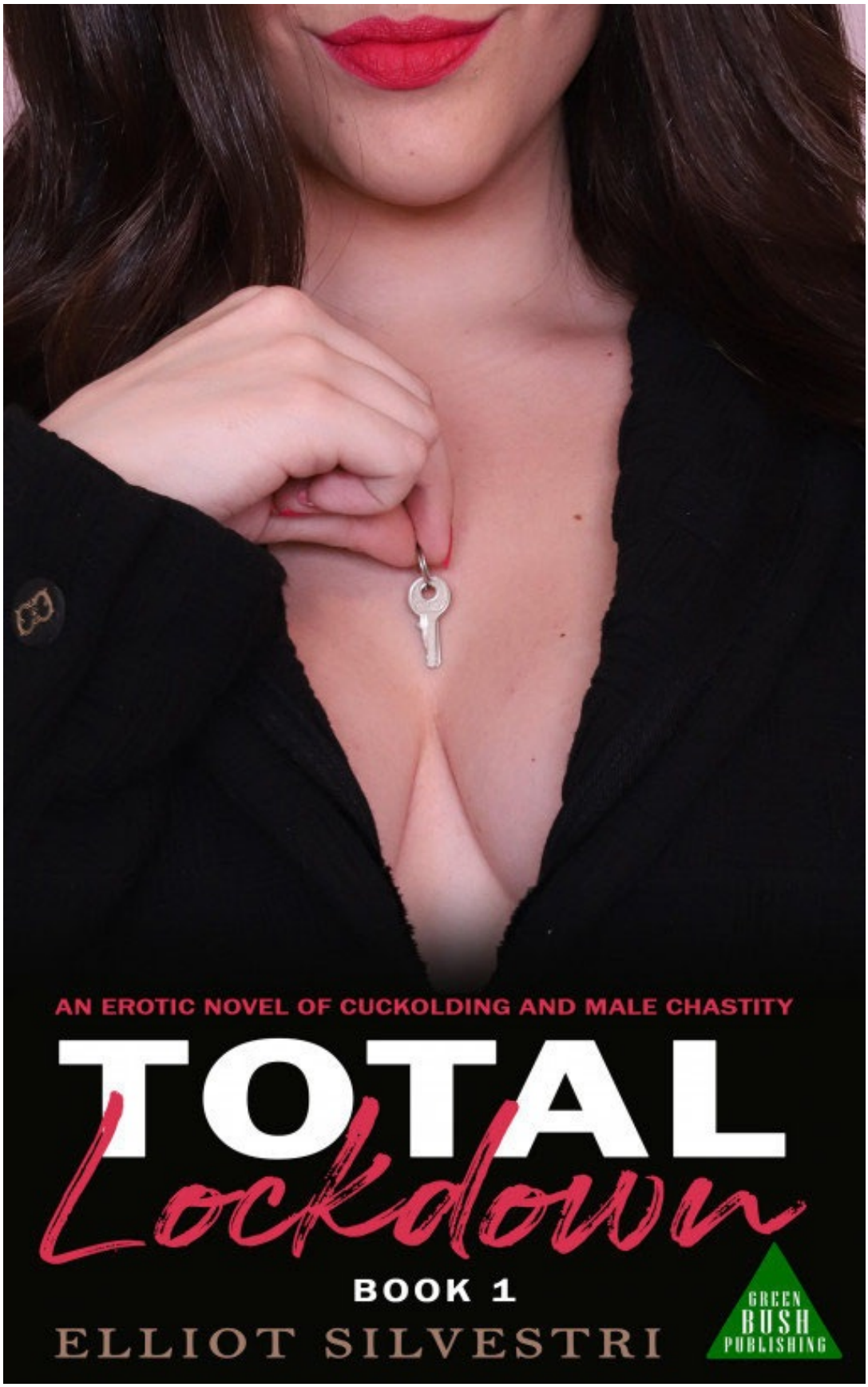
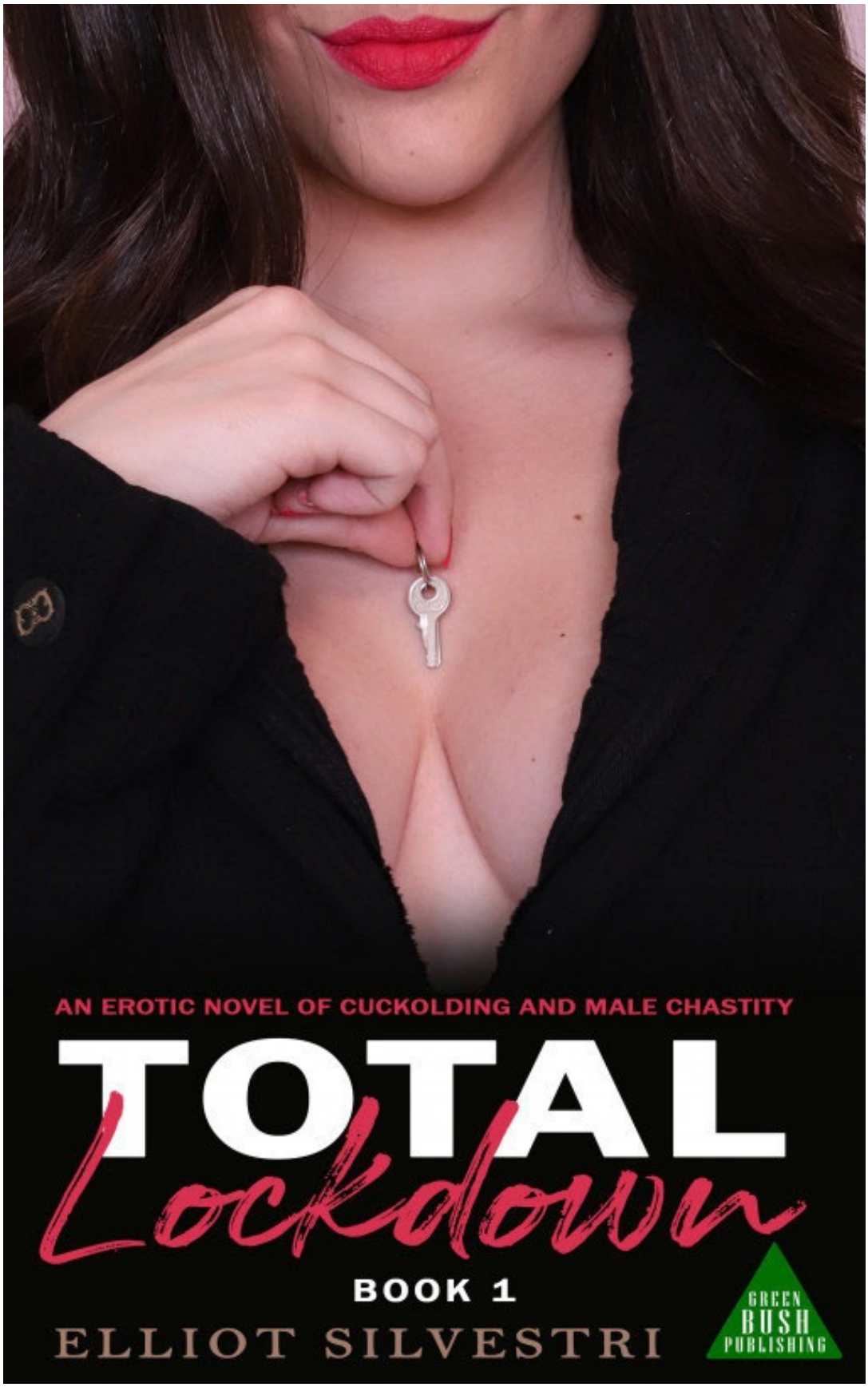

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF CUCKOLDING AND MALE CHASTITY
TOTAL
Lockdown
BOOK 1
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN
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# Total Lockdown 1

## An Erotic Novel of Cuckolding and Male Chastity

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Total Lockdown 1

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Version 2

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# Chapter One

It was weird, but I was a horny twenty year old so I didn't question it too much.

Or at all, really.

Tara was hot. She was really hot considering she was in her mid-thirties and still had an incredible body.

The first really weird thing was that her husband, Thad, was a good-looking guy and in great shape for someone pushing fifty.

It was obvious why she married him. He was rich. Or at least he had a good job that made him a lot of money and kept him away from the house for extended periods.

It wasn't any surprise to me why she wanted to fuck me.

At first I thought that it was all a joke and just some college myth that students made up. I overheard some guys saying they could hook up with slightly older women because their husbands were old and couldn't fuck and whatever.

Curious—and horny—I looked into some of the hookup apps. And it was true. Most of the women were average, but since I didn't have much luck with women at my college, I decided to give it a go.

Tara was the only one who replied. Next thing I knew, I was arranging a date with her. It was at a coffee shop. It lasted ten minutes.

"Look," she said. "I don't want to waste your time or mine. Let's go back to my place and have sex."

I nearly spit out my coffee. I don't like coffee so it was easy to spit it out.

"What?"

She smiled at my reaction. "I'm just looking for a good fuck. A regular good fuck and I want to try you out."

"Uh...sure?"

She was pretty enough and seemed to have a nice body under her clothes. Long

black hair with a bit of a curl to it. Nothing about her screamed overly sexy or lusty. She was an average suburban woman. A married woman. I was staring at her left hand and the large diamond ring on the third finger.

She saw me staring.

“My husband knows.”

I pulled back and realized I had been staring. “What?”

“My husband knows. He approves.”

“What?” I repeated.

She laughed softly at me. “When men get older, they get kinkier. Besides, Thad can’t get it up regularly for me any longer.”

I wondered how long they had been married, but I didn’t ask the question. I just went to Tara’s house.

I was more than impressed with the house. It was huge. It was outside the city in a nice suburb. It wasn’t exactly a mansion, but it was fancy. Very fancy and non-traditional building. I felt like a cad parking my broken down car in the driveway and hoped it wouldn’t leak oil all over the asphalt.

It was set back in the woods a bit, off the main road. There were some fancy statues and sculptures in the front yard and a huge backyard that seemed to serve no purpose. What did I know?

Once inside with Tara, she got right to the point. “We’re not using the master bedroom. The guest bedroom is good enough for your audition.”

Audition? Okay…

She led me through the house. We had entered through the front door to a huge foyer, then went past a huge staircase, through a similarly huge kitchen, and then up a back staircase (the servant’s stairs?), to an upstairs hallway that seemed almost boring compared to the fancy downstairs.

We passed by a couple of closed doors before she opened one, leading me into a

bedroom that was easily three times the size of my dorm room, and more than twice as big as my bedroom at home.

The bed was queen sized, not huge, but still bigger than anything I had ever slept in. The furniture was nice and it was decorated almost like a hotel room. That was weird, but it wasn't nearly as weird as when I turned away from the window looking out on the backyard to find Tara was taking off her clothes.

"What are doing?"

She smiled at me, like a teacher smiling at their stupidest student, "Undressing. It's hard to have sex fully clothed. I mean, it can be done, but it's more fun to be naked."

Her shoes had been kicked off and her shirt had been removed, revealing a fancy black lace bra. I stared at her semi-revealed tits, trying to see her nipples through the material, but it wasn't translucent. Or at least not translucent enough.

"Oh," was my reply. "Yeah."

"Were you expecting some romance first?" she asked, teasing while pulling down her very expensive yoga pants. They looked expensive at least. Like any well-mannered and well-dressed suburban wife, Tara's shirt had come down low enough on her body to hide most of her ass, but exposed the bottom edge to tease lustful guys like me.

That didn't matter now. I stared at her mostly naked body. Her panties matched her bra. She was facing me and I couldn't tell if they were bikini style or a thong. My cock didn't care.

I was as hard as a bar of steel inside my pants. I'm sure that Tara noticed the bulge.

I have an impressive bulge. I knew that. I had bragged about that to Tara on the hookup app I had been using to find her.

She didn't exactly lick her lips while she examined me with her eyes, but she came close.

It suddenly occurred to me that Tara had definitely done this before. I was hardly

her first extramarital lover.

“I want to see your cock,” she said and almost modestly turned her body to shield her breasts and crotch with her hands. The effect of this was to make my cock throb painfully in my jeans. In the process of turning she revealed to me that she was most definitely wearing a thong. Not a slutty thong, but the sort of thong a woman of good status would wear to keep her husband interested in her.

Or in this case, to excite her much younger lover.

Almost mechanically I started undressing for her. She watched closely. I felt like I was on display, a piece of meat.

I liked it.

Kick off the shoes. Pull off the shirt. Unzip the jeans. Drop them, leave on my underwear. Let her see the bulge.

Let her see the head peeking out of the waistband.

I waited a moment too long.

She walked over to me and hooked her finger into the elastic and pulled it down, showing off my huge cock.

I knew it was huge. I’ve measured. I’ve compared with stats on the internet.

“Holy fucking shit,” she breathed as she went down on her knees. She had probably been planning on doing that, but I like to think her knees went weak when I revealed myself. “You’re huge.”

“You said on your profile big cocks only.”

“Yeah, but…” She stopped talking. She reached for me and wrapped her fingers around my shaft.

She probably had average sized hands. Her fingers didn’t go all the way around me.

“Holy shit,” she breathed.

“It’s okay if you don’t want—” I started to say, but then she leaned forward and took me into her mouth.

Her mouth was big enough to encompass me. She even got about halfway down my shaft. I’m not into deepthroating. I’ve only ever had one woman try. I didn’t need that. I just needed a woman who knew how to handle a big cock.

The problem with having a big dick, I’d learned over the years, is that some women get intimidated because it’s not going to fit there. The trick to overcoming that, I had also learned, was to get her plenty warmed up. To that end, I’d become an expert in eating pussy.

Tara continued to suck me for a minute. She loved it enough that she didn’t give up easily though she tried to get as much of me into her mouth as possible.

“I want it all,” she said, looking up at me, her eyes full of lust. Her hand pumped up and down on my hard cock and she kissed the side of the shaft before sliding her tongue around to lick my balls.

“You don’t have to—” left my mouth but I wasn’t able to say anything else because she sucked my sack so hard that I was on the dangerous razor blade between cumming and doubling over with that punched in the stomach feeling that accompanies rough ball handling.

“Are you ready to fuck me?” she asked, backing up and heading toward the bed. She didn’t even bother to pull back the sheets. She just laid down on her back, knees up, her hand gesturing out to me.

“Yeah,” I said approaching her. It’s sometimes awkward walking and moving around with a hard cock, but I had managed to master that skill over the years.

I didn’t move all the way onto the bed. I just reached for her hips, found the top edge of her panties, and pulled them down.

For some reason I expected her to resist me a little. Maybe I was too used to women my age who were always a little hesitant about sex because of my big cock, but Tara lifted up her hips and helped me strip her.

I didn’t rudely shove my cock into her pussy. I had learned well ever since high school.

Instead I laid down on the bed between her legs and put my face to her pussy.

Her scent was strong but pleasant. Her pink labia were glistening with moisture, a testament to her need to be fucked. I wasn't surprised that her pubes were carefully groomed. She didn't just shave or wax them all off. Of course not. She was a refined lady. Her patch was carefully sculpted into a neat triangle of glossy black curls. Its downward vertex just touched the top of her slit. The triangle expanded outward and upward. The top edge was maybe two inches across, the entire length was maybe three inches.

Refined and classy.

I licked her pulsing labia from her perineum up to her clit. She gasped a little when I lingered on that little nub of pleasure. Sensing how much she liked the attention I sucked it gently into my mouth.

"Oh holy fuck," she cursed.

I stopped sucking. I didn't want to hurt her or, worse, annoy her.

"What the fuck are you doing," she blurted out. "Keep doing that."

I didn't bother with witty repartee. I sucked her clit back into my mouth and sucked harder. She groaned in pleasure.

Deciding she needed a little more attention, I slipped a finger up into her pussy.

She was wet. Incredibly wet. She was also very hot. I've noticed pussies vary in temperature. Heat doesn't always mean turned on, but it certainly seemed to be the case with Tara.

I carefully explored her pussy with my finger, stroking the front wall of her tunnel while licking and sucking on her clit. If I could find that little hidden bit of flesh inside her pussy while sucking on her clit, I knew I could get her more than ready for my big cock.

I had had one girlfriend in the past, pretty and fun, but nothing I did could make her cum. Nothing. She claimed that vibrators didn't work on her.

Needless to say, we didn't last very long.

Tara was completely comfortable with her body. I was expecting to work for a while to get her to cum. Nothing could be further from the truth. I licked and sucked and fingered for, at most two minutes, before she started gasping so hard I pulled my face up, but she grabbed my head and shoved it back into her pussy.

I took the hint.

Another few seconds and she was screaming with an orgasm. She ground her pussy against my face and she gushed sweet amrita to the point that I thought I was going to drown.

It would have been a hell of a way to go.

“Okay, that was good,” she panted. “You really know how to eat pussy.”

“Thank you,” I said politely. I didn’t bother wiping her juices from my face. Either she was going to want more, which would be great, or I could just leave her perfume on me, which would also be great.

I pulled my finger from within her pulsing pussy and ran it down her slick labia. She shivered at the contact.

“Oh...don’t do that,” she moaned.

“Sorry.”

“I mean...don’t do just that. Fuck me.” She wasn’t begging. She was ordering. I liked that.

“You sure?” I asked. “I mean...I’m pretty big. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Tara looked down at me between her knees. “I’m a big girl. You’re not going to hurt me.”

I raised my eyebrows but said nothing.

It took her a second to realize what she had just said.

“I mean I’m an adult!” she blurted out, trying to correct herself.

“Tight pussies are overrated,” I declared. “Hot and wet are the most important. A

little breathing room is always nice."

"Just get up here and fuck me," she said, trying to push past the awkwardness.

"Sure, just a second." I stood up from the bed and grabbed my jeans. A smart man always brings his own condoms. I always did. I'm not bragging when I say I need the extra large because, literally with no exaggeration, most condoms are so tight on me they're painful and distracting.

Plus, it showed my partners that I always came prepared (pun intended) and was that sort of thoughtful person.

When Tara saw that I had a condom packet in my hand she sat up and moved to stop me from opening it.

"You don't need that," she assured me.

"I'm pretty sure I do."

Her smile was sly and reassuring. "I can assure you that you don't. You won't get me pregnant."

I hesitated. I wanted to, but the risks were running through my head.

"Please fuck me," she said, almost begging now. She ran her hand down over her pussy, showing me how wet she was, as if I didn't already know. "It's not really cheating if you use a condom.

"Okay…" I knew it was a bad idea. But this whole encounter was a bad idea.

Smiling, she moved back on the bed and adjusted her position. This seemed to make her realize that she had soaked the comforter. "Wow. I really came hard. I'm going to have to have the comforter washed. I made a mess."

I couldn't say anything to that. I watched, mesmerized, as she removed her bra and released her tits. Like the rest of her body, her tits were great. A little on the small side, but I wasn't complaining. Nice pink nipples, slightly upturned. More cute than sexy, but sexy enough for me.

"Come up here and get to it," she encouraged me.

I didn’t need much encouragement at that point.

Once I got into position over her, she wrapped her hand around my cock. “Oh god it’s so fucking big,” she breathed. I’d heard similar words before and half the time it resulted in my partner changing her mind and giving me a handy or a blowjob instead of straight up sex.

In Tara’s case, it was more of an encouragement to herself, or maybe a declaration of satisfaction. Either way, she guided me to her pussy and fitted my head between her moist, slick lips.

I pushed in carefully. That was the only way to do it. She groaned as I filled her up.

“Want me to stop?”

“Fuck no! All the way in!” She reached around to my ass to encourage me to penetrate her all the way.

It was a tall order.

I easily filled it.

By the time I was all the way in, she was panting and sweating. It was more attractive than it sounds.

“Give me a second, and then I want you to pound me and make me scream.” Those were the words of a woman addicted to sex.

I was starting to sense Tara was wilder than the average woman.

There was only one thing to do. I started pounding.

She started screaming in pleasure.

I like it when a woman is noisy in bed and enjoying herself. Tara wasn’t shy about sharing herself and I took full advantage of that.

Maybe it was because she was older and more experienced, or maybe there were some anatomical differences, but Tara was the best and most eager lover I had

ever had. Fucking her wasn't just a pleasure in the sexual sense, but it was fun unlike sex had ever been before for me.

Her pussy was wet and accommodating. Everything was perfect. I tried not to think about her being married and cheating on her husband even though her husband knew. Or so she said.

It occurred to me, right there, mid-fuck, that her husband could walk in at any moment, lose his shit, and shoot me dead.

I know it's completely fucked up, but somehow that thought was enough to push me over the edge. I came and I came hard.

I was embarrassed at how much the orgasm drained me. I wound up collapsing on top of Tara. She didn't seem to mind. Her hands lightly rubbed my back, holding me there.

When I started to move off her, she grabbed me, preventing me from moving. "No. Stay with me. I love your big cock in me."

I rested atop her a minute longer, but then I had softened to the point where I slipped out and she allowed me to roll away.

"I can't wait to tell Thad about your big cock," she said dreamily. "He's going to be so jealous!"

That sounded unnerving to me. What sort of woman bragged to her husband about cheating on him?

Tara. She was that sort of woman.

"Okay. That's fucked up," I said.

She laughed a little. "Yeah. It sort of is. That's what happens when you get old and start looking for things to keep sex interesting."

Tara rolled to her side and looked at me. "Would you like to meet Thad?"

It took all of my self-control to not jump up and run away when she suggested that. "Are you fucking crazy?"

Tara laughed in earnest at my reaction. “He’d love to meet you. He’d love to see your big cock. He’d love to watch you fuck me.”

And that’s when I realized how deep into it I was.

# Chapter Two

I didn’t meet Thad right away. I didn’t want to meet him at all. I just wanted to keep fucking Tara on the sly as much as possible.

As it turned out, she was a horny little minx who couldn’t get enough of my cock.

It was the first time I had ever been with anyone who couldn’t get enough of my cock. Yeah, yeah, I know. But big dick problems aren’t a joke when it comes to sex.

So for a few weeks, I get to fuck Tara on the regular, two or three times a week. I’m fitting her in (heh!) between classes and work. Still, it’s a pain in the ass to drive over to her place every other day just to get laid.

And that’s all it is. Getting laid. She doesn’t want a relationship. She just wants to fuck me.

That’s all well and good, but I was sort of looking for a girlfriend at the same time.

Tara, as nice and fun as she was, wasn’t girlfriend material.

Friday night rolled around and she called to have me come over and fuck her. I declined saying I had a party to go to.

She didn’t beg or plead. She just asked what the party was and where it was.

It truth, it wasn’t a frat party or anything like that. It was just a trivia night at a bar. I had been invited with friends and it was a prime time to go. I was getting tired of Tara. She had a great body and would happily let me fuck her, and she gave great blowjobs, but it was time for the relationship to be over.

At O’Leary’s bar I joined the trivia team with my friends and we got busy losing. We weren’t there to win. We were there for the alcohol.

Apparently Tara had too much time on her hands, or maybe she was too in love with my cock. She came to the bar. I didn’t notice her at first, but she showed up at our table and insinuated herself into our group.

In my inebriated state it took me a few minutes to recognize her. Of course the fact that she was wearing a sweatshirt with our college logo on it and had her hair back in a ponytail made her look a lot younger than she was.

Everyone was impressed that I was drunkenly making out with the new girl. Or maybe I pissed them off. I don't know. Don said that Aricka was interested in me and would have been happy to go back to my dorm room.

Instead, I went back to my dorm room with Tara. Naturally we fucked. Naturally, she was loud.

I had no idea where my roommate, Chris, was. I hoped he was hooking up with someone else.

In the morning I had a mild hangover and dry mouth. I needed to piss and had to roll over Tara to get to the bathroom.

It made me wonder when the last time she had been in a dorm room was.

The first piss of the morning after a hard night of drinking always lasts forever.

When I got back to my room, my heart stopped.

Tara was sitting on the edge of my bed, wearing one of my t-shirts that covered everything, but it was obvious from her erect nipples under the material, that she was wearing just the t-shirt. That would have been fine...if she hadn't been talking with Chris.

"Oh good! You're back! I need to pee!" Showing no signs or a hangover, she ran into the suite room and from there to the bathroom.

I didn't have enough presence of mind to tell her it was supposed to be for men only.

Oh well.

Chris and I eyed each other.

"She seems nice," he said. "Hot too."

“Thanks.”

We continued to stare at each other for a long moment. I was positive I heard Tara peeing in the bathroom.

“I don’t think I’ve seen her before. Where’d you meet her?”

“O’Leary’s. Last night. Trivia night.”

“Huh. I haven’t seen her around campus. “

I didn’t know how else to answer. I felt I had to say something. “She’s not a student here.”

“Yeah…” He nodded his head. He was dressed in a t-shirt and shorts. “She looks a little older…”

We stared at each other. “Yeah…”

“She’s noisy as hell too. You must have fucked her pretty good last night.”

I froze. It wasn’t like I went bragging to my fellow students about the size of my cock. I knew it was big. My partners knew it was big. There’s no reason to talk about it.

Chris looked away, gazing out the window for a moment. “She was screaming about how big your cock was,” he commented.

“When did you come in last night?” I asked, avoiding the implied question.

He blinked at me. “Dude. I was here the whole night. The two of you just came in when I was in bed and started fucking.”

My heart started thumping so hard I was certain it was going to burst through my ribcage.

“You were...here?” I asked. How drunk had I been?

“Yeah dude. You guys were so fucking noisy with your fucking, that I got up and left.”

“I didn’t see that at all…”

Chris faced me. I turned my face away. I couldn’t look at him. “Yeah. Well… you were pretty busy at the time.” He looked back out the window. There were squirrels, as usual, running all over the quad. “Just how big is your dick anyway?”

“What?”

“I must have been going on and on about your cock,” said Tara as she walked back into the room.

“What?” My brain wasn’t working. “How did you...why would…”

Tara sat down on the edge of the bed with me and gave me a kiss on my cheek. Her t-shirt—my college t-shirt that my mother had bought for me on the first day of my freshman year!—started to ride up on her hips. I was certain it was way too high. Chris was staring at her lap. I didn’t blame him. I didn’t know what to say.

“She’s really loud,” Chris said finally. “I was trying to sleep on the suite couch but…”

“Sorry about that,” said Tara as she put her hand on my crotch. “I love his big dick.”

Chris started laughing. My face turned bright red and I shoved her hand away.

She laughed at me.

Chris took the opportunity to stand up. “I’d better go shower,” he said and quickly exited the room.

“Fuck,” I cursed when he closed the door. “I had no clue he was in here last night.”

Tara shrugged, unconcerned we had fucked with someone else in the room. “It’s fine. He probably jerked off to us.”

I laughed at her inappropriate joke.

“It was good practice for you. I can’t wait for you to fuck me in front of Thad.”

“What?”

“It’s what I want. It’s what Thad wants. He’s already getting frustrated that he hasn’t met you yet.”

I knew that Tara was moving me in that direction. It was weird and not in a curious or fun way. Why would a husband want to see his wife fucked by someone else? Why would he want to hear about it? After every meetup with me, Tara would report back that she told Thad all about our encounter and how it had made him hard and he was actually able to fuck her.

I couldn’t decide if she was telling me a story to wind up her erotic imagination or if she was telling the truth.

Worse, I didn’t know which I wanted it to be.

“I think your kink...his kink is freaky.” Yes, I was passing judgement on another person’s sexual expression. I was already partly complicit in their little kink and fantasy, but that didn’t mean I liked doing it. I was kink shaming while being part of the kink.

But in my defense, sex with Tara was amazing and I couldn’t help myself.

“That’s what makes it fun,” she told me. “Come over to my place tomorrow afternoon to meet Thad. He’s going to watch us.”

She pulled off my t-shirt, leaving her naked, and started dressing in her clothes. I was sad to see her out of my t-shirt, and sadder still to see her get dressed.

“What if I don’t?” I asked, like I was able to resist her at all.

Tara adjusted her bra and pulled on her blouse. “Then I’m not going to fuck you again. And don’t bother calling me. There are plenty of other big dicks in the world.”

Bending over, she kissed me on the lips and sauntered out of my room.

I watched her ass march out. It was a beautiful view. I wondered how she was

able to have such self-assurance with her sexuality. And how did she manage not to feel uncomfortable in a dorm of college kids when she was fifteen years older than us?

Maybe it was all an act.

I stared out the window, wondering what I should do.

Eventually Chris came back in, showered and dressed. “I’m not going to pass judgement, man, because she is a hot piece of ass, but isn’t she a little old for you?”

“Yeah…” it wasn’t much of an answer. I wasn’t paying attention to what he said.

“I mean, when you guys came in drunk last night and just started going at it, I figured you didn’t know I was in bed. Don’t get me wrong. I took a look at her, but I’m not into watching my roommate fuck, if you know what I mean. Porn is fine and all, but I can’t handle seeing your dick and continue living with you.”

“Uh-huh.” I was still staring out the window. The squirrels were extra active this morning. Winter was coming.

“Anyway. I had to leave when she was getting loud. She loves your dick, I guess. Just a fair warning, most of the dorm knows you have an enormous cock, if what’s-her-face wasn’t lying.”

He paused and fell silent. I was already silent so that worked out well.

“And I’m pretty sure I’m going to fuck her as well,” Chris finally said.

That woke me up “What?!”

Chris was shaking his head in annoyance at me. “I’m fucking kidding. Did you hear a word I just said?”

“Yeah, she loves my huge cock,” I said dismissively. “Tell me something, would you fuck your girlfriend in front of her husband?”

Chris blinked at me.

“I don’t have a girlfriend.”

“Hypothetically.”

“No.”

He and I locked eyes for an uncomfortably long moment.

“And I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to refer to...what’s her name?”

“Tara.”

“Tara as your girlfriend. You just said she’s married, right?”

“Yeah…”

“Her husband is probably some psycho retired Marine who’ll rip your nuts off and kill her for fucking you.”

“Right. Good advice. I’m never going to see her again. Wild sex and all, but not worth it in the long run.”

Chris nodded. “Glad to be of help.”

Sunday afternoon I parked my ancient Honda in Tara’s driveway. This was the stupidest thing I had ever done in my life.

So far.

I considered backing my car in just in case I needed to make a quick escape, but I figured if I was in the car, I’d be good.

That didn’t help my nerves at all when I went to the front door and rang the bell. My knees were weak, my stomach was a hard knot of fear, and my heart was thumping in my chest like it was being powered by a speed metal drummer on meth.

I was relieved that Tara answered the door. She greeted me with a hug and a kiss

on the cheek. She practically had to pull me into the house.

I stumbled over the threshold.

Tara was talking and leading me by the hand, but I wasn't hearing a single word she said. I was anxiously scanning the hallway and rooms for any sign of her husband and a possible sneak attack that would end my life.

We found him in the kitchen, mixing drinks. He was exactly like I expected: older, maybe fifty, broad shoulders and a good physique, but not overly muscular and not going to fat either. His hair was graying and with his barrel chest, he looked every bit like a retired Marine.

"Thad," he said holding his hand out to me. "You must be Ned."

"Nate," I immediately corrected him and stuck out my hand because I didn't know what else to do.

"Nate. Good name. Short for Nathaniel?"

"Yes."

"I hear you've been fucking my wife," he said, his tone changing to just a little bit of intimidation. If my knees hadn't already been locked I would have fallen over in a faint.

We were still shaking hands. I pulled my hand back. "N-n-n-no!" I stuttered and lied.

Tara, standing next to me, gave me a little shove and laughed. "Don't lie, Nate. He already knows the truth."

"I mean…" I started to explain.

"Stop teasing him, dear," Tara lectured her husband and leaned across the center island that separated me from Thad. She gave him a kiss on the lips.

"When you get old like me you start to embrace your kinks," he said, sliding a glass across the smooth granite surface that protected me from getting my ass kicked.

“You’re not that old,” I said automatically to ingratiate myself to Thad.

He smirked at me. “You don’t even know how old I am.”

“How old are you?” I realized how stupid it was to ask that question, so I gulped my drink and tried not to wince at how strong it was.

He shook his head, chuckling. “Fifty one. Yes, I married a much younger woman and now I’m paying for it.”

“You’re not paying for anything,” Tara told him and took my drink away from me. “I don’t want you drunk,” she explained when I tried to take it back. “No whiskey dick either.”

At that point I was reasonably sure that I wanted to get drunk and not have to fuck Tara in front of her husband. I wasn’t sure I’d be able to get hard at all, alcohol or not.

“Are you...are you okay with this?” I asked Thad. “I mean this is…”

“Kinky? Sure as fuck. And yes I’m into it. I can’t wait to see your big cock that Tara has been going on and on about.”

“What?”

“Isn’t he cute,” said Tara as she gave me a kiss on the cheek. “That’s what I love about fucking him.” She paused. “That and his big dick.”

“Please stop talking about my dick,” I begged them.

“Good idea,” said Thad. “Let’s see it.”

“Here?!” I was starting to freak out.

Freak out more.

“No, of course not,” Tara said with a roll of her eyes. “Let’s go up to the bedroom for that.”

Two minutes later, after a journey through their house, I found myself in their huge master bedroom.

“Just pretend I’m not here,” Thad said politely as he retreated to a chair on the raised platform at the far side of the room.

Their bedroom was a split level. Or something. Where Thad was now sitting in a comfortable chair was what appeared to be the entrance to a balcony. An honest to god balcony, not a sliding glass door that opened onto a narrow slab of concrete, but a balcony that would make Hollywood happy. French doors, of course!

The main part of the bedroom was huge. It was easily fifty feet long and twenty feet wide. Probably bigger than that. An enormous bed took up most of the space. The mattress was probably a king size, or maybe even bigger with one of those state names tacked on. I couldn’t tell if the bed was built into the room or not. There were two steps to get up to the mattress. Each corner had a massive pillar or post. There weren’t curtains or a canopy attached to it, but that must have been an aesthetic choice.

Some equally massive furniture took up some space. I saw an entrance to what had to be a walk in closet. Naturally there was a huge mirror on one wall. I wondered if it was to help Tara get ready for fancy balls and galas or if it was for sex.

I got to wondering what sort of job Thad had where he could afford all of this. Maybe family money?

I was so taken with the room and bed that I didn’t even acknowledge the fact that while I was looking around Tara had taken off most of her clothes. When my eyes settled on her she was wearing just a bra, panties, and thigh high stockings. All black. All lace. She had been wearing a skirt; I remembered that. I wondered if she was dressing up like this because it was what Thad wanted to see her in while I was fucking her.

“Ready?” she asked with a smile on her face.

I had the impression, though I had never asked, that Thad and Tara had done this before with other men. How many, I had no idea. But I couldn’t be the first.

Could I?

No. They moved too smoothly. They were too relaxed and prepared for this to be

a first time thing.

I think.

“For what?” I asked without thinking.

She laughed and approached me. I let my eyes rove over her body and I wondered why she was wearing a strapless bra when she had been wearing a perfectly normal blouse earlier. She didn’t have bare shoulders. Still, it was a look that worked for her.

Without any odd preparations, she just walked up to me and pressed her body to mine, lifting her face to kiss me. It was easy to kiss her. I put my hands on her hips, but avoided her ass. I didn’t want to seem like I was too eager.

I didn’t know how to act. I didn’t want Thad to get upset.

“Oh, you’re ready,” Tara declared when she stepped back from me.

“How do you know?” It was another in a series of stupid questions that I had asked.

Her hand went to my crotch. I realized my cock was already hard. I was wearing jeans which diminished the bulge, but it was still obvious I was ready to go. She rubbed me through the thick denim.

“This is how I know,” she said and went down on her knees in front of me. Somehow she managed to make me turn forty five degrees and at first I couldn’t figure out why. Then I remembered that Thad was still in the room and watching us. Turning slightly gave him a better view of the blowjob that Tara was about to bestow upon me.

Already her fingers were busily unbuttoning and unzipping my jeans. She didn’t have any trouble with my belt. A moment later she was tugging down my pants and underwear to reveal my cock.

I was already hard. She used both hands to hold me, wrapping her fingers around me to accentuate the size.

Turning her head she addressed her husband. “See? I wasn’t lying.”

Thad was less than ten feet away. I was sure he would jump up and punch me in the face.

Instead, he just nodded in approval and shifted in his chair. “Very nice. Is it the biggest you’ve ever had?”

Tara nodded enthusiastically. “I'm pretty sure. Yes, he is.”

“Can you suck him off?”

“Uh-huh.” She smiled at her husband. Somehow the expression on her face wasn’t just unbridled lust, but heartfelt love for her husband.

This just kept getting weirder.

“Well,” he prompted her. “Put it in your mouth, but don’t make him cum. Not yet.”

She turned back to me, parted her lips, and put my thick cock head in her mouth.

I moaned without meaning too.

It only took a few seconds and I felt like I was going to cum.

That’s not what any of us wanted.

Just as I was getting to the point where I was going to pull out of her mouth or cum in it, Tara sensed what was about to happen and abruptly stopped her delicious blowjob and went so far as to press her thumb around the base of my cock, firmly pressing against the underside, preventing any possible ejaculation.

“You aren’t going to cum too soon for me, are you?” she asked me with a sly and slightly annoyed look on her face.

I shook my head. “No. Of course not.” I didn’t know why I felt like the misbehaving schoolboy caught skipping class, but I did.

I sort of liked the feeling.

“Want to fuck me now?” she asked.

I nodded enthusiastically.

Tara got up off her knees and sauntered to the bed. The giant bed. She all but crawled up the steps which made me wonder how the two of them normally got into their bed at night. She paused with one knee on the top step and one knee on the mattress.

“You can’t fuck me until you take off my panties,” she pointed out.

That was correct. I rushed up behind her and, after quickly checking that Thad was still cool with all of this (he was), I pulled her panties over her hips and down her legs. They were true panties. No slutty thong for the woman I was fucking.

My cock was hard and I could see the wetness glistening on her pouting pussy lips. Tara arched her back, presenting herself fully to me and opened up her stance a little bit. She was on all fours and showed no inclination to move.

“You need to get me ready,” she said coyly. “I can’t take that big cock without you working me up.”

I knew that was true. I wanted to roll her over to more easily access her pussy, but I also knew what she wanted me to do in front of her husband.

The steps allowed me a better angle to access her pussy than if I had just been kneeling behind her. I kissed her upper thigh and worked my way up to her pussy. Maybe the cool kids liked to eat ass, but that wasn’t for me. Yes, her hole was clean and dusty pink-brown, but I didn’t go for that.

Even so, I all but had to bury my nose in her anus while I worked on her pussy. It was impossible to get up to her clit so I had to lick her labia and force my tongue into her as far as possible.

After a minute of that foolishness, Tara started laughing at me. “Very good, but why don’t you turn over onto you back and eat me out properly?”

That made sense and I felt like a fucking idiot for not trying it earlier.

The steps were carpeted but even so they weren’t exactly comfortable. I quickly forgot about the pain in my back when she lowered her pussy onto my face. I

wasn’t a huge fan of queening, but I loved eating pussy. I especially loved eating Tara’s eager pussy.

In no time at all she was grinding onto my face and making her little noises of pleasure. Those noises were rapidly growing. I was determined to make her cum at least once before I put my dick in her.

That was only polite.

My hands were cupping her ass, holding her in place where I wanted her, but at the same time I desperately wanted to jack off. That seemed rude to do it in front of Thad and I didn’t know if it was allowed.

Worse, I didn’t want to cum without getting a chance to fuck Tara. That was the whole point of me being there.

At least, I thought it was.

What I didn’t like was having my hard dick pointing at the ceiling while Thad watched me eat out his wife.

But then Tara started panting and vocalizing loudly. When she came, I felt like I had truly accomplished a wondrous feat and I didn’t care that another man was watching us like a pervert.

Perverts get a bad rap but, more than any other group, they push forward humanity’s enjoyment of sex.

She didn’t gush and soak my face, but by the time she was done cumming, her amrita was smeared all over my lips and cheeks.

“I needed that,” she told me, looking over her shoulder. “Now you need to fuck me.”

That was something I could happily do. She crawled up the bed just a little bit. I slid out from underneath her body and got into position behind her.

“Is it going to fit?” Thad asked from across the room. I hated that he was interrupting and I was starting to like that I had an audience.

How fucked up is that?

She looked at her husband. “I’ve taken him plenty of times before. You know that. His cock is bigger and better than yours.”

Reaching down between her legs, Tara grabbed my cock and guided me into her.

I didn’t do it gently. I just pushed into her, filling her up as quickly as possible, making her groan in pain.

Pain that I hoped translated to pleasure.

“Keep taking it, baby,” Thad called out to his wife. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that he had stood up from his chair and was gripping his cock through his pants. I couldn’t blame the guy for that.

Being back in Tara’s welcoming pussy was divine. I took a moment to soak in her warmth before I grabbed her hips and started thrusting.

“Uh!” she grunted as I slammed all the way home. I’m big, huge even, but I’m not so big that a woman couldn’t take all of me. “Fuck yes! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!”

I didn’t need the encouragement from her, but it was nice to hear.

“Take that cock!” Thad said enthusiastically. “Fuck him like a real woman.”

It wouldn’t have been surprising if he had whipped out his cock and started beating off in time with my thrusting. I actually expected him to do exactly that.

But he didn’t.

At first I thought he was refined.

Then I thought that maybe he couldn’t get hard. Maybe that’s why Tara was out fucking other men and he was living vicariously through me and whoever else was fucking Tara.

Or maybe he just liked a good sex show.

But Thad basically disappeared from my mind when I started truly fucking Tara.

I knew I wasn’t going to last long so I made sure to fuck her hard and fast. Normally I don’t go hard because so many women can’t handle my size, but I figured this was the time to show off.

Tara basically knelt there on all fours, taking my dick, while she moaned and cried out. Since she wasn’t telling me to stop. I didn’t.

Maybe she came again, maybe she didn’t. I don’t know. I got right up to the edge and decided to enjoy myself by holding her in place and unloading my balls as deeply into her as possible.

“Fuck! Fuck yes! More!” she begged as I filled her up.

With each spurt, my thrusts became less enthusiastic.

My cock is big enough that it takes a few minutes for it to detumesce to the point where it will easily slip out of a woman. When I got to that point, Tara slid forward on her belly, one hand between her legs holding her pussy, and then rolled over to her back. I was still kneeling and panting from our furious fucking. I looked down at my wet and sticky cock and was rather pleased that I wasn’t completely soft.

“Are you ready, baby?” asked Tara.

I couldn’t figure out what she was asking me what I was ready for.

“Do you mind just moving over a little bit, Nate?” Thad asked.

I hadn’t realized he had moved across the room. He was still fully dressed, but his eyes were only for his wife.

Or rather, for his wife’s pussy. I had left it a mess. Wet and filled with my cum which was just starting to drip out.

“Hot and fresh,” he said as he lowered his face between her legs, displacing me.

I knew that this was a kink, but I never expected to see it in person. While I would have shied away from fucking a woman who had so recently had another man’s cock in her, Thad had no such hangups.

Even though he wasn’t fucking his wife.

He was eating her pussy.

And, by dint of reality, he was also eating my cum.

Which, I’m sure, was part of the whole kink the two had working together. I didn’t blame them for it. It was sort of hot, but only from my perspective as a viewer, not a participant.

It made me wonder how many times Tara had gone home to Thad with my cum in her pussy—because she told me condoms weren’t necessary—and he ate her out with my leavings dripping out of her.

“You getting enough, baby?” she asked him.

“Can you sit on my face?” He pulled back and wiped at his cheeks, getting some liquid on his fingers which he then stuck in his mouth.

“I’d love to.”

While queening wasn’t my kink, apparently it was in the repertoire shared by Tara and Thad. They shifted positions, Thad getting on his back and Tara squatting on his chest and then sliding forward to firmly plant her pussy on his face.

I watched, amazed.

She saw me and grinned. “Gravity helps the cum flow out,” she said. “Plus, Thad likes to be dominated.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “I sort of got that impression.”

Her eyes went dreamy and she rocked back and forth a bit. Obviously Thad was doing a bit of cunnilingus in addition to eating my cum out of her. I couldn’t fault him for that. I would have done the same in his situation.

“He’s gonna make me cum,” she reported. Her eyes were now closed and her breathing was getting ragged. What was this, her third orgasm? Her fourth? I was envious of women who could cum and keep cumming. At best I could do

three times a night, and that was even a stretch for me.

“Want me to suck your cock?” she asked abruptly. She hadn’t cum yet and before I could answer, she reached out and grabbed me, dragging me close. I had to kneel and she bent halfway over, but she took my cock into her mouth without hesitation.

It was nice. I liked that she was cleaning my cock of her amrita (and my cum) while her husband was doing the same to her pussy. There was a nice symmetry to that.

But she wasn’t just cleaning me off. She was giving me an actual blowjob to make me hard. Things were weird and kinky enough for my cock to start rising.

Once she noticed I was getting hard, Tara took a quick break and pumped me with her hand instead of sucking.

“Are you going to fuck me again?” she asked.

“If that’s what you want…”

Glancing down between her legs, she then asked me, “Do you like my husband eating your cum?” Her hand didn’t stop on my cock while we spoke.

“Hell yeah.”

I knew not to shit on her kink in the middle of sex. Especially since I was enjoying the show.

“Want to see him fuck me?

I was leery of this. “Sure…”

“He just needs to make me cum one more time,” she said dreamily as she leaned against me, hand still busy as Thad suffered underneath her.

I only had to wait a minute for her to peak again. Tara was very pretty when she climaxed.

After she was done, Tara laughed and rolled off her husband’s face. “Get your

clothes off, Thad. Nate wants to see you fuck me."

For the first time that evening, Thad showed some hesitation. Something was up.

Thad slowly moved off the bed and down the two steps to the floor. He was reluctant and I was worried about why.

I was curious and didn't interfere. I just watched.

I was developing a nascent voyeurism kink.

From my position I watched as Thad slowly undressed. For an older man, he was in excellent shape. I could only hope that I maintained my physique as well as he had when I was his age.

I was expecting him to wear middle-aged man boxers, maybe boxer briefs, but he was actually sporting a pair of bikini-style underwear. I could help but stare at his small bulge hidden by the dark blue material.

Not to cast aspersions on another man's manhood, but he was definitely small. Tiny even. No wonder Thad's wife was out fucking other men. I had never seen a micropenis in my life and I wasn't exactly eager to see one now, but to cover my eyes and look away seemed to be an insult.

So, alongside Tara, I watched as Thad pulled down his underwear.

If he had only had a micropenis, I wouldn't have been nearly as shocked.

Tara laughed at him. "And what do you think you're going to do with that?" she asked him between giggles.

"Fuck you," he said weakly.

I sincerely doubted that. I knew older people were into all sorts of kinks but I had never expected to see this.

Thad had a shiny metal cage around his cock. It wasn't big—his cock or the cage, obviously.

Tara's giggles increased in volume and intensity. "You know that's not going to

happen," she lectured him.

"Holy shit," I muttered softly under my breath and wondered what the hell I had gotten myself into.

"What's that?" Tara asked me.

"Nothing!" I said quickly. I didn't know what was going on, but if she tried to put a cage on my cock, I'd be out of there so fast my sudden absence would cause a vacuum in the air that would start the formation of a black hole. "I just didn't know that you were into this sort of thing."

I casually tried to edge away from her without making it look like I was trying to get out of their house.

Tara reached out for Thad's cock. He moved closer and she wrapped her hand around his metal cage. I peered a little closer because I have no common sense and at the same time I needed to know what was going on, even if it was the death of me.

"Why don't you tell him, honey," Tara said as she tugged on his caged cock. It didn't look painful, but I didn't want to find out personally.

"When sex gets boring, you do what you can to make it exciting," Thad explained.

Tara scoffed. "Now tell him the real reason."

Thad looked ashamed. I understood the shame. At least, I thought that I did.

"I have to wear the cage because my cock doesn't work," he said, hanging his head.

Tara laughed at him again. "One of the many reasons you have to wear it, right honey?" she said as she got up on her knees and leaned forward to where he was standing next to the steps that led up to the bed. She gave him a little, chaste kiss on his lips.

"That's right."

“How...how do you have sex if he’s wearing...that?” I managed to stutter out.

“He doesn’t,” Tara answered for me. “At least not like a real man, right dear?”

“Yes,” Thad said quickly.

“If I take it off, will you perform like a good boy?”

“Yes,” he said just as quickly and incredibly eagerly.

With a sigh, she said, “We’ll see.” Tara climbed off the bed and went down the steps so she could walk over to a dresser. From the top drawer of the dresser she extracted an envelope that had a signature scrawled over the seal. She tore open the envelope and dumped a small key into her hand.

Glancing back to Thad, who was standing there patiently, I looked at his cock. It wasn’t exactly tiny. It was swollen inside his little cage. I was curious to see as to what was going to happen.

Seeing now that there was a small lock attached to the cage, I watched as Tara fitted the key into the lock and opened up the cage which was little more than a small curved shaft and a thick ring. The hollow, bird cage-like shaft was where Thad’s penis had been, and the thick ring was tucked behind his balls.

As soon as the shaft was separated from the ring, Thad’s cock jumped to life. Tara laughed. “That’s what the Viagra I gave him will do,” she said to me. I could see right away that removing the thick ring behind his balls was going to be next to impossible if he had an erection.

“That’ll do it,” I agreed.

Tara wrapped her hand around Thad’s now mostly free cock. I noted that her hand easily fitted around it. Just the head poked out of her small fist. With me, Tara needed to wrap both hands around my cock to achieve the same effect.

No wonder she wanted to fuck me—and other men—instead of her husband.

“Think you can fuck me tonight?”

Thad nodded eagerly and moved his wife up onto the bed with a good amount of

speed. She went onto her back and opened up her legs.

Thad climbed on top of her and wasted no time getting his cock into her pussy.

Or at least I assumed that was what was happening. I couldn't see much of his small, erect cock and Tara gave no indication that she was enjoying sex with her husband.

Right away he got busy thrusting hard and fast. He was in good shape so there was no reason to worry. And I knew that I had properly warmed up Tara for him, plus he had eaten her pussy, and he was small so it wasn't like he needed to stretch her open.

Even so, Thad was only good at fucking for maybe thirty seconds before he let out a miserable groan and Tara gave him a disappointed look. "Well, that was almost half a minute," she said in a disconcerted tone. "I suppose that's an achievement."

She pushed him off her, which was a great accomplishment considering how much bigger he was than her. "Get down there and do your job," she ordered.

"Do I have to?" he almost whined.

I jumped when she slapped him across the face.

"Yes! Do it now! You know the agreement."

I was shocked at how she treated him. Was this just theater or did she actually mean it?

Slowly, Thad moved his face down to her crotch where he had left his load of cum in her pussy. Or mostly in her pussy. I could see some of the thick, white liquid had landed on her triangle of pubic hair. Had he pulled out to far on the final thrust?

Once again, Thad started licking up cum from his wife's pussy. While it was sort of kinky and hot to have him do that to the load I had left in Tara, it was just humiliating to have to clean up his own load.

That, of course, was the point.

I watched in fascination as he went through the process of eating her out and consuming his own cum. It was shocking and erotic. I felt my cock rising just watching him and that was wrong.

Tara, however, was on the verge of ecstasy. Yes, I'm sure that Thad licking and sucking her clit while cleaning her out was physically enjoyable, but I was positive she was taking a lot of emotional enjoyment out of the experience as well.

It made me wonder when the last time they did this was.

I wanted to know, but I wasn't so bold as to ask them that personal bit of information.

After Tara got her final orgasm of the evening, she pushed her husband away and he all but slunk away, headed to the bathroom was that part of the master suite, leaving me alone with Tara.

She was still sprawled on the bed, her legs wide, letting me see her wet and well-used pussy.

I'd be lying if I said that it didn't stir my cock at least a little.

Maybe more than a little.

"Did you like the show?" she asked me as she leaned over the bed and grabbed the curved metal device that made up the cage that Thad had been wearing on his cock. She idly played with in her hand.

"Uh...yeah. I wasn't expecting that."

"That? What do you mean, exactly, by that?" she asked.

"All of it," I said, standing in front of her, my cock starting to grow. "Him watching. Him with...that," and I indicated what she held, "on his cock. Him eating you out. Twice."

She laughed. "You're so young and innocent."

It was an odd thing to say to the man who had just fucked her, but she wasn't

entirely wrong either.

“What do we do—?” I started to ask, but she interrupted me by calling out to her husband.

“Thad? What’s taking you so long? Get back here now!”

Almost instantly Thad reappeared. I checked him out. His body still looked good and I noted that he must shave or wax all his body hair. Not only was his chest hairless, but he lacked any pubic hair as well.

That only served to make his cock look smaller.

I felt bad for the guy. Here he was all rich, good looking, beautiful and sexy wife, but he had a cock so small that he was ashamed of it.

And he didn’t even know how to use it effectively. He didn’t get her off while fucking her.

I wondered if it didn’t work because of physiological or psychological reasons.

He walked up to his wife and she quickly and efficiently reattached the shaft portion of his cage to the ring behind his balls. I heard the snap of the lock and just like that it was over.

“Do me a favor, Nate?” she asked me.

“What?”

“Stand next to Thad.”

I did what she asked. He looked bigger and stronger than me, but the expression on his face told me he was completely defeated.

She sat on the steps of the bed. While I was momentarily distracted she had somehow procured her cell phone and was fiddling with it.

“I want a comparison photo,” she said as she leaned forward and aimed the phone’s camera at our cocks.

I should have said no. I should have protested. But I didn’t. I was full of myself

especially since my cock, unrestrained and unfettered, was easily four times as large as Thad's.

She took the pictures.

"Kneel down in front of him, Thad," Tara instructed her husband. "I want your face in the picture looking at a real man's cock."

He did exactly as she asked. His face was inches away from my cock and I couldn't help myself. My body did what it wanted.

My cock started to rise.

Tara smirked and kept taking pictures.

"Put your mouth on it like a good boy," said Tara.

I could have stopped him.

But I didn't.

Thad opened his mouth wide and put my cock between his lips.

I moaned a little as he started sucking me.

"Good boy," she complimented her husband. "Very good boy."

# To Be Continued

Preview

# Why She Cheats

Naomi took my dick out of her mouth.

“Do you know why I like to cheat on you?” she asked.

I shook my head back and forth slowly. “Uh-uh.” I was fully erect and I couldn’t concentrate enough to form actual words.

“It’s because you have a little dick,” she told me.

I continued to shake my head back and forth slowly, as if I didn’t believe her.

She put my dick back in her mouth and sucked. I shivered as I felt the suction going straight to my spine. I wasn’t going to cum. Not yet. But soon. Very soon if she didn’t stop sucking on me.

It wasn’t that Naomi was a particularly accomplished cocksucker. She probably was but I didn’t have that much of a data set to compare her against. She could deep throat me because, fully erect, I was just over four inches in length.

That’s well within the norm for an adult man. Five inches is the perfect average, so anything between four and six is normal range.

Yes, I know how large I am when erect. I’ve measured. My mind is just built that way. I need empirical data. Just like I know that Naomi’s breasts are approximately 480 cc in volume because she wears a 34C bra. I’ve never actually measure her breasts—she might have been offended that I asked to—but I know how to read and study published scientific data. Because humans’ bodies are constantly changing in weight and women’s breasts are especially vulnerable to size changes from their monthly cycles, an approximate volume was good enough for me.

Maybe later, as our relationship progresses, she’d be open to an actual measurement.

The important thing here is that I didn’t have a little dick. I have a perfectly average dick which came about from generations of women selecting their mates based on a variety of factors, penis size among them. Average was desirable and while there are outliers, most women wanted average cocks.

I had an average cock.

According to Naomi, her other lover, Neal, was easily twice my size and she said she loved fucking him because he stretched her out and made her feel alive.

That might have been true, but she spent a lot of time fucking me, and if she didn’t like fucking me, she would have stopped. That only makes sense.

The real truth of the matter, I suspected, was that she enjoyed fucking both me and Neal but she couldn't handle him all that often. If his cock was as huge as she claimed, it only made sense that she wouldn't want to fuck him all the time.

That and what she said a moment earlier was the truth. She liked to cheat on me. She didn't need just physical enjoyment for sex, but she needed a emotional thrill as well. For Naomi, the emotional thrill was cheating.

I pushed back on her shoulders, forcing my cock out of her mouth. I have to give her credit. She continued to suck on me for as long as possible, slurping the precum from the slit on the end as we finally broke contact.

She raised her eyebrows and gave me a look to let me know I had fucked up.

"I was going to cum," I explained.

"Maybe I wanted you to cum."

"In your mouth?"

"Better than my pussy. Less mess."

We had been through this before. I didn’t know what was wrong with me. Why couldn’t I just cum in her mouth and let her do what she wanted? It wasn’t like she was going to change her mind.

With a sigh of annoyance, Naomi stood up. I tried not to leer at her body. It was hard.

She was wearing a matching set of bra and panties. Bright red. Lace. Revealing without being too slutty. Or maybe her panties were a thong. I didn’t know. She hadn’t turned her back to me yet. She had the body for a thong. She had the body for the push up bra she was wearing, not that she needed it. I could clearly see her dark nipples through the lace.

When she had arrived at my place she had ordered me out of my clothes. Naturally I had complied and was naked before she had the chance to fully undress. She had only taken off her blouse and unzipped her skirt. I was already erect. She sighed again and had kicked off her shoes before she got down on her knees and started sucking me off as I sat on the living room couch.

“Are you leaving?” I asked as she looked around the room. I wanted to fuck and she was already annoyed with me.

“Not yet.”

“What do you want to do?”

“I want to fuck but you’re being an unreasonable shit.”

I didn’t think I was being an unreasonable shit. I was just horny and she was teasing me.

“I’m sorry. Do you want to have sex or not?”

“You’re so romantic,” she said scathingly.

I blamed myself, but I should have blamed her. We both worked for the same company, I in the mechanical engineering department and her in administration. I didn’t know exactly what she did, but to be honest, she probably had no clue about my job. She saw me one day and decided we should date. I, being my socially awkward self, went along with her. It was for the best. We’ve been dating nearly two years. Right away she said it was never going to get serious.

From our first date she said she was seeing other people.

From the first time we had sex she said we weren’t going to be exclusive.

From the six month mark she said she was going to fuck other people and tell me about it.

My cock had never been harder.

I wasn’t sure if we were serious or not. Two years is a long time and a lot of sex. We hadn’t moved in together or anything like that, but she pretended in public that we were at least a semi-serious and committed couple.

In private she told me she loved to cheat on me and fuck other men.

The first time we fucked I couldn’t tell if she was disappointed with my cock or not.

Naomi was a hard woman to understand. I didn’t understand her at all.

“Sorry. I’m an engineer.”

She sighed and turned away from me.

As it turned out she was wearing a thong.

My living room was an L-shaped room that was half living area and half dining room.

She walked to the table and pushed aside two chairs. She shoved my D&D books across the table. I sat on the couch while she pulled down her thong and

stepped out of it. She spread her legs and bent forward, ass in the air. I could just barely see her pussy.

“Come on and fuck me,” she said, arching her back to let me know she was ready.

In a flash I was halfway to the table before she added, “But get a condom first. I don’t want you cumming in me tonight.”

This was an annoyance of hers. She was using other birth control, I knew, but she didn’t like semen in her vag, so I was forced to use a condom whenever she wasn’t feeling generous.

I ran to my bedroom, my cock bouncing up and down as I hurried, pulled a condom from the box, and rolled it on before heading back to where she waited. I grabbed the lube bottle before I left the bedroom.

She was still there when I returned. I wouldn’t have put it past Naomi to leave me frustrated because she was bored or annoyed with me.

“Want me to get you wet?” I asked politely as I stepped behind her.

“I’m already wet enough. Just shove it in.”

I wasn’t willing to take the risk of pissing her off because she wasn’t wet enough, so I dosed my condom-covered cock with a good dollop of lube before getting into position behind her.

I slipped in easily. Maybe it was the lube. Maybe it was her wetness. It didn’t matter. I started humping her like I was a high school geek virgin.

I had been a high school geek virgin, so it was easy for me to do that.

The sex only lasted two minutes at the very most. I couldn’t hold back that long. It didn’t matter. Naomi had her hand down between her legs rubbing her clit the moment I entered her. She liked sex that was fast and intense. At least she always told me that she liked it that way. How was I to know the actual truth?

“That didn’t take long,” she said after I was done and had pulled out. With one hand I steadied myself against the wall.

“Sorry,” I apologized.

She scoffed and picked up her thong to put it back on. “I was making a joke about your tiny dick,” she told me.

I just nodded. This was the life I had chosen.

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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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