I Love Your Wife

Part II: Carolina



Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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By Elliot Silvestri

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Chapter Five

CARRIE TOOK A SHOWER, put her clothes back on, including a new pair of stockings pulled from her handbag, carefully put her hair back in place and reapplied all her makeup. She did this expertly and with a minimum of effort. She had done it a thousand times before and was well-practiced at the art of maintain her false front.

While she was putting herself back together I lay on the bed, naked, and watched her.

“Going home?” I asked her while she put the finishing touches on her makeup. Always perfect, always too put together.

“Yes. Where else would I be going?”

“Going to fuck Lee tonight?”

She didn’t even glance away from the mirror when she answered. Maybe she was dismissing my question, maybe she was too focused on her mascara. “I’ve had enough sex today, thank you.”

“Will I see you tomorrow?”

“At the office, yes.” She studied her image and then quickly zipped up her makeup bag.

“That’s not what I meant.”

“I know what you meant,” she said as she checked her handbag, making sure the cuffs were buried underneath everything else. She smiled at me. “We’ll get together at least once more,” she told me as she prepared to walk out of my room.

In a flash I was off the bed and pressing her up against the wall. She seemed surprised by my speed and roughness, but she should have been used to it. “You’re not going home just yet,” I told her.

“What do…?” She was truly confused at first, but then Carrie’s normal attitude reestablished itself. “I already gave you anal? What else do you want?”

I grinned at her and reached up under her skirt with my right hand—no easy task since she was so much shorter than me and her skirt reached respectably below her knees—while holding her right upper arm with my left hand. She struggled as I fished around but eventually I reached my goal and started pulling her panties down. Naturally she had pulled them up over her garters because that was the way she had arrived at my room. It would have been simplicity itself to pull them off if not for the skirt that was just tight enough but not too tight and her struggling.

“They’re going to come off, so stop struggling,” I told her between clenched teeth.

“Are you going to fuck me again? I don’t think you’re man enough!”

On that account she was right. I had cum three times in the past few hours and it was unlikely I could get it up again so quickly. But that wasn’t my goal.

“I’m not going to fuck you again. I’m just taking off your panties. You can give them up willingly or I’ll tear them off you.”

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” she practically spat at me.

My lips curled into a grin. “I wouldn’t mind it.” By now I had a good hold on the crotch to her pink silk panties and they were coming down steadily.

“You’re going to tear them!” she cried out. That was pure Carrie. Always neat and put together. To her it’s a bigger sin to spoil her clothing than to cheat on her husband.

“Then stop resisting and let me have them,” I said calmly.

She pushed against me for another two seconds, saw that it was a waste of time, and relented. I bent forward, still warry that she might try to knee me in the face, and then removed her undergarment with her reluctant assistance.

When I held up my trophy I caught a whiff of her scent. The silk was still warm with her body heat and slightly damp. “You going to wear that yourself?” she asked me.

“No. Just wanted a memento from tonight,” I answered her coolly.

“You expect me to go home without any panties?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“I can’t,” she flatly insisted.

“Sure you can. And if you truly, psychologically can’t, go to a store on the way home and buy a new pair.”

She sniffed at me. “That’s not how I shop. And besides, I’m sure some of your cum in still inside me. I’ll drive home and stain my skirt.”

“Get it dry cleaned.”

Carrie liked me to push her limits. I had pushed two of them tonight. We had anal for the first time and now I was forcing her to choose between good, ladylike manners and dress and going commando in front of the world. I knew that she secretly loved it.

“I hate you,” she said, grabbing her bag and storming out of the room. The door was on an automatic hydraulic closer, so she was stymied when she tried to slam it.

After she was gone I took a shower and relaxed as best I could. Hotel Wi-Fi is a tricky thing at best and I’m not much for television.

An hour after she left Carrie texted me. I’m sure the skirt’s ruined. What am I going to tell the dry cleaners?

Laughing, I replied. Tell him your boyfriend left a cum stain on it. I’m sure they’ve heard it before.

Two seconds after I sent them message, she replied. Asshole.

A minute after that she added, I had a good time tonight. Thanks.

The next day I continued my teaching my training classes and essentially ignored Carrie. A cooling off day is always a good idea with Carrie. I glimpsed

her briefly two times in the hallway, but that was it.

The following day, however, it was barely an hour into the class when I received her text. I'm fucking horny. Are we going to meet tonight?

I don't know how a woman with a sex drive like Carrie's manages to only fuck her husband once every two months. I'm not so good she can wait for me at three month intervals. When can I expect you at my hotel? I texted her back.

You can come to my house. Lee is gone for the next few days.

I was doing this texting during a quick break in the class. When she sent me the second message, it was all I could do to hide my boner. Never before had I been invited to Carrie's house. I'd banged women before in their marital beds, sure, but this was another hard limit with Carrie and she was inviting me to do it. I couldn't wait for the end of the day.

The address she texted me was easy to find even though I was forced to drive there in the shitty rental car the company sprang for. I knew from her dress and jewelry and attitude that Carrie's husband made good money. I was impressed with how good. It wasn't exactly a mansion I pulled up to, but it was damn close.

I half expected a maid to answer the door when I rang the bell, but it was just Carrie, but it was probably better that way. When the door opened I pretended to be holding a pizza box. "Did you order an extra-large with sausage?" I asked.

She glared at me. "Cut the shitty comedy and come inside."

"I was hoping you'd say that."

She ignored my comment and closed the door behind me when I walked in. She was still in her business suit, yellow with green edging today, but I had already removed my tie and left my jacket behind.

"It's going to be great fun fucking you in your bed."

"Don't get any ideas. We're going to do it in the guest bedroom. I have certain standards."

I shook my head and walked up to her. She had led me to the living room and even though this wasn't my house and she wasn't my wife, I took control of the situation. "You didn't invite me to spend the night in your home and not fuck in your bed. That's the first thing we're going to do. I want you to think about me inside you every night while your husband sleeps next to you."

"No," she all but whimpered, but I could see the excited glint in her eyes.

"Take me to your bedroom," I told her firmly in the tone I use during training sessions to let new employees know I've come to the end of my patience and it's time to do what I've asked.

She nodded and turned around, leading me to the stairs. The house was what I would call magazine perfect and fancy. I thought no one lived in those homes featured in decorating magazines, but apparently Carrie did. It was beautiful, but austere, too perfect, too well-maintained, too cold. There was nothing personal or different about it. It was a manufactured beauty, much like Carrie.

Not that I couldn't enjoy it, but I knew underneath, it wasn't real.

Her bedroom was just as austere and phony as the rest of the house. She took five steps inside and turned around, posing herself, waiting expectantly. "Well?" she asked.

"Strip," I told her.

She did so, carefully taking off each item of clothing and placing it carefully on her dresser. Carrie stopped when she got down to her bra, panties, garters and stockings. She raised her eyebrows expectantly at me.

"Keep going. All of it."

Without breaking eye contact with me, Carrie slowly removed her undergarments until she was naked. Without any covering, she looked vulnerable because she was so small. She was definitely a woman with her prominent breasts and little patch of carefully groomed pubic hair, but vulnerable nevertheless.

"All of it," I repeated. When she looked at me in confusion, I explained, "Your jewelry. Take it off." And then she removed her earrings, her necklace and

matching bracelet, even the fancy ring on her right hand; she did all of that willingly, but she hesitated when she was down to just her paired wedding and engagement rings.

“You can leave those on.” I couldn’t tell if she was relieved or thrilled.

I did her the service of undressing myself, but then I pushed her down to her knees to get me hard. It didn’t take long. She liked to be told to give head. We were in the bed a minute later, her underneath me. We fitted together easily, almost like a married couple, but not exactly. There was too much passion and enthusiasm on both our parts. She was excited because she was cheating; I was excited because I was fucking her in her husband’s bed.

Normally I had to tie her up in some manner for Carrie to actually fuck me. The bondage we used varied from something as improvised as my necktie to tie her hands together to the more formal leather cuffs she purchased because rope and my neckties cut into her flesh uncomfortably. It wasn’t about the physical bondage. It was about her giving control over to be with the symbol of bondage.

The first time we had sex when she wasn’t tied up in some way, was that night in her own bed. Carrie was a woman with serious psychological issues.

Not being tied up didn’t diminish her—or my—enjoyment. She came twice—loudly—and I was temporarily satisfied when I came.

“This is nice,” I told her when we were done for the moment and relaxing in bed next to each other.

“I shouldn’t have you here,” she said. “This is dangerous.”

“It was your idea. And I suppose I should tell you now I’m spending the night.”

“You can’t,” she said immediately. “Someone will see your car.”

“And you’ll come up with some excuse of a friend visiting. I left my bag in the back seat. You need to go out and get it for me.”

“No.”

A short argument ensued as I took her by the wrist and pulled her down the stairs

to the door. We were both still naked when I stopped at the door and insisted she do as I asked. I wasn't sure if she didn't want to because she was naked or because she thought it was beneath her to carry my suitcase from my car to her house. It was dark out and the way the house was positioned in relation to the driveway along with the neighbors somewhat distant houses along with the road, it was unlikely anyone would see her run outside.

"Do it," I told her. She was breathing heavily and had that glint in her eye where she wanted to be told what to do. I opened the door and gently pushed her backwards through the opening. Once her feet his the cool cement of the porch, it was as if everything came into focus for her and she was free to drop all pretenses that she normally carried with her. It was one of the few times I've seen her break out of her shell of complete control.

Carrie sprinted for my car, completely naked. I watched her firm butt work back and forth while her tits bounced all around. The trip there was quick and uneventful. She struggled for a moment with the car doors and then realized they were locked. She looked across the way to me and I grinned at her helplessness. "I left the key upstairs," I called to her and closed the front door firmly, throwing the deadbolt so she couldn't get back in. I wasn't exactly sure what she would do while I took my time climbing the stairs and retrieving the rental's key from my pants pocket, but that wasn't worth worrying about. She was a clever woman and would improvise, I'm sure.

I looked out on of the living room windows and saw her crouched down behind the car, mostly hidden from view from the road, not that there was any traffic. The lighting was almost nonexistent because they lived far from anyone or anything else, but I could easily see her pale body in the soft light from the moon, stars, and what was leaking out from the house. There was a terrified look on her face that quickly jumped to panic when I hit the unlock button making the lights on the car briefly flash. Realizing what had happened, she opened the door, grabbed my bag, and hauled it toward the door where I lost track of her from the angle of the window.

Once more I took my time in unlocking the door and admitting her to safety. She was breathing heavily from the exertion but had an electrified look on her face. "Oh my god," she breathed when I closed the door behind her. She dropped the bag to the floor and I kissed her fiercely. Her tongue probed deeply into my mouth as I pushed her up against the wall and felt between her legs. She was

wet, whether she was still wet from having sex or whether she was wet from her sexual thrill at being made to run outside her house naked was impossible to tell. I continued to probe her and rub her pussy while we kissed until she realized what exactly I was doing and broke off the kiss.

“Stop,” she pleaded, her voice trembling a little.

“Stop what?” I asked. “Kissing you? Already done.”

She squirmed a bit even as I kept her pinned to the wall. “Stop rubbing me.” She tried to scissor her legs shut on my hand but it didn’t work when I used my knee to keep her thighs parted.

“Don’t you want to cum?”

“No,” she insisted but I still didn’t stop. I kept rubbing and rubbing until her whole body was shaking and she came right there in the foyer.

“You needed that,” I informed her as I let her go.

“Yeah.” She didn’t seem in full agreement with me as she stumbled away the wall and tried to find her footing.

“Take my bag up to the bedroom,” I said. “I’ll be up in a minute.”

“Take your own bag up,” Carrie replied, her normal personality returning. Obviously one little orgasm wasn’t going to change her.

“Take it upstairs or you’ll regret it.” I kept my voice calm and even, with just a hint of menace in it.

“What’ll you do about it?” she asked tartly.

I grabbed one wrist and then the other. She tried to resist but I was too strong. It was easy to spin her around, pin her facing the wall, and then transferred both of her wrists to my left hand. “This,” I said and smacked her ass twice—hard—on each cheek. She gasped and cried out in pain each time I hit her. At once her bottom blossomed into a lovely shade of pink. It took all of my control not to want to smack her some more. Pretending I was a reasonable person, I said, “Do you want a real spanking?”

She shook her head and said, “No.”

“Take the bag upstairs. I’ll be there in a minute.”

This time she did as I asked. I took opportunity to get a glass from the kitchen pour myself some whiskey from the liquor cabinet in the corner of the living room. I’m not a big drinker, but it was more about the control I could exert over Carrie. I could take her husband’s things—his house, his booze, his wife—and do with them as I wished, if only temporarily.

By the time I got upstairs Carrie had laid out my bag and was waiting, patiently, next to the bed. She was still naked, though I would have thought she would take the opportunity to put on a robe, and on the bed she had laid out a few items with her white cuffs I was so familiar with. “I want to try out the whole set, if you don’t mind,” she told me, softly. She had managed to regain some of her usual composure.

“I suppose I can help you put those on.”

I had put the cuffs on her wrists many times before, but it was something new to put the ankle cuffs on along with the collar around her neck. When everything was on, she looked a little bit ridiculous because normally she was always so well dressed and now she looked like an extra from an overly elaborate porn film.

“I want to be fucked,” she told me when everything was properly adjusted.

“Well I can’t fuck you if you’re not restrained.” The set of cuffs and collar were nice in that each piece had snap hooks and rings to link them together. I wound up linking her left hand and foot together and the right hand and foot together. She was on her bed, half kneeling, fully exposed with her ass in the air and her head twisted to the side so she could breathe.

“You look very fetching,” I told him, gently patting her on the ass while I considered what I should do to her.

“Thank you.” She was excited. I could tell by how wet her pussy was. She was literally drooling between her legs, visibly wet and swollen, ready to be taken.

“Have you ever been spanked?” I asked. “I mean really spanked, as a sex

game?”

“No,” she said. “I’m afraid I think I’ll like it.”

“I suppose we should find out then.”

“No,” she said struggling to get away from me, but it is extremely difficult to move when your wrists and ankles are cuffed together. I grabbed her collar and held her in place. “I don’t want to.”

“You just don’t want to because you think it’ll hurt,” I told her. I’m not a big fan of BDSM games, but I’ve played at them before and it was obvious that Carrie wanted to explore her interest, but was too afraid to. “A good spanking will hurt, I’m sure. But we need to see how far you can be pushed.”

She continued to complain and protest, but I didn’t listen because she didn’t want me to listen. I started off slowly and lightly, little more than pats just to get the feel of her flesh, but before long I was swatting her taut ass with firm swats that filled the air with the sound of flesh slapping flesh. Eventually Carrie quieted down and if she didn’t enjoy what I did to her, she took her punishment in relative silence.

“Do you like this?”

“No!”

“Does it feel good?”

“No!” Her voice came out in a little gasp. I checked between her legs and felt that she was still wet.

“Want more?”

“No.”

Between each question I spanked her one more time.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

She started to answer too quickly, but then realized I had switched up the

response. “Yes!” She was practically begging.

“Are you a little slut?”

“Yes!”

“How many other men do you fucked besides me and Lee?”

“None!”

“Liar.” I smacked her extra hard. “When are you going to tell Lee about your slutty ways?”

“Never!”

“I’m going to leave you marked and then he’ll figure it out. Slut.”

By now I had gotten hard and excited. I stopped spanking her, knelt behind Carrie’s upraised ass and easily slipped my cock into her pussy. I sank all the way in and felt the heat of her ass against my abdomen. It was hotter than her pussy.

I held onto her collar while we fucked. I’m sure it hurt her neck, but Carrie didn’t complain. In fact, I think she liked it. We fucked hard and fast and she didn’t protest at all. The only sounds coming out of her mouth were the moans of passion and then the cries to let me know she was cumming. She peaked twice before I came in her. I’m sure she would have liked to cum when I filled her, but she wasn’t some silly virgin not used to getting a flood of hot spunk in her pussy that helps her get off. Carrie, ever the good girl, didn’t complain.

She didn’t even complain when I was done and I took her wrist cuffs and linked them to the collar around her neck. It wasn’t hard to do; they were designed for it. If she truly had wanted to get out of the cuffs, she could have. There weren’t held in place with padlocks, but the fast snap hooks that could easily be manipulated with nimble fingers, even without looking at them. It her heart, Carrie was a good girl who was more submissive than she wanted to admit and would do anything I told her. I made her sleep with her cuffs hooked to her collar. I don’t know if she found it very comfortable, but I had a wonderful night’s sleep.

Chapter Six

I WOKE UP to Carrie shoving me with her body. She didn't want to take the cuffs off herself, she wanted me to do it. "Wake up," she told me. "We both have to get to work."

I had an erection and since it was the morning, I was horny. I wasn't going to waste the opportunity. After glancing at the clock, I figured we had plenty of time, so I rolled Carrie onto her back and climbed on top.

"Don't," she protested half-heartedly. "We don't have time." With her hands up to her collar she couldn't do much to stop me or to participate. That was fine with me.

"Sure we do," I told her. As always, her pussy was wet and easy to enter. She might not have thought that she had time to get ready for work, but her body was more than ready for more sex. "You just lay back and relax. This is for me, not for you."

"Isn't that the advice given to sexless English women?" she asked. Even though her words were protesting what I was doing, the expression on her face told me that she didn't believe a word she was saying. "Lay back and think of England?"

"If that's what gets you off," I agreed with her as I quickly finished inside her. She groaned; maybe she got off, maybe she was frustrated. I wasn't terribly interested.

When I got out of bed, I brought her with me and sat her down on the bathroom toilet while I climbed into the shower. "Aren't you going to release me?" she asked, annoyed at me.

"Not just yet," I said as I closed the shower curtain and turned on the water. Even over the spraying water I could hear her peeing in the toilet. It must have humiliated her a bit, but she didn't say anything. Since the toilet was occupied, I simply let my piss fly and watched it go down the drain as I washed myself. After soap and shampoo, I was out of the shower two minutes later. Carrie was still on the toilet, not having moved the entire time.

"I suppose you should take a shower," I told her as I hauled her to her feet.

"Not with the cuffs on," she protested. "They're far too expensive!"

I laughed at her and unhooked the cuff restraints from her collar. She carefully unbuckled each item—wrists cuffs, ankle cuff, and collar—before laying them out on the bathroom counter. Only then did she enter the shower. Meanwhile, I dressed and got ready for the day.

Her phone buzzed while I was finishing dressing. I brought it to her in the shower. Sadly, she was just stepping out and was soaking wet. I handed her the phone and prevented her from grabbing a towel. She answered it while dripping onto the bathmat.

“Hello dear,” she said in her bored, dried corporate voice. She listened for just a moment before saying, “I’m dressing. I don’t have much time this morning. I slept in.”

Just for the fun of it, I pushed her legs open and slipped two fingers up her pussy while she talked to her husband. Ever the good girl, Carrie allowed me to manipulate her body and managed to focus on the conversation with her husband even while I manipulated her clit. I loved the crinkled look on her face while she tried to focus on the mundane as I played with her body. “I’ll make sure the lawn company does it right. Does it honestly matter right now?” Pause. “Nothing very exciting. I’ll expect you back on Thursday night. I’m sure everything will be settled by then. Yes. Okay. I love you. Goodbye.” She disconnected the call and looked expectantly at me.

Instead of handing her a towel, I said, “It doesn’t sound like meant it when you told him you loved him.”

“It’s hard to feel the right sort of passion for my husband while my lover has his fingers stuffed up inside me,” she said as she reached for the towel hanging from the bar just out of reach. I let her struggle a moment, desiring the towel but not wanting to leave my hand either, before I handed it to her and pulled my fingers free. I tasted her flavor from my fingers while she ignored me.

“I’ll see you back here tonight,” I told her as I finished dressing. Breakfast I’d have to grab on the road. “I might spend the night.”

“No.”

I shook my head at her. “Lee doesn’t get back until Thursday. You’re safe.”

“No,” she said again, but there was no strength in her voice.

“I’ll see you before dinner. You can either make us something or order out. Whichever.”

“I hate it when you do this,” she muttered.

“But you always go along with it and the screams you make when you cum…” I smiled at her. “Wear something sexy for me today. Underneath your suit.”

Just to see how far I could push Carrie, I sent her a text in the middle of the morning. Go to the bathroom, take off your suit, and send me a picture of you in your underwear.

I actually wondered if she would do it. The bathrooms in this office were semi-private so if nothing else she could remove her suit while inside a stall and send me a picture that way.

As it turned out, apparently Carrie had access to some private bathroom. In response she sent me one picture. She had taken a full body picture of herself from the neck down wearing just her matching yellow bra and panties. She wasn’t wearing a garter belt today; her stockings were thigh high stay ups; no garter belt needed. I hadn’t seen her dress that morning because I left before her. It was better that way because it left a thrill of the unknown in the air.

I texted her back. Thong or bikinis? Show me your ass. I knew she wasn’t wearing a thong, but I had to remind her she needed to do what I asked of her. She responded with another picture. It was a full coverage bikini, sadly, but the picture showed just the edge of her ass cheek peeking out. It was good enough to get me through the day. Very good. I’ll be at your place at 6:30. Have dinner ready.

If nothing else, Carrie knew when it was best just to go along with what I wanted. She answered the door wearing the same suit she wore to work and let me in. “Dinner’s in the kitchen. I had it delivered. It’s still hot.”

I didn’t care that she hadn’t cooked for me. The fact that dinner was waiting was the important part. The food was good, but unremarkable.

“I’m going upstairs to the bedroom,” I told her when I was done eating. “Come up when you’re doing cleaning up.” I knew it annoyed her that she would have to do the work without me. That’s why I said it. She gave me a sour look up didn’t protest. In her—and her husband’s—bedroom I kicked off my shoes and socks and waited for her.

After two minutes of waiting I got bored, so I pulled out my cell phone and started flipping through my pictures. Ginny had sent me of her ass in a green thong. She was a little big for a thong, but it was the thought that counted. It was obviously a picture taken in a mirror. I needed to push her along a little more.

Very nice ass, I complimented her. But I want a picture of you sucking Bob’s dick. That’ll make my day.

I didn’t expect an answer right away, but it was always important to keep a relationship alive, even if it was long distance.

“What are you doing?” Carrie asked as she came into her bedroom. It was a demanding question but I ignored the tone and pretended she was actually interested in my habits.

“Looking at porn. See?” I turned the phone around for her to look at Ginny’s curved ass. I expected her to roll her eyes and look away in disgust, instead she carefully inspected the photograph that Ginny had shared with me.

“She has a larger than average bottom,” Carrie carefully observed. “Do you spend a lot of time on the internet looking at naked pictures of strangers?”

“No. Of course not. This is a picture of Ginny, she sent it to me earlier today. I much prefer my porn to be produced by the women I have sex with. Like you.” I smiled at her, letting her know exactly where she fit in my world.

“You’ve slept with her?” Carried asked me. She already knew the answer. Her face was a careful mask of calmness.

“Of course.”

“And you keep pictures of her?” The way Carrie said it was like she was making out I was doing something wrong. Every dirty picture on my phone was either sent to me willingly by the woman who took the picture, or I took a picture of them where they gave me permission.

“Just like I keep all the dirty pictures of you.”

Carrie frowned. “I want you to delete them.”

“No. And I want you to take off your clothes so I can take some more of you.”

“No.” But there was no force in her voice.

“You have to take off your clothes so we can have sex,” I carefully explained to her.

She winced but did as I asked. Her jacket was already off; she must have removed it when she arrived home after work. Today she was in a pantsuit and she carefully removed the pants. As she did so I took a picture of her. I allowed the flash go off to let her know I was recording her disrobing.

“You really get off on this, don’t you?” she asked while removing her flowered blouse and carefully placing it in the laundry hamper.

“I sure do.”

She shook her head as she reached behind her back and released her bra, freeing her breasts. The small globes of flesh swung freely as she moved. Carrie barely reacted to the flash now. As she reached for the top of her stockings, I stopped her. “Don’t! Leave them on the for the moment. Take off your panties first.”

With a sigh she did so and I took another picture. Her bra and panties joined her blouse in the hamper and she was down to just her stockings. “Turn around and put your hands on the wall,” I told her. She did so, and stuck out her ass at me without being told to. Carrie knew exactly what I wanted, but she needed to be directed in order to be able to do it. I took two pictures before I said, “If this HR gig doesn’t work out for you, maybe you can get some work as a nude model.”

“Very funny,” she commented, turning back around. Before anything else could happen, my phone chimed. It wasn’t a phone call or a text. It was Ginny and she

wanted to Facetime with me.

“This is the problem with sleeping with more than one woman,” I commented to Carrie before I answered Ginny’s requested. “One is always interrupting fun times with the other.” Carrie frowned when I replied to Ginny’s request. “Hello, sweetie,” I said to her face on the screen. I immediately recognized the lustful look on her face.

“Hi. Are you busy?” she asked me a little too eagerly.

“A little. I’m about to fuck another woman.” I quickly turned the phone around to capture the nude image of Carrie. She was so surprised by my action; she just stood there in shock.

“Oh,” came Ginny’s very disappointed reaction. “Sorry to interrupt.”

“You haven’t interrupted. You can play too,” I told her before she could end the call.

As much as I had pulled Ginny out of her shell, this was a new one to her. We had Facetimed and Skyped a bit for over the internet masturbation sessions, and she knew that I had other women I played with, but to see a very naked Carrie next to me was jarring to say the least.

I liked that.

“That’s okay, I didn’t really—” Ginny started to say, but I cut her off.

“Are you naked?” I demanded. The inflection of my voice told her it wasn’t just a question.

“I’m wearing a nightie and underwear,” she told me immediately.

Before in our sessions I had figured out that Ginny liked to be ordered about. “Take them off and let me see.” I gestured to Carrie who hesitated, but eventually joined me on the bed, lying next to me, naked but for her stockings. Ginny didn’t have nearly the same reticence; maybe it was because she couldn’t really see Carrie from the way I angled the camera of my phone as I rested it on the nightstand, but she quickly stripped off and showed me her curvy body. From the background I presumed she was in her bedroom as well. “Okay, now I want

to watch you masturbate while Carrie gives me head. Go ahead and start."

I glanced down at Carrie as I opened up my pants and fished my mostly flaccid cock out. She closed her eyes and slid her way down to my crotch. It was Ginny who now hesitated. She was naked and had a hand over her pussy, but she obviously wasn't masturbating. "Do you need to use a vibrator or something, Gin?"

She shook her head. "No. It's just that I've never done this before." The way she said it was like internet sex with two different people at the same time was something dirty and way beyond the pale.

"Try it, you'll like it," I assured her. "Would you like to get a good view of Carrie to help you get started?" I turned the phone to show Carrie with her mouth full of my cock. I don't know if that's what Ginny needed to get her excited—or maybe she was jealous because Carrie had me in the flesh when Ginny had to suffer the misfortune of the digital divide, but her hand began moving, rubbing her pussy. I could hear the soft sounds of her fingers manipulating her flesh, but it was slowly drowned out by the volume of her moans. The picture wasn't great, but it was adequate, and she had set up her phone so that almost all of her body was easily viewed. I watched as Ginny played with herself and Carrie sucked on my cock. I think both women loved and hated it because I wasn't giving them my full attention, but they also both got off on being used and humiliated by me.

I think that's what really got them off. I only noticed after a few minutes that Carrie was frigging herself with her hand while she sucked my cock. It was impossible to tell what exactly was going through Ginny's mind, but I knew she liked to be told what to do and she didn't mind a little humiliation either.

None of this prevented either woman from getting herself off. I was familiar with the trembling shakes of Carrie's body as she continued to suck me. Her attention to fellatic detail wandered while she came, but once her moment had passed, everything resumed right where it should have been. Watching Ginny on the small screen I was able to see her legs shake uncontrollably while she came and I imagined the amount of liquid seeping from her pussy to be tremendous. Oddly, the two women came at close to the same time. As much as I wanted to think it, there wasn't any real connection between them. It was just coincidence.

“I’m going cum,” I announced to Carrie when I felt the moment approaching.

She took her hand from her pussy where she had been playing with herself eve after she had climaxed and focused exclusively on my cock. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Ginny sit up and watch with intensity as I was about to erupt.

The first spurt of ejaculation was perfect. Carrie’s lips were curled just around the edge of my crown and it filled her mouth. She started to swallow and I forcibly pulled out of her mouth and shot the next few spurts on her face. My move genuinely surprised her. I had never done anything like that before to Carrie and I could tell she felt degraded and ashamed, which was exactly what I was going for.

“You look beautiful with my cum on your face,” I told her.

She blinked at me and tried to regain her normal haughty, above-it-all attitude, but she couldn’t fully recover it. “If you say so,” she said with much uncertainty in her voice.

After checking to make sure that Ginny could see everything that I was doing, I wiped some of my leavings from Carrie’s cheek and offered it to her. “Open up,” I said and she parted her lips to admit my two of my fingers. She sucked and then licked the thick liquid off my fingers, looking at me like I was a beast turning a perfectly normal human into a new monster.

I continued to wipe my cum off her face and made her eat it. All the while I could see Ginny watching intently on the phone; I wasn’t sure if she was fascinated or disgusted…or perhaps a little jealous.

“Where’s your husband, Ginny?” I asked her when I was done cleaning Carrie.

“Out with friends,” she answered. “He’ll be home soon.”

“Are you going to fuck him?” I asked. “He’ll be getting all the benefit of me warming you up.”

“Can I fuck him?” she asked. It was the first time she had asked permission from me to have sex with her husband. It was nothing I had demanded of her. I like to think it came about naturally, that she saw me as the alpha in our relationship. Her husband might have been her primary partner, but I was the alpha because I

got to decide with who and when she had sex. I liked it.

“You may,” I said magnanimously.

“I probably won’t,” she sighed with some frustration.

“Why?”

“Because he’ll come home drunk and have a limp dick or won’t want to have sex at all.”

“I’ll make it up to you as soon as possible,” I told her.

“Are you going to fuck her,” Ginny asked, indicating the silent Carrie next to me.

“I’m thinking about it. I’ve already had her several times in the last few days.”

“Fuck her once for me. Pretend she’s me. That’ll be nice won’t it?”

I agreed and we said our goodbyes and disconnected.

Carrie was looking quizzically at me when I put the phone done. “You do this all the time, don’t you?”

“Do what?”

“Entice women into bed, use and abuse them for your amusement, and then just get rid of them.” She was frankly disgusted with me. Her hand was still wrapped around the base of my cock so I proceeded carefully. I held my cock to be one of my most precious possessions.

“I don’t entice women into bed,” I gently corrected her. “I ask married women if they’re getting all their sexual needs fulfilled. I don’t force or trick anyone into having sex with me, I just let them live out a fantasy that has to have been bubbling in the back of their minds for months, if not years. I’m giving them—and you—an essential service. And,” I hastened to add when she started to open her mouth in protest. “I have never forced anyone to do anything they don’t want to do. You remember our safe word, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she said, “it’s—”

But I cut her off. “And I’ve never gotten rid of any of my partners. If they want to stop seeing me, fine. I’ve ended a few relationships, but always with respect and in person and with a reasonable explanation why. Do you want to end our relationship?” I asked her abruptly and quickly at the end of my little speech. I’ve given that same speech more than once.

Carrie seemed surprised by my question, and paused for a moment before answering, “Um…no.”

“Did I force you to do something tonight or yesterday or anytime that you didn’t want to do?”

This time her answer was quicker, but without conviction. “Sort of.”

“Really?” I asked. “What?”

“I wasn’t expecting to give you a blowjob in front of an audience,” she told me tersely.

“Fair enough. I sprang that on you. But you didn’t say no and you didn’t use your safe word and you went through with it. I’m sorry if you didn’t want to do it. I apologize. Should we start talking about not seeing each other any longer?”

“No, I just—”

Once more I interrupted her. “Did you enjoy it?”

That caught her by surprise. “Did I enjoy it?”

“Did you enjoy giving me head while Ginny masturbated on camera for me?” I clarified.

Her voice dropped down in volume. “Sort of, yes.”

“So, basically, I introduced you to something you hadn’t imagined before, were hesitant about trying it, and then it turned out you enjoyed it. You were jilling of while going down on me, weren’t you?”

“Yes.”

“So I pushed your limits and you found out you liked it.” I didn’t ask anything, I just let it hang there.

“I hate you,” she said as she started moving her hand up and down on my cock. It was slow to respond, but I had just cum a few minutes earlier.

“For hating someone, you sure have an interest in my cock.”

“I enjoy sex with you.”

“And you enjoy me pushing your boundaries,” I pointed out.

She grimaced and said, “Fuck you. And yes.”

I looked down at my slowly rising cock. “Tell me what you want. Tell me what you want to try. I don’t want you to be miserable. I like having sex with you and playing games. If you’re not having fun, then we should stop.”

She was quiet for a moment and continued to rub my cock, she briefly lowered her mouth onto me and then pulled back to say, “I like it when you’re rough with me and put me in my place. I’m too much of a bitch too often.” She went back to sucking me.

“You want to be a submissive,” I told her, leaning back into my pillow to enjoy her blowjob. “I can help you with that. You’re in charge all the time at work, you need to let loose at home. You want to be bossed around. I can do that for you.”

Carrie looked up at me and grinned. “You can do that for me?”

“I certainly can.”

“What are you going to make me do?” Her grin broadened. It was impossible for Carrie to actually speak out loud what she wanted, but I knew I could make her do a hell of a lot of things that would push her buttons.

I pushed her head back down on my cock. “That would be telling. I’m going to make you do such things, such wonderful things, that you won’t even know who you are any more. How far do you want me to push you?”

Around my mouth she managed to say, “As far as you can.”

“You’re going to regret those words.”

Chapter Seven

IN THE MORNING, after showering I fucked her bent over the bathroom counter and then I made her get dressed with my cum still inside of her. She didn't question why. Carrie had already completely embraced her submissive role to me. I appreciated that. I should have completely shaved her pussy and left a hickey on her breast just to let Lee know his wife was cheating on him, but I didn't. I showed some couth. But that didn't mean I couldn't let an opportunity pass.

"Does your husband know I fuck you?" I asked her as we ate a quick breakfast in her kitchen.

She grimaced and looked at her bagel. "No."

I grinned. "Does he know you fuck other men?"

Now she glared at me. "I don't fuck other men."

"You've going to sit there with my cum inside you and tell me the only men you're having sex with is me and your husband?"

Carrie stiffened her spine and repeated, "I don't fuck other men, just you and Lee."

I turned my head and looked askance at her. "Other women then?" I asked her hopefully.

That made Carrie sigh and roll her eyes. "No."

"Too bad, that could have been fun."

"Maybe that's a limit I'll have to push in the future," I commented just to see the thrill of fear and excitement cross her face. "But that's for the future. Do you really expect me to believe you haven't slept with other men?"

"Yes, I expect you to believe that because it's the truth."

"You've only fucked me and Lee since you've been married?"

"That's right."

“I think I won’t fuck you again until you give me proof that you’ve fucked another man,” I told her.

Carrie shifted uncomfortably in her chair. I wasn’t sure if it was because of my demand or because my cum continued to leak slowly out of her. Either way, it pleased me.

We drove separately to the office. I ran my last day of training and prepared to leave. I was exhausted from too much sex with Carrie so I wasn’t thinking of getting anything from her before I left. As it turned out she appeared in the training room at the end of the day to briefly address the new employees and give me a formal thank you. She seemed normal and professional, as always.

As I was packing my bag to leave for the airport, she shook my hand and offered to walk me out to the car so I could find my way to the airport.

Instead of my car we wound up in hers. Mine was just a shitty rental; hers was a nice Mercedes with tinted windows. The office building was big enough to sport a parking garage that offered some privacy. Carrie, for some reason, was eager to give me a blowjob.

It had been years since I had sex—or in this case gotten head—inside a car. It seemed to be such a high school thing to do. Still, I wasn’t going to say no. As she sucked me off, I hiked up her skirt and pulled aside her panties down to get my fingers up inside her. She enjoyed being fingered while giving head. In the middle of the act she abruptly stopped.

“Want to fuck me one last time before you go?”

I shook my head at her. “No. Not enough space in your car.”

In high school my parents had a minivan and inside that that was uncomfortable enough to fool around with girls. Space was very limited and now, since I was older, I was bigger and less flexible. I was happy just to get head.

Carrie grinned at me. “I’m small and limber. I used to be a gymnast before college. Want to see?”

Even in the small space of the back seat of her car, she managed to move around and essentially sit on my lap facing away, to lower her pussy onto me. Technically, yes, it was sex, but it was awkward and slow and difficult. I was an adult and if I wanted to have sex, I'd use a hotel room—or a married woman's bedroom.

"Do you like this?" I asked her.

"Sort of," she panted.

"It's not that great," I said. "I'll get you off with my hand if I can cum in your mouth."

Using her great flexibility, she levered herself off me. As she knelt on the seat next to me, I pressed my thumb on her anus and used my fingers on her clit to make her cum.

"Oh god," she moaned as she came, her thighs clamped on my hand.

"You like that?"

"I want more," she said. "But that's good enough for now." She then went back down on me, licking off the juices she had left behind and sucking me with a fierce aggression. I couldn't help it and in just a couple of minutes I erupted in her mouth and she eagerly swallowed every drop. I wondered if she liked swallowing my cum or just didn't want to make a mess in the back seat of her immaculately clean car.

"I can't wait to fuck you again," she sighed as she collapsed halfway slumped over in the seat.

"That's just the endorphins talking," I assured her as I tucked my cock back into my pants and prepared to leave her. "Are you going to fuck Lee when he gets home?"

She frowned but didn't open her eyes. "Probably I should. Wifely duty and all, right?"

"You probably should. Send me a picture of your pussy full of his cum." I tried to make my request casual, like it was something I asked of all my lovers.

A small smile crept across her face. “I can do that.”

“Slut.”

“Yeah. I’m a slut.”

“No you’re not,” I corrected myself. “You’re not a slut until you fuck another man. And I want proof of that. Picture or video of you two together.”

Her eyes fluttered open. “You’re serious, aren’t you?”

I nodded. “Until you fuck another guy, no sex from me, but I’ll let you suck me off, if that’s what you need.”

“Gee…thanks.”

“You’ll find someone,” I assured her. “Attractive and available, you fulfill the needs of ninety percent of men out there.”

“Again, gee…thanks.”

I kissed her forehead. “I’ve got to go or I’m going to miss my flight.” I opened the door and stepped out to straighten my clothes. A second later she was there next to me, wrapping her arms around me and pulling me down for an intimate kiss, not caring if anyone saw us.

“Something to remember me by,” she said.

“I thought that’s what pictures were for.”

It was close, but I managed to get to the airport, drop off the rental, run through security and make my plane. That was the part of travel I hated, all the rushing and waiting and stupid delays and being treated like cattle. When I reached into my jacket pocket to make sure I wasn’t carrying anything metal through the checkpoint, I pulled Carrie’s panties halfway out before I realized what they were. Hastily stuffing them back in, I glanced around to make sure no one saw my stupidity. She must have slipped them into my pocket when we were kissing, the little slut.

I texted her just before boarding the plane. I think you left something in my

pocket.

The answer came back almost immediately. It took you long enough to find them.

I grinned. I had been thinking about the predicament I had set up for Carrie. Truly, if she didn't want to fuck me ever again, that would be fine. But she needed to be pushed to explore her sexuality. That's what I was there for. I'm giving you two days to set up a dating profile. You can pick whatever website you want. Send me the link when you're done.

Her reply? I can't believe you're making me do this.

Mine? I'm not making you do anything you don't already want to do.

For the moment, that was the end of that. I was headed to Minnesota. I hated these long multi-site trips where I didn't have a single break to get home even for the weekend. On the plus side, I knew a married woman where I was headed and I needed to let her know I'd be in town shortly. I had gotten so distracted by Carrie and Ginny that I hadn't planned far enough ahead.

Minerva was a difficult case, not because it was tough to get her into bed. It was all the baggage that came with her. Still, she was a fantastic fuck and if she found out I was in town and didn't look her up, she'd be pissed. I had to at least give her the opportunity to say no, though I knew she'd jump at the chance to jump in bed with me.

I'm coming to town. Are you busy for the next week?

I didn't expect an answer right away, but it came quickly regardless. I've always got time for you. When do you arrive?

I glanced at the time. In about three hours.

The regret in her voice was palpable, even via text message. Shit. I can't get away tonight. Too many obligations. Shit fuck cunt piss bugger cornhole!

Such language from a refined young lady. Also: cornhole???

Her next message made me laugh out loud, so I wouldn't demean it by using the term "lol". Don't insult me. I'm not refined. I'm not young. And I certainly no lady.

Cornhole??? I texted again.

The term a refined young lady uses for one's asshole. It pops up as my next suggested word after bugger. Duh.

Between the travel and getting drained—literally—by Carrie, I wasn't too disappointed by not meeting up with Minerva. A nice rest in a soft hotel bed sounded lovely to me. If I managed to get to the hotel still awake, I wasn't even going to need porn or alcohol to fall asleep by myself. Pure exhaustion would do that for me.

Tomorrow? I asked her.

I'll make something work, she promised. Text me when you're free.

The problem with the compulsive need to fuck every unavailable married woman in the vicinity, is that I have a compulsion to fuck every unavailable married woman I see. The woman at the car rental desk was wearing a wedding band, but was undoubtedly middle-aged and had a grumpy expression on her face letting me know she didn't like working late in the evening. The younger woman next to her was much more attractive and seemed like she was born to work in customer service to please everyone she spoke to, but she didn't have a ring on the third finger, left hand. So naturally I hit on the middle-aged woman.

"I don't have anywhere to be right now," I told her as she passed me the car key. "Would you like to join me for a drink down at the bar?" I smiled and grasped her fingers longer than necessary to facilitate the passing of a set of car keys.

"Space 310, out the door to the right," was her reply.

The bubbly young single next to her said, "We don't get a break for another hour. And we're not supposed to fraternize with the customers," she said. I was tired, but I was positive she winked when she said it.

"Oh, well then, I wouldn't want to get you ladies into trouble." I nodded and headed out the door.

Like I said, it was a compulsion. If I know a woman isn't married, I can't get it up for her. Engaged is okay, if she's pretty and lets me know she's ready to fuck me, I can seal the deal. Even if she had a long-term boyfriend and I can verify that, with a little effort on her part, my dick will get hard. But single and looking? My cock will be a limp noodle the entire night. Doesn't matter if she's more beautiful than Helen. I'm impotent with available women.

By the time I got to the hotel and collapsed on the bed, all I wanted to do was go to sleep. Even if a naked bevy of just-married brides had paraded through the hallway, I wouldn't have gotten out of bed.

Still, I felt the need to pull out my phone and pull up my pictures. In the folder labeled Minnie, I flicked through the photos of the first married woman I had ever bedded. I especially liked the one of her with my cock in her mouth, her cheeks hollowed by her enthusiastic sucking, and the large engagement ring and wedding band paired together on her hand. It was a beautiful picture of her—and me—but even it failed to stiffen my cock. Not that I needed or wanted to cum right then. I just wanted to sleep. I knew by the end of the next day my cock would be buried in Minnie's married cunt and she'd be screaming my name instead of her husband's.

My last thought before falling asleep was what if I fell in love with a married woman? If she left her husband and married me, would I be able to get it up for her?

About the Author

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

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