

The Perfect Valentine's Gift... For a Cheater

February 2024

"My, my. It's not every day a *married* couple stops by to spend time here at Charlie's Angels. Is it, Candy?"

The blonde sex worker's eyes were gleaming with good-natured glee, and her redheaded companion responded in kind. "No, it certainly *isn't*, Jade!" she snickered. "And on Valentine's Day, of all days? What kind of session do you two have in mind, anyway?"

But amid the clearly amused simpers of the duo, already preening and fondling their scantily-clad bodies in anticipation of what might soon follow, the cold-eyed brunette before them remained dead calm. "Never mind that. Just tell me straight out: you've seen this guy before, correct? And you've, oh, what do you folks call it. *Serviced* him?"

She gestured brusquely over at the pale-faced, visibly cringing, middle-aged fellow beside her. "Never mind the details of when or how. All I'm asking is simple confirmation: you *have* served this guy here in the past. Correct?"

"Well, I mean..." The redhead Candy looked askance at her companion and let out a high-pitched giggle. "Okay, sure – we did! At least four or five times in the past six months, I'd say. Why? You got a problem with us, or something?"

"Oh, not at all." The woman's voice was dead calm. "Quite the contrary: I'd like to book him for a standing appointment. With *both* of you."

The little room fell silent, save for the not-so-distant thump of the music in the club below. But before either of the two could recover themselves, their would-be client reached over and yanked the trembling fellow forward. "He's not much, believe me. But ever since I learned last week that this cheating-ass husband of mine has been stopping by here... Well, let's just say I've taken things into my own hands. Which means he's developed some very *unique* needs."

And then came the order. "Strip, Dean. NOW. Or shall we have your two good friends here do it for you?"

His shaking hands sprang to obey. His lips parted... then clearly thought better of it. And as the two smirking sex workers looked on, the pale-faced Dean slowly stripped down, ending with

nothing but his faded pair of boxers.

"I said, STRIP!"

"Y-yes ma'am..." And down came the boxers... to reveal his manhood, caught and locked fast in the vise-like grip of a steel chastity cage.

"You'll note the recent addition," his wife remarked coolly, gesturing at the device that had already caught the other women's startled attention. "See, I have nothing against you fine ladies. You do what you do, and you do it well... clearly." Her eyes drifted languidly over Jade's massive tits and blonde curls, then to Candy's pouting lips and gorgeously naked thighs. "But it's simple: if a married man like him can't keep things in his pants, then I think it's only right to take care of it for him."

"Well, ma'am... um, if that's how it is," Candy interjected with a wry smile at the silliness of such monogamous thinking. "Then why even come here? We're – you know. Not exactly your type, it seems-"

"Oh, but you *are*," Dean's wife returned with a tight-lipped smile. "You see, I don't ever want him to *resent* me for taking him away from two lovely ladies like yourselves. So I've decided to give him what he wants. In fact... well, I thought, why not make it a Valentine's Day gift? From a fair-minded wife to her cheating husband? You know: one session with you two, every other week for the next year?"

And now her hand dealt his exposed buttocks a swift swat: one hard enough to draw a cry of pain from his lips. "And don't worry. He's only going to need a few little... treatments. Here, shall I show you what I have in mind?"

"Well-" "I mean-" "Fuck it, why not?" "Sure, lady! Show us what you want-"

The brunette smiled archly, then snapped her fingers with a sharp retort. "On that bed, you! On all fours – or I'll beat your ass until you do." Ten seconds later, Dean was there: kneeling submissively, breath visibly hitching, his ass bared and his poor, steel-bound bits dangling helplessly between his legs. He was on display now... and judging by the look on his wife's face, what was about to follow wasn't anything fun.

At least, not fun for him.

"Ever heard of prostate milking?" A loud unzipping of his wife's massive bag cut through the room, followed by the squeak and snap of a hand entering a rubber glove. Wondering laughter and murmurs of denial followed, and his wife gave a satisfied smirk along with a slap of his exposed ass. "Well, no worries. Pay close attention, ladies – I'll show you exactly what to do!"

And did she. It was a horrifically embarrassing situation to be in, true. But over a week without sexual relief was already taxing poor Dean's lusty body, so within a minute of his wife's gloved and well-lubed finger thrusting into his defenseless asshole, he was beginning to shift and quiver – not merely at the mortifying sensation, but at the humiliating stream of words from his wife's lips.

"See there? Nice and steady, in and out. Right up against the prostate. Look, his dick's already getting excited. Here, let's make sure he doesn't make a mess. Oh Jade, honey, can you open up that padding there? Yes, in my bag. You're right – it's just a big diaper, that's all. Nice and wide, right underneath him-"

So it was that a matter of minutes later, Dean was biting back groans of mortified disappointment as the thin dribbles of fluid leaked from his aching, imprisoned cock... down through the steel of his cage... and pathetically down into the depths of the giant diaper below him. Yet on and on went his wife's ministrations, and dribble after dribble escaped, until at last he was panting and shuddering, completely and thoroughly spent.

"Oh, my fucking god! That is wild!" "And you say he doesn't even get any pleasure from it?!" "Fuck me, that's hot." To the admiring exclamations of her two companions, Dean's wife gave only quiet smiles and murmurs of assent. "That's the main thing I need you two to do. But after that... well, honestly it's up to you. Play with him all you like: make him eat you out. Have him suck your tits. I don't care – just so long as you return him before his bedtime at nine."

"Oh, and of course... how could I forget?" She smiled deviously, then dealt another cracking blow to her husband's ass. "Down on the bed, jerk – on your back. Now!"

Down indeed he flopped, frantic to escape further punishment. But really... had he? For with a rustle and crackle of plastic and adhesive tapes, his wife began swiftly tugging the giant diaper beneath him up and around his still-caged genitals. "Just make sure to send him back in one of these: you know, a big diaper for a big, dribbling baby of a husband. I'll make sure you have plenty on hand, don't worry. Because after all..."

She grinned deviously at last, a light of sadistic glee sparkling finally in her until-now cold eyes. "Don't you think diapers are a great solution for incontinence – sexual or otherwise?"

At that, the two women before her could only laugh along, their eyes growing bright with the strange new prospect before them. They had a new client – and a regular one, too. So long as someone paid up... well, who the fuck cared exactly what weird shit they had to do with him?

Besides... that pathetic look on his face *was* pretty fucking hot.