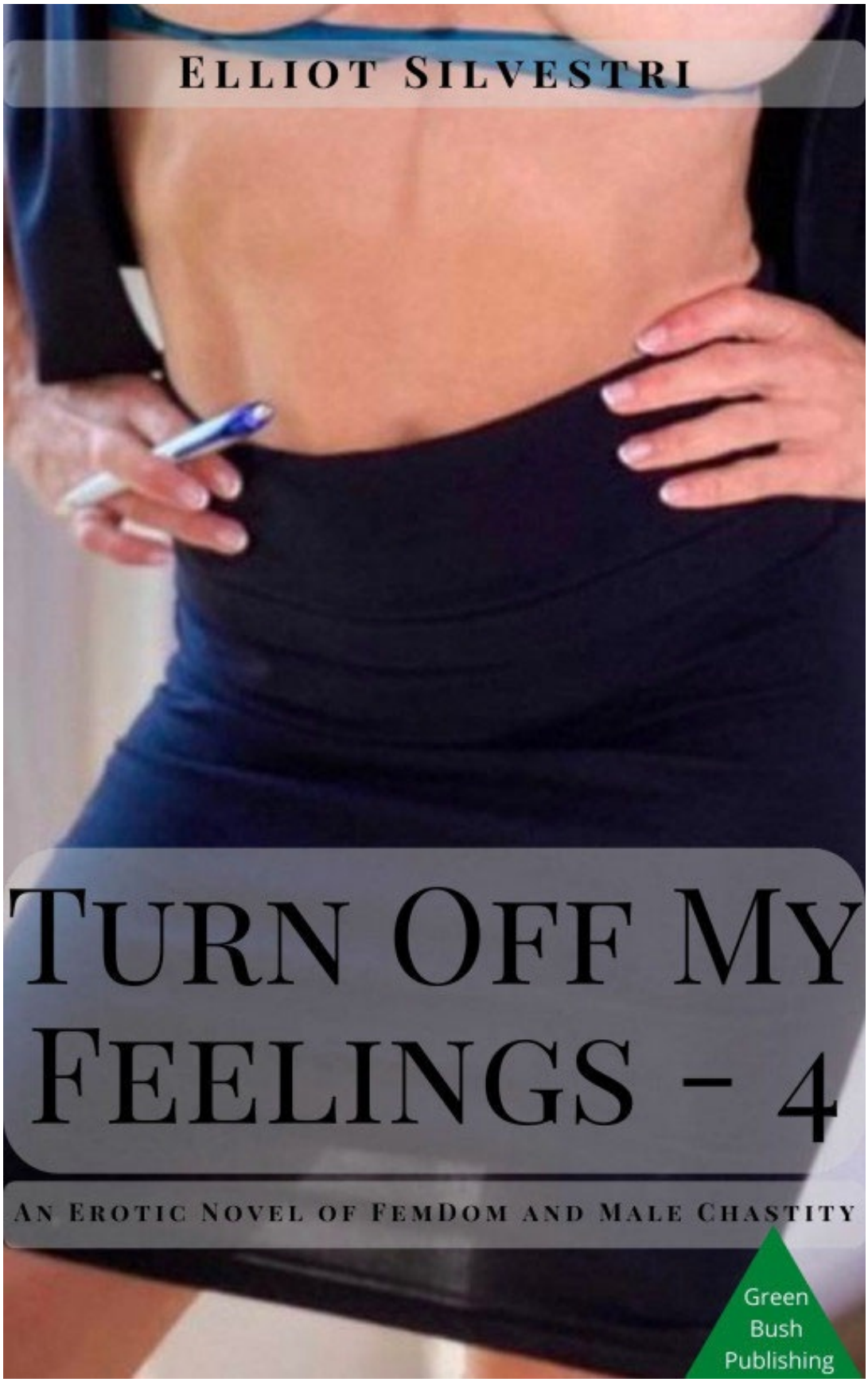
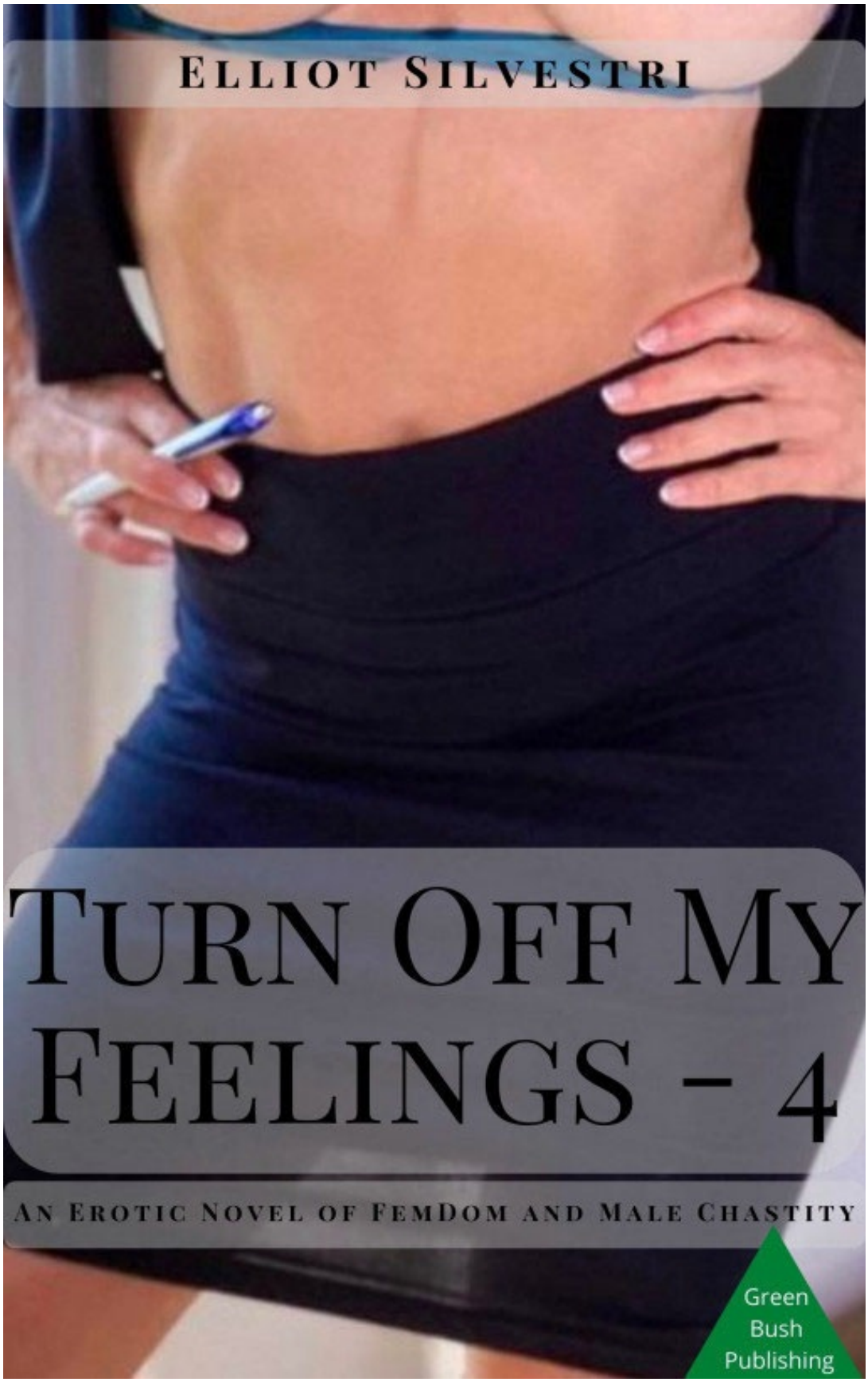

Elliot Silvestri
Turn Off My Feelings - 4
An Erotic Novel of FemDom and Male Chastity
Green Bush Publishing


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Turn Off My Feelings 4

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and FemDom

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Turn Off My Feelings 4

An Erotic Novel of Male Chastity and FemDom

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Chapter 17

Amelia despised Facebook for a variety of reasons, mostly because it made it extremely easy for people to find her. She barely used it. But it also worked well in reverse. Finding Bill proved to be fairly easy. She was amused to see that he was an apprentice brewer at some artisanal brewery.

He was surprised that she contacted him at all.

She was mildly relieved that Bill would even speak to her. After all, they had left things on a particularly bad note.

But Bill had been her first real boyfriend.

He had been the one to take her virginity. The same could be said of her regarding him.

The sex hadn't been great, but it was memorable.

She still remembered her parting words to him. "I hope you get your dick stuck in a hole."

His initial message back from her was happy but neutral.

Wow, I never expected to hear from you again.

From there, it was easy. They messaged back and forth, and then texted, and eventually moved to a phone call.

"So why the hell did you look me up?" he asked after they had exchanged some pleasantries and stumbled over the awkward catching up on their lives.

"Well, I wanted to apologize how I left things with you…"

"Forgiven. Forgotten. We were both stupid high schoolers."

"And I wanted to know if you were interested in having sex again."

Bill gasped and then laughed.

"You've got to be kidding me."

She let his chuckles die out before she said, “No. Why?”

“Uhh...you just told me, and it’s on your Facebook profile, you’re engaged to someone.”

“Yeah. That’s why I want to have sex with you again.”

“Having second thoughts about getting married?” Bill asked.

Amelia was firm in her answer. “Not at all. I just don’t want to have a boring sex life.”

It didn’t take all that much effort to convince Bill to do what she wanted.

“Nice apartment,” he complimented when he walked into the place she shared with Evan.

“Thank you.”

“Do I need to be worried that your boyfriend is going to come barging in on us?”

Amelia laughed. “No. He’s off at the library studying. Dental school exams are coming up.”

“A dentist. Wow. Fancy.”

“Yes. Soon I’m going to be Missus Doctor Evan Jackson.”

“Impressive.”

“Yeah. It’s great. Shall we go to the bedroom and fuck?”

He had expected her to be bold, but not that bold. Amelia looked great, even better than she had in high school, more mature and confident, but he hadn’t expected her to be so forthright.

For her part Amelia was glad to have chosen Bill to be her lover. Maybe he didn’t have some high-earning job in the financial district but he was interesting.

And handsome with a short cropped beard that gave him a rugged look that worked well with his position in the world. His hair was a little long for her taste, but that was part of his charm.

She didn't exactly have to drag him to the bedroom, but Bill was wary. Once they were in the secrecy of the room where only Amelia and Evan were supposed to be, he relaxed a little, giving himself over to his fate.

They kissed and started undressing each other. Amelia had considered wearing fancy lingerie but then figured it would either quickly be ruined or removed so instead she just went with something silky and sexy.

It didn't matter. She found herself down on her knees sucking Bill's cock while his jeans were still around his ankles. They were impossible to remove without taking off his shoes, a step they had skipped. Amelia didn't care. His cock tasted divine; better than she remembered.

Bill had to push her back.

"Something the matter?" She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. There was just a little too much saliva on her lips and chin.

"Uh...just didn't want to cum in your mouth."

"I wouldn't have minded," she said as she stood up. Bill sat down on the edge of the bed to get his shoes off, along with his jeans.

Just as Amelia reached behind her back to release the hooks of her bra, he reached up and stopped her. "Wait. No. Don't."

"Why?" Her eyes narrowed.

"Uh...I want to do it?"

Amelia shrugged. "Sure."

He quickly got off his jeans, leaving him naked as she stood in front of him in bra, panties, and thigh-high stockings. Taking in her body, his eyes narrowed on her breasts. He could just barely see the outline of her nipples through the thin material.

“Your nipples…” he said, reaching for her.

She stepped forward, into his hands. He briefly caressed her soft flesh and she shivered in delight.

“Are they okay?” he asked, confused.

She laughed at him. “Take off my bra.”

His hands went behind her back and he struggled for a moment before slipping the hooks and releasing her tits. He was slightly relieved to see that she did have pierced nipples and something hadn’t gone horribly wrong with her body.

“Wow. You got them pierced.”

Amelia showed off a bit for him. “Yes. Do you like them?”

“Sure! They’re very fancy.”

“I like fancy things.” She pressed her tits into his face. His mouth automatically sought out a nipple. It was strange to have the soft flesh of her breast meet the rippled edges of her areolas that gave way to her nipples violated with hard metal. His previous girlfriends had only ever had pierced belly buttons and ears; nothing like this. It was easy for Bill to decide he liked it.

It was all Amelia could do not to fall on to the bed. She was standing at the edge of the mattress as he sucked on her nipple. It was the first time in weeks someone other than herself had touched her nipples. They were mostly healed without a problem but were still extremely sensitive. It was a decision she didn’t regret.

“You’re making me so wet,” she moaned.

“Am I?” he asked, switching from one breast to the other.

Grabbing his hand, she pressed it between her thighs. He felt her heat and her wetness. Her panties weren’t just damp, but completely soaked through.

This was the Amy he remembered.

She moaned a little louder as he boldly slipped his fingers into the waist band of her panties pushing downward over her tiny strip of close-cropped hair to her pulsing clit. His middle finger rubbed over the delicate little organ and then plunged upward into her pussy.

It was all too much for Amelia. She collapsed against him pushing him down to the bed.

They kissed for a minute while he idly fingered her, a task made difficult by their bodies pressing together.

“I want you inside me,” she hissed in his ear and struggled back up to her knees.

It would have been easiest just to move aside the gusset of her panties, they were just a thong, but he wanted her naked and yanked down on the scrap of fabric. Once they were clear of one ankle she didn’t bother to try to remove it from her other leg. The thong was twisted around her foot and would remain there.

With Bill on his back, she straddled him, grabbing his cock to steady it as she got into position on top of him.

“Wait. Shouldn’t we use a condom?” he asked.

“I’m safe? Are you?”

Bill nodded.

“And I wouldn’t risk getting pregnant with a new lover so close my wedding,” she declared as she fitted his cock head between her moist lips.

“Oh fuck yes,” he moaned as he felt her heat.

Amelia lowered herself all the way down and his cock filled her all the way up.

She felt like she was back in high school doing something she shouldn’t be doing. That made the sex better.

They were both much better at sex now that they had experience in the world and with others. She wished she had taken the time to get to know how many other lovers Bill had had since high school. His cock filled her perfectly and she

wished blessings on all those lucky women who had been in bed with him.

They rolled across the bed, changing positions several times, finding what worked best for them. Amelia wanted to be sure to get Bill's scent into the sheets. She wanted him to cum inside her.

They hadn't discussed details of the act itself, but whatever Bill wanted to do was fine with her.

Since high school Amelia had learned a lot about her body and it was exceedingly easy for her to cum now. She still made it seem like Bill was the one who had given her three orgasms in their short and intense lovemaking.

When she felt him tense up inside her, she was on top again. His cock was throbbing and she knew he was close.

"I need you to cum in me," she begged. It was partly an act for his benefit.

"Are you...are you sure?"

"Uh-huh! Cum in me! Fill me up!"

He grabbed her hips and held her in place while slamming his hips upward into her. Amelia arched her back, showing off her tits as he used her body.

When he came the spunk seemed to explode inside her and then as he kept pumping it flowed out and made a mess of her lips and his cock.

"Oh fuck! Oh shit!" he exclaimed as he climaxed.

Amelia laughed a little as she came a final time before collapsing on him.

They kissed some more as his cock slowly shrank and then finally fell out of her causing them to separate.

"That was incredible," she complimented him. "Care to do it again sometime soon?"

He chuckled. "You mean this wasn't a one time thing?"

"I need to have a regular lover. One man isn't enough for me."

Bill shook his head but didn’t argue with her.

After he had cleaned up and dressed, and she had wrapped a robe around her naked body, she escorted him to the door and kissed him goodbye, sending him on his way.

From there she went to her laptop and pulled out her phone.

I’m done. He’s gone. You can come home.

Amelia wondered how long it would take Evan to get back to their place. While she waited she went through the recording she had made. Bill hadn’t spied the two cameras she had hidden in the bedroom. Or maybe he had and didn’t care.

Reviewing what was saved, she was satisfied with what had been recorded. It wasn’t perfect, it wasn’t high quality porn, but it certainly showed Amelia fucking a man other than her fiancé. It was good enough.

It took Evan half an hour to arrive home.

“Did you do it?” he asked her the moment he walked through the door. “Did you?” he asked as he rushed through the apartment to the bedroom where she waited at the small desk where her laptop was set up.

“Show me your cock,” she demanded.

There wasn’t even a moment of hesitation or a standoff. Evan just dropped his pants and showed off his caged cock.

It was fully swollen inside the metal cage. He couldn’t get hard, but he wanted to.

“Of course I did it.”

Evan gasped. His eyes were wide and wild. He was frozen in place.

Seated on the small bench chair, Amelia turned her body and let the robe fall open, mostly exposing her body. She pointed at the floor in front of her.

Evan kicked off his shoes and removed his pants before kneeling before her. She

spread her legs wide, letting him see her recently fucked pussy.

“He came in me,” she said, her heart thundering in her chest. There was no way she was going to give up this lifestyle, but losing Evan would hurt her. She would move on, of course, but it would hurt her and make things more complicated.

“I can see that.” Evan noted she was swollen and slightly red. There wasn’t cum dripping out of her pussy, but he imagined that had been the case.

“Clean up his mess.”

It was humiliating and abusive and just plain wrong, but Evan hunched down and pressed his face to his fiancée’s pussy and licked. He tasted her usual musky scent and...and something else that was familiar and wrong.

It wasn’t wrong enough for him to stop licking and eating.

She let him do it long enough for another mild climax to wash over her body.

“Are you going to let me out of my cage?” he asked after she came, kissing her inner thigh.

It was a new cage. One that incorporated his PA ring so it couldn’t be easily removed or defeated.

Amelia liked it for the security and because it made his cock more handsome.

“No. Not tonight. I’m tired. But maybe, if you’re good, I’ll let you cum tomorrow night.”

“Okay,” he agreed far too readily.

Evan had accepted his subservient position. He could only hope that his wife-to-be would keep up her end of the bargain.

Chapter 18

“So how was your date last night?” Kristen asked Amelia after summoning the younger woman to the corner office. It was just the trappings of money and power and Amelia had to remind herself not to be seduced by such shallow things.

“It was hardly a date,” said Amelia. It was part of Kristen’s routine every morning to get an update on Amelia’s progress as a full-fledged member of Artemis. Amelia couldn’t help but think that Kristen got off when asking the younger woman about her sex life. Kristen had dropped hints about what she did in her private time, but other than her one encounter with Jonas and their time at the resort, Amelia didn’t have much of an idea of what Kristen did on her own.

She was curious however.

She wasn’t so curious that she was bold enough to ask.

“Did you fuck him?” Kristen asked crudely.

“Yes,” Amelia admitted.

“Then it was a date.”

“Okay, it was a date then.”

“Tell me all the details.”

Amelia wasn’t completely comfortable with so openly discussing her sex life with anyone, but Kristen was an exception. She told everything that she believed was reasonable and necessary.

“And you sent him home afterwards?”

“Yes.”

“And what about Evan?”

Amelia hesitated and licked her lips as a show of anxiety. She knew she needed to be honest and open, but it was difficult.

“I had him eat me out when he got home.”

“Very good. Did he fight you on it?” This revelation delighted Kristen.

“No. Not really. He hesitated, but I expected that.”

“That’s fine. He’s learning his place. Did you fuck him after that?”

“No.”

“No? Why not?”

“I’m still worried about his piercing. I want to make sure it heals fully and properly.”

Kristen scoffed. “You could just use a condom.”

Amelia winced. “Of course. That didn’t occur to me. We haven’t used them in a long time.”

“And just because the two of you have sex doesn’t mean his cock gets to go in your pussy.”

“Right. I forgot.”

“You need to peg him tonight,” Kristen said firmly.

Amelia drew in a deep breath. “I will.”

That evening when she first suggested that they have sex, Evan’s eyes went wide with anticipation, and then her became nervous.

“Do you think I’m healed enough?”

He was well past the healing period suggested by the piercer and when Amelia had inspected his cock two days earlier it looked perfectly fine to her. No pain, no sign of infection. He was ready.

He didn’t know he was ready and he wasn’t going to get exactly what he wanted. As a submissive he would have to quickly get used to that.

“Of course you are, but you don’t need to worry about your cock tonight.”

Evan was puzzled. “What do you mean?”

“Your cage isn’t coming off tonight.”

That didn’t help Evan at all. She had insisted he start wearing the cage on a daily basis a week after his initial piercing. It had been a touch difficult at first, but he had become accustomed to it. He even looked forward to his daily inspection by Amelia. It was the one opportunity he had every day to get hard and hope against hope that she would deign to blow him or at least give him a handy. He didn’t dare to dream about actual sex.

“I thought you said we were going to have sex…”

Evan was so focused on dental school and the state of his own cock he wasn’t making obvious connections.

“We are. Not PIV. I’m going to peg you.”

It took him another few seconds to process what she was saying. “Wait. No. I don’t think...I don’t want to do that.”

“But I do,” she said firmly.

Their conversation had started in the kitchen and moved to the living room as the implication of sex became real to Evan. He stopped short in the living room even as she moved on toward the bedroom.

“I can’t do that.”

Amelia almost laughed at him. His resistance only made her want to do it more. She pointed toward their bedroom. “I have a strapon harness and a dildo in my dresser. That dildo is getting used tonight. If I have to use it on myself, you aren’t getting out of that cage anytime soon.”

“When...when can we have normal sex again?” he asked, almost desperately.

“How about on our wedding night?” It was a teasing answer. Although they were engaged they hadn’t set a date yet for a variety of reasons. Initially they wanted

Amelia to get a decent job (which she now had) and for Evan to finish dental school. And then there was the practical problem of neither of them wanting to go to their hometowns for a wedding. They had moved to the city to avoid their families. An elopement wasn't out of the realm of possibility.

"When will that be?"

"You want me to set a date now?"

"If it means I get to fuck you, then yes." Evan was being stubborn.

Amelia laughed at him. "Let me peg you tonight and I'll let you out of your cage over the weekend. We might even fuck like a nice normal vanilla couple."

"I'm not into getting my ass reamed though," Evan pointed out.

"How do you know?" she countered. "We've never tried it and I want to try it. Now we can argue about this or we can just do it. I'll give you a hint. One way makes me happy, the other pisses me off. Guess which one is better for you?"

Evan considered. He had never given serious thought to his life ending up like this, but here he was. He had to admit a certain curiosity. He also had to admit that he wanted to please Amelia. It was exciting and strange and it made him nervous. Maybe it would make the sex tolerable. Or even enjoyable.

After she turned away from him and walked the short hallway to the bedroom, he chased after her.

"Good boy," she said when he rushed through the door. "Now strip."

He did so; it still felt strange to be naked with the steel cage around his cock. Evan had never been one for jewelry and now he was sporting a PA ring and a cock cage nearly all the time.

Amelia undressed as well, but she left on her bra and underwear. At first he thought she was just pausing, but then she went to her dresser and pulled out a harness that must have been recently acquired. He wondered how much time she spent at work actually working and how much she spent doing sex stuff. It wasn't part of her job, but Evan had figured out more than a little of what was actually going on.

He didn’t complain. He was getting plenty of benefits of her job, both actual and sexual.

It was still a little unsettling to see his fiancée pull a harness around her hips and attach a rather large dildo to it.

Or maybe it was just large from his perspective.

Once Amelia had everything adjusted the way she wanted it, she grinned at him and tossed a bottle of lube to him. “You’ll need this.”

“This is so humiliating,” he muttered.

“You like it though, don’t you?” she asked.

He didn’t answer.

As he contemplated how he wanted to proceed, Amelia went up to him and got up on her toes to kiss him. He felt her cock—the dildo, he corrected himself—bump against his thigh.

“Isn’t it fun to be so adventurous?” she asked him.

“Yeah. Sure. Fun.”

Amelia took over their fun. She instructed Evan to get on his hands and knees after applying a more than liberal amount of lube to his ass. She did the same to the cock she wore. After fucking Oliver at the resort, she felt like she was a professional pegger now. There was no way she was going to tell Evan she had already done this with another man, but it turned out to be a good thing because she had the experience and confidence to make this enjoyable for the both of them.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” he mumbled into the sheets as she stood on the floor, girlcock in hand, and she ran it between his cheeks, looking for his entrance. As nervous as he was, Evan was also strangely excited. His cock wanted to get hard, but naturally it couldn’t because of the cage.

There was nothing natural about this, but that was acceptable in the moment.

Unnatural could be exciting and pleasurable as well. Maybe more so than vanilla sex.

“Ready?” she asked as she now had the measure of her cock’s firmness and a good view of his tightly puckered entrance.

“Not really…”

“Just relax,” she said, ignoring his minor complaint.

Evan tensed up. That didn’t stop Amelia. She pressed the tip of her girlcock against his anus and after a moment’s resistance, she penetrated him.

“Oohhh…” Evan groaned as his body opened up to her.

“Just take it easy, baby,” she cooed at him.

It was still strange to move her hips like a man, but the motion quickly became natural and Evan was enjoying it more than he ever would have admitted.

He lifted one hand from the bed and reached for his cock. His heart ached when he realized that there was no way for him to jerk off while getting fucked in the ass. And he moaned in frustration. It was horrendous.

“Trying to jerk off?” she asked him, firmly grasping his hips and holding him in place.

“Yeah…” There was no reason to try to hide his shame.

“I’d give you a reach around, but that’s a waste of time.”

“Uh-huh…”

Amelia giggled a little and continued fucking him.

It felt good to Evan. Incredibly good, but it wasn’t so good that he knew he’d cum shortly. He didn’t know how to process his feelings on being pegged by a woman. He didn’t know how to focus his body so that he could cum.

Was this just torture until Amelia decided she was done with him.

Still, he didn’t move his hand from his cock. He held onto the metal encasing his useless hunk of flesh.

“Here, like this, baby,” said Amelia. She paused in her thrusting as she put her hand between their bodies and gently rubbed his perineum.

Evan wasn’t used that either.

It wasn’t as good as getting his cock sucked, but it was something.

He made a noise that shamed him a little more.

“You like that?” she asked him, taking her hand away. “Go ahead and do it yourself.” She removed her hand and firmly grasped his hips again, focusing on fucking once more.

Evan set aside all shame and started rubbing his perineum like a fumbling virgin. He was right on the edge and knew it wouldn’t take much.

Right before he came he had sudden clarity; this was his first orgasm since getting pierced.

His cock wasn’t hard, but was fully swollen inside the cage. The orgasm was painful. It was like his first time jerking off alone in his bedroom.

He made strange sounds as he came. It hurt as much as it felt good.

Amelia stopped fucking his ass. “Oh baby, did you cum?”

“Yeah…”

“Did you like it?”

“Yeah…”

Amelia laughed and leaned forward to kiss the back of his neck. “I knew that you would.”

Unexpectedly she pulled her cock from his ass. The sensation of her leaving him was somehow more humiliating than everything else that had happened.

“Go clean up yourself and then we’ll see what we can do for me.”

Evan just nodded and shamefully rushed to the bathroom. He felt violated.

He also felt strangely elated.

In the bathroom he stared at himself in the mirror for far too long as the water ran in the sink.

He had liked getting pegged. He didn’t want to tell Amelia that, but he knew he would.

Chapter 19

“A small, simple wedding is best, especially if you aren’t involving family,” Kristen agreed.

“Well, not no family,” said Amelia. “Just a few who are willing to make the journey.”

Kristen frowned at her. “I thought you said your hometown was only a couple of hours away.”

“Which puts it smack in the middle of nowhere. The highest form of debate there is: Which is a better badge of pride? To be a hillbilly or a redneck?”

“Oh my,” was Kristen’s reaction. “I didn’t realize that was your full background.”

“When I tell you that I’m the black sheep of my family, that should tell you everything.”

Kristen blanched slightly. “I didn’t realize it was that bad for you.”

“I’ve moved past it.” Amelia didn’t want to discuss her difficult childhood. Abuse and neglect had scarred her more than she wanted to admit.

“That’s good. Are you going to invite your boyfriend to the wedding?” Kristen asked with an eager grin. She loved to put Amelia on the spot when it came to her sex life. Her strange and twisted sex life.

It had only been a month since Amelia had had sex for the first time with Bill—well, the first time since high school—and she was having a bit of difficulty wrapping her head around the fact that she had a fiancé and a boyfriend and they were both fine with it.

Well, Bill was fine with it. He just wanted to fuck Amelia; he wasn’t interested in a relationship beyond that. Evan said he was fine with Bill having sex with his fiancée, but she had her doubts. He was always asking to be let out of his cage, but it was possible those two events had nothing to do with one another.

Amelia sighed. “I don’t think so. It doesn’t seem like a good idea.”

Kristen laughed at her. “Why not? You need to assert your dominance over Evan. Not just once but all the time. Inviting your boyfriend to the wedding just puts your husband-to-be in his place.”

“It’s going to be a very tiny wedding. Maybe not even that. We might elope.”

Kristen emphatically shook her head. “No. You can’t do that. Small wedding is fine. Fifteen or twenty people. Just close friends and maybe those one or two family members you want there.”

“Even so, I couldn’t invite a guy I was fucking to my wedding!” Despite everything else she had done with her body and sex life recently, Amelia somehow couldn’t do that. She knew it logically didn’t make any sense, but lately nothing made sense logically.

“Why not? I did.”

Amelia chuckled a little. “I’m not surprised.”

“Calling me a slut?”

“A little bit.”

“Good. Because I am. If you need an excuse, invite me and what’s his name...Will? He can be my plus one.”

“Bill.”

“Bill then. He’ll be my date. I’ll fuck him too, just to make sure he’s good enough for you.”

Amelia gasped and then laughed at her boss. “You wouldn’t!”

“Of course not. You need to fuck Bill the night of your wedding, naturally. I’ll find someone else.”

Amelia’s nervous laughter didn’t abate. “I already promised Evan that we’d have sex on our wedding night. He’s growing to hate wearing his cock cage.”

“Secretly he loves to wear it,” Kristen spoke authoritatively. “He’s just saying

that because, like all men, he doesn't know what he wants. And you never should have promised to fuck him on your wedding night. That was foolish."

"Sorry." Amelia wasn't sure why she was apologizing, but it felt like the right thing to do.

"It's fine. Well, we'll deal with it. Have you fucked Bill in front of Evan yet?"

"No," Amelia admitted.

Kristen sighed. "You need to fix that right away."

"I know, I know."

"I'm serious! You have until Monday to correct that problem."

"But what if—" Amelia started to ask.

"What if what?" Kristen cut her off. "What if he leaves you? Then you're better off. What if he loves it? Then you're better off. It's win-win. It always is."

Amelia nodded. "I know. It's just hard to actually do it."

"You need to set aside your old way of thinking about things like that. You're a new woman. Don't hold yourself back."

Amelia didn't give Evan a choice in the matter. The difficult part was convincing Bill to come to her place while Evan was there.

"Hey, it's one thing to get a little on the side, but I'm not into threeways...with another guy at least. Got any cute female friends?"

"It's not a threeway," Amelia explained for what seemed like the hundredth time. She had only asked and explained the situation a couple of different ways, but the whole process was straining her anxieties and her patience. "You'll fuck me while he watches. He won't even get his cock out."

"Yeah, that's what you say." They were laying in Bill's bed. She had gone to his

place to fuck him and then ask him for what was really a small favor in the grand scheme of things. “But you never know how a guy is going to react.”

“He’ll be naked, but I have his cock in a cage and—”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. Did you say you have his cock in a cage?”

“Yes.”

“Okay…I never knew you were so kinky.”

Amelia smiled and kissed him. “You just thought I was a slut?”

“Something like that.”

“You need to come by Saturday night at six. If you can’t fuck me in front of my fiancé, I don’t really want to fuck you any more.”

He sighed. “I’ll be there.”

Evan looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. He had been doing a lot of that lately. His face looked like it always did. He was dressed casually to the point where even he didn’t believe that he was a dental student.

He just wished his face would more accurately show who he was.

Then he gave that some thought and realized he didn’t want his face to show who he really was: a person who was barely a man that let his fiancée fuck another man while she forced him to wear a cock cage all the time.

He hated who he had become.

Except for the fact that he loved what was happening at the same time.

“Fuck.” He glared at himself in the mirror a moment longer before he went out to the living room.

He wasn’t surprised to find Amelia straddling Bill on the couch. They were

kissing; Bill was seated normally and she was on his lap. They were still fully clothed though Amelia's skirt had crept up her thighs showing she was wearing a pink thong.

That alone should have been enough to make Evan's cock hard, but it didn't because he was still in his cage.

He couldn't believe he had agreed to do this with Amelia.

He was both frustrated and elated.

All he could do was watch.

Seeing Bill's hand move down from her waist to her thighs and then back up to her ass was enough to make Evan start to hyperventilate.

When he had left the room to go to the bathroom, they had just been talking. He hadn't expected this.

But he should have.

Without warning, Amelia suddenly broke the kiss and looked over her shoulder at her fiancé.

"Like the show?" she asked.

Evan just stiffly nodded. He didn't dare to look at Bill in the face. He seemed like a nice guy.

"Take off your clothes," she said to Evan.

"What?"

"I'm not going to have you staring at us like a creep while we have sex," she explained as she got off Bill's lap. The other man had the good manners to at least look a little embarrassed at what he was doing. "I mean, I want you to watch, but you don't have to." She crossed the room to Evan and kissed him lightly on the lips. It was nothing like the kiss she had shared with Bill. He tried not to think that her tongue had been down the other man's throat just moments before. He tried not to think about that because it would only make his cock

more uncomfortable in the cage.

“I want to watch.” He wasn’t sure if he was lying or not.

“Good!” Amelia said brightly as she bounced back across the room to grab Bill’s hand. She hauled him off the couch and dragged him toward the bedroom. “Come watch us!”

“Is this okay with you, dude?” Bill asked as he was slowly pulled away. It seemed like it was the thousandth time he had asked the question.

“Yes. It’s...it’s what I want.” Evan’s words didn’t sound convincing, but he knew it was what he needed to say.

He slowly followed. In the bedroom he found Amelia had already pulled off her blouse and dropped her skirt. She was kissing Bill again. The kiss only lasted a second before Amelia went down to her knees and started working on the other man’s belt. Bill pulled off his shirt.

Evan tried not to compare the other man’s body to his own, but he failed even at that.

Amelia turned her head toward Evan. “Strip or get out, hon.” Bill’s pants were now open. Evan could clearly see the outline of her old boyfriend’s erection through his underwear.

After waiting expectantly a second, Amelia cleared her throat. It was her last reminder.

Evan acted. He undressed. He felt awkward in every movement he made, but finally he was naked, his clothes piled around his feet.

His cock cage contained his manhood and he stood uncomfortably in front of the cheating couple.

“Very good,” Amelia complimented him as she pulled out Bill’s cock and wrapped her lips around his veiny girth.

Evan tried to tell himself the other man wasn’t that much bigger than him, but it seemed like a lie.

It was all he could do to not moan a little in frustration.

Sorry, dude, Bill mouthed to him.

Evan didn’t acknowledge the gesture.

Bill then closed his eyes and let Amelia focus on performing her best blowjob.

As she sucked off Bill, she managed to unhook her bra so that her tits could swing free. Evan admired the rings in her nipples.

Everything about his life was fucked up.

Then she stood up and pulled Bill to the bed by his erection. Evan just watched. It was what he was supposed to do. He wasn’t sure if he was supposed to do it because Amelia wanted him to do it or if he wanted to do it.

It was so fucked up.

Bill was on top of Amelia, his cock probing between her thighs. In the dim light Evan could just barely see his fiancée’s nipple rings flashing as she struggled beneath her lover. She wasn’t trying to stop him.

She was pulling aside the gusset of her thong to expose her pussy. She didn’t even bother to remove the garment, even as tiny as it was.

Evan couldn’t see everything, but he could see enough.

He could hear everything clearly. The gasp Amelia made when Bill penetrated her...it was the same gasp she had made so many times with Evan...but he hadn’t caused that noise in so long.

The way Bill’s hips started moving, he was clearly well inside Evan’s fiancée. It was as if they had forgotten he was there.

That hurt.

And it made Evan’s cock throb.

“Fuck me,” Amelia begged. “Fuck me hard. Slam it into me. I need you to cum in me!”

Evan wrapped his hand around his cock even though the steel of the device kept him from generating any good sensation. The pair fucked happily and Evan wanted to cry.

It was fast and intense. Maybe it was because of the situation, but clearly Bill wasn't built for endurance. He did manage to make Amelia cry out once in climax before he grunted and shook and came himself.

Evan knew he wasn't going to be able to cum anytime soon.

Bill breathed heavily as he lay on top of Amelia.

"Fuck that was good," she said aloud for Evan's benefit.

"Thanks."

"Okay, you need to get off me now." She pushed on his shoulders and Bill took the hint, flopping off her body.

At once Amelia's eyes focused on Evan. She brought her knees up to her chest and yanked off her panties before planting her feet on the mattress, her knees to the ceiling, her legs spread wide.

"You know what I want, honey," she said to Evan.

He cursed himself as he approached the bed and crawled up between her legs.

He might curse himself, but he wanted it as much as she did.

Bill watched, by equal measures amused and amazed, as Evan eagerly lapped up the cum he had recently deposited in Amelia's pussy.

For her part Amelia panted and writhed as her fiancé performed an act of humiliation that seemed perfectly in place with her confident manner. Bill couldn't believe his cock was getting hard again.

Apparently he had found his place in the world.

Chapter 20

“I know I’ve said this before, but I never felt more powerful and in control in my life,” Amelia said with a smug smile on her face.

They were sitting at the small table in Kristen’s office sharing morning coffee. There wasn’t much on the agenda for the day; Amelia just had to go through some of the small business contracts. Truly being in charge was more than worth the small aggravations that came with the work.

Getting to explore her sexuality wasn’t one of those aggravations.

“Was it because you were having sex in front of an exclusive audience of one or because you were fucking in front of your fiancé?”

“Definitely the latter.”

They laughed together.

“Does it ever get tiring?” Amelia asked her boss in all seriousness.

“What? Being the boss?”

“Well, yes. Not just at work, but in the bedroom.”

Kristen shrugged. “A little. But when you consider the downsides—not having any money, control, or power—it’s more than worth it. Don’t worry. If you ever want to dump your boyfriend or your husband or your fiancé—or all three or any combination of the three—you’ll always have the option.”

“Is it just the sex?” asked Amelia wanting more clarification.

“No. It’s not just the sex, but it’s hard to separate that from everything else.”

Amelia nodded. “It was great last night, but I felt a little guilty about torturing Evan like that.”

“Do not feel guilty about that!”

“I’ll get over it.”

“Good. You can always send Evan to a professional if you’re feeling bad about

getting laid more than him."

"I can?" Amelia was confused.

"Oops. Let me rephrase. You can have a professional sent to him if you want to give him a little relief and you don't want him to know he's getting away with something."

"What do you mean?"

Kristen smiled. She loved revealing little secrets. "He's wearing the cock cage I gave you, right?"

"Yes."

"Using the lock that came with it?"

"Uh...yeah."

"It's a standard lock. I've got the key code written down. We can get a new key for it and send a professional in with the key. It'll be his little secret, only you'll be the one with the secret."

"I don't get what you're saying."

Kristen sighed and stopped herself from rolling her eyes. "The lock is hardly a hundred percent secure. We have professional women who can entertain men. It's a necessity in this business. She'll just make it seem like all professional women know how to deal with a husband's chastity cage."

It took Amelia a long moment. "You mean prostitutes when you say professional women, don't you!"

"Please, Amelia. They are sex workers and it's a long and honorable profession. One of the oldest. Yes, we employ them. It makes everything easier."

"But it's illegal to do that?"

"To hire escorts to spend time with a client? Hardly. We pay the women—and a few men—for their time. What two adults do with that time is their personal

business. They aren't streetwalkers. Some places have laws that must be carefully and scrupulously be complied with, but finding loopholes is exactly what lawyers are for." She paused and considered her protégé's face. "Don't look so shocked. No one is getting hurt."

"Are these women...these professionals...are they being taken advantage of?" This was Amelia's primary concern.

"Of course not! They are adults. They are carefully screened. Their health is monitored. They are provided security. They are well compensated to the point that most of them earn more than our junior executives. You know, women in your position."

"Oh."

"So I can just have one of these women show up at my place and she'll fuck Evan."

Kristen nodded. "And she'll even make it seem like it was his idea."

"How…?"

"She'll either approach him in public and pick him up like you would at a bar, or she'll show up at his office like a client."

Amelia shook her head. "I had no idea that Artemis did this."

"And we have been rated as one of the most ethical financial services companies in the world. You're too young to know all the illegal shit other corporations do."

"This is just…" Amelia had no words.

Seeing an opportunity, Kristen changed the conversation. "Enough about that. Tell me what you think of these." She smoothly opened the few buttons on her blouse and revealed her expensive and elegant bra. This she pushed down to show off her bare breasts.

Amelia had seen Kristen's breasts many time before. The thing that caught her interest in this moment was that the older woman had changed her piercings.

“Wow.”

“Thank you.”

Instead of the little inscribed balls on either side of her nipples, Kristen was wearing something much more elaborate. They weren’t even CBRs that could be simple and elegant and sexy at the same time.

“What...what are they?”

“They’re called nipple crowns or nipple cages. I think they look extra fancy.”

The name was accurate, Amelia realized. Upon close inspection she saw the bar that went through the other woman’s nipples, which held in place the cap or crown over the nipple. Amelia wondered if they were specially made or sized. The elegant metalwork was arranged in a pattern that looked almost like a Celtic knot and covered most of Kristen’s nipple. Amelia could still see the pink of her flesh though the gaps. It wasn’t exactly a nipple shield which would hide the areola, but almost the reverse.

“They’re beautiful,” Amelia finally said after she realized she had been staring for too long.

“My tits or my jewelry?”

“Both.”

They laughed again. Amelia loved laughing with her boss.

“I’m meeting someone new tonight. My old lover...I’ve decided to end it with him. It’s gotten stale.”

“Oh?”

“But that’s the beauty of taking a new lover. It’s so exciting! I’ll tell you everything tomorrow.”

“What can you tell me about him now?” Amelia asked.

“Who says it’s a man?”

They both laughed again.

Amelia noted that her boss didn’t clarify her joke one way or the other.

Chapter 21

Evan was confused at the doorbell. Kristen had told him she'd be working late. At the back of his mind he wondered if she was off fucking someone else. He knew he wouldn't ask or be bothered by it, but he still wondered.

He was trying to study. His last set of exams were next week and he needed to be on top of his game. For the briefest moment he wondered if he had ordered food and had forgotten it was being delivered.

Upon opening the door he was distressed to see Bill standing there.

"Amelia's not here," he blurted out right away.

Bill smiled. "I know. She sent me over to talk to you."

"What? Talk to me? I'm studying…" He looked over his shoulder at the table where his books and computer were waiting for him.

"This will only take a minute," Bill promised.

"I don't know what we have to talk about," Evan said while trying not to make it like he was being rude.

He should have been fucking rude Bill was fucking his fiancée and had been doing it at least weekly for the past month.

Bill glanced up and down the hall of the apartment building. "We need to talk about me fucking your fiancée."

Evan winced. The hallway was empty but he certainly didn't want to have this conversation where anyone could overhear it.

"Fine. Come in. Make it quick. I have studying to do."

He ushered Bill inside but didn't invite him to sit down. He didn't offer the other man a beer or even a drink of water.

Bill got right to the point. "I don't want to take Amy away from you. I want her to marry you."

"You just want to keep fucking her in front of me," Evan said accusatorily.

The dentist-to-be wasn't off the mark by much. "Sort of. I mean, fucking her is great, but that's all I want. I don't want a relationship beyond that. I don't want to be seen as stealing her away from you. I don't want to be that guy. I'm not looking for the one girl."

"What are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for as many girls as I can," Bill grinned. "In the past week, I've banged two other women besides Amelia. I'm no threat to you."

"Gee thanks."

"I will tell you that I do love fucking her in front of you."

Evan grimaced. "Great."

"And if you want me to, I'll stop."

"Oh."

"Do you want me to stop?"

Evan considered it, but he already knew the answer.

"No. We can keep doing this. For a while at least."

"Great!" Bill stuck out his hand for Evan to shake. The other man just stared at Bill's hand. The wannabe Lothario slowly pulled it back.

"Well, I'll be seeing you around."

"Yeah, next time my fiancée wants to humiliate me."

"Right." Bill stepped back to the door and opened it. "Later."

He exited quickly and headed down the stairs instead of going to the elevator. As he exited the building, he pulled out his cell and texted a message.

He was fine with me banging Amelia. I think he likes it.

The reply came a minute later.

Thank you. I thought so.

The next day, late in the afternoon, Evan received a text from Kristen. It wasn't unexpected, but he was confused and upset by it.

I'm working late again tonight. Eat and do whatever.

He texted her back. Any idea when you'll be home.

He didn't get a reply.

It was fine, he told himself, because he still had a lot of studying to do and immediately set to it. Dinner was microwaved leftovers.

Evan wasn't sure when when doorbell rang. After a moment he realized it had rung more than once; he had been completely lost in his studies.

It was strange for anyone to use the bell because of the exterior building security door, but Evan didn't give it a second thought and immediately opened the door without checking the peephole.

He would have opened the door faster if he had checked the peephole.

The woman waiting expectantly was gorgeous in every sense of the word. Evan had never pursued a woman like her ever, in high school or college, because she was clearly out of his league and if he had spoken to her, she would have laughed in his face.

"Yes?" he asked uncertainly. He figured she had the wrong door or was lost and looking for help. There was no way she was there for him.

"Evan Mickel?" she asked, which only confused him.

"Yes."

"Great!" she said brightly and pushed into the apartment. She was dressed in a form-fitting red dress that was sexy without being overly risqué. She had paired it with a black jacket that gave her a vague look of a woman just out of the

office...except that her high heels said she was ready to go clubbing. She wasn't showing off any cleavage, but he could easily imagine how much she had. "Your place was so easy to find." She turned around in the tiny entry hall to the apartment which brought her tits incredibly close to Evan.

He looked down at them.

She wanted him to look down at them.

"I'm sorry. Why are you looking for me?" Evan was thoroughly confused.

"Your wife sent me," she said smoothly. "My name's Chrissy." She held out her hand

"Chrissy?" he asked, shaking her hand nervously. "My wife?"

"Well, it's not my real name. My real name is Christine, but call me Chrissy."

"I don't have a wife!" he blurted out, forcing her to take a step back in surprise. That was fine. It led her to the living room which gave them both a little extra room.

Chrissy blanched. "Sorry. My mistake. It's almost always the wife sending me. Your fiancée sent me."

Evan blinked. "Okay...why?"

She laughed lightly at him and removed her jacket, folding it and placing it over the back of the couch. "Are you really asking that question?"

He stared at her body. The red dress was form fitting. He wondered if she was wearing anything underneath it. "Y-y-yes," he stuttered out. His cock wanted to get hard, but he couldn't. The metal cage around it stopped his erection as it always did.

"I'm a surprise, but maybe this will help you." She reached up behind her back and smoothly lowered a zipper. Evan could clearly hear the sound. A second later she dropped the dress.

Evan noted that she was wearing undergarments. Both the bra and the panties

were more lace than substance. He could clearly see her nipples through the thin material. His eyes dropped to her hips but he couldn't see any hint of pubic hair, which was strange because she had jet black hair on her head. She wasn't wearing a garter belt because that would have been perfect. She was, however, wearing thigh high stockings that were staying up on their own.

"Holy shit," he whispered mostly to himself. "Are you...are you a stripper?" he asked.

Chrissy's expression clearly said she was offended. "Of course not. Do I look like some cheap and sleazy pole dancer to you?"

Evan wanted to answer yes, because she clearly looked like that to him, but he knew the answer was no. He had been studying all evening and his mind was focused on correct answers. "No," he said, proud of himself. "But...what are you doing here?"

She smiled. Her teeth were brilliant white. "Like I said, your fiancée sent me."

"Why?"

The woman clearly relished the answer she was about to give. "To fuck you. I'm a sex worker."

"Oh."

They looked at each other for a long uncomfortable moment.

Well, Evan was uncomfortable because he didn't know what to do and his cock was still trying to get hard but his chastity cage was keeping him in check.

"Shall we?" she asked, cocking her hip to the side and making her all the more desirable to Evan. "Where's the bedroom? Or do you want to just bend me over the couch right here?"

Evan stared. "I...I can't."

Chrissy looked skeptically at him. "Didn't you hear me? Your fiancée sent me. It's fine with her. This isn't some loyalty test. I do it all the time. It's my job to keep husbands—and boyfriends—happy."

He blinked his eyes at her. Clearly they weren't communicating. "No. I mean...I can't. I really can't. Physically."

It took her a second. Though she was good at what she did, Chrissy was an organizational mess. "Oh! Right. That!" She went to her jacket and reached into a pocket. Evan stared at her ass while she was searching. She wasn't wearing a thong. The panties were still sexy as hell.

After a moment Chrissy produced a key. "I was told you'd need this."

This wasn't how Evan was expecting the evening to go. His brain wasn't fully functioning. "Did my...did my fiancée really hire a prostitute for me?"

"Hey! The preferred term is sex worker. And yes. You aren't the first one to be wearing a cock cage. Can I see it?"

Even though she was in her underwear and apparently ready to have sex in a few moments, Evan still didn't trust the situation. "I...I'm...I don't really know…"

"We can't do the dirty deed if you keep your clothes on." She paused and gave that some thought. "Well, I guess we can, but it's not as much fun. Unless you like it like that. Whip out your cock, I'll unlock you, I'll slip my panties to the side and we can pretend we're having a quickie in a closet at a party. I've done that before."

Evan shook his head. "I can't believe Amelia is doing this to me."

Chrissy laughed at him. It might have been a bit humiliating, but he deserved it. "You're the first guy I've been hired for that has ever actively tried to not have sex. If you don't want to, that's fine." She pulled her phone from the other jacket pocket. "Just give me a short statement that I can record so I can get paid."

Growing up poor had put Evan in the position of never wanting to deny other people an opportunity to earn money. "You get paid the same either way?"

"No. Half if you refuse, but I have the evening to myself." She approached him, cell phone in one hand, key in the other. "So what's it going to be?" she asked.

Evan said nothing as she pressed her body up against his. She was tall in her heels, almost as tall as he was.

Her kiss was eager and warm and welcoming.

His hands went to her waist and he was dazzled by her soft, smooth skin.

From there it wasn't possible for him to make any choices.

They kissed for another minute. He distinctly felt her breasts pressed up against him.

Chrissy broke the kiss and tugged at his pants. He let her. He didn't know what else to do.

A moment later they were around his ankles and she was down on her knees, not exactly fondling his cock, but working to get it free of the cage.

"If you ask me, more men should wear these. Sexy and they keep men in their place." She grinned up at Evan as she fitted the key to the lock and easily removed it. Clearly she had done this before. It made him wonder if everything she was doing was an act.

And just like that she slipped the cage off his swollen cock. It took all of two heartbeats for it to fully rise to the occasion. She kissed the side of his shaft, holding the drooling end.

Only then did he realize she was taking a picture of her face and his cock. That made no sense to him, but he didn't question it because a moment later her lips were wrapped around him and she was sucking on his manhood. She didn't seem to mind the PA ring he wore.

The cage was on the floor and he wanted to pull back, pull free of her mouth because he didn't want to cum so fast. He was already on edge and he knew a blowjob was all it was going to take.

"Stop," he moaned. "Please. You can't…"

Her hand circled his balls and held him in place. He could have pushed her away, but he really didn't want to.

Chrissy was just getting started in the act of full fellatio, sucking while bobbing her head back and forth, taking as much of his cock into her mouth as possible.

But then the unwanted happened.

Being a professional, she knew it was going to happen. She briefly considered stopping and ruining his orgasm, clamping down on him, but she wasn't being paid to tease and torture.

She backed off a second before he popped off. Her hand was still busy on his shaft and his first spurt went directly into her mouth. The second and all those that followed went on her face with a bit getting in her hair.

Evan was whimpering by the time she was done.

"I didn't mean to do that," he apologized.

"You wouldn't believe the places men have cum on me," she said dismissively. "Bathroom?"

He pointed. She stood up and went to clean herself up.

Evan anxiously grabbed his cellphone from off the table and texted a message to Amelia. There's a woman here who wants to have sex with me. She had my cage's key. Did you do this?

He stared at his phone, waiting for a reply. None came while Chrissy was in the bathroom.

When she came back out, his pants were still around his ankles.

She was as beautiful as ever. "Shall we?" she asked, unperturbed that he was naked from the waist down.

"Should I?" he asked.

With a chuckle she said, "Why wouldn't you want to? I mean, I'm not everyone's type, but your fiancée picked me out for you."

"How do I know that?"

She tilted her head to the side. "How often do you have women coming to your place offering to have sex with you?"

That argument made sense to Evan. He stepped out of his pants, and pulled off his shirt so that he stood naked in front of her. His cock was semi-erect, a testament to how long he had been in his cage without relief.

“Bedroom?” asked Chrissy.

Evan pointed. They went to the bed together.

He was nervous. She was calm and cool. She had done this with dozens of men.

He realized that and tried not to think about it.

She allowed him to take off her bra and slide her panties down her legs, but he left on her stockings. That was just sexy.

Her pussy didn’t have any hair on it, which made sense considering her profession and all. It confirmed for him what he had been seeing when she first took off her dress.

Evan thought it appropriate for him to go down on her. Chrissy didn’t complain. He wasn’t very good at it, but it was the thought that mattered. She had already lubed up in the bathroom.

He wanted to fuck in the very boring and very traditional missionary position. She was fine with that. It barely took her any effort to get him fully hard. He was already halfway there when she fondled him.

Evan managed to put his cock in her and actually fuck for almost a minute. Looking back, he knew he should have used a condom, but Chrissy was unconcerned so maybe she knew more than he did. Maybe she liked having his PA ring inside her. She made all the right noises and movements. It was the most convincing faked orgasm he had ever witnessed. Evan was certain he had made her cum right before he finished inside her pussy.

She even told him so.

They rested for a few minutes. He told her about being a dental student. Chrissy listened attentively. It was part of her job.

They didn’t talk about Amelia.

When she grew bored with his ramblings she offered to have sex with him again.

“I don’t think I can cum three times in a night,” he said.

“Let’s see if you can,” she suggested before taking his cock in her mouth again.

As it turned out, he could get hard again. This time she rode on him, showing off her tits, rolling her hips, and fully enjoyed herself as they fucked for over five minutes. Maybe even ten minutes.

Evan was certain he gave her at least one real orgasm. Maybe the other three were faked.

He came with her on top. The first spurt went in her pussy, but then she lifted too high and his cum went everywhere: her thighs, his stomach, the sheets.

He thanked her afterwards. She asked to use the shower.

While she was in the bathroom he stared at the ceiling and wondered if he had fucked up his relationship with Amelia. He knew that thought made no sense because she was the one who send Chrissy here.

Before she left she insisted on putting the cage back on his cock.

“Why?”

“It’s part of the service I offer Artemis,” she said flatly. “Think of it this way: if Amelia comes home and finds it off, will she be happy?”

Evan let her put it back on. He didn’t know if he had just been fucked or was completely fucked.

After she left the apartment, Chrissy made her report, sending along her mouthful of cock selfie as per usual.

Thank you, was the complete extent of the reply note.

Amelia looked at the short report and focused on how she felt. She wasn’t sure if she felt anything. She wasn’t upset. She wasn’t excited.

Kristen noticed the look on her underling’s face. “Problem?”

“No. I just got the confirmation report from the woman you sent to Evan.”

“And?” Kristen’s expression was eager...and lusty.

“And she did as you promised.”

Kristen nodded. “Time to celebrate.”

To Be Continued

Preview

You’re Doing It Wrong 4: Mistaken

“What should be the sleeping arrangements for the night?” asked Gerry. It had taken me a few minutes to recover from my powerful orgasm. (Did I actually have an orgasm if I could barely remember it? From the way my body felt, I knew I had had one, but it seemed more like a fever dream than reality.)

“I thought I’d sleep right here on the bed,” I mumbled next to him.

He chuckled at my innocence. “What about our husbands?”

That question was enough to bring me fully to my senses. “Oh...yeah.” I forced my eyes open and looked at Wayne who was happily smiling down at me, his hair still wet. His soft, free cock was swinging between his legs. I glanced over at Phil where he was still bound to the St. Andrew’s cross. His cock was semi-erect and I knew he still hadn’t cum.

“They can sleep here too,” I mumbled. The bed was huge. It was probably one of those ridiculous sizes like a Wyoming king or Alaskan king. The frame and headboard had to have been specially made. How much money did Phil and Wayne have to waste of sex anyway? “Plenty of room.”

Both Wayne and Gerry laughed at me. “That’s not going to happen, honey.”

“Sure. Whatever.” I was exhausted. I didn’t care. I was in a sex-based stupor.

“You and Phil can take one of the guest rooms,” Gerry said to Wayne. “We’ll have to put the two of you back in your cages first.”

That was enough to fully wake me up. I even sat up. “Wait a second. Did you just set up my husband for a sleepover with your husband in another room?”

Gerry smiled at me and stroked my arm. “They’ll have their cages on. It’ll be perfectly safe for both of them. No unsupervised sexual activity.”

I couldn’t help myself. I had to smile. “That sounds wonderful.”

“Uh...don’t I get a say in this?” asked Wayne.

I understood where he was coming from. He had been used from the moment he and I had walked into Gerry’s house. He had done things he hadn’t been expecting. He had seen his wife fucked. Maybe he was fine with all those things, but he suddenly found himself without agency, which was a mind-fuck to a professor of economics who was used to being in control.

Of course he was the one who asked me to put a cock cage on him in the first place, so he had to know where our journey was going to end.

“No, you don’t get a say in this,” I firmly told him. “Where’s your cage? We’re putting it back on.”

It’s crazy how in the heat of the moment it’s easy to lose track of toys and lube and cell phones and keys.

“You’re serious.”

I shrugged. “You can get dressed and drive home. I’m spending the night with my boyfriend.” I flicked my eyes at Phil, still bound to the St. Andrew’s cross and still with half a hard on and still with the gag in his mouth. “There’s no reason you have to spend the night alone.”

It took a few minutes, but eventually we found his cage and ring half under the frame for Gerry’s gigantic bed. It was a bit of a struggle to get his cock back in it. Eventually we had to resort to the expensive lube that Gerry supplied. Once Wayne was contained I admired his cock. It completely filled the cage. That was sort of the point. I didn’t hate my husband’s cock. I loved it. But there needed to be restrictions on it.

“This isn’t what I wanted,” Wayne said to me when Gerry was out of earshot, talking to his husband still on the cross.

“Sometimes in life you find what you needed wasn’t what you wanted,” I said primly as I secured the lock and put the key and its chain around my neck.

“I didn’t think you’d be alone with him all night,” Wayne complained.

“What do you think we’re going to do?” I asked him. “Fuck our brains out?”

“Yes,” he said bitterly.

Across the room Phil made a groaning noise as Gerry finally released him from the St. Andrew’s cross. “I found you a playmate. You’ll have fun tonight. Trust me. You already had fun, didn’t you?”

Gerry started to say something, but I put my fingers to his lips to silence him.

It had been decided and that was that. A minute later Phil and Wayne had robes on—because of course the married gay couple had spare bathrobes in their house renovated for sex—and they were out the door, headed to some guest room.

I slipped between the luxurious sheets of Gerry’s giant bed and he joined me a moment later.

“So...go right to sleep?” he suggested.

I laughed and reached under the covers for his cock. It was, disappointingly, soft.

“I’m afraid I might be spent for the night.”

“Your fingers and mouth still work, don’t they?” I asked, a sly smile on my lips.

“Yes, but I might need a bit of a break. I mean, I suppose I could use some chemical enhancement for the rest of the night, but…”

He didn’t finish the thought. “But what?” I had to know.

“But maybe some visual stimulation will be enough.”

“I think you’ve seen all of me,” I pointed out. I had removed my stockings and corset when I had locked away Wayne’s cock. It was a practical corset; it held my tits in place and it opened up with a zipper along the side. Modern technology was wonderful. “And I promise you I’m a terrible dancer, if you are thinking of a reverse striptease.”

Gerry just shook his head and once again went to one of the many compartments in the bed’s huge headboard. This time he pulled out a computer tablet and turned it on.

Nothing about Gerry's house surprised me any longer.

"I'm not a huge fan of porn," I reminded him. "But if you want me to watch with you, I will."

"No, no. Don't be silly. This is something better. Well, it's still porn," he muttered to himself as he fiddled with the tablet before finding what he wanted.

"Phil chose the green room," he said to himself. "I would have thought he would chosen the blue room."

I found it interesting that Gerry named rooms in his house after the dominant color, but that wasn't important. What I saw was a nicely appointed bedroom where Phil and Wayne were sitting on the edge of the bed talking. The video quality was superb. Just another thing money could buy.

The camera was well-placed. It was up high and took in most of the room, as far as I could tell. It was, naturally, centered on the bed. The purpose was obvious: sex.

"Are we really going to spy on our husbands?"

"Have I not told you? I'm a voyeur," said Gerry.

"Really. Huh. Another kink. What do you think they're going to do?"

"They're going to have sex," Gerry said firmly.

"Mmm...doubtful. Wayne is barely bi and he's already been fucked and cum tonight," I pointed out.

"But Phil is handsome and sexy and he hasn't cum tonight. He'll talk Wayne into something."

Right at that moment it struck me that there was no audio, which seemed to be the standard for old-fashioned security cameras, but this was Gerry's place. There had to be audio. I was positive that he wouldn't forgo that.

"Can we listen in without them hearing?" I asked eagerly. I wanted to know what my husband was up to. They were just sitting and talking, which made sense.

“Of course.” He went to the settings on the camera to activate the audio.

“Hey! Isn’t Phil in his cage?” I asked. “How will he get off?”

“Shh!” Gerry silenced me as the thin audio came through the tablet’s small speakers.

“You don’t have to, you know,” Phil was saying.

“No, no. It only seems fair,” Wayne replied. “I’ve just...not done this before. Well, not a lot.”

“Hey, everyone needs to practice and learn,” said Phil as he stood up and took off his robe.

Once more I was treated to the visual beauty of Phil’s compact and muscular body. It was mouth-wateringly hot. And pussy-wateringly hot. Not that Phil would care about my pussy. All of his actions had proved he was purely gay and had no interest in women.

“Hey!” I protested as I realized that Phil was completely naked. His cage was nowhere in sight. He had slipped out of the master bedroom without Gerry having put it back on. “You left him out of his cage.”

“I think he earned it,” Gerry said. “Now shush, I missed what was said!”

It was already too late. Whatever last words Phil and Wayne had exchanged were gone. I’m sure Gerry was recording all this on some secret computer somewhere, but that didn’t matter in the moment.

Once his robe was off, Phil lay down on the bed, his semi-hard cock laying heavily on his stomach. Wayne moved to the side and, kneeling on the floor, took Phil’s cock in his mouth. I was missing details, but I didn’t miss that it took very little convincing on Phil’s part for my husband to suck his cock. Wayne didn’t hesitate at all, either. He got right to business.

Maybe my husband was more bi and eager than I gave him credit for.

We watched in silence for a few minutes while Wayne slavered attention all over Phil’s cock and hairless body. It didn’t take long for the next step in their

lovemaking.

Phil pushed Wayne away. The audio wasn't great, but I could clearly hear him say, "Get on your hands and knees. I'll get the lube."

"Again?" I gasped. "You already fucked his ass once tonight," I said to Gerry.

"Looks like your husband is a bottom," he said, amused. "Or very polite. I usually just jerk off Phil. Sometimes I suck him off. He's the bottom in our relationship."

"Apparently not with Wayne," I said, my eyes glued to the tablet's screen.

The two men quickly got into position, Wayne on hands and knees, ass in the air with Phil behind him.

There was some preparatory lubrication done and then Phil's elegantly slim cock probed my husband's ass. It took a minute and some doing, but finally Wayne let out a deep moan that indicated his lover had penetrated him in the traditional Greek fashion.

"Oh...fuck," sighed Wayne.

"You're tight," Phil commented.

"Damn straight he is," giggled Gerry. "He'd be a hit at the orgies we've had here."

"Shush!" I said, lightly punching Gerry's arm.

The two started rutting.

"I'm not going to last long," said Phil.

Wayne remained silent.

"I'm not surprised," Gerry commented. "He's been on edge for days."

I couldn't see everything I wanted to see, but I could easily imagine Wayne's caged cock was bouncing back and forth as Phil buggered him.

Never would I have imagined that the man I had married and had two children with would be so happy to service a gay man with his ass, but I could see the evidence right there on the screen in front of him.

I'll happily admit it. Watching Wayne take a cock up his ass was incredibly hot. He was doing it because he wanted to. I wasn't there for him to impress. He didn't have to prove anything to me.

Unconsciously I reached for Gerry's cock. He was no longer soft. He wasn't completely hard yet, but maybe he'd get there a third time tonight. I could work with that.

"Are you ashamed of your husband?" Gerry whispered in my ear.

I shook my head and started pumping my hand up and down on his cock. "No. Proud. Incredibly proud. This is so fucking hot."

We continued to watch as they fucked. Gerry's cock continued to respond to my attention and the action on the screen.

Our husbands were loud and enthusiastic. Maybe Phil wasn't as much of a bottom as Gerry thought he was. Wayne was certainly proving he was a good bottom.

I wanted to fuck Gerry again, but I couldn't do that and watch my husband have his first full-on gay encounter. It was everything I wanted it to be. Pure gay sex. They weren't playing for the camera. They were fucking for their own pleasure.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!" Wayne said loudly and clearly. He then groaned so deep and loud that I was sure he was dying.

He was. Sort of. It was the little death. It must have hurt to cum when he was trapped in his cage.

"I came," he reported to Phil.

"Good. Hold still."

Phil grabbed onto Wayne's hips and really got to work.

I wasn’t sure if I was thrilled or disappointed when Phil pulled out of Wayne and pumped his cock twice before unloading his cum all over Wayne’s ass and back.

After he was done, Gerry said, “I don’t know about you, but watching my husband have sex with someone else gets me hard.” He looked meaningfully at his cock in my hand.

He was plenty hard.

I pushed the tablet out of his hands and slid on top of him.

Gerry didn’t even try to grab the tablet back. He inserted himself into my pussy and then I began riding him.

“You like spying on your husband?” I asked him.

“I like watching him have sex.”

“With other men?”

“Of course.”

“Does he know?”

“Yes.”

I nodded and concentrated on grinding my hips, riding Gerry’s cock like a whore.

It wasn’t the best sex of my life, but it was satisfying. I came twice before Gerry stopped holding out and came inside me.

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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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