

A photograph of a woman's back and legs, wearing black lace underwear. The image is framed by a thick red border. The text is overlaid on the image.

From The Many Sexual Misadventures of
Winifred Polk

Adult Experience

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Smashwords Edition

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Adult Experience

Chapter One

Once Winnie had been out in the world a bit, she became much better at evaluating all the responses to her profile. Bad spelling and grammar quickly eliminated many of the emails. Anything violent for the sake of violence immediately turned her off and wound up deleted. It was the men who got right to the point that interested her the most. Some even started their conversations identifying exactly what they were looking for.

“I’m looking for a girl with a big, round ass who’ll let me spank her until she cries and...”

Winnie’s first thought was I don’t have a big ass.

“I want you to sit on my face and jerk me off. Is that too direct?”

Not too direct, but not my thing.

“I really like watching a woman play with herself. I won’t even take off my clothes if that helps you say yes.”

Hmmm...maybe.

“I want a mature woman to change my dirty diaper.”

Just...no.

“I’d love for you to give me an exquisite fellatio session and allow me to cum on your face. If you’d allow it, I’d like to take a picture of my semen on your face. I think a woman is most beautiful right after she’s satisfied a man.”

That made Winnie stop and think. The request was well-written and polite, even if the act was something a lot of women considered humiliating. She liked going down on men. In the past men had cum on her hands, belly, chest, and on a couple of occasions, her chin and in her mouth. It didn’t seem like a degrading act in and of itself, but it was the request to take her picture while covered in his spunk that unsettled her the most. The writer could obviously pretend to be

polite and well-mannered, but was that true in real life?

As she was sitting in front of her computer contemplating this stranger's request, Winnie's hand had unconsciously slipped between her thighs and her fingers were teasing at her clit. When she realized what she was doing, she knew that she was going to write the man back. She might not fulfill his request, but she had to know more.

The bar wasn't one of those horrible places that were either too loud with music for dancing nor was it a neighborhood dive bar where people got drunk away from their spouses, it was modeled after an old British pub, drinks with simple meals offered in a quiet environment. The best part was that even on Friday night it wasn't overly loud or crowded. Winnie didn't see how the place managed to stay in business, but it was where Shane wanted to meet. It was public so it was fine with her.

He was visibly nervous. His fingers were tapping on the table when she approached him. Still polite he stood up and shook her hand gently when she approached the table. It was a booth so there was no need for him to pull back her chair, though she got the impression he would have given half a chance.

"Hello, Winnie. I'm Shane," he introduced himself.

She nodded and took her seat and he followed suite. His face was flushed, his fingers continued to tap on the tabletop, and she sensed his knee bouncing up and down underneath the table. Oddly, she was calm and relaxed as if she did this every day. She wasn't an expert at it yet, but after her first few encounters with people she met on the internet, she now considered herself accomplished at this sort of thing.

"Nice to meet you. I don't want to waste any of your time or mine, but tell me why you sent me that email." She smiled at him with a confidence she didn't feel. It was easy to pretend to be someone else when you were meeting someone for the first time. She could be anyone she wanted to be.

"Uhh...to meet you, naturally." The waitress chose that particular moment to come and take their drink orders. Shane opted for a beer, Winnie requested a rum and Coke.

“Well of course to meet me,” she said. “But why that particular fantasy? It seems so...plain.”

That was the word that also described Shane. While not exactly short, he wasn't tall, he had a thin, somewhat wiry build. His face was pleasant enough to look at, but was otherwise unremarkable except for his wire rimmed glasses and thin blond hair that was cut short, but at the same time was also unkempt. Maybe he had a long day at work.

He shrugged. It was the gesture of a teenager. “I don't know. I guess I don't have any strange kinks but I want to meet women who aren't so uptight and boring.”

“Uptight and boring?” she pressed him.

He grimaced. “My family is really into church and everything that goes with it. Really conservative. Really uptight. They think I'm a failure because I haven't gotten married and have kids already. They call me the spinster of the family.”

“How old are you?”

“Thirty.”

“Plenty of time for marriage and kids still,” she declared.

“My brother and sister are younger than me,” he said as the waitress arrived with their drinks. He didn't stop talking as she presented them. “Both are married. Both have two kids already. Maureen is pregnant with her third.” The waitress left and he added. “A few years ago they did an intervention because they were certain I was gay.”

Winnie laughed. He half-laughed, half grimaced again. “And you're not?” she asked.

“Of course not!” His answer was louder than he intended. “It's perfectly fine to be gay, but I'm not. I like women.”

“I should hope so considering you want to cum on my face.”

He blushed bright red when she said those words and quickly glanced around, making sure the waitress was out of earshot and no one else was listening in on

their conversation. No one was. “Sorry about that. I didn’t know what else to put in my reply to you. Your profile was so nice and inviting...”

She waved aside his concerns. “Don’t give it a second thought. I actually like giving blowjobs, and I wouldn’t mind a guy cumming on my face. It’s the last part that worries me.”

“Taking your picture?”

“Yes. I’m not—”

He cut her off. “We can skip that entirely. I wanted to be dirty but not too dirty.” His words came out in a rush. “I’ll admit it. I watch porn. I like watching women get facials. I know that most of them are at least partially faked, but I can’t help myself. If nothing else, I wanted a memento from an anonymous encounter.”

“I’m pretty sure I don’t want my face on the internet with someone’s cum all over it,” Winnie clarified.

“Like I said, we can skip it.”

She continued on as if she hadn’t heard his words. “But I’ve been pushing myself to explore my boundaries. What I do in private, no one will know. But I’m not too keen on having my picture all over the internet.”

Shane nodded again. “I understand. Not a big deal.”

“But what’s the expression. A tear in salty sea? What’s the chance of someone I know finding that picture of me and recognizing me and confronting me about it?”

“I don’t know what the chance of that are,” Shane admitted. “But I’d like to figure it out.”

She grinned at him. “I bet you would, big boy,” she teased.

For just a moment he seemed taken aback at her forwardness. If it was possible, he blushed deeper red. “I didn’t mean it that way. I mean I’d actually like to calculate something like that. I’m an actuary. I work with numbers all day. It’s a nerd thing. I like playing with numbers.”

Winnie found herself teasing him some more. “Is that your kink? Playing with your numbers?”

The tease was so ridiculous Shane found himself honestly laughing at her. “No. Unfortunately it’s not because if it were, I suppose going to work every day would be like attending an orgy and getting paid for it.”

“How about an orgy then?” Winnie found herself suggesting.

For a moment Shane wasn’t sure if she was actually making a proposition to him, was teasing him, or was just thinking out loud. He never decided on one or the other. “I think I’ll stick with my current request,” he said thoughtfully. “I’d probably be too nervous around that many people to, uh, perform.”

Winnie sipped at her drink. “We should go to your place and you can put on a dress rehearsal for me.”

They managed to get to Shane’s apartment without putting their hands all over each other. Once they were in the door, words suddenly failed them and after a few awkward lean-ins and fumbled attempts at positioning their hands and arms, they succeeded in kissing.

Touching tongues melted the rest of the world away. Their kisses rapidly increased in intensity and ferocity. Shane’s hands appeared everywhere on Winnie’s body: neck, arms, waist, hips, ass, thighs, breasts, even her rounded tummy for a moment. He didn’t attempt to pull off her clothes, he was a gentleman in that respect. It was Winnie who pulled his shirt up over his head so she could feel the skin of his chest. It was smooth with just a light scattering of hair across his pectorals. Since Shane was significantly taller than her it was easy for her to kiss his neck and then quickly work her way down to his chest. From there she simply dropped to her knees and started pulling at his belt, trying to release the buckle.

“Are you sure?” he asked her.

“Uh-huh.”

“Let’s go to the bedroom.”

The shirt was dropped next to the front door and he led her deeper into his apartment, they wound through the crowded living room and ended the short journey in his bedroom. Once there Winnie took charge again and pushed him down on the unmade bed so he was sitting.

“Take them off,” Winnie said as she knelt down in front of his knees.

Shane wasn’t stupid he knew exactly what she meant. He kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks, and yanked down his pants and underwear in three quick movements. Winnie all this in from her position on the floor in front of him. When he sat back down, Shane’s cock was already erect and projecting at a perfect forty-five degree angle from his crotch.

“That’s what I was waiting for,” Winnie said, reaching out and grabbing his erect member, pushing open his legs so she could get close enough to take it in her mouth.

His cock wasn’t huge nor tiny; it was just the right size. She softly cupped his balls with one hand and held the base with the other before she put her mouth on the head and carefully sucked. She tasted a touch of bitter saltiness from the precum that was oozing out of his slit. The climax was actually disappointing. Winnie only bobbed her head up and down on his length a few times before he made a deep groaning noise as warning and his cock throbbed in her hand. It was too soon. She backed off a little and without any real warning, he erupted, shooting thick spurts of cum up in the air to splash down on his stomach and thighs. Shane strained with each spurt of cum, but it was too soon. They wouldn’t be able to fulfill his little fantasy.

“Oh shit,” he exclaimed when he was done cumming. “I didn’t mean to do that.”

Winnie laughed. “You didn’t mean to cum? I thought that was the whole purpose of giving head.”

He laughed but didn’t mean it. “Well, yeah, I wanted to cum, but I wanted to last longer. Shit! I wanted to cum on your face. I was looking forward to that. I’m so sorry.”

There wasn’t much for Winnie to do at the moment, so she brushed aside his worries. “We can try again. It’s okay. You must have been a little keyed up. You came so easily. When was the last time you had sex?”

It was dim in the room but she could still see Shane blush at her question. “With myself? Yesterday. Maybe I should have prepped myself before our date. But I wasn’t expecting it to go this well so quickly.”

“No, not with yourself. With someone else.” Winnie was a bit exasperated at his lightly flippant attitude. She stood up and looked around for a tissue or rag to wipe his cum off her fingers where he had finished with her holding him.

“Um. Probably about a year.”

“A year?!” That made her six month drought after Justin seemed bearable. “What happened? And where’s the bathroom?” She held up her hand. “I need to wash you off me.”

“Over there,” he indicated the entrance to the bathroom. “What you do mean what happened?”

Winnie answered his question from inside the bathroom, the door open. “Did you break up with her? Did she dump you? Did you decide to take a break from relationships?”

Shane made a long groaning noise and she was certain she could hear him flopping back on the mattress, which was an impressive feat considering how skinny he was. “I was dating a girl—a woman—from my parent’s church. We were set up by both our parents. They really want me to get married.”

Winnie left the bathroom after drying her hands on the one towel hanging up and leaned against the doorjamb listening to him. Shane was still naked, his mostly flaccid cock was laying sideways on his thigh. He had one arms draped across his eyes.

“She was okay. She was nice enough. But she was really into the whole Christian thing. Apparently no one knew I was reluctant to buy into the whole consensual brainwashing their church pushes.”

“‘She was nice enough’?” Winnie quoted back at him.

“She was...bland. She wanted to wait until she got married to have sex...but above the waist petting was apparently okay.”

“Nice,” Winnie grinned. “Did she have good tits?”

Shane threw his arm off his eyes. “Actually...yeah. B-sized cups, very perky. Light pink nipples. Everything a guy could want.”

“Sooo...what happened?”

“We were dating and I was getting plenty of time with her tits. Shit, I can’t believe I’m telling you this. I barely know you.”

“Nice tits...” Winnie prompted.

“And I could tell she wanted to go further but she was...conflicted.”

“Conflicted.”

“She didn’t mind giving me handjobs, but she wouldn’t finish me off. I either had to go to the bathroom and do it myself or save it until I got home.”

Winnie laughed. “That’s fucking great.”

“Yeah. Except one night we’re celebrating her birthday with some wine, she gets a little tipsy and starts begging me to ‘stick it in me!’” The last words he said in a mock falsetto of an innocent virgin. “I do. I even had a condom ready for the occasion. It was terrible sex, but it was sex. The next day she had every regret in the world and she decides to tell her parents, and they tell my parents, so everyone winds up knowing. Not a very smart girl. Both sets of parents—hers and mine—demand we get married immediately—just in case.”

“In case what?”

“She’s pregnant or God was watching. You choose. Anyway, I refused...and here we are.”

The story was a little too revealing for Winnie, especially because Shane was naked and she was still fully clothed. “That’s...wow. I don’t think I know anyone with much of a family life like that. You don’t get much of the Christian crazy here in upstate New York.”

“My parents moved up here when I was young. They consider themselves

missionaries in America.”

That thought made Winnie uncomfortable, more uncomfortable than watching a scrawny, naked man bare his soul while she stood at the edge of his bed.

“That’s...wow. Let’s change the subject.” She looked directly at his cock. “Want to try again?”

“Umm. Sure, but don’t you want a little reciprocation?”

She couldn’t help herself. “That’s very Christian of you.”

Her comment made Shane laugh and she took that as her cue to start undressing. He watched her intently as each she stripped. Winnie had worn a modest, though stylish, dress to the date. It was easy to pull the sleeves down over her arms and wiggle out of the purple garment. After a moment’s pause right so he could take in her matching bra and panty set, Winnie stepped out of her shoes, pulled down her stockings and approached the bed.

“Want to help me the rest of the way?”

Shane proved surprisingly adept at unhooking her bra while kissing her. He rolled Winnie onto her back and kissed his way down her body, pausing briefly at her breasts to suck on each nipple, and then continued to lick and kiss his way down her tummy, finally stopping at the top edge of her silken panties.

“You could have gone right to the temple of Venus,” she told him.

“My family would be crushed if they knew I was worshipping anywhere other than a nice Christian church,” he said as he carefully removed her panties, exposing pubic hair and then her full sex. Winnie opened up her legs and allow him to view her pussy as he inhaled her scent and then plunged forward, tasting and licking her.

For a man raised in a strict Christian home, Shane showed great skill in eating pussy. Maybe he had a lot of experience with his unnamed girlfriend, maybe he was just naturally talented, maybe Shane was lying to her and giving her half-truths and outright lies because it amused him. At the moment, Winnie didn’t care. Her pussy was wet and he knew how to use his fingers while he oscillated his tongue against her clit. Winnie hadn’t known exactly what to expect when she agreed to go back to his place for sex, but it wasn’t this. But it didn’t matter.

It didn't take that much time between her thighs before Winnie was clamping her thighs shut and calling out to any god but the one Shane's family worshipped as she came, soaking his face with her juices. She was so over-saturated her juices ran down his face and wetted the sheets as well.

"Holy fuck!" she exclaimed when she was done cumming. "You know exactly what to do to a woman to make her happy."

Shane looked up from between her legs and grinned at her. "It was my pleasure."

"Can I ask you to 'put it in me?'" she teased him as she grabbed his face between her hands and pulling him up to her face. They exchanged a kiss and she tasted her pussy on his lips.

"You want me to fuck you?" he asked. "That's not what we planned for tonight."

"I don't care. Aren't you a good Christian boy? Don't you want to make your date happy?"

"I used to be a good Christian boy," he said as he half rolled to the side of the mattress and pulled a partially full box of condoms out from underneath the bed. She was having more doubts about the level of truthfulness of his story.

"I don't suppose good Christian boys keep rubbers under their bed, do they?"

"I wouldn't know any more." He opened the condom packet, rolled it on, and turned back to her. Their bodies intertwined again; it was almost like they were anticipating the other's moves and responded like they were old, familiar lovers. Winnie felt immediately comfortable with Shane, even more so as she reached down between their bodies, found his latex-covered cock and gently guided it into her pussy.

"Oh, that feels nice," she complimented him as he slowly started fucking her.

"Do you always fuck on the first date?" he asked her.

The question was half rude and half just plain curiosity. "I didn't used to," she answered. "But now...yeah, if the guy seems right. Why wait?"

"There's no reason to wait. You could get run over by a bus tomorrow."

“True enough,” she agreed and they quieted down as the furor of their fucking increased. Winnie had another climax, less powerful than when Shane used his tongue on her, but different as well, and completely satisfying. After she came, he finished up shortly, filling the condom and resting atop her for a minute, before heading to the bathroom to clean up. Winnie was half asleep when he returned to bed and fully asleep a minute later as they spooned together and let the night take them.

Shane woke to the sensation of Winnie’s mouth on his cock. It was a pleasant way to rise and meet the day. She had already proven herself an accomplished cocksucker and so he just lay back on the bed to enjoy the feeling of her warm, wet mouth encompassing him. Her hands stayed busy on his shaft and balls while her tongue and lips focused on the head. Maybe it was the novelty of a new lover, maybe it was because Shane’s cock was on a hair trigger but he barely lasted a minute awake before he was cumming.

Proving her adeptness, Winnie kept her mouth on the end of his tool, sucking away every drop of his spunk, swallowing each spurt as it erupting into her mouth. Although it wasn’t exactly what Shane wanted, there was no reason to object to her treatment.

“Good morning,” he said to her when he was done cumming.

Winnie let his cock slip wetly from between her lips. “I was hungry for breakfast, so I made myself a little snack.”

He chuckled a bit and shook his head. “You didn’t have to do that.”

“But I wanted to,” she said. “And you woke up with morningwood and I couldn’t let you suffer like that.”

“But I still wanted to cum on your face,” he said. “And you swallowed it all.”

“Oh shit,” she cursed. “I forgot.” She put her hand to her face and then felt her messy hair, turned into a minor nest of chaos from eight hours on the pillow. “It doesn’t matter because I wouldn’t have let you take my picture anyway.”

“Why’s that?”

“My face is a mess and so is my hair. If you’re going to cum on my face, you’ll want a picture and I want to look my best.” She grinned up at him. “I’ll promise you another date, okay?”

After a brief discussion they opted for a shower and then breakfast. Winnie went in first, but the moment after she started the shower and stepped into the water, she heard the bathroom door open.

“I’m sorry,” Shane apologized, “but half the reason I woke up with a hardon is because I had to pee.”

Winnie popped her head out between the shower curtain and the wall and was treated to the sight of Shane’s small but taut and naked ass. “Cute,” she commented.

“What?” Shane had started to lift the toilet seat and her comment caught him off-guard.

“You have a cute ass,” she clarified.

“Thanks?”

“You want me to say it’s ugly?”

“Ahh...no.”

“Fine then.” Winnie pulled her head back into the shower and waited until she heard his stream splashing into the toilet. She pushed her back out and saw him from behind as he pissed. It was a semi-humorous situation and so she laughed.

“What are you laughing at?” he demanded, a grin on his face. He was having trouble concentrating on aiming his stream and not making a mess.

“Just thinking about the last time I saw a guy pissing.”

“Yeah. When was that?” He finished, shook himself a few times, and turned around to face her.

“A few months ago.”

“Uh-huh. Should I ask?”

“No. Probably not.”

Seeing as he was naked Shane made a decision and joined Winnie in the shower. She didn't object.

“I get the feeling you have a lot more experience with sex than I do,” he lamented as he started working the water through her thick hair.

“Maybe,” she replied coyly.

“I like that.”

She grinned to herself. “Me too.”

Shane turned out to be a decent breakfast short-order cook. She didn't want to go out to eat and do the walk of shame in her purple date dress. After college the walk of shame held no appeal for her any longer. Instead, Shane made them omelets to rival any greasy spoon's best offering.

“I still owe you a blowjob,” she told him as she traced the last few bits of egg and cheese around her plate. Winnie didn't want to admit it, but the amount of food Shane had cooked was too much for her to eat.

“You don't have to,” he said politely. If nothing else, Winnie reflected again, a strict Christian upbringing did give him excellent manners.

“No, I want to. I made you a promise and I intend on keeping it.”

“Your mouth must be getting tired,” he told her. “Between yesterday and today, you've gone down on me...how many times?”

“Only twice. But not enough. I like giving head.” She reached up under the table with her bare foot and ran it along the inside of his thigh. Her leg wasn't quite long enough to reach his cock, but her intentions were obvious enough. “Want to go right now?”

Shane laughed nervous. “Uh, that would be great. Should I get my phone so I can take your picture when I'm done?”

His question, practical and direct, brought her back to reality. “Oh shit. No. Not now. I haven’t done my hair and makeup.”

“You sound awfully vain for someone who described herself in the profile as ‘natural and easy-going. Not overly fussy about my appearance or my partner’s.’”

Quoting her profile exactly surprised Winnie. “You memorized that?”

Shane blushed again, which made him appear all the cuter with his tousled hair. “Um...mostly. Not every detail. I don’t have an eidetic memory, but close.”

“Impressive. But how about we set another date?”

“Another date?”

“Yes. Tonight good for you?” She slipped down further in her chair. Her toes were now able to reach all the way to Shane’s cock. It was no surprise to her that it was already erect.

“Tonight’s perfect.”

Chapter Two

Winnie rushed home. She wasn't exactly sure why. There no traffic on the roads and plenty of time to get ready for their meeting late in the afternoon. The moment she stepped into her apartment, she knew why. It was Saturday, a day she normally sex aside for herself. This was a change of pace, but she was still setting the day aside.

The first thing to do was to strip off her dress and dirty underclothes and take a quick shower. Just enough to rinse off. She wanted to feel clean but she didn't want to completely wash away Shane's scent from her body.

That done, the next item on the agenda was to check her computer. It was almost like she was cheating on Shane, but not exactly. They weren't a couple. She wasn't beholden to him. She was just enjoying herself. As always there was a small pile of emails in her private in box. Winnie lugged her laptop to the kitchen table and sorted through them wearing just her bathrobe. Although no one could see her, it made her feel sexier knowing she was naked underneath the satin lilac wrap...and it was easy to reach inside and feel her breasts or clit if she so desired.

Most of the emails were duds. A few she filed away for further review.

"If you've never done it, I want to fuck you in the ass. But I only like anal virgins. I like introducing women to a whole new world of sex."

Maybe, Winnie thought. She was an anal virgin.

"My kink is slavery. Consensual slavery. I want you to come over to my house for the weekend and serve me as my slave. I'll even pay you for the privilege. One dollar."

That idea appealed to Winnie. Not exactly slavery...or prostitution if you're only paying me a dollar.

"Me and my buddies want to gang bang you. How many men can you service in one night?"

Filthy, Winnie mused, but appealing. She had no idea how many men she could bed but doubted she could set any kind of record. But what type of idiot said yes to a gang bang without knowing even one of the men. Pass.

“I have a secret kink. I want you to put a chastity belt on me and be my keyholder. You get to decide when I get to be free. Even my wife doesn’t know about my fantasy.”

For a moment Winnie was unsure if the letter was from a man or a woman. She thought that only women could wear chastity belts, but apparently the email was from a man...unless it was from a lesbian who was married and didn’t want her wife to be her keyholder as well. This was the one that intrigued Winnie the most. She wrote him an email back.

Tell me more. I wouldn’t mind being your keyholder. How long do you want your cock locked up? (She was going with the assumption this was a man.) How are you going to keep it a secret from your wife? And, most importantly, what do I get out of this little exchange? She sent off the email and then set about prepping for her afternoon date.

She had just finished her hair when Gram called.

“How did your date go, hon?”

“You know, Grandma, it’s a little weird to discuss my dating and sex life with a woman pushing seventy.”

“I used to be quite the tart when I was your age, you know.”

Winnie sighed. “I know, I know. I don’t want to hear about it though.”

If Gram heard the words, she ignored them. “I once had sex with two different men on the same day. David in the morning. I spent the night with him, actually. We had sex before we fell asleep and we had sex when we woke up. I had already made a date for that night with Earnest and I had sex with him just because David was such a terrible lover. He never tried to please me.”

Now Winnie groaned. “I don’t need to hear about this, Gram.”

Her grandmother continued on. “It was the sixties. Not everyone was doing it,

but I was.” She laughed. “If you have sex with more than one man on the same day, be sure to use protection, dear. Back then all we had to worry about was pregnancy and maybe syphilis...and both of those could be solved by a trip to the doctor. Actually, you should be safe even if you only have sex with one man a day.” She laughed at her lame joke.

“I’m being safe, Gram.”

“What are you doing tonight, dear?”

“I’ve got a date with a fallen Christian. His name is Shane. He wants me to give him a blowjob and cum on my face.”

“Oh. My. Sounds like you’re planning for some fun. I’ll let you go then.”

After her grandmother hung up, Winnie stared at her phone for a minute and wondered if the old woman was shocked by her answer or if she actually wanted Winnie to go have some dirty fun. In the end Winnie was glad she hadn’t told Gram about the picture that was supposed to be the ultimate climax to the blowjob.

Just to be sure Winnie did a little Google research with Safe Search turned off. “Pictures of women with semen on their face” turned out to be the best search string. “Facials” turned up too many pictures of actual beauty treatments. “When the hell did my life turn to where I need the dirty version of a phrase?” Winnie wondered about herself.

In the end, she was right. There were literally thousands, if not tens of thousands of pictures of women getting blasted in the face by some guy’s cum. After a while she started to become immune to the response she was supposed to have to the pictures. At first she was skeeved out, then she was lightly turned on, then she was intrigued to know why this was such a common theme with so many men, then she wondered why so many women went along with the request, then she just became bored with it.

A picture of her with Shane’s spunk on her face would be just another metaphorical tear in a salty sea. Who would know and who would care? What were the chances of a friend or family member actually finding the picture? And she felt she could trust Shane. He seemed trustworthy. If she asked, he’d probably keep the picture private and just use it to jerk off to.

If she asked.

She kept that thought in the back of her mind as she finished getting ready for her date.

They had decided to meet in late afternoon for the big event and then go out to dinner together depending on how the sex went. Winnie actually dressed more casually than their Friday night date. She wore the one pair of jeans that she knew made her ass look good along with a dressy blouse that was both tight and the neckline plunged enough to show off what cleavage she had. It wasn't slutty, Winnie told herself; it was sexy.

When she rang the bell to his door, Winnie was surprised to see that Shane had actually taken the time to dress up. He had shaved, and looked freshly scrubbed. He was wearing a blue Oxford shirt and khaki pants. Shane had even gone so far as to put on a blazer over the shirt, but had left off the tie. He looked oddly formal next to her, but Winnie appreciated the effort.

"You look good," she said as she entered his home, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you. I didn't know how to dress. My father always said it's better to overdress than underdress. You can always take off a jacket and tie."

"True. I thought you didn't put much faith in what your parents say."

Shane grimaced. "Can't shake them off even after being all but formally shunned."

"And why are you dressing up anyway?" she continued. "Aren't you going to get out of those clothes in a couple of minutes anyway?"

"It seemed the right occasion to dress up," he said. "Even if, well, even if I don't get to keep my outfit on very long. You sure you aren't hungry?"

A shake of her head dismissed Shane's question. "You're avoiding the issue. Do you have your camera ready? Where do you want to do this?"

“Um. Bedroom okay?” He reached into his pocket and pulled out a cell phone. “Okay if I use the camera in this?”

Winnie reached up to her neck and nervously fiddled with the thin gold chain she wore. It was a gift from her grandmother and was the only piece of jewelry she regularly wore other than the simple ring through her belly button. “That’s fine,” she said. “Who are you going to share the pictures with? Family? Friends?”

Her question put him on the spot and made him nervous, more so than he had been leading up to the moment. “Um. Probably no one. I wouldn’t want to deal with the fallout of what my family would say if they knew I was sharing dirty pictures.”

“You can, you know,” she said as she casually unfastened the two buttons on her shirt. They were mostly ornamental, but the gesture said everything. “I don’t mind my face being out there on the internet.” It wasn’t a lie, Winnie realized as she said it. The idea was exciting, and she pushed aside the possible consequences of her act. “Especially if it’s covered in your cum. And the best part is no one will know it’s yours...unless you tell them.” She stepped up to Shane, went on tiptoes to kiss the side of his neck, and then, in one smooth movement, pulled her shirt up and over her head.

Underneath she was wearing a pink bra that pushed up her tits to show off a bit of cleavage. “Like what you see?” she asked and then reached behind her back, unhooked the band, and slipped the bra off her shoulders, letting her breasts free. It felt good for them to be loose after they had been so contained and strapped down.

“I really like your belly ring,” he commented. “None of the women my parents wanted me to date had a belly ring.”

Her laughter shook her body and made her tits bounce around. “I’m half naked and ready to give you a blowjob and all you can do is focus on my belly ring.”

A meek shrug was his first response. “Commenting on your boobs doesn’t gentlemanly.”

“But cumming on my face is?” she asked as she brought up her hands to cup her tits, but not hide the nipples. She ran her thumbs over those hard little projections, teasing Shane.

“Well...you said it was ok.”

She nodded and then tilted her head toward the bedroom. “Shall we?”

The day had been passed by Shane very busily cleaning his bedroom and previously messy living room. While it wasn't perfect, Winnie noticed the entire place had been picked up, floors swept and vacuumed, and even the sheets on the bed had been changed. Shane had turned down one corner of the bedcover to make it seem more inviting. That was fine with Winnie, but she didn't need anything additional to make it more inviting for her.

In the bedroom, Winnie turned around, her tits swaying slightly with her movements. “Do you want me naked for this, or what?”

“Or what?”

“Do you want me to put on a chador so only my face shows?” Winnie offered.

Her smart ass answer caught him unready and he laughed nervously. “No. I wanted you naked. No! Wait. Just your underwear.”

“You want me in my panties?” she asked as she unbuttoned her jeans and lowered the zipper.

“Yeah.” Shane's eyes had glazed over and he was focused entirely on her body. It occurred to Winnie that she could suggest anything she wanted and he'd probably go along with it. The thrill of power that thought gave her was exciting and frightening. Winnie kicked off her sneakers and wiggled out of her jeans, putting on a little show for Shane. She left on her pink panties. They weren't thongs, but were small enough to let the bottom edges of her cheeks hang out, which she showed to him when she half turned around to take off her socks.

“Ready?” she asked as she went down on her knees in front of him. Winnie didn't consider herself to be particularly tough and so was glad that Shane's bedroom had a thick, comfortable carpet on the floor.

“Uh-huh.” She had barely touched him and Shane had already lost the ability to speak fluently.

“Take off your jacket.” If nothing else, Winnie was positive that he wouldn't

want his jacket to be rumpled or soiled during their play time. “Where’s your phone?” It was enough of a direct question for Shane to pull his cell phone from his pocket. “Turn on the camera,” she instructed him as she opened up his pants and fished out his cock. This took some doing because he was already hard. That was good. Winnie enjoyed sucking cock, but wasn’t a huge fan of having to work hard to get a man hard.

While she was doing this Shane made some adjustments to his phone and took a picture of her just as she started to lick his cock from where his balls met the shaft. She intended to drag her tongue all the way up to the top and go from there. The journey had barely begun when a flash went off in the dimly lit room nearly blinding her.

“Sorry!” Shane cried out. “That was an accident.”

It occurred to Winnie that his picture was the first time she had been photographed naked or at least partially naked. “Let me see,” she said. Shane pressed a button on the phone and handed it down to her. It was a terrible picture: blurry and off center. It was impossible to tell it was her in the image and she could only see one partially naked breast and just a hint of her pink panties. Overall, the picture was a disappointment. “Try again,” she said handing it up to him. “Make me look good.”

Winnie closed her eyes and started sucking on his cock. He was hard and warm in her mouth. That was enjoyable. From behind her eyelids she sensed the phone’s flash going off several times, but that quickly stopped when she knew that Shane was getting close to cumming. She was impressed that he managed to stay on his feet while she fellated him. Wanting the moment to be perfect, she paused in the middle of the blowjob and looked up at him. “Concentrate,” she reminded him. “Tell me when you’re going to cum so you can do it on my face, okay?”

“Okay,” he quickly agreed.

“And when you do, make sure to get a good picture of it.” A picture of her giving a blowjob suddenly didn’t seem half as exciting as a picture of her showing off the results of said blowjob. And together the sequence of pictures seemed, in Winnie’s mind’s eye, the best idea she had ever heard.

She continued sucking on him, her mouth on the crown of his sex, one hand

holding the shaft and the other gripping his balls. She circled her forefinger and thumb around the bit of skin that defined the area between testicles and shaft. Once that critical bit of anatomy was defined, Winnie tightened the circle, effectively creating a noose that kept Shane's bits and bobs in place. He was rapidly approaching orgasm—he wasn't one who lasted forever during sex, while he might pretend to be cool and experienced Winnie now understood that was mostly bravado—and the separation of cock and balls was as exciting to him as the separation of church and state was to a civil rights lawyer.

“Oh god oh god,” he managed to choke out. “It's gonna happen.”

Winnie tightened her stranglehold on his balls, making him work for his climax, but relaxed her grip on his shaft so that when he did start spurting it would fly out smoothly and it would be easy to direct onto her face.

The first spurt landed on her forehead and fell across the bridge of her nose. It was hot and sticky and felt wonderful on her skin. The second and third landed on her cheeks. Winnie kept her eyes closed as he came on her, like she was still sucking his cock or kissing him. The fourth wasn't much at all; it really just sort of dribbled across her lips. “Oh. Oh. Perfect,” Shane grunted. “Don't move. Let me take your picture.”

She sensed the flash two times and then opened her eyes. “Great. A couple with your eyes open is better.”

After the flash went off a few more times she reached up to wipe away the splash across her nose and a moment later it felt like a knife was stuck into her eye. “Fuck!” she screamed. “Where's the fucking bathroom?”

Shane, dumbfounded, asked, “Why?”

“To wash this fucking shit out of my eye!”

She was half blind but still got up on her feet and started stumbling toward where she remembered the bathroom being. A memory bubbled up through Shane's memory that semen burned when it accidentally winds up in the eye. He grabbed her hand and brought her to the sink where Winnie turned on the cold tap and desperately started clearing the semi-sticky, non-water soluble semen from her face and eyes.

It was almost worse than actually getting it in the corner of her eye in the first place because introduction of water started spreading the burning all the way across her eye before it finally started to abate.

“Sorry,” Shane said softly when she finally turned off the tap and reached for a towel. She didn’t feel the least bit guilty about smearing her makeup across the clean cloth.

“It’s okay,” Winnie replied, which was a lie. Although the burning sensation was gone, there was still a vague throb of pain in her eye and tears continued to seep out, washing away whatever remained. “I should have been better prepared.”

“Is there anything I can do?” He sounded anxious, as if anything he did now would spoil the mood worse than it already was.

“No. Just give me a minute.” Winnie peered in to the mirror and inspected her eye. It was bloodshot but no obvious damage remained. A sick thought welled up in her mind and she spoke without thinking. “Can I see the pictures?”

It took a few more minutes for her vision to completely clear, but when she was ready, Shane showed her the images he had captured. While she considered herself fairly attractive, Winnie didn’t think she was any great beauty. In the photos she thought she looked odd with Shane’s cock in her mouth. Her expressions were odd and distorted because her mouth was wide open. Only two of the pictures showed her at her best. One had her mouth open and tongue out, licking the end of his cock. The other one had Shane’s cum already on her face and her eyes were starting to open; she looked in the throes of ecstasy.

It made her stomach and pussy quiver with desire and apprehension. She knew she wanted him to give her the pictures. She was afraid to ask for them. The worst part of knowing this was because she knew she would take the pictures and let others see them. Shane being who he was, he would never betray her trust and post them like she wanted.

After carefully inspecting each and every one of the pictures, Winnie heard herself saying, “Are you going to keep these pictures for yourself?”

“Well...yeah, that’s what we agreed to, isn’t it?” he asked nervously. Winnie was still holding his phone in her hand. She could just keep it and walk out of his apartment with it, though it didn’t occur to him that she was all but naked and it

would have been difficult for her to accomplish that task.

“It is,” she nodded in agreement. “But I want copies of them. How do you send pictures on your phone?”

“Here, let me.” Shane took the phone back from her and manipulated it a minute. A moment later Winnie heard a vague buzz from her purse, piled with her clothes, signaling that her phone had received a message.

“Thank you.”

Shane raised his eyebrows in slight surprise. “You’re not going to check what I sent?”

“You’re trustworthy.” She smiled at him and realized that she was still only in her panties while he was fully dressed. He must have tucked away his cock and zipped up while she was washing out her eye. “Did you enjoy your blowjob?” she asked him boldly, sticking out her chest a little, trying to accent her tits.

“Yes. Thanks.” He grinned nervously, waiting for what was coming next, unable to divine what exactly was going on in her devious mind.

“How are you going to enjoy those pictures?”

“Um...by looking at them?”

Slowly Winnie shook her head. “That’s not what I mean. Are you going to jerk off to them?”

It was an honest and bold question. Despite of everything they had just done, Shane managed to blush again. “Yeah...probably.”

Winnie nodded and put her hand inside her panties, feeling her wet pussy. She didn’t overlubricate but when she was excited her pussy was like a swamp. It was like the Irish fens right now. “Good. I hope it makes you happy. But right now, I’d like a little something.” She shivered once, not from cold, but from her busy fingers finding her half-hidden clit.

“What do you want?”

Shaking her hips and wriggling out of her panties, Winnie dropped them down to the floor and stepped out of the sparse garment. “You probably can’t get it up again, right away,” she said as she headed to the bed. “But I’m sure your tongue still works.”

Winnie threw herself on the bed, face up, her legs spread and her heels on the edge of the mattress. Looking at him between her knees she commanded, “Down on the floor and make me cum with your tongue.”

Like a good boy, Shane did as he was ordered. At that moment Winnie could have asked him anything and he would have agreed. Shane went to his knees and put his face between her thighs. She lightly rested her hands on the back of his head, gently guiding him where his tongue needed to be. Shane might have been a nice and polite person, but as a cunnilinguist, he was barely adequate. As keyed up as she was, Winnie was certain it would only take her a minute or two to cum under his tongue. It wound up being closer to a quarter of an hour. She enjoyed every bit of the attention he gave her, but Shane seemed lost as what to do with a woman’s cunt.

In the end, to make herself cum, Winnie was reduced to grabbing Shane’s faced and practically rubbing her pussy right against his outstretched tongue. The climax was as much a relief to her pent-up sexual energy as it was to Shane’s limit of exhaustion.

“You’re going to have to improve your tonguing and fingering,” she informed him.

Chapter Three

Winnie spent the night with Shane. After a quick shower—alone for both—they redressed and went out to the local Chinese eatery that Shane promoted as being “Extremely mediocre but satisfyingly palatable.” It was exactly as he promised.

It was Winnie who invited herself over to his apartment. He didn’t object. She didn’t do it for the sex or because she had a strange desire to cuddle. The truth of the matter was she was afraid to go home and face what she knew she wanted—and needed—to do with the pictures Shane had sent.

They had sex once before they fell asleep; boring, traditional missionary position sex, but very satisfying. When she woke up in the morning, it was Winnie who grabbed Shane’s cock and demanded to ride him until she had three satisfying orgasms. Her one disappointment was that he insisted on wearing a condom for their physical congresses, even after she told him it was perfectly safe to have skin to skin contact.

With a promise of a call later, Winnie left his place for hers. She showered at home, though she was reluctant to wash Shane’s scent off her body, and then, after delaying as long as she could, she opened up her dating profile and uploaded the better pictures. Since Winnie had used an adult dating website pretty much anything goes was the rule. Pictures of a man’s cock in her mouth and his cum on her face were hardly out of the ordinary compared with some of what she saw on the site. After adding the caption “This is me with one of my dates. It could be you.” Winnie sat back and waited to see what new types of replies she would get.

The dizzying thrill of posting nude and lascivious pictures of herself distracted Winnie to the point where she had to take herself to bed and use her favorite vibrator to get herself off. She didn’t feel the least bit guilty about it. She knew she had earned that orgasm.

After something to eat, Winnie couldn’t help herself. She went back to the computer and started looking at photo sharing sites. She had done this before and finding new ones wasn’t exactly a challenge in the age of Google. In the end,

Winnie couldn't help herself. She created a new email address for herself and then established a throwaway account on one of the sites that seemed respectable enough—respectability being something of a questionable quality for a website that offered naked and borderline obscene pictures of all manner of people doing all manner of things—for her to allow her dirty pictures to be displayed.

Winnie's left hand was between her legs and her right was on the mouse as she posted the pictures to her new account. She kept herself on edge through the entire process. Seeing her face semi-anonymous among a sea of other faces all doing the same dirty things made her excited. She wondered if she had found her kink. No one—except for Shane—would know it was her posting nude pictures on the internet. It was just a tiny bit dangerous and a lot thrilling. She couldn't help it. Taking her cell phone she leaned back in her chair and took what she thought was a semi-artistic picture of her pussy, showing her pubic hair and just a hint of her labia, but not a full-on gyno shot which she found off-putting.

Without giving it any more thought than necessary, Winnie posted her pussy picture in addition to the ones Shane took. She briefly wondered if he would be upset the picture that he created was on this pornographic site, but then brushed that concern aside. She had better things to care about.

“Is this what you're doing now, young lady?” Gram asked her. “I'm glad I don't look at those sites.”

Winnie had debated with herself about telling her grandmother what she had done. After all, there was no way for Gram to find out without some help or inside knowledge. In the end, she had revealed all. Revealing herself seemed to be a theme in her life lately.

“Yes, Gram, and I'm only telling you now just in case somehow this gets back to you from someone else. I don't want you to be surprised.”

“I suppose I should thank you for that.”

“You don't have to.”

“I wasn't going to. I was being sarcastic, like the kids do so much of nowadays.” Gram sighed. Winnie wasn't sure if her namesake was upset or just trying to

center herself. “Should I see these pictures?”

“I’ll show you if you want.”

“No, forget I asked. Are they just you being naked?”

“No, I’m giving a guy a blowjob in some.” She left out the cum-on-the-face picture to spare Gram some anxiety.

To Winnie’s surprise, Gram actually smiled. “Boys do like it when you do that, don’t they?”

Winnie shuddered with that thought. “I don’t need to hear that from you, Gram.”

“You forget I had an exciting life in my twenties.”

Winnie groaned in frustration. As she was letting out the noise it occurred to her that it was almost the same sound she occasionally made during sex. She stopped immediately. “Don’t remind me, Gram.”

“I suppose all the kids your age are doing it,” Gram said pensively. Winnie didn’t like it when her grandmother went into this mode of thought. “Everyone is naked on the internet doing all manner of things. I heard some commentator on NPR saying that in twenty years no one will be able to be elected president because everything on the internet is forever and some investigator will find naked pictures of every politician when they were young and stupid.”

“I’m not young and stupid, Gram. And must you talk about NPR all the time?”

“No, no you’re not young and stupid. You’re getting older every day and you’re smart enough to know the consequences of your actions. And I like listening to NPR when I knit. Maybe taking up knitting is a good hobby for you. It’s less... revealing than your current hobby.”

“I’m not taking up knitting, Grandmother.” Winnie knew her grandmother hated being referred to by that particular honorific. She barely tolerated “Gram.”

“Then what are you going to do, hon?”

“I’ve got a few options that are open to me...”

Grandma Winifred sighed in frustration. “I’m only trying to look out for your best interests. It’s okay to have an exploratory phase of your life, but I think you’re pushing beyond what is safe.”

“Gram, most of these guys are completely harmless. They just don’t have an outlet for their sexual desires. They might be a bit odd, but I’m more likely to get raped or murdered—”

“God forbid!” The old lady might be open-minded but she still reacted in traditional ways when it came to the safety of her granddaughter.

“—if I go out to a bar and pick up a guy for casual sex. There’s a trail that will lead back to them if anything does happen.”

“I just wish you’d be a little more traditional in your partner choices.”

“I’m not just going to sleep with a lot of guys because I can, Gram.” Though that was an option open to her as well, as evidenced by the steady flow of emails asking her to participate in gang bangs. “I want to explore who I am and figure out exactly who I am.”

“We used to call that finding ourselves. And we usually did in on some commune with weak pot and organic vegetables. It didn’t work for most people. They usually just grew bored with living on a shitty farm with annoying, smelly hippies. I don’t think you’re going to have any more success trying to find yourself between your legs.”

Oddly, Winnie was fairly certain her grandmother was correct. She was no longer responding to obscene requests for unusual sex acts. Winnie was looking deeper for new experiences.

“I want to shave you,” the email said. “I want to remove all your hair from the neck down. There’s nothing sexier than a woman completely devoid of hair except for that is on her head. I’m not asking to have sex with you, but I wouldn’t mind that either.”

Winnie knew exactly what this potential suitor meant by shaving her. Naturally she had shaved her legs for years and sculpted the edges of her pubic area during swimsuit season and whenever it was appropriate, but she had never done a completely bare shave before, hadn’t ever been waxed. He wasn’t proposing to

wax away her hair; he wanted to shave her. The thought of a naked razor blade on her skin—especially her most intimate skin—gave her the shivers. That was the sign. She emailed him back asking what she needed to do for him.

Other requests:

I want to shave your legs...and everything else.

I have a fetish. I'm into cream pies. Not cumming in a woman, but having a woman throw actual cream pies, the kind from a bakery, at me while we're both naked and then we have sex on the floor in the mess.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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