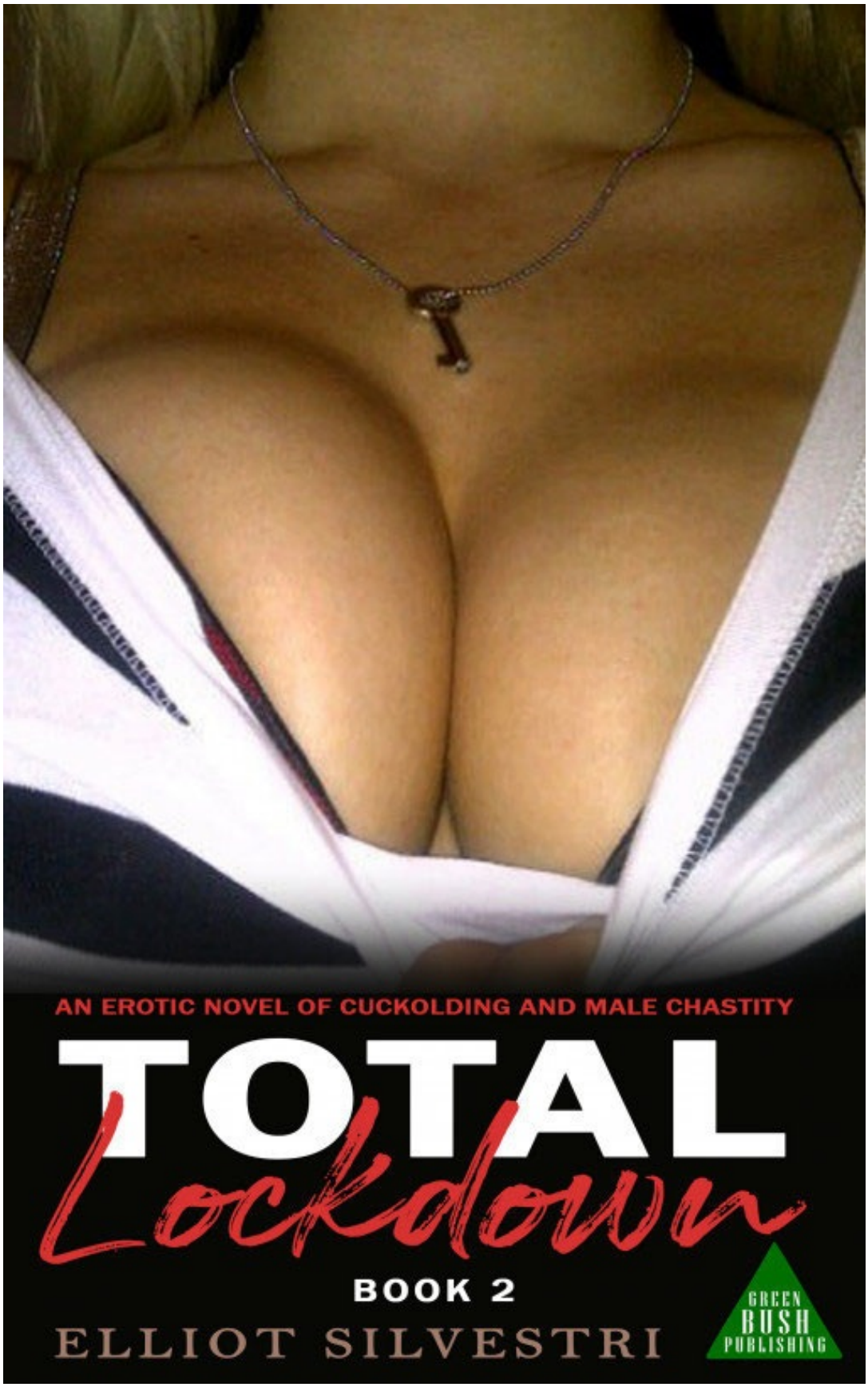
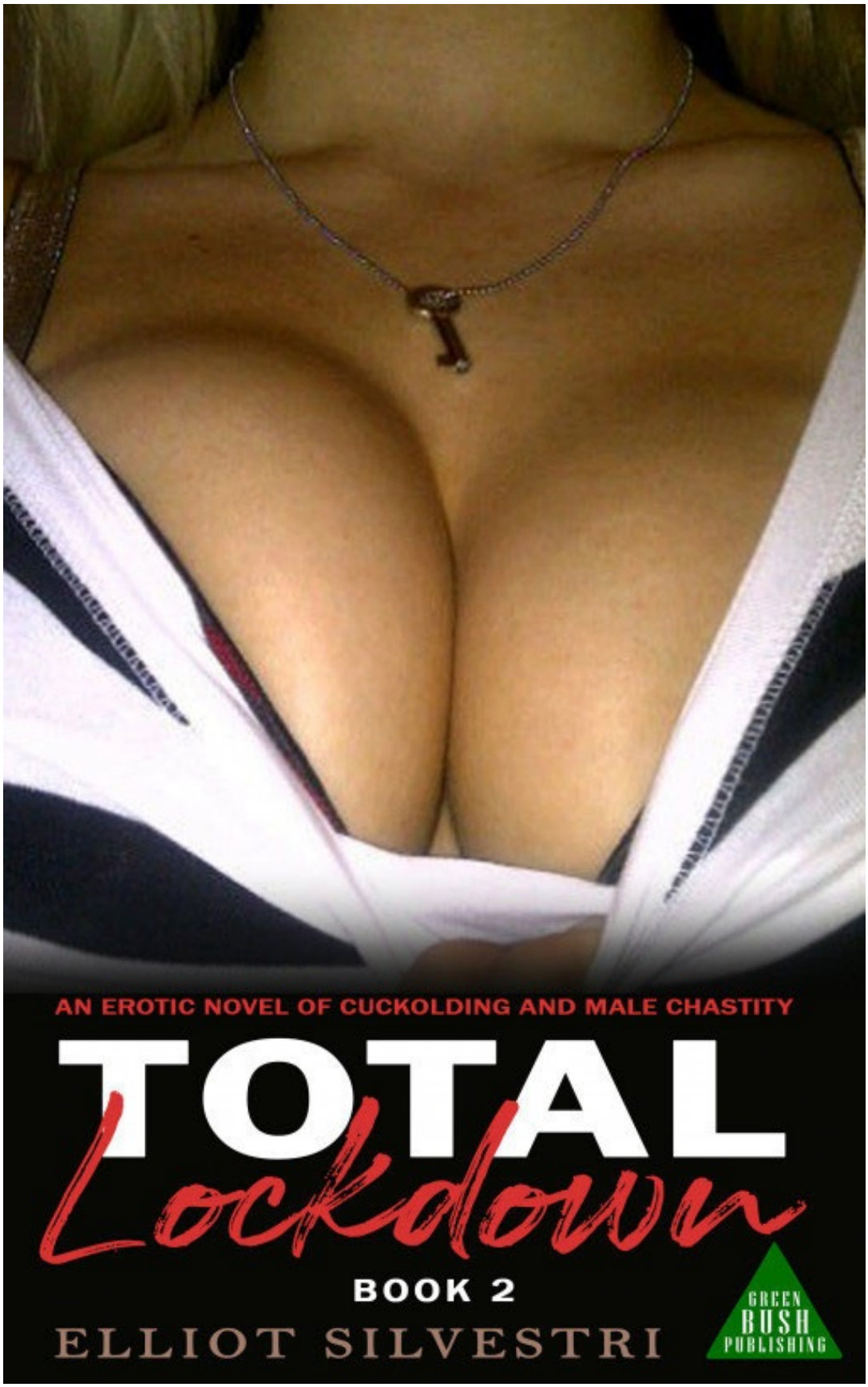

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF CUCKOLDING AND MALE CHASTITY
TOTAL
Lockdown
BOOK 2
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN
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Total Lockdown 2

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 2

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Version 2

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Chapter Three

I was glad to leave their place afterwards. It was a little too much for me to deal with, everything I had just gone through.

I felt used, but I liked it.

I felt confused, because I had never done anything like that before with anyone.

Obviously they had a plan that they had played out, but still, I should have known.

I hated it that I found myself looking forward to when they wanted to do it again.

My most immediate problem, however, was dealing with the schoolwork I was supposed to be doing.

It was hell living in a dorm with another guy, going to class all day, and being the sexual plaything of a lusty woman—and her husband—by night.

Chris, my roommate who knew enough to look the other way at the right times, noticed I was having trouble finishing the latest assignment for the biology class we were both taking.

“Dude, I know it’s bio but you need to stop thinking with your dick.” Chris grinned at me from his bed in our shared room. It wouldn’t be a stretch to say he smirked at me.

“I’m not thinking with my dick.”

“That bio homework isn't that hard. Unlike your dick.”

“Har har.” I looked down at the screen in front of me. In reality, it wasn’t that difficult. I was just distracted by thinking about Tara.

And Thad.

And Tara and Thad together.

“Do you know that, post-Vietnam War, more higher education students have failed out of college due to relationship problems than all other reasons combined?” he asked.

That caught my attention. “Really? Where did you hear that?”

“Nowhere. I just made it up. I’m taking stats too, don’t forget. My point is, you don’t focus, and you’re going to fail out. And I’m pretty sure most college students who leave before completing their degree do so due to financial problems.”

“Uh-huh.” I was already thinking about fucking Tara again.

And not just fucking Tara. Fucking Tara in front of her husband. That was an element I needed now.

“Your problem,” he pointed out to me, “isn't that you aren’t getting laid, but that you’re getting laid too much.”

I turned my head to look at my wise-beyond-his-years roommate who still hadn’t gotten laid once as far as I knew. “Thank you for your insight.”

“I’m not saying she’s not a hot piece of ass, even for an older woman, but you need to focus, dude.” He shrugged. “Or maybe not. If you drop out to get your willy waxed all the time, I’ll have a single room the rest of the year. Your choice.”

“Want to double-team her with me next time?” I asked him.

A look of shock passed over Chris’s face. “Uh...no thanks.”

“Tara’s kind of slutty. She’d definitely be into being railed by two guys at once.”

“Pass.”

“Your loss.”

“Task successfully failed.”

The next day, after bio class—where I handed in my homework that had taken four hours when it should have taken one—I called Tara. She had texted me during class but I remained focused on what was important.

“Hey. You messaged me?”

“When can we meet again?” she immediately asked. No small talk. I loved and hated that.

“Uh...this weekend? I’m pretty busy with classes and work and—”

“Thad really wants to watch you fuck me again,” she interrupted.

“Yeah...uh...okay.”

“How about tomorrow night?”

She was pushing me too fast and I panicked.

“My roommate wants to fuck you,” I blurted out instead of answering her question.

She laughed at me. “The cute one I was talking to while you were in the bathroom?”

“Yeah. Him. Chris. We both want to rail you at the same time.”

“Well, I’m not into being double-teamed, but he is cute…”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I had instigated it and I couldn’t believe it. “He’s not available until the weekend however.”

Once again Tara laughed at me. “I’ll consider it, but first you need to come fuck me tomorrow night. Are you free?”

I was and I couldn’t say no.

“Is...is Thad going to be there?”

“Of course.”

Tuesday night I rang the bell to their front door. Tara answered, which was good.

I didn’t want to deal directly with Thad, even though I knew he was going to be there and watching as I railed his wife.

Just the thought got me hard.

Tara noticed right away. She opened the door and greeted me with a hug. She must have felt my erection in my jeans. When she stepped back she let her hand linger on my waist and then moved it to cup my crotch. “Can’t wait to get this in me,” she said with a wink and then beckoned me into the house.

I followed. Nothing could have stopped me.

As we walked through their large house, I looked around for Thad. He was nowhere in evidence. I was nervous not just because I was going to be fucking her again in front of her husband, but because I had a short paper due tomorrow and I had yet to start on it.

There was time. There was always time.

Still, I didn’t see Thad. “Where’s your husband?” I asked nervously, thinking that maybe he had an emergency at work and had left to deal with it.

“Upstairs. Waiting. It’s not like he needs to be down here when we’re alone.” She gave me a look and tugged on her blouse, showing off her small cleavage. She was wearing a fancy lace collar- like necklace; it was sexy and implied she was up to something.

“Why would we need to be alone?” I asked nervously. It wasn’t like we needed to flirt. We just met up to fuck. We weren’t intent on having a romantic relationship.

“To talk about your friend fucking me,” she said.

“I thought you didn’t want that…”

“I gave it some more thought.”

Quickly I said, “I was just kidding around. So was he.”

“Uh-huh. Want to give me his number?”

“Uh...not really.”

She smiled and laughed. “What can I do to convince you to give it to me?”

“Oh, I’ll give it to you,” I said and moved closer to her. We wrapped our arms around each other and I kissed her, mostly so I wouldn’t have to keep talking about Chris or wonder what other perversities she might want to commit.

She didn’t resist—in fact, she encouraged me—when I started to undress her. It was easy to remove her blouse and skirt, and she kicked off her shoes. I stepped back to admire her body and was nearly knocked out by what she was wearing.

Yes, lingerie is a little bit silly, especially because it was designed to be removed for sex. But it was also designed to enhance a woman’s body.

The set that Tara was wearing did that exactly. The fancy lace necklace I had previously admired wasn’t really a necklace, but was part of her lingerie. The lace circled her neck and a single satin strip went down between her breasts to join with her bra, which was nothing more than a half-cup bra that left her nipples exposed and pushed up her tits. The satin strip continued down from the bra to hook onto her lace thong. It was somewhere between demure-sexy lace and fetishwear.

“Like what you see?” she asked me.

“Always,” I breathed.

She smiled and pirouetted. “Meet me upstairs,” she said and walked confidently away.

I followed. I had to follow. Her ass beckoned me. It was mostly exposed by her very small panties. Again, not a thong because Tara had class, but it was so close as to not make a difference.

Upstairs in the giant master suite I found Thad. He was waiting for us.

Something else was going on because he was already naked—except for his cockcage—and he was literally tied to a hard wooden chair that had been brought into the bedroom for just this occasion. Or I was pretty sure it had been brought into the room for this occasion. I didn’t ask.

Still, upon seeing him in the chair, I stopped dead in my tracks. Not even Tara's tits were enough to entice me to keep moving.

He wasn't restrained with duct tape or rope. He was wearing thick leather cuffs around his wrists, ankles, and waist. I wouldn't have been surprised if he had a collar around his neck, but that wasn't the case. Each of the cuffs was attached to the chair. I didn't do a close inspection, but I was fairly sure he wouldn't have an easy way of freeing himself. The cuffs looked like something a psychiatric hospital would use on violent patients; they were nowhere near fun fetish gear.

The finishing touch was the red ball gag shoved into Thad's mouth. His mouth was held wide open. I could see his teeth clenching down on the hard rubber ball held in place by straps around the back of his head. The gag had been in place for a while because he was drooling over his chin and onto his chest. It was far from sexy.

"What's going on?" I asked Tara.

"He was a bad boy and needed to be restrained. I promised him a look, but he's not going to be rewarded."

I knew something was up and she wasn't giving me the full truth. This was simply a game they were playing and I was the guest star in their little fantasy.

But I wanted to fuck Tara because I was young and horny and even with Thad watching I was going to fuck her.

"Isn't him watching already a reward?" I foolishly asked.

Tara smirked at me. "Shut up and take off your pants," she said.

As I started to unbutton my jeans, she got down on the floor in front of me and assisted. In a moment my cock was waving in the breeze and she wrapped both hands around my erection.

"A real man's cock," she said more than loudly enough for Thad to hear.

I didn't need a blowjob, but that's what I got. She bobbed her head up and down on my length while I took off my shirt. From there it was an awkward struggle to get out of my sneakers and free myself of my jeans, but eventually I got there.

“If you don’t stop, I’m going to cum in your mouth,” I told Tara.

She looked up at me with innocent eyes. Backing off my length she gave me an evil grin. “I want you to cum in my mouth,” she informed me before going back to sucking on me, using her hand, and giving her all to the moment.

I was that close to cumming already. I didn’t want to cum in her mouth. I wanted to fuck her.

“I want to fuck you,” I half-begged her.

“Cum in my mouth anyway,” she said, taking a quick rest while she used her hand. “I’ll let you fuck me later tonight. You can cum twice a night? Can’t you? Maybe three times?”

She gave her husband a sly look and then went back to sucking on me. I still felt out of place in the middle of her bedroom getting some brain salad surgery while Thad watched.

I didn’t feel so out of place that I stopped her. I was right on the edge. She grabbed my balls with one hand, squeezing to the point of pain. Her other hand was on my cock and her mouth was on the head, sucking for all she was worth.

There was no way to fight it. I came in her mouth.

She didn’t stop sucking. My orgasm continued and it became painful. She was sucking the life out of me.

Finally it was too much and I had to push her away. Maybe it was rude and aggressive, but it was what I needed.

Tara clamped her lips closed and got off her knees. She sauntered across the bedroom to her husband. I stared at her ass while feeling how soft the carpet was on my feet. It was luxurious.

It wasn’t as much of a distraction as Tara’s pert ass. I watched it wiggling as she walked.

Tara knelt on the wooden chair. Thad’s legs were wide open because of the way he was restrained. She wedged her knee against his caged cock and all I could

think of was how that had to hurt her knees compared to the soft carpet. I didn't worry at all about Thad's cock.

Ever the loving wife, Tara reached behind her husband's head and unbuckled the restraint. He had trouble spitting out the ball gag, but she barely gave him time to do that before kissing him.

Only at that point did I realize she hadn't swallowed my load. She was carrying it around in her mouth.

Of course she passed it to Thad. He didn't protest in the least. The kiss lasted a long, uncomfortable moment for me, but I didn't stop watching. I wanted to watch. I wanted to know what was going to happen next.

Tara broke the kiss. "Show him," she ordered.

Thad opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue. I saw my cum sitting on his tongue. She gave him a little kiss on the cheek.

"You know what to do," she said.

Thad closed his eyes and then his lips. A moment later I saw his Adam's apple work up and down.

He swallowed my load.

I wasn't surprised.

It was fucking hot.

Although I had just cum, my cock hadn't gone completely soft. Seeing Tara snowball her husband was getting me to rise again.

"Such a good boy," she complimented him and gave him a little kiss. "Are you ready to be released?" she asked him.

Thad nodded enthusiastically. "Yes. I'm sorry. I'll be better."

"I know you will," she said softly. Tara gave him another little kiss on the cheek and then climbed off his lap. She walked away, toward the dresser where she had

previously hidden the key to his cage.

I watched, still fascinated as I slowly stiffened, as she once again removed an envelope from the top drawer, tore it open, and extracted the small key. It wasn't much of a security method, but it worked. If Thad tore the envelope open to unlock himself, it would be obvious what had happened.

Smiling, Tara went back to her husband and unlocked the small padlock that secured his cock from usage. She was quick this time, pulling off the metal cage that surrounded his penis and not pausing at all, she pulled free the thick ring that was seated behind his ball.

He gasped. I wasn't sure if it was from the freedom or from her rough handling of his cock. It didn't matter. In a matter of seconds his cock rose to the occasion.

I watched because it was turning me on, not because I wanted to be in Thad's position.

Even so, his cock completely failed to impress me. At best it was four inches. Maybe. When Tara wrapped her hand around his smallness, the head didn't really come out at all.

"So small," she teased. "So pathetic. So useless."

Thad groaned in response as she started jerking him off. She wasn't gentle or loving about it at all.

I was still fascinated.

"Don't...please," he begged her.

"I promised that you'd get to cum tonight," she reminded him. "So I'm making you cum."

He kept begging and pleading, but Tara didn't stop, he couldn't get up from the chair because of all the restraints, and—of course—in reality he wanted this to happen. I was well familiar with living out an erotic fantasy that required willing participation of the supposedly unwilling participant.

For a man with a small cock and balls, I was astounded at the amount of cum

that Thad was able to produce when he came. He strained and grunted and groaned through the process. It had to be more fun than he was making it out to be.

Tara abruptly stopped her handjob and waited for a second. His small cock bobbed in the air for a few long seconds. She held her hand at the end of his cock at just the right moment. Thick strands of his white cum shot out the end, landing on her hand and forearm.

She didn't catch it all, but most of it landed where she wanted.

I was shocked when, after his ejaculation was finished, she dipped a finger into the biggest puddle on her palm and tasted it.

"Sweet as always, honey," she said.

"Uh-huh," he panted.

From start to finish it hadn't taken more than three minutes for her to release his cock and his orgasm to subside.

I shouldn't have been surprised at what happened next, but I was.

Tara held her hand up to her husband's face. "You know what to do," she said and glanced my way, a satisfied grin on her face. There was hesitation on Thad's part. I didn't blame him, but this had to be part of their little dance, didn't it?

Seeing he was reluctant, Tara twisted the knife. "Do it if you want your reward."

Nervously Thad looked at me, but quickly looked away. This wasn't beyond the pale for him, but he had just cum. I knew what that was like. Right before cumming you'd do anything, say anything, promise anything to get that orgasm and fulfill that fantasy.

Afterwards, in that post-orgasmic clarity, suddenly the fantasy that you wanted to live out wasn't what you wanted it to be.

I admired Thad. He set his jaw and moved forward on it.

Or maybe he was just afraid of his wife.

Thad lowered his face, his mouth, to her hand, and started lapping up his own cum.

“Oh...what a good boy,” she cooed at him. “That’s it. Lick it all up and you’ll get the reward you deserve. Such a lover. Such a strong man.”

It was all a little too sweet for me and a little too intimate. I wanted to run away and not see or hear them, but I was also working on a burgeoning erection and I knew I could cum again.

When Thad was done licking up his cum, Tara turned away from him and looked at me. “Are you ready?” she asked.

“For what?”

“To fuck me?”

I watched as she artfully unhooked the center strip of her lingerie from the collar she wore, then reached behind her back to unhook the bra and shimmy out of her panties, leaving her wearing just the collar.

From my position on the bed, I just watched. I was paralyzed. I eagerly welcomed her return, walking up the steps to the bed and pushing me down.

I was already hard enough to penetrate her. She was soaking wet. She liked this game as much as, or maybe more than, her husband.

Her pussy was soaking and she was more than ready for me. In a flash we were fucking wildly. It took her no time at all to cum. I laid on my back and watched her performance. It wasn’t for me. It was for Thad; I was sure of it.

Still it didn’t matter who her attractive tits bouncing around for. I was enjoying it.

After she came, she gave me her trademark wicked smile and leaned forward to kiss me.

I was more nervous about kissing her in front of Thad than I was worried about fucking her. How fucked up is that?

“Do me a favor?” she whispered in my ear as she slowly ground her hips on my cock.

“Uh...sure?”

Her face was right up against mine and it was easy for her to look into my eyes. She was silently pleading for me to say yes. I knew something was up.

“It’s pretty extreme. And kinky.” She gave me a kiss as an enticement.

I knew I couldn’t say no to her.

“Sure. I’m kinky.” I knew I wasn’t anywhere near as kinky as her and Thad, but I couldn’t say no. I didn’t want to ruin everything.

“It’s fucking hot and it’ll turn me on so much,” she explained before dropping the hammer.

“Okay.”

“I want you to cum in Thad’s mouth.” She had punctuated each word with a little kiss.

My cock throbbed inside her. I was already close to cumming.

I breathed heavily, forestalling my orgasm.

“Okay,” I agreed.

I had made plenty of women cum in my life. (That would be exactly six women.) I had never made a woman cum with just a word. I felt like Paul Atreides with the power of my voice.

A little orgasm passed through Tara’s body. “Thank you,” she said as she climbed off my body, leaving me with a throbbing and wet erection. She offered me her hand, as if I needed help down the stairs.

I took it anyway. It seemed polite.

I tried to convince myself that I wasn’t trembling.

As we walked toward Thad, still strapped to his chair, Tara went up on her toes and whispered in my ear, “This has been a fantasy of his for a long time. Just play along. I’ll make it worth your while later on.”

I nodded and made it seem like I was disinterested in the whole process. I don’t think I sold my lie very well.

When we arrived in front of Thad, I couldn’t look him in the eye. I could barely look at his sad, pathetic cock.

“Nate’s going to face fuck you, hon, and you’re going to let him. Right?”

Thad just nodded. He couldn’t look at me either.

I stood to the side of the chair and he turned his head to get to my cock.

My heart was thumping in my chest and I felt like I was going to pass out.

Tara kissed me again and guided my cock to her husband’s mouth.

As strange as the situation was, I expected a horrible experience.

It wasn’t.

It might have been one of the best blowjobs I had ever received. It would have been better if he hadn’t been so restrained and could use his hands. Plus I was already on the edge so it lasted less than a minute.

When I came, I came hard.

Thad was less than an expert at giving head and so had some difficulty taking all of my load, but what he did manage to take was admirable and he swallowed most of it. Just some dribbled down his chin and a few small shots fell on his chest.

And that was my first gay experience.

I knew I’d do it again.

Chapter Four

“Jesus fucking Christ you’re getting in late,” Chris complained.

I didn’t blame him. By the time I left Tara’s place and got back to the dorm, it was almost two a.m. And on a school night no less.

I was barely keeping my life under control.

“Sorry. Didn’t mean to wake you up.”

Chris turned on his bedside lamp. “No worries. I just went to bed a few minutes ago. Late night assignment.”

“Can I copy your bio work?” I asked because there was no way I was going to get it done.

Flopping back on his pillow he said, “I already emailed it to you.”

“Thanks.”

“You’re not going to pass the semester if you keep this up.”

I knew he was right. I couldn’t help myself. I was still buzzing after my latest encounter with Tara.

And Thad.

“Want to get laid?” I asked him.

“Not right now. I’m sleeping.” He had just clicked off the lamp. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Tara wants to be double-teamed and thought you were cute. She wanted me to ask you.”

He clicked his light back on. “Stop fucking with me. It’s the middle of the fucking night. Asshole.” He threw his arm over his face.

“I’m not kidding.”

“Right.”

“I can give you her number right now if you want to call and discuss it with her.”

“No thank you.”

“She might even fuck you alone.”

Lifting his arm from his face, he squinted at me. “Look. Even if this was all true, I would still say no. She’s your girlfriend. She’s your married girlfriend. I’m not into that. Yeah, she’s hot and all, but that’s just a little too much for me. Sorry.” Once more the light went off.

I nodded. “I understand.”

“I’m also going to point out that I’m not gay. Or bi. Or anything like that. I just want my first time to be with someone I have a little affection for. I don’t want to get laid the first time as some weird sexual experiment or fetish.”

“No. It’s cool. I just promised Tara that I would ask.”

“Fine.”

“Good night.”

For some reason I couldn’t describe, I felt bad about asking. Chris was a nice guy. He had just admitted to me that he was a virgin. He didn’t deserve a rude roommate who was into weird sexual experiments and fetishes.

And was bi.

But I wasn’t admitting that to him.

The next morning I had a text message from Tara waiting for me on my phone.

Thad and I both want to thank you for a wonderful night. I already worked out Thad’s reward. What do you want?

I looked at my phone. I didn’t know how to answer her. My guess was that she would fulfill just about any sexual fantasy that I would voice.

That scared me.

It also excited me.

What did I want from her?

More importantly, I wanted her to keep her mouth shut about me and Thad.

I just don't want anyone to find out that I'm bi, I texted to her.

The reply came quickly. I wondered if she was waiting to reply to me. That was almost sad.

Having your dick sucked once doesn't make you bi.

Her words didn't help me.

Yeah. But I am bi.

It was a hard confession, but I made it anyway. It wasn't like I was going around advertising it.

Well, you just told me that you're bi. You do know that I'm an inveterate blabbermouth, don't you?"

I started hyperventilating.

Her next comment came a minute later.

I'm just kidding. I'd never tell anyone unless you wanted me to.

That's the last thing I wanted.

I had to reply to her. I'll let you know if I want you to.

Once again her reply came immediately. Great. But I didn't text you to chat. I need your cock.

I sniffed at that. Of course she wanted my cock. She was a size queen and her husband didn't measure up to me, literally and metaphorically.

There was no reason not to be a little full of myself. Of course you do.

When can we fuck again?

The next day I was over at Tara's because she wanted to get fucked and I was horny because I was twenty and stupid. I assume she wanted to get fucked because her husband had a useless cock. A cock so useless she kept it under lock and key.

We didn't go right to the bedroom, hers or the guest bedroom. She brought me to the living room with its huge windows that were open to the street—where no one was watching or walking or driving because their exclusive neighborhood had little traffic and no interaction between neighbors—and forced me to sit on the couch.

"What are we doing?" I asked as she handed me a glass of alcohol. I assumed it was whiskey or bourbon or something similar. I was a stupid college kid who had only drunk beer or vodka. I didn't know one type of booze from the other. The glass was heavy and filled with jagged shards of ice plus the alcohol. Maybe it was Scotch. I had no idea.

"I'm going to take off my clothes and you're going to fuck me," she said, backing away from me and casually kicking off her high heels.

"Where's Thad?" I asked. I was still nervous. I was certain this fantasy was all going to come crashing down and Thad was going to want to punch me in the face.

"He's at work. He won't be home for hours. Don't worry about him. It's not like I want his cock. It's useless."

She was dressed nicely in a modest skirt and a blouse with a sweater. She looked like an average American woman, upper middle class. No one knew her secrets.

Except me.

And her husband.

She turned on some music from hidden speakers and started swaying her body around. I didn't recognize the song or style of music. It wasn't really dancing, but I watched her anyway. The alcohol was strong with a slightly smokey flavor. I was certain I was fulfilling another one of her fantasies. It was late afternoon. Sunlight was streaming through the huge windows illuminating her body with an aura that couldn't be artificially duplicated.

The sweater came off first. She didn't reveal anything. Tara then turned her back to me and I could tell she was unbuttoning her blouse. She didn't remove it but left it open when she turned back to me. I could see a small pink lace bra, but nothing else.

Tara moved over to me and once again turned around. She didn't exactly stick her ass in my face, but it was close. "Unzip me?" she asked.

I was happy to comply.

The zip was in the back. I pulled it down. She wiggled her hips and I helped peel the fine material down her hips and thighs.

Underneath she wore a modest pair of pink panties that matched her bra. I was thrilled to see that she was wearing classic thigh high black stockings. These were held up by a garter belt. The garters were worn under her panties, slut-style.

She turned back around and continued to move and sway her body. "Do you like what you see?"

"Yes." My eyes were riveted to her crotch. I could make out the narrow triangle of black pubic hair half-obscured by the pink lace. I wanted to fuck her with the blouse and everything else on, but remove the panties first.

"Not bad for thirty five, huh?"

I nodded in agreement and reached out of her.

Tara slipped away. When I started to get off the couch, she held up a warning finger. "No. Stay there. Get your cock out."

"You sure?"

“Am I ever unsure?”

I was already mostly erect so when I unzipped my jeans and pulled them and my underwear down just far enough my erection pointed toward the ceiling.

“God,” she breathed. “I wished I had you at home all the time. I’d do nothing but fuck you.”

“Your husband might object to that.”

Tara shook her head. She picked up her own drink from the little bar in the corner of the room and made her way back to me. “He’d suck your cock every day. Getting it ready for me. Letting you blow your load in his mouth if I wanted that. He’s such a sub.”

“Is that how your relationship works?” I asked.

She just shook her head more. “Don’t worry about that. Right now let’s just fuck.”

With that she unceremoniously pulled down her panties and left them on the floor.

Walking the rest of the way over to me, she started to go down on her knees to suck my cock, but I prevented that, pulling her up into my lap so we could kiss first. She was reluctant at first, but then gave in to me.

We made out for a minute and she kept trying to mount my cock, but I wouldn’t let her. Instead, I pulled her up higher on her knees and slid down on the couch.

Tara got the hint and brought her pussy up to my face. Her snatch was already warmed up from her dancing, but I still plunged my tongue into her and sucked on her clit. She shivered and I held her in place, my hands firmly planted on her ass.

I wanted to make her cum once first before I put my cock in her. Plus I loved the taste of pussy.

Maybe I wanted to remind myself that I loved pussy.

While I was eating her pussy I couldn’t stop thinking about how Thad had sucked my cock. I couldn’t stop thinking about what it would be like to suck someone else’s cock.

Being bi was weird.

It was probably difficult for Tara to cum in the position I was holding her in, so it took a little effort. She didn’t have a huge orgasm, but just a small, satisfactory little initial one.

Or maybe she faked it. I don’t know.

After she came, she begged me, “Please, I need your cock. Put it in me.”

I saw no reason to deny her. I was still hard enough to easily penetrate her now sopping and hot and well-prepared pussy.

She slowly sank all the way down on me. Tara didn’t hesitate to lean forward and kiss me, even though my face was still smeared with her liquid amrita.

From there it was pretty straight forward sex.

Tara bounced up and down on my cock. I allowed her. I grabbed her ass to control her motions.

That wasn’t good enough for me.

I pushed open her blouse to expose her bra. I discovered, much to my delight, it was a demi-cup bra that left her nipples partially exposed. I blinked twice when I saw I wasn’t just looking at her nipples.

She had little rods through them. I was positive she hadn’t had pierced nipples the last time I saw her.

Tara noticed that I was staring at her tits. “Like them?”

“Uh-huh.” What else was I going to say? “Did you just have them done?”

Our conversation had put a pause on her riding. “Redone. I had ‘em pierced a while back, but I haven’t worn them in a while.”

“Oh. Okay. That’s hot.”

She laughed at me. “I didn’t do it for you, I did it for me.”

I nodded and started fucking her again.

I watched her decorated tits. When I came, it was intense and I filled her pussy with my cum.

Tara held me tightly, quivering a little.

“I need to tell you two things,” she said softly in my ear.

That had me worried.

“What?”

She adjusted her position on my lap. I could feel my cock starting to soften. I wouldn’t be inside her much longer.

“Do you see the bookshelves over there?” she asked, indicating a wall of six foot long shelves that held books from top to bottom with various other things decorating the shelves as well.

“Yes?”

“See the tiny security camera on the left side.

It took me a moment, but I spied it. “Oh shit…”

She laughed at me. “Don’t worry. The only ones who have access to the cameras are me and Thad. I hope he was watching us just now because I didn’t see anyone out on the street watching.”

That made my cock shrink all the way and slide out of her. She frowned and adjusted her legs so that she was sitting crosswise on me in a vain effort to prevent my cum from dripping out of her.

“It’s weird the things you’ll do to keep sex exciting,” she mused.

“Okay, yeah. Sure. What was the other thing you wanted to tell me?”

“Well, it’s not so much telling you something. It’s an invitation.”

I was wary. Everything with Tara and Thad always had another wrinkle involved.

“What sort of invitation?”

“We want you to be our guest of honor at our swingers party.”

“Guest of honor?” What the fuck was she up to?

“That’s what we call the bulls that the wives bring to the party.” She smiled and kissed me. “Want to be my bull?”

Chapter Five

The next weekend I found myself accompanying Tara and Thad to a party.

She had told me to wear a jacket and tie, this was to be a formal affair. So I wore the one jacket and tie and dress shirt that I owned. I supposed I should have thanked my mother for insisting I have them at college “just in case,” but I was also sure my mother wouldn’t want to know exactly why I was wearing my one nice set of clothing.

I parked my car at their place and sat in the front seat of their BMW as Tara drove us. Thad was very quiet in the back seat. He was wearing a jacket and tie like me, but I knew something was up. Something they weren’t telling me.

Naturally Chris wanted to know where I was going. I gave him the line: “If I told you, you’d be upset, so I’m not going to tell you.”

That only served to intrigue him.

“What exactly do I have to do at this party?” I asked.

“Just fuck whatever woman interests you,” Tara said with a straight face.

Thad made a strangled noise in the back seat.

“What? I thought I was there to fuck you in front of strangers!” I was starting to panic.

Tara started to laugh. “No. And yes. You can do almost anything you want. And they aren’t strangers to me. I know everyone there. Don’t worry, it’s just going to be six couples...and their bulls.”

I did some quick mental math. “Eighteen people?” I asked. I wasn’t a big fan of parties in general. Meeting eighteen new people and being expected to perform unknown sexual acts in front of them was starting to make my heart palpitate.

“Twenty one with us. Don’t worry, the house is plenty big. And you won’t have to fuck them all.”

From the back seat, Thad snorted.

“I don’t want to tire the poor boy out,” Tara explained, glancing into the rearview mirror at her husband.

“I’m not sure I can do this,” I said warily.

It didn’t matter. I was already committed. We pulled off the main road and into a gated community. Of course it was a gated community. But it wasn’t one of those where the houses were on top of each other. They were all very modern and seemed to disappear into the trees and landscaping.

Shortly Tara pulled up to a house. The long driveway was full of cars so we were forced to park on the street. “Looks like everyone is already here. We’re arriving fashionably late,” she declared.

When Thad joined us as we walked up to the front porch, she said to him. “You know you’re supposed to go around back, dear.”

“I know,” he grumbled and left us, cutting across the driveway and disappearing around the corner of the house.

I checked out Tara again. She was wearing a red dress that was sexy without being sleazy. She didn’t have generous curves to show off, but it fit her like a glove. It made me wonder what she was wearing underneath. The only thing I could really see was that instead of wearing high heeled shoes, she was wearing matching red boots that went up to her knees, where the dress ended. There wasn’t even any cleavage on display.

“Ready?” she asked me and rang the bell.

I didn’t have an answer ready. I wasn’t ready. I stood there thinking what the hell I was doing with my life when the door opened.

I had expected a lot of things when the door opened and I walked in. What I was in front of me wasn’t any of the options I had created in my head.

We were greeted by a middle aged man who was mostly nondescript other than being a little overweight. His once glossy-black hair was going to gray, but he had brilliant blue eyes; normally I don’t pick up on anyone’s eye color. He shaved his chest or was naturally smooth; I don’t know.

The most distinctive thing about him was that he was completely naked except for a bright pink plastic cage on his cock.

Naturally I stared.

His cock wasn't impressive, or I guessed it wasn't impressive. The chastity cage was partly hidden by his gut, but there it was. Maybe he was a grower and not a shower, but he wasn't showing much at all.

"Bennie!" Tara greeted the man. "It's so good to see you." She stepped into the house and gave Bennie a kiss on the cheek which he graciously accepted. I didn't know what to do so I just stood there until Tara introduced me. "This is Nate. He's our bull. Thad's already gone around back. Why does Beth have you on door duty?"

He actually blushed a little bit. "She says my cock's useless so I get to answer the door until everyone is here."

Tara laughed a little and gave him another kiss on the cheek. Her hand snaked down and briefly gripped his contained manhood. "It's not useless. Well, not completely. Maybe you can be a good boy and she'll take off your cage tonight."

He smiled. "I hope so."

Noticing that I hadn't yet stepped into the house, Tara gestured for me to enter. "Come on, Nate. Don't be shy. Everyone here is friendly."

Nervously, I stepped into the house and offered my hand to Bennie. He shook it but we didn't make eye contact. That was far too intimate.

"Everyone is in the living room," said Bennie. "Unless someone has gone off to the private rooms."

"Great. Thank you." Tara dismissed him, grabbed my hand, and dragged me along.

After leaving the foyer we were dumped into the living room, which was crowded with bodies in all states of dress and undress. The women were wearing fancy dresses. Some of the men were wearing suits like me. Some were naked like Bennie. I couldn't help myself and checked out each naked man's cock.

They were all wearing chastity cages of all sorts of styles. I was fascinated.

Some were metal. Some were plastic. Some were solid. Others were transparent. Most were very small. I wondered if their cocks were normally that small or if wearing cages made them small.

All I knew is that my cock, even after swimming for hours in cold water would never be that small.

There was music, loud enough for conversation to be amped up, but not deafening. Drinks were being served and consumed. I didn't see any food.

My eyes didn't know where to rest, but in the middle of the room was where the action was and that's where my eyes landed.

At first I couldn't figure it out, but eventually everything came into focus.

I guess this was what bored upper-middle class couples did to fight off ennui.

I knew this was a swingers party, but it had the added bonus of being populated by cuckold couples and their bulls. The women doing the cuckolding were wild. They were like those cliché women at male stripper reviews.

In the middle of the room was a couple having sex. I didn't know if they were married, but much like Tara and Thad, he looked a little older than her. He was completely naked. She was mostly naked from the waist down. I don't know what transpired before I walked in but to witness sex this was way, way beyond strange.

The man was kneeling on a large ottoman. He was being fucked from behind by the woman. It took me a minute to sort it out, but she was wearing the sort of strapon fake cock a lesbian would wear to plow her girlfriend.

She was using it on the man. I assumed it was her husband. I had no idea if he was or not. Like him—and like most of the people at the party—she was a little overweight. I was fascinated with her ass. It jiggled each time she thrusted forward. The harness she was wearing to hold the strapon circled her waist and fit her like a thong.

On second look I noted that she hadn't just removed her pants or skirt, but she

had removed her top as well. Her large tits were just barely contained by the black corset she was wearing. The cups were enormous but even so her boobs threatened to jump free with every thrust.

I sort of wanted to see what her tits looked like naked.

I wondered if she was naturally that busty or if she had implants. They looked real but…

Briefly pausing in the abuse of her partner's asshole, she tossed back her bleach blonde curls and let out a little whoop of joy. "Do you like that, little boy?" she taunted her partner.

"Uh-huh," he moaned.

I moved a little to the side, stepping away from Tara, so I could have a better view of the man's cock. I was disappointed. He was wearing a solid metal tube over his cock.

"Do you want to cum?" she asked.

I looked closer. Maybe he hadn't cum, but his cock was leaking precum like a sieve. Or maybe he had cum. There was that much liquid dripping out of his cage.

"Yes," he begged her. "Please let me cum."

"How are you going to cum with the cage on your little cock?" she questioned him, much to the amusement of the crowd. I wanted to know too.

"I can't," he whined. "I can't. You know I can't."

The blonde resumed her thrusting. I admired her jiggling. She punctuated each of her next statements with thrusts from her hips.

"I know you can cum!"

Thrust.

"Can cum this way!"

Thrust.

“Cum for me!”

Thrust!

“Cum or you’re gonna wear that cage forever!”

Thrust!

Each thrust was accompanied with an appropriate whimper from the man. I didn’t know whether to feel sympathy or jealousy for him. I would have bet that if his cage was off he’d already be cumming.

But that was probably the point.

He had both hands firmly planted on the large ottoman. She was standing behind him, gripping both hips. There was another woman standing next to them, watching closely. Clearly there was something going on between this trio. The second woman had brown hair pulled back into a librarian’s bun. She was fully dressed, as far as I could tell.

But her hand went under the man’s body and gripped his balls. She didn’t caress him. She squeezed.

Hard.

But apparently that’s what he needed. After howling at the pain, his soft cock started pumping out the thick white liquid that I generally associated with a hard cock and a pleasant orgasm.

He had to be soft inside the metal tube. Just the tip of his cock was exposed through a few bars restricting it from escaping. The amount of cum he made was impressive. The lovers weren’t worried about the mess he was making on the cushion.

It was a hell of a mess.

The crowd didn’t exactly cheer. But there were noises of congratulations along with a smattering of applause.

“Did you love that, baby?” the blonde asked him.

She hadn’t withdrawn her cock from him yet. I wondered what it felt like to cum with a cock in the ass. It had to be powerful.

“Yes,” he panted. “I loved it.”

“Thank you,” the brunette said to the blonde. She stood up, revealing her body. I barely took in what had just happened before I noted that she gave the blonde a kiss.

It wasn’t exactly a casual kiss, but neither was it just a friendly kiss like some female friends greet each other.

That was just as hot, if not hotter, than what I had just witnessed.

“Did you like the show?”

I nearly jumped when Tara asked the question. I had forgotten she was there.

“Uhh...yeah. I guess. I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

I tried not to look around at the crowd that was largely talking to each other and not me and Tara. The mostly naked men worried me and the clothed men—the bulls—scared the hell out of me for no good reason.

“I should hope so,” said Tara. “You’re too young to have any wild sex stories yet.”

She looked over my shoulder and smiled. “Here comes Thad. I hope he got to see Cindy reaming David. He’s going to be in that same position soon enough.”

For no good reason, her words were more than enough to make my already tingling cock to harden. For some reason another stiff cock in the room wasn't enough to catch Tara’s attention.

I turned around and saw Thad. Like all the other husbands, he was naked except for his cage. I couldn’t help myself. I checked his cock. From what I could see, he was swollen inside the cage.

Then I noticed a new detail. Thad was carrying a black leash in his hand. It was attached to the ring at the base of his cock. Without a word he handed it over to Tara.

“Thank you, dear. Shall we make a tour of the room and see who is going to fuck me tonight?” she asked him.

“Of course,” he replied. He seemed almost more eager for this than she did.

Fucking perverts.

And then I realized that they were leaving me. That only made sense, of course, because she couldn’t find another bull to fuck her if I was tagging along.

But I started to fall in step next to Tara anyway.

Abruptly she turned and put her hands on my shoulders, holding me in place. “Just wait here, Nate,” she instructed me. “They’ll come to you. I’ve told all the ladies about your big cock and they’ll be all over you like vultures on roadkill the moment I walk away.”

“You didn’t tell me this,” I complained, keeping my words low.

A smirk formed on Tara’s lips. “I know. It’s more fun this way.”

When I started to protest, she put her fingers to my lips. “Look at them,” she said. “Look at all these hot, middle-aged women who want to jump your bones. Well...your big bone at least. Pick the one you want and fuck her to your heart’s content. It’ll be fun. Trust me.”

And with that she walked away.

I stared at her ass in her tight dress for a second before my view was blocked by the cleavage of another woman.

Her tits were huge and practically spilling out of her deep purple dress. I knew I was staring and I couldn’t help myself.

I barely glanced up at her face.

“Hi. I’m Linnzi. You must me Nate. Tara told me all about you.”

She was pretty enough. Dyed dark red hair with semi-obvious roots. Her skin was a little too suntanned to my liking and her body wasn’t nearly as athletic as Tara’s, but on the plus side she had huge tits. For that I could deal with a little extra body fat. I wondered what her ass looked like.

“Yeah. Hi. Nate.” I automatically stuck my hand out to her and she shook it only after transferring the leash handle she was holding to her left hand. I looked to her side and behind her slightly to see her...husband? Partner? Lover? He was just as naked as Thad had been but didn’t have nearly the body of Tara’s husband.

For just a second I considered shaking his hand, but I dismissed that as being unnecessary.

“Is it true?” Linnzi asked.

“Is what true?”

“That your cock is bigger than my forearm.” She held up her arm to demonstrate the size.

Except for the excess fat, Linnzi wasn’t a large woman. She was significantly shorter than me. Her forearm was short. I wasn’t sure if my cock was as large as it or not.

“Uh...probably close to the same size,” I hedged.

She shot out her hand and grabbed my crotch. I was already hard, but the sudden touch startled me and made me harder. I liked the feeling.

“Well, you’re hard enough,” she said eagerly, all but licking her lips at the prospect of fucking me. “There’s only one way to find out for sure, right?”

Five minutes later we were alone in a bedroom. Alone being relative in this case. Linnzi had brought along her husband—Tim was his name I had learned—and we didn’t bother closing the door. Privacy wasn’t something that was normally found at this party.

It happened so quickly—partly because I wanted it to happen so quickly—and the next thing I knew we were both naked. She wasted no time and got down on her knees, not to give me a blowjob but to inspect my cock.

“It’s so fucking huge!” she exclaimed.

I’d heard similar proclamations before, but usually they were from women who were afraid of my size. I could tell that Linnzi had no such fear. I knew she wanted it in her pussy.

Still, she gave me a couple of eager licks and opened her mouth wide enough to take the head between her lips. She sucked like a vacuum. I needed to fuck her right that moment.

I had forgotten that Tim was in the room with us.

Pulling her off her knees I moved her quickly to the bed, not even bothering to pull back the covers to get to the sheets.

She was just as eager as I was.

Just doing this was crazy and risky and I knew I was out of my depth, but that didn’t stop me from getting between Linnzi’s legs. Like I would with all my lovers, I moved my face down to her pussy to part her velvet curtains, but she stopped me.

“Just stick that big thing in me,” she panted, urging my body upwards so that our genitals aligned.

“I want to go down on you first.”

Linnzi almost violently shook her head. “I need it now.”

“It’ll go in easier if—”

She cut me off by reaching down between us and grabbing my cock. She practically dragged me to her entrance and rubbed my cockhead against her wet and gaping lips.

Her pussy was hungry for cock...and for me. I had always been careful with a

new lover because my size could cause distress is understating it.

I got the impression that Linnzi wanted to be abused and used. I indulged her.

I took a couple of small, preparatory strokes and then pushed all the way into her.

I expected a scream of pain. Instead I got a warm, welcoming pussy that was overflowing with amrita. I sank all the way into her pudgy body.

Linnzi moaned with pleasure as I filled her up. Never before had a woman taken my cock so easily.

Encouraged by this unexpected bonus of fucking an experienced woman, I got right to work thrusting and working her pussy.

Linnzi moaned and writhed appropriately underneath me. Her hands went to my ass, encouraging me to go deep and hard in her.

Her pussy was unlike any other that I had been in. Maybe it was because she was an older woman. Maybe it was because she was extra horny and got off on cheating on her husband in front of him. Maybe she just liked big cocks.

I couldn’t say.

But I could say it was one of the best lays of my life. Yes, maybe she had an average face, dyed red hair, was a bit overweight, was a little too old for me, but she knew how to fuck. It’s not all about looks; it what you do with your body.

I made her orgasm with greater ease than any other woman I’d ever been with. She screamed out “Fuck!” right before she came. Her pussy got incredibly hot and I could feel her gushing when she came. For just a second I thought she was peeing.

“Sorry,” she apologized when she came to her senses. “I didn’t tell you I’m a squirter.”

“It’s okay.” I had no idea what else to say.

“Good!” She grabbed my face and kissed me. Her tongue eagerly probed my

mouth. “Now keep fucking me and make me cum again.”

Making Linnzi cum was easy. I did it again with almost no effort. I loved how her pussy clamped down on me when she came. At that point I was already at my wit’s end so I just let loose and came in her, the consequences be damned.

She loved it, of course.

“Yes! Fuck yes! Fill me up with your cum! More! Give it to me all, baby!” She nattered on a bit, so I just kept going, trying to force out every drop of cum that I could.

Eventually I met my limits and collapsed against her. It’s nice luxuriating in and on the body of a curvaceous woman.

“I love fucking young bulls,” she said more to herself than to me. “So full of strength and cum and muscles. Don’t you think?”

Smartly, I kept my mouth shut before answering. I lifted my head and realized that we had an audience.

Not just Tim, but two women as well. I didn’t recognize the one standing in the doorway. She was wearing a red and black bodysuit that hid nothing from view.

The other woman I recognized right away. Tara was looking at me with approval. She was in only her knee-high red boots and a matching red corset that pushed up her small tits. I could see her pussy and stared. Her nudity was unremarkable amongst the rest of us.

“Okay, you need to get off me,” Linnzi ordered. “I don’t want all of your cum leaking out.”

Automatically I did as she asked. Without being prompted Tim quickly replaced me. But of course he didn’t get to use his cock on his wife, his face was between her thighs and he was licking away before I was off the bed.

I couldn’t help but stare. It wasn’t anything different than what I had done with Tara and Thad.

I wanted to watch, but Tara grabbed my hand and pulled me away. “You don’t

need to see that," she said. "I've got something special for you to watch."

As we walked down the hallway back to the living room, I wondered what had happened to her dress. And underwear. If she had been wearing any underwear.

"What are we watching?" I asked.

"This," she said, pointing, as we arrived at our destination.

The large ottoman was still in the middle of the living room. Only now Thad was the one crouching on the cushion. I watched, my cock slowly hardening again, as Thad proceeded to give an enthusiastic blowjob to another man.

The man was younger than Thad, but not nearly as young as me. I noted that his erect cock wasn't nearly as big as mine. It was large, but not huge. I watched, half wishing I could be the one Thad was sucking off, and half-thrilled that I wasn't receiving the attention because I would have to explain what I was doing.

Not to Tara or Thad or anyone at the party.

But to myself.

To Be Continued

Preview

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

"Well I'm glad she mounted me," Geoffrey said to Belledane as they made their way along the narrow path. They had just left the forest where their patron and lover's tower was situated and were starting to make their way up the mountain path where Maeveen, the Enchantress, had directed them.

Belledane buzzed in the air on her butterfly wings next to him. She gave him a serious side eye and said, "Do you have to put it that way?"

"Of course I do! I'm a bard!"

"Not every song is about sex," she pointed out.

"Mine are."

It took all of the pixie's self-control not to roll her eyes. "I know." And then she failed in her self-control and rolled her eyes anyway. "I'm starting to wonder why I'm spending all my time with you."

"And on that note," said Geoffrey as he slung his lute case from off his back and opened it up.

“Please no,” said Belledane a little too loudly.

“I have the perfect song for the occasion to celebrate my new steed.”

Belledane would have plugged her ears with her fingers, but she was still fascinated by the seemingly endless variety of bawdy songs that Geoffrey had in his repertoire.

It's a landlady's daughter and her name was Nelly

And it's green, O green, the leaves do grow;

And she took sick with a pain in her belly

And it's ha, young man, do you tell me so?

It was a bold trooper rode up to the inn

He's perishing cold and wet to the skin.

The landlady put 'em in the bed together

To see if the one couldn't cure the tother.

"Oh, what's this here, and what's it called?"

"It's my fine nag and they call him Bald.”

“Oh, what's this here, and what's it called?"

"It's my little well where you can water old Bald."

"Suppose my nag he should slip in?"

"Just catch on the grass that grows round the brim."

"How can you tell when he's had his fill?"

"He'll hang down his head, turn away from the well."

"How can you tell when your nag wants more?"

"He'll rear up his head and go pawin' 'round the door."

Geoffrey grinned at Belledane as he finished. She gave him no reaction at first other than a slow shake of her head.

"I think I'll name him Baldy," he said, "in honor of my song."

"You're riding a mare," Belledane pointed out.

"Then I'll name her Nelly."

"You're naming your horse after a slutty character in your song?"

"Yes. Why not?"

“Oh, Geoffrey,” she said as she alighted on the saddle horn right in front of Geoffrey’s crotch. She couldn't help herself and stared at the generous bulge in his brightly colored pants. He wasn’t erect; not yet. She would know and she’d want to fuck him, of course she was only two feet tall and he was six, so some magic would be needed, but then again it was always magical when they fucked. In frustration, with both Geoffrey’s attitude and her sexual needs, she pushed her purple tinted locks out of her left eye and then repeated the process with the yellow hair hanging in her right eye. She knew she needed to tie it back because it was getting so long, but that was a minor consideration at the moment.

After she didn’t say anything else the silence became too much for him. “What?” he asked.

“Sometimes you are just a clueless human.”

“Is that a compliment?” he asked.

“No.”

“Oh.”

They continued on in silence.

“Do you want to stop for a midday meal or just to fuck?” he asked her after a

minute.

“You just had sex with Maeveen this morning!” she protested, but that didn’t do anything to stem the warmth and wetness that traveled to her cunt when he asked. She was trying to get a hold of her sexual urges around humans. She couldn’t just fuck like a pixie all the time now. She was a champion of the Enchantress.

“So did you!” he reminded her. “I was there watching!”

“And participating,” she added with a knowing smile.

They caught each other’s eyes and knew what was going to happen at midday. For the moment, the memory of the morning would have to be good enough.

For all her reputation of being an evil enchantress, Maeveen was quite personable and polite. More importantly she was as sexy and horny as a hellcat.

After Geoffrey and Belledane had given her the Golden Phallacy and she had rewarded them with titles of her personal champions, they spent a few pleasant days in her tower. Most of her goblin servants had run away when she had been bound to her bed after the unfortunate death of her lover and betrayal of her goblin hunter, but a few returned when they found life in the forest difficult after only a day. Geoffrey found them hideous to look at, but they made good servants, so he didn’t complain.

Maeveen had quickly moved on from the death of her lover. She was tight-lipped about the identity of the woman who had expired during their enthusiastic love making, but Geoffrey got the impression that their relationship was strictly physical and transactional. He didn't say it out loud, but he had his suspicions that perhaps her lover was of the hired variety.

Once she had declared Geoffrey and Belledane to be her champions and lovers, it was surprisingly easy for her to seduce them.

She focused on Geoffrey first. It wasn't difficult for her. The three of them had a meal to celebrate her declaration and she made it more than obvious that she intended to take Geoffrey into her bed.

He regarded the glass of wine in his hand. "Am I drunk or are you magically charming me?" he asked Maeveen.

The beautiful fair-haired woman laughed lightly. "And why would you think that?"

"Because I have an unquenchable thirst to fuck you right now," he said aloud. "My cock is hard and I don't have any interest in fucking Belledane." He looked apologetically at his travel companion. She was seated on a boosted seat at the table with them, her glass and plate and cutlery almost comically large for her. "Sorry, but it's the truth." He clamped a hand over his mouth. "Maybe she cast a truth spell on me," he blurted out.

Belledane's eyes were a little glazed with alcohol. And maybe a bit of lust, but she was a pixie so her eyes were always bright with lust. "It's okay," she said

slurring her words a little. “I want to fuck her too.” The pixie looked apologetically over at the enchantress. “Sorry,” she added and then hiccuped.

The beautiful enchantress raised her glass to both of them. “I take it as a point of professional pride that I never use magic to seduce anyone into my bed. I do it on pure charm alone.” She sipped from her glass. “That being said, I will take you to my bed, Geoffrey, because it’s been a day since I’ve had the little magic of physical pleasure.” She eyed the pixie whose head was bobbing as the alcohol she had consumed overtook her more than she had anticipated. “Don’t worry, dear girl, I’ll get to you eventually.”

Belledane nodded one last time and rested her head on the tablecloth next to her plate. In a moment she was snoring.

Maeveen circled around the table and assisted Geoffrey to his feet. “Maybe I shouldn’t have used the elf wine. Live and learn. I do believe you know where my bed is.”

What followed was an incredible experience that Geoffrey was certain he would never replicate with another lover.

He had been with more women than he could remember. He had been with more than a few men as well. He had had two elven lovers and Belledane, his pixie companion. None of them compared to the blowjob that Maeveen gave him.

In her bedroom her gown seemed to simply dissipate. She was comfortable in her own skin and Geoffrey felt over dressed in his simple bard’s garb. He had to undress quickly to match her.

She was happily willing to go down on her knees in front of him and take his cock into her mouth. While some women were more than a little reluctant to put a man's cock in their mouths, the enchantress knew that this was the essence in controlling a man. It didn't make him dominate her; it made her in control of him. His most prized possession was in her mouth and she could do with him as she pleased.

Geoffrey was more than happy to let her do with him as she wanted. Her artistry at cock sucking was incredible. He was seated on the edge of her bed and she was bobbing her head happily away at him. What she wanted from him he could only imagine.

"I'm gonna cum," he warned her. "You need to stop."

She did stop. Briefly. But just to take him out of her mouth long enough to speak. "You need to cum in my mouth. I need your essence."

That should have scared him, but it didn't. He was already well beyond the point of trouble. "I don't want to waste it all in your mouth."

She smiled at him before putting his hard cock back into her mouth. "It won't go to waste. And don't worry, I'll get you hard again to fuck me."

Without further discussion she put his cock back into her mouth and began eagerly sucking.

If he had wanted to, Geoffrey could have pushed her away. On one level, he wanted her to stop, but on the more visceral level, he wanted her mouth to stay on his cock for the rest of his life.

When he came, he was certain that she was sucking his soul out of his manhood.

It was a short, sharp eruption of a climax. Her lips remained tightly sealed around the end of his cock while her hand was busy massaging his sack, drawing out as much of his seed as possible. He would have been happy, even proud, to cum inside her and father her offspring if that's what she wanted.

Most women he had been with didn't like him to cum in their mouths; they complained about the taste and the humiliation.

Most whores he had been with preferred that he cum in their mouths; less mess, they told him, and no risk of pregnancy.

He opted not to compare Maeveen to a whore's sexual preferences.

She swallowed his load with great gusto, as if he were giving her some present impossible to acquire elsewhere.

That might have been the truth.

“I...I...I didn’t mean to cum in your mouth!” he exclaimed.

She laughed at him and sipped from the wineglass on the floor next to the bed. Had she brought it along with her or had she conjured it up from someplace else with her magic? “I wanted you to cum in my mouth.”

“Why?”

Her answer to that was a laugh followed by a kiss as she stood up and crawled on top of him. His hands went to her lovely soft skin. Her mouth tasted of sour grapes and alcohol and, presumably, his cum. He didn’t mind at all.

She kept crawling up his body. Her tits wound up in his face and he sucked on each nipple as they went by. And then he found her lovely belly button with a small silver ring through it, and then he found his nose pressing into her sparse golden pubic hair.

Her cunt was pressing into his face and she had no shame about it. Geoffrey didn’t mind at all. Her cunt was scented and dripping with amrita. Plunging his tongue into her depth and licking her clit was a pleasure. His arms curled around her shapely thighs and held her in place as she settled in to enjoy what he could do.

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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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