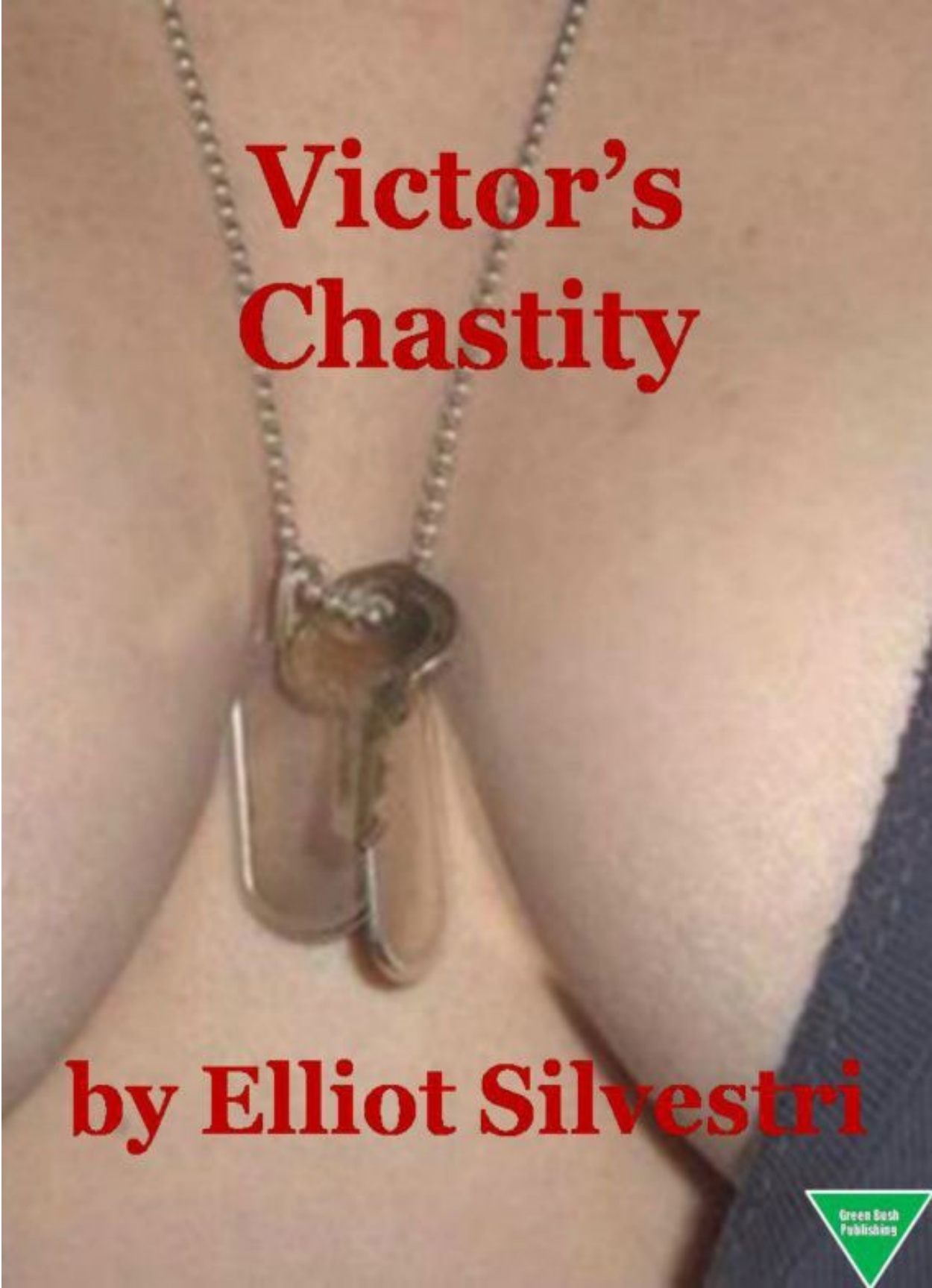
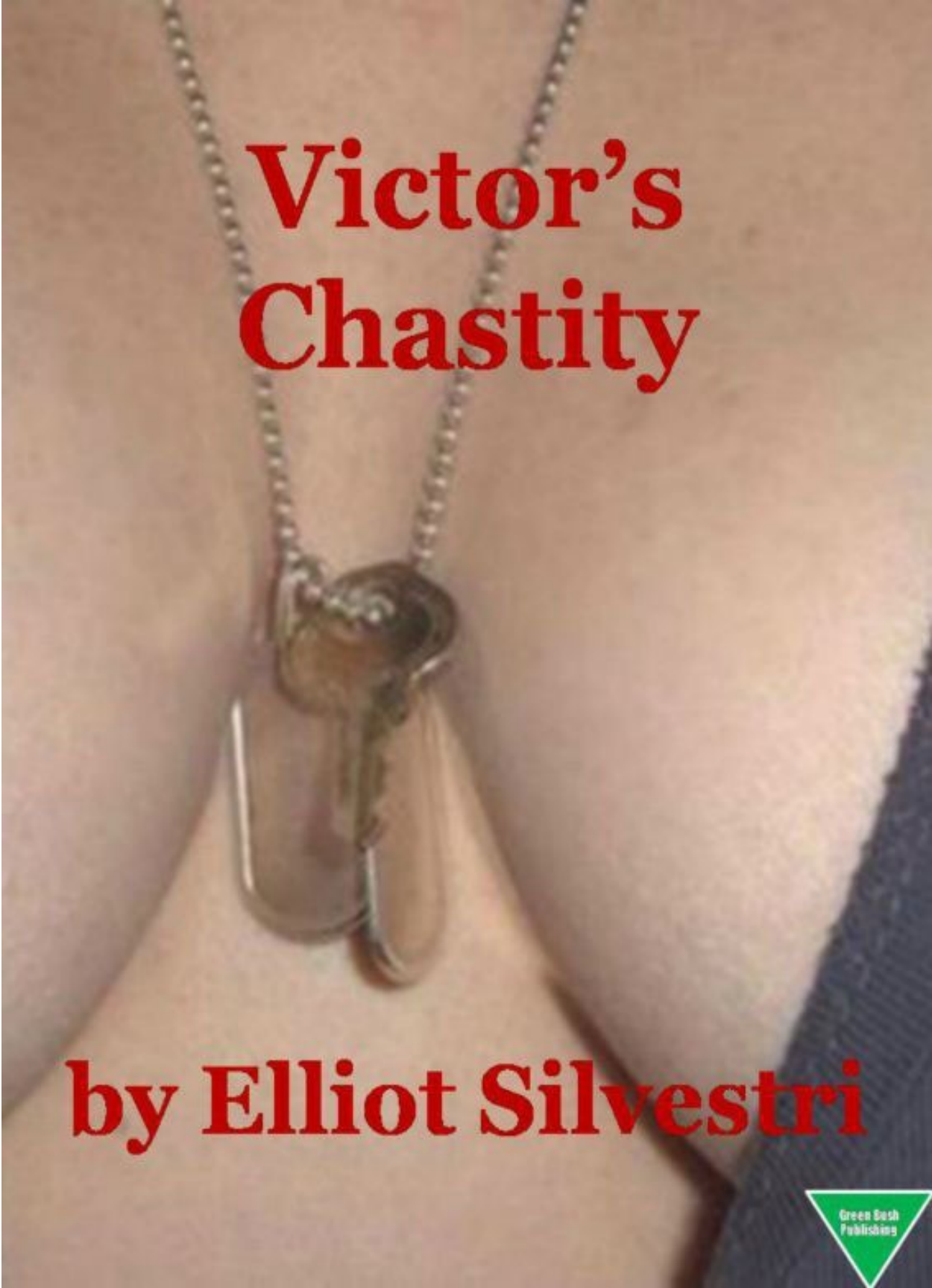




Victor's Chastity

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Sash
Publishing



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Chapter One

Mr. and Mrs. Waldron sat on two chairs across the desk that Kim had in her small office. They were holding hands and looking at each other nervously. Kim was dressed in her usual business jacket and skirt. She eyed the pair and fought the temptation to rub her temples in frustration. She could feel a headache coming on.

“What I don’t understand,” she said, “is why you need me to help you with this particular problem.”

“I don’t have any self control,” Mrs. Waldron confessed with a nervous smile. Kim kept forgetting what the woman’s name was. Tara or Dara? It was easier to remember her as Mrs. Waldron.

“Neither do I,” Mr. Waldon added with an impish smile. He was trying to protect his wife’s inadequacies and was in fact making the situation worse. His name was Victor. That was easy for her to remember.

“This is the sort of thing where at least one of you needs to have some self-control,” Kim pointed out.

“That’s why we’re coming to you,” Tara said. “You come highly recommended.”

“By whom?” Kim asked angrily. She took a sip of water from her bottle and closed her eyes longer than necessary. “I’m not a sex therapist. I run a business that is for adults to live out their fantasies and explore their sexuality.”

“Justin Donnelly gave me your name,” Victor said. “He added you were a dominatrix.”

“I’m only a dominatrix at the Farm when a guest asks for that particular character in their games.”

“Well, can’t you do that with us?” Dara (or was it Tara?) asked. “You can dominate Victor and I’ll learn next to you.” She smiled hopefully.

Kim sighed. She was annoyed. It was an easy job. It was easy money. It was foolish money spent on the Waldron's part, but that was their problem. KNM Holdings could certainly use the income. They weren't suffering hard times but Kim lived in constant vigilance against her company going bankrupt. She wasn't going back to selling insurance ever again.

"I can do it, but it's foolish of you," she pointed out. "I'd be taking your money for something that is easy enough for the two of you to figure out."

"We're weak," confessed Victor.

"Uh-huh," Kim said. "I'll do it. I'll need a deposit check now and final payment when we start. Agreed?"

In response Mrs. Waldron pulled out the couple's checkbook and started writing. "I can't thank you enough for this," she said as she wrote out the substantial sum.

"Stand up and drop your pants," Kim said to Victor.

"What?" he said.

Dara looked up from her pen. "Why?" she asked.

Kim's gaze turned steely. "I need to see how big his cock is."

Nervously the couple exchanged glances and slowly Victor stood, unbuckled his pants, and pulled them down along with his underwear. He was wearing the typical khaki and dress shirt combo of a state worker who had been promoted too quickly. His wife wore the female equivalent. Kim vaguely remembered them telling her they had met as interns at some state government conference.

Tara looked from her checkbook, to her husband, and then to Kim. Victor stood up straight and looked at the wall. Kim walked around her desk and got down on one knee to inspect Victor's penis. It was flaccid, luckily, average sized—maybe headed slightly for the larger end of the scale, and nestled in a soft patch of black curly pubic hair. She didn't touch him. That would be unseemly at the moment. Without a word she went back to her chair, sat down, pulled a business card out of her desk, and scribbled a note on the back. "Pull up your pants. Call this place. Make an appointment for a full waxing."

“What?” Victor said.

Kim frowned at him. “Trust me, you’ll want it all removed before we start. I’ll order what I need, it should be here in a few days. We’ll start when the right equipment arrives.”

“But we have at home—” Tara started to say.

Kim interrupted her. “I’m in charge here. I’ll bring the right equipment. I don’t need to know what you have at home. If it was right, you wouldn’t be here.”

When the Waldron’s left Kim’s office, they were both nervous and relieved at the same time. “A full waxing?” Victor asked his wife.

She grabbed the card from him. “Just the genitals. She made a note.”

“Should I?”

Tara pursed her lips and gave it a moment’s thought. “She’s the professional. We want to put you in chastity but we don’t know what the hell we’re doing.”

Kim appeared unexpected at their door a few days later. Tara blinked when she opened the door. “Oh. I...we weren’t expecting you,” she managed to stutter out.

“Of course you weren’t.” She looked expectantly at Tara. “Well?” she prompted the younger woman.

“Oh. Forgive me. Where are my manners? Please come in.”

Kim stepped into the house. It was an average suburban home. The occupants were dressed as typical suburban residents. There was nothing remarkable about them...except for what Kim was about to do for them. A passerby wouldn’t register Kim as anyone unusual or special. She was pretty and confident and probably had a professional job in one some anonymous office complex or building downtown. The passerby would be largely correct in their assessment. Kim didn’t want to attract undue attention to herself. She dressed neatly and professionally. She kept her business quiet because her clients expected and needed privacy and confidentiality. She carried a briefcase that she set down on

the kitchen table. Tara and Victor had recently finished dinner. Kim had timed her visit perfectly.

She looked at Victor who had come in from the living room and eyed her nervously. She met his gaze with a confidence she always projected. "Have you been to the groomer as I ordered?" she asked him. Kim already knew the answer; she wanted to see how he reacted to her question. His response was pleasing and perfect.

He blushed.

"Yes."

"Did it hurt?"

"Um. A bit. I wasn't used to it."

She regarded him levelly for a long moment. "Did it hurt or did it not?" she asked again with an edge in her voice.

"Yes, it hurt," he admitted.

"Good. You should be made to suffer a bit for this."

Tara interjected herself into the conversation. "I'm glad you made him do it," she said. "It's wonderful having him smooth down there." Tara giggled at her reaction. "He feels so different without hair."

Kim frowned at Victor's wife. "Don't giggle. It makes you sound like a teenage girl and you are not a teenage girl, are you?"

Tara shook her head. "No. Sorry."

"Don't apologize. Just don't do it again."

"Of course."

"You like his cock and balls naked?" Kim asked her. The question was direct and bold. It was Tara's turn to blush.

"Yes, I do."

“That’s good. Don’t blush. You are to be the dominant in your relationship; you need to act the part. I’ll instruct you, but if you can’t be the confident woman he needs, then this all is a waste of time. Do you understand?”

Tara swallowed and nodded her head confidently. “Yes.”

“Victor, please leave the room so I can talk with Dara in private.”

“Tara,” she corrected Kim.

“Tara,” Kim agreed and waited expectantly for Victor to leave. He did so quickly.

In ten minutes Kim called Victor back to the kitchen where Tara stood next to the table where Kim’s briefcase lay open. “Often this is done in the bedroom,” Kim said by way of opening, “but it can be done anywhere. You should get used to that.”

Victor just nodded.

“I’ll let Tara take over from here.” She stepped back and observed carefully as Tara began to place her husband in chastity.

“Take off your clothes, Victor,” she said. Her voice was clear and confident.

Victor glanced at Kim. She glared at him. Clearly she expected him to immediately respond. She would offer him no help or reassurance.

“Right,” he muttered under his breath and started stripping.

Tara pretended she hadn’t heard his comment. He wasn’t her slave; they were doing this together as a game they both wanted to play. After he removed his shirt, Victor found his confidence and his excitement rose—accordingly his cock was semi-erect when his boxers were pulled down.

Seeing his rigidity, Tara shook her head. “That won’t do at all,” she said with a shake of her head. There was a quick glance between her and Kim who nodded slightly. “Sit down,” she told Victor. He obeyed and sat on the hard wooden chair. It was cool beneath his buttocks. His cock stood up proudly and he realized the difficult situation he had placed himself in. Tara went to the kitchen

freezer and pulled out two bags, one of frozen corn, one of peas. She nestled the corn between his thighs and pressed up against his naked balls. The peas she placed on top of his cock.

“It should only take a minute,” Kim told her. “Get the cage ready.”

Tara picked up a heavy stainless steel ring from the kitchen table. It was perhaps three inches in diameter on the outside, two and a half on the inside with an inch long rod projecting at a ninety degree angle. Victor’s eyes moved over the other items set out in the briefcase. A thrill of fear ran through his body. The fear combined with the frozen vegetables worked wonders on his erection. He started to quickly deflate.

“Remember we talked about putting you in chastity?” Tara said.

Victor swallowed. His throat was dry. “Yes.”

“We treated it as a game. It’s not a game. I’m in charge of your cock now, right?”

“Yes,” he repeated.

“I’m in charge of your orgasms. I’m in charge of your sex life. This is going to be fun for both of us.”

“Right,” he agreed. The frozen vegetable bags had worked their magic. His cock had shriveled up to almost nothing. He desperately wanted to shove them off and start masturbating, but he knew that wasn’t part of the game. Then he remembered they weren’t playing a game.

“Hold still,” Tara said as she removed the bags. Kim watched her closely. It was unlikely she would do any permanent damage to Victor if she was clumsy, but there was no reason to cause undue pain at this point. She placed the steel ring over his cock and pulled through the soft skin of his scrotum, but the soft balls hidden within the sack didn’t want to move through the ring. Tara frowned and worked at it for a minute, moving the ring at different angles trying to force through the balls.

“Take it off,” Kim said, “put his balls through first, then pull his cock through.”

Tara didn’t look up to acknowledge Kim’s instructions but did exactly as she was

told. The process was much simpler, though his delight at the start of the caging process was starting to show: his cock started to swell again. Without needed to be told, Tara put the cold packs back in place. Victor inhaled sharply at the sudden return of cold.

“It’s common for a first timer to get excited at any physical contact with his cock. With good training he’ll learn to contain his urges,” Kim said.

Now Tara picked up the other half of the cock cage. It was a curved cover for Victor’s penis. The curve was at most three inches long. There was a ring at the base and eight sturdy steel rods making up the cage that curved downward to a small steel circle that was a half inch in diameter. The base ring matched the cockring that Victor was already wearing. It seemed too narrow to contact Victor’s manhood. To ease his passage Tara slathered some KY jelly on the metal rods and then removed the cold packs once again.

To Tara’s amazement Victor’s cock readily took the cage. There was a small gap at the end; barely any room for him to grow, but that was exactly what he was doing now.

“Quickly,” Kim instructed.

Tara grabbed the small padlock from the briefcase, inserted the hook through the retaining pin on the cockcage’s base ring. She snapped it shut and blinked twice. Her husband’s cock was fully restrained and locked up in chastity. She slipped the tiny key from the small lock. Her eyes met Victor’s. His heart was pounding in fear and excitement.

Hers was pounding in lust.

Kim looked on with approval.

“You’ve used the plastic models before?” Kim asked Tara.

“Yes. But to see him swollen against the curve...”

“And you’ll see him swollen against the steel of this new cage.” She held her hand out to Tara. “The key, please.”

Tara hesitated. This was the moment that caused her the most fear. She

reluctantly handed the small metal key over to Kim. “This is where you failed before, isn’t it?” she asked Tara. It was more a reminder than a true question. “You see him suffering because of the cage and you want to give him relief. You see his excitement and you want to join in. That’s not how a keyholder acts, is it?”

“No,” Tara said softly.

“Remember, you are in charge now. Remember that you are the dominant in the relationship when he wears his cage. You cannot shy away from your female superiority. If you do, you will disappoint him.”

“I’ll remember,” Tara said. She looked down at Victor’s penis that was already pressing hard against the bars of his cage. “Will it hurt him?”

“Of course not,” Kim said with confidence as she placed the key on a ring and put it back in her briefcase. “If he gets too uncomfortable tonight use cold packs again. Try not to overly excite him. The first twenty four hours in chastity are the most difficult for the caged male and his keyholder. Let him pleasure you; make sure he gives you a few orgasms. He won’t have any, of course, but that is his role. He did propose this game to you, didn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“That’s good. This is something he wants.”

Victor had been listening to the conversation between the two women. He was shocked at how he was being referred to in front of them—as if he didn’t matter. It was his idea from the start. He and Tara had started down the path to this game as partners and suddenly he found himself being treated as an object, as if he were the lesser part of their relationship.

Kim removed a sheet of paper from her case and handed it to Tara. “Here are the directions to the Farm. I’ll need you both to come up tomorrow evening. I’ll do a check of Victor’s cage. We’ll give him a little freedom time, and then put him back in the cage. Depending on how things go, we’ll probably do the next check at forty eight hours and then see from there.” She smiled confidently. “He’s going to work so hard to make you cum tonight because he wants to be released tomorrow. Let him work for it. He doesn’t really want to be released, but it’s okay to let him think so.” She smiled thinly, and then snapped her case closed

and walked out of the house.

Tara looked down at her excited and nervous husband. “My pussy is already wet. It shouldn’t be too hard for you to make me cum.” She crooked her finger at him and sauntered out of the kitchen.

Victor knew his role was to follow.

Chapter Two

Tara was surprised at the number of cars in the driveway and small parking lot at the Farm. It was a Thursday evening and it looked like there was a huge party already underway. Victor found a spot for their car and they walked nervously to the front door. He was uncomfortable with his cockcage still in place, but Tara found that knowing he was wearing it out in semi-public gave her a thrill of confidence.

They were greeted at the door by a pretty girl in a traditional French maid's costume. Her tits were practically spilling out of the low-cut cups. The garter holding up her fishnet stockings were readily visible. Tara was confident the panties the maid wore under the frilly skirt were either just as frilly or non-existent.

"Are you Mr. and Mrs. Waldron?" the young girl asked. To Tara's eyes the maid barely looked old enough to attend a high school prom, let alone work at a sex club, but she reminded herself that Kim was a professional and the girl was certainly legal to be at the Farm.

"Yes," Tara said firmly.

"Come in. I'll take you to meet with Mistress Kim. My name is Analise." She opened the door wider and allowed them to enter, but after taking their coats she didn't lead them anywhere. "You'll need to remove your clothes, Mr. Waldron," she said politely.

"Excuse me?" he asked, suddenly nervous. The demand was odd considering they were strangers at the house.

"You are wearing a chastity cage, are you not?" Analise asked. "House rules, anyone in chastity or is a submissive cannot walk the floor in street clothes." She handed Victor a bag for his clothing. "I'll make sure your possessions are kept safe."

He looked nervously at his wife and she nodded. "Do as she says." Tara was a

bit thrilled to see him strip down to his cockcage. Victor was very nervous, apparently, for his cock wasn't swollen at all inside its cage. Analise gave his sex a cursory glance, nodded, and led the couple through the house.

They heard sounds of sex all around them. They only saw one other couple who were headed to a room. The woman was wearing only a tiny green thong while her partner was fully dressed and carrying a paddle that he tapped against his palm. Her ass was already reddened from some abuse she had already suffered at his hand.

Analise led them to the back of the house to a small office where Kim sat behind a large wooden desk. She walked around the desk and greeted Tara warmly with a kiss on the cheek and said nothing at all to Victor. She gestured for Tara to sit. There was no chair for Victor. Kim resumed her seat behind the desk. Victor stood next to Tara, his cock small inside the cage.

"How did it go last night?" Kim asked Tara.

"Oh, very well."

There was an expectant pause while Kim waited for more information. Tara didn't offer any so Kim pressed her. "Did he make you cum?" she asked.

"Yes."

"How many times?"

Tara blushed. "Three times."

"Very good. Mouth, hand, did he use a vibrator on you?"

"Oral first, then once with his hand, then back to his mouth," Tara said all in a rush. She was relieved to be telling this to Kim. She was proud of her accomplishment, her domination of her husband and controlling his cock.

"And this made you happy?" Kim asked.

"Yes. Thrilled."

"Good, good," Kim murmured then looked at Victor. "And how did you enjoy

your night?” she asked him.

“It was...uncomfortable,” he admitted.

“You must have been happy to satisfy your wife, weren’t you?” Kim prompted him.

“Yes, that part I enjoyed.”

“But you didn’t get any release for yourself.”

“No.”

“And did you enjoy that?”

Victor paused to consider his answer. “It felt weird. I wanted to cum, but there was no way to do it. I couldn’t sleep well last night.”

“That will happen,” Kim dismissed his complaint. “You’ll get used to it. And once you are allowed by Tara an orgasm it will be the best one of your life.” She smiled. “Any problems dealing with the cage at work?”

“No. I had to sit down to pee, but that’s pretty much the worse part.”

“No metal detectors at your office?”

“No. Luckily.”

She moved her gaze back to Tara. “We’ll free him in a minute. But first, tell me, what kind of relationship do you two want? Are you going to cuckold him? Will you just keep him in chastity and release him when you want his cock inside you? Are you going to make him into a sissyboy?”

Tara and Victor exchanged glances. Tara answered. “We really haven’t thought that far ahead I guess.”

Kim nodded. “What would you like to do tonight?” she asked Tara.

“Tonight? Just release him, make sure everything is okay, and put him back in chastity, I guess.”

Kim shook her head and frowned. “No. Well, we’ll do that as well. But here you are at the Farm. We deal in sexual pleasure and fantasy here. What would you like us to make come true for you tonight?”

“What?” Victor spoke but Kim ignored him.

“We have men who are more than happy to take you to bed, either with your husband watching or not. Or women, if you want to explore that part of your sexuality. Or both. I can have one of our trainers humiliate Victor while you watch. Would you think he’d like a paddling or a spanking to remind him you are the one in charge of his body now? Anything you can think of is within our ability to provide.”

“This wasn’t part of the original agreement,” Victor protested.

“Hush, Vic, let me think a moment,” Tara said. There was a quiet in the office while Tara thought about Kim’s offer. She absently twisted the wedding band on her left ring finger. “Can I think for a few more minutes while you make sure Victor is okay? I don’t want his cock damaged. It means too much to me.”

These kind words puffed up Victor’s chest. He didn’t realize he was so susceptible to easy praise.

“Of course. Victor, come with me.” Kim stood up and walked out of the office. Victor followed but had a wary look back at his wife before he left the room. Kim led him to a plain room that had a simple hard examination table in it purchased from a doctor’s office. “We use this room for those who want to fulfill some medical fetish play,” she explained to him. “And occasional use a place to treat minor injuries.” She produced the key to his cockcage and indicated he should sit on the table.

Once he saw the cage his cock started swelling up. Kim moved quickly and unlocked the padlock so she could pull off the cage. Almost instantly he became erect. She had left on the base ring as a means of control.

“Oh, shit, that feels good. Can you take off the ring as well?”

Kim shook her head. “No. That would be Tara’s decision.” She did run a finger up the underside of his prick. It twitched appreciably. “Very good. Any pain.”

“No, not really. Are you going to give me a handjob?” His eyes were anxious and wild.

Kim laughed at him. “No. Certainly not. Sit here. I’m going to get Tara. I expect your hands to be on the table and your cock pointed at the ceiling when I get back.”

She was only gone two minutes. They were the longest two minutes of Victor’s life. He wanted to masturbate and give himself a little relief. He knew he was playing a dangerous game and he managed to resist until the door opened again. Tara and Kim entered together. He was incredibly proud that he managed to control himself while they were gone.

“Wow!” Tara exclaimed when she saw his cock. “It’s bigger than normal!”

“That’s common,” Kim said. “He hasn’t cum in only a day, right? He’s keyed up and wants to have sex. The cock ring is making it look bigger and it’s holding back blood from returning to his body. In fact, he is bigger. Not huge, of course, but he’s proud to show you his penis, isn’t that right, Victor?”

Victor was thrilled to be asked the question. “Yes. This has been great. Do you want to have sex, Tara?”

His wife shook her head. “No. Not right now. But you do have a handsome cock. I never really noticed until now. How do we make it go back down so we can put it in the cage?”

“Icepacks,” Kim answered. She opened the door to a small freezer in the corner of the room and pulled out a handful of icepacks used to relieve minor sports injuries.

“No,” Victor protested.

“Don’t tell me no,” Tara said sharply. “This is for both our benefits,” she said.

There was an awkward pause while the married couple glared at each other. Kim waited patiently. This was the moment.

Finally Victor sighed. “Sorry,” he apologized. “Go ahead.” He leaned back slightly and opened his legs up.

Tara unexpectedly kissed him on the cheek and stroked his cock a few times. “Thank you, honey.” Then she and Kim piled the icepacks on his erect cock.

It took a few minutes for him to shrink back down to a manageable size. Kim and Tara chatted as they waited. “Some men are big into having their penises made fun of for being too small to satisfy their wives,” Kim commented. “Is that something you want to do with him?”

“No, that seems kind of silly. I mean, he’s average sized, but perfectly adequate. It wouldn’t ring true, you know?”

“Right. Are you a size queen though, secretly?”

Tara emphatically shook her head. “No. I’ve only been with a few men in my life, but I don’t have the urge to have a giant cock slamming into me. That’s not my scene.”

“What do you want?”

Tara smiled and picked up the steel cage her husband had recently been wearing. “Let’s put this back on first, okay?”

Checking on Victor’s cock hidden under the pile of icepacks revealed he had shriveled away to almost nothing. Putting him in the cage the second time was easier. They didn’t need any lube to get Victor’s cock in place and locked safely away. Victor expelled all the air from his lungs at the snap of the lock going back in place. He was ashamed that his cock was so easily put under Tara’s control by the use of a few bags of ice. He was also secretly thrilled at the control his wife was taking over his sex life.

“So what’s your fantasy?” Kim asked Tara.

“Being with two men at once.”

Kim shrugged at the small revelation. “Common enough. Would you like to do that tonight?”

“Umm...yeah,” Tara said in a small voice.

“What?” Victor burst out.

Kim gave him a withering glare. “We weren’t talking to you, Victor.”

He was sufficiently cowed. Kim was wearing what looked like a dominatrix’s uniform: tight black pants, wide red leather belt, knee high boots, a tight white bustier that pushed up her tits into an impressive mass of cleavage. He noticed she had a pair of leather gloves tucked into the belt. The look and her dress was enough to keep him in line. He felt boldly vulnerable wearing just his cock cage and nothing else.

“Sorry,” he apologized.

“We’ve talked about this, honey,” Tara said to him. “You know it’s one of my fantasies.”

“We’ve talked about threesomes—”

“Yes, for both you and me,” she cut him off. “Tonight is my night.” She turned to Kim. “Who will be the lucky man I get to have.”

“You’ll need two,” Kim said. “There’s a variety of guests and employees here tonight that might serve your needs.”

Tara dismissed Kim’s correction. “No, I’ll need only one,” she said. “Vic will be my second. I am married to him, after all. He does deserve to see who I have sex with.”

“You shouldn’t allow him to have sex so soon after putting him in chastity,” Kim reprimanded her.

Tara’s smile was an equal combination of mischievousness and wickedness. “Who said he’s going to have sex with me? Oh, he’ll go down on me, that’s for sure. But I’m not going to let him out of his cage.”

Kim nodded in approval. “Very good. I misjudged you. I thought that because of your earlier difficulties with enforcing his chastity, you were already failing again.”

As her chin lifted a bit with pride Tara said, “I understand. Can I view the men available or do you have some special routine for this?”

“Let me show you to a private room first. Then we’ll go shopping. One moment, please.” Kim opened a drawer in the cabinet next to the examination table. She removed a short dog leash, pushed aside the icepacks and clipped the leash to his cockcage. “Come along,” she ordered.

Victor had to scramble to get off the table and follow Kim as she walked out the door. She didn’t give him the opportunity to lag behind and he didn’t want to risk any painful tugging on his prick. It was bad enough he was restrained uncomfortably; he didn’t want any additional pain if he could avoid it.

She showed them to a nice room that was decorated primarily in green. There was a bed and a chest of drawers and a pair of chairs. It looked like an ordinary bedroom until Kim opened one of the drawers, pulled out a length of chain that she used to restrain Victor. There was a pair of locks on the chain. The first one was locked top a ring bolted to the wall. The second was attached to the small ring on his cockcage. Kim handed Tara the key to these locks without a second thought. It didn’t matter because the lock to the cage was still in her possession. “Let’s find the man for you,” she said to Tara as she led his wife out of the bedroom.

And then Victor realized he was alone in the room. He could move about in a small section of the floor, but couldn’t reach the bed or the chairs. His hands were free, but he was effectively restrained in the room until Kim or Tara returned.

Tara’s return came all too quickly. He had started thinking about her fantasy. Yes, they had discussed a three-way before, but there was always the back and forth of whether the third party would be a man or a woman. Victor had always seen himself as being at the receiving end of pleasures enforced on him by Tara and a nameless, faceless woman. That wasn’t going to happen tonight. He knew a man was going to fuck his wife while he watched and there was nothing he could do about it.

The more he thought about it, the more his cock grew in his cage and the pain that had been with him since the cage first went on returned in full bloom. Luckily Tara opened the door and she walked in with a tall man who glanced at Victor and then looked back at Tara. “Your husband?” he asked.

“Yes. Victor, this is Anthony.”

The tall, dark-haired man held out his hand to Victor who took it but felt completely ridiculous while doing so. Anthony was completely clothed and he was naked. “Hey, Vic. Your wife apparently wants to fuck me while you watch.” He glanced down at Victor’s caged cock. “Looks like that’s all you can do right now anyway.” He had a wry grin on his face.

“Yeah, that’s what she wants,” Victor said helplessly.

Behind Anthony Victor saw Tara toying with the key to the chain that would release him from the wall. He met her eyes and her expression was completely neutral.

“Don’t sweat it,” Anthony said. “If you’re not cool with this, I’ll leave now. But my wife had me do some wild stuff I didn’t really think I’d be into or was a good idea. But then...after it happened...it was amazing. You really start to know yourself when your limits are pushed.” He nodded and looked at Tara. “Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked her.

“Yes. Absolutely.”

He looked back at Victor. “What about you, Vic? Are you okay with me banging your wife in front of you?”

“Oh, he’s going to help,” Tara interjected. “Don’t forget that.”

“Right...” Anthony agreed with a lop-sided grin.

“Yes,” Victor said finding his voice. “It’s what my wife wants. I want to make her happy.”

“Good deal,” Anthony said. Without further discussion he pulled off his shirt showing some impressive muscles. He obviously worked out—not a lot, but just enough to stand out among suburban husbands who spent too much time behind a desk staring at a computer screen.

“Don’t get undressed yet,” Tara said, stopping him. She stepped around her lover-to-be and inserted the key into the lock restraining her husband. “Vic has some work to do first. Have a seat and watch,” she told Anthony. With a shrug of his shoulders he sat down in one of the arm chairs and angled it towards the bed.

“Sure.”

“Don’t say anything,” Tara cautioned her husband and led him by the hand to the bed. She sat him down then removed her clothes. Tara was eager to fulfill her fantasy and spent no time at all doing a striptease or bothering with any games like leaving on just her bra or panties. She was naked in twenty seconds. Her small breasts were quivering slightly with her increased breathing. The mounds of curls on top of her pussy had dampened with her excitement. That didn’t matter to her right now because she had special plans for Victor.

Pretending that she wasn’t being watched by a strange man, Tara got on the bed, settled back into the pillows and opened up her legs. She pointed toward her pussy. “You need to make sure I’m good and ready for Anthony,” she told her husband.

At that point Victor was so excited he didn’t mind in the least going down on his wife. He climbed between her legs and lowered his face between her thighs. Her scent was strong and moisture clung to the hairs that framed her pussy. The steel cage around his genitals started to feel too small, too tight. He ignored the pain signals his body was sending him and instead pressed forward, licking the length of his wife’s cunt and finding her prominent clit. This he sucked into his mouth and kept up steady pressure as Tara started writhing.

Both of them were surprised at how quickly she came on his face. Normally Victor needed a good ten to fifteen minutes of eating his wife’s pussy before she could cum—and even then it didn’t always happen. This time he hadn’t been licking her cunt for more than two minutes before her orgasm burst forth and she soaked his face with her juices.

“Oh. Wow,” she breathed as she came down from her high. “I guess I’m ready for some cock now. Too bad you won’t be supplying it, honey? Right?”

“Yes,” Victor agreed.

Tara pushed Victor back off the bed, turned over and got on her hands and knees. “You two can switch,” she instructed the men while she rearranged herself to face the chair Anthony had been sitting in. Anthony quickly pulled off his pants. Victor blinked and the next thing he knew Tara was staring at her lover-to-be’s cock. It wasn’t huge, but it was steadily rising and pointing to the ceiling. Victor couldn’t take his eyes off it either. He was in awe.

“You’re pierced,” Tara said in awe of the small silver ring that entered Anthony’s cock through the tiny slit at the end and exit it through a hole that had been made in the underside. “Wow.”

Anthony grinned. “Yeah. Surprise.”

“Wow,” Tara said again. “I never thought I’d see one up close and personal.”

“My girlfriend had me do it.” He said as he grabbed hold of his prick and showed off the unusual bit of jewelry.

“Why?”

“She wanted me marked so that everyone knew I was hers.”

Tara giggled. “That hasn’t worked out, has it?”

He looked at her, puzzled. “Why?”

“You’re here about to have sex with me. I’m a bad girl for making you cheat on your girlfriend.”

He shook his head. “You’re not making me cheat. I’m not cheating. She knows where and I and what I’m doing. She just wants everyone to know that I’m spoken for.”

Tara’s surprise was deflated. The idea that she was making a man cheat on his girlfriend thrilled her. She had never considered herself that type of girl. She wanted to be that type of girl.

“Oh.”

“If you search the house you’ll probably find her fucking some other guy.”

“Really?”

“We come up here for some strange.”

“Oh.” Tara pushed the idea away. What she was about to do really wasn’t cheating either. She was going to have sex with another man while her husband watched. That didn’t qualify as cheating—Victor had already given his

permission. Maybe under duress, but he wanted to do this as much as she did. “Can I suck your cock?” she asked, a little shyly.

Anthony laughed. “If you want. I don’t really need it. I’m pretty hard right now and I don’t want to cum in your mouth.”

“I just want to see what it feels like to blow a cock that has a ring it in,” she said.

He was only all too happy to accept a blowjob from Tara. All he needed to do was take a step forward and Tara grasped his prick with her hand. She scooted up on her knees and admired his penis a moment before opening her mouth and accepting it between her lips.

Victor’s heart fell through the floor. To see his wife with another man’s cock in her hand and in her mouth was too much. But his cock swelled painfully inside his cage and he remembered that he wanted this. Even though it was his fantasy it was hard to reconcile that fantasy with what he was seeing his wife do. It was thrilling to see his wife close her eyes and happily suck on a stranger’s cock. It was emotionally devastating as well. He was jealous and in lust at the same time. Victor managed to keep a rein on his emotions and his voice. He was here at his wife’s bidding and wish; he had to wait for her to tell him what to do next.

In less than a minute she pulled back. A sheen of saliva coated Anthony’s cock. “That was strange, weird. I’m not sure if I could get used to it.”

“I can take out the ring if you like,” he offered.

“No,” Tara said quickly. “I didn’t say I didn’t like it. Just that it was strange. I want to try something new tonight.”

“Ready, then?” he asked.

“Yes. Fuck me doggy style. I want to watch Victor’s face while you fuck me.” She grinned at her husband.

Victor found his throat dry. He wanted to make a hundred different objections, but stronger than his need to keep his wife’s pussy for his own use was his desire to see her fucked by another man. The conflict within him kept him paralyzed. Tara pointed to the chair.

“Sit,” she told him. “Wait. Bring the chair closer and then sit. I want to hold your hand.”

He did as ordered while trying to watch Anthony at the same time. Victor needn't have worried. Anthony had no intention of penetrating Tara's precious pussy without Victor watching. Where was the fun in fucking a married woman if the husband wasn't watching?

Although he was quick and efficient about it, Victor did notice Anthony rolling on a condom as he settled in behind Tara. Nothing was said about using a rubber and Victor found the tiniest bit of relief in the act even as the three of them studiously said nothing about it. Although he secretly wished that perhaps it would have been better for everyone if Anthony had fucked Tara bareback—and taken on the many risks that involved—it was probably for the best.

“Are you ready?” the muscular man asked Tara.

She tossed him an eager grin over her shoulder, raised her hips up a bit, arched her back, and dropped her shoulders to better present her pussy to him. Only then did she reach out and take Victor's hand. “Are you ready?” she said softly to her husband.

He opened his mouth but couldn't speak. Victor was reduced to nodding his head in agreement.

Tara looked back at her new lover. “Fuck me,” she told him.

Not needing any additional encouragement Anthony took his cock in hand, found the correct angle of Tara's quim, and pushed into her. There was practically no resistance. Her pussy was well lubed with her juices and Victor's saliva. “Oh, that's nice and tight,” he mumbled as he entered her.

“Uh-huh,” Tara agreed. She had locked eyes with Victor and her expression went wide as a new cock was introduced to her cunt. “Oh. Oh. It's good. He's so hard.”

Victor still couldn't say anything. He was still reduced to just nodding. He wanted his wife to love what was happening to her. He winced slightly as his cock grew too big and was squeezed by the cockcage.

“It’s good,” Tara said. She wanted to give Victor a running commentary while Anthony fucked her but she soon realized that wasn’t going to be possible. She wasn’t very verbal in the midst of lovemaking even when she and Victor were having a lazy fuck. This experience would be commented only by heavy breathing and loud groans. “Kiss me,” she ordered Victor.

He fell to his knees next to the bed and kissed her deeply. Her body was shaking slightly as Anthony continued thrusting his hips against Tara’s soft buttocks. “Uh-huh,” she said vaguely when they broke the kiss. They shared a small kiss and held hands tightly. Tara continued to look deeply into Victor’s eyes. He wanted to look away, not because he couldn’t stand the moment, but because he wanted to see Anthony’s cock going into his wife’s cunt. He was ashamed at his emotions and didn’t know what to do other than hold her hand.

As much as she wanted the fucking to go on and on forever, there were Anthony’s needs to think of as well. While continuing to hold Victor’s hand she reached down between her legs with her other hand and gently grasped Anthony’s heavy balls. He grunted in surprise and appreciation.

“I like that,” he said as he suddenly increased his pace. She let go of him and frigged her clit. The orgasm was strong, shaking her body. Victor gasped in appreciation of the orgasm Tara’s lover had given her. Abruptly Anthony pulled out of her cunt, pulled off the condom that had been separating them from full intimacy, pumped his cock in his hand a few times, and proceeded to cum all over Tara’s back and ass.

Victor watched—enthralled—as the heavy strings of white cum decorated Tara’s skin. She came again. He wasn’t sure if it was from the hot cum landing on her body or her hand that was still between her legs, but a second orgasm for his wife was a wonderful thing.

“Yes,” was all Tara said as she slid down to the sheets. Anthony wiped his cock off on her thigh and got off the bed.

“How do you want to clean her up?” he asked Victor.

The question barely reached Victor’s ears. “What?” he managed to mumble out loud. He couldn’t take his eyes off the drops of milky white semen ornamenting Tara’s rump.

That elicited a small chuckle from Anthony. “How do you want to clean her?” he repeated. Tara was exhausted from getting fucked and having two orgasms but she managed to turn her head and admire the artwork Anthony had generated. The semen was quickly cooling and she wished she had a camera so that Victor could take a picture of Anthony’s leavings. Her lover refocused his attention on her. “Do you want him to lick you clean?” he asked. “I know some guys have that a big thing for cleaning up their wife’s pussy.” He shrugged and grabbed his clothes. “You guys do what you want,” he said as he pulled on his pants. “I’m done I think. If you want to go again, Tara, come and find me in the common room.”

Tara nodded at him. The couple sat still in silence as Anthony finished dressing and left. Tara and Victor looked at each other. He was frozen in place and didn’t know what to do.

“Do you want to lick his cum off me?” Tara finally asked.

Victor shook his head. “But do you want me to?”

She grinned and wanted to tease him, but thought better of it. “No, I don’t think so. Get me a towel and clean me.”

He was only too happy to follow her orders. Wiping up Anthony’s cum was easy and it took his mind off his cock. A few minutes work and he was back to a normal size, no longer swollen to a compressed bit of flesh inside the cage.

“All better?” he asked her.

She nodded and rolled over, getting out of the bed. “Did you like watched me get fucked?” she asked and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “It’s okay to say if you didn’t. But I had to try it. It was too much to resist.”

“I liked it,” he admitted after too long a pause. “It was hard to watch, but you looked so happy and when you came, it was so...I don’t know, beautiful. More beautiful than normal.”

She giggled at his comment. It made her sound fifteen years younger. “You’re such a dork sometimes.” Then she dropped her hand to his cock and felt the combined weight of his cock and the metal cage surrounding it. “I so wish I could release you and give you a nice little orgasm tonight.”

“Yeah, but Kim still has my key.”

Tara emphatically shook her head. “No she doesn’t. She gave it to me when you were here alone.” She smiled and pawed through her clothes on the floor until she found the key attached to a small ring. “I can release you any time I want,” she told him.

Not thinking, Victor reached for the key saying, “Oh please—”

But Tara snatched it away before his fingers could touch the cool metal. “No. You’re in chastity until I decide you’ve earned an orgasm.”

He blinked at her. “But before you couldn’t wait to free me...”

“Yeah, that was before. Before Kim showed me how to treat you. Before Anthony fucked me. Now I know what male chastity is really about. You need to be restrained a while longer. When I do let you cum, think of how powerful it will be.”

Victor nodded glumly. He wanted to cum right now, but she was in charge. This was his fantasy. He could make it stop at any point, couldn’t he?

They fell into a routine where Tara would release him from his cage once a day to make sure everything was still working correctly, give Victor time to clean his cage, and then put it back on him. At first they were forced to use the icepack trick to make Victor’s cock shrink back to the appropriate size. Then Tara decided to use some more forceful training to move things along. “If you don’t get that thing back down to the right size immediately there’s going to be consequences,” she warned him.

“I don’t have control over it,” Victor protested. They had managed to get the base ring back in place but now he was fully erect. It had been almost two weeks since his last orgasm and he was desperate to cum. “If I could make it go down, I would.” He was nervous standing in front of her naked with nothing on but the cockring. She was still fully dressed from her day at work. He felt like an incompetent lout for not being able to please his wife with such a simple request.

Her frown turned into a grimace of anger. “Stand there. Don’t move,” she

ordered and then marched out of the living room. Victor was too frightened to move even though he knew that whatever she was planning was not a treat.

Tara returned a minute later carrying a wooden ruler in her hand. Her angry expression hadn't changed. "It's still erect I see," she said. "Are you going to do something about it?"

"I just need an icepack," he said.

"No. Make it go down."

"If you'd let me cum—"

"No. Do you have a better solution?" she asked.

Victor shook his head. "No. I'm sorry."

When Tara shook her head it wasn't because she was apologetic. "There needs to be a punishment." Without further warning she lashed out with the ruler and slapped the side of his cock. The blow was light and stinging. Victor gasped in pain, though the pain really wasn't that great. He half-crouched and put his hands in front of his cock to protect it.

"No!" Tara said angrily. "Stand up straight like a man and take your punishment."

"Okay," Victor sobbed out. His reaction surprised even him. That was no way for a man to act or speak. The moment after he put his hands to his side and stood up straight she lashed out with the ruler again, this time striking the other side of his cock. He half-bent again, but kept his hands to his side. Looking down at his manhood he saw two angry red stripes on either side of his tender flesh, but still his erection would not abate.

Tara sighed angrily. "Still?" she asked.

"I'm sorry—" he started to say. She lashed out with the ruler again. This time she struck his enlarged ball sack. The strike was much harder than the first two, or maybe it just seemed that way. Victor felt like he was going to throw up and he collapsed to his knees in an attempt to regain his composure. His stomach was tight and upset, his balls had retreated back to his body as close as possible

as allowed by the cockring.

“Stand back up. Don’t be a baby,” Tara said.

Victor forced himself up and when he looked back down at his disobedient cock he let out a little gasp of relief when he was the flesh slowly shrinking. His erection went soft and Tara nodded in approval. She handed Victor the other half of his cockcage. “Put it on,” she ordered. “When it’s on, I’ll lock it up. Let’s not go through this again. I don’t want to discipline your cock like that more than necessary.”

Nodding, Victor slid on the cage. It went on quickly and she locked him up tight. When she turned around and left the living room, Victor lowered himself to a chair and regained his breath.

Everything taken together, chastity was more difficult than he had originally imagined. But it was also much more rewarding.

Chapter Three

Tara took pity on him the next morning. Maybe she had a touch of remorse from spanking his cock and balls with a ruler. Maybe she thought he had endured the abuse and chastity with more aplomb than she had originally anticipated. When they woke up in bed together, her hand drifted down to his cock, still encased in its metal cage. She smiled, still half asleep. She had woken up horny. That was good.

“Go down on me,” she ordered in a voice still thick with sleep.

Victor didn’t have to be told twice. He burrowed under the sheets, found her sweet and tart pussy, and buried his face in her sex. All through their relationship Victor had always happily gotten between Tara’s thighs. She wasn’t particularly enamored with oral sex, she liked receiving it but didn’t care if she never had him or anyone else go down on her again. That changed once Victor’s cock was put into chastity. Tara found herself without the use of his cock on a regular basis and had to turn to something else. Her hand, her vibrator, his hand—they were already using all of these. It only made sense to replace his cock with his tongue.

She found now she enjoyed cunnilingus much, much more.

It was easier for her to cum that way. It made her wetter faster than ever before. When his tongue found her tiny little clit, she arched her back, lifted her hips off the bed and let herself cum. It was perfect. It happened again this morning and she clamped her thighs around his face as she came. She desperately wanted to be one of those women who could squirt her girl-juice and soak the bed. It hadn’t happened yet. It might not ever, but she had other more important agonies to inflict on Victor before she worked on that.

When the orgasm was over she curled up on her side and breathed heavily until her body had recovered. “That was good,” she told Victor without looking at him. She already knew he was lying on his back, wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

“Thank you.”

Not saying anything else Tara reached out and opened up the top drawer of her nightstand. She fished out the key on the small ring that belonged to Victor's cockcage lock. "Let's see how things are doing this morning," she said as she sat up and turned to face him.

If she had told him the sun was now rising in the west he couldn't have been more surprised. Previously his cock had only been let out in the evenings. This was wrong.

After she inserted the key and pulled off the cage she gave him a warning. "Don't get hard. I need to get the base ring off first. If you get hard before that..." She trailed off. Sometimes the worse warnings were the unspoken ones.

It was all that Victor could do to keep his cock somewhat under control. He breathed heavily and concentrated on nothing at all while his manhood hung limply on one thigh.

"Good boy," she told him and then proceeded to take the heavy metal ring off him. She pushed his balls through first. They popped through the restraint with little difficulty though Victor did jump a bit when they were freed. With half the tension gone it was easy to take off the ring. "Very good," she complimented and smiled.

"Wow. It feels weird to be free in the morning," Victor said.

"You're being freed for a good reason." Then she slapped his hand away from his cock. "You don't have the right to touch yourself when your cage is off unless I say so," she told him.

He nodded in agreement.

"Would you like to cum today?" she offered.

Victor's eyes went wide. He didn't have to give an answer. His cock immediately started stiffening. Tara laughed at him. "That's so cute," she teased. "How do you want me to make you cum?" she asked then quickly laid a finger on his lips. "Don't answer too fast. Request the wrong way and back in the cage you go. Understand?"

Again, he nodded. Tara smiled. It was a secret smile because no matter what he

asked for, she would give it to him. If he asked to fuck her like a dog while her hands were bound behind her back and a dildo was stuffed up her ass, she would tell him yes. Instead, Victor took the cautious route. "A hand job would be perfect, Tara," he said.

Delight filled her eyes. "That's the right answer," she told him. There wasn't any need for any preliminary work to be done. He was already hard and the tip of his cock was pointing at the wall above his head. Tara ran her finger down the underside of his prick, going from head to balls. He groaned and thrust upward with his hips, trying to increase the amount of friction. Realizing what he was doing, his eyes shot open and he pulled his hips back down.

Tara laughed at him. "That's okay. Just don't touch your cock or me, okay?"

"Yeah. I can do that."

"See that you do," she told him. "Touch me or your cock and I stop and back in the cage you go."

He nodded.

She made a circle of her forefinger and thumb. The circle ran down his cock once, stopped, went back up, then back down. Victor groaned.

"Good?" she asked him.

"Uh-huh."

"How much do you want to cum?"

"I'd do anything," he promised.

"That's a vague promise and a weak one at that. It needs to be something more concrete. Let's see...how about a month of chastity?"

"Yes," he answered immediately.

She laughed at him. "You answered too quickly. Okay, a month it is. And I get to do something to you that you won't like. But every time I do it, you get out of your cage one day early. Deal?"

“What something?” he asked.

Tara shook her head. “Nope. You don’t get to know that. Deal or not?”

“Deal.”

There was no need to shake hands on the agreement. Tara pulled her fingers away and lightly blew on his tender skin. His cock twitched in annoyance. “You like that, don’t you?”

“I like everything you do to my cock.”

She laughed again and started running her finger up and down his cock’s big vein that ran from his glans to his wrinkled ball sack.

“More,” he begged.

All Tara had to do was shake her head. “Nope. This is all you need. Look how your pretty cock is already twitching. You’re going to cum soon.”

“What? No!” Victor started to get up, but she laid a hand on his chest.

“Don’t move,” she warned him. “Not yet. You need to cum first.” He froze and obeyed her. A drop of precum had oozed out his small slit. She pressed a little harder on his urethra and ran her finger up his cock. More precum oozed out. She scooped this up with her forefinger and wetted his cock head. Victor was practically whimpering now in anticipation.

Tara lightly twisted her fingers around his head and he moved his hips upward to increase the pressure and intensity. She pulled her hand back and he went back down.

“Please,” he begged.

With a roll of her eyes Tara relented. “Oh, all right. Fine. Hold still.” She paired her forefinger with her middle and stroked the rapidly up and down along his sensitive underside. Victor gasped at the rapidity of her stroke. He could barely feel the friction at all, but it was enough.

When his orgasm came Tara immediately pulled her hand away. A thick rope of

spunk splashed on Victor's chest, a smaller splash landed on his stomach, and then he realized he had nothing left. He wanted to cum more, but Tara had stopped too soon. She had all but ruined his relief, his orgasm. He sobbed in grief.

"Oh stop it," she snapped at him. "Get up, get in the shower, and cleaned up. Don't you dare jack off in there."

"You ruined my orgasm," he complained.

"I told you that I'd make you cum. I didn't promise it would be a good cum or a satisfying one."

He looked at her blankly. Tara truly had taken control of their sex life. He hated himself for liking it. She smiled sweetly and made him a promise. "If you're good this morning and make me a good dinner tonight, I'll give you a chance at removing a day from your next stretch of chastity. It was an idea given to me by Kim. You'll like it."

Victor was sure he would hate it, but he nodded his head anyway.

It took him several minutes to get used to the idea. Victor knew that being placed in chastity at his own request would be difficult, but he didn't think it would be this difficult. Tara was forcing him to push boundaries he didn't know he had... that he didn't knew existed.

They had already released him from his cage, made sure everything was in good working order, cleaned him, and Tara put his cage back on before she presented him with her new idea. Victor had been proud that he had maintained a flaccid cock the entire time he was uncaged. It had been hard but somehow he had developed a bit of self-control over his penis. Mostly he focused on work to be done at the office. Working for the state was a good living, but it could be dreadfully dull far too often. That dullness worked to his advantage when he needed to remain soft.

"Good job," Tara complimented him when she clicked the lock back in place. He was wearing nothing which had become part of their routine as well. Once it was time for his cockcage inspection his clothes came off and remained off the rest of

the night unless Tara ordered them back on. She remained in her clothing. It pleased her that she exerted her dominance with this small gesture.

“Thanks,” he accepted the compliment.

He was standing next to the kitchen table and she was sitting on one of the chairs that matched the wooden table. “Are you happy?” she asked him.

“What?”

“Are you happy to be in chastity?” she clarified. “Do you want to keep doing this?”

The question took him by surprise. “Yes,” he said uncertainly. “I mean, it’s weird. It’s something I wanted, but wanting something isn’t the same as doing it, is it?”

Tara shook her head no and lightly held his caged cock in her hand. “Go on.”

“That orgasm you gave me last night. It was fucking amazing. But to get it... what I had to go through...it’s difficult. I can’t tell anyone about it, I’d be too embarrassed. It’s tough because I can’t...cum when I want. You’re in charge.”

She nodded. “That’s right. I’m in charge.” Her smile said everything to him.

“Actually, that I kind of like.”

Her smile broadened. “I like it too. Does it make you feel unmanly to have your wife in charge of your cock?”

He tilted his head in surprise. “No. I never gave that a thought. I was worried others would mock me because I liked doing this. Because it makes you happy.”

That caused her to laugh lightly and squeeze his hard metal cage. “It does make me happy. Would you do other things I asked even if you thought they were unmanly?”

There was the question. Victor already knew the answer so there was no reason to avoid giving in to her. “Yes. If you asked me, I’d say yes.”

“Good. Go into the bedroom and wait for me.”

He calmed himself as he waited. It wouldn't do it have a penis that was trying to escape its cage while she was introducing him to a new idea, a new game. It couldn't be anything too terrible, could it? Victor didn't have long to wait.

Tara came in wearing just her bra and panties. They were shiny and green, her favorite color. Tara liked matching her undergarments. It was what she was carrying in her hand that made Victor nervous once he figured out what it was. It was her words that made Victor nervous at first. “I know we've never really talked about doing anal, but I'd like to give it a try.”

“What?” Once Victor understood what she planned—after she explained—he wasn't any more enthusiastic about the idea.

After a five minute discussion Tara sighed and ended the drawn out conversation. “Look, it won't make you gay, lots of guys love it, I want to try it, and if you ever want to get out of that cage ever again you'll get on your hands and knees.”

“That's not much of an equal say in the matter,” Victor protested as he moved toward the bed.

“In this matter you don't get your way,” Tara reminded him.

“What do I get out of this?” he asked.

“You get to please me,” she said.

“I always thought anal meant the woman getting it up the ass,” he grumbled as he pulled back the sheets.

“Not always,” Tara said. “Lots of gay men take it up the ass, as do a lot of women, truly, and a lot of straight men who are into assplay.”

“Uh-huh,” he said, unconvinced.

“It's something I want to do. Kim suggested it as a way of making me the more dominant partner and it excited me. I'm sorry it doesn't excite you but that's sometimes the way of it.”

In truth, Victor was intrigued at being pegged by his wife, but the fact that he was actually going through with it not an hour after the idea had been introduced by her was a bit of a rush for him. He couldn't get used to the idea as here he was on hands and knees with his caged cock dangling between his thighs and offering his ass for her inspection.

He watched as Tara pulled off her panties then stepped into the harness. The dildo she forced through the hole in the harness, making it stick up a good eight inches out from her crotch. It bobbed around strangely as she maneuvered her hips back and forth to get the hooked end of the dual-dildo into her pussy.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly as it all came together. She then cinched the straps around her waist and thighs to ensure it didn't slip. The semi-realistic dildo bounced around as she rolled a condom on its length and smiled down at him. "Are you ready for this?" she asked him.

"Not really."

"That's okay." A tube of lube was extracted from the nightstand and she greased up her fake cock, then put a good dollop on her hand. "It's cold, but you need to be lubed up."

"Uh-huh," he agreed and moved his legs wider waiting for her to touch him.

The gel was cold on his anus. He tensed up as she slicked it around and into him. "Relax," Tara ordered. There seemed to be a lot of KY on his ass making it seem incredibly wet, but he didn't complain. It would make what was coming next easier. "Are you excited by this?" she asked as she knelt behind him. "I'm excited."

"I'm not sure," he answered.

Tara's hand reached between his legs and did a quick inspection of his cock. "You're bulging," she cried out. "You are excited."

So worried was he by the prospect of having his ass penetrated by his wife he hadn't been listening to his cock. It was under his wife's control now so that mistake could be forgiven. Now he realized his cock was trying to achieve erection but was constrained by the metal rails around the soft flesh. His cock was pressed up against the smooth metal to no avail. "Fucking hell," he

breathed.

“Get ready,” she told him.

Victor felt the dildo against his anus and then she was pushing in. It was painful. It did not feel good and she kept going and going and the pain didn’t subside and suddenly she was all the way in. Tara backed up a tiny bit, then pressed forward again. “Does it hurt?” she asked.

“A bit.”

“Good. A little pain never hurt you...well, not too much,” she laughed. Tara’s hands were on his hips, grasping his buttocks and projecting hip bones. Victor was fairly skinny and tall and had managed to avoid the fatness of far too many Americans. He felt vulnerable and weak in this position, his ass in the air being owned by his wife. But he also felt incredibly turned on—and loved. He loved her and realized she wouldn’t be doing this if she didn’t love him.

“Is it good?” he grunted at her.

“Oh yes, it’s good,” she laughed. “Does it still hurt you?”

“Just a bit.”

“Let’s try a little fucking.” And she did, pulling out a few inches, then back in, nothing rapid, nothing hard. He made little sounds of pain and pleasure. He wondered if this is what it felt like to be a woman. Then suddenly the pain disappeared and it felt incredibly good. His cock was still straining, he wanted to cum, but knew that was impossible, but he was enjoying himself.

He groaned in pleasure.

“Good?” she asked him.

“Uh-huh!” he heard himself say.

“Let’s pick up the pace. I’m not here for you. I need to cum.” She started fucking with more speed and vigor. His ass was sore, but it felt good. Tara continued to make little sounds of pleasure as she rode his ass. Then, unexpectedly, her body shook with a pleasant little orgasm. “Oh. Wow. I didn’t expect that.”

“Did you cum?” he asked her. His ass was still fully penetrated but it was still good. He actually didn’t want her to pull out.

“Yes. That little fake cock in me did its job.” And then without giving him a warning she pulled her cock out of his ass and he yelped in pain and loss. Her tone suddenly became haughty. “Don’t tell me that pulling out hurt,” she reprimanded him.

“No, no. Just unexpected.” He wanted to cum so desperately he would have done or said anything for her to take of his cage but that wasn’t going to happen.

“Good.” Her hand probed between his legs again, taking his dangling cock and cage. “Oh my. You’d better clean yourself up,” she told him.

“What?”

“Look at your cock.” Victor rolled to his side and notice a long sticky strand of precum reaching from the tip of his penis to a small puddle on the sheets. He had never seen his cock produce so much precum before. Unexpectedly this cause him to have a bit of pride. Was that a normal reaction for a man in chastity? “Actually, change the sheets while I clean up in the bathroom. Then you can clean your cock.”

She got off the bed and walked away to the bathroom. Her jiggly buttocks were perfectly framed by the straps of her strapon harness. Victor wanted to fall to his knees and kiss her ass and pussy for what she had done to him but instead he started changing the sheets.

“You’ve earned one day off your month of chastity,” she called to him from the bathroom. “Yesterday reset the clock, so you should be at thirty tonight, but I’m moving you down to twenty-nine.” He didn’t protest a month should really be twenty eight days, four weeks, because that would be counterproductive. His wife was in command now.

Chapter Four

“What do you have planned for tonight?” Victor asked Tara as he drove them to the Farm. It had been difficult for some tasks, but he had learned to do everything while wearing his cockcage. Driving while in chastity wasn’t that difficult at all.

“Don’t you prefer to be surprised?” she replied.

“Isn’t it rude to answer a question with a question?” he riposted.

“Mayhaps, but I’m the one in charge here. You shouldn’t even be asking questions. You might find it detrimental to your cock’s freedom.”

He silently chewed on that thought. It had been a full month since he had last been locked up, minus the credit of days he had earned by letting Tara peg him. Letting her peg him wasn’t difficult at all. After the first time and his nervousness he found himself enjoying the torment as she reamed his ass. Still, Tara was his keyholder and she could choose to keep him in chastity on a whim even if she had previously promised him freedom and a good orgasm.

“Does it involve other people?” he asked quietly.

She glanced sidelong at him. “Yes. Of course it does. The better to humiliate you if needed. Now no more questions if you want that orgasm I promised.”

Unbidden Victor felt his cock swelling inside its cage. It was when he wasn’t consciously concentrating on his cock and keeping it under control that he tended to start to have an erection. He shifted uncomfortably in the driver’s seat and thought about nothing. It was a long drive to the Farm.

Once they reached their destination and were ushered inside Victor wasn’t surprised at being ordered to strip down to his cockcage. It wasn’t necessary for a leash to be attached to his cage, but Tara thought it was fun to do so. And so they proceeded through the house and up to one of the private bedrooms. It was decorated in a green and yellow motif. They had barely walked in when Kim

appeared at the door.

“And how are you two?” she asked by way of greeting and kissed Tara on her cheek.

“Wonderful,” Tara replied. “Vic has really taken to chastity.”

“Excellent, excellent,” Kim said as she reached out and grasped Victor’s cage. He stood quietly, thrusting his hips out slightly so she had an easy purchase on his sex. It was such a natural act he didn’t question his reflexes at all. “Has he been giving you all the orgasms you need?” She briefly inspected his cage and cock, nodded in approval and then let go of him.

Tara laughed. “Well, he tries. I don’t think anyone or anything could satisfy me right now. Keeping him caged has really turned me on...like, all the time.”

Kim nodded her head thoughtfully. “That does happen. And it does wonders for your relationship, doesn’t it?”

Tara’s agreement was enthusiastic. “Yes. Oh gods yes.”

“When is he scheduled for his next orgasm?”

“Tonight!” Tara was unrestrained in her answer. “Lisa and I are swapping!”

“Really? Congratulations.”

This confused Victor. “Wait. What?”

An evil smile crossed Tara’s face and Kim arched up her eyebrows questioningly. “You haven’t told him, have you?”

“Nope. It was a surprise.”

“Sorry to have spoiled it,” Kim apologized.

“No. No. It was bound to come up. I’ll need to explain to him now anyway. And then I’ll have to go find Lisa.”

“Let me,” Kim said in an effort to make amends. “You’re going to need to prepare Vic for his adventure tonight. Lisa and Doug have been at this a while

longer than you two.” With that she disappeared.

“What’s going on?” Victor asked. He was nervous and excited at the same time. His cock started straining at his cage.

Tara looked away, opened up the closet in the room’s corner, found a few hangers, and started taking off her clothes. “Lisa is a woman Kim put me in touch with,” she started explaining as she hung up her jacket, unbuttoned her blouse and dropped her skirt. “She and her husband Doug have been doing male chastity for about a year. Tonight Lisa and I decided to play a little game with the two of you.” She hung up her skirt and blouse. Pleased with the neat arrangement in the closet she turned and faced her husband wearing only a white bustier and black panties.

“What game?” Victor wanted to play but he wasn’t sure what he’d have to do. He knew that some wives liked to humiliate their husbands while in chastity, make them wear women’s panties and clothing, verbally abuse them, and what made Victor especially nervous was the tendency of some wives wanting to see their husbands perform oral sex on another man. Vic was perfectly fine with homosexuality in other people. He’d always joked some of his favorite porn was homosexual porn that featured women. Nothing wrong with lesbian porn, he had always said. But the idea of taking another man’s cock in his mouth or ass made him go beyond nervous and straight into fear.

Placing a hand on Victor’s shoulder she indicated the two side by side beds in the room, as if it were taken from the set of I Love Lucy and wasn’t a playroom in a swinger’s club. “Lisa and I have both promised you and Doug freedom and a good orgasm tonight. We’re going to lay you and Doug down, take off your cages, and see which one of you cums first.”

“Oh. That’s not so bad.”

Her nodding and smile made him nervous again. “Well, she’s going to masturbate you while I masturbate Doug. Whoever cums first...loses. That’s the only orgasm he gets and goes right back into chastity. The other luckier—more composed, more in control—husband gets to cum inside a pussy. And as a special bonus he gets to choose which pussy.”

Victor’s eyes went wide. “Really?”

“Oh, yes,” she promised. “You probably won’t win. They’ve been at this a lot longer. Still, you’ll get to cum. And I’d urge you to try your best. I’ve bet Lisa twenty dollars on this that you’ll win.”

And then there was a knock on the door and Lisa appeared with her husband Doug in tow. He was almost literally in tow. Like Victor he wore a cockcage around his penis, also metal but his was a solid tube, not a series of metal rods like Victor’s. A chain ran from the ring on Doug’s cockcage up to the collar around his neck. It was a simple metal link collar to which Lisa had attached a leash. Doug was remarkable only for the fact that he had just the tiniest hint of a middle-age paunch and every bit of his body hair had been removed. Lisa was short, barely five feet tall, but had dark red hair and freckles on her face and bare shoulders. She was a little bit pudgy but still terribly sexy. Victor’s cock hardened at the idea of fucking her. He was certain he was going to lose the game.

After introductions were made, the game was put into play. Doug and Vic said nothing to each other beyond shaking hands. Lisa took off her clothes, hung them next to Tara’s in the closet and opened the small case she had brought with her. It was similar to the one Tara had brought. Tara was wearing matching blue bra and panties. Her big soft tits were barely constrained by the material. Victor was sure that was intentional. He could see her dark nipples and dark pubic hair through her lingerie.

The women had matching strapon harnesses and they chatted while putting them on.

“Wait,” Doug said putting a halt to the proceedings. “You never said anything about a strapon.”

“I didn’t say there wouldn’t be either,” Lisa told him harshly. Then she turned to Tara. “I’m sorry. He’s very nervous about assplay. It gets him off, but he thinks it implies he’s gay.”

“Really?” Tara replied, intrigued.

“He loves it but he hates to admit it,” Lisa continued as they adjusted each other’s straps making sure everything was in place. She sported a large blue dildo from her crotch while Tara had her plain flesh colored one. Both appeared to be about the same size. Lisa passed Tara a condom and they both slid the

prophylaxis on their toys. “Okay boys,” she announced when they were ready, “on the beds and on your backs. Knees to your chests. We need to release your cocks and grease your asses.”

“Should we lube them first?” Tara asked.

“Right. Good idea,” Lisa agreed.

And so Victor found himself on his back, hugging his knees to his chest while Lisa daubed what felt like half a tube of KY onto his anus. His cock was steadily pressing against his cage but he kept his focus and stayed semisoft. A glance over at Doug told him nothing. He couldn’t see anything inside the other man’s cock tube. Tara was happily preparing her victim for her dildo.

Once they were lubed up—Victor squirmed slightly when Lisa pushed her finger inside his ass and she smiled at him, he wasn’t sure what type of smile it was—they put their legs back down and keys were exchanged.

“Should we start right away once they’re free?” Lisa asked. Doug’s key was in her hand but she didn’t make any motion to free him.

“No. Unlock them. Pull off their chastity devices, give them a minute. I’m sure Doug will get hard right away. We should start at the same time just to be fair. Let’s put the dildos against their asses and start at the count of three.”

“Okay.”

Lisa was rougher than Tara when releasing his cock. The key went in, the audible click announced he was about to be freed. She easily slid off the cage and then, instead of carefully slipping his balls or penis through the retaining ring, she just pulled until testicles and cock here pulled through together. It hurt and Victor grunted in pain. “Fuck!” he burst out.

“Something the matter?” Lisa said disdainfully.

“No, just a little surprised.”

“Good. Spread your legs and get ready.” She looked over at Tara who was having a bit of trouble getting Doug’s retaining ring off him. “Just yank it off,” she instructed. “He’s used to it. There’s no reason to be so careful with his cock.

He knows it doesn't really belong to him."

Tara nodded, bit her lip, and tugged it off in one go. Doug huffed once in complaint but said nothing. Once Doug settled down the two women checked each other. "Ready to go?" Lisa asked.

"Anything goes, right?"

"Yup. Twenty bucks on the line. Three, two, one, go."

Instead of shoving her dildo up his ass right away Lisa pressed forward gently and slid it into Victor. He had prepared himself and was relaxed. It didn't hurt going it; it felt quite nice.

"You're soft," Lisa said as she grabbed his cock. He realized he was. It wasn't shriveled up and tiny, but it wasn't rock hard. He had been focusing on a problem at work. Mind was conquering matter. "You don't like a cock up your ass?"

"No, I do. I just don't want to lose."

Lisa laughed and started fucking his ass with her strapon. "Look at my poor husband. He gets so keyed up that sometimes, when he's been caged too long, as soon as I release him, one stroke is all it takes to make him cum."

Victor looked over and noted that Doug's cock was proudly erect and Tara's hand—covered in KY jelly—was firmly stroking him. The other man was breathing heavily and trying to main control over his cock. He was failing. Victor felt a thrill of triumph.

And then Lisa twisted his balls with one hand as she stroked his shaft with the other. Her hips moved back and forth. His anus allowed her hidden stimulation to his prostate. It was the good pain he loved. Up his cock rose and soon he was as hard as Doug.

It was odd seeing another woman between his legs fucking his ass. He had been with Tara so long the strangeness of the situation didn't catch his attention, it was the other woman, this stranger who was going to make him cum.

"You've got a tiny cock," he heard Tara say to Doug. "Even erect it's tiny. I bet

you cum really easy, don't you?"

Victor tried to listen in on them, but Lisa interrupted. "You like being caged?" Lisa asked him.

"Uh-huh."

"All men do. They don't always realize it, but they are sooo much happier in chastity." Her hand stroked him up and down. It was slick with KY. The dildo went in and out of him. It was becoming too much. She grasped his balls almost too tightly while she gripped his shaft with the other hand and rubbed her slick thumb on the sensitive underside right behind the tip.

"I'm going to make you cum all over yourself," Lisa promised.

"No-o-o," Victor complained, but then they were interrupted by Doug's cries of shame. His cock was pumping thick strands of white spunk all over his chest and stomach.

"Fuck!" Lisa complained as she stopped fucking Victor's ass and stroking his cock. "I fucking lost. Goddamnit Doug! You just lost me twenty bucks." She pulled her dildo out of Victor's ass, backed away and stripped off the condom.

Tara started laughing at the ridiculousness of the situation. "Wow. I was certain there was no way I'd make him cum first." Tara had already disengaged from Doug and was staring at the copious amounts of cum all over his chest.

The only thing for Lisa to do was laugh along with her new friend. "Yeah, Doug has had this problem a while now. Itchy trigger, he's always primed to go off. Chastity made it worse." She shook her head ruefully, her full breasts bobbling slightly with the motion. "I guess I owe your husband a fuck, don't I?"

"That's the bet," Tara cheerfully agreed.

That caused Victor to shake his head in confusion. "I thought I got my choice of which one of you I got to..." he trailed off when he noticed they were both shaking their heads at him. Lisa went so far as to tsk tsk him with her tongue. "I don't have a choice in the matter, do I?"

"You haven't had a choice in the matter for two months now, Vic," Tara

reminded him.

“But first we should lock Doug back up,” Lisa interjected. “I don’t want him getting off a second time while I’m distracted.” She abruptly turned around, opened the cabinet in the room’s corner, pulled out a couple of small towels, and tossed them at her husband. “Clean up. I’m going for some ice packs.” She flung open the door and marched down the hall. As she left Victor’s last image of her was a woman walking confidently as a strapon dildo jumped around in front of her crotch. “And don’t let him cum!” she called from around the corner.

“Are you okay with this?” Victor found himself asking Doug as the other man wiped up his cum.

“Yeah, sure,” he said in resignation.

His tone took Tara by surprise. “You don’t sound so enthusiastic,” she said.

“Lisa likes these games better than I do,” he replied.

“She likes to tease,” Tara said. “All women do.”

“I know.”

And then it became clear to Tara. “You’re happier when she has you locked up. You like being under her control?”

Doug finished wiping himself, sat up, and stared down at his feet. “What man doesn’t?” he asked. “When I asked her to put my cock under her control I was so scared that she’d leave me...that she’d laugh at me, humiliate me, tell everyone what weird kinky sex games I was into and my life would be over. Instead...”

“Instead she did everything you asked and made you happy,” Tara finished for him. “You shouldn’t act this way. She’ll be upset when she returns.”

“I know,” he moped.

Victor had listened to the exchange and was slightly angered. “You should be thrilled that your wife indulges you. She’s getting a chance to express her own sexuality and the moment her desires deviate from your script, you get all mopey and depressed. Tell you what, Doug. I’m going to fuck the hell out of your wife

and you're going to watch. You'll see how happy she is when she gets to fulfill her desires."

The reaction from Victor was so unexpected that Doug could only goggle at his rival. Tara said nothing. She hadn't expected anything from her meek husband either. Victor lay back down on the bed and idly stroked his cock awaiting the return of Lisa.

A minute later she walked through the door carrying four icepacks. Victor immediately pulled his hand away from his cock. She tossed the packs to Tara. "Get him soft and get him back in his cage," she ordered. "I've got a man to fuck." Like a pro, Lisa unfastened the straps to her harness and pulled it and her panties off in one smooth movement. "Ready to go, big boy?" she asked while taking a minute to pose for Victor. Her thighs were a bit heavy, her breasts were bouncy, the bush between her legs was trimmed to a nice, neat bright-red triangle. Victor's cock was hard and ready.

"Hell yes," he answered.

"I'm on top," she declared as she climbed on the bed, up Victor's legs, and straddled his hips. Before she lowered herself down she grabbed his cock and gauged his hardness. "Oh, yeah, you're ready to go aren't you?"

"Yes!"

His enthusiasm caused her to look over at Tara who had piled the icepacks on Doug's penis which was steadily shrinking. "Have you noticed their cocks are bigger after being caged for a few weeks?" Tara only nodded in response. "I like that," Lisa announced as she slid her pussy down on Victor's cock.

He gasped in surprise and elation. "Oh, that's so perfect," he moaned out loud.

"It is, isn't it?" she asked him. "I bet you don't last very long inside my sweet perfect pussy."

"Uh-huh."

Dispensing with all pretenses at getting Doug back in his cage Tara blatantly stared at her husband and Lisa fucking. She slipped her hand down inside her panties, behind the strapon harness, and played with her clit. The poor cuckold

was forced to lie back with a pile of ice on his cock and stare at the ceiling. He knew there would be a serious penalty if he got another erection out of his cage.

The prediction of Victor not lasting long inside Lisa's pussy. She had only slid up and down his shaft five times before he erupted inside her. His cry announcing his orgasm was one of pain just as much as pleasure. He had been without relief for so long and then forced to keep himself under control that when the gates were opened, it was as if he had never cum before. When the orgasm overtook him he involuntarily sat up. As he did Lisa embraced him, holding his face to her chest. He nuzzled downward, rubbing his cheek against her cleavage, wishing she had taken off her bra.

For her part Tara was upset at the unexpectedly intimate moment between her husband and Lisa. She realized she was jealous. Then she knew there was only one way to solve that problem. As Victor recovered from his little death she pulled off her harness, then stripped herself naked, removing bra and panties.

"Oh, that was good," Lisa declared as she leaned forward into Victor, lowering him into the mattress. He whimpered slightly. His cock was still erect but a sudden thought occurred to him.

"Oh, shit, I came inside you," he exclaimed.

That elicited a laugh from Lisa. "Don't worry about this pussy," she told him. "I wanted you to cum inside me. It's been too long since I had a man's seed in me." She looked angrily at Doug. "Is he still too hard to get in his tube?" she asked.

"No," Tara said dismissively. "I was just jilling off while watching you two. I got distracted."

Lisa laughed. "Well, that's to be expected, I suppose. Let's get him back to his natural state." She climbed off Victor's half erect cock and found her husband's chastity device. Pulling off the ice packs she saw that his cock had shriveled up to practically nothing. "Good boy," she complimented him and busied herself getting his cage back in place. Fascinated by the process both Tara and Victor watched this private moment between a dominant wife and her submissive spouse. Only when he was locked up securely did Tara move over to her husband. She had been lightly teasing her clit the entire time Lisa had been working and so she was still wet and ready for Victor's cock.

Out of the corner of her eye Tara saw Lisa climbing on top of Victor. “Oh, you’re still horny I bet.”

“Uh-huh!” Tara declared as she pushed Victor onto his back. Once he realized what his wife intended his cock responded automatically. She held him lightly, found she was excited and intrigued at the combined juices still coating his cock, and slid down onto him. “Think he’s good to cum a second time so soon?” she asked Lisa.

“If you’ve kept him locked up for a month, he’d better be.”

Victor and Tara locked eyes as she slowly fucked him. It was a reward, he knew, and he enjoyed every minute of his reward. On the other side of the room Lisa laid down on the bed and snapped her fingers, then pointed to her cunt. “Clean me up,” she ordered.

Tara glanced at this action, saw Doug obeying without hesitation or questions. He knelt between his mistress’s legs, lowered his face to her dripping snatch, and started eating her while swallowing Victor’s cum.

She wondered how much training it would take to get Victor to do that, or if he would obey if she only asked. That was her last coherent thought as she increased the pace of her up and down motion. The last thing she remembered clearly was Victor’s cock erupting inside her, setting off her own orgasm as his spunk drenched her womb. Clearly he was ready to perform twice in one night.

It wasn’t hard to find a routine that worked for them. After all their initial sturm und drang over getting chastity for him done right, they really hadn’t needed all that much guidance from Kim. True, she had set them on the right course and had given Tara the permission she needed to take command of their relationship, but that was really it. Their mutually agreed upon chastity arrangement wasn’t a formal agreement created at the outset but a relationship and group of ideas that developed together over the course of months.

Wearing his cockcage almost every day had become normal for Victor. He knew that at the end of the day he would be released for an hour or so before going back into his cage. He’d be given the chance to pleasure his wife if she wanted to have sex. He wouldn’t get the chance to cum, of course. At the end of the

month she's remove the cage for a whole day and her body was his to ravage. During that twenty four hour period he sometimes had her seven or eight times. It was common for Tara to say, when putting his cage back on his penis that she had to put it back on him because she was too sore to accommodate him again.

Very rarely if he had been especially attentive and a good boy, she would surprise him and release his cage for the evening in the middle of the month. When this occurred it wasn't unusual for him to enter her pussy and immediately explode.

When Tara was feeling especially randy she would make him get on his hands and knees while she pegged him with her double ended dildo, making sure that she had at least two orgasms while he suffered under her authority. It made her proud that her husband did this for her. It was how she knew he truly loved her.

More than once Tara had chained his cockcage to a post on their bed and told him she was going out for the evening.

"Where?" he asked.

"Out," she replied, not clarifying the situation at all. "Don't wait up. Or do. I'll wake you when I get back."

He knew she hid an extra key to the chain just barely within reach in her dresser, but out of honor he never used this key. He remained in bed waiting for her return. The first time she went out alone he knew what she was doing—he was excited and scared of it—and desperately wanted to masturbate but couldn't of course. It was when he was alone that the urge to masturbate was the strongest.

Four hours later, just past midnight, Tara returned. He was still awake. One look at her and he knew she had been having sex with another man. That didn't bother him. What bothered him was that he was still caged and couldn't pleasure her with his cock.

"I'm dirty," she told him.

"I know," he agreed. "I like it when you're dirty."

She shook her head at him. "No, you don't understand. I'm a very dirty girl. You need to clean me."

Pulling her shirt over her head and dropping her skirt to the floor she sauntered to the bed. "Very dirty," she said again. When her bra came off he saw the faded bite marks on her breasts and the one small hickey under her nipple. It was when she removed her panties that he gasped. As she lowered them the crotch stuck to her pussy for just a moment too long. "You need to clean me up." With that she sprawled on the bed and spread her legs. Her scent was strong, mixed with the smell of another man on her body. Bits of dried cum clung to her curly pubic hair, but it was the thick white fluid leaking from her cunt that held his attention. "Clean me," she ordered.

He obeyed. It wasn't bad, he reflected, it wasn't bad at all making her cum like that.

After a year of chastity she boldly asked him if he wanted to continue. He was as amazed as she was they had lasted in their game that long.

"What? Why? Do you want to stop?"

Tara shook her head. She was wearing a babydoll nightgown while they lounged on their bed. He, as usual, was naked but for his cockcage. "No, but I want to make a change."

"What change?"

He was open to change when it involved Tara tormenting him in a new way with chastity.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Would you do anything for me?"

"Yes," he answered automatically, and then he realized he should have hesitated just a bit before answering.

The strength of his answer gave her confidence. "Good. Well then...I want to take you to get a Prince Albert piercing."

"A Prince Albert piercing?" he asked her. The shock of the request hadn't

registered with him. They were a nice suburban couple. They weren't the type to get tattoos or piercings. Nor were they the type to play chastity games and swap sex partners.

"It's a ring that goes through your urethra and out the bottom side of your penis," she said clinically.

"I know what it is," he said. His brain still wasn't fully functioning.

"It's to make chastity easier for you," she explained.

"Easier? I don't have any trouble with it now..."

Her smile was soft and understanding. "I misspoke. Easier for me. The piercing will give me different options to control your cock. I think you'll quite enjoy it."

As always Victor realized he didn't really have a choice in the matter. Tara had already decided for him, she was merely asking him to be polite. He could voice his objections and she would listen, and in the end she would take him to the piercer for the next step in their chastity game.

It made him happy to do as she wished.

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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