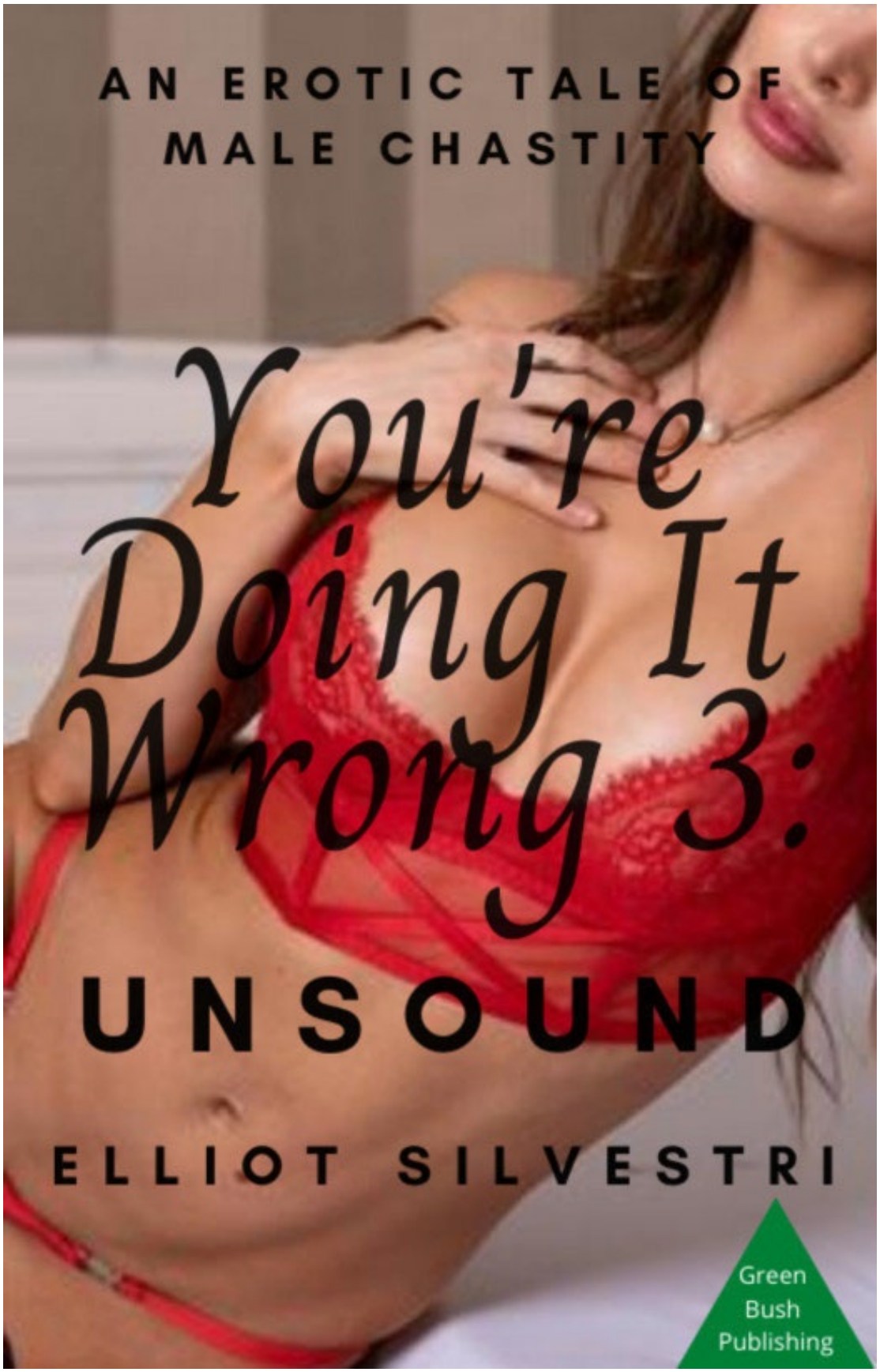
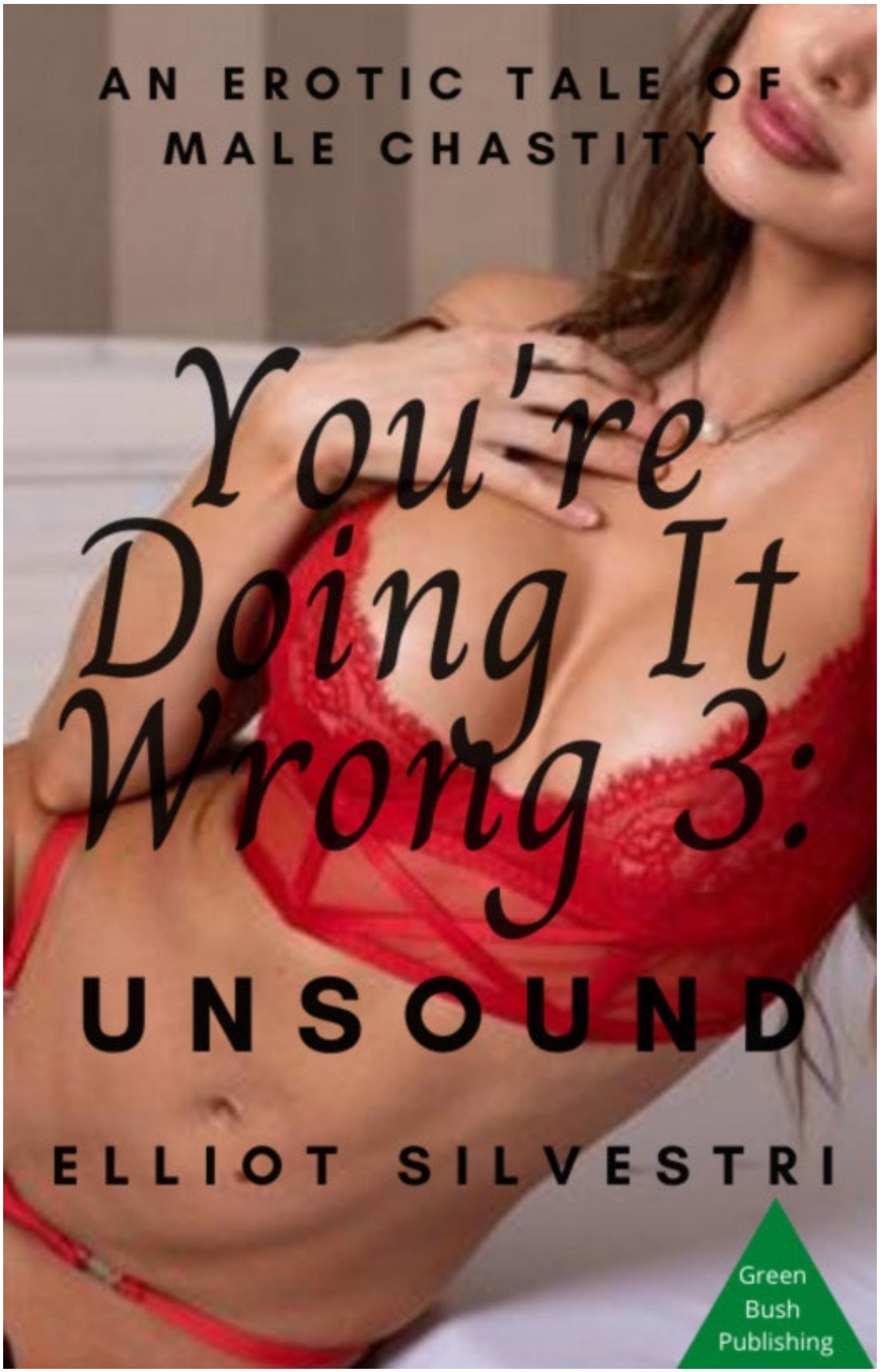

AN EROTIC TALE OF MALE CHASTITY
You're Doing It Wrong 3:
UNSOUND
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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You’re Doing It Wrong 3: Unsound

An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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You’re Doing It Wrong 3: Unsound

An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

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Chapter Eight

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"This wasn't how I imagined it," she sobbed.

I almost felt sorry for her. Almost. She was young and a student of my husband...but she was also a plotting, conniving skank who was trading sex for a better grade in his class. It was her good luck that I had made Wayne do it, if only for my own amusement and to give him a little sexual relief out of his cock cage.

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

This time I cleaned her face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

pussy.

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

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

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

I wasn’t surprised.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Your turn," I prompted her.

"Oh. Right."

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

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

"Really?"

"She's going to earn that A one way or another."

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

"Put it on him," I told her.

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

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

"I'm safe," she reported.

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

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

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

“Now get on his cock,” I told her.

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

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

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

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

“Keep going,” I encouraged her.

“What...what do I do?”

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

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

It was crazy.

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

It was better than porn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was surprised at Hannah’s reaction, however.

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

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

“She’s the one who is supposed to be earning her A,” he agreed.

Hannah half smiled and slumped to the side. He eased her down to the bed and

once again headed to the bathroom.

This time I followed him and watched as he removed the condom, tossing it and the cum it contained into the toilet. He pissed while I talked to him.

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

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

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

“You’re bringing that up again?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not you,” I teased.

“Funny.”

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

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

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

His eyes lit up. “Wonderful.”

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

“But I don’t want to put my cage back on,” he complained.

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

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

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

“I still want to fuck you,” Wayne breathed.

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

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

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

of toys.”

He hadn’t questioned me when I brought along my big purse. I wished I had put more toys into it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not enough.”

He turned his hand over, so he was palm up. I felt his fingers searching for that elusive little spot that some women had that could make them cum and all but wet the bed at the same time.

I wasn’t sure if I was built like that.

“How about now?”

“More,” I begged. “More. I need more.”

He sat up and moved to my side, pulling out his index finger and inserting his ring finger next to the middle one. It wasn’t more, but it was different. He started rapidly moving them in and out of me, slapping his palm against my wide-open pussy and completely exposed clit.

It didn’t hurt. It felt good. I knew I was going to cum again, but I’d still want more.

Still, I couldn’t complain. I literally couldn’t complain. I was breathing heavily and moaning and I didn’t want it to stop. I wanted Wayne to make me cum. His enthusiasm for finger banging me right then was unparalleled. I wanted to squeeze my thighs together because it was too much sensory input, but he wouldn’t let me.

And then I came.

I came hard.

I loved it.

I didn’t exactly squirt, but it felt like I was peeing, or leaking to a degree I had never experienced before. Maybe I could squirt, maybe I couldn’t, but it was still a good orgasm.

“Is that what you needed?” he asked me, licking his fingers and tasting my pussy from them.

I breathed heavily and steadily, getting myself under control before I answered him. I needed him to know I was in charge and he would do as I wanted. “That was very nice, but I still need a cock.”

“Unlock me.”

I laughed and shook my head. “That’s not happening.”

“What are you going to do? Go down to the bar and pick up some overweight salesman who didn’t score the big contract today?”

I pushed away from Wayne and went to my bag. I wished I had been bolder and gone for more humiliation for him, but I didn't want to upset everything just yet.

From my purse I pulled out the largest vibrator I owned.

Is three vibrators too many for a woman to own? It seems like a lot, but maybe not. Some women collect them like obsessive fan boys collect toys from their childhood.

Even so, this vibrator put Wayne's cock to shame. That was the idea. I handed it to him.

"This is the cock you get to use on me tonight," I informed him. "You need to leave me a puddle on this bed. I want to be completely spent."

Just to be clear, this wasn't some cartoonishly large vibrator that would only be found in a terrible porn video or was the centerpiece of a bachelorette party. It was big, but I knew it fit into my pussy. I had tried it a few times, but it was always a struggle.

I was more than well prepared and warmed up for it tonight.

"Are you sure?" Wayne asked me doubtfully.

"Do it and don't question me," I told him, laying back and opening up my legs.

He knelt next to me and experimentally got the light purple shaft wet with my amrita. Then he cautiously slipped it into my entrance.

I felt it. I definitely felt it.

I gloried in how easily I took the big shaft compared to my solo struggles.

"Turn it on," I commanded him.

Wayne found the switch and I nearly passed out from ecstasy.

I was loud.

I ordered him to fuck me with it and fuck me hard.

It’s wonderful when a husband knows his place with his wife.

He turned me into a receptacle of pleasure.

Chapter Nine

Wayne wasn't nearly as excited about our overnight trip to Phil and Gerry's as I was. The kids were safe with my cousin's daughter, who was responsible, unlike her mother. I knew I was getting Gerry's cock again, but Wayne was confused as to what was going to happen to him.

And to Phil.

"I feel like I'm going out of my way for my wife to get laid," he grumbled as he drove.

We were going deep into the wilds of Vermont—well, just across the border, really. Just enough to get out of town and get crazy.

"Like I didn't help you get laid with sweet, pretty, innocent Hannah." I smirked. "How is she doing, anyway?"

"She's got her A."

"I would have called that a B plus performance at best." I couldn't help but tease my husband. Up until he had started wearing his chastity cage he had been the model of good professorial behavior, and now he had fucked a young woman that was in his class and given her an A for her work.

"She's also been sending me texts," he added. "Sexts, really."

"At least she's smart enough not to do that on university email. Are you deleting them?"

A small smile crept across Wayne's face. "Ah...no. She's been sending me nudes."

I gasped. I thought the girl was one and done, but apparently once she had a taste of my husband's cock she had found her new favorite meal. "Let me see!" I demanded taking Wayne's phone from the mount on the dashboard.

"Hey! We're going to get lost!" he complained. We had been following the GPS to Gerry's place.

"We're fine. Stay on this road for the next ten miles," I said dismissively and

quickly pulled up his texts. Finding Hannah's messages was easy. Sadly, Wayne hadn't replied. Happily, he had saved all her texts and pictures.

Was the girl always a slut? Had her encounter with Wayne and me changed her? Had she been nervous because she had fucked a man while his wife was in the room? It didn't matter. The sexts she sent were pretty generic, as far as that sort of thing went. I had a great time. I can't wait to do it again. Do you love my body? I loved sucking your cock. Blah blah blah.

The pictures weren't exactly revealing, mostly because I had seen it all before. According to what I was looking at, she spent a lot of time naked on her dorm room floor in front of a mirror bolted to the back of the door.

She had nice tits. I had to give her that. I would describe them as mouthwatering. I wondered what it would feel like to suck on her pierced nipple.

I got to see her from every angle. She liked to focus on her tits, which was fine, but was coy about showing her pussy. That was also fine. I didn't need a full gyno spread.

The pictures she sent of her ass and butterfly tattoo made me suspicious.

"Who do you think took these?" I asked Wayne as I put the phone back on the mount and switched it back to GPS.

"She did, obviously."

I shook my head, a gesture he couldn't see since his eyes were focused on the road. "I don't think so. Those ones of her ass and back tattoo...they were too well-framed to have been done by herself."

"Maybe a timer and a tripod?" he suggested. "Or one of those remote switches."

Obviously I wasn't up on all the techniques that could be used to take nudes of oneself. "I think she had someone else taking them."

"So what if she did?"

"That implies that everything that happened in the hotel room was an act, or at least partly an act."

“I don’t want to talk about this,” Wayne said nervously.

I didn’t want to either. Slutty college students were a concern that I hadn’t considered a few months ago. “Just look out for her,” I warned him.

“Duly noted. You’ll see that I haven’t replied to any of her texts.”

And yet she continued to send them. Interesting.

Wayne changed the subject. “Just what do you expect me to do while you’re fucking Gerry?” he asked bluntly.

“I expect you and Phil to watch. You’ll both be in your chastity cages.”

“I know you, Nellie. You might expect that, but that’s not all you want. Or all you have planned. You’ve been texting and talking with Gerry. Probably a lot more than Hannah’s been texting me. I know you have.”

I smiled. “So?”

“So you’re going to make me do something I don’t want to do.”

“You’ll want to do it once I suggest it.”

A few minutes later we arrived at the house Gerry shared with Phil. It was a beautiful home tucked back off the main highway among trees. It was an old farmhouse that had been completely gutted and renovated and the farm it was once attached to had been either allowed to grow back into forest or was being farmed by a company or manager who rented the land. Neither Gerry or Phil had any real interest in farming.

Meeting Phil in person for the first time was a bit nerve-wracking. I had spoken and texted with him a few times, but a first actual meeting was something else entirely.

I had been warned by Gerry but in person...Phil was shorter than me. That’s not to say he was tiny or a little person. No. He was maybe five foot four. So short. But built like a fucking tank. Or more like a gymnast. Small and powerful.

I wanted to see his cock. I wanted to see his cock in its cage. I had asked Gerry for pictures before, but he had always refused. Said it would be more exciting when we got the full reveal for the first time. Previews weren't allowed.

Everything proceeded so blandly, so normally, that it was almost boring.

Gerry and Phil had made dinner. Wayne and I had brought along a bottle of wine.

We ate. We drank.

We didn't get drunk. I didn't want Gerry to not be able to perform.

I wasn't so worried about my husband and Phil. They were locked in chastity so it didn't matter if they couldn't get hard.

I had probably drunk a bit too much wine, but that wasn't a problem for me. That did explain why, at the dinner table, why I looked at Phil and said, "I can't wait to see your cock."

Considering that we had been discussing the downfall of the American dream, it was a sudden change of topic.

Gerry laughed out loud. "Why don't you show her," he said to Phil. "She's going to see it eventually."

The frown on Phil's pretty lips was off putting. He wasn't effeminate in appearance and behavior, but he wasn't exactly a lumberjack either. "Not here in the dining room, Gerry. We've talked about this."

"Shall we go to the bedroom?" asked Gerry. "I do plan on bedding this lovely lady tonight. I hope that you and Wayne get along well."

Phil's frown didn't improve. "Please tell me you were kidding about that."

"Of course not," Gerry said. "That cock in your pants is mine. You'll do with it as I say." He turned his head and looked at me. "And right now I want to use my cock to fuck this wonderful woman. You two can wait out here or watch us or...whatever."

Now Phil's frown turned into a glare. “You’re getting off on this, aren’t you?”

Gerry’s smile grew across his face. “Just a little. I’ll be fully getting off soon,” he said to me with a wink.

“Okay, I think we need to move things along. I’ve been waiting for this all night and my panties can’t soak up any more of me,” I said standing up, somewhat unsteadily, as I fanned air across my face. I was sure I was blushing, but there weren’t any mirrors around to confirm that.

“So show us what you want, honey,” Wayne said to me, pushing back from the table a bit to get a better look at me.

I don’t normally wear dresses, but tonight was supposed to be semi-formal. The men were all wearing jackets, no ties, and they looked casually sexy. It was a dress that I had bought a few years ago for some event or other. Maybe I had intended to seduce Wayne while wearing it, but that never worked out. So I’d use it to seduce Gerry instead.

It was a wrap dress. There was a belt that tied at the waist so I untied it and it opened up like a robe.

Phil’s eyes bugged out. While I had no intention of trying to seduce a gay man—there didn’t seem any purpose to it—I was pleased with his reaction. I wasn’t sure if he was shocked at my sudden disrobing or if he was reacting to my lingerie.

I went all out. I didn’t wear a bra; I was wearing a corset that pushed up my tits into an amount of cleavage I didn’t know I could create. Naturally I was wearing thigh high stockings. I had considered adding a garter belt, but that was uncomfortable and old fashioned. The stockings were good enough.

That and the thong I was wearing. I don’t exactly have the body to wear a thong, but that didn’t stop me. Again, it was all about looks and had nothing to do with comfort. I don’t get younger women who wear them all the time. I’ll deal with the visible panty line.

Still, I could feel a collective gasp from the three men in attendance when I turned away from the table and showed them my ass on full display.

There’s no way around it. I have a very full ass. Depending on one’s point of view, it’s either a couple of generous handfuls or it’s fat.

“Where’s the bedroom?” I asked Gerry, looking over my shoulder.

“Right this way, my dear,” he said, coming quickly around the table to take my hand and guide me.

I ignored my husband and Phil. We swept out of the room.

I liked walking through Gerry’s big house when I was half naked. They showed that they were every bit the gay couple, even if Gerry was bi, and had renovated and decorated the place to within an inch of the old house’s structural integrity. It was all very stylish and in keeping with the place’s character, perfectly executed and carefully decorated. In the short tour that I received, I did get a glimpse at one room that was closed off to the rest of the place with sheets of plastic.

“We’re still renovating in there,” Gerry explained. “We’re having an argument over traditional pine shelving versus custom built maple cabinets.”

I nodded knowingly, but I didn’t care about interior decorating.

He led me to a staircase that dominated the central room. It was so large it had to take up half the footprint of the house. It was open to the large room, obviously for some sort of showpiece, and gestured for me to ascend.

I did so, letting my hips roll left and right. I could feel him staring at my bare flesh.

I loved it.

At the top of the stairs he brought me down the long hallway and into a room that was huge. It might have taken up half the space of the upstairs. There was a giant bed, elaborately carved oak furniture with black iron handles and pulls. The style was more sedate than the rest of the place, but then I noticed that while the bed dominated one side of the room, the other side was dominated by a St. Andrew’s cross.

There was no way to mistake the purpose of that object.

“Phil and I use it for our play time,” Gerry explained.

There were leather straps, iron manacles, and modern sex toys on the oak table in front of the cross.

“I can see that,” I said in awe.

“Would you like to try it?” he asked me.

I whirled around and gasped at him. “You can’t be serious!”

“Why not?”

I smiled coyly. “My husband is downstairs. Besides...how would we determine who gets tied up?”

I was teasing, playing a game, but there was no way I was going to allow him to bind me to the cross, as hot and sexy as it sounded. I had no interest in tying him up either. I just wanted some cock fist, and then maybe I would make some crazy choices.

“Hmm...do you want to check on them?” he asked.

A chuckle escaped my lips. “We just got up here and you want to leave?”

He shook his head. “No. Maybe you didn’t see them, but Phil and I...planned ahead for entertaining in this old house.” He went to an old upright secretary’s desk, opened the drawer to reveal a laptop computer. He woke it from sleep mode and on the screen there appeared images from security cameras. High quality security cameras.

It took me a second to realize the cameras were inside the house. Gerry pointed out one that was in the dining room. Phil and Wayne were just sitting, talking and drinking.

“There’s no audio?” I asked.

“I can turn in on,” he said. “Would you like to eavesdrop on them?”

“I’d rather fuck you,” I said, turning away from the screen and kissing him. I

couldn’t hold myself back any longer, but a thought occurred to me. “Are there...are there cameras in here as well?” I asked, looking at the ceiling, searching for peepholes.

“Of course.” He switched the view on the computer and suddenly I saw myself from a high angle. The camera was focused on the bed, naturally, but I caught myself on the edge of the field. Mostly my back and broad ass but it worked.

I gave Gerry a careful glare. “Just what sort of place is this?”

He shrugged and rolled his shoulders. “We were considering making it a bed and breakfast...with sex. The cameras were initially for security, but there are fun aspects to them as well.”

He reached for me. “Want to be a porn star?”

I froze as he kissed me. I didn’t have an answer.

I could ask him to turn off the cameras or block them or ask him to stop recording...but did I really want that?

We kissed some more. His hand went down to my ass and cupped the cheek. I didn’t know what to do. Without Wayne there, I felt a little lost.

“I want you to suck my cock,” he said, breaking the kiss.

“Okay,” I immediately agreed. What the hell else was I going to do?

Gerry stepped back and pulled his cock out of his pants. It was odd to see his cock hanging out of his zipper like that. He was still fully dressed with his jacket and shirt and pants. I must have been fulfilling some fantasy of his.

I was okay with that.

I went down on my knees and took his cock into my mouth. My knees luxuriated on the thick pile of the carpet in the bedroom. I’d gone down on my knees to give blowjobs too many times on hardwood and worse. This was actually pleasurable.

Gerry wasn’t erect when I took him into my mouth. Just the thought of fucking

me wasn’t enough to get him hard right away, but he easily responded to my attention. In short order, he was standing up proudly.

“Want me to keep going?” I asked, backing off his manhood and stroking it with my hand. I would have been delighted for him to cum in my mouth. It had been too long since I had swallowed a man’s load. I would have been just as happy for him to bend me over the nearest available surface and fuck me silly. “I swallow.”

He laughed at me. “I’m glad to hear that, but I have a live-in lover who will swallow for me eight days a week. I’d rather have your pussy.”

I smiled up at him and kissed the side of his handsome cock. “You can have that.” I pushed my hand down into my thong and fingered myself. I was plenty wet; but I wasn’t doing it just for the pleasure. When I pulled my fingers out of my pussy, I reached up, offering myself to Gerry.

Just as he opened his mouth to taste me, I pulled my hand back and shoved my fingers into my mouth. I was always surprised at the sharp, musky flavor of my pussy. Laughing around my fingers, I wanted to wink at him, but that felt forced. “Where do you want to fuck me? On the floor? On the desk? On the bed?”

He favored me with a smirk. “The bed, I think. But I need to summon Phil first.”

My stomach dropped. “Why?”

“He needs to watch while I fuck you, of course.” Gerry pulled his phone from his pocket.

I frowned. I wasn’t sure how I wanted all of this to go, but it seemed rude, to say the least, for my bi lover to fuck me in front of his husband.

And what was I supposed to do about Wayne?

A second later Gerry spoke into the phone. “Come up to the bedroom. Yes, bring him. You’ll be watching.”

It was a five second conversation.

“How are we going to do this?” I asked nervously.

Gerry was full of confidence. “You’re going to take off your panties and get on the bed. Wait for me.”

Trying to pretend that I did this sort of thing all the time, I shimmied out of my thong. Secretly I was pleased to be free of the tiny scrap of lingerie. It wasn’t fun to wear. But as Gerry started to take off his jacket, I went up to him and stuffed them in his pocket.

“A memento,” I told him.

He smiled and continued to undress. He had to tuck his cock back in to get his pants off, so when Phil and Wayne walked into the bedroom, they found me naked and lounging on the huge bed while Gerry stood in the middle of the room in just his black underwear that nicely outlined his erection.

“Your wife wants me to fuck her,” said Gerry to my husband. “In the past Phil has reacted badly when I’ve had sex with women in front of him. Would you mind terribly binding him to the cross?”

“Uh...what?”

“You don’t have to be like this,” Phil complained. “That was one time and you know things were completely different then.”

Gerry tilted his head to the side. “Strip,” he said flatly. “And I want to see Wayne tie you up.” He smiled a little. “You know that turns me on.”

The two men stared at each other for a moment, and then Phil turned away and started undressing.

I was right about Phil’s body. He was muscular, hard and lean, just like a gymnast. As an added bonus, Phil either waxed or shaved his entire body. Maybe he was a swimmer. It only took a minute for him to completely undress and I was most pleased with the result. He had a body any woman and almost any man would desire. He was cut, chiseled, with his muscles.

And yet with his cock cage on, he looked completely vulnerable and submissive.

Maybe if he had a steel cage like Wayne he would have appeared more masculine or tough, but no. Gerry had his lover in a pink silicone cock cage. I’d

seen them before on Key and Cage. Apparently they were easier to hide and to work out in, but it also gave the appearance of a feminized man.

“He likes to think he’s in charge of me,” Phil said to Wayne. “Have you ever used straps like these before?” He had walked over to the St. Andrew’s cross and indicated the leather straps and brass fixtures designed to immobilize the victim.

“Ah, no. But I think I can figure it out.”

“Get him secured and then I’ll fuck your wife,” said Gerry as he joined me on the bed and watched our husbands.

Phil assumed the position on the cross and allowed Wayne to bind him. I’ll admit it was hot to see my husband tying up a—mostly—naked man. Phil gave him some instruction on how to properly bind him. I got the impression this wasn’t the first time that Gerry and Phil had played out this particular scenario.

While we watched, Gerry’s hands roamed around my body. I liked that. I liked feeling like someone else’s possession while my husband was in the room.

But it all ended too soon. Wayne turned around and found us in what would have been a compromising position. “What now?” he asked.

“Come here,” said Gerry, rolling away from me and sliding open a drawer on the gigantic headboard. He pulled out a key; I immediately knew what the key was for. Gerry handed over the key to Wayne. “Be a dear and take off Phil’s cage. When he’s on the cross I love to see his little cock when it gets hard.”

Wayne accepted the key and crossed back to Phil. He went down on his knees in front of Gerry’s husband to work on the lock. Meanwhile, Gerry moved me onto my hands and knees, ready to fuck me doggy style.

“I want to watch,” he explained to me.

That made sense. Sort of. It made the twisted sort of sense like everything else had tonight.

Watching Wayne work on Phil got Gerry rock hard. He entered me easily. I loved not having to worry about a condom with my new lover.

It felt so wrong and so good to be fucked by someone else in front of Wayne, even if at the moment he was taking the cage off Phil.

“Holy shit!” Wayne burst out as Gerry started fucking me. His hands were on my hips and he started slow and gentle, which was nice. I fully intended him to fuck me good and hard before we were done.

“Something the matter?” Gerry called out as he pushed all the way into me. My pussy accommodated him.

I could see that Wayne had the pink cage in his hand and I didn’t see any blood nor was Phil in any sort of distress. I was confused.

“No...uh...not at all.” He glanced back and forth between Gerry and me and the cage in his hand and then looked at Phil’s dick. I couldn’t see Phil’s dick because my husband’s head was in the way.

Gerry chuckled a little. “Then why the panic?” He was starting to fuck me faster and I let out a little moan that I tried to keep quiet and then realized there was no reason to be quiet.

Wayne hemmed and hawed a bit which was fucking infuriating because it was getting harder for me to concentrate while Gerry fucked me. Obviously something was going on that excited him and it wasn’t just my pussy because it felt like he was fucking me with a steel bar.

I loved it.

“Well?” Gerry prompted.

“I’ve never seen a pierced cock before,” Wayne finally admitted and moved aside so that I could see.

I had been hoping that Phil was either so huge that it would put to shame every other cock I’d ever seen in my life, or was so tiny that it was a good thing his little prick was encapsulated in a cage.

Sadly, neither of those were the case. He was average sized. Maybe a little on the small side, but directly proportional to his height. It was sort of a shame.

But he did have a thick silver ring decorating the end of his cock. It came out through his urethra opening and curved back down underneath his cock. It was a classic Prince Albert piercing, popular among men who were into chastity.

I wasn't surprised that Phil had the piercing. I was a little amused at Wayne's reaction and a little upset that Gerry hadn't let me in on the secret.

"Do you like it?" Gerry asked as he moved his hands off my hips and pressed down on my shoulders, forcing me to change my position. I was now in the submissive head down ass up position. It was doing wonderful things for my pussy.

"Uh...sure," Wayne allowed.

"Best decision I ever made for him," Gerry grunted. He was getting close. I could tell.

"Yeah."

I was a bit embarrassed at how loud I was being as Gerry fucked me, but it felt so good I pushed the humiliation aside. After all, my husband had to see his wife fucked by another man's cock and I was loving it.

"Why don't you suck his cock a little," Gerry suggested. "That'll be fucking hot when I cum in your wife."

Wayne looked nervously back and forth between me and Phil's cock. Wayne still had his hand on Phil, holding his balls. Phil had been silent during this whole exchange. I wasn't sure what his thoughts on the whole scene were, but he couldn't have been too upset since he had willingly been bound to the cross and had allowed his husband to pierce his cock.

I wondered how that conversation went.

I wanted to add my two cents to the conversation, but I was just moaning, making little mewling sounds of pleasure while Gerry railed me. If I had the ability of speech at that moment I would have told Wayne to blow the poor man on the cross. It was the least he could do.

Besides, I wanted to see my husband suck off Phil.

We must have been married long enough for some basic form of telepathy to join us because Wayne did exactly that a moment later. Still on his knees, he ducked his head and took Phil's cock into his mouth.

I wished I was more to the side so I could have seen it all, but judging from the bobbing of Wayne's head and the pleasant expression on Phil's face, Wayne was happily fellating our new friend.

"Your husband is a good little cocksucker, isn't he?" Gerry whispered in my ear.

"Uh-huh."

"Do you like that?"

"Oh...yeah."

"We're going to do such nasty things tonight," he grunted.

"Cum in me," I pleaded with him. "Please cum in me."

And a second later he did, flooding my pussy with his sperm and pushing me over the edge into orgasm.

I was positive that Wayne had never made me cum by cumming in me. My husband wasn't measuring up to provide me every sexual experience that I needed.

I couldn't focus on what Wayne was doing with Phil. When Gerry came he drove me down into the mattress and then lay heavily on top of me. I couldn't do anything but lay there and quiver in delight.

"Don't cum," Gerry called out.

"It's a little too late for that," I mumbled into the mattress.

Gerry chuckled. "I was talking to my husband."

"Oh...right."

I managed to rotate my head far enough to see that Wayne was still sucking Phil's cock. There was an uncomfortable moment when Phil and I locked eyes.

Or maybe he was looking at Gerry who was still on top of me. I looked away first.

I was more interested in my husband's mouth on Phil's cock anyway, even if I couldn't fully see it.

"What do you want me to do?" Phil panted, questioning his husband.

"I want you not to cum."

"Fuck you!" he tossed back at Gerry who laughed.

"Are you going to cum?"

"I'm close."

"Do you want to cum in his mouth?" Gerry asked, amused. "Or in mine? Or in Nellie's?"

"Fuck you."

"Again?" Gerry teased. "Do you want to fuck Nellie? Or me? Or Wayne?"

Phil closed his eyes and let his head fall back. His arms and legs were spread wide on the St. Andrew's cross. He had little control over what happened in the situation. "I'm gonna cum," he reported.

That caused Wayne to stop fellating him. Phil groaned in frustration. "What do you want me to do?" Wayne asked over his shoulder. I wasn't sure if he was directing the question to me or Gerry so I stayed silent.

Gerry pushed himself off me and got off the bed. I rolled to the side to get a better view of the situation. Walking with a confidence I had never seen in a naked man before, Gerry approached the two on the little raised dais where the cross was firmly bolted to the walls and floor.

"You're still dressed," Gerry observed. "You're the only one. You're the odd duck out. Do you want to finish off my husband? Do you want to leave him frustrated? Do you want to fuck your wife while I watch?" By now Gerry had reached the other two men. Wayne was still crouched on his knees in front of

Phil. His cock was inches away from Wayne's face. Gerry casually rested his hand on Wayne's shoulder. "Do you want to fuck me on the bed while your wife and my husband watch?"

I wanted Wayne to lean forward and take Gerry's cock in his mouth and suck him. I slipped a hand down between my thighs and fingered my wet pussy.

Sadly, Wayne stuttered and stumbled. "I...I...I want to do all of that," he confessed.

Gerry nodded his head in agreement. "Understandable. But what do you want to do first?"

It was more than a little strange to listen to this conversation while my husband was kneeling in front of a naked man he had just blown. And Wayne still had his hand on Phil's cock.

"I...I...I want to fuck my wife." He said this like he was ashamed.

Gerry didn't take it as an insult. He helped Wayne up on his feet. I didn't know what to expect to happen but I didn't expect Gerry to abruptly kiss Wayne.

I didn't expect Wayne to kiss him back.

I didn't expect to be so turned on by the scene.

They continued to kiss while Gerry helped Wayne take off his clothes. It was hot. Fucking hot. My fingers got busier in my pussy. I was making a mess of myself. I was thrilled, however, when I made myself cum.

It was just a little orgasm and the men probably didn't notice, but by the time I was done with my little climax Wayne was naked except for his cage.

Gerry grabbed my husband's cock, or rather, he grabbed Wayne's cock cage because the steel tube and ring he was wearing completely covered his cock.

"Looks like Nellie gets last say if you get to fuck her or not," Gerry commented and broke away from Wayne.

My husband followed. I knew he would. I gave Phil one last glance before the

pair approached the bed. Phil looked like he was torn between watching and being disgusted.

I could empathize with his position.

“Are you going to unlock him or are you going to make the poor guy please you with something other than his cock?” Gerry asked as he slipped onto the bed. Wayne stood nervously at the foot of the bed. Obviously he was waiting for me to make a decision.

“If you unlock him, you’re doing it wrong!” Phil called from the other side of the room.

“Shut up, Phil!” Gerry admonished his husband.

“Can’t be chaste and unlocked!”

“Says the man who just got his dick sucked.”

“I didn’t cum.”

“Shut up or I’ll put a gag in your mouth.”

That was enough to silence Phil. In defiance of his attitude that there was only one correct way to do chastity, I fished Wayne’s key out from between my tits which were still mostly contained by the corset. I pulled the chain over my head and handed it to Gerry. “You get to unlock him,” I said.

Gerry smiled and kept his eyes on me, ignoring Wayne and the key. “Are you going to take off that corset and show me your wonderful tits?” he asked.

“Maybe,” I coyly replied. “But I want my husband’s cock out first.”

Showing a great deal of skill, Gerry took the key and easily unlocked Wayne’s cage. Once it was slipped off, in the space of a few heart beats Wayne’s cock rose up to its full size. I was pleasantly surprised.

I was thrilled a second later when Gerry bent forward and took Wayne’s cock in his mouth.

At this point nothing surprised me. I just watched and let it go. Wayne didn't need stimulation to get hard. Maybe Gerry wanted to suck Wayne's cock for the fun of it or maybe to piss off his husband, I don't know. I considered taking off my corset, but decided to leave it on and lend a little elegance to what was about to happen.

"Don't let him waste his load in your mouth," I told Gerry, resting a hand on his shoulder.

While he didn't want to stop, Gerry did remove Wayne's cock from his mouth. "Trust me, girl, it wouldn't be wasted."

"But he said he wanted to fuck me," I reminded him as I rolled to my back and opened up my legs, showing my husband my already fucked pussy. I could feel Gerry's cum slowly leaking out of me. "And I want him to fuck me."

Although Wayne was the man whom I had sex with more than anyone else in the world, when he got on top of me and started to push his cock into me, it felt weird, because Gerry and Phil were watching.

Well, Gerry was watching. Phil might have been or not. I don't really know.

And we were doing it in missionary position. That felt so lame, but at the same time, it always felt good to get fucked, especially by my husband's recently released cock.

Gerry was right there, kissing me and then kissing Wayne. It was undeniably hot to see that up close.

I came far too easily. I came so quickly I almost embarrassed myself. The men didn't seem to mind.

"Are you going to fuck me a second time?" I asked Gerry, reaching out to caress his cock while Wayne continued to rail me.

"I was thinking about it," he pondered, "but then I thought I might fuck Wayne instead."

Wayne paused mid-stroke and glanced at Gerry. "Are you…"

“Only if you want to,” Gerry magnanimously allowed. “But I’m up for it.” He glanced down to his cock where I was stroking him. Gerry was fully erect and ready for more fun.

“Okay,” Wayne agreed.

“This is going to be fucking wild,” Gerry declared as he pulled away from me and went rooting through one of the storage compartments next to the bed. I noticed he came back with an overly fancy bottle that confused me for a minute before I figured out it had to be lube.

That only made sense.

Wayne continued to pound away at me and I was feeling my next orgasm approaching, when, much to my distress, he started slowing down his pace and then he all but stopped.

I hit his chest with my tiny balled up fists, throwing more of a toddler’s tantrum than really attacking him. “Why’d you fucking stop? Fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

“Hold on,” said Gerry. I saw him over Wayne’s shoulder and it took me a moment to figure out what was going on. “Pull back a bit, dude.”

Wayne willingly moved his hips back and in the process he pulled out of my pussy, infuriating me further.

“No!” I whined in complaint. I wanted his cock in me.

“Just relax,” Gerry said. “Almost there.”

My reaction was: “I don’t want to fucking relax!”

Wayne said: “Uh-huh” while he had a strange expression on his face.

Across the room Phil just snorted and chuckled at us.

“Oh!” Wayne blurted out.

“Yeah, there we go,” said Gerry. He looked over Wayne’s shoulder at me. “I bet you never had a three-way like this before, huh?”

I shook my head. “No. Put your cock back in me,” I insisted to Wayne. Already I had reached down and found his hard cock. It took a little effort but eventually he got back in my pussy.

It was mind-bending to realize that Gerry’s cock was stuffed up Wayne’s ass while my husband fucked me, but that was the sort of mind-bending I was looking for in my sex life.

Sadly, Wayne couldn’t keep pounding away at me. He was pinned between the two of us. I could feel the impact of Gerry’s enthusiastic thrusts as he fucked Wayne’s ass. It was nice, but I wanted more.

I was a little worried for Wayne. He had never been reamed in the ass before. Although he seemed to take to it like a duck to water judging by the expression on his face.

“You like that, honey?” I asked him.

Wayne just nodded.

Gerry kept fucking and grinning. “I’m going to make him cum. He’s got a tight ass.”

True to his promise, Gerry did make Wayne cum after a minute of the strange pounding. I felt my husband’s cock stiffen inside me and then he was unloading his cum deep in my pussy. It did little for me, but Wayne seemed thrilled, having gotten fucked in the ass for the first time in his life.

I was amazed that my husband had so readily accepted getting fucked in the ass. It was a good day for our marriage.

“He came,” I reported to Gerry.

“Good. Do you want me to finish in your ass?” Gerry asked Wayne.

“Uh...I don’t know.”

“I’ll just do it then,” Gerry said hurriedly as he continued to pound away at Wayne.

Wayne’s cock didn’t go soft in me. It stayed nice and hard. It only took Gerry a minute to reach his second orgasm, finishing inside of Wayne.

This was something neither of us had planned for but I was thrilled with the results.

“I think I need to get cleaned up,” said Wayne when Gerry was done and had withdrawn.

“Bathroom’s right over there.” Our host indicated a door. “I’ll keep your wife company.”

Wayne just nodded and beat a hasty retreat.

“Not very dignified,” said Phil after the bathroom door had shut.

Gerry jumped up from the bed and went to his husband. There was a bit of complaining, but a minute later Gerry walked away and Phil had a large red ball gag shoved behind his teeth and strapped to his head. I heard the shower running in the bathroom.

“I really wanted to get pounded by Wayne,” I complained to Gerry.

“My apologies, but I saw an opportunity and I took it.”

“It’s...it’s okay.”

“Well, no, it’s not, but I can help with that.”

“You can?”

Once again he went to the storage compartments built in the bed’s headboard and this time he came out with a rather impressive looking vibrator.

It wasn’t huge, but it was large.

My eyes lit up as I took it from his hands.

“I have others if this doesn’t suit your needs.”

“Why does a gay couple have a woman’s vibrator in their sex toy collection?” I

asked as I switched on the battery operated dick and teased my labia with it.

“What type of host would I be if I didn’t have one? Or several?” Gerry said with a smile. “I sometimes entertain women.”

A noise came from Phil’s corner of the room, but I ignored him as did Gerry.

“Ohh,” I moaned as I slipped the big device past my lips and into my fleshy tunnel. I found the perfect setting for the vibrations and I started pumping it in and out of my pussy exactly as I wanted. It was heaven.

“And you might be surprised at how many gay men love to have a nice vibrator up their ass.”

I wanted to ask several questions on that issue, but I had more pressing concerns. My pussy was perfectly full and I knew if I could do things just right, I’d be rewarded with several sharp orgasms in a row.

My knees came up and my pussy opened and I pounded away at myself.

I vaguely felt Gerry’s fingers on my nipples but I couldn’t be distracted from the main show going on in my pussy.

When I dragged the length of the impressive vibrator over my clit and then plunged it back inside me, I was done. I reached a sharp peak and I kept reaching it. I lost track of everything around me and it was good.

By the time I had enough willpower returned to me to pull the toy free of my pussy, I was little more than a quivering pile of flesh.

Gerry released my nipples. They were sore. He had been pinching them fiercely. I appreciated the attention.

Wayne kissed me on the forehead. His hair was dripping. He had recently left the shower.

“That was so fucking hot, honey,” he told me.

“Thank you,” I mumbled. “I want to do it again.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Just Lust: Perfectly Average 2

As I struggled into the harness, Jessica flopped back on the bed, her head on a pillow, and watched me, her hand between her legs, gently stroking her pussy.

I'd never worn a strap-on harness before, but I understood the principles. It was a popular technique to make a caged man fuck his girlfriend or wife or whatever with one to keep him under her thumb. The center of the harness and the base of the dildo sat on the pubic bone, above the cock. Maybe for women it sat a little lower.

Strap-ons were originally designed for lesbians to fuck each other. She was trying to turn me into a woman.

Or maybe not. Maybe she just wanted to get fucked with some sort of cock. I could either complain about it or abandon my kink that kept my cock locked away or I could go with it.

I went with it.

The harness was fine to wear. It took a little effort to get her favorite dildo properly attached to the harness, but I got it done. When I looked down to examine my handiwork, I realized that the marbled purple and blue dildo wasn't just a different color than my cock, it was bigger too.

It wasn't like I was suddenly wearing a horse cock or anything like that, but it was significantly bigger in both length and girth. I wasn't exactly intimidated, but I was put in my place. While I knew that I had a perfectly average and capable cock (and I knew that I did because I had measured and every woman I had ever been with had said it was perfect and what I did with it was fantastic!) it was still a blow to my ego to realize that my girlfriend's favorite toy was much bigger than me.

I tried to tell myself that her preference for a large dildo was because she could

get mine any time she wanted.

It was a lie I wanted desperately to believe.

Jessica was watching me from the bed. She was on her back, her knees bent and legs slightly open. With one hand resting behind her head and the other covering her pussy, she looked incredibly wanton. And sexy. And seductive. And inviting.

And I didn't know why I was standing there at the end of the bed, holding her favorite dildo in my hand while my cock was locked up and just contemplating her.

"Well?" she asked as if I knew exactly what she wanted.

I was pretty sure I knew what she wanted, but with women who can honestly tell?

"Are you ready?" I asked her, still not moving.

She was naked and she had a pair of fingers in her pussy. How could she be any more ready?

The truth was I was scared and nervous. What if fucking her with the dildo was better for her than doing it normally with my real cock? Could I live with that?

I was certain I could. On one level, I wanted that. On another level, I dreaded that.

My mind was reeling and if it hadn't been caged, I'm sure my cock would have turtled quicker than if I had been in bed with a tattooed art major who insisted on calling me Daddy.

Jessica laughed at me, but it was a friendly laugh. "I'm so wet and ready that my pussy should be labeled 'slippery when wet.'"

Sometimes sexy talk should be left to the professionals.

Plastering a smile on my face, I crawled up on the bed and tried to pretend that this was perfectly normal and I wanted to do it and I had the confidence that I

didn’t feel.

Fake it until you make it.

Unfortunately I wanted to make her cum. With my real cock.

I was so nervous and scared for either outcome (success in making her cum with the strap-on or failure that made her kick me out of bed) that my cock couldn’t have gotten hard if Medusa herself stared at it magically willing to turn to granite.

Unlike my usual smooth, suave self when getting into bed with a woman, even a long-term girlfriend like Jessica, I was nervous and fumbling around.

It didn’t help that the cock I was using wasn’t mine.

It also didn’t help that the cock I was using was too high up and the wrong angle.

It definitely didn’t help that Jessica reached down between her legs and grabbed the cock to guide it into her pussy.

Under normal circumstances that would have been natural and unremarkable, but I was hyper-aware of all my failings at the moment.

“Fuck me,” she begged as I watched the slightly bulbous head disappear between her swollen lips. “Fuck me like a savage.”

I tried my best. I really did.

It’s hard to fuck with a strap-on cock.

The harness was fine. The dildo was fine. Even though I hadn’t done anything physical to get her ready, Jessica was more than wet and eager enough.

The angle was weird. I couldn’t get my hips to work the way I wanted them to go. It was a struggle. It wasn’t all that much fun for me. It was hardly enjoyable.

However, Jessica seemed to love it. She panted and moaned as I penetrated her with my fake cock. She shivered when I sucked on her nipples. She grabbed my ass and shoved me in further when her excitement was peaking. She said all the

right things a man wants to hear during sex.

“Fuck me harder! Fuck me! I love your cock! So fucking deep! My pussy is on fire!” And so on.

It was strange looking down at her during sex and seeing her overtaken by ecstasy, but I felt nothing. My cock didn’t react at all.

Maybe she got off on knowing that.

It was the most exhausting session of sex I had ever had, but eventually I made her cum. Jessica clung to me as she shivered and quaked around the dildo I was using on her. I loved the way she wrapped her legs around my waist and squeezed hard. Normally that would have done wonders for me, but this time it was little more than casual human contact.

“You fucked me lovely,” she said, not making a whole lot of sense, but what does right after orgasm?

“You’re welcome.” I didn’t know what else to say. I also didn’t know what to do. Normally after stopping sex, my cock would soften and I’d slip out of her and we’d be done, but a dildo is always hard and ready to go. I was inadequate compared to it.

“I like having a hard cock in me after I cum.”

“It’s not a cock,” I pointed out. “It’s a dildo.”

“It’s the only cock that I can have right now,” she pointed out.

“Well...that’s not entirely true,” I said without thinking about it.

Her brow furrowed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You could fuck another guy if you wanted. I mean, in addition to me.”

She looked at me with narrowed eyes. “It’s like you want me to fuck someone else.”

I swallowed my pride. “I wouldn’t mind...because you’d be coming back to me

for my cock.” It was more bravado than I’d earned since my cock was currently encased in an unyielding steel tube.

Jessica laughed at me. It was the type of humiliating laugh that stirred my cock, but I couldn’t tell her that. “Right. If I was cheating on you, I wouldn’t come back to you for a fuck. Your cock can’t get hard.” She pushed me away, forcing the dildo out of her pussy. Just for emphasis she grabbed my cage and gave it a good shake. “See. This is as hard as you can get.”

“You’re going to let me out in a few days,” I reminded her.

“Am I?” she questioned me in a tone that made my heart stop and stomach sink...and my cock struggled to get hard.

I wanted to fuck her so badly...and then be told I couldn’t.

I was living the dream.

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Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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