# I Love Your Wife

## Part I: Virginia



Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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*The Unicorn Curse*

*Veroneeka's Time*

# Table of Contents

Chapter One…The Cute Blonde

Chapter Two…The Cell Phone Buzzing

Chapter Three…I Wasn't Done

Chapter Four…I'm Lucky

# Chapter One

THE CUTE BLONDE sitting with me at the small table in the hotel restaurant's bar was exactly my romantic type. Maybe she was a few pounds overweight, but that was okay because it only enhanced her curves and gave a boost to her bust line; I could see more than just a hint of cleavage at the top of her white blouse. With her bright blue eyes, pale skin, and hair that fell in waves down to her shoulders, she was perfect. But none of this really mattered to me because I don't have a physical type I seek out. No, what made her my romantic type was given away by the ring on her left hand. She was married and I couldn't resist that.

"How long have you been married?" I asked her. We had run out of topics from the presentation I had given during the conference. Neither of us really cared about the business reasons we were at the hotel. We had other things in mind.

"A little over two years," she admitted with a nervous laugh.

"And already you're considering cheating on your husband?" I pressed on, a knowing smile on my face.

"I'm not—" she started to protest, and then her nervous laugh reappeared. "Oh god, I am, aren't I?"

I circled around to the source of the problem. She was a little drunk, but not stupid drunk. "Two years is too long for some people," I said.

"I've been with him for almost ten," she said quickly. "And this is the first time…" She trailed off an quickly finished the contents of the glass in front of her.

"Ten years is a long time to be with the same person," I said. I carefully placed my hand on her knee under the table. She didn't move away. "This will be a one-time thing," I assured her. "Neither of us want a long-term romantic thing, right?"

"Right," she agreed immediately, happy that we had settled that issue.

"Do you want to walk up to your room together or do you want to go up first and I'll follow a few minutes later?" I let my eyes pass over those in attendance at the bar; most of the patrons were attendees at the day's earlier conference. She

took my meaning.

“I’ll go first,” she said, standing up. I grabbed her wrist before she could get any further.

“What’s your room number?” I asked her.

She blinked once and then said, almost uncertainly, “Three twenty seven.”

I let go of her wrist. “I’ll be there in five minutes.”

She nodded and left. I slowly finished my drink, glanced carefully at my cell phone to check the time, and wandered out of the bar.

Knocking on her door was the moment of truth. She had several options. She could have lied to me about her room number, she could have slipped away and left the hotel for an hour to avoid me, she could even just turn out the lights and pretend she was asleep.

The door opened and I grinned at Ginny. She nervously looked back at me, but she wasn’t that nervous. Already she had kicked off her shoes, removed the jacket she had been wearing to reveal her white blouse underneath. Already she hand opened up two more buttons to reveal even more cleavage and the edge of her black bra underneath. “Hello, Ginny.”

“Hi.” She was uncertain what to do so I just stepped inside and closed the door behind me. “What should we—” she started to say, but I grabbed her and pressed my lips to her. That quieted and relaxed her. “I’m not sure we should do this,” she said when we broke the kiss.

I shook my head. “Don’t think about it. Just go with it.” She didn’t resist when I reached for her again and kissed her. I knew she could feel my hard cock through my pants. She didn’t resist when I started unbuttoning her blouse to expose more skin. I didn’t know everything about Ginny, but I knew enough. She was uncertain about cheating on her husband, but not so uncertain that she wasn’t going to go through with it. I had to more carefully, but she had already made her decision.

In short order she was down to her matching black bra and panties. No woman wore a black bra under a white shirt unless she already had an agenda. No

woman wore matching lingerie unless she wanted to show it off to someone. No respectable woman wore the type of panties that really didn't cover her ass unless she was planning on having sex. Lucky for me, Ginny wasn't a respectable woman.

"What do you want me to do?" she breathed in my ear. She needed me to take the lead because she was still uncertain, still a little afraid at what she was going to do.

I gently pressed on her shoulders—she was only a few inches shorter than me—and she slowly sank to her knees. "I want you to suck my cock." There wasn't any need for her to do so. I was already hard and judging by the scent of sex in the air, she was wet enough to take me without any foreplay. But I wanted her to go down on me to prove that I was in charge and to make her relax. If she saw me as controlling her, the then she loss some amount of control over her life, and it was okay to cheat on her husband. It was a bit of complicated psychology I had learned over the years.

Fellatio was a skill that Ginny had definitely had acquired. She didn't go after me like a porn star, making weird noises and all but abusing my cock, but with great precision sucking, licking, pressing, and even using her teeth just enough to keep me on edge. I looked down at her on her knees in only her bra and panties and me fully dressed with my cock out of my pants. Either she refused to look up at me while I watched, or was too afraid to do so. It didn't matter. She had quickly taken on the subservient role and I was happy with that.

Eventually I pulled out of her mouth and she looked up at me with a confused expression on her face. "Don't you want to cum?" she asked me, her hand still wrapped around the base of my cock.

"Not like that," I said and brought her up to her feet. In the same motion I slipped my fingers under the edge of her bra and pulled it up over her impressive tits. She allowed me to do this, and when her breasts were revealed, they were spectacular. Maybe a little larger than I normally would have preferred, but her bright pink nipples were a joy to behold and she wasn't ashamed of her body. Looking down at her, I noticed that her tummy curved slightly over the top of her panties indicating she wasn't an athlete, but enjoyed the pleasures of life. Calling her chubby wasn't accurate because her curves were beautiful and any woman who was comfortable in her own skin while wearing nothing else, was a

rare and precious gift.

I reached out and gently cupped one of her breasts and then slipped my hand down the curve of her tummy and rested my fingertips on the top edge of her panties. She was breathing a faster than normal and her eyes were wide with anticipation, but she didn't stop me from plunging onward.

"Are you ready for me?" I asked her.

Ginny couldn't answer. She just nodded yes.

Moving to the bed was easy because she wanted to do it. It put her down on her back and lay next to her. We kissed and I ran my hands over her breasts, lightly pinched her nipples, and then descended to her panties. It was then I met my only moment of resistance. She tensed up as I slid my hand inside the small garment to cup her pussy, judge her heat and wetness, before I began pulling them off.

Just as I began doing so, her hand shot down to cover mine in an attempt to keep her underwear on. We were kissing, so her gesture made no sense—other than to realize that she hadn't given herself completely over to the moment—but then she relented and I was able to slide her panties down her beefy thighs. That's the sweetest moment with a new lover, when she's completely naked next to you and has nothing left to reveal.

Showing I was a gentleman I slid on top of her and kissed my way down her torso. The dark golden curls of her neatly shaped pubic hair were two shades darker than the hair on her head which made me wonder if she lightened her hair. It seemed silly because there was no need for that, but I didn't let this minor distraction bother me. Ginny willingly opened up her thighs and I plunged my tongue into her pussy.

The groan she gave was one of appreciation. To me it sounded like no one had eaten her pussy in far too long which made me wonder about her husband. If they had been together for ten years maybe he had grown bored of sex with his partner. It was too routine. That was where I came in, to bring a little excitement back in her life and make it manageable for her to stay married to him. I was providing her—and him—with an essential service.

Her pussy was musky sweet and she lubricated herself copiously. There was no

need for me to go down on her. I could have driven my dry cock into her and not met any resistance, but it was only polite to kiss her pussy, to pleasure her in that was and she loved it. Finding her clit wasn't difficult, but it was partially hidden under a larger than average hood. I teased it out to play and I could feel it throbbing under my tongue when she had her first orgasm.

I don't mind a woman clamping her thighs around my head. It's a gesture of appreciation. Ginny all but screamed out her initial intense orgasm and I knew she wouldn't regret anything we did together.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," she panted as she slowly recovered from the intense wave that had completely swept through her body, taking her to another reality, however briefly.

"Good?" I asked her as I knelt up and wiped my chin and cheeks with my hand. While she hadn't exactly drowned me, the amount of juice she was producing was impressive.

"That was great," she sighed, watching me as I stripped out of my clothes. Her limbs were too tired to really move so I had to undress on my own, which I didn't mind as all. Soon I was naked and crawling up her body, my hard cock bouncing slightly on her leg as I started to position myself.

"Ready for more?" I asked. "Ready for me?" I grinned and planted my hands on either side of her shoulders, moving my hips around, running my cockhead over her skin.

"Yeah," she breathed, her eyes partly glazed from the orgasm. I had been hoping she would take the hint and grab my cock to guide me in, but she didn't. I probed some more, getting between her legs, feeling her wetness, when she suddenly came to what she thought was her senses.

"Do you have a condom?" she asked me.

I shook my head at her. "No. I never use them. I'm safe. Aren't you?"

A proper high school sex education curriculum should teach all about birth control, the spread of sexual transmitted infections, and general sexual health. This is exactly where a teacher would ask the class what a couple should discuss before having sex. I never did that with my partners. I knew I was disease-free

and birth control I placed firmly on her shoulders. Very few married couples used condoms exclusively though certain forms of birth control she might not have brought along.

“Yeah, but…” she didn’t want to say she didn’t want to get pregnant. That would spoil the mood. I’d seen the exact same thing too many times. That was why she wanted to blow me and have me cum in her mouth. Cumming in her pussy would be a hundred times better for both of us and I knew she wanted to, she just needed to be convinced it was the right thing to do.

“Worried about getting pregnant?” I asked her, once again ever the gentleman.

“It won’t happen,” I assured her while I took her hand and wrapped it around my cock. From there she knew exactly what to do and guided me into her.

The first moment when fucking a new partner is the best part of sex. Everything is new and exciting and you’re both learning what the other likes and feels and how they move.

The way out bodies joined together was the pinnacle of human perfection. It always is with a new lover and that’s why I can’t stop myself from seeking out new women to have sex with. One of the reasons I know I consciously seek out married women is because I have no interest in virgins or inexperienced women. What’s the point in having sex if you have to teach the other person everything?

Once we started truly fucking, all of Ginny’s concerns melted away. Our bodies moved together and I took great delight in every inch of her body. Her skin was smooth and soft as were her curves. Her paleness was perfection along with the scattering of freckles on her shoulders and back. I loved the softness of her curves and apparently she loved the hardness of my cock because I made her cum twice more before I came inside her.

The moment my hot spunk splashed against her cervix, her eyes popped open and she cried out in passion. I spurted five times inside her and each time I was certain she had another climax.

I kissed her cheeks, forehead, and lips, telling her she was perfect as I thrust with each ejaculation. “Yes, yes, yes,” she sighed softly in my ear.

When I finally rolled off her soft body, almost immediately she wanted to get up

and run to the bathroom. “No,” I said, holding her wrist. “Stay with me.”

“I want to clean up,” she complained.

“You’re not dirty,” I told her, coaxing her back into the bed. My hand went between her legs and I pushed my fingers into her pussy. “You have an incredible pussy. You’re incredible.” I scooped up some of my cum and brought it up to her lips. Ginny, to her great credit, didn’t hesitate at all and sucked my fingers clean.

“How are you feeling?” I asked her after a few minutes of lying quietly together.

“What do you mean?”

“What does it feel like to cheat on your husband?” I loved asking this question. The answer was so revealing about the woman.

She quickly glanced at me and then looked at the wall. “Terrible,” she said. I could hear the guilt in her voice and it made my cock start to get hard again. I was about to speak when she continued on. “But it also felt really good. Physically,” she hastened to add even as she reached for my cock. “Emotionally I feel like shit, but I really needed to get laid tonight by someone other than my husband.”

We didn’t say anything else. I rolled back on top of her and she opened up her legs, welcoming me inside her body. Our second fuck was slower and less intense than the first, but it’s supposed to be that way. It was straight missionary, nothing fancy, lots of kissing and looking into each other’s eyes. When she came —and she did several times—I made sure she was looking into my eyes when her closed and made sure when she opened her eyelids I was right there for her.

There wasn’t any protest when I came inside her for the second time. She needed it as much as I did. I barely remember drifting off to sleep, holding her in my arms, but she was already breathing softly and steadily, her sin against her husband already washed clean from her memory.

# Chapter Two

THE BUZZING OF Ginny's cell phone woke both of us. She scrabbled for the phone from the nightstand where she had left it. The bed sheets fell down from her body, revealing her globular breasts and if I already didn't have morningwood, I would have instantly sprung erect. "Hi, honey," she half mumbled, coming awake. "Yeah, I was sleeping….No, I don't have to be anywhere for another couple of hours."

I could hear her husband talking on the other end of the connection, but couldn't make out the words. That didn't matter. As she continued talking, I moved closer to her and gently ran my hand over her breast. A smarter, wiser woman would have pulled away, or even gotten out of the bed and taken the call into the bathroom. Ginny was a sweet woman, but she wasn't sophisticated in the fine art of cheating on a spouse. I pushed her arm to the side and gently took her nipple between my lips.

"That's okay," she said as she repressed a sigh, turning it into a yawn. "I need to get up and shower."

I gently placed my hand on her thigh and she automatically, like a good girl, opened her legs and gave me access to her pussy. It was warm and just slightly wet. I set about changing that.

As I continued sucking on her nipple and touching her pussy, her eyes closed and she concentrated on not making any noises that would alert her husband exactly what she was up to. "I'll be in…conferences all day," she told him and firmly mashed her lips together so as not to moan. "I'll be busy, but I'll try to call at lunch….I'll be home late, after dinner." She paused and looked extremely angry when I slipped my finger into her now wet pussy. She was an eager thing, quick to respond to the right touch and eager for sex, more eager than she herself realized.

"I love you. Bye."

The moment she disconnected the call I disengaged my mouth from her breast and asked, "How does it feel to tell your husband you love him when another man has a finger up your pussy?"

"Terrible," she complained but didn't push me away. "Wonderful." She sighed and moaned as I continued playing with her. "You really get off on this, don't

you?”

“Get off on it? Yeah, I love fucking women.”

She shook her head, her long blond hair flying against the pillow. “No. You get off on making me cheat.”

I laughed at her. “I’m not making you cheat. You’re cheating because you want to.” To that she said nothing. “Do you want to fuck now or after you shower?”

“What?”

“Now is good,” I told her, “because we’re already halfway there, but after showering is better because then I’ll be inside you all day.”

She licked her lips and starting rocking her hips against my hand. “Let’s fuck now.” To my delight she took the initiative and rolled on top of me. I easy fitted my cock into her pussy and she starting sliding up and down my length, her breasts slowly bouncing until I took hold of them and lightly pinched the nipples. She liked that.

I liked the fact that she had taken control and though she had used my cock, it was Ginny her got herself off in the morning. I was just there to witness it.

“You like being on top?” I asked her after her climax and she took a moment to rest with me buried deep into her pussy, her kneeling up, displaying her body and especially her ample tits.

“Sometimes,” she admitted. “But I get embarrassed because I’m so big and my boobs tend to bounce around.”

“They bounce less when I hold them,” I pointed out, rolling her nipples back and forth. Her eyes closed; she seemed to enjoy the attention.

“Yeah,” she said dreamily. “But fat girls don’t like to be stared at.”

For that I firmly slapped her ass. “What the hell!” she protested.

I wasn’t above a little bit of spanking and rough play, but the slap was for her attitude. “Don’t call yourself fat like that,” I lectured her. “It’s not an insult, it’s a

state of being. Even if you are fat, you're still as sexy as hell. I wouldn't be fucking you if you weren't."

She was taken aback by my vehemence and held her hand over her left buttock where I had smacked her. "I'm sorry," she apologized, confused at what to do.

"It's fine," I said and pulled her down to me for a kiss. "I only fuck beautiful women and you certainly qualify." I put my hand over hers where she was still holding her ass. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No…well, just a little. I sort of liked it," she admitted with an uneasy smile. I wasn't certain if she meant the slap or the compliment. Or both.

"Would you like a good , firm spanking?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Would you like to be fucked good and hard?" I asked grabbing her soft hips. It didn't matter what she said. It was going to happen anyway.

But she nodded her head yes, her hair flapping around her face. She fell forward, her breasts pressed against my chest while I thrusted upward as hard and fast as I could. She closed her eyes and scrunched her face, concentrating on the meeting of our genitals. I was as rough with her as I could be and when she came, I could feel her pussy tighten around my cock and I slapped her on the ass again, because she had earned that reward. I think she was relieved that I came shortly after her.

A few minutes later we disentangled our limbs and she headed for the bathroom to shower. I was right behind her. The hotel was nice enough that there was plenty of room for two people in the shower stall. It was so upscale that the shower was separated from the rest of the bathroom by a glass wall and there was just a small ledge to step over into the shower itself. There was no door, the glass was the only division. Like I said, fancy.

"Care for some company?" I asked her when she noticed I was following her in.

"Are you going to try to fuck me in the shower?" she asked. I thought it was an odd question because it didn't seem a great place for sex and she wasn't really built for vertical sex. Instead of those answers, I glanced down at my now limp

dick.

“No. Not right away anyway. I’d need some help to get hard.”

She grinned and beckoned for me to join her.

Shower sex is overrated and difficult because water is a terrible sex lubricant. I washed Ginny from head to toe and she did the same for me, giving some extra attention to my cock, but it remained stubbornly flaccid. I was spent for the moment. When I was kneeling before her, soaping her legs, I detected just a hint of prickle on her skin. “Would you like me to shave your legs?” I offered.

Ginny shook her head, causing her wet hair to fly back and forth and briefly cling to her face before being pushed down by the spray from the showerhead. “That’s okay. I shaved yesterday.”

“I can feel the hairs coming back,” I commented running my finger up her shin to her knee. “Let me do it. It’ll be my pleasure.”

I had noted her shower kit before she turned on the water and there was both a razor and shave gel inside it. Before she could further object, I leaned out of the shower, grabbed both from the kit, and started the process.

Pressing her back against the cool tiles of the shower wall, Ginny let me do as I pleased with her body. I lathered up her legs from ankle to just above the knee and carefully ran the multi-bladed razor over her skin, leaving them smooth. At first she was nervous, but after a minute she relaxed once she realized I knew what I was doing. I’d learned that women who allow a man to shave their legs trust him more than anyone else. Lots of women have sex with lots of men, but very few men are given the privilege of trust to shave her legs. Nicks from a razor hurt.

“You don’t shave your thighs?” I asked, noting the few fine hairs that had apparently never been removed.

“No need. Not enough hair on them to make it worth the effort.”

I shifted my position; the hot water had been hitting me on one spot on my back making it extremely warm, almost burning. “Put your foot up on the ledge,” I instructed her. “I need to do some edging on your pubic hair.”

“What?”

I ran my finger on the edge of her triangle. “I can see you don’t do the full shave, but you need a little clean up. It’ll make you look sexier.” I gave her my confident, winning smile.

“But what will Bob think?”

“He’ll think you’re sexy and adventurous.”

Her answer was fait accompli and her foot went up on the ledge. I used plenty of gel and carefully sculpted her pubic curls into a perfect acute triangle, probably taking more hair away than I should have, but that is a risk a woman takes when getting in the shower with me. That’s when I knew with Ginny she was completely in my control. Shaving her legs was on thing, but to wield a dangerous weapon around her pussy was a new level entirely.

When we were done and out of the shower, I noticed Ginny admiring her new hairstyle in the bathroom mirror. I couldn’t help but smile at her. She was undoubtedly sexy before I went to bed with her, but she was ten times as sexy and confident now.

“I need to run to my room and change my clothes,” I told her as I pulled on my pants from where they had wound up the night before. “But before I go, do you want me to help you dress?”

She laughed at me. “I’ve been getting myself dressed since I was four years old. I think I can do it on my own.”

“But that’s not the point,” I told her. She had already opened up her bag and pulled out her clothes she had planned to wear that day. The day before she had worn a matching set of black bra and panties. Today she was more adventurous and had out a lime green bra and hot pink panties. These weren’t exactly trashy, but the cut was aggressive. After glancing in the bag I knew she had another sex, an extra pair, that were plain beige. I snatched the panties off the bed and dangled them from my finger. “For a reserved married woman, you certainly brought along some sexy underwear. Is this common for you…or were you planning on getting laid?”

“You never know,” she admitted and actually blushed while trying to yank the

panties out of my hand. I was a good deal taller and stronger than her so it was easy to lift them up and keep them away.

“Careful,” I told her, “or you might be going to the conference today without any panties.”

She laughed and put her hands down before saying. “I apologize. Would you be so kind as to help me get dressed?”

“I’d be happy to,” I told her and knelt down to help her slip the panties on. They fit her perfectly. Not one stray pubic hair escaped the coverage of the panties and the bottoms of her marshmallow-like buttocks just barely eluded the silky material. For her bra I needed a bit of her assistance. Putting it on her and hooking the four closures in the back was easy enough, but Ginny had to take some time to make sure her flesh was properly placed in the cups. When she was done, she almost looked like she was wearing a bikini which was sadly covered by a green and yellow dress a moment later.

“You look good enough to fuck,” I complimented her as I pulled on my shirt.

She nervously licked her lips and then pulled up the hem of her dress, exposing her round ass barely hidden by the panties. While waggling it at me she asked, “Do you want me to go through the day with your cum leaking out of my pussy?”

I couldn’t resist. “Yes!” I yanked her panties down to her knees and touched her freshly shaved pussy. She was wet and ready to go. Pushing her forward to the bed I made her get on the mattress on her hands and knees while I stood on the floor and pulled out my cock. I wasn’t fully erect but rubbing it up and down her slit to get the head slicked up with her juices got me hard enough to enter her and we fucked hard and fast. There was nothing subtle or loving about what we did then, it was pure, raw sexual energy and it lasted only a few minutes, just long enough for her to get off once with her hand and me to cum inside her pussy. I didn’t give her a chance to bolt to the bathroom. Once I pulled out, I pulled her panties back up into place.

Before I left her hotel room, I made her exchange phone numbers with me, further making sure she didn’t have chance to clean up. I always do that with my lovers because you never know when there will be an occasion for another feverish encounter.

In my hotel room I took a quick shower and changed my clothes, ran down to the restaurant where I had just enough time to bolt down a quick meal before I had to appear at my next workshop. Luckily my employer has me go around the country giving these presentations and lectures so much that I had mine down to almost pure memorization. I didn't need any special set up or rehearsal.

Just before I went to the front of a small conference room packed with nearly a hundred bodies, I sent a quick text to Ginny. Take a picture of your pussy and send it to me. I want a memento. I wanted to think she was out in the crowd watching me when she got the text, but the conference was huge so more than likely she was somewhere else in the warren of conference rooms that took up an entire wing of the hotel.

By the time I was done with my lecture and the question and answer period, I was drained, but not so tired I couldn't pull out my phone and check my messages. Among the flotsam of messages was one from a new number I didn't recognize right away. I did recognize the contents of the attached picture. It was Ginny's pussy, still a little sore and red from being shaved and fucked. She was obviously wet and I imagined through the poor image quality that some of my cum was still leaking out of her. I want to suck you off before I leave, she had texted to me.

It was a date. I texted her back. Room 432 at 4pm. Don't be late. I spent most of the rest of the day walking around with a hardon. I was disappointed not to spot Ginny anywhere, but that was for the best. It was too easy and too dangerous to be overly familiar with a new bed partner.

"I shouldn't have sent you that picture," she said after knocking on my door and I let her in.

"I'll treasure it forever," I told her.

"You're not going to delete it are you?" she asked me.

"Nope." I saw through her ruse. "Did you come here just to ask me that?"

"No." she admitted as she pushed me back and went down to her knees. I let her open up my pants and fish my cock out from my boxers. "You don't mind, do you?" she asked before she put her mouth on me.

“Of course not.”

She nodded and lowered her mouth onto my stiffening cock. I don’t know why she had the need to give me head before the end of the conference, but I wasn’t going to complain about it. I watched her work on me with her eyes closed and I was then inspired. I wanted to see how far I could push her.

“Can I take your picture?” I asked her.

Ginny opened her eyes and looked up at me. “What?” she asked, taking my cock out of her mouth.

I reached into my jacket pocket and pulled out my cell phone. “Can I take your picture while you’re giving me head?”

She hesitated. “Why would you want to do that? So you can post it all over the internet?”

I shook my head. “Of course not. I’d never betray a trust. I just want a souvenir of us.”

Pausing to lick her lips, Ginny said, “ Promise you won’t post it anywhere?”

“I promise.”

“Okay.” She closed her eyes and went back to sucking on me.

Ginny didn’t react to the flash that went off only a foot away from her face. She just continued sucking on me, ignoring the camera. I made sure I had several good shots of her face with my cock in her mouth before I put the camera away.

All too quickly it was over. Ginny kept a firm hand on my shaft and balls and used every bit of her skills to suck me hard. I erupted in her mouth, barely giving her any warning but she didn’t mind. She swallowed every drop that I gave her.

When she was done she looked up at me with a guilty, but satisfied, look on her face. “It’s been a while since I’ve done that.”

“Given head?” I wanted to point out that she had done exactly that with me the night before, but that wasn’t her point.

She shook her head. “No, swallowed a guy’s cum. I can’t remember the last time I did that. Maybe college.”

I was surprised. “You haven’t done that for your husband? Doesn’t Bob enjoy a good blowjob?”

With a shrug she wiped the back of her hand across her mouth, removing her excess saliva. “Not really. I always thought I gave really good blowjobs, but he doesn’t seem to care about them.”

“I can assure you,” I told her, “that you are an accomplished fellatrix.”

That made her laugh in embarrassment. She tried to cover it up. “Fellatrix?”

“A woman who performs fellatio,” I patiently explained.

She rolled her eyes. “I know what it means. I just never heard anyone use that word.”

“I think a broad vocabulary is essential in today’s changing society.” I helped her up off her knees. “Thank you, by the way. I appreciate the blow job.”

“You’re welcome,” she said. I could tell she was still a bit uncomfortable with what she had done, but that wasn’t my problem.

“We should do this again sometime.”

*That made her nervous. “I though you said this was going to be a one-time thing,” she protested.*

“I did, but that doesn’t mean things won’t change.”

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

“That’s fine.” I didn’t want to disturb her. “But you never know what might change in the future. We might meet at another conference in six months. Would you really say no to me if I propositioned you again?”

Ginny turned and went into the bathroom. I followed. She grabbed one of the glasses on the counter and ran the water, drinking down the contents twice

before she answered. In her nervousness she wasn’t even able to face me, she just stared at her reflection in the mirror.

“I wouldn’t say no,” she admitted, slowly shaking her head. “God help me, I wouldn’t say no.”

I stepped next to her and kissed her on the cheek. “I hope to see you soon.”

# Chapter Three

I WASN'T DONE with Ginny. I texted her the next day to ask how she was doing. Follow up with a new lover is important. Sure, I might never see her again, but undoubtedly she would have a craving for a man other than her husband in the near future and if her experience with me was horrible, then any guy in her future trying to hook up with her would have a terrible time. Essentially I didn't want to ruin her for her next fling. Too many men see women as disposable and they ruin the fun of sex not only for whatever woman they damage, but for every man that follows them.

The answer that came back from Ginny was terse. I'm fine.

The trick was to draw her out, but respect her borders as well. If you don't want me contacting you, that's fine. Just say so.

*No, it's fine. I just don't know what to do or say to you.*

I didn't answer her text right away. She needed more time to process what she had done. Eventually I followed up with, Did you tell your husband about us?

Her answer was immediate. No. Fuck. Are you crazy?

*Want to talk about it? I can call you.*

Her follow up answer was just as quick. No. Not now. Give me some time.

I wasn't exactly surprised when my phone rang an hour later. It was Ginny.

"This is stupid," she told me right after I said hello. "I'm going to ruin my life because of you."

At least she wasn't completely blaming me for her infidelity. "You're not going to ruin your life. You just had an adventure that's no one's business but your own."

There was a pause for a moment before she replied. I didn't hear any background noise so she must have been in a quiet room and alone. She was able to speak freely. "I should regret what we did," she confessed to me, "but I don't."

"That's good. Did you tell your husband?"

“Fuck no! He’d fucking flip and either kill me or divorce me.”

I forced myself not to laugh. Her reaction was a little over the top. “Probably a wise decision. Did you fuck him yet?”

Her answer was a little more somber. “No. I got back late last night and it didn’t seem right to do it with him right away.”

“Were you horny?” I asked her. “Did you want to have sex again?”

She sighed. I could hear the frustration in the way she breathed, though I wasn’t sure if it was frustration with her decisions or if it was frustration with my questions or even if she was just sexually frustrated. “Yes, but it would have been wrong to have sex with two men in one day.”

“No it wouldn’t,” I quickly corrected her incorrect notion. “It would be fucking hot. Do you think a man would have any hesitation about fucking two women on the same day? You need to assert yourself, take hold of your sex drive and fuck your husband tonight. It’s his reward for having you away from him and you’ll be amazed at how fantastic and different the sex is with him.”

There was another pause while she digested what I had just told her to do. “It sounds like you’ve done this before.”

I chuckled ruefully. “Maybe a few times.”

“Yeah, I knew that. And if I didn’t, I should have known.”

“Okay, no more talking,” I said. “You need to fuck him tonight. Insist that he have sex with you. And then, tomorrow, you need to call me back and tell me all about it.”

“I’m not going to discuss my sex life with you!” she snapped at me.

I grinned, having figured that would be her reaction. “You don’t need to give me intimate details,” I said. “Just call me back and tell me that you did it and it was good. Can you do that for me?”

She sighed. The resistance in her voice was palpable but she was submissive enough that she would do exactly as I had asked. “Yeah. I’ll do it.” She scoffed,

a noise that sounded strange over the phone. “Fuck my husband and tell the guy I just slept with all about it. This is fucked up.”

“One more thing, Ginny. Just tell me this: are you wet?”

“What?”

“Are you wet? Are your panties wet because you want to have sex right now?”

The pause was painful. “Yes.”

“I’ll talk to you tomorrow.” I ended the call. She could have called me back, but I knew she wouldn’t.

“It was fucking amazing!” she gushed over the phone to me. I had barely gotten out the word hello before she started speaking.

I grinned. I took great satisfaction in knowing I had made her sex life better, not just for herself, but for her husband as well.

“Tell me all about it.”

She took a deep breath and launched into her tale. “Okay, when we got in bed last night Bob gave me a kiss goodnight and he thought that was going to be that, and I said I wanted to have sex. He seemed confused by that because for the last year we’ve only been having sex on Friday or Saturday night.”

“Uh-huh.” A good listener knows when to be quiet and when to prompt the speaker.

“So we start kissing and whatever, but he’s not really getting me going.”

“You’re not wet,” I prompted her.

She sighed. “Yeah. But eventually he says to what ‘What do you want me to do?’ So I took his hand and put it on my pussy.” The way she said pussy, was freeing for her; I could tell.

“And then what happened?” I prompted her.

Her voice softened, not that she was ashamed or embarrassed, but like she was revealing a great secret to me and no one else. “He started fingering me, but he wasn’t very good at it. He’s never been very good at it.” That made me wonder why she married him; if he was just barely adequate in bed, why bother? But then again, maybe he was an excellent provider and he gave her a comfortable life.

“Okay, then what?”

“I made him go down on me.” Her voice had almost dropped to a whisper; it was thick with lust and I knew exactly where this conversation was going.

“How’d you do that?”

“I put my hand on top of his head and pushed down. And I told him. All I said was ‘Go down on me’ and he did. And he was actually pretty good at it. I’d forgotten he wasn’t terrible in bed, especially in that department.” Her phone shifted and I could hear it rub against her cheek or maybe the collar to her shirt.

“Tell me everything.”

“He went down on me and he used his tongue and he licked me all over up and down and then he found my clit and…” she drifted off. Her words had become staccato and disjoined. I knew what she was doing but I needed her to tell me exactly what. Ginny had to be pushed to that point and wanted to be pushed, she just didn’t know that yet.

“Ginny, are you playing with yourself?”

“Hmm?” The sound she made was distant and dreamy.

“Is your hand down in your panties, Ginny?” I asked her. “Are you jilling off?”

“Yeah…” she admitted.

“I need you to tell me the rest,” I insisted. “Did he make you cum?”

“Yeah. With just his tongue. It was fantastic.”

“Just his mouth? That’s impressive. And was that the end of it?”

“No. He got hard from eating me out. After I came he pulled down his pajama bottoms and climbed on top of me and he fucked me.”

“He just did that on his own?”

I could hear her shaking her head. “No. I told him to. I told him I needed him to fuck me. And he did. But it wasn’t like with you. He was barely in me a minute before he came, but that made me cum again and that was good and oh god…”

“What?”

“I’m going to cum right now,” she whimpered.

“Are you alone?” I asked. “Can you cum.”

“Uh-huh. But I need to be quiet. They’ll hear me.”

It didn’t matter who they were. “Go ahead and cum, Ginny. Rub your little clit and cum for me.”

She made a little squealing sound as she climaxed. I remembered that sound, only when I heard it she hadn’t been stifling it. When she got quiet on her end of the connection I spoke again. “Was it good for you?”

“Uh-huh. Very good. Thank you for letting me cum.”

I liked that she thanked me. It was entirely unnecessary, of course, but it showed good manners and further displayed her submissiveness. She needed to be held and led sexually and I was happy to do that, even long distance. “You’re very welcome, Ginny. I want you to do something when we hang up. I want you to use your phone to take a picture of your wet pussy and I want you to send it to me. Can you do that, Ginny?”

“Uh-huh. I’ll do that.”

“I’ll be waiting for your picture.” And I hung up the phone. I didn’t need the picture of her pussy. I could get thousands of pussy pics on the internet. Sure, it was nice to have one that she sent to me because she felt a connection between us, but it was unnecessary…except for the fact that it proved her submissiveness to me.

She texted three pictures to me a few minutes later. Her blonde curls were wet with her juices and her labia were swollen and almost red. I texted her a quick message back.

*You’re beautiful. No other information was needed.*

# Chapter Four

I'M LUCKY BECAUSE my job actually forces me to travel a lot. At first it was almost too much, but then I figured out it gave me the opportunity to find married women, seduce them, fuck the, and never have to worry about seeing them again. After that realization, both my job performance and life outlook completely changed.

I have a certain circuit I do with my company, so I often see the same faces on a rotating schedule every few months. This gives me the chance to renew old acquaintances on a regular basis. Carrie was one of those women who I got into bed with early on, before I really knew what I was doing—and before she really knew what she was doing—but we somehow managed to figure it all out and continue our sordid affair.

Since Carrie worked in HR out of one of our corporate centers it was easy for me to contact her and get everything set up the way we both liked it. I liked that she was married and she had a very specific need for sex.

I saw her at the office where I guided a group of new employees through the basics of the computer system that tracks all corporate data. Fun and exciting stuff…if you're a robot with a heart of steel. We ate lunch together with a few other employees at the office's large lunchroom. We cordially said "goodbye" and "I'll see you tomorrow" at the end of the workday. Two hours later Carrie was knocking at my hotel door.

"I don't know why I do this," she complained as she pushed through the door and slung her large handbag onto the dresser along the wall.

"So good to see you, Carrie," I said brightly. She was wearing a business suite, green skirt and matching jacket with a white blouse underneath. It's what she always wore. Maybe it was because she was raised in the south and business dress in the office always stuck with her. I didn't mind. It was sexy for what it was.

She mashed her fist into her hip while she whirled around to face me. "I should just leave now." Her words were angry but this was a show she had to put on for herself before we got down to business. Carrie was a few years older than me, but in good shape. She wore too much makeup for my taste, dyed her hair blonde, and was overly concerned with her appearance. The one thing that caught my eye was that she was much shorter than the average woman; all her

business clothes had to be custom tailored. At times she almost looked like a little girl trying to impress her elders with how grown up she could be.

“Go ahead,” I told her. It was all part of our dance. I went over to her handbag and opened it up, already knowing what was inside it. She didn’t stop me.

“If this gets out, you know it’ll be horrible for my career.” That was pure Carrie, always too interested in her career. “And my marriage.” And her marriage as well.

“Take off your clothes or leave, Carrie,” I told her.

She sighed, rolled her eyes in most unladylike fashion, and dropped her jacket off her shoulders, hanging it carefully in the small closet. She then lowered the skirt’s zipper and placed the green garment on the dresser next to her bag. I could see the anger and frustration in her eyes as she glared at me while unbuttoning her silk blouse. After that was removed and placed on top of her skirt, she continued to glare at me with both fists on her hips. “Well?” she demanded.

Underneath her clothes she wore a pale pink bra, pale pink panties, and a matching pale pink garter belt. Only Carrie would wear a garter belt and stockings to work. It was the exact same outfit I saw her in at the office. All of her complaining was just a show because of what she was wearing. Her panties were over the garters holding up her stockings. No woman does that if she’s not dressing for sex.

“Turn around and put your hands behind your back.”

She sighed once again but did as I asked. I don’t know where she kept the white leather cuffs in her house, but whenever she came to my hotel, she always had them with her. The amount of time she spent complaining about her husband made me think that she never had sex with him and had to resort to lovers to meet her needs. I liked using the heavy leather cuffs on Carrie. They were well-made and looked good on her tanned skin. The metal links were shiny and once the cuffs were wrapped around her thin wrists it was easy to snap the locks into place and bind her arms behind her back. Once the process was complete, she sighed, this time it was a sound of relaxation.

Her silk panties were full coverage bikini-style. No unladylike thong for Carrie.

But from my vantage point behind her, I could see the spot between her legs start to darken with her liquid desire. I ran my finger up her inner thing, landing on her still-covered pussy, feeling her warmth and wetness. She shivered at my touch.

“You seem ready to get fucked,” I told her.

“Yes,” she said dreamily and then snapped back to reality. “I mean…no!”

It was all a game for her. The cuffs minimized her movement, but didn’t immobilize her. I pulled down her panties and exposed her trim ass. She didn’t complain. As usual, I left on her bra, stockings, and garter belt. Carrie even helped me take off her panties by carefully stepping out of them, making sure she high heels didn’t snag the fine material. I tossed them to the floor, knowing that would annoy her, but it was too late: she no longer had a say in what was going to happen.

I pushed her down to her knees, something else she hated because kneeling would ruing her stockings. Walking around in front of her I opened up my pants and pulled out my cock. It wasn’t hard. Not yet. This was her game. But I was hard enough I she was ready to finish the game.

“No,” she said as I moved my cock close to her mouth.

I grabbed the back of her head and shoved my cock between her lips. She only resisted half a second before opening and sucking. She looked up at me with anger in her eyes. I responded by pulling out my cell phone and taking several pictures of her sucking me. Even if her mouth wasn’t full of my meat, she wouldn’t have complained. Once she got me good and hard, I bent her over the edge of the bed, spread her knees wide, knelt down, and forced myself into her cunt.

It wasn’t hard to enter her. She wanted it. As much as she verbally protested, it was the only reason she came to my room, it was the only reason she took off her clothes, it was the only reason she allowed me to cuff her and fuck her.

We rutted hard for two minutes. I pinned her down to the bed and she grunted and groaned under my thrusts. We didn’t speak. It was all very animalistic and very satisfying. She came once shortly after I entered her and then came again as I finished pumping my cum in her pussy.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed when I pulled out and stood up, leaving her kneeling against the bed. “Why do I do this?”

“Because it’s the only way you can get off,” I explained to her. “When was the last time your husband actually fucked you?” I asked her conversationally as I started removing my clothes. We always had our first fuck with me mostly dressed. Once I was down to my boxers and had tucked my cock away, I bent down to Carrie and unhooked the back of her bra before flipping her over.

“Ow!” she complained as her arms were pinned awkwardly under her body, I pulled the bra’s cups off her tits, exposing her tiny nipples.

“Shut it,” I ordered and pulled out my phone to take another picture, this time one of her entire naked body, her bra haphazardly tangled around her arms and shoulders but still showing everything, and one close up of her pussy that was slowly leaking my cum. Her pubic hair was carefully coiffed into a perfect triangle of black hair. The carpet most definitely did not match the drapes. I knew she waxed on a regular basis, usually a few days ahead of a visit with me; she was meticulous about her appearance, even parts of her body that no one saw. And now, after giving me head and being manhandled and fucked, her hair was askew and her makeup was smeared. We both knew she secretly loved it.

“Two months ago. It was his birthday.”

“Good for him. Did you just lay there and let him pump you until he came?”

She averted her eyes from me. “Could you uncuff my hands?” she asked. “It hurts to lay on them.”

“It hurts,” I mocked her but flipped her over anyway. It was simple to open the catch that linked the cuffs together. Turning her onto her back I hooked the cuffs back together in front of her and then pinned her arms above her head. I pressed my body next to hers and we kissed like high school sweethearts, relaxing together.

“I should probably go,” she said.

“I’m not done with you yet.”

“But my husband,” she whined.

I didn’t listen to her. That was the instruction she always put in her emails to me. Don’t listen to me whine. Fuck me until you’re bored with me. “You need to go down on me,” I told her and pushed her head down to my manhood. “I’m not done with you yet.”

With her hands in front of her body it was significantly easier for her to easy my underwear off and begin sucking my cock. She must have tasted the combination of my cum and her juices but she didn’t complain. She wanted to be ordered about, she wanted to pretend she didn’t want to be fucked when she actually did, she just couldn’t actually admit out loud what she wanted because that wasn’t ladylike.

Even with her hands bound, Carrie was good at giving head. When she got me good and hard again, I rolled on top of her, pushed her legs apart, held her arms up above her head, and started fucking her. This time it lasted much longer. We kissed and I played with her tits and had sex like a normal, loving couple. And it was normal…except for the wrist cuffs and the fact she was married to another man.

Watching her cum was great fun. Her face scrunches up like she’s in pain and then she howls in pleasure before her eyes pop open in exhilaration.

“Are you done with me now?” she asked.

I ran my hand down her body, over her breast, along her belly, to her pussy where I trailed my fingers through her slit, getting my cum and her juices on my fingers and there I paused. She lowered her arms from above her head, down to her stomach. “Lift up your legs,” I told her.

“No.”

I tilted my head and frowned at her. “Don’t make me do force you to do it,” I warned her. “I’m not done with you yet.”

Slowly she raised her knees up to her chest. There was a real look of fear on her face as I slid my hand down to her bottom and rested my finger against her anus. “Ready?” I asked her.

Carrie shook her head. I knew she didn’t like this which is why I did it. “No. Don’t,” she pleaded.

I grinned and pressed lightly on her sphincter. She tensed up and resisted.

From the nightstand where I had placed my phone, I heard it buzz from a received message. I knew from the time what the message was and I was tempted to leave off Carrie for the moment to check, but that was rude. Still, Carrie realized I was hesitating.

“Check it,” she told me, trying to wheedle out of what I had planned for her. “It’s fine.”

“No, right now you’re the most important thing.” I pressed harder on her ass and managed to just barely slip my finger into her. She gasped and tried to wiggle away, but I held her in place. The nice thing about her being tiny was that it was easy for me to control her body.

The phone buzzed again with several messages. “Shit!” I cursed under my breath, not realizing what I was doing.

“Go ahead,” Carrie encouraged me. She wasn’t urging me to go deeper in her ass.

That pissed me off. “Fine. You want to see what’s on my phone? Let’s take a look.” I moved away from her and grabbed my phone. I flipped to messages and showed it to Carrie. “Look,” I told her. “That’s Ginny’s pussy. Looks like she’s using the vibrator I sent her.” The pictures were good quality. Ginny had gotten better at the art of the dirty selfie. “Would you like to look through my collection of Ginny’s nudes?”

“No,” she said softly.

I almost yelled at her. “Then lay down, stop resisting, and let me fuck you in the ass.”

“Sorry,” she apologized and cast her eyes down.

I dropped the phone, grabbed her legs behind her knees and lifted them up to her chest before giving her a few firm smacks on her bottom, turning it a pretty shade of pink. From there it was easy to open up her legs and frig her clit hard and fast, giving her an orgasm she didn’t really want.

“Ready to get fucked in the ass?” asked her. It didn’t matter what her response was. From my suitcase I grabbed the bottle of lube I always carried, squirted some on my now hard cock and some on her back entrance. I flipped Carrie over onto her hands and knees and carefully put myself inside her. She didn’t resist. She might have been scared…or she might have been eager to try it. I don’t know. Often before we had talked about anal, but had never done it. Anal was a limit for her and earlier I was teasing, pushing, just to see how willing or resistant she was. Her attitude made my decision and so I fucked her in the ass. Since she didn’t use her safe word, I didn’t stop.

I took it slowly and carefully enough. She didn’t complain. Carrie actually put her bound hands down between her legs and rubbed her clit while I fucked her ass, eventually pulling out and shooting my load—which was small enough after three quick fucks in little more than two hours—on her ass and back. Some splashed onto her pretty garter belt, soiling it. And that made me feel good.

“Did you like it?” I asked her. In the end we both knew that I was going to have to force her to do anal.

“A little. I came, but I’m not sure if it was from my hand or from your cock.”

We were lying next to each other on the bed. It was getting late and I knew she’d have to leave for home soon.

“Second time will be better. I’ll be back soon.”

“I hate the fact that you fuck other women,” she abruptly blurted.

“Too bad,” I told her. “You’re not in love with me and you can fuck other men. For all I know, you do fuck other men.”

I had often encouraged her to find another lover because at most I was back at her office once every three months, but I never asked if she had followed my advice.

“I hate myself,” she said. “All this lying and sneaking around.”

“Then tell Lee the truth and see what happens,” I suggested to her.

“I don’t think so.”

“I’m in town for the rest of the week,” I told her. “Am I going to see you tomorrow night?”

There was no hesitation to her answer. “Yes.”

# About the Author

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

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

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Facebook: Elliot Silvestri