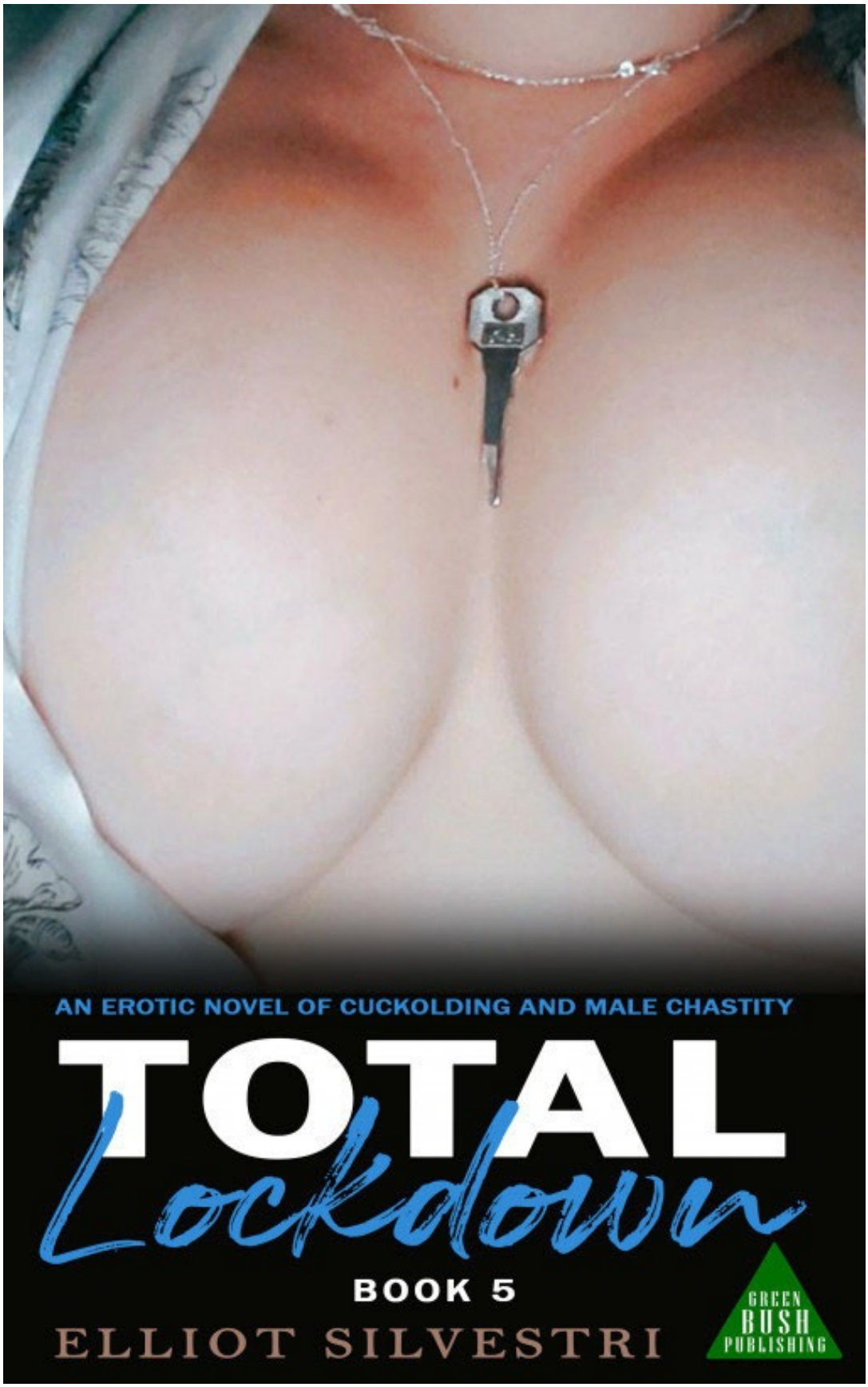
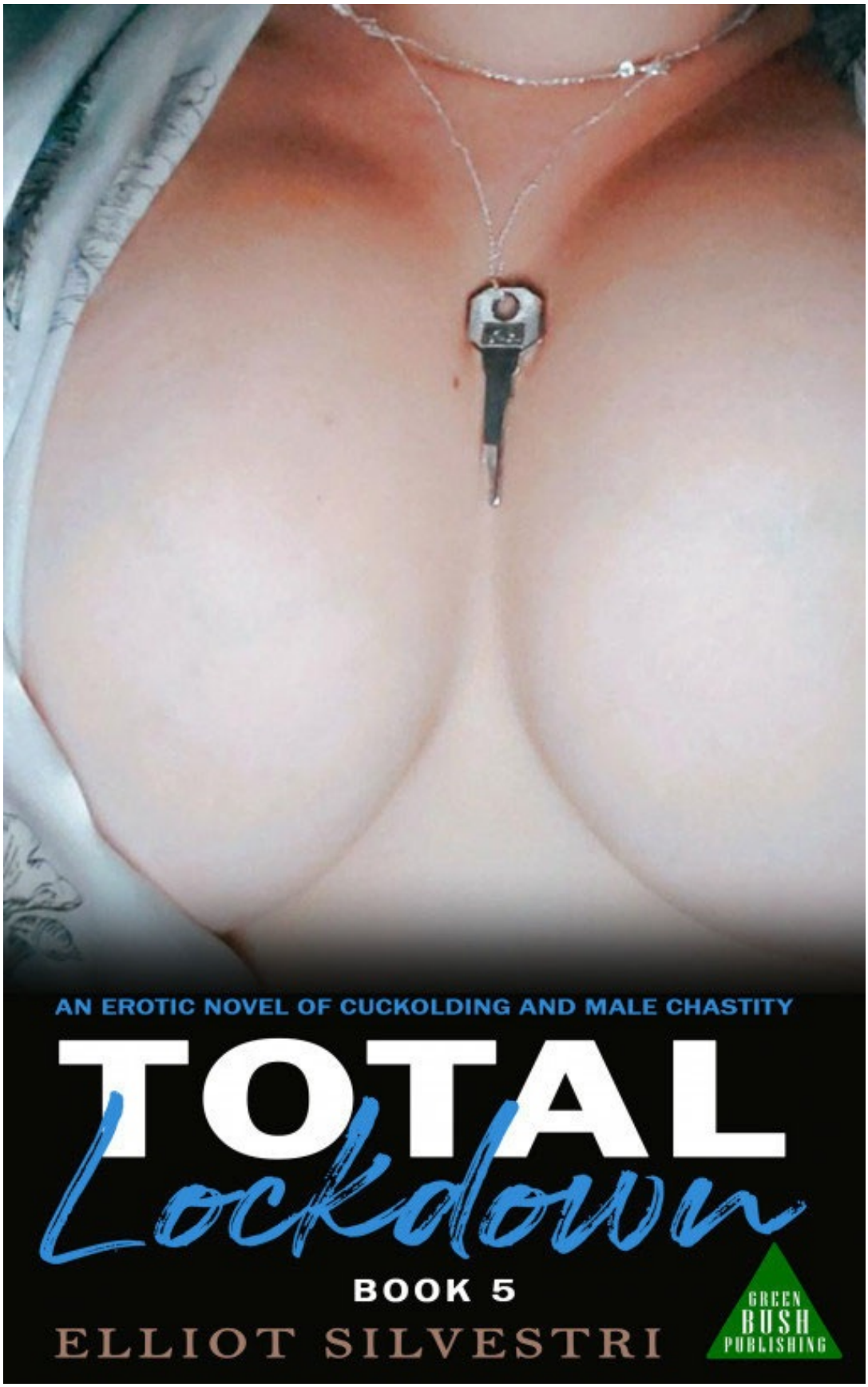

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF CUCKOLDING AND MALE CHASTITY
TOTAL
Lockdown
BOOK 5
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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Total Lockdown 5

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 5

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Version 2

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Chapter Fourteen

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

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

Now he was mine.

But only under Tara’s watchful eye.

“Oh fuck that’s hot,” she breathed.

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

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

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

Funny how life works.

It wasn’t romantic. It was raw and sexual and somehow that made it much better

than if I had seduced, or been seduced by, some fellow student at my college, going back to a dorm room to have fumbling first-time gay sex.

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

At least, that's how I felt.

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

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

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

Tara was a dangerous woman because of her flagrant sexuality.

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

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

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

"Uh-uh-uh-huh," he moaned. "It's...it's good."

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

"Oh! You're hard! Naughty little boy. I should have put your cage back on first."

"Yeah…" he moaned. "Yeah...you should have."

"Are you going to cum?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I didn’t spend the night with them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Fifteen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I hated myself for wanting to join them.

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

I was certain he'd be into that.

That's how fucked up my mind was.

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

But what a way to go, huh?

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

"Sorry," I said anyway.

She grinned at me. "Why?"

I had no idea.

Chris mumbled something into her pussy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where's Cait?"

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

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

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

"Yeah...I wasn't."

"Got that."

"I fucked Thad."

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

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

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

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

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

“Okay. Thanks for the information.”

“I’m bi. I wanted you to know that.”

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

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

I wasn’t.

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

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

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

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

“No. Why would you ask that?”

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

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

“You don’t have to break up with Tara because of me,” Chris said magnanimously.

“I’m not breaking up with her. I’m ending it. We aren’t dating. We didn’t have a relationship beyond sex. I’m just not going to have sex anymore.”

“You’re not going to have sex anymore?” he giggled at me.

I winced and frowned. “I’m not going to have sex with her any longer.”

He shrugged again. “That’s your choice. Don’t blame me for your personal

problems.”

“I’m not.”

I realized that if Chris had pulled down his covers to show me his naked body, I would have gone down on my knees and sucked his cock right then and there.

What was wrong with me? I had just had sex with Thad. I didn’t want to have sex with Chris. I wanted to have sex with a nice, plain, ordinary college girl. Or boy.

I didn’t want to keep having sex with Tara and Thad.

Even though the sex was incredibly good.

I knew this was going to be hard.

I groaned and rolled over to stare at the wall. It was late, very late, before I fell asleep. I could hear Chris snoring the entire time.

Chapter Sixteen

Tara knelt in front of me, my hard cock in her mouth. She was bobbing her head back and forth, eager to get me to cum. I was fully dressed in my jeans and t-shirt. Only my pants were open, and then just enough to get out my cock, which meant that my pants were fully unzipped and pulled down to the tops of my thighs.

She was barely dressed. Most of her clothes were piled on the floor of my dorm room. The only things that remained on her body were her shoes—which made no sense to me because they looked so uncomfortable because the heels were so high—and her panties and corset.

What type of woman wore a corset?

One who came to a college dorm room for sex.

To a college dorm room with her twenty year old lover because her husband had a small dick that barely worked.

What kind of college student let a horny thirty-something woman into his dorm room for sex?

Me. Exactly me.

And probably thousands of others just like me.

I hated myself as I watched her give me head. I was enjoying the physical sensation, but I hated what I had gone through to get this little bit of sexual relief and pleasure.

Tara caught me looking at her—but where the hell else was I going to look while I was receiving a standing blowjob?—and backed all the way off my cock. It was no special achievement to have a large cock like mine, but Tara had worked to be able to deep throat almost all of me.

I admired her for it.

“Like the view?” she asked before licking me balls to slit. She sucked on the head, getting all my precum.

“Yeah. Take off your top. I want to see your tits.”

Ever hear of big dick problems? Complaints about guys having a dick so big there are problems like women intimidated by size, uncomfortable underwear and pants, embarrassing erections in high school that can’t be hidden. Shit like that. My current big dick problem was that I was hard, but not all that hard. If I wasn’t into sex, it was easily visible in my cock.

I was hoping that looking at Tara’s nice tits would help.

It took her a moment to get her corset off. I knew it wasn’t a true, traditional corset. It was fancy lingerie but it was barely doing its work, making her tits look better and getting my dick hard.

She had called and texted me relentlessly for a week while I ignored and deflected and refused to meet up with her. She tried every trick in the book.

More than once I snuck away to the bathroom during a class to beat off because she had me so worked up.

It wasn’t good but I was holding up. Lots of masturbation will do that.

And then today she was waiting for me in the lounge of the dorm when I walked in. I was helpless to resist.

Mostly because I wanted to get laid because I’m fucking stupid.

We went right to my room and she stripped and went down on her knees, getting out my cock while I texted Chris and told him not to come back to the room for at least an hour. I didn’t tell him why.

That didn’t stop him from asking.

I didn’t answer his reply text.

“Do you want to cum in my mouth, pussy, or ass?” she asked as she pumped up my cock with her hand.

“I don’t care.” I truly didn’t. I half wanted this over and half wanted it to last forever.

“Pussy it is then,” she declared. “I’ll give Thad a little present when I get home.”

My stomach twinged. Her very mention of her husband made me feel guilty. Even though the both of them were fine with their open marriage (or cuckold and hotwife marriage, whatever), I still felt guilt every time I fucked Tara.

That didn’t stop me from fucking her.

She left on her shoes but took off her panties. It was easier to fuck that way. Tara got on her back, spread her legs and lifted her knees. I climbed on top of her and she guided my cock into her wet, waiting pussy.

It was all so mechanical.

It didn’t stop me, though.

She grunted and groaned as I penetrated and then started fucking her.

Her pussy surrounded me and it all felt good.

Sex always feels good, even when it’s mechanical.

I held out long enough to make her cum once. Once I had met my minimal obligation of sex, I pumped her a couple more times and finished in her.

“I love the feeling of fresh, sweet cum in my pussy,” she said, wiggling underneath me.

“Uh-huh.” I rolled off her and immediately wished she would leave.

Instead she reached to the floor and retrieved her panties, pulling them on with her legs in the air. I noted they were silky instead of her usual lace.

“Keeping it fresh for Thad,” she joked.

“Uh-huh.”

“I got you a present,” she said, leaning over the side of the bed to grab her purse.

“I don’t want a present,” I said but I was curious. That was my failing. I had to know.

“You’d think that finding a double extra-large would be easy because men are always bragging and exaggerating about how big their cocks are, but it was a fucking struggle,” said Tara as she pulled out a familiar looking object from her purse.

It was a stainless steel cock cage, but it was much bigger than Thad’s by a factor of ten. Or more. It was the same basic design, but larger.

I gave her a smile, an amused grin, thinking she was playing a stupid joke on me.

“Did Thad’s dick grow in the last week?” I asked her.

Tara shook her head. “No. This is for you. I want you to wear it for me so I know that you’re not fucking anyone without my permission.”

“Uhh...what?”

“Don’t you think it would be hot?” she asked as she first caressed the cage and then opened it, breaking it down to its component pieces. “You have to ask me any time you wanted to fuck someone? Just the thought of it is making me wet.” She paused and caressed herself between the legs. “Wetter.”

“I’m not wearing that,” I said. “No fucking way.”

“It’s not meant just for men with tiny dicks—like my husband—but for anyone who needs to get their sexuality under control. Plus it gives me an extra little thrill. I know you’ll call me the moment you want to get laid. With me. Or Thad. Or anyone else for that matter.”

I climbed out of my bed. “You’re fucking insane. Get the fuck out of my room.”

Tara chuckled at me. “You know, Thad had pretty much the same reaction when I suggested the cage for him. And look at him now. He’s happy sucking cock and getting fucked in the ass by you and me. Isn’t that what you want?”

I pointed at the door. “Get out. Don’t make me call campus security and have you removed.”

My heart was thumping in my chest and my palms were sweaty. I don’t know

where I found the courage.

Smirking more than smiling, she languidly got out of my bed, slowly dressed, and sauntered out the door, but not before placing the very large cock cage on my desk.

“When you’re ready to come back to me, put that on. I don’t want to see your cock again unless it’s in a cage.”

I couldn’t help but stare at her ass as she left.

I still wanted to fuck her and I still hated myself for it.

And then my eyes fell on the cage she had left on my desk.

I wanted to throw it in the trash and forget about her and it.

But I knew I was going to try it on.

It was late and I was borderline exhausted. Instead of throwing it away, I tossed it in my top desk drawer, sent a text to Chris that I was turning in for the night because my homework was done (a big lie), and I fell into bed.

I surprised myself that I managed to go to sleep without any problems. Chris coming in didn’t wake me up. Nothing woke me up until the next morning when my alarm went off.

Chapter Seventeen

I wanted everything back to normal, before I contacted Tara for the first time. I went to class and pretended to be a nice college student.

But I couldn't help myself; all day I thought about the cock cage in my desk drawer. I knew when I got back, I was going to try it on. Not lock it, but just try it on.

After my classes for the day, I hurried back to my room because I had a plan and I needed to feel the cage on my cock. It was wrong and fucked up and I knew it, but I still did it.

The moment I walked into the bedroom, I knew I was in trouble. Chris was standing next to my desk, holding the large cock cage and staring at it like it was a weapon of mass destruction. Our eyes met and I immediately stepped inside and closed the door. I didn’t need the whole dorm knowing my business.

Before I could say anything he blurted out, “I was just looking for a pencil!”

“That’s not a pencil,” I pointed out. “And it’s not what you think.”

“I don’t know what I’m thinking,” he said and realizing he was holding what was essentially a large steel cock in his hand, he dropped it on my desk.

“She gave it to me last night,” I hastily blurted out. “Tara. She wants me to wear it.”

“Why?” From the way he winced, I was fairly certain that Chris regretted asking the question. He didn’t really want to know.

“Because she’s got Thad wearing one. She likes to collect cocks I guess.”

“That’s…”

“That’s fucked up,” I finished for him.

“Yeah. Fucked up.” He looked down at the chastity cage and then back to me. “Why didn’t you just tell her no?”

“I did tell her no!” I all but howled at him. “I don’t want my fucking dick in a

cage.”

“Get rid of it.”

“I was going to,” I hastily explained. “But I didn’t want to put it in the trash here where you would see it—”

“Good thinking,” he snickered.

“—or in the common area garbage. I was going to take care of it now.”

Seeming to recover, Chris put up his hands, patting the air in front of him and said, “Look, dude, do whatever you want with your dick. I just don’t want to know about it. If you and Tara are into that kinky shit...then good for you. I need to get to class.”

He grabbed some books off his desk and slipped around me, opening the door.

“One more thing,” he added with a wry grin, “Cait’s going to be dropping by tonight. Could you be scarce for a few hours?”

He didn’t wait for my answer and closed the door behind him.

After taking a second to check that the lock was on, I grabbed the cock cage and quickly disassembled it. Having seen Tara do it a few times, it was easy to do on my own. I was glad to see it didn’t have the special retaining bar for a PA piercing. Once I had it apart I couldn’t help myself.

I dropped my pants and got my cock out. The retaining ring was split and easy to wrap around the base of my cock behind the balls. I’ll hand it to Tara. She was good at estimating my size. It fit me perfectly, not too tight where it pinched and not too loose where it would slip off.

It was more difficult to get the curved steel cage onto my cock. I knew there were tricks, like using a stocking or lube, but I didn’t have either of those handy. Worse, I kept getting hard during the process.

It took me close to an hour to stuff my cock into the cage. When I was finally all the way in, it felt like I had accomplished...something.

Only now did I start to understand why Thad was so willing to wear a chastity cage for his wife. He wasn't just doing it for her, he was getting a thrill out of it as well.

I liked how the cage felt on my cock. I like how it encased me. Looking down I felt like a warrior with an armored cock. It was thrilling.

And scary.

Since I had no control over my cock, it tried to get hard and I experienced a most unusual pain. Every guy has gotten kicked or knocked in the balls at least once in his life. That just makes you want to fall down and puke.

This was something different. I was swelling inside the cage, but I couldn't really get hard. It hurt, but it felt good at the same time.

My heart started to pound and I felt myself descending into panic. It was too much. If I had put the lock on it, trapping myself, maybe I would have calmed down and been happy to wear it. Putting my cock under someone else's control would have been mind-blowing, I know it. But I didn't do that.

I yanked the steel cage off my cock. I did so roughly, without thought to the consequences. Looking down at my swelling cock, the thin skin was redder than I had ever seen it. It felt like I had just gotten the world's roughest handjob, or maybe a handjob with sandpaper. It was easy enough to unhook the retaining ring.

I tossed everything aside. There was no way I was ever going to put that back on my cock.

Even though I wanted to.

I stayed in my room the rest of the afternoon, leaving only for a few minutes to grab some food at the dining hall. I buckled down and started working on all my missing work from earlier in the semester.

When the knock came at the door, I knew I must have missed the first few taps at

the door. I figured that Chris was pissed I had locked him out.

I was wrong.

When I opened the door, Caitlyn stood there, an annoyed look on her face, one hand still raised to knock on the door, in the other she held her phone, busily texting one-handed.

“Oh. It’s you,” she said with a bemused smile. “Where’s Chris.”

I shrugged. “It’s not my day to keep track of him.”

“I’m supposed to meet him here tonight.”

I nodded. “You can come in and wait for him. Give him a call or whatever.”

Caitlyn walked in. I automatically checked out her ass. It still looked great. Since I was trying to change myself, I checked out her hair as well. It looked nice and maybe the purple streaks in it had been dyed recently.

“Your hair looks nice,” I commented because it seemed the polite thing to do.

“Thanks. I had it done yesterday.”

“They did nice work on it.”

She smirked at me. It was so much like Tara’s smirk I had to remind myself Tara was only her stepmother. “Chris never complimented my hair.”

“He’s an awkward guy. He said to me lots of times he can’t believe how lucky he was to hook up with you.”

I was standing there awkwardly in the space between the door and my bed. I was glad I had hidden away the cock cage in the bottom of my dresser drawer.

There was no way I was going to throw it away.

Not yet anyway.

Her smile changed and she flipped back her hair, showing it off some more. “When do you think Chris will be back?”

Once more I shrugged. “I honestly have no idea.”

“I was supposed to meet him at seven. I’m early.”

“Almost an hour early,” I agreed.

“I don’t have to tell him I’m here yet, do I?”

“Uhh...I suppose not. You can hang out if you want...but I’ve got homework to catch up on.”

Her smile became more aggressive. “Do you really need to catch up on it?”

“Uh...yeah?”

“Chris is great and all,” and now her eyes dropped down to my crotch and I knew what she was thinking, “but I’d like to have your cock again.”

“Uh...I don’t think that’s a good idea. He’s my roommate and all.” Even while I was telling her no, my cock was getting hard. I was certain she could see my bulge.

“I didn’t say it was a good idea. I think it’s a great idea. I’ve been begging him to do a threeway with you again, but he keeps saying no.” She reached out and cupped my hard cock through my jeans. I let her. I liked the way her hand felt on me. “We don’t have to tell him. We have an hour.”

There wasn’t any reason to keep talking. I reached out and pulled her close, kissing her like she was my girlfriend.

She wasn’t, but I could pretend.

We undressed quickly. We knew we were on a timer. Knowing that Chris could walk in on us at any moment only made it better. I was pretty sure he had a late class.

I think.

In almost no time I had her clothes off. She helpfully pulled up her bra, freeing her firm tits. I pushed her onto my bed and yanked down her panties.

I took a moment to admire her shaved mound. Had she been that way before? I couldn’t remember. Her scent hit me and my cock started throbbing. Caitlyn wasn’t the least bit shy about opening up her legs to show off her pussy. Her labia parted like a butterfly’s wings.

Using my go-to move, I dove in and started licking her pussy, getting her ready for all of me. Her skin was completely smooth. Maybe she was freshly waxed instead of shaved. It didn’t matter. I ate her like a starving man at a buffet.

“Fuck...fuck yes,” she breathed. “Oh fuck...you do that...you do that soooo...soooo goooooood.”

I could have done without her constant talking, but her pussy tasted like the Platonic ideal of pussy. She writhed around on my bed, clamping her thighs to my ears, making me block out the world.

There's pleasure and satisfaction to making a woman cum orally. Those that responded to cunnilingus knew how to appreciate it.

I hadn’t been exactly trying for the result I got, but when I made her cum, I was extremely pleased with myself. Her whole body shook with her pleasure.

Not just that, but she squirted.

For a moment I thought she was just getting extremely wet, but then she was soaking my face.

I almost panicked for a second because I thought she was peeing on me. I might have been kinky, but I wasn’t into urolagnia.

But it didn’t taste like pee. It tasted...good.

She was a squirter.

I wondered if all women were squirters and just needed to learn how to do it.

“Oh...fuck that was good,” Caitlyn declared. “You really know how to eat pussy. You’re the best I’ve ever had.” She looked down at me with a silly grin on her face, and then saw how soaked I was along with my bed sheets.

“Oh...shit, I’ve made a mess. I’m so sorry!”

I wiped my face. “Don’t worry about it.” I stood up and pulled down my underwear, the one item of clothing that hadn’t yet been removed. Caitlyn saw my big cock, fully erect, and licked her lips.

“I forgot how big it was.”

I grinned and joined her on the bed, crawling up her body, getting between her spread legs.

She wrapped her hand around my cock and guided me into her eager pussy. She was so wet and warmed up from me making her cum, that it was easy for me to push into her.

There was some resistance, not a lot, but just enough to let her know she was being invaded and used.

We both loved it.

“Oh my god...it’s so fucking big. So fucking thick.” I had barely started in on her and already she was panting. I know that just having a big cock wasn’t the way to make a woman cum, but Caitlyn responded well to my cock. Maybe I was stimming her clit from the inside.

Or maybe she was just a slut.

Either way, I was winning.

Less than a minute into giving her the business, she was cumming on my dick.

I kept pounding away at her because I wanted to make her cum again and I wanted to do it before Chris got back to the room.

And I wanted to cum. Let’s not forget that.

While maybe I felt a little bit guilty about fucking my roommate’s girlfriend, I didn’t feel guilty enough to not do it. And on the other hand, I wasn’t so into her that I wanted to get caught.

But I thought that maybe she might want Chris to find me in bed with her.

It didn't matter. I pounded away at her for another minute. She came once more then it was all too much for me. I finished in her, leaving her pussy even wetter.

And she was a squirter.

"What was that all about?" she asked as I rolled off her body.

"You're the one who came on to me," I said quickly, trying to distance myself from any guilt or responsibility. "That was all about you wanting to get fucked."

She held up a finger correcting me. "I wanted to get fucked by a big dick."

I put my hand over my face and tried not to face the world. "This was a big fucking mistake," I moaned.

"It was a big fucking dick," she partially agreed with me, standing up and grabbing Chris's bathrobe off the back of the door where he customarily hung it.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I blurted out.

"Going to the bathroom to do a little cleaning and a little peeing," she said. "Always pee after sex. It's just a smart move."

I lay there, open-mouthed, as she slipped out the door like she belonged in the dorm.

I didn't know what to do so I lay on the bed panicking for a minute.

Then I jumped up, grabbed a dirty towel from my hamper, wiped my dick, wiped up what liquid I could from my bed, tossed the towel back where I had found it, and quickly dressed.

A moment later Caitlyn knocked on the door. I checked the peephole to make sure it wasn't Chris.

"Did anyone see you?" I asked anxiously.

She smirked at me. "Of course. This is a pretty busy hallway for a dorm."

“Fuck.”

“No thanks. I just did.”

She dropped the robe and I spent a moment staring at her naked body. I think she liked to be looked at. Then I grabbed the robe and hung it back up where she had taken it. “Get dressed,” I ordered her. “Chris will be back any minute.”

“Why?” she asked and then sprawled on his bed. “Don’t you think he’ll be thrilled to find his girlfriend naked in his bed?”

I didn’t know what game she was playing but I hated it.

And I hated myself for playing along with her. Why had I fucked her? It was the worst decision of my life.

And I had made a lot of bad decisions in my life.

“You stay here,” I said, grabbing my backpack and shoving my laptop into it. “When Chris shows up, tell him I let you in. Don’t tell him that we...that we…”

“That we fucked and you filled me up with your big dick,” she teased. “Don’t worry. He’s going to know. Once he puts his little cock in me, he’ll know that you stretched me all out.”

I didn’t say anything to her. I just ran out the door. I didn’t want to be around when Chris showed up, regardless of what happened.

He might have been okay with us double-teaming Caitlyn when I was invited and before they got serious, but I doubted he was so open-minded now.

Chapter Eighteen

I stayed late at the library. Late enough that they kicked me out when they closed. I took my time getting back to my dorm. Chris was asleep when I slipped in. Caitlyn was nowhere in sight.

The room smelled like sex.

The next morning, things were almost normal between Chris and me.

I still felt guilty about fucking his girlfriend.

But I knew I'd do it again if I had the chance.

Maybe Tara was right. Maybe I needed to wear that cock cage because I was my own worst enemy.

The first thing that Chris said to me when we were both awake was, "I didn't realize how fucking kinky Caitlyn was when we started dating."

I blinked at him. "You mean, you didn't realize that when we were both fucking her? How did you make it into college?"

Ignoring the insult, Chris laughed at me. "That was...that was something different. But she's crazy in bed. Fucking crazy."

"Never stick your dick in crazy," I counseled him.

He laughed. "Hell yeah. That's good advice. Do you know what she asked me to do last night?"

"Fuck her in the middle of the quad?" I suggested.

He let out another little chuckle. "No. Not that. Though I bet she'd be up for it."

I couldn't help myself. "Then what does she want you to do?"

Chris heaved a big sigh and looked at me. "You know that thing that Tara gave you?"

"The chastity cage? Yeah."

“She wants me to wear one. She wants me at her beck and call. She says it really turns her on knowing that she controls me and she can fuck other guys but I can’t fuck anyone without her permission.” He stared at me.

I wondered if he was half accusing me of fucking Caitlyn. He had a good reason.

I wondered if Caitlyn had admitted to fucking me and he was trying to see my reaction.

“That’s...that’s kinky,” I agreed.

“Something is wrong with that family,” he stated flatly.

“Why...why would you say that?”

“Because Caitlyn’s stepmother wants to do to you what she wants to do to me. You can’t tell me that they aren’t talking to each other and planning this.”

I felt the blood draining from my face. “I don’t want to think about that.”

“Are you going to do it?”

“Do what?”

“Put that cage on your dick.”

“Hell no! Are you going to do it for her?”

His hesitation told me everything I needed to know. “No. I’m not going to be doing that.”

“Don’t knock it until you try it,” I joked.

“Right.”

I had to know. I didn’t want to know, but I had to know.

That meant I’d have to contact Tara, something I didn’t want to do.

There was one other way around it. I could talk to Caitlyn. That was just as bad an idea. Talking to her was just as dangerous as talking to Tara.

I didn't know what to do.

So naturally I waited until Chris left his phone unattended long enough for me to grab it, punch in the password I had seen him enter a hundred times, and steal Caitlyn's phone number.

Calling her was a risk, but I was in the process of blowing up my life so one more mistake wouldn't hurt.

I didn't know when a good time to call her was, so I just guessed and made the call in the middle of the day.

Chances were she'd ignore the call from "UNKNOWN CALLER" and that would be that.

I had forgotten she was running (sort of) a yoga studio and she was using the number I stole from Chris as her business number.

Fuck.

Fuck yeah.

"Caitlyn's Yoga and More," she said brightly when she answered. "How can I help you?"

I looked at my phone a second and was about to chicken out. "Hey. Caitlyn. It's me. Uh...Nate. Chris's roommate."

"Hey," she said. I could hear the excitement and lust in her voice. "Looking for some yoga stress relief, some naked yoga, or are you just eager to get laid?"

"Uh...none of the above?"

Caitlyn shifted gears, but only in an effort to seduce me. I knew it was going to work. "Then why are you calling me, baby? I can assure you that Chris doesn't know about our dirty little deed."

There was nothing to do but to ask the dreaded question. I needed to know, though I knew regardless of the answer, it was going to cause nothing but grief for me.

“Did you...did you ask Chris to...to...wear a c-c-chastity cage?” I stuttered out.

Caitlyn laughed. I was sure she was laughing at me.

Maybe she was. Maybe she wasn’t.

Finally her answer came.

“Yes.” She dragged out the word with a sly smugness.

My cock stiffened inside my jeans.

“Why do you ask?”

“Uh...uh…”

“Yes…?” I didn’t need to answer, but I felt I had to answer.

“Because Tara asked me to do the same thing.”

Caitlyn laughed again. This time I was sure she was laughing at me.

“Well, are you wearing a big cock cage to keep that monster under control?”

“No!” My answer was emphatic and quick. I didn’t want to give her any more ideas than she already had.

“Tara might have mentioned something about that to me.”

What kind up fucked up family talked about chastity in casual conversation?

“She was thrilled when I told her that Chris said yes. He’s wearing a little cage right now.”

My heart was thumping in my chest. I was glad I had chosen to make this call from the library where I had sequestered myself in one of the private study rooms. I wanted to pull out my cock and start beating off.

“I...I...you’re lying,” I accused her without any basis. “There’s no way.”

“Go ask him right now. Give him the codeword castle. He’s got instructions to show his cage to anyone who asks and uses that codeword. After he shows you his caged cock, he’s going to give you another codeword. You need to report it back to me so I know he did as I ordered.”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

“Nope. And you’re not getting into my pussy until you give me the codeword.”

Oddly, that was an incentive to me. I needed to push because I felt abused in this situation. “I’m not going to wear a chastity cage,” I told her forcefully. “I’m not like that.”

Through the phone I could feel her breathy chuckle on my ear. “I would never want to cage that big beauty you have in your pants. That would be a crime against humanity. Want to come over and fuck me?”

“Uh...not right now.”

I quickly hung up because I didn’t know what the hell else to do.

I attended the rest of my classes for the remainder of the day, but I didn’t remember a single thing that happened in any of them. I didn’t want to go back to the dorm and confront Chris, but I had a burning desire to see if Caitlyn was lying to me or not.

Fuck, fuck, and fuck.

I managed to stay on the upper academic quad until I got hungry. Then I ate dinner in the union before trudging back to my dorm. I wanted Chris to be there and I didn’t want him to be there.

I was conflicted and ambivalent at the same time.

Chris was there when I walked in. It had been almost a week since I had fucked Caitlyn. I hadn’t seen his cock that entire time. But, to be fair, I hadn’t seen his

cock since the time we double-teamed Caitlyn.

I had to know.

“Hey,” he mumbled, barely looking up from his computer as he tapped out some paper that I should have been worrying about instead of thinking about my roommate’s cock.

“Hey,” I replied.

I started to go to my desk, but I stopped in the middle of our crowded room and stared at the back of his head.

“I talked to Caitlyn,” I began.

I paused.

I shouldn’t have paused, but I did.

“Yeah?” he said. His eyes hadn’t moved from the screen, but he had stopped typing and his entire body had frozen.

“Yeah. She said you need to show me your dick. The password is castle.”

“Fuck,” he cursed under his breath.

I didn’t reply.

“Blueberries,” he said. “Just tell her the reply code is blueberries, okay?”

That should have been good enough.

I was an idiot and I pressed the issue.

“Show me your cock first.”

He turned around and glared at me.

“C’mon, man,” I pleaded. “It’s all part of a game. It’s cool, right?”

Standing up slowly, Chris turned toward me, shaking his head. “I’m doing this

just because I want to get laid. Every time someone reports the password back to her, we have sex. I get to choose: mouth, pussy, or ass."

I just nodded.

He unzipped and fished out his cock.

I was impressed with the size of his cage. It wasn't metal like Thad's or the one that Tara had given me. It was plastic, hard silicone because it could flex a bit. It was also bright pink. Not flesh-pink, but Pepto-Bismol pink. Barbie pink. Little girl toy aisle pink.

After displaying himself to me for a second, and me noting that he had also shaved away all his pubes, he tucked himself back in.

"Does it hurt to wear it?" I asked.

"A little. The nights are the worst. That's why I spent those nights last week at her place."

"Can you get hard in it?"

"Not really. And would you please just give her a call and tell her? I don't want to talk about my dick with you and I'd like to get laid as soon as possible."

"Right. Can do."

I whipped out my phone and hit the speed dial for Caitlyn.

"Not right here in front of me, man," Chris complained.

I ignored him.

"Hey Nate," Caitlyn said when she answered my call. "What's the good word?"

"Blueberries," I reported, not looking directly at Chris.

He sat back down. His shoulders were shaking. I hoped he wasn't crying.

"What color is his cage?" she asked.

“Pink. Pink plastic.”

“Very good. Do you want to fuck me?”

I decided to be honest. “Yes.”

She laughed again. “Great. Tell Chris I’m going to text him. We’ll work out a time when he gets laid. Why don’t you come over to my place now? My pussy is wet and aching for you.”

“Sounds good,” I said and hung up, ending the conversation. “She’s going to text you,” I told Chris as I rummaged around in the bottom drawer to my dresser. It was a good thing that he wasn’t looking at me because I didn’t want him to see that I took my chastity cage that Tara had left behind for me.

“I’m going out. I’ll be back...whenever.”

I hoped that Caitlyn was texting him right then and there that she had invited me over to fuck her.

Fuck her.

Before I went to my car, I stopped at the bathroom. Once more I struggled to get the cage on. I was excited and kept getting hard. I had to run cold water over the cage and my hands and a washcloth to literally cool my dick down.

The drive over was uncomfortable, but not unduly so. I don’t know who thought up the idea of a chastity cage for men, but this was well-designed and though I could feel it on my cock, it wasn’t all that bad to walk around wearing.

The hard part, the hardest part, was when I was sitting in my car when I arrived. I unzipped my jeans and pulled down my underwear to slip the lock through the little hole.

The little click of the lock closing made my cock stir. I knew I could get it off with a hacksaw (fucking dangerous next to my manhood!) or a pair of bolt cutters from the hardware store. The lock wasn’t case hardened steel an inch thick. It was mostly decorative.

Walking up to the door I prepared myself and rang the bell.

Much to my relief it was Tara, who then let me inside the house.

“I wasn’t expecting you,” she said as I stepped into the foyer.

In response I unzipped my jeans, again, and hauled out my caged cock, displaying it for her approval.

A smile slowly spread across her face.

“For me?”

“Caitlyn invited me over to fuck her.”

“Dirty girl. She’s not here.” She reached out and caressed my cock, or rather, she caressed the cage around my cock. I couldn’t really feel her fingers. That was a mind-fuck right there.

“I know. She’s at her apartment.”

“Then what are you doing here?” She tugged on my cock and cage, asserting her authority.

“I want to fuck you.”

Tara nodded her head in approval. “Good boy. You know not to show up expecting a fuck without wearing your cage. We’re going to have so much fun.”

End

Preview

Lover's Milk 1

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.

Kirk couldn't help himself from staring at Jessa's tits. Or rather, from staring at her cleavage. It wasn't massive and it wasn't like she was expressly trying to show it off, but the top button she had fastened on her white silk shirt was a just a little too low to be appropriate business attire.

Then again, they weren't meeting for business purposes. The day's conference had gone well. He had been glad to see Jessa again. They only ever seemed to meet when these conferences were held every other month. They ate lunch together because their breakout sessions were the same. A few in their group decided a drink afterwards was a good idea.

Kirk and Jessa lasted out the rest of the group. They flirted shamelessly when they were alone in the bar. He didn't want to get too drunk and do something completely stupid, so he made his move when his head was clear enough to know what he was doing, but not so clear that he lost his courage.

"I'd love to take you out on a real date sometime." It was a weak opening, but it was all he had.

The gods were smiling down on him. She laughed and tossed her curly blonde hair back. He was certain she dyed it, but that didn't matter to him. "When would be sometime?" she asked, leaning in and giving him another view of her cleavage. He was certain she was wearing a pink bra under the white shirt. That was a bold move.

"Tomorrow?" he asked. The conference was Thursday. Friday was date night.

"Why not tonight?" she asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Uh...are we on a date right now?"

"I don't think so, but do you know what I consider a date?"

He shook his head and nervously finished the contents of the glass on the table in front of him.

"It's only a date when I wind up in bed."

Kirk swallowed hard, but his mouth was dry. "My place isn't too far from here."

"Well, maybe this could be a date," she offered.

He wished his place wasn’t such a mess. Jessa didn’t comment on his housekeeping abilities. In the short drive over to his apartment, her following him, she hadn’t seemed to lose any of her lust. They were barely through the apartment door when she was pressing up against him and they were kissing.

It was unlikely she noticed any part of his messy apartment.

Her mouth was hot when she kissed him. Her tits were soft against his chest. She moaned a little as his hands moved down from her waist to the top of her ass. He pressed his leg between her thighs and she moaned louder.

“Bedroom?” he asked between kisses.

She nodded emphatically and kissed the side of his neck. She could feel the outline of his cock pressing against her body. Her need for it was greater than she could articulate, but she had another need as well. He’d find that out soon enough.

Summoning up all his willpower, he pushed her back, grabbed her hand, and led her down the short hallway to the bedroom. Once there it had been his intention to start undressing her, but Jessa was much more aggressive than he was. Her hands were quick and she pulled up his shirt, exposing his chest.

Jessa was pleasantly surprised. Kirk, while charming and more than just a little bit good-looking, seemed skinny under his clothes. With his shirt pulled up she

saw that while he wasn’t by any means burly and still bordered on skinny, his body was incredibly well-defined. Maybe two percent body fat was her quick and probably overly hopeful assessment. Still, his muscles were incredibly hard and she couldn’t resist kissing his collar bone. He was a head taller than her, so that kiss was easy.

Her next kiss to his nipple was just as easy. She barely had to duck her head.

The kiss surprised him. It wasn’t just a kiss, but a suck. He’d sucked the tits of a lot of women, but it had never really been done to him. He found it more enjoyable than he ever would have guessed. It sent a shock to his cock and made it harder, as if that were possible. He gasped loud enough to make Jessa look up at him.

“Did you like that?”

“Yeah...never had a woman suck on my nipple before.”

“What about both nipples?” she asked, switching from his left side to the right.

If anything his right nipple proved to be more sensitive than his left. He had to push her away again and desperately finished pulling off his shirt. As he tossed it aside, Jessa went down on his knees in front of him and started pulling at his belt. He was wearing jeans instead of more formal business wear, but it had been a conference day. If Jessa hadn’t had a presentation in the morning, she would have been as casual as him.

“You don’t have to do that.” he told her as she continued to open up his pants. He was thinking about his last girlfriend who stated on many occasions how she didn’t like to give blowjobs. He couldn’t remember Heidi ever putting his cock in her mouth.

She grinned up at him, her lipstick a little smudged now. Somehow that made her all the more attractive. “I want to do this,” she said as she fished out his cock.

In the moment if she had been asked if she was disappointed with his cock, she would have been lying if she said it was perfect. His length and firmness weren’t the issue. If anything, he was longer than most men she had been with. The problem lay in his girth; it was less than she was used to. But that was part of the adventure. Variety was what made sex with a new partner more exciting.

Proving to herself, and to him, that she was happy with what she had found, she licked the length of his cock from his sack all the way up to the tip where she surrounded the head with her lips and sucked the precum that was oozing out.

Once again Kirk shivered. It was like her mouth could control every part of him. He had to push her back.

“What’s the matter?” she frowned up at him.

“I don’t want to cum too soon.”

Her frown turned into a grin. “When was the last time you got laid?” she asked him as her hand wrapped around his slim shaft. She didn’t start jerking him off, but she did move her hand up and down his length.

“It’s been a while,” he sighed, closing his eyes and letting his head fall back. “My girlfriend dumped me a couple of months ago.”

Jessa nodded in sympathy and then took his cock head into her mouth again. She didn’t suck him off, but just teased him a little.

“When did you last cum?” she asked, smacking her lips as she released him from her mouth.

He groaned. There was no reason to lie. “This morning.”

She was a bit surprised. “This morning?”

He opened his eyes and looked down at her. “Uh-huh. I jerked off.”

Her grin was amused. “I’m sure you won’t cum too soon,” she said as she teased him some more with her hand, not really trying to make him cum, but keeping him hard by playing with him.

The motion of her hand caught his eye. More than that, the ring on her finger

caught his attention.

Grabbing her wrist to stop her from jerking him off, he asked, “Are you married?” He pulled her hand up closer to where he could inspect it. She wore a gold wedding band and a matching engagement ring with a diamond that wasn’t huge, but was large enough that he should have seen it earlier.

“Yes,” she admitted with a casual shrug, pulling her hand back from his. “Is that a problem?”

“You’re married!” he burst out.

“So?” she said standing up. “Are you?”

“No.”

“So what does it matter? You aren’t doing anything wrong.”

“You should leave,” he said. His jeans were around his ankles and he made to pull them up, but paused when she abruptly opened up her shirt and exposed herself.

The pink bra she was wearing looked to be of an industrial design. Her shirt had hidden the full wealth of her tits from view, even with the plunging neckline. It

wasn’t sheer, but he found himself wishing it had been.

He swallowed and tried to imagine what her tits would look like with the bra off. They were practically spilling out of the garment as it was.

He wanted to tell her to leave but then she kicked off her shoes, unfastened the button and zipper to her pants, and pulled them down.

They fell easily over her hips. Kirk didn’t know her all that well, but Jessa seemed a well-organized woman. Was it just chance that she was wearing pink panties that matched her bra or was she the sort of woman who planned ahead and always matched her bra and panties?

“Like what you see?” she asked.

Kirk didn’t want to, but he automatically nodded his head. He did like what he saw.

“Want me to take off my bra?”

He nodded again, ashamed of himself.

“What about my panties?”

“Y-y-yes...those too.”

“Do you want to fuck me?”

He swallowed and nodded.

“So what’s the problem?” Jessa lifted her left hand and fiddled with the shoulder strap to her bra. It wasn’t an effort to take it off. It was to show off her wedding rings.

“You’re married,” he pointed out unnecessarily.

“That’s my problem, not yours. And your cock is telling me it’s not a problem.”

She was speaking the truth. His cock was pulsing up and down in time with his heartbeat, so it was almost vibrating.

“It’s a bad idea…”

“Do you think this is the first time I’ve cheated on my husband?”

That was a question he wasn’t ready for. “I don’t know…”

“Maybe we have an open marriage,” she suggested to him.

“Do you?”

“Would you like me to call him and find out?”

Kirk considered that. He knew that some couples had such arrangements because...for reasons he couldn’t think of at the moment. The real question was whether or not he wanted to find out.

“I’m not sure I want to do that.”

“I’ve got a secret,” she said.

“I bet you do,” he breathed. Keeping her at arm’s length was almost impossible. Just her standing there in her underwear was wearing him down slowly and steadily.

“Well, it’s not really a secret because a few people know.”

“Do they know that you cheat on your husband?”

Kirk wasn’t sure why he was arguing with her on this point. If he hadn’t realized she was married—and that was something he should have realized ages ago—he would have been balls deep in her pussy. Was it that he had morals or was it something else?

She smirked at him. “I’ll just let you guess at that.” Jessa then reached behind her back and unhooked her bra.

Despite everything else, Kirk still gasped...and she hadn’t revealed anything yet. She wasn’t incredibly beautiful; she was attractive enough with her curly blonde hair and fair skin. Maybe the lipstick she favored was a little too bright red and her brown eyes were rather plain, but she had a pleasant body with big tits and was more than willing to fuck him.

He didn’t consider himself an amazing example of masculinity, but he knew he was in near-perfect physical condition—the result of too much lonely time in the gym and hours of biking—and he’d never gotten a complaint about his long cock. They were well matched in their physical appearance.

Just as she was about to drop her bra, she pushed her upper arms together, temporarily enhancing her cleavage, making her tits appear bigger, and then she let the bra slip free.

Her tits were perfect.

And in the dim light of his bedroom, he could see a few tiny pearls on her

nipples.

For just a moment he thought that maybe she had some unusual body modification. Instead of rings through her nipples she had implanted jewelry. But that wasn’t it because as she moved her body ever so slightly the pearls on both nipples coalesced together and ran down the bottoms of her breasts.

It was milk.

She was lactating.

Unconsciously Kirk licked his lips.

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About the Author

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

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