

TAKING GWENDOLYN



BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing

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I've had several...inappropriate sex fantasies since I was far too young to be thing about such things. Beyond the usual bondage and anonymous sex and going down on a woman even though I knew that was wrong my most secret fantasy was being raped.

It's terrible how that looks in print.

It makes me wet and horny.

I'm not talking about real rape, just the casual getting thrown in a van, taken to an unknown location, forced to have sex with some masked mysterious stranger but secretly I'm loving his cock pumping in and out of me the entire time, then getting taken home, and tottering inside my apartment for a lovely night's sleep. Perfectly normal.

I told my boyfriend I liked having rough sex. He was happy to comply. It was okay, especially when he spanked me.

I told him I wanted to have sex with a mysterious sexy stranger. He put on a mask, put me on my hands and knees, and fucked me from behind. He even stuck his finger in my ass. That made it better because I'm not into anal, but being forced to do it made it hot. That was better.

Then I told him I liked to be tied up during sex. Actually, I didn't know if I liked to be tied up or not, but I had fantasized about it so much I had convinced myself that I did. I told him a white lie that one boyfriend in college did it to me all the time. When he finally did tie me down to the bed with some of his neckties and the belt to my bathrobe I never came so hard in my life. It was very good.

I told him I needed to be tied up on a regular basis. We started having sex that way every other day. I told him I liked to be spanked too. He went right along with it. Glenn thought he must have hit the kinky girlfriend jackpot. He even went so far as to buy me special bondage cuff restraints and a blindfold.

I thought I could tell him anything and request anything I wanted and he'd do it to me.

And then I said, "I want to be raped."

We were fucking at the time so when I said the words he just fucked me harder. Lots harder. My hands were cuffed behind my back and my ankles were tied to separate bed posts. He just pressed my head into the pillow and pumped me hard and came inside me. And then I came. I wanted to play with my clit while he was cumming, but that was impossible. Sometimes desire to do something that was impossible made me do crazy things.

After Glenn unhooked my cuffs from each other I rolled over and looked up at him. "That was great," I told him.

"You say the craziest shit when we're fucking," Glenn replied.

"Like what?" I asked as I slipped my hand down to my pussy. My trimmed pubic hair was sticky wet and I started playing with my clit, showing myself off to him, letting him know I still needed more sex.

"You said you wanted to be raped. I figured you just wanted it extra hard and rough." Glenn was a good looking guy, generically handsome, nice and kind, but more than most guys I'd dated he was very vanilla unless I made a demand of him. Oddly, that was the part of our sex life I liked the best.

I kept careful eye contact with him as I said, "I do want to be raped. Not beaten. Just abducted and forced to have sex against my will by a stranger. Hopefully while I'm tied up. Doesn't that sound hot to you?"

Needless to say it did not sound hot to my boyfriend. That put an end to the fun for that night. He left and I was forced to get myself off with my vibrator.

I didn't let the issue drop, however. I explained to him that the fantasy of being raped was the idea. Good girls like me weren't supposed to like sex for anything

other than being a good wife or procreation. Good girls weren't supposed to like rough sex. Good girls weren't supposed to have a tattoo of a horny dolphin on their ass. Good girls were supposed to have a nice job working in an office, wear nice skirts and suits, call their boss Mr. Smith, date a nice boy with a good job, have a place to live that was in a respectable neighborhood, and get married before age thirty. I was twenty-eight and all those other things in public.

A few weeks later when Glenn had recovered from the shock I had given him we picked up where we had left off. In the middle of a particularly vigorous fucking I whispered in his ear, "Make my fantasy come true and I'll make yours come true."

He came when I said that, but afterwards he asked me, "Do you mean to keep that promise?"

I looked him right in the eye. "Yes."

How hard could it be to find another woman to have sex with me and my handsome boyfriend? I'd never been with a woman before, but I was happy to give it a try.

All of this adds up to the fact that I wasn't surprised when one night as I was letting myself into my house, I was grabbed from behind and pushed through the door. A hand covered my mouth and before I knew it my hands were twisted behind my back. I struggled a bit but didn't fight too hard because I was truly surprised and I thought maybe Glenn was surprising me with a little rough surprise sex and because—believe it or not—I'm a good girl at heart and good girls don't fight. I quickly found my arms twisted behind my back and a roll of duct tape was used to bind my wrists and keep them behind my back.

Nice touch, I thought. Classic robber incapacitating the victim trope. It's probably a bad idea to reveal that just the sight of silver duct tape can make my pussy wet.

It was already well into the evening and it was dark outside, that's why I didn't see my attacker. Not that I had bothered checking for one. I lived in a nice neighborhood. He kept the lights off but I got a quick, half-glimpse of him before he pulled a mask over my eyes. He was wearing a ski mask and I couldn't

make out any of his features. Glenn had been listening to my desires, I thought. Just as I opened my mouth to protest or scream—I wasn't sure which—he stuffed a rag between my teeth and wrapped the duct tape over my mouth and behind my head. This was getting serious. The rag in the mouth was key. Without that it's still easy to scream and talk.

I was quickly pushed through my house and into my bedroom. My attacker was a pro. He knew just what to do. I was certain it was Glenn trying to make me happy. I was withholding judgment for the moment until he was done with me.

After opening the bedroom door I was tossed on the bed and he quickly wrapped a few loops of duct tape around my ankles. I wasn't immobilized, but it was a good start. Then I was left there.

I didn't move for a long minute. I heard my attacker quickly going through the house. Looking for something? Making sure no one else was there? Letting in a partner? All of these thoughts ran through my head. What I really wanted at that moment was for him to rip the clothes from my body and fuck me so hard I cried. But then I started thinking seriously.

Glenn had a key to my place, so he didn't need to give me the rush and push outside, unless he was just being thorough and making the scene extra-real. He had no reason to leave me alone in the bedroom and rifle through the house unless he was giving me time to think about my semi-helpless state. Everything was a little off about the scenario and that made me nervous. And excited. Did Glenn have a friend with him?

I struggled a bit on the bed to see what I could do. I managed to turn myself over but I couldn't do much more than that. Just as I was starting to use the friction of the bed cover to work the mask off my eyes, he came back.

"None of that," he said and rolled me back over to my tummy.

His voice definitely wasn't Glenn's and I didn't sense anyone else in the house. My pussy moistened. It was possible Glenn was doing an excellent job disguising his voice and that made me horny as well. I was ready to let him do whatever he wanted to me.

There was the cool sensation of a metal blade on my cheek and I thought he was truly going to cut my face, but before I could stupidly panic I realized he was

just cutting through the duct tape around my mouth. He pulled out the rag; probably a good idea. I didn't need to choke on the rag and wind up dead and the subject of a very sad internet memorial of the girl who choked to death during a sex game with her boyfriend.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

I had no idea what he was talking about but I played along. "Between my legs, honey."

He growled. That made me rub my legs together and get a little friction on my clit. I needed some relief.

"Okay, if that's the way you want it." The voice was still wrong. He started pulling my clothes off my. Finally!

My pants went first. He stopped when he realized he couldn't get them off and leave the duct tape on as well. Using the scissors that had cut my gag away he cut the tape off my ankles and yanked off my pants. He hadn't gotten my panties in his first effort so he yanked my favorite green lacy boyshorts off my hips. I heard them rip. They were ruined. I couldn't decide if that upset me or excited me. Then he started taping one of my ankles to the bedpost. I stopped him.

"You know, dear, the restraints are in the bottom nightstand drawer. Why not use those?"

He grunted and yanked open the drawer to reveal my secret stash of sex toys. Semi-secret stash. Glenn knew where they were.

Taking the binders and cuffs out he quickly chained me to the bedposts. I was still face down with my hands taped behind my back. There was a mask on my face but it had slipped enough to let me see a little. He had turned on one light so he could see what he was doing.

"Nice tattoo," he commented looking at my ass. I wiggled it a little to show my appreciation.

"Why don't you kiss it?" I asked him. The dolphin was right in the middle of my right butt cheek, where it would always be hidden by modest underwear or a swimming suit. I needed to keep up the appearance of a good girl, always. But

Glenn like to kiss it when we played.

“Shut up or I’ll put the gag back in,” he told me.

“Why don’t you use the one in the drawer?” I asked him. “It’s safer.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you, you fucking slut? It’s like you actually like this.”

And then it hit me. This wasn’t Glenn. He didn’t talk like that. His voice was wrong. I thought back and realized this guy—when he grabbed me on the front porch—was at least four or five inches taller and a good deal stronger than Glenn. But was he a stranger or someone Glenn had persuaded to do this to his girlfriend.

That was a decidedly un-Glenn-like thing to do.

So who was this guy?

What was he doing here?

I gasped and tried to calm myself. Was I being robbed? Was he looking for something? Was I about to be raped?

The fear that ran through me right then was indescribable. Although I always thought I wanted to be raped—as pure fantasy—when presented with the reality I suddenly wanted to change my mind.

But then he ran his hand up my leg and patted my ass right on top of my tattoo.

“Just relax,” he told me. “Nothing bad will happen to you. Just keep your trap shut.” He pulled the blindfold off my eyes. “You have a pretty face,” he said matter-of-factly.

And then I was excited again. I wondered if he could smell my wet pussy. Most of all I couldn’t resist annoying him. “Why don’t you tie my hands to the bedposts? That’s how my boyfriend does it.”

He moved around to the side of the bed and glared at me. His eyes under his mask were angry. His lips twisted into a smarmy grin. “Is that how you like it,

slut?”

“I like it a lot of ways,” I taunted him. “I bet you don’t have a big enough dick for me to even feel it.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah,” I said. Or managed to half-say. He shoved the ball gag I kept in my sex drawer into my mouth. I hadn’t even seen him get it out. Apparently Mr. Rough knew exactly what he was doing and quickly got it into place behind my teeth and buckled it behind my head. It didn’t keep me quiet exactly, but it is hard to make any seriously loud noises with a big rubber ball in your mouth. I know. I’ve tried.

From there it was fairly easy for him to strap my hands to the bedposts and I was in my favorite position to get fucked. Except I was naked and exposed and tied up in the presence of a complete stranger. I was fucking insane. And incredibly horny.

Then he moved away and I heard him pulling down his pants. A moment later his weight was on the bed, then on me, and I felt his dick probing between my legs. I so wanted to push my hand down to my pussy and guide him inside me, but that was impossible. I settled for arching my back to give him easier access. I was simultaneously excited and repulsed that my body reacted the way it did. I wasn’t supposed to let a complete stranger violate me. And that taboo excited me.

His cock head found the entrance to my cunt. I inhaled sharply as he split open my nether lips. It felt good. It felt wrong.

He pushed up inside me. I groaned in satisfaction. I moaned in panic.

He kept pushing into me. He was much bigger than Glenn. He was probably bigger than any boyfriend I’d had before. That was probably my imagination and excitement.

He was huge. I wanted him to be huge. I needed him to be huge.

Finally he bottomed out. Mr. Rough was more than I needed. I felt his wiry pubic hair itching against the soft skin of my ass. His pubic bone pressed on my

anus. I was actually being raped and I was loving it. What was wrong with me?! He pulled out a bit and slammed back home. He did that several more times. I was already so keyed up my body automatically reared up and welcomed his desecration of my pussy.

He wasn't a bad fuck and I was really starting to enjoy what he was doing to me, even though it was incredibly wrong and criminal and immoral—all the reasons that made me enjoy it all the more.

Then I realized he was fucking me without a condom. I panicked and started bucking against him. Mr. Rough had no idea what was going on, of course, and I couldn't tell him because of the ball gag. There was no reason for Mr. Rough to stop. He knew what he was doing. I'm certain he wouldn't have stopped even if I had begged and pleaded. That was all part of the game.

The mind is the most powerful sex organ. When I realized I could get pregnant or get some horrible disease from him I had my first orgasm.

Mr. Rough knew women well enough to recognize the signs of a powerful orgasm. He wasn't a fucking idiot, after all. "So you like it rough?" he asked with a grunting laugh.

Automatically, unbidden, I mumbled behind my gag, "Uh-huh." I was immediately ashamed of myself and tears started welling up in my eyes. He didn't see that, but he liked my whining affirmation of his rough technique and fucked me all the harder. He forced a hand up my shirt and under my bra. It wasn't hard to find my rock-hard nipple which he squeezed and caused me to have another orgasm as I cried out in pain from behind the gag.

"You fucking slutty whore," he laughed at me. "You love it rough. You should be selling your ass on the street, fucking every guy who throws two dollars at you."

And then he came inside my pussy. To my great shame—and excitement—I came again. It wasn't a big orgasm, just a little thrilling one that brought me down from my high and back to my senses. I sobbed a bit into the gag and pillow. Mr. Rough had no idea what was going on, of course, to him this was all a game and I was just playing along. Or he was having his fun and I didn't matter to him at all.

He rested his body on mine for a minute as the last few pulses of his cock forced more of his spunk up inside my pussy. Only then did he pull out, wipe his dick on my ass, and shimmed off the bed. I looked over my shoulder at him. He was off-balance, trying to pull up his pants. That's when his phone rang.

Right away I knew it wasn't mine. The ring tone was completely different and the damn ringing was coming from his pants. He struggled to pull them up but the legs had gotten tangled and he cursed under his breath through the process. Finally he just gave up and yanked the phone out of the pocket and answered it as he stood there against my bedroom wall, his wet dick slowly shrinking.

"Yeah, what? Why the fuck are you calling now?"

It wasn't the most polite way to answer a phone, but Mr. Rough didn't strike me as the most refined of individuals.

"I'm doing it right now. I'm finished in fact."

Pause. Long pause.

"What the fuck do you mean? I'm right here."

I could just barely hear the voice on the other end of the connection. "She's... [something]...waiting! She's pissed!"

"I just fucked her, man."

Pause.

"Oh fuck."

There was some more buzzing angry sounds from the phone.

Mr. Rough looked at me with the most confused eyes I'd ever seen in my life.

"Then who..." he said aloud. His eyes went wider.

"Oh double fuck!"

He went into a panic and tried pulling up his pants again, failed, tried again,

fumbled his phone, succeeded in getting his pants half up, then he fell over. I lost sight of him on the floor, but after some struggling sounds he stood back up, pants in place, and he ran from the bedroom. I heard water running in the bathroom, and reappeared a minute later with a wet washcloth that he rubbed between my legs, doing a terribly shitty job at cleaning my pussy, and repeating over and over, “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.”

I looked at him with wide eyes, trying to get him to release my gag so I could ask what was going on. I even repeatedly opened and closed my fist—the universal sign to release a gag— but this bumblefuck didn’t know that. He just kept apologizing and cleaning me up. It wasn’t just a wet washcloth he was using. He was smeared some soap on the cloth as well. Trying to hide the evidence?

“I’m sorry. This was a mistake.” And with that he was gone. I heard the front door slam and I was alone, tied up and bound to my bed with a gag in my mouth. What a stupid fuck he had been.

Kinky girl’s secret. Most bondage equipment isn’t a hundred percent secure. It’s ninety-nine percent good but it won’t keep you in place forever unless whoever is putting the bonds on knows exactly what he is doing and secures each restraint with a chain and a padlock.

Spitting out the ball gag was the first step. It took a little work and some determination, but ten minutes later I had the band that went around the back of my head low enough that I could force the ball out from my teeth. It felt good to be able to breathe normally. My jaw was a bit sore, but it wasn’t anything I hadn’t experienced before.

My bed isn’t that big and I’m not some tiny little girl. There was plenty of wiggle room on the bed and in the slack of the restraints. Mr. Rough didn’t know exactly what he was doing. I could just manage to reach the buckle to my right hand with my teeth. Again, remaining calm and carefully working with strong lips and tongue muscles I eventually loosened up the buckle enough that I could pull my hand free. I didn’t even need to unbuckle it. I had purchased the leather restraints with soft padding on the inside. It made for better compression when pulling against them, but it also made enough of a safety space that they weren’t going to be the death of me.

With one free hand it's decidedly simple to free yourself from other bondage cuffs. A minute later I was standing up and wondering what the fuck had happened to me. I stumbled to the bathroom and took a shower.

I know the exact wrong thing to do after being raped is for the victim to take a shower, it destroys evidence, but I wasn't convinced I had been raped. What that old terrible fratboy joke? "You can't rape the willing." I had been willing and I had enjoyed it.

Hadn't I?

When I walked back into my bedroom wrapped up in a towel I headed for my dresser to find some pajamas so I could sit down and think the situation through. My toes kicked a hard object across the room. I started laughing when I picked it up.

In his panic to escape from the huge threat I posed while tied up on my bed, Mr. Rough had dropped his cell phone.

It took me fifteen minutes of laughter to calm down and plot my next move.

Chapter Two

Going through his contacts and texts and call history took me over two hours, but in that time I put together a good idea of exactly what had happened.

Mr. Rough's real name was Martin Rauch. He wasn't the brightest candle in the chandelier to judge by his use of grammar and spelling in his text messages. What kind of fucking idiot brings a smart phone to commit a major felony?

The real question that I faced was what was I to do with what I had found.

First, I waited a day, and then found Martin Rauch's Facebook page. It was easy, of course, because I had access to everything in his life via his dropped cell phone. I decided to keep it friendly and anonymous when I sent him a text message via his cell phone to his Facebook's chat. That certainly surprised him. Still, he wasn't a deep thinker. Our online chat went a little like this:

Me: How did it go last night?

Rauch: Who teh fuck is this?

Me: Who do you think it is? Who could possibly be using your cell phone?

There was a long pause after that and finally:

Rauch: OK. I'll bite? Who.

Me: The boyfriend of the woman you raped last night.

Rauch: U got the wrong guy.

Me: I'm holding your fucking cell phone. I found her tied up in bed last night. She told me everything. Do you think I'm that fucking stupid?

Rauch: Not me. This sum kinda joke?

Me: Don't be a stupid tosser. I've got the texts between you and David.

Big pause.

Rauch: Look, man, I don't know what you're talking about. I lost that cell phone a couple of weeks ago.

Me: Right. Except for one small fact. My girlfriend loves to be tied up and fucked. You rang all her bells last night. She wants you to do it again.

Rauch: What the fuck R U talkin bout?

Me: She likes it rough. When I found her she begged me to fuck her before I untied her. You hit the jackpot, buddy. Want a second go at her?

Rauch: Damn right I do. She had a sweet pussy.

Caught, I thought. It had been easy to figure out where the fuck up had occurred. Some douchebag named David Berk had hired or persuaded Martin to sneak into his house, tie up his wife in the bedroom and fuck her silly. Apparently it was a game David and his wife Mel played. Anonymous and rough sex. Judging from the texts Mel was supposed to guess if it was David who had tied her up or some other guy. She sounded like a slut. I kind of wanted to meet her; she sounded like fun. The fuck up had occurred when Martin typed in David and Mel's address: 6 Jennifer Lane. Except they lived at 6 Jennifer Street. I lived on Jennifer Lane.

Martin could have gotten himself a whole assload of criminal charged filed against him. God watched over idiots apparently because he got to fuck my pussy, which loved every minute of the semi-crime.

Me: Thursday night, six pm. You need to be done by seven. Don't fuck up the addresses again.

I turned off the phone and considered my options. There was much to decide and many preparations to make.

Setting up the hidden camera was easy. I made sure the wifi link to my computer was working correctly. It would record for up the six hours. I hoped it wouldn't take that long, but you never knew for sure.

Making sure that Glenn would come by at eight o'clock Thursday night was easy; I just didn't want him there early. I put a few timed messages on Martin's phone that would hopefully save my ass if Martin was a complete psycho and was intent on murdering or kidnapping me. But what's life without a little bit of risk, right?

I left a note on the door inviting Martin inside that let him know if he was good he'd eventually get back his cell phone and I wouldn't report him to the police. Me in this case pretending to be Glenn my boyfriend.

Self-bondage is a tricky thing. It's easy to put in a ball gag and buckle yourself into two ankle restraints and a one wrist restraint, but the last one is extra hard. I couldn't do it. Finally I had to break down and take out the ball gag, lay in on the bed next to me, and use my teeth to tighten the straps on my right wrist. If Martin wanted me quiet he'd have to put in the gag himself. I wasn't opposed to a little struggle to make that happen. Either way would be good.

I made sure all the spanking toys were carefully hidden away. No need to take too big a risk. Naturally I was naked and presented on the bed face down. No mask. I wanted to see what was happening to me. I was pretty sure I could get myself out of the binders if I wanted. Pretty sure.

The waiting was the worst part. I took the afternoon off from work and was in full bondage by five o'clock. I vacillated between being excited and scared and bored. An hour is a long time to wait while being tied up. When Glenn did it to me the longest I would have to wait before he fucked or spanked me would be five minutes. Sometimes he'd leave to go to the bathroom or get a snack from the kitchen, but he was always close and I knew I was going to be abused and

fucked just the way I wanted. Not so with my wait for Martin. It was interminable.

Then I heard the door open. And footsteps. Cautious footsteps. I glanced at my bedside clock. 6:01. He was nearly punctual.

“So you wanted more, did you?” he asked from my bedroom door.

“What took you so long?” I asked him. “It’s after five. You’re late.”

“Don’t be so impatient. A bitch in heat gets what she gets.”

“Watch it, asshole,” I warned him. “I liked getting tied up and fucked, but if you ever want to get into my pussy ever again never call me a bitch. Call me a slut. Call me a whore. Never call me a bitch.”

“What’s your name then?” he asked, slightly cowed.

I hesitated. “You can call me Gwendolyn,” I told him.

“Is that your real name?”

“Does it fucking matter?” He shook his head and I noted that he was wearing the same basic outfit as he had the previous time. Dark shirt, dark pants, ski mask.

“Don’t forget I still have your cell phone. Do you really want to go to jail because you can’t read directions?”

“No,” he said softly. “Can I get my cell phone back?”

“I don’t have it,” I lied. “My boyfriend does. You’ll have to talk with him when you’re done.”

He nodded and swallowed. “Did he tie you up?” Martin asked.

“Do you think I did this myself?” I asked him angrily. “Are you going to fuck me or not?”

“Yeah, yeah, I want to fuck you. But I don’t even know your name.”

“Take off your clothes and maybe I’ll tell you.”

For a guy who was supposed to be raping me, he was awful submissive. He needed to put the ball gag in my mouth. He needed to force himself on me. He needed to be told that. Martin stripped; his cock was semi-erect.

“You aren’t hard yet?” I continued to rage at him. “Am I going to have to suck you too? Fucking hell, at least my boyfriend knows what I like. You’re pretty useless in the bedroom.”

“Shut up,” he finally barked at me.

“Make me,” I taunted him.

It was odd seeing his naked body climbing on the bed while still wearing the ski mask over his face. He shoved his cock into my willing mouth and I sucked him. I tasted just a hint of precum on the tip before he started trying to fuck my throat like a pussy. I didn’t like that so I bit down on his prick.

“Ow!” he protested and pulled out. He finally saw the ball gag on the bed and took the hint. It was easy for him to force it into my mouth and buckle it around my head. That prevented him from getting a blowjob, but he wasn’t too annoyed. He went around behind me, raised up my hips and ran his cock head up and down along my slit. “You are a slut, aren’t you? What kind of woman gets fucked a stranger and then asks her boyfriend to invite him over and do it again?” he laughed at me.

Me, I thought. I’m that slut. I made the invitation.

Then he shoved his big cock in me and I was in heaven. There was no subtlety or finesse when he entered me; it was all about his pleasure and him wanting to abuse me. That’s what I wanted and that’s exactly what he gave me. Did he care that I was using him? Did he even know?

“Uh-uh-uh,” I grunted behind my gag.

“You like that, huh, slut?” Martin asked. “You want it harder?”

I nodded my head and grunted some more. I was a fucking slut. Literally.

He slapped his hand down on my upturned ass, right on top of my sexy dolphin tattoo. That surprised me a little so I cried out a bit. I liked the sharp pain.

“I bet you like it in the ass too, don’t you?” Martin asked. He pulled his cock all the way out of my cunt and lazied the head all over my ass cheeks. Since I actually don’t like anal—though admittedly I only had done it a handful of times with the boyfriend I had before Glenn—I violently shook my head back and forth hoping Martin would get the hint. He did.

“You’d probably like it a little too much,” he said as he pressed his thumb against my anus. I felt so wonderfully vulnerable right then—his cock head at the entrance to my cunt and his thumb on my ass—that I could have cum hard right then and there if I had thought hard enough about it.

“Slut,” he said and pushed his cock back in me at the same time he pushed his thumb inside my ass. It hurt. I came. I came hard. I started crying. He laughed a bit at me.

“You are a slut who doesn’t know what she wants, aren’t you? Did your boyfriend tie you up because he likes treating you as a slutty whore or do you actually like this?” He fucked me hard for a few strokes pressing his thumb deep into me so he could feel his cock with his thumb through the fine layer of tissue between my cunt and ass. “I hope he’s forcing you to do this. You are a slut.”

He fucked me some more and came inside my pussy. It felt wonderful. I came again and cried some more tears. I wasn’t sure if I was ashamed at myself or if I was crying for happiness at a kinky fantasy fulfilled.

Martin didn’t have much staying power after that. He stayed inside me for a minute, then his cock shriveled up enough and slipped out. This time he didn’t clean me up. He just got his clothes back on and was about to leave when he saw me staring at him as I desperately mumbled behind my gag. I could tell he wanted to leave as quickly as possible so as not to be caught—setting aside all the evidence he had already left behind in addition to the hidden camera footage I was making at the moment—but he relented and removed the gag from my mouth.

“What?” he demanded.

“It’s easier to breathe without the gag,” I said. “Thank you.”

“Sure thing, slut.” And with that he was out the door.

I looked at the clock. 6:28. Too fast. I was going to have to lie in my bed tied up and full of Martin's cum for the next hour and a half until Glenn came home. I couldn't wait but I forced myself to remain still. This is how I wanted my boyfriend to find me, bound in bed and full of another man's cum.

And that's exactly how he found me. When Glenn walked into the house he called my name and I shouted out I was in the bedroom. My ass faced the door and when he walked in that was the first thing he saw. I wasn't sure if cum was actually dripping out of my pussy, but I hoped it was. I looked over my shoulder at him and said, "Another man just tied me up and fucked me." My eyes were shining with excitement and my voice was heavy with lust. "I need you to finish the job. You know what I like. Do you want to stay my boyfriend?" I asked him.

For a long minute, a very long minute, Glenn just stood there looking at me. I couldn't read his expression. Then he faded away from the door and disappeared.

I started sobbing into the pillow. I had lost him.

I was so overcome with tears that I was completely surprised when his prick entered my abused cunt. I gasped and cried out with happiness. Glenn was completely under my kinky thumb and it didn't take him long at all to cum in me. He was as weak and easily controlled as Martin.

The next day I texted Martin.

Me: When do you want to fuck her again?

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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