

CUCKOLDS IN CHASTITY COLLECTION

Five Femdom
Humiliation
Series!

ANNA DEVEREUX



Cuckolds in Chastity Collection Five Femdom Humiliation Series! Anna Devereux

Please note that these erotic series depict acts of consensual sex, cuckolding, humiliation and more. All characters in these books are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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The Chastity Cuckold: Book one

“Please,” I begged her. “Please...”

“No, baby,” she breathed.

My beautiful wife reached down a hand to gently stroke my trembling face.

“We agreed two more weeks,” she said. “Besides, it’s what you need, isn’t it?”

It was. I adored the constricting, dull throb in my groin as my cock desperately tried to escape the confines of its chastity device; a device I could easily break free of if I wished, but in which I had chosen to remain for the last thirty days.

My entire body hummed in frustration, and in an intense, almost animal-like, need for orgasm.

“Please,” I croaked once more.

I let out a frustrated half-sob, causing her to shiver in delight, as she slowly shook her head.

“I so like you like this baby,” she smiled, continuing to gently stroke my face. “On your knees, naked... frustrated... begging... You’d do anything for me, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

Would I?

“Well I have a few ideas,” she replied, in the same breathy tone. “But for now...”

She wriggled her toes enticingly.

Whimpering, I lowered my head to begin lapping and sucking at her feet once more.

“Yes,” she sighed. “Lots and lots of lovely ideas...”

“I’ll start looking for a new one tomorrow,” I assured my beautiful wife.

“Really?” she responded doubtfully.

We were lying in bed. I on my back, and Emma cuddled up next to me, an arm thrown over my chest.

I’d just informed her that I’d lost my job.

“Of course,” I said. “There must be something out there.”

“I don’t know...” she responded in the same doubtful tone.

“What do you mean?” I asked in confusion.

“Well maybe you don’t have to work,” she suggested. “I mean, I make far more than you’ll ever be able to. It just seems a bit pointless.”

Inwardly, I cringed. It was true. My wife was the real provider of our family. Not me.

“You barely make enough to cover the bills.” she continued, shaming me further.

“I have to,” I protested. “I have to work.”

“Why?” she asked. “You could just stay here and take care of the house. Then we’d save money by not having to hire a maid three times a week.”

That was true. But me doing the housework? No. That was women’s work.

“And you could do the cooking too,” she continued. “So I wouldn’t have to. Then I could concentrate more on my work.”

“I don’t know Emma,” I said. “Like a house husband?”

She gave a tiny little giggle as she allowed her hand to play over my chest.

“Kind of, I guess. What’s wrong with that? What’s wrong with looking after your wife. It just makes more sense than you working for peanuts when you don’t have to.”

I squirmed slightly as her playful fingers tweaked at my nipples, sending blood surging to my cock.

“Don’t you think?” she encouraged me.

Her hand slid down my chest, and over my stomach to begin gently stroking my growing cock.

It did make sense, I supposed but...

“I’d just feel like a bit of a loser,” I admitted as my cock continued to grow under her hand.

“Oh baby,” she whispered into my ear. “You’re not a loser. Would a loser have a wife like me?”

That was true, at least. I might not have a job. But I did have an absolutely smoking wife with a lithe, slender body, a pretty face, and breasts that any woman would die for.

“No,” I croaked.

My cock had reached its full length; tremors were beginning to spread through my body as her stoking hand gripped me tighter.

“So it’s decided then,” she whispered in my ear. “You’re going to be my little house husband.”

As always, she had gotten her way.

She let out a tiny giggle. “Maybe I’ll get you a cute little maid’s outfit. Would you like that?”

“No” I protested, causing her to giggle again.

“Are you sure?” she teased.

“Yes,” I croaked.

Couldn’t she see I was already feeling bad? Why did she have to make things worse? I could feel the familiar electricity build in my balls, and spread out to the rest of my body.

“I think it would be hot,” she whispered, as my groin began to buck up against her hand.

My cock was aching almost painfully now, desperate to ejaculate. As if sensing this, she slowed her strokes, keeping me right on the edge.

My hips bucked more furiously as I sought to increase the pace of her strokes. Instead, I was rewarded with a loosening of her hand.

I groaned in frustration. This wasn’t the first time she had kept me in this never-world of arousal. She seemed to delight in seeing me squirm and beg for release.

“Please, Emma,” I pleaded with her.

“Please what baby,” she breathed. “Please buy you a little maid’s outfit?”

I was gasping in need now as she continued her frustratingly loose strokes on my throbbing manhood.

“You’d wear one for me, wouldn’t you? You’d do anything for me, wouldn’t you?”

It was true. I would do anything for her. From the moment we’d met, I’d fallen under her spell. She could twist me round her little finger. And she knew it.

“Wouldn’t you?” she insisted.

There was little point in protesting. She always got her way.

“Yes,” I gasped, desperate to cum. “Yes, baby.”

“Good boy,” she whispered, her hot breath in my ear.

She tightened her grip on my cock and stroked me hard three times.

Cum exploded from my cock as I grunted in release. Again and again I spurted, coating my stomach and chest in my sticky seed. Expertly, she drained me to leave me panting and happy.

I opened my eyes to see she had propped her head up on one hand and was looking down at me with a gentle smile.

“Better, baby?” she asked tenderly.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes.”

“Good, Now get your pretty face between my legs and show me how grateful you are.”

Obediently I began to shuffle down the bed. Emma always took the lead in our lovemaking, and I was happy to obey. It was another reason I was so susceptible to her every whim. Early on in our marriage I had displeased her in some way, and we had had no sexual contact for three weeks. I lived in dread of her repeating that denial.

Eagerly I pushed my face between her smooth thighs as she sighed happily from above.

Her pussy was already damp with arousal, and her briny scent filled my nostrils. I gave a soft moan at the odor; it was an aroma I had come to love more than any other.

Eagerly, I began to lap at her soft sex, coaxing more of her sweet juice to it. I adored the taste of her; it was a powerful aphrodisiac. Her outer pussy lips spread as she became wetter and wetter under my practiced tongue.

Her sighs were changing to gentle moans now as I teased her clit from its protective hood. I moaned myself as it stiffened under my tongue.

“That’s right, baby,” she panted. “Make me cum with your tongue.”

I needed no encouragement. My face had become slick with her juice, and her fragrance consumed me.

I flicked at her swollen clit vigorously as she began to push her pussy back against my tongue.

I was in heaven. I lived for being able to pleasure my wife.

Pride surged through me as her mewls and moans grew louder.

“Yes,” she gasped. “Yes, yes, yes...”

Her hand snaked down to grasp me tightly by the hair and pull me further into her bucking sex.

“Yes,” she gasped again as I took her over the edge. “God. Yessssssss.”

Her pussy spasmed and twitched and her back arched as waves of orgasm swept over her. Still she kept my face tightly in place, smearing more juice over my cheeks and mouth. As the waves slowly turned to ripples, she

released my hair from her grip.

She sighed in satisfaction as I now gently licked at her tender, swollen sex.

I raised my head to look up at her. Her face was flushed and her plump lips wide. Her heavy breasts rose and fell as she struggled to still her breathing. She looked beautiful. She was beautiful. And she was mine.

I waited for her to speak, hoping that I might receive the permission I craved. My cock was stiff and hard once more.

She gave a loving smile.

“You can fuck me now, James,” she said.

Hastily, I shuffled up the bed to lie over her as she spread her pretty legs wider and higher.

A hand reached down to grasp my pulsing shaft, and position my cock-head at the entrance to her sex.

I pushed smoothly into her slippery heat, groaning in pleasure as I did so.

“That’s right, baby,” she breathed. “Fuck your pretty wife.”

Her pussy gripped my rigid cock tightly as I slid in and out of her velvety passage. I knew, even though I had only recently cum, that I wouldn’t be able to last long inside her. I never could. That’s why I always went down on her first. I didn’t think she’d ever cum on just my cock alone.

I began to thrust into her harder now, as she gave soft mewls of encouragement.

Already I could feel an intense pressure building in my balls and at the base of my cock.

She bent her head to pull one of my nipples into her mouth and bite down on

it sharply.

I gave a sharp whimper at the pain and the pleasure. She knew exactly how to send me over the edge.

As she continued to bite down on my nipple, my cock jolted violently, and, grunting, I spurted inside my wife's clenching pussy, shooting what little cum remained in my balls.

I collapsed over her as she released my nipple from her mouth and wrapped her arms around me.

"There we go, baby," she cooed into my ear. "What a good little maid."

I was too tired to respond. My cock wilted inside her as I lay there inhaling her scent and with the taste of her still on my lips and in my mouth.

I threw myself to the side and luxuriated in the serotonin that flooded my brain.

I was asleep within seconds.

I was awakened by Emma nudging me.

"Morning, baby," she said. "Why don't you go and put the coffee on?"

Of course. I had no job to go to.

"I'll just shower first," I responded.

"No," she said firmly. "I need to get ready for work. It's your job to take care of me and the house so I can concentrate on making money."

I wished she wouldn't keep bringing attention to the fact that I no longer worked. It was demeaning. It made me feel like... less of a man.

Nonetheless, I obediently pulled on a pair of boxer shorts and a t-shirt and

went down to the kitchen.

“You look nice,” I said handing her her coffee some thirty minutes later.

She did. Her knee-length, black, work skirt highlighted her narrow waist and elegantly tapered calves; her white blouse clung tightly to her chest drawing attention to her full breasts which were pushed forwards by the high heels she wore; and her freshly washed hair framed a face artfully decorated with make-up – a little more than she usually wore.

“Thanks,” she said, sipping her coffee. “A new client. It never hurts to make a good first impression.”

She’d make a fantastic impression on whomever her new client was. She looked stunning.

She cast an eye over my hastily thrown-on clothes. “I wish I could say the same for you.”

But she’d told me to make coffee. Besides, I was going to be in the house all day.

“Maybe we will have to get you that maid’s outfit,” she observed.

I blushed at her words.

“You look pretty when you blush,” she said, gently patting my cheek.

She laid down her coffee cup. “Right. Some of us have jobs to go to. There’s a list on the table of things you need to do.”

She gave me a peck on the cheek before turning and walking to the door. The high heels gave her tight buttocks a saucy sway that set my heart fluttering; what had I done to deserve such a sexy wife?

“Bye,” she called as she exited the house.

My heart sank as I surveyed the list. There was just so much: washing, cleaning, laundry, dinner... on and on the list went.

In fact, there was so much to do that I only managed to get through half of it. I did though, manage to get dinner on the table for her return.

“Lovely,” she said, seating herself.

“How was the new client?” I asked as we ate.

“Oscar? Oh, he’s very nice.”

On a first-name basis already...

“Did you make a good first impression?” I joked.

She smiled happily, “Oh, yes. At least I think so.”

Something about her smile, and the way she had responded worried me.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

She shrugged. “Oh you know. I could see that he was checking me out. Looking at my legs and stuff.”

“Isn’t that a bit unprofessional?” I asked in a worried tone.

“He’s a man,” she shrugged. “Anyway. How was your day? Did you get everything done?”

“About half,” I said in an apologetic tone.

“Only half,” she said disappointedly. “Well, you’d better do better tomorrow.”

That night we didn’t make love. In fact, she barely spoke to me for the rest of the evening.

The next morning, a Friday, I awoke before her and quickly moved to the kitchen to make her coffee.

“Hi, baby,” she said brightly as she entered the room.

“Uh, Hi,” I replied, my eyes widening at the sight of her.

She was dressed professionally, of course, but seemed to be showing a lot more skin than before. The skirt was shorter, allowing a glimpse of smooth thigh. And the top three buttons of her blouse were undone, displaying just a hint of her deep cleavage.

I swallowed nervously.

“Um. Who are you working with today?” I asked as casually as I could.

“Oh. Oscar,” she replied.

Adrenaline surged through my veins.

“Didn’t you say he was checking you out yesterday?” I asked worriedly.

“Mmm,” she replied distractedly, sipping her coffee.

“Then won’t he be able to see more? More of your body?”

“He’s a very important client, James,” she replied. “Besides, I think I look nice. Don’t you think I look nice?”

She did. She looked too nice. I swallowed.

“Ohhh,” she said as if understanding something for the first time.

She laid down her coffee and sidled up to me. “Is someone feeling a bit jealous?”

“No,” I protested.

I was. I was very jealous. And worried.

She pushed her breasts into my chest and lifted her lips to my ear.

“Are you worried he’s going to look at my legs?” she whispered. “That’s alright, isn’t it? You don’t mind if Oscar looks at my legs, do you?”

“No,” I croaked.

Why was I getting hard?

“Maybe he’ll try and look down my top,” she whispered. “He’s very tall. It wouldn’t be hard to do. And he’s such an important client; such a powerful man; I couldn’t not let him have a peek, could I?”

My cock was aching hard now at the thought of another man leering hungrily at my wife. God. What was wrong with me? And why was she teasing me like this?

She removed her lips from my ear and took a step back to observe my shuddering form.

“Be a good boy today, James,” she said lightly, before turning and walking to the door.

Was I imagining it or was there even more sway to her hips and ass?

I stood, rooted to the spot, as I tried to make sense of my emotions.

It was OK. It was normal for men to look at women. And she was probably exaggerating, I tried to convince myself. Inside, I knew that it was probably true though. Emma was an absolute stunner. Of course any man would try to sneak a peek.

I shook my head to clear it. Why was my cock still throbbing? I had to do

something about it. I rushed up to the bedroom to throw myself on the bed and push my boxer shorts to my ankles.

I grabbed my throbbing cock and began to thrash at myself furiously. Exciting, erotic images played through my mind. My beautiful wife. She'd dressed up for her client: a powerful, important man. I could see her now, sinking to her knees in front of Oscar. Sinking to her knees to undo his belt and flies and pull out a thick, hard cock.

I moaned in arousal, my body beginning to hum and shiver as I quickly approached orgasm.

My beautiful Emma pushing her face forwards, and sucking Oscar's throbbing glans into her hot, sucking mouth... massaging his cock-head with her tongue...

"Uggggghhh," I grunted as my cock flexed. Cum shot from it to fall onto my stomach and chest. Again and again, I spurted until my balls were drained, and I could release my cock from my fist's tight grip.

I lay there in a daze. What the hell had I been thinking? That was wrong. I didn't want my wife to suck another man's cock.

I shook my head to clear it and rose from the bed. I quickly showered before beginning the housework.

Again and again, I returned to the bedroom though.

Tortuous images cluttered my mind: Emma on her knees sucking a stiff cock; Emma bent over a boardroom table, panting in delight as she was taken from behind; Emma riding a thick cock as her beautiful heavy breasts bounced up and down; Emma, her mouth open in an "O" of pleasure, as she was impaled by a cock that stretched and filled her.

By the time I got around to preparing dinner, my cock was red and sore and barely any of the chores had been completed.

Emma knew instantly that I hadn't completed my list of tasks. She looked around the house in disappointment before sitting down to eat.

"Don't speak to me," she said when I attempted conversation.

The dinner was completed in silence.

She pushed away her plate.

"I'm going to bed," she said. "I've had a long day. Don't even think about trying to touch me. We'll talk tomorrow."

Emma left early the next morning, a Saturday, not responding when I asked where she was going.

When she returned though, she seemed happier.

"Let's talk," she said, patting the sofa.

"OK," I agreed, sitting next to her. "Look. I'm really sorry. I'll do better next time."

"Yes, you will," she agreed. "A lot better."

I breathed a sigh of relief. That was all I had to do? Apologize?

"You'll do a lot better because things are going to change."

Oh, dear. It looked like the conversation wasn't over.

"I bought you a present, James. A present that I'd like you to wear."

Not the maid's costume, I thought in panic. Surely, she'd been joking. I breathed my second sigh of relief that day as she produced a box from her bag.

A present. What was it? A watch? Why was she being so kind to me?

“Thank you,” I said gratefully as I took the box. “What is it?”

She gave me a sweet smile. “I told you. A present. Open it and find out.”

I opened the box and looked inside. I gave my wife a puzzled look.

“What is it?” I asked again.

“Look again, James,” she said. “I’m sure you can figure it out.”

I looked down at the gift again. Barred steel in the shape of... a flaccid penis.

I looked up at her in shock. This time there was a gleam to her eyes and a mischievous smile played on her lips.

“It’ll be fun,” she said. “Do you like it?”

“I... I... I...” I stuttered. “I can’t wear this. It’s a chastity cage.”

I couldn’t. It would be emasculating. Besides, it looked uncomfortable. How would I get an erection? It looked too small.

“That’s something we have to decide together, sweetie,” she replied. “As husband and wife.”

“But...” I began.

“Look, I’ll show you how it works,” she said. “The lady in the shop showed me.”

So that had been where she had gone.

She took out a hoop. “This piece goes over your cock and behind your balls.”

My God. She was serious about this. Well, perhaps it would be OK just for a few minutes? Just a bit of fun.

“And this,” - she picked up the steel, barred sheaf – “this goes over your cock and clicks into the hoop. Then we just add this little padlock, and you’re all locked up. What do you think? Do you like it?”

“Why?” I asked in a barely audible voice.

“Well,” she said. “I was very upset yesterday. I mean I was out working hard and my house-hubby was fooling around! Not concentrating on his chores...”

“I’m sorry about that,” I broke in.

“I’m speaking, James,” she said.

“Sorry,”

She took a deep breath. “As I was saying... my house hubby wasn’t holding up his side of the bargain. We agreed. I would work, and you would take care of the house.”

I began to speak again but a stern look caused me to press my lips together.

“And then I started to think that perhaps it wasn’t all your fault. This arrangement is new to both of us. And it must be hard for you to accept your new role. You might be feeling less of a man.”

I was.

“So I thought perhaps all you needed was a bit of encouragement.”

“I’ll do better on Monday,” I assured her.

She raised her eyebrows at my interruption.

“I’m trying to explain something, James,” she said. Her voice was still light, but with a slight edge to it.

I closed my lips once more.

“So what I thought we’d do, is put the chastity cage on you. Then if you do a good job you can come out in the evening. I think it will really focus your mind on your chores, don’t you?”

“I don’t need to wear that,” I said. “I’ll concentrate. I promise.”

“James,” she said patiently. “Do you think it might focus your mind on your chores if you were wearing the chastity cage and couldn’t come out unless I was happy with you?”

“Well, yes,” I conceded. “But...”

“Good,” she said. “So do you think we should try it?”

I was powerless to fight her. If this is what she wanted, then she would get it eventually, one way or the other.

“Shall we try, James?” she asked again. “It will make me very, very happy.”

My mind conjured up images of what a very, very happy Emma might do.

“We could try,” I said. “Just for a little bit. Just to see what it’s like.”

Instantly her demeanor changed and she leaned toward me to embrace me tightly.

“Oh thank you, baby,” she said. “I just couldn’t think how to get you to do your chores. And then this idea came to me. The lady in the shop says that you’ll learn to love it. It might feel a bit strange for the first few days though, but it’ll be a lot of fun.”

A few days? I hadn’t agreed to that. But she seemed so happy – such a contrast to her angry silence of yesterday – that I didn’t protest.

“Right,” she said, clapping her hands excitedly. “Let’s try it on.”

What? Today?

“But it’s Saturday,” I protested.

“I know it is,” she replied, “and you have lots of missed chores to catch up on.”

“But can’t we start on Monday?” I asked hopefully.

“Oh, James,” she said in dismay. “You are going to be good aren’t you? You did agree to this.”

She seemed determined that I try it on today. And I didn’t want to upset her. And it was true. I had missed lots of chores. And she did work so hard.

“OK,” I said. “Today.”

Her lips broke into a broad grin. “OK. If you want to,” she said.

I didn’t want to. I was doing it to please her. Why did she always twist my words so.

“Oh,” she said. “The lady in the shop said you had to ask me to put it on you. So that we both know it’s what you want.”

She looked at me expectantly.

Blushing, I said the words she wanted to hear. “Please, Emma. Please could you put the chastity device on me?”

“Of course, sweetie,” she said happily. “And when would you like to come out?”

I shrugged helplessly.

She waited.

I said the words.

“I’d like to come out when you think I’ve been good, please,” I croaked.

“OK, baby,” she cooed. “If that’s what you want.”

Perhaps this was what I wanted, I thought in panic. Why else was my cock unfurling at the prospect of being locked away?

And why was I becoming so lightheaded? And why was my body beginning to tremble?

She noticed my distress and stroked my arm consolingly.

“It’s OK, baby,” she said. “The lady in the shop said that it can be very exciting for a man the first time he wears it. You’re very excited aren’t you?”

I was, I realized in wonder. I was.

“Yes,” I said weakly.

She nodded.

“That’s perfectly normal. Don’t worry. This will be fun. Now stand up in front of me.”

I did so, on shaking legs.

“Now pull down your pants and underwear,” she instructed me.

Robotically I did as I was told.

“Oh,” she squealed in delight. “You really are excited.”

My arousal was impossible to hide. My cock stood up stiff and bobbing, precum leaking from the tip.

“You might as well take your shirt off too,” she suggested. “And step out of those pants.”

I didn’t even think to protest. What kind of man got excited about wearing a chastity cage? I thought to myself miserably.

“Stay there, sweetie,” Emma said as she rushed out of the room.

She returned with a bag of frozen peas which she handed to me.

“You know what to do,” she said, seating herself once more. “It won’t go on like that.”

I pressed the peas to my groin. Emma giggled as I gasped at the cold shock.

Still blushing I held the peas to my cock and balls while Emma waited patiently.

“I’m ready,” I eventually croaked, removing the peas.

I stared down at my groin. The cold freeze had shrunk my cock and balls to a minuscule size.

Emma giggled at the sight.

“I didn’t know they could get that small,” she said.

And then, to my delight, she pushed her head forwards and sucked my shrunken cock into her mouth. So small had I become that her lips easily reached the base of my manhood.

I let out a moan of extreme pleasure at the feel of her hot, sucking mouth on my frozen cock. Quickly, I began to swell and to my disappointment she withdrew her mouth, licking her lips.

“I’ll have to be quick,” she said, grasping the hoop and sliding it down, over

my shaft and behind my balls.

Still, I grew, the memory of her hot, sucking mouth etched into my entire being.

“Quick, quick, quick,” she encouraged herself as she grasped the birdcage barred sheath and slid it down over my cock and clicked it into place.

Not a moment too soon. My cock continued to grow, pushing the flesh of the shaft uncomfortably against the cold steel.

I moaned as, within seconds, my cock filled every millimeter of the cage, the flesh of my shaft protruding through the gaps between the bars.

“And the padlock,” she said in a sing-song voice, clicking it into place.

“There we go,” she declared. “All locked up.”

She withdrew the key from the padlock and looked up at me.

“Do you like it?”

It was a curious, inhibiting feeling. Not painful exactly, but uncomfortable. My cock wanted to expand to its full length and width, but the bars of the cage prevented it from doing so. I experienced a dull pressure that was keeping me aroused and frustrated.

“Yes,” I responded. The fact that my answer was honest, shocked and confused me.

“Say thank you then,” she said.

“Thanks, Emma,” I said obediently.

“Thank you for what?” she prompted.

I cleared my throat. Being forced to thank my beautiful wife for locking up

my cock was embarrassing but also extremely arousing.

“Thank you for my chastity cage,” I said.

She smiled happily. “That’s quite alright. I’m so glad you like it. Right, you’d better get on with your chores. I’m going to take a nice long bath.”

I moved to pick up my clothes and dress again, but she stopped me.

“Oh,” she said. “I almost forgot. I’m glad you like your present, but there’s something I’d like you to do for me in return.”

I waited.

Emma reached behind the sofa to retrieve a bag.

Another present.

My heart dropped as she drew some material from the bag. I knew what it was. And I knew what she wanted.

“I think you’ll look really cute,” she enthused.

She handed me the material. I looked down at it dumbly. A pair of stockings in black. A tiny black skirt with lace trim, and a black top with the same lace trim and a tiny apron to the front.

She’d done it. She’d got me the maid’s uniform.

“Oh don’t look so sad,” she chided me. “There has to be some punishment for you slacking off the entire day. Anyway, you want to make your wife happy don’t you?”

I couldn’t speak.

“Don’t you?” she insisted.

I found my voice.

“Yes,” I replied in a tiny voice.

“Good boy,” she said. “Stockings first.”

Wordlessly I sat to pull the thigh-high stockings up my legs.

“Oh that’s so pretty,” she enthused. “Really sexy.”

“Where did you get the uniform?” I croaked.

Never before had her power over me been so cruelly demonstrated. She was dressing me up as she must have done dolls when she was a little girl.

“From the same place I got your little chastity cage,” she replied. “I suppose some men like to dress their wives up, but you’ve got such a girly, slender figure I knew it would look nice on you.”

I cringed. It was true. I had never been naturally muscly. I guess I did have kind of a feminine figure.

“I got lots of other things too..” she continued.

“What things?” I asked in panic.

“Oh you’ll see...” she answered cryptically. “Now. Stand up and put your little skirt on.”

Wordlessly I stood to step into the tiny skirt. My hands shook uncontrollably as I drew it up my legs and settled it at my waist.

“Oh that’s so pretty,” she breathed. “I knew it would fit you perfectly.”

I didn’t think it fit perfectly. It barely covered my chastity device and left a good proportion of my ass bare.

I realized, sadly, that my cock had not once ceased to throb inside the cage. If anything it was aching harder than it had before.

“Top,” she instructed.

I pulled on the lacy top with its plunging neckline.

“Oh. My. You look like such a pretty maid.” she said. “Just what I wanted. Oh. I got shoes too. I hope they fit.”

She produced a pair of white heels.

A tiny whimper came from my throat which she affected to ignore.

“Put them on then,” she encouraged me.

I slipped my feet into the heels, another whimper coming from my throat as they changed my posture into a more feminine one. I was elevated several inches and my chest pushed forwards. My calves were tautened.

“Oh James,” she breathed from her position on the sofa. “You just look like such a pretty little maid. Give me a twirl.”

Blushing, and with throbbing constrained cock I turned before her, struggling to keep my balance in the heels.

“You’ll get used to them,” she smiled.

Get used to them? I didn’t want to get used to them.

“And that skirt shows off your cute little ass perfectly. Try walking.”

She giggled as I teetered around on the unfamiliar footwear.

“OK. Stand still.”

Slowly she walked around me, apparently liking what she saw. She paused

behind me to press her body to mine and whisper into my ear.

“Just what I’ve always wanted,” she whispered. “My own little sissy maid. You’re making me very happy James.”

I could only whimper in response. I was so hard; so aroused. How had she done this to me?

She stepped back a pace and paused, as if considering something. “Can I give you a little slap on your pretty backside,” she asked.

The thought excited me.

“Yes,” I croaked.

I let out a yelp as her palm sharply connected with my buttocks.

She giggled as I stumbled forwards several paces in the heels.

“Get on with your chores, Sissy,” she said in a pleasant voice. “I’m going to take a nice long bath.”

I stood in shock for several minutes trying to take stock of my situation. My cock was in a cage. That was number one. I raised the skirt to observe my cramped, bulging manhood inside the device. The padlock was tiny. I could easily twist it off and release myself. That knowledge gave me some relief. But.... I let out a tiny sob as I realized I didn’t want to twist off the padlock. I wanted this.

Number two was the clothes. She’d dressed me up in the most humiliating fashion possible. Another sob came from my throat as I realized that I enjoyed that too. I enjoyed being humiliated in this fashion.

What kind of man was I?

I forced myself from my reverie. Chores. I had to do my chores.

I found that by concentrating fully on the tasks before me, the dull ache in my groin would cease as my cock became limp. I had found a way to make wearing it manageable.

Emma though, had different plans. After a long hour she emerged from her bath. She was dressed in tight black yoga pants, and a tight white t-shirt. Every curve and crevice of her slender figure was displayed to me.

She smiled mischievously as I turned my gaze from her.

Her mission, for the rest of the day was to keep me permanently aroused inside the cage. And she completed her mission successfully. Intermittently, she would appear as I was doing the laundry, or ironing, or dusting. She'd then press her firm body to mine whilst fondling my exposed balls. When she was satisfied I was achingly hard – or as hard as I could get in the cage – she would disappear, only to reappear when I began to limp.

It was frustratingly exciting. And I loved it.

By the time all the chores were finished, I was desperate for relief: sex, a blowjob... anything.

I presented myself to my wife who was lounging comfortably on the sofa.

"I finished," I said.

"Good boy," she said, not looking up from her magazine.

I paused. Surely she knew what I wanted.

"Did I do a good job?" I asked.

This time she looked up.

"Yes, you did a very good job. Thank you, James. I knew this would work."

She returned her attention to the magazine.

God, this was humiliating. She was treating me like the maid I was dressed as.

“May I come out of the cage?” I asked politely.

Again she looked up.

“Yes,” she smiled. “I was just teasing. Let’s go to the bedroom. I’ll show you something else I bought.”

She took my hand to lead me up the stairs.

“You’re getting better in the heels. Did you like being my little maid.”

I found myself nodding.

“Yes,” I said in wonder. I had. It had been a deliciously humiliating day.

We entered the bedroom.

Without preamble, she pulled her t-shirt over her head to allow her beautiful breasts to swing free. She began to step out of her yoga pants.

I followed suit, throwing the maid’s costume from my body and stepping out of the heels. Finally, the time had arrived.

“Leave the stockings on,” she said, stepping towards me.

“OK,” I gasped. She pushed her lips to mine and we kissed fully our tongues intertwining.

My hands explored her lush, trim body, grasping her tight buttocks and groping at her full breasts.

We fell onto the bed giggling as I lowered my head to suck upon a thick nipple, quickly drawing it stiff and erect.

Something else needed to get erect too though, and I broke of my suckling.

“I need to come out of the cage,” I gasped.

“OK, sweetie,” she smiled. “Lie on your back.”

I quickly did so. Finally. She moved from the bed to return with several Velcro straps.

“What are those?” I asked. God. I couldn’t wait to get out of this cage and sink my cock into her clenching, wet heat.

“Restraints,” she said. “Velcro. I thought it might be fun to tie you up. What do you think?”

I found myself nodding eagerly. “Yes, please.”

She smiled. “The safe word is pineapple. If you want me to release you, all you have to do is say the word.”

Pineapple.

“OK.”

She swiftly spread my legs wide and attached them to the foot of the bed.

“Put your wrists together.”

I did so. She strapped them together and lifted my hands up and behind me to attach them to the bed-frame. As she did so, her heavy breasts brushed my face, and I hungrily sucked a now stiff nipple into my mouth.

She sighed in pleasure, before lifting her chest from my sucking mouth.

In one smooth motion, she swung a slender leg over me to straddle my face.

I gasped at the beautiful sight above me. She'd shaved her sex to leave it smooth and hairless. Already her labia were beginning to spread and were dewed with her juice.

I could smell just a hint of her essence.

I moaned as my cock throbbed harder in its metal prison.

She had positioned herself so that I had to crane my neck uncomfortably to reach her. This I did, groaning in pleasure as I began to lap at her and taste her sweet nectar. Her labia quickly flared to reveal her tender inner flesh. As I licked at her soft, wet folds, she sighed happily and reached her hands up to tweak at her stiff nipples.

Her sex was sodden now and she began to rock gently back against my tongue, panting at my ministrations. My face quickly became coated in her juice.

I turned my attention to her now-stiff clit, suckling on in. She mewled in delight and rocked down harder onto my face.

She came quickly, with shuddering gasps and trembling legs, her pussy twitching beautifully against my face.

"Oh that's lovely, James," she panted. "Again."

Twice more I brought her to climax before she collapsed tiredly on the bed next to me.

"OK," she said when she had regained her breath. "Let's get you out of that nasty cage."

"Thank you," I croaked gratefully.

I didn't know how much longer I could have lasted. The taste of her and her beautiful scent were driving me almost insane with desire.

She moved from the bed to return with the key to my cage and a bottle of lotion. She seated herself elegantly on the bed next to me.

“Ready?” she asked.

“God. Yes,” I gasped.

She inserted the key into the tiny lock and removed it. Swiftly she pulled the metal cage from me.

“Oh, God that’s good” I sighed as my cock unfurled and quickly grew to its full throbbing length.

The hoop remained, keeping my balls from retracting.

She looked at my pulsing member with curiosity as she poured lotion onto one tiny hand.

I sighed again as she reached out her hand to take me in a tight, slippery grasp.

“No pussy for you today,” she teased as her hand began to slide up and down my cock.

I could only grunt in response. Tremors were spreading through my body.

“Does this feel a bit like a pussy?” she breathed as she increased the speed of her hand.

It wasn’t as good as her pussy, but all I needed was to cum. If it was on her hand, so be it.

I could feel myself growing close.

“God,” I managed to gasp. “That feels so good. Thank you.”

It had all been worth it. I was finally going to cum.

I gasped in dismay as she dropped my cock from her hand.

She giggled as my cock continue to bob and pulse. I had been so close.

“Please,” I gasped. “Please.”

She waited some twenty seconds, ignoring my pleas before she returned her hand to me.

This time she massaged my balls gently, before once more gripping my aching rod.

This time though, her grip was looser, keeping me right on the edge as I moaned and bucked beneath her.

“If you use the safe word, you can make love to me,” she said.

What stopped me I don’t know. But no safe word came from my mouth.

“I really need to cum,” I begged her.

“I know, baby,” she cooed. “I know.”

But still she kept up the frustratingly slow strokes, occasionally pausing when she sensed I was getting close to the edge, never letting me over it into delicious climax.

“Oh,” she breathed. “I’ve just remembered. Oscar wants to take me to dinner on Friday. That’s alright isn’t it?”

“I... I... I...,” I stuttered.

I had barely heard what she said. God, I needed to come.

“You don’t mind, do you?” she asked again. “If I go to dinner with Oscar.”

Her words somehow penetrated through the fog of my arousal. Dinner, with Oscar.

Her grip tightened and the speed of her slippery strokes increased.

“Is that OK?”

“I... I... I...”

Again her grip loosened as orgasm grew close.

I was in an agony of beautiful frustration, fighting against the restraints, bucking and panting. Still I did not use the safe word.

Her grip tightened.

“Can I?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes. Please.”

“Oh thank you, baby,” she cooed.

“I need to cum,” I begged her once more.

“I know,” she repeated. “I know, baby.”

For one long hour she kept me in this state. I was a panting, begging, pleading mess. All I needed was to cum.

Her hand raised from my cock.

“OK. I think that’s enough,” she said.

I looked at her in panic. Surely she wouldn’t be so cruel.

“No. Please. You said I could cum,” I gasped. “Please, Emma. Please. I love you. I need to cum.”

“I did not say that,” she replied. “I said you could come out of your cage. And you’ve been out for quite a long time.”

Still no safe word came from my lips.

“Please,” I sobbed. “Please.”

“Oh poor baby,” she said sympathetically. “I tell you what. If you’re a very good boy all week we can make love on Friday, OK?”

“OK,” I found myself agreeing. “OK. Thank you.”

“After my date with Oscar.”

Date? She hadn’t said it was a date.

“Now,” she said. “Would you like to go back in your little cage now?”

“Yes,” I said weakly.

She nodded. “I’ll get the peas.”

Two minutes later and I was once more inside the cage.

That night I clung to her naked body tightly.

Sunday was a replica of Saturday. It concluded with me begging to be placed back in my chastity cage.

On Monday, I rose, as usual before Emma to make coffee.

“For... for Oscar?” I stammered as she entered the room.

Her skirt was shorter, displaying more of her smooth thighs. And her blouse was tighter, clinging to her full chest and narrow waist like a second skin.

“For Oscar,” she agreed.

She waited, observing me, as if daring me to protest. When I did not she spoke.

“Why aren’t you in your pretty maid’s costume? You like it don’t you?”

I blushed. She knew I did.

“Why don’t you put it on?” she suggested. It will make me happy knowing my little boy is all dressed up while I’m at work.”

I blushed further.

She raised a hand to stroke my face gently.

“No need to be bashful, James. There’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

“I’ll put it on when you’ve left,” I promised, grateful for her kind words.

I did. Each day that week I wore the maid’s costume.

And each day I performed my chores perfectly.

And each day I would pleasure her with my tongue before I was released, to be teased to the edge of orgasm.

And each day I would beg to be placed back in the cage, thanking her for doing so.

And each day her skirts grew shorter, and her blouses tighter and more revealing.

My arousal and frustration increased with each passing day. The only thing that got me through the week was the thought of making love to my wife. After her date with Oscar, I reminded myself, shame and extreme excitement coursing through my body in equal measure.

What made the experience even more humiliating and arousing was the knowledge that I could make love to my wife at any time. Each time I was strapped to the bed she reminded me of the safe word, and that I only needed to say it to make love to her.

I never said it though.

When Friday rolled around I was a shuddering, frustrated mess, pliant to her every word.

“He told me to dress sexily for him,” announced Emma as she entered the living room. “How do I look?”

My head jerked up. I had been slumped on the sofa, my head in my hands, tortured by thoughts of what I was allowing to happen – no, wanted to happen – and by my throbbing, imprisoned cock.

“You look amazing,” I stuttered.

She did.

Her feet had been pushed into a pair of impossibly high heels that gave a sensual, sexy sway to her gait. Her tapered calves and smooth, firm thighs were bare, and a tiny, tight brown leather skirt barely covered her groin. A white silk blouse showed off her flat, narrow stomach to perfection and clung tightly to her breasts – so tightly that the outline of her thick nipples and large areola were clearly visible. It was plain to see that she was bra-less. And as if any more evidence were needed, the top three buttons were open, displaying a deep cleavage.

Her face shone with rouge, and her eyes shone excitedly behind eye-shadow. Her plump lips had been painted a deep, vibrant red.

And I was sending her out like this on a date with another man.

“Thanks, sweetie,” she said, stepping forwards to embrace me.

She gave me a tender kiss on the lips before looking deep into my eyes.

“You know what’s going to happen, don’t you James?”

“Yes,” I croaked. “I know.”

“It’s what you want, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I croaked again.

“OK. Sweetie,” she said brightly. “I’m off now.”

And she was gone.

I spent the evening either hunched over on the couch with my head in my hands, or pacing the room nervously. Waves of shame and desire washed over me, dizzying and exciting me.

Long hours passed. Eleven o’clock, twelve o’clock, one.

My phone rang. I grabbed it hurriedly. It was Emma.

“Emma?” I said.

No reply came. Instead excited pants and mewls came to my ear. They were unmistakably Emma’s. And deeper grunts too; a man’s grunts.

“Tell him,” came a gruff voice. “Tell him what’s happening.”

“Oh baby,” came Emma’s strained voice between pants. “Oh baby, he’s fucking me.”

Just pants and moans again as I pressed the phone tighter to my ear. Her voice came again. “Oh baby, he’s fucking me so good.... So good..... He’s... He’s... He’s taking me from behind with his big cock..... Oh baby it feels so good... a proper cock.... So much better than yours....”

Her pants were growing louder.

“He’s filling me, baby.... He’s going to make me cum on his cock....”

I let out a sob as my cock desperately tried to break free of the steel cage.

The gruff voice came again. “Tell him what you did.”

“I sucked his cock, baby.”

Her voice was becoming higher pitched and less coherent as she approached orgasm.

“I sucked his cock... It was so good to have a proper cock in my mouth... so good..... And he says... he says....”

Her voice trailed off as her moans began to change to grunts.

“What Emma?” I asked desperately. “What did he say?”

“He says....he says....”

I heard her wail in orgasm as she went over the edge. A long drawn out wail of extreme pleasure the likes of which she had never made on my cock.

And then gasps and pants as she rode the last of her orgasm.

“Emma?” I croaked. “Emma?”

“Oh God, James. That was good. Oh my God. It was amazing. You’re a cuckold, baby. You’re my little cuck.”

“What did he say?” I asked in a tiny voice.

“He said you’re going to beg to suck his cock,” she said tiredly.

The line went dead and the phone fell from my hand.

The Chastity Cuckold: Book two

It was almost midday when Emma finally returned.

“Sweetheart,” I croaked.

She gave me a sweet smile as she entered the room. She had a content, lazy, satisfied air to her.

“Ah. Ah,” she cautioned me as I began to pace towards her. “Stay where you are.”

She threw herself on the sofa to sprawl there languidly, keeping her knees tight together.

“Oh I had a lovely time,” she said, idly observing my naked, trembling body. “Did you have a nice time?”

Had I? Thoughts of her spreading her pretty legs for another man had kept me almost permanently swollen as shame had washed over me in delicious waves. I had spent the night alternately pacing the room and sitting, head-in-hands on the sofa.

“I missed you,” I replied in a pathetically small voice.

“Oh that’s sweet,” she replied. “Why don’t you kneel down. I’ll tell you all about my night.”

I sunk to my knees gazing at my beautiful wife with her disheveled hair and face scrubbed free of make-up. My chastity seemed only to increase my love for her.

“Oh I had such a lovely time,” she said again. “Oscar really knows how to treat a woman. First we went for a meal... Oh, but you don’t want to hear about that do you?”

“What happened after the meal?” I managed to say.

She gave a knowing smile. “Well, I made you a cuckold,” she said brightly. “But you already know that.”

I gave a whimper. I did know that. But I needed details. I needed to know exactly what he had done to her. And then... God, I needed to cum. She’d said we’d make love.

“How?” I asked.

She smiled again.

“Well, he took me up to his hotel room... His hands had been all over my legs at dinner, stroking them. It had gotten me all excited. I was practically on heat. I’d never felt like that before. As soon as we got to the hotel room – oh I was so naughty. I just couldn’t help myself....”

Her eyes lost focus as she revisited the hotel room in her mind.

“Emma,” I croaked.

I had to know.

“Oh. Sorry,” she said, her eyes regaining focus.

“Well, like I was saying. I just couldn’t wait. I just got on my knees like a little slut... It felt so good to be a little bit slutty... and I undid his belt and his flies.

My breath was coming in shallow gasps at the thought of my wife on her knees for another man.

“And I pulled down his pants and his underwear,” she continued.

Her eyes grew wide. “Oh James, he had such a beautiful cock. So big... so thick...”

A moan came from my lips.

“And I sucked it, James. I sucked it like I’ve never sucked a cock before.”

Another moan came from my lips. Blowjob had been a rare treat during our marriage. She claimed not to like them.

“I took so much of him into my mouth... and I sucked him so hard... I so wanted to do a good job.”

“Did you?” I croaked.

“Oh yes,” she smiled. “He loved it.”

“He called me his good little slut,” she added proudly.

My lips moved soundlessly as I became dizzy with shame and desire.

“I kept him in my mouth while I took off my blouse,” she remembered.

“That’s when he grabbed me by my hair and pulled me off his cock.... I think he wanted to get his hands on my tits.”

“I remember begging him to let me suck his cock again. He just told me to stand up. That he’d let me suck his cock again later.”

She gave a little shiver of delight.

“Oh he loved my tits, James. He loved them. Groping them... kissing them.... Sucking them....”

Of course he had. She had amazing breasts. I could barely remember the last time I’d had them in my hands. It seemed so long ago. My life had changed so much. For the better.

“Then he turned me around, baby,” she said. “And told me to put my hands on the bed. Oh God. I was so wet. It was finally going to happen. I was finally going to get some real cock!”

She gave me a wide smile, her eyes shining. “Aren’t you happy for me, cucky?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

I was. She deserved to be satisfied properly.

“He pulled my skirt up over my ass,” she continued. “He must have seen how excited I was. My tiny panties were drenched. He pulled them to the side and then... and then...”

She drifted off again, smiling as she recalled the events.

“What, Emma?” I said desperately.

I needed to hear it. I needed to hear how I’d become a cuckold.

“He slid into me, baby,” she smiled. “With his big, fat cock. Oh God it felt so good to filled and stretched by a real man.”

I let out another whimper. It was true. She needed a real man.

“And he didn’t cum straight away,” she said in wonder, “like you do.”

The shame bit deep, but blood continued to course to my cramped cock.

“I just remember begging him to fuck me harder, harder... And he did... He made me cum, James. He made me cum on his cock. I practically passed out... But he wasn’t finished.”

She paused to observe my shaking body.

“That’s when he made me call you, James. To tell you what he could do to me and what you were going to beg him for.”

I moaned as I remembered what he had told Emma I’d beg for: to suck his

cock.

“And then he gave me another orgasm,” she said in awe. “Another one! Just on his cock.”

Unconsciously her hands began to roam over her body as she relived the moment.

“It was so good... so, so good. And then he came in me, baby. He came in your pretty wife’s pussy.”

I gasped as with those words she allowed her knees to part and her thighs to fall open.

Her short skirt had rucked up so that her swollen, messy pussy was clearly visible to me.

Saliva pooled in my mouth. I began to crawl across the room. My eyes were fixed on the prize of sloppy, splayed, used sex.

“He came in me so many times, James,” she breathed. “I didn’t know a man could get hard so many times in a night.”

I groaned loudly as her scent hit my nostrils; her sweet scent and the mealy, more masculine scent of her lover.

She spread her thighs wider as I came close. I could see sticky cum smeared on her lips.

I didn’t care though. In fact, it only made me throb harder. I pushed my face to her sex and began to lap at her, scooping her briny juice and her lover’s salty cum into my mouth with abandon, swallowing again and again.

How long I stayed with my face between her legs I do not know. Time ceased to have any meaning. I only knew that I was in a frustrated heaven of arousal and humiliation. I lapped and licked and swallowed repeatedly.

Reluctantly, I allowed a gentle hand to push me away.

“Was that nice, baby?” she asked kindly.

“Yes,” I replied. “God. Yes.”

I attempted to push my face forwards once more but she rose to offer me her hand.

“Come on, baby,” she said. “Let’s get your little cage off.”

Eagerly, I grasped her hand to allow her to lead me to the bedroom.

She tossed the key to my chastity device on the floor as she threw off her clothes.

I quickly located the key and with a happy sigh removed the entire device to allow my cock its first freedom in a week.

My cock bobbed up rapidly, quickly becoming as hard as it had ever been.

“Come on baby,” she said from the bed. “You can fuck me as many times as you like.”

Dizzy with desire I threw myself on the bed to lie over her, groping at her breasts and pushing my cock to her sodden snatch.

“As many times as you like,” she sighed, as gasping I slid smoothly into her tight slippery sex.

As I began to thrust in and out of her she pushed her lips to my ear.

“But each time you cum, you stay in the cage for a week.”

I barely heard her so glorious did it feel to be impaling her on my cock, thrusting strongly in and out of her, reclaiming my wife.

She bowed her head to my nipple and as she often did, bit down sharply.

I gave a high-pitched grunt of pain and pleasure as my cock flexed, and I began to spurt one week's worth of cum into her.

She giggled as panting, I continued to spurt into her, draining myself.

"That's one week. Want to go for one more?"

Four times I came in my beautiful wife's sex, each climax seemingly more intense than the last. I'd never fucked her four times in one night before. I seemed to have a renewed stamina.

But four times was all I could manage.

Mentally and physically exhausted I passed out, one hand clutching a heavy breast.

When I awoke, the chastity cage had been reattached. So tired had I been, that I hadn't awoken.

My beautiful wife smiled at me tenderly.

"Wow," she said. "You really enjoyed last night, didn't you? I didn't know you were capable of fucking me so many times."

I smiled back at her.

"But there are consequences," she said.

I remembered. So infatuated had I been with her body last night I hadn't really considered the deal.

"Four weeks," she reminded me. "A month."

"I'm really not going to cum for a month?" I asked. "Won't you want to have sex?"

“Of course, I will, baby,” she laughed. “But I have a lover for that.”

She did. I was a cuckold now. My life had changed.

“But four weeks until we make love?” I protested.

“I didn’t say we’d make love,” she corrected me. “I said you could come out of your cage.”

“But when will we make love?” I asked in dismay.

She took pity at my obvious unhappiness.

“Oh baby,” she said laying a tender kiss on my lips. “I don’t know. I have a lover for that now. You know that.”

A tiny sob came from my lips at this fresh humiliation. I was to be pussy free.

She stroked my face gently. “Oh baby, don’t be sad. There are other things we can do.”

“What things?” I asked.

Being cut off from her pussy seemed like a fate worse than death. Nothing could make up for that.

“Oh you’ll see,” she answered breezily.

She continued to stroke my face.

“I know this might be difficult for you, baby,” she said sympathetically. “But it makes me so happy. You want me to be happy, don’t you?”

I did. More than anything.

“Yes, Emma,” I replied dutifully.

“So why don’t you concentrate on what you’re good at?” she suggested.

“What am I good at?” I responded miserably.

“Lots of things,” she replied. “Lots... Being my pretty little maid... doing the housework... making me cum on your tongue.”

It was true. I was good at all those things.

“Not every man has to be a big, strong, masculine man like Oscar,” she said. “And now I’ve got him to fuck me properly, you can concentrate on making me happy in other ways. I love you the way you are. It’s not your fault you can’t make me cum on your cock. So stop worrying about it and let Oscar do what he’s good at.”

“OK,” I croaked, before lapsing into silence as I considered my new life.

“Emma?” I asked her.

“Yes, sweetie,” she said, cuddling up to me.

“He was just joking, wasn’t he?”

“Joking about what, cucku?” she replied.

“About... About making me beg to suck his cock,” I whispered,

“Oh that,” she smiled. “Hmmm. Well, I’m not sure if he wants you to suck his cock or not. But I know he wants you to beg to.”

She shrugged her shoulders, “Is that really so bad?”

My eyes widened at her words. Surely she didn’t expect me to actually do that?

“He’s been very good to us,” she continued. “It’s only right that you show him some respect... some respect for the man who can satisfy your wife.”

“I don’t think I can do it” I replied, my voice breaking.

“I think you can, baby,” she said. “And I know it would make me very happy if you showed my lover the respect he deserves. Perhaps I might even give you a little treat if you beg him nicely enough.”

“You mean make love?” I asked eagerly.

She shrugged her shoulders again.

“Maybe,” she conceded. “Maybe if you do a really good job of begging to suck my lover’s cock we might make love.”

I shuddered at the thought. But I still didn’t think I could do it.

“Maybe just think about it,” she suggested. “You might even enjoy it. I know I do.”

She pushed herself from the bed, yawning.

“I’m taking a shower.”

Over the coming weeks, I grew to accept my chastity. And my wife’s affair.

It was only right that my cock remained locked up if it couldn’t satisfy my gorgeous wife. And it was only right that she find satisfaction elsewhere.

Emma seemed happier than she’d ever been. Finally, she had exactly what she wanted: a powerful lover, and a husband who took care of her and the house.

Being accepting of my chastity didn’t mean it was easy though. I longed to be able to sink into my wife’s tender flesh. And each time I serviced her with my tongue, I was left gasping and throbbing.

At first, I had both loved and despised cleaning his cum from her messy sex after he had used her. But, as the days passed, I came to realize that I solely loved it.

I despised nothing about it.

Gradually, the idea of begging her lover to suck his cock became more and more palatable. He probably didn't actually want me to suck it, just to beg for it; just to show him the respect he deserved. And if it made Emma happy... And it would mean I could make love to her, perhaps multiple times.

Normally I scuttled away to hide when he arrived to pick her up. But, I decided, I should at least meet him. I told Emma as much.

"Good," she smiled. "It would make me very happy if you could meet my lover."

She stood on tip-toes to give me a soft kiss on the lips.

"Thank you, baby," she said. "For everything."

I glowed with pride.

"He's picking me up tonight. You can meet him then."

Tonight? I hadn't thought I'd meet him so soon.

I steeled myself. How bad could it be? If Emma liked him he was probably a nice guy.

When the doorbell rang though, I was trembling with nerves.

"Get the door, please," said Emma.

She was dressed in a tiny black dress that hugged her every curve and swell; it was a sexy, sophisticated look.

Taking a deep breath I opened the door.

A large, handsome, elegantly-dressed man looked back at me.

“So,” he smiled. “You must be James.”

“Yes,” I agreed.

He did seem nice. Maybe this wouldn’t be as bad as I feared.

“The cuck,” he continued.

“Y... yes,” I stuttered, blushing.

“The cuck in a chastity cage..”

My head dropped as I mumbled an affirmative.

“Oh don’t be so mean,” chided Emma.

She pushed past me to embrace Oscar, kissing him deeply.

She shivered in delight as one of his large hands ran down her back to grip one firm ass cheek tightly.

He broke off the kiss. My wife continued to press her body tightly to his, her hands running over his muscled chest.

“I’m just asking for a bit of respect,” he said, looking at me. “You can start by calling me, Sir.”

“Y... Yes, Sir,” I stammered.

Emma was right. This was an incredibly powerful man. Authority seemed to radiate off him.

“Got anything you want to say, cuck?” he inquired in his deep voice.

I did.

“Thank you, Sir,” I began, my head still bowed.

“Look at me when you speak to me,” he demanded.

I raised my face to look into his handsome one.

“Thank you, Sir,” I began again in a broken, submissive voice. “Thank you for fucking my wife. You make her very happy.”

“It’s my pleasure,” he said, nodding his head.

Emma nudged me.

“And the other thing,” she hissed.

I swallowed, my heart racing and my body shaking. Was I about to say it? The prospect of making love to my gorgeous wife forced the words out.

“Please Sir,” I said. “Please. Could I suck your cock.”

It was as if a dam had burst and my words now came in a torrent.

“Please, Sir,” I begged. “I’d like to do it.”

My cock throbbed as I realized the truth of the words.

“I’d like to show you the proper respect. You’ve been so good to Emma, Sir. Please. I’ll do it now if you want. I’ll do a good job. I’ll get on my knees and suck your cock right now to show you how grateful I am.”

There. I’d said it. It was as if a great weight had been lifted from me.

Oscar threw back his head to laugh uproariously.

“I’m not gay, you little cuck,” he guffawed before gaining control of his laughter.

I dropped my head to stare at the floor.

“But it seems like you are.”

I tried to object but no words came from my lips.

“Look at me,” he said.

“Y... Yes, Sir.”

I raised my beetroot-red face. Emma continued to let her hands roam over his body, down over his chest and stomach to the impressive bulge in his pants. Her lips were laying kisses on his neck and her groin was rubbing against one of his thick thighs.

“But maybe I’ll let you,” he continued.

“Thank you, Sir,” I whispered, causing a smug grin to crease his lips.

“But not now.”

I should have felt relief. But instead I felt disappointment.

“Now, cuck. I’m going to take your wife out for a nice meal. Then I’m going to take her back to my apartment and fuck her. I’m going to give her what she needs while you stay here in your little cuck-cage and think about all the things she’s going to do to me.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

He released his hand from my wife momentarily to clap me strongly on the shoulder.

“You’re alright, James,” he said. “I couldn’t live without pussy. But you seem to be accepting it. C’mon Emma.”

Emma stepped forwards to kiss me gently on the cheek.

“Bye, baby,” she said softly. “Don’t wait up.”

And they were gone.

As always, when Emma was with her lover, the hours were long and tortuous.

I usually found that by concentrating fully on my chores I was able to curb the uncomfortable throbbing in my groin. Two weeks of chastity though, made this an onerous task.

Something happened though, to help me through the long hours.

Just as I was preparing for bed I received a text from Emma.

“Thank you, baby,” it read. “Thank you for showing him the proper respect. You looked so sad when he didn’t let you suck it.” - I could almost imagine her giggling as she wrote the words – “It looks like you’ve earned yourself a treat for tomorrow night.”

I let out a long relieved sigh. We were going to make love. I hadn’t been totally cut off from her pussy. I had just had to show her lover respect.

Sleep came easier than it had for weeks.

“When,” I asked her eagerly the next day. “When do we make love?”

She had arrived back in the early hours. She’d been tired, but happy... cock-happy.

Upon entering the bedroom she had let her clothes fall untidily to the floor – she knew I would take care of them later – and straddled my face to allow me

to clean her lover's seed from her. I had not so eagerly, before lying passively with my tongue extended as she used my face for her pleasure, grinding down on it, careless to any discomfort on my part.

It had been heaven.

She'd then thrown herself to the side and slipped into an exhausted sleep as I carefully arranged the covers over her body.

Sleep did not come easy this time, with the smell of her, and him, in my nostrils and the taste of their love-making on my tongue and in my mouth.

"Later, baby," she smiled. "You still have lots of things to do."

I finished my chores as quickly as any man would do with the prospect of sex on the horizon.

"Oh that was quick," she remarked. "You can spend the rest of the day making me feel special."

Inwardly, I groaned. Outwardly I kept my expression neutral.

"Yes, Emma," I agreed.

"You can start by running me a bath."

And so the rest of the day was spent, through the afternoon and into the early evening.

I patted her dry after her shower and helped her into the black, silk robe she often wore when she was pampering herself – or being pampered.

She seated herself on the couch. I knelt to massage her tiny feet as she sighed happily above me. When doing so I managed to peer upwards, under her gown, to spy her beautiful shaved mound.

Noticing this she pushed her knees primly together.

“No, James,” she said.

Later, I consoled myself, as I returned my attention to her feet. Later.

“Get the nail polish,” she said.

I did so, applying it carefully to her toenails and blowing them dry.

She looked down critically, before finally nodding in approval and patting the sofa next to her.

“Let’s watch some TV,” she suggested.

Again I gave an inward groan.

Why was she making me wait so long? All I wanted was to get this damn cage off and sink into her, to be taken where only her tight, slippery heat could take me.

“OK,” I agreed, pleasantly.

For two long hours, we watched TV.

She cuddled up to me, letting her hands stroke my thighs, and occasionally my encaged cock.

“Keep still,” she would chide me as I squirmed under her hands.

“Sorry,” I would gasp, stilling my body before once more she allowed her teasing hands to stroke again.

I almost cried with relief when she finally announced she was ready.

“Come up in a few minutes,” she announced, rising from the sofa.

Those few minutes seemed like a lifetime, but eventually passed.

I rushed to the bedroom to find that she was in the bathroom, doing God knows what – she'd already bathed.

I threw off my clothes to sit naked, but for the chastity cage, on the side of the bed.

I leaped to my feet as she emerged from the bathroom, in preparation for grasping her heavenly breasts and thrusting my tongue into her mouth. I was going to take her. I was going to impale her on my cock. I was going to show her that I was a real man.

God, she looked beautiful. Her breasts hung free, her nipples already slightly engorged with blood, just begged to be suckled on.

But... but....

My body shook further as I realized why she had been in the bathroom for so long.

My gaze passed over her tight, taut belly to settle on her groin.

“But...” I croaked.

Where should have just been her sweet slit, protruded a big, thick, black dildo. She was wearing a strap-on.

“Do you like it, baby?” she breathed.

She reached down a slender hand to grasp the rubber cock and begin stroking it lewdly.

“Do you like my cock?”

“W... what?” I croaked in shock.

What was going on?

I continued to stare at the dildo, transfixed. It was a work of art, beautifully molded into the shape of a large cock with bulbous glans and a ridged, veined shaft.

“I got one exactly the same size as my lover’s cock,” she breathed. “So you can feel what it’s like.”

She was going to fuck me, I realized.

“But first,” she announced. “I want to see what a good little cock-sucker you are. Get on your knees and suck my cock.”

I looked at her pleadingly. Surely she had some pity left in her heart for me.

“Get on your knees, James,” she said softly. “Get on your knees and suck my cock.”

I found myself sinking to my knees before her.

“That’s right,” she cooed. “What a good little cock-sucker you are. Imagine it’s Oscar’s cock. This can be practice for you.

“My cage,” I whimpered. My cock was aching tremendously in anticipation of what I was to do. Of what I wanted to do.

“Shhh, baby,” she consoled me. “Shhh, just concentrate on sucking cock.”

The cock was directly in front of my lips. Saliva was pooling in my mouth. I opened my lips and pushed my face forwards.

Laughing, she swung her hips so that the dildo struck first one, then my other cheek.

Moaning at this fresh humiliation, I chased the head of the rubber cock with my lips, desperately trying to suck it into my mouth.

She laughed again.

“I thought you’d like this,” she observed, before stilling her hips.

I could only give a muffled grunt in reply for as soon as the cock had stopped swinging I had closed my lips around it.

“That’s right baby,” she cooed. “Suck my cock.”

I did. I sucked the head of the rubber cock with all my might, relishing its firm texture in my mouth.

“Good boy,” she purred. “Use your tongue too... Imagine it’s my lover’s cock.”

I swirled my tongue over the hard rubber glans, moaning louder.

She gave a happy sigh. “More, baby,” she said, rocking her hips to force more of the cock into my sucking mouth.

I bobbed my head in tune with her rocking hips, my lips wrapped tightly around the shaft.

“Oh what a good cock-sucker,” she breathed. “You’re really good at this.”

I felt a perverse pride at her words. They spurred me on to bob my head further, taking more and more of the cock into my mouth and throat.

I allowed the molded ridges and veins to run over my tongue, imagining what it would be like to do this with a real cock: Oscar’s cock.

Saliva dribbled from the corners of my mouth, slickening the cock.

The room was filled with sloppy, slurping sounds, mingled with my moans of deep arousal and her gentle sighs of approval.

This was where I was meant to be. On my knees.

Emma's stance changed as she pushed her fingers down, behind the base of the cock to rub at herself.

I continued to suck and slurp and bob my head, lost in submission to my gorgeous wife.

As her fingers increased in speed, the rocking of her hips grew more erratic. Still though I kept my lips wrapped tightly around the cock.

She began to gasp as her fingers coaxed her closer to orgasm, and the cock-head began to strike the back of my throat. I gagged, but still I sucked.

She came with a loud groan, thrusting her hips forwards. The cock slid smoothly down my throat, remaining there for half a second before sliding back and out from my mouth.

I remained on my knees, looking up at my wife who, panting and with flushed face, teased the very last of her climax from her now-trembling body.

"Phew," she said, opening her eyes. "That was interesting."

"The cage," I begged her. Surely now she would release me. Surely, after what I had done, the cage would come from my poor, aching cock.

"Oh, baby," she said tenderly. "The cage stays on."

"But, but, but," I stammered in dismay. "I thought we were going to make love."

"We are baby," she replied. "Just not the normal way. The cage stays on."

"But how will I cum," I wailed. "I need to cum, Emma. Please."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Maybe you can cum in your cage?" she suggested.

“I can’t,” I protested.

“Oh I think it’s possible,” she said. “You can at least try. Now. Do you want to make love, or not?”

Perhaps I would be able to cum, I reflected. And the thought of her sliding her cock into me, whilst unnerving, was becoming more and more enticing. If we couldn’t make love properly, perhaps this would be a pleasurable alternative.

“Yes, please,” I said.

She smiled. “Good boy. Just try and relax. I do so want you to know what it’s like to take a proper cock. Now, onto the bed like a good boy. Hands and knees.”

I moved to the bed, presenting my ass to her.

She smeared warm lubricant onto the cock and then onto my puckered asshole.

“You have a nice ass,” she observed.

“Thank you,” I answered, in a shaky voice. “Please be gentle with me, Emma. Please.”

She chuckled.

“Relax, baby. Taking a big cock can be fun. I thought I wanted Oscar to be gentle with me, but I always end up begging him to be rougher with me; to fuck me harder.”

I flinched as she positioned the head of the cock at the entrance to my ass. She reached up to grab my hips tightly.

I grunted in shock as she pushed her hips forwards and pulled back with her

hands. The rubber glans split my ass-hole and slid smoothly inside me, stretching me wide. My fists gripped the bed sheets tightly and my cock flexed inside its cage.

“Ugh,” I grunted at the strange sensation. “Ugh.”

“Do you like that, baby?” she purred from behind me.

“Yes,” I gasped in wonder. “Yes.”

“You like a big cock in your ass, do you baby?”

“Yes, Emma. Yes.”

“There’s so much more, baby,” she cooed. “Are you ready to take the rest of my big cock.”

“Yes, please,” I gasped.

I grunted loudly as she thrust her hips forwards once more.

The dildo slid into me smoothly, filling me – a novel experience.

I grunted again as the head of the rubber cock struck my prostrate, sending waves of pleasure through me.

“Yesss,” I managed to gasp.

Emma gave a throaty chuckle. “Do you like my cock, sweetie?”

“Yes,” I gasped as the cock slid back and then into me again.

It felt right to be taken this way. The cock struck my prostrate again, and once more I grunted in shock and delight.

Again and again, she plunged the cock into me. And again and again, I grunted in pleasure.

Pleasure and frustration though. I could feel the pressure building in my balls and at the base of my cock. But the prison so constricted my cock, I couldn't gain the much-needed relief.

"Harder," I begged her. "Harder."

I was close to climax. I just needed a little more.

She let out another throaty chuckle.

"I knew you'd beg for it," she whispered as she began to thrust into me harder.

Still the pressure grew, but still orgasm remained tantalizingly out of reach.

"Please," I sobbed. "Please. Fuck me harder."

She obliged, slamming into me as I thrust my ass back to meet her strokes.

So close... so close.

I was grunting and sobbing loudly now, each time the head of her cock stuck my prostrate.

My cries filled the room.

"Spank me," I begged her. "Spank my ass."

"Oh, you dirty little bitch," she almost snarled.

But immediately she began to lay sharp slaps to my buttocks, reddening them.

And still, the almost unbearable pressure grew.

Her free hand grasped me tightly by the hair, pulling my head back.

She continued to slam into me, bruising my prostrate, spreading and filling my virgin ass.

She was right. I was a dirty little bitch – her little bitch – impaled on her cock, grunting and moaning, begging her to fuck me harder and redden my ass. I completely surrendered to her powerful stokes, hoping that I might reach elusive release.

For twenty long minutes, she worked me with her cock, making me completely hers.

Orgasm was not to come for me though.

Tiring of her game she allowed the cock to slide from me.

“More,” I begged her. “Please more, Emma. I need more of your cock.”

“I know sweetie,” she replied. “But I’m tired now. Did you cum?”

“No,” I sobbed sadly. “No.”

“Oh, that’s a shame. Maybe next time.”

“Please. Just a little more.”

“My. What a cock hungry little slut you are,” she remarked in amusement. “But not tonight. I told you, I’m tired. Perhaps tomorrow. Or maybe the next day. Anyway, don’t worry. You get to cum out of your cage in two weeks.”

Two weeks, I thought sadly. I had barely made it the first two weeks.

My ass ached and my buttocks radiated heat. And my cock bulged uncomfortably. I had been so close. And what if she didn’t even let me cum in two weeks? She’d said I could come out of the cage, but I knew from bitter experience this didn’t mean I could cum. I had to cum on her cock. I had to.

I heard a light thud as her strap-on hit the floor.

“Clean that up,” she demanded. “Then I’ll need your face.”

“Yes, Emma,” I hear myself say in a sad voice.

The following two weeks found me repeatedly begging her to fuck me with her strap-on. I had to make this work.

Sometimes she would oblige, slamming into me and reddening my ass – Always I would be left sobbing and frustrated, unable to quite get over the edge. Other times – usually when she had seen her lover – she would deny me her cock. Instead, I had to content myself with cleaning his cum from her pussy, knowing no orgasm would come that night.

As the two weeks passed, I found myself humming with excitement and anticipation. Perhaps she would allow me to cum. Surely she would. I became even docile to her every wish, making sure that I met her every need even before she knew what it was she needed.

The thirtieth day off my chastity found me kneeling, naked before her as she sat above me in her black, silk gown.

“Thirty days,” she congratulated me. “That means tomorrow, if you continue to be good, you get to come out of your cage.”

I nodded in agreement, fearing to speak lest I say something wrong.

She stretched out one leg, her tiny foot just inches from my face.

Gratefully, knowing what she wanted, I took her heel in my hands, supporting her leg.

“I’m so proud of you baby,” she enthused.

I pushed my face forwards to begin laying kisses on the soft sole of her delicate foot.

I adored her feet. And I adored being able to worship them.

“So we’re going to make tonight special,” she said. “In celebration.”

I began to intersperse my kisses with long tender licks.

She shivered in delight and wriggled her toes.

I adjusted the angle of my face so I might draw one of them into my mouth, sucking on it and massaging it with my tongue.

“Oscar is going to come here tonight,” she whispered.

I moaned as I transferred my attention to a second toe. I could have done this all day. Over the past two weeks, I had become extremely practiced in doing it in exactly the manner she liked.

“And he’s going to make love to me in our bed.”

I moaned again, sucking a third toe into my mouth and working my tongue over and around it.

“What do you think of that?” she asked curiously. “My lover taking me in our marital bed.”

“Can I watch?” I asked eagerly lifting my mouth from her foot.

She giggled. “Such naughty little cuck,” she teased.

She wriggled her toes again, a signal I had become used to.

I sucked a fourth toe into my mouth.

“Maybe,” she conceded. “It’s up to Oscar.”

She gave a shrug. “Sometimes he doesn’t close the bedroom door properly.

But you should ask for permission.”

My mouth and tongue began to work on her big toe.

“You can ask after you’ve begged to suck his cock again. OK, sweetie?”

I murmured my agreement. Perhaps, I thought in excitement, this time he might allow me to suck his cock. Is that what I wanted? The butterflies in my stomach and my aching cock hinted that it might very well be.

She withdrew her foot from my mouth and extended the other one.

“He’ll be here soon,” she observed.

I pulled her foot to my mouth.

I was still worshiping her feet when the doorbell rang.

I rose to move towards my pile of clothes in preparation for dressing.

“No, James,” Emma stopped me. “There’s no need for that. Just answer the door.”

I bowed my head in submission to her wishes and moved to the door.

Oscar laughed at the sight of me.

“She still hasn’t let you out?” he guffawed, eyeing my bulging manhood.

“Tomorrow,” I said, eyes on the floor.

He extended his hand to place one finger under my chin and lift my face.

“I told you, cuck,” he said sternly. “Look at me when you talk to me.”

“Y. Yes, Sir,” I stuttered. “Sorry, Sir.”

“Do you want to be spanked in front of your pretty wife?”

“No, Sir,” I said in panic; panic at the prospect, but also at the knowledge that perhaps that is precisely what I might want.

Emma pushed past me to grab Oscar by the hand and pull him to the sofa where they began to make out.

I watched in awe as Emma squirmed and sighed under his hands. His hands were everywhere: pushing under the silk of her gown to grope at her breasts and tease her nipples hard; on her thighs running up and around to grasp her firm buttocks; up between her legs to stroke her soft mound.

My wife made no movement to stop him. She was lost in the moment, her eyes closed and soft moans coming from her lips.

With difficulty she snapped back into reality, breaking off their kiss, but still allowing his hands to stroke and grab at her tender body.

“James has something he wants to ask you,” she said.

She adjusted her robe slightly to hide her breasts, and widening slit, from my eyes.

Oscar turned to look at where I stood before them.

“Is that right?” he asked. “Well go on. There’s no harm in asking.”

I didn’t hesitate.

“Please, Sir,” I said. “Please may I suck you cock. I promise I’ll do a good job.”

To my wife’s evident disappointment he removed his hands from her, laying both of his arms on the back of the sofa. She slid her hands under his shirt to stroke at his chest and stomach.

He gave me his full attention as she continued to stroke at him, her hand now moving lower to massage the growing bulge in his pants.

“Is that what you want?” he asked.

I nodded enthusiastically. “Yes please, Sir.”

“Then get on your knees and get me hard for your lovely wife,” he said.

Finally, the moment I had both dreaded, and hoped for was happening.

I sunk to my knees between his thick, spread thighs and reached trembling hands up to his belt.

I gave a shuddering moan as he was revealed to me. Not yet fully erect, it was still an impressive sight. Thick and pulsing, with precum already smearing over the spongy, pulsing cock-head.

I reached out a trembling hand to grasp his heavy balls, marveling at their size and weight as I gently massaged them.

“You’re so big,” I breathed in awe as his cock swelled slightly.

I reached out my other hand to grasp his shaft. I shivered as I felt him, alive under my hand.

I saw Emma adjust her sitting position slightly, so that she could get a better view of her husband, on his knees, servicing her lover.

“Suck it, James,” she encouraged me in a breathy voice. “Suck his cock.”

I bowed my head to pull his large glans into my sucking mouth. The velvety texture and the salty taste of his precum sent my own cock throbbing harder.

I swirled my tongue over and around it, feeling it pulse stronger, and his shaft grow thicker. Never had I imagined it would be like this. Never had I imagined it would be so beautiful.

Under my tongue he grew to his full size, widening my mouth and throbbing under my hand.

He sighed in satisfaction.

“More,” breathed Emma. “More.”

I lowered my head, taking more of him into my mouth, my lips stretched wide around his shaft.

“More,” she insisted. “More.”

She let out a happy mewl as he returned his attention to her, one hand sliding up her smooth inner thigh to rub firmly at her sex. I could smell her now. Her lover’s attention and the sight beneath her arousing her quickly.

I did as instructed, bobbing my head, coating his shaft in my saliva and his precum, sucking hard upon the huge cock I had so willingly allowed in my mouth.

I felt his huge head at the entrance to my throat. I bobbed deeper, his cock-head filling and stretching my throat and sliding down it.

I withdrew my head, gasping and gagging, before repeating the process.

Again and again, I pushed my face down on him, lost in myself, relishing the taste of another man’s – a better man’s – cock in my mouth and throat.

I could feel his cock begin to flex more urgently. But I didn’t withdraw my mouth from his cock. I wanted him to cum in my mouth and down my throat. I wanted to taste him.

I let out a mewl of dismay as a large hand reached down to grasp me by the hair and pull me from his now glistening, rigid cock.

Desperately I tried to pull him into my mouth once more. But with ease, he

kept me from his cock.

“Next time I’ll come in your mouth,” he declared. “But this load’s for your wife.”

Abruptly he stood.

“Get upstairs,” he growled to my wife.

“Yes, Oscar,” she answered obediently, running from the room without a second glance.

“Can I... Can I watch?” I asked to his retreating back.

He laughed. “No, cuck. You can stay here.”

I bowed my head, looking with frustration at my cock in its cage bobbing between my legs.

I stayed on my knees as the pants and moans began. Louder they grew, intense, passionate moans and grunts.

God. What was he doing to her? I’d never heard her so loud. Certainly, she’d never made these almost animal-like sounds with me. What was his cock doing to her? She sounded almost insane with ecstasy.

Again I looked at my poor, bobbing cock. She’d said that he sometimes left the door open, I recalled excitedly. Perhaps...?

I crept quietly up the stairs, the only sound my tortured breathing and the sounds of lovemaking coming from our bedroom. I could see our bedroom door at the end of the hall. My stomach flipped as I noticed there was just a crack between door and frame.

The sounds of their lovemaking grew louder as I crept closer to the door. In between squeals and anguished moans, I could hear her begging him for more of his cock.

Whimpering, I knelt to press my eye to the crack.

What I saw was one of the most beautiful sights I'd ever seen and one which would stay with me for the rest of my life.

He had my wife, pinned down to the bed, face down. His hands were alternately grasping and slapping her firm buttocks, reddening them as he plunged his thick cock into her swollen pussy from behind. Almost impossibly, her wails of delight grew louder as she approached orgasm. Still, he slapped and plunged as he took her to screaming climax, leaving her shuddering and shaking on the bed.

He slipped his glistening cock from her to kneel on the bed next to her. Obediently, she raised herself on to hands and knees and shuffled around to face him. She looked almost delirious, her eyes unfocused and her face sweaty and flushed. Her thighs shook uncontrollably in the aftermath of orgasm.

He didn't have to tell her what to do. Hungrily, she lowered her plump lips onto his cock. She slurped and sucked at him enthusiastically, undoubtedly tasting herself on his thick meat. Bobbing her head she took more of him into her mouth.

Oscar shuddered and let out a series of guttural grunts as he emptied himself into her mouth and onto her face. She swallowed his seed happily as he spurted his last over her cheeks, and lips, painting her, claiming her as his.

I truly understood now. Truly understood that I would never be able to compete with this.

"Get me hard again," he commanded her.

I watched in amazement as with her fingers and mouth she quickly drew his cock stiff and rigid once more; I'd had no idea that some men were capable of becoming hard again so quickly.

This was a proper man.

For the next three hours, I continued to stare through the crack in the door as he gave my wife what she needed. What she had always needed.

Again and again, he took her to squealing climax, and again and again he instructed her to make him hard once more.

Finally, he was sated, and collapsed on the bed next to her.

My wife simply passed out, on her back, from exhaustion. Much of her body was covered in crusted cum. Her legs fell open as sleep took her, displaying her swollen, sloppy mess of a pussy.

I licked my lips, praying I would later be able to lick at that sodden snatch.

The lights switched off. I waited, hoping that they might awaken. But when their breaths grew steady and regular, I retreated to spend a restless, uncomfortable night on the sofa.

When I heard the shower running the following morning, I rushed to make coffee and bring it to them.

The sounds of the shower continued as I entered the bedroom. Emma was propped up on pillows in bed, the sheets drawn up over her breasts.

“Oh, thank you, sweetie,” she said, taking her cup gratefully.

As she did so the sheet slipped down to reveal one magnificent, ripe breast to me.

Noticing me staring at it, she primly replaced the sheet.

“I saw you peeking last night,” she teased.

I nodded.

“You were... You were beautiful,” I whispered to her.

“Thank you, sweetie. But you better hope Oscar doesn’t find out. He’d probably spank you if he found out you disobeyed him.”

“Please don’t tell him,” I said, panicked.

She gave one of her pretty shrugs.

“We’ll see,” she said.

Oscar emerged from the shower room, completely naked.

Unconsciously my gaze fell to his cock. God, even slack he was huge.

He chortled as he noticed the direction of my gaze.

“Not today, cuck,” he said. “Your slutty wife has tired me out.”

“Did I?” Emma asked, proudly. “I really tried Oscar. I did everything you asked me to.”

I knew she had. I had seen it all.

“You were great,” he said, pulling on his pants and shirt.

He turned to me as he slipped into his shoes.

“No pussy for you,” he reminded me.

“Yes, Sir,” I replied. “Thank you, Sir.”

He bent over the bed to kiss my wife and grope at her chest, before rising.

“Call me,” called Emma urgently as he walked to the door. “I’ll be waiting for you.”

He let out another chuckle and left the room.

The Chastity Cuckold: Book three

As soon as her lover had left the room, I looked at my wife expectantly.

She knew instantly what I wanted. Today was the promised day. I had been in chastity for an entire month. During which time she had enjoyed frequent orgasms on my tongue, and on her lover's cock.

"Later," she smiled. "I promise."

I remembered her last promise to release me from my chastity device. She'd kept her promise to the letter. She'd removed the cage for an hour. But at no point had she allowed me to cum. Would she this time? I had to know.

"Will you... Will you let me cum?" I asked plaintively.

She pursed her lips in thought.

"I'm not sure, baby," she said. "Have you been good?"

"Yes," I replied, nodding my head eagerly.

I had. I'd not everything that she, and I, and her lover desired, culminating in my most debasing act yet.

She stretched her arms high, causing the sheet to fall from her breasts. This time, however, she didn't replace it, allowing me a clear view of her firm, full breasts and their gorgeous thick nipples.

"Really?" she yawned. "What did you do?"

She knew what I'd done. But she wanted to hear me say it.

"I... I... I sucked his cock," I whispered in reply.

She smiled in delight.

“Yes, you did, didn’t you?” she replied, her eyes shining. “Did you enjoy it?”

There was no point in denying it. She had seen how enthusiastically I had sucked his thick member; how he had had to pull me off his cock by the hair.

“Yes,” I whispered. “Yes.”

She smiled again. “It looked like you did. It was so hot. But if you enjoyed it so much, do you really think you *deserve* another treat?”

‘Yes,’ would be the wrong answer. ‘No,’ too.

“It’s up to you,” I replied, hoping desperately that she would take pity on me.

“It is, isn’t it?” she said. “What would you do if I told you you couldn’t cum?”

“I’d.. I’d... I’d understand,” I said sadly.

She waited several seconds before finally giving a snort of amusement.

“You look so sad,” she laughed. “Don’t worry baby, you’ve made me very happy. You can cum.”

“Thank you. Thank you,” I said gratefully.

“And I’ll try and make it really special for you,” she continued.

My head jerked up. We were going to make love?

“No,” she laughed. “Not that. You know my pussy is for my lover now. It wouldn’t be right to let you inside me. Besides, I wouldn’t feel anything. He’s really stretched me out. But it will be special.”

Of course, I reflected. She didn’t need my cock now. And I had no right to think she might let me fuck her.

“Thank you,” I said again.

“But later,” she said. “I need to rest now. He really tired me out. Why don’t you run along?”

Reluctantly I tore my gaze from her breasts and exited the room.

My body hummed with excitement. How was she going to make it special for me? Perhaps a blowjob? I shuddered at the possibility. It had been so long since I’d felt her hot, sucking mouth on my cock. God.

I stayed on tenterhooks for the rest of the day, careful to do nothing that might irk her. At her insistence, I remained naked. Her clothed form merely highlighted the dynamic that now existed between us. A dynamic I had come to love.

Finally, in the early evening, she took me gently by the hand.

“It’s time,” she said as she gently led me to the bedroom. My gaze was transfixed on her swaying ass under the black silk of her short robe.

She perched herself on the side of the bed and beckoned me forwards.

I stood before her obediently, my encaged cock level with her face. She observed it with interest as it began to bob and throb under her perusal.

Finally, she produced the key to the lock, causing me to shudder and whimper in anticipation of relief.

We were in the right position for a blow job. Perhaps she would, I thought excitedly imagining the delights of her massaging tongue on my pulsing cock-head.

She inserted the key and tuned it with a click.

The clicking sound had come to produce an almost Pavlovian response in me, and my cock grew stiffer. So stiff, in fact, that she couldn’t seem to pull

the bird-cage sheaf from my cock.

“It’s alright,” she said. “Just get the lubricant,” she said.

I rushed to obey, returning with the bottle. She smeared her hands with oil and grasped my steel-covered cock once more, massaging it. I shuddered in delight at her touch through the bars of the cage.

This time, when she pulled, the cage slid smoothly off.

My cock unfurled rapidly as she pulled the hoop that lay behind my testicles from me too.

“Thank you,” I breathed. “Thank you.”

This had been the first time in a month that my cock had been allowed to achieve a full erection. It bobbed in front of me almost angrily, aching and stiff.

Her hand came forwards once more to give me a stroke.

I quivered happily as delicious tremors spread from my groin to engulf my entire body.

Is this what she meant by special? A hand job? Believe me, after a month in chastity the feel of her slippery hand on my manhood certainly did feel special.

But, no. Her hand fell.

A blow job?

She handed the lotion to me.

“Do my feet,” she said.

Her feet? I adored massaging her feet. It hadn’t been what I’d expected, but

no matter.

“And don’t touch yourself,” she cautioned as I sunk to my knees.

I gave a wry smile. It was only with the greatest of willpower that I was able to keep my hands from my aching rod.

I began to massage the lubricant into her feet, pressing at her soft flesh and coating them with the oil. Moans came from my lips as the feel of her feet in my hands only increased the throbbing in my bobbing cock. I could observe precum tickling in an almost unending stream from the tip to the floor.

“That’ll do,” she said.

I looked up in surprise. Already? Normally I stayed upwards of an hour massaging her delectable soles, her delicate arches and her tiny toes.

She smiled back at me and then did something she had never done before. She raised her knees and allowed them to spread onto the bed.

She revealed herself to me, and I moaned softly at the sight of her gorgeous slit.

Was I to lick her? To bury my face in her soft folds? To take her to orgasm on my tongue?

With a whimper I pushed my face forwards, stilling the urge to grasp myself.

A gentle hand on my forehead stilled me though.

“No, baby,” she said gently.

I watched with confusion as, still with splayed thighs she pressed the soles of her feet together.

“I thought,” she breathed. “That seeing as you can’t have real pussy. You might like some foot pussy.”

I looked in confusion from her pretty slit, to her face to her feet.

Understanding dawned on my confused mind.

With her lubricated soles pressed together as they were, the natural arches of her feet left a gap between them. A soft, slippery gap.

Frantically I tried to push my cock into the gap. I couldn't reach; not from my position on the floor.

She wiggled her toes enticingly.

"Come on, baby," she teased. "Don't you want my pussy."

"Yes," I gasped. "Yes."

I thrust my groin up, but still I could not reach the passage between her feet. It was tantalizingly out of reach.

"Well if you don't want to..." she said as if preparing to lower her feet to the ground.

"No," I gasped in panic. "Please. Wait."

I raised my hands to place them on the side of the bed, uncomfortably raising my knees from the floor.

"You're getting closer," she teased. "Closer to my pussy."

On straining arms, I raised myself further. My cock reached the gap.

"Closer...." she teased.

I thrust my groin up and my cock entered the tight, slippery gap.

I grunted in pleasure. This was the first direct stimulation my cock had had in

a week, and it felt heavenly.

My wife giggled at the sight of my panting, straining body as I began to hump her 'foot pussy.'

The tight, slippery gap, gripped me tightly. Not a pussy, no. Certainly not. But after a month in chastity, it felt oh-so-good.

"Do you like it?" my wife breathed. "Do you like my pussy?"

"God, yes," I moaned, as one month's worth of accumulated cum prepared to shoot from my cock.

"God, yes. I love your pussssssyyyyyy," I wailed. My cock jerked and jolted and spurted ribbon upon ribbon of sticky cum up into the air to fall in an arc down onto her calves and feet.

Again I spurted, and again. A month's worth of cum is a lot of cum.

Finally, I collapsed back on my knees, dizzy and lightheaded from orgasm.

"Thank you. Thank you. Thank you," I intoned.

I was spent and drained. Empty of the frustrating arousal that had tortured and delighted me over the past four weeks.

Emma lowered her feet to the ground and looked down with interest at the cum that now coated them.

"Lick it up," she said, simply.

No protest came from my lips. Instead, I lowered my head to slurp and lick and suck my cum into my mouth, swallowing again and again until her feet and lower legs were clear of my seed.

"Better?" she asked softly.

“Better,” I agreed contentedly.

It is a curious thing to cum after so long in chastity, I came to realize.

The orgasm itself had been fantastic. Perhaps the best I’d ever had. But even when the cage was reattached, I now felt... well..., normal.

Where previously my body had hummed in arousal and a keen desire to serve my wife and her lover in whichever way they chose, I now felt numb. A focus had gone from my mind, and the deliciously intense frustration from my body.

For a few days, at least. And then, gradually, my body and mind began to return to their previous state. A state I now came to think of as my perfect state. A state where only one thing really mattered, my wife.

A state where every touch of her hand gave infinite pleasure; where a simple smile could set butterflies fluttering in my stomach and my heart racing.

I still desired orgasm, of course. But I came to recognize denial as key to feeling the special bond I did with my wife.

A curious thing indeed.

I felt the same the very next time I orgasmed.

This time I finally managed to cum on her cock, squirting through the bars of the cage onto the sheets as she plunged into me from behind with her strap-on.

The fact that my cock wasn’t able to expand properly meant that my orgasm wasn’t as satisfactory as the previous one. But it was an orgasm. And it did drain me.

Again though, when the immediate relief had faded, I felt... normal. And I didn’t like it. The pleasure of denial heightened my whole existence, bringing me closer to my wife.

That is what I truly desired, I realized.

Emma seemed to realize it, too.

The physical, animal desire for release still remained. And so I still begged for her cock. But she sensed what I needed. What we needed.

She began to peg me more tenderly. No longer slamming into me and slapping my tender buttocks. Instead, she was careful to take me to the edge and no further, leaving me sobbing and whimpering with need. But not normal. Definitely not the dull sense of normal most men felt.

As I learned to fully embrace my chastity, our relationship grew stronger. As did my relationship with Oscar. I'd still fluff him on command of course, but it seemed he was beginning to understand my love of chastity. He began to look at me as almost an equal.

Not in the bedroom of course. I knew, as did he, and my wife, that I could never match his prowess; never send my wife to screaming orgasm as he did. And that was fine.

I had reached two months in chastity. A milestone.

"I'm so proud of you," said Emma happily.

Oscar had the good grace not to scoff.

"Well done, Pal," he said.

"Thanks," I smiled back.

I was sitting, clothed, in an armchair while Oscar and my wife snuggled up together on the couch. I glowed with pride at how beautiful she looked as she pressed her trim body to his.

Forty minutes early we had been in the bedroom. Emma had been on her

knees in front of her lover, sucking vigorously on his huge cock. Moaning and slurping as she worked him expertly with her tongue whilst one hand massaged his heavy balls.

I had been kneeling next to her. In heaven, as she allowed me to run my hands over her heavy breasts. Her nipples had been stiff and erect. She had allowed me to tweak at them, heightening her pleasure as she bobbed her mouth deeper and deeper on his glistening rod.

Momentarily, she had released his thick meat from her mouth. Her face had turned. She had pushed her soft wet lips to mine to kiss me deeply, allowing me to taste his cock on her tongue.

I had moaned at the deep, throbbing humiliation as she swirled her tongue over mine. Then, I had gasped as she had sucked my tongue into her mouth almost painfully, owning me.

All too soon though, she had released my tongue from her hot sucking mouth and returned her attention to Oscar's throbbing cock.

"I'm cumming now," he had grunted down at her.

This only caused her to suck and slurp harder. His huge cock flexed powerfully as, grunting in release, he had then shot his hot load into her welcoming mouth. She had swallowed, smiling as she did so, so that cum dribbled from the corners of her mouth.

When he had shot his last she had turned her face to me once more. Again we kissed, and she pushed the remnants of his creamy seed into my mouth for me to obediently swallow.

It had been a heady, exhilarating experience. And one only enhanced by the strong steel that gripped my cock.

"Do you need anything?" I asked them both.

Anything I could give, I would.

They shook their heads in unison.

“No. This is perfect,” said Emma. “Just relaxing with my two favorite men.”

“What about you, James?” asked Oscar curiously. “Don’t you need something? I mean surely you need to cum. It’s been two months. I can barely go a day.”

I did need to cum. With an electric desire. But I also needed to be denied. To live in this dopamine-filled world of tease and denial.

“It’s up to Emma,” I replied simply.

“I like him just the way he is,” broke in Emma. “All caring and loving. He honestly can’t do enough for me. But it has been a long time... I’m not sure it’s healthy to go *too* long. How about another two weeks? Can you handle that, James?”

The first month had been the hardest. Then had come the exciting acceptance. Another two weeks was easily manageable. In fact, I craved it.

“Of course,” I smiled.

Oscar shook his head in amusement.

“To be honest, I think I need help with your wife,” he said. “Man, she is insatiable.”

Emma’s sexuality had bloomed since she had taken a lover. And perhaps he was right. Maybe she was more than even he could handle. I had heard her begging him, through the closed door of the bedroom, to fuck her one more time. No further sounds had come though. So presumably he had found himself unable to take her for what must have been at least the fifth time.

Emma giggled.

“I just like sex,” she remarked, patting his leg. “You do fine. Better than fine. You’re amazing. But I think I could often go a round or two more.”

My God. I loved her.

Oscar smiled wryly.

“I know. In fact, I was telling a couple of my buddies about you.”

“Oooo,” giggled Emma, her eyes shining. “Really?”

He nodded, “Yeah. How hot you were... what a good fuck...”

“That’s sweet. Isn’t that sweet, James?”

I nodded agreement.

“They were very interested...,” Oscar continued.

“What do you mean?” she asked curiously.

“Well, I showed them your picture. They were very, very interested...”

“What do you mean, ‘interested’?”

He cleared his throat. “Well they wanted to know if I needed any help with you?”

Her eyes widened in understanding.

“Oh I don’t know..” she said doubtfully.

I noticed that she hadn’t discounted the idea.

She looked over at me. “What do you think, James?”

“It’s up to you,” I responded breathlessly. They were all going to fuck her?

What did Oscar have planned?

“If it’s something you want to do...” I added, needlessly.

She turned back to Oscar.

“Oh I really don’t know,” she said again.

“Here,” he said, showing her his phone. “That’s Mark...And that’s David...”

“Oh,” she said almost in surprise. “They’re very good looking.”

She continued to stare at the phone intently, taking it from Oscar and swiping from one picture to the next.

“What do they do?” she asked. “They both look so strong.”

“They’re fitness instructors,” he replied. “At my gym.”

“I see,” she mused. “That makes sense. And are they, um...” - she blushed slightly – “Are they hung?” she whispered.

He nodded with a grin. “Very.”

She began to fidget in her seat.

“Oh I just don’t know,” she for a third time. But her voice was high and excited. It was plain to see she just needed a prod.

“What do you think, James?” she asked me again.

“Are they nice guys?” I asked Oscar.

“Yes,” he nodded. “Emma will get exactly what she wants. What she needs. Nothing more. If she says stop, we stop.”

We stop.

So they were going to fuck her together. My stomach flipped in excitement.

A smile crossed his lips. "But knowing your wife, she isn't going to stay stop. She'll probably wear all three of us out."

I looked at my wife again. "It's up to you Emma," I said sincerely. "But it does sound like something you might enjoy."

She paused, before saying the word we all wanted to hear.

"OK."

"Really?" I asked in disbelief.

"Really."

She squealed in embarrassment and burrowed her face in Oscar's shoulder.

"When?" came her muffled voice.

"Tomorrow," he suggested.

"Where?"

"I'll rent a room," he said. "At a swanky hotel. Drinks, nibbles etc. It'll be fun."

She squealed again in delight.

"Now. If you don't mind, James. I'm going to take your wife to your bedroom and give her a good seeing to."

He lifted her easily over his shoulder to carry her up the stairs.

I took a deep breath. I hadn't thought she'd agree to it. God. Even Oscar couldn't satiate her. She was going to be taken by three men. This, I had to

see.

As Oscar left the house later in the evening, I asked the question.

“Oscar?”

“Yes, cuck?” he answered pleasantly.

“Can I watch?”

“Yes,” he nodded. “You need to see this.”

My lips broke into a wide grin. I couldn’t wait to see my beautiful wife writhing and mewling as she took cock after thick cock inside her.

When we arrived at the hotel room the following day, Oscar greeted us at the door.

He was dressed merely in a towel wrapped loosely around his waist.

Emma quickly excused herself to change in the bathroom as I looked around the room.

It was a huge room, with a huge bed. And, as promised, a side table was laden with snacks and drinks: caviar, wafers, water and fruit.

“Have something,” he said gesturing to the spread.

I was too nervous and excited to eat.

“Where should I sit?” I asked.

He gestured to a corner.

“There,” he said. “Naked. You might have some duties to perform so make sure you’re naked.”

“Yes, Oscar,” I replied obediently.

“Sir, tonight,” he corrected me gently.

“Yes, Sir,” I responded obediently.

It was at that moment that Emma emerged from the bathroom.

“Do I look alright?” she asked nervously.

“Damn,” exclaimed Oscar. “They are going to love you.”

They would devour her, I thought to myself in awe, absolutely devour her.

Her slender legs were encased in thigh-high, apricot-colored stockings whilst the tiniest skirt in the same color just barely covered what I knew to be a freshly shaved sex.

Open-toed, high-heeled sandals displayed her tiny toes with their bright red toe-nails; toe nails I had freshly painted that very morning.

Her breasts and nipples were clearly visible behind a tight, transparent white top that left her flat stomach bare. Just a hint of makeup, highlighted the naturally-smooth, flawless skin of her face.

She sat on the edge of the bed.

“Are they?” she asked me in a worried tone. “Are they really going to like what they see?”

“Yes,” I reassured her, my eyes wide, “You look amazing.”

“I’m a bit nervous,” she admitted.

“If you want to go home...” I suggested.

“No,” she said firmly. “This is what I want. I’m just a bit shy.”

Oscar checked his watch. "They'll be here soon," he said. "Why don't you get in your corner, cuck?"

I began to strip and take my position.

"Oh that's a good idea," said Emma enthusiastically. "We can call him if we need him."

I knelt as a rap came to the door.

"Oh," said Emma excitedly. "This is it!"

Oscar went down the hall to the door to return with two handsome, athletic-looking young men.

"Hi, boys," said Emma coyly, with a little wave.

"Wow," breathed one of the men.

They both stepped forwards, clearly liking what they saw. Without hesitation, they began to strip to display toned, muscular bodies and impressive cocks.

Emma licked her lips at the sight of them, still sitting on the side of the bed.

I looked on in amazement as they approached her, to sit on either side of her.

I watched as my wife's eyes grew wide as, without preamble, they began to run their hands over her body: over her breasts and thighs; gently and softly at first, but more insistently as they felt her soft skin and ripe curves.

Oscar had allowed his towel to fall to the ground and was stoking himself erect, growing rapidly as he watched my wife being ravished by the two muscular men.

"Wow," growled one of them again, his voice thick with lust.

Emma let out a happy moan as they each began to stoke her soft inner thighs, allowing them to move them apart.

I let out a whimper as her smooth, hairless pussy was displayed to my eyes, and to the eyes of everyone else in the room.

Her outer labia were spreading prettily as she passively surrendered herself to the men's stoking, groping hands. They too, were quickly growing hard at the feel of my wife's sensuous, responsive body.

"Mark. You can fuck her first," announced Oscar.

He was undoubtedly the one in charge, and Mark nodded happily, continuing to grope at her body.

"Cuck. Get her ready for him."

"Yes, Sir." I gasped.

Emma allowed her legs to be spread higher and wider as I rushed forwards.

I pushed my face to her splayed pussy, as her back fell back on the bed and the two men pushed her top up, over her breasts so that they might fall upon the bare flesh of her breasts, groping at them, and teasing her already stiffening nipples to sensitive, hard bullets.

Moaning I began to lap at her beautiful folds, coaxing even more sweet juice to her.

I moaned again, louder, as above me the two studs rearranged themselves, now kneeling next to my wife's mewling form. She raised, and turned, her head to allow Mark to push his thick cock into her eager, sucking mouth. With a free hand, she grasped the cock of his partner, so that she might grip it tightly.

The room was full of gasps and moans now, and the air thick with my wife's

arousal.

To have my face buried in her pussy, tasting her as she was used by the two other, stronger men was a mind-blowing experience. She had never looked happier. And I had never been happier.

I groaned in dismay as Oscar's voice came to my ears.

"Get back in your corner. She's ready."

Reluctantly I moved back, my hand grasping my steel-encased cock, futilely trying to stimulate it.

"Mark," he continued. "You can fuck her now. She likes it rough. And she's going to cum quickly."

"So am I," exclaimed Mark, leaping from the bed, his cock falling from Emma's mouth. "She's so fucking hot. What a dirty little slut."

Emma only mewled louder at his words turning her head so that she might now suck upon David's stiff cock.

He gave a sigh at the feel of her hot, wet mouth.

"God, she's a good cock-sucker," he exclaimed in awe.

His words seemed to spur her on to suck more of his thick meat into her mouth.

Mark was between her legs now, his cock in his hand. He slapped it down on her sopping snatch twice, causing her groin to buck up in excitement.

He grinned at her reaction.

"You want my cock?" he asked.

She released her mouth from David's cock momentarily.

“Yes,” she panted. “Yes. Fuck me.”

Once more she took David’s cock in her mouth, but her pussy continued to buck up in anticipation of Mark’s cock.

Never could I have imagined such a beautiful, arousing scene. She was loving it. And I was loving it to see her so happy.

Mark positioned his cock at the entrance to her now-gaping passage, before pushing into her with a grunt of pleasure.

“God. That’s good pussy,” he grunted as he began to plunge in and out of her slippery snatch.

“Harder,” advised Oscar, fully erect himself now. “She likes it hard. Really fuck her.”

Mark started slamming into her harder, causing her to grunt and moan in delight.

As Oscar had predicted, she came quickly, allowing David’s cock to fall from her mouth so that she might give full voice to her pleasure.

“Yes, Yes, YES,” she squealed. “I’m cuuummmmmiiiiinnng.”

Her clenching pussy sent Mark over the edge too, and he emptied himself inside my wife.

“God,” he said tiredly as he slid from her. “She’s incredible.”

My wife’s legs remained wide, shuddering uncontrollably from her climax as Mark’s cum oozed from her now messy pussy.

I stared at it hungrily and Oscar chuckled as he noticed my expression of lust.

“Maybe later,” he said. “I need to fuck her now.”

I watched as he stepped forwards to slide smoothly into her, spreading her even wider than Mark had done and causing her mouth to open wide and her eyes to roll back in her head.

“Get your mouth back on his cock,” instructed Oscar as he plunged into her with powerful strokes of his muscular buttocks.

Obediently she raised and turned her head to begin sucking on David’s rigid manhood once more.

My eyes opened wider as I saw his hips begin to buck and David’s glistening cock flex.

He came into my wife’s mouth as Oscar continued to work her with his cock. She swallowed, happily, before allowing her head to fall back once more.

As Oscar continued to work on the writhing body of my panting wife, Mark took a bottle of water from the sideboard and gulped it down thirstily.

He moved to stand in front of me, his now-tumescent cock glistening with my wife’s juices.

I looked from his face, back down to his cock.

“I need to get hard again,” he said. “So I can fuck your wife again. And your wife is busy.”

I looked over to where my wife was lying, Oscar between her legs, and her mouth once more working David.

I looked back to Mark’s cock. Whimpering in need, I pushed my face forwards to suck his cock into my mouth, tasting my wife on his shaft.

As he grew hard under my tongue I heard my wife scream in delight as Oscar took her to explosive orgasm on his cock.

“Thank you. Thank you,” she gasped.

Oscar continued to plunge into her though, his stamina greater than the other men’s.

I bobbed my head deeper, feeling Mark’s cock grow to its full throbbing length and girth.

Oscar grunted as he allowed himself to release inside my wife’s swollen pussy, his creamy cum mixing with that of Mark’s.

Mark pulled his now stiff cock from my sucking mouth.

“Thanks, cuck,” he said pleasantly as he moved back to the bed.

For the next four hours I watched with wonderment as the three men took turns in using my wife; her pussy and her mouth, their large hands groping at her as she gave herself fully to them.

And I fluffed again and again, stiffening the three of them in turn on my tongue and with my hands.

Finally, she collapsed back on the bed, her body smeared with cum and sweat.

“Thank you boys,” she said tiredly. “Thank you.”

Oscar chuckled. “We finally wore you out?”

“Oh, yes,” she said between exhausted pants. “It was incredible. Thank you.”

Oscar glanced over to where I knelt, his eyes raised.

“Thank you, Sir,” I croaked to the amusement of all.

“Let’s go, guys,” said Oscar. “Leave the cuck with his wife.”

They quickly dressed and left the room.

My wife smiled at me, close to sleep.

“Clean me up, cucku.”

“Well that was fun,” said Emma the next day. “My first gang-bang. Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes,” I replied honestly. “You looked so beautiful.”

“Really?” she asked.

“Really,” I enthused.

“So that’s when you think I look beautiful,” she teased. “On the end of a thick cock, covered with cum, while I suck on another cock.”

“You always look beautiful,” I corrected her. “But that was incredible.”

“You did a good job too,” she said. “I saw you sucking cock.”

I blushed. I was about to thank her when her phone rang.

“Hi, Oscar,” she said warmly. “Yes, I did... Of course... Oh really? That does sound nice. Let me ask James.”

She took the phone from her ear to speak to me.

“Oscar wants to take me away for the weekend. That’s alright, isn’t it?”

I nodded my affirmative.

She told Oscar as much and laid her phone down.

I’ll invite my sister to stay here to keep an eye on you while I’m gone.

To keep an eye on me?

“Why?” I asked.

“Because I think you’re getting quite close to the edge,” she said. “I’m not quite sure that you won’t try and get out of the cage when I’m gone.”

I dropped my head guiltily.

The gang bang had reawakened something in me. Seeing her being taken like such a dirty little slut had left me desperate for release. Gone was the exciting acceptance, and back was the acute frustration.

But her sister? She was a bitch. A beautiful, blonde, long-legged bitch.

“Perhaps I could come with you?” I ventured to ask.

“No, sweetie. Oscar and I need some time together. You can’t always be hanging around. You’ll stay here and my sister will cuck-sit.”

If that was what she wanted, then that would be what she got.

“OK,” I replied glumly.

“Oh poor you,” she said sympathetically. “I tell you what, we’ll turn it into a game. I’ll ring my sister on Sunday, and if you’ve been very very good you can come out early.”

“Thank you,” I said, gratefully. “When you get back, you mean?”

“We don’t get back until, Monday,” she said. “I thought I’d let my sister supervise your release. What do you think?”

I gulped.

“You mean she knows,” I asked in shock.

“Not yet,” Emma said. “But I don’t like keeping things from my sister. I’ve been meaning to tell her for a while. And it might be fun for her to see how a man acts after so long in chastity. What he’ll do for release.... It might even be fun for you too.”

I let the humiliation wash over me. What did it matter?

“OK,” I said weakly. “But she’s such a bitch. She’ll probably tell you I’ve been bad whatever.”

“Then you’d better be very, very, very good,” she replied. “Win her over. Now, you’d better spend this week clearing out the spare room so she has somewhere nice to sleep.

“OK,” I said in resignation.

It was a huge task. Years of clutter filled the tiny room, obscuring the bed.

She looked at me expectantly.

I realized I’d been dismissed.

“Oh,” I stuttered, pushing myself to my feet. “Now. Yes. OK.”

I began the job. Mixed emotions ran through me. Elsie, her sister, truly was a bitch and she wouldn’t make things easy on me; I was sure of that. But on the other hand, I got to come out of the cage a week early if I could convince her to. Perhaps if I tried really, really hard....”

By Saturday morning, the room was ready. Neat, tidy, and bright. A trifle small, and with a single bed, but certainly comfortable enough for one person.

“That looks nice,” observed Emma. “Elsie will be here soon. Be nice.”

“I will,” I replied earnestly. So much depended on it.

“Good boy.”

She leaned in to give me a tender kiss whilst tightly squeezing my balls, giggling as I squirmed under her hands.

“Oh, one more thing,” she said, rushing from the room.

She returned holding in her hands a black, leather riding crop.

I felt my cock begin to swell. Was she going to use it on me? God. I hoped so. A few cleansing swipes might clear my mind and bring back my acceptance. At the moment, all I could think about was cumming.

She read my mind and gave me a small knowing smile.

“I don’t have time,” she said. “But my sister might.”

Her sister. God. The thought of her bitchy sister striping my backside with the crop was incredibly arousing.

“I do so want you to be good,” she continued. “So I’d like you to give this to Elsie when she arrives. Ask her to use it on you if you are naughty. Does that sound fun?”

She laughed as I nodded eagerly.

“I thought you might like that. Remember, you have to make her happy.”

The doorbell rang.

“Oh. That’ll be her,” said Emma. “Come on. I want to see you give her the riding crop.”

She handed it to me and I followed her to the door.

Elsie entered the room and embraced Emma tightly.

She was extremely attractive, I reflected. Long blond hair, long legs, short miniskirt; like some kind of 60's chick.

Thanks so much for doing this," gushed Emma. "You wouldn't believe how much I need this break from him."

Elsie glanced over at me with a look of disdain.

"Hi, Elsie," I said politely.

"What's that?" she asked, looking at the crop.

Emma looked at me expectantly.

"Um. It's a crop," I explained. "Um... I'd like you to have it please."

Elsie took the crop from my hand and gave it a few experimental swipes in the air.

"What for?" she demanded.

Everything was becoming a bit too much. My excitement and shame, combined with an intense need to cum was leaving me dizzy.

My lips moved but no sound came from them.

Emma rescued me.

"I'm sorry, Elsie. Cat must have got his tongue. James so wants to be a good little boy for you. But sometimes he can't help himself. He'd like you to use the crop on him. Whenever you like. Isn't that right, cucku?"

It was.

Blushing deeply, I nodded.

Emma stroked my face gently. "You have to tell Elsie what you want, cucku."

Or she won't know. Look at her and tell her what you want."

I lifted my head to look into Elsie's beautiful eyes. Her face was disbelieving and contemptuous.

"Please Elsie," I said. "Please use the crop on me. I need you to, if I'm a bad boy."

"God, you're pathetic," was her sneering response.

"Now, now, Elsie," said Emma. "Play nice."

Oscar's car pulled into the drive.

"Get my bags, James," said Emma.

As Emma watched on in disbelief as I struggled to lift Emma's heavy bags and take them to the car.

Oscar stepped from the car. He and Emma embraced tightly, his strong hands running over her body under Elsie's stupefied gaze.

She broke off the embrace to wave goodbye to Elsie and give me a peck on the cheek.

"Be a good boy," she said.

And they were gone.

I paced nervously back to the house. Elsie looked at me incredulously.

"So it's true," she said. "I almost couldn't believe it. Emma is going away for the weekend to be fucked senseless by some stud, while you stay here. And you like that?"

I nodded dumbly.

She threw back her head to laugh long and hard. “My God. You are so pathetic. She’s got you wrapped around her little finger.”

And that was the way I liked it.

“Shall I...Shall I show you your room?” I asked politely.

She shook her head in bemusement and gestured to her bags.

“Oh. Of course,” I said, picking them up and leading her to the spare room.”

“It’s quite small,” I said apologetically. “But you should be very comfortable.”

She looked around the room without expression.

“Surely this isn’t the only bedroom in the house,” she said.

“No. Um. Of course not. Emma and I have a bedroom too.”

“Show me,” she demanded.

“Oh. Um. OK,” I said, leading her to our bedroom.

She nodded in approval. “Oh, this is much better. So which bedroom is mine?”

She was going to kick me out of my bedroom.

I briefly considered protesting, but Emma’s parting words came to my lips. “Be a good boy,” she had said.

Elsie waited, her foot tapping the floor impatiently.

“On second thoughts,” I stammered. “Perhaps it would be better if you took this room. I’ll be alright in the spare room.”

She waited.

“I’ll get your bags,” I said, rushing to retrieve them and place them in our room.

She gave a curt nod.

“Unpack for me,” she said. “Then come downstairs.”

She moved from the room without a second glance.

I did as she had instructed, noting that she had also brought some dirty laundry in a bag.

When I returned to the living room she was sprawled on the sofa, flicking through TV channels.

I moved to sit opposite her.

She shook her head, leaving me to stand awkwardly across from her as she continued to flip through TV channels, the riding-crop dangling from her fingers.

After some five minutes, she flipped off the TV and glanced over to me. She allowed her gaze to roam over my body, apparently not impressed with what she saw.

“Emma told me she keeps you in a little cuck-cage,” she said lazily. “Is that true?”

I nodded my head in shame.

“Answer me,” she snapped.

“Yes, Elsie,” I quickly replied.

“Yes, what?” she demanded.

“Yes, Elsie?” I answered helplessly.

She snorted in derision at my obedience to her.

“You don’t get to call me Elsie,” she decided. “You can call me Madam.”

“Yes, Madam,” I quickly replied.

She nodded in approval. The first indication yet that I had pleased her in any way.

“Show me,” she said. “Show me your little thing all locked up. Strip,”

I began to unbutton my shirt.

“Quickly,” she snapped again.

“Sorry, Madam,” I said as I quickly shrugged off my clothes to stand naked before her, my hands covering my arousal at her cruel treatment.

The crop rose to strike sharply at the back of my hands.

“Show me,” she sneered.

Trembling, I removed my hands.

She laughed in genuine amusement, struggling to get her words out through her guffaws.

“Oh my God,” she laughed. “It’s true. Look at you. And, oh my God, this is turning you on. Your little thing is trying to escape. Emma was right. You really are a little bitch.”

I stared at the floor in embarrassment.

“Look at me,” she snapped.

My head jerked up to look into her beautiful face.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” she demanded

“Yes, Madam,” I croaked.

It was impossible to deny with my cock cage bobbing up and down in front of her.

The crop rose to begin tapping at the underside of my exposed balls. More blood pumped to my cock at the humiliation and the sharp taps of the crop.

“I bet it’s really uncomfortable when it gets even harder, isn’t it?”

“Yes Madam,” I croaked as the taps increased in strength.

“Really, really uncomfortable,” she continued, as the taps became still harder.

She played with me in this manner for some twenty minutes before tiring of the game and allowing the crop to fall.

My balls ached from the treatment, but my cock continued to throb, precum now dribbling through the bars of the cage.

She stared at my cock with interest, before a thought seemed to come to her.

“Emma says you have a little maid’s outfit. Is that true?”

“Yes, Madam,” I said, cringing.

“Go and put in on,” she said. “I want to see.”

“Yes, Madam,” I replied, rushing from the room.

I returned in the maid’s outfit, teetering into the room on the high-heels.

“Oh. My. God,” she exclaimed. “You’re a maid. A sissy little maid. It’s all true.”

She stood to walk in a slow circle around my trembling body. She came to a halt behind me.

“But I’ve decided you’ve been a naughty little maid,” she breathed. “And naughty little maids need to be punished, don’t they?”

“Yes, madam,” I croaked.

“That’s what you want, isn’t it, sissy?” she insisted.

I couldn’t think of anything I wanted more. I craved it.

“Yes, madam,” I croaked. “Please use the crop on me,” I begged her.

She snorted in derision.

“Bend over the table,” she snarled. “And get that skirt up over your pretty little ass.”

I did as instructed, sweeping up the skirt to present my bare ass to her as I pressed my chest hard into the table.

“Thank you, madam,” I gasped as the first stroke of the crop fell. “Thank you.”

She gave me ten sharp, cleansing strokes of the crop, striping my ass.

“Thank you,” I gasped again as the final stroke fell and she stepped back from my body.

Silence reigned as she observed my quivering body. My mind felt clearer now. It had been precisely what I had needed.

Finally, she spoke, her tone gentler. “Do my laundry,” she said. “Make sure

you hand wash my panties. And bring me a snack. And a drink.”

“Yes, Madam,” I said.

With a deep breath, I rose to carry out my tasks.

I had just taken the clothes to the laundry room and was sorting through them when I picked up a particularly flimsy pair of panties. I turned the wispy material over in my hands. Man, I bet she looked good in these, I mused.

Unconsciously, I lifted the panties up to my nose to inhale deeply.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” came an angry voice from behind me.

“Sorry, Madam,” I stuttered. “I wasn’t concentrating. I forgot.”

“Disgusting,” she sneered. “You obviously need to feel the crop again.”

I did. I needed it.

“You’d better hope I don’t tell Emma about this...”

“Please don’t,” I whispered as I bent over the washing machine.

I raised my skirt to accept the delicious sting of the crop.

She was crueler to me this time. And I loved her for it.

“Take off the costume,” she demanded. “Leave the heels on. Seeing as you like my panties so much, you can wear them.”

“Yes, Madam,” I answered obediently, pulling the panties up my legs to settle them over my groin.

“Get on with your chores,” she said, in a calmer voice. “And get me another

drink.”

She kept me busy until the early evening when she finally took pity on me.

“Emma says you give nice foot rubs,” she said kindly.

“Yes, Madam,” I replied.

I looked at her pretty feet tucked up underneath her on the couch. “Would you like me to...”

She patted the couch next to her and arranged herself so that her feet were in my lap.

I began to rub and press at her feet, earning a satisfied sigh from Elsie.

“I can see why Emma keeps you around,” she mused. “She gets a sissy to look after her at home. And a lover with a big cock to look after her in bed. It really is a perfect arrangement.”

It was. I couldn’t imagine a better one.

“And you seem to really like it too.”

I did.

“It really is a win-win for everyone. Including me. You know, I’m really quite enjoying this.”

She yawned.

“You can sleep on the floor tonight, at my feet.”

“Thank you, Madam,” I said gratefully.

It would be an honor.

I did indeed spend that night on the floor in our bedroom. A long uncomfortable night.

But not before she had extended her bare feet from under the bed sheets and insisted I worship them.

This I did without hesitation, licking and sucking at them as she languidly rubbed herself beneath the sheets, bringing herself to a gentle climax.

I continued to lap at her feet until instructed to sleep.

It was late on Sunday that Emma finally called Elsie. It had been an emotional day.

Elsie put the phone on loud speaker.

“Hi,” came Emma’s sing-song voice. “How is everything?”

“Fine,” replied Elsie. “Are you having fun?”

“Oh yes,” she enthused. And then, “Has the cuck been good?”

Elsie glanced down at me with a smirk before replying.

“I caught him sniffing my panties,” she replied.

I gave a muffled groan. She’d told her.

“Oh dear,” said Emma. “Well, that is very naughty. Can you hear me, James?”

I gave another choking moan.

“Two more weeks.”

I gave a half-sob as Elsie giggled in delight.

“Oh, I did so hope he would be good,” lamented Emma. “Oh well. What’s he doing now?”

“Hang on came Elsie’s voice. “I’ll send you a picture.”

She aimed the phone at me to take a picture. Before sending it to Emma, she showed it to me.

I whimpered at the image.

An almost naked man, kneeling on the floor, his knees apart; his groin covered in a flimsy pair of pink panties that did nothing to hide his bulging cock inside its chastity device.

His feet had been pushed into bright-red heels.

His slender body was smooth and hairless, having been shaved completely some hours earlier.

His face shone with make-up: mascara, lipstick, eye shadow and liner.

His neck was encased in a leather collar, from which hung two chains. The two chains ended in nipple clamps that were tightly pinching the pathetic form’s nipples.

And in his open mouth was a rubber dildo which Elsie had been idly thrusting in and out of his mouth for the past twenty minutes.

A sissy. A cuck. Not a real man.

“Oh,” said Emma in surprise. “Well, he looks like he’s having fun, at least.”

“Oh, he is,” Elsie assured her. “And believe me, I’ve got plenty more planned for him.”

Island Fever: The Complete Series 1-3

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Island Fever: Book one

My jaw dropped at the sight in front of me.

My beautiful wife lay naked on the bed among a tangle of sheets. Her lithe body was covered in a sheen of sweat, and her firm thighs were splayed wide.

“I’m sorry, baby,” she said in a tired voice.

My gaze was fixed on her naked sex. It was messy and used, her swollen labia spread. She made no effort to cover the evidence of her infidelity.

“I had to feel him just one more time,” she explained, as her eyes slowly regained focus. “Just one last time.”

I swallowed as, inexplicably, blood surged to my groin. Her lover’s cum was oozing from her sodden pussy.

“Was it... Was it, Devon?” I croaked.

My stomach was flipping excitedly, and my cock had almost instantly reached its full length. I was transfixed by the sight of her shaved, cream-pied pussy. The aroma of their lovemaking came to my nostrils, further exciting me.

She nodded. Her beautiful body was limp and relaxed. She had obviously been expertly satisfied.

“Why?” I croaked.

My cock seemed to throb even harder as my gaze flickered to her full breasts. Her nipples were swollen and erect.

“I had to baby,” she breathed tiredly. “I had to. I needed him just one last time.”

My gaze traveled once more to her glorious sex.

As if on strings, I felt my legs move me into the room. The scent of her, and of him, grew stronger.

I swallowed again as I reached the foot of the bed.

“Oh, baby. What are you doing?” she asked as I sunk to my knees between her smooth thighs. Her voice was tinged with shock and just a little amusement.

I pushed my face forwards towards her beautiful treasure as my hands fumbled with my belt and flies.

“But he’s been in me,” she said, wide-eyed now.

I didn’t care. I only knew I needed to taste her; to clean her of the evidence of her cheating.

“Oh baby,” she sighed as I began to lap at her. The taste of her was exhilarating. Her sweet juice mixed with Devon’s salty seed was a heady aphrodisiac.

Frantically, I grasped my pulsing cock, desperate to release the pressure that seemed to consume my whole body.

“Oh,” she sighed happily as I continued to lap at her. “Oh...”

I burrowed my face further into her sloppy snatch, scooping the mixture of her arousal and his essence into my mouth again and again.

I was lost somewhere I had never been before. The smell and taste of her, and of him, was intoxicating. I was dizzy with lust. Still, I lapped at her, moaning myself now.

I was thrashing at myself desperately as I transferred my attention to her swollen clit, flicking at it with eager stiff tongue.

Her sighs began to mix with gasps now, and with my moans, as we both drew closer to climax.

My face was smeared with her juice and his cum. My own cum began to boil in my balls.

“Oh, baby,” she mewled. “You’re making me cum. You’re making me cum on your tonguuueeeee.”

Her hips bucked and her pussy thrust back against my face as she came, orgasm sweeping over her. I came with her, cum shooting from my cock again and again as I moaned in release.

My stroking hand and her thrusting sex gradually stilled as we rode the last of our orgasms, to be left sated and drained.

The only sounds now were our pants, as I knelt back on my heels in shock.

What had she done? What had I done?

I pushed myself to my feet to rush from the room, ashamed and shocked at my actions.

Amy was already in bed when I returned to the house. I slipped under the covers next to her. I was still stunned at both of our actions.

She snuggled closer to me, wrapping an arm around my chest.

“Shall we talk about it?” she asked.

“Why?” I asked. “Why?”

“I’m sorry baby,” she said. “I should have told you. Devon is an old boyfriend.”

An old boyfriend? Why hadn’t she told me? As far as I knew he was just a guy doing work on our second bungalow.

My mind flashed back to when she had introduced him to me, suggesting we employ him. At the time I had thought nothing about the way she had lightly laid her hand on his arm; she was a touchy person. Nor had I cared that he was a handsome, well-muscled young man.

“From when?” I asked.

“From just before I left here,” she explained.

I had met Amy at University where she had been a foreign student. After graduation and marriage, we had decided to move to her home country: a country of swaying palms, warm water, and white sandy beaches.

“Do you love him?” I asked in a small voice.

“Of course not, baby,” she said. “Of course not.”

Then it could only be one thing. I had to ask though.

“Was it just sex?”

“Of course, baby,” she said, stroking my face gently. “Just sex. Nothing else.”

A shiver ran through me. Just sex. Just sex in our bed with an old lover.

“Is he? Is he better in bed than me?” I asked.

“Oh, baby,” she said. “Don’t worry about that. I’m so sorry. It was just one time.”

“Is he?” I insisted.

She paused, before speaking again, consolingly, to me.

“I love you, baby,” she said. “When we make love I feel so close to you. We

have an emotional bond that makes it special.”

“But is he?” I insisted. “Please, Amy. I have to know.”

She took a deep breath. “Sometimes, baby. Just sometimes, I really need to be fucked properly. It’s been so long. I don’t know what came over me, but I needed to be fucked properly.”

“What?” I protested in anguish. “Can’t I fuck you properly?”

“Oh, baby. Of course you can. What we have is so special. But he, well, he can really fuck me, you know. Like a proper man...”

I let out an anguished whimper.

“Sorry, sorry,” she said hurriedly. “I didn’t mean to say that. I didn’t. It was just sex.”

Her hand snaked down to my groin.

“Oh,” she said in surprise.

My arousal was obvious, my cock stiff and straining.

“Shall we employ someone else?” she asked.

I shuddered at the feel of her gently stroking hand. Of course, we should. How could I hold my head up high if he was still hanging around – after what he’d done to me; after what he’d done to my wife. He’d taken her on our bed. He’d made me a cuckold.

Still, she stroked me, sending delicious waves of pleasure through me.

“No, it’s alright,” I groaned.

What had I just said? And why? I let out an anguished moan.

“Oh,” she said in surprise, once more.

She released my cock from her hand to swing a leg over me. Her sex was above my aching cock, and her breasts swung entrancingly above me.

As I reached up my hands to grope her heavy breasts, she once more grabbed my cock, positioning it at the entrance to her slippery heat.

“Are you sure?” she breathed, as she sunk down on me.

I let out a groan at the feel of her hot, gripping, velvety sex.

“Are you sure we shouldn’t get someone else?” she breathed as she began to slide up and down my rigid pole.

“I’m sure,” I gasped, her clenching flesh sending waves of almost unimaginable pleasure through my body. “I’m sure.”

She lowered her chest to push her soft lips to mine. Her hot, wet tongue forced my lips apart to swirl over mine.

Her hips were rocking up and down faster now, her slippery sex gliding smoothly up and down my cock.

She broke off the kiss, allowing me to moan in arousal.

She pushed her lips to my ear as she continued to plunge her dripping sex up and down my manhood.

“You don’t mind?” she whispered. “You don’t mind Devon and his big cock hanging around?”

“No,” I gasped. “No.”

Her words were pushing me to the edge. Shame and excitement were filling my body in equal measure.

I reached my hands down to grasp her rising and falling hips as she expertly drew orgasm closer.

She was gasping herself now, her hot breath in my ear. “Are you sure, baby?” she said between gasps. “Are you sure you don’t mind? You don’t mind knowing what he did to me?”

“I don’t mind,” I almost wailed.

“But he... he...he might take me again,” she panted in my ear. “With his big cock.”

We came together: her with pretty gasps and mewls as her sex clenched and unclenched on my cock; I with grunts of release as orgasm swept through my body, and I spurted into my beautiful wife again and again.

We clung to each other in the aftermath of orgasm. Our bodies were sweaty from the balmy air and our exertions. Our chests rose and fell in unison as we sucked in mouthfuls of warm air.

Gradually we stilled. I was in a daze; an almost dream-like state.

We fell asleep together, as my cock wilted inside her.

As my eyes jerked open the next morning, the events of the previous day ran through my mind.

I let out a groan and cringed. What had come over me? What had come over my wife? I had to sort this out. I had to.

I quickly showered and set off into the grounds of our house to find my wife.

I didn’t have to search long. Her giggles led me to the spare bungalow; the bungalow Devon was working on.

I rushed over to where the two of them stood in flirty conversation.

“Hi,” I said, hoping to break them apart.

As was normal on the islands, my wife wore barely anything: just a short, wrap-around skirt, and a sleeveless, low-cut tank top. Her feet were bare. Her attire showcased her firm, curvaceous figure perfectly.

Devon was shirtless, his muscled chest on display. His cut-off jean shorts revealed thick, strong thighs.

“Hi, Marcus,” he said pleasantly as my wife looked on. “I’m sorry about yesterday.”

I started in surprise. Was he not even going to pretend nothing had happened?

I looked at the sandy, palm-strewn ground in embarrassment.

“It just happened,” he explained. “She wanted it, didn’t you Amy?”

“Yes,” my wife answered simply as I blushed in shame, my body shaking as adrenaline coursed through it.

“And I wanted it,” he continued, shrugging. “These are the islands, Marcus. It’s not like your country. When two people feel something like that, we act on it. No hard feelings, OK?”

He stretched out a hand.

No hard feelings? I thought in shock. This man had taken my wife in my house, on my bed. And he didn’t even have the good grace to act embarrassed about it.

“OK?” he repeated, his hand still stretched out.

“No hard feelings,” I heard myself say as I grasped his hand. “It was a one-time thing. We all make mistakes.”

What the hell was I saying? It was the heat. I wasn't used to it. It was making me do and say things I wouldn't normally.

"Nice to see you boys getting on," observed Amy. "I'm getting a coffee."

She walked away, her pert backside swaying saucily.

"The thing is," continued Devon, smiling at me and still grasping my hand. "The thing is, I might have to fuck your wife again."

"W... W... What?" I stuttered.

"I might have to fuck your wife again," he repeated. "She was on heat yesterday. She practically begged me to fuck her. She obviously isn't getting what she needs from you."

"I... I... I..."

How dare he talk about my wife like that?

He released my hand from his firm grip.

"Run along after your wife," he said. "I need to get back on the roof. I'll finish the hot tub when this is done."

Athletically, he climbed back onto the roof of our spare bungalow to continue working on it.

Why hadn't I said anything? I'd tell Amy what he'd said and put a stop to this.

I rushed after my wife to find her in the kitchen.

"He said he's going to fuck you again." I blurted out.

"Did he?" she answered, her eyes shining excitedly. "What exactly did he say?"

I related our conversation to her as she listened closely.

When I had finished, she stepped forwards to press her trim body to mine, her breasts pushing into my chest. I could feel her stiff, thick, nipples through the thin material of her top.

She pushed her groin into mine, feeling my arousal, as she wrapped her slender arms around My neck and pressed her mouth to my ear.

“Just ask him to leave,” she breathed. “If you are worried.”

I gasped as her hand snaked down to slip under my shorts and grasp my erect cock.

“That’s all you have to do,” she whispered, as she stroked me. “If you are worried.”

I gasped again, surrendering myself to the beautiful sensation of her grasping fist on my cock.

“If you don’t want him and his big cock around,” she continued, “Just take control.”

I let out a half-gasp, half-whimper. How did she make me feel like this?

“I... I... I...”

She stroked me faster, still whispering seductively in my ear. “If you’re worried about him putting his big cock into my pretty pussy, just be a man and tell him to leave.”

She giggled triumphantly as I grunted in release, staining my shorts with ribbons of hot cum

She coaxed the last of my orgasm from me, leaving me drained and dazed.

She then removed her hand from the inside of my shorts, wiping it clean on the seat of them.

“OK,” she said brightly. “Let’s spend the day on the beach. I’ve prepared a picnic.”

We spent the day frolicking on the beach: swimming, eating and sunbathing.

I was too stunned to say much, but Amy chatted away happily as if nothing had happened.

Occasionally I would admire her bikini-clad body and shiver at the thought of Devon’s hands all over it: grasping her breasts and tweaking her nipples erect. He’d said she’d been on heat. I could see them in my mind’s eye: her pretty legs spread wide as he plunged into her, and she writhed and mewled beneath him.

Each time I imagined such things, I would let out a tiny groan, which my wife affected to ignore, and grow inside my swimsuit.

Finally, towards dusk, we made our way, hand-in-hand, back to the bungalows.

Devon called out to us as we passed the spare bungalow. “The hot tub’s finished,” he announced. “Do you want to have a look?”

Amy answered for us. “Yes. Of course.”

She dragged me over to the spare bungalow.

The hot tub was on the deck, to the back of the bungalow. The palms and other tropical plants offered it sufficient privacy.

“It’s very nice, Devon,” said Amy.

“It’s good work, Devon,” I admitted.

“I was just about to give it a test run,” said Devon. “Would you like to join me?”

“Um. No. Um. We’re going to get an early night...” I began.

Amy broke in. “Nonsense. We’d love to try it, Devon.”

“Great,” he smiled.

I let out a small gasp as he stepped out of his shorts to stand before us naked.

Amy squeezed my hand excitedly. His cock was limp, but still obviously bigger than mine: thick, long and heavily veined.

He shrugged, without embarrassment. “You can’t wear clothes in the tub,” he explained. “It’s bad for the filtration system.”

He stepped into the tub to settle himself comfortably. He looked at us expectantly.

“Wait,” I said in panic as Amy released my hand to reach behind her back.

“You heard him,” she said, tossing her bikini top to the side. “It’s bad for the filtration system.”

Devon’s smile grew wider as he stared unabashedly at my wife’s breasts.

She stepped out of her bikini bottoms to step into the pool and seat herself next to Devon.

“Come on Marcus,” she said. “The water’s lovely.”

“I. um. I,” I stuttered. She must know how diminutive I would appear compared to Devon. I hesitated to humiliate myself in this fresh fashion.

“Or you can wait in the house,” she shrugged. “While Devon and I enjoy the pool.”

“No. No. I’m coming,” I spluttered, struggling out of my shorts.

Amy giggled and Devon grinned as I attempted to cover myself before stepping into the tub. I seated myself next to my wife, noticing that the nipples of her breasts would occasionally rise above water level. They were swollen; excited.

The tub was small, meaning Amy was sandwiched tightly between us. Devon stretched his arm out, around her shoulder.

I was about to protest – I’m sure I was – when I felt Amy’s hand on my cock, gently stroking me. I let out a small sigh of pleasure, grateful for her touch, Devon’s arm momentarily forgotten.

Amy gave me a cheeky little grin as she coaxed me erect.

And then I heard Devon let out a louder, contented sigh. My God. Was she doing the same thing to him? The thought only made me harder.

I noticed with alarm Devon’s hand lower to grasp my wife’s plumb breast in one huge hand.

“I don’t think. I mean. I think...” I spluttered.

“Shhh,” Amy hushed me, snuggling closer to Devon, but still stroking my now fully-erect cock.

He continued to fondle and paw at her breast as she pushed back happily against his hand. It seemed I was powerless to stop the events occurring around me.

I let out a moan of frustration as my wife’s hand lifted from my straining rod.

“Shhh,” she said again, as she rose to settle herself once more, straddling Devon’s groin.

Devon reached up his hands to grasp her full breasts as she squirmed in delight. She reached down to grasp his cock, positioning him for the act I knew was now about to occur if I did nothing.

“Hold my hand,” she breathed to me. “Hold my hand.”

I did so, grasping her hand tightly as she sunk smoothly down on him.

“Oh my God,” she gasped. “You’re so big, Devon.”

He chuckled in response, releasing his hands from her breasts and allowing them to rest comfortably on the rim of the tub.

“Amy,” I croaked, not knowing what I wanted.

My cock was throbbing painfully now as I stared open-mouthed at my wife as she began to ride him. God. She looked so beautiful: her full breasts rising and falling as she plunged up and down on his thick cock. Her head was thrown back and her face flushed. She gasped and mewled as he filled and stretched her, taking her somewhere I had never been able to.

Her hand was gripping mine tightly now. Her eyes were closed and her mouth wide open as she continued to ride him, her hips lifting and dropping sensuously.

“Amy,” I croaked once more.

“Oh God,” she gasped, ignoring me.

I’m not sure if she knew I was there anymore; her whole being seemed concentrated on his thick manhood.

“Please,” I croaked. Again not knowing what I was asking for. I was transfixed at the intensely arousing sight before me: my gorgeous wife giving herself so willingly to another man whilst I could only watch helplessly, with stiff, aching cock.

“Oh, Oh, Oh, Ohhhhh,” she gasped as climax hit her. She released my hand to wrap her arms around his neck as she rode her orgasm to its conclusion.

Devon chuckled. “Keep going,” he said.

“Yes Devon,” she panted. “Yes Devon.”

In the same position, clutching his body to hers, she rode herself to a second orgasm. This time he came with her, grunting as he released himself inside my wife’s glorious pussy. Amy mewled in delight, her gasps of pleasure filling the air.

I heard more moans, and realized they were mine.

Her hips gradually stilled as her chest rose and fell.

Devon reached down his hands to lift her easily. He stood, to deposit her, on unsteady legs, to the side of the hot tub.

“Take your wife home,” he chuckled.

“Yes,” I said. “Yes.”

I pulled myself from the tub in awe at what I had seen. My cock bobbed stiffly in front of me as I watched his cum leak down her inner thigh.

Devon leaned back with a contented sigh.

“Come on Amy,” I said desperately. “Let me take you home.”

Her eyes gradually regained focus, and she gave a contented sigh. “Yes, baby,” she said. “Take me home.”

I led her out of the hot tub area, but not before she had turned to give Devon a coy smile and a cute wave. “Bye, Devon,” she said.

I practically dragged her back to our house. My whole body was humming

with need, my cock so stiff it elicited groans from me with every step. She had just looked so beautiful.

As soon as we entered the house I bent her over the back of one of the sofas. She giggled excitedly.

Without preamble, I slipped into her sloppy, gripping heat.

“Oh God,” I moaned. “That was so hot.”

She sighed happily at my words as I continued to slide in and out of her slippery cunt.

“Did you like it, baby?” she panted. “Did you like seeing me ride his big cock?”

“God, Yes,” I grunted. Already I was drawing close. “You looked so beautiful.”

Sensing I would not last long she reached down a hand to begin frantically rubbing at her swollen nub.

I was slamming into her now, grunting in abandon.

She continued to tease me. “Can I do it again?” she asked between gasps. “Can I put his big fat cock into my pretty pussy again?”

“Yes,” I grunted. “Yes.”

Her rubbing fingers along with my plunging cock, had taken her to the edge. She squealed in release as her sex clenched and spasmed tightly on my stiff cock.

It was all I needed to reach climax myself.

As cum spurted from my cock it felt like my very essence was emptying into my wife’s welcoming, enveloping sex.

I grunted again and again, spurting into her repeatedly, allowing my hot cum to mingle with her copious juice and Devon's seed.

Finally, I was sated, drained and gasping over her.

I'd never experienced an orgasm like it. It had been as if I was reclaiming her with my cock. I was now exhausted and calmed, dopamine flooding my brain.

My cock slipped from her with a squelch. She turned to press her lips to mine.

"Come on," she whispered, grasping me by the hand.

I allowed myself to be led, unprotestingly to the bedroom.

She released my hand at the door to continue to the bed.

There she sat, to spread her thighs wide, looking back at me with innocent eyes.

Cum oozed from her messy sex, both Devon's and mine.

I swallowed at the sight, saliva pooling in my mouth. I licked my lips hungrily.

"Clean me up," she said in a tired, husky voice. "Clean me up with your tongue."

I needed no second invitation. On shaking legs I stepped forwards to stand between her lewdly spread thighs.

"On your knees," she said. "Get on your knees and get your pretty face between my legs."

I sunk, almost instantly, to my knees, pushing my face forwards to the mess

between her smooth thighs.

“That’s right,” she breathed. “That’s right. Get it all.”

I lapped and licked at her with abandon as she sighed happily above me. The taste of her and of Devon, and of myself, filled my mouth, increasing my arousal.

“That’s right,” she breathed again. “That’s how we do it on the islands.”

Island Fever: Book two

God. The heat was really getting to me. I couldn't think straight. My mind was befuddled and slow. It almost felt like I was walking through a dream.

I pushed myself from the bed, threw on a pair of shorts and wandered into the kitchen.

Amy was standing, sipping coffee. I took a moment to drink in the sight of her. Man, she was beautiful: those toned, tanned legs; and that pert backside set off perfectly by the tiny denim shorts she wore; and – oh my God - those breasts, covered by just a Bikini top.

She was a dream come true.

“Hey, Baby,” she smiled. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yeah,” I yawned.

Had I? I couldn't really remember. A phrase was playing through my mind again and again.

“Did you tell me, ‘this is how we do it on the islands,’ yesterday?” I asked.

I could hardly remember yesterday. We needed to get air-con fitted. Those lazy ceiling fans weren't enough.

“Yes,” she said, brightly. “Why?”

“Well, what did you mean?” I asked.

She looked at me, her forehead creased in confusion, as if she wasn't quite sure if I was serious or not.

“You haven't noticed?” she asked.

“Noticed what? No.”

She gave another smile. “Haven’t you noticed how all the women on the islands take foreign husbands?”

I thought back. I guess she was right. I knew loads of her friends. They all had foreign boyfriends. Weird.

“Do you know why that is?” she continued.

“No,” I replied, confused.

“Because it works out perfectly,” she replied. “All of us girls are taught from an early age to select naturally submissive foreign men. We know the signs and so it’s a simple task. And then, when they get to the islands, these men begin to embrace their submissive side. It really is quite beautiful to watch. They begin to exist only to serve their wives and their wives’ lovers.”

My eyes widened. What on earth was she talking about?

“Really?” I scoffed. “Not me.”

She gave me another strange look. “You don’t remember?”

“Remember what?” I asked, perplexed.

“Holding my hand while I made love to Devon.”

I let out a gasp as the image came to my mind: my beautiful wife, bouncing up and down on Devon’s impressive cock, her beautiful breasts swaying up and down. And I had been there. Allowing it to happen. I’d even held her hand as it had happened. How had I ever forgotten?

“Yes,” she nodded, seeing that I now remembered. “And then, after I’d let you make love to me, you got down on your knees...between my legs.”

She sidled closer to me to stroke my body, which was now shaking uncontrollably.

“And then you cleaned me up,” she reminded me. “With your tongue. You licked Devon’s cum from my pussy. And yours of course.”

My God. It was true. Adrenalin shot through my body, causing me to shake more.

“It’s alright, baby. It’s just what happens here. The women take lovers from the islands... they want masculine lovers with big cocks. But their husbands are always foreign men who’ll do anything for their wives. It’s perfect for all parties involved.”

“Not me,” I protested, despite all the evidence to the contrary.

“Especially you,” she smiled. “Normally it takes several months to get to this stage. You’re ready for the next stage already.”

The next stage? What was she talking about? This wasn’t the Amy I remembered from my home country. She was different: more assured, more dominant, and incredibly, more desirable.

“What’s the next stage?” I managed to croak through my confusion.

“Chastity,” she smiled to my astonishment. “Do you remember the x-ray when you came through the airport? That was to take a sizing for your chastity device.”

None of this was making sense. How had I allowed her to sleep with Devon? Why hadn’t I protested? Embrace my submissive side? A chastity device?

Amy lifted herself onto her tiptoes to plant a soft kiss on my lips.

“I’ll get it now,” she said. “You’re ready.”

I stood there dumb as she walked to a nearby cabinet to retrieve something.

“Take your shorts down,” she said.

I can't say why, but I made no protest.

She sunk to her knees before me.

"I have to be quick," she explained as she pushed my cock and balls through a metal hoop. "Men get excited when they see me on my knees."

I stood there, passively, but felt myself begin to grow at the sight of her below me. Was she going to suck it? I thought excitedly.

"See," she said. "That's why I have to be quick."

Her hair had fallen down over her face and my groin, hiding her actions. I felt something push over my cock, and click into place. And then another click.

I let out a groan as my cock attempted to expand further but met hard resistance.

She smiled up at me. "And that's the last time you'll see me on my knees in front of you," she said, standing.

"What do you mean?" I said, looking down at my groin in disbelief.

My cock was encased in a metal cage in the shape of a limp cock. It had clicked into place with the hoop she had pushed my cock and balls through. A padlock dangled from the device.

"What have you done?" I asked, stunned. I couldn't think straight. My mind felt like treacle; thoughts struggling to form.

"Oh don't worry, baby," she consoled me. "It's just a cock cage. All the husbands on the islands wear one."

"But how will I cum," I asked frantically. My cock swelled further and I groaned again. It was so uncomfortably cramped inside its metal prison.

“Well you’ll have to be a very good boy,” she explained. “And make me very happy. If you are, you’ll get to come out when it pleases me.”

“But... but... but...” I stammered.

“Or you can just break the lock – it’s only a flimsy little thing – and head to the airport.”

I looked at her in shock.

She shrugged. “But I selected well. I don’t think you’re going to do that.”

She took notice of my shocked expression for what seemed like the first time.

“Oh baby,” she said, wrapping her arms around me and pressing her firm figure to mine. “I know it’s a lot to get used to. But you’ll really enjoy it. I promise.”

I let out another groan as the feel of her breasts pushing into my chest caused me to grow further.

“Oh. Sorry,” she giggled, breaking off the embrace. “Now. Pull your shorts up and put on a shirt. I want to go shopping.”

I walked around the shopping mall in a daze. It was true. All the women seemed to have foreign husbands. Were they all in chastity devices like mine?

She seemed to read my mind. “Yes,” she said. “Some have different kinds, but all of them are wearing a device of some kind. And they like it.”

She shrugged, “Why else would they stay?”

I still couldn’t make sense of this. “But don’t they ever make love to their wives?” I asked.

“We,” she corrected me. “You should ask, ‘do we ever make love to our wives?’”

It was true. I was now one of the men in a chastity device.

She saw the realization in my eyes and smiled. “All you have to do is break the lock,” she reminded me. “Look. There’s a bathroom. Go in there and break the lock if you want.”

I looked at the bathroom and then back at my beautiful wife.

“No, um. It’s alright,” I said lamely.

“I thought not,” she smiled happily. “You’re perfect.”

“Thank you,” I said, happy at her praise. “Do we get to make love to our wives?”

“Sometimes. Maybe. If you’re good,” she replied in an unconcerned tone.

“And where are all the men from the islands?” I asked. Every single man here was foreign.

She laughed. “You think real men want to go shopping? Of course not. This is just for the husbands.

Real men? Surely I was a real man. But then why was I in a chastity device? Why had I allowed her to take a lover? Perhaps I wasn’t?

The thought disturbed me, but also send a strange thrill through me. I cringed at the strange emotion that now gripped me.

“Come on,” she continued, dragging me into a lingerie store.

I trailed after her as she selected various items from the rack. I didn’t even notice what they were, so hard was my mind struggling to make sense of things. In fact, I didn’t even notice that she’d dragged me into a changing

room.

I noticed though, when she began to strip in front of me and pull a tangerine-colored, baby-doll negligee over her head.

“What do you think?” she asked preening in front of me.

“You. You look amazing,” I said in awe.

She did. The translucent material fell to high-thigh, barely covering her shaved sex. Her heavy breasts with their thick nipples were clearly visible.

“It’s for Devon,” she said. “Do you think he’ll like it?”

I let out a groan as my cock pushed harder against its steel cage at the sight of her lush body.

She giggled. “I’ll take that as a yes,” she said, running her hands seductively over her body.

I groaned again.

“Remember, Marcus. You have to be very, very good to get this.”

I resolved to be very, very good. “OK,” I found myself answering.

“Now,” she said. “I got some things for you. Try these on please,”

She held up a pair of red, lace panties.

I looked at her in shock.

“What’s the matter?” she asked. “You don’t like them?”

“No, it’s um. But. I like them. But for a woman. Not for me,” I stammered.

“Oh baby,” she said in a soothing tone, stroking my face. “You’ve got to stop

thinking of yourself as a man. Devon is a man. You? Not so much. You need to accept it. Some sexy underwear will help, I promise. They'll help you to really embrace what you are."

"But," I began again.

This time when she spoke, her voice had an edge to it. "Try on the pretty panties please, Marcus."

Despite my misgivings, I found myself stepping out of my shorts and into the lace panties.

"Good boy," she said, her voice loving once more. "Now twirl for me."

I obeyed.

"Very nice," she smiled. "Now try these."

I tried on a succession of pretty panties in a variety of cuts and fabrics. As I did so I blushed uncontrollably at my actions, and at the realization that my cock was desperately trying to unfurl to its full length.

"You see," remarked Amy. "I told you you'd like them."

I blushed further.

"Which is your favorite?" she asked.

"I... um..." I stammered, too embarrassed to answer.

"Which is your favorite?" she insisted.

"The red ones," I answered in a tiny voice.

She smiled. "Yes," I like those ones too. "Try them on again."

I drew the lacy material up over my thighs and settled them over my groin

with its throbbing cock.

“Now put your shorts over them and go and pay for everything,” she said, pulling off her baby doll and throwing it in the basket. “I have to get dressed.”

“OK,” I said, distracted by the sight of her naked, lithe body.

“Go,” she instructed me.

I turned and prepared to do as she had instructed when a thought came to me.

“But wait,” I said. “I’m wearing a pair. I don’t want to steal anything.”

“Well you’ll have to tell the cashier then,” she explained calmly.

“But... But.” My voice dropped to a whisper. “Tell her I’m wearing panties?”

“Of course,” replied Amy. “Don’t worry. This won’t be the first time she’s heard it. Now. Go. Be quick. I’m bored now.”

Miserably I headed towards the cashier. I gave an inward groan. Of course, it had to be an attractive, young women.

I loitered in the store for several minutes, before finally mustering my courage. I approached the counter.

“These please,” I said laying the basket on the counter.

“Oh. They’re very pretty,” she commented as she began to scan the items.

Again, my voice dropped to a whisper. “And I’m wearing a pair.”

“Of course you are,” she replied. “You must be new to the islands. Which pair?”

“Um. The red ones, from that shelf,” I replied, my face glowing.

“I see. Yes. They must look very sexy on you.”

She looked up from her task to notice my red face and shaking body.

“It’s only just begun,” she said with an amused smile. “The quicker you embrace it, the easier it will be.”

She passed me my bag of lingerie. “Your wife is leaving. You’d better hurry. You really don’t want to disappoint her.”

Amy was striding from the store. I rushed after her.

“What took you so long?” she asked in an annoyed tone.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I tried to be as quick as I could.”

She gave a derisive snort. “I thought I made it clear that if you were good you’d be rewarded. That’s at least a week without release you’ve just earned yourself.”

“What?” I protested. “But I was as quick as I could be.”

“Do you want to make it two weeks?” she asked, pointedly.

I hung my head to look at the floor. “No. Sorry, Amy.”

“That’s better,” she said.

She stretched out a hand to place her index finger under my chin.

“Look at me, Marcus,” she said, lifting my head.

I stared into her beautiful dark eyes.

“If I’m happy, you’re happy,” she said. “Please try and be a good boy.”

“Yes,” I managed to answer. “I’m sorry it took so long. You see I was...”

She cut me off. “Come along. I want to go home now.”

As we entered the living room, I sunk down into the sofa, emotionally exhausted.

“What do you think you’re doing?” she asked incredulously.

“I, um...” I didn’t know what she meant.

“I said be quick, and you deliberately disobeyed me.”

I had thought that was over. It obviously wasn’t.

“Only good boys get to use the furniture,” she said in disgust. “Get on the floor. Hands and knees. You’ll only stand if it’s absolutely necessary to perform a task. And take those shorts off. I want to see you in those pretty panties you liked so much.”

Cringing at my subservience I did as instructed.

“Go and get me a cup of tea,” she snapped. “And don’t take as long as you did paying for the lingerie.”

“Yes, Amy,” I croaked as I crawled to the kitchen.

I remained on hands and knees, in chastity cage and panties for the remainder of the afternoon.

Amy’s tone softened over time as I quickly carried out her instructions for more tea, her phone, a magazine, to fetch her the TV remote etc.

As the afternoon progressed I began, gradually, to embrace my position beneath her. I found myself rushing to obey her. And I found myself pathetically grateful when she would pat my head or issue a kind word when

I'd pleased her.

Was it true? Would I really be happier if I stopped trying to fight this, and instead embraced it? I mean, I could take off the chastity device at any time, but I chose not to. I didn't have to obey her, but I did. And my cock kept swelling painfully again and again every time I remembered the sight of her riding Devon to orgasm.

I let out a shuddering moan. What was I?

Any heard my moan and spoke kindly. "It can be difficult at first," she consoled me. "Just concentrate on pleasing me. Now go and get some nail polish. You're going to paint my toenails."

I'd never have imagined doing my wife's toenails could be such exquisite pleasure. But it was. To be on the floor, beneath her, in just panties and cock cage while she sat comfortably above me filled me with sensations I'd never felt before, and unfortunately, sent blood pumping to my groin, eliciting occasional groins from me.

The fact that she had changed into a short skirt, only increased my discomfort.

From my position on the floor, I could look up and under it. I groaned at the sight. She was naked beneath the skirt, her beautiful, shaved pussy clearly visible.

"Concentrate on your job," she rebuked me. "Be a good boy."

"Sorry," I mumbled, lowering my gaze. She picked up her magazine once more to begin leafing through it.

Finally, she laid it aside to look down critically at my work. I waited for her verdict apprehensively.

"Not bad," she conceded. "But you need to improve. Do some research. Next time I expect them to be perfect."

“OK,” I said, determined to do better next time.

“But as I said, not bad. I think you’ve earned yourself a little reward.”

She allowed her thighs to fall open, revealing herself to me. I gasped at the sight of her silky folds and pushed my face forwards eagerly.

“That’s right,” she breathed as I began to put long licks on her slit, teasing her labia apart. “Do a good job and you might get another treat later.”

Juice came to her sex quickly under my tongue. I reveled in the taste of it, and at her briny aroma that now filled my nostrils.

An anguished groan came from my throat as the pressure in my groin increased.

Her outer lips spread quickly, and my face became slick with her juice.

I moved my tongue up, searching for her nub. I found it, stiff and erect, free from its protective hood.

She shuddered in delight as I flicked at it vigorously with my tongue.

Her breath was becoming ragged now, as she pushed her pussy back against my flicking tongue and sucking mouth.

“Good boy,” she gasped. “Make me cum.”

I redoubled my efforts, as she let her head fall back and her eyes close.

I reached down a hand to grasp myself, groaning in dismay when it met only metal.

This seemed to further excite her. Her hips bucked, pushing her pussy harder onto my face. Her pelvic bone was crushing my nose now as she approached orgasm. I continued to work at her with my tongue. I was desperate to please

her.

She came with a series of gasps and moans, her sodden sex twitching and spasming under my tongue.

“Oh yes. Oh yes. Good boy,” she gasped as she rode her orgasm to its conclusion.

As the last of the orgasm swept over her, her body grew limp in release, although her legs still shuddered.

“Very good,” she breathed between deep breaths. “Very good.”

She reached down a hand to mush be away. “Did you enjoy your treat?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “Thank you. Can we make love now?”

She shook her head. “Absolutely not. I told you. You earned yourself a week in the cage because of your little performance today. You were very lucky I let you lick my pretty pussy, weren’t you?”

“Yes,” I croaked, resigning myself to a week of throbbing discomfort.

I started and began to push myself to my feet as I heard the front door rattle and open.

“Stay where you are,” she snapped.

I dropped back to my hands and knees as Devon walked into the room.

He ignored me as one might a family pet. Instead, he merely strode to where my wife sat. In one easy motion, he lifted her up and over his shoulder.

She squealed in delight as he gave her backside a sharp slap and strode to the bedroom.

I remained on my hands and knees. I was stunned. My mind was torpid and

confused. Why was I letting myself be treated like this? Why was my cock throbbing so achingly inside the cage? Was I enjoying this? Enjoying my wife being satisfied by another man? And the panties... From the first moment I had slipped them on I had felt my destiny spin out of my hands and into hers. And his.

My body was shaking with arousal and the sweet humiliation I was experiencing. My beautiful wife; she was in there, with another man. The intoxicating smell of her was still in my nostrils, and the taste of her in my mouth. Her pussy was like a drug to me. I realized that I'd do anything she requested for just one more taste.

I let out a sob at what I had become: how servile I now was; how desperate to please; and how willingly I allowed myself to be inside a chastity cage.

I looked down and back at my groin. My cock was pushing hard against the bars of the birdcage, the flesh of the shaft protruding uncomfortably through any space available. Precum dripped from the tip.

I groaned again. I needed to cum. I needed to cum desperately. Why then did I not simply twist off the padlock and free myself? What was wrong with me?

My wife's pretty, soft moans came to my ears. I shuddered in delight.

The moans grew louder, and more rhythmic. Beautiful sounds of exquisite pleasure. Pleasure she was gaining on the cock of another man; another bigger, more powerful man; a man who was taking my wife, on my bed, whilst I cringed and quivered on the floor.

Sobbing softly, I began to crawl towards the bedroom, both hating, and adoring the sounds of their lovemaking.

Still louder the sounds came, keeping my cock swollen and cramped.

I crawled closer, noting, with excitement that Devon had carelessly left the bedroom door half-open. Hyperventilating, I peered in.

The beautiful sight that greeted my eyes would forever be etched in my mind.

My gorgeous wife was on her hands and knees on the bed. Behind her stood Devon. He was plunging his thick cock in and out of her, with powerful thrusts of his hips and groin. Her sodden sex was stretched wide to accommodate his thick, girth. Her juice had slickened his cock so that he slid smoothly in and out of her slippery sex. Her heavy breasts swung with each powerful thrust as she panted and mewled in delight.

Even as I watched, Devon lifted one hand from her hip to begin laying slaps on her firm buttocks.

“Yes,” she squealed happily. “Yes, Devon. Harder please.”

He increased the intensity of his thrusts and of his slaps, causing her to pant and groan louder and louder.

“Yes Devon,” she squealed between gasps. “Yes. Oh. Oh. Oh. I’m cuummminggggg.”

And cum she did, her sodden vagina clenching again and again on his rock-hard cock.

Devon let out a deep grunt, allowing himself to release into my wife’s messy sex, his cock flexing repeatedly as he filled her with his hot seed.

He remained inside her as she thanked him deliriously. “Thank you, Devon. Thank you. I love your cock. Thank you.”

He chuckled, before once more beginning to slide in and out of her, without need of a rest.

My wife looked back over her shoulder at him. In doing so, she noticed my cringing form in the doorway.

“The cuck,” she gasped. “He’s watching.”

Devon slid from her, leaving her pussy gaping and oozing cum.

He turned, and on powerful legs strode towards me. His glistening, thick cock stood stiffly before him. He stood over me, unconcerned of his nakedness, and unconcerned of my reaction to him taking my wife in front of me.

He stared down at me, seemingly in contemplation. His manhood was just inches from my face, slick with my wife's juice.

I swallowed in arousal as I stared fixedly at his hard rod. Unconsciously, I felt my face push forwards towards it. I opened my mouth and extended my tongue.

Devon stepped back a pace to slam the door in my face.

I let out a sob. What had I been about to do? And why was I now so dismayed I had not?

I remained on the floor for the remainder of the night, waiting in anticipation to be called in to clean her up.

Island Fever: Book three

“Well?” asked Amy. “Have you enjoyed your week?”

I struggled to sort my jumbled thoughts and answer honestly. Had I enjoyed it? Surely not. How could a man enjoy chastity? How could he enjoy wearing sexy panties? How could he enjoy hearing and seeing his wife make love to an infinitely more powerful and well-hung man than himself? How could he enjoy being emasculated in this fashion?

“Answer me,” my wife insisted. “Answer me honestly.”

She glanced down at my panty-clad groin where my cock throbbed inside its chastity device.

I let out a groan at my plain arousal. It had been this way all week. My cock seemed almost permanently to be trying to expand to its true length. And the uncomfortable aching seemed only to increase when Devon was pleasuring my wife on our bed.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

“You what?” she asked, determined to receive an answer.

“Yes, I have,” I managed to moan. Shame coursed through my body at the realization that I was speaking the truth. I had enjoyed every minute of it, however humiliating and uncomfortable. Serving my wife and her lover had been a deep, shameful delight.

She smiled tolerantly. “I thought you would,” she remarked. “You see? I told you you would. You’re beginning to understand what kind of – well, not man – what kind of person you are, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I whispered, looking up into her beautiful dark eyes. “Yes.”

I was on my knees, at her feet, wearing just panties and my chastity device.

“Well, I think you deserve a little treat,” she observed.

“Thank you, thank you,” I gasped, pathetically grateful.

They were the words I had been waiting to hear. A mere week in chastity had changed me. I had become pliant and suggestible, desperate to please. And this was to be my reward. Release from the steel chastity cage I had come to so abhor, and to adore.

“But first,” she said. “I’d like you to get rid of all that nasty hair. I want my little boy all smooth. Hair is for proper men, like Devon. Not for little bitches like you. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I replied in a small voice. I didn’t care anymore. My entire body hummed with the need to cum. Perhaps we would even make love.

“Run along then,” she said. “I’ve left some razors in the bathroom. Chest. Legs. Arms. I want you pretty and smooth.”

I rushed from the room to carry out her wishes.

As I moved back to the living room from the bathroom I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I shuddered in a mixture of self-loathing and delight. I hardly looked like a man anymore. My legs and arms and chest and groin were completely smooth and shone from the lotion I had applied. This, combined with the pretty red, lace, panties gave me a distinctly feminine look.

Amy smiled in delight at the sight of my hairless body as I stood before her.

“You look very pretty,” she observed.

I glowed with pride. I had become deeply grateful for any kind word from my wife, however debasing.

“Twirl for me, pretty boy,” she said.

Blushing, I did as instructed.

She giggled at my embarrassment. “There’s no need to be ashamed, Marcus,” she said. “You look like a very pretty boy, don’t you?”

“Yes, Amy,” I answered obediently.

“Oh,” she said. “I almost forgot. I brought you a little present. Over there in that bag. Take them out.”

I moved to the bag to retrieve the items within. My body quivered and my stomach flipped as I pulled out a pair of red, high-heeled shoes.

“Do you like them?” she asked brightly.

“Yes,” I replied in a monotone. It appeared she was determined to strip every last remaining vestige of my masculinity from me. And I was making no protest.

“Marcus...,” she said softly. “When someone gives you a gift, what do you say?”

“Thank you, Amy,” I managed to croak. “I love them.”

“Good,” she said excitedly. “Try them on then.”

I pushed my feet into the footwear to stand before her. My posture had changed. My calves were tautened and my groin and chest pushed forwards.

“Mmmm,” she said. “You look really sexy in panties and heels. You’re such a good little bitch aren’t you?”

I swallowed as I attempted to control my shaking body.

“What are you?” she insisted.

“I’m a... I’m a... I’m a good little bitch,” I managed to say.

With the words my cock throbbed harder, trying to achieve full length in vain. I let out a strange whimper at the delicious shame I felt at my passivity to her desires.

She clapped her hands in delight. “Yes. Yes, you are,” she agreed. “Try and walk in them. It’s going to take some practice.

Under her watchful eye and occasional giggle, I stumbled and teetered up and down the room. My gait was now that of a woman, and with every step I became more accepting of my role.

“Good bitch,” she said. “You can stop now.”

I stood uncertainly as she rose from the couch to approach me.

Standing on tiptoes she pressed her lips to mine, and her body to my body. I shuddered and moaned in delight as her hands played over my hairless form. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth, breaking off my whimpers of pleasure, to swirl roughly over mine.

She finally broke off the kiss to leave me gasping and shuddering, my cock now as stiff as it could get in the cage. Surely now she would release me.

“Please,” I croaked. “Please Amy.”

“Oh, OK,” she conceded. “I guess I did promise. Come on.”

She took me by the hand to lead me to the bedroom. I teetered behind her, doing my best not to fall.

“Take your panties off,” she said. “But leave the heels on.”

Hyperventilating in anticipation I quickly did as she wished. The prospect of orgasm was making me dizzy in anticipation.

“Get on the bed,” she said.

“Are we going to make love?” I asked excitedly.

She ignored the question. “Not like that,” she said as I lay on my back. “Get on your hands and knees.”

Confused, I adjusted my position.

“Such a pretty little ass,” she remarked from behind me. “I wonder if Devon would like to take that ass.”

“W.. W... What?” I asked in panic.

She didn’t reply. Instead, she merely slapped me sharply across the buttocks, giggling at my yelp.

“You even squeal like a little bitch, don’t you?”

Apparently, I didn’t answer quickly enough for another high-pitched yelp came from my lips as she again smarted my ass with her flat hand.

“Yes, Amy,” I answered hastily. “Yes. I squeal like a little bitch.”

“Good boy,” she said. “You must remember to answer me promptly, mustn’t you?”

This time I answered quickly. “Yes, Amy, I’m sorry,” I babbled. “I’m your little bitch. I’ll remember. I’m sorry...”

She silenced me with a, “Shhhhh” as she slipped her hands under my body to expertly unlock the device and pull it from me.

“Oh God, Thank you,” I sighed in relief. For the first time in one week, my cock was free and able to achieve full length. It throbbed and bobbed beneath me as precum dribbled from its tip.

“An excited little bitch,” she observed.

“Yes, Amy. Yes. Thank you. It’s just been so long.”

“So long?” she scoffed. “You have no idea how long I’ll keep you in there if you misbehave.”

“Yes, Amy. Sorry. I won’t misbehave. I promise. I deserve longer. You’re so kind.”

I was so close to cumming, I was determined to make no mistakes, nor to irk her.

“Hmm,” she replied, apparently mollified.

She had left the steel hoop behind my testicles. It prevented my balls from retracting and ensured the skin around them was smooth and taut.

“Aren’t you... Aren’t you going to touch me?” I asked as she moved away from the bed.

Her face wrinkled in distaste. “Oh no, baby,” she said. “Devon wouldn’t like that. Maybe on your birthday.”

I whimpered in dismay as I observed her from over my shoulder applying lotion to her hand.

“Then how?” I asked as she approached the bed once more.

I flinched as her oiled fingers made contact with my puckered asshole.

“You’ve got to forget about your cock,” she said softly as she smeared lube upon my asshole.

I let out a gasp as her finger slipped smoothly into me.

“Little bitches who wear cages and panties and heels don’t need their cock,”

she said as her finger began to thrust smoothly in and out of me.

I whimpered in discomfort and arousal as a second finger joined the first. “Do they?” she asked.

“No,” I whimpered in reply. Her probing fingers were sending waves of pleasure through me. I gasped each time the tips hit my prostrate, and my cock throbbed harder.

A third finger joined the first two, stretching me wide, filling me. Expertly she began to massage my prostrate, causing grunts of pleasure now, before she once more allowed her digits to slide smoothly in and out of me.

“If they are very good, little sissies get sissy orgasms. Do you want a sissy orgasm, baby?”

My cock throbbed harder, precum leaking from it in a perpetual, sticky, stream.

“Yes,” I wailed. “Yes, please. Please give me a sissy orgasm. Please, Amy. Please.”

She chuckled. “OK baby. Because you’ve been very good.”

She ceased thrusting and instead returned to massaging my prostrate.

Waves of pleasure ran through me.

“You can have your little sissy orgasm now.”

I wailed in delight as my sphincter began to contract again and again on her fingers. Electricity surged through me to center on my aching cock as cum shot from it. Repeatedly, I spurted onto the sheets as she expertly drained me of an entire week of cum.

I was left panting and dazed as her fingers slid from me.

“Clean up in here,” she said casually as she walked from the room. “And get your cage back on. Make sure you change the sheets.”

Unusually, Devon did not visit our bungalow that evening. And so I had the rare pleasure of sleeping in my own bed with my wife.

As we were preparing to sleep, I asked a question that had been playing on my mind.

“When will I be permitted to cum again?” I asked plaintively.

“You mean have a sissy orgasm?” she replied pointedly.

“Yes,” I replied, shamefaced. “When can I have another sissy orgasm.”

She shrugged. “It’s up to you.”

What did she mean it was up to me? I was inside a chastity cage. I mean, of course, I could just wrench off the lock and remove the device. But she knew I would not do that.

“What... What do you mean?” I asked timidly.

“It’s up to you,” she replied again. “As soon as you suck my lover’s cock, I’ll give you another sissy orgasm.”

I let out a tiny gasp at her words, and my body shook. “But...” I began, but my words trailed off.

“But what?” she asked. “I saw you look at it the other night. I know you want to.”

“No,” I protested.

“NO?” she replied, an edge to her voice.

“Sorry, Amy,” I said hastily. “I did look at it. Yes. But I don’t think I can do

that. Please.”

My cock though, ached uncomfortably at the prospect. What would it taste like? I wondered, before abruptly shaking the thought from my head. What was I thinking about that for? I wasn’t going to do it.

She shrugged. “Like I said, it’s up to you. But you’ll find it much easier if you just accept what you are. You aren’t a man anymore. You must see that. You wear panties and heels and beg for sissy orgasms. What kind of man does that?”

“I don’t know,” I replied in a tiny voice.

“I think you do,” she replied. “No kind of man at all. A little bitch who secretly wants to suck his wife’s lover’s cock. As soon as you accept it, you’ll find everything so much easier.”

No, I thought to myself, but my denial did not come to my lips.

“Night sweetie,” she said, rolling onto her side. I clung to her soft body, my mind in turmoil.

I lasted three weeks. Three weeks of near-constant arousal. Three weeks of Devon impaling my gorgeous wife on his thick cock whenever he chose. Three weeks of throbbing inside the cage as her pretty cries of pleasure echoed around the house. Three weeks of pleasuring her on my tongue whenever he spent the night elsewhere. Three weeks of being constantly on edge, desperate to please my beautiful wife. Three weeks of images of his thick, pulsating cock running through my mind as saliva pooled in my mouth.

“OK, I’ll do it,” I finally blurted out.

“Do what, sweetie?” she asked as she looked down at her toenails which I had just finished applying polish to. “Oh. You’re getting very good at that. Such a good little boy.”

“I’ll suck his cock,” I said. With the words came a strange relief. Was it true?

It felt like it was. I actually wanted to. I whimpered at the thought.

“Don’t say it like that,” she said. “It’s a privilege to suck his big cock. Not a chore. Ask properly.”

“Sorry, Yes,” I croaked. I knew now that this was what I wanted to do. She was right. It was a privilege. An anxious thought came to my mind. What if he didn’t want me to? God. Now that I had accepted that it was what I wanted to do, the prospect of denial scared me.

“Please, Amy. Please can I suck his cock. Please. I really want to. I need to. I’ve accepted what I am. I know I’m your little bitch. Please, please let me suck his cock.”

She gave an amused smile at my pleading. “Then why did you wait so long to ask? You must have known this is what you were weeks ago. You could have just asked when I told you you needed to.”

“I’m sorry.” I babbled. “Please forgive me. I’ve only just realized. Please, Amy. I need to.”

“The thing is,” said Amy, pursing her lips. “The thing is, he’s a bit angry at you now. You should have asked him earlier. After all he’s done for us, it seems a bit ungrateful to have waited so long to ask.”

What? Surely this wasn’t going to be taken away from me. I needed to feel him in my mouth... on my tongue... to taste him.

“I’ll do a good job,” I said desperately. “I promise.”

“I’m sure you will, sweetie,” she replied. “I think you’ll be a very good little cock-sucker. But he wants more.”

“What? What does he want? I’ll do anything.”

“He wants to take your ass,” she said softly. “He wants to take your virgin ass.”

I shuddered at the thought. But not from fear.

“OK. I said eagerly. “Yes. Yes.”

She nodded slowly. “I didn’t think that would be a problem. But you have to remember. He’s not gay. OK? We’ll have to dress you up like a pretty little bitch.”

“OK,” I replied, my stiff cock evidence of my excitement.

“And he might be quite rough with you,” she cautioned.

“That’s OK,” I replied eagerly. The prospect of being taken by this masculine man excited me beyond measure. I would be giving myself entirely to him. And I wanted nothing more.

She nodded again. “OK, well he’s coming here tonight. Let’s make you nice and pretty. Did you make sure to shave today?”

“Yes,” I answered. My body was entirely hair-free and smooth, as was my face.

“Come on then,” she said, rising.

She reached a hand down and I clasped it gratefully. I allowed myself to be led to the bedroom where she seated herself and me in front of her make-up cabinet.

“Let’s make you a pretty little bitch,” she said, picking up a make-up brush.

Twenty minutes later my face shone with make-up; with mascara, eyeliner, eye shadow, lipstick and other items I knew not the name of.

I stared in the mirror as my face stared back at me.

“You look very pretty, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I said in awe. She had worked wonders with the makeup, erasing all hints of a masculine face, to replace it with that of a pretty young woman.

“And this should really set it off,” she went on, pulling a blonde wig over my hair. “Go and look at yourself in the other mirror.”

In high heels, sexy panties, makeup and a shoulder-length blonde wig, I walked to the full-length mirror.

I let out another tiny gasp at what stared back at me. There was no man remaining, save for the flat chest and my cramped cock inside its metal prison. Instead, a pretty woman stared back. My slim figure and the high heels (which I had by now become most practiced in) lent my body a lady-like look. The wig and makeup only confirmed what I now was: a sissy; a sissy that was going to suck cock and have his virginity taken from him by a powerful, handsome man with a big cock. I shivered in delight.

“That’s him,” she announced as the front door rattled. I started, startled from my reverie.

“Wait here,” she said as she moved gracefully to the bedroom door. Her legs were bare beneath her short skirt. Her breasts too were bare beneath the thin material of a tiny, white blouse. “We’ll call you when we need you.”

My body shook with nerves now, as I waited. Was I really going to do this? I had been so sure before. But now, with the event so close, doubts crept into my mind. This was it. There was no going back after this. No possibility that my wife might ever have any respect for me again. I would be merely a plaything for the two of them.

I whimpered as my cock expanded inside its cage. The thought of serving them both had plainly excited me. Still I waited, my stomach in knots.

Finally, my wife’s voice came. “Can you come in here please, sweetie?”

Nervously I began to walk towards the front room, blushing in

embarrassment at my attire, and at how obvious my arousal would be.

I stepped into the room.

Devon sat on the sofa – my sofa – his legs spread wide, dominating the room. My wife too was on the couch, kneeling next to him. His hands were under her blouse, groping and pawing at her plump breasts as she pushed back against him.

They both looked up at my arrival, smirking, before returning their attention to each other. As they kissed deeply, my wife crooked a finger at me, beckoning me forward.

I took my first trembling step towards them. She broke off their kiss to hiss at me.

“Crawl,” she demanded.

I dropped to hands and knees to continue my approach. My gaze was fixed on his groin. I could tell he was already erect beneath his shorts.

As I reached a position between his spread thighs, my wife spoke once more.

“Now,” she said excitedly as Devon continued to grope at her lush, lithe figure. “Now. Suck it. Suck his cock.”

I steeled myself, dizzy with lust. This was it. I was finally going to do it. It felt like I had been waiting for this moment all my life.

I raised my trembling hands to grasp the waistband of his shorts and pull them down his muscular thighs.

I let out a gasp of awe as he was revealed to me, mere inches from my face: thick and throbbing, precum beaded at the tip of his bulbous glans.

“Suck it,” insisted my wife. “You know you want to. Suck it.”

I did want to. I was desperate to. My own cramped cock was desperate to unfurl, swollen with blood.

I lowered my face and sucked the head of his cock into my mouth. I moaned in appreciation at the throbbing, velvety texture and at the musky, slightly salty taste.

I worked his head with my tongue, swirling it over and around his heavy glans. They continued to make out above me. My wife's blouse was open now, displaying her full breasts with their thick erect nipple.

Even as I continued to suck upon his huge head, my mouth spread wide, he squeezed one nipple between thumb and forefinger causing her to mewl in delight.

"More," she whispered to him. "Take more of his cock in your mouth. Make him cum like a good little cock-sucker."

Her words spurred me on. I lowered my face deeper onto his cock, taking more of him in my mouth, continuing to suck vigorously as I did so.

My mouth was spread wide now, my lips tightly grasping his pulsing shaft.

I let out another moan. Never had I imagined how intoxicating it would be to have another man's cock in my mouth; how arousing and exciting, especially with my beautiful wife watching this near-ultimate debasement.

I began to bob my head, slickening his shaft with my saliva and his precum. He sighed his appreciation, his attention still on my wife as his hands began to stroke her gently between her thighs.

She sighed in satisfaction. "More," she breathed. "More. Show me what a good little cock-sucker you are."

I obeyed, bobbing my head deeper. Saliva was dribbling from the sides of my mouth now as I continued to service him with my mouth.

“More,” she whispered again. Her groin was starting to buck back against Devon’s hands now, but her eyes were focused on me.

I obliged, eager to please him, and her. I bobbed my head still further, gagging as his head began to slide smoothly down my throat. Perversely, my gagging only increased my desire to please him. I allowed more of him into my throat, relishing the feel of his throbbing meat filling my mouth and throat.

“Yes,” she moaned, his fingers drawing her close, “Yes.”

I too moaned in pleasure. Never had I felt as complete as I did now. This was what I was born to do.

I felt his cock pulse harder, and withdrew my face to keep just his velvety, delicious head in my sucking mouth.

My wife gave a shuddering gasp as she came. “Yes,” she moaned. “God, Yes.”

Devon’s thick cock flexed as he spurted creamy cum into my mouth with a deep grunt.

Repeatedly his cock flexed, filling my welcoming mouth with his seed. Happily, I drained him of his seed, before reluctantly letting his cock fall from my mouth.

I knelt back on my heels. Under my wife’s watching eyes I swallowed his salty essence. She smiled her approval, shivering in delight. The taste of him filled my mouth. I licked my lips, eager to consume every last drop.

“Ask him,” my wife said. “Ask him.”

“Please, Devon,” I began, my voice whiny and pathetic. “Please take me. Please fuck me. I want you to make me your little bitch. Please.”

He chuckled, looking down at me. Contempt and lust were etched on his

face.

“Get in the bedroom,” he growled. “I’m gonna fuck your pretty ass in front of your wife. Go.”

I hastily pushed myself to my feet, and rushed to the bedroom, teetering in my high heels.

Devon and my wife followed.

“Make me hard again,” he instructed my wife. “Now.”

“Yes, Devon,” she answered obediently, sinking to her knees in front of him.

I watched in excited awe as she expertly drew him back to his full length with her mouth and hands. As she continued to work on him, he glanced over to where I stood.

“Get on the bed, bitch,” he said. “On your hands and knees.”

Eagerly I obeyed.

Finally, I thought to myself. Finally, I was about to give myself to him completely.

I had never been happier.

To be a Cuckold: The complete series 1-3

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To be a Cuckold: Book one

Chapter one

“But why?” asked my wife, rolling to her side to face me. “I’m just so confused.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. For the last three days, my every word had been met with a hurt silence.

I too rolled over to my side, on our bed, to face her. I stretched out a hand to lay it on her bare hip.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I didn’t mean to shock you. I just want you to be happy.”

“You did more than shock me, John,” she said in a tiny voice. “You hurt me.”

“I’m so sorry,” I said again.

I was besotted with my wife, and had been since the first day we’d met. She was all I’d ever wanted: intelligent, funny, and with a lithe, slender figure than set my heart racing every time I saw it.

“Then why?” she asked again. “Why would you want me to sleep with another man?”

I let out another sigh. I had to make this right. She was genuinely hurt and upset. I allowed my hand to gently caress one silky-smooth, firm thigh.

“It’s because I love you so much,” I tried to explain. “Look. I shouldn’t have said anything. Can we just forget it? It was just an idea.”

It hadn’t been *just* an idea. It had been an idea that had been playing on my mind for almost a year. I cringed as I remembered her shocked, hurt expression when I had suggested it.

“No,” she said. “You can’t suggest I sleep with another man and expect me

to forget it. I want to know what on earth you were thinking. It's just such a silly idea. And it really hurt me."

She obviously wasn't going to let this go. I had to be honest with her. I had to make her understand.

"Look. It's about our sex life," I admitted.

"What about our sex life?" she asked in dismay, her beautiful, dark eyes wide. "I thought you liked our sex life. You don't?"

"Of course I do," I hastened to reassure her. "I absolutely love it. But..."

"But what?" she cried.

I could see tears coming to her eyes. God. I was doing such a bad job at this.

"You never cum," I said, looking into her eyes. "I can't make you cum."

"I cum every time," she objected. "Of course, you can make me cum."

"I know," I said. "But on my tongue. Never on my ..."

"Never on little-John," Katie finished for me.

"Never on little-John," I agreed.

Little-john was our pet name for my cock. In truth, I wasn't *that* little. But I certainly wasn't big. And it was true. In our two years of marriage, I'd never been able to bring her to orgasm on it. Always I would have to use my mouth and tongue.

I adored pushing my face between her smooth thighs and lapping at her sweet, sodden sex. And she seemed to too. But I knew it couldn't possibly be the same as being taken to climax by a thick, powerful cock; a cock that could spread and fill her; that could take her to the edge, and beyond, with just its smooth, plunging strokes.

“So that’s what’s been bothering you?” she asked, somewhat mollified.

“Yes,” I replied honestly. “I just feel like you deserve more. That you deserve a proper man to make love to you.”

“Oh baby,” she said in concern, before laying a tender kiss on my lips. “You are a proper man. And I love you so much. And I love my orgasms, and I love little-John.”

She wrapped an arm around me consolingly. “You’re being so silly. I have everything I need right here.”

“But,” I persisted. “Are you sure you’ve never thought about what it would be like with a proper-sized cock? I mean one that could properly satisfy you. It would just make me so happy to know that you were getting what you needed.”

She was silent for several seconds as she digested my words. Finally, she spoke.

“Well firstly, you do have a proper-sized cock,” - I didn’t think I’d ever heard her use the word, ‘cock,’ before. She was remarkably prudish when talking about sexual matters – “They come in all shapes and sizes. And I’m perfectly satisfied with yours. But...”

I waited with bated breath.

“But...,” she continued, “I’d be lying if I said I’d never thought about it. Sometimes my girlfriends talk about what their husbands can do to them. And I wonder what it would be like.”

Her voice had taken on a wistful tone. “You know... I wonder what it would be like with a proper cock inside me,” - I thought she’d said mine was a proper cock, I thought in alarm and undeniable excitement – “A proper cock that could really fill me, you know? It would just be interesting to experience what it was like to cum on a proper cock. Just one time.”

She seemed to snap back into reality as if realizing she had gone too far. It hadn't been too far for me. My cock had unfurled at her words and was now straining under the bed sheets.

"But that's never going to happen," she said.

Was there a hint of sadness to her tone? The possibility both worried and aroused me.

"And I'm perfectly happy with what I have right here. I'm perfectly happy with little-John."

Her hand snaked down to my groin. She let out a tiny gasp of surprise at the feel of my pulsing, stiff manhood.

"Are you thinking about me with another man?" she asked in an accusatory tone.

"Yes," I conceded, my voice a croak.

I shuddered as she grasped me lightly.

"And that excites you?" she asked in wonder.

"Yes," I croaked as she stoked me gently.

"Really?" she asked, her voice both amazed and confused.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, you can think about it, I suppose," she said. "But it's never going to happen."

She continued to stoke me gently for several seconds before releasing me and rolling onto her other side to switch off the bedside lamp.

“Let’s go to sleep,” she said firmly as she cuddled up to me, her lips to my ear.

“Just remember that I love you and your little cock,” she breathed.

Her words sent even more blood pumping to my cock. Long after sleep took her, I lay awake, willing my cock to wilt.

I awoke the next morning earlier than Katie, as was normal.

I padded on bare feet down to the kitchen to begin preparing coffee – a 100 percent Arabica blend that she so enjoyed.

As I pottered around I heard the sound of the shower running and then of her dressing for the day.

I poured her out a cup of coffee when I heard her footsteps on the stairs.

“Morning sweetheart,” she said brightly, entering the kitchen.

“Morning” I replied, as I turned to offer her the cup.

My jaw fell and my eyes widened at the sight of her. Normally she wore pant-suits to work; pantsuits in conservative cuts. And just a hint of make-up. Today though was different.

“What?” she asked as she took the coffee.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

Her chest was encased in a skin-tight, white, cotton blouse that clung to her heavy breasts like a second skin before tapering down to her flat, taut stomach. Three buttons had been left undone to display her deep cleavage and just a hint of a red bra.

A short black skirt fell to just the top of her upper thighs, leaving the majority of their firm, smooth flesh bare.

High heels elevated her several inches, pushing her breasts forward and tautening her slender calves.

Her face shone with artfully applied make-up, highlighting her high cheekbones, dark eyes and plump, pouty lips. She looked absolutely incredible.

“You don’t like it?” she asked, taking a sip of coffee. “Should I go and change?”

“No,” I managed to stutter. “Don’t. You look fantastic. But...”

“But?” she asked her eyebrows raised in question.

“Is it OK for work?” I asked.

Whereas I worked from home, Katie worked as a para-legal in one of the city’s biggest law firms. And made a very good living doing so.

“It’s fine,” she assured me. “Plenty of the girls dress like this.”

She saw the look of confusion on my face. This was just so unlike her.

“Look,” she explained. “To be honest I’m having difficulty understanding all the things you said yesterday. And there’s absolutely no chance I’d ever do what you suggested.”

“I know,” I replied.

Then what? Why was she dressed in such a sexually provocative manner? No one would be able to keep their eyes off her.

“But I want to make you happy,” she continued. “And I felt how excited you were when we talked about me sleeping with another man.”

I had the good grace to blush slightly.

“So I thought instead, perhaps I could dress up a bit. Maybe you’d like it if some men looked at me. I mean that’s all, just looking. But I thought you might like it?”

Saliva pooled in my mouth as my cock stirred inside my pants.

She laid down her coffee and sidled up to me to push her trim, lithe body to mine.

“I want to make you happy, baby,” she breathed, seductively. “Does this make you happy?”

The feel of her breasts pushing into my chest, the scent of her perfume, the sight of her shining eyes looking up at me and the thought of other men allowing their gazes to roam over her firm, curvaceous body had set my cock throbbing and aching furiously.

I gasped as she reached down a hand to grasp me. She smiled knowingly.

“I thought so,” she breathed. “So do you want me to go to work like this? All dolled up? With other men staring at my legs and my breasts, thinking about all the things they’d like to do to me? Or do you want me to change?”

“Like this,” I managed to croak. “Like this.”

She gave a smile as she released my cock from her grasp.

“I thought you might,” she said softly.

She stepped back from my trembling body.

“I’m not doing this every day,” she cautioned me. “It’s just a little treat because I can’t do the other thing.”

“Thanks,” I croaked to her amusement.

She glanced at her watch. "I'm late," she announced, turning.

She walked briskly away from me to the front door. My eyes were fixed on her buttocks; they swung saucily under the thin, tight material of her oh-so-short skirt.

"Bye," she called as she exited the house.

Chapter two

I stood for a moment or two trying to make sense of what had happened. Damn, she had looked hot. How lucky was I to have such a smoking wife? And one that would dress up like that just to please me. I shook my head in wonder at how fortunate I was.

There was though, just a hint of worry at the back of my mind. No man in the office would be able to take their eyes off her. Of that I was sure. What if they did more than look? What if she wanted them to? I shuddered in fear and arousal. Well that was what I had asked for, wasn't it? But was it really what I wanted? I'd been so sure when I suggested it, but now the possibility was even the slightest bit closer I wasn't so sure.

This was confusing. If I wasn't so sure, then why was my cock stiff and aching at the thought of the leering looks she would surely be getting? I gave a wry smile and sat down at my computer to begin work. She'd said there was no chance and so there was nothing to fear. It would remain a delicious fantasy.

It was mere seconds before my attention wandered from the spread sheet before me. I'd met some of her colleagues at a work do. High-profile professionals with confident, go-get-em airs. They'd definitely be checking out her scantily dressed body. They'd be feasting their eyes on her full breasts, on her slender waist, and on her luscious thighs and elegantly tapered calves.

I let out a groan as my cock throbbed even harder inside my pants. Concentrate, I told myself. Concentrate. I had work to do. With effort, I pushed my salacious thoughts from my mind to stare at the spreadsheet once more. Gradually, as my work consumed me, my cock wilted.

The next time I looked up an hour had passed. Katie would be at work now. She might be delivering papers to one of the lawyers' desks; teetering over to him on those high heels that pushed her gorgeous breasts forwards so provocatively. Eyes would be on her swaying buttocks. And as she bent over the desk slightly to present the papers, the material of her skirt would ride up

the back of her thighs, displaying more of her smooth flesh.

I swallowed as my cock once more began to swell. This time though I didn't attempt to push the thoughts from my mind. It was just a fantasy after all. Surely any red-blooded male wouldn't be able to resist glancing down her blouse as she bent over the desk.

My imagination ran wilder as my cock grew stiffer. 'I need to see you in the conference room, Ms. Jones,' one of her bosses might say. 'Yes, Sir.' she would reply, trotting obediently after him as he took long strides towards the shuttered room, closing the door firmly behind them.

'Get on your knees, Miss Jones.'

I pushed myself up from my work chair and rushed to the bedroom, discarding my shirt as I did so. I threw myself onto the bed to undo my pants and push them down my thighs. My cock sprung up, straining furiously, leaking precum from the tip.

She'd sink to her knees before him and look up at his handsome face with her beautiful dark eyes.

I grabbed my cock, groaning again as I did so and began to stroke myself furiously.

'I think you know what to do, Miss Jones,' he would say. 'if you want a future with this company.'

'Yes, Sir,' she would answer obediently, reaching her hands up to begin undoing his belt and flies.

I shuddered and increased the speed of my strokes, feeling the tension build in my balls and at the base of my cock.

'Take it out Miss Jones. Like a good little girl.'

My beautiful wife would pull a thick, throbbing cock from his pants. Her

eyes would widen and she would lick her lips at the sight of it.

I was growing close now, thrashing at myself furiously. It would only be a few more seconds.

She'd part her plump lips as she pushed her mouth forwards to suck a bulbous, shiny glans into her hot, sucking mouth.

To the image of my gorgeous wife, on her knees, massaging another mans large, pulsing cock-head with her tongue, I came.

"Urghhhhh," I grunted as my cock jolted again and again, spurting hot cum over my belly and chest in sticky ribbons. "Urgghhhh."

I continued to stroke myself, coaxing the last of my seed from my balls to leave myself sated and drained.

I saw myself as if from above: a panting, flushed, sweaty, sticky mess. A mess whose deepest desire was to be a cuckold.

Slowly my rising chest stilled and my breath became steady and regular. I pushed myself from the bed to shower.

My self-satisfaction had calmed me. And for the next hour or two, I was able to concentrate fully again.

Again though my cock began to swell, as the images started playing through my mind: images of my wife slowly and seductively undoing the buttons of her shirt under one of her bosses' instruction; images of her casting her blouse aside and reaching behind to undo her bra; images of her allowing that red lacy bra to drop to the floor as she pushed her chest forwards for her boss to gaze upon; images of her thick erect nipples....

God damn it, I groaned. This was such exquisite torture. But I had to concentrate. I couldn't rush to the bedroom every hour. I had work to do. Besides, what if we fooled around tonight? I couldn't be limp from self-abuse as well as small.

And so, for the rest of the day, I continued to work, my cock swelling intermittently as my thoughts wandered. But with the greatest of restraint, I managed to resist granting myself relief.

Finally, I let out a sigh. I'd finished. She'd be home soon. Would she tell me everything that had happened today? Surely she must have gotten at least some looks.

As if on cue I heard her keys in the door.

"Hi, sweetie," she called out as she entered the house.

"Hi," I called back, waiting eagerly for her to enter the room.

She looked just as delectable and fresh as she had when she'd left the house. The only difference I could discern was that her hair, that had been tied in a bun, now hung loose in a glossy mane.

"How was it?" I asked eagerly, desperate for news of her day.

"What?" she replied. "Work? Oh, it was fine."

"No," I replied. "I mean your clothes. Did anyone? I mean did they...?"

I was struggling to get the words out so eager I was.

"Oh that," she replied with a small, knowing smile. "I'll tell you later. Could you make some dinner? I'm famished."

"OK," I said, trying to hide my disappointment. I could wait until dinner. My breath quickened slightly as my gaze traveled over her body. I couldn't believe she had done that for me. If you looked hard enough I was sure you could discern the outline of her nipples through that thin cotton. And that skirt... I hadn't even known she owned one so short.

My breath quickened further as my cock began to unfurl.

“Don’t stare, John” she said primly as she kicked off her shoes.

“I’m going to shower,” she said walking past me to the stairs. My head swiveled to allow my gaze to follow her pert, undulating buttocks. How many men had done exactly the same thing today? I thought with excitement.

I’d just placed a pair of plates with omelet and salad on them on the table, when I heard her enter the room.

I looked up, disappointed to see that she now wore a pair of sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. Her face had been scrubbed of makeup, and her hair was damp. Still though, she looked amazing, though. She always did.

“Well?” I asked eagerly

“Wow,” she said in curiosity. “This is really exciting you, isn’t it?”

“Well. Um. Yes,” I replied. “Thanks so much.”

I waited expectantly.

She gave me a half-confused, half-amused smile. “Later,” she said. “I’ll tell you when we go to bed. I just need a couple of hours to decompress.”

I let out a moan of frustration that caused her to giggle. “You can wait a few hours,” she said. “Let’s just have a nice evening.”

“OK,” I said reluctantly. “You’re right.”

The evening passed as most did in our household. Gentle, familiar conversation over dinner, and over a couple of TV shows. I did my best to hide my impatience, but I was willing her to indicate that she was tired.

Finally, she yawned. “I’m going up,” she said. “Why don’t you lock up. I’ll see you up there.”

I leaped to my feet causing her to snort in amusement.

“Don’t forget the dishes,” she called over her shoulder as she ascended the stairs.

Chapter three

I quickly performed my tasks and rushed up to the bedroom. The room was dimly lit. I smiled as I made out the form of my wife lying on the bed. She was naked but for a thin, translucent baby-doll chemise in tangerine.

As I stepped closer I could see that it barely covered her crotch and that her heavy breasts and thick nipples were clearly visible.

I swallowed excitedly.

“Why don’t you get undressed?” she said softly.

I didn’t need to be asked twice and quickly shrugged my clothes off, my cock already stiff in anticipation.

I leaped onto the bed to push my lips to hers. My tongue intertwined with her soft, moist one as I allowed my hands to roam over her lush figure. Up her silky thighs my hand went, and around, to grasp a firm, pert buttock tightly. And then up again, under the lingerie and over her flat stomach. And up further to grasp her heavy breasts roughly and tweak her responsive nipples erect.

She broke of the kiss with a gasp. “Don’t you want to hear what happened then?” she asked.

“God yes,” I gasped. I’d pushed the chemise up over her breasts, exposing them. And now I lowered my head to suck one stiff nipple into my mouth and suckle on it hungrily. My stiff cock was rubbing against her lower stomach and upper thighs as, frustratingly, she kept her pretty legs tightly closed.

She let out a moan of pleasure as her nipple stiffened even further under my sucking mouth.

“You have to stop then,” she breathed, even as she pushed her breast up against my mouth. “You have to stop if you want to hear.”

“Really?” I gasped as I let her nipple fall from my mouth.

“Really,” she insisted. “Roll over on your back.”

Moaning in frustration I did so as she smoothed the thin material of her lingerie over and down her body once more.

She rolled on her side and allowed one slender hand to rest on my chest and idly toy with my nipples.

“Are you sure you want to hear?” she teased.

“God. Yes,” I groaned. Her fingers seemed to have unearthed a direct line from my nipples to my cock. I throbbed uncontrollably.

I reached down a hand to grasp myself.

“No. No,” she chided me, slapping my hand away. “No touching if you want to hear.”

“OK,” I gasped as her hand returned to my chest to draw circles around one nipple.

She let out a giggle. “Oh, it was so exciting. And I was so nervous. You know I never usually dress like that to work. Did I look OK?”

“You looked amazing,” I said. “Absolutely amazing.”

“Are you sure?” she asked doubtfully. “It wasn’t too much?”

“It was perfect,” I assured her. “Just perfect.”

Her fingers traced a light passage down my chest and over my stomach, close to my pulsing rod. I thrust my hips up in the air hoping she might grasp me. Instead, her fingers lifted from my body.

“Stay still, baby,” she breathed. “If you want to hear.”

I groaned in frustration as I managed to still my hips. Her fingers returned, but further away from my cock, on my chest.

“Anyway,” she continued. “I felt so naughty. But all the boys were so nice to me.”

I bet they were I thought in excitement as my cock throbbed harder.

“The way they looked at me,” she said wistfully. “Like they wanted to eat me up.”

She let out a little shudder at the memory.

“I could feel them looking at me all morning. They’ve never looked at me like that before,” she said in wonder.

I doubted that, but the way she had been dressed they would have had difficulty hiding their stares.

“But I stayed at my desk until...”

Her hand had snaked down closer to my cock once more. This time I knew not to move.

“Until?” I gasped urgently.

“Until Mr. Barnes came over,” she breathed, her hand moving down, but to the side and along my thigh.

“Derick?” I managed to gasp.

“That’s right,” she said lightly. “You remember him?”

I did. I’d met him at one of her work do’s. A senior partner with an arrogant, privileged air. At thirty two, he was apparently the youngest person ever in the firm to make senior partner. He’d treated me with polite disinterest.

“Yes,” I managed to croak. “What did he want?”

She giggled. “I’m not sure. But I know what he said.”

“What did he say?” My voice was almost a whimper now as her fingers traced up my other thigh, never touching my poor, straining cock.

“He said he needed me in his office for the afternoon.”

I began to hyperventilate at the thought of this handsome, powerful man alone in office with my scantily-dressed wife.

“What did you say?” I gasped.

She giggled. “Well, what do you think I said, sweetie? You know he’s my boss. I said, ‘Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.’ and then I stood up to go to his office.”

She gave a shrug. “I’ve no idea why he chose me, but he said he needed help with some documents”

I knew why he’d chosen her. “Did he like your outfit?” I managed to ask through my lightheadedness

“Well, I don’t know, silly,” she replied. “I didn’t ask him. But I know he seemed to drop an awful lot of things on the floor for me to bend over and pick up. And I know that the documents he wanted always seemed to be on the highest shelves.”

God. A shudder ran through me. Of course, they were, so he could allow himself to stare at her pretty legs and ass.

“Apart from that, he was the perfect gentleman. Apart from...”

A moan came from my lips as her fingers finally reached my straining manhood to rest gently upon its shaft.

“What?”

“Oh it was nothing...” she repeated. “Not worth telling you.”

“Please Katie,” I begged her. “Please tell me.”

“Well,” she said as her fingers ran lightly up and down my shaft. “I was on the stool, trying to get a really high document, and he was worried I might fall.”

A whimper came from my throat as her fingers continued to graze up and down my painfully aching cock.

“And so,” she breathed. “He was so kind. He put his hands on my hips so that I wouldn’t fall until I had found the document, and then he helped me down.”

I whimpered again at the thought of another man’s hands on my wife’s body.

Her words and her lightly touching fingers were sending me crazy with desire. I wanted to take her now. Impale her on my cock and reclaim her as mine.

Something stopped me though. She seemed different. The way she had slapped my hand from my cock was unlike her. I feared if I were to try and enter her now she might turn away from me. She might stop the game. The game? Was it a game? Was she even telling the truth?

“Did you think about me while I was at work?” she asked.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Did you?” she said curiously. “What did you think about?”

Her hand grasped my cock now and oh-so-gently began to stroke me up and down. Precum was dribbling from my cock-head to pool on my stomach as

tremors of excitement spread through my body.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered, not wanting to reveal my innermost thoughts.

Her grip on my manhood weakened, and her strokes ceased. I bucked my hips in order to gain some friction and hasten the return of the delicious tremors.

“Ah. Ah,” she cautioned, her hand lifting from my stiff cock.

“Sorry,” I panted, desperate for her hand to return.

Her hand returned to grip my cock loosely.

“What did you think about?” she asked again.

I’d have said anything.

“I thought about you on your knees,” I managed to gasp.

Her grip tightened and the frustratingly gentle, slow strokes returned.

“Oh,” she breathed. “What was I doing?”

“You were taking one of your boss’s cocks out of his pants,” I managed to say.

My entire body was shaking now. I was desperate for her to increase the speed of her strokes, but still she kept the same tantalizing, teasing slow pace.

“Oh. My,” she breathed in mock shock. “Was it big?”

“Yes,” I gasped.

“Bigger than little-John?”

“Yes,” I gasped again.

“And then what did I do?”

“You.. you...”

“Yes?”

Still the excruciatingly slow strokes.

“You took him into your mouth. You... you.... You sucked his cock.”

“Oh wow,” she said with a tiny shudder. “I don’t know if I could do that. I don’t give blow-jobs very often do I?”

It was true. She didn’t.

Her hand ceased its strokes.

“Do I?” she insisted.

“No,” I quickly gasped.

The strokes returned. I was drawing close now. I could feel the electricity beginning to hum through my body. But she seemed determined not to let me over the edge quite yet.

“When was the last time I gave you a blow job?” she asked lightly.

“Seven months ago,” I panted. “On my birthday.”

“That’s right,” she said. “On your birthday. One a year.”

I was almost there. I was ready to cum. Just a few more seconds.

Sensing this somehow, my wife decreased the speed of her hand and loosened her grip.

“Would you like one now?” she asked.

“Yes,” I croaked. “Yes please.” The prospect of her hot, sucking mouth on my throbbing, pulsing head was irresistible.

“But it’s not your birthday,” she said. “That’s not for another five months.”

I almost sobbed in frustration.

“Please make me cum,” I begged her. “Please make me cum, now.”

She ignored my pleas, instead slowing her strokes even more. This time I sobbed in earnest.

“So you don’t get blow jobs from me. But you want me on my knees, sucking Mr. Barnes’s cock. Is that right?”

I hadn’t mentioned Mr Barnes. That was all her. I’d just said, ‘a boss.’

“Yes,” I whimpered. “Yes.”

“Well, you’d better imagine that, then.” she advised. To my relief, her grip tightened on my cock and her strokes resumed.

“You’d better imagine me sucking his big cock into my mouth,” she breathed.

Her strokes became faster. The tension in the base of my cock grew, desperate to be released.

“Imagine me sucking his big cock,” she breathed, “working it with my tongue like a good little slut.”

I let out an almost animal-like grunt as the pressure was released. To the image of my gorgeous wife servicing another man with her mouth, my hot seed spurted from the tip of my cock again and again under her hand.

“Urgggghhhh,” I half-grunted, half-screamed.

Still my cock jolted in climax, and still my hot, creamy seed shot from my cock.

I grew even more light-headed, almost passing out from the pleasure and the release.

My wife’s stroking hand drained me of my seed, to leave me panting, my body quivering in deep relief as dopamine flooded my brain.

It had been one of the best orgasms of my life. And all just from her hand.

Chapter four

After several long minutes my breathing finally became something closer to regular, and I opened my eyes.

Katie was looking down at me, smiling tenderly.

“Was that good?” she asked. “Did I say the right things?”

“God, Yes,” I replied. “That was amazing.”

“Good,” she smiled. “I so want to make you happy. But now it’s my turn.”

She pushed herself up on the bed to swing a long, slender leg over me and straddle my face.

I looked up in awe at her neatly trimmed pussy. I was sure I would never get tired of the sight. Her labia were spread wide, like the wings of a beautiful butterfly, to expose her tender inner flesh.

Her scent assaulted my nostrils: briny and sweet, a heady, exhilarating odor. As she slowly lowered herself down onto my face, I could observe that she was sodden with juice, slick and wet. I realized, with a jolt of excitement, that her words must have excited her as much as me. Her clitoris was stiff and erect, free from its protective hood.

As she sighed above me, I began to lay long, loving licks upon her, from south to north. Each time my tongue reached her stiff clit, she would let out a shudder of delight.

My face quickly became slick with her juice. And her sweet taste quickly drew me erect once more. Her scent was everywhere. I let out a moan of deep arousal; all that mattered to me was her sweet, sweet pussy.

My wife’s sighs were turning to moans now. She reached her hands down to grasp my head and position my mouth directly on her clit. Her intentions were clear. I began to flick at her clit with eager tongue and suckle on it with

hungry mouth. God. The taste of her was sending me near-insane.

Katie began to rock down on my face, mewling and panting above me. “Yes,” she panted. “Yes.”

I redoubled my efforts as she began to grind down on me harder.

Her pelvis began to painfully crush my nose, but still I flicked at her clit eagerly.

Her pussy ground down even harder on my face, careless to my discomfort as her mewls and gasps became louder and louder. She was somewhere I’d never managed to take her before; lost in her extreme arousal and desire for climax.

I extended my tongue, and surrendered myself to her as she began to simply use my face, her clit rubbing insistently over my tongue and nose. Her labia were either side of my mouth, rubbing slickly up and down, smearing my face with even more of her juice.

A series of high-pitched squeals came from her as she approached climax. Still I lay there passively, allowing her to use me for her pleasure.

More high-pitched squeals and then a long scream of release as the waves of approaching orgasm became a tsunami of pleasure. Her pussy spasmed and twitched on my mouth and her thighs shook uncontrollably.

Still, she rocked on my face, riding her climax to its conclusion. She was sighing and panting once more, the height of her orgasm over, as she coaxed out the last ripples of pleasure. Panting she threw herself to the side to lie next to me, her heavy breasts rising and falling as she sucked in lungfuls of air.

I gasped and spluttered myself, drawing in my own much-needed oxygen. The taste and smell of her was everywhere. In my nostrils, on my lips, my cheeks, my chin and in my mouth. I was almost as dazed as she. Never had I managed to please her in such a manner. Well, I corrected myself; never had

she used me so wantonly in such a manner.

Finally, she managed to prop herself up and look down at me with a worried expression. Her face was flushed and her pupils dilated. Her body still quivered.

“I’m sorry, baby,” she said. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“Don’t be sorry,” I reassured her. “That was amazing.”

She smiled in relief. “I don’t know what happened,” she said tiredly. “I just lost control.” Her eyes widened as she recalled the way she had pleased herself on my face.

“I love you, baby,” she said, pressing her lips to mine and tasting herself on my tongue. She gave a soft moan and swung a still-quivering leg over my hip and positioned her sodden sex over my aching rod.

“Let’s see what little-John can do,” she breathed, sinking down on me.

I gasped as her slippery heat clenched me tightly, sliding smoothly down my rigid cock.

“Oh my God,” I breathed. “That’s so good.” I reached up to grasp a heavy breast in each hand as she raised her hips, leaving my cock glistening with her juice before slowly sliding down on me again.

Her heat seemed to be consuming me as she rode my cock. She was so tight, so wet. I gasped, but this time in panic as I realized that already my cock was jerking inside her.

“I’m sorry,” I wailed as I went over the edge, spurting inside her clenching heat again and again.

“I’m sorry,” I gasped again, spurting my last. I’d cum even quicker than usual. Like a teenage boy, not a man.

“Shh, baby,” she consoled me as she coaxed the last drop of cum from me with her sex. “Shhh.”

She drained me of my seed before finally allowing my wilting cock to slip from inside her.

“Sorry,” I said a third time. “That’s alright baby,” she cooed. “I’ve already had one lovely orgasm. I’m so tired. Let’s just sleep.”

“OK,” I agreed through my dazed shame. What had I done to deserve such a loving, caring, understanding wife?

She threw herself to my side and wrapped an arm around my chest in preparation for sleep.

I just had one thing I needed to know.

“Katie?” I asked.

“Mmm,” she replied sleepily.

“The things that you told me.”

“Mmmm.”

“About working alone in Derek’s office, and bending over to pick things up for him and...” - I swallowed nervously – “him putting his hands on your hips. Were they all true?”

She gave a tiny, tired giggle. “Maybe, baby. Maybe.”

She was asleep within seconds and I not longer after that.

The following day was Friday. I waited expectantly in the kitchen, hoping, praying, that she would once more be dressed as provocatively as the previous day. She’d said only one day. But perhaps? Perhaps?

I spun around at her footsteps and gave a happy smile.

“Just one more day,” she cautioned me. “Do I look alright?”

“You look great,” I replied happily. She really did. Not quite as provocative as yesterday, but extremely sexy.

“I had to tone it down a bit,” she explained. “Yesterday was a bit too much. I don’t want Mr Barnes getting the wrong idea. I’m a happily married woman.”

God, I loved her.

She had toned it down, just enough: the skirt was a few inches longer; the blouse not quite as sheer and no longer revealing her deep, creamy cleavage; the heels just a bit shorter; and her makeup refined.

“Are you working with Derek again today?” I asked as she sipped her coffee.

“Mr Barnes,” she corrected me. “Please don’t call him Derek. It might rub off on me, and I don’t want to appear too familiar.

“Sorry,” I said. “Are you working with Mr Barnes again?”

“I don’t know,” she shrugged. “If he tells me too, I guess. Maybe he’ll pick one of the other girls. Some of them are much prettier than me.”

I doubted that, and told her so.

“That’s sweet,” she smiled at me. She drained her coffee.

“I have to go. I had such difficulty getting up.”

She sidled up to me to press her body to mine and reach down to firmly grasp my balls. I gave a short gasp of shock. She didn’t normally do that to me. She grinned at my reaction.

“You really tired me out last night, stud,” she said before releasing me from her grasp.

She began to turn but stopped herself. “Oh. One more thing,” she said, pushing her mouth to my ear.

“You see, baby,” she whispered seductively. “You tired me out so much last night that it’s really made me forgetful.”

“Oh,” I croaked, not sure where she was going.

“Yes baby,” she whispered. “I was so tired I forgot to put on any panties.”

Adrenalin shot through my body and my cock almost instantly began to swell.

“So,” she continued. “If I do work in his office, and he asks me to get a particularly high file...”

Her breath was hot and sweet in my ear and her perfume strong in my nostrils. Her breasts were pushed firmly against my chest.

“Well,” she continued to breath. “If he stands in exactly the right place, at exactly the right angle, well....” - here she gave a gasp of mock-shock – “he’ll be able to see my pretty little pussy.”

My mouth fell open as she wheeled around to begin walking to the door. I was stunned. What had gotten in to her?

As she opened the door I managed to croak a question.

“Really?” I asked.

A breathy chuckle was my only reply as she shut the door behind her.

I knew instantly that work was impossible, at least not immediately.

I rushed up to the bedroom to grab some tissues and throw myself naked on the bed.

Had she been serious? I asked myself as I grabbed my throbbing stiffness eagerly. Could she possibly have been? Perhaps she was?

I thrashed at myself furiously. And what if he did catch a glance at her beautiful, trimmed mound. What would he do?

I let out a moan as I imagined him stretching his hand forwards to feel her velvety wetness.

What would she say? I was growing close now.

‘Oh, Sir. What are you doing? You’re touching my pussy,’ she might gasp, pretending not to enjoy the sensation of this powerful man’s touch on her.

“Get over the desk,” he might growl. I gave a whimper at her obediently positioning herself with her ass presented to him at his command. ‘Yes, Sir.’

He’d pull out his thick meat and sweep her skirt up over her hips, revealing her sodden sex. And then he’d... he’d...

I didn’t get to finish the story because my cock jolted violently at the imagined sight of my wife eagerly waiting to be taken by her boss. Hot ropes of cum shot from my cock as it flexed again and again, and I moaned in exquisite climax.

Slowly I came down from my high and tiredly showered and headed back to my computer. Jumbled thoughts cluttered my mind though. Had she really been telling the truth? What would she do? She’d said there was no chance of her sleeping with another man. But she’d been behaving in ways I never could have imagined. Did I really want her to sleep with another man? Did I really want her writhing and mewling under another man’s cock, her pretty legs spread wide and her mouth wide in pleasure?

My once-more stiff cock provided the answer.

Sighing, I pushed myself out of the chair and rushed back up to the bedroom.

Again and again, my day was interrupted in such a fashion. I just couldn't get the thought of my wife and her boss out of my head.

I must have dozed off, for I was awakened by the sound of the door opening and my wife staring down at my naked cum-encrusted body with soiled tissues littered around it.

She gave a soft, knowing smile. "It looks like someone had an interesting day," she remarked, pointedly.

"Yes," I stuttered, hastily trying to clear up. "I fell asleep," I added necessarily.

"Well, that's OK," she said. "You've been working hard. You deserve a rest."

"Actually, I didn't manage to do so much work," I admitted guiltily.

"Because of what I said?" she asked with a small smile.

I nodded.

"Oh Baby," she said. "We'll have to stop this then. I know how important your work is to you. I can't mess that up for you."

"No. Please," I said hastily. "Please. I'll be able to concentrate next time."

"Will you really?" she asked.

"Probably not," I admitted.

"Oh," she said, sadly. "I so wanted to make you happy. But your work has to come first."

“Did Mr Barnes, um... I mean, did he..?”

She cut me off. “We can’t do that anymore, John.”

She really did seem sad about it. But not nearly as sad as I was. She was right, my work was important to me. Surely there must be some kind of solution.

“Oh well,” she said brightly. “It was fun for a little while. Why don’t you shower and I’ll make us some food.”

“OK,” I said, pushing myself from the bed.

As I showered, my red-rav cock rose again. I needed to know what had happened. Had he looked? But she’d said that was over. And she had been playing her part so well. Really opening up. It even looked like she might, possibly, at some point even.... Well, she’d said she wouldn’t but perhaps.

Goddamn it. There had to be a solution. But I knew how much this entire situation excited me. There was no way I’d have the willpower to leave myself alone.

A solution, a solution, a solution....

I was distracted over dinner, barely hearing her words. The problem rolled over and over in my head. A solution. A solution. There must be one.

“Oh,” I said aloud as something came to me. Why hadn’t I thought of this before? The solution had been staring me in the face all the time.

“What?” Katie asked curiously.

I blushed slightly. “Well. I’ve kind of got a solution,” I said.

“Really? What is it?”

“Well. It’s a bit unconventional,” I said, my body beginning to tremble at the

prospect of what I was about to propose. “But lots of couples do it.”

“What? Stop teasing. Just tell me,” she said.

“It’s a bit embarrassing,” I admitted.

She let out a sigh and looked at me lovingly. “Baby. You know how much I love you, and how much I want to make you happy. Whatever it is, just tell me. If you really do have a solution, then I’m sure it’s a good one. In fact, I was waiting for you to suggest something. I know how smart you are.”

I allowed myself to bask in her praise for a few seconds before steeling myself to speak.

“I’d like you to....”

My voice broke as I struggled to get the words out.

“What? Just say it, baby. You know I’d do anything for you – Well, almost anything,” she corrected herself.

“Look,” I said. “It’s better if I show you. Have you finished?”

“Yes,” she said.

“OK. Wait there,” I said, taking the dishes to the kitchen before going up to the bedroom to retrieve the small box that had remained hidden for almost a year.

When I returned to the living room, Katie had taken a seat on the sofa, one beautiful leg crossed over the other. My gaze was instantly drawn to the top of her thighs, trying to get a glimpse between them. Had she really gone to work with no panties?

Primly she tugged her skirt down an inch or two, ensuring that it remained a mystery. At least for now. Perhaps she would tell me. Or even show me later, I thought excitedly.

“What have you got there?” Katie asked curiously. “Show me.”

Her words brought me back to the current time. Nervously I handed her the box.

“I bought this about a year ago,” I said. “But I never thought you’d go for it.”

I shrugged helplessly. “But it might help us out.”

“What a mystery,” she said, opening the box. She looked inside and her brow furrowed in confusion.

“What is it?”

I sat down next to her to pull the pink, plastic tube from the box.

Chapter five

“It’s a chastity device – a chastity cage,” I explained.

“A what?”

I cleared my throat. This was as awkward as I’d thought it would be.

“It, well, um... It goes over little-john,” I said in embarrassment.

“But why?” she said, turning the tube over in her hand. The tube was made of high-grade silicon and molded in the shape of a plastic cock.

I forced the words out. “So I can’t touch myself,” I explained. “Or get an erection.”

“Oh,” she exclaimed in surprise. “Oh.”

She was silent for a few seconds before she spoke again. “But why do you have one?”

I shrugged in embarrassment. “I just thought it might be fun, but then I kind of lost my nerve.”

She looked closer at the tube. “It’s quite small, isn’t it?” she remarked.

“Yeah. Um. But I measured myself before ordering it,” I explained.

“Girth,” - here my voice broke and I cleared my throat before starting again. “Girth, um length etc. There were instructions on the website. It’s precisely the right size.”

She took a deep breath and looked from the plastic tube to me. “This is a lot to take in,” she said.

“I understand,” I replied. “I just thought...”

My voice trailed off.

Silence filled the room for several minutes before she finally spoke again. "Well how does it stay on?" she asked.

"Like this," I explained eagerly, picking up a separate hoop from the box. "My, um balls and, um, little john go through this hoop so that it's behind them and at the base of me. Then the tube goes over, um little-John and clicks into the hoop."

I took the tube from her to demonstrate, clicking the two components together in front of her eyes.

"It looks like you've done that before," she said in an almost accusatory tone.

"Yeah," I admitted shame-faced. "When I bought it I practiced. But not since then."

"Well, keep going," she said. "What happens next?"

"OK," I said, glad that she hadn't immediately thrown out the idea. "Well, then you take one of these keys, insert it in here and ..."

I turned the key with an audible, 'click.' before removing it.

"And then you can't get it off?"

"Not without breaking it, no," I explained.

Again she lapsed into silence. I waited patiently.

"And then what?"

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"Well," she said. "What then? You have that thing on little-John. Why's that a good idea? You could just take it off whenever you like."

“You’d have the keys,” I explained.

“But you could just ask me for them,” she said in confusion.

“Not while you’re at work,” I said.

“Oh. I see,” she said, some amount of clarity coming to her. “So you wouldn’t be able to play with yourself when you were supposed to be working.”

I nodded. “I wouldn’t even be able to get a proper erection. And even if I asked you for the keys. You wouldn’t have to give them to me. It would be entirely up to you.”

Her eyes widened. “But why wouldn’t I?”

I shrugged helplessly. “I dunno. It would be totally up to you.”

She took a deep breath before letting out a slow, long exhalation of air.

“OK. Pass me my laptop,” she said. “I’m really not sure about this idea. But at least I can find out a bit more about it. You’re really not explaining it very well.”

“Sure,” I said, passing it to her. She opened a browser and bowed her head.

For a long hour, she read and searched as I sat nervously next to her. Was this really what I wanted? Well, it must have been if I’d bought the cage, I thought. But I was asking too much of her, surely. This was such a big step. I’d let her know it was a silly idea. We could throw that thing away.

“Look, Katie,” I began.

“Shhh,” she said, her head still bowed.

“But,” I began again.

“I said shush,” she said again, this time with an edge to her voice.

I lapsed into silence as another long hour passed.

Finally, she laid down the lap-top and looked at me doubtfully. “I really don’t know, John. There’s such a lot to take in. Do you really think you’d like it?”

I nodded, unable to speak with, apparently, a decision close.

“It just seems quite extreme,” she went on.

I nodded, sadly. “It’s OK baby,” I consoled her. “I shouldn’t have asked. I’ll put it away.”

I began to gather everything up.

“Wait,” she said. “I didn’t say no.”

My heart rate climbed rapidly and my stomach flipped in excitement.

She took another big breath. “Perhaps we could just see what it looks like on you,” she said. “Just so I know.”

“OK,” I nodded eagerly.

She shook her head with an amused grin. “The things I do for you, John,” she said wryly

“I know, baby,” I replied. “I really do.”

“Go on then,” she said. “Put it on.”

I began to fumble with my belt and flies. Now the moment was near I had become light-headed and dizzy.

My cock unfurled, stiff and hard at the prospect of being placed in chastity by my beautiful wife, if only for a few minutes.

She looked from my throbbing cock to my face.

“Will it go on like that?” she asked doubtfully.

“No,” I admitted. I blushed slightly at how obviously aroused I was at the thought of being caged.

“OK,” she said, picking up her laptop once more. “Just wait. I have some more research to do anyway.”

I’d hoped she would have offered to give me some release, but didn’t put words to my thoughts. Everything was going so well, I didn’t dare break the spell.

As I waited patiently, trying to control my breathing Katie continued to read, occasionally glancing up.

It was with great difficulty that I managed to think mundane thoughts, but eventually I managed it by running through the football scores from last weekend in my head.

“I think it’s ready.”

Katie’s voice broke through my thoughts, and I looked down in surprise at my limp cock.

Quickly, lest I become hard again I stuffed my cock and balls through the hoop so that it firmly gripped my cock from the base. Feeling myself begin to swell once more, I hastily grabbed the plastic tube and slid it quickly over my cock to click securely into place.

I breathed a sigh of release. I was in. All that remained now was to turn the lock.

“What are all the holes and gaps for?” Katie asked, her gaze fixed on my groin.

“The one at the top is for peeing out of,” I explained. “And all the others are for ventilation and cleaning.”

“So you don’t have to take it off to wash?”

“No,” I said.

I took the pair of keys and inserted one in the lock to turn it. A click signified that I was now securely caged. Hyperventilating slightly in excitement, I withdrew the key and offered the pair to my gorgeous wife. She gave a tiny, bemused smile, before stretching out a slender hand and taking the keys.

“So that’s it?” she asked, her gaze still on my groin. “You can’t get out now?”

“Not without the keys,” I assured her. “Or breaking it.”

“I’d better not lose the keys then,” she said lightly. “How does it feel?”

“Snug,” I admitted.

Just the mere act of being inside the plastic tube, and handing my wife the keys meant blood had surged to my groin, thickening my shaft and pushing it against the sides of the tube. My balls too, with the hoop behind them, were unable to retract and felt strangely exposed.

“Thank you,” I said to my wife. “Thanks so much, Katie.”

She gave another tiny, bemused smile and shook her head. “It’s just for a little while,” she said. “Just to see what it’s like.”

She gave a yawn and stood. “I’m tired,” she said. “It’s been a big day.”

She began to walk towards the stairs when she stopped.

“Oh,” she said. “I almost forgot. I have something to show you.”

She turned to face me as I sat there looking up expectantly. “What?” I asked.

A naughty smile came from her plump lips as she slowly reached her hands down to grasp the hem of her skirt. Slowly – oh-so-slowly – she drew her skirt up over her bare thighs to reveal herself to me.

An aroused whimper came from my throat at the beautiful sight before me. She was naked beneath the skirt. Completely naked. She hadn’t been lying. And... and.... She was completely shaved. I stared, entranced. She’d never shaved herself bare before. Never.

“I thought that if My Barnes was going to look at my pussy, I wanted it to be as pretty as possible,” she said coyly.

Her words pumped more blood to my encased cock, swelling it further. It filled every nook and crevice of the tube now, flesh pushing uncomfortably though the vents and slits.

I swallowed, unable to speak.

“Cat got your tongue?” she teased, allowing her skirt to fall.

She turned to continue her passage to the bedroom. “Come up in 20 minutes,” she said over her shoulder. “And I’ll tell you all about it.”

The next twenty minutes might have been the longest twenty minutes I had ever spent.

My cock throbbed and ached inside the constrictive tube. Not a painful throb, but a frustrating clasp that prevented me from reaching full length.

She’d really done it, hadn’t she? Or perhaps she’d taken off her panties while I’d showered. But why had she shaved her gorgeous sex? Man, her pussy had looked amazing. If she’d stayed in the room one second longer I’d have

fallen to my knees and begun lapping at it uncontrollably.

I groaned at the exquisite frustration. What a day. What an evening.

I continued to throb and moan on the couch until the twenty minutes were up, before rushing up to the dimly-lit bedroom. My wife lay on her back, her head popped up on a pillow with her hair fanned out about it almost like a halo.

She'd thrown a sheet over herself, but it had slipped down to reveal her breasts.

I struggled out of my clothes as she watched in amusement. "It looks so funny," she smiled.

Naked, I rushed to the bed to fall on it next to her. My hands began to grope at her bare chest as I lowered my head to begin laying kisses on her breasts.

She sighed happily above me.

"Do you want to hear what happened?" she asked.

"Yes," I gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she teased. "I'm very tired. Perhaps we should just sleep."

"Please," I begged. "Please."

"Well, OK," she said as I continued to lay kisses on her breasts.

I was in heaven. Nothing could compete with this, I thought. To be inside the tube, kissing my wife's soft flesh as she made up frustratingly erotic stories for me. Made up? Were they made up? The line between fantasy and reality had become distinctly blurred.

"Well," she said, as I pulled one of her thick nipples into my mouth. "As

soon as he got to the office he ordered me to his private office. Of course, I obeyed, You don't say no to Mr Barnes. The correct response is 'Yes, Sir. Right away, Sir.'"

I began to suck on her nipple, moaning as I felt it grow erect in my mouth. She too gave a soft moan of pleasure. "Keep doing that," she breathed.

I continued to suckle upon her nipple hungrily, and to flick at it with my tongue. The dull ache in my groin increased in intensity.

"Well he had me on all fours looking for things on the lowest shelves," she breathed. "And on the stool again."

She reached her hands to my head to gently maneuver it to her other breast. I pulled another thick nipple into my mouth as my hands moved down her flanks.

"But I don't think he saw my pretty pussy," she said in a disappointed tone. She parted her legs as my hand ran up her inner thigh.

"So what I did," she breathed. "Was when I was sitting in front of him, taking notes...."

My hand reached her shaved sex. She was sodden: practically dripping with juice, her labia spread wide.

"My clit," she panted. "My clit."

I moved my fingers to a stiff, engorged clit and began to rub at it gently in a manner I knew she liked.

"That's right," she panted. "Just keep doing that."

"What happened next?" I croaked. I was desperate to know. My whole body ached and throbbed with a constrained desire.

"I..." she gasped. "I... Don't stop."

I continued to work at her with my fingers. They were now slick with her juice.

“I... I uncrossed my legs,” she gasped. “And then crossed them again. He saw everything. And he licked his lips and said... and said.”

She was getting close now, her words becoming almost incoherent.

“Don’t stop,” she almost hissed as I slowed the rubbing circular motion I was making on her nub. “Don’t you dare stop.”

I resumed, causing her to gasp and pant even louder.

“He said...”

“What?” I asked desperately. “What did he say?”

She got the words out with difficulty between her pants and gasps.

“He said I was... I was... I was a very good girl.”

Her voice was strained and high-pitched as she forced the last words out.

“And if I continued to... to...”

“Please,” I begged. “Please.”

“If I continued to be a good little girl.... He’d promote me to work directly under him... under...Oh... Oh... Oh... Ohhhhhh.”

Her shaved pussy spasmed and twitched as waves of orgasm crashed over her. “Ohhhhhhhhhh,” she squealed again in an almost delirious voice, She was lost in the throes of her climax, her head thrown back, her eyes-unseeing, her face flushed and her sex pushing back up against my fingers.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned again in a softer voice as she slowly came down.

“Ohhhh, baby....”

I was panting and moaning myself at the erotic site beneath her.

Tiredly, she opened her eyes to look at me with an unfocused gaze.

“Did you like your story?” she asked.

A story.

“Yes,” I gasped. And then more desperately, “I really need to fuck you, Katie. Right now.”

I needed to feel her clenching heat on my cock. Craved it like nothing before.

“OK baby,” she smiled, reaching to the bedside table where presumably she had placed the keys.

I couldn’t wait to get out of this thing and slide into her.

“Oh,” she said. “Wait.”

“What?” I gasped.

“Well, you gave me the keys, right?”

“Right,” I agreed.

“So, I decide if little-John comes out, right?”

Was she going to...?

“Right,” I said.

“Well, baby,” she said firmly. “You gave me the keys for a reason. I don’t think that you really want to come out at all.”

“I do,” I implored her. “I really do.”

“No,” she said firmly. “I think I’d like to keep little-John locked up for just a little bit longer. Is that OK?”

Perversely, her refusal to unlock me felt almost as good as plunging into her sodden sex would have done.

“OK,” I said weakly.

She rolled to her side to give me a peck on the lips before snuggling up to me.

She reached down one hand to grasp my plastic-encased cock and give a throaty chuckle.

“Night, sweet heart.”

To be a Cuckold: Book two

Chapter one

“Here you go,” I said, handing my wife her morning coffee.

“Thanks, sweetie,” she said, accepting the cup.

“You look great,” I enthused.

It was true. She did. She’d put on a pretty summer dress that left her shoulders and arms bare and clung tightly to her flat stomach. Her face was free of makeup; just smooth, lightly-tanned, unblemished skin

She smiled back at me. “I thought we could go shopping,” she said. “In that new mall. How did you sleep?”

I gave a wry smile. My first night sleeping with the chastity device on me had been... interesting. I’d never realized how many erections a man got during the night. Each time I grew hard, I would awaken to a dull pressure in my groin as my cock tried to expand to its full width and length. With nowhere to expand to though, it would merely push futilely against the sides of the hard plastic tube.

“Did it hurt?” she asked in a worried tone.

“No, no,” I reassured her. “It was just unusual.”

“And you still like it?”

“Yes,” I smiled at her.

“Good,” she said with relief, absentmindedly putting a pendant that hung from her necklace between her lips.

I looked closer at the pendant, my heart racing as I did so.

“Is that...?” I asked uncertainly.

“What?” she replied, with furrowed brow.

“Oh. Yes,” she then said in understanding.

She pulled from her mouth one of the keys to my chastity device. “That’s what I read to do. The articles said it would remind you of your, um, predicament.”

I trembled in excitement.

“You’ve gone pale,” she said with concern. “Did I do it right?”

“Yes, yes,” I said, gaining control of myself. “It’s perfect.”

She smiled, pushing it back down the front of her dress to nestle between her breasts, invisible to all.

“I’ll keep it like that,” she said. “So nobody sees.”

She then gave me a mischievous grin.

“But sometimes,” she teased, “I might forget. Does that excite you?”

It did. My cock was pulsing at the prospect of such acute humiliation.

“Yes,” I said weakly. “But...”

Surely I didn’t want anyone else to know. This was just between us. Between husband and wife.

She opened her eyes in mock shock. “What if I forget when we’re talking to someone? They might ask what it’s for. What should I say?”

I could barely reply so aroused the prospect made me.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

“Or,” she breathed. “They might guess.”

She laid her coffee to the side and stepped closer, pressing her firm body to my trembling one.

“Would you like that?” she breathed, allowing her hands to roam over my body and grasp my buttocks tightly.

I couldn’t respond. I could barely think. Would I like it? If I wouldn’t, why was my cock so desperately trying to escape its plastic prison.

She pushed her lips to my ear to whisper to me.

“Would you, John? Would you like that? Would you like people to know I’ve got little-John all locked up. That your pretty wife has control of your little cock.”

A whimper came from my throat at her words and from the pressure in my groin.

She stepped back to observe my shaking body and shocked visage, an amused grin on her lips.

She patted her chest where the key lay hidden.

“I’ll try to remember to keep it here,” she smiled.

“Right,” she said, turning. “I’ll just find my purse, then we can go.”

I stood, frozen, for a good minute. I’d never known her be such a tease. She wouldn’t really show anyone, would she? But what if she did forget she was wearing it?

Fear and excitement coursed through my body in equal measure.

“Come on,” she called from the door. “You can drive.”

Drive? It was all I could do to walk to the door.

“You’d better drive,” I said sheepishly.

“OK,” she smiled in understanding.

By the time we had reached the mall, I’d managed to gain control of myself. We strode in, hand in hand, like any normal couple. As always, I felt immense pride at the admiring glances cast my wife’s way from both men, and women.

We spent the morning window shopping, and, in Katie’s case, actually shopping. Normally shopping bored me, but the thrill I got knowing that I was caged beneath my pants, and that nobody knew except my wife, kept me excited and on edge.

“Now,” said Katie, “I just want to nip into that shop over...” - she broke off to give an excited, “Oh.”

“What?” I said, looking at her.

“It’s Mr Barnes,” she said in an animated tone. She began fussing with her hair. “Oh my God. He’s coming this way. I knew I should have worn make-up.”

She was obviously more than a little excited. And the thought, to my shame, excited me.

I looked where she was looking to see Mr Barnes striding confidently toward us. He wore cream-colored slacks, expensive shoes, a white tailored shirt with buttons undone at the throat, and had a light jacket thrown casually over one shoulder.

“Don’t you dare call him Derek,” she hissed to me as he drew closer. “Call him Mr Barnes. No. Call him, ‘Sir.’ My promotion could depend on you making a good impression on him.”

Her stance had changed. She was standing taller and pushing her chest forwards, straining it against the thin material of her dress.

“Katie,” he smiled, displaying pearly-white teeth make all the more brilliant by their contrast to his tanned, handsome face.

“Hello, Sir,” she answered politely, nudging me.

“Um. Hello, Sir,” I said, my voice breaking slightly.

He gave me an uninterested nod.

“John,” he replied before turning back to Katie.

He allowed his gaze to run over my wife’s lithe, trim body, his expression telling me he liked what he saw.

“I need to talk to you, Katie,” he said. “Follow me.”

“Yes, Sir,” came her obedient voice. Her hand clenched mine tightly in excitement as he led us into a busy, nearby, bar restaurant, where, as if by magic, a table appeared.

As a waiter pulled out a chair for Katie, Derek sat himself next to her. I moved to the remaining chair.

Before I could seat myself though, he spoke.

“Go and get a drink at the bar, John,” he said holding out a banknote to me. “Katie and I have some things we need to discuss.”

I stood there dumbly, staring at the proffered money.

“John,” hissed Katie. Her voice broke my trance.

“Yes, Sir,” I croaked, taking the money. “Thank you.”

I moved, as if on strings, towards the bar as the waiter took my wife and her boss's drink order.

And there I sat, for the next hour, watching my wife flirt unashamedly with her boss.

My cock ached and throbbed inside the device as she leaned forwards to catch his every word; as she giggled coquettishly at his jokes; as she twirled her hair around her fingers and pushed her breasts forwards; as she allowed her hand to linger on his forearm; and... and... and as she absentmindedly placed the key to my device between her lips.

It was exquisite torture. An exquisite torture that I almost wished would last longer – Almost? No, I wished it sincerely.

Finally though, Katie shrugged and took her hand from his forearm, and turned her head towards where I sat. She crooked a finger at me, beckoning me forwards. I scurried towards the table to stand there uncertainly.

Derek gave me a grin, “You’ve probably heard Katie is in line for a promotion,” he said.

“Yes, Sir,” I responded causing him to give a slight frown at my interruption.

“Well,” he continued, looking into my face. We’re a family firm here. And I really need to get to know you better.”

This time I didn’t interrupt.

“I’m playing golf tomorrow,” he said. “I’d like you to join me. Nine o’clock?” - he named an expensive golf club – take a taxi. I’ll tell them to let you in.

Katie nudged me. It was time to speak. “Yes, Sir,” I stuttered. “I look forwards to...”

He was already rising.

“Have another drink if you like,” he said generously. “It’s all on my tab.”

He strode from the table.

Chapter two

Katie looked at me, her eyes shining. “Isn’t that exciting?” she gushed. “Playing golf with Mr Barnes. Maybe you two will become friends.”

She giggled at the unlikely prospect.

“Did you like it when he sent you to the bar? So he could have me all to himself?” she asked excitedly

“Yes,” I croaked. I had. Coming to terms with my feelings was proving difficult.

“Do you think he likes me?” she asked.

“Katie,” I responded. “He was practically undressing you with his eyes.”

She shivered. “I know.” Her voice was high-pitched and animated. “I felt so naughty.”

My cock hadn’t stopped pulsing since the moment he had sent me to the bar, and seeing how aroused Katie was kept it in the same state.

“The key,” I croaked. The key was hanging outside of her dress.

“Oh,” she said in shock, pushing it back inside next to her skin. She shrugged. “I don’t think he noticed. He didn’t mention it anyway.”

She leaned forwards to push her lips to my ear. “I really, really need to cum, John. Take me home right now.”

I wasn’t sure if I’d ever driven faster.

As soon as we entered the house, I began to pull her towards the stairs.

“No,” she panted excitedly. “Get undressed here. I want to see you naked.”

I struggled out of my clothes and stood before her. Her eyes roamed over my body to focus on my cock, throbbing furiously inside the cage.

She gave a smirk. “It really did excite you, didn’t it?” she said. “Seeing me flirt with a big, powerful man.”

I nodded. There was no point in denial. It was so obviously true.

She continued to look at my body before grasping her sundress to pull it up and over her body.

She wore a red, lace, bra and panties set beneath it. The panties were already damp with arousal.

“My panties, John”, she said urgently. “Take them off.”

I fell to my knees with furiously aching cock to pull the flimsy material down her smooth thighs and slender calves for her to step out off.

She hadn’t been lying about needing to cum. She was practically on heat. Her pussy was swollen and glistening with juice; her labia spread wide and her clit stiff and erect.

Dizzy with lust and whimpering in arousal, I pushed my head forwards to begin lapping at her tender, moist flesh.

She moaned in response, pushing her sex back against my face, smearing it with ambrosial juice. I knew she wanted my tongue on her clit; knew she needed to cum urgently, right now.

As I pushed my tongue to it she began to buck her hips to hump my face in excited need.

She was gasping now, needing the release as she began to use my face roughly. Her hand reached down to grasp my head tightly by the hair, the better to pull me back into the thrusts of her groin.

She came quickly, with a growl of satisfaction as orgasm rolled over her, sending her sweet sex into spasms and trembling her legs.

She fell back on the sofa exhaustively, making no attempt to close her legs. The smell of her was everywhere, and I could taste her still. I let out my own moan at the sight of her pretty pussy, swollen and messy now and soaked with her juice.

“Again,” she gasped. “Make me cum again.”

This time I lapped at her gently and tenderly, giving soft licks to her now sensitive nub. Her orgasm this time was not as explosive, but seemed to last longer as she eked every last bit of pleasure she could from my soft tongue.

Finally, she pushed my glistening face away.

“Thank you, baby” she panted as she looked down at me.

“Thank you so much. I’m so sorry if I was rough with you. I was just so goddamn horny. Just being next to that man,” - she shuddered – “does something to me. And the way you were so obedient. ‘Yes, Sir. No, Sir. Thank you Sir.’ Well it just” – she shrugged helplessly – “It just turns me on so much.”

And me, I thought, relishing the deep shame that ran through me.

“Katie,” I said desperately. “Please may I cum. I really need to cum. Probably more than you did.”

She looked at my bulging cock with amusement. Flesh was pushing uncomfortably through the vents and the plastic tube bobbed up and down. Precum dribbled from the tip.

I waited on tenterhooks as she pursed her lips in thought.

I let out a moan of frustration as she slowly shook her head.

“No baby,” she said. “I don’t think that’s a good idea. You’ve only just put it on, and if you want this to work...” - she shrugged – “besides I need you sharp and focused for the golf tomorrow. My promotion could depend on it. And you’ve been so good since you’ve been wearing it.”

I let out a half-sob at her words.

“Oh baby,” she said, reaching down a hand to stroke my face gently. “You do want me to have the keys, don’t you? If this isn’t working for you we can stop right now. But I thought you wanted me to decide?”

I brought my breathing under control with difficulty.

“I do,” I croaked.

“Good boy,” she smiled, patting my face gently.

She pushed herself to her feet. “I’m taking a shower. Could you make some lunch? I’m starving.”

She stepped past me without a backward glance to leave me kneeling on the floor with furiously aching cock and the taste and smell of her in my mouth and nostrils.

That night we fell to sleep in each other’s arms. Both content, but in entirely different ways.

I rose early to be sure I wouldn’t miss my appointment with my wife’s boss. Golf. Well, I could play a bit. I wasn’t great, but wouldn’t embarrass myself too much.

Katie was having a lie in so I took her her coffee in bed. She yawned as she took her coffee.

“Are you off, sweetie?” she inquired. “Have a nice day.”

“I will,” I assured her.

“And be polite,” she cautioned. “Just like you were yesterday, remember?”

I did. I remembered how dismissively he had treated me. And I remembered how arousing it had been to see him and my wife flirting together.

“Yes, Sir. No, Sir,” she giggled, cruelly mimicking me.

I felt my face glow in embarrassment at how subservient I had been to the man in front of my wife.

“Oh, Sorry baby,” she said, noticing my red face. “But you liked it, didn’t you?”

Dumbly I nodded, feeling my cock swell. It had been another interrupted night’s sleep.

I gasped as one hand snaked out to grasp me firmly by the balls.

“And how’s little-John?” she asked, softly. “Does he want to come out quickly before you play golf?”

“Yes,” I said eagerly, hardly believing my luck.

“I bet he does,” she smiled, releasing you. “But you can’t be late. Traffic’s always bad on a Sunday.”

God. She was such a tease. And I loved it.

I leaned down to kiss her on the lips.

“Bye sweetheart,” I said. “I’ll make sure to lose.”

“Bye, baby,” she replied lovingly.

Chapter three

I arrived at the Golf club at exactly the right time. As I approached the club house, Derek exited it. He was smoking an expensive cigar.

“John,” he said warmly. “Thanks for this. My usual caddy couldn’t make it. My bag’s over there. I’m only doing nine holes today.”

His caddy? I looked over to where a heavy golf bag did indeed lie.

“But...” I began.

Derek was already striding off to the first tee, a haze of blue smoke around him.

Of course, I realized. I wasn’t his golf partner. Why would I be? He didn’t see us as equals at all. I was his caddy... his servant.

I picked up the heavy bag and struggled after him. Panting, I caught up with him as he stood, gazing down the fairway.

Once more I attempted to speak. “I didn’t realize...”

“It’s a par 5,” he broke in as if not hearing me.

I didn’t reply. I didn’t know what I was expected to say.

“So I need a driver,” he said as if talking to an idiot.

“Oh,” I said, hurriedly passing him the driver. “Yes, Sir.”

“Here,” he said. “Hold this.” He passed me his cigar, one end damp from his mouth and began to take practice swings.

I noticed the band on it and read it out aloud. “Monte Cristo.”

He paused his swings and looked over at me.

“Do you think perhaps I could concentrate, John,” he said pointedly. “Or is there anything else you’d like to say to screw up my round.”

“Oh. No. Sorry, Sir,” I said, cringing at my subservient tone.

He shook his head in apparent bemusement at my stupidity and returned to his stroke. He struck it clean and straight, right down the center of the fairway.

He looked at me expectantly, smug satisfaction on his face.

“Oh good shot, Sir,” I congratulated him.

He nodded in agreement, expecting nothing less from me. This was how he was treated by all his underlings, I realized. And why not? He was young, successful, powerful, handsome. He could have anything he wanted. And if he wanted my wife, well he would have her.

I swallowed, imagining his powerful body over my wife’s writhing form. My cock began to swell.

“Wake up, John,” he snapped, jolting me from my reverie. He tossed me the driver, smirking as I fumbled my catch.

He clicked his finger. “Cigar.”

Obediently I passed him his cigar and grabbed the bag to follow him down the fairway.

“So how have you been?” I heard him ask from ahead of me.

“Oh,” I said, my head jerking up. “Fine thank you, Sir.”

He looked around, annoyance etched on his face. It was only then that I realized he had a cell phone pressed to his ear.

“Oh. Sorry, Sir,” I whispered as he turned from me once more.

And so it continued. I’d pass him clubs and he’d carelessly toss them back to me. He’d be on the phone talking business when he wasn’t taking a shot. And, I’d hold his dwindling-in-length cigar when he was playing shots. When the cigar was almost finished – on the eighth – he looked up at me.

“I tell you what,” he said kindly. “Would you like a puff? You’ve probably never tried a real Cuban, have you?”

The cigar was almost down to the nub, the end sticky and soaked with saliva.

“No, Sir. Thank you, Sir,” I said, lifting it to my lips.

He snorted in amusement as I coughed at the unfamiliar taste and sensation. I’d never smoked before.

“No, don’t give it back to me,” he said in amusement as I offered it to him. “I don’t want it after your lips have been on it. Put it out for God’s sake, man.”

Again he shook his head at my stupidity and strode off.

“Nice putt, Sir,” I said as the ball entered the hole of the ninth.

He nodded. “Thanks, John,” - rare praise - “Yes. Not a bad few holes. And you aren’t too bad a caddy,” he added kindly. “Would you like to caddy for me again, John?”

I knew there was only one answer I could give. I gave it, and he nodded in satisfaction.

“Now, John,” he went on. “There’s something I wanted to talk about. As you know, your pretty wife is in line for a promotion.”

“Yes, Sir. I heard. Thank you, Sir. I think she’d be very good for the role. I...”

He let me babble on for several seconds before I lapsed into silence.

“If she gets the job, John, It’ll mean a lot more money. A lot. But it’ll also mean a lot more work.”

This time I just nodded.

“She’ll be working directly under me, John. And I can be very demanding. Do you understand what I mean by demanding?”

I wasn’t sure. But his words were sending excited jolts of shame through me as I considered the possibilities.”

“Yes, Sir,” I croaked.

He nodded slowly.

“I might not send her home till the early hours, John,” he went on. “Hell. Sometimes I might need her the entire night. Do you understand what I mean?”

I nodded, my eyes wide and body quivering.

Again he shook his head in bemusement.

“I brought you out here to find out what kind of man you were John,” he said. “And I think I know exactly what kind of man you are, don’t I?”

“Yes, Sir,” I croaked. He did. I was his inferior. And he could take anything from me at any time. Anything or anyone and I wouldn’t have the nerve to resist, even if I wanted to.

A golf cart pulled up.

“Derek?” came a confident, moneyed voice. “Could we talk in the club house? I have a deal you might be interested in.”

“Right you are, Miles,” Derek boomed back before tossing me his car-keys.

“Take the bag back to my car,” he said to me, naming an expensive European model. “And then bring the car up to the club house. You can drive me home. I might have a couple of drinks.”

With that he jumped into the golf cart which sped off back towards the club house.

If only Katie could see me now, I thought to myself. I’d been as polite as she’d insisted I be. But was that really what she wanted? She didn’t want me to stand up to him? Even if she told me to, I didn’t think I could.

I hefted the heavy bag up onto my shoulder and began the arduous journey to the car park. As instructed, I loaded the bag into the boot and drove around to the front of the golf house to wait for him.

Two long hours I waited, before he eventually exited the doors to thundering good-byes and boisterous laughter from his golf buddies.

Derek fell into the back seat, snapping an address at me before bowing his head over a ream of papers.

“No chatting,” he growled. “This is important.”

He didn’t speak again until I pulled up outside the address he had given me: an expensive apartment block.

“You’ll have to get a taxi back,” he said as we stepped out of the car, and I handed him his keys back.

He pulled out a thick wad of notes from his pocket and peeled off a couple.

“That should more than cover the taxi,” he said.

“Keep the change. Katie tells me you don’t earn much. Think of it as pocket money,” he continued generously. “And...” - here he peeled off some more notes to hand to me. “Tell Katie she has Monday off. I want you to take her

out and buy her something pretty to wear. You know what kind of thing I expect, don't you John?"

I think I did. To be sure, I wouldn't take any chances.

"Yes, Sir," I replied.

"And tell her she'll be working late. I really need to put her through her paces. See if she's the right girl for this promotion. That's OK, isn't it John?"

There was no way I could object.

"Yes, Sir," I croaked.

"Good man," he said clapping me on the shoulder.

It took me ages to find a taxi, but eventually I managed to make it home.

"Hey, Baby," called Katie upon my entrance. "How was the golf?"

I related the day's events to her. "You mean you didn't even play golf," she asked with shining eyes. "Just carried his bag for him?"

I nodded, the shame still deep.

"Oh, baby," she said, embracing me tightly. "That must have been so humiliating for you."

"Yes," I croaked.

"And he made you wait outside the club house while he chatted to his friends?"

I nodded.

"Oh poor baby," she breathed, stroking my body as I pressed back against her. The events of the day had left me weak, confused but also undeniably

aroused. “You must have felt so small being ordered around.”

I had.

“I mean you probably didn’t feel like a man at all, did you?”

I hadn’t.

“I wonder what he means by, ‘put me through my paces,’” she mused.

I had a very good idea.

She let out a giggle. “And he gave you pocket money. That was very nice of him, wasn’t it?”

“Yes.” Weak, confused, aroused and completely pliable.

“And what kind of pretty thing does he want you to buy me with his money?”

I took several breaths to get myself under control as she waited expectantly. Her chest was pushed into mine and I could feel her nipples protruding though her blouse, as hard as bullets.

“I think...” I took a few more breaths.

“Yes?” she breathed, clutching my body.

“I think he wants me to buy you some sexy lingerie,” I said.

“Oh, John,” she exclaimed, breaking off our embrace and looking at me. Her face was flushed and excited, her eyes wide. “Isn’t that exciting? You must be so pleased. You love it when I dress up for him, don’t you?”

She was squirming in her seat, unable to settle. Was I pleased? I no longer knew. But I did not the sight of her unsettled, wriggling body combined with the events of the day were causing my cock to push so hard against the sides

of the device, I feared it might break it.

“I’m sorry, John,” she said abruptly, lifting her buttocks from the couch. “But I need your tongue on me right now.”

She slipped her panties down her legs to kick them away and pulled her skirt up over her thighs.

Even more blood coursed to my cock at the sight of her naked sex, glistening with arousal.

“Now,” she said urgently. “Get on your knees. I need your tongue, right now.”

She was frantic and unsettled, needing the relief of orgasm.

“Quickly,” she gasped as she spread her thighs wide.

In awe at her beauty I fell to my knees to push my face to her swollen sex. I lapped at her hungrily, inhaling her scent and moaning at her exquisite briny taste.

Expertly I brought her to first one, and then a second orgasm to leave her gasping and sighing in pleasure as her trembling body finally stilled.

I stayed on my knees staring at her glorious pussy as it twitched its last.

She let out a husky chortle. “God. I needed that,” she said. “Just the things you told me about the way he treated you... Thank you so much.”

“Katie?” I gasped. The pressure in my groin was becoming almost unbearable.

“Yes, sweetie?” she replied.

“Could I cum now?”

Slowly she closed her legs and smoothed down her shirt over her sodden snatch.

She looked at me doubtfully.

“I don’t think so, baby,” she said. “Not after all the things you told me. All the ‘Yes, Sir’s,’ ‘No, Sir’s,’ ‘Three bags full, Sir’s.’”

Surely she wasn’t going to deny me, I thought in panic.

“But I thought that’s what you wanted,” I almost wailed.

“Oh it was, baby,” she consoled me, reaching down a hand to stroke one juice-smearred face. “You saw how excited I was. But it just wouldn’t feel right letting little-John out now. Not after all you agreed to.. I mean, ‘put me through my paces?’ There aren’t many men who would agree to that. I’m sorry, baby.”

I let out a whimper. She was. She was going to insist I stay inside the cage. And deep down I knew that that was what I wanted; what I needed. To be in chastity at the hands of my beautiful, sexy wife. I deserved no more than that.

“I tell you what,” she said sympathetically. “After he’s, ‘put me through my paces,’ whatever that means...” - she shuddered in delight – “then we can make love. I think that will be the perfect time. You can wait a couple more days, can’t you?”

“Yes,” I nodded, knowing that for her, I would. She seemed so happy. And the sexual frustration was a small price to pay.

“Thank you, baby,” she said. “Please don’t think me cruel. This is difficult for me too. Very exciting, yes. But difficult too. You do understand, don’t you sweetie.”

“Yes, Katie,” I replied.

That night as we lay in bed in each other’s arms in preparation for sleep, she

spoke.

“You know, John, I was brushing up my resume today.”

“Yes?”

“I really have been under-selling myself. I could get a much better paying job at any of the other firms in the city. One which would be the same pay as the promotion – if I get it. And I wouldn’t be working under Mr. Barnes.”

I remained silent.

“So...?” she hinted.

“I want you to be happy,” I said. “And if a different company made you happy, of course, go for it.”

She shrugged. “Things would go make to normal,” she said. “No Mr Barnes. No more dressing up. No more humiliating days at the golf course for you. I quite like where I’m working, but if you want me to change company....”

“No,” I said firmly. “Please do your best to get this promotion.”

“You’re sure?” she persisted. “You sure you can handle it?”

“Yes,” I assured her. “Please.”

“OK,” she sighed happily. “OK...”

Chapter four

For once, Katie awoke before me.

“Rise and shine, sleepy head,” she said. “We have to go shopping?”

I smiled back at her.

“C’mon,” she said. “We can have breakfast in town first.”

We were both sizzling with excitement as we headed into town.

“What about this one?” I suggested hopefully, pulling down a tiny satin chemise that would barely cover her breasts. “Maybe he’d like this?”

She slapped me on the arm playfully. “Don’t be silly,” she said. “It has to be something I can wear in the office too. Besides, he’ll probably never see it.”

I hoped to God he would.

Derek had given us plenty of cash and so we were in a top-end lingerie store. Katie continued to browse among the lace and nylons and silks. Finally, she selected some indeterminate material and stuffed it into her basket. “This might work,” she announced. “Come on. They have couples changing rooms here.”

I followed her excitedly. Whatever she had chosen I was sure would look fabulous on her.

“Sit here,” she said indicating a bench as she disappeared behind a curtain.

Finally, the curtain parted and she stepped out. “What do you think?” she asked.

“It’s amazing,” I blurted out, my cock throbbing excitedly. “I love it. He’ll love it.”

“Are you sure?” She asked doubtfully. “Not too slutty?”

“It’s amazing,” I said again. It truly was. My wife wore thigh-high black nylon stockings held up by a garter belt and straps. Her mound was covered by the tiniest black panties, her pretty pink sex clearly visible through the translucent material.

I swallowed excitedly at the sight of it.

Her breasts were encased in a half-cut black bra, in the same material, that left her nipples free.

She ran her hands up her body to caress her breasts and tease her nipples erect.

“I’ll wear a jacket,” she breathed, so nobody else will know. “But when I get to his office I might take it off.”

Her nipples were stiff now, pointing straight out from her heavy breasts. “He might be able to see these through my blouse.”

She gave a naughty grin. “In fact, I’m sure he will.”

She ran her hands down to her upper legs. “And no one will know I’m wearing thigh highs. My skirt will just cover them,” she continued. “Unless I decide to pull it up just a little bit.”

She shivered. “I feel so naughty,” she exclaimed. “Dressing up for my boss.”

She fingered the key that hung from her necklace.

“And of course I’ll undo some buttons on my blouse,” she said. “Maybe he’ll see this. Maybe he’ll know that I keep my little hubby all locked up. Would you like him to know, baby.”

My cock was pulsing angrily making coherent thought impossible.

“I... I... I...” I croaked.

“I think you might,” she breathed. “I think you might.”

She smiled at my expression of fear and excitement.

“Shall I get them then?” she asked. “Is this how you’re going to send me to work tomorrow?”

“Yes, please,” I managed to say, my voice cracking.

“OK,” she said brightly, turning. God. The panties barely covered her tight, pert ass. She looked amazing. She disappeared behind the curtains once more.

Was I really going to go through with this? It was entirely up to me. I could put I stop to this right now.

With a thrill I realized that this was precisely what I wanted. I wanted my pretty wife dressed up in slutty underwear for another, more powerful man; a man who could give her what I knew she needed.

She emerged from behind the curtain, fully dressed once more, holding up a pair of flimsy lace panties in red.

“I picked up these, too,” she announced. “Do you like them?”

I nodded. “They’ll look great,” I assured her.

She tossed them to me. “Try them on then.”

I turned the flimsy material over in my hands, my brain not registering her words.

“I said, ‘try them on,’” she repeated.

This time the words registered and my head jerked up to look at her in shock.

She nodded with a small smirk on her face. “That’s right, John. I’m not the only one dressing up. Stand up and take off your pants.”

It was if a giant hand had jerked me to my feet so quickly did I stand.

“But...” I began, looking at her pleadingly. Ladies’ panties. I couldn’t wear these. It was too much.

“But nothing,” she interrupted. “I dressed up for you. Now you are going to dress up for me. Take off your pants and underwear and put on the pretty panties like a good little boy.”

In a daze I did as she had instructed, pushing my pants and underwear to the floor and stepping out of them.

“That’s right,” she cooed. “Good boy. Now put on your pretty panties.”

There was a roaring in my ears that made her voice almost inaudible. I was dizzy and pliant, my body numb.

Blushing furiously, I pulled the lace material up my legs and over my thighs to settle it at my groin.

“Oh. Don’t they look pretty?” she cooed. “Do you like your pretty panties, John?”

I couldn’t respond, my lips moving wordlessly.

“Do you like your pretty panties, John?” she insisted.

I nodded, stunned by how assertive she had become and how eager to do her bidding I was.

She gave another small smirk as she shook her head in bemusement.

“Look at you,” she said in wonder. “All locked up and in red pretty panties

after picking out lingerie for your wife to wear for her boss...”

I could only nod at her words, still mute at this turn of events.

“Put your pants back on, John,” she said softly.

I began to pull the pink underwear down my thighs.

“No, John,” she said, shaking her head. “Keep the panties on seeing as you like them so much. They look really cute.”

I didn’t even think to object.

“Now,” she said, as I pulled up my pants. “Take this” – she handed me the basket containing the lingerie she had selected – “and go and pay at the desk.”

I finally found my voice. “But what about the panties?” I managed to splutter, my face still burning red.

“You’ll have to tell them you’re wearing them,” she said calmly.

“Please Katie,” I pleaded with her. “I can’t...”

“If you want me to dress up for my boss in the clothes you’ve selected, you’ll do as I say,” she said. “I’ll see you outside.”

“But...” I began again. But she had gone.

When I finally joined her outside, she giggled at my trembling body and beetroot red face. I was clutching a bag containing her lingerie.

“How did it go?” she asked.

I gave an embarrassed smile. I’d gotten through it but it had been tough. I’d whispered to the pretty sales girl that I was wearing the panties, hoping she might take pity on me. Instead, she had repeated my words in an incredulous,

loud, voice, prompting turned heads and laughter.

She had then served another customer before me, leaving me to shuffle in acute embarrassment as I awaited my turn.

I explained all this to Katie who giggled in amusement.

“Oh, don’t worry,” she said, hooking her arm through mine. “You’ll probably never see any of those people again.”

She paused allowing an evil grin to come to her face. “Unless I send you back.... Shall I send you back to buy more panties, John?”

“Please, no Katie. Please,” I begged in panic.

She giggled again.

“I’m just teasing, John.” she explained. “Come on. You can buy me lunch with the pocket money Mr Barnes gave you.”

It was like a switch had flipped. She was once more my caring, loving wife. We spent the rest of the day as any normal couple might. Neither of us mentioned the unusual situation we were both in.

“Well,” asked Katie,” as she entered the kitchen to accept her morning coffee. “How do I look?”

She looked... Well, she looked normal. A skirt that fell midway down her thighs. Black, nylon stockings covered her legs and a smart navy blue jacket her torso. Makeup had been lightly applied.

“You look nice,” I said.

My cock flexed though, knowing what was beneath the attire. And also, I admitted to myself, because, at her bequest, I was once more in the red, lace panties.

“How about now?” she smiled, undoing the buttons of her jacket and allowing it to fall open.

“God...” I breathed in awe, my cock flexing further.

The top buttons of her white blouse were open, displaying deep cleavage and my key clearly visible between them. Through the thin material, her half-cut black bra was also clearly visible, as were her thick nipples as they pushed up against cotton.

I reached out my hands in preparation for grasping her full breasts, but she slapped my hands away.

“And now?” she asked, pulling the hem of her skirt up slightly to display the top of her stockings and the attached straps.

“Amazing,” I stammered. “Absolutely amazing.”

She smiled, smoothing down the skirt and re-buttoning her jacket. “I’ll prob keep the jacket on,” she said. “Don’t get too excited.”

I groaned in frustration. How could I be anything but excited?

“Right,” she said. “I’m off. I’ll get coffee on the way. Be a good boy”

She turned and walked to the door as I stared at her backside excitedly. She’d said we’d make love tonight, hadn’t she? God, I couldn’t wait to hear what happened. And I couldn’t wait to get out of the damn chastity device. I’d only been in it less than a week but it felt like an eternity.

The door shut.

The day was long and tortured. If I had been free from the cage, I would certainly have spent it thrashing at myself furiously. Instead, I had to put up with the dull, clenching pressure and my fevered thoughts.

I kept imagining her taking off her jacket to expose her breasts for him;

hiking up her skirt so that he might leer at her thigh-highs.

What would he do? Would he take her? There in the office? Over his desk? Would he give her what she needed? What I couldn't give her.

Delicious shame ran through me.

Or would nothing happen? Perhaps nothing had ever happened. She'd claimed she'd flashed her pretty pussy at him. But was she just saying what she knew I wanted to hear? Perhaps she had no intention of removing her jacket?

Did I want her to? I did. I desperately did.

With a groan of frustration, I returned to my work.

She was indeed late. It was six o'clock when I heard a car pull up. I rushed to the window to peer out. It was Mr Barnes's car. Nobody exited the car. For five long minutes the car remained in idle. Eventually, Katie emerged and teetered on her high heels towards the car. The car drove away.

I rushed to the door and flung it open.

"Oh baby," she said. Her eyes were shining, her hair disheveled and her lipstick smudged.

"Katie," I croaked.

"Oh baby," she repeated. "Something happened."

Chapter five

My beautiful wife was excited and unsettled.

“What?” I asked eagerly. “What happened?”

She practically launched herself at me, wrapping her arms around my neck and pushing her lips to mine. Her hot tongue pushed my lips apart and invaded my mouth, swirling around it. Her mouth tasted different – almost salty, musky. My cock pushed against the hard plastic as possibilities entered my mind.

She sucked my tongue sharply into her mouth causing me to gasp in shock, before she released me.

“Oh baby,” she said for a third time, before kicking off her shoes and rushing up the stairs.

I stood in shock for several seconds. I’d never seen her so animated. What was she doing? I rushed up the stairs towards the open bedroom door, following the sounds of moans and sighs.

My wife was on the bed, her jacket discarded and the buttons to her blouse open, allowing both sides to fall to the side.

Her skirt was hiked up around her waist and her legs spread. Her panties too had been discarded, who knew where.

Her head was thrown back, her eyes closed, and her mouth open. The scent of her arousal filled the room.

One hand was rubbing frantically at her swollen nub, her fingers soaked in the juice from her splayed, sodden sex. Squelching sounds mixed with her pants and mewls as she continued to work at herself desperately with her fingers. Even as I watched, less than a minute since she had entered the room, her back arched and her pussy twitched. “Ahh,” she wailed in release. “Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

I moaned myself at the sight of her beautiful orgasm and at her shaking, trembling body and panting mouth. Gradually her breathing slowed and she opened her eyes, her pupils gradually regaining focus.

She became aware of me in the room and gave me a tired grin.

“Oh God, John,” she panted. “Something happened.”

“What?” I asked desperately. It was like she had been on heat, needing the rubbing friction of her fingers urgently.

“Wait,” she said between deep breaths. “I need to catch my breath.”

I waited for several long minutes as she struggled to bring her breathing and body under control.

Finally, she pushed herself up to sit on the side of the bed and look up at me.

“Take off your clothes,” she said simply.

I quickly shrugged off my clothes, not caring that she smirked at the pretty panties I wore.

She looked at my caged cock with concern. “Poor baby,” she murmured. It was throbbing achingly hard, flesh protruding from the vents and holes, the pulsing shaft filling every nook and cranny.

I needed to fuck her. I didn’t know what had happened. But I knew I needed to take her, right here and now.

“The key,” I gasped. “I need to make love to you.”

“Soon,” she said. “Soon... Don’t you want to hear what happened first?”

Of course, I did.

“Yes,” I said desperately. “Please. What happened? Did he...? Did you...?”

She smiled tenderly at my eagerness.

“Kneel down, John,” she said. “At my feet.”

I did so. My face was level with her crotch but her legs were pressed tightly together and her skirt smoothed down. The scent of her though, was still in the air, and the image of her naked, sodden snatch etched in my mind.

“Well I didn’t take off the jacket straight away,” she said. “I was too shy.”

Straight-away? So she had taken it off. I groaned at the thought.

“Shh,” she admonished me. “It’s a long story.”

“Sorry,” I gasped. “What happened.”

“As I was saying,” she continued. “I was so shy that I kept the jacket on.”

She sighed happily, “He had other ideas though.... He told me to stand in front of his desk. Of course I did.”

Her voice was taking on a wistful tone as she recalled the events. “And he asked me if you’d bought me anything pretty. Of course, I said, ‘Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir,’ - it was his money after all, wasn’t it?”

“Yes,” I gasped, the pressure in my cock was becoming unbearable.

Keep talking I willed her. Keep talking. I need to know.

“Show me, Miss Jones’ he told me.”

“Oh,” she said, her face flushing slightly, “Well I had no choice, did I?”

She showed him everything? Please hurry up, I willed her again. She seemed in no hurry to rush through the story though.

“I unbuttoned my jacket and took it off,” she said. “Oh God, it felt just right to show him. My nipples were so hard. I’m sure he could see them... I thought that would be it, but it wasn’t...” - her eyes shone with excitement – “he said, again, ‘show me, Miss Jones.’”

Her lips broke into a smile as she recalled the events. “So I showed him,” she shrugged. “I undid all the buttons on my shirt and pulled it apart. I showed him my breasts. My nipples.”

She gave a tiny giggle. “I think he liked what he saw, because he gave almost a growl as he stared at them.” She shuddered. “Like a bear. Like he was going to eat me up.”

I whimpered at the thought of his eyes on her virtually bare breasts. What had happened next? Had he touched them?

The focus had gone from her eyes, and she remained silent.

“Please, Katie,” I begged her.

“Oh sorry, sweetie,” she said, bringing herself back to reality.

“That wasn’t enough for him though,” she continued, - she gave a gruff imitation of his voice: “Show me, Miss Jones.”

“Well I had to, didn’t I? I couldn’t say no to him, could I?”

She glanced down at my shaking form with its engorged throbbing manhood.

“Could I?” she asked again.

“No,” I gasped, “No.”

She giggled again. “Well, I was a bit of a tease. I did it slowly. Very slowly. I pulled up my skirt to show him the thigh-highs and the straps. Then, ever so slowly, higher, higher, higher,” - her voice had taken on a husky, throaty tone

– “until he could see my tiny panties and my pretty pussy.”

I groaned louder and she looked down at me again. “Is this too much for you baby?” she said in concern. “Are you sure you want to hear?”

“God, Yes,” I groaned.

My hand was on the plastic tube, futilely trying to feel myself.

“Then leave little-John alone,” she said primly. “And listen.”

“Sorry,” came my gasping voice as I dropped the tube from my grasp.

“Very good, Miss Jones,” she said in another imitation of his voice. “Please continue with your work.”

Was that it? Surely there was more.

There was.

“Oh. My,” she said in wonder. “And then he really did put me through my paces.”

“How?” came my gasp. “How.”

“Well he had me on all fours searching through boxes and crawling along the floor... he had me bent over cabinets and his desk... up on the tiny stool. He must have seen my body in every single position possible,” she said with an amused tone.

“And of course I did everything he asked. I had to. And I”

“What?”

“Well, he is right? I am a bit of a tease.”

What did she mean, ‘he is right?’

“I didn’t button my shirt back all the way, so he kept getting glimpses of my breasts. Oh John, my nipples were so hard... like pebbles. And I kept hiking my skirt up so he could see the thigh highs he bought me.”

I let out a whimper at the thought, the sound earning a glance from her.

“By the end of the day I was dripping, John. Absolutely dripping. You don’t know what it’s like to be ordered around by such a powerful, strong man.”

I could imagine. I remembered how I had jumped at every one of his orders when I’d caddied for him.”

“And then it happened,” she said gleefully. “When everyone had left the office.”

“What, Katie? Please tell me,” my voice came.

I didn’t know if I could take much more of this. My entire body hummed in exquisite tension. I needed to cum. It was the only thing that would give me relief from the biting shame and arousal. My cock ached with an intensity it never had before.

“‘Miss Jones’,” he said. “‘Stand in front of me.’ Well of course I did. It felt so exciting to have him look at my body.”

She giggled excitedly. “Then he told me I was a very naughty little girl. That I’d been teasing him all day. Then he said, ‘I know what naughty little girls need, Miss Jones,’ and he patted his lap. ‘Get over my knees Miss Jones, you naughty little cock-tease,,’ he said”

Her eyes grew wide. “I had to John. I had to. He’s my boss. And you don’t say ‘no’ to Mr Barnes.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said. And I did it. I lay over his lap like he’d told me to.”

She looked down at me with a smirk as I gasped and moaned from the floor.

“And he pulled my skirt up over my ass,” she said, eyes still wide. “And he spanked me, John. He spanked your pretty wife.”

A growl of anguish came from my throat. My beautiful wife over another man’s knees.

“Did it hurt?” I managed to ask.

“Oh. No, John,” she said. “Not really. He knew exactly how hard to slap me to redden my ass slightly. But not to really hurt me. It was exactly what I needed. I had been a naughty little cock-tease, and I needed to be spanked.”

“The key,” I begged. “Please. I need to make love to you. Please.”

“Wait,” she said with a hint of irritation. “I haven’t finished yet.”

A sob came from my throat.

“It made me so wet,” she went on. “My panties were soaked. And then... and then....”

She was drifting away again, remembering the moment and by all appearances, relishing it.

“Please,” I whimpered. “Please.”

Her eyes regained some focus and she continued. “And then he began to rub me between my legs, John,” she said with a shudder. “God. It felt so good. I was panting and wriggling and squirming on his knees. Just from his fingers. And then....”

She drifted off again.

“What?” I almost wailed.

“He pulled my panties to the side,” she said, looking down into my eyes. “And he finger-fucked me, John. He finger-fucked me. Oh, John. It felt so

good. And I came, John. I creamed all over his fingers like a little slut.”

“Please... Please,” I begged, not sure what I was begging for.

“And then...”

“Please...” My voice was a whisper now.

“He told me to get on my knees. Of course I did. I think I even said, ‘Thank you, Sir.’ ... I knew what he wanted... I wanted. I undid his belt and pulled out his cock. Oh, John. It was so big. Nothing like yours. A proper thick, long cock, belonging to a proper man.”

“Please...” I whispered, my voice barely audible.

“And I sucked it, John. I sucked his big, fat cock. God, it felt so good. So right. I could taste him. Taste a proper man... and it tasted so good. I’d never known sucking cock was so enjoyable. I just wanted more and more of him in my mouth.... I could feel it throbbing on my tongue.”

She paused, panting slightly as she recalled the experience.

“He called me a good girl. And I was so proud. I took more of him in my mouth. God, he was so thick, my mouth was so wide. But I didn’t care. I just wanted to make him happy... to make him cum. And he did, John. He came in your wife’s mouth.”

I felt like I was beginning to lose consciousness, the throbbing in my cock engulfing my entire body.

“And I swallowed it, John. I’ve never done that for you, have I?”

“No,” I whispered.

“And it tasted so good. Not like I thought it would at all. It tasted like a proper man.”

Silence reigned for several seconds save for my tiny whimpers and her excited pants.

“Then he drove me home,” she said. “And before he told me to get out of the car, he told me to do it again. And I did. I knew you were waiting for me. That you’d heard the car. And I made him cum in my mouth again. Did you taste it?”

“Yes.”

I didn’t think she heard the words.

With supreme effort, I managed to put voice to my desperate need.

“Please, Katie. The cage.”

“Oh sorry, baby,” she said, as if remembering I was in the room. She pulled her necklace from over her head and tossed it to me. “But I’m not sure you really do want to make love.”

What? I thought to myself as my trembling hands struggled to insert the key. What was she talking about? Of course, I did.

“No,” she said. “I’m not sure you do.”

I let out a gasp of relief as I pulled the tube from my cock. It sprung up, hard and pulsing, bobbing in front of me. My plush glans glistened with precum. I pushed my hands to the floor in preparation to rising.

“Stay there,” she said gently, but in a voice that needed to be obeyed.

“Stroke it,” she breathed. “Stroke it.”

I wanted to make love. But even more than that I just needed to cum. Her words had driven me insane with the deep, primeval need.

I grasped my aching cock and began to rub it, gasping at the delicious

friction I hadn't felt for almost a week.

"Slowly," she said, hitching up her skirt and letting her thighs fall apart.

I whimpered at the sight of her splayed, sodden sex as she reached down a hand to languorously rub at herself.

"No," she said. "I don't think you want my pussy, do you? You want Mr Barnes to have my pussy. You prefer to be on your knees, don't you?"

"I... I... I..." I stuttered.

"Don't you?"

I was drawing close now. "Yes," I gasped.

She smiled, rubbing at herself faster. "Stop," she said suddenly.

I gave a growl of frustration. I had been about to cum. I'd been about to spurt days of pent up semen from my straining cock. I stopped though. With the greatest of will power, I stopped.

"Maybe I won't even let you cum," she teased. "I think that might be what you want. And I do so want to make you happy."

"Please," I sobbed. "Please Katie."

She ignored my pleas, continuing to rub at herself.

She gave another small smile, lifting her glistening fingers from herself momentarily to reach down and smear juice along my upper lip. I inhaled her scent deeply.

Her hand returned to her sex.

"Start again," she said. "But slowly."

I did, stroking myself frustratingly slowly, but nonetheless drawing closer to climax.

“I think,” she breathed. “That you’ll be happier if I just tell you to stop and put you back in your cage. Don’t you?”

“I... I... I....” I could feel the familiar electricity hum from my cock. I was so, so close....”

“Stop.”

Obediently I let my hand fall with a whimper of frustration.

Katie let out a happy smile as she threw back her head and began to work at herself in earnest. Her fingers became a glistening blur under my gaze and happy mewls and pants came from her throat.

A long, drawn-out sigh filled the room as her pussy twitched and clenched in a tender climax that left her body lightly shaking.

She opened her eyes once more and looked down at me; looked down at her shaking, kneeling husband, his cock bobbing and throbbing in front of him with precum dribbling from the tip.

“Touch it,” she whispered. “But don’t cum. I trust you to stop before you cum.”

I grasped myself tightly to begin thrashing at myself, her scent spurring me on.

The tension build in the base of my cock, the electricity hummed, cum boiled in my balls. This was it. I was right on the edge. I had to stop.

With a groan of frustration, I released my cock. But too late; much too late. I grunted and wailed as cum spurted from my cock again and again; shooting up into the air in an arc to fall down onto her shins and feet.

The release was such that I almost fainted from my relief. Almost a week's worth of cum now lay in sticky ribbons on my wife's legs and feet. I was gasping and spent, drained of my essence.

Katie looked down at me in glee, a wicked smile on her lips.

"Oh dear, John," she said. "And I told you not to cum."

"Sorry," I gasped.

"Sorry, is right," she said. "I'm going to have to lock you up for a very long time now. A very, very long time. Until little-John learns to behave. I have to, don't I, John."

"Yes, Katie," I agreed, knowing she was right. "Yes, Katie."

She gave me a tender smile. "All better now?" she asked.

All better? I had never been better. I nodded gratefully.

"Oh," she said, as if remembering something. "And I got the promotion."

To be a Cuckold: Book three

Chapter one

“Good putt, Sir,” I said obediently as the ball entered the hole.

I was once more caddying for Mr Barnes, the man whose cock my wife had so eagerly sucked.

“Get the ball, John,” he said patiently, puffing on his cigar.

“Oh. Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir,” I said trotting to the hole to retrieve the ball and replace the flag.

He tossed me his putter and smiled in approval as I caught it.

“We’ll make a caddy of you yet,” he said generously.

“Thank you, Sir,” I said gratefully.

He was already striding off to the next hole leaving me to scurry after him, lugging his heavy bag.

“Quicker, man,” he barked at me from ahead. “You know I haven’t got much time.”

“Sorry, Sir,” I panted, increasing my pace to catch him up.

I handed him his driver.

“Not the driver, you idiot,” he growled. “This is obviously a three wood.”

“Sorry, Sir,” I said handing him the correct club.

He let out a long-suffering sigh.

“That’s alright, John. You’re just learning,” he said, staring down the fairway.

He struck the ball straight and long, nodding at my congratulations.

This time I managed to match his pace as we walked toward the ball.

“Your wife tells me she never gives you blow-jobs,” he remarked pleasantly.

I blushed and stuttered my reply. “Once a year, Sir. On my birthday.”

He shook his head in bemusement. “Why not?”

“She says she doesn’t like it, Sir,” I replied. “That she’ll only do it on very special occasions.”

He let out a guffaw.

“Well she certainly seemed to like sucking mine,” he said. “In fact, she loved it. She couldn’t get enough of it, the cock-hungry little slut. Why do you think that is, John?”

“I don’t know, Sir,” I said sadly.

It was true. She had described to me in great detail how much she had enjoyed being on her knees and sucking his big, fat cock. She’d even let him cum in her mouth. Something she had never done for me. And she’d swallowed. The idea of her doing that for me was as far-fetched as they came.

We reached his ball. He turned to face me. “She told me what the key is for, John.”

Adrenalin surged through my veins causing me to become light-headed and weak.

He knew. He knew why she wore a key around her neck. He knew that my beautiful wife kept my cock locked away in a plastic tube; a chastity cage that made full erections and orgasm impossible.

“She says you like it, John. She says you like having your tiny cock locked

away. Is that true, John?”

It was. I didn't know why, but ceding control of my cock and my orgasms to my wife was a heading, exhilarating experience.

“Yes, Sir,” I whispered.

“What?” he barked. “Speak up, man. I can't hear you.”

I spoke louder and clearer as shame and humiliation took control of my body.

“Yes, Sir. I like it.”

A bemused smile came to his lips.

“Let me see, John,” he demanded. “Take down your pants.”

I looked around in panic. There were a pair of players just a couple of hundred yards away.

Derek took a long puff of his cigar.

“Now, John,” he said, blowing out a long stream of smoke. “Or I'll make you take your pants down in front of them.”

Hurriedly I pushed my pants down my thighs.

He guffawed at the sight of me. The tiny, red, lacy panties Katie had insisted I wear did nothing to hide the pink chastity tube and my encaged cock.

“Panties too,” he chuckled.

“Katie likes me to wear them,” I tried to explain as I reached down to pull up my pants.

“Leave them,” he barked. Unhappily I allowed my hands to fall. The pair of golfers were drawing closer.

“You know,” he mused casually. “You dress like a little bitch. Your cock is in a cage like a little bitch. You act like a little bitch. I might just have to start treating you like a little bitch. Would you like that, John?”

My head dropped in shame. The golfers were getting even closer. Just fifty yards or so away now.

“Maybe,” he continued. “I’ll spank you like a little bitch. Over my knees in front of your pretty wife. You’d probably like that, wouldn’t you?”

He broke into open laughter as my cock twitched inside the cage.

“Pull your pants up, man,” he said, his voice laced with contempt. “Do you want everyone to see what a little bitch you are?”

“Thank you, Sir,” I said, pulling up my pants with shaking hands.

“Iron, John,” he said pleasantly.

As we strode from the final hole back to the club house, he stopped in his tracks to face me once again.

“You know what’s going to happen next, don’t you John?”

“I think so, Sir,” I said.

“What John? What’s going to happen next?”

I swallowed, my voice breaking as I struggled to get the words out.

“You’re... you’re... You’re going to fuck her,” I croaked.

He nodded. “I’m going to fuck your pretty wife senseless, John. She says she’s never been fucked properly before. That you can’t fuck her properly with your little dick. Is that true, John?”

“Yes,” I whispered, nodding my head.

“So, I’m really doing you a favor, aren’t I John?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Was this really happening? Was I really going to let this happen? Did I really want this to happen?

The answer to all those questions was, I realized, ‘Yes.’

“Ask me then, John. No, beg me, John. Beg me to fuck your wife with my big cock.”

“Please Sir...” I began with bowed head.

“Look at me when you beg,” he demanded.

I looked up at his stern visage with my glowing red one.

“Please, Sir,” I began in a tiny voice.

“Louder,” he barked.

I cleared my throat and spoke louder, my voice high-pitched and strained.

“Please, Sir. Please... Please... Could you...? Could you...?”

He raised his eyebrows.

“Yes, John? What is it?”

I began again, “Please, Sir. Could you fuck my wife, please. I’d be so grateful. Please, Sir. Please fuck her with your big cock. Please.”

He laughed uproariously and clapped me roughly on the shoulder.

“There we go, John. That wasn’t so hard, was it?” he said familiarly. “OK. Seeing as you asked so nicely, I’ll do you that favor. I’ll give her a proper going over. Make her see what she’s been missing all these years. You owe me one.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

I was broken. Completely under his spell. I knew I’d say or do anything he demanded.

“C’mon,” he said kindly. “That must have been tough for you. I’ve got something to show you.”

As we approached the club house, a car pulled up, driven by a valet.

“A new car, Sir?” I asked as he tossed me some car keys. I was a bit surprised. The car was smart and new, but nowhere near as opulent and expensive as his other one.

“It’s for you John,” he said.

“What? I don’t understand, Sir” I replied in confusion.

He laid an arm around my shoulders. “It’s for you,” he repeated. “I don’t need Katie in the office anymore. She’s too much of a distraction. But I do need her at my beck and call. I might need her at any time of the day or night. And I need to know you can get her to me. That heap you drive doesn’t seem in the least bit reliable.”

A gift. So that he could fuck my wife whenever he chose. “Thank you, Sir,” I said.

He nodded and turned. I pulled open the door and got into the driver’s seat. He turned. “Oh John,” he said, pulling out a wad of cash. “Get her some new lingerie.” he peeled off a few notes and threw them at me carelessly. “Something really slutty.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He was gone.

Chapter two

“Hi, sweetie,” called Katie. “How was golf?”

She listened in breathless excitement as I related the day’s event to her.

“So when is he going to call?” she asked, excitedly.

“I’m not sure,” I shrugged.

And he really bought you a car?

I nodded, still shocked by all that had happened.

“Just so you can drive me to him whenever he needs me?”

I nodded.

She shivered in excitement.

“And I don’t have to go to the office? I just wait here for whenever he calls?”

I nodded again.

“It’s like he owns me,” she said excitedly.

“And you,” she added with a giggle. “Did he really say he was going to spank you?”

I blushed at the memory. “Yes,” I said sadly. “In front of you.”

“Imagine that,” she said, her eyes shining. “You over his knees with your pants around your ankles and your little thing all locked up.”

I sat and she cuddled up next to me.

“I might like to see that,” she said, allowing her hands to run under my shirt

and over my bare chest.

I looked at her in shock.

“Yes,” she said. “I really might.”

Her slender fingers ran over my nipples, tweaking them erect.

“I think you might do,” she teased me.

“No,” I protested. “No.”

“Are you sure, baby?” she asked. “You don’t want the big man to spank the little bitch out of you?”

She gave a husky giggle at my expression of shock. This was a Katie I hadn’t known existed.

Her thumb and fore-fingers pinched one nipple sharply causing me to gasp in pain and arousal.

“I asked you a question,” she hissed squeezing harder.

“Maybe,” I gasped to my shame.

Her fingers ceased their squeezing, instead returning to gentle stroking.

“I thought so,” she said gently.

Abruptly her hand was gone from my chest as she stood up, unable to relax.

“Oh, when is he going to call?” she demanded. “When?”

“I don’t know,” I shrugged helplessly. “I don’t know.”

She looked at me in exasperation. “Did you at least get me something slutty to wear, like he asked?”

“Yes,” I said, attempting to placate her. “Here.” I handed her the bag.

She pulled out the material. “Oh this is nice,” she exclaimed examining the white stockings, tiny translucent panties and skimpy bra. “At least you are good for something.”

What had gotten into her? She was being so bitchy. Nothing like the Katie I knew and loved.

Her eyes opened wide as she realized what she had said. “Oh baby,” she said, embracing me. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to be so cruel. I love you so much.”

She released me to pace up and down. “I just so need to be laid,” she said in frustration. “I’ve never felt like this before.

“We could...” I began to suggest hopefully.

“Laid properly,” she snapped. “by a proper man.”

Again her eyes widened, and she sat again to embrace me. “God. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean that. You are a proper man.”

“It’s OK,” I said. Inside though, I was hurting. Her words had stung me. And there was truth to them. I obviously couldn’t satisfy her how she needed to be.

Her voice took on a whiny tone as she once more snuggled up to me. “When did he say he was going to call, baby? When?”

“I don’t know,” I repeated. “I just don’t know.”

She let out a growl of frustration and leaped to her feet. “Ring him,” she demanded. “Ring him right now.”

“I don’t know,” I said doubtfully. “He said he’d ring me.”

“Now,” she almost shouted. “Can’t you see I need to get laid?”

I could. She was flushed and excited, unable to settle. She was desperate for a proper cock.

“OK, baby,” I said. “OK.”

I picked up the phone as she sat next to me and leaned forwards excitedly.

“Quickly,” she said.

Derek answered almost immediately. “What is it, John?” he said impatiently. “I’m busy.”

“It’s Katie,” I said uncertainly.

“What about her?”

“She, um, she really needs to see you, Sir.”

He gave a chuckle. “I bet she does.”

“Please, Sir,” I said politely. “Can I bring her over to you?”

Katie pushed her head nearer to the phone so she too might hear his words.

He chortled. “Is she there now?” he asked. “Put her on the line.”

Katie took the phone.

“Yes, Sir.... No, Sir..... Oh, please, Sir.....OK, Sir.”

She flung down the phone in frustration. “He says I have to wait for his call.”

She looked at me angrily. “God. Why can’t I just get laid properly?”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I’m sure he’ll call for you soon.”

“I’m sorry,” she said in a whiny voice, mimicking me cruelly. “Well, you should be. God...”

She took a deep breath trying to gain control of her emotions.

“Take your clothes off,” she snapped. “Now.”

Never before had she treated me in this fashion.

“Look at yourself, she said scornfully as I scrambled out of my clothes to be left in nothing but tiny panties and my chastity device. “Is this what you wanted? To have your little thing all locked up, dressed like a sissy and with your wife practically on heat for proper cock? Well? Is it?”

She was practically screaming now.

“I... I... I....” I stuttered.

“Get in the corner,” she said. “On your knees.”

Obediently I did as she said, looking at her pleadingly, hoping for a kind word.

“Don’t look at me like that,” she snapped. “You wanted this, all of this.”

I had. And I still did.

“What if he does spank you?” she asked abruptly. “Is that what you want?”

She laughed as my cock twitched inside its cage. Was that what I wanted? Surely not.

“I bet you want to suck his cock too, don’t you?” she demanded. “Don’t you.”

“No...” I croaked unconvincingly as my cock twitched again.

She let out a growl of frustration.

“God. I need to cum,” she rushed to the stairs. I began to rise to follow her. She heard my movements.

“No,” she snarled from the bottom of the stairs. “Stay exactly where you are like a little bitch.”

I did. For a long hour I stayed kneeling in the corner as my wife undoubtedly used her fingers on herself in our bedroom. Her cruel words had shamed me, but still my cock swelled. This had been everything I’d asked for. But she had yet to get what she needed. And she blamed me for that. Blamed me for opening her up to the possibility of being satisfied sexually. But not yet delivering.

My knees ached, and my head dropped in shame. It was too late to go back now. Even if I wanted to. Even if she wanted to. And she didn’t. She was ready to take the next step.

“Oh baby,” she said as she eventually descended the stairs. “I’m so sorry. I don’t know what came over me.”

She rushed over to embrace me. “All those cruel things I said. I didn’t mean any of them. You are a proper man, baby.”

I clung to her firm body, her words soothing me.

“Come on to the couch,” she said. “I didn’t mean to leave you there on the floor.”

She had meant to. She had been very clear in her words.

Gratefully I moved on aching legs to the sofa, where she embraced me once more.

“Look baby,” she said. “Maybe we should stop this. It’s going too far.”

“Do you want to?” I asked, hoping desperately that she didn’t.

“Oh I don’t know,” she said. “I really want to know what it’s like to have a big cock inside me. But it’s not everything. It’s more important that we are happy together. And I just can’t see how you can be happy when I’m being so cruel to you.”

“I am happy,” I protested. “I am.”

“Are you sure?” she persisted. “You don’t mind little-John being all locked up? You don’t mind the way Mr Barnes makes me act like such a dirty little slut.”

“No,” I said pleadingly. “This is what I want.”

She smiled, “OK baby,” she said. “As long as you’re sure, we’ll play a little longer.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. “But I would like to cum,” I said hopefully.

She gave a little giggle. “I bet you do, don’t you? I’ve been so mean keeping you locked up for so long.”

Was she going to let me cum? I looked at her excitedly.

“Maybe soon,” she said, “after he’s taken me, if you continue to be a good little boy.”

“I will be,” I assured her. And then, “Katie?”

“Mmm.”

“He won’t really spank me, will he?”

Her eyes shone. “Oh I don’t know sweetie,” she said. “Do you want him to?”

“No,” I protested.

“Hmmm,” she murmured back unconvinced. “It’s really nothing to be scared off, John. In fact, you should look forwards to it. I know I loved it.”

She smiled, remembering the moment. “To be spanked like a naughty little girl over the knees of a powerful, virile man. God. It’s so exciting.”

I let out a little whimper at the image of my beautiful wife over her boss’s knee. And at the possibility that it might be me next.

“I know one thing,” she giggled.

“What?”

“I know if he tells you to pull down your pants and panties and get over his knees, you’ll do it.”

Would I?

“He’s the boss, John. I’ve seen how subservient you are to him. You’ll do anything he says.”

I gave another tiny whimper at the truth in her words.

“And,” she whispered to me, looking deep into my eyes. “When he tells you to suck his cock, you’ll do it, won’t you?”

I swallowed in shame.

“Won’t you?” she insisted.

“Yes,” I croaked.

She embraced me tightly. “Good boy,” she whispered. “Good boy.”

She broke the embrace. “Right,” she said. “I’m feeling a lot better now. Why don’t you put your clothes back on and we’ll spend the rest of the day normally.”

I didn’t think anything would be normal ever again.

Chapter three

The call came the following afternoon.

“Seven o’clock, John,” he said. “Make sure she’s dressed like a good little slut.”

“Yes, Sir,” I responded. The enormity of what was going to happen in just a few hours, dizzied me. It was really happening. I was giving my wife to another man.

The phone went dead, leaving me standing there dumbly.

“Was that him?” asked Katie excitedly, rushing into the room. “Was it?”

I nodded, unable to speak.

“When?”

“Seven o’clock,” I managed to reply.

“Oh,” she said excitedly. “What will I wear?”

“He says... he says...”

I was trembling in anticipation and excitement. “He says he wants you dressed up like a good little slut,” I croaked.

“Oh, he’s so naughty,” she squealed. “I’ll wear the white stuff you bought me. He’ll like that. Do you think he’ll like that?”

Of course, he would.

“And what else,” she mused. “I should shower. What time is it? Oh, we’ve only got a few hours. I’ll have to be quick.”

She rushed forwards to embrace me tightly, her firm body pressed to mine.

“Oh this is so exciting?” she squealed.

It was at that moment, the doorbell rang.

We looked at each other in confusion. Neither of us was expecting anybody.

“I’ll get it,” Katie said, moving to the door.

She returned with a confused look on her face, clutching a brown, long, expensive-looking fur coat.

“It was in a bag outside,” she explained. “Oh, there’s a note.”

“Just the slutty underwear,” she read out loud. “Wear this in the car.”

“Oh he is naughty,” she said, slipping it on and twirling. “Isn’t it nice?”

I nodded agreement, knowing it would look even better with just lingerie beneath it.

She tossed it to the side. “I’m going to shower,” she said. “I’ll need you in a minute to help me get dressed.”

My cock twitched at the thought of dressing my wife for another man. Another man who was going to make her writhe and pant on his thick cock.

I followed her upstairs and waited a long hour sitting on the side of the bed as she showered.

She finally emerged from the bathroom, steam billowing around her. Her hair was damp and her skin glowed from hot water.

She allowed her towel to fall to the floor, displaying her naked body to me. I drunk it in. She was truly stunning: that heavy breasts with those thick nipples I so loved suckling on; her narrow trim waist; her – I swallowed excitedly at the sight – freshly shaved mound; and her firm thighs and tapered calves.

She was any man's dream.

"You look amazing," I said in deserving awe.

"Thank you, sweetie," she smiled. "I hope Mr Barnes thinks so. Could you get my lotion, please. Do my back and neck first."

Rubbing lotion into my wife's lush figure was a rare treat. Eagerly I smeared the coconut-scented oil onto my hands and stepped behind her to begin massaging it into her swan-like neck and slender back.

She sighed happily at my gentle touch. I reapplied lotion and, with throbbing cock, allowed my hands to reach around to begin rubbing it into her heavy breasts. I let out a moan at the feel of them under my hands, allowing my fingers to graze her thick nipples.

Again she sighed. "His hands will be on them soon," she remarked.

I moaned again at the thought. They would be. His large, strong hands would be groping my wife's glorious breasts and tweaking her tender nipples.

I moved around to the front of her and knelt. My head was now level with her smooth, freshly shaved pussy. I reached around to massage the oil into her hard, toned buttocks, my face and lips drawing closer to her beautiful slit as I did so.

"Just one little taste," she cautioned me.

Trembling, I extended my tongue and gave her sex one long tender lick, the taste of her causing me to grunt in arousal.

"That's enough," she breathed. "Do my legs now."

I did, rubbing the lotion into her firm thighs and slender shins, the taste of her lingering on my tongue.

I extended my tongue once more and pushed my face forwards. Gently, she restrained me with a hand to my head.

“No, baby,” she whispered. “That’s for him now. Maybe later.”

I exhaled in frustration, and she smiled in sympathy. “Get my lingerie, she said. “The garter belt.”

I fetched the belt and knelt once more so that she might step into it. I then drew it up her slender legs and flared hips to settle it securely at her slender, flat waist.

“I like the color,” she said absentmindedly. “White. Like I’m a virgin on her wedding night. Hopefully, he’s a bit more successful than you.”

“He will be,” I panted in reply, my cock pushing hard against stiff plastic.

“Panties,” she breathed, looking down at me.

“Maybe no panties?” I suggested hopefully. “He said he wanted you really slutty. I don’t think we should disappoint him.”

“Oh, John,” she giggled in amusement. “You are naughty.” She shrugged. “OK. No panties, just like you want. Stockings.”

I drew the white stockings up her long slender legs, attaching them to the garter belt.

“And no bra,” she decided. “I want him to be able to grab anything he wants, when he wants.”

“Well?” she asked, twirling in front of me. “Do you think he’ll like what he’s getting?”

“Oh. God. Yes,” I said enthusiastically.

She giggled. “I feel like such a naughty girl. Why don’t you go and wait

downstairs? I have to do my make-up.”

Reluctantly I exited the room to wait another long thirty minutes in the living room.

I turned when she entered the living room, my stomach flipping at the sight of her. My God. He would ravage her, absolutely ravage her. Maybe this was a bad idea.

She wore just the white stockings and garter belt but had slipped into a pair of red high-heels. Her breasts were pushed forwards provocatively, her nipples already stiff in anticipation of what was to come.

Her eyes gleamed in excitement, and her face shone with make-up, her lips a vibrant red.

“Slutty enough?” she asked in a husky whisper.

“Yes,” I managed to croak. “Amazing.”

“The coat, John,” she said.

I helped her into the long, fur coat which she wrapped tightly around herself. If anything, the thought of what lay beneath it was more arousing than the sight of her lush, firm body had been.

She took me gently by the hand.

“It’s time, John,” she said softly.

We didn’t speak on the way to her boss’s apartment. The only sounds that broke the silence were occasional whimpers from me, as my cock swelled to fill every nook and cranny of its plastic prison, and soft sighs from my gorgeous wife; my gorgeous wife whom I was delivering to another stronger, bigger man.

When I pulled up outside the apartment block the moment became too much

for me. I gripped the steering wheel tightly as my breath came in shallow gasps. I feared I might pass out, so dizzy was I.

My wife waited patiently.

“My door, John,” she said eventually.

“Yes, sorry,” I said, gaining control of myself. I opened her door and helped her out of the car.

She clenched my hand tightly as we entered the building and took the elevator to the pent house. We stood in a hall, the door to his apartment in front of us.

“I love you, baby,” she said softly.

“I love you too,” I responded.

I reached up a trembling hand and wrapped at the door.

The door opened. Derek stood there, dominating the space.

“Hello, Sir,” my wife said politely. “Thank you for the coat.”

“Hello, Sir,” I said.

He allowed his gaze to roam over my wife’s fur-covered body.

“Show me,” he demanded. “Show me.”

Without hesitation, my wife allowed the fur coat to fall open to display her naked body to him. He nodded in approval, a smug grin coming to his lips as she preened happily in front of him.

“Do you like it, Sir?” she asked. She took a step closer to him, pushing her breasts forwards. She looked up at him with doe-like eyes, seeking his approval.

His only reply was a deep growl of lust.

“Wait there,” he instructed me, pointing to a chair in the hall.

He then grabbed my wife to pull her into his apartment. She made no coy pretense of resistance. Passively she allowed herself to be dragged into the penthouse. The door slammed behind them.

I let out an anguished groan. What had I done? Why had I allowed this to happen? I sobbed as obediently I sat in the chair as instructed.

And there I waited as my mind tortured me with all the things I knew he was doing to her.

I could see her now, her coat long since discarded, sinking down on his thick cock.

I could see her mouth open wide in an, ‘O,’ of delight as he filled and stretched her sweet sex. Filled and stretched her as I had never been able to.

I whimpered louder as the flesh of my throbbing cock pushed uncomfortably through the vents and holes of my chastity device; the pink plastic tube that I so loved and despised.

I could see her beautiful breasts bouncing as she plunged up and down on his cock, her eyes glazed and her face flushed.

I could see his hands reaching up to grope roughly at her chest, tweaking at her thick nipples.

I could hear her gasping and mewling in pleasure as his cock took her to places she had never been before.

I groaned louder. What had I done? I was surely now a cuckold. She would never look at me the same way again. And surely she would never be happy going back to my diminutive cock after experiencing a proper cock... a

proper man.

Oh, God. I could see his cock glistening with her juice each time her hips rose before plunging down on him once more.

I sobbed in excitement and shame. Was she even now experiencing her first orgasm from a cock? I so wanted her to be happy. Was she gasping and screaming as she came on his thick, long manhood.

I pushed myself to my feet and paced as my mind continued to run wild, and my poor, constrained cock pulsed.

Or perhaps he was taking her roughly from behind? Make her squirm and squeal as he plunged his thick cock into her gripping, slippery heat.

Another groan came from my throat. It had been so long since I felt that clenching, velvety pussy. So, so long. Would I ever feel it again? Would she ever again allow me inside her? Surely she couldn't even view me as a man again. Not after this.

And so my evening passed, alternatively pacing and sitting in a bright hall as my wife and her lover explored each other's bodies. I was a cuck. Not a proper man. A cuck. And it was what I had wanted.

The hours passed as my mind continued to torture me. Eight o'clock, nine, ten, eleven, twelve... into the early hours.

I was slumped in the chair, my head in my hands when the door finally opened. My head jerked up to see Derek standing in the doorway, just a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Hello, Sir," I said in a tiny voice.

Even as the shame absorbed me, I couldn't help but admire his broad, muscled chest, and the bulge that the towel could not hide. Of course, this would be what she wanted. Of course.

He gave a smug grin, observing my shaking, broken form for several seconds.

“Come with me,” he finally said. “I’ve got something I want to show you.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said as he turned to walk into the apartment.

I followed him through an opulently decorated living room where he stopped at a heavy wooden door.

“Have a look at your wife, John,” he said, pushing open the door.

“Katie,” I croaked, taking a step forwards. Where was she? I peered into the gloom, moaning as I spied her.

A clearly exhausted Katie lay on her back amidst tangled sheets, still in her white stockings and suspenders. Her head lay on the pillow, her hair fanned out around it. Her make-up was smudged, but her eyes shone in delight as she looked back at me.

“Hi, Baby,” she said happily.

I took another step forwards, my eyes traveling down her body. Her bare breasts were covered in tiny love bites; he’d marked her as his. Her nipples were swollen and red as if they’d been sucked upon hungrily.

“Katie,” I croaked again. The smell of their love-making was heavy in the air further torturing me.

“I came, baby,” she said proudly, her eyes wide. “I finally came on a cock”

She shivered in delight at the memory. I took a further step forwards my gaze traveling further down, over her flat stomach to her groin.

Her thighs were parted to display a glistening, messy, used sex. The labia were spread wide and her juice had smeared down to cover her inner thighs.

She had never looked so beautiful.

“Clean her up, John,” came Derek’s command. “Clean up your slutty wife.”

As if to offer encouragement, my beautiful wife allowed her smooth thighs to fall further open. As I stared, transfixed at her swollen pussy, cum leaked from it.

“Clean me up, baby,” she breathed. “Like my lover told you to.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I heard myself say in a strained voice.

I took another trembling step forwards. My beautiful wife. He’d filled her with his cum and made her climax on his thick cock. It was my duty to clean her. My duty and my pleasure.

“That’s right baby,” she cooed as I pushed myself up on the bed to lie between her splayed legs.

My hands reached up to grasp her full breasts as I pushed my face forwards toward her sodden snatch.

I inhaled her scent; her scent, and his, moaning at the odor.

I extended my tongue and began to lap at her, relishing her briny taste and his salty masculine one.

“That’s right,” she sighed happily. “Get it all. Like a good little cuck.”

I did. I licked and lapped at her with abandon, pushing my face into her tender flesh. I swallowed again and again, the taste of their lovemaking a powerful aphrodisiac.

I could hear myself moaning, but was powerless to stop it.

“I think you’ve got it all,” Katie finally giggled. Reluctantly I allowed her to push my now glistening, juice-smeared face away.

“Take your wife home,” said Derek.

I helped her to her feet. She was as weak as a kitten.

“Thank you, baby,” she said gratefully as I helped her back into her coat.

Derek threw some notes at my feet. “Cotton sheets,” he said. “Egyptian.”

Chapter four

Katie was clearly tired but so exhilarated was she that she kept up an excited babble in the car ride home.

“Oh, John. It was so exciting.... I finally know what it’s like. You were right. You really couldn’t satisfy me with your little thing. I can’t believe I ever thought you could... This was just so different. Thank you so much. Did you like it? Waiting outside with little-john all caged up? Ooo. I bet you want to come out now, don’t you? He really made me feel like a woman. I wonder if I’ll ever let you inside me again? Perhaps I won’t.... Or maybe on your birthday? How often will I let you cum? I just don’t know. I’m so new to this...”

On and on she babbled as I listened in tortured, humiliated silence. I was pleased for her, of course. And I wanted to hear all about it. And, man, did I want to cum. There was shame too though. Deep, deep shame. Shame at what I had allowed. Shame at what I couldn’t do for her. And shame for how eagerly I had cleaned another man’s essence from her gaping, messy sex.

I let out a moan of frustration.

“Oh, sorry baby,” she said. “Do you not want to hear what happened?”

“I do,” I responded eagerly.

But already her eyelids were drooping.

“Later,” I said. “You’re too tired now.”

“I am John,” she said gratefully. “I really am.”

We showered together, I soaping and rinsing her firm smooth body as my cock throbbed ceaselessly.

I then patted her dry and helped her into bed. She was asleep almost instantly.

I collapsed into bed next to her. The events of the day had left me emotionally drained and I too quickly found sleep.

“What happened?” I asked eagerly the next morning. We had both awakened refreshed and lay in bed.

She yawned.

“You’ll see,” she answered enigmatically.

“What do you mean?” I asked, confused.

“Well,” she said. “Why do you think he told you to get the sheets? Mr Barnes only sleeps on the finest sheets.”

Comprehension dawned. “You mean he’s coming here?” I asked in awe.

“Yes,” she smiled happily. “Isn’t that fun? And I asked him if you can watch?”

“And he said ‘yes’?,” I asked excitedly.

“He said you have to ask him,” she said. “He’s coming here this evening.”

I swallowed in excitement. But I had a more pressing need. “Can I cum now, Katie?” I asked. “It’s been such a long time.”

“Not now, John.” she said softly. “Not until I’m sure.”

“Sure about what?” I almost wailed. My need to climax consumed me. I needed to drain myself. To gain some relief.

“Sure that you’ve learned your place,” she said. “Things are different now, baby. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I said sadly.

She took sympathy at my hang-dog expression.

“I tell you what sweetie,” she said. “If you’re a very good boy tonight. And I mean, very good, then maybe...”

“I’ll be good,” I said eagerly.

“And you’ll have to ask Mr Barnes too,” she continued. “He’s really your boss now.”

A thrill passed through me at this fresh humiliation. I was to beg my wife’s lover to be allowed to cum.

A disturbing thought hit me. “What if he says, ‘no’?” I asked worriedly.

She shrugged, “Then you don’t get to cum. I’d concentrate on making sure he’s very pleased with your attitude.”

“Yes,” I replied. I’d give him no excuse to deny me.

“For one thing,” she went on, “he might be very disappointed if he got here and you had forgotten to get the sheets.”

She giggled as I rushed out of the bed and started to get dressed. “I’ll get them now.”

“Good boy,” she said. “I’m going to spend the day getting ready for him.”

I was already rushing to the door.

By the evening the fresh cotton sheets were on the bed. I’d spent the rest of the day making sure the house was clean while Katie bathed and lazed around deciding what to wear.

“How do I look?” she asked, entering the living room.

She looked, as always, amazing.

And undoubtedly dressed for sex.

A sheer, black Lycra top encased her torso. Her breasts were clearly visible through the tight material. And, of course, nestled in her cleavage lay my key. I gazed hungrily at the sight. God, how I loved having those beautiful tits in my hands. Tonight though, it would be her lover groping them. I could still see the tiny love bites he had marred her flesh with and this excited me further.

Her legs were bare, and her groin covered with a tiny tartan skirt that barely covered the crease beneath her tight, hard buttocks.

What really excited me though, was that around her tender neck was a... a... a collar from which hung a leash.

She giggled at my expression. "I thought it would be fun," she said. "I think he'll like being able to lead me around. It'll really show him that I know he's the boss.

She was giving herself to him fully. Letting him know that she was his, to do with as he wished.

"I tell you what, John," she said in a husky voice, stepping close to me. "Why don't you grab the leash? Lead me upstairs like your little fuck toy."

Her eyes grew wide and innocent.

"I'm just a little girl," she said. "I wouldn't be able to stop you. Then you could rip the key from my neck. You could release yourself and use me. You could fuck me any way you liked. Why don't you? Show me what a big strong man you are. Girls like that."

I shook at the prospect. I could. I could fuck my beautiful wife on the sheets her boss had paid her. I could make her mine again. I could sate myself on her gorgeous body. I could sink into her clenching heat again and again.

Make her pant and writhe beneath me.

One trembling hand rose in preparation to grabbing the leash.

It fell, and my head dropped.

“I didn’t think so,” she breathed. “You’d much rather see another bigger, stronger man lead me around like a little slut. You’d much rather watch as my lover uses my body. Wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

It was true. The opportunity had been right there and I had chosen to remain a cuck. It must be what I wanted.

“Are you wearing panties?” I managed to croak, raising my red face to admire the sight of her lush, slender figure. The sight of her collar and leash dizzied me and sent even more blood to my aching cock.

She giggled, “Of course not, silly. You’re the one who wears panties.”

I blushed. It was true. As always my imprisoned cock was covered in a pair of tiny, women’s panties, the g-string disappearing between my ass cheeks.

She stepped closer to where I had risen from the sofa.

“Do you want to see?” she asked, her eyes shining beneath carefully applied eye shadow and liner.

“Yes, please,” I croaked.

“OK, baby,” she whispered. “I’ll let you see what the big man gets to play with tonight.”

She reached down to grasp the hem of her tiny skirt and pull it slowly up.

It was true. No panties. Just a silky smooth mound and a clean slit.

I let out a whimper as she smoothed down the shirt once more.

Unconsciously, I sunk to my knees.

“Please,” I gasped. “Please.”

“Please what?” she replied innocently. “You want another peek?”

I could only whimper.

She shrugged. “OK, Just one more little look.”

Again she raised the skirt. Saliva pooling in my mouth I pushed my face forwards.

“OK,” she breathed. “Just one little lick.”

She shuddered in delight as I gave a long, tender lick to her slit, my tongue creeping between the lips to feel her soft inner flesh and taste just a hint of her arousal.

She pushed my head away gently, smoothed down the skirt and sat with crossed legs on the sofa.

“Get me a drink please, John,” she demanded.

“Yes, of course,” I stuttered, pushing myself to my feet.

As I was returning with her drink I heard the sound of a car in the driveway. I froze where I was.

“My drink, John,” she prompted me.

“Sorry. Yes,” I croaked placing the glass on an occasional table.

A heavy rap came to the door. I looked at Katie, panicked.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked. “Get the door.”

Chapter five

I took a deep breath and moved towards the door.

“And remember, John,” she said. “You need to make him very pleased.”

I took another step and opened the door.

Derek stood there, his imposing figure dominating the space.

“Hello, Sir,” I said timidly. “Thank you for coming.”

He clapped me on the shoulder. “Quite alright, John. In fact, it’s my pleasure.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I said again awkwardly, Katie’s words still in my mind.

“Well, move then, you idiot” he growled. “You’re in my way.”

“Oh. Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir,” I said, moving to the side. “Please come in.”

He pushed me aside to stride into the living room. I trailed behind him meekly. He had paused his passage in front of the sofa and was allowing his eyes to roam over my wife’s near-naked figure.

“Hello Sir,” my wife said coyly, preening under his leering gaze.

A grin came to his face and he nodded slowly.

“Very nice,” he said. “Very very nice.”

He took a step closer to her and reached down to grab the leash before stopping himself.

“John,” he growled. “Give her to me. Give your wife to me.”

I stepped forwards quickly to grasp the leash I had feared to hold earlier.

Meekly I placed it in his open hand. “Here you are, Sir.”

His hand closed around the leather leash and he tugged my unresisting wife to her feet.

“Oh, Sir,” she breathed.

He took the leash to a shorter length and pulled her face to his to kiss her deeply.

She mewled softly in pleasure.

He broke off the kiss to snap at me, “Where’s my drink?”

“Sorry,” I said. “I’ll get it now.”

I had been entranced by the sight of him holding her leash and jerking her to her feet. And at the way she had so eagerly allowed herself to be treated in such a manner.

Never would she have accepted me acting in such a fashion. In fact, never would she have worn a collar and leash for me, or even the slutty clothes she was dressed in. Some things, evidently, were for real men.

When I returned with the drink they were seated once more, allowing their tongues to intertwine and their hands explored each other’s bodies. His were grasping and groping at her heavy breasts whilst hers were rubbing and stroking the impressive bulge that was forming beneath his slacks.

I stood there, drinking in the sight. She looked so wanton... so available, and so, so happy. A whimper came from my throat, causing Derek to once more break of the kiss.

“Put it down,” he said brusquely.

I did so, and stood there uncertainly. My wife’s face was flushed and her breasts rose and fell heavily. Her thick nipples were erect and pushing hard

against the thin material of her transparent top.

She pushed her mouth to his ear to whisper something, and he smiled in agreement.

“Why haven’t you thanked me?” he demanded of me.

I thought I had. “Thank you, Sir. Sorry, Sir”

At my words Katie snuggled closer to her boss, pushing her large breasts into his body.

“Thank you for what?” he barked to my wife’s amusement.

“Thank you for making love to my wife,” I croaked obediently.

He gave a snort of derision. “It seems to me that you haven’t quite learned your place,” he observed.

“I have, Sir,” I protested.

“And now you are disagreeing with me.”

“I... I... Sorry, Sir,” came my pathetic voice.

“Take off your clothes, John,” he said casually.

I did so, stripping to my panties and plastic cage.

He gave another snort of derision. “Do you like wearing panties, John?” he asked. “Like a little sissy.”

“I... I... I...” I stuttered in response.

“Answer me,” he snapped.

“Yes, Sir,” I answered quickly.

“And you like wearing a cuck-cage?”

I’d never heard it called that before, but again I answered quickly. “Yes, Sir.”

Katie was squirming in her seat excitedly, one hand tracing the outline of his thick cock through his pants.

Derek reached down a hand to casually squeeze one of her breasts, and she sighed contentedly.

“And you like to see my hands on your wife’s tits?”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

“What are you, John?”

“I’m... I’m... I’m...”

“Answer me,” he snapped again, to my wife’s delight.

“A cuck, Sir,” I answered, my voice breaking. “A sissy cuck.”

He gave an exaggerated sigh.

“I expect prompt answers, John,” he said, before continuing. “So you know what you are but you continue to treat me with disrespect.”

“Sorry, Sir.”

“So you admit you’ve treated me with disrespect?”

“I... I... I ...”

“Answer him,” came Katie’s excited squeal.

“Yes, Sir,” I said sadly, not knowing what else to say.

“I see,” came Derek’s reply.

Silence reigned for several seconds. Katie couldn’t keep still in her seat, wriggling and squirming in anticipation of... something.

“Get over my knee, John,” he said.

I looked at him in shock. Surely he wasn’t serious.

“Over my knee, John,” he repeated. “I’m going to spank you in front of your pretty wife.”

“Oh John,” said Katie. “You’d better do it. Mr Barnes has given you an order.”

I stood, rooted to the spot. Surely this had gone too far.

“Please, Sir,” I pleaded with him. “Please...”

He spoke in a gentler tone. “If you want me to fuck your wife, John. You’ll get over my knee right now.”

“Oh John,” said my wife. “I need his cock. Please. I can’t wait. Just do as he says. What difference does it make? You’re already a cuck in panties and a cuck-cage.”

I felt my body move one step closer to Mr Barnes. His lips creased into a smug smile as he patted one thick thigh.

“Move over a bit, Katie,” he said. “The cuck is ready for his spanking.”

As if on strings my body moved one step closer to Mr Barnes. I looked over at Katie, pleadingly.

“Do it, John.” she whispered.

With a half-sob, I arranged my body over one of Mr Barnes's leg. I was kneeling to one side of his leg, with my torso dangling the other. My plastic cage pushing into his thick thigh,

I felt my panties pulled down my thighs and braced myself for what was to come.

I let out a loud yelp as his palm fell, stinging my tender ass.

"Thank you, Sir," I gasped.

"This is how cucks get treated," he grunted before another slap came to the other buttock. "When they don't show respect.

"Yes Sir," I yelped. "Sorry, Sir."

His palm fell again. Again I yelped, feeling my ass begin to glow red.

"Do you understand?" he growled as his palm fell again.

"Yes, Sir," I sobbed, tears coming to my eyes at the abject humiliation. I had never felt such shame, nor such a desire to submit to my wife's powerful lover.

I turned my head to look at Katie. She was leaning forwards in her seat, studying my face intently. I closed my eyes. excitement

Still the slaps reigned down as I jerked and yelped under his stinging palm.

Finally, he pushed me roughly to the floor.

"Have you learned your lesson?" he demanded.

I looked up at his handsome face. I had.

"Yes, Sir," I replied in a broken voice.

“Good,” he said. “I think your wife learned something too. Didn’t you, Katie?”

“Oh yes, Sir,” came her animated voice as she studied my cringing form. “Oh yes.”

I released that not once during my spanking had my cock ceased to pulse and push hard against the rigid plastic.

“Ask him now, John,” said my wife. “Ask him.”

“Please, Sir,” I asked from my position on the floor. “Please may I watch you make love to my wife. I’d be very grateful.”

He let out a scornful chuckle, not deigning to respond. Instead, he stood, jerking Katie to her feet and stepping over me to lead her to the stairs.

“Bring the cuck,” he told her in an off-hand tone.

My beautiful wife leaned down and extended her hand. “Come on, sweetie,” she said tenderly.

I stumbled to my feet clasping her hand.

Mr Barnes continued to lead her towards the bedroom and I followed, clutching my wife’s hand tightly.

Upon entering the room he jerked Katie towards him once more, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and allowing one hand to grab a tight, firm buttock.

He broke off the kiss momentarily to growl an instruction at me. “Get on your knees.”

I did so as they continued to kiss, my wife’s mewls growing increasingly high-pitched and insistent.

“Undress me,” he growled.

Katie immediately began to undo the buttons of his shirt. She nudged me with her foot, "You too, John," she hissed at me.

As I began to undo his belt, I knew that I would willingly do anything they asked. Anything.

As I whimpered below them, Katie drew his shirt from him, displaying his broad, muscled chest.

"Hurry up, John," she hissed.

I drew Mr Barnes's pants and underwear down his thick thighs, gasping as I did so. His cock unfurled before my eyes, thick, long and heavily veined. I swallowed in awe at his girth and length and at his pulsing, bulbous head.

"Get me hard," he insisted. I let out a whimper. He wasn't even fully erect.

Kate fell to her knees next to me. She nudged me again. "Go on, John," she insisted. "He means you. I'll help."

Trembling I pushed forwards a hand to begin massaging his heavy swollen balls. With the other I grasped his shaft to begin stroking his throbbing meat, marveling at the stiffness of it under my hands.

"I told you," whispered Katie, noticing the look of awe on my face.

She pushed my hand from his balls to tilt her head and suck first one, then the other testicle into her mouth, massaging them with her tongue. She moaned in delight as she did so.

I felt one hand one of her hands on the back of my head, pushing my face closer to his cock.

She released his balls from her mouth momentarily. To speak to me.

"Do it, John," she panted. "Suck his cock. For me."

Once more she sucked his balls into her mouth, suckling on them with delight. The pressure on the back of my head didn't cease, and I allowed my mouth to be pushed closer to his big, purple cock-head.

I let out a moan of submission and arousal as I opened my mouth.

I moaned again as I sucked the throbbing head into my mouth and began to swirl my tongue over it. I marveled at the velvety texture and masculine taste. This felt so right. I was where I was meant to be.

Mr Barnes gave a sigh of satisfaction from above. "That's right," he grunted. "That's how it should be. My slut and my cuck, on their knees, working on my cock."

A perverse sense of pride ran through me at his words as I allowed my wife to push my mouth further down on his cock, my lips wide around his shaft, gripping it tightly.

I began to bob my head, encouraged by the grunts above me. More and more of him I took into my mouth, feeling the ridges and pulsing veins run over my tongue. Sloppy sucking sounds filled the room, mixed with my moans, Katie's mewls and Mr Barnes's guttural grunts.

"Get on the bed, Katie," he grunted. "Hands and knees."

Reluctantly she allowed his balls to fall from her mouth and obediently trotted to the bed.

Her hand on the back of my head was replaced by one of Mr Barnes's large ones. He gripped my hair tightly and began to control my bobbing head.

"Suck harder," he growled.

I sucked with all my might, still working him with my tongue as I felt him grow to full stiffness; a thick hard cock that I welcomed into my mouth.

As he began to thrust his hips, I surrendered to him, allowing him to use my mouth and throat as he chose, gagging at his size, but never attempting to draw myself away from his cock. I welcomed his throbbing meat in me. I relished it with a submission I had never felt before.

With his hand he drew my face back from his now glistening cock. Desperately I tried to draw his spongy head back into my mouth. Chuckling though, he kept me away.

“Get your wife wet for me,” he growled.

Whimpering, I obediently crawled to where my wife was situated on the bed.

As instructed, she was on her hands and knees. Her buttocks were to me and her puffy, swollen sex was clearly visible between her thighs.

Whimpering I pushed my face forwards, my nose pushing between her ass cheeks as I lapped at her sex. I wasn’t needed. She was sodden already.

She sighed happily as I lapped at her sloppily. “That’s right, baby,” she breathed. “Get me all wet for my lover.

Her words drew a shuddering moan from me. I didn’t think I could be more shamed, or more happy. There wasn’t a millimeter of space left inside my plastic tube. Her scent, her taste, and my actions, were taking me somewhere I had never been before.

I grunted in dismay as I was pulled roughly from her heavenly sex by Mr Barnes’s strong hands. He pushed me to the side to stand directly behind her, his huge cock standing straight up, rigid and stiff. It was a truly impressive sight.

With one hand he grasped her leash and gave it a sharp tug as the other hand slapped one buttock sharply.

“Oh Sir,” she squealed in delight.

Again he slapped her and again she squealed happily.

“Put me in her, cuck,” he growled. “Put my cock in your wife’s pussy.”

I didn’t even think of protesting. I wanted this. And so did my wife. It was only right that she be satisfied by a proper man. I reached out a hand to grasp his thick meat and place his cock at the entrance to her gaping hole.

My wife pushed her hips back, trying to take him into her. He too pulled back, allowing just the tip inside her.

“Please,” she begged, pushing her hips back once more.

He chuckled, keeping her waiting.

As if remembering I was there he growled a command at me. “Get in the corner and kneel.”

I quickly did as he instructed. My eyes fixed on the scene unfolding before me.

My wife began to beg in earnest now, almost screaming in frustration.

“Please, Sir,” she begged. “Please. I need your cock. Please, Sir. Please fuck me.”

He chuckled in amusement, contenting himself with tugs of the leash and slaps to her firm buttocks.

She was squirming and moaning now, desperately trying to force his cock into her with frantic backward thrusts of her hips.

“Please, Sir. Please. Please fuck me. Please. I need it. Your little slut needs to be fucked.”

He relented. He reached his free hand down to one hip keeping the other on the taut leash. Then, with a powerful thrust, he slid smoothly into her,

spreading and filling her.

A long drawn-out moan of pleasure came from my wife's mouth. Her lips opened wide and her eyes rolled back in her head. She looked beautiful. Finally, she was getting what she needed. What I couldn't give her.

"Thaaaank yooooouu, Siiir," she gasped. "Thank you."

He withdrew, his cock now shiny with her juice before sliding into her again.

Again she moaned. "Harder, Sir, Please. Fuck me properly. I need to be fucked properly. I've never had a proper man in me before."

He obliged and began to slam into her with powerful thrusts of his hips. She writhed and panted on his cock, her face flushing further and her breath coming in shallow gasps.

She could no longer speak, only grunt and pant as he worked her with his thick cock. Her eyes were unseeing and the scent of their lovemaking began to fill the room, arousing me further.

"Oh. My. God," came an awed voice. I realized it was mine.

My wife was drawing close to climax, her pants and grunts growing higher-pitched. With a series of squeals she went over the edge. Waves of orgasm crashed over her causing her to scream in delight, her pussy twitching and spasming on his manhood.

He came too, grunting as he filled my wife with his seed, before withdrawing his now glistening cock.

"Thank you, Sir," my wife panted as she collapsed face down on the bed.
"Thank you. I needed that."

He dropped the leash and turned to where I knelt in awed silence. It had been a beautiful scene. One I knew my wife needed.

His cock was now just inches from my face as he looked down at me in amusement catching his breath.

“She needs more cock,” he said. “Get me hard again.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I croaked as I pushed my face forwards to suck his glans into my mouth.

Again and again that night he took my wife. And again and again I made him hard with my mouth and hands.

Finally, towards dawn, I was sent from the room to sleep on the couch.

After an uncomfortable night, I rose and prepared them coffee.

They lay, among tangled sheets, their heads propped up on pillows.

Mr Barnes barely acknowledged my presence, taking his coffee with a grunt. Katie gave me a sweet smile.

“Thank you, sweetie,” she said.

There was something desperate on my mind. I cleared my throat in preparation to speak.

“What are you still doing here?” growled Mr Barnes.

“Sorry, Sir,” I said as Katie blew on her coffee to cool it. “I was wondering if. I mean...”

“Spit it out, man” came his deep growl.

“May I cum, please? Please may I come out of my cuck-cage? Just for a little bit,” I asked in a plaintive tone.

I glanced to Katie’s chest, noting in panic that it was bare. Where was the key?

She looked at Mr Barnes doubtfully. “What do you think, Sir? He has been very good.”

He frowned, and reached out a hand to the bedside table to return it clasping Katie’s necklace and the key. I followed his hand with my eyes as a dog might a treat.

“You can come out of the cage for a little bit,” he said.

I breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you, Sir. Thank you so much...”

He cut me off. “But if you do, I can no longer fuck your wife.”

Katie let out a gasp of shock. “Sir, please,” she said. “Please.”

He shrugged. “It’s up to him. Let’s see how much he loves his wife.”

I let out a sob of frustration as Katie turned her pleading eyes to me.

“Please, sweetie,” she begged me. “Please. Just a little bit longer.....”

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The Humiliation of a Cuckold Husband: Book one

“But it’s been six weeks!” I spluttered.

“I know,” she shrugged prettily above me. “And I’ve decided that another three weeks would be good for you. Don’t you agree?”

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

Another three weeks? Surely I couldn’t make it. My cock throbbed uncomfortably inside its chastity device; a chastity device I had begged her to be allowed to wear.

“We agreed that I’d decide when you got to cum,” she reminded me. “Do you want to change the agreement?”

“No,” I croaked desperately.

“I didn’t think so,” she said. “You like your little chastity tube, don’t you?”

I did. But three more weeks? Three more weeks of throbbing frustration?

“Yes, Isla,” I replied, my voice breaking slightly.

“And you like me having control of your cock, don’t you?”

I did. I adored being under her control.

“Don’t you?” she insisted.

“Yes, Isla,” I half-sobbed. “But...”

“Then it’s decided,” she declared. “Three more weeks. Now please continue with what you were doing.”

With throbbing, cramped cock, I lowered my head once more to continue applying bright red nail polish to the toes of her tiny feet. Occasionally I risked shudder-inducing glances up, between her smooth thighs, to where her pretty, naked pussy was visible beneath her short skirt.

She sighed happily, knowing the tormented state I was in.

“Good boy,” she whispered. “And when the three weeks are up, if I decide you need another three weeks, you’ll agree, won’t you?”

“I’ve got a secret,” declared my wife in a sing-song voice.

I looked up in idle curiosity. “What?”

“Oh. I don’t know if I can tell you,” she teased. “I was told in confidence.”

I smiled.

“Come on Isla,” I replied. “You know there should be no secrets between husband and wife.”

“Well, OK,” she said, switching off the TV, “But you can’t tell anyone.”

“OK,” I agreed.

What was it? Something of no importance, I imagined. She often had bits of gossip after she’d been out with her girlfriends.

She turned to me, her eyes shining in excitement, and her lips creased in amusement.

“You know Jake?” she said in a low, conspiratorial tone.

“Olivia’s husband? Yes....”

I knew him vaguely. We’d met once or twice. He seemed like an alright guy. A bit under the thumb, but alright.

“Well,” she continued, her voice dropping to a whisper. “Olivia keeps him in a chastity cage.”

“A what?” I asked as Isla giggled in excitement.

“You know,” she said. “A chastity device. A cage that goes over his thing.”

“Oh,” I said in surprise, my eyebrows rising. “Really?”

“Really,” she giggled. “Isn’t that funny?”

I didn’t know about funny. But it was certainly curious.

“But why?” I asked.

“For fun,” she said. “She says it’s done wonders for their sex life.”

“Really?” I asked again.

“Really,” she replied once more, this time in a wistful tone.

Lucky Jake, I supposed. To be brutally honest, our sex life had never been great. Well, at least not for Isla. I adored being inside her clenching, slippery heat. But could never seem to get her to climax on my cock. Too soon I would spurt inside her, emptying my balls as she sighed in disappointment beneath me. No cream, nor ointment, nor pills seemed to make any difference. Every single time.

I felt so guilty about it. So guilty that I couldn’t give my beautiful wife what she needed. Sure, I could make her cum on my tongue. And she seemed to really enjoy it. But I knew it wasn’t the same. Not the

same as being fucked properly.

She seemed to have less and less interest in making love, especially since I'd lost my job. It was as if she'd lost respect for me both in and out of the bedroom. I felt almost as if I didn't deserve such a smoking hot wife. And man, was she smoking hot: beautiful glossy hair, a pretty face, a slender body and wonderfully firm, full breasts.

She was every man's dream. And yet, I couldn't satisfy her.

Silence reigned for several minutes.

"But I don't understand how it's fun," I said in confusion.

She shrugged. "She says Jack really enjoys it."

It didn't sound like fun to me. But each to their own, I supposed.

"So does he always wear it?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes, he always wears it. Except when Olivia wants to make love. And apparently, since he started wearing it, she wants to make love a LOT."

This was intriguing. It meant more sex for Jake? Suddenly it didn't seem like such a bad deal...

"But isn't it uncomfortable?" I persisted.

"No. Olivia says that he really likes it."

She waved her hand airily. "Besides, that's not the point. It's about him showing how much he loves her by handing her control of their sex life. Apparently, it's done wonders for their marriage."

Silence reigned again before she spoke.

"Perhaps we could give it a try..." she suggested in a tiny voice.

I flushed in excitement. Since she'd said that Jake and Olivia were making love more often, the idea had become distinctly more attractive.

I still had my doubts though.

"You want me in chastity? How often would we make love?"

"Andrew," she scolded me gently. "It's not about you getting more sex. It's about bringing us closer as a couple.... We have to do something. It's not easy for me with your, um, little problem..."

I blushed in shame. She didn't seem to notice.

"I mean it's not suddenly going to make you last as long as a proper man, but," - she shrugged - "it might just spice things up a bit. Help us."

I nodded sadly. I wasn't a proper man in her eyes. No job. And unable to make her cum on my cock. I was lucky she didn't leave me. She hadn't answered my question about making love though. I tried again, using a different tack, my voice tone apologetic and broken.

"Would I come out of the cage a lot?"

"Ummm," she mused. "It would depend... Olivia said it would be entirely up to me, but that she lets Jake out all the time."

That didn't sound too bad...

"So you want to try this?" she asked. "See how it goes? If we don't like it we can always just stop."

I shivered excitedly. I did want to try this. The thought of handing her control of my cock was distinctly arousing. Maybe it would be fun. And it sounded like we'd be having lots more sex. It was a win-win. Sure, it would be a bit embarrassing. But if it would help our marriage, why not?

"OK," I found myself saying, nodding my head and smiling.

She clapped her hands in delight.

"This will be so much fun," she declared enthusiastically.

She leaned forwards to embrace me tightly. "Thank you so much."

I embraced her back, feeling my cock begin to unfurl at the feel of her firm breasts pressed tightly to my chest.

"Thank you," I replied. "And I'm sorry about not having a job at the moment."

She shrugged. "It doesn't matter, sweetie," she replied. "I make more than enough for both of us."

It was true. She did. But being relegated to the role of house husband was emasculating for me. My days were spent washing and cleaning and cooking. Not the traditional role of a husband.

"You just concentrate on making me happy," she whispered.

"And I'm sorry about... you know..." I continued.

"Oh don't worry, sweetie," she replied. "You do fine with your tongue."

I felt a rush of pride. Since it had become apparent I couldn't pleasure her properly on my cock, I had endeavored to become excellent at oral sex. I loved pushing my face between her smooth thighs and bringing her to gasping orgasm with my tongue and mouth. Her sweet, honeyed taste drove me wild with desire, as did her briny scent.

And then after one, two, or three orgasms, she would allow me inside her. Panting I would slide into her slippery warmth, thrusting in and out of her sodden sex, moaning at the gripping friction before, within seconds, grunting in ecstasy as I filled her with my seed.

She let out a giggle.

“What?” I asked.

“Oh, just something Olivia said,” she replied. “It was nothing. Just a joke.”

“What was it,” I asked again, curiously.

“Well,” she said. “When I told her about your little problem...”

“What?” I croaked in shock.

My body began to tremble and I grew lightheaded. “You told her?”

“Yes,” she replied. “You know what girls are like when they get chatting. There’s nothing to be embarrassed about.

Nothing to be embarrassed about? How would I ever face her again? She already treated me as if I were beneath her. How would she treat me now? And Jake? How could I ever look him in the eyes again?

I dropped my head in shame and embarrassment.

“Oh, sweetie,” she said. “Don’t be sad.”

She stroked my face gently.

“It was just girl’s chat. Maybe she didn’t believe me,” she continued in an unconvinced and unconvincing tone.

“Well, what did she say?” I asked miserably.

Isla giggled again. “Oh, it was so silly. She said that if you couldn’t satisfy me with your little thing...”

‘Little thing?’ I was average. Well, maybe a bit smaller than average. But ‘little?’

“... if you couldn’t satisfy me with your little thing then you deserved to be locked up... and I should find a proper man to pleasure me...”

I became even more lightheaded and my body shook further. I was aware though, that my cock had grown hard; aching stiff. Surely she wouldn’t...

“What did you say?” I croaked.

“I defended you,” Isla said proudly. “I told her that you could do wonderful things with your tongue.”

“Thank you,” I said in relief. At least that was something.

Isla continued though.

“And she said, that if that was all you were good for, then I definitely needed a proper man to fuck me.”

That bitch. But why was my cock throbbing so intensely?

Isla’s eyes lost focus as if she were imagining something.

“Isla?” I croaked.

Was she imagining being fucked by a ‘proper man?’ I was, I realized in panic. I was imagining her spreading her pretty legs for a large bull of a man. I was imagining her writhing and mewling as he impaled her with his huge cock.

“Isla?” I said again more desperately.

She seemed to snap back into reality.

“Oh. Sorry, baby. I was miles away. Shall we put it on then?”

“You’ve already got it?” I asked in surprise, thoughts of my wife being taken to orgasm on another man’s bigger manhood momentarily gone.

“Yes,” smiled Isla. “Olivia took me to a sex shop.”

My eyes widened. I simply couldn’t imagine my Isla in a sex shop.

“I know,” she said in understanding. “I felt so naughty. But the lady in the shop was very nice and there were so many interesting things.”

“What kind of things?” I asked breathlessly.

“Well your chastity cage, for one,” she replied producing a small box.

She took off the lid to display the contents to me. I looked in with interest: a pink, plastic sheaf in the shape of a flaccid cock.

“It looks a bit small,” I said, warily.

“It’s exactly the right size,” said Isla. “Olivia helped me pick it out.”

Inwardly I groaned. Olivia again. Did she have to know everything?

“And why does it have to be pink?” I complained.

“Oh don’t be silly,” she chided me. “The color doesn’t matter.”

She lifted something I hadn’t seen before, from the box: a plastic hoop of the same color.

“This goes on first,” she explained.

“Oh... OK,” I said in confusion.

Isla waited expectantly.

I looked at her in confusion.

“Olivia says you have to ask me to put it on you,” she said patiently. “So we both know this is a joint decision.”

“Oh. Um. Can you put it on me?” I asked obediently.

She gave a pretty pout.

“Not like that,” she complained. “You have to ask properly... and politely... I have to know this is what you want.”

“Oh... OK,” I said, clearing my throat. “Please, Isla. Could you please put me in the chastity cage? It’s what I want.”

“That’s better,” she said brightly. “And who decides when you come out?”

“You do,” I said promptly.

She waited.

“Oh. Right. Please Isla. Please put me in the chastity cage. And please could you decide when I come out?”

The more I said the words, the more they became true. I did want this.

“I want you to take control of my orgasms please, Isla. I know I don’t deserve to be inside you. Please. I want to hand all control to you.”

It was like a huge weight had been lifted from me, I realized in wonder. I felt cleansed and new.

She gave a broad, happy smile.

“Of course I can, sweetie. I’ll let you out if I think you’ve been good... and if you’re bad?”

“It stays on,” I answered.

“And?”

And? And what?

“Olivia says there has to be a punishment for bad behavior, Andrew. She thinks spanking is appropriate. What do you think? Do you think I should put you over my knee and spank you if your bad?”

My lips moved wordlessly. The thought of being placed over my wife’s knees and spanked like a

naughty boy excited me greatly.

“Well?” she asked gently. “Is that what you want?”

“Yes,” I managed to croak. “Yes please, Isla.”

She smiled. “Good boy,” she said. “Now let’s get your little thing into its new home.”

‘Little,’ again. But I didn’t protest.

“Stand up,” she said. “In front of me.”

I stood, as instructed, in front of her. I was struggling to control my breathing. Her words and the thought of being locked up and spanked had left me aroused and confused, dazed with lust.

Her hands reached out to undo my belt and flies and pull my pants down to my ankles.

“Oh,” she said in surprise, looking from my stiff, bobbing cock to my flushed face. “You’re so excited.”

I didn’t trust myself to reply.

“What’s gotten you so excited?” she asked gently. “Is it your little chastity cage?”

This time I managed to croak a reply.

“Yes.”

“I see,” she said in understanding. “And the spanking?”

“Yes,” I croaked again.

This time she paused before asking her next question.

“And me sleeping with another man?”

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

It was. I knew it. Why, I did not know though. And body’s reaction to the thought confused me.

“Well?” she demanded. “Is it? Is that why you’re so hard? It’s OK, baby. You can say it. There should be no secrets between husband and wife. Does the thought of me sleeping with another man turn you on?”

“Yes,” I admitted, cringing.

A small smile played on her lips.

Her next words widened my eyes and set my heart racing.

“Maybe one day,” she said softly, studying my face for a reaction.

I tried to form words, but none came.

She looked back at my aching, throbbing cock, precum dribbling from the tip, before settling back on the couch.

“Try and calm down,” she advised. “When your little thing isn’t so excited we’ll get you locked away, OK?”

“OK,” I replied. My mind was foggy and my thoughts jumbled. I wanted my wife to sleep with another man? Surely that wasn’t normal. I had to get control of myself.

I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on something different. Anything but the thought of my beautiful wife sinking to her knees before a big cock and sucking it into her hot, welcoming mouth.

I let out a groan of frustration.

“It’s OK, baby,” she consoled me. “We can wait. Just calm yourself down like a good boy.”

It was fifteen long minutes before I finally managed to get my body back under control. I opened my eyes to see Isla flicking through her phone.

“I think I’m ready,” I said, in a calmer voice.

She looked up.

“So you are,” she said, picking up the hoop once more. “Olivia told me what to do. First, we have to get this on.”

She pushed the hoop down my cock and pulled my balls through it. It settled snugly at the base of my cock, preventing my balls from retracting. They felt exposed and vulnerable.

“Now this..” she said, grasping the pink sheaf.

“Quickly,” I advised her. The touch of her cool, slender fingers was sending blood pumping back to my cock, swelling it.

Swiftly she pushed the sheaf down over my cock where it slotted into vertical mini-posts that extended from the hoop.

“That’s it,” she breathed. “Now I just need to....”

She produced a key and pushed it into the hole provided and turned it with an audible click.

I let out a long breath as I felt my cock swell to fill the tube. I looked down at my encased manhood. This was it.

She withdrew the key and looked up at me happily.

“You’re mine now,” she smiled. “I control your cock.”

“I know,” I croaked in reply. “Thank you.”

With the click of the lock, a wave of submission had swept over me. It was true. I was hers.

“And I can do anything I want to you,” she breathed, reaching out a hand to begin massaging my testicles. “Can’t I?”

“Yes, Isla,” I gasped as my cock attempted to expand further.

She looked intently at my cock in its plastic tube.

It was a clever design with various vents and openings providing access for cleaning, ventilation and urination.

Now though, the flesh of my shaft pressed cruelly through these gaps as she continued to massage my balls.

I gasped again in discomfort. She looked up at my face.

“Do you want me to stop?”

I didn’t know.

I adored the feel of her playful fingers on my balls, but with nowhere to expand to my cock felt cramped and uncomfortable. Not painful, but certainly uncomfortable: a dull pressure spread from my constrained manhood to cover my entire groin and lower stomach; a delicious, frustrating, aroused pressure.

“It’s up to you,” I gasped.

She shivered in delight.

“That’s right,” she mused, studying my cock once more. “It is, isn’t it.”

She continued to play with my balls until she grew bored and let them drop from her fingers.

She leaned back in the couch once more.

I made to pull up my pants, but she stopped me with a shake of the head.

“No,” she said. “I want you naked. Take off your clothes.”

I didn’t even think of protesting. Instead, I obediently stepped out of my pants and threw my shirt to the side.

“Kneel,” she said simply.

I did so, falling to my knees before her.

It was incredibly exhilarating to be treated in this manner. To be ordered around by my gorgeous wife, instantly following her every instruction. And to be naked but for the cage, below her.

“Massage my feet,” she demanded.

I loved massaging my wife’s feet and set about the task eagerly, pushing at her soft soles and pressing at her tiny toes.

She sighed happily, picking up her phone to scroll through it.

I continued to rub and press at her supple feet, marveling at her delicate bridges and soft soles.

My wife had showered since returning from her evening out, and was dressed in just a tiny red kimono – so short that much of her smooth thighs were displayed to me. It had also only been loosely tied and revealed much of her deep cleavage to me.

Maybe later she’d allow me to grope at those beautiful breasts, I mused. And tease their thick nipples erect. Perhaps even suckle upon them before I moved lower, down her body, to push my face to her splayed sex.

I groaned at the possibility as my cock flexed inside the tube, pushing against the sides and filling every available nook and cranny.

“Do you like my feet?” she asked softly from above.

“Y. Yes. I love them,” I stuttered in reply.

She knew I did. I never missed an opportunity to stroke and rub at them.

“Then why don’t you ever kiss them?” she demanded. “Olivia says Jake worships her feet.”

Trembling with excitement I lowered my head to begin covering the top of her feet with kisses.

“He licks them too,” she breathed.

I gave a tiny moan of desire. This was an almost unimaginable treat.

Gently I lifted one of her diminutive feet and began laying kisses and long licks on her sole.

She sighed happily.

“And he sucks the toes,” she observed.

I began to draw her toes into my mouth in turn, sucking on them vigorously.

I became lost in myself as I continued to lick and kiss and suck at her feet and toes, demonstrating my devotion to her in arousing fashion.

My cock throbbed almost angrily inside its plastic prison.

A whimper came from my throat as she undid the tie of her kimono and let it fall apart. Her lush body with all its feminine curves and swells was fully displayed to me: Her full, firm breasts, her narrow waist and the flare of her hips, her flat stomach and... and... the pretty slit of sex.

I whimpered again as her fingers reached down to tease her outer lips apart, displaying moist, tender, inner flesh.

“Keep worshiping my feet,” she advised. “Or I’ll stop.”

I redoubled my efforts, her feet and toes now shining with saliva. I sucked at her toes and allowed my tongue to massage them, running over and around each one.

My eyes though were fixed intently on her beautiful sex.

Her fingers had coaxed sweet juice to herself, and they now glistened erotically as she transferred her attention to her nub, rubbing at it, at first languidly and then more insistently.

I whimpered louder as her foot pushed into my face. Her head fell back as she surrendered herself to her nimble fingers.

She looked so God damn beautiful; a sensual, passionate woman who was all mine. At least for now.

My cock was desperately trying to free itself from the confines of the tube to no avail. Her scent assaulted my nostrils, further arousing me.

I was in heaven. This was where I was meant to be. At her delectable feet, worshiping them.

Her breath was shallow and rapid now.

Her thighs spread wider and her fingers became a blur as she drew herself closer to climax, mewling in delight.

With a series of high-pitched cries, she came, her pussy twitching prettily. Her fingers slowed as the waves of pleasure gradually became ripples. Gently, her fingers coaxed the last of her climax from her, before allowing them to fall to her side.

I lowered her foot to the ground.

I then shuffled forwards and began to push my face forwards, between her shuddering thighs. I needed to taste her in my mouth, to bring her to a second climax on my tongue.

I whimpered as a gentle hand to my forehead denied me.

“No pussy for you today,” she said, tenderly.

My second whimper was more intense, born of intense arousal and frustration.

Taking pity on me she extended the hand which had so deftly worked on her clit, the slender fingers still glistening with her juice.

“Thank you,” I croaked as I pulled them into my mouth.

I sucked upon them hungrily, cleaning them of her ambrosial juice.

All too soon though, she pulled her fingers from my mouth and pushed herself to her feet.

“I’m exhausted,” she declared. “I’m going to bed.”

She stepped over me on the way to the stairs.

“Clean up down here,” she said, “before you come up.”

I stayed where I was for some time, reliving the moment in my head again and again: The way her pussy had clenched so enchantingly upon climax; the look of her flushed face and open mouth as orgasm had passed over her; the feel of her delectable toes in my mouth; the sight of her lush, sensual body; and her full breasts with their stiff nipples.

I shuddered at the memory. I could still taste her in my mouth, and her scent lingered in my nostrils.

She’d said, ‘no pussy.’ They had been shuddering, arousing words. But perhaps? Perhaps she might now allow me to use my tongue upon her?

I pushed myself to my feet to begin tidying the room before rushing upstairs.

I was to be disappointed though. The lights were off and she lay on her side, sheets drawn over her body.

Still my groan of disappointment lest I awaken her, I prepared for bed and slipped under the covers next to her.

She rolled to her side to throw an arm over my chest and press her lips to my ear.

“Perhaps Olivia was right,” she breathed tiredly. “Perhaps little boys with little cocks who can’t satisfy their wives *do* deserve to be locked up.”

Shame coursed through my veins; delicious, exhilarating shame that caused my briefly-limp cock to swell once more.

Long after Isla had fallen into a contented sleep, I lay awake, struggling to make sense of all that had happened and at my body’s reaction to it.

It was a restless night. Frequently I awoke from a dull pressure in my groin as my cock attempted to achieve a nighttime erection. As I tossed and turned in an attempt to gain relief, Isla slept peacefully beside me. I must have only achieved five or six hours of solid sleep and awoke tired and with an intense desire to be free of the cage. And, of course, to make love to my beautiful wife.

My first words when Isla awoke were: “Shall we make love?”

She smiled sleepily. “My. Aren’t you eager?”

I nodded in agreement. “Shall we?”

She shrugged. “Maybe we can fool around later. If you’re a good boy.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. We were going to make love. Perhaps we would be having more sex than usual.

“Why don’t you get me a coffee?” she suggested.

I leaped from the bed, much to her amusement, to immediately make coffee.

I handed it to her some five minutes later.

“Thanks, sweetie,” she said, blowing on it.

“What do you want to do today?” I asked.

“I’m going shopping with the girls,” she declared, sipping at her coffee.

“Oh,” I said sadly – we obviously wouldn’t be making love soon – “maybe I’ll see if there are any jobs in the paper.”

Isla shook her head. “No.”

I looked at her in surprise. Didn’t she want me to get a job?

“I’ve decided you can be a little house husband permanently,” she continued. “Although I expect you to do a much better job than you have been doing recently.”

I dropped my head guiltily. I was having a hard time adjusting to my new role. I often found myself flicking through the TV channels, or playing on my phone when I really should be working.

“So if you want to make me happy, you’ll make sure you’ve caught up on everything by the time I get back.”

The implication was clear. If I wanted to make love to my beautiful wife the house had to be perfect.

“OK,” I said.

She looked at me, with raised eyebrows.

I looked back at her dumbly.

“Now, Andrew,” she said softly. “You have lots to do.”

I had been dismissed.

As I set about my many chores I heard the sound of the shower running.

She descended the stairs some one hour later.

My heart began racing at the sight of her. As always she looked stunning, her clothes highlighting her many positive features perfectly: A short brown leather skirt showed off her smooth, firm thighs to perfection; a tailored, white silk blouse clung to her narrow waist and full breasts, while high-heeled sandals pushed her heels up and tautened her elegant calves.

Her luscious, ripe body wasn't the only thing that had set my heart racing though.

"Um... Who are you going shopping with?" I asked uneasily.

"Oh, you know, Olivia, Katie, Maya... the usual crew. How do I look?"

"You look amazing," I answered honestly. "But..."

"But what?" she asked in concern. "Is it my makeup?"

"No," I hastened to reassure her. Her makeup was, as usual, completely on-point. She looked stunning.

"What then?" she asked impatiently.

"It's just.... *that*," I whispered worriedly, pointing to her upper chest.

"Oh..." she said in understanding.

She reached up her hand to toy with the key that hung from her thin gold necklace; the key to my chastity tube.

"Olivia said it would help remind you of your, um, predicament."

It certainly did. Already my cock was pulsing inside the pink tube.

But I was also anxious and unsettled.

"But, but...", I stuttered.

She waited patiently.

"Won't they ask what it's for?" I asked in concern.

She shrugged her shoulders and gave a tiny, mischievous smile.

"Maybe," she said.

I grew dizzy even as my cock swelled further.

"But what will you say?" I asked in the same concerned tone.

"I haven't decided yet," she replied casually.

She sidled up to me to press her trim body to mine, further stiffening me inside the tube.

“You like your little cage, don’t you?”

Did I?

I truly did. And the sight of the key hanging from her neck was almost intoxicating.

“Yes,” I croaked.

She let her hands roam over my body, sliding under my shirt to tweak at my nipples.

“Then don’t you worry about anything,” she breathed. “You just concentrate on being a good little boy and making me very happy.”

I squirmed under her hands as my cock began to ache uncomfortably, and the now-familiar dull pressure build.

“OK,” I managed to croak.

She pinched one of my nipples sharply, causing me to yelp in pain and arousal, and her to giggle.

“I won’t be long,” she said, turning and walking towards the door, her firm backside swaying sensually.

I struggled to bring my breathing and my cock under control.

Why was the thought of being exposed to all her friends as being in a chastity cage so arousing to me? It surely wasn’t what I wanted. But my body seemed to indicate otherwise. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach and my cock continued to pulse, staining the front of my underwear with precum.

With a groan, I set about my many chores and awaited her arrival. By concentrating fully on the washing, ironing, dusting etc., I found I was able to forget my predicament and ease the pressure in my groin.

When she returned, all my worry and excitement also returned. The sight of the key, clearly visible, set my cock aching once more.

“Did they ask?” I immediately asked.

She didn’t reply immediately, instead falling into the sofa tiredly.

“Take my shoes off, Andrew,” she said. “These heels really aren’t good for walking in.”

I immediately fell to my knees to remove her heels and begin massaging her tired feet.

“Ah. That feels nice,” she sighed.

“Did they ask?” I asked once more. I needed to know.

“Yes,” she smiled. “They asked.”

I waited with throbbing, stiffening cock.

“What did you say?” I finally asked.

She looked me directly in the eyes and spoke.

“I told them everything, Andrew. Everything. Olivia said I should.”

I let out a half-whimper half-sob and bowed my head to begin laying kiss after kiss on her bare feet.

After thirty seconds or so she spoke.

“Have you finished all your chores?”

“Almost,” I replied in a tiny voice.

“Well you’d better finish them, hadn’t you?” she said softly.

“Yes, Isla,” I replied, pushing myself up onto trembling legs.

My chores had been simple when Isla had been away. I had concentrated on them fully. But now she had returned they became much more difficult. She seemed to be intent on keeping me in a constant state of frustrated arousal.

She quickly changed from her skirt and blouse into just tiny white, almost-translucent, panties, and a white shirt left open at the front.

Almost the entirety of her lush, trim body was displayed to me: every curve and swell. Normally I loved looking at her body, but whilst inside the plastic tube, every sight of firm flesh became a double-edged sword. Moaning in torment I did my best to complete all I had to do.

Whenever I managed to concentrate fully though, she would appear, to push her near-naked body to mine, to gently kiss me and allow her hands to tweak my nipples and massage my exposed balls. It was exquisite torture.

“I’ve finished,” I finally said.

I was light-headed and trembling in anticipation of finally being able to gain some relief from my cramped cock and frustrated thoughts.

“Good,” she said, patting the couch next to her.

I sat, doing my best to avert my eyes from her bare chest and the sweet crevice between her thighs.

Isla had other ideas, however. She swung one leg over my lap to straddle my groin. She bowed her head to push her soft, plump lips to mine.

I moaned as her wet tongue invaded my mouth, swirling over my tongue insistently.

I could resist no longer and my hands raised to begin stroking her silky flanks and grasping her tight ass.

I moaned in frustration through her deep kiss. My trembling hands moved up to grasp at the hanging fruit of her luscious, full breasts. I groped at them desperately, as my cock throbbed uncomfortably, tweaking her thick, responsive nipples into hard bullets.

It was too much. I was dizzy with lust. I needed to take her. I needed to impale her on my cock, to feel her tender clenching flesh grip me tightly. I needed to thrust in and out of her slippery heat. I needed to with a need I had never felt before.

I broke off the kiss, panting in intense passion.

“Please,” I gasped. “Please. I need to fuck you. Please.”

She didn’t respond. Instead, she pushed her chest forwards, inviting me to kiss her soft flesh.

Moaning louder, I pulled a stiff nipple into my mouth to suckle on it greedily.

“Please,” I gasped once more, as she pulled her breast from my mouth before presenting the opposite one to me.

Again I suckled hungrily, the pressure in my cock deep and thudding.

“Please,” I almost sobbed as her breast once more was pulled from my mouth.

“OK, baby,” she cooed, removing herself from my lap. “OK. You go up, I’ll be there in a minute.”

I almost fell over myself in my haste to get to the bedroom.

“There’s something on the bed,” she called. “I’d like you to wear it. Put it on.”

True to her word, she entered the bedroom a minute later, stepping out of her panties and throwing her shirt to the side.

I stood there miserably, marveling at the control her body had over me.

“Do you like it?” she asked.

“I... I... I... I want to make love,” I stuttered.

“And we will,” she said stepping forwards.

She reached down a hand towards my groin to grab me by the thick, rubber strap-on dildo, I had found on the bed.

“But..,” I croaked as she pulled me by the strap-on towards the bed.

“Don’t you see, baby,” she said. “Don’t you see how perfect it is? I get to fuck a proper-sized cock.

And you get to make love to your pretty wife without worrying about spurting so quickly.”

This wasn’t perfect. This was torture.

“But I thought we were going to make love,” I said plaintively.

“We are,” she corrected me. “And this time you might be able to satisfy me.”

I let out a sob at her words.

“When do I get to cum?” I asked.

“Oh baby,” she said. “Olivia says you need to be in the cage for at least a week for the first time.”

“A week,” I almost wailed.

“At least a week,” she corrected me. “If you’re very good you can come out next Saturday. Now do you want to make love or not?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

I wanted to fuck her properly but, apparently I couldn’t, and so this would have to do.

“Then get on the bed,” she said, impatiently.

I quickly got onto the bed and lay on my back.

“Get me wet,” she said, straddling my face.

Whimpering and moaning I strained my head up to begin lapping at her freshly trimmed mound, quickly teasing her labia apart with my tongue and coaxing juice to her.

“Good boy,” she sighed. “At least you’re good for something.”

I moaned louder at her words, and at her sweet taste and feminine scent.

Her hips began to rock back against my face, and lapping tongue, smearing juice over my cheeks, chin and lips.

“Now make me cum,” she insisted, beginning to pant and moan herself.

I transferred my attention to her clit, teasing it from its protective hood and quickly stiffening it with my practiced tongue.

I flicked and suckled upon it, as her hips rocked further.

Her pussy began to grind down on my face.

She reached down her hands to grasp me tightly by the head and fix it in place.

Panting and moaning in pleasure she began to use my face for her pleasure, careless to any discomfort I might experience. Her soft pussy lips were spread wide, sliding up and down my cheeks, smearing them with juice whilst her clit rubbed down firmly on my lips, tongue and nose.

She came with a drawn-out moan of release, her head thrown back, and her mouth wide as orgasm swept over her.

Still, she ground down on my face, coaxing the last of her orgasm from her, before finally lifting her pussy slightly allowing me to gulp in much-needed air.

I moaned in anguish at the extreme physical and mental frustration and arousal of being used so carelessly in this manner.

Her legs shook in the aftermath of climax, and she panted uncontrollably for a good minute before finally speaking.

“Now I need cock,” she said, shuffling her body down the bed to position her sex over the rubber dildo strapped to my groin.

She sunk down on it with a sigh of delight.

“Ohhh,” she breathed. “Ohhhh... a proper cock, finally.”

Her hips rose to leave the dildo glistening with juice, before plunging down on it once more.

“Ohhh,” she breathed again, more fervently. “Oh, that’s good.”

I reached up my hands to grasp her swinging, bouncing breasts as her pussy continued to slide smoothly up and down the stiff, molded rubber.

Her nipples were as hard as bullets. I tweaked at them gently to increase her pleasure.

I felt nothing but frustration and awe at the beautiful sight above me. My stunning wife, her face flushed, her full breasts swaying, and her mouth open in an “O” of pleasure, riding the dildo with sensuous plunges of her hips.

She collapsed down over me, her breasts now pressed to my chest, and her sweet, hot breath in my ear.

Still, her pussy plunged up and down on the dildo, faster and harder now. She panted deeply from her exertions, and her coming climax.

A long drawn-out wail heralded the arrival of her orgasm.

“Oh God, I’m cummmmmmmiiiiinnng,” came her voice, as the plunges of her pussy grew erratic and her body shuddered in climax.

“Oh God, that was good. A proper cock,” she panted, as her pussy spasmed its last. She threw herself off me to lie on her back tiredly.

I lay there in stunned, frustrated, humiliated silence. She had never looked more sensuous, more

beautiful, nor more feminine. I felt privileged to have been involved in any way at all, despite how furiously my cock throbbed as it threatened to break the walls of its plastic sheaf.

On shaking legs she stood to use the bathroom.

When she returned she unstrapped the rubber cock from my groin, the shaft and head still glistening with her natural lubricant.

Without preamble, she pushed it to my lips.

“Clean it,” she insisted. “Clean it.”

I opened my mouth to begin sucking on the dildo, cleaning the rubber of her sweet, aphrodisiacal juice.

“All of it,” she insisted, pushing the rubber cock further into my mouth.

I surrendered to her desires, and mine, sucking vigorously on the dildo, straining to clean it of every remnant of her.

I gagged as the head hit the back of my throat, but did not stop sucking as she thrust the dildo in and out of my mouth and throat.

When she deemed it to be clean, she tossed it onto the bed covers and snuggled up next to me.

“Did you enjoy that?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered in wonder. I truly had.

She was asleep within seconds.

Over the next seven days, I truly began to understand the reality of chastity. A dopamine-filled world where every touch or smile from my beautiful wife sent my cock pulsing in its cage; a world where only one thing mattered, the possibility of release in just seven days. Release at the hands of my wife.

Isla continued to wear the key around her neck, slipping it under her blouse for work, but allowing it to hang outside the moment she left the office.

As she had predicted, the sight of it was a constant reminder of who had control over my pleasure; of who decided if I remain in the never-world of frustrated arousal, or in the blessed world of release.

I had never loved her more.

I was alone most of the week, concentrating fully on the housework and cooking. She continued to use my face whenever she wished, and my evenings were spent mostly at her feet, praying she might allow my face between her thighs, or my mouth on her delectable toes.

I was spanked twice for minor infractions; a punishment I enjoyed as much as I had anticipated. To receive the stinking slaps of her palm as I lay naked over her lap was an incredibly thrilling experience and one that sent me deep into submission to her. The cleansing blows focused my mind on the need to concentrate solely on pleasing her

Twice more I wore the dildo too. In awe and shame, I gazed upon her riding body and plunging hips as brought herself to climax on the strap-on.

I had never been happier.

But I did need to cum. I needed to cum with a deep, intense, animal-like need.

The week passed slowly. She had promised that I would come out of the cage on Saturday. By Friday I was humming in anticipation as she returned home from work.

“Hi sweetie,” she called. “I can’t stay long.”

“What do you mean?” I asked in confusion.

“I have to go out,” she explained. “Olivia wants me to meet someone. I’m just here to change.”

“Oh,” I replied. “Who?”

“He’s called Liam,” she called as she rushed up the stairs.

Adrenaline jolted through my veins.

Liam? She was meeting a guy?

My mind flashed back to her words when she had correctly deduced that the thought of her with another man excited me.

“Maybe one day,” she had said.

Oh, God. I thought to myself, Surely she wasn’t going to do it?

I rushed up the stairs to confront her. She was in the shower. The door locked.

I sat on the bed to wait, conflicted thoughts running through my brain. Was I going to allow this? Maybe it wasn’t what I expected. Perhaps just a friend. Did I want this? Did she? Surely I couldn’t refuse her the opportunity to receive proper satisfaction at the hands of a man who could truly give her what she wanted.

I groaned aloud at the thought of her spreading her pretty legs for a big, long, stiff cock.

“Oh,” she said in surprise as she stepped naked from the shower. “You’re here.”

I took a moment to drink in her luscious form: That long, narrow neck; those heavy breasts with nipples that almost begged to be sucked upon; her flat stomach and the flare of her hips; those firm thighs and tapered calves and... and...

I swallowed and my body began to quiver.

“You’ve... You’ve.... You’ve shaved yourself,” I stuttered.

She never normally shaved her pussy. But now her beautiful sex was silky-smooth and free of hair.

“Mmmm,” she responded distractedly.

“But you never normally do that,” I croaked.

“Maybe I do sometimes,” she shrugged as she walked over to the bed. “For special occasions.”

My body quivered further. A special occasion.

“Who’s Liam?” I managed to ask.

“A friend of Olivia’s,” she responded seating herself on the side of the bed. “Why don’t you help me get ready? Stockings first.”

She indicated a pair of flesh-colored, sheer stockings, lying next to her.

“OK,” I croaked, picking up the material and kneeling before her.

My breath was coming in shallow gasps now and jolts of adrenaline in my veins were further unsettling me.

Calming my trembling hands with effort, I slid the stockings up her slender legs to settle them at thigh level.

“Panties,” she said.

I picked a pair of red, lace panties from the bed.

There was barely any material to them. And they looked almost transparent. I swallowed again as she stood to step into the tiny piece of material and allow me to draw them up her legs and settle them at her groin.

I let out an anguished groan as I realized that I had been right. Her freshly-shaven sex was clearly visible through the thin lace.

“Bra,” she said.

I gulped as I settled the red bra over her chest. It was half cut, leaving her nipples free. It wasn’t for support. It was clearly to attract and arouse. It was for sex.

She shrugged again.

“Sometimes a girl likes to dress up,” she explained. “Skirt. The plaid one.”

I let out another frustrated, excited groan. I knew the one she meant. It was incredibly short. Too short, she had complained when she’d received it in the post. I’d never seen her wear it.

Obediently though, I held the material so she might step into it. I pulled it up, over her thigh-high

stockings and tiny red panties to fasten it at her waist.

She had been right. It was too short. It barely covered her crotch. Any gust of wind or ungraceful movement would reveal her to anyone looking.

“Perfect,” she breathed. “Get my white silk blouse... No, not that one, the smaller one.”

The blouse clung to her torso like a second skin, leaving her shoulders and arms bare, and the outline of her nipples and areola clearly visible.

“Now, get out,” she said. “I need to do my makeup.”

Shaking, I obeyed, to wait anxiously in the living room.

My head jerked up as I heard her footsteps on the stairs.

She entered the room. She’d slipped into a pair of bright red heels that pushed her chest forwards provocatively as if for the appraisal of any red-blooded male in her vicinity.

She teetered across the room to where I stood. I was memorized by how sexually attractive she looked. She’d never dressed up like this for me. Never. Those legs.... Those breasts.... My God. Any man would absolutely ravish her given the chance.

Her glossy hair framed a face that shone with makeup: red pouty lips, and gleaming eyes behind eyeshadow and liner. Her cheeks glowed with mascara.

It was more makeup than I’d ever seen on her before; almost slutty, but not quite. Just on the edge between sexually available and easy.

She stood before me, looking into my eyes.

“You look beautiful,” I croaked.

She smiled before leaning in to kiss me gently on the lips.

“I’m going to be back late, Andrew,” she said. “Do you understand?”

I did.

“Yes,” I croaked.

She smiled again and turned from me to begin her swaying passage to the door.

And then she was gone.

I sunk down into a chair in disbelief. It was clear what was going to happen. And I’d allowed it. What was wrong with me?

Another man’s hands were going to be all over my wife’s body: groping at her soft flesh; grabbing at her breasts; running up between her smooth thighs to her shaved mound.

I let out a groan as my imagination continued to run wild.

I could see her in my mind's eye: her legs spread wide and high as a powerful form lay over her, thrusting into her slippery heat; making her writhe and mewl in pleasure on his cock.

I pushed myself to my feet with a groan to begin pacing the room.

She'd dressed for sex. And that was precisely what she was going to get.

My fevered imagination grew more tortured.... Isla on her knees, her lips wrapped tightly around a thick cock as she sucked vigorously, and bobbed her face hungrily upon it.... Isla riding another man's cock as she had ridden the rubber strap-on she had insisted I wore.

I had never felt such acute humiliation, nor had I ever felt my cock strain so hard inside its plastic sheaf.

My mind continued to race, conjuring up more and more tormenting scenarios. My moans and groans grew louder as I paced and sat, paced and sat, tortured by my thoughts and my aching cock.

Continually I checked the clock. Ten o'clock... eleven o'clock.... Twelve... One....

It was four in the morning when I heard a car on the driveway outside, followed by the staccato beat of her heels on the path to our door.

I leaped to my feet as the door pushed open, and Isla stepped into the room.

She gave a lazy grin as my jaw dropped at the sight of her. Her hair was in disarray and her makeup smudged and streaked. Her shirt was hanging half-in and half-out of her skirt, and several buttons on it looked to be missing as if it had been ripped from her.

Slowly, she reached down to grasp the hem of her tiny skirt. She pulled it up, and over her groin.

Saliva pooled in my mouth at the sight that greeted my eyes.

Gone were the red panties. Instead, in clear view, was a swollen, messy pussy – my beautiful wife's swollen, messy pussy – the labia still spread wide from sex.

A whimper came from my throat as I observed another man's cum ooze from her.

I continued to stare, transfixed by the beautiful sight.

Her voice came to my ears.

"You're a cuckold now, Andrew. Embrace it."

The Humiliation of a Cuckold Husband: Book two

“You’re a cuckold now, Andrew. Embrace it,” came my beautiful wife’s voice.

Embrace it I did. My eyes transfixed on her swollen, sodden pussy, I walked towards her on trembling legs.

She pushed her lips to mine, and we kissed deeply. I could taste his cock on her tongue and it excited me, sending blood coursing to my cramped manhood.

She broke off the kiss to question me, looking deep into my eyes.

“Can you taste him?” she asked. “Can you taste his cock?”

“Yes,” I croaked in reply; my reward a tiny smile.

She released her grip on the hem of her skirt to place her hands on my shoulders.

I allowed her to push me gently to my knees. My face was now level with her crotch, her pussy hidden by only the thin material of her skirt.

My hands ran up her calves and behind her thighs to grasp her buttocks tightly.

“Clean me up,” she breathed from above. “Clean up my messy pussy.”

I groaned in anticipation, and at the knowledge that it was what I desired; what I needed. Perhaps what I’d always needed.

I pushed my head up and under her tiny skirt, gasping in delight at the sight that greeted me and at the acute scent of their lovemaking. Her sex was sloppy and used, her labia wide and smeared with cum. Her briny, sweet, odor mixed with the more masculine, mealy scent of her lover’s cum.

“Embrace it,” she breathed again. “Embrace it.”

All that mattered to me was her pussy; nothing else. I extended my tongue and pushed my face forwards to lap at her ravenously.

This time my groan was almost pained as I tasted her, and him, in my mouth. My cock throbbed furiously inside my chastity device. I lapped again and again, pushing my face deep into her sex, surrendering myself to my deepest desire. A desire that I was just discovering I possessed.

Again and again, I scooped the ambrosial mixture into my mouth, swallowing with delight. The smell and taste of them were everywhere, enveloping me... intoxicating me.

My world shrunk to just one thing: her used sex.

How long I lapped and swallowed, I do not know. When she gently pushed me away, I was a different man. I was completely accepting of my new role.

My face was smeared in her juice, and I was moaning uncontrollably from the taste, smell and

knowledge of what I was.

“I’m tired,” she said gently. She stepped past me to leave me shaking and dizzy on the floor, deep in a submissive trance.

When I reached the bedroom, she was already asleep, her clothes strewn carelessly on the floor. I crawled into the bed next to her and clung to her sleeping body.

Sleep came quickly. I was emotionally drained.

As soon as my eyes opened, the events of the previous night came back to me. They seemed almost dream-like. Had I really done what I remembered? Had she?

I realized that we both had.

I shivered in delight, allowing the shame to wash over my body in delicious waves. I was a cuckold now. My life had changed irrevocably.

She stirred beside me, throwing an arm over me as she gradually came out of sleep.

“You were very naughty, last night,” she murmured.

I was naughty? She’d slept with another man.

“Yes,” I said in wonder, remembering how eagerly I had cleaned her lover’s essence from her sex.

“Did you like it?”

“Yes,” I said, again in wonder.

“Good,” she said, her eyes opening to study my face. “Because it’s going to happen again. You know that, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I replied.

She giggled.

“And next time I’m going to make you beg to clean me up. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

I would. What kind of man was I?

A happy one, I realized.

Her hand reached down to grab my testicles and massage them gently.

I squirmed as I grew within the cage.

“It was so fun,” she breathed. “Knowing you were here, all alone, locked up in your little cage. Was it exciting?”

It had been more than exciting. It had felt like I had existed on a different plane. A plane I had not even known existed. One, of extreme frustration and arousal and the deepest love I had ever felt for my wife.

“God. Yes,” I replied, squirming more under her tightening grip. “It was incredible.”

“Yes,” she smiled in agreement. “For me too.”

Her grip tightened even more and I let out a little gasp.

“A big day for you today,” she teased.

I’d almost forgotten such had been the momentous events of the previous night. I was to be released. Today.

She giggled again at my expression of anticipation.

“Not yet,” she cautioned me. “Later...”

Again she giggled as my face sunk in dismay.

“You can wait a little bit longer,” she said sympathetically. “Can’t you?”

“Yes, Isla,” I answered obediently.

She released my balls from her grasp and prepared to rise from the bed.

“Isla?” I asked. “What, um. What happened last night?”

“I think you know what happened, sweetie,” she replied.

I needed details. I needed to know exactly what had happened to bring her back so satisfied. I had never seen her so contented as she had seemed the previous evening.

“What, exactly?” I persisted.

“Oh,” she said doubtfully. “I don’t know, Andrew. That’s private. It’s between me and my lover.”

“Please,” I begged. “I need to know.”

Her lips pursed in thought.

“Maybe later,” she said. “I’ll think about it... Come on. Let’s get up. It’s a lovely day. I’d like to go to the park.”

We spent the day as any happily married couple might: Walking in the park; a coffee; lunch; and ice cream.

Isla wore a pretty summer dress, and I was proud of the many admiring glances cast her way from both men, and women.

Some of the glances though, were knowing. The front of her dress was low cut, displaying her deep cleavage. Nestling in it was the key to my chastity cage.

I cared not though. Let people look. I was proud that I had made the ultimate sacrifice for my beautiful wife. I was pleased I had ensured she was fully sexually satisfied.

I did though, still need to cum.

A week of chastity may not seem like much. But believe me, unless you've been placed inside a chastity cage at the hands of your beautiful wife, you've no idea.

Every interaction was heightened. Just a smile, a look, a graze of the hand was enough to send my cock throbbing inside its tube and my body humming in need. The knowledge that I was now a cuckold only increased the intensity of my deep sexual frustration.

By the time we reached home, I would have done absolutely anything to be released.

Anything.

Isla sensed it too, and it seemed to please her.

"I'm showering," she whispered to me. "Then we'll get that nasty little cage off."

I gave an excited intake of breath at the prospect.

"I'll call you up," she said, walking from the room.

When her call eventually came, I rushed to the bedroom.

I was disappointed to see that she had changed. Tight black yoga pants, and a tight white t-shirt, though showed off every swell and curve of her body.

She sat on the side of the bed observing me.

"You can take your clothes off," she said coolly.

I quickly stripped to stand before her.

She observed my bulging cock dispassionately. The flesh of my shaft was pressing uncomfortably through the many ventilation holes and slits.

Her hand reached out to grasp my balls, causing me to gasp.

"These don't feel very heavy," she mused. "I think you can probably go another week."

My eyes widened in shock. "No. Please," I gasped. "Please."

She allowed my exposed balls to drop from her palm.

"I'm just joking, Andrew. Can't you take a joke?"

I exhaled in relief. Another week was unimaginable.

“Yes,” I replied. “Yes, sorry. It was a funny joke. Thank you...”

She let me babble on for several seconds before interrupting me.

“I’m going to tie you up. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

I now noticed the Velcro fastenings that had been attached to the bed frame.

“Yes,” I answered eagerly.

“Just use the safe word if you need to be untied.”

I knew I would not use it.

“OK,” I nodded.

“Get on the bed then,” she said tonelessly.

Eagerly I jumped on the bed and spread my arms and legs wide to allow her to fasten me securely to the bed.

I tested the restraints. They held firm, sending an additional, thrilling surge of excitement through me.

“You have a pretty body, Andrew,” she said. “Almost like a girl’s.”

“Thank you,” I croaked.

My body was naturally slender. I guess it was a more feminine shape than many bigger men’s.

“I bet you’d look pretty in panties,” she teased. “Don’t you think so?”

I barely heard her words so focused was I on my imminent release.

“My cage,” I gasped. “Please.”

“I asked you a question, Andrew,” she replied. “I asked if you thought you’d look pretty in panties.”

“Yes,” I gasped, not caring about anything I said. “Yes. Please. My cage.”

“Oh,” she said. “Do you want me to take the cage off? Are you sure you don’t fancy another week?”

“Please,” I pleaded with her. “Please Isla. Please. I love you. Please. I’ll do anything for you.”

She smiled.

“That was very pretty begging, Andrew,” she observed pulling her necklace over her head. “I think you do deserve to come out.”

“Thank you. Thank you,” I intoned.

Her hand extended forwards to push into the lock and turn it with a click.

I exhaled deeply.

Without pause, she pulled the sheaf from me.

I sighed in relief as my cock unfurled under our eyes to reach its full length.

Throbbing and stiff, it bobbed up and down, smearing precum over my stomach.

The relief was exquisite. But I needed more.

Isla bowed her head, and I whimpered in delight as her plump lips moved toward my pulsing glans.

“Thank you,” I breathed. A blow job. Being inside her hot, sucking, wet mouth was an infrequent treat.

Her lips moved closer.

I whimpered again, as her lips stopped just inches from my plush cock-head.

She pursed her lips and blew gently on my cock causing it to bob more furiously, and more precum to ooze from the tip.

“Oh,” she said, suddenly, her head, to my dismay, retreating. “My favorite show is on. I won’t be long.”

“Please, Isla,” I wailed in horror as she pushed herself from the bed. “Please no.”

“I won’t be long,” she giggled. “I’ll leave the door open. Just use the safe word if you really need me.”

Sobbing I pulled against the restraints that kept me spreadeagled on the bed. They were tight and unbreakable.

I struggled to control my breathing, as my cock, free for the first time in a long week, bobbed and strained, stiffer than I could ever remember it being.

I heard the sound of her show starting.

For thirty minutes I struggled against the restraints, sobbing in need.

Finally, the show ended. I moaned in anticipation of her return.

Cruelly though, I heard her switch channels and begin another show.

Surely now I had to use the safe word; my need was intense.

My groin bucked up and down ineffectively as if trying to gain friction from the very air.

The words did not come. Instead, I waited in tortured, throbbing torment.

“Isla,” I croaked as she finally returned.

“Oh. I’m sorry, sweetie,” she announced as she returned to the room. “I just got so involved... I didn’t mean to leave you so long.”

Of course, she had. And I loved her for it.

Again she sat on the side of the bed to observe my shaking body and hard cock.

“Did you think I was going to give you a blowjob?” she teased.

“Yes,” I croaked.

“Oh, baby,” she cooed. “Blowjobs are only for my lover now. You understand, don’t you?”

I whined in response. She had always claimed not to like blowjobs. It appeared things were different now.

She raised her eyebrows, awaiting a response.

“I understand,” I managed to gasp.

“Do you, sweetie? Why don’t I give you blowjobs?”

“You don’t like them,” I responded desperately.

God. I so wanted to cum. I wasn’t sure how much longer I could last. I was being driven insane with beautiful, tortuous arousal.

“I thought I didn’t like them,” she corrected me.

Her eyes took on a faraway look before snapping back into focus.

“It turns out it’s very different with a proper man with a proper cock.”

Tremors shook my body as she allowed her fingers to gently brush up and down my shaft. I needed more though. Much more. My hips bucked up at her touch. She raised her hands with my cock, maintaining just a gentle brushing on my throbbing manhood.

“And this isn’t a proper cock, is it?”

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

Her hand lifted from my cock.

“No,” I gasped. “It’s not a proper cock.”

Her hand returned to continue its gentle, grazing friction.

“And you’re not a proper man, are you?”

This time I answered promptly.

“No, Isla.”

“Hmmm,” she murmured, apparently mollified, for the tip of one finger now moved to my cock-head to begin smearing precum over and around it.

I shuddered in joy.

Her hand returned to my cock, this time to grip it loosely. She allowed my hips to buck and my cock to slide loosely between her fingers. Still not enough friction though. Just not enough.

“Keep still,” she commanded me.

With effort, I controlled my bucking hips. She began to lightly stroke me, her grip just a little tighter, sending tremors of lust through my body.

“We have to talk about your chastity,” she said, continuing to stroke me.

“Yes,” I gasped through my frustration, and the supreme mental effort required to keep my groin somewhat motionless.

“How long should you stay in next time, do you think, sweetie?” she asked.

“Another week,” I gasped. “Please. I’d like to.”

Abruptly she dropped my cock and made to rise.

“I almost forgot,” she said. “I need to finish a report for work.”

“Two weeks,” I gasped in terror.

She stood.

“It really shouldn’t take too long,” she announced.

“A month,” I gasped. “Please. Lock me up for a month. Please.”

She walked towards the door.

“It should only take an hour or two.”

Her hand began to reach for the handle.

“Please,” I sobbed desperately. “Six weeks. Please. I need you to lock me up for six weeks.”

Her hand fell and she turned to walk back to the bed, a smug grin on her face.

“Oh sweetie, thank you,” she said, seating herself and kissing me tenderly on the lips.

“You deserve an extra treat for making me so happy.”

She gripped her t-shirt and pulled it up over her breasts to display them to me.

I gasped at the sight.

Desperately, I craned my neck in an attempt to get my mouth to her nipples.

Her beautiful breasts were marked with numerous, tiny, love bites.

“Yes,” she said, allowing her hand to grip me once more. “He really liked them. He couldn’t keep his hands off them. That’s alright isn’t it, Andrew? You don’t mind another man with his hands on my body, do you?”

Her grip tightened, and she stroked my aching cock more rapidly.

“No,” I gasped. “No. I like it.”

“Good boy,” she cooed.

I could feel my cum begin to boil in my balls and a familiar tingling at the base of my cock.

Sensing this, she allowed her strokes to slow, keeping me on the edge: that delicious, frustrating edge before orgasm.

“What was he like?” I gasped, continuing to stare at her beautiful, marked, breasts.

“Liam?” she replied. “Big... strong... handsome... Do you want to hear what happened?”

“Yes,” I croaked. “Yes, please.”

“Well,” she said, increasing the pace of her gripping hand. “Olivia left after introducing us. His eyes were all over me. He knew what I wanted.”

She giggled, slowing the pace of her hand to cause me to moan in frustration. “It was very naughty of you to send me out on a date dressed like that.”

I hadn’t. That had all been her idea to dress in such a sexually provocative and available manner.

My hips bucked and she slowed the pace of her hand further.

“Please,” I gasped.

“Soon,” she assured me, keeping the same frustratingly, slow pace. “You need to hear this.”

He took me to a restaurant. Gabiani’s

I knew it. An expensive place for the city's elite.

"And we had our own private room with our own waiter."

I could feel myself growing close again. But I couldn't get over the edge. She was refusing to take me that little bit further into blessed orgasm.

"I was too excited to eat," she continued. "But he had the steak."

"Oh my God," she said, shivering as she recalled the night's events. "His hands were all over me... on my legs... my thighs... my pussy..."

She giggled again. "The waiter got quite a show! His eyes were as big as saucers."

I groaned at the thought of this man's hands between my wife's pretty legs.

"I was so wet, baby," she breathed. "So, so wet. It just feels different with a proper man. Then he told the waiter to get out. I knew what was coming. And it just made me wetter."

I moaned louder as her hand began to stroke me earnestly. I could feel myself approaching the precipice."

"And then.... And then..."

She drifted off in reminiscence. I needed to hear it.

"Please," I gasped. "Please."

She snapped back with a whimsical smile.

"He told me to get under the table. To get on my knees and get his cock out."

She giggled. "I'm not sure I've ever moved so fast."

My next groan was one of extreme anguish at her words, and at the adept slowing of her strokes.

My hips were bucking furiously, and I was desperately trying to get my mouth to her breasts.

She lowered her chest slightly, but not close enough. Her now-erect nipples remained tantalizingly out of reach.

I began to beg her, almost incoherently.

"Please," I pleaded. "Please. Was it big? Please. I need to cum. Please. I love you. Did you... did you?"

"Oh it was so big," she cooed. "So thick... so long. And I sucked it, baby. I sucked his big, fat cock and it was delicious."

Her eyes gleamed in excitement. She increased her stroke, finally allowing me over the edge.

I wailed in release as my cock jolted again and again under her hands, spurting a week's worth of cum in sticky ropes onto my stomach and chest.

"I love yoooooooouuu," I wailed as my cock continued to flex, draining my balls in exquisite pleasure.

"He came in my mouth, baby," she said as my cock spurted its very last. "And I swallowed every drop."

My head fell back on the pillow as serotonin flooded my brain.

She looked down at me with a tender smile.

"I guess the rest of the story will have to wait," she observed.

Her fingers released my now-wilting cock and moved to my stomach to begin scooping up my spilled seed.

Again and again, her fingers moved to my lips. Unconsciously, I sucked and swallowed my seed.

It had been an incredible orgasm. So intense I had almost passed out. Never had I imagined that climax could feel quite that good.

"I'll get a cloth and clean you up," announced Isla. "Then we'll get you back into your little tube."

I lay there passively, astonished at how my body had reacted, and at the power my beautiful wife held over me.

As I started to come around though, one nagging thought came through the fog of post-orgasmic bliss: Six weeks.

My new reality, and my acceptance of, and desire for, it, was brought into stark focus just the following day.

I had just exited the shower where I had just finished the arduous task of shaving my body completely free of hair. The only pieces that remained were on my head, and eyebrows,

"Well, you're not a proper man," Isla had declared some two hours earlier. "Real men can satisfy their wives. So you must be a girl. And pretty girls shave their bodies."

I stood miserably before her as she enthused over my new look.

"So pretty," she declared.

She stroked my chest and thighs, cooing over my smooth, hairless skin.

"And pretty little girls need pretty little panties," she declared. "Just like you asked for."

Here she produced a pair of bright-red, wispy panties with a g-string back, She held them out to me.

Wordlessly, I took the material.

That was my first mistake.

“You didn’t say thank you,” she accused me. “You asked for this.”

“Sorry,” I said. “It’s just I’m not sure. Perhaps I won’t wear them.”

That was my second mistake.

“Eight weeks,” she said calmly.

“But.. but..” I spluttered.

“Would you like to make it ten?” she asked pointedly. “I asked you to put on some pretty panties and you started kicking up a fuss. And you didn’t thank me. I think that definitely deserves an extra two weeks, perhaps more...”

“But....” I protested.

She raised her eyebrows causing me to clasp my lips shut.

“Look, Andrew,” she said in a gentler tone. “You know you want this.”

Did I? I looked back at her doubtfully.

She shrugged. “Of course you do. If you wanted to get out of your little tube, you could easily break it open.”

That was true. I had already considered that possibility.

“I’ll make it simple for you,” she continued. “There’s your key. Right there. Take it.”

She gestured to where my key lay on the bedside table.

“I can’t stop you if that’s what you want. So take it.”

I looked at the key but made no move to take it.

“You could just take it and unlock yourself right now,” she continued. “So do it. Take the key.”

Still, I made no move.

“What’s it to be, sweetie?” she asked gently. “The key. Or your pretty panties and an extra two weeks.”

I cleared my throat to speak.

“Please Isla,” I began, my voice breaking. “I’d like to wear the pretty panties, please.”

She nodded. “And?”

“And thank you. And thank you for keeping me in chastity for an extra two weeks,” I said, my voice broken once more.

She had put me to the test, and I had passed. It was precisely what I wanted. I bowed my head in shame at what I had become – No. I bowed my head in shame at what I had discovered I was.

She reached out a hand to gently pat my quivering cheek.

“Good Girl,” she said softly. “Now why don’t you put on your pretty panties?”

I did so, pulling the thin material up my now-smooth legs to cover my cock inside its pink chastity tube.

I blushed as she clapped her hand delightedly.

“Oh, baby,” she said. “You really do look like such a pretty little girl.”

“I got you shoes, too,” she continued, pulling a pair of bright-red heels from under the bed. “Do you like them?”

“Yes,” I nodded through my shame. “Thank you.”

“Put them on then,” she enthused.

I slipped my hands into the footwear and took a tentative step. She giggled as I teetered on the high heels.

“You’ll get used to them. Keep walking.”

Under her instruction, I strode up and down before her, as she giggled and laughed happily.

She pushed herself to her feet.

“I have to go,” she announced. “Liam wants me.”

She paused before issuing one more instruction.

“Turn around.”

I did so.

Her voice hissed in my ear.

“You know, Andrew. If you keep dressing like a little bitch, I’m going to have to start treating you like a little bitch.”

I let out a shrill yelp as her palm connected sharply with one bare buttock.

She giggled gleefully.

“Don’t wait up,” she said brightly, exiting the room.

And so began my eight weeks in chastity. And I don’t think time had ever passed slower or with so much excruciating, delightful, torment and arousal.

Isla did her best to ensure that when she was around I was at least semi-erect.

When she was at work, or at her lover’s, I could gain some mental and physical relief by focusing solely on the many household tasks I now performed dutifully. This, despite the fact that I performed the task dressed just in one of my many pairs of newly-bought panties, high-heels and thigh-high stockings that she had decided looked very cute on me.

I dare not dress in anything different when she was away lest she call and demand a photo instantly. And as the weeks passed I found that I didn’t want to wear anything else.

She was right. I wasn’t a proper man. I couldn’t satisfy my wife with my cock, and so it was correct I should wear feminine, emasculating attire. The lace and silk constantly reminded me of my true status. And this pleased me.

As Isla had predicted, I found myself begging to clean her messy pussy with my tongue every time she returned from her trysts with her lover. And, sometimes, she would allow me to push my face between her smooth, splayed thighs and perform the task enthusiastically.

On these occasions, I was in a delightful, hellish place that combined the best and worst of two worlds.

On the one hand, I was in heaven being able to service my beautiful wife in this way. Relishing the dopamine rush to my head as I tasted the delicious mixture that existed between her thighs. I would moan and pant happily as I licked and swallowed, taking pride in her sighs of approval.

On the other, I cringed at what I had become – what I was – the shame biting deep into my very soul.

I was a cuck. Not a proper man. And I had begged to be in that position. Physically too, I moaned and whimpered from the dull, throbbing pressure coming from my groin, tortured by the knowledge that I must endure many more weeks of it.

But I always waited eagerly for her to return; knowing I would beg to be on my knees between her pretty legs.

Sometimes though, she would refuse me this hellish pleasure. Instead, I would be sent to kneel in the corner as she taunted me for my servitude to her. She would delight in hearing me admit to being her little bitch and her slutty little husband.

Her cruel words both stung and soothed me.

In this way, I was kept constantly unsettled and eager to please. It was precisely what she desired, and what I came to adore.

It was four weeks into my eight-week stint of chastity that I took my next humiliating and exciting step....

It was a Saturday afternoon. I was kneeling on the floor, worshiping her pretty feet with my mouth and tongue. Something about the act always sent me deep into a submissive state, pliant to her every whim.

“Prepare some nibbles and drinks for tonight,” she said casually, not looking up from her magazine. “We have guests.”

I lifted my mouth from her foot to speak.

“Who?” I asked in surprise.

“My foot, Andrew,” she complained. “Concentrate on your job.”

“Sorry,” I mumbled, sucking a tiny toe into my mouth and running my tongue over and around it.

“Olivia,” she said.

A guttural moan came from my throat. Olivia. The primary source of my current state. This had all been Olivia’s doing. She had taken on an almost mythical status in my mind as both an evil and benevolent queen.

“And her husband,” Isla continued.

This time an excited sob came from me.

Jake must certainly know about my chastity and Isla’s lover. Well apparently he was in chastity too, I consoled myself. He couldn’t shame me. We were the same. Perhaps we wouldn’t even talk about it. Just drinks and nibbles with another couple. Isla probably just wanted a normal evening.

I risked another question.

“What should I wear?” I asked.

“What you’re wearing now, of course,” she answered in surprise. “I don’t keep secrets from Olivia.”

My body began to shake uncontrollably and my stomach flip.

My lips moved in preparation to speak. Fortunately, I managed to still them. Another extension to my chastity was unthinkable. Instead, I merely bowed my head once more and continued to worship her feet, now licking and kissing at her soft instep.

“And some makeup,” she decided. “I want you to look really pretty.”

‘Pretty,’ was a common descriptor she used to describe me, and I had come to find pride in the word.

“Actually,” she continued. “You’d better go up and put some on now. You’ll need to practice.”

I had no idea how to apply makeup: the various tubes and bottles and tubs that lay in front of her mirror were a mystery to me.

“Now, Andrew,” she said gently.

An hour later she entered the bedroom to give an exasperated sigh at my efforts.

“You look like a clown,” she said sighing. “You really will have to get better at this.”

She gave a tolerant smile and sat down next to me.

“Come on,” she said. “We’ll have to start all over.”

She wiped my face clear of makeup and picked up a tube of lipstick.

“Look at me,” she said, raising it to my lips.

“Now look in the mirror,” she said, some thirty minutes later.

I let out a gasp at the face looking back at me.

With artful use of lipstick and blusher and eye-shadow and eyeliner and a host of other appliances I knew not the name of, Isla had disguised my masculine features and enhanced my more feminine ones.

The face staring back was not one of a woman of course, but instead one of an extremely feminine man. A very pretty, feminine man.

Isla smiled at my reaction.

“Go and stand in front of the big mirror,” she suggested.

In a daze, I stood, and with practiced strides of my heels, moved in front of the floor-to-ceiling mirror.

My jaw dropped down. She was right. I was pretty.

My hairless body – with legs encased in white nylon stockings, feet pushed into white heels and chastity tube covered by skimpy red panties – was almost that of a woman. The makeup had been the final step that pulled it all together.

She had transformed me.

“Do you like it?” she asked gently.

“Yes,” I answered in a daze, not really sure if I meant the affirmative.

“Now take your pretty, little ass downstairs and get the nibbles ready,” she smiled. “I have to get ready. They’ll be here soon.”

I stood, bashfully in the corner as the doorbell rang and Isla moved to answer it.

This was it. I was to be revealed to them; exposed for what I really was.

My only consolation was that Jake too might be similarly attired.

The two ladies embraced and moved into the room. Jake followed them.

To my dismay, I saw that Jake was fully clothed in slacks and a shirt. Moreover, he had a cocky, almost arrogant air to him.

He glanced my way with a smirk. How could he be in chastity and yet appear so relaxed and confident, I wondered through my blushes

My face only grew further red as the two pretty ladies moved into the room, chatting happily to each other.

To be honest, I'd had a bit of a crush on Olivia since the first time I'd met her. Something about her bitchy air excited me. And her figure, whilst certainly not as alluring as my gorgeous wife's, was enough to set the heart racing.

Olivia broke off her chat when she spotted me, and her eyebrows raised.

"My, my, my," she said in amusement. "What do we have here?"

Isla beamed in pride.

"Don't be shy, Andrew," she said. "Come here. Let Olivia have a good look at you."

Under the gaze of the two ladies and Jake, I teetered forwards on my heels, blushing furiously and struggling to control my shaking body and rapid breathing.

Olivia stepped forwards to walk slowly around me.

"Oh, Isla," she breathed. "You've done such a good job. You really are a pretty little sissy, aren't you Andrew?" she questioned me, as she allowed a hand to gently stroke one buttock.

My lips mouthed silently.

"Don't be rude, Andrew," chided my wife. "Answer Olivia. She asked if you were a pretty little sissy."

"Yes, Olivia," my quavering voice came.

"Obedient, too," remarked Olivia. "You must be very pleased, Isla."

"Oh, yes," gushed Isla. "I really am. Thank you so much for your help. I really just did everything you told me to. You were right, it was so easy. And he really prefers it this way."

"I just bet he does," said Olivia, studying my throbbing cock inside its pink tube.

Something about being observed and talked about in this manner by the two clothed women was sending me deeper into submission and into a deep desire to please.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Olivia," Isla apologized. "Please have a seat."

She indicated the sofa.

Olivia seated herself prettily, one leg over the other, her skirt riding up to display tanned, firm thighs.

Guiltily I jerked my eyes from them as Isla gave a tolerant smile.

“You sit there,” instructed Olivia to Jake, pointing to the floor at her feet.

Obediently Jake knelt. Olivia stretched out a hand to idly stroke his head. He preened at her attention.

“I just noticed your sissy looking at my legs,” announced Olivia.

“Oh, I know,” said Isla in an apologetic tone. “Should I punish him?”

Olivia shrugged. “It’s quite alright.”

“Oh,” said Isla. “OK. If you say so. You are the expert after all.”

“Just a keen enthusiast,” Olivia replied, smiling at the praise.

“What would you like to drink?” Isla asked Olivia.

When Olivia had given her order, Isla waved a hand imperiously at me. “Two of those,” she demanded.

Obediently I moved to complete the order, noting with subdued happiness, that Jake hadn’t been offered a drink.

Why was he so content and at ease? I wondered again. Whilst I was on edge with my nerves jangling.

“How long has he had his little thing locked up,” Olivia asked Isla casually as I returned.

“One month,” said Isla proudly.

I noticed Jake smirk at her reply. Why was he so goddamn smug?

Olivia nodded in approval. “And he likes it?”

“Oh yes,” gushed Isla. “He loves everything about it. I mean look at him.”

I blushed under the gaze of three pairs of eyes.

“He knows he doesn’t have to do this. But he loves his little cage. And he loves his pretty clothes and he loves me, don’t you Andrew?”

“Yes, Isla,” I replied in a low voice.

It was true. I did love everything about it. Sometimes it was tough. But it was entirely worth it.

“And what about Jake?” Isla asked politely. “How long has he been locked up?”

“Three days,” blurted out Jake proudly to my and Isla’s shock.

“Now, now,” Olivia chided him. “Don’t be so proud or you’ll find yourself in a lot longer.”

“Sorry, Olivia,” Jake replied, but still with the same smug air to him. Now I knew why. Three days was nothing.

“I know...” said Olivia to Isla. “I really should keep him in longer but I just can’t get enough of his cock.”

“Oh,” said Isla in understanding. “I see. You really are very lucky.”

Olivia nodded. “But what about you?” she replied. “I’ve heard that you get more than enough cock outside the house.

“Oh yes,” smiled Isla happily. “Liam is wonderful. He really knows how to treat a woman, you know? And his cock...”

Here she moved her hands apart to indicate the size of her lover’s manhood and the two ladies collapsed in peals of laughter.

When they had brought themselves under control, Olivia spoke again.

“And the cuck, doesn’t mind?”

“Oh, no,” enthused Isla. “He likes it. Don’t you, Andrew?”

She looked at me expectantly.

“Yes,” I croaked obediently, to another smug grin from Jake.

“It takes all the pressure off him,” continued Isla, turning back to Olivia. “He doesn’t have to worry about not satisfying me. It used to make him so sad. I told you about his little problem, didn’t I?”

Olivia nodded in sympathy.

“So it’s perfect for us. I get to be properly pleased, and he gets to concentrate on being a good little boy and taking care of me outside the bedroom.”

“Oh, I’m so pleased for you, Isla,” said Olivia in a sincere tone.

They chatted on over nibbles and drinks for what seemed an eternity as I stood awkwardly, occasionally replying obediently when a question was directed towards me.

Finally, Isla clapped her hands.

“Right,” she announced. “Entertainment.”

“Yes,” agreed Olivia. “Entertainment.”

Entertainment?

“You see, Andrew,” explained Isla, “Olivia has decided Jake deserves a release.”

Another reason he was so content I thought, miserably.

“I know, I know,” said Olivia with mock guilt. “I really shouldn’t. But he really has been so good to me with his cock recently.”

Jake quivered in excitement beneath her stroking hand.

“And you’re going to help,” said Isla, excitedly.

My eyes opened wide in shock. “What did she mean, ‘help?’ Help him how? Surely not...”

“Stand in front of us, both of you,” instructed Olivia.

Jake leaped to his feet as if he’d been anticipating this moment the entire evening.

We faced each other as the two ladies, leaned forwards eagerly.

Isla spoke first. “Take his shirt off,” she squealed excitedly.

Olivia laid a calming hand on her bare thigh.

“Yes, sorry,” said Isla. “It’s just, it’s so much fun.”

She spoke again in a calmer tone.

“Andrew. I’d like you to take Jake’s shirt off, please.”

I gave her a pleading glance which she returned with raised eyebrows and a challenging stare.

I turned back to the smug Jake and reached up trembling hands to begin undoing the buttons of his shirt and pull it apart.

A broad, muscular chest was revealed to the room.

“Oh. He’s very strong, isn’t he?” breathed Isla to Jake’s obvious delight. “Nothing like Andrew....”

“Fold it nicely,” she instructed me.

I did so, after pulling it from his muscular shoulders.

I knew what was coming next. I didn’t need to be instructed.

I sunk to my knees and began to undo his belt and flies.

Still Jake maintained his smug grin.

“Oh, good boy,” breathed Isla. “Let’s see what you find.”

I swallowed, and pulled his pants and underwear down his thick thighs to allow him to step out of them.

“Oh,” said Isla in awe. “You’re so lucky Olivia.”

Saliva pooled in my mouth at the sight just inches from my face, and my lips.

He wore a tube, like me, but an infinitely bigger one, in black. Behind the plastic a thick cock pulsed and swelled, bobbing the chastity cage up and down.

Heavy swollen balls lay below it.

Olivia spoke. “You realize this is a special treat, don’t you? For both of you.”

Jake replied, with a, “Yes, Olivia. Thank you,” whilst I nodded in abasement, knowing what was to come, and how eagerly I would do all that was asked of me.

Olivia tossed a necklace with attached key to the floor in front of me.

“Release the beast,” she demanded as Isla giggled excitedly beside her.

My shaking hand picked up the key to raise it to the lock of Jake’s chastity cage. It was just like the lock on my cage.

I throbbed harder in anticipation, licking my lips.

After several attempts, I managed to get the key into the lock and turn it. The click seemed to swell both of us even more.

I grasped the sheaf and pulled it from him.

My jaw fell down in awe as, with a sigh of relief, Jake’s cock unfurled, rapidly reaching its full, long, thick, stiff, precum-smeared size.

“Oh my God,” said Isla. “He’s almost as big as Liam.”

I barely heard her words, so intently was I staring at the monstrosity in front of me.

“Andrew,” came Isla’s voice, not breaking through my fog of awe and desire.

“Andrew,” she said again, louder, this time gaining my attention.

I looked at her, my eyes wide.

“Feel his balls,” she said excitedly. “Feel how big they are.”

The hoop behind them meant that his testicles couldn’t retract.

I reached up a tentative hand to, for the first time, feel another man's balls in my hand.

He sighed in appreciation as I massaged them gently.

"How do they feel?" asked Isla eagerly. "Do they feel heavy?"

"Yes," I croaked. "Yes."

I was staring at his plush, pulsing glans hungrily, wondering what the precum might taste like in my mouth.

Olivia chortled. "He looks like he wants to gobble it up."

I did. My face started to move forwards.

"No," cautioned Isla. "Not yet. We want a proper show you cock-hungry little slut."

Whimpering, I paused the motion of my head, instead reaching out my other hand to grasp his meaty, heavily-veined shaft.

I moaned at the feel of it in my hand: hot, throbbing, pulsing... alive.

Gently I stroked his manhood, earning sighs of pleasure from above.

"Slowly," cautioned Olivia. "It's been three days. My man has quite a lot of cum stored up."

Her man. Not her cuck. Not her little boy. Not her little sissy. Her man. He was a man, I thought in awe; a proper man who deserved to be serviced like a proper man.

I continued to slowly stroke his manhood, awaiting permission to pleasure him with my mouth.

"OK," breathed Isla. "Now. Suck it, Andrew. Suck his cock."

Instantly, my face moved forwards and my mouth opened. Hungrily I pulled his precum-smear, pulsing cock-head into my mouth, sucking on it vigorously.

"Work it, sweetie," came Isla's voice. "Really work it with your tongue."

I needed no encouragement, I swirled my tongue over and around his velvety head, marveling at his sweet masculine taste and the velvety texture.

Jake grunted above me in pleasure.

I continued to massage his glans with my tongue, as my hands played with his balls and gently stroked his iron-hard shaft.

The room began to fill with the sounds of my sucking mouth, my and Jake's groans, and the excited breath of the two watching ladies.

"More," demanded Isla. "Suck it properly."

I pushed my face forwards to take more of him into my mouth, my lips spread wide around his shaft.

“More,” demanded Isla again

Jake’s breathing grew more rapid above me and his groans more insistent.

“Don’t cum yet,” cautioned Olivia to him.

I took more of his cock into my sucking mouth. Saliva dribbled from the corner of my lips to glisten his manhood.

I was in heaven. It felt like this was what I was born to do... to be... To be on my knees in panties, stockings, and a tightly gripping chastity cage as I sucked another man’s massive cock.

“More,” demanded Isla for a third time. “Show us what a good little cock sucker you are.”

I bobbed my head deeper, gagging as his plush head hit the back of my throat. I made no attempt though to remove it from my mouth.

“More....”

I bobbed my face deeper, gagging and choking as his cock entered my throat to slide smoothly down it.

“More...”

I retreated my head to bob it forwards once more, welcoming his pulsing head as again it slid down my throat.

“More...”

With supreme effort and self-control, I bobbed my head still deeper, my nose striking his belly. I continued in this fashion, bobbing and gagging and moaning, deep-throating his huge cock, lost in the moment.

I could feel his cock begin to throb more urgently as he approached orgasm, and still I sucked and bobbed.

“He won’t last long now, Isla,” cautioned Olivia. “Where do you want him to cum? In his mouth or...?”

“On his face,” said Isla excitedly. “But keep your mouth open, Andrew.”

“You can cum now, Jake,” announced Olivia. “Paint his pretty face.”

Jake reached down one hand to grasp me tightly by the hair and pull me from his cock. Desperately I tried to keep him in my mouth as long as possible, sucking harder, wanting to feel him cum.

He was too strong for me though and forced my saliva-smeared face from his cock.

Panting, I opened my mouth and looked up,

I watched as his other hand reached down to grasp his thick shaft. Twice he stoked his throbbing meat before his cock jolted and cum exploded from the top. Sticky, creamy seed spurted onto my face and into my open mouth.

Grunting, he continued to release on me, draining himself onto my face.

I swallowed, relishing the creamy, salty taste of a proper man. He stepped back, panting.

For several seconds there was silence but for pants and excited breaths.

Finally, Olivia spoke.

“Wow,” she said. “That was quite something.”

As Jake began to gather his clothes and dress, I swiveled my head to look at my wife.

She was still leaning forwards in her seat, her face flushed and a look of awe on her face.

“You really did it,” she said in an astonished tone. “You really did.”

I licked my lips, tasting him again, before attempting to rise.

“No,” she said. “You stay where you are and think about what you’ve done.”

Olivia spoke again. “Well. I must admit I found that quite exciting. What about you, stud?” she asked directing her question to the now-clothed Jake.

He nodded in agreement. “He was born to suck cock,” he said.

Olivia smiled. “Can you go another round?”

Jake nodded confidently.

“Great,” smiled Olivia. “Because I need you to take me home and fuck me stupid.”

She stood. “Come on you big stallion. Let’s get you home.”

She turned to Isla. “Thank you so much for a lovely evening, Isla. I’m so happy that things seem to be working for you two.”

“No. Thank you,” replied Isla. “For everything. Let me show you to the door.”

She led the couple to the door to say her goodbyes.

I remained on the floor, dazed and dizzy with unfulfilled desire.

When Isla returned, she walked a slow circle around my shaking, sweaty, cum-covered body.

“Well, well, well,” she said. “We’ve discovered something else about you, haven’t we?”

I nodded in agreement.

“What have we discovered?” she asked.

“That I like sucking cock,” I answered in a shaky voice.

“That you like sucking cock,” she agreed. “What are you?”

I was so many things. And perhaps I was more things I was yet to discover.

“A good little cock-sucker,” I whispered in reply.

“A good little cock-sucker,” she agreed again. “I’m going to bed now. I’ll call you when I’ve decided you can come up. But it won’t be for a long time. I want to give you plenty of time to think of all the things you’ve done this evening. And all the things you’re going to do for me in the future.”

I bowed my head in compliance.

“Yes, Isla,” I croaked. “Thank you, Isla.”

The Humiliation of a Cuckold Husband: Book three

“I want to make this day as special for you as possible,” Isla breathed. “Eight weeks. I’m so proud of you.”

Eight long weeks of extreme, delightful, chastity and humiliation. All that I could have dreamed of.

Eight long weeks where I had discovered things about myself that I could never have imagined.

And now the day had finally arrived when I would be able to release all the pent-up frustration and cum that had built up inside me.

“Thank you,” I moaned, momentarily lifting my sucking mouth from her diminutive toes. As soon as the words had left my mouth I returned my attention to her feet.

“I’m very kind aren’t I?” she asked.

“Yes, Isla,” I responded.

She was.

She gave me everything I needed; everything I craved intensely. My love for her had never been as complete as it now was.

And to be as I was now, kneeling at her feet, with knees spread wide, in just stockings and chastity tube, as she lounged comfortably above me, was where I most deeply felt this love.

“So I thought we could take your little chastity cage off early if you promise not to touch yourself,” she announced.

My heart raced excitedly.

My long-awaited orgasm was scheduled for later in the day. But just to be free of the tube that I had begged to be placed in was an unexpected treat. Of course, I could release myself from the device any time I wished, the lock would easily break. But that was not what I desired. I desired her to have complete control over when and where I came out. And it appeared that time was now.

I nodded eagerly, before my heart dropped. After eight weeks in the device, I was doubtful I would be able to keep my hands from myself. It was a promise I could not make.

“I... I...” I stuttered.

“What baby?” she asked. “Don’t you want to come out?”

I did. Of course, I did. But I also did not want to break a promise made.

“I won’t be able to,” I explained sadly. “I won’t be able to stop myself touching myself. It’s been so long.”

“Oh dear,” she said in sympathy, as I once more began worshiping her feet with my mouth and tongue.

“And I so wanted to make it special for you. You’ve been so good.”

An idea came to me.

“You could use the handcuffs,” I blurted out.

Her eyes narrowed.

“How do you know I’ve got handcuffs?” she asked. “Have you been snooping through my things?”

I dropped my head guiltily. I had.

“That’s very naughty, Andrew.”

I waited, on tenterhooks, for her response to my nosiness.

“But I think I understand.”

I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Did you find anything else you liked? Look at me.”

I gently placed her foot to the floor and looked up at her beautiful face.

“I liked the nipple clamps,” I whispered.

She nodded in understanding.

“Yes,” she smiled. “I thought you might like those. Anything else?”

I dropped my head again, embarrassed to voice my desires.

“Look at me, Andrew,” she said gently. “Was there anything else you liked?”

There was.

“The... the... the...” I stuttered.

“Yes?” she said, her eyebrows raised in curiosity. “Don’t be shy. Tell me what has gotten you so excited.”

I answered in a tiny whisper. “The strap-on.”

The strap-on I referred to was a big, black, rubber dildo.

“Ahhh,” she said. “You want me to wear that and fuck your pretty little ass? Is that it?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

The prospect of my beautiful wife taking me in such a fashion was incredibly arousing. My cock flexed

harder inside its pink, plastic sheaf.

“You really are a dirty little boy, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Isla,” I replied, meekly.

“But it is your special day,” she said. “Maybe later.”

I shameful thrill ran through me at the possibility.

“But for now, you want me to use the handcuffs and nipple clamps on you? Is that right?”

I nodded eagerly, and she laughed in amusement.

“Go and get them then,” she said.

Hastily I pushed myself up on my high heels and trotted away to fetch the items, quickly returning.

“Get in the corner,” she said. “I don’t want to be tripping over you every time I walk through here.”

Her voice had taken on a more harsh, bitchy tone, and I adored her for it.

“Quickly,” she snapped. “Get in your corner and kneel.”

I did so, raising the items to her for her to snatch them from me.

“Do you remember the safe word, cuck?” she asked.

I adored being called a cuck. It was, after all, what I was: a cuck for my beautiful wife.

“Yes, Isla.”

“Put your hands behind your back then, you little bitch,” she snarled.

I did so, and she snapped the handcuffs into place on my wrists.

I shuddered at the delightful humiliation.

She moved to crouch in front of me, raising the nipple clamps before my eyes. One was attached to the other on a thin chain.

Her slender fingers tweaked one nipple erect to attach the clamp.

I gasped in shock at the tight, biting pressure.

She repeated the process with the other nipple, smiling when I gasped once more.

“Oh dear,” she cooed. “Do they hurt? What a pity. You could always use the safe word.”

She knew I would not.

She grasped the chain to tug it gently, and was rewarded with moans and a further swelling of my poor, constricted manhood.

She tautened the chain, raising it to my mouth so that it tugged tightly on my sensitive nipples.

“Open,” she instructed, pushing the chain into my mouth. “And close.... Do. Not. Let the chain out of your mouth.”

Excited, tortured moans came from my throat as my nipples were pulled upwards, cruelly.

She gave a small laugh. “Yes. I was right. You do like them.”

I did. Intensely.

“Now,” she breathed. “Let’s get that little cage off.”

I watched, almost in disbelief, as she pulled her necklace over her head. My key dangled from it. It was finally happening. Finally.

She moved the key towards the lock, before looking at me with a wicked smile on her lips.

I groaned through the chain. Surely she wasn’t about to withdraw the treat at such a late stage? It would be just like her.

Part of me knew though that if she were to deny me, I would adore her even more. But I needed release! The conflicting desires only stiffened me more.

Relief and disappointment washed over me in equal measure as the key entered the lock and turned.

“I couldn’t do it,” she whispered. “I couldn’t be so cruel.”

She pulled the pink plastic tube from me, purring happily as my cock rapidly unfurled to bob excitedly before her eyes.

One slow stroke from her cool, slender fingers sent tremors through my body, weakening and dizzying me.

Too quickly though, she rose, to leave me there on the floor with pinched nipples and straining cock.

She returned to the couch to read. Just occasionally she would glance over at my shaking body to ensure that the chain had not fallen from my mouth and that my cock remained stiff and hard.

Euphoric, delicious freedom. Dopamine flooded my brain as I entered an intense state of sexual frustration. My cock, finally free of the grasping plastic, seemed determined to ache as it had never ached before. My groin thrust futilely in the air.

It was a gasping, throbbing thirty minutes before she lay down her book and crouched before me once more.

Her gentle fingers reached up to remove the clamps. I yelped in acute shock as blood rushed back to them, and my cock bobbed more furiously.

Again she reached down to give my cock a gentle stroke, before rising once more and leaving the room.

I heard the shower running.

How much longer would she torture me in this way? I could barely think. Images of her beautiful, lush body with its beautiful swells and curves flickered through my mind. These images, combined with an intense need to cum, kept me rigid, and leaking precum to the floor.

“Isla,” I croaked as she returned.

She’d changed into her short red Kimono. I stared at her beautiful legs in desperate need.

She pulled out a chair to place it directly in front of me. She seated herself, her thighs pressed tightly together.

My gaze transferred to the top of her thighs, my eyes desperate for a glimpse of what lay between them.

“What, sweetie?” she asked. “Are you trying to look at my pretty pussy? Would you like a little look?”

“Yes, please,” I croaked.

I wanted more than a look. I wanted to sink into her clenching heat. I wanted to feel her slippery passage on my hard cock.

“Please,” I croaked again.

“Oh I don’t know, baby,” she cooed. “My pretty pussy is really for Liam these days.”

I let out a whimper of dismay.

“But,” she said, “You have been a very good little boy. And I do want to make this special for you...”

She allowed her fingers to toy with the loosely tied belt of her robe.

“Perhaps...” she teased.

I waited on tenterhooks, my entire body humming in anticipation.

Slowly, she undid the belt and allowed her robe to fall open.

I gasped at the sight of her full breasts and stared intently at the triangle between her legs, mostly obscured by her closed thighs.

“Was that nice?” she asked as she made to close the robe once more.

“No,” I gasped in distress.

“No it wasn’t nice?” she asked.

“No,” I gasped again. “I mean, Yes. Please.”

“Please what, sweetie?” she asked.

I couldn’t reply, only moan and gasp and hope.

“Oh I think I know what you want,” she breathed.

Slowly she allowed her thighs to fall apart, displaying her puffy mound to me.

A rasping growl came from my throat at the sight of her slit, her outer labia, as of yet, still pressed tightly together.

To my delight, she reached down a hand to begin gently rubbing at herself.

“Is this what you want?” she breathed as her rubbing, stroking fingers gently teased her pussy lips apart.

“Yes,” I croaked, transfixed by the sight.

She gave a tiny shiver of joy at my devotion to her.

“It must be so frustrating,” she observed, as her fingers coaxed juice to herself, “to be so close to something you want but know you can’t have it? Is it frustrating?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

“But you like it, don’t you?” she breathed. “You like being denied my pretty pussy?”

How much longer? How much longer could I put up with this relentless teasing that so excited and tormented me?

I almost wished for my chastity cage to be replaced. At least then I knew that there would be no relief from the dull pressure. To be free, aching, and so close, was sending me close to insanity.

“Yes,” I replied in a strangled voice. “Yes, Isla. I like it.”

Her pussy lips spread wider, displaying her tender inner flesh to me. A hint of her scent hit my nostrils, eliciting a growl from me.

“And you like being denied orgasm too, don’t you?” she insisted.

Her fingers were beginning to glisten with her juice and the odor of her arousal grew heavier in the air.

“Yes,” I croaked. It was true. Why? I did not know. But I knew I’d never been happier.

I watched in awe as her fingers transferred their attention to her clit, rubbing at it insistently.

“So maybe,” she said. “If you like it so much. We should get the chastity cage back on.”

She was panting now slightly, as her clit grew stiff and erect under the expert attention of her fingers.

“Please,” I sobbed desperately.

Was I begging to be placed back in my cage? Surely not.

Another whimper came from my throat as she slumped down in the chair, and her smooth thighs spread wider. Her pussy moved closer to my face. I craned my neck, but it remained tantalizingly out of reach.

“Yes,” she panted. “Maybe that’s what we’ll do. Put you back in your little cage.”

Her head fell back and her face flushed as she concentrated fully on her impending climax.

Her fingers became a glistening blur, and her mouth opened wide.

I watched in throbbing awe as her body shuddered, her back arched and her beautiful pussy spasmed and clenched in climax.

“Yesss,” she squealed, “Keep you locked up for evvvverrrrrrrr.”

After riding her orgasm to its conclusion, she was left panting and shaking. Her eyes remained closed, and her breath came in rasping gasps.

I waited as she lay in her chair; waited as her thighs slowly stopped their shuddering, and her breath returned to something resembling normal.

Her head lolled forwards, and her eyes opened. Her pupils slowly regained their focus.

She gave a lazy grin, before reaching out her still-glistening fingers and smearing juice above my upper lip.

“That’s as close to my pussy as you’re going to get tonight,” she whispered, before allowing me to lick at her fingers.

All too quickly though, she pulled her fingers from my mouth.

“You stay there, sweetie,” she said, as she rose on tired legs to walk away.

Her sweet, briny taste on my tongue and the acute smell of her in my mouth made coherent thought or speech impossible.

I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to the exquisite, delicious torture.

How long I knelt there I do not know. Time ceased to have any meaning for me.

My eyes opened to be greeted by the sight of the thick black dildo just inches from my mouth.

My wife stood before me, naked but for the strap-on, her legs apart and her hands on her hips. Her lips were twisted into a sneer.

I knew instantly what was required of me. I pushed my face forwards to pull the rubber glans into my mouth and begin sucking upon it.

“Look at me,” she snarled. “Look at me when you’re sucking my cock.”

I did. I kept my gaze fixed firmly on her beautiful face and shining eyes as she began thrusting her hips lazily, forcing more and more of the cock into my mouth.

Gagging, slurping sounds filled the room as, knowing what I wanted, she began to force the cock down my throat.

Still, I kept my gaze fixed firmly on her face as she used mine for her amusement.

When she finally allowed the dildo to fall from me, I was a slobbery, panting, aching mess.

“It’s time,” she said gently. “Get up.”

My legs were numb and aching from kneeling so long. And with my hands still tightly handcuffed behind me, it was with difficulty that I managed to gain my footing.

Isla made no move to help me, though. Instead, she waited patiently, her face impassive, as I struggled myself upright.

She reached out a hand to grasp me tightly by the cock and balls. I welcomed her tightly gripping touch.

In this manner, she pulled me to the bedroom.

“Get on the bed,” she snarled.

I lay face down on the bed, dazed and dizzy with need.

A sharp slap stung my buttocks.

“Get your pretty ass in the air,” she demanded.

I quickly obeyed, my chest pressed to the bed, on my knees, with my ass presented to her.

My cock bobbed and throbbed beneath me.

“Take me, Isla,” I gasped. “Please take me.”

“Oh, I will,” she assured me. “I told you if you kept dressing like a bitch. I’d treat you like a bitch.”

I wanted nothing more, and she knew it.

Lubricated fingers rubbed at my puckered asshole, causing me to flinch at the unfamiliar touch.

When one, and then a second, finger entered me though, I found my buttocks pushing back against her digits, wanting them deeper, needing her to make me entirely hers.

She chortled in delight as I began to plead with her.

“Please Isla,” I begged her. “Fuck me now. Fuck me with your cock. You’re right. I’m your little bitch.”

I continued to babble lewd entreaties to her as she lubed up her rubber cock and placed it at the entrance to my tight, virgin passage.

My buttocks thrust back, attempting to force the rubber cock into me.

Again she chortled, slapping my tender buttocks repeatedly, reddening them.

“Good bitch,” she cooed. “I like a little bitch who begs for cock.”

Slender hands reached up to grasp my hips.

I grunted in shock and extreme delight as the rubber cock slid smoothly inside me, stretching me wide and filling me.

I grunted again as the head of the dildo struck my prostrate sending tremors through my body.

“You like that, bitch?” she inquired. “You like being fucked by my cock?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “God. Yes. I love it.”

I could feel electricity begin to hum from my balls and cock to cover my entire body. She continued to slide in and out of me, the head of the cock now pummeling my sensitive prostrate.

I just needed a little more; just a little more.

“Harder,” I begged her, desperate to go over the edge, my fists gripping the sheets tightly. “Fuck me harder.”

Chuckling she obliged, slamming into me, and interspersing the thrusts of her cock with sharp slaps of my ass-cheeks.

I was so close, so very very close. “Harder,” I wailed looking down and back at my bobbing, flexing, cock. “Harderrrrrrrrr.”

My eyes widened and my mouth opened to wail in delight as my sphincter clenched again and again on the hard rubber, and my cock flexed to shoot cum from it.

Again and again, under my astonished eyes, my cock jolted, spurting ribbon after ribbon of sticky cum onto the bed sheets; eight weeks of creamy, pent-up cum.

As I spurted my very last, darkness descended to my eyes as I came close to losing consciousness such was the intensity of my orgasm. Never had I felt anything like it before.

“A sissy orgasm,” Isla laughed. “A sissygasm.”

Mumbling incoherently I collapsed onto the stained sheets, with bruised prostrate and aching ass.

The dildo slid smoothly from me. I murmured happily as my body produced the natural chemicals to give the soothing post-orgasm bliss I had so craved for two long months.

Isla’s came to my ears, distant, as if from another room, but gentle now and loving.

“Was that good?” she asked.

“Amazing,” I managed to reply in astonishment.

Later that night, we cuddled close together in bed. My eyes were still wide and my mind in awe at what had happened, and at how much I had enjoyed it.

Isla was allowing me to run my hands over her body. I did so with glee, exploring every curve and swell of her figure as if for the first time.

“When can I cum again?” I asked her.

My orgasm had been a life-changing experience, and I couldn’t wait to experience it again.

She shrugged as my hand ran over her flat stomach and up to a heavy breast.

“I don’t know, sweetie,” she replied. “I don’t think it’s a good idea if we schedule it. Maybe tomorrow...”

Tomorrow would be perfect.

“Or maybe never...”

“Never?” I said in alarm.

She shrugged again as I lowered my head and dared to suck a thick nipple into my mouth, marveling as it stiffened rapidly under my tongue.

“Well it’s up to me, isn’t it? If you want me to take control of your cock and keep you in your little tube. That is what you want, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I said firmly. “Yes.”

And then tentatively. “But never?”

She took my head in her hands to pull me from her nipple and lay a gentle kiss on my lips.

“You just concentrate on making me happy,” she suggested. “Don’t worry about when you get to cum.”

That's for me to worry about. OK?"

"OK," I agreed contentedly.

Giving control of my orgasms to her had been a freeing experience, and one I was happy to repeat.

"You know, baby," she continued as she allowed my sucking mouth to return to her nipple.

"Mmm," I responded.

"Liam thinks it might be a good idea if you watched him making love to me."

I looked up at her in surprise. "R... Really?" I stuttered.

She smiled at my surprised, eager expression.

"Yes," she replied. "He thinks it will be good for you to see how a proper man makes love to a woman. Would you like that?"

"Yes," I replied, nodding.

I could imagine nothing more erotic.

"He wants to do it here. In this house. All you have to do is ask him."

"I'll ask him," I said, transferring my attention to her second nipple as she sighed in pleasure.

My hand slid down her stomach and she let her thighs fall apart slightly to allow me to stroke at her soft mound.

"There's just one thing..." she said.

"What?" I asked, as her thighs spread wider. "If I have to suck his cock. It's OK. I want to. It's right that I should prepare him for you."

"Well of course you will," she said, her sex growing damp under my fingers. "It's not that."

Then what?

Her pussy was growing wetter. She placed her hands back on my head to push me down the bed.

I obliged, allowing her to position my mouth over her clit.

She mewled happily as I began to suckle upon it, swelling it.

"He says," she sighed. "He says that if you invite him here to fuck your pretty wife.... Then he's going to have to fuck your pretty ass too."

What?

I spluttered in shock and attempted to raise my head to speak.

Her tightly gripping hands kept my head in place though.

“Concentrate,” she chided me. “Concentrate on making me cum.”

I did so, all too aware that my cock had swelled harder at her words. Surely though, that was a step too far. Was that really what I wanted?

Over the next three weeks, I begged her repeatedly to take me once more with her strap-on.

Her reply though was always the same.

“If you want to be fucked in the ass, then you know what you have to do. He’s just a phone call away.”

I did know. But initially, something kept me from making the call.

As my chastity lengthened though, so did my desire to please my wife; and my desire to see her satisfied.

And, I came to admit, the desire to be taken by her lover. To surrender myself fully to them and break the final taboo.

In fact, when I wasn’t thinking about being allowed to worship my wife’s feet or pussy, or even to be allowed to make love to her, my thoughts were on Liam, and what she claimed was his huge cock.

But I couldn’t do this, could I?

Isla would never look at me the same way again. The last vestiges of my manhood would be gone.

Isla noticed the turmoil that plagued my mind.

“It’s OK, sweetie,” she consoled me. “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to. Nothing at all.”

She knew though, what my deepest desire was. And how far into humiliation I was willing to fall to achieve it.

After a month in chastity, I finally gave voice to my extreme need.

Worshiping at her feet, I said the words I knew she wanted to hear and that I wanted to say.

“I want to do it,” I said. “Please Isla. Can I phone him and ask him to take you in our house?”

“Take me and you,” she giggled. “Is that what you want?”

I blushed. “Yes,” I said in a shaky voice. “It is. I need this.”

“You need to take a fat cock?” she continued to tease me.

“Yes,” I answered honestly.

She reached out a hand to stroke my face gently.

“If you do this, Andrew,” she said gently. “I’ll never be able to look at you the same way again.”

Of course, she wouldn’t. The tiny remaining remnants of my masculinity would be stripped from me.

“I understand,” I answered, my voice cracking as I spoke.

“And that’s what you want?” she asked. “For me to see you as you truly are? Just a little slut to be used by me and my lover as we please?”

“Yes, please,” I croaked. “It would make me happy to please you... and Liam.”

“That’s so sweet, baby,” she breathed. “You must really love me.”

I nodded vigorously.

“You’d better make the phone call then.”

The prospect didn’t scare me. The opposite.

“Here,” she said, handing me her phone. “He’s in contacts, under ‘My lover.’ While you’re in there, change your name to ‘bitch.’ That’s what you are now.”

I did as instructed, erasing my name and replacing it with, ‘bitch.’ A part of my identity had gone, and my life was about to undertake its biggest transformation yet.

“Call him now,” she cooed in encouragement. “If you’re sure you want this.”

I did.

“Isla,” came a deep voice to my ear. “I was about to ring you. I’ll need you tonight. Wear something really slutty.”

It was the voice of the man who would take my virginity, I thought, my cock swelling at the masculine tone.

“Um... actually. It’s me, Liam... Andrew. Isla’s husband.”

There was a pause, before he spoke again.

“I see,” he said in a not-unfriendly voice. “Isla told me to expect your call. What can I do for you?”

I cleared my throat, excited butterflies in my stomach.

My voice shook as I replied.

“I’d like you to make love to my wife, please Liam,” I said.

“I already fuck your slutty little wife whenever I feel like it,” he replied.

“I know,” I said, my voice becoming small at the verbal affirmation of all he did to her. “Thank you.”

“So....?”

“I’d like you to make love to her in our house,” I whispered, relishing the delicious shame that engulfed me. “I’d like to see how a proper man satisfies a woman.”

I could almost feel him smile at the other end of the phone.

“Did your slutty wife tell you what would happen if I allowed you to watch me fuck her?”

“Yes,” I croaked.

“Yes, Sir,” he corrected me gently. “I think that’s appropriate.”

“Yes, Sir,” I responded, the word feeling right on my tongue.

“What’s going to happen?” he demanded.

“After you’ve made love to her, you’re going to make love to me, Sir,” I responded.

Was this really happening? Was I really offering myself to a man I’d never met?

“No,” he corrected me. “I’m not gay. This is about power. I’m not going to make love to you. I’m going to fuck you. I’m going to fuck you so that your wife can see you for what you truly are. I’ll own you both. Is that what you want?”

“Yes, please, Sir,” came my voice.

It was happening, I realized through the fog of deep, cutting shame. I was doing it.

“Beg me, then,” he demanded. “Beg me to show you how a proper man fucks a woman. And beg me to fuck you.”

The words came quickly.

“Please, Sir. Please show me how you make love to my wife. She says you can fuck her properly. Not like me. I can’t satisfy her. Please, Sir, could you fuck her properly? And then, Sir. Please. Could you fuck me? Please?”

My cock throbbed at my words.

“I’ll be there at eight,” he said. “Make sure you’re both wearing something slutty. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Sir,” I responded.

The line went dead.

I looked up at my wife and she gazed back at me with a smirk. Already I could feel that something had changed between us. I had debased myself before her. I had begged to be fucked by her lover. Some things simply couldn't be taken back.

"Come on," she said gently. "We'd better get ready."

She took me by the hands and led me up to the bedroom.

"Have you shaved already?"

"Yes," I nodded. It had become customary for me to shave my entire body every morning. Isla liked my skin as smooth and hairless as hers.

"Put some lotion on then," she said, "...this one. It smells very pretty."

Under her watchful eyes, I oiled my body to leave it supple and shining.

She nodded approvingly. "Yes," she said. "He'll like that.... Isn't this fun? Two girls together, getting ready for their lover."

It was. More than fun, it was incredibly erotic, and the eroticism was only increased by her words. Two girls, preparing themselves for their lover...

I nodded, unable to put voice to the arousing emotions that engulfed my glistening form.

"Do your makeup while I shower," she instructed me. "He said slutty, so make sure you use enough."

I watched as she undressed before me, drinking in every inch of her lithe body. A body that was no longer for me, and perhaps never would be again. A body that was for her lover, not her husband.

She noticed my gaze and smiled.

"Do you miss this?" she asked, allowing her hands to roam over her breasts and upper thighs.

"Yes," I croaked. "God. Yes."

She smiled again. "But you know it's not for you, don't you?"

I nodded, glumly.

"Do you remember when we used to make love?" she asked, her hand running down between her thighs.

"Yes," I croaked again.

It seemed almost unbelievable that I had once been allowed to slide into her almost at will. It was now an unimaginable prospect. I was pussy free. A cuckold in chastity who begged to be fucked in the ass with her strap-on, and now by her lover's thick cock.

“Do you miss my pretty pussy?” she breathed, rubbing herself gently.

“So much,” I croaked. “So, so much.”

“Do you wish we could go back?” she asked. “To before I took a lover... to before your little cage?”

I imagined a life where I could fuck my wife. Where I was almost never so sexually frustrated. A life without this constant need to please her in whatever manner she chose. A life where I didn't beg to suck cock or to dress up like a slut for her lover. A normal life.

“No,” I croaked.

“I thought not,” she said, laying a soft kiss on my lips.

She turned to shower. “Make yourself all slutty for my lover, bitch,” she said, her words sending a thrill through me.

When she exited the shower, wrapped in a towel, my makeup was complete. I'd become adept at applying the various items, and a pretty, androgynous face stared back at me in the mirror. Thick makeup of every description gave my face a whorish, slutty look.

“Nice,” she commented. “Now I want you in white... like a virgin.”

It was appropriate. And I suddenly felt as nervous as a bride on her wedding night.

“Get your white stockings,” she instructed.

Obediently I pulled the sheer material up my smooth legs to settle them at high thigh.

“And that pretty little skirt I bought you.”

I swallowed excitedly. The skirt was so short it just begged to be swept up over my hips by any man who wished to use my virgin ass.

I pulled it on, and she nodded in approval.

“And the white kitten heels.”

I slipped into the white, high-heeled shoes. No longer did I find them difficult to wear. Instead, I welcomed the feminine stance they gave my body.

“Now leave,” she said. “Go and wait downstairs. I have to get ready.”

I teetered off in my white heels, my ass swaying.

Isla appeared an hour later.

“Slutty enough for him do you think?” she asked.

“Y... Yes,” I stuttered.

Like I, she had applied thick makeup to her face. And stockings, like mine, but in red, and a pair of red stilettos.

No skirt, just tiny red panties that did nothing to hide her smooth, hairless mound.

Her torso was clad in a skin-tight, translucent, black nylon top through which her breasts and thick nipples were clearly visible.

“Are you saying I look like a slut?”

“No, no,” I protested. “You look beautiful.”

She smiled at my worried tone and shrugged.

“It doesn’t matter. There’s something about the man that makes me want to dress like a slut. God knows I act like one when he’s around.”

She looked at me with a slight sneer. “And I think you will too...”

I knew I would.

“Go up to the bedroom and change the sheets,” she commanded. “He’ll be here soon.”

As I was changing the sheets, I heard the doorbell ring. I jolted nervously, my stomach flipping. This was it.

I heard the murmur of voices below, and then silence.

I finished the sheets and stood for a while, trying to still my shaking body.

Finally, with a deep breath, I began to descend the stairs, fully aware of what I must look like.

A dark-haired handsome man sat, with his thighs spread wide, on our sofa. His chest was broad, hinting at powerful muscles beneath his tight shirt.

And, between his legs, knelt my beautiful wife, slurping and sucking on his cock, her head bobbing.

As I stood, in a daze, awed by the beautiful sight.

A smirk came to the man’s lip as he noticed my lingerie-clad body.

“Two sluts,” he chuckled, as he reached down a hand to push my wife’s face further down on his cock.

“She couldn’t wait,” he said, his eyes on my face. “She just needed my cock in her mouth.”

I could see the truth of this as my wife bobbed her face further down on him, her hair hiding her sucking mouth and his cock.

“Look at me, cuck,” he said gently.

I lifted my gaze to stare into his face.

He let out a groan. “Good girl,” he said. “Keep sucking it like that.”

His praise seemed to spur her on for her face bobbed deeper and the slurping, sucking sounds grew louder.

“She ever suck your cock like this?” he asked, pleasantly.

I shook my head.

“No, Sir,” I said in a tremulous voice.

She hadn’t. Not even close. The few blowjobs she had given me had been unenthusiastic affairs, her lips barely touching my shaft; just gently sucking at the tip.

This was different. It was like she wanted to devour him.

He let out another groan. “God that’s good. I feel sorry for you. She’s a fantastic cock-sucker. She probably just needed the right cock. Oh, God...”

“I’m going to cum in your mouth,” he growled at my wife. “Swallow it all. Show your husband how much you enjoy it.”

A moan of agreement came from her throat.

“Ugh... Ugh... Ugh, he grunted as, his eyes locked on mine, he ejaculated into my wife’s hot, sucking mouth. “Oh, you good little cock-sucker.”

My wife pulled her face off his cock, allowing me a view of it for the first time.

A whimper came from my throat. She hadn’t been lying. His cock, glistening with saliva, was long, thick and heavily veined – a proper man’s cock.

Liam smirked at the awe in my eyes, crooking a finger at me.

Come and kneel next to your wife.

I rushed forwards to obey as Isla, with glazed eyes, swallowed the cum in her mouth with a contented sigh.

“Isla,” he said, snapping her out of her daze. “Kiss your husband.”

Obediently she pushed her cum smeared lips to mine, and pushed her tongue into my mouth.

I moaned at the salty, masculine taste of his seed in her mouth.

She quickly broke off the kiss though, to look up at her lover.

“Thank you, Liam,” she said. “For letting me suck your cock. Can I get you hard again?”

She let out a moan of disappointment as he slowly shook his head.

“The cuck’s going to do that,” he said. “Sit next to me. I wanna get my hands on those tits.”

“Yes Liam,” she answered, licking her lips clean of the remnants of his seed.

She perched herself next to Liam, and offered her chest to him, mewling in delight as he began to grope at her.

“What are you waiting for,” he growled at me. “Get me hard.”

“Yes, Sir,” I answered meekly, pushing my face towards his tumescent, glistening cock with its bulbous cock-head.

Isla looked down in delight.

“His balls first,” she whispered. “He likes his balls sucked.”

“Yes Isla,” I whimpered in reply, craning my head uncomfortably to suck one heavy, swollen testicle into my mouth and begin massaging it with my tongue.

He sighed in appreciation.

“Get both of them into your mouth” he instructed, even as he swept Isla’s top up over her chest and began tweaking upon her thick nipples.

I raised a hand to force his other heavy testicle into my mouth, moaning in arousal as I did so. My mouth was wide and crammed full of his balls, but still I slobbered and sucked upon them, working them with my tongue.

Another intense moan came from my mouth, as I saw Isla’s nipples quickly stiffen under his fingers.

His head dropped to pull one thick nipple into his mouth and suck upon it vigorously.

My cock was flexing and throbbing inside the cage at the sight above me, and from my submissive position and acts.

Isla moaned happily as he transferred his attention to her second, now rock-hard nipple; a nipple I had once enjoyed suckling on myself, marveling as it swelled under my tongue, but which was now reserved, it seemed, for another, more powerful man.

“Now his shaft,” she whispered down at me between moans and sighs. “He likes it licked. Lick it properly, Andrew.”

I allowed his balls to fall from my mouth to transfer my attention to his almost fully-erect shaft, covering it with sloppy kisses and long licks, feeling him throb and grow stiffer under my eager tongue.

“That’s right,” sighed Isla in glee.

Liam’s hand moved down, over her flat stomach to position itself between her thighs, rubbing at her through the thin material of her panties.

“Now suck it,” she panted, as her thighs fell further apart and her panties quickly became damp with juice. “Suck his cock. I need him hard for me.”

Her arousal hit my nostrils, heightening my excitement, and sending even more blood to my impossibly cramped cock.

I sucked his pulsing, swollen glans into my mouth, tasting him properly for the first time, and feeling him on my tongue. The taste and feel of his cock-head sent dizzying tremors through me.

He moaned in pleasure, sending a wave of pride through me.

Isla’s face was becoming flushed now and her breath coming in gasps and pants under his rubbing fingers. “Suck him properly,” she managed to pant, her eyes losing focus.

I swirled my tongue over his plush glans and began to bob my head, taking more of his thick meat into my mouth. Saliva dribbled onto his cock, lubricating it.

“More,” insisted Isla, before throwing back her head and surrendering herself to his probing fingers.

Slurping, gagging sounds mixed with my moans, Isla’s pants and mewls, and Liam’s deeper sighs and growls.

I bobbed my head further, feeling him enter my throat. Again and again, I took his thick manhood smoothly down my throat, gagging and choking, but with my own cock angrily throbbing inside its pink sheaf.

Isla came prettily under his fingers, her panties now sodden. She gasped and shuddered as orgasm ran through her body.

“Yes, Liam,” she gasped. “Yeeeeessssss.”

His hand moved from her sex to grasp me by the hair and pull my sucking mouth from him.

He was fully erect now, thick and long.

Isla was shaking in the aftermath of orgasm but still desired more.

“Take my panties off,” she gasped.

I pulled her sodden panties down her legs.

“Put them in your mouth,” she panted. “Taste what another man can do to me.”

I stuffed the panties into my mouth, whimpering at the beautiful taste of her arousal.

“Now watch,” she said, swinging on leg elegantly over Liam’s lap to sink down upon him.

My eyes widened at the beautiful sight of her pretty, sodden pussy being stretched wide by his thick cock.

She gasped in delight, her mouth opening wide, her face flushing further and her eyes losing focus once more.

Her sodden snatch gripped him tightly as she plunged up and down on his glistening, throbbing meat.

Pretty, high-pitched grunts came from her lips as she continued to ride him, her hips rising and falling, his cock taking her into ecstasy.

One of Liam’s hands grasped a full breast, while the other reached around to begin slapping her firm buttocks, causing squeals of delight.

Her hips plunged down more vigorously as she approached her second orgasm, her beautiful breasts bouncing up and down. She was lost in the moment, somewhere beautiful. Somewhere I had never been able to take her.

They came together, Liam’s impressive cock flexing as he spurted into my wife’s sex, filling her with his seed. He grunted and groaned in release.

My wife’s sex clenched and spasmed on his rod as climax hit her, and hit her hard.

She screamed in delight as a tidal wave of orgasm engulfed her, shaking her lithe form and sending wave after wave of pleasure through her.

When the last of her climax left her body, she collapsed over Liam, her entire body quivering in post-orgasm bliss.

“You see?” she panted tiredly. “You see what he can do to me.”

I had. I was in awe at what he’d done to my beautiful wife with his cock. I could never match that.

With that knowledge came a calm acceptance.

Liam gave me a smug grin.

“Get upstairs onto the bed,” he instructed me. “On all fours. And wait for me. Your pretty wife is going to get me hard again and then I’m going to take you.”

“Yes, Sir,” I answered obediently, removing the sodden panties from my mouth.

“No,” he said. “Keep them in your mouth.”

“Yes, Sir,” I mumbled, this time through wet cloth.

As my wife sunk to her knees between his legs once more, I rushed from the room to assume the instructed position.

I waited there on the bed, on all fours, trembling with nerves and anticipation, in my white kitten heels, my white stockings, and my tiny white skirt. I waited for him to enter the room and make me his under the gaze of my wife.

A moan came from my lips. Please, I thought to myself urgently. Please be quick. I need this. How hard would my wife get him? He seemed to have amazing powers of recovery, or at least that was what Isla had delighted in telling me repeatedly. And what I had just observed in the room below.

Twenty long minutes passed before I heard them enter the room behind my quivering ass.

“Someone’s eager,” teased my wife.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Please fuck me, Sir. Please. I need you inside me.”

He chortled and stepped behind me to sweep the skirt up over my hips, exposing my ass to him.

“You’re sure this is what you want?”

I yelped in delight as he slapped one ass cheek sharply.

“Yes, Sir. Please, Sir.”

“You beg so prettily,” said my wife, seating herself on the bed next to me. “You really are a dirty little slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I croaked in reply. “I know that now. Please, Isla. Ask him to fuck me now.”

“He’s ready,” she observed to Liam.

“Yes, he is,” Liam chuckled. “Get the lube, slut, and put it on my cock and his ass.”

“Yes, Liam,” she answered, moving from the bed to follow his instruction. It seemed she would do absolutely anything he commanded. I could not conceive of ever speaking to her in such a fashion.

I whimpered as her fingers smeared warm lube on my puckered asshole. So close.

“She’ll never look at you the same way again,” he observed.

“I know,” I stuttered. “I don’t want her to. I just want to serve her.”

“And you,” I gasped as I felt the pulsing head of his cock press against my asshole.

I gasped louder as he pushed forwards, splitting my ass open with his glans, spreading me wider than even Isla’s strap-on had.

“You like that?” he growled.

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir,” I gasped.

My hips pushed back. I was desperate for more. He chuckled, keeping just his pulsing cock-head inside me.

“Beg for it them,” he said, slapping a buttock once more. The sharp pain was what I needed.

My words came in a torrent.

“Please, Sir. Fuck me now. I need your cock inside me. Please. Use me. I need you to treat me like the dirty slut I am....Urgggggghhhh ”

He pushed smoothly inside me causing me to grunt in pleasure and pain as he filled my passage.

He was much bigger than, Isla’s strap-on, that was now clear. And alive too, throbbing inside me. It was an exhilarating, debasing sensation.

“Urgggggghhhh,” I grunted again as he slid further into me, his cock striking my prostrate firmly.

“You like that, don’t you, you little bitch?”

“Yes, Sir,” I wailed.

His cock slid back before thrusting into me once more causing a grunt of delight to come from my throat.

My own cock was pushing painfully against the sides of my pink chastity tube, desperate to escape.

Again he thrust into me, and again I grunted, hearing Isla’s excited breath as she watched the submission of her husband.

Incredibly, I could feel my balls begin to tingle excitedly. Was it possible?

“Harder please Sir,” I begged him, to Isla’s delight. “Harder.”

He gave a powerful swing of his hips, slamming into me, and increasing the tingling in my balls and now at the base of my cock. What would Isla say if I came? She hadn’t said I could.

“Yes,” I grunted. “Harder.”

“Fuck him harder, Liam,” Isla squealed excitedly. “He’s begging for it. I knew he would.”

She leaned closer to me to whisper into my ear.

“If you can cum in your cage, you have my permission.”

Liam began to slam into me repeatedly with powerful strokes, battering my prostrate.

I was close, so close. I hadn’t known it would be possible to cum in my cage. But it felt like I was right on the precipice of cumming on another man’s cock.

Liam began to grunt himself as he grew closer; deep, guttural, masculine grunts.

“I own you know,” he gasped, slapping my buttocks once more. “You and your wife are mine.”

“Yes, Liam,” I gasped in response. “Yes. I know. You own me.”

I felt his cock jolt inside me, as, grunting, he filled my virgin ass with his seed.

My sphincter began to contract repeatedly and the tingle of electricity moved from the base of my cock up, to the tip.

“I’m cumming,” I wailed in astonishment. “I’m cuuummmminnnnggg.”

Three weeks’ worth of cum exploded from my cramped cock to spurt onto the fresh sheets of the bed.

I moaned in release as my cock spasmed again and again.

As I spurted my last, Liam’s cock slid from my now-gaping ass. I collapsed onto the cum-stained sheets.

His pants and my whimpers filled the room.

“You did it, sweetie,” whispered Isla. “You came on his cock. Now you know. Now you know how he makes me feel.”

My eyes were unseeing and my lips moved soundlessly.

“Now get out,” she whispered. “Go downstairs and think about what you are. Think about what you look like to me.”

In a trance, I pushed myself to my feet and stumbled from the room.

Their laughter followed me as I descended the stairs.

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Prologue

“He wants to see me tonight,” my beautiful wife breathed. “That’s exciting, isn’t it?”

“I... I...I...,” I stammered in reply.

Her fingers were lightly playing along the length of my stiff, aching cock making coherent thought impossible.

“He wants me in my cheer leading outfit,” she continued. “You know the one? With the cute little skirt? I’ve never worn that for you, have I?”

“Please, Maya,” I croaked, unsure what I was begging for. Her slender, stroking fingers gripped me now, taking me close to the edge.

“Please sleep with him?” she asked. “Well, you’ll have to ask me properly.”

“Please, Maya, Please,” I begged, still unsure of what I was begging for. I didn’t want her spreading her pretty legs for him, did I? Then why wasn’t I telling her so?

Expertly, she kept me teetering on the edge of orgasm; in that netherworld where I was at my most pliant.

I could feel her hot, sweet breath in my ear.

“I’ve shaved my pussy for him,” she whispered.

I groaned in arousal and shame. She never shaved her sex for me; never. Cum boiled in my balls at the thought of her pretty, shaved mound. But still she kept me right on the edge of climax.

“Maybe I’ll show you later,” she continued. “That would be nice, wouldn’t it?”

My mind was in turmoil, jumbled thoughts confusing and exciting me.

“Wouldn’t it?” she insisted.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes.” I was so, so close to cumming. My hips began to buck up against her cool hand.

“He says he wants me on my knees as soon as I get there...”

“Please Maya,” I gasped. “Please. I don’t... I don’t... I want...”

“It’s OK, sweetie,” she cooed. “It’s OK. You know what you want, just say it...”

Her grip on my throbbing cock tightened and she increased the speed of her strokes slightly.

“Say it, sweetie,” she insisted. “Say it...”

“I... I... I...” Orgasm was just seconds away.

I groaned in frustration as her grip on my aching manhood loosened slightly, drawing me away from the edge.

“Please,” I gasped.

“Yes?” she replied, her grip tightened once more. “What is it?”

The words came.

“Please, Maya,” I gasped. “Please fuck him. Please. I want you to fuck him.”

She chortled in delight as she took me over the edge. I wailed in relief and shame as three week’s worth of cum shot from my cock in sticky ribbons. Again and again, I spurted, coating my stomach and chest with my seed.

“There we go,” she breathed as she expertly drained me. “All better now.”

She pushed herself up from the bed to leave me in what should have been post-orgasmic bliss. Instead, despite the intense climax, anguished, tortured thoughts flooded my mind. What had I agreed to? Begged for?

She glanced at my gasping, sticky form in amusement, before turning from me.

“Now where’s that costume?” she mused

Chapter one

“What do you mean chaste?” I asked in confusion.

“Oh it’s a silly old custom in my custom in my country,” my bride-to-be replied airily. “But my family are very traditional. They would never have agreed to the marriage unless I followed our ways.”

“But what does it mean?” I insisted, still confused.

I was sitting on Maya’s bed, in her dorm room. We were both in our third year of University. Maya sat at her mirror, applying makeup to her flawless skin. My stomach gave a little flip at the sight of her. God, I couldn’t wait till our wedding night. I couldn’t wait to finally be allowed to plunge into her sweet sex.

“When the love is proven, then the husband is free,” she recited, laying down her lipstick. “But in my language it sounds much better.”

She stood, and turned to me. “How do I look?”

“You look amazing,” I replied in awe. She truly did. So good that it worried me that she was going out with her girlfriends and not me.

Her glossy black hair tumbled over her bare shoulders, framing an artfully made-up face. Her eyes shone behind eyeliner and eye-shadow whilst her naturally pouty lips had been plumped further with bright red lipstick.

An off-the-shoulder, white, blouse clung to her torso, highlighting a flat, taut stomach and full, heavy breasts.

I swallowed as my gaze traveled down her lithe body to where a short, brown, leather skirt encased her hips and fell high on her smooth thighs. A pair of high heels elevated her body several inches and pushed her chest forwards provocatively.

So distracted was I by the sight of her that I completely forgot what we had

been talking about.

“Perhaps I should come with you,” I suggested, worriedly.

She was dressed so seductively. Men would be flocking around her like bees to honey. My body quivered slightly at the thought, and at the memory of what had happened the last time she had gone out with friends.

“No, sweetie,” she replied, patting me gently on the cheek. “You know I need my independence. Besides, I need you to iron and put away all my laundry.”

She gestured to the huge hamper of laundry that I had done for her in the dorm laundry room earlier.

“OK,” I said in a sad tone.

“Good boy,” she smiled. “Make sure it’s all done by the time I get back.”

I was totally under her thumb and she knew it. I would do anything for her, including staying in on a Friday night to do her laundry while she went out with her friends.

“Um, Maya?” I asked.

“Yes, sweetie,” she answered distractedly. “What is it now? I don’t want to be late.”

“Yeah, um, sorry,” I apologized. “It’s just... I mean...”

“What?” she asked, her tone annoyed now. “Speak.”

My voice dropped to a whisper as I asked the question that had been playing on my mind. “It’s not going to be like the last time you went out with the girls, is it?”

“Oh,” she smiled knowingly as I blushed at the memory. “But you enjoyed

that didn't you?"

"I...I...I..." I stammered in reply, my cheeks growing red, and my head dropping so that I gazed at the floor.

The last time she had gone out with the girls she had returned late – the early hours of the morning.

I had been lying asleep in her bed, awaiting her arrival and my eyes had jerked open at the sound of the door.

"Hi Maya," I had said sleepily into the darkness. A sidelamp had switched on, illuminating her slender figure in its short skirt that barely covered her sex. She hadn't replied. Instead, she had merely kicked off her shoes and strode to the bed. In one swift, graceful movement she had lifted herself onto the bed to straddle my face.

I had gasped in shock and arousal at the sight and smell of her naked sex. When she had left the dorm room she had been wearing panties, I had been sure of it. But not now. Her sex was sodden, and her labia splayed. It was a beautiful, arousing sight. But from her inner flesh had leaked what was unmistakably another man's cum. Never had I been allowed inside her, but apparently another man had.

I had moaned in humiliation and at the realization that my cock had instantly grown almost-painfully hard. The smell of her sweet juice had filled my nostrils, further stiffening me. But her usual briny scent was now mingled with the mealier, saltier scent of another man.

"Clean me up," she had commanded. There was no hint in her voice that I would do anything other than follow her instruction.

I had hesitated, my mind in turmoil. Surely I wasn't going to do this. She had spread her pretty legs for another man whilst I had waited patiently for her in her room. And now she was insisting I humiliate myself further.

"Now please, Timmy," she had said.

Despite my misgivings, I had craned my neck and, moaning in arousal, begun lapping mouthfuls of her sweet juice and her lover's cum into my mouth.

"That's right," she had cooed. "What a good boy. Get it all."

Her words had excited me. I had redoubled my efforts, scooping more of the ambrosial mixture into my mouth, moaning in abandon now as I swallowed again and again.

"Oh you like that, don't you," she had breathed.

I had moaned an affirmation.

"You may touch yourself," she had breathed. "Touch yourself as you make me cum."

As I had transferred my attention to her swollen clit, I reached down and grabbed my throbbing cock. I had begun to thrash at myself frantically.

We had cum together: Her gasping and mewling prettily as her pussy twitched and spasmed on my tongue, and I with a deep grunt of release and shame. I spurted again and again, my sticky seed soiling my belly and chest

She had almost instantly rolled off me to fall into a deep slumber as I lay there in shock, my mind in turmoil.

We hadn't spoken of the events since.

"Well didn't you enjoy it?" she insisted.

Surely I hadn't? What man would? What man would enjoy the knowledge that another man had enjoyed his girlfriend's hot, slippery sex whilst he was forced to wait until their wedding night.

And what man would use his tongue to clean his fiancée's sloppy pussy of

the evidence of her infidelity?

I let out a moan of anguish, causing Maya to giggle.

“Please Maya,” I begged her. “Please.”

What was I begging for? And why was my cock stiffening at the memory of my debasement?

I let out a gasp of shock as Maya’s hand shot forwards to grasp me tightly by the groin. My arousal was obvious.

“You see,” she mused. “I know what kind of boy you are. Look at me, Timmy.”

I raised my glowing face to look into her shining, beautiful eyes.

“I know, don’t I?” she insisted.

“Yes, Maya,” I croaked.

She smiled happily, “That’s right. Yes, Maya. Those are the words I like to hear from your pretty lips.”

I gasped again as her grip tightened on my throbbing cock.

“So be a good boy,” she continued. “And on our wedding night you’ll get a very nice treat. OK?”

“Yes, Maya,” I croaked once more, causing her to smile.

“Be naked when I get back,” she said, releasing me and turning. “And after you’ve finished the laundry you can clean the bathroom.”

And she was gone.

I stood, rooted to the spot for several seconds trying to make sense of the

range of emotions coursing through my body. Was she going to sleep with someone again? Why was my cock so hard at the thought? Surely I didn't want that? The thought of my beautiful Maya spreading her legs for another man tortured me. God damn. Why was I so hard? What was wrong with me?

In an effort to distract myself I began to sort, iron, fold and put away her clothes. But always my thoughts would come back to Maya: Maya on her knees pleasuring another man with her mouth and hands; Maya on all fours gasping happily as a huge cock plunged into her welcoming sex; and Maya straddling my face, her sloppy, used pussy pressing down on my welcoming lips.

I groaned again in anguish as I finished the last of the laundry and moved to the bathroom to scrub, wipe and mop.

When I was finally finished, I took a long shower, trying to cleanse myself of my shameful thoughts.

And then I waited for her return, and waited... and waited...

As instructed I was naked, and as my cock grew hard it bobbed comically in the air as I strode the floor impatiently.

Towards dawn when I felt I could take no more of my fevered thoughts, I reached down to grasp myself, knowing it was the only way I could gain some relief.

It was at that moment I heard Maya's key in the door. I let my cock fall from my hand and waited as the door opened. Maya stepped into the room and closed the door behind her.

Her eyes flickered around the room before her lips broke into a smirk. It was clear I had followed her instructions to the letter.

"I did the laundry and the bathroom," I spoke, pathetically.

"Yes," she replied without emotion. "I can see that."

“And I’m naked like you said,” I added unnecessarily, hoping for praise.

None came. Instead, her smirk just grew wider. I waited – for what I did not allow myself to recognize.

My heart quickened and my body trembled as her slender hands reached down to grasp the hem of her oh-so-short skirt.

I swallowed excitedly as ever so slowly she pulled the skirt up, over her sex. I gasped at the sight before me. My heartbeat quickened, and my eyes grew wide.

Her sex was bare and glistening with juice. Her labia were spread wide like the wings of a beautiful butterfly, revealing her tender inner flesh. I swallowed again, transfixed by the heady sight. Nothing else seemed to matter. Her beautiful, sodden pussy was the center of my existence.

A moan came from my lips as a trickle of sticky cum leaked from her snatch to dribble on to soft inner-thigh. My cock grew agonizingly harder at the arousing sight.

In a daze, I stepped forwards, my eyes still on the glorious, messy prize. Closer I stepped, her scent now hitting my nostrils and further exciting me; sweet and alluring with hints of her lover’s manly essence.

Still closer I stepped, before falling to my knees before her. Her scent consumed me now, causing my body to quiver uncontrollably. Hungrily, I pushed my face forwards and extended my tongue to begin lapping at her used sex.

I let out a whimper of arousal and shame at the taste of her, and of him, whomever he was. Maya let out a little shudder above me. “That’s right Timmy,” she cooed. “Good boys get rewards.”

Her words spurred me on, and I pushed my face further into her soft flesh, licking and lapping in extreme excitement.

As she sighed happily above me my hands reached around to run up her hamstrings and grasp her firm buttocks tightly. I pulled her sex further onto my face. Her juice was everywhere: in my mouth mixed with her lover's cum; smeared over my chin; and greasing my cheeks. Her taste and smell was a delicious elixir, arousing me beyond measure.

"Make me cum now, Timmy" she instructed. "Like a good little boy."

Her clit was swollen and erect, free from its protective hood. Happily, I suckled and licked upon it, desperate to please my beautiful fiancée.

Maya began to push her pussy back against my face now. Her labia were spread around my lips, and her stiff clit rubbed against my nose as she used my face for her pleasure, and her pleasure alone. My erect cock made contact with her shins and I began to thrust my aching cock against them, humping her frantically as she continued to grind her sex roughly against my face.

She came with a series of pretty gasps and mewls, her sex spasming on my face. Her beautiful sighs of climax and her twitching pussy were enough to send me over the edge. Cum exploded from my cock in delicious release, ribbons of sticky seed coating her shins as I spurted again and again.

"OK," she said tiredly, pushing my head back away from her groin. "Say thank you for your treat."

"Thank you," I croaked as she strode on shuddering legs to the bed, casting aside her clothes as she did so. She collapsed, naked onto the bed, pulling a sheet over her lush form.

I rushed after her to cling to her naked, firm body as she quickly fell into a deep sleep.

The events of the evening had tired me too, and I quickly joined her in sleep.

Chapter two

We slept late. When my eyes finally opened it was to the sound of the shower running. As the events of the previous evening came back to me I cringed in embarrassment. What had come over me? Why had I so willingly debased myself? Why did I put up with this treatment?

Desperately I tried to force the memory from my mind. It had just been a crazy night. We would be married soon, and everything would change. Surely. I resolved to never think of my actions, or hers, again. Soon we would be in her country, and married. A completely different life awaited us.

Maya stepped from the shower, with a towel wrapped around her. Her flawless, smooth skin was flushed from the heat and her hair damp.

“Morning, sweetie,” she said brightly, with no hint of embarrassment.

“Morning,” I said uneasily. “Did you sleep OK?”

“Mmmm,” she replied. “Did you enjoy your little treat?”

A hot flush ran through me, and I grew red. I didn’t want to be reminded of last night. Desperately I tried to think of something to change the conversation.

“Um. Yes. Um.” A long-forgotten word she had uttered last night came back to me. “Um, Maya?”

“Yes, sweetie,” she replied, absentmindedly as she let her towel drop to the floor.

My eyes feasted on her naked body. God, she was beautiful. And soon she would be all mine. I couldn’t wait for our wedding night. Finally, I would be able to impale her on my cock. Finally, I would be able to make her writhe and pant beneath my thrusting body.

As she slipped into a short, black, silk Kimono, I spoke again.

“What was that tradition you were telling me about yesterday?” I asked
“Something about me being chaste?”

“Oh that,” she replied. “It’s just an old custom that our family follows.”

“But what is it?”

“Well,” she said. “After our wedding night – Are you looking forwards to our wedding night?”

“God, yes,” I answered enthusiastically. “I can’t wait.”

She giggled prettily and moved to sit herself on the side of the bed.

“Me too,” she said, pushing her lips to mine and forcing them apart with her tongue. Her soft insistent tongue swirled over mine, exciting me.

My hands reached up to grasp at her silk-covered breasts, tweaking her thick nipples through the thin material.

She broke off the kiss and slapped my hands away.

“Not now,” she chided me. I groaned in dismay but let my hands drop.

“So anyway,” she continued. “After our wedding night, the tradition is that you have to stay chaste until you have proven your love for me.”

“Like in the saying,” she continued, “When the love is proven, then the husband is free.”

“It means we can’t make love?” I asked. “But you’ll be my wife.”

“Oh it’s just for a little while,” she said, “until you prove your love. And actually...”

She paused.

“Actually, the tradition means you can’t touch yourself either. No orgasms. Just for a little while, until you prove your love.”

“But you know I love you,” I replied in confusion. “How would I prove it to you?”

“Oh it’s just a tradition,” she replied. “Don’t take it so seriously. But, you do agree, don’t you?”

“I guess,” I shrugged. “But it sounds a bit silly. You know I love you.”

“Oh, do I?” she replied teasingly. “How do I know that?”

“Oh, you know,” I replied hesitatingly. Surely she knew.

“No. I don’t,” she said. “How do I know you love me?”

Was she serious? Of course, I loved her.

“Well, for one thing,” I replied, my voice dropping to a whisper. “I let you sleep with other men.”

“You let me?” Her voice suddenly took on a harsh, cruel tone. “You let me? You think you own me?”

“No... No...” I stuttered in shock. I hadn’t wanted to discuss this, but here we were. “But you know you do.”

“And do you have a problem with that?” she demanded.

I did. I desperately wanted her to be only mine.

“Because you didn’t seem to have a problem when you were on your knees last night, humping my leg as you cleaned me up...”

“I... I... I....” I stammered in acute embarrassment as the memory came

flooding back.

“You didn’t seem to have a problem as you swallowed his cum, did you?”

I dropped my head in shame.

“Did you?” she insisted.

“No, Maya,” I croaked.

“How dare you try and shame me,” she went on angrily. “You know I have needs; needs that you won’t be able to satisfy until our wedding night.”

“But,” I replied plaintively. “We could...”

“No,” she snapped. “Those are not the ways of my country. Perhaps you don’t want to get married after all.”

“I do,” I protested. “I promise.”

“Or perhaps you want to find another girl? Some slut who will spread her legs for you before your wedding night?”

She was truly angry. And upset.

“No, Maya. Please. I’m so sorry. I understand. I love you. And I don’t want another girl. And you can sleep with who you want?”

“You think I need your permission?” she asked, her eyes flashing in anger.

“No. No,” I protested. I couldn’t seem to do right for doing wrong.

It was at that moment a knock came at the door.

Maya took several deep breaths to compose herself as I drew the sheets over my naked body.

“Come in,” she called.

A hulking young man stood in the doorway. He was a big guy, with broad chest and shoulders. He had dark hair, and stubble covering a handsome face.

“Hi, Maya,” he smiled, allowing his gaze to run over my bride-to-be’s body. I watched in alarm as she preened for this stranger, pushing her breasts forwards as if for his appraisal.

“Hi, Blake,” Maya replied coyly. “I had a great time last night.”

“Me too,” he said, his grin growing wider.

His eyes flickered to my prone form, as if noticing me for the first time. “Who’s this?”

Maya waved her hand airily. “Oh, that? That’s nothing,” she replied.

It was like an arrow to the heart to be referred to as nothing. This must be the guy she had been with last night; the guy who had taken my girlfriend. The guy whose cum I had licked from her sloppy snatch. My body shook at the memory.

Maya glanced at me, her lips twisted cruelly. “Timmy,” she said. “I want some ice cream. Please fetch me some.”

“I think there’s some in the kitchen,” I replied uncertainly.

“No,” she replied curtly. “I want some from...” -here she mentioned an ice cream shop across town.”

“But that’ll take me at least two hours,” I protested. I couldn’t leave the two of them alone. It was obvious what he was here for.

“Now, please Timmy,” she replied.

It was clear that I had no choice. “OK,” I said meekly. “Could you please

pass me my underwear and pants.”

My underwear and pants were on the other side of the room.

“No,” she scoffed. “Get them yourself.”

I hesitated. I didn’t want to be naked in front of this guy.

“Now,” she snarled. She was obviously still angry from our conversation before. I didn’t want to anger her further.

“Yes, Maya,” I croaked in shame.

Blushing, and doing my best to cover myself I pushed myself from the bed and rushed across the room to struggle into my clothes.

Maya and Blake watched on in amusement.

When I was half dressed, Maya grabbed me by the arm and dragged me to the door, pushing me through it. “Mint choc chip,” she said before the door slammed behind me.

I could hear their laughter through the door as I sadly walked away to do her bidding.

When I returned, it was dusk. I took a deep breath and pushed open her door, praying that Blake was no longer there.

In the half-light of dusk I could make out Maya’s naked form lying among twisted sheets. The air was thick with the scent of sex.

“I, um, I got your ice cream,” I said plaintively.

“Put it on the table,” she said in an emotionless voice.

I did so. And waited, looking at her, hoping for a kind word. She rolled her head to the side to look at me with her beautiful eyes.

She cast the sheets from her lower body and spread her legs lewdly, displaying herself to me. I swallowed in excitement at the sight of her splayed, used sex.

“Well, Timmy?” she asked. “Was there something else you wanted?”

Surely I wasn’t going to debase myself again after the way she had treated me? Surely not. My eyes though were fixed on her messy, swollen sex, the evidence of their love-making so clearly displayed to me. I licked my lips.

“Well?”

“Please, Maya,” I croaked. “Please.”

“Please what, Timmy?”

The words came. “Please may I clean you up, Maya. Please.”

“Oh, Timmy,” she sighed. “What a naughty boy you are. You want to clean the big man’s cum from my pretty pussy again? Is that right?”

I couldn’t deny it. It was what I wanted more than anything. I was desperate to push my face between her smooth thighs and clean him from her.

“Yes, please, Maya,” I croaked.

She let out a cruel laugh. “No. Only well-behaved boys get special treats.”

She drew the sheets over her lower body as she laughed once more at the dismayed expression on my face.

“You can leave now, Timmy. You have upset me. I’ll call you when I need you again. If you try and contact me or approach me before that then I’ll be looking for a new husband. Do you understand?”

I didn’t. How could she treat me so cruelly?

“Yes, Maya,” I found myself saying, though.

“Now get out,” she said, turning on her side and closing her eyes.

Sadly, I left the room, closing the door softly behind me.

Chapter three

For the next few days, I waited in agony for her to contact me. On several occasions, I contemplated texting or ringing her. But the stakes were too high. I wanted to marry her. I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. If I had to wait, I would.

I saw her around on campus, of course, almost always with Blake. Her hands would be flirtatiously stroking his upper arms. Or she would be looking up into his face adoringly. It seemed I had been forgotten; cast aside.

I pulled my phone from my pocket at least fifty times a day to check whether she had left a message. Always the answer was no.

Finally, after a week of torture, a text came. I read it eagerly: “8:00pm,” it said. Nothing more. 8:00pm. That was over three hours away. How could I wait?

Eventually 8:00pm rolled around to find me eagerly knocking on Maya’s dorm door.

“Come in,” came her voice.

I pushed open the door and stepped in. Maya was seated at her desk dressed in just yoga pants and a tight white t-shirt. The material of both articles of clothing clung to her body tightly, displaying every curve and crevice. My heart beat faster at the sight of her.

“Hey Maya,” I said tentatively as she swiveled her chair to face me.

“Well?” she asked without a smile. “Have you learned your lesson?”

I had. Being away from her had been torture.

“Yes, Maya,” I said meekly.

She blessed me with a smile that set my heart beating fast. “Good boy,” she

said. "Come and give me a kiss."

I rushed forwards to press my lips to hers. Adrenaline shot through my body at their soft touch.

"Now get on your knees," she said.

I sunk to my knees obediently.

She nodded in pleasure. "Good... Now kiss my feet."

I didn't even think of objecting. Instead, I bowed my head to lay kiss after kiss on the bridge of her tiny, delicate feet.

She sighed happily. "That's right, Timmy. Show me how much you love me."

Spurred on by her words, I lifted one of her feet in my hands, extending her leg.

Then, in a daze of submission to the beautiful woman seated above me, I began to lap and kiss at its sole.

She sighed again, happily, pleased with my newly found attitude. As I continued to kiss and lick at her soft flesh, one of her hands crept down to slip under the waistband of her yoga pants.

I let out a groan of frustration as her hand began to gently rub at herself, moving in a sinuous, circular motion. I swallowed excitedly as my cock grew stiff inside the constraining material of my pants.

She sighed again as her fingers now began to rub more insistently.

"I can do that for you," I gasped between kisses and licks. "I can lick your pussy for you."

"No. No. No," she chided gently. "My pussy is off-limits to you until I'm

sure you're going to be a good little boy."

I groaned again in deep frustration, tortured by my throbbing cock, and by the beautiful sight of my girlfriend.

Her fingers increased their speed, her eyes closed and her head fell back against the backrest of the chair.

I began to suck her toes into my mouth, suckling on them hungrily as her fingers moved still faster and pretty gasps and mewls began to come from her mouth.

Still, I sucked and licked and kissed, desperate that she understand how sorry I was for my behavior.

With a series of high-pitched gasps, she came, her leg jerking spasmodically as she did so, pushing into my face and sucking mouth.

"God. Yes," she sighed as she coaxed the last of her orgasm from herself, her fingers gradually stilling.

Her face was flushed and her breathing shallow and irregular. Gently, I lowered her foot to the floor as she slowly drifted back to the real world.

She removed her hand from inside her yoga pants and extended it before her. Her fingers glistened with her sweet juice and her scent reached my nostrils, further engorging me.

"My pussy's off limits," she breathed. "But you can have a little taste of it if you want."

If I wanted? Of course, I did. Eagerly I sucked her fingers into my mouth, moaning in pleasure at her taste. I cleaned every drop of her juice from them, moaning in dismay as she finally drew back her hand.

She looked down at my quivering, aroused state, mulling something over. Finally, she appeared to come to a decision.

“You’ve been a good boy,” she said finally. “You deserve a little treat.”

“Thank you, Maya,” I gasped. “Thank you.”

“Take off your clothes and lie on the bed,” she instructed.

I scrambled out of my clothes. She giggled at my enthusiasm.

As instructed, I lay on the bed, my breath growing quicker as she lay next to me on her side, pushing her body to mine.

I could feel the heat from her groin pushing against my leg, and her stiff nipples brushing against my chest.

“Does this feel nice?” she breathed as she allowed her fingers to gently run up my shaft, from balls to pulsing glans.

“Yes,” I gasped as her fingers gently smeared precum over the head of my aching cock. “God, Yes.”

She smiled, “And you’re going to be a good boy?”

“Yes, Maya,” I gasped, my groin thrusting in the air now, desperate for more friction than just the light touch of her fingers.

“Ah, ah,” she admonished me, her fingers lifting from my aching manhood. “Stay still or I’ll stop.”

With difficulty, I stilled my hips and her fingers returned to lightly stroke my cock once more.

Her mouth moved to my ear. I could feel her hot, sweet breath.

“You know I’m going to keep seeing Blake, don’t you?”

“Yes, Maya,” I croaked. I did know this. “I understand.”

“Good, boy,” she whispered, grasping my cock now in reward.

“You don’t mind, do you Timmy?”

“No, Maya,” I whimpered. “I understand.”

She began to stroke me gently, sending delicious shivers of arousal through me.

“What do you understand Timmy?” she breathed, grasping me tighter.

“I understand you have needs,” I groaned.

“What needs?”

“You need... you need... you need a man,” I groaned.

Expertly she was keeping me right on the edge, seeming to know exactly when to slow her strokes and when to make the faster.

“That’s right,” she said. “I need a man with a big cock to satisfy me, don’t I Timmy.”

“Yes, Maya,” I half whimpered, half-wailed, causing her to giggle once more.

“And you have to wait, don’t you sweetie? Until our wedding night. You don’t mind do you?”

“I... I...I...” I stammered. Her grip grew looser and her strokes slowed at my non-reply.

“I’m sorry, Timmy. I didn’t hear you?” she said.

“I don’t mind,” I said urgently. “I don’t. I want to wait for you. And I want you to be satisfied.”

Her grip tightened and she once more stroked me to the edge, keeping me hanging there. I was shuddering and gasping now, desperate for the beautiful release of orgasm.

“He’s coming here soon,” she teased. “And he’s going to take me with his big cock. I want you to think about his cock spreading my pretty pussy, filling me, when you wait all alone in your dorm room, OK, sweetie?”

“Yes, Maya. Please, Maya. Please.”

Still she would not allow me over the edge into the ecstatic world of release.

“And after he’s fucked me,” she breathed. “I’m going to phone you, and you’re going to beg me to let you come over here and clean me up with your mouth, OK?”

“Yes, Maya. Yes,” I wailed as her hand increased its speed.

“Yesssssss,” I wailed once more as she allowed me over the edge. Cum spurted again and again from my pulsing cock to coat my stomach and chest. She giggled excitedly, as I moaned and gasped at the exquisite relief of orgasm. Expertly she drained me of my seed to leave me panting, trembling, sweaty and covered with cum.

It had been one of the best orgasms of my life. And now calming dopamine coursed through my veins.

She dropped my now wilting cock and idly allowed her fingers to swirl around in my cum.

Slowly my breath calmed. With a tiny smile, she scooped some of my cum up in her fingers and pressed them to my lips.

“Open,” she insisted. I allowed my lips to fall open and her fingers to enter my mouth.

“Suck it up,” she insisted. “Get it all.”

I obeyed. Sucking and swallowing my bitter cum again and again as she repeated the process.

Finally, she seemed satisfied.

“Now go,” she said. “Blake will be here soon and I have to get ready for him. He wants me in my cheer leading outfit.”

I groaned at the thought of her in that tiny, cute skirt and tight mid-riff revealing top. God. And those white stockings. I groaned again.

“Go,” she said once more. “And wait for my call.”

Of course. Her call. The call where I would beg to clean her up. A frisson of excitement ran through me and my cock began to swell once more at the thought.

“Now,” she insisted in a harsher tone. “I don’t want to have to tell you again. I’m finished with you.”

“Yes, Maya,” I replied, conscious of my promise to be a ‘good boy.’ I could not risk her getting upset as she had last time. Being away from her had been torture.

Quickly I pushed myself from the bed and shrugged my clothes on.

“Bye, Maya,” I said.

She didn’t reply.

I cleared my throat and spoke louder. “Bye, Maya.”

She glanced up in annoyance. “Are you still here? I thought I told you to get out.”

I rushed from the room.

I followed her instructions to the letter. How could I do anything else? Again and again, I thrashed at myself as I imagined Maya in her cheerleader costume; Maya in her cheerleader costume kneeling in front of Blake and sucking his cock happily into her mouth; Maya with the short skirt swept up over her buttocks as he pushed into her from behind; Maya's beautiful, full breasts swaying as he thrust into her powerfully causing her eyes to become glazed and her pretty lips to open in an "o" of pleasure; Maya riding his big cock as she teased her nipples with slender fingers.

By the end of the evening, I was sticky, sweaty and shaking. But I was not sated. It seemed however much I came I could not be sated.

I knew what I needed. And that was to push my face between her smooth thighs and lap at her pretty, swollen, cum-filled pussy. The need consumed me and I waited for her phone call anxiously.

Finally, it came.

"Hi, sweetie," came her voice. "He's finished with me."

"Maya," I croaked desperately. "Maya. Please can I come over and clean you up? Please."

I hated how pathetic my voice sounded, but I knew it was what I needed.

"Is that what you want, sweetie?" she asked. "But I'm so messy. He came in me so many times."

I groaned at the thought of her sodden, swollen sex and saliva pooled in my mouth at the prospect at licking at her.

"Yes. Maya. Please. Please. Please let me clean you up."

She giggled in delight. "You really are a dirty little boy, aren't you Timmy?"

“Yes,” I replied, careless to her taunts. “Yes. Please, Maya. Please.”

She giggled again. “No,” she replied.

The word was like a dagger to my heart. But she had promised.

“But, but,” I stammered. I’d done everything she’d asked.

“But I do like the way you beg. Maybe next time.”

I let out a sob as the line went dead. Again I sobbed as I reached down to grasp my red-raw cock, chaffed from my ministrations.

Three more times during the week she entertained Blake. And three more times I begged to be allowed to serve her with my tongue, my pleas becoming increasingly desperate. Each time I was teased and denied. I was left sobbing and distraught, tortured by my begging, and by my needs.

Midway through the second week, I got a text from Maya. “Do you still want to clean me up?”

“Yes, please,” I texted back instantly.

A smiley face created my reply. “Come over now and we’ll talk about it.”

I rushed over to her room.

“Hi, sweetie,” she greeted me, tapping a finger to her cheek. Obediently I pressed my lips to her cheek, breathing in her aroma as I did so.

“You can’t stay too long,” she said. “Blake will be here soon.”

“OK,” I said. My voice was a mixture of sadness and excitement. Sad to be sent away, and excited at what might come later.

“But I think you’ve learned your lesson,” she went on. “If you beg me really prettily tonight I might just let you have a little treat.”

“I will,” I responded eagerly.

“Wait here,” she responded. “I’m just having a shower.”

“Um. OK,” I replied in confusion.

Maya stepped from the shower naked. My jaw dropped at the beautiful sight of her bare body: at her full breasts with their thick, long nipples; at her beautifully flat, taut stomach; at her shapely hips; and at the incredible sight of her shaved, naked sex.

A smirk came to her face. She knew the power her body held over me, and reveled in using that power. The promise of being able to sate myself on her naked flesh and tight, clenching pussy on our wedding night kept me pliant and suggestible.

“I thought you could get me ready for him,” she said lightly. “That’ll be fun, won’t it?”

“What do you mean,” I croaked in reply, my stomach flipping and my limbs trembling at her words.

“I want you to dress me up for him,” she said.

She shrugged. “Unless you don’t want to.”

Dress her for her lover? Was there no end to her cruelty? Despite my misgiving, I answered in the affirmative though.

“I’d like to,” I croaked.

“I thought you might,” she smiled. “Get my lotion. The coconut one, he likes that.”

My body quivering, I fetched the lotion and poured some into my palms.

“My back first,” she said.

I moved behind her to begin massaging oil into her slender back, the feel of her firm flesh a delectable treat.

“Good boy,” she praised me. “Now my chest.”

Excitedly I reached around to begin gently rubbing oil into the flesh of her heavy breasts. The feel of them caused me to let out a small moan. She elected to ignore it.

“That’s right, sweetie,” she breathed. “I want them all smooth for him.”

As my fingers grazed her thick nipples, I couldn’t help but tease them slightly, quickly drawing them stiff and erect.

“What do you think you are doing?” she snapped.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

“If I’d wanted you to do that I’d have told you,” she admonished me. “I thought you were going to be a good boy.”

“Sorry,” I said in a tiny voice.

“Get in front of me and do my stomach and legs,” she instructed, her voice still harsh.

I quickly moved in front of her. I sunk to my knees to begin rubbing oil into her taut stomach. My face was level with her beautiful sex, and I fancied I could catch just a whiff of her arousal.

“That’s better,” she said in a kinder tone, as my hands reached around to rub the lotion into her firm buttocks. “I knew you could be a good boy if you tried.”

I swallowed, the sight of her sex, just inches from my face, pumping blood to

my poor, straining cock.

I stroked more oil into her hamstrings, smooth thighs and down her shins.

“I’m such a lucky girl to have a boyfriend who’ll get me dressed for my lover,” she mused. Her words send a perverse mixture of shame, pride and arousal through me. How could she exercise such power over me?

“You’d do anything for me, wouldn’t you sweetie,” she continued.

“Yes, Maya,” I replied, looking up at her beautiful face.

She smiled in amusement at my reply. “Good. Because that’s what I need from my boyfriend and husband. Complete obedience. Now... I bet you’d like to give my pretty pussy a little kiss, wouldn’t you? Before Blake gets to push his cock into it.”

“Yes, please,” I found myself answering eagerly, my body trembling further at the prospect. It seemed so long since I’d been able to worship her sex with my mouth.

“OK,” smiled. “Because you’ve been such a good little boy.”

Dizzy with lust, I pushed my face forwards to lay a tender kiss on the lips of her smooth sex, inhaling her scent as I did so. Her taste and smell so excited me that unconsciously, despite not being granted permission, I extended my tongue to give her slit a long tender kiss.

“Ah. Ah,” she said gently, pushing my head away. “I said a little kiss.”

“I know,” I said, my voice shaking. The taste of her was in my mouth now; the taste of my stunning girlfriend. “I’m sorry.”

She gave a small tolerant smile before moving away to seat herself on the side of the bed.

“Put these on me,” she instructed, tossing a pair of black stockings to me.

“He likes me in thigh-highs. They really excite him.”

Of course, they did, I thought to myself. She’d look amazing in them.

With effort, I stilled my shaking hands to slide the stocking, one after another, up her smooth, slender, oiled legs. I settled them on her upper thighs.

“Good,” she said, standing. I let out an anguished groan at the sight of her standing above me. The combination of stockings and smooth, shaved sex was intoxicating. My cock throbbed painfully harder.

“That one,” she instructed, pointing to a tangerine-colored, sheer, baby-doll negligee.

Obediently, as she raised her arms I pulled the negligee down over her torso. The translucent material left her thick nipples and large areola were clearly visible.

“How do I look?” she asked.

“A... Amazing,” I stammered.

She did. She looked absolutely stunning; so sexual; so ripe; so, so available.

The negligee just barely covered her pretty sex. That too was visible. And just a thin band of smooth flesh was visible between the hem and the top of her stockings.

“Really?” she teased. “Do you think he’ll like it?”

“He’ll love it,” I replied, honestly. There was so little pride left in me.

A knock came to the door. I looked around panicked.

“That’ll be him,” Maya remarked calmly. “Well go on. Answer the door. Let my lover in.”

I looked at her pleadingly. She merely raised her eyebrows questioningly in response.

“Yes, Maya,” I said, my voice barely audible.

I pulled open the door.

Blake’s hulking figure loomed over me. I cringed at the knowledge of what he was about to do to my girlfriend, and at how I was going to allow this to happen.

His eyes widened slightly at the sight of me before he caught a glimpse of Maya behind me. His eyes widened further and a satisfied grin came to his face.

He turned his attention back to me briefly. “Did you dress her up like that for me?” he asked, a contemptuous sneer on his face.

“Yes, Blake,” I replied in a broken voice.

“You know what I’m going to do to her, don’t you?”

“Yes, Blake,” I said, my head dropping and my gaze to the floor.

“Look at me,” he demanded.

I raised my gaze to look into his eyes.

“I’m going to make your girlfriend beg for my cock,” he said.

“Yes, Blake. I know,” I managed to reply.

He let out a snort of derision and pushed past me to stride toward Maya.

My beautiful girlfriend squealed in mock fear as he roughly ran his hands over her lush body, grasping her buttocks and breasts firmly.

“Oh, Blake,” she squealed. “Oh, Blake.”

Blake turned his head to growl at me. “Get out.”

I rushed from the room to the sound of their laughter.

Maya’s call didn’t come for several hours; anguished hours that I spent pacing my room, tortured by my throbbing cock and the realization of what that man was doing to my girlfriend.

Finally, her call came.

“Please, Maya,” I begged. “I love you so much. Please may I clean you up? I know I don’t deserve it. But I’ve been good, haven’t I? Please. I need your pussy on my tongue. I need to taste you.... and him...”

On and on I pleaded before she finally cut me off.

“You beg very prettily,” she said. “But I’m so tired. He really wore me out.”

Again I began my pleading. I was desperate to have my face between her thighs.

Finally, she relented.

“Get over here then,” she said in a bored tone. “And you can have a little treat.”

“Thank you, thank you,” I began as the line went dead.

I rushed over to her room and pushed open the door.

The scent of their lovemaking hung into the air, further exciting me. Maya lay on the bed, naked, her torso propped up on pillows. Her negligee had long since been discarded, but her stockings remained. Her legs were splayed carelessly and her thick nipples were red and swollen.

She crooked a finger at me, beckoning me forwards. "Crawl," she said tiredly.

I crawled forwards, my gaze fixed on the prize of her swollen, used sex.

As I drew closer her scent, and his, grew more acute. Her labia lips were spread wide, smeared with juice, and his cum. I shivered in excitement.

"That's right," she cooed. "Get your little treat."

Moaning in desire I pushed my face between her thighs, shuddering in delight. As my hands snaked up to grasp her full, firm breasts I began to lap at her hungrily.

"That's right," she cooed. "Get it all."

I did. I got every drop, swallowing again and again. As I did so a sense of contentment came over me. This was where I belonged. On my knees between my wife-to-be's beautiful legs, cleaning her up from her lover.

The taste and the smell of him, and her, was everywhere, consuming me. I felt like I could continue forever. The deep shame I felt mingled deliciously with my acute arousal and love for her.

I wanted only to stay here forever. Finally though, she reached down a hand to push me away.

"You're finished," she said, looking at my glistening face with amusement. "You've got it all."

"I can make you cum," I gasped. "Please. Let me make you cum."

She shook her head slowly. "No sweetie. He made me cum so many times with his cock. I'm exhausted. This was just a little treat for you."

I let out a whimper of dismay, causing her to smirk.

“Run along now,” she said, not unkindly. “I’ll call you if I need you.”

“Yes, Maya,” I said sadly. “I love you.”

She didn’t reply. Her eyes already closing. I crept from the room to close the door gently behind me. The smell of her in my nostrils and the taste of her in my mouth, I rushed back to my room to grasp my throbbing cock and bring myself to gasping orgasm.

Chapter four

The following day I visited Maya after my classes had finished.

I knocked and pushed open the door to find her on her bed surrounded by piles of books.

She looked up at me in surprise. “What are you doing here?”

What was I doing there? I was visiting my girlfriend of course. The woman I would be marrying soon after our final exams.

“I.. um...” I replied in confusion.

“I said I’d call you if I needed you,” she continued.

“Oh,” I said, vaguely remembering her words. “I. Um...”

“So what are you doing here?” she asked again.

“I, um. I missed you and I wanted to see you,” I responded lamely. “How are you?”

“I’m busy,” she replied pointedly, gesturing to her books. “Our final exams are only a couple of days away.”

I knew that. I’d been studying too.

“I’ll help you study,” I suggested brightly. “It’ll be fun.”

“I. Said. I’d. Call. You. When. I. Needed. You,” she said again, tight-lipped.

God. Why was she so angry.

“Oh. OK. Sorry,” I said. “Should I leave?”

She let out a long-suffering sigh. “God. It’s like talking to an idiot,” she said.

“Yes. You should leave. We’ve had this discussion. If we’re to marry I need to know that you love me. And that you’ll do as I wish. And what I wish for you to do now is to get out and not come back unless you can make up for your disobedience.”

Not come back. Fear ran through my body. Surely she didn’t mean it.

“But, I’m sorry,” I said in shock.

She pointed to the door. “Out. My patience is wearing really thin.”

She was truly angry. And I could see that staying would make her even angrier.

“I’ll um call you later,” I said, slinking out of the door.

I waited what I thought was an appropriate amount of time before calling her phone. Surely she’d calmed down by now. I’d apologize and then maybe I could go back over and we could study. If Blake wasn’t visiting her of course. I pushed the thought from my mind hurriedly. Every time I thought of her and Blake together, confusing emotions ran through me. Deep shame of course; and humiliation that she would spread her legs for another man whilst I was forced to wait until our wedding night. But something else I couldn’t deny too: excitement that was evidenced in my flipping stomach, spurts of adrenaline and stiffening cock.

The phone just rang and rang before cutting off. Damn. Where was she? Was she even now with Blake? I groaned out loud as images of his thrusting form over her writhing one came to my mind, and with it a swelling of my manhood.

Perhaps if I studied that would take my mind off things. And it did, for a couple of hours, before once more my mind drifted back to my beautiful fiancée. I’d text her.

“Hi, Maya,” I wrote. “Sorry about earlier. Shall we do some studying together?”

No reply came; nor the next night; nor the next. I dared not go over to her room, either. She had been so firm on that. What had been her words? “Get out and don’t come back unless you can make up for your disobedience.”

That was the answer, I thought excitedly. I had to make it up to her. But how?

I’d clean her room. Surely that would be enough. I’d do a really good job. This was it.

I typed a message, “I’m really sorry Maya. Perhaps I could clean your room to show how much I love you. I’ll do a really good job.”

I waited. A jolt of excitement shot through me. She was replying.

Two words: Not Enough.

Not enough. What else could I do? I typed again, my cock swelling as I did so. “Would you like me to get you ready for Blake, again?”

Her reply came: “That was a treat for you. Please don’t text me again unless you can think of a suitable punishment.”

Damn. I had to get the next one right. A punishment... A thrilling thought came to my mind; a thrilling, humiliating thought.

I typed. “Maya. I’d like to show you how sorry I am. I know I deserve a punishment. Please, Maya. I’d like you to spank me.”

I sent the message and began to hyperventilate immediately after I’d pressed the button. God. What had possessed me to write that? It was crazy? What kind of man asked his girlfriend to spank him? I’d messed things up again.

I could see she was typing. Probably to tell me not to text her again.

Her reply came: “Do you think that will make you more obedient?”

“Yes,” I typed back hurriedly. “Yes.”

There was no reply for ten minutes; ten long minutes.

Finally, it came: “Get over here.”

Chapter five

The realization of what was about to happen hit me. I was about to be spanked by my girlfriend. She was going to put me over her knees and spank my buttocks like a naughty little boy.

I began to hyperventilate once more and my body began to shake uncontrollably. She'd never look at me the same way again. And why was my cock throbbing? I thought in anguish. What kind of man was I?

With effort, I managed to still my body and slow my breathing. This was my idea. I was in control. I only had to do this if I wanted. I could just text her and tell her I'd changed my mind. I'd think of something else instead.

I pushed my phone deep into my pocket and walked to the door.

"Hi Maya," I said sheepishly as I walked into her room. God she looked stunning. She'd pulled on the black leather pants I liked so much. Skin-tight they showed off her legs and buttocks to perfection. Her feet were in high stiletto heels.

Her torso was encased in a corset that pushed her heavy breasts up and out.

"You look amazing," I said, in awe of her beauty.

She didn't reply. She merely stood there, her legs apart and a stern look on her face.

"I'm here for my spanking," I finally managed to say. "To say sorry."

Her lips twisted into a sneer at my words. "You dirty little boy," she snarled. "I bet you can't wait to get over my knees, can you?"

I dropped my head at her words, shamed. It was true, I realized. This was what I wanted; what I needed. Why else would I have suggested it? Why else would I have rushed over?

“Look at me,” she snapped.

I raised my face to stare into her beautiful, stern visage.

“This is what you want, isn’t it Timmy?”

“Yes, please,” I croaked back.

A small smile creased her lips. “Strip for me,” she said, her voice softer.

I struggled out of my clothes to stand before her, naked and trembling. Maya walked around me slowly, her heels beating a staccato on the floor. Her gaze wandered over my body.

Being naked in front of my beautiful girlfriend gave me a sense of vulnerability; but conversely also one of safety.

Her gaze rested on my throbbing cock for several seconds before she moved to the bed and seated herself.

“Get your pretty ass over my lap, you dirty little boy,” she snarled.

“Yes, Maya.”

I rushed to obey, awkwardly positioning myself over her leather-clad thighs, my cock dropping between them. My torso dangled to one side while my quivering ass was presented to me.

I flinched slightly as her palm made contact with one buttock, causing her to giggle. Gently she stroked my flesh.

“Such a pretty little ass,” she said softly. “I’m going to make it so red. And you’re going to thank me for it, aren’t you Timmy?”

“Yes,” my quivering voice came. “Thank you.”

Her soft voice came again as she continued to gently stroke me. “Are you

sure this is what you want?”

I was. I had never been surer of anything in my life.

“Yes, Maya. Please spank me,” my pliant voice came.

I yelp came from my throat as the first stroke fell.

She chuckled. “Shall I stop?”

“No,” I begged her. The stroke had stung, of course, but also with it came a cleansing feeling, and an even more desperately throbbing cock.

“Thank me, then,” she said softly.

“Thank you” I gasped as the second stroke fell. “Thank you.”

My ass began to glow under her hand. And still, she spanked me. And still, I thanked her, content under her hands.

My cock too, was rubbing between her thighs, causing me to moan between blows as I began to hump down on her, increasing the friction and drawing close to orgasm.

Abruptly she pushed me from her lap to send me sprawling to the floor.

She looked at my throbbing cock with a mixture of amusement and disgust before finally seeming to arrive at a decision.

“Worship my feet.”

With smarting ass and throbbing cock, I bowed my head to begin kissing the bridges of her feet between the straps of her high-heels.

“Now take my shoes off,” she instructed.

With difficulty I managed to undo the straps of her shoes and pull them from

her feet. She wriggled her toes in delight.

I bent my neck once more to take one foot gently in my hand and begin to suckle upon each digit in turn, massaging them with my tongue.

“Good boy,” she breathed. “I think you deserve a little treat, don’t you? For being so honest and showing me what kind of man you really are.”

I moaned my agreement while continuing to suck upon her tiny toes.

“Honesty is very important in a relationship,” she continued. “And you’ve shown me exactly who you are. You’re a man who’ll beg to be spanked, aren’t you?”

Again I moaned an affirmative.

“One who begs to clean up my messy pussy after my lover has used it.”

My cock only grew stiffer at her words.

And one who’s prepared to remain chaste for me until our wedding night.

That word again, “chaste.” She’s mentioned it before. I only sucked more vigorously on her toes.

“So, yes,” she cooed. “For being such a good little boy and so honest about what you need, you can have a little treat. You can stop that now.”

I removed her now glistening toes from my mouth to gasp a “thank you.”

She looked at my straining cock with interest. “It really did excite you being over my knees, didn’t it?”

“Yes,” I replied honestly.

“I bet you want a hand job now, don’t you?”

I wanted to make love to her. But I knew not to think about looking a gift horse in the mouth.

“Yes, please,” I responded. I was desperate for the touch of her hand.

“Well, I don’t want to do that?” she responded.

“A blow job,” I asked hopefully.

“No,” she scoffed. “I’ve sucked enough cock recently.”

Her eyes grew unfocused as if remembering her mouth around Blake’s cock.

Her eyes regained focus at my whimper.

“So what should we do?” she asked. “For your little treat.”

Surely there was only one thing left.

“We could make love,” I said, my voice tentative, desperately hoping.

This time she let out a full laugh. “No, sweetie. You know that’s for our wedding night.”

Her lips pursed in concentration. “What to do? What to do?”

I waited.

“Oh,” she said, as if an idea had suddenly come to her. “You do like my feet, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I said eagerly. “I could... I could rub myself on your feet.”

I blushed as I realized the vast differences between what she would openly give Blake and what I was begging for.

She shrugged. “If that’s what you want. Is it what you want?”

“Yes...YES.”

“Wait there,” she said. “On the floor like a good little boy. I’m going to slip out of these pants. I don’t want you staining them.” She pushed herself from the side of the bed to saunter lazily to the bathroom.”

She returned to seat herself once more on the bed. I let out an anguished gasp at the sight of my girlfriend. Her pants had gone, leaving her smooth legs completely bare. And more than that, she wore no panties. Her shaved mound was clearly visible. I groaned, lightheaded and dizzy with lust.

She tossed a bottle of lotion to me. “You can oil them first,” she suggested. “If you want.”

Eagerly I massaged the lotion into her feet, leaving them slippery and smooth.

Again I groaned as my gaze flickered from her sex to her feet.

“You can begin,” she said with a kind smile.

Trembling with need, I lifted her feet with my hands to position one soft, oiled sole on each side of my throbbing manhood. As I did so her knees flexed, splaying her beautiful pussy slightly. I whimpered at the sight and at the feeling of the soft flesh of her slippery soles pressed against my stiff rod.

Not caring what a pathetic figure I must cut, I began to thrust my hips back and forwards, humping her feet and moaning at the delicious, slick friction.

She looked down at me with amusement. “I’ll tell you when you can cum,” she said. “If you cum before you have permission, I’ll be very disappointed.”

Whimpering, I slowed my thrusts. I had already been growing close to climax. My humiliating position on the floor, at her feet, was intoxicating.

“That’s right,” she cooed. “Very good.”

I whimpered again. It was only with the greatest of will power that I managed to keep my thrusts slow. But already I could feel my cum boiling in my balls.

“Remember,” she said. “I’ll be very, very disappointed.”

It was only with the greatest of efforts that I was able to still my hips further and retreat from the edge.

“Good boy,” she smiled. But her smile was mischievous.

“How does it feel, Timmy?” she asked. “To be on your knees, like a little bitch.”

“It feels good,” I gasped. Once more my hips, as if no longer under my control began to thrust more frantically.

“Really?” she asked, idly.

“Yes, Maya,” I gasped. My gaze was fixed on her sex and tremors were beginning to run through me.

“Careful,” she cautioned.

“Yes...” I whimpered, slowing my thrusts slightly.

She noticed my gaze fixed on her sex. One hand snaked down to rub herself gently.

“And how does it feel, knowing you’re not allowed this pretty pussy?”

“I...I...I...” I stammered, my thrusts increasing in intensity. The slippery soft touch of her feet was driving me insane. I had to slow down. I had to slow down.

“And how does it feel?” she asked. “Knowing that Blake gets to spread my

pretty legs and use my hot, wet pussy whenever he likes?”

I let out a wail. I was humping her feet desperately now to the image of Blake thrusting his cock into my girlfriend. I was close. So close. I had to stop.

“Knowing that I get on my knees for him whenever he wants, to suck his big fat cock.”

That was it. Her words sent me over the edge. Thrusting my hips frantically, I felt the familiar deep, delicious tingle. With a wail, cum spurted from my cock again and again, shooting into the air to fall down on her feet and shins.

She laughed in delight as I thrust against her feet, draining myself, gasping and wailing from the delicious relief.

The blessed relief was short-lived though. I looked up at her face in dismay. I had disobeyed her. She hadn't given me permission to cum.

She looked back at me in delight at my predicament. She'd played me expertly with her words. She'd known exactly what to say to make me disobey her.

“Oh dear, Timmy,” she said. “And you'd been so good. How are you going to make up for this...?”

Forbidden Desires: Book two

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Chapter one

“Hi, hubby,” smiled Maya as her eyes opened.

“Hi, baby,” I said. “Last night was incredible.”

She laughed. “It was very nice.”

“Better than with Blake?” I asked. It was a stupid question. I realized that as soon as I’d asked. Blake was her old lover. But surely she’d at least humor me.

“It was very nice,” she replied reaching a hand down to grasp my semi-erect cock. I grew quickly under her touch.

“Better?” I asked hopefully.

She stroked me gently.

“It was different,” she said.

My cock was growing harder now and tremors ran through my body. I let out a whimper of delight.

“With you it’s special because we are husband and wife.”

Husband and wife. We were. Finally.

Last night had been our wedding night and it had been everything I had imagined it would be.

Finally being able to slip into her clenching, slippery heat had been an intoxicating pleasure. The first time, I had cum quickly, unable to control myself as she writhed beneath me, impaled on my cock. I’d wailed in delight and triumph. It had all been worth it. She was mine now; my wife; no more Blake; no more of the confusing humiliation that I so craved and despised; just husband and wife now.

After I had grown hard again, I'd slipped into her welcoming sex once more, this time making her cum with pretty gasps and mewls. The sight of her wide-open mouth and glazed eyes, and the feel of her gripping, spasming pussy on my cock, caused me to cum with her, filling her with my seed.

It had been heaven.

My elation was soon curbed though by her next words.

"With him it was all about what he could do to me with his cock."

"Wh.. What could he do to you?" I asked, despite myself.

I was fully erect now. Her expert hand had taken me right to the edge. She sensed how close I was to orgasm and slowed her ministrations, keeping me teetering on the precipice.

"He could turn me into a slut," she said. "Anything he wanted me to do, I'd do for him."

My hips began to buck up against her hand. She loosened her grip slightly, keeping me in the same agonizing state.

"He made me beg for his cock," she said wistfully. "Beg for it like the slut I was when I was with him."

I let out a whimper.

"And he was big," she continued. "So big"

"Bigger than me?" I croaked. Another stupid question. Why I was inviting her to shame me, I didn't know.

"So, so much bigger," she said. "He filled me, stretched me. Not like your little thing."

I groaned as her grip grew tighter. She increased the speed of her strokes.

“He could fuck me like a proper man,” she whispered.

I let out a yelp of pain and pleasure as she bowed her head to suck one of my nipples into her mouth and bite down on it sharply. My cock flexed and cum spurted from it to settle in sticky ropes on my stomach and chest.

She let out a throaty chuckle at my panting face.

“But you were very nice too.”

I gulped in air in a daze. How could she so excite me with her cruel words?

“Anyway,” she said. “Let’s get the device on and get some breakfast in town.”

“Device?” I asked in confusion.

“Yes,” she said looking back at me in equal confusion. “I told you about it. It’s our custom here.”

“I...” I searched my memory for any mention of a device.

“When the love is proven, then the husband is free,” she reminded me, repeating the proverb.

“Oh. The chaste thing?” I replied. “But you said it’s just a silly old custom.”

“It is,” she replied. “But one my family take very seriously. Honestly, Timmy, I told you all about it.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I’m sure you did. I just can’t remember.”

She let out a long exaggerated sigh. “You have to prove your love to me by remaining chaste after our wedding night, until you’ve proven your love for me. That means no orgasms. Once you’ve done that the device can be

removed.”

“What device?” I asked.

“I told you,” she said in exasperation. “A chastity device. Here’s yours here. I measured you for it when you were asleep. It’s a small.”

From underneath the bed she pulled a pink, plastic tube and handed it to me.

I stared at it in confusion. A pink, plastic tube crafted in the shape of a flaccid penis; not a particularly big one it had to be said.

“But...” I began. Was this to go over my cock? How would it stay on? Surely she couldn’t be serious. Jumbled thoughts filled my mind leaving me dumb, my lips moving wordlessly.

My beautiful new wife pointed out the features of the device as I sat there mute.

“You see this hoop here. That goes behind your balls. And then the tube slips over your cock and clips into place. And you can see there are lots of ventilation slits on it, so it’s perfectly healthy for you. You don’t even need to take it off for cleaning when you take a shower, there’s plenty of holes.”

I was so confused.

“But...” I began again, this time finding some words. “Why don’t I just promise you that I won’t masturbate. I promise I won’t until the um, tradition, is over.”

She gave a small laugh. “No, Timmy,” she said. “I know what naughty little boys are like. And you can be very naughty. Besides, that’s not the tradition.”

“But for how long?” I asked, not quite believing I was considering this.

She gave a sigh. “I explained. Until you’ve proven your love to me. You do love me don’t you?”

“Of course I do.” How could she doubt it?

“Then it shouldn’t be very long, should it? Now can we get it on now? My family will insist the marriage is annulled if we don’t follow the ways of my country.”

“OK,” I said. It would just be for a day or two. And if it was important for her and her family...

“OK,” she said. “At last.”

She pulled the sheets from me to leave me naked. She knelt next to my prone form. She leaned over me, her breasts swaying beautifully as she did so.

I could resist pushing myself up and reaching out to grasp at them. She slapped my hands away in annoyance. “Not now,” she said. “It won’t go on if you’re too excited.”

Reluctantly I let my hands fall and watched as she pushed my now slightly swelling cock through the hoop along with my testicles.

Just the touch of her cool fingers on my balls caused me to swell slightly more.

Maya worked quickly with nimble fingers to push the sheaf over my cock and click it into place.

“Is that it?” I asked, looking down at my groin curiously. The tube gripped my shaft and head snugly, but not uncomfortably.

“Almost,” she said lightly. “I’ve just gotta do this.”

She produced a tiny, red, heart-shaped padlock and inserted it into two provided holes.

“There we go,” she said as she clicked the padlock closed. “All done.”

I examined my groin again. The hoop behind my testicles was now locked to the plastic sheaf. The device could now not be removed unless the padlock was unlocked. But the padlock was tiny; a toy really.

Maya nodded. “Yes. You could break it off. But I don’t think you’ll want to do that.”

“Where’s the key?” I asked.

“Oh don’t worry about that,” she said airily. She pushed herself up the bed and picked up her phone.

“Who are you phoning?” I asked.

“Kara,” she replied distractedly. Kara was her best friend here, apparently. I’d never met her. But I imagined I would at some point.

“Oh, yeah? Why?”

She didn’t reply directly. Instead, she pointed to her crotch. “Be quiet, Timmy,” she said. “And get your pretty little face between your legs.”

“Um. OK,” I said meekly, pushing myself down the bed.

An hour later found us strolling down the streets of my new home to meet Kara for breakfast. The weight at my groin felt unusual, but not uncomfortable. The discomfort had been earlier as I had pushed my face between her smooth thighs and lapped willingly at her sodden pussy, smearing my face with a mixture of her sweet juice and my bitter cum.

My cock had flexed and strained uncomfortably against the tight constraints of the plastic tube. It had been desperate to expand to its full length but with nowhere to expand to had instead filled every crack and crevice of the plastic tube. The flesh of the shaft had protruded through the ventilation slits, but that was as far as it could swell.

I had groaned in discomfort, momentarily causing me to pause my tender lapping of her soft flesh. This had earned me a sharp rebuke.

“Timmy,” had come her voice. “I asked you to show me how much you love me. Concentrate.”

Despite the discomfort, I returned my full attention to her splayed pussy, stilling my moans.

As I had turned my attention to her stiff clit, her voice came to my ears as she turned her attention to her conversation with her friend.

“Yes,” she had said. “Yes. He’s in it. No... no... no fuss. He understands.”

A thrill of shame and excitement shot through me. She was talking about me. Telling Kara about my chastity cage. Perversely this only caused my cramped cock to push harder against the rigid plastic. I let out another groan.

“Yes,” had come her voice. “Yes, that’s him. I’ve got his pretty little face between my legs. He’s doing a very good job.”

Another half-groan, half-whimper came from my throat, but I continued to work her swollen nub with my stiff tongue.

Maya had let out a long exhalation of breath. “I have to go Kara. He’s getting so...”

She had paused to let out another long sigh. “He’s being a very, very good boy.”

She had let the phone fall to her side as her hips began to buck and push her messy sex back against my face. She had surrendered herself to my tongue and allowed herself to be brought to a shuddering, gasping orgasm.

When she had stilled her breathing, she patted my head gently. I continued to lap gently at her, whimpering at my discomfort, but proud of my efforts.

“Good boy,” she had breathed. “Now go and shower and get ready. We’re meeting Kara for breakfast.”

Chapter two

As we strode along the streets of her home town I found myself looking around nervously. Could anyone notice I was caged?

No one seemed to give me a second glance, and I gradually relaxed. I was happy to be strolling next to, and holding the hand of, the prettiest girl in the city. So what if I was wearing a chastity device? In fact, it gave me a strange thrill to know I was caged, but that no one could notice. I let out a little shiver of delight, and then a slight cringe. It shouldn't excite me. This was merely something I had to get through. It was just for a day or two. And then I'd once more be able to sink my stiff cock into my wife's glorious pussy.

Maya was wearing a pretty summer dress that left her shoulders bare and fell loosely to knee length. I noticed with pride the many glances cast in her direction from passing men. How did I get so lucky?

"Hi Kara," squealed Maya to a pretty brunette seated at a sidewalk cafe.

"Maya," squealed Kara in return as she stood to greet my wife warmly. Like Maya, she too was wearing a flowery summer dress that left shapely calves, and slender shoulders displayed.

The two sat and began chatting away rapidly in their native language. I pulled up a chair next to Maya and sat there awkwardly, ignored by the two friends.

Finally, Kara turned her head in my direction and fixed her gaze upon me with a slight smile. I felt my stomach flip nervously. Something about her unnerved me.

"So Timmy," she asked in her accented English. "How do you like our country?"

Timmy? That was Maya's pet name for me.

"Um, it's Tim actually," I replied politely. "I think it's beautiful."

“Good,” she smiled. “That is good, Timmy.”

Timmy again. This time I didn’t correct her.

“And what do you think of our customs?”

I blushed furiously. Her flirtatious grin made it obvious what she was talking about.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered as Maya looked on, amused.

“Yes?” asked Kara.

I swallowed in an attempt to calm myself before speaking.

“Answer, Kara,” said Maya softly. “She’s asking whether you like your little chastity cage.”

My eyes widened and my body shook. How could she be so brazen about it?

Kara’s smile grew wider at my obvious discomfort.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about, Timmy,” she said. “It is an old custom but some of the families keep it alive.”

She looked deep into my eyes. “So, do you like your little cage, Timmy?”

I squirmed and blushed before answering lamely, “Um, Yes. I guess so.”

Both the ladies giggled.

“I see,” said Kara. “Maya said you would. And are you ready to prove your love for her?”

This time I found it easier to answer although I was still deeply embarrassed.

“Yes,” I answered firmly. “Of course.”

Maya patted me on the thigh. “That’s so sweet, Timmy,” she said.

I smiled back at her, glad to have pleased her, hoping we would now change conversation.

“Are you prepared to do anything for her?” persisted Kara though.

Again the answer came easily.

“Yes, anything,” I answered.

The two ladies exchanged smirks before resuming their conversation, once more in their native language. I sat silently, doing my best to recover my composure.

After ten minutes or so of this, when they had paused for just a second, I ventured to speak.

“Do you work in the city, Kara,” I asked pleasantly.

Kara’s eyes widened in shock.

What? What had I said?

I looked over at Maya in confusion. She gave me a small, tolerant smile. “We were speaking, Timmy,” she said gently.

The two resumed their conversation leaving me in stunned silence. I had thought they’d stopped. Oh well. This was a new country. Perhaps I’d missed something.

At the next lull in conversation, when I was sure they were not in the middle of something, I spoke again.

“Do you have plans for the day, Kara?” I asked pleasantly.

This time Kara let out an audible gasp. Again, I looked over at Maya. This time there was no tolerant smile. Instead, my gaze met a face like thunder, with lips tight and eyes glaring at me angrily.

“Go. And. Wait. In. The. Apartment,” she said tersely before turning back to Kara. “I’m so sorry Kara,” she said. “I thought I’d made things clear to him.”

“Oh, It’s OK,” replied Kara, as if making an attempt to keep her voice light.

I sat in stunned silence. What on earth was going on?

“I thought I told you to go back to the apartment,” snapped Maya, turning back to me. “What are you still doing here?”

“But... but..”

“Now,” she said, her face set and her eyes flashing.

“Bye, Timmy,” giggled Kara, as, in a daze I pushed myself to my feet.

I looked at Maya pleadingly but she turned her face from me, once more speaking in her native language to Kara. I had evidently been dismissed.

I stumbled back to the apartment, confused and shocked. What had happened? Everything had been going so well. I waited for Maya’s return, too shocked to do much more than sit.

I heard Maya’s keys in the door some two hours later.

“Hi, Maya,” I called as she pushed open the door.

“How dare you embarrass me like that?” she snapped angrily.

“I... I don’t understand,” I protested.

“You don’t understand,” she scoffed. “I told you we were speaking. Good

little boys are to be seen and not heard.”

“But...”

“You embarrassed me in front of my friend. And right after you’d told her you’d do anything to prove your love to me.”

“But...” I spluttered.

“The next word out of your mouth better not be, ‘but,’” she snapped.

“I’m sorry,” I said plaintively. “I didn’t know you meant me to be quiet.”

“Then, listen,” she responded. “Listen. I told you we were speaking and you directly disobeyed me in front of my friend.”

“I’m sorry,” I said again. “I’m sorry.”

She took a deep breath. When she spoke again it was in a softer voice. “Do you love me, Timmy,” she asked.

“Of course,” I responded. “Of course. More than anything.”

“And you want to prove your love to me?”

“Yes,” I said desperately.

“And you want to stay here, with me, as my husband”

“God, Yes.”

How could she think differently!?

She gave me a soft smile, her expression now loving as she stepped close to hug me and press her firm body to mine. I hugged her back tightly before she broke the clinch and stood back slightly to look into my face.

“Things are very different here, Timmy; different from your country.”

“I’m beginning to understand that,” I joked. She smiled in response.

“I intend to teach you, if you wish to stay. To teach you... to train you in our ways... to train you how to be a good husband. And you’ll learn so much about yourself. And you’ll find yourself happier than you could ever have imagined. But you have to trust me, OK? Do you trust me?”

“Yes, Maya.”

I did. I would do anything for her.

“And you would like to learn our ways? Learn how to be a good husband?”

“Yes, Maya.”

“Good,” she said in relief. “I’d hate to lose you. I do love you so much.”

“I love you too,” I said in relief. Her anger seemed to have passed.

“But please never interrupt me again,” she said. “You will wait till you are spoken to. The sooner you learn our ways, the sooner you will earn some privileges.”

She glanced at my groin leaving me in no doubt as to what these, ‘privileges’ might be.

“Perhaps we could...” I began hopefully.

“No, no,” she scoffed. “You’ve got a lot to make up for. First, you have to apologize to Kara.”

“Oh. OK,” I replied. “I’ll phone her.”

“No,” replied Maya, handing me an address on a slip of paper. “You are to go to her house. She’ll be expecting you. Apologize for your behavior and

then ask her if she has any chores to do. Follow her instructions exactly. She'll let me know if you don't, so please be good. I'd hate for you to embarrass me twice in one day."

"I won't," I said hastily.

"And then we'll talk about how you make things up to me. OK, sweetie?"

"OK, Maya," I replied. "And I'm sorry again. Everything is just so new."

"That's OK, sweetie."

She waited before speaking. "Well?"

"Oh," I said. "I should go now?"

"Yes, sweetie. And remember everything I said. Now run along."

I arrived at Kara's door some twenty minutes or so later. I was blushing and on edge. Not quite sure what had happened on the walk over.

Things seemed very different here. Women seemed to stare at me openly, almost undressing me with their eyes, or giggling with their friends. And I was sure I got wolf whistled at least once. It was disconcerting. I felt almost like a piece of meat. And I noticed several staring at my groin with smirks etched on their faces. Did they know?

And the men I had seen... They seemed to alternate between extremely meek, especially those walking with their wives; and extremely confident and cock-sure, those walking alone that was.

What an unusual country.

I raised my fist to rap three times on the door.

"Hello?" came a voice through the wood of the door

“Um. Hi Kara, it’s um Tim.” I called back.

“Timmy...” came her amused reply. “Wait there.”

I waited. And waited. After ten minutes I considered knocking again, but decided against it. Finally, after a long twenty minutes, the door pulled open. Kara stood in the doorway, her hair was damp and she wore just a tiny white robe that fell to upper thigh-length.

“I decided to take a shower,” she said, without apology. “What can I do for you?”

“I, um. I came over to apologize,” I said.

“I see,” she replied. She turned and walked away leaving me standing in the doorway. Her backside swung saucily under the cotton of her robe. I felt my cock flex inside its plastic prison.

“Follow me,” she said, turning into a door to the side.

I rushed after her to find her seated in the living room. One of her legs was crossed over the other letting the material of the robe slip to the side to display one firm, smooth thigh. I stared at the exposed flesh for a second longer than was necessary before jerking my gaze away guiltily.

I looked around for somewhere to sit.

“You don’t need to sit,” Kara said. She let out a yawn, stretching her arms above her head. This action served to hike the kimono further up her delectable thigh as well as straining her chest against the thin material that covered her chest, clearly outlining a pair of nipples and puffy areola.

She returned her gaze to me.

“Well?” she demanded.

I shuffled from one foot to the other uncomfortably.

“I’m, um. I’m sorry for earlier,” I managed to stutter.

“Oh? And what are you sorry for?”

“I’m, um, sorry for interrupting you and Maya when you were talking,” I said.

Kara nodded. “Yes. That was very naughty, wasn’t it Timmy? Maya really has been too lenient on you, hasn’t she?”

“I, um...” I stammered.

She waited, raising her eyebrows.

“Yes,” I finally croaked.

“Yes,” she agreed. “In this country men learn to show proper respect to their wives or they are cast aside. Do you want Maya to cast you aside, Timmy?”

“No,” I answered. “No.”

“Then you’d better concentrate on being a very good boy, Timmy. Or her patience will wear thin.”

She wouldn’t, would she? I couldn’t bear the thought.

“You see, Timmy,” she continued.

Here she did something that set my heart racing and my cock throbbing uncomfortably inside its chastity cage. Slowly, and deliberately she uncrossed and re-crossed her legs. In doing so, she displayed to me a pretty, plump, shaved sex. I gasped in shock and arousal. She’d done that on purpose; it was clear.

“You see, Timmy,” she continued, “life here can be unbelievably good. You can find yourself happier than you could ever have imagined. All you have to

do is surrender yourself to your wife. Obey her in everything. When she is content, so will you be. Or.... You can continue to resist and find yourself back in your home country. Do you think you can make your wife happy?"

"I think so," I croaked, the image of her pretty, smooth sex still etched in my mind.

"Good," she said. "Was there anything else?"

Anything else? I was finding it difficult to concentrate. The tie on her robe had loosened and the material at her chest had fallen apart to display cleavage and just a hint of side-boob. Were all the women in this country like this?: so self-assured; so sexual; so... so... dominant.

Kara cleared her throat, drawing me back to the present. Of course. The chores.

"I was wondering if I might... I mean... Are there any chores you would like me to do?" I stammered.

"Oh?" she replied. "That's it is it? You want to be my little maid? Is that it?"

"I was just wondering if there was anything you needed doing," I replied lamely.

Kara placed both of her hands on her thighs, and leaned forwards. In doing so the material of her kimono fell forwards displaying almost the entirety of her firm breasts to me. I shuddered in delight at the sight.

"I asked you if you wanted to be my little maid, Timmy," she repeated.

"Yes, please, Kara," I found myself replying, entranced by the sight of her ripe bosom.

"Very well," she said, rising from her seat. "Wait there."

She returned some minutes later to toss some items of clothing to me which I

caught.

“If you’re going to be my little maid,” she said, seating herself once more, then you should dress like one.

I turned the items of clothing over in my hands. It was a maid’s outfit in black and white lace: a short skirt; a skimpy blouse; a pair of tiny white panties; and white stockings. I couldn’t wear these. I couldn’t.

“I’m sorry Kara,” I said, bravely. “I can’t wear these. They’re women’s clothes. I’m a man.”

“Oh are you?” she replied lightly. “I see.”

Her hand reached out to pick up her phone.

“What are you doing?” I asked urgently.

“Phoning Maya,” she said. “She said she was sending round a pretty little maid. There must be some mistake.”

“Wait,” I said, panicked, remembering Maya’s warning from before. “Please wait.”

“Yes?” Kara replied. “What is it?”

“Please,” I said. “It’s OK. I’ll wear them. Please don’t call Maya.” I couldn’t bear to think what Maya would do if I disappointed her again. I was certain she would cast me aside. There must be a million other men she could find. They were just clothes. I’d wear them.

“Are you sure?” teased Kara. “I thought you were a man; not my pretty little maid.”

I hung my head in shame.

“Stop resisting,” she said softly. “You’ll find everything goes so much better

when you accept your place.”

I didn’t reply, my gaze fixed on the floor. I was painfully aware that my cock had not stopped throbbing, and had even pulsed harder at the prospect of dressing in the skimpy maid’s outfit.

“Are you a man, Timmy?”

“No,” I answered softly.

“What are you?”

“A pretty little maid,” I replied in a barely audible voice.

“Good,” she said, clapping her hands. “I’m glad we got that sorted. Now put on your costume.”

I raised my head to look back at her. I was broken. There would be no more resistance from me.

“Please Kara,” I asked. “Where might I change?”

She didn’t reply immediately. Instead, she merely stared at me. Finally, she spoke. “Take your clothes off, Timmy.”

Blushing and trembling, I stripped down to my underwear, holding my hands in front of my groin.

“Don’t be shy, Timmy,” she instructed me.

Reluctantly I drew my underwear down my legs, still concealing myself with my hands.

“I said don’t be shy,” she repeated, but this time with an edge to her voice.

I moved my hands to place them next to my trembling flanks.

Kara's eyes shone in delight as she observed my cramped cock, pulsing inside the sheaf, pushing hard against the plastic sides.

"My, my," she teased. "Someone is very excited about being my pretty maid, aren't they?"

I didn't reply. I had never felt as vulnerable as I did now; naked before this vivacious, sensual woman, with my manhood restrained, and the hoop behind my testicles preventing my balls from retracting.

"Aren't they?" she hissed.

"Yes, Kara," I quickly croaked.

She leaned back comfortably as she allowed her gaze to roam over my shaking, naked form, examining every inch of it.

"Very pretty," she smiled. "Have you been over Maya's lap yet?"

"Yes," I managed to reply in a tiny voice.

"I bet you enjoyed that, didn't you?"

I replied honestly. "Yes."

Kara nodded. "Maya chose well... Put the stockings on first."

Under Kara's watchful eye I donned the stockings, the panties, the short skirt and the tiny blouse to stand before her shamefaced.

From under her chair, she produced a pair of white heels which she tossed at my feet. Reluctantly, I slipped into the unfamiliar footwear. The heels tautened my calves and pushed my chest forwards giving me a distinctly feminine stance.

With a smile, Kara stood to slowly walk around me. "What a pretty little maid," she declared. "What are you?"

“A pretty little maid,” I replied obediently.

“That’s right... Let’s take some pictures for Kara.”

She stood in front of me and raised her camera to snap a picture of me, giggling as she did so. “Kara will like that one. Twirl for me, sweetie.”

I did so as she snapped away. There was no fight left in me.

“Now lift your skirt so we can see your little panties.”

I did so.

“And last one... keep the skirt up, but pull the panties down. Let’s show your wife what a horny little slut you are.”

I did so, noticing that a trickle of precum was dribbling from the tip of the chastity cage.

“OK. That’s enough.”

Gratefully I pulled up the panties and smoothed down the skirt as she once more walked slowly around me before finally coming to a halt behind my quivering body.

I flinched as her hands reached around to slip under my blouse. She gave a throaty chortle at my reaction.

Her hands ran up under the blouse to my chest where she teased my sensitive nipples erect.

“Good,” she breathed. “Little bitches always have sensitive nipples.”

I gasped as she pinched each nipple sharply between thumb and forefinger. It was as if my nipples were connected directly to my cock; it strained mightily in arousal despite the sharp pain.

“Are you going to be a good boy?” she whispered, rolling each stiff nipple between the same thumb and forefinger.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes, mistress.”

I don’t know where the word came from, but come it did. She chortled again before releasing my nipples and removing her hands from my body.

“The bedroom is through that door,” she said, pointing. “Change the sheets, you’ll find new ones in the cupboard.”

I took a tentative step forwards, teetering in the high heels.

“Now, bitch,” she snapped.

I yelped as her palm made sharp contact with one of my buttocks. I rushed forwards towards the bedroom, stumbling and teetering as I struggled to stay upright in my new footwear.

Entering the bedroom I fell clumsily to the floor and struggled back to my feet to do as she had instructed.

I’d just finished when she appeared in the doorway.

“Good. Take the old sheets to the washroom and get them in the washing machine. It’s down the hall. You’ll find cleaning supplies in there. I want the rest of the room spic and span.”

And so my afternoon continued. Vacuuming, dusting, wiping. All in a maid’s costume and with aching cock. Occasionally Kara would inspect my work, but for the most part she lounged on the sofa flipping through the TV Channels.

Finally, as evening approached, she called me into the living room to stand before her.

“Well done,” she said. “You’re a very good little maid.”

“Thank you,” I replied in a tired voice. I was exhausted. My whole body ached from what had in essence been a workout. My feet and ankles were especially sore from the tight, unusual, heels.

“Here,” she said, extending a hand with some bank notes in it. “Your wages. Maya is expecting them so make sure you don’t lose them. That wouldn’t make her happy.”

“No,” I said as I began to slip out of the heels. “I’ll make sure she gets them.”

“What are you doing?” she asked.

What did she mean? It was obvious.

“I’m getting changed,” I said in confusion.

She gave a devious smile. “Oh no, Timmy. Maya really liked the pictures. She wants me to send you home like this.”

I froze in panic, before finally speaking. “But I walked here,” I said. “I didn’t bring any money for a taxi.”

“Oh dear,” Kara replied in mock sorrow. “Then you’ll have to walk. Or you could use your wages. It’s up to you. Oh. I have something else for you.”

Kara disappeared for a few seconds as I stood there, my mind in turmoil. I couldn’t walk home like this. I couldn’t. But if I spent the money...

Kara returned. “Here you go,” she said brightly, handing me an over-the-shoulder purse; to put your wages and keys in.”

“Thanks,” I said in a monotone.

“Come along. I’ll show you to the door.”

I allowed myself to be led down the corridor.

“Please, Kara,” I said as we reached it. “Could you lend me some money? Just enough for a taxi.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Timmy. I don’t lend money to the help. It wouldn’t be right. I’ve paid Maya a fair wage for your services.”

She pushed me out of the door.

“There’s a cab stand over there,” she said, pointing one out. “Bye.”

The door slammed shut.

Chapter three

I looked over at the taxi rank, and then at the street I must walk up. It wasn't a long walk, but I felt so exposed. The skirt barely covered my backside, and the heels made it swing as if asking for attention. Surely, I couldn't.

I shivered and came to a decision. There weren't that many people out. How difficult could it be?

The answer was: very.

The walk to Kara's house had been peculiar with all the attention I had received. The walk back was the most humiliating experience of my life.

All the women I passed laughed openly at the sight of me as I teetered down the street in my high heels. Wolf whistles and cat-calls seemed ever present. This must be what it was like to be a woman walking alone, I reflected as head bowed I tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

By the time I reached home, I was a shaking, humiliated mess, wanting nothing more than to get myself off the streets.

Hurriedly I rushed into the house and into the living room to stand before Maya who was curled up on the couch. She gave a broad smile of her plump lips at the sight of me.

"You really are a pretty little maid," she said enthusiastically. "You look even better than in the pictures. Did you find a cab alright?"

"I walked," I replied.

She giggled excitedly. "Did you? Did you want to show yourself off to all the pretty girls and handsome men on the street?"

"No," I protested, fumbling in my purse. "I brought you my wages."

I held them out in my hand.

“Oh,” she said, as if surprised. “I thought you’d use them for a cab. Put them on the sidetable.” I did so and waited uneasily.

She stood and walked towards me. “You really do look so pretty.”

She stepped in front of me and pressed her body to mine. A hand reached down, up and under my skirt, to grasp my testicles tightly.

I gasped at the sharp pressure on my sensitive, exposed balls.

“Have you learned your lesson?” she asked softly.

“Yes,” I answered hastily. “Yes, Maya.”

“Good,” she replied, her grip loosening slightly but still tight enough to keep me on edge.

“Did you like dressing up as a pretty little maid?” she inquired.

“No,” I quickly protested. “No.”

“Are you sure?” she inquired. “In some of the pictures Kara sent me you looked very excited. It looked almost like your little thing would break the chastity cage.”

“It wasn’t that,” I protested once more. “It wasn’t.”

“Then what was it?” she asked.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered. What had it been? Why had I gotten so hard when I’d slipped into the feminine attire? Why had being dressed so and ordered around so excited me? Surely I couldn’t have liked it...

Maya’s grip on my swollen balls increased slightly. “It’s important you are honest with me,” she breathed. “You have to trust me.”

There was no denying how stiff I had become. And she had seen the evidence.

“Maybe a little,” I conceded. “Maybe it excited me a little.”

She released my balls from her grip.

“Good boy,” she said lightly. “All I ask is honesty. Now, you can run me a bath. I don’t see why Kara should have all the fun. And then you can do my toenails. OK?”

“OK,” I said gratefully, glad the conversation was over. Emotions I had never felt before were consuming me; delicious, tormenting emotions.

The events of the day had left me physically and emotionally exhausted. There were so many things I didn’t understand; the most pressing being, why my body reacted in such a way to the humiliation I had received. I shouldn’t be enjoying this. I wasn’t.

As we lay in bed that night, sleep about to take her, I asked my beautiful new wife a question.

“So,” I asked. “Have I proven my love to you yet?”

“You’ve been very good,” she replied sleepily.

“So we’ll make love again tomorrow?” I asked eagerly. “After all, this is our honeymoon.”

She let out a throaty chuckle. “It’s nice to know you are so eager, sweetie. But I haven’t completely forgiven you for your performance this morning.”

“Then when?” I asked, disappointed.

“Let’s see how you do for the next seven days,” she said. “You still have to learn our ways. If you’re very good...”

She left the sentence hanging.

“A week? I don’t think I can wait that long. Not inside this thing.”

“Would you like to make it two?” she replied an edge to her voice.

“No,” I quickly answered. “A week. OK. A week. I can wait a week.”

“Good boy,” she yawned. “Just remember all you’ve learned today, and you’ll be fine. I’m sorry things are so strange for you. But if you are to stay here, it’s best you learn as quickly as possible.”

We fell to sleep in each other’s arms.

A week in a chastity device may not sound like long. But believe me, until you’ve tried it, you’ve got no idea. But more on that shortly.

In the following week, I learned more about, and became more confused by, the country I now called home. I would frequently have to perform tasks in the city: fetch takeaways, go to the post office, buy food etc.

Each time I would return to the house cowed and embarrassed. The women here, almost all beautiful, stared at me unabashed, allowing their eyes to roam over my body. Frequently they would blow kisses or cat call and laugh openly at my blushing face. It was as if they knew I was no real threat to them. As if they knew my manhood was inside the tight confines of its chastity device, unable to escape.

In shops, and restaurants, I would always be served after any women who happened to be shopping there. I quickly learned to wait until all women had been served before proffering my order or asking for assistance. And even then I would be treated quite unlike the women. I quickly learned that I was to be referred to as, “sweet cheeks,” “little boy,” “cutie,” and any other number of demeaning monikers.

It was a strange country indeed.

And the chastity... Oh my God, the chastity.

Firstly, was sleeping. Prior to wearing the device, I had had no idea how often I gained erections during the night. With the device on, my sleep was fitful and disturbed. I'd awake numerous times during the night to the discomfort of flesh pushing uncomfortably against rigid plastic. Meanwhile, my beautiful wife slept peacefully beside me, her beautiful breasts rising and falling lightly. It was only with the greatest of willpower that I would be able to force my stiff cock to wilt, and it took ten minutes or more each time. And that was just the first night. Things got much worse.

Maya seemed to delight in keeping me almost constantly aroused during the day. She would wear the skimpiest of costumes, allowing me frequent glimpses of firm thigh and deep cleavage. These glimpses were as I performed chores that had now been deemed mine. These chores included, basically, everything: cleaning, washing, laundry, cooking, drawing her a bath. On and on went the list.

As I performed my chores, she would content herself with lounging around the house, or visiting with friends for coffee or drinks.

The times she left the house were the easiest: times when I could concentrate fully on my work and thus avoid my increasingly frequent, excited stiffenings.

It was much harder when she remained in the house, offering me glimpses of her delectable flesh, or fondling my increasingly heavy balls.

The hardest times, but also the most rewarding, were when I was summoned to kneel between her splayed thighs. I would attend, with my tongue and mouth, to her swollen, slick pussy. I would do this eagerly, burying my face in her gorgeous, wet sex. I would revel in her delicious, arousing smell and fill my mouth with her briny, sweet taste.

Moaning, and gasping at the pressure in my groin I would flick at her swollen clit until her hips began to buck. Her sodden pussy would push back

against my face, smearing it with juice as mewling and gasping she would ride her orgasm to conclusion.

Almost always, one word would come from her mouth: “Again.”

Whimpering, I would obey, until eventually, when she was sated I would be pushed away to continue my chores with throbbing cock and juice-smeared face.

The closer it came to the seven days that my gorgeous wife had insisted on, the more aroused I became, and the more frequent the painful, throbbing erections. My underwear became near permanently stained with precum. And with this increased arousal, came increased obedience. I was desperate to please Maya in whatever way she pleased. Desperate that I prove my love to her and be allowed to be free of the grasping device; desperate that I might be allowed to slip into her grasping heat once more.

Nothing was too much for me: I performed all the chores to the best of my abilities, flicking at her swollen clit until my tongue ached and my cock felt like it might break the plastic. Almost as frustrating and exciting was when I was instructed to paint her toenails: kneeling on the floor I would carefully apply the red varnish she favored, whimpering when she might allow her legs to fall apart slightly, allowing me just a glimpse of her shaved slit. On other occasions I would give her a full body massage, doing my best to control my whimpers and moans as I rubbed oil into her lithe, firm body.

By the end of the seven days, I was on tenterhooks: near permanently aroused and desperate for the orgasm that had been denied me.

That evening, I looked at her hopefully as she settled herself down with a book and a cup of tea. She ignored my pleading look.

I ventured to speak.

“Um, Maya?”

“Yes, sweetie,” she replied, not looking up from her book.

“It’s um. It’s been seven days?”

“What’s been seven days, sweetie?” she replied.

Surely she couldn’t have forgotten.

“Since um, since. I mean. It’s been seven days that I’ve been showing you how much I love you.”

“That’s nice, sweetie,” she said, resuming her reading.

God. She had forgotten.

“Um, Maya?” I asked again.

“Yes, Timmy. I’m trying to read,” she replied, irritation clear. “Why don’t you get on with your chores?”

I couldn’t let this go. I was desperate. I needed to cum.

“Maya,” I said, pleadingly.

She looked up from her book, her eyes flashing angrily.

“This had better be good, Timmy. You can see I’m busy.”

“Sorry, Maya,” I said, “But you said. You said...”

Finally, the words came in a torrent. “You said if I was good. And it’s been seven days. You said I could. You know. Take the cage of and we could, you know, fool around.”

She waited patiently until I had finished, looking back at me calmly.

“So I did,” she said with a small smile. “I’d forgotten. The time seemed to go so quickly.”

For her maybe. For me the seven days had seemed like a lifetime.

“I’m a bit busy,” she teased. “Are you sure you can’t wait another week?”

Another week? I didn’t feel like I could last another minute.

“Please,” I almost wailed.

She gave a tolerant smile.

“OK. Well, you have been quite good. Why don’t you shower and wait for me in the bedroom? I’ll be in soon.”

I rushed from the room, almost tripping over myself in my eagerness.

Chapter four

I showered quickly to wait on the bed. I waited... and waited... and waited. With every minute that passed my cock strained harder and harder against its plastic prison. Precum was coming in an almost constant stream from the tip. I groaned in frustration and anticipation. I was just about to call out to her when the bedroom door opened. Ignoring me, Maya strode to the shower, discarding her clothes on the floor as she did so.

Whimpering, I picked them up, as she knew I would, and placed them in the laundry bin. I would later wash, iron and place them away as I had learned was my duty.

It was a long, long shower. Finally the door opened, and with steam billowing around her, my wife stepped back into the bedroom.

I let out a long sigh of relief and excitement at the sight of her. Her flawless skin glowed from the heat of the shower. I drank in the glorious sight of her full, heavy breasts; her flat, taut stomach; the flare of her womanly hips; and just a little lower, the sight of her shaved slit, with labia just barely parting.

“God you look amazing,” I said as my cock throbbed even harder.

I rose from the bed to reach out my hands and grasp her swinging breasts.

Playfully she slapped my hands away.

“Look, don’t touch,” she cautioned me.

Reluctantly I allowed my hand to fall.

She looked at my groin with a smirk. “Shall we get that thing off,” she suggested.

“God, Yes,” I exclaimed.

“OK,” she said. “Let me find the key. Get on the bed. On your hands and

knees.”

Eagerly I did so, looking down and back at the unusual sight of my cramped cock encased in pink plastic dangling below me.

She made me wait as she leisurely strode to wherever she kept the key – I couldn’t see – and strode back.

“Found it,” she said brightly, sitting on the bed next to me. “Let’s get that nasty thing off you.”

Slowly, oh-so-slowly, she extended her hands to grasp the tiny, flimsy padlock and insert the key into it.

“You must really love me,” she observed. “You could have snapped this off whenever you wanted.”

“I do,” I gasped. “I love you.”

She twisted the key and with a click the padlock came undone, but still dangled there.

“You wanted to keep it on?”

Had I? No. It had been torture. I’d done it for her. But it had been a strange experience. I wasn’t sad it was over. No. Not at all. But there had been something liberating about surrendering myself completely to my stunning wife.

“Yes,” I said, willing her to remove the padlock.

“That’s sweet,” she said, laying the key to one side. “A week wasn’t very long, was it?”

“No,” I gasped. God ,please. Get it off me.

Her hand reached forwards to take the padlock between thumb and

forefinger. She unthreaded it from the provided holes and placed it to one side.

Still though, the plastic sheaf and hoop remained.

“Perhaps we should try two weeks next time?”

Two weeks? I couldn’t. God, I needed this off.

“I... I... I...” I stuttered.

“Yes,” she said. “Two weeks, seeing as you like it so much.”

She waited for me to protest. I didn’t. I’m not sure why. All I knew is that I wanted to be free now. Nothing else seemed to matter but that immediate urge.

“Good,” she breathed. “I knew you’d like that idea.”

My mind was in turmoil. “Please... Please...” I begged.

“Please longer?” she asked.

No. Not longer. That’s not what I meant.

“My. You really must like your little cage. OK. Three weeks it is.”

I think I might have protested this time if she hadn’t swiftly stretched both hands forwards. One to grasp my swollen exposed balls in a tight, cool grasp, and the other to pull the plastic tube from me.

I gave a long groan of extreme relief as my cock was able to unfurl and achieve its full length for the first time in seven long days. The hoop behind my testicles remained though, keeping my balls exposed and the skin around them tight and taut.

“Does that feel nice?” she inquired breathily.

“God, yes,” I replied, all thoughts of a prospective three weeks inside the device forgotten such was the extreme pleasure.

I reached a hand back in preparation to grasp my pulsing rod.

“Ah. Ah,” she said, slapping my hand away. “I’ll take care of that.”

“OK,” I replied, happily. We were going to make love. The prospect of sinking into her velvety flesh caused my body to tremble. I was dizzy with lust.

I made to roll over so I might let my hands roam over her lush body.

“Stay where you are,” she said sternly. “Just wait.”

I groaned in frustration. How much longer would she make me wait?

She stood from the bed as I remained on hands and knees, my cock bobbing and flexing beneath me, precum dribbling from it in an almost endless stream.

Several seconds passed before I heard her move behind me. I flinched as a lubricated finger made contact with my puckered asshole.

“W.. What are you doing?” I asked in shock.

I let out a loud gasp as her finger slipped inside me.

“Milking you,” she replied calmly. “You wanted to cum, didn’t you?”

“But... but... I thought we were going to make love,” I gasped as her finger began to slide smoothly in and out of me. A grunt followed my gasp as her finger made contact with my prostrate, sending even more blood pumping to my swollen cock.

“Oh, no,” she said. “This is the correct way for new husbands to receive an

orgasm from their wife. It is the way in this country. If you want you can consider it making love.”

A whimper came from my throat as a second finger joined the first, stretching my asshole wide, filling me.

“You will find it very satisfactory,” she continued.

I was whimpering louder now as her two digits slid firmly in and out of me. Each time they struck my prostate I let out a louder grunt of pleasure.

“Just relax,” she cautioned me. “Relax and enjoy it. You will become used to it. My pussy is only for very special occasions.”

To be treated in this way was incredibly shaming. I had never been invaded like this before. But my grunts and whimpers of pleasure, and the fact that I was involuntarily pushing my ass back against her, attested to the fact that, yes, I was enjoying this.

I couldn’t remember my cock ever being so rigid.

“There we go,” she breathed. “That’s right. You like this, yes?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes.”

She chortled. “It is as we were taught; as all young ladies are taught by their mothers. New husbands love being treated in this manner. Are you getting close?”

I was. Incredibly, with no direct stimulation to my straining cock, I could feel my cum begin to boil in my balls. I was grunting and moaning in abandon now as she continued to slide her fingers in and out of me, finger-fucking my virgin ass.

“Yes,” I managed to half-whimper – half groan through the exquisite pleasure.

I surrendered myself to her fingers, pushing back against them, wanting them deeper and deeper inside me.

She chuckled again at my surrender. “That’s right,” she cooed. “Let yourself go.”

Her digits ceased their in-and-out motion. Instead, she used just the tips to massage my prostrate expertly. The exquisite pressure of her probing fingers sent me over the edge. As she chuckled in delight, my sphincter contracted tightly and cum exploded from the tip of my cock. As she continued to gently massage my prostrate, I wailed and grunted in delicious release as one week’s worth of pent-up cum and frustration spurted onto the bed sheets again and again.

I was left gasping and dizzy. She had drained me of my essence. I was spent. Dopamine soaked my brain in a calming flood.

Her fingers slid from me. “There we go,” she said calmly, walking to the bathroom. “Your first sissy orgasm. You’ll beg for your next one. I want to see the tube back on after I’ve showered.”

I didn’t reply. I couldn’t. I was in shock at what had just occurred. I’d had one of the most explosive orgasms of my life. And my cock hadn’t even been touched. What had she called it? A sissy orgasm? I didn’t care. All I knew was that it had felt amazing to give myself to my wife in such a fashion and to gain such total release.

When I could finally summon the energy, I pushed myself into a sitting position and reattached the cage. So dazed was I, that I didn’t really know what I was doing.

She exited the bathroom and held out her hand. Meekly I presented her with the key.

“Good boy,” she said lightly. “I’m going to finish the book.”

That night, as we lay in bed, I questioned her.

“What did you mean?” I asked. “About your mother teaching you?”

She shrugged. “It’s the way in our country. All new husbands must be trained to enjoy their new life. You did enjoy it, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” I quickly answered. I had, immensely. I knew I should feel ashamed at being given orgasm in such a fashion, but it had just felt so incredibly good. One thing was worrying me though.

“Maya?” I asked.

“Mmm,” she replied.

“When will we make love again?”

“That depends on you, Timmy,” she replied. “If you please me, I may allow you inside me. But I’m not a piece of meat. That will be my decision. And you must never beg to make love. Besides, you loved your sissy orgasm. You can beg for that.”

I cringed at the phrase, ‘sissy orgasm,’ but nonetheless replied with a quick, “Yes,” as I resolved to please her as best I could. The memory of our wedding night was still fresh; such dizzying pleasure had it been to feel her sodden heat clenching my cock so tightly; so, exquisitely heavenly had it been to slide in and out of her slippery inner passage.

“And, Maya?” I asked.

“Yes,” she replied with just a hint of irritation. “Last question.”

“Do all husbands wear a chastity device?”

“All new husbands,” she corrected me. “After the love is proven, husbands are given a choice as to whether they wish to continue wearing the device.”

What kind of man would choose to remain in chastity? That was ridiculous.

She noticed my confusion. “Yes,” she said. “They can choose to be a husband like they would in your country, or they can keep wearing the device. Many, many men discover during the training period that a life in the device is what they truly desire. What they have craved all their life.”

“But...” I began.

“Enough,” she said, placing her hands on my head. “Pleasure me now.”

Obediently I allowed myself to be pushed down the bed, my mouth already salivating at the prospect of pleasing my wife orally.

Chapter five

The following week of chastity was difficult, but bearable. The second week though, was excruciating. I was constantly on edge, desperate to please my wife. I was hoping and praying that she might take mercy on me. My cock throbbed and ached almost constantly, and my thoughts were always on my beautiful wife: her sweet, sweet, pussy; her gorgeous breasts.

It was midway through the second week that I broke down.

I fell to my knees before her as she lounged on the sofa wearing nothing but a pair of skimpy panties and a tight-fitting t-shirt.

“Please, Maya,” I gasped between tender kisses on her bare feet. “Please could I have a sissy orgasm. I can’t bear this any longer. Please.”

She looked down at me in amusement as I continued to lay kiss after kiss on her feet, interspersing them with long licks of my tongue.

“Please. Three weeks is so long. I love you so much. I’ll be good. I just need... I need.”

I needed to cum. The thought of waiting even a day longer seemed unimaginable.

“Please...”

“No, sweetie,” she said. “You agreed to three weeks and three weeks it will be.”

I let out a long groan of frustration, causing her to giggle in delight.

How could I last? I wondered in desperation as I continued to worship her slender feet. I craved her touch. I needed it.

“Spank me,” I pleaded. “Please. Spank me. Please. I need it.”

She giggled again. "Is that what you want, sweetie? You want me to take you over my knee like a naughty little boy and spank you?"

"Yes," I begged. "Yes please."

Why I wanted to be spanked, I did not know. But I knew that was what I needed: discipline from my beautiful wife.

"Do you think it'll make you feel better?" she asked.

"Yes," I wailed. "Yes. Please spank me. I need to be punished like the dirty little boy I am."

"Maybe you do," she mused. "And I don't want to be too cruel."

She came to a decision. "Seeing as how you have begged so nicely, OK."

She patted her lap. "Get your pretty little ass over my knees."

"Thank you, thank you," I intoned as I quickly shrugged myself out of my clothes to lie over her knees.

"How red do you want your ass," she asked. "Just a little bit?"

"No, please," I begged. "Spank me properly. I need it. Spank me properly."

Spank me she did. Sharp slaps on my exposed buttocks again and again, sending a cleansing glow through my body and turning my ass cheeks a deep red.

It was what I had been craving, and when, panting, her hand finally stilled I found myself thanking her profusely.

"That's OK sweetie," she said. "It looks like you really needed that."

I had. The punishment seemed to clear my mind, and reinvigorate my body. Sitting down would be uncomfortable, but that was a small price to pay for

the new clarity I now felt. My cock still pulsed angrily inside the cage, but I now felt that it was the correct place for it to be. It was her cock now, to be used, or not, when she saw fit.

It had just felt so right to be punished in such a fashion.

“Off you get now,” said Maya. “I have things to do. And so do you.”

I pushed myself to my feet, smiling at her sheepishly.

“Run along now, Timmy,” she said, picking up a book. “I’ll need your tongue later, so don’t wander too far.”

“No, Maya,” I replied, gazing at her luscious figure. “Thank you.”

She smiled and lowered her gaze to her book.

I had been dismissed.

Forbidden Desires: Book three

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Chapter one

My three weeks in chastity passed excruciatingly slowly. Twice more I begged to be placed over my wife's knee and spanked. Maya obliged, and the cleansing glow eased my frustration and arousal momentarily each time.

Nonetheless, when the three weeks were up, I was in a near-constant state of arousal. Just the mere glimpse of my wife's deep cleavage or smooth thighs was enough to send my cock throbbing angrily inside its pink, plastic tube – the chastity device I had begged to wear.

And when I was placed on my knees, to push my face to her shaved sex and pleasure her with my tongue? Well, the pressure from my cock against the sides of the sheaf felt like it might burst the device. Her salty, aphrodisiacal odor, and her sweet taste, would send me dizzy with lust. I would whimper and moan in abandon, unable to still my sounds of arousal and frustration.

All this combined to create an eager-to-please husband. As the final day of my chastity passed, I flinched with every movement she made. I followed her around like a lost puppy, desperate to please. I was praying for the time when we would move to the bedroom, and I might gain some blessed relief.

Finally, she tired of me hanging around her feet.

“Come with me,” she said firmly, leading me by the hand to the bedroom.

“Strip,” she said. Eagerly I did so. The time had finally arrived. I whimpered in anticipation of my relief.

She looked at my naked, trembling body impassively, before reaching out a hand to grab my swollen balls.

I gave a sharp intake of breath at her touch. It had been so long since she'd touched me other than to administer my begged-for spankings.

“These feel pretty heavy,” she remarked. “I bet you're looking forwards to your treat, aren't you?”

“Yes, Maya,” I managed to croak as her grip on my heavy testicles increased and my cock throbbed vigorously.

“But I think you can last another week,” she said with a vicious glint in her eye.

“No. Please,” I gasped in terror. “Please.”

“No?” she said. “No?” “You are telling me, ‘No?’”

“No,” I gasped. “No. I mean yes. I mean, please, it’s been so long.”

“I think if you really loved me you’d be able to last another week, wouldn’t you? Even more. You do love me, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes. I do”

“So you’re saying you could wait another couple of weeks, to prove your love to me?”

I began to babble incoherently. “Yes. I mean no. I mean, please. Maya, please. I love you. Please. It’s been three weeks...”

“Shhh, sweetie,” she consoled me. “Shhh.”

With difficulty, I stilled my lips. Surely she would not go back on her promise. She’d said three weeks.

“Now. Let’s try again,” she said. “Can you go another two weeks to prove how much you love me? No whimpering. Just answer the question.”

“Yes, Maya,” I croaked sadly. “If you wish.”

I didn’t know how I would do it, but I knew that I needed to prove my love to her.

“Good boy,” she smiled. “That’s the right answer. Maybe you really do love me.”

“I do,” I reassured her. “But...”

“But?” she asked.

I forced my lips shut.

“Good boy,” she said. “You really are learning.”

Then, to my shock, she sunk to her knees before me, her face coming level to my straining, cramped cock.

I don’t think she’d ever been in such a position before. It was I who was normally on my knees before her, enforcing the power dynamic.

She looked up at me with wide eyes, licking her lips seductively. “Shall we get that nasty thing off you?” she asked softly.

“Yes,” I croaked. “Yes, please.”

“OK,” she said. “If you say so.”

I shivered in delight as she inserted the key into the lock and undid the padlock. Without pause, she pulled the sheaf and hoop from me allowing my cock to expand to its full length.

I let out a long exhalation as my cock unfurled, throbbing and bobbing in front of my stomach, the purple head smeared with precum.

“Oh,” she said in mock-awe as she once more licked her lips.

She looked up at me again. “Do you like having me on my knees in front of your cock?” she inquired.

“God, Yes,” I croaked.

“I bet you’d like me to put it in my mouth and suck it, wouldn’t you?”

A blow-job? My God, that would be amazing. I was sure the feel of her hot, wet mouth and massaging tongue would send me over the edge almost immediately. Surely I wouldn’t be so lucky.

“Please,” I begged. “Yes.”

She gave a deep chortle, moving her plump lips closer to the throbbing head of my cock. My cock twitched and bobbed more urgently in response.

“I’ve never sucked your cock, have I?” she remarked, moving her lips even closer to my throbbing head.

“No,” I croaked.

“But I’ve sucked Blake’s, haven’t I?”

“Yes,” I croaked, feeling that strange mixture of arousal and shame that always sent blood coursing to my cock. Blake was her old lover. She had described to me in detail how much she loved sucking his cock.

“You like hearing about how I sucked Blake’s cock, don’t you?”

“No,” I protested.

Her face drew back slightly at my answer.

“No?” she said. “Are you sure?”

How could I deny it? My cock had never been harder. My arousal was obvious.

“You don’t like hearing about how I sucked his big fat cock? He said I was very good at it.”

Her lips drew closer to my cock again, opening as if to suck my head into her sucking mouth. Please. Please.

“It’s important to be honest, Timmy.”

“I like it,” I gasped. “I like it.”

Abruptly she stood, giggling at my abject moan of disappointment.

“Well maybe one day I’ll do it for you,” she breathed. “If you’re good.”

She laid a gentle kiss on my lips, before drawing back.

Her attitude flicked suddenly from teasing and loving, to stern and abrupt.

“Now, get on your knees.”

Groaning in dismay, I fell to my feet. Although I would have dearly loved a blow-job, I realized that this dynamic felt more comfortable, less unsettling.

“Put your hands over your head.”

She produced a thin length of ribbon to bind my wrists loosely together. She then attached my wrists, using the same ribbon, to the handles of the wardrobe that was behind me.

She stepped back to gaze at my trembling body and throbbing cock with amusement.

“Finally,” she said, “I can get some peace. The ribbon is only thin. You can break it easily, if you wish. But I don’t think you’ll do that.”

She stepped from the room without a backward glance, leaving me on the floor, my cock aching and bobbing and leaking precum profusely.

I let out a whimper. How long would she leave me like this? It was true. I could break the ribbon. I could break it and grasp my poor, tortured cock. I

shivered at the idea, but made no move to break the ribbon. Was she serious about a blow-job? Would I get one? Despite myself my thoughts went back to the many nights I had waited for her in her room... waited in humiliation as she visited Blake and pleased him, on her knees, with her sucking mouth and practiced tongue. I groaned louder as my cock flexed at the thought. God, I needed relief.

I waited though, shifting position frequently to ease my aching legs. I had only my tortured thoughts and straining cock for company. How long I waited I do not know. An hour? Two? More?

Eventually, the bedroom door opened though and my wife stepped in.

“Maya,” I croaked.

She ignored me and moved, on long legs and with elegant strides, to the bathroom, the door closing behind her.

With difficulty I managed to control my breathing, waiting... waiting.

The door finally opened and Maya stepped into the room. She was completely naked, or almost.

My eyes grew wider at the glorious sight of her ripe, luscious body. Her shiny hair tumbled over her shoulders and her breasts swung free. I swallowed at the sight of her thick, long nipples. Perhaps I might be able to lick and suck upon them today; to draw them to their full, erect length. God I hoped so. I couldn't help a whimper coming from my throat at the thought.

My gaze traveled down over her flat stomach to a sight that set my heart racing and my body shaking uncontrollably.

From her groin, attached with straps around upper thighs and waist protruded a thick, long, perfectly-molded, black, rubber dildo. She was wearing a strap-on: a big strap-on.

Chapter two

I looked back up to her beautiful face in shock. She smirked back at me.

“Yes, sweetie,” she smiled. “You seem so fascinated by Blake’s cock that I bought one for myself in exactly the same size. Isn’t that nice of me?”

I couldn’t respond. My lips moved silently. My gaze traveled back to the phallus, eyes widening further as she slowly walked towards where I knelt, the rubber cock swinging as she did so.

“It’s big, isn’t it?” she breathed.

This time I found my voice. “Yes,” I croaked.

She stepped closer, just a foot from me, the plastic cock almost touching my lips.

“Break the ribbon,” she said.

It snapped easily under the lightest of pressure.

“Now,” she breathed. “Why don’t you touch my cock? You know you want to.”

I didn’t, but felt my hands reach forwards to gently grasp the hard rubber. It was warm and firm to the touch.

“That’s right sweetie,” she cooed. “Imagine it’s Blake’s cock.”

I whimpered in dismay, but my hands seemed to grasp the plastic cock more firmly, and my cock continued to bob and jerk.

“Stroke it,” she cooed. “Stroke my big fat cock and imagine it’s Blake’s.”

I let out a tiny sob as I did so, stroking it gently up and down.

“I bet that feels nice, doesn’t it?” she breathed.

“Yes,” I heard myself answer. My eyes widened louder at the sound of my voice. I hadn’t meant to say that. The words had just come of their own accord.

My wife’s smirk grew louder. “I bet you want to suck it, don’t you? You dirty little boy.”

I couldn’t respond. I was lost in a place of complete submission. But my mouth opened, and I began to push my face forwards towards the thick, bulbous head of the strap-on.

“That’s right,” she whispered. “Suck my cock.”

My mouth closed over the head of the cock and I sucked upon it vigorously.

“Good,” she continued. “Good. Use your tongue on my cock.”

I did so, lost in myself, swirling my tongue around the head, my lips spread wide.

“Keep sucking,” she instructed. “Look at me.”

I looked up at her smirking face as she stared down at me. She let out a tiny chortle at the sight of me, naked, on my knees, with stiff, throbbing cock and lips spread wide around the strap-on.

“Oh you like that, don’t you?” she giggled.

I could only grunt an affirmative as I pushed my face forwards, taking more of the cock into my wet, sucking mouth.

“Oh, you want more?” she said. She swung her hips lazily, pushing more of the cock into my mouth, and out again. Again she swung her hips, forcing more of it into me. My lips were wrapped tightly around the shaft, feeling the ridges and veins of the carefully crafted phallus.

Again she swung her hips. The shaft was becoming slick with my saliva now as I grunted and moaned.

The head of the cock hit the back of my throat, causing me to gag and splutter.

“Just relax,” she advised. “You can do it.”

Saliva was dribbling from the sides of my mouth now as she pushed more and more of the cock into my mouth and partially down my throat. With difficulty, I controlled my gag instinct, desperate to please, as she began to fuck my face in earnest.

“That’s right,” she breathed, “I thought you’d like that. You like a big cock in your mouth, don’t you?”

I could only grunt in response, my mouth stretched wide. My straining cock though was all the evidence she needed.

Finally, she tired of the game and withdrew the rubber cock from my mouth. I was left panting and gasping, saliva dribbling down my chin and coating the dildo.

Desperately I pushed my face forwards towards the cock once more, trying to suck it again into my mouth. I groaned in dismay as she prevented me from doing this by, giggling, swinging her hips from side to side so that the cock struck each cheek in turn, smearing them with saliva.

“What a cock-hungry little bitch you are,” she remarked.

I realized the truth to her words as I again tried to pull the bulbous head into my mouth.

“No,” she said. “I’m bored with your mouth. Get on the bed, bitch. Hands and knees.”

I scrambled to obey, rushing to the bed to present my ass to her, my cock bobbing lewdly below me.

“You know what’s going to happen now, don’t you, bitch,” she said lazily as she smeared lubricant upon the dildo.

“Yes,” I answered in a shaking voice. “Yes, Maya.”

“And you want it, don’t you?”

Want was the wrong word. I needed it. I needed to be taken by my beautiful, dominant wife.

I told her so and she chuckled in delight.

“Beg for it then, bitch. Beg for my cock.”

The words came easily, as if I’d been waiting for this for an eternity.

“Please, Maya. Please fuck me in the ass.”

“Is that what you want, sweetie?” she asked.

“Yes... Yes. Please. Please fuck me. Please. Fuck me in the ass with your cock. I need it... Please.”

A husky chortle greeted my words. “You really do love cock, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes.” I was barely conscious of my words. My entire being was consumed with just one need. To be taken by my gorgeous wife; to give myself to her fully.

Maya moved behind me, and positioned the lubed head of the rubber cock on my puckered asshole. I felt myself push back against it, earning myself another chuckle.

Her hands reached down to grasp my hips and with one smooth thrust of her

hips she pushed inside me.

I let out a loud gasp of shock and delight; pain and pleasure. The cock had spread my asshole wide, filling me and striking into my prostate.

“Is it big?” she inquired, keeping the dildo fully inside me.

“Yes,” I managed to gasp. “Yes.”

The unfamiliar sensation of being filled and spread had shocked me. My cock pulsed almost painfully.

“But you like big cocks, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I half-grunted, half-squealed as she drew back her hips to allow the dildo to almost exit my ass.

She thrust her hips again, causing the cock to slide into me for the second time, once more striking my prostate and sending tremors of delight through me.

“Fuck me harder, Maya,” I begged her. “Please. I need you to fuck me with your cock harder.”

“I know you do, bitch,” she commented.

She began to fuck me in earnest now, slamming the cock deep into my ass, almost bruising my prostate and causing three week’s worth of cum to boil in my balls in preparation of orgasm.

I grunted and moaned beneath her, relishing my submissive position; accepting it fully. I whimpered louder in delight as she released her hand from one of my hips to spank my ass sharply between thrusts of her hips.

“Cum now, bitch,” she commanded me.

Her words were all I needed to achieve release. I grunted in exquisite delight

and pain as my sphincter contracted around the rubber dildo and cum shot from my cock again and again; a powerful release the likes of which I had never experienced before. Again and again, I spurted, coating the sheets in sticky ropes of semen until finally I was drained, leaving my cock to twitch ineffectively.

Maya's thrusts slowed, but she kept the cock deep inside me. I sensed rather than saw one of her hands snake down to begin rubbing at herself; at first softly, and then more insistently. The cock jerked inside my ass erratically as she concentrated on her own pleasure, her fingers now frantically rubbing at her swollen nub.

She came quickly, mewling and gasping prettily as she achieved climax.

"Good bitch," she managed to pant between deep breaths. "Good bitch."

The cock slid from my ass. I collapsed face down on the bed onto the soiled sheets, my ass aching but my body and mind in a state of post-orgasmic bliss.

"Clean that up," she said tiredly as the dildo hit the floor.

"Did you enjoy that?" she asked later that night as we prepared to sleep.

I blushed at the memory of how I'd debased myself.

"Answer me," she said lightly.

"Yes," I said in a quiet voice. My ass still ached from the spanking and from the huge cock. I felt content and calm, happy to have seemingly pleased my wife.

"You liked sucking it, didn't you?" she asked.

There was no point in denying it. "Yes," I replied in wonder at this truth.

"Well you'll get lots of practice," she said. "I'm going to turn you into a good little cock-sucker. I like seeing you on your knees with a cock in your

mouth. I have another strap-on which we'll use just for your mouth. We'll keep this one for your pretty little ass."

"Yes, Maya," I replied.

"Sleep now, bitch," she said.

I fell to sleep contentedly, clutching her lithe body.

My chastity device once more attached, I entered my third period of chastity. So euphoric had my release been, that I was more desperate than ever to please Maya.

She though, seemed unsatisfied with my behavior. It seemed the more I attempted to please her, the more irritated she became. She used the dildo on my face frequently, but however much I sucked and gagged upon it, she never seemed content. I gave her oral pleasure with my tongue upon demand, and this would content her momentarily, but only momentarily. She seemed on edge, as if something was missing from her life.

After one week of this behavior when I was becoming increasingly worried that she was becoming bored of me, she called me to the living room. Here she spoke the words that no man wishes to hear from his wife: "We need to talk."

"What is it?" I asked, in a worried tone. I sunk to my knees before her as I had become accustomed to doing.

"No, sit here," she said, patting the couch next to her. She was dressed in her yoga pants and a tight white t-shirt. Both items were skin tight and clung to her every curve and crevice. As always, I was in awe of this virtual goddess who had chosen me to be her husband. Sure, ours was an unconventional marriage, but I couldn't imagine being apart from her.

She lifted her legs up on the couch and snuggled up next to me.

"I do love you, you know," she said.

“And I love you too,” I replied honestly.

“And I’m sorry if I’ve been a bit grumpy, recently,” she said.

“Oh, that’s alright,” I replied, squirming as her hand run under my shirt to tweak at my nipples.

“It’s just it’s quite difficult, for me, you know. I mean, I have needs too, you know... sexual needs.”

I’d never stopped to consider her needs, so preoccupied had I been with my extended periods of chastity.

“Then we should make love,” I said eagerly.

She smiled back at me, pinching one nipple sharply before laying a tender kiss on my lips.

“We will,” she said. “After our guest has left.”

My heart began pounding. Had I heard her correctly? I could scarcely believe it. We were really going to make love?

“You mean...?” I said excitedly.

She smiled in amusement. “Yes. I’m going to give you a little taste of what you’ve been missing.”

My breath became shallow and rapid. We were going to make love. Something we hadn’t done since our wedding night. I was becoming dizzy in anticipation.

“You see,” she said. “According to our traditions, there are just six weeks until you make the decision that will decide our future.”

All I could think about was making love. Decision? I vaguely remembered

her telling me about this decision. God, I couldn't wait to plunge my cock into her silky-smooth sex. My cock twitched inside its tube in urgent anticipation.

"And tonight you will experience both sides of the coin."

How long would I be able to last, I wondered. It had been so long. God, I couldn't wait to get my hands on that body.

"So that in six weeks you'll be able to choose between continuing our current arrangement" – here she reached down a hand to squeeze my swollen, tender balls tightly, emphasizing what our current arrangement was – "Or being free and able to make love to me whenever you want."

Perhaps she might even give me that blowjob she had half-promised, I thought to myself, distracted. Some of her words made it through to my brain though, despite my excitement. Decision? There was no decision. She would be mine fully. I'd already made that decision. No chastity device. Just my free cock being able to penetrate my exquisitely beautiful and sensual wife at will.

"When will we make love," I asked excitedly. "Soon?"

"I told you, silly," she smiled. "After our guest had left. Will you make us a light dinner? Nothing too heavy. We'll need a lot of energy."

"Yeah," I answered distractedly; of course, a guest. "Who's coming to dinner?"

"An old friend," she replied. "At about seven. I'll have to get ready soon. Perhaps you'd better get on with dinner."

She prepared to rise.

"Who is she?" I asked. "Kara?"

"He," she replied. "His name's Alessandro."

“Oh,” I said, just a hint of worry coming to my mind. “Is he not bringing his wife?”

“Oh, he’s single,” she said, standing. “Now get on with dinner. I’m going to get ready.”

I moved through to the kitchen and quickly prepared a light salad. I also did the prep work for a feta cheese omelet. Surely that would be enough. I was slightly uneasy about her choice of guest, but the prospect of making love kept me happy. In fact, I hummed a tune as I strode back into the living room and took a seat on the couch. She’s said seven. He’d be here soon. A quick dinner. Then hopefully he’d be on his way and I could get my hands on my delectable wife. Finally.

“Are you almost ready?” I called out. “He’ll be here soon.”

I looked up as she entered the room. My jaw dropped and my eyes grew wide. “But... But...” I stammered.

Chapter three

“How do I look?” asked my wife. She stood in the doorway, one leg cocked coquettishly and her arms stretched out above her, grasping the door frame.

“Maya,” I croaked in dismay. She wore the tiniest of short skirts, the better to show off her glorious legs with their firm, smooth thighs and silky, tapered calves. No surprise there.

A pair of bright red heels elevated her several inches. No surprise there either.

Her top though. Her top. It was a sheer, black, cotton blouse, so sheer that her braless breasts were clearly visible through the material. Her stance and her high heels pushed her chest forwards so that her thick nipples pushed hard against the thin material. She was practically naked.

“What,” she asked through lips that had been carefully lipsticked in bright red. “Don’t I look nice?”

“Maya,” I croaked again, standing. “He’ll be able to see your breasts.”

She gave a pretty shrug. “I know. I want to get him excited. Show him what he’s going to be getting. It’s not the first time he’s seen them, anyway.”

“But...” I stammered again, unable to put voice to my thoughts.

She looked at me in confusion for several seconds before an “Oh,” came from her mouth. “You didn’t understand. I thought I’d made it clear.”

She swayed over to me to press her body against mine and grasp my buttocks firmly. Her glorious breasts pushed against my chest. My cock strained in the device.

I felt her hot, sweet breath in my ear as she whispered to me. “That’s why I’ve been so grumpy,” she breathed. “I thought you understood. I need cock. I need to be fucked by a proper man with a proper cock. I’ll let you inside me

after I've been properly satisfied."

"But..." I began.

She cut me off. "But nothing, baby," she said. "You need to accept this. I need a proper man. Don't worry. I'll take care of you later."

Despite the revelations that had just dropped been dropped, I found myself pathetically grateful for the promised treat.

But another man? Was I really going to allow another man to take my beautiful wife? To grope at her body? To slide inside her slippery, welcoming sex?

The answers to these questions came quickly.

A knock came at the door.

"Get that would you, Timmy?" she said, releasing me.

As if on strings I found myself moving towards the door. I was dazed and confused, no longer fully aware of my own actions. This man was coming here to fuck my wife and I was allowing it to happen.

"Oh, and Timmy?" came her voice.

I turned. She had seated herself elegantly on the couch, her arms outspread along the headrest. Her breasts were pushing up against the thin, translucent material of her blouse, as if to seek approval.

"Be a good bitch," she cautioned.

"Yes, Maya," I answered in a monotone as I continued my robotic passage to the front door. I pulled it open.

A handsome, dark-haired man with broad shoulders and chest stood there. He was elegantly dressed in an expensive silk shirt open at the throat, tailored

dress pants, and branded leather loafers.

“Tim?” he asked pleasantly.

Wordlessly, I nodded as he clapped me on the shoulder familiarly.

“Thanks for agreeing to this, Tim,” he said in an easy going, confident voice. “It’s for the best. She’s a great fuck, and she needs a proper cock. You don’t mind do you?”

Before I could reply he pushed past me to stride to the living room. I trailed after him, dazed and confused.

Alessandro paused some meters from my wife, allowing his gaze to roam over her body appreciatively.

“Hi Alessandro,” she waved to him coyly from her position on the sofa.

“Wow,” he growled. “Just wow. It’s been too long since I’ve seen those. Get over here and let me have a feel.”

Obediently she rose to trot over and kiss him fully on the lips. Their mouths opened. She moaned in delight as he allowed his hands to roam over her svelte body: first running up her lithe flanks; then grasping her firm buttocks tightly; before finally running up the sides of her narrow stomach to settle on her heavy breasts, pawing at them roughly.

She broke off their kiss and their embrace. “Later,” she said breathlessly. “Timmy’s prepared us some dinner, haven’t you Timmy?”

I stared at the two of them in shock. So openly had they pushed their bodies and lips together. They simply had not cared that I was in the room. It was as if I was of no more concern than a family pet. The sight of his hands on her soft breasts had sent my cock throbbing desperately inside its tube, as had her happy moans, and her now flushed, aroused face.

“Timmy?” she said again. “Dinner.”

I moved to prepare the omelets. When I returned to place the plates on the table, they were already seated, chatting happily. I noticed his gaze moved frequently to her chest, ogling my wife's breasts without shame.

"So," he said, breaking off their conversation. "How's married life treating you, Tim?"

"Good," I managed to reply lamely.

He let out a chortle as he picked up his fork. "Not what you expected, huh?"

"No," I croaked helplessly as Maya looked on with a smirk. I looked at her pleadingly. She smiled make. My gaze too quickly settled on her breasts.

"Don't stare, Timmy," she said primly. She had made no such protest to Alessandro.

"Sorry," I croaked to Alessandro's amusement.

"You've got him well trained then," he remarked.

"One tries," she replied dryly. "It's only six weeks until he makes his choice."

"Oh," remarked Alessandro. "What will you choose, Tim?"

Before I could reply, Maya broke in. "I think we'll get an idea tonight. Is your food alright?"

"It's good. You're a good cook, Tim."

"Thank you," I managed to reply after an insistent nudge from my wife.

He ate voraciously, cleaning his plate and pushing it away from him. Maya picked at hers. I couldn't eat a mouthful. My nerves were on end, my stomach flipping and my cock throbbing.

“Why don’t you clean up, sweetie?” suggested Maya. Alessandro and I will sit down for a minute.

I was reluctant to leave them alone, but it appeared I had little choice. I began clearing the plates. “Good boy,” Maya praised me as I took them into the kitchen.

I returned from the kitchen and froze on the spot when I saw Maya and Alessandro. They were on the sofa, making out, oblivious to my presence. I watched in stunned silence as Maya allowed him to run his hands over her body, grasping her breasts firmly and stroking her inner thighs. She squirmed and moaned under his hands, pushing back against him and kissing him deeply.

My cock ached painfully as it swelled, and a pathetic whimper escaped my throat.

Maya broke off the kiss to look over at me. Her pupils were dilated and her face flushed once more. She crooked a finger at me, beckoning me forwards.

On shaky legs I walked closer as Alessandro continued to grope at her breasts drawing her thick nipples thick and erect. Her hand was at his groin, coaxing his impressive bulge to greater size. He let out a groan of pleasure, and she smiled happily. Then, as I drew closer, she drew her bare feet up onto the couch and let her thighs fall open.

This time a loud, anguished, aroused groan escaped my lips as my groin throbbed even more uncomfortably at this new sight.

My wife’s sex was glistening with juice. Her outer labia were swollen and splayed, displaying her tender, pink, inner-flesh.

Whimpering, I fell to my knees, as I knew she wished, and pushed my face forwards to begin lapping at her.

Maya mewled happily above me as she continued to intertwine her tongue

with Alessandro's and push her chest back against his groping hands. I gave her sodden sex long licks of my tongue, relishing in her taste. More moans came from my lips as her scent filled my nostrils to send blood pumping to my groin. My cock expanded even further filling every crevice of its tube.

I transferred my attention to her swollen clit, stiff and free from its protective hood. I flicked at it eagerly with my tongue. Her hips bucked at my attention, pushing her sex into my face and smearing my chin and cheeks with her sweet juice.

She broke off her kiss to let out a long, happy sigh. Her hand though, reached down to grasp me tightly by the hair. She pulled my face away from her now sodden, gaping slit.

She looked down at me with glazed eyes. "Take his cock out," she breathed. "Take Alessandro's cock out."

My body shook in shock and arousal. The smell of her was consuming my every thought, and her taste on my tongue meant I was passive and dizzy with lust.

"Take his cock out," she said once more.

She watched, in excited anticipation as, whimpering, I shuffled around on my knees to place myself between Alessandro's thick, splayed thighs.

He too looked down at me in amusement. before returning his attention to Maya's heavy breasts and soft lips.

Maya continued to observe me. "Do it," she breathed, "Take his big fat cock out."

With trembling hands and shaking fingers, I reached up to begin fumbling with his belt and flies. I could scarcely believe what I was doing. It was as if I had no control over my actions. I was completely under the spell of my beautiful, dominant wife, and of my throbbing, aching arousal.

I drew his pants apart, revealing white underwear over the outline of a thick, long cock.

“Go on, sweetie,” breathed Maya excitedly. “You know you want to.”

Did I? If I didn’t, then why was I so stiff? And why was I so compliant to her wishes? My fingers slipped under the waistband of his underwear and pulled them down to reveal him.

I let out an excited gasp at the site of his throbbing, hard meat. He was thick, and his pulsing shaft heavily veined; long too, his rod topped by a bulging, purple head already smeared with precum.

I was in a dreamlike state, my eyes fastened in marvel on his throbbing manhood. Maya didn’t have to speak. My head bowed, and I drew the head of his cock into my mouth, sucking on it hungrily.

“Yes,” breathed Maya. “Good boy. Pleasure my lover you little slut.”

Her words spurred me on. I began to swirl my tongue over his velvety head, marveling at the firm texture and at how good – how right – it felt in my hot, wet, sucking mouth.

He let out a grunt of pleasure and reached down a hand. His hand rested on my head, pushing it gently down, encouraging me to take more of him into my eager mouth.

I didn’t resist. My only desire was to pleasure my wife’s lover; to give myself totally to this powerful man and to please my wife.

With my lips wrapped tightly around his shaft, moaning I began to bob my head on his cock. More and more of him I took into my mouth. My training with my wife’s strap-on stood me in good stead. But whereas the dildo had been rigid and inanimate, his cock was firm and alive, throbbing under my tongue. I marveled at the exquisite taste and texture. And I marveled at my own arousal at being on my knees, orally pleasuring my wife’s lover.

He let out another groan of pleasure; perverse tremors of pride ran through me. I sucked harder, my lips spread wide to accommodate his girth. Saliva spilled from the corners of my mouth to leave his impressive girth glistening and lubricated.

His hand pressed down further. I surrendered myself to my deepest desires and opened my throat, allowing him to slide, smoothly down it. Gagging and moaning I pushed my face further down, feeling my nose strike his belly as I took all of him into me. Again and again, I bobbed my head, eliciting more groans from him and excited gasps from my wife. I was completely lost, my entire being focused only on his thick, delicious cock.

How long I deep throat my wife's lover for I do not know; time seemed to have lost all meaning. But I do know that I had to be dragged from his cock by the hair as I desperately tried to keep his meaty manhood in my mouth and throat.

"Oh you dirty little cock-slut," breathed my wife excitedly. "I need him now."

His velvety head fell from my mouth. I moaned in dismay. Slowly I came back to reality and to the stark realization of what I had just done.

I looked up, aware of how I must look to them: a shaking, quivering mess, my face smeared with juice and saliva, and the taste of cock still in my mouth.

Alessandro had a sneer on his face whilst Maya looked down with contented delight as she gently rubbed between her still-splayed legs.

"Stay here," she said, rising. "You'll be able to hear everything. Stay here on the floor and imagine all the things he's doing to me."

She took Alessandro's hand. They stepped over me on their way to the stairs and up into our bedroom.

I stayed where I was, on the floor, where I belonged. My mind was

struggling to comprehend how deep I had sunk. I'd sucked his cock. And I'd loved it. And now I remained, cringing on the floor as another man took my wife in our bed. Why did I not protest? We were married. I shouldn't be allowing this to happen. Still, my cock throbbed and ached.

My ears strained, hoping to get an idea of what was happening. At first all I heard was laughter and giggles. Their merriment shamed me deeply. No doubt they were laughing at me, and the things I had done.

Then came silence. Still my ears strained, as did my cock. Then the sounds began. At first, just gentle, pretty sighs and moans from my gorgeous wife. Then more excited moans and grunts. A rhythmic pounding soon reached my ears, soft at first, but growing louder. It was the headboard of our bed striking the walls. My wife's groans and her lover's grunts grew still louder and more rhythmic.

Her pleading voice now intermingled with her gasps and moans. "Oh. God. Yes," came her voice. "Yes, Alessandro. Yes. Harder. Please Harder. Fuck me harder."

He obliged with deep grunts. Her voice became more desperate and high-pitched. "Please. God Yes. Yes. Like that. Yes... Yesssssss."

In my mind's eye I could see them: see my wife on her back with her legs spread wide for him, her mouth open and her eyes glazed in pleasure; and I could see him lying over her, making her body writhe, and her breasts sway as he plunged his thick cock powerfully into her welcoming, sodden sex again and again.

On and on came the grunts, moans, pants and sighs, gaining in intensity as he took her closer to the edge on his thick cock.

She came with a series of high-pitched squeals of release, "Oh God. Oh God Oh God," she intoned again and again. And then in a softer voice, but still clearly audible, "Oh thank you. Thank you."

He came quickly after her, grunting loudly in pleasure as he ejaculated into

my wife's pretty pussy, filling her with his seed. "God you're a good fuck," I heard him growl tiredly. "Such a good fuck. I've missed that sweet pussy."

And then silence, but for their deep breaths as they recovered from their exertions.

I remained cringing on the floor. I let out a soft sob at the knowledge that I was now a cuckold. And that the feeling excited me.

I was shamed, but awed. Never had I made my wife pant and moan like that during our wedding night. And not once had I lasted as long as he had inside her slippery heat.

I remained on the floor as the sound of their breathing quietened. For several minutes there was silence. The only sound I could hear were my gentle sobs and my tortured breathing.

I moaned softly at the pressure at my groin.

Then I heard murmurings above me in the bedroom. I strained my ears once more, waiting in tortured anticipation. I didn't have to wait long. My wife's soft moans soon reached my ears, as did her lover's guttural grunts of delight as he once more slid into my wife's clenching pussy.

Soon the sounds of their love-making began to echo around the house as he took her once more to screaming orgasm. This time, almost impossibly, it seemed he took her to an even more intense climax before he emptied himself inside her.

Again and again, they made love that night. Occasionally I dropped off to sleep, but always I would be awakened by the sound of their lovemaking and my rapidly swelling cock.

Towards dawn it seemed that they had finally sated themselves on each others' bodies. Their breathing became steady and regular. I too fell into a fitful sleep on the floor.

My eyes jerked open at the sound of footsteps. Sunlight streamed in through the windows illuminating the figure of Alessandra looming over me. He reached out a hand to ruffle my hair as one might do to a small child.

“Thanks, Tim,” he said pleasantly. “I really needed that. And so did she. Did you hear how grateful she was?”

“Y.. Yes,” I managed to stutter. My eyes were downcast. The source of my deep humiliation was standing over me, his dominance clear.

He chortled. “Man. That girl was on heat. She was desperate for cock.” He let out a sigh. “And man does she know how to please a man. A proper man, I mean.”

He paused as if waiting for me to protest. I remained silent, my gaze fixed on the floor.

“The thing is, Tim,” he went on. “I’d almost forgotten what a good little slut she is. You’ll be seeing a lot more of me, OK?”

“OK,” I replied in a tiny, broken voice.

“Good boy,” he chortled, once more ruffling my hair before striding to the door and exiting the house without a backward glance.

I let out a strong exhalation of air. Everything he had said was true. She obviously had been desperate for cock. And he had given her everything she needed. A shiver of anticipation ran through me. I knew I should be upset by what had happened, and I was. But a stronger emotion was running through me. Lust. She’d promised we’d make love.

I knew it was pathetic. After all, they had just made me a cuckold. Nevertheless, I found myself rushing up to the bedroom.

Chapter four

The curtains were drawn but enough light seeped in for me to make out Maya. She was lying naked on the bed amidst a tangle of soiled sheets. Her back was propped up on pillows and she had a smug, satisfied grin on her face. Her breasts hung free but her groin was covered by the corner of a sheet.

The smell of sex assailed my nostrils.

“Hi, sweetie,” she smiled. “Did you have a nice night?”

“I... I... I...” I stuttered. The sight of her lush, lithe body and the knowledge of how she had spent the night left me spellbound, unable to voice my jumbled thoughts.

“I know I did,” she said stretching contentedly.

I took a step towards the bed.

“Oh,” she cooed. “Have you come to make love to your wife? Why don’t you take your clothes off?”

I scrambled out of my clothes and took another unsteady step toward the bed. I could make out her breasts clearly now. They were covered with tiny bite marks – he’d marked her as his – and her nipples were red and swollen as if they had been suckled upon roughly.

“Ooo,” she said with the same lazy grin as she observed my pulsing cock inside the tube. Someone’s very excited. But there’s something you need to do first.”

I knew what it was I had to do first, and the thought both excited and repulsed me.

Her grin widened as I reached out a hand to grasp the sheet and sweep it from her groin.

I let out a groan of shame and excitement at the sight of her pussy. It was swollen and messy, sodden with her juice, and with her lover's cum leaking from it.

"Make sure you get it all," she cooed. "Don't make me cum. Just clean me up."

Whimpering, I scrambled onto the bed to extend my tongue and push my face to her used sex. The scent of her infidelity assailed my nostrils, further arousing me. To her sighs of satisfaction, I began to lap at her with long licks, scooping all evidence of their lovemaking into my mouth, swallowing as I did so.

"That's right," she cooed. "Get it all. He came in me so many times. God, it felt good to have a proper man inside me; a proper man who could make me cum on his cock."

I whimpered and moaned louder at her words as I continued to lap at her.

She gave a low chuckle at my obvious arousal and continued to speak, teasing and shaming me.

"Just think how nice it'll be when I let you inside me. I wonder if you can make me cum like he did. God. I was such a slut for him. The things he made me do; things I've never done with you. Things I only do with a proper man with a proper cock."

I was in an agony of desire; crazy with lust; lapping and swallowing; lapping and swallowing.

She continued to tease me with her words though, only calling a halt when it seemed I had swallowed every drop of his semen.

"OK," she breathed. "That'll do." I raised my head from her sex and she giggled at the sight of my soaked face.

“Come here,” she said, pointing to the side of the bed. I rushed to obey, standing next to her. She rolled on her side to unlock the padlock and pull the device from me.

I groaned in delight as my cock unfurled and stood up, rigid and bulging.

“Ready?” she smiled, rolling back onto her back.

God yes. I felt so dizzy, I feared I might faint. I moved back onto the bed, between her splayed thighs. I let out a shudder as she grasped my cock and positioned it at the entrance to her silky heat.

“Fuck me then, big boy,” she whispered into my ear as she wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my back. “If you can make me cum we’ll leave the cage off all week.”

I thrust my hips to sink into her heat. Her slippery clinging friction caused me to wail in delight, and her to chuckle.

“He fucked me so good,” she whispered into my ear. “So much better than you.”

I wailed again, shuddering as I plunged into her again. Her sweet pussy was so tight, gripping my cock in an almost vice-like grip.

“He fucked me like a proper man. He made you a cuckold.”

On my third thrust, I felt the familiar electricity that heralded the onset of orgasm. She sensed it too.

“And he was so strong,” she whispered cruelly. “He didn’t cum until he’d satisfied me like a proper man can.”

A peculiar half-wail, half-whimper came from my lips as I thrust once more. Her velvet passage was sending me into nirvana.

“And you sucked his big fat cock,” she whispered in delight.

That was all it took: five thrusts into her honeyed treasure; and her cruel, teasing words. An anguished “Urgggghhhhhhhhhh,” came from my throat as shuddering, cum exploded from my cock again and again.

She chuckled again, delighted at the control she had over my body.

“Good bitch,” she cooed as I continued to spurt and gasp. “We can’t all be proper men.”

As I drained myself inside her wet, sodden mound, she spoke for a last time.

“Clean me up again, cucku. Then we’ll get your cage back on.”

“Yes Maya,” I found myself answering through a haze of dazed contentment. It had been a stupendous orgasm. Never had I imagined I could be taken to such heights. I knew that I would do anything for the possibility of being allowed inside her again.

The enormity of what had occurred, and what I had done, hit me the following morning. And Maya’s first words to me did nothing to help.

“Hi cucku,” she said smiling, as I walked into the kitchen. The word hit me hard. That was what I was: a cuckold. I blushed a beetroot red and stared at the floor. When she had slept around in college, it had been different. But we were married now. And I’d allowed her to sleep with a strong, powerful man, one who could do things to her I could not.

“And you sucked his cock,” she reminded me.

I blushed even deeper. How could she ever look at me the same way again? The truth was that she would surely not. Last night was a change for us. She confirmed this with her next words.

“Oh,” she consoled me, sidling up to where I stood to press her body against mine. “Don’t be sad. I think it’s sweet the way you’ll do anything for me and my lover.”

She stroked my face gently.

“But a little bitch who sucks cock has to be treated like a little bitch, you understand that, don’t you?”

I dared to look up into her face. Her expression was caring and loving.

“I... I understand,” I said quietly, a strange calm coming over me as I uttered the words.

“Did you like sucking cock?” she asked gently.

There was no point in denying it. She had seen the way I had desperately tried to take more and more of him into my mouth. She had heard my moans of excitement.

“Yes,” I answered in almost a whisper. God. She was just so beautiful.

“I could tell,” she smiled kindly. “And you realize that I can’t look at you like a man anymore, not a proper man, don’t you? Not after I’ve seen how cock-hungry you are.”

Of course I did. Her words sent a strange chill through me. My stomach flipped and my body quivered.

“It’s alright, sweetie,” she consoled me. “You’re just discovering what you are. You’re a little bitch who like to suck his wife’s lover’s cock, aren’t you, cucky.”

My body shook further as I realized the accuracy of her words.

Her hand snaked down to grasp my balls and plastic-encased cock tightly. Her mouth pushed to my ear to whisper to me.

“And you realize I have no use for this anymore, don’t you?”

I let out a strange squeaking sound. I wasn't sure if it was from her touch, or from her words.

"I might let you inside me now and again if you're a good little bitch. But when I need a proper cock, Alessandro can take care of me. Did you like being inside me yesterday?"

"Yes," I croaked as my cock pulsed. "God, yes."

"You came in about five seconds," she continued. "Squirting like a little bitch. What are you?"

"A little bitch," came my tortured voice.

"That's right," she cooed. "My little bitch. But I need Alessandro's cock when I want to be fucked properly. And I'm going to want to be fucked properly quite a lot. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Maya," I croaked. I did.

She released my cock and balls and removed her mouth from my ear to lay a tender kiss on my lips.

"I told you things would be different when we married," she said.

I couldn't reply.

"Now," she went on. "I want my little bitch to look like a little bitch. You're not a proper man, so there's no reason you should try and look like one."

"OK, Maya," I responded. I was completely under her spell. The events of last night and my acceptance of them had left me pliant and weak.

"So go and take a shower now, and shave off all that nasty hair," she said. "I want your body as smooth as mine."

She pointed to the bathroom. "Go now."

Placidly I turned to obey, yelping as her palm made sharp contact with my buttocks.

“Hurry, bitch,” she giggled.

I rushed to obey, not even thinking of protesting.

Shaving cream and razors had been left in the bathroom. I stepped into the shower and set about the time-consuming task of shaving myself completely smooth: my legs, my chest, my armpits, my arms, and of course my groin.

Some two hours later I stepped from the bathroom. Maya was sitting patiently, one leg over the other on the side of the bed.

She smiled at the sight of me. “My. Don’t you look pretty?”

She tossed me a bottle of lotion. “Use this,” she said.

Obediently I rubbed the oil into my body as she cooed encouragement. “That’s right,” she said. “Make yourself pretty for your wife.”

When I had completely oiled my body, she stood to lay a gentle kiss on my lips and run her hands over my smooth hairless form.

“That’s so much better,” she said. Taking me by the hand she led me to the floor-to-ceiling length mirror, so I might observe myself.

I shuddered at the sight of my smooth skin. With my body hair seemed to have gone any remaining vestiges of my masculinity. My skin glistened from the oil, smooth and lady like.

“We haven’t finished,” said Maya. “Little bitches need pretty little panties.”

She handed me a pair of skimpy, red, lace panties, which I turned over in my hands dumbly.

“I thought red would suit you,” she observed. “Nice and slutty. Do you like them?”

“Yes Maya,” I responded obediently.

“Put them on then,” she said.

I pulled the flimsy material up over my smooth shins and thighs to settle the waistband at my lower waist. The material barely covered my chastity device and the g-string disappeared into my ass-crack.

Maya clapped her hands in delight. “They look so slutty,” she exclaimed. “You’ll look so pretty on your knees with his cock in your mouth.”

I shuddered at the thought but felt my cock flex. I looked into the mirror. A sissy stared back at me: a pretty sissy.

“Turn around for me,” Maya insisted. “I want to see how your pretty ass looks in them.”

I obeyed.

“Oh,” she said letting her hands caress my buttocks. “Very sexy. Do you like dressing up for your wife like a little sissy.”

Her teasing words were now starting to penetrate my brain. With them came the deep shame I had come to know so well; and the arousal.

“Please, Maya,” I pleaded with her.

“Shhh, cucku,” she said. “Don’t get upset. You look very pretty. Just like a little cock-sucker should. Alessandro is going to love it.”

I shivered at his name, remembering what I had done.

She noticed and embraced me tightly. “Don’t fight it, cucku,” she said softly. “Embrace it.”

She released me. “Put these on,” she said, handing me some new material.

I cringed as I recognized the material as thigh-high red stockings.

“They look really sexy, don’t they,” Maya said excitedly. “Do you like them?”

“I... I... I...” I stammered in an attempt at protest.

She raised her eyebrows. “Yes, Timmy? Are you trying to say something?”

My weak attempt at defiance dissipated. “They look nice, Maya,” I replied.

“Good,” she smiled. I thought you’d like them. You can sit on the bed to pull them on.”

Any resistance had been expertly dampened. Placidly I pulled the stockings up my thighs.

Maya smiled in pleasure. “What a pretty little sissy you are,” she remarked. “Aren’t you?”

“Yes Maya,” I croaked in reply. I was, I realized. I was a sissy; her plaything.

She busied herself at her makeup draw for some seconds before returning to stand in front of me. She tossed various articles of make-up on the bed, before selecting a bright, red lipstick.

She bent at the waist to bring her face level to mine. As she did so, the front of her blouse fell forwards allowing me to gaze at the ripe fruit of her full, hanging, breasts

“Your breasts are beautiful,” I croaked.

“Thank you,” she said as she primly covered herself. “But those are for my lover now.”

It was true. A glimpse of her body was a privilege for me, not a right as it was for her lover.

Pursing her lips, she applied the lips stick to me; and eyeliner; and eyeshadow; and blusher; and a host of other things I had no idea of the name for.

Finally, satisfied, she stepped back with a smile. “So pretty,” she observed, tossing to me a pair of red high-heels. “Slip into these.”

“And, stand.”

I did so, the heels tautening my calves and pushing my chest forwards.

My wife clapped her hands in delight. “Go and look at yourself,” she insisted.

I teetered over to the mirror as instructed. My mouth fell open at the sight before me. A distinctly feminine face stared back at me, shining with makeup.

The heels had changed my posture into one befitting a sissy, and my cock throbbed behind the thin red lace of my panties. The stockings gave the entire outfit a slutty, whorish look.

I had been changed.

I jumped as the doorbell rang. Maya gave me a smug, teasing smile. “That’ll be Kara,” she said. “I’ll get the door. Come through in two minutes.”

Chapter five

My body shook as she left the room and the sounds of their voices came through the walls. I hung my head. What did it matter? Parading around in front of her extremely attractive friend would be deeply humiliating. But it was nothing compared to the actions I had performed on her lover. I couldn't sink any lower.

The next hours made a lie of my previous statement.

Steeling myself, I teetered in my unfamiliar footwear into the living room. As I entered, I froze in extreme shock and my body shook further. My breath became shallow and rapid. I became so dizzy I feared I might faint.

Kara and Maya sat comfortably on the couch. But that was not what had shaken me so.

Standing in front of them, blushing and shaking, was a pretty young man, his attire like mine, only white, not red.

The two ladies giggled at my expression of shock. Maya finally spoke.

"This is Kara's friend," she said. "She calls him Pet. Say hello to Pet, Timmy."

"H.. Hello," I whispered.

Their smiles broadened. "Why don't you move a bit closer to Pet," suggested Kara, wickedly.

My legs moved, and I found myself standing in front of the young man they called Pet. Like me, his body had been shaved smooth.

Kara spoke this time. "Why don't you give Timmy a little kiss, Pet?" she suggested. "To say hello properly."

The pretty sissy obediently pressed his lips to mine as I stood, frozen to the

spot.

“Kiss him properly,” encouraged Kara.

I let out a moan as Pet’s tongue forced my lips apart and began to swirl around the inside of my mouth.

From the corner of my eyes I could see the two ladies lean forwards excitedly to better view the action.

Another moan came from my mouth as his hand snaked down to grasp my balls and begin massaging them softly.

A third moan came from me as my body began to react. My groin began to hump back against his hand to push against his smooth legs. My tongue, too, began to swirl over his, and my hands reached around to grasp his firm ass.

“That’s right, Timmy,” breathed Maya. “Let yourself go.”

Our groins began to push together, our chastity devices rubbing together futilely, whilst our hands continued to run over each others’ bodies. We were both moaning loudly now as our tongues continued to intertwine.

After some minutes of this, our bodies becoming increasingly aroused, Maya’s voice came.

“Break,” she said.

We continued to embrace and kiss.

She giggled. “Break,” she said again in a firmer voice.

Reluctantly we stepped back one pace from each other, panting. My cock clearly displayed what I was.

“Pretty panties off, boys,” came Maya’s sing-song voice. We struggled out of our panties. It was clear that Pet was as aroused as I.

Kara tossed something to my feet, and Maya to Pet. They were the keys to our chastity devices.

“Why don’t you let each other out,” suggested Maya.

We fell to our knees to retrieve the keys.

“You might as well stay on the floor,” observed Kara as we fumbled with each other’s devices. I managed to get Pet’s off first and he sprung up, stiff and throbbing.

I sighed in relief as mine too was removed. We stared at each other’s cocks hungrily.

“Let’s play a little game,” said Maya. “It’s called 69....”

Over the next six weeks, Pet and I performed for the ladies’ amusement twice a week. On the other nights I remained in my device, fluffing for my wife and her lover; getting her wet, and making Alessandro hard.

On several occasions, I performed my duties too well, and he spurted into my mouth. On each occasion, I was instructed to swallow his seed like a little bitch.

As my cruel treatment continued, I became more and more sure what my answer would be.

The final day found me kneeling at my gorgeous wife’s feet, staring up at her naked, shaved mound. My chastity device had been removed, and it was only with great willpower that I was able to restrain myself from grabbing my aching manhood.

“So,” she breathed. “Decision time, cucku. We can continue as we are. And as a little treat I’ll allow you to touch yourself and spurt over my feet. You will of course lick it up and then you’ll go back into your cage. My pretty pussy will be off limits except for very special occasions. You’ll live to serve

me and my lover. You'll be my plaything; my little bitch. And I can be very cruel. I've already got some very exciting ideas about how we'll proceed."

She paused.

"Or," she continued. "You can stand up. And I'll get on my knees and suck your cock. It'll be the best orgasm you've ever had. After that, you can make love to me as many times as you like. I'll phone Alessandro and tell him that it's over between us; that I wish to be a proper wife to my husband. You'll no longer have to perform for me. No more pretty panties. No more cock-sucking; just a traditional husband and wife."

My cock strained painfully at the thought of my pretty wife on her knees, sucking my cock into her mouth. Never had she performed such an act on me. And to be able to impale her on my stiff cock afterward; to slide into her slippery snatch. The anticipation made me dizzy with lust.

"Well?" she asked.

My hand reached down to grasp my pulsing cock. Staring up at her beautiful, shaved pussy, I began to stroke myself.

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