

The Advanced Fertility Program - Chapter 4

by Miracle Milk

Ahmad stared at his mother's body as she prepared breakfast over the induction stove.

This morning she wore a long-sleeved teal satin blouse that strained against her full breasts. *The ones Bradley laid hands on.* The matching trousers were loose at the ankle, but clung skintight to her thick thighs and round ass, jiggling with each stir of the frying pan. *He got to touch those, too.*

His cock stirred in its cage while his hands made fists on the kitchen table. It was frustrating, being so horny and angry at the same time!

At least his mother's hair hadn't been spoiled. The dark wavy ringlets spilled off her shoulders, long and voluminous, a gravity-defying mane that would have garnered constant attention if she showed it outside. It had been a while he felt her hair against his face. Perhaps during their next movie night, he could find an excuse to cuddle up close. Lowering the temperature usually did the trick...

Ahmad smiled. It relieved him to know there were still parts of his mother that Bradley had yet to experience. It gave him hope. *I'll find a way to rescue you, Mom. I promise.*

Squirming from his stunted erection, he adjusted himself in the chair. The heavy steel of the chastity device dragged against the wooden seat. When his mother stopped cooking for a moment, he kept perfectly still, fearing she might have heard it.

It was a silly thing to be self-conscious about. Obviously she knew that her son's cock was locked up as required by law. But the two of them had an unspoken rule to avoid the subject unless absolutely necessary. Through no fault of his own, he felt a little ashamed that his cock was trapped, rendered small and useless, unable to perform its most vital function. Being locked up made him feel like less of a man. He wondered if his mother knew that.

Humming an old Arabic tune, she sauntered to the table carrying two plates of food. Breakfast was scrambled eggs, toast, and what appeared to be turkey bacon. As she set the plate before him, he noticed her fingernails were painted a girly lime-green. Had she done them last night?

An image flashed in his mind. Those dark slender fingers wrapped around a thick pink shaft, tall and slick. Stroking it inch by agonizing inch...

The thought almost made him lose his appetite. He didn't want to think about Bradley during time alone with his mother. And he sure as hell didn't want to think about the bully's big ugly cock while he was eating breakfast!

So he distracted himself with food, feeling the sudden urge to grow larger and stronger. Taller, too, if God would be merciful enough to gift him a few precious inches. It was unusual to have

such a hearty, American-style breakfast, but he ate it without complaint. After what had happened last night, he was grateful for any reason to put his mind off the subject.

Thankfully, so was his mother. “Is there anything exciting happening at school today?”

“No, Mom,” he said nervously. “Just another perfectly normal day at school.”

“How are your friends?” she asked. “I never see that Gabriel and Hazel anymore.”

“They’re just fine, Mom. Perfectly happy and normal teenagers. We mostly hang out online these days, but I guess I should invite them over sometime.” Ahmad realized what he’d said. How could he have his friends over with Bradley coming over to fulfill his government-mandated ‘duties’ every evening? “Actually, I think they’re pretty busy these days.”

“That’s a shame,” said Sadiya. “That Hazel, she is a sweet one. You don’t find many girls like her these days.”

“I guess she’s nice.”

“Why don’t you ask her out tonight? It’s not healthy for a boy your age to be home all the time.” His mother tucked a curl behind her ear, smiling. She looked hopeful.

Ahmad recognized that tone of voice. Once in a while, his mother found subtle ways to express concern for his romantic life. His lack of one, to be accurate. It always struck him as a little strange, considering how religious she was. One-on-one dating was not normal practice in Islamic culture. But the Yousefs were also Americans and felt the pressures of American society. Maybe seeing how meek and submissive he behaved in front of his school bully reminded her of those feelings. It had been a while since she mentioned it.

Bradley had been so arrogant, so confident in his size and power and sexual prowess. Ahmad submitted to him, crawling under the dining table, rubbing the bastard’s feet while he talked with and touched his mother. Then, in the living room, he knelt and watched as the jock’s oversized phallus get milked by her manicured fingers. It was the most dreadful experience of his life, but it was all for his mother’s sake. He was trying to protect her. She had to understand that. Didn’t she?

Ahmad said, “I—um—I think she’s busy tonight, too.”

Sadiya took a bite of eggs, frowning. He stared at her neck as she swallowed. “That’s a shame. Such a nice girl, that Hazel.”

Hazel, of course, was more than nice. She was the unofficial queen of the nerds at school — a gamer, anime enthusiast, fantasy bookworm, and semi-prolific cosplayer all wrapped into one. The girl had stolen the hearts of every guy on the lower rungs of the social ladder. The fact that she and Ahmad were close friends had gained him the ire of many a nerd. Their relationship dated back to kindergarten, and he remembered crushing on her even then.

These days he considered those feelings a hopeless fantasy, no different from lusting after a famous actress or fictional character. His childhood friend had come a long way from the button-nosed geek he used to play Seekers & Serpents with. She had grown into an adorable young woman. Even if by some miracle she gave him a chance, it wouldn't have mattered. How could he hope to have a girlfriend with a chastity device around his cock?

Besides, he still had his mother to worry about. There was no way he was going to leave her alone with the likes of Bradley Jones!

He watched her eat her American breakfast, adoring the way she scraped the fork with the front of her white teeth. Her feminine, delicate mannerisms were a side of her that few got to see. Moments of appreciation like these, he thought, were proof that his love for his mother was more than a teenager's chastity-induced fantasies.

That was why he was going to find a way to save his mother, no matter the cost.

After finishing breakfast and getting dressed, he stood by the door and waited for his mother to check his uniform. As usual, she straightened his collar, untucked his trouser legs from his socks, and smoothed his shirtsleeves down his arms. He was more than capable of dressing himself, but he enjoyed their little ritual. It was nice to feel his mother's touch before he went to school. It put him in good spirits for the rest of the day.

When she noticed his crooked belt buckle, she bent over at the waist, placing a hand on his thigh to steady herself. He shivered at the touch of her squeezing fingers, watching her huge ass stick out behind her. Enjoying the view, he grinned. *The old belt buckle trick never fails.* It also never failed to make his cock throb.

Giving his shoulders a few pats, she said, "Are you sure you don't want me to drive you to school?"

"It's fine, Mom. I need the exercise. Plus, the weather's so nice outside." *And there's no way I'm letting my classmates see you after what happened last night!*

Before stepping out the door, he noticed that the living room was impeccably clean. His mother must have stayed up for hours last night scrubbing Bradley's seminal fluid from the carpet, the coffee table, the television, even the ceiling. He glanced at the expensive luxury couch where the bully had sat next to his mother, enjoying her hands on his dick, blowing his volcanic load all over their furniture. A faint imprint remained on the fabric despite his mother's best efforts to clean it.

Ahmad burned with a hatred he had never known before. The bastard had left his sweaty mark on the Yousef household. He would never forgive him. Saving his mother was only the first step. He would get revenge on Bradley, too. Even if it took a lifetime of effort!

Noticing her son's glance, she frowned. "I'll try to clean it again later."

"It's fine, Mom!" He put on his most convincing smile. "I was just appreciating what a great job you did."

Beaming, she leaned forward to give him a kiss on the cheek. He hugged her goodbye, squeezing her tight so that her soft breasts squished against his chest. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were hard and wonderful.

His cock beat against its cage, begging to be set free. His jaw trembled. If he could only turn his head a few slight inches to catch her on the mouth. After all he had been through, he should have at least that little privilege! Bradley had been able to enjoy so much of her, and all he got was a measly kiss on the cheek. It wasn't right.

Then Ahmad remembered: he and his mother had almost kissed last night... hadn't they?

Or had it all been part of his imagination?

If only that damned Bradley hadn't shouted for her to leave him!

"Have a nice day at school," she said.

"Thanks, Mom. See you later." He paused. "I love you."

She raised her palm and gave a cute little wave. "I love you too, darling."

The moment the door shut behind him, the smile disappeared from his face. He straightened his pants and boxer briefs, trying to get his chastity cage comfortable. With grim determination, he marched off to school.

Today he had a job to do.

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To his relief, Ahmad managed to avoid Bradley and his jocks all morning. During the free period after AP statistics, he hurried to the school library before anyone could distract him. Lunch began in an hour, and he wanted as much time as possible to sit down and do some research.

If there was a way to nullify the Advanced Fertility Contract, he would find it.

He typed into the search engine: [how to cancel advanced fertility contract loopholes]

The top result read: *HAVING TROUBLE STAYING HARD AFTER FOUR YEARS IN CHASTITY? 9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS RECOMMEND...*

No, no, that wasn't what he was looking for at all! Holding backspace, he typed: [nullify "advanced fertility contract" legal advice]

The result read: *Life after divorce — How one woman locked up three ex-husbands for skipping alimony payments. Chastity: It's not just for teenagers anymore!*

Ahmad chuckled. He hadn't known that was possible. It sounded rather pathetic, having your cock locked up as a middle-aged man. Not a million years would he let that happen to him. Almost clicking the link, he reminded himself he had research to do.

Trying a different search engine, he typed: [don't like fertility contract partner how to cancel legal law please help]

This time the result read: *So You've Been Assigned Your Stud! Madame Marjorie Shares 10 Tips To Keep Your New 18-Year-Old Lover Satisfied In Bed.*

Imagining his mother stumbling upon such an article, butterflies filled his stomach. Why was it so damn hard to find answers on the internet?

He was typing up another query when a hand fell on his shoulder. He started, banging his knee against the desk. A few of the other students looked up from their computers.

"Hey, dude. I was wondering where you ran off to," said a familiar voice.

"Gabriel? You scared the crap out of me!"

As much as his knee hurt, Ahmad was happy to see his friend. Gabriel was one of the few boys at school who got bullied as much as he did. It helped to know someone who could relate to his suffering. Though not as naturally smart, the boy came from a hardworking family of Mexican immigrants. That work ethic applied to schoolwork, too. His grades were near the top of the class and he maintained perfect attendance. Ahmad had always respected that about him.

"So, what's got you sneaking off after class?" asked Gabriel.

"Nothing worth bugging me over," Ahmad answered. "Can't a guy do his homework in peace?"

Gabriel leaned over his shoulder. "That doesn't look like homework."

Ahmad quickly exited the web browser. "Quit it!"

"We both know you're a shitty liar. And we both know you're going to tell me what's going on eventually. So you might as well do it now."

"I guess you're right."

Spilling the beans, he explained how Bradley had shown up at his front door last night, paperwork in hand. How he had tried to sleep with—and impregnate—his mother through the rules of the Advanced Fertility Contract. How he had been so close to her until Ahmad found a clause in the discarded paperwork.

Naturally, he left the part out where Bradley got a handjob from his mother and blasted cum all over their living room.

“That’s so wild it’s hard to believe,” Gabriel said. “I mean, Bradley of all people, fucking *your* mom?”

Ahmad squirmed as an image formed in his head. A naked Bradley Jones was climbing into his mother’s bed. She lay on her back, wearing the same black *hijab* and *abaya* as yesterday. Only this time the robe was hiked above her waist, revealing a pair of lacy pink panties. They looked like they belonged on some college-aged bimbo, not a mature, sophisticated woman like his mother.

Unlike Ahmad, Bradley wasn’t shy about his desires. His large pale hands explored her dark thighs, fingers pressing into their softness. His cock was free and large and erect, bobbing excitedly as he crawled between her legs. The large battering ram cockhead pressed against her lacy undergarments, kissing her slit through the fabric, darkening it with precum.

With a cheeky grin, he spread her legs wide...

Ahmad clutched his head, feeling dizzy. His cock was filling its cage. What was the matter with him? Perhaps seeing his mother and Bradley together last night had put a curse on his mind. “Please don’t say that out loud,” he told his friend. “Brad hasn’t fucked my mom, and I’m going to make sure he never will.”

“You can get in deep shit for disobeying the government,” warned Gabriel.

“Do I look like a criminal?” said Ahmad. “That’s why I’m doing this the legal way.”

“Fair enough. Still, it’s hard to believe. What are the odds? It just seems like some sort of cosmic joke.”

“That’s what I was thinking!” Ahmad sighed. “I’ve got six days to find a way out of this mess. Do you have any bright ideas?”

Gabriel looked at the computer monitor. “For starters, you’re not going to learn jack by searching online. Don’t you remember? Most of the big tech companies got federalized a few years back. Now they filter out any search results considered ‘harmful to society.’”

“I guess I wasn’t paying attention,” said Ahmad. “How in the world is anyone supposed to figure stuff out now?”

“You could sign up for one of those of those premium search engines, but you’ll need a Chinese credit card.”

“Does it look like I have a Chinese credit card?”

“Wait, I know who can help! You remember my older sister, right?”

“You mean Maria?” Ahmad grinned. Much to her brother’s chagrin, the short rebellious Latina had no shortage of admirers in high school. “I remember her, all right. I’m sure most of

the seniors do.”

Gabriel’s eye twitched. “Lose the smile, unless you want to hear what I really think about your mom.”

Ahmad glowered, offended that a boy like Gabriel had the audacity to fantasize about a woman as pure and lovely as his mother. He would have pounded him on the shoulder, if he didn’t need his help. “Fine. Didn’t your sister go to college for criminal justice? She must be close to graduating by now.”

“She’s majoring in law, actually. This is where it gets interesting. Her specialty is chastity law.”

Ahmad was incredulous. “Chastity law? Is that even a thing?”

“Having you been living under a rock!” said Gabriel. “It’s only the most lucrative practice since divorce settlements and class action lawsuits. There’s all sorts of cases going on. Like wives who get their ex-husbands locked up for infidelity. Or felons who get kept in chastity cages long after their probation period ends.”

Ahmad *had* heard a few of those stories on the news. The punishments seemed cruel, but it was hard to argue with the results. A few decades ago, America had been an unruly country plagued by political tension and firearm ownership. With the NDNC’s takeover of the government, violent crime was all but unheard of. At least, that’s what the people on the news said.

All it took was the threat of the autonomous chastity cages to turn most men into obedient law-abiding citizens. The accursed device around his cock tortured Ahmad’s every waking moment, but even he was grateful that he didn’t have to live in a country where he was afraid of being hurt all the time. Well, aside from the bullies at school. “Do you think Maria will know how to help me?” he asked.

“It’s worth a shot,” said Gabriel. “Just let me do the talking. My sister, she doesn’t have the greatest opinion of men these days.”

Ahmad found it amusing that a girl as beautiful as Maria still struggled with the opposite gender. “Let me guess, bad break up?”

“Third one this year. That I know of.”

Gabriel got out his cell phone and dialed his sister. Since they were in the study hall, he spoke with a hushed voice.

“Mari, it’s me. Me *who*? Don’t you recognize the voice of your own damn brother? How many guys do you have calling you in the middle of the day? Okay, okay. Come on, let’s not fight. This is important. It’s like, life or death important! My friend needs a favor. You remember Ahmad, right? Small kid, a little on the scrawny side? Middle eastern? Yeah, the short one.” He stiffened when his sister said something. “No, he wasn’t chosen for the

Advanced Fertility Program, either.”

Ahmad heard Maria’s laughter through the muffled cell phone speaker. His balls quivered at the fact that a beautiful college-aged girl was laughing at his caged cock. Why was his chastity status the first thing that came to mind when she heard his name? Suddenly the metal ring around the base of his balls felt tighter than before, and he became hyperaware of the weight of the steel cage around his genitals.

At least his mother had never laughed at his predicament. She wasn’t like these other women who found it so hilarious that young men — and an increasing number of older ones — had to spend years of their life in chastity. Life was already hard enough without getting belittled all the time.

When Gabriel’s sister ran out of laughter, amusement colored in her voice, though he couldn’t quite make out her words.

Gabriel said, “Come on, don’t say stuff like that about him. He’s a good guy. Remember what Dad used to say about our family’s height? Size doesn’t matter, it’s how you use it. Ha-ha. Everyone knows the A.I. chooses by genetics, so it’s really luck of the draw. You don’t think so? Whatever. That doesn’t matter. Just listen! Ahmad’s got a problem in a big way. You remember Bradley Jones from my grade? Uh-huh. Of course you would. Tall white boy with the muscles. Just your type, huh? Until they end up breaking your fragile little heart! Mari, don’t hang up. Relax. I’m sorry. The thing is, Brad got chosen for the A.F.P. just a couple of days ago...”

He looked over, embarrassed.

Ahmad gave him a little nod of permission.

“Well, he kind of got matched with Ahmad’s mom.”

This time the cell phone howled with laughter, attracting the annoyed stares of several nearby students.

Ahmad shrank into his seat, squeezing his thighs around his cold chastity device. He noticed that most of the students in the library were girls. How many of them, he wondered, would have laughed at his little caged cock too?

Gabriel lowered his head, whispering, “This is serious, Maria! I never told you how shitty our lives have become ‘cause of Bradley and his meathead compadres. Ahmad needs my help, and I need yours. You’re the first person I thought to call. Tell me there’s a way out of this mess.”

He nodded along as his sister spoke.

Ahmad folded his hands in his lap, tense with anticipation.

“You’re sure that’s the easiest way?” Gabriel nodded a few times, then smiled. “All right, thanks. Yeah, love you too. See you at Christmas. Adiós.” He hung up the phone and sighed.

“Well?” Ahmad couldn’t keep the nerves from his voice. “What’s the plan?”

“I don’t exactly know how to tell you this.”

“Just say it!”

Fed up with the racket, a few of the nearby students shushed them.

“Sorry, sorry,” Gabriel said, lowering his voice again. “The easiest and fastest way to cancel the Advanced Fertility Contract is... to get married.”

Ahmad swallowed. “Married?”

“That’s right. The whole shebang gets canceled if anyone gets hitched. Like, the whole point of the program is to get children out of single, unmarried women, right? It wouldn’t make sense to get a bunch of married women knocked up by eighteen-year-olds with their husbands there to do it for them.”

“Married,” Ahmad repeated dumbly, staring out one of the library windows.

He imagined himself coming home after a long day’s work, greeted not by a brisk motherly hug, but a sensual kiss on the lips. His tongue explored his mother’s mouth, tasting her beautiful smile. His hands roamed wherever they wanted, following the shape of her curves. His cock rose to full erection, pressing against the little nook between her thick soft thighs.

During supper he sat at the head of the dining table, smiling as his docile wife prepared his favorite meals. As they ate, he reached out to squeeze her legs, her lower back, grabbing a handful of fat ass. She giggled and slapped him playfully, grinning in a way that outsiders would have never thought possible from a God-serving Muslim woman.

And being married meant sleeping in the same king-sized marital bed that his father had once occupied. It was the room beside his current bedroom, and the headboard was against the shared wall, so close that he could sometimes hear her speaking Arabic on the phone at night, or humming little tunes. What a change a few feet would make! Then he’d be cuddling up to his mother, his *wife* every night, bathing in her touch and warmth and smell. That wasn’t all they’d be doing—

“Why are you smiling?” asked Gabriel, interrupting his fantasy. “Your mom hasn’t been dating anyone, has she?”

“Muslim women don’t date,” Ahmad corrected him. It was hard to contain his excitement. “Didn’t I ever tell you? My mother and I aren’t blood-related.”

Gabriel palmed himself on the forehead. “You aren’t thinking what I think you’re thinking.”

Thinking again of his mother, Ahmad’s cock twitched. He wiped a bit of drool from the corner of his mouth. Noticing his palms were sweaty, he wiped them on his trousers.

“I think I have to marry my mom.”

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They were putting their things away for lunch when Gabriel grabbed Ahmad’s arm, terrified. “Don’t look now, but we’ve got bogeys on your six.”

Ahmad tossed his backpack into his locker. “I can speak three languages, but I have no idea what you just said.”

“It means our good friend Bradley and his band of muscular misfits are coming this way!”

Ahmad peeked down the long bustling hallway. Surely enough, Bradley and his group of friends had just turned the corner. He couldn’t remember the last time the bully had left him alone while passing by. Usually it was something harmless, shouting a derogatory slur or slapping the books from his hands. At other times his antics bordered on cruelty, pulling down his trousers (Ahmad had learned to fasten his belt extra tight), shoving his face into toilets, slipping a pair of girls’ underwear over his head when he wasn’t looking...

Bradley never failed to gather an audience. All Ahmad could do was grin and bear it. He figured giving the mildest reaction possible would preserve what little dignity he had left. *Lose the battle, win the war.* After graduation he would enroll in an Ivy League college, preparing to conquer the real world while these losers lived off U.B.I. in their parents’ basements.

At least, that was what he used to think. Now he wasn’t so sure if pacifism was the best course of action. He still remembered how good it felt yesterday after school when he spoke up against Bradley’s harassment. It had been glorious, that long-awaited moment, rising to the surface after years of torment. His feelings hadn’t changed since then, not even after what happened last night.

If he was going to start fighting back, now was the time. He would soon be a married man, after all. His father once told him that his ancestors fought alongside the prophet Mohammad (*Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*) and had belonged to several noble houses throughout Islam’s 1500-year history. The men of the Yousef family were said to have the bravery and strength of lions. He was their son, wasn’t he? Or was he a pussycat? “So what if they’re coming?” he said.

“Not this machismo shit again,” groaned Gabriel. “I thought we agreed the tough guy act isn’t worth it!”

“It’s not an act,” said Ahmad. “It’s called standing up for yourself.”

Gabriel’s eyes brightened. “I have an idea! Let’s hide in our lockers before they see us. There’s this trick to open them from the inside. I, uh, figured it out the last time Tyler stuffed me in there.” Tyler was another of the jocks on the football team, one of Bradley’s tall white

accomplices who seemed to have it out for Gabriel.

Gripping the handle, Ahmad almost climbed into his locker. He almost squeezed himself into a frightened ball while the more popular students strolled by. Outraged for even considering it, he slammed the door shut. It made a loud ringing sound. "I'm not hiding in my own locker. We're men, damn it!"

"They're probably going to cram us in there anyway!" protested Gabriel.

"Are you going to spend the rest of your life running away from people bigger and stronger than you?"

"Actually, I was only planning on it until finishing high school."

"You might be scared of Bradley, or Tyler, or any of those creatine-doping assholes. But I'm not!"

Gabriel looked again, and his eyes widened. "It's your funeral!" He crawled backwards into his locker and swung the door shut on himself.

Ahmad stared at the little grate on the front of Gabriel's locker, hoping his friend could see how disappointed he was. They were two of the smartest seniors. Why should they cower and hide from a bunch of underachieving idiots?

"If it ain't my favorite little buddy!" shouted Bradley, strutting up to his locker. "What's wrong, no sidekick today?"

Bradley and his muscular friends crowded around Ahmad. Backed against his locker, he had to crane his neck to look at them. He hated how some boys grew so tall through no effort of their own, yet reaped the rewards all the same. It made the girls of the group—Brittany, Jenny, and Prisha—hover around them like flies.

"What do you want, Brad?"

"Come on, that's no way to greet a friend." Bradley planted a hand on Ahmad's locker, next to his head. He whispered, "Better start showing some respect. Wouldn't want the whole school to know who's fucking your mommy, would we?"

You haven't fucked my mom, and you never will. Ahmad wanted to beat him over the head with those words, but he wasn't about to expose himself. Especially not with the girls watching! "What's going on?" he said, more amicably.

"That's better." Bradley dropped his arm. "We were just talking about how many guys got out of those fucking cock cages. Didn't you hear? The rest of the football team got chosen after this last wave."

"That can't be true," Ahmad blurted out. "The statistical probability of the entire football team being chosen infinitesimally small." The jocks looked at one another, confused. "That means

it's mathematically impossible!"

Bradley grabbed his crotch. "Does it look like my dick cares about math?"

Even the girls laughed at his stupid, unfunny joke. Ahmad was surprised. He had been on friendly terms with all three of them at one point or another. He knew they were far too intelligent to find joy in such immature antics. It must be natural, he supposed, for teenage girls to submit to social pressure. Perhaps living with his mother had given him unrealistic expectations of women.

Ahmad wondered: could Bradley be telling the truth? He wasn't the sort of person to check out other guys' packages, not even in the locker room. Averting his eyes, he couldn't help but steal a glance. To his amazement, not one of the football players showed the telltale nub of a chastity cage. Their bulges were huge and loose, like they had collectively decided not to wear underwear that morning.

His nostrils flared. How was it possible that he and Gabriel, two of the hardest-working students in the entire school, who achieved close to perfect grades, and never missed a day of class, were still virgins locked in chastity cages while these lazy assholes got to experience all the pleasures of the opposite sex? Having a freed cock meant being assigned to a fertile woman through the Advanced Fertility Program. It meant crawling between a woman's legs, feeling her tight gripping pussy, unloading deep inside her. And when she got pregnant, both participants received a hefty paycheck from the government!

If that wasn't bad enough, the rotten jerks got to fool around with the girls at school, too! Something had to be wrong with the way the Artificial Intelligence selected suitable candidates. He felt it was his civic responsibility to bring this to the authorities' attention, but who could he tell? The police? His state senator? He couldn't even remember her name.

Bradley said, "We got to talking and came up with a fun little bet. Did the smartest kid in school get his cock freed or not?"

"No shot!" said Tyler. "Could you imagine Ahmad fathering children? He barely looks grown-up himself."

Snickering, Bradley rewarded his participation with a loud high-five.

Ahmad lowered his head. The bastard knew he hadn't been chosen. He was toying with him. "I—I don't think it's anyone's business to know my status," he said. "That's between me and the government."

The group booed and laughed. A few of them rolled their eyes.

"Don't be such a pussy," said Bradley. "All the guys here served their time. Nothing embarrassing about that. Ain't that right, boys?"

The jocks hooted in agreement. Like a flock of sheep, the girls joined in too.

“I think he totally got picked,” said Brittany, twirling a lock of platinum blonde hair around her finger. “I mean, he’s like, the smartest kid in school.”

Ahmad knew her ditziness was nothing more than an act. He’d seen the girl reading *Proust*, for God’s sake!

“What’s she like, Ahmad?” she asked.

“Who do you mean?”

“You know, the woman you got matched with!” Brittany grinned knowingly. “You got some smart rich lady, didn’t you? Like a college professor or an engineer or a scientist. You’re going to make such smart babies with her!”

“I don’t think so,” said Jenny, a tiny Chinese girl whose mandarin accent hadn’t faded despite having lived in America for years. “Ahmad get matched with dumb old hag. America have low I.Q. problem. Need smart baby to fix.” Her little flower petal lips grinned. “You white boys not do good job.”

The girls tittered in agreement, much to the annoyance of the academically challenged jocks.

“Let’s not be rude,” said Prisha diplomatically, with a slight bob of her head. “Whether Ahmad wants to tell us or not should be up to him.”

Ahmad was relieved that Prisha was on his side. He didn’t miss how the girl’s dark hand clung to Bradley’s shirt sleeve, however. It was surprising and a little hurtful that she had grown close to his bully. He had considered her a friend back in freshman year. Despite being from different cultures, something as simple as sharing a similar skin tone was enough to bring them together.

Then something changed in the daughter of humble South Asian immigrants. Her accent thinned out. She started styling her hair and wearing heavy western make-up. Her skirts inched higher while the neckline of her blouses plunged. The girl had filled out nicely since then. She had a cute little belly and impractically wide hips that demanded attention wherever she went. Her large mouth was always slightly ajar, making her look absent-minded.

Her change in appearance also came with a change in social circle. Ahmad couldn’t fathom what caused intelligent young women to turn into such obedient bimbos. It wasn’t like the dullards of the football team were particularly clever or interesting. Most of them weren’t even middle-class, so it wasn’t the money that drew them in. Yet Bradley had the girl hanging off his arm!

Ahmad wondered just how many raunchy sexual acts the young Indian girl had experienced by now. He hated the way her dark skin contrasted against Bradley’s pale ruddy complexion. He was by no means racist, but it struck him as deeply unfair, an injustice even, that some asshole white teenager had access to sex from multiple women of different races. Wasn’t Prisha enough for him? Why was he so hellbent on fucking his mother, too?

Ahmad's cock twitched in its cage, but he couldn't blame himself for that. He hadn't had an orgasm in so damn long!

"I've got an idea," Bradley said. "If Ahmad doesn't want to tell us, why don't we have him show us instead?"

"You are so bad!" Prisha slapped Bradley's bicep. "Just leave him alone. He said he doesn't want to."

"Who cares what the loser wants?"

Ahmad forced himself to chuckle, hiding his disgust. It was one of the most honest things Bradley had ever said. It took a special kind of evil to find such pleasure in the suffering of others. Ahmad, by comparison, wanted harmony and peace for all of the world's inhabitants. His personal desires were simple, a happy and sexually fulfilling life with the woman he loved. Bradley wanted to steal that away from him. He wanted to trample and spit on—*and cum inside*—the one thing Ahmad cared about. He would gladly destroy everything he loved for a few short moments of pleasure. They truly were two different breeds of humans. "Very funny, Brad," he said "Well, I better get to the cafeteria..."

"Oh no you don't." Bradley shoved him effortlessly back into place. "You're not going anywhere until we've settled this bet."

Prisha stuck out her big lower lip. "Don't be mean. Ahmad isn't like you brutes. He's a good boy."

"I'm not being mean," said Bradley. "This is, how do you call it, a scientific investigation!"

"You mean a scientific inquiry," Ahmad corrected him.

"Whatever, brainiac. You going to show us or not?"

Ahmad almost told him to screw off, to shove his little wagger where the sun doesn't shine. But the girls were watching, and there was a twinkle in their eyes. It was something more than mockery, more than derision. They were all intelligent young women, he knew. That meant they respected him for his academic performance—at least to some extent. Women cared about that sort of thing. His mother told him so.

To tell the truth was to admit: *I've still got a cage around my little cock. I can't get hard. I can't cum. I'm not in the same genetic tier as these assholes who get to fuck and unload inside women every night.*

He couldn't admit that.

Not in a thousand years he could admit that!

"There's nothing to show," he said. "Yes I was chosen, and I'm perfectly happy about it." The lie sounded less convincing out loud. He hoped it was enough for Bradley to drop the whole

thing. “Now, if you don’t mind. I’m getting hungry.”

The boys of the football team blocked his path.

“I don’t believe it,” said one of the jocks.

“Me neither,” said another.

Smirking, Bradley seemed to be announcing to the world when he said, “Then there’s only one way to know for sure.”

“No, no…” Ahmad hated the way they were smirking down at him. Those were dangerous smiles.

The football players began to chant, “Show us! Show us! Show us!”

“Bradley, stop them, please,” begged Prisha, squeezing his thick forearm. Ahmad noticed that her mouth was open wider than usual, and she wasn’t trying all that hard to hold him back.

Panicking, Ahmad’s hands went to his belt, making sure it was fastened tight.

He had an idea of what was coming next.

A huge white hand grabbed his arm— then another his shoulder — his hips — his neck. All of a sudden he was boxed in by the snickering football players, crushed against his locker like a helpless bug. He squirmed as he felt his belt slide from his trousers. If only he was bigger and stronger! Why hadn’t he started visiting the gym like he planned?

“W-wait a sec! You—you—you can’t just—”

Someone grabbed the back of his trousers. No, that wasn’t it. They were holding his boxer briefs!

Ahmad gasped as the front of his underwear compressed at the crotch, crushing his chastity cage and his delicate balls. Then it pulled up at the rear, digging into his backside. His legs went cold—his trousers had been yanked to his ankles!

It dawned on him what they were doing.

They were giving him a wedgie.

He was eighteen years old, soon to be married, and getting his asscrack flossed at school!

Ahmad swung his arms blindly as his boxer briefs dug in, burning his skin. His fist connect with someone’s face and elicited a loud grunt. Suddenly his arms were grabbed, contorted, and forced down the waistband of his underpants, hands sticking out of the leg holes. He tried to free them, but the fabric was taut to the point of crushing. He was completely trapped!

Then something strange happened. He began to float upward, feet lifting off the ground. Then the jocks were backing away, trying their best to restrain their amusement. For the first time, he was able to see over their heads. Hundreds of students filled the hallway, putting their things away, chattering with each other, heading to lunch. A few heads were starting to turn, noticing what was going on. Laughter began to spread through the crowd.

Glancing over his shoulder, Ahmad saw that the waistband of his boxers was hooked on the corner of his locker door. He was hanging from his underwear! The thin fabric was skintight around his crotch, exposing the shape of his small chastity cage.

The girls were speechless until Brittany let out a snort. Then they burst into laughter. Jenny threw herself against Tyler's shoulder, covering her delicate mouth. The boy was wiping a bloody nose, but that didn't stop him from joining them. His large hand squeezed the Chinese girl's skinny hip.

Ahmad met Prisha's big dark eyes. Surely she would try to talk some sense into them! She had to. Otherwise the whole student body would see what was going on. Her big teeth flashed in a mischievous smile. It wasn't an expression he had seen her make before. Coming up to Ahmad, she flicked his chastity cage. The pain made him whimper.

"It looks like we have our answer," she said to Bradley. "I told you he would be locked up! Now you have to do everything I say for the rest of the day!"

Bradley pretended to groan. "Aw, man! See what you've gotten me into, Ahmad?"

The group began chatting among themselves, losing interest in the bullying session. Like it was just another part of a routine school day.

Ahmad's cheeks burned hotter than his asscrack. "Brad, can I have a word?"

Bradley leaned close. "Make it quick, dweeb. I'm hungry."

"You've had your fun," Ahmad whispered, "now let me down before this gets out of hand!"

There was wickedness in his eyes. "Tell me I can fuck your mom tonight and you've got a deal."

Something in Ahmad snapped. That was HIS woman. She was HIS wife. Bradley had no right to think of having sex with her! "Fuck you," he growled. "You'll never have sex with her, you hear me? Never!"

Bradley tossed back his head and laughed. "We'll see about that. See you tonight, little guy." He sauntered off with that dumb Indian bimbo clinging onto his arm. God, how Ahmad hated her...and wanted fuck her too! As if to prove his superiority, Bradley's hand slipped from her waist and rested on the upper curve of her asscheek. The girl stood up straight, but didn't stop him. "Let's get to lunch," he said. "I'm fucking starving."

"His cock look so tiny!" muttered Jenny as they walked away, clinging to the arm of her own

tall white partner. “Smaller than men in China...”

Ahmad’s jaw dropped. They were seriously going to leave him hanging there! He swung his legs in desperation, but it only made the wedgie deeper, more painful. “Great joke guys, but you can seriously let me down now!” He watched the group disappear down the hallway. “Guys?”

He swung his heel to kick at the locker, but the door only swung on its hinge. “Gabriel, get the fuck out of there and help me down. Hurry up!”

“Me?” said Gabriel, voice muffled. “I was going to ask *you* for help! I’m stuck in here, dude. I think the latch is busted.”

Ahmad wanted to cry as he dangled by his boxer briefs for several agonizing minutes. He pulled helplessly at his bondage as countless students walked by. Most of the younger girls ran off giggling, but a few laughed shamelessly at his little predicament. When they started snapping photos of his boxer-brief-wrapped cock cage, all he could do was close his eyes, trying to hide from his own shame.

He wanted to beg for help. He wanted to disappear. He wanted to die from embarrassment.

Then he heard the voice of the girl whose opinion mattered the most.

“Ahmad?” gasped Hazel.

Lowering his hands, he saw her horn-rimmed glasses, her flush freckled cheeks, her braided pigtails. The shocked look on her face as her books slipped from her arms, scattering everywhere. Lydia “Lids” Morales, Hazel’s best friend, was standing beside her, a huge smile on her face. It took one look at Ahmad’s crotch for the neo-punk to drop to her knees, slapping the floor with laughter.

After a few seconds of hopeless struggling, Ahmad couldn’t take it anymore. “Guys, I think I need some help getting down from here.”