



# Caged for Them (Couples Need More #1)

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** When my husband pulled out the purple silicone cage, I thought it was a joke. Little did I know, it would lead our relationship somewhere forbidden and wild.

My husband's best friend, Jason, can't seem to keep it in his pants. And when yet another girlfriend leaves him for cheating on her, he comes to us, desperate for help. The only way to stop him from cheating? Chastity.

But neither of us could have expected Jason's reaction — he wants it, more than we ever imagined. He wants to belong to us, to serve us both. Curiosity leads us to explore our interest in BDSM, and my husband embraces his dominant tendencies, while Jason is pulled deep into subspace, bending to our every desire.

Will this one-time serial cheater be able to commit to us long-term?

Mature Content 18+

This story contains a sweet, dominant husband, a wife who loves playing with ropes, and a submissive sweetheart who wants to do everything to please them. And I mean everything.

**Total Pages (Source):** 21

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

## Chapter 1

### Henry

My best friend looked like crap. He was sitting on the couch, his knees drawn up to his chin, his eyes wide and red-rimmed, like he might cry. I'd known Jason since Kindergarten and I could remember two times I'd seen him cry, including the time he broke his arm on a skateboard ramp when we were eleven. To see my happy-go-lucky friend this upset was unsettling.

The empty beer bottles around him made our living room look like a landfill, and he was staring at the TV, even though it wasn't turned on. I wasn't even sure if he was blinking. Or breathing.

"Henry Choi. Why aren't you over there?" my wife whispered, shoving me towards the couch.

I shoved back, resisting her forceful attempts to get me to comfort Jason. "I don't know what to do!"

"Well, do something . He's your best friend. He's been here for three hours, and he's barely moved. I'm not even sure when he drank all of that beer."

"He's like one of those angels on Doctor Who. He only drinks when we're not looking at him," I whispered. Mari stared at me like I was insane, but come on, what other explanation was there? Bottles were getting emptied somehow, and we never saw him drink.

“Well, why did you give him the whole case?” Mari tolerated Jason, but I wasn’t sure she liked him and she looked more amused than concerned.

“He asked for beer. I sort of shoved it at him and ran. I can’t deal with sad Jason, it’s freaking me out, He’s never acted like this before. He’s not even blinking. Should I check to see if he’s dead?”

“I’m pretty sure he’s not dead.” She tilted her head, her eyes scanning over him. “Maybe he’s in a catatonic state?”

“You’re the doctor. You’d better check him out.”

“I’m an ophthalmologist. I don’t think I can diagnose whatever’s going on with this jackass.” She rolled her eyes and turned towards the kitchen, opening the fridge and staring at the contents.

“I can hear you guys,” Jason said, speaking for the first time since he’d wandered into my house, bleary-eyed, earlier that evening and told me he needed beer.

“So, not a catatonic state?” was Mari’s cheeky response. “Want dinner?”

“You gonna tell us what’s going on?” I stepped closer to him, like he was a wild animal I’d cornered. I wasn’t afraid of Jason, but this weird version of my best friend was freaking me out. He was usually so easygoing, but not now. He seemed... broken.

“Gabi caught me out with another woman,” he mumbled, glancing up at me with wide eyes. “Go ahead, tell me how stupid I am.”

“Oh. That’s too bad.” Mari bit her lip and raised an eyebrow at me. Jason's cheating wasn’t a shocking revelation. He cheated on every woman he was serious about, and

they always caught him, but usually he let it roll off his back. He'd always been able to shrug off his breakups, moving on more quickly than I would have thought possible. I wondered what made this time different.

"You screwed things up with Gabi?" I sat on the sofa next to him, bumping my knee against his. He wasn't much for physical affection, but I thought he needed a hug right about now. Or maybe it was me who wanted the hug, because I was a hugger. "Why do you do this?"

"I don't know," he said, his eyes still on the television.

Mari sighed and ducked into the fridge. I heard the clinking of bottles as she got us some drinks. She rustled around in the freezer and found some leftovers that she stuck in the microwave. "Gabi was great for you. I didn't know you were this serious about her."

"Yes, you did, Mari. They were at the barbecue last week. He proposed to her?" I shot Mari a questioning look. My wife was crazy smart, but had a tendency to zone out and miss whatever was happening around her. Including my best friend's big, slightly awkward proposal at our friend Ethan's barbecue.

Jason scrubbed his hands over his face. "It's best you missed it. She hesitated and said she needed to think about it."

"Oh, shit. That's what happened? I was wondering why everyone was being awkward," Mari said, popping off the caps on the drinks. She took a long swig of hers.

"I'm so sorry, man," I said. Mari came over and handed me a beer and Jason a seltzer water. She ruffled his hair affectionately, flashing me a wide-eyed expression that I couldn't decipher, before taking a seat in the big armchair that sat perpendicular to

the couch.

“Thanks Mari.” Jason glanced at me. I raised an eyebrow in question, and he shook his head and sighed. “Your phone has been buzzing nonstop since I got here. Don’t pretend you don’t have a million text messages about it.”

“Wild Butte is a small town. And they love their gossip.” I cleared my throat, taking a drink of my beer while I pondered my answer. “Why were you at the Sandy Creek Tavern with another woman? I mean, fuck, it’s like you wanted to get caught. That’s where everyone goes.”

“I asked Gabi to marry me, and she said she wanted to think about it,” Jason repeated.

“Yeah, I’m not sure that cheating was the right solution there.” Mari’s words were a little harsh, but she reached out and rubbed his thigh, smiling a little, like she was trying to be encouraging. I didn’t feel very encouraging. This wasn’t Jason’s first time cheating on a girlfriend, or his first time getting caught. It was a pattern for him that had started all the way back in high school, and it was irritating as hell.

“Listen, man. It was different when we were teenagers and your relationships weren’t serious, but we’re 26 now. You asked Gabi to marry you, then took another woman out on a date. What the hell were you thinking?”

“I can’t stop,” he whispered.

“What?”

“I can’t stop myself. I had Gabi and I should have been thrilled, right? She’s incredible, and so damn gorgeous, and I was sure she would come around on the proposal thing. She only needed some time. But some random weekend chick comes into town from Denver and... I don’t even know what drew me to her.” He went

quiet, spinning the bottle in his fingers, but not drinking.

“Poor impulse control?” Mari suggested. “Stupidity?”

“Mari,” I warned.

“It’s okay,” Jason said dejectedly. “She’s right. Every woman in this town hates me, and for good reason. Gabi probably hesitated at the proposal because she’d heard things.”

“I’m sure she would have said yes. You’re a great catch,” I said.

“And you’re so pretty,” Mari added. I glared at her, and she laughed. “What? He has that long golden hair and those eyes. Even with the man bun, I’d marry him just so I could stare at him all day, every day.” My best friend was undeniably attractive, like a young Chris Hemsworth, with sun-bleached hair and striking blue eyes, and a body honed to perfection by a very expensive personal trainer.

“Too bad you already married me. Gotta settle for the nerdy Asian guy, I guess,” I said, poking her.

“Oh. You’re pretty, too, Henry. Why do you think I married you?” She grinned at me.

“She’s right. Check out that bone structure,” Jason said. “Though you could divorce him and marry me. I have the money and the looks.”

“I own my own restaurant!” I protested.

“You share it with your sister and her husband. Does that count?” The teasing was nice, a bit more of the usual Jason. We joked about his money, because he’d always had more money than he knew what to do with. And he was generous with it.

“You don’t even have a real job,” I shot back. He had flitted around from job to job about as readily as he cheated on his girlfriends. He was working as a fly-fishing guide, but I doubted that would last more than a couple of years. For a while, I’d tried to help him find his passion, but had eventually realized that he was enjoying hopping from job to job and had the means to do so, so it didn’t really matter.

“Is that why I’m destined to be single?” he asked.

“There’s nothing wrong with staying single,” Mari interjected. “No one is saying you need to have a girlfriend or get married. Plenty of people have happy, fulfilled lives without ever marrying.”

He looked at Mari for a second, as if he was trying to sort out the answer to her question. “I see what you guys have, and... I don’t want to be single anymore.”

“Why can’t you keep it in your pants, man? It’s not that difficult.” I’d had this conversation with him before, but it went nowhere. When he was single, he got lonely, and started to look for a girlfriend. When he had a girlfriend, he cheated.

We’d been friends since we were five, when he’d stolen the wheels to my Lego car and I’d punched him in the stomach. Instead of being mad, he’d asked me to teach him how to throw a punch, and I’d explained my martial arts knowledge. He’d joined me at the wushu class my uncle taught at the Wild Butte Rec Center a day later, and we’d been besties ever since.

Of course, it was getting more and more difficult to remain friends with him in adulthood, as he alienated friends of ours with his cheating ways.

He sighed, combing his fingers through his hair. “I don’t know. I have a high sex drive, and I don’t want to blame my girlfriends for that. It’s not that they don’t keep me satisfied, only that... I don’t know. It’s not their fault, but could that be why I

struggle to control it?”

Mari frowned. “You struggle to stick with things, Jason. Maybe you’ve never done enough to push yourself in that regard.”

“Maybe I’ve never been motivated enough to push myself in that regard,” he muttered.

“Why wouldn’t you be motivated by your relationship with Gabi? She’s great.”

He scrubbed his hands over his face. “I don’t know.”

Mari reached forward and did what I hadn’t — she hugged him, pulling him close and whispering something in his ear, and he clung to her like no one had held him for years, though I knew he’d had intimate relationships with a dozen or more women. I had the urge to climb into that hug, to pull him close to me and hold my best friend between us until he felt better.

But that would be awkward, so I sat back and watched. Also, I wasn’t sure he deserved comfort and affection at this moment. It was more like he needed someone to turn him over their knee and spank the idiot out of him.

“Why don’t you stay the night?” Mari said as she shifted away from the tempting-looking hug. “I don’t think you should drive home in this state. I’ll tuck you in, and you can get some sleep.”

“Tuck me in?” His lips quirked to the left, and he looked so boyish and hopeful that I almost laughed.

“Maybe you need someone to take care of you,” she said. And I watched as my grown-ass best friend obediently followed my wife down the hall, and presumably let



himself get tucked in. I didn't follow them, but I heard him ask Mari for a bedtime story, and heard her laugh. A few minutes later, she appeared in the hall, turning off his light and quietly closing the door like he was a toddler that she didn't want to wake from his nap.

“What was that?” I whispered.

“I know I should think he's an asshole,” she said, smirking at me. “But I can't help but see him as a lost little boy, you know?”

I sighed, rubbing the back of my neck. “Yeah. I feel the same. But I don't know what to do to get him un-lost.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 2

Jason

I came downstairs the next morning to find Mari in the kitchen, drinking coffee and scrolling through her phone. Henry's wife was beautiful, a brilliant, slightly nerdy doctor. She was Mexican-American, with a gorgeous, curvy body, tan skin, and thick, dark hair that I wanted to sink my hands into. In the theoretical sense, because she was my best friend's wife, and I would never hurt Henry. Besides, she knew the worst of me. She'd never be interested, even if she didn't have Henry.

And he was the only person in the world I had any kind of loyalty to, so I tried not to think too hard about how attractive I found his wife. She glanced up at me, her dark eyes wide and curious, and I thought of the back rub she'd given me the night before. She'd kindly explained to me that I might need to accept that I wasn't cut out for monogamous relationships.

Maybe I wasn't, but I fucking ached for what she and Henry had.

"Feeling better?" she asked, turning to face me, sipping her coffee.

"I can't believe I let you tuck me in and give me a back rub like I was a little kid." I shoved my hands in my pockets and ducked my head, not wanting to admit how much I'd liked it. It was a simple affection that I couldn't remember anyone in my life giving me. I supposed my mother had, when I was very young, before she'd died.

Mari laughed, the dimple in her left cheek deepening. "Sometimes, I think you're still

stuck in childhood... Well... More like your teen years, because you're letting your penis make all of your decisions."

"If only I could get the penis out of the equation, I could find my happily ever after and be like you guys."

"I don't think cutting it off is the right answer," she said, widening her eyes. I burst out laughing.

"Hell no. But, I don't know. If there was a pill that I could take that would control my libido, I'd be all-in."

"Or, and hear me out, you could control yourself," Henry said as he walked into the room, stopping to drop a quick kiss on his wife's lips. My best friend was a handsome fucker — Asian-American and tall, with an athletic build, dark, smoldering eyes, and cheekbones that could cut glass. And why was I thinking about my best friend's smoldering eyes? He and Mari together were the kind of deliciousness that I wanted for myself.

Not them specifically. And definitely not both of them. My brain pulled up a quick, super weird image of them together, kissing me good morning like that. Mari would press her soft body against my chest. And Henry... nope. No. I wasn't going there.

"Fuck off," I muttered, shutting out those thoughts. He mussed my hair as he walked past, and I batted him away. Henry was always touching me like that. He used to be too physically affectionate with me. Since we were teenagers, I'd shut it down more often than not. I knew he was a touchy-feely person, and he should be able to hug me if he wanted. But sometimes the way his touches made me feel was too much.

"So, I have an idea," he said, taking something out of the pocket of his sweatpants and tossing it across the counter. Mari yelped and lunged for it before I could truly

see what it was, something purple and plastic that looked alarmingly like a sex toy.

“No!” she said, stuffing it into her pocket. “Bad Henry.”

“It’s perfect. We can cage him and he’ll figure out what it’s like to go without orgasms, and realize his dick won’t fall off if he doesn’t fuck every available woman.” Henry’s eyes were sparkling with mischief, and that was always concerning.

Mari’s answering laughter sounded slightly high-pitched and panicked, and she stuffed the toy further into her pocket. “That is insane. Can we talk in the hall?” She tugged on Henry’s arm, but he didn’t budge.

“Cage?” I swallowed, my heart pounding. Henry kissed his wife’s cheek and whispered something in her ear, and Mari sighed and reached into her pocket, producing what was definitely a sex toy.

“He’s being an idiot. Ignore him,” she said, setting it on the counter. “We’re not putting this on you. It’s a terrible joke.” It may have been, but something about the toy sparked my curiosity. I picked it up and turned it over in my hands, feeling an unexpected rush at the shape of it. It was silicone, shaped like a dick, and there was a little padlock at the base.

“Why do you have this?” I asked.

“We dabble in BDSM occasionally,” Henry said at the same time Mari said, “It was a prank.” Mari slapped his shoulder, and he laughed, shaking his head.

“Mari, be honest,” Henry scolded. “There’s no need to lie to Jase. He’s my best friend.”

“Fine, it wasn’t a prank,” she huffed, looking embarrassed. “It’s a legitimate kink, and we were experimenting with it.” She needn’t have been ashamed. The thought of her taking control of Henry like this was... well, it wasn’t grossing me out, that was for sure.

“It’s fun to mix things up,” Henry added. “So we try toys that look interesting. In the end, the cock cage didn’t hit our kinks. The strap-on, that’s another story.”

“Henry!” Mari gasped, poking him. But the cat was out of the bag, and now I had an insanely hot mental image of the couple. Again. I shifted on my stool, trying to control my arousal as my cock thickened up in response to new information. I looked down at the cage, turning it over in my hands.

“So you guys would control when I can have sex?” A strange euphoria washed over me at the thought, making my skin feel itchy and my body restless and warm.

“Or when you can’t have sex,” Henry said.

“My husband is being an idiot. Tell him that. You can manage your own cock cage. Or not have a cock cage.”

I smiled, rubbing my thumb over the smooth purple silicone, more intrigued than I wanted to admit. My cock swelled at the thought of being controlled to such an extent, and being controlled by my best friend and his sexy wife.

Well, that part wouldn’t work. I could find a dominatrix to do it. But the thought of letting anyone else have that kind of control over me made me a little woozy. I tuned out Henry and Mari while they bickered good-naturedly about Henry showing me their sex toys, which made me wonder what other kinds of sex toys they had, which made me picture Mari, cuffed to the bed, as Henry and I tortured her with vibrators.

“Fuck,” I whispered, and my friends stopped arguing and looked at me. I shrugged, meeting Henry’s eyes. For a minute, I imagined what it would be like to say yes, but I couldn’t put that kind of pressure on this couple who meant so much to me. It would change everything, and not for the better. I picked up the cage and stuffed it in my hoodie pocket and stood up. “I think I’ll try it and see what it feels like. In the meantime, I’ll get out of your hair.”

“You don’t have to go,” Mari said. “You could stay for breakfast?”

“Nah, you both have to work today. I’m going to head home to wallow. Or find a Tinder hookup. You never know.”

Mari huffed out a breath, looking irritated, but she gave me a hug, one that lasted a little too long, like she was truly worried about me. No one ever worried about me. When his wife backed off, I turned to my best friend and studied him. Henry hadn’t said anything in a minute, and he sighed, and for once hugged me as well. And shit, why didn’t I let him hug me? It was so good to have his arms around me, reassuring and strong.

He made me feel like I was a kid again, back when he was the only person in the world who mattered to me. I pulled him close and buried my head against his shoulder and breathed him in, the way I used to when we were younger, before I’d started to feel awkward showing this kind of affection. Henry smelled like he always did, like spice and pine. Like home.

He stepped back before I did, and I ducked my head, not wanting to make eye contact with either of them. Mari smiled and rubbed my shoulder.

“It’ll all be okay,” she said. “You’ll be back to your old fuckboy ways in no time.”

She couldn’t possibly have been more wrong, and I needed to prove that to her. I

climbed into my Land Rover, fiddling with the toy in my pocket the whole way home, and when I got to my condo, I couldn't stop myself from stripping and racing into the bathroom to find some lube. I fingered the little key. A cage to contain my cock. It was crazy, right?

I fitted it over myself, looping a silicone ring around my balls, and pressing myself into the cage part. It looked a bit like a rubber dick, but with a slit for me to pee through.

“This is insane.” And so was talking to myself. I locked the lock and walked around my condo in the buff, letting my body adjust to the restrictive weight of it. I wondered what it would be like to have Mari put it on me, to let her hold the key, and a rough breath shuddered through me as my cock swelled, pressing painfully against the restriction of the silicone. It was too much, and I reached for the key, popping it open and jerking my cock as I imagined being owned by my best friend and his wife.

Or, no, someone more appropriate than that. A hot dominatrix. But every time I tried to push a different daydream into my mind, Henry and Mari kept popping back up,

I was so screwed.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 3

Mari

“Why am I so horny right now?” Henry asked the closed door. Jason had rushed out like his ass was on fire, which made me wonder if he’d been offended by the cage. Except that he’d taken the cage with him. Except that the whole scenario had given him an obvious erection. There was no way to miss that because his cock was, well, enormous. A perfect big dick to go with the perfect-looking man. Perfect on the outside, anyway. His insides were another story.

But what had my husband been thinking? I turned to Henry and narrowed my eyes.

“You got out the goddamn cock cage?” I paced over to him, trying not to admit how aroused the situation was making me.

Henry had a wicked glint in his eye that told me he knew I was turned on. I wasn’t sure how, but he always did. “You want to fuck my best friend.” It wasn’t a question, and I narrowed my eyes at him.

“You shouldn’t be grinning when you say that.”

“I mean, you want to do it while I watch, so it’s good. Kinky. Ooh, or you could take him in your pussy and me in your mouth.” He stepped closer, boxing me in against the wall, and dropped his lips to the spot on my throat he used to get me in the mood. I shivered, his wild words and sexy touch sending me to a heady level of arousal.



“What about him in my pussy and you in his mouth?” I asked, meaning to taunt him, but Henry let out a soft groan, grinding his erection against my stomach.

“That, too.”

“Wait, you want to fuck your best friend? I knew you were bisexual, but...” I trailed off, trying to distract my horny husband, who now had his hands up my shirt, skimming over my breasts.

“How do you think I figured out I was bi?” he whispered, nipping my earlobe. “He’s so hot. Beautiful.”

“You two haven’t done anything...” I trailed off with a whimper as I imagined the two men, naked and kissing, their cocks grinding together. Heat flooded my core, and Henry’s eyes darkened. A knowing smile stretched across his face. He stepped in closer, cupping me between the legs and applying a little pressure, but not nearly enough. I whined my husband’s name, and he laughed.

“No, he’s straight. He’d never. Hell, when we were fifteen, he went through a phase where he wouldn’t even let me hug him because I’d told him I was bisexual. But you’re turned on by that?” The friction of his hand through my jeans was not nearly enough, and I pressed against him, desperate for more. He kissed his way down my throat, nibbling at all the sensitive places as his other hand roamed up my shirt to cup my breast.

“You know that I think it’s sexy that you’re bi,” I whispered. “I like to imagine you sucking cock. But it’s just a fantasy.”

“Jason’s cock, though.... hmm. It’s huge, you know.”

“Henry,” I hissed.

“You want to fuck me and Jason together?” he growled against my ear, nipping at the earlobe. “Watch us suck each other’s cocks?”

“Baby,” I moaned, reaching desperately for the zipper on his pants, freeing his big cock and palming him through his boxer briefs. He was rock hard and as horny for this fantasy as I was. And that was all it was, right? Only a fantasy — something that could never happen.

“He doesn’t know I want to suck him off. He’s so gorgeous. It’s too bad he’s not bi. You’d look so pretty riding him while I licked you both.” Henry’s voice was gruff and sexy.

I was frantic now, desperate for my husband, and I fell to my knees and took him in my mouth, sliding a hand down the front of my jeans to rub my clit as I sucked him like I wanted to devour him. Sex between us was good, but I’d hadn’t experienced this urgency of need for him in years. He wrapped his hands into my hair and fucked my mouth a few times before yanking me back and tossing me against the back of the sofa. I cried out as he slid open my fly, tore my jeans down and thrust into me in one violent motion, grabbing me around the throat and slamming inside me, filling me again and again.

We both liked it rough. That was one of the many ways in which we were compatible. I loved the way he used his weight and his strength to fuck me, to make me his. He wrapped his fingers through my hair and fucked me harder, and I screamed out his name as my body was wracked with pleasure.

He hauled me against his chest, thrusting in from behind as one hand shoved my shirt up, pushed my bra out of the way and groped my breast and the other dipped between my legs, circling my clit until I was a needy mess, crying out for release. What would Jason do if he walked in right now and found us like this, half dressed and savage with need?

The thought of our friend forcing his hard cock down my throat as my husband fucked me was enough to send me surging over the edge of orgasm, crying out as my body convulsed around my husband's shaft. He shoved me back down onto the couch again and drove into me, chasing his own release with a wildness that made me shake beneath him. He shouted, slamming into me one last time as he pulsed inside me, filling me, then collapsing against me, his breathing ragged.

"Holy shit."

"Yeah," I whimpered, squirming against him. He was softening inside me, and I loved it when we stayed joined for as long as possible, so I held on tight and didn't let him go.

"So we need to watch some bi porn or something," he said as he finally lifted me and pulled me close, turning me to face him. "I'd love to get you all riled up like this more, my love." He kissed me with a rough possession that I loved.

"Or something," I said, wrapping my arms around his waist and holding on. We were a mess, our clothes were in disarray, but I didn't want to deal with that yet. Again, I wondered what would happen if Jason walked in. Would he lift my hips and impale me on his big shaft, fucking me as Henry held me? Would I want him to? Would Henry want him to? My pussy quivered at the thought, Henry's cum making a mess of my thighs.

"But we don't actually want that, do we?" Henry asked, sounding a little hesitant. "We don't actually want Jason."

"I don't know, baby," I said, completely unsure of things with Henry for the first time in five years. "You're the one who brought out the cock cage."

"It seemed brilliant when I saw it in the drawer." He laughed, shaking his head. "I

must have been losing my goddamn mind.”

“Right,” I whispered, and he studied me for a moment. I exhaled a slow breath. “We can’t possibly do anything as insane as pursuing a relationship with your best friend.”

“Agreed.” His voice was tight with disappointment, but he didn’t argue. He wouldn’t risk us, no matter how hot the fantasy was.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 4

Jason

Henry invited me over a few nights later, and I was so keyed up from playing with the cage that I could barely think straight.

“Are you wearing it?” he asked, and I knew immediately that he was thinking about it too. He was thinking about my cock locked up, about controlling my sexuality. Did it turn him on the way it turned me on? I studied his face, but couldn’t read anything in his eyes. He’d come out to me as bisexual when we were teenagers, but had always assured me he had no interest in me. I wasn’t his type.

Or did wearing a cock cage make me his type? He’d been with Mari so long that I didn’t know what kind of men he preferred.

“No. I think I need someone to control it for me. Caging myself didn’t...” I halted, realizing that I’d been about to say it didn’t turn me on. I couldn’t admit that to Henry, could I? Mari was in the kitchen, typing on a laptop, but the typing had stopped when I spoke, and when I looked up, she was staring at me. My body flushed all over. “I think I’m going to find someone to hold the keys, you know? Otherwise, it won’t stop anything.”

“Yeah,” Henry said, grinning. “So you want a domme, huh? She could spank you when you get cheeky? Or maybe she’d edge you until you’re losing your mind.” Something about the way he said that made me think he had some experience with edging. Mari certainly wasn’t submissive, but perhaps Henry enjoyed submissive

men. Or maybe Mari edged him.

I groaned, closing my eyes and leaning back against the headrest of the sofa. “I didn’t say that.” When I opened my eyes, Mari was still staring at me.

“Does it fit?” she asked. “It was comfortable when you tried it?”

“Yeah, I guess. As long as my dick didn’t start to get hard.” My heart was in my throat, but that was probably because of the insanity of this conversation. I swallowed, trying to chase the tight feeling away.

“You need to be with someone you completely trust when you engage in this kind of play. You can’t pick some random woman and let her cage you up,” she said, walking over and sitting on the coffee table in front of us. Her eyes were serious, her words firm. “You could get hurt. Emotionally or physically. I want you to be safe.”

“Are you worried about me, Mar?” I teased.

“Always,” she whispered, holding eye contact as she reached out and cupped my cheek. And I realized in that moment that her eyes weren’t brown at all, but hazel, flecked with gold and green around the irises.

“I thought you didn’t like me.” I glanced towards Henry, who was watching us, a curious look in his eyes.

She laughed. “You’re completely obnoxious, but you’re my friend, too. I’ve known you almost as long as Henry has, and I know you have a good heart. I want you to be safe, okay?”

“So why don’t you guys do it? You and Henry can hold the keys to my sex life. You guys would keep me safe.” Once the words were out of my mouth, I couldn’t believe

I'd said them, and Mari's eyes widened, her pupils dilating. She licked her lips and swallowed, starting to speak, but stopping, glancing frantically at Henry. Did she like the idea? Did he? A tense silence stretched between us, making me nervous.

"Okay," Henry said, and Mari cleared her throat, looking wide-eyed at her husband. But then she nodded. My cock was painfully hard now, straining at my jeans to be free, and I couldn't help myself. I reached down and pressed my palm against it, groaning.

"He really is controlled by his dick." Mari's worried expression evaporated as her dimple flashed, her eyes sparkling. "Well. No time like the present. Did you bring the cage?" She stood, reaching into a drawer for something — a bottle of lube. They kept lube in their living room and she knew right where to find it. Fuck, I wanted a peek into their sex life.

She walked towards me with a challenge in her eyes, and I wondered if she didn't believe I'd do it. I stood as well and reached for my belt buckle and carefully slipped it open, unbuttoned my pants, and shoved my pants and my underwear around my hips, letting my semi-hard cock spring free. Mari gasped, reaching out to touch me as if in a daze.

"Damn, you're big," Henry muttered, his eyes on his wife's hand as it wrapped around my cock. Mari's hand was around my cock. My heart was beating so hard it might escape my rib cage. I met Henry's eyes and wondered if he was thinking about what I'd look like railing his wife. She stroked me, a gentle, barely there caress that changed everything about the relationship between the three of us in an instant.

I swallowed as the realization dawned. I was theirs. Had I always wanted to be theirs? I kind of thought so.

Henry palmed his own erection through his jeans, and I stared at the big outline of it,

my mouth watering as unexpected thoughts popped into my head. I'd always let my sexuality control me, and this was no different. Today, my dick was leading me down a strange new path. I needed to remind myself that it was one I couldn't return from.

"I don't want to lose you guys," I choked out, and Henry moved closer, coming up behind me and wrapping his arms around my waist. His embrace was tight and commanding, and it centered my spinning thoughts.

"You won't, Jase. Never," he whispered, his mouth against my throat. His hot breath made me tremble, and I pressed back into him, loving the weight of his erection against my ass.

"Is this why you're such a slut?" While Henry's voice had been full of emotion, Mari remained clinical as she opened the cage and applied some lube to it. "You want to show your gorgeous porn star dick to everyone?" Behind me, Henry pressed closer, holding me trapped. It was intimate, but I trusted him, loved him. A shudder wracked my body as Mari's lubed hand slipped down my length, covering my shaft and balls in the slick liquid.

"It's okay, man. We've got you." Henry's words vibrated against my throat, sending a new shiver down my spine. He was so firm, all hard muscle and strength, and it felt good. He fit against me, his heat molding into mine, and his scent surrounded me, reminding me of everything he meant to me.

"I can't believe you're letting your wife handle me like this," I whispered, trying to make light of the situation. Maybe he wouldn't notice my heart racing, or the way my hips jolted forward as she squeezed the tip of my dick, milking out some pre-cum and spreading it over my shaft.

He laughed. "I'm so damn turned on by the way she's touching you, and the way she's responding." There was no way Mari didn't notice the way my cock twitched



when Henry spoke. She had her hand on it, after all. Henry shifted, pressing his own erection against my ass.

“Jason, you’re not supposed to be hard right now. This cage is rather small.” She was so focused on her task that I wasn’t sure if she was into it, but talking about not getting an erection while handling my cock only made me swell up more. Was she as aroused as Henry and I were?

“How can I not be turned on? Henry is hard, too,” I choked out. “You’re touching me.”

“Do you think about me touching you, Jason?” she asked, her eyebrows shooting up. “Do I make you hard?”

“Yes. Of course, yes,” I whispered. “You’re so fucking beautiful, Mari.”

I tried to focus on how embarrassing this was, hoping it would bring my arousal down. But the heat of shame only made my body quiver with excitement, and there was no containing my reaction to that. There was no way she could get that little cage around me.

Mari didn’t seem as worried as I was. She took her time, liberally spreading lube over my cock, almost as if she wanted to give me a hand job. I groaned, pressing into her touch, lost in the beautiful woman in front of me. Henry shifted his hold a little, pressing me back, so I was braced against him. She raised an eyebrow, shooting me a wicked grin, and reached for an ice cube out of her water glass.

“Oh god, no,” I groaned.

But she moved it closer, teasing me with it for a moment before she pressed it against the head of my cock, a sharp sting of cold making me whimper and struggle against

Henry's grip. He held tight.

She grinned, biting her bottom lip.

"Shit, Mari. You're enjoying toying with him," Henry said, his voice raw.

"You're enjoying pinning him down while I do it," she said, shrugging. My pain turned them on? I wasn't sure how I felt about that, but I was finally soft enough for her to fit the ring over my cock and balls. She was gentle as she attached the cage and closed the silicone around my cock, snapping the lock shut, and putting the key around her neck. As if to test the cage, she gave it a playful squeeze.

Thinking about them toying with me like this more, I started to get hard again, but the confines of the cage grew too snug, preventing me from getting fully erect. I moaned softly, rubbing a hand over the cage.

"Wear it around for a little while, see what you think," Mari said, stepping back. I stood there for a moment, my heart pounding, frozen in place. They went back to making dinner, pulling the leftovers out of the microwave, and setting plates on the table as if they hadn't just changed my life. When they teased me about standing there like an idiot, I pulled up my pants and sat down to eat with them, maintaining a low level of arousal as I thought about what they now knew about me. They were both clearly aroused, kissing and touching more than usual throughout dinner.

Would Henry bend her over the table and fuck her? Would he let me watch, or let me lick her clean?

"What are you thinking about?" Henry asked as we put the dishes in the dishwasher. "You barely talked throughout dinner."

"Nothing," I muttered, too embarrassed to admit the truth. Too desperate to get away

from them, to lose myself in wild fantasies about the kinky thing they'd done to me. "I'd better go."

I jetted out of the house fast enough that it was probably a little rude. When I got home, I ripped off my clothes, desperate for the kind of release I found while thinking about them, but my fucking caged cock ached every time I tried to get hard. I closed my eyes, running my hands over my body. My skin was on fire. I circled my asshole with a groan, my eyes widening at the intensified pleasure there.

"Fuck," I mumbled, turning toward the bathroom and looking at myself in the mirror. How could I be this turned on without even being able to rub one out? Anticipation swelled in my chest, and suddenly, I couldn't wait to see what my next few days would be like, trapped in a cage that they controlled.

I pinched my nipples. They seemed more sensitive than ever. My hands wander down my chest, exploring the way my skin felt, how responsive I was. I rubbed my cock through the cage. The latex was cool against my skin, and my cock completely trapped. Even trying to squeeze the cage did little.

But there were still ways to pleasure myself, right? I pumped a little lube onto my finger and hesitantly pressed it against my hole, shuddering at the strangely pleasurable sensation. Like my nipples, it seemed to grow more sensitive the more I touched myself there. With a deep breath, I pushed a finger inside, gasping as I stretched my insides and worked my way deeper until I hit bottom, and added another finger. I was so tight I could only manage two, but the way it made me feel was incredible.

I closed my eyes, imagining being Henry and Mari's pet. What would it be like to be their slave? To be so bound to them that they could fuck me any way they wanted and I would happily submit to whatever they needed? Henry wouldn't even need to remove my cage to use my hole, and Mari could demand I make her come with my

hands and my mouth.

My body shook, my nerves sensitive to every touch. If this was how intense it was after three hours, how would I handle myself after a full day? A week?

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 5

Jason

Mari had only wanted me to wear the cage for a few hours after I left them, but I found it comfortable enough to leave on. Or perhaps I wasn't yet ready to ask them to take it off.

The next day was pure torture, and I was confused and aroused by the thought of what they'd done to me. Were we training me to only get aroused by them, not anyone else? Or were we training my cock not to need sex? Because at this point, it seemed like the opposite was happening. My attention was laser-focused on anything sexually arousing, from the woman in a shampoo commercial, to the way the soft fabric of my t-shirt fluttered against my nipples in the breeze.

I supposed that if it taught me control, that control would translate to whoever I dated next, but the longer I wore the cage, the more I wondered about that wild thought I'd had when he caged me. Why had it felt so damn much like I was supposed to belong to Mari and Henry? My sleep was restless, the cage preventing me from my usual evening ritual, and when I woke the next morning, I felt swollen and achy inside the cage. I picked up my phone and called Henry.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I can't handle the cage, man." My cheeks flushing as I admitted it.

"That's fine. It was probably a dumb idea anyway," Henry said, laughing softly.

“Afterwards, when you insisted on wearing it, Mari got worried. Why don’t you drop by this morning and we’ll handle it?”

I took a shaky breath and nodded, getting dressed. Mari would be at work, hopefully, so I wouldn’t have to face her in my humiliating defeat. Henry would understand. My best friend would give me shit, but he was a good person. We’d been through everything together. When I got there, Henry was in sweats, lounging on the couch, watching an episode of his nerdy Doctor Who shows.

He and his sister ran a restaurant in town, one they’d inherited from their mother, and he rarely worked this early in the day. The key sat on the table in front of him, glistening in the sun, calling to me. He picked it up and came to greet me, went to hand me the key, and at the last minute, closed his fist around it, not letting me have it.

“Come on,” I said, trying to grab it out of his hand.

“Why do you want to take it off?” He taunted me, running behind the sofa.

“I just do. Don’t you think I should take it off?” I cleared my throat and stopped chasing him. Henry searched my face and smiled a little.

“Well, if it’s painful, yes. If you think it’s doing damage, or irritating your skin, definitely. If you just want to take the cage off because you’re desperate to orgasm, I think you can last a little while longer. It’s only been what? 36 hours?”

I huffed out a breath, crossing my arms over my chest, hating his answer. “It’s not painful. It’s surprisingly comfortable.” I frowned. “Don’t I have a safe word?”

His eyebrows shot up. “Are you using your safe word? Say the word and it’s over. Watermelon, right?”

Shit. He had to call my bluff, didn't he? "I can use my safe word because I want to come?"

"It's a safe word for a fun sex game. You're not breaking out of prison. If this gets to be too much for you, just communicate that." He was smirking at me, his eyes full of laughter.

I made a face at him. "I'm not using my safe word. Most of the time. I like the weight of it. But..."

"You want to fuck?"

I laughed. "Or jerk off at least. I'm so goddamn horny it's all I can think about. If I shift position a little, I know it's there. The pressure against me is a constant reminder, taunting me with what I'm not allowed to have."

Eying me, Henry stuffed the key back into his pocket, shaking his head, a half smile tilting his lips. "You should adjust to it after a few days. Like a ring or a watch, you start to forget it's there."

"Not this." I shook my head. "And I can't stop playing with my ass."

Henry swallowed, and I watched the muscles of his throat work, oddly fascinated. Had his throat always been so tempting? How was this damn cage making even a man's neck into a sex object? He glanced out the window for a moment, and if I wasn't mistaken, he was taking calming breaths. Finally, he stopped and turned back to me, folding his hands in front of him.

"Listen, there's nothing wrong with taking a break. You've done well so far, and if you need a little time to clean up, do your business, I can unlock you and you can shower. But if down deep, you're protesting because you want me to force you to

wear it longer, I'll force you to wear it longer." His gruff statement send a shudder of unexpected down my spine, and I swallowed hard, refusing to say anything. It made no sense, but I wasn't ready to use the safeword. I wasn't ready for a break, and I my stomach ached at the thought of him letting me determine that.

He was supposed to decide if I'd been a good boy for long enough.

Good boy? Shit. I was even less ready to admit that I was loving this, but he took my non-answer as an answer. He nodded and stepped back, reaching for his car keys.

"Come on, let's go get breakfast."

"But I..." My voice came out as a whine, and I felt the flush rise to my cheeks. Henry shook his head and held the door open for me. I wasn't sure what I'd expected him to do. Fuck me? Praise me for doing so well and suck me off?

Okay, yeah, definitely that one. Not that I would ask for it.

"You can think about that key in my pocket and how it controls you the entire time we're eating breakfast burritos at Lanie's," he said, winking. "If you're good, I'll touch you on the outside of the cage after we're done."

"Would that be wrong? Would Mari be mad?"

He chuckled gruffly. "Mari will go crazy if I send her a photo of my hand on your caged dick. She's so turned on by all of this. I've never seen her so desperate for sex before. You've been excellent for my marriage."

"Really?" My cheeks had to be so red they could be seen from space. Thinking about Mari getting off to the fantasy of me was delicious and enticing. I squirmed a little in my seat as Henry reached across and buckled me in like I was something delicate and



precious, something that belonged to him.

“We fucked several times yesterday after you left, and again this morning. Your cock cage is making me a very happy man,” Henry said, leaning down to kiss my forehead. Why was he giving me this strangely loving sort of physical affection? Why did I want more of it? I tipped up my chin, hoping for a real kiss, but he pulled away. Which was good, because I didn’t really want to kiss him. Did I?

When we arrived at our favorite breakfast spot, a slightly run-down little diner, he slid into the seat next to mine, instead of sitting across from me like usual, and sat strangely close, finding inconsequential ways to caress me, and also to take care of me. “Besides, if Mari can touch your cock, I can, too. And I’ve wanted to for so damn long.”

I swallowed. “You have?” I asked.

He nodded, darting a look at my crotch before he spread a napkin over my lap. “You don’t think that bullshit about how you weren’t my type was true, did you?”

“Kind of?”

He snorted. “You, my dear, clueless best friend, were responsible for my bisexual awakening.” His eyes darted down to my crotch. “And this is taking it to a whole new level, hitting kinks I didn’t know I had.”

I needed something, anything, to distract us from this outrageous conversation. “So are you a dom? You seem a little like that with me, so I thought maybe yes. But why would a dom buy himself a cock cage?”

He laughed, pulling out our menu. “Mari and I are both switches. We like to play with control and power. I’m a bit of a masochist when in the mood, but mostly a soft

dom. And occasionally, I like to be tied up and edged. And Mari is... fun. She's sort of up for anything, and she loves to experiment."

"Fun like she pegs you?" I looked around the cafe, heart pounding as I realized that someone might have heard me say that, but no one in the little cafe was looking our way.

"Yeah."

The conversation stalled as the server came by with coffees. Henry took the lead, thanking her and chatting a little before ordering breakfast burritos for us both. When she left, he glanced at me, then took a big gulp of his coffee. I watched his throat work again for a moment before I realized what I was doing.

"So, you like to... um, bottom?"

"I top, or I top from the bottom." He winked. I didn't exactly know what that meant, but I was a little afraid to ask. "But I haven't done any of that since Mari. For a long time, I was convinced she was all I needed."

"And now?"

He glanced at me. "You've got me confused. But I want to take care of you."

"You've always done that. Remember when we were kids and my dad was out of town and you made sure I ate healthy meals, or slept in your room."

"You slept in my bed in, and I'm realizing how odd the snuggling might have been as we got older." He grinned, rubbing a hand over my thigh. "And how right it felt."

"It did feel right." I sighed. "I'm sorry I pulled away from all of that when you came

out as bisexual. It was stupid. I craved it and it scared me.”

“Craved it?”

“Not sexually. I craved the affection you used to give me.” I glanced down at his hand, where it rested on my leg. “Or at least, I didn’t think it was sexual. Hell, I don’t know, maybe it always was.” And cautiously, I moved his hand to cover the bulge of the cock cage in my pants. He let out a shaky breath and leaned down, brushing his lips close to my ear, but not quite kissing me.

“I want this to be mine. My property. And I want to watch you stretch my wife open and make her come so damn hard,” he murmured, and my cock ached more than ever to escape the confines of the damn cage. My hips jolted up into his touch, my body shaking. He moved his hand away as the server walked up and dropped off our food. While we ate, he dropped the sex talk, focusing instead on our plans for the rest of the summer as we ate. But when he got back into my SUV, he took the driver’s seat, and hidden by the tinted windows, he turned to me.

“Show me,” he said, taking out his phone.

“What?”

“I’m going to show her.” He frowned and tilted his head. “I’d better ask first. You, take your shirt off and open your pants.” He typed out a quick message while I stared blankly at him, then did as I was told. Like a good boy. Why did I ache for him to tell me I was a good boy?

“Why is my shirt off again?” I asked as I unbuttoned my pants, my cheeks flushing as I pulled out my caged cock for inspection.

“She’ll like that in the photo, sexy boy,” he said, winking. “Your body is incredible.

We appreciate all of your hard work in the gym.” My cock twitched hard enough that the cage jolted, and Henry laughed, reaching out and touching me.

“Fuck,” I whispered. I wanted him to kiss me, but he was only teasing me, stroking the strips of skin that showed through my cage and jerking the cage itself until I groaned, bucking my hips up against his hands, desperate for something. And the whole time, he was filming me. My heart pounded and my body felt restless, every nerve ending firing. The seat was too scratchy against my back, my jeans too tight against my hips. I watched as my best friend bit his lip and hit send.

“My first sex tape,” I whispered.

“Want to see how sexy you are?” he asked, handing me his phone as he turned and buckled his seatbelt, putting my SUV into drive and heading back to his house. I hit play, watching the video. Had I really whined like that when he’d cupped my balls? A message popped up from Mari, and she sounded a little grumpy about being at work. But she wasn’t mad at him for doing this. She wanted to play with me, too.

The knowledge made my body restless, and I bounced my knee, trying to chase away that energy. I stared at Henry as he drove, knowing that I couldn’t possibly lose him. He was the only person in my life who cared about me, and if fucking around with him and his wife was going to mess all of that up, I wouldn’t let it happen.

“I want out of this goddamn cage,” I growled, tugging my shirt and pants back into place. “This is insane. I’m not going to fuck you, Henry. You’re too important to me.”

He pulled into his driveway and chewed his bottom lip, shooting me a long look. His expression was unreadable, but I always got the sense that he saw everything, all the emotions that boiled inside me.

“If you say so. You like this, though.”

I blew out a breath, staring out the window at their house. “I’m going to go home.”

“You can come in? Hang out? I’ll stop messing with the sexy stuff if it bothers you.”

“Nah, I don’t want to be in your way.” I hopped out of my side of the SUV, fighting back a strange urge to wrap myself up in him and ask him to make it better, to fix me. If I let him inside me, let him own me, would it be okay? But he had Mari, and I had vowed a long time ago to never mess up his relationship with his wife.

He sighed, studying me for a moment before he nodded and climbed out, waving a little dejectedly as I climbed into the driver’s seat, backed out of his driveway and took off. It was for the best. Things were getting too mixed up and complicated, and that was dangerous.

But he hadn’t taken off the cage.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 6

Jason

“Yeah?” Henry asked, sounding groggy. I knew he’d pick it up. He always did, no matter the hour. After so many years of living with his mom when she was sick, it was as if he was trained to be ready for an emergency.

“Hey, it’s Jason.” I realized he would know who it was, but felt the need to identify myself, anyway. Like an idiot. I had avoided him for two more days, and they had been the worst of my life. I needed Henry’s friendship like I needed to breathe.

“What’s up? It’s four in the morning.” His voice was gravelly with sleep, and sexy as fuck.

“The cage kind of hurts? Mari said to let you guys know if there were any issues.” I reached down and adjusted it and winced.

His sigh was audible across the line. “Come over, we’ll take it off. This was a stupid idea. Especially the part where we’re the only ones with keys.”

I went quiet for a moment. “It wasn’t a stupid idea. I’m sorry I ran away the other day. I’m so afraid of how fiercely I want it. Afraid it’ll all go wrong somehow. And I want it so damn much and I don’t know what to do.”

“Fuck,” he whispered, his voice deepening.

Why had I said all of that? Was he upset? Fear made my throat close up for a moment. “Yeah. I mean, I think I want to find someone who can own my dick like this. I like it. But I don’t want to do this to you.”

The silence stretched on the line far longer than I would have expected it to. Finally, he blew out a breath. “Why don’t you come over here? I’ll give you the key to unlock the cage.”

“But without the cage...”

“Oh my god, man. You won’t run out and accidentally fuck some chick at 4:30 AM. You can take a break from the cage.”

My lips ticked up into an involuntary smile. “All right. I just... I felt so free, not having to worry about it.”

“I’ll think about a solution. Maybe we need to get you fitted for one that works better. Why don’t you come over?” And yeah, that was my life, talking to my best friend about getting fitted for a cock cage.

“Okay,” I said after a beat. “Thank you. For everything. For sticking by me when everyone else thought I was a lost cause.” I found my keys and jogged out to my truck in my pajamas, making the drive to Henry and Mari’s house in record time.

When I got there, Henry was awake, waiting in the living room, wearing a loose pair of pajama pants and no shirt. Where the hell was his shirt? My mouth went dry, and I had an irrational impulse to serve him, to lick every inch of my best friend’s body and make him happy. He handed me the key, looking a little embarrassed. Or maybe he was upset with me. Because I’d failed? The thought made my chest squeeze.

My hand shook as I fumbled with the key, and I couldn’t stop the strange whimper

that escaped me. Henry was up and in front of me in an instant, taking the key from my fingers, his eyes searching mine.

“Does it hurt that much?” he asked, his caretaker side taking over as he gently handled my junk, no longer worried about embarrassment. He opened the cage quickly, groaning softly as I hardened in his hands.

“No,” I whispered. “That wasn’t...”

“He doesn’t want to unlock himself.” Mari’s voice made us both look up, and she walked across the room and cupped my cheek, her touch gentle. “Sweetie, I gave you the extra key. It’s okay to use it if it hurts.” She was achingly beautiful in a small pair of shorts and a camisole, her nipples hard and jutting against the thin fabric.

“I know. I just...”

Henry frowned. “You had an extra key? Why the fuck did you call me at 4:30 am then?”

“Because he doesn’t want to unlock himself,” Mari repeated, rolling her eyes. “But if he’s being a good boy, he needs to unlock himself if he ever suspects the cage is unsafe, right?”

Why did those words make a smile creep across my face? Good boy. I bit the inside of my cheek to put a stop to my involuntary reaction. “Yes, ma’am.”

Mari took the cage from Henry and checked me over, running her fingers over the raw spot at the base of my cock with a concerned frown. “If we’re going to keep this on you, I think we need to shave you or get you waxed and maintain that. It could be the hair that was chafing. Let me put a little cream on it. It’s not too bad, and it’ll probably go away quickly with some air and attention.



My cock twitched in her hand, and she chuckled softly. Henry hadn't stepped any closer since Mari took over, and he still looked as irritated as he'd been when I arrived. Was he grumpy about being woken up?

Something about the thought of disappointing him caused my erection to wilt a little, and Mari smiled and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Why don't we set you up in the guest room until you get this sorted? You won't have to worry about being out of control, because you'll be with us."

"Okay. I'd like that," I whispered, smiling as a wave of shyness washed over me. I wanted her to tuck me in again, but I wasn't about to admit that. Instead, she handed me the ointment and directed me to the guest bath, giving me a thick, soft towel and telling me to clean myself thoroughly and let everything air out. She also gave me a small waterproof razor and told me to groom the area where the cage fit.

The shower was the most intense of my life. My cock was finally free, and the pleasure of warm water streaming down my body, pouring over my straining erection, was almost enough to make me come on the spot. I'd never noticed the way water felt before, the way it put just the right amount of pressure on me, the way it slipped across my sensitive skin. I groaned and leaned back, my hand lifting automatically to wrap around my shaft. My fingers were like an old friend, and when my eyes drifted closed, it was another old friend who was touching me.

It was his name that spilled from my lips as an orgasm wracked my body so hard that my knees buckled, and I slid to the floor, sitting under the hot water for a moment, trying to get my breathing to steady.

Once I'd settled down, I carefully shaved off all of my pubic hair, cautious around the irritated skin, which already looked better. I wondered if Henry would like me like this, neat and clean. It certainly made my dick look big, and I decided I loved how smooth and soft everything felt.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 7

Mari

“Feeling better?” I asked as Jason trudged into the kitchen, looking adorably sheepish. His cheeks turned a bright pink color, and he ducked his head. It was almost noon. We’d all slept for a few hours after the late night interruption, so it was good that none of us had to work. Henry had been both aroused and angry and had fucked me into the mattress for almost an hour after we’d settled Jason in the guest room, and I wasn’t sure how much Jason had heard. Our little two bedroom rental house was too small.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed about the cock cage. We’re all in on this together,” I said. “And I’m sorry it caused you discomfort. I’d like you to communicate that earlier next time.”

He nodded, still looking embarrassed. “I will.”

“You okay?”

“It’s not about the cage.” He shook his head, shoving his hands into the pockets of his jeans. How had I never noticed how tight his jeans were around his delectable ass? Or how they cupped his bulge like an old friend. He wasn’t wearing his cage — in these jeans, I would have been able to see it.

After a moment, I realized he’d borrowed Henry’s jeans, and that explained the tightness. Jason was only a few inches taller than Henry, but he was thicker all

around, especially in the thighs and ass.

Okay, and cock.

I shook my head, trying to force myself to stop thinking about my husband's best friend's cock. Back to the subject at hand. "What's bothering you, then? Don't worry about over sharing, I can handle it. I'm a doctor."

"Um, I jerked off last night?" he admitted, a blush rising to his cheeks.

"That's okay, sweetie," I said, walking over to kiss his cheek, resting my hands on his broad shoulders. Henry's shirt fit tightly there, too, and I liked how it looked on our boy. Shit, no. Not our boy. "It's only natural to be aroused by this kind of play. Henry and I had sex, which I'm sure you heard." He shuddered softly under the touch, then swallowed.

"No, it's not. I want you to..." Jason glanced behind me and trailed off as Henry walked in.

"Want us to what?" Henry asked, frowning.

Jason turned towards his friend, rubbing his hands on his thighs. He exhaled slowly, like he was psyching himself up for what he had to say, then looked up at us. "I think I want you and Mari to own my orgasms. I shouldn't have come without your permission." His blush deepened and he tucked in his chin, staring at the floor, his breath shaky. Hell, his whole body had a bit of a tremor to it, like admitting any of this was making him nervous.

"You shouldn't have," Henry said, firmly. "Though we did not discuss specific terms. Perhaps we need to, so you understand how to be good for us."

I blinked at Henry, raising an eyebrow at him, and he smiled, the anger in his face finally relaxing. Had he been worried Jason wouldn't want us to continue?

"What do you think is an appropriate punishment?"

Punishment? I stepped forward, putting a hand on Henry's forearm. "We should discuss what this is before we..."

"If he chooses his punishment, isn't that discussion enough?" Henry snapped. All right, so he was still on edge. He blew out a breath. "I believe punishment will help him feel more settled about what he did. He believes it's wrong, and he wants to be corrected."

"Spanking." Jason's answer was barely above a whisper. Henry nodded curtly.

"After breakfast," he said, turning starting to pull out ingredients, moving around the kitchen in a way that clearly expressed his irritation.

"I didn't mean it, Hen," Jason said suddenly. "I don't want to find someone else."

Ah. Jason had been looking for another dom? That would explain a lot of Henry's behavior in the past few hours. "Someone else? When did you say that?" I asked Jason.

"On the phone last night. Whenever we get closer to this being real, I have this intense rush of worry about what it means to want to belong to you. About how it'll end." He looked at the floor. "And this time, I think my words hurt Henry."

Henry nodded, and ignored his friend's pained look, and I reached over and rubbed Jason's back, trying to massage some of the stiffness out of him. We were silent as we ate, each lost in our own thoughts, but the minute Henry finished eating, he stood

and stalked out of the room.

“Clothes off. Across my lap.” He glanced at me and his expression softened, and I saw the question in his eyes. I nodded, letting him know he could take the lead with this and see where it took us. “I love you,” he mouthed, and I smiled, watching as Jason stripped completely naked. And Jason naked was glorious, all lean, tanned muscle and gorgeous skin — and his blush carried over way more than just his cheeks.

His cock was hard, raw and red with need, and I reached out and cupped him gently, stroking my thumb through the drop of pre-cum at the tip. “We’re really doing this?” he whispered. “You’re okay with it?”

“Henry and I want it.” I smiled. “We’ll talk over the specifics later. For now, I’m okay with you and Henry getting what you need. If you’re both choosing this, I’m good with it.”

“We’re both choosing it,” he said.

Impulsively, I cupped the back of his head and drew his lips down to mine, getting lost for a minute in the unexpectedly tender, passionate kiss. He tasted like coffee and sex. I admitted to myself for the first time since I’d met my husband and his beautiful mess of a best friend that I wanted Jason. I yanked him closer, deepening the kiss, and he moaned softly as he explored my mouth.

A throat cleared behind us, and we jumped apart, glancing towards Henry. But he didn’t look mad, and I didn’t feel guilty. If anything, the tenting bulge in his loose pajama pants told me he’d enjoyed the kiss. Or that he was aroused by the spanking he was about to dole out. I knew my husband had a masochist side that I could never satisfy, but his arousal at the thought of spanking another man, spanking Jason, was new, and... oddly sexy. With a huff, Jason crawled across his lap and settled down,

groaning softly as Henry stroked a hand over his ass.

“Mari, sit by his head, hold him,” Henry said. “This might hurt, so comfort him if he needs it.” I complied, coaxing Jason’s head into my lap, stroking my fingers through his silky, shoulder-length hair as Henry gave him a quick, hard swat. Then he ran his hand down between Jason’s cheeks.

“I’m not gay,” Jason muttered, and Henry swatted him harder, spreading and massaging his ass. Jason wiggled, pressing into Henry’s hands, and Henry spit on Jason’s hole and worked the moisture into his skin, circling his pucker until he whimpered. I wondered for a moment if Henry was getting too distracted from the spanking, but he swatted him again. Maybe pleasure was part of it.

“You’re not gay,” Henry said. “Like me, you’re probably somewhere on the spectrum of bisexuality. You want to fuck Mari as much as you want to ride my cock. Probably more.” Jason squirmed on Henry’s lap, and it seemed like he might have liked pretty much all of that. “I wonder if you’re attracted to other men, or just me.”

“I want to fuck Mari, not you,” Jason muttered, and that earned him a hard swat on each cheek. “God, why does that feel so right?” he moaned, rutting his hips against Henry’s thigh.

Henry smiled. “Mm, look at how hard that made you, thinking about me fucking this pretty little hole.”

“Fine. It’s only you, though. No other men hold any interest for me.”

“Don’t come all over my leg like a fucking teenager. I want you to come inside my wife,” Henry said through a series of hard spansks, and I could tell by the way Jason’s lower body rutted against Henry that it was too late to stop his orgasm. He groaned, humping my husband’s leg. I stroked his face as Henry spanked him. There was pain

in his eyes, but it was gradually replaced by a dazed, euphoric expression, and his hips moved faster, humping more vigorously, rising to meet the slaps. I traced my thumb across his bottom lip, and he captured it, sucking eagerly on it. Henry glanced at me.

“What?” I asked, laughing. “He’s so gorgeous, and this is clearly working for him.” Henry’s fingers were trailing over Jason’s reddened ass, pressing against his hole as Jason rutted into his leg, losing all sense of dignity in his need.

“Take off your shirt. Feed him your tit.”

I smirked at my husband, but I was so damn turned on. I tugged on my loose shirt, then my bra, and leaned forward, giving Jason his prize as Henry gave another series of light slaps. That was enough to take him over the edge, and with a shout, he spilled all over Henry’s lap. Henry let him settle, still cradled against my chest, sucking on my nipple. And I watched as Henry dipped his finger in Jason’s cum, then spread it over his ass, playing for a moment before his right middle finger gently penetrated our new lover.

And he was definitely our lover. There was no going back now.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 8

Jason

I never imagined belonging to someone as thoroughly as I belonged to Henry and Mari. They guided me tenderly into the shower, soaping my body, then pushing me to my knees. I wasn't sure what that was about, until Henry grabbed her, bending her forward, and thrust into her from behind, and then I knew exactly why I was kneeling, and I lunged for my prize, licking and sucking her clit as Henry fucked her. I braced myself on her hips, letting my tongue get more and more into it, until with every swipe, with every thrust of Henry's hips, I licked his shaft, too.

"Good boy," he growled, and I smiled, proud to be praised. It made the warm, fuzzy feeling from earlier come back in a rush, and I wanted to do more to earn it, so I pressed closer, framed Mari's hips in my hands and licked her until she quivered under my touch, begging and moaning in the most delicious way.

Mari came hard for us, shuddering and gushing around Henry's cock, and I wasn't sure what made me do the next bit, but on the next thrust, once she was settled from her orgasm, I reached up and stole his cock from her, shoving it into my own mouth. Which was an impulsive choice, but once I'd done it, I couldn't regret it. He tasted like her, like home, like, well, like having the best person in the world inside me.

"Fuck, Jason," she whimpered, and I looked up to find her watching me as I sucked her husband off between her legs. She shoved at my head, and I backed off for a moment, thinking I'd done something wrong, but she dropped to her knees, too, kissing me around his cock. And that was maybe the most sensual kiss of my life,



with our tongues tangling around Henry's thick shaft.

"You get the prize," she whispered, moving to suck on his balls. "But I want him to come so hard his eyes roll back."

Laughing softly, I sucked his full shaft between my lips, trying to do every single thing I loved when women did it to me, gliding my tongue over his slit, then sucking hard as I tried to take him deep, gagging around the head. He grabbed my hair and slammed into my mouth, using me, and that was even better. That was what I was there for, to bring him the ultimate pleasure. There was something delicious about the thick pulse of his cock, the way I felt his orgasm rise against my tongue. I didn't back off, even as he came with a shout, filling my mouth with his release. I swallowed it down, not because I loved the taste of it, but because I loved him.

I got the prize, she'd said, and she was right. His orgasm was a prize. Making him feel that good was a prize. Breathing hard, I backed off and met her eyes as Henry turned the shower off. I touched my lips, sticking my tongue out to lick up the mess and tasting him on my skin.

"You okay?" Mari asked.

"I think I'm in love with you guys," I whispered. "I'm a little worried that I've always been in love with you both, and that's why I hurt people. They were never you."

She smiled, kissing me, then helping me to my feet, turning me to face him. Henry looked stern as he met my eyes, reaching up and cupping the back of my head and pulling me into a firm kiss. It was delicious, sexy and commanding, and I whimpered against my lips, letting myself be what he needed. Someone to control. Someone to own. He lifted his mouth from mine after a moment.

The kiss lasted almost as long as my kiss with Mari, and held the same heart-pounding tenderness, but with Henry I could feel his strength and his resolve. And behind that, there was a barely restrained desperation. If unleashed, he'd devour me, take me, claim me as theirs. My heart ached for that, but he backed off, meeting my eyes.

"We'll spend the rest of the day together, but I want you to sleep alone again tonight to think about this decision." And he produced the cock cage from somewhere, gently fitting it over me, checking the spot where I'd been sore.

"You shaved," Mari said, examining my balls. "Is it more comfortable?"

"Yes."

"It's sexy as hell," Henry murmured, touching me. "If this is mine, keep it like this."

"Henry, it is yours. Yours and Mari's. I don't need to think about it," I insisted, darting my head forward to kiss him again. "I know what I want."

"Yes, you do. We expect you to make a commitment to us. If you decide to do this, it's not a short-term fling. We're in it for the long haul, and you struggle with commitment. You will not fuck around, am I clear?" He gripped my chin. I nodded, smiling, knowing there was no way in hell I'd fuck around on them. "We'll relax some, watch a movie, eat together, and I'll fuck Mari again. And we'll be here when you wake up. Think about it. Come to us with your decision in the morning. Spend the rest of the day reflecting on it."

I knew my decision right then, but if he was going to be my Master, I also knew I needed to follow his instructions. I glanced towards Mari, who smiled and leaned in for a kiss.

“We want you to come into this with an open heart and to be able to commit, Jason,” she said, smiling. “Remember what you fear?”

“That this will implode our entire friendship?” I whispered.

“I trust it won’t. Everything will work itself out, but only if we enter it with our eyes wide open. I want to rush it, too, but it’s just a day. Most people would say we’re moving far too fast as it is.”

I nodded, combing my hands through my hair. “We’re not moving too fast. I’ve known Henry since I was five.”

She grinned. “Okay. It’s like 2pm, and we have eaten almost nothing, so let’s get pizza and watch movies for the rest of the day. I want some snuggles with my men.”

Her men. Why did that sound so right? I felt my face flush, and I looked at Henry, who was watching me with a smirk.

“You’re gonna be good for my wife, aren’t you?” he asked, grabbing my dick through my pants and squeezing.

“Yes, sir,” I said, ducking my chin. I could think of a million times I’d watched movies with them, sitting in the big armchair while they cuddled on the couch. And now, they welcomed me to join them. Soon, delivery pizza was laid out on the coffee table as we cradled Mari between us, and Henry kept his hand on my dick for most of the afternoon. He was possessive, and I loved it.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 9

#### Henry

The next morning, Jason came downstairs naked except for his cage. I shot him a stern look, and he kneeled on the floor with his legs spread, showing us what could be ours. He bowed his head and waited. “I’ve made my decision. And I’ve done some research and typed up a preliminary contract for us to discuss. I emailed it to you both.”

My eyebrows shot up as I reached for my phone. I’d never had a contract, but I’d also never had a submissive like Jason. I’d never known someone who ached to be controlled with such intensity.

“Fuck, I wish I didn’t have to go to work,” Mari said, laughing. “You have my permission to use him in any way you see fit. But maybe send me photos.”

I smiled at her. “We’ll finish the contract and send it to you. I’m closing today, so you can have a turn with our pet when you get home.”

I turned to find Jason watching us, his blush making his cheeks and neck pink. He whimpered.

“We can...” He swallowed hard. “You don’t mind if she fucks me when you’re not home?”

I grabbed his chin and forced eye contact. “You’re our toy, our pet. And if my wife

needs to come, she's perfectly welcome to play with what's hers. Our pet doesn't feel jealousy. He's just here to please us, and he loves us unconditionally. And we don't feel jealous of our pet any more than we'd feel jealous of our vibrator."

He moaned softly, his cock leaking through the hole in his cage. I went back to my wife, dipping my lips to kiss her.

"You sure?" she whispered.

"You unsure?" I said, and she glanced towards Jason.

"No. I want all of it." She smiled softly and I kissed her again, deepening the kiss, shoving my hands up her shirt to grope her breasts. The heady rush of being so wild with my best friend kneeling at our feet, all caged up and helpless, took over my better judgement, and I pushed a hand under Mari's skirt, growling when I found her wet and ready for me. I slid her panties to the side and slipped a finger inside her, making her moan.

She spread her legs. "Please," she whispered, glancing at Jason.

"You like it when I fuck you in front of our little slut?" I murmured against her lips.

She nodded. "I need you. Please?"

I shoved my pajama pants out of the way, then lifted her leg and pushed inside her with a groan, and she shuddered as I slammed into her again and again, gripping her ass hard, grinding my cock against her clit with every thrust. I glanced at Jason, and she followed my gaze to where he was kneeling on the floor.

"Fucking beautiful," I breathed, not sure if I was talking about Mari or Jason.

“Yes! Fuck me harder, please,” she begged, and I did, lifting her other leg as I plunged into her, rutting into her hard, but holding my orgasm back.

“I want to come all over his pretty face,” I whispered, asking permission. She shuddered around me, nodding her head, then met my eyes. “Make me come first, then you can have your fun.”

I spun her and grabbed her breast with one hand, her pussy with the other, circling her clit with my index finger as I thrust inside her again and again. “Watch him,” I murmured in her ear. “Watch him as he watches you come.”

Jason was still kneeling, and he looked dazed and aroused out of his mind

Her pussy clenched tight around my cock, and I felt her coming hard, her body jerking as I kept pounding into her, her hand reaching back to grab my ass as she rode out her shuddering orgasm. I gave her one last kiss, then helped her put her clothes back in order, as she laughed and realized she was running late.

“Treat him well, baby,” she said, kissing me on the lips and giving my still-hard cock a little tug. Then she waved and left for work.

I turned back to Jason. I was alone with my pretty little slut, thinking of all the fun things I could do to him. His bright blue eyes were glued to my erection.

“Do you enjoy seeing me like this?” I asked him, stroking myself.

He nodded, eyes wide.

“Do you want to taste it?”

“I do, sir,” he answered quickly. He licked his lips, and I couldn’t help but laugh a

little. The eager expression on his face was so sweet, and so unlike the front Jason usually put on. But there was something raw and real about it, something that rang true. This was my best friend, without all the artifice. This was who he was, not who he thought he should be.

“Come on, then.” I stepped closer to him, shifting slightly so he could get a look at the head of my cock. His mouth dropped open, and I smiled, stroking myself, milking out a drop of pre-cum, and watching his tongue stretch out to catch it.

“What do you want?” I asked him. “You need to use your words.”

“Anything you say, Sir,” he said, licking his lips again, his eyes pleading for a taste. I shot him a stern look, and he cleared his throat. “Your cock, Sir.”

“Then move to the couch and I’ll show you how to please your master,” I said, and he hesitated, looking at me.

“Yes, Sir,” he said quickly, standing and moving backwards, sprawling over the couch, his hands stretched over his head, resting on the couch cushion behind him. I leaned down and kissed and licked his armpit, breathing in his scent. He was a delicious treat, displayed just for me, his lean, muscled body flexing and tightening as he fought for control. I wondered what he would do if unleashed.

I straddled him, kissing him on the cheek and forcing his head back onto the couch cushion. Shifting, I tapped the head of my cock against his lush pink lips, and he moaned, his tongue darting out and tasting me. “Tell me why you like this.”

“I feel owned,” he whispered. “And... I want you. You’re my best friend. When you moan in pleasure, it makes me happy. When you call me a good boy... I like that.” His eyes met mine as he tilted his head, turning until he was on his hands and knees, his chin resting on the back of the couch, which was a convenient height, I realized,

as he opened wide and took me into his mouth.

“Fuck, you’re so warm and wet, my good boy,” I whispered, shoving in deeper, hitting the back of his throat. I couldn’t help but wonder how his hole might feel, how it might be to be truly inside him. For now, I teased him with my cock, letting him suck on me like I was his lifeline.

“I’m not done yet,” I said, and he moaned around me, his hands gripping the cushion below him as he tried to take me deeper. I gripped his hair and thrust in, and a few long strokes were all it took to put a blissed out look on Jason’s face. He loved being controlled. I pulled back, holding him off my cock.

“Say it, pet. Say you want me inside you.”

“I want you inside me, Sir.”

“Go on, spread for me. Lean back and spread your legs, so I can watch my pet’s face as I enter him.” He obeyed my command, leaning against the wide seat of the sofa, his wide eyes on me the entire time. I reached for my phone and snapped a photo of him like that, looking nervous, but excited, and sent it to my wife. I slipped in between his legs and pushed them apart, guiding his hands to grip his thighs. Carefully, I removed the cage, smiling as his erection sprang to life, clearly needing to be free. I ran my fingers along his cock, squeezing gently, then wrapped my fist around his dick, pumping slowly, teasing him.

“So hard for me,” I said, leaning in to kiss his neck. “So damn big. Such a perfect toy. Do you want to fuck my wife with this? She’ll love how you stretch her, won’t she?”

“Fuck yes,” he whispered.

He moaned when I licked across his collarbone, then slid my hand up his stomach to



cup his heavy balls. “Such nice balls,” I said, giving them a squeeze, and he bucked beneath my touch.

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### Chapter 10

Jason

Henry's fingers danced lower, making me shudder, and I stared down at my best friend, my cock pulsing and leaking as I thought about having him inside me. My breath caught as Henry bent his head to lick my balls. I gripped the couch beneath me, my legs shaking.

"Fuck, Henry," I gasped.

His tongue circled my balls, and his fingers brushed against my asshole, making me jerk forward. He reached for the lube, grinning. "If you'd have told me a week ago that I could have this kind of access to your body, I would have died."

I bit back a moan. This was more intimate than any sex I'd ever had. I knew him down to the very soul, and now he was going to be inside me, deep, buried there, taking his pleasure from my body.

"And it turns me on just thinking about Mari, about the two of you together." He squeezed some lube onto his fingers, and I gasped as he pressed one inside my asshole. "You and my wife, fucking. This huge cock inside her." He squeezed me with one hand, working my ass with the other. I arched my back, pulling my legs wider apart as I moaned.

"Are you going to fuck me?"

“If you ask very nicely,” Henry said, standing and straddling my face, rubbing the head of his cock against my lips. “You want this in your hole?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“Which one?”

“Both,” I said, biting my lip.

“Well, isn’t that interesting?” he purred, stroking his cock a few times, then pressing between my lips with just an inch of his thick flesh, filling me. It was so damn good to suck him, and his hot groan of pleasure washed over me and made me shudder. I loved pleasing Henry. I loved knowing that I could turn him on, make him cum. And I knew it turned him on to know how much I wanted him inside me, too. “Good boy,” he whispered, and a flush of pleasure made me quiver.

I sat as I was, helpless and spread out for him and let him fuck into my mouth, sucking and licking every inch that he gave me. He tasted better and better with each time I had him, the strong scent of his musk filling my senses in the most erotic way. My best friend wanted to stick his dick down my throat.

My best friend wanted inside me. My inner muscles fluttered, feeling neglected, as I swallowed him deeper, and finally, he pulled back, shifting to settle between my wide-stretched legs.

“Fuck me, Henry,” I groaned, digging my fingers into my shaking thighs, making sure he had easy access to what he needed.

“Mmmhmmm,” he hummed, brushing his lips against mine. “My little slut. You’ve been playing with your hole?”

“Yes. It feels so good.” The thought of his body against that spot my fingers had found was beyond tempting.

“Of course it does. It’s what you’re made for.”

He rubbed himself against my hole, his cock bumping against my sensitive flesh, making me moan. Even my pucker felt needy. The skin all around the hole sensitized to his touch. After a little more teasing, he pressed in, just a little. With the earlier stretching, there was only a little pain as he popped past the ring of muscles. I cried out at the fullness of my best friend’s cock stretching me open.

“Ohhh,” he groaned, kissing me with a deep tenderness that made me shiver.

“You feel so good, Jason.”

I rocked up into him, moaning as he filled me, and he let me adjust, thrusting slowly against me, letting me get used to the sensation. As soon as I was ready, he picked up speed.

“You like the way my cock feels inside you?” he asked me.

“Yes,” I groaned, thrusting back against him with a gasp, feeling the heat from his body against my own. I didn’t know how to say more, how to explain the way I felt so connected to him, so I just met Henry’s eyes, letting myself fall into their dark depths as he fucked me. I could get lost, staring into those beautiful brown eyes, and he held me there, not letting me look away as he fucked me.

The feelings rushing through my body were intense, and they were unlike sex with anyone else. He knew me too well. My cock ached, my balls aching for release, and I shifted my hips, trying to find the right angle for both of us. He followed my movements, sliding in and out of my ass easily, his hands resting on my hips,

encouraging me to move. I bit my lip as I tried to keep control, but with his hands on me, and his cock inside me, it was hard.

“Touch yourself, baby,” he ordered.

I closed my eyes, clenching my fists, and moving my hips, grinding against him as I slid my hand down my cock. Holy fuck, that was even better.

“Look at me,” he said. “Never stop looking at me.”

I opened my eyes, groaning at what I saw in his. “Henry,” I whispered. He smiled, slowing the frantic fucking for a moment and going for a kiss. I wrapped my legs around him, holding him inside me as our pace changed, shifted from frantic wildness to something slow and connected.

“I love fucking you,” he said, his voice low and husky.

“I love being fucked by you,” I replied, my words lost in another kiss.

“I’m gonna come.” He growled, and I felt the pressure, the tingle in the back of my brain, the sweet anticipation of impending orgasm.

“Come inside me, Henry,” I begged, reaching for my cock and stroking it again, moaning as we kissed again. He shifted the pace, drawing it out, enjoying me, until I couldn’t hold on anymore, and I blew my load all over my stomach, my body quivering under his.

I held on as he took what he needed from me, pinning me down with my legs over his shoulders and ramming into me, kissing me fiercely as his cock swelled and spilled deep inside me. It felt so connected, so right, like he was leaving a part of himself in me. Like it belonged there.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 11

Mari

I was happy to see Jason chilling, completely naked, on the couch when I got home. He looked up at me as I walked in, and I smiled, walking over to him. I leaned down and kissed him softly on the lips.

“Hey,” I said when I pulled away. “You have fun with Henry?”

He groaned and rolled over, showing me his well-spanked ass and gaped hole. I smiled and stroked my hands over the gorgeous muscles. His body was thick and gorgeous, and I wanted to memorize all of it.

“Where are your clothes?” I asked, leaning down to pepper kisses on his shoulder, his spine, and finally, his tender ass.

“He told me you’d rather come home to your fuck toy naked and ready to be used.”

“Mmm. Can’t argue with that, sweet boy. What did you do to deserve all this?” I asked, gently stroking his ass.

“Um. I asked him to spank me.”

I burst out laughing, then crawled onto the sofa next to him, looking into his bright blue eyes. I cupped his jaw and kissed his lips. “No cage?”

“He thought the spanking would remind me of who I belong to. Every time I sit anywhere, I feel his hands on me. And if we’re being honest, I feel his cock in my ass. I had no idea anal was that good.”

“With Henry, pretty much everything is good,” I said.

“That man has magic fingers. Or magic everything.”

I grinned. “I can’t argue with that. How are you feeling?”

“Good, actually.” His cheeks reddened, and he snuggled close. “Like I found my place.”

“Aw, the cocky jackass has a sweet inside.” I said, kissing the tip of his nose. “No wonder Henry has always loved you.”

“Yep.” He nodded, and his smile was shy.

“So, does that mean you want to fuck me?”

“Yes, please.” He said, looking at me with wide eyes. “If you want me.”

I smirked and stroked him through his underwear, feeling the way he grew hard for me. He was so big, felt so good. “I never thought I’d be a size queen.”

“Oh, come on. Henry is so thick he barely fit inside me. I know how you like your men.”

“It seems kind of unfair that you’ve been getting all the action. While I was working hard.” I faked a little pout, and he laughed, his eyes sparkling.

“Don’t worry, Henry ordered me to remedy that. And then we’re to go to the restaurant so he can feed us.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I said, leaning down to kiss him again.

“Do you think I should wear a condom?”

“You’re a slut, so yes. But once you’re tested and you’ve proved yourself monogamous, you can come inside me as much as you need to, sweet boy. I want to show Henry my pussy, with your cum dripping out. To let him taste you on me.”

Moaning softly, he climbed off of the couch and grabbed my hand. “Henry gave me a specific checklist,” he said, leading me back into our bedroom. “He’s very into lists.”

That sounded like Henry, and it made me giggle, at least until Jason started touching me, the intensity of his focus on me more alluring than I would have imagined. He undressed me slowly, worshiping my shoulders, my neck, my breasts. I ran my fingers through his hair, and he reached under me, tugging my panties down. I stepped out of them and he guided me onto the bed, onto my stomach, onto a big soft towel he’d laid out. He spread my legs, and I shivered, watching him, waiting for the first touch. I moaned softly as his hands slid up my thighs, stroking my skin.

He straddled my ass, his hard cock settling between the cheeks, and his hands glided up my back, covered in a slick, fragrant oil. “Oh, fuck. I like Henry’s checklist,” I groaned as he began to massage me.

“Anything to please our woman,” Jason murmured. “Henry told me to worship you, to care for you, and to give you everything you need.”

“I can’t argue with that,” I said. Who would have thought submission suited him so well? It was sexy as hell to have someone take care of me, to give me pleasure. I



sighed as he massaged my lower back, ass and thighs, working out all the aches and pains of the day. I stretched out, enjoying his touch.

“Turn over,” he said, and I flipped over, laying on my back and arching for him, as he continued to work out knots in my shoulders. His touch turned more sensual, focusing in on my breasts, my nipples, pinching and kneading until I was writhing beneath him. He was so beautiful, his muscles flexing with every movement, his attention focused completely on me.

“You’re so lovely, Mari. I’ve wanted to touch you like this for a long time,” he murmured.

“Back at you, sweet, beautiful boy,” I said, cupping his face and tracing a finger over his lush pink lips. “Your body is incredible, and so damn tempting.”

He moved lower, working my hips and thighs, his fingers barely grazing my pussy, teasing me. His expression was serious. My heart beat faster as he pressed his finger into me, spreading my wetness around my clit. I moaned, arching my back and pushing my hips against his hand.

“Do you want to come, Mistress?” he asked, his voice low and husky.

“Please,” I panted, turning my head to look at him.

“Tell me what you want,” he said, pressing his fingertips against my clit.

“Make me come with your fingers.” I gasped.

He chuckled, kneeling between my legs and smiling down at me. “And my mouth?” Jason pulled a pillow off the bed and laid it under my hips, lowering his face to my pussy.

“Yes, sweetheart,” I groaned, unable to stop the sounds escaping my lips.

His tongue flicked out, and he teased me with it, circling my clit with his lips, licking me as two fingers slipped inside me, spreading my moisture. I whimpered, shuddering as he worked me, his fingers rubbing against a sensitive spot deep inside, his lips sucking the swollen nub of flesh. I threw my head back, gasping, as I came on his hand, riding it hard.

“Fuck, yes, that’s it,” I moaned, closing my eyes, relaxing into the sensations. His hands were incredible, big and skilled.

“Can I make you come with my cock?” he asked, lifting himself up and crawling over me until he was hovering above me, holding eye contact as he rolled on a condom. “I’ve wanted you for so fucking long, Mari.”

“Yes. Fuck me,” I whispered, tears springing to my eyes as he pressed inside me. I cupped Jason’s chin and pulled his mouth to mine in a fierce, lovely kiss.

“Tell me if I hurt you, baby,” he said, his voice rough and deep as he bottomed out inside me, his hips against mine.

“N-no, it feels so good. Harder though, fuck me harder.”

“Henry said we have all the time in the world,” Jason said, maintaining his languid pace.

“Fuck my husband,” I growled.

“Been there,” he said, kissing my cheek, my chin, my lips. “Done that.” His hands slipped between us, tweaking my nipples as he moved, forcing my body to arch, pressing his cock in at a new angle.

Still keyed up from my previous orgasm, I wasn't expecting to come again, but this one crashed over me unexpectedly, my body shaking beneath him as he somehow moved in just the right way. He held still while I rode out my orgasm, bucking against his hips, then began to move more firmly, slowly pulling out of me before pushing back inside.

"Oh, that's good," I moaned, my fingernails digging into his back. "Good boy."

"I wanna see you come again." He started moving faster and faster until I could feel my body tightening around him.

"I don't think..." I trailed off with a moan, clinging to him as he rode me.

"Come for me, Mari," he said, and I cried out as the orgasm hit. My muscles tensed, tightening around his cock, and he groaned, thrusting faster and harder, gripping my hips as he slammed into me again and again. His cock swelled, and moments later, I felt him fill me, spurting inside me, filling the condom when he should have been coating me with his cum.

I held him close for a long time, then laughed softly. "I'm not sure you were very submissive there."

He nuzzled my neck. "I'm his submissive. With you, I think I'd like to be just... me."

"I love that," I whispered. He said nothing, but his body shuddered as he pulled me close.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 12

#### Henry

Seeing Mari and Jason walk into Mama Choi's hand-in-hand made my heart beat wildly. They were mine, and they were here in the restaurant my mother had built, showing it off. I wanted a collar around Jason's throat, or a tattoo on his body, anything to mark him.

"You've got to be kidding me," my sister muttered, staring at them. "What the hell are they doing?"

"I know," I said, grinning. "They look so damn sexy."

"What?" Anna's confusion only made me laugh.

"I know you don't get me and Jason, big sister, but you don't need to. It is what it is. I love him, Mari loves him, and he's ours." Warmth flooded my body as I said those words, and nothing had ever sounded so true. "He's supposed to be ours."

"Yours like you're in a relationship together?" Anna's husband Cole looked about as confused as his wife for a moment, then he tilted his head and shrugged. "That's hot." He was grinning, but Anna smacked his chest, looking irritated.

"Hot until the idiot cheats on you. We heard what happened with Gabi," Anna said.

"Nah," Cole shook his head. "Jason would never do anything to hurt Henry."

Everyone knows that. I wonder if all this time he was cheating because he couldn't have what he really wanted."

"Is it weird?" I asked, my smile widening. "Mari and I dating Jason?"

"Not at all," Cole replied. "Not if it makes you guys happy — and Jason has never seemed happy."

I looked over at my best friend, standing with my wife as our hostess, Connie, cracked a joke and led them back to Mari's favorite booth. He looked different, happier, more content. And all this time, he'd just needed someone who cared about him to take him in hand and guide him.

Or maybe it wasn't that simple. Maybe this was a pipe dream. Deep down, I knew that Mari and I were the only ones who could make him happy, but I wasn't sure he believed he deserved us.

"So," Anna said, leaning forward. She had a mischievous smile on her face. "You gonna make an honest man out of him? Three-way wedding?"

I laughed. "It's not there yet, but considering how well we both know him, it's building fast. I wouldn't be surprised if he moves in with us soon."

"Is a three-way wedding a thing?" Cole asked.

I glanced over at Jason and shrugged, surprised that I felt a rush of pleasure at that suggestion. "We haven't talked about it. But I want to commit to him somehow."

"Well, I can't say I fully approve, knowing he's cheated on half the town, but if it makes you happy, I'm happy, little brother," Anna said, shaking her head. "Go, join them. We're leaving! And don't forget, you agreed to cover the munch thing

tomorrow.”

“I don’t know why we can’t be here for this munch thing,” Cole muttered. “It sounds cool!”

“A munch is a BDSM get-together, Cole,” Anna hissed, tugging his arm. “Which means only one sibling can be there. I do not need to know what kinds of sex toys my brother uses.”

“Yeah, but it’s casual, no fucking, right?” Cole asked, still looking a little clueless. “We all have sex. You don’t have to be weird about it. It’s natural for people who love each other.”

Anna tensed, glaring at her husband. “They test out the toys. There might be fucking.” And I was silently laughing as I hugged my sister.

“Whatever. We like toys.”

“You can’t tell my brother we like toys,” she hissed, then turned to me. “He had sex positive hippies for parents. He doesn’t get what it’s like to be normal,” Anna whispered.

“She means uptight,” Cole added.

“It’s okay, I’d rather not think about what you and Cole do in the bedroom, either,” I said, grinning. “We can handle the munch. You guys take off tomorrow, go biking or something. Jason will help me if I need it, I’m sure.” I turned to Cole. “And we’ll just have to make the event amazing so they come back to Mama Choi’s next month and you and Anna can go.”

“I get you, man,” Cole said. “That’s the perfect solution.”

Anna shook her head, grabbed Cole's hand and dragged him out of the restaurant, and I turned to walk over to my wife and my lover, a huge smile on my face. Today, this thing between us felt filled with incredible possibilities, and I couldn't wait to get Jason home and snuggle him between us.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 13

Jason

The next day, Henry and I went into the clinic to get tested. I shuddered as he explained to me that he wanted to stop worrying about condoms, that he wanted to lick my cum out of his wife's pussy. That thought drove me more than a little crazy, and I couldn't get it out of my head as we headed for his business. We spent the rest of the day setting up for some event at Henry's restaurant, and I was in a daze the entire time, thinking about fucking Mari bare. My current job was pretty fun and not at all difficult, a part-time gig leading fly-fishing tours, but I didn't think I'd mind working with Henry every day.

After she was done with work, Mari came by to eat dinner with me, while Henry rushed around the restaurant, making sure everything was perfect and greeting the event guests. He made sure his staff had all of their instructions, helping everyone get ready before joining us at a booth in the corner and stealing my noodle bowl.

"Hey," he said, sliding into the round booth next to Mari, then reaching across and squeezing my dick. He kissed his wife hello, a long, slow, passionate kiss, with his hand on my cock the whole time.

"Didn't cage him again?" she asked.

I blushed. "I was too embarrassed to wear it to the clinic."

Mari shook her head. "There's no shame in our kink. Though it's fine. You need a



little air if we're going to avoid that chafing again, and I think you can be trusted not to fuck anyone but us. At least while we're right here."

I groaned and rubbed my hands over my eyes, wishing they didn't know every goddamn thing about me. I wanted to earn their trust, but I knew it would take time, and I was ready to be patient.

Henry nodded, his eyes dancing with humor. "Good call. Plus, I want to play with him."

"What is this event all about?" Mari asked, pointing around the room. After our hard work, the restaurant looked quite different tonight, with a big buffet laid out in the main dining room. Small tables were still scattered about for seating, but we'd left much more room for people to mingle, and along the far wall we'd set up a row of tables for vendors. It was a private event, I knew, but Henry hadn't told me what it was yet.

"I don't even know and I helped move furniture all day," I said. "He wouldn't tell me."

Henry's eyes sparkled with excitement. "A local BDSM group asked if they could host a munch here. It's a social gathering, where we can meet other people in the lifestyle. A few people who make and sell fetish gear will be here as well, at the tables we set up for vendors. I guess there aren't any good places around to buy things, so they show up at the munches."

"Ah," Mari said, looking around, her eyes wide. "Interesting. Everyone looks pretty normal?"

I frowned. "Everyone is normal. We're normal."

She chuckled, rubbing her hand over mine. “Good point. I didn’t mean it like that. It’s just that I suppose I would have expected more leather and whips at an actual BDSM event.”

“The munch isn’t like a sex party or BDSM club. It’s just to meet and talk to others with similar interests, and to share information about events and the scene in the area. No one will be fucking, but I offered to work tonight in case we could find some things our pet needs.” He cupped my chin and lifted my mouth to his, kissing me tenderly.

“Is there an actual BDSM club in the area?” Mari asked, frowning.

“Yeah,” Henry said. “It’s beneath the Meadow Grill, in the basement. They’ve sponsored tonight’s event.” We both turned to him, wide-eyed, and he raised his hands. “I didn’t know about it, either!”

Mari looked flustered, and I wondered just how much she wanted to go to a club like that. Would she be up for doing a scene with others watching? My body thrummed with excitement as I thought about the new possibilities this relationship afforded us, about being placed on display for a whole room full of people who would admire me, but know I was theirs. Was I ready for that? Were they?

I supposed it would be best to take things slow, to ease into the more intense parts of this lifestyle, most of which I only knew about from fantasy and research. We could start by exploring toys and sex positions in the privacy of Henry and Mari’s home and gradually move on as it made sense.

“Maybe we can get Jason a gift since he was such a good boy for you last night,” Henry said, as if reading my mind.

“A very good boy,” Mari said enthusiastically. I blushed, ducking my head, a little

embarrassed, but pleased to have earned her approval. And I had no idea why that phrase, good boy, got me so fired up.

“Then let’s go check out these toy vendors and get him a present,” Henry said.

“Ooh, or a sex swing!” Mari’s eyes sparkled as she looked across the room, where a man was demonstrating how to lash a submissive to a St. Andrew’s Cross. “It’s really too bad we’re renting. I suppose the landlord wouldn’t take kindly to us adding a bunch of chains to the walls.”

Henry laughed. “I know you love bondage, babe, but maybe we’d better start with things that don’t require installation. A new flogger, or a collar for our pet?”

“Maybe,” I replied, touching my throat as I thought about wearing a symbol of their ownership at all times. My cock twitched as I imagined standing before the vendors here, admitting that I was a slave. I wondered just how much Mari loved bondage. There was so much I didn’t know about them, and so much that I was eager to learn.

I’d never been to anything like this before, but soon learned that no one here cared if I belonged to two people. Everyone was here because they loved a specific kink, and all were welcome.

Though most people were socializing, there were quite a few tables with vendors along one wall, and I wandered over there, looking at one of the floggers, which appeared to be hand-crafted of some kind of soft hide. The woman at the table smiled.

“Pick it up, get a feel for it.” She pushed the flogger towards me, and I touched the supple hide, imagining what it would feel like when Henry hit me with it. Would it leave my ass nice and marked up, red from his lashing. I couldn’t explain why I’d enjoyed the pain of his spanking yesterday, but I knew I wanted to explore that more.

“Do you make these yourself?” I asked.

“Yes! I think handcrafted is best with floggers. I got into it with my own submissive, because working the hide myself allows me to get the perfect feel. Then someone asked me to make one for them, and the rest is history!”

“I didn’t know it would feel like this,” I said, gently hitting my palm with it, imagining what it would be like against my more sensitive skin.

“It’s great to be able to handle it. We could use a good sex shop in the valley somewhere,” she said, smiling. She was really nice. I wouldn’t have expected it of someone who made and played with whips.

“Is that why you’re here?”

“Yes, I sell on Etsy too, but I find letting people see the product in person helps explain the quality difference of handmade items, you know?”

“That makes sense,” I said, smiling.

“That’s why Carl started inviting more vendors to his munch events. Do you have a special someone you’d like to use this on?” My cheeks reddened as I glanced towards Henry and Mari, and her eyes shifted, softening. “Or a special someone you’d like to use this on you?”

I set it down, catching Henry’s eye across the room. Even from here, I could see the way his eyes darkened as he spotted the toy I’d been handling. “Only when I’ve been bad,” I admitted. “But I think I’d like it even when I’ve been good.”

She laughed, shaking her head. “My husband is the same way. Sometimes, I don’t know if it’s punishment or fun ishment. Well, maybe talk to your dom and see what

he thinks. I'll be here for a while."

I'd never felt so accepted in my life, and I thanked her for her time and walked over to my doms.

Henry and Mari were standing at another table, one that held intricately crafted collars. I felt warm and fuzzy in this space, talking to people who were like me, who understood. I knew right away that no one here would mock me if they found out I got off on being controlled and wearing a cock cage. The munch was safe and welcoming and warm. Even our budding menage relationship probably wouldn't raise many eyebrows.

Once I was close enough, Henry put a hand on my back and pulled me between them, and it felt like he was claiming me, letting everyone in the room know I was owned. As the woman at this booth answered Mari's question about her wares, Henry's fingers traced up my neck, tangling in my hair and giving it a little tug, and I shivered.

Mari glanced at me, smiling. "We're trying to pick out something that will fit you. Linda says that it should be something that you'll find comfortable for daily wear if we want that. And I think we want that. You've been getting a lot of curious looks from the dommes in the room, and Henry is feeling the urge to mark you as owned."

"Curious looks?" I hadn't noticed that, and wondered if it was all in his head. Still, possessive Henry was sexy as hell, especially the way he was touching me.

Mari stood on her tiptoes and kissed my lips, and I wondered if she was possessive, too. "Never would I have thought you could blush so adorably," she whispered.

"I can't help it. You want to mark me as owned," I said, fingering the fine leather. It was supple and thick, clearly expensive. There were cuffs, collars, and other symbolic

items. “Does the cage not do that?”

“Are you showing people your cage?” Mari asked, and I laughed, shaking my head.

Henry’s hand tightened on the back of my neck. “I can be possessive of our boy if I want,” he said, and my body responded to the firm note in his voice with a rush of warmth. “I want to look at you naked and know every inch of your body is ours.”

That made my cock instantly hard, when it should have been an awkward thing for him to say in front of the vendor. But she didn’t notice or didn’t comment if she did. I glanced at my best friend, smiling a little. “Okay. Could we find something that’ll fit under my shirt? I wouldn’t mind wearing it all the time. As long as I don’t have to explain it to random clients at work.” I reached up and unbuttoned my collar, exposing my neck.

Henry picked up a thick black leather band, wrapping it around me and buckling it, then buttoned the shirt closed, frowning. “That one is sexy on you, but you can see it under your collar.”

“Some people choose something more discreet for daily wear, and something bulkier for playtime,” the woman at the booth said. Mari reached out and picked up a medium weight silver chain with a keyed lock in it, fingering it. She unbuttoned my shirt, tugged off the leather collar, and smiled at me as she hooked the chain around my neck, snapping the lock closed. It sat right at the base of my neck, cool and heavy.

I fingered it. “This could work,” I murmured, clearing my throat. “And the collar for play.”

“Or a harness,” Henry said. “I could manhandle you in all the fun ways.”

“Oh, there are some lovely handcuffs, too,” the vendor said, winking, and Mari

squealed, picking them up. I had to admire a woman who could upsell.

### Chapter 14

#### Henry

We left the munch happy and excited to play with our new toys. We'd spent too much on collars and a flogger, and there had been a demonstration of Shibari that had intrigued Mari and convinced her to buy some rope — she loved bondage, and I was sure she had new things she wanted to do to Jason. It had been a busy night, both working and attending the event, but we'd met some really interesting people. And I'd enjoyed watching Mari and Jason meet new friends as I worked.

We stopped by Jason's apartment after the event, where he packed a bag, ready to stay with us for the next few days, or maybe more. I couldn't imagine ever letting him sleep in his own bed again, but I knew we needed to give him space if he requested it. He packed quickly, like he was in a hurry to get back to our place, though, and soon we were back in his driveway, standing by our Subaru. He would drive his Land Rover over behind us, so he'd be able to drive to work.

"Are you nervous about staying with us for a few days?" Mari asked as he loaded his suitcase and shut his trunk.

"No. Not at all," Jason said. "I suppose it helps that you two are the people I trust most in the world." He lifted his hand, tugging on the chain around his neck. And fuck, Mari was right. It was perfect. He was already showing an unconscious acknowledgement that he was ours. Well, that or the chain was bothering him.

"Come on, let's go home," I said, opening the car door for my wife as Jason climbed



into his truck to follow us.

“Home,” Mari said, smiling. “Maybe one day it’ll be Jason’s home, too, not just a place he’s visiting.”

I rubbed her shoulder. “It’s all happening quickly. I think we should just let things progress naturally.”

“Yeah,” she said, turning to face me. Her eyes were bright, and I could tell she wanted to talk.

“What is it?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she said, biting her lip. Then she took a breath. “I’m nervous about getting close to him, I guess. We’ve been his friends through all of it. The cheating, the crazy antics. How can we know it won’t blow up in our faces to date him seriously?”

“I guess everything in life is a risk. Is he worth the risk?”

Mari nodded. “Yes. Yes, he is. He was so good to me today. It’s just difficult to reconcile that Jason with the one who would go out with another woman when he was engaged.”

“What if he was just waiting for us to notice him?” I asked.

“I suppose.” She didn’t look convinced, but she wasn’t completely resistant, either.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, love. We haven’t talked about any of this being serious yet,” I reminded her.

“But it is, you know it is,” she said. “We love him.” Her words made me warm all over, and I reached out and squeezed her hand.

“We do.” I grinned. “Besides, now any woman he does anything with will have to ask him why his cock is locked up and he’s wearing a heart-shaped padlock as a necklace.”

She burst out laughing. “I couldn’t believe how quickly he agreed to that. I thought we’d have a fight, that he wouldn’t want to wear it when people might see it.”

“He wants to show everyone how much he belongs to us,” I said, feeling that to my core. And the knowledge made me feel warm all over.

“So, what do we do tonight? The three of us together?”

I grinned at her. “You’re going to have all of your holes filled, my dear. And you’re going to come so damn hard.”

She moaned, leaning back against her seat and closing her eyes.

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### Chapter 15

Mari

I fingered Jason's chain collar as Henry pulled the leather harness we'd bought onto his shoulders. He was naked otherwise, his cock hard and leaking before the play had even started. He was turned on to be on display for us, and that made me wet.

The shoulder harness fit snugly, but not uncomfortably. We strapped it tight enough that he could only slip forward slightly on his shoulders, allowing movement but not escape. Henry began playing with his nipples, pinching them and twisting them gently, making Jason groan and arch his back.

"You look amazing as our pet," Henry said, running his hands over Jason's chest, touching him everywhere.

"Thank you," Jason whispered, his voice rough, his eyes hooded.

"I agree," I said, eyes wicked as I leaned down and licked our boy's nipple. His skin was salty and his soft moan of pleasure told me all I needed. I sucked harder, making him quiver, understanding more and more of why Henry enjoyed controlling this beautiful creature.

"Oh god, please," he begged.

"You can beg for more, if you like. Or if you prefer, you can wait for your reward," I said, and Henry smacked Jason's ass once. I knew Henry wanted to try the new

flogger on him, but I had been promised double penetration, and I took Jason's hand and pressed it between my legs.

"Undress me, Pet." I glanced back at my husband. "And you can help, too."

"Yes, ma'am," Henry said, smiling at me. The mischief in his eyes told me he wouldn't let me hold on to control for long.

They surrounded me, their big warm bodies and musky scent enveloping me, as rough hands skimmed over my shoulders. Henry unzipped my dress, slipping the straps down and kissing the bare skin beneath. Jason tugged on it from the waist, pulling it free of my hips, revealing my panties. I smiled at them, watching as they slid down my legs and pooled on the floor.

"Good girl, Mari," Henry murmured as he undid his pants and let them slide off his hips. He knelt in front of me and cupped my breasts, pressing the bra out of the way, nipping lightly at the soft flesh with his teeth.

"Mmm, that feels nice," I purred.

Jason knelt beside me, and his hands moved lower, sliding along my stomach and then down my thighs. He slipped my panties out of the way, and I spread my legs a little farther, wanting him closer, and he dipped his head, licking me and tasting me, his tongue tracing the seam of my pussy.

"Fuck, baby, you taste amazing," he breathed, moving up to kiss me as he continued to lick.

"Use your fingers inside me," I moaned as Henry started sucking my nipple. I was overwhelmed with sensation. My husband was kneeling before me, his mouth working on my breast while Jason ran his tongue over my clit, making me gasp as his

fingers pressed deep inside me.

“Just like that,” I urged, a shudder running through me. My skin felt hot and tingly all over, as if my nerve endings were on fire, all aching for the touch of the two men who held me in their arms.

“Oh my god, you feel incredible, Mari,” Henry murmured, standing. He kissed me, taking my breath away, slowly deepening the kiss as Jason continued to lick my pussy. “I love you so fucking much, wife.”

“Same to you, husband,” I whispered, surprised that this play with Jason had strengthened our connection, not diminished it. Jason looked up at me then, and I cupped his cheek, smiling down at him. “And you, sweet boy.”

He grinned, his cheeks flushing as he kissed my stomach. Henry picked up a bottle of lube and moved behind me, pressing a kiss to my ass as Jason continued to kiss his way up my stomach.

“This is going to hurt, isn’t it?” I asked, looking back at Henry.

“A bit, but I promise it will be good,” he murmured, circling a finger around my opening. “We’ll do our best to be gentle, and once you’re used to having me inside you, you’ll love it.”

“Promise?” I asked.

“Absolutely. You’re mine, Mari, and I will never harm you.”

“Okay,” I breathed, and Henry pressed the tip of his finger into my asshole, working lube inside as Jason held me, distracting me with kisses and sensual touches.

“Are you ready, wife?”

“Ready for what?” I asked.

“To be fucked. To have two cocks inside you at once, stretching you open. I want you to see what it’s like to have us together,” he said, his fingers still moving in and out of my rear entrance. “You’ll be addicted to our cocks.”

“Pretty sure I already am,” I muttered, and Jason laughed softly. He took a step back, sitting on the bed and pulling me into his lap, kissing me boldly.

“Come here, beautiful,” he murmured, and I wrapped around his waist as he lifted me up, positioning me over his cock. Henry grabbed Jason, and both men groaned as my husband dragged his best friend’s cock against my entrance, teasing me, then shoving Jason inside me. I sank down with a whimper, feeling stretched, full, and deliciously sore.

“He’s bare,” I whispered.

“We got him tested this morning,” Henry said. “Because I’m into knowing my wife is dripping with my best friend’s cum.”

My breath shook as I turned to look at Jason, then kissed him passionately.

“That’s my girl,” Henry said, and he pressed me forward, so my breasts were crushed against Jason’s chest and fingered my ass once more. It felt so much tighter with Jason buried deep inside me.

“This is what you wanted, right, Pet? To have us both at once?” Henry asked.

“Yes, please,” I whispered, gripping Jason’s shoulders tightly. He pressed his lips

against my neck, his fingers digging into my hips as he thrust deeper, filling me completely. I gasped, my body tightening around him. I could feel him throbbing inside me, and a moment later I felt Henry's cock drag against my hole.

"Wait just a second, sweetie." He moved behind me, easing himself inside me, making me wince. That hurt, but I didn't want to stop this. "Breathe," he whispered. "Tighten your muscles, then relax."

I did that, and it was much better, a strange, sensual fullness, but not as much pain. I whimpered as he pressed deeper, slowly penetrating me until I was so overwhelmed by sensations that the only thing I could feel was the two of them inside me. A bomb could have gone off, and all I'd have felt was cock.

"Fuck, Mari, you're perfect. So tight and hot," Henry rasped into my ear. "I can feel Jason."

"So are you," I whispered back, barely able to speak.

Jason only cursed, slowly rocking his hips up into me. I shoved him down onto the bed, adjusting our position so we could fuck harder. Now I was straddling Jason's hips while Henry knelt behind me, and the change of angle did very nice things.

"Good girl," Henry growled.

"Good pet," I said, stroking a hand over Jason's chest.

"You like being owned, don't you," Henry said, sliding a hand up to stroke my breast. "You like being stuffed with two cocks."

"Only yours," I whispered, shifting between them. Every movement I made shoved one of them deeper into me. Jason and I kissed again, tongues tangling, breathless

and needy as we rocked against each other. Henry started moving faster, adding more lube to his cock until he was slick, pushing in and out of me hard and fast.

“Fuck, Mari, you feel amazing,” he panted.

“You feel good,” I breathed. “So good.” The sensations were becoming overwhelming. Each slide of one of their cocks hit every nerve ending, making me shudder. My nipples were so sensitive, my cunt clenching around Jason, trying to milk him. I was lost in sensation.

“This is my favorite place in the world. Right here,” Jason murmured, slamming up into me harder. I was drenched in sweat. When had that happened? I tried to move more, but their hands held me now, gripping me as they each found a rhythm inside me. I was nothing but a vessel, two holes filled by two big cocks.

Now I understood why Jason loved to feel owned. Not just the sex itself, but the way it pushed me to the edge and beyond, the way you handed over control to the people you trusted.

“God, you’re so tight, Mari,” Henry grunted, and I whimpered, and with one last slam of his cock, I shattered, screaming as I came. Only it didn’t stop, I kept coming, the pleasure ramping up again and again, my eyes rolling back as I tried to get a handle on what was happening.

I thrashed between them, and they sped up, forcing my wild body into submission. I couldn’t think anymore, could only feel. They were doing something to me, filling me so full, stretching me wide...

“Look at you,” Henry gasped. “My pet and my little slut.”

I screamed, a strange keening sound as the men’s bodies shuddered against mine,



their movements growing wild and uncontrolled as they approached their release.

“Come in me. Please,” I begged, and Jason let go first, his hips jolting up against me as he let out a strangled cry, and I felt the warmth of his orgasm filling me.

Henry wasn’t far behind him, and just a few thrusts later, I felt him swell in my ass, letting out a string of curses as he spilled deep in my ass. He fell back onto the bed beside me, spent.

“So fucking good,” Jason mumbled, and I smiled, even though my brain was swimming from the intense experience. The men gently settled me between them, stretched out on the bed, and I smiled.

“Well done, sweetheart,” Henry murmured, stroking my back.

“Thank you, both of you. That was... incredible,” I said, the words tripping out of my mouth as my body calmed down. “I think I might need that often.”

Jason laughed. “Me too.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 16

Jason

“Poker night,” Henry said a few days later, and I groaned in dismay. Henry looked excited, but I was unsure, worried about what it meant to be the submissive sex slave of my best friend when it came to hanging out with the guys.

The relationship seemed fraught with landmines, but not the kind I’d expected. Did we go public with our menage relationship? Did I want people to know I was bisexual? Cole was coming to poker night, and he knew the general details and seemed to accept us, but the other two guys, Ethan and Spencer would probably give me shit for sucking dick.

Or maybe they wouldn’t care. Or maybe Henry wouldn’t tell them at all.

“Fuck,” I whispered, trying to get a handle on my spiraling thoughts. I glanced at the door. “Do we have time for you to...” but before I could request the rough treatment, I needed to settle my mind, the doorbell rang.

Henry shot me a concerned look before walking to the door, and greeting Ethan with a handshake and a slap on the back. Spencer jogged up the path behind him, holding up a case of beer, which Henry cheered for.

“Poker night!” Spencer said, strolling in like he owned the place and unloading the beer into the fridge. “Man, I can’t believe we missed the last few weeks. I’ve needed this.” Spencer was in the middle of a divorce, and seemed lonely.

“You started dating again?” I asked.

He shook his head. “I can’t get back in the saddle as quickly as you do, man. I’m still wrecked from losing Nadia.”

“It takes time,” I said, even though it never had before. But I could imagine what it would be like to lose Henry and Mari. I probably wouldn’t be able to function for months, or maybe not ever after such a devastating loss. And that thought made me sick to my stomach, made me start thinking about what I needed to do to make sure it never happened.

“Yeah, but I miss her. I want my marriage back. But since that’s not happening, I’ll just enjoy these nights with my boys.” Spencer hadn’t shared the full story behind his separation with Nadia, and for the first time, I wondered what had happened. But he grinned over at me and Henry, then started cracking beers open for all of us as Ethan poured snacks into bowls.

Cole wandered in a moment later, smiling at me. He was quieter than the other guys that night, his energy off. Usually Cole was a ball of sunshine, jubilant and easily excited.

“You okay?” I asked.

He glanced at me, then stuffed his hands in his pockets, kicking at the floor. “Um, I have some questions, but it’s probably not okay to ask in front of the guys.” He chuckled softly.

“Questions?” I widened my eyes, then glanced at Henry, Spencer and Ethan in the kitchen. “Let’s go sit in the living room while they deal with the food.”

He nodded. “Okay.”

“Is this about Anna’s injury? Henry told me she broke her wrist?” The mountain biking accident had scared the shit out of Henry, and probably Cole as well, but Anna had been okay, thankfully.

“Nah. Well, sort of. Because of the injury, she made me do the mountain bike race she’d signed us up for with this guy, Garrett. That 48 hour thing.

“Ah,” I said, frowning. “Wait, Garrett Hart? Doesn’t Anna hate him with the fire of a thousand suns?” I could distinctly remember Anna and Garrett, who had been a few years ahead of us in school, screaming at each other over some crazy class election thing. On stage, in front of the entire school, when they should have been a civil debate.

Cole burst out laughing, then lowered his voice. “I think she wants to fuck him with the fire of a thousand suns.”

I smirked. “I could see that. He’s sexy as hell.”

“He is,” Cole whispered. And shit. Was being bisexual contagious? Maybe more people were bi than realized it. It just took the right guy to come along and offer to spank your ass.. I shook my head and focused back on Cole.

“You two gonna do anything about it?”

“Nah,” he said. Then he swallowed hard, tugging on his hair, and looked back up at me. “Well, I don’t know. Is it... should we?” He flushed, ducking his head, a smile teasing at his lips.

“I can’t answer that. Every relationship is different.”

“But it’s good for you guys, right?” He looked so hopeful that I didn’t want to crush

his dreams. “Like three people, that works.”

“It can work, but it’s hard work. We have to balance each relationship, each person’s needs, and it’s definitely not perfect.” I didn’t know if I should explain how my submissive nature helped with that balance, so I tried to think of a more concrete example. “Like I don’t even know how we’re supposed to act here. I’m his boyfriend, but I’m not used to Spencer and Ethan knowing that.”

Cole frowned. “Who cares about these assholes? Climb into his lap and snuggle him if that’s what you need.”

“But what if he doesn’t want me to do that?” I whispered, glancing at Henry. Fuck, now that Cole had mentioned cuddling Henry, I really wanted some snuggles. I ached for his touch.

“Seriously? Have you had a body swap? You’re the most cocky bastard I know, and now you’re feeling anxious over kissing Henry in front of a couple of friends even though you probably had his dick in your ass like ten minutes ago?”

And yeah, he said that loud enough that everyone in the room heard. Spencer and Ethan both turned and looked our way, each man’s eyes wide and confused. Henry sighed, looking irritated, and grabbed my hand, tugging me off into a corner.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for him to blurt that out.”

Henry cut me off with a hard kiss, gripping my face as he slammed his tongue into my mouth, leaving no question about what was happening. The guys knew, and he wanted them to know. I whimpered and held onto his waist, my hands bunching in his shirt as the kiss got deeper. The room disappeared, and there was only Henry and the way his mouth commanded and settled me, the way he nipped at my bottom lip, mixing a little pain with the pleasure.

After a minute, he pulled back, looking at the guys. “Yes, we’re dating him. Both Mari and I. We love him and he belongs to us. Any questions?”

I blinked, coming out of the daze he’d just put me in. Fuck, had I just whimpered? The guys all stared at us for a moment, then shook their heads.

“That was hot as fuck,” Cole said, eyes wide. Then he turned and chugged down a whole beer.

“What’s that about?” Henry asked, turning back to me. “Why were you and Cole having an intimate discussion?”

“Uh. He has a crush on Garrett Hart, I think?”

“Garrett motherfucking Hart? I heard he was back in town. My sister must be flipping her shit... wait. Cole has a thing for him?”

“You probably don’t want the details of this,” I said, shaking my head.

Henry frowned, tilting his head as if pondering that for a minute. “As long as he’s not cheating on Anna, keep me in the dark.”

“He’s not cheating on Anna. Your sister is his everything.” It was strange how I hadn’t ever understood Cole’s nearly obsessive devotion to Anna until I’d become the property of Henry and Mari. Now it made complete sense.

Henry nodded, holding eye contact for a moment. “Okay, poker night with the guys. Want to sit in my lap?”

I glanced at Ethan and Spencer, my cheeks pink. “Do you think they could hear the whimper I made when you kissed me and grabbed my ass?”

“Yep,” he said, grinning. I sighed. I really wanted to sit in his lap, but I was also competitive.

“If I sit in your lap, you’ll be able to see my cards!” I said, laughing and joining everyone at the table. Things relaxed as Ethan dealt the cards. Henry rested a hand on my thigh. But other than that, it was business as usual, our friends accepting the change in our relationship status as if it was no big deal. And suddenly, I had real hope it could work. This relationship, as crazy as it was, could be a real thing.

And maybe someday, the three of us could be happy together.

“You ready to play?” Ethan asked, giving me a pointed look. “Or too busy flirting?”

“Flirting? With who?” I asked innocently. “I’m here to own all of you.”

“He has good cards,” Cole said, folding. Henry narrowed his eyes and followed suit.

“You guys are no fun!” I laughed.

Henry leaned in to kiss me. “And you, my dear, have no bluffing game.”

“Oh, you think so?” I said, crawling into his lap and resting my head against his shoulder. His fingers were already tickling my skin, and I smiled, closing my eyes.

“Yeah, sure, no flirting,” Spencer said, shaking his head.

“Don’t be jealous, dude,” Ethan teased. Ethan was perpetually single, because, as far as I could tell, he was in love with his best friend’s wife. Another relatable situation, now that I thought about it.

“Horny,” Spencer muttered under his breath. And that was interesting, because I was

sure Spencer was straight.

“Where’s Gage?” I asked Ethan, trying to figure out if Ethan wanted to fuck Gage too. Now that I knew how good anal was, I was thinking it might solve quite a few problems.

“No matchmaking,” Henry whispered, leaning over and kissing my cheek. “It’s cute, though.”

“I wasn’t matchmaking. I just want everyone to be as happy as I am,” I whispered back. He caught my eye and grinned big, and I blushed, then lifted my eyes to find everyone at the table staring at it.

“Shit,” Cole whispered. “You two are freaking adorable. How did none of us know Jason was a cute little kitten on the inside?”

“Kitten, I like that,” Henry said, winking at me.

The game lasted late into the evening, and when we finally went upstairs, Mari was already in bed and asleep. She had an early morning at work the next day, and I crept around, trying not to wake her. Henry, though, was staring at something on the dresser.

“We need a space for this,” he murmured, running his fingers over the flogger.

“Do you need it?” I whispered, and he glanced at his wife, then nodded. I smiled softly, taking his hand and leading him back downstairs, where I quickly stripped down to my underwear, watching as his eyes widened.

“Fuck, Kitten, you bought sexy underwear for us,” he murmured, tugging on my jockstrap’s wide, elastic band.



“Are you going to punish me?” I asked, rolling my eyes.

He shook his head. “This isn’t punishment. This is me marking you up, so all day tomorrow while you’re out with those clients, every movement will make you think of me. You good with that?”

My cock twitched, and I leaned forward, arching my back. “So damn good.” And his lashes started. He was getting good with the flogger, able to create a nice biting pain with no damage, and I moaned, feeling the fuzzy edges of subspace creeping in around my mind.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 17

Mari

I looked around the Sandy Creek Tavern, searching for my friends. This was my first night out with the girls since Henry and I had started seeing Jason, and they'd given me shit for disappearing on them. But who wouldn't disappear when they had Jason's luscious body to play with?

Blushing, I thought about how I'd fucked him that morning. I'd tied him down to the bed, straddling him while Henry drove deep into his ass. It was incredible to watch his face during those moments, the way he completely lost it from being between us. And I knew exactly what it felt like, because I spent plenty of time as the one in the middle.

I needed to stop thinking about sex and find my friends, stat. I searched the room, finally landing on a group of women, laughing and talking at a corner table near the big overhead door that opened to the outside seating. It was a busy night, and there was a live band setting up on stage, while people spilled out onto the patio, their laughter echoing across the valley.

As I approached my friends, Anna turned and waved to me. The small group of women who I called my closest friends included Henry's sister and a few other women we'd grown up with, as well as women who were new to town. A graphic designer named Sophie had moved here from Denver and fit right in, while I'd known Anna and a woman named Nadia since elementary school. Nadia was holding court at the moment, and I could tell she was in the middle of telling some wild story.

She was going through a divorce and desperate for company.

“I feel like I haven’t seen you in forever,” Sophie said, hugging me.

“So, tell us about the threesome situation,” Nadia said. Since the divorce started, she was eager to talk about sex. By all accounts, her sex life with her husband had been stagnant for years, which was awkward, because Henry and Jason were friends with her soon-to-be ex, Spencer.

I shook my head and smiled, and Anna covered her ears.

“Do not need to know about my brother’s sex life,” Anna yelled. “I mean, I’m happy you and Henry have found your happily ever after, again, with Jason, but I don’t need details!”

“Is that what it is?” I asked, tilting my head. Was it so difficult to believe that we could have found true happiness with my husband’s unpredictable best friend as part of our relationship? “Work was tough today. I need a drink!” I looked around the busy bar, hoping someone would serve us.

“We got our drinks from the bar. The server hasn’t come by yet,” Nadia said. “I think they’re short staffed tonight.” And looking around the busy bar, I could see why. Tourists were everywhere. I wished we’d gone somewhere quieter, but this was one of our favorite spots, and it was owned by Henry and Jason’s friend Archer. I stood back up and sighed.

“All right then. I’m going to get drinks. Gossip about me behind my back.” I winked and the women all laughed, which probably meant they would do exactly that.

Halfway to the bar, I stopped, my heart leaping into my chest when I saw Jason leaning over and talking to a cute blonde. I watched him unbutton his collar, moving

closer. He couldn't be cheating. He wouldn't cheat. But I knew Jason and knew his history. And secretly, that fear that he'd ruin everything had persisted, no matter how many passionate nights the three of us had. The overwhelming sense of dread — or maybe paranoia — hung over me every time I walked into the bar. I knew what it must have been like for Gabi to see him with another woman.

He was the biggest cheater I knew. And he was at the Sandy Creek Tavern with a woman. Again.

I felt like I was going to throw up. I wanted to flee the scene, to never talk to him again, but someone behind me bumped me and shoved me closer, and I caught a thread of his voice.

“Yeah, so I can wear it all the time, but no one knows what it is except you and your dom, you know? It reminds me of who I belong to.” I frowned, watching as he pulled out the collar I'd bought him. The blonde leaned in closer, smiling.

“It's so pretty. I found these eternity collars. Have you seen those? I just don't know what my dom will want me to wear.” She blushed, and Jason shook his head.

“I'm sure he'll want you to wear whatever makes you feel good, Jamie,” he said, laying a hand on hers. “But you have to communicate what that is. I think I fail at that sometimes with Henry and Mari, but it's all so new and we're working on it.”

“Two doms, it must be hard,” the woman said, sipping her drink.

He smiled, his eyes dropping. “No, it isn't. It's the best. They're the best. And Mari isn't much of a domme, she's just... Mari. Well, unless you give her some ropes.” His face took on a faraway look for a moment, then he laughed and shook his head. “Henry, though. Damn, does he like his new flogger.”

Someone shoved into me again, and I stumbled forward, and this time, Jason turned and noticed me. His face lit up.

“Mari!” He stood and gave me a hug, pulling me close, cupping my cheek and kissing me. I slipped my arms around his waist, feeling how steady he was.

“Are you being a good boy?” I whispered.

He laughed, his pretty eyes sparkling. “Always for you, Mari.” Then he turned to the woman. “This is Jamie. I met her at the munch, and she wanted some advice on the submissive lifestyle. Not that I’m an expert, either. But I thought it would be nice to talk to someone who understands me.”

“I see,” I said, smiling at Jamie, keeping a possessive hand on my beautiful sub. “Was it nice?”

His face turned beet red, and he ducked his head. “It’s so weird, being like this when everyone expects you to be some kind of alpha male or something. It’s been nice talking to someone different.”

I leaned forward, pressing my lips to his ear. Right now, the urge to do something that showed my ownership was strong. He hadn’t felt so much like he was mine, like I needed to command him lately, because Henry so often took the lead, but I was still in command, and I wanted him to know that. “You’re in a bar alone with a woman. Are you wearing a cage?”

He blushed and shook his head. “No, I’m sorry, I didn’t even think...”

I cupped his chin and forced eye contact. “Are we sure you have the level of self-control that’s required for doing things without thinking, my love?” The affectionate term slipped out, and I wondered if I shouldn’t have put it like that. His eyes

widened, then dilated, a soft gasp escaping his lips.

“I don’t know,” he whispered. “I hope so. This didn’t seem sexual at all. For one thing, we’re both submissive.” He laughed softly, as if the thought of fucking another submissive was the most bizarre thing he could imagine.

“Let’s put your cage back on you, Kitten. And you’ll work on communicating your plans better so you don’t give me a heart attack.” I said, and if possible, his cheeks got even redder as he nodded.

“Yes, Mistress,” he whispered, and the rough sound of his voice, I knew, meant my words were making him rock hard.

“Well, I just so happen to have it.” I turned back to Jamie. “Lovely to meet you, Jamie. Do you mind if I steal him for a moment?”

She nodded, her eyes wide, as if she was in awe of me, and I grabbed him and yanked him back through the restaurant, leading him into a small bathroom, bolting the door, and shoving him against the counter. He was grinning, and I narrowed my eyes at him.

“Don’t smile at your punishment.” I poked him.

He laughed, his eyes sparkling. “You know I love punishment. Henry beat my ass last night, and I came so hard. I can still feel it.”

“Don’t make me think of something worse than the cage.”

“You were jealous,” he said.

“Whatever.” I yanked his belt open and cupped his cock.

“You were. And you called me ‘my love.’”

“Quiet. Fuck me and then we’ll cage you,” I said, abruptly changing my mind about the plan. Which probably didn’t make it a very good punishment. But I was the domme, and that was my prerogative. If I needed his cock, I needed his cock.

“Of course, my love,” he murmured, moving to stand behind me. “And you are that. You and Henry, you’re it for me. I love you both more than words can express. You don’t have to be jealous. I was showing Jamie my collar because I’m so damn happy to wear it every day.”

I held his chin more firmly. “Shut up and make me come.” The words sounded harsh, but coupled with a brief, intense eye contact, they made him gasp.

“Yes, Mistress. I understand you need me inside you,” he whispered.

“I do,” I said, hopping up on the counter and spreading my legs, palming my pussy, then dragging his hand to where I needed it. He pressed two fingers inside me, circling my clit with his thumb. By now, he knew my body better than any lover but Henry, and he found the spots that made me shudder, stroking me just the way I liked. “You make me come so good, sweet boy. I want Henry to lick me clean when we get home tonight.”

He groaned softly, stepping between my legs. “Yes, Mistress.” He met my eyes. “I love you,” he whispered, as I lined up his cock and pulled him inside me.

It was heated and intense once we were joined, his lips searing hot kisses into mine, his arms around me, holding me close, driving me over the edge, his words of love echoing in my ears. I’d never considered this dynamic before. Three people, all loving each other, but now that I had it, I couldn’t imagine anything else. I had two men to go through if I needed anything. Tonight, Henry was at work, but Jason was

there with me. Another day, maybe it'd be Henry, or both of them here with me.

I grabbed his ass and pulled him deeper, and his whimper of pain made me ease up. Henry and Jason had explored their boundaries with the flogger the night before, and I was sure he was sore. But when I let go of Jason, he shook his head.

“No. Touch me there. It hurts, but in a good way, like he's here with us. I can feel him.” And so I grabbed him harder, loving the way it made his cock twitch inside me.

When we were done, he pulled back and let me put the cage on him.

“I'm sorry I can't trust you,” I whispered. “I'm trying.”

“You don't need to worry,” he said. “I've never belonged to anyone like I belong to you and Henry, not even Gabi, who I was prepared to marry. But I understand why you need some reassurance. I know how I was. And if you want to mark me or cage me or anything else, well, frankly, I'm pretty fucking turned on by displaying that I'm owned. It makes me feel cherished, makes me belong.”

I snapped the lock on the cage and looked up at him, smiling. “So if I wanted to get you a tattoo that said ‘This is Mari and Henry's dick, back off, bitch,’ you'd go for it?”

He burst out laughing and hugged me close. “I'll do anything for you two. If you did that, I'd look at it every day of my life and think about how it's true. It's yours. I'm yours. My body, my heart, my soul.”

I buried my face in his shoulder for a moment, before remembering that we were in the bathroom of a busy restaurant and pulling away. “Let's go. If you're mine, I want you to be my bitch tonight while I hang out with my girls. You can get us our drinks and give me cuddles.”



“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” he said, smiling. “Especially since you just let me come in you, then caged me up, and I’m feeling all euphoric and buzzy.”

I laughed, swatting his ass. He groaned softly, that reminder making his hands shake. “Henry will be home from work at ten, so we’ll stay for a little while and leave then, okay?”

“Home. The more time we spend at your house, the more right that word feels,” he murmured. “Hell, I keep forgetting to stop by my apartment and make sure it’s still there.”

“One day soon, you’ll have to sublet it. Move in with us. And we’ll have to buy a bigger bed. Or maybe rent a bigger place? I’m not sure.”

“I’d love that. So damn much,” he said, laughing. “Though I don’t mind your bed. I like to snuggle.” And he stayed good natured as I led him back to my friends. They teased him at first, then watched the way he doted on me, running and getting us all drinks and food as we needed it, and slowly warmed to him again.

For the first time since we’d started all of this, I realized Jason could clean up the bad impression everyone had of him, and most of all, he could prove himself to me.

### Chapter 18

Jason

The weeks passed into months, and our relationship only grew. We discovered our favorite things to do, and our limits, and my drive to serve Mari and Henry became the thing that made me content. It wasn't only sexual anymore; I wanted to make them happy, to make their lives easier, and, of course, to make them come. I was still led by my impulses, just a different impulse. Not the one that drove me to seek other women for all these years.

This impulse pushed me to do anything in my power to bring them joy, And I tried not to bounce with excitement as Mari and Henry climbed into my Land Rover for my latest and biggest surprise. It was a challenge. Because it was a really crazy surprise — I couldn't even believe I'd hidden it from them for so long.

I used to be so chill about everything, but ever since discovering I was submissive, I couldn't pretend not to care about stuff to save my life. How did I ever play it so cool all the time?

Four months ago, I'd proposed to Gabi as if it was no big thing, asked her to marry me like I was asking her if she'd like to grab some brunch. No wonder she'd wanted to think about it. Now, I was ready to make the next major step with Mari and Henry, and it was killing me. My stomach was in knots, my fingers tapped on the steering wheel, and I was pretty sure my heart was about to burst out of my chest and run away.

Perhaps that was how I knew that these two people were right for me, and that Gabi hadn't been.

Mari glanced at me, a curious smile on her face. "You won't tell us where we're going?"

"Oh god, I want to. So much. But it will ruin the surprise!" Shit, why had that come out in a weird teenage girl's voice? I cleared my throat, determined to sound manly the next time I spoke.

"So this isn't a date?" Henry asked.

"No, it's a surprise," I said, in a slightly deeper voice. "And you'll love it. I hope. I think?"

Mari reached over and rubbed my thigh. "I'm sure we'll love anything that makes you this happy, sweetheart."

"Is it a hike?" Henry asked, as turned through the traffic circle that led out of town and wound up a narrow valley that led to some of our favorite hiking spots.

"It's a surprise!" I growled. "No guessing."

"He's serious about his surprises," Mari whispered.

"Huh. Meadow Creek... What's up Meadow Creek?" Henry pondered.

"No GUESSING!" I yelled.

"Fine, I'll guess silently," he muttered. "And spank you later for that sass."

I squirmed in my seat because we were headed to the perfect place for a spanking, and I needed one. His mark on me from the last flogging he'd given me was fading. I flipped on the left turn signal and crossed a bridge, driving up a steep drive and stopping my truck in the driveway.

"Okay, we're here!"

Henry and Mari both looked around, clearly confused. "Where?"

"The surprise!" I stepped out of the car and waved my hands towards the house I'd completely fallen in love with. It was a gorgeous combination of rustic and modern, with big windows and lots of wood, and it was built into the side of the mountain, right at the edge of the valley.

"Is this like a staycation or something?" Mari asked, slowly turning and looking around. "Wow, it's beautiful here. What a treat! Look, they even put a bow on the door." She tugged at the red ribbon I'd tied to the door, grinning.

Well, I hadn't considered that they might think that. "No. What? That was me, the ribbon."

"As part of the surprise?" Henry asked, walking over and touching the bow.

"No, because the house is the surprise. I bought it. Surprise!" They didn't look as excited as I would have expected.

"You bought a house?" Henry's frown deepened. "I thought you were moving in with us. We want you to move in with us."

"Seriously," Mari said. "It's incredible, but you'll be a ten-minute drive away. What if we need you?"

I went to speak, to explain it to them, but Henry interrupted me. “You can’t buy a house. I want you in our bed. You know I sleep better with you in our bed. Don’t make me get my flogger.” The stern note in his voice made my cock twitch even as my frustration with my idiot boyfriend grew.

“More like he wants to dick you the minute he wakes up,” Mari added, shaking her head. “Even so, I agree.”

“Guys!” I yelled as their worries escalated. “Stop. I bought the house for us. For all of us. So we can all stop renting, and so we can have enough space. Because I love you both so damn much. And you are terrible with surprises!”

I stomped off into the house, feeling cranky, leaving Henry and Mari behind. Maybe this was the real reason Gabi hadn’t agreed to marry me. I always failed at big gestures. Of course, I knew they might be unsure about moving in with me so soon, but I’d expected them to like the idea.

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:50 am*

### Chapter 19

Henry

“He bought us a house?” I asked, staring after Jason and the big door he’d just closed. It looked hand-crafted and expensive, like the rest of the house.

Mari’s eyes widened. “An incredible house. Just how big is his trust fund?”

“Big,” I said, shaking my head. “And we need to chase him. He’s freaking out.” I took her hand and led her inside, where we found Jason staring out the living room windows at an incredible, sweeping view of the mountain valley. He was so fucking beautiful, with his broad shoulders and narrow waist, the sun through the windows shining off the gold in his hair.

“Baby,” Mari whispered, and he spun around, looking a little sheepish.

“I’m sorry I stomped off. You like it?” he asked.

“It’s the most beautiful house we’ve ever seen,” I said, and Jason’s smile widened, a flush rising to his cheeks. “Show us around?” He nodded, the eagerness he’d shown in the car returning. He’d been so adorably excited in the car that I felt like an asshole for ruining it.

“Okay,” he whispered.

“We’re sorry we misunderstood,” Mari said. “But this is perfect. We want to move in

with you. We've been discussing it for weeks."

His smile now was blinding, and he got more and more excited as he showed us the things he liked about the house leading us through the first floor, which also contained a state-of-the-art kitchen, a dining area with a huge log slab table in it, an office and the garage and other auxiliary and storage spaces. After poking around in all the downstairs room, we went upstairs, where there were four bedrooms.

"Four?" I asked.

Jason's cheeks flared red. "Um, in case we want kids. I kind of thought, well. Maybe I'm getting ahead of myself."

"Thought what? You can tell us," Mari said, laying a hand on his arm."

"Well, Henry has his restaurant, and that's important, and your career is important. So I would stay home with the kids. Take care of them and the house. Maybe I never found my dream career because I'm not supposed to have a career."

Mari beamed, hugging him tightly. "That sounds lovely," she whispered.

"Of course, we can work out the details when the time comes," he blurted. "Right now, you need to see the main bedroom." He led us to the end of the hall, and I realized that the biggest bedroom shared the same wall of windows that had stunned us in the living room. And because it was higher, the view was even better.

"That bed is huge," Mari said, laughing and jumping on it, while I looked into the bathroom, which was clearly designed for sex, with a shower that could easily fit the three of us.

"No more fumbling around for the soap when we're all in the shower," I said,

laughing. I stepped back out and frowned, realizing there was another room off to the side, sharing the big windows that looked out at the mountains.

“Holy shit,” I whispered, glancing back at Jason. What was meant to be an office or sitting room for the main bedroom was a half constructed sex dungeon, with a wall to hang all of our toys, a big toy chest, and a series of d-rings on the back wall and roof beam. I could imagine Jason chained to the wall as I whipped him, or hanging there, helpless and forced to watch as Mari and I had sex.

“It’s not furnished yet,” Jason said.

“You’d look so pretty in here,” I said, fingering the chains that were hanging from the back wall. “With your ass all red, your cock leaking.”

He smiled. “We don’t have the floggers yet, or the cuffs to bind me, but I impulse bought a sex swing.” He gestured to the corner, where an expensive-looking swing with a wide leather hammock and a pillow hung from chains that hooked to sturdy rings in the ceiling. Mari let out a little sound as she approached it. She bounced up and down, a gleeful expression on her face.

“I’ve always wanted to put Henry in one of these.”

“Me?” I yelped.

“Yep. My turn to be in charge,” she said, stepping forward and untangling the straps, a wicked smile on her face. I knew that damn smile. “Your turn to be in the middle.”

“Mari.”

“We’re going to reward Jason for being such a loving, caring good boy.” She walked over to him, kissing him, and he smiled.



“Reward me with what?” Jason asked.

“Anything your heart desires, sweet boy,” she said, and both of us saw the moment his eyes dropped to my ass.

“Fuck,” I whispered.

“You don’t have to,” Jason quickly said. “I just... want to know what it feels like to be inside you.” And he widened his big blue eyes at me in the way I could never resist. He was like a goddamn puppy with those big eyes manipulating with his obvious hope. An adorable one who wanted to fuck my ass. I blinked, imagining that big cock in me, stretching me more than anyone ever had.

Mari grinned, adjusting a few straps on the swing, then looked around and picked up a bottle of lube. “Strip, Henry.”

Jason was already out of his clothes. Had I zoned out for a moment? I shook my head and pulled off my jeans and t-shirt, then kicked my underwear aside, my cock springing to life as Mari guided me into the swing, positioning me on my back with my legs spread.

“This is nice. It even has a pillow.” The padded leather hammock was surprisingly comfortable.

“The better to torture you with, my love.” Mari walked her fingers down my stomach, tickling me a little, then teasing at my cock, making sure I was hard. Her fingers dipped down to my balls, tugging lightly on them, then lower.

“You gonna climb on, babe?” I asked, stroking my cock. “Ride me while he fucks me?”

She narrowed her eyes at me, reaching for the wrist straps and grabbing the hand that was on my cock. “No one gave you permission to touch,” she said, stretching my arms up and securing them. I was splayed out and helpless, just a toy for them to use. Fuck, why had I taunted her? They moved beside me, kissing each other while I hung suspended, trapped, unable to play with them. Mari ordered him to strip her, and he took his damn time, in the slowest, most sensual striptease I’d ever seen.

I struggled against my bindings, desperate to touch one of them, and finally got my wish when she bent over my stomach, resting her weight on me and gently kissing the tip of my cock. She moaned. I felt the vibration in her breath, and looked over and saw that Jason had thrust inside her, fucking her in long strokes while I lay helpless beneath them. She seemed intent on teasing my erection, peppering only the lightest kisses across my skin as he fucked her to a hard orgasm on top of me.

I forgot how much Mari got off on tying me up and teasing me.

She stood and kissed him, glancing over her shoulder at me as she stroked his throbbing cock and thanked him, making it clear he hadn’t come with her. Jason had become so disciplined in his months as our lover that he could hold back his release until ordered to come, and this was no different.

“Eat his ass, sweet boy.” Mari moved to stand over my face, her silky thighs against each ear. I was desperate for something, anything, and I stretched my tongue up and licked her. She moved down a little, pressing into my mouth.

“Fuck, yes, eat my pussy, please.” I did, licking her clit and tasting her sweet juices. She moaned softly, and I was almost too distracted to notice that Jason had kneeled between my thighs. Almost.

I groaned as his tongue darted out and licked my crack. His lips pressed against my asshole, and he pushed into my hole. It was perfect, firm and wet and gentle enough

that the sensation of being stretched was pure pleasure.

“Oh god!” I cried out, my hips bucking up, trying to get closer to his mouth, but I couldn’t move. He backed off a little as Mari said something to him. I was too out of my mind to pay attention, my body quivering in the swing. And his finger pressed inside me.

Mari had pegged me and fingered me before, but I’d never taken anything the size of Jason’s cock, and he was gently working me open, stretching me and toying with my desires. Again, they both ignored my cock, and I ached with the need to be touched.

“Okay, baby, time to ride,” Mari said. Jason jerked away from my asshole, but she reached down and grabbed his dick. I watched as she lubed him up and pressed him against my hole, teasing me with his massive girth. I whimpered.

“Go slow,” I begged.

“Take all of him,” she murmured, and he drove forward, filling me, stretching me. He was so big that it seemed impossible.

“Oh, fuck,” I gasped, and she laughed, pushing him deeper, and suddenly, I wanted more. What had changed? Perhaps my body had adjusted to him. My hips rocked, trying to get closer to his cock, and he chuckled as he slid in further. I arched my back, not sure how to get more of him inside me.

Jason was inside me.

“I love you.” I met his eyes, and he smiled, pressing the last few inches in, and standing like that, his cock buried so deep in me.

“I love you too,” he said, and he started to move.

“Fuck, Jason. That feels amazing,” I panted, arching my back to meet his thrusts, my hands gripping the ropes holding me in place. Mari stepped back, and Jason leaned down and kissed me deeply, his hand sliding between us, rubbing my cock.

But then Mari was there, climbing on top of me, lowering herself down, and the sensation got so intense I thought I might black out. She faced Jason, and they started kissing passionately as they fucked me in a slow, sensual rhythm, and suddenly, I understood exactly why Jason liked to be treated like our fuck toy. It was incredibly hot to just watch while your body was used for pleasure.

Jason grabbed Mari’s ass, coaxing her to bounce on top of me, and I moaned as her pussy quivered around my shaft. His thrusts grew harder, more desperate, his body slapping into mine, and I wasn’t sure I’d be able to hold on for long.

“Come, baby. Fill me up,” Mari breathed, leaning back and holding onto the swing’s chains, her breasts bouncing as she rode me harder. I couldn’t hold back any longer, and I came hard, shuddering underneath her. She let out a delighted moan and climbed off of me, standing by Jason and kissing him passionately as he railed me hard. She was whispering instructions to him, but it was impossible to focus. The pressure building inside me was overwhelming, filling me with euphoria.

“Oh god, fuck me,” I groaned, my body shaking. Mari whispered for him to come, and he did, shouting as he unloaded deep inside me.

I had never felt so connected to him as I did when he was buried deep. That was unexpected, but I loved it. Loved them.

And I really loved this goddamn house. I could already imagine what our life here might be like.

### Epilogue

Jason

Our commitment ceremony was probably the kinkiest wedding I'd ever been to, and the most romantic. We'd traveled to Jamaica, and booked space at a resort known for adults-only kinky fun, and invited only our closest friends.

It started with a celebration with our friends and a few family members that had been tame and lovely. We'd rented a space outside the kink resort, and thrown a huge party, with speeches and vows, and all of that, and it had been beautiful to declare myself to them in front of everyone. But that celebration wound down, we'd returned to Temptations in Paradise Resort, ready to express our true commitment to each other.

Some romance was based in deep friendship and connection, and perhaps ours was in some ways. After all, I'd been friends with them for decades before I became their lover. But beneath that, there was our kink, our intense sexual connection, and we had decided that needed to be celebrated as well. It was as much a part of our love as our friendship.

So I was clad in leather, my collar, and a cock cage and nothing else, while Mari wore a pretty floral dress, and Henry wore dress pants and a suit shirt. At this resort, they could lead me around by a leash hooked to a harness, and no one would think twice.

I'd been wearing the cage less and less lately, only for sexy fun times, but in the week

leading up to our wedding, I'd been caged the entire time, and my body was floaty and needy all at once as I looked towards them, standing by our pretty little altar, waiting for me. My cock pulsed, hardening until it hurt against the cage, and I wanted to reach down and try to find some relief, but I restrained myself.

After six months of experimentation and play with my best friends, restraint was now second nature. And it was fitting that our ceremony revolved around sex, because this deep, intense sexual connection was the foundation of our new relationship. I wasn't sure everyone understood that, but it felt right to me to transition from friendship into more in this way.

The tattoo on my hip didn't have the exact words Mari had spoken that night in the bar, but it was close enough, and I was nervous and excited to show it to them. I'd faked a mountain biking injury to hide it. I'd thrived under their ownership, their love, and as I walked towards them, I saw the contract on the table that would sign away my rights to my body to them on a long term basis, and I felt only joy.

"Oh my god, you didn't get a tattoo, did you, Kitten?" Mari said, the moment she spotted it. She laughed and squealed, breaking character and rushing forward to greet me with a kiss. She traced the words on my hip, smiling. "'This body is owned.'"

"Your names are there, too, but small, worked into the font," I said, gliding her hand down to the spot I was talking about. I looked up to see my best friend smiling at me.

"Thank you," he said. "This makes her happy."

"It makes me, happy, too."

"Come on, let's sign this contract, then fuck you," he said, grinning. I shuddered. I belonged to them in a new way, and they belonged to me.

“Okay,” I said, taking the pen and signing first. I watched as Henry signed, and Mari. We’d spent weeks crafting it, making sure it suited all of us, and I didn’t need to read it over, because I had every beautiful word memorized. The safe words, the limits, and the things each of us wanted out of our ongoing relationship.

Henry finished signing and placed the contract in the intricate handmade wooden box we’d gotten for it, setting it aside and pulling us both closer to the bed, which the staff had decorated with flower petals and surrounded with candles.

“So romantic,” I murmured as they surrounded me, kissing me fiercely.

“Remind me to blow out the candles, won’t do to set the cabana on fire on the first night of our union,” Mari said, grinning. She reached for the chain around my neck and cupped my caged cock. I groaned, my desperation to be free warring with my happiness about being owned.

“You ready?” Mari asked, smiling at me as she fingered the device.

“So ready,” I whispered.

“Well, then, you know what you need to do.”

She stepped back, and I nodded, dropping to my knees in front of her, kissing her stomach, her hips. Henry moved behind her and unzipped her dress, helping me. There were specific things that needed to happen for me to be uncaged. I had to ready Mari, to make her come with my hands and mouth, or if I was with Henry, I had to allow him inside me. Today, they would both take their pleasure in my body first, reminding me that I was just a vessel who served them. Just how I liked it.

Henry and I worked together on Mari, kissing every inch of her skin, stripping off her clothing until she was naked and bared to us. Somewhere along the way, he’d

stripped too, and I loved watching them kiss, watching her stroke his cock as I licked her clit until her whole body shook.

“Little slut needs his mistress to come,” Henry murmured, stroking my hair.

“Yes,” I breathed. I turned to look at Henry, and he smiled at me. I stroked her clit faster, loving the way she moaned for me.

“You’re so good,” Mari gasped. “I’m going to come.” Henry held her close as her body shuddered against his, and I worked her harder, slipping my fingers inside her and noticing the way she quivered around me.

“Come for us, wife.” Henry wouldn’t be satisfied with only one orgasm from Mari, I knew. He looked down at me as he pinched her nipples, manipulating her body and making her arch up for him. She came hard and fast, and I held onto her hips, enjoying the way her body spasmed against my mouth and fingers.

“Fuck,” I gasped, looking up at him as he leaned over me, kissing my lips. “That was amazing. I love watching her come.”

“I love it when you taste of our wife,” he said, smiling.

Our wife. My husband. I looked up at him. The new titles we’d decided upon in our contracts truly sinking in as we held her and calmed her between us.



### Epilogue

Mari

As I drifted back to Earth, floaty and well-satisfied, Henry lifted me to straddle Jason's face. He drove into me in a rough stroke, and I almost came again right there, but I knew my husband wanted me to hang on, to tease Jason a little longer.

I loved watching my men interact, but having the entirety of their focus on me was the best. I leaned forward, kissing Jason's caged cock, smiling as I thought about setting him free and riding him to a rough orgasm. His body twitched and writhed with need, but he never strayed from his task, making sure he diligently sucked my clit the entire time.

Henry backed off and thrust back into me, and I moaned at the combination of sensations. Jason's mouth, Henry's cock. I put my hands on Henry's shoulders and rocked harder, pushing back into him with my hips.

"Fuck, Mari, that is incredible," Henry groaned, gripping my tits and playing with them as he fucked me. "Is our good boy treating you well?"

"Yes," I moaned, not surprised that another orgasm was rushing at me like a freight train. I tried to hold back, I really did. I wanted to tease Jason more, but Henry kept fucking me, slamming into me hard and fast, and the pleasure was building.

I screamed, bucking against Henry as the wild sensations took me over the edge, and he groaned as my pussy contracted around him. "Fuck him, please. I need his cock

too,” I whispered, collapsing against Jason’s stomach. Henry chuckled, gently sliding out of me.

“You want me to come inside our husband, wife?” he asked, stroking lube over his cock. “You want to watch me use his hole.”

Jason slipped his tongue inside me as if he could confirm that it was what he needed by making me quiver. “Yes,” I moaned, watching as Henry spread Jason’s legs, working him open with lubed fingers. Jason was out of his mind, begging and writhing under our touch.

“Our baby can’t go very long without orgasm, hmm?” Henry murmured.

I leaned up and kissed him, lifting off of Jason for a moment to enjoy my first love. I smiled. “I can’t go very long without our baby’s cock,” I said, grinning. “It’s what makes our relationship work. It’s so big and pretty and feels so good inside me that I can’t bear to cage him up for long.”

Henry laughed, still torturing the whimpering Jason with his fingers, and kissed me again. “Some would say it’s unwise to base our relationship off of our mutual enjoyment of Jason’s pretty cock.”

“Those people haven’t had it,” I whispered, winking.

“Fuck me already,” Jason growled, and Henry swatted his ass, laughing.

“Needy Kitten.” Henry shifted his hips, and I watched, delighted and aroused as he pushed inside Jason, fucking him in a few firm strokes that made pre-cum leak through his cage. Jason was mindless with need, and I took pity on him, carefully unlocking his cage and licking his cock until he was hard, swollen and red. I met my husband’s eyes.

“Ready?” I asked.

Henry nodded, going still inside Jason as I climbed over to straddle his hips, sinking slowly down on his big shaft as Henry embraced and supported me from behind. Jason lost his mind, bucking up into me, slamming Henry’s cock deeper inside him, whimpering and crying out our names.

“Oh, god. I love you both.”

“Hold on, sweet boy. You can’t come until we do,” I whispered, leaning down to kiss him as Henry started fucking him hard. Deep inside me, I noticed the pulse of Jason’s cock every time Henry slammed into his prostate. I knew he was close. I moaned, reaching between us to play with myself, rubbing my clit and finding my pleasure as I rode him.

“Please,” he panted, rocking up hard, his hands gripping my waist and ass tightly. His teeth were gritted with the effort to control his orgasm, and he screamed as Henry grunted and slammed forward, unloading inside him. Jason’s body quivered in response, shuddering, and Henry pulled out, falling to his knees beside me, panting, and kissed me as I rode Jason to completion. Jason’s orgasm was wild, intense and fast, and I loved it, collapsing onto his chest as his cock slipped out of me.

I stared into his eyes, trying to communicate how much I loved him. He laughed, shaking his head.

“I hate that damn cock cage, but the orgasms after I’m out of it are mind-blowing,” he said, chuckling.

Henry kissed the tip of his nose. “Fuck off, you love the cock cage. You love handing over control in a primal way.”

“Not for a whole damn week, you’ve used my hole so much this week and I wanted

other things, too,” Jason whined.

“Fine,” Henry said. “That’s for special occasions. On our ten-year anniversary, ten days, for example.”

“I’m still confused about how we got here,” I said.

“I think you sat on my cock?” Jason asked, giving me a cheeky grin.

“I meant... never mind. I love you both, and that’s all that matters,” I said. “Now let’s see what this beach resort has to offer. I hear there’s a nude beach. Maybe Kitten would like his tattoo to be on display to the public?”

Jason groaned. “Let’s just snuggle for a bit, and you can admire my tattoo close up.”