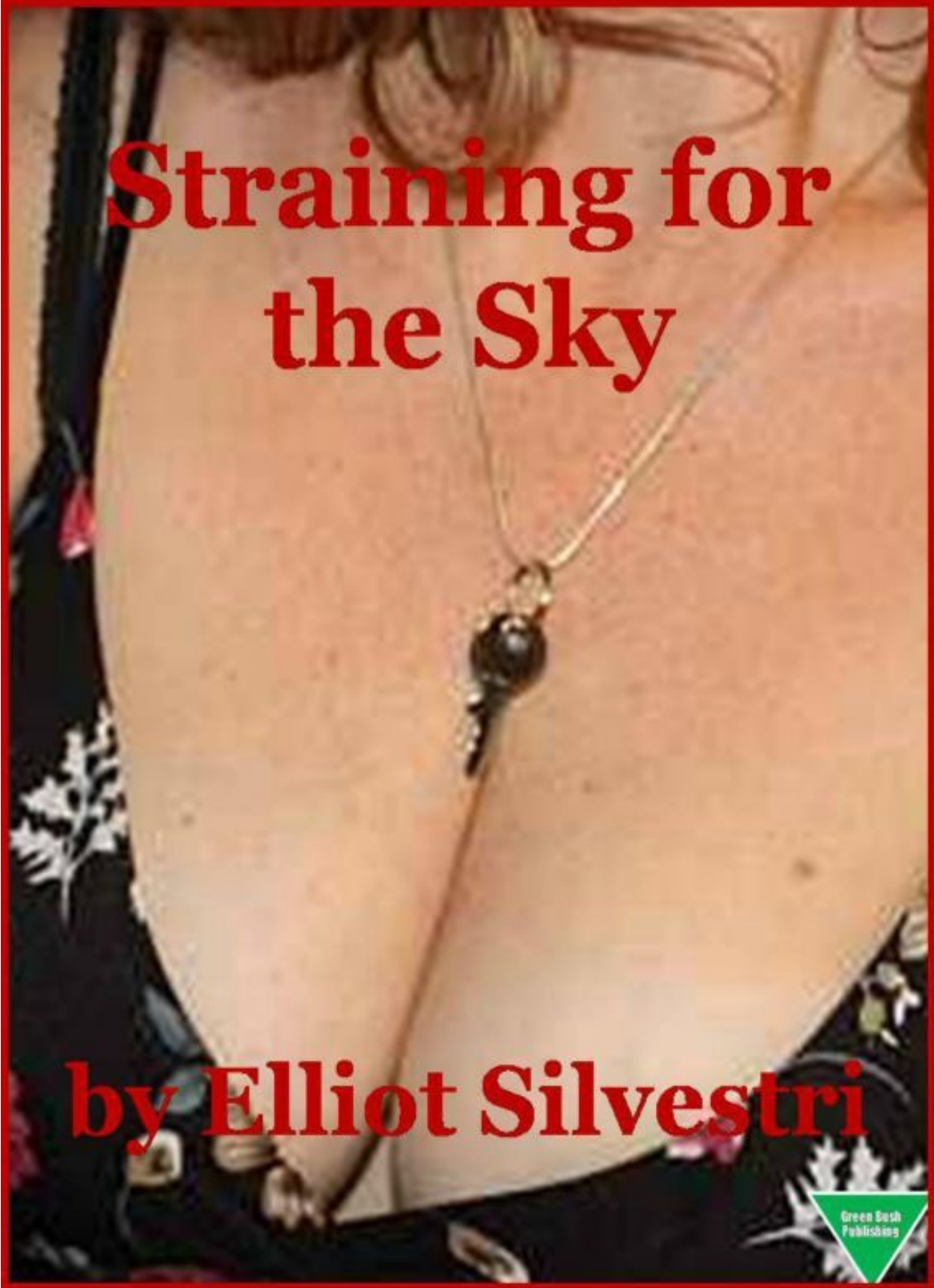
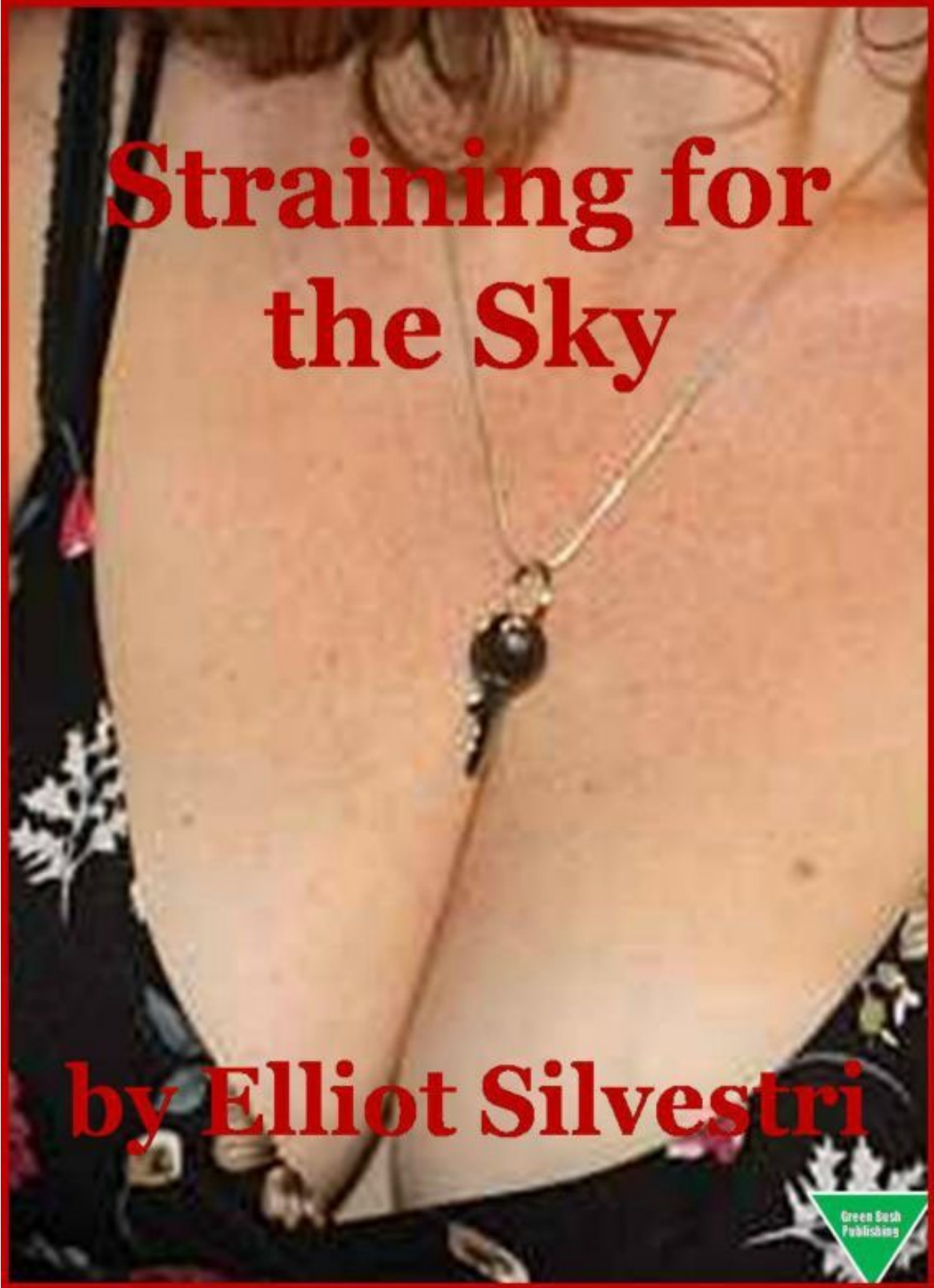




Straining for the Sky

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Sash
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Alice gripped Justin's shoulders as she enthusiastically bounced up and down on his cock, slamming it up into her pussy then pulling it out again almost all the way, just letting the head stay inside her slick sex before dropping her weight down on him again. Justin was thrusting his cock up into her while she fucked him even though—or perhaps because—she had securely restrained his wrists and ankles to the bed frame. He wasn't immobilized; he just couldn't do anything without her permission. He could move his body well enough when she wanted. That was the important part.

"Going to cum soon?" she panted into his face.

"Uh-huh," he grunted. She glanced at his wrist and saw him straining, struggling to pull free of the ropes. That wasn't going to happen. Maybe the first time she had tied up a lover they were able to slip free of her knots, but a few too many years in the Girl Scouts combined with a lot of common sense and practice had made her an expert on restraining her lovers.

"Well, cum then!" she ordered. She wanted to slap him across the face. Sometimes she got a little too enthusiastic during sex games but today she managed to control her baser violent desires. Already she had half dozen orgasms while they had been fucking this evening and she wanted him to cum inside her. She needed his seed inside her body, not that she was going to do anything with his jizz; she just wanted it. Her body physically yearned for his liquid essence.

Justin strained and lifted his hips off the mattress, lifting Alice as well. For a moment she thought he was trying too hard, but then it happened. His cock pulsed and shook in her pussy. The hot flood of semen invaded her cunt and she gasped, and then sighed at the raw, brazen act. She could feel every spurt, every pulse of his cock and allowed herself another small orgasm to ride the climax with him.

And then he collapsed back down to the sheets and she curled up on top of his body, kissing the side of his neck, his cheeks, his lips. He just panted from his

exertion.

“Good?” she asked him softly.

“Very good.”

“I can feel your heartbeat,” she told him.

“You’re lying on my chest,” he pointed out.

Alice shook her head. “No, I can feel it in my pussy. Your cock is still pulsing.”

He chuckled at her and she rolled off his body, letting his wet, sticky cock pull free. It slapped down against his stomach and she couldn’t resist licking her lips and smiling. But now was not the time to suck on his cock and bring him back to life. He pulled on his ropes a bit and shifted slightly. “You going to release me?” he asked. He liked being tied up and even though he always asked she always waited until the last minute before freeing him.

Today was no different.

Well, it was slightly different.

“I’ve got a present for you,” she told him as she walked across the hotel room to slip into the bathroom where she had left her bag.

“What is it?” he called to her. She ignored him. Undoubtedly Justin was waiting for her to come back in some slutty lingerie or perhaps with a toy. There was no need to hurry. Alice used the toilet, cleaned herself, pulled on a pair of clean black panties and finally hooked a matching bra around her torso. Only then did she extract Justin’s treat from her oversize bag and walk back into the room.

“What took you so long?” he asked eagerly.

“There’s no need to hurry.” Alice glanced at the bedside clock. There actually was a bit of a need to hurry, but that was left unspoken for the moment. His cock was still soft maybe it was still a little too big for her plans but there was a way around that.

“Where’s my present?” he asked. “You know, we agreed at the start of this that

we weren't going to give each other anything." It was a rule they had both followed scrupulously up until now, but Alice was eager to change the dynamics of their relationship.

"Except physical affection?" she replied and picked up her dress from the floor.

"What are you doing?" he asked her. She had surreptitiously placed his present on the floor out of his line of sight.

"Getting dressed."

"We still have time," Justin pointed out.

"I know," she said and zipped up the dress. It hugged her somewhat ample curves but also made her feel sexy. "I'll be right back." Picking up the door key card on the way out she moved with assurance. Justin didn't have time to protest. She was only gone a minute before returning with the ice bucket full.

"I'm not really into playing with ice," Justin told her.

"That's fine because we're not doing that today." She grinned and sat down on the edge of the bed, pulled the plastic bag liner from the ice bucket and plopped it directly on Justin's semi-flaccid cock.

"Wow that's cold!" he protested.

"That's the idea," she said.

"What are you doing?" he asked her as he puffed and exhaled steadily trying to compensate for the freezing cubes covering his cock.

"We're playing a little game," she told him. "I need your cock to get nice and soft and small."

Now that she had returned Justin had relaxed a bit. He liked being naked and tied up when she was clothed. It made him feel submissive, vulnerable. "What game are we playing?"

"That's still a surprise."

“Where’s my present? I saw you put something on the floor. This isn’t it, is it? Are you going to take pictures of me?”

She laughed a little. In his public life Justin was seen as the confident salesman; he had spent too many years selling cars to not have that personality. In private, Justin liked to be used and told what to do. It was easy for Alice to work with that. It was easy for her to fuck him because even though he sported a crew cut and had couple of stupid tattoos on his muscular arms, he was a fantastic fuck. And since he liked playing her games and pleasing her, it was easy to forget he was married to someone else.

“Would you like me to take some dirty pictures of you?” she teased him. She had done this before, taken a few pictures of him naked and fucking her, then sent them along to his cell phone. She always blurred out her face before passing them along. Justin didn’t seem to care. He had even happily posted the pictures on the internet and passed along the links to her. Alice took a little pride in her miniscule amount of internet porn notoriety.

“Yes!”

“Then maybe I’ll take a few. But first, your present.” She picked up the toy from the floor and displayed it to him. Justin was no idiot; he knew exactly what she had in her hands.

“A cock cage?” He eagerly licked his lips. It would make him easier to dominate if he wore a cock cage when they carried out the physical part of their affair.

“Yup,” she told him. “Now hold still while I put it on you.”

The cage itself was a fairly simply contraption. After taking away the bag of ice Alice slipped a pair of plastic rings than hooked together around the penis behind Justin’s balls. The base rings had a trio of supporting posts onto which she slid a retaining ring. That done all that remained was to slip the curved pipe-like piece over his cold and shriveled up penis. She had to work fast because both the idea of being caged and her fingers manipulating his manhood were causing him to stiffen once more. Once his shaft was fully encased in the hard plastic tube all that remained was to put the small padlock in place locking the retaining rings to the encasement tube. He fit in the cage just barely. The end of the tube wasn’t sealed; there was a small slit that would allow Justin to pee but there was no chance of external stimulation getting through. He wouldn’t have

an orgasm until she released him.

“Oh fucking wow,” he breathed when she was done.

“Very handsome,” she told him as she flopped his cock back and forth. He was trying to grow inside the plastic cage, but it was impossible. There was no room. “Too tight?” she asked as he winced.

His cock had already filled the small space available in the cage. Justin was neither huge nor tiny in the cock department. He was perfectly adequate but the manufacturer made sure to keep the chastity device small to accommodate men of every size. He would have to suffer. “A little,” he grunted. “I can take it.”

“Good,” she said happily and pulled out her cell phone to take a few pictures of his caged manhood. She went so far as to include her lips kissing the side of the cage. He couldn’t feel the kiss, of course, but the picture turned out adequately, showing the edge of her face and his swollen but stifled cock. Before she was done she stood up and took a couple of full body shots of Justin tied to the bed with his cock cage on.

“How long are you going to leave this on?” he asked her.

Her smile was wicked. “As long as necessary.”

“Necessary for what?” he asked with a glance at the clock. “I’ve got to be home in a couple of hours.”

“Really?” she asked feigning surprise. “Well, you’d better hurry then.” Alice lifted up the hem to her dress, pulled down her panties, exposing her pussy to Justin. “I need a little relief.” She climbed on the bed and seated her cunt over his face.

Justin knew right was to do and put his tongue to work licking her pussy and teasing her clit. She didn’t really need to cum, but she wanted him to think he needed to be caged for some good reason. After a few minutes she turned around and sat back down on his face but was now positioned to play with his caged cock, which she did for a bit, seeing how it struggled to grow but was held back by the cage. His tongue in her twat was nice and she actually did achieve a small orgasm. That was the signal. She got off his face and pulled her panties back on.

“I don’t get to cum again, do I?” he asked her with mock-sadness.

“Nope,” she told him. “It’s time for me to go anyway.”

“Right. Real world responsibilities,” he agreed.

She nodded and made sure she had gathered all her belongings before sitting back down on the bed next to him. As always they waited for the last minute before releasing him. She gave him a chaste kiss on the lips and lightly patted his cheek.

“Where’s the key?” he asked.

“In my purse,” she told him.

“You’d better get it out,” Justin sighed.

“No.”

“What?”

“You need to wear the cage a couple of days at least. Don’t worry. It’s safe.” She got up to leave.

“What the fuck!” he protested. “You can’t do this to me. My wife will see it!”

“Then you’d better make sure she doesn’t see you naked for the next few days. I’ll be in touch.” She smiled pulled a small penknife from her purse and sliced halfway through the rope to his left hand. From past experience she knew it would take him about ten minutes to free his hand and then another couple of minutes to free his other hand and then his legs. Adding some more time to get dressed would mean she would be well away before he was free. It was possible he would chase her down to her house, though he’d never been there, but it was more likely he’d run out of time and have to return home to his wife.

He started struggling with the rope. “Fucking bitch!” he cried out.

That was true, Alice reflected as she opened the hotel door. “I’ll allow that. See you soon, sweetie.” And then she breezed out the door, down the hallway, and to her car. The same car that Justin had sold her almost a year ago.

Chapter Two

The texts from Justin were filled with anger. Alice replied at her leisure and to her amusement.

What the fuck! How am I supposed to hide this from my wife?

The text came about an hour after she left him in the hotel room. It shouldn't have taken him that long to free himself. Alice was sure he was pacing the room trying to think what he should do to get out of the situation she left him in. Since she had turned off her phone after she left she didn't get the message until she was safe at home. Dinner had been leftover Chinese and a glass of wine. She read the text while relaxing on the couch flipping through the channels.

I'd suggest you keep your underwear on and don't ask her for a blowjob.

His reply was surprisingly quick. That doesn't fucking help.

So what is your plan then? She was genuinely curious about his solution to the predicament she had placed him in.

I'm in my office. I told her that I needed to work late tonight. I'm waiting for her to fall asleep.

Despite herself, and keeping the thought in the back of her mind that she might be ruining her lover's marriage, Alice giggled. Sounds like a good plan. Don't try to spoon her tonight. And with that she turned off her phone, watching a bit more television, and went to bed.

His next message was waiting for her in the morning.

When are you going to let me out of this fucking thing? It hurts every time I try to get a boner?

That was sent the night before. It was followed in the morning by Come on, Alice. I need some relief. How am I going shower and hide from her?

She considered answering him, but then decided to wait. Being a pharmacist was a serious job and she didn't have any time to waste in the morning. She smiled as she told herself this. She had plenty of time. She just wanted to make him wait.

During a break after she had been in the store for an hour Alice deigned to reply. You're a smart boy. You'll figure it out.

I'm not kidding around, dammit! I can't wear this fucking thing any longer.

Alice carefully composed her next message. It was the right time. He said he was at the end of his rope, his sanity. Now was the perfect moment.

I'll make you a deal. If you can go a day without texting or calling me, I'll set up a special meeting time and relieve you.

His reply was immediate. She was a bit disappointed. Yes. I'll do anything.

Her smile was seen by no one but herself. We'll see. Twenty four hours. No texts. No contact. I'll send you a message when it's time to meet.

Agreed.

One more thing. You like me controlling your cock don't you?

This time the reply took much longer. Okay, yeah. Sort of. It's a stupid game but I like it.

You want to be my submissive, don't you?

No.

Liar.

I don't want to do that. I'm married...and not to you.

So? Say you'll be my submissive little boy and I'll make it worth your time. You'll love every moment of your life. It was a bold and impossible promise, but she knew she had him under her control. He just needed to admit it to himself now.

Okay, fine. I'll do it. I'll be your submissive.

Very good. No contact for twenty four hours. I'll text you when I'm ready. Don't break the rules.

She didn't turn off her phone. She waited for a reply and then waited some more. She kept her phone in her pocket while she worked behind the pharmacy counter. It didn't buzz once for the rest of her shift. When the work day was over she had mixed feelings about Justin's control over his impulse to beg her for release. She was partly pleased and partly disappointed.

When she went home that night she masturbated to images of Justin worshipping her at her feet while his wife looked on fascinated and disgusted. It was odd because Alice had never met her married rival.

There was no text the next morning. Alice admired his self control. Or maybe Justin's little secret had been discovered by his wife. Or maybe he had found a way to slip out of the plastic cage. They weren't foolproof and a determined man with enough lube and ice and a certain pain threshold could free himself if he wanted.

Keeping him waiting was part of the fun. It also excited Alice and made her pussy wet throughout the day. She carefully monitored the time and when the twenty-four hour mark arrived she took a deep breath and forced herself to do nothing. Certainly Justin was feverishly waiting for her text and she needed to make him wait a little longer. As long as possible. It would be perfect if she could wait another whole day just to see if he would break down and text or call her before she contacted him. But she knew she couldn't wait that long. She was nearly as horny as he had to be, perhaps moreso since she had the chance to masturbate while he was in the cock cage. Masturbation often just made women hornier while enforced chastity made men hornier. It was a perfect match.

When the end of the workday approached Alice slipped her phone from her pocket and fired off a quick text to Justin. Our usual hotel. Get a room and text me the number by 6pm.

She knew she was pushing the rules of their arrangement. He was supposed to be home by six almost every night. His wife was expecting him. Some nights he was able to get away with the excuse that he was working late; that allowed him to meet in the afternoon with Alice and they could dirty the sheets until nearly

nine o'clock.

It took all of Alice's self control to drive casually to the hotel and wait until a few minutes before six before checking her phone. Justin had replied half an hour previous. 304. I'm waiting for you.

She didn't reply but merely got out of her car with her oversized bag and walked calmly, casually up to room 304. A single knock announced her arrival. The door flew open in an instant and Justin stood there his face a mixture of elation and relief. Alice stepped inside and before he could touch her or say a single word she took the initiative. "Strip," she ordered him as she carefully placed her bag on the low dresser along one wall.

"Right," he immediately agreed. His fingers flew and his clothes were soon a pile on the floor. In an instant he was down to just his cock cage. Alice took a moment to admire his body and noted the way his cock filled up the plastic cage. Her smile went from harsh to eager. Still, she remembered her control.

"Do you want me to just take it off or do you want to fuck too?" she asked him.

"Is this a trick question?"

Alice shook her head and hoped he couldn't smell her desire. She could feel her panties getting wetter from her leaking pussy. "No. I want the truth."

"I want it off and I want to fuck you too."

This made her nod her head and smile. "Very good. Turn around and put your hands behind your back."

"Why? Are you arresting me?"

Her voice was even. "No. But it's easier to put the cuffs on you that way. We're going to fuck, but I'm in charge and you're not using your hands."

He hesitated but then decided to play along with her game. "Okay." He turned around, showing her his taut, tiny butt and crossed his wrists over the small of his back.

She lifted the pair of padded handcuffs out of her bag and approached him.

“Don’t struggle, don’t resist,” she told him. “I can make this fantasy end happily or as a tragedy.”

“Yes, officer,” he giggled.

Alice ignored the tone and slipped the metal cuffs around his wrists. He was used to being tied up and restrained by Alice so this was no different than any one of their previous dates. When she was sure the cuffs were properly in place she told him to turn around and then removed the cock cage key from her bag. “Ready?”

“Yes!”

Alice knelt down in front of him, displaying the key in her hand, and asked, “Are you sure?” His cock twitched against the cage causing her to swallow hard. “You look so handsome in that cage.”

“I want to fuck you,” he practically whined.

The key was now between her fingers as she gently held the hard plastic device constraining his manhood. It was swollen to the full extent of the cage confines. Even as she teased Justin her desire was growing in her belly. More than anything else at the moment she wanted to pull off her panties, splay her legs, and beg him to fuck her hard. That wasn’t going to happen, but she would be satisfied. “Are you sure? Maybe you could just go down on me and then you can go home to your wife.”

“No! I need to fuck you.”

“But if you go a week in the cage just think of the power of that orgasm you’ll finally have! It’ll be like when you were thirteen and jerked off for the first time.”

“I was twelve,” he said. “Please put the key in the lock and let me have you.”

It was the little catch in his voice at the end of his plea that got to her. She slipped the little brass key into the small padlock and sprung the latch open.

Justin audibly sighed with relief. The cage was still in place, but he knew that in a few moments he’d be free. It would be wonderful.

There was no hurry to fully free him. The longer it took the sweeter the reward would be at the end. Once the hasp of the lock was slipped free from the cage it was easy to remove the shaft and that caused Justin's cock to suddenly bulge and strain for the sky. He whimpered and half bent over. His cock too more eager; his body too quick to react to a small bit of freedom. The base rings still circled his balls and cock. They pinched terribly when his erection sprouted. Alice merely shook her head and carefully disassembled the rings.

And then he was free. His red cock stood upright, pointing at the ceiling. At that moment Justin wanted nothing more than to fuck and fuck hard. But there were two problems. His arms were cuffed behind his back and Alice was fully clothed.

"I suppose you want to have sex now?" she asked with an air of annoyance.

"You promised," he whined.

"So I did," she said pensively. She was still kneeling in front of him and stayed there as she carefully laid the cock cage pieces on the table. Absently Alice reached out and grasped his cock, slowly and lightly stroking his length to see what would happen.

He groaned in appreciation and moved his hips to encourage her to continue.

"Would you like a handjob instead?" she asked knowing what he would say but going through the ritual anyway.

"No. I want sex."

"I could just make you cum like this. No muss, no fuss. Quick and easy on everyone." She increased the pace of her rubbing and he abruptly pulled away, yanking his cock away from her strong fingers and backing toward the corner of the room. She laughed at him. "Okay, fine. I promised. Get on the bed."

"How?" he asked suddenly unsure of what she expected of him.

The question caused Alice to sigh in frustration. "On your fucking back, of course. Lay down and I'll get on top of you and we'll fuck. How hard is that to figure out?"

He did as ordered, laying on his back with his hands underneath him and his cock pointing at the wall above his head. She watched him struggle into position, not helping him and affecting an attitude of impatient annoyance. In actuality she was eagerly waiting for him so she could take off her panties and slide her pussy down on his cock.

Finally he was done but then he complained. "It's uncomfortable to lay down on these cuffs."

"That's not my concern," she said and reached up under her skirt to pull down her panties. They were pink with white polka dots and she left them crumpled on the floor. She didn't bother to take off the rest of her clothes, but she did loosen a few buttons on her shirt, exposing her cleavage and a bra that matched her panties, but not much more. It was all part of the long tease.

"Aren't you going to take off your clothes?" he asked as she got on the bed and took his cock in hand once more.

"Nope. I can't be naked with my little submissive boy, can I?" she asked him as she lined up his cock with her slit. In one smooth motion she sat down on his length and sighed. "Oooh. That's good." She started moving his hips up and down with a little bit of a roll back and forth as well. His cock filled her up nicely and from his moaning and eager reciprocating thrusts she knew he wasn't going to last long.

Abruptly she stopped and rested all her weight on his hips to hold him in place. "You're going to cum too soon, aren't you?"

"Too soon?" he asked straining not to cum.

"Fuck. You are. Shit. And you're not going to get me off. Bastard. Fine. We'll fuck. But then you'll go down on me and get me off."

"No, I can hold off," he pleaded, but Alice ignored him and started up again. Justin lasted all of another thirty seconds before releasing his load into her cunt. He groaned and cried out with each pulse of his cock. She rested her hands on his chest letting him cum inside her, enjoying every sensation, but she held her position rock still. When he was done he whimpered a bit.

It took all of Alice's control to roll off her illicit partner, pull her skirt up over

her hips, and sprawl on the bed. “Eat my pussy,” she told him as if she were telling him to wear a hat outside because winter was approaching.

To his credit Justin didn’t complain or try to wheedle out of her demand. It did take him a moment to struggle to roll over and get between her legs, but once there he lowered his face to her sloppy pussy and used his tongue on her, partly stimulating her pussy, partly cleaning up his mess.

She couldn’t help herself and had another orgasm as he tongued her lips and clit. “Oh, that’s good, that’s wonderful,” she purred to him when she was done with her climax. He looked up from between her legs, his face smeared with her juices and a bit of his jism.

“You liked that?”

Her smile told him everything. “I loved it.”

“Thank you for the compliment.”

His words brought her back to reality and the role she was playing. Even if Justin didn’t want to play the game she had invented, he had no choice in the matter. It was her game and her rules; if he didn’t want to play he’d have to go home. That would be a decision he would regret. “Don’t try to get on my good side with weak and meaningless praise,” she told him. “I’m not some silly submissive boy begging to fuck and suck my pussy.”

For a moment he couldn’t figure out if she was serious or just teasing him. For safety’s sake, he decided to play along. “Sorry. I forgot my place, but...” he trailed off.

“What?” she asked, exasperated.

“Would you mind taking off the handcuffs? They’re starting to hurt.”

A smile pulled at her lips, causing her mouth to twitch. “Are you ready to put your cock cage back on?”

“Um, no. That’s not what we agree to.”

She nodded, understanding what he was saying. “I know. But I think you’d be

happy to change your mind to please me.”

“What about my wife?” he said, trying to keep his voice even and free of anger. He barely succeeded.

Alice shrugged. “I’m not concerned with her.”

“But I am,” Justin pointed out.

“Then tell her the truth. There’s a wonderful woman you’ve been having sex with for the past year and she likes to play sex games with you. And then you ask her if she wants to play too.”

“No,” he said flatly.

“I like our games,” Alice said with a wicked grin. “I like having you under my thumb.”

“No,” he repeated his eyes blazing with anger. “Get me out of these cuffs.” He shook his hands that were bound behind his back.

Her eyes hardened. “Last chance. Do you want to continue our affair or do you want to go home to your wife?”

“Both?” he asked hopefully.

She shook her head. “No. If you want to see me ever again, you’ll let me put the cage back on your cock. If not...I don’t want to see you again.”

His head slumped and he stared down at the sheets covering the bed. “I can’t let you do it to me. I need to go home to my wife.”

With a resigned sigh Alice got off the bed, pulled on her panties, and rearranged her clothes.

“What are you doing?” Justin asked with panic in his voice as she gathered her remaining possessions including his cock cage into her bag.

“Turn around,” she told him, brandishing the key to the cuffs. He obeyed and she stepped into her shoes. Right before she slipped the key in to the locked cuffs

she said, “Text me if you ever want to get back in the cage and my panties.”
With that she walked out the door leaving him the cuffs. She slammed the door behind her before he could protest or run after her. That wasn’t going to happen. He already knew her decision had been made.

Chapter Three

It took Alice two days of crying to get over the end of her affair with Justin. It took another two for her to masturbate again and then another two on top of that to go out to a bar and pick up a random hookup to assure herself she was still attractive and sexually desirable, even if she was a bit overweight and domineering. The guy she picked up had a big dick but didn't know how to use it. She gave him a fake name and phone number after they fucked in his apartment.

It was another week before Justin contacted her. She wanted to think that she was surprised it took him so long. In reality she had already dismissed him from her life. The text he sent was lame and she ignored it.

Can we talk? It said.

No, she thought.

After a day he followed up with, I'll do anything to make love to you again.

She wanted to tell him that they didn't make love. They fucked. But she held back. He needed to beg.

Another day gave her: What does it take to win you back? I'll do anything! Anything!

She considered. Would he tell his wife? Would he go back in the cage? Finally she relented with a question. Tell me what you would do to get back in my good graces.

It didn't take him long to reply. Anything. I'd go to the moon for you.

His stupid reply just made her angry. Obviously he didn't understand what she was asking and he was a fool because of his lack of awareness.

Don't be stupid. Something material, something real.

A new car? I can make that happen.

Even though she was alone Alice shook her head. Try again.

You don't wear much jewelry. Would you prefer a necklace or earrings?

At least he was being polite. Neither, she texted back.

This time the reply was much longer. You want to put me back in the cock cage, don't you?

Yes.

I'm not sure I can do that.

You don't have much of a choice. It's that or nothing. And there's a penalty this time. I get to fuck you in your wife's bed before the cage goes back on.

After another long pause he replied, I really can't do that.

When you're ready to replace "can't" with "can" text me back.

She turned off her phone and went about her business the rest of the day. The next morning when she turned it back on she was only mildly amused to find a reply from Justin.

"We really shouldn't be doing this," Justin said the second he let her into his house. Alice looked around. It was a nice house, nothing terribly fancy, but in a nice neighborhood close to the city but also far enough away to escape the worst elements of urban life. The first thing that Alice noted was Justin and his wife weren't the greatest of housekeepers. The living room was filled with scattered DVDs, books, and magazines. She didn't just. She wasn't here for a tour of the house.

"Then why am I here?" Alice asked him after a long enough pause to let him know she was inspecting everything her eyes rested upon.

"I can't help myself," he confessed. It was as if he had worked out that answer

far in advance.

“You like cheating on your wife, don’t you?” she asked him.

The man had the good sense to show some shame. He hung his head. “Yes.”

She gave him a little kiss on his forehead to acknowledge how much it hurt him to make that admission. Standing on her toes was the only way she could reach up that high, even with his head drooping down. “Don’t worry. That just makes you human; it makes you like most other men.”

He nodded but couldn’t meet her gaze.

“Are you ready?” she asked him.

“For what?”

“You’re going to take me to your bedroom. We’re going to take off our clothes. Then we’re going to have sex in the bed where you fuck your wife. Well...I presume that’s where you fuck her. Then we’re going to slip your handsome cock back into its cage. I think at least four days in chastity is a good start for you.” She smiled at him. Justin’s expression was blank; he couldn’t believe he was going through this. “What are you going to tell your wife now that your dick’s going to be out of action for a few days.”

“I don’t know.”

“We’ll think of something,” she promised him and picked up his hand. “Now take me to heaven,” she ordered.

Justin led the way to the bedroom. It was nicely decorated and very large but most of the space was filled with a king sized bed. There was enough room in the bed for a small orgy or for two unhappily married people to never touch each other. Briefly Alice considered Justin’s relationship with his wife. He rarely talked about her and never mentioned their sex life other than in passing. Was he having sex with Alice because he long longer fucked his wife? It was something to consider.

“Take off your clothes,” she told him. Justin was going to need more than a bit of guidance this evening. It was reassuringly nice, though, because he had placed

himself into a submissive role and she was more than happy to play the dominant. When his clothes came off his cock was erect and proud. That made Alice happy. “Oh, pretty,” she mocked him a bit pointing at his manhood.

Justin actually blushed. That made her ecstatic.

Alice unbuttoned her pants and pushed them down long with her green panties. She pointed. “A little oral love, if you don’t mind.”

Justin went to his knees and buried his face into her cunt. So eager were his tongue and lips that she nearly lost her balance and fell to the floor. Alice steadied herself by placing her hands on his head. Only after realizing she wasn’t going to be able to stand very long under his exquisite oral attention, she backed up a bit and sat down on the edge of the bed, spreading her legs wide and letting him move in to enjoy every fold of her sex.

He showed her every attention and she held back her orgasm as long as possible. In the end he was forced to slip a finger up inside her pussy and stroke at her g-spot while simultaneously pressing ever so lightly on her anus, threatening to invade her ass but not following through. It was exactly what Alice wanted. She had slowly backed her ass up on the bed and Justin willingly followed. When her orgasm finally took over her body she had lost all control of herself. The minor eruption of girlcum soaked the sheets on the bed. Truly, it wasn’t a huge amount, but more than enough for Alice to have marked the territory where Justin’s wife normally slept and presumably fucked her husband.

“Oh shit,” Justin exclaimed.

She didn’t give him time to think. “Get up here and fuck me,” she said reaching down and grabbing for his cock. It was still hard and he was more than ready. There was no way to get him into the cock cage without giving him at least one orgasm. Maybe two. She’d have fun figuring that out.

Because he was so easily controlled when she grasped his cock it was easy to lead him to her pussy and slide his manhood into her pussy. He filled her nicely and started fucking right away. She sighed with contentment.

For all the buildup, the actual sex was a bit of a disappointment. Justin lasted no more than three minutes. Granted, it was a vigorous and borderline violent three minutes, but it wasn’t nearly enough to satisfy Alice. That was actually fine with

her because it assuaged her minor guilt over what she was about to do to him.

“Oh, that was so fucking good,” he moaned in her ear. She could tell the load he had blown in her pussy was a huge one. Almost immediately it started dripping out between her lips. His weight was heavy on her but after a minute he rolled off her body with a groan. “So fucking good.”

She glanced at his cock, it was still semi-hard. Too large for the cage. She’d had to do something about that. “You didn’t get me off,” she complained.

“Sorry,” Justin mumbled.

“You going to do something about that?” It was a demand couched as a question.

“Yeah. Can you give me a minute?”

His eyes were closed and she could tell he was starting to drift off to sleep. He had done this to her a few times before. He had a nice orgasm and left her horny. Before she had solved that problem with an impromptu blowjob to get him hard and horny again. That wasn’t going to happen tonight.

“Sure,” she told him and climbed down from the bed. He didn’t follow her. It didn’t matter. She walked naked and confidently out of the bedroom and down the stairs to the kitchen. She felt Justin’s cum dripping from her pussy and onto her thighs. Undoubtedly some dripped on the floor as well; that didn’t concern her.

In the kitchen she quickly made a pair of ice packs with the cubes in the freezer and returned to the bedroom. Justin was already asleep. He wasn’t snoring...yet.

There was no reason to be subtle. She dropped the bigger ice pack on cock. That was all the shock he needed to immediately wake and sit bolt upright. “What the fuck!” he protested.

“I just need to shrink your cock a bit to fit it back in the cage,” she told him.

Showing incredible presence of mind Justin glanced at the clock. “We’ve got until eight when my wife gets back. You don’t have to lock me up yet!”

Alice couldn’t help but grin. “Okay, sport, fine. You want to fuck me one more

time? Maybe you can get me off this time?” He hated having his manhood challenged and he started to rise to the occasion when she removed the bag of ice.

“I can make you cum,” he said with perfect self-assurance.

“Sure you can,” she half-heartedly agreed as she stepped away from the bed. Alice wanted to give him a challenge. She simply walked over to the low dresser on the far wall of the bedroom. Placing her hands on the top of the dresser Alice bent half-over, stuck out her ass, and spread her legs. “Get to work,” she ordered.

Justin must have been extra eager to fuck her. Maybe his wife hadn’t fucked him in two weeks. It was impossible to say. He clambered off the bed and stroked his hardening cock. “No blow job?” he asked in sad voice.

“You’re really going to ask that?” she said to the mirror where she inspected her image. She sighed and wished she could lose five or ten pounds.

To her surprise his cock was hard enough to enter her pussy when he bent his knees and got behind her. True, she was still slick with her juices and his cum, so there wasn’t much of a challenge involved. But she also just stood there doing nothing, making him fuck her and try to get her off.

This time he lasted a good ten minutes. He couldn’t make her cum with just his cock and had to resort to using his fingers on her clit. That was fine with Alice. The orgasm helped relax and focus her.

After Justin came he lost all of his energy again and staggered back to the bed. Alice walked to the bathroom, wiped most of his cum from her pussy, soaked a washcloth and brought it back to Justin.

“Let’s clean you up first,” she told him placing the washcloth on his wet and sticky cock.

“Mmm-hmm,” he sleepily agreed.

She worked quickly and efficiently removing all traces of their sex from his cock. When she put the ice pack back on his cock there was no protest from Justin. He quickly shriveled up to a tiny little worm. He barely made a noise as

she placed the rings and spacers around the base to his cock, then slid his tiny little penis into the tube and locked it safely away with a brass padlock.

“There,” she said with great satisfaction. “Very handsome. I’m in control of you again, aren’t I?” she demanded of him.

“Yes.”

“Would you like to cuddle me?” she asked teasing.

“Yes.” His smile was genuine. He loved holding her soft skin and flesh against the hard muscles of his body. He would have loved nothing more than to spend an entire night with her, holding Alice in his arms, but that wasn’t going to happen any time soon.

Alice pressed her curvy ass against his hips, letting the hard cock cage and the soft contents within press into her ass crack. Justin’s arms circled around her; she rested her head against one firm biceps and as the other cupped her heavy tit. She could feel him breathing into her hair. It was a slow and steady process, but she kept still and let him enjoy her body against his as his breathing slowed and he fully relaxed. Soon he was actually snoring. Alice was too excited to sleep and the clock by the bedside changed excruciatingly slowly.

She was excited at 7:59 and nearly beside herself at 8:00 and then a long period followed where nothing happened. Finally at 8:12 she heard the front door open and much to her delight a thrill of excitement ran through her body but she remained still. Her pussy moistened and she all but trembled at the anticipation of the moment.

It took his wife a long time to walk into the bedroom.

“Honey, are you already sleeping?”

When Larissa pushed the door and walked in she only took two steps before coming to a complete stop to stare at the woman in bed with her husband. Her brow furrowed in confusion and she stood there a very long moment. Alice calmly met her gaze before saying, “Hello, you must be Larissa. Justin’s wife, right?”

Alice didn’t bother moving. She was going to enjoy every bit of the moment.

“What the fuck.” Larissa was so stunned she couldn’t even put venom in her voice. It was obvious to Alice that she had no idea her husband had been having an affair behind her back for the better part of a year.

Her voice was enough to wake Justin. He awakened surprisingly quickly. “Oh shit. Larissa.”

“What the fuck is this!” she demanded of her husband. “And who the fuck is this slut?” She wasn’t a stupid woman. The news had been a shock but her mind kicked back into gear and she felt her anger rising.

“I’m sorry,” Alice said rising from the bed. “I thought that you knew Justin was, well you know, having a piece on the side. I’m the piece,” she said extending her hand and trying to affect the air of one offering a casual greeting as in a cocktail party even though she was completely naked and freshly fucked. “I’m Alice.”

Larissa just stared at the other woman’s hand.

“Oh. I guess you didn’t know,” Alice said, somewhat deflated. She stepped back and eyed her clothes on the floor. At this opportune moment Justin decided to speak and said one of the stupidest things he possible could have uttered.

“Honey, I know this looks bad, but I can explain.”

Larissa glared at him. He had scooted to the edge of the bed and was about to stand up when he realized he was wearing the cock cage that Alice had locked to his penis. Trying to hide the bit of evidence that showed he was playing kinkier games with his lover than his wife he put his hands over his crotch trying to hide it from her.

“I bet you can’t explain at all!” Larissa practically screamed.

While the married couple confronted each other Alice quickly donned her clothes and packed away what she didn’t put back on into her bag. “I’ll just let you two work this out,” she said quietly and edged toward the door. She wanted to leave and escape to safety, but she also wanted to see the rolling train wreck as well. It was a difficult decision to make.

“Well, you see honey...” Justin began. Both the women held their breath waiting to hear what he would say, but his voice and wits failed him. Nothing came out.

“Nothing to say!?” Larissa screamed at him.

“I’m sorry?”

“Are you apologizing or asking?”

“I don’t know,” he confessed. “I don’t know what to say.” He stood up and unconsciously dropped his hands from his cock allowing Larissa to see what he had been hiding.

“What the fuck is that?”

Justin had the good sense to blush at the question. “Cock cage. Alice put it on me.”

Larissa cast her eyes around the room and landed on Alice who was at the door ready to bolt. “You had this whore put that on you?” She had figured out what the cock cage was, but Larissa couldn’t understand why her husband was wearing it if he had just been fucking his girlfriend.

“I’m not a whore,” Alice protested. “I might be a slut, but I’m not a whore. I’d never take money for sex.”

“Shut up!” Larissa screamed at her then glared at her husband. “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“I don’t know,” he said sadly. “I just wanted...something different. Something...sexier.”

It was the wrong thing to say. Larissa bounded across the room and slapped her husband across the face. He allowed her the blow. Then she started slapping and hitting him. Justin didn’t fight back. He didn’t even bother to grab her arms to protect himself. He allowed the blows to rain down on him. Alice took that moment to slip out the door and out the front door. She ignored the screams and slaps coming from the bedroom.

The next morning Alice texted Justin. So how did it go last night after I left? The question was asked innocently as if inquiring about a casual dinner party.

Justin's reply was almost immediate. I slept on the fucking couch. She screamed at me for an hour and demanded a divorce. Thanks a fucking lot.

So...not well then?

You're a fucking bitch.

You probably should have figured that out before you asked me back into your bed.

Whatever. Just give me the fucking key to the cock cage so I can get it off. You could have left that behind you know.

No.

What the fuck do you mean no?

Alice grinned at her phone and considered her answer. As a woman I should really only hand over the key to your chastity to your wife.

Apparently she had met the limit of Justin's patience. He responded like a teenage girl living a life of drama. In all caps. GIVE ME THE FUCKING KEY!

Her reply was calm and cool. Give me your wife's number. I'll text her where to meet me—in public—and then I'll hand over the key. You have two minutes. Don't play a stupid game.

The number came back in short order. Alice immediately sent a text to Larissa.

Hi. This is Alice. You might remember me from last night. I'm the woman fucking your husband. He's asked me to meet up with you so I can give you the key to his cock cage. I seem to have left with it last night.

It took a bit for the reply to come back, but it amused Alice to no end. You have got to be fucking kidding me.

Alice took a breezy pose for her response. No. Do you want the key to his cock cage or do you want to leave him in it the rest of his life?

Truly it wasn't impossible to remove a cock cage from a flaccid penis. A good

pair of bolt cutters would do the job if Justin or Larissa thought of it. But Alice doubted that Justin wanted to remove it himself. He wanted either Alice or Larissa to do it. He needed to belong to a woman and freeing his own cock would upset that psychological need. Larissa might think of it but she was also most likely happy to have his cock under control for a few days because it would inflict some psychological torture on Justin since he didn't know when he'd be free. And Larissa seemed a smart woman; if she had the key then she would be in charge of her husband's cock.

Alice wasn't the least bit surprised when a few minutes later Larissa texted back. Okay, when and where.

The coffee shop was just another bland meeting place for friends before an evening out, or nervous thirtysomethings on a blind date, or two women meeting to exchange a key to a husband's cock cage.

Alice had only been waiting a few minutes before Larissa walked in, a sour expression on her face. She recognized Alice immediately and stormed over to the table to hold out her hand.

"Aren't you going to sit down?" Alice asked with a calmness she didn't feel.

"Why? So you can jump up and run out the door to fuck my husband again?" The words came out louder than Larissa had intended and both women glanced nervously around the shop. No one had seemed to notice; it was a busy time and the noise from the crowd combined with music playing drowned out most of what she said.

"No. Because it's polite and for what I'm going to give you I think you can give me five minutes of your time." She kept her words even but her nerves told her to get up, run, and hide.

"Fine," Larissa spat and threw herself down in the booth opposite Alice and glared at her rival. "So talk." It only took Alice a glance to see that Larissa was prettier than her. Smooth, nearly flawless skin; she took time with her makeup; she was thinner and dressed with more style. The only thing Alice had over Larissa was her bigger chest...and that wasn't that great of an attraction to Justin. Was her availability the reason he had fucked her?

“I knew Justin was married,” Alice began without any preamble. “But I figured he was an adult and he certainly should have talked to you about our... extracurricular activities.”

“That’s a fucking polite way to try and blame me and him for what you did.”

Alice shrugged. The insults Larissa tossed her way actually relaxed her. “Thank you. Anyway, it appears your husband had some kinky needs that want fulfillment. I assume that’s why he bedded me and why he went along with my little game.” She sipped at her coffee and waited for Larissa to say something. She was surprised that the other woman remained quiet and so continued on. “I’m sure I’m not the first woman he had sex with behind your back. I’m pretty sure there was another one in there while he carried on with me.”

“Whatever.”

“But I think he genuinely loves you. He never asked me to marry him. He never said a bad word about you. I never even got a hint that he intended to leave you. I think he fucked me because he wasn’t getting everything he needed at home.”

“Now you’re calling me a lousy lay. Thanks. I really came here to be insulted by my husband’s mistress.”

Alice let the insult slide aside. “Like I said, he’s not getting something at home so he’s looking elsewhere. Certainly it’s not beauty; anyone can see you’re more attractive than me. It’s his kink.”

There was a tiny crack in Larissa’s façade for a moment that gave Alice some hope. “He’s not a pervert,” she said flatly.

“I never said he was. He just likes a little fun and games thrown in with his sex.”

“Which brings us to the key,” Larissa interrupted and held out her hand again. “Can I have it?”

Alice ignored the question. “He’s a submissive, believe it or not. He wants to be controlled by his lover. Or his wife.”

“Right,” Larissa sarcastically disagreed. “The key?”

“If I give you the key and you don’t follow my instructions, he’ll just wind up fucking someone else behind your back. Maybe he’ll fuck me again.”

“You’d better not,” Larissa warned.

“He’s afraid to admit to you that he’s a submissive. He has to put on a big show at his job to show everyone he’s the one in charge of the customer. He’s a big, strong guy and everyone expects him to act macho. He has a beautiful wife and to show for a moment that she was the one who wears the figurative pants in the family...well, that would be humiliating. But in the privacy of your bedroom, well...you could make him incredibly happy—and make yourself happy as well since you seem to have the need to control where his cock goes—if you’d take charge of the cage around his cock and the key that goes to it.” Alice paused and sipped her coffee again.

Larissa’s hand curled into a fist and slowly retreated back to her side of the table. She let both of her hands fall to her sides. “It’s a kinky sick game you two play?”

“What? Me caging his cock? I’m just controlling it in the way he can’t. He wants to be controlled but needs a physical reminder of it.”

“Uh-huh.”

“He wore it a few times when he was sleeping next to you and you didn’t even know. How often do you two have sex? How often does he go down on you? How often do you want to have sex? Keep his cock under lock and key and you’ll have it whenever you want it. Every time you unlock him he’ll be the perfect lover. When he is under lock and key he’ll be loving and attentive to you. Isn’t that what you really want? You seem to have the need to control where he puts his cock. Keep that cage on him and you truly will be in charge. He’ll be happier. You’ll be happier.”

Larissa said nothing and stared at the table between them.

Alice reached up to her neck and fished out the long, thin gold chain that dangled safely between her breasts. Larissa watched as Alice unclasped the necklace, slid off the key, and placed it on the table. Without another word she walked out of the coffee shop.

She waited on the street in her car until she received the text message. Ready. Give me about ten minutes.

There was a mixture of nervousness and confidence in her tummy as Alice got out of her car, walked up the driveway, and carefully eased open the front door. It was unlocked and opened silently. Inside the house was hardly silent. She could hear light feminine moaning coming from up the stairs. After closing the door carefully behind her Alice slipped off her shoes and carefully, softly climbed the stairs. The door to their bedroom was wide open and Alice stopped in the hallway just outside the door to watch.

Justin was flat on his back completely naked...except for the cage around his cock. It was straining against the hard restraint, bits of his flesh pressing through the vents cut into the plastic. His manhood twitched periodically as he lay there under his wife's body.

Larissa was there too. She wasn't naked. She was wearing a pair of thigh high stockings that encased her legs in smooth black nylon and a matching black bra that hid her tits from Alice's gaze. That was fine because she could see Justin's tongue busy in Larissa's pussy. She did a complete grooming, probably waxing judging by her otherwise high-maintenance appearance; her pussy was completely bare which was a disappointment to Alice because she thought a little bit of pubic hair was her perfect decoration to a woman's sex. Since she was queening Justin Alice couldn't see his expression; not that it mattered. He was there for his wife's amusement and pleasure.

Some sound must have reached Larissa's ears because her eyes fluttered open, acknowledged Alice's presence, and then closed again so she could concentrate on what Justin was doing to her. Alice slipped inside the bedroom and watched in silence for a minute and then lost her self-control. Slipping her hand inside her panties after unbuttoning and lowering her jeans to the floor she masturbated quietly while watching Larissa dominate her husband. It was a beautiful sight nicely complimented by Larissa's orgasm. Justin had the good graces to stop tonguing his wife as she recovered from her climax.

"Stop," she told him but didn't get up from squatting over his face. "Remember I told you I had a present for you if you were a good boy this week?" She smiled at Alice and toyed with the thin chain around her neck from which hung the key Alice had given her barely more than a week before.

“Uh-huh,” Justin mumbled from between her thighs.

“It’s here,” she said crawling off his body. Puzzled, Justin looked up from the bed and saw Alice playing with herself. His face was covered in Larissa’s juice and for a moment he was confused, then panicked, and then resigned to his fate.

“Do I have to get her off too?” he asked, half eager and half afraid.

“No, no,” Larissa assured him as she walked over to the big dresser that dominated one wall of their bedroom. She winked at Alice who still had two fingers in her pussy and pulled out a steel chain from a drawer. It was no more than five feet long. “Come over here,” she told him.

Puzzled and worried, there was little Justin could do but follow his wife’s orders if he eventually wanted her to take the key from around her neck and free his cock. As he made the journey Larissa looped and locked one end of the chain around the dresser’s foot. When he stood next to her she knelt down next to him and took a second small padlock from the drawer and locked it through the padlock through the lock holding his cage in place. He was effectively held in place several feet from the bed.

Only when she was done did Alice deign to take her fingers from her panties and approach the bed. “So, what are we supposed to be doing tonight?” she asked the wife of her former lover.

“Umm,” Larissa replied.

Alice shook her head slightly and started taking off the rest of her clothes; shirt first followed by her bra and panties. She felt completely casual and at ease being naked in front of Larissa. “I don’t suppose you want your pussy eat out any more, do you?”

“Not really,” Larissa said.

“But you want more orgasms, don’t you because he,” she jerked her thumb at Justin, “isn’t really up to the task anymore except with fingers and tongue, huh?”

“Yeah.” Larissa’s eyes were half-glazed with lust.

“You ever been with a woman before?” Alice casually asked Larissa as she

rooted about in her big shoulder bag.

“Holy shit!” exclaimed Justin.

“Shut the fuck up,” Larissa barked at her husband, “or so help me I’ll drag you downstairs and chain you in the fucking garage.”

Properly chastised Justin hung his head. He realized he was being allowed a great privilege to see his wife with his lover and any outburst could end the beauty of the moment.

Alice was slightly bemused as she pulled the harness out of the bag and set to arranging it. While Justin was obviously a submissive in the bedroom his wife was much more interesting; she was a switch. With Justin she was the dominant, but with Alice she had already taken on the role of the submissive. It was a cute dynamic and Alice planned on taking advantage of it. “Help me with this?” she asked. “It’s hard to get the straps just right and not twisted and properly secured all at the same time.”

Although she surely knew what Alice was planning, Larissa said nothing but merely knelt down next to her and helped the plumper woman step into and adjust the elaborate harness around her hips. She wasn’t the least bit shy about helping a naked woman; she knew her role.

Dipping once more into the bag Alice pulled out the dildo she had purchased with just this night in mind. It wasn’t huge, though that would have been funny and intimidating to Justin and Larissa at the same time. She had purchased a faux-cock that was roughly the same dimensions as Justin, hoping that Larissa would appreciate that.

Once the dildo was properly secured into the harness, Alice helped Larissa to her feet, and then quickly reached between the woman’s legs, cupping and feeling her pussy. It was soaked. “I guess you don’t need any more foreplay, do you?”

Larissa giggled and shook her head. Taking the lead, because that was the only way events would progress, she leaned forward and kissed the slightly taller woman. Larissa automatically wrapped her arms around Alice and kissed back. Was she doing that because she was already submissive to Alice or because she was putting on a show for her husband? Or both? Or maybe because she was eager for sex? Alice had seen it before. A woman puts her partner in chastity and

then she becomes just as desperate for sex as her caged male. Any sex.

There was no reason to delay. Alice pushed Larissa down onto the bed and fell on top of her. Larissa either loved kissing or was too nervous to do anything else. It didn't matter; while Larissa continued to shove her tongue into Alice's mouth, Alice grabbed hold of her strapon, found the correct angle, and pushed it inside the semi-innocent woman. Larissa grunted in surprise.

"You like that?" Alice asked her as she started humping her newfound friend. It always felt a little strange to her, thrusting her hips like a man, but that was okay. She didn't mind doing it. The harness and the dildo's base pressing right on her clit and every thrust was a thrill of sensations.

"Uh-huh," Larissa moaned. Her pussy was slick with her own lube and Justin's saliva. Larissa wrapped her legs around Alice's waist and opened herself up to the fake cock. The two women coupled like long lost lovers; Larissa was eager for the cock penetrating her cunt and Alice happily dominated the woman who needed to be controlled.

When she came Larissa howled and scrabbled at the sheets when her orgasm arrived. Alice appreciated the show, grinned, and thrust all the harder because her partner was cumming. That was enough to push her over the edge as well.

After their paired orgasms Alice remained atop her new lover, letting her weight hold the smaller woman in place. When she had regained enough control of herself Larissa smiled and giggled. "That was great," she said. "Almost better than with a man."

"Oh really?" Alice asked.

"Well, I've needed a good cum for a few days now, but it's a lot less messy with a woman. No semen."

"Oh. Right. So you enjoyed yourself then?" she asked, her face only a few inches from Larissa's.

"Immensely." She reached up and held Alice's face with both hands and kissed her. Only then did Alice roll off her partner and look at Justin. His cock was still trying, ineffectively, to escape the cage. "I suppose we should free him," she commented. "Unchain him but leave the cock cage on."

Larissa happily complied. "Right away."

As Larissa freed her silent husband from the chain holding him to the dresser Alice went back to her bag and pulled out of tube of lube. Larissa might not have needed any help but Justin was sure to want a little something to help in the moment.

"On your hands and knees," Alice said pointing to the bed. She proceeded to lube up her strapon dildo while Justin locked himself into position on the bed. Alice could see his muscles straining even though nothing had happened yet. He knew what was coming.

"Relax," she told him. "If you tense up, it'll be a lot more difficult."

"Okay," he said.

Alice clucked her tongue. "And do we quiet. If I want a direct answer from you I'll ask for it." She glanced at Larissa. "You really should have gotten a collar for him. Just the idea of a good stiff collar around the neck makes all submissives more tractable."

Larissa hung her head in shame. "Sorry."

"That's okay. You can still help out. I want you to hold his cock cage. He can't feel anything, of course, but just the idea of you holding onto him is often what a good submissive needs."

"Right," she agreed.

"Open your legs up a bit, Justin," Alice said. "Lower your hips a bit. Very good. That's a good boy. And relax. It won't hurt. Not much. Not really. You just have to get used to it. After a few minutes you'll find this enjoyable."

He grunted and opened his legs allowing Alice to inspect his anus. It was tightly puckered. He eyes slipped down a touch and she saw the hard plastic ring around the base of his cock which was straining all the more now that Larissa's hand was holding onto him. She smiled and smeared a good dollop of lube over his tight hole and pushed a bit inside to help ease the passage.

"You'll enjoy this, you'll see," she told him as she wiped the excess lube off on a

towel and took her cock in hand, aiming it at his anus, then pressing forward firmly. Larissa watched in fascination.

“You’ve done this before?” she asked Alice

“A few times,” she admitted. There was no need to go into detail at the moment. Justin resisted a bit; his body wanted to fight the dildo but his mind knew he had to let Alice inside him. With a few quiet words and a stroke or two along his hip the dildo abruptly penetrated his anus but only went in an inch at most.

“Very good,” she reassured him. “Just relax,” she ordered and pushed harder into him. He grunted and tried to resist, but the lube and Alice’s insistence overcame his resistance and soon she was deep in his ass.

He whimpered again. Larissa looked at Alice in alarm. “Perfectly normal,” she told the other woman. “It just takes him a bit to get used to the idea of being penetrated.” She rested for a bit. “Let’s just wait a moment. His sphincter will relax and he’ll have a better time.”

“Will he, you know, actually cum?” Larissa asked, curious as to see what her husband would do while being fucked in the ass by a woman.

“No, not really. Well, some men can have orgasms from being fucked in the ass alone, but they are few and far between. And Justin here isn’t ready for that. His body needs some training first.”

“Oh,” Larissa said, disappointed.

“But he will cum, after a fashion.” Larissa looked curiously at her lover. “His anus is full of wonderfully sensitive nerve endings. We’ll get something out of him, don’t you worry.” With that comment she started thrusting into Justin. He grunted in surprise but took the thrusts like a man.

“What should I do?” Larissa asked.

“Cup your hand under his cock and wait,” Alice said. She closed her eyes and continued to fuck him. Once again she was getting thrill of sensation through her clit. Alice was determined to have another orgasm before she was done with Justin. Larissa waited quietly, expectantly. Justin took Alice’s faux cock with reasonable aplomb until she had two good orgasms from torturing her lover.

“Aren’t you ready to cum?” she said sweetly to him. “Tell me yes,” she ordered.

“Yes,” he moaned.

“Then cum,” she suggested. “Cum once and we’ll take off that nasty cage and you can be a man again. Would you like that?”

“Uh huh, uh huh,” he grunted and then it happened. His sphincter clamped down on her dildo making it much harder to thrust and his cock strained but a true orgasm wasn’t forthcoming. He cried out, real tears seeped from his eyes and cuckold tears seeped from his cock. Larissa gasped as the thick hot fluid dropped into her hand. Again and again his cock strained against its cage but couldn’t break free. Alice started thrusting again. Each time she deeply penetrated his ass another few drops of his spunk were expelled from his cock. But he didn’t get the relief of an actual orgasm. His heavy balls simply lost some of their load.

Finally Alice was done and withdrew from his ass. Larissa looked in amazement at the huge amount of semi-ejaculate in her hand. “What do I do with this?” she asked.

“Feed it to him,” Alice told her casually. Larissa hesitated and Alice gestured impatiently. “It’s good for him. Full of protein and other nutrients. Plus it lets him know who is really in charge.”

“Oh.” With a slight shrug Larissa held her hand under Justin’s mouth. “Eat,” she commanded. Justin wasn’t deaf; he understood what was happening. He knew if he disobeyed he wouldn’t be freed. Slowly and with great trepidation he lowered his lips and tongue and slowly started to consume his own ejaculate. To his relief the taste wasn’t horrible though he tried to push to the back of his mind what he was actually doing which was fairly easy since his desire was still high. He would do anything to please Larissa and Alice if it meant he would be freed of the horrible cage around his manhood.

Larissa watched in fascination as her husband swallowed his own cum. Meanwhile Alice climbed off the bed, took off her strapon harness and put her clothes back on. When Justin was nearly done with his snack Larissa realized what Alice was doing.

“Are you leaving so soon?”

Alice smiled. "I'll leave you two to a little alone time."

Larissa wiped the tiny remainders of Justin's cum on his shoulder and ran to give Alice a hug and kiss before the other woman could leave. "Thank you so much for tonight!"

"It was my pleasure just as much as yours, I think." The two women laughed knowing they were leaving Justin out of the equation. "There's something you're forgetting," she reminded Larissa, pointing to her necklace.

"Oh, right!" Larissa swept her hair aside, unclasped the thin chain, and dropped it into Alice's hand, key and all.

Alice closed her hand on the metal and gave Larissa a goodbye kiss. "Call me when you think he's ready," she said.

"What!?" Justin protested. "Buy you're supposed to free me!"

Alice's expression hardened. "You just had all the relief you need for a week. Be good to your wife and maybe you'll get a chance to get out of that cage."

"But—" he started to protest. Alice wasn't going to put up with that. She reached into her bag, removed a small wooden paddle and smacked him firmly on the ass. It was an easy target since he was still on his hands and knees.

"Don't speak out of turn again," Alice said and handed the paddle to Larissa. "Here. You might need this over the next few days." She gave Larissa another quick kiss, then gave Justin one on the forehead to show her affection and that all offenses were forgiven. Only then did she breeze out the door.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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