
Elliot Silvestri
Turn Off My Feelings – 2
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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Chapter 6

As promised there was a man waiting for her. He was inside the common room of the suite, which wasn't exactly what she had expected, but it made sense. Of course the gigolos here had full access to the rooms.

She stopped dead in her tracks upon seeing the man who had to be Simon waiting patiently in the common room chair. He was dressed in the hotel uniform of lavender shirt and white shorts. The moment she saw him fully dressed, she was acutely aware of her nudity.

It was all Amelia could do to not cover her breasts and crotch with her hands.

"You must be Simon," she said.

He stood with a smile. "Amelia, I presume?"

"Please," she blushed. "Call me Amy."

"Well, Amy, what would you like to do?"

She blinked and started walking casually to the bathroom on her side of the suite, kicking off her sandals as she moved. "First, I would like to wash off this sunscreen. Then I'll tell you what I need."

"Do you need help in the shower?"

It was half a come on and half an honest offer.

She turned him down. "No. Just wait for me here."

Amelia scrubbed herself in the shower. She briefly considered shaving her pussy to get rid of the mostly full bush she was sporting, but decided he had already seen her naked and it didn't matter.

She did shave her legs because she didn't know what else to do with herself in the shower. She didn't want to take too long or too little time.

Finding her confidence, she wrapped a towel around her hair and another around her body and walked out into the common room.

While she had been in the shower, Simon had stripped and was now naked. Amelia felt positively overdressed in her two towels.

He had a nice body. He wasn't an athlete but was in good enough shape. He was so young that he didn't really have any chest hair. He didn't have any body hair, she realized upon looking at his cock. None on his legs either. Not that it would have been prominent considering the light brown hair on his head.

He wasn't erect, but his cock was a beautiful wonder to behold.

"First time at the resort?" he asked her casually while she stared at his naked body.

"Y-y-yes," she stuttered out. "How can you tell?"

"This is my third year here. I've been with enough of the women to have a good handle on reactions. Shall we go to your bedroom or would you rather do it out here?"

"Uh...bedroom."

He nodded, his sun-bleached and slightly too long hair falling into his eyes. "Good choice. Exotic locations are overrated when it comes to sex. Never fuck on the beach."

"I've heard that," she said.

Without knowing what else to do, Amelia led him to the bedroom. She was sure he knew the way, but it seemed like the move to make. On the way there, she wondered if the towel was long enough to cover her bottom and if he was staring at it.

"How do you want to do this?" he asked her casually as she stood at the foot of the bed and wondered if she should just drop her towel.

"Generally the guy gets a hard on and sticks it into me," she joked.

He laughed politely. "Okay. Good. So you've done anal before?"

"What? No!"

Simon blinked. “Isn’t that why you picked me?” He indicated his cock. It wasn’t particularly large or small, but it was starting to rise in anticipation of what was to happen. Amelia noted that he was of slightly above average length, but was slimmer than most cocks she had seen in the wild.

“I’ve never done anal,” Amelia said blankly.

“I’ve been a lot of women’s first time.”

“Really?”

“They come here to experiment,” he shrugged. “We’re just going to need a lot of lube and you’ll need to relax. Do you want some weed or alcohol? Not too much because they both dull the senses, but some women think it takes the edge off.”

“For anal?” she replied dumbly.

“Yeah for anal.” He grinned.

“I don’t want to do anal.”

“Oh.” Simon was puzzled. “Then why did you request me?”

Amelia grimaced. “Don’t be offended, but I sort of chose you at random.”

Simon chuckled. “That’s hardly the worse way I’ve been chosen.”

“Oh?”

“I don’t want to discuss it. So then, just straight sex? As always, it’s ladies choice.”

For just an instant Amelia didn’t know what to think. Here she was, away from everything, where she could do whatever she wanted with no repercussions and she turning down a polite offer of whatever sort of sex she wanted from a rather handsome man who had to be a few years younger than her. He had tanned skin and slightly angular eyes that hinted at an Asian background, or perhaps he was partly Latino. Maybe both. Either way, he had lovely brown eyes.

“Umm...could we do anal?”

Simon grinned. “That’s my speciality. You wouldn’t be the first woman I’ve plucked the black cherry from.”

She burst out with nervous laughter. “Don’t make me laugh like that. I can’t have sex if I’m not taking it seriously.”

Wiping his hand across his face, Simon got slightly more serious. “Would you like the deluxe introduction package?” he asked, a curious lilt in his voice.

Amelia forced herself to not look at his cock—his package. “I’d love that.”

With a nod Simon went to the nightstand and opened up the bottom drawer. Amelia wasn’t surprised to see condoms and lubricants in the drawer, along with other items not immediately identifiable by a quick glance. “Just getting the supplies,” he said, standing up forcing her a step back from where she had been looking over his shoulder. That brought them closer together than Amelia had intended.

“Just relax,” Simon said with a confidence that put her at ease. He had doubtless done this dozens of times. “I find the best way to start things off is with a kiss. Is it okay if I kiss you?”

Not trusting her voice, Amelia nodded, feeling like she was back in high school after an awkward dance while standing on her parent’s porch.

His hands went around her waist and he drew her in close. Her breasts pressed up against his chest and she realized she was only a few inches shorter, which was a difference from Evan who stood almost a head taller than her.

Amelia tried to push thoughts of Evan away. Simon tilted his head and pressed his lips to hers.

She automatically parted her lips and accepted his tongue into her mouth.

He tenderly explored her mouth and tongue with his. She melted against him.

Simon was a very good kisser and once again she was flashing back to high school.

Without giving it a thought, her hand went to his cock. He was hard, but not

absurdly so. He broke the kiss. “You don’t have to do that.”

When she opened her mouth to reply, he kissed her to silence. That was easy to obey.

The move to the bed was easier. Before she knew it he was on top of her and kissing his way down her body. He paused for long enough to kiss and suck her nipples, causing thrilling shivers to run down her spine directly to her clit. His cock had pressed against her body, but now it was trailing against her thigh.

Before Amelia knew it, his tongue briefly explored her belly button before he delved further down and ran his tongue into the tangle of her dark pubic curls.

It was crazy that they had just met and she briefly considered telling him she didn’t want to go any further, but then his mouth found her clit and he sucked on it.

Amelia moaned audibly and loudly enough to embarrass herself, but that didn’t stop Simon. He was encouraged and proceeded to suck and lick and tease her clit, while inserting a pair of fingers into her pussy. It was just easier to lay back and enjoy what he was doing.

Simon knew how to eat pussy. She wondered how much practice he had had, and how many women he had had, but then realized that didn’t matter. The entire world shrunk to the bedroom and her clit and pussy and his mouth and his fingers, and her body.

And suddenly she was trembling as a quick orgasm rolled through her body. “Oh god, oh fuck, oh god,” she cursed as she came. Amelia tried to push his face away from her pussy but his muscular arms were wrapped around her thighs and she was trapped.

He kept sucking and licking as she came, drawing out the orgasm, before finally making her cry out, “Stop stop stop! Too much!”

Simon relented, releasing his grip on her legs and moving his face from her crotch.

“Holy fuck that was good.”

“Thank you,” he said with a slightly smug attitude. He knew he was good in bed. Amelia was just realizing how much he was keeping himself from seeming like an arrogant ass.

“This is where I usually give the guy a blowjob,” she said.

Simon shook his head. “No necessary. Not needed. This is all about you.”

She looked further down his body and saw his hard cock rising up from the apex of his legs. She wanted it in her mouth, her pussy, her ass. Wherever he wanted to put it.

But she managed to keep control of herself.

This was a chance to explore and learn.

“Are you going to make me cum again?”

“That’s the idea.” Simon grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed and lifted up her legs, shoving it under her ass, exposing her pussy all the more. “Let me help you relax,” he said.

“I’m already pretty relaxed,” she said as he put her legs over his shoulders and went back to eating her pussy. It wasn’t necessary. She was incredibly wet and was considering just asking him to fuck her normally, when his tongue trailed down the length of her slit, over her perineum, and finally to her anus.

“Oh!” she exclaimed as he licked her where no one had ever explored before. Not any of her boyfriends, not Evan, not even a doctor.

Amelia was glad she had taken the opportunity to shower before starting play with Simon. Analingus had never been on her bucket list, but as Simon rubbed her clit with his thumb while licking her ass and sticking his tongue where it shouldn’t have gone but felt incredible just the same, she realized she had been missing out on something very important in life.

The thought of telling him to stop occurred to her. She didn’t say a word.

She considered telling him there was no way she was going to cum a second time, but then realized that was a lie.

She considered telling him he was the best lover she had ever had, but that wasn't possible because her second climax stole her voice and Simon's talent tongue and fingers pushed her over the edge a second time.

Amelia was left panting and wondering about the condition on the pillow. She could feel her pussy drooling amrita so it had to be soaked.

That was housekeeping's problem.

"The key to good anal sex is for the woman to be good and ready and relaxed," Simon told her.

"I think I am," she said hazily and wondered what she would have to do for Kristen in order to spend the rest of her life at the resort.

"Good," Simon said softly. "What position would make you the most comfortable? I can penetrate you the way you are, on your back. Or you can turn over on hands and knees, but some women feel degraded in that position." He paused and grinned. "Of course, some women love to be degraded in that position."

"Really?"

He nodded. "You'd be surprised."

"Probably not."

He shrugged. "I can also lay down and you can get on top. You can lower yourself onto me that way."

Amelia was certain she wouldn't be able to do that. As much as she wanted to try this, she knew it had to be done to her and she couldn't do it herself.

Seeing her hesitation, Simon added, "Some women like to be on their sides with a body pillow. Whatever you like. I'm flexible." Once again that boyish grin spread across his face.

"Um...what's easiest?"

"For you or me?" he asked.

“Just...whatever you think is easiest.”

“I like the woman on her hands and knees, but on your back...most women can touch themselves while getting buggered.”

“Let’s stay the way we are.”

Simon nodded. “Okay.” He grabbed the condom from where he had left it on the nightstand along with the lube. As Amelia watched, he put some lube on his cock and the rolled the condom down his slim length, and then added more lube to the outside of the condom.

“Saliva is a terrible lubricant,” he said as he lifted her legs again, forcing her anus to be exposed. The slippery liquid was a welcome sensation, especially when he easily pushed a finger inside her tight sphincter.

It was more pleasurable than she could have guessed.

“You like that?” he asked.

“Uhh...yeah. It’s nice.” He drew his finger away, added some more lube, and then digitally penetrated her again, deeper this time. Amelia gasped.

“Just relax,” he said. “That’s why I made you cum.”

“Okay, but I’m a little nervous.”

“That’s fine, this will be great. You’re tight, but not too tight. Just let it happen.”

Amelia nodded and breathed in and out. She felt a little ridiculous on her back with the pillow under her hips, making an odd angle for her body, but Simon was the expert. She spread her legs wide.

“Just bring your knees up to your chest.”

She did as he said, grabbing behind her knees to hold them in place. He moved in tight to her and then, with his cock in hand, he slid it up and down her crevice, searching for her entrance. It felt a bit ticklish, but that sensation was replaced by an odd sensation as he found her tightly puckered hole and pushed against it.

For just a second she resisted, and then Amelia remembered herself. He pushed inside her.

It was wrong and right at the same time.

She gasped and then groaned.

“Okay?” he asked her.

She nodded, barely able to move her head the way she was pinned to the bed. “Yeah. Just weird. It doesn’t hurt.”

“Good.” He pulled out a bit, but his cock stayed hard inside her ass. Then he pushed in again, deeper this time.

Amelia groaned again, but made the groan one of pleasure, so he knew to keep going.

He did.

Simon repeated the process several times before she realized he had to be all the way in.

“You still good?”

“Yeah.”

“Hold on a second.”

He pulled his cock almost all the way out, grabbed the bottle of lube, drizzled what seemed to be a ridiculous amount on his cock and her ass, before plunging all the way back in.

She felt so full. It was wrong, but it felt good at the same time.

Simon started rocking his hips slowly and by small increments. “Let me know if it hurts.”

“Okay,” Amelia breathed. She couldn’t believe she was doing this. It was so wrong and she should have been doing it with Evan. She loved her fiancé and they were supposed to have sexual adventures together.

And then something shifted and getting fucked in the ass suddenly went from an odd experiment to a sexual achievement.

It felt good. Really good.

“Ohh,” she moaned. Amelia let go of her right knee and rested the leg against Simon’s body. Her hand went to her pussy.

Her fingers went into her tunnel, getting them wet, before she started rubbing her now throbbing clit.

Simon missed nothing. “Go ahead. Enjoy yourself.”

He made her feel at ease. He carefully fucked her ass as she jilled off. When she opened her eyes to look at him, he was grinning at her. She nervously smiled back at him.

“This is so wrong,” she said.

He paused. “Do you want to stop?”

“NO! Keep fucking me!” she begged. He resuming fucking her at once. “It’s wrong but it feels so good.”

She had to close her eyes and focus on just the sensations. Her ass was full and being violated, but in a good way. Her fingers danced on her sensitive clit. She was in bed with a man she shouldn’t have been in bed with, and somehow that made the sex better.

It would have been perfect if she could have cum just from his cock in her ass, but her busy fingers wouldn’t let that happen. She was familiar with her orgasms and this one was different from other ones she had had in the past. It was intense and unusual and she savored it.

She could feel her sphincter clamping down on his cock and she stopped thrusting as she climaxed.

“Congratulations,” Simon said to her when her body stopped trembling from the orgasm.

“For what?”

“For losing your black cherry.” He grinned at her.

She had to chuckle. His cock was still in her ass and she wondered if he could make her cum again. She wasn’t certain she wanted to cum again.

“I feel like a slut,” she told him.

“For getting fucked in the ass?” He started thrusting again, slowly and with shallow thrusts, just to remind her that he was where no man should be.

“No, because my fiancé is going to be jealous.” The words were out of her mouth before she realized it. Brushing aside the embarrassment she pushed on. “I wasn’t a virgin before I fucked him. And of course I’d given other men blowjobs. Anal could have been something special I saved for him.”

Now her guilt was hitting her hard.

“You don’t have to tell him,” Simon said. “Besides, you’re giving him your heart. That’s what’s really important.”

She nodded and smiled, but the guilt didn’t abate.

Simon, in order to fill the silence, asked, “Okay, I’m still hard, do you want me to keep going? Fucking your ass? Or should I just pull out?”

“Don’t you want to cum?”

“That’s entirely up to you.”

That answer surprised Amelia. “It is?”

“You’re the one in charge here.”

She liked how he had just given her complete control of the situation. That was sexy as hell.

“Do you want me to keep fucking you?” he asked because she paused for so long before answering. “I can keep going in your ass or I can change condoms and we can to is straight or whatever you want.”

She had an answer. “Pull out of my ass. Take off the condom. Cum on me.”

He did exactly that. His fist rapidly pumped on his cock before he let go and sprayed his cum on her belly. Some dripped onto her triangle of hair, but that was fine.

“I like watching men cum,” she told him. “I think I need to shower now.”

“Of course. Do you need any help?”

Chapter 7

Simon was very helpful in the shower. The bathroom's shower enclosure was huge, obviously built to accommodate at least two people. He was attentive and washed every part of her body, paying special attention to what he called her cracks and crevices.

It was weird having someone's body wash covered fingers probing between her buttocks and washing her labia, but Simon clearly enjoyed this part of his job. She was about to do the same for him but remembered that he was on the job here. He was servicing her. She was the client.

Still, she bent over to take his wet cock into her mouth, sucking it just enough to get a rise out of him.

"Do you want to do this here?" he asked. "Shower sex is...blah to me."

"Can I have you again?"

"You can have me all night if you want."

Amelia couldn't hide her smile. "Maybe I'll take you up on that offer."

They finished up and dried off before heading back to the bedroom. Amelia was more relaxed and confident now. Yes, her ass was a little sore, but it wasn't nearly as bad as she had been expecting. And they didn't have to have anal again.

Just as they reached the bedroom her phone stared buzzing loudly on the nightstand where she had left it.

"Let me just turn that off," she said apologetically to Simon. He nodded and went to the bed, casually tossing the used pillow to the floor and lounging on the mattress, posing like he was a model.

Amelia glanced at the caller ID and cursed. "Shit."

"Your boss calling?" Simon asked.

"Worse. I have to take this call."

Turning away from her lover, Amelia accepted the call. “Hey hon.”

Evan’s voice came clearly over the connection. “Hi, babe. You said I needed to check in every evening.”

Amelia grinned. She remembered leaving Evan in a position of weakness. Specifically, she had left the cage locked around his cock. Just the memory gave her a little thrill and she could feel moisture building in her pussy again.

“That I did. I seem to remember another request…”

“What do you want me to write?”

Amelia looked around the bedroom for some inspiration. She forced herself to look away from Simon. “Alpha. Crimson. Vista.”

There was a pause as Evan did what they had planned out. “I’m sending the picture now.”

It took a few seconds. Simon looked on quizzically but Amelia said nothing to him. Instead, she crossed the room and sat on the edge of the bed next to him. Holding the phone with one hand, she reached out with the other to hold her lover’s warm and soft cock. It responded immediately to her touch and started to stiffen and grow.

The phone buzzed with a message. Amelia pulled it from her ear and looked at the texted picture. It showed Evan’s cock contained in the metal cage, locked shut with the built-in lock. There was a yellow tag through the lock that would be broken if the lock were to be opened. She couldn’t recall if the number on the security tag—7813398—was the one she had put on him when she left, but that didn’t matter. She’d check later. Under his useless cock was a piece of paper on which were written the words alpha crimson vista in Evan’s scrawl.

She had left a key behind for him if there was an actual emergency but warned him there would be consequences if he took off his cage without permission.

“Enjoying yourself?” she asked after dismissing the picture.

“No, not really. How about you?”

“It’s a work trip, hon. I’m at a nice resort, but this is work. It’s a job.”

Her hand started to pump up and down on Simon’s cock. He grinned smugly at her.

“I wish you hadn’t left me like this.”

“I’m enjoying it,” she replied as Evan bent forward and caught her nipple in his mouth. She forced herself not to sigh in pleasure. “You should enjoy it as well. Just think about how good it will feel when I get home and take it off and fuck you.”

“I can’t wait…”

“Me either,” she agreed and pushed Simon’s mouth away. He slipped his hand between her thighs and idly stroked her pussy, but didn’t penetrate her.

She wanted to be penetrated.

“Look, hon, I am working. I have to go.”

“Love you,” he said just as she cut the connection.

“Don’t do that!” Amelia giggled as she pushed away Simon’s hand.

“Boyfriend or husband?” asked Simon. “And you aren’t the first woman who has jacked me off while talking to their significant other.”

“Fiance,” she said.

“Even worse!”

“I know.”

Amelia took the initiative and scrambled on top of Simon, tossing aside her phone. She wrapped her lips around his cock and starting giving him an earnest blowjob, the job she had been thinking about.

Simon made some appreciative noises as he cock grew hard in her mouth.

“Is this what you want?” he asked. “I’m here for you.”

“Uh-huh,” she mumbled around his cock and relaxed her throat to see how much of it she could consume.

Amelia was thrilled when he nose touched Simon’s pubic bone.

“Whoa,” was his moderate compliment.

She expelled his length from her mouth. “Just a little trick I learned in college.”

He laughed and she crawled up his body to kiss him, every memory of Evan already forgotten. Simon didn’t object when she straddled his hips and held onto his cock, aimlessly sliding it back and forth on between her swollen labia.

“Would you like me to get a condom?” he asked.

Amelia shook her head. “I’m safe. I’m good. I assume they test you all the time to make sure you’re not a walking incubator of social diseases?”

Simon grinned and chuckled, but before he could answer her, there was a sharp insistent knock at the door.

Amelia froze. Evan was home, wasn’t he?

“Amelia! Open the door! You need to get dressed for dinner!”

Kristen’s emphatic voice was more of a mood killer than calling out the wrong name during sex.

“Shit,” Amelia cursed softly.

Before she or Simon could react, Kristen knocked loudly again. “Amelia! Are you in there?”

With a grimace, Amelia answered. “Yes. Sorry. I’m here.”

“Great. Take whoever’s dick you’re playing with out of whatever orifice you’re using and come get dressed!”

“Fuck,” Amelia complained.

“It’s fine,” said Simon. “We can do this later if you want.”

Not even acknowledging her lover, Amelia jumped off the bed and marched across the bedroom to fling open the door. She hoped to shock Kristen with her nudity, but she had forgotten exactly where she was.

Kristen didn't even look at Amelia's naked body and just thrust a sundress at her. "Get dressed." Seeing the other woman's wet hair she nodded once. "Good. You've showered. No bra. Panties are with the dress." She spied Simon on the bed who gave the older woman a small wave. "Nice choice. He can't come with us to dinner. You can fuck him later if you want. Do you have heels? We can stop at the boutique if you need."

Amelia looked at the blue and white striped dress she had been given. "I have heels. Red ones."

"Good. Get dressed. We leave in two minutes." She slammed the door shut on Amelia.

Seeing as she had her orders, Amelia dressed. She had brought along a few changes of clothes because she hadn't been all that sure about what was to happen at the resort. This dress was fancier than anything she had brought along. For a second she couldn't find the panties that Kristen had promised. She shook out the dress.

"What the fuck was all that?" asked Simon.

"My boss. We have a dinner meeting apparently."

"Oh."

The panties fell to the floor. To call them panties was to call a mouse an elephant. They were blue lace and were a g-string, not proper panties.

Amelia wondered what exactly the dinner meeting entailed.

"I'm not a huge fan of g-strings," she muttered as she started to pull the scrap of fabric up her legs.

"So don't wear it. Wear your own. Go commando," suggested Simon. "I will say I am a huge fan of g-strings."

“Then you wear it,” she muttered as she settled the string between her buttocks. The triangle in the front just barely covered her pubic hair. The string didn’t irritate her asshole, which was nice.

How in the hell did Kristen know her exact size?

“Help me with this?” she asked as she stepped into the dress. Simon hopped off the bed and pulled up the zipper on the back of the dress. Just like the panties, it fit perfectly. The straps weren’t too thin and there was a built in bra of sorts to give her tits some support. Going to her small bag, Amelia pulled out her red heels that now seemed to scream “Whore!” and stepped into them.

“How do I look?” she asked Simon.

“Sexy.”

Amelia grimaced again. “Great,” she said glumly and looked into the mirror. “Fuck. My hair.” Pulling a brush from the bag, she attempted to make it less of a disaster, glad that she didn’t have the long hair she did in college.

“I like women with short hair,” said Simon as he watched her work. He was apparently completely comfortable with being naked while she was dressed. “It says they mean business when it comes to sex.”

Her short tresses arranged, Amelia looked at him with furrowed brows. “It does?”

“Yes. Long hair might seem sexy, but it gets everywhere and is always in the way. Short hair means a woman likes to fuck.”

A small smile pulled at the corners of her mouth. “Well I’ll come back to fuck you later.” She paused. “Is that okay?”

“You have me all night.” Leaning over, he wrote a number on the pad next to the bed. “I’ll wait here, but if I’m not, just call this number and I’ll come running.”

He grabbed the TV remote and settled into the bed.

Amelia nodded and exited the room.

“What took you so long,” Kristen complained. She was literally tapping her foot, waiting impatiently.

“I had to clean cum out of my hair,” Amelia smartly replied, automatically shooting a response she had used hundreds of times with friends in college. It had become a running joke.

This wasn’t a joking situation.

“You should have made him wear a condom,” Kristen reprimanded her. She was wearing a sundress like the one she had given Amelia. It was covered with flowers and looked both professional and elegant.

“Sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. Old college joke that’s not funny. He did wear a condom.”

“Good.”

They left the suite. Kristen led the way in silence. They passed a few staff and one woman wearing a gauzy robe that showed as much as it hid away. Amelia said nothing.

The hotel’s large restaurant was filled with women, all dressed and all looking like they belonged. Amelia felt out of place. There were a few men, dressed in polo shirts and blazers, but they were in a tiny minority. Male and female staff members buzzed about the room serving the diners.

“Ms. Willendort,” said the hostess as they walked in. “Your party is waiting.”

“Thank you.”

Kristen was led to a table holding four other women in the middle of an intense discussion. They greeted Kristen and ignored Amelia. No menus were brought, but a moment later appetizers appeared on her plate, delivered by a waiter who filled her water and wine glasses as well.

Amelia tried to follow the conversation, but it was about some banking issue that didn’t involve her job at all. She wisely remained silent, listening closely, but saying nothing.

When the incident happened, it happened so quickly that Amelia wasn't sure she saw it all all. She was in the middle of cutting into the chicken breast served a moment earlier when the unmistakable sound of a slap across the face shocked her into awareness.

Kristen was turned halfway around in her chair. To her side was Jessica, the woman from earlier on the beach, whose face was livid with anger, red to match the color of her dress. The other women at the table let out little exclamations of surprise.

"You fucking whore! You cunt! How dare you sleep with Tricia!"

As she turned her head, Amelia could see finger marks on her boss's face. How Kristen kept her cool was beyond Amelia's understanding. "Well, she was in my bed, but there wasn't much sleeping going on."

Jessica raised her hand for another slap, but two staff members suddenly appeared, the man dressed in a jacket that hinted at discreet security and the woman in a blazer that clearly indicated she was in charge of the restaurant.

"Please don't do that, ma'am," said the man.

Jessica seethed at Kristen.

"May I show you to your table, Ms. Petroula?" the senior hostess asked. It was less a question than an order.

Kristen calmly sipped from her wine glass, pointedly ignoring Jessica.

"The deal is off!" she all but screamed at Kristen.

"If you so wish," said Kristen, seeming like she didn't care at all.

Or perhaps she wanted this outcome in the first place.

Jessica was led away. "Fucking useless cunt," she muttered.

Kristen heard the insult; she chose to ignore it.

"Ladies, I have a deal that will interest you, I believe." Kristen smiled and

continued on with their conversation.

Amelia just sat at the table, not eating, barely listening, trying to process what had just happened. If Kristen noticed her protégé's distress, she didn't acknowledge it.

Chapter 8

After dinner was over, the pair walked back to their shared suit.

“You didn’t want the deal with Jessica?”

“No.”

“And you slept with her assistant to stop it?”

“Yes.”

“I didn’t know you were bi,” Amelia mused. Her brain was back online, if only barely.

“I’m not. Well, not really. I prefer men and cocks, but there is something pleasant about sex with a woman every once in a while. And that’s why we are here, to indulge ourselves in something we don’t normally do.”

“This is all...this is all a lot to take in.”

“Take it in quickly because I can’t afford to have a primary aide that is next to useless.”

Amelia nodded sharply once, a gesture she had adopted from Kristen. “It’s a lot to take in, but I can do it. I want this more than you know.”

A small smile tugged at Kristen’s lips. “Perhaps. But we are done with business for the night. Now it is time to fully spoil ourselves.”

The arrived back at the suite and Kristen opened the door. Even after everything else, Amelia was surprised by the scene in the suite’s common room. Full debauchery would have been less surprising.

All told, there were three bodies waiting for them. Simon, of course, she knew. The second man was a complete stranger. The woman she recognized as the person who had been sitting next to Jessica at the beach meeting. Tricia. She was pretty.

They were all completely naked.

The room came with an impressively large television screen that was little more than a distraction in most cases. If they had been watching porn together, that would have made sense.

Instead the trio was playing a version of Super Smash Bros. There was some raucous shouts and laughter as they completed their round.

Absently Amelia wondered if the console they were playing on came with the room or if one of the trio had brought it along.

“I truly do not know what to say,” Kristen said loudly.

Tricia had the good manners to blush. The two men continued on their game but Tricia couldn’t focus and her character was quickly defeated.

They barely acknowledged Kristen and Amelia’s appearance.

“I believe I’ve booked you for the evening, Herman,” Kristen said firmly, not raising her voice any further.

The stranger grimaced and lowered his controller to glance at Kristen. Before he could speak Simon crowed with victory.

“Game over?” Kristen asked sharply.

“Yes,” said Herman contritely.

Kristen’s gaze settled on Tricia who seemed contrite. She even went so far as to cover her bare breasts with her upper arms. Simon and Herman weren’t so intimidated, much to Amelia’s approval. She checked out Herman’s cock. It was soft and not all that impressive, but his body was desirable.

Or maybe she was just horny and was wondering what she could do with the small group.

Kristen snapped her fingers and Herman jumped to his feet. “I’ll meet you in the bedroom,” she said and headed to her private room while gazing at Tricia. “You can leave or join us. I can guarantee, however, that you will no longer have a job with Jessica’s organization. I do have an opportunity for you.”

Herman and Tricia glanced at each other. The pretty blonde jumped to her feet and all but ran after Kristen. Amelia checked out her ass; the blonde definitely spent a lot of time working out. Herman followed at a slower and more dignified pace. Amelia checked out his ass as well and found herself approving.

“I guess that leaves just you and me,” said Simon.

Amelia blinked and looked at her lover. “Did all that just happen?”

Simon shrugged. “I’ve seen weirder around here. Do you want to go to bed or do you want me to leave?”

“I don’t get a chance to play Super Smash Bros?”

“Sure, if you want.”

Amelia shook her head. “I’ve got a better idea than playing a video game.”

She marched to her room, crooking her finger at Simon. He eagerly followed.

Simon was the perfect gentleman in the bedroom. He unzipped her dress and helped her out of it; it was freeing to be nearly naked. He eased her panties down from her hips; she was glad to no longer have the annoying string between her buttocks. He lowered her to the bed and placed his face between her thighs; getting eaten out was a lovely way to relax.

Simon knew how to eat pussy. He made her cum twice, writhing on the bed and begging for him to stop. He didn’t stop. He didn’t listen to her and she was grateful for that.

When he finally came up for air, she begged him to fuck her. “Please, please put it in me. I need it now!” Tears were welling up in her eyes. Now would have been the perfect time to take off her shoes, but she felt like more of a slut with them on.

“Condom?”

She reached down and grabbed his cock. He was plenty hard. “No. Now.”

“The risk—”

Amelia didn’t care about the risk. She dragged him up by his cock and not wanting it to be ripped off, Simon went along with her insistence, burying his cock deeply into her pussy.

“Yesss…”

“Are you sure you want this?”

“Fuck me hard and cum in me!”

He did just that. Simon knew how to fuck and fuck well. He made her cum twice more before he was finally on the edge.

“Ready for me?”

“Just fucking cum already!”

He did. She could feel his hot cum jetting deep inside her and she shuddered at the sensation. It was a perfect ending to her evening. She went so far as to wrap her legs around his so he couldn’t pull out before he had fully deposited his load.

It was afterward, as they were laying in bed together, that she learned more than she wanted.

“Why do you do this?” she asked, idly running her fingers over the muscles in his chest.

“What? Work at a resort where women are begging me to fuck them on a daily basis? Hell, I’d pay to work here!”

“Doesn’t it make you feel like a prostitute?”

“Selling my body? I did manual labor for a construction crew after my first year of college. That’s really selling your body.”

“But...what you’re doing is sex work. It’s illegal, isn’t it?”

“Mostly. The resort explained it all. We’re well paid to keep our mouths shut. We had to sign a privacy agreement. Would it hold up in court? Probably not, but it’s not worth the hassle.”

“What about the husbands and boyfriends of the women...the women you’ve been with?”

“I don’t worry about them. The women here, they don’t talk about their outside lives. They just want a willing, working cock. I figure everyone here is an adult and that’s that.”

“I told you I have a fiancé.”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t know what to tell him about...about what I’ve done.”

“Take my advice, don’t tell him anything.”

Chapter 9

The next morning Amelia met Kristen in the suite's common room for breakfast. "Today is a spa day. I've set you up for some pampering."

Amelia sipped at her coffee. She glanced to the bedroom where Simon was dozing. They had had sex that morning and she surprised herself by not feeling the least bit guilty about having taken a lover. The sex was fine, but she realized the sex was a little better when she had that frisson of guilt.

"Are we doing this together?" Amelia adjusted the soft, fluffy robe she was wearing after her shower. While Kristen had already seen her tits, there wasn't any reason to show them off unnecessarily. Besides, Kristen was wearing the same robe.

"No. I have other plans and appointments. Think of it this way: you're inspecting the resort's facilities. Give me a report at the end of the day."

"How formal do you want it?"

Kristen smiled before she bit into her bagel. "Oral is fine."

They finished breakfast and Amelia exchanged her robe for a thin, gauzy wrap. Kristen was wearing a similar wrap but told her nothing of her plans. "Meet me back here for dinner at six. If you need anything, just charge it to the room. Take your phone. I've sent you an email with your itinerary."

Following Kristen's directions, Amelia easily found the day spa where she was expected. She hadn't even glanced at the email Kristen had sent her and was surprised when she was ushered into a waxing booth.

The staff member there was a short woman with wavy black hair that hung to her waist. Her small name tag read "Del".

"Just hang your wrap over there," she indicated a row of hooks. "We'll do your waxing first and then your mani-pedi. I think the hair stylist will be in after that."

She shouldn't have frozen but Amelia wasn't the type of woman to be waited on. She liked doing things for herself. Besides, there was a minor problem.

“Umm...I’ve never done a waxing before. I don’t think I need one.”

Del giggled and showed Amelia the tablet with her day’s itinerary on it. At the top was a note that read Client will protest, but these services are mandatory. It was signed with Kristen’s name and title.

“I guess I don’t have a choice,” Amelia grumbled.

Del easily moved forward with the appointment. “Let me see what you currently do.”

Trying to keep the anger off her face, Amelia opened her wrap and hung it on one of the hooks. She knew she had a rather full bush but there was no reason to remove it all. Doing that was more effort than it was worth, in her opinion. Of course, the last time she had done any serious nether region grooming was back in college when a boyfriend asked her to shave it all off. Foolishly, she had and regretted the razor burn and ingrown hairs which lasted longer than the relationship.

Clicking her tongue, Del declared, “No. Too much. Needs to be thinned out.”

Self-consciously, which was stupid considering what she had been doing for the past day, Amelia moved her hand in front of her crotch. “I like it the way it is.”

“I think Ms. Willendort will like my choice. Get on the table.”

The only thing to do was follow Del’s orders.

The process wasn’t as painful as she had been anticipating, but it wasn’t fun either. Other than her doctor no woman had ever gotten so close a look at her pussy before.

When Del was done Amelia was left with a dark brown triangle of hair. She wasn’t completely bare. Del had used clippers to reduce the length of the curls. Much to her surprise, Amelia liked the new look.

“Sex will be better now,” Del declared which made Amelia laugh.

“Okay, sure.” She shifted uncomfortably on the table. Her heels were in the stirrups which had allowed Del to remove stray hairs from between her buttocks.

She wondered if Simon had just been polite the day before when he was plowing her virgin asshole and hadn't commented on any unsightly stray hairs.

"Who have you booked for tonight?" asked Del as Amelia was admiring herself in the hand mirror the esthetician had given her.

"What?"

"I would suggest Oliver. He's very good. I used to date him."

Amelia just looked at the other woman as she cleaned up the working area.

"Okay…"

"Book him early. Now. He's always in demand."

As Del ushered her to the next station, Amelia fiddled with her phone, pulling up the list of male staff members available to service the female clientele. Oliver was available. With a shrug, Amelia booked him for after dinner.

The mani-pedi was, in Amelia's opinion, a waste of time. She didn't want fancy nails. That wasn't her. Too long and they would get in the way. Amelia wound up arguing with the beautician for enough time that the woman eventually just gave in to Amelia's wishes. More likely it was Amelia's statement that she couldn't shove a finger with a dagger-like nail up her fiancé's ass and he loved to have a finger in his ass. That was a lie, but it didn't matter.

She walked away with simple, short rounded nails painted the palest of pinks.

The hairdresser was much less stressful. While Amelia wasn't in desperate need of a cut and style, it was a much easier process than dealing with nails and waxing. The beautician didn't even complain about Amelia's short hair, probably because so many women at the resort had short, practical, business-like styles.

In the end, the results were much better than she could have dreamed of.

Next on her itinerary was a massage. The muscular man who walked into the massage room was handsome and Amelia thought that maybe she'd get to have

sex with him. That was a strange random thought to have.

Seeing her gaze at his crotch, Gary smiled. “While I am straight and available, this is just a massage, ma’am.”

“Is it?” she asked archly.

“It is. I know we offer other services, but since this is a properly licensed clinic, it is just a massage. Nothing else.”

“But I’m naked,” she unnecessarily pointed out.

His eyes roved approvingly down her body. She liked his gaze. “I can see that. It makes the massage easier. And the massage is a full massage, but it doesn’t include sex.”

“I’m disappointed.”

“I can give you some suggestions of staff who will be able to help you out after your massage.”

“I’ve already got that covered.”

“It is a hot oil massage,” he told her. “And I’ve had more than one woman climax while on the table.”

“I’ll look forward to that then.”

The oil was more warm than hot. Gary was an expert at working the stress and kinks out of her muscles. She liked his hands on her ass. He didn’t purposely touch her breasts or labia because, as he explained, there were no muscles in that part of the body.

The nearly promised orgasm didn’t arrive, but Amelia wasn’t disappointed. She was primed and ready.

But then she went to her next appointment.

The room she was ushered into was oddly clinical and less of a relaxing day spa and more of a doctor’s office. Amelia relaxed slightly when the staff member in

the familiar lavender shirt and white shorts walked in. She had a few visible tattoos on her arms and wore glasses with thick black rims but seemed pleasant enough, even if she did have obviously dyed platinum blonde hair.

“Sorry I kept you waiting,” she said pleasantly as she walked in carrying the ever-present tablets staff always had on them. “It’s been a busy day.”

“I’ve only been here a minute; not even a minute,” said Amelia.

The young woman breathed a sigh of relief. She couldn’t have been much older than Amelia but carried herself with the confident air a person sure of her position and skills. Her name tag read Cece.

“Please take off your robe, if you would,” Cece said smoothly as she seated herself on a rolling stool and slid open a drawer. “I need to see you breasts.”

“Excuse me, what?”

Cece gave Amelia a look of confusion. “I need to see your breasts. Well, nipples, really. It’s hard to pierce them without seeing them.” She smiled. “Blind piercers don’t get much work.”

Amelia’s arms went protectively over her chest. “You plan on doing what now?”

Cece gave her a blank look. “Didn’t you request to have your nipples pierced?” She was confused.

Amelia grimaced. “No. My...uh...my friend must have made that request for me.”

“Oh. As a joke or…?” She trailed off. “We don’t have to do this if you don’t want.”

Knowing that Kristen would expect her to do this...or lose her job...Amelia just shook her head. “It was a...misunderstanding? No. Not exactly.”

Cece slid the drawer shut. “We’ll just cancel the appointment.

“No! I want them done!”

Cece was now seriously confused. “You didn’t know you were having this done...and you still want to do it?”

That was the exact correct assessment of the situation. Amelia had no idea why she then lied to the piercer. “No. I was...confused. I do want them done. I just forgot I was getting them done now.”

Cece shrugged. “Fine by me. I get paid the same whether or not you want ‘em.”

Amelia smiled confidently and unwrapped her robe before hanging it on a hook. She was now accustomed to getting naked in front of strangers. Some pants or underwear would have been nice, but she couldn’t complain at this point.

What followed was what Amelia assumed as the normal routine in piercing. Cece worked quickly and efficiently, answering Amelia’s questions as she did her job.

It was strange to have a woman’s hands on her breasts, but Amelia quickly got over that.

“It’s my first time,” she said to the piercer as Cece used a marker to make little blue dots on either side of her nipples.

“I can tell.”

“Really? How?”

“You don’t have any piercings,” Cece said smartly and then looked Amelia in the face. “Other than your earrings.”

“Got them when I was in fifth grade.”

“Mmm-hmm,” said Cece as she busied herself with her equipment drawer.

“Do many women get their nipples done first?”

“First?”

“Instead of their nose or belly button.”

Cece shrugged as she painted Amelia’s nipple with iodine or some other

sanitizer. “It varies. Lots of women who work for Artemis have their nipples done first. Special jewelry and all.” She displayed a set of small barbells to Amelia. They were similar, if not the same as, the jewelry that Kristen wore. Amelia hadn’t gotten that close a look at her boss’s nipples and jewelry. Maybe she’d have to ask now.

“Do you do other piercings?”

Cece grinned at her as she picked up a clamp and fiddled with it. “All sorts. Artemis women always start with the nipples though. You’ve got special authorization to have their jewelry. It’s for special employees only. I can’t wear them.”

Amelia took a second, closer look at the small balls on the barbells. Each ball had a different etching on it. A bow and arrow, a quiver, a deer, and some leaves. The etchings were impossibly small and subtle, just like everything else Artemis did.

From there, things went quickly. The clamp was just a minor bit of pain; her nipples had been pinched harder during sex. She had to look away when Cece presented the needle.

“On three,” said Cece. “One, two.” There was no three. It was replaced by a sharp pinch followed by a quick burning as the needle went through her tender flesh.

Amelia hissed at the pain.

“The barbell going in will hurt a bit more, that’s what most women think.”

Cece was right. The pain wasn’t unbearable, just annoying and more burning that quickly settled into an annoying ache.

“Should I stop?”

“No. Do the other one.”

Oddly, she found the process easier the second time. It hurt, but she knew what

to expect.

“All done.”

When Amelia looked down, she saw her nipples had been mutilated, but were oddly more beautiful. It wasn’t mutilation; it was adornment only special few could understand and appreciate.

“No blood. That’s good. Some women are real bleeders.” Cece giggled. “Keep them clean and…”

Amelia barely heard the words as she looked at her newly enhanced nipples. The pain would fade; the beauty would stay. There was a mirror on the wall opposite the exam table. Amelia went to it and viewed herself as others would see hers.

She put her shoulders back and proudly took herself in.

“Any questions?”

“Yes. Where can I get something to eat?”

Chapter 10

Amelia went back to the suite and laid down for a nap after taking a painkiller. The ache was still there but it wasn't as insistent as before. She didn't have anything else on her agenda for the day. Just dinner with Kristen.

The nap was just what she needed.

The door opening was what woke her.

"Well, let me see them," demanded Kristen.

The older woman was standing at the end of the bed. She was wearing just bikini bottoms, her breasts bare except for the barbells through the nipples. As always, Kristen stood erect with confidence.

It took Amelia a moment to wake up, groaning as she did so. She had gone to bed naked, which just seemed the easiest route, and when she sat up the sheet slid from her breasts.

"Good. You got them done."

Amelia wiped her face with her hand. "It was another test, wasn't it?"

"Of course. But all the women in Artemis's inner circle wears them."

"Sort of like a secret sign?"

"Yes."

Kristen moved from the end of the bed to the side which showed Amelia that Kristen's bikini bottoms were more akin to a g-string that proper swim bottoms. She also saw the small tattoo on Kristen's ass.

"Is your tattoo as secret sign as well?"

"Smart girl. And yes."

Amelia tilted her head. "Is it a letter A?"

"Yes. Drawn like the goddess's bow with an arrow."

“The orientation is all wrong.”

“Not from the perspective of a lover.”

“Oh.”

“Don’t ask to get the tattoo. You haven’t earned it yet.”

“Understood.”

“Stand up. Let me see your tits. I want a good look.”

Amelia sat up straight as if she were being inspected by a drill sergeant. That wasn’t far from the reality.

“Very good. Very nice. They should heal nicely in a few weeks, fully healed in six months, but you’re young and healthy. It might be quicker.”

“Can I see yours?” Amelia asked.

“Of course.”

Amelia sat down, bringing her face on eye level with Kristen’s breasts. It only took her a few seconds to determine the barbell jewelry that her boss wore was exactly the same as what she had. Kristen didn’t flinch when Amelia touched her jewelry and her nipples.

Rotating the barbells slowly, Amelia saw that Kristen had been wearing nipple rings for a long time.

“Exactly as yours, no?” asked Kristen.

“The same. But...why? Why did you make me get them?”

“I didn’t make you. I offered. You accepted. And everyone who is someone important in Artemis Investments wears them. They always have.”

Amelia shook her head. “No. I mean, body piercing has been around for...for years, but its popularity is pretty new.”

“Don’t think that you’re smarter than you are. There was a fad in Victorian

England, and on the Continent, for women of good breeding to have nipple rings. That was a fad caused by an indiscreet husband of a member of Artemis. It goes back further. People—women especially—have always modified their bodies for beauty and acceptance."

"Okay, but why?"

"If you aren't willing to make this one small sacrifice, why would we want you as part of Artemis?" Kristen pulled her protégé to her feet. "Shall we celebrate?"

"Am I in some special club now?" Amelia didn't want to think about celebration. The dull ache in her tits made it difficult to want to do anything. "Am I in a secret society?"

"Of a sort," Kristen answered and went to the small kitchenette. There she opened up a cabinet and pulled out a pair of glasses, filled them with ice from the small freezer, and then produced a flask from her rolling luggage. The liquid was clear when she poured it over the ice. "Gin. To celebrate and initiate."

"Initiate?" asked Amelia as she accepted the cold glass.

"You want to be part of the club don't you?" asked Kristen as she threw back the entire shot worth of gin. "Maybe don't drink as much as me. Alcohol promotes bleeding."

Ignoring Kristen's advice, Amelia downed half her glass. It hit her hard and she felt woozy for a moment, but managed to keep on her feet.

"Great, you're in," said Kristen with a chuckle.

"No ceremony? No witnesses?"

"That's the beauty of it, plain and simple. It's not like we need membership cards. You're an employee, that's the real hook."

"Okay." The gin was hitting her harder than she initially thought. Amelia eased herself into a chair and put her half full glass on the table.

"I've got a few suggestions of who you should fuck tonight," said Kristen. "Obviously you want to stay away from anyone who specializes in tits, but you

can’t get your nips pierced and not get fucked on the same day.”

“Did...did you do that?”

“Hell yes I did.”

“What was his name?”

Kristen laughed. “I forget. It’s been years. Too many years. Maybe Timothy? It doesn’t matter.”

“Can I fuck a girl if I want?” Amelia wasn’t sure if it was the gin talking or her natural lust or the nipple piercing, but she needed to know.

“Sure you can. That’s allowed. But I thought you were straight.” A smile played on Kristen’s lips.

“Aren’t you straight?”

“Mostly. I like to indulge on the other side of the fence every once in a while.”

“You fucked Tricia.”

“That was business. But she was a good lay...for a woman.”

“I already booked Oliver,” she remembered.

“He’s a good choice, especially for a dominant woman.”

“Maybe a girl would be a nice change of pace…”

“If you want, but we should get dressed for dinner first. Oliver will be here after dinner. You can always call for a girl if you want to exchange him.”

Amelia nodded in agreement.

“Here, let me help you up.”

Kristen pulled Amelia to her feet. That brought the two of them close together and face to face.

And breast to breast. Amelia could feel the metal rods through her nipples. She could feel Kristen's jewelry against her skin.

Not wanting to lose the moment, Amelia pushed forward and kissed Kristen. The older woman kissed back, parting her lips, letting Amelia do as she wished.

"Is it okay to fuck my boss?" she asked.

"It is if you are part of Artemis." Kristen glanced at the time. "We have time before dinner."

It was easy to put Amelia back into bed. Kristen was on top and kissed her carefully before moving slowly down her body, passing over her breasts and belly before winding up at her pussy.

"They did a nice job on your cunt. Very pretty style."

Amelia moaned as Kristen licked the length of her pussy and found her clit, sucking the little organ into her mouth.

She didn't know what she was doing but she had no intention of stopping.

To Be Continued

Preview

You’re Doing It Wrong 2: Inaccurate

When I was a senior in high school my English teacher, Mr. Santucci, made us write an essay, of sorts, stating where we would be in a year, five years, ten years, and twenty years down the road.

Year one was easy: college.

Years five was also easy: graduating college and getting my first real job.

Ten years was a bit of fancy: married, working happily in my dream job, no kids, two dogs.

For twenty years I just put down I had no idea. Probably the same as the ten year mark, but only ten years added on.

Nowhere in that essay did I ever think that I would be the kinky keyholder for my husband’s cock.

To be fair, I hadn’t anticipated having two kids either, but life changes you.

I wonder what would have happened if I had put something like that in my essay. When I was in high school I had no real idea of what qualified as kinky beyond bondage and the like. Being a keyholder for my chaste husband wasn’t something remotely in my vision. Mr. Santucci eventually wound up losing his job for trying to seduce more than one of the boys in his classes, much to his wife’s annoyance. Getting caught having sex with the band teacher probably didn’t help his career either. I don’t have the details because all of that happened after I left.

Anyway, that’s just a long introduction to say that life changes people and kinks come out of nowhere.

It was a thrill meeting Gerry for the first time in person. It was only a coffee date and it wasn’t like it was going somewhere. He was gay and married to a (presumably) nice man and I was straight and married to Wayne.

The only thing we really had in common was our love of keeping our partners in chastity.

“It’s honestly nice to talk to someone in person about this,” I said discreetly as we sipped coffee in a corner of Madeline’s. “Online is nice and all, but it seems so impersonal.”

Gerry nodded. He was in his late thirties, curly black hair that was going gray at the temples. He didn’t have that gay affect or vibe. He was handsome enough for me. If I wasn’t married and he wasn’t gay, I would have fucked him right there on the table in the coffeehouse.

Okay, I would have asked him back to my place, but close enough.

“The internet: it's a good place to meet people but a terrible place to live,” he declared.

“I have to ask, and if I’m being rude, just tell me. Is the whole chastity thing with you and Phil because the two of you are gay and are into extra kinky stuff or was it something else?”

He smiled at me. Actually, it was more of a smirk. “Both.”

“Both? How does that work?” I was puzzled and stirred my coffee.

Keeping his voice low he said, “We were both...active in our sex lives before we got together. We both have unusual kinks other than chastity. We indulged each other in those kinks.”

“Sounds fun!”

“It was...but when we decided to become exclusive...things got difficult.”

“How so?”

“Phil wasn’t exclusive. He was still fucking other men.”

I felt like a shit for asking the question. “Oh. Sorry...but you did get married.”

His smile was a thin line. “Only after I made him go into chastity.”

“Oh. Right. Did that work?”

Gerry’s smile turned from grim to happy. “Very much so.”

“Well, that’s good. Wayne just had it as a kink.”

“Maybe he wanted you to be his keyholder because he didn’t want to cheat on you,” Gerry pointed out.

“Shit. I never thought of that.”

“Well, it proves that he loves you. It takes a strong man to go into chastity for the person he loves.”

Like I said, I would have fucked Gerry if he wasn’t gay and we weren’t both married to other people.

I did invite him back to our place for dinner. That had been the plan from the start.

Organizing dinner with two small kids and a new guest in the house isn’t easy, but I managed it. Gerry was charming with the kids. He was a different sort of charming with Wayne. I should have seen it coming, but I didn’t.

Once the kids were put to bed, things got real serious, real quick.

“Do you mind showing me your cage?” Gerry asked Wayne. “Nellie told me that chastity is new to the two of you and I want to make sure you’re being safe.”

“Gerry and Phil have been doing it for two years,” I mentioned to my husband.

“Uh...should I just go to the bathroom and unlock?” Wayne asked.

Gerry glanced to the stairs where we had taken the kids to their bedrooms. “Is there somewhere more private? Checking the fit is important, I think.”

“Let’s go to the bedroom,” I suggested, pointing to the opposite side of the house. I knew trouble was brewing and I wanted to see what was going to

happen.

Without waiting for any debate, I got up from the couch and led the way back to the bedroom I shared with Wayne. Inviting Gerry inside felt a little like rolling the Trojan horse inside the walls of the city, but how was I to know what was going to happen?

I was thrilled and worried that they both followed me.

I was nervous. I felt it right in my stomach. I didn't know what was going to happen. I was showing off my husband's caged cock to my new gay friend. What could possibly go wrong?

Affecting an air of confidence I didn't feel, I sat down on the corner of the bed and gestured at Wayne while fishing the key out from between my breasts. "Drop your pants and show Gerry your cock and cage."

"The trout and the trouble," Gerry said with a grin.

"What?"

"Cock and cage. Trout and trouble. It's all the same."

I shrugged. "Okay."

We both looked at Wayne who looked a little stunned. "I wasn't expecting to show off my cock to a near stranger today," he said as he slowly unbuckled his pants.

"Life takes you strange places," I said as I licked my lips and held his key in my hand.

Gerry sat down on the bed next to me, Wayne standing in front of us. My husband dropped his pants and underwear, looking a little foolish showing off his metal encased cock.

I think I fell in love with him again right that very moment.

"Good choice," said Gerry. "You bought quality. None of that cheap plastic crap from China via Amazon to start you off."

“Right,” Wayne agreed.

When we started our little chastity journey I wasn’t aware of how much time and money it cost. When I saw the amount of money that Wayne had dropped on his kink, I was aghast. Then again, it was now my kink as well so it was money well spent.

Gerry was right. The cheap plastic cages worked...for a bit. But I read too many reviews of how they often didn’t fit and more often broke. Those cages were for short term games. Metal was for serious aficionados.

Without asking, Gerry reached out and took Wayne’s cock in hand. To his credit, my husband didn’t shy away. I glanced up at his face. He was flushed red and breathing shallowly; his eyes were locked on Gerry’s hand.

Gerry was manipulating Wayne’s cock, moving it back and forth, inspecting it with nodding approval.

I’ll admit it. I’ll admit it happily. Watching them turned me on. My panties were wet and I wasn’t sure what I was going to do when Wayne left, but I was going to have several satisfying orgasms tonight even if Wayne didn’t get anything.

That’s the way he liked it.

“Can you unlock him?” Gerry asked. “I want to see his cock free and natural.”

I wet my lips with my tongue. “Of course.”

“Wait. What?” said Wayne.

“Don’t be uptight,” I admonished my husband as I took his cock from Gerry and smoothly unlocked the cage. A few seconds later I was sliding the tube off his shaft and unhooking the retaining ring.

As was usual for Wayne, he started getting hard immediately after being freed.

“Whoa,” was Gerry’s quiet appreciation of Wayne’s response.

“Shit. I didn't mean for that to happen.”

“It’s fine,” Gerry assured him as he inspected my husband’s cock with his eyes.

Wayne rose proudly to the occasion. Maybe I would fuck him tonight.

“May I?” asked Gerry and then, without a word being spoken, he reached out and caressed Wayne’s cock.

My husband shivered but remained silent.

Gerry held Wayne's balls with one hand and trailed the fingers of his other hand up Wayne’s length. Never before had my husband been so prominent. I think it was the biggest I’d ever seen his cock.

My pussy was soaked. My mouth was dry.

Gerry’s wasn’t. He leaned forward and took my husband’s cock between his lips.

Wayne moaned softly.

“Holy shit that’s so fucking hot,” I heard myself say.

I watched for a moment while Gerry slowly bobbed his head on Wayne’s cock, taking as much of him as possible into his mouth. I wasn’t sure if Gerry was an expert at deepthroating, but he got all of my husband’s cock into his mouth.

It was impressive.

“We aren’t going to be interrupted, are we?” Gerry asked after backing off and looking at me.

I jumped up and ran to the door, checking that it was locked. “No. We’re fine. Keep going.”

“Keep going?” Wayne squeaked out.

“I want to see him give you head,” I explained as I pushed down my yoga pants and shoved my hand between my thighs. My pussy was a swamp.

“What about me?” he asked.

“You can cum if you want to,” I said and then looked to Gerry. “If that’s okay

with you. How far do you want to go tonight?" I asked.

"As far as you want," my gay best friend said.

I pushed aside the thought that Gerry was definitely cheating on his husband, but what Phil didn't know wouldn't hurt him. I couldn't stop this now. I wanted to keep going.

Kneeling down on the floor next to Wayne, I kissed his hip and cupped his balls before looking up at him. "Please, honey?" I asked. "For me?"

Wayne just swallowed and nodded. Gerry leaned forward and started fellating him again. Shutting his eyes, Wayne focused on what felt good to him.

I couldn't not get involved. While Gerry sucked on my husband's cock, I went lower and took his balls into my mouth.

From previous experimentation I knew that Wayne wouldn't last long, not after being locked away in chastity for three days without a real break.

I didn't know what was going to happen, but whatever happened I was going to be thrilled with the results, that I knew.

Gerry must have given tandem head to some other man previously because he worked easily around me sucking and licking Wayne's balls. I wasn't so much participating as watching. Eventually I just backed off all the way and let Gerry do all the work while I knelt with my hand between my thighs teasing my clit.

"You can cum in his mouth," I told Wayne. "I'll be so proud of you."

"I'm gonna…" he muttered. "I can't…"

He could. He did.

"Fuck!" he cursed and grabbed Gerry's head between his hands. His balls tightened up to his body and he made those wonderful grunting noises that meant he was cumming.

Gerry kept a grip on Wayne's cock and swallowed his entire load.

I knew that Wayne loved the feeling of having his cum swallowed while I kept his cock in my mouth. We had done that a lot before things started to go sour in our relationship. It was perfect that Gerry was doing it for him.

Only after Wayne came did it occur to me that maybe he wasn't entirely on board to getting blown by another guy. Especially another guy who was gay.

"I needed that," Gerry said after he pulled Wayne's cock from his mouth and swallowed hard a couple of times. "It's been too long."

"You needed that?" Wayne asked. His voice was off. He obviously hadn't come to grips with what had just happened.

"Yeah, with Phil in chastity, I don't get to suck his cock as much as I want."

Both Wayne and I looked at Gerry. While I too enjoyed sucking cock, not so much because of the act but because my husband—and previous partners—enjoyed it, it hadn't occurred to me that maybe I would want to suck Wayne's cock at some point in the future and be denied because he was in chastity.

"You could just unlock him," Wayne pointed out.

"And reward him?" Gerry scoffed. "I don't think so. Where's the bathroom? I need a drink of water."

I pointed and he disappeared through the door. Immediately i kissed Wayne on the cheek and whispered in his ear, "That was so fucking hot watching you get blown!"

He blinked at me. "It was?"

"Fucking A yes it was."

We heard water running in the bathroom and a moment later Gerry returned. "I didn't mean for that to get so out of control so quickly," he said. "I'm sorry. I apologize if you didn't expect to get your dick sucked tonight." Then he turned to me and added, "I should apologize to you especially, Nellie. I should have asked you first to suck your husband's cock."

I waved my hand dismissively. "No, no. It's fine. I enjoyed watching. I'd do it

again," I laughed.

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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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