



Penny's Secret Life

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



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Also by Elliot Silvestri

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Margeaux Known As

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The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

I want to fuck you tonight. Room 134.

Robert looked at the question card, blinked once, smiled, glanced out at the audience, and turned it over into the discard pile. “Sometimes the question cards say nothing more than ‘Great talk’.” He smiled. “Always nice to get immediate feedback.” There was a small amount of laughter from the crowd. “Moving on. ‘How do you deal with students who simply don’t care?’” He moved back to the topic at hand. It was the first time he had ever received an offer of sex during question and answer time. Usually the cards really were just routine education questions or short compliments. This new question puzzled him a little, but more importantly it excited and worried him.

An hour later he was in the hotel’s bar slowly nursing a beer and taking more casual questions. It wasn’t part of the speaker’s fee but he liked to meet those who showed up. High school and middle school teachers were often an odd lot, completely different in person and casual than they were in the classroom. But after an hour of casual questions and drinks he was ready for bed. Just as he was about to rise from the table and excuse himself a new woman sat down with the other three teachers who had been monopolizing his time.

“You never answered my question today,” she said abruptly. Robert caught himself and sat down. She wasn’t unduly attractive, but was striking enough. Youngish, maybe thirty-five with curly brown hair and matching brown eyes. Though her blue flowered dress did much to hide it, he noticed she was undoubtedly sporting very large tits.

“What question was that?” he asked politely.

“How to deal with students who are rude and too forward in the classroom.”

He shook his head. “Sorry. I don’t remember that one. Maybe I accidentally skipped over it.”

“Fair enough,” she said. “Can you answer it now?”

The other teachers looked expectantly at him. Robert launched into his usual pat answer of proper teacher behavior followed by discipline techniques and following school procedures exactly even if the teacher happened to disagree with them. The others listened attentively and nodded along.

She tilted her head as she listened and then pulled out a slip of paper from her purse and passed it to him. “Sounds like you have a lot more to say on this.”

He waved his hand casually. “I could...” he trailed off and accepted her paper. “But what did you want to know?”

“We could go on all night,” she said. “That’s my email address. My name’s Penelope Rogers. Send me whatever you think is interesting. Thanks for your time.” She smiled, got up from the table and left. Robert couldn’t help but watch her retreating ass. It swayed nicely inside her dress that was fitted but not obscenely so. A thought occurred to him and he glanced at the paper. Pennyrogers@yahoo.com. 518-555-6749. How do you deal with rude and overly forward students? Especially ones that proposition you in class. Room 134. Tonight.

He blinked and tucked the paper into his shirt pocket. After allowing the other teachers a few more minutes of questions he stood up, excused himself, claimed exhaustion, and left the bar.

Room 134 wasn’t hard to find, but he hesitated at the door for a long minute before knocking. Was he there to start a relationship or to have sex? He knew the answer—to get laid—but he didn’t want to admit that to himself. He knocked and waited half a minute before stepping back and starting to walk away.

“What took you so long?” Penelope asked as soon as she opened the door. Her turned back around. She was still in her flowered dress and held a cell phone in her hand. She spoke briefly into it. “He’s here. Yeah. I’ll call you later. Bye.” She disconnected the call, leaned against the doorjamb and smiled. “I thought you were going to stand me up. I didn’t want to go trolling the bar tonight. Come on in.” She stepped back and held the door open. He hesitated a moment then walked in.

“I’m not in the habit of meeting strange women in hotel rooms,” he said, apologizing for his presence and his intent.

“Neither am I,” she said. “I prefer men. You are here to have sex, aren’t you?” He was completely disarmed by her forwardness.

“Um. Yes. If that’s what you want.”

She grinned and fell to the large bed, bouncing on it slightly. Her grin hadn’t changed. “Yup. That’s why I invited you up here. Thanks for being discrete, by the way. It wouldn’t do for me to get a reputation as a huge slut.”

“Right.”

“And that was my husband I was just speaking with. I have to call him back in two hours otherwise...well, he’ll probably call the cops.”

“What?!”

“Just a precaution,” she said, idly undoing a couple of buttons at the top of her neckline. “I’ve never had trouble with anyone I’ve picked up at one of these conferences, but you never know.”

“You’re married?” He was shocked and alarmed at her casual admission.

“Yes.” She held up her left hand displaying an engagement ring and wedding band set. “Why are you surprised?” The question was asked innocently, but he started to think he was being put on.

“And he knows you’re cheating on him?”

“It’s not cheating if he knows about it, is it now?” she asked. “And we have an open marriage. And I’m horny tonight. If you want you can call him and get his approval.”

“No!” Now Robert was alarmed. The situation had gone from strange to surreal in a matter of minutes. He also couldn’t deny that his cock was hard and Penelope was just about everything he looked for in a woman.

“Okay, then do you want to have sex or not? If not, I would appreciate it if you left so I can get out my vibrator.” She stood up and started unfastening the rest of the buttons on her dress. Robert watched in stunned fascination.

“Yes, Penelope, I want to have sex with you,” he replied automatically. His libido had never taken him on such a strange path before. He was in the hotel room of a woman he barely knew, a married woman, who just wanted casual sex and apparently nothing else. If he had been in fifteen years younger he would have celebrated his good fortune, but now he was nervous and cautious. Middle age apparently had that effect on him.

“Then get undressed,” she ordered. Her buttons were all undone. “And call me Penny.” The dress fell off. Robert had removed his jacket and had started unbuttoning his shirt, but paused to admire her body. Penny wore a matching set of blue panties and bra. He could just barely see her light brown nipples through the lacey material of the bra. Her tits were huge, size D at least he estimated—hating himself that he could so casually evaluate a woman’s cup size and desire her just because of it—maybe even DD if this indeed was a dream. Her panties were modestly cut, full coverage in the ass—not a thong for this sophisticated lady—when she turned to pull down the covers on the bed, but the lace revealed nothing of her bush. Robert was immediately determined to find out if she shaved or waxed.

In another two moments he was out of his shirt and pants, socks and shoes kicked to the side. She glanced down at the tent in his boxers caused by his erect cock and smiled. “Come here, big boy,” she invited him into her bed. And then it was as if they had known each other for just the right amount of time. Her skin was smooth on his. She was confident in what she wanted and demanded it from him.

Robert fell on top of her, kissed her lips—pushing from his mind that she was married to someone else—and let her slip her tongue into his mouth. He rolled to his side and reached around her back. Remembering old skills from college he found the hooks to her bra and had it released in a moment.

“You are eager,” she laughed and pulled back to remove the small garment from her breasts. Once it was tossed aside he kissed one breast, then the other and took the tan nipple into his mouth and sucked hard. “Mmmm,” she moaned. “That’s good.” Encouraged her reached up and lightly pinched her other nipple. There was a light yelp of pain, but he didn’t release either tit for Penny’s hands hand wandered down to his waist. She pushed off his boxers with hands and then an expertly employed foot, all the while letting him suck and tease her tits. Once his underwear was gone, she started stroking his erect cock, not to make him

cum, but to encourage his attention to her tits, to keep him hard and ready.

“Okay, that’s enough. You need to go down on me,” she ordered and gently pushed on his head, indicating the direction his mouth needed to travel. Reluctant to leave her wondrous tits, he acquiesced and kissed his way down her smooth tummy. There were a few stretch marks on her abdomen hinting at perhaps motherhood status along with being a wife. He ignored these, hooked his fingers into her blue panties and pulled them free of her hips.

Her pussy was hairless. It was also wet. As he pulled the material free of her hips the crotch stuck to her moist pussy lips and then abruptly released. He pulled the lace down her legs. Once freed, she opened her thighs and displayed her wet cunt to him. Immediately Robert dived in, kissing her pudenda, her lips, her clit, and drove his tongue up her cunt. He couldn’t tell if she waxed or shaved. He didn’t care.

“Go, go,” she softly encouraged him. Robert slipped a finger into her cunt, curling it upward, searching for her g-spot. His previous girlfriend had reacted so easily to this trick before, but it seemed wasted on Penny. She responded to his licking and sucking of her clit and didn’t mind his finger inside her box, but his stroking was all but wasted. Still, not one to be easily discouraged, he continued on his quest to make her cum. Perhaps she wanted a finger in her ass...?

“Stop! Get up here,” she ordered him. Robert only needed a moment to disengage from between her legs, slide up her body, and kiss her. She accepted his wet kiss, tasting her own dew on his lips and tongue. He wiggled down and tried to mount her, but she pushed back, blocking his access to her pussy.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, puzzled.

“I’d love to fuck you all natural,” she said, “but I just met you. No offence, but if you want in the garden of delight, you’re going to wear a rubber.” She half rolled to the side of the bed and pulled a box of condoms from her bag. He wasn’t sure what to think when he saw the box was already opened and half gone. She pulled one out and handed it to him.

“Right,” he agreed. “Only makes sense.” It had been a while since he had used a condom, but it was an old skill that came right back to him and in a minute he had the rubber on and Penny happily laid back and spread her legs. Their bodies came together. Her pussy was wet and open. He easily slid into her.

“Ooh, that’s nice,” she moaned into his ear and wrapped her legs around his. Robert grunted in response and eagerly started fucking her. The first time of skin on skin when fucking was exquisite and they quickly found each other’s preferred position and rhythm. Robert didn’t bother with skillful technique or gentle loving. He simply slammed into Penny as hard and fast as he could and she accepted his eagerness and reveled in it.

And it was overall too quickly. Robert’s orgasm took over his body before he realized it and his cock was pumping out his spunk even as he tried to make it stop. He couldn’t prevent the inevitable and soon the condom was full with his juice.

“Sorry,” he apologized as he fell onto her.

“What for?”

“For cumming too soon. You didn’t cum yet,” he pointed out.

“True. Well, maybe I came a little bit. I don’t have screaming orgasms like porn stars. But we’re not done yet,” she told him.

“Oh?” he grunted.

She reached down between their legs and encircled his cock with her thumb and forefinger. The condom was still on and his cock was slowly shrinking. “Get off me, go to the bathroom, clean up, and get back here.” The tone of her voice told him he had no choice in the matter and he quickly fell to obey.

When Robert emerged from the bathroom, his cock clean and washed, she was still laying on the bed with her legs spread wide, knees up and cunt presented at the mattress’s edge. She pointed to the floor next to the bed. “Kneel and get to work,” she told him.

He didn’t need to be told twice. Robert now had a compulsion to please her. His knees hit the floor, his arms encircled each of her thighs, and his face went to her pussy. He eagerly set to stimulating her clit and dipping his tongue deep into her hole. She moaned and responded to everything that he did, but after ten long minutes his jaw was starting to get sore and tired. This made him frustrated along with Penny, she was on the edge and needed to cum.

“Use your fingers,” she ordered.

That was the permission he needed. His previous girlfriend had always been a bit timid in bed and was unwilling to try new games or experiment. Robert saw this as a freeing moment and took her right hand, bent the ring finger downward and inserted the index and middle into her pussy. She sighed in contentment, but he wasn't done. Altering the angle of his hand he wiggled the pinky up against her anus.

“Oh!” she exclaimed as he made contact and continued to push forward, forcing his pinky up her ass to the first knuckle and then almost the second. He then sucked and nibbled at her clit. That was exactly what she needed. Her body shook as the orgasm started and a whine of pain and pleasure escaped her lips. Her pussy got hot and she clamped her thighs shut.

“Oh, that was nice,” she told him when she was done.

“You're welcome,” he said, carefully pulling his fingers free of her pussy and ass. “Ever have the shocker before?”

“No,” she answered honestly. “But I have had one cock in my cunt and one in my ass at the same time.”

“Oh,” he said, somewhat disappointed.

“But this was great as well, just different. And you don't have two cocks, so that wasn't going to happen tonight. Come up and lay next to me.”

“Let me wash my hand first,” he said, running to the bathroom and washing his hands in the sink, paying extra attention to his pinky. Back in the bedroom and he had scooted over, making room for him on the bed.

“Your cock's still hard,” she said, running her finger along the underside, making it twitch unconsciously.

“Yeah, you've got me pretty keyed up.”

“Want a blow job to finish up?” she asked.

“What?”

This cause Penny to raise her eyebrows in all innocence. “What? You don’t know what a blowjob is or you’ve never had one before?”

“I know what it is and I’ve had them before...I’ve just never been offered one.”

“First time’s a treat then.” She wiggled down the bed and took his cock into her mouth. It was warm and moist and simply heavenly. Robert never had trouble finding a girlfriend, but he always seemed to find the women who were either duds in bed or started to see sex as a chore after the relationship lasted more than a few months. Penny was more eager to please him than any woman he had ever been with. And she was married so she should have had plenty of sex without involving another man. Unless her husband was impotent or terrible in bed.

In Penny’s opinion her newest lover had never had a proper blowjob. Even after cumming once not more than thirty minutes previous it only took her a few minutes of sucking his cock to tease out another orgasm from him. His hot spunk filled her mouth and she swallowed, letting his thick semen slide down her throat heightening his pleasure.

He moaned in appreciation and a bit of pain as she refused to release his sex until every last drop had been drained. “Stop,” he ordered her, half serious, half wishing she would never stop. She shook her head slowly while looking up at him. He locked eyes with her and couldn’t look away until his cock popped out of her mouth.

Abruptly she jumped out of the bed and found her cell phone on top of the dress. “Take my picture,” she ordered. Handing him the cell phone. She got back on the bed and put his cock back in her mouth, still wet and sticky. He flinched a bit—he was still super sensitive—and stared at her.

“What? Are you serious?”

She circled the base of his cock with thumb and forefinger, restricting the blood flow to keep it still partially erect. Then she took it out of her mouth. “Yes. I send my husband a picture of me with every man I fuck.”

Robert was truly shocked. “What?”

“Just take the damn picture,” she ordered. Once again the tone in her voice compelled him to obey. He pressed the button several times getting several

different shots of her posing with his cock.

Robert knew he should have protested more. He was certain the picture would shortly be posted on the internet, but who would be able to identify his cock in the mouth of some strange woman? And didn't she say she needed to be discrete? She was a teacher after all. Maybe she just shared them with her husband to tease him.

"Thanks," she said taking the phone from him and quickly scrolling through the pictures. "Good shots. I need to call him. Just a minute."

Robert lay on the bed and watched her in shock. The conversation shouldn't have surprised him, but it did. "Hi, hon. Yeah, just got done. I sent you the pix just now. Yeah. He's good. I don't know. I'll be safe. I always am. Yeah. Love you. Bye."

She stared down at him. She was beautiful nude, completely comfortable in front of him, her big breasts bobbling a little with each motion she made. Penny spun on her toes, flashed her curvy ass at him, put the phone on the dresser and slipped back in bed with him. "Care to spend the night?"

"Really?" Robert asked.

"Yeah. We can have sex again in the morning. I like morning sex."

Chapter Two

Morning arrived and Robert woke up next to Penny not remembering why he was there and who she was. A minute later, after he froze in the bed and desperately tried to fully wake and remember, it came back to him. Everything. He glanced at her tussled hair, her sleeping face and felt the warmth of her body next to his. His cock was hard and there was no reason not to... Robert ran his hand down her body, rested it on her hip, and pulled the sheets down slightly, exposing her oversized tits to the weak morning light. Her nipples were soft and still the lightest tan. He couldn't resist and simply lowered his mouth to her inviting breasts, took in a nipple and sucked gently. It took a moment, but the nip began to harden in the moist heat of his mouth.

She moaned slightly and rolled toward him. Robert prevented further movement by slipping his hand between her legs and sucking the breast harder. Automatically her legs opened and he felt the softness of her pussy. She wasn't wet or open with desire. Yet.

Penny lifted her hand and stroked the side of his face. Either she was awake now or was in the process. For just a moment he hesitated. Her wedding band and engagement ring felt cold and smooth on his skin. Was it right to fuck a married woman even though she initiated the entire encounter?

For a moment he couldn't answer the question, then her hand descended to his cock, pulling on his hardness. The answer was yes. He wanted to mount her but her pussy was too dry when he experimentally slipped a finger between her lips. She tensed up and pulled away when he did so making him resort to plan B: going down on her.

Instead she stopped him. "No, wait. I need to pee first." Fully awake now she pushed his face away and rolled to the side of the bed. There was a nice jiggle to her slightly too curvy ass as she trotted to the bathroom. Robert realized he needed to use the toilet as well, but didn't want to lose his erection in the process and decided to wait for her return.

A minute later after a flush of the toilet she was back on the bed with her legs

spread. “Go for it,” she said and sighed as his tongue slipped into her quim. He wasn’t trying to get her off this time. He just wanted her wet so he could fuck her.

When her pussy was good and slick he pulled his face away and climbed up her body. For a moment everything was perfect, he had his cock nudging into her pussy—she even had a hand on him to guide him home—when she abruptly sat up and stopped everything. “Shit. You can’t get inside me without a condom.”

Robert was temporarily disappointed but quickly found the box of condoms, rolled one on, and got back between her legs. This time there was no gentle probing. He needed to fuck her and he sank his cock all the way in, not caring if she enjoyed it or not.

She moaned in response. “Fuck. That’s nice. Hard. Fuck me hard.”

He did, slamming into her as hard as he could. He could feel his orgasm building and so could she apparently. Penny’s hand went down to his cock and abruptly grabbed him as he was pulling out to slam into her hard again. “Don’t cum inside me,” she instructed him.

“I’m wearing a condom,” he complained, angered at being interrupted.

“Take it off and cum on me. Shoot it on my tummy and tits.”

He paused, considered, then nodded. “Okay,” he agreed.

She let go of his cock and he pumped her a few more times. He was almost there. He didn’t care if she came or not. He pulled out, rolled off the condom, then plunged back into her pussy. She gasped in anger. Robert only thrust a few times in her wet and exposed pussy but it was enough. He then pulled out, thrust into his fist twice and pumped his cum on her tummy, tits, and was proud enough to reach all the way to her neck. It wasn’t much of a pearl necklace, but it was good enough.

He spurted once, twice, three times. Then a bit more dribbled out, landing on the soft skin just above her mons. Penny’s eyes flashed with anger. “You weren’t supposed to go in me without a condom,” she complained. Her emotions swung between the high of sex and the low of anger because of a trust betrayed.

“I didn’t cum in you,” he reminded her.

“That’s not the point,” she said.

“You liked it,” he said, resting back on his heels, looking at the drops of semen that decorated her body. “You’re beautiful with my cum on you.”

Penny sighed and closed her eyes. “Grab my phone and take a couple of pictures,” she ordered him.” Obediently he found her cell and opened the camera function. He zoomed in on the moisture on her body as she spread it around with her fingers. “You’re too close,” she told him.

“I’m trying to keep your face out of the picture.”

“I want my face in the pictures,” she told him, a touch of wickedness in her voice.

“Okay,” he agreed and pulled back a bit, making sure in each shot he showed her face, tits, and red slit of her used sex.

“This was supposed to be a treat for my husband,” she told him.

“What treat?” Robert asked, curious.

Penny said nothing and only ran her hand over her body, rubbing the semen into her skin. Robert watched, fascinated. He had only seen women touch and play with semen like that in a porn movie. “He likes me to come home in other men’s cum,” she said softly.

For a long moment Robert said nothing. “That’s weird,” he finally said.

“Don’t judge,” she said sharply. “You’re the beneficiary of his kink.”

“You aren’t going to shower?” he asked her. Her hands were now covered his cum. Her skin had a faint sheen to it where it had been spread and was now slowly drying.

“Of course not, that would spoil the scent of sex,” she told him. It was mesmerizing to watch her using his cum. He wanted to help, but didn’t know what help—if any—she needed. So he simply watched until she was done. When

the semen was spread and dried enough she rose up from the bed and pulled her clothes out of her overnight bag. "I'm going home," she told him pulling on a pair of red panties. "You should probably get ready to go as well. Or do you have something else to do today."

He shook his head and watched her dress. She pulled out a bra now and started to hook it under her breasts, to that she could turn it around and properly place the cups.

"Let me help you with that," he said.

"I've been dressing myself for a few years now," she snapped at him. "I know what I'm doing."

"Do you really want to wipe off the cum?" he asked taking the bra away and stepping behind her. She didn't resist as he slipped the straps up her arms and carefully placed the cups over her cum-slick breasts. From there it was a simple matter to hook it and make the correct minor adjustments. She then removed her pants and blouse from the bag. She really didn't need help with these, but he assisted anyway, zipping the pants, buttoning the shirt. She allowed him that privilege. She liked the fact he was dressing her while he remained nude. It made her feel powerful.

When her clothes were on she grabbed her toiletry bag and went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and hair. Only then did Robert begin to gather his clothes and slowly dress. When she breezed out of the bathroom she looked perfectly presentable: a middle-American working woman on a weekend conference for her job. He could just barely smell the scent of sex on her.

"It was fun," she said as she tossed her few remaining belongings into her bag. "We'll have to do it again sometime." She smiled and placed a piece of paper on the table. "My email and phone number." With that Penny walked out of the hotel room. Her phone was in her hand. "Hi, hon. Yeah, I'm just leaving now. I'll be home in an hour."

Robert sat on the bed wondering what had happened.

Chapter Three

Two weeks later in the cramped office he shared with the other members of the special education department of the school he opened his email and found among the many messages, a short one from Penny.

From: Pennyrogers@yahoo.com

To: CavallRo@csd.org

Re: next weekend

Want to get together and fuck again? Last time was great and I want to try something new with you. My husband loved the picture of you in my mouth. He wants more.

Robert stared at the message for too long and then hastily replied.

From: CavallRo@csd.org

To: Pennyrogers@yahoo.com

Re: re:next weekend

Don't send this to my work address. Use my private account:
robscave@gmail.com

He then quickly deleted her original email, his reply, the copies in the sent folder, emptied the trash and prayed no one would bother looking up his email

history. He knew it wasn't enough to just get rid of his copies, but it was all he could do.

He then immediately opened his gmail account and saw there was already a reply from Penny.

From: Pennyrogers@yahoo.com

To: robscave@gmail.com

Re: fucking me

Aren't you glad then I didn't send this pic to your work account? Do you want to fuck my married pussy again?

The attached picture was the one he had taken of his cock in her mouth. Her eyes looked innocently and sweetly into the lens. He was glad his computer faced the wall, out of sight of his colleagues. He stared at the picture for too long and then sent a hasty reply.

From: robscave@gmail.com

To: Pennyrogers@yahoo.com

Re: re:fucking me

Yes, I want to fuck you again. When? Where?

It only took a minute but her reply took too long.

From: Pennyrogers@yahoo.com

To: robscave@gmail.com

Re: re:re:fucking me

I'll tell you where after you go and get tested at the clinic. I want your naked cock in my cunt properly this time.

The hotel they selected was neither cheap nor expensive, just another hotel near the airport and Thruway where travelers, especially business travelers, could spend the night with a minimum of distractions. She was waiting for him when he knocked on the door. This time she was wearing a long black slip that was a combination of silk and lace, exposing a lot of flesh but not really showing anything. It was obvious to anyone walking by what her intentions with her visitor was. He wondered if they thought she was a prostitute and then realized there was no one walking by so it didn't matter.

"Come in," she invited him. "Care to get fucked?" she asked him.

"That's what I came here for," he said bravely.

"Do you have the report I asked for?" she asked as if they were associates working on a project together. He handed her the office lab results from the clinic and wondered how many times before this one she had done the exact same thing. She glanced through it. "You're clean."

"I told you so," he said, sounding a little smug.

She handed him a copy of her report. He barely looked at it. "You're awful trusting," she said.

"I don't like it when sex is the equivalent of a bank transaction."

That comment made Penny shrug. "Whatever it takes to get me off," she replied.

The hotel room had the same anonymousness of every hotel room in America. It was nice but nothing special. Then he spied the laptop sitting on the small desk opposite the large bed. It was open and already running Skype. "You were serious about this?"

“Yes. Why? Did you think I was just kidding around about having my husband watch?”

Robert shook his head and once again wondered what he was getting into. Yes, she was sexually willing, attractive, and available. But Penny was also a little too sexually adventurous and—most importantly—married. He didn’t know why that was important, but it was.

“I’m just worried that a cheap movie is going to be made of it and my face will be all over the internet.”

She shook her head at him. “There are millions of amateur porn clips on the web and you are worried about one more. Don’t forget my face will be there as well. I have just as much to lose as you.” her smile now turned the corner to risqué. “And danger is half the fun, don’t you think?”

Instead of answering her he walked over to the computer and checked the settings. There was no way to be certain they wouldn’t be recorded, but it didn’t hurt to check. The window for the other end had been minimized. Undoubtedly Penny’s husband was watching as she said he would. Apparently the two liked to play this game. The screen was filled with the image of the hotel room and behind him he saw Penny strip off her modest long slip she had been wearing. Beneath it she was naked. He licked his lips and turned around to look at her.

“He’s watching?” he asked, shrugged out of his light jacket.

She nodded, her eyes shining with anticipation. “Yes.”

“He’s going to masturbate as we fuck?”

Now she shook her head. “No. That’s part of the game. He has to wait for me.”

And now Robert shook his head. “I don’t think I could have a marriage like yours.”

“But you’re willing to fuck the woman in a marriage like mine?” she asked unnecessarily. He stopped unbuttoning his shirt. “Don’t be shy,” she said as she stepped forward and fell to her knees. Penny had no trouble unbuttoning his pants and pulling them down along with his underwear, exposing his rising cock. Before she took it into her mouth, she moved him slightly for the camera and

only then deigned to accept him between her lips. He pulled off his shirt and let her fellate him as he watched, self-consciously glancing at the computer every few seconds.

After a minute she stopped and stroked him. "Would you like to meet him?" Penny asked.

"What?" Robert was confused, he had already descended into a sexual stupor. "Who?"

"My husband. He's a nice guy."

Robert looked down at this strange woman. She continued to stroke his cock. "I don't think so."

"He likes to watch when I fuck other guys," she said. "He likes to watch in person."

"No."

She shrugged. "Your loss."

His cock went back into her mouth for another minute. Robert felt his orgasm rising and pulled away from her. "Get on the bed," he ordered. "Hands and knees."

"Finally," she said as she obeyed his demand. "I like it when a man tells me what he wants." She faced the laptop because, Robert realized, her husband was more likely to enjoy the expression on his wife's face as she was fucked by a stranger rather than seeing that stranger's ass thrusting and clenching. She assumed the doggy-style position and reached between her legs to spread her sex lips. Her pussy was glistening with her natural juices, already lubed and wet. There was no reason to be subtle. Robert pushed his naked cock into her open sex.

Penny groaned appreciatively as he pushed all the way forward, stopping only when his stomach met her ass.

"Good," she grunted.

They fucked for a minute. Penny huffed and puffed appreciatively while Robert

remained largely silent. Without giving her any warning he took his hands off her ass, grabbed both her arms and twisted them behind her back.

“Oof,” she complained as he drove her forward. Her head was twisted to the side and her chest was pressed into the mattress. “You like it rough?” she asked, not fighting back, but letting him take control of her body.

“Sometimes.”

“Going to cum inside me?”

“Yes.”

“Well fucking do it then!”

He started to hump her faster. She craned her neck, trying to glance at the computer screen, to see what her husband saw. Penny couldn’t see anything from her angle. Robert kept her arms twisted and pinned neatly at the small of her back. She could have fought back, but she liked to be dominated in bed. Not all the time, but now it was wonderful.

Robert wanted to cum, to fill her slutty pussy with his spunk, but he wasn’t there yet. She knew that. She knew he needed a little help. “C’mon,” she whined a bit. “Fill up my twat!”

He grunted. “Almost there.”

“Do you like cream pies?” she asked. “My husband does. Loves to eat another man’s cum out of my pussy.”

That did it. His orgasm was painful. His balls contracted, he could feel the semen rushing out his cock and into her. The contractions of his muscles hurt. Each spurt was a measure of pain followed by relief and pleasure, then more pain.

Penny grunted and wiggled beneath him, accepting his hot spunk into her body. He didn’t know or care if she had an orgasm. Robert could barely hold himself up after he stopped coming and so thrust one more time into her, collapsing on her, pushing her into the mattress, letting all his weight fall on her, pinning her down but releasing her hands.

They rested for a bit, then she spoke again. “You didn’t answer my question. Do you like cream pies? Do you want to eat mine?”

He shuddered a bit and rolled off her. “That’s your husband’s kink,” he said.

She looked at him, a bit disappointed, and rolled to her side. It was now that she truly observed him for the first time without the rose-tinted glasses of lust coloring her opinion. He was handsome enough, well-built, not muscular but not gone to fat, a nice cock— not too bit, not too small—with a scattering of hair across his chest and down to his cock. Nothing particularly remarkable about him, just a normal man who needed some sexual relief.

Her hand traveled to her soaked pussy, sticky with his cum. She slipped her fingers inside herself, making sure he was watching, angling her body for the computer as well. “Don’t you have any kinks you want to try with me?” she asked, a bit plaintively. “I’m willing to try almost anything. I’m your sexual plaything.”

In response he just snorted.

“Is that going to be it then? You’re going to fuck me a few times, then forget me, meet a nice girl who likes vanilla sex and nothing else and then have to go to some prostitute to get the real relief you want.”

He looked away, ashamed at himself for what he was doing. She continued to play with herself, teasing her clit. She wanted to pinch it and make herself cum again, but she resisted. If her libido dropped too low, she wouldn’t be able to tease his kink out of him and she wouldn’t be willing to do it for him.

“Or are you really so boring you just want to have plain sex and nothing else. You have an interesting career, but you have boring sex life.”

Those words hurt. He jumped up and pulled her from the bed, forcing her roughly into the bathroom. For a moment she wasn’t sure if he was going to beat her out of sight of her husband’s watching eyes, rape her in private, or lock her away. Instead he ordered her into the bathtub.

“What?”

“You heard me. Get in the fucking tub!”

Penny was a bit frightened. She didn't want to be drowned or beaten. Robert didn't seem the type, but few serial killers did. Not knowing what else to do and not wanting to anger him further, she obeyed.

“Kneel.”

She went down on both knees, the cold porcelain of the tub cooling her knees too quickly. It was uncomfortable and for the first time that she had been with a stranger, fucking in a hotel, she was scared.

Instead of kicking or hitting her or starting the water to drown her, he instead grabbed his cock and pointed it at her. Penny automatically opened her mouth to give him a blowjob. She was surprised when the stream of hot piss hit her in the face.

She opened her eyes briefly as he played the stream over her face, neck, and tits, but said nothing. A few drops got into her mouth. His urine was salty, acidic, but not the worst thing she'd ever tasted. His face was contorted with rage as he peed on her. She let him and did nothing except accepted his abuse.

Finally his bladder was empty. The yellow liquid puddle around her and clung to Penny's skin. He looked at her horrified at what he had done. Penny calmly stood. “Is that all you needed to do?” she asked quietly.

All he could manage to do was nod. After a second he burst out in tears. Penny calmly reached for him, pulling him into the shower with her. He was crying and sobbing now. Neither of them minded the urine that covered them both now. Her cried while wrapped in her arms. After a minute she half-turned and opened up the taps. Water sprayed on them both, washing away the piss, his cum, his tears.

After the shower they went back to the bed and had sex, plain vanilla sex. Nothing else.

Robert didn't remember falling asleep. It was Penny who nudged him away, of course. “You snore very loudly,” she complained.

“Sorry,” he said waking up slowly and remembering where he was. The hotel hadn't changed. The sheets were tangled and light was pushing through the

drapes. On the table the computer was shut down and closed. He wondered how she managed to do that before she fell asleep. "Want to have sex?" she asked.

"I'm barely awake."

"Doesn't mean we can't fuck." His hand went to his semi hard cock and she squeezed it appreciatively. "I think you need to fuck."

"Don't we have to turn on the computer?" he asked. "So your husband can watch?"

She shook her head. "Nope. That was last night. He's on his own this morning." She paused and thought a moment. "Well, at least until I get home. You need to cum in my pussy. I have to bring him home a creampie." Penny slowly stroked his cock while she talked. He couldn't help but give in to her request.

"Will you get on top?" he asked her.

Her face brightened. "Sure." She swung a leg over his hips and started aiming his cock at her cunt, then she froze and grinned wickedly at him. Robert had learned this was a bad sign; it meant she was up to something that he wasn't prepared for. "Want to pee on me first?" she asked. She carefully positioned her pussy right at the tip of his cock and slowly dragged her lips across his sex, teasing him mercilessly. "That's what you're into right?"

Robert didn't want to say or admit anything, but he had given all too much away already. He nodded in shame. Penny hopped off the bed and made a beeline for the bathroom. At the doorway she stopped and glared at him. "What are you waiting for?" she asked. "Don't you want to?"

"Yes," Robert said, almost obediently. He followed her into the bathroom. She was already in the tub, kneeling down and waiting for him. He stepped into the tub and closed his eyes, willing his erection to go down so he could release his piss.

Penny looked up eagerly at him, waiting for the hot pee to coat her body. As kinks went it wasn't the worst she had participated in. "Do you need me to help?" she asked after a minute of waiting.

He was still hard. "How can you help?" he asked.

“I don’t know. Make you nervous so you lose your boner?”

“Ha, as if that would work.”

“Talk to you about baseball?”

“Why would that work?”

“I find baseball boring and that would distract you?”

“Why would that distract me?”

“I don’t know, but it seems to be working.” The results were hard to deny. His cock had lost much of its turgidity and now the piss started flowing. He aimed carefully, spraying on her tits and down to her belly and then to air directly at her pussy. She hopped off her haunches and leaned back a bit so he would more easily hit the target.

“Turn around,” he said, stopping the flow.

Penny obeyed and presented her ass. He played the remaining stream over her upturned buttocks, letting the yellow liquid glide over her skin. The acrid smell filled the air and finally he was done. Robert smiled in triumph and satisfaction. “Let me turn on the water,” he said, leaning over her to grab the knobs.

“No. Wait.” She stopped him and concentrated a moment. There was no ordeal for Penny she merely concentrated a moment, still on her knees, and then suddenly her pee was running hot down her thighs, striking the bathtub and running toward the drain.

Robert gasped in surprise and quickly put his fingers to her cunt, feeling the hot liquid escape her body. It was fascinating and strange, even though he desired it. “That’s beautiful,” he complimented her when she stopped peeing.

“Thank you,” she said proudly as she turned on the water. They showered together quickly and efficiently. Penny spent extra attention on his cock, using too much soap, making his member slick and clean. She considered shaving her pussy in front of him, but that seemed a little much this morning. Maybe later. Finally they were clean and dried.

Penny walked out of the bathroom first and went to her small bag. When she turned around he was holding a pair of black cotton thong panties. “What are you doing?” he asked her. His cock was up and ready. Now that his bladder was empty he wanted to fuck her. She quickly pulled on her underwear, but then rolled into the bed.

“Getting ready to get fucked,” she said, raising her hands above her head to fully display her big tits. She brought up her knees and spread her legs open, exposing her panty-covered pussy.

“It’ll be hard to fuck you with your panties on,” he mentioned to her.

“Pull the gusset aside and slip it in, big boy,” she teased him and did so, yanking the thin strip of material aside to expose her wet and open sex. It was a bit much of wanton display, literally on third-rate porn movie levels.

“Why put them on at all?” he asked while he approached her, cock in hand, and got on the bed.

“After you cum in me, it’s easier just to slip them back into place rather than have to pull them all the way back on. I want to keep your cum inside me as much as possible.” He was now hard and had all but stopped listening. Robert put the head of his cock into her and Penny sighed in appreciation. He grunted in acknowledgment of her noises. “When you cum, cum deep,” she told him. “I need to keep it in me.”

“Your husband likes to eat other men’s cum?” Robert asked, his head shaking.

“I already said so.”

“Kind of gay.”

“It’s only gay if he was sucking your cock. Eating it out of me makes it totally het and proves he loves me.”

“What does that make me?” he grunted. Their copulation wouldn’t last long. He didn’t want it to. He needed to cum.

“The donor. My lover. Does it matter?”

It didn't. He bent his head down and took a nipple into his mouth, teasing it with his lips as he carefully stroked into her pussy. She inhaled sharply when he bit the soft flesh and then moaned, "Fuck yes." So he bit her again, this time harder, and then switched to the other breast, not teasing this time, but just finding the nipple and biting down.

"You're going to mark me," she said. It wasn't a complaint. Robert released her tit and latched on to the soft, delicate flesh next to her areola. He took this into his mouth and sucked and bit as hard as he dared.

"Stop!" she complained. He didn't and she didn't do anything to stop him. He kept thrusting into her and she held the back of his head with her hand. "You'll mark me," she cried.

That's the idea, he thought, still not stopping his sucking, biting, or thrusting.

Her hand tangled in his hair and she tried to pull his head away. He resisted and they struggled until he finally came hard into her cunt. With each thrust that spurted cum inside her he gasped with pain and pleasure. Normally Robert's orgasms were that powerful. He released her breast as he gasped and when he was done he collapsed onto her.

For a moment Robert thought he had seriously hurt his lover, she was shaking uncontrollably underneath him. But then he realized she was going through the last throes of orgasm as well. Her arms and legs encircled him. She gasped and breathed heavily as she came down from her ecstasy.

"You hurt my tit," she said bluntly when he rolled off her. His penis pulled wetly out of her cunt. A thin strand of his cum trailed across her leg and he breathed easier on his back. Robert took a close look at her wounded breast.

"That's going to be a nice hickey," he announced. "Your husband will know you've been fucked, all right."

She sighed in exasperation and repositioned her panties, hiding away her sore red sex and preventing the escape of any of his sperm before she was ready. "He'll know that from watching the video and eating your cum."

"I still wanted to mark you. Are you ashamed of what I did to you?" he asked. It was the boldest he could manage. His sex bravado was slowly dissipating. In a

minute he wouldn't be able to face the fact he had pissed on his new lover twice now.

"No, I just don't like the fact you didn't ask permission. And it hurts, god damn it." She got up from the rumpled bed and pulled the rest of her clothes out of her bag. "Are you going to help me get dressed?" she asked. She was angry, but she still wanted to play.

"No, I want to watch you get dressed. I want to be naked when you leave."

Penny rolled her eyes. "Men." Moving carefully, so as not to dislodge more cum than necessary from her pussy, she pulled on her bra, shirt, and then a skirt that hung modestly to her knees. The laptop went into her bag along with last night's clothes.

"No goodbye kiss?" he asked, still lounging on the bed. His cock was still a little wet from her pussy, but it was mostly soft now.

"Fine," she said with another roll of her eyes and went over to him. A quick peck on his cheek discharged her duty, but before she left she ducked down lower and kissed his cock. It twitched appreciatively in response. She then took it into her mouth, tasting their combined flavors—his spunk and her cunt—sucking him just enough to get him hard. Then she pulled back. "I need to go," she announced and walked out the door.

Robert lay in the bed a moment and then laughed.

Chapter Four

From: Pennyrogers@yahoo.com

To: robscave@gmail.com

Re: are you free?

The husband's going out of town this weekend. I'm not sure if he's meeting some jezebel or actually has to work. Want to fuck me in the marriage bed?

It only took Robert a minute to respond.

From: robscave@gmail.com

To: Pennyrogers@yahoo.com

Re: re: are you free?

Yes.

Penny's house was in the slightly more affluent section of the northern suburbs. She had never said what her husband did for a living, but it was apparent he was successful because there was no way she could afford this house entirely on her meager teacher's salary.

When he rang the bell he didn't know what to expect, but he did not show the least bit of concern that any neighbor might see his overnight bag. What did he care if they did? She opened the door dressed completely modestly in jeans and a t-shirt. Robert wasn't sure if he should be disappointed. Immediately he lost all his nerve and blurted out, "Should I park my car somewhere other than the

driveway?”

She grinned knowingly. “I’ll open the garage. You can hide it in there.”

He walked back to his car and drove it inside the garage, parking next to her modest teacher-level car. Penny opened the interior garage door and let him into the house.

“Is this just going to be a weekend where we fuck in every room until your husband comes home?” he asked.

“Is that what you want?” she asked.

“No, I just want to fuck you. I don’t have to do it in every room.”

“How about the bedroom?” she asked. “Want to fuck me in my marriage bed?”

“Yes.” They looked at each other nervously. Robert got the impression that though she had fucked plenty of other men at her husband’s request or knowledge; she had never done it in her bed before. So he had to call her on it.

“Ever do it in your bed with another man besides your husband?” he asked

“Yes,” she answered after a moment’s hesitation.

He turned his head, studying her. “Without him being there, watching?” he followed up.

Her eyes went down. “No.”

“Does he know I’m here tonight?”

“No.”

“Are you going to tell him when he gets home?”

Now she shook her head. “No. I want to keep this a secret between us.” She smiled wickedly. “Is that wrong?”

“No. When was the last time he fucked you?”

This question surprised her a bit. “Why do you want to know?”

“I want to know if I’m going to be fucking a pussy full of his spunk,” Robert said.

She walked over to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and gently pushing him down. His face was level with her waist. Without hesitation she unbuttoned her jeans. He slipped his hands around her hips and started pushing the denim down. “Why don’t you give it a taste and tell me?”

They hadn’t even made it out of the kitchen. Her jeans crumpled to the floor with a very modest pair of white cotton panties. Robert leaned in and kissed her naked pussy. It was freshly shaven, smooth and without a hint of semen, just her natural scent and moisture seeping out between the lips.

He tongue stayed busy between her legs, sucking and licking her clit as Penny backed up against the counter and spread her legs wider. Unconsciously her breathing came faster as he manipulated her perfectly smooth and now soaking wet quim. All she wanted was to cum right there in the kitchen, but Robert abruptly pulled back, but stayed kneeling between her legs. “I don’t taste anything but you in this pussy. When was the last time you were fucked?” he asked.

“I didn’t say,” she replied. “Make me cum.”

“I want to make you cum in your bed.”

She grabbed his short curly hair and pulled his face back between her legs. “Make me cum now,” she demanded. “I’ll make you cum in my bed.”

There was no reason for him to resist. He put his tongue back on her clit and reached up with his hand, slipping two fingers up her cunt and stroking forward. Unconsciously her legs spread wider. “In my ass,” she ordered, her voice husky and straining. “Put your finger in my ass.”

Robert didn’t need to be told twice. He pulled index and middle finger from her cunt and slipped his index back to her tight asshole. It was easy to push in the first knuckle, met some resistance at the second, and didn’t try a third. He wiggled his finger inside her body. She shivered with delight.

“Fuck I love that,” she said. “Faster,” she added as he started stroking her clit with his free hand.

He redoubled his efforts and finally she came with a high keening cry. Her body shook and she was barely able to remain standing. “God that was good,” she declared when she was done.

Robert pulled back and remained kneeling on the floor. His face was wet with her juices. “I want to fuck you now,” he said looking up at her.

“Don’t you want to pee on me first?” she asked. “You know, as a warm up?”

He shook his head. “No. Just sex.” He started to rise up, but she put a restraining hand on his head.

“One thing about this weekend,” she said. “I’m in charge. You have to do what I tell you.”

This demand caused him to look at her with a wry grin. “What am I? Your slave?”

“Not quite, but let’s remember whose domain you’re in.”

“Okay,” he agreed.

She nodded and stood up a little straighter while he remained on the floor. “Now, have you ever been tied up during sex?”

Upstairs in the bedroom Penny was completely at ease when she led Robert inside. She hadn’t bothered to put her pants back on, of course. Robert quickly evaluated the bedroom. It was nicely furnished with a big bed sporting tall wooden posts on the corners. A bathroom was attached to the room making it a full master suite. There were large dressers along one wall, a flat-screen TV was mounted opposite the bed with a few loose cables hanging to the writing desk below.

“Strip,” she ordered him upon walking in. He stood there a moment contemplating the bed, then automatically began removing his clothes. There

was no reason not to. Her husband was away. They were safe. There was precious little sign of him at all in the house. Certainly one of the dressers was for him, there had been a picture of the happy couple hanging among other family portraits on the way up the stairs—but Robert had carefully avoided looking at that picture. He needed to prevent any guilt over what he was about to do.

Penny had gone to one of the nightstands and pulled out a small box. As Robert undressed he saw her pull out a set of cuffs and chains. She had been serious.

“I’ve never been tied up for sex,” he blurted out. He was down to his boxers and nothing else.

Her wicked smile returned. “Good. First time for everything, right? A little bondage never hurt anyone.”

Now he was nervous. “That’s probably not true.”

As she untangled one of the longer chains she answered him. “Maybe with spanking or masochism, but not bondage. I’m not going to put a chain around your neck, just tie up your hands and legs. You’ll love it.” She tossed most of the items on the bed but held one leather cuff in her hand. It was made of soft black leather and sported a brass buckle and ring. It looked sturdy and perhaps even comfortable. Robert didn’t admit it to Penny but he had played with a former girlfriend’s handcuffs in college. All he remembered from the experience is how much the metal hurt cutting into his wrists. She held it out expectantly to him. “Take off your boxers,” she said.

He made no motion to move. “I don’t know...” he said, suddenly scared of this alluring woman who only wanted to have a little kinky sex with him. Where was the harm?

“Take them off or put your clothes back on and leave.” It was a demand, an ultimatum, but there was no anger in her voice.

Making a decision to follow his libido instead of his good sense he dropped his boxers to the floor and stood nude before her. She was still naked from the waist down, but that made her seem so much more powerful. “Good,” she complimented him and took two steps over to him. She picked up his left hand in hers and placed the cuff around his wrist. She buckled it firmly in place, not

tight, but not easily released either. “You’re soft still. This doesn’t excite you? You were hard in the kitchen. I saw the bulge in your pants.”

“I’m scared,” he admitted.

“Do you trust me?” she asked, turning and picking up another cuff from the bed. The bedspread was a dark blue. It contrasted nicely with the black cuffs and the brassy chains.

“Yes,” he said not fully believing the word.

“Good. I’m in control. I won’t let any harm come to you, but tonight your body is mine.” He nodded as she placed the other cuff around his right wrist.

“Bondage is all about trust and control. Do you like me being in control?”

“Yes,” he admitted truthfully.

“Excellent. I do too.”

Now she took up the two remaining cuff from the bed and knelt before him. Robert was rooted in place. He found it impossible to move though there wasn’t a single chain on his body. Both the cuffs quickly went around his ankles. When those were in place Penny sat up a bit, kissed the side of his penis as a gesture of casual affection, and finally picked up a leather belt from the bed.

“What’s that?”

“Just a belt. It goes around your waist.” She wrapped it around his hips and buckled it as well. There were two rings on this belt, one on each side. It was thicker than a traditional belt for pants. He wore it well. When that was on she turned around and placed the chains on the nightstand, then pulled back the sheets from the bed. “Lay down,” Penny ordered.

He was a slave to her will. It was obvious Penny had done this before. She expertly attached a chain to each cuff, going around the bed, starting with his left wrist, then down to his feet, then up to his right hand. Robert wondered who had worn these restraints before. Her husband? Some other lovers? Both?

The king sized bed gave him enough room to splay out his limbs, but the bed frame was strong enough to prevent any real motion. There was some play in the

chains, certainly, but he was effectively trapped before he knew it. And he had allowed her to do this without a word of protest. What extent of control did she have over him? But it was the belt that intrigued him. She attached a long chain to one ring, threw it under the bed, walked around to the other side, retrieved the end of the lead, brought it up and hooked it in tightly on the other side of the belt.

“There,” she said with satisfaction. “Comfortable?”

“Not really,” he answered. “I’m not in pain or anything...”

Her head was shaking sadly. “And your cock is still soft.” She snapped her fingers. “Wait. I forgot. From out of the toy box she retrieved a small strip of leather that was studded with snaps. This she wrapped around the base of his cock. Her sure handling of his sex and the tightness of the binding slowly made his erection appear. “Good,” she announced with some relief. “I thought I was going to have to give you a blowjob to make you hard.”

“I’d like a blowjob,” he said, perking up a bit. Since he was her prisoner, he might as well enjoy it.

“Nope. I’m mounting that cock and getting my rocks off. No time for pleasing you.” He watched as she pulled off her shirt and bra, exposing her delightfully huge tits. She spied him leering and pondered out loud, “Should I put a blindfold on you as well?”

“No!”

She laughed and pulled a large tube of lubricant out of the nightstand drawer. From this she squeezed out a generous amount and rubbed into her pussy. Then she squeezed out another dollop and spread it carefully around the head of Robert’s cock, being careful not to over stimulate him. She did grasp the shaft and test his rigidity. “Oh, nice and hard. This will be wonderful.”

“Shouldn’t you loosen the strap?” he asked with a bit of trepidation. His cock was now fully engorged and starting to look red and angry.

“Oh, no. Can’t have that. Once you’ve had an orgasm with a cockring on, you’ll never want to do it without one,” she told him. “Ready?”

Penny didn't bother waiting for his answer. She mounted the bed, then mounted him. His lubed cock easily slid into her lubed pussy. "Isn't that nice?" she asked him once she had fully slid down his length, letting the leather strap rub up against her clit. He was bigger than he ever had been before and filled her nicely.

"Yes," he answered, his voice quavering a bit. He wanted to reach up and caress her skin, touch her breasts, but he was too well restrained. Then it clicked in his mind the power of the restraints. It wasn't being held in place as much as what it denied him. She was in control and he had little say in the matter.

"Don't talk now," she ordered. "This is my time. You can't cum until I do, but I want you to cum and fill me up. Understand?"

He nodded his head, afraid to speak.

"Good." She rose up and down on his cock. Her hips moved deliciously and he tried to match her motions, but was restrained by the fiendish belt around his hips. A strangled groan of protest escaped his lips. She smiled at his frustration and leaned forward, dragging her sensitive nipples on his chest. Then it was just a matter of riding his body until her orgasm came.

Robert wasn't sure how long he lasted. It was a long time, certainly. Eventually Penny was reduced to putting her fingers on her clit and masturbating a bit with him watching and his cock inside her. She wasn't at all ashamed. Her orgasm shook her body and she howled in pleasure. Now he realized their time in hotels she had been holding back expressing her pleasure. Her chest flushed red and she arched her back.

The orgasm took hold of her body and the display made him cum as well. The initial spurt of cum was wonderful and powerful, only after it happened did his body tell him it was too much. The cockring was too tight and his sex muscles had to force the semen through the narrowed urethra. It hurt but it was a wonderful pain. The second spurt was as painful and pleasurable as the first. After the third the pain started to abate, but the pleasure factor remained high. There was nothing he could do about his situation and he loved it.

Penny collapsed on top of him, breathing heavily, letting his sperm slowly seep out of her pussy. "Was it good for you?" she asked. "You may speak."

"Yes," he answered, his voice shaking.

“You want to do it again with the cockring on, don’t you?”

“Yes.” And he did and he wanted to do right away.

“Guess what? Remember how I said my husband likes creampie?” She felt his head nod. “I like them too. I like when he cleans me. But he’s not around right now. So you’ll have to do his job,”

She crawled off his hips and moved up his body. A drop of semen escaped her pussy, landing on his chest. But she moved all the way up and moved her legs to tuck under his shoulders. Her pussy was just inches from his face. “You get to clean me,” she told him and lowered her sex to his face.

Normally Robert loved to eat pussy, whether to make a woman excited or to get her off, he didn’t mind. But Penny’s pussy was sloppy with her fluids, his cum, and leftover lube. It was messy. But he had no choice in the matter. Penny’s hands held his face right where it needed to be and he had the choice of drowning in humiliation or swallowing their combined fluids.

He swallowed and decided the mixture wasn’t so terrible. Cleaning her sloppy pussy took twice as long as filling it, but Penny didn’t mind. She had another small orgasm halfway through, then just relaxed like a queen on her throne.

When he was done, Penny got off his face, pulled up a blanket, and snuggled next to him, but didn’t release his bonds. “Was it wonderful for you?”

“Yes,” he admitted.

“Good, let’s relax a while.” Taking pity on him she found the snap to the cockring and released the leather.

“Ooh,” he exclaimed in relief.

“We’ll put it back on a little later.”

She cuddled up next to him, gently holding his cock in her hand and resting her head on his chest. They just laid there, saying nothing, doing nothing. It was Robert who broke the silence.

“How long have you been married?” he asked.

Penny sighed and half rolled away. "Why do you want to know about my marriage?"

Robert would have shrugged, but the bindings prevented his arms from fully moving. "I guess I need to know why you cheat on him."

Penny sighed again, this time rolling her eyes without him seeing. "It's not cheating if he knows about it. I already explained that to you."

"Then why do you two do this? Play this game."

"Because we like it," she said sharply. "Anything else?"

Though he knew he was pressing his luck, Robert couldn't help but say, "I've noticed your stretch marks. How many kids do you have? I didn't see any pictures on the way up here, but I wasn't really looking either."

She looked at him with anger. "Two. They're away safely for the weekend as well. Anything else you need to know?"

Only now did he catch her tone. "No, that's good enough."

"What about you?" She asked sharply. "Why aren't you married?"

"Lots of reasons," he answered, not wanting to piss her off further. "Women grow bored with me, they find me boring, I'm not looking to get married, never met the right girl. All the usual stuff."

"Ever been married?"

"No."

"Kids?"

"No."

"Any possibility of kids?" she asked, staring him right in the eyes.

He shook his head. "No."

"How old are you?"

“Thirty three,” he answered.

That made her laugh. “Oh good goddess, I’m robbing the cradle.”

Now Robert was intrigued. “How old are you?” he asked.

“Forty four.”

“You look damn good. I never would have guessed over thirty five.”

That made her smile. “You can be charming. Tell you what...have you had dinner tonight?”

“Not unless you count eating your pussy.”

“No, I don’t. But that was good. I feel like Chinese. Want some?”

“Take out?”

“Yes.”

“General Tsao’s chicken, please.”

“Excellent.” She rolled off the bed and started pulling clothes out of her dresser. “I don’t think we’ll eat dinner in bed, but I’ll keep you here until I get back.”

A thrill of excitement and terror ran down his spine. “You’re going to leave me alone? Tied up here?”

“Yes,” she replied calmly.

“That’s dangerous,” he said, struggling a little, unsure if he should try to escape or if she was merely teasing him. “What if you don’t come back? What if—”

She cut him off. “The danger is the fun. If I get killed in a car accident on the way back, you should be strong enough to break one of the posts and call for help. Don’t worry so much.” She turned to leave, then spun back around. “Oh, I almost forgot.” Without warning she grabbed up the small leather strap and wrapped it around the base of his penis, once again constricting the blood flow, making it slowly engorge and rise. “When I get back you should be ready for another go-around, don’t you think?” She then kissed the side of his cock, then

his forehead, and walked out the door.

Chapter Five

Robert could hear her go downstairs and slam a door. Vaguely there was the sound of a car starting and the garage door opening. A minute later the house was silent except for the beating of his heart which sounded in his ears like the pounding of drums. From his position on the bed he could see her bedside clock and glanced over at it every few seconds. Knowing that would only make him more anxious he forced himself to close his eyes and relax and breathe. He tried to slow the beating of his heart by will alone, but that wasn't going to happen.

Below his waist he could feel his cock getting bigger and harder. The leather cockring was doing its job. Certainly she'd keep him worried for a while. It was one of her games. Just relax, he told himself, and play along.

Then, far too soon for Penny to be returning, he heard a door open downstairs and the unmistakable sounds of a person walking around. If it was Penny she was being awfully quiet. He glanced at the clock. Fifteen minutes had passed. Too soon for her to get take out and return home. Who could be downstairs? Her husband? Robert remained silent, willing the other presence away. A burglar? Probably nothing, he thought, just a trusted neighbor dropping by a borrowed serving bowl. He glanced around the room, looking for some way to hide himself in the unlikely event the other person walked upstairs. The sheets and blankets were piled on the floor. Too far away. Then he noticed the bedroom door was open.

Footsteps sounded from the stairs and Robert's breath caught in his throat. It had to be Penny's husband. What was his name? She must have told him, but he couldn't remember and he wanted to make this seem like an awkward misunderstanding.

A person walked by the open doorway. It was well into evening now and the sun had gone down. Penny hadn't bothered to leave a light on for him. He hoped he would be missed in the semi-darkness of the bedroom. The noise of the figure stopped. A hallway light was snapped on. The figure returned and was framed by the bedroom door.

Shit fuck fuck fuck!

The light snapped on. “Oh.” Robert looked away trying to hide his nudity, then back toward the doorway. Penny stood in the doorway. He breathed a sigh of relief. Then he realized it wasn’t Penny but a much younger and more beautiful version of his lover. Her voice sounded disappointed. “You must be Mom’s new boyfriend. I’m Claudia.”

Robert locked eyes with the young woman. Skinnier than her mother. Maybe slightly smaller tits and hips, but definitely longer hair. Flatter stomach. “Um, yeah.” His face was flushed crimson. “I’m Robert.”

The young woman leaned against the doorway, studying his naked body, completely at ease with the odd situation of seeing her mother’s lover tied up and naked in her bed. “She left you like this?”

“Yeah. I can explain.”

Claudia waved a hand. “No need. She can do as she pleases. She wasn’t expecting me tonight. I’m supposed to be at college, but I needed to get away.”

“Uh-huh,” Robert agreed vaguely.

“You look like you could use a little relief,” she said.

“What?” Now he was alarmed. What was she thinking?

She pointed to his hard cock pointing up to the ceiling. “She left you tied up and hard,” Claudia said unnecessarily. “Is she going to be back soon?”

“I...think so, yeah.”

“When did she leave you? She shouldn’t leave a man tied up like you are.”

Robert wanted to put the poor girl’s worries to rest. “Only about fifteen minutes ago. She went for take out.”

A familiar wicked smile passed Claudia’s lips. “Oh, then she’ll be gone a while. Want me to take off that cock ring for you?”

“Uh...yeah, that would be a relief.”

“I bet it would,” she agreed, making no movement toward him. Obviously the girl had inherited her mother’s bad behavior.

“You’re not going to take it off, are you?” he asked, both more worried and relieved.

She hadn’t moved his eyes from his cock. “I haven’t decided yet. You look pretty hard and ready to cum. I’ve never seen a cock that red that wasn’t about to blow a load.”

“Does your mother know you talk like that?” he asked, a little surprised at her behavior, even considering the situation.

“Yes. And I’d love to see you cum.”

“You should probably leave,” Robert said, trying to control the situation.

“I wonder what Mom would think if she found you here with your cum all over your chest and belly, not being able to hold your load until she got home.”

“I think she’d be surprised at your behavior.”

Claudia shook her head. “Not if I’m gone.” Making a decision she pulled her polo shirt over her head revealing a pair of tits that rivaled her mother’s. Through the yellow lace Robert could see the unmistakable glint of nipple rings. That certainly distinguished Claudia from her mother. Tearing his eyes away from her breasts, he saw she also sported a belly button piercing, just a simple ring, but enough to accent her flat tummy.

His erection refused to go down.

“Would you like to watch me masturbate?” she asked.

“No!”

Claudia laughed. “You said that a little too fast and a little too strongly. I bet you’d love it.”

“This is a really bad idea,” he told her.

“Or would you prefer that I masturbate you?” she asked as she unbuttoned her jeans and stepped out of them. She wore a pair of yellow panties that matched her bra. Robert’s eye, trained by too many years of internet porn, quickly determined the girl shaved her pussy just like her mother did.

He tried a different tack. “Teasing me like this could be considered sexual assault,” he said.

“Maybe,” she admitted, “but I bet you like it. Don’t worry. I’m nineteen. This is perfectly legal.”

“But hardly appropriate,” he said.

Claudia laughed again. “I don’t think my mother leaving a man tied up to her bed for her daughter to find is appropriate either.” She reached behind her back and released her bra. It fell to the floor and her tits were beautiful, even if they were pierced by hard bits of metal. Robert wanted nothing more than to suck on them.

“Please...” he said.

Her hands were on her hips. She paused just a moment before sliding the panties down her legs revealing her shaved quim. “Please what?” she asked. She was gloriously naked and obviously horny. As was Robert.

He just shook his head.

She crawled on the bed but didn’t touch him. “Did you already fuck Mom tonight?” she asked, looking closely at his cock. He nodded. “I can see your cum. And probably hers too.” Then she reached out and ran her finger from the base of his cock up to the tip. It twitched horribly and Robert wanted to thrust up and bury his cock in her pussy—any pussy—to cum and release his sperm. He wanted her to take off the restricting ring, but she made no motion to do so.

Her grin was now pure lust. “I was just going to jill off in front of you, but I think now...” She trailed off and he breathed a partial sigh of relief. “Now, I’ve got to fuck you.”

“What?”

In a moment she was off the bed and found a box of condom in the nightstand. Showing she must have learned a lot at her time in college, she opened one of the packets and rolled it over his raging hard on.

“No,” he protested. “Don’t.”

“You’ll love it,” she promised as she straddled his hips and grabbed his cock. It took her only a moment to find her slick opening and then she lowered her body down, letting his harness fill her pussy. He groaned in pleasure. She inhaled sharply with happiness. Her clit just hit the rough edge of the leather cockring still restricting Robert’s penis. “Oh. That’s good. I like fucking men when I’m on top.”

All Robert could manage was a distraught, “Oh.” He couldn’t stop his hips from involuntarily thrusting upward, even as they were constrained by the belt around his waist.

“I’ll do the work,” Claudia said and started pumping her hips back and forth, up and down. She was no neophyte to sex. She knew exactly what she was doing. Claudia leaned forward and rested her small hands on his chest. Her arms forced her tits out and Robert couldn’t help but admire how they rocked gently back and forth as her body moved. He wanted to reach up with his hands or tongue and touch them, but that was impossible.

Claudia’s face was screwed up with ecstasy. Her eyes were closed and her mind was in another place. Robert wondered if she was fantasizing about fucking some other man and was simply using him as a toy while her target was far away. Her breathing abruptly came more quickly, ragged and sudden. And then her orgasm was on her. “Fuck fuck fuck!” she cursed as her body shook and her face flushed red. She locked her muscles and remained frozen in position as her orgasm slowly abated.

“That was good,” she said. “Wow. I’ve never cum so fast and hard before.”

“Uh-huh,” Robert said, not able to form any real words, but he was thinking the girl must enjoy playing games as much as her mother. What kind of teenage girl liked fucking her mother’s lover? In her parent’s bed?

“You didn’t cum yet,” Claudia said noticing his hard cock still inside her body.

“That’s okay,” Robert said. “I came earlier. I probably can’t do it again anytime soon.”

“Not even for a pretty girl?” Claudia asked. “Tell me how you want to cum? In my mouth or in my pussy?”

“I don’t need to cum,” he said. Now he was starting to get seriously worried about Penny coming back and finding her daughter in bed with him.

“But I want to make you cum,” she said. “What’s it going to be? Mouth or pussy?” she asked again. “Don’t ask for ass. I don’t do that.”

“Pussy!” he blurted.

She grinned. “That’s what I thought.” Her hips started pumping again. “Do you like fucking young pussy?”

“Yes,” he grunted.

“Do you like fucking the daughter of your girlfriend?” she asked, teasing.

“Yes,” he answered honestly. He liked the questions. He liked her in control. He liked the humiliation. He liked the tightening of the cockring around his penis.

“What’s better? My pussy or my mother’s?”

That was the question he needed. His cock jerked inside her, the leather strap was almost too tight now, but then his autonomic muscles pushed past the ring and his spunk exploded out his dick and into her pussy, only to be contained by the condom. With each spurt her cried out in pain. There was precious little pleasure, but just enough to make him want to do this again and again.

Finally the orgasm was over and he was able to collapse back onto the mattress while an impassive Claudia watched him. “Wow,” she finally said. “That was impressive. Maybe I should have left the condom off just to feel you cum inside me. I bet I would have cum again.”

“Maybe,” puffed Robert. He was exhausted.

“And how would you explain knocking up your girlfriend’s daughter,” she giggled. “That would be embarrassing,” she said.

“Uh-huh.”

“I wonder if Mom could still get preggers. Does she still use birth control?” Claudia asked all innocence.

The truth didn’t matter. Robert knew what he was going to say on this matter. “Yes. We’re very careful.”

“Uh-huh,” Claudia said, unconvinced. “I’d better get you cleaned up before Mom gets home.” She pulled off him, his still semi-erect cock plopped out of her cunt and she bolted for the bathroom. Water ran and a minute later she came out with a washcloth. Once again showing her developing skills she pulled off the condom and wiped him up, still not releasing the older man. She was careful to leave just enough cum on his cock to make it look like he hadn’t been fucked by Penny’s daughter.

“I’d better get downstairs before Mom gets home,” Claudia said, pulling her panties back on.

“You’re not going to say anything to your mother about this, are you?” Robert asked, nervously, needing reassurance.

“Do I look stupid?”

“No.”

“Good. I’ll keep my mouth shut. You keep yours shut. It’ll all be good.” She had hooked her bra and carefully situated her tits in the cups, then pulled her shirt back on. She sighed contentedly. “This is the first time I actually got to fuck one of Mom’s boyfriends. You can’t imagine how many of them I’ve wanted to bed.”

“What?” Robert said.

Claudia was ever smooth. “Can’t a girl fantasize?”

“You knew your mother had boyfriends in the past?” Robert was shocked.

Claudia's brow furrowed in confusion. "Yeah. Why? She's always had a slow parade of them coming through the house. Some were really tasty too. Just like you," she added with smile.

Robert was puzzled. "How did you know about your mother's boyfriends?" he asked. "Is that really something parents should be doing in front of their children? Their daughter?"

"What are you talking about?" Now Claudia was truly puzzled.

"I know your mother and father play this weird game where she beds other men and tells him about it."

Claudia's mouth dropped open and she stopped in the middle of pulling up her shorts. "What are you talking about?" she repeated. "My father's been dead for like ten years. What game?"

Now Robert was confused. "Dead? Did she get remarried?"

"Noooo..." Claudia dragged out the word, trying to puzzle out what Robert was saying. "She's been a single woman on a sex-fest for the past five years."

"Oh." Robert tried to understand what was going on. "Maybe I'm confused."

"Yeah," Claudia agreed as she finished dressing. "Your secret is safe with me. I won't say anything to Mom." She turned and went out the door, all evidence of their copulation gone.

Robert laid on the bed, staring at the dark ceiling wondering what the hell was going on. His cockring was tight enough to distract him; he couldn't form his thoughts properly.

It wasn't too much longer before he heard Penny's car, then the door open, then the vague sounds of conversation and general noise downstairs. Once the conversation started Robert braced himself and listened carefully. Claudia spoke up for his benefit.

"Look, Mom, sorry I surprised you and all. I just needed a night away from college. But why is there a strange man tied up to your bed?"

Robert couldn't hear her answer, but the conversation went on for a few more minutes before there were footfalls up the stairs and Penny snapped on the light as she reappeared. "Sooooo...you met my daughter," she said upon walking in. She surveyed him in the bed. He tried to look innocent and embarrassed.

"Yeah. Briefly. It was...awkward." Penny strode across the room and released his cock from the tight leather band. "Thank you," he murmured.

"I wanted to fuck you one more time before dinner," she commented as she busied herself releasing his bindings.

"That would have been nice."

He dressed and they went downstairs to where Claudia had set the table and was serving the Chinese food Penny had retrieved. In the harsh light of the kitchen she looked very much like a college student and not a tight-pussied slut who had just fucked her mother's boyfriend. "Hello, Mr...I didn't get your name actually." Somehow she managed to blush a bit when she looked at him.

"Call me Robert," he said.

"Just a piece of advice," Penny said to him. "If you ever have a sixteen year old daughter, make sure you keep a close eye on her."

"Mom!" Claudia's voice had a touch of warning in it.

"Or you might come home from work one day and find her in bed—naked, mind you—with both a boy and a girl."

Claudia looked away, humiliated. Robert relaxed a bit knowing now that he wasn't responsible for the corruption of the girl.

"My girl is quite the sexual adventuress," Penny said.

"I probably get it from my mother," the girl retorted.

"Okay," Robert said, trying to preserve peace. "This whole situation is strange. Why don't we talk about something—anything—else."

"If you hear strange sound from the bedroom tonight, dear," Penny said to her

daughter, “that will be me and Robert fucking.”

“I should have brought my boyfriend with me,” Claudia retorted.

“You have a boyfriend?” Penny asked, suddenly interested in her daughter’s love life—if not her sex life.

“Yeah. A couple of them.”

Later, after dinner, back upstairs in Penny’s bedroom, Robert took her left hand and twisted the rings on her third finger. “You know?” Penny asked him.

“That you’re not married? Yes.”

“How long did Claud talk with you?”

“Long enough. I was a bit...humiliated. She was fascinated, I think.”

“She knows I’ve had boyfriends before.”

“Has she seen them tied naked to your bed before?”

Penny actually blushed. “No.” She looked away from him.

“I think she snuck a few more peeks than was necessary. But I don’t think you’ve destroyed her sex life or her psyche just yet.”

A half-laugh escaped Penny’s lips. “Good to know.”

“Why do you do it?”

“Tie men to my bed?”

He shook his head. “Not that. Pretend to be married. You’ve done this to other guys too, right?”

With a disappointed sigh, she nodded her head. “Yes. Sometimes I do it so they think someone will be checking up on me. Sort of a protection from getting beaten up or kidnapped or something. Mostly I do it because it gives some guys

a charge to be fucking a woman who's married to someone else. That's the fun part. And then..." she trailed off.

"And then what?"

"And then sometimes I do it because my husband and I talked about swinging, making our sex life more exciting, playing games, doing wild things together... before he got sick. Before he died." She turned away from him, wiped away a tear, and then looked back. "But I don't like to talk about that." Her eyes were still brimming with tears.

Robert changed the grip on her hand and eased the wedding band and engagement ring off her finger.

"Let's pretend tonight that we're a couple that met in a bar."

"That sounds good."

Robert looked into her eyes. "I don't normally pick women up, but you were too tempting to resist."

"You're a smooth talker."

"Want to go back to your place and get fucked like you've never been before?"