
An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity
You're Doing It Wrong 5:
AMISS
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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PUBLISHING


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You’re Doing It Wrong 5: Amiss

An Erotic Tale of Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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You’re Doing It Wrong 5: Amiss

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Chapter Seventeen

The strapon harness fit perfectly around my hips and ass. I had gotten used to wearing it over the last few months. Since his realization that he was bi, Wayne had taken a great interest in anal sex. I had helped with that interest by pegging him on at least a weekly basis.

A man less secure in his masculinity would have been emotionally crippled by what his wife was doing to him. Wayne was better than that. He had learned to wear his chastity cage with pride. Sometimes I pegged him with the cage on, but just as often I did it with it off.

Wayne had learned to enjoy his prostate orgasms and so had I. There is no way to effectively describe the power I felt when I was fucking my husband's ass.

There's no way to realistically describe what it's like to have two lovers besides my husband.

There's no way to tell others that my husband had two men who he fucked regularly, one of whom was my lover as well.

And we were getting ready for Wayne to have a reunion of sorts with one of his terrible students who needed to earn an A in his economics class. Again.

Tonight I had Wayne head down and ass up on the bed. It was strange that good sex in my early forties could only be had through lots of preparation. When I was a teenager and in my early twenties, some of the best sex I had back then was done on the fly with no preparation.

It's a miracle I didn't wind up dead or riddled with those dreaded "social diseases" we were told about in high school health class.

We had plenty of lube and time and patience. Wayne groaned in relief when I eased my girlcock into his ass. It took a few minutes, but eventually I got it all the way in.

"Oh fuck that feels good," he moaned as I carefully began rocking my hips back and forth, fucking him like a man.

I curled my body around his and reached between his legs. The new cage that fitted perfectly to his cock and piercing constrained his manhood. Even so, I

could feel him swelling inside the metal.

“I love you like this,” I told him.

“Uh-huh,” was his half-moaned response.

“I’m going to make you cum in your cage,” I whispered in his ear.

He stiffened at those words. Not his cock—that was impossible since he was caged—but his entire body. I liked that reaction.

“We...we’ve tried before.”

“Mmmm,” I agreed with him. “But this time I’ve made you go two weeks without an orgasm. We can do it tonight. You can cum for me, can’t you, honey?” I asked him.

Wayne just gave me a nervous nod of his head.

I straightened up and focused on properly fucking his ass. We had been doing this enough now that I knew his body better than he did. I knew what he needed. If this didn’t work—making him wait two weeks for an orgasm, day long teasing with the dirty pictures I sent to his phone, making him eat my pussy to get me ready to fuck him, all of that and more—then I’d have to get out a couple of my vibrators to use on his caged cock and in his ass at the same time.

To be frank, I was sort of interested in trying that because we’d never done it before.

But Wayne was responding beautifully to my thrusting and my girlcock. I knew his responses and his breathing and I kept checking his cock with my hand. He was drooling precum.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck...I can’t...I can’t…” he was saying over and over and then it just happened. He started forcing out semen while his body shook with his orgasm.

He had never had a prostate orgasm while caged before and it left him gasping and shaking. It was a reaction I had never seen from him before.

I loved it.

“That...that hurt,” Wayne said when he was done cumming. I was kneeling behind him still, my girlcock in his ass, my hands on his hips. I think staying with him like that soothed him and calmed him down.

“It wasn’t supposed to hurt.”

“It was just...new. It was a good hurt.”

“Well then, I’d call this a success.”

“I made a puddle on the bed.”

“Then you need to clean that up after you shower,” I said as I extracted my girlcock from his ass. “This was good. I’m sure we’ll have a great time with Hannah this weekend.”

That made Wayne nervous. Once again he was giving a student a good grade for fucking him, but breaking the rules was half the fun.

Half the fun for me anyway.

Chapter Eighteen

“You probably think I’m a bad student, don’t you?” Hannah asked me shortly after I let her into the hotel room. It was going to be a repeat performance of our previous encounter with the girl, with a few changes.

“I don’t think that at all,” I easily lied to her. Being a clinical social worker I had honed my deception skills to the sharpest edge possible.

“Oh.” She was surprised at my easy answer. I looked her up and down. She hadn’t dressed up nearly as fancy for this time as she had for our first. While she was nicely dressed in black slacks and a bright red silk blouse, it wasn’t anything like the form-fitting dress she had previously worn.

I immediately started to wonder what she was wearing underneath her clothes.

“Why would you be concerned with that I think?” I asked her as I ushered her the rest of the way into the hotel room where Wayne was waiting.

As soon as she saw Wayne, she smiled and then I knew. She had a crush on my husband. I wanted to roll my eyes.

“Hello, Hannah,” said Wayne. He was dressed casually in jeans and a button down. Apparently this encounter was all about sex. No reason to dress up when you’re just going to undress.

I’m sure it took all of Hannah’s self-control not to giggle like the schoolgirl that she was.

“Hello Professor Hutchins.”

He smiled. “Here you should call me Wayne.”

“Oh...thank you.” Hannah turned back to me. “Um...because I’m failing Microeconomics I,” she replied.

I was starting to suspect that Hannah was failing so she could earn an A by fucking Wayne.

And I was okay with that.

“Maybe you’re a good student who just struggles with economics,” I said generously.

“Yeah...that’s a bad thing. I’m a business major.”

I turned away from her to look at Wayne so she wouldn’t see the disapproving look on my face. “Well, why don’t you help the poor girl earn her A,” I said to my husband.

I was about to turn back to Hannah and order her to strip, but when I did so I noted that she had already removed her blouse off and was in the process of shimmying out of her tight pants.

Naturally she wore a matching set of bra and panties. Bright red. And the panties were a thong because of course they were.

“I think she’s eager for you,” I informed Wayne as I stepped back.

Hannah went right to him and he greeted her with a kiss. I approved, especially when his hands went from her waist to her hips and then down to her mostly bare ass. It was a nice ass. Nicer than mine.

As they kissed she helped him out of his clothes. I wanted to touch myself as I watched, but I refrained. I wanted everything to be perfect and it wasn’t time yet.

Eventually Hannah went down on her knees to help Wayne out of his shoes and then his underwear.

“Holy shit,” she gasped as she pulled down his last garment.

I grinned and tried not to giggle.

To give Wayne some dignity and to prevent too many rumors about him from flying around campus, I had taken off his cage for the night, but I had left on his fancy PA ring.

“What?” asked Wayne mildly.

“You didn’t have this last time,” Hannah said, half giggling and half in awe. She was holding his cock but he was only half erect. I admired his self-control.

While Hannah was staring at Wayne's cock, she was looking directly at the PA ring that he now wore.

"I did it to impress my wife," Wayne lied.

Hannah glanced my way. "Really?"

"Spouses often make little sacrifices for each other. I think he looks handsome with it in. Plus it makes sex better."

That doubled Hannah's interest. "Oh. Wow. Now I can't wait! I've never fucked a guy with a cock ring before!" She immediately lowered her mouth to his cock and started sucking.

I just shook my head and grinned. While I didn't know her full sexual history, I imagined that Hannah had had more than her fair share of cocks in her lifetime. At the same time, I found it hard to believe that she hadn't seen a pierced cock before in the flesh.

Maybe she was as accomplished a liar as I was.

In any event, it didn't slow her down.

I walked up to my handsome husband and went up on my toes to kiss him. I loved being fully clothed while he was naked and his student was sucking his cock.

She pulled off after a few seconds. "Okay, that's weird. It's weird, but I like it."

"Good," I declared before Wayne could say anything. "Let's see if you like it in your pussy."

Moving away from them I went to my bag to pull out the condoms we brought along.

The couple went to the hotel room bed and Wayne quickly and expertly unhooked Hannah's bra, freeing her tits. Her small Bs can into view and I noted that she still wore her single nipple ring. Hannah rolled on top of Wayne and they kissed as he worked to peel off her thong.

I helped him remove the offending garment. I couldn't resist.

Hannah looked back at me as I slipped the tiny bit of red lace from her ankles. "Are you going to ride him?" I asked as she looked at me in surprise. Hannah didn't have a ready answer so I handed her the unopened condom packet. "You should put this on him."

Wayne laid back on the bed and watched as Hannah fumbled about getting the condom open and then on his cock. I felt I was teaching her a valuable life skill.

Once my husband was in his latex armor, Hannah moved to get back on top of him. I would have loved to watch the show of her doing the cowgirl dance, but Wayne and I had already worked out the other plans.

"No, get on your hands and knees, I want to fuck you from behind," he told her.

Hannah, working hard for that A, did as she was told. Such a good little slut.

I got on the bed with them, still fully clothed, and ran my hand over her smooth ass before I grabbed my husband's cock. "Ready for this, honey?" I asked him before giving him a little kiss.

"You know I am."

I laughed a little as I inserted his cock into her pussy. She was already plenty wet. Maybe this was Hannah's kink, fucking for grades instead of doing the schoolwork. In the process of seating Wayne's cock in her pussy I gave Hannah's freshly waxed pudendum a visual and manual inspection.

It got me a little wet. Wetter than I wanted to admit.

Still, it was fucking hot when Wayne started fucking her.

The little slut moaned every time he thrusted into her.

When he entwined his fingers in her long dyed-blonde hair and pulled her head back, that was too much for me. I stripped off my clothes as quickly as possible.

"Wha-wha-wha-what are...are...are…" the whore being fucked by my husband tried to stutter out as I rejoined them on the bed.

I caught Wayne's eye and grinned at him. He just nodded back at me.

They were in the middle of the bed so it was easy for me to position myself against the headboard and spread my legs wide for the both of them to view my wet and swollen pussy.

"That's an invitation," Wayne hissed in Hannah's ear.

I slid myself further down until my pussy was the only thing that Hannah could see. With his fingers still tangled in her now unkempt tresses Wayne shoved Hannah's face into my pussy. He stopped just a few inches away from my pussy. "Do you want that A?" he asked her and then disengaged his hand from her hair.

This was the moment of truth. One of Wayne's wishes was to see me with another woman. I was curious as to what Wayne could get her to do...and as to what the slutty girl was willing to do for a grade.

I wasn't the least bit surprised when she lowered her face those last few inches and licked my slit from bottom to top, spending a few moments teasing my clit.

Perhaps I wasn't the first woman she had fucked.

Wayne had stopped thrusting for those few moments, but when our gazes met, he grinned and started fucking her again. I closed my eyes and relaxed, letting Hannah perform her magic.

She wasn't the best cunnilinguist I've ever encountered but she wasn't the worst either. I was keyed up and ready for attention. I was getting off on using her and my husband. It was easy to cum under her attention.

When I came I held her face in my pussy with one hand, not letting her pull away as I soaked her face with my amrita. That wasn't strictly in the script, but I could tell Wayne approved. He had been fucking her slowly while she ate me out so she could concentrate. I appreciated that.

After my little death had passed, I let her lift her pretty face. It was covered in my juices. I wanted to kiss her but I controlled myself. "Very good," I told her. "Do you like my husband's cock in you?"

Hannah nodded. "Uh-huh."

“Go ahead and fuck her hard, darling,” I said to Wayne. “Make her cum and then you can finish in her.”

He grinned at me and asked the question. “In her or on her?”

“Whichever you choose, dear.”

I moved off to the side as he really began reaming her. She dropped her head to the mattress and just laid there, unable to do anything but take in the sensations. Watching them was like watching a pretty scene. I couldn’t help myself. Even though I had just cum, my hand went to my pussy and I gently jilled off as they fucked.

He made her cum. She screamed when she came. I tucked my fingers up into my pussy and squeezed my thighs together as I experienced a sympathetic orgasm.

Wayne pulled out of her pussy and removed the condom. I was sure he was going to shoot his load all over her ass and back, right on that stupid butterfly tattoo. But my husband surprised me. He moved around on the bed and rolled Hannah onto her back before getting his cock right in her face. She didn’t have the willpower to resist as he came all over her face and in her hair and on her neck.

It was a beautiful sight.

I wanted to lick his cum off her.

Instead I showed great control and went to my bag. The fun thing about hotels is no one questions what’s inside the bag you bring to your room.

If Hannah had any idea what was coming, she was too distracted by Wayne’s cock and his polite offer of a washcloth to clean herself. That was sort of sad because I would have loved to take a few pictures of her decorated face just to further humiliate her. I didn’t need cheap porn like that to enjoy sex.

By the time they were done talking and she had cleaned herself, I had adjusted the straps to my harness and my girlcock was projecting up from my crotch.

“Ready?” I asked.

Wayne had known what I was doing, but if Hannah had taken any notice of me, this moment was the first time my activities had registered with her.

“Oh no,” she half moaned and half gasped. “You can’t be serious about that!” She pointed to my harness and girlcock like she was indicating damning evidence of the crime of the century.

I looked down at myself. “Why wouldn’t I be serious. Don’t you want that A?”

In truth, I had no idea if I would actually force her to do what I wanted. But if she was going to earn that A she just wasn’t going to lay there while my husband fucked her and came on her face.

At best that deserves a B, and I’m being generous.

“I don’t think so…” she breathed out.

I have to admire Wayne for coming to my rescue, so to speak. When it served his interests, he could assert the authority he had in the classroom. “If you want that A, you’ll let my wife fuck you while I watch,” he said firmly, but coolly. “Otherwise, you can pass with a C.”

“Fuck,” she cursed, mostly to herself.

“You’ve already eaten pussy,” Wayne pointed out while I rolled a condom onto my girlcock. “You’ve already fucked me. I’m not going to spend a lot of time arguing this with you. Either let my wife fuck you while I watch, or put on your clothes and leave with a C.”

Hannah grimaced and then plastered on a fake smile. “How would you like me?” she asked, adopting a cheap pose to make her look sexy.

It worked.

“Hands and knees,” Wayne said before I could answer. “You need to remember your place.”

Her place was a submissive pose.

Although I would never describe myself as bi, it had been fun forcing her to eat

my pussy while Wayne watched and I was even more excited to fuck her. Wayne was right there next to me, helping, as I eased my lubed up girlcock into her pussy.

Holding onto Hannah's hips, which were firm with just the right amount of muscle and the skin was taut and smooth as only a twenty year old could have, I fucked her like a pro. It was more fun than I ever would have imagined. Wayne kissed me while I rammed Hannah. She moaned and panted as I gave her my best. Wayne got hard again. I made Hannah cum but I couldn't get myself over that hump with the fake cock I was sporting.

Once Hannah had peaked, I pulled out and let her collapse to the bed. Ripping off my harness Wayne pushed me down on the bed and climbed on top of me. His cock slipped right into my pussy and we fucked like we hadn't seen each other in a year.

By the time we were done we realized that Hannah had dressed and left the room.

"Did she earn her A?" I asked my husband.

"I would think so."

"Maybe you should give her an A- just because she left before class was over."

Chapter Nineteen

Knowing that I'd let him out of the cage to fuck other women and men somehow made Wayne happier in chastity.

Yes, I know, letting a married man out of his cage to have sex with others completely defeats the purpose of chastity, but it worked for us. It made our marriage better. Wayne had to come to me for permission to fuck others. I could still fuck whoever I wanted.

Oddly still, when Wayne was in chastity, we had more sex than the two years of our marriage before he went into chastity.

Yes, we were doing it wrong, but it worked for us.

Normal sex for us wasn't what anyone would call normal.

Sometimes I made him wear the strapon harness and he got to fuck me with a fake cock while he wore his cage. Sometimes I wore the harness and I fucked his ass with my girlcock. Sometimes he came, sometimes he didn't.

I got all the orgasms I wanted in any way I wanted. Sometimes Wayne would eat me out. Sometimes he'd use a vibrator—or two!—on me. Sometimes I'd leave him in his cage at home with the kids and go and fuck Doug. Or I'd fuck Gerry, but we both liked fucking Gerry. While threeways are fun, they are also a lot of work and planning, especially when, as it was for Wayne and me, there were kids at home.

Once in a while, I'd slip a vibrator up Wayne's ass and put another one on his cage and just let them work their magic forcing a prostate orgasm out of him.

He said he liked that treatment, but it wasn't satisfying.

That's why I did it to him.

I was happy. We were happy. At least, I figured we were happy.

And then, just like he had brought his idea of going into chastity to me, Wayne made another suggestion.

"I don't think I need the cage all the time any more," he said as we were getting

ready for bed one night.

I froze and glared at him, wondering what game he was playing and why he was trying to fuck up our lives. A moment earlier I had been considering releasing him from the cage for the night so he could properly fuck me. I loved the feeling of the larger PA ring he had recently stretched to. I could feel it in my pussy when he fucked me and I loved how wrong and how good it felt.

I had even been considering asking Doug if he would get his cock pierced for me because I preferred my cocks that way now. That was a big ask for a casual sex partner, especially considering that I suspected he was possibly married or had another long-term partner, but that was life in the twenty first century.

“What’s wrong with you?” I demanded of my husband.

Wayne looked at me like I had lost my mind, which was odd considering that I was positive that he had lost his. Yes, him having to wear a chastity cage did make our sex life a little more complicated, but the benefits that we received were more than worth that small inconvenience.

He was confused. “I was just asking if maybe I didn’t need to wear my cage all the time.”

“I let you fuck Phil and Gerry and Hannah—”

“Only twice,” he interrupted me.

I went on without acknowledging him. “—and you don’t think you need your cage any longer? Have you forgotten that I own that cock?”

“No! Of course I haven’t forgotten!” He was genuinely angry with me. “I was just thinking that I didn’t need to wear it all the time now. I have the PA ring to remind me!”

My eyes narrowed. “Why would you need a reminder?”

He stiffened...and not in a good way. “No reason. Just...I wanted to do chastity because it was something for the both of us. It brought us closer.”

“So why do you want to stop now?” I demanded.

Even the smartest man can be outsmarted by his own base needs. Wayne's face was a blank mask for a few moments and then he all but literally collapsed to the bed. His expression was one of abject defeat. His chin dropped down to his chest. I'm not certain but he might have started crying.

"I haven't been faithful," he confessed to me.

"Yeah. I know. I've seen you sucking cock with Phil and Gerry."

He shook his head back and forth, still not looking up to meet my gaze. "No. Before that."

My heart stopped.

"What do you mean 'Before that?'"

Wayne had the good manners to look up at me, but he couldn't hold my gaze. He was crying. I was glad to see that. Glad. Maybe I should be ashamed that I was glad, but I was. He almost immediately dropped his chin back down to his chest.

I looked at his caged cock. It looked so small inside the cage. That's the way I wanted it right now. Caged and small and useless.

"Before...before...before I asked you to be my keyholder. Before that. I would...sometimes I would go to one of the bars the students like to frequent."

He stopped talking.

"And?" I prompted him. He was going to do a full confession because I was flat out pissed.

"And I'd go to the one that was a hook up place...for gay students."

"You were sucking cock before I put that cage on you?"

"Uh...no. I was getting my cock sucked."

"You cheating bastard."

"I'm so sorry."

“But not so sorry that you want to do it again.” I wasn’t angry that he had sex or whatever with someone else. I was angry that he hid it from me...and was going to hide it from me again. But he had a problem. I had been a good keyholder and I hadn’t been letting him go to work without wearing his cage.

“I...I...just needed to figure out who I was.”

“Whatever. Come up with whatever lie that you need to tell yourself. Don’t lie to me.”

“I’m so sorry,” he repeated.

“Don’t fucking apologize to me because I don’t think you really mean it.”

Wayne opened his mouth again but wisely chose not to say a word.

“You know I’m not taking the cage off you tonight...or anytime in the near future, right?”

He nodded. “Right.”

“And I know you can cut that fucking lock off with a pair of bolt cutters. I’m not fucking stupid. So if you—” I stopped talking. I felt like a fucking fool. I felt like every wife who had ever caught her husband cheating.

The lying fucker.

“You were pulling out and getting your dick sucked before the piercing, weren’t you?” I asked.

“I—”

“Don’t fucking lie to me!” I warned him. He hadn’t even had a chance to lie or tell the truth. I was being unreasonable.

I had a right to be unreasonable.

“I was,” he admitted. “It was easy. Some of the guys...they thought it was hot that I was cheating.”

“And I’m sure you got off on the idea of fooling me.”

“No!”

“I said not to lie to me!” I didn’t scream. I wanted to scream, but I was thinking about my life, my marriage, and my children.

“Yes,” he amended. “It made it more intense. I was always going to tell you, but then you had me pierced and I thought that it would help and it did.”

“For a while,” I added.

“For a while,” he agreed.

“I’m this close to throwing your key away and everything else,” I said flatly. I was drained of emotion. Here I was thinking our marriage was better because Wayne had accepted his bisexuality and his submissiveness with my help, but it had all been a lie.

I hated him at that moment.

It was the sort of hate that someone can only have for a person that they loved.

I wasn’t going to end it all right then. We were going to stay married. We were going to keep him in chastity. I liked this lifestyle and he was going to follow the rules until I decided otherwise.

“Please don’t,” he said. I wanted to believe he was begging. He wasn’t, but it was close enough.

“Get on the bed and put your ass in the air. I’ve got a treat for you.”

It took Wayne a moment to react. He was already undressed for bed. He assumed the submissive position I had put him in many times before when I had pegged him. He wasn’t going to get pegged tonight. I had other plans for him.

Punishment plans for a proper submissive husband in chastity.

As he waited there, I went to our closet and got out all our toys. I wouldn’t be using all of them, but I wanted him to worry.

His cage was already on. I saw it dangling down between his thighs. I started by

greasing up his ass with some lube.

“What are you going to do?” he asked. I liked the shake in his voice.

“Just putting you in your place,” I said casually. “Nothing you don’t deserve.”

I didn’t give him any warning. I just pushed the butt plug into his ass. I forced it in. He didn’t resist, but it was a large enough plug that it took some pressure to push it past his sphincter.

“Oh fuck,” he grunted as it seated into place.

“You’ve had bigger up your ass,” I told him. Maybe that wasn’t true, but I liked how his ass looked with a silver plug in it.

“What now?”

I didn’t tell him. I just did it. His balls were shaved and exposed and precious and I didn’t have plans to have any more children.

There was no warm up. I just slapped his most vulnerable anatomy as hard as I could.

At first he didn’t react, and then he curled up while making the most pitiful sound. It wasn’t a scream of pain, but it was a wail that was muted by the pillow he fell into. I waited impassively as he rolled around and clutched his stomach.

“What the fuck was that for?” he asked.

“You know what it was for,” I said flatly. “Get back into position.”

“Not if you’re going to slap my balls again!”

“I won’t slap your balls,” I promised. I considered breaking that promise, but maybe that was beyond the pale.

Wayne slowly got back up on his hands and knees, his ass still toward me.

“Fuck my stomach hurts.”

“Uh-huh,” I said blandly as I got out my softest vibrator and turned it on right

before pressing it against his cage.

There was a bit of a struggle as he tried to get out of the way, but Wayne knew what I wanted and it had to feel good on his caged cock. I deliberated taking the butt plug out and pushing a vibrator in to further stimulate his prostate, but decided against it. He'd either get off with the one vibrator or he'd suffer the entire night with blue balls. Or maybe black and blue balls.

His sack was bright red where I had slapped him.

"How long?" he asked.

"Until you cum or I get bored," I said.

"Do you want me to cum?"

"I always want you to cum, sweetie. I want you to cum like a good little submissive husband who is getting exactly what he deserves."

I wasn't sure if it would work. All I was doing was pressing a vibrator against his cage and he got the secondary vibrations from it. Some men loved it. Some hated it. I wanted to see what Wayne would do.

Mostly he remained quiet for a few minutes, then his little moans and sighs started getting louder and I knew he wasn't going to be able to resist.

"Go ahead and cum," I said. "You need to cum out of that useless cock. This is the only way you're going to be cumming for a long, long time. Maybe forever."

He couldn't get hard in the cage. Well, he could. A little. But not really. And it was next to impossible for most men to cum while soft.

Unfortunately for Wayne, I knew that he could cum that way and he was going to do it.

It took some time and I didn't know if he was resisting or not, but eventually we got over the hump and he pushed out his excess semen, making a puddle on the bed sheets under his cock.

"Fuck that hurt!" he complained.

“Doesn’t it feel nice to cum?” I teased.

“No,” he whined. “Cumming in a cage...there’s no real relief.”

“I know. Now it’s my turn.” I had already partially undressed before our argument had started. Now I stripped off my bottoms and sprawled on the bed. Since I had only used the vibrator on Wayne’s cage, I plunged it into my pussy.

I hadn’t realized how incredibly wet I was. Cruelly making my husband cum in a painful way was exactly what I needed to get my juices flowing.

He watched as I masturbated. He didn’t join in.

I was happy to cum hard and long by myself.

Chapter Twenty

“Well, I can’t say I’m surprised,” Gerry said over the phone to me.

I was sitting in my office waiting for my next client. My feet were on my desk and I felt like I had the world in my hand. I had told Gerry everything that had happened last night. It felt good. Like he was my therapist. Most people would be shocked at how many social workers and therapists are in therapy.

“I should never have trusted him,” I muttered into the phone. My skirt had slid up past my knees and I was feeling good about myself. My mind had started to wander and it suddenly seemed like a good idea to jill off before my client walked in.

It would have to be fast, but that seemed like an extra thrill, some extra fun.

“Honey, you can’t trust men when it comes to sex. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve had sex with other men besides Phil.”

“Stop bragging.”

“I’m talking about after we got married.”

“I don’t need to know what a slut you are.”

“I can’t tell you how many men I’ve fucked because I simply don’t know.”

“But are you hiding it from Phil?”

“Hiding it? No. Not telling him all the details? Yes.”

“Does he know?”

“Of course, like I just said. He just doesn’t know the details.”

“Why the fuck aren’t you in chastity then?” I all but demanded of him.

“Because we decided that it would be best if Phil was the one who was caged. The poor man fucked anything with two legs and a dick before I married him. I had more self control than he did.”

I had to know. “Just give me your best guess.”

“We’ve been married almost three years now...so I’ll say maybe fifteen men.”

I gasped. “Including Wayne?”

“Sixteen,” he amended.

“Fuck!”

“That’s the idea, honey.”

“You’re a slut.”

“It’s incredibly easy for gay men to get laid if they want. It’s especially easy if that gay man is reasonably attractive or has very low standards.” He paused. “Like me.”

I laughed. “Stop it.” I couldn’t stop giggling. On the plus side, I no longer had the urge to jill off, which was good because I didn’t have enough time to really enjoy myself before my client showed up.

“What are you going to do about Wayne and his lying to you?”

“I told you, I put a plug in his ass last night, slapped his balls, and made him cum in his cage. Then I made him watch while I used my vibrator.” He had more than willingly watched, but my version sounded better.

“Those sound like rewards rather than punishments.”

“Don’t tell me how to discipline my husband.”

“This is why you should have had him pierced a long time ago.”

“We literally got into the lifestyle less than a year ago.”

“Still…”

“What about Phil?” I demanded.

“You know he’s been pierced for a while.”

“I mean...has he cheated on you.”

“He can’t get out of his cage.”

“Doesn’t mean he hasn’t offered his ass to someone else. Or sucked them off. It’s possible to cum with a cage on.”

“I know he has cheated on me, but that’s our agreement. It keeps the marriage spicy.”

“Uh-huh,” I said doubtfully.

“You need to think of a punishment for him otherwise you’re going to be in for a world of problems.”

“He’s already caged and pierced. He’s not getting out without my permission.”

“Then maybe he shouldn’t get out for an extended sentence.”

“But I love his cock.”

“Learn to love someone else’s.”

“I have to go,” I said and ended the conversation.

I didn’t stop thinking about it.

There were lots of physical ways I could punish Wayne, but the most satisfying would be emotionally humiliating to him. I had to arrange a date with Gerry and Phil.

Chapter Twenty-one

Having kids complicates a sex life, especially a kinky sex life, but with enough will and determination, I made it work. The following weekend after Wayne's confession found us in a hotel room with Gerry and Phil.

A very nice hotel room. It wasn't nearly as nice as their house, but I didn't feel like having all our sexual activities recorded by Gerry. Even if he was just deleting it, I was uninterested in having my life recorded for rebroadcast.

Besides, doing it in a fancy hotel room was dirtier than doing it at home.

I hadn't let Wayne out of his cage since his confession to me. Not even for cleaning. He had to carefully use the showerhead to make sure he was staying clean. That's something that is so critical in male chastity, keeping the cage clean.

It was part of his punishment.

We had discussed having him tattooed as my property but that seemed a little extreme. Why making him get a PA ring didn't seem extreme to me I don't know. Instead, I bought him a new cage. It wasn't any fancier than the ones we already had. I could see why men in chastity made it their hobby. It was so easy to acquire a large collection of cages. The new cage, however, had my name engraved on it

This cock is the property of Helen Hutchins.

It was a simple engraving in the metal, but it was well done. It arrived right before our date with Phil and Gerry. It was the first time he had been released from his cage in two weeks. His cock looked smaller. I hoped it was permanently smaller, but I knew that was a pipe dream.

I sat in my dressing table's chair as I changed out Wayne's cages. He was naked; I was already dressed for our night out. The moment his old cage came off he breathed a sigh of relief. His small cock just hung there unimpressively. I stared at it for a second, not wanting to touch it, not wanting to give him any stimulation at all.

Maybe it was my breath, but I could see him start to get hard.

That made me angry.

I slapped his penis first.

He gasped. It was unexpected.

Then I swatted his balls. Not hard. Not crippling. Just hard enough to make him double over, but not fall to the ground. I had an ice bag next to me and an old stocking. I handed him both.

“I better not see you get hard. Put on the stocking. We need to get moving.”

I turned away from him and stared into the mirror, fixing my makeup.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Wayne obeying. He was such a good boy.

“I’m ready,” he finally reported as I was finishing my makeup. I didn’t say a word to him. I just kept working until I was done. Only then did I turn to him.

The black nylon stocking covered his cock. I picked up the new cage and slid it on him and then yanked off the stocking. It took a little bit of work, but I got the new lock hooked through his PA ring and the cage.

Just like that he was ready to go.

“Don’t embarrass me tonight,” I told him.

Once he was dressed and we were out the door, I was happily looking forward to our evening.

When you’re a little kid, you think adults dressing up and going out for dinner is one of the most sophisticated things you can do.

We skipped dinner.

We skipped drinks.

I sort of wondered why we even bothered to dress nicely because the minute after we got to the hotel room, all four of us started undressing.

With the three men in the room I sort of felt like the odd duck, the only woman

with three men. I wondered if this is what it felt like to be a spy inside a men's locker room.

Of course we didn't get completely naked. Phil and Wayne kept their chastity cages on. I left on my stockings because that's a sophisticated and sexy look. Only Gerry was completely naked.

When I looked at him, his hand was already on his cock, slowly pumping it up.

"Are you ready?" I asked with a grin.

"Well, you're not," he pointed out and then literally pointed at my crotch. "You can't fuck your husband with that, can you?"

I laughed and went for my large purse. We hadn't bothered to bring any luggage, even an overnight bag, with us up to the room. I wondered if the desk clerk even cared. Pulling out my strapon harness and dildo, I handed over a bottle of lube to Wayne.

"You'd better get yourself ready," I warned him and then flicked my eyes over to Phil. "You too."

Wayne took the lube from me. "You have a plan, don't you?" he asked after he went to one of the large beds and then he squirted a generous dose of slick liquid into his hand and started applying it to his ass.

Gerry grinned at me. "Are we really doing this?"

"Hell yeah we are."

We had planned ahead. Our husbands weren't part of this bit of planning. While they had been expecting some group hijinks, they weren't ready to get fucked in the ass right away, but that's what we did.

There were two beds in the room. We put Phil and Wayne on separate beds while Gerry and I stood on the floor behind them to give them an ass fucking of a lifetime.

Well, maybe not a lifetime, but I had never fucked anyone in one bed while watching another couple do the same thing in a bed just a few feet away.

Yeah, it wasn’t extremely crazy, but we were a couple of minutes in before Wayne started groaning in that low voice that let me know he wasn’t too far from coming.

“Oh, are you going to lose the competition, honey?” I asked him sweetly, teasing.

“What? What are you talking about?”

I laughed and glanced over at Gerry who flashed me a grin and continued to plow into his husband.

“Gerry and I set up a little competition. Whoever cums first, loses. You’re going to lose, honey.”

His cock was flopping back and forth between his legs with every thrust of my girlcock. I imagined the same was true of Phil, but Phil was more accustomed to getting his ass reamed on a regular basis. Or maybe I was that good at fucking my husband.

I grabbed his hips and positioned him exactly how I wanted him.

“What does...what does the winner...winner get?” Phil gasped out. I was no expert with him, but he was closer to cumming than I had judged.

“Just a friendly bet,” I said to Gerry with a wink and then I laughed.

We both kept fucking our husbands. I wanted to make Wayne cum first. He deserved to be humiliated a little more.

It wasn’t just about speed and force, it was about technique...and how much our husbands wanted to cum...or not cum.

And maybe how long it had been since they last came.

Wayne lost.

He groaned and started sobbing a little. “I’m...I’m...I’m…” he said, but he couldn’t finish it.

Reaching around his hip I found his cock and it was pushing out his semen around his PA ring through the cage.

The thick white fluid dripped to the bed leaving a wet, messy stain.

I stopped moving and just let Wayne suffer for a minute with my girlcock in his ass. Gerry was still fucking his husband but I was more than satisfied with my accomplishment.

Other than the fact that I hadn't yet cum. I wanted to cum, but I could wait.

"Are you going to finish him off?" I asked Gerry as I pulled my girlcock out of Wayne. He slowly collapsed down to the bed. He always needed a minute of rest after cumming in his cage.

"Should I?" asked Gerry, pausing in his thrusts.

"That's up to you," I generously said as I rolled off the condom I had put on my girlcock and tossed it in the trashcan next to the little desk near the window. "You know what's happening next."

"What's happening next?" asked Phil. His voice wavered back and forth between being nervous and being excited. He was exactly the sort of man who would happily go along with whatever sexual adventure came up and hit him in the face.

"Next?" I asked. "I get to fuck your ass and finish you off," I said boldly.

"Fuck you," Phil immediately replied.

He was a gold star gay. He'd never touched a woman in his life. A complete contrast to his husband who happily moved back and forth between men and women.

"I'm kidding," I said. "I'm going to fuck your husband until he cums. Wayne is going to suck your dick. Where's his key, Gerry?"

My lover was already hunting through his pile of clothes. A moment later he pulled his key ring that held his car keys and his house keys and probably his office keys in addition to his husband's chastity key.

“You’re getting a treat tonight,” Gerry said as he went down in front of his husband, eager to free his cock.

I watched the two of them. Out of all of us, Phil was the shortest—I was just barely taller than him—but he had the best body. Firm, well-defined muscles and a hairless body. He was gay, but I knew a few women who would try to seduce him anyway. Hell, I knew a few straight guys who might consider a little bisexual experimentation just to get their hands on Phil’s body.

My very bi husband had no objections at all to playing with Phil.

It only took Gerry a few seconds to unlock Phil’s cage and slip the device off his cock. He was still left behind with a little bit of metal; the PA ring that was an almost exact match to the one in my husband’s cock. I wondered exactly how their cocks measured to each other, but that was a mystery that would have to be solved another day.

I snapped my fingers at Wayne. “Get off the bed, get down on your knees, and suck Phil’s cock. I want you to swallow all of his load.”

Wayne didn’t exactly scrambled to obey, but he did move quickly to displace Gerry who had his husband’s small but growing cock in his hand.

I wondered what those two men got up to on their own, but that was another worry for another day.

Wayne waited politely as Gerry gave his husband a couple of last strokes and then kissed his growing cock before passing him off.

When Gerry stood up I grinned at him. I was in the process of rolling a new condom down on my girlcock. “Assume the position,” I told him as I picked up the container of lube and started slicking up my girlcock.

Our bet had been made in jest, at first, but I was thrilled that Gerry was more than willing to keep his part of the bargain. He got on the bed where my husband had recently been and took the lube from me.

It was a little bit strange watching Gerry grease up his ass, but I suppose one gets used to that sort of thing, being a bisexual man. Me, being a woman who would apparently fuck just about anything, I would have to get used to it too.

“Have you ever been fucked up the ass before with a girlcock?” I asked him as I got back into position behind him. Before I shoved my cock into him, I glanced over at Phil and Wayne.

My husband was happily bobbing his head up and down on Phil’s cock. Phil wasn’t that big, but he was big enough. Wayne’s cheeks were hollowed with the amount of pressure he was using to suck while cupping Phil’s balls. It was a scene that would stick with me always. It’s a good thing to have a husband who knows how to suck cock so he knows exactly what I’m going through when I give him head.

Not that I’ve given him all that much head in the past year since he’d been in his chastity cage.

Wayne wasn’t complaining. Why would he? He liked sucking cock. Phil was handsome and had a hot body. The only thing that wasn’t going to happen tonight was Wayne getting out of his cage.

But he didn’t know that.

I had pegged Wayne plenty of times but this was my first time with Gerry.

“Have you ever been pegged by a girl before?” I asked as I moved in close and trailed the tip of my girlcock across his glistening and slippery anus.

“No,” he said, keeping his eyes forward. “But I’ve been fucked by plenty of men.”

“I bet you have. But there’s nothing like taking a big dildo up your ass,” I said as I pushed forward. His ass opened beautifully for me. I didn’t go all the way in on the first stroke, but Gerry moaned anyway.

I laughed. “You like that?”

“Uhhh...sure.”

I laughed again, pulled back, and slowly eased forward. I had already forgotten about my husband. He didn’t matter. Just me and my lover mattered.

“Is a girlcock better than a man’s cock?”

“Uh...I don’t know.”

It took a minute, but eventually I got all of my length inside him. Since Gerry wasn’t complaining, I just kept going. I was kneeling on the edge of the bed so it was easy to set up a rhythm and then reach around to feel his cock.

I gasped in delight. “You’re so hard.”

“You’re fucking me just right.”

“Pegging you, but okay.” I started stroking his cock in time with my thrusts. I was going to make him cum and add his load to the mess that Wayne had left behind on the bed.

The harness I was wearing was new as was the strapon dildo I was using. The design was such that there was a little projection inside the harness that fit into my pussy plus there was a little treat that rode right on my clit. It was the sort of stimulation I needed when pegging my male partners.

I wondered how it would work if I fucked a woman with it.

“Oh...fuck,” Gerry moaned as I drove deep into him while pumping my fist on his cock.

“You love it, don’t you.”

He pushed aside my hand and started jerking himself off. I would have preferred to perform both tasks myself, but when it came to sex, we all know our own bodies the best.

“I love it,” he choked out.

“Don’t cum yet,” I told him. “I...I...I need to finish first.”

And I focused on myself. The little cock in my pussy. The stimulation on my clit. I was in heaven. My legs shook as I came. I felt so powerful. I had pegged two men in less than an hour.

I wondered if I could do the same for Phil.

“Okay,” I breathed out after my little crisis had passed. “You can cum now.” I grabbed his hips and got busy. Gerry pumped his cock while I pumped his ass.

He didn’t last another minute before he came with a deep groan.

Men are so easy.

I pulled my girlcock out of his ass and looked over at my husband who was watching me.

Phil’s cock had gone flaccid, but it was still wet. I could see that.

“Did you like what you saw?” I asked him.

Wayne slowly nodded his head. “You really fucked him.”

“And you really sucked Phil’s cock. Did you enjoy that?”

“Why wouldn’t I have?”

I didn’t answer his question. “I didn’t really get to cum yet. Get on the bed. I want to ride your face.” After I told him that, I loosened the straps to my harness and let my girlcock fall on the floor.

A minute later he was on his back on the bed and I was getting my pussy eaten. Gerry just watched us.

“Think you can get it up?” I asked him. “Want to fuck Wayne’s ass?”

The gay couple say nothing, but Phil went to his knees in front of his husband and took my lover’s cock into his mouth. In short order, both men were hard again while Wayne’s useless cock was still trapped in the cage I had put on him and intended to leave on him forever.

Eventually Gerry picked up Wayne’s legs and started fucking his ass. We were enjoying my husband between us. Even Phil joined in, buggering his husband. It was a complicated mess, much like my life had become.

I still loved it however.

So did Wayne.

Chapter Twenty-two

“I really need this,” I said to Doug right before I kissed him.

I was spending too much time in hotel rooms, but that was okay.

After he broke the kiss, Doug asked, “Why? Is your husband not doing it for you?” He then started stripping off his clothes. We came here for one purpose and he wasn’t wasting any time.

Neither was I. It was rather easy to shimmy out of my dress, but I didn’t take off my bra or underwear.

“No. He’s not,” I said flatly.

Doug didn’t stop undressing until he was naked. I looked at his cock. He wasn’t fully erect yet, but he was halfway there.

I could help with that.

“Is that why you meet up with me?” Doug asked. “Because your husband is lousy in bed?”

My eyes narrowed. I had given Doug a mistaken impression about my life. I should have just let him have that mistaken impression, but I wasn’t ashamed of my private sex life. I decided to be honest.

“Oh. No. Wayne’s great in bed. He’s a wonderful lover. I just don’t get his cock as much as I would like.”

Clearly, Doug was confused judging by the expression on his face. “Why is that? Does he spend too much time fucking coeds on campus?”

That was only a tiny fraction of the truth.

“Ha. No. Not at all. It’s because I keep a chastity cage on his cock. It makes sex basically impossible. Well, traditional PIV sex. He’s great at eating my pussy.”

Doug didn’t react. Except his cock suddenly went soft. That disappointed me.

“You make him wear a chastity cage? On his cock?”

“Well, where else would he wear a chastity cage?” I joked as I took the couple of steps separating us to go down on my knees. He didn’t shrink away from me but his cock didn’t get hard at my touch either.

“But...why? Why does he wear it?”

Before I answered, I put my mouth on his cock and sucked for a moment. Maybe the idea of chastity scared Doug, but he still responded to a warm mouth and an eager woman. “He asked me. He was...having some difficulties maintaining our marriage vows.”

“But you’re cheating on him now,” Doug pointed out.

I shook my head. “No I’m not. He knows I’m here and what I’m doing.”

“That’s fucked up.”

I smiled. “That’s our modern and open marriage.”

The talk was enough to get a full rise out of Doug’s cock.

“Okay, enough talk, I want to fuck you.”

He started to lift me off the floor to take me to the bed.

I let him. He was big and strong and put me on the bed and laid on top of me.

I loved the feel of his hard cock against my body. He kissed and caressed me. I shivered and quivered at his touch.

Together we worked on taking off my bra. Then he kissed his way down my body, sucking on a nipple as he passed by my breasts, before going all the way down to my belly and then planted a kiss on my red silk panties before easing them down my legs.

“You have a beautiful pussy,” he said before putting his head between my thighs to eat me out.

Doug was good at eating pussy. Not the best that I’ve had, but I was in the mood and I knew I was getting cock shortly. Any man who truly loves a woman’s body

will happily eat pussy to make her happy.

He even gave me a little orgasm in the process.

“Condom?” he asked as he lifted his head from between my legs.

“Only if you want one. I want to feel your cum inside me.”

“You say the nastiest things.”

I smiled. “I do the nastiest things.”

A second later he moved up and his cock was probing between my legs. I helped him slip inside me and a moment later we were fucking with him on top. I wanted to ride him but we’d get to that.

Doug used my body like a pleasure tool. He fucked me hard and moved me around to make me cum. I locked my ankles behind his back and let him penetrate me deeply. We fucked for what seemed like hours, but couldn’t have been more than ten minutes.

Still, that was enough to make me cum more than a half dozen times.

“Cum in me,” I begged him. “Cum in me.”

I was safe. I was reasonably sure he was safe as well. It was the danger and the risk that made it exciting.

His cock was like a throbbing rod of hot steel inside me. When he was right on the brink I reached down between our bodies and grabbed his balls. I didn’t even have to squeeze or twist.

He came hard.

He came hard enough to make me cum one last time.

“Fuck I needed that,” he moaned as he rolled off me.

I could feel his cum dripping out of my pussy. I loved that feeling. Even so, I went to the bathroom and cleaned up. When I came back to the bedroom, he was still sprawled on the bed. He hadn’t gone completely soft.

I had a wicked idea.

“Do you like anal sex?” I asked him while standing naked at the foot of the bed.

“Uh...to be honest, I’ve never tried it.”

My eyebrows went up. “Really. Would you like to?”

His cock twitched and he sat up. “Sure.”

“Great! Let me get my things.”

I went to my oversized purse and pulled out the lube. It always pays off to be prepared.

Doug was genuinely confused when I removed the harness and started pulling it up my legs.

“What’s that for?”

Cinching the straps into position, I reached into my bag one last time and grabbed my new favorite dildo which I proceeded to attach to the harness. Only then did I feel ready.

“How can I fuck your ass if I’m not wearing a strapon?” I asked him.

“What? I thought you wanted me to fuck your ass!?”

The moment of truth was upon him.

“Well, we can do that, but I need to fuck your ass first. What do you say?” I stood there, my hip cocked, my girlcock jutting out from my crotch, my breasts full on my chest. My pussy was faintly throbbing in anticipation.

“Why?” Doug was clearly confused.

“Because every man should know what it’s like to be fucked in the ass before he fucks a woman in the ass,” I said firmly. “Don’t be afraid. My husband loves it. He cums so hard when I peg him. Even in his cage.”

“This is crazy,” he said, shaking his head.

“That’s not a no,” I said.

“I didn’t say yes!”

“Say yes or I walk out the door,” I said smoothly.

He wound up loving it. He came so hard when I pegged him from behind. He blasted his load all over the bed.

Doug wasn’t able to get it up again so he couldn’t give me anal. I promised him next time we would do that first.

Of course, I planned on bringing a chastity cage with me.

End

Preview

Ring of Honor: Perfectly Average 4

Marty's cock was still up my ass. In spite of the situation, it was enjoyable to be in that position. I was done cumming, but he wasn't.

He saw me lick my cum from Jessica's finger. I wasn't looking over my shoulder, but it most definitely surprised him because I heard a gasp in my ear and then he said, "That's...fucking...hot!" He accompanied each word with a thrust into my ass. He had one hand on my chest and the other holding the base of my cock.

I felt him cum inside me, in my ass.

He grunted and strained. His cock was pressing right against my prostate and it was enough to rouse my soft cock, but that wasn't going anywhere because the cage kept me in check.

So that was my first experience with gay sex.

It wasn't bad.

After Marty came, his cock started to soften and I could feel the decreasing pressure.

"Keep going," Jessica encouraged him, or maybe the both of us.

"Can't," Marty mumbled. "I just came."

"What about me?" she complained.

I saw that I would have to be the one to make my girlfriend happy. I couldn't do it with a soft cock in a chastity cage, so I had to go back to my old, reliable methods.

Once Marty slipped out of my ass—a sensation that was equal parts relieving and strange and pleasant—I moved across the bed to where Jess was watching us. Watching and waiting.

Right away she knew what I was planning for her and she opened up her legs, exposing her pussy. I went down on her and, not wasting any time, I went right for her clit.

She appreciated that.

Her moans were music to my ears. The type of music that gets a cock hard.

Not my cock, of course, because I had recently cum and was still trapped in my cage.

I mean, it tried to get hard, but once I swelled up and felt the pressure, I immediately started shrinking back to my normal, and perfectly average, size.

Her pussy was wet; she never had trouble lubricating. I didn't need to get her wet for penetrative sex. I needed to make her cum. At the very least she deserved an orgasm, if not more.

I went right for her clit, licking it a little before sucking the entirety of the sensitive little organ into my mouth.

She grunted in surprise and then relaxed. Her mouth, of course, never shut up while I was working on her.

"Good little boy," she murmured. "Keep going. Suck my clit. Make me cum. You can't satisfy me like a real man so you'd better make sure your mouth can! Suck it! Lick it! Oh! Yes! Yes! Right fucking there! Put your finger up my asshole! Do it!"

That was an easy request to fulfill. I ran a finger along her open slit, getting it wet with her amrita, before pressing it against her tightly puckered muscle. A little pressure was all it took to penetrate. She grunted in satisfaction.

"Eat my ass!" she commanded.

I was stymied because I couldn't eat her pussy and ass at the same time, and

certainly not with my finger up her ass.

“You need to lick my ass whenever I want!”

That clarified things a little. It was just her normal dirty talk that got her going.

“Fuck my ass with your finger! Make me cum!”

I could work with that.

Fucking her ass with a finger was a delicate process. Even though Jess was more familiar with anal sex, I didn’t want to hurt her, but at the same time, I didn’t want to go so gently that she didn’t get the thrill she needed.

Making sure that I was letting plenty of spit slide down her pussy, across her perineum I began moving my finger back and forth. In addition to my sloppy pussy eating, her natural juices were keeping her asshole wet.

“Fuck! Yes! Just...like...that!”

Then she was silent a moment before she let out a loud moan that surely penetrated the walls of Marty’s townhouse. I was betting his neighbors were well-familiar with his busy sex life. I didn’t know if they got a thrill from listening to his lovers or not, but at the very least they had to be annoyed with Jessica’s loud and dirty mouth.

She came. I felt her ass tighten up on my finger. Her body quivered. Her pussy let out a burst of heat.

It was a beautiful orgasm.

Everything she did in bed was beautiful.

I looked up at her face to see as she came. I was upset and joyous when I saw her cry of ecstasy was cut off by a kiss from Marty.

He shouldn’t have been kissing her. She was my girlfriend.

But Jessica wanted that. She wanted to use and humiliate me.

I was all too willing to go along with it.

It wasn't just a casual kiss. Their lips were locked together and I knew that his tongue was halfway down her throat, fucking her mouth with his tongue just like he'd fuck her pussy with his dick.

I hated and loved it in concert.

Tearing my eyes away from their kissing, I saw something I didn't anticipate.

Marty's big cock was no longer flaccid.

He was nice and hard and Jessica's hand was wrapped around it, slowly stroking him.

"I want to fuck you," he told her, breaking off their kiss.

"Fuck yes!"

I was the wet blanket. "Is that a good idea?" I asked. "I mean...you just fucked...you just fucked me." It was hard to admit aloud what I had just done, but I forced out the words because I wanted to protect Jessica. Isn't that what a good boyfriend should do?

And I have to admit I was more than a little jealous. Not only was his cock much bigger than mine, but he was able to get hard again so soon after cumming.

I wanted to chalk at least part of that erection to his admiration of my pussy eating skills.

"Dude! I know what the fuck I'm doing!" Marty exclaimed. "While you were eating her pussy I was in the bathroom cleaning up. I'd never do something that would give a girl an infection." He grinned at me. "Why don't you go clean yourself up."

Seeing that I was being dismissed, I started to move off the bed. There was no reason to piss off Jessica.

To my surprise she grabbed my arm and stopped me.

"Wait!"

“What?” I was nervous. I didn’t know what else she could do to humiliate me.

Her legs were already spread. Her pussy and ass were plenty lubricated. What use did that have for me?

“Marty’s got a pretty big cock,” she said, as if I didn’t know. “Help guide him into me?”

I looked at her not knowing what to do or say. Her sly smile didn’t move from her face as she pulled on Marty, having him move on top of her body so they could fuck in the very traditional missionary position.

Except nothing we were doing was traditional or in accordance with what missionaries would approve of. They didn’t need my help. Marty knew how to use his cock. Jessica wasn’t shy about doing anything with him.

It was all about sexually humiliating me.

I went along with it.

Marty moved in between Jessica’s spread legs, her knees up. He hovered over her, his cock just inches away from her pussy. He was too high up; the head of his cock was close to the top of her pubic bone.

Reaching down between their legs, I grabbed his cock. It was hot and hard.

I don’t think my cock had ever been that hard. I couldn’t remember.

Holding another man’s cock wasn’t gay, I told myself.

Getting fucked in the ass was probably gay though, even if I was just doing it because my girlfriend wanted to see it.

It was easy to aim his cock head between her slick lips. Once he made contact he pushed his hips forward and sank his manhood all the way into her.

I didn’t realize she was that turned on.

Even so, Jessica let out a loud, deep moan. I was jealous of her at that moment, not because she had Marty’s cock in her, but because she could cum again and

again. It was a secret power that women had that I never would.

Marty took a couple of experimental thrusts while I watched. Just that was enough to stir my cock. The cage squeezed it.

I was amazed my girlfriend could take all of his cock so easily.

“Go clean up, Mike,” Jessica said. “I don’t need you watching us.”

Just like that I was dismissed. It wasn’t that Jess was shy or didn’t want me to know that she was fucking Marty and enjoying it more than any time I had ever been inside her.

It was just a calculated statement meant to humiliate me.

I liked it more than I wanted. The feeling it gave me was incredible.

Not wanting to start an argument, I got off the bed and went to the bathroom.

Despite the fact that another man was fucking my girlfriend not less than fifteen feet away, I was blown away by Marty’s bathroom. It was fucking impressive.

It was at least as big as his bedroom. The townhouse complex he lived in was upscale, but I could really see it in the bathroom. Huge mirror. Double sink. Gigantic shower and a separate tub.

I used the toilet. One thing that never really gets discussed about anal sex is the leftovers. Marty had cum in me and while it wasn’t like I had gotten a gallon-sized enema it was strange getting it out. It wasn’t exactly like shitting, but it wasn’t exactly fun or pleasant either.

I sat on the toilet for a while, letting everything settle out. I had to listen to Marty fuck Jessica.

Even in my position, it was fucking hot.

When I was done with the toilet I went to the door and watched the two of them on the bed.

They were fucking as passionately as a spring thunderstorm. Jessica was

moaning and groaning. Marty had pinned her down with her knees in her ears, folding her in half. He was slamming his cock into her. I didn't know how her little pussy was taking that pounding.

"Hard!" She all but shouted at him. "Fuck me hard! Harder!"

If he fucked her any harder he was going to drill right through her body.

I could tell he was holding back. His balls were slapping against her ass. I wanted to stick my face between their legs and lick everything that I could.

Somehow I managed to hold back and he finally pushed her over the edge. She screamed as she came. The neighbors had to be pissed by now.

A second later Marty came, filling up her pussy with his spunk.

It was my own personal sex show.

It was worth it.

Marty rolled off her. I stared at her red and swollen pussy.

"Jess, you are such a good fuck. If you were any sluttier, people would start mistaking you for a whore."

She slapped him. "Shut your fucking mouth!" She was kidding around with him. Sex with them was just for fun. It meant nothing.

Jessica spotted me spying on them. "What are you looking at?" she asked with her lopsided grin.

"Just...just the two of you," I replied guiltily.

"Did you like the show?"

I nodded. "Yes."

"Want to clean me up?"

Her legs were still open and I was staring at her pussy. I have wanted to dive into her pussy and eat her to another orgasm...and taste Marty's cum, but I had a

more immediate problem. “Sort of. But I need to clean my cage.”

“So go clean it.”

“There’s too much cum inside it. I need to take it off.”

Strictly speaking, that wasn’t true, but I wanted to see what I could get away with.

She rolled her eyes. “Fine. Come over here. I’ll take it off.”

I stood next to the bed while she used the key attached to her nipple ring to unlock me.

The cage slipped off easily enough. I didn’t get hard, much to my relief because I was sure that if I had, Jessica would accuse me of lying to get out.

“Go shower,” she told me.

“Right.”

I went back to the bathroom and turned on the water. Right after I stepped inside I considered the chances of me getting caught if I jerked off in the shower. The risk was a thrill because Jess and Marty were just feet away.

I didn’t get the chance to try. I had just started soaping my chest when the bathroom door owned and Marty came in.

He was still naked. His cock, even flaccid, was more impressive than mine.

I looked at him. He grinned at me with a confidence that made me nervous. “She sent me in here to keep an eye on you.”

“Oh. I guess that makes sense.”

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About the Author

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

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