
Elliot Silvestri
Turn Off My Feelings - 1
An Erotic Novel of FemDom and Male Chastity
Green Bush Publishing


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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Turn Off My Feelings

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and FemDom

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Second Edition

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Intro

Amelia knew that Kristen had been grooming her, not just for a higher position in the company, but for personal reasons as well.

When Amelia looked back, she realized it was obvious. She had missed the first few signs, but as the process had moved along, she had willingly participated.

That all culminated with her flying on the corporate jet to a resort that Kristen promised was everything a woman could dream about. Kristen said that the only things Amelia needed to bring with her was a sunhat, sunglasses, and sandals. The three essentials she had called it.

“Nervous?” Kristen asked.

Amelia realized she had been gripping the armrests of the seat much harder than she realized. Forcing herself to relax, she took a breath. Calming herself wasn’t helped when Kristen extended her arm and placed her hand on top of Amelia’s. They were sitting side-by-side in the small plane and there were a few other passengers on the flight with them. It wasn’t a private setting, but it was damn close.

“Yes.”

The older woman smiled at her young protégé. “We’ll be fine. I know this is supposed to be a business trip, but once we get to the resort, you’ll relax just fine.”

With a blink Amelia realized she hadn’t even been thinking about what was going to happen to her at the resort. She had been worried about her immediate situation.

“Oh...not that.” Her statement was a lie, but there was no reason to worry Kristen. Amelia was determined to do what was necessary to make her way up the corporate ladder. “It’s just that...it’s just that I’ve never been on a plane before.”

Arching one eyebrow perfectly, Kristen smiled. “Well, get used to it. If you want to be successful in Artemis Investments, you’ll be taking a lot of trips like these.”

She squeezed the younger woman’s hand as the pilot made an announcement over the PA system and a moment later the jet rushed down the runway.

Amelia took a deep breath and thought about how she had wound up here.

Part One

Chapter 1

Amelia had been super conscious of how her clothing wasn't nearly as nice as her new boss. The first thing that she had done after her first day in the office was rush to a department store and purchase several suits that were more appropriate for her new position.

Naturally Kristen noticed Amelia's suddenly brightened wardrobe right away and commented on it. "That's the sort of attention to detail we appreciate at Artemis Investments. You'll go far here...if you can hack it."

Amelia had to hack it. She had no other choice.

It was Kristen who took Amelia under her wing. It was difficult enough to be successful in corporate banking and investing, but it was a hundred times more difficult for a woman to have that success. Amelia had eased some of that difficulty by joining with a woman-forward company, but even that was no guarantee.

She had barely been at Artemis Investments a week when Kristen commented on the engagement ring that Amelia sported on her left hand.

"I hope the size of the ring isn't a reflection of his love for you." They were in Kristen's office going through reports, the basis of the job Amelia had earned.

Amelia blushed deeply and went to hide her hand, but realized that was a childish gesture. As she tried to find her voice to reply to Kristen, the older woman continued on.

"You're too young to get married."

"We fell in love in college," Amelia lamely explained. It was the truth.

"Are you getting married soon?"

"We haven't set a date yet. Not right away. He needs to finish dental school."

"Ah. A doctor. Wise choice in marriage strategy."

"It's not a strategy. I love him."

“Does he love you? With such a small diamond.”

“It was his great-grandmother’s.”

Kristen paused and nodded. “I know you’ve only been here a week, Amelia, but I like the work you’ve been doing. Two things. First, I want you to report to me going forward. I can spot talented women and I don’t want anyone else stealing you away. Second, I want to invite you to dinner at my house tomorrow night.”

Amelia had trouble answering. “I...I...I don’t know what to say.”

“Say yes. This business, the business of money, is all about relationships.”

“Yes. Should I bring my fiance?”

“No. Just yourself.” Kristen smiled. “It’s not necessary for women to have men around all the time.”

Amelia was nervous about how casually to dress for dinner. She went with more formal over casual.

Kristen’s home was nice. Elegant but not overstated. From what Amelia understood of how much money the company’s director’s made, the woman could easily afford a gigantic mansion, but instead she had an understated modern home on the edge of the city. Not a gated community, but far enough outside heavily populated areas where a fence was mostly decoration.

None of this surprised Amelia. She was learning how to deal with moneyed people. However, she was confused when, after being admitted to the house by Kirsten, her husband was in the kitchen busily moving food from catering dishes to fine china plates.

“I don’t cook,” Kristen said. “Jonas does, but tonight we ordered in.”

“It smells delicious.” Amelia hadn’t expected to meet Kristen’s husband, but it only made sense he was there in the house. However, she hadn’t expected him to eat with them.

Still, Amelia didn’t object and happily accepted the food and wine that Kristen plied her with.

Their conversation was all over the place. Amelia knew that Kristen was sounding her out, figuring out who she was. Amelia had expected all sorts of questions about her background and wasn’t the least bit ashamed to admit that her family was very poor while growing up and that she had gone to college entirely on an academic scholarship.

“I don’t care where you came from,” said Kristen. “All I care about is what you can do for the company.”

“I was hired out of the internship program.”

“With high praise and recommendations. Why are you so eager to get married?” Kristen was blunt. She didn’t have time to waste on unnecessary formalities.

Amelia didn’t shrug. She answered directly. “I fell in love. Evan doesn’t care about my family background.”

“Hmm. You’re too young to get married.”

Glancing at Jonas, who had remained politely silent through the meal, Amelia pointed out to her boss, “You’re married.”

Kristen smiled. “To a man who serves my needs.”

The couple exchanged a secret smile that said volumes that Amelia didn’t understand.

“Serves your needs?” Amelia was confused.

“How do you control your fiance?” Kristen asked.

“Control? I...that’s a crazy question. I don’t control him. I love him. We love each other. We have a partnership.”

Kristen scoffed at her naïvety.

“One of you will be in charge of your relationship. I suggest that it be you.”

Amelia flicked her eyes back and forth between Kristen and Jonas. “Are you the one in charge of your relationship?”

“Yes.” It was a definitive answer. Jonas didn’t even flinch.

“Oh.”

“It’s good to have a husband, but I suggest that you never let him control you.” The way Kristen was talking made a shiver run down Amelia’s spine. Clearly this was something she had given a lot of time and thought to.

“That makes sense,” she agreed while eyeing Jonas. She couldn’t place his age. Certainly more than thirty but less than fifty. Handsome in between elegant and rugged. He was dressed casually in khakis and a dress shirt with reading glasses tucked into the breast pocket. The way he moved spoke to a certain level of athleticism. Without his active participation in the conversation Amelia realized she knew nothing of the man, which is what made what happened next all the more remarkable.

“Have you ever cheated on your fiance? What’s his name? Evan?”

Amelia was shocked. “No. Of course not.”

“Never had sex with another man while dating him.”

“No.”

The questions were inappropriate, but Amelia knew how important relationships were in her job.

“Ever wanted to?”

Amelia giggled nervously. It was the only appropriate answer. “Wanted to? Yes. But I would never act on that.”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s wrong.”

“You don’t owe him loyalty.”

“Of course I do.”

“No. You don’t. The moment you start thinking like that, he’s already controlling you. So...you need to have sex with another man before you get married.” Kristen looked askance at Amelia. “You have had sex with Evan, haven’t you?”

“Yes! We live together.”

“Have you ever had sex with another man?”

Amelia cleared her throat. “Yes. In college...and high school.”

A small smile pulled at Kristen’s lips. “Good. You still need to fuck someone else before you get married.”

“No...no I don’t.” The conversation had gotten out of control. Amelia didn’t know what to think of her boss. “I think I’ve had too much to drink,” she said while raising her mostly empty wine glass. While it was her second, she knew that she wasn’t drunk and was thinking more than clearly enough.

“You do,” Kristen insisted. “Otherwise you’ll always wonder. Or you’ll cheat on him before you realize what you’re doing.”

“Okay...but it’s not like I’m going to do something about it tonight. Maybe you can arrange for a nice man to come knocking on my office door next week?”

Kristen shook her head. “No. Tonight is the perfect night. Jonas, if you would?”

The handsome man stood up. “I’d be honored,” he said to Amelia.

The young woman was confused. “Wait. What’s going on?”

“I’d like you to fuck my husband tonight. Right now. While I watch.”

It was the second time that Kristen had used profanity; it was a bit of a shock to Kristen. The only thing that Amelia could do was burst out laughing. “You’re kidding right? This is all a windup to see what I’ll do when put on the spot.”

“No, I’m not making a joke, Amelia. I said exactly what I want you to do.”

“Is this a test?” asked Amelia.

“Please show her, Jonas.”

At those words, the refined man unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants.

Amelia couldn’t turn her head away. She had to look.

What she was expecting was to see a man in his underwear, maybe ridiculous oversized boxers with hearts or polka dots because it was supposed to be a joke.

That’s not what she saw.

Jonas had dropped his underwear with his pants but Amelia didn’t get to see a flaccid or hard cock. What she saw was a man wearing a steel enclosure over his cock. It almost looked like he had a metal cock. It made Amelia think that Jonas was a robot or cyborg. Half man, half machine, all lover.

“Holy shit,” she murmured.

“Oh, it’s not all that impressive,” Kristen said dismissively.

“I mean...just that...thing…”

Kristen smiled, her little secret about her husband now revealed. “It’s a chastity cage, Amelia. It’s what I use to control my husband. I’d advise you to put one on your fiance and control him before you get married. Don’t make the mistake I did and marry a man who isn’t used to wearing one.”

“This is...this is insane.” Amelia grabbed her wineglass and finished the last of it, looking around desperately at the bottle before taking that as well and pouring the last few ounces into her glass.

“No, my dear, it’s not insane. It’s what women need to do to men if we want to carve out a place for ourselves in this world.”

“You just wanted me to see your husband’s cock?” Amelia asked as she drained her glass a second time.

Jonas was standing there calmly. Kristen laughed. “No. Of course not. You haven’t even seen his cock yet. You’ve just seen the cage. And I do want you to fuck him.”

“Why?” It was a stupid question to ask. She asked it anyway.

“Because it’s been...how long, dear? Six weeks? Two months since you’ve been caged?”

Jonas answered precisely. “Five weeks, four days since I last had sex and you caged me.”

“Thirty nine days.” Kristen clucked her tongue. “I should really have you go fifty days, but Amelia is here now.”

“It’s whatever you wish, mistress.”

Kristen giggled a little. “I love it when he calls me that. Mistress. As if I wasn’t married to him. I strongly urge you to cage your man and stay in charge of his cock. The benefits are limitless. Shall we retire to the bedroom?”

When Kristen rose from the table, so did Amelia. Her movements were mechanical. She didn’t know what to do other than to follow Kristen’s requests.

It was a strange parade through the house. Amelia gave Jonas a quick visual inspection, but he had pulled his pants back up for the convenience of walking. The moment they walked into the bedroom, without even a word from Kristen, Jonas started stripping.

Amelia didn’t know if it was rude to stare or not. She couldn’t stop herself from staring as Jonas disrobed.

He was in incredibly good shape for an older man.

“You’ll need to undress as well for this to work,” said Kristen who had crept up on Amelia as she was mesmerized by Jonas.

“Right. I need to undress,” Amelia said mechanically.

She didn’t move.

She just looked at Jonas as he finished undressing. Several things struck her at

once. He was still wearing the chastity device over his cock. He wasn't incredibly muscular, but was in good shape. From the neck down to the tops of his thighs he was hairless.

Kristen nudged her. "Undress. Unless you want Jonas to help you?"

The offer startled Amelia, which made no sense because, if she understood Kristen correctly, she'd soon be having sex with Jonas.

It was strange to take off her blouse and drop her skirt in the middle of her boss's bedroom, but it was what she needed to do to grow and maintain the relationship she wanted with Kristen.

She stopped at her underwear and bra, somewhat ashamed she hadn't planned ahead better. Amelia was wearing a matching set of pale pink lingerie that could generously be called utilitarian.

Glancing over at Kristen she was startled upon seeing the older woman had removed her clothing and was wearing underneath an elaborate combination of lingerie that was black and had far too many straps that involved fine metal chains and what looked like a traditional corset.

"Oh," was her small comment.

Kristen snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor in front of Amelia. "Jonas, help her."

At once her husband knelt down in front of Amelia and put his hands to her hips to start easing her panties down her legs. Amelia gasped but didn't move. Kristen was right behind her and watching closely.

Jonas helped her step out of the panties and then pressed his face into the little nest of dark brown curly hair that hid her pussy away.

He wasn't trying to reach her clit or slit, he was kissing her mound and inhaling her scent.

Amelia was trembling with anticipation and fear and confusion, but that didn't make her pussy respond to Jonas's attention.

“Why don’t you lie down on the bed and I’ll get Jonas ready for you,” Kristen suggested.

Amelia nodded and allowed the other woman to guide her to the huge bed. They didn’t pull down the covers. Kristen just helped her to the bed and let her slide back on the silky smooth cover. It felt incredible on her bare ass. Amelia started to worry about getting her juices all over the obviously expensive comforter.

Turning away from the younger woman, Kristen strode purposefully to the far wall and its built in drawers. From one of the smaller drawers she extracted a key on a long chain and then seated herself next to Amelia’s feet. Jonas approached her and thrust his hips forward ever so slightly.

“You are a lucky boy tonight, aren’t you?” she asked her husband.

He nodded in agreement. “Thank you so very much,” he said as she grabbed his steel-encased cock and fitted the key to the small lock that held the contraption together.

From her vantage point Amelia couldn’t see all that much, but she got the idea. The lock was pulled free of the metal cage and set on the bed. Kristen slipped the curved bit of piping off Jonas’s shaft which allowed the ring resting behind his balls to open up at the hinge, completely freeing his manhood.

For her part Amelia couldn’t imagine what it would feel like for a man to have a cage on his cock, but obviously she didn’t understand the complex dynamics that existed in her boss’s marriage.

From the moment his cock was free, the organ started growing in size, shortly standing upright proving that he was more of a grower than a shower. The final detail shouldn’t have surprised Amelia in any way, but she noted it because she had never seen one like it before.

“He has...he has a cock ring.”

“It’s actually a Prince Albert piercing,” Kristen said almost primly, as if instructing a child. “You’ve never been with a pierced man before. Oh. Of course not. You told me you’ve been with your fiance since college.”

“Right,” Amelia agreed, uncertain as to how to proceed.

“Are you ready for him?” asked Kristen and then turned to Jonas. “Go get a condom.”

“Yes ma’am,” he said, getting off the floor and heading to the same drawer she had taken the key from.

“Lay back and spread your legs.” Amelia was intimidated when Kristen all but glared her down. She did as she was told, feeling a bit like she was at her doctor’s office. Kristen’s brow furrowed. “You don’t look ready for him.”

Jonas returned a moment later, a condom covering his cock.

“She’s not ready—” Kristen started to say.

“Yes I am!” Amelia insisted.

Kristen slowly shook her head. “Her cunt is dry. Help her out.”

Amelia didn’t like how Kristen spoke, but didn’t object. For his part, Jonas crawled onto the bed between Amelia’s legs.

For just a second she pulled back, but Kristen shook her head at her underling. “Let him eat you out. He’s very good at it, I can assure you.”

It wasn’t that Amelia didn’t like a good tongue-lashing; it was that she barely knew Jonas. The moment was quickly set aside when Jonas pressed his face into her sex and started licking.

It only took a second for Amelia to let out a little groan of pleasure.

“I told you,” said Kristen.

It was beyond strange to have another woman’s husband eating her out while that woman watched, but Amelia was drunk enough and eager enough to go along with what Kristen wanted.

What Kristen wanted was turning into what Amelia wanted.

In short order, Amelia was hyperventilating. As much as she didn’t want to, it was just easier to let herself cum.

It wasn’t an incredible orgasm, but it managed to clear her head.

“Oh fuck that was good,” she breathed appreciatively.

“He’s not done yet. I said I wanted him to fuck you.”

Amelia was certain that she was going to have to suck his cock, and she was interested in what it would be like to have a pierced cock in her mouth, but that wasn’t necessary.

He was rock hard.

That only made sense, she reflected, because he had gone weeks inside that horrendous metal contraption. Of course he was hard.

“Fuck her,” Kristen encouraged him. “Make her scream.”

Jonas crawled up her body and smiled at her. Automatically her hand went to his condom-covered cock to guide him into her. What she wanted was to feel and inspect the silver ring through his sensitive flesh, but all she got was the slickness of the condom.

And then he was nudging her lips open and then he was pressing into her.

He groaned before she did. “Sorry,” he apologized. “It’s just been so long since I’ve been out of the cage.”

Amelia just nodded and smiled at him, shifting her hips and lifting up her legs so he could penetrate her more deeply.

“I’m not going to last long,” he said.

“You’d better make her cum,” Kristen said sharply.

“Just fuck me,” Amelia begged. His cunnilingus had been superior. Kristen hadn’t been lying. Her husband knew exactly what to do to her and now with his cock inside her—she tried not to think about Evan and his cock—she just needed to cum again. Orgasms from cocks were always better than from tongues. “Make me cum.”

He nodded and started fucking her hard and fast. She loved it. Amelia squeezed her eyes shut and focused on the sensations. In the back of her mind she wondered what Kristen was doing, but that didn't matter.

His cock was hard and throbbing inside her. It felt like it was made out of steel, which made sense because it had been recently encased in steel. She wanted to feel his thick PA ring, but it all but disappeared inside her pussy. He was big enough, but not so big that it was painful.

The sex was good. It was better than the last time Evan had fucked her.

She winced and tried not to think about the fact that she was cheating on her fiance, the man she loved.

The only thing that would make the thoughts go away was a nice orgasm. She gave herself over to her body and let it come.

She came. She came hard. She could feel her body shaking and the noises she made were barely human.

In the background Kristen was laughing. "You'd better cum before I tell you that you're done," she told her husband.

And just like that his body tightened up and Amelia felt his weight on her and the way his muscles contacted. It would have been better if he had been able to fill up her pussy, but all his spunk was caught by the condom. Still, it was pleasant to watch him cum.

"You'd better enjoy it," Kristen told him. "You won't be getting out of your cage for at least a month." She turned her attention to Amelia. "Was he good? Be honest. If he didn't meet your expectations, he'll be punished.

"He was good. He was fantastic."

Her words made Kristen laugh.

Their interaction that night set up their relationship. Going forward at work wouldn't be the same.

Chapter 2

Amelia didn’t tell Evan about her episode with Jonas and Kristen. She wanted to, but her emotions were confused and Evan was going through a difficult part of dental school.

So she kept it a secret.

She didn’t exactly keep her status as Kristen’s protégé secret from Evan or anyone else, but she started to wonder if she had truly earned the position.

Things were almost normal for a week, except that Kristen would constantly make references to how Amelia had fucked her husband. And then she came in with a present for Amelia.

It was just in a rather plain gift bag, but Amelia didn’t pay attention to the outer trappings that were unimportant.

“What’s this?” She eyed the bag nervously. Kristen brought it in and placed it on Amelia’s desk like it was her birthday.

“A present. You need to open it to find out what it is.”

The office she worked in was private. That was a very good thing. Amelia gasped when she pulled out the box inside the bag.

“Now it’s a middle of the road model but it can be adjusted for different sizes. If it doesn’t work for you and...and Evan we can return it and get one properly sized.”

“I...I don’t think I can ask my fiance to wear a chastity belt.”

“Cock cage, dear. And you don’t ask him. You tell him. You need to establish yourself as the dominant in this relationship.” Kristen’s blue eyes narrowed. “Have you told him about fucking Jonas yet?”

“No!”

Kristen sighed with frustration. “I’m investing a lot of time and effort into you, Amelia. You need to do what I’m asking of you, otherwise you won’t be long for

this job and this company."

That frightened Kristen. She had worked hard to get herself out of poverty and if that meant Evan had to wear a chastity cage on his cock, then that's what he'd have to do. She'd make him do it. She was certain Kristen had ways of making sure it was being used.

Nodding her head, Amelia gave in. "You're right. I need to do this. What I don't understand is...is why you're making me do all this?"

Kristen paused and pursed her lips. "You don't know the full history of the company, do you?"

"I researched as much as I could before I got the internship. And then I researched some more after I was hired, but it's an investment bank with a fairly boring history."

"A fairly boring public history," Kristen corrected her. "I'll give you a crash course."

"Okay," Amelia agreed and put the box containing the chastity cage back into the bag and hid it in a desk drawer.

"I believe the official company history is that the investment bank was created in 1952 as a place for women, who were slowly gathering wealth of their own, to save their money in a safe location. We've expanded and grown ever since."

Amelia, no one's fool, asked, "What's the real story?"

"Artemis Investments is a bank that goes back to at least Renaissance Italy. It's changed names and owners over the years, but the purpose has always been the same: to give women of the world, and worldly women, a place to store their wealth where it won't be stolen by their husbands, lovers, and family." She smiled. "We've expanded our goals and reach over the years. We have many private women-only clubs and businesses. Artemis Investments is really a front, a shell company. We do public business with men and women, but our real purpose is hidden and the goal is to help women."

"In what ways?"

“In every way.”

“Does that include sex and the like?”

“Of course it does. Next week you’ll be accompanying me on a business trip. We need to inspect one of our holdings, a private resort.”

“Hardly sounds like a difficult job.”

“It isn’t. Pack light. You’ll only need a hat, sunglasses, and sandals.”

Amelia took that in. “Is this a sex resort?”

Kristen smiled.

Chapter 3

That night Amelia attacked Evan when he came to bed. She wasn't playful, she was demanding and insistent. Evan was exhausted from studying for his exams and working all day in the dental school. He would have been happy to just go to sleep. While he wouldn't have turned down a blowjob, he didn't want sex.

But Amelia had other ideas. Since she was so aggressive, he just laid back and let her kiss him. He didn't stop her when she moved down his body, pushing up his t-shirt and pulling down his boxers so she could stuff his cock into her mouth.

One of the many reasons Evan stayed with Amelia was because of her well-practiced fellatio techniques. He'd never tell her that, but it was the truth.

She got him right to the edge. He didn't notice her removing her panties and just leaving on the nightie she had worn to bed. Before he knew it, she was straddling his hips and lowering her pussy down on him.

"Ohh," he moaned, half out of the pleasure of having his cock wrapped in her pussy and half out of the surprise of Amelia suddenly fucking him.

"You like that?" she asked.

"Always…just make it fast."

"Fast? Why?"

"I'm tired and I need to sleep. Big day tomorrow."

Amelia forced herself not to frown. She didn't want to upset Evan. "I'll make it quick. Quick and dirty. But I need to tell you something too."

"What?" Evan needed to know.

"After. After you cum." She pulled up her nightie to display her breasts to him. Automatically his hands went up to cup them. She worked her thighs up and down, riding him. Knowing Evan it wouldn't take him very long to cum. She wasn't concerned with cumming. Getting Evan to go along with her little plan was more important.

For perhaps the first time in her life while having sex, Amelia felt like she was putting on a show for her love instead of just enjoying sex for sex. This was because, of course, she needed to take control of Evan. Something he would never see coming.

As she rode on top of her fiance, giving him a show, Amelia very briefly considered the role of a sex worker. It wasn't for her, but she saw the appeal.

The young woman kept control of herself as she fucked Evan. He was obviously enjoying himself and she was doing all the work, but she told herself it was going to be worth it. All she needed to do was subjugate her fiance.

"I love you," he blurted out. She could feel his cock throbbing in her pussy. "I love you so fucking much!"

Amelia smiled down at him and didn't stop moving her hips. The sensation of his cock within her was almost enough to wash away the memory of Jonas's cock filling that same void.

She consciously avoided that thought.

As Evan got close he gripped both her breasts, squeezing them hard. It wasn't pleasant, but she took in as a necessary step in making him cum. Normally Evan was on top of her controlling the action. This was so much better. When he came, he thrusted his hips up into her, grunting loudly. She made some gyrations and noises that let him know he had pleased her. He had. Barely.

But she hadn't cum.

After resting atop him for a minute, breathing heavily, Amelia threw her leg over his body and rolled off him. "I'm going to the bathroom. Be right back."

Evan made some vague noise of agreement.

Amelia moved quickly through their small apartment. It was on this occasion she really noticed the class difference between her and Kristen. She used the toilet and cleaned herself before returning to the bedroom.

It was necessary to fall on the bed and disturb Evan. She needed to make sure he was awake.

“That was great,” she complimented him with a kiss on the cheek.

“Uh-huh. Yeah. What got into you tonight?”

“You did,” she giggled.

“Funny.”

“I feel a little guilty.”

In the dim light she couldn’t see his expression, but his face twitched when she uttered those words. “Why? Are you embezzling money from your job?”

“No...but I need to go away for a week on a business trip.”

“Oh. Okay. When?”

“Next week.”

“Okay. I’ll survive. I know how to order takeout.”

She laughed at him and hoped it didn’t sound like a forced laugh. “Can I ask you to do something for me?”

“Sure. As long as it doesn’t involve dental work. Or housekeeping. I’m marrying you for your cleaning skills and nothing else.” His eyes were closed but the corners of his mouth pulled upward at his joke.

“No dental work.”

“Good.”

“I want you to wear something for me.”

“Sure. Why not?” He rolled over and went to sleep.

Amelia didn’t know what to think about that, but she had gotten his agreement and she would hold him to it. Jumping out of bed she grabbed the present from Kristen out of her bag and placed the box on his nightstand and then went to sleep herself.

“What the hell is this?” Evan asked her the next morning. The box was right next to his phone on the nightstand there was no way he could miss it.

For just a moment Amelia felt a flash of panic as she confronted the reality of what she needed to do.

She plastered a smile on her face. “It’s a present for you. You agreed to wear it last night.”

“A present? A…” He looked at the box’s label and read from it. “A male chastity device to reward or control your partner.” He looked up at Amelia. “What the fuck, Amy.”

Taking a breath, Amelia said, “I read about them and I thought we might try them out. It sounds like fun.”

Evan looked at her for a long moment, shocked, and then shook his head. “You want to get kinky now? It’s not the best timing for me in school and all.”

Pulling on the courage she always had, Amelia said, “I’ve always been kinky like this. And now is the perfect time. You’ve been so uptight and nervous lately. This is guaranteed to keep you focused on your studies and not on sex.”

The only thing that Evan could do was laugh. “This is crazy.”

Amelia sat up and put her fist against her hip. The blankets slipped off her body, revealing her tits. Evan was easily mesmerized. “Remember how good the sex was last night? Wear this when I ask and it will always be that good.” He was still staring at her tits. “Let’s just try it this morning, shall we? It’ll be fun. I don’t have to be in to work all that early and you don’t go in until noon, right?”

Still shaking his head, Evan agreed. “This is crazy. But if I wanted to be with a normal girl, I wouldn’t have banged you in the alley behind Gentleman Jim’s the night we met, right?”

It wasn’t that difficult to figure out how to put the cock cage on. Amelia silently admired Kristen’s choice of cages. There had to be hundreds available and this seemed to be the Cadillac of cages.

“I feel ridiculous,” said Evan, looking down at his caged cock.

“You look sexy,” she complimented him while reaching out to absently fondle his exposed balls.

He flinched away as his cock tried to rise. “Ouch! Fuck. Keeping this thing on is stupid. I can’t fuck you with it.”

“That’s kinda the point,” she said. The process of putting on the cage had intrigued and excited her. The little click of the lock as it was fitted into place gave her a little lusty jolt. Normally the only thing that would get rid of that sensation was a good lay from Evan, but she now had other ideas.

“I don’t get it,” he complained, tugging on the cage trying to make it settle into place a little better.

“That’s the point!” she laughed. To put the cage on Evan she had him standing in front of her while she sat on the bed. Now she scooted back on the bed and spread her legs wide open, exposing her pussy. “You’re supposed to shower me with attention.” She pointed at her pussy. “If you can’t use your cock, why not try your mouth. You can even use your fingers.”

For a moment Evan hesitated, but with a shrug he crawled up the bed between his betrothed's legs. As soon as his tongue made contact with her pussy, she let out a little moan.

It was a calculated moan, just loud enough to let him know she liked it but not so much that he knew she was faking it.

It was enough to encourage him and Evan happily set to the fine art of cunnilingus. Amelia idly played with her nipples as he focused on her pussy. It was a very pleasant way to start the day. Amelia felt she had earned the right to this, not because she had trapped her fiance’s cock, but because she hadn’t had the opportunity to cum last night.

She let herself go and enjoyed the tongue lashing Evan performed on her. It was good enough to get the job done...along with her nipple stimulation and the vague fantasy she had running through her mind of fucking every available fresh out of college intern at her new job.

After she came, Evan pulled back and wiped his face with his hand, removing her juices. He rubbed his jaw. “As a dental student, I should know better than to abuse my jaw like that.”

She pulled his face up to hers and kissed him. The vague taste of her pussy clung to his lips. “It was worth it. Join me in the shower?”

“With this thing on?” He indicated his contrite metal-enclosed cock.

“Yes. It’s supposed to be fine to get wet.”

“Can I take it off after we shower?”

“Maybe...but you better get used to wearing it. You’re going to have it on the entire time I’m gone.”

Evan shivered. He wasn’t sure if he liked or hated that idea.

Maybe both.

Chapter 4

“Did you tell him?” Kristen demanded the moment Amelia arrived at work. She was only a few minutes late from the traditional start time, but she knew Kristen didn’t care about that. Times weren’t important; results were important.

They were in Amelia’s office, the one right next to Kristen’s. It was private enough, though Amelia was certain that some secrets in the company weren’t secrets at all. She was getting in over her head, but that didn’t stop her from swimming out into deeper waters.

“I had him put on the cage you gave me last night,” Amelia replied, not giving a direct answer.

“You let him put it on?” Kristen questioned her sharply.

Amelia inclined her head slightly. “I put it on him. He was nervous. He looked good in it.”

“Is that it?”

“No. I had him...I made him go down on me.”

Kristen smiled. “Good. Did he make you cum?”

Amelia glanced nervously at the door. It was open. Kristen was standing in front of the desk like an angry boss. Anyone could walk in. Was Kristen really angry? Did anyone care about what the two were discussing? Amelia tried to keep everything straight in her head.

“Uh...yes.”

Her answer made Kristen brighten a little. “Good. He needs to learn to be subservient to you. Did you tell him about the trip next week?”

“Yes.” She almost added He’s fine with it but that seemed wrong because no man should have control over her at all, even her fiance.

“Good. Did he have a problem with you leaving?”

“No.” Again, she left out any details. That could be problematic.

“And did you tell him about your little tryst with my husband?”

Amelia didn’t hang her head in shame. She answered directly. “No.”

Kristen frowned. “You need to do that.”

“I will,” Amelia replied firmly. “But I know how to handle Evan. You’ve never met him.”

“All men are alike.”

Lifting her chin because Amelia hated to be challenged on subjects where she was the authority. “All men are not alike. They share similar qualities and often have similar behaviors, but you’re oversimplifying a complex problem. I know Evan. I’ve initiated with him and he’ll be subservient to me like you want. Like I want, but telling me exactly how to do it and blindly following your instructions will be a disaster.”

Kristen glared at her for a minute and then smiled broadly. “Good girl standing up for yourself. You’ll go far. Get me a picture of him in his cage. The travel itinerary is in your email. Make whatever additional arrangements are necessary.”

She walked out of Amelia’s office.

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 5

Arriving in the airport was easy and involved none of the complications that Amelia had expected. There was even a limo waiting for them. It wasn't an ostentatious limo, but even so Amelia was impressed.

The ride wasn't far, but the scenery changed drastically. What truly surprised her was when they arrived at the water's edge and were required to board a boat. Amelia wasn't sure if it was a yacht or what, but it was also suitably impressive but not overly so.

"All of this is owned by Artemis Investments?" she asked her boss.

"Of course."

The air was salty and warm, but not oppressively humid. Amelia didn't find the ride all that relaxing or enjoyable. She accepted a glass of wine and sat in a comfortable deck chair as the boat made its way out to sea.

More than anything Amelia found traveling to be annoying. Kristen was mostly silent during the journey, but was busy on her laptop and cellphone. Since Amelia wasn't that important, she didn't interrupt her boss.

When they docked at the small island just off the coast Amelia was ready to just lay down and sleep. For the first time in the journey, she was unimpressed. The island wasn't all that large, as far as she could tell. Not too far from the docks Amelia saw a small resort hotel within walking distance.

"We walk from here," said Kristen. "It's one of the reasons we pack lightly." She rolled her single suitcase off the short gangplank and onto the dock. Amelia followed with her shoulder bag.

The resort was rather plain and unremarkable. The island had a nice view of the coast and the weather was pleasant, but that was it. Amelia hoped Artemis hadn't paid too much for the real estate. Except for a few staff members hurrying about on some errand or another. The main entrance to the hotel opened to an elaborate lobby that was similarly empty other than for staff in lavender polo shirts and white shorts. Not exactly tropical but suitable for the weather.

Except for seeming to be deserted, the place was lovely. Kristen checked them

in.

“Do you know the way, Ms. Willendort?”

“Of course.”

“You know all the rules? Would you like an escort?”

“No escort. I’ll give my associate a run down of the rules.” Kristen took the electronic door keys and led the way.

They hadn’t gone ten paces before Kristen stopped and pointed at a sign at a T intersection of the corridor.

Amelia read it and didn’t believe it.

Common areas and hotel corridors are clothing optional unless otherwise posted.

West Beach is for women only.

Men allowed on East Beach with female escort only.

All dining areas except for the beach bar are clothing mandatory.

Please follow all instructions from staff.

“This is a nude resort?” Amelia asked robotically.

“Oh, it’s so much more,” Kristen smiled. “You’ll soon discover all the amenities.” She turned left down the corridor, the way indicated by the sign that would lead to the West Beach. “Don’t bother with the East Beach. West is so much better and you don’t have to deal with the men. Don’t act like a shocked teenager when you see naked people walking around. You might see people having sex in public, but we try to discourage that. There are plenty of private areas for that, still, it happens and as long as you are discreet, no one will bother you.”

She stopped at a pair of doors, 107 and 109. “We have connecting rooms. Officially it’s a suite, we have a shared living room, but the bedrooms are

private. Shall we?" She tapped the key card against the electronic handle and pushed the door open when the lock beeped.

The hotel hadn't bothered much with exterior opulence. All the money had gone into the rooms. It wasn't overly fancy, but the view of the beach was incredible. The hotel was positioned so that the first floor was up one story. The hotel was edged by a long patio filled with tables and chairs. There was a bar with people drinking in the open on the far end. Between the patio and the beach was a broad, grassy area, carefully maintained by a ground crew. The beach rolled down to the distance.

Amelia spotted a lifeguard's chair and people walking about. Even from this distance she could see that most of the vacationers were unclothed. Only staff in their lavender shirts and white shorts seemed to be dressed in any way.

"This is a test," Kristen said after sneaking up behind her. "If you aren't cut out for this, you should resign your position and go home now."

"I'm not afraid to be naked in public," said Amelia bravely.

"We'll see," said Kristen. She had parked her suitcase in the common area. "But this isn't a test just to see if you are afraid of being naked among peers." As she talked she started undressing. "We'll see if you have what it takes to pass unknown tests."

Amelia watched, puzzled, as the older woman stripped. Though she had been naked in front of Kristen while having sex with Jonas, it was the first time she had seen Kristen naked. Her breasts belied her age, of course some of that might have been the pierced nipples. Little gold balls sat aside both sides of both nipples. She wore a gold chain around her slim waist. Her pussy was devoid of any hair. It only took her a few seconds, but it was the most erotic undressing Amelia had ever seen.

"If you want to join me on the beach, you'll need to undress as well." Kristen turned around and went to her bag, opening it and taking a few items out. Amelia noted the small elaborate tattoo on the older woman's left buttock. It wasn't large and it showed attention to detail. It wasn't cheaply done, but it was abstract and made no sense to Amelia. She found it unusual that her boss had only one tattoo. The women that Amelia knew with tattoos had multiple ones all over their bodies.

“Shall we?” asked Kristen, turning back around. One look at Amelia and she was crestfallen. “Are you going to undress or not?”

“Sorry. Just a second.”

It seemed to take forever, but was less than ten seconds before she was as naked as her boss. It was somewhat freeing. They were suddenly equals without clothing.

Almost equals.

From the small ditty bag she was carrying, Kristen produced a travel-sized can of sunscreen. “I burn like a bitch. Want some?” Before Amelia had a chance to answer, Kristen started spraying herself.

It only made sense that Kristen would need to protect herself. She was a blue-eyed blonde with fair skin and freckles over her shoulders and upper back. In contrast Amelia had darker skin, not quite tan, but her dark hair and ancestors who most likely lived along the Mediterranean gave her a bit more sun protection than Kristen.

“Yes. Thank you.” She accepted the can from her boss and started spraying herself while watching as Kristen rubbed the protectant into her skin, mostly her breasts and over her bare vulva. It was slightly disconcerting.

“Spray my back and I’ll do yours.” Kristen turned around and expectantly waited.

Amelia did as asked. “Should I rub it in?”

“Yes. Please.”

It was easy enough to do that to Kristen’s back, but she paused as she reached Kristen’s lovely and voluptuous ass.

“Don’t stop now.”

Amelia didn’t. It was weird touching Kristen’s bottom, but this was hardly the most humiliating thing she was going to be doing on the trip.

“Turn around. I’ll do you.” Amelia tried to think about other things as Kristen rubbed her back and bottom. She was glad she hadn’t had to work the sunscreen into her own vulva in front of Kristen. In this case having pubic hair was a distinct advantage.

“Ready?” asked Kristen as she plopped an oversized sun hat on her head, slipped on a pair of sandals from her travel bag, and placed sunglasses carefully on her nose.

“One moment.” Her hat wasn’t as elegant as Kristen’s, and neither were her sandals, but she took a certain pride in the distinctive sunglasses she wore. It was only then did she realize she was three or four inches taller than her boss.

“Let’s go.” Kristen led the way out of the suite, carrying her small ditty bag, the string closing it around her wrist.

For an older woman, she still had an excellent figure, noted Amelia as she looked at the other woman’s rolling buttocks before catching up to her in a few strides.

“Don’t embarrass me,” said Amelia as she walked with confidence down the hotel’s empty corridor, heading to the beach.

“Of course not.”

“Don’t stare and gawk at others who will be nude. Have some sophistication.”

“Naturally.” Amelia wondered if she would be able to maintain her poise when they encountered others, clothed or not.

“It’s fine to flirt with the men on the beach, even encouraged, but don’t be so gauche as to do that with the staff.”

“There will be men on the beach?” Amelia almost tripped in surprise but managed to match Kristen’s pace.

“Of course.”

“I thought this was a women’s only resort.”

Kristen laughed at her. “Don’t be silly. It’s for women, but there are plenty of men here. The husbands will be on the East Beach; we won’t see them. The eye candy will be on the West Beach.”

“I thought the sign said men weren’t allowed on the West Beach.”

Kristen paused and slid her sunglasses down just enough to look over them. “Well, they’re technically men, but really they’re eye candy. Fuckboys. Playthings. Indulge yourself, but don’t be crass about it.” She resumed their march down the corridor.

Amelia wasn’t sure what to think. They rounded a corner and came face to face with two staff members, one male and one female. Amelia immediately blushed and forced herself not to gasp.

The staff just stepped aside and let them pass. Kristen said nothing.

Amelia felt like she had passed her first test.

Ten more steps and they were out the door at the end of the short hallway and outside.

The sun kissed their skin as a light breeze played in the trees. Amelia felt free. She turned her head to stare at the pool and bar at the patio’s edge. Mostly women were in attendance. A second glance confirmed they were nude or mostly so. There were a few men, all of whom looked young and fit.

Amelia was starting to understand exactly what sort of resort this was.

She walked silently next to Kristen and kept her eyes open, glad they were concealed behind her dark shades.

They crossed the patio and grassy border quickly, and onto the sparkling sand. The sun was halfway down to the water’s edge. The beach wasn’t crowded; there was plenty of space. Beach chairs and umbrellas were set up all over the curved space. A pair of lifeguard towers helped define the space. Along the edge of the beach next to the grassy border was a small building that Amelia quickly figured out offered simple food and alcohol.

There were less people than she expected, which was good. Those in attendance

were mostly women and were naked except for hats and sandals and an occasional sun wrap.

The men, however, wore only sunglasses and nothing else. Amelia took a moment to stare at the three she could easily see. They were tanned, of course, and muscular, but not ridiculously so. Not Greek gods, but something else. Something equally desirable.

The women weren't exactly beautiful and tended toward middle age, but so much flesh on display, of women who had obviously had plastic surgery either for their own desires or to please their partners, should have had a visceral reaction from the men.

It didn't. Their penises remained flaccid. Maybe they were used to seeing naked women. Maybe they were gay. Maybe they were blind.

"Don't stare too long. We have work to do," said Kristen, grabbing Amelia's elbow and leading her across the sand. She expected to go to one of the umbrellas offering shade for two chairs. Instead they went to a small semi-circle of six chairs, four of which were occupied. Two young men were seated next to older women.

Without a word of permission, Kristen sat in one of the empty chairs and received dirty looks from the two women. Following her boss's lead, Amelia took the last chair.

"Gentlemen, if you will give us a few moments of privacy?" asked Kristen.

The men looked at the woman with gray hair. Amelia found it odd she didn't dye it. The older woman nodded and the men left. Much to her surprise, Amelia examined the woman as the men left. She should have been staring at the men's luscious bodies and bare cocks.

"Jessica."

"Kristen."

"Have you made your decision yet?"

"You're not even going to make small talk after you've plied me with young

men and drugs?”

Amelia blinked, glad her expression was mostly hidden by her glasses. Jessica with the gray hair wasn’t all that old, but she had all the signs of plastic surgery. Her breasts were obviously fake and while not overly large, stood up far too proudly on her chest. Her skin wasn’t burnt to a golden brown, but was close. Even sitting down Amelia could tell she was a small woman with a thin build. She wore no jewelry, not even a wedding ring.

She was wearing, like Kristen and Amelia and her companion, a hat and sunglasses. Her sandals set aside so she could dig her toes into the sand.

Kristen smiled at her. “We’ve made enough small talk, Jess. I just need a decision either way. Yes or no. And while I might have plied you with willing men, I object to your assessment that I gave you drugs.”

Jess picked up an empty glass from the sand and waved it at the blonde woman. “Alcohol is a drug.”

“Potato. Tomato. I need an answer, Jess. If you don’t give me one, I’ll just say no and the deal won’t go through.”

“This is hardly a pleasant negotiation.”

“The pleasantness is for when sweet William has you on your back in the bedroom plowing your cunt with his big cock. Yes or no?”

Jess sniffed and raised her chin. She then raised her empty glass higher and instantaneously a staff member in a lavender polo appeared to exchange it for a full one.

“Yes,” she said after a sip.

“Good. We’ll prepare the final paperwork and do the approvals before you leave.”

Jess nodded and shifted her gaze out to the sea. “Send sweet William and his associate back. I’m not done with him yet.”

Kristen rose up out of her chair and nodded to Jess before walking away. Amelia

followed.

“So this trip was worth it,” she said when they were out of earshot. “That was a real estate deal worth just over five hundred million.”

Amelia eyes goggled, but her expression was hidden by her glasses. “That was the Mutahanamillwa deal?” It had been a complex series of small purchases that Amelia was responsible for funding.

“Yes. Jessica is a bitchy cunt, but she wanted this as much as we did.”

They passed by an attendant station where the two men had been waiting. Kristen gave them a nod and they hurried back to Jess and her friend. Amelia couldn’t help checking out their cocks and then their asses.

“Don’t start drooling yet,” Kristen said as they reached an umbrella with just two chairs underneath it. “We need to finish up the paperwork.” From her ditty bag she handed Amelia a corporate cell phone and pulled out another for herself.

It would have been easier on a laptop or tablet, but Amelia set to work. There were worse places to do final edits to the deal. Being naked on a semi-tropical beach was far superior to the office.

As she finished, Amelia received an email notification from Kristen. Before she had a chance to open it, Kristen told her, “Don’t ever have sex on the beach. Sand will get everywhere you don’t want it. Even if you use a blanket. Also, it’s declasse. Take your partner back to the suite.”

Amelia stared for a long moment at her boss who was examining the waves rolling in. “That makes sense.”

“Open the email. Read it.”

The email was just a link. When Amelia clicked the link, it took her to a private intraweb for the hotel.

“It’s not exactly ordering a prostitute, but sex with the men here is entirely guilt and emotion free. They are very good at what they do. Choose one. Enjoy yourself. Don’t choose Stefan. He’s mine for the night.”

The pageboy featured waist up photos of men, all good looking and young. There were short bios that said their names. The bios weren't their backgrounds. It was just what was their specialty in the bedroom.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Felix - oral, giving and receiving

Jake - well-endowed, 69

Henry - bondage

Oliver - pegging (receiving)

Nate - massage

Thomas - foot worship

Louis - ball busting

Elias - tantric

"The women are at the bottom of the page."

"What?" Amelia tore her eyes away from the phone.

"The women are at the bottom of the page. Lots of guests like to explore when they come here. It's fine if you want. Please limit yourself to one provider. Getting enough staff for this role is always difficult."

"How can that be?"

Kristen laughed at her. "Just pick out someone and fuck him. They're all good, I can assure you. Pick early because we have dinner tonight and you want to get laid before we eat. You can invite him along with us and even keep him overnight, but make your choice now because you don't want to pick the dregs." Kristen smiled. "Even the dregs are ambrosia, though."

"I'm supposed to just fuck a random guy?"

"Like you never did that in college?"

Amelia didn’t reply to that. “This is a test, isn’t it?”

“Isn’t everything?”

Almost at random she pressed on a man’s photo.

Kristen was looking over her shoulder. “Simon. Nice. He should be waiting in the suite if you want to walk up now.”

“Now?”

“Why not?”

“I don’t get a drink first?” She nodded to the distant bar.

“You won’t want to be drunk with Simon. Trust me.”

That made Amelia wonder if Kristen had fucked Simon or was merely going by reputation. Or if she was just being wound up by her boss.

“Is this...is this legal?”

“What, setting up a hookup app and facilitating adults having sex? It’s perfectly legal.”

“The guys on the app, they work for the hotel, don’t they?”

“They work for a subsidiary of Artemis International, part of Artemis Investments, yes. But they aren’t being paid to have sex if that’s what you’re asking.”

“That’s a fine legal line.”

“It’s a line drawn by the lawyers. This isn’t some sleazy bordello.”

“But the men…”

“Get paid to work at a resort. They’re young and stupid because they let themselves be led around by their cocks. Yes, they know what’s expected. They know if they want to keep their very well-paid jobs they need to fuck mostly older women. It’s a great job for moderately attractive men with few marketable

skills. Himbos are real. So are recent college grads who can’t find a job otherwise.”

“This is so…”

“You don’t think there are places exactly like this that cater to men and it’s women who have to fuck older men? I can guarantee you the young men who have their cocks out for this job are well-compensated and get glowing recommendations for the hospitality work. Do you think their female counterparts at men's club resorts get the same accommodations?”

“No…”

“This is the real world, Amelia. Get used to it or get out.”

Amelia stood up. “I think I’ll go meet Simon now.”

Kristen nodded in satisfaction. “I’ll see you in the suite common room for dinner. Six o’clock.”

Kristen turned away and re-adjusted herself in the chair. Amelia, not knowing what else to do, walked up the beach toward the hotel, where Simon was waiting.

To Be Continued

Preview

You’re Doing It Wrong 1: Awry

I didn’t realize it until well after the fact, but my husband’s confession to me was the bravest act he had ever undertaken in our relationship. It was the bravest act he had ever performed in his life.

We hadn’t even been married that long. Seven years. Two kids. Two young kids. Check the statistics, that’s when married couples tended to end their relationships. A kid or two and having been in a committed, monogamous relationship for seven years.

I could sense it. My husband and I were drifting away. As a last ditch effort Wayne presented me with a ring.

It wasn’t a fancy diamond encrusted piece of jewelry designed to keep gold digging women with their successful husbands. It was a simple stainless steel ring maybe an inch and a half in diameter. It had a hinge and a locking mechanism to keep it closed.

Needless to say, I was puzzled.

“I don’t get it.”

“That’s only half of it,” he said.

“Okay…”

He then produced a dark red velvet bag and handed it over. Inside was something hard and not that heavy. Curious, I opened it up and found what appeared to be a modern art sculpture of a phallus.

This wouldn’t be all that strange from Wayne because he taught at the local university as an economics professor. Trust me, he’s not that boring. His specialty is niche markets that defy normal laws of economics. His thesis was on the modern art market. Don’t ask me to explain it because I can’t. Oddly, that’s what he would say as well.

He had done a small study of pornography economics before it was quietly shut down by the university board. Uptight pricks. We still had a bunch of interesting porn, both modern and ancient, hanging around his office.

“This is the worst dildo I’ve ever seen,” was my pronouncement.

It was a curved hollow steel tube maybe three inches long. Both ends were open but there was hardware on one end that indicated it joined to something else—the ring he had already given me—and the other end was shaped to describe a vague penis shape. If it had been solid and longer than three inches it would have been a nice sex toy. I had a vibrator and a dildo that were both silicone, this would have been a nice change of pace.

Anything would have been a nice change of pace. Our marriage had suffered premature bed death. I knew Wayne jerked off on his own. He wasn’t an idiot; he knew I used my toys on the regular.

However, the small device he had given me would be useless as sex toy. Or so I thought.

“It’s not a dildo,” he told me.

“I guess I’m glad to hear that.”

We were doing this odd little presentation in our bedroom. The kids were asleep. This was the normal time for us to watch TV or read or for Wayne to read and grade papers.

It should have been our time to have sex.

I suppose I should have been glad that he wasn’t fucking random students on campus.

“It’s a chastity cage,” he explained and picked up the red velvet bag from the bed. He shook out a small pair of keys on a tiny ring.

As soon as he said the words, everything clicked for me. The curved tube attached to the hinged ring. There were flanges and things and, I noticed now, a lock to keep it together. The thing went on a man’s cock...and then what? Would it be painful if he got hard? Would he even get hard? Who the fuck would want

to wear one of these things?

My husband. My husband would want to wear one of them.

Or maybe it would be forced onto a man who was a complete submissive and his partner wanted to torture him.

I could see the appeal in that.

“Okay, I get that. But...why?”

The why encapsulated everything about our relationship in that moment. Why didn’t we have more sex? Why was our marriage falling apart? Why would he want this? Why would I want to participate? Just...why.

“Things have been falling apart,” he said. That was an understatement. “I thought that maybe...maybe if you had some control over my cock...maybe you’d be more interested in it. And by wearing it...you’d know I wasn’t cheating on you.”

I latched onto that right away. “Have you been cheating on me?” I snapped at him.

“No,” he fired back just as vehemently.

He was classier than I and didn’t ask if I had been cheating on him.

I hadn’t.

Well, only with my battery operated boyfriends in my underwear drawer.

It was strange. It was also a little erotic. Right away I could see what he was getting at. If I had more responsibility for his cock, I would have more interest in it. I’m sure there was some economic principle he could explain to me, but I had no interest in hearing that.

“Well, I suppose that’s good,” I said agreeably. I didn’t want to come off like a bitch.

“I’d be lying if I didn’t admit this was a kink of mine,” he also confessed.

“That makes sense,” I said sensibly. “Wait. Do men actually have a kink to wear this sort of shit.”

“Yes.”

Of course they did. Men made up kinks about dragons fucking cars and cars fucking dragons among other more exotic shit. Putting a cage on a cock to play chastity games was hardly beyond the pale in the postmodern world we now lived in.

“This is all a little much,” I said, putting my hand to my head. I wished one of my migraines would hit me now. Having such an affliction never worked to my favor.

“Sorry to dump this on you, but I had to do something.”

“Something?” I asked.

“If you haven’t noticed, things aren’t going well for us.”

“I’ve noticed. Most people would suggest a marriage counselor.”

“We’re not most people.”

That was true. He was an economics professor and I was a clinical social worker. I knew what our problems were. I knew we could try counseling. It would probably work.

Probably. If I didn’t try to sabotage the process.

Or...we could try his chastity game.

That would be more fun and cheaper.

Probably.

“Fine,” I relented. “What do I have to do?”

We hadn’t planned on having sex that night. We hadn’t planned on having sex any night for the past year. Instead Wayne instructed me in how to put the cage on his cock.

He could have done it himself but that wasn’t the point. The point was this was supposed to be something the couple did as a team to help bring them closer together.

Like I said, I’m a clinical social worker. I knew how these things worked. Or didn’t work.

As he talked me through the process he confessed to me that he had purchased the chastity device a month previous and had been experimenting with it ever since.

It made me wonder what the hell else I was missing in our relationship.

What else was going on in my house that I had no clue about?

As it turned out, putting it on was fairly easy. The hinged ring went behind his balls, next to his body. Wayne’s cock slipped into the curved metal shaft which connected to the retaining ring. The lock on the shaft joined the two and that was that.

The hardest part (ha!) of getting the thing on my husband’s thing was actually putting his penis through the curved shaft. With all the manipulation I was doing, it started to make him hard. We tried a bag of frozen peas. That worked to keep him soft, but the condensation from the frozen bag made his skin stick to the metal making it next to impossible to get it all the way through.

This was solved by what Wayne called the stocking trick.

He took one of my nylon stockings, the boring sort I wore under pants when I didn’t want bare feet inside my shoes, and slipped it over his soft cock. The end he threaded through the tube. From there he simply lined everything up and pulled the stocking off his cock and through the cage. Easy peasy.

To see his cock inside the metal cage was disquieting. And hot. It was fucking erotic. I had to admit it. I felt something special when he handed the pair of keys over to me. It was such a feeling that I couldn’t describe it correctly. I felt like I

had just conquered the universe and I felt like I had suddenly been burdened with such a responsibility that I wanted to run away to Tahiti and change my name.

“Okay, so now what?” I said. Wayne was standing in front of me while I sat on the edge of the bed. He was naked from the waist down. Well, naked except for his steel cage.

“Now I just wear it until you want to have sex.”

“Me?”

“Yeah, you. You have the keys. If you want to, you just come to me, unlock me, and we have sex.”

All the responsibility was on me now. If our marriage failed, it was my fault.

Don’t try to say that it wouldn’t be my fault. I had willingly taken on the responsibility of sex in our marriage. Anyone who says that sex isn’t that important to a marriage, or any intimate relationship, is fooling themselves. Partners who had a sexual relationship and then let it fall to the wayside either wind up divorced or with new partners. Yes, there are companionate marriages, but those are a special exception.

In that moment, to be completely honest, I wanted to rip my husband’s cock cage off and fuck him right then and there. But I realized this was a game and our power dynamics were rapidly changing.

“So...I just put this thing on you,” I stated flatly. “You don’t want to have sex right now, do you?”

He looked at me with that blank professorial expression he was so good at. I hated it. “Of course not. Generally you would have sex after removing it,” he said, making me feel like I was insignificant.

But he was right.

“Good. How about we leave it on all night then?” I asked.

Now Wayne’s eyes went wide. “Uh…”

I was glad that I had stunned him to some degree.

“What’s wrong with wearing it all night?” I asked. I wasn’t trying to be obnoxious. I truly wanted to know if there was a problem.

“Night time erections,” he said.

“You won’t get them if you’re wearing that,” I pointed out.

“Uh...it’ll be painful.”

“I bet,” I agreed.

He smiled and chuckled. “Okay. Yeah. You’re jumping in with both feet.”

“I am?” I asked sweetly, innocently.

“Generally there are practice sessions leading up to an overnight wearing.”

“You said you already practiced on your own,” I pointed out. “No time like the present, right? We weren’t going to have sex tonight anyway.” I turned away from him and then remembered the keys in my hand. “What should I do with these?”

“Tradition says you keep one on a necklace that you wear all the time. The other one is hidden in the house so if there’s an emergency, I can unlock myself.”

I furrowed my brow at him. “What type of emergency could there possibly be?”

Wayne didn’t have an answer for me. It wasn’t like he was bringing home coeds to fuck in our bed.

I think.

“I’ll just put them in my purse for now,” I said, heading for the door. “I’ll find a necklace in the morning. It’s a little too early for bed anyway. I’m going to do a little reading.”

Wayne nodded and pulled his pants back up. There was no obvious way to tell he had a chastity device on under his clothing. That was good. And hot. “I have some grading to do,” he said, heading for the spare bedroom we had turned into

office space for the two of us.

I wasn’t lying, exactly, when I said I was going to do some reading.

Research is reading.

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Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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