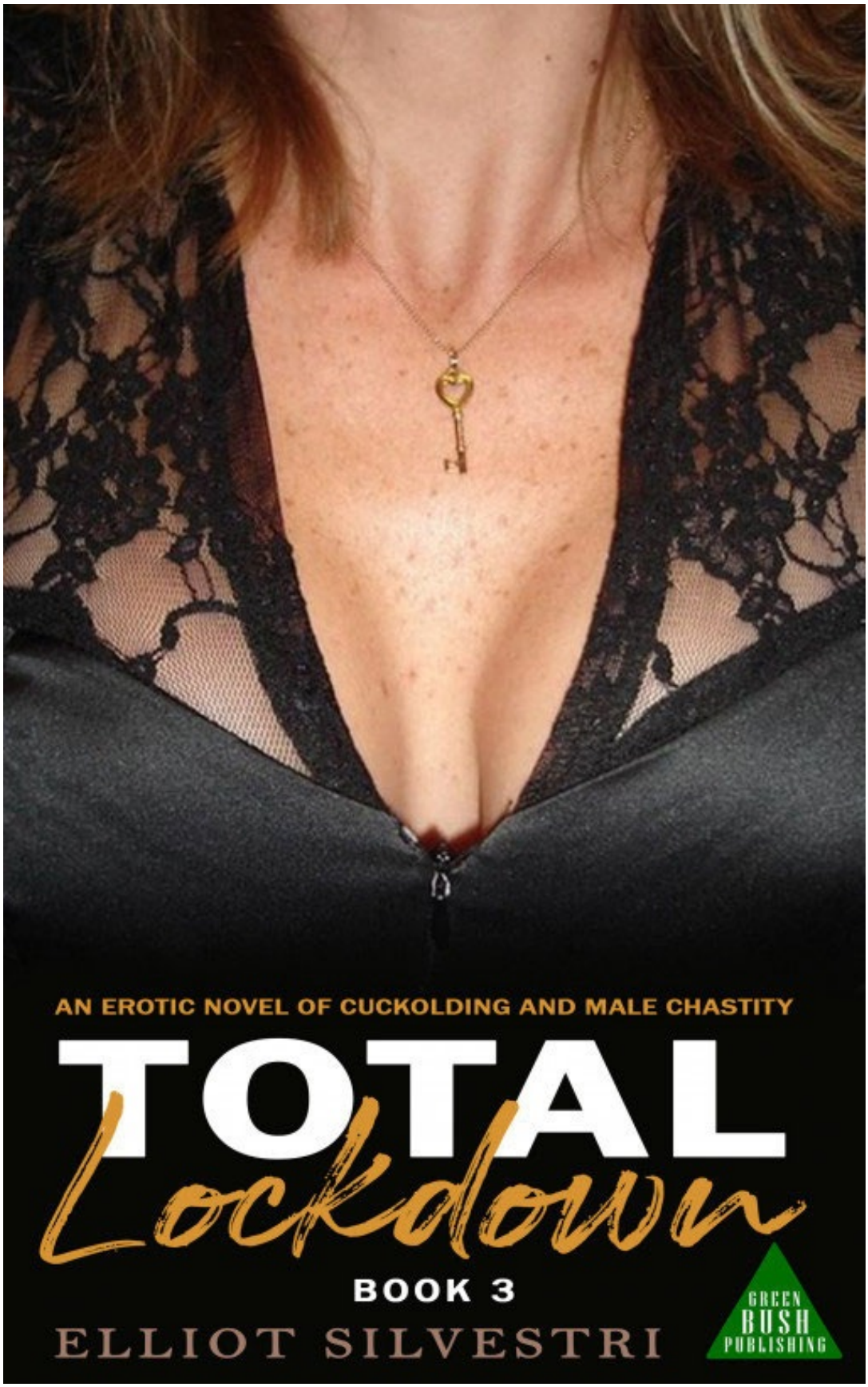
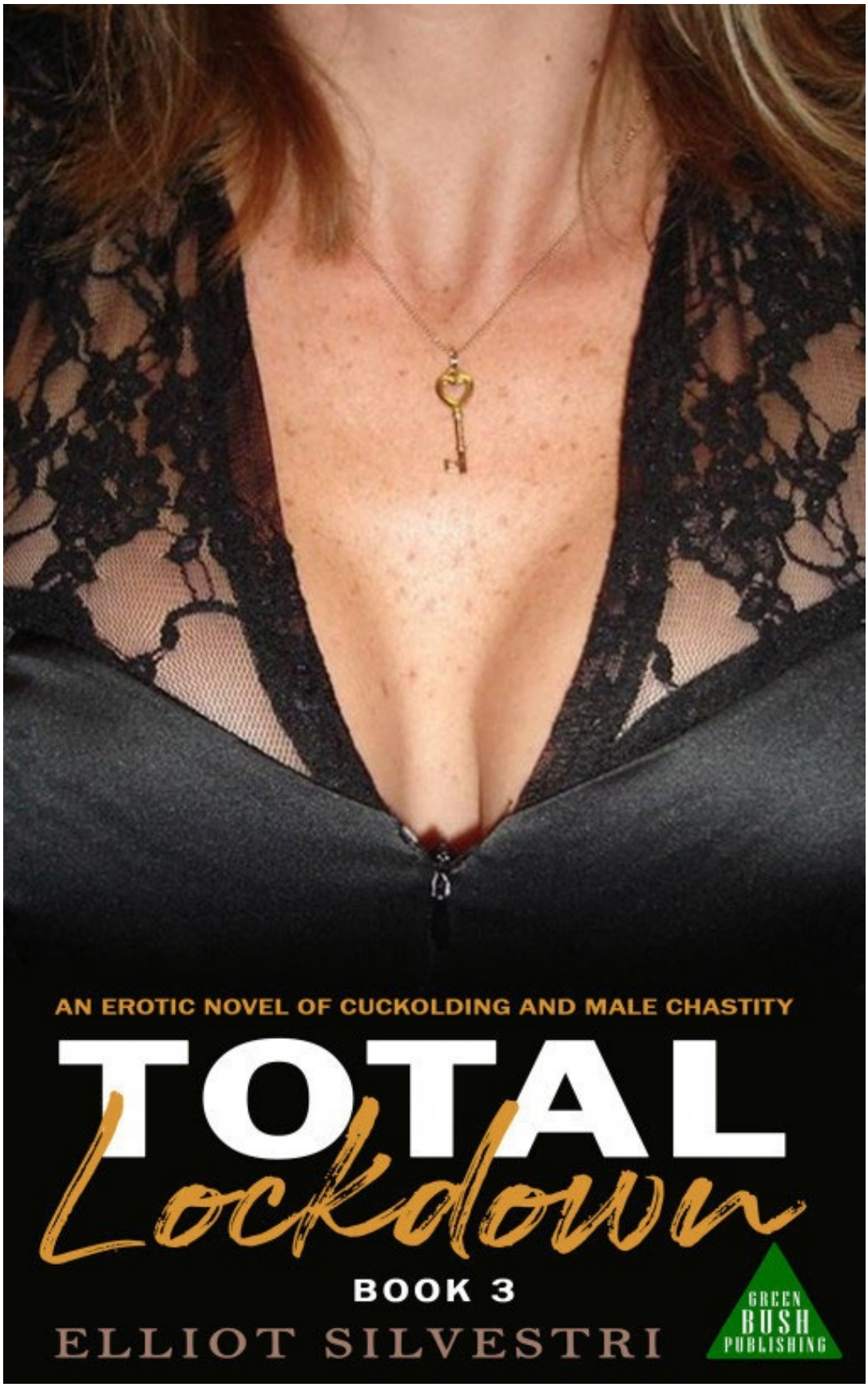

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF CUCKOLDING AND MALE CHASTITY
TOTAL
Lockdown
BOOK 3
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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Total Lockdown 3

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 3

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Version 2

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Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Preview

About the Author

[3]

Chapter Six

“He’ll do anything I tell him,” Tara all but whispered in my ear. “I told him to give Ty a blowjob and he did. Didn’t even question me. I think he likes it. Being bi.”

“Yeah...I can see that.”

Standing in the middle of the living room of a person’s house whom I didn’t know—hell, I didn’t even know the owner’s name!—I was half in shock at seeing my lover’s husband sucking off another man. My mouth was dry and my cock was rising.

“Do you like being bi?” she asked me, her hand going to my cock.

I was already mostly erect. I could have denied my proclivities, but what was the point?

“I never gave it much thought.”

She laughed at me as Thad continued to suck on Ty’s cock. There was only one other woman watching this, along with two men wearing cages on their cocks. Obviously the wives were off with their bulls, leaving their cuckolds alone.

“Do you want to suck some other guy’s cock?” she inquired.

“No!” I said a little more vehemently than I intended.

No one in the room noticed. Thad’s head continued to bob up and down on his partner’s cock, which made the silver cage around his own manhood sway in time with his motions.

Tara’s hand hadn’t strayed from my cock and now she started pumping her small fist up and down on me.

“I think you’re lying,” she said. “But that’s okay. We all come to our own sexuality on our own time.”

“Uh-huh,” I vaguely agreed. I was having trouble focusing on her words while watching Thad fellate Ty.

I couldn’t decide if I wanted to be Thad or Ty.

“Want to go fuck?” Tara asked me, her hand firmly gripping me.

“Uh-huh.”

“Want to fuck me in the ass?” she offered.

“Uh-huh.” I realized what she was asking me. “What? You mean it? Really?”

“Eric was a nice fuck, but I miss your big cock,” she said, avoiding my question. “Here, feel this.” Her hand left my cock as she grabbed my hand and brought it to her pussy.

As always, her pussy was warm and wet. More than just a little bit wet too. It took me a second, but I realized why she was so wet. It wasn’t completely her own. Her earlier words suddenly registered with me.

“Have you already fucked someone else?” I asked her.

The smile didn’t diminish at all. If anything, it grew wider. “Like I said, Eric was a nice fuck. I want you to fuck me before all of his leavings drip out.”

That was a bit of relief. I didn’t want to go down on her, but fucking her would be easy. I’d never taken someone’s sloppy seconds before.

We didn’t even make it to a bedroom. Tara led me to the kitchen where she bent over the table. I knew what to do. I approached her from behind and slipped my cock between her legs. She reached down and guided me into her.

I expected some difficulty in penetrating her. Nothing could have been further from the truth. I went all the way in smoothly. She groaned as I filled her up. I wasn’t sure if she was so slick from her amrita or Eric’s cum.

Or both.

“Oh fuck you feel wonderful,” I said as I started rocking my hips into her.

“Second fuck of the night is always the best,” she grunted.

I didn’t know about that, so I just kept plowing into her.

We rutted for a couple of minutes before she burst out with a question. “Don’t you want to fuck me in the ass?”

I paused in my thrusting. “Do you really want me splitting your asshole wide open?” I asked her, reminding her how big I was.

Tara looked over her shoulder at me with a wicked grin. “I’m willing to risk it.”

I shook my head. “No way.”

She turned her head back and laughed. “Just fuck me hard then,” she said, laying her head down on the table. “Put your finger up my ass if you want.”

I sort of did, but at the same time, I didn’t.

I just fucked her.

It was good.

She was right. It was the better fuck of the night. My head was clear and I could really focus on fucking the woman that I wanted.

That didn’t mean that I hadn’t enjoyed fucking Linnzi ten minutes earlier, but I had attached myself to Tara and I was thrilled to be fucking her.

“That’s what I needed,” she sighed after I came. I wasn’t sure if she had as well, but it didn’t seem to matter. She appeared to be satisfied with me just cumming in her.

Older women are so inscrutable.

I withdrew my cock from her and she stood up, looking around the kitchen as if seeing it for the first time.

“There's no one else here,” she said.

“Yeah.”

“It’s rude to fuck at a swingers party if someone isn’t watching you.”

I had never heard that before, but it sounded almost reasonable.

“I didn’t know that.”

Shaking her head and straightening her hair, Tara said, “Come on, let’s go find Thad.”

I didn’t know why she suddenly wanted to find her husband, but I went along for the ride. It wasn’t like I had much choice. I was naked in a stranger’s house with no easy way home. The last thing I wanted to do was call an Uber or, worse, the police.

Thad was sitting on the ottoman in the living room. He was easy to find. He was still naked and Tara greeted him with a kiss.

I wondered what it was like to kiss a man who had just been sucking someone else’s cock. His partner was nowhere to be seen. I then wondered if Ty had cum in Thad’s mouth.

I was jealous but I didn’t want to admit it.

Especially to myself.

Their kiss went on for a long time. I supposed that was only natural because they were a couple and they had both just fucked other partners and this was their reunion.

I watched trying to make it look like I wasn’t watching or leering at them.

I don’t know if I succeeded.

“You were a good boy,” Tara complimented her husband after she broke the kiss.

He nodded. “Yes. Just like you asked.”

Tara turned to me. “Do you know what Thad just did?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t know. Gave head to that other guy?”

Tara nodded so enthusiastically I thought her head might go flying off her shoulders. “And Ty came in Thad’s mouth and he held onto it for me.” She reached out and wiped the edge of Thad’s lip. I don’t know if Thad had cum on

his lips or not, but she got the point across. “For that, you get your reward.”

From within her corset, she removed a small and familiar key. It was on a short chain. Either she had it somehow hooked inside the corset, or maybe she had it hidden in one of the cups, I don’t know.

I just watched as she unlocked the cage around Thad’s penis.

Something was different, I realized. Both the cage and the lock weren’t the same ones I had seen on him before. After a couple of seconds I realized why.

The cage he was wearing was now more elaborate. It looked fancier, but that was probably secondary to the real change.

Thad now had a substantial ring piercing the end of his cock. It was a classic PA placement but the ring was thicker than I thought it would be.

I was impressed and turned on. I wanted to closely examine his small cock, but I couldn’t actually voice that.

“So cute, so sexy,” Tara murmured. She debased herself enough to lower her face to his manhood—such as it was—and kissed the side. She didn’t give him a blowjob. I was certain that had been off the table for some time now. Once I got a better, second look at the piercing I realized that the CBR that Thad was wearing was perfectly average sized; it just looked bigger in his small penis.

That made me wonder what size I could wear.

“When did...when did you get that?” I asked, unable to help myself.

Tara turned to me. “After he gave you that blowjob, isn’t that right Thad?”

Her husband nodded. “Yes. Thanks for that, by the way, Nate. I’ve been wanting to get one for some time now and…”

“And I wouldn’t let him until he proved how committed to me he was,” Tara finished.

I didn’t know how giving another man a blowjob proved how committed Thad was to his wife, but whatever worked for them.

“And for tonight’s performance, you get another reward,” Tara reminded him with a kiss on his cheek.

She busied her hand on his small cock being careful to avoid the head where the piercing was still healing.

Maybe it was his lack of sex or maybe it was just being released, but Thad didn’t last more than a minute of manual stimulation before he ejaculated all over the floor.

Tara made a tsking sound. “Such a mess. Go to the kitchen and get something to clean this up,” she ordered.

I was just about to move when I realized she wasn’t talking to me. She was ordering her husband to clean up the mess he had made.

With agonizing slowness brought on by his recent orgasm, Thad slowly made his way to the kitchen, his small cock in his hand so he wouldn’t drip cum everywhere.

Once Thad was gone, Tara looked at me with an air of superiority. I got it, but I didn’t get exactly what she had just proven to me.

“Enjoying your first adult party?”

“I didn’t know this was how swingers behaved,” I replied.

“It’s how this group of swingers behaves.”

“Oh. Gotcha.”

“What do you want to do next?” she asked me.

“I have choices?”

She laughed at me. “Of course. We always have choices.”

I didn’t know what my choices were. I didn’t know what I would be doing.

Chapter Seven

The party quickly wound down after Thad cleaned up his mess on the living room carpet. I hoped the owners (Bennie and his wife Beth? Someone else? I had not a clue) employed a professional cleaning service to sanitize the place after the party. I only saw a limited amount of what went on in the house and from what I saw, bodily fluids were dripped, sprayed, and inadvertently left everywhere.

We stayed another half hour at most. Then we dressed and left, but only after Tara put Thad's cock back into his cage. I didn't think he would be having casual sex on the way home or jerking off in the back seat as we drove.

Tara gave me the keys to the car and made me drive.

It turns out older couples, even the middle-aged couple I had hooked up with, didn't have tremendous stamina after cumming a few times during a sex party.

By the time I got back to my dorm...it wasn't that late. Barely after midnight. There were all sorts of things going on in my building that I almost didn't go directly to my room.

I should have played foosball, watched whatever trash movie was on in the lounge, or even stopped to say hello to the other guys in my American Lit class.

I didn't.

My timing couldn't have been worse.

I walked into the suite's lounge just as I heard some screaming from the room I shared with Chris.

"What the fuck! You're an asshole!"

When the door was flung open I was three feet from it. The woman I faced had anger painted on her face and she didn't have time for my bullshit.

I stepped aside and she stormed away.

I'll admit it; I looked at her ass as she marched through the hallway and turned the corner.

She had a nice ass. I had only gotten a glance at her clothed body when I confronted her, but it would have been nice to see her naked. It would have been great to walk in on her and Chris.

Curious, I cautiously entered the room. Chris was sitting on his bed, a glum look plastered to his face.

"Well...that didn't seem to end well," I said to start the conversation.

He looked at me for a long, uncomfortable moment. "You make it look so fucking easy."

"I make what look easy?"

"Bagging a girl."

"Uh...I didn't exactly 'bag a girl'. I'm pretty sure any woman wouldn't like that terminology. I'm also pretty sure you should call them women and not girls. And if you want I can show you the hookup app where I found Tara."

Chris shook his head. "I think I'm done."

"Did you go for a kiss and she slapped your face?" I asked him as I flopped on my bed and considered a shower. The sex at the party had been great, but it I was starting to feel a little grimy...among other things.

"Nope."

I was too curious. I shouldn't have been, but I was. "Were you making out and you pushed things too fast? What's her name anyway?"

"Kelly. And we hadn't done anything."

"Right…"

"I'm not lying to you, man. I invited her to the show at the Hub. Standard array

of so-so comics. We had a good time. I invite her back here. I swear, we were talking for all of two minutes when I asked her what her plans were. I meant after graduation. Suddenly she gets all huffy and screams at me ‘I have a boyfriend!’”

I couldn’t help myself. I started sniggering. “You should have checked that out first before going on a date with her.”

“Ahh, she was fucking lying. And I told her that. Then she screams at me ‘What the fuck! You’re an asshole!’”

“Uh-huh. That’s where I came in.”

“Chicks are weird,” was Chris’s final word on the subject.

“Maybe you should try dating men,” I suggested.

“Ha-fucking-ha. Asshole.” He threw a pillow at me.

Two days later we’re in the room studying when I get a text from Tara. I should have ignored it until I was done, but the assigned work was boring and I needed a distraction.

I’m bored. Wanna fuck?

I’m studying

You didn’t answer my question.

No. I don't want to fuck right now

What about your roommate?

I looked over at Chris who was lost in something on his screen. For just a second I wondered how she knew he was in the room with me. She didn't. I was being paranoid, or something.

I don't think he wants to fuck you right now either

Ask him!

I waited a couple of minutes before replying. I started to like this game.

He says no

He only likes younger women

18-20 max

I told him he didn't know what he was missing

It took a minute for her reply to come back.

My stepdaughter is 19

Want to make it a double date?

What double date?

I never agreed to anything

Thad doesn't want my roommate dating his daughter!

How do you know what Thad wants?

Besides, I'm horny and it's not like Thad is getting out of his cage anytime soon

Ask him again.

I don't know why I humored her, but I did. Probably because I'm stupid.

"Hey. Chris."

He looked up at me.

"Want to go on a date with Tara's stepdaughter?"

He blinked several times and shook his head. "What are you blathering on

about?”

“Tara wants to know if you want to take her stepdaughter out on a date.”

“Yeah. I don’t believe that for a second.”

I shrugged. “Her husband is going to be out of town for a while and she wants to have some fun.”

“This sounds like a terrible porn movie,” he declared. “Why?”

“Why does it sound like a terrible porn movie?” I was confused.

“No. Why does she want me to go out on a date with her stepdaughter. I hate the idea of being set up with some hideous hose beast.”

“I’ll just tell her no.” I started tapping on my phone.

“Wait!” he called out to me.

I looked up. “You changing your mind?”

“Fuck. I shouldn’t.”

I grinned. “You’re horny. There’s no guarantee that you’re going to get laid.”

“Fuck and you. Tell her yes.”

“Really? Why?”

“Because I’m fucking stupid and horny, that’s why.”

Chapter Eight

Two hours later I found myself in the front seat of Tara's car. In the backseat were Chris and Caitlyn, Thad's daughter. Tara's stepdaughter. They had picked us up at our dorm.

Tara had sent me a few pictures of Caitlyn. She was attractive if not spectacular looking. That was good enough for Chris.

She had black hair I presume she got from her father. A couple of the pictures featured her with a pair of purple streaks in her shoulder-length hair. I couldn't tell from the pictures what her body was like, but what was shown looked good to me. Her most outstanding feature was her brilliant blue eyes. Those, along with her fair skin, gave her a distinctive look.

Encouraged by her pictures, Chris immediately let his imagination get away with him.

"Do you think she'll want to have sex?" Chris had asked me—repeatedly—before the date.

"I have no fucking idea."

"Do you think what's his name…her father?"

"Thad?"

"Yeah. Thad. Do you think Thad will care if I have sex with her?"

"I don't think she's going to discuss her sex life with her father."

"What about her step-mother?"

"We're going into porn territory again," I cautioned him.

"Do you think that Caitlyn will say anything to Tara about me and her?"

"You're getting way ahead of yourself," I assured Chris. "Besides, this is just a date to get to know you and keep Caitlyn out of trouble and to keep Tara from getting bored."

"But you're going to go back to Tara's and fuck her brains out!" he complained.

“How about we take them back to the dorm and we fuck them side by side on our beds?” I asked sarcastically.

Chris didn’t have time to answer because Tara pulled up just then.

I had already told him that Caitlyn knew nothing about the secret life that Tara and Thad had. That only made sense because who the hell talks about their sex life with their kids?

We were going out to dinner and then we’d see what happened.

Dinner went smoothly. It wasn’t a fancy restaurant but that was better for us. I knew we were in for a bumpy ride when the waitress brought our drinks. Being underage it was next to impossible to get served alcohol at a restaurant. Caitlyn had ordered a Coke and immediately sucked down a good portion of glass and the surreptitiously pulled out a small flask from her pocketbook.

Both Chris and I stared as she dumped the flask’s contents into her glass.

“Jesus, Cait,” Tara cursed at her. “Really?”

“You taught me this trick,” Caitlyn replied and smirked at me and Chris. “You guys want some?”

I shook my head. I have no idea why.

Chris, however, wanted to be a cool kid and ready to party. “Hell yes,” he said and quickly scoped out the dining room. No one was watching because who the hell looks for this sort of behavior in adults? He grabbed the flask out of her hand and added to his Coke. Taking a sip he asked, “Vodka?”

She shook her head. “Rum.” then she giggled.

Tara rolled her eyes. “Children,” she complained.

“I think this is all your fault,” said Caitlyn.

Tara didn’t reply.

Things went rapidly downhill from there.

The food was good, but Chris and Caitlyn finished off the flask before we were done eating. I don't know if they were both lightweights or if she had pure alcohol with some rum flavoring in the flask, but they were drunk by the time we were done eating.

"Let's get them home," said Tara, guiding her step-daughter out of the restaurant. "This was a terrible idea."

In retrospect, it would have been smarter to have gone back to the dorm to drop Chris and me there. We didn't do that. We wound up back at Tara's house. Maybe she drove there automatically. Maybe she had a plan.

The entire way there we had to listen to Caitlyn and Chris laughing and singing in the backseat. Tara turned on the radio to drown out their nonsense, which was also a mistake because when we pulled into the garage and Tara killed the engine, and with it the music, we heard the unmistakable sounds of two slobbering drunks making out.

Simultaneously Tara and I turned around to find Caitlyn half on top of Chris. Her shirt was askew showing off her bra as one breast had already escaped the cup's confines.

I didn't know what to do and neither did Tara. We just stared together as the two of them continued to make out. Chris's hand came up and cupped Caitlyn's exposed nipple. He might have been drunk, but he was still able to find and pinch her nipple.

I would have been perfectly okay with watching them...if he hadn't been my roommate and she wasn't Tara's step-daughter.

"What the fuck are you two doing?" Tara finally managed to burst out, all but screaming at the pair.

They stopped, but Caitlyn didn't immediately get off Chris. I was just grateful that she hadn't gotten him off.

"Making out," she told Tara, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, smearing what little remained of her lipstick. "Why?"

"Could you not do that...in my car?" Tara was trying to play the adult and parent

card, I could hear that in her voice, but she was only fifteen years older than Caitlyn, and me and Chris, so it landed flat.

“Sure!” Caitlyn said brightly. Instead of fixing her clothes and climbing off Chris, she instead opened the door and stumbled out.

We all looked at her with our mouths open because her tit was still hanging out. Seeing where we were staring, she tucked herself back into place and grabbed Chris’s hand, hauling him out of the car. “C’mon, babe, let’s go to my room to fuck.”

Hapless in the hands of a woman who knew what she wanted, Chris followed.

I didn’t blame him.

Under the same circumstances I would have done exactly the same thing.

That left Tara and I alone in the car. She was staring out the front window, her eyes unfocused on the garage wall in front of us. Not knowing what else to do, I raised my eyebrows. “Want to climb into the back seat and fuck?”

It was a poor joke. I knew that. I couldn't help myself.

“No,” she said, slowly shaking her head. “I’d rather do that up in the bedroom.”

“Uh...where’s Thad, exactly?” It wasn’t that I was nervous about fucking his wife, but I wanted to know what I was walking into. Plus I had no idea where Caitlyn’s room was. This family was fucked up.

“Business trip,” she said absently. “Medical conference.” She waved her hand dismissively but a small smile formed on her lips. “He told me a few years ago that most medical conferences are really just excuses to drink, golf, and have sex.” Her smile grew. “He won’t be having sex. I have both keys to his chastity cage.”

“Okay…”

She still didn’t look at me. “You know, I never really wanted to be Caitlyn’s step-mother. Or even a mother figure. She has a mother, but I married Thad and got the role anyway. Of course, Caitlyn doesn’t do anything that I ask unless it’s

something she wants."

"I see…"

Tara went on as if I wasn't there. "Then again, when I was her age, I was a lot like her. I fucked way too many guys I shouldn't have." As if waking up, she turned her head and looked at me. "Let's go fuck. The night is shot anyway."

I had no objections to that.

We went to her bedroom. It was slightly strange to know that we had come to the room for the express purpose of having sex. It took the romance out, but the kink of fucking someone else's wife remained.

"This is going to be strange," I commented as we walked into her massive bedroom.

Tara kicked off her shoes. "Why?"

"It's more fun to fuck you in front of your husband."

She stared at me and slowly shook her head. "Sometimes I just want to have plain, normal, ordinary, vanilla sex. It gets so...frustrating and annoying having to deal with his chastity cage all the time."

I blinked. "Really?"

She seemed to realize that she had confessed something that shouldn't have been voiced. "Uh...yeah. Sometimes I just want to fuck the man I married. I mean, don't get me wrong. I love fucking other men, especially you, and getting to control Thad's cock is mind-blowing, but I never would have thought that I would be having sex like this."

"Okay. Yeah. I get it."

Tara lowered her eyes to my crotch. "Anyway, take off your pants. Let's fuck."

I did what she asked. She undressed for me as well. I don't remember what lingerie she wore or any other details. This was normal, plain sex.

We climbed up to the bed and right away I got to work on her pussy. She was distracted and not turned on my any previous sexual hijinks—unless she got off to Caitlyn's display in the back seat, and I didn't want to think about that—so there was no way she was ready for my huge cock.

Being young and horny, all it took was the scent of her pussy to get me hard. A couple of minutes of eating her out got me into iron bar territory.

I hope she appreciated that.

I'm pretty sure that she did because, although it took me a few minutes, I eventually got her to cum when I sucked sufficiently hard on her clit.

"Fuck! Fuck I needed that," she declared after her orgasm.

"Always willing to help out," I said between kisses as I worked my way up her body, spending special attention on her belly button, her breasts and nipples, and her neck before I started to get into position to penetrate her.

"No," she said, pushing me back.

I was confused. I had been expecting sex and I wanted to fuck her, but for her to get an oral orgasm out of me and then kick me out of bed was rude in the extreme.

"What?"

"I need to turn over," she said.

Obviously I had missed whatever signals she had been sending my way.

"Oh...sure."

"I want you to fuck me from behind."

"Can do."

I watched as she got into position, her ass pointed my way. Tara tossed me a glance over her shoulder. "Normally when I do doggy, I'm reaming Thad."

I understood her words, but they made no sense. "What?"

“You know what pegging is?” Tara asked.

“Uh...yeah it’s when a lesbian uses a fake cock, a strapon, on her girlfriend.”

Tara had the good sense not to laugh directly in my face. “Close. But it doesn’t have to be a lesbian. I’ve got a strapon that I’ve used on Thad.”

It took me a moment to realize what she was saying. “You...you’ve fucked him in the ass?” I asked.

After a moment’s reflection, I realized that it wasn’t any more extreme than all the other things I’d done with them. And things they’d done alone as well.

“Of course.” She wiggled her firm ass at me. “But let’s not talk about that now. I want you to fuck me from behind. I want you to ravish me. Fuck me and make it hurt.”

Naturally my cock hadn’t diminished in size at all. Her words only encouraged me, which was their intent.

I didn’t just shove my cock into her. Yes, her pussy was wet and ready, but I didn’t want to split her in two. Instead, I ran the head up and down her slit, getting it wet, getting her further excited, making her level of frustration rise. Once I was good and slicked up, then I pushed into her, not violently, but forcefully, making her take it all at once even if she didn’t want to.

She wanted it.

She groaned loudly and her body shook. It was like she was trying to get away from me, but at the same time, she desired my cock to fill her up.

The latter option is the one that won out.

“Fuck! You’re so fucking big!” It was half compliment and half complaint.

I didn’t blame her.

Instead, I just grabbed her hips and started fucking her in earnest.

It was great sex. It hadn’t been that uncomplicated in what seemed like years.

She took my thrusts and I reveled in using her body.

But that didn’t stop her from talking. “Fuck! Fuck me hard! Harder!”

I found her words of encouragement distracting so I fucked her harder to shut her up.

It didn’t work.

“Yes! Fuck yes! Ohh! Fuck me in the ass! I want to get fucked in the ass.”

That was enough to slow me down.

“You can’t be serious,” I said.

Tara tossed her hair over her shoulder and looked back at me. “Why not?”’

I grinned at her. “Have you not seen how big my cock is?”

“You don’t think I can take it?”

“I’m worried about hurting you.” By now we had all but stopped moving. It was a stupid debate to be having in the middle of sex.

“I want to get fucked in the ass! Do you know how long it’s been since I had it that way?”

That gave me pause. “Uh...no.”

“Six months.” She glared at me. “I didn’t tell you to stop fucking me.”

“Right. Sorry.” I started thrusting again and placed my hands on her firm bottom. It was a thing to behold. Small and tight and firm with just enough fat and give to it.

“I used to let Thad fuck me that way.”

“In the ass?”

“In the ass,” she confirmed. “Small dick was actually nice to have back there.”

“Huh. Wouldn’t my big cock hurt though?”

I had never had anal sex with anyone. The idea excited me, but I doubted it was ever going to happen. Still, I moved my hand over her ass and gently probed at her puckered anus.

She tensed up.

“Are you going to tease me like that?”

“Did you...did you like that?” I wasn’t sure I wanted anyone touching my back entrance, but if she had done it before…

“Uh huh. Keep fucking me and stick your thumb in.”

I knew what she meant. If I had stopped and thought about it, I would have realized exactly what I was doing, but I didn’t stop to think about it and I just did it.

Penetrating her asshole was...interesting. Not nearly as disgusting as I thought it would be and it felt fine. Fine-ish.

Tara, however, fucking loved it. “Ohh, yes. I want to have two cocks in me like this. You and Thad. That would be fucking hot. You two would make me a Tara sandwich.”

I considered that.

But in the moment I only wanted to fuck her. I pressed my thumb deeper into her ass. She grunted in surprise but didn’t tell me to take it out. As I rocked my hips back and forth I could feel my cock with my thumb. I must have been seriously rearranging her internal organs.

And still she loved it.

We fucked. I didn’t last much longer before I blasted inside her.

She must have cum, but I don’t remember. All I really remembered was collapsing on top of her and panting heavily until my cock shrunk enough so we could decouple and I rolled off her body.

“How loud were we?” she asked.

I shrugged. “I don’t know. Pretty loud. You aren’t quiet during sex. I don’t think I’m that loud. What difference does it make?”

“I don’t want Caitlyn to hear us.”

I sniggered. “How far away is her bedroom? Do you know where they’re actually fucking?”

“West side of the house. She probably didn’t hear...but I don’t want her to know.”

There was no way for me to tamp down my smirk. “Doesn’t Caitlyn know I’m in here with you?”

“Probably. But she doesn’t need to know everything.”

“Wait a second.” I turned my head to look at her. Tara looked steadfastly at the bedroom ceiling. “Does she know you have an open marriage?”

“I’m sure she has her suspicions…”

I gave her some serious side-eye, which was easy since we were essentially laying next to each other on the bed. “If she doesn’t suspect, then she assuredly knows,” I said. “She didn’t strike me as that sort of stupid.”

She sighed. “Yeah. I know. I just don’t want to deal with it.”

“What do you think they’re doing right now?” I asked and I hated myself for asking it.

“I don’t want to imagine.”

I hated myself, but I couldn’t stop myself from pondering aloud, “I sort of want to see them fucking right now.”

Tara slapped my bare chest. “Shut the fuck up.”

“It’s your fault,” I said quickly. “You’re the one who took me to that party where I saw other people having sex. And you made me fuck in front of an audience.

It’s your fault.”

“Fuck. Fine. Whatever. Blame me. But I’m not going to let you go to her bedroom and spy on them. That’s fucking creepy.”

I nodded, my head running through scenarios I didn’t want to imagine. “This is a rich person's house. Do you have internal security cameras?”

“No!” she said so quickly I wasn’t sure if she was denying the house had internal cameras or if she was telling me there was no way I was going to get to spy on her step-daughter’s bedroom.

“Fine, fine,” I said dismissively, as if it didn’t matter to me at all. “Do you mind if I take a walk to clear my head?”

“You’re just going to go looking for her bedroom, aren’t you?”

I was teasing and playing with her, but once the idea was lodged in my head, I couldn’t escape it. “What makes you think that?”

She pointed to my cock. It wasn't exactly a giant erection, but I wasn’t soft either.

“Do you want to fuck her?”

“Now that you mention it…” I said thoughtfully while rubbing my chin.

“You’re disgusting.”

I made to get out of the bed. “Well, I just want to check on Chris…”

“Don’t,” she begged me.

I stopped. “Why not?”

“I don’t want to see my step-daughter having sex. That’s just...just too much.”

“Can I fuck her?”

Tara looked away. “I’m not saying yes or no. I’m not answering that question.”

The tone of her voice told me that I had pushed things a little too far. Even for a joke. “Okay, okay, I was just goofing around. Sorry to tease.” I fell back onto the bed. She is hot though. I wouldn’t mind having a chance with her.”

“My high school boyfriend, the one serious one I had, well...one time we were at a party and...shit, you already know where this is going. We got separated and I went looking for him. Found him in a bedroom. He was...I don’t know. Part of a gangbang of some sort. He and a couple of other guys were doing that slut Lilly Macdonald.”

“Shit. I’m sorry that happened to you.”

She shook her head. “Don’t be. I went and fucked his former best friend in revenge. It...it wasn’t good. It was fucked up.”

“Oh. Yeah.”

“I still like group sex though.”

“Well that’s something.”

“Yeah, I sometimes think that’s where it all started for me. Not sex itself, but all my kinks.” She let out a long sigh. “Do you want to have sex with Caitlyn?”

“I mean...sort of, but not really. That would be more than weird.”

“But given a chance, would you fuck her?” With this question, Tara wrapped her hand around my cock. It felt good. I didn’t know what her plan was, but I was already willing to go through with it.

“Umm...yeah, I’m not going to lie.”

“Would you fuck her tonight?” Her hand started stroking up and down on my cock. I knew she was manipulating me and I didn’t care.

“Yes…”

“Why don’t you go and check on her and Chris,” she suggested. “I’ll wait here. Her bedroom is the third door down the hallway on the right.”

I goggled at her. “Are you kidding?”

“No...but I’ll want a full report from you.”

I had no clue what to do.

“You’re just playing with me,” I said. “In revenge. Because I teased you.”

She shook her head. “Where do you think this little relationship is going, Nate?” she asked me. “This isn’t a great romance. This is just a sexual relationship. You should take every little advantage of it that you can.”

Cautiously, I slipped out of the bed and down the steps. From there I pulled on my underwear and jeans, but didn’t put on my t-shirt. I wanted to affect a casual attitude.

“Go on,” Tara encouraged me. She propped herself up on the pillows, her bare breasts exposed above the sheets. Grabbing her phone off the stand that surrounded the top of the bed, she smiled at me. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

I wondered exactly what Tara wouldn’t do. Apparently she wasn’t down with step-mother/step-daughter lesbian sex, but was okay with encouraging me to completely debauche Caitlyn with my roommate.

Or maybe she just wanted to encourage voyeurism in me? I had no idea. But I had a hard cock and raging hormones urging on my uncontrollable lust.

I went looking for Caitlyn’s room.

It wasn’t difficult to find. I followed Tara’s directions. The door to Caitlyn’s room was closed, but I couldn't help myself. I pressed my ear against the heavy door just to hear what was going on.

The door wasn’t that thick, but I couldn’t hear everything. What I could hear was moaning. Loud moaning if the door wasn’t shut. It was loud female moaning.

“Fuck,” I cursed and adjusted my cock inside my jeans. One of the reasons I wore baggy t-shirts most of the time because when I got an erection, it would often poke out the top of my pants. Fucking annoying. My purple-headed

warrior was showing his helmet under my waistband.

Figuring I had nothing to lose, I carefully opened the door. I didn't slam it open and I didn't knock because I knew what I was doing. I just opened it like I belonged there.

The room was smaller than the master suite, which was to be expected. It was still huge. It was decorated like a high school girl lived in it, which only made sense because Caitlyn was our age and probably couldn't be bothered to redecorate. Big bed. Lots of pink and yellow. Clothes strewn everywhere—not just Chris and Caitlyn's from stripping before sex, but Caitlyn's from...not using her dresser and closet. Desk and posters and other detritus from being a teenager.

They were on the bed. Caitlyn was on top of Chris, riding his cock. I assumed she was riding his cock because her hips were rolling back and forth and what else would they be up to in that position completely unclothed.

She had a fantastic ass. I stared at it longer than I should have. It took me a moment to realize that her skin wasn't naturally olive-toned. She tanned, but she also had a tan line of the thong or g-string she wore while tanning.

It was hotter than I wanted to admit. Plus her ass was perfect in size and shape.

I moved to the side because I wanted to see her tits. My earlier view was of just one breast. I wanted to see the pair. I was aware enough to realize that walking in on them without saying anything was fucking insane, so I was well-prepared with a quip.

"Hey, Tara wanted me to check on you—" I didn't get out my statement before Caitlyn yelped and jumped to the side, pulling up the sheets to cover herself. Chris fought her for control of the covers.

He won.

I still saw his erect cock. It was fine. Not as big as me, but that was a given.

In their cover fight, I got a nice view of Caitlyn's pussy. She had a little landing strip of black hair. It took her more time than it should have for her to realize she wasn't as covered as she wanted to be.

“What the fuck are you doing in here!?” she shrieked at me.

“Like I was saying, Tara wanted me to check on the two of you.”

Chris just goggled at me, not knowing what to say.

“Need any help?” I asked, not directing my question to either one of them.

“No, I don’t need any help!” Chris was quick to reply. I didn’t blame him for being upset. Not only had I walked in on him, but I was questioning his bedroom abilities.

I looked directly at Caitlyn. “Did he make you cum yet?”

She should have been offended. She probably was. A little. “Yes. He did.”

“Sorry to interrupt. Want me to make you cum so hard that you forget your name?”

She laughed at me. I didn’t blame her. It was a laughable line.

It also worked.

“How could you possibly do that?” she asked.

“Oh fuck, don’t show her,” Chris muttered.

My cock size had been a minor discussion around the dorm. A couple of the other guys had seen me come out of the shower with my impressiveness on display. Chris knew I had a big cock but he didn’t want to see it.

We don’t always get our wishes fulfilled.

“With this,” I said, opening up my jeans and revealing my huge erection.

Caitlyn’s eyes went wide.

Chris’s eyes went wide.

Mine stayed the same because I was used to my own huge cock by now.

“Holy shit that’s enormous!” Caitlyn blurted out. “Have you really fucked Tara with that?”

I wasn’t sure on the whole open marriage thing, but Caitlyn knew I had been fucking Tara, that was obvious.

“Yes I have.”

“Does it hurt?” she asked.

I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. “No. It’s just a pretty much normal penis, except I’m pretty fucking big compared to most guys. It doesn’t hurt me.”

“No!” She was already exasperated. “I mean, does it hurt the girl when you fuck.” Unconsciously her hand had gone to Chris’s cock and she was working him up and down. I could see where this was going.

I slowly shook my head and started working my hand on my cock, mirroring her motions with Chris. “Nah. Everyone I’ve been with says they feel completely full. I just need to go down on her for a while to get her good and ready for me.”

If Chris was jealous or upset, he didn’t say anything. He was enjoying Caitlyn’s hand.

“Want to get crazy?” she asked.

“Sure.”

I didn’t know what Tara had been expecting, but I’d be sure to report everything to her.

“I like to be double-teamed,” she said.

“What?” Chris was confused. I wasn’t.

“She likes to guys to fuck her at the same time,” I explained.

“I know what double teaming means!” Chris snapped at me and then turned to Caitlyn “You like it in the ass?”

“No.” Caitlyn gestured to me. “I want to give you head.”

As I moved toward her, she remounted Chris's cock. He didn't object and I didn't say anything. I hoped she was just a little too drunk to realize what she was saying or was lying about being with two guys at the same time.

Both of those hopes evaporated as she settled on Chris's cock, and then grabbed mine. The way she did it spoke to an expertise that could only come with repeated practice. I had to stand on the bed to get my cock to her mouth, but other than that, it was fucking great.

Chris pumped her from below and she sucked me with enthusiasm. It took her full effort to get even half my cock into her mouth, but that was fine. It was more about the act than the reward. I knew I wasn't going to cum in her mouth, but that was fine. I just wanted to tell Tara what a good slut her step-daughter was.

We were right in the middle of it when she took my cock out of her mouth. I thought I was choking her but no, she just wanted a quick break while she came. That was the final giveaway. Caitlyn had to have been doing two guys—or more—for years to have that move down.

Her orgasm proved to be more than enough for Chris. He thrusted into her a couple more times before he finished with a series of grunts and groans. I was a bit jealous. He got to cum in her pussy while I was stuck with her mouth.

That changed almost immediately.

"Do you like to do it dirty?" she asked, caressing my balls even as Chris was finishing unloading inside of her.

"Uh...sure!" I had no idea what she meant.

I watched as she lifted herself off Chris's hips. I couldn't help myself and got a good look at his cock. Impressive. Large enough for any woman, but smaller than me. He was wet and sticky with his cum and her amrita. The head was dark red and he was slowly shrinking away. I was tempted by him, but I focused myself on Caitlyn.

That was easy. She just moved to the side of Chris but didn't turn over. Once more this night I was presented with a shapely female ass. There was no way she was going to take my cock up her ass, so she didn't mean dirty that way.

She probably meant sloppy seconds.

Chris watched me in annoyance as I moved in behind Caitlyn and tucked my cock between her thighs. She reached down between her legs and guided me to her wet, open pussy.

The moment I started pushing in, she gasped. “Oh no! Stop!”

“Too much?” I asked. This had happened to me before.

“You’re huge.”

“Yeah. I’ve heard that before.”

She looked over her shoulder at me. “Did you fuck Tara?”

“Tara?” I asked like I had never heard the word before in my life.

“Yeah. Tara. My step-mother. Sort of. She’s hardly mother material.”

“Oh. Yeah. Her. Um...yes?”

Caitlyn smirked at me. “I bet she took your cock pretty easily, huh?”

“Uh...I guess so.”

“She’s a slut.”

I didn’t know what to say. Luckily, Chris spoke up. “Nate said she was an easy lay and had no trouble getting it in.”

“Is that true?” she asked me.

I had never said those exact words, but I wasn’t exactly secretive about Tara to Chris.

“We have had a lot of sex. You probably shouldn’t mention that to your father.”

She snorted. “Don’t worry. I won’t. You need to fuck me now.”

“What?”

“Just shove it in no matter how loud I scream.”

It wasn’t exactly my scene, but I wanted to please the lady, so I did what she asked. Chris wasn’t happy, but I didn’t need to worry about him.

Caitlyn was nice and wet and I didn’t exactly shove it in, but she was much tighter than her step-mother. It took a minute of careful forcing before I was all the way inside her accommodating pussy. Caitlyn whined and groaned and cried out during the process.

I think she loved it.

“Fuck yes!” she moaned as I grabbed her hips and started a steady rhythm.

Her hand caressed my balls then moved up to play with her clit.

I fucked her with more passion than I had planned. Her pussy was inviting and her noises and motions told me she was no neophyte when it came to sex, and especially dirty sex.

Still, I lasted a good time, mostly because I had recently cum with Tara. When I got to the moment where I knew I wouldn’t be able last any longer, I dug my fingers into her hips and went all the way in, paying no heed to her cries of protest.

While I didn’t exactly explode inside her, I was certain her insides were thoroughly painted white.

We collapsed together.

I hadn’t paid the least bit of attention if she had cum or not. I figured she had, but what the hell did I know about women?

“Okay, that was good, I needed that,” she informed me.

I glanced over at Chris. He was still staring, but I noticed his hand was on his cock. He wasn’t at full staff, but I was certain he had been jerking off while I had been plowing his very short-term girlfriend. I admired his dedication to sexual gratification.

“Good times, huh?” I asked him as I levered myself off the bed and looked for my jeans. It had been a good plan to show up in just the jeans and underwear. My t-shirt was tossed on the floor next to them. In a few seconds I was dressed. The two of them were staring at me.

“Are you leaving?” Caitlyn asked me.

I was tempted. I was more than tempted. But I was smart enough not to even ask to spend the night, or any more time than necessary with Caitlyn and Chris.

“Yeah. I have to report back to Tara. See you later, troops!” I gave them a salute and went through the door.

By the time I got back to Tara’s room, I was strangely aroused. I wanted to tell her all the sordid details of my tryst with Caitlyn, no matter how wrong that was.

Instead of finding her anxiously awaiting me, I found her in the big bed all by herself, asleep.

She was even snoring lightly.

I was amused and annoyed. Not knowing what else to do, I got in bed next to her and went to sleep myself.

Chapter Nine

Strangely, Chris didn’t complain about missing his morning class. Getting laid will refocus a man’s attention on what is important.

There were three important outcomes to our weird double date. First, the next morning I told Tara everything that happened in Caitlyn's room. She loved it.

Second, Caitlyn and Chris continued their relationship, but I wasn’t sure where that was going.

Third, when Thad got back from his medical conference, the first thing he wanted was to meet up. I knew what was up and I wanted to push everyone’s limits because my life was rapidly spiraling down and I saw no reason to stop. Yes, I was having a great time, but I didn’t see the consequences that were coming.

The morning after, when Tara woke up, I gave her all the dirty details about Caitlyn.

“I knew she was a filthy slut!” Tara said triumphantly. She was loud enough for her voice to carry all the way down the hall to her stepdaughter’s room, so I shushed her loudly, even though the doors were closed.

“You aren’t going to make this weird and try to fuck her now, are you?” I asked.

She gave me a kiss. “Of course not. That’s gross. It’s just the little bit of leverage and information that I can hold over her.”

“It’s weird that you were basically pimping me out to Cait,” I pointed out.

“A woman does what’s necessary. And you had a good time, don’t lie.”

It was true. “Okay, sure, but it’s still weird.”

“Would you fuck her again?”

“Uh...yes?”

“Do you think Chris is going to keep fucking her?”

“Maybe?”

As it turned out that answer was yes. I thought that Caitlyn was a college student like us; as it turned out her father was setting her up as the owner and operator of a yoga studio. That's where she spent most of her days.

It also explained why she had such a banging body.

Back at the dorms I had a heart-to-heart with Chris.

"Sorry to move in on Caitlyn when you were banging her, but…" I didn't finish the sentence because I didn't know how to finish it without sounding like a completely self-centered asshole.

"It's cool...I guess," he said almost glumly.

"Yeah, there's not much I can say, is there?"

"Caitlyn is fucking awesome," Chris burst out.

I nodded my head in agreement. "She sure knows how to fuck."

"I know!" Obviously Chris had some conflicted emotions on this. I understood he was infatuated with Caitlyn and loved that she was a dynamo in bed. "Watching you fuck her...that was fucked up."

Chris wasn't on the same page with me when it came to sexual mores, but that was fine. At least he wasn't upset with me for fucking her.

"When you came in and she wanted to fuck you because...because…"

"Because I have a big dick?" I prompted him.

"Yeah. That."

"Sorry. Just working with what I have."

"It's fine." He kicked back and laid down on his bed. "I'm almost glad that you did it."

"Why?" I was truly puzzled. I even looked up from my screen.

A grin spread across his face. "She said she was sore from you fucking her.

When we woke up in the morning she wanted to go again."

"Nice."

"But the best part was when I was inside her, the first thing she said was my cock was perfect."

I looked askance at him. "Really?" I let the doubt drip from my lips.

He nodded smugly. "Said it was fun to fuck you and all that, but you're too big for her." He chuckled a little. "So, I'm glad she tried you out and liked me better."

I couldn't deny that to him. Chris was having a rough go of it. "Congrats, dude."

"She also said that if Tara wanted your big cock all the time she must have a loose and worn-out pussy to fuck you all the time."

I half laughed. "Those two have an unusual relationship."

"Do you think…?" he started to ask, but didn't finish the question.

"Yeah...no. Don't get it into your head that they are living out a porn fantasy in real life. I don't think they're lesbians."

"But maybe they're bi," he suggested.

"No," I said firmly. "Just...no."

"I bet that Caitlyn is bi," he pondered aloud. He pulled out his phone and started tapping the screen. "I'm going to ask her."

"You do that."

But he made me wonder about Tara. What would she do with a woman?

I wasn't about to admit to Chris that I was bi...but maybe Tara.

It was a few days later when Tara invited me over for sex in front of Thad.

“It has to be tonight,” she said. “He just got back from his conference and he’s really frustrated.”

“Why is he frustrated?” I was trying to concentrate on my bio work, so I didn’t take her meaning as I talked on the phone.

She laughed at me over the phone. “Sexually frustrated. He’s been in a cage without any respite for a week.”

“Oh. Yeah.” I thought for a second. “Does he really sleep with it on? All the time?”

“Usually. I made him wear it on his trip because he can’t be trusted, even if he has trouble getting it up.”

“What if there’s a real medical emergency?”

“He can cut off the lock with a pair of bolt cutters. It’s not a big deal.”

“Is it frustrating to wear?”

“Yes, but that’s half the fun. Well, half the fun for me.”

I didn’t want to think about Thad’s pieced and caged cock, even though the thoughts were giving me an erection.

When I got to their house, I was worried about Caitlyn, for no good reason. Mostly I just didn’t want to have to deal with any fallout from me fucking her.

Their garage was a massive three-door affair. I didn’t see any car that Caitlyn would be driving so I tried to calm myself. Most likely she was at her yoga studio or fucking someone other than Chris.

Thad greeted me at the door and everything seemed normal as always.

“Where’s Tara?” I asked as he led me to the living room.

“Still getting ready. You know women.”

“They take forever to get ready,” I agreed. “Even if going out means staying in?”

He laughed and offered me a drink. I gladly accepted. Getting alcohol from him was easier than on campus. “So Tara tells me that you fucked Caitlyn.”

I nearly spit out my drink.

“Uh…where did you hear that?” It was a stupid thing to ask. I didn’t know what else to say.

He laughed at me. “Tara. I just said that. Don’t worry. My daughter...my daughter. I don’t want to think about my daughter’s private life too much.”

“Yeah...good idea.”

I dated a couple of girls in high school where I met the parents or father. Both times the father glared at me like he was going to kill me. I hadn’t even had sex with either of those girls. I had barely gotten to first base. And here Thad was casually asking if fucking his daughter had been a good time.

Well, not really, but close enough.

“So...where’s Tara?” I repeated.

“She’s up in the bedroom.”

I nodded.

“She’s waiting for you.”

We both grinned at each other, but for different reasons. There wasn’t anything else to discuss, so we went upstairs to their bedroom.

In a small house we would have been there in seconds. It seemed to take forever in their huge abode.

I was used to pleasant surprises with Thad and Tara. Tonight didn’t disappoint. When I walked into the bedroom the first thing I saw was Tara on the bed. Naked, naturally. Instead of being coyly coiled up on satiny sheets, she was instead spread-eagled her wrists and ankles restrained to the corner bedposts.

My cock immediately stiffened. I wasn't exactly huge into bondage, but seeing her exposed and vulnerable that way apparently did it for me.

Unlike other bondage fantasies, she wasn't gagged. Her mouth worked perfectly.

Looking me dead in the eye she said, "Help me. My husband left me tied up and helpless. You have to free me."

I had to do no such thing.

Thad stepped away and I forgot about him. I went to the bed, climbed the two steps up and knelt next to Tara's body.

"Please," she begged. Her voice caught in her throat. I wasn't sure what she was pleading for.

It didn't matter.

Reaching out, I cupped one breast and then the other before I pinched both nipples hard enough to make her gasp in pain.

"Don't!" she cried out.

I ignored her, but dropped her tits and instead explored her pussy. The little triangle of curls still decorated her mound. Heading right for her opening, I plunged a pair of fingers into her. She was wet, but not soaking. A groan issued from her throat.

"Sluts get wet from being tied up," I told her.

"Please fuck me," she begged.

I pulled my fingers out of her and then slapped her exposed pussy. She gasped at the impact. "Shut up."

It took me less than a minute to get my clothes off. Normally I'd spend at least a few minutes going down on her, getting her pussy ready to be violated.

I didn't bother this time.

Tara knew what sex was like with me. She could have verbally objected or her

husband could have come to her aid.

None of us wanted that.

Instead I just shoved my big, hard cock into her and started fucking like I didn't care who she was or if she enjoyed it or not.

The sex was only okay. Being restrained as she was gave the encounter an unwilling vibe, except she panted and moaned like she loved it. Plus her begging things like, "Harder. Give it to me. Fuck me. Please! More!" made it difficult for me to believe she didn't love it.

I knew what the game was. I fucked her thinking only of my own pleasure, which was weird because I wouldn't want a woman tied down where she couldn't move at all.

Still, I soldiered on and came in her, finishing happily in her pussy.

"Thank you, oh, thank you," she breathed when I was done.

I didn't bother to ask if she had enjoyed it or had cum. That didn't matter in this little show.

Tara turned her head and addressed her husband who had been watching us. "As soon as he gets off me, you know what to do.

Since I was curious, I levered myself off her body. At once, Thad swooped in and pressed his face to her used cunt.

It took me a second to realize that he was naked. I couldn't see his cock, but I figured he still had to be in his cage. That only made sense.

Exploiting the situation, I leaned over and kissed Tara lightly on the lips. She was only half there; her eyes were unfocused as Thad ate my cum out of her while licking and sucking on her clit.

"Is he doing everything you want?" I asked her.

She just nodded and flopped her head back on the pillow.

It was interesting to watch Thad eat her pussy. It just showed Tara's control over her husband and how eager he was to debase himself for her.

I didn't understand it, but I took advantage of it.

Thad was an expert at cunnilingus. After a few minutes he had her pussy well-cleaned with his mouth and had made her cum.

"Very good, very good boy," Tara murmured. She looked over at me, watching, as I lay next to her. "Nate's cock is still dirty. You need to clean it."

There was no hesitation on Thad's part. He went right for my big, but currently soft, cock.

I loved the sensation of his mouth on my manhood. He sucked off the bits of cum that had been left behind by Tara's pussy, plus her amrita that permeated the skin.

I couldn't help myself. I was rising up and soon was fully erect.

That didn't stop Thad from fellating me.

Being tied up didn't put a halt to Tara's lust. She closely watched what her husband was doing. "Are you going to cum?"

She asked me.

I would have thought it impossible to cum twice so close together with a scene that barely interested me, but I nodded my head.

I was close.

Tara leaned her head close to my ear. "Cum," she encouraged me. "Cum in my husband's mouth. It's what we want. It's what you want."

I came.

I came hard.

It felt like I was flooding Thad's mouth.

He swallowed every drop.

I didn’t know what the hell was going on.

To Be Continued

Preview

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest 2

Geoffrey blinked away the sparkles and flashes in his eyes. The two women were still on the bed together, Belledane's face between Randi's thighs. Both their bodies were still glowing and he wasn't exactly sure why. It didn't appear that the light flash had affected them.

Randi's thighs were up in the air and she was lightly moaning as Belledane ate her cunt. The enlarged pixie's now huge butterfly wings slowly flapped as she concentrated on giving her new lover the best head of her life. Geoffrey could just barely see Belledane's hand between her lover's legs as well.

Turning her head toward Geoffrey the dragon in human skin said, "Thank you."

"For what?" he asked as he adjusted his pants. He wanted to get his cock out, but somehow that seemed rude.

"For your lovely song."

Belledane picked up her head. Her cheeks and chin were wet with Randi's amrita. She was giggling. "It wasn't a lovely song. It was a dirty song. He only knows dirty songs."

Randi used her hand to shove Belledane's face back where it belonged. "It set the mood. Now make me cum." She closed her eyes and focused on the moment.

Seeing that both women were occupied and distracted, Geoffrey took the opportunity to loosen his laces and free his cock enough to start jerking off.

How many more opportunities would he have to see these two gorgeous women having sex together?

"Don't waste it," said Randi in the middle of her panting.

Geoffrey guiltily stopped handling his cock. While he had no intention of cumming while watching and jerking off—he was hoping for a bit more for himself—he wasn't going to piss off the dragon. He didn't want to get eaten or turned into a toad.

The light from the women's bodies started to intensify again. It made him wonder if that was a normal reaction when a dragon and pixie had sex, but didn't risk asking. They didn't seem disturbed by the illumination so he just relaxed.

The noises that Randi made as she approached climax weren't human. That only made sense because she wasn't human. Her legs abruptly scissored closed on Belledane's head as she flopped around, her orgasm suddenly overtaking her control. The noises she was making suddenly erupted into what could only be described as a roar.

She was a dragon after all.

After being released from Randi's scissors lock, Belledane sat up laughing and wiping the dragon's amrita from her face. "You taste like wildflowers!" she announced.

"That's good. You are an enthusiastic lover. I should have bedded a pixie earlier in my life."

Belledane actually blushed and flapped her wings in pride. "Thank you." Looking down at her naked body she noted her glowing skin. "Oh my stars and moons! Look at that!"

"It only makes you more gorgeous," Randi complimented her. "Do you like it?" she asked, indicating her own body that was glowing in a similar fashion.

Geoffrey wasn't certain but he would have sworn their tits were brighter than any other parts of their bodies, but he couldn't directly see their cunts.

"Very much."

"Good. Now it's my turn to please you." Randi reached up and pulled the pixie down to her with surprising strength.

Geoffrey groaned. He wasn’t going to be able to take much more of this.

The two women rolled over, crushing Belledane’s wings, but the pixie didn’t seem to mind. They weren’t as fragile as they appeared. Randi quickly got into the position she wanted: her mouth sucking on one of Belledane’s big, firm breasts while she had one hand between the pixie’s thighs and the other hand against her face, pushing a pair of fingers between Belledane’s red lips.

The sound of the dragon fucking Belledane’s cunt with her hand filled the air. The wet smacking sound made Geoffrey’s cock throb in a need that he didn’t dare give in to. It was a passionate, desperate sort of sex that Geoffrey admired. Right away Belledane seemed at the mercy of Randi. She was breathing heavily and making the noises that Geoffrey had come to associate with her orgasming.

When she came, it was lovely. Geoffrey could see a little gush of amrita from her cunt. She arched her back in the moment of passion. She sucked greedily on Randi’s fingers.

The cruel dragon didn’t give her a chance to recover. She kept fucking Belledane’s cunt with her fingers. The pixie cumming only seemed to encourage Randi. If Belledane wanted to stop, she didn’t seem capable of doing so. She writhed around, but Randi was in complete control. They couldn’t have stopped if they wanted to. The only real change in their actions was when Randi switched which tit she was suckling from.

It all happened so fast that Geoffrey didn’t have time to react or say anything. Belledane seemed to go through a series of climaxes, each more powerful than the last. She was completely in Randi’s power. And then, almost abruptly, the glow faded from her skin and her wings shrank back to nothing, but she remained a full-sized woman.

Only when she was boringly plain did Randi release her.

“Sorry,” the dragon apologized but it sounded insincere, “but I need your magical energy.”

Belledane pulled away from the dragon in human form. Geoffrey got a quick glance at her back. Her wings were gone, as if they had never been there. Her skin no longer glowed, not even with magical energy, but even the normal glow she always seemed to have about her was gone.

He didn’t want to admit it, but her face, always beautiful to him before, was now rather plain. She wasn’t ugly, but she was...boring. Geoffrey wouldn’t have noticed her in a crowd and wouldn’t have sung her a song in a pub.

Or maybe he would have if he was that desperate for a fuck.

He pushed that thought aside in shame. “What the fuck did you do to her?” he demanded of the dragon.

“Just borrowed her magical energy,” Randi replied casually. “Don’t worry. She’ll be fine after a few days.” The dragon, still in human form, rolled over on the bed and aimed her flawless ass at Geoffrey. He could see the wetness of her cunt and her swollen labia, pink with desire. He could smell her scent—wildflowers as Belledane had announced—and knew what she wanted. “You seem unfulfilled. I think your lover is a bit exhausted. Would you care to spend your lust on me?”

Unable to resist, Geoffrey stepped forward. He laid down his lute and started taking off his clothes as he approached the bed. His cock was fully erect as he kicked off his boots and pulled down his pants.

From where she was panting, exhausted, on the bed, Belledane caught his eye.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized to her. “I have to.”

“I know,” she replied. “It’s fine. Really it is.”

The bed seemed larger when he got on it than it initially appeared. He crawled up behind Randi, his cock in hand, and got into position behind her. He knew that she wanted something from him, something other than just sex, and she was going to get it whether he wanted to give it to her or not.

His cock fitted easily and smoothly into her cunt. Although he swore this about every woman—or pixie or enchantress or elf or dragon—he fucked, it felt like the perfect cunt to him. It was heaven embedded inside a woman’s body. He fucked her hard and fast and didn’t have any control of himself.

Though Geoffrey had availed himself to all manner of women...and men...and a pixie…and a couple of elves...and an Enchantress, but never before had he been worried about the consequences while in the middle of the act. He worried, but it wasn’t enough to stop him while in the middle of the act. He actually feared displeasing Randi more than he feared what might happen down the road.

It took all of his lusty energy to hold back from cumming right away. After two pumps he was ready to blast his load into Randi's hot cunt, but he reminded himself he wasn't just a bard; he was a gentleman as well. At least when it came to sex and pleasing his partners.

"Do you want me to cum in you or on you?" he asked while aching to cum.

"In me," she grunted. "Make me cum first."

"Of course."

There were only so many images of dead puppies he could summon up before he either went soft or came.

He opted to cum and hoped that the hot injection of spunk into her cunt was enough to get her off at least once.

The moans and groans he let out as his climax abated did nothing to mollify Randi's disappointment.

"Your partner is a better lover than you," the dragon pointed out.

“I’m sorry,” Geoffrey moaned. “I held out for as long as I could, but you had me watching you two—”

“You could have turned your back.”

“But then my imagination would have gotten the best of me!” he wailed.

Randi pushed him out of her bed with her feet, much to Belledane’s amusement. “Get out and sing us another song. Prove you aren’t completely useless.”

Geoffrey hurried across the room and snatched up his lute. It was still in tune so he quickly started the first song that came to mind.

A young man lately in our town,

He went to bed one night;

He had no sooner laid him down

But was troubled with a sprite.

So vigorously the spirit stood

Let him do what he can,

"Sure then," he said, “it must be laid

By woman not by man.”

A handsome maid did undertake

And into bed she leaped;

And to allay the spirit's power

Full close to him she crept.

She having such a guardian care

Her office to discharge,

She opened wide her conjuring book

And laid the leaves at large.

Her office she did well perform

Within a little space;

Then up she rose, and down he lay

And durst not show his face.

She took her leave and away she went

When she had done the deed,

Saying, "If it chance to come again

Then send for me with speed!”

Belledane was slowly shaking her head to her lover and his misguided attempt at a song that would soothe the dragon's anger but not her ardor. "I told you that every song he knows is about sex, didn't I?"

"No, but he's a bard, isn't he? It only makes sense that's all he knows." Randi smiled at Belledane in amusement. The large pixie had to look away to avoid bursting out in laughter.

"I know songs that aren't just about sex!" Geoffrey protested. He strummed his lute a few times, trying to find the right key, but then realized that he couldn't think of a song he knew that didn't at least touch on sexual innuendo, let alone blatantly talk about sex.

The two females giggled at Geoffrey's impotence and ineptitude. He put down the lute and was about to storm off when he realized he had nowhere to storm off to. Instead he threw himself into a chair and crossed his legs and arms in anger. This served to cover his shriveled cock and communicate his anger.

"Fine. Laugh," he muttered.

They giggled at each other. Randi turned her head to Belledane and reached out, tilting the pixie's face back towards hers. "Care to go again?"

Belledane was torn. She was more than a little angry at having lost her wings and was, temporarily at the very least, trapped in a very drab and boring human

body. But she was also a lusty pixie at heart. Nothing would please her more than fucking Randi again. Still, she couldn't make it easy for Randi.

Imitating Geoffrey, she folded her arms over her substantial chest. "Hmph! You've stolen my magic and my wings! Why would I want to fuck you again?"

Pressing in fast and close, Randi planted a light kiss on the pixie's lips. "It's only temporary. Your magic will return in a few days. Your wings will regrow."

"Doesn't mean I want to reward you with more sex."

Geoffrey watched the exchange with interest from his position on the hard wooden chair. He wanted to encourage the pixie to fuck Randi again, but that was for his own amusement, he told himself. Wisely, he kept quiet.

"I was thinking of rewarding you," said Randi.

"I've already had sex with you," Belledane retorted. "What do you have new to offer me?"

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