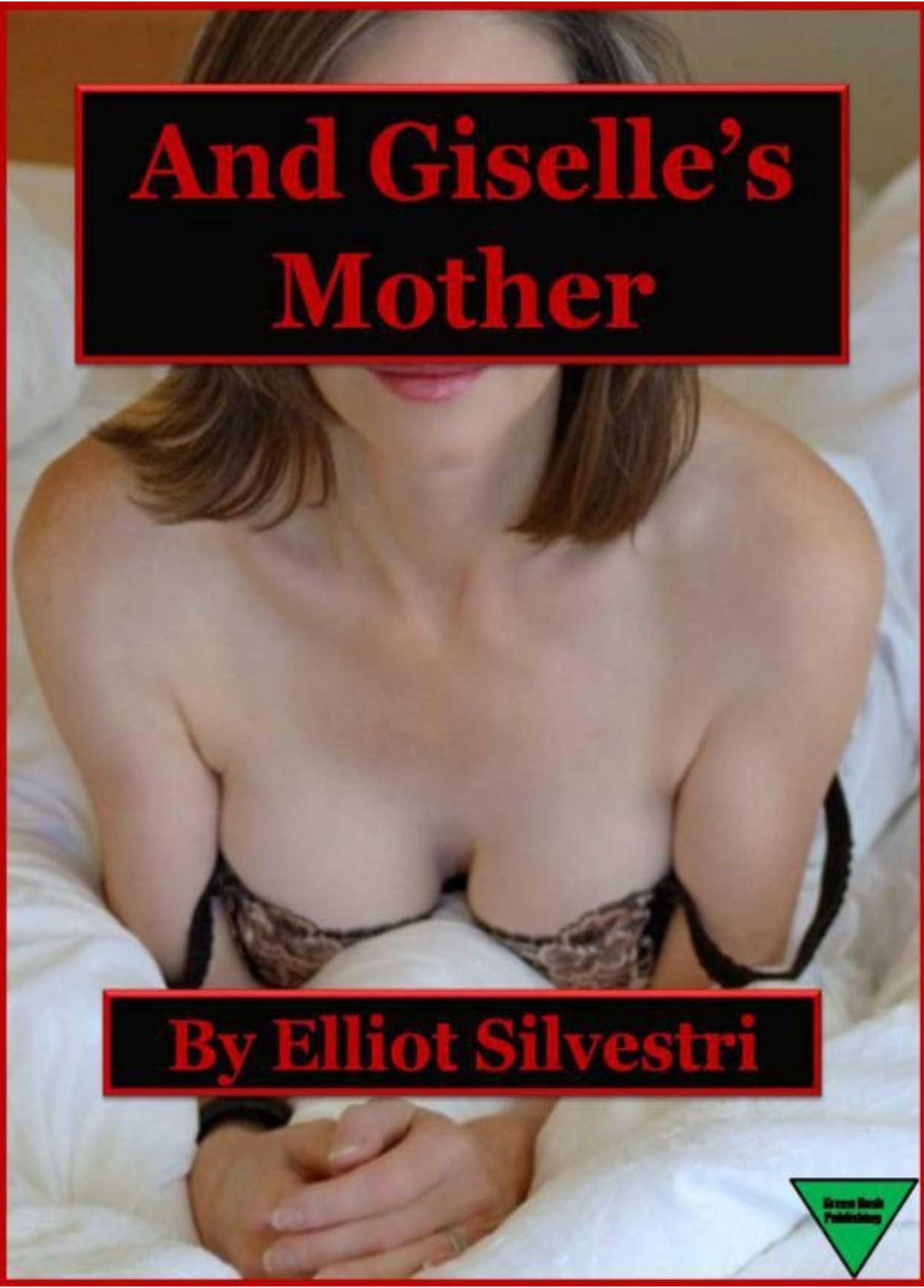
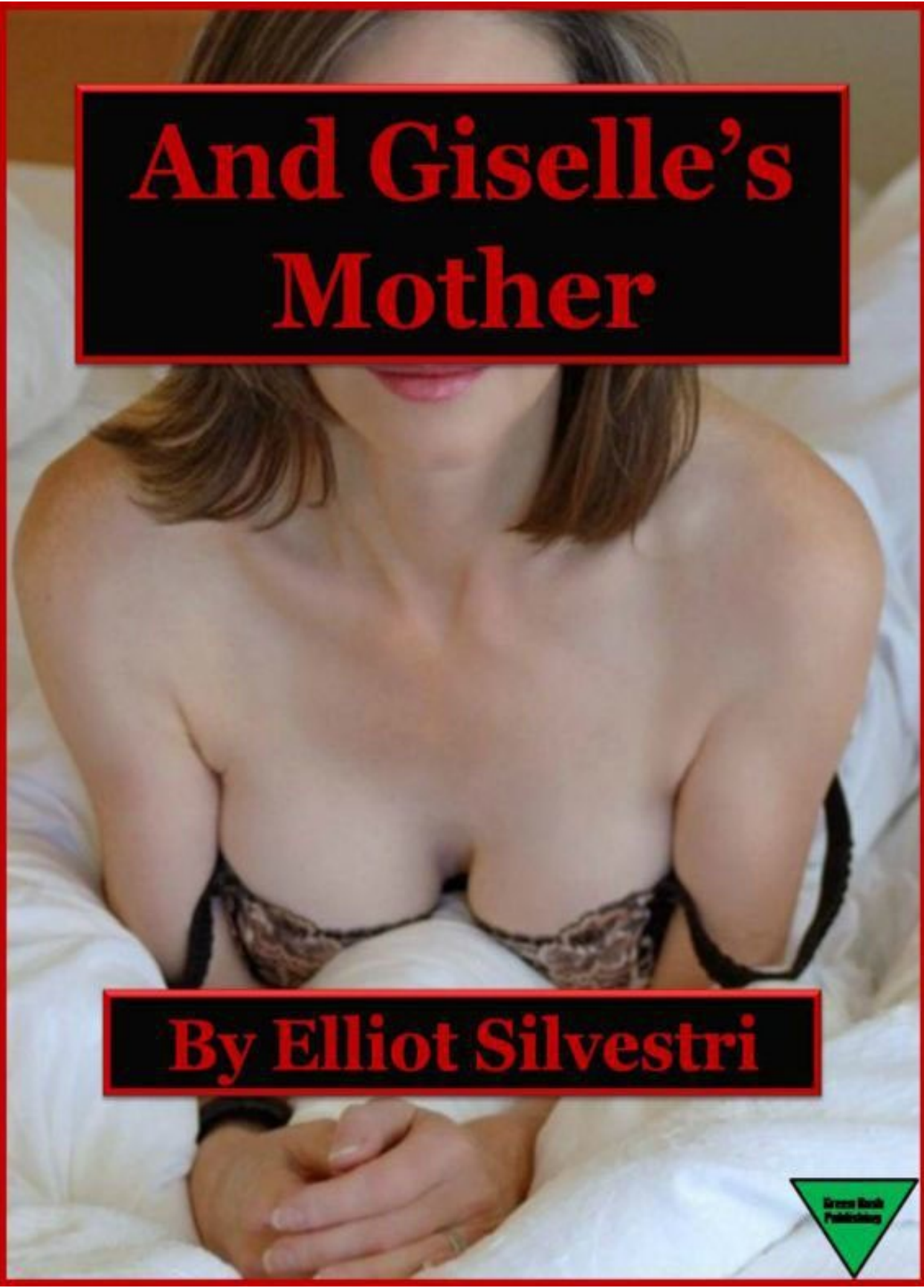


A photograph of a woman lying in bed, partially covered by white sheets. She is wearing a black lace bra and has her hands clasped in front of her. The image is framed by a red border.

And Giselle's Mother

By Elliot Silvestri

Green Book
Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Of all the women I never expected to darken my door ever again Vivian would have topped the list—except for one small change in our non-relationship.

“Hello, Vivian,” I said after she rang the bell. I couldn’t said I was completely surprised to see her, I just had expected a phone call or other contact first, not her sudden appearance in front of my very eyes after twenty years of non-contact.

“Ethan,” she said very evenly. I could tell she was trying to control her emotions. What emotions were they? Anger, rage, hatred...all of those certainly. Did she despise me? Probably. Was there a hint of lust behind her gorgeous brown eyes? Probably not. She was still strikingly beautiful after all these years. I knew that of course after seeing her pictures on Facebook. Her deep brown hair was probably helped with some dye, she had a few wrinkles in the corners of her eyes, her previously ivory skin had faded a bit to pallid, and her once ruby-red lips were now a pale shadow of their former selves. But her eyes were still gorgeous. And her tits—she was wearing a V-neck top that was cut low enough to be modest yet still sexy giving me a look at her ample cleavage.

The pause between us had gotten a little long. “For what reason do I have the honor of your presence after lo these many years?” I asked her.

“You know why,” she told me. Her eyes didn’t leave my face. Either she was entranced by my completely average looks or she was seriously pissed off. Most likely the later.

I glanced at up and down my street. Living in the art district is nice, but sometimes the neighbors were a little too close for comfort. I didn’t want Vivian making a huge scene on my front step. “Why don’t you come inside and we can discuss this like adults?” I asked her.

She sighed and rolled her eyes, but stepped into my house regardless. I followed her ass into my kitchen. It was still a lovely ass, maybe slightly rounder since twenty years will do that to the female form, but still worthy of admiration.

“Stop staring at my ass,” she told me whirling around.

My eyes snapped up from her ass, pausing at her tits, and locking onto her eyes again. “How did you know?” I asked.

“I could feel it,” she said. “You always ogled me.”

“You didn’t mind it when we were dating,” I pointed out.

“That was twenty years ago and I didn’t mind it because...” she trailed off and made a face. “Never mind.”

“So what are you here for?” I asked trying to keep the conversation moving along. I knew why she had come for the impromptu visit, but I was going to make her work for my cooperation.

“You know why, Ethan.”

I smiled thinly. “Well, since that’s resolved, I’ll bid you good day and see you out.” I gestured back to the front door.

“I don’t want you dating my daughter!” she blurted out angrily.

“I wasn’t aware you had a daughter,” I said. Yes, I did know.

“Giselle Pollock,” she said. Her voice was on edge.

“Giselle?” I asked with exaggerated surprise. “I didn’t realize she was yours. You have different last names...”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m still Vivian Elmswood. Pollock is her father’s last name. My husband,” she said, raising her left hand and indicating the ring on her third finger. “And don’t give me the bullshit of you not knowing.”

“Well, you did dump me to fuck him,” I pointed out.

“That’s not how it happened,” she protested.

I ignored her and continued. “And then you mysteriously dropped out of college and had a baby not nine months later to the day. That’s how I remember it happening.”

“You know it’s more complicated than that,” she sighed.

“What if I do, what if I don’t?” I asked.

“Don’t be like that,” she said.

I held up my hands. “Fine. It’s over. It was twenty years ago. We moved on with our lives. You don’t want me dating your daughter. Why don’t you tell her why?”

“I’d rather not,” she admitted.

I knew I was being a dick, but I didn’t care. “Well, here’s a shocker. She flirted with me. She asked me out. She’s the one pursuing me. Maybe you need to speak to your adult daughter about the fact she’s chasing after your former boyfriend. Is it the twenty year age gap, or is it our past relationship, or it is me? Which of those is pissing you off?”

“All of them!”

“Time to talk to your daughter, Vivian.”

“The college won’t look too kindly on you fucking a student,” she all but spat at me.

“I’m not a teacher at the college. I’m not even staff. I’m just a contractor. The fact she’s a student has no bearing on the situation.” Though I worked at the college, I was technically an independent contractor—no benefits, lots of freedom. Though the college might not renew my contract, they couldn’t specifically terminate my contract for a relationship with a student. Working the counseling office I got to meet a lot of messed up students. Luckily Giselle hadn’t come in to the office looking for my or anyone’s advice.

Vivian stifled a sob and pulled back a bit. “What can I do to get you to stay away from her?” she asked.

I furrowed my brow and pretended to think. “Well, tell you what. Give me one last roll in bed with you, one good fucking, and I’ll tell her it just won’t work out.”

Now she gasped. “I’m married. You’re out of your fucking mind,” she told me.

“No, I’m not. I’m just being a dick.”

She turned on her heel and left, slamming the front door behind her. She still had a fantastic ass.

The next night Giselle was over at my house. We had done dinner and a bit of conversation. I had to know: was she pursuing me?

“You’re only what, eighteen years old? Do you really have a thing for older guys?”

“I’m nineteen,” she said. Giselle was nearly a perfect copy of her mother from twenty years ago. The only real difference was her long brown hair was straight while Vivian’s had been curly. They were almost the same height and had the same build. I was reliving my glory years in college. “And I like older men.”

“You’re not old enough to like older men,” I told her. “You should be chasing after college boys. Date a senior, that’s old enough for you.”

“When I was in tenth grade I was giving blowjobs to a boy who was in college,” she confided in me. “Don’t tell my mother.”

“Uh. I won’t.”

“And I don’t have a great relationship with my dad. He and Mom didn’t get married until I was five.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“I like older men,” she told me again. “And you like younger girls. It’s the perfect match.”

“How do you know I like younger women?” I asked her. There was lust in her dark brown eyes and I took a step back from her.

“You’re a man, aren’t you?” she laughed, then lunged in to kiss me. I didn’t fend

her off. Her tongue slipped into my mouth and I happily accepted her wanton advance. When her body pressed against mine I could feel her big tits mashing into my chest. Were they the same size as her mother's? Bigger?

Reluctantly, I pushed her away and held her upper arms.. I looked down her shirt as I did so. She wore a black lace bra that seemed to barely contain her tits. Why was I throwing this all away? I could just bed her, bang her, listen to her mother bitch and moan, then move on with my life. I wasn't in love with either of them; I just wanted to fuck either the mother or the daughter. I knew my head was fucked up with a half-forgotten lust from twenty years previous, but how did that make me any different from any other man?

"I have a confession to make," I began.

"Me too," she interrupted. "I'm not a virgin either. It's okay!" She laughed at her joke. I wasn't sure if she was a virgin or not. I didn't want to think about that at the moment.

"I know your mother," I said finding more courage than I thought I had. "We go way back."

"You know my mom?" she asked, confused.

"Yeah, Vivian Elmswood. Did she talk to you today or yesterday?"

Giselle shook her head no. "No. Why?"

I cleared my throat. "Ah. She and I...dated back in college."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to tell me something creepy like you're my real father?"

I nearly passed out. "No. No nothing like that."

"Good. So what's the problem?"

I'm still in love with your mother and would rather fuck her than you.

“Um...I dated your mother back in college. And I’m twice your age!”

“Yeah. I got all that. I still want to have sex with you.” Her face was open and eager and honest and horny. I had started this little adventure because banging a nineteen year old girl who looked like my college girlfriend sounded like a good idea. The fact that she was the daughter of my college girlfriend was disturbing. The final nail in the coffin was that she still wanted to fuck me after knowing all that.

“Um. No. While I’m not above fucking girls half my age, I have to draw a line somewhere. You’re it.”

Her face went from beautiful to pissed-off in about a half second. I swallowed and wished I hadn’t given her the ultimate rejection. “You’re rejecting me because of my mother? How is that supposed to make me feel?”

“Um. Well, sometimes circumstances get in the way of one’s desires...”

“How soon after we met did you know I was her daughter?” she asked me.

About fifteen minutes, I thought. Facebook and the internet are powerful tools in the wrong hands. But I couldn’t tell her that. “A few days. It took me a while to puzzle it out,” I lied.

“And those few days you were still flirting with me, still hoping to get into my panties?”

“Yes,” I admitted. And I still do.

“How about a blowjob?” she offered.

“What?”

“Blowjob’s not sex,” she explained.

“Well, technically it is. Oral sex has the same last name a vaginal sex. Same family.”

My explanation and excuse left her nonplussed. “Do you want a blowjob or not?” she asked again.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea,” I replied.

She grinned the same lopsided grin her mother used when she knew she was being bad—was it a genetic or learned trait?—and fell to her knees. I should have pushed her back. I should have said no. I should have stopped her from unbuckling my belt and pulling down my pants.

I didn’t.

My cock was already erect. There was no way to hide that.

“For an older guy you certainly seem ready to get laid,” Giselle said as she leaned forward and took me into her mouth. I didn’t resist. I leaned back against the wall and let her blow me.

It was heavenly. One thing Vivian never developed was a good oral sex technique. Maybe because she and I didn’t have much experience with sex before we started dating. Maybe she was just lousy at sucking cock. In this respect the daughter was the complete opposite of the mother. Giselle sucked cock like she was born for the task.

I grunted a bit as she took all of my length into her mouth and further on into her throat. I’m not hugely hung, but the show was impressive. She knew how to do everything correctly. Suck and stroke. Use the lips not the teeth. Lick aggressive with the teeth. Kiss and suck the balls firmly but gently. She even grabbed my sack with one hand and my shaft with the other as she went to town bobbing her head back and forth. She even paused and shyly looked up at me beneath half-open eyes before going back to sucking and bobbing.

Then I noticed she had slowly been undressing herself. While I had been in a fellatio coma she had unbuttoned her shirt and opened her bra from the front. Her big tits were on display. Just like her mother she had small light brown nipples. They were perfect. I flashed back to my college dorm room and Vivian straddling my body, me still clothed and her down to her white cotton panties, her boobs bobbling slightly as she awkwardly played with them displaying herself for my benefit.

“I’m gonna cum,” I mumbled down to her.

She let go of me for just a moment. “Do it,” she encouraged me, still stroking. I

wanted to cum in her mouth but she had backed up a bit. When I popped off the first shot went on her cheek and nose, the second hit her chin and neck, the last three or four wound up on her tits. I stared at my spunk sliding down her skin.

“Wow,” she complimented me. “You sure came a lot for an older guy.”

“Thanks,” I muttered and pressed my back firmly against the wall, glad it was there. I was barely able to stand. The orgasm she gave me was exquisite. “Let me get you a towel to clean up,” I managed to say after a moment. She was still kneeling in front of me, my leavings on her skin, cooling slowly.

“That’s not necessary,” Giselle said and wiped up the semen on her face, chin, and neck with her hand. Then, as I watched to my amazement, she licked her fingers clean, swallowing my spunk.

“Why did you make me cum on your face when you were just going to swallow anyway?” I gaped at her.

She shrugged which made her tits shake in the most delightful manner. “Lots of guys like to cum on girls faces,” she said.

“You’ve been watching too much porn,” I told her. “They’d rather cum in your mouth.”

“Whatever.” She stood up and pulled her bra back into place, fastening the hook in front.

“You’ve got some still on your chest,” I told her.

She grinned at me. “I know.” Then Giselle rubbed the semen into her skin. She proceeded to put her shirt back on and button it up.

“Kids these days,” I commented as I pulled up my pants.

“Don’t you know it,” she replied. “I’d better get going.”

“What?”

“If you’re not going to fuck me, I hear my vibrator calling me.” And with that she was out the door.

Vibrator? It was actually good she left. There was no way I was going to be able to fuck her that night.

It was literally the next day when my doorbell rang again. In my part of the city it wasn't that unusual to get late night visitors, not that nine o'clock was all that late so I thought nothing of it as I went to open the door. I shouldn't have.

"Does the offer still stand?" Vivian asked me.

"What?"

"One last fuck and you'll stay away from Giselle?"

"Oh. That. Well...I don't think that's really necessary. I wouldn't want a married woman to give up her vows just to protect her daughter's chastity that probably doesn't need to be protected."

Her deep brown eyes narrowed at me. "What are you saying? Did you fuck her yesterday?!"

Her accusation was sharp, but slightly off the mark. I fell back to a Clintonian defense. "No, I did not fuck her," I defended myself while simultaneously hating myself for parsing the description exactly as I had chastised Giselle for the day before. "I'm just saying she's probably not a virgin. You know, because she's in college and she's the one who has been chasing after me."

"And you encouraged her. And don't call my daughter a slut."

I held up my hands in defense. "I'm not. She just intimated to me that perhaps she isn't as innocent as you might believe." I paused and turned the argument back on her. "After all, what were you doing in college when you were nineteen?"

Vivian actually had the temerity to blush at the question. She and I both knew what she was doing in college at nineteen: fucking me. "Fine. Whatever. Do you want to fuck me or not?"

I grimaced at the question. No one was around except for a few souls out

walking the street who were too far away to hear. More importantly no one cared...except me. I had sort of a reputation to protect. "Why don't we have this conversation inside?" I asked her, ushering her into my house.

"I'll take that as a yes," she said walking inside. Damned my horny self, but I couldn't help but stare at her ass as she walked in. It was still beautiful and curvy. She was wearing a form-fitting brown dress and tights. Nothing slutty, but sexy enough to catch almost any male eye.

"I never said yes," I told her as she walked into my living room.

"Why else would you want to ask me inside?"

Inside with better lighting it was obvious Vivian had spent some time getting ready. She had carefully applied makeup and arranged her hair. She was still beautiful and didn't need any of that, but I appreciated the effort. Her dress was low-cut enough to show off her cleavage without being obscene. I was immediately mesmerized by her tits. I always was. She knew how to control me after all these years.

"Because I don't discuss personal business on the street," I managed to say without moving my eyes from her cleavage.

"Fine. We're inside. You get to fuck me once and then you agree never to have sex with my daughter. Ever. Agreed."

"I was kidding when I made the offer," I said.

"I'm serious now," Vivian clarified. I noted she leaned slightly forward, displaying her tits a little more.

"If I agree, how will you ever know if I keep my word?"

Vivian reached out and grabbed my chin. "I think somewhere deep inside you aren't a complete dick. And I'm going to let Giselle know exactly what I did for her."

"What? Isn't that a little inappropriate for a mother-daughter relationship? And what about your husband."

“Leave him out of this. I’ll decide what’s appropriate for my daughter.”

“Okay. What do I get for one last time with you?”

“Straight sex. No anal. Oral to warm me up. You get to cum once.”

“Inside you?”

“Yes.”

“Condom?”

She hesitated. “I’m on birth control. Are you clean?”

“Are you asking if I’ve been fucking every piece of co-ed pussy within reach?”

“Yes.”

“Then, yes, I’m clean.”

“Good.” She seemed relieved...and oddly happy. “This way you can’t complain that you didn’t get full value.”

“I...see.”

“Excellent.” She nodded and turned her back to me. “Unzip me please,” she requested.

“Now?”

She looked over her shoulder at me and pulled her hair out of the way. “Yes. Now. Here. Well...in your bed.”

“What if I’m not ready?”

Vivian glanced down at my pants. I knew I was erect and to try and hide it now was stupid. “You’re ready,” she declared. “Don’t worry, this will be worth your while.”

I stepped forward and lowered her zipper. The dress crumpled to the floor. She was wearing a yellow and green corset and thong combo underneath. The colors

were a glaring clash to go from the conservative brown to the bold green and yellow, but I didn't care. I was staring at her half-naked ass. The green thong half-disappeared between her cheeks that were still perfect and round. The suspenders from her corset came down around her hips and attached to the dark stockings adorning her legs perfectly framing her ass. Vivian pivoted and showed me her front. The corset pushed up her already impressive chest to an incredible display of flesh. Her thong was barely enough to cover her pussy and that's when I realized she must shave her sex bare.

"Take off your clothes," she ordered. "I want to make sure I'm getting a good deal too."

I stripped quickly. If anything I was in better shape than in college when I was a skinny little geek. I had managed to put on a few pounds of muscle and grow a little chest hair so I didn't look terrible. In a flash I was down to my boxers when I hesitated. "What are you waiting for? Everything off."

I pulled off my boxers exposing my boner. It wasn't huge, but normal sized. It wasn't anything Vivian hadn't seen before. I tried to be casual about it with the tip pointing at the ceiling above her head. Maybe she wasn't aware of it, but Vivian licked her lips.

"Where's the bedroom?" she asked. Her voice had dropped almost an octave.

I pointed to the stairs. "Just up there."

She kicked off her shoes and marched smartly up the steps. I eagerly followed her. Vivian's ass was even more gorgeous when exposed by a thong and rolling up stairs. I could have grabbed her and taken her right there on the stairs, but I controlled myself.

Without difficulty she found the bedroom and was perched on the edge of the mattress when I walked in. "Stockings are a pain in the ass," she complained as she unhooked the stays that held them to her corset and rolled the sheer material down her legs. I watched in awe. I couldn't help but notice her wedding band and engagement ring flashing in the light as she moved. I was going to fuck a married woman, something I had never done before, and I didn't feel the least bit of guilt about it. It wasn't like I hadn't fucked her before.

When the stockings were gone she stood up. "Care to help me with the panties?"

I fell to my knees in front of her. The green material barely covered up her pussy. I could see the outlines of her labia through the thin fabric. Her scent was strong and musky. Just above the edge of the thong was the faint birthmark that looked like a map of Massachusetts rotated ninety degrees. That I remembered from years ago, but it had been at the edge of her pubic hair then. All of that was gone now. I couldn't tell if she shaved or waxed or what. I didn't care. My hands went to her hips and I pulled the sides of her thong down.

If Vivian had put on any weight after twenty years and a pregnancy I couldn't see it. There were a few stretch marks on her lower tummy, but I could ignore that. Her thong came down, sticking momentarily between her ass cheeks and then clinging to her pussy for a moment, adhering to her moist lips. I gently pulled and it came loose exposing her sex to me.

She elegantly stepped out of her panties and I tossed them aside. "Well?" she asked expectantly. I immediately leaned in and kissed her pussy, thrusting my tongue deep into her slit and probing for her clit. Vivian inhaled sharply and I grabbed her hips so she couldn't move away. A few quiet moans escaped her throat and she lightly rested her hands on my head. "Ohh," she managed to say and pulled my face tighter to her quim. I went along happily with her demand.

Then, abruptly, she pulled my head back. "I was actually expecting a kiss on my mouth," she said.

"Pussy kisses are nice too," I pointed out. Her cunt was dripping wet. She didn't need any further warming up. She hadn't needed it in the first place but she had always enjoyed a good tongue lashing.

"Why don't we get to the main course," she said backing up a bit and pulling the covers off my bed. She rolled onto the sheets and put her knees up into the air with her legs spread. She still wore the yellow and green corset, the straps that had held her stockings dangled around her hips. The sight was delicious and I wanted to dive in. My cock was telling me to but I wanted more.

"Take off your corset," I told her.

"Nope. This stays on. It was a pain to put on and I'm not doing that again tonight."

"Pull your tits out then," I said. "I want to see them."

“I’m offering you my pussy and you want to stare at my boobs?” she questions me.

I didn’t reply, but got on the bed next to her, pressed my body against hers, and kissed her. She responded immediately, kissing back, running her hand down my shoulder, caressing me. It was enough distraction for me to pull her corset down and simultaneously slip one hand down inside the cups to expose on breast. I was surprised by what I found.

“When did you get nipple rings?” I asked fascinated by the sight on the thick gold hoops piercing her tender flesh.

“Does it matter?”

“Yes. I’m not going forward until I get some answers.”

“About three years ago.”

“Why?”

“Because my husband asked me to.”

“Really? That’s kind of hot. Older women usually don’t do that. It’s mostly a young college girl thing.”

“I know,” she said. I hadn’t moved my eyes from her nipple and went into the other cup and pulled out her second breast. It too had the piercing. “Sexy.”

“Thank you,” she said primly. “Those were supposed to be for my husband only.”

“Tell him they’re beautiful and I approve.”

“I’ll try to remember that,” she said sarcastically. “Can we get on with this?”

“You aren’t enjoying yourself?” I asked dipping a finger between her legs. She was still sopping wet.

“Yes, I am,” she said softly. Vivian autonomous response was always easy. She grabbed my hand. “Take off the corset now.”

“Nope. I’m leaving it on. I’m into this now.”

I rolled on top of her, my cock pressing against her belly and the lower edge of the support garment. “Ready to fuck?”

She should have sighed and rolled her eyes, maybe letting her head loll to the side in boredom. Instead she locked eyes with me. I saw lust reflected in them. “Yes,” she said emphatically.

Slipping into her was smooth and easy. She groaned a bit as I split her pussy open, but it wasn’t a cry of complaint, it was one of delight. Her groaned changed tone and wound up as a contented sigh. “Feels good,” she mumbled mostly to herself. I was pretty sure she didn’t want me to hear that because she barely breathed out the words. I didn’t care, her pussy still felt wonderful wrapped around my cock.

“I missed this,” I said to her as I started thrusting. Her pussy was tight and wet. She arched her back a bit and clamped down on me. I could still hump her but I immediately realized what she was doing.

“I bet you did,” she hissed at me as she grabbed my face and kissed me fiercely. I wasn’t expecting that. I was expecting just a fuck, no intimacy. I knew that prostitutes rarely kissed their clients; I was expecting the same from Vivian. She was prostituting herself and I was the client. Her tongue explored my mouth and when the kiss finally broke I realized I had been holding my breath the entire time. “Don’t stop fucking me!” she ordered.

I resumed rocking my hips back and forth into her. She would raise up her pelvis to receive each of my thrusts. Her breathing became rapid and she started letting out the little cries she had always stifled in my dorm room—only now the cries weren’t little. Vivian gave herself over to full vocalization of her passion. It was apparent that she didn’t care who heard her, even if there was not a soul to listen to her singing.

“Fuck this is good,” I said, not thinking about what was coming out of my mouth.

“Yes, I am that good,” Vivian said championing her erotic skills. She grabbed my face again and looked into my eyes. “You’re going to cum soon.”

I wasn't sure if she was making a prediction or giving me an order, but she was right. I had barely been inside her for a minute and I knew I wasn't going to last very long. I slowed down. I wanted this fucking session to last as long as possible. I didn't want to cum. She knew what I was doing and smacked me on the ass.

"Don't stop!"

"I need to make you cum first," I huffed out at her.

"No, you don't."

I slowed down ever further. She wasn't going to win this battle of wills.

Instead of smacking me on the ass again she raised her legs up higher and reached between us. It only took her a second to find my ball sack. She grasped it firmly and pulled downward. It wasn't painful, exactly, but every time I pushed into her she stretched me to the point of pain. After only three or four strokes that way I emptied my balls into her cunt.

"Oh fuck," I whimpered. I was expecting Vivian to just lay there and take my load. I was wrong.

She all but screamed at the top of her lungs. It was an orgasm I wasn't prepared for. As her climax slowly wore down her body shuddered underneath mine with each aftershock that coincided with every spurt of cum I shot into her.

It was a long minute before she was able to compose herself. "Sorry," Vivian muttered, "I should have given you a little bit of a warning."

"That was quite a show," I commented.

"I've hit my sexual plateau," she explained. "When I was with you, we always used condoms. Now...I don't. When semen hits inside of me...well, you got to experience the results."

I was all but nose to nose with her, looking into her eyes once again. They were still that warm, vibrant brown I always saw whenever I closed my eyes and dreamed. "It was worth every penny," I told her.

“Uh-huh,” she answered. “Do you mind getting off me? I think we’re done.”

I was still semi-hard and was hoping to get it up again before she could call an end to the night, but that wasn’t going to happen. In resignation I pulled my cock from her pussy with a wet plopping noise and rolled to my back. Vivian didn’t even wait a second before she threw her feet to the floor and started gathering her clothes.

“You’re a love ‘em and leave ‘em kind of girl now?” I asked her as she started to dress. She found her thong and quickly pulled it on, carefully placing it between her ass cheeks and covering her recently used pussy. After picking up her stockings she sat on the edge of the bed and pulled them up her shapely legs.

“For you, yes,” she answered sharply. She stood up and turned away from me. “Mind helping me get this back in place?” she asked indicating her corset.

I got out of bed and helped her tug it back into place. It was actually a pleasure to help her do that, but I didn’t tell her that. “How in the world did your husband convince you to get your nipples pieced?” I asked her. “When we were in college I had to touch them oh-so-carefully because too much sensation caused you to practically pass out.”

“You do almost anything for the person you love,” she told me as she looked me right in the eye. “He’s kinkier than I am. He asked me to do it. It was a gift I gave him.”

“Huh,” I said, a little stunned. I knew I was still in love with Vivian, but I didn’t realize how much she must have loved her husband. And I didn’t even know his name. “Did it hurt when you got it done?” I asked. She found her dress but sat back down on the bed to reattach her garters to her stockings.

“A bit. There are certain sacrifices you are willing to make when you’re in love.”

I noticed how much she said she loved her husband and how often she mentioned him. I started to have my doubts about their relationship. I also noticed she slipped the garters under her thong. I knew why: so that when she took off her dress and then her thong, she would still be wearing her corset and stockings. Apparently the nameless husband was into lingerie as well. She tried to hide what she had done when she stood up and pulled on her dress, but it was hard to miss. I didn’t say a word. “Want me to zip that?” I asked.

She nodded and turned around. It was almost a shame to see her fully dressed again. I pulled the zip up and she was presentable again except for some sexily mussed hair. She probably had a brush in the car.

“Thank you,” she said politely. Then, completely unexpectedly, she leaned in, gave me a quick kiss on the lips and walked out of the bedroom, leaving me alone and naked. After everything we had just done, the simple kiss she had given me was more erotic and filled with passion than a hundred illicit fucks we might have had. Did she still hold some secret passion for me?

Part Two

I told Giselle a hundred different ways of the next few weeks that I couldn't continue to see her in any way. I did see her at the writing center, but that was in public and we kept our conversations on a strictly professional level. She finally resorted to sending me texts almost constantly. It was annoying to keep getting the same text every ten minutes.

Please tell me why and I'll stop.

I hate texting for a variety of reasons. It only took me two hours to break down and finally answer her.

It's inappropriate for us to have an ongoing relationship that isn't professional, I finally texted back to her.

She was smarter than I gave her credit for. That was my mistake. And it was appropriate until two weeks ago? What changed?

I wanted to form a careful answer, but I chickened out. I came to my senses.

Bullshit. Tell me.

What's more to tell? I sent back to her.

There was a long pause in before her next message. I thought I was finally free and clear. Thirty minutes later I got her next text.

It was my mother, wasn't it? You made a deal with her.

I sighed to myself and replied. Yes. You should talk to her about it.

I knew that was stupid and immediately regretted it.

Oddly I didn't get a reply the rest of that day or the next. Giselle didn't come around to the writing center, I didn't hear anything from her. I was certain everything was put to rest.

I was wrong.

It was Thursday night. Just a quiet evening alone in my home. Something to eat, something to drink, an early bed time. Sometimes it's the simple pleasures in life that you start to appreciate more as you get older.

I wasn't home more than ten minutes before I thought I heard something moving upstairs. I should have thought burglar or a squirrel had slipped inside the house's attic. I was wrong again. Upstairs I opened the door to my bedroom and found a smiling Giselle reclining on my bed wearing nothing more than sheer white bra and panties.

"It took you long enough to find me," she complained. Her smile widened. Her body was a near-perfect match for her mother's from twenty years previous. I could see her dusky brown nipples through her bra. They hung heavy on her chest. There was an obvious triangle of dark brown curls between her legs. Her skin was smooth and unblemished. My cock started to harden.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I demanded.

"Waiting for you," Giselle answered calmly.

I gaped at her a moment before I could form more words. It wasn't her body that distracted me—or so I told myself—it was her mere presence. "How did you get in my house?"

She shrugged and changed to a coy smile. "A teenage girl learns a lot about breaking and entering middle-class homes when she's busy getting laid all around suburbia. You didn't lock the windows on your back porch."

"Uh-huh." I glared at her and tried to remain angry and not lustful. It was a difficult battle. "You need to get dressed and leave."

"No," she replied.

"Get dressed or I'll call the cops and have you arrested for breaking and entering," I threatened.

She fixed me with a steely glare that I recognized as her mother's. "Do you really want to go through all that hassle?" she asked.

I was about to ask her what proof she had that she should be in my house. Then I remembered her fantastic blowjob and my spunk winding up all over her chest—and her bra and shirt. DNA had done worse things to better people than I.

“No. How about I call your mother and tell her that you’re here?”

“I already talked to her and she told me to stay away from you. She wouldn’t tell me why. But she specifically told me I was not to let you fuck me.”

“Really,” I said glumly. “Those were her exact words?”

“No. Her exact words were: ‘He’s an old friend. Stay away from him. Don’t let him fuck you.’”

“That’s oddly specific.”

“It was a long conversation.”

“You have long conversations with your mother about your sex life?”

“Sometimes. I had a very misspent youth.”

I couldn’t pry my eyes off her tits. Every time she moved, every time she spoke, every time she breathed, they jiggled in the most enchanting fashion. “You’re still a youth,” I pointed out.

“All the more reason to ignore my mother’s orders. I’m still misspending.”

“You should still leave,” I requested.

She ignored me. “I figured out a way around Mom’s orders.”

I shouldn’t have paid any attention to her words. I fell into her trap. “What?” I asked rubbing my temples with my right hand, squeezing my forehead between thumb and middle finger.

“I just need to tie you to the bed. Then I get on top of you and fuck you. See? I’ll be the one in charge; I’ll be the one fucking. You’ll be the fuckee.”

I sighed. “You’re just participating in a mere verbal quibble,” I pointed out to her. “You’re just trying to fulfill the conditions of the agreement in order to

dodge the intended meaning.”

She shrugged. “That’s more than good enough for more people. It’s good enough for me when I want to be laid.”

“I’ll be the one getting laid,” I said and immediately regretted my words. “You’ll be the one doing the laying.”

“That’s what I wanted to hear.”

Twenty minutes later I was bound to my bed with a variety of neckties. After too many years as a Boy Scout I could tell that Giselle didn’t really know how to tie a decent knot which worked to my advantage because I knew I could slip the bindings pretty much whenever I wanted. She was eager to see what she could do with me. And being a man rapidly approaching middle age I wasn’t all that averse to having a teenaged girl prancing around my bedroom in tiny bra and panties as she tied me to the bed. I was weak willed. I kept pushing away the thought that Giselle was the daughter of my ex-girlfriend, the woman I had fucked two weeks ago, and she was just the right age to be my daughter. To accomplish this wonderful mental feat I focused on her happily bobbling tits. It worked wonders.

“I would have expected your cock to be hard by now,” she said when she was done tying the final knot. It wasn’t very good. I didn’t complain.

“The perils of growing old,” I told her.

“Will this help?” she asked as she pulled down the shoulder straps to her bra, yanked it around her body, unhooked the garment and tossed it to the floor. Her tits bounced free. I could see the red marks that marred her body where the straps had held her too tightly. She was beautiful and my body automatically responded. Slowly, ever so slowly, my cock started to rise.

“I knew it would,” she said. “My boobs have that effect on men.”

“Uh-huh,” I agreed. They did move about in a most distracting manner as she paced the foot of my bed. “I still think this is a bad idea.”

“Oh really?” she asked as she reached out and touched my cock’s head with her forefinger. I rose even more quickly. “You’re body says it’s a great idea.”

“Aren’t you a little disturbed by the fact I recently had sex with your mother?”

She fixed me with the deadly gaze inherited from her mother. How much of her father’s DNA had come through? “When I was fifteen I was snooping in my parent’s bedroom—”

I immediately interrupted her. “Snooping is always a bad idea. You shouldn’t have done that.” I sounded like the world’s worst parent and I didn’t have any kids.

“I know,” she told me. “You wouldn’t believe what I found.”

“Probably their stash of sex toys and porn.”

“You’re very perceptive,” she complimented me. Even though Giselle wasn’t yet twenty she sometimes acted in ways that were beyond her years. That was intensely unsettling because she was so perceptive at a young age.

“Thanks.”

“You wouldn’t believe what finding those things can do to a young girl’s mind.”

“It’s no worse than walking in on your parents having sex,” I said hoping that was the right thing to say.

“No. it’s worse. Do you want to know what things they had stashed away in a nightstand with the world’s weakest latch lock?”

“No!” I blurted. “Wait. It was locked. You broke into their privacy?”

She shrugged. Her tits rolled and bounced. I was having trouble concentrating on the conversation because of her twin mounds of delight. “I only needed a paperclip to pop it open. How is that protecting your daughter from the big, bad world?”

“You took the risk,” I said.

“Do you know how much finding those things can mess up a girl’s mind?” she asked me again.

“It happens to a lot of kids,” I said. “I’m sure you managed to come to grips with it.”

“If it had just been dildos, vibrators, and the like, I probably would have laughed it off and walked away. But I found all sorts of bondage equipment. It didn’t take me long to figure out the reason Mom and Dad had a heavy oak four poster bed was because they liked to tie each other up.” She tilted her head to one side. “I don’t know who tied up who, though.”

“Who tied up whom,” I corrected her.

“Whatever. But that wasn’t the worst part.”

“What was?” I asked before I realized what I was saying. My cock was at full staff now and I really wanted her to stop talking and either take me in her mouth or take off her panties and mount me.

“The videos. I mean, I knew I shouldn’t have watched them, but I had already looked through everything else, might as well swallow the whole dose of medicine.”

“That...wasn’t very smart,” I said but my cock betrayed me. Just knowing that videos of Vivian having sex existed was enough to make my cock harder.

“I could tell they must have recorded them over the years. Lots of things changed, hair and appearance mostly. Stuff in their bedroom. I’m sure the oldest stuff had been originally put on old videotapes, they converted them to DVD. Probably posted them on the internet as well, who knows? I did some googling, but didn’t find them.” Giselle had drifted off in her narrative; she had slipped her fingertips into the waistband of her panties and was slowly pushing them down to her pussy. “Do you know what they were doing in the videos?”

“Having sex?” I guessed.

“Very good. Mom and Dad having sex. Mom masturbating. No bondage stuff, oddly. Mom having sex with a whole bunch of different guys; none of them were you. Mom having sex with other women. Both of them having sex with other

women and men. Some of them I recognized. Friends of theirs. It was weird and kinky.”

“You watched all of their videos?” I asked.

She glared at me. “When you’re fifteen you’re full of too many hormones and you have no self control. I figure it’s my parents fault my sex drive is so fucked up.” She reached out and flicked my cock with her fingers. I was rock hard and it barely moved. “Oh you’re perfect and ready.”

I was ready. After hearing her talk about Vivian’s secret sex life I needed some relief. I was thrilled when Giselle pulled down her panties without fanfare, got on the bed, kissed the side of my cock, and threw her leg over my hip. She grasped my cock in her hand and grinned down at me. “Ready?”

“Oh, shit, please tell me you’re not a virgin,” I said. I was certain she wasn’t, but I needed to hear it from her lips.

“Does it make a difference?”

“Yes,” I moaned.

“I lost my virginity the weekend of my sixteenth birthday. His name was Zach.”

She moved her pussy over the head of my cock and teased me a bit, rocking her hips back and forth just barely letting me feel her wet labia. “Wait,” I stopped her right before she put the head into her cunt. “Condom. We can’t fuck bareback.”

“There’s no need for a condom. You’re clean, right?” She didn’t give me a chance to answer and simply let her weight carry her down onto my rod. I inhaled sharply as her tight young pussy slid down and grasped me. “So full,” she whispered as she bottomed out with my full length inside her.

“What do you mean, ‘no need’?” I managed to ask. I was spread-eagled with my hands raised above my head toward the corners of the bed. There was nothing more I wanted to do than pull free and grab her hips or tits and fuck her as hard as possible.

She laughed in the back of her throat. “You figure it out.”

The very words made me thrust my hips up into her. Moving quicker than I could follow she slapped me across the face. It stung and I was positive she must have left red fingerprints on my cheek. "The deal was I fuck you. Don't move at all."

I tried to get my libido under control. She leaned forward, her nipples just dragging along my chest. She bounced up and down on my cock. I had almost no control at all. She was smarter or more experienced than I realized. "Are you going to cum?" she asked angrily. "I can feel your cock twitching inside me."

"Yes," I grunted.

"Hell no." she reached down and grasped the base of my cock still embedded in her pussy. She stopped moving. "Tell me when the urge passes." She sat on me quietly as I thought about morning talk shows, traffic jams, and drug education films.

"I'm better," I finally announced.

"I cum first," she told me. Giselle didn't start fucking me again. Instead she sat up and tangled her fingers into her soft pubic hair. With one hand she parted her labia, with the other she teased and played with her tiny clit. She must have been as horny and excited as I was for it only took a minute at most for her to cum amid some heavy breathing and uncontrolled cries. "That was good," she said mostly to herself. Giselle opened her eyes and grinned her lopsided grin at me again. "Ready to cum?" she asked me.

"Yes!" My reply came out as a strangled cry.

Giselle only had to pump her hips up and down on my rigid cock a few times before I lost control and spurted inside her tight cunt. I spurted again and again. Each one was painful and wonderful. She gave little yelps of pleasure as each hot shot bathed her insides. "Oh, yes, that's what I needed."

She collapsed down on me and we breathed heavily a few minutes. It took me those long minutes to soften and slip from her pussy. When I was finally free of her treasure box, she groaned in despair, then rolled off me. "That was good," she said. "We should do it again soon."

"No," I told her. "This was wrong for so many reasons."

“That’s why the sex was soooo good,” she said. “Where’s the bathroom?” she asked and left the room without waiting for an answer. It didn’t take her long to find it and I heard water running. A minute later she reappeared, still naked, still with her satisfied grin on her face.

“Giselle, I have a serious question for you,” I began.

“No, I’m not going to untie you yet,” she replied before I could voice my question.

“Not that.” I knew I could free myself at will. “Do you know what a creampie is?”

With a studied carefulness she picked up her bra and panties from the floor, studying them as if they were foreign objects that didn’t belong anywhere near her. “No, but I have a feeling you’re going to tell me and it’s something I don’t really want to know.”

“It’s when a man cums inside a woman and then his semen gets eaten out of her pussy, sometimes by the same guy, sometimes by someone else.”

“Pervy,” she commented. “Why do you ask? Did you want to eat your cum out of my pussy?” She pulled on her panties and carefully adjusted them. I could see her pubic curls through the translucent material. A tiny spot of wetness started to form on the crotch.

“No. It was...something your mother did.”

“What? Did she ask you to eat your cum out of her pussy?”

“No.” I cleared my throat and looked at the ceiling. I couldn’t face her when saying the words. “After your mother and I had sex, she got dressed without cleaning up. Presumably she went home with my leavings in her still.”

“Yeah. So?”

I decided to press the point. “So did she deliver my cum to her husband? Does he know what she’s up to? Presumably so based on what you told me about what they did on those videos.”

Giselle pulled on her bra and settled her breasts carefully in the large cups. She didn't say anything for a long minute as she picked up her jeans and shirt from the chair where she had folded and stored them while waiting for me. Her silence continued as she dressed. "You are a pervy old man. I kind of like that, but I wish you wouldn't talk about my mother that way."

I continued. "Maybe your father is in on it. Maybe it's a game they play."

"I'd prefer not to think about my parents being swingers."

"They probably still are. You found their videos four years ago. That's not a long time. How many years did they span? What have they done since?"

"I should leave you tied up for saying that."

I was now annoyed and twisted my right hand just the right way to loosen the knot and slipped it out of the binding. Giselle gawped at me.

"How'd you do that?"

"You aren't very good at tying knots," I said as I quickly freed my other hand and legs. "More importantly, Vivian came to me with what was some giant sacrifice on her part to have sex with me. It wasn't. She's a big slut and I just became part of the games she plays with your father."

Giselle put a hand up. "Okay, again, stuff I don't really want to think about."

"That means, in effect, the contract she and I made is essentially void because it was offered out of a deceptive position." I looked carefully at Giselle. "She also intimated you were a virgin."

Giselle scoffed. "I highly doubt she thinks that."

"Part of the deception," I offered. She was now fully dressed but I didn't mind being naked next to her. My cock was still wet with her pussy juices and I was stiffening again. Maybe I could talk her out of her clothes and bang her one more time before she left. I grinned at Giselle and glanced down my growing cock. "Want to go a second round?" I asked.

She put up her hand. "Not tonight. Maybe not ever. Fuck. I didn't want to get

involved like this. I just wanted to fuck you.”

“And piss off your mother if she ever found out.”

With a resigned nod she agreed. “Yeah. That too.”

I thought about it for a moment. “You don’t have any interesting in dating me. You only wanted to fuck me. You knew who I was from the start.”

She nodded again. “Yeah. But it was fun having sex with you. And I do like older men.” She grinned at me and coyly lowered her eyelids just a bit to look at me through her eyelashes. “You’re the oldest I’ve fucked. And probably the best.”

“I’m sorry your mother messed you up—if that’s what you truly believe.” I was now having my doubts about her honesty in this fucked up situation.

She stepped back and found her shoes. Sitting down on the edge of the bed she started putting them on. “Hey, don’t worry about it. You had very little to do with it. It could have been a lot worse. You could have been my father.” And with that she ran out of the room, down the stairs and out the front door.

I gave it a few days and thought it over. No communication from Vivian, of course, but I was somewhat surprised to hear nothing from Giselle. At first I was certain that she would want to fuck me again, but then I gave it some more thought. She was probably upset with my figuring out what her mother had done. Or maybe she was feeling guilty over fucking me when her mother said no. Or maybe I didn’t understand women at all.

The last option was the most likely.

I went over to Vivian’s house. It wasn’t hard to find her address, she didn’t exactly hide it from anyone. I felt entitled, she had appeared twice at my house unannounced.

There were lights on and a car in the driveway. I was certain someone was home even though I rang the bell several times and no one came to the door. Even if Vivian knew it was me before she opened the door I was either going to speak

with her or be dragged away by the cops.

I wasn't thinking straight.

Finally the door opened after I rang the bell for the fifth time. Vivian opened the door and glared at me once she recognized me in the dim light of the porch light. I was somewhat disappointed—I was half hoping her husband would have opened the door.

“Oh. It's you,” she said to me by way of greeting.

“So lovely to see you too,” I replied.

“What do you want, Ethan?”

“I wanted to see you,” I said and took a quick inventory of her dress. She was wearing only a thin silk robe. It wasn't quite see-through but it was thin enough to clearly outline her erect nipples. Was she cold or aroused at my presence? Both? If she wore anything underneath the robe it wasn't obvious. “Did I interrupt you in the middle of something?”

She sighed and rolled her eyes. “Yes. What do you want?” she repeated.

I glanced over my shoulder. We were out in upper class suburbia. The houses were far apart and there was no one to see us unless they happened to be driving by at the right moment or were spying on us from across the street with a pair of binoculars. She didn't give a shit if anyone saw her half-naked on her porch.

“I think we need to renegotiate our agreement about Giselle. Where's your husband? He should be part of this?”

Her eyes narrowed with anger and her glare intensified. “What do you mean ‘renegotiate’ the agreement?”

“Things have changed,” I said vaguely. “I really think your husband should be a part of this.”

For just a moment her expression softened and her grin returned. “He's tied up at the moment. Come inside and talk with me.”

She whirled around and beckoned me inside with her fingers over her shoulder. The robe was just long enough to cover her ass, which was kind of a shame. She led me into a living room. I glanced around and quickly figured that she and her husband must have been making a pretty good life together. Rich? Depends on your definition. Certainly not poor.

With another whirl she threw herself into an armchair, crossed her legs, and gazed levelly at me. “So talk,” she ordered.

I cleared my throat and hesitated for just a moment. Inside her house I lost half my nerve. “I had sex with Giselle,” I told her and sat down in the chair next to hers.

Her reply brought whatever confidence I had to a quick crashing end. “I know. She told me.”

“What?”

She repeated it for me slowly. “I know. She told me.”

I frowned at her. “Thanks for the clarification.”

“You broke our agreement,” she charged.

“Technically Giselle did because she fucked me. It was her idea.”

Vivian scoffed. “I doubt that. Did she tie you up and force you to have sex with her?”

I nodded. “Pretty much yes.”

Her smile turned wicked. “I know. She told me.”

I blinked at her, not comprehending for a minute.

“She and I don’t have any real secrets,” she confided in me.

Then it sank in. “I’ve been played. You two planned this?”

Her shrug really said it all. “Not exactly. But that’s none of your concern. You had sex with two beautiful women. You had sex with your old college girlfriend.

You had sex with a legal teenaged girl. You don't have anything to complain about."

"Why?" I asked.

This question puzzled her. "Why what?"

"Why this? Why the games? Why dump me back in college? Why everything?"

And just like that her expression turned to one of sad folly. "I actually think I was in love with you in college. I tried to be a good girlfriend. But I kept a secret from you."

"What secret?"

"You weren't enough for me. I high school I was...a bit wild I guess would be the way to put it. I wanted to put all that behind me in college." She sighed and pushed back her curly hair from her eyes. "But you really can't escape your base desires, can you?"

I shrugged.

"I'll apologize for college right now if I haven't already. I'm sorry. I cheated on you. I had sex with other guys behind your back. You were...well, dull in bed, Ethan."

"What?"

"You were a lousy lay," she clarified, then shook her head. "No, that's unkind and untrue. You weren't inventive and wild. I needed and wanted inventive and wild. You were...plain."

"Oh."

"Chuck was much more what I needed, but I made a little mistake with him shortly after we started fucking."

"You got pregnant," I said.

"Yes. But that wasn't so bad. I got a beautiful daughter out of the deal. And you

can't imagine how sexy a woman feels when she's pregnant and horny. Some of the best sex of my life was when Giselle was in my belly and I was getting reamed by a big cock."

"Not necessary your husband's big cock," I said.

Vivian's wicked smile had returned. "He wasn't my husband at the time. But yes. And often he watched when this was going on. He liked it."

I stood up. "I'd better leave."

"Sometimes I think all the wild sex I had when I was pregnant made Giselle the way she is."

"Made her the way she is?" I asked. I had gotten halfway across the living room when I stopped at her words.

"She's a horny little minx. I came home from work one day to find her exploring my stash of private videos. She was much too young to be watching those at her age."

I swallowed. "I know. She told me. Fifteen. Too young."

Vivian laughed. "Fifteen? Try a couple years younger. She probably got started on her wild path at roughly the same age I turned off the garden path."

"Oh." I was glad I was facing away from her at this point. My erection was rather obvious in my pants.

"There's no denying one's own nature, Ethan," she said. "I didn't encourage her or anything like that, but I also let my daughter know that sex was normal and natural even if the way she or I did it wasn't considered 'normal' by other people."

"This is probably more than I need to know."

"She actually looked you up and hunted you down, you know. She found a bunch of picture of you and me in some old college albums. For a while she was convinced you were her father."

“Am I?” Again I had a sinking feeling of panic. It’s one thing to bang a nineteen year old, it’s another entirely to fuck your own daughter. A vague wave of nausea rolled through my stomach.

“No.”

“Are you sure? I did the math. The timing...”

“Yes. Giselle had her doubts so we did one of those mail away DNA kits. My husband is her father to a 99.989% degree of certitude.”

“Ah.”

“Incest isn’t a kink I would endorse.”

“Glad to hear it.” My erection had abated somewhat and I turned around to face her. “So why all this then? Why hunt me down and put me through all of this?”

Vivian shrugged. “For a complete answer you’ll have to ask her. But from what I understand she became obsessed with you and my history with you. She thought you were quite handsome back in college.” She smiled thinly. “You still are.”

“Thanks. I think. So now what?” I asked.

Again she shrugged. “Now? Nothing. I’m done with you. You’re a nice guy, but you didn’t give me any indication I need you in my life.”

“Thanks again for the shitty compliment.”

“You’re welcome—” Before she could continue the front door slammed and Giselle walked in. She stopped short at seeing me and her mother talking. Her mouth formed a perfect little O. She was wearing a low-cut dress than barely covered her crotch. She had sex hair.

“What are you doing here?” she asked me.

“I was just about to leave,” I said trying to gather a bit of dignity around myself. Vivian had rejected me for being a lousy lay and not kinky enough. I didn’t want to hear what Giselle had to say about me.

“I’m sorry if we deceived you,” Giselle said as I stepped around her to leave. “I enjoyed having sex with you. I’d be happy to do it again.”

“Right now?” I asked a little too sharply. I again stopped in my path.

She shrugged exactly the way her mother did. “Sure. If you want.”

“Don’t make too much noise,” Vivian said as she pushed by us. “Your father is tied up and he’s being punished for a few hours.” She walked up the stairs. I couldn’t help but look up her robe as she climbed. No panties. I wasn’t surprised.

“Ah. No,” I said. “Thanks for the offer.”

“Call me anytime,” Giselle said.

I paused at the front door. “Let me ask you a question.”

She nodded eagerly.

“Did you just have sex with some other guy?” I gestured at her dress and hair. “You’re...disheveled.”

She laughed and shook her head wildly. “Oh no, no.”

I sighed a bit in relief. She wasn’t the type of slut to have sex with a different guy every night of the week.

“I had sex with a girl. It was fan-fucking-tastic.”

I wasn’t sure if she was bragging or mocking me. I opened the door and beat a hasty retreat back to my pedestrian life.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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