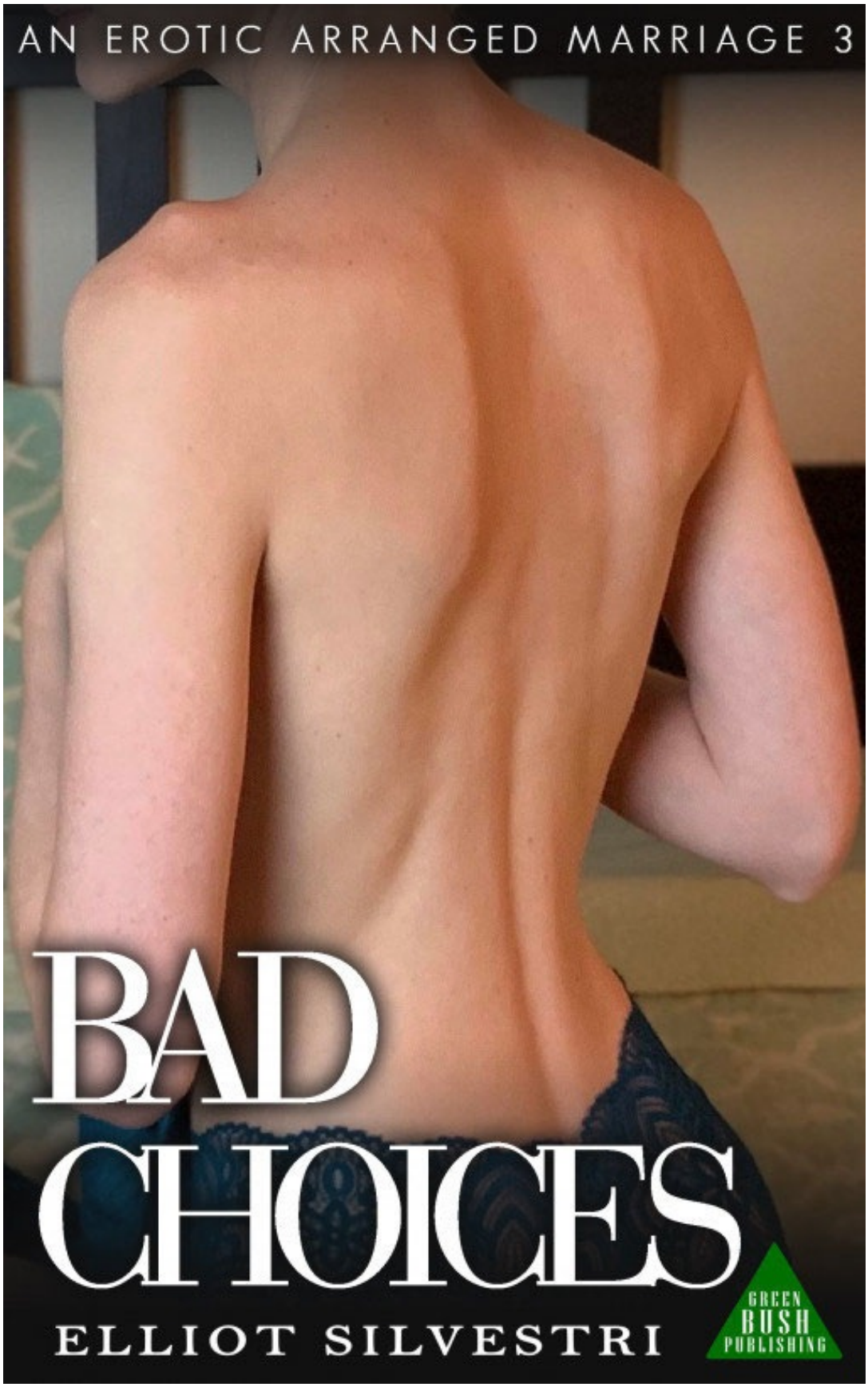
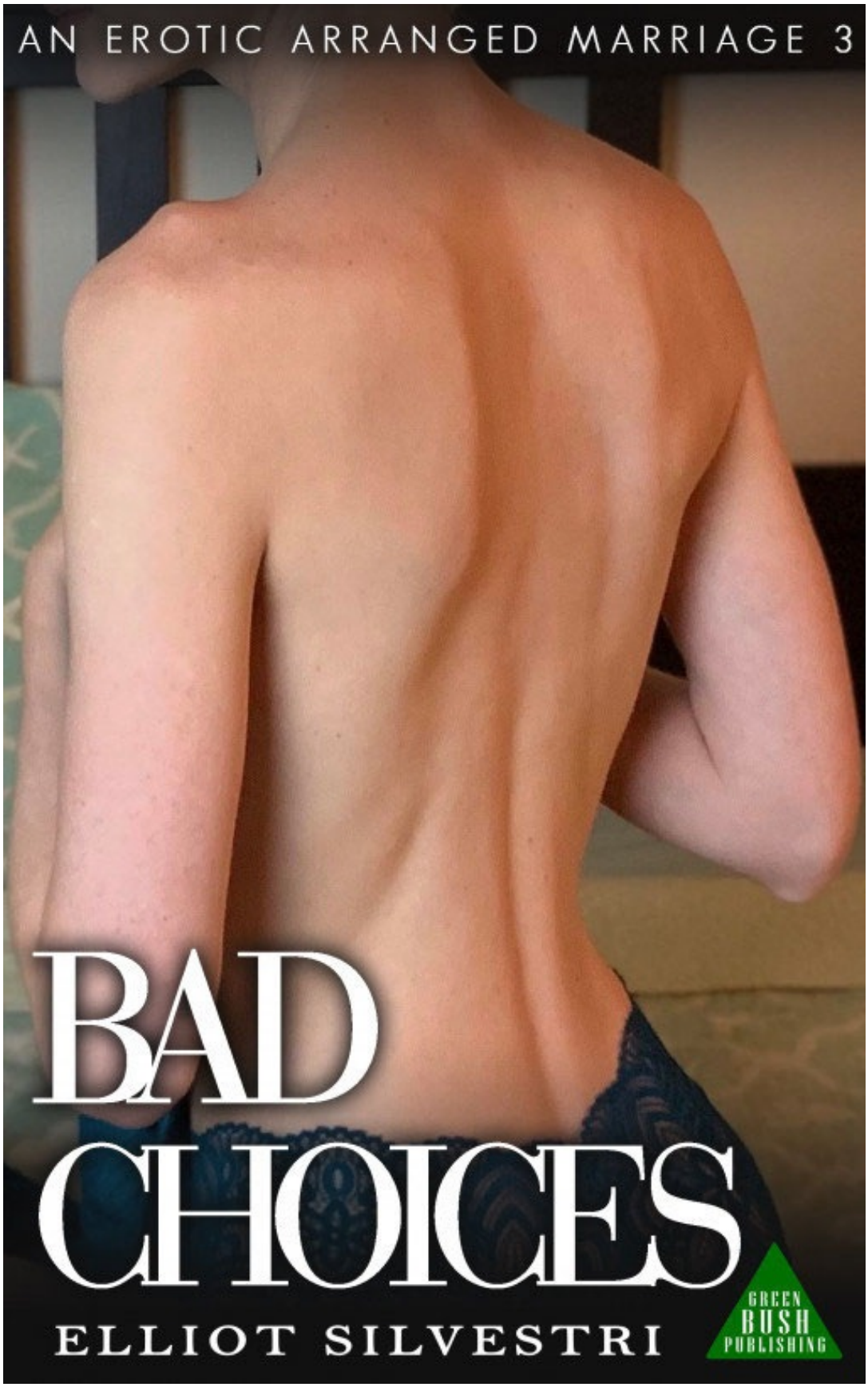

AN EROTIC ARRANGED MARRIAGE 3
BAD CHOICES
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 3: Bad Choices

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 3: Bad Choices

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Chapter Seven

“So how do you go from a date set up by your mothers to getting married?” Ana wanted to know. “I mean, everyone else here either met at school or through friends or through kink websites…”

“Suck my husband’s cock and I’ll tell you the whole story,” Lyn said too quickly and too eagerly.

“Dear, what did we talk about?” Bruce reprimanded her.

“It’s fine,” said Ana. “Why do you think I’m here?”

“I hope it’s to suck some strange cock,” was Lyn’s quick response.

“Well, yes, a little. Maybe get with a woman while my husband watches.”

“I’m all for that,” Bruce interjected.

“Bobby likes sucking cock too,” added Ana.

Bruce blanched slightly at this revelation.

“Uhh...really?”

Both women started laughing at him.

“There’s only one way to find out,” said Ana.

Bruce was inconsolable. “He’s my best friend,” he blubbered.

There was a lot that Lyn could do for Bruce, both in and out of the bedroom. She was happy to do anything for him, not just because it was what he wanted, but because it turned her on as well.

There was nothing she could do about Bruce finding Herman dead on the living room floor laying in the fluffy cat bed that had been his home for years. Bruce didn’t know how old Herman was, but he had told her the orange cat had been adopted by his family when he was in high school. Bruce had stolen Herman

when he moved out after college.

The aged cat was at least fifteen but was in reasonably good health. Finding him suddenly expired without warning came as a shock to them both.

But Herman was Bruce's cat and while Lyn was sad, Bruce was crying, sitting on the couch, holding the cat's body while Lyn sat next to him, trying her best to console him and failing miserably.

She hadn't realized it right up until that moment, but she loved Bruce. She didn't just love having sex with him and hanging out and saying she was his girlfriend. She truly loved him.

And all she could do was be there for him.

It wasn't like they had sex every day or every night. They were spending most nights at each other's apartments but at least once a week they would be on their own.

There was no way that Lyn was going leave to Bruce alone after the evening they had had. A trip to the vet's had been useless; there was nothing to be done other than plan a feline cremation. Bruce had settled into sullen depression. Lyn had taken charge of everything, even making dinner, something that she was not good at, which Bruce barely touched because he was grieving.

They went to bed together and didn't have sex. Lyn had been looking forward to getting laid during the day, but Herman's death had changed that. She made sure he had a couple of shots of Scotch before bed. Lyn had even considered slipping him a sleeping pill, but after the alcohol, that was a bad idea.

She was glad when he eventually fell asleep after midnight. Lyn was still wired and wide awake, but he was resting as reasonably as could be expected.

The worst part of Herman's death, besides the absence of a friendly cat and her boyfriend's absolute misery, was that she was left alone and horny. Once Bruce was snoring in the bed, she got up and went to the couch. She played with her phone for a while, but there was only one thing that was going to give her a little

relief. Since she was only wearing one of Bruce's oversized t-shirts and her panties, it was easy to skim those off and stick her phone between her legs to get a few decent pictures of her pussy.

Lyn even went so far as to stick her fingers up inside herself while playing with her clit. Doing this was difficult while holding the phone so she spent some time angling it properly on the coffee table and positioning herself so that she could make a reasonably well-framed video to send to Bruce later on to cheer him up.

But even that thought and planning wasn't doing it for her.

Luckily, Lyn had started storing some of her supplies at Bruce's place because they were that sort of couple. Sneaking back into the bedroom, she quietly opened the closet and retrieved the purple vibrator from the little treasure box Bruce kept his bondage equipment in. As she was removing the vibrator, she felt another toy and thought why not.

"Hey honey," she said into her cell phone's video camera as she sat back down on the couch and spread her legs to display her pussy. "I know you had a shit day, but I'm horny so I'm going to make the best of it for you."

Taking the vibrator and the silver teardrop shaped buttplug from off camera, she displayed them for Bruce's benefit. "Have you ever had a custom made bit of pornography?"

Scooting down on the couch she squirted some lube on the metal buttplug and then some more on her fingers, applying it to her asshole. It took some forced relaxation and steady breathing to get the plug in. It wasn't like she was a neophyte to anal play, but the plug was thicker than any cock she had ever taken. That was good because the way it made her feel once it was inside, but it was also bad because it was harder to put it in at all.

Once everything was situated, she took a couple of deep breaths and started masturbating in earnest. She tried to remember she was putting on a show as much as she was pleasuring herself. But she also had to keep the noise down to a level where she wouldn't wake up Bruce. He needed to sleep and she was doing this for him.

It wasn't the best masturbation session she had ever had, but feeling the weight of the buttplug rumbling inside of her where nothing should be was relaxing. She

liked the way her vibrator reverberated through her flesh and against the plug.

When she came, she was glad it was over. Without giving it more thought she checked the short video and sent it to Bruce. This allowed her to remove explicit sexting from her sex bucket list. Maybe her face had been partially visible in the video, maybe it hadn't. She didn't care.

The part of buttplugs no one ever talked about was how it felt getting them out after sex. And the cleanup. Once that was done Lyn crawled back in bed with Bruce and was able to fall asleep.

Lyn woke up to the sound of a vibrator. It sounded like the weakest possible vibrator in the world, but it was definitely a vibrator. Rolling over she realized she was still in bed with Bruce and he was watching her video.

In the cold, harsh light of the morning she suddenly regretted her decision to dabble in the pornographic arts. Sometimes she regretted her decision to become Bruce's sub, but then her natural born lust got kick-started and she regretted nothing.

"Don't look at that," she blurted out.

Bruce looked over at her; his eyes were still bloodshot and had bags under them. No one looks their best first thing in the morning, but Bruce looked especially haggard today, which was understandable.

"I've already watched it two times."

"Shit...I was trying to cheer you up."

"It worked," he said and pulled back the covers to reveal his cock. He wasn't fully erect, but she felt a little jolt of lust and wanted to reach out and caress him.

Lyn controlled herself. Bruce was still grieving for his cat. She felt the lack of Herman's presence in Bruce's apartment. While Herman could be annoying, he was also affectionate and loyal.

Sort of like Bruce.

“I don’t think we should—” she started to say, but he cut her off.

“Want to fuck?” he asked, grabbing her body and pulling her close. The t-shirt of his that she had been wearing had already rucked up over her hips and she hadn’t bothered putting her panties back on from the night before, so she was easily accessible.

She let him dig in between her thighs. It was the least she could do for him.

Plus, she enjoyed it.

“Do you really want to do this now?” she asked, trying not to mention the absence of Herman.

“Yes. Now. I need to fuck you.” He pulled down his sleep pants and underwear and rolled on top of her.

She wasn’t as wet as she liked to be, but Bruce’s cock was pressing insistently at her entrance. It was easy enough to let him in. It was such a small act that would make him happy and she wanted him to be happy. She didn’t want him to dwell on his misery.

The sex was good. She still had on her silver collar. It had become as much a part of her as her hair and her eyes and her pussy. She couldn’t imagine taking it off without replacing it with the simple silver necklace that Bruce had given her as well. The heavy collar she could wear most places, but the necklace was necessary to wear in front of her mother and most of her family.

She liked the weight of the collar around her neck just like she liked the weight of Bruce’s body on hers while they fucked.

“We need to get married,” he blurted out while he was in the middle of thrusting into her.

“What?”

It was a most unexpected declaration during sex.

Bruce was mindful enough to stop fucking her and simply rest with his cock inside of her. “We need to get married,” he repeated. “Will you marry me?”

Lyn blinked up at him. This was hardly the way she imagined she would be asked to get married. She was certain she didn’t look her best. Her face was probably puffy from sleep and her hair had to be a mess. Bruce had a two-days stubble of beard growth. His eyes were bloodshot and he had bags under them. His short hair wasn’t nearly as messy as hers but it was still unkempt. In the corner of one eye he had small yellow crusts from crying on and off all night.

Those she wiped away without comment.

She was certain she didn’t smell the best after a night of sweaty sleeping next to him. Bruce’s strong male scent filled the room, but that was more of a turn on to her than anything. Still, showers were going to be necessary.

Maybe as a little girl she had imagined a boy getting down on one knee to propose marriage. Maybe as a teenager she had the fantasy of being whisked away to a romantic location and hearing the words, “Will you marry me,” with a beautiful sunset in the background, maybe on a beach, maybe on the edge of a breathtaking vista.

As an adult she had thought that maybe the proposition would come in a restaurant or on a pleasant walk in the park, but only after a discussion about what a marriage would mean to the both of them.

She hardly expected it in the middle of sex after her boyfriend’s cat had died.

“Yes. Of course I’ll marry you.”

Chapter Eight

“What is that on your finger!?” Lyn’s mother practically screamed. “Are you engaged?” She was beside herself with ecstasy.

Lyn wondered if she looked like that when she was cumming. There was no way her mother enjoyed sex that much.

“Oh. Wait. Where’s the stone?” She put on her glasses. “Is it that small?”

“No, there’s no stone, Mom. It’s not an engagement ring. It’s a wedding band. I’m married.”

If Lyn had shot her mother between the eyes, she wouldn't have been more surprised.

“What do you mean you’re married, Lynette?” her mother demanded. There was confusion and anger in her eyes.

“I got married last week to Bruce. I thought you’d be happy for me,” she said evenly. Lyn was lying. She knew her mother would be upset. She wanted to see the reaction. Visiting her mother had always been an obligation she had dreaded, but this visit seemed a sure way to possibly end their relationship forever.

Lyn wouldn’t have minded that.

“Married?” was all her mother could say.

Lyn decided to twist the knife. “At the courthouse on Tuesday afternoon. Fast and efficient.”

Her mother just nodded and turned her head to look at the wall. Lyn let the food on her plate sit there and sipped at the coffee that had been poured. Her mother made awful and weak coffee. It was another bit of punishment at the hands of her mother.

“Okay. This isn’t insurmountable. We can fix this. We’ll have to plan quickly. I’ll call Father Jacob and see when the church is available. You’ll have to rush through the preparation classes, but that’s not that difficult. Maybe the ceremony won’t be perfect and exactly what you want, but we’ll manage. The real problem will be getting the family together on such short notice.”

“No, Mom. Just no.” Lyn said it firmly and without anger. It was the calmness that caught Jean’s attention.

“Why not?”

Lyn stormed into Bruce’s apartment using the key he had given her. Even though they were now married, she still thought of it as his apartment. They hadn’t yet decided what they were going to do with both of their places, but eventually they knew they would join households.

Bruce was sitting at his computer desk when she came in. She dropped her bag and screamed in frustration.

He looked at her mildly. “If only you screamed like that in bed,” he joked.

“My fucking mother!”

A grimace crossed Bruce’s face. “Now what?”

“She wants us to get married!”

“We are married. She should be thrilled.”

“In a fucking church!”

“I don’t think our lord and savior Jesus Christ would want us fucking in church,” Bruce joked, knowing he was on thin ice.

Lyn raised her finger at him to protest, but then abruptly backed down. “You know, that wouldn’t be a bad idea. The trick is we need to get caught. And probably be caught doing it on the altar.”

“I was joki—”

“No. Wait. The fucking priest has probably molested a bunch of altar boys there already. I don’t want to be associated with that.”

“Good idea,” Bruce agreed.

“Let’s go to the tattoo parlor. I’m ready for my piercing and tattoo.”

Bruce blinked at her. “Excuse me?”

“What do you want the tattoo to say? Slut? Slave? Sub-wife? Slut slave? Sub Wife? Slut wife? Slut Sub Wife? How about just Use me! tatted above my pussy? That’s hot, right? There’s an exclamation point after the word ‘me’, by the way.”

“I don’t think any of those are good idea…”

“And I’ll need a piercing as well. Both nipples or just one? I’ll admit it; I found the belly button ring that Sharon has to be very hot. But maybe that’s for younger women? Am I that old?”

“I don’t—”

“But my mother could see a belly ring. And a nose ring, which was my first instinct, but I don’t think I want that. Not because of my family, but because I want the piercing, and the tattoo, to be secret.” She paused and took a breath. “How much would it hurt to get my pussy pierced?”

“I wouldn’t have the faintest idea,” Bruce replied. He was too stunned by her verbal train of thought to offer any real feedback.

“There’s got to be some pain, right? Lots of nerve endings there, but lots of women get those piercings. I could do it. Sure I could. Just a little sacrifice. And it’ll look so sexy afterwards. That’ll be something I do for you, something I haven’t done with anyone else. But you’ll need to hold my hand when I do it. Just thinking about it makes my palms sweaty and my knees weak.” She laughed a little. “I think the idea is turning me on. My pussy is so wet right now. My stomach is tight like I’m about to go to bed with a new lover.”

“Well, if you get a pussy piercing, you’ll have to show it off to someone else,” Bruce observed.

“Good point,” she said with a nod, seeming to calm down for a minute. “What about my gyno? She’ll see it as well.”

“I’m pretty sure doctors can’t discuss anything about a patient unless it’s with

another medical professional and it's for something like a consult."

"Right. Good point. We're getting this done."

"We?"

"You own me, don't you?" Lyn asked and displayed her hand to her husband. "Isn't that what this ring means?"

Bruce shook his head. "No. It's the necklace you're wearing that proves I own you."

Automatically Lyn's hand went to her neck. She didn't find the familiar weight of the silver collar she normally wore, but instead she found the thin necklace that was her public collar.

"I'll be right back."

Lyn ran to the bedroom. Bruce closed his eyes and wondered what was going on.

Less than a minute later Lyn reappeared wearing nothing but her heavy silver collar. "You need to fuck me now."

"I'm starting to think you should visit your mother more often. You always come back from seeing her horny and angry."

"Do you want to fuck me or not?" she demanded of him.

Bruce stood up and unzipped his pants to pull out his cock. "Why don't you get down on your knees and blow me first. Then we can talk about fucking you."

Lyn was a good wife and a good submissive. She went right down on her knees and took his semi-hard cock into her mouth. He was already drooling precum which was nearly tasteless but coated the inside of her mouth making it easy for her to bob her head up and down on his length.

It was odd, but she took almost as much pleasure from giving him head as he got from her sucking. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to have found her.

As much as it was enjoyable to have his cock in her mouth, Bruce wanted more.

Just as he was about to ask her, Lyn backed up and started stroking him. “Want to violate me?” she asked.

“Violate you? How can I violate you if I’m married to you?”

“Put it in my ass.”

Bruce grinned. “I’ve fucked your ass before. Plenty of times.”

That was a slight exaggeration. They had gone through all the preparations for anal sex maybe a total of ten times since their first encounter.

“But not as a married woman,” she told him. “Fuck my married ass and use me,” she begged. “My mother would be horrified.”

Bruce didn’t want to think about Lyn’s mother. “You know, years ago before real birth control, lots of married couples had anal sex so the wife wouldn’t get pregnant.”

Lyn stood up and turned around to show off her ass, shaking it a bit for Bruce’s benefit. “Well I learned something new today. That’s great. Now fuck me in the ass please, master!”

It was half a request and half an order.

“Get to the bedroom and grease up your ass,” Bruce replied. “I don’t want to tear up that ass and ruin it forever.”

That was one of the real problems with anal sex. Lyn loved it, Bruce didn’t mind indulging her, but the real problem was preparation. It wasn’t sexy and it was involved. Lyn was efficient when she wanted to have anal. In less than two minutes she was on the bed, her ass full of lube and up in the air. She had passed the bottle to Bruce so he could get his hard cock ready.

It was his first instinct to slip his manhood into her pussy instead of her ass and so he teased her labia and clit with his length.

That only served to annoy Lyn.

She moaned in frustration. “Fucking stick it in,” she begged.

“In your pussy?”

“Fuck no. I don’t want to get pregnant. Stick it in my ass! I like it dirty!”

It was all Bruce could do not to burst out laughing. It was a ridiculous thing to be doing, but she wanted it, so he did what she wanted.

Lyn was a pro at getting fucked in the ass. She knew how to relax and take his cock like a champ. Bruce had always been certain it would be incredibly difficult to push into where he wasn’t supposed to go. It wasn’t like fucking a pussy, but Lyn always made anal easy and fun.

He pushed forward and she relaxed and before he knew it, he was all the way in.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned. “Do me dirty. Fuck my ass. Make it hurt.”

He didn’t want to hurt her so he started thrusting in and out slowly.

There was plenty of lube and she was used to having her asshole used.

“Oh...fuck yes,” she moaned and shoved her hand down to her pussy. Once she found her clit she started rubbing.

Bruce stopped moving. “I thought you wanted me to fuck your ass.”

“You are. I did.”

“Then why are you playing with yourself?”

“Because it feels good.”

“I thought you wanted me to fuck your ass to make you feel good.”

“I want both.”

“Maybe you want to be fucked in your ass and your pussy at the same time,” suggested Bruce.

Lyn looked over her shoulder at him. “That sounds pretty damn good, actually.”

“Really?”

“I haven’t done it yet.”

He grabbed her hips and felt a throbbing in his cock. “Fuck yes,” he declared and started banging away at her.

Lyn’s fingers got very busy as she fantasized about having two men inside her at the same time.

The intensity of her orgasm made her clamp down on his cock. For a few seconds Bruce found it hard to thrust, but eventually her orgasm passed and he pulled out, finishing on her back.

Chapter Nine

“And you don’t have any piercings?” Trixie the piercer asked Lyn.

“Just my earlobes,” she replied, flicking the small studs in her ears.

Trixie raised her eyebrows and looked at Bruce who was standing patiently next to Lyn as she sat on the ancient doctor’s exam table that had found a home in this shop that delivered tattoos and unusual holes in the bodies of college students looking for some cheap and fast rebellion before they had to get jobs.

Bruce was impressed that Trixie could raise her eyebrows at all considering she had enough metal in her face to open a small neighborhood hardware store.

“Um...most people don’t start off with genital piercings,” Trixie said politely.

“I’m not. I have earrings.”

“I’m talking about a nose ring, eyebrow ring, lip ring. Even a nipple or belly button piercing would be a better way to start off.”

It became obvious to Bruce that the piercer was trying to dissuade Lyn from the decision she had already made but he knew his wife and she wasn’t going to change her mind.

“I want a nice vertical clit hood piercing and that’s what I came here to get and that’s what I’m going to walk out of here with,” Lyn said politely but firmly.

“Well, walk might be a bit of a stretch,” Bruce offered, a sly smile on his face.

The two women both glared at him.

“Would you like me to leave?” Bruce asked Lyn as a way of apologizing.

“No!” cried Lyn as she grabbed his hand. As much as she was eager to have bits of metal shoved through tender pieces of her anatomy, she still wanted her husband with her when it was done.

Trixie politely cleared her throat. “I’m not saying I’m not going to do it, but this is a big step for anyone. I just need to be sure that this is what you want. All piercings should be considered a permanent thing and they have all risks from

rejection and infection all the way up to nerve damage."

"I know, I know, but I really want to do this for my husband," she said, clutching Bruce's hand tighter.

Flicking her eyes back and forth between the pair, Trixie considered her next words. "I didn't realize you two were married."

"We're newlyweds," said Lyn.

"Congratulations." She flicked a few stray hairs out of her eyes. That made Lyn realize the woman with the slight build not only dyed her dark hair platinum blonde, but she also had a few discrete tattoos along her hairline. Those tattoos were in addition to the ones that covered her arms. Since Trixie was wearing a tank top they had already seen the large tiger tattoo that covered her back from shoulders to waist. "Would you mind stepping out to the hallway for a minute. I need to examine Lyn's...anatomy...to make sure that she can take a VCH."

"He can stay with me," Lyn said quickly. "It's not like he hasn't seen it before."

"No, I'll leave, it's fine," said Bruce.

"It's our policy," said Trixie. "Initial exam has to be done in private. No exceptions. He can be in here for the actual piercing if you want."

"See, hon?" asked Bruce. "Not a problem. I'll be right outside for when you're ready." Without another word, he left and closed the door behind him.

"Fine," breathed Lyn as she unzipped her jeans and started to undress.

Trixie rolled close to the other woman and lowered her voice. "You don't have to do this if you don't want to," she said conspiratorially. "Is he making you get pierced?"

"What? No! Of course not. This is my decision."

"Some men bring in their girlfriends or whatever and insist that they get pierced or tattooed—"

"My decision," Lyn repeated.

“Sometimes for women it’s a sign they’re being trafficked. I don’t put up with that shit.”

“My decision,” Lyn said again. “Partly because I want it and partly because it’ll piss off my mother.”

Trixie paused. “I can just tell him that your anatomy is all wrong for any genital piercing. I’ll do nipples or belly button, but that’s it. It’ll be a secret between us girls.”

“I want this,” Lyn said again. “It’s my decision. Mine. I want to decorate my pussy. I want my husband to know he has a sexy wife. I want to piss off my mother.”

“Are you going to show this to her?” Trixie asked skeptically.

The question caught Lyn by surprise. “Uh...no. I’m probably not even going to tell her about it. But just knowing that she’d completely scandalized that her daughter has her clit pierced is enough for me.”

A nod from Trixie indicated that she understood. “Lots of the college girls I pierce come in here looking to get their nipples done and want the rings to show through their shirt. Not because they want to look sexy for boyfriends...or girlfriends or whatever, but because they want their fathers to see and get upset. Daddy issues, right?”

“That’s odd,” Lyn offered.

“It sure is. And I’m a professional piercer. I’ve seen people with issues. And it sounds like to me that you have mommy issues.”

Lyn frowned. “Does that mean you’re not going to do my piercing?”

“Take off your pants and let me see,” was her answer.

In a flash Lyn finished taking off her jeans and underwear and then got back onto the exam table but hesitated just a moment before putting her feet up in the stirrups. She was glad that she had left on her socks for the warmth.

It wasn’t that Lyn was shy about going to the gyno, but this was a different sort

of setting than a doctor's office with clinical posters on the wall. Here she saw displays of body jewelry and tattoo designs while hard rock music played in the background.

Trixie sat down on the rolling chair, pulled out a tray from one of the cabinets, and pulled on a pair of exam gloves and even went so far as to put on a medical mask.

Lyn had confused feelings, but Trixie was acting like a professional and it helped.

Getting touched on her genitals by the gloved piercer was strange. Not uncomfortable at all. The latex was out of place, but that was easy to deal with.

"This is going to take me a few minutes. I want to be sure about your anatomy," said Trixie. "I'm going to move things around. It shouldn't hurt, but let me know if you feel something is off."

"Okay," Lyn said, trying to keep calm.

There was no reason for her to be nervous, but she was.

Her manipulation of Lyn's sex was slightly weird, but Lyn was fine with it. Her thoughts started straying and she wondered what it would be like to go to a doctor if she had a medical fetish. Did doctors have a special class in med school to deal with people who got off on medical exams? Were there doctors out there who catered to medical kinksters? How often were patients caught masturbating after the doctor finished a procedure or exam?

"Wow," said Trixie after a few minutes, bringing Lyn out of her train of thoughts.

"Wow what?" Lyn replied, thinking there was a problem. She had never had a problem with her pussy or any related organs, so Trixie's reaction surprised her.

"You have the perfect anatomy for just about any piercing," Trixie declared.

"Really?"

"Hells yeah. I've only done a couple of actual clitoral piercings, not just the

hood, but you look like a good candidate for that as well. I'd suggest it if it wasn't so dangerous and it wasn't your first."

Trixie's sudden enthusiasm gave Lyn pause. "Uh, no. I think I want to stick with a vertical clit hood, thanks. Can I have Bruce in here while you do it."

"Yeah, yeah. Sure, sure. I have to ask, do you wax or shave or what?" Trixie ran one finger over Lyn's bare mound. It felt oddly clinical with a sexual undertone.

"Wax. I've considered laser removal but that shit's expensive. I was waxed last week."

"Good. That'll make things easier. Let's get Bruce, pick out some jewelry and get you sorted out," said Trixie.

It hurt less than she thought it would, but Lyn was still glad she wore boring cotton panties for the appointment. Putting them back on after the piercing was completed was the bravest thing she had ever done in her life.

Back at her apartment things were arranged for her to recover in comfort. The first thing Lyn did after Bruce drove her home was go to the bathroom. Not to pee, but to look at herself—her pussy—in the mirror.

It took her about two seconds to decide that the little silver ring that now decorated her clit was the most beautiful sight in the world. Lyn had never been ashamed at how her sex had looked, but this bit of decoration only made it look prettier.

The one real problem was that she knew she couldn't masturbate. The pain wasn't bad, but Trixie had given her so many warnings, she was afraid to even touch her pussy.

That didn't mean she wasn't turned on.

While she was in the midst of admiring herself both by looking down at herself and turning her body back and forth in front of the mirror, Bruce walked in.

It wasn’t unusual for him to catch her naked in her apartment. That was her default setting. She liked being naked. She liked being naked in front of her husband and lover. Naked except for her collar and cuffs.

“You’re beautiful,” he told her.

“You’re just saying that because you’re looking at my bare ass,” she answered, still looking at herself in the mirror, not even glancing his way.

“And the bare rest of you,” he corrected her.

“Do you like my piercing?” The question was fraught with undercurrents of anxiety. Bruce knew how to solve that.

“I love it. I love everything about you.”

“Even my fat ass?”

“Your ass isn’t fat, not by any stretch of the imagination. Ample and full and beautiful are my first three adjectives.”

“You’re just saying that because you’re married to me. You’re required to say it.”

“Just because I’m required to say it doesn’t mean it’s not true.”

Bruce moved behind her and placed his hands on her hips where they flared out from her torso. He bent his head and kissed her shoulder.

“Am I crazy for getting a piercing?” she asked. “I mean...I wanted it but I wanted to piss off my mother too.”

“It’s your body,” he replied. “It’s yours to do with as you wish.”

She reached up and touched the heavy links of the silver collar around her throat. “Actually, this body belongs to you for you to do with as you want.”

“Right now I want you to be happy.”

“Do you know what will make me happy?”

“No, but you have only to ask and I’ll do it.”

It was strange. Lyn loved to be used, but she was the one in charge of their relationship.

“I want to have sex.”

The light kisses that Bruce had been showering on her neck and shoulders suddenly stopped. “You know we’re not supposed to do that for a while. You need to heal.”

“It’s just my clit hood,” she said, turning her head to speak with him directly. “You can fuck me doggy style and there won’t be any danger.”

“That’s not what what's-her-name said. Trixie. She said no sex.”

“But I’m so horny,” Lyn complained. “I didn’t think getting pierced would turn me on, but it did. You know how I like to get spanked and abused. I need to get off right now and I can’t touch my clit.”

“No,” he said firmly.

She pressed her ass backwards into his body. She could feel his hard cock. He was just saying no to be polite. To follow the rules.

“If you don’t fuck me, I’m just going to use a vibrator to get myself off. And who knows what damage I’ll do to myself…”

Bruce sighed. He knew it was a futile effort to argue with her. “This is so dangerous,” he said.

“Okay. Fine. Fuck me in the ass. If you do it just right, you’ll make me cum and then I won’t abuse myself.”

It was as good an offer as he was going to get out of Lyn. “Okay, fine,” he sighed again.

She spun around and clapped her hands together. “I’ll get the lube! You get your pants off!”

As Bruce started to undress he reflected how ridiculous it was that he was reluctant to fuck his new wife when she asked for it. As a teenager he would have been thrilled for any woman to ask him to have sex, let alone anal sex. The conundrum was that she was asking for something dangerous and he wanted to keep her safe.

Oddly, this compromise was the only thing that would keep her safe.

“Put on your cuffs too!” he called to her as he started stripping.

“Ooh! Kinky!” she teased.

“It’s the only way to make you sure you don’t play with yourself while I fuck you.”

The prep work for having sex was done efficiently as they had been through this routine dozens of times, but Bruce stopped Lyn when she started to attach one of her wrist cuffs to the bed frame.

“Don’t do that.”

“Why not?”

“I want them behind your back.”

“Fun. But I like to have anal when I’m on my back.”

“We don’t always get what we want,” he said, grabbing his wife’s body and spinning her around. With a practiced motion he hooked her wrist cuffs together and carefully lowered her to the bed, facedown.

“Are you going to use my body?” she asked him. “Are you going to treat me like a dirty girl who needs to be punished?”

“I’m going to fuck you in the ass and you’re going to love it,” he said, carefully moving her legs wider, opening up her pussy and ass to him. Her face was already against the mattress and her ass was in the air. Her crease was slick with the extra lube she had already smeared on and in her back entrance.

Bruce took the bottle and put plenty on his hard cock. He was thrilled that he

could get hard so easily just because Lyn asked him for sex.

“Normally I’d like to warm you up first,” he mused.

“Feel my pussy,” she told him. “I’m already plenty hot.”

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to touch her pussy—he loved doing that—but he was afraid of hurting her.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you,” he said as he dragged his cock back and forth along her crease, rubbing her slicked up and puckered anus.

Lyn liked that and moaned a little at the stimulation.

“Oh please fuck me,” she begged. “I need you in me.”

“I could just stick a vibrator in your ass and jerk off on your back,” Bruce mused.

“No! No. Don't do that. Please fuck me, sir,” she said going into full submissive mode. Bruce didn’t need her to play the role of a helpless woman who needed to be used and abused. He just liked fucking his wife the way she needed.

Bruce brought his hand down smartly on her ass making her yelp.

“Shut up! I’ll fuck you the way I want when I want!”

“Yes sir,” she said automatically and wiggled her ass in anticipation of getting fucked.

They had done this so many times now that it seemed normal. It was normal. It was completely normal for Bruce to fuck his wife in the ass while her hands were bound behind her back. The only thing different than usual was Lyn’s pussy had been recently pierced making her stance wider than usual.

She gasped a little when he finally shoved his cock head into her ass, forcing her sphincter open.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned.

“Did I hurt you?”

“A little.”

“Good.”

Bruce took a moment and then pushed in deeper. Lyn groaned in appreciation. Slowly Bruce built up speed and depth, just the way Lyn liked. He reflected how he was doing this more for her than he was for himself.

Still, it was nice to hear her moans and sighs as he used her ass.

Lyn tried to move around and direct his cock to the correct angle she wanted, but it was next to impossible. Her wrists were bound behind her back and Bruce had a good grip on her hips. She wasn’t going anywhere.

Her clit faintly throbbed in time with her pulse because her heart was starting to race. While she knew it was possible to have an orgasm just from getting fucked in the ass, it was still difficult. Normally she liked to use her hand or a vibrator on her clit and pussy while getting pounded in the ass, but that wasn’t possible with her new piercing. She knew that she shouldn’t even be having anal sex right now, but it was too much to resist. It was either this or suffer through the pain of rubbing one out on her recently damaged clit.

“Harder,” she begged. “Fuck me harder.”

“Slut,” Bruce spat at her as he paused and then started really going to town on her ass.

His enthusiasm scared and hurt her. Still, Bruce didn’t stop and she didn’t ask him to stop. He poured some more lube on his cock when he briefly pulled out but then shoved it right back in. He was fucking her ass more like a pussy and she loved it.

Lyn started sobbing. To be used like this was perfect. She was less than worthless and getting her ass reamed was what she needed.

When she came, she stopped breathing. She was certain her heart stopped beating. Time seemed to pause and her body vibrated in time with the universe.

And then everything started up again and it was like her body was on fire and it was perfect.

Bruce stopped pounding in her ass.

“Oh...I really needed that,” she sighed.

“It sounded like it,” Bruce agreed with her.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I’m one hundred percent positive that all your neighbors know you’re having sex right now.”

“Fuck!”

“Exactly,” Bruce chortled. “Now. I’m not done with you. It felt great when your ass was squeezing my cock, but I couldn’t move and I need to finish.”

“Go ahead. My ass can take it. Maybe you’ll make me cum again.” These words were half mumbled into the mattress and she wondered why she couldn’t have turned her face to scream into the mattress when she was cumming.

“Maybe I’ll just jerk off,” Bruce mused.

“Nooo,” she whined. “Please fuck my ass. Please!” Lyn wiggled and shook her backside, but was limited in her motions because of her cuffs. Still, she imagined it was rather attractive. Maybe she had a big ass, but it was a big, attractive ass.

“I’ll cum on your ass and back. You’ll like it.” Even as he said the words, he put his cock back into her ass. Lyn moaned at the violation of her body. She liked being violated.

But after going all the way in, pumping a couple of times, pressing deeply against her fat ass, Bruce once again pulled out.

“I don’t want to cum in your ass,” he declared.

“Then cum on me,” she begged. She didn’t need to cum again, but she needed the emotional satisfaction of being used and humiliated. “Use me and cum on me.”

Bruce grinned. “I can do that.”

He plunged back in again and Lyn was happy to be used. She was little more than an object, a hole and nothing else. She had hoped that maybe he would fuck her long enough to make her cum again, but then he pulled out again and she whined in frustration.

But this time he didn't just tease her. He backed all the way up and got off her body.

"What are you doing?" she asked, turning her head this way and that, trying to see what Bruce was up to.

"Stop moving," he ordered as he walked on his knees on the bed.

Lyn turned her head once again, this time so she could see her husband's body. He was on his knees to her right, his cock in hand, pumping up and down his length.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I want to cum on you."

"On my ass," she said.

"On your face," he corrected her.

Lyn's eyes went wide. She had plenty of experience blowing guys and cum wound up wherever it would. Usually she swallowed her partners' loads, sometimes she'd jerk them off and they'd land their spunk on her chest. A few times she had caught a shot to her neck or cheek, but that was accidental.

Men cumming on her face wasn't really a thing.

Almost automatically she started to struggle out of the way, but quickly realized she was too tired and too well bound to do anything. She could have rolled out of the way, but that wouldn't have helped because it would just put her on her back and completely vulnerable.

"Okay," she relented and closed her eyes. Lyn knew the horror stories about women getting semen in their eyes. She wasn't going to suffer like that.

Bruce moved closer on his knees and kept pumping his cock. Curiosity got the best of her and she opened her eyelids, wanting to see.

Her husband was straining, pistoning his hand up and down his length, his face a contorted mask on concentration.

“Come on, baby,” she intoned. “Cum on me. Cover me.”

That was what he needed. The moment he started spurting, she squeezed her eyes shut. She felt some land in her hair. Some on her cheek, and some on her forehead. She was certain she was a mess.

“Don’t move,” he told her.

“Why not? Are you getting me a washcloth?”

“Don’t move,” he just repeated. A moment later she sensed the flash of his cell phone camera.

“What are you doing?”

“You look beautiful covered in my cum.”

Only then did Lyn realize this too was something new she had never done with another man.

Chapter Ten

“It definitely looks better bare,” said Bruce. “Much sexier. More visible.”

Lyn looked down at herself. They were in Bruce’s apartment and she was naked, her usual state of dress when they were together. Other than the silver collar around her neck she wore only two other pieces of jewelry: her wedding ring and the heavy silver ring decorating her pussy. The CBR ring was always pressing against her clit. She liked the near constant stimulation, it wasn’t strong, but it was always there.

What she had discovered just a few weeks after getting the piercing was that it was much more prominent when all of her pubic hair was removed. That was fine with Lyn. She had been removing her body hair for years. Bare was her normal state. It was more efficient to get waxed, but doing that necessitated growing back a bit of hair which she didn’t love.

Having just returned from an appointment at what she called her groomer’s, Bruce had her undress so he could do an inspection.

She shivered a little when he ran his fingers over her smooth and bare labia.

“You like that?” he asked.

“I love that.”

“Everything went smoothly?” he asked, forcing himself to pull his fingers away and not plunge them into her pussy. He could smell her desire, but they both needed to learn better sexual discipline otherwise they’d spend all day and night having sex and accomplishing nothing else.

“Uh-huh,” she said vaguely. Bruce waited for more information and she finally relented. “Chelsea commented on my piercing.”

Bruce slapped his thigh. “Ha! I knew she would!”

Lyn sighed and rolled her eyes. “Well she would have to. She’s an aesthetician. It’s her job. It’s not like she couldn’t not see it.”

“What did she say? Tell me everything.”

“Can I at least get something to eat? I’m starving.”

“Come to the kitchen. I’ll start dinner. You can have a snack.”

They walked together from the bedroom to kitchen. They had decided that she’d move into his place. It was larger than hers. It was closer to both of their workplaces. Her lease was coming to an end. It just made sense.

Plus they were married now and even though their families had a lot of questions about their decision to get married the way they did, they were expected to live together.

And they wanted to live together. They just didn’t want their families to think they had won something.

In the kitchen Bruce started chopping vegetables for the one-pan chicken recipe he liked to make while she sliced off a few pieces of smoked Gouda cheese and laid them on crackers. It was a perfect picture of domestic bliss...except he was fully dressed and she was naked in the kitchen. Naked except for her collar and jewelry.

Bruce found himself glancing up every once in a while to monitor Lyn’s tits. They had agreed to keep the apartment at exactly seventy four degrees because Lyn was so often naked. She wanted it warmer; he wanted it cooler. He liked seeing her erect nipples. She didn’t like being cold.

Because he had turned on the stove, the kitchen was warming up, but Lyn’s nipples still remained fully erect.

Once her snack was ready, Lyn perched on one of the kitchen stools and launched into her story. While she talked she would eat a cracker every once in a while. Bruce reached out and grabbed a cheese-covered cracker as she started to speak.

“Okay, so I get there and everything is normal. I’ve done this hundreds of times.”

“Hundreds?”

“Okay, dozens. Whatever. I strip down and I’m worried because there’s no way

she can’t see my little decoration, but I have to do this, right?”

“Right,” he agreed.

“I remember years ago they would offer these terrible little paper thongs if you wanted some modesty. But really, if I’m getting my pussy completely waxed, what’s the point in playing around with a tiny scrap of paper to hide my lips?”

“Agreed!” Bruce grinned at her and put the veggies aside to start cutting up the chicken breasts. Even as he did so, his cock was getting hard inside his pants.

“So I spread wide because I know Chelsea and we know the routine. My ring is the first thing she sees.”

“And?”

“She says, ‘Oh! You got a piercing.’”

Bruce was nonplussed. “That’s it?”

Lyn snorted. “Well, we discussed it and went through what she would have to do to work around it.”

“Not much. It’s in your clit hood, not on your mound and in your hair,” Bruce commented.

“Thanks for reminding me. It’s not like I don’t have it in all the time. Anyway, she asks when I got it done and did it hurt and if I liked it?”

“Two months ago,” Bruce intoned. “A little pain, but it was thrilling at the same time. Healing went fine. You love it. Your husband loves it.”

“If you’re going to answer for me, why am I telling the story?”

“Sorry,” Bruce apologized. “Please go on.”

“So she says she’s been considering getting one herself.”

Bruce looked up. “Really? That’s hot.”

“Well, you’ve never met Chelsea. She’s about fifty pounds overweight and

twenty years older than me. Nice woman, but...not your type."

"Is she your type?" Bruce teased.

"Ha. No. She asked where I got it done and all that. She showed me her belly button ring, which I knew she had but—and let me stress I didn't want to see this—she had trouble with it when she first got it done years ago. Infection. Poor placement. Etcetera etcetera. Anyway, she's gotten it redone and there's some scar tissue. She doesn't want the same issues with a pussy piercing."

"Makes sense. Why would a fiftyish woman want to get her pussy pierced anyway?"

"She said her boyfriend had been asking her to."

"Huh. Brave boyfriend."

"Well, apparently he's been asking her to do a lot of stuff in bed that she hasn't been comfortable with...until she tried it," Lyn revealed.

Bruce moved the chicken to the hot pan he had just added grapeseed oil to. "Interesting."

"So I told her that when I got pieced I had to have a lot of anal sex because I didn't want to mess around with the ring."

"Hot!"

"Oh please, you knew that about me when we first dated."

"No. I was saying the pan was hot! I burned my finger."

"Hilarious."

"Tell me more."

"Jesus Fucking Christ! What are you expecting? That we tore off our clothes—well, the rest of my clothes—and fucked there in her treatment room? That's a porn fantasy, not reality."

"She's not your type anyway, if I remember correctly."

“But she did tell me that John asked her to try out an orgy and she loved it,” Lyn casually commented.

Bruce whipped his head around so fast he was lucky it didn’t suddenly disconnect from his shoulders. “What? You’re lying!”

Lyn shrugged, a motion that made her tits jump up and down in a most fetching manner. “That’s what she told me. She said having sex in front of other people has been great. She loves it. She even loves having sex with other men while John watches.”

“Now I know you’re lying!”

“That’s what she told me.”

“Hot,” Bruce commented.

“That’s what I thought,” Lyn agreed.

“No. I was talking about the chicken.” He adjusted the heat and added the vegetables and broth, letting it slowly simmer. “I don’t want to think about overweight fifty year olds having sex.”

She smirked at him. “I still think it’s hot she’s getting to do what she wants. Pushing her limits. Having fun.”

Bruce turned back to the stovetop. “You just want to fuck other men, don’t you?”

Lyn nodded. “Yes, now that we’re married I was thinking that we should become swingers.”

Now Bruce whipped around and glared at his wife. “You’re fucking with me now.”

Putting on her best, most innocent look, Lyn said, “Why would I do that?”

“Because you like annoying your master,” he pointed out as he put a lid on the large pan and turned the heat down to the lowest setting. Lyn continued to munch on the cheese and crackers she had prepared when Bruce’s hand shot out like a snake striking, only he caught one of her fully erect nipples. Lyn gasped a

little at the unexpected thrill of pain, but didn't pull away or protest. "That's the trouble with having a slave who thinks she's better than all the women in the world."

He twisted her nipple and made her whine with pain.

"I don't think I'm better than everyone else," Lyn protested. She didn't hit or scratch at Bruce's hand. She didn't pull away. She knew better. This was all part of the game. A game she loved.

"Why not? I chose you over every other woman in the world. Should your master, your owner, have chosen someone who is less than ideal?"

There was no way to answer the question and win. Lyn knew that.

"I am the best," she said. "But you deserve...variety. I just want to please you."

"With your slutty cunt?"

"If that's what you want."

"You want to see me fuck someone else?" he asked her sharply. He didn't let go of her nipple, but he grabbed the other one and twisted it as well.

Lyn focused and made her mind move out of her body so she could concentrate and answer.

"Yes sir."

"What if I made you fuck other women? Would you like that?"

"Yes sir. Only if you watched."

He smiled and kissed her, releasing her nipples. The blood rushed back into them causing her more pain. Before she had time to recover, he pulled her off the stool, spun her around, and forced her to bend over the island counter. She didn't object, even though the edge of the counter cut hard into the hips.

Lyn waited eagerly for him to pull out his cock and fuck her.

She wasn't surprised—but was strangely delighted—when instead he smacked

her ass with a wooden spoon he grabbed from the drawer.

It stung and she cried out in pain. A pain she welcomed.

Just as she was about to turn around or cover her ass with her hands, he brought the wooden spoon down again. It hurt just as much, and this time was on the other cheek.

She burst out with a cry of shock that was louder than the first.

“You’re going to let the neighbors know what we’re up to,” Bruce said calmly.

“It fucking hurts to have my ass paddled!”

“That’s too bad because I’m not done with you yet.”

“Just fuck me and get it over with,” Lyn said flatly, turning around and pressing her wounded bottom to the cool granite edge of the countertop. It gave her some modicum of relief.

“I’m going to, but I’m going to paddle your ass first.”

“Why?” Lyn wasn’t whining, but she was coming close.

“Because it turns me on. I like to hear you scream. And you probably like it too. Suffer pretty and I’ll make sure you cum.”

Lyn had a hundred objections to what Bruce wanted to do, but she didn’t say any of them. She was interested and curious and liked rough sex and wanted to know how much she could take.

“Fine,” she said. “Paddle my ass and see how much I like it.” She turned back around and presented him her ass.

“Very good. Now put your hands on the counter and don’t move them.”

Lyn did as he said and waited in anticipation.

It was horrible.

But only slightly less horrible than when he started paddling her ass with the

wooden spoon. It hurt like hell.

And at the same time she liked it.

Each strike was a spike of pain. Each little flare of pain was a thrill she couldn't describe that went right to her clit.

In no time she was crying, tears running down her face. At the same time her pussy was getting wetter and wetter. She was certain that Bruce could see the moisture on her inner thighs. Her shrieks were diminished, but only because she didn't want to face the neighbors and know they could hear her screams.

And then it stopped.

The kitchen was silent except for the soft bubbling of their dinner and her equally soft sobs of pain.

"Very good girl," he told her. "Leave your hands on the counter."

Lyn only nodded. She wasn't able to talk.

She heard his zipper and felt his presence behind her and then his cock was probing between her thighs. Opening her stance for him, Bruce pushed his hard cock all the way into her pussy.

"Did you like that?"

Lyn only nodded again. Her ass hurt but it felt good to have his cock in her pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you in front of so many people," he hissed in her ear and her pussy quivered. "And you're going to watch me fuck other women. And you're going to fuck other women while I watch. Maybe I'll have her suck my cock while you eat her pussy. You'd like that, wouldn't you, slut?"

"Yes!" she cried out. "Yes! I'd fucking love that!"

Lyn came. She had never cum so easily in her life. Her hot pussy clamped down on his cock and a moment later he was cumming as well, filling up her pussy.

“You’re! Such! A! Horny! Slut!” he cried out as he finished, each word punctuated with a thrust of his hips against her reddened ass.

Once he was done cumming, he pulled out of her and wiped his cock on her bright red ass. He then turned away and removed their dinner from the stove.

“Ready to eat?” he asked her.

“Yes. Just give me a minute to clean up.”

“No,” Bruce said firmly. “Go sit down at the table. I’ll bring the food out to you.”

“But the chair is hard. And I’ll make a mess with your cum…”

“I know. And that’s the way I want it.”

She saw how this was going to play out and nodded. “Okay. As you wish.”

They sat across from each at the small table. Lyn was uncomfortable on her abused ass. She could feel his spunk leaking out of her. She knew she was going to have to clean up the mess after dinner, but for now it was fine.

She was being put in her place.

That turned her on.

She liked eating dinner naked while Bruce was clothed.

She liked being his slave.

“Are you serious about being swingers?” he asked quietly as they started to eat.

Lyn wiggled in her chair, trying to find a comfortable way to sit and failing. “Yes. If that’s okay with you. It’s just something that...that turned me on. If you want to do it, then yes. If you don’t...I’ll never mention it again.”

“How do we start?” he asked.

Lyn smiled and forgot the pain in her ass. “Let me call Chelsea.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Honeysuckle 4: With Rachel

I was nervous as hell when I got to Rachel's house. I had convinced myself she wanted me over because she wanted to scream at me for ruining her life. I would happily take that because I had deserved it to a certain extent.

What was I thinking when I was fucking Jake and Honora...and then Reggie in front of Rachel? It was a bad decision, even if she had implicitly encouraged it to happen.

I decided to be bold and face the music and be done with her.

When she opened the door I found that I lost most of my courage. We just stared at each other for a moment through the glass panel of the storm door.

And then she opened it and gestured me through.

"I just want to apologize for what happened on Monday," she said as I stood nervously in the middle of the foyer.

"There's no need for that," I said weakly.

"No. There is. I've dumped on you before when I've told you about my affair with Reggie. It's none of your business and I dragged you into it."

My face flushed red and I tried to extricate myself from the situation. "No. Really. It's fine. I involved myself. Had nothing to do with you. Let's just forget that Monday happened and never mention it again."

"I'm great with that," she said, much to my relief. And then she kept going. "But Reggie can't stop talking about you."

I wondered how much she was talking to her boyfriend. And why about me. Okay, I knew why about me. Because I had fucked him in front of her and had

watched while he had then fucked her. But why was I the subject of their illicit conversations?

“Well, I’m glad I impressed him.” What the fuck was I supposed to say?

“He’s obsessed with you right now,” she said with just a hint of anger in her voice and a bit of jealousy and probably some other emotions that I couldn’t identify.

“Sorry about that. Didn't mean to get in your way.”

“I know he fucks other women,” she said, trying to explain something.

“Okay...so why do you…” I didn’t know how to phrase my question.

“I fuck him because...well, you’ve seen his body. You’ve had his cock. The sex is incredible! Much better than with Michael.”

“Okay…”

“He wants to fuck you again,” she quickly blurted out.

I had my doubts. “You can’t be serious.”

She nodded enthusiastically. “He is. I am. We are.”

“He was grossed out by my lactating,” I reminded her, looking down at my small chest.

“Um...he said that was more of a shock reaction. He’s obsessed with it now. I mean obsessed!”

“Well, I’m sort of seeing someone else right now,” I told her. “It’s pretty new so I don’t want to involve other people. You understand.”

She nodded and looked away, sighed deeply, inhaled, and quickly spat out another stream of words I never would have expected from her. “He wants to fuck the two of us again. Together. He wants to watch you and me together. I know that’s a big ask.”

“Oh.” I didn’t know what else to say.

“And he wants to taste your breast milk.”

“Ah. I...uh...I see.”

She looked me directly in the eyes. “I want to try it too.”

Silence.

The longer the silence filled the air, the more uncomfortable I became. “Oh,” I said again.

That didn’t help.

“Would you be willing?” she asked. “I’d do anything to make it happen.”

Why was Rachel putting herself in this situation for an (admittedly handsome) man (who knew how to fuck) who was only a boyfriend? A man she was cheating on with her husband. And who was cheating on her with other women.

Including me.

Maybe I didn’t understand rich people at all.

“Okay…” I said cautiously.

It was like I had found the hidden, secret key to her cold, uncaring heart. Rachel’s eyes lit up and she actually clapped her hands together against her chest. I’m sure if she had been a little younger, she would have started jumping up and down like a teenage girl.

Maybe like the teenaged girl I had recently been fucking.

The one with the big tits that I had recently dumped. (Okay, it was more complicated than that, but still…)

The one with the big tits that was eager to start herself lactating.

What the fuck was the matter with me? My life was a shambles and spinning rapidly out of control.

What the fuck did it matter? Things were so fucked up and no longer in my

control, I could just do whatever the hell I wanted and enjoy the ride before it crashed and burned.

“How do you want to do this?” Rachel asked, calming herself down and trying to maintain a respectable attitude, but her enthusiasm was barely contained.

“Uh...I don’t really know.”

Her eyes unfocused and she gazed off into nowhere. “I wish Reggie was here. That would make things a little easier.”

“Aren’t we supposed to be working you out?” I asked her, remembering what my role in the world actually was. “It’s my job to keep you in shape, not to help you have an affair with your boyfriend.”

Her smile didn’t waver. “Why can’t you...we...do both?”

I didn’t have an immediate answer for her. “Because…” I started saying, stalling for time.

She suddenly yanked her phone out of her bra. (I hate it when women keep their phones inside their bras. It’s fucking disgusting.) “Wait a second. Let me call Reggie. He can be here in less than an hour.”

Without waiting for me to acknowledge her plan, she called her boyfriend (I noted that he had his own entry on her contacts list, because of course he did, labeled Reggie BF). I just stood there, agog, while she had a quick chat with him. I felt worse than I had after I had fucked him in front of her two days earlier. I should have left and be done with it.

But I was curious. It was a terrible way to be, but I couldn’t help myself.

When she ended the call she looked at me like a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders. “He’ll be here in a while.”

I shook my head. “This is a terrible idea.”

She wiggled her hips at me and said, “Work me out. I’ll be good for you. I won’t complain at all. When Reggie gets here, we can see how things go.”

“I’m your personal trainer,” I reminded Rachel. “Not your...personal toy.”

“Is it money?” she asked, going with the solution that always worked for her. “I can compensate you for your time.” Her attitude was pleasant. She was used to getting her way when she offered enough money.

“I’m not some sex worker you can just pay off!”

(And yet that was basically what I was with my complicated relationship with Jake and Cassie.)

“I’m not paying you for sex or anything like that,” she said carefully. “I’m compensating you for your time.”

I just dismissed her with a wave of my hand. “Do you want to do your workout or not?” I demanded.

“Yes I do.”

And so we did.

I worked her as hard as I ever had. Yeah, I was trying to punish her because I was being a bitch and because I could and because she wasn’t complaining. She was willing to work through some physical punishment for a sexual thrill at the end.

I wasn’t completely comfortable being the means for that sexual thrill, but I had forced myself into the situation.

And then Reggie appeared in the exercise room. Of course he just let himself into the house. It only made sense. He was fucking Michael’s wife; why wouldn’t he just walk into the house like he owned the place?

While I didn’t get nearly as exhausted as my clients during their workouts, I did exercise alongside them. I wasn’t sweaty, but Rachel was.

Of course the moment I saw Reggie walk through the door, I broke out in a light sweat and my panties got damp. As much as I was complaining inside my head, I knew that I was going to do this and I was going to love it.

My life was completely fucked.

Even so, I tried to keep some control over what was happening.

Since I noticed him first, I abruptly said to Rachel, “Your boyfriend is here. Do you want to watch while he sucks the milk out of my tits?”

I startled her enough to fuck up her current rep. She struggled off the floor and forced herself not to run to Reggie. He looked slightly nervous, which was weird considering his large size and previously cocky attitude.

“This was her idea,” Reggie said, his hand up slightly as if fending off an attack.

I wasn’t going to attack him. But he was going to do what I wanted.

“That’s great. And you’re going to do exactly what I want.”

It was easy for me to whip off my athletic bra. It was all I was wearing on top since I had previously removed the look tank top when I started working Rachel. My tits came out and Reggie just stared, like any other man would. He acted like he hadn’t seen them before.

They weren’t huge. They were certainly smaller than Rachel’s. But they were full and nicely proportioned.

I cupped them, rolling the nipples between my fingers just hard enough to get them erect. I wasn’t hiding anything. I was teasing.

“Ready?” I asked him.

Unconsciously he licked his lips. I didn’t think it was because his mouth was watering in anticipation of my milk, but I could have been wrong.

He nodded. “Yeah. I’m ready.”

“Ever try breast milk before?” I was still teasing him. Why the hell I was doing that I had no idea because it was entirely unnecessary. But isn’t that what teasing is all about?

“No,” he said softly. All his bravado was gone. I liked that. He was mesmerized

by my tits.

There was no place in the room for easy nursing. Just as I was considering what to do, I felt my fingers getting wet. A quick glance downward confirmed that I had unintentionally started releasing my milk.

Shit!

“Holy shit!” Reggie exclaimed upon seeing the liquid leaking from my nipples.

I shrugged and frowned. “Yeah. This happens to me all the time.”

While I didn’t expect it, Reggie reached out with one hand toward my breasts, but at the last moment he pulled back.

“May I?” he asked politely.

Something had gone on between him and Rachel after I left. I wouldn’t be finding out any time soon, but I could take advantage of it.

“No,”I told him firmly. “We need a proper bed. I’m not going to fuck on an industrial carpet again.

I felt it was a reasonable request.

“Are we going to use your bedroom, Rachel,” I asked, turning to her, “or are we going to use a guest room?”

Rachel wasn’t as under my spell as much as Reggie was, but she was close. “We don’t have a guest room. Just the study. No bed. All the bedrooms are for the kids.”

I occasionally forgot that Rachel had kids. Three of them. I was always done and gone before they returned home from school. I think one was at college. I don’t know. I didn’t bother keeping track.

“So your bedroom then,” I declared and picked up my bra. I had no intention of putting it back on, but I wanted it handy if we were interrupted. Planning ahead was always a good idea. “Lead the way, Rach.”

She hesitated just long enough to put on a good show and then left the room with me and Reggie following; me topless and him staring at me. I was positive his eyes were on my ass as we climbed overly elaborate stairs in the middle of the house because my eyes were on Rachel's ass.

I admired the hard work I had put into maintaining her shape and firmness.

I still wasn't sure I was going to fuck her.

A minute later we were in the bedroom. The giant-sized bed dominated the room. I climbed up on top of it. Literally climbed on it. There were two steps up to the mattress.

Settling back into the pile of pillows, I fixed Reggie with a stare and lifted up my tits at him. "Lay down, put your head in my lap, and start sucking," I told him.

This was the real moment of truth. It was one thing to stare and profess an interest in nursing. It was another to actually follow through.

Reggie actually followed through. He got up on the bed and moved around, grabbing a pillow and placing it on my lap so he could more easily rest his head.

I pretended I did this all the time. It was an act. A terrible act that I loved.

He got into position, brought his lips to my tits and latched right on. I'm sure he loved playing with tits (Rachel's and other nameless women he fucked by the score) and sucking on nipples. This was the first time he was ever going to get a material reward for sucking on nipples.

I was already well-primed so when he sucked, my milk squirted into his mouth. Maybe not exactly like a firehose, but close enough.

He only sucked twice, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked, and then he pulled back in surprise. "Fuck! Fuck that's sweet. Like juice or something."

"Babies love sugar," I told him. "Now keep sucking. You're wasting it."

He looked back at my dripping nipples and got back to business.

Nursing is a natural activity for everyone. Even so, Reggie nursed me in a way I

had never experienced before. It was like he was in love with not only my body and my breasts, but my milk as well.

Maybe that was overstating it.

As usual, I was making my little groans of appreciation. Getting nursed always felt good. If he kept it up for long I was going to be able to cum without touching my pussy which was soaking my panties more than I wanted to think about.

“You’re getting it everywhere.”

I opened my eyes to look at Rachel. She was staring at me, not with anger, but with fascination. Or maybe obsession. Was she worried that I was going to steal her lover away from her? Was she jealous I had something she didn’t and couldn’t hope to equal?

I was wrong on those accounts.

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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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