
An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity
You're Doing It Wrong 4:
MISTAKEN
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


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You’re Doing It Wrong 4: Mistaken

An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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You’re Doing It Wrong 4: Mistaken

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Chapter Ten

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re serious.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes,” he said bitterly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But maybe some visual stimulation will be enough.”

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

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

turned it on.

Nothing about Gerry's house surprised me any longer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh...fuck," sighed Wayne.

"You're tight," Phil commented.

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

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

The two started rutting.

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

Wayne remained silent.

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

I couldn't see everything I wanted to see, but I could easily imagine Wayne's

caged cock was bouncing back and forth as Phil buggered him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I came," he reported to Phil.

"Good. Hold still."

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

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

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

He was plenty hard.

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

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

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

“I like watching him have sex.”

“With other men?”

“Of course.”

“Does he know?”

“Yes.”

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

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

Chapter Eleven

It was disorienting waking up in Gerry's giant bed.

It was even more disorienting waking up alone.

When I realized I was alone I sat upright and took stock of my situation.

The curtains of the room were drawn, but judging from the sunlight peeking around the edge, it was mid-morning.

Knowing that Gerry's house was full of spy cameras I got out of bed, found a bathrobe in the closet that fit me reasonably well, and went in search of my husband.

And my lover.

I was a little bit creeped out being alone in a strange house so I would have been happy to find Phil as well.

As it turned out I found all three together. While it would have been nice to find them all together eating breakfast in a kitchen nook, I found them in a compromising position.

Or sort of compromising position.

It is really compromising if Wayne had my tacit approval to have sex with Phil and Gerry? It wasn't explicit approval, but I hadn't given any of them permission to remove Wayne's cock cage.

When I found the green room where Phil and Wayne had spent the night, I found Wayne's cock in Gerry's mouth. I simply stood in the doorway and gawked, maybe it wasn't the best look, but I didn't know what else to do.

Wayne was standing up. His cock cage hand been unlocked and placed on the bed. Gerry was on his hands and knees in front of my husband, giving him an enthusiastic blowjob. Kneeling behind Gerry was Phil. I couldn't see clearly but it was obvious from context that Phil was fucking his husband's ass.

On the surface, there was nothing wrong with any of what they were doing.

Except they didn’t have permission to unlock Wayne. Gerry had stolen the key from me while I slept just so he could suck Wayne’s cock.

I was more upset about that little betrayal than anything else.

I was happy to see Wayne getting his cock sucked. He deserved that.

But he needed my permission.

I was pissed.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” I was loud and angry.

All three turned their heads simultaneously to look at me. This caused Wayne’s cock to pop out of Gerry’s mouth. Phil stopped fucking his husband.

No one answered me.

They also had guilty looks on their faces. They knew that they had been caught doing something illicit and wrong.

Wayne was the one to speak first. “Having sex?” he asked.

“I can see that. But you didn’t ask my permission to take off your cage.”

Wayne swallowed and opened his mouth to speak, but had no answer. That was disappointing considering he was an economics professor and should be able to give an effective, cogent argument on any topic at the drop of a hat.

Maybe having his cock in someone else’s mouth so recently had drained all the blood from his head.

Gerry managed to speak. “That was my fault. I told him I had your permission to unlock him.”

“That was a lie,” I said.

“I know,” Gerry said. I didn’t see any contrition or guilt on his face. “But here we are.”

“Is she going to join in or are we going to keep going?” Phil asked. “Because if

she’s in, I’m out.”

I sniffed and raised my chin. “Don’t worry. I’m not joining the three of you. Have your fun. I’m going to have coffee.”

Stepping back, I slammed the door shut and went back to the master bedroom. I half expected Wayne to come running after me.

I was disappointed when he didn’t.

I was angry and turned on and confused and upset all at once.

I found the tablet that Gerry had used the night before and managed to turn it on and find the camera feed we had used to spy on Phil and Wayne.

I wasn’t sure to be disappointed or excited that the three of them had gone right back to their little daisy chain of sex. After watching for a minute, I switched off the tablet and went to the bathroom. There I showered and got myself under control.

Recognizing that I was seething with anger over Gerry and Wayne’s betrayal was the first step in planning what needed to be done. At first I was angry at Phil as well, but I realized he was just along for the ride. He had been having sex with Gerry. He had done nothing wrong.

After showering I dressed and went to the kitchen where I fixed myself a cup of coffee, found some pastries and fruit and had myself a little pity breakfast.

Sometime later, after the caffeine had centered me and I wasn’t so hungry, Wayne came into the kitchen.

He gave me a wan smile. “Hi.”

“Come over here, honey,” I said to him with open arms as I stood up from the table.

He hugged me. I got my hand between our bodies and groped his crotch. He was surprised at the contact and pulled back.

“I’m glad you were smart enough to put your cage back on.” The hardness of his

cage was obvious when I felt between his legs. I could also feel the athletic supporter he had taken to wearing to support the weight of the metal device.

“Phil helped me,” he said, handing over the key to his cage.

“Not Gerry?”

“He was in the shower.”

I was curious as to the logistics of who was showering and when. Wayne’s hair was still damp from his recent shower. He smelled clean.

“I’m glad you made a new friend,” I said trying to keep the sneer out of my voice.

“Thanks. I shouldn’t have had sex with them without your permission.”

“No, you shouldn’t have taken off your cage without my permission.”

“Gerry said—”

I cut him off. “Don’t forget that Gerry’s a man and will do anything to get what he wants when it comes to sex. That includes lying. You should know that. You’re a man.”

“Is this how it’s going to go between us?” Wayne asked, a little exasperated.

“It is when it comes to your cock and cage. You gave me the key. I get to be in charge of that little thing.”

“Little?” He was offended.

“I’ve had bigger.”

“Like mine?” asked Gerry, walking into the kitchen with great confidence.

He shouldn’t have had that confidence. I was pissed at him.

“Show me your cock,” I demanded of him.

That brought him up short. “Really? Here? Now?”

I stiffened my back. “Why not? Is someone going to walk in?”

With a smile and a shake of his head, Gerry unzipped and pulled out his cock. It was soft and average, like almost every man’s cock.

I sniffed. “Like I said, about the same size as every man I’ve had. And I’ve definitely had bigger.”

“Ouch,” he said before zipping back up.

“And don’t ever fucking unlock my husband’s cage ever again without my permission.” I didn’t put too much venom into my voice, but I made it abundantly clear what I expected.

Gerry got the message. “Sorry. I apologize. I just...I was a bit jealous of Phil. He got to spend the night with Wayne.”

Wayne snickered.

I ignored my husband.

“Ask first,” I repeated. “I don’t care what your reasons are. Where’s Phil?”

“Why? Do you want to check his cage as well?”

So obviously Gerry had seen that interaction between me and Wayne. Fine.

“Not at all. Just wondering if he wanted some breakfast.”

“He’s hiding in the bedroom. Too intimidated by your pussy, I suppose.”

We had a mostly pleasant breakfast and then said our goodbyes to Wayne. Phil continued to hide in the bedroom.

The drive home was uncomfortable for Wayne. I closely checked his cage before we left, making sure it was good and snug. The position I left him in wasn’t exactly comfortable.

But that wasn’t the real reason he was uncomfortable.

We had barely been driving five minutes when I said, “I want to find another

man to fuck."

Wayne nearly drove off the road. "What?"

"You heard me."

"Why?"

"Because I can. Because you have your cock in chastity. Because you fucked two men last night. Because I get to have fun without you."

"I don't suppose I have any say in the matter."

"Nope."

"Have you picked out the guy you want to fuck?" he said trying not to sound bitter. "Is it someone I know?"

"Haven't picked him out yet. That's what hookup apps are for. I'll be discrete."

"Thanks."

"Don't worry, I have a surprise for you as well."

He gave me a serious side-eye. "What's the surprise?"

"If I told you that it wouldn't be a surprise."

Wayne continued to pester me all the way home about the surprise. I told him if he didn't shut up about it he'd regret the surprise.

That worked.

Chapter Twelve

Two important things about hookup apps. First, it's incredibly easy for women to get attention on them. Second, most of that attention was unwanted. I set up my parameters as to what I was looking for and that was supposed to filter out anyone who didn't suit my needs and wants. Yet, still, I was messaged by all sorts of men that not only didn't interest me but were supposed to be filtered out by the app.

It was frustrating, but it wasn't nearly the level of frustration for me as it was for Wayne. I had told him no release from his cage until I found a hookup partner.

I still let him out for showering and such, but the real problem for him was no orgasm. I made him go down on me and use vibrators on me. I was getting all the dickless sex I wanted which meant plenty of orgasms, but Wayne wasn't getting any.

By the end of two weeks he was incredibly horny and frustrated.

That's when his surprise came into play because I finally found the guy who was going to fuck me solo.

"Tomorrow?" Wayne asked me when we were getting ready for bed. The kids were asleep and this was our private time.

I watched as he stripped and couldn't help but smile when his cock cage came into view. He wasn't hard—it was impossible for him to get hard inside his little cage—but he was fully swollen, taking up all the available space in the cage.

"Yes, tomorrow. His name is Doug and he seems like a nice guy."

"You're just going to meet him at a hotel and fuck him?" Wayne asked, a little worried and a little angry.

"Yes. Well, we're going to have a drink first so I can make sure he's worthy of being fucked and isn't a giant douche bag in person. I already have all his information. I'll give it to you tomorrow."

"It's dangerous," he complained.

"No, it's not. Now are you ready for your surprise?"

I had been teasing him about the surprise I had been promising him for the past two weeks since he had left Gerry and Phil's place. I had considered breaking it out earlier, but now seemed the perfect time.

Wayne's attitude changed at once. "Surprise?" He was eager, but I had teased and alluded to the surprise so many times before that he was wary. "This is just another trick, right?"

I silently went to my closet and dug out the present. As soon as he saw it, Wayne's attitude changed again. "You've got to be kidding me. No. I'm not doing that."

I frowned at him and stripped down. I was already wearing pajamas—who wants to wear business casual at home with the kids?—so It was easy to get down to my plain panties and camisole. "Of course you're doing it. Don't you want to get out of your cage?" I pulled the chain and his key out of my cami. "Don't you want to have a nice orgasm with your wife before she goes off and fucks another man without you?"

I had experimented with the harness before, but I still wasn't an expert at getting it on. Wayne just stared at me as I struggled into the strapon harness. I wasn't sure if he was turned on by the thought of what was about to happen, or if he was too stunned to react further.

Once I had gotten the harness on and properly adjusted, I smiled at him and pulled the chain over my head. "Time to take off your cage."

I walked across the room to him. The straps of the harness were just tight enough to pull on my flesh. I could feel how they outlined my ass, even in my underwear. It had to look fantastic and I hadn't even put on the dildo yet.

Wayne actually backed away from me.

"What's the matter?" I asked, still a few steps away from him.

"You want to fuck me in the ass with that thing!" he blurted, pointing at the semi-rigid fake cock on the bed. It wasn't even that big. It was perfectly average. I had done my research. This was the size and shape that was perfect for beginners to pegging according to everything I had read. And it wasn't like Wayne was a neophyte to anal sex.

“Yes. You’ll love it.”

“I don’t want to do it.”

My brow furrowed. I had been positive that he would be thrilled for this little turnabout is fair play. “But...you’ve done anal before. I want to do that with you.”

“Why can’t I fuck you in the ass?” he asked, making it an accusation of me not understanding his needs.

“Because I don’t want that. I want to fuck you in the ass. Pegging is supposed to be a beautiful expression of love between a woman and her submissive husband.”

He started to argue again and then backed off and shook his head. “I don’t want to be gay with you,” he said dejectedly. “I want to fuck you like a real man. When I’ve had sex with Phil and Gerry, that was...that was fine. But they’re men. Me taking it up the ass from you...I’m not ready for that.”

I nodded in understanding. It was fine for him to have anal sex with men, but it was emasculating for him to do it with his wife. “I get it. I sympathize. I was so thrilled when you gave me the keys to your cage. I loved being in charge of your cock and our sex life. I get it. Here,” I said offering him the keys as I started loosening the straps to the harness. “Take off your cage. We’re done with this. We’ll be plain vanilla for a while.”

He didn’t take the keys from me. He looked like a train had run him over. “For...for how long?”

I shrugged. The harness was still on my hips. “For as long as it takes. We can be that boring couple again. You’ll stop having sex with men. I won’t have my fun affair tomorrow. I was sort of looking forward to seeing you with Hannah again.”

I don’t know which of those little digs worked, but one of them must have. Once again, Wayne’s attitude changed. “Why...why do you want to fuck me that way?”

Rolling my shoulders and keeping a smile off my lips, I said, “It seems like fun. We’re into new things. I wanted to see what it was like to be like a man fucking

another man. I know what it's like to be a woman being fucked by a man."

"This isn't the way it's supposed to be."

"Of course not. That's why it's fun."

With a sigh, Wayne relented. "Okay. How do you want to do this?"

It took a few minutes to get everything arranged. Wayne went along with my plan willingly, even happily. I attached the dildo to my harness. He got into position and lubed up his ass. I put just as much on my girlcock.

"You really want me on my back?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," I said eagerly. "It's much more intimate that way. I can see your face." Among other things. I had plans for my husband.

"Isn't it traditional to get pegged from behind?" he asked.

"Sure, but I'm not about traditions at all."

I was still in my panties and camisole. In addition to those items I had the key chain around my neck but on the outside of the camisole where Wayne could see it.

He was naked but for his cage. It was easiest for him to put his hands behind his knees and pull them up to his chest so I could get my girlcock into his ass.

His cock looked so small next to mine. He was caged and useless. I was a woman with a tool she shouldn't have.

I'll admit this: it was strange pegging my husband for the first time. I was worried about hurting him and what the proper way to fuck actually was. As it turned out, his experience with Gerry and Phil was beneficial for both of us. He helped me get my girlcock where it needed to go up his ass. I took it slow and easy getting into him.

He moaned and groaned as I eased into him, but we could both tell that he liked it. Fucking his ass like that made me feel powerful. He was my good little submissive and I was in charge of his cock and I'd be the one to determine when

he got to use it and under what circumstances.

“Ohh...fuck,” he moaned. “That feels so good.”

“A little prostate massage will do that,” I said with a grin. We weren’t quite in reverse missionary position, but close to it. He was curled up with his knees to his chest, legs wide. I was sort of kneeling between his legs, rocking my hips, sliding my neat girlcock in and out of his ass.

I judged it was the perfect time to move things along. While I was taking great pleasure in fucking him, I was certain that I wasn’t going to be able to cum from it alone.

Whipping the chain over my head, I grabbed the key in one hand and his cock cage in the other. In order to pull off this complex move I had to stop fucking him, but I left my cock buried in his ass while I did it.

“What are you doing?”

“Giving you a little release,” I muttered as I opened up the lock. I’d done it dozens of times before. It was easy to do. The lock was removed. The retaining ring opened right up. I pulled off his tube before he could get hard and be confronted with an erection trapped in a metal tube.

When he was free he grew to full size in just a few seconds. It was a marvel to see how quickly he became erect. I could sense how much blood was being pumped into his manhood with every heartbeat.

“What...what now?” he asked as I set aside the pieces of his cage.

In the same motion I picked up the bottle of lube and squirted a generous dose into my hand and some more onto his cock.

“Now? This,” I said as I resumed fucking his ass and at the same time I jerked him off. The lube made his hardness extra slippery and I loved that.

Wayne was clearly surprised at this change of pace. I guess he had fully expected me to peg him until he either came inside his cage or I got bored. Or maybe I would have stopped if I came myself.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

It was a stupid question, but I answered it anyway.

“Fucking you and jerking you off. Do you like it?”

“Uh...uh-huh,” he moaned and flopped his head back on the pillow.

“I bet you do, you little slut.”

He didn’t reply to that. He didn’t have to.

I liked jerking his cock. I liked fucking his ass. It wasn’t going to make me cum, but that wasn’t the point. The point was that I was in charge of his cock and I got to say when he got to cum.

“You almost there?” I asked him.

“Oh...oh fuck yes.”

“You’re going to cum all over yourself,” I informed him.

He was on his back. The only place for his cum to go was on his chest and stomach.

It wasn’t like he had much of an option.

“Okay.”

Up to that point I had been fairly careful not to ram his ass like I was trying to slam him across the bed. Once he said okay, I started fucking him harder and my hand became a blur on his cock.

He only lasted a few more seconds before he came.

His load shot out of his cock and splashed all over his chest and stomach.

I was impressed.

And I didn’t stop rubbing his cock, even after he begged me to.

“Please...no more!”

I slowed down a little and squeezed him tight. I stopped moving my hips. “Just polishing the apple. I want to get all that cum out of you.” I ran my fingers up his length a few more times, forcing out the last few drops of cum before I dipped my fingers in the thick liquid.

I had to taste it. His spunk was as delicious as ever.

He didn’t even complain when I pushed my fingers into his mouth.

I liked how subservient he had become.

Finally, I pulled my girlcock out of his ass. “Go shower,” I told him.

“Don’t you want to supervise.”

I giggled a little. “No need. I doubt you could get hard again right now. Shower and we’ll put you back in your cage.”

He nodded and staggered off alone to the bathroom.

I couldn’t wait to fuck Doug tomorrow.

While Wayne was in the shower, I stripped off my harness and jilled off. There was no way I could last another day without an orgasm after pegging my husband for the first time.

Chapter Thirteen

The advantage of having younger children is it’s easy to lie to them. Our two offspring simply accepted that Mommy had a late meeting with a client. All they really knew was that they got to spend a night at home with Daddy.

What they didn’t know was that Mommy was out getting fucked by a stranger with Daddy’s permission.

My encounter with Doug was...it was everything I had dreamed of. While I didn’t have any special desire to cheat on my husband—and I wasn’t, I was having sex outside our marriage with Wayne’s permission—it was so freeing having sex with another man that didn’t involve Wayne in any way. It was just straight sex between two adults.

There’s no reason to go into detail about how I fucked Doug. It was almost boring what we did in that hotel room.

Sure there were a couple of exciting things.

When we met at the bar, he noticed I was wearing my wedding band. His fingers were free of rings. When he asked if I was married, I told him yes, but my husband and I had an open relationship. That was true enough.

He wanted to get laid so he didn’t question me further. Who knows, maybe he had a kink for fucking married women.

I didn’t go all out on lingerie but I could tell he was thrilled to find me in red silk bra and panties. Of course I matched them. That’s only classy.

When he went down on me, he did it with enthusiasm. He did it with enough enthusiasm to make me cum from oral alone. That’s unusual for me.

And then he went down further and started licking my ass.

Not just the cheeks, but his tongue passed over my asshole and then pushed up into it. He didn’t penetrate me all that much, but I got the idea. I had never had my ass eaten before. It was a pleasant experience that I wanted to do again.

Doug asked to fuck my ass. I told him I never did that on a first date. He was disappointed but was a gentleman about it. I think implying that the second time

we hooked up if he ate my ass again, I'd let him fuck it helped.

He managed to get it up three times, which thrilled me.

There wasn't any discussion about using condoms. That discussion had taken place before we met and I made it crystal clear to him that I expected him to use them. He didn't complain or question my demand. That made me want to fuck him down the road.

I made him take pictures of me during sex. A couple of me sucking his cock. A few of him inside my pussy. My left hand wrapped around his hard cock. I let him cum on my face and he was sure to get a picture of that. I even went so far as to make sure he took a picture of my left hand covered in his cum.

I even took a picture of his face—partially obscured—as he was eating my pussy.

All of these pictures were low quality and partially blurry. I wasn't doing a porn shoot. I was having fun...and plotting a little bit of humiliation for my husband.

When I was done, Doug let me shower first and then, with a kiss, I left him alone in the hotel room.

Walking down the hallway I realized that if I had done this a year earlier, as my marriage to Wayne was threatening to fall apart, it might have been the final factor in the end of the marriage. Doug was polite and funny and a good lover. He would have made a great replacement husband. Or maybe just a temporary boyfriend as I went through divorce. Whatever.

At this point I was staying married to Wayne and Doug, at best, would be an occasional lover when I needed time alone.

Wayne waited up for me. I told him not to, but I suppose it's difficult for a man in chastity to fall asleep while his wife is out fucking another man.

"How did it go?" he asked me after I kissed him. He was on the bed watching some movie.

“It was great,” I told him. I didn’t feel a bit of guilt after having kissed Doug goodbye and then kissing Wayne in greeting. I placed my hand over his crotch. He was wearing baggy pajama bottoms but I could feel the steel of his cage on his cock through the material.

“Tell me everything,” he said eagerly. Maybe Wayne wouldn’t describe himself as a cuckold—though I had certainly just cuckolded him with Doug—but he could enjoy some of the benefits of being a cuckold while he was in chastity.

“No,” I said pertly as I jumped off the bed and undressed.

Wayne blinked at me. “Why...why not?”

“I don’t have to tell you everything,” I answered as I posed in front of him for a moment in my red silk panties and bra. Doug hadn’t left any obvious sign on me that we had recently had sex, but I could still pretend.

“Okay, but could you tell me a little?” Wayne begged.

I smiled as I unhooked my bra and tossed it aside so he could see my tits. They felt a little swollen. Doug had liked to suck on my nipples and slap them around a bit. The pinkness he had raised had already faded, but Wayne knew that another man’s hands had been all over my body.

“No. I don’t think I’ll tell you anything,” I clarified as I pulled my panties down and left them on the floor. I was starting to wish that Doug had left some minor bruises on me. Even a hidden hickey on my breast would have been great. The only aftereffect I could feel was a slightly swollen pussy.

“Well...that’s not what I was expecting,” Wayne said grumpily.

I was certain that his cock had been swelling inside his cage. I don’t know what fantasies he had been spinning up in his head, but I hoped none of them came to fruition.

I wanted to torture him.

Rolling my eyes, I said, “Fine!” Going over to where I had left my purse on the dresser, I opened it up and pulled out my phone. It was still open to the photo app, so I just handed it over to Wayne.

“Here. Maybe this will make you happy.”

After he glanced at the first photo, his eyes went wide. “Holy shit.” He started flicking through the photos and kept repeating “Holy shit,” over and over.

“You’ve seen me fuck other men,” I pointed out as he cycled back and forth through the dirty pictures.

“Only Gerry,” he reminded me. “This is better. I want to see this Doug fuck you in person.”

“Don’t get your hopes up.”

“Why not?”

“He’s going to be my special treat when I’m tired of dealing with your little locked cock.”

“Hey!” he complained.

“I’m just being honest with you,” I told him. “I wouldn’t spend too much time looking at those pictures because you aren’t getting out of your cage tonight.”

“Want me to make you cum?” he generously offered.

I smiled thinly. “Doug made me cum more times than I could count tonight. I don’t think I need your help.”

“Can you send me these pictures?” he asked, displaying my phone to me. I saw the picture of me with my mouth full of Doug’s cock.

“No.”

“Why not?” he whined.

“Because I don’t need them spread across the internet. Because they belong to me. Because I want to torture you.”

“That’s not fair.”

“I’m not the one who asked to be put into a chastity cage.”

Chapter Fourteen

Things were normal for a few days. Wayne was respectful and helpful and polite to me. I knew he was just on his best behavior to get out of his cage so I gave him a little reward of jerking him off while he was in the shower.

It wasn't much of a reward.

And then, finally, Gerry contacted me again.

I knew that if I waited long enough, he would contact me first.

I know that things could have gone better, but overall I think it was a great overnight.

I looked at his message to me. It could have gone better, was my response.

Gerry: It can always go better. Would you like to do it again?

Me: You just want to fuck my husband again.

Gerry: Ha! True enough. But I want to fuck you again as well.

Me: What's in it for me?

Gerry: Incredible orgasms

Me: I can get those anywhere. I fucked a stranger a few days ago. He was great in bed.

Gerry: Congratulations. I can give your husband something special.

Me: I bet.

Gerry: He's decidedly in need of something.

I was curious. I couldn't help myself and had to ask the question.

Me: What does he need? It's not just sex with you.

Gerry: He needs to get his cock pierced.

I looked at that message a long time. Texting back and forth like this had taken a couple of hours. I wasn't sure how I felt about such a drastic change in Wayne's cock and what it meant in our relationship. It definitely felt like it was taking chastity from the game we were playing to a serious lifestyle choice.

Me: Why would he need to get his cock pierced?

I already knew the answer to this question but I needed to hear it from someone else.

Gerry: Because I assure you he's pulling out of that cage and jerking off or fucking other people. No cage is completely secure without a piercing.

I already knew that. I was confident that my husband had never used ice or frozen peas to shrink his cock and pull out of his cage so he could jerk off or have sex with someone else without my permission.

I knew I was also fooling myself.

Me: He doesn't need a piercing. He hasn't pulled out. He wouldn't do that to me.

Gerry: Go ask him and then tell me that.

I tried to convince myself that Gerry was just winding me up. Trying to piss me off. Trying to make me feel bad about how I was running my relationship with Wayne.

Trying to tell me I was doing chastity wrong with Wayne.

And still, that night, after the kids were in bed, I had to ask him.

I knew the answer but I needed to hear it from Wayne's lips.

He was in the middle of undressing. I watched as he took off his athletic supporter and put on a pair of boxers. Sometimes we slept naked, sometimes I insisted on it, but with kids, having a bit of clothing on made things a little easier.

Out of habit he offered his caged cock to me for a quick inspection. I handled him, turning his cock from side to side, making sure everything was okay.

It was.

After I let him go and he pulled up his boxers, I blurted out the words.

“Honey, have you ever pulled out of your cage?”

“W-What?”

I fixed him with a firm glare. “Have you ever pulled out of your cage and jerked off?” I asked him. I didn’t press about sex with someone else. I didn’t want to know that.

He hesitated too long. That was the real answer.

“Why are you asking?” he avoided the question.

“Just answer the damn question!”

He looked away. “Yes. A few times. Sometimes I get so horny that—”

“Don’t finish that sentence.”

We were silent for a moment.

“You know what this means, right?” I asked him.

“No…”

“Gerry gave me some advice and we’re going to follow it.”

I was happy with how well Wayne took my decision.

I was scared with how well Wayne took my decision.

He had given me complete power over his sexuality, his cock, his sex life, and I was rewarding him by permanently damaging his beautiful cock.

I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t a little excited by the situation.

Chapter Fifteen

I have to say that Wayne soldiered through the piercing and recovery with a minimum of complaining.

I had expected a great deal of resistance from him about getting his cock pierced. When I thought about it, getting a needle rammed through my clit hood or labia didn't sound like fun. It did sound and look sexy, but there was the initial fear. And yet I was pleasantly surprised by Wayne's reaction.

"That's probably a good idea. I won't be able to pull out that way."

I couldn't watch while the needle went through his flesh, through his flesh that I loved the most.

I did admire the bright silver ring that adorned his cock afterwards.

The healing went rather smoothly. I even let him out of the cage for two weeks. Of course, he couldn't use his cock for anything fun during that period. He said it stung to piss, but that's the price he had to pay for beauty and for full-time chastity.

He was worried about explaining his little procedure to the kids, but what was there to explain? "Daddy doesn't feel well. He'll be up and about in a couple of days." And he was. I insisted.

Luckily Wayne had a job that didn't have much in the way of physical demands. I'm sure looking at all those cute college boys and girls made his cock hard more than once, but the piercer said that erections were needed to help the healing process.

I got to hook up with Doug on a regular basis. He was curious as to why I suddenly had so much time to cheat on my husband.

He didn't want to hear that I was in an open marriage. I think he got off on the idea of his partner cheating. I had my suspicions that he was married or in a serious long-term relationship, but I didn't probe too much. There were just occasions that he said he couldn't get away from work or family obligations.

I had more dick in those first two weeks of Wayne healing than I had had in the past year, including our encounters with Gerry and Phil.

It was great.

The highlight of his piercing wasn't any of that, of course, it was getting to pick out a new chastity cage together.

"I don't think I'm ever going to have sex again," he complained to me when I brought the laptop to bed so that we could browse our chastity options together. I wanted him to have something lightweight and stylish. With the PA piercing that Wayne now wore security wasn't an issue.

"What would you like in your new cage?" I asked him brightly as we scrolled through the several options I had preselected for him. "Silver is the most popular color, but we can get it in black or pink or any color really, but those would be custom orders."

"I don't think it matters," he groused. He was still in the early stages of healing so I expected him to be sulky.

"Of course it matters. We have some time before we have to put you back into a cage full time and I want it to be something that will make you happy. We can do a custom order, that'll just take more time so we need to make a decision now."

Once he got past his initial resistance, things moved smoothly. We opted to have two new cages for Wayne's cock. The first was just a standard metal chastity cage, a step up from his curved tube, but with a special PA ring that was also a lock. It would work with almost any chastity cage, his new one and the new one I chose for him.

Wayne was being a bit resistant to what I had done to him, so he decided to splurge on himself and get an extra fancy cage that was custom ordered. Little did he know that Gerry was the one paying for the piercing and the cage.

His choice was a custom job and the price tag showed.

"I never thought I'd be doing this," he confessed to me.

"Me too," I agreed with him. "But I'm sure as hell glad that we are doing it."

To celebrate our little purchase I allowed him to wear our strapon harness and fuck me with my favorite dildo. It was emasculating. That was the whole idea.

Chapter Sixteen

Gerry came by twice in the two months of Wayne's healing process. He came to inspect Wayne's cock, which we both liked. I think Wayne was rather proud of himself, having a PA ring through his cock.

He couldn't fuck me, of course, but he could watch while Gerry fucked me.

It was just a couple of normal cuckold hookups. Gerry and I had sex while Wayne watched. We all enjoyed it.

"When was the last time you came?" Gerry asked Wayne when he had finished with me.

Wayne had stripped down to nothing to watch us. He had carefully masturbated as he watched his wife get her needs taken care of by inserting a butt plug into his ass and cautiously running his fingers up and down the underside of his cock.

His silver PA ring prevented any proper masturbation. He couldn't make a fist and stroke his cock, focusing on the head. He didn't want to tear the PA out of his cock. Not only did that sound painful, it was sure to be a disaster.

Because of Wayne's various needs, he hadn't really had an orgasm since he had been pierced. I liked that. Even though he wasn't in his cage, he was still chaste.

"Day before she had me pierced," said Wayne.

I clucked my tongue at him. "No. We had you pierced. It was a marriage decision."

"Sure," he agreed without enthusiasm.

"Not even a wet dream?" asked Gerry.

"No. I'm not a teenager."

"I'm sure I couldn't go that long," said Gerry.

"What about Phil?"

"Oh, he was pierced before our first date. He's had that thing forever."

“Oh.”

“Nellie wasn’t even polite enough to shove a vibrator up your ass and give you a nice prostate orgasm?”

“No,” I said quickly. “He needs to learn self control.”

“He’s got a plug up his ass right now,” Gerry pointed out.

“That’s allowed.”

“You said it’s been two months?”

We both nodded.

“That should be plenty of time to have sex without any real danger,” said Gerry like he was an expert on the subject.

He probably was an expert on the subject.

Getting off the bed where I was lounging with his cum slowly leaking out of my pussy, he went over to Wayne and knelt down in front of my husband to inspect his cock.

Wayne was fully erect and he didn’t flinch away at all when Wayne grabbed him and closely peered at the jewelry through his flesh.

“Yeah, you’re ready,” he declared. “It looks fully healed.”

“I’m not sure…” said Wayne.

“Don’t be a fucking baby. You need to use that thing or it’ll stop working,” he joked. “Get a condom, put it on, and fuck your wife.”

“What?” I said a little loudly. I was glad that our bedroom suite was on the opposite side of the house as the kids’ rooms. My little yelp of a single word was probably much quieter than the noises I was making when Gerry had been fucking me.

“Is there a problem?” Gerry asked. I hated how he was trying to take control of our bedroom.

And at the same time I loved it.

“Who says he gets to have sex with me?” I asked sharply.

“Well, I could fuck his ass, but that doesn’t do any good because he needs to use his cock,” Gerry pointed out.

“He could fuck your ass,” I said.

“Don’t talk like I’m not here,” Wayne complained.

“He could, but anal isn’t the best move after so recent a piercing. He needs something a little more warm and inviting and loose.”

“Are you calling me a slut?” I asked sharply, a grin pulling on my lips.

“If the shoe fits…”

“More like the cock,” Wayne muttered.

Gerry chuckled. “Where do you keep your condoms?”

“Why does he need a condom?” I asked.

“Helps keep the ring in place. Just a safety precaution,” said Gerry.

With a sigh I pulled my supply out of the top drawer of my dresser that was still tall enough that the kids couldn’t reach it. We’d have to invest in a good chest with a lock that would keep curious children’s prying eyes from spying on Mommy and Daddy’s secret activities.

I handed one over to Wayne. He was still hard. That was a testament to how long it had been since he had cum.

Going back to the bed I could feel Gerry’s cum leaking out of me. “Better hurry up,” I encouraged my husband as he fumbled around with the condom. “All of Gerry’s cum is going to leak out of me and then what are you going to use for lube?”

“He could go down on you to get you wet,” Gerry joked.

Wayne said nothing. He finished rolling on the condom and got onto the bed. I could just see the silver ring through the translucent latex. It was more or less held in place by the condom.

My loving husband wasted no time. He climbed right on top of me and inserted his cock.

It had been too long. I sighed with love as he pushed into me. There was no resistance on my part. Gerry had more than adequately prepared me to be fucked. My pussy was a greedy little girl and as soon as he was inside of me I realized I wanted to cum a dozen more times. Gerry had only made me cum three times.

(And just as an aside, men having a harem of women makes no sense. Only a very talented man can sexually satisfy a woman, but only after exhausting himself. It makes a lot more sense for several men to service one woman. But that's a discussion for another time.)

Before I knew it, my husband was buried deep in my pussy. I moaned a little in pleasure and a little at the satisfaction in knowing I was still in charge of my husband's cock, even if we were fucking in the oh-so-traditional missionary position.

I wasn't sure, but I thought I felt the hard metal ring inside my pussy.

My legs went around my husband's waist so he could penetrate me more deeply. I had forgotten how much I liked normal sex with him.

Though this wasn't completely normal. Gerry was watching us. Wayne was wearing a condom and now had a pierced cock. I had recently been fucked by Gerry and was still full of his cum.

It was as normal as it was going to get for us for a while. Maybe forever.

"I need to confess something," Wayne groaned while he thrusted into me.

Glancing over at Wayne I only nodded my head. "What, honey? What do you need to tell me?"

"Hannah wants to fuck me again," he blurted out and then he came.

“I knew he wouldn’t last long,” Gerry said smugly.

I was more interested in why Hannah wanted to fuck my husband again.

To Be Continued

Preview

Muselette: Perfectly Average 3

Naturally Marty was taller than me, more handsome, held himself with a confident air, and seemed at ease with the world around him. Comfortable in his own skin and all of that shit.

I wanted to hate him, but I couldn't. He was fun and charming.

And, of course, I wanted to see him fuck my girlfriend.

When I shook his hand, he didn't play that stupid game seeing how hard he could crush my hand. His grip was firm without being overpowering. His hand was bigger than mine, but not by much. I tried not to read into that. He didn't have calluses on his fingers but they weren't soft either.

It was like he was the perfect fucking man. Even his sandy brown hair said confidence. His green eyes sparkled. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't hate him.

After the initial uncomfortable handshake and greeting, Jessica handed me a drink and the whiskey helped settle my nerves. We were doing this at her place because, as she put it, that was neutral territory. His place would give him all the power and my place would tip the scales my way too much.

She had forgotten that I didn't want power and control. Just the opposite.

But that wasn't important at the moment. I just wanted to watch Marty fuck her so I could get my jollies, or rather, so I couldn't get my jollies because my cock was still locked up in the steel cage that Jessica had the key to.

Yes, there were two keys. One Jessica had one and the other was in a lockbox in my apartment. I wouldn't be getting out anytime tonight.

"I've never had anyone watch me have sex before," Marty said. It wasn't a

subtle start to the conversation, but he got right to the point. I could tell that Marty wasn't the sort to delay and avoid. He always got right to the heart of the situation.

"Never?" asked Jess after sipping her drink. I could tell she needed to settle her nerves as well but she didn't want to get drunk, just enough to loosen up. Then again, I could get drunk because whiskey dick wasn't a problem for me tonight. I was in my protective armor.

He gave her a quizzical look. "Yeah. Never. Why do you ask it like that?"

"I know you've told me you've been in dozens of threesomes."

I pricked up my ears at this. I hadn't ever been in one threesome and this guy had been in dozens?

"Okay, I've been in a few threesomes, not dozens," he corrected her.

That gave me some relief.

"And it doesn't really count. In a threesome everyone is participating." Marty looked at me with a confident grin. "And you said that Mike here is just going to be watching, right?"

"That's right," I said way too quickly and realized I was coming off as a creepy pervert who only wanted to get a free sex show. I tried to remember that Jessica was my girlfriend and we were doing this together.

I wanted to see her get fucked.

I also wanted to masturbate along with them, but that wasn't going to happen.

Just because I wanted it didn't mean I had earned it.

Denial was good. Ask any medieval monk.

Jessica laughed at me. It was a little louder than normal so I figured the alcohol had to be hitting her pretty strongly. "It's like you want me to do this," she said.

"I do."

“Hey now,” Marty interrupted. “It’s not like you’re getting married,” he said with a wink.

I laughed nervously when I realized exactly what I had said. I needed to turn the conversation, at least until they started taking off their clothes.

“How long have you known Jess?” I asked him.

They looked at each other. “Since we were like...twelve?” she asked with some uncertainty.

“Sounds about right. We were...how old when we first did the dirty deed?”

“Eighteen,” she said quickly with a nervous glance my way. I was certain that wasn’t the correct or truthful answer, but it was as close to the truth I was getting today. “Our mothers met in some book club—”

“Cooking club,” Marty corrected her.

“Cooking club,” she agreed, “and we wound up spending a lot of forced family and friend time together.”

“She hated me at first.”

“I did not!” Jessica objected.

“I think at that age she hated all boys her age and only had eyes for...who was it?

“Haley Joel Osment,” she filled in.

Marty snapped his fingers. “Hell yeah. That’s the one. Too bad for you he turned out to be a gay bear.”

Jessica rolled her eyes. “Please…”

“Well, now that I’ve upset you with childhood memories of boys you’d never get into your bed, shall we go to your bedroom, or do you want to fuck here on the living room couch?”

“Bedroom,” she said automatically and then glanced over to me. “If that’s okay with you, Mike?”

“It’s fine. Just pretend I’m not here. I’m just watching. I’m invisible.”

Jessica scooted over from her spot on the couch to sit next to me. She kissed me and wrapped her arms around my body for a quick hug. Softly she whispered in my ear, “I don’t have to do this if you don’t want to. We can stop right now.”

Marty was polite enough to pretend not to hear.

“I want to see you suck his cock and take it in your pussy,” I told her loudly enough that there was no way Marty hadn’t heard.

“Let’s make some magic,” Marty said, standing up and offering his hand to her.

I followed them as quietly as possible, pretending I was silent and invisible.

They went right to her small bedroom. I hadn’t appreciated how small her bedroom was until there were three of us there and I was trying to pretend that I wasn’t there, strictly for their benefit. (Could it be that I had a mild voyeur kink as well? Certainly possible but not something I needed to worry about. I had other kinks that were front and center.) I hadn’t realized it until that moment but Jessica’s bed was only a full size, not queen. Worse, it was jammed into the small room. There was just enough space between the dresser and bed to walk to the bathroom. On the other side was a space wide enough to put your feet down on the floor and stare out the window.

It was crowded.

That made it more exciting.

Marty proved he was completely in control of the situation and of Jessica. After an intense kiss he started stripping off her clothes. Jessica did nothing to resist; she encouraged him because that’s what I wanted.

That’s what she wanted. I had to remember that she wanted this as much as I did.

Her clothes came off fast and before I knew it she was clutching her bra to her tits. I was staring at her ass because the bottoms of her cheeks were peeking out from the short cut panties. Before she let her bra drop, she looked over her shoulder at me, wedged in between the door and the corner of the room, trying to disappear and still see everything.

The grin on Jessica’s face told me she loved what was happening and loved that it was hurting me.

Literally and metaphorically.

She couldn’t know that, but of course it was painful to see her about to fuck someone else, even though I wanted her to do it.

She could know that seeing her with Marty was making my cock hard inside the little silver cage I was wearing.

I think she took great pleasure in knowing that.

A moment later her bra was on the floor.

Marty grinned at her tits, and then his brows knitted together. He reached out and cupped both breasts. Since her back was to me, I couldn’t see the details of what was going on, but I had a good idea.

“What’s this?” he asked.

“My nipple ring.”

He all but rolled his eyes like a teenager. “I know that. What’s on it?”

“Mike’s key.” It was a simple explanation. I should have anticipated this situation before it happened, but I didn’t. I was naive and stupid.

“You’re wearing it on your nipple ring,” he pointed out to her.

“Yeah. Is that a problem?” I liked her attitude. My cock stiffened a little in pride. She wasn’t ashamed to wear my key on her tit, so I shouldn’t have any shame in wearing a cage on my cock.

Marty gave me a surreptitious glance over her shoulder. “Not a problem. It’s sorta hot...I was just wondering if it was uncomfortable.”

“Completely comfortable.”

Marty nodded and took his hands from her tits and placed them on her shoulders.

She got the hint. A moment later Jessica was down on her knees getting Marty's cock out of his pants.

I moved slightly to the side to get a better view, though I knew I shouldn't have.

Jessica pulled down his jeans and underwear after expertly lowering his zipper and opening the button. His mostly erect cock popped out and hit her in the face.

She wasn't fazed by that at all.

I was.

He was huge.

Well, maybe not huge, but easily twice my size.

At least it felt that way.

If Jessica had any last minute compunction about sucking someone else's cock in front of me, she sure as hell didn't show it. She grabbed Marty's thick manhood, wrapped her fingers around it, and guided it right to her mouth.

She sucked it with an enthusiasm that scared me. It was entirely unnecessary because he was already hard. If anything, Marty should have been going down on her to make sure she was good and wet to take that monster meat.

Still, it was a good show.

I couldn't look Marty in the face, but I could feel him staring at me. I would have been watching Jessica suck my cock, but whatever works for him.

I knew he wanted me to look at him. I couldn't. The shame was too much.

"She sucks cock like a pro," Marty finally commented.

"Uh-huh." I didn't want to engage him in a conversation. I just wanted to see him fuck her.

"Do you know how many guys she's been with?" There was no way for me not to answer that question even though I knew the smart thing was to say nothing.

I looked up at him. He was grinning at me. “No…” I answered.

Marty whipped off his shirt and pulled his cock out of Jessica’s mouth. “Thirty two,” she answered for him.

“Slut,” he said to her and laughed.

My stomach was so tight that if I laughed, I knew I’d throw up.

She nodded her head enthusiastically, popped up on her feet, fell back to the bed and wiggled out of her panties. I couldn’t help but notice that the crotch was soaking wet.

The way she spread her legs so eagerly for him left me with a sickening dread.

I loved it.

“Take me, fuck me hard,” she all but begged Marty.

She didn’t even have to do that. He was already crawling on top of her. Even with his big cock, I couldn’t see all the details that I wanted. What I wanted was a closeup like in a porn video; what I was getting was more akin to an R rated sex scene from a Hollywood movie.

Even when I squatted down and moved directly behind Marty I couldn’t see all that I wanted to see. But by then it was too late anyway.

I heard the soft grunt from Jessica and then a sigh. I saw Marty’s buttocks tighten up and push forward into her.

“Fuck yes,” Jessica moaned. “Give it all to me!” She was begging him.

He gave her a couple of experimental pumps and that’s all it took. She was immediately moaning under his assault. I could hear his cock against her wet pussy as he got up to full speed in no time at all.

She bent her knees and drew her legs up to her chest to give him better access. I’m not ashamed to say I knelt down behind them to get the best view that I could.

Inside her pussy his cock looked massive. I knew how big it was and that size meant nothing, but it still meant something to me.

Once he was plumbing depths in her that I could never hope to reach, she started with her constant dirty talk.

That's what really got to me. My cock was mildly swollen, but hearing her compliment and encourage Marty really made me start to hurt.

"Oh god, fuck my pussy! Harder." Gasping. "Harder! Make it hurt! Cum in me!" Deep breath. "Fill me up! You fuck me so good." Heavy moan. "My cunt is so wet and hot! Fuck it! Fuck me! Make me cum! Make me cum! Make me cum!"

She kept chanting those last three words over and over. I wanted to jack off in the worst way, but I couldn't.

I considered opening up the secret box under her bed and pulling out whatever dildo or vibrator I could lay my hands on. I'd either press it to my cage or just shove it up my ass. I didn't care. I just wanted some relief, some pleasure.

But I wasn't bold enough. I wasn't sneaky enough to try to slip under their observation and snag her toy box. They weren't paying the least bit of attention to me so it was fairly low risk, but I couldn't imagine my shame if Marty caught me with a vibrator up my ass.

And I didn't want to miss a moment of them fucking.

Because I could only see a limited amount from where I was crouching down to look at their conjoined genitals, I decided to move off to the side and take in the bigger picture.

The only way Marty was able to get her to shut up was to kiss her.

That made me insanely jealous, but I didn't do anything about it.

I saw him maul her breasts with his strong hands, pinching her nipples, twisting the ring and key, and kneading the flesh like it was dough. He must have taken great pleasure in using her that way because she had never asked for that from me.

I wouldn’t have dared use her body that way.

“Oh no, oh no, oh please…!” I heard her beg for nothing in particular. I recognized the look on her face.

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