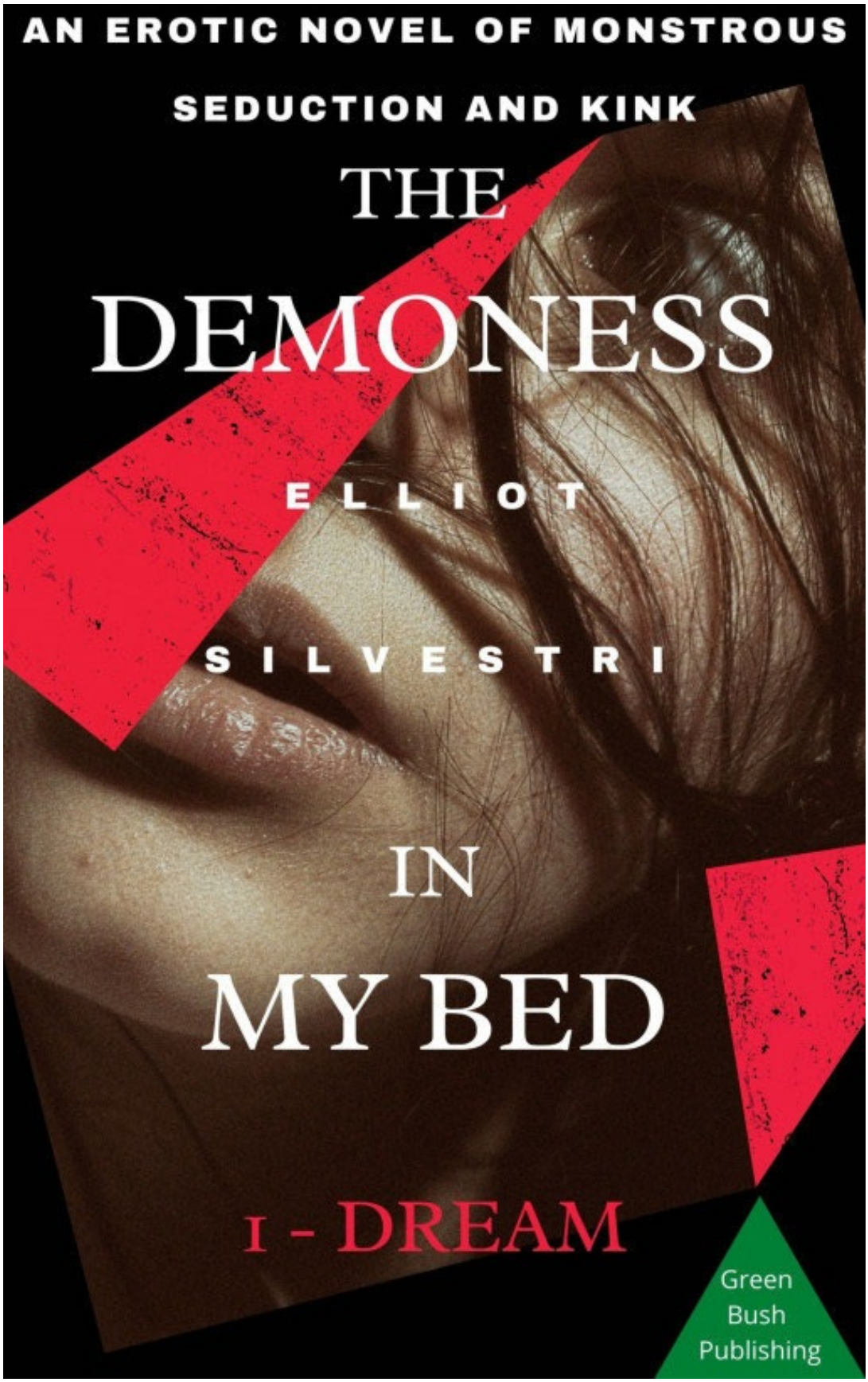
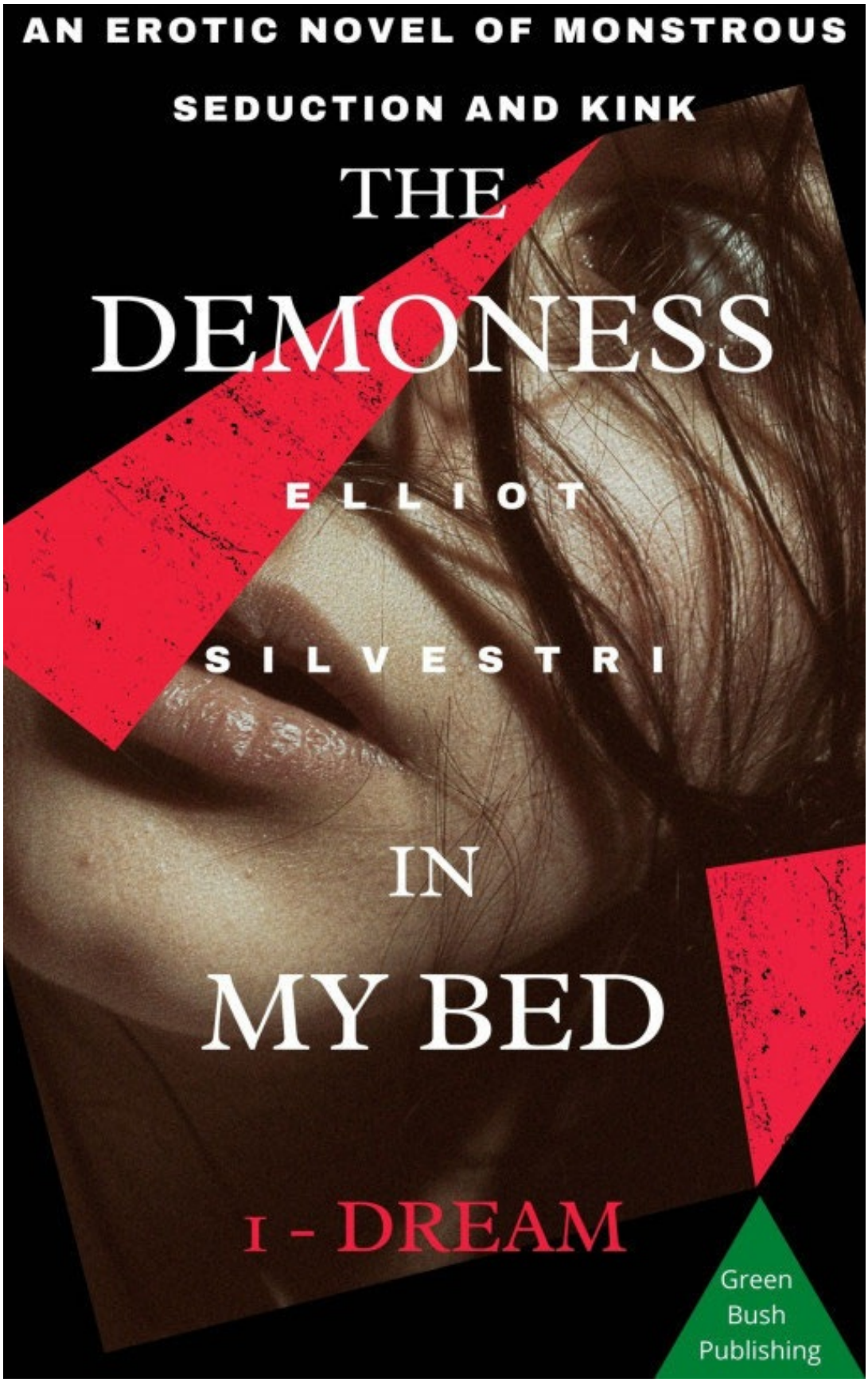

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF MONSTROUS SEDUCTION AND KINK
THE DEMONESS
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
IN MY BED
I - DREAM
Green Bush Publishing


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The Demoness In My Bed 1- Dream

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Demoness In My Bed 1- Dream

An Erotic Novel of Monstrous Seduction and Kink

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Intro

She wasn’t my type at all, but she was undeniably sexy. Almost as a joke because I was sure I would get shot down, I chatted her up and much to my amazement and my friends’, she went home with me that night.

I never expected to bed a demoness and I didn’t know that I’d wind up getting cursed.

Chapter 1

In my defense, we were coming out of the COVID panic and we were all vaxxed so a party seemed an ideal thing to do.

She totally wasn't my type. I prefer petite blondes with blue eyes, though I once dated a blonde with green eyes, just to let you know that I had an open mind.

Meeza was tall and elegant with dusky skin and shiny black hair that fell to the middle of her back, long and sleek. She wasn't thin, but athletic. My preferences in the opposite sex included large breasts with a nice sized ass. Meeza had a small chest and while I couldn't get all the details under her skirt, she definitely did not have a big butt. Judging by the muscle definition on her exposed arms I figured her ass had to be muscular if nothing else.

She was pretty, very pretty. That would have been enough to catch my eye, but I would have moved on. I should have moved on.

We met at a party held by a friend of a friend. I forget why it was held. It doesn't matter. It was just an excuse for a group to get together and drink and listen to music and dance and hook up.

After she caught my eye, she held it. Normally I would have just nodded at her, maybe said a word of greeting, and moved on, but I paused.

That was the mistake.

She was alone but didn't look out of place. She looked comfortable. She looked like she was looking for someone.

Someone like me.

When Meeza smiled at me I was startled. She had Hollywood white teeth that glistened and were unnaturally sharp. I was drawn in.

Figuring I would never make anything of this, I didn't even bother with subtle flirting.

"Is your father a thief?" I asked her.

Her eyes narrowed but she said nothing.

I smiled. “Because someone stole the stars from the sky and put them in your eyes.”

The smile that had caught my attention disappeared and she slowly shook her head.

“The whole using cheesy pickup lines routine as an attempt to displace or cover up your natural nervousness when approaching a woman you’re never met before has already been done,” she told me in a rich voice.

I pressed my hand to my chest like I was having a heart attack. “You wound me. But, then again, I bet you’ve heard every line in the book, so what’s one more?”

She tilted her head to the side. “Okay, try one more.”

Just for the hell of it, I tried, “That outfit you’re wearing looks great on you.” That wasn’t a lie. She was wearing a yellow silk blouse and a black skirt. She was also wearing heels, but not unduly high ones. “It would look even better on the floor of my bedroom.”

“The last time a guy tried that line on me, he said my bra and panties would look great on his bedroom floor,” she said, looking me dead in the eye.

Unperturbed, I stared back at her. “Did it work?”

“I don’t wear bras,” she said.

Immediately I looked at her chest. Her blouse wasn’t tight, but she could have been telling the truth. There was a hint of nipple outline through her shirt.

My cock stiffened. “What about panties?”

I saw the tiniest hint of a smile on her lips. “Let’s go to your place and find out what I wear.”

It couldn’t be that easy. But it was.

She put her arm in mine and I walked her out of the party. On the way out I waved to a couple of friends. They stared in surprise. Not because I was with a beautiful woman, but because I wasn’t with a blonde.

As it turned out, Meeza was the sort of woman who knew what she wanted. If only I had known the type of woman she was.

We introduced ourselves on the short walk from the party back to my apartment building. We made small talk. We flirted.

I was going to get laid. She wasn't my type, but I'm not above one-off flings.

We kissed the moment the door to my apartment shut. I was right. Her teeth were sharp. I thought I tasted blood when we kissed, but that wasn't enough to stop me.

Running my hand down her back, it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra.

I pressed my crotch into her body, letting her feel the size and hardness of my cock.

"Want me to do something about that for you?" she asked.

"Sure!"

We weren't even in my bedroom yet. We had barely made it to the small living room when she kicked off her heels and went down on her knees. I helped her by opening up my jeans and getting my cock out.

From there she knew just what to do.

The light was dim and I was excited, but when she parted her lips to take my shaft into her mouth, I would have sworn that her teeth weren't just sharp, but long and like daggers.

Once her lips closed around my cock, I forgot all about that. She knew how to suck cock and did so eagerly.

Meeza must not have had any gag reflex. I put my cock all the way down her throat without difficulty. She caressed my sack with one hand and held my cock steady with the other as she got serious about the blowjob.

This was exactly what I wanted. She was getting me wound up tighter and tighter and before I knew it, I was about to cum.

Being a gentleman, I warned her. “I’m gonna cum.”

Backing off, she licked her lips and looked up at me. “How many times can you cum tonight?”

I laughed. “I’m probably good for three.”

She frowned. “That’s it? Well, I’m not going to waste your first load in my mouth.”

That encouraged me. “Well how do you want me to use it?”

Getting off her knees, she asked, “Where’s the bedroom?”

I pointed. It was a small apartment. Meeza pivoted on her toes and headed down the short hallway. She pulled her blouse up over her head, tossing it on the floor as she walked.

From her naked back I could clearly see that she was not wearing a bra. Her long hair and the dim light hid some intricate tattoos, one of which had to be a tramp stamp. That didn’t deter me at all.

I followed a few steps behind her.

By the time I got to the bedroom she was in the midst of unzipping her skirt. When she dropped it to the floor I learned that she hadn’t just been bragging.

She wasn’t wearing any panties.

Turning around to face me, she asked, “Like what you see?”

Her tits were small, but perfectly sized and shaped for her thin frame. I glanced at them and then focused on her pussy. Unlike the current trend that so many women seemed to follow, she didn’t shave off all her pubic hair, but instead had a classic landing strip that was wide to almost make it seem natural. The dark black curls against her lovely dusky pale skin was a beautiful contrast.

More importantly: no tan lines.

As I approached her, I realized she was still partially dressed; she was wearing nude thigh high stockings that I only saw as I knelt down in front of her and saw the fancy lace tops.

Wanting to return the favor, I went down on my knees and kissed the top of her mound. Her scent was strong, but not unpleasant. It was an aphrodisiac to me. Her skin was smooth and I felt like I was committing some sort of crime just by touching her.

Ducking my head and hunching down, I slid my tongue into the top of her slit, searching for her clit.

It was a struggle.

“Stop teasing me,” she said as she backed up to my bed and lay down.

I was glad that I had changed the sheets before going to the party, just in case.

From past experience I knew that women liked clean sheets.

As she lay down, she scooted back and opened up her thighs, showing me the full loveliness of her pussy.

It was beautiful.

Her light tan skin parted like turbid waters to reveal an enticing pink slit and called to me.

Scrambling forward I pressed my face into her sex, once again inhaling her scent as I licked from the bottom of her slit to the top before finding her clit and teasing it with my tongue before pulling the whole of it into my mouth.

Meeza squirmed under my eager attentions, panting heavily and moaning as I explored her sex.

I didn’t know what kind of woman Meeza was. Did she orgasm easily? Could she have multiple orgasms? Did it take her a long time to build up to climax and then spend all her energy in one huge orgasm and not want to be touched again?

Learning a new partner’s quirks and desires was half the fun. Looking up along her naked body as I ate her pussy I saw no other tattoos which was odd, but I wasn’t going to have a conversation with her about it. The tattoos on her back, from what I had seen, were extensive and intricate.

As I continued to eat and finger her pussy, looking for her elusive g-spot, her pussy kept heating up and I knew she couldn’t last much longer without some sort of relief. I wanted to make her cum with my mouth. I had decided she was the sort of woman who needed a good warm-up orgasm before we got to the main event.

I made her cum by sucking on her hard, little clit and pistoning a pair of fingers in her pussy. When she came hard, she screeched loudly.

I wasn’t concerned. The neighbors were used to dealing with my noisy female guests.

While she didn’t exactly squirt and spray me with her amrita, there was a sudden gush of pungent pussy juice that left everything between her legs a slick playground.

“Fuck yes!” she declared. “That’s what I needed. Now I want your cock.”

I wasn’t exactly naked. My cock was still out after following her into my bedroom, and my jeans were down to my knees. My shirt was still on because I hadn't had the opportunity to pull it off while eating her pussy.

Everything I wore was off in two seconds and I climbed atop her, aiming my cock for her wet and ready pussy. She grabbed me and guided me in.

Never before have any of my lovers had such a hot pussy. I mean literally hot. It was like sinking my cock into a welcoming envelope of pleasure. Not hot enough to burn, but it almost felt like the time one of my weirdo lovers had decided to use one of those stupid heating gels. That only made my dick feel like it was on fire.

This wasn’t that. This was so much better.

I only pumped her a couple of times, getting the full measure of her pussy before she said, “You have a perfectly divine cock.”

I’m sure that was an exaggeration, but I know how to take a compliment. “Thank you, how about I—”

Before I could get out my suggestion, she suddenly flipped us over. I was now on my back and she was riding me.

“I love being on top,” she told me as she adjusted her body, getting on her knees and starting to roll her hips.

I didn’t complain. If she wanted to do all the work, I was fine with that.

Meeza knew what she was doing and she obviously loved what she was doing. Watching her fuck me was like watching an artist create a masterpiece. She wasn’t just trying to get herself off; she was trying to get me off as well. The way her body moved was indescribable. A vision of beauty in motion. Sex personified. Lust made manifest in human form. The erotic incarnated.

She wasn’t the sort of woman that I was normally attracted to, but when we fucked, I wanted no one else in the world but her.

When she spied be feasting on her with my eyes, her motions slowed.

“Like what you see?”

My mouth worked for a moment before I was able to say, “I love it.”

“Of course you do,” she said condescendingly.

Before I could do or say anything else, she lifted herself off my cock. I whined in complaint and reached for her but my arms wouldn’t obey the orders I gave them.

It was like I was paralyzed.

But Meeza wasn’t leaving me. She just turned her body around and then re-straddled my body. I was now presented with her shapely, firm ass. Once again she lowered herself onto me, joining our bodies.

I inhaled sharply.

I wasn’t a huge fan of reverse cowgirl, but Meeza knew exactly what she was doing. She didn’t look over her shoulder at me. She wasn’t doing this for me. She was doing it for her pleasure alone.

The only thing I could do was watch as her ass went up and down my cock. Her hair swung back and forth as she moved, which obscured and showed off her tattoos in varying degrees. I wondered about her tattoos. It was pretty much all I could do.

My hands were on her hips, not really guiding her, but just making sure she didn’t go flying off. When she leaned forward I could see the tight pucker of her asshole and I wanted to stick my finger or my cock up it, but she didn’t ask and I wasn’t going to mention it. Some women loved anal, some would slap your face and walk out of the bedroom at the mere thought of it. Sadly, the latter had happened to me more than once. I had learned my lesson.

The dim light didn’t reveal all that much of her muscular back, but I wanted to see her complex tattoos in detail. I wasn’t going to get that at all. Still, I wasn’t in my bed flat on my back for a tattoo exposition. I was there to fuck Meeza.

Or to have her fuck me. Whatever.

“Fuck your cock is...is...fuck…”

“Tell me!” I wanted to hear her words.

“It’s filling me up. It’s so big. Are you going to cum in me?”

Maybe she wasn’t lying, but I wasn’t that big. I was more than big enough, but not porn star big. I doubted that Meeza had only fucked guys with small dicks in her lifetime. Still, it was nice to hear.

“Do you want me to cum in you?”

Probably a condom would have been a good idea, but we were way past that.

“Fuck yes. Shoot your hot load into me. I need it.”

If I had been smarter I would have worried about diseases or an inadvertent pregnancy, but I was balls deep in this sexy woman so I had better things to

worry about.

Like popping off inside her pussy for maximum pleasure for the both of us.

As much as I wanted to grip her hips harder and hold her in place and fuck her, I couldn't move. She was doing all the work, and seemingly loving it, so I just went along for the ride.

Her vocalizations were loud and inhuman. I wasn't sure how long I could last with her. It seemed like she was cumming and cumming again, but she couldn't get that last one orgasm to force her all the way over the edge.

Luckily I was there to help. The motion of her ass and everything she was doing for me made me cum.

I could feel my spunk building up until I shot my load up into her.

Meeza didn't stop her hips from bouncing. It heightened my orgasm and made it a bit painful as well.

Still, I didn't complain.

As I continued to pump cum into her pussy, it suddenly got hotter still, flash cooking my cock.

I screamed as this happened.

So did she.

Finally she stopped moving. Her hands were planted on the mattress and she was panting. I was able to pull my hands off her hips.

In the dim light I could see her body was soaked with sweat. So was mine.

"Was it good for you?" she asked me.

I laughed. "It was fantastic." It was so freeing to be able to move my body again. Even as I started to experiment with running my hands up and down her back, I could feel my spunk seeping out of her pussy.

Before it could make too much of a mess, Meeza lifted herself up off me, letting

my still stiff cock flop back on my stomach. I expected it to have second and third degree burns, but other than being covered in my spunk and her amrita, it appeared normal.

I wanted to get up and clean myself, but Meeza was too fast. She reached out and grabbed my balls. When she held me, I gasped a little, surprised at her touch, but she just grinned at me. “How much spunk can these boys make?” she asked me.

“How much do you need?” I figured going into the fact that the balls only made sperm and it was other glands that made the fluid was a waste of breath.

“All that I can swallow,” she said as she leaned forward and took my manhood in her mouth again.

I almost shied away. Her teeth looked dangerous, but then her warm lips were surrounding my semi-rigid cock and it was going down her throat.

Usually I needed a few minutes, at the very least, between orgasms to obtain a new erection. Meeza’s mouth and talents proved a waiting period for me wasn’t necessary. In just a few seconds I was fully hard again.

“Do you...do you want me to fuck you again?” I asked.

Maybe I was overstating it a bit by saying “again” but I had my pride.

She looked up at me with wide-open eyes and shook her head. She didn’t even bother to remove my cock from between her lips.

“Ooh...fuck,” I moaned.

I was certain she could have gotten my balls into her mouth if she had tried.

I would have liked that.

As it was, she slid a finger down my perineum and pressed it against my asshole.

The way I was laying made it impossible for her to penetrate me. I was of two minds about anal play, but she was insistent. Meeza even paused in her vigorous head-bobbing so that she could push up my thigh and give her better access.

I acquiesced and soon her finger was inside me. A little lube would have been nice, but she didn't have any trouble pushing up all the way inside me, finding that secret button all men have.

I had forgotten how powerful orgasms can be with just a little prostate stimulation. I felt like I was seated on a huge pole, but it was just her well-manicured finger going where nothing should go.

When I came I was sure I was going to shoot my load out the back of her head, but she managed to swallow the whole of it.

A blowjob ending in with the giver swallowing is a hundred times better than finishing with a hand. Meeza continued to suck me as I came and after I came. I could feel her swallow every bit of my cum. Again, it was painful, but in a good way.

And she kept swallowing and sucking until it felt like I was on the business end of an industrial vacuum hose.

I had to push her away.

She released her lip lock on my dick with a laugh.

"What the fuck was that?" I burst out at her.

Licking her lips, Meeza asked, "Did you like that?"

"I did until the end."

Examining my cock it appeared to be uninjured. It hurt a bit and was sore and was definitely redder than usual, but everything appeared to be in order.

"I can't help myself," Meeza explained. "I love cock. And I love semen. I can't stop when I taste it. I always need more."

"Yeah. Okay." I agreed with her just to avoid an argument. That probably was not a good idea.

"Want to go again?"

“What? Are you kidding?”

She laughed at me some more. “No. But I can see you need some rest.” She moved back up next to me on the bed, snuggling under my arm. “How about we take a little break and then go again?”

“Yeah, sure,” I agreed. Exhaustion suddenly came over me and I drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 2

It goes without saying that I woke up alone in my apartment. She hadn't even left behind her bra or panties as a promise to hook up again.

Of course, Meeza hadn't arrived at my place with bra or panties, so there is that as well.

I groaned as I sat up and took stock of my place. There was absolutely no sign of Meeza. She was a ghost. No clothes on the floor. No lingerie. It would have been nice if she had left her stockings behind, but that was a pipe dream.

The only thing I could smell on the sheets was my sweaty self. There wasn't even a hint of her perfume from the night before.

"I didn't even get her fucking phone number!"

I don't know why I was complaining. She wasn't my type. This was a one-off. Yes, the sex with her had been fantastic, but at most we had two, maybe three more rolls in bed before I grew bored with her.

I needed a woman with big tits, blue eyes, and blonde hair. The three Bs.

After a quick walk around my apartment to make sure she hadn't stolen anything on her way out—she hadn't—I took a shower.

Vigorous sex always left me sweaty and drained; that seemed doubly so with Meeza.

Out of curiosity I made sure that my cock was normal. Between her sharp teeth and excruciatingly hot pussy, I was certain I had done some damage, but everything looked normal. Handsome but normal.

Sunday was my day of rest. I was currently between girlfriends, which is a nice place to be, don't let anyone tell you otherwise, so I had time to myself.

Getting an email alert on my work phone wasn't exactly what I would call a nice way to start my Sunday.

Jennifer was a good manager and she rarely sent emergency alerts, especially on a weekend, so I glanced at the email.

“Fuuuuuuck,” I complained after reading it.

The critical part of the email read: Due to recent changes in health insurance policies, you’ll have to retrain all in house staff on updated policies and procedures in addition to the new class of hires we start tomorrow. Sorry. I’ll make it up to you. I’ve already scheduled the classes for you.

Being a minor expert on the intricacies of health insurance in the state, my job as a corporate trainer for the various employees of a sprawling health care insurance company was secure, but it was a pain in the ass as well.

I quickly emailed back to Jennifer. I don’t want to do it.

I knew what her answer was going to be, but that didn’t matter. You’ll do it and like it. She accompanied this with a smiling emoji. See you tomorrow morning.

Sleeping Sunday night was difficult, which was strange for me. I’m not prone to nightmares, but I had a dream where Meeza appeared and wanted to fuck me hard enough to kill me.

Oddly, I was down with that. She kept slamming her hips into my, skewering herself on my cock and laughing an insane laugh. Then my cock would be in her mouth and I was certain she was going to bite it off.

It wasn’t a pleasant night’s sleep to say the least. I was happy to wake up. My dream had been so stressful that I was covered in sweat. Never before had I been so glad to shower and go to work so I couldn’t sleep.

When I was hired my primary goal at my job was to get Jennifer in bed. She was smoking hot, at least to my eyes. She always dressed professionally in a corporate suit. Her long blonde hair was always held back in a bun or other severe hair style. She always wore heels, which brought her up to maybe five foot four. If she broke five foot in bare feet I would have been floored. The cut of her suits hid it, but I knew she had a huge set of tits. I could tell by the way she held herself and I knew how to look and examine the shape of her figure.

There was no hiding her ass. It was a thing of glory.

That’s not to say she was fat or dressed inappropriately. She just managed to tick all my boxes.

Except she was a married mother of two.

Not that I had anything against that, but getting mixed up in someone’s marriage, either as an invited third or otherwise, was too complex for me.

Still, I never would have turned down an opportunity to fuck Jennifer if it meant it would be completely no strings attached.

I slumped into her office way too early Monday morning and fell into her visitor’s chair.

“I’m not going to do it, Jenn. You can’t work me this hard.”

“You’ve always had it hard,” she said, a small twinkle in her eye. “If we both didn’t like it hard, we wouldn’t be here, would we?”

“Do I need to report you to HR for harassment?”

“It’s no harassment if you like it.” She leaned forward and rested her tits on the desk. She was too buttoned up to show any cleavage, but the size of her tits...they were just barely hidden.

Fuck.

“This is inappropriate,” I told her.

“Speaking of which, I’d prefer it if you didn’t try to bed every attractive woman in your new training class.”

“I’ve never done that,” I lied easily.

“I know of at least four women you’ve had sex with that were in training classes with you.”

“I fucked them after they were done with training.”

“Plus at least two other women in the company.”

She was right. But the numbers were actually eight I met through training and five otherwise in the company. Sometimes it sucks working for a huge employer, but other times it's great because of the variety of people I got to meet.

And the women I got to bed.

"All consensual," I said smoothly.

"And yet you've never asked me," she sighed dreamily.

"I'd never dip my pen in the company inkwell, as my grandfather used to say."

She eyed me. We both knew that was a lie.

"I'd never sleep my way up the corporate ladder," I amended.

"I'm not saying I'm opposed to it," she pondered.

That caught both of us by surprise. While we had flirted shamelessly before, she had never alluded to actually wanting to have sex with me.

I couldn't let the opportunity pass me by. "There's a conference coming up in a month that promises to be interesting. Care to accompany me?" I waggled my eyebrows in the worst way possible just to end the awkwardness.

Jenn just cleared her throat and moved on. "I already emailed you the training schedule. Please keep it in your pants while on company property."

"I make no promises," I said, leaving her boringly drab office, wondering for the hundredth time what she would look like in a corset and garter belt. She was definitely a g-string sort of woman.

Training paid the bills and I loved to see the new, young women who were eager to start their careers with Inter-Galactic Health Services, or whatever the hell the name of my employer was.

Today's crop was better than average.

I wasn’t that old. At most I was fifteen years older than anyone else in the room. But they were mostly fresh out of college and looking for a job that would pay the bills.

Of course there were two who I couldn’t keep my eyes off. Meara and Lydia. Meara was blonde, of course and Emily was her purple-haired friend. Meara had small tits but a nice ass. Emily was more up my alley in terms of body type, but it was obvious she was dying her plain brown hair purple to stand out.

I noticed that Lydia had added some butterfly doodles to the folder and notebook we gave all new hires.

“You’re a talented artist,” I commented, tapping on the folder as I walked by.

They both giggled. Girls. They were more girls than women. Still...they were available.

“Thank you.”

“Just something you like to draw, Emily?”

They giggled again. “Her name’s Butterfly,” said Meara. I was glad they had name tags and their names were on their folders. I was terrible with names.

“Butterfly?” I was confused. “A nickname?”

Emily blushed bright red. It was cute. Meara filled me in. “Emily is her fake name. Butterfly is her real name.”

“What?” I was confused.

“I have hippie parents.” She looked too young to have hippie parents, but whatever. “They named me Butterfly. I changed my name to Emily.”

“The most common name for young ladies her age,” added Meara.

“It’s a pretty name. Both of them,” I said smoothly. I wasn’t flirting with them. If I was, I would have said, “They’re both pretty names...just like the both of you.”

But I didn’t say that.

They still giggled.

Maybe they were too young for me.

But I wasn't flirting with them and I wasn't going to proposition them.

I was getting looks from way too many of the women. Maybe I was just imagining it, but all the women in the training class were giving me the look. A few of the guys as well. I figured they were gay, but I didn't swing that way.

Well, not normally.

What I'm getting at is that I had plenty of women to choose from and only Meara came close to being my type...and she didn't seem to be all that interested in me. Maybe a little.

And I had promised Jenn that I wouldn't bang any of the new hires.

Not right away at least.

It was a long and grueling day. When it was over, I reported in to Jenn, just to let her know that I hadn't fucked any of the new hires during the day.

"I'm so delighted to hear that," she deadpanned.

"I can be a good boy," I said brightly, leaning back in her visitor's chair and kicking my legs out in front of me, resting my feet on the base of her desk.

"I'd rather not go into the significance of you identifying yourself with a diminutive expression related to a young man's behavior to a mommy figure. Daddy and mommy issues, indeed."

"Now you're making it creepy," I commented.

She closed a folder and stood up from her desk. I checked her out. I always checked her out. "New outfit?" I asked her.

"Yes. Do you like?" She stood up and walked around to the side of her desk, pretending to model it for me. The skirt was a tiny bit shorter than what she normally wore. Jenn's legs weren't exactly slim, but that's what I liked about her

body.

As I was taking in her show, she twirled halfway around and managed to knock a small pile of folders off her desk and onto the floor.

“Shit!” she cursed.

I stifled a giggle.

Jenn knelt down and started gathering the scattered papers. I was about to help her, and then I noticed her skirt had ridden up high enough to show that she was wearing thigh high stockings. I wondered if she was wearing a garter belt to hold them up.

My cock didn’t wonder. My cock just got hard.

“Thanks for the help,” she said sarcastically. I stood up to help and that wound up putting my crotch at her eye level. Directly at her eye level.

I couldn’t help myself. “I really like your new outfit.”

She looked at my bulge and then up at me. “You’re showing a little leg,” I added, pointing to the lacy stocking top she had exposed.

Slowly she stood up. I was close enough that I could feel the heat from her body. I wanted her to press her big tits into my body.

Jenn held back.

“It was a mistake,” she said and dropped her gathered papers.

“Here. Let me,” I said, as I knelt down and started gathering up the papers a second time. I was sure those papers were getting tired of being dropped.

I picked up the papers mostly by feel. I was staring at how her skirt had ridden up. She made no effort to pull her skirt back into place.

The little bulge of flesh above the tight elastic top of the stocking fascinated me. Her skin was much fairer than the nude colored stocking. I wondered which was smoother.

“You should adjust your skirt,” I commented, still staring.

“Should I?” she asked as she adjusted her clothing.

Jenn didn’t pull her skirt back down into place. She pulled it up higher.

I couldn’t help myself. Nothing ventured; nothing gained. She was teasing. I pushed it.

Leaning forward I planted the lightest of kisses on her exposed skin. The target was small. Just an inch of skin between stocking and skirt. She wasn’t wearing a garter belt; I could see that now.

“Oh...fuck,” she moaned. “Don’t do that.”

“Sorry,” I said, backing away. I knew how this was going to play out.

“I didn’t say stop,” she said, pulling up on her skirt a little more.

I knew what she wanted.

Leaning forward I kissed her thigh again and pushed up her skirt further.

“I need to...I need to…”

I looked up at her. I could just barely see her face over her impressive bulge of her breasts under her suit jacket. “Need to what?”

She pushed me back and took a couple of steps away.

I was disappointed. I thought we were going to do something more exciting.

Instead of retreating behind her desk, she instead went to her office door and locked it.

“Oh.”

Jenn resumed her position in front of me, her butt just barely on the edge of her desk.

I pushed her skirt up further. She didn’t object.

I kissed her other thigh and ran my hand from up her calves to her thighs.

Her skin was smoother.

Jenn stood up, but only long enough to pull her skirt all the way up now. She should have just unzipped it and stepped out, but I wasn't complaining.

She was wearing a pair of pink panties. They were lacy and almost modest, but I could smell her desire rising from her sex.

We both knew where this was going.

"Are you sure?" I asked her.

Jenn didn't mess around with words. She hooked her fingers into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down to her knees. I helped the rest of the way, getting them off one foot but not bothering to free them from her other ankle.

She leaned back on her desk, her legs spread so I could see her pretty pussy.

It was covered with golden curls and still semi-hidden by her meaty thighs.

I pressed my face between her legs, searching for her hidden sex.

When my tongue found her clit, she moaned. "Oh fuck…"

I pulled back. "If that's what you want…"

Jenn violently shook her head. "No. I want your mouth." Using both her hands, she reached around the back of my head and pulled me into her sex.

I was happy to go along with this.

Her pussy was wonderful. While she had copious curls of gold between her legs, it was a soft hair that gleamed with her freely flowing amrita. I made her wetter by licking and sucking at her lips and clit, while sticking a pair of fingers into her depths.

Her thighs shook with pleasure as I found her g-spot.

Looking up at my manager, I saw Jenn's face screwed up into a rictus of

pleasure. Her arms were bent backwards on the desk, maintaining her balance. I needed to make her cum so I sucked firmly and insistently on her clit while stroking the front wall of her pussy.

That was the trick. She came. She came hard.

For just a second I thought I was going to drown in her amrita.

There were worse ways to go.

Still, I had to pull back in order to catch my breath. That gave her a chance to catch her breath.

“You really know how to eat cunt,” she complimented me.

I was startled to hear her use such a vulgar term that upset many women, but I let it go.

“Years and years of practice,” I said.

She pushed me away from her. I was fine with that. I didn’t mind dining at the Y if it meant more was promised in the future.

“I shouldn’t be doing this. I’m married. I have two kids.”

I nodded in agreement. “You’re right. You shouldn’t be doing this and I appreciate what you’ve done for me.”

She hadn’t done much, if anything, for me, but a few words well placed always paid off large dividends.

“I shouldn’t be doing this,” she repeated, pushing me back further, making me stumble over the chair, forcing me to sit down unexpectedly.

Jenn was on me like a starving lioness. Before I knew it my cock was out of my pants and in her mouth. She looked up at me as she took the whole of my cock between her lips and down her throat.

“Oh...fuck…” I moaned.

Her eyes were full of lust. Her mouth was full of my cock. I wondered what her

heart was full of.

I let her blow me. It was only polite. She was good at sucking cock. From my position on the chair I could see the curve of her ass. Jenn hadn't bothered to pull down her skirt.

While I appreciated a good blowjob, I preferred straight up sex. A lot of women I hooked up with preferred to give blowjobs initially, especially in quick hookups, because it was less messy and meant nothing.

I preferred a nice pussy to fuck, but I wasn't complaining.

Jenn continued to bob her head up and down on my cock while fondling my balls. I wondered what it would feel like to have her shove one of her well-manicured nails up my ass.

I didn't get to find out.

I had only fucked Meeza two days ago, but I needed to use Jenn's mouth.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna," I started to warn her.

She was a good cocksucker and when I came, she swallowed every drop.

"You didn't have to swallow," I told her.

Jenn licked and smacked her lips. "That's what's known as getting rid of the evidence," she laughed. "I learned that from HR."

"Why...how...why would you need to learn that from HR?"

She gave me a wink and stood up. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

I hitched up my pants and tucked away my now-soft cock. "Probably not."

Jenn then proceeded to fix her skirt and only once it was in place did she spy her panties laying on the floor like a piece of damning evidence. "Shit. I should put those back on." We both stared at the lacy scrap of silky material.

I was quicker than her and snatched it up. "I like keeping trophies of my conquests," I said.

She snickered at me and tried to grab her panties back. “I’m no conquest. We didn’t fuck. We just had a vigorous oral debate.”

“Is that what you call it?” I held her panties up high above her head like a schoolyard bully would. Since I was a foot taller than her, she had no chance of getting them back, even after she tried pulling my arm down.

“Yes. If you want me as a conquest, you need to fuck me.” She kept jumping and reaching for her panties.

“Okay, come over to my place tonight.”

She paused in her efforts. I was surprised that I had said those words.

“I can’t…”

“Because you’re married and have two kids?” I asked. It was a cruel reply, but it had been her justification for years.

“No, because I have plans.” She grimaced. “Tomorrow evening?”

I quickly stuffed her panties into my jacket pocket and dashed for the door. “Sure. Tomorrow. See you then.”

Chapter 3

I had meant to make it a graceful and somewhat sexy exit. Maybe I did. I added Jenn's panties to my collection I kept in a small dresser drawer. I didn't want to make plans with Jenn because if we did make plans, then I'd feel guilty about corrupting her.

But judging by the way she sucked cock, she was no pure angel.

That night was perhaps the worst night of sleep I had ever had.

I'm not prone to nightmares, but I had a bad one that night.

It started out fine. It started out as a sex dream. I had those a lot, which is strange considering how often I had sex and not just by myself. I always thought sex dreams only occurred to those who didn't have enough sex.

The woman in my dream was the typical blonde with big tits and a nice ass and blue eyes, maybe a bit curvier than usual for me, but dreams were crazy things and I liked variety. I wouldn't have told my dream girl to hit the road even if she had red hair and freckles. I was open minded.

We get right to it. In my dream she didn't have a name or really a face, but when you're having sex, that's not really necessary, right? The sex is great. I felt like a teenager again.

I was railing the blonde from behind. Her ass is shaking and everything is perfect. I could hear her mewling from my rigorous ramming of her rump. Alliteration rules!

For no reason at all the blonde turns around and instead of having a generic face or no face or even the face of a former lover, she suddenly has Meeza's face.

"I love getting fucked in the ass," she declared to me.

It was strange not because the woman was suddenly Meeza, but because she had blonde hair.

I looked down. Instead of fucking her pussy, I was fucking her ass. I'm fine with anal, but prefer the usual route; most women aren't into anal and I don't want to bother trying to talk them into it.

So I’m fucking her ass bareback in my dream, but I know it’s a dream and that’s fine.

I look up at Meeza and she’s laughing at me.

“You won’t get me pregnant that way, you know.”

“I know,” I muttered. “But you aren’t real.”

Stupid dream logic.

“Neither are you,” she said and then ran her hand down her long hair, changing it from blonde to black.

“For a human, you fuck awfully good,” she complimented me.

“Thanks?” I was confused. “That’s a weird compliment.”

“No it’s not.”

“But you’re human as well. Or are you in the habit of fucking gods?”

She laughed at me showing a mouthful of sharp, pointed teeth.

I recoiled but I couldn’t pull out of her ass. It was like her anus had clamped down on my manhood. That was not good. It started to get painful.

“I’m no human. I’m certainly no god.”

For no reason at all, she suddenly sprouted horns from her head. They were long and black and covered with bloody gore from her scalp.

I pushed on her ass, trying to force her away from me.

A prehensile tail sprouted from the base of her spine. It wrapped around my body so I couldn’t escape her. All the while I continuing to fuck her ass because I was weak and human.

“Demons don’t fuck gods,” she explained. “We fuck humans.”

She laughed. I shook with fear, but I didn’t lose my erection and I continued to

fuck her which made no fucking sense.

Then huge, black bat wings sprouted from her back, they flapped experimentally a few times and then we took to the air. We had been fucking on my bed, but now we were fucking in the air as she flew us up into the sky.

It made no sense, but it happened.

“Cum in me,” she cooed to me. “Cum in my ass.”

“Sure…”

“Why did you cheat on me?” she asked, turning her head all the way around like an owl. If she were truly human she would have broken her neck.

“I...I d-d-didn’t cheat on you,” I stuttered out. I wasn’t sure if it was a lie or not. I had cheated on other women. Well, it wasn’t really cheating because I had never really had a serious relationship with anyone.

Meeza laughed at me, her head facing the wrong way on her body. She kissed me fiercely. Her sharp teeth cut my lips and tongue. I pushed her face away but it was impossible for me to stop fucking, so I didn’t. I kept pumping and thrusting into her. The ride was wild and uncontrolled. Eventually it was all too much and I unloaded my spunk into her ass.

She screamed as she came as well.

Or maybe she screamed because she got what she wanted.

“You useless thing,” she said before uncoiling her tail from around my body.

An instant later I was falling and screaming.

I woke up covered in sweat and panting.

It had seemed so real, but that’s the problem with dreams and reality, right?

Chapter 4

“You look like shit,” said Jenn when I reported to her office the next morning.

“Thanks. I had a lousy night’s sleep. And you?”

“I went right to bed last night. Good sex always does that to me.”

We looked at each other in silence for a moment.

“Please don’t come to my place tonight,” I begged.

“I wasn’t going to bring that up, but since you mention it…”

I was about to object, but then Alicia walked into Jenn’s office. That was the end of that conversation.

And of course I was busy all day with the training class and their many, many problems.

And of course I had to flirt with Meara and Emily or Butterfly. Or whatever she called herself. I wanted to fuck them both. They were more than a little blunt in what they were willing to do. It was all innuendo, but I had to break it off to keep the others in the class in the dark.

And of course by the end of the day when I dropped by Jenn’s office, she was already gone for the day.

I took that as a good sign.

I’m terrible at reading signs.

Back at home I forced myself to relax. I made a nice dinner. I had a little drink. I watched something mindless on the TV.

And then there was a knock on the door. A metaphorical knock. It was actually a bell for my door.

Checking the peephole, I sighed and considered pretending I wasn’t there.

But I opened the door anyway.

“I started drinking without you,” said Jenn, holding up a half-full bottle of wine. She was tipsy. Maybe not drunk, but she was feeling the alcohol. It looked like she had come from a PTA meeting. In short, she looked like a suburban mom. With blue eyes and blonde hair—possibly dyed—and big tits.

“I can see that.”

She half stumbled and half forced her way into my apartment. She unsteadily placed her wine bottle on the small table next to the door where I kept my keys.

I could have stopped her.

I didn’t.

Jenn looked around. “Nice place you’ve got here. Let’s fuck.”

“You’re drunk.”

“Just enough to forget my good manners.” She pulled her shirt up over head and tossed it aside. Underneath she had a black bra that made her tits look fantastic. It was thin and lacy enough that I could see the dark circles of her areolas. “This is going to happen.”

I closed the apartment door. I wondered what state of mind Jenn was in where she was willing to go topless in my apartment with the door wide open.

Of course, instead of wanting to keep her safe, my thoughts immediately went to wondering what sort of depraved acts I could convince her to perform.

Without a word I went up to her and kissed her. She didn’t object at all when I reached behind her and expertly unhooked her bra. When we broke the kiss, she stepped back and dropped her bra.

She had great tits. I already knew that. Her nipples were light brown and large and just begged to be sucked. Before I could do anything else with her, she kicked off her shoes, hooked her thumbs into her yoga pants, and yanked them down, leaving her in a black thong that matched the bra she had recently taken off.

“You know that fun thing about middle-aged women who have been married too long?” she asked me.

“No. What?” I was mesmerized by her mostly naked body.

“We’re willing to do anything in bed with a new lover.” She spun around and bent over at the waist. That was when I received confirmation she was wearing a thong. This last scrap of clothing she pulled down, letting me see her tiny asshole and the swelling of her pussy. “Where’s the bedroom?” she asked, still bent over, her hair half in her face.

I pointed.

She practically ran in the direction I indicated.

I followed.

“We shouldn’t be doing this,” I said as I entered my bedroom and saw her sprawled on my bed. For an older woman with two kids, she still had a great body. Jenn had a hand down between her legs. For a second I thought that she was being mock modest and was hiding her pussy.

No.

She was jilling off.

“Why not?” she panted at me eagerly.

“Because...you’re my superior and I could lose my job. So could you.”

“Makes the sex more exciting, don’t you think?”

“Fuck…” I cursed as I started taking off my clothes.

Laughing, Jenn fell back on the bed and spread her legs. I could see her fingers disappearing into her pussy. Before I could finish taking off my clothes, she withdrew her fingers and tasted her pussy from them.

My cock was rock hard by the time I was undressed.

Jenn welcomed me to my bed with open arms and spread legs.

I kissed her because it only seemed polite and held off from entering her right away.

Her fingers reached down and curled around my cock. She was trying to guide me into her pussy. She slicked up my head with the amrita drooling out of her.

“I should get a condom,” I told her.

Jenn violently shook her head. “No. I want to go home to my husband with a dirty pussy.” With those words she thrusted her hips upward, trying to get me inside of her.

Her efforts just put my head between her lips. I wanted to plunge in, but I couldn’t do it.

“This is a very bad idea…”

“That’s what makes it great fun.”

It wasn’t like I was some great and honorable person. If I was, I wouldn’t have been naked and on top of her.

It wasn’t like a condom would have made a real difference.

Frustrated by my delaying, Jenn hooked her heels around the tops of my thighs, right under my ass, and used the weight of her body to pull me into her.

I resisted for a few seconds before giving in and plunging my cock all the way inside her pussy.

“Oh, fuck...yes,” she moaned as I filled her up.

“You’re a slut, aren’t you?” I asked her. I hadn’t even had a chance to eat her pussy. I love eating pussy.

“Call me a good girl and spank my ass,” was her answer.

I didn’t do exactly that, but we got down to the very serious business of fucking.

Her pussy was warm and welcoming and I pounded the shit out of it. Jenn was an enthusiastic lover and screamed out her pleasure as we rutted like animals.

What she loved best was when I flipped her over and slid my cock along her slit, teasing her, making her bed for re-entrance.

“Put it in me,” she begged. “I need your cock. I need you to make me cum again.”

I dragged my length along her entrance. “How about I just shove it up your ass? Do you like anal?”

She froze for a second, Jenn was facing away from me; I couldn’t see the expression on her face. “I’ve never done it,” she confessed.

I was sure that she was lying and I pressed my cock head against her tightly puckered forbidden entrance. “I think you’d love it.”

“No!” she said vehemently. “Cum in my pussy! My husband deserves a dirty pussy!”

So I kept pounding away. The sex with her was crazy, but that’s the best sex. It was hard to tell when she came, her cries during sex weren’t all that different from when she was cumming. The only way I was sure that she climaxed was when her legs would shake uncontrollably.

“Cum in me,” she begged. “Fill me up. Make my pussy filthy!”

I did what she asked. I came in her.

It was a stupid decision, but no one makes good decisions during sex.

The sex had been so intense that for the five minutes after we were done, all we could do was lay there catching our breaths.

“I wish I could spend the night. I’d like to walk into work tomorrow on wobbly legs from a good, hard fucking.”

I started to panic. The last thing I wanted was for my married boss to spend the night in my apartment.

“Please tell me that you’re kidding,” I said as seriously as I could.

Jenn laughed at me. “Of course I’m kidding. Though I wish I could. I haven’t been fucked that good since college. Maybe high school. But I need to go home. My husband and kids expect me.”

I didn’t need to be reminded that I had just fucked a married woman, but it was reality. Reality was ugly.

“Do you want to go use my shower first?” I offered.

“Hell no. I said I want to go home to my husband with a dirty pussy, and I plan on doing just that.” She pushed herself off the bed. A shower would have been good because we had gotten pretty sweaty, but to each their own. Jenn exited my bedroom and I shortly followed where she was dressing in the living room.

“Your husband is going to know what you were up to,” I pointed out.

“That’s the idea…”

I watched as she started gathering her clothes and dressing. When her thong went back on, I knew she was serious. What sort of fucked-up relationship did she have with her husband where this was something she risked?

Or maybe it was their kink.

I didn’t want to know.

I tried not to judge, but I truly didn’t care.

I had fucked Jenn and I was fine with that.

Oddly fine.

It was wrong. I normally avoided married women. Hell, I avoided women who gave off even a hint they were in a relationship.

When she finished dressing, she gave me a serious look. “You’ve got a nice cock. I wish I didn’t have to leave it here.”

Jenn was gazing directly at my crotch. I half wanted to cover up, but I brushed aside that reaction.

“Thanks for the compliment…”

“Mind if I suck it one last time before I leave?” she asked and didn’t give me a chance to answer. She rushed up to me, fell to her knees, and took my cock into her mouth, sucking eagerly.

I didn’t mind, but she wasn’t doing it to get me hard or even as part of sex play; I knew she was doing it to taste the combination of my cum and her amrita that coated the shaft.

In a way, it was a compliment.

Still, it unsettled me as she did it.

She sucked me for a couple of minutes before she forced herself to stop.

“Gotta go home to Bill,” she muttered to herself and looked up at me before getting to her feet. “He’s going to get a treat tonight.”

She was surprisingly sober as she left my apartment. However, she did take the half full bottle of wine with her.

That night was the worst night for my dreams.

Hell, they weren’t dreams. They were nightmares.

I don’t remember how the dream started or what was going on. Dream logic was operating strongly.

All I remembered the next morning was suddenly I turned around and there was Meeza in front of me. She was angry. She was naked.

She still wasn’t my type and yet my cock got immediately hard when I saw her. My cock was hard both in the dream and in my bed. I don’t know how I knew that.

“You’re fucking cheating on me,” she accused.

“Cheating?” I was confused. Dreams are always confusing. “How could I cheat?”

Her pretty face became a mask of anger. “You deny it? Didn’t you just fuck that whore Jenn? She’s married! She’s a slut and you fucked her!”

Meeza’s features sharpened and her eyes became red with anger.

“We aren’t in a relationship!” I protested.

Meeza threw her head back as she laughed at me.

“Relationship,” she spat. “Like that means anything!” Her eyes now glowed red. The horns were back. I saw her tail swishing back and forth angrily. Wings covered with black feathers sprouted from her back. I started shaking in fear.

She said some words I didn’t understand. “I’ve cursed you,” she said, getting her anger under control.

“Okay,” I agreed, still shaking with fear.

“You’ll regret ever meeting me.”

“I already do.”

Once more she laughed at me. “Wait until you want to get rid of the curse.”

“What’s the curse?”

Naturally she didn’t answer me. Naturally she disappeared a moment later.

I woke up in my bed, shaking with fear, covered in sweat.

Much to my humiliation I realized I had had a wet dream. Cum covered my crotch and the sheets.

I hadn’t had a wet dream since I was a teenager.

What the fuck was the matter with me?

To Be Continued

Preview

An Erotic Arranged Marriage 2

“Okay, that’s fucking kinky,” said Ana.

Those were bold words for a woman standing in the middle of a sex club—which was really just a converted warehouse space owned by one of the club’s member’s—who was topless. And had rings through her nipples. Rings that were connected by a chain with a floating charm in the middle.

Plus Bruce had seen Ana sucking off a man who was most definitely not her husband a half hour earlier...while getting fucked from behind by a woman wearing a strap on dildo.

“What, having sex on a first date or waking up to a cat watching me?” asked Lyn.

Ana laughed lightly and shook her head, which made her tits sway back and forth. Bruce was temporarily mesmerized by the motion of her flesh and the charm that zipped back and forth on the delicate chain between her nipples.

“No, I was talking about your collar.”

Lyn rolled her eyes but also fingered her collar at the same time. “This isn’t kinky. Half the people here are wearing collars,” she pointed out. That was a slight exaggeration, but many men and women in the small club wore collars identifying them as submissives, as property of someone else.

“Yours is different,” Ana pointed out.

That was true. Very true. The collars the other submissives wore were generally leather that buckled. A few had hard metal collars with a hinge to remove them. Most had name tags or other identifying marks.

Lyn had a tag hanging from her collar with her name on one side and Bruce’s on the other.

She liked being different from everyone else.

“I’m not kidding around,” Bruce said. “I’d want you to be completely submissive to me. I’d want you to wear a slave collar. I’d want to control you. I’d want to watch while other people fuck you.”

Lyn’s heart was pounding in her chest. “Ask me all those questions again, but one at a time.”

Bruce looked askance at her, but started repeating the questions. “Would you like to be my submissive?”

“Yes,” she said quickly.

“My slave?”

“Yes again.”

“Would you be completely submissive to me?”

“Yes.”

“Would you call me master?” he asked, adding in a new question.

She sighed and breathed heavily. If her pussy hadn’t already been moist, that question alone would have gotten her wet. “All the time.”

“Would you wear a slave collar for me?”

“Yes. I’d be proud to.”

“Would you like me to control you?”

“Yes.”

“Would you fuck other people while I watched?”

“You want me to fuck other men?” she asked. Lyn wasn’t opposed to the idea. It excited her, in fact.

Bruce tilted his head. “Who said anything about you fucking other men? I want to see you fuck other women. Are you willing to do that?”

“Yes.”

The fantasy was great; working out the details was more complicated.

Bruce and Lyn both combed over kink and BDSM sites looking for the perfect collar for her. The one she wore during their bedroom play was fine, but Lyn wanted to push her limits. She wanted something different. Just having kinky sex wasn’t enough; she had to be different from all the other women out there willing to take a risk fucking someone else just for the thrill of it.

When she showed him the paired collar she had found, he took a second look at the woman who had become his girlfriend. His very kinky girlfriend.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Why would I show it to you if I wasn’t sure?”

“Because you like to play all sorts of mind games.”

“Okay, true. But this is the one for me.”

“It looks like a dog’s choke collar,” he pointed out.

“I know. That’s kinda hot, isn’t it? I like getting choked.”

His eyes bulged out at her confession. “You have got to be kidding me. This is new—”

Lyn couldn’t contain herself any longer and burst out laughing. “Okay, I don’t like being choked. That shit’s dangerous. But I do like this collar. It’s plain. It’s simple. I can wear it in public if I’m feeling bold. It has a lock and it’s adjustable in size.”

“It looks hardcore,” Bruce mentioned.

“Stop teasing me and making me want it more. It’s even silver, not steel, so it’s more like jewelry than sex equipment. It doesn't have stupid spikes and black leather and hearts and shit like that. No froo-froo stuff. Just a simple chain. You can even get a tag with my name on it.” She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “If you want me to be your slave, you need to buy this for me.”

“I feel like I’m not the one in charge here.”

“Get used to it. You know all about topping from below.”

When the collar finally arrived in the mail a week later, Lyn was so excited she couldn’t wait for Bruce to put it on. He had kindly sent it to her apartment instead of his. It was too much to ask her to wait. She put it on and admired herself in the mirror.

Lyn didn’t consider herself to be all that attractive, but she liked the way the collar circled her neck. She had to remove a couple of links to make it the proper tightness. The lock that came with it was reminiscent of Sid Vicious’s punk collar, but hers was much more elegant. After locking it she carefully set aside the key and was about to call Bruce and tell him, when another idea occurred to her.

She quickly took off her top and bra and snapped a few pictures of herself. It was a bold move for Lyn. She had never taken nudes of herself before. She had never taken—or received—nudes of anyone before.

While she liked how the collar looked on her, she was disappointed with her tits. Bruce claimed to love them, but she wished they were bigger and perkier, which was a difficult request, but she wanted what she wanted.

Still, she was sure he’d be happy with the results.

Carefully selecting one of the pictures, one that showed tits, collar, and face, she sent it to Bruce without any text. Just the picture. He was smart. He’d get the message.

Fucking hot was the message he sent back to her five minutes later.

Lyn let out a breath she hadn't realized she had been keeping in.

U like?

Yes. Got any more?

Lots. But you need to see them in person.

Bruce arrived at her apartment less than half an hour later. He had left work early because there was no way he could focus on work with his girlfriend in the collar and waiting for him.

To show her appreciation she greeted him at the door wearing only her new collar and a pair of red thong panties. She wasn't shy about opening up the door. She was so lust-drunk that she opened the door wide, not caring who saw her naked body.

Sadly, it was only Bruce, but she was certain that would change in the future.

"You're looking good," he said, trying not to be stunned by her appearance.

"Thank you," she said modestly, twisting her body, showing off her tits. "Would you like to come in?"

"Into your apartment or into you?" he asked with a grin.

She laughed and twirled halfway around to go into her living room. He followed, his eyes staring at her exposed ass. When she got to the low coffee table she picked up a small key from the table and handed it to him. "This is yours. It belongs to the lock," she said touching the silver chain around her neck. "You're the only one who can open it."

He accepted the key and kissed her. Considering that she was mostly naked and he was fully dressed, the kiss was rather chaste. He didn't even grope her ass while she pressed against him. She, however, felt the hardness in his pants.

"Is that an erection in your pocket or do you just want to fuck me?" she asked.

"I'd love to fuck you right now. After all, you are my property," he said as he pulled out his keyring that contained the keys to his apartment, his car, and his

office. He added her small key to the ring. “But there’s a problem.”

“Yeah, you’re still wearing your pants. Get them off,” she said. “Or better yet, let me help.” She went down on her knees in front of him, her hands going to his belt.

He grabbed her wrists before she could start undressing him. “I said there’s a problem,” he repeated.

“What?” she asked. They were still playing a game, weren’t they?

“I called Sharon a few days ago. She finally got back to me.”

Lyn swallowed hard. Her throat had gone dry and she felt the choke collar around her neck. This wasn’t how she envisioned this evening going at all. Just the name of Bruce’s ex made the pit of her stomach tighten. She knew she should have been secure in her status as Bruce’s girlfriend—and submissive—but she wasn’t.

They had talked out some wild fantasies in bed. This was one of them.

“What...what…” Lyn cleared her throat and pulled her wrists out of his hands. “What did she say?”

“First she wondered why I hadn’t called her in weeks.”

“Uh-huh. And?”

“And I told her I met someone else.” He paused and Lyn waited patiently on her knees. She didn’t want to jinx anything by saying the wrong thing. By saying anything.

But Bruce was waiting for her to say something. This was wrong. She wasn’t supposed to feel like this, not with someone that her mother had set her up with.

“What...what did she say to that?”

“Well, she asked why I was calling her. She wanted to know if I had gotten bored with my new toy and wanted her again.”

“Really. Huh. What did you say?” Lyn wanted to make it sound like she didn’t care what his answer was, but they both knew she was dying to hear the outcome.

“I told her I just wanted to fuck her again.”

“Okay…” This was part of the plan. Still, Lyn felt her heart thundering in her chest.

“I told her I wanted to fuck her again because my new girlfriend is a complete submissive and I needed to put her in her place.”

Lyn blinked at that. She was a demanding woman in bed but she didn’t know how she would react if someone made that proposition to her. “You’re killing me,” she whined. “I need to know what she said.”

“Sharon called me a pervert,” he reported.

Strangely, Lyn was disappointed by that information. “Oh. That’s too bad, I guess…”

“But she also said she was interested.”

Lyn’s heart started beating again. “She said that?”

“She wants to meet you.”

Lyn didn’t know how to feel about that. “Why?”

“How else is she going to fuck me in front of you? I mean, we could take a video of it, but that’s not really the same thing, is it?”

“She wants to fuck you in front of me?” Lyn couldn’t believe her good luck.

“Yes.”

“Holy shit that’s kinky as fuck.”

“I told her you were a complete submissive to me and you’ll do anything I ask.”

Lyn bobbed her head up and down eagerly. “That’s right. I’m a perv. I’ll do

anything in bed. I'll fuck a boatload of guys in front of you."

"Don't worry, we'll get there eventually." He paused. "Now, you're down on your knees for a reason, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah. Ha. I almost forgot."

He allowed her to open up his pants this time and haul out his erect cock. She took it between her lips and sucked eagerly. While she sucked him off, she wasn't thinking about her boyfriend's cock in her mouth; Lyn was thinking about a beautiful woman fucking Bruce while she was chained up against the wall and forced to watch.

She hoped that Bruce would leave her hands free so that she could masturbate while they fucked.

Bruce was obviously just as excited by the possibilities of what was going to happen. His cock was huge in her mouth. It throbbed and she loved every second of it. She didn't understand women who didn't love giving head. In her opinion, if you weren't happy sexually servicing the man you were with, then you shouldn't be with him.

"I'm...I'm gonna cum," he announced.

Lyn knew that. At this point in their relationship she could tell when he was about to pop off.

"Cum in my mouth," she all but begged, taking a quick break from filling her mouth with his cock.

He allowed her to continue sucking him off, pumping his cock with her small hand as she bobbed her head back and forth, sucking his sweet precum, waiting for the reward.

"No!" he said abruptly, pulling out of her mouth, leaving her more than a little surprised.

He continued to pump his cock with his hand while she knelt in front of him, startled by the sudden turn of events. She didn't know what to do or say.

Bruce solved the problem for her.

“Close your eyes,” he ordered her. He didn’t tell her what he was going to do, but she knew. It was that obvious.

She could have objected, but she was curious and she wanted to please him.

Lyn closed her eyes and waited.

A few seconds later she felt his hot cum land on her forehead, her cheek, her nose, her mouth. There were several hard spurts. She was fairly certain he hadn’t gotten any on her eyelids, but she wasn’t positive.

“Don’t move,” he cautioned her.

“What? Why?” she asked.

Those questions were answered a moment later when she sensed the flash of light followed by a few more.

“Are you taking my picture?” she asked. Once again Lyn was confused. She wasn’t sure how she felt being photographed on Bruce’s phone with his cum all over her face.

What was he going to do with those pictures?

And at the same time, she wanted to see the pictures.

“I should have been taking pictures of you from the start,” he said. “I would have loved to take a few shots of your ass the first time I flogged you.”

Those words alone were enough to cause a blush of excitement to her cheeks and to her bottom. She would welcome a nice spanking right now.

She sensed him moving away so she started to get to her feet, but she was still too afraid to open her eyes.

“Don’t move!” he ordered her.

Sensing that obedience was the best option for the moment, she waited on her knees.

Bruce reappeared a moment later, a wet washcloth in his hand, wiping away his cum.

“What are you going to do with those pictures?” she asked nervously.

“Send them to Sharon. And to you.”

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