
AN EROTIC ARRANGED MARRIAGE 1
MEET AND GREET
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 1: Meet and Greet

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 1: Meet and Greet

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Chapter One

“How did you two meet?”

Lyn smiled and glanced at her husband. “It was an arranged marriage.”

Ana nearly spat out her drink. “You’re kidding me!”

Bruce sighed in annoyance at his wife. “It wasn’t an arranged marriage. Our parents just set us up on a date.”

“So I guess it went well,” Ana replied.

“Oh, it went more than well,” said Lyn. “Want to hear the dirty details?”

Ana looked at the woman she had been conversing with. Lyn was short with a round face made rounder by her blonde hair cut into a bob. Lyn had full breasts and hips, which was obvious because she wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing other than leather wrist cuffs, matching ankle cuffs, and a collar around her neck.

“Of course I want to hear the dirty details.”

The last thing Lyn wanted to do was go out on a date set up by her mother with one of her mother’s friends. Without doubt the man she had been set up with was either a square or so fully engaged in her family’s church he’d be more boring than a sinless Sunday.

It wasn’t that Bruce was bad looking, maybe the glasses gave him a nerdy appearance, but other than that he was perfectly fine. Not that she had any right to be overly choosy. When Lyn looked into the mirror she saw that she was nothing more than average. Her round face didn’t help her appearance, but at least she could dress nicely and engage in pleasant conversation.

Except Bruce didn’t seem very interested in conversation. They had quickly exhausted greeting pleasantries, discussed the food on the restaurant’s menu, ordered drinks, discussed their jobs, and complained about how their mothers had set them up on this date. All of that and the waiter had just taken their orders.

It was going to be a long, uncomfortable dinner.

To fill in the sudden silence Bruce just started talking. No one wanted to hear about his car troubles, but he was rather proud of the fact that he had changed his own headlight, a process that took two hours and involved the removal of the front bumper, but the dealership wanted $250 to change a light bulb and he wasn't going to shell out the money for that.

"So, yeah, I saved myself a couple hundred bucks," he concluded just as Lyn's cell phone text alert loudly sounded. "Oh thank god," he said with a wry smile, "an interruption to this date that is going horribly."

She glanced at him with an open mouth for a second, and then pulled her phone from her purse. "I'm sorry, I just have to check my messages," she mumbled, knowing the barely offered excuse was lame if not outright insulting.

Her eyes went wide when she read the message. Bruce was impressed with her acting. It was just a strong enough reaction to be believable and not over the top.

"Son of a fucking bitch," she muttered.

Bruce raised his eyebrows. Up to this moment her language had been polite and devoid of the least bit of saltiness. "Problem?" he asked, almost relieved that this might be the end of the date. He would take his food to go and relax at home with a movie and a beer.

Looking up at Bruce, Lyn winced. She had been plotting a way out of the date from the moment her mother forced her to go. Bruce was a nice enough guy; there was no reason to lie to him. "Uh...an emergency came up?" she said without conviction.

Bruce glanced at his watch. "My ripcord call is supposed to come in five minutes. You beat me to it. Did your friend give you a reason or just the generic emergency? My call is from a pal at work. I'm supposed to rush home and take care of some emergency edits to a final report."

"No," she muttered. "I'm being stood up."

Bruce blinked. "What?"

“Shit! Sorry.”

“It’s pretty bold of you to set up a date after this date,” Bruce wryly observed.

“Yeah, except he stood me up. See?” She held her phone so that he could see the screen.

It contained a message from someone named Clay.

I’m gonna have 2 bail 2nite

Sry

Still use me as an xcuse if u want

L8R

Bruce twisted his lips in a disapproving moue. “I can’t say much for his texting etiquette.”

“Well, what he lacks in brains he more than makes up for in bed,” Lyn revealed.

Her flat statement of fact made Bruce burst out laughing. “Well, that’s something, I suppose. Did your mother know that you were planning on ditching me and hooking up with…Clay?”

“Of course not. She thinks I’m a virgin.”

“Not the sort of guy you introduce to mom?”

“Certainly not. She doesn’t even know he exists. Clay is the guy women fuck; they don’t marry or even date him.”

“My last...well, let’s call it a relationship, was like that. Sharon was a very nice woman...but in the bedroom only. I didn’t even want her to meet my friends.

That’s probably why we don’t see each other anymore.”

“It doesn’t sound like either of us have good romantic relationships.”

“It doesn’t sound like either of us have romantic relationships.”

Lyn nodded in agreement. “And I wanted to get laid tonight. It’s been a week.”

“It’s been more than that for me,” Bruce said in sympathy.

They looked at each other over the table.

“Well…”

The advice that Lyn always had was go back to the guy’s place. If he was an ax murderer he wouldn’t likely kill his date in his own home because then he’d have to clean up the mess and dispose of the body. If they went back to her place, he could leave the body there.

She still wanted to go back to her place because all her toys and equipment were there, but his place was closer so that made it safer.

Or something.

They had barely made it to his apartment door before she said fuck it and started kissing him. She wasn’t even drunk; she just needed to feel a man’s body under her hands.

Bruce was more than happy to help out.

They made out in the doorway for a minute. Lyn wanted someone to walk by and see them so she could get that little thrill, but it didn't happen.

Eventually he staggered them into the apartment and moved them right to the living room where they wound up on the couch, her astride him. She could feel his hard cock through his pants. Her skirt had ridden up high enough that her pussy was rubbing against it, protected only by her silk panties.

Three layers of fabric protected her, assuming he wore underwear.

“Do you want to...here?” he asked.

She shook her head at him. “Is your bed clean?” She’d fuck almost anywhere, as long as it was clean. The couch...who knew what had happened on it. At least on his bed she could be assured that his sheets could be washed. If they smelled, she’d get the hell out of there. That’s why vibrators were invented for the modern woman.

He picked her up, showing more strength than she had given him credit for, and didn’t put her back down. Maybe he was struggling a little to carry her all the way to the bedroom, but she liked being carried and manhandled and it wasn’t far to the bedroom.

She liked it when he threw her on the mattress. It had just the right amount of support and give and bounce. Plus, the bed was made. Maybe he had a maid. Maybe he was just neat and clean.

The sheets smelled faintly of fabric softener.

He was on her in a second. His kisses tasted good, a little bit of the spicy garlic sauce he had with his dinner and a little bit sweet at the same time. His body was on top of hers, but that didn’t slow them down in removing their clothes. It was mostly a fumbling of hands and awkwardness at not knowing the other’s preferences in bed. Yet.

Still, they managed to get down to almost nothing very quickly.

His eyes lit up when he saw that she was wearing a pink bra that matched her panties. She had worn them for Clay, but at the moment Bruce would do.

She was pleased with his body. Maybe he looked nerdy with his glasses and hair that didn’t stay in place, but underneath his clothes, his lean frame was surprisingly muscular.

He took the initiative from her and pulled up her bra, freeing her breasts. He watched as they bounced back into place, even when she was on her back. They were large, something that she tried to conceal as much as possible with her clothing, except when she was out at a party or bar and wanted to advertise her

cleavage.

His mouth went right for her light brown nipple, sucking it for a minute, causing hot charges to run through her body from nip to clit, making her wetter and wetter.

She let him do what he wanted. It had been a while since Lyn had had a new lover and she was determined to make the most of this. Bruce knew what he was doing—or at least he didn't fumble around like a virgin with her body.

The pace with which he pursued her was delightfully surprising. After kissing her, removing her clothes and bra, and then sucking on her tits, he went steadily down her body, tonguing her belly button before moving all the way down to the top edge of her panties.

Bruce didn't ask permission or hesitate. Either he was horny or confident or both.

He paused just for a second and looked up at her, locking eyes, before he hooked his fingers into her small panties and pulled them down.

She helped. It wasn't like she wanted to resist. She wanted to get laid as much as he did.

Maybe more.

He grinned from ear to ear when he saw that her pussy was completely shaved, but he didn't say anything. He just pushed her legs apart and put his tongue into her drooling slit.

"Oh...fuck yes," she moaned as he licked upwards.

Lyn was glad that she had made the decision to shave for the date. She hadn't shaved for Bruce. She had shaved for Clay, but that didn't matter. Her pussy didn't care whose tongue was licking it, just that it was being licked.

As he licked and sucked on her labia he slipped a finger into her hot, swampy sex. Her back stiffened at the unexpected—but welcome—penetration and then she settled down, eager to see what he'd do next.

When he sucked on her clit, she nearly spasmed with delight. He had just the right amount of force on her most sensitive little organ. If she hadn't already been soaking wet, her pussy would have been a river at that point.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck...you’re going to make me cum,” she panted.

“That’s the idea,” he said looking up at her, his face wet with her amrita.

“I want to fuck,” she told him. “Don’t make me cum with just your mouth.”

He blinked up at her. Her words weren’t exactly what he was expecting to hear, but he wasn’t going to tell her no. “Sure. I can do that.” He sat up and started pulling down his underwear, the last bit of clothing on his body.

As soon as he got the waistband over his cock, it popped out and Lyn’s mouth started salivating. It was like her mouth had turned into her pussy. Taking that idea and putting it into effect, she sat up, reaching for his manhood, and pulled it into her mouth.

Bruce wasn’t huge by any stretch of the imagination. Lyn had had bigger cocks in her life, in her mouth, and in her pussy, but his was the perfect size. Not too small and not too large. She couldn’t wait for him to properly use it.

That didn’t stop her from sucking on him for a minute. His precum was slippery and salty in her mouth, almost no taste at all, but the flavor of his skin, the muskiness, and the way he throbbed so that she could feel it in her lips; it was like this cock had been destined for her.

Bruce would have been happy to receive a blowjob and nothing else from Lyn, as long as he got to cum in her mouth.

He was somewhat disappointed when she finally stopped sucking and flopped back on the bed.

“Fuck me,” she begged, spreading her legs wide for him. “Please fuck me.”

Bruce nodded and leaned over to the nightstand, sliding open the drawer and pulling out a condom.

Lyn watched, a bit annoyed that he was wasting time putting on a condom and a

bit relieved he was putting on a condom. Either he had confidence he could bring her back to his place, or he brought a lot of women back to his place, or maybe he just had a lot of leftover condoms from the last woman he had been fucking. What was her name? Sheila?

Once it was rolled on—a process that seemed to take years but could only have been a few seconds at most—Bruce started to lower himself onto her, but she grabbed his latex-covered cock and guided him right to her pussy.

There wasn't the usual floundering about that came with a new lover. Bruce easily found Lyn's entrance and he went all the way in without any difficulty, their bodies joining as easily as a master carpenter's perfectly engineered dovetail joints.

She folded her legs in half, bringing her knees up to her shoulders. His weight went to his arms, allowing him to slam his cock into her wide-open pussy.

They fucked enthusiastically and forcefully right from the start.

Lyn loved rough sex. So did Bruce. It was his intention to start off slow, but he wasn't able to help himself, much to Lyn's delight.

They were both too keyed up for it to last long. Bruce was thrilled that she rolled her eyes back into her head and quivered for a minute while he fucked.

"You came," he accused her.

"Yeah. That's the point of sex, right?"

"Uh-huh," he grunted. "I'm gonna too…"

"Don't cum in me," she begged, pushing on his shoulders.

"What?" Bruce was annoyed. He had put on a condom just so she wouldn't worry.

"Cum on me."

"Oh! Sure!" That Bruce could do. He pumped her a couple more times, then pulled out, tore off the condom, and pumped his cock with his hand a few times

before shooting his load all over her chest and belly.

Lyn was delighted with the results.

Never before had Bruce seen a woman do that, as least not in front of him. Or, more accurately, not in front of him because she was on a video screen. Only women in porn asked to be jacked off on and pretend to enjoy it.

He froze in place as Lyn then proceeded to rub his cum into her skin. “I love it when it’s still warm,” she told him.

“Holy fucking shit and a half,” he breathed.

“You like that?” she asked, almost winking.

“It doesn’t turn me off. The real question is: do you like it?”

“Of course I do.”

“You aren’t anything like my mother said you’d be,” he half-laughed.

“I should hope not. My mother was probably telling your mother what I was like.” Lyn cleared her throat. “My mother doesn’t have any idea what I’m like.”

Coming to his senses, Bruce lay down on the bed next to Lyn. She had finished rubbing his cum into her skin and was now licking her fingers. This was not the way he had envisioned their date going.

“It’s probably a good idea that your mother doesn’t know everything about you,” he declared.

“Does your mother know everything about you?” Lyn replied. “Does she know everything about your sex life?”

“For the sake of my eternal soul, I hope not. The last thing I need her to find is the bondage equipment I have in my closet.”

Lyn whipped her head around at him. “You have restraints in your closet and you didn’t tell me!” She was half joking and half serious.

“They didn’t seem like a first date activity.”

“But sex is?” she asked.

“Of course. I’m not going to waste my time with a woman who doesn’t put out on a first date.”

“I like that philosophy,” she agreed. “But I think bondage is a fine first date activity. That and anal sex. You don’t really know someone until you’ve done anal with them.”

He turned his head to look at her. “Really? I’ve always considered anal to be a second date activity. You’re blowing my mind here.”

“I was blowing a lot more than that a few minutes ago.”

“True. You were very good at it too,” he complimented her. “The sex was great, but it went fast,” he lamented.

“First time enthusiasm,” she agreed. “Are you ready to go again? I’m still horny.”

“Uh...sure. I might need another minute or two. My refractory period isn’t what it used to be. I’m not a teenager anymore.”

“Good thing too,” she agreed. “I don’t want to be accused of robbing the cradle. Besides, teenagers aren’t any good at anal, PornHub has certainly lied to the public about that.”

He laughed at her joke. “I don’t think I’m going to be telling my mother about what I did with you tonight.”

“Agreed. Do you have any lube?”

Her question took Bruce by surprise. Her pussy had been plenty wet all by itself when they had fucked earlier. “Uh...yeah. Why?”

“Always use lube with anal. I learned that a long time ago.”

He blinked at her. “You really want me to fuck you in the ass?”

“Unless you want me to fuck you in the ass. You’re probably right about the

bondage. I don’t know you well enough for that yet.”

“But anal is okay?”

“Yeah. Why not?”

“I’ve never met a woman who was so eager to get fucked in the ass before.”

“Then tonight is your lucky night.”

Not wanting to shit on his good luck, Bruce jumped out of bed and went to the closet. While he kept condoms in the nightstand, lube and restraints and sex toys were kept in the closet. It only took him a minute to find what he needed. Walking back to the bed, his cock was already getting hard. He was excited to think how the rest of the evening was going to go.

Lyn was kneeling on the bed and grabbed his semi-hard cock, drawing it to her mouth, sucking on him, tasting her amrita and his cum on the thin skin.

Bruce only stood there and watched as she happily fellated him. She was good—very good—at it. In short order he was fully erect and she backed off but continued to pump his cock with her hand.

“Have you ever fucked someone in the ass before?” she asked him, her head tilted to the side. She was being genuinely curious; she wasn’t casting aspersions on his sexual history.

“Of course!”

“Wait! I mean have you ever fucked a woman in the ass before?” she teased. In annoyance, he pushed her down and rolled her over to admire her rounded ass as Lyn giggled. “Just checking. I don’t want a virgin experimenting on me.” She looked over her shoulder at him. “Give me the lube.”

He handed it over and grabbed another condom out of the nightstand drawer. As he opened the packet and rolled it on, Lyn flopped herself over and started applying lube to her ass. Bruce liked that she wasn’t the least bit shy about her body.

With her legs up to her chest she was using a huge amount of the slippery liquid on her pussy and ass. He was certain that her fingers went into her tightly puckered brown hole a couple of times while he was getting ready. That only made things better for him.

Taking the lube back from her, he put plenty on his latex-covered cock.

“Don’t you want to get on your hands and knees?” he asked her.

Lyn shook her head. “On my back.” She shoved a pillow under her hips, angling them up for him. “I like it like this.” She ran her hand down over her bare pussy, rubbing her clit, pushing two fingers up inside herself.

“I’ve just never done anal that way,” he admitted.

“So this will be new to you,” she teased.

“Ha. Funny. I’m going to have you screaming in a minute,” he said as he climbed on top of her.

He didn’t immediately try to penetrate her, which pleased and delighted them both. Instead, they kissed. It was rather more intimate than either of them wanted.

But still, it was nice.

Bruce would have been happy to just have normal, vanilla, straight sex again in the missionary position. He wasn’t willing to risk asking Lyn if she wanted that as well. She was the one who asked to be fucked in the ass, so that was what he was going to do.

“Guide me in?” he asked. His cock was pressed up hard against her thigh crease.

For just a fleeting second Lyn reconsidered her request for him to use her ass. Maybe straight sex a second time was what she needed.

Then she found him and wrapped her fingers around his cock. She could feel his heat through the thin latex. It was easy to guide him down lower than a proper lady should. Not that she was a proper lady. She was a slut and damn proud of it.

He pressed against her slicked-up anus. Without thinking about it, she tensed up and resisted, but then remembered she wanted this.

Lyn forced herself to relax.

“You ready?” he asked her.

In response she drew her legs up higher. One she kept bent and the other she threw over his shoulder, opening herself up wide for him.

Her hand went from guiding his cock to protecting her pussy from being inadvertently being penetrated. He was partway in her now and the last thing she wanted was for him to pull out and fuck her normally. Lyn didn’t want some weird infection.

He didn’t do that. He rocked his hips slowly back and forth, going a little deeper with each little thrust. When he finally hit that spot where everything aligned perfectly he felt himself sinking all the way into her depths.

Lyn groaned as he filled her up in a way that was never intended.

He gasped at how secure he felt inside her ass.

They locked eyes.

He leaned forward to steal another kiss from her.

She was already breathing heavily as her hand started rubbing her clit. Bruce arched his back and let her hand dance busily while he slowly fucked her. They kept staring at one another, mesmerized at how this had happened.

Lyn came first. There was no way for her to not cum quickly. She was being fucked in the ass while abusing her clit like she was a teenager who had just discovered masturbation.

When she came her entire body tensed up and Bruce found it was impossible for him to thrust into her ass. She had clamped down on him completely.

“What’s the matter?” she spluttered at him when the climax had passed.

“You tightened up on me.”

Once more Lyn forced herself to relax. “Is that better?”

He nodded and started fucking her ass again. Bruce wasn’t as into anal sex as she was. Her eyes rolled up in her head and she kept playing with herself. She was on the verge of pure ecstasy.

It was the first time he had ever been with a woman who loved anal sex. He couldn’t believe his good fortune.

“Want me to pull out and cum on you again?” he huffed as he approached orgasm.

“No. No. Cum in me.”

He didn’t know what the effect would be like since he was wearing a condom, but he just pumped her a few more times and then let loose his load into her ass. It was completely contained by the condom, but that was beside the point.

When he collapsed on her, she held him so tightly he was having difficulty breathing. Eventually she released her grasp and they both breathed easily.

“It’s those little aftershock orgasms that really do it for me,” she said. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For fucking me in the ass and not acting like you were king of the world because I wanted to.”

He did feel like he was king of the world for doing exactly that, but he was also smart enough to keep it to himself.

Chapter Two

“Anyway, the next morning I wake up in his bed but his cat is staring at me,” Lyn said, finishing her story.

“Herman was always very protective of me,” Bruce said with a smile. “He liked to sleep on the bed next to me. You were taking up his spot.”

Lyn poked her husband in the ribs. “You’d think he’d be a little more appreciative of a woman who just gave his owner the night of his life.”

Ana giggled. “I doubt that. All cats are self-centered. You were taking Bruce away from him.”

Lyn nodded. “That’s true. Who would have thought that a couple of uptight church ladies setting up their thirty year old children on a date would have them visiting a sex club ten years later?”

“Hey! This isn’t just a sex club,” Ana protested. “It’s a social group as well. I’m sure Jason would agree with me if he wasn’t tied up.”

Bruce looked around. “Did he get stuck at work?”

Ana and Lyn laughed. They had been discussing what Ana had been doing before Bruce showed up.

Shaking her head, Ana said, “No. I literally tied him up and left him in one of the sub rooms. I’m not sure if he’s just watching others fuck or if someone is teasing his poor cock. But tell me more about this epic romance of yours.”

“I feel that even asking this next question is validating my mother’s judgment, but I want to ask it anyway,” said Bruce after he shooed Herman away from the bed, only for the orange tiger striped cat to return forcing Bruce to get out of bed, open a can of food for the starving twenty pound tomcat to pick over, before returning to the bed.

“Okay, now I’m intrigued. Ask away. I’m prepared to be offended,” Lyn replied.

“Can I have your phone number so I can ask you out on a date?”

Lyn laughed. “If only my mother knew the guy she set me up with fucked me in the ass last night.”

Bruce laughed along with her. “If it helps, I’ll gladly fuck you in the ass again this morning. Or your mouth. Or even,” and he pretended to shudder, “even your pussy, but that’s a kink just for straight, married couples that are only into vanilla sex.”

She giggled along with him. “Yes, you can have my phone number. That doesn’t mean I’m going to answer it or go out on a date with you.”

“How about just sex?” he proposed.

“I’m up for just sex,” she replied, snaking her hand under the sheets to find his cock. He wasn’t fully up, not yet, but once she touched him, he started rapidly rising to the occasion. “Oh, you are eager.”

“You offered sex,” he pointed out as he leaned back into his pillow to let her do as she pleased.

Lyn pushed back the covers, giving her better access to his cock. She liked how he got hard with very little effort on her part. His cock pulsed in her hand and she found she couldn’t resist the temptation. She had to have him inside her again. There was no time to waste so she lowered her mouth on him and swirled her tongue around the head, tracing the edge of his corona.

Bruce sighed deeply, more than happy to let her do all the work.

What Bruce didn’t know was that Lyn liked giving head as much as he liked receiving it.

She started off aggressively, sucking as hard as she could, tasting his smooth precum, licking the underside. It had been a while since she had given a blowjob happily and willingly. She knew that within the past week she had sucked off Clay, but when she had sex with him, he expected blowjobs. With Bruce it seemed he was happy to receive what she was offering.

What most men hated was when their sexual pleasure was interrupted unexpectedly. Lyn liked to do that every once in a while. So she did it now.

“Do you want to cum in my mouth?” she abruptly asked him.

Bruce groaned in frustration. From his reactions up to that moment, he had been on the last sudden ascent toward climax.

“I just want to cum,” he begged.

“Mouth or pussy or ass?” she pressed him.

“Any. All.”

Just as she was about to lower her mouth back down on him, she paused and pulled back. “Want to get wild?”

“I’d rather just cum,” he complained but saw that she was up to something.

“Tie me up,” she said, sitting up and bouncing lightly on the bed while in a kneeling position. “Tie me up and fuck me hard.”

“I thought I was going to get a blowjob?” Bruce complained.

“You can fuck my face,” she offered.

“Uh-huh. I don’t have anything to tie you up with.”

“Liar!” She smacked his shoulder. “Last night you told me you had all sorts of stuff in your closet.” She looked across the room at the partially open door that seemed the promised land. “Do you want me to go through your closet and find all your secrets?”

With an overly elaborate sigh, Bruce levered himself out of the bed. “Okay. But just remember, you asked for this.”

Lyn started bouncing up and down on the bed, her full tits jiggling around. Bruce paused for a second to watch her and wondered what she would do if he just pushed her down on the bed and fucked her.

She probably wouldn’t complain.

But she probably wouldn’t ever speak to him again.

He could wait five minute while he got out the restraints to bind her. It would be fun.

That's what he told himself.

It was almost twenty minutes later before Lyn was fully restrained on the bed, her limbs splayed wide. She felt weak and vulnerable and afraid.

Her pussy was so wet that she could feel her amrita steadily trickling out and down her perineum to her ass where it soaked the bed sheets.

She wondered if Bruce could smell her scent.

She had barely taken her eyes off his cock while he moved around the bed to put on the surprisingly comfortable leather cuffs. Lyn wasn't a tall woman so even spread-eagled the bed, her hands and feet didn't reach all the way to the corners. She was impressed with the setup that Bruce had. He didn't tie the straps to the bed frame in an ad-hoc manner. He had hooks and eyelets screwed into the frame. Either he had the frame custom built or he had customized it.

The cuffs and straps were tight without pinching or cutting off her circulation. She could roll around a bit because there wasn't a belt for her waist to constrain her movement that much, but other than that complaint, Lyn was pleased with the results of his restraints.

As he stepped back to look at her, she grinned up at him. His cock wasn't fully erect, but he was hard enough. Just the idea of tying her up was sufficient to keep him hard. Maybe he was the right man to fuck her right now.

"Want a blindfold?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. I want to see what you're doing to me."

Tilting his head to the side he asked, "Have you ever been blindfolded during sex?"

"No. I mean, I've had sex in the dark but that's not the same."

"I blindfolded a woman once because she wanted to try it out. She said it was the scariest sex she ever had...and she never wanted to do it again." He sat down on

the edge of the bed and lightly caressed her hip. She shivered slightly from his touch.

“Why...why did she think it was scary?”

“Because she didn’t know what I was going to do to her next.”

“That sounds sort of fun,” Lyn offered.

“I was hoping you’d say something like that.” Bruce bent over to pick up a piece of equipment he had dropped on the floor while in the process of tying up Lyn. It took her a second to realize it was a blindfold. She started to object, but Bruce had the device over her head before she could say anything.

It wasn’t just a piece of cloth designed to be tied behind the head. It wasn’t even a fancy sleep mask starlets would wear to sleep well into the day. It was a hood made of the same soft leather and fabric as the cuffs she was wearing. It came down low over her face, covering her nose but leaving her mouth exposed so she could breathe and talk. It was a combination of a hood and a hat.

“There’s just a Velcro strap in the back to tighten it up,” said Bruce as he forced her to turn her head. She heard the familiar ripping sound of Velcro being opened and then felt him pressing it back into place. It was tight, but not uncomfortable. Clearly her newest lover wasn’t a neophyte at this sort of thing. “Comfortable?”

“No. I said I didn’t want to wear a mask.”

“We don’t always get what we want.”

“Hmm...do we get what we need?”

He smiled. She couldn’t see his smile. “It comes with a matching gag. Would you like that?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Not really. I’d like your mouth to be open and exposed so I can use it.”

“Good, because I don’t like being gagged.”

She felt his weight shifting on the bed, and then he paused in his movements. He was near her and she felt a frisson of fear. “Don’t tell me that because now I’m tempted to gag you anyway.”

Lyn had opened her mouth to object, but she closed it when he told her that. She had been gagged before during sex. It wasn’t her thing, but some men seemed to get off on it.

For just a second she thought she was being gagged but then realized that Bruce was kissing her.

She kissed him back, parting her lips so that he could push his tongue into her mouth.

Maybe it was because she was blindfolded or maybe it was because she was distracted by the kiss, but when he tweaked her left nipple she turned her head in surprise and gasped.

“Fuck! That hurt!”

“Did you like it?”

Lyn breathed heavily for a moment or two. Her nipple throbbed in pain, in time with her heartbeat. “No. Sort of.”

Bruce grabbed her right nipple between thumb and forefinger. Lyn tried to struggle out of the way but she was trapped by the cuffs and restraints she had willingly put on. Bruce didn’t move his hand at all. Her motions were enough to pull on the nipple which didn’t cause much pain, but she quickly learned that she was the cause of her suffering. Just being held was nice. Lyn wasn’t above enjoying a nice nipple tweak.

“Is that all I’m going to get?” she asked in a bratty tone.

“No. But you need patience,” he answered as he continued to hold her nipple, but ran his other hand up and down her body, not touching her breast or pussy, but enjoying the soft texture of her skin.

“Okay, I can deal with this,” she murmured.

Bruce stopped moving his hand and let go of her nipple.

“You can only deal with the expected,” he told her.

“Of course but—” Bruce silenced her with a kiss. She kissed back. She was starting to like this game.

He was crouched on the bed next to her, his knees against her side.

Lyn practically screamed as he kissed her because his hand had slapped her nipple without any warning.

“Fuck! That’s just abuse…” she complained about the slap and then her words trailed off because his fingers found her pussy and pushed into her. “Don’t,” she warned.

“Don’t touch you?” he asked.

“No...I mean…” she wasn’t able to complete that thought because his fingers were still in her pussy and now he started to rub her clit with his thumb. It was rougher than she generally liked, but it got her body trembling with little effort.

“I’m going to use you however I want right now. Scream and tell me no all that you want. I’m not going to stop. Say the word ‘red’ and then I’ll stop. Understand?”

Lyn nodded. “Uh-huh.” This was what she wanted; this was what she liked.

She screamed unexpectedly when Bruce pulled his fingers out of her pussy and immediately brought them down on the sensitive organ with a hard, wet slap. The sound reverberated in her ears.

It felt like her pussy was on fire.

She liked it more than she thought she would.

Bruce’s fingers plunged back into her pussy and he started finger banging her. Hard. Very hard. He was pushing her toward orgasm faster than she wanted. It wasn’t exactly painful, but it was such a mix of strange sensations it was like she was being fucked for the first time ever.

She wanted to protest, but Bruce's fingers were very insistent. There was no reason to resist and she just let it happen.

He fucked her with his fingers so hard it was like he was slapping her pussy again, over and over. This time she didn't mind at all.

The orgasm took her and she screamed out in passion.

The heel of Bruce's hand had been hitting her pubic bone and slapping her clit. It was new and exciting and when she came, everything felt different.

Lyn had never squirted before. After hearing about it, she figured it was supposed to be like peeing or maybe a firehose. It wasn't either of them. Her pussy got wetter than it ever had before. She could feel her wetness splattered by Bruce's hand every time he slammed into her. It was more like a weak trickle of urine she couldn't control.

But it wasn't urine. She knew that. She could feel it.

And a minute later she could taste it because as soon as her orgasm wound down, Bruce took his fingers out of her pussy and shoved them into her mouth.

She sucked greedily. There was the familiar taste of her pussy and the new flavor of Bruce's skin and on top of that something else. Her girlcum? Her amrita? Whatever it was, she didn't mind it at all.

"Oh fuck...I never came like that before."

"I'm not done with you yet."

Lyn smiled. The orgasm had exhausted her, but she was ready for more.

Bruce looked down at her. The only part of her face that wasn't obscured by the mask was her mouth. He liked her smile and the slightly crooked tooth she had. He wanted to kiss her, but he held back. This was all about control and making her completely dependent on him—for the moment, at least—for any pleasure. He had her entirely in his control and that thought alone was enough to make him hard.

"Are you going to make me cum again?" she asked, teasing but begging at the

same time.

“Shut up or I’ll gag you,” he said firmly.

Lyn had a rebellious streak, but she didn’t see any point in annoying Bruce right now. That could always be done later.

Instead, she just licked her lips and waited.

He moved off the bed. She strained her ears and could tell he was moving around the room, but that was it.

She was patient, but her pussy was still throbbing with desire. And maybe a bit of pain from when he had slapped it hard while finger banging her.

When he lightly kissed her bare pussy, she was delightfully surprised. It was a gentle kiss and didn’t move into enthusiastic cunnilingus, but any head was nice.

Bruce was slightly annoyed that she had a bit of stubble on her pussy. Obviously Lyn didn’t wax and only shaved her pussy but that was a discussion for another day.

“Keep going,” she begged when he pulled his face back. She had left her wetness on his lips and chin, which he wiped off.

There was no reason to acknowledge her request. “I’m going to fuck you raw. Is that okay?”

He had considered just fucking her and seeing what might happen. The risk thrilled him, but this didn’t seem the best time to start fucking up his life.

Lyn tensed up. “No condom?”

“No condom.”

Her answer came after a second’s hesitation. “I’m safe.”

A moment later he was on top of her, shoving his cock into her well-prepared pussy.

It happened so quickly and so violently that she gasped upon being penetrated. It felt good. It felt wonderfully good. She liked being used.

He fucked her hard. She liked that as well.

When she wasn't tied down, she loved to caress her lovers. She loved to grab their asses as they thrusted into her. She loved to feel the tautness of their muscles, as if their bodies were entirely made for her pleasure.

She was getting a bit of that now, but she also knew that Bruce was using her for his pleasure.

That only made things better.

Helpless because of the restraints, she could only lay there and take it. And moan. And tighten up her pussy on his cock. And change the angle of her hips.

Bruce continued to pin her down, fucking for all he was worth. She let herself go. It was easy to cum a second time. His cock was hitting all the right spots inside her pussy. He filled her perfectly. Maybe he was the one who had the matching cock that perfectly paired with her pussy.

"In you or on you?" he hissed into her ear.

For a second she didn't understand but then realized he was on the edge.

"In me," she begged. "Cum in me."

That's all it took. A second later he was dumping his load in her pussy. She felt his hotness. She felt the risk she was taking. He strained and groaned drawing out his climax. All of that together pushed her over the edge as well. She came again, pulling on her restraints, struggling to grasp him, but failing. That failed desire made it better.

"Was it good for you?" he asked when he was done.

His cock was still inside her pussy. She could feel him pulsing but he had stopped spurting in her.

"Very. I came with you."

“Was that a first?” he asked. “Have you ever cum at the same time with the guy you were fucking?”

“Yes. Of course I’ve done that before.”

He picked his head up off the pillow where it had been resting next to hers. “Huh. I’ve tied you up and fucked your ass. I’m sure guys have cum in your mouth before. And your pussy. I wonder if there’s anything I can do with you that you haven’t already done with someone else.”

Lyn frowned. “Nothing springs to mind. But we can always compare histories and see.”

Bruce tore at the Velcro on the back of her hood and pulled it up from her head, letting her see again. Lyn was grateful she had short hair; it made the mask easier to deal with. Before he could say anything, she kissed him.

“Let’s see how dirty we can get,” she suggested to him.

Chapter Three

“Oh, I just know that you two are going to get married!”

Lyn rolled her eyes at her mother. “I’m not going to marry Bruce, Mom.” It took all of her self-control not to make her mother’s honorific a two syllable word.

“You’ve been dating him for almost two months now,” her very prim and proper mother said.

“I’ve been fucking him for two months, Mom,” said Lyn, just to anger her mother. “That’s hardly dating.”

“Lynette!” her mother admonished her. “Don’t use that sort of language!”

“But it’s okay that I’m fucking him?” Lyn asked just to twist the knife a little more.

Her mother sighed and closed her eyes. It was difficult for her to deal with her rebellious youngest daughter. Who was thirty years old. And unmarried. And committing the sin of fornication.

“No, it is not, but I can only help you in the ways you want to be helped.”

“Don’t need your help, Mother. I can get laid all on my own.” Their lunch had taken an upsetting turn for both of them, but this was not unusual.

Lyn’s mother smiled sweetly. “As long as it gets you to the altar and a ring on your finger, if that’s what it takes, I’m fine with it.”

Lyn was tempted to know how her mother would feel about what her boyfriend did to her when they were alone.

Just the thought sent a shiver down Lyn’s spine.

“You need to fuck me hard and you need to fuck me now,” Lyn said, storming into Bruce’s apartment the moment he opened the door.

He didn’t even get a chance to reply before she tossed her purse and jacket on

the couch, kicked off her boots, and started stripping off the rest of her clothes.

“Seducing women has always been this easy for me,” he said to no one.

“Yeah, yeah,” Lyn grumbled. She was already down to just her panties. “I’m a big slut and all that. You need to fuck me senseless.”

“Can do,” Bruce said confidently. “Wait a second. Why am I fucking you senseless?”

“Why are you looking a gift horse in the mouth?” Lyn yanked down her panties and kicked them aside. Automatically, Bruce looked at her crotch. In the two months they had been dating she had grown out her dark blonde pubes but shaped them into a narrow triangle. It was a compromise they were both happy with.

“I’m actually looking her in the pussy,” said Bruce.

“Hilarious. Let’s fuck.”

“First you need to tell me why you want me to fuck you senseless.” He knew he shouldn’t have been questioning her motives, but he couldn’t help himself.

“I had an argument with my mother and I don’t feel like having one with you,” Lyn replied angrily. “I can either get drunk, have an argument with you, or get fucked senseless. Which would you like?”

“I’ll fuck you senseless,” Bruce said, taking a bold stand in their relationship. “But first I’m tying you up. It might be fun to fuck a tigress in the sack, but I’m taking precautions.”

Ten minutes later found Lyn tied securely to Bruce’s bed, facedown with a wedge pillow under her hips, forcing her ass into the air.

Lyn was happy with how little time it had taken them, working together, to get her fully restrained. In the months since they had started dating, she and Bruce had updated his bed restraints. Now she not only had cuffs on her wrists and ankles, but a belt around her waist and additional cuffs around her knees and elbows. They weren’t using the elbows restraints right now, but Bruce had hooked up the knee restraints.

“Gag?” he asked. “Blindfold?”

“No. Just make it hurt.”

“You want me to fuck you in the ass?” he asked as he ran his fingers up her inner thigh, causing her to shiver, and then all the way up to inspect her pussy. She was already wet, which was good and expected.

“Sure. Go for it.” She didn’t sound enthusiastic.

“Ass or pussy?” he demanded from her. “Or should I fuck your face.”

“You choose,” she groused. “Just make it hurt.”

While Bruce was more than willing to go along with his girlfriend’s needs, he wanted to be treated with a bit of respect. It was easy for her to take the submissive role. She was born to be a submissive in bed. It was harder to be the dominant.

Bruce liked to be dominant and demanding in bed, but it seemed that Lyn got the majority of benefits when it came to sex.

He was determined to change that.

“Make it hurt?” he asked. Other than his shoes, he was still fully dressed. His cock was hard inside his pants and he was eager to fuck, but he could wait a minute before going right to the main course.

“Yes. Now. Fuck me and make it hurt.”

“I’m going to make it hurt,” he told her, “but you’ll have to wait a little bit.”

“No. Now. You need to do it now.”

Bruce ignored her words of pleading and demanding. He went to the closet and got out a new toy he had been eager to try out. This seemed the perfect moment.

“What are you waiting for? Don’t you want to do this?”

“I certainly do,” Bruce said. He tried to keep all menace out of his voice. He wanted Lyn to relax as much as possible. Resting a hand on her upturned and

well-rounded ass, he felt her soft skin. As much as he was tempted to move his hand from the firmness of her ass to inspect her pussy or asshole, he resisted.

“Please…” she begged again.

“Sure,” Bruce said casually and then brought down the flogger with what he hoped was the correct amount of speed and power.

The sound the leather tassels made when they hit her tender skin surprised both of them.

Bruce flinched, thinking he had seriously injured Lyn.

Lyn’s entire body jumped and she screamed out in pain.

Almost immediately her right ass cheek turned bright red.

Since she was well restrained, she didn’t move much, but managed to slightly offset the mattress.

“What the fuck was that!” she screamed at her boyfriend.

“Keep it down. Do you want the neighbors to know what we’re doing?”

Bruce honestly didn’t care what the neighbors thought, but having to explain to the cops that he wasn’t murdering his girlfriend, just tying her up and smacking her ass wasn’t a conversation he wanted to have.

“What the fuck did you do to me?!”

He held up the leather flogger. “Just a little spanking for your ass. You need it.”

“No I don’t!”

Bruce brought the flogger down on her left ass cheek, not as hard as the first time. She yelped again and tried to wiggle loose. That wasn’t going to happen. Her left cheek pinked up, but wasn’t nearly as red as the other side of her ass.

“Don’t fucking do that!” she demanded.

“Yeah, but I want to do it to you. You need a good beating. A good spanking.”

“I’m going to fucking scream and the cops will show up!”

That had been a joke between them when the sex was so good she couldn’t be quiet.

Bruce had a solution for that problem.

“Okay, let’s fix that.”

The ball gag he had purchased she had never used before and she fought him when he tried to put it in her mouth.

“No! Stop! I don’t want it in!” Lyn kept turning and twisting her head as Bruce tried to force it between her teeth. After a minute he gave up because he knew he wasn’t going to really hurt her.

“Open up and take it between your teeth and then you can scream as loudly as you want because no one will hear you,” he reasoned with her.

“You fucking whipped my ass!” she complained.

“We talked about this,” Bruce said coolly. “We said we were going to start with impact play.”

“Not yet!”

“I’m not going to talk it to death. Now is the time. Take your paddling and I’ll fuck you so hard that you’ll forget you even have a mother.”

“And you want me to wear a gag too,” she pointed out, glaring at him over her shoulder.

“That’s right. So you can scream.”

Lyn was scared. She was starting to push her limits with Bruce. Bondage was okay. She’d been spanked before, but not like Bruce had just done to her. A gag...that scared her. It truly scared her. She wouldn’t be able to call for help...she wouldn’t even be able to tell Bruce if she was in trouble.

“What if something goes wrong?” she asked.

Bruce pressed a bright red bandana into her hand. “Drop it and I’ll stop everything.”

Lyn was scared. That made her pussy wetter. Her body was trembling, partly from fear, but mostly from desire. “Okay.”

She gripped the bandana tightly and opened her mouth. She had to open her jaws all the way for the large red ball to fit, but it went behind her teeth. The steel rod through the center attached to a set of straps that went behind her head. Bruce didn’t put her in a mask. That would have been too much.

But he did pick up the flogger again.

Each time he brought it down on her plump ass, she screamed.

The screams were muffled by the gag and the pillow under her face.

As much as she complained, Lyn found that she liked the spanking. It made her ass hot. It increased her desire. It hurt, but it was a good sort of hurt.

Bruce was pleased with her response. She was yelling and crying, but she kept a firm grip on the signaling bandana. She wiggled around in a way that was arousing to him. Her legs were splayed so he could see the increasing moisture flowing from her pussy. Just watching her ass slowly become bright red was enough to make his cock rock hard.

When he judged she was sufficiently prepared, Bruce paused with his whipping of her and pressed a hand to her ass. Her skin was blazing hot.

“Are you ready?” he asked her.

Lyn nodded.

“One last time.” He didn’t aim the flogger at her ass.

He angled it so it would hit her pussy.

She screamed loudly and this pleased him. The falls of the flogger came away from her pussy soaked with her juices.

Lyn was crying now. Tears were running down her cheeks. Bruce noticed this, but didn't react to it. Instead he reached between her legs to find her pussy hotter than he had ever felt it.

"I think you're ready to be fucked now."

The pain made it impossible for Lyn to answer Bruce, not that she could have actually formed words with the gag in her mouth.

She lay on the bed, the wedge pillow under her hips, red ass up in the air. While she wasn't actually blubbering, Lyn was crying. Tears were sliding down her cheeks and she wanted the pain to go away. That's all she could focus on.

Bruce's body suddenly pressing onto hers came as a surprise. His clothing scraped against her softness and her reddened buttocks. That intensified the heat but before she could cry out another complaint to be stifled by the ball gag, Bruce's cock speared into her pussy. He hadn't bothered to undress. He just unzipped and pulled out his cock to fuck her.

It should have hurt, but it didn't. Her ass had been well abused and her pussy had been treated rudely by the flogger, but the moment he was seated inside her, nothing else seemed to matter.

She welcomed his rough fucking. Lyn even angled her hips to more easily accept his thrusts. She rocked her hips in time with his rhythm. If her hands hadn't been restrained, she would have reached down to frig her clit.

Even so, it didn't take her long to get to a climax. Her pussy was throbbing in time with Bruce's thrusts. There was no way for her to resist. The orgasm he forced upon her was welcome.

She barely felt his orgasm as he came a moment later, filling her pussy with his cum. He didn't stop thrusting even as he came.

Finally the ordeal was over. Lyn was left panting and breathing heavily. The gag interfered with her ability to properly suck air into her lungs. It wasn't impossible, but the lack of oxygen had left her light-headed. Or maybe it was because she was head down and ass up. Or maybe it was because she had been fucked to within an inch of her life.

Or maybe it was all three.

Bruce pulled his cock out of her pussy, leaving her sex wet and sticky and throbbing and still desiring more.

Lyn felt like she had been used like a cheap whore.

She loved the feeling.

Despite all that, she welcomed it when Bruce loosened the strap behind her head to allow the ball gag to fall out.

But it didn't. The ball remained in her mouth. She tried spitting it out, but that was impossible. Since her hands were restrained it was impossible for her to help herself.

The hard rubber ball was lodged behind her teeth and she started to panic.

Luckily, Bruce was there. He had been the one to place the gag so it was only appropriate that he was the one to take it out.

He encouraged her to open just a little wider and with that bit of assistance he was able to ease it from behind her teeth.

"A perfect fit," Bruce murmured as Lyn worked her jaw up and down to make sure she could still move it.

"Sure."

"Did you like it?"

"Uh...yeah. I think that I did."

Bruce grinned like he had discovered some dark secret. "Is this something you've done with another guy?"

Lyn glared at him right in the eye. "No. Of course not. I've never been tied up and gagged and beaten to within an inch of my life and then fucked."

"Fucked hard enough to forget about your mother?" he teased.

“Argh!” she grunted. “Fuck. Fuck you! I had forgotten about her until you had to go and mention her again.” She shook her arms against her restraints. It was a wasted effort; there was no way she was going to free herself.

“Want me to fuck you in the ass?” Bruce offered politely. “That’ll make you forget everything about Pamela.”

“If only,” moaned Lyn. “Just free me. I want to get up. My ass hurts.”

“I haven’t even fucked it yet.”

“Har-fucking-hardy-har-har. Let me up.”

After he freed her and gently rubbed some soothing lotion onto her sore ass, Bruce asked a question that he had been eager to bring up, but was also scared to voice.

“It looks like we’ve gotten to the part of our relationship where we’re doing stuff in bed that we haven’t done with other people,” he observed.

Lyn was lying across his lap as he carefully worked the lotion into her skin. She was still naked. He still had on his shirt and pants. Being naked around him made her feel more vulnerable.

“True. Just don’t mention my mother ever again.”

“Sure. I can do that.”

“Good.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“You just did. I can’t stop you. Just don’t make it about my mother.”

“Would you like to be my submissive, my slave?”

Lyn rolled to her side to look at her boyfriend. She grabbed his hand and pushed it away from her ass.

“I’d fucking love that.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Honeysuckle 2: Beside Honora

She pulled away from me, sloshing through the water to the other side of the tub and pretended like everything was fine. Following her cue, I slipped back into the water and hoped the red flush I felt on my chest and face would just be written off as an effect of the hot water.

We waited a minute. Over the rumble of the hot tub jets we could hear Jake moving through the house. It took him a good long minute to open the back door and walk onto the deck.

Before he opened the door Honora half whispered to me, “It’s taking him fucking long enough. We had plenty of time for me to get off.”

Personally, I like to take my time with a partner, but I silently agreed with her.

We were still naked in the hot tub, but at least we weren’t in the middle of sex. That would have been difficult to explain.

Jake opened the door and walked out on the deck. I wasn’t sure which of us he saw first, but he practically did a double taken when he saw the both of us together. I was slouching down now, hiding my tits in the water. Honora didn’t need to do the same because she was so short, but her breasts were bobbing around. I glanced her way and noted that her nipples were largely hidden.

“What the hell are you two doing?” he asked, his brow furrowed in confusion, and maybe anger, as he walked across the deck.

“Hot tubbing,” Honora answered him with a smug attitude. She managed to pull it off because she’s cute.

Jake walked up to the tub with confidence. The deck was built so that the top edge of the tub was level with the deck surface. He looked down at the two of us. I’ll give him credit. He wasn’t fazed at all.

“You didn’t bother with a swimsuit?” he asked Honora but glanced my way as well.

She shrugged, an action which threatened to lift her tits above the water’s surface. I found myself half wishing it would for another look at her body and half wishing it wouldn’t because it would embarrass all three of us. “I just showered. Why put on a suit?” He nodded and seemed to accept her answer.

Jake looked at me. I should have been thinking of a reason to be naked in his hot tub, but I was too distracted by the stress of the situation along with Honora’s naked body. “I didn’t bring one with me,” I blurted out, giving the lamest reason I could think.

The size difference between Honora and me would preclude my borrowing one.

“Seems you’re awfully relaxed around your clients,” he said to me.

“I try to be,” I said breezily. “I don’t have any body issues. Do you?” I asked him pointedly, raising myself up out of the water just enough so he could see my nipples. There was nothing like a little welcome female nudity to stymie the male tongue.

“No,” he said calmly. “I’m glad you’re enjoying yourselves.” His look was inscrutable. “How much longer will you be in?”

“Not long,” I said without thinking.

Honora was much smoother than me. I got the impression she had a whole secret life she wasn’t letting either me or Jake know about. “We were just about to get out,” she said while standing up.

Jake averted his eyes. Honora smirked at me, casually heaved her body out of the tub, and sauntered around the edge of the tub, picking up a towel from the box next to the door.

“Please don’t walk around the deck naked, Honey,” Jake said like he was in pain.

I looked at his crotch. There was no obvious sign that he had a boner, but there was a bulge there.

“You have a fucking ten foot high privacy fence,” she pointed out.

“It’s not a barrier to the world,” he replied. “Have a little modesty. We have neighbors.”

She smirked at him and languidly wrapped the towel around her body. She had it high up under her arms. So high that from my perspective, down in the tub, I could see up under the towel. I couldn’t see much, but I could certainly see her ass. Maybe her pussy too if I had focused on it.

“Please go put some clothes on, Honey,” he said to her.

“You’re not my father. You can’t tell me what to do,” she laughed at him.

“I am your guardian until your mother or father come back to reclaim you,” he sighed.

“I know,” she giggled and practically skipped her way into the house. Right as she reached the back door, she looked over her shoulder to see if she was being watched. I was eyeing her. Jake had his back to her.

Honora hiked up the towel to show off her bubble butt and disappeared inside.

“She’s not a very stable young woman,” he said to me. “You should be careful

around her.”

Don’t I fucking know it! I said to myself but didn’t actually say the words. “I got that impression. I didn’t want to leave her alone when she said she was going to go into the hot tub. It didn’t seem...safe.”

It was easier to lie when I didn’t have a naked eighteen year old around me.

Jake nodded. “That’s nice of you, but you shouldn’t be hopping into the tub with her. Naked no less.”

“I’m not her legal guardian. I was doing the best I could.”

Once more he sighed and nodded. “Thanks, but…”

“Why don’t you join me?” I suggested before he could finish the thought. I stood up fully and let him get an eyeful.

I liked the way he looked at me.

“Probably not a good idea,” he said.

“Why not? Don’t you like my tits? My hips?” I turned to the side. “My ass.” I

turned back. “My pussy?”

He smiled thinly. “I like it all, but I’d like to have at least a veneer of respectability in front of Honey.”

“Should I leave?” I asked as I stepped out of the tub. His eyes never left my body.

“I was hoping you’d stay…”

“Why should I?”

“Because I want to fuck you.”

I picked up a towel from the box where Honora had grabbed hers. I slowly dried off. I felt like a porn star. I liked the feeling.

“Is that all?” I rubbed my belly with the towel to accent my tits.

“I want to suck the milk out of your tits, is that what you want to hear?”

Fuck yes it was. “That’s exactly what I wanted to hear.”

“Why don’t you grab your clothes,” he said, indicating the pile on the deck, “and go to the shower. “I’ll get rid of Honey.”

“Are you sure?” I asked one last time as I wrapped the towel around my body. It fit me better than Honora, but because I was taller, it barely covered me from tits to ass. My ass hung out, just barely, because I was tall. Hers had hung out because she was so curvy.

“I’m sure.”

“Good,” I answered as I walked by him and grabbed his crotch. His cock was fully hard. I wanted it more than I wanted to admit.

I headed to the guest shower. I had been in his house enough to know where he meant. Honora had her own suite as did Jake, but there were a couple of guest rooms with a shared bathroom. I went there and got under the water. It felt good to wash away the chemicals from the tub.

I don’t know how long I was there, but it was long enough for me to contemplate getting the shower wand down from the holder and using it on pulse to masturbate with. While I was considering this plan, Jake slipped into the bathroom.

Having too much money meant the bathroom was overly fancy with a bathing tub separate from the shower with the glass doors that were only partially frosted giving the outside viewer a peep show.

“Should I join you?” Jake asked, making me gasp and jump.

After my heart stopped trying to pound its way out of my chest, I turned around, glad that he hadn’t caught me in the middle of masturbating to images of Honora in my head, and said, “You shouldn’t sneak up on people like that!”

“It’s my house.”

“Where’s Honora?”

“Honey? She’s already taken off to see her friends. We’re free to fuck.” He slipped the glass door all the way open. “Or whatever,” he added, looking at my chest.

My tits were fully engorged. I wanted him to suck them.

I needed him to suck them after I had barely played with Honora at all.

He didn’t start sucking them immediately, which I would have loved. Instead he pretended to be a gentleman and kissed me. I let him. I accepted his tongue into my mouth and I even pushed back at him, exploring his mouth with my tongue. His hand came up from my waist to cup a breast. I moaned in the back of my throat.

I wanted more.

“You seem eager,” he commented, breaking our clinch.

“You have no idea,” I replied, reaching up to circle my hand around his neck. I was gentle, but I felt a little bit like the sort of creepy guy who always pushes a girl’s head down to his cock for a blowjob instead of asking.

I’m fine with being asked for a blowjob. I’m not at all cool with being shoved around because a guy is unable to use his words.

Apparently I was the sort of woman who was okay with shoving her partner’s face down to her tits.

Jake didn’t complain. And he immediately got the hint, latching on and sucking my nipple.

I moaned louder than I wanted to.

It caused him to pull back from my tit and that was both unexpected and unwanted.

The tone of my moan changed as he pulled away.

“Your milk is really sweet,” he told me.

I wasn’t sure if he was speaking literally or metaphorically.

“Thank you?”

“I’m surprised more guys aren’t into this.” His hands cupped my tits and I could feel him hefting them, squeezing ever so gently which forced out some milk, but not a lot. It was immediately washed away by the spray of the shower. I wanted out of the water and onto a bed. Or at least I wanted Jake to press me up against the shower wall and fuck me hard.

And suck my tits.

I needed the milk drawn out.

“Yeah, well, guys want what guys want.” It was a stupid statement but when I’m about to have sex, I’m focused on getting fucked, not being erudite.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” he asked politely.

“Yes,” I begged. “Please. But more than that...I need you to suck on my tits.”

He raised his eyebrows at me. “You sound...desperate.”

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About the Author

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

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