
An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity
You're Doing It Wrong 2:
INACCURATE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity
You're Doing It Wrong 2:
INACCURATE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

You’re Doing It Wrong 2: Inaccurate

An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author’s imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

You’re Doing It Wrong 2: Inaccurate

An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

Copyright © 2021 Green Bush Publishing

Cover design by Millie Godwin

https://www.fiverr.com/millieg0414

Version 2

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

Ami's Ambrosia

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Caged and Milked

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

Cream In My Coffee

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cuckquean

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

An Erotic Arranged Marriage

Even If I Did Hate Her

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

Honeysuckle

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Key holder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Love Sweet Sex Magic

Lover's Milk

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Marge Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Mike & Cookie

Milking the Alleyways

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Mentally Milks Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odets Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Perfectly Average

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sexy Preg

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarcane Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Bibs

Total Lockdown

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Why She Cheats

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Preview

About the Author

[2]

Chapter Five

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

Year one was easy: college.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was a thrill meeting Gerry for the first time in person. It was only a coffee date and it wasn't like it was going somewhere. He was gay and married to a

(presumably) nice man and I was straight and married to Wayne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sounds fun!”

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

“How so?”

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

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

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

“Oh. Right. Did that work?”

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

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

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

“Shit. I never thought of that.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was thrilled and worried that they both followed me.

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

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

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

“What?”

“Cock and cage. Trout and trouble. It’s all the same.”

I shrugged. “Okay.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Right,” Wayne agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

That’s the way he liked it.

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

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

“Wait. What?” said Wayne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My husband shivered but remained silent.

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

My pussy was soaked. My mouth was dry.

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

Wayne moaned softly.

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

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

It was impressive.

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

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

“Keep going?” Wayne squeaked out.

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

“What about me?” he asked.

“You can cum if you want to,” I said and then looked to Gerry. “If that’s okay with you. How far do you want to go tonight?” I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You can cum in his mouth,” I told Wayne. “I’ll be so proud of you.”

“I’m gonna…” he muttered. “I can’t…”

He could. He did.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He blinked at me. "It was?"

"Fucking A yes it was."

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

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

again," I laughed.

We shared a chuckle. I didn't blame Gerry for staring at Wayne's cock. In many respects he has a beautiful cock. When I glanced in the same direction, I noted that Wayne hadn't gone completely soft.

"You should really put his cage back on him," Gerry instructed. "In my experience it's never a good thing to leave your husband out of chastity for very long."

"Oh, I don't know," I said breezily. "I was thinking about getting fucked tonight. Maybe I'll put my fellatio skills up against yours and see who Wayne thinks is better."

"Did he earn the reward of being allowed to fuck you?" asked Gerry.

"I don't know…" I said pensively.

"Hey! I'm right here," Wayne complained.

I giggled at my husband. "I know. It's all just a game." I reached out and caressed his cock. "Be a good boy and I'll let you fuck me after Gerry leaves."

"You can fuck him in front of me," said Gerry. "I don't mind. Unless you want some privacy."

I had never been in a three-way before. I was intrigued, but I wasn't sure if I just wanted Gerry to watch. What were the possibilities if he was more…involved.

"Maybe you want to fuck Wayne?" I suggested, half serious and half teasing. "I do like to watch gay porn from time to time."

"Hey!" Wayne protested.

"I don't think he's into it," Gerry smiled.

"Maybe he doesn't get a say in it." I knew that Wayne was open-minded but we had never discussed a three-way, bi exploration, or me watching while he gave a blowjob or got fucked in the ass. All of those suddenly appealed to me.

Maybe it was the wet pussy talking.

“What do you mean I don’t get a say?” Wayne protested.

“We’re talking about my needs right now, honey, not yours,” I said to him absently and turned to Gerry, cutting Wayne out of the conversation. “I wouldn’t mind watching Wayne suck you off while I watched. That sounds hot.” I moaned a little without meaning to. “Would that be okay with you?”

“Sure, but does it meet your needs?” he asked me. “You’re the keyholder. You shouldn’t have to go without.”

“Is that how it works with you and Phil? You just said you hadn’t sucked his cock in weeks.”

“Yeah, but I get my cock sucked almost every night.” He grinned at me. Wayne looked distressed at that info.

“Nice.”

“And the nights I don’t get my cock sucked, I fuck him.”

I licked my lips. “Even better. Would you like to fuck Wayne?”

“Hey!” my husband protested again. “I’m right here!”

“It seems a little rude to treat him like a sack of meat,” I pondered aloud.

“I wouldn’t mind fucking you,” said Gerry, which surprised the hell out of me.

“Well, I’m flattered, but you’re gay.”

“I lied,” he confessed. “I’m bi.”

I couldn’t process that. “Oh.”

Wayne spoke up. “I’m not sure that’s—”

“It’s been years since I fucked anyone other than Wayne,” I blurted out.

My husband was shocked. I liked how that felt. “What does that mean?”

I ignored him. “I think I’d like to have sex with someone new.”

“Nellie! Wait...”

“You got to have sex with someone new,” I pointed out to him.

He was upset. “That was under duress!”

“And you still managed to cum. Let’s put your cage back on you.”

“What? No!”

“It’s perfectly normal for a wife to fuck another man in front of her husband while he’s in chastity,” I told him, something he already knew. I never thought it would go this far this quickly. My heart was starting to pound and I couldn’t wait for it to happen.

Gerry stood awkwardly at the apex of our little triangle, not knowing what to do.

“This isn’t going to happen,” Wayne said firmly.

I knew what I wanted, so I put on my super-serious social worker face and lectured my husband. “You started this. You just got your cock sucked and you didn’t protest at all when it was happening. I didn’t mind. I think you’ll like seeing me fucked. You’ll see how another man—a real man—properly fucks me. Now are you going to put your cage back on or are you going to spend the night in a hotel?”

I think he liked how I was treating him. He retrieved the cage from the bed where we had left it. Unfortunately his cock was starting to get hard. He liked being humiliated. I filed that away for future reference.

“Go get some fucking ice from the kitchen,” I told him.

This time I didn’t get an argument from him. He didn’t even bother to put on his pants or a robe. He just left the bedroom.

“I liked how you handled that,” Gerry complimented me.

“Thank you,” I said and before any more could be spoken, I pressed my body up

against his and kissed him.

Gerry was a very good kisser. His tongue explored my mouth while I pressed hard against him. I could feel his cock. It felt like a lump of steel.

His hands went around my waist and down to my ass. I wanted him in me. I wondered if he seduced other women, other couples, like this. Was it all a lie? Did Phil even exist?

I had been certain that Gerry was gay, but I doubt a gay man would get so hard and kiss me so eagerly. A bi man however…

“Holy fuck!” We were interrupted by Wayne’s reappearance. He had a baggie full of ice and a partial erection. That reminded me I had some serious business to attend to first before I fucked Gerry in front of my husband.

Breaking my clinch with Gerry, I took the baggie from Wayne. “Sit down and let’s get you squared away.”

He did what I asked. If anything his cock was harder than when he had left the bedroom. I pressed the baggie to his cock. The cold ice was slippery in the plastic bag as I held it against his flesh.

“You’d better go soft,” I said to him. “You don’t want me to force that cage onto your cock.”

“It’s working,” he said softly and I saw that it was. I couldn’t help myself. I had to tease. “I think you’re excited to see your wife properly fucked.”

He closed his eyes. I knew he was trying to concentrate and not think about what I had just said. He wanted to go soft. I needed him to go soft so I could cheat on him in plain sight.

“It’s so confusing,” he muttered.

“Don’t worry. It’ll all be fine,” I assured him.

He steadily melted away just like the ice. When he was sufficiently soft I scooped up the cage and ring. The ring was easy to put on. I grabbed the nylon stocking I kept at the bedside and slipped it over his cock, using that little trick

to get him properly in place.

I think we were both happy and relieved when he was securely locked away.

Once I pulled the key free of the lock, I looked up at him and we locked eyes.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked me.

I was glad he asked it because I was just about ask him the same question to when he spoke first. I was glad I hadn’t given away that little bit of control.

“Of course I do,” I said almost primly as I stood up and gave him a little kiss. The weird thing of the many weird things that were going on was that he was completely naked—except for his cage—while Gerry and I were fully dressed. “Don’t you want your wife to have all the sex she deserves?”

He didn’t answer me. That was fine. Silence was an answer in itself. I turned away from Wayne and discovered that Gerry had taken off his shirt while I was busy locking my husband away into chastity where he belonged.

I’ll say this for Gerry, he had a great chest. Smooth, no hair. He had to shave or wax it. And he was chiseled. Maybe he was just naturally muscular or maybe he worked out a lot, but he definitely had more muscles that Wayne.

I wasn’t interested in his muscles, but they were a nice distraction.

“Nice,” was my compliment before I took the two steps over to him and kissed him again. I had already forgotten about Wayne.

It was better that way.

For a bi guy who had just sucked off my husband, Gerry wasn’t the least bit shy about using my body for his amusement. We kissed. I pushed my tongue into his mouth while his hands roved over my body. I didn’t stop him when he started pulling up my shirt.

I helped him.

It was nice having a new lover strip me. I didn’t even try to get his clothes off. I just let him undress me until I was down to just my panties. Somehow we had

removed my bra without me even realizing it. I wasn't shy or ashamed, even if my husband was watching.

Hell, I was showing off my body more because my husband was watching.

"I want to see your cock," I said as I went down on my knees in front of him. He allowed me to unbuckle his belt, lower his zipper, and then tug down his pants and underwear.

I wasn't disappointed.

He wasn't huge. I've had a couple that were bigger, but it just seemed perfect for my hand...and my mouth. I didn't hesitate to start sucking on him.

I heard a groan.

It wasn't Gerry.

It was Wayne. He liked the show I was putting on.

I took as much of him into my mouth and into the back of my throat as I could.

I couldn't deep throat him, much to my disappointment, but I dealt with that by eagerly licking the head, tasting his precum, sliding my tongue down the underside to eventually take his balls into my mouth.

For me there is no more intimate gesture than to have my partner's testicles in my mouth. It's loving and it makes him perfectly vulnerable.

"Fuck," he cursed, stretching out the word. "I thought I was going to get to fuck you, but you really know how to suck cock."

I laughed. "Thank you. Are you sure you want to fuck me? I'd be happy to finish you off." I slyly glanced over at Wayne who was watching us with his mouth agape and his eyes wide. He was holding his caged cock in one hand. That was just silly. There was no way he would be able to jerk off to his own personal sex show. "You can even cum in my mouth. Like my husband, I swallow."

That caused Wayne to close his mouth. He didn't object. Like me he just wanted to see what was going to happen next.

Gerry shook his head. “If it’s all right with you, I’d prefer to fuck you. I can get my dick sucked anytime of the day I want.”

I nodded and stood up. Before Gerry could grab me, I stepped away from him, spun around and quickly lowered my panties to my ankles, bending over at the waist, letting him get a good view of my ass. My feet were just wide enough that he undoubtedly got a good view of my pussy as well.

He stood there grinning, his hand around the base of his cock, as I crawled up onto the bed on all fours. Once there I rolled my hips just enough to entice him over to me. “Well, are you going to stand there staring all night or are you going to fuck me?”

Wayne made a little noise. I wanted him to protest so I could knock him down and force him to watch. We both wanted that, I was certain. I gave him a little glance, frowned at him, and he quieted down.

The room became oddly silent when Gerry’s hands touched my hips and we started moving into position.

At that moment I couldn’t remember the last time another man other than Wayne had fucked me. I couldn’t remember who was the last before him. I couldn’t remember who my first lover was.

And then I felt his cock probing between my legs. Automatically I reached down to find him and guide him in.

I knew what I was doing was wrong. I was breaking all sorts of rules and conventions and agreements and vows, but I did it anyway. I had already violated so many behavioral expectations, to not fuck Gerry now would be absurd.

It only took a few seconds but it seemed like forever. I could feel Wayne’s eyes on me. I started to sweat with anxiety and not being able to meet the expectation I had set for myself. Oddly, I didn’t worry about Gerry at all.

I started to panic thinking that this was going to be as disastrous as the first time I had sex with my boyfriend back in high school.

And then Gerry found my well-slicked entrance and he pushed into me.

I wanted him to take me like a barbarian lover throwing his captive to the ground for the first time and ravishing her because she was his prisoner.

That fantasy was great until he had pushed halfway into me and his cock started to get dry and was scraping on my inner walls. I gasped a little and he backed halfway out before taking another plunge. It took a couple of tries but eventually he got all of his length into me.

I felt like a goddess.

I felt like a slut.

I felt fulfilled.

I felt ashamed.

I loved all those feelings at once.

Gerry kept a good grip on my waist and started fucking me in earnest. It felt good. There's no way to lie about that. There was no reason to lie about that. He slammed his cock into my pussy and I felt the shock wave spread through my flesh. I could feel my ass shaking with every impact.

In short, the sex was good. The sex was great.

The sex got even better when I unconsciously reached out and grabbed Wayne's hand.

Our fingers curled together.

Never would I have thought that I would be the type of woman, the type of wife, to get fucked by a near-stranger in front of her husband, but there I was.

And I liked it.

I didn't regret it at all.

I turned my head to look at Wayne.

His eyes were shining with lust and appreciation for what his wife was doing for him.

Not just any woman would fuck another man because her husband was in chastity.

Yes it's fucked up, but that's what made it great.

"He's fucking me," I moaned to Wayne.

"I know."

"I love it."

"I know."

"He's gonna make me cum."

"Cum for me, baby," he whispered to me. "Cum for me."

I don't know how long Gerry had been fucking me. I was so keyed up that it could have been a minute; it could have been an hour.

When I came, it was so good it almost hurt. I screamed and panted and probably did things I would have been ashamed of if I could remember them.

"You came," Wayne told me, unnecessarily. I was well aware I had cum. I was covered in sweat and there was a puddle on the bed under my pussy, and it wasn't from sweat or Gerry's cum.

He hadn't cum yet.

"Yeah…"

"Want me to keep going?"

I smiled to myself. "Yeah…"

He kept fucking me. I was exhausted and I wanted to lay down but he forced me to keep my ass in the air so he could properly fuck me. He held me up and rammed me hard.

I couldn't remember the last time that Wayne had fucked me that hard.

I wasn’t sure if he had ever fucked me that hard.

I came again. And again.

And then Gerry came in me and I came one final time.

He finally let me slide down to the bed. I was gasping for air. I couldn’t move. I was exhausted.

It was the greatest feeling in the world.

I lost track of things at that point. I wasn’t sure who was doing what but eventually I said goodbye to Gerry and found Wayne leading me to the bathroom.

“What?” I asked.

“You need to take a shower.”

“I do?”

“You’re a sweaty mess,” he pointed out.

He was right.

“And I need to change the sheets on the bed.”

“You do?” I was sort of looking forward to sleeping on the sheets my new lover had soiled. Yes, I was fucked in the head at that moment.

“Yes, I do.”

I could barely stand up in the shower. Wayne made it the perfect temperature and I stood under the flowing water, leaning against the cool wall tile because I couldn’t stand by myself. I couldn’t even step out of the shower to pee. I just decided to pee right there in the shower. I could feel the urine running down my thigh, washed away by the warm water.

I wasn’t going to tell Wayne about that. It would be my one little secret.

Eventually the water revived me. I slathered body wash on myself and rinsed off.

I completed my cover up of my indiscretion in the shower by toweling off and then flushing the toilet.

When I felt well enough I carefully walked back into the bedroom where Wayne was just finishing making the bed.

He was naked except for his cage.

I was staring at it when he turned around. I considered releasing him because I was still horny. Once I started having multiple orgasms I wanted to keep having sex. Maybe this chastity thing for Wayne was a good idea. I could take multiple lovers and be completely satisfied like I had never been before.

“What?” he asked when he realized I was standing there staring at him.

“Sorry. I’m still a little light headed.”

He nodded. “Do you want to wear something to bed or…?”

“Nightie for me. Nothing for you,” I quickly decided. I wanted him naked. I wanted to keep control of my husband, but I wanted the warmth of a cotton nightie. It wasn’t exactly pure sexy, but it worked for us.

Once we had settled down I asked, “Where did Gerry go?”

“Home, he said before he left.”

“Are you okay?” I asked him.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Why wouldn’t I be?” Wayne tried to affect a tone that was completely casual and puzzled.

I knew him better.

“Why? Because you just had your cock sucked by a man you just met and watched me get fucked by him. I didn’t know you were bi and setting that aside, you just went through an emotional hour.” Unconsciously I had slipped into social worker mode.

Wayne hated it when I did that.

“I’m fine,” he repeated. “This whole thing was hot. Unexpected, but hot. And I’m not bi.”

“You’re bi curious,” I amended.

“I’m not even that!” he protested a little too vehemently.

I wasn’t going to let it go.

“You just had your dick sucked by a man,” I pointed out. “You came in his mouth. Most guys end their experimental phase by the time they turn twenty and you’re well beyond that.”

“I got caught up in the moment.”

“We both did, but...being bi isn’t anything to be ashamed of.”

“I never said it was.”

I decided to back off a bit and changed the subject slightly. “Are you upset that I had sex with him?”

Wayne was quiet a long moment. “No. It’s a weird feeling, though, watching you have sex with someone else. I never thought…”

Long pause. “Thought what?”

“Thought this would happen.”

“What did you think would happen?” I had forced this to occur even if the only thing I did was bring a new man in our lives, but it was Wayne who had started everything off with his sudden need to be in chastity.

“I don’t know...I thought we would play with the cage. You’d get control over my cock. I thought that was hot. I was happy with what was happening.”

“You know that lots of couples that play with male chastity...you know that the wife often has sex with other men, right?”

“I’m not a cuckold!”

“I never said you were. You got to cum tonight, didn’t you?”

“From a blowjob.” He left off the fact that it was a blowjob from a man.

“Do you want to fuck a woman while I watch?” I generously offered. The words were out of my mouth before I fully realized what I was saying.

Would I be okay with Wayne having sex with someone else? I mean, he already had sex with someone else: Gerry. But what about a woman? That was different.

The idea didn’t disgust me. It intrigued me. If nothing else, I would have been interested in seeing him with a pretty girl just to see what my real reaction would have been.

“You don’t want that, do you?”

“You used to tell me all about those pretty girls at the university that flirt with you,” I reminded him.

That was true. More than once he had been given handwritten notes from a variety of college students, all women, offering or implying sexual favors for a good grade. What can I say? My husband has the sexy professor thing going on. He’d even gotten emails with the same offers; those women were stupid because the emails could be easily traced.

But Wayne was always polite and turned down the offers.

Now...maybe I wanted him to say yes to the next offer.

“Inappropriate on every level,” he said.

“Okay, maybe not a current student, but what about a past one?” I teased.

“You don’t really want that,” he said with a sigh.

“I get to fuck Wayne and you get to fuck a pretty college girl. That’s hot. We’ll do it together in a hotel room.”

He laughed at the fantasy I was spinning up. “No.”

“What about a handsome, strapping college boy. I’d be down for that.”

He laughed again. “No.”

Chapter Six

It wasn’t a college guy that joined us in bed. It was Gerry’s husband Phil.

Before we met Phil, Wayne and I started perfecting the chastity routine that worked for us.

I continued to be his keyholder, keeping him locked almost all the time. Wayne was a natural at chastity. He hated it but desired it at the same time. I would only let him out for closely supervised showers and when I wanted to fuck him.

When I revealed on Key and Cage that I would have sex with my husband every few days, I received so many hateful comments that I once again considered deleting my account.

“Sissies should be in chastity ALL. THE. TIME. No exceptions!”

“Once every three days is too often. Once a month is more than enough for chaste sissy boys.”

“You aren’t doing chastity. You’re just playing at it. You aren’t a keyholder. You’re a slut.”

“Get off this site. It’s for real keyholders, not stupid bitches.”

“What you have between your legs is a worthless gash of a cunt! Fuck off.”

Those were some of the nicer comments. My favorite was:

“You should at least fuck other men in front of him.”

I hadn’t revealed to the general public of Key and Cage that I had fucked Gerry in front of Wayne. After that comment, I wasn’t going to. I didn’t need someone to connect GayChasteLuvingIt as a bi man when he was presenting as gay.

I appreciated it when Gerry sent me a message on the website.

“Some of these assholes are really into controlling other people they have never met.”

I smiled in wry agreement and messaged him back. And some people say that Twitter is a cesspool of humanity’s honesty.

Gerry sent me a text on my phone. Some things are too private for a website. What he proposed excited me. And made me incredibly nervous. But I knew I wasn't going to say no.

The difficult part was telling Wayne. I wasn't going to give him a choice. When he had handed over the keys to his cock to me, he had given me complete control of our sex life. He'd do what I wanted him to do.

The problem was: would he want to do what I wanted him to do?

We talked at night, after the kids were in bed. That made it seem more secret and dirtier. Sometimes I forgot that I was a married mother. That was good. I was still a sexy woman who was fucking who she wanted to.

"I've got something I need to tell you," I opened with when Wayne and I went to the bedroom to get ready to turn in for the night.

"Me too!" he said with a little too much enthusiasm. I missed the signs. My only excuse was that I was distracted.

"Okay, you go first." It was easier on me if he went first telling me whatever little problem he had.

Wayne paused in undressing and took a deep breath. "One of my students propositioned me during office hours."

Fuck.

"Uh...what did you say?" was all I could think to utter.

"I told her that I had to ask my wife first."

"What?"

He almost glared at me. "What did you want me to say? Yes? I think she might

have been a little put off by my cage.” He reached into his pants, pulling them down just enough to show off his metal cage.

Even now the little gesture made me damp between the legs.

“Uh...you didn’t have to involve me in it,” I said.

“You’re my keyholder,” he reminded me. “You’re already involved in it. Besides, it’s not like she didn’t know I was married.”

“Right...so, to make things more complicated Gerry invited us up to his place for dinner next weekend.”

“How does that complicate things?”

“He wants to have a group swap with Phil. All four of us. I said yes.”

“What?” I liked how shocked Wayne was. I twisted the knife. “You don’t get a vote. You get to participate, but no vote.”

He looked at me. His face was inscrutable. I had no idea what he was thinking. I just waited patiently. He had to be the first to speak, otherwise, I’d lose my control over the situation.

Naturally, he spoke first. “We’re really doing this, aren’t we?”

“Of course we are,” I said easily.

“I mean, we’re really doing it.”

“Yeah, I just agreed to that.”

“I never expected this.”

I smiled. “Life is often what you didn’t expect.”

“But...we’re talking about me fucking one of my students and you and me...doing whatever it is you want to do with Gerry and Phil.”

“You don’t want to fuck Phil and Gerry?” I asked him. I already knew the answer. I was going to make him do it anyway.

“It’s not so much that I don’t want to...it’s that I don’t know what to expect.”

“That’s what makes it exciting. Now tell me about this slut that wants to get you into her dorm bed.”

Wayne gave me the full breakdown on Hannah. Junior. Pretty but maybe because she’s only twenty. She took my husband’s Intro to Macroeconomics class as an elective thinking it would be an easy A. She was barely scraping by with a C minus.

This was the background that Wayne gave me.

“So how did she proposition you?” We were laying in bed together. I was in pajamas because it was a casual night. I wasn’t planning on having sex, either with or without Wayne. I allowed him to sleep in his underwear to help support his cock cage.

“She came to my office hours and asked if we could talk about her grade.”

“And…” I prompted him.

“So...we talked. Basically I told her she’d have to do well on the final paper and exam if she wanted to get a B.”

“Uh-huh.” I was spinning up all sorts of images of what this mystery Hannah looked like and what she was wearing and how she was probably leaning forward too far in the chair next to my husband’s desk, letting him look down her blouse. I couldn’t decide if she was wearing a bra or not, but figured if she had small tits she’d go braless but if she was a well-endowed girl she’d be wearing a push up creating all the cleavage that she could. “How did she respond to your very bland and very unhelpful professorial advice?”

Wayne took a deep breath. “She was sitting in the chair next to my desk and she leaned in and put a hand on my knee and said, ‘I’ll do anything it takes to get that B.’”

“Hot.” My pussy was wet and I wanted to look under the sheets and in my

husband’s underwear to see if his cock was swelling in his cage.

“I’ve gotten the same thing from other girls before,” he said, trying to brush it off.

“What did you do?”

“I told her I knew she was a bright, dedicated student and her hard work would see her though.”

“Jesus fuck you’re a tough cookie in the office.”

“She was determined,” Wayne went on, getting into his story. “She said she was struggling and would do anything...anything...to make sure she got that B.”

“You could give her the D,” I suggested with a giggle.

“Hilarious. She wasn’t giving in easily. I was trying to figure out if she was just lazy and saw sex as the easy way to pass or if she really didn’t have confidence in her abilities.”

“That’s very nice of you, especially since you could have fucked her right there on your desk. That is…if you little cock wasn’t in a chastity cage.”

“Do you know what she said next?”

“No. What? Tell me,” I said dryly.

“She said, ‘I’ll do whatever you want, Dr. Hutchins. Blowjob. Sex. Anal. My BFF even offered a threeway if you give me an A.’”

“You’re fucking lying,” I accused him.

He held up his hand in a Boy Scout salute. Wayne had never been a Boy Scout. “Scout’s honor. I wanted to say yes, but…”

“But you had a cage on your cock and were completely regretting asking me to be your keyholder.”

“But I’m married was the reason I gave her.”

“Sure you did…”

“She said my wife wouldn’t have to know.”

“Well, if you do try to fuck someone with that little cage on your little cock, I’d want to know about it.”

“That’s not possible.”

“So what did you say next?” It was killing me not to push my hand down into my panties and masturbate furiously.

“I said I couldn’t cheat on my wife.”

“Liar.”

He ignored my (mostly true) accusation. “That’s when she started reaching for my crotch.”

I laughed. “What did you do?”

“I panicked and jumped up. I didn’t want her grabbing my cock to find out that I was wearing a cock cage. That’s when I blurted out that I needed to ask my wife.”

I laughed at him again. “That’s fucking hilarious, Wayne. What was her reaction?”

“I didn’t give her a chance to react. I walked around the desk and went to the door and opened it and told her my office hours were over.”

“She left?”

“There were plenty of people in the hallway.”

“That’s almost too bad. In class you need to tell her I said yes and that I want to watch. We’ll have to set it up in a hotel room. Ask what nights are good for her. I’ll have Darlene babysit.” My cousin’s teenage daughter was always looking for extra cash.

Wayne goggled at me. “You’re not serious.”

I gave him my most serious look. “I am.”

“We can’t do this. I can’t fuck a student.”

I smiled. “Sure you can. We’ll even take off your cage before so she doesn’t know about your secret kink.”

“I can’t!”

“You can. I’ve read your employee handbook. The college senate never approved that resolution two years ago. Professors and students can have romantic and sexual relationships.” I paused. “You just can’t grade her based on how good she is in bed.”

Chapter Seven

I let Wayne take care of all the arrangements with Hannah. I was checking the texts they were sending back and forth and approved of them all.

He didn't tell her outright that I would be there in the hotel room with them. I thought that was best. If she left because her lover's wife was there watching, then she wasn't the right woman to bed my husband.

The hotel I chose was nice, neither too fancy or too sleazy. I didn't want this Hannah getting the wrong idea. Wayne and I talked out our plan—my plan—and he agreed to follow it unless I wanted to change directions.

I was even a good wife to him and bought condoms. It had been years since I had to do that. I liked the strange feeling it gave me.

We arrived first and Wayne texted the room number to Hannah. Then we waited nervously. It didn't take her long and we both jumped when she knocked on the door.

Curious, I looked through the peephole to get a fix on my pseudo-rival.

She was a pretty girl. Blonde hair that was dyed. She was wearing a dress that was form-fitting but not overly sexy. The fish eye lens distorted her appearance. She was alone.

I opened the door and grinned at her. "You must be Hannah."

Her jaw dropped. I extended my hand. Wayne hadn't told her I'd be there so her reaction wasn't unexpected. "I'm Nellie. I'm Wayne's wife."

"Oh."

She didn't freak out; that was good

"Is something the matter?" I asked her sweetly. I liked putting her on the hot seat.

“I think I might be in the wrong place,” she said nervously.

Wayne appeared behind me. “No. You’ve got the right room, Hannah.”

She was confused. I loved that expression on her pretty face. “Why don’t you come in and we’ll get down to business?” I suggested and stepped back, inviting her in.

Uncertain, Hannah stepped inside. “I wasn’t expecting to meet you at all.”

“Why?” I asked as innocently as I could manage. “You offered to fuck my husband alongside your friend. Why not include his wife?”

She had fair skin. When I spoke those words her face went bright red. I thought about comparisons to tomatoes.

Hannah looked nervously back and forth between me and Wayne and the window. It was a view of nothing. Just a building.

“It’s polite to start with a blowjob,” I told Hannah. “Why don’t you take off your clothes and suck Wayne’s cock?”

“Nellie!” Wayne protested.

“What?” Hannah blurted.

I grinned.

“Well, it’s what you came here for. If you do a good job, I’ll even let him fuck you.” I looked at her expectantly.

“It was the agreement, wasn’t it, Hannah?” Wayne prompted.

“I didn’t know I was going to be doing it in front of your wife!”

“I told you I needed her permission.” Wayne’s smile was more than a little eager. It was our sexy little secret that he liked being told what to do when it came to sex and if that could be forced on someone else, he was even happier.

“Yeah...but…”

We waited quietly.

Hannah nodded and spoke to herself. “Okay. I can do this. I need to do this.” She smiled unconvincingly. She walked up to Wayne with false confidence and started to go down on her knees.

“Stop right there,” I commanded her.

I liked it when she did stop. It made me feel powerful.

“What?” she asked nervously.

“Strip first,” I told her. “Like I said earlier.”

She winced. I wasn’t sure if she was trying to avoid undressing or if she was truly contrite about forgetting to undress. “Sorry.”

“Just strip.”

She nodded again and awkwardly reached around her back to unzip. I could have helped her, but I wanted her to struggle. Eventually she caught the dress’s zipper and she lowered it so she could shimmy out of the garment.

I quickly evaluated her body and immediately hated her, if for no other reason than she was at least fifteen years younger than me and hadn’t had two kids. Her body was borderline beautiful. Smallish tits hidden under a yellow bra that matched her panties. Panties, not a thong. I was impressed that she was wearing thigh-high stockings. That was sexy and I wished I had thought to do the same.

She carefully stepped out of her shoes and started to go down to her knees again.

No wonder she was failing Intro to Macroeconomics. She couldn’t follow simple directions.

“No! Undress. Strip! Take off your bra and panties.” Oddly, I wanted to see her completely naked. I had to compare her to me.

She looked at me like I had lost my mind. Like I was the one who was bargaining a little sex for a better grade in a simple college class.

“Are you serious?”

“Just like cancer. You’re going to need them off when he fucks you,” I said evenly.

She swallowed and blinked. Had she been hoping to give a blowjob and get an A? “Okay…”

Wayne and I watched as she pulled down the straps to her bra and nervously fiddled with it before pulling down the cups.

I saw right away that she was smaller than me. Probably Bs compared to my Cs. But hers were perkier, but then again, she didn’t have two kids. And she had her right fucking nipple pierced.

Right away I wanted to do the same thing. Fucking bitch. Light brown nipples fully erect. She was hot enough that I was considering fucking her.

I kept my face neutral but flicked my eyes down to her waist. She wasn’t as stupid as she was playing at. I watched as she slid down her panties and stepped out of them.

Of course her cunt was perfectly hair free. She had to wax. Bitch.

I nodded in approval and went over to Wayne, grabbing his belt and quickly helping him undress from the waist down. I sort of wished I had left Wayne’s cage on just to show her that I was the alpha bitch in the room. I had let Wayne take it off before we left the house. This was the longest he had been out of the cage in weeks.

Once she saw his cock, Hannah went right down on her knees and reached for it.

I was right. The girl was a slut.

That was admirable in a way.

I had my hand protectively on Wayne’s cock, but when I realized she was going to blow him, I handed him over, pulling my hand away from his cock.

Hannah smiled up at my husband while I watched. It was the second time in the

last month that he was going to get a blowjob while I watched.

I couldn’t remember the last time I blew Wayne.

I hoped he appreciated everything I did for him.

As I backed away, I noted that she had a tramp stamp. I managed to stifle my snort of derision. Of course she did. It was a multicolored butterfly on her lower back advertising who knows what exactly. It was pretty, but in a bland way. She was pretty, but in an unremarkable way.

When she finally started sucking him, I was less than impressed. Wayne was already hard, but he wasn’t the hardest I’d ever seen him. I’m sure the difference was important. She gave head like a stereotypical WASP college girl from the 1960s: terribly but with enough enthusiasm to keep her husband interested in her long enough to marry her.

I was glad that I didn’t have to worry about her being a better lover than me.

Maybe I was being too harsh. Maybe she was just depending on her attractive body to keep the interest of her lovers. Maybe she was just inexperienced. Maybe she was just terrible at what she did. Maybe she could be taught, but from what Wayne had said, she wasn’t a very good student.

Hannah was pretty, however. That was enough for me to watch her go at Wayne for a few minutes. The noises he made indicated that he liked what she was doing but I didn’t find it nearly as compelling as watching Gerry suck Wayne.

Eventually Wayne pushed her back from his cock. “You’re a good cocksucker, you know that?” he asked her, blatantly lying.

She wiped her lips and chin with the back of her hand and grinned with a confidence she hadn’t earned. “Thanks. Other guys have said that to me too.” Upon realizing what she had said, she blushed again—something that didn’t make her look prettier—and smiled with a shrug.

“I want to fuck you,” he told her.

“Okay.”

“Get on the bed,” he ordered.

I wanted to take charge and get involved, but I didn’t see any easy entrance into the little scene they were building, so I just went to the bag that Wayne and I had brought along. From it I took out the condoms and handed him one.

“Thanks.”

I watched as he rolled it on his cock. If Hannah had any manners she would have done that for him. When Wayne and I fucked for the first time I had put the condom on him. That’s not just romantic; it’s smart. That way I knew he had something on and wouldn’t be knocking me up or passing along diseases.

Hannah wasn’t that hip. Or maybe she was that cowed.

She was waiting for him on the bed. She looked vulnerable. That sort of turned me on. Except for her having just sucked Wayne’s cock...and the nipple ring...and the butterfly tattoo...and the shaved pussy...she looked almost sweet and innocent.

And then Wayne was on the bed pushing her down. I loved the panicked look in her eyes as he climbed on top of her and got between her legs. She pursed her lips—maybe for a kiss?—but Wayne ignored her face. He had his cock in hand and he was already exploring her slit, trying to find her opening.

I was about to move in next to them and take his cock and guide it into her pussy, when she suddenly gasped and he moved into her.

Maybe she had been dry. There hadn’t been much foreplay on my husband’s part. Sure, he had gotten his cock sucked, but had that done anything for her pretty pink pussy? Had she gotten wet enough?

Things were rough going at the beginning. The expression on Hannah’s face was more pain than pleasure. She was gritting her teeth and trying to get through it. I knew I had had that exact same expression on my face with more than a few clumsy lovers when I was her age, but Wayne knew what he was doing and after a minute they found their rhythm.

That relaxed me. For that first minute I had started to wonder if Hannah was a liar and a virgin. A girl who talked a good game, but had never done anything in

her life in bed with another person.

“Oh...yes...please...uh...more…” Hannah’s little cries of pleasure amused and aroused me more than watching Wayne use her.

“Make her cum first,” I instructed my husband. He already knew what I wanted but it didn’t hurt to remind her that I was still in the room with them.

“Yes dear,” he said dismissively.

I turned my gaze to Hannah. Her eyes were screwed tightly shut and I wondered if she was trying to keep out the world or if she was happily focused on her own pleasure.

“Can you come, girl?” I demanded in my most dominant tone.

Her eyes popped open. “Wha—? Uh...uh…” she panted, trying to concentrate. At least she wasn’t frigid. “Yeah...yeah...I can cum.”

“Then do it,” I said. “Make her cum.”

Watching them fuck was by different measures fun, annoying, arousing, and amusing.

It wasn’t anything special. Wayne stayed between her legs in the missionary position and she just laid there, moving little but making some sounds of pleasure. I knew that Wayne wasn’t going to last long—he hadn’t had a good cum in a week—so Hannah needed to climax and be done with it.

I wasn’t entirely sure the orgasm she gave voice to was faked or not, but it was convincing enough from my perspective.

“Finish up, Wayne,” I said sharply. “Give the girl what we agreed on.”

He looked at me with alarm on his face. I glared at him. We had agreed and I was going to hold him to his word...or punish him. Both appealed to me.

My wonderful husband obeyed my wishes. He abruptly pulled out of Hannah’s pussy and levered himself off her body.

“What?” she asked, confused as to what was happening.

I continued to watch as Wayne struggled for a minute to pull off the condom. Hannah just stared in surprise. A second later he moved on the bed to shove his cock in her face.

Just as she was about to open her lips and give him another blowjob, he pumped his cock with his hand a couple of times before he came on her face.

She cried out in protest. He grabbed her long fake blonde hair with his free hand and prevented her from moving as he continued to cum on her forehead, cheeks, and nose. She was smart enough to keep her eyes closed, but not so smart that she didn’t try to wipe it away immediately.

That was stupid. She made a mess of her face and makeup and all but glued her eyelids shut.

“What the fuck!” she protested.

“That’s how I like to cum,” Wayne explained. It wasn’t exactly a lie, but it wasn’t the truth either.

It did turn me on, however.

To Be Continued

Preview

Steel Banana: Perfectly Average 1

“You can’t be fucking serious.”

I looked at Jessica. My stomach was already tight because I was so nervous but I pressed on anyway because there was no reason to waste time on a relationship that had no future.

“I told you I was serious. Now it’s your turn.” I waited expectantly.

She looked down at the object I had placed on the table. Maybe it wasn’t a conscious choice, but she had hidden her hands under the table so she wouldn’t be tempted to touch it.

I knew I was dumping a lot on her, but what was she expecting? We were six weeks into a fairly intense relationship and if she wasn’t going to participate in my kink then I wasn’t going to waste any more of my time on her.

The cock cage on the table between us was expensive. For the amount of money I had spent on it, it wouldn’t be a stretch to consider it a work of art. I had often wondered how much time Michelangelo had spent on sculpting David’s small, soft cock in his famous statue. It was probably less time than had been spent on the surgical steel containment device.

“I don’t think I can touch that,” she said finally.

Disappointed, I looked at her face. Her eyes were wide open and projecting shock. My eyes were drawn to the little birthmark on her right cheek. It was an imperfection that was both sexy and intriguing to me.

With a sigh, I stood up. We were in her apartment. I had given her the I think we need to talk about our relationship line to get the conversation started.

She had been nervous. I don’t think that telling her about my kink had helped.

Nor had demanding that I know what her kinks were.

“Then I don’t think we’re going to be able to continue on,” I said. “I knew I was into this since I was like...I don’t know...sixteen? Eighteen? I want you to be completely in charge of my cock and if you aren’t willing to do that...let’s just part as friends, okay?”

I picked up the cage from the table and started to make my way out of the place.

“Anal!” she suddenly blurted out.

I stopped in my tracks.

“Excuse me?”

“Anal,” she said. “I love anal sex.”

“We haven’t had anal sex.”

“I know...I’ve been trying to stop...and maybe if you are wearing that cage...maybe I can stop.”

Though I had stopped walking away, I now froze completely. I just wanted Jessica to be my keyholder. Now she was talking about keeping me inside the cage just because she didn’t want to have anal sex?

“We’ve never had anal,” I repeated, mostly for myself because I was confused.

“I know. And I want to keep it that way.”

“Most women don’t have anal sex,” I said, though that seemed self-evident.

She grimaced in a way that was somewhere between embarrassment and pain. “Yeah. I do. I did. I don’t want to do it any longer.”

“Well...that seems like a simple request.” I’d done anal with other girlfriends. It was a nice change of pace from the usual vaginal and oral, but it had to be the right circumstances to make it worth the effort.

“Have you worn that thing before?” she asked me.

I looked down at the cage in my hand. “Yeah. I have. With a couple of girlfriends.” I didn’t go into detail. She didn’t want to hear more than that I was sure.

“If you wear it, we won’t have anal sex, right?”

“If I’m wearing it and you’re my keyholder, I won’t be having sex at all. You can still have sex.”

She looked blankly at me. “What? You think I’ll be fucking other men?”

My heart skipped a beat and I found myself thinking If only! But that was a step too far right now. “No. No...of course not,” I lied. I sort of lied. Wanting her to do it wasn’t the same as demanding that she do it. “I mean we can have oral and manual sex. That’s sex.”

“Manual?”

I had already partially fried her brain so it wasn’t a question out of nowhere. In response, I held up my hand. “Fingers. I can make you cum from manual manipulation of...of whatever you want.”

“Oh.”

The curiosity was killing me. Maybe I’m part cat. “Why don’t you want to have anal? And I’m going to point out that I wanted to know what kink you like to do. Not one you don’t like to do.”

“I love anal,” she said with more enthusiasm than I ever would have guessed.

“Ookaayy…” I carefully approached the table and sat down. In the back of my head I was hearing my college roommate’s advice, Never stick your dick in crazy! Never stick your dick in crazy! This happened after he had been dating Juliana, a particularly hot girl who wound up spray painting his car bright pink because he talked to another girl in his chemistry lab. But it was the best sex of my life!

I often wondered what happened to Mark after college.

“If you love anal, why don’t you want to do it?” Jess hadn’t struck me as

particularly religious or uptight about sex or anything, but maybe this was the first red flag that I was seeing.

“I love anal,” she repeated, her eyes getting a dreamy look. “When I have anal, I have the best orgasms. The best. Ever. Nothing else compares.”

I felt a little emasculated. Sex with Jess had been fun and wild and I thought rather great. But she was saying the best orgasms she had were from anal.

I hadn’t even put a finger up her ass.

“So sex with me has been...adequate and now you want to avoid having better sex,” I said carefully.

“No...I just want to stop having anal,” she tried to explain, but she was lacking in her actual explanation.

“Why?” I especially wanted to know why because, as much as I liked Jessica, I didn’t want to be the only man she had sex with who didn’t get to have anal with her.

Of course, if I was wearing my chastity cage, she wouldn’t be having sex at all.

Except manual or oral.

With me.

If she wanted vaginal—or anal—she’d have to go elsewhere for it.

I was hoping she wanted to go elsewhere...and let me watch.

But first steps.

“Why what?” she replied.

“Why don’t you want to have anal sex if it’s what you really like?” I asked her.

“I could ask you the same thing.”

“I’ve never been fucked in the ass,” I said quickly, though I realized right away that was the wrong thing to say since she apparently loved it. “Not that there’s

anything wrong with liking anal. I've only ever done it a few times." I kept the details vague. Two women, Josie and Mandy. Josie wanted to try it because her gay best friend said she had to. Getting out of that relationship was easy. Mandy and I did it three times; each time she was completely drunk.

"Well...it's a lot of fucking work and...and it's disruptive."

"How so?"

She sighed. "I'm not meant to have a cock up my ass. No one is."

"Yeah, but you like it. You said you like it."

"I like it at the moment...but then the next day it's not so great. There are a lot of complications afterwards."

"Oh. You mean santorum and pain."

"Not pain. Mostly soreness. But it's messy too."

"Right.Well. I don't see much of a problem here. Do you?"

Jessica held her face between her hands, elbows on the table, wondering what the fuck she had gotten herself into. "I guess not."

"Great. So you'll agree to be my keyholder and I agree not to fuck you in the ass?"

"Sure. Why the fuck not?"

We celebrated by doing exactly what we shouldn't have been doing.

We each had a shot of tequila to start things off. That was a bad decision.

I showed her how the chastity cage worked.

"Why is it called a chastity belt?" she asked. "It's not really a belt. It's more like a hollow steel banana."

“It’s not called a chastity belt. Those are made-up things from the Victorian Era. No one every actually wore one.”

“Oh. Okay.” She took another shot of tequila. That was probably a good idea now that I couldn’t think straight. “So why do you like wearing this?”

I had disassembled the cage. It was sitting on the bed between us. It’s really just a few pieces. The main part was a curved solid metal shaft with the end for my head an elaborate pattern of bars left open end so I could pee. The base ring that goes behind my balls to hold the whole thing in place. The lock and key on top to keep me locked up. There are a couple of spacers that are permanently affixed to it because it was sized exactly for me. That’s it.

“I don’t know. I just like the emotional feeling of having someone else in charge of my cock. Probably because I had a fucked-up childhood.” I didn’t want to get into that now. Let’s just say my parents divorced when I was young. They both had multiple marriages after they divorced each other. Multiple affairs that I knew about which meant there had to be multiple affairs that I didn’t know about. I had witnessed, accidentally, more sex in real life than any teenager should see before, after or during the apogee of internet porn.

“Do you want to tell me details—?”

“Nope,” I cut her off quickly and took my second shot of tequila to wash away the memories. “But once I started wearing cock cages, I started liking the feeling of them on my junk.”

“Okay,” she agreed. “I think I’m drunk enough now to put it on you.”

“Great!” We were both a little drunker than we realized. There was a lot of fumbling around as I showed her what to do. I took off my pants and underwear but left on my shirt. The trick was to get the base ring in place without pinching any skin and then slide the shaft on without getting too bent.

“Now I know why you shave your balls and trim your pubes,” she commented. Apparently I was the first guy she had ever been with who shaved his balls. What type of sheltered love life had she been living?

“You shave your pussy,” I pointed out.

“I leave a landing strip. And it’s so I don’t have curlies hanging out when I wear a swimsuit. Or a thong.”

“I’m going to point out I find your landing strip sexy.”

“Thank you.” She had been manipulating the lock and key and once she figured it out she let out a little cry of triumph and displayed the key to me. I smiled at her. My cock, despite years of training in private, tried to get hard, but naturally I couldn’t since it was surrounded by unyielding metal.

Grabbing my armored junk she shook it back and forth a little. “I’m in charge of your little dick now,” she crowed.

“It’s not little,” I complained to her. “I’m perfectly average. Five inches long is perfectly average.”

She sniffed a little. “Don’t I know it. You, Michael my dear boyfriend, are perfectly average. Five inch dick. Five foot nine. Brown hair. Average looks.”

“Average looks?” I protested, but she went on.

“Medium build. Average weight. I bet you even have an average shoe size.”

“I wouldn’t know.”

“I can look it up.”

“I’d rather try out the second half of our agreement.”

“What second half?”

“I go into chastity. You hold my key. I don’t fuck you in the ass, but I do oral and manual on you.”

She brightened and took another shot, this time directly from the bottle. “That’s right. Let’s see if your average tongue lives up to your average cock.” She started struggling out of her jeans, flopping around on the bed. “Can you make me cum just with your mouth?”

“And fingers,” I added.

“Right. And fingers.” She managed to get her jeans off without too much trouble. Her panties were askew on her hips. They were bright blue with a thick white elastic waistband, high cut, but not a thong. Jess flopped back on her pillow and spread open her legs which actually prevented me from pulling off her panties. The top edge of her pubic hair was just barely visible from how they were partially pulled down.

Pushing her knees together with my hands I moved up her body and kissed her. “You can’t fuck me if my knees are together,” she told me.

“I can’t fuck you if I’m wearing a chastity cage,” I reminded her.

“Oh. Right.” She giggled. She was drunk. So was I. A little. At least I didn’t have to worry about whiskey dick. Pulling down her panties for her, I exposed her pussy and this time when she opened up her thighs she displayed her pretty little pussy to me. Her labia were already dark pink. I could see a bit of wetness on her protruding lips. I wanted to dive in right away and start feasting, but she sat up and started struggling with her shirt and bra. It was more like a camisole than a bra because Jess had small tits.

I liked small tits on women.

Click here to continue reading Steel Banana: Perfectly Average 1 on Smashwords

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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub