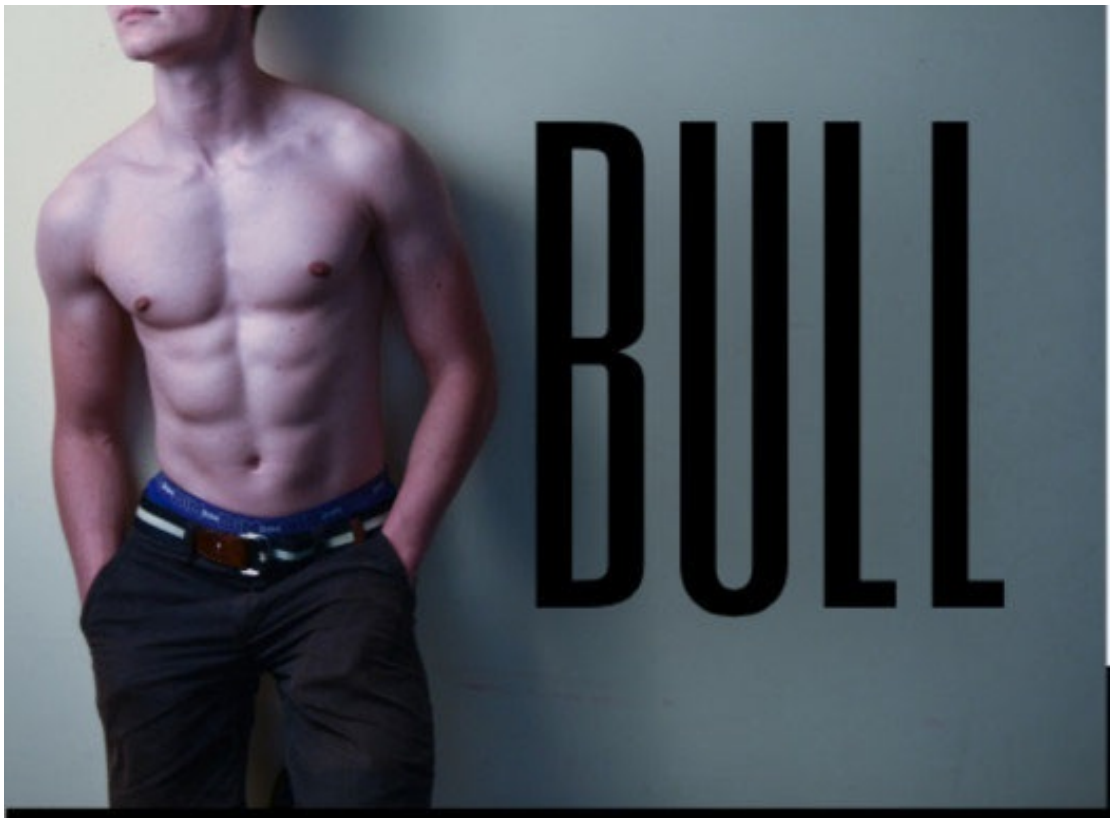


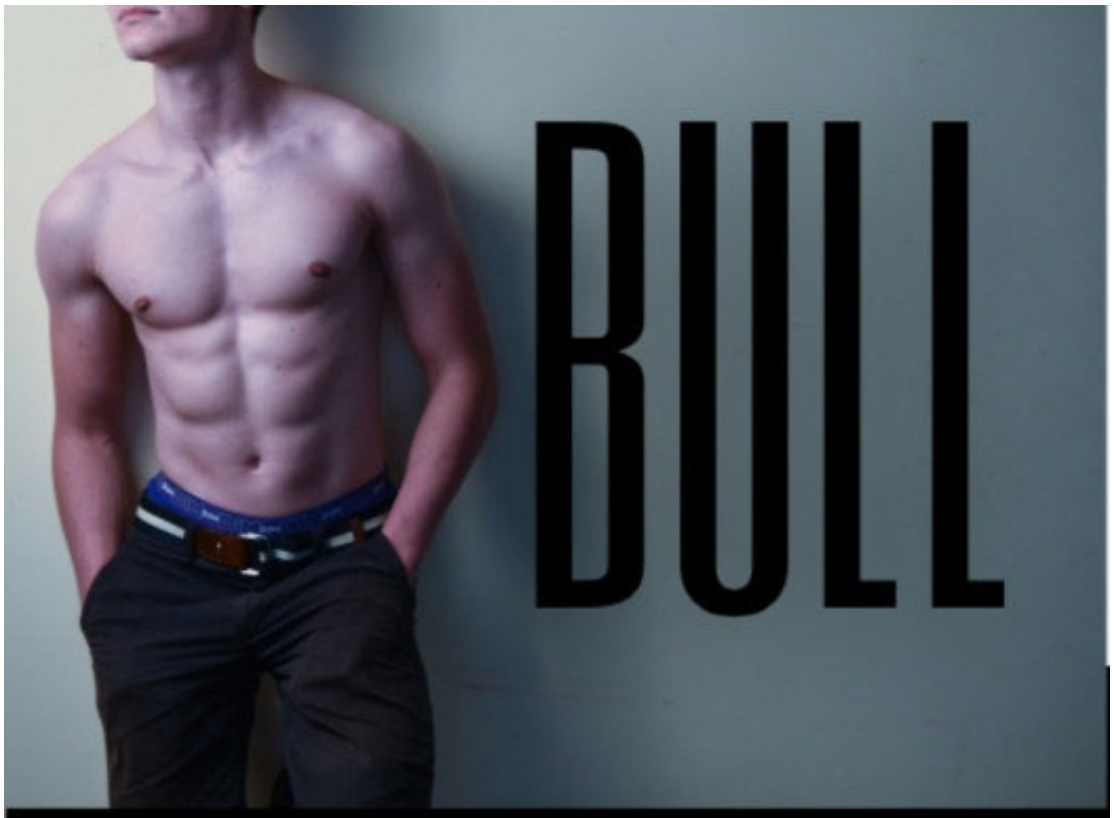
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4: OVERCOME

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING AND CUCKOLDRY

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bush Publishing



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An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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BULL 4: Overcome

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Chapter 14

Diane told me to text you to thank you for a great night. She's a wonderful wife and I'm lucky to have her around to remind me to do thank you notes.

She's also a fantastic hotwife, but you already know that.

I hope we can do it again sometime. Sometime soon.

I looked at the very long text message from Jimmy and I didn't know what to think.

First off, he wrote it like he was writing a formal message on parchment using a fountain pen instead of a text message on a cell phone.

Second, it was just plain weird getting a thank you message from someone thanking me for fucking his wife.

Third, I wasn't too certain on how I felt about Jimmy sucking my cock. True, it happened alongside of Diane while I was having sex with her, but still.

Fourth, I sort of liked it.

It wasn't that I needed to scrub the images of Jimmy sucking my cock out of my mind, but I needed to do something.

The obvious choice was to assert my masculinity and find a willing woman to fuck me like a plain vanilla couple that had been married too long, but not so long that they were looking to spice things up.

I called Tasha, the horse girl.

“What kind of animal in this day and age actually makes a personal phone call?” she asked upon answering my call.

“What kind of person actually answers that call?” I threw back at her.

Since we were two of few full-time (more or less) employees of the McCarthy estate, we had each other’s numbers. It also made hooking up a lot easier, which was something we did far too often than was good for either of us.

“Why are you bothering me?” she asked.

“I’ve got some free time,” I said. “Want to grab something to eat and then come back to our place of employment and fuck in the middle of the living room?”

There wasn’t any reason to spend time pretending I wanted to do anything other than fuck Tasha. She knew the score. We didn’t have a relationship. We had sex.

“Horny, are you?” she asked.

“Always. Are you looking to hop on some big cock?”

“Maybe.”

“I can’t work with maybe.”

“I’m a little tied up right now.”

Immediately an image of Tasha bound to a bed while her lover pounded her pussy or ate her twat flashed into my head. I didn’t know who her lover might be. I didn’t know how she could answer a phone call if she was tied up, but those little details didn’t matter to me.

“This afternoon?” I suggested. “This evening?”

“Christ! You must be horny. Isn’t your slutty side piece giving you any?”

“She’s a hotwife, not my sidepiece,” I immediately corrected Tasha. “And she’s giving me plenty.” My voice came out much more resentful than I intended.

“Okay. Geez. I forgot the lingo. You’re the bull. I bet that makes you feel good to hear. Hung like an animal and all that.”

“Are you done being insulting?” I asked her, regretting that I had made the call in the first place.

“Ummm...I’ve had bigger than you,” she teased.

“I bet you have.”

“How about around five?”

“What?”

“I’m busy most of the day, but I’ll drop by at five and we can fuck.”

“No dinner first?” I asked.

“I don’t need romance. You certainly don’t need to cook me a meal. We’re never going to be in a relationship so you can keep your chef skills to yourself.”

“Five it is then,” I agreed. “I’ll bring the extra large condoms.”

“Don’t you want to shoot your load all over my face?”

Actually, I didn’t, but I didn’t tell her that.

Then I had to call Diane, because it was just rude to ignore her husband’s message and yet I couldn’t compel myself to reply to him directly.

I just got a thank you message from Jimmy

It was weird

It took her a few minutes to reply.

Weird or bad?

I thought about that for a minute.

I’ve just never received a thank you note from someone for fucking their wife

before

He's very polite

And I told him to do it

Ah. I see.

...said the blind man.

Anyway, he wants to do it again soon

He said as much to me

So when do you want to do it again?

He's really into being humiliated by your big cock.

Isn't that true of all cuckolds?

Her answer was revealing.

I suppose

But he's a doctor and he's supposed to be in charge all the time in his practice and the operating room

Being a cuckold gives him the chance to not have to be in control all the time

I almost felt sorry for him.

Almost.

The thing about working for the McCarthys is that I was supposed to periodically walk through the house and make sure everything was in place. There was a maid service that came in twice a week to clean. All they ever did was dust.

Tasha and I were going to make them earn their money this week because I had her bent over the expensive leather couch fucking her as hard as I could.

She was screaming with every thrust.

I liked that. She had declined a nice meal beforehand so we went right to the living room, made out for a minute before I stripped off her clothes (horse riding gear, of course) and went down on her.

From there it went quickly to normal sex between a man and a woman copulating in the middle of a living room bent over a couch.

She wasn't going to make me use a condom, but I thought better of it. I figured she didn't want to get pregnant, but there was no way of being sure. Plus, she was as big a slut as I was. Who knew what diseases we were carrying?

I held onto her ass cheeks. The little brown pucker of her asshole beckoned to me. Gripping her ass, I ran my thumb over her back entrance.

"You want to fuck my ass?" she offered.

I considered it. Maybe I hadn't given anal enough of a chance with Diane.

"No thanks."

"You sure?" She wiggled her butt at me. "It's been a while since I've done that. Might be fun to change it up."

I stopped moving with my cock all the way inside her. "I just wanted a nice, normal fuck today," I complained to her and pulled out.

"Don't get all pissy," she snapped at me. "I was just giving you an option. What's your problem?"

"Nothing," I replied sulkily.

"Then fuck me and make me cum. If you can, you can shoot your load all over my ass."

I didn't want to do that. Still, I fucked her, made her cum with the active

application of a finger to her clit, and then I came in her, my cum being contained by the condom.

We slid to the seating surface of the couch and held each other for a minute. We could argue, but we still liked the afterburn of sex.

“That wasn’t great,” she told me.

“What?”

“I’ve had better sex,” she said sitting up and looking around for her clothes.

“Gee...thanks.”

She shrugged. That motion did wonderful things for her tits. I stared blatantly.

“It’s the truth.”

I sighed. “Sorry. I’m off my game.”

“What’s bothering you?” she asked and as I was about to speak she held up a hand of caution. “Just remember, I only hook up with you for the sex. I’m not a therapist.”

I nodded. “Fine.” Then I launched into my tale of woe. “I fucked Diane again. This time with her husband. The sex was good. Great even.”

“So what’s the problem?”

“He sucked my cock while she watched.”

Tasha just stared at me. “And?” she prompted.

“And that’s it. It was more than a little weird to have a man suck my cock.”

She smiled. “You liked it,” she accused me.

I didn’t try to deny it, but I gave an explanation. “He was good at it. Very good.”

“So Diane’s husband is gay, no, wait, he’s bi.”

“I guess.”

She snickered. “You’re worried about getting the bi label. Trust me, it’s not a bad thing to be. Everyone seems like they’re a potential date.”

“I’m not bi!” I protested a little too loudly.

“Say it louder. The gardener didn’t hear you.”

“I’m not,” I said in a more normal tone of voice.

“Says the man who had his dick sucked by his lover’s husband.”

“Stop it!” Now I was pissed. She had been slowly dressing while we talked. I jumped up and yanked on my clothes as quickly as possible.

“I’m just teasing.”

“Well...I’m not sure I should have fucked Diane. Or had my dick sucked by Jimmy.”

She shrugged. “You’re the only one who cares.”

“She wants to do it again,” I told Tasha.

“Hot damn. Go for it! Crazy upper-middle class sex with a couple trying to spice things up is the best!”

“How would you know?”

She snickered. “Trust me. Or have you forgotten that I fucked Diane as well?”

“You’re useless for good advice.”

“Ask me about good horse grooming practices then.”

Chapter 15

That's how I found myself back in a hotel room with Diane and Jimmy on Friday night. When she wanted to set up the date, I asked her who was going to watch their kids. It wasn't any business of mine, but it was nagging at me.

"Courtney is fifteen. She's watching Jake."

"She's fifteen?" I was a bit stunned.

"Yes. I had her when I was fifteen. I'm only thirty, don't you know," Diane joked. She had kids young, but not that young.

I knew that Diane was younger than her husband, but I didn't like to be reminded of it. I shouldn't have asked in the first place.

I supposed that a fifteen year old was competent enough to watch a younger brother for a few hours while their parents snuck off to have kinky, illicit sex with a near-stranger.

"Do you like watching?" Diane asked as she unslung her large shoulder bag and tossed it on the bed. She was nicely arranged in a pretty dress. It wasn't a come-fuck-me dress, but it clung to her in all the right places. Jimmy was trying to look like a golf pro in a sports jacket, polo shirt, and khakis.

I felt under-dressed in my jeans and t-shirt. I told her, "I like having sex. If I wanted to watch people have sex, I'd have stayed home and put porn on my laptop."

Diane frowned. "Well, I promised Jimmy that we could have anal sex tonight."

The two of them looked at each other sharing a secret in-joke that I wasn't part of.

"I'm not into anal, you know that."

"But I am," said Diane. She nudged Jimmy.

"I like it too," he said with a little too much enthusiasm.

Diane went into her shoulder bag and pulled out several sex toys. That was when I got it.

After kicking off her high heels, Diane hiked her dress up over her hips as she stepped into the harness she had brought along. Off to the side I could see that Jimmy was undressing, but I didn't watch him.

"Help a girl?" Diane asked me.

I couldn't say no.

I held up her dress as she positioned the harness around her hips. She didn't bother to remove the lacy thong she was wearing. She didn't take off her thigh high stockings either. This was a game to her and Jimmy. And I was being forced to play along; I didn't have a choice.

The harness had a large realistically shaped dildo attached to it. When the harness was in place it projected out from her crotch. It could have been a real cock...except it was bright pink.

And it was smaller than my cock. For some odd reason that made me feel more secure in myself.

After a long moment of staring at her girlcock a thought occurred to me. What did she intend to use that girlcock for exactly?

I know she saw my stare, but she turned her head to look at her husband. "Are you ready yet, dear?" she asked him.

Looking over to Jimmy, I took a second to compose myself. Jimmy was naked. He was still in good shape for a man of his age, no belly and still some good muscle definition. He shaved his chest and pubes, leaving his torso bare, which was only better to show off his caged cock.

It hung limply from his crotch. A small piece of meat encased in a steel cage. I could see the pinkness of his flesh through the bars. I wondered if he was trying to get hard or if he was to that point in his life where his cock didn't bother reacting when he was caged.

"Almost," he told her. "Do you want me to take it out, or do you want to do

that?” Jimmy walked with some confidence to the bed and crawled on it, getting onto all fours.

I knew what was going to happen, especially when I saw the flash of pink between his cheeks.

“Grab me a towel from the bathroom?” Diane asked me as she reached behind her back and unzipped her dress, letting it fall to the floor. It briefly snagged on her girlcock, but eventually gravity took over. This left her in high heels, thigh high stockings, her lacy thong, and a rather elaborate bra that seemed more complicated than necessary.

I hurried to get the towel for her. I was curious as to exactly where this was going.

By the time I got back to the bed, she was already pulling on the pink base to the buttplug that was shoved up his ass. I was surprised that Jimmy had given no indication he was wearing the device. I wasn’t surprised that he had the cage on. From what I gathered of their relationship, Jimmy wore the cage all the time.

“Just relax, baby,” she said to him.

“I know,” he mumbled as she pulled.

I watched, fascinated, as the plug slowly came out of his ass. His anus was tightly puckered around the device and it opened up and seemed to keep opening up as the toy expanded while Diane pulled.

I became alarmed at what I was seeing. Jimmy made some vague noises that could have been vocalizations of pleasure or indicators of pain. It was impossible to tell.

Glancing once at Diane, she had a smile firmly affixed on her face. Clearly she wasn’t worried and neither was Jimmy otherwise he would have said something. After all, it had to come out eventually, didn’t it?

Eventually the toy crowned and it suddenly slipped all the way out. I moved next to Diane and she placed the toy on the white towel. It was covered with a clear lubricant and nothing else.

Jimmy let out a relieved moan as the toy was set aside.

“Did you like wearing that, baby?” Diane all but cooed at him.

“You know I did,” he replied.

“Are you ready for me?”

“I couldn’t be more ready.”

“Give me a minute. Justin, would you hand me the lube?” She pointed to the large bottle she had laid out on the bed just out of her reach.

I was supposed to be in charge. I was the bull, but I did her bidding anyway. I wanted to see where this was going.

Diane had her hands on her husband’s hips as he stayed on all fours on the bed. She was standing on the floor behind him. She could have taken the initiative but instead let me do all the work.

I was more willing to do the work than I wanted to admit.

“Give me a hand and lube me up,” she said with a wink.

I didn’t know what the wink meant, but I knew what she was asking. Pouring some lube on my hand, I grabbed her girlcock and greased it up. I was no anal sex expert, but I knew that more was better than less when it came to getting pegged.

As I was working on her fake cock, Diane took the bottle from me, poured lube on Jimmy’s back entrance, and smeared it around.

“Ready?” she asked again.

“Yes.”

“Good boy,” she said softly as she took the slippery cock in hand and pressed the head against his forbidden entrance. She had to use very little pressure and it went right in. The buttplug had more than adequately prepared him.

She went in almost all the way on her first thrust causing her to giggle with

delight, possibly from the moan that Jimmy let out.

“He loves to be pegged,” she told me.

I just nodded.

“I can make him cum this way,” she bragged. “No hands needed. He has a very sensitive prostate, don’t you, dear?”

“Uh-huh,” he moaned.

I couldn’t help myself. I had to watch. I had to keep looking. As she started pumping her hips back and forth, fucking him like a man, I could just barely see the thick silver ring that went behind his balls, holding his cock cage in place. It had to be painful to wear that thing and want to get hard and not be able to, all while getting fucked.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck,” Jimmy started chanting over and over.

“I don’t know why more women don’t peg their husbands and boyfriends,” she said to me almost conversationally. “It’s a great workout for the abs.” She looked pointedly at my waist. I was still fully dressed. She must have gotten off on performing for me. “Maybe that’s why I lust after men with six-packs.”

I had a decent six-pack myself. It wasn’t bodybuilder-like definition, but it was decent enough.

“Why don’t you get undressed?” she asked me as her hips continued to go back and forth. “I’m going to make him cum in a minute and I’m still going to be horny.”

“But he’s caged,” I pointed out even as I started undressing.

She didn’t stop thrusting. I admired that. “He can still cum.”

“Okay…”

I just watched. What else was there to do but watch them?

I’ll admit it. It sort of turned me on to watch her fuck his ass. Not that I wanted

her to fuck my ass, but it was hot.

Anyway, my cock got hard. Not rock hard, but hard enough.

Then Jimmy started grunting in that all too familiar tone. I knew he was beyond the point of no return. I had to stop myself from laying on the bed to get a better look at his caged cock because I wanted to see it...but at the same time, there was no way I wanted to see it.

I certainly didn't want to go through it myself.

I did move to the side for a better look. I could see his metal covered cock flopping around with every thrust from Diane. He lasted a few more seconds before he hit the wall. The noise he made was a long, deep whine.

Then I saw his spunk spilling all over the hotel bed's comforter. There was definitely going to be a cleaning charge added.

I was surprised he could force out semen being caged. I was also surprised at the sheer volume of what came out of him. I didn't want to think too deeply about it, but he produced as much as I could. Probably more.

"You like that baby? Your useless cock doing something?" asked Diane.

"Oh fuck. Oh yes. More. Please. More." He was nearly in tears and Diane didn't stop abusing his asshole.

It kept coming and coming. At least it seemed that way.

Eventually she stopped fucking him and slid her girlcock out of his ass. Seeing me watching she gave me a triumphant grin. "Like what you see? I'd be happy to do the same to you."

Her girlcock was slick with the lube I had applied to it. "No thank you," I said quickly.

"Your loss," she said with a shrug and slapped her husband's ass, which was still up in the air. "Did you enjoy it, honey?"

"Uh-huh," he groaned into the bed covers.

“He’s been such a good boy this past week. He deserved a good pegging as a reward.”

“How the fuck did he cum in the cage?” I asked.

Diane laughed and Jimmy rolled to his side, half embarrassed at what I had just witnessed. “Tell him, dear.”

Jimmy met my gaze for just half a second and then looked away. “You’ve never been pegged or used a buttplug?”

“No,” I said as quickly as possible.

“I can’t really describe it, man.” In his post-orgasmic bliss, Jimmy had slid into an almost slacker-like casual mode of speaking. “When your prostate gets stimulated, it’s an orgasm unlike anything else. Every guy should try it more than once. I have a colleague who is a proctologist and I’ve always wanted to ask him if he ever managed to make a patient cum when doing a prostate check.”

“Inappropriate,” his wife reprimanded him.

“Anyway,” he said, ignoring Diane’s comment, “the cage keeps me from getting a real erection, but at the same time, when I’m getting pegged, there’s the body’s need to orgasm. I don’t stay completely soft, but I don’t get completely hard inside the cage either.”

“There’s a bit of room to grow,” Diane interjected.

“And when I’m getting fucked, getting pegged, the prostate is stimmed enough where I can ejaculate but not really cum. Or not fully cum.”

“Keeps him on edge,” added Diane.

“Weird,” was my assessment.

“Enough chit chat,” said Diane as she stripped off her strapon harness and posed in front of me with her big tits and a saucy tilt of her hips. “I need you to fuck me now.” She was looking directly at me when she spoke and didn’t wait for an answer before telling her husband to get off the bed. He quickly complied, dragging the soiled bedspread with him. “Get your pants off,” she added, turning

back to me.

I kicked off my shoes and dropped my pants with my underwear, releasing my huge cock.

“Oh...yum,” was Diane’s comment before she went to her knees in front of me and started sucking.

I didn’t need her to give me head, but I wasn’t going to push her away either.

Jimmy joined her and before I knew it, he had my balls in his mouth. Their work together on oral sex was impressive. It was like they had done this many times before.

It probably had been done many times before and they hadn’t told me the full truth of their sexual shenanigans.

I should have protested, but Jimmy had already blown me once and he did an excellent job of it. Together, their mouth work was incredible.

Abruptly Diane pulled back and pushed Jimmy away. “You aren’t going to cum, are you?” she asked. She was using her thumb to press on the underside of my cock to prevent inadvertent ejaculation.

“I’m close,” I admitted. I was closer than I was letting on. I wanted to cum in her mouth. I wanted to see her snowball it back into Jimmy’s mouth.

I was sure that he’d like that.

Backing up to the bed, Diane lay back on the smooth sheet and scooted back until she was in the middle, her legs spread, her knees bent, her pussy exposed, and lust in her eyes.

“Fuck me,” she said.

“Just like that?” I asked as I approached her on the bed, crawling on top of her.

“Just...like...that,” she answered, catching my cock with her hand and guiding it to her pussy. She should have been dry, barely able to be entered, but I found her nether lips swollen and her opening oozing amrita.

“You’re so wet…”

“Pegging Jimmy gets me going,” she said, adjusting my angle allowing me to penetrate her. She groaned in the back of her throat.

I moaned along with her.

“This is so dirty,” she whispered in my ear, teasing. “Missionary position like God intended. My husband watching us…”

“Like God intended?” I questioned her as I pulled back and thrusted all the way in. She squealed in delight.

“Exactly. When you’ve destroyed me with your cum, he’s going to get on his knees and pray at my temple of Venus.”

Just the idea of watching Jimmy eat my cum out of her pussy made my cock throb.

I fucked her harder.

She loved it.

If Jimmy had an opinion on what was going on, he didn’t let on. I was ignoring him.

Her words were a little refined and fancy for my taste, but maybe it was a practiced speech. Maybe it was something that got Jimmy hot and bothered. I don’t know.

I wanted to last longer. Normally I could. I didn’t get off on women suffering from having my big dick in their pussies so that was easy to extend my time, but I was already so keyed up that it just wasn’t going to happen.

“I’m gonna…” I started to warn her.

“Cum in me,” she begged. “Fill up my dirty cunt.”

That’s all it took. I thrusted two more times and then unleashed inside of her. Me cumming was apparently what she needed. I felt her pussy tighten up on me and

flash hot. It felt like her pussy was milking me. I couldn’t stop cumming.

I didn’t want to stop cumming.

Eventually I fell atop her in an exhausted sweaty mess.

It was nice.

Diane kept her hands running up and down my back, gripping my ass, just enjoying the afterglow.

All good things come to an end and my big cock was slowly shrinking. I wanted to stay inside of her forever.

“You need to get off me,” she said.

I groaned in complaint but eventually complied.

Diane lowered one knee just enough for me to roll off her, but immediately put it back up and tilted her pelvis upwards. “What are you waiting for?” she asked.

It took me a second to realize she wasn’t talking to me.

Jimmy took my place between her legs, but not with his cock. With his face. He started lapping at her pussy, getting everything he wanted.

“Don’t waste it,” she cautioned him.

Jimmy nodded and made a loud slurping noise. Then, instead of swallowing he crawled up her body and she opened her mouth. A second later he was kissing her. I knew he was passing my cum to her, letting her have my cum and her amrita on his lips and tongue.

It was intense and kinky and I didn’t know what to fully think of it.

My cock twitched in response, but I didn’t get hard. That wasn’t my kink.

It was close, but I had just cum and I didn’t need to fuck Diane again right away.

I wouldn’t have turned down a blowjob, though.

When they were done with him cleaning her pussy and feeding her my cum, I just shook my head. “I can’t believe what I get up to with you guys.”

Diane licked her lips. “There’s so much more for us to do.”

“I’m not sure I want to,” I said cautiously.

Always willing to push the envelope, Diane gave me her wicked glance and said, “Why don’t you clean off Justin’s cock and we’ll see how things go from there.”

I didn’t say no.

Chapter 16

“I have an unusual request.”

“All of your requests are unusual,” Tasha said to me.

“True enough,” I nodded. “Do you want to hear it or not?”

We were eating breakfast together. It had been over a week since I had last fucked Diane. She only seemed to need my services—and my cock—every two weeks or so. Tasha needed sex more often than that. She was still dating on her many apps, but not successfully. When a date went bad, she came to my place and fucked my brains out.

I didn’t mind.

She often spent the night.

Tasha shrugged. She was wearing a thin robe that she had found in my room. I had no recollection of buying or acquiring the robe. However it had arrived in my possession, it was a good thing. I could clearly see the outline and color of her nipples through it. “Sure. Ask. I want to know what your fucked-up girlfriend wants to do now.”

“She’s not my girlfriend,” I said quickly.

“Okay, your lover,” she said, overly stressing the word. “Your slam piece. Your side piece. The hotwife you’re bulling.”

I sighed. I didn’t want to start a fight with Tasha. What did we have to fight about? We weren’t a couple. We would never be a couple. I just needed her for some sexual hijinks.

“Jimmy and Diane want to know if you would like to have a foursome,” I just said without further context.

She blinked at me and waited a moment. “You and me and them?” she clarified.

“Yes.”

“Why me?”

“Because you and I have fucked Diane together.”

“They could find other women.”

“True,” I agreed.

“So why me?”

“Why not? You have someone else you’re fucking?”

“Besides you?”

“Yes.”

“Occasionally.”

I wasn’t sure if she was lying or not, but it wasn’t really my business if she had someone else on the side she was regularly banging.

“Do you want to do it or not?” I asked, turning the conversation back to the point at hand.

She shrugged, which again did wonderful things to her tits. “Maybe. I need more details.”

“Like what?”

“When? Where? Who gets to do what to whom? What do I have to wear? Condoms or not? Bondage? Are we going to do pairings or one big group? Is he going to wear his cock cage?”

“That’s a lot of details.”

“It’s important to work these things out ahead of time.”

“Sort of takes the romance out of it, doesn’t it?”

“Romance?” she giggled. “As if this is about anything other than sex.”

“I’ll ask Diane for the details. Probably we’ll do this at a hotel. Maybe here. Who knows.” I got out of bed. “I’m going to shower. I have to be at the college in an hour.”

Tasha narrowed her eyes at me. “What college?”

“Good ol’ Harvard on the Hudson. I’m teaching an intro to cooking basics class to some prospective students.”

She grinned. “I’ve been fucking a college professor and I didn’t even know it.” She rolled over and wiggled her bare ass at me. “If I’m bad in class will I have to go to detention? Will you paddle me for being bad?”

I just glared at her. “That’s hardly what it’s like,” I told her. “Anyone with a master’s degree, hell, even a bachelor’s degree, can teach at the college. It’s all about supply and demand.”

“When will you have the details for me?”

I sighed. “Tonight...if Diane gets back to me. Why? You want to be the focus of a foursome?”

“I wouldn’t mind that…”

It was less than a week later that I found myself back in the hotel where I had hooked up with Jimmy and Diane before. It got me wondering how many hotel rooms were just used for the evening so couples or groups could fuck in privacy before going home to what passed as normal. It had to be one of the dirty semi-secrets of the hotel and hospitality industry. They never taught me about that in my classes at culinary school even though hotels hire a huge amount of talented chefs.

Tasha was holding my arm as we took the elevator up to the room Diane had rented. My married lover had insisted on getting there before Tasha and me. I had suspicions why, but I didn’t ask the question out loud and Diane wasn’t offering any answers.

It was one of the nicer rooms in a hotel full of nice rooms. At the top of the hotel it had a nice view of the city. One wall was essentially all windows. No balcony, too much risk, but I felt like I could see the entire city.

Diane greeted us at the door in an elaborate outfit. Anyone passing by in the hall could have seen her. She didn't bother to cover up even though she should have. I think that was part of the thrill for Diane.

I didn't ask who was watching the kids. I didn't want or need to know.

She could have been wearing anything, but when she opened the door the first thought in my head was professional dominatrix.

The outfit was all back, which suited her fair skin well. Instead of thigh high stockings, she was wearing knee high black boots. High heeled black boots. Added to that she was wearing a corset that pushed up her big tits and narrowed her waist. It was that sort of shaper. Her panties were fairly conservative, considering the circumstances, black lace that hid everything. It wasn't a thong or g-string. The bit of disconnect was the choker necklace she wore. It wasn't black leather but was more like a strip of ribbon; there was no O-ring where a leash would be attached. Instead there was just a fancy medallion hanging from the tight necklace.

I suppose she could have been wearing a posture collar, full length leather evening gloves, a Merry Widow, and accessorized the whole thing with a whip or paddle, but it was more than striking enough.

I just stared.

It was Tasha who was the first to recover. "I love what you're wearing. It's so naughty!"

Immediately Diane responded to the praise. She wasn't a dominant in anywhere close to the traditional sense if her reaction was to judge. "Thank you. I was nervous about wearing it."

"You look incredible."

The two women embraced and kissed, not on the cheek but on the lips. Sadly,

they didn’t continue any further than that, but I just had to be patient. We hadn’t come here to play bridge and parlor games after all.

Diane ushered us into the large room with its incredible view, leaving the door open a little longer than necessary. Maybe hoping someone would come by and get a glimpse of her. The curtains were wide open, affording us the full view of the city. If Diane had an exhibitionist’s streak this was her opportunity, though I doubted anyone was watching us because the windows were too high up from street level. Maybe she should have requested a second floor room.

Inside we found that Jimmy had been prepared for the night’s festivities. He was wearing next to nothing. Oddly, he had a leather choker collar that matched Diane’s with one significant difference: his sported a rather large steel O-ring. Around his shoulders he wore a leather harness that had a few D-rings attached to it. The effect was to give him a masculine and submissive look with a touch of the gay leatherboy effect.

His only other bit of clothing, though it really wasn’t that, was the silver cock cage he always wore. It only half covered his cock but I wondered if he felt fully dressed while wearing it.

Instead of standing in the room or lounging on the bed, he was sitting on a large wooden chair that didn’t match the rest of the room’s decor. I wondered if they had brought it with them. The chair was obviously designed with bondage in mind because there was a metal chain locked to one of the thick posts that formed the chair’s frame. The chain was attached to Jimmy’s cock cage. If he stood up, it would undoubtedly rip his dick off.

The thought made me wince.

His arms were folded behind his back. I couldn’t see his wrists, but I was reasonably certain he had leather bracers that were either hooked together and/or chained to the chair as well. Maybe he could stand up, but certainly it wouldn’t be easy.

Tasha raised her eyes at how Jimmy was bound. “Getting a start without us?”

“No really. Just getting Jimmy ready to watch the show.”

“What show?” asked Tasha innocently, as if anything about this meeting could

be innocent.

“The show the three of us are going to put on for him.

“I can’t wait,” said Jimmy, a big grin on his face.

I couldn’t help but look at his cock. The cage both fascinated and scared me, and he liked to wear it all the time. His cock was swollen inside of the metal cage. He obviously wanted to get hard, but it just wasn't going to happen.

Staring at his cage meant that I missed what Diane picked up from the bed and handed to Tasha.

“Why don’t you do the honors? I don’t want him talking while we’re having sex,” Diane said bluntly.

I looked at the object that Tasha held. It was a bright red rubber ball gag attached to a black strap.

“I’ve never used one of these before.” I hoped that Tasha was telling the truth.

“I don’t expect you to use it,” replied Diane. “I need Jimmy to use it. Open up,” she ordered her husband.

For a few seconds Jimmy’s jaws were clamped shut along with his lips.

“Don’t make me do this the hard way,” said Diane as she picked up a short leather whip.

I wondered if she wanted to use it on him. This was definitely a change from what I had been expecting.

Because of that, I expected Tasha to bolt for the door.

Instead, she took the ball gag in hand and sweetly approached Jimmy. “Open up and be a good boy and I’ll be sure to give you a reward tonight,” she promised.

Maybe she was lying?

And why the hell was Tasha so eager to torment Jimmy? I hadn’t expected that at all.

We had all agreed—or at least Diane had agreed with Tasha and me—that we would keep the sex casual. Yes, Jimmy would wear his cock cage and maybe she'd remove it halfway through if she thought he deserved it, but that was as kinky as it was going to get—setting aside that we were going to have a foursome.

She hadn't started off casual or normal at all. Not in her dominatrix costume.

I felt positively under-dressed next to her in my jeans and t-shirt. At least Tasha was wearing a nice skirt (though it was a little short) and a blouse.

In the end it wouldn't really matter because we were all going to get naked.

Except that Jimmy was already naked.

And Diane was mostly naked.

God damn it! Why do I overthink things?!

As it was, Jimmy willingly opened his mouth and accepted the ball gag from Tasha. I watched in amazement—and Diane watched in amusement—as Tasha expertly buckled the strap behind Jimmy's head. There was a lot I didn't know about Tasha and I wasn't sure I wanted to know it all.

"You did that well," Diane complimented Tasha. "I hate it when he interrupts me."

"I thought you liked having sex in front of your husband."

Diane slowly approached me, but kept her eyes on Tasha. I noted she was already ignoring Jimmy. "I do. But I hate it when he tries to give me instructions on how it's supposed to be done." Before she could say anything else, Diane put her arms around my waist and lifted her chin up for a kiss.

I kissed her. Why wouldn't I? I felt my cock stiffening inside my jeans and immediately regretted my decision to wear denim. They were way too restrictive.

"Do you get off on making him watch or is it something else?" asked Tasha as we kissed.

Diane broke the kiss. We turned our heads and Tasha was in the process of undressing. She already had her blouse off; it was on the floor. As I watched, she unzipped her skirt and dropped it next to the blouse. Tasha had opted for underwear that was more suitable for athletic pursuits than sexy pursuits, but there was a bit of overlap to those two categories. She looked sexy as hell in gray and pink.

“I get off on all of it,” said Diane with a shrug. She disengaged from me and walked right up to Tasha.

I had to unzip my jeans to release the pressure my cock was causing because watching the two of them kiss was the hottest thing I had seen in months, if not my entire life.

Since I was already unzipped, I just went all the way and completely undressed. They continued to kiss and I absently stroked my cock, waiting for an invitation.

Eventually Diane broke the kiss and fixed me with a hard gaze. “You know, a real man would have joined in by now.” She looked pointedly at her husband.

“I was enjoying the show,” I explained.

She smirked at me. “This is my show tonight. You have to do what I want.”

That wasn’t what we had agreed to, but I rolled with it. “Okay what do you want?”

Diane had plans. “I want to watch you fuck her.”

I shrugged. I had hoped to fuck Diane first, but fucking Tasha wasn’t exactly a punishment. “Sure.”

“Great!” Tasha said enthusiastically as she quickly pulled off her bra and dropped her panties, leaving Diane as the only one with any clothing on. “How do you want to do this?”

Diane had detailed plans. “Get on the bed. He’s going to fuck you doggy, but wait a second,” she said as Tasha started to move forward. “Are you ready for his big cock?”

They both looked at my erection. I rather liked their admiring gazes.

“I’ve taken it before.”

“But are you wet enough?” Diane didn’t wait for Tasha to answer. She reached between Tasha’s thighs and explored her pussy.

Tasha groaned.

“You’re wet, but not wet enough.”

“I can take him.”

“I’m sure. Let me give you a little something that’ll help you out.”

Tasha and I just looked at each other while Diane went to the overnight bag she had brought along.

At this point nothing could surprise me and what she pulled out didn’t surprise me. I was excited to see them used.

“Ever worn nipple clamps?” she asked Tasha.

My date almost violently shook her heat. “No.” She unconsciously took a step back. “I don’t think—”

“You’ll love them,” Diane declared as she walked up to the brunette and bent forward to inspect her breasts. Tasha shot me a look of desperation.

I just grinned. “Try ‘em. You’ll like ‘em.”

“They don’t really go on the nipples,” Diane was saying, done with her inspection. “They go more on the areola behind the nipples. Don’t worry, I won’t make them too tight. Not for a beginner.”

I watched, my cock throbbing, as Diane carefully handled the nipple clamps and Tasha’s breasts. It was a fascinating process to see her clamped. Somehow Diane got her to help get the first clamp on.

Tasha hissed as the clamp tightened down on her sensitive flesh. Diane looked expectantly at the younger woman. “How does it feel?”

“It hurts,” Tasha answered quickly, but then her expression changed. “Okay, it doesn’t really hurt, but...wow...I can feel it.”

“Feels good, right?” Diane asked and didn’t wait for an answer. She put the second clamp on Tasha’s other breast. The small clamps were connected to each other by a short chain. When she was done Diane stepped back and admired her work along with me.

Tasha stood there, stunned, as we gazed at her. The chain shook unsteadily between her breasts as she breathed and moved slightly.

“Fucking hot,” I declared.

“I agree,” said Diane. “Let me check.” She tugged on the chain ever so slightly.

Tasha moaned but didn’t protest.

Then Diane put her hand to Tasha’s pussy.

“You’re wet. You’re ready. Get on the bed. Put your ass in the air. I want to watch Justin put his cock in you.”

Tasha responded almost robotically. She got on the bed on all fours, legs spread, ass in the air. Her nipple chain was hanging between her breasts, some of the chain resting on the bed. I could see that her pussy was swollen and dripping wet.

She was ready.

Diane moved over to me and ran her fingers lightly on the underside of my cock. “She’s ready for you.”

“Uh-huh,” I replied and started to move toward Tasha. Diane curled her fingers around my cock, stopping me.

“Want me to suck you a bit first?”

“No?”

She laughed at me and glanced at her husband who had been watching the scene.

I looked at his cock. It was swollen and fully filling the cage that contained him. I almost felt sorry for him.

Almost.

“Do you mind if I join you and Tasha?” asked Diane.

“That’s fine,” I agreed.

With a nod of acknowledgment, Diane led me by the cock to the bed where Tasha waited. I put my hands on my FWB’s ass while Diane fitted my cock to Tasha’s waiting pussy.

It wasn’t difficult getting inside her. It took a couple of tries to get all the way in, but eventually I went balls deep. Tasha groaned loudly.

“Do you like the bite of the clamps?” asked Diane as I worked on finding a rhythm.

“Uh-huh,” mumbled Tasha. She wasn’t able to carry on a conversation. That was fine. Her pussy gripped me the way I loved it. I held onto her muscular ass. I lost track of Diane and Jimmy for a minute. The next thing I knew, Diane was getting on the bed. Her panties were off and she was spreading her legs in front of Tasha’s face.

Tasha wasn’t shocked or surprised, but she didn’t immediately dive into Tasha’s lovely pussy. She just stared for a moment though Diane’s intentions were completely clear: she wanted her pussy eaten.

“You didn’t...uh...you didn’t...you didn’t tell me that you put your name on her,” said Tasha to me after a couple of false starts because I didn’t stop fucking her. She looked over her shoulder at me.

Diane laughed. “It drives Jimmy fucking wild.” I looked at my name tattooed on Diane’s mons. The dark ink stood out strongly against her pale skin. “Worth it.”

Tasha stared at me. “Do you want to do that to me?” she asked.

I couldn’t tell if she was serious or not.

“If you want. But right now, I want you to eat her pussy.”

Tasha turned back around and pressed her face into Diane’s sex.

My married lover moaned as Tasha got to work.

I liked having my name on her pussy.

Threeways were more fun than regular sex.

I wanted Tasha to make Diane cum first. I wasn’t concerned about Tasha cumming. I could wait to shoot my load on her back or in her pussy. Whatever Diane wanted.

It turned out that Tasha wasn’t too distracted from my big cock to focus on Diane. It only took a few minutes for her to force the blonde over the edge and into a noisy orgasm.

“Do you want me to cum in her pussy or all over her back?” I asked Diane.

“Cum in her mouth,” said Diane, pushing herself away from Tasha who was breathing heavily as I approached orgasm. She grabbed Tasha’s face between her hands. “But don’t swallow, you understand me?”

Tasha nodded. That motion alone was enough to shake the chain of her nipple clamps.

“Pull out of her.”

A second later Tasha was putting me in her mouth. She was very talented at giving head. Her lips had to stretch all the way to accommodate me.

“Just hold it in your mouth when he cum,” Diane reminded her.

I wanted to know why Diane wanted that, but the easiest way to find out was just to cum and see.

So I came in her mouth.

I hoped I came a lot. I felt at least four or five spurts and Tasha was perfect in keeping it all in.

“You done?” Diane asked me as I fully withdrew.

“Uh-huh.” My legs were shaky.

Once more Diane spun Tasha around; her nipple chain swung back and forth. They kissed. I wished I could have seen inside their mouths to see how they were sharing my spunk.

My cock refused to go down at all. If anything, I was ready to go again. I wanted to fuck Diane right then and there.

When they separated a wet line of saliva or cum, or both, briefly connected them. Diane spoke. “Don’t you dare swallow a drop,” she warned her.

Tasha nodded and looked at me with confusion.

I just stared back. Her nipples were bright red and looked sore.

Diane got off the bed and went to her husband. She unbuckled his ball gag and gestured for Tasha to cum over.

“Jimmy wants a treat. Normally he cleans Justin’s spunk from my pussy, but your mouth will have to do.”

Tasha leaned over and kissed Diane’s husband. Watching felt wrong, but I didn’t look away. From the motions of their cheeks and Jimmy’s throat, I could tell she was pushing my spunk out of her mouth and into his. Jimmy was swallowing the load. Happily. Willingly.

This was fucked up.

Diane’s body shivered as she watched. “So fucking hot.” Her hand was between her legs, playing with her pussy.

She was just as twisted as her husband. Or maybe she was the one who had twisted him.

Noticing my still hard cock, she reached out and cupped my balls. “Ready for round two?”

“Uh...sure.”

Tasha broke her kiss with Jimmy as Diane led me back to the bed. “Put his gag back in,” she instructed before pushing me down to the bed. I willingly went to my back as she climbed on top of me.

I watched to see if Tasha was going to follow orders, but Diane wanted to mount me immediately.

Her pussy was wet so it was easy for my hard cock to slip into her. I had never before fucked a woman wearing knee high boots. I was worried about her rubbing my bare skin with the leather or the heels. Her corset was slightly askew and her big tits were threatening to fall out.

She saw me staring.

“You like my tits?” she asked as she ground her hips down on me.

“Uh-huh.”

She grinned, paused, and then reached up to pull down the cups, fully exposing her breasts.

They were still glorious. I realized that the cups holding her in place were barely adequate for the task. I didn’t complain. We set up a rhythm that worked for the both of us and I was headed to another climax when I noticed that Tasha slid onto the bed next to us to watch. I glanced at her tits. She still had the clamps on. At this point when she took them off it was sure to be more painful than keeping them on.

“Want me to ride his face?” she asked Diane.

My lover shook her head. “No. You’ll get yours soon.”

That’s when I realized that Tasha hadn’t had a chance to cum yet.

I had an idea.

With Diane still riding me, I asked Tasha, “Want me to take them off?” I indicated her nipple clamps. Her hands went to cover her breasts.

“No. Not yet.”

Diane laughed at her and started riding me faster.

This was great. I was enjoying it much more than I would have thought. Diane’s face was a mask of ecstasy and Tasha distracted herself from the pain in her nipples by masturbating as she watched us.

I was easily able to hold back long enough for Diane to make herself climax twice. Tasha didn’t cum once. It became too much for me and I didn’t want this to last forever. I grabbed onto Diane’s hips, held her in place, and fucked her as hard as I could for a minute, thrusting my cock up into her.

When I came she all but collapsed onto me.

“Perfect,” she whispered into my ear. “That’s just perfect.”

I became aware of a familiar noise and turned my head. Tasha was anxiously jilling herself.

“Do you want to cum?” I asked her.

She nodded eagerly.

“Not yet,” said Diane as she rolled off me. “I want her to do something else for me first.” Staying on her back, she scooted down the bed so that when she bent her knees, her butt and heels were just barely on the bed’s edge. “I need my dirty pussy cleaned.”

My cock had already gone soft but I wished it could get hard again.

I fully expected Tasha to refuse.

Instead she just nodded and crawled off the bed, knelt on the floor, and put her face to Diane’s used pussy.

The hotwife moaned and looked down in pleasure at Tasha. “She knows what she’s doing.”

“Uh-huh,” I agreed.

“Help me,” said Diane.

“What do you need?”

“Take off her clamps. Now is the time.”

Tasha’s eyes went wide and she lifted her face from Diane’s pussy. “No,” she moaned.

Diane shoved her face back to her pussy. “They have to come off eventually. Now’s as good a time as any.”

Diane was taking more pleasure in tormenting our shared lover than I would have expected, but I really didn’t know Diane, did I?

I wondered what it was like for Tasha to see my name on Diane’s pussy as she ate out the other woman. It had to kill and excite Jimmy, but what about Tasha? Surely she had been with other women who had tattoos on or near their pussies, but did it mean anything to her?

“I’ll give you a little distraction,” I told Tasha as I moved off the bed and got behind my friend with benefits. Reaching down between her legs where she was kneeling I found her pussy, reached forward and located her clit. When I started rubbing she moaned a little.

Kissing the back of her neck, I whispered in her ear, “I’ll take off the left one, you take off the right. We’ll do it at the same time.”

Tasha nodded. She didn’t have much of a choice, not from the way I had her pinned against the bed while she continued to eat Diane’s pussy.

I knew that Jimmy was watching us, but I didn’t care.

Tasha’s pussy was hot and wet and the more I rubbed her clit the more she moaned. It wasn’t like she was peeing, but the steady flow of amrita from her pussy told me how turned on she was.

Reaching around to the front of her body, I found the clamp that was firmly attached to her nipple. “On three,” I said giving her little time to prepare. “One. Two.” She quickly put her hand to her right breast. “Three.”

I squeezed the levers that released the clamp. She moaned loudly. It wasn't a moan of pleasure. She was crying. I could tell. It made my cock twitch.

Together we dropped the chain holding the clamps to the floor. Tasha pushed my hand out of the way so she could cup her breasts while continuing to eat Diane's pussy.

Diane only allowed her another few seconds of feasting at her temple of Venus before she pulled up the brunette and kissed her. There couldn't be all that much cum for them to share, but Diane was the type to savor every little drop.

Pushing her lover away, Diane looked at Tasha's abused tits. I moved to the side to get a look as well.

"They're bruised," Diane said flatly.

"It's sexy," I declared.

"They fucking hurt," Tasha pouted.

Normally her nipples were light brown. They were puffy from over-stimulation and there were purple marks that clearly defined the bruising from the tight clamps. The bruises were growing. I wanted to see them when they fully blossomed.

What was wrong with me?

Diane took Tasha's face between her hands. "Did you enjoy it?"

Tasha had the good manners to blush. "Yeah…"

Diane laughed and they kissed again before she turned to her husband. "Did you enjoy the show?" she asked him.

Jimmy eagerly nodded. His ball gag was slick with his saliva. It was dripping down on his chest. His cock was still fully filling his little cage. He was so turned on that I could see his small penis making the cage move. I almost felt sorry for him, being tormented like that.

Almost.

I wasn’t going to do anything to relieve his lust. That was Diane’s problem.

It was a bigger problem than Diane had anticipated because Tasha wasn’t a passive bystander in our little play.

“Can I fuck your husband?”

It wasn’t a question that I had anticipated Tasha asking. It wasn’t one that Diane had been banking on either.

“What?” Diane just said the word as if the question Tasha had asked was a foreign language. Hell, not even a foreign language, an alien one.

“Can I fuck your husband?” Tasha repeated. There was no guile on her face. Even to me the question sounded sincere.

Diane blinked. “Why?”

That was a good question. I didn’t have an answer for it, but I didn’t need to answer it.

To Be Continued

Preview

Total Lockdown 5

I couldn’t help myself. Everything in my life—whether for good or bad—had been working up to this point. I adjusted my kneeling stance and kissed Tara one last time before I refocused my attention on Thad. Specifically on his ass where my cock was halfway buried.

I half wanted to reach around and grab his cock to jerk him off while I fucked his ass, but I was certain that Tara didn’t want that at all. Thad had just been released from his cock cage and I had sucked him off, giving him a wonderful orgasm in the process, just minutes earlier. He had gotten all the reward he was going to get for tonight.

Now he was mine.

But only under Tara’s watchful eye.

“Oh fuck that’s hot,” she breathed.

I spared her a glance. She still wore her black and red corset, but her right hand was down the front of her panties. Her fingers were active between her legs. I couldn’t tell if she had half her fingers buried in her pussy or was just frigging her clit, but it didn’t matter. She was enjoying the show.

Her eyes were half-lidded as she watched me abusing her husband’s asshole. Her left hand was on my shoulder steadying herself. It was possible she was enjoying me fucking Thad more than either of us.

Never in a million years would I have guessed that the first time I fucked another man would have played out like this, me rogering the ass of the husband of the woman I was carrying on a twisted cuckolding relationship with.

Funny how life works.

It wasn’t romantic. It was raw and sexual and somehow that made it much better than if I had seduced, or been seduced by, some fellow student at my college, going back to a dorm room to have fumbling first-time gay sex.

Those teenaged girls and boys who wanted their first sexual experience with a partner they were desperately in love with were all wrong. The first time you have sex is terrible and awkward and ends on a note of dissatisfaction. It’s better to do it with someone you don’t really care about.

At least, that’s how I felt.

I fucked Thad’s ass like I was fucking a woman. How else can I describe it? It was a bit weird to have my cock in an ass instead of a pussy...or mouth...or hand, but it was enjoyable for the most part.

Thad certainly seemed to be enjoying it, judging by how he gasped and moaned when I thrusted into him.

Of the three of us, Tara was the first to cum, because of course she was.

Tara was a dangerous woman because of her flagrant sexuality.

That’s probably what drew me to her in the first place.

“You enjoying yourself, honey?” she asked after her body stopped shaking from her self-induced orgasm.

I hesitated to answer. I was just a pawn in this little game of sexual political chess. That was a wise decision on my part. Thad managed to stutter out an answer.

“Uh-uh-uh-huh,” he moaned. “It’s...it’s good.”

She freed her hand from her panties and reached under Thad’s body to caress his cock. I couldn’t see what was going on, but I didn’t need to.

“Oh! You’re hard! Naughty little boy. I should have put your cage back on first.”

“Yeah…” he moaned. “Yeah...you should have.”

“Are you going to cum?”

While they had been talking, I hadn’t stopped fucking his ass, only now did I look at Tara’s face to get a read on what she wanted, what she was planning. This wasn’t exactly what we had talked about while outlining this little encounter of consenting adults.

“No!” he replied loudly. “I’m not going to cum! I promised you I wouldn’t.”

Tara smiled her sly, evil smile at me. “Go ahead and finish, Nate,” she told me with another kiss on my cheek. “If you make him cum a second time, there’s going to be a special reward in it for you.”

I didn’t know what she wanted of me, but I started thrusting my hips as fast as I dared. I wasn’t sure if I should cum in Thad or not. Was that allowed? Was that good?

I had no idea what I should do, but I was too close to the edge to stop.

When I started cumming, I pumped one, maybe two, shots inside of Thad before I pulled free and released the rest of my load on his back.

Tara gave an exclamation of delight and clapped her hands together as I finished.

“Perfect!” she said and kissed me while I gripped my cock and forced out the last few drops of cum onto Thad’s ass as he collapsed fully to the floor. “That was absolutely perfect.”

I didn’t spend the night with them.

I didn’t want to spend the night with them.

I wanted to get away from Tara and Thad and their mixed-up, fucked-up relationship and sexual needs to get back to my dorm room and have some semblance of normalcy in my life.

Tara invited me to stay with her. As I dressed she made Thad stand in front of her while she put his cock cage back on. It was a new one, or at least it seemed new. It was more elaborate than the first one I had seen him wear. That only made sense. His PA ring was used to anchor the device so that he couldn't pull

out.

I didn’t know if he was slipping his small cock free of the cage and jerking off before putting it back in. Who knew with this couple? But the PA ring prevented any cheating on his part.

I wondered if having a small cock made it easier to pull out. I wondered if Tara put a cock cage on me if I would be under her control forever.

That thought scared me. I quickly dressed, apologized, kissed her in front of her husband who was still kneeling on the floor in front of us, and all but ran away from the kinky couple.

I didn’t know what the hell I was going to do but I needed some space to clear my head.

It was late when I got back to my dorm. I just wanted to collapse on my bed, rethink my life choices, and get up in the morning to resume a life of a normal-ish college student.

When I walked into my dorm room, I did so quietly because I expected Chris to be asleep.

Instead I found him tied to the bed and Caitlyn sitting on his face.

I immediately felt guilty about fucking her father just an hour earlier.

Then I saw her tits. They were great. Despite myself I started to get hard.

Chris was naked. They had used various things to tie him to the college's standard-issue metal bed frame. I saw a necktie, a length of brightly colored rope, and what might have been a pair of stockings.

I met Caitlyn's eyes and we looked at each other for a long moment. Every second that passed made the situation more uncomfortable. The situation wasn't helped that I could see Chris's cock fully erect and straining upwards. It was made even worse when I realized I could hear his mouth eagerly eating her pussy.

She was facing his feet so that if she bent forward, they'd be in the classic sixty-nine position. I had the feeling she had been just jerking his cock with her hand, but maybe not.

I hated myself for wanting to join them.

I hated myself more for wanting to pull her off him and then bend her over my bed to fuck her while Chris watched.

I was certain he'd be into that.

That's how fucked up my mind was.

Caitlyn had a nice body, but if she spent too much time sitting on his face I was certain she was going to smother him.

But what a way to go, huh?

To her credit, Caitlyn didn't throw her arms over her tits and dive under the covers. Why would she? Chris and I had double-teamed her so I guess it was okay to stare at her.

"Sorry," I said anyway.

She grinned at me. "Why?"

I had no idea.

Chris mumbled something into her pussy.

As if suddenly remembering that she was sitting on her boyfriend's face, Caitlyn knelt up, pulling her pussy from his eager tongue.

"Nate's here," she reported to my roommate. He could see me, so that was wasted breath.

I could feel my cock swelling in my jeans, but I didn't want to fuck either of them.

Caitlyn…because I had fucked her father. And her stepmother.

Chris…because he was my roommate and while it had been fun to double team her before they had formalized their relationship, I don't think me sucking his cock would help matters.

"Hey," Chris said evenly. His face was wet with Caitlyn's amrita.

"I'll give you guys a few minutes," I said. "I need a walk."

I turned around and left the room, closing the door behind me.

I had a lot of options. It wasn't so late that everyone was asleep.

Instead of doing something that was vaguely normal, I went to the bathroom and jerked off thinking about fucking Chris while Caitlyn watched.

Once that was done I glared at myself in the mirror for I don't know how long. I

knew there were a lot of things wrong with me, but I didn't realize how wrong and fucked up I was.

I honestly didn't know how much time passed from when I left the bedroom, jerked off in the bathroom, and looked into my soul in the mirror, before I returned to my room. My phone said 1:34 am. I hoped that was enough.

The light in the room was dim, but not completely dark, when I walked in. Only Chris's desk lamp cast any illumination. Caitlyn was nowhere in sight.

"Where's Cait?"

"Yeah...she left," Chris mumbled from his bed. I glanced his way. He was completely covered by his blankets and he was facing the wall. I could only see the back of his head.

"Sorry about walking in on you earlier," I apologized.

"No big deal. I thought you'd be gone all night."

"Yeah...I wasn't."

"Got that."

"I fucked Thad."

I sensed more than saw Chris's shoulders and head stiffen. Maybe he was trying to go to sleep, maybe he was just avoiding me. I didn't blame him for any reaction. "I don't want to hear that."

"Well, you should hear it from me rather than from...from someone else."

I wasn't sure who the someone else would be.

"Who the hell would tell me that you're fucking my girlfriend's father?" he asked nastily. I didn't blame him. There was no good way to approach this conversation. It was going to be a shit show from the start.

"I don't know." I did know. First possibility: Tara. Second possibility: Caitlyn. Why? I have no fucking clue.

“Okay. Thanks for the information.”

“I’m bi. I wanted you to know that.”

“Got it!” he called out, raising his hand up out from the covers, pointing a finger to the ceiling.

The moment hung between us for far too long. I didn’t want to make it seem like I was hitting on him.

I wasn’t.

And if I was it was a terrible way to hit on someone. I deserved any abuse he heaped on me.

“I’m going to break it off with Tara,” I told him.

That was enough to catch his attention. He turned from the wall to look at me in the dim light.

“You aren’t doing this because Caitlyn’s my girlfriend, are you?”

“No. Why would you ask that?”

He ignored my question. “Are you doing this because Thad is Caitlyn’s father?”

“No. It was a one-time thing with Thad. I just...I just...well, Tara wanted watch me fuck him.” I all but collapsed on my bed. “This is really fucked up. Old people and their sex games are exhausting.”

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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