Giggling, Jenn decided to go the other route and turned to Justin and planted a kiss on his lips before he had the chance to do anything. “You get to unwrap the

present," she told him, leading his hand to the hooks on the back of her bra.

Somewhat clumsily he managed to remove the bra and then fell to his knees to ease her panties down. It felt good to Jenn's skin to be naked. The moment her panties came off she got a whiff of her own scent and need it conveyed. She hurried in assisting Justin in getting naked.

"Do I need a condom?" he asked, glancing at the table.

Jenn shook her head. "No. I want you in me," she told him. "All of you." Out of the corner of her eye she saw Sandy's partner on his back while the pretty blonde took his cock in hand while mounting him cowgirl style.

Justin was already hard, so when they fell onto the bed, it was easy for her to open up her thighs and guide him into her wet pussy. She knew what she was doing was wrong, but because it was wrong it felt so good.

Jenn was more than a little sad that she'd really only have the chance to fuck four new guys tonight. Still, she was sure that number alone with thrill Kevin. Becoming a slut was easier than she had imagined.

She would have loved to reflect on his cock, his charisma, and his performance, but really all she was doing with Justin was rutting like an animal. Not that there was anything wrong with that, but it was purely visceral. There was no romance, just rough sex, and as a consequence, neither of them lasted very long. Since she was keyed up and wanted to cum, reaching her first peak was easy. The moment she started to groan and cry out, Justin lost control, thrusted several times into her hard and fast, and then he was cumming, filling her pussy with his hot jism.

At that moment she would have loved to caress and cuddle with Justin, wrap her limbs around him and enjoy being used, but that wasn't the sort of encounter that had been planned. Justin's cock was rapidly shrinking and there was a rude tapping on his shoulder.

"My turn, dude." Jenn forced her eyes open enough to see the host, Dave, standing next to the bed. His clothes were off and his cock was in his hand.

"Sorry," Justin muttered as he climbed off Jenn's body. She wasn't sure if he was apologizing to her or to Dave, not that it mattered.

Almost before she had a chance to react, Dave started to climb onto Jenn, but she put a restraining hand on his chest. “I need to change positions.”

“Sure.”

Jenn turned over onto her hands and knees to presented Dave with her up tilted ass and easily accessible pussy. He didn’t complain; he just guided his cock into her wet and cum-filled pussy, then grabbed her hips and started going to town.

That was when Jenn realized getting fucked by near strangers was a complete thrill and too many people had denigrated casual, meaningless sex. It was thrilling sex and having Dave fuck her roughly was as must for her pleasure as for his. Afterwards, if she had been asked, there was no way for Jenn to identify Dave’s cock. It was adequate, to be sure, but that was the only impression she got of it before he started filling her up.

As he fucked her, Jenn looked across the room and saw that Sandy had switched partners as well. Somehow Jenn had managed to miss the change. She couldn’t place the name with the face of the man that was now fucking Sandy, but the pretty blonde was at ease with her new lover.

“Fuck her good, hon,” Sandy called across the room. That made Jenn remember that Sandy was dating the man now fucking her. It was good the two had an amicable, open relationship, Jenn thought. If they ever got married, it would make their lives much easier when Sandy continued her slutty ways.

Before Dave could finish, another guy appeared at the bed side, naked, with his cock in hand presenting it to Jenn. She didn’t have to give it any thought. Jenn just reached out, took him in hand, pulled him to her, and starting sucking on the quickly stiffening flesh. When Dave finished, he politely withdrew and the man she was sucking pulled out of her mouth, went around behind her and started fucking her overfull pussy.

At this point she could feel the two loads of cum that had been deposited in her pussy leaking down her thighs. It felt wanton and slutty and for a moment she feared that was she was doing was wrong, but then she remembered how much she wanted this—helped along by her third lover of the night’s cock entering her cunt—and she realized it didn’t matter how many guys she fucked, as long as she enjoyed herself.

Somewhere along the line the third guy finished in her and the fourth and final of the bunch knelt behind her to fuck her well-used pussy. That was also when she happened to glance across at Sandy and saw that Evan was on top of the other woman, fucking her missionary, and Jenn's heart started pounding out of jealousy.

And she realized that her jealousy was misplaced. She didn't have a hold over Evan; he had a girlfriend. She had a husband. They were both fucking other people and…it was fine. She was a bit jealous, but it was fine.

A little bit of jealousy made sex better.

Jenn couldn't wait to get home, not because she was eager to leave her four new lovers, but because she couldn't wait to show off for Kevin. Her pussy was soppy and full of cum; she could feel it leaking as she drove home. The euphoric high of getting fucked by four different men and have multiple orgasms over the course of the evening had elated her mood. She couldn't wait to share with Kevin and get him to clean her pussy and then—maybe—she'd let him out of his cage and he'd get to fuck her.

Or maybe she'd make him wait until tomorrow morning just because suffering was good for him.

What she found, to her great disappointment and anger, was Kevin was asleep in bed. That would have been fine. It was late into the night, or rather, it was very early in the morning and he should have been asleep. The problem was that his cock was out of the cage. The retaining ring was still around his balls, but somehow he had managed to slip out of the tube and—presumably—had jerked off and then fallen asleep. Staring at him in the bed just made Jenn angrier and angrier.

"Wake up, Kevin!" she barked at him.

Startled, Kevin sat bolt upright in bed and gasped. He blinked once at Jenn and then gasped. "Oh shit."

"Care to explain?" she asked him, her fists balled up and ground into her hips. This was supposed to be a happy homecoming and instead she was pissed off.

There wouldn’t be any more sex for her—or him—tonight.

“I…” Kevin started. He had been in a dead sleep and his brain wasn’t fully functioning yet. “I…”

“Yes?”

“I figured out how to slip out of my cage,” he said lamely.

“I can see that. Why are you even trying to do that?” She was letting her anger get the best of her. “That cock belongs to me, not you. You aren’t supposed to be touching it unless I give you permission.” It was a bolder statement than she normally made about their chastity play. She was exerting dominance when normally they were playful with his steel cage.

“I’m sorry!” he apologized.

“You damn well should be,” she snapped at him. He wore a t-shirt that had several obvious cum stains on it and his pants and underwear were pulled down to mid-thigh. Kevin would have awkwardly pulled them up to hide his cock and cage, but at this point that was a waste of time and effort. It had been a while since he had jerked off, Jenn realized, because the puddles of cum had dried to a flaky crust. It was possible he had pulled out the moment she had left their house, jerked off, passed out, and had been sleeping ever since.

The emotion that Jenn was feeling, much more so than anger, was intense sadness and betrayal. Though they had only been playing at chastity a few months, it had become incredibly important to her—and to him, or so she had thought.

This was the emotion, Jenn knew right then, that other women had when they discovered their husbands were having an affair. Kevin fucking another woman wouldn’t bother Jenn—as long as she gave him her permission. But this was untenable. Jenn didn’t know if she should burst into tears or attack him with slaps and clawed fingers.

She did neither. “Don’t move.” She marched out of the bedroom and down to the kitchen, dumped the entire contents of the ice tray into a plastic bag and brought it upstairs where she plopped it on his lap. Kevin didn’t object. “I’m taking a shower,” she announced and headed for the bathroom.

To his credit, Kevin said nothing, not wanting to upset her any further. In the privacy of the bathroom Jenn stripped, all the while wishing it was Kevin's hands undressing her. Pulling off her panties was the worst part because some of the men's cum had dried which made the material cling to her skin. She could feel the rest of the cum wanting to escape.

The shower was hot and relaxing. After a quick soaping, Jenn took the showerhead down and angled it up at her pussy, washing away all the lovely cum that she had saved up for her husband. The thought made her want to cry and she redirected her mind, focusing not on what had been lost, but on the vaguely pleasurable sensations of the water spraying on her sensitive labia and clit. It was a poor substitute for Kevin's mouth.

Eventually she was done; all the cum was washed out of her pussy and off her legs. Wrapping herself in her fluffy red robe and winding her hair into a towel where Kevin still sat with the ice. Not saying a word she went to the drawer where they stored their sex toys. Inside was the old plastic cage they hadn't yet returned.

For just a moment Kevin thought about objecting, but then thought better of it. Jenn lifted the bag of ice away and noted that his cock had shriveled up to almost nothing. Serves him right, she thought while placing the ice bag in the bathroom sink and then removing the lock and retaining ring from his cock. Kevin kept his legs spread as Jenn put back on the trusty old plastic cage and locked in securely in place.

"We'll have to fix this," Jenn told him, indicating the too-large steel chastity belt.

"Of course," Kevin immediately agreed. He would agree, naturally, Jenn thought nastily, because he's trying to make amends for his weakness. She wasn't going to have any of that.

"Go shower," she told him. "I'm not in the mood for smelling cum or male sweat. We'll discuss this more in the morning."

"Right," Kevin agreed with a bit too much enthusiasm.

She let him get off the bed before stopping him. "Kev. Wait."

He turned around. "What?"

She reached out and held his plastic-covered shaft. It wasn't nearly as handsome as a device as the steel one, but it would do. "You need an immediate consequence."

Before he could ask what that was, Jenn lifted up the cage a bit, exposing his shaved balls, and gave him a firm smack on his delicate testicles just as if she were spanking an misbehaving child's bottom. It was hard enough to make him go to his knees, leaving him gasping for breath and trying hard not to puke.

"Shower," she ordered him. "Don't wake me in the morning. I want to sleep in."

Chapter Fourteen

“THERE’S ONLY ONE SOLUTION,” Theresa told him over the phone. “And a smaller cage isn’t going to be it.”

Jenn sighed and rolled over in bed. She hadn’t gotten up yet but she could hear Kevin downstairs busying himself with chores. That gave her a small sense of satisfaction. “I know, but I was hoping to avoid it.”

“Once they learn to pull out, they can’t stop themselves from doing it again,” Theresa added.

“You had the same problem with Richard?”

“Not in the exact same circumstances. I was playing with him one night. He was relaxed and I really wasn’t teasing, just playing. And then…well, I was the one who figured out it was possible so he gave in to my suggestion right away. I think he knew he could but was trying not to.”

“Will it hurt him?” This was Jenn’s primary concern. She loved Kevin and didn’t truly want to hurt him. She wanted to control him and have him make her happy. A husband with a damaged and useless cock wasn’t part of her plan.

“Yes,” Theresa said without hesitation. “But pain in only temporary and it’s good for him. Keeps him under your control. Takes away the willfulness that’ll develop if you let him go without addressing this. Richard was much happier when it was over and done. And you have more choices of cages afterwards. It’s for the best.”

“I know, I know…”

“And you have to do it today. He’ll fight you less on it now than a week from today. I bet his guilt level is sky high right now.”

“Probably,” Jenn agreed. She tapped her front teeth thoughtfully with her fingernail.

“I can give you the name of someone good. You might even be able to do it later today, maybe tomorrow.”

“I don’t know.” Already Jenn was having second thoughts.

“No!” Theresa said firmly. “Don’t second guess yourself. It’s time and you both know it. Do you want to go through this again and again? Or do you want to solve it once and for all?”

That’s why Theresa was a true friend. She knew what Jenn wanted and just encouraged her to do what was necessary. “What’s the name?”

“I’ll text you the name and number of the place,” Theresa promised

Theresa had been right, of course. Kevin agreed without and argument. When Jenn brought it up she could see that he wanted to discuss and argue about it. He would have given some rational reason that it was too serious a step for so soon in this part of their life, but in the end he would have lost the argument and Jenn still would have gotten her way. Besides, if everything went well, this was going to be an eventual step anyway. It was just sooner than they had anticipated. In a way it was good. They were getting it out of the way before there was a more serious problem.

What Kevin hadn’t anticipated was the quickness of the process. “Tonight?”

“They had an appointment time open. Delaying is just silly, right?”

Kevin nodded. If he had too much time to think about it, he would have found some way to squirm his way free, or so he told himself. Less than eight hours from decision to completion was the better way to go.

Kevin couldn’t stop staring at the piercer. She was short with fire engine red hair that was obviously colored and she would have been, to Kevin’s eyes, very cute if not for the multiple facial piercings and tattoos up and down her arms as well as on her back and legs.

“You two getting the couple's special?” Trixie asked after she introduced herself and brought Kevin and Jenn to the alcove in the back of the store.

“The what?” Jenn said.

“Couple's special. Buy one get one half off.”

“Sounds like a sale at Price Chopper.”

Trixie laughed. “Sort of. It brings customers in the door.”

“But no,” Jenn answered. “Only Kevin is getting a piercing today.”

The piercer couldn’t help herself. “So you’re the domme?” she asked.

“Why would you ask that?” Jenn replied nervously.

Trixie smiled. “Too many psyche classes in college. Besides, it’s obvious. You’re answering for him, he’s getting a PA, and is obviously nervous over excited.” She glanced at Kevin who looked like he wanted to run away in fear. “And when a couple comes in and the guy is getting the piercing, it’s always a dom-sub relationship. Single guys coming in for a piercing aren’t subs, they just like the look. If two guys come in and only one of them is getting a PA, they’re gay and he’s the sub.”

“I’m not a submissive,” Kevin protested. “And I’m not gay.”

Jenn couldn’t help herself. She patted her husband’s hand. “Sure you aren’t, honey.” She purposely left it vague as to which status she was referring to.

“It takes a real man to wear a Prince Albert,” Trixie reassured him while gesturing to the table. “Take off your pants and underwear.”

“We’re having this done because I’m keeping him in chastity,” Jenn blurted out, suddenly finding a bit of courage with the relaxed way Trixie dealt with them. “You need to make sure the piercing will work for a chastity cage for him.”

“Oh, why didn’t you say so from the start?” Trixie said brightly. “Do you know what design you’ll be using to keep him locked up?” She looked expectantly at Jenn who stared back blankly. She went on. “I can customize it.”

“We haven’t really decided on that yet,” Jenn said hesitantly.

“I’ll be right back,” Trixie said and disappeared. The couple looked at each other and shrugged. Kevin hadn’t yet removed his clothing and so just sat down on the

exam table.

A minute later Trixie reappeared with a computer tablet. She showed it to Jenn and the two women worked together scrolling through a website of chastity cages.

“Don’t I get a say in this?” asked Kevin.

“No,” said Jenn firmly.

“Very good,” Trixie complimented her. It didn’t take them long to decide on which chastity device with integrated PA ring that Kevin would be wearing in the near-future.

“It’s expensive but worth it,” Trixie said after the decision was made. Jenn didn’t immediately order the chastity cage off the website, but did save it for the future.

“How would you know?” Kevin asked sourly.

His response pissed off Jenn. “Don’t be rude!” she admonished her husband. “I’m so sorry,” she apologized to Trixie.

The piercer waved aside Jenn’s concern. “He’s just nervous. I’ve done a bunch of these and he’s just worried about the pain and what it means for you to be completely in charge of his cock.” Trixie looked over at Kevin. “Right?”

Kevin looked away and said nothing.

“Anyway,” Trixie continued, “the couples I’ve done this for have all been very happy.”

“Will it hurt him?” Jenn now asked, concern for her husband coming through.

“Just a little,” Trixie reassured her. “Like a sharp pinch. It’s dealing with the soreness afterwards that most men complain about. It’s nothing like it is for a woman.”

“How would you know?” Kevin asked acidly.

Trixie meaningfully ran her finger along the multiple piercings in her ear and the

one through her lip. “I could show you how I know,” she finally said after an uncomfortable silence.

“What does that mean?” Kevin replied.

In response, Trixie stood up and pulled up the loose skirt that hung to her knees, exposing her dark purple underwear. “That’s not necessary,” Jenn started to say, but Trixie had already pulled down the underwear to expose her shaved pussy.

Both members of the couple stared together at Trixie’s sex. Kevin wasn’t the least bit surprised to see that she sported genital piercings, but the extent was revealing. He didn’t bother to count, but she had either four or five pairs of holes through her labia. If she had just been wearing simple rings or studs through the holes, Kevin might have dismissed it as merely an affectation of a woman who enjoyed that sort of body modification. But her piercings were much more than that. Instead of rings Trixie had one piece of jewelry, a thick spiral of metal that looked almost like a spring that was thread through all her holes. At one of end of the spiral was a simple brass padlock; at the other was a flared decoration. Access to her pussy would be impossible without unthreading the spiral.

“Oh, wow, that’s…impressive,” Jenn finally said after what seemed like hours but was probably only a few seconds.

Trixie pulled her underwear back into place. The metal spiral made an unsightly —or perhaps intentional—bulge. She dropped her skirt and smoothed it into place. “Thanks. It’s easy to put a chastity cage on a guy’s cock, but there’s nothing really practical for a woman.” She smiled. “Unless you go with my route with the piercings and spiral lock.”

“But how do you…?” Jenn had a hundred practical questions for the piercer but didn’t know where to begin.

“Why don’t I answer your questions while I set up Kevin?” suggested Trixie as she pulled on a pair of latex gloves. “Take off your pants and underwear,” she told him again. With his newfound respect for Trixie, Kevin found it easier to obey her directions. “And to answer your earlier question,” she said as she set to work. “Most men describe the pain of piercing as a sharp pinch. I’d describe my experience with my labia as a sharp pinch followed by an intense burning… repeated ten times.”

Once Kevin's cock was out, Trixie inspected his manhood. "It's a simple procedure," she explained. "I put a small tube up your urethra, I pierce through the flesh on the underside of your penis, and the ring comes out the urethra. Really, I'm only going through a thin layer of skin, but it's enough to make this work."

"Why did you get yours done?" asked a very interested Jenn.

"I didn't have a choice in the matter."

"Why not?" That made no sense to Jenn

Trixie laughed at her while she started putting an antiseptic on Kevin's cock. "My master made the decision and if I wanted to remain his slave, I had to go along with it."

"Oh. You're a…slave?" The idea was anathema to Jenn. Kevin might have been submissive to her and she controlled his cock, but he wasn't her sex slave.

"Mmm-hmm," Trixie replied absently while marking a spot on Kevin's cock with a purple pen. It would be where the needle went through. "I knew all my life I was sexually submissive, but when I met my master he showed me that what I really desired was to be a slave." She started rolling a plastic tube between her fingers, warming it.

"How is that even legal?" Kevin asked. He was only half paying attention to the conversation, but this was information that was not easily ignored.

"It's just a game," said Jenn, but Trixie corrected her.

"Partly. But he enjoys controlling me and I like being controlled. And the sex is amazing." The last sentence she declared with alarming breathiness. "I mean, I can quit anytime I want, but I don't want to."

"And he made you get pierced?" asked Jenn.

"My body is not my own," Trixie told her as she applied a bit of lubricant to the plastic tube. "It belongs to him. I have no choice in what he does with it. I can only take it back. It pleased him to pierce and tattoo my body, and that pleased me as well. He had me pierced because he wanted to keep my pussy just for

himself. The chastity spiral protects me from misbehavior."

That Jenn understood. "Kevin's cock belongs to me," she said. "I'm the only one who gets to decide what happens to it. And he's certainly not going to fuck anyone without my permission."

"You understand then."

Jenn nodded enthusiastically. "But…Kevin's cage keeps him from getting hard, keeps him from having…inadvertent orgasms. How does that work for you?"

Trixie picked up Kevin's cock. It was still flaccid. That had been one of his concerns, that he'd get hard during the process…and then what? "This might be a bit uncomfortable," she told him and then proceeded to slide it up his urethra. Kevin winced and wanted to pull away, but managed to maintain control of himself. It wasn't exactly painful, but it wasn't fun either. It just felt…wrong.

"The spiral only prevents me from having sex with a man," Trixie explained to Jenn. "Actually, it just prevents me from having penetrative sex with a man. As my master says, my pussy is pure for him. I can have sex with it in, just not penetrative sex." She ignored Kevin's deep shallow breathing and judged the tube was deep enough up his cock.

"So you have sex with other men?" asked Jenn, half kidding. "Like oral?"

"And anal," Trixie said casually. Kevin and Jenn locked eyes in surprise; Trixie didn't seem to notice. She was busy picking up a needle and very carefully holding his cock. "And women as well. I can still cum with the spiral, but it keeps my pussy pure."

"You have sex with women?" Jenn didn't know why she was surprised. At this point in her life, nothing about sex should have surprised her, especially if it involved a self-confessed submissive slave who worked in a body piercing parlor. "Does your master know that?"

"Of course. He encourages it. He says it's good for me." She glanced up at Kevin. "Count to three. On three take a deep breath and hold it. Ready?"

Kevin nodded, but he didn't think he was truly ready.

“One.”

Kevin exhaled.

“Two.”

Kevin started to inhale and was rewarded with an intense pinch to his cock. “Fuck!” he exclaimed.

“Sorry,” said Trixie. “I forgot to say three.” She winked at Jenn. “Old piercer’s trick. Distract ‘em and lie to ‘em.”

Kevin couldn’t look as Trixie manipulated the shiny metal ring through the newly made hole in his cock. Jenn couldn’t tear her eyes away. She remembered getting her ears pierced when she was seven. It hurt like hell and she regretted doing it…until she saw how pretty her ears were with the little gold balls. It wasn’t that long before she was wearing other more ornamental earrings. Right away she decided that would be how it was for Kevin.

Trixie had to use a pair of special pliers to open and close the ring to correctly grab the bead that closed the ring that Kevin now wore. When he saw that, Kevin was certain he was going to pass out. He didn’t. It just felt weird. When she was finally, finally done the silver CBR was in place and his cock looked… well, handsome, he had to admit. It had hurt like hell, but the pain was largely gone, replaced with a dull ache. He had never so much as gotten an earring but a CBR in his cock was definitely masculine.

“Shall we go over aftercare?” Trixie said as she stripped off her gloves.

“Sure.” Both Jenn and Kevin were mesmerized by his pieced cock. It wouldn’t be long before it was permanently and fully secure.

Chapter Fifteen

TRIXIE HAD SAID THE HEALING PROCESS WOULD TAKE UP TO THREE MONTHS. The first day home was the worst. The pain was only slight, a dull ache. The weight of the ring was negligible. The sensation was… interesting. Kevin woke up the next day to Jenn inspecting his cock, flopping it back and forth, admiring the ring.

“Stop it,” he complained.

“I can’t wait to put the tube jacket on it.”

“You’re going to have to have some fucking patience.”

“Does it hurt?”

“A little. It’s sore, I can tell you that.”

“I don’t think you’ll have to go back in your cage right away,” she declared. “Trixie said you’ll be too sensitive for sex or masturbation for a while.”

“Pissing fucking hurts, that’s for sure,” he grumbled. Trixie had assured him there would be a burning sensation when he urinated, but that was normal because of the salts in urine. Since the urine would be sterile, peeing actually would encourage the healing process. Kevin just wished it didn’t hurt so damn much.

“Evan’s coming over later for a date,” she informed her husband. “I’ve already gone too long without sex.”

“Two days?”

“Right,” she told him. “You weren’t in the mood last night.”

“Sorry, but someone stuck a needle through my dick and left a metal ring behind.”

“That’s why I invited Evan over. We have a date tonight and if you’re lucky, you’ll get to watch while he fucks me.”

Normally that would interest Kevin, but this morning it didn’t. He wished the dull ache would go away so he could get back in his cage and have life return to normal where his wife kept him in chastity and he didn’t have to make terrible decisions about sex.

“You’re really going to do that to me?” he grumpily protested, not that Jenn would change her mind on the issue.

“For you, honey,” she chided him. “For you.”

Despite the situation and despite his reluctance to go along with Jenn’s plan, when the time for Evan to show up arrived, Kevin found that he was actually looking forward to Jenn’s date. True, he wouldn’t be able to participate in sex, but he could help and watch and that would have to be good enough.

He had imagined that Evan would arrive and after some chitchat, Jenn would invite Evan into the bedroom where he would watch while they fucked, maybe he’s have to suck a little cock and maybe he’d get the chance to clean Jenn’s cunt. It would be a fun evening for everyone involved.

Instead of that, Jenn gave him a peck on the cheek and said, “We’ll be back in a couple of hours.”

Stunned, Kevin asked, “Where are you going?”

“Just out to dinner, a proper date,” Jenn told him as she gathered her purse and phone while the grinning Evan waited. Kevin wondered what the young man was thinking, taking out an older woman on a date while her husband waited at home. “Be good and I’ll reward you when we get home.”

“Do you mean—?” Kevin started to ask, but Jenn put a finger to his lips.

“Don’t speculate. You’ll have to wait.” And with that she and Evan were out the door. Kevin was certain that she was swinging her hips more than entirely necessary and her skirt was definitely a too tight for proper modesty.

On the plus side, Jenn had left him unlocked, but on the minus side, she had left him unlocked because he had a brand new piercing and his cock was too sensitive for any touching. Even pissing was a painful endeavor. While he had the opportunity to beat off while Jenn was gone, he couldn't imagine how much that would hurt, just moving the ring around, let alone the burning of cum flooding over the new wound. Jenn complained whenever he had cum on her face and she got some in her eye. This wouldn't be any better.

And so he satisfied himself with a wholesome videogame where he got to spatter the remains of zombies across the landscape. It was in the middle of a particularly long battle, he received a text message. Foolishly, he waited to check it and it was followed by several more over the next few minutes.

The chime of the text message alert finally annoyed him enough to pause the game to see what was so important. He wished he hadn't because it was just a series of pictures from Jenn and, upon viewing them, they just made his dick hard and while not being incredibly painful, it was a sensation he could do without.

The first one was just a selfie of her and Evan holding hands while seated together at whatever casual restaurant they were in. This was followed by a picture of her in the bathroom lifting up her skirt and showing off her small black satin panties and another one of her hand down in her panties. The final one was an upskirt back at the table. She had obviously removed her panties at that point.

This was followed by an instruction from Jenn. Send me a picture of your dick.

"Probably the first time in the history of smart phones that a woman asked for a dick pic," he muttered to himself. Still he followed orders. Knowing exactly what she wanted, he opened up his pants and let his erect cock stick out, crowned with the new silver ring. Since his face wasn't in the picture, he didn't particularly care.

That's what I wanted to see, Jenn replied. I'm forwarding it to Evan so he can compare. Home soon. Love you.

When they did arrive back at the house they were both a little drunk. That was fine with Kevin. The two of them pulled Kevin into the bedroom where they proceeded to strip each other and put on a show for him. When Evan pulled up

Jenn's skirt, he wasn't surprised to see she hadn't put her panties back on. It did make him wonder where the panties were, though. As his wife pulled off Evan's underwear and proceeded to suck his cock, Evan looked over at Kevin.

"This okay with you, man?"

It wasn't as if the three of them hadn't been to bed together before. But Evan was referring to the disabled status of Kevin's cock.

"Yeah. It's fine. Go ahead and fuck her."

His words made Jenn let go of Evan's cock. "Take off your clothes," she told her husband.

"I can't do anything tonight," he reminded her.

"I know. I want to see your hard cock though. It makes teasing more fun."

So he did. Kevin didn't have much of a choice. He knew that Evan was checking out his cock. Jenn's boytoy was definitely bi and would have been just as happy to give Kevin head as he was to fuck Jenn.

The two lovers got on the bed in the traditional missionary position while Kevin watched. This was torture itself, but not because another man was fucking his wife—Kevin actually liked that—but because he couldn't participate with a useless cock.

Just as Evan was about to slip his hard cock into Jenn's pussy, she turned her head toward her husband. "Take pictures," she gasped at him. "Take pictures and send them to Evan."

Kevin was happy to. It would give him a distraction that would take his mind off his suffering cock.

The pictures he took with his phone were of middling quality at best. He captured Evan's cock entering Jenn and happily plunging in and out. Some of the pictures recorded how wet Jenn's pussy was, covering Evan's cock with a slippery coating. The pictures of them kissing show a certain passion that was missing from so much porn. The two weren't distracted by the camera and Kevin enjoyed his time as photographer. The best part was when Evan came inside

Jenn and she allowed Kevin to suck Evan’s sweet cum from pussy. Jenn even insisted on Evan taking pictures of what should have been a humiliating act for Kevin, but he saw it as an expression of his love for his wife.

Kevin intended the pictures only to be seen by the three of them.

None of them could have predicted the consequences of what happened afterwards.

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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