

From The Many Sexual Misadventures of
Winifred Polk

Learning Curves



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Smashwords Edition

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Learning Curves

Chapter One

Winnie's face was bright red with embarrassment. She was glad her grandmother was on the other end of the telephone and unable to see that her normal calm façade had crumbled away. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Grandma," she apologized. "When I set up that profile on the dating site, I must not have been thinking and put in your email address instead of mine."

It was fine to have been named after her grandmother, Young Winnie loved Old Winnie, but she knew exactly what had happened when setting up her profile. When she clicked on the email field for those interesting in contacting her, the computer had popped up several possible choices of address and she had simply chosen her grandmother's instead of her own, but entirely by accident.

"It's fine, dear, I didn't read any of them except for the first." She paused a moment and Winnie didn't know what to say. Then her grandmother said, "I must say, he seemed intensely interested in you."

"Oh shit," Winnie cursed under her breath. When her grandmother stressed a word like that, it held a lot more meaning than what she was actually saying.

"Watch your language, dear. Anyway, I've forwarded all the other emails to you."

"I'll change the address right away," Winnie interjected.

"Do that." Again, the grandmotherly pause came up. "You aren't doing anything you shouldn't be doing, are you, honey?"

"No, no," Winnie reassured her. "This is just how it's done nowadays, Grandma."

"Uh-huh." Her grandmother didn't sound completely convinced. "But I'm glad you're out there again. How long has it been since Justin?"

Justin was her ex-boyfriend. She had been with him two years before she had

ended the relationship. It had been six months—six long, dry, boring months—since she had broken up with him and spent too many nights alone, crying. It was odd that she cried about the end of the relationship because she was the one who had broken up with him. “Six months, Grandma. Six months.”

“Too long for a young girl like you.”

“Thanks, Gram. But I don’t think twenty nine is all that young.”

“Young enough, these days. When I think of what I was doing at twenty nine and what you are doing...”

“Gram!”

After getting off the phone Winnie rushed to the website, changed her profile’s email contact, and then started sorting through the emails Gram had forwarded to her. They all were intensely interesting. That had to be because of what she put in her contact info.

She looked at the tagline she had written only two days earlier. Late twenties woman into having a few adventures. I don’t have any kinks of my own but I’d love to help you explore yours.

That line was enough to generate over a hundred emails, all forwarded by her surprisingly tech-savvy grandmother. Maybe that was a typical response rate, but Winnie had no way to gauge if it was average or not. With a determine sigh she started plowing through every one.

Chapter Two

The date had gone surprisingly well Winnie had to admit to herself. Greg was polite, well-dress and well-mannered, which shouldn't have surprised her but it did because they met on a website designed specifically for people looking to hook up for sex, not for a lifetime commitment. The restaurant was nice, neither too casual nor too intimate. They had initially decided to meet for drinks, and then go to dinner if drinks weren't enough, but they hadn't decided what to do afterwards.

"A movie?" Greg suggested as they waited for the server to bring the check.

Winnie half-smiled. He was almost too polite and well-mannered. "I don't think so." It had been six long months and Justin was behind her now. "If this was the seventies I suppose one of us would be asking your place or mine. But I think I'd rather go back to you place."

"My place?" Greg was either an excellent actor or truly was taken by surprise.

"Your place for sex," Winnie said with a confidence she didn't entirely feel but wanted to project.

"For sex?" Now he sounded truly stunned.

"Keep it up, cowboy, and you won't be getting any." She gave him a knowing wink which seemed to puzzle him even more.

Greg's apartment was surprisingly nice for a man living by himself. The living room was a mess, but the bedroom was fairly neat and tidy. Maybe he had planned ahead; maybe he just didn't bother to pick up in the living room where he watched television and didn't do much else. The moment they walked through the door, he pressed her up against the wall and kissed her with a ferocity that she didn't know he had within him. The entire date he had been polite, almost demure, but the moment the door shut he was a wildman. His

tongue went down her throat while one hand cupped her breast as the other one went down to her ass where he slowly started gathering the material to her dress and pulling it up with the intention of revealing her panties and tucking his hand into them to grasp her ass.

She didn't let him get that far. Winnie pushed his head back with her hands, kissed and bit gently on the side of his neck, and then fell down to her knees. His crotch was now at her eye level and that made it easier for her to unbuckle his belt and open up his pants. Underneath his casual khakis Greg was wearing a pair of black athletic-style underwear that clearly showed the outline of his erect cock. Winnie leaned forward and inhaled his scent. It wasn't particularly strong, but his smell was acceptable to her. If anything had smell off to her at all, that would have been the end of it. Smell was critical to Winnie. As a reward for his good hygiene and natural correct combination of pheromones, Winnie pulled his underwear down to his thighs, letting his cock spring out at her. She grabbed the shaft in her left hand, steadied herself by holding his thigh with her right hand, and licked the half of his cock that wasn't in her hand.

"Oooh," he moaned, looking down at her. More than anything he wanted to lock eyebeams with her to put a metaphysical cement on their now purely physical bond.

Winnie caught his eyes as her tongue reached the end of his cock. A bit of precum was seeping out. She tasted the slightly sweet, slightly salty flavor he exuded and once again approved. She backed up a bit and resisted smacking her lips. "Care for a blowjob?" she asked him. His cock wasn't huge, but it was more than sufficient. Long, but neither too thin or too thick, with a gentle curve upwards culminating in a prominent crown that fit nicely between her lips.

"Sure." What else would a polite new lover say? He certainly wasn't going to say no to an attractive and willing woman. "Here or in the bedroom?"

Not bothering to answer, Winnie engulfed his cock's head in her mouth and sucked firmly. More of his precum excited her tongue and she knew they'd be in bed shortly. There wasn't a need to give him a blowjob to make him hard—he already was—and she didn't need to do it to convince him to have sex with her—they'd both already made that decision. She blew him because she wanted to, because she hadn't had a cock anywhere near her body in half a year, and because it was just the polite thing to do.

As she blew him Greg pulled off his shirt, stepped out of his shoes, and managed to get his pants and underwear off without much difficulty or disturbing Winnie from the fine art of fellatio. They had barely been in his home five minutes and already he was naked. Winnie was fully dressed, but she was determined to rectify that in a minute. Abruptly she stood up, but didn't release her grip on his cock. "Where's the bedroom?"

Greg pointed and she followed where he indicated, pulling him along by the cock, heading for his bed. Winnie swung her ass a little more than necessary as she pulled Greg along. She had more confidence in her rear end than in any other part of her body. Winnie wasn't exactly overweight, but she was firmly in the curvy category. Some men appreciated a prominent ass and so, as much as possible, Winnie led with that part of her anatomy. She wished her tits were bigger, but no matter how much weight she gained or lost, her chest seemed stuck at the same time it was in college.

Entering the bedroom she spied the bed, yanked him along, letting him fall on his back onto the rumpled sheets. Greg probably could have spent a little extra time at the gym, but he was in reasonably good shape and had thick, muscular thighs. He kept his feet on the floor and she knelt down between his feet to take his cock in her mouth again. It was more of a need to satiate her oral fixation than it was to get him off.

Even so, she didn't want him to cum in her mouth. Winnie knew exactly what she wanted in a sexual encounter. Abruptly she stood up and yanked her shimmery blue panties down, exposing her pussy to him for half a second, before rucking up her dress around her hips as she crawled on top of Greg. The two of them reposition their bodies, trying to align themselves correctly. It was their first time together so it took some effort to put everything in order. Eventually Winnie just grabbed his cock and slid down on it. She moaned pleasantly as he filled her up.

"Ever fuck someone while she was still wearing her dress?" Winnie asked as her hips started pumping up and down on his.

"Yeah."

"Oh yeah? When?"

"Old girlfriend. Up against the wall in the back of a dance club." His answer

came between quick puffs of air as his breathing increased. “Show me your tits.”

For a moment Winnie considered pulling down the top edge of her dress, which was already a fairly low cut scoop neckline, but then said the hell with it and stopped grinding her hips on top of Greg. She awkwardly yanked the dress up and over her head, leaving her clad only in the blue bra that matched the panties already on the floor.

“Nice,” Greg complimented her as he reached up to caress her tits through the silky material. She shivered at his touch, her nipples hardening within the bra, and resumed her movements, slower now, taking her time to enjoy every sensation. The bra wasn’t exactly a pushup style, but the styling gave the illusion of more cleavage than she actually possessed. Maybe because they were already fucking and there was no longer any hurry to get to the next step, Greg didn’t immediately try to yank her bra off. She moaned a little as he thumbed her nipples, but didn’t make actual skin to skin contact with them.

“You like that?” he asked her.

“Uh-huh. It’s been too long.”

“What’s been too long?”

“Since I’ve had a good cock.”

He grinned up at her and then suddenly froze. “Oh shit! We’re not using a condom! Stop stop!” He tried to push her off and pull out of her cunt. It was hardly the reaction she expected from a man she had told she was open to playing with kinks.

“Don’t bother, I’m safe.” She pushed her hips back down, unwilling to have him leave her body. “No babies.”

“What about, you know, diseases and all that.” His anxiety was palpable.

“I’m clean,” she told him. “I haven’t been with another guy in six months.”

His eyes went a little wide. “Six months?”

“Yeah,” she sighed and closed her eyes. “Keep going.”

“You like living on the dangerous side of the life, don’t you?”

Winnie couldn’t really concentrate on his question because his cock felt wonderful inside her. “Uh-huh.”

He let her grind on him for another minute, resting his hands on her hips as he lifted up to meet her, but then quickly grew bored with that. Winnie didn’t resist when he unhooked her bra and pulled it off her. To his eyes, her tits were wonderful, round and full, capped with the lightest brown nipples. She bent forward and dragged them along his skin, but he pushed her up so he could watch her tits gently shake and move as they fucked.

“Is it okay if I cum in you?” he asked as he started to approach his peak.

“Yes. Do it!” She was practically begging.

That was all the permission he needed to grab her hips and give up all pretense of being there to pleasure her. At the moment, it was all about his needs. He slammed his hips up and into her as hard and fast as he could. Winnie didn’t complain so he didn’t stop doing it until he came. He grunted several times as he came, each grunt announcing a little spurt of semen deep in her pussy. Her eyes snapped open and Greg was certain she was cumming as well. When he finally finished he grabbed her and pulled her down on him so he could whisper in her ear, “Thank you.”

Eventually she rolled off him and lay next to his strong, warm body. She could feel his spunk slowly seeping out of her pussy but she didn’t want to leave the bed to go clean up. “Did you cum?” he finally asked her when the silence had pervaded the bedroom for too long.

“Aren’t you supposed to ask me if it was good for me too?” she corrected him. “Did the Earth move? Did you reach nirvana? Did you get your cookies?”

“That’s a little too selfish, don’t you think?” he asked.

“Right. Yeah, I came. A little.”

“A little.”

“It wasn’t the mind-bending orgasm I was hoping for.”

“What can I do to get you off?” he politely asked. Greg was very polite. It was starting to unnerve her.

“I usually need a vibrator or a hand to have a really good orgasm,” she told him. “I don’t suppose you have a vibrator here?”

“No, but I do have a pair of hands.” He held them up showing them off playfully. “How do you want me to use them?”

She parted her legs a bit, letting some more of his cum seep out, and said, “One on my clit and I like it when the guy lightly pinches my nipple.”

Knowing the he had just cum in her, she expected him to be slightly repulsed by the idea of touching his own cum. Justin had been like that. But not Greg. He put his hand between her legs, dipped his fingers into her pussy, getting them wet and slick with their combined juices, and started to work on her pussy. He knew what he was doing.

Winnie sighed and brought her knees up, opening up her pussy even more, while grabbing his hand and bringing it to her breast. He found her nipple and held it just the right way. He clit was on fire under his busy fingers and in almost no time at all he played her body just the right way to fire off a satisfying orgasm, much better than the first one he had given her. She cried out softly to let Greg know his services were appreciated.

She leaned to the side and kissed him. “Thank you.”

“My pleasure entirely.”

They cuddled together for another few minutes, just like a normal couple would after sex. Winnie could feel more of Greg’s sticky spunk start to slide out of her pussy. It wasn’t uncomfortable, but she was used to either using condoms with Justin or cleaning up immediately afterwards. “Would you mind if I went to the bathroom to clean up?” she asked.

“Do you want me to go with you?” he asked a little too eagerly.

She was confused by his keenness to help. “I’ve been washing myself since before I was five. I can do it all by myself.”

“I’d be happy to do it for you,” he offered again. “If you want, we can shower together.”

“I wasn’t planning on a shower right now.”

“We can still take one together,” he said. “Cleaning up after sex is part of the fun, don’t you think?”

Things started to click for Winnie. “Oh. Is that your kink? You said you had a kink you wanted to explore and I’m sure having sex with someone you barely know isn’t your kink.”

“Sort of,” Greg hedge, but Winnie barely heard him.

“Okay, let’s go shower.” She had already made the decision to spend the night with him. A shower wouldn’t be a bad way to keep things going until he could get hard again.

His bathroom was decently clean and maintained. It only took them a minute to adjust the temperature of the shower and get in. Greg made her stand directly under the spray, soaping her skin and gently massaging her as he washed her back.

“Okay. This is nice. But is this really your kink?” she asked. “Showering with a woman?”

“Um. No, not really.”

His answer was honest, but he still didn’t give her the information she was looking for. “Okay, so what is it. Fucking in water? Or is it something really bizarre? Like pretending you’re the Kraken and I’m Andromeda?” She winked and laughed at him. Truthfully Winnie had never had sex in the shower, but she was more than willing to try it. While shower sex wasn’t especially wild, she was willing to give it a go.

He laughed along nervously with her. “No, no weird Greek fantasies like that.” He continued to wash her, turning her body around to wash her breasts and stomach.

“Keep going,” she encouraged him, opening up her stance a bit to allow him

easier access to her pussy so he could properly wash her. Greg took that as an invitation to kneel down and wash her legs as well, bringing his face level with her sex. He leaned in and kissed her pubic mound and the small amount of hair she didn't shave but didn't bother to try to get any lower and eat her pussy. He mumbled something into her cunt but she didn't hear him.

"What?"

Greg repeated the words but wasn't any clearer.

She pulled him up to her face and gave him a little kiss. Her fingers caressed his face and she felt the slight stubble he had growing. "Confessing to my pussy isn't going to get you what you want," she told him.

He wasn't that much taller than her but he was reasonably muscular so it was easy to press her back against the shower wall and kiss the side of her neck. She didn't mind being pinned by Greg but waiting for the revelation of his kink was starting to annoy her.

"Do you want to do it rough?" she asked as he continued to kiss and nibble her neck. "Do you want to do it standing up? Tell me," she begged. "Tell me and I'll do it."

"Promise?" he asked.

"Uh-huh." Knowing she might regret keeping the promise, she was too curious not to give in.

"I want to piss on you," he said so quickly, so softly she almost missed it.

"What?" Winnie tried to keep the shock out of her voice.

The second time he said it, the words came easier. He had already made the confession. "I want to piss on you. That's why I want you in the shower. I want to piss on you."

"Like...all over my body?" Winnie was stalling for time. This definitely qualified as a real kink, not just some new sex position or doing it in public where they might get caught.

“Your legs, your ass, your pussy.”

Winnie tried to turn her head to look at Greg, but he kept her pinned up against the wall and kept kissing her neck. For just a moment she considered lifting up her leg, catching his balls with her knee, and running out of the bathroom and his apartment while he was crippled on the shower floor.

But then, she reconsidered. He had asked permission. He had brought her into the shower where the mess would be minimized. He hadn't asked to pee all over her face.

And she had put in her ad that she wanted to help her dates explore their kinks. She didn't want to make herself a liar. She didn't want to be the same person she was with Justin, boring and unfulfilled. She wanted to have a more exciting life.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because I've never done it before,” he confessed. He was breathing heavy at the moment, like he was in the middle of a race. “Because I want to mark my territory.”

All men were dogs, a college friend had often told Winnie. This very well might have been concrete evidence of that. She would have been happy—maybe—to do it for him if only because he had never been with a woman who had said yes before, but saying he wanted to mark his territory annoyed her. That made her want to say no and reject him.

But they were in the shower and she wanted to explore her limits and his big cock—not yet hard—was pressing against her and she figured that even if he did pee on her, it would be washed away right away. She wasn't his territory and that was that. But as a teenager she had done a lot of babysitting and more than once a baby had accidentally peed on her. How much worse could this be?

“Okay,” she relented to see what the experience would be like. “Go ahead and pee on me.”

Immediately Greg took one hand away from her wrist and grabbed his cock, which was growing with his excitement. A moment later a hot stream of urine splashed against her abdomen. It wasn't so bad. It did nothing to excite her, but Greg was obviously pleased. He directed the stream down one of her thighs and

up the other. The water from the shower washed away the yellow liquid as soon as it hit her body. "Turn around," he told her, half spinning her in the direction he wanted.

His piss stream momentarily stopped and then resumed when she faced the wall. The hot liquid then splashed across her ass, both cheeks, and then stopped again. "Turn back," he instructed. Once she was facing him again she saw his cock was half erect now and he was having difficulty getting it to cooperate so he could release the last of his urine. Greg aimed it at her pussy and after a bit of concentration his cock let forth a final bit of pee, striking her just under her belly button where the small dangly ring she had done back in college hung, but he directed the stream down to wet her pubic hair and drip down and under to her labia.

And finally it was over. The process wasn't terrible even though she still cringed at what he had done to her. But to Greg, it was the thrill of a lifetime. His smile was from ear to ear and his cock, still in his hand, was now fully erect. Greg bent his knees and adjusted his stance. Before Winnie knew what was happening, his cock was probing up between her legs and then he was back inside her. Their fucking was short and sharp. She was pressed up against the wall and the way his cock curved it ran right along her clit. It surprised her, but Winnie came from being peed on and then immediately fucked.

It wasn't that she climaxed, it was the intensity of the climax that alarmed her. This was Greg's kink and it got him off; she never expected it to get her off as hard and as satisfying as it did. Only with great self-control did she manage not to whisper the words "thank you" into his ear as they both recovered under the steady spray of the shower.

Greg, ever polite and well-mannered, was the one who said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," she replied. She knew her manners as well.

Winnie decided, because of her contentedness and near-exhaustion, opted to spend the night in Greg's bed. When she woke up the next morning light was already streaming through the window shades, but it wasn't the light that woke her up. It was Greg's hand between her legs, gently rubbing her pussy as he nibbled on her neck.

“I didn’t wake you, did I?” he asked her softly.

“You did,” she mumbled. “But it’s okay.” She reached down and found his cock. It was already hard and she ran her fingers along it, feeling the faint pulse of his head through the bulging veins that ran along the outside of his member.

Morning sex, Winnie thought as Greg moved on top of her, parted her labia with his fingers and easily entered her still moist pussy, was the nicest because it was so languorous and gentle. Greg took his time bringing her up to climax, slow and steady, with nothing to prove and no need to reach the goal right away. She might have preferred a quick visit to the bathroom first to freshen up, but certain adjustments were easily made with a new lover.

Greg held himself back until Winnie shook with her first little orgasm. Once she gave him the sign she had been satisfied, his strokes became more vigorous and intense. He got off a minute later, filling her with spurts of cum as he climaxed. As he did so, he unintentionally gave her another small climax. Winnie didn’t need to cum hard each and every time she orgasmed—that would be too much for her, she knew—but the little orgasms and the quiet passion were every bit as satisfying.

When he was done, Greg rolled off her and let out a long, satisfied breath. “I’ve got to go to the bathroom,” Winnie announced, jumping out of bed and following the same route as the night before. She didn’t realize that Greg was following her until she had turned around to sit down on the toilet. “What are you doing?” she asked, a little surprised at being followed.

“Don’t,” he said as he grabbed her wrist and pulled her to the shower.

Winnie pulled back on her arm. Her bladder was full and she had just been well fucked. Her body was telling her she needed to pee and he was preventing that. While she wasn’t at the point of pain and crisis yet, she would shortly need a bit of relief. “I need to pee,” she insisted and hoped he understood exactly what she meant, not that she wasn’t being clear, but he seemed wrapped up in his own concerns at the moment.

Greg all but dragged her to the shower and knelt down in front of her but didn’t release her hand. “Go ahead,” he encouraged her, moving in between her legs, his face just beneath her used pussy.

“What?”

“Go ahead and pee on me.” He looked up and caught her eyes. He was grinning happily, madly. Her new lover wasn’t kidding. He wanted her to let loose on him.

“You’re kidding.” She was fully awake now and a little repulsed. This wasn’t how she had imagined waking up with Greg.

“No. Go ahead and do it. I thought you said you wanted me to explore my kink. This is it. I want you to piss on me.”

Winnie sighed and closed her eyes as she rested the back of her head on the shower wall. The worse part of the situation was that she really did need to pee right now and Greg wasn’t letting her go. It was different from last night where he was pissing on her; this morning he wanted her to pee on him. It should have been easier, but it seemed such a violation of what was expected of decent treatment of other human beings. It was wrong, a violation of manners.

And he wanted it more than anything in the world. But she couldn’t do it for him.

A little spike of pain hit her bladder. She looked down at Greg. He was poking her right above her pubic bone, pressing right on her bladder. “Don’t,” she begged.

“Just go ahead and let loose,” he pleaded. “I want it.”

The way he begged, the position he was in, the fullness of her bladder were all working against her instincts. Only after closing her eyes again was she able to fulfill his wish. She relaxed a bit and let her urine fly. It felt strange to stand up and pee; that was something a man did. But that was the least of her worries. She could hear the way her pee was hitting Greg’s face and body. She had no control over where exactly she was peeing but Greg didn’t complain.

Like any morning micturition it seemed to last forever. That undoubtedly pleased Greg. She couldn’t imagine what would compel a man to want a woman to do this to him, but that wasn’t her primary concern at the moment. Her primary concern was to fulfill her promise to herself: to help her new lovers explore every kink that she could. She was doing that now.

Finally her bladder was drained and she sighed with relief, half because of the satisfaction of being empty and half because the ordeal was over.

“Thank you,” Greg told her as he stood up. To her consternation he leaned in and kissed her. She could smell her urine on his skin and his kiss left a salty taste on her lips.

“Turn on the shower,” she told him.

But Greg wasn't done. Not yet. Although his cock was still mostly hard, he somehow managed to relax enough to allow a stream of his own urine to fountain out of the slit on the end. Winnie remembered Justin telling her the most frustrating part of trying to piss after waking up was morningwood because the way a man's cock filled up with blood made it next to impossible for him to pee without losing his erection. Somehow Greg had managed to short-circuit this particular function of the human body. His piss sprayed across her abdomen and ran down her body and legs, but it was no worse than the night before.

When he was done, he silently turned on the shower and let the water run over both their bodies, letting their combined sins wash away.

As they showered together Winnie wondered if this was how her life was now going to be, fulfilling men's strange kinks. She wasn't sure if that qualified as suffering or doing the necessary work that other women weren't up to.

Chapter Three

“How did your date with that new man go?” Grandma asked. “What’s his name? George?”

“Greg, Grandma, it was Greg.”

“Greg then. How did it go?”

They were having dinner together. Her grandmother was one of the few members of her family Winnie could speak with without having an argument. “It was...fine.”

“So it wasn’t fine then. What went wrong? Was he rude to you? Some men have no manners when meeting innocent young ladies.”

Grandma could be surprisingly prim at times.

“I’m not so innocent, Gram. And no he wasn’t rude he was...” she trailed off.

“He was what?” she prompted her granddaughter.

“He just wanted to do some things on a first date I wouldn’t normally do.”

The prudish look Grandma gave her was in strong contrast to the words that followed. “I know the kids nowadays have sex on the first date, Winifred,” she said. “I had sex on first dates.”

“Grandma!”

Her grandmother with her wire-framed glasses, gray hair, and lined face didn’t seem to be the type of woman to have sex on a first date. She seemed more of the type to knit sweaters and have tea. “I grew up in the Sixties, honey. Everyone did it that way. I can even remember at least two young men I had sex with...but I didn’t even know their names. Wild times, back then.”

“Grandma, I don’t need to know that.”

“Every generation thinks they are the first to invent sex, or at least invent unusual sex. So tell me, was it just a sex on the first date or was it something more.” The way her grandmother leaned in and waited for the answer unnerved Winnie, but that didn’t stop her from answering.

“Yes, we had sex on the first date,” she admitted, “but that wasn’t the disturbing part.”

“So what was it that upset you?”

Winnie hesitated, uncertain about revealing to her grandmother what she had been doing with Greg. As it stood, she had no intention of seeing Greg again. While he definitely had a strong kink, it wasn’t one that was for her. She couldn’t see herself getting pissed on for the next twenty years if they managed to build a relationship. “He wanted to pee on me.”

“He wanted to pee on you? That’s...unusual.” Grandma was being generous in her evaluation of her date.

“Well, he wanted to pee on me and he actually did.”

“Where?”

“On my legs mostly.”

Her grandmother rolled her eyes. “No, honey. In his bed, in the kitchen, on the back porch? Where?”

“Oh. In the bathroom, in the shower.”

“Pfft!” Grandma Winifred had a slightly annoying habit of dismissing anything she didn’t need to worry herself with by expelling all the spare air from her lungs. “That’s not. Very practical. No mess when he was done, I suppose.”

Winnie goggled at her. “You aren’t...I don’t know...weirded out by what he did?” She purposely left out the fact that she had peed on Greg—at his request—because that was just a little more information than Grandma needed to know.

Grandma shrugged. “It’s strange, I’ll grant you that, but it’s hardly criminal. I once had a relationship—a very short relationship mind you—with a guy who

wanted to hold my hand when he took a crap on the toilet.”

“Oh gross.”

“That’s what I said to him after a week.” Grandma sat back smugly. “Don’t stick with a man who doesn’t make you happy or makes you do things you don’t want to do.”

“Thanks for the obvious advice, Gram.”

“Don’t be snotty, young lady.”

“Sorry. But why are you telling me these things, Gram?”

“I just want you to know that when I was young I was a lot like you.”

“I don’t need to know that.”

“But if you want to talk or need some advice, I’m listening, dear.” She patted her granddaughter’s hand. “I won’t judge.”

Winnie wasn’t sure of that.

Chapter Four

The second time Winnie went through the emails sent to her new and correct address, she was more circumspect and forward about what she was looking for and willing to do.

It was a lot more work and Winnie almost opted to just pick a lucky man at random and say the hell with it. Instead, she quickly read over the emails she received, if the writer was coherent and seemed intelligent, she responded with a quick email of her own. “Tell me what your kink is and how you want me to participate in it. Consider this an essay question.”

She regretted putting the phrase “essay question” in the second sentence. Easily half the initial respondents didn’t bother replying. Winnie took that as a sign that she was probably better without them. A few of the replies were so long and detailed that it was almost like she was correcting college essays on advanced erotica writing—and most of the students were failing miserably.

After too many long descriptions of what men wanted to do to her and for her, Winnie was relieved when she received a refreshingly short description from a prospective partner.

I want to tie up my wife and have sex with you while she watches from across the room. Sorry that’s not more exciting, but that’s what we want. We’re not trying to fool you; we actually want to try this out. We’re more than willing to meet in public to discuss what we want. Thanks.

It was the thanks that really got her. It was a touch of politeness too many of the other letters were missing. The fantasy was fairly dull compared to some of what she had been reading, but Winnie was more than ready to live out a dull fantasy. The best part was this couple’s fantasy included nothing she wasn’t already willing to do.

She wrote them back.

That resulted in a series of emails and chats that drew in Winnie more than she expected. Helen and Jay seemed a dull couple other than their need to live out this little fantasy they had cooked up. They were older than her, and based on the few pictures they had shared, a little heavier than her, but that didn't bother Winnie. The more they discussed making their fantasy come real, the more Winnie wanted to make it happen. One night after a particularly long and intense chat with the couple, she went to bed and masturbated furiously to great relief. It ended with such a powerful orgasm she all but soaked the bed. She went so far as to taste herself from her fingers and found the flavor enticing.

Meeting the Heffernons was an exercise in excitement and dreary routine. They decided on a chain restaurant with an attached bar. The bar was the obvious choice in case anyone wanted a quick getaway. No one did. From the bar they proceeded to the restaurant for a meal and more conversation. Winnie thought everything was going well. They both seemed a little reserved for what the proposal was, but that was part of the game, she supposed. It was Winnie who moved things along quicker than the Heffernons expected.

As they finished the meal and the conversation was winding down, Winnie said, "I really like the two of you. I'm going to be bold here for a moment. I'd be happy to go back to your place and finish what we discussed earlier." She winked playfully at the both of them and added a little laugh.

The couple looked nervously at each other. Jay spoke first. "We sort of made an agreement before coming here tonight. We decided not to bring you home with us—or go home with you—regardless of how well dinner went."

"And I think it's going great," Helen exclaimed. "I'm almost willing to forget our agreement...but I think I ate too much and," she lowered her voice, "I don't think sex would be all that great tonight."

"I agree," Jay said with more than a touch of disappointment in his voice. "Though I'm willing to make an exception honey..." he asked expectantly of his wife. She slowly shook her head in response. "Should we make a date for next week?" he asked Winnie.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with them, Gram.”

“I’m not sure if you should be bringing me this sort of question, honey.”

Winnie had called her grandmother just to see what the older woman would say to the proposition that the Heffernons had made her. Once again she left out some details, but she wanted to see how far she could push Gram.

“Actually,” she continued on, ignoring what her grandmother had said, “I don’t think there’s anything wrong with them. They’re just trying to enliven their marriage.”

Gram made a noncommittal noise.

“I’m looking for you to be my moral compass.”

“You’re moral compass. Are you sure, dear girl?”

“Yes. I’m asking you is it moral to have sex with a man while his wife watches.”

“And she wants him to do this?”

“Yes. She’s tied up and everything, but she wants him to. Or maybe he wants her to and she’s going along with it.”

“Why the hell is she tied up in the first place?”

“Maybe so she doesn’t lose control of herself when were in the middle of getting busy?” Winnie was a little unclear on that as well, but it didn’t matter to her all that much. “Maybe she likes getting tied up?”

“I honestly sometimes don’t understand young people these days.”

“Maybe she wants to pretend to be forced. Some women really like watching porn. It’s not just for men and stag parties any more.”

Gram started to say something, then regained her composure. I think you’re just trying to get a rise out of me.”

“No, I really want your opinion.”

Over the phone Winnie could almost hear her grandmother closing her eyes before she said, “I suppose if everyone is in agreement and not coerced, it’s fine. More than one marriage has survived infidelity but this doesn’t really qualify as infidelity, does it.”

“Thanks, Gram. That’s all I needed to hear.”

The Heffernons’ house was small but pleasant, set on an unassuming suburban street nestled in between some thin woods and a busy road. As it turned out, they had no children—yet—because as Helen put it, “We’re still sowing our wild oats. We were both a little repressed in high school and college. Now’s the time to explore, right?”

Winnie couldn’t have agreed more.

This time there was no big meal, just a cheese tray and a vegetable dip along with a glass of wine, but Winnie barely tasted her drink as they chatted about nothing in the Heffernons’ living room. It was Helen who actually moved things along first.

“No need to be shy, right?” she said abruptly as she stood up and put her wine glass down on the coffee table. Jay and Winnie said nothing as the curvy wife quickly stripped off her blouse revealing a white and green corset that pushed up her tits into a remarkable display of mammary power. Catching Winnie’s gaze she explained, “Jay got it for me a few years ago. It’s fun to put on and wear to certain formal events, but it’s absolutely no fun to wear during sex. Too restrictive.”

“But it looks great,” Jay said as she unbuttoned her pants and pulled them down as well showing that her corset had matching underwear that was surprisingly conservative. And just like that Helen was all but naked. “Shall we go to the bedroom?”

Helen led the way, followed by Winnie who couldn’t take her eyes off the other woman’s ass, and the rear was brought up by Jay, who undoubtedly was watching the both of them.

In the bedroom Helen headed to the corner where a sturdy wooden chair was

resting. Jay went to a box next to the bed and opened it so he could start pulling out all sorts of leather straps and metal restraints. Winnie stood uncomfortably in the middle of the room, watching.

“Are you ready?” Jay asked, standing up and turning around.

Winnie almost answered, but luckily Helen spoke up first. “Yes. You know I am.” While Winnie was watching Jay, Helen had sat down in the chair and crossed her hands behind her back.

“Care to give me a hand?” Jay asked Winnie. “It’ll go quicker with your help and then we can get to the main event.”

“Ha,” snorted Helen. “That’s not the main event. I am.”

Even though she was puzzled by Helen’s answer, Winnie happily assisted Jay to binding his wife to the chair.

Helen’s hands were cuffed behind her back with hard metal shackles which were then locked to the frame of the chair with another set of cuffs. Leather manacles went around Helen’s ankles which in turn were locked to the chair’s legs with short pieces of chain and a pair of padlocks. It didn’t stop there. A thick leather belt went around Helen’s waist which was then locked to her handcuffs and chair. From under the bed Jay pulled out a metal rod almost a yard long. On each end were leather loops that could buckle. He needed Winnie’s assistance to put the spreader bar between Helen’s knees, run the straps around her legs, and fix it into place. The rod and other restraints forced Helen into an awkward and almost position. She was held firmly in place with her knees held wide apart; if she was naked her pussy would have been forced open and exposed. Just by participating in binding Helen, Winnie found herself excited at the possibility of what was about to happen; she could feel it in her panties. She looked into the metal box and found only a few items remaining. What she pulled out next looked precisely like a black leather dog collar.

“Should I put this on her?” Winnie asked as Jay made a few adjustments to the spreader bar.

After glancing up Jay replied, “Of course!”

“That’s the first bit of bondage gear we bought,” said Helen. “We got it at

PetSmart. I still wonder what the cashier must have thought when she saw Jay sizing it around my neck.”

The two laughed but Winnie felt uncomfortable. Although she had helped Jay put the other pieces of bondage equipment on his wife, putting the collar on Helen seemed obscenely intimate and wrong. The black leather collar felt like a hundred pounds in her hand. Helen caught her discomfort and tossed her hair back while lifting up her chin. “Go ahead,” she encouraged Winnie. “Put it on me.”

Taking a half step back, Winnie shook her head and handed the collar over to Jay. The married couple continued to laugh while Jay fixed it in place around her neck. Winnie looked in the metal box one last time and saw a blindfold and what she knew was a ball gag, though she had never seen such a device in person ever before. She grabbed both. “Do you want to use these too?” she asked them as Jay finished linking the collar to the chair with a heavy chain and lock.

“Of course not,” he said. “I want her to watch us.”

“And if I have the gag in I won’t be able to tell you to stop fucking my husband,” Helen added.

“Oh,” Winnie replied and dropped the two items into the box. Jay, however, grabbed them back out and placed them on the dresser next to Helen.

“Be good,” he told her, “otherwise I’ll be forced to use these.”

“Promises, promises,” Helen taunted him. Jay leaned down and kissed his wife on the lips but allowed his hands to slip lower, into the cups of Helen’s corset. With a bit of manipulation he managed to push down the corset and pull out her tits, exposing her full breasts capped by light brown nipples. “Is this how you treat your wife?” she asking, teasing and shaking her torso just enough to jiggle her breasts.

“No, this is how I treat her,” Jay said and dropped his hand lower, down between Helen’s legs and into her panties. Almost by reflex she tried to close her legs and protect her pussy, but between the restraints and the spreader bar that proved impossible. As Helen strained, Jay pushed his hand into her panties, feeling her sex. The unmistakable sounds of female genitalia being manipulated reached Helen’s ears. When Jay pulled his hand free he commented, “You’re wet.”

“Well, yeah,” Helen replied. “What we you expecting? The deserts of Arizona?”

“Maybe a wife who has a little more self-restraint,” he said before turning around and displaying his fingers to Winnie. “What a slut, huh?”

Helen’s scent wafted over to Winnie and she realized it wasn’t all that different from her own. While the act of getting tied up excited Helen, Winnie was somewhat shocked to realize that tying up the other woman had excited her as well. She was certain that her panties were as wet as Helen’s. Making a bold move she grabbed Jay’s hand and put two of his fingers in her mouth, tasting Helen’s cunt second hand. He smiled at her in approval.

“Are we going to fuck or not?” she asked him, turning away from Helen.

What followed was almost a perfectly traditional interlude of sex. They stripped each other of their clothes and fell into bed where Jay proceeded to kiss his way down her body, pausing at each breast and then fiddling with her belly button piercing before eventually winding up spreading her legs to eat her pussy.

“That’s right, go down on that slut.” Helen’s words came from across the room and Winnie froze for a moment. She had all but forgotten that Helen was watching them.

“Shut up,” Jay called before delving his tongue into Winnie’s pussy. He licked deeply then ran his tongue up to her clit. Winnie groaned in pleasure and Helen laughed.

“She likes it, doesn’t she?” Helen called. “How much are you paying your slut?”

Winnie found Helen’s taunts distracting and annoying. Jay, however, seemed to get off on it.

“Nothing,” he said, taking a half-break from cunnilingus. “That makes her a better deal than you.” Jay got up from between Winnie’s legs and reached for the nightstand. He pulled out a box of condoms, opened one up and rolled it on his hard cock while Winnie watched. “You ready to fuck?” he softly asked Winnie.

She glanced uncertainly at Helen who was watching intensely. Her face was a mask combination of lust and fascination and revulsion. Winnie looked away but not before Helen taunted Jay. “You won’t need that rubber. Even if you do

manage to keep it up, I bet you're firing blanks anyway."

Before moving back to Winnie, Jay said, "One moment." He stalked over to his wife, his cock bobbing up between his legs and covered by the latex sheath, grabbed the ball gag and shoved it into Helen's mouth. For just a moment she resisted, but Jay pushed it behind her teeth and buckled the device behind her head. "You were warned," he reminded her. "Don't make any distracting noises or I'll put the blindfold on you as well."

The gag didn't perfectly silence Helen, but it made talking coherently impossible. She was reduced to making vague sounds and grunting noises. To stress that she didn't want to be blindfolded, she shook her head. "Good," Jay said and then slapped her across the face.

Winnie gasped in surprise, but Helen actually seemed to expect it. A red mark was left on her face and she grimaced behind the gag, though Winnie conceded that it might have been a smile of satisfaction. Jay sauntered back to Winnie, pushed her back down on the mattress, and shoved his cock into her pussy.

It was a satisfying fuck. Jay knew what he was doing when it came to a woman's body, though Winnie was already keyed up from the long buildup before the actual sex. When Winnie glanced over at Helen she saw the other woman watching their every movement. There was no hate in her countenance, only eager anticipation. It was uncomfortable for her while she looked at Helen, but turning away made thoughts of the wife fade away. That and his cock up in her pussy.

He made her cum first. That was satisfying. She enjoyed the pulse and throb of his cock when he came, finishing up their coupling. They laid together on a bed a minute before Jay rolled off her and headed to the bathroom with the condom still on his cock. Winnie looked over at Helen and saw her staring back with a strange grin behind her gag. Then Winnie saw that Helen was slowly moving her hips, trying to angle them down and rub her pussy on the surface of the seat. It was a pointless struggle and Winnie watched for a minute before she realized the power she had over Helen.

Pushing down the sheets that partially cover her body, Winnie put her hand to her pussy and gently rubbed her clit. Helen's eyes narrowed, jealous that Winnie could masturbate but she could not. Winnie closed her eyes and took pleasure in

her body, rubbing her pussy and clit with one hand and pinching her nipple with the other. The second orgasm came quickly and Winnie let out a satisfying groan of triumph.

The sound of metal on metal snapped Winnie's eyes back open. Jay had returned from the bathroom, his condom gone, his cock mostly soft, and he was in the process of unlocking his wife from her restraints.

"What are you doing?" Winnie asked, a bit alarmed.

"I can't fuck my wife if she's tied to a chair," Jay told her calmly.

The restraints came off quickly, as if they had practiced or done this exact same thing before, though Winnie couldn't have imagined they had. In less than a minute Helen was free and she was pulling her husband over to the bed where Winnie was laying. The fact she was joined on the bed by the couple vaguely disturbed her but they barely seemed to notice her. For all Helen had said earlier she didn't bother to remove her corset, she just pulled off her panties, giving her husband access to her pussy. Winnie noted that Helen still wore her collar and the leather ankle cuffs, but everything else was gone. There were red rings around her wrists where the cuffs had dug in, that disturbed Winnie, the visible effect of pain, but otherwise they seemed like a loving couple about to have sex.

And they were about to have sex. Somehow Jay's cock was erect again with nothing but the encouragement of his wife's hand. Winnie had expected him to need a little sucking at the very least, a job she had been willing to do, but now she seemed superfluous. There was no need for her there. Jay climbed on top of his wife and entered her. Helen groaned in appreciation of his cock.

Seeing that the two of them were fully engaged, Winnie started to slip off the bed. She wasn't sure if she was leaving the bed, the bedroom, or the house, but she knew she needed to get away.

Helen grabbed her arm before she could make good her escape. "No, don't go. Stay." Her grip was incredibly strong, the type of grip a woman usually used on her lover's back or the sheets as she was approaching climax. There's no way that could be, Winnie reasoned, because Helen and Jay had only been fucking for a minute at most.

But, no, that wasn't the case either. There had been the long buildup from the

time the Heffernons had propositioned her, the dinner, the drinks, the ordeal of tying down Helen, to Helen watching her husband fuck Winnie, to her release. It wasn't just a minute of fucking, it had been minutes, hours, days of working up to that fucking.

Helen pulled Winnie's hand up to her mouth and kissed it. Then she pulled Winnie down to her and kissed her as well. It wasn't the kiss of a lover, but of a friend, a cousin who needed to express great affection.

And Winnie watched as the married couple fucked. Helen had a series of orgasms, one small one after another, each one slightly more intense than the previous, and through it all, Helen never let go of Winnie's hand. It took longer for Jay to cum with Helen than with Winnie. Maybe that was because Winnie was new to him, maybe it was because she was his first fuck of the day and he had more staying power with Helen, or maybe he was just used to his wife's pussy and it didn't have the exciting lure of newness.

It was strange, because Winnie had just been fucking Jay, but she found herself extremely jealous of the Heffernons. They seemed like they were truly in love. At one point she thought she had that with Justin, but now realized that wasn't the case. Jealousy was such an ugly emotion to have during a display of love and beauty, so she pushed it aside.

When it was all over Helen said, "Thank you."

"For what?"

"For doing this for us. There's no way for us to show how much we really appreciate it."

Chapter Five

“Can I tell you something, Gram?”

Tea with an older lady seemed like such a cliché, but with Grandma Winifred it seemed completely normal and casual.

“Is this about the odd young fellow you’ve been seeing?”

Her question was inaccurate in its assumptions and that caught Winnie unawares. “Uh...no. I haven’t seen Greg in over a month.”

“Oh.” Now it was Gram’s turn to be surprised. “I would have thought that the way you’ve been acting, so happy and glowing, that you were in love...or at least in lust.”

Winnie laughed. “Something like that. But I’ve moved past Greg. I’ve moved on to Jay...and Helen.”

Gram raised her eyebrows slightly. “Jay...and Helen.”

“Like you haven’t done something like that in your time, Gram.”

“Well, no, not exactly. But young kids nowadays...are you happy with what you did?”

Winnie gave the question a moment’s reflection as she sipped her tea and then said, “Yes. I’m happy. I made them happy. I made myself happy.”

“Well, that’s good. If you aren’t making yourself happy, there’s no point in doing all this, is there? I mean, you aren’t doing this because you’re miserable, are you?”

“No, of course no.”

“Good then. Tell me all about Jay...and Helen.”

And she told her grandmother. Not everything, but the important parts.

To be continued...

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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