
An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity
You're Doing It Wrong 1:
AWRY
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


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An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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You’re Doing It Wrong 1: An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

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Chapter One

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

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

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

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

Needless to say, I was puzzled.

“I don’t get it.”

“That’s only half of it,” he said.

“Okay…”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s not a dildo,” he told me.

“I guess I’m glad to hear that.”

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

It should have been our time to have sex.

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

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

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

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

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

I could see the appeal in that.

“Okay, I get that. But...why?”

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

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

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

“No,” he fired back just as vehemently.

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

I hadn’t.

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes.”

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

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

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

“Something?” I asked.

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

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

“We’re not most people.”

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

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

Or...we could try his chastity game.

That would be more fun and cheaper.

Probably.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This was solved by what Wayne called the stocking trick.

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

To see his cock inside the metal cage was disquieting. And hot. It was fucking erotic. I had to admit it. I felt something special when he handed the pair of keys over to me. It was such a feeling that I could describe correctly. I felt like I had just conquered the universe and I felt like I had suddenly been burdened with such a responsibility that I wanted to run away to Tahiti and change my name.

"Okay, so now what?" I said. Wayne was standing in front of me while I sat on

the edge of the bed. He was naked from the waist down. Well, naked except for his steel cage.

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

“Me?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

But he was right.

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

Now Wayne’s eyes went wide. “Uh…”

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

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

“Night time erections,” he said.

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

“Uh...it’ll be painful.”

“I bet,” I agreed.

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

“I am?” I asked sweetly, innocently.

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

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

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

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

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

I think.

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

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

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

Research is reading.

Chapter Two

I was floored by the amount of material I found online about male chastity. Most of it was wanking material, but there was a decent amount of semi-scholarly research. There were also many websites that were set up for those in the chastity lifestyle to brag about how long they had been locked up (most of them were lying), or to ask advice on every aspect of male chastity.

It didn't take me long to figure out maybe half the men playing this fun and dangerous game were gay.

I liked that.

Speaking as a social worker I knew that gay men were more likely to experiment with all sorts of cutting edge things, from sex to fashion to jobs to literally everything. Maybe Wayne was more open to new things than I gave him credit for.

Or maybe this was just a kink of his that he and I would have to live with.

And maybe enjoy.

Wayne made it through that first night alive. He said it was the worst night's sleep he had ever had. He said he kept getting woken up by his cock getting hard. That was fair enough and totally expected.

The first thing he asked was for me to take the cage off so he could pee.

"No."

"What? Why not?"

I pointed at his cock and cage. His head, while not fully exposed, was mostly visible through the bars at the end of the tube. "It's obviously designed to be peed through. Try it out. Besides, how are you going to get through the day if you can't pee with it on."

He looked at me a moment, processing what I had said.

“You’re going to make me wear this all day?”

I glared at him. “Isn’t that the idea?”

Maybe he hadn’t expected to plunge in with both feet so deeply, but I was going to push him because I wanted to. Because I could.

“Fine,” he relented, his bladder getting the best of him.

He went into the bathroom. I didn’t accompany him but everything worked out fine because he came out a minute later after flushing the toilet.

“You need to take this off,” he complained again.

“We already discussed that.”

“I need to take a shower. I don’t want to ruin the lock and I don’t want my dick smelling gross. The lock’s not waterproof.”

Those were all legitimate and valid arguments.

I had done my reading the night before. Removal of the cage was allowable for hygiene.

“Fine,” I relented. “But I’m going to monitor your shower.”

We had been sleeping in the same bed; that hadn’t changed in our marriage yet. Full pajamas for the both of us. I realized that until last night, I hadn’t really seen my husband’s cock in weeks, if not months.

As he stripped, I went to my purse and found the keys. Back in the bathroom I went through the process of unlocking his cock. It was an intimate moment that we shared, releasing him. We hadn’t had many intimate moments over the past year. Of course, it was very odd at the same time since I was sitting on the toilet lid doing it.

When I slipped off the metal tube, the retaining ring fell free with a loud metallic clunk on the tiled floor. Almost immediately Wayne’s cock started getting hard.

As he started to rise, Wayne’s hand drifted too close to his cock for my comfort.

I was becoming a controlling bitch when it came to his cock. I liked that feeling. It made me feel important. Before he could grab himself, I slapped his hand away.

“None of that,” I warned him.

“Fuck! You’re taking this really seriously, aren’t you?” he commented as he turned on the water in the shower.

“Yes. And make this shower quick too, the kids will be waking up soon. Keep the water cold. I don’t want you getting any ideas in there.”

As it turned out, our bathroom was perfect for this sort of monitoring of forbidden activity in the shower. We had purchased the house right before baby number one was born. The master bath had been overly planned by the contractor. We had a separate shower and bathtub with water jets. Huge double sinks on the long counter. All the unnecessary bells and whistles.

The upshot being that the shower area was a triangular space separated from the rest of the bathroom by a glass door.

I kept an eye on Wayne as he showered. I think he liked me watching him. Wayne isn’t a professional athlete or anything like that, but he did break the mold of the purely cerebral professor. He was active in the university’s faculty and staff racquetball league (which he called a holdover from the 1970s) as well as being the sort of man who went running three times a week.

So, no athlete, but still in great shape for a man who had already passed forty years.

Sometimes I felt bad that I wasn’t nearly as active and exercise-centered as he was, but he didn’t complain about my body so I was letting it go.

The average woman can’t have two kids and just bounce back to the body she had at eighteen.

Besides, I got plenty of attention from other men. It was my ass. It wasn’t that big, but it was big enough to attract the right sort of looks that I liked.

Because I insisted on cool water for his shower, Wayne was in and out in record

time which only added to my suspicions that he was surreptitiously jerking off in the shower when I wasn't there.

It looks like I had put a stop to that.

Once he was showered and dried we went back to the bedroom where we repeated the stocking trick on his cock again, getting it back into his cage, nice and safe. On top of everything else, the next step of strangeness was Wayne putting on an athletic supporter. He only did that at the gym when he was playing racquetball.

"Why?" I asked.

"You can't feel the weight of it," he explained calmly. "Boxer briefs aren't going to be enough for me to keep the cage in position."

I accepted that as a valid reason.

I had read lots of threads on the discussion board I had perused the previous night. Besides the practical discussions, the one that had fascinated me the most was the very frank conversations of penis size. In contrast to just about everywhere else on the internet, most of the men were bragging about how small they were. Or how it was their goal to get down to a one inch cock. Or how over the course of their chastity they had gotten smaller.

In my experience men bragged—and lied outright—about the size of their equipment. Usually adding several unrealistic inches. As if it mattered.

And not that it mattered, but Wayne was a little bigger than the average man. I'm not saying I was a slut back in college, but I was more than familiar with the ceilings of many of the dorm rooms on campus. I was a fan of missionary. What I'm saying is that I knew what was small, average, and large.

The biggest guy I was ever with just wanted me to go down on my knees and worship his cock. He liked blowjobs. When I asked him why, he said having a big cock made him feel like a god. He was big. I liked giving blowjobs. When he was fully erect, I could wrap both of my, admittedly smallish, hands around his length.

The problem was when he finally fucked me, it fucking hurt, even with lots of

warming up. Obviously we didn't stay together and I didn't tell him the reason, but I didn't want to be fucked by the monster cock for the rest of my life.

Wayne was well within the average range. More than big enough for me. He could stretch me when I wanted it and having his average cock was perfect.

I've also had a few boyfriends with small cocks. One was completely obsessed with how he compared to other men. I told him he was just average. That was the reason we broke up. I've had a nine incher that was thick, I preferred six and adequate. He was, at best, three and a half inches and in my hornier moments I'd contemplated using magic markers that were thicker than he was. I wasn't trying to shame him, but he needed to be realistic.

Oddly, a lot of the men on the chastity message boards would have been thrilled to have Gary's less than stellar measurements.

Anyway, it occurred to me that maybe after a few months in chastity, Wayne would find his above average cock shrinking. That intrigued me.

Some of the men I had been reading liked being shamed about how inadequate their small cocks were. Obvious humiliation kink. I wondered if Wayne was into that.

Other than putting a piece of equipment on my husband's equipment that first day in our new adventure in marriage was much the same as any other. Wake. Shower. Dress. Get the kids up. Breakfast. Deliver the kids to school. Go to work.

I was sitting at my desk contemplating my first client of the day when I suddenly remembered that I had caged my husband's cock that morning.

I wanted to see it.

Luckily, we lived in technologically advanced times and I could if I wanted.

He was at the university campus. I wasn't sure of his teaching schedule, but it didn't take up his entire day. He had free time.

Just thinking about what I was doing to him made my panties wet. I should have worn something more absorbent, but that couldn't be helped in the moment.

Glazing at the clock, I realized I had time. I sent Wayne a text message.

Send me a pic of your cock

I couldn't remember the last time I had sexted my husband.

Had I ever sexted my husband?

While I waited for a response, I brought up one of the chastity sites that I had found the most useful the night before. The nice thing about being independently employed is I can bring up any website at work.

I'm not saying I perused porn sites in my free time, but I had that opportunity. More importantly, I didn't have any firewalls to deal with.

The Key and Cage site was my favorite. I had started scrolling through bragging pictures of caged cocks when Wayne finally replied to me.

What? Why?

I grinned and sent back an immediate response.

Because I need to make sure you're still caged

Pullout is a real danger

I'm just being a good keyholder

That was the label for me. I wasn't just Wayne's wife. I was his keyholder. I was in charge of his cock and his sex life.

My panties got wetter.

I didn't like his reply.

Don't be ridiculous

Frowning, I sent my reply.

How long do you want to wear that cage before you get to cum again?

I didn’t tell or imply to him that he would get to have sex, but that he could cum. I was being a controlling bitch.

I liked it.

I waited a few minutes. I was getting anxious now. I wanted to see his caged cock before my first client of the day showed up.

I didn’t cajole or harass or threaten. I was a good wife and keyholder. I was sorely disappointed when Ayden, my troubled teenager with too many anxiety issues showed up in the shared waiting room of my office. As I was ushering him in, my phone buzzed with a message alert.

I ignored it.

“So, Ayden, tell me how you’re been this past week.” I smiled as Ayden collapsed on the battered couch all my teenaged clients wanted to sit on because they could disappear into it. Ayden glared sullenly at me a minute while I waited.

Being a social worker you learn to be patient or you find a new job.

My phone buzzed with a second message alert.

Since Ayden wasn’t being cooperative, I checked my message. We were facing each other, Ayden and I, so I knew he couldn’t see my screen.

Wayne had sent me two pictures of his cock. One straight down his pants and the other in a bathroom mirror. I recognized the shade of Wayne’s pubic hair and the cage that I had become familiar with over the past twenty four hours.

I smiled.

“Am I too unimportant for you?” Ayden all but growled at me.

I put my phone away and looked at him. “Of course not. I was just getting a message from my husband. He only texts me when there’s something important going on, but we’re in session now, so let me turn off my phone.”

And I did. I put it in my drawer and talked with Ayden for an hour.

I’m sure the wait killed Wayne.

Once I got Ayden talking, I couldn’t shut him up. He talked the entire hour nonstop. That’s good, but also a pain in the ass, which meant he was like most kids. He just had more troubles than most.

I had to cut him off at the hour mark otherwise he’d get too worked up. Once I got Ayden out the door, I checked my phone. Wayne had sent me several more messages.

Well?

Come on, hon. Don’t make me wait. Please…

Are you with a client?

How long?

It was a head trip to feel this sort of power, but I tried not to let it get out of control. I sent him a simple message.

Busy at work. You’ll wear it all day. Maybe I’ll take it off tonight.

I then put my phone down and concentrated at work.

It was really for the best.

Chapter Three

I don’t want to tell people never to have kids, but no matter what people think, they’re a hundred times more work than anticipated. And for the people out there who are already messed up in the head, having a child isn’t going to make either party better off.

That being said, getting our two kids to bed at a reasonable hour had always been difficult. Tonight, however, Wayne was much more attentive to the kids’ needs. Everything went smoothly.

More or less.

I knew it was because he was wearing the cage around his cock. We didn’t discuss it outright, but we both knew. That was the wonderful part of it. I wasn’t controlling him as much as he was working to please me for our mutual benefit.

Once the kids were in their rooms, we went to ours and locked the door.

I didn’t say a word. I fished the key out from my cleavage. Not that I have a huge amount, but the only decent necklace I could find in my collection that was sturdy enough to hold Wayne’s key was rather long. That worked out to our benefit because I could hide the key inside my shirt and between my breasts and no one would know.

Seeing me pull out the key, Wayne’s eyes lit up and he yanked off his shirt. A second later his pants were down around his ankles along with his underwear and the athletic supporter. His steel-encased cock was dangling in the usual location, but I had to admit that it looked a hundred times sexier than ever before.

I sort of didn’t want to release it. And at the same time, I wanted it more than ever.

Oh the irony.

He had done all that before I could take two steps across the bedroom.

“Eager, are you?” I asked.

“It’s killing me!”

“Not literally,” I said, bending forward to visually inspect his cock. He wasn’t hard, but he was swelling, filling up the tube. We both knew where this was going and I wanted to savor the anticipation.

I looked up at him from my bent over position wishing I had bigger tits so that he could look down and admire my cleavage.

“Are you going to take it off me?” he asked desperately.

“Yeah...probably.” I reached out and ran my finger down the top of the tube, following the downward curve. The metal was warm. I could feel him twitching under the steel.

We had barely said or done anything and my pussy was sopping wet. I could feel my own heat and I wanted to fuck my husband for the first time in so long that I couldn’t remember if I had ever wanted to fuck him this badly.

“Probably?!” he burst out in a panicked tone.

I laughed at him, teasing. “Probably yes. I’ve just never done this before.””

Please take it off. I’ll do whatever you want!”

The sound of his begging was half exactly what I wanted to hear and half pathetic.

“Whatever I want?” I clarified, standing up, the key still in my hand, but I broke off all contact with his caged cock.

We locked eyes. I had him in the palm of my hand and we were both worried for that.

He hesitated and then gave in. “Yes. Whatever you want.”

It was a stupid thing to give in to me, but I wasn’t a cruel wife. I mean, I could have been, but I wanted to fuck as desperately as he wanted.

I didn’t know what to do with the power that he had given me...other than I wanted his cock to fill me up and fuck me silly.

“Okay,” I happily relented. “But you have to do exactly what I say.”

He nodded eagerly.

I reached out and gripped the curved tube to keep control over him while I opened the lock. I squeezed as hard as I could. I wasn’t hurting him. I was too weak to affect the metal, but it made me feel powerful.

Looking closely I saw that his cock was turning purple. He was obviously eager to get out of the trap he had placed himself in. I turned the lock and removed it.

Getting the tube off his cock was a bit of a struggle. He was trying to get hard and that made the process a bit painful for him, but it couldn’t have been any more painful than keeping the cage on. Eventually I just had to pull and he suffered through the process.The inside of the cage was smooth so it couldn’t have been that bad. Or maybe it was. I don’t know, but eventually I slid the tube off him and he quickly moved to open the hinge of the retaining ring.

We both watched for the few seconds it took his cock to fully engorge. I’d be lying if I said I had never seen him so big before. Like I said, Wayne was just slightly above average when it came to cock size, but when I went down on my knees in front of him, it looked like he was a monster among men.

I held onto the base and licked him from balls to tip. He was already leaking precum and the slippery fluid seemed to coat my mouth.

I know what some people might think, if I was in charge, why was I giving him head? A perfectly reasonable question. First, I like to give head. It excites me, not that I needed much excitement at that moment. I knew that Wayne would appreciate it, me showing attention to his previously trapped cock. The most important part was that, even though I was on my knees in front of my husband performing an intimate sexual act on him, I was the one still in charge. His cock was in my hands. It would be easy to abuse his balls and make him drop the ground. I could have bitten or otherwise attacked his cock, his most vulnerable bit of anatomy. He wasn’t in charge. I was.

“Oh...fuck,” he moaned.

I backed off immediately. I was well-familiar with my husband and I didn’t want him cumming too soon.

“You aren’t going to cum, are you?” I demanded of him.

He violently shook his head. “No. No! Of course not! It just feels good. You haven’t done that in a long time.”

I smiled and got off my knees. I was already barefoot, which put me a good six inches shorter than him. I went up on my toes, pressed my clothed body against his naked one, forcing his cock to bend upward against his abdomen. We kissed briefly.

“I want you to fuck me,” I told him.

“I can do that.”

“Don’t you dare cum until I say so.”

“Yes ma’am,” he said almost mockingly.

I gave him a warning glare.

“I won’t,” he clarified.

I nodded and took a step back. I could have forced him to undress me, but that’s more effort than it’s worth. I didn’t hurry, but I didn’t dawdle either. Unbutton the blouse, pull it over my head, probably messing up my short and practical haircut, but whatever. Pull the bra straps down over the shoulders, exposing my nipples.

Wayne stared at them like he had never seen them before.

I liked that.

There were more elegant ways to escape my bra, but I pulled the band up over my head and took it off like a shirt. From there I unzipped my pants and shimmied out of them pulling my underwear down in the same motion. They wanted to stick to my hot and wet pussy. I could feel the smooth satin material pulling on my hidden lips for just a second before I was as naked as Wayne.

Once I kicked aside my clothing, Wayne reached for me.

I held up a warning hand.

“No. I want to get on the bed first.”

I didn’t take everything I had read on the Key and Cage site to heart, but I did believe that I needed to maintain a degree of control and authority over my now chastised husband. I had given him a kiss. That was the only kiss he was going to get tonight. We would fuck—a biological function—but kissing—a romantic function—wasn’t going to happen tonight.

I crawled on the bed on my hands and knees. I stayed right on the edge of the mattress. If I wanted him on the bed with me I would have moved further forward.

Too many women think doggy style is humiliating. The psychological perspective of sex positions is largely in one’s head. There are lots of cultural controls as well, but I liked the way doggy felt to me. I loved being fucked hard. It was easy for me to play with my clit in that position if I couldn’t cum from penetration alone.

I looked over my shoulder at Wayne who was expecting me to move forward. “What are you waiting for?” I asked him. “Put it in and fuck me.”

He stared blankly a moment and realized it was time to get down to business.

Wayne stood on the floor, got right behind me, cock in hand, and aimed it as my pussy.

It took him just a moment of seeking to find my entrance. Maybe we hadn’t had sex in a while, but it’s like riding a bicycle. He knew my body well enough.

Maybe he was worried about me not being wet enough. Normally we used some lube or he went down on me for a while. Not tonight. I was already soaking wet and hot. As soon as he found my opening he pushed in all the way. There was no resistance.

We both moaned as he filled me up. I felt his body press up against my ass signifying he was all the way in.

“Holy shit,” he breathed.

“You aren’t going to cum, are you?” I demanded. As good as it felt, I was nowhere near orgasm yet. I needed to cum much more than he did.

“Not until you do,” he said quickly. Obviously he hadn’t lost control yet.

“Then fuck me,” I ordered. “Make me cum.”

I was making it entirely incumbent on him to make me cum.

Wayne grabbed my hips and started fucking me hard and fast, the way I liked. He slammed into my ass. I could feel my flesh roll with each impact. It sounded like he was slapping me.

It felt wonderful.

I leaned all the way forward, stretching out my arms, keeping my ass in the air, letting him do all the work.

I was torn between rubbing my clit and seeing how far Wayne could get me to orgasm.

As it turned out, I was hornier than I had given myself credit for. I didn’t need my hand. All I needed was Wayne’s big, hard cock in my pussy and his hands on my ass.

I came harder than I had in a long, long time. My body shook and I made noises that were positively inhuman.

I loved it.

By the time it had completely abated, I was spent.

“Want me to keep going?” Wayne asked.

I shook my head and mumbled into the bed sheets, “No. Pull out and cum on my ass.”

I had never told him to do that before. I had prepared the little speech before we had sex. I wanted to see if I could make him do it. If he was willing to submit to my control.

He was. He pulled out of my pussy, a sensation that I truly regretted, and then I heard the soft sounds of masturbation.

I looked over my shoulder just in time to see his cock in hand before he shot his load all over my ass and back.

There was a huge amount of cum. I had never seen so much before in my life.

It was perfect.

Craning my neck to look over my shoulder, I observed the gift he had left me.

“You made a mess,” I observed.

“Fuck yeah I did,” he breathed heavily.

“You need to clean it up.”

Wayne nodded and didn’t move. His knees were braced against the bed frame and he had one hand on my hip. The other he had at the base of his cock. As I watched, a thick drip of his cum slowly descended from his manhood to land on my thigh.

“Well?” I prompted him.

Once more I got a nod from him but no movement. I was about to ask a third time and then maybe kick him into gear with a kick—maybe to his balls—but Wayne stumbled back from the bed and headed to our bathroom.

He came back a minute later with a warm, wet washcloth. He proceeded to clean up his mess. I would have been happy to have taken a shower to solve the problem, but it wasn’t about the mess.

It was about me controlling his cock.

When he was done cleaning me, I rolled over and let him look at my naked body. I could feel his eyes on my tits and my pussy. My legs were together so he couldn’t see all that much, just my little landing strip. Yes, keeping my pubes maintained in a landing strip wasn’t exactly the best use of my time, but when I was back in high school I had stupidly not shaved when going to a pool party

and while I wasn't displaying a carpet to my friends, more than a few curls were showing out of the bottom of my modest swimsuit. I was so mortified I went to the bathroom, got lucky and found someone's disposable razor and shaved the offending curls.

I never went back. I liked my little strip. It was sexy then and sexy now.

"All done," he said with a flourish.

"Good. Now go clean yourself up in the bathroom."

It felt nice to get fucked and not have to do all the cleanup myself.

Unfortunately I wasn't done with all my responsibilities yet.

Wayne returned from the bathroom a few minutes later. I made a mental note that he'd have to start shaving his pubes. I'll happily admit it: I had seen more than a few pictures on Key and Cage and I preferred the men who didn't have any visible pubic hair.

I shaved so he could as well.

"Ready for bed?" he asked as he approached me.

"Yes. You aren't though."

He paused as he was about to slip between the sheets next to me.

"Why?"

I had retrieved his cage from the floor where I had placed it when I released him. Maybe he saw it on the nightstand next to me, and maybe he was ignoring it. Or maybe he was that clueless.

"Why?" I replied. "I need to put your cage back on."

"Uhh...I just came," he pointed out. "There's no danger of me getting myself off in the middle of the night or anything like that."

"Wayne, you're missing the point. The point is I get to control your cock. You need to wear the cage whenever I want you to wear the cage. You need to wear it

tonight.”

“But…”

I wanted to hear him say that he didn’t want to wear it. I was going to push the argument as far as possible.

“But what?” I prompted him.

“I just wasn’t anticipating that.”

“You’ll do it for me then?” I asked, picking up the shiny steel device and displaying it on my palm for him.

He sighed. “Yes.”

I had a little more self control than a teenaged girl and I didn’t bounce up and down on the bed while clapping my hands, but it was a struggle to keep myself under control.

We still needed to use the stocking to put him back in his place, but everything went much smoother this time around.

I curled up next to Wayne and placed my hand on top of his hard cage. I liked the feeling it gave me inside.

“I love this,” I told him.

“I’m...I’m glad that you do,” he said nervously. “I wasn’t expecting you to be so happy with it.”

“We never know what we want until we have it, do we?”

Chapter Four

The next day we re-established what was our new routine. Time out of his cage for showering, but only under close observation on my part. I actually joined him in the shower for a few minutes. I soaped up his cock and jerked him off, but I didn't allow him to cum.

I then told him to get down on his knees and eat my pussy. We hadn't done that in the shower in years. He made me cum. Unfortunately for him, we were running out of hot water at that point.

It was fine. I rinsed off just in time and he had to finish with a cold shower. That was a good thing. Putting his cock back into the cage was easier when he was so small. I used plenty of lotion on him, making sure little Wayne was well moisturized. We barely needed the stocking that morning.

I got to my office in plenty of time for work, but I didn't work. I went right on the Key and Cage website.

I had to brag.

I loved the title of the post I created. Caged my husband for the first time. We've had sex more in the past two days than in the previous six months!

Yes it was childish bragging and I was a neophyte to the kink and the site, but I didn't give a shit. Why not have a little anonymous fun?

I should have prepared myself for some of the vehement comments I received. Mostly they centered around two things. First, they liked to say to me, "You're doing it wrong!" Second, they majority opinion was that if my husband was in chastity I shouldn't be having sex with him at all. Or maybe once a month, at most. And I should have a lover who could properly take care of my needs.

Although it shouldn't have, it threw me for a loop. I was reading the comments in between seeing clients and I didn't know what to think. I was a mess. I was starting to lose focus on my job and I was starting to question everything I had done and all the fun I had been having.

People can be such assholes.

Then I got a single comment that made me rethink everything.

Don’t listen to what you’re reading here. Chastity is different for everyone. It sounds like your husband going into chastity has restarted your sexual relationship the way the both of you want. Congratulations! You go, girl!

That made me feel a little bit better. I was amused to read the username of the poster. GayChasteLuvingIt. That was much better than my semi-anonymous NellyHellyCage.

I should have been smarter and not used my nickname as part of my username, but I figured it would be next to impossible to track me down.

Right?

Knowing exactly what is good for the human psyche, I sent a message directly to GayChasteLuvingIt.

Thanks for your comment. I was starting to feel personally attacked.

I was surprised that he sent back a reply just a few minutes later.

Don’t mention it, Nelly. Half the people here are fakes anyway, just writing up stories to jerk off to later. If you and your husband are happy, then you’re doing it right. Do you mind if I ask you a question? Not that you can really stop me. Are you male or female or do you identify otherwise?

I had to remind myself that half the people of the site were gay men. GayChasteLuvingIt asking if I was a woman wasn’t coming from out of nowhere.

I’m a woman. I should put that in my profile.

I had made the ultimate quickie profile, just a name and little else other than specifying I was the keyholder.

We’ve been married seven years, together for twelve.

And I couldn’t stop myself from letting my social worker personality come out.

What about you? Are you married? How long have you been playing in the lifestyle?

I was treading dangerous ground, but I couldn’t help myself.

GayChasteLuvingIt replied. Gay; I thought that was obvious. Keyholder, like you. I’ve been married to my husband for just over two years which is how long we’ve been playing with chastity. I refused to marry him unless he went into chastity for me. Best decisions the two of us ever made.

I wanted to know more, but every question I asked seemed dangerous.

But that was part of the thrill, wasn’t it. If kinks didn’t have a danger element they wouldn’t be half the fun.

I couldn’t help myself. I had to know. How long were you two together before you got married?

This reply took a few minutes. Maybe, like me, he was at work and was doing this on the sly and he didn’t have an agreeable boss like I did.

We’ve been together for ten years. We should have gotten married earlier but…

Once again I couldn’t help myself. I knew he was drawing me out, but I had to ask. But what? It wasn’t marriage equality, was it? Do you live in the US or somewhere else?

Every minute of waiting was pure torture for me. And the clock was now ticking for my first client of the day. I only had so much time.

But just the usual stuff that happens in a couple. We’re in Vermont so we could have gotten married.

I sat looking at the word “Vermont” for a long time. I wasn’t sure how much time had passed before my phone buzzed with an alert, letting me know my first client of the day was, presumably, in the waiting room anxiously ready to spill their guts to me.

Or something.

I dashed off a quick and not very responsible note.

I’m in upstate New York. We should get together sometime!

It was stupid and demanded absolutely no thought at all. I don't know why I did it.

The long and the short of it was that Gerry only lived an hour away from my town. It was stupid of me to assume he would be so close, but I made a logic leap that had no sense. Upstate New York covers a lot of territory and all of Vermont isn't exactly adjacent to the Capital District.

But all that didn't matter. Gerry and I messaged back and forth through the day. Chatting and comparing different life experiences. I never had a gay best friend growing up—I didn't want to acquire the faghag label—but Gerry suddenly was my new gay best friend.

It was nice that we had a common interest: keeping our spouses cocks under lock and key.

That night, after dinner and everything else, I made a confession to Wayne.

"I spent a lot of time today browsing a chastity website," I commented to Wayne.

"Uh-oh."

"Uh-oh is right. I've got such things planned for you."

His eyes went wide. I liked how that made me feel, but it wasn't what I intended. I didn't want to abuse my husband or torture his cock. (Well, maybe a little.) I just loved how the dynamic in our relationship had shifted and we were both enjoying how it made us feel.

"What are you going to do to me?" he asked.

I didn't answer his question directly. "The major advice I was reading on Key and Cage—"

"That's a good site! I've browsed it!"

"—is that a keyholder needs to establish a lockup time for the husband and stick

to that time frame. Never shorten it. Only extend the time."

"What are you saying?"

"You're not getting out of your cage tonight," I told him.

"Okay…"

"Get your mouth and fingers ready. I'll let you use my vibrator if I need it, but I want at least a dozen orgasms tonight."

That wasn't exactly impossible for me, but it would be an ambitious goal to reach.

"Okay…"

"Strip," I told him. It was a silly thing for Wayne to have to do, because he cock wasn't getting out of his cage, but I wanted it to happen and so it was going to happen.

Almost automatically, he did as I asked.

His clothes came off and soon he was naked except for his cage. I watched him remove all his clothes. It was like a private performance just for me.

I was more deliberate in my disrobing. Or at least I was slower and more dignified. And I stopped at my bra and panties. I was going to give Wayne something to work for.

I stepped up to him and kissed him. Automatically we wrapped our arms around each other. I could feel the hard steel of his cage against my body. I liked that feeling.

"How do you want to do this?" Wayne asked me.

There was no reason to speak. I just pushed on his shoulders and he went down on his knees in front of me. Wayne took the hint and kissed my tummy before working lower. When he put his hands to my hips and hooked his thumbs into the waistband of my panties, I put my hands on top of his and helped him push them down.

It’s basically impossible to get a tongue to my clit if I’m standing. That’s pretty much the case for any woman.

A moment later I was on my back on the bed, my panties off, and Wayne’s mouth eagerly going at me. Absently, I sat up, unhooked my bra and tossed it aside as he continued to lick and suck me.

I couldn't remember if Wayne was always good at giving head or if it was a skill he had acquired when he went into chastity. If it was the latter, I was positive that more women should try male chastity with their husbands.

As he inserted a finger into my pussy while sucking on my clit, my breath was coming in short, sharp gasps as I pinched and rolled my nipples.

The first orgasm is always the hardest to achieve. I was thrilled when Wayne finally forced me over the edge. My thighs were quivering as I rested my hand on top of his head, letting him know to stop for a minute.

“You’re so wet and hot,” he mumbled into my crotch.

“Thank you.” I continued to breathe for a minute before I removed my hand. “Okay, keep going.”

“Keep going?”

It was like he didn’t understand English.

“That was only one. You’ve got eleven more to go.”

Wayne lifted his head up from my pussy and rubbed his jaw at the joints near his ears. “I don’t think I can go that long.”

“Don’t spoil the moment,” I reprimanded him. “Use your fingers. My vibrators are in the top dresser drawer.” I pointed across the room at my dresser. It was time for a tease and half a promise. “If you can get me to twelve then maybe we can do something about that cage on your cock.”

Wayne lifted his face from my pussy and stared between my breasts. He was looking at the key on the chain I was still wearing. “Okay,” he agreed without really agreeing to anything.

Knowing his limits, Wayne went to my dresser, found both my vibrators and brought them to the bed.

It was nice to know that my husband was still ambitious and creative when it came to giving me orgasms. He mixed it up, using the bigger vibe in my pussy while dancing the smaller one around my clit. I can't stand to have a vibrator directly on my clit and Wayne knew that. It was perfect.

He alternated using the vibes while sucking on my clit.

I started to lose count of how many orgasms I had, not that it mattered.

The big finale came when he slipped the smaller vibe out of my pussy and teased it all around the outside of my lips. I could feel the puddle I had made on the sheets from cumming so hard and so frequently.

"Want to try something new?" he asked.

"This isn't new enough?" I panted.

"We talked about this before...we just never did it."

I was about to ask him what the hell he was talking about when he hooked my thigh over his shoulder, really opening up my nether bits. That's when he took the smaller vibrator and slid it from my lips, over my perineum, and then against my tightly puckered anus.

That was when I knew what he was going to do. The small vibe, bright red and looking more like a torpedo than a cock, was still on, probably on the lowest setting, when Wayne moved it into position. The most important rule about anal sex is to always, always, always use plenty of lube.

I had made plenty of my own lube and it was all over my pussy, labia, ass, thighs, and bed. The small vibe was smooth and when Wayne used just the slightest amount of pressure, it went right into my ass.

I gasped much louder than I intended.

There wasn't any pain.

It felt strange having that oscillating piece of plastic and silicone where it shouldn't be, but after a few seconds, I was more than thrilled with what it was doing to me.

"Oh, fuck yes," I moaned.

"You like that?"

"Uh-huh."

Wayne then slipped the larger vibe into my pussy. It wasn't exactly a challenge, but to have two vibes in me at the same time, each doing something different, was definitely something different for me.

I'm not even sure that he needed to suck on my clit. I'm not entirely sure that he did. Maybe he just licked me. I don't know.

I do know that I came and I came and I came again. Or maybe I just had one long orgasm like I had never had before.

Either way, he left me completely spent.

After a few minutes of rest and my words of admiration for Wayne at being able to wield two vibrators at the same time while licking my clit, I settled back into bed, completely sated.

"I don't want to be a pest," Wayne said, "but you promised to take off my cage."

I smiled at him, ran my fingers down his cheek, feeling the slight stubble of his beard, and gave him a kiss. "I said that maybe we could do something about your cage. I think what I want to do is leave it on you tonight."

His shocked look pleased me. I kissed him lightly again. "A little suffering is good for you."

Wayne opened his mouth to protest, but then he thought better of it. He was a smart man. He'd have to suffer through the night.

I slept well. He didn't.

“Is this what you read on Key and Cage?” he asked me in the morning. I could see his cock was trying to get hard inside the metal tube. I felt some sympathy for him, but he had asked for this. “Is this the torture I’m supposed to have?”

“No,” I said shortly, reaching for the key I wore. “I read about other tortures.” Without another word, I unlocked him and he quickly got the tube and ring off his cock.

We watched together as his cock rose up. I waggled a little bit with each beat of his heart. That was sort of sexy. I wanted to fuck him right then and there. We had a very few minutes before the kids would be awake, but I had other plans and I intended to stick to them.

“I know it’s asking a lot—” he started, but I cut him off.

“And you’re not going to fuck me this morning,” I said. “But I will watch you jerk off.”

“What?”

“Jerk off or nothing,”I said, twirling the key on my fingers. “Unless you want to stop playing this game.”

Wayne looked at me for too long, but eventually he looked down at his throbbing cock and started stroking himself.

I couldn’t remember the last time I had watched Wayne jerk off. Had I ever watched him do it to completion? Certainly I had seen him using his hand on himself when we were preparing for sex or whatever, but had I ever actually seen him complete the act of self-abuse.

It didn’t matter. He was laying on the bed on his back. It only took him a minute, maybe less, to jerk off and cum.

The amount of semen he produced was incredible. It splashed on his firm belly and chest, leaving little white puddles on his skin.

It had turned me on more than I had realized it would. “Okay that was fucking hot,” I told him. The vibrators were still bedside—I made a quick mental note to store them away before the kids got up—and I grabbed the larger, purple one,

switching it on, and plunging it into my pussy while Wayne watched.

Just like him I was finished in less than a minute.

“What now?” he asked.

“Let me tell you about my new friend,” I said.

To Be Continued

Preview

Cream In My Coffee 3: Night

Claris didn’t wake up to Ed sucking on her breasts, though she would have been thrilled for that to happen.

Instead, she heard the sound of the in-room coffee maker working hard to create the bean juice that Ed needed to face the day.

She groaned in complaint at the early hour, but it wasn’t all that early. Light was streaming around the closed curtains and it had to be mid-morning.

“Sorry,” Ed apologized as she woke up. “But I need to get moving.”

“Uh-huh,” she mumbled, stumbling out of bed and going automatically to the window. She was naked but that didn’t stop her from opening the blinds and taking in the view.

The hotel was on the edge of a large Adirondack lake. Sunlight was shimmering off the water and warmed her body. “It’s a nice day at least.”

“I’m still seeing a full moon from last night,” Ed joked as he admired her large ass.

Claris smiled, just barely seeing her faint reflection in the window. It was thrilling to stand naked in front of the window and take in the sun where no one else could see her.

No one but Ed.

He walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her body. But he wasn't just hugging her. One hand went to her breast and he gently squeezed.

It wasn't hard for him to force out some of her milk. Her tits were full and she wanted to be milked. She groaned a little as he expressed her. The few drops stopped when he released her breast, but with the second squeeze he managed to get a couple of streams to form with enough pressure to splash against the window.

"You're making a mess," she told him, pressing her back into his naked body. His cock wasn't completely hard, not yet, but she could feel the firmness pressing into her.

But she didn't want his cock. She wanted his mouth. She wanted his mouth on her tits.

"I don't care."

“The company will be charged a room cleaning fee,” she mentioned, still serious about her role as office manager for his company.

“I. Don’t. Care.” He squeezed harder with both hands this time.

Her milk splashed against the window and started running down the clear glass. It seemed an awful waste to Claris. She liked that Ed took great pleasure in nursing from her. It wasn’t like the milk was a limited resource—she could always make more—but it was making a mess and it was being wasted.

“Then nurse from me and don’t waste it,” she begged.

“I have a better idea,” he said and backed away, leaving her alone in front of the dirty window.

While she didn’t really consider herself an exhibitionist, she liked the way she was so completely exposed in the window. Turning her head, she saw Ed grab something off the table and walk back up behind her.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

He didn’t answer. He didn’t need to answer. She’d always go along with whatever he suggested.

With his right hand he grabbed her right breast and held a silver cup underneath the nipple.

“What are you—” she started to ask but then he squeezed efficiently and her milk blossomed again, this time instead of shooting all over the window, he aimed her nipple into the cup and she started to fill it.

After a second she realized it wasn’t just a silver cup, it was a creamer that he must have stolen from the dining room.

It still felt good to have him expressing her milk. She was always amazed at how quickly and forcefully she could expel her milk. In less than a minute she had filled the creamer over half full.

“Why are you doing this?” she asked when he stopped.

“You don’t like it?”

“I like it fine but…”

“You want me to suckle you, don’t you?”

“Yeah…”

She could feel it in her tits and her pussy. Just a little morning nursing to take away the ache. Just a little.

Without answering her question, Ed turned away from her and dumped half the contents of the creamer into his coffee that had just finished brewing.

“I do it because I can. Because I needed a little cream in my coffee.”

“You can get creamers in the little mini fridge,” she pointed out while forcing herself to keep her hands away from her tits and her pussy. She didn’t want to seem desperate in front of Ed.

Even if she did want to be sucked and fucked by him before she left to go home.

To go home to her husband who was having a gay affair.

And go home to her daughter that she loved.

Fuck!

“Fuck,” she said softly.

“I know,” he said smugly, ignoring her curse. “But I prefer your milk.”

“I’d prefer it if you took it from me the traditional way.”

He stirred the coffee, mixing her milk into the cup, and took a sip. “I think I can do that.” He took another sip. “I think I can do that, but I’m going to fuck you as well. Do you want that?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to go home to your husband with a pussy full of my cum?” He took another sip of the coffee.

She hesitated to answer, but eventually she managed to force out the words. “Y-yes. But what if…”

“What if what?” he asked casually as he sipped again.

“What if Ray finds out?” she asked, turning around and facing him, her back and bare ass to the window.

“What if?”

“What if,” she said and went down on her knees in front of him. His cock was soft but after a moment she made it hard. Another few moments of bobbing her head up and down on his hardness and he was on the edge.

All the while her tits were slowly dripping milk. She needed the relief and she wasn’t going to give it to him until she was satisfied.

Abruptly standing up, Claris went back to the bed and lay down. “You need to drain me before you get to fuck me.”

“You want me to suck every little drop of milk out of your tits?” he asked.

“Yes.”

He did exactly as she asked, laying down in front of her, sucking her tits, not stopping until he couldn’t taste the sweetness any longer. She only came twice while he was nursing from her. When he was done with her tits, he rolled her onto all fours and fucked her from behind.

She didn’t bother to ask him to use a condom.

She didn’t want him to.

She had never felt so slutty or so free in her entire life.

Going home was going to be hell.

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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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