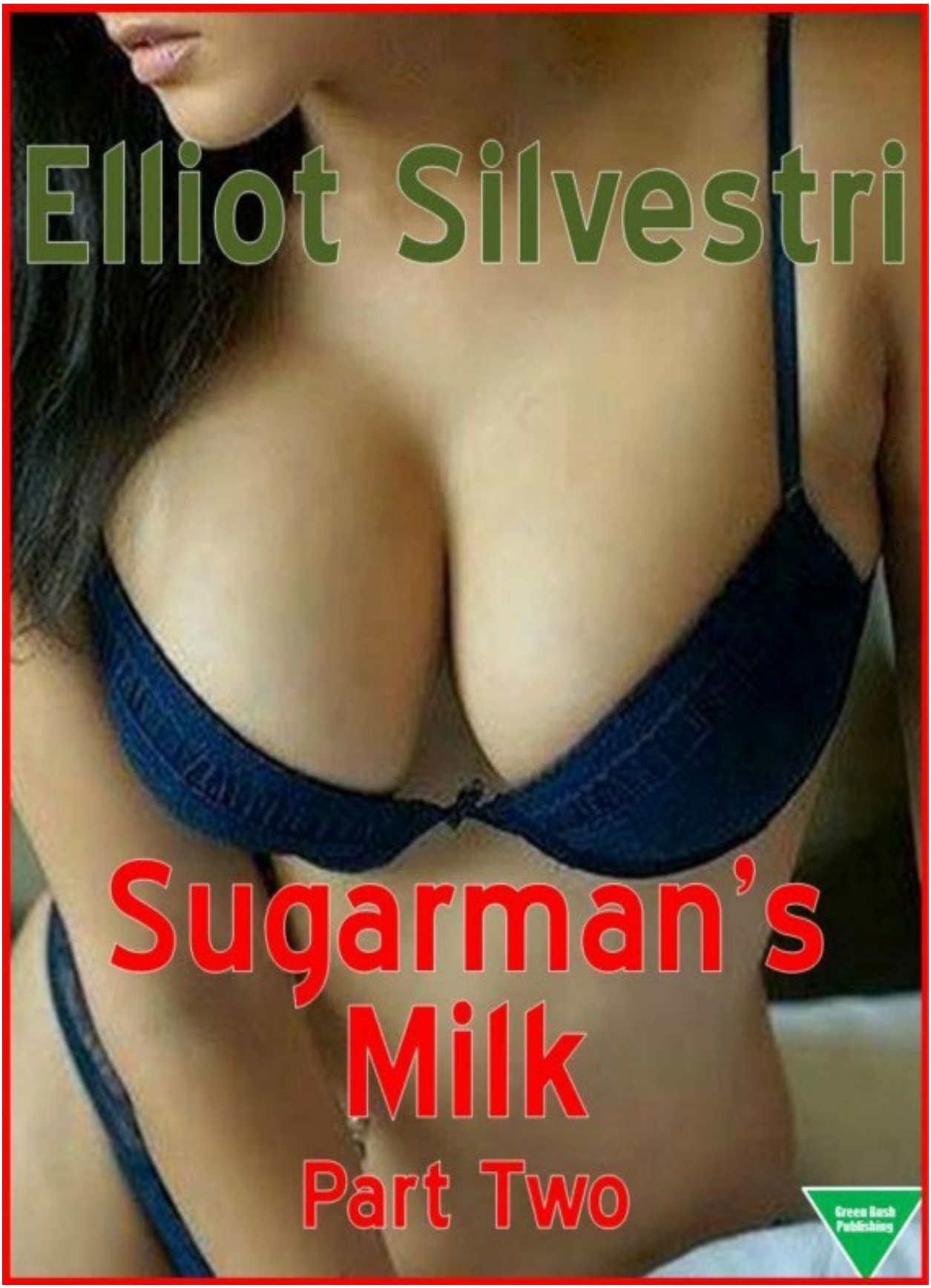
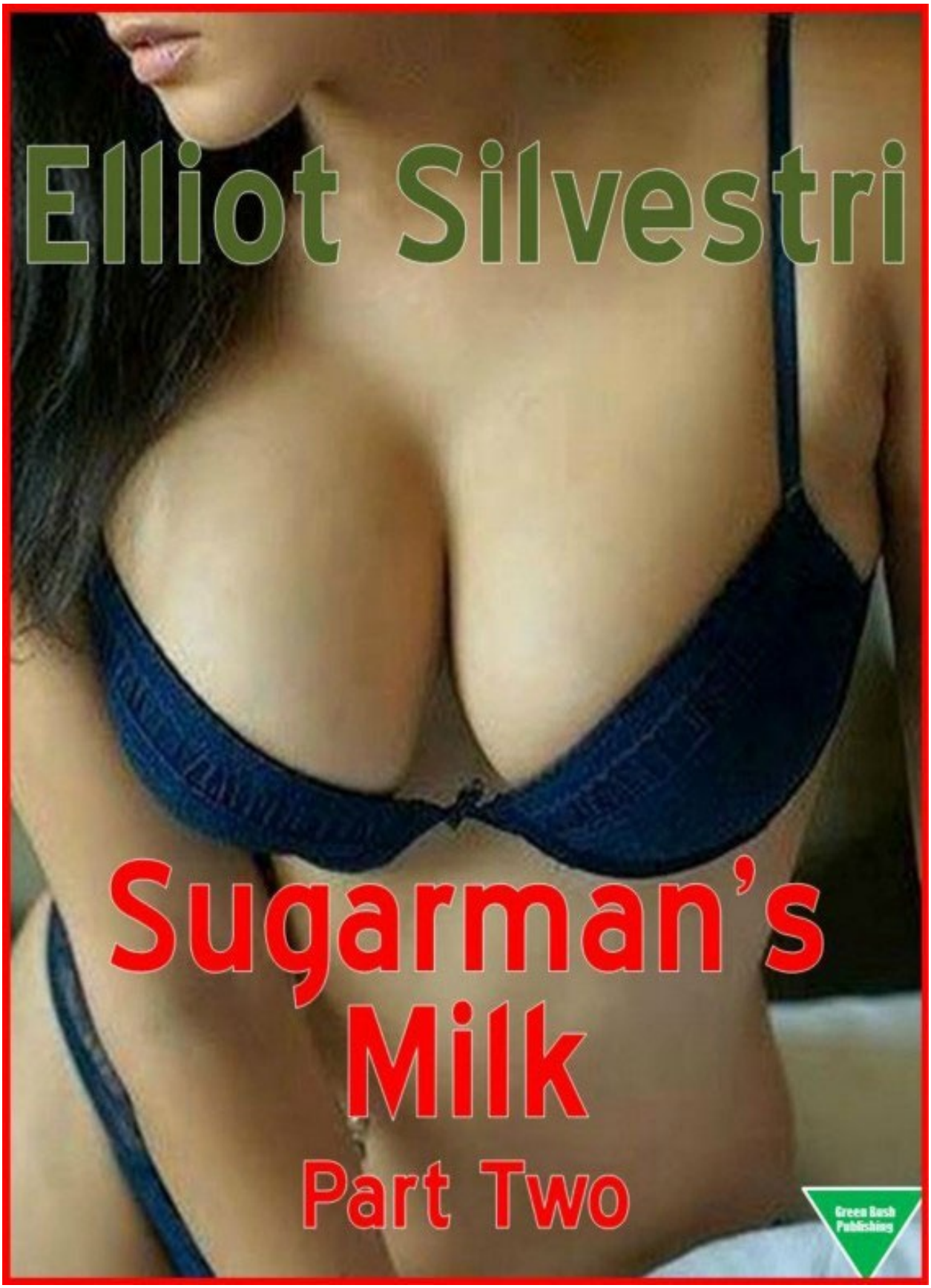

Elliot Silvestri
Sugarman's Milk
Part Two
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

Chapter Three

Nate was taken aback when Robin announced she wanted to sleep with the Sugarmans again. He had been thrilled when Robin nearly attacked him to have sex that night. Her aggressive need to fuck was welcome, but unexpected. Afterward, as they lay panting on the bed together, she blurted out, “This weekend we’re hooking up with the Sugarmans again.”

“We are?” He had been certain his wife had satiated her need to explore her sexuality with the one-time encounter. This was news to him. And while Robin seemed to project a new-found confidence about her sexuality, Nate wasn’t so sure if he wanted to see his wife having sex with another man again.

“We are,” she told him. “Don’t you want to?”

“Umm…sure. I just wasn’t aware we were planning on it.”

“I just had to give it some thought,” she told him. In truth, they had barely mentioned the encounter since leaving the hotel that weekend. “I want you to watch me with Grant. Don’t you want to see me fucked by another man?”

“Uhh…sure, if that’s what you want.”

Robin decided to ignore the questioning tone of his answer. She wanted to have sex with Grant again—and maybe something more. Reasoning that Nate was much like any man, he’d be happy to fuck Jennie and watch his wife. Men were simple—unlike women—in their sexuality. Once they started she was positive he’d set aside any apprehension about swinging.

“It’s what I want,” she said confidently. “Don’t you want to see me have sex with Jennie?” she asked pretending innocence.

It was next to impossible for Nate to admit that watching two women was a perfect fantasy for him; just voicing it wasn’t possible at the moment. The only real problem he had was knowing that his wife would be one of the temporary lesbians. He knew he was being ridiculously possessive of her, but in his head

that didn’t matter in the least.

“You’d do that for me?” he asked, trying to sidestep the issue of his fantasies.

“I’m doing it for me,” Robin said boldly, asserting her own sexuality. “But I’m happy to let you watch.”

“I can do that,” Nate admitted as her hand wrapped around his soft cock. She wasn’t trying to make him hard again. She just wanted him to know she still loved him.

Instead of going out to a nice restaurant or even simple drinks before their play date, the quartet went to, of all places, the exotic food festival at the Egg. It was still too early in the season for any outdoor activities but the Egg and attached convention center was large enough to handle the crowds that came for the treats. It was Jennie’s idea and Robin happily went along with it. Grant was neutral on the issue, but didn’t object to the large amounts of strange and new foods that were freely offered. It was Nate who was most uncomfortable with the choice of activity. While the food didn’t bother him, it was the crowd that made him uncomfortable.

At one point while Grant was grazing among the specialty citrus fruits, he noticed that the women were chatted animatedly with the vendor behind the table, but Nate was nowhere to be seen. After pointing this out to Robin, they did a quick search of the immediate area to no avail. She pulled out her cell phone and called her husband. It took several tries before he answered—the signal being blocked by the thick cement walls that made up the Empire State Plaza—and he revealed he was out on the main concourse.

“What’s he doing out there?” Grant asked as between swallows of fruit from the small plastic bowl he had taken from the table.

Robin sighed and rolled her eyes. “He doesn’t like crowds.”

Jennie looked around the convention center as they made their way up the stairs. “It’s not that crowded here. There’s plenty of space to move around,” she said as the slowly moved around the milling people.

“Yeah, well, it’s not that crowded but,” she then abruptly lowered her voice as if anyone in the crowd would be paying attention to their conversation. “He has social anxiety disorder.”

Grant smirked, unable to help himself. “That’s sad.”

Jennie rebuked him. “Don’t be smart.”

He held up his hands in protest. “I was just pointing out the acronym. Social anxiety disorder is just S-A-D, sad.”

Jennie rolled her eyes. “Very funny. Ha ha. You’re a wit of the highest order. Keep your mouth shut when we find him.”

“Right,” Grant agreed, his lips still curled into a permanent smile.

As soon as they reached the top of the stairs, Robin practically bolted through the double doors heading directly for the concourse. The Sugarmans picked up their pace, trying to keep up with her.

It turned out that Nate wasn’t far from the convention center entrance. The main concourse was wider than a city street and only a few people were wandering through it. As Jennie and Grant rounded the corner they saw Nate and Robin hugging. Everything seemed to be normal.

“Ready to go?” Nate asked when they walked up. He affected an air of a person bored with the afternoon’s activities, but when Grant looked in his eyes he saw the other man’s enlarged pupils and a faint line of perspiration along his hairline. Nate might not have been scared, but he was showing all the classic signs of anxiety. That caught Grant flat-footed. At first he had been certain the Nate was merely pretending there was a problem to get away from what he thought was boring. Now Grant saw Nate was truly upset by the press of people around them.

“Yeah,” Grant declared a little loudly. “Let’s walk back to the hotel. It’s not that cold outside.”

The two couples had parked their cars in the garage under the nicer downtown hotel before they officially checked in. It made attending the festival that much easier. Hand in hand, the two couples walked out into the blustery early spring weather. Grant and Jennie led the way and he dipped his head down to his wife

for a bit of private conversation as they walked along the city streets. “I think he was going to flip out if we didn’t leave right away,” he confided in his wife.

Jennie frowned doubtfully. “Really? I think he was just bored.”

Grant shook his head. “Nope. That wasn’t a man exasperated with his wife taking too much time out of his life. But don’t worry, once you take off your clothes he’ll forget all about his anxiety.”

She gently slugged him in the arm. “Rude!”

“You can’t wait for his big cock, can you?”

Despite her feigned annoyance, Jennie nearly giggled. “I can wait as long as necessary.”

Upstairs in the privacy of the hotel room, away from the crowd in the convention center and the people on the street, Nate visibly relaxed. “Sorry about that,” he apologized.

“How long have you had it?” Jennie asked.

Nate shrugged, “Probably forever. It came out when I was in college.” He laughed derisively at himself. “I actually had to transfer out of the University of Buffalo because there were too many people there, too many students.”

“Which was fine,” interjected Robin. “Otherwise we wouldn’t have met.”

Jennie nodded along, understanding, as Grant moved to the windows and opened the curtains wide. The late afternoon light was coming in almost at a straight angle. They were high enough up in the hotel to get a view of the city and the Hudson River. “Pretty,” he commented.

“Yeah, yeah,” Robin said. She hadn’t been interacting with the group because she was silently worried the Sugarmans would judge her husband for what she considered a mild mental disorder. She was relieved they didn’t really seem to care. “We came here for the view.”

“Is anyone still hungry…or thirsty?” Jennie asked. She had already hung up her coat in the closet and was fiddling with the buttons at the top of her dress. Nate

grinned at her. “Or did we all eat too much at the festival?”

“I didn’t eat too much,” Nate said. He had hardly eaten anything because of his anxiety.

“Good,” said Jennie as she opened up her dress, exposing her lacy but still practical bra. “It’s early, but I feel pretty full. Care for a taste?” She shimmied out of her dress, dropping it to the floor, leaving her in just bra, panties and stockings.

Grant sat down on the edge of one of the beds with a grin on his face. Robin sat next to him, rested a hand on his thigh, and watched the scene play out between their spouses. Nate stepped up to Jennie, ignored the other people in the room, and kissed Jennie in front of his wife.

Robin felt a little quiver in her pussy. It was wrong what they were doing, but it felt so right. Grant had seen the same scene a dozen other times with his wife, but it was always still exciting. It was made even more exciting by Robin’s hand creeping up his thigh.

Jennie and Nate kissed and slowly made their way to the other bed, lying down on it together. Nate proved to be a bit incompetent at unhooking her bra, so Jennie gave him a little assistance, slipping it free of her shoulders and tossing it over to Grant. Her aim was off and it landed on Robin’s lap. Jennie didn’t notice; her eyes were already closed because Nate and fallen onto her breast and was sucking eagerly at her nipple.

Robin rested her other hand on Jennie’s bra, feeling the warmth of the material, and wishing she was nursing at Jennie’s breast alongside her husband. In order to distract herself, Robin turned Grant’s head and kissed him. His tongue explored her mouth but she pulled back too soon. “I want to do what he’s doing,” she whispered in Grant’s ear.

Grant reached for the buttons on her blouse, but she pushed his hands away. “No, I want to be with your wife.”

“Give them a minute,” he told her softly as Nate sucked loudly on Jennie’s tit while his hand slipped down into Robin’s panties. He didn’t reach her pussy immediately, he just rested his fingers on her pubic curls, but he could feel her heat rising from her sex. He wanted to make this last as long as possible.

Jennie wasn't simply lying back and letting Grant use her. She kept her hands busy, slowly removing Nate's clothing. Once his pants were off it was easy to feel his hard cock through his boxers. It was difficult to concentrate because of the familiar let-down sensation of her milk flowing easily, steadily. She was enjoying the treatment but forced her eyes open to see her husband intimately caressing Robin. "I don't think he's going to leave any for you," she said to him.

Grant just smiled. "You'll have more for me later," he said and she nodded, closing her eyes. Grant then pushed Robin up to her feet, tugging down her skirt in the process. Knowing what he wanted to see, Robin quickly unbuttoned her blouse and let him admire her half-naked body. She started to sit back down next to him, but Grant pushed her back and inclined his head, indicating she should join her husband and Jennie.

Neither of the busy couple acknowledged her as the bed moved slightly under her weight, but the moment Robin's lips met Jennie's nipple, the older woman rolled to her back to allow both halves of the married couple to nurse from her simultaneously. She curled her hands behind their heads and turned her own head to look at her husband. He was slowly removing his clothes, grinning happily, watching his wife being used. She silently mouthed to him I love you and then closed her eyes again.

Both the Tellers were exploring her body with their hands. Together the married couple worked her panties off her hips. Once they were off and tossed to the floor, Robin found her shyness coming back, but that was missed by the other two because Nate put his hand to Jennie's pussy when she opened up her legs. Robin let go of Jennie's breast and moved off the bed. She decided to be helpful and pulled down Nate's boxers, kissing the side of his hard cock and he moved on top of Jennie. Not wanting to be a third wheel, she went back to Grant's bed.

He was naked and under the covers. Seeing that she stopped short, glanced at Jennie and Nate moaning softly as he fucked her, looked at Grant watching his wife get fucked and opted to shed her bra and panties before slipping into bed, pressing her body next to his. "Want to get lucky, big fella?" she teased, moving her hand to his semi-hard cock.

"Umm…sure. Would you like to watch them first?"

It was obvious that Grant wanted to see his wife having sex. Robin looked at the

fornicating couple and found that seeing her husband with another woman was no longer disturbing, it was lovingly erotic. She nodded and rolled to her side pressing her back and ass against him, drawing his arm over her torso. His cock pressed into the cleft of her buttocks and they watched the other couple fuck. It was slow and beautiful.

Robin had never truly seen other people having sex before. Certainly she had seen the simulated sex in Hollywood movies, but her viewing of pornography was extremely limited, mostly because the acting and production values were so terrible, not because of any moral objection. She had once watched her roommate in college have sex with a boyfriend, but that encounter occurred in the middle of the night with bad lighting and was largely obscured by a sheet.

Watching her husband have sex with Jennie was another matter entirely. They weren't covered by anything and from her position she could easily see his cock sliding in and out of Jennie's pussy since the other couple was lying crosswise on the bed. It wasn't the close-up visual often employed in porn, which made it much more pleasant. As she watched, she felt her pussy moisten and Grant's cock stiffen against her. Eventually she raised her knee and shifted her body, reaching down between her legs to grab Grant's cock and let him enter her from behind.

"You want to do this?" Grant whispered in her ear as she continued to watch the other couple.

"Uh-huh. Just don't cum. Not yet." She didn't look at Grant at all.

Jennie was becoming much more vocal. Their lovemaking was reaching a crescendo and as such Nate's thrusts became faster and more vigorous. Robin couldn't see either of their faces, which was a disappointment, but she could hear Jennie's vocalizations and that was nearly as good.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" Jennie screamed out as she wrapped her legs around her partner's narrow hips. Either that was enough for Nate or he was already on the edge for he came a moment later with a series of huffs and grunts. His body collapsed on the large-breasted woman and Robin fancied that she could see her husband's cum starting to leak out of Jennie.

"Want me to go faster now?" Grant asked her softly.

“No, stay slow,” requested Robin. She changed the angle of her hips and allowed him to penetrate her more deeply. As they continued on it was obvious that Jennie and Nate were kissing. That actually bothered her a bit and she was relieved when Nate rolled off his lover and Jennie looked over at them.

“Are you two fucking?” she asked with a mischievous grin.

“Oh yeah,” Grant said as he pulled the sheet down a bit exposing Robin’s body. She wasn’t expecting that, but realizing she didn’t really mind them staring at her. They got up off the other bed as Robin and Grant continued going on. Nate headed for the bathroom and Robin expected Jennie to follow, but instead she knelt down on the floor in front of Robin.

“Is his cock okay?” Jennie asked Robin.

It was an unexpected question. Robin normally didn’t talk much during sex so she found it hard to carry on a conversation with a man’s cock inside her.

“Umm, yeah, fine.”

“I know he’s smaller than Nate, but your husband really stretched me out.” She grinned some more. “It felt good.”

“That’s good,” was all Robin could manage to say.

Jennie leaned in and kissed Robin while Grant watched. It wasn’t just a friendly little peck on the cheek, it was an intimate kiss. Almost automatically, Robin parted her lips and Jennie poked her tongue forward, exploring the other woman’s mouth.

Robin told herself it was just a kiss.

And then Jennie broke off the kiss, dragged her lips down Robin’s body, until she found Robin’s small breast capped by her tiny pink nipple. With Grant’s cock in her pussy and Jennie’s mouth on her breast, Robin found it incredibly easy to let go and just let herself cum.

After her moment of crisis had passed, Robin opened her eyes to see Jennie staring at her. The older woman was smiling kindly. “Was that good?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I’ll leave you two alone a minute. Go ahead and make Grant cum. He likes this position.”

Robin just nodded and focused on Grant’s cock still going in and out of her pussy, but then Nate walked back into the bedroom area. He was still naked; his limp cock hung between his legs, yet it was still impressively large. As much as she wanted to reach out and grab her husband, Robin found it impossible because he was too far away. It would have been nice to suck on, or at least hold, his cock while Grant fucked her. Instead he just watched.

Robin never would have considered herself an exhibitionist, but Nate watching her getting fucked by another man turned her on. She started putting a show on for him, writhing around, moaning and groaning. As he watched Nate’s cock started growing again and Grant appreciated her theatrics because a minute later he was cumming in her pussy. The jet of hot cum caused Robin to cum a second time and she was thrilled to her core.

Jennie returned to the room and curled up on the bed, running her hand up and down Nate’s thigh. For a long moment nothing was said until Grant’s cock shrank enough to slip free of her pussy. Robin all but ran to the bathroom to clean up. Somehow she didn’t hyperventilate with triumph. Catching sight of her naked body in the mirror she smiled at herself. All her other friends would have said what she was doing was wrong, but she was happy and it felt so right.

“I thought you said we were going to do something kinky,” said Robin after she returned to the bedroom and they had rested a bit.

“Watching another woman fuck your husband isn’t kinky enough for you?” Jennie questioned her, sauntering back and forth in front of the windows wondering if anyone could see her naked body from the street or another building.

“It’s just a little kinky,” Robin laughed. “I want to do something really kinky.”

Jennie turned back from the window and pressed her ass against the cold glass. “Something really kinky?” she asked with an odd inflection in her voice.

“Yeah,” Robin replied with a boldness she didn’t really feel after Jennie’s fervent

question.

“Ever been tied up during sex?” Jennie asked her.

Robin shifted uncomfortably on the bed next to Grant. “No. But I’ve thought about it.”

“The reality of being restrained during sex is completely different from the fantasy,” Jennie told her. “Do you like pain?”

“No!” Robin realized her response was a little too loud, a little too intense. “I mean it’s pain, right? Who likes pain?”

“Everyone likes it when the pain goes away, especially when the relief is sudden and complete.”

“Oh.”

“Want to try it?”

“Try what?” Robin asked, trying to avoid the question.

“Try being tied up while getting fucked,” Jennie said bluntly. “We have two willing men right here who would be more than happy to fuck you, right?”

“Sure,” Grant immediately chimed in.

“Why not?” Nate agreed.

Robin was nervous at what Jennie was proposing, but then reminded herself that she had told Jennie she wanted to get kinky.

“Okay,” Robin relented, “but I didn’t bring any rope with me today.” Even as she spoke the words they sounded flat and stupid.

“Luckily, I did,” said Jennie as she pushed herself off the window and picked up her large purse from the stand next to the door. All eyes were on her as she pulled out several items. She tossed a coil of cotton line to Grant, dropped a small vibrator on the bed, and displayed the blindfold to Robin. “I’m not going to put the blindfold on you until Grant’s done with his rope work.”

“Put your hands behind your back,” Grant told her as he crawled out of bed.

The command made Robin nervous and she wanted to say no, but glancing over at her husband she saw his eyes were glowing with anticipation. She wanted to please him and she wanted to see how far she could push herself. What were the Sugarmans going to do to her? She wanted to find out.

Robin stood up and put her hands behind her back like she was going to be handcuffed. Grant turned her around and repositioned her arms so they weren’t straight back, but bent at the elbow and parallel to the floor. “Just relax. This will take a few minutes,” Grant explained to her as he started wrapping the line around her wrists and forearms.

The window was right in front of her and she looked at the cityscape. She knew the windows were darkened and no one could see inside, which was slightly disappointing because she wanted someone to see her being tied up. Just the idea was exciting.

The room was largely silent as Grant worked. He cautioned her not to move several times.

“How does someone get tied up if they’re struggling against you?” Robin asked.

Grant’s answer came with a scoff of derision. “They don’t. Rope bondage is a fine art with two artists, the bound and the binder. They have to work together. If one is resistant, it doesn’t work.”

“Oh.” Robin was confused. “I don’t get it.”

“Bondage,” Grant explained as he carefully wrapped the line back and forth between her forearms, “is something willingly entered into by both participants. They should both enjoy it. Bondage isn’t mean to hold someone in place who doesn’t want to do it.”

“What if I didn’t want to do this?” Robin asked.

“Then you would be struggling and fighting me and I couldn’t make this look beautiful for you.” He paused. “Try moving your arms.”

Robin did as he asked but found they were very effectively held in place. “I

can’t.”

“I never made it to Eagle scout,” said Grant as he adjusted one of the lines, “but knot tying was the one skill I excelled at. “It looks perfect.”

“I can’t see it,” Robin pointed out as he tightened up the rope and she found she suddenly couldn’t move her arms.

“Easily solved,” Jennie said as she grabbed her cell phone out of her purse and turned it on. “Do you mind if I take a few pictures?”

“Go ahead!” Nate answered for Robin. No one could see the expression on her face. She wasn’t sure if she was excited to be photographed this way or upset. It seemed to please Nate so she didn’t protest. Jennie didn’t say anything else and there was the flash from her phone’s camera a few times along with the artificial sound of a shutter opening and closing.

“What do you think?” Jennie asked, shoving the camera in front of Robin’s face. Since she was unable to move her arms Jennie helpfully dragged her finger across the phone’s screen displaying the sequence of pictures. Though they all focused on her hands bound together by multiple loops of rope carefully arranged up and down her arms, her naked ass was also on prominent display. That made Robin uncomfortable, but her face wasn’t in the pictures so they were mostly anonymous. Mostly.

“Wow,” was all Robin said.

“I’ll send them to you,” Jennie told her as she activated the messaging function on the phone. “And to Nate, too,” she added with a wink.

“Now what?” Robin asked.

“Now the exciting part,” Jennie told her as she put the phone away and picked up the blindfold.

“I’ve been blindfolded during sex before,” Robin said proudly.

“Then this shouldn’t scare you,” Jennie said putting the blindfold up to Robin’s face and tying it into place. The way she spoke the words caused a shiver of fear to run down Robin’s spine. “Can you see?” she asked.

“Just a little bit of light.”

“Good.”

And then Robin felt Jennie’s hands on her tits. She assumed it was Jennie’s hands; they weren’t nearly as big and strong as the men’s were, so it had to be Jennie. Unconsciously she shied away.

“Don’t do that,” Jennie chided her. “We’ll have to restrain you some more.”

“I’m not afraid of more rope,” Robin said proudly into the darkness.

“Who said anything about rope?” Jennie asked as she let go of Robin’s breasts and stepped back. Suddenly the younger woman was in the middle of the hotel room and was completely lost. A moment later she felt Jennie’s fingers pinching her nipple, and then she wanted to fall to the floor in pain. Instead she just bent over and tried to move away from the intense heat that was focused on her nipple.

“Stop moving,” Jennie commanded. Robin felt a sharp tug on her nipple and managed to hold still, too scared to move for fear of causing herself more pain. “I’ve put a nipple clamp on you and I’m sure you realize that it hurts.”

“Why the fuck did you do that?” Robin managed to blubber.

“You said you wanted kinky,” Jennie pointed out.

“It fucking hurts!”

“Of course it hurts. That’s the whole idea. All you need to do is focus on how good it will feel when that clamp comes off.”

Her voice quavered when Robin said, “Okay.”

Jennie grabbed Robin’s other nipple and applied a second clamp. Tears sprung from the corners of Robin’s eyes, wetting the cloth blindfold. The pain was enough to cause her to fall to her knees. There was no way for her to remove the clamps because her hands were bound behind her back. She wanted them off. “Take them off, take them off,” she begged. “It hurts too much.”

“No, it doesn’t,” Jennie said firmly. “You’re a strong woman and you can endure and enjoy this.” Jennie knelt down next to her friend and reached between her thighs to fondle her pussy. “See how wet you are? You’re enjoying this. Now you just need to get on the bed so Nate and Grant can fuck you, okay.” A light kiss on the suffering woman’s cheek was the motion that clinched the agreement.

Robin barely managed to whisper, “Okay.”

Jennie helped her friend to her feet and over to the bed. It took her a little effort, but she knelt on the edge of the bed and Jennie then pushed her chest down to the mattress. If her hands weren’t bound she would have been on her hands and knees, but as it was she was only on her knees with her face to the sheets and her ass in the air. Robin’s soft whimpering was lost among the padding of the bed.

“Who wants her first?” Jennie asked of the two men while her hand rested on Robin’s back, steadying her.

Grant wasted no time scrambling off the bed and getting behind the bound woman’s ass. His cock was already erect at the vision of Jennie tormenting the neophyte and he easily slipped up into her wetness.

“Can you tell me who’s fucking you?” Jennie asked Robin.

The woman’s mind was nearly catatonic from the pain in her nipples and the way she was being used, but she still managed to say, “Grant.”

“Very good!” Jennie was delighted with the correct answer. She still had one hand on Robin’s back but now the other was occupied with Nate’s growing erection. “But then again, your husband has a pretty big cock.”

“Uh-huh,” Robin agreed. The pain in her tits was starting to ebb away due to the rhythmic pounding of her pussy by Grant.

Grant grabbed the woman’s hips and started fucking her harder and faster. He loved tying up anyone. He loved to see Jennie tease and torment their lovers. He should have been able to last an incredibly long time since he had just cum a few minutes earlier, but he was barely able to last three minutes fucking the attractive brunette. He came with three hard thrusts into her sopping pussy.

“Very good,” Jennie told her husband as he withdrew from Robin. She had

Grant's now-hard cock in her hand and pulled him over to his wife. She could see bits of Grant's cum decorating the edges of her friend's pussy along with the glistening wetness that told of the woman's need to be fucked. "I'm sure Grant hasn't stretched her out too much."

Though it was entirely unnecessary, Jennie handled Nate's cock, bringing it into Robin's pussy. It was a gesture of superiority, not a requirement. Nate immediately set to fucking his wife. She moaned pleasantly at his treatment and he marveled at the sensation of another man's cum in his wife's cunt. The idea of her being filled by two different men in such short order made his mind spin. He liked the feeling that settled on his mind.

He would have liked to fuck his wife for hours like that. He liked seeing her arms bound behind her back. He liked seeing her suffer from the nipple clamps. He liked hearing the noises she made while suffering. He liked seeing her fucked by another man. He liked the way Jennie had completely controlled her allowing him and Grant to use her. The only thing he wanted more was to see his wife with Jennie.

That thought made him explode. His balls tightened up to his body and his climax took control of him. He wasn't making love to his wife, he was fucking her for his pleasure and to see her suffer and he thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it.

"Are you going to take them off now?" Robin whimpered.

"Sure," Jennie started to say, but then stopped short. "Wait. Nate and Grant both got to cum. Did you cum? Wait! Don't answer that. It doesn't matter. But I didn't get to cum. Clamps don't come off until I cum."

If she hadn't been blindfolded Robin would have looked at her friend with confused desperation. "How?" she grunted, flexing her fingers to emphasize her relative helplessness.

"You have a tongue, don't you?" Jennie asked as she lay down in front of her friend, opened up her legs, and wiggled her body down so that her naked pussy was under Robin's face. "Go ahead and eat me out."

Robin looked up but because of the blindfold wasn't able to actually see her friend. She could smell the other woman's sex and knew just by the presence of

her body that her pussy was right in front of her. Was this what Jennie meant by kinky? Was she trying to make her a lesbian?

Despite her reluctance and the what actually performing oral sex on another woman meant to her psyche, Robin gave herself over to the moment because she wanted the pain in her tits to stop. She lowered her face, found the edge of Jennie's thigh, licked her way up to the dominant woman's hot, pungent sex, and licked it from bottom to top. It tasted a bit like male cum—because Nate had just fucked Jennie—and a bit like her fingers after she had masturbated and wanted to know what a man tasted when he went down on her. In short, it wasn't at all unpleasant.

Jennie's anatomy was strange under her tongue, but Robin quickly figured out her way around labia and clitoris, licking and sucking until Jennie was moaning and rubbing Robin's face with her pussy. Robin could only imagine what the men were thinking and doing. She was certain they both enjoyed seeing their wives becoming temporary lesbians—or maybe full-time bisexuals. Jennie was certainly enjoying herself, so Robin reasoned there was no good sense for her not to enjoy herself. She ate the other woman's pussy with enthusiasm until Jennie was cumming with uninhibited passion. She didn't scream, but the way she strained and cried out warmed Robin's heart.

"Was that good enough?" the bound woman asked, pleased with her performance. She managed to get her weight centered and sat up to display her clamped nipples.

"You eat pussy like you've done it before," Jennie complimented her.

"It's new to me."

"It won't be the last time," Jennie promised as she reached up and pulled the blindfold off the brunette's head. They locked eyes. "Did you like it?"

"Yes."

Jennie smiled and dropped her hands to the clamps, pulling them slightly. Robin winced but endured the twinge. "You might want to brace yourself."

"Why?"

“They hurt more coming off than going on,” Jennie told her. Without further warning she depressed the levers on the clamps releasing Robin’s tits.

The young woman gasped and then cried out in pain. She dropped her face to the bed and screamed into the mattress. Jennie grinned at the performance, remembering her first time being clamped. Robin was certain her nipples were on fire, but that was patently untrue.

“It’s the blood rushing back in,” Jennie told her as she lifted Robin’s face from the bed and gently caressed her small tits. “You’ll get used to it.”

“Get used to it?”

“Don’t you want to try the clamps again?” Jennie asked her.

Robin violently shook her head back and forth. “No.”

“Well, not today,” Jennie agreed as she inspected the other woman’s nipples. There were definite indentations where the clamps had dug in but no serious or permanent damage had been done. She might suffer some minor bruising, but nothing of real concern. “But maybe tomorrow? Or next time?” she asked with a small, encouraging nod.

“Maybe,” Robin said. Although she was still in pain and the throbbing was slowly receding, she wanted to know if she could do it again, but was afraid to ask.

“Want to know the best way to make the pain go away?” Jennie asked.

“What?”

“Cumming. Better than ice or heat or pills.” She pushed Robin onto her back, pinning her hands behind her on the bed. The men grinned as Jennie got between Robin’s legs and planted a little kiss on the brunette’s inner thigh. “Trust me; I know what I’m doing. You’re not the first girl I’ve gone down on.”

Afterwards, when Jennie had made Robin cum a handful of times, she finally asked her friend as they were dressing, “Was that kinky enough?”

Robin nodded, giving her friend a light kiss on the lips. “It was.” But still, she

wanted more.

Chapter Four

“Any bruising?”

“Not that I could see. They were sore.”

“That’s to be expected. And you have light brown nipples. I think those tend to be tougher than pink or red.” Jennie let out a long breath. “Mine are so sensitive. I think that’s why it was easier to give in to my needs and just let Grant nurse on me all the time. I was afraid of the pain.” She made a little noise of pleasure.

Robin shifted on the couch. Nate was already in bed. She had checked on him an hour ago and he was already snoring. This was the busy time of year for him, and he was getting to work hours earlier than normal, and getting home late, sometimes after dinner. Out of boredom she had called Jennie.

“I hate to admit it, but I think I liked the pain,” Robin found herself saying before she realized it. She was wearing her fuzzy bathrobe over her pajamas. She hadn’t meant for the conversation to be fraught with sexual connotations, but it seemed that’s where their conversations always wound up. Squeezing her cell phone between her shoulder and ear, Robin slipped one hand down inside her pajama bottoms, inside her panties, to feel her moist pussy. The other hand she shoved up her shirt and lightly pinched one nipple. She wanted to pinch harder, but she was afraid.

Jennie softly chuckled into her ear. “I know. We all could tell. I think you’re a lot more sexually adventurous than you pretend to be. You just need to loosen up a bit.”

As she ran her fingertips over her clit Robin considered those words and carefully formed her response, all the while knowing that she was too sexually aroused to think perfectly clearly. “I have a history,” she said, trying to be coy but wanting Jennie to draw her out.

“We all have histories.”

Robin rubbed her clit and then squeezed her fingers tightly on her nipple. She closed her eyes and tried to block out the pain. “I’ve slept around on Nate,” she admitted to her new friend.

“Before or after college?” Jennie seemed unfazed by the admission. Then again, Jennie lived a swinger’s lifestyle and happily lactated for her husband. It would take a lot to faze her.

“Before, during, after. All of them.” Robin let go of her nipple, shifted her hand inside her shirt, and grasped the other nipple. She lifted up her hips to insert two fingers into her pussy.

“Well, that was college,” Jennie said to set her mind at ease. “We all do wild things in college.”

“I fucked a guy two days before I married Nate,” Robin confessed. “I fucked the same guy the day we returned from our honeymoon. I sucked off another guy the week after the four of us had sex that first time.” She pinched her nipple hard and winced at the pain.

“Wow,” said Jennie after a pause.

“I’m a slut.” Now she twisted her nipple because the pinch wasn’t painful enough.

“There’s nothing wrong with that. But…does Nate know?”

“No.” She let go of her nipple and gasped.

“You should tell him,” suggested Jennie.

“I can’t. Not yet.”

“It’ll only get worse the longer you delay.”

Robin pulled her fingers out of her pussy and held the glistening digits up to the light. After a moment’s pause she licked her fingers, savoring the taste of her own pussy. “Can I fuck Grant?” she asked with the tangy taste of pussy still on her tongue.

There was another short pause. Robin was certain Jennie was considering the request. “You already have.”

“No. Not with you or Nate there. I want to go to someplace private and fuck him alone.”

“Sure,” Jennie happily fulfilled the request. “Can I do the same with Nate?”

Robin had never stopped to consider that other women would want to bed her husband. While he was reasonably handsome, he was also socially awkward and, at times, inept. He didn’t know how to flirt or carry on a conversation without knowing assistance. And it was always Robin who was the sexual driver in their relationship. The only thing Nate really had going for him in the bedroom was his big cock.

“You mean, like at the same time?”

“Yeah, that would be convenient, wouldn’t it?”

“No,” Robin immediately replied. “You can fuck him, but it can’t be at the same time as me and Grant.”

“Okay, sounds good.” Jennie sighed and moaned a bit. “We’ll have to set up the details later.”

“Why not now?” Robin wanted to continue the conversation. It was thrilling.

“Because Grant’s been nursing on me for the past half hour. My tits are dry and he wants to fuck me now.”

Robin’s heart jumped into her throat. Grant had probably overheard everything she had said to Jennie. But that wasn’t enough to stop her needs. “Are you going to fuck?”

“He just took off my panties, so yeah.”

“Leave your phone on,” Robin begged. I want to listen to the two of you.”

Jennie said nothing, but the small noises of sex came over the receiver. Robin switched the phone to hands free mode and turned up the speaker. She then

kicked off her pajama bottoms along with her panties, spread her legs wide, and proceeded to masturbate to the sounds of her friends' lovemaking.

It was Grant who called her the next day. She answered her phone at her desk and felt her face immediately flush with embarrassment. No one in the cube farm could tell who was calling her and she kept her end of the conversation morally neutral, but her tension was incredibly high.

"I heard you want to fuck me," Grant said boldly after she said hello. He was obviously in a place where he could speak freely.

"Umm…I might have. Who told you that?"

"My wife."

"Oh, then you have it on good authority."

"Are you at work?"

"That's correct."

"Oh, this'll be fun then. Let's see if I can make you say something that will humiliate you in front of your colleagues."

"We really just need to arrange a date and location," Robin said as busybody Margaret across the aisle spun in her chair to obviously eavesdrop on the conversation.

"I'd rather you describe exactly what you'll be wearing and what you'll be doing to my cock."

"I couldn't say right now," she replied and pulled up her calendar on the computer screen.

"How about a pink thong and no bra under a nice business suit?"

"That might be possible…"

"I bet you'd like all three holes filled, wouldn't you?"

“That would be nice.”

“Thursday at eight then?”

“Sounds good,” she answered. “See you then.”

After hanging up Robin turned around and looked at Margaret with a sweet smile. “My nephew’s birthday,” she said, lying easily to the other woman’s face.

“That sounds so nice.”

Robin wondered what the proper lady would say if she knew her panties were soaked with desire.

Grant met her at the restaurant across from the hotel near the airport. It wasn’t fancy, but they weren’t there for the atmosphere or fine dining. They were hungry after a day at work and neither was going home before meeting up. Jennie knew the truth of where Grant was. Robin, however, had lied to Nate, telling him she needed to stay late at work and not to wait up.

“He’s going to know,” Grant pointed out. “He’s going to figure it out eventually.” Even though it was a chain restaurant, the food wasn’t bad. It wasn’t great, but it wasn’t bad either. That was the problem with too much urban sprawl, mediocre restaurants and strip malls.

“But not tonight,” she pointed out before taking another bite. She grinned at him eagerly. “What are you going to make me do when we get to the hotel?”

While he knew she was trying to distract him from his concern over Nate being kept in the dark, Grant mentally shrugged and moved on. He was meeting with Robin for the sex, not for the well-being of her marriage. “Are you wearing that pink thong and no bra?” he asked her.

She was surprised at his normal tone of voice. There were lots of people around, but then she realized that no one cared about their conversation. As he had requested she had worn a business suit with skirt to their rendezvous and she had been wearing a pink thong under it all day…unfortunately with a matching bra because she couldn’t bring herself to go braless at work.

“Pink thong, yes,” she confirmed and then reached inside the neckline of her blouse. She pulled the strap out far enough to show Grant. “I can’t go to work without a bra.”

He frowned. “Go to the restroom and take it off,” he told her. “Bring it out and give it to me.”

It was just a little bit naughty and dangerous. Robin smiled at him. “You sure you don’t want my panties as well?” she asked after another quick glance around at the other customers.

He answered with a shake of his head. “No. This is good enough for now.”

Licking her lips with eagerness Robin stood up, but Grant caught her by the hand before she left. He surreptitiously passed a warm metal chain to her. “And put these on tight enough so they don’t fall off until we get to the hotel.”

She didn’t need to look at it to know he had handed her the nipple clamps and chain. Her knees went weak but she managed a small smile before turning and walking to the restroom. What had started as a fun game had now taken a serious turn toward exploring a side of her sexuality that Robin would have been happy to leave in the dark.

The restaurant was small enough that the bathroom was single occupant with an exterior door that locked. It was simple enough for Robin to remove her suit jacket, hang it on the back of the door, and then remove her button-up pink blouse. She stopped when she started to reach behind her back for the hooks to the fuchsia bra she wore beneath. Though she knew what she needed to do, she wasn’t exactly sure how to proceed. After a few moments thought, she unhooked the bra, folded it, and tucked it into her suit jacket pocket. Robin studied herself in the mirror and considered the linked nipple clamps in her hand.

The air in the bathroom was cool which made her nipples erect. Or maybe they were puckered because she was so aroused by what Grant was making her do? She wasn’t sure. And he wasn’t really making her do this. She wanted to do it. They were playing a game that was naughty, to be sure, but it was also something she needed to do with a willing partner.

She was fairly sure the nipple clamps in her hand were the same ones that Jennie had used on her. They had little levers that adjusted the tension on the clamps.

Once on they would stay in place but they would be painful. She was positive that she would be too distracted by the pain to think straight or do anything more complicated than walk or smile vaguely. She was glad that they had planned ahead and parked their cars at the hotel so they could walk to the restaurant. Realizing that it might be extremely difficult to get dressed once the clamps were on, she pulled her blouse back on, but only buttoned up halfway. She then put her jacket on and looked at herself in the mirror with her small tits hanging out.

Grinning at the ridiculousness of the situation, Robin stuck out her tongue at her image and prepared to apply the first clamp. The clamps were really nothing more complicated than a pair of tweezers but when she put the first one on her pert, brown nipple, she wanted to faint. At first it felt like it was on fire, and then a throbbing broke out, but she didn't faint or fall down. She was stronger than that.

Biting her lip she applied the second clamp and sharply hissed as the pain tore through her flesh. It was bad, but not as bad as she had remembered. Or maybe she was enjoying the pain. She shrugged her shirt back into place and fastened the last few buttons. When her jacket fell into place it was next to impossible to tell she was wearing nipple clamps. There was a slightly noticeable bulge from each clamp and the chain was almost discernible under her shirt. She just needed to focus and do what Grant had asked.

Taking a deep breath was actually a mistake because it caused the clamps to tug on her nipples, but she steeled herself and stepped carefully into the restaurant, making her way back to the table where Grant was paying the bill.

She sat down across from him and offered a wan smile.

"Give me your bra," he said running his fingers over the five o'clock shadow on his chin.

It was such a cliché request, but Robin wasn't able to focus on that at the moment. She reached carefully into the jacket pocket and gave thanks she was small-busted so her bra was similarly small. Grant accepted the scrap of material and tucked it into his jacket pocket. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"Are you in pain?"

“A little.”

“Can you make it back to the hotel?”

“Can I hold your arm?”

“Of course.”

They headed out of the restaurant with Robin clinging to Grant. Her steps were wobbly, as if she had had too much to drink, but they managed to get all the way back to the hotel. Checking in was an ordeal. Robin just wanted to get to the room so she could take off the clamps. Her tits were throbbing in time with her heartbeat, tears were forming in the corners of her eyes, and sweat was starting to bead on her brow. It was beyond her why any woman would want to wear nipple clamps for any reason.

And then she remembered she had willingly done it to herself.

No one commented on their lack of luggage. Grant led the way down the long carpeted hallways until they arrived at room 242. Once inside Robin started to reach inside her shirt to free herself, but Grant grabbed her hands before she could do so.

“Did I say to take them off?”

“But they hurt,” she whined, sounding like a little girl.

“Do you want them off?”

“Yes, please, yes,” she begged.

“Not yet. Take off your jacket and shirt,” he instructed.

Robin moved carefully, not wanting to make any sudden movements that would pull on her nipples uncomfortably. Normally she would just jerk her blouse off over her head at the end of the day because she couldn’t be bothered to waste time with buttons; she was that type of person. Tonight she had to slow down and remove her clothing carefully. It was a relief when the blouse fell from her hands. She looked up to see Grant holding his cell phone. The camera was pointed toward her.

“Smile,” he said.

Robin’s first instinct was to say no. But she wanted to be bold, to explore her sexuality. Who would see the picture after all? Grant surely would. He’d probably share it with his wife. It would eventually make its way to Nate. But then it would stop. Or so she told herself. Her smile wasn’t a hundred percent convincing because she was still in pain, but she smiled nonetheless.

“Now take off your skirt,” Grant ordered.

She reached behind herself and found the zipper. This pulled on her torso and inflamed both her nipples, but Robin powered through the pain to drop the skirt to the floor leaving her in the promised pink thong and thigh high stockings.

Grant paid her a compliment. “Very pretty.” He took a few more pictures and Robin felt the pain ebbing away. “Turn around and show me your ass.” She did so and the flash went off a few more times. “Bend over and put your hands on the bed.”

Robin took a few steps over to the bed and bent over. The chain pulled down on her nipples a bit but it wasn’t anything she couldn’t endure. She was positive Grant was going to take a few more pictures of her like that, with the string to her thong between her ass cheeks.

Instead he asked, “Ever been fucked in the ass?”

She shivered. “No.”

“Would you like me to take off the clamps?”

“Yes.”

“It’s going to hurt to take them off.”

“I don’t care.”

She was still bent over the edge of the bed and Grant walked to her side. The chain was dangling between her breasts swaying slightly with her breathing. Grant knelt down and studied her nipples. They were starting to purple and he glanced at his watch. It had been nearly twenty minutes since he had her put

them on in the restaurant's bathroom. Since he was uncertain how familiar Robin was with the use of nipple clamps there was no way for him to be certain if she knew that they were approaching the maximum amount of time they should be worn. "Ready?" he asked, trying to keep his tone casual, as if there was no hurry when in fact he was starting to worry that real damage might have already occurred.

"Yes." Her answer was drawn out and whining.

"I've already warned you once," he said slowly. "You're going to be in real pain."

"I'm already in fucking real pain," she complained.

Grant reached up and lightly grasped the clamps, tugging on the nipples just enough to make Robin hiss, and then he quickly pulled down on the levers, releasing her flesh.

Robin gasped in pain, immediately stood upright and put her hands to her bruised and throbbing tits. She cried a little, her slight body shaking with soft sobs as a few tears leaked out of the corners of her eyes.

"Why did you do that to me?" she cried to him.

Grant sat on the edge of the bed and looked at her impassively. "Because you let me," he said. "Because as much as it hurt you like the thrill of the adventure and you know the pain will go away and you'll be left with a memory of pleasure."

"They hurt fucking worse than before!"

"I know. I warned you."

"You didn't give me any choice!"

"You always have the choice to say no."

She paused and considered that. Robin felt a little ridiculous standing in front of Grant holding her tits and wearing nothing but panties and stockings. "I didn't feel like I could say no."

“And that’s part of the fun, part of the game.” He inclined his head toward the bed. “Bend over and put your hands back on the bed.”

“Why?” she challenged him.

“The games haven’t stopped yet. You can always say no. But Jennie said you wanted to try something kinky.”

“Are you going to tell me what?”

“I’ll give you enough warning.”

After looking carefully into his eyes, she nodded slowly and put her hands on the bed, bending over, offering her ass.

“You said you’ve never had anal sex?” he asked her.

“That’s right. Are you going to fuck my ass?” Her voice challenged him. Even though she was all but naked she wanted to remind him they were on equal footing.

“No.” Grant went to the small, soft-sided briefcase he had brought up to the room, from that he extracted a plug and a tube of lubricant. “I’m not really into anal, but that doesn’t mean you aren’t. Ever have someone put a finger up your ass?”

The question made her uncomfortable. “No.”

“We’ll state with the training plug then,” he decided showing her the dark blue plug that was shaped, to Robin’s eyes, like a miniature lava lamp.

“It is made of rubber?” she asked.

“No. Silicone.” He opened up the lube and smeared some over the rounded tip to the butt plug and along its short length. “It’s smooth and small,” he assured her when she shivered as he knelt down behind Robin and rested one hand on her upturned buttock. “It’ll go in easy.”

“That’s what you think,” she told him, a note of fear in her voice.

“Just relax,” he instructed and moved aside the thong, exposing her anus and edge of her pussy. She shivered once more when he smeared some of the lubricant over her anus.

“I’m not sure I want to do this,” Robin hesitated to say.

Grant asked, “Do you want to stop?”

She paused a long uncomfortable moment. “No.”

He nodded. “Just relax.”

After taking in three deep breaths, Robin said, “Okay, go ahead.”

He pressed the plug against her puckered anus. She moved forward slightly, trying to avoid the intrusion, but he held her in place with his hand on her buttock. Slowly the nose of the plug opened up her ass. Robin’s breathing increased as she felt the unnatural penetration of her body. Grant kept pressing it in deeper until the widest circumference of the plug matched her sphincter and it was abruptly pulled inside.

“Oh,” exclaimed Robin as the plug settled into place and she barely felt it.

“Comfortable?”

“Well, not exactly. But I thought it would be more painful than that.” Her tits had been abused so Robin was expecting the same pain in her ass, but—oddly—the plug was almost pleasant. It felt unusual, but there wasn’t any real pain.

“Good. Sit down and give me a blowjob.”

Robin turned around and perched on the edge of the bed. The plug pressed up into her but it didn’t hurt. She started to like it. Grant stepped forward and she reached out for his belt, opened it up and lowered his pants. A moment later his semi-rigid cock was in her mouth and she was bobbing her head back and forth, stimulating him.

As she worked, Grant pulled off his shirt, and stepped out of the pile of clothes around his feet. In a moment he was completely naked, in contrast to Robin who was still wearing her pink thong. Robin gave head enthusiastically, using her

hands, licking along his length, fondling his balls and sucking on them while working the shaft. She wasn't the least bit shy about performing full-blown fellatio.

Before she could finish him off, Grant pushed her back. "I'm not going to cum in your mouth."

"I don't mind swallowing."

"Yeah, but I want to finish in your pussy."

"Okay." That appealed to Robin and she crept up the bed, pushing off the covers as she went. She was so eager to fuck Grant that she pulled off her thong before he had the opportunity. They had gone far enough at this point that she just opened up her legs and showed him the wetness between her thighs.

"You are an eager little thing, aren't you?"

"Just fuck me, please," Robin almost begged.

Climbing on top of her, Grant lined up his cock to the entrance of her pussy. Robin held the butt plug inside her body by tightly clamping down on her sphincter which made him entering her a little more difficult than normal, but since she was used to accommodating Nate's big dick, it wasn't really a problem.

What she found upon being entered was that getting fucked while wearing a butt plug was a completely different experience than just normal, straight sex. That was the whole point, she realized as they started rutting in earnest. She felt so full and used that she had started to lose sight of her old self.

While it wasn't impossible or particularly hard to make Robin cum, she was alarmed at how quickly she approached orgasm just by being fucked by Grant—but then again she had been clamped and stripped and made to pose for pictures and then given a blowjob, all of which was actually foreplay. The suddenness of her climax overtook her and Robin abruptly started hyperventilating and bearing down as she came—which only made her orgasm more intense. Never before had she realized how her whole body reacted when she climaxed. It was now that she realized how tightly her sphincter clenched shut when she orgasmed. Only this time it couldn't clench against itself because of the plug. When she came, it was almost painful—but it also intensified her climax.

It was worth the pain.

“Good?” Grant asked after she came down from her orgasmic high.

“Oh, god, that hurt, but it felt so good too.”

Grant resumed his thrusting. “Brace yourself, because it’s not going to be the last one.”

True to his word Grant made her cum twice more before he finished inside her pussy. The last orgasm was shortly before his and when it happened Robin found herself wishing she didn’t have to cum again. Every orgasm was equal parts pleasure and pain. It was hard to decide if the peak was worth the ordeal of getting there.

When he was done cumming Grant heaved a great sigh and rolled off her body. Robin was quavering with carnality and couldn’t decide if she wanted more or wanted for it never to happen again.

“One last time to finish you off?” Grant asked, reaching between her legs.

She scissored her thighs shut before he could touch her pussy. “No! I’m good.”

A laugh escaped Grant’s lips. “I thought that might be the case. Do you want to leave the plug in for a while or take it out?”

She considered his question. “Will it hurt when it comes out?”

He shrugged. “It might. It depends on you.”

Eventually she found herself once more on her knees with her ass in the air. Robin wasn’t completely convinced that this posture was necessary for the removal of the plug, but Grant insisted and she acquiesced. When he pulled out the plug it didn’t hurt—it felt weird, but when it was gone she felt like something was missing.

Afterward, she watched him get dressed. She liked lying about naked when a man was in the room, especially if he had his clothes on. When she stood up to give him a kiss, his hand went between her legs and he asked, “Do you want me to make you cum again?”

“I don’t—” she started to answer, but he didn’t listen. His fingers found her delicate clit and rubbed it the way she liked making her go weak in the knees. “Don’t…don’t do that.”

“You like it?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I’m going to make you cum then.”

“Don’t…” but her protest was weak and without any force. Still naked she clung to his body, barely able to stand, as his fingers danced in and out of her sex until she came one last time, wetting his hand and her thighs. The moment he tasted her scent on his fingers she grabbed them away from his mouth and sucked on the strong digits, tasting herself.

“I need to get going,” he told her as he adjusted his jacket. “You can stay as long as you want.”

“You want me to stay in a hotel room alone?”

He shrugged as he walked to the door. “That’s your choice.”

She said, “Great. Thanks,” as he put his hand on the doorknob. “No kiss goodbye?”

Grant grinned, went back to her as she stood up from the bed, put his arms around her. They kissed as deeply and intimately as long-time lovers. She felt the roughness of his clothing on her bare skin as his tongue explored her mouth. And then the kiss was broken and he was gone.

After using the bathroom Robin looked around the room to gather up her clothing. Only then did she realize that Grant had absconded with not only her bra that was still tucked away in his jacket pocket, but also her thong.

A smile crossed her face as she shook her head. “Cheeky.” Then she wondered how she’d manage to undress at home without Nate realizing she wasn’t wearing any underwear.

That made her smile more broadly.

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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