The DEAD BEDROOM Remedy

PART 3: MARK'S UNDER LOCK AND KEY



A Second-Chance Kinky Romance by

JAMES & JANE HARDCOURT

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The Dead Bedroom Remedy: Part 3

Mark's Under Lock and Key

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James and Jane Hardcourt asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

We know our readers love to get involved, so my diligent proofing team and I occasionally leave deliberate mistakes and typos in my books just so you can spot them and feel smug about messaging me at james@edging.space with any you find. (Thank you!)

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Take Me To Church



‘So, how’d it go last night?’ Jennifer’s message was waiting on Kirsty’s phone as she swiped the screen to turn off her morning alarm.

‘It was good, really good.’ Kirsty replied. ‘Orgasms, intimacy, just wow.’

‘Yay! That makes me so happy to hear. I know you’ve got church now, but come over later and tell me ALL the details.’

Kirsty shook her head in wonder at her friend’s irrepressible enthusiasm. *That feels less like an invitation and more like an order.* ‘Fine. Mark’s taking the boys to football at 2. I’ll pop over after that.’

‘Will do. I better get everyone ready now. Love you. Thanks again, last night really was amazing.’

‘It’s my pleasure, and don’t forget, wear one of your new lingerie sets.’

Kirsty hadn’t considered the fact the deal to only wear the new, sexy underwear they’d bought would include what she wears for church. It suddenly felt much naughtier. ‘Seriously, to church?’

‘Goodness yes! And make sure Mark knows.’

‘Jennifer!’

‘Weren’t you the one who told me there’s a whole sex book in the Bible?’

‘The Song of Solomon, yes, but I don’t think ‘sex book’ is quite the right description.’ Her laughing was waking Mark up.

‘Hey, I gave it a read after you told me that and it sounded like a lot of kinky sexy going on.’

Kirsty raised an eyebrow. ‘What are you talking about?’

‘Lots of fruit gobbling, honey drinking and juice dripping. It was surprisingly sexy. And didn’t he have loads of wives?’

‘Who? Solomon? Yes, I think so, I can’t remember the details.’

‘Woah,’ wrote Jennifer. ‘Google says 700 wives and 300 concubines. That’s a horny guy! What’s a concubine anyway, isn’t that basically a pleasure slave?’

‘I don’t know. Oh my God, you can make anything dirty, can’t you!’

‘It’s not dirty, it’s in the Bible! And if there’s ever a sermon on pleasure slaves, let me know, I’m coming to church with you that week.’

Kirsty was really laughing now. Mark was awake and looking at her with a crooked smile. ‘I’ll put in a request. Actually, now *I* want to know.’

‘What are you laughing at?’ Mark asked.

‘Jennifer says she’ll come to church if they preach on Solomon’s wives. He had a thousand!’

‘That many? Blimey, keeping one satisfied is hard enough.’ He grinned, then realised his joke had been riskier than he thought. But Kirsty gave him a naughty smile back. *Look at us, joking about sex.*

She wrote back to Jennifer, ‘Got to go, Mark’s up.’

‘Oh, he is? Tell him not to get used to it.’

‘Jennifer!!!!’

‘Give him my love and a blowjob.’

‘You are unbelievable.’ Kirst paused. ‘Same to Tom.’

Kirsty just received a winking emoji as a sign off. Her friend’s comments had brought back the thought of Mark, caged like Tom had been. *I wonder if he’s back in the chastity cage. I must ask.* She turned back to her husband. ‘So, been thinking about keeping me satisfied, have you? That’s promising.’ She couldn’t quite believe how bold she was feeling. *All those orgasms must be affecting me.*

‘I have. Last night was amazing.’

‘I thought so, too. But we can’t let it be a one-off thing. We have some changes to make. Speaking of which?’ Kirsty stood up and went to the wardrobe where she’d carefully hung out all the new sets of lingerie she’d bought the day before. ‘How about you pick what you’d like me to wear today?’

‘Okay?’ said Mark, a little confused by the offer. Kirsty pulled out two sets of lingerie and turned to face him. ‘Okay!’ he exclaimed, suddenly much more interested.

‘I told you I bought a few sets. What do you think, the black set with the gorgeous little flowers on them or the white ones with the polka dots?’

‘You’re seriously going to wear those to church?’

‘I had planned to put something over it, darling.’ She grinned, holding each set in front of her. ‘So?’

‘Umm, I think you’ll look amazing in either of them.’

‘That’s a charming answer but I need a decision.’

‘You decide,’ Mark insisted.

Kirsty shrugged and turned both sets to look at them. She decided on the flowers. Remembering what Jennifer had said about Tom watching her dress. She looked at Mark and stayed facing him as she slipped off her nightie. She looked at him, watching her with fresh admiration, and, she was delighted to see, lust. *He might not have Solomon’s stamina, but at least I don’t have to share him.*

She was tempted to change into the lingerie in front of him too, but needed a shower and to change her panties after last night’s escapades. So she wrapped on a dressing gown and blew him a kiss. *Maybe it’s better to make a grand appearance in them, anyway.*

During the quick shower she still had time to reach down and remember the night before, washing him out from where

he'd been, but resolved to be filled up again soon. She reflected on his look as she'd stripped just now, the idea that he might lust after her. Another new thought occurred to her. *He's supposed to lust after me, and me after him. Lust can be a good thing*. Kirsty found herself irritated that in all the years of sermons and church small groups, no one had ever mentioned the positive side to it. Dressing up in sexy lingerie to church suddenly seemed far less radical.

* * *

Mark was still in bed when she returned. She'd vainly hoped that he might have started getting the kids ready, or at least made some coffee. He seemed a little breathless when she came back in. A sneaking suspicion of what he might have been doing developed in her mind but Kirsty decided not to bring it up, at least not now. Instead, she wanted to see the impact of the reveal. 'What do you think, good choice?' She took her dressing gown off to show the lingerie she'd chosen.

'Wow, you look incredible. Good choice. I can't believe you're going to wear that to church.'

'Not just church. I plan to wear this kind of thing all the time. It's surprisingly comfy actually, and it makes me feel good,' she paused, 'and sexy to wear it.'

'You look so sexy. Speaking of which, do you fancy…' Mark stared self-consciously at her.

Kirsty chuckled at his poor communication and looked at the time. 'If you'd have got the kids breakfast then we might

have had time, but no, we'll have to save it for later.' She was a little annoyed at the face he pulled but chose to ignore it and set to picking out a dress that wouldn't show her lingerie off to anyone accidentally. Mark still didn't get out of bed. She looked at him. 'Have you got a hard-on?' she joked. She was discovering the amusement in sex jokes that had previously eluded her.

'Actually, yes.' Her eyes shot to him, and he lifted the duvet and showed her. He waited there awkwardly. *If he thinks the sight of his cock is going to induce me to give him a blowjob he hasn't really understood what turns me on yet.* Kirsty walked nearer, buttoning up her dress. 'Hello there,' she said to it, deciding he needed a response. She looked at Mark's face, he was clearly still hopeful she was going to sink to her knees and give him a BJ.

Kirsty noticed a drop of pre-cum at the tip of his cock, and it supported her suspicion he'd been masturbating while she was in the shower. Somehow the spirit of Jennifer manifested; she bit her lip before deciding to go for it. 'You should give that lot a trim,' she said, nodding at his bushy pubes, 'it might make him look bigger.'

She enjoyed the shocked look on his face nearly as much as the fact his cock seemed to jump up at her words. *Goodness, look at me. Maybe I'm concubine material.* She blew Mark a kiss. 'See you downstairs.'

Tea and Pornography



‘So, how was church?’ Jennifer put her arm on the back of the big red sofa that was the centerpiece of their conservatory.

‘Well sadly, the sermon wasn’t on sex but then I’ve never heard one on that, so it’s not entirely surprising.’ Kirsty sipped at her mug of tea that was still a bit too hot to drink. ‘But, Mark was very attentive, which was nice. He was all touchy and went to get me a drink afterwards, which he normally never does.’

‘Well, it’s not oral sex, but you’ve got to start somewhere.’

Kirsty laughed. ‘Most interesting was a comment from a friend there. She asked what was different.’

‘Oh, did she? I’m not surprised, you’re walking tall today.’

‘Is that what it is? I didn’t know what to say. I wasn’t sure if it was my new lingerie.’

‘You could say, “I’m having fun taking charge of my love life with my husband and also I found out this incredible secret about my heathen friend.’

‘Jen! You’re not heathen, just liberated.’

‘I’m having fun liberating you, that’s for sure. How is the underwear now you mention it?’

‘I love it. Still not used to the stockings, but I’m sure I’ll get the hang of them. And the idea I’m wearing it all for me is so powerful. I know I keep saying this, but why does no one teach us this stuff?’

‘I guess it’s partly cultural. You look at societies like India who have the Kama Sutra and perhaps they’re better at this? I have no idea. But for sure we still have the baggage of prudish Victorianism to shake off.’

‘I remember going to a French beach where most of the women were topless and being absolutely scandalised,’ said Kirsty.

‘Ridiculous isn’t it. It’s only boobs.’ Jennifer laughed. ‘Was Mark with you?’

‘Oh yes, it was just the two of us before we had kids. He suggested I go topless, and I got so angry we didn’t talk for two days.’

‘Okay, whoops. How do you feel about it looking back?’

Kirsty sipped from her tea. ‘I can’t believe I’m saying this, but now I wish I tried it at least. See what an influence you’ve had.’

‘Yay me! I’m so delighted to see you enjoying this.’

‘The way he looked at me last night. I haven’t felt that for a long time.’ Kirsty began to fidget with her wedding ring. ‘And we, umm, we came together.’

‘You did? That’s so cool! Have you ever done that before?’

Kirsty shook her head. ‘No, it’s how I imagined it always happened and then it never did.’ She frowned. ‘Well, duh, I never came at all. But yeah, does that happen a lot?’

‘Depends if you’re trying to. It’s always special when it does. There are a few ways you can increase the chances.’

‘What kind of thing?’

‘If you’re mutually masturbating, you can obviously control it better.’

‘That’s when you touch each other?’

‘Or use toys. But it can either be on each other, or you do yourself.’ She went a bit dreamy. ‘It’s so hot watching Tom jerk off, dammit, now I’m horny.’

Kirsty chuckled into her mug. ‘I thought you were always horny.’

‘Who has the time to be always horny? Maybe concubines.’ She grinned. ‘But yes, if you’re doing it to each other then it can be a game to see who can make the other one come first. My favourite though is Tom taking control. So I lie on top of him, both of us facing up, and he’s in me but also masturbating me. Sometimes he makes me put my hands behind his head and I’m not allowed to take them out. That’s crazy hot. Although Tom has an advantage there.’

Kirsty felt like she should know what it was, but it took a minute to work out Jennifer was talking about cock size again. ‘Oh really? I think Mark would still reach. I teased him a little about it this morning,’ she confessed.

‘You did? What brought that on?’

‘I think he was having a wank while I was in the shower and then he wanted a blowjob. He hadn’t even thought to make coffee or help with the kids.’

‘Hah, you wait, the cage helps with all that.’

‘It does?’

Jennifer seemed to take a deep breath in and let out a little sigh. ‘You just won’t believe it, babes. To have that control opens up all kinds of stuff. They’ll want to be more helpful, they become far more attentive, and it actually lasts, and did I mention the oral sex?’

Kirsty laughed. ‘You mentioned it. I’m a bit nervous about that, truth be told.’

‘You are? Why?’ Jennifer had all her focus on Kirsty now. She waited for an answer.

‘He’s, never done that before last night, when you told me to tell him to.’ Kirsty looked up, expecting Jennifer to be outraged. She was very calm.

‘I guessed that might be the case from something you said yesterday.’

‘And it felt great. It really did. But even thinking about it now makes me uncomfortable.’

Jennifer sat up. ‘Look, I get it’s super intimate. But how was he about it?’

‘He seemed to love it, actually.’

‘So what are you worried about, it felt good, didn’t it?’

‘Oh, so good. I couldn’t believe it.’

‘And trust me, he’s only going to get better at it. I’ll get Tom to give him some tips.’ They both laughed. ‘So, is it like a self-conscious thing?’

‘I guess a bit of that.’

‘You’ve got to learn to love your vulva if he’s going to! Next time you masturbate, grab a hand mirror and just watch yourself. It’s fascinating. It’s not the most beautiful bit of our bodies but it’s not nearly as weird as a penis and balls. Seriously, what’s going on with those. Why do they have the same skin on them as our elbows?’

Kirsty nearly choked on her mouthful of tea. ‘Oh Lord, now I’m never going to look at elbows the same way again.’

‘Or balls,’ added Jennifer, grinning. ‘Is it an intimacy thing too, maybe? I always feel it’s the most intimate thing, him being down there.’

She nodded. ‘For sure, it’s that too. But I suppose that will get easier. I worry about how I smell too.’ Kirsty was horrified to hear herself say it, but Jennifer didn’t even blink.

‘I seem to remember he said nice things about that. You just have to believe them on that sometimes. Also, when you’re masturbating, do you ever taste yourself?’

Kirsty stared at her, not sure if she was joking. ‘No. The thought hadn’t crossed my mind.’

‘Oh you should, it’ll make you feel better about it all. Honestly, mirror, and see how you taste. Do that a bit and you’ll be far less worried about him going down on you.’

‘Were you born immune to our British prudishness?’ Kirsty was still processing her friend’s advice.

‘I guess I’m just curious. Americans seem to have it even worse, remember that nipplegate thing at the Superbowl? It’s so weird that a country that produces most of the world’s porn has such an antagonistic relationship with sex. Actually, that’s something I thought we should talk about.’

‘Porn?’

‘Yeah, are you okay to discuss that?’

Kirsty shook her head in wonder. ‘After what you just nonchalantly suggested, I think anything goes. You’re the teacher.’

‘Okay, ace, because porn is complicated, and we need to find out what works for you. But I suspect there’s one problem already.’

‘What’s that?’

She leaned in as if confiding a secret. ‘I bet Mark uses it.’

‘Why do you say that?’

Jennifer did something on her phone. ‘Hold on, I’m just searching the stats.’ She paused to read. ‘Because about half of men say they’ve watched porn in the last month.’ She looked

up at her friend and grinned, ‘And I’d bet the other half are lying.’ She laughed.

‘So you think Mark is?’

‘I mean, he’s not staying up late building ships in bottles, is he. I’d say it’s very likely, and you should talk to him about it.’

Kirsty couldn’t imagine how she’d possibly do that, but so far her friend’s advice had been golden. ‘Please tell me you’ll help with that conversation.’

‘Sure if you need me too, but it can actually be quite a fun one to have.’

‘It can, how?’

Jennifer put down her cup. ‘If you come into it realistically, not with “porn is utterly evil and the cause of all mankind’s problems” then you can have a good conversation.’

‘It’s pretty bad though, isn’t it?’

‘Loads of it is really bad, yes. Super exploitative, disgustingly misogynistic, just gross. Yes.’

Kirsty narrowed her eyes. ‘I sense a but coming up.’

‘Sounds like the title of a porn film.’ She laughed.

‘Jenny!’

‘Sorry, couldn’t help myself.’ Jennifer grinned, ‘But… I like some types of porn. Find them positively helpful. And having your husband’s cock in a cage gives you a very different perspective, trust me.’

‘Okay, I can believe that. But what’s helpful?’

‘I wouldn’t even call it porn, but I suppose some of it is. It’s pictures, or sometimes gifs, you know those animated ones?’

‘Well, I’ve seen them of cats.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘So there’s this whole world of hot pictures with captions on them, sometimes what the person is saying, or a snippet of a story. I love those. I get Tom to find good ones to turn me on.’

‘Wait, wait. You get your husband to find you sexy pictures. That’s extraordinary.’

‘Pictures, but mostly the ideas behind them. Do you want to see?’

‘Umm, okay? I’m not going to regret this, am I?’ Kirsty looked at her friend with narrow eyes.

‘You can always write it off as an education. And this is something else I’d recommend, actually. Some kind of private space for the two of you to share these things.’ Jennifer pulled up her phone and started scrolling through something that Kirsty couldn’t see. ‘Sorry, just checking nothing’s too personal. But no, this lot are fine.’

She stood up from her chair and sat down on the sofa next to her friend, snuggling in conspiratorially. ‘So this is Tumblr. It used to be where Tom and I did all this stuff, but that’s changed recently. But it serves as an example.’ She showed Kirsty her phone and it had a picture of a couple cuddling up

in bed, nothing explicit. Next to it was a quote, ‘Nothing says I love you more than wearing a chastity cage while she has an orgasm.’

Kirsty laughed. ‘Well, that’s cute. “Grumpy2017”, what’s that mean?’

‘It’s the person who made it. He’s one of our favourites. Here’s another, “quinnklaxon”.’

It was a black and white photo of a beautiful woman in lingerie, quite tasteful. Next to it was written, ‘The trick is to make him believe that I might allow him to orgasm, even though that’s not happening.’

‘Well, that’s raunchier but still sexy. I can see why you like them.

‘Oh here’s a fun one - “denial-permanente”. He’s permanently caged, you can feel the frustration in his captions. It’s so hot.’

‘Permanently, are you serious?’

‘Yeah, they’re really sweet. An older couple. She gets everything she wants from his strap-on, or his *faux cock* as she calls it. These guys are ace.’ She flicked therough a few captions.

‘Would you ever think about doing it like that, permanently?’

‘Nah, I don’t think so. I love Tom’s cock too much. But will I fuck with him about it and drive him crazy. Hell yes. And sometime I want to try a really long lock up.’ She leaned

in closer. ‘The challenge is to keep it interesting. You want to know what I imagine?’

Kirsty saw the gleam in her eye. ‘What? Tell me.’

‘I imagine Mark and Tom locked up. Make it a competition between the four of us. First cou0ple to give in, to let them out, or just make them cum, loses.’

Kirsty’s breathing quickened. ‘What do they lose?’

Jennifer gave a very dirty laugh. ‘You’ll have to get me tipsy to tell you that.’ She looked flushed and went back to pointing out some other hot captions.

‘It’s not really porn though, is it?’ Kirsty asked.

‘I mean, I suspect your church friends might disagree. But challenge accepted.’ In response Jennifer flicked down the page a few pictures and stopped. This one was moving, but it made Kirsty freeze. ‘Oh, my God. That can’t be real!’ Jennifer was trying to suppress her joy at the reaction. ‘Jen, tell me that’s fake. Penises don’t really get that big!’

‘Oh, that’s real, trust me.’

Kirsty looked at the picture. It was simply a hole in a partition of some kind, and through it was hanging a penis and balls that were beyond belief. ‘Are you sure that’s real? That’s even bigger than Tom, by quite a lot.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘And that’s why it’s there. I love teasing him. I make him go and find me hot pictures of cocks even bigger than him. Then I tell him “Oh honey, if only you were that big, I’d never put you in a cage”.’

Kirsty couldn't take her eyes off the image as it looped over and over. 'And he likes that?'

'It drives him wild. He's always been proud of his big dick but caging it up and then making him find me these. I guess it just makes him feel helpless, because it's one of the few things he can't do anything about.'

'And do *you* like that?' Kirsty pointed to the screen.

'I do. It's very primal, I guess. But I find looking at a big cock surprisingly arousing. It wasn't always that way.'

'I can't believe how big these are. But you said Mark was average?'

'These are mostly porn star cocks, sweetie, few and far between. Mark is average, for the UK anyway. 5.3 inches. I looked it up.'

'Some of these must be twice that!'

'I know, right. I read an interview once with a very well hung guy and he was saying it was more of a curse than a blessing. He was so big that sex with most women hurt them and that he never knew if women actually liked him or his big dick.'

'I'm sure our husbands would be really sympathetic.' Kirsty laughed. She'd begun to get over her initial shock and was beginning to find the pictures quite fascinating. She browsed a little further and there were more captions. Mostly teasing ones, usually with beautiful women in them, although

most had more clothes on than she'd expected. 'I thought there would be more videos.'

'Yeah, videos are often where it gets problematic. Like I said, most of them are bad. The porn industry is pretty nasty. Did you see that documentary a while back, "Hot Girls wanted?" Kirsty shook her head. 'Oh, it was so awful, how young aspiring actresses get sucked into it, and just totally taken advantage of. We do watch videos, but they are mostly amateur or alternatively some really high end productions where the actresses are proper high paid stars.'

'And you like that?'

'I sometimes like it on in the background. Honestly, part of it is how hot Tom thinks it is that I'll do it. If I'm super mean, I'll put porn on and then blindfold him, so he can only hear. That's hilarious.'

Kirsty laughed. 'You do find such creative things to explore.' She waved the phone. 'I get the appeal of some of these though. The captions are quite inspiring. So should I do this with Mark?'

'As I said, Tumblr was such a great place for it but went all puritanical and made it much harder to use. There's another one called BDSMLR that's a copy of it. That works okay, but it's not got the friendly feeling Tumblr did. I'll share some with you if you want. Did you want some video recommendations?'

'I don't know, do I?'

‘If you start anywhere, then there’s this guy, Mark Rockwell. His videos have the dumbest name, it’s called “Mark’s Head Bobbers and Hand Jobbers.”’ Jennifer couldn’t help laughing and Kirsty joined in. ‘Anyway, I guess it’s memorable. As the name suggests it’s blowjobs and handjobs mostly. You can find them on PornHub, that’s the YouTube of porn. I’ll send you a link if you want too?’

‘So how do I use these though?’

‘That depends on a few things. How do you feel about it? Read some of the stuff I send and try the videos and see. But the big question is, does Mark have a porn problem? Because if he does then you want to be even more careful. Keep it to a minimum. But even the idea of you being a cool enough wife to talk to him about porn will be a breakthrough, I’m sure. And I’m here to help!’

‘I can’t believe I’m actually thinking about watching porn. What have you done to me?’

Jennifer laughed. ‘Just giving you options, babes.’

‘Thank you again for all this. I know I’m just coming to terms with lots of it, but last night really was amazing. And it’s so comforting knowing I have you helping me. I wish there was something I could do to thank you.’

Jennifer smiled and wiggled her mouth from side to side. ‘Well, now you mention it…’

A Surprise Keyholder



A little while later, Tom returned with the two boys and after sending them off to recover from their exertions, he popped his head around the corner into the conservatory.

‘Hello ladies, all well?’

Jennifer jumped up off the sofa and pulled him into the room properly, giving him a big kiss. ‘Very well thank you, baby.’ She cuddled into him. ‘Kirsty and I have been having a wonderful chat.’

He seemed to notice that Kirsty was staring unabashedly at his crotch. ‘Oh, have you?’ he asked, his voice rising in pitch a little.

‘Oh yes. In fact, I told her we had a little secret that I’d love to tell her. But that I really should ask you first.’ She rubbed his back and then squeezed his bottom.

‘You did?’ His eyes were wide now. Kirsty was enthralled to see her friend in action, how even with her big, alpha husband, just the right words could put him in a completely different headspace.

Jennifer patted her husband’s chest and he gave a little jump. Kirsty guessed her fingertips were subtly rubbing on his nipples. *She’s so good at this!* She patted his bottom too. ‘Oh honey, you’re all sweaty. Did you have to referee?’

He shook his head. ‘They were down a linesman.’

‘Well, why don’t you go and have a shower, and maybe Kirsty will join me upstairs, and we can decide if she gets to find out our secret.’ She patted his bottom and gave him a shove, and in a daze, he headed upstairs. Jennifer turned and clapped her hands together. ‘Oh my God, I’m so excited. I’ve wanted to do this for so long.’

‘I’m nervous,’ Kirsty said, putting her hand on her chest. ‘Are you sure it’s okay now, we could do it another time? What about the kids?’

‘It won’t take long, and the bedroom locks. The boys are wiped out after football. They’ll happily watch TV until dinner. No, let’s do this, if you’re still okay. Come on.’ She stretched out her hand and pulled Kirsty up from the sofa.

When they got to the bedroom they could hear Tom in the shower. Kirsty stared at the wardrobe that she’d hidden in so recently, the memories coming back and making her heart race even faster. Jennifer stopped, looking her up and down, and then reached forward and flicked open an extra button on her dress. ‘That’s better.’ She grinned. ‘Now show me that pose I described so badly yesterday.’

Kirsty scooted around to the other side of the bed and climbed on, folding her legs under her, leaning on her arm with the other on her thigh. ‘Like that?’ She giggled, the insanity of what was happening starting to get to her.

‘Damn girl, you nailed it.’ Jennifer jumped up on the bed next to her. ‘Now you remember how you’re going to

respond?'

'Shocked — that won't be hard.' They both laughed. 'Then I'll try to be a bit mean. No promises. Then we'll confess about the wardrobe?'

'That's the plan. Oh, I can't wait to see "mean" Kirsty. I also have a little surprise at the end. No pressure, but see how you feel about it.'

'Oh you do?'

'Yes, it's a big fantasy for us both, but like I said, see how you feel.'

Kirsty was going to ask for a clue, but they heard the shower stop and both arranged themselves, ready for Tom's entrance, trying, and failing, not to giggle.

It didn't take long until the door slowly opened and he poked his head around it, eyebrows lifting when he saw them both in the bedroom. Jennifer spoke up. 'Come in baby, we're all ready for you.'

Tom was wearing a thin, silky gown. He didn't make eye contact with Kirsty. In fact, he looked like he was shaking a little. For sure his breathing was rapid. She wondered for a moment what he must be feeling, but couldn't really imagine it. Jennifer was looking at her husband intently, taking all of it in. Her foot was twitching. *Seems like we're all a bit nervous.* Her friend coughed and straightened up. 'Hi honey, nice shower?'

‘Yes, thanks.’ He glanced at Kirsty who gave him a big smile but he couldn’t hold her gaze.

‘How’re you feeling?’ asked Jennifer with genuine warmth.

‘Umm, honestly?’ he said, looking at his wife? She nodded. ‘A bit nervous, kind of horny.’

‘Horny huh, why’s that?’ Jennifer was starting to have fun. She reached down onto the bed and took Kirsty’s hand.

‘Yes, why are you horny, Tom?’ With Jennifer beside her, Kirsty felt very free to join in. He unconsciously wrapped the robe around him tighter and, to her delight, she could see the bulge of the cage.

‘Does she know?’ he asked Jennifer, but she turned to Kirsty and grinned, nodding that it was her turn.

Kirsty sat up straight and waited for him to look her way. ‘Your wife told me something incredible, Tom. Is that what you mean?’ Now he made eye contact. Jennifer was giggling with excitement. ‘She told me she locks up your cock in a chastity cage.’ Kirsty paused to watch his reaction. He gulped, his eyebrows shooting up. ‘I didn’t believe it, of course. I mean, have you ever heard of anything so ridiculous?’ He was looking from her to his wife and back again now. ‘What kind of man would let his cock be locked up?’ That was the line Jennifer had fed her earlier and she’d been right about the impact.

He looked both aroused and terrified. The result was quite adorable.

He began to stutter an incoherent reply when Jennifer took over. ‘Baby, I know it’s a big secret but I trust Kirsty to keep it, don’t you?’ He paused, then gave a nod, his eyes looking slightly wild. ‘So baby, prove I’m not lying. Let her see, please?’

With agonisingly slowness he undid the belt of his robe. Both women sat up on the bed, leaning closer, Kirsty was really squeezing Jennifer’s hand now. ‘Are you sure, Jenny?’ he asked, a last line of resistance.

‘Show her,’ she said, in that aroused, dominant tone she’d heard from her friend a few times over the last few days.

‘Yes, show me.’ Kirsty couldn’t hide the excitement in her voice, either.

Letting out a big breath, Tom let his gown fall open. There was a moment of silence, and then the line Jennifer had suggested rose from Kirsty’s lips. ‘Oh my God, that’s hilarious!’ She began laughing. It wasn’t difficult, something of a relief from all the tension building up. ‘His cock is in a cage. You weren’t kidding. Jennifer!’

‘See, I told you,’ she acted. ‘Babe, lose the robe and come a bit closer.’ With that she pulled Kirsty’s hand and then both rolled onto their tummies, propping up their chins at the end of the bed, only a couple of feet from where Tom now stood, naked besides the cage.

‘It’s so cute!’ declared Kirsty, her own line but proud of it. ‘I thought you said it was big though?’

Jennifer just laughed at her friend’s improvised tease then followed it up. ‘Well, it was bigger before I caged it, but being locked up probably shrinks it a bit.’

‘Jen, don’t say that,’ Tom complained, his voice high and shaky.

Kirsty ignored him. ‘Oh, I can imagine. You don’t mind it shrinking?’

‘Oh goodness no, we have the strap-on.’ Jennifer grinned, knowing this was new information for Kirsty.

She raised her eyebrow. ‘A strap-on, what?’

‘A strap-on cock.’ Jennifer explained. They were both completely ignoring Tom, which had been the plan. He just stood there, caged cock on show, not knowing what to do with himself.

‘But, aren’t those for women?’ Kirsty was genuinely perplexed. She’d heard of them being used by lesbians, but she couldn’t quite figure out how it worked in this situation. ‘Wait, you mean *you* wear it?’ She looked at her friend with astonishment.

Jennifer laughed. ‘I keep offering but Tom won’t let me.’ She looked up at him with a grin and blew him a kiss. ‘No, it’s for *him* to wear. Just think about it. I can choose whatever size I like, it never gets soft, and best of all there’s no mess from him to clean up.’

Kirsty was still trying to picture it, with some difficulty, but she played along. ‘Okay, interesting…’ She looked at the caged cock. ‘Don’t you miss it though?’

‘I let him out sometimes, Kirsty. But when he’s caged, he is so much more attentive and he’s become so good with his mouth now.’

Kirsty took her time and looked up at him. ‘Why do you let him out at all then?’ It was another line they’d rehearsed, but Tom’s whimper as she said it made it so much hotter.

Jennifer nodded, scrunching up her mouth. ‘I mean, he complains and I feel bad. But you’re right. There’s no *real* need. I can make him come in the cage if he really needed emptying, but honestly I kind of love his balls full and achy. They make sure I’m all he’s thinking about.’

‘That does sound good.’ Kirsty tried not to laugh at the line she was about to deliver, but she made the mistake of looking at her friend who was trying to do the same, and she burst into laughter. They both looked up at Tom. He had his arms wrapped around his chest, just to do something with his arms, she guessed. It was fascinating and exhilarating seeing this big, strong man reduced to this.

She took a few deep breaths and tried to say her lines seriously. ‘If I were you I’d just let him out for special occasions, birthdays, Christmas, stuff like that.’ She breathed a sigh of relief, although tears were starting to run down her cheeks.

Jennifer managed to rein it in, too. ‘I know, that would be perfect. But I just don’t have the willpower to keep saying “no” to him.’ She opened her eyes wide and a cheeky smile was forming on her face. *Hold on, that wasn’t in the script. What’s she up to?*

Her friend rolled onto her side to face Kirsty, propping her head up on one hand. She fished inside her top and pulled out the key to his cage on a necklace. ‘This is all a bit of a shock, but would you consider looking after the key for me?’

‘What?’ said Tom, unable to keep silent.

‘What?’ Kirsty was trying to process it too. *So this was the surprise she was talking about.* ‘Are you serious?’ she asked Jennifer, ignoring Tom’s protestations.

‘I am, it’d be fun to try. I just keep giving in to him and it gets a bit tiring, to be honest. It’d be such a weight off my mind. And we still have an emergency one here, if it’s needed.’

‘Oh, you do?’ She pointed at the key. ‘How does it even work, there’s no padlock or anything.’

Jennifer looked up at her husband. ‘Baby, come a bit closer, good boy.’ She grinned at calling him that. As soon as he was within reach she wrapped her finger and thumb behind his cock and balls and pulled him in. Kirsty gasped at her boldness, and the fact that it brought his caged cock to within touching distance. This was very different from her view from the wardrobe the other night. Its appeal did not diminish close-up — his cock was bulging in the cage, filling it completely,

and it wasn't a small device. The ones she'd seen earlier in the captions had mostly been much smaller than this. In fact, it was the biggest she recalled seeing.

With her spare hand, Jennifer pointed out the features. 'So, it's really neat. The key slides into this little cylinder up here, and the whole lock slides out when you give it a twist. You can get ones with a padlock but this seemed much neater.'

'That *is* neat,' Kirsty mumbled, getting quite transfixed at seeing it so up close. 'And how secure is it?'

'More for Tom than most. He's a show-er, not a grower — if he shrunk down more he could probably pull it out. But as it is…' she looked up at him. 'You can't get out, can you baby?'

He let out the sexiest little growl. 'No.'

'A good thing too, or maybe I'd have to get him pierced.' Jennifer's words made his growl turn into a whimper.

'P-pierced?' Kirsty asked.

'Mhmm.' She poked her finger and thumb at the tip of Tom's penis in the cage. 'If they keep pulling out then you can use a Prince Albert piercing, you know those?'

Kirsty had actually seen one somewhere years before. The image had scarred her at the time. 'I do, you're kidding though?'

'I don't know. I think Tom finds the idea equally exciting and terrifying. He's just lucky that it's really hard for him to get out as it is.' Her finger began stroking the underside of his cock through the bars. 'What do you think, honey?' She

smiled up at him, ‘Do you think we should make it so there’s absolutely no way to even try to get out of it?’ She turned back to Kirsty. ‘I have to say, the idea’s growing on me, and the thought I could put jewellery in the end of it is strangely sexy.’

‘What’s the point of them, are they supposed to feel nice?’

‘I guess it might rub different bits inside. The rumour is Prince Albert had a big cock and the fashion was to be able to hitch it up inside your trousers.’

‘Is that right?’ Kirsty marvelled at her friend’s knowledge of such things. ‘No wonder Queen Victoria mourned him for so long.’

That set both the women off again.

Jennifer grinned, biting her lip, and reached for the necklace, getting it off without undoing it and holding it in her hand, the special key dangling from her fist. ‘So, what do you think, babes? Will you do me a huge favour and look after this for me?’ With relish she reached out, and hung the key, necklace and all, over his cage, so the key dangled down between his legs.

Kirsty looked at it, swinging there. The thought of having that power over this, over him, made her feel a little dizzy. She wasn’t confident she was up to the challenge. ‘How long for?’

Jennifer looked her in the eyes. She could see the desire the entire situation was causing. ‘As long as you want.’

‘What?’ gasped Tom, his voice heavy with arousal too.

Jennifer continued, ‘I liked your point about special days. His birthday’s a couple of months off.’

He spoke up. ‘More like three, Jen, you’re not serious?’

She ignored him. ‘But it’d be up to you entirely. I mean, it could be shorter. I guess it just depends how desperate we get.’

‘You, plural?’ Kirsty asked.

‘Oh yes, I’m sure I’ll miss it too.’ She reached her hand around the cage and began stroking her fingers up and down which immediately made his knees buckle a little. Kirsty was mesmerised. ‘But remember you’re freeing me up to enjoy all the improvements it brings, to take the pressure away. So you mustn’t let us have it back until we’re really convincing.’ She looked up at Tom, and smiled. ‘Isn’t that right, baby?’ Her hand began stroking him faster, his cock was trying to push the cage off but all it did was tighten on his balls. ‘Tom, darling, ask Kirsty to take the key for me.’ He just let out a couple of desperate gasps. ‘Baby? Convince her.’

‘But…but…’ He let out a little whimper, his eyes fixed on his wife. But she stopped stroking him and he turned to face her. ‘Please, Kirsty. We’d love you to be my keyholder. We trust you with it and know you’d be great at it. It’s been a fantasy for us both for a long time.’

‘It has? Jen?’ Her friend nodded. Kirsty shook her head in wonder at all the things she was learning. She reached out, and careful not to touch him, she lifted the key from its very special place and knelt up, looking Tom in the eyes. Jennifer rose up too and slid back a bit, snuggling in close behind her,

and as Kirsty put the necklace on, she helped lift her hair through it.

She gave her a cuddle from behind. ‘Thank you,’ she whispered. Then she looked up at her husband, ‘Oh baby, you’re so fucked,’ she said with relish and gave Kirsty a tighter squeeze.

‘You’re both very welcome. I should be going though, Mark will wonder what I’ve been up to.’

‘I bet he will.’ Jennifer laughed.

Tom let out a desperate stutter, ‘B…but. Jen, tonight?’

Jennifer squeezed her arms around her friend and pressed up behind her. ‘Oh gosh, yes. I forgot. Tonight was going to be your big release. I promised him the other night. You know the one?’

Both women looked at him. ‘You mean the one where you hid me in your wardrobe and let me watch, Jenny?’

‘What?’ Tom exclaimed.

‘Oh yes, Tom,’ Kirsty replied for them both, ‘when I said she told me she locked you up, I meant the other night. I just wanted an up-close view. I had no idea I’d be going home with this. What a bonus.’ She waved the key from her fingers.

‘You, were in the wardrobe? She wasn’t kidding when she said it on Friday?’ She nodded her head and he shook his. ‘Wow, you two are incredible.’ He frowned, ‘Does Mark know this side of you? He’s never hinted at it.’

Kirsty wiggled herself against Jennifer who was still holding her in a tight hug. She smiled at Tom. ‘Not yet.’ Jennifer gave the dirtiest laugh. It was most appropriate.

Sexting



‘I think what happened still hasn’t sunk in.’ Kirsty was calling to reply to Jennifer’s message, checking up on her later that afternoon.

‘You’re not kidding. Tom is shell-shocked and so horny he’s already losing his mind.’ Jennifer paused. ‘It’s perfect. You were so good at it, thank you.’

‘You’re welcome. It was fun. I’m sitting here playing with the necklace, and I keep remembering what the key opens, and it surprises me every time.’ She ran it through her fingers.

‘Hah, that’s brilliant. What if Mark sees?’

She’d been thinking about it. ‘I thought I’d just say you gave it to me and the key had some special significance.’

‘That’s smart. Of course there’s a chance he’ll know what it’s for and freak out.’

‘Surely not!’

‘Yep, that shaped key is pretty unique to cock cages, I think. I’ve never seen it anywhere else anyway.’

Kirsty thought back. ‘I’ve seen you wear it before, now I think about it?’

‘Yes, last dinner party. You asked me what it was for.’ Jennifer was laughing now.

‘I remember! Key to his heart? Wasn’t that what you said? Oh, if only I’d known.’

‘Good memory. It’s kind of a secret test too, of course. If you’d worn one, then I’d have known what it meant.’

‘Oh wow, that’s cool. Are you serious about how long you want me to keep it, though? Tom sounded truly desperate.’

‘Look, it’s totally up to you. This should just be fun for everyone. I don’t want you to feel any pressure, either. But I was telling the truth when it was getting stressful for me. It’s a huge fantasy to lock him up for longer, but I fold as soon as he asks to get out. You truly are doing me a big favour and helping us try something we are curious about. And if it’s not working, I’ll just tell you and get it back from you. I promise.’

‘What if I said “no” when you did?’ Kirsty asked.

Jennifer still took a while to respond. ‘That would be insanely hot. In fact, how about we use the safeword rules. I’ll say “red” if I really need it back. But otherwise, no matter how much we’re begging and complaining, you do whatever you fancy. Make us really earn it.’

‘You said about “earning it” before, I don’t know what that might mean.’

‘Hmm, neither do I, but I’m sure we’ll come up with some ideas,’ Jennifer admitted. ‘Although I did buy you a sneaky little gift today, it should arrive tomorrow. You probably don’t want Mark opening it by accident.’

‘Oh my goodness, what did you buy me?’

‘Remember the Lush vibrator?’

Kirsty’s mind went back to the crazy moment her friend gave her remote control of her vibrator while she was teasing Tom. ‘How could I forget?’

‘Well, as a thank you for being such a good sport, I bought you one. They had a sale on.’

‘That’s, very generous of you. But it’s being delivered here? You could have got it sent to your place.’

‘I could, but where’s the fun in that? It’s for Mark to use on you anyway, it’s not like it’s much good as a secret.’

‘But still…’

‘Look, if you’re nervous, do what I do. Just tell him you’ve bought him a gift and not to open any packages and risk spoiling the surprise.’

Kirsty screwed up her mouth. ‘That’s… that’s annoyingly clever. Okay, that will work. Thank you. How’s Tom feeling?’

‘I’ve not seen him so worked up since we started playing with this whole chastity thing in the first place. I’m going to have so much fun with him tonight.’

‘Oh, what are you going to do?’

‘Well, I thought I’d sit behind him and just play with his nipples for a while as we talk it all through. Probably lots of talk about his key sitting between your boobs.’ Kirsty’s laugh seemed to okay that idea. ‘Then I thought I might give him a

caged blowjob to drive him crazy, then make a big thing of how I can't take it off.'

'Wow, that must be quite something.'

Jennifer laughed. 'You have to watch out for your teeth but yes, it's a lot of fun. Then, of course, I'll get him to go down on me, tease him some more. I thought maybe I'd wonder aloud if you'll tell Mark about it.'

'Oh, but I wouldn't, not without you saying so.'

'I know, but he can't be sure of that. And it'll be interesting to see how he reacts. But most of all, it's because I wanted to plant the idea that you'd cage Mark up and enlist his advice on the matter.'

'You're so good at this mind game stuff! I'm feeling a bit lost at what to do next with Mark. Can you help me?'

'I would love that. Give me a few minutes and I'll call, but in the meantime, get yourself somewhere else in the house from him. I have an idea.'

* * *

Kirsty checked in and found Mark watching TV with the kids. 'How're you doing?' she asked him, standing up close so her foot brushed against his.

'I'm good.' He looked up at her with a big smile. 'How're you?'

'I'm good too, but a bit tired. Okay if I head up and have a lie-down while you look after the boys?'

‘Of course, of course. Is there anything planned for supper, I can sort it out.’

Kirsty was torn between being pleased that he offered, and being annoyed that he’d assumed she would be doing it otherwise. *Not that he’s wrong on that count.* She shrugged. ‘That’d be great, thanks honey. Just some leftovers from the other night to heat up, super simple.’

She headed up to their room, and in a moment of unusual spontaneity, let her dress drop to the floor, looking at herself in the mirror. She recalled what Jennifer had said the other night, prompted by Tom when he didn’t know she was secretly listening. ‘*If I had one wish it’d be to have Kirsty’s boobs.’ Well, who knew. And they do look good in this.* She flung herself on the bed and messaged her friend as she put in some earpods, tapping the screen on her phone to answer Jennifer’s call.

‘Hiya, I’m upstairs all alone.’ Kirsty wondered what Jennifer’s plan was for the first time.

‘Yay, me too. How’re you doing?’

‘I’m good. I’m lying here in my sexy lingerie, feeling… sexy.’ She laughed.

‘Yeah, it’s funny how it does that.’ Jennifer sniggered. ‘Okay, so what’s Mark doing?’

‘Just watching TV.’

‘Perfect. We’re going to school you in sexting.’

‘Oh my God, really? But I’ve never done that.’

‘Seriously, it’s really easy. Much easier than saying stuff in person. Plus, you have me helping you. So, ready?’

Kirsty shook her head. ‘I’m not sure I’ll ever be ready but okay, let’s do this.’

‘I like your attitude. Right, so you guys never do this? Seriously, never?’

She thought back. ‘I mean, maybe some romantic stuff when we first got together, but no, nothing I’d consider sexting.’

‘Hmm, okay.’ Jennifer didn’t sound very impressed. ‘We’ll have to go in gently, but that’s alright. You can blame it on me if you need to.’

‘Why would I have to do that?’

‘Well, it’s a bit off-putting if people change behaviour and we don’t know why. Mark will feel more comfortable with new things if it has a context. It’s like the blowjob dream thing before. It stops unimportant questions getting in the way and let’s him focus on the sexy bits.’

‘Okay, I get that. So what am I doing?’

‘I’ll tell you what to say, and you message it to Mark,’ Jennifer said. ‘But you have to say it exactly how I tell you.’

‘I do, why?’

‘Because that’s more exciting. You can object and suggest different words, but otherwise you write just what I tell you.’

Kirsty heard the excitement in her friend's voice and recognised the rule did something similar to her. 'You like being in control, don't you?'

'Sometimes. I like losing it too. But some kind of power dynamic makes everything hotter, don't you think? It's like adding the dressing to the salad, it makes it all better.'

'I guess so.' Kirsty didn't add dressing to most of her salads.

'Doesn't it excite you, being told what to do?'

Kirsty peeked down at her bra, her nipples obviously erect. 'Yes, a bit,' Kirsty admitted.

'Good, so here you go. Message him. "So, I keep thinking about yesterday."'

It only took a moment to show Mark had read the message. 'Me too.' Kirsty fed back to Jennifer.

'Good, good. Ask him, "What are you thinking about?"'

She did and repeated his reply. 'You, sucking me. What are you thinking about?'

'Interesting,' Jennifer said, 'so the surprise blowjob is top of his list. What is it you're thinking about?'

'Umm, us coming together. That was amazing.'

'Okay nice. Here's what you say. "You fucking me, and cumming on your cock."'

Kirsty gasped. 'You're kidding, I can't say that.'

'What was the rule?' Jennifer prompted.

‘But, can’t I say it nicer?’

‘What will have a bigger impact on him, saying it nicer, or saying it my way?’

She thought for a moment, not wanting to admit it. ‘Your way.’

‘Right. Why?’ Jennifer asked.

‘Because… because it’s raw. It’s passionate.’

‘Yes, so send it. Hurry up.’ She laughed at the grumpy snort Kirsty made.

‘Sent. God, now I’m nervous. Oh, he just sent me a mouth open emoji. Oh no, I’ve freaked him out.’

‘No, you haven’t, you idiot, that’s a good shock. Just what you both need. Just wait.’

Sure enough, a few seconds later he messaged again with a big heart emoji. ‘Do you know how sexy you are?’ Kirsty read to Jennifer.

‘See!’ The pride in her voice was obvious. ‘Okay…’ She paused, thinking. ‘Take your dress off.’

Kirsty blushed. ‘Umm, I might have already done that.’

‘Oh, you did? Good girl! GMTA.’

‘GMTA, what’s that?’

‘Great minds think alike! Okay, so he saw you in it earlier, right? Tell him, “I’m lying here in just my sexy lingerie.” Give him things to picture, guys are very visual.’

Kirsty sent that, and conveyed how hot he thought it was by return. Jennifer gave her the next prompt. ‘I’m horny.’

‘What? No. I can’t say that!’ she objected.

‘Why not? Isn’t it true?’

‘But, but… I’ve never told him that.’

‘He’s your husband. It’s true. Now tell him,’ Jennifer told her. Kirsty sent it and felt herself starting to panic as it showed the message was read but he didn’t reply. ‘Calm down, just wait,’ her friend said.

After a very long minute it showed him starting to type. ‘It’s so hot to hear that. You are blowing my mind.’ Kirsty laughed, a mixture of relief and joy at his response. ‘Oh, can I write, “That’s not the only thing I want to blow” back to him?’

Jennifer let out a little squeal. ‘I love it, look at you! Go girl!’

Kirsty giggled as he sent her starry-eyed emojis. ‘Oh, he’s offering to come up. What do I say?’

‘Say no. Tell him this is fun, sexting. Tell him to tell you what to do from downstairs.’

‘Oh my God, are you serious?’ Kirsty’s heart rate rocketed. Jennifer reminded her of the rules, and she sent the message. She laughed at his response. ‘He told me to take my dress off. Honestly, everybody wants me like this.’

‘Hell yeah we do.’ Jennifer joined in the laughter.

‘Oh!’ Kirsty went quiet for a moment. ‘He… he wants me to lose the bra. And then something else.’

‘What does he want?’

‘I can’t tell you, it’s too embarrassing.’

‘You have to tell me now!’ Jennifer insisted, her voice alive with curiosity.

‘But… he wants me to, play with my nipples. With my mouth.’ Kirsty said quietly.

‘Wow, seriously! He wants you to suck your own nipples? He’s seriously a tits man, isn’t he. And who can blame him. Damn, can you actually do that?’ Jennifer made some strange and humourous noises and confirmed what Kirsty guessed, ‘I just tried, I totally can’t.’

‘Jennifer! What are you like? This is so embarrassing.’

‘Yes, isn’t it. Is that turning you on?’

‘Shut up.’

‘Is your bra off.’

‘Yes.’

‘Does it feel good?’

‘I haven’t done it,’ said Kirsty, staring at her bare breasts.

‘Fine, at least tell him it feels good.’

‘But that’s lying.’

‘Oh dear, then you better do it and find out.’ Jennifer said in a sing-song voice.

‘Eugh, you are impossible,’ complained Kirsty, with a hint of arousal creeping through. She went quiet for a few seconds. ‘Okay, I told him.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘Based on evidence now?’

‘I’m not telling, but maybe. Anyway, he only said to lick them. Oh, shit.’

She laughed. ‘What is it?’

‘He said this is insanely hot, and that… I should suck them now.’

‘Do you know how jealous it makes me that you can do that, it’s so unfair.’

‘Your husband has an eight-inch cock.’ Kirsty reminded her.

Jennifer’s voice was truly smug. ‘Oh yeah, I win. So, are you…?’

‘How has he even thought of this? It’s so random.’ Kirsty rubbed the back of her neck.

‘That’s kind of the point, honey. First, you’re discovering something new your husband thinks is hot, which is awesome. Second, it might feel really good. And third, if it helps at all, this conversation is driving me slightly crazy.’

‘Oh really? Is this about your wish?’ Kirsty found the roles suddenly reversing.

‘Oh God. I was mortified when Tom said what he did. But yes. Your boobs make me jealous and it’s somehow a turn on.

Are you sure you're okay with that?'

Kirsty couldn't stop herself grinning. 'I'm totally okay with it. I was thinking about it just now. And FYI it feels really good.'

'Oh my God, it does?'

'Mhmmmm.' Kirsty replied, unable to speak as her mouth was full and loving her friend's reaction.

'Seriously, a few orgasms and you're like a new woman. You should tell him it feels good.'

Kirsty messaged Mark, embarrassed but the extra arousal easing her self-consciousness. 'Oh, he loves hearing that, and he…he wants me to touch myself.'

Jennifer laughed. 'Of course he does. That's awesome. I will leave you to it but you've done brilliantly, I'm very proud of you.' Kirsty felt a new glow come over her from her friend's words. 'Keep being sexy, tell him what you're doing, get him to tell you what to do but don't follow too strictly, do what feels good, he's new to this too.'

'Yes ma'am', Kirsty joked. 'But seriously, thank you, you're amazing at helping me. I'm so grateful.'

'Don't be silly, I'm loving it and having so much fun. And anyway, if the situations were reversed, I'm sure you'd do the same for me. And we haven't even mentioned that key around your neck!'

'I was just looking at it!' confessed Kirsty. 'Your husband might have a big cock but it's not going to do you any good

unless I say so.'

'Oh damn. Is that thought as hot to you as it is to me?' Jennifer asked.

'Well, it convinced me to do what Mark suggested, so yes?' said Kirsty in a dreamy voice.

'Oh boy, I really should leave you to it. You're amazing, a natural at this, Kirsty,' Jennifer told her. 'I love you. Have fun, and lots of orgasms. Speak later!' She sent kissy noises down the phone and hung up.

Kirsty made a happy sigh and relaxed into the bed. She hadn't really been doing much touching, more just laying her hand there. But she was pleased that she'd been bold enough to even pretend. But now she could actually do it. Just as her fingers began pushing between her legs Mark messaged her. 'Are you doing it?'

'Yes.'

'Does it feel good?'

Duh, of course it does. 'Yes, very good.'

'It's so hot knowing that. Like I can't believe it.'

Oh, you better believe it. A memory from earlier popped into her mind and everything she'd been doing meant she actually asked him. 'Mark, when I want to shower this morning, did you touch yourself?' As soon as she sent it she regretted it, but the very long pause after he read it made her reconsider. 'Well?' she sent.

‘Yes. Just a little bit, but yes.’ *I knew it.*

‘Okay. Why?’ She surprised herself with the question.

‘Because you turned me on so much.’

‘Oh, so it’s my fault?’ She couldn’t help laughing. In her current horny mood she was quite relaxed about his confession, but she was also feeling unusually naughty.

‘No, no that’s not what I meant. Just the way you’ve been, it’s incredible. I can’t stop thinking about you,’ he wrote back.

Okay, that’s a better answer. She smiled to herself. ‘Well, that’s all you’re going to be allowed to do. I was going to invite you up as I’m so horny right now, but you’ll just have to imagine me getting off instead.’

‘Oh God, but please, I’m so horny!’

‘Good, just how I want you. Remember your promise, not to masturbate? You broke that already. So now you need to promise not even to touch.’ She felt a rush of sexual power as she laid down the rules, imagining the impact on her husband.

‘I promise.’

‘No, say the whole thing.’ She marvelled at this new side of her.

‘I promise not to touch my cock unless you say I can.’ *Good God, that’s even hotter than I imagined.*

‘Very good. Is there anything else you want to say?’

‘Are you sure I can’t come up? I could just watch?’

Kirsty beamed. The thrill of his desire was intoxicating, although she wasn't at all sure about the idea of him watching. She was about to relent when she posed herself the question, 'What would Jenny do?' 'Hmm, no, you need to make dinner. Maybe I'll watch YOU later.' She wrote it before she had thought about it, but the image of Mark, standing, masturbating filled her head, and she was excited by the idea. Her hand went back down between her legs as she imagined watching him, teasing him like Jenny had Tom. Perhaps even making him ruin it, on purpose this time.

She remembered the desperate little moans he'd made as she'd watched him come on his chest. Her other hand went to the chain between her bare breasts, grabbing the key, drawing power from what it represented. Her climax drew close as she rubbed hard, already so primed by everything that had happened. An image filled her mind as she brought herself to orgasm. A necklace, but this time, with two keys dangling from it.

Charity Case



‘Happy Bank Holiday Monday!’ Jennifer yelled down the phone. Kirsty scrunched up her eyes and held the phone further from her ear.

‘Umm, thank you? I didn’t realise it was traditional to celebrate. You know it’s only 8am? I was hoping to actually have a lie in.’

‘There’s always reasons to celebrate. And today’s is a surprise which makes it even more fun,’ her friend announced.

Kirsty inwardly groaned. ‘A surprise? What kind of surprise? You know I’m not very keen on—’

‘The best kind. The kind where I take you for some shopping and pampering.’

‘What?’ Kirsty sat up in the bed. ‘But the kids are off school. I need to—‘

‘All taken care of. I arranged it with Mark.’

She turned to her husband who was trying, and failing to be nonchalant. ‘Mark? I can go out with Jennifer?’

He nodded. ‘I thought you’d like that. Only if you want to, of course.’

She squeezed his leg through the duvet. ‘Wow, this is amazing, thank you.’

He grinned. ‘Jennifer told me she helped you pick out some of your new… clothes. And that if I liked those you should see what else she could get you wearing.’

‘Oh my God, she did?’ Kirsty heard Jennifer laughing down the phone, obviously having overheard. ‘Is that what you said?’

‘Oh yeah, baby.’

* * *

‘I’m outside.’ The message flashed up on Kirsty’s phone as she finished her coffee.

‘On my way,’ she replied.

‘Bring a coat,’ Jennifer added.

‘I’ve got my umbrella.’

‘Nope, that brown mac of yours. It might get wet later. Trust me.’

Kirsty narrowed her eyes. *What’s she up to?* She grabbed her summer coat, shouted a goodbye to the kids and Mark, and headed out to where Jennifer was waiting in her car.

‘Throw it on the back seat.’ Kirsty turned and lay her coat on top of her friend’s almost matching mac. ‘What *are* you up to? It doesn’t look like it’ll rain.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘That’s not what I said. Anyway, you’ll find out.’ She gave Kirsty’s dress a glance. ‘Still wearing one of your new outfits under there?’

‘I am, the pink one.’

‘Good choice. And still having the same effect?’

‘On me or Mark?’ Kirsty joked. ‘But yeah, I’m starting to get the hang of stockings. Although I did put them on in the bathroom today. Mark does nothing but stare at me when I do it in the bedroom.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘That’s kind of the point you know. Here’s the thing, you’re not putting on a show. Don’t feel like it has to be a striptease, or the reverse of it. Just act completely normally and enjoy the fact you can still captivate his attention. It will feel normal soon enough, I promise.’

‘Okay, I’ll try. If only I’d known my bestie was a sex guru I’d have booked in sessions way before now.’

Jennifer patted her leg. ‘You couldn’t afford my rates, darling.’

It was Kirsty’s turn to laugh. ‘Oh, really?’ She reached into her top and pulled out the key. ‘I guess we’ll just have to make it a trade then.’

Jennifer smirked. ‘And the student becomes the master. Well, perhaps the mistress.’ With a laugh at her own joke she put the car into gear and they set off into town.

* * *

They managed to find a parking space just off the High Street. It was a relatively fancy area, full of beautiful old buildings that had been converted into a whole range of shops, from boutique clothes stores, upmarket food shops, and a growing

number of charity shops. It was to one of these Jennifer first led them.

‘Umm, this isn’t quite what I was thinking as the first stop on a glamorous shopping trip,’ Kirsty said.

Jennifer opened the door and put her other hand on her hip. ‘What’s the most expensive outfit you’ve ever bought? Not including your wedding dress,’ she added.

Kirsty walked inside. ‘That dress for my nephew’s wedding. Remember the one?’

‘How could I forget, I literally had to steal your purse and give them your card.’

‘Eugh. I still feel guilty looking at it in the wardrobe.’

Jennifer closed the door behind them. ‘Which is exactly why we’re here first. These aren’t just charity shops. Think about how rich this area is. These are rich people’s charity shops. Time for some guilt-free shopping to start us off.’

Kirsty wasn’t a stranger to charity shops. But normally it was somewhere she’d tour looking for a cheap gift for the kids’ Christmas stockings or maybe some local art if they were away somewhere on holiday. Never had she considered looking at something like the shoes that Jennifer was assessing.

‘The thing about heels, is they are usually criminally underworn. Look at these. I don’t think they’ve ever been worn anywhere. What size are you, seven?’ Kirsty confirmed

her guess and Jennifer browsed through some more shoes until she found a pair of stilettos. ‘Ah, perfect, seven. Try these.’

‘You’re kidding, I’ll break my neck in those!’ She stared at the black patent leather creations.

‘Oh honey, they aren’t for walking in! Well, not primarily.’

‘So what are they for?’

Jennifer’s eyebrows went up high and she grinned, waiting for the penny to drop.

‘Ohh? Oh! Really, shoes, just for that?’Are you saying you’d wear these in bed?’

She nodded. ‘In and around. I know, it’s entirely impractical. I’m not even one hundred percent sure why men go so crazy about them.’ She paused, then chuckled, ‘Maybe it’s the element of danger? But yeah, for £15 you can’t go wrong. Oh, and you can always use them as handles.’

‘As what? Handles. For whom?’

‘Well, you…’ Jennifer raised her eyes, thinking, ‘but now you’ve got me thinking about Tom hanging onto them. Hmm, interesting.’

Kirsty couldn’t picture what Jennifer was suggesting but she did have a strong suspicion Mark would love seeing her wear these. She slipped them on, holding onto a shelf for balance. They weren’t as impossible to walk in as she’d imagined, it was more like walking on tiptoes. ‘Woo hoo, look at you go!’ Jennifer encouraged her, taking them from her and

putting them in the basket. ‘Those are a crazy bargain. Let’s see what else we can find. Isn’t this fun?’

Kirsty rolled her eyes but couldn’t help smiling and agreeing with her crazy friend. ‘So what else are these places good for?’

‘Pretty much anything people buy and then regret, but can’t return or throw away.’ She turned around to another pile of clothes behind her. ‘So, these for example.’ She held up a pair of what looked like leggings.

‘I have those for working out already.’

Jennifer shook her head. ‘You have cheap leggings that stretch across your bottom and make you look like you’re wearing a nappy. These, are proper yoga pants, and your size I’d guess.’

‘But I don’t want something someone’s got all sweaty in.’

‘Sure, but these look brand new, maybe only worn once, and the staff here wash everything. If nothing else they might convince you to buy some proper ones. Go try them on, trust me.’ She handed the stretchy, textured pink pants to Kirsty and with a little grumble she headed back to the changing room.

‘Oh my.’ Kirsty’s voice came from behind the curtain. ‘They don’t leave a lot to the imagination. ‘I didn’t know they could be so… sculpted.’

Jennifer pulled back the curtain. ‘Wowzer, your bottom looks so good in those. I found the matching top. Try this.’

‘Umm, this is a bit tight,’ Kirsty said, before pulling back the curtain. She was staring down at her chest, where the undersized top was giving her unexpected cleavage.

Jennifer laughed. ‘Okay, you couldn’t wear that out but perfect for working out at home when Mark can see you. Oh actually, that gives me an idea, I saw something else. Hold on.’ She quickly returned, holding something small in her fist. ‘Try this, indulge me.’

Kirsty examined it as the black material was dropped into her hand. ‘A bikini? Are you kidding? I’ve never worn a bikini in my life.’ She held up the top. ‘Those won’t even cover my boobs! Where on earth would I wear that?’

‘The hot tub.’ Her friend grinned.

Kirsty’s eyebrows shot up. ‘Your hot tub? But… Jenny, this is scandalous.’

‘Mhmm, isn’t it. You’ve only been in it once, it’s not getting nearly enough use. Just imagine it. You in that, me in something similar.’ She leaned in close, ‘And the men in their trunks, and cages.’ Her eyes went wide and she licked her lips before grinning. ‘It’s like £3 for the set, at least have it as an option.’

Kirsty shook her head and signed, defeated by her friend’s enthusiasm. ‘How long have you been planning all this?’ She swung the bikini from her fingers.

‘The hot tub bit? I imagined it from before we even got it. Although honestly the bikini’s don’t usually feature.’

‘You imagine us naked in there?’ Her voice rose to a squeak.

‘Sure, it’s a hot tub. We’re naked in it as much as possible.’

‘But what about the kids?’

‘They’re asleep, or if they wake up we keep a towel handy.’

Kirsty envied her friend’s relaxed attitude to nakedness and sex. *Be more like Jennifer.* ‘Sounds like fun,’ she said, sounding less than convinced.

Jennifer reached up and stroked her arm. ‘You’re amazing. I know this isn’t easy, but how much more positive are you about things with Mark compared to the other day?’

Kirsty paused, nodding slowly. ‘You’re right. And I have you to thank. Just having some fresh ideas has been so useful.’

‘We’re only just getting started, trust me.’ She looked at her phone. ‘Time’s moving on. Unless you want to start a teaspoon collection we’re probably done here for now. I scanned the dresses and there’s nothing that stands out so we’ll go look elsewhere.’

‘Dresses? I have plenty of dresses.’

‘You do. Plenty of dresses that go down to your ankles and cover up your best assets.’

‘There’s nothing wrong with being modest.’ Kirsty crossed her arms, making the yoga top strain even more.

‘I agree, and there are times and places for that. But with your husband? What’s the impact been of just relaxing a bit more the last few days and having fun?’

‘Annoyingly successful,’ she said, huffing through her nose and trying not to smile too much.

‘Right. So maybe stop worrying about what your mother would say, or other people, and focus on how Mark would react to things. It’s just a change of perspective.’ She looked at Kirsty’s raised eyebrow. ‘What is it?’

‘Just… hold on, I think I saw something in the shop.’ Kirsty slid past her, pausing when she realised what she was wearing but deciding to brave the aisles nonetheless, and then quickly returned, a pink silicone bracelet in her hand. She waved it at Jennifer.

‘WWJD,’ she read. ‘What on earth is that?’

Kirsty giggled. ‘It’s a church thing from a while back. It stands for “What would Jesus do.”’

‘Okay?’ Jennifer looked bemused as Kirsty slipped it on.

‘I’m going to use it as a reminder when I feel the doubts slip in.’ She held it up, beaming. ‘What would Jennifer do?’

The older ladies manning the till shook their heads at the raucous laughter, but couldn’t help smiling either.

* * *

Undercover capers

Kirsty dropped the receipt from the next store into the bag holding a cute summer dress that Jennifer had insisted she bought. It was lovely, but the deep cut neckline and short length weren't anything she'd have picked for herself. *I guess that's the point.* 'So what now?'

Jennifer ushered her aside and looked around furtively. 'Well, it's quiet in here. How naughty are you feeling?'

Kirsty frowned. 'I… don't know. What did you have in mind?'

'Something I've always wanted to do but never dared, and it'd be a bit weird doing it alone.'

'Yikes, what is it?'

Jennifer took the bag off her shoulder she'd taken from the car and opened it. Inside were the two coats that had been on the back seat. 'I imagined walking around in these.' Her eyes met Kirsty's. 'Just these.'

'What!' She dropped her voice after the sales assistant stared. 'You're kidding. You don't want us to…'

'Wouldn't it be fun? No one would know, our secret. It's cool enough outside to not look crazy.'

'Look crazy? It *is* crazy. What if we get caught?'

‘Caught by who? Those pesky panty-checking policemen?’ Jennifer stared off into the distance as though suddenly caught up in an idea. ‘Although now I think about it…’

‘Jennifer, what are you like?’

Her friend pouted. ‘Come on, pur-lease, do it for me?’ She lifted her eyebrows, her eyes wide with excitement. ‘I dare you.’

All kinds of excuses came to mind, but Kirsty looked down at her wrist. *What would Jennifer do?* ‘Fine, but how about…how about just lingerie.’

The suggestion was processed. Jennifer nodded. ‘To start, and if we have fun, we go further,’ she countered. Kirsty couldn’t think of a good reason to argue, and was suddenly hit by the fact she was about to do something unimaginably crazy. ‘Come on, we’ll use the changing room here.’ Before she could change her mind, she was dragged around the corner of the shop to the area which had the changing rooms, and they both ducked in. Jennifer took a stall opposite and started undressing with the curtain only partly pulled across. Her hand reached out across the corridor, ‘I’ll look after your dress.’

It was the prompt Kirsty needed to strip down. She chose to not think too hard about it, picked up her dress from the floor and handed it over. ‘I can’t believe I’m doing this.’

‘Thank you.’ Jennifer sounded earnest. ‘Honestly, I’ve wanted to do this forever.’

‘Where do you come up with ideas like this?’ Kirsty looked at herself in the mirror, the impact of wearing nice lingerie and stockings hitting home with a strange mix of embarrassment and pride.

‘I don’t know, I’ve just always had lots of fantasies. I used to be ashamed of them, but an early boyfriend got me to share some with him, and his enthusiastic reaction made me realise they were nothing to be embarrassed about. Here’s your coat.’ She shoved it through the curtain. ‘And now I have you to share with too, if you’re okay with it.’

‘I’m more than okay. I just marvel at your creativity. Never in a thousand years would I have imagined doing this.’ She did her coat buttons up and tied the belt. Examining herself in the mirror it didn’t look *too* odd. She hoped they’d find it was still threatening to rain when they got outside.

* * *

To her relief it was, spitting a little as they wandered up the high street, looking in shop windows. ‘I can’t believe I’m just wearing lingerie under this,’ Kirsty whispered as they examined some shop displays.

‘I know, right. Why are secrets like this so sexy?’ Jennifer started giggling, and that set Kirsty off, but she gave some serious thought to her question.

‘I guess there’s the thrill of being discovered?’

Her friend nodded. ‘So it’d be more thrilling if there were more to discover?’ she hinted.

‘Bah, yes, fine.’ She returned to the question. ‘And then there’s the intimacy it brings. Do you know, when I think about the key you’ve trusted to me, it’s not Tom I mostly think about.’

Jennifer seemed to hold back from saying something smutty. ‘No, what is it?’

‘It’s you. It’s how lovely it is that you’d trust me with something so precious and powerful.’

Kirsty felt arms wrap around her. ‘That’s the sweetest thing. I feel just the same. Thank you for not judging me. Only Tom ever sees this side of me and that’s wonderful, but I can’t say how much it means to have you be part of that too.’ Jennifer gave her another squeeze. ‘Can we go further yet?’ She pushed up onto her tiptoes to whisper, ‘What would Jennifer do?’

‘Hah, I knew that was coming. Fine, fine.’ She let herself be led into the next clothes store big enough to have plenty of changing rooms. Once again, they found a couple of stalls at the end. Kirsty stuck her head out. ‘So, suggestion. Can we keep stockings on? The look of tights under the coat makes me feel much more comfortable.’

Jennifer stuck her head out too and grinned at her. ‘So no bra or knickers?’

Kirsty couldn’t believe it, but she shook her head, ‘Nope, bare bottoms, bare boobs.’ *I can’t believe I’m doing this, but it is fun, she’s right.*

‘Okay, deal if…’ Jennifer dipped back inside and came out dangling the heels from the charity shop. ‘If you wear these.’

‘I can’t walk in those.’

‘You can’t walk *far* in those. And we don’t have far to go. I brought a pair too.’

‘You did?’

‘Yeah, they’re in my bag. Planning this stuff is half the fun.’

‘Okay, okay. But I reserve the right to swap shoes if and when I break my ankle.’ Kirsty started giggling again, apparently it was a way to deal with the insanity of what she was about to do. She took the shoes and sat to wiggle her feet into them. Then stood again, hung the coat up on the hook, admired herself in the matching lingerie once more, and then before she could change her mind, took her bra off and stepped out of the knickers.

Before she had a chance to put the coat back on, the bag was thrust through the curtain. ‘You can leave them in here.’

Kirsty bent down and picked them up, dropping both in the bag. ‘I feel very naked.’

‘Hah, you’re not the one stood in the corridor.’

‘Don’t you have your coat on?’

‘Not yet.’ She took the bag back and Kirsty heard it drop to the floor.

‘You’re crazy, you know that. Are you an exhibitionist or something?’

‘I think I am a bit. I always loved skinny dipping. And I’m standing here with the curtains wide open. I think our prudishness about nudity is pretty stupid to be honest. I love topless beaches and remember those public baths I went to in Germany?’

‘How could I forget?’ Kirsty laughed, recalling the story. ‘Although I think your poor in-laws would love to forget.’

‘Well, yes. But then I’ve always been the black sheep. ‘Baaaaa.’ When she stopped giggling her voice got a bit more serious. ‘So, how do I look?’

Kirsty had avoided glancing through the curtain until now. ‘You really want me to look?’

Jennifer’s voice was a little wavering. ‘Yep. Well, no, it makes me very nervous to ask, but I’m trying to be body positive and this is part of it.’

Kirsty opened the curtain to see her friend standing back in her cubicle, hands on her hips, dressed in just stockings and heels. She felt a little embarrassed, just sticking her head through and staying hidden, but she focused on her friend. *What’s nicest to say? Why is this so hard?* She paused a moment longer. ‘You’re beautiful. I mean it. Don’t roll your eyes!’ Kirsty laughed. ‘You have lovely skin and curves in all the right places and you look amazing in those stockings and heels.’

Jennifer had gone from little jaunty twists to giving herself a little hug. ‘Really? That’s so nice to hear. Thank you.’ She looked expectantly at Kirsty, raising her eyebrows. ‘So?’

Kirsty’s head tilted. ‘Seriously, it’s my turn now. Is that how it works? Was this all just a ploy to see me naked?’

Jennifer flapped her hand at her, and sniggered. ‘Not *just* a ploy. It’s so nice to hear that from another woman and my best friend. But heck yeah, your turn!’

Kirsty resigned herself to following Jennifer’s iron will. ‘Fine.’ She whipped the curtains open before the reality of the situation hit her, and forced her hands to sit on her hips like her friend’s had, rather than cover herself up.

Jennifer was tapping her lip. ‘Have I seen you naked before?’ She smiled, clearly enjoying herself and drawing this out. ‘You know, I’m not sure I have. All my fantasies have been based on conjecture until now.’

‘Jenny! This is mean. Do you know how exposed I feel?’ Kirsty was fighting from hiding herself from her friend’s gaze.

‘Just exposed?’

‘Well, no. This is fun, and exciting, but I’m very uncomfortable. Can I put my coat on now?’

‘Nope, not yet. Turn around.’

Kirsty was about to argue, but decided it was just easier to do what she was told. Without a word she turned, and looked at her friend’s reflection. ‘All done now, perv?’ She stuck her tongue out.

Jennifer gave a chuckle. ‘I’m not a perv. Well, only a little bit. And no, turn back. You need to hear this.’

‘Hear what?’ Kirsty turned back to her, fighting not to cover up.

‘You said the loveliest things to me. Now it’s your turn. Kirsty, you are beautiful. And I know you called me that and that’s lovely to hear. But sweetie, you are stunning. Honestly…’ She paused.

‘What?’

Jennifer looked her up and down once more then grinned. ‘We need to buy you some tighter clothes. Okay, coats on! That’s more than enough flattery, let’s go buy more stuff.’

Kirsty was delighted to wrap herself up again, although the coat’s fabric against her bare skin made her very conscious of just how little there was underneath. ‘What else do we need?’

‘Like I said, some tighter stuff. To start with anyway.’

* * *

Kirsty felt incredibly exposed walking down the high street. Every slight gust of wind made her grasp the front of her coat. And more than that, it blew a draft up her thighs that left her in no doubt that part of her was finding this all rather exciting.

‘Where are we going?’ She tried to keep up with Jennifer’s more confident strides. ‘Slow down, I can’t go that fast in these heels. If I trip up we’re all in trouble.’ Her friend slowed, taking Kirsty’s arm and squeezing up tight.

‘Now I’ve seen what I have to work with, it’s given me a few more outfit ideas.’ She steered them both into another high street store, this time specialising in lingerie.

‘We’ve already bought a tonne of this stuff,’ Kirsty objected.

‘Yes, for daytime. But what do you wear to bed?’ Jennifer turned on her and gave a knowing smile. ‘Actually, let me guess. A baggy t-shirt and…’ she shrugged her shoulders, ‘pyjama bottoms?’

Kirsty scowled at her, annoyed at her accurate guess. ‘Fine, what are we looking for?’

‘Nightwear. Chemise, babydolls—‘

‘Teddies?’ Kirsty suggested, trying to show she knew something about the topic.

‘They go right up your bum but then, given your fine bottom that might not be a bad thing!’ Jennifer giggled, grabbed her hand and they began browsing.

* * *

‘I look like a complete slut!’ Kirsty announced, looking in the changing room mirror.

‘Oh, you really do. That’s a must buy.’

‘But…but you can see my nipples through it, and it’s *so* low cut.’ She swished at the hem of the purple chemise.’

‘I know, you look amazing. And totally slutty. What will Mark say when he sees you in that?’

Kirsty pursed her mouth. ‘I’m not sure he’ll say much, just make a mess.’

Jennifer laughed embarrassingly loud and then stepped closer, not that there was much room in the cubicle. She tapped in the big exposed area between her breasts. ‘It certainly gives him lots of room to make a mess on.’

‘Oh my God, Jen!’ She bit her lip. ‘Actually, he did mention the idea of a pearl necklace.’

‘He did?’ It was Jennifer’s turn to squeak.

Kirsty suddenly felt a rush of power. ‘Yes. He says he fantasises about it…after getting a tit wank.’ She said the last words so quietly Jennifer had to lean in. But Kirsty was pretty sure she’d heard.

‘A what?’ Jennifer said.

‘A tit wank.’ Kirsty was going red.

‘Well, you’ve got the tits for it if anyone does.’

‘Jenny!’

Clearly, her friend wasn’t done and Kirsty was beginning to regret her confession, recalling the rest of her husband’s fantasy. ‘So a pearl necklace huh? And then what?’

‘Why do you think there’s anything else?’

‘Well, besides the way you just answered my question, I know how Tom thinks. So, what else?’ She stroked Kirsty’s arm. ‘You don’t have to tell me but I won’t be shocked, I can guess.’

‘He…he wanted to leave it there and…’ She shook her head. ‘No, I can’t, it’s gross.’

‘Hold up, hold up. The fact he’s telling you this stuff is a serious breakthrough. What did he want?’

Kirsty rolled her eyes. ‘He wanted to let other people see.’

Jennifer laughed. ‘I love it. Okay, you’re right. If you look at it one way it’s kind of gross.’

‘What other way is there to look at it?’

‘Well. Sometimes with these things, you can choose how you frame it. I get your reaction, but how about you thought about it in terms of he wants to claim you as his. That he’s so proud of his incredibly sexy wife, he wants others to know about it.’

Kirsty screwed up her face. ‘He… he kind of said something like that. Okay, you’ve made your point. That’s a much nicer way to think of it.’

‘Good. Because when we feel negative about something we’ll tend to interpret everything through those lenses. You’ve had a long while where anything to do with sex came with a bad emotion. You’ve both got to decide to see things positively.’

‘And you’ll help me do that?’

Jennifer nodded, ‘I absolutely will.’ She looked at her watch. ‘But we’ve got to go, we have somewhere to be!’

Rub Down



Kirsty stared up at the sign. ‘A massage? We’re having a massage?’

‘Yep. You mentioned once you’d never had one, and I thought it would be a fun treat.’ Jennifer opened the door, ‘And good for you.’

‘Why good for me?’ she said, following her in.

‘Well, you’ve learned how much fun it can be to touch yourself. Now I figured you could relax and let someone else do it.’

Kirsty grabbed her friend’s arm, trying to whisper. ‘Oh my God, Jen, it’s not *that* kind of massage is it?’

Jennifer grinned, leaning up on the counter. ‘Nah, sadly not. I keep asking, don’t I Andre? But he claims they don’t offer them.’

The tall man sat behind the desk rolled his eyes. ‘We’re a reputable establishment, Mrs Spencer.’ He smirked and looked at Kirsty, ‘So I’m not entirely sure why we still let her in here.’

Kirsty smiled, relaxing at the obvious banter between the two of them. ‘Jen, how often do you come here?’

‘We’d go out of business without her.’ Andre winked and then nodded to the door next to him. ‘The double room’s ready

for you. You know the drill.' His words could have been taken as dismissive but the way he said them, and Jennifer's reaction, made it clear it came from familiarity and friendship. He gave Kirsty a warm smile as she followed Jennifer through a large, upholstered door. The corridor beyond was softly lit with doors on each side and one at the end.

'We get ready in private, ring a bell, and then they come in.' She turned and grinned as she pushed open the door. 'Given how little we're wearing that won't take long.' She disappeared inside.

'Wait, wait. We do this naked?' Kirsty rushed into the room and nearly bumped into Jennifer who'd just dramatically dropped her coat to the floor. 'Oh, God, sorry!'

'I mean it's optional. And you get a modesty towel. But yes, you're naked otherwise.'

'But… but… is it a man or a woman doing it?'

Jennifer was unhitching her stockings but looked up with a cheeky smile. 'Which would you prefer?' She slipped her shoes off, sinking down five inches before removing her stockings and garter belt. Then she walked up close to Kirsty, who now towered over her friend due to her height and shoes. 'Need a hand?' She began to play with the ends of the belt of the coat that Kirsty still had wrapped so tightly around her.

She stared down at her friend, who stood there, completely naked, completely comfortable, and, from the look in her eyes, unashamedly aroused. 'I…I…'

Jennifer grinned as she bit the corner of her lip. ‘You know I like to imagine, if you get Mark caged up, we could have the guys give us a massage!’

‘That… that could be fun,’ said Kirsty, surprising herself. ‘Would they be wearing anything?’

‘Not by the end.’ Jennifer laughed. ‘Hurry up, I paid for an hour’s massage and you’re wasting it not being naked.’ She stepped back and over to one of the massage tables, clearly distracted by some kind of planning.

Kirsty pictured the scene as she finally undid her coat and quickly stripped off the rest of her outfit, standing up against the other table and hiding her breasts behind her forearm. ‘What else did you imagine?’

Jennifer turned, rang a little bell and then hopped up onto the massage table. ‘In my fantasies?’ She grinned and lay down. ‘Wouldn’t you like to know. Get on the table unless you want them seeing everything.’

Kirsty clambered onto the table, trying to do it face down and struggling to get her legs up on top before there was a gentle knock on the door and it opened. Dressed in a loose white uniform, a man and woman came into the room. ‘Jennifer,’ she said, ‘so good to see you again. And this is your friend?’

‘Yes, this is Kirsty. Kirsty, this is Annika and Klaus.’ She looked up from the table, careful not to lift too high, and stared at the two tall, blonde masseurs.

‘Hello.’

‘Annika and Klaus are married, isn’t that cool? They started this all up,’ Jennifer told her.

‘That’s great. You have a lovely place here.’

‘Thank you,’ said Annika, coming to stand beside her. ‘This is your first time, is that right?’

Kirsty nodded. ‘Mhmm.’

‘Well just relax, let us look after you.’ She rolled down the towel on Kirsty’s back to the very base of her spine as she confirmed there were no medical conditions she needed to know about. And then, with a little squirt of oil warmed up in her hands, heaven began.

Kirsty had to stop herself groaning with pleasure as Annika’s hands worked over her shoulders and back. It had taken a few minutes for her to relax, but she was already a massage convert. She barely registered when Jennifer tried to get her attention.

‘Kirsty, are you listening? I didn’t just bring you here for the massage.’

‘You didn’t?’

‘No, I brought you here to learn. Annika and Klaus have taught me some very useful things.’

That got Kirsty to snap her head around towards her friend. ‘What kind of things?’

‘About intimacy. And touch. And how healing it all can be. I thought maybe it might help you.’

‘Oh, that’s very sweet, but I don’t really want to talk about —‘

Klaus interrupted. ‘The massage table is like a confessional, everything here is in confidence. But let me ask you, how is what Annika’s doing to you make you feel?’

‘So good,’ Kirsty said, settling back into the table and sighing as her hands slid over her back and shoulders.

‘It is intimate, without being threatening, yes?’

‘I suppose it is, yes.’

Annika spoke, her fingers squeezing and rubbing Kirsty’s shoulders. ‘So this can be a very good way to build intimacy.’

Jennifer pitched in. ‘Tom and I give each other massages regularly. Although recently I’m usually the one on the receiving end.’ Kirsty turned her head to see her friend grinning at her. ‘So, do you want to learn?’

‘I guess? Learn what exactly?’

Anika said, ‘About how massage can increase intimacy between you and…?’

‘Mark,’ Kirsty answered. She hadn’t really thought about her husband all morning. She remembered that when they were dating, he’d give her back rubs. But those usually were an excuse to get her bra off. *But if Jennifer went to all this*

effort to get me here, it must be important. ‘Sure, I’d like to learn.’

‘Okay then. We will talk some more about the benefits, and then maybe demonstrate,’ Annika said softly, her hands now kneading the bottom of Kirsty’s back, it felt incredible. ‘May I ask something, can I remove the towel?’

‘Oh, really? Why?’

‘To help you understand.’

Kirsty wavered, but Jennifer intervened. ‘For goodness sake, they’re Swedish, Kirsty; they don’t give a toss about your bare bottom.’

Klaus laughed politely. ‘It is true.’

‘Okay then,’ Kirsty acceded and felt the towel covering her modesty lifted away.

‘How does it make you feel?’ Annika asked.

‘Naked.’ *Duh, well, that’s obvious.* ‘Vulnerable I guess?’ she added.

‘Exactly. And that is an important part of building intimacy. Create a safe, comfortable space where you can let your guard down. It is so much more than touch. Hear the gentle music, smell the perfumed air, the soft lighting, the warm room. All these things help you feel good.’

‘And the oil,’ Klaus added. ‘You can have it body temperature by keeping a small bottle in your pocket, or at

least let it warm on your hands. Jojoba or coconut work well. Don't use lotion.'

Annika's technique changed, her fingertips stroking down from the top of Kirsty's back to the bottom. 'Start with these, light, feathery touches, keep it simple, repeat it as they relax, and then you can vary it a little.' Her fingers demonstrated by moving from side to side, or making zig-zags. She leaned in close. 'You can even use your nails to make it more erotic.'

Kirsty gasped as she felt the masseuse's nails run over her skin. The effect was immediate, and erotic as promised. 'Wow, that's… yes. I see.'

'Do her head, do her head,' Jennifer urged.

Annika giggled. 'Would that be okay? Your scalp and hair can be very sensual.'

Kirsty didn't need convincing. 'Yes, please. Oh my God, that's so good,' she said as Annika raked her nails gently up her neck and then over her scalp.

'I love it when Klaus plays with my hair,' Annika said. She demonstrated, ruffling her fingers through Kirsty's hair, flipping it from side to side, and then most impactfully, bunching it up into her fist and gently pulling on it as her other hand massaged her scalp. 'When he does that to me, he knows I can't resist him.'

'I don't blame you, that's so good,' said a dreamy Kirsty.

Annika's distinctive laugh rang out again as she went back to more teaching. Her fingers ran down Kirsty's spine, and

brushed over her shoulder blades. ‘Avoid these places for any strong pressure, but next to the bony areas are where the muscles connect and you can go for it.’ She proved her point, working her powerful fingers into her back. They worked all the way down the sides of her spine and paused just before her buttocks. ‘May I go further?’ Kirsty gave a happy confirmation and then sighed as Annika’s touch once again got light, brushing her fingers, then nails over her bottom. ‘This is a place of contrasts. The lightest scratches like this feel wonderful, but then…’ she pushed her elbow into the deep muscles, ‘you can push in hard like this and it feels great, or knead like this,’ she switched to pushing in with her palms and squeezing too. ‘It is quite the hand workout though, your elbow is easier to start.’

After a few minutes of having her lower back and bottom massaged, Klaus spoke up again. ‘Make sure to get feedback. Ask what your partner likes, what feels best. Some things will tickle, which breaks the mood. Learn to avoid those. Use flat wide pushes anywhere that might tickle, keep the finger strokes to safe areas.’ He demonstrated on Jennifer as Kirsty watched. ‘Some of the feedback isn’t with words. Read their body, are they relaxed and breathing deeply, it’s good. If they tense or move away, not so good. The more you connect, the less you need to talk. The sounds they make, their reactions, will let you connect, emotionally as well as physically.’

‘I told you these guys were the best,’ Jennifer said with a happy sigh. With what looked like a struggle she pushed

herself up on her arms. ‘Klaus, Annika, would you show her what you showed me?’

‘If she is happy to, of course. Kirsty, would you like to see Annika and I demonstrate more with each other?’

‘Woah, really?’ Her instinct was to refuse, but then she thought of what she’d seen, and learnt, the last few days. ‘Okay, yes please, if you’re sure that’s okay?’

Jennifer tutted. ‘Dammit, it does mean getting up though. But trust me, it’s worth it.’ She pushed herself up to sitting on the massage table, seemingly oblivious to the fact she was naked before Klaus handed her a robe that she slipped on. She patted the bench next to her. ‘Come, sit for a front row view.’ Klaus chuckled, laying a gown over Kirsty’s back so she could preserve her modesty.

She reluctantly pushed up, wrapped it around her and then moved over to sit next to Jennifer.

Annika paused. ‘Who would you like to give the massage first?’

Kirsty looked to her friend, trusting she’d know. ‘Maybe continue from where we were with Klaus giving it?’ Jennifer suggested.

‘Good idea.’ Without hesitation Annika undid her robe and hung it up beside her. She was naked underneath with no hint of embarrassment. ‘If anything makes you feel uncomfortable, you just let us know, yes?’

‘Trust me, she’s seen worse.’ Jennifer laughed and gave Kirsty’s leg a squeeze. ‘But yes, of course.’

Annika lay down on the table that Kirsty had just left vacant, and Klaus took up position on the other side. ‘So, this is how the light feathery touches look.’ He oiled his hands again, giving it a moment to warm on his skin, ‘and these gliding movements are very good all over. Take your time, do the same things again and again. Repetition relaxes.’ As his hands slid up and down his wife’s back they could see her relaxing into it. ‘It is nice to extend the movements into more intimate areas.’ His strokes moved down over her bottom, still repeating the strokes up her back, but each time delving deeper, until they began to coat the insides of her thighs with a light sheen of oil. Slowly his focus moved there, thumbs and palms working over her bottom, the tips of them more intimately between her legs, until the noises she began making made it clear they were touching places that felt very good. But then she whimpered as his focus moved down, away from between her legs, to her calves, and a slow, intimate massage of each foot.

‘It is like the waves of the sea, move closer, then a little retreat,’ he said, moving back to her thighs. ‘As many times as you think they can stand, doing a little more each time. Until finally you give them what they want.’ His hand delved between her legs as the other stroked up and down her back. Annika let out little gasps of pleasure. It was clear he was gently masturbating her.

Jennifer whispered, ‘Tom does this to me, lots. It’s one of my favourite things. It doesn’t always have to get so sexual, in fact, I’d stay away from going too far to start. Just the touching and connection will be so good for you guys.’ Kirsty nodded but her attention was diverted by Annika who was now turning over. ‘Oh, the other side. Fun!’ Jennifer leaned into her friend. ‘Learning much?’

‘So much,’ Kirsty replied, mesmerised by Klaus’s hands sliding over his wife’s body. Annika put her hands behind her head and smiled at the two of them as Klaus massaged her breasts, pulling his oily hands to the tips, catching her hardened nipples then sliding off them, making her give an involuntary little moan. She spoke between the moans. ‘It is best to start, facing down, or they just want to do this all the time.’ His laughter joined hers.

‘Who can blame me?’ he added, shrugging.

Annika raised her eyebrows, ‘But you can start to have some fun too.’ She looked to Jennifer who nodded, and Annika’s hand dropped down and slid inside Klaus’s gown. She began stroking his cock beneath the fabric. And it wasn’t long before it was out, only just hidden by the table. Klaus took it as invitation to do the same to her, one hand continuing to play with her breasts but the other reaching down and massaging her mound, before a fingertip pressed in and made her arch her back as he returned the pleasure.

‘Wow,’ Kirsty said, not sure where to look but feeling far less uncomfortable, and far more aroused than she’d have

expected.

‘I know right.’ Jennifer put her arm around her friend’s back and gave her a squeeze. ‘See the appeal?’ With a whisper she added, ‘And just imagine how attentive Mark would be with a caged cock.’

‘I can only imagine.’

‘My turn.’ Klaus laughed at the frustrated whine that came from his wife. He helped her off the table. With a shocking lack of coyness he stripped off his robe, got up on the table, and lay back, erection at full attention.

‘We’ll assume you’ve done similar to him already,’ Annika said. ‘All the same things apply. When laying downward and he is relaxed you can play with him between his legs, a warm oiled hand does good things, but you will usually want him facing up to finish.’

‘If he gets to finish,’ whispered Jennifer. Kirsty giggled.

‘You can stand next to him like this.’ She poured oil directly onto Klaus’s penis and began to stroke her fingertips lightly over him, before abandoning his cock and moving to massage his shoulders. ‘I like the challenge of keeping him hard while I move to other areas and make him wait. But this is a good trick too.’ Stood by his shoulder she leaned over to rub his chest and arms, her breasts blatantly in his face. ‘Klaus, behave yourself!’ she scolded as he tried to kiss them. It was clearly a game they both liked playing.

She moved back down him, out of reach, and poured a little oil on her chest. ‘They can never get enough of this,’ she told the two of them before leaning over him and rubbing his chest and shoulders, while her breasts played over his erection.

‘Oh, Kirsty wanted to know how to do that. Any other tips?’ she asked Annika, who was closer to Kirsty than Jennifer in the breast department.

Annika thought about it for a moment as she slid her body up and down over her husband, to his obvious delight. ‘Doing this without oil or lubricant would be bad. But soap in the shower could work well, too.’ She moved her hands to her own chest and squeezed her breasts together, catching his cock between them. ‘This is very effective but hard work as you don’t have hands to lean on, so maybe just use it to finish them off? But Klaus, you can do the work too, yes?’

Her husband took his queue and as she remained still, holding her breasts together, he thrust himself between them, laughing. ‘We have not done this enough, but yes, there are better positions.’ He pushed himself up and swung around, his erection high and proud. ‘If I sit on a bed, she can kneel and that is easier. Or she could sit, and I stand I think?’

‘Good idea,’ Annika said, but pushed him back down to lie on the massage table. ‘I am not done demonstrating, darling.’

‘If you are on a bed, then some things are harder, but some easier. This for instance.’ She swung herself up onto his chest, facing down towards his leg, and his cock, which she began gently stroking again. ‘Don’t put too much weight on him, but

you can pin his arms, you see? And then all he can do is enjoy your touch, and the view.'

Jennifer put her chin on Kirsty's shoulder, voice low. 'I usually shuffle back, so he's doing more than looking. Either get eaten out as you stroke him, or move into a sensual 69. Or if I'm feeling really naughty…'

When she didn't finish, Kirsty dragged her gaze away from the couple. 'What do you do?'

Jennifer pursed her lips, eyes going up. 'I'll tell you another time.' She nodded back to them as Annika climbed off her husband. 'When you have given him his happy ending, don't make it the ending! It makes it all about the sex. Go back to smooth strokes, keep the connection, make it about more than their penis, and finish off with light touches, and then…' She leaned over, wrapping her arm around her husband, kissing him. 'Kisses and cuddles to finish.'

'That one is definitely best in a bed,' Klaus added.

Jennifer spoke up. 'It's also great for forcing you to have time with each other. Sometimes Tom and I are quiet when we do this, other times as we talk and unpack the day or week. It's really been a blessing to us, and I have these two to thank for it.'

Annika slipped on a robe and, with a laugh, threw another over her husband's erection. 'No, no, thank you Jennifer. We are teaching this to other couples too now. We would have never thought of it without you asking us to teach you.'

‘You are? That’s brilliant!’

‘Kirsty, come back any time if you’d like to learn more. Bring Mark. Klaus has lots of other tricks to teach. You know where the showers are, Jennifer. I think someone would like me to stay a bit longer.’ She looked at her husband with a smile and stroked his leg.

‘We do! Thank you again, both of you. See you next week as usual.’

‘Bye,’ both of them said in unison before Jennifer led a somewhat shell-shocked Kirsty through a door at the other end of the room. When they emerged from the showers they found all their clothes and bags waiting for them. Next to Kirsty’s was a little bottle of massage oil with a note. ‘To get you started. Have fun! K & A’

Good Vibes



‘So, did Jennifer tell you her plans for today?’ Kirsty closed the bedroom door and looked at her husband, lying in bed. She noticed the absence of the lock he’d promised to add but thankfully had brought the doorstopper as a backup. She pushed it under the closed door.

‘The massage? Yes, how was it?’ Mark pushed himself up in bed, noticing the slinky gown that she was wearing. ‘Did you go shopping too, is that new?’

‘It is. So is this.’ She let the gown drop to the floor, revealing the lacy blue babydoll that Jennifer had insisted she buy.

‘Wowzer. That’s gorgeous. Oh my goodness. You look amazing.’

Kirsty shrugged. *Okay, that’s not a terrible reaction.*

‘You really like it?’

‘Like it, I love it.’ He was sitting right up now. ‘Honestly, I somehow forgot just how gorgeous you are.’

‘Well, we should make sure that doesn’t happen again.’ Kirsty sat on the side of the bed next to Mark. He was wearing an old t-shirt and pair of pyjama bottoms she might have given him as a first anniversary present. *We’re going to have to get him something nicer. I wonder what Tom wears to bed.* She

suspected the answer was likely to be nothing. *Besides the cage…*

‘The massage was lovely, but it wasn’t just that. The couple who did it were teaching me about the way touch can build intimacy.’ She had decided to keep just how intimate they got as a secret for now. ‘Look, I even got this from them.’ She picked up the bottle of massage oil. ‘Shall we try out some of what I learned?’

‘Hell yeah. Where do you want me?’ He started pulling his t-shirt off.

Kirsty looked at her husband. ‘You assumed I’m giving you the massage, did you?’

Mark twisted his wedding ring on his finger. ‘Oh, you’re not? I mean, I figured because you learned…’

‘I mean, yes. But it’d have been nice if you’d asked.’ She blew out a breath. *Keep it positive.* ‘I have another surprise too.’ She reached down and picked up the delivery that had arrived earlier that day. She handed it to Mark.

‘What’s this?’ He turned the square box in his hands. ‘A Lush?’

‘It’s a vibrator.’ Kirsty was suddenly nervous. ‘A very special one.’

‘A vibrator, seriously? Wow. I mean that’s so cool. What’s special about it?’

‘It’s remote controlled. You can control it from your phone.’

‘No way!’

He grabbed the instructions and started reading them while Kirsty folded her arms and waited. *Perhaps I should have given him those earlier.* ‘Maybe *I* should come with an instruction manual,’ she joked. She picked up the toy itself. It was shaped like a U-shaped pink sperm, with a rounded end about an inch across that narrowed to a thin tail that fattened a little again at the end. That was where the power button and charging points lived. The big bit went inside her, with the tail sticking out, but Jennifer had mentioned it worked fine just pressed onto her clitoris too.

It took Mark a couple of glances to see she had folded her arms and catch the unimpressed look on her face. He rescued it just in time. ‘Umm, maybe I can figure it all out later, but it seems like I can just press the end here and…’ The pink, curved vibrator sprang to life. He handed the buzzing toy to his wife. She looked at it, vibrating in her hand, remembering the other crazy night when Jennifer had given her control of hers while she pleasured Tom. *What a weekend it’s been.* She slipped the Lush into the matching lace knickers that came with the babydoll. The effect was instantaneous. She closed her eyes, revelling in the pleasure that came from it just resting there, barely pressed against her.

She knew it was really designed to go inside her, but she was too embarrassed to do that in front of Mark. *But if he turned over…* She squeezed some oil into her hands. ‘Lie down, let’s try out some of what I learned.’

She swung her leg over Mark's and settled in, taking in a sharp breath as she pressed herself against him. 'Oh my! That makes it feel, much better.'

Mark started laughing.

'What is it?'

'It tickles.' He shifted around on the bed.

'I didn't even touch you yet.'

'The vibrator. It's pressing, well, down there.'

'For goodness' sake…' Kirsty laughed and shuffled higher up Mark's back. 'Is that better?'

'Yes, thank you. Sorry. Oh, that feels nice,' he said as she ran her fingertips up his back. *You have no idea how nice.* She pressed herself against the vibrator as she leaned over her husband, not very focused on what she was doing but pleased by the appreciative noises he was making. *How have I never had a vibrator until now? Why didn't someone tell me how good they feel?* Kirsty thought about the basic vibrator she bought with Jennifer the other day, still sitting in its box, plastic wrap intact. *Now I have another for Mark to control, crazy.*

She refocused herself as best she could on sliding her hands over his back as they had taught her, but the sensation of the Lush between her spread legs was almost more than she could handle. Lifting herself up, she reached into her underwear and took hold of the vibe, nervously pushing it down, and then against her opening. The silicone was

incredibly smooth, and it felt good even pushing it there. She was surprised how wet she was already, and that helped enormously as she gave the large end a little push and it slipped inside her, the tail lining up naturally to comfortably sit between her labia. ‘Oh my!’

Kirsty was surprised by how full the little toy made her feel. The low vibrations felt amazing as it nestled inside her. Very different from the direct stimulation on her clitoris, it spread through her entire pelvis. But it didn’t feel like it was quite in the right place. She wiggled her hips and then cried out again. ‘Oh my goodness!’

‘What is it, are you okay?’ Mark tried to turn his head but couldn’t quite see his wife.

‘No, no, I’m fine. I just… I put the toy in me and gosh… that’s quite something.’

‘Oh wow, you did? How’s it feel?’

Kirsty couldn’t even start to describe it. ‘It feels… weird. Good, I think.’ That really didn’t do it justice. The soft vibrations, hidden deep inside her, were stimulating her in ways she didn’t know was possible. Somehow it felt warm, perhaps because of the vibrations. She gave the neck of it a little push and gasped. ‘I think it’s on my g-spot,’ she said, as if that explained anything.

‘That’s really a thing then?’

‘Oh God, this is definitely a thing.’ She found herself grinding gently on Mark’s back, overwhelmed by how

something so small can have such an impact. It was much more than physical, she could feel her inhibitions dropping away.

‘That’s just the lowest level I think,’ Mark said. ‘If you press the button again, it turns it up.’

‘It does?’ Kirsty reached down and found the button. Pressing it did two things, firstly, the vibrations inside her leapt up higher, causing her to cry out with pleasure. But her press also nuzzled the tail of the toy directly against her clitoris, and she discovered the vibrations were now travelling all the way up it, and, while much less direct than before, stimulating her there. ‘Oh yes!’ she cried out, surprising herself and Mark. He laughed but she was too caught up in the sensations to even blush at her outburst. She clenched on the toy and the vibrations felt like they spread all the way up and down inside. ‘This feels… so good.’ Her still oily hands grabbed her husband’s shoulders, and she pulled herself against him, squeezing his shoulders, rocking back and forth to make the most of all the new sensations.

‘It feels so good. How can anything feel this good?’ She was suddenly frustrated she only had Mark’s back to touch. ‘Turn over,’ she told him, wiping the remaining massage oil off on her thighs. She lifted a leg up as he twisted and then dropped back down, straddling his waist. Her thin panties ground against the ridge of his cock, pushing up from his jockey shorts. ‘Oh, that’s even better.’ She wiggled her hips, getting him lined up and humping herself back and forth on him. Mark was frozen in stunned amazement. ‘Don’t just lie

there,' she laughed. 'I'm your wife!' It seemed to shake him out of his reverie, and he reached up, brushing her hair back, stroking her cheek. *Not quite what I was hoping for.* To make it more obvious what she wanted, she slipped the babydoll off her shoulders, letting it fall around her waist. Suddenly she recalled how Klaus had played with Annika earlier. Kirsty grabbed the massage oil, and poured a little on each of her bare breasts. 'Play with them,' she told him.

Mark seemed almost scared to touch them, so she grabbed his hands and planted them on his chest, full of boldness from the sensations inside her. 'Pull on them, play with my nipples, don't be gentle.' He was still hesitant, but as he caught hold of her nipples with his oiled hands, the cries of pleasure she made encouraged him. He began squeezing, kneading them. 'Harder, like this.' She took hold of her breasts, dragging her hands over them, catching and pulling her nipples the way she'd seen, almost like milking them. It felt incredible, and even better when Mark took over. 'Yes, yes, that's it, that's it, don't stop.'

The Lush inside her was doing something incredible. It was different from the showerhead or her fingers on her clitoris. Something deeper, not just physically, but sexually too, the pleasure building up, spreading through her body, taking its time, but growing towards something even more powerful. It felt amazing, but a little scary too, it was so intense, so raw. She stopped grinding, trying to control her breathing. She felt it there, pressed against what must be her g-

spot, and became aware of a new sensation, battling with the pleasure. ‘Oh, I…’

‘What is it?’ Mark paused playing.

‘I think… I need to pee. Oh God, I’m sorry. Hold on, hold on.’ She leapt off him and dashed to the adjoining bathroom, the Lush pressing in all kinds of places as she ran. Kirsty whipped off her panties and yanked out the vibrating toy, a little too fast, so it hurt a touch. She sat on the toilet and tried to pee, but nothing much happened. She had gone just before the massage but she was certain she needed to again. She waited a little longer, trying again and able to pee a tiny bit, but was still confused, and the feeling, while fading, was still there.

Kirsty popped her head around the door. ‘Umm, I need to get Jenny’s advice, if that’s okay, not sure what’s going on.’

‘Are you okay?’

‘Yeah, I’m great, just, this is new. I’ll be right back, okay?’

‘Sure!’ Mark handed her phone over and she took it before disappearing into the bathroom.

‘Are you there? I need some quick advice,’ she messaged.

‘Hello! All okay?’ Jennifer quickly replied.

‘Yes, well, I think so. Sorry if this is too much information but we just used the Lush.’

‘Oh, you did? Hurray! How was it?’

‘So, so nice, but something weird happened.’ Kirsty paused, amazed she was even having this chat. ‘When I put it inside me.’ She shook her head then hit send.

‘Oh, did you need to pee?’

‘What on earth? Yes, how did you know?’

‘It’s totally normal. I get the same sometimes. It’s not pee.’

‘What is it then?’

‘You’ve heard of female ejaculation?’

‘Ummm, no…’ Kirsty thought she might have but didn’t want to admit it.

‘Seriously, you’ve not heard of women squirting?’

‘I don’t think so. Wait, is that a thing?’

‘It’s totally a thing for some women. It can be part of the best orgasms you’ll ever have.’

‘I’m not sure I want to do that.’

‘That’s okay too, but look, don’t worry about it, that’s all you need to know for now. We can talk about it more.’

‘When did orgasms get so complicated?’

‘When we were born with vaginas.’ Jennifer sent a laughing, crying emoji.

‘I have so much to learn.’

‘We all do. But you’ve got a good teacher. Did you stop in the middle of things to message me?’

Kirsty wondered at her friend’s psychic powers. ‘Yes.’

‘Well look, switch what you’re doing, go back and have fun, don’t worry about it, it’s very normal to be a squirter.’

‘Jenny! Don’t say that. Oh my God, I’m so embarrassed.’

‘Yeah, yeah, poor you. New and exciting ways to orgasm. You’ll get over it. Now go back to bed. I’m all horny now, I’m going to go see if Tom can make me squirt.’

‘You are unbelievable.’

‘I know, aren’t you lucky!’

I suppose I am. ‘No comment. Good night, and thank you. Have fun.’

‘You too!’

The Truth is Out



Kirsty breathed out a big sigh. *I do have lots to learn.* The feeling had subsided now, although her whole body was still tingling and her skin felt electric as she tidied up her top in the bathroom mirror, wanting to look good for Mark. She thought back to the massage, and decided to skip straight to the cock play. She rounded the door into the bedroom. 'So, apparently that's normal, do you fancy—Mark!'

She stared at him, cock in hand, red with the exertion of masturbating. 'What are you doing, I was only gone a minute!'

His hands flew off his cock, pulling up his shorts. 'I'm sorry, just you got me so worked up.'

'You promised you wouldn't touch!'

His voice was all shaky. 'I forgot, I'm sorry, I really am.'

Kirsty paused, not sure what to say. She glanced at the WWJD band she'd left deliberately on the chest of drawers by the bed. *What* would *Jennifer do?*

With her lips pressed tight, she climbed onto the bed, prowling up to her husband on all fours. 'Well, I was going to give you another one of those tit wanks you've always wanted, but you just blew that chance.'

'Oh no, really? I'm so sorry, please, I'd love that so much.' He rubbed his hips, as if trying to keep his hands from

touching his cock again.

‘I’m sure you would. But I can see I’ll have to try a different approach.’ She lay down beside him. ‘Take off your pants.’ He pulled them down from his thighs and kicked them under the covers. ‘And let’s try your hands, underneath you. Put them behind your back. No taking them out, is that clear?’ She suddenly felt very proud that she was doing this all by herself, without Jennifer giving her directions this time.

She picked up the massage oil bottle and flicked it open, dripping a few drops on Mark’s slightly shrinking erection. ‘I thought we agreed you weren’t going to masturbate?’

His voice was quiet, ‘I know but…’

‘Don’t tell me how I got you so worked up, Mark, or that you forgot,’ Kirsty growled. ‘What did we agree?’

‘That I wouldn’t touch myself.’

‘Why?’

His shoulders sank down. ‘Because, I should be saving my sexual energy for you.’

She was pleased he remembered. ‘Good. Do you still think that? Do you think I deserve that, darling?’ She stroked a single fingertip along the top of his cock, spreading the oil drops around. It began to grow in response.

‘Yes, yes I do.’

‘And am I making efforts to please you?’

‘So many, I can’t believe it. You’re incredible.’

‘Thank you.’

‘So what are we going to do about the fact you can’t seem to keep a simple promise? That even with me making so much effort, you’re masturbating more than ever?’

‘I’m not!’ Mark protested.

Kirsty gripped his now hard cock for the first time, slowly sliding her hand up and down. ‘No? Just now. And how about when I went to shower yesterday?’

‘I…’ He paused when she squeezed his cock hard. ‘Yes, okay. I’m sorry.’ Her hand began slow strokes again, playing with the tip.

‘Was that all? You can tell me, I just want to know. Have you masturbated since you said you wouldn’t?’

Mark was about to answer but paused, seeing Kirsty’s raised eyebrows, but little smile. ‘Yes, I’m sorry, I did.’

‘I see. Tell me.’ She continued to slowly wank him, speeding up and gripping tighter if he began to soften at all.

‘The two times you said.’

This time she let go of his cock, causing a little whimper, and wrapped her fingers around his balls. ‘I said, tell me.’ She gave them a gentle, but firm squeeze.

‘Oh my God.’ He pushed himself up the bed a little

To Kirsty’s surprise, his cock visibly stiffened up. *Well, that’s curious.*

His voice was comically high-pitched. ‘Twice more, when you were over at hers, and this morning.’

‘Hmmm.’ Her hand went back to masturbating him. ‘Did you come?’

He looked away. ‘Yes. I’m sorry.’

Kirsty paused her stroking. ‘Why?’

‘Because you asked me not to.’

She gave his cock a little slap, enjoying how it boinged back. ‘No, I mean, why did you do it?’

‘I don’t know. I am just used to it.’

She was quiet until he met her gaze. ‘Are you addicted to masturbating, Mark?’

He took a moment to answer. ‘Maybe?’

‘You can’t stop yourself, despite me being prepared to try new things. I’d say you are.’

Mark nodded. ‘Yes, you’re right. I’m sorry.’

Kirsty stopped, thinking, she rested her head on his shoulder. *What would Jennifer do?* She pushed herself up and sat on his thighs, taking hold of his cock more firmly. ‘What about porn? How much porn do you watch?’ She could see he was about to protest his innocence. ‘Mark, do not lie to me. Jennifer and I talked about it and she’s even encouraged me to watch some with you, but I want to know about your habits first.’

‘She did what?’

‘She watches porn with Tom sometimes. She recommended some I might like. And most of all sexy captions that I definitely like the sound of.’

‘They… she suggested that? Would you…?’

‘I’d think about it. She has me very curious about one thing in particular.’ Kirsty felt a rush come over her as she planned out what she was about to reveal. She stroked him harder, making him wait.

‘What one thing?’ he finally asked.

Kirsty smiled at her little victory. She didn’t reply straight away, but poured more oil onto his cock, stroking faster. ‘I realised that apart from a few glimpses, yours is the only cock I’ve ever really seen.’

It clearly wasn’t what he was expecting. ‘Wait, what?’

‘I mean, you see some bulges on TV in the athletics, but I’d not honestly thought about it much, until Jennifer shared a secret.’

‘What secret?’

She paused, wavering on whether to go for it. ‘Did you know Tom has a big cock?’

‘What?’ Mark stared at his wife with an open mouth.

‘Jennifer told me. She was boasting about it. I honestly had no idea they varied so much in size. Did you know?’

She could hear him swallow. ‘I mean, kind of. We have a communal changing room at the squash club. He isn’t shy.’

‘I bet he isn’t. She says he’s huge.’ She drew out the last word, trying not to giggle.

‘I mean, some are growers, and some are—’

‘Show-ers.’ Kirsty gave Mark’s cock an obvious stare. ‘Yes. Which is he?’

‘I don’t know, I haven’t seen him with a hard on!’ Mark protested. Kirsty giggled. She was having more fun with this than she thought.

‘But he’s big already, is he?’

Mark twisted in the bed. ‘Can we not talk about this, it’s weird.’

‘Oh honey, if you’re sure. Just, that’s why I was intrigued by porn. I was just curious, how big willies can be. You’re not threatened are you?’

‘But all the guys in porn are huge.’

‘Oh, so you do watch it?’ She was inordinately pleased catching him out. She didn’t wait for his confirmation. ‘It’s okay for you to look at women but not for me to satisfy my curiosity?’

He huffed. ‘No, I mean. I don’t know.’

Kirsty decided to be a little less mean. ‘Would you want to watch some with me?’

Mark seemed unsure if this was a trap. ‘Are you serious?’

She nodded. ‘I might hate it, but Jennifer’s advice has been good so far.’

‘Do you mean watch some now?’

Kirsty hadn’t planned that, but thankfully Jennifer had sent over some links after their discussion. She picked up her phone, scrolling through the chat, finding the link labelled ‘This is my favourite,’ and clicking it to make it load.

Kirsty’s heart was racing. She’d planned to watch it by herself, but events seemed to be taking over. She slid off Mark’s legs, to lie next to him. ‘This is one she recommended. Ever heard of them?’

Mark was tense too, but laughed as he read the title. ‘Mark’s Head Bobbers and Hand Jobbers? No, that’s a new one.’

Kirsty read the subtitle. ‘Britney’s Beautiful Ball Draining Blowjob. I mean, it’s not subtle. Shall we?’ she asked, suddenly nervous.

‘I mean, I’m game if you are.’ Mark turned to her. ‘You are blowing my mind, you know that?’

‘Really, I am?’

‘Never in a million years did I think we’d do this.’

‘Did you ever hope we would?’

‘Yes, a lot. This is another dream come true. But look, if you don’t like it, that’s totally okay. I just, wow, I can’t even say how exciting this is. I’m not dreaming, right?’

Kirsty laughed, and gave his cock a very hard squeeze. ‘Feel that?’ He nodded, smiling. ‘See, definitely not a dream

then.' She handed him the phone to hold. 'Okay, you hold it, my hand is busy.'

'This is amazing. Oh wait,' Mark said, 'where's that toy?' He tried to sit up, but Kirsty found where she'd left it on the bed. 'Put it back in, I want you feeling good too.'

'That's not a terrible idea.' She slipped the toy into her underwear and turned it on again. The effect of the vibrations was instant. She not only felt good, but also less nervous about what they were about to do. 'Okay, definitely a good idea.' She reached over and hit the play button.

Head Bobbing, Hand Jobbing



‘Oh my,’ Kirsty exclaimed as the video jumped right into the action. It was from the point of view of a man, laying back on a bed, with a lingerie-clad woman lying between his legs. Kirsty forced herself to say something positive. ‘Wow, she’s beautiful.’

She felt Mark relax at her words and stayed quiet as she watched her kissing along the side of the man’s cock, maintaining eye contact with the camera as she started to suck on the tip. To Kirsty’s amazement the porn star, Britney, worked her mouth down his erection. ‘Wait, how big is he!’ she said as she realised she was only halfway down. ‘Oh wow, Jennifer wasn’t kidding.’

She looked at Mark and tried to interpret the range of emotions he was showing. She couldn’t figure them all out, but his cock was stiff in her hand, so she decided to keep on with the theme. ‘Baby, look, she’s got one hand wrapped around him and there’s so much more! He’s huge!’

Mark coughed, ‘He really is.’

‘Do you wish your cock was that big?’ She didn’t say it to tease, she was genuinely interested. But the question hit home.

He sighed. ‘I so do.’

‘Really? Why?’ This was a fact about her husband that was totally new to her.

‘I think most guys wish they had bigger cocks.’

Kirsty paused, taking this in, amazed at what she was learning and seriously impressed by the skills on show on the video. ‘She’s really good at that.’

He was staring at the screen. ‘Yeah, she *really* is.’

She stroked her husband’s cock, amazed at how much she was enjoying this, but with a spike of jealousy that almost got her more aroused. ‘I want to suck your cock that well,’ she declared.

That got his attention. ‘Wow, seriously?’

‘Heck yes, look how sexy it is!’

Mark barked out a laugh. ‘Where on earth was this side of you hiding all my life?’

Kirsty shrugged. ‘I just needed a bit of education and encouragement, I guess. Oh, and orgasms. Orgasms have definitely helped.’ She let go of his cock to press the Lush into a more effective spot and then pushed her crotch against Mark’s thigh. ‘Oh yes, that really, really helps.’ Her hand returned to Mark’s cock, and she started stroking faster. ‘She is stunning, don’t you think?’

‘Am I allowed to say yes?’ Mark asked, more seriously than Kirsty expected.

‘Yes, sure. I mean, am I allowed to say how impressive his cock is?’ Mark’s cock jumped in her hand. ‘Is that hot, hearing me say that?’

‘Yes,’ he replied, quietly.

‘Why?’

He thought for a moment. ‘Just seeing you so positive about sex is part of it. What’s it do to you, seeing it?’

It was her turn to think. ‘It turns me on, especially with the vibrator on me. I like it.’

‘Does how big it is factor into it?’

‘Maybe. I haven’t seen others to compare. But it’s so big and hard…’ she watched Britney slowly sucking and licking it, pondering how far to push it. She was aware of a physical response she was making, and decided to share it. Kirsty leaned in close to Mark and whispered, ‘Watching her makes my mouth water.’ She smothered his response with a kiss. A big, wet kiss.’

‘I love you so much,’ he told her when they finally stopped kissing. ‘I love this so much, too. You’re incredible.’

‘Well, thank you. Much to my surprise, I’m having fun. Oh, what’s she doing now? How fake are those boobs!’ Britney had knelt up and was taking off her bra. ‘Are fake boobs hot?’ she asked.

‘I think tastes vary. Let me add at this point, yours are perfect. I need to tell you more, you have the most incredible breasts.’

‘Well, that explains why you want so many tit wanks.’ Kirsty grinned, but was revelling in his compliments. ‘Oh, speaking of which, look!’ In the video Britney was up on her knees, pushing the big cock between her impressive cleavage. ‘That looks awkward and faked, is it still hot?’

‘Yep.’ Mark laughed.

‘You don’t care if I’m obviously faking being slutty like that?’

‘As long as you’re kind of into it, nope.’

‘Interesting.’ Kirsty paused for a moment, then pressed her crotch harder against Mark’s leg, opening her mouth and half closing her eyes, moaning as she ground on him. It felt really good, but she was totally overacting. She stopped, focusing on Mark. His mouth was wide in amazement. ‘Oh, that works then?’

‘You have no idea.’

‘Who knew there was so much to learn from porn! I thought it was all “I’ve come to fix your washing machine.”’ She laughed.

‘Some is for sure.’

She propped herself up on her elbow. ‘What porn do you like?’

Mark went red, and stayed quiet. She stroked his cock up and down harder. ‘I’m not going to judge you. I want to know.’

He shrugged. ‘Anything I guess. I go to Pornhub or similar and just click on a few things.’

‘Okay. And is that something you do a lot? Are you mostly looking at porn when you have a wank?’

‘Seriously, Kirsty, haven’t I told you enough already?’

She let go of his cock and turned to rest her forearms on his chest. ‘I don’t need to know more, although I’m honestly interested. But would you say, you have a problem with porn. Do you watch it too much?’

He gulped. ‘Probably. Yes.’

She stroked his chest. ‘What should we do about that?’

‘I should watch less?’ Kirsty laughed when he looked away to the phone where the video was still playing. He realised what he’d done and put the phone down.

‘How about none at all, except together? Things I’d like?’

Mark didn’t reply straight away. Some exaggerated slurping and moaning was coming from the phone, but Kirsty tried hard to keep a straight face.

He raised his palms. ‘I could try.’

‘I want more than try, Mark. I’m trying really hard not to be upset by you preferring porn over me. I’m not sure I can be more reasonable about it.’

‘You’re right, I’m sorry. It’s just become a bad habit. I’ll stop.’

The irony of having this conversation, while increasingly loud gagging noises were coming from the phone, was not lost on Kirsty, but she continued. ‘Will you though? You haven’t managed the last thing we agreed. Is there any way to ensure it?’

‘Yeah, there are apps that can block it, on my phone and computer. Would you like me to use them? They umm, they tell you if I slipped up.’

She pushed herself up, imagining seeing what he viewed. ‘Oh my goodness, they do? That’s kind of exciting!’

‘Is it? Why?’

‘I’ve felt a bit powerless about all this, our sex life, for a long time. It’s a lovely change feeling a bit in control. I like the idea that you only get to watch porn I choose.’ She reached over and picked up the phone, watching the impressive blowjob. ‘I like this. She’s very sexy, and I want to learn how to give a blowjob like that. Although maybe with a bit less gagging.’ She rolled back on her side, handing the phone to Mark and taking his cock back in her hand. It rose to full size as he watched the video and she gave him a few strokes. ‘I like watching this with you. Do you like it?’

He brushed his fingers through her hair. ‘I love it. This is much better than most of the stuff I watch, but watching it with you takes it into a whole new league.’

‘We won’t do this much though Mark, I want you getting away from porn. We just do it when I want to, is that clear?’

‘You’re kinda hot when you’re bossy,’ he said, surprising her.

‘I am? Why?’

‘Like you said, everything’s been so passive. Both our fault. You, taking just a bit of control, is incredible.’

‘Interesting. Well, I’m having fun so far. Although I thought you’d be more excited about me… copying her.’ Kirsty had been watching some of the moves Britney did, and slid down the bed, moving in between Mark’s legs, with hers now dangling off the end of the bed. Mark didn’t know where to look as she took his cock in her hand and started kissing and licking along the side of it, trying to remember how it went. She took him in her mouth and went deep, and then forced herself to spit on the head of him, and masturbate him with it.

‘Oh my God, that’s incredible!’ he declared.

‘Show me the phone,’ she said, watching her again and copying a few more moves that made Mark groan. She grinned as she sucked his cock head, ‘This is fun,’ she declared, keeping eye contact with him, which seemed to be the single most important element. ‘You watch it now.’ His eyebrows shot up but he wasn’t slow to twist it. ‘Can you believe you’re getting your cock sucked while you watch porn?’ Kirsty asked, unable to believe it herself.

‘I really can’t.’ He groaned as she stroked him harder, sucking on the tip.

‘What do you think of his cock?’

‘It’s… impressive.’

‘Is that big as they get?’

‘No,’ he said slowly.

She grinned at his reticence. ‘How big do they get?’

‘Way bigger.’

She pushed up on her elbows. ‘No, they can’t! How is that possible?’ She knew the answer already from Jennifer’s recent lesson but it was too much fun talking to Mark about it.

Mark rubbed his upper arm. ‘Trust me, they really do. He’s about average for porn.’

She remembered something Jennifer had told her she got Tom to do. ‘Not now, but I want you to find me some. Find me some pictures of really big ones.’

His brow furrowed. ‘Are you serious?’

‘Yes, I’m curious. And, that one anyway,’ she nodded to the screen, ‘turns me on. Is that okay?’

‘I don’t know what to say. Yes. It’s sexy knowing that.’

‘You don’t feel jealous?’

‘I don’t think so. Envious maybe.’

She stroked him slowly. ‘You got harder earlier when I talked about Tom’s cock. Do you wish you were big like him?’

Mark looked at his wife, then dropped his head back to stare at the ceiling. ‘Yes,’ he whispered.

‘Does me saying that turn you on?’

‘I think so. I don’t know why, before you ask.’

‘That’s okay, I just want to know if I can tease you about it and it be hot.’

‘Apparently you can.’

Kirsty sensed that she was probably at the limit of her energy for this line of questioning, and maybe Mark was too. She crawled up beside Mark again and reached down, turning on the vibrator to a higher level.

‘How horny are you?’ she asked, nuzzling into him and taking back hold of his cock.

‘I’m not sure I’ve ever been hornier. Why?’

‘I like making you horny. I’ve never really thought about it before. What’s it like?’

‘I feel desperate, I want to fuck you.’ He paused, wondering if he’d overstepped, but Kirsty stroked him faster to encourage him. ‘My balls are starting to ache.’

‘Oh really? How’s that feel?’

‘Tight, good I guess, sexy for now. It can hurt if left too long.’

‘Blue balls?’ Kirsty asked.

He looked down at his cock in her hand. ‘Yeah.’

‘Interesting.’ *I’m going to have to ask Jennifer more about that. Is it bad I kind of like the idea?*

She wanked him faster again. ‘And what does coming do for all that?’

‘Stops it I guess.’

Kirsty thought back to the conversation she’d witnessed between Jennifer and Tom that previous night, where she’d threatened to not let him come. ‘What if,’ she asked, ‘I didn’t want it to stop? What if I liked keeping you horny? Keeping you desperate for me.’

He looked away from the video to stare at his wife. ‘Are you serious?’

‘I’m just asking. You said you liked me taking some control. How about you prove to me just how much you want to change?’

‘How would I do that?’

‘Not touch, put in those porn blockers, and make me orgasm, while you don’t.’

‘My balls feel like they are going to burst. Please Kirsty, let me come. I can still do those things.’

‘I know you can, baby. But you’ve come hundreds of times. Thousands, mostly without my help. I just think it might be hot to even up the balance a bit.’ She pressed her crotch against his leg. ‘I’m close by the way,’ she let out a little moan. ‘I don’t think I’d be saying most of this otherwise. But maybe you don’t like me like this?’

‘I love you like this. Fuck. Are you serious?’

‘Mhmm. And if you manage it, I’ll do my best to give you a blowjob just like that.’ She looked at the phone, where things

seemed to be ramping up to a finale. She smiled at her husband. ‘Who knows what else I might be inspired to do?’

‘Deal.’

Kirsty laughed. ‘I’m glad to hear it.’ She let go of his cock and rolled onto her back. ‘Give me the phone.’ She restarted the video. ‘Nearly 15 minutes long,’ she read. ‘See how many times you can make me come while I watch this. I have techniques to learn.’ His desperate whimper only made her more aroused.

Final Plans



Kirsty was over at Jennifer's the next evening. The two of them sat in the sitting room where it had all begun just days before. They'd left all the kids playing Xbox further down the hall. 'You watched the video? With Mark! What did you think?'

'You were right, again. It was sexy. His reaction was hilarious. I'm not sure he still believes it happened. We talked a bit about porn too, and have agreed we only watch it together. And, best of all, he made me orgasm like five times, and he didn't at all.'

Jennifer sat up on the other end of the sofa. 'You denied him! Seriously? He was okay with that?'

'I made the point he had a lot of catching up to do. Plus, he likes me taking control I think. I like it too. At least with you helping me get it right.'

'Honey, you are a natural. Trust me. Just don't take anything too seriously, and have fun.'

'He got aroused when we talked about Tom's you-know-what.'

'Good lord, Kirsty, his cock. Just say his big cock.' Jennifer laughed.

'Fine. Tom's big… cock.' She gave a cute little wiggle.

Jennifer shifted nearer. ‘Aroused how? Why? Do you think he’s into SPH?’

‘SPH?’

‘Small penis humiliation. It’s not a good name. I call it size teasing. Remember, I told you I even do it with Tom.’

‘How could I forget. Yeah he definitely was. The guy in the video gave me plenty of ammo.’

‘Mark Rockwell? Oh yeah, he’s got a nice one, although it’s got a funny red band half way. I thought it was lipstick at first.’ They both laughed.

Kirsty brushed her hair back over her ear, speaking quietly ‘Is Tom…?’ She didn’t want to say it aloud.

Jennifer snorted. ‘That big? Didn’t you see from the wardrobe?’

‘I was a long way away and your hair covered him mostly.’

‘Okay. Well, no.’ Jennifer beamed. ‘Tom’s bigger, thicker too.’

‘Wowzer.’ Kirsty paused, not knowing what to say.

‘Were you wondering what that’s like for sex?’

Kirsty laughed, waving her hands around. ‘I mean I am now!’

‘It’s great, but it took some getting used to. I can orgasm from just penetration, which is partly him and partly me, I think.’

‘Oh, like the Lush in me?’

‘Yes, if it felt that good, you probably can too. Not that size is the only factor. Some women just find it easy, but for me Tom was the only one who could.’

The women had never talked about Jennifer’s previous partners. Kirsty didn’t have anyone to compare Mark with, as they’d been teenage sweethearts.

‘So this SPH thing, that’s okay?’

‘Sure, if it turns him on, and you just have some gentle fun with it. Remember what I said about Tom? It’s more the point it’s something he can’t do anything about, and so unusually powerless for a guy, rather than humiliation. Which is why I like to call it teasing.’

Kirsty tilted her head. ‘I don’t get how it works when Tom isn’t small at all.’

Her friend laid back on the cushions. ‘I tried it the other way. “You’re too big, that monster just needs caging up!” But yeah, doesn’t have the same effect as just finding some even bigger than him.’

‘I asked Mark to do that too. I sent him to those sites you said. Tumblr and the other one.’

‘BDSMLR. Cool. You can try Reddit too. Just search for big cocks. There was a hilarious one I found the other day.’ She scrolled through her phone, then chuckled. ‘“OMGBeckyLookAtThisCock” I’m not even kidding. See!’ She held her phone out. ‘They are all women’s reactions to

unveiling a big one, it's kinda hot. Oh wow, here's a massage one, how topical.' She started a video playing of a slim white masseuse staring at a huge tent in the towel over the black man she was massaging.

'That can't be real!' Kirsty exclaimed, looking at the foot-high tower under the towel.

Jennifer was laughing so hard at her reaction she took a few moments to speak. 'Nah, the tent is probably fake, they don't stand up like that, but I'm sure there's a reveal. Do you want to see?'

Kirsty leaned in, fascinated. 'I mean, it's all education, right?'

Jennifer pressed play, and after a moment the towel was pulled off, with a bit of dodgey editing to prove Jennifer's suspicion. But nonetheless, both women said, 'Wow!' at the same time.

'But, but that's insane. Is that real?'

'Oh yeah, it's real. I'm saving that one!'

'Tom's not that big, right?'

'Thank goodness, no. I wouldn't let him near me!' They were both cracking up now.

'Is it true about black men?' Kirsty blurted out, not sure if she was allowed to ask.

Jennifer laughed some more. 'I honestly don't know. I think genetically they might have an advantage but search for

BWC and you'll get plenty of white ones too.'

Kirsty raised an eyebrow and Jennifer paused, a huge grin on her face. 'BWC — big white cock. And so, BBC?'

'BBC?' It clicked. 'Big *black* cocks? No! You've ruined my TV watching experience forever.'

'Welcome to my world. So yeah anyway, you'll find a lifetime's worth there. Set up some kind of private shared anonymous account and you can share things. I'll help you if you need it. Speaking of which, since you made such good use of my last present…'

'Really Jennifer, you've been so generous already. I can't thank you enough.'

Her friend leaned forward. 'Did you forget this?' She took hold of the key on the necklace that Kirsty had worn over. 'You're the one doing us the big favour. Tom still can't believe it. And as you said, if I want access to my husband's gorgeous manhood, I better look after you.'

Kirsty giggled. 'Careful, I might go power mad.'

'Mmm, part of me would love to see what that looks like. Anyway! I didn't buy you anything. This is something Tom bought when we were first exploring, and rather obviously, wasn't any use. But we were a bit naive then. She picked up a little cardboard box and handed it to Kirsty. 'It's not been used, we figured it was no use right away. But from what you tell me, it might be perfect, for Mark.'

‘For Mark? Jenny, this isn’t…?’ She opened the box to find a series of clear plastic shapes, that just a few days ago she wouldn’t have recognised. But now she knew exactly what they were. ‘It’s a chastity cage!’

‘It is. This is a model is called “The Vice” and what’s handy is it comes with different size rings and spacers, so you can work out what Mark needs. This is the standard size.’ She leaned in, picking up the main bit that looks like the head of a penis. ‘They do a mini version. Maybe Mark might want that in future.’

‘Jenny!’ Kirsty faked being scandalised.

‘I know, I know. I just love the idea of squishing them down small and Tom’s doesn’t squish as much as I hope.’ She blew out a breath. ‘I can’t believe how much I’ve gone down this rabbit hole.’

Kirsty reached out and touched her friend’s hand. ‘And now you’re taking me with you.’

‘I know,’ Jennifer almost squealed, clutching her hands to her chest. ‘Isn’t it exciting! When are you going to introduce the idea?’

‘I have no idea. I’d planned to show him one online, gauge his reaction, and go from there.’

Her friend folded her arms. ‘You’ve warned him there would be consequences if he didn’t pick up his act though, right?’

‘I did.’ She mused, ‘So far he’s not managed any of it. I expect he’ll give me an excuse before long.’

It didn’t take long at all. The women sat up when they heard Tom come back in. He greeted the kids and then came through to find them both. He frowned for a moment when he saw Kirsty, before heading over and giving her a kiss on the cheek. ‘Hi, Kirsty.’ She remembered her sudden significance for him, and touched the key on her necklace. ‘Hello Tom, good to see you.’ He went over to stand next to his wife.

‘Everything okay, darling?’ Jennifer looked puzzled at his behaviour.

‘Yeah, sorry, just, can I speak to you in the kitchen for just a minute?’

‘Sure.’ She let Tom pull her up and shrugged at Kirsty.

She returned by herself a couple of minutes later and sat down, shaking her head. ‘Well, it seems like you got your reason. Tom was just playing squash with Mark. Guess what he couldn’t keep quiet about?’

‘What? What did Mark say?’

‘Look, don’t get mad, he’s probably just excited by things improving.’

‘What did he say?’

‘He told Tom about watching porn with you. Boasted about it.’

‘He did?’ She frowned. ‘Is that so bad? I mean, I just told you.’

‘No, well, that’s up to you. But it got Tom asking more. I’d quizzed him the other day if Mark had said anything about how things were. I hope that’s okay.’

‘Of course it is.’ Kirsty wasn’t delighted about Mark’s loose lips but wasn’t sure quite what Tom was worried about.

Jennifer blew out a breath. ‘When Tom asked, Mark claimed you had an amazing sex life. That it had never been an issue. He made up all kinds of bullshit.’

That got her to sit up straight. ‘Oh, *did* he?’

‘Yeah. I figured that’d piss you off.’

Kirsty stood up, pacing back and forth. ‘What is he thinking, a couple of good times makes up for all the rest?’

‘As I said, he’s probably getting carried away but, if I were you, I’d use it to your advantage. Don’t get mad… get even.’ Jennifer swung the chastity cage from her fingers.

Lock Up



The kids were down and Mark had come to bed early. He'd even showered. *If only he knew what is in store.* Kirsty picked out another set from her new nightwear, this time a teddy. 'No access needed tonight,' she said to herself as she'd slipped it on.

Jennifer had persuaded her not to give in to her annoyance at Mark's lies, but rather use it as a chance to get what she wanted, and try to have fun in the process. It wasn't easy but she was just about managing to keep on the right side of her indignation.

'Wow, you look incredible, again.'

'Thank you. How are you doing?' She sat on the bed next to where he'd laid down on top of the duvet, in a t-shirt and underpants. 'Have you been a good boy?' She couldn't quite believe she was saying it but it seemed appropriate.

'I have. I have!' His puppylike enthusiasm didn't sway her.

She climbed up, sitting over him again, straddling his thighs. 'And how's it been, your poor blue balls?'

'They're so achey. I've been thinking about you all day.'

Apparently so, and making up most of it. 'Oh dear. But you managed not to touch at all?'

‘I did.’ He was obviously pleased with himself, and wanted to make more of it. ‘It was so hard. I kept having to stop myself.’

‘Oh, that is impressive.’ She wrapped her hand around his cock through his shorts. ‘Maybe we can do something to help with that?’ She smiled, knowing he’d take it completely different to what she was thinking. *Who knew being mean could be fun? Especially with a good excuse.* Kirsty pulled his cock out from his shorts, and began to slowly wank him, watching it grow. She remembered back to the latest video Jennifer had shown her. *He can’t even be half that size. Crazy.*

She took a play from the porn she’d watched with Mark the night before, masturbating him slowly, sensually, making horny little noises. He seemed utterly transfixed, starting to make matching groans. Kirsty had to keep refocusing herself, as she began to get turned on by his reaction, even to her fake performance. She fired the first shot. ‘Did you install that porn blocking software as you promised?’

‘Umm, no, not yet,’ he said, unaware of where this was going.

‘I see.’ Kirsty looked to the door. ‘Did you put that lock on the door to give us privacy?’

That gave him cause to pause. ‘Oh, no, I’m sorry. I’ll do it tomorrow, I promise.’

‘Mhmmm…’ She leaned in on one hand, her face close to his. ‘And did you tell Tom we have a fantastic sex life?’

It took a moment for Mark to register. ‘What? How did you…?’

‘Did you, or didn’t you?’

‘I mean, I was just so happy I wanted to…’

‘You told him about watching porn with me, and then lied about our sex life.’ She gripped his cock hard.

Mark tried to push himself up. ‘I can’t believe he told you.’

‘That’s what you’re sorry about? He didn’t tell me. He told his wife, my best friend, who told me, because she knows it’s not true. What the hell were you thinking?’

‘I’m sorry, I’m sorry.’ He tried to push himself to the headboard, but she was still grasping his now shrinking cock. ‘I made a mistake, that was stupid, I know. I have just been so excited and happy.’

Kirsty looked at him with a cold stare. ‘Me too, Mark. And now you’ve messed it up. Do you know how much it hurts that you’d lie about our sex life. Let’s not even get into sharing private things, the first chance you got.’

His shoulders slumped. ‘You’re right, I’m an idiot.’

‘Yes, you are.’ She finally let go of his cock and sat up, arms crossed. ‘I swear, if Jennifer hadn’t convinced me otherwise I’d be kicking you out of the bedroom tonight.’

‘But darling, I just exaggerated a bit, I’m sorry.’

‘Exaggerated? Mark. You have never made me orgasm. We have been more like roommates than lovers for as long as I can remember. It’s been awful. We’re just starting to turn things around and you go and do stupid shit like this. Tom did you a favour telling Jennifer, because if you’d said this to anyone else, you’d be finding somewhere else to sleep.’

He pushed himself closer. ‘It was only him, I promise. I just got cocky. I won’t do it again. You’re right. And I’m sorry, not just about this, but about not giving you everything you deserved. I’ve… I’ve fallen in love with you all over again these last few days and I don’t want anything to ever make you sad again.’

Kirsty didn’t say anything for a while, taking deep breaths and letting his words get to her, but not too much. She looked him in the eyes. ‘That’s… good to hear. But how serious are you about this?’

‘I’ve never been more serious. I’ll do anything you want to prove it.’

Kirsty couldn’t help her mouth curling up into a smile. It was what she hoped he’d say. ‘Jennifer had an alternative suggestion. Once she told me about your lies, I shared, in confidence, about your masturbation and porn addictions.’

‘You did what?’ Mark tensed up. ‘Oh my God, Kirsty, are you serious?’

‘I’m totally serious. I was furious. You know she’s been helping me fix this situation. She’s helping me find positive ways forward. Is that what you want, or not?’

‘You still shouldn’t have… Oh God, what did she say?’

Kirsty shrugged her shoulders. ‘She said she’s not surprised. Lots of men do. And that she has a particularly effective cure.’

‘What the hell does that mean?’

Kirsty grabbed Mark’s cock, not to pleasure him, but to assert herself. ‘You admit you have a masturbation problem, and porn too?’

‘Yeah, I guess so.’ He yelped as she squeezed his cock hard. ‘Yes, yes, I do. Sorry, you’re right.’ Kirsty noted with amusement he was getting hard again.

‘And you’re serious about wanting your sexual energy purely focused on me, and getting our sex life not just on track, but great?’

‘Yes. I guess I was thinking about that even when I lied to Tom.’

She let go of his cock, blowing out a breath. ‘I’d love a sex life we can boast about too, Mark. I want to be able to tell Jennifer just how you fucked my brains out.’

‘You… you do?’

‘Hell yes. I’ve had my eyes opened to a whole new world this weekend and I want it all!’ Kirsty realised she meant it as she said it. ‘But I want it to be real, not some bullshit fantasy. Do you see why it got me so upset? We could really have this, I think. Or at least a whole lot better than anything we have so far.’

‘I understand. Again, I’m so, so sorry.’

Kirsty reached over to take the cardboard box that Jennifer had given her. ‘Were you telling the truth, Mark? Will you do anything to show me how much you want this?’

He looked at the box, frowning, but then back at his wife in her sexy new outfit. ‘Yes. I mean it.’

She smiled, and lifted the chastity cage out of the box. Jennifer had shown her how it all fitted together. ‘Do you know what this is?’

His eyes went wide. ‘You’re fucking kidding me.’

‘Is that a yes?’ Kirsty tried not to smile, but his reaction wasn’t helping.

‘It’s… a cock cage.’

‘It is. How do you know that? Have you seen it in porn?’

Mark nodded. Kirsty put the questions that raised in an ‘ask later’ box.

‘Do you understand what it’s for?’

‘It stops me wanking?’

She looked down, and to her surprise, Mark’s cock had sprung up as hard as she’d ever seen it. She was about to question him, but reached over and grabbed the massage oil instead, and poured some on his erection.

‘Can you imagine it? You said it was difficult to resist. Well, now you have all the help you need. Just like the porn

only on my computer, you dick can only get played with if I unlock you.'

He shuddered as she stroked her fingers up and down his erection. 'But—'

'I thought Jennifer was insane at first, but she started to tell me how attentive it would make you. How desperate, and horny. You said you *liked* being horny. Look at how hard you've got. Why does your cock think this is such a good idea, huh?' She let it go, watching it ping back to upright.

'But… this is crazy. Do you seriously want to do this?' His eyes were flicking between the cage and his wife.

She put the cage down and leaned on both hands. 'Do I want to lock up my husband's cock so I have complete control of it? So that I know you can't jerk off and waste your arousal? So that your orgasms are totally mine to have fun with?' She slid down his legs and kept eye contact, flicking her hair back and sucking in his cock, masturbating and sucking him just like the porn they'd watched together the night before. 'I want it so much.' She prowled up him, straddling his legs and grabbing his cock once more before guiding it inside her. 'Just look how wet it gets me.'

'Oh my God,' Mark cried out as she sank down on him. 'That feels so good.'

'I'm glad. But it comes at a price, my darling husband.' Kirsty pushed him back down onto the bed. 'You want me to be your porn star?' She leaned forward, hands on his

shoulders, slowly riding back and forth on him. ‘You want me to be your slut?’ He gasped at her using the word.

‘Yes, yes.’

‘Then you let me lock up your little cock,’ he whimpered as she emphasised the size, ‘and I make sure all your sexual energy is mine. What do you think?’

He looked like a deer caught in the headlights. ‘I think… I don’t know. What if I hate it?’

‘We’ll do something else. But given how hard you are, I’m not sure you’ll hate it. How about we let your cock decide?’

‘How?’

‘If he can’t control himself, and makes a mess, we’ll take it as a “yes”. But if you can resist, you can do anything to me that you want?’

‘Anything!’ He gawped at her as she began to grind herself back and forth on him.

‘Mhmmm. What is it you’re wanting?’ She thought she knew the answer but it was exciting to make him confess it. ‘You can tell me. If you can hold it in, you can do it.’

‘I want to…’ he clenched his fists, she was really working up and down him, but she slowed, delaying the inevitable, ‘oh damn, I… I want to fuck you in the arse.’

I knew it. She laughed, sitting up straight. ‘Oh, do you now? But what kind of wife would let her husband do that to

her?' She took hold of his hands and laced her fingers through his, pushing them into the bed by his shoulders.

'The… best kind?' he volunteered, still unsure of her reaction.

She laughed warmly at his reply. 'You know what, baby? Even if you fail, even if you spurt. If you are a good boy, and wear that cage for me, keep all your cum for me in future, maybe one day I might let you…' she pressed down, her breath hot in his ear, '…fuck my tight little virgin arse.'

That was it, just as she hoped. A few more bounces and he groaned, pushing up into her as he climaxed. But she wasn't done with her plan. She lifted her hips up and just before he ejaculated, his cock slipped out of her.

'No, no, noooo!' he cried, struggling to free his hands that she held onto. 'What are you doing?'

'I said I'd let you spurt, my love. Not come in me. This is supposed to be a punishment, remember?' He let out a few frustrated groans as he pumped his semen all over his belly. 'Oh, I bet that would have felt so good. Maybe next time I'll let you come properly, if you behave better.'

'But, but…'

'I'm sorry, did you deserve more?'

He blew out his cheeks and collapsed back onto the bed. 'I suppose not but Kirsty!'

She laughed, leaning in to kiss him. 'This is so hot. I hope you're having as much fun as I am. You know I'm not done

yet though… you lost.'

'I lost?'

'Mhmm.' She rubbed her nose on his. 'Your cock thought it was a good idea to get locked up. So now we'll see if it was right.'

'You weren't joking?'

'Nope, I'm totally serious. I meant it all. I can't wait to see what this does for our sex life.'

'But my cock, in a cage? It's crazy.'

'So crazy you got harder than I've seen you in years. I can't wait to find out what that's all about. Go get cleaned up, I want to see this on you.'

* * *

'We're doing it, it went just as planned,' Kirsty managed to text her friend before Mark got back.

'Woohooooo!' was the reply she caught before Mark came in from the bathroom and stood at the end of the bed. She put the phone down.

Kirsty looked at her husband, standing, fidgeting at the footboard. 'Are you okay? How are you feeling?' She was kneeling in the middle of the bed with the cage in front of her.

He wrapped his arms around himself, rubbing his upper arm. 'Are you serious about this? You really want it?'

She nodded enthusiastically. 'Yes. And I wanted to double check with you now you've calmed down a bit. But yes, I

really, really want to try this.'

'Does Jennifer know about it?'

'She gave me the cage, and I plan to get her to help me with it all. So yes.'

'Does Tom know?'

Kirsty shook her head. 'No. She said that's down to us to decide.'

'Okay.' He sat on the corner of the bed.

She waited for as long as she could, which wasn't long at all. 'So, are you going to let me cage up your cock? Let me control your orgasms?' Kirsty was getting nervous now, but she tried to continue to take the lead.

Mark leaned towards her, one arm resting on the bed. He bit his bottom lip, looking down at the chastity device, then back at her. 'Yes.'

'Really, you really will?' Kirsty was surprised how much it relieved her to hear him say it. Her excitement started to build. 'Why?'

Mark shrugged and smiled, waving his fingers at her. 'Look at you, look how excited and… horny all this has got you. I've never dreamed this side of you even existed. If it takes locking up my cock to see even more of it, and to help me refocus on you, it's worth it.'

Kirsty bounced up and down. 'Oh honey, I can't express how happy that makes me. It'll be great, I'm sure.' She picked

up the cage. ‘This is just part of it, a hot, and kinky part that I can’t believe we’re even trying either, but it’s what it represents that is most exciting. That you are serious about making our love life, exciting and sexy and new.’

‘How long am I going to be in it?’

Kirsty patted next to her on the bed and he shuffled over, leaning back against her. ‘Just a couple of hours.’

He turned, surprised. ‘What, is that all?’

‘I can make it longer if you want.’

‘I just thought… if it’s just that then it’s easy.’

‘It’s just that, today. To try it out. Tomorrow, it’s going to be all evening. Then all day. Then Friday, we’ll try you sleeping in it. But every time you get out… well, just call me Britney.’

Mark laughed. Wow, now my wife has a porn name.’

She giggled. ‘Just an inspiration. I’m sure I’ll find more.’ *The major one lives next door.* She picked up the clear plastic cage, opening the hinged ring. ‘Sit closer, and pull down your shorts.’ She very carefully closed the ring around behind his cock and balls, trying very hard not to pinch. ‘This will get easier I’m sure.’

She pushed the spacing pins through and then after dripping some lubricant on him, put the cock shaped cage over Mark’s penis. ‘This is the tricky bit.’ He helped, with some laughing between them, to work out how it all fitted together. ‘That seems overly complicated but wow, that’s so sexy,’ she

said, cupping the whole ensemble in her hand. ‘Be a doll, pass that padlock.’

Mark reached over and handed her the little metal padlock which already had a key in it. ‘I can’t believe we’re doing this.’

‘It looks like your cock is getting excited by the idea, I better do this up fast. She threaded the padlock through the hole that kept it all in one piece, and then clicked it shut, taking the key out. ‘How’s that feel?’

‘Scary, exciting, tight.’

‘Not that tight, look, he’s only just filling it now. I don’t think you’re supposed to be able to grow at all.’

‘You’re kidding!’

‘No, supposedly there’s a mini version. Maybe we need that.’

‘My wife’s become a monster,’ Mark said, turning to kiss her. ‘The very sexiest kind.’

‘Well, thank you, kind Sir. You know, *you* might have come, but I’m still very horny.’

‘So am I,’ he protested. ‘You pulled out, it was so mean.’

Kirsty giggled. ‘Oh yeah, so I did. Shame your cock is locked up now. Nothing I can do. You on the other hand…’ she paused, *what would Jennifer do?* She put her hand on his head, ‘You have some unfinished business. Make me come, with your mouth.’

His eyes opened wide before he kissed her once more, and his mouth trailed down, sucking on a nipple that he pulled from her top. It wasn't long before she lay back, feeling his mouth exploring, discovering her afresh and she began moaning with pleasure. *He's going to get very good at this.*

* * *

'This is what Jennifer would do,' Kirsty whispered, as she came for the third time.

'Huh, did you say something?' Mark asked, lifting his head.

'Nothing you need to worry about, darling.'

He returned to his licking, his mouth obviously tired by now, but he'd brought in the Lush vibrator to give him breaks. It was a wonderful combination. But he paused, looking back at his wife with an eyebrow raised. 'Honey?'

'Yes, my love?'

'Why does Jenny have a cock cage?'

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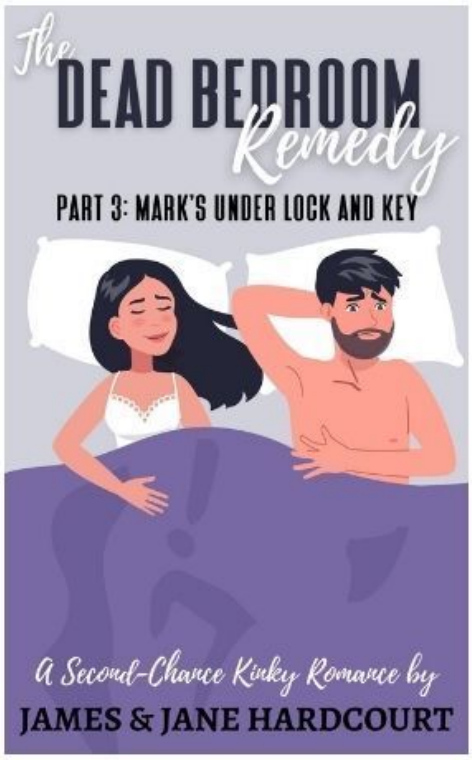
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About the Author

James has been creating kinky smut for a couple of decades - it's mostly been in his head until now - and more recently on his unexpectedly popular Tumblr blog. He writes erotica and non-fiction about edging, orgasm denial, chastity play and anything else kinky he can come up with. His books explore the twists and turns of BDSM power dynamics, hot consent and erotic predicaments.

He's married to Jane, who runs her own blog too, and somewhere in the mix they've managed to produce a couple of wonderful kids. They live happily just outside of London, England, and their friends and family are entirely oblivious to just what avid kinksters they are.

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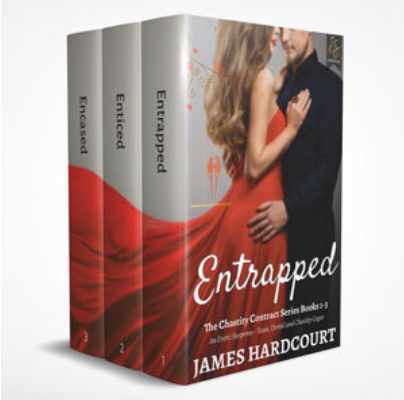
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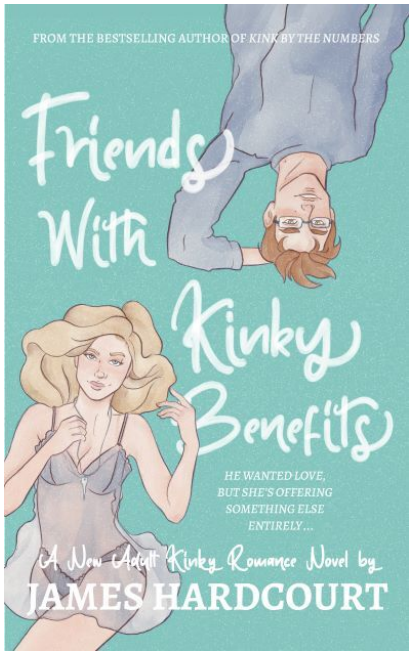
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