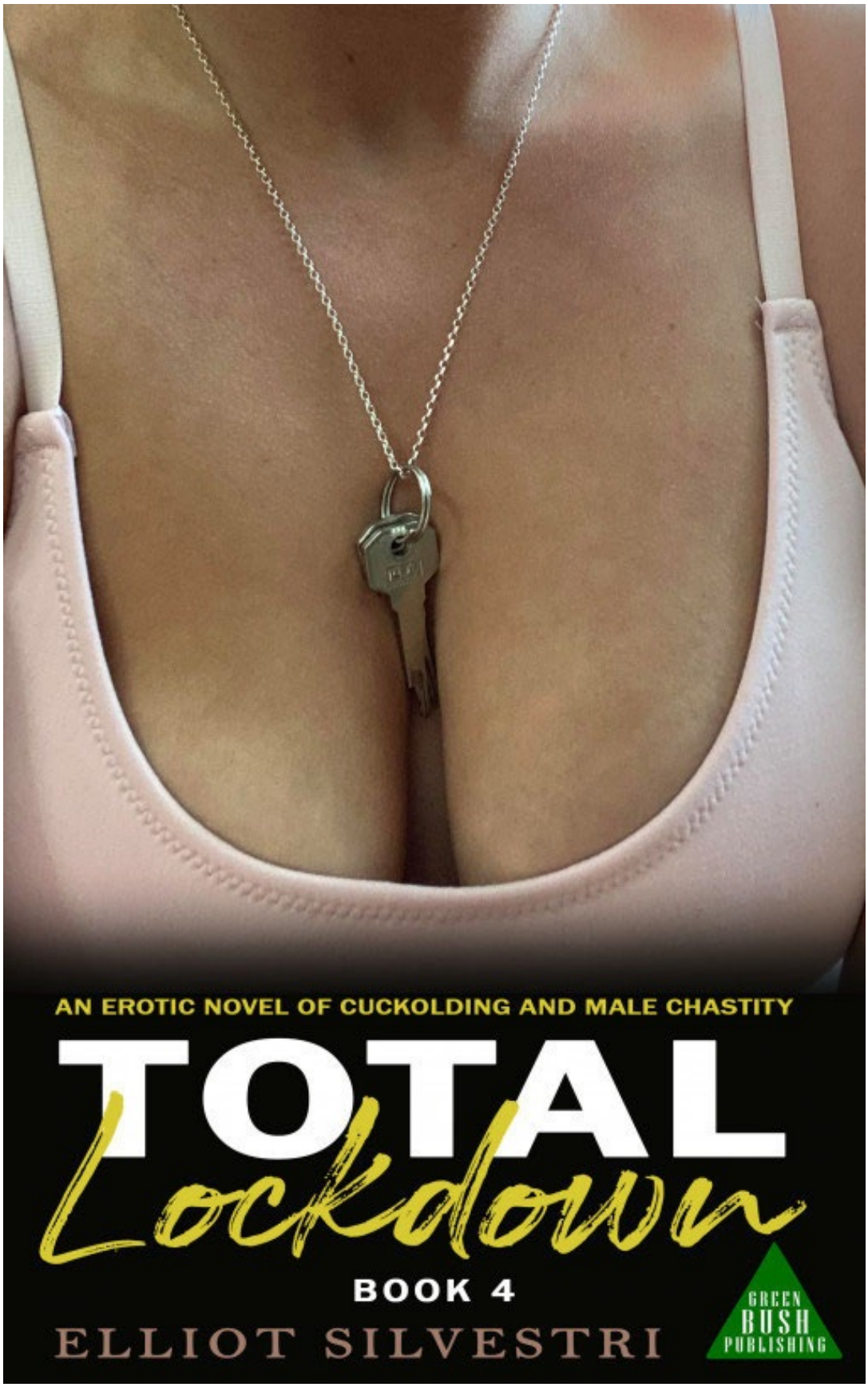
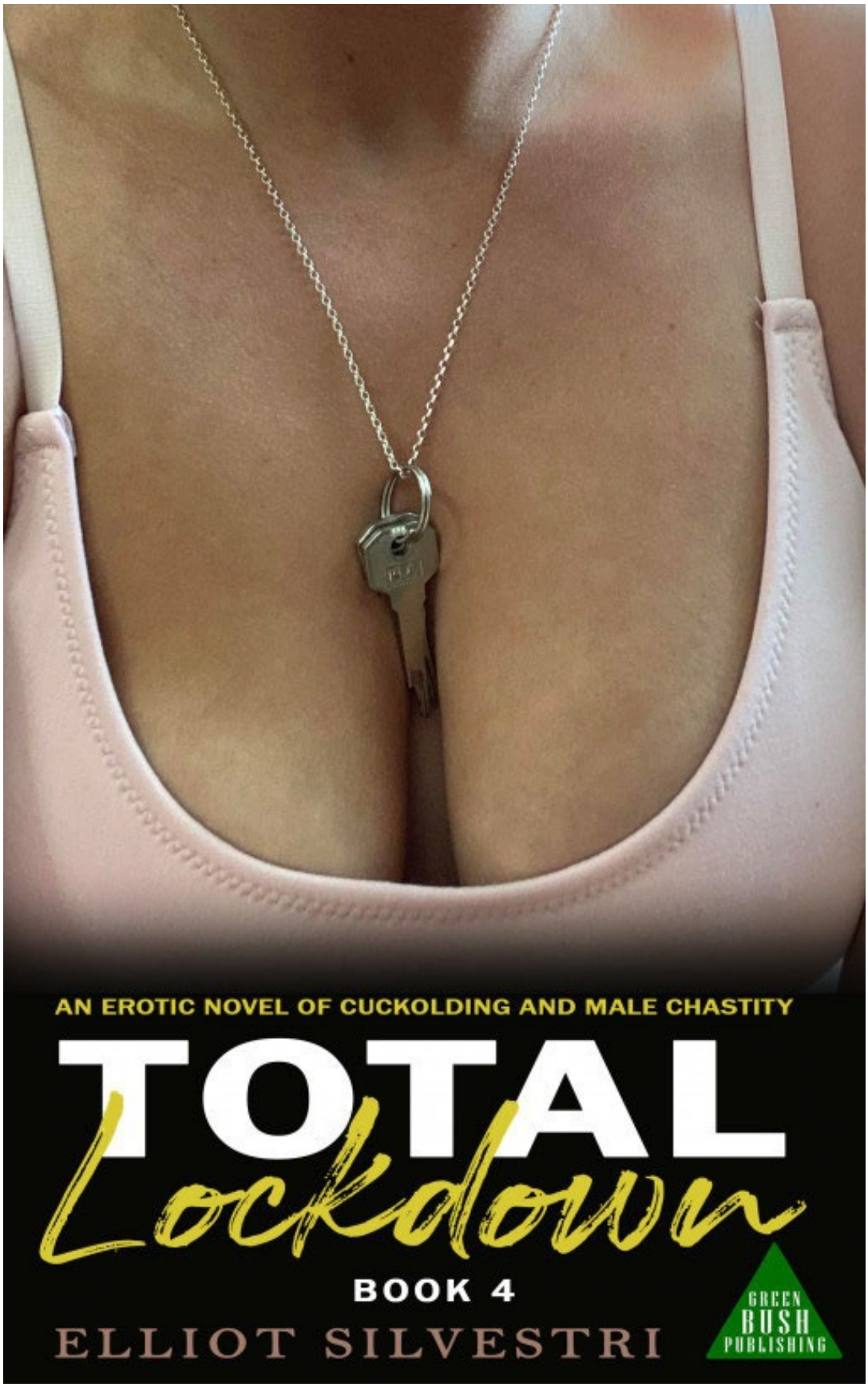

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF CUCKOLDING AND MALE CHASTITY
TOTAL
Lockdown
BOOK 4
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Total Lockdown 4

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 4

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Version 2

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Chapter Ten

Thad really knew how to polish the apple. Or maybe he didn't know exactly what he was doing. I finished in his mouth and he kept sucking, getting every drop of my cum as his wife looked on.

Eventually I had to push him away from my cock. "Enough! Too much."

Thad couldn't look at me. He only had eyes for his wife. "Okay. I did what you asked," he said. He was trying to sound like he wasn't begging, but he was. "Can you take it off now?"

He was referring to his cock cage. While I had been fucking his wife, he had stripped and was naked except for the metal cage on his cock. He was swollen inside the small cage, trying to get hard, but failing. I was fascinated and amused.

"I said if you did everything right, I'd let you out of your cage," Tara said. She was reminding him of something that must have occurred before I showed up.

"Yes," he agreed. "And I did it."

She shook her head. "No. You didn't. You sucked Nate's cock, but he had to tell you to stop. That's not a good performance. You should have known to stop before that."

Thad opened his mouth to object. I could see the anger on his face, and the complete and utter disappointment. Somehow he managed to swallow his anger. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I was too eager."

Softening her tone, Tara said. "It's fine. Now untie me."

He did exactly as she asked, freeing her from the cuffs around her wrists and ankles, tossing aside the restraints.

When I moved aside, Tara sat up and kissed her husband, laying a hand on the side of his face.

"You were very good," she relented a little. "You should get a reward of some sort."

Thad nodded in agreement, but said nothing.

Tara slipped off the bed and headed to her dresser. I thought she was going to get his key out of the envelope where it was stored.

I was wrong.

Instead she opened up a drawer and pulled out a tube of lube and a vibrator.

I wasn't sure where this was going.

"Get on your hands and knees," Tara said to Thad.

"No," he started to say, but bit off the short word.

He obeyed.

Now I was sure where this was going.

Thad stayed on his hands and knees as she dribbled the lube between his ass cheeks and onto the vibrator. I didn't watch that closely, but there was only one thing she could be doing.

The vibrator wasn't that big, but it was big enough. Dark pink and torpedo shaped, she pushed it up her husband's ass. Thad didn't complain.

"Mmm," was the only noise he made.

Tara pressed a button on the vibrator's base and I heard the humming. A second later Thad moaned loudly.

"Nate, go to my drawer. There's another vibe in there. Bring it to me please."

Following her directions, I found several vibrators in the drawer. How many vibrators did a woman need? How many did a married couple need?

"Which one?" I asked.

"The small white one."

It wasn't small. It was tiny. Maybe four inches long. I grabbed it and brought it

over to Tara. By now she was slowly moving the pink vibrator in and out of Thad's ass. I watched before handing over the white vibrator.

Tara refused it. She had one hand on the pink vibrator while resting the other on Thad's hip. "No. You use it."

I stared at her not understanding. "What?"

She glared at me in annoyance. "Turn it on and press it against his cage," she instructed me. "I promised him a reward."

"What's the reward?" I asked, confused.

"He gets to cum," Tara said, almost laughing.

"How...how does that work?" I asked.

"Turn on the vibrator and find out."

I pressed the button that turned on the small device. It buzzed in my hand but I didn't know what to do.

"Press it against his cock," she repeated to me. "He'll cum inside the cage."

"How can he cum if he's not hard?" I asked.

She smirked at me. "Just do it and see."

So I did it. I reached under his body and found his caged cock. It felt so small compared to my own. The steel was nice but I would have preferred to feel his flesh.

I pressed the small vibe against Thad's cage. The outer surface of the vibrator was slightly soft and textured so it didn't exactly rattle against the steel cage, but the vibrations were definitely transmitted to his small cock.

It only took a few seconds before Thad was moaning. I wanted to take off his cage and feel his hard cock in my hand, but there was no way his cage was coming off in the next few minutes.

"No, no," he pleaded. "It's too much. Stop."

Tara put an immediate end to his begging. “Just cum and be done with it, honey. You know you want to. It’s your reward. If you don’t, this cage isn’t coming off for a month.”

She grinned at me and leaned forward for a kiss. It felt strange to be kissing over the body of her husband, but I went with it. She never stopped fucking his ass with the bigger vibrator.

His moans became louder and more urgent.

“You’re right there, baby, keep going.”

His body trembled just a little and then it happened. I felt his hot cum spill onto my hands. He made a mess, ejaculating on my hands and the sheets and his cage and the vibrator, but it’s what he wanted.

Or maybe it was what Tara wanted.

What I wanted was to handle his cock without the cage, but Tara was in charge and Thad went along with it.

“Good boy, good boy,” Tara cooed to her husband as he stopped grunting and let out little whimpers of pain and relief.

It must have hurt like hell to get his balls drained like that inside the cage.

I wanted to see it happen again.

Chapter Eleven

I was getting tired of walking in on people in bed having sex. Or tied up in bed ready to have sex. Whatever.

I found Caitlyn in bed with Chris when I walked into our shared dorm room. They weren't having sex, but they were naked and the room smelled like sex. I could connect the dots.

"Hey," I said upon walking in.

They acknowledged me and pulled up the covers a little more. I don't know why. I'd seen the both of them naked already. I'd fucked Caitlyn and Chris had watched. Modesty didn't seem necessary.

But then again, I wasn't going to tell them that I had just fucked Tara an hour earlier and gotten sucked off by Thad.

After I greeted them I kicked off my sneakers to collapse on my bed.

"Where have you been?" Chris asked mostly to be polite.

I started to answer, and then changed my mind. "You don't want to know."

Chris grinned and shook his head. "C'mon, tell me dude."

Caitlyn, immediately understanding, put her hand over his mouth. "We don't want to know."

I looked over at them. They seemed happy. I wasn't happy. I was sexually satisfied, but I wasn't happy. I figured they were happy because they had that first gloss of initial infatuation, of a relationship that might be, no matter under what sleazy circumstances their relationship had started.

There wasn't going to be a romance between me and Tara. She was in love with Thad; I wasn't stupid. I could see it. I was, at best, a special guest star in their sex life.

Was I happy with that?

No.

What was I going to do about it?

Nothing.

“Yeah. You don’t want to know. Do you guys need a minute or something? I'm ready to go to sleep.”

“Yeah, a minute would be nice.”

I got up and went to the bathroom. I stared at myself in the mirror.

I wasn't sure if I hated myself or not, but I didn’t know the person in the mirror.

I couldn’t help myself. The next morning on the way to class, I texted Tara.

Caitlyn spent the night in Chris’s bed

Just letting you know

Tell Thad if he’s worried about her

I wasn’t sure if I was being helpful or an asshole. I couldn’t tell anything any longer. Tara’s reply came quick.

She has her own place

She doesn’t spend the night very often

I replied in kind, still being an asshole.

Didn't know that

I'm sure they were fucking while I was sleeping

Are you jealous or did you beat off while watching them?

I deserved the teasing she was giving me.

No I didn't beat off to them

Just checking.

If Cait wasn't my stepdaughter...

I don't want to hear that

What do you want to hear?

I want to hear you ask me to come over and fuck you.

My legs are always open for you.

Fuck…

The next evening I was at Tara's house. Thad wasn't home. We should have gone right to her bedroom and fucked.

Hell, we should have gone to any bedroom and fucked.

Hell, we should have just fucked in the entry hall and be done with it.

No.

Instead, she made me dinner.

We ate together like a couple.

I knew it was fucked up, but I did it anyway.

"I've got three important things to tell you," she said.

"I'm not sure I want to hear any of them."

Tara ignored me.

"One, I lied to you. We do have internal security cameras. Two, Thad is still completely frustrated because I haven't taken off his chastity cage yet. Three, he says he isn't bi, but he's willing to do whatever you want."

"For someone who isn't bi he sure has sucked a lot of cock," I rudely observed. I didn't know how much cock, exactly, he had sucked, but even if it was just mine,

it was a lot. Still, I figured there had to be other guys…

She reached out and touched my arm, rubbing it lightly. “I’m going to tell you another secret. I want to watch my husband have sex with a man. With you.”

I looked at her blankly. “Uh-huh.”

“Sometimes you’re clueless, Nate. I want to watch you and my husband have sex. I know you’re bi.”

“Uh-huh,” I said nervously. “But he’s in a cock cage right now.” I was dodging the issue.

“I can take it off anytime I want.” She paused. “Do you want to have sex—real sex, not just a blowjob—with a man?”

“I mean...sure, but it’s not what I want. Not really.”

Tara arched an eyebrow. “What do you want? Looking for a girlfriend? A boyfriend? Both?”

“I don’t know what I want,” I confessed.

“Well, while you’re trying to figure that out, would you like to fuck me?”

“Sure!” I might have been lost in the world, but I was still horny all the time.

“But first I want to show you something special.”

“What?”

“Do you like watching porn?”

“What the hell kind of question is that?”

“I’m curious,” she answered.

“It sounds like a trap question or a leading question. I’m twenty fucking years old. I’m a man. I’m bi. Of course I like porn.”

“What kind of porn?”

That was a leading question.

“All sorts.”

“Do you like voyeurism porn?”

“Uh...sure?”

She pulled out her phone and I could see her searching through some videos. The quality wasn’t the greatest, but in porn that didn’t matter. When she spun the phone around and showed me, I, once again, wasn’t surprised at what I saw.

It was a video of Caitlyn having sex in her bed. After a few seconds I realized it was Chris who she was with. I was glad it wasn’t me, but I was also certain that video was stored away somewhere.

“Why are you showing me a video of your step-daughter...and my roommate?”

“You aren’t into that?” she asked. “I know you are. In this video you walk into her room in about ten minutes.”

“I don’t want to watch myself having sex with Caitlyn.”

“I do,” she said, taking the phone back from me.

“That’s your kink then, not mine.”

“I got myself off to this video yesterday,” she confessed.

“I don’t want to hear that.” I took a long drink from the glass in front of me on the table. I wished it was something stronger than water. “I don’t even want to have sex in this house anymore. Do you have a camera in your room, recording everything we do?”

Tara didn’t answer and just smiled at me, stood up, and unzipped her dress, dropping it to the floor.

Fuck.

She knew lingerie worked. It worked on all men. And it certainly worked on me. It wasn’t necessary, not really, but boy did I love it. Watching Caitlyn fuck Chris

on a shitty video didn't do it for me, but seeing Tara half-naked in the dining room made my big cock start to rise.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked, running her finger under a bra strap.

I was stupid enough to nod my head.

"Do you want to fuck me?"

I nodded again.

Her finger slipped the strap off her shoulder. The bra stayed in place, but I stared at her tits, hoping it would fall, even though I'd seen them before.

"Even though I'm a married woman?"

"A married woman with a husband whose cock doesn't work," I corrected her, rising up from the chair and rising up in my pants.

"You like that?"

"I like that you have him all locked up and useless," I said, playing into her fetish.

We approached each other. I was certain I could already smell her wet pussy. She could certainly see my big cock starting to peek out from the top of my jeans.

"Do you want me to put your cock in a cage...just...like...him?"

Somehow she was able to smoothly remove her bra, setting her tits free. I was mesmerized, but I wasn't sucked in by her move.

"No. My cock needs to be free."

Hooking a thumb into the thin waistband of her panties, she cocked her hip to the side and said, "Are you sure? I wouldn't have thought it, but I really like keeping Thad's cock under lock and key. It gets me wet. I bet I would be twice as wet if I could get my harem started."

The way she was speaking and the eagerness and the far-off look in her eyes made me nervous. The last thing I wanted was a cage around my cock.

“I don’t think that’s for me.”

“Are you sure? For Thad we had to buy the smallest cage that’s made. He’s that tiny. I’d love to buy the biggest one out there. I’d feel like a queen.”

She pressed up against me. I was rock hard now. Her hand went to my crotch and cupped my erection through my jeans. I moaned a little because she squeezed my balls through the denim.

“I’d do anything to cage your cock,” she breathed in my ear before going up on her toes to kiss me.

I kissed her back. My hands went down to her ass and cupped her firm cheeks. I couldn’t resist and I pulled the fine material down, not stripping her fully, not yet, but exposing her.

She wiggled out of her panties and went down on her knees, unzipping me and hauling out my cock. Her mouth opened wide and she engulfed my erection, sucking greedily.

It felt good. I gloried in the sensation of her warm mouth surrounding me.

The last thing I wanted was for my cock to be restricted in any way.

With that thought in my head, I yanked her back to her feet, abruptly ending the enjoyable blowjob I had been receiving.

She let out a little exclamation of surprise, almost a whoop.

I didn’t give her any time to think. It was easy enough to whirl her around and bend her over the heavy dining room table. The table was also big enough to leave us plenty of free space to get to business.

Tara didn’t resist. I was positive she didn’t want to resist. I kicked her legs wide and moved in behind her. I always wanted to go down on my lovers and get them warmed up and wet so that I didn’t hurt them.

That wasn’t necessary with Tara.

She was already turned on and wet enough. Besides, she knew what sex was like

with me. She knew the risks.

If she had wanted to protest, she wouldn't have guided my cock into her pussy with her hand.

I was fucking and using her to make a point. There was no way I was going to let her put a cage around my cock.

The sex was savage. I shoved my entire length into her in one go. She practically screamed when I did so. It was probably from surprise, but there had to be some pain in there as well.

I pinned her down on the table, not letting her move at all. Her hips were right at the table's edge; it had to hurt when I started banging her as hard and fast as I could.

Or maybe she liked that. There was no telling with Tara.

"You like that?" I muttered to her. "You like being a slut? You like cheating on your husband? You like taking my big cock?"

"Fuck yeah!" was her answer.

There was no romance here. There was just raw sex. Fucking in the purest of senses.

I kept slamming into her. This wasn't how I preferred to have sex, so I was certain I was going to be able to last a while. I kept one hand on the back of her neck, holding her against the solid wooden surface, while I used my other hand to pin one of her arms to the side. She could have fought back if she wanted, but she didn't want to.

Looking down at her firm ass, I admired every shift and shake of her butt as I fucked her.

An evil thought started to form in my mind, but I needed to make her cum first.

That was easy. Making Tara cum was like making the sun rise; it was going to happen regardless of what I did.

Barely a minute into fucking and she had her first climax. I let her vibrate on my cock as I rested for a moment.

“You like being fucked that way?” I asked her.

“Uh-huh,” she answered, wiggling back against my cock, trying to get me to start up again.

Instead I pulled almost all the way out, my head barely inside her. She tried to back up, but couldn’t not the way I was pinning her in place.

“You said you wanted to be fucked by two men at once, right?” I asked.

“Yeah...but not now, not like this,” she said. “I just want you to cum in me.”

“I’ll cum in you, that’s not a problem.” I pulled my cock all the way out of her and she whimpered at the sudden emptiness.

Letting go of her arm, but still pinning her neck, I took my cock in hand and ran it up and down between her ass cheeks.

She knew what I was planning.

“No, she said, not begging, but not ordering either. “I don’t want it that way right now.”

“You’re plenty wet,” I mused. That was the advantage of being with an older woman who lubricated freely. “I think you’ll like it. You’ve been fucked in the ass before, haven’t you?”

Her answer was soft, almost silent. “Y-y-yes.”

“Then you’ll love this.”

“I don’t—” she started to say as I pushed forward against her tight pucker. There was just a bit of resistance before she opened up.

She made a noise that wasn’t exactly her expression of pain, but she wasn’t enjoying it.

The first thing I learned was that anal sex is better with lubrication.

“You like that?”

“No…” she whined.

“Want me to keep going?”

“No. Please no.”

I had barely gotten my cock’s head inside her ass. I wasn’t exactly enjoying it, but it wasn’t horrible either.

It would have been a lot better with a good dose of lube.

I wanted to fuck her hard but at the same time I didn’t want to hurt her.

And on top of that, I didn’t want to go to the bedroom where I knew I was being recorded. I don’t know why; the damage had already been done.

“I want to fuck your ass,” I told her.

“It hurts!” she protested.

“I really don’t care, but I don’t want a fucking mess on my hands.” I stood there with my cock barely inside her. I could see that pushing all the way in would tear her up. Maybe.

But I still wanted to do it.

“Let’s go to my room. I have lube there.”

I shook my head and forgot she really couldn’t see me, not half bent over the table and me pinning her down. “No. Not there.”

“I’ll go get the lube and you can fuck me here,” she quickly replied.

I was strangely okay with that and withdrew my cock after releasing her from the neck hold I was using to pin her down.

“Okay, give me a minute,” she said as she dashed out of the dining room. I stood there with my dick in my hand wondering what the fuck I was doing with my life.

I figured there was a fifty-fifty chance that Tara wouldn't reappear and I was left deciding if I wanted to get dressed and walk out of the house and out of Tara's life forever, or if I wanted to stick around for a few more minutes.

I decided to wait. I still felt like a jackass with my pants half down and my cock sticking up. Looking at the head I was glad to see it was clean. I wasn't exactly sure what to expect.

While I stood there debating with myself what the best course of action was, Tara must have been running through the house, naked no less, and reappeared in less than a minute with a bottle of lube in hand.

"Oh. Good. You didn't go soft," she said as she walked back into the dining room.

Tara handed me the bottle of lube and retook her position on the table. I noted that her asshole was wet and shiny with the lube.

"Already did yourself?" I asked as I greased up my cock. I probably used too much, but better safe than sorry.

"Yeah. Hurry up and stick it in me."

"Why?" I asked as I stepped behind her and ran my cock up and down between her cheeks. "I thought you didn't want me to put my big cock in your ass."

She moaned and pushed back, trying to catch my slippery cock with her tight little hole, to force me into her. I admired her effort. "I don't want you to fuck my ass, but I do want to cum. If this is what you want…"

I didn't point out to her she could just use one of her many, many sex toys to get herself off. Hell, she could put one in her ass, one in her pussy, and one in her mouth, if she wanted, and use another to stim her clit if she was going all out. Something else was at work.

But I wasn't going to bother with all that. I just grabbed the base of my lubed cock and aimed it at her back entrance. The second time, with lube and previous penetration, I went in a lot easier. And a lot deeper. I didn't even have to keep Tara pinned to the table. She just took it up her ass like a champ.

I admired her for that.

I didn’t go in all the way. I barely knew what I was doing. I didn’t want to hurt her.

I will say this, anal is a hell of a lot more fun with a good dose of lube.

Even so, she snaked her hand down to her pussy and played with herself while I reamed her ass.

“You like it like this?” I asked her.

“Yes. Fuck yes.” She groaned as I put slightly more than half my cock into her hole. “Fuck...just make me cum,” she begged.

I doubted my cock was doing much for her. I could feel her fingers busily rubbing her clit. I knew that was going to make her cum rather than my cock where it didn’t belong.

Even though the situation was ridiculous and awkward, I managed to cum. I pulled out at the last moment and shot my load all over her ass and lower back.

The moment I was free of her ass, her hand suddenly went into high gear, rubbing herself so hard I was worried she was going to cause herself injury.

That didn’t happen, but she did cum.

She came so hard she fell against the table, shook like an epileptic, and wetted the insides of her thighs with her amrita. I thought that maybe she had peed herself, but I knew better. It was just an overwhelming orgasm.

I was satisfied, but I was still wondering what the hell I was doing with my life.

“I need two cocks in me at once,” Tara breathed, her voice barely audible.

I shrugged, a gesture she couldn’t see, not only because she was still face down on the table , but her eyes were closed as well. “I can do that with you and Thad. That'll be easy.”

She shook her head. “No. He’s going to stay in his cage for a few more weeks.”

“What? Why?”

Tara opened her eyes and smirked at me. “He’s being punished. I need a couple of young cocks to satisfy me.”

Chapter Twelve

I had just one idea of who I could ask to double-team Tara with me.

Chris.

“You have got to be kidding me,” was his response when I asked him if he wanted to fuck my sort-of girlfriend.

“No. Why would I kid about that?”

I had wisely chosen a moment when we were alone in our dorm room. Caitlyn had become a frequent fixture which was strange because she had her father’s house to live in along with a small apartment downtown (presumably also paid for by her father because her yoga studio was barely operating). Still, I was happy that Chris was having a good time banging Caitlyn on a regular basis. He was having a semi-normal college relationship.

And now I wanted to fuck that up by having him fuck his girlfriend’s stepmother.

Who was also the woman I was banging with her husband’s permission.

He had to give permission because otherwise his wife would never allow his cock out of the cage ever again.

Perfectly normal.

“Because you’re asking me if I want to have a threeway with you and your...your slampiece who happens to be the stepmother of my girlfriend.”

“No blood relation there. It’s perfectly acceptable.” I was half serious and half teasing.

My life was fucked up.

“I suppose you want me to tell Caitlyn ahead of time to make sure it’s okay with her.”

I blinked at that sarcastic statement. I hadn’t considered that at all.

“Well...maybe you should. I’m sure she’s open minded and would probably want

to know you're going to fuck someone else rather than finding out about it after the fact."

"Do you want her to join in?" he deadpanned.

"Uh...I'd have to ask Tara."

Chris exploded. "I'm fucking kidding! No I don't want to fuck Tara! I want to keep your fucked up sex life as far away from mine as possible!"

"Okay, okay, I'll tell her no," I told him to placate his anger. "I just wanted to ask you because she mentioned you by name."

Chris shook his head. "She probably just wants to fuck her stepdaughter's boyfriend."

"You don't have a MILF fantasy?"

"No."

"Okay then."

Saturday night we met Tara in a hotel room. She paid for it which meant it was a nice room and a nice hotel. And it was actually paid for by Thad because Tara didn't have a job.

We could have fucked at her house, but Thad could have come home at any point and she told me she wanted to feel like she was cheating on him. It wasn't really possible for her to cheat on him because she could fuck whoever she wanted whenever she wanted, but they had the agreement that he was supposed to know and have the opportunity to watch.

He liked watching.

I followed Tara down the richly carpeted hallway. Our footfalls were silent. My eyes were riveted to Tara's ass as it swayed confidently back and forth. She wore tight pants, not so tight as to be obscene, but tight enough to draw any man's attention.

Any man but Chris, apparently. His eyes were nervously shooting all around the hallway. He was just a pace behind me. I could feel his nervousness sloughing off him.

It was annoying.

“What’s the matter?” I asked in a low voice. If Tara heard me, she gave no indication.

“I’m going to get caught!”

“By who?”

“Caitlyn.”

I smirked, temporarily glad I wasn’t him, even though I envied his relationship. “So don’t tell her.”

I had no idea where Caitlyn was nor did I care. Chris had waited until the last minute to change his mind. I wasn’t sure why. I didn’t care. I was just glad we didn’t have to resort to Tara’s plan of picking up someone at the hotel bar. Or any bar for that matter.

I was glad Chris was with us. He was a known quantity.

The room wasn’t nearly as fancy as her bedroom at home, but we weren’t there for the atmosphere. We were there to fuck her.

“I used to work in the hospitality industry,” Tara said as we walked in. “Only half of all hotel rooms are rented by tourists and people actually travelling. The other half are rented by people using them for sex. And drug dealing.”

“That can’t be true,” I said.

“Doesn’t sound true,” Chris agreed.

“And yet why are we here?” Tara asked.

Chris and I glanced at each other. She slung her large bag onto the low dresser near the huge bed.

“Well, are you boys ready for this?”

It seemed oddly clinical. There was no romance. There was no driving force behind this little encounter other than Tara’s need to have two guys at the same time.

And still, the moment she started taking off her clothes, my cock automatically responded.

She was casually dressed, a simple red blouse, dark pants, high heels.

At least, that’s what she started with. It was easy for her to pull off her top and drop her pants. Underneath she wore matching blue silk panties and bra. The bra was elaborate and full of straps and doodads that I didn’t understand and saw no purpose to.

Both Chris and I just stared as she stripped. Only after kicking off her shoes and reaching behind her back to unsling her bra, did she pause to look at us.

“What are you two waiting for?”

“Uh...what do you want us to do?” I asked.

“Strip,” she said. “I want to see your big cock and,” she glanced, almost shyly, at Chris, “and I want to see what he’s packing.”

“Nothing like I am,” I said with overblown confidence. I tossed aside my jacket and whipped off my t-shirt. I wasn’t fully erect, but I opened up my jeans to display my hard cock already poking out the top of my boxer briefs. Tara reached out and absently caressed my cock through my underwear, but then stepped back, her lingerie still on, and sat down on the edge of the massive bed. It wasn’t as large as the one in her home, but in the smaller hotel room, it looked just as big. Her eyes were on Chris.

“I want to see what you’re packing,” she said evenly.

Chris actually blushed. “I’m not nearly as big as him.” Chris didn’t seem to know where to rest his eyes. He didn’t want to look at me or Tara; he seemed to be focused on the wall behind her.

“That’s fine. I’ve had his cock in my ass before. I’m fine with something smaller.” She reached out and ran her hand down the front of his pants. She deftly opened them up. He was bulging already.

Tara smiled.

“You want me to fuck you in the ass?” Chris blurted out, confused.

She glanced my way. “I want you in every hole tonight.”

Chris froze and Tara jumped up. “Oh shit. I almost forgot. Just need to set up my phone so I can record all this.”

She almost ruined the mood by grabbing her phone and a small tripod setting it up to record what was going to happen on the bed. This hadn't been agreed upon, but neither Chris nor I objected.

We should have objected. I knew what she was going to do with the video: show it to her husband. And then what?

I had no idea.

Chris and I just stared at each other for the minute or so it took her to get everything set and then. He finished undressing because he wanted to get laid. I avoided looking directly at his cock, but I couldn’t help myself sneaking peeks at his manhood.

It was a nice cock. I wanted to reach out and start jerking him off. I didn’t. I wanted to get down on my knees and start sucking him. I didn’t do that either.

Instead, I finished undressing.

Everything was so strange.

“Geez you’re fucking huge,” Chris commented.

He wasn’t the least bit shy about staring directly at my cock. I had my hand at the base and was absently stroking myself.

I wasn’t sure if that was a good idea or not.

“Yeah,” I agreed with him. “Some women like it.” It was a lame comment but what the hell were we supposed to talk about while waiting for Tara to finish setting up her little porn studio?

“Ready?” she abruptly said and unhooked her bra, freeing her breasts.

I stared.

She went down on her knees in front of Chris. He didn’t object as she wrapped her hand around his tool and brought it to her mouth. A moment later she was sucking on it and gesturing to me.

When I stepped closer, she grabbed my cock and started jerking me off as well, proving she could handle two men as easily as one.

I wondered if she could handle three of us.

What followed was something that was almost beyond words. Chris didn’t want to blow his load too quickly, so he had to back off.

We changed positions. Tara lay on her back on the bed and gestured for Chris to join her. I was faster. I got between her legs and started eating her pussy.

Chris moved back to her mouth, shoving his cock down her throat.

As it turned out I didn’t really need to eat her pussy. She was already incredibly wet.

“Want me to fuck you?” I asked.

She nodded. “Doggy. Chris in my mouth. You in my pussy.”

We did exactly that. It was strange looking at Chris getting a blowjob at the other end of Tara’s body, but I adapted quickly. We weren’t here so much for us, but more for Tara. I was making a dream come true for her.

“I’m close,” Chris abruptly announced.

Tara backed off his cock. “I want you in my pussy.” That necessitated another position change. Essentially she spun around and his cock replaced mine while

Tara sucked and licked my cock. “Don’t cum before I tell you,” she instructed.

I wasn’t sure if she was talking to me or Chris.

It didn’t matter.

I was familiar with Tara’s body, so I didn’t cum right away. Chris managed to hold off for a long time as well, probably because he was nervous.

What followed was Tara spinning around every couple of minutes, alternating taking our cock in her pussy and then her mouth. I made her cum twice while Chris only managed to do it once.

Taking a break from fellating Chris, she said, “Are you ready for the next part?”

“What next part.”

“I said I wanted every hole filled tonight.”

The unfun part of sex with multiple people is the planning needed to figure out who was doing what and going where.

I was placed on my back. Tara straddled me, cowgirl style, and sank down on my cock. I filled her up and she got that little look of pleasure on her face that I was now familiar with. Looking to the side she caught Chris’s eye.

“Your turn,” she said.

He moved in closer, standing on the bed, to offer his cock to her face.

She shook her head. “I’m done sucking. I want you in my ass. There’s lube in my bag.” She pointed to where she had left it on the low dresser.

Mechanically, Chris moved over to the dresser, got the lube, applied it to his cock and looked at her.

“In my ass,” she clarified. “Put the lube in my ass.” And then she leaned forward onto me, her breasts pressing into my chest, exposing her ass to Chris.

I couldn’t see what was going on, but I knew Chris was doing as instructed. I just lay there, buried in Tara’s pussy, wondering what the hell I was supposed to

do.

I had no idea if Chris had ever had anal. I had no idea if Chris had ever fucked anyone other than Caitlyn.

All in all, this seemed like a very bad idea.

And then I felt him pushing into her ass. Tara moaned and reached back. He must have been a natural or was extra eager. He was silent as he penetrated her in the most unnatural way. Tara, however, groaned and inhaled deeply as he pushed inside.

It must have been a lot easier on her ass to be fucked by Chris's normal sized cock rather than my huge one. I could feel him inside her; it was like his cock was pressed up against mine.

I couldn't believe this is what Tara wanted. Her face was a mask of ecstasy. She was enjoying having an internal organ rearrangement if nothing else.

"Oh...fuck yesss…" she moaned. "I'm suck a fucking slut!"

Neither Chris or I disagreed with her.

I didn't really fuck her. Chris did most of the work. He was ramming her asshole pretty hard. I couldn't imagine it was pleasurable, but the way she was acting she seemed to love it.

"Fucking hell!" Chris exclaimed for no particular reason. I could hear his flesh slapping into hers. I was barely moving my cock up and down inside Tara; there wasn't really room for me to move.

It was a hell of an experience and I wouldn't exchange it for anything.

Her body abruptly started to spasm as she reached yet another peak. Her orgasm took over her body and she seemed to disappear into herself.

"Oh fuck it's almost too much," she mumbled.

Out of instinct I kissed her and started thrusting faster in her pussy. At the same time I could feel Chris staying busy in her ass.

I wasn’t sure who came first. It didn’t matter. We both came in her. By this point she was such a sloppy mess it was hard to tell what liquids were coming from where.

Tara collapsed against me and started crying.

It wasn’t the reaction I was expecting.

“Are you...are you okay?” I asked her. What else was I going to do?

“I’m fucking great,” she said.

Chris pulled away from her. I felt the sudden absence of his cock in her ass. She shifted her body around. My cock was starting to fade but due to my size, it was going to take a minute.

“That might have been the best sex of my life.” She started giggling. “And it wasn’t with my husband. He’ll love that.”

They had a fucked up relationship.

We all took a minute to recover.

We actually took a half hour to recover. Genitals were cleaned. Bladders were emptied. Souls were examined.

When I walked back into the main room from the bathroom, Tara and Chris were lounging on the bed together, naked and waiting for me.

I think.

“Are you up for it?” Tara asked me.

“Up for what?” I asked cautiously.

“Up to cum again,” she said. “I need to swallow a couple of loads of healthy young boy cum.”

I wasn’t sure what was going on, but I allowed her to give me a blowjob while Chris watched. He didn’t just watch, he pulled on his cock in time with her head bobbing. When I finally came in her mouth, it was disappointing.

Tara swallowed all of my load. I was impressed, but she barely had time to show off my thick cum on her tongue before she swallowed and then turned to Chris. He was already hard and already primed. He didn’t last nearly as long as I had. I think Tara appreciated that.

She swallowed all of his load as well.

Who would have thought the hotwife of a cuckold would have been such a slut?

Chapter Thirteen

Fucking Tara was a hell of a lot of fun. I knew it was a terrible thing to be doing long-term, but when I was balls deep, or nearly balls deep in her because of my huge cock, everything was perfect.

It was only afterwards that I got clarity and realized fucking Tara was fucking up my grades at college and completely destroying my social life.

Yes I was having fun having a lot of sex with her, but the cost was too high.

I knew I needed to break it off with her when I saw my midterm grades. I was failing two of my courses and I was dangerously close to failing the other three.

I was metaphorically fucked.

I was going to break it off with her.

And then she called me and said she needed me, not for emotional support or in a romantic sense, but it was time to get Thad out of his cage for the first time in over a month and I needed to be there to help them celebrate.

I knew they wanted me to perform for them. Whether that meant fucking her or fucking him or watching her abuse him, it didn't matter.

I screwed up my courage and decided to tell her no.

And then I chickened out and said I would be there because I was too fucking horny for my own good.

Tara let me into the house. This time it was Thad who was tied up and restrained, but not in the bedroom.

He was walking around the living room naked. Well, almost naked. He had his cock cage on, of course. His arms were restrained behind his back with a set of elaborate cuffs and locks. It looked a little bit painful, but he didn't complain.

Tara had promised to let him out of his cage. That was all the incentive he needed to push through any pain.

What she hadn’t told him was what I had agreed to.

The moment I walked into the living room with Tara, he grinned. I couldn’t help but inspect his body one more time. For a guy who was fifty, he was in good shape. I wasn’t a fan of the fact that he had removed almost all of his body hair. It gave him a look of being a bodybuilder who was past his prime and had fallen into doing kink porn to make a living.

And I was going along with it.

“Do you want Nate to fuck me first before I release you?” Tara asked her husband.

“What? No...I mean, shit. What are you up to?” This obviously wasn’t part of the plan that Tara had discussed with Thad.

Tara laughed at him. “It’s fun to switch things up, don’t you think?”

“Sure…”

She walked up and kissed him on the cheek, going up on her toes to reach his greater height. I kept my eyes on her jean-encased ass. They were doing wonders for her body and my cock.

I didn’t miss, however, the way she gently caressed his balls, free of the cage, teasing him just to keep him on edge.

“I love being in control of your cock,” she said softly, as if the words were intended only for him. “I love being in love with you.” I was certain the second set of words weren’t intended for me to hear at all.

“I’ve been good?” he asked her.

“Very good. Do you like wearing your new PA ring?”

“Yes. I love it.”

“I’m going to give you a special reward,” she said and gently pushed him away. “Have a seat.” Unsteadily Thad carefully sat down on one of the many comfortable chairs in the living room.

She sauntered back to me and gave me a kiss. I knew she got off on teasing him by kissing (and fucking) me. But tonight was a little different for all of us.

We were taking a big step.

Or at least I was.

Tara slowly stripped me, putting on a show for her husband. Thad was already all but naked, Tara took her time with me. Except for my shoes, which I kicked off, she did all the work. She didn't strip me naked; she left on my underwear, not that it mattered because my big cock head was already sticking out the top of the waistband.

Once I was mostly undressed, Tara started taking off her own clothes, but of course left on her panties and corset. She was wearing a black and red corset instead of a bra. I thought her breasts looked bigger than usual, or at the very least, she was showing more cleavage than she had a right to.

Going up on her toes, she gave me a kiss, the sort of kiss shared between two lovers, or in our case, the sort of kiss a wife would give her lover to make her husband jealous.

And aroused. I snuck another look at Thad's small cock inside his cage. He was filling up the entirety of the space defined by the steel bars.

It wasn't impressive, but it was visually striking.

While we were kissing, Tara was rubbing my cock through my boxer briefs. "Are you ready?" she asked me softly when she broke the kiss.

I just nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

Tara walked away from me and went to her husband.

She fished his key from inside her corset. I admired her for hiding it so well.

"Oh, yes, please," he all but begged her.

Tara smiled at him. "You know I'm not releasing your hands, right?"

He nodded so hard I was worried his head was going to go flying off.

Tara went down to her knees in front of his chair like she was going to blow him. The first problem, of course, was that he was in his cage. That was easily solved by Tara slipping the small key into the elaborate lock he wore. A second later his cage was in two pieces. The small curved shaft was slipped free of his cock. The retaining ring behind his balls was roughly removed by Tara's sure hand.

I was certain that if she had been that rough with my balls, I would have been lying on the floor groaning in pain. Thad, however, seemed to enjoy her rough treatment.

Once he was free I took in his small cock and realized exactly how small it was. While I wasn't expecting a button, I was expecting something average sized.

He wasn't exactly tiny, but a four inch cock in Tara's hand seemed pathetic.

He rose to the occasion after just a couple of strokes from her deft fingers. I moved to the side to watch.

He spread his legs wide, giving her full access to his inadequate manhood.

I could see precum pooling on the tip of his cock. It was getting smeared by the silver PA ring that came out his urethral slit and circled back underneath before it penetrated the thin skin there. I wasn't jealous, but I was fascinated at his new piercing. I didn't want one, but I wanted to touch and inspect it.

Tara wasn't looking at his pathetic penis. She was gazing directly into his eyes. He was gazing back at her.

"You got hard right away," she pointed out. Her hand had stopped moving on him. He was fully erect, I figured, and her hand completely engulfed his shaft. I was easily twice as big as he was.

No wonder she wanted to fuck other men.

No wonder she wanted to fuck me.

And yet I still wanted Thad.

“Yeah. I’ve been locked up for a while.”

“I know. I’ve had the key.” She started to lower her mouth down to his unimpressive erection, but stopped a few inches away. Surely he could feel her hot breath.

She even extended her tongue a bit, but then she pulled back.

Too quickly, he asked, “What’s the matter?”

Tara frowned at him. “I don’t think so. I’m not up to giving your little dick any attention today.”

His face fell. “But you promised!” He was whining. There was no other way to describe it.

“I promised you’d get to cum.”

Off to the side, I surreptitiously rubbed myself through my underwear. It would be too obvious if I started jerking off, though I desperately wanted to.

“I don’t want to be jerked off!” he complained. “And I don’t want you to—”

Tara’s hand shot out. For a second I thought she was going to slap him, but she just covered his mouth. Silencing him.

“Nate volunteered to suck you off. Don’t say a fucking word or the cage goes back on and you don’t get to cum at all. Just nod.”

He nodded.

Tara looked to me with a smarmy grin on her face. She stood up and we exchanged positions.

When I took up Thad’s cock in my hand, I realized how small he was. Inadequate didn’t begin to describe him. I had to be twice the man he was. Probably more. His cock disappeared in my hand, not even the head was exposed.

But I didn’t want to use my hand. I wanted to use my mouth.

My eyes were fixed on the impressive ring piercing his flesh, but then I realized it only looked impressive because his cock was so small.

It was thrilling holding another man's cock, even if it was small. I could feel his heartbeat through his small organ. It pulsed lightly under my fingertips. I was fascinated by the ring in the end, shiny silver going through flesh where it didn't belong.

It was all too much for me and I had to do it.

I lowered my mouth down onto him and sucked greedily. The first thing I tasted was the slight tang of the metal ring. It wasn't unpleasant. Then I tasted the slipperiness of his precum. That was mild and was exactly like my own precum that I had tasted a hundred times on my own when I was jerking off.

Then I consumed the whole of his cock. It was easy to get all of it into my mouth because he was so small. I wasn't sure if I would keep him as a lover because his cock was so small, but for my first time it was fine.

Just the act of putting him all the way in my mouth was enough to essentially be deep-throating him. His cockhead was poking at the back of my throat and that was as far as it would go.

No wonder he was a disappointment to his wife. For a size queen like Tara, knowing he was so small of course had driven her to fuck other men.

Among other factors to be sure.

I backed off a little and focused on the head and the underside. I would have been happier if he wasn't pierced, but I didn't have much of a choice in the matter.

Giving head was an eye-opening experience. My cock had been in many mouths up to that point, but to be the giver was different. I could see why some women had struggled giving head, especially to me, being so large. I understood why the ancient Greeks and Romans appreciated men with small cocks. Men who were hugely endowed were considered to be animalistic. Men with small, elegant cocks were considered to be sophisticated and intelligent.

I was still happy with my large cock, but I appreciated giving head to a small

man.

It pulsed pleasantly between my lips. I sucked the head and teased the underside with my tongue. Thad was faintly moaning as I worked. I could feel Tara's eyes on me.

And then she started to talk to her husband.

"Are you gay, Thad?" Tara all but whispered in his ear while I sucked on his cock.

"No…" he moaned while shaking his head.

"Are you bi?"

"No…"

"But a bi man is sucking your cock…"

"I know…"

I continued to suck on him. I liked the feeling of cock in my mouth. I liked the strangeness of his CBR ring. I liked how it excited me and made my own cock hard. I wanted to do it all.

But first I needed to push all the limits I could.

Briefly taking his cock out of my mouth, I said, "I was hoping to suck off a real man tonight."

Tara laughed. She was laughing at Thad and along with me.

Thad's face turned bright red. It wasn't because he was turned on.

"Don't…" he begged.

I had been holding the base of his cock but I now slid my hand lower and gripped his balls. For having such a small cock, his balls were probably the same size as mine. Or maybe they just looked to be the same size because his cock was so small. It didn't matter. He tensed up when I squeezed.

Seeing how he had appreciated Tara's rough treatment, I figured he wouldn't mind a little pain.

He surely enjoyed sex with a little pain.

I went back to sucking on him, bobbing my head up and down like a professional fellatrix, working him toward the end.

There was no way for Thad to resist. His cock throbbed and jerked. His balls tried to tighten up to his body.

The slightly sour and salty taste of cum erupted in my mouth. I was ready for it. I swallowed. I swallowed and felt no shame.

He continued to cum. After the first spurt, I didn't swallow any more of his ejaculation, I just caught it all in my mouth. He was moaning and straining against the cuffs behind his back. Tara was right next to him, caressing his shoulders and occasionally kissing his lips. Whatever he needed to make himself feel like he wasn't bi.

Finally he stopped cumming and I released his cock from between my lips.

Tara looked down and I opened my mouth, displaying Thad's load to her.

"That's the thing about my husband," she said, nodding her head. "He might have a tiny dick, but he can make a lot of cum."

She didn't hesitate. She knew what she wanted. We kissed and shared Thad's cum in front of him. I wasn't sure which of us swallowed the most of his spunk, but it didn't matter. Putting Thad in his place was the important matter.

"It's not so bad being bi, is it, honey?"

I was about to answer, but realized that Tara was directing the question to him. Thad slowly shook his head. "No. No. It's good."

"I'm so glad you feel that way, because Nate's not going to be the last guy who sucks you off. He's not going to be the last guy you suck off." A smile tugged at her lips. "He is going to be the first guy to fuck your ass, though."

Thad all but hung his head. “I know.”

My cock was throbbing. I might have preferred to fuck Tara at that moment, but I knew this was my opportunity to do what I had been wondering about forever.

I stood up and took a step back. Tara directed the show. “Get on the floor,” she ordered Thad. “Put your face on the pillow.” She tossed a throw pillow from the couch onto the floor. “Ass up. I’m going to grease your hole and his pole and Nate’s going to take your precious virginity.”

I would have been just as happy to have been fucked by Thad, but Tara was in charge and I couldn’t tell her no.

I was a bit nervous. Not for myself, but for Thad. I had a big cock and while Tara had told me that she had pegged Thad on occasion, that wasn’t the same as my monstrous meat.

That didn’t stop me. He wanted this. I could tell. Or at least I thought I could tell. I didn’t know anything now.

As I watched Tara poured some lube between Thad’s taut buttocks. She pushed her finger up into his hole and he didn’t protest in the least. Either he was used to this or wanted it a lot more than I had guessed or, and this was the most likely in my opinion, he just completely submitted himself to his wife because he was completely submissive and liked it that way.

She turned to me and nodded at my underwear. I yanked then down, completely freeing my cock. Tara then poured a generous amount of the slippery lube on me, focusing on the head but using plenty on my thick length as well. She spent more time massaging lube into my cock than was necessary, but I didn’t object. She was getting me nice and hard.

“You ready for this, Nate?” She used my name to make it obvious to Thad that in this scenario he was just a prop, a toy. He wasn’t even a tool. He was just a hole. I was performing for her and Thad was the object she wanted me to demonstrate my dominance—and hers—on.

For this being my first real time with a man, I was surprisingly calm. That pleased me. I wasn’t doing anything wrong.

If anything, I was doing something completely right. I was embracing who I was.

I was pleasing my lover, Tara.

I was putting That in his place, under the thumb of his wife.

Tara led my cock to Thad’s greased entrance.

I pierced through his tightly puckered sphincter more easily than I had anticipated. I took it slow. While I wasn’t worried about causing Thad pain—in fact Tara and maybe even Thad—would have preferred that, but I didn’t want to cause any real damage to him.

Or me.

Tara knelt by my side and watched as I slowly eased my big cock deeper and deeper into Thad’s back entrance.

He groaned loudly each time I backed off a hair and then pushed further into him than either of us would have thought possible.

I couldn’t go all the way, but that wasn’t the point.

I was in deep enough.

Tara grabbed my face and turned it to hers, kissing me with a ferocity that scared me.

“Fuck him,” she ordered me. “Fuck him hard.”

I nodded and grabbed Thad’s hips. I was happy to do her bidding.

To Be Concluded

Preview

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest 3

While Randi had invited Geoffrey to come and fuck her while she had her cock buried in Cahira's cunt, he wasn't exactly sure what the horny dragon wanted him to do. Her equipment had assuredly changed and he needed a moment to figure out what to do.

Randi had stopped in her thrusting and waited patiently with Cahira under her. Seeing Geoffrey's hesitation as he got on the bed with them, she said, "What are you waiting for?"

"Uh...how exactly do you want me to do this?" His cock was hard; that wasn't the problem. Remembering how easily she lubricated, he knew that entering her wouldn't be a problem either. It was how she wanted to be entered that concerned him.

"Put your cock in me and fuck me while I fuck her," Randi said with an emphatic shake of her head that indicated Cahira, who was waiting patiently with a smile on her face. Her hands had strayed to her high, firm tits and she was tugging at her nipples. Geoffrey had no doubt that Cahira was enjoying his confusion and frustration, but she wouldn't be amused for all that long if he couldn't get it together.

"But...where?" Geoffrey asked almost plaintively. "Your ass?"

Cahira couldn’t hold it together any longer and started laughing at him.

“Hush, darling,” Randi said to her lover. “It’s his first time with a dragon.”

“No it’s not!” Geoffrey protested and then realized that made him sound even more incompetent. “I mean, it’s my first time doing something like this.”

“Your first time with two women?” Cahira teased him.

“No!” he protested again. “I’ve been with two women—even more than two women!—lots of times!”

“Really?” asked Cahira skeptically. She looked over at Belledane who was watching the exchange with interest but hadn’t moved to assist or say anything. “Can you confirm that?”

“I’ve fucked him with another woman...and me and an elf,” Belledane said after some hesitation. “But never more than two.”

Geoffrey looked at her, pleading with his eyes. He was starting to lose his erection.

Before everything could go off the rails, Randi took control of the situation. “Reach down between my legs,” she instructed. “You’ll find the opening to my

cunt is still there.”

He did exactly as she said and found what she had promised. He trailed his fingers down from her tightly crinkled asshole to find the wet lips and slick opening to her cunt.

Curious, he explored further, not pushing his fingers inside her, but reaching up and around to feel her cock. The first thing he found was a set of balls not unlike his own or those of any of the men he had fucked. They were pulled up to her body, lightly haired and encased in a wrinkly sack.

He wasn’t looking to fondle balls, so he reached up further. There wasn’t much more to go. Randi had backed off Cahira a bit but was still well-seated in the warrior’s cunt. Still, it was enough for Geoffrey to wrap his fingers around her shaft and get the heft of her organ. Taking a risk, he ran his fingers down her length and encountered Cahira’s cunt, speared by the dragon’s cock.

“Are you done seeking?” Randi asked him. “I invited you over for a fuck, not an expedition to lands unknown.”

“Sorry. Just getting the lay of the land,” he said with a whimsical twist to his lips. Pulling back his hand, he took his own cock in hand and moved in close to the dragon masquerading as a human woman, but sporting a cock.

She was more than accommodating in waiting for him to get inside her. As he pushed into her foreign cunt, it felt very familiar and very inviting. As strange as this situation was, everything felt normal...or as normal as could be expected.

Randi even sighed a bit as he penetrated her. “Good,” she said. He wasn’t sure if she was complimenting him or asking if he was ready to proceed.

Belledane moved closer and got to her knees. This was a show she didn’t want to miss.

“Ever fuck two men at once?” Randi asked him.

“No.”

“It’s all about the rhythm,” she advised him. He didn’t ask how she knew. “You lead. I’ll follow. Cahira gets the rewards.”

She was right. It was all about the rhythm. He wondered if he should have specialized in drums instead of the lute, but being a musician, he understood rhythm better than most. The old in and out wasn’t that different for him. He was certain that this little game was most difficult for Randi, but she wasn’t complaining. If anything, she and her lover were more than satisfied with Geoffrey’s addition to their play.

Once they found the groove that worked for all three—with Cahira caressing Randi’s face and tits, but studiously avoiding touching Geoffrey—the bard looked over at Belledane who was still watching intently. So intently that her hand was between her thighs masturbating furiously.

As he was in the middle of it—metaphorically speaking—the thought occurred to Geoffrey that fucking in this manner wasn’t adding anything special to the event. It was just a stunt, a trick, a fun distraction, an amusement, an event to later turn into a bawdy song, an epic event that would never be repeated, or perhaps a tale to tell the grandchildren one day.

Still, all of that didn’t matter. He was just here for the fucking. And he was close. So close.

“The moment—” he announced.

“Not yet!” Randi ordered. “Not until I finish.”

He groaned in complaint. He just wanted to cum and be done.

Still, he was afraid of the dragon and went along with her plan. He focused on nothing. It wasn’t too much, but it was close.

Cahira let out a surprisingly feminine cry as she came, shuddering under their combined weight. Only then did Randi allow herself to cum. Geoffrey could feel her orgasm through his cock. He could feel the pulse of it and the way her orgasm caused her pelvic muscles to contract which gripped his own cock in a most unnatural manner. He tried to hold back, but then realized there was no reason to hold back so he let himself cum.

Maybe it wasn't the greatest climax of his life, but it was one of the most

memorable. It felt like his cock was being milked by Randi's cunt as she pumped her cum into her lover.

Disentangling himself from the pair was actually a relief. He collapsed next to Belledane and she immediately pressed her body up against his. "Incredible," she breathed right before she kissed him.

It was all he could do to accept her kiss. He felt her wet fingers on his face and unconsciously turned his head to get them in his mouth. Sucking off her molasses and vanilla flavored amrita set his mind at ease. This was fine. This was perfect. This was allowed.

They kissed for another minute and then he felt her hand on his cock. "I'm spent," he complained to her.

"They used you all up?"

"Yeah…"

Belledane moved and he felt her soft lips surround his soft, limp cock.

"No…" His protest fell on deaf ears. She started to suck.

But Geoffrey was completely spent, exhausted. He didn't last more than two

heartbeats before he was snoring.

Geoffrey figured it was the next morning when he woke up. He woke up because he rolled over and was unceremoniously dumped on the floor. It was a rude way to wake up, but the three women on the bed remained asleep. He figured that was a good thing.

Taking advantage of the temporary solitude, he pulled on his pants and padded softly out the double doors and through the cave to the entrance on the side of the mountain. From there he went to the edge of the short cliff and relieved his bladder.

The horse he had ridden to the cave, courtesy of the Enchantress Maeveen was nowhere to be seen. Either it had returned to her on its own or had been taken by wild animals or had been magically dispelled—he figured that Maeveen had created it with her magic. It didn't matter. It was one less thing to worry about.

The morning was beautiful. The view from the top of the mountain let him see down into the forest. He knew the general direction of Maeveen's tower and squinted. Maybe he could see her tower; maybe he couldn't. It didn't matter. He still had Randi to deal with.

Heading back into the cave, the dragon's lair, he stopped at the door. The unmistakable signs of women arguing came from the other side. If his pack, clothes, boots, lute, and lover weren't in the room, he would have turned around and headed back the way he came.

It wasn't worth it.

But all his worldly possessions were now guarded by the dragon. He had to take the risk.

He wasn’t sure what to expect when he walked into the dragon’s lair, but what he found wasn’t it.

A portion of the wall in what he had come to think of as Randi’s bedroom had opened up. How he didn’t know, but in the hidden chamber was a complete scullery with a fat iron cook stove, pantry, and all manner of cooking equipment. Cahira was standing in front of the hot stove busily cooking a meal of some sort. That would have been perfectly normal and fine...if she hadn’t been wearing only an apron. Since she was facing away from the room, Geoffrey got a good look at her ass, which was very muscular and well-shaped. He wondered why she was only wearing the apron and wondered it even more when she turned around to face him when he made a weird noise upon viewing her ass.

The apron might have protected part of her front, but her firm, upright tits poked out on both sides of the protective white cloth. It was oddly seductive.

Belledane and Randi were still on the bed. Randi had remained in her human form and so was reaching out to the pixie with her long, slim arms. Belledane’s legs were parted and her knees were bent, giving Randi easy access to her cunt. While the dragon wasn’t exactly going to town on the pixie’s genitals, Belledane was clearly enjoying what Randi was doing.

Maybe it wasn’t sex, but it certainly wasn’t playing cards.

“Wha-wha-what are you doing?” asked Geoffrey of his lover and the dragon.

The two female creatures looked over at him and Belledane gave him a wink. “Just a little play time,” she answered.

“Your lover wants her wings and magic back,” Randi said as if that explained everything.

“Ookaayy…”

“And Cahira’s making breakfast.”

Belledane looked a little out of it, as if she had been drinking all night. There was no telling what the dragon had done to her or given her, but she managed to say what was happening better than Randi. “To make me me again, I need to cum as much as possible.” She sighed as Randi’s hand half disappeared up her cunt. “And it’s better if Randi makes me cum.”

“Although anyone can help out,” Randi added with a sly smile.

Belledane was about to say something else, but then she started breathing heavily and her eyes clamped shut. It was easy to see she was on the verge of climaxing and they all fell silent as Randi helped push her over the edge.

The pixie’s very human and very passionate cries filled up the dragon’s lair as she came.

“Who wants pancakes?” Cahira called out when Belledane was done writhing about on the bed. The tall warrior brought over a platter heaping with steaming hotcakes. The fact that another woman had just had an intense orgasm on the other side of the room didn’t faze her at all.

Geoffrey’s stomach rumbled. He couldn’t remember the last time he had eaten something other than cunt. “I’m hungry,” he announced and headed for the table.

“Give me a minute,” Belledane moaned from the bed.

“I don’t think so,” Cahira said to the warrior cook. “I’m full. But I will have some wine.”

“For breakfast?” asked Geoffrey as he sat down. He had put on a shirt before coming to the table, but the women weren’t as eager to get dressed. Cahira tossed aside her apron and sat down naked. Randi had put on a thin silk robe that hid little to the imagination and she didn’t even bother tying it shut. Sitting directly across from Geoffrey, she made it difficult for him to eat.

“What better time is there to drink wine?” she asked him as he stared at her barely hidden tits. She didn’t seem to mind the stare.

Cahira was sitting to his left, and was distracting him with her tits that jiggled

every time she moved to take a bite. The only remaining chair was the one to Geoffrey's right, which was where, eventually, Belledane sat when she managed to heave herself out of bed and stagger over to the table.

"I don't know how you manage it," she said as she collapsed into the chair and looked hungrily at the pile of pancakes Cahira had made. She didn't wait and simply transferred half the stack to her plate, poured a generous covering of honey, and attacked them like she hadn't eaten in weeks.

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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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