
Elliot Silvestri
Turn Off My Feelings - 3
An Erotic Novel of FemDom and Male Chastity
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Turn Off My Feelings 3

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and FemDom

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Chapter 11

The sex with Kristen was amazing. Amelia had moved past the guilt stage of illicit sex. The difficult part was not acting a fool at dinner with all the other women and guests at the resort's restaurant. She had a secret she wanted to scream to the world and at the same time she wanted to keep it private.

Besides, she couldn't be the only woman in the resort who had bedded another of her gender.

Kristen had helpfully put gauze pads over her freshly pierced nipples before they got dressed for dinner. Bras, Kristen reminded her protégé, were frowned upon at the restaurant. Amelia wasn't sure that was true, but she went with it. Just a dress and a g-string for the both of them.

She was eager to get through dinner and then get back to the suite where she could fuck Oliver.

Or maybe fuck Kristen. Again.

Or maybe both of them.

They were halfway to the restaurant when Amelia's phone rang. She was carrying it in the tiny clutch purse that Kristen had allowed. "Shit," she cursed upon looking at the caller ID.

"Problem?" asked Kristen.

"My fiancé."

"Not really a problem. You don't have to answer it."

"I sort of do. I made a promise." She winced as she pressed the green button to accept the call. "Hey hon."

"You wanted me to call every night," Evan reminded her. "I'm just being a good fiancé for you."

"I know. Sorry I've been busy. But I have a surprise for you when I get home."

“What is it? Tell me!”

Amelia couldn’t tell if Evan was being playful or insistent. She glanced at Kristen and wondered if the other woman could hear Evan’s words.

Then she realized it didn’t matter. It was Kristen who had given her the cock cage for Evan. The cage he was currently wearing. She needed to show her boss she was entirely onboard with the Artemis lifestyle. “You’ll have to wait. But I think you have something for me.”

The disappointment was clear in his voice. “What are the three words?”

“Corridor. Blue. Hexagon.” Amelia pulled all the words from parts of the hotel they were standing in. Kristen was being very patient, listening in—not eavesdropping—on Amelia’s conversation.

“Okay, just a moment I’ll send you the picture.”

This time Amelia had a clearer head. She waited patiently for the picture to come on her messenger app.

“Your fiancé?” Kristen asked quietly so the mic wouldn’t pick up her voice.

Amelia muted the phone. “Yes.”

“What is he sending you?”

“Let me show you.”

A second later her phone buzzed with an incoming text. Evan’s cock was still properly caged and the yellow security tag was in place. His emasculated cock was resting on a piece of paper with her three passwords.

“Very good,” she said to Evan. “I have to go now.” Without further conversation, she needed the call. She then showed Kristen the picture of her fiancé’s cock.

“Very nice. You’ve got him under control already.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“If he’s reluctant when you get back, just be firm in controlling his cock. He’ll

grow to love the lifestyle." Kristen couldn't help but giggle a little. "They always look so small in their cages, don't they?"

"I suppose."

"Sometimes I just want a really big cock. But small ones are nice too."

They proceeded down the hallway.

Dinner was lovely. Tasty without being ridiculously filling. Amelia carefully checked out all the other women in the dining room. Most appeared to be between thirty and fifty, making her one of the youngest in the room. There were others who were obviously over fifty, but all were well-maintained. Money could buy that.

Among the guests the ratio was 90-10 in favor of women. Staff seemed evenly divided between men and women. Amelia didn't comment on any of this. The conversation at the table was easy to follow and had almost nothing to do with business matters tonight.

There were no violent interruptions either.

Amelia had just enough wine to feel faintly floating when they walked back to the suite. She was holding Kristen's hand, partly out of affection and partly to help with her balance. Amelia wondered if they would wind up back in bed together.

Eating the older woman's pussy had been a big step for her, but Amelia had enjoyed it. It was weird playing with and sucking on her pierced nipples, but the strangeness had only helped her enjoy the sex.

The thin gold chain she had seen Kristen wearing around her waist when she had fucked Jonas had been there again. As far as she could tell in her brief time when she was in bed with Kristen, there wasn't an obvious was to remove it. That made it even sexier to Amelia. She wanted one.

And for her part Kristen had been an excellent lover. When she plied her fingers and tongue on Amelia's pussy, the younger woman had been driven to heaven.

Sadly, Kristen had to avoid touching her tits, but that was fine.

It was the kissing that had really gotten to her. Kissing was so intimate and so personal, and Kristen was so good at it. Better than any man Amelia had ever kissed.

She didn't want it, but she knew she was developing a crush on her boss. That was wrong.

Amelia was smart enough to know that was exactly what Kristen wanted.

They were giggling as they opened the suite door and stumbled inside. Amelia was wondering if she had it in her to seduce her boss back to bed, but she froze when she spied the two men waiting for them in the common room.

"Oh right," Kristen muttered under her breath.

Maybe Kristen wanted Amelia back in her bed as much as she did.

"Hello ladies. Who is who?" The taller man spoke to them. "I'm Jason. Who requested me?"

Amelia glanced at Kristen who literally licked her lips, but subtly. "I did."

"You must be Kristen," said Jason as he moved around the small table in the middle of the common room. Amelia couldn't take her eyes off him. He was tall and had dark skin. He was bald, but it was by choice. His head was shaved. More than anything he had a welcoming smile and was devastatingly handsome.

Amelia was jealous and she knew she didn't have any right to that emotion.

Kristen went to her lover to be and went up on her toes to kiss him. Amelia couldn't believe how forward she was, but it only made sense. It was what they —or Artemis—was paying for.

"Remember what we were talking about on the way to dinner, Amelia?" Kristen abruptly asked her.

Amelia blinked. "Uh...no."

Kristen laughed. The wine had affected her as well. “Jason, why don’t you show her why you are so popular?” Turning back to Amelia, Kristen added, “I had to book him weeks ago. I’m lucky.”

Jason was wearing the standard lavender polo and white shorts of the resort. Without any ceremony or warning, he just pulled down his shorts and underwear to reveal a large cock.

Amelia gasped, not at the size, though he was impressive even while flaccid, but that he would do such a thing.

She wasn’t as cosmopolitan as she wanted to be. Not yet.

“I know, right?” asked Kristen as she wrapped her hand around the large cock. Jason had trimmed his pubic hair to almost nothing. At Kristen’s touch he started to harden and rise. “I’m a lucky girl. Don’t take this the wrong way, but since you have a date already, I’m taking this big boy to bed alone.”

And with that Kristen turned away from her underling, holding Jason’s cock, leading him to her bedroom. He shuffled behind her, displaying his muscular ass to Amelia and the other man in the room.

Suddenly remembering she wasn’t alone, Amelia turned to the stranger. “You must be Oliver.”

He smiled and nodded. His hair was sandy brown and he wore glasses, giving him a slightly nerdy and shy appearance. Holding up a bag, he said, “I am, and I brought everything we’ll need tonight.”

Remembering that everything was a test with Kristen, Amelia said. “Excellent. Let’s get down to business.”

She crooked her finger at him and walked with confidence to her bedroom.

Once they were in the bedroom and closed the door, Amelia took the initiative and was downright aggressive with Oliver. He didn’t seem to mind, other than dropping his bag to the floor.

She kissed him and decided that there were undoubtedly hidden cameras in the bedroom and everywhere else in the resort. She was certain that Oliver would

have to fill out a report that would wind up on Kristen's desk.

To show her renewed loyalty to Artemis, Amelia pulled at Oliver's clothing, getting him to strip. He stumbled out of his sandals and allowed her to take off his shorts. She knelt down in front of him to inspect his cock.

It wasn't nearly as big as Jason's, but that didn't matter. She took all of it in her mouth—an easy task since he was only half hard—and sucked eagerly.

Oliver moaned. "Ohh...you don't have to do that."

"But I like sucking cock."

"I appreciate it but most women don't summon me to give me a blowjob."

Amelia ignored his words for a minute and continued to suck him. His pubes were short and a shade lighter than his hair, which was unusual. She caressed his ball sack, feeling the delicate orbs with the sack rolling around until he got fully erect and his sack pulled up to his body.

"You're going to make me cum," he half complained.

Finally Amelia backed off. "Is that bad?"

"No, if that's what you want. You can still peg me after I cum if you want."

Amelia blinked up at him. "Excuse me. Peg you?"

He pointed to the bag on the floor. "That's my specialty. Getting pegged."

She glanced where his finger indicated. "I put on a harness and a fake cock and fuck you in the ass?"

He turned his head slightly. "Isn't that why you requested me? It's why most women request me."

"Uhh...yeah. Sorry. I forgot. Busy day. Too much wine. Umm...I've never pegged a man before."

He nodded again and helped her to her feet. "I get a lot of that too. Actually, I'd say half my clients are first timers."

“And the other half?” She was intrigued now.

“Women who want to peg me in front of their husbands. And then have me help when they peg their husbands.”

Amelia had to remember that the resort catered to women, but it wasn’t woman only.

“Right interesting. Well, why don’t you show me what to do?”

“Have you ever done anal before?” he asked.

Thinking back to the day before, she smiled. “Yes, yes, I have.”

“Great. Do you want to leave your clothes on or get naked?”

“That’s an option?”

“Of course. You’ll be wearing the strapon, so you can wear anything under it.” He looked her up and down. “You can wear your dress if you want.”

She pulled it up over her head and hissed in pain. Her nipples were still sore. The self-adhesive pads over her nipples didn’t fully protect them. “Sorry. I just got them pierced today.”

“You don’t have to take the pads off, but you should definitely clean them tonight.”

“Right.” She looked down at her g-string and opted to keep that on. Not because she had suddenly developed some false modesty but because she could.

Oliver helped her put on the harness and tightened the straps around her waist and thighs and between her legs. The flesh-colored cock mounted to the harness wasn’t huge, but wearing it she suddenly felt powerful.

She wanted him on his hands and knees because she wanted to feel dominant. He lubed up his ass and her cock and talked her through the process.

Seeing the dildo disappearing into his ass was mind-blowing. She suddenly understood why men who were assholes felt entitled around women they wanted

to fuck.

She fucked Oliver and he either loved it or was an excellent actor. She preferred to believe the former. It was fun to fuck his ass and to reach around and play with his cock at the same time.

“You’re gonna...you’re gonna make me cum,” he panted.

“Do you want to cum?”

“Do you want me to cum?

She slapped his ass. It was another powerful validation of having a cock. She understood why her ass had been slapped so many times during sex. “Answer the fucking question!”

“Yes! Yes I want to cum!”

“Then cum,” she allowed him. “Cum on my hand. Make a huge mess.”

She continued to fuck him for a few more seconds and then he finally came. His spunk was slippery and there seemed to be a lot of it, but she was a terrible judge when it came to that sort of thing.

“Oh...thank you,” he panted, “Thank you.”

She carefully eased the dildo out of his ass and grabbed the towel Oliver had laid on the bed in preparation for the whole event. She wiped away the mess of frothy lube on his ass and then cleaned off her fake cock.

“For a first timer, you’re very good.”

“You’re a good liar,” she said and collapsed on the bed. “What now?”

“Do you want me to make you cum?”

Before she could answer, they both heard Kristen’s very loud sex vocalizations from the other bedroom. Oliver laughed. “Jason has that effect on a lot of women.”

“Good to know, but I think she’s being loud because she can.”

“Why not? You’re allowed to do whatever you want here.”

Amelia nodded and wiggled out of the harness, stripping off her g-string in the process. “Make me cum. Eat my pussy.”

He did. He wasn’t as good as Kristen, but then again, he was just a man.

Chapter 12

The next day Kristen gave Amelia a day to herself. Kristen had actual work to do, but Amelia understood she was to keep touring the resort not just to enjoy the amenities, but to inspect it and make sure it was up to the higher standards that she was now expected to maintain.

After a very late breakfast in their suite, Amelia sprayed herself with sunscreen, put on her sandals, hat, and sunglasses, and headed out to the beach.

Instead of going to the women's only West Beach, she went to the East, mostly out of curiosity.

It was so freeing and relaxing to be able to walk down the hotel corridor and then out to the beach completely naked and not have to worry about anything from lingering and creepy stares to clucking tongues to sexually aggressive men.

On the beach she walked along the water, checking out the women and the men who accompanied them. She was delighted to see that, as far as she could tell, all the men wore cock cages. Most were metal, but some were plastic or silicone. She found herself getting oddly turned on as she walked and took in the atmosphere. She attracted little attention, which was perfect, and none of the women seemed to care that she was checking out their husbands and boyfriends.

Some of the women had tattoos and body jewelry and piercings, but nothing outlandish or elaborate. Artemis might want female executives to wear nipple piercings, but even they would blend in. The resort promoted classy over outward sexuality.

Eventually she got tired of walking and was happy to come upon one of the many refreshment stations scattered along the beach. It featured simple meals and a full bar. Except for the two staff working the counter, it was empty.

Amelia ordered herself some lunch and a margarita and took a seat at the end of the bar. It was low-key and pleasant. It was perfect.

Just as she started eating a couple approached the counter. They were middle-aged, maybe around forty. He had dark hair with a bit of gray at the temples. Both were naked.

Mostly naked.

Unable to help herself, she checked out the man from behind the safety of her sunglasses. For an older man, he was in decent shape. His formerly flat stomach wasn't a six-pack any longer, but the definition of his muscles was still apparent. He had a broad chest with some dark hair on it. The hair stopped at his waist. From there to his thighs he was completely shaved, which only made sense for the cock cage he wore. It was a solid steel tube with a gentle curve and a wire cage at the tip. It wasn't small, but it wasn't very big either.

When his companion moved, Amelia saw the thin metal chain hooked to the cage and attached to the woman's wrist like a leash.

Shocking but delightful.

The woman was his age with obviously dyed blonde hair. She didn't shave her body hair; a natural bush of dark hair adorned her pussy. She wore a belly button ring, a necklace, earrings, and some finger rings, but nothing unusual. Her sun hat was suitably huge but even so her skin was very tan and her shoulders, chest, and back were heavily freckled. It was obvious she rarely, if ever, wore a swimsuit. She had no tan lines. As she moved around, Amelia kept an eye on her but noticed no other body jewelry or tattoos.

"Would you mind if we joined you?" the woman asked. "The peace and quiet is nice, but the solitude can get trying."

"Be my guest," said Amelia.

The man didn't meet her gaze and carried the drinks and food they had ordered.

"Suzanna," the woman introduced herself. "This is my husband, Charles."

Charles nodded but said nothing.

"Amelia. Nice to meet you."

In the shade of the bar's patio Suzanna removed her sunglasses and let her eyes drop to Amelia's breasts. Despite herself Amelia straightened her back and allowed the woman to gaze at her piercings.

“You work for Artemis?”

“Yes.”

“You’re so young!” Suzanna said with enthusiasm. “Every woman I’ve met who works for the group is older, my age,” she added with a self-deprecating smile.

“I’m a recent hire.”

“You’re so lucky! I know a few women who were eager to get hired and be part of the company, but it took them years.”

If Suzanna was fishing for some special advice or additional information, Amelia didn’t offer it. “I was very lucky.”

Suzanna leaned forward conspiratorially, which made no sense because no one else was around and the staff behind the counter were thirty yards away.

“Are all the rumors true?”

Amelia didn’t know what she was talking about, but that didn’t disturb her. “I certainly hope so,” she said with a smile.

That made Suzanna laugh and touch her nose.

“Are you interested in working for Artemis?” Amelia asked.

“Oh no!” the artificial blonde replied. “I work in electrical engineering, not finance and banking. I’d love to join for the perks, but it’s not for me.”

Amelia nodded. “That’s too bad…”

“But I am a member of the resort and obviously we’re part of the lifestyle.” Without being subtle at all, Suzanna pointed downward at her husband’s caged cock.

“I can see that.”

Taking a second to screw on her courage, Suzanna took a deep breath and then blurted out, “Can I ask a favor of you?”

“You can ask, but I can’t make any promises.”

“Charles earned a reward recently for good behavior, but I’m not able to grant it to him right now. We’ll have to wait until we get home, most likely...unless you want to play a little?”

Amelia was intrigued. She had a suspicion where this was going and wanted to sound out the other woman. “What reward exactly?”

“For his good behavior I told Charles he could be with another woman.”

“That’s quiet a reward!”

Suzanna gasped. “Oh no! Don’t get me wrong! Not for that! I told him he could just eat another woman’s cunt.”

To Amelia, that was an odd reward, but she didn’t judge the couple harshly. She did judge the other woman for using the word cunt, but that was apparently common for members of the resort and Artemis executives.

“Who were you going to allow him to have his reward with?” asked Amelia, dodging the implied question.

“We have a friend back home...she occasionally plays with us. And I do have my Artemis connection. Do you know Regina Hartsgrave?”

Amelia shook her head no.

“Oh. That’s too bad. We do all our investing through Regina. Anyway, you know what I’m going to ask. Would you mind allowing Charles to spend his reward with you? I would be ever so grateful...and so would he.”

Through the conversation Charles had remained quiet, eating the meal from the bar and sipping on his drink. He even kept his eyes downcast. If a man with Charles’s looks and manners approached her at a bar, Amelia might have said yes out of curiosity, even if he was too old for her.

“What would I get out of this, besides your gratitude?”

Suzanna smiled. “I do have some influence in Artemis. It’s always good to have

friends.”

Without replying to Suzanna, Amelia rotated on her stool and slipped off it, placing her feet on the patio stone and spreading them wide as she leaned back against the bar. Snapping her fingers, she pointed at the space between her feet.

Charles took the hint. He moved off his stool and knelt on the ground, only then looking up at her. They met each other’s gazes and then he lowered his eyes to look directly at her cunt.

“Thank you so much, Amelia,” whispered Suzanna as she watched eagerly.

“Go ahead,” Amelia told Charles.

He leaned forward, bringing his face to within inches of her pussy, but she quickly slipped a foot out of her sandals and placed it on his shoulder, stalling him. He stopped, not forcing the issue.

“How long has he been in chastity?” asked Amelia.

“This session? For ten days now.”

“I mean since you started in the lifestyle.”

“Twelve years.”

“Does he like his cock caged up?”

“Of course he does!”

“Is he pierced?”

“Yes.”

“When did you have that done?”

“Let me think...eight years ago, I believe.”

Amelia nodded and slid her bare foot down his chest. Her toes dipped all the way down and she caressed his steel tube with her toes. She was reminded of a boy she briefly dated in college who claimed to have a foot fetish. He would kiss

and lick and suck her toes and feet, which did little for her. He asked on many occasions for her to give him a footjob, which she did once.

It did nothing for her.

He had loved it.

Charles watched, his breathing coming short and sharp now, as her foot went lower. Her big toe caressed his hanging ball sack. He allowed her. He was the sort of submissive husband who wouldn't say a word of complaint against his wife's wishes.

He shaved his balls smooth. Amelia enjoyed the sensation of his smooth skin against her toes.

He whimpered a little.

"You are such a tease," Amelia complimented her.

"Mmm," was Amelia's noncommittal response. She could see that Charles was staring directly at her cunt now. She was vaguely aroused but not to the point where she wanted this or anything more.

Pulling her foot back from Charles's most sensitive anatomy, she said, "This isn't really something that interests me."

Before Suzanna had the chance to reply, Amelia kicked Charles smartly between the legs. Her aim was nearly perfect. She felt the squish of his balls against the top of her foot and his perineum. He gasped and grunted. The metal tube of his chastity rig clunked again her ankle.

Suzanna gasped in surprise. Charles, already on his knees, doubled forward and focused on not puking.

"To approach a stranger with such a request? Even here? Especially here? That is the very definition of being graceless." Amelia slipped her foot back into the sandal and walked away, leaving the remains of her drink and food.

And, of course, Charles on the patio stones, gasping in pain, as his wife sought to comfort him.

Amelia wondered what the other woman’s reaction would have been if Amelia wasn’t part of Artemis Investments.

Chapter 13

Back in her suite, Amelia flicked through the resort hosts and hostesses that were available. She felt empowered by her encounter with Suzanna and Charles. It was undoubtedly another test from Kristen and she was pleased with her response.

The choice of women was much sparser than of men. That only made sense and Amelia suddenly had a new appreciation of gay men and lesbian women. They must have an incredibly difficult time finding a partner in the real world.

The Artemis resort wasn't the real world. But even with her limited choices, there was ample stock to choose from. She settled on Minh and selected the time as immediate.

While Amelia wasn't expecting the other woman to materialize instantaneously at her door, she was still surprised and delight when the young woman knocked at the door after what was less than five minutes.

Upon opening the door Amelia found Minh out of breath, but still adorable.

"Sorry to keep you waiting Ms...uhh," she raised her tablet to look for Amelia's name.

"Just call me Amy. Did you run here?" asked Amelia with a little chuckle. "You didn't have to do that. Please come in."

"We do whatever it takes to keep our clients happy," Minh said as she stepped in and looked around the suite.

"Especially the important clients?" Amelia asked archly.

"Umm...well, yes."

"Relax, I'm not testing you."

Minh took in a deep breath. She was undoubtedly attractive and very close to Amelia's age. She had classic Asian looks: long dark hair which she wore with bangs, honey-kissed skin, almond-shaped eyes, a slim figure and a small bust line. "It's still my job to serve."

“Excellent. Please take off your clothes.”

Amelia was wearing the thin see-through robe that came with the suite. Minh was in the resort’s uniform of lavender polo and white shorts.

Without a word of complaint or evasion, Minh kicked off her white sneakers and pulled off her socks in the same motion. She then removed her polo shirt, revealing a completely unnecessary white cotton bra. Not stopping, she dropped her shorts, revealing a pair of white cotton panties.

“Stop,” said Amelia. “Let me get a look at you.” She circled the other woman and took her in. Trim figure. Tiny tits. The hint of a dark bush under her panties.

“Do you enjoy sex with women?” asked Amelia.

“Yes. Women and men.” She stared straight ahead and didn’t seem disturbed.

“Take off your bra.”

Minh reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. Amelia had been right. The bra was unnecessary. Her tits were tiny. She had a small tan line from wearing a bikini top. Her nipples were small and brown and unpierced. Amelia desired to suck on them, but first…

“And your panties.”

Bending over, Minh pulled them down and stepped out of her last item of clothing. She folded her arms behind her back and let Amelia inspect her. It served to thrust out her chest a bit which made her tiny tits, already standing proud and pert, seem even more enticing.

“I want to fuck you, Minh.”

“That’s why I’m here.”

“Good.” She held out her hand to the other woman. “Come to my bedroom.”

They walked hand-in-hand to the bedroom. Amelia closed the door behind her, not that she needed the privacy or thought she would be interrupted by Kristen, but because she wanted to focus entirely on Minh.

She loved the way walking confidently like that made her feel. Powerful. Strong. In control. This was what she had wanted her entire life. Growing up poor and struggling sucked. She had earned the right to this.

Minh was a more than willing partner. The moment the door was closed, it seemed she knew exactly what Amelia wanted.

The dark-haired woman was a shorter than Amelia; short enough that Amelia actually had to duck her head to kiss the slightly-statured woman. But Minh knew how to kiss; it was soft and elegant and made Amelia tremble with desire.

Minh's hands, instead of going around Amelia's waist or up to her shoulders and around her neck, instead went inside Amelia's robe, and opened it up.

Amelia flinched away which confused her partner.

"I'm sorry," Minh apologized right away. "I thought that you would want me to __"

"No. It's fine. I just don't want you touching my breasts."

When the other woman gave her a confused look, Amelia smiled apologetically. "They're very sensitive. They're freshly pierced."

"Oh. Of course. I didn't realize you just had them done." Standing there meekly in front of Amelia, Minh suddenly looked incredibly young. "Would you like to put on a bra or something? Not that you need it. Just a reminder that I shouldn't touch there."

For some reason Amelia felt insulted. "No. That won't be necessary. I'm sure you know what you're doing." She paused and the two feet of space between them suddenly seemed like the distance of the world. Taking the smaller woman's hands in hers she said, "Can I ask you a question?"

Minh smiled. "Of course. But you won't necessarily get an honest answer."

Without being told, Amelia knew that was the truth. "How old are you?"

"Twenty five," Minh answered easily. It seemed like she was being honest, but Amelia had no sure way to judge.

“How...how long have you worked here?”

“Ever since I finished college.”

It was a semi-evasive answer and Amelia noted that Minh didn’t say “graduated college”. Still, it had to be three or four years.

“And you wanted to work here?”

“It’s better than the job my parents wanted me to work,” she said and moved closer to Amelia, kissing the side of her neck. Amelia had to focus so her knees wouldn’t give out. “Do you want to talk or do you want to fuck? I can talk...do you want to help me get a real position with Artemis?”

Amelia dodged that question by kissing the short woman.

From the kiss it was easy to move to the bed and to toss aside her robe.

Sex with Minh was enjoyable mostly because Amelia didn’t have any hidden agenda. It was just pure sex, but Minh obviously had a secret goal. She wanted to be more than a call girl at the Artemis Resort. She wanted a position of power and was willing to sleep her way to the top.

Either she wasn’t lucky or didn’t have the skills that Artemis wanted, so Amelia wasn’t going to do anything to help her. That didn’t stop Minh from doing everything she could to impress her client.

Taking the initiative, Amelia kissed her way down the young woman’s body, going without hesitation to her pussy. Like every staff member of the resort, Minh was well-groomed. Since she was already sparse of hair Amelia couldn’t detect any obvious waxing or shaving or other hair removal. Her black pubic hair was straight rather than curly but was trimmed back to where it was obvious she carefully groomed herself.

The little triangle pointed directly at her pussy and Amelia spent a few well-invested minutes exploring the woman’s tiny clit and what she could do with it.

As it turned out Minh loved to have a pair of fingers in her pussy while having her clit sucked. It didn’t take Amelia long at all to figure out how to give her latest lover an orgasm.

When she came, Minh became incredibly wet and she giggled uncontrollably. “OH! Thank you! But you don’t need to do that. Here. Let me have a turn.” Showing a strength that wasn’t apparent due to her stature, Minh managed to get Amelia onto her back and a moment later she was eagerly showing off her cunnilingus skills.

Amelia almost immediately decided Minh was better in bed than Kristen. Maybe it was because it was a job for Minh; in that respect Kristen was just an amateur.

She let the Asian woman make her cum. Afterwards she had more questions for the her.

“How many lovers have you had since you started working here?”

“In my private life or are you strictly talking clients?”

They were cuddled together on the bed, taking a break. When Minh replied to Amelia’s question with one of her own, Amelia realized that certainly the staff here had outside lives that included sex with significant others.

“Give me the grand total.”

“Um...I’ve gotten this question before and I don’t like to think about it too much. Quick math. Figure four clients a week, I work twenty weeks a year here, and it’s been four years, so that would be…” She trailed off, her brow furrowed as she did some mental math.

Slow mental math.

“Three hundred twenty,” said Amelia, frustrated by waiting.

“Probably less than that. I had a lot of repeat business from some clients. And you can add five to that number.”

“Five?”

“Sex in my private life.”

“Oh. Right. Men or women?”

“Three men and two women. Now don’t you want to have some more sex?” Her hand drifted down Amelia’s body. Her middle finger slid into Amelia’s slippery channel.

Despite herself, Amelia moaned. “One more question,” she said before she lost focus. “You only work here half the year? Why?” It was technically two questions, but Minh didn’t point that out.

“Because I make enough money to just work a half year at a time. Now...do you want to fuck me or not?” She kissed Amelia again.

Amelia did want to fuck her again. This time quiet literally. From the drawer that was apparently standard in every bedroom of the hotel she found the harness and collection of dildos that Oliver had shown her earlier.

Minh waited patiently and then got on her hands and knees like a good submissive as Amelia knelt behind her. After she greased up the strapon cock and the small woman’s sex, she considered pushing the issue and fucking her in the ass. Minh’s anus was a tight little pucker that just begged to be violated, but Amelia wanted to keep this friendly and pleasant. She could abuse staff members later.

The cock went easily into Minh’s tight and wet pussy. She gave an excellent show while Amelia fucked her.

She performed even better when Amelia allowed her lover to use a vibrator on her pussy.

By the time they were done it was understandable that they both drifted off to sleep.

They were awoken from their nap by Amelia’s phone buzzing rudely on the nightstand.

It was Evan calling for his daily check in. While she spoke to her fiancé Minh just rolled over and went back to sleep.

After her call with Evan was finished and he had sent another picture of his

pathetic cock still encased in metal, Amelia put on her robe and went in search of Kristen. They had been having dinner together every night and so she assumed they would dine again together.

Kristen’s room was empty. There was no sign of her boss.

Amelia called Kristen’s phone and it went right to voicemail. She sent a text asking what dinner plans were. Then she stared out the window at the rolling water and wondered what to do next.

A reply text came after a few minutes. Kristen informed Amelia she was on her own for dinner.

Amelia invited Minh to dinner in the dining room.

Minh refused with a shake of her head. “I’m not allowed. I’m staff.”

“I know I’ve seen staff dining with guests.”

“They have special privileges. I don’t.”

“Can you eat dinner here in the suite with me?”

“Yes. That’s allowed.”

“Can you spend the night with me?”

Minh smiled. “I’d be happy to.”

Chapter 14

The bedroom door banged open, waking Amelia. She sat bolt upright looking around for the source of trouble. Her heart was pounding in her chest; she remembered what it was like to be awoken by a drunken step-parent for some perceived error or flaw.

It was just Kristen and Amelia forced herself to calm down.

“Short notice, I know, but you need to get up and get ready. We leave in an hour.”

Amelia rubbed at her face. “I thought we were here another day.”

“Plans change,” she said sharply and only then seemed to notice the other figure in the bed with Amelia.

Minh rolled over and half sat up. The sheet had slipped down enough to show off her small breasts. A smile tugged at Kristen’s lips. “I never would have thought of you as a rice queen, but it’s good to sample a little bit of everything, isn’t it?”

There was no reaction from Minh. Amelia just nodded. “You said to check out the entire resort.”

“Well, you won’t have time to fuck her this morning. Shower and dress and pack and then we’re gone.”

With that she was turned around and slammed the door on her way out.

Minh looked at Amelia with eyes the size of saucers, an especially neat trick on her part considering her ethnic background. “I didn’t know you were Ms. Willendort’s lover.”

Amelia gave her a sharp look. The assessment wasn’t exactly correct, but it was too close to the truth.

“I’m not. She’s my boss.”

“Oh. Do you want to have sex anyway?”

It was bold of the woman to offer. Amelia liked that.

“No. If she says we need to leave, then we need to leave.” Amelia headed to the shower.

She let the water warm and then stepped under the spray. A few seconds later Minh joined her in the roomy shower. Amelia wanted to object, but Minh started washing her...and then she started kissing and fondling her.

Amelia allowed Minh to pleasure her, bringing her to a satisfying orgasm before pushing her away.

Minh still helped her wash, paying careful close attention to her nipples that were still healing.

Before she knew it, Amelia was out the door with Kristen while Minh waved goodbye.

“Was it a test?” Amelia asked after they boarded the resort’s shuttle boat to go back to the mainland.

“Everything’s a test,” muttered Kristen as she settled into her comfortable seat. “Wait. What specifically?”

“Charles and Suzanna on the beach.”

Kristen paused a moment before answering. “Yes. Of course. You passed, naturally.”

“So is it better to fuck a staff member in my suite than to fuck another guest’s husband on the beach?”

Her playful smile returned. “You tell me.”

The journey home was exhausting. Kristen cautioned Amelia not to inform her fiancé that she would be unexpectedly returning. “It’s always best to catch them by surprise.”

“Is that why we left early?”

“Partly. Don’t worry about the details.”

It was Amelia’s job to worry about the details but she didn’t contradict her boss. It had been an excellent working vacation.

Now she needed to think about what she would be doing with her fiancé.

As it so happened, Amelia arrived at the apartment she shared with Evan before he had returned home for the day. His hours as a dental student were regular and she was home early. Evan had no reason to rush home to an empty home. It gave her time to plan and plot.

When he did walk in, he was truly surprised to find his fiancée waiting for him. He greeted her with a powerful embrace. She didn’t mind being crushed to his familiar form, even if it did cause some vague pain in her nipples.

“You’re home early!”

“Things move fast with Artemis. You’d better get used to it.”

They kissed again. And then a third time.

And then Evan moaned.

“Problem?” she asked. Amelia had already felt his hard cock cage through his pants when they had hugged.

“Yes. You know what the problem is. Can you please—”

Amelia didn’t give him a chance to complete the request. “Take you out of your little cage and fuck you?”

“Yes! Please!”

“No,” she said with smile.

“What?!”

“How about I take you out of your cage and give you a prize-winning blowjob?”

That was fine with Evan.

Amelia went down to her knees. Evan gasped in surprise. Not because she was giving him a blowjob—he was pretty sure he had earned one—but because of how willingly she had offered it.

In a second his pants were around his ankles along with his underwear. Amelia caressed the outside of his cage.

“Please,” he begged. “Please take it off me.”

“Shh. Don’t rush this.” Though outwardly Amelia was calm, more than anything she wanted his cock in her mouth and then her pussy, if for no other reason than to prove to herself that she still loved him.

The key to the cage was in her pocket, but first she needed to remove the yellow security tag with the serial number on it. She glanced at the number and it seemed right, but she didn’t bother checking. She wanted this almost as much as he did.

His cock was already swelling; she could see his turgidity through the cage’s bars. Amelia roughly tore the tag away and then slipped the key into the lock.

It was a bit of a struggle to get the cage off him because they were new at this and he was still trying to get hard in the process. But eventually he was freed.

Not letting him savor the sudden freedom of the open air, Amelia engulfed the entirety of his manhood in her mouth and halfway down her throat.

Evan moaned like a virgin.

His scent was strong and musky; not from a lack of hygiene but from having worked all day. Amelia loved his scent and began an enthusiastic blowjob.

It was impossible for Evan to move. He rested one hand lightly on the top of her head and the other he put to his mouth, biting down a knuckle so as not to cum

too fast.

It was a vain effort. He had gone too long and Amelia's enthusiasm was too much. He tried to think about baseball and his fat, mean elementary school librarian, and dental diseases, but it wasn't enough.

Amelia could tell he was close. Almost too close. She wanted him to fuck her but that wasn't going to happen right away. She pulled his cock from her mouth and pumped him for two strokes…

...and then he blew his load all over her face.

There was an enormous amount of it. Amelia shrieked with surprise and delight.

Evan was ashamed and worried. He wanted to last longer and he was certain he had angered his fiancée.

He was wrong. While Amelia hadn't exactly wanted this conclusion, it was acceptable. Looking up at him, she wiped his cum from her face and neck and licked her fingers.

Evan's erection didn't diminish in the slightest.

"Holy fuck," he breathed.

"I'm really horny," she told him.

"Me too."

"I sort of got that," she laughed as she stood up. "Get undressed. I want to fuck."

She smoothly removed her clothes as walked from the small entry area of the apartment, through the living room, shedding clothes along the way, and into the bedroom.

Without turning around she heard him awkwardly kicking off his shoes and following.

Amelia had just swept the blankets off the bed and laid down as Evan appeared in the doorway. He paused to look at her as she parted her legs, showing him her

pussy.

“Holy shit. You shaved your pussy.”

“Had it waxed, actually,” she said, not minding in the least that he missed the fact she had a new haircut.

Evan moved right to the bed, staring at her pussy. Only when he was about to get on top of her did he lift his eyes from between her legs. In looking up to her eyes, he finally spied her nipple piercings.

“Holy fucking shit. Holy fucking shit!”

“What?” she asked innocently. There was no longer anything innocent about Amelia, if there ever had been.

“You got your nipples pierced?”

She smiled and gently hefted her tits, showing them off for him. “Yes. It was part of the treatment at the resort. Do you like them?” When Evan reached to touch her, she quickly cautioned him. “Careful! They’re still very tender.”

Evan cautiously touched the flesh around the areola, not daring to touch the nipple.

“Why? Why did you do this?”

“Because I wanted. We’re going to be doing a lot of things that I want to do now.”

With his cock hard and throbbing, Evan could barely focus. He just nodded his head. “I love you,” he said.

“I love you too,” she replied. “Now fuck me.”

He nodded again, took his cock in hand, and slipped it into her waiting pussy. He was mildly surprised to realize how wet she was. Amelia was practically soaking, and without any real foreplay on his part.

Maybe she really liked giving blowjobs now.

Once he mounted her and was well-seated in her pussy, he delicately started fucking his fiancée. She let him do that for a minute before she wanted a change of pace.

“Fuck me hard,” she demanded. “Slam into me. Make me cum.”

Amelia was a realist. While Evan had always been an attentive lover, he wasn’t the best she had ever had, and she was doubly sure of that after her short time at the resort. But what he could do, as proved in the past, was fuck like a demon. Maybe he was being cautious because of her newly pierced nipples, but that had to change. Amelia wanted some real pleasure as well.

Propping himself on his elbows he started thrusting his cock into her, slamming as hard as he could. She groaned in appreciation of his efforts.

“Oh god, oh fuck,” he moaned in her face before kissing her.

“Don’t you fucking cum until you make me cum!”

It was an extremely difficult request for Evan to fulfill, but he tried his best. Amelia was amused at his predicament. He should have been able to go for hours after just cumming, but Evan was too hyped up. Still, she wanted this almost as much as him and only a few minutes into their session, she allowed the moment to take her and a pleasant, if not memorable, orgasm washed over her.

Feeling the sudden intense heat wrapping around his cock, Evan let go and shot his second load into her pussy. He then promptly collapsed on top of her. She didn’t mind his weight crushing her tits. There was some mild pain, but it was more than worth it.

It took Evan a few minutes to recover enough to roll off her body.

“That was fucking incredible.”

“Thank you.”

“I can’t believe you did all this. Waxed...and pierced. What kind of resort was this?”

She laughed gaily at him and ignored his question. “And a mani-pedi plus a

haircut and style."

He glanced up at her face. "Oh yeah. It looks pretty," he belatedly noted.

"Thank you." Amelia reached down and ran two finger over his deflated cock.

"Careful!" he cautioned her.

"I missed your cock."

"I missed having access to my cock," he moaned, his eyes shut. "Do you know how hard it is to piss in that thing? And to keep it clean?"

"I can imagine," she said dismissively. "But you'd better get used to."

He laughed. "Why? Are you going away on another business trip tomorrow?"

"No. But you need to wear a cock cage all the time now."

Evan laughed again and then realized his fiancée was being serious. "What the fuck, Amy?! I'm not doing that."

She tilted her head and looked closely at him. "When you start work as a dentist, do you know how much money you'll be making? A lot. I'm already making more than you will. It's not like I'm wearing the pants, but I get some say over our relationship and one of the new requirements is for you to wear a cock cage when I want you to."

"Fucking hell, Amy!" He sat up. "Have you gone insane?"

"How were those orgasms I gave you tonight? Never mind. You already told me. Fucking incredible. If you want to keep that same level of incredible, you'll wear the cage."

He just stared at her. "Does this have anything to do with your trip?"

"A little. The resort is owned by Artemis. Artemis will be a very important part of your life in the future."

Evan didn't know what to think. There were too many thoughts swirling around in his head. Still, a little fun sex play, even with a cock cage, could be fun. It

wouldn’t last forever.

He relented. He was much more of a submissive than he himself knew. “Okay. Sure. If you want to play some crazy sex games, why the fuck not?”

“Great!” she said with great zeal. “We’ll have to get you a second one soon because on Thursday we’re getting you a PA piercing.”

Chapter 15

“How did he take it?” Kristen asked her in her private office the next morning.

A smile pulled at Amelia’s lips. “Like a man.”

“That badly?” asked Kristen before they both laughed lightly.

“No, no,” said Amelia between giggles. “He took it quiet well. He was surprised. Especially when I told him he was getting pierced. But he was thrilled with mine so he had little to stand on.”

“Mmm. Good. Very good. He’s submissive then?”

“Yes. Much more than I would have guessed.”

“Most men are very submissive when it comes down to it. Is he in his cage right now?”

“Yes. I fucked him last night—”

“As you should have!”

“—and then I broke the news to him. He was very pliant. He doesn’t like wearing it.”

“He’ll get used to it,” Kristen dismissed Evan’s concern. “Soon he’ll want to wear it all the time.”

“Well, I want him to wear it all the time so we’re halfway there.”

“Very good. Before we get to actual business today, there are a few things we need to address with you.”

“Me?” Amelia was slightly nervous.

“Show me your nipple piercings.”

It was a strange request. It would have been fine at the resort or at her house, but somehow it felt wrong to show skin in the office, even if Kristen’s office door was closed and locked.

Still, Amelia obeyed, opening up her blouse and lifting her young, firm breasts out of her bra to display her piercings which she wore proudly.

“Good. A test, but a small one. Put your tits away. Are you wearing underwear?”

“Yes.”

“Why type?”

“Thong. Pink. Cotton.”

“Show me.”

Amelia stood and lifted her skirt, letting Kristen see first from the front and then turned enough to display her bare buttocks.

Kristen nodded her head. “Appropriate. You’ve adapted quickly to the Artemis lifestyle.”

“That’s what you wanted for me, isn’t it?”

“You’ll need a lover. A bull. Do you have someone in mind.”

“A bull?” Amelia was familiar with the term but she couldn’t see herself fucking a black man with a huge cock to incite and excite and humiliate Evan. While she realized that Evan would eventually come to realize and witness her with other men—and perhaps women—it was something she had already put in the hazy definition of the future.

“Don’t think cliché,” said Kristen. “You need a regular lover who can satisfy your needs while your fiancé and eventually husband is caged. Do you have someone in mind?”

“I hadn’t given it any thought, but I can think of a couple of possibilities.”

“Good. Contact them. You can have more than one. Give me his name when you’ve consummated the agreement and relationship.”

Amelia knew better than to laugh. “I have to register my bull with you?”

“All executives in Artemis list their bulls. It’s a safety issue.”

“I see.”

“When is he getting pierced?”

“Tomorrow. I’m taking him.”

“Very good. A loving gesture from his partner. I have several cages he can wear with a PA ring. He won’t need them right away. It’ll heal quickly, quicker than your tits. The two of you are going to be so happy together.”

Chapter 16

Evan gripped Amelia's hand tightly. Tightly enough to make Amelia wince.

"Careful there, stud, you don't want to break your girlfriend's hand." The comment was from the piercer. A strangely androgynous and sexy woman the dyed blonde hair, a few unusual facial piercings, but no visible tattoos.

"Sorry." Evan was on the exam table with no pants, just socks in the stirrups, and his cock shamefully exposed.

It was only shameful, in Amelia's opinion, because it was shriveled up like a little turtle. Evan had a very average sized cock but the cool room and his nervousness was making him incredibly small. Amelia found it endearing and cute.

Trixie, the piercer, didn't voice an opinion on his cock, though she had handled it with latex gloved hands and said it wouldn't be a problem for him to wear a PA.

Amelia gave a little smile as Evan loosened his fingers.

"The anticipation is worse than the actual pain," said Trixie as she wheeled her stool between Evan's legs in stirrups. It was like an oddly reversed gyno exam from Amelia's perspective.

She had already made a purple dot on the underside of Evan's cock and she now slid a plastic rod up his urethral opening. It was well-lubricated but he still hissed in pain.

"Oh come now, that didn't hurt," Trixie chided him.

"Just not used to it," he panted.

"I bet it is strange," Amelia agreed.

"I've always wondered," Trixie said as she busied herself with the equipment. Evan stared at the ceiling and focused on breathing so he didn't pass out. "I've never had a cock so I wouldn't know what it feels like."

Amelia giggled and Trixie gave her a knowing grin.

“Okay, are you ready?” asked Trixie.

“No. Not really,” said Evan.

Like a pro, Trixie just moved forward. “I’ll do it on three. When I say two take a deep breath and then on three let it out.”

There was a blocking bar between Evan’s knees so he wouldn’t accidentally smash Trixie’s head as she completed the process. It was oddly clinical looking. Trixie didn’t tell her clients it was a repurposed spreader bar ordered from a BDSM website.

“Okay,” Evan said, his voice oddly strangled.

Amelia continued to hold his hand, but moved slightly so she could see as Trixie was about to mutilate her fiancé’s cock.

Glancing up at Evan, Trixie said, “One,” and then quickly shoved the needle through the underside of Evan’s cock.

He flinched. The blocking bar did its job.

“Fucking hell!” he complained.

“How much did it hurt?” she asked as she worked quickly now, threading the CBR ring through the opening she had made in his cock and guiding it out of the slit as she withdrew the plastic rod.

“A lot!” he complained and then relented. “A really sharp pinch. Now it’s burning. It feels hot.”

“That’s normal,” said Trixie as she used pliers to finish up, carefully placing the bead and tightening up the ring. “All done. Don’t play with it for two to three weeks. No sex for at least that long. The first time you pee it’s going to feel like hell. That’s normal. Let me give you the aftercare instructions,” she said, shedding her gloves and handing over a piece of paper to Evan.

Amelia snatched it away. “I’ll take care of that.”

Trixie wasn’t an idiot. “You guys into chastity?”

“Yes. How did you know?”

Trixie laughed. “The only reason white middle class couples without any real piercings or tattoos come in here with just the man getting his cock fixed is when they’ve decided it’s time for serious chastity play.”

Evan’s face was now red, not from the piercing, but embarrassment at being caught.

Amelia didn’t care. She engaged with Trixie. “You get a lot of people like us?”

“More than you’d think. Mostly older though. You two are some of the youngest, but lots of single gay men get PAs.”

“I don’t want to hear this,” Evan complained.

Trixie laughed. “You’re all set. Get dressed. Go have fun.”

The no sex rule was an excellent idea, but only for Evan. That night Amelia made Evan go down on her and bring her to orgasm. He did so because he didn’t know how to say no to her. He remained mostly dressed while she had taken off all her clothes and was luxuriating on the bed on her back, his tongue doing fantastic work to her pussy.

She was brave enough now to play with her nipples. They were still slightly sore and she was careful with them, but the piercings felt wonderful as she pinched and rolled her nipples while getting eaten out.

This was assuredly the life she wanted to live. She had one more surprise for Evan. It was time to introduce the idea, but not go through with it not yet.

After she came she pulled his face up to hers for a kiss. She tasted her amrita on his lips and that was perfect.

“You know we’re going for the complete female led relationship, right?”

Evan nodded sadly. “I more than got that impression.”

“Do you like it?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Of course you have a choice. Don’t be ridiculous.”

“This wasn’t exactly what I was envisioning when I proposed to you. When we decided to get married.”

“No...but I like it. Do you want to go back to the way things were?”

Evan looked away and rolled over to stare at the ceiling. It was white and blank; it matched his thoughts. “No.”

“So let’s try this out. I’m making good money. You’re almost done with dental school. We can take out the piercings anytime.”

“It’s crazy.”

“It’s fun.”

“You have a strange idea of fun.”

“Just tell me if you aren’t having fun and we can stop.”

Evan remained silent.

“One more thing, hon,” she said.

“I’m almost afraid to ask.”

She turned to him and kissed his cheek. “I love you. I want you. I can’t wait to put a new cage on your cock so only I can fuck you.”

“That’s sort of the promise of marriage,” he grumbled.

“Yeah, about that...I might be having sex with people other than you.”

Evan sat bolt upright. “What? Right now?”

“Do you see anyone else in bed with us?” she asked coolly. “Don’t be silly. But if I’m going to be in charge of our relationship and you’re going to be my submissive, I’ll get to choose who I have sex with and it won’t always be with

you.”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!” Evan didn’t know what to think. His head was spinning.

Amelia sat up as well. “I’m not kidding. Show me your cock right now.”

“What? Why?”

“You know why.”

Amelia just glared at him while Evan shamefully rolled off the bed. He tried to take his time and delay, but that wasn’t going to work forever.

He dropped his pajama pants and then his underwear. His cock wasn’t rock hard, but it was close. It hurt because of the fresh piercing.

Amelia smiled. “That’s why. The idea of me fucking someone else in front of you turns you on, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah…”

She got on her knees on the bed and reached for his face, giving him another gentle kiss. “Don’t fret. Sometimes it’ll be a woman. You’d like to see me with a girl, wouldn’t you?”

To Be Continued

Preview

You’re Doing It Wrong 3: Unsound

Hannah continued to attempt to wipe away Wayne’s cum from her face. I watched another minute while she babbled in protest as tears welled up from her eyes. That was probably a good thing. It would wash away any of his cum that got in her eyes. That had happened to me once and I had vowed it would never happen again.

I was a bit disappointed that he hadn’t gotten some in her hair, but I couldn’t have everything I wanted.

After Wayne had finished cumming he sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at me.

Since the main event of the evening was over, I went to the bathroom, ran some hot water on a washcloth, and brought it out to the dear, inexperienced girl.

Her eyes were still tightly shut. I forced the washcloth into her hand.

“It’s better if you take it in the mouth,” I advised her. “Your lover’s cum might not taste great, but it’s better than getting it in your eyes.”

“He said he wanted to cum on my face,” she cried out as she wiped away the mess.

That wasn’t exactly what Wayne had said, but it was close enough. And it wasn’t the truth. I wanted him to do it and he did.

I was a cruel bitch, but it had turned me on.

“If it makes you feel any better,” I said to her, “watching you get fucked was very exciting.”

“This wasn’t how I imagined it,” she sobbed.

I almost felt sorry for her. Almost. She was young and a student of my husband...but she was also a plotting, conniving skank who was trading sex for a

better grade in his class. It was her good luck that I had made Wayne do it, if only for my own amusement and to give him a little sexual relief out of his cock cage.

“Life often isn’t,” I agreed with her taking away the washcloth and inspecting her face. I clucked my tongue and went back to the bathroom, rinsed the cloth and brought it back to her.

This time I cleaned her face.

Without the poorly applied makeup she was even prettier than I had first thought. Silly girl thinking she needed to paint herself up like a whore to bed a man. Of course, she was whoring herself out for a reward, so the comparison was apt.

“You’ll learn,” I told her. Wayne had moved away from her to use the bathroom himself, giving us a minute of privacy. She was sitting on the bed, her face still bright red. She was still naked. I was still fully dressed. I was in control. She knew that. “I’ll let you in on a little secret.”

She laughed ruefully. “Oh? Sure. What? What is it?”

“My husband is a total puss hound. He’ll fuck you a second time tonight. He’ll make you cum. I’ll make sure you truly enjoy it.”

“I’m not sure I want to have sex again,” she said carefully. “Not tonight at least.”

I grabbed her chin between my thumb and index finger. “You started this, girlie. You gave my husband the shittiest fuck of his entire life. He doesn’t deserve that. He deserves better. Much better. Do you think you’ve earned that A? Not yet. Not by a long shot.”

The look of confusion on her face was lovely. “You...you want me to have sex with him again?” Clearly the girl was out of her depths. I loved that.

“That’s right. You’re going to get on his dick and ride him like a mail-order bride earning her postage due.”

The feeling of fear that went through her warmed my heart...and moistened my pussy.

The toilet flushed and Wayne came back into the hotel room.

“I am interrupting something, ladies?” he asked, puzzled at why I was holding Hannah’s chin in my fingers.

I took advantage of the opportunity and leaned down to kiss Hannah like a lover. She didn’t kiss back.

I wasn’t surprised.

“Hannah and I have a little surprise for you,” I said.

Wayne smiled nervously. Surprises weren’t exactly good for him. He knew that. “What’s that?” he asked.

I looked down meaningfully at his cock. He wasn’t fully flaccid nor was he erect. Hannah’s gaze followed my own. Wayne made a movement like he was going to cover himself, but realized that was a silly gesture.

“Ever gotten a blowjob from two women at the same time?” I asked him, knowing he hadn’t, and dragged Hannah off the bed. I forced her down on the floor in front of Wayne, next to me. We were both on our knees.

Moving quickly, I took Wayne’s cock in my hand and leaned forward to suck his length into my mouth.

I tasted a bit of his cum and some latex. It would have been more enjoyable to taste Hannah’s pussy along with his cock, but that was pushing things a little fast.

Where the hell was this all coming from? I had no idea. I had never had any desire or interest in another woman, but here I was considering what it would be like to taste Hannah’s pussy, even if only second hand.

I sucked on Wayne and slowly his cock rose like a vampire from the grave. I sensed Hannah’s eyes on me. I hope she was learning something about proper cocksucking technique.

Once I got him hard enough, I passed off Wayne’s cock to his student lover. She was confused for a moment as to why I was holding the base of his cock and not

forcing her to watch.

“Your turn,” I prompted her.

“Oh. Right.”

To her credit, she didn’t try to wiggle out of her responsibilities. She took his cock in her mouth and closed her eyes and started bobbing and sucking. It was a wrenching sight. She was pretty but had no clue—almost—as to what she was doing. Still, Wayne fully rose to the occasion.

When I determined he was ready, I pulled her back. “Lay down on the bed, hon,” I instructed Wayne. “She’s on top this time.”

“Really?”

“She’s going to earn that A one way or another.”

Wayne did what I asked. I expected nothing less. His cock bobbed around as he got laid down. I had to nudge Hannah off the floor. When she started to move, I handed her a condom packet.

“Put it on him,” I told her.

The last thing I wanted to deal with was some random pregnancy that was fifty percent my husband’s fault.

She looked at the condom like it was a dead rat.

“I’m safe,” she reported.

“Great. Who’s to say Wayne is?” I asked her smartly. “He’s the type of guy who’ll fuck a student for a better grade.”

Honestly, this girl either had no common sense or was a thick as a brick or—and this was my personal opinion—she had gotten into the college by fucking an admissions officer.

After a bit of fumbling around and some assistance from Wayne, she eventually got it on his cock. It was an essential life skill she should be thanking me for.

“Now get on his cock,” I told her.

“I’ve never been on top before,” she said. Maybe she was ashamed. Maybe she was proud that she had only ever laid on a bed and done her best starfish impression during sex.

“Great. Tonight’s a learning experience for you.” I helped move her into position, straddling Wayne’s body. I took advantage of the girl; I slipped my hand down her smooth mons and felt her pussy. Oddly, she was wet enough to be fucked, so the desire and response was there. I was positive she hadn’t figured out how to deal with her own sexuality and desires yet.

On a positive note, it was the first time I had ever touched another woman’s pussy and I found it oddly satisfying and arousing.

It took her several tries, but eventually Hannah got Wayne's cock all the way into her pussy.

“Keep going,” I encouraged her.

“What...what do I do?”

Both Wayne and I laughed at her. “Bounce up and down,” suggested Wayne.

“Roll your hips back and forth. Rock your thighs. Do what feels good.” I was shaking my head. The girl had hangups she didn’t know about.

It was crazy.

Eventually she got the idea and started moving. I headed to the side to watch her fuck my husband.

It was better than porn.

Once she started getting into it and realizing that she was controlling her pleasure, there was a remarkable change to her expression from bored to ecstatic.

“Oh...fuck,” she moaned. “It feels...it feels…” she didn’t finish her sentence. She just moaned and shoved a hand between her legs, rubbing her clit while fucking Wayne. He had a good grip on her thighs and was guiding her, but she was in

control.

Her tits were bouncing around and I couldn't resist. I reached out and caressed her nipples. I don't think she noticed, but Wayne did and grinned at me.

A moment later her moans became much louder and reached a crescendo that was all but a scream.

It didn't take a genius to figure out she had cum.

Her entire body was shaking and she had a lost expression on her face.

"You like that?" Wayne asked her. She had stopped moving. He started to thrust his cock up into her and she didn't complain. She just kept moaning.

She came again. Or maybe she just kept coming, one peak after another. I couldn't help myself and I reached down between their joined bodies. Her pussy was a sopping mess and Wayne's cock was covered in her amrita.

I knew the look on Wayne's face when he firmly grabbed Hannah's hips and sank his fingers into her flesh. She couldn't move. I didn't want her to move. The speed of his thrusts became violent and then he let out a long groan and I knew he had cum in her.

I wished he had pulled out and taken off his condom and shot his load on her face or tits. That would have been better.

I was surprised at Hannah's reaction, however.

"Thank you," she half-whispered to him, too exhausted for more volume. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," she kept repeating.

"She did most of the work," I observed to Wayne.

"She's the one who is supposed to be earning her A," he agreed.

Hannah half smiled and slumped to the side. He eased her down to the bed and once again headed to the bathroom.

This time I followed him and watched as he removed the condom, tossing it and

the cum it contained into the toilet. He pissed while I talked to him.

“That was so fucking hot,” I said after closing the door.

“Are you really going to watch me piss?” he asked.

I ignored his question. “We’re going to do it with Gerry and Phil,” I told him.

“You’re bringing that up again?”

I nodded and grabbed his hand after he flushed the toilet, bringing it between my legs so he could feel my heat through my yoga pants and my silk panties.

“I don’t think I can get it up a third time tonight,” he said to me.

I grinned. “Just get rid of the girl. We’ll figure something out.”

After we left the bathroom, we managed to hustle Hannah out of the hotel room in five minutes. We forced her to get dressed. She said she wanted to shower. That wasn’t going to happen. I helped her get dressed while Wayne watched.

That was weird. Not Wayne watching, well partly that because he was naked and made no effort to cover himself. Dressing Hannah was just strange because she resisted. I was positive that she wanted to fuck Wayne again, but that wasn’t going to happen.

Once we managed to push Hannah out the door, I turned to my husband and kissed him passionately, wrapping my arms around him, standing on one leg, pressing into him, feeling his cock—only semi-hard—against me, wrapping my thigh around him to keep him in the clinch as he pressed me up against the wall.

I lost track of how long we were in that position kissing, but Wayne was the one to eventually break the spell. “What’s gotten into you?” he asked with a happy grin on his face.

“Not you,” I teased.

“Funny.”

“I want to fuck you,” I told him. “I need to fuck you after seeing you go after

that young girl."

"Okay," he agreed and looked down at his cock. It was sadly limp. "I'm not sure I'm going to be able to do that. Spirit and flesh working at odds with each other."

"I can solve that problem. I brought along a few toys for us, just in case."

His eyes lit up. "Wonderful."

He was less thrilled when I showed him the first toy. Crestfallen would be the correct expression.

"But I don't want to put my cage back on," he complained.

"You don't have a choice," I reminded him as I pulled the necklace with his key on it from inside my blouse.

That started the re-caging process. It took a few minutes because he needed to wash and dry his cock, but eventually we got there and I safely locked away Wayne's cock.

After clicking the lock closed, I gave the curved steel tube a little kiss on the side. "All safe so that nasty little girl you just fucked can't touch it again without my permission."

"I still want to fuck you," Wayne breathed.

"But you can't get hard." My heart was pumping in my chest. I could feel it. I was more excited than he was. "I don't think you could get hard even if you weren't in your little cage," I teased.

Wayne nodded his head in agreement. "Probably, but I thought you wanted me to fuck you."

I pushed him back from where I was sitting on the edge of the bed and stood up. As he watched I started stripping. "I do want you to fuck me, but that doesn't mean just with your dick. You've got a mouth and fingers and I've got a bag full of toys."

He hadn't questioned me when I brought along my big purse. I wished I had put

more toys into it.

His eyes lit up as my tits came into view. He bent his head to suck a nipple into his mouth, but I pushed him back and continued to undress. I was in charge.

Going down to his knees, he pressed his face into my crotch when I pulled down my yoga pants and underwear. I knew I was soaking wet. I could smell my own desire. His tongue lapped at my swollen lips but that did nothing for me.

A moment later I was on my back with my legs spread and his face where it would do the most good.

Wayne had gotten much better at eating pussy ever since he had gone into chastity. For that reason alone I can recommend every woman getting a chastity cage for their male partner.

He made me cum with his tongue. I shivered as the orgasm passed over me.

“Is that what you needed?” he asked, lifting his head from my pussy. I looked down between my legs and saw his face smeared with my amrita.

“Partly,” I breathed. “That was a nice way to start things off, but I need to be filled up.”

Wayne smiled and pushed two fingers into my pussy. That was nice enough, but hardly what I wanted. “Like this?”

“Not enough.”

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About the Author

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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