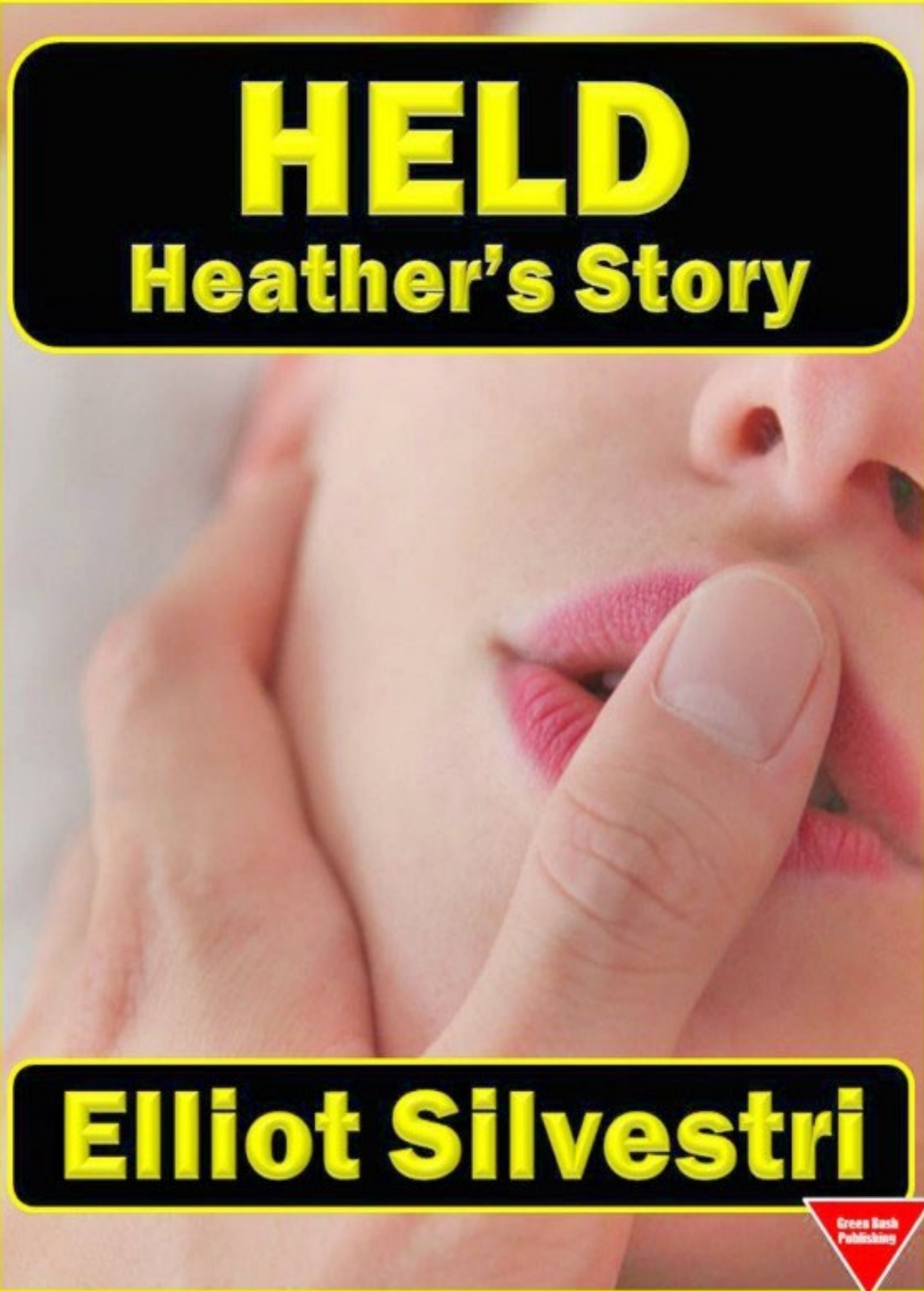


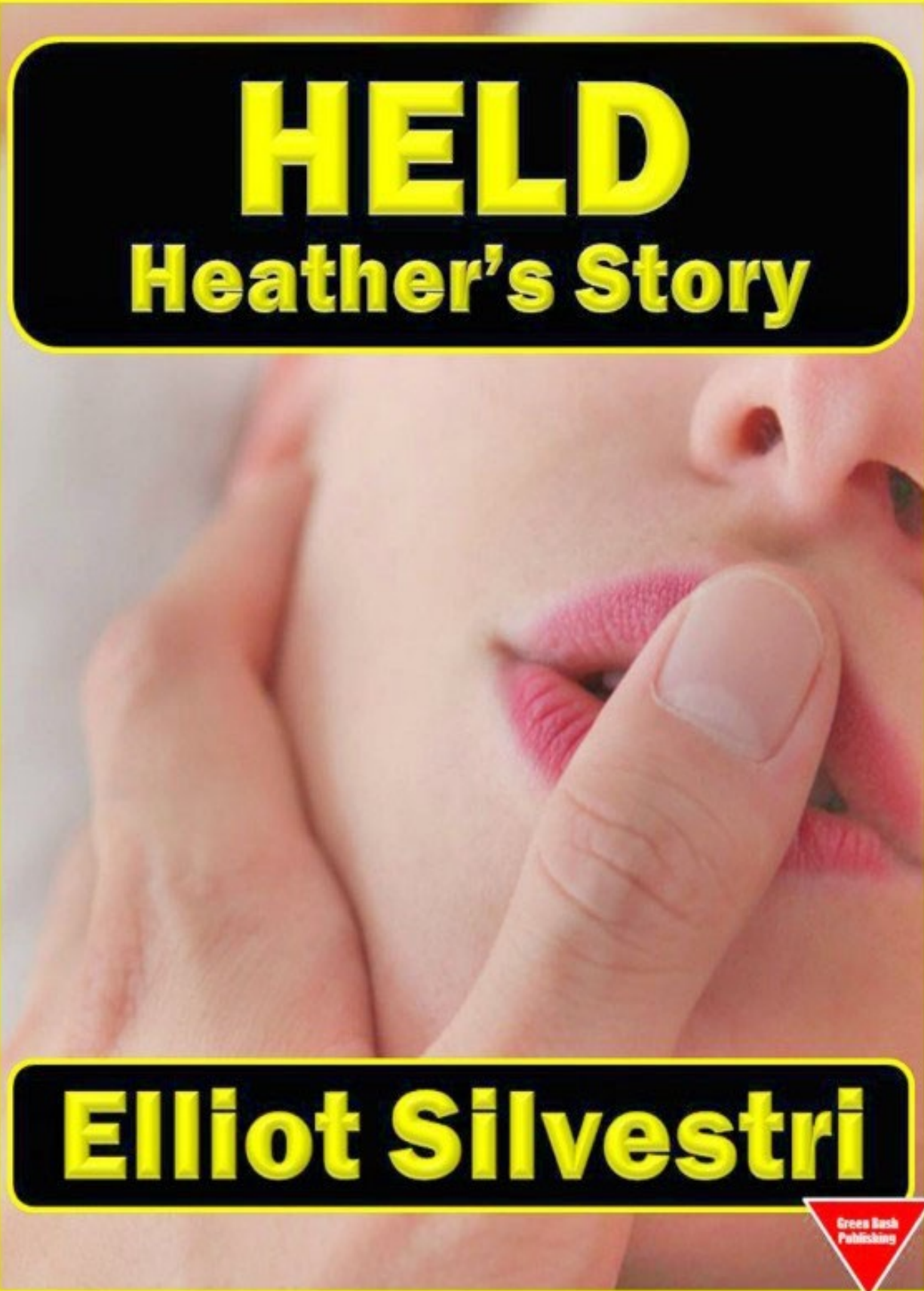


HELD

Heather's Story

Elliot Silvestri

Gress Book
Publishing



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Heather's Story

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

HEATHER GRABBED THE pillow off the hotel bed and tossed it on the floor as she knelt down in front of Nick. “I really want to give you a blowjob,” she said with an eager and nervous laugh.

“Be my guest,” he replied. They had stumbled back to his together and had an impromptu makeout session up against the wall. She had felt his hard cock pressed up against her body when they were kissing and now she wanted to experience what it felt like in her mouth.

She didn’t bother trying to help him out of his clothes. Heather just unbuckled his belt, lowered his zipped and dropped his pants. Nick wore boxer briefs which clung tightly around his muscular thighs. Rubbing the outside of his underwear once she felt his hardness under the soft cotton. He grinned down at her, his back pressed up against the wall, but she didn’t see the leering expression on his face because she was too enamored of his still-hidden manhood. The big reveal happened after she hooked her fingers into the elastic waistband of his boxers and abruptly yanked them down, freeing his cock to jut out from his body at a perfect forty-five degree angle.

Nicholas wasn’t huge, but he had nothing to be ashamed of in the manhood department. Heather had seen bigger cocks in her life, but only in pictures. She was about to grab the base and put his hard flesh in her mouth when she abruptly stopped, stunned by what extra little bit he was sporting.

“Oh...wow. Does that hurt?” she asked, marveled at what he had done to himself.

“No. It feels good. That’s why I have it.”

“Yeah.” Heather was unsure what to do. She didn’t want to touch it for fear of hurting the man she had hooked up with at the conference where they were supposed to be learning about changes in insurance law but where they were actually just looking for sex. But at the same time, she wanted to see what a ring of metal felt like going through a man’s penis. He waited patiently, doing

nothing, until she finally reached out and gently ran her fingers along his length.

“Don’t be shy,” he said. “You’re not going to hurt me. You’ve never been with a guy who has a PA?”

“A pierced cock?” She didn’t understand the abbreviation.

“Prince Albert. It’s the type of piercing I have.”

She shook her head. “No. I’ve never had sex with a guy with a PA,” she admitted. “Once I fucked a guy who had some tattoos, but that’s it.” She tore her eyes away from the intersection of metal and flesh to glance up at him. “And you don’t seem the type to have tattoos...or this.”

“I don’t have any tattoos,” he told her.

“But you have this.” Heather had lost some of her shyness and with her hand wrapped around the base of his cock she moved it back and forth slightly, admiring it. He wasn’t huge, and the ring that went into his urethra slit and out the underside of his cock, made for an interesting image that would remain forever her in mind.

“You need a lot of confidence to be successful that what I do. Whenever question myself and start thinking I don’t know what I’m doing, there’s my PA reminding me that I’m the biggest swinging dick in the room.” Nick was one of the trainers at the conference. He dealt with all sorts of insurance law every day. Heather knew he wasn’t exaggerating.

Still, she giggled a little at him. “Well, maybe not the biggest I’ve ever seen,” she teased.

“Put it in your mouth and I’ll show you exactly how big it is.” He pushed his hips forward, running the velvety head along her cheek which left a little wet trail of precum on her skin. Not wanting to seem unworthy of his attention—and looking for a little adventure—she turned her head and caught his cock between her lips. Once he was inside her mouth, everything went back to normal. Mostly.

She had half-expected the metal ring to be cold, but it was as warm as his flesh—which only made sense because it had obviously picked up his body heat. She had given plenty of blowjobs in her life and this was only slightly different from

every one of the previous ones. Heather could feel the bit of jewelry on her tongue and between her lips. It was completely smooth. The silver ring was closed by a ball that had two small indentations on it where the ends of the ring pinched it. The entire design was one of cleverness combined with necessity. After a few minutes of sucking and licking Heather realized she wanted him to cum in her mouth. That too would be something new, something she had never done with another man...and she realized that everything she did with Nick would qualify as something new she had never done with another man by mere virtue of him having a piercing.

Without warning, he pulled back, removing his cock from her mouth. She was disappointed but for some reason asked, "Do you want to cum on my face?" Every time a guy had cum on her face before, it had largely been an accident. Heather realized it would be thrilling to have him cum on her; it might be humiliating, but it was something she wouldn't have an opportunity to do again.

He shook his head. "Uh-uh. I want to cum in you."

"You can cum in my mouth," she quickly agreed and parted her lips so he could do so.

Once more he shook his head. "No. In your pussy."

The moment she had agreed to go back to his hotel room, she knew that sex was inevitable, but at the moment of truth, she got worried. There were so many risks, but he didn't give her much time to think. "Okay," she agreed hesitantly. She was still fully clothed and she reached for the buttons on her blouse.

"Do I need a condom?" he asked.

"No," she said softly while she considered the repercussions of her answer.

"Good." He yanked off his shirt and stepped out of his shoes and pants. A second later he had he sprawled on her back on the bed while he yanked up her skirt and found her panties. Heather didn't resist, and in fact helped him get her clothes off, but he was too eager, too excited to bother stripping off all her clothes. She barely got two buttons on her blouse undone before he had her skirt up to her waist and was pulling her panties down her legs. The big mistake she had made which had started this whole affair, was her choice in wearing thigh-highs instead of regular stockings. They made her feel sexy, the bit of bare flesh

between the top of the stockings and her panties.

In their scramble one of her shoes was knocked off but the other remained on. That was the foot where her panties got tangled and Nick didn't bother trying to sort out the problem. He got on top of her, spread her legs, and pressed his cockhead to the slit between her legs. A moment of clarity made her realize she could feel the metal ring between her labia as he entered her and then they were fucking, rutting like animals.

Bare flesh to bare flesh they devolved to their base needs and she found herself moaning in pleasure, unable to form words. He slammed into her, fucking her roughly. She was wet from the big build up and lubrication wasn't a problem; with her it never was. It was their first time and they both knew it wouldn't last long...but there would be many more couplings over the next day.

When he came she could feel his hot semen inside her and that made her realize she had cum as well, but couldn't remember it happening. Each new little fiery spurt gave her another thrill and she wanted more and more, but he was only good for maybe six or seven ejaculations of semen before his orgasm was over. And then she realized he had cum with her more than any other man had before.

"Oh fuck that was good!" she told him, kissing his cheek and whispering in his ear.

"Uh-huh," he agreed, still breathing heavily on top of her.

His cock slowly shrunk away and after a minute he slipped out of her causing a little rush of his spunk back out of her pussy and onto the bed sheets. Heather pushed at him, indicating she wanted his body off hers. "You're crushing me."

Reluctantly he rolled off her and his soft, though still impressively sized cock laid against his thigh.

"I need to clean up," she said as she scooted to the edge of the bed. Nick caught her wrist.

"Wait."

"What?" she asked. Already she could feel his semen seeping out of her.

“Take off your clothes. I want to watch you strip.”

It was a silly request and largely pointless, but Heather gave in to his wish. She wasn't a dancer, nor did she have natural grace, so she just removed her clothes like she was eager to take a bath. Since her blouse was already half unbuttoned she just pulled it over her head and unhooked the front closures on her bra, exposing her tits. Shaking her panties off her one remaining shoe, she unbuckled the strap around her ankle and then summarily pulled down the stockings. Before she could walk to the bathroom, Nick shot out his hand and cupped her pussy, inserting one finger into her, feeling the mixture of his leavings and her wetness. His finger rubbed against her clit and she almost melted.

“You coming back?” he asked.

“Uh-huh.” She almost whined the words.

“You want to fuck some more?”

“Yeah.”

“You don't have to clean up. I don't mind a buttered muffin.”

She knew the insides of her thighs were already wet and sticky. Heather liked to be clean but she also couldn't resist the attention of his finger.

“Do you want to go clean up, or do you want to suck my cock?” he asked her.

She paused, her eyes closed, and then slowly climbed back into bed with him, her face down near his soft, wet cock. He patted her rump twice as she parted her lips and put the bit of flesh in her mouth. At once she tasted both her pussy and his cum.

“Get me hard again, and we'll fuck how you want to,” he promised her.

She nodded absently as she worked on his cock, not minding the taste, and tried not to focus on the fact that her inner thighs were getting wet from his semen leaking out of her.

It took a few minutes to get him hard again. This was a real blowjob, not like before where he was already hard and she was just teasing him, bringing him to

the edge. She wasn't sure if he would fuck her properly again or if he would cum in her mouth. It didn't matter; she would have been happy with either outcome.

Once he was hard he pulled back from her and asked her, "How do you want to fuck this time?"

It wasn't often she was asked this question and it was harder for her to admit it out loud. "From behind," she said softly.

He grinned at her. "In the ass?"

She shook her head violently. "No. Doggy style."

It took a minute but they got into position with him kneeling behind her and when he put his cock inside her pussy, once more she could feel the ring parting her lips, but once inside the extra thrill was that his ring rubbed against her secret spot when thrust just the right way. He soon had her gasping and was half paralyzed with pleasure. She loved getting fucked from behind because it was the one way that would always make her cum really hard, but she hated it because she found it psychologically demeaning.

It never occurred to her that perhaps the two outcomes were intertwined.

When she came, her whole body shook and she made an almost inhuman noise. Nick silently prayed the hotel walls were thick and mostly soundproof. Still, he managed to finish with a satisfying grunt, driving her down to the mattress and pinning her there. Heather didn't complain. She liked his weight on her. It helped deal with the humiliation.

"That was good," she complimented him when he finally levered himself off her body. The sensation of his cock slipping out of her pussy was that all too familiar sensation of somehow being abandoned, this time it was combined with the extra thrill of his ring running heavily along her inner walls.

Nick just rolled over onto his back and breathed heavily, saying nothing. Heather took the opportunity to climb off the bed and headed straight to the bathroom. This time he didn't stop her, for which she was grateful. In the bathroom, she cleaned herself with a wet washcloth while sitting on the toilet. She was sore and felt a little dirty about what she had done, but after a moment's reflection, she realized she liked the feeling.

Back in the room she slid between the sheets and curled up next to Nick. He wasn't asleep but he wasn't fully awake either. "Wanna go one more time?" he asked when she draped her arm over his chest.

"Mm-hmm," she answered. "Give me a few minutes, okay?"

"Sounds good."

Before either of them realized it, they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Two

HEATHER WOKE UP because she felt Nick sucking on one nipple while he gentled rubbed her clit. It felt good and pushed aside her need to pee. “Mmm. Feels good.” After another second she sudden sat bolt upright and gasped. “What time is it?”

“Five a.m.,” he told her.

“Fuck that’s early. Did we sleep the whole night?”

“Obviously.”

“Oh shit. I didn’t mean to spend the night with you.” She put her fingers to her temples and rubbed gently. She had a slight headache and dry mouth, probably a mild hangover. “I’m sorry. That sounds insulting.”

“No. It’s fine,” Nick replied. “You just woke up.” He cleared his throat. “But since we’re awake...”

“I’ve got to pee,” she said jumping out of bed and running to the bathroom. He got a good look at her ass when she left and the taut muscles she had made him smile. Once she had emptied her bladder, Heather nervously walked back into the room. The courage of last night’s alcohol was gone and she wasn’t sure if what she had done was a smart decision.

“I’ll be right back,” he told her as she walked into the room. The light was dim and she couldn’t see all that much, which was a relief because she didn’t want to have to hide herself behind her hands while she hurriedly dressed. She heard him using the toilet while she scrambled into her clothes. She had managed to put on bra and panties and was in the middle of pulling her skirt into place when he walked back out.

Nick was older than her by at least ten years, probably more, but he was in good shape with just a scattering of hair on his chest, a strong chin, and muscles that moved easily under his skin. She didn’t look at his face or body. Her eyes went right to his cock when he sauntered out of the bathroom. The metal ring was still dangling from the head and she unconsciously licked her lips.

“Where are you going?” he asked her, a bit surprised.

“I...uh...need to get back to my room, get ready for day two of the conference,” she grinned at him. “I don’t want to get caught in the halls doing the walk of shame.”

“Stay here,” said Nick. “Wait for the hall to get crowded and then you’ll blend in.”

Heather was barely listening. She was still looking at his naked body and thinking about what they could do together. “Yeah...” Her words didn’t indicate agreement; she was just filling in the pause in the conversation.

“Or you could stay here and we could have sex again.”

Heather dumbly nodded. “Yeah.”

She didn’t resist when he went up to her and kissed her. When his roving hands starting slipping her clothes off her body, she actually helped him. Before she knew it, she was back on the bed, naked, but with her feet on the edge of the mattress and her knees bent up. He knelt on the floor and pressed his face to her pussy. What followed was the most talent bit of cunnilingus she had ever experienced. Heather wasn’t a fine connoisseur of cunnilingus, but she could appreciate when a man was talented in the art. Nick was a master. He knew exactly what he was doing and in short order she was clutching at the sheets and trying not to cum. It was the wrong reaction because when she eventually did climax, it made it that much stronger.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck,” she found herself saying over and over during her peak. Nick let her roll around with his face in her pussy, his arms wrapped around her thighs, until she was done. “Oh that was good. You’re good.”

“Thank you,” said Nick as he extracted one hair from off his tongue. His cock was slightly erect. She found she couldn’t tear her eyes away from it and only at that moment she realize what was so different about his equipment. He didn’t have any pubic hair. “I wish you’d shave your pussy, though. I’m not a big fan of hair down there.”

She laughed nervously. “You want me to be hairless like you?”

He idly ran his fingers over his bare skin at the base of his cock. “That would be good,” he agreed.

“Why do you shave it?” she asked, intrigued. In the heat of the moment last night she hadn’t fully registered that he was hairless, but she—unlike him—had avoided one of the pitfalls of oral sex: stray pubic hairs.

He looked away nervously before answering. “My wife likes me this way,” he admitted.

His statement gave them both a touch of discomfort. Heather had been pointedly ignoring the wedding band on his left hand. It was one thing to be a little drunk and sleep with a married man. It was another thing entirely to sleep with him while stone cold sober. And horny.

“And you do what she wants?”

“Yes. Wouldn’t you shave if your husband or boyfriend asked you to?”

Heather hesitated before answering. “I probably would.”

“Do you have a husband or boyfriend?” he asked her.

“No. Not right now,” she admitted.

“I’d prefer you with a bare pussy.”

That made her laugh nervously. “I bet you would.”

“Are you here until tomorrow for the conference?” he asked.

“Yes.” The truth made her nervous because she sensed where he was going.

“Stay there,” he said. “I’m going to shave you.”

“No, that’s not necessary,” she called after him as he disappeared back into the bathroom. She didn’t get up or think of anything to say to stop him. Water ran in the bathroom and a minute later he reemerged from through the doorway carrying a can of shaving cream, his razor, and a wet washcloth. “I don’t think this is a good idea,” she told him.

“You ever go completely bald before?” he asked.

“No.”

“Then how do you know you won’t like it? Lay back.”

With a frustrated sigh, she did as he asked and he laid the warm, wet washcloth on the small triangle of her dark brown pubic hair.

“I don’t want to be cut or nicked,” she said. It was the only thing she could think of to protest what he was doing. In the back of her head she knew she could have simply said no, stood up, and walked out, but she didn’t.

“I’ve done this before. I know what I’m doing.”

What followed was oddly intimate and scary at the same time. The washcloth wet her curls, which she had always kept trimmed to a reasonable length, and then he applied a generous amount of shaving cream. When the razor touched her skin, she shivered as he scraped away the first hairs.

“Hold still,” he told her.

“Sorry.”

“I’m going to fill the ice bucket with water. It’ll make this easier.”

He disappeared for a minute and she lay there, not knowing what to do, until he returned with the ice bucket full of warm water. From there it went quickly. He carefully shaved away her sparse amount of pubic hair. It wasn’t like she was particularly proud of her bush, but to lose it entirely on a whim was not within her normal personality. Plus it made her feel like either a porn actress or an immature girl, she wasn’t sure which. It was with a practiced hand that he dragged the razor over her skin. Nick had certainly done this before. He knew exactly how to move her legs and position her body so he could get the razor in to her most intimate areas, right along her labia and around the dimple where her clitoris hid. After a while she relaxed when she realized he knew exactly what he was doing.

Heather wondered how low and how aggressive he would be. She had tried waxing her bikini line a few times around summer, but hadn’t particularly liked the process. Shaving might be a temporary solution, but she found being treated this way—by a man, a lover—was far superior to going to a salon to have a stranger, a woman, do it for money. Before long Nick announced, “All done. You look beautiful.”

He wiped away the remaining bits of shaving cream from her mons and planted a little kiss on the ridge of bone above her slit. Looking down, the view that Heather took in was one of a barren landscape, like she had suddenly had a reversal of puberty. "I look ridiculous," she announced.

"Is that a new word for sexy?" Nick asked. "You can see every bit of your pussy now. Very revealing. Very sexy."

"I feel weird."

"Can I have sex with you again?" he asked standing up. Nick was still naked and his cock was now erect. It wasn't quite as big as she remembered, but it was still an impressive display of manhood.

"Um...sure." That's what the whole purpose of shaving her was for, she knew. He wanted to fuck her bare.

"Let me get you ready first."

Heather moved back from the edge of the bed, anticipating that he would go down on her again. "Sure." Instead he turned around and started rooting through his travel bag. He grabbed a small bottle, squeezed the contents into his hand, and approached Heather. The rubbing of the lotion on her shaved mound wasn't unexpected.

"Moisturizer and soothing lotion," he explained. "So you don't get razor burn."

"Not lube?" she asked.

He grinned up at her. "Judging from last night, I didn't think you needed lube."

The lotion felt nice, especially when he applied it. When it was sufficiently rubbed in, he climbed on top of Heather. She reached down and grabbed his cock, guiding him inside. The moment he entered her and started thrusting, she realized that being completely hairless was like a new sexual experience. It was like she didn't know her own pussy. "Oh, that's good."

"I know," he grunted back at her.

Then rutted together for a few minutes. Getting fucked by a married man with a

pierced cock who had just shaved her pussy was the dirtiest thing that Heather had ever done in her life. She wasn't surprised when she blurted out, "I want you to fuck me again tonight!"

He locked eyes with her and said. "You're going to be my girlfriend for the rest of the conference."

It was a twisted proposal. He was married and she wasn't the type of woman who slept with married men, let alone have a relationship with one where he called her his girlfriend. "Okay, yes," she quickly agreed as she came again. It wasn't the powerful orgasm she loved to have when being fucked from behind, but it was still good. The way he flooded her pussy with his cum made her wonder if all the men she had slept with up to this point in her life were somehow defective and didn't produce enough semen.

Afterwards they showered together. He carefully inspected her naked pussy and removed a few stray hairs he had missed during the initial shave. She watched as he turned the razor on himself and removed the bits of stubble on his balls and above his cock. It was an efficient process and when he was done she touched his once more smooth skin. When he asked her to put the lotion on him, she immediately said yes. Handling his large cock topped with the metal ring was pure pleasure to her.

He dressed in a new set of clothes for the day, but she only had the skirt and blouse from last night, plus her dirty bra and panties.

"Ugh. I hate putting on old panties after a shower."

"Just put on your skirt and shirt," he suggested. "We'll go upstairs to your room and you can change your clothes."

"You don't have to go to my room with me."

He nodded eagerly. "Yes I do."

She rolled her eyes and laughed. "Fine." She went to stuff her bra and panties in her purse, but he snatched them away from her.

"I'm keeping these."

“What?” She was confused.

“Souvenir.”

“But...they’re my panties and bra!” Already she felt like a slut for not having any undergarments beneath her blouse and skirt, now he was pushing that limit as well.

“If you’re good, I’ll give them back to you tomorrow morning.”

Even with their morning activities, they were some of the first people awake in the hotel. Heather didn’t exactly run, but she walked very quickly through the halls to her room, accompanied by Nick. He held onto her elbow and she felt very naughty walking around without underwear.

Once back in her room, she stripped off her clothes and grabbed the next set in her suitcase. But Nick pulled her panties away from her. “I don’t think you’ll need these today,” he told her. “You’re sexier without them.”

She looked at the pretty yellow silk panties she had carefully chosen for her trip. Heather was torn between doing what her new temporary boyfriend asked and behaving like the good girl that she was.

“Good girls wear proper underwear out in public,” she told him trying to keep the grin off her face.

He tossed her the yellow matching bra. “You can wear the bra. Your tits are big enough to need it. But no panties. You aren’t a good girl.” He waited to see what she would do.

Calling his bluff, or at least pretending to have more courage than she felt, Heather quickly slung the bra around her torso and positioned everything into place. For the second day of the trip Heather had planned on a comfortable skirt and shirt combo, but never imagined she’d be going commando underneath the skirt. She was the sort of woman who wasn’t all that comfortable wearing a thong even on a date or going out to a club, but here she was suddenly attending a business conference sans underwear.

Slipping on her shoes she inclined her head at him, pausing at the door to the hallway. “Coming to breakfast?” she asked. Before he could answer she started

to open the door. Moving quickly Nick got up behind her and pressed his hand against the hard wood, closing it once more. With his other hand he reached up underneath her skirt and exposed her bare ass, running his hand over her smooth skin.

“I’m going to check you several times today,” he informed her. “And I’m going to make sure you don’t slip on any panties.” He pinned her against the door and continued to rub her ass. “Are you going to follow my orders?”

It was so easy to give in to him. “Yes.”

His hand went lower, sliding into her cleft, reaching forward until his fingers were stroking her already inflamed labia. She didn’t resist. She opened up her legs to give him easier access.

“You like this?”

“Uh-huh.”

His fingers went inside and his thumb pressed against her anus. Instinctively she resisted but eventually his thumb slipped in up to the first knuckle. He was supporting her weight, palm up, with his fingers rubbing her clit.

“Want to cum?”

“Yeah.”

He rubbed her harder and faster. Being violated by his thumb made it difficult for her to concentrate on cumming and it was then she realized that this wasn’t about pleasure; this was about him controlling her. He was going to make her cum and she had no choice in the matter. The way Nick had her pinned wasn’t exactly doggy style, but it was close enough. She let go and came on his hand. She cried a little, tears running out of the corners of her eyes as she came.

He took his hand away and went into the bathroom to wash up. She followed him, grabbing a washcloth to wipe her inner thighs and pussy. He grabbed the cloth away from her. “I’ll do that,” he said. “I don’t want you too clean. I want your scent in the air so everyone around can tell what you’ve been up to.”

She meekly nodded and looked at herself in the mirror. Heather fixed her hair

and grabbed her makeup kit off the counter. She adjusted her makeup while Nick carefully dabbed at the moisture on her legs and pussy. He removed some of it, but not all. She felt used.

It was terrible, but she liked the way it felt to be used.

“Ready?” he asked her.

“You make me feel dirty,” she told him.

“And do you like that?”

She didn’t answer him, but just gave him a smile as they went out the door.

Chapter Three

SHE BARELY REMEMBERED the conference. Everyone else claimed the lectures and workshops were fascinating. Before they entered the series of rooms where the events were taking place, Nick demanded her phone number so he could send her messages. She complied, happy to do anything for him.

Heather kept finding herself staring at Nick who ran one of the workshops. She changed her schedule just so she could watch him lecture, even though she didn't retain a word of it. After it was over, she decided to be bold and went up to him to ask for additional information.

Somehow he managed to pull her aside into one an alcove hidden away from the crowd. There was no reason to resist as he shoved his hand up under her skirt. She opened up her stance so his finger could slip up into her pussy. While he fingered her he asked, "Do you want me to make you cum right here, right now?"

"Yes," she begged.

"No," he told her and pulled his finger free. She groaned in frustration. To heighten her vexation he put his finger into her mouth, telling her to suck it. At once she tasted her own desire and pretended his finger was his cock. He appeared disinterested.

"After dinner," he said. "We'll go back to my room. You'll enjoy yourself."

She knew she would.

There was no way for her to be certain that others at the conference weren't well aware of her overly fawning looks at Nick. Dinner was designed so that groups would intermingle, but Heather made sure she was at the same table as Nick. The conversation between the other diners dominated while she just stared and wished the whole affair would be done with. Nick kept sending her text messages during the meal, most of them filthy suggestions of what he wanted to do to her. The table didn't seem to notice they were overly busy with their smart phones. She replied the same to each and every text.

Want me to make you cum with your panties in your mouth?

Yes. She didn't bother to remind him she wasn't wearing panties at the moment.

Want me to fuck you in the ass.

Yes. She had never done anal before, but was willing to try anything with him.

Will you scream so loud that you'll wake the people in the room next door?

Yes. She didn't mind being vocal.

Will you go to the bar and pick up another man and fuck him while I watch?

Yes. She wasn't sure now if they were playing a game or if he intended to do these things.

Will you masturbate for me?

Yes.

Can I spank you?

Yes.

Can I tie you up and fuck you so hard that you cry?

Yes.

Is there anything you won't do for me?

The last question gave her pause. Now she wasn't sure if they were playing a game or if he was being serious. She wasn't sure which one she actually wanted.

No.

After I leave, wait ten minutes and then come up to my room. Two minutes later he excused himself.

Two minutes later he claimed the need to make a phone call.

The ten minutes of waiting was excruciating for Heather, but she forced herself to remain seated and semi-engaged in the conversation, before quickly finishing

her meal and exiting the room.

He opened the door a second after she knocked. Heather rushed forward for a kiss, but he literally held her at arm's length and gave an order she was happy to obey. "Strip."

She didn't notice the smart phone in his hand until it flashed as she opened up the buttons on her shirt. "What are you doing?" she asked, startled by the burst of light.

"Taking pictures of you while you strip. I want to record every inch of you naked." He grinned as he lined up the next picture.

"But—" she started to protest.

"You just said there wasn't anything you wouldn't do for me," he pointed out, indicating the phone where their text conversation had taken place.

"I was just a bit surprised," she covered and continued to disrobe. The flashing camera recorded every item of clothing as it dropped to the floor. She was nervous and afraid, but also energized by realization she was doing something very dirty and it was incredibly fun.

"Suck my cock," he ordered when she was completely naked and posing in front of the hotel door.

That was an easy enough request; she was eager to do so. Heather eagerly got down on her knees and fished manhood out of his pants. When the flash went off as she put her mouth on his semi-turgid organ, she wasn't surprised. By now she was used to the flash and the idea he was recording everything she did. At first she worried about what might happen to the pictures, but she figured he was in the same boat as she was. Their profession wasn't all that public, but status and appearance were both drivers in their success. Since Nick was married, he had more to risk. He wasn't going to take the photos and post them on some sleazy website. Most likely he'd take them home and beat off to them when his wife didn't want to have sex.

Heather was fine with that.

Giving Nick head was fun. She liked sucking his cock. It was different than with

the other men she had been with, if only because of the ring through his cock. He was bigger as well, but not so big that she could accommodate all of him. The occasional flash from the smart phone's camera distracted her, but it was easy to ignore. Even so, Heather started to wonder if Nick was getting off on fellatio or from recording the process.

"I'm going to cum," he abruptly announced.

She backed off his cock a bit, keeping just the head between her lips, felt the heavy ring on her tongue, and waited for the heavy spurt of salty cum as she worked her hand up and down his shaft.

"No," he said abruptly pulling out of her mouth. "Turn around. Hands and knees. I want to fuck you."

Although she was disappointed, Heather did as he asked. She was already kneeling on the floor, so all she had to do was spin around, put her hands down, and present her ass to him. "I love not having to wear a condom with you," he said as he positioned his cock at the entrance of her pussy. As she started to press back into him, but he put a restraining hand on her hip. "Don't move." The flash went off again and she knew that he was taking a picture of her pussy as he was about to push in.

"Why?" she asked, even though it didn't matter because she was more than willing to do anything and everything he asked.

"Because," was all he said.

He fucked her hard and fast. She knew he wasn't going to last long because she already had him on the edge with her blowjob. Much to her surprise, the rough treatment and rapid thrusting was perfect, she started cumming just as he erupted inside her pussy. It clamped down on his cock and they moaned in tandem.

The blowjob had lasted maybe ten minutes while the actual act of intercourse was not more than a minute, yet Heather found herself oddly satisfied, even as Nick pulled out and they half climbed, half stumbled onto the bed.

"That was intense," she complimented him.

He didn't acknowledge her praise. "Lay back and open up your legs," he ordered

her.

“You want to fuck me again already?” she asked. Her voice was thick with exhaustion but she was secretly pleased he was so eager to have her again. It gave her a jolt of confidence she normally didn’t have during sex.

“No.” He didn’t elaborate any further, but the phone was back in his hand and before she realized it the flash was going off again. His cum was starting to leak out of her pussy and he had it between her legs, recording her sore pussy. Once again a burst of embarrassment flashed through her mind, but there was no resisting Nick. He took a few good shots of her pussy, and then pulled back a bit to get her entire body in the frame. “Play with your tits a bit,” he ordered.

Normally Heather didn’t pay all that much attention to her breasts. They were there, sure, but it wasn’t her primary source of enjoyment during sex. Still, she cupped her breasts and lightly pinched the nipples as he continued to take pictures.

“You going to jerk off to these pics?” she asked him, a wry smile on her face.

He chuckled. “Yeah. Maybe.”

“Oh? Am I just a conquest and you’re saving these for posterity?”

“Sure,” he agreed and put the phone away, satisfied with what he had accomplished.

Another possibility occurred to her. “You aren’t going to post them on the internet, are you?”

Nick shook his head. “No. Not unless you want me to.”

“No thank you.”

“Then I won’t.”

They laid together on the bed for a minute, enjoying the sensation of each other’s skin, before she asked, “What next?”

“I fuck you a few more times tonight, and then once in the morning, and then we

go home.”

“And that’s it?” she asked, a little disappointed.

“What were you expecting?” he asked. “This is just a conference affair. It doesn’t go any further than this.”

“You don’t want to have sex with me again after this weekend?” she asked, a bit angry.

“I didn’t say that. I’d love to fuck you again. But I’m married and we both know this is just a fun fling. It doesn’t go any further. It can’t.”

She understood his reasons and his logic, and she agreed with them, but the reality of the situation didn’t make her any happier.

“You’ve got your souvenir pictures of me,” she said. “What do I get from you?”

“I’ll send you the pics,” he offered. “And I’m also keeping your panties.” That made her laugh. She wondered what he would do with them. The first image she had was Nick trying on her tiny silk bikini bottoms and found she didn’t have much of a lust for cross dressers. Besides, Nick certainly wasn’t fat, but he was much too muscular and large to fit into her panties.

“Thanks. That’s really generous.”

He didn’t miss her sarcasm. “What would you like from me?”

Heather found she didn’t have ready answer. “I’ll think of something.”

They rested a while and then, knowing they had limited time together, they started caressing and playing with each other again. This time Heather climbed aboard Nick’s body and slowly rode him. She took great pleasure in the way his cock filled her. It wasn’t customary for her to touch her tits when having sex, but she took this little display upon herself, sitting back while she squeezed her tits and pinched her nipples. She could feel him getting more excited inside her and was hoping for another big blast of his spunk, so she was disappointed when he made a request of her. “Turn around.”

“What?” She paused in her slow humping of his rigid cock.

“Turn around. I want you to ride me the other way. Reverse cowgirl.”

“Uh...okay.” She sort of knew what he meant, but it took her a few seconds to actually will herself off his cock—and immediately wanted it back inside her. After turning around and straddling his hips one more time he helpfully guided his cock back into her pussy.

This was definitely new to Heather. She had been on top of men before, but never facing their feet. As she started rocking her hips back and forth Nick added up and down thrusts with his cock and it occurred to her this was the exact same arrangement of body parts that was her favorite position: doggy.

She was surprised at the noise that emanated from her mouth when Nick’s cock ring hit her in the exact right spot.

“See? I knew you’d like it.”

“Yeah...” she moaned.

His hands rested on her buttocks, helping her move to the right rhythm. “You’ve got a great ass.”

“Yeah...” She wanted to make a better acceptance of his compliment, but what he was making her feel was too intense.

“Firm and not too small.”

The familiar flash of his smart phone camera filled the room again. She didn’t mind he was taking a picture; not only was her face not in it, her body was too occupied with lovely sensations at the moment to care.

He lightly spanked her. Heather didn’t particularly care for that, but it was light and not really a full-on spanking. More of just playful fun.

And then Nick ran his thumb over her sensitive back entrance. She started to freeze up.

“Don’t...”

“Relax,” he instructed her. “You loved it earlier today.”

That was the truth. She hadn't ever had a desire for anal, but this man had already stuck his thumb in her once and was going to do it again. Instinctively she knew he wanted to fuck her there but she wasn't ready for that, not yet.

"Yeah..." she said once again.

His thumb pressed on the little puckering of muscle, and then it was inside her. He pressed deeply and she could feel his thumb against his cock, separated only by a thin wall of tissue. It was incredible. His cock ring was in her pussy right where she liked it and his thumb was doing exactly what she wanted and needed without ever having realized it before.

Her orgasm was painful. The way it shook her body and caused her pussy to spasm wasn't at all comfortable or pleasing, but the relief it gave her was glorious. The noises she made she knew were inhuman, but she didn't care. It was one more way that Nick had shown her—unintentionally—that she knew so little about her own sexual desires and needs

She was still in the throes of her climax when Nick abruptly finished inside her. The familiar flood of male cum causes an aftershock inside her body that was nearly as good as the original. "Thank you," she whispered. "Thank you."

She didn't remember falling asleep, but she did remember waking up. Her hand was curled around Nick's soft cock. He was still asleep and she had woken up horny. There was only one thing for her to do. It was easy to get the ring past her teeth and slowly start sucking on his soft, flexible flesh. While not a fan of giving blowjobs to soft cocks, Nick's manhood quickly grew inside her mouth. She wanted to give him a pleasant good morning wake up blow job, but that quickly dissolved when she realized he was fully awake.

"Hi," she told him looking up from his crotch with a few stray strands of hair in her face.

"Good morning, beautiful." He grabbed her face between his hands and pulled her up to him, gave her a kiss, and a moment later he was fucking her missionary style, like they were an old married couple given only a few moments in the morning to have sex before the children wake up.

Even so, it was a good round of sex.

They showered together, with Nick taking time to again carefully shave her pussy, removing the tiny bit of stubble that had grown, before shaving his own pubic area. As they dressed, Heather was overcome with a bit of sadness because she knew she'd never see him again. "You aren't crying, are you?" he asked when he saw her wiping her tears away from her cheeks.

"No. No. Just a little sad."

He smiled. "You still haven't asked for a souvenir from me yet."

Knowing she'd never see him again gave her the courage to ask, "Can I have your piercing ring?" Even Heather was surprised to hear the words come out of her mouth.

"What?"

"Your ring. Can I have it?"

Nick laughed nervously. "I'm sorry, hon, but that's not going to be possible." He had just finished zipping closed his suitcase and was ready to check out.

"Why not?"

"It's semi-permanent, and I can take it out, but I need a special pair of pliers to open it up enough. It's just not possible."

"Oh." Heather tried to hide her disappointment.

"Here, I've got something I think you'll enjoy." Abruptly he whirled her body around and rudely yanked down her pants and underwear. A second later she found herself half bent over the edge of the bed as his hard cock probed between her legs. Despite the rough handling, Heather found herself reaching down between her legs and guiding him into her.

It was a short, fast fuck. He took no time or care and only made certain to get his own rocks off, leaving her pussy a wet mess of semen. After he pulled out he kissed her on the cheek and said, "Thanks, this was fun. Maybe again next year?"

He zipped up his fly and was out the door before Heather could answer. A used quim was her parting gift and it wasn't enough for her.

As she pulled her panties into place to catch the inevitable drip of cum that was sure to last a few hours, Heather started making plans. She wasn't going to wait until next year's conference.

Chapter Four

BACK AT HOME, Nick looked down at his wife as she sat in her dressing table chair while putting on his chastity cage. It was a clever little device made of surgical steel that completely encased the shaft of his cock in a curved network of metal bars. A rigid ring went around the base of his cock and balls to hold the shaft in place. He was somewhat proud that he had to wear a custom built rig because his cock size was much larger than average. Apparently enforced male chastity was something that normally attracted men with smaller dicks.

“There!” Rebecca announced as she slipped the integrated lock into place on the retaining ring and extracted the key. She gave his caged cock a little shake of satisfaction. “He looks a little sore. Were you busy this weekend?” She grinned up at him while brushing her long black curly hair out of her face.

He met her smile and grinned back. “Just a little.”

“Does it feel good to be locked back up?” she teased him. The words drove right to the base of his sex drive. It had been less than our hours since he had fucked Heather and already he wanted to have sex again. His cock briefly tried to get hard inside the steel cage, but was immediately thwarted. He took a deep breath and tried to control himself. If Rebecca saw the swelling she would punish him and he’d enjoy that a little too much.

“Yes,” he quickly admitted, not breaking eye contact with his wife. “How did you spend the weekend?” Changing the subject to something non-sexual was the only way to keep things from getting out of hand. Right away he realized it was the wrong question. His wife left alone on the weekend wasn’t going to spend the time quilting or cleaning.

“John came over and fucked me raw,” she told him bluntly.

“Oh.” The words started his cock twitching and Rebecca noticed.

“You’re being a very bad boy,” she observed as his cock struggled against the steel. “I let you off the leash for an entire weekend and this is how you repay me? By wanting more?” There was an edge to her voice, but she was teasing as well.

“I’m sorry. The image of him with you just popped into my head and...”

“We agreed that your conference this weekend was to be your reward. No sex with me for two months and you could fuck anything you wanted while at the conference, right?”

“Right,” he agreed.

“And I saw the pictures of the pretty girl you fucked, so that’s not the problem.”

“No.”

“You’re just being bad.”

“I’m sorry,” he apologized.

“That’s not good enough,” she told him. Even though he knew it was coming, he didn’t flinch away. It was because he knew it was coming he didn’t flinch. The consequences would have been worse if he had. He hand smacked his naked, exposed balls with a firm, practiced hand. He gasped and staggered a little but managed to remain upright. As was normal in their little ritual, he was naked and she was fully clothed, today she was casually dressed in jeans and soft sweater. That only made things worse for Nick because he was easily turned on by being naked in front of his clothed wife.

After smacking his family jewels once she grabbed them firmly and squeezed. This sort of pain he was used to, but that didn’t make it any easier to endure.

“We agreed sixty days, didn’t we? You stay in that cage for sixty days.”

“Right.” He found it hard to focus when she had him in hand.

“John’s going to be very busy over the next few weeks and you’re going to get nothing.”

“I know.”

She carefully rolled one of his testicles between thumb and forefingers, squeezing it lightly but hard enough to give him a stomach ache. “He came in me six times this weekend. Well, seven, actually, once was in my mouth. His semen is so tasty. He drinks pineapple juice just for me. It makes him sweet.”

Nick didn’t reply. He hadn’t been asked a question so he didn’t need to answer.

“We last fucked maybe two hours ago, before you got home. He left you a special present.”

This he couldn't just let slip by. “He came in you?”

Rebecca slowly nodded, still rolling his sore balls between her fingers.

“Do you...” He paused and cleared his throat. “Do you need me to clean you up?”

“You'd like that, wouldn't you?” she asked him.

“Yes. It's my job and I like to do it.”

She now shook her head in feigned disbelief. “A man who likes to clean another man's cum out of his wife's pussy. What kind of man is that?”

He didn't want to answer, but he did. “The best kind?”

That made her laugh. She pulled his face down to hers and gave him a kiss. “Kneel.” When he did so she stood up in front of him to unbutton her jeans and tug them down over her curvy hips. Nick knew what was expected of him. When she sat back down in her plain white cotton panties he carefully removed her jeans from her legs and then pressed his face between her legs. His mouth was separated from her sex by only the thin layer of cotton. Inhaling deeply he could smell the familiar scent of his wife's pussy mixed with the unmistakable odor of another man's cum.

“I'm dripping,” she informed him as she leaned back against her dressing table. It was a pose she often struck after John had left their house. “And it's not because I'm turned on by you.”

Nick nodded in understanding. “I know.”

Once she had his acknowledgement, Rebecca lifted up her hips, stuck her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, and pulled them down, exposing her pussy.

She neatly shaved her curly black pubic hair into a nice isosceles triangle. Clinging to the hairs were a few small blobs of white cum that John had left

behind. More importantly, there was a small trail of his cum slowly oozing out of Rebecca's pussy. Nick's cock tried to get hard again, but he ignored this very human reaction. As he pressed his face into his wife's cunt to clean up the semen her boyfriend had left behind he glanced down at the crumpled panties on the floor and noticed they were practically soaked with John's cum.

Nick didn't hesitate as he met his wife's hot labia. He made his tongue wide and flat, licking upwards to gather as much of John's cum as he could. It was impossible to tell how much spunk her boyfriend had left behind, but Nick was determined to find out.

In her home Heather wasn't thinking any sexual thoughts at all. She was entirely focused at the task at hand. In the information age nothing was a secret any longer and because part of her business was keeping her company's information safe, she knew more than a few tricks to ferret out all sorts of information about people. Nick had given her his phone number, so he could send her texts, and on top of that she knew his full name, who he worked for, what he did for a living, what type of car he drove, his age, and approximately where he lived. From there it was incredibly easy to find out what she wanted to know.

Nothing please Heather more than finding out he was less than an hour away. She already knew he was married but she wasn't worried about her rival. Rebecca was older than he and judging from the photos on Nick's Facebook page, wasn't nearly as pretty as her nor did she have as good a body. It would be incredibly easy to pry him away from her. As she continued her research Heather didn't understand what Nick saw in his wife. True, you couldn't tell everything about a person by what was on Facebook and other social media, but Heather thought she was a rather good judge of people and Rebecca seemed incredibly boring and plain.

What Nick needed, Heather told herself, as a fun and adventurous girlfriend. That she could easily provide. Rebecca was just a distraction that would be easy to send on her way.

The first step, Heather told herself, was to be bold but not pushy and obnoxious. The last thing she wanted to do was come off like a crazy stalker girlfriend. She waited until Tuesday, two days being a reasonable amount of time, before she

sent Nick a text.

Hi! I had a great time with you this weekend at the conference. I was hoping we could continue our work together.

It was a bright, light message that could be interpreted a hundred different ways. She knew she had to be patient and wait for him. Crazy was never attractive.

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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And Giselle's Mother

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The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

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Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

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Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

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Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

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Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

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Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

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