**Julie's Chronicles**

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**Julie's Chronicles Ch. 01**

**CHAPTER-1 Julie gets caught exposing herself at the bar.**  
"I'm a mother of two, what's gotten into me!" Julie scolded herself, squeezing her thighs together to stop her soaked pussy from further leaking into her panties. The feeling of shame and helplessness shook her to the core.   
  
She was raised in the south with good values, went to good schools and her good grades earned her a full scholarship at an Ivy League college.   
  
Despite her above average looks and intelligence, she never got over of her self-esteem issues through high school and her college years.   
  
Now that she was much older, when she looked back at her earlier years, she was convinced it was fueled by her best never being good enough by her parents.   
  
She never had a boyfriend in high school, nor in college. She was never popular amongst the girls. She was an outcast! Being on the Dean's honor list semester after semester seemed to cause further rejection by her "not as successful" peers. She just did not fit in any circles, period!  
  
Some guys in college tried hitting on her. But lack of self-esteem had her reject them with such clever language that would outwit the smartest guy on the campus. They never tried again. The word got around. She was even labeled as a lesbian and she was out of reach, all alone.   
  
But her smarts were not lost on one of her professors who was 20 years her senior. When he took her under his wings and showed care and listened, their meetings started increasing in frequency. And she opened up to him.   
  
Her professor was a very understanding man with kind eyes, and a huge heart with a comforting way that exuded warmth when he spoke. And an authoritarian. And rightfully so. He was much older and wiser and was set in his ways. This trait of his was perfect for Julie as she was starving for guidance and acceptance.  
  
She was hooked! One thing led to another and they started having an affair shortly after she graduated from the business school.   
  
It didn't take them long. They got married. She was 21, he was 42. She fell hard for him. Despite her family's rejections she married him.   
  
He was a decent man, caring, loving, listening! He valued her mind. He never made decisions without obtaining her opinion. But at the end it was he who made the decisions, which she welcomed. She didn't have to worry about deciding. Everything, her whole life, was under his control.   
  
What felt so good at the beginning started wearing off after two kids, nineteen years of marriage and lately, a non-existent sex life. He had turned into a total control freak. She lost all the self-esteem that she had seemed to have recovered, and hit the bottom.   
  
Nothing she did seemed right. Short of scolding her in front of the kids, he would give it to her the moment they were alone. And he made sure she was punished for what she supposedly did wrong. Or she was punished for no reason to keep her in line.   
  
Spankings started a month apart about seven years into marriage but increased in frequency and had become a weekly session. She dreaded the sessions, not only because of the humiliation but because it was so inexplicably arousing. And the release never came afterwards. She was getting more and more frustrated.   
  
He would promise her a good fuck if she proved worthy, but the promise never materialized as she was never good enough at whatever she was tasked with.   
  
He had her under his total and absolute control.   
  
Having had children at such an early age, her body had recovered totally and she had a perfectly flat abdomen. The only proof that she had had kids, were her sagging C-cup sized breasts.   
  
To help with her self-esteem, she agonizingly convinced her husband and received his approval to get her boobs redone. The implant surgery was done with the latest techniques where they went in through her belly button area and slide the medical devices under her skin all the way up to her boobs. It was a painful recovery but the results were perfect.   
  
She now possessed a wonderfully round set of perky boobs with no stitch marks. But having a flat tummy in addition to the beautifully redone breasts didn't seem to faze her husband.   
  
She worked out regularly to stay fit and to give her mind a rest from the home life. That was her only escape.   
  
She was dying to find acceptance, desperately, by anyone... But she could not talk to anybody. She had no close friends and she could not confide in anybody at work. She felt all alone in the world, again, just like during high school and throughout college.  
  
All the spankings and the arousal that came with them, fueled her yearning for a good fuck. She was desperate. Lately, all she thought of, for better part of the day, was, sex, sex, sex...  
  
It was driving her insane. She would get herself off at every opportunity, whether at work in the lady's room or at home before her husband came home from work.   
  
There were times she couldn't wait to get home. She did it in her car after work before driving home! She would make sure no one was around in the basement garage where she worked, pull up her dress, slide off her panties and finish herself off.   
  
She would drive home with no panties and let her pussy juices remain on the driver seat. When she got into her car the next day to drive to work, her car would smell sex, which further caused sexual stimulation.  
  
When somebody accidentally rubbed on her boobs in a crowded elevator, men or women, she would instantly get wet and blush at her hardening nipples.   
  
One weekend, as she was tidying and filing away papers, she stumbled upon her husband's old medical records. His doctor had prescribed him the blue pills. But they didn't have any effect on him. So the doctor doubled the dosage. But that didn't help him either. So they stopped the treatment. He was unable to get it up!  
  
She was furious at him for using and punishing her to hide his erectile dysfunction, and take all his frustrations out on her and punishing her.   
  
"What an excuse!" she cried out loud. She was furious for having her life stolen from her.   
  
If he confided in her, she could be such a supportive, loving wife. What a waste...  
  
Her mind was set. She was going to divorce him. She could. She was making enough money to comfortably support herself. But it was like a double life she was leading. She was very smart and successful at work, and a timid, submissive pussycat at home. This had to end! She was going to divorce him and move away.  
  
One of her kids was already away at college and the other was at an all-girls boarding school.   
  
When her daughters came home for a holiday break, she waited for the right time to break the news to them. Her husband was out playing golf with his buddies and it was the right opportunity to sit down and have a talk.   
  
The girls took the news with no surprise and told her that they had expected this sooner.   
  
"Mom, you haven't even been sleeping in the same bed for years and the story of dad snoring too much isn't very convincing you know!" said her older daughter.   
  
"And you are so unmistakably miserable!" chimed in her younger daughter.   
  
After receiving her daughters' consent, she started looking for a new job. It didn't take long. Several phone interviews and video conferences later she accepted a job at a financial institution in New York City as a managing director.   
  
At the end of her two weeks' notice, she had her divorce notice served on her husband at the campus where he worked and off she went to the airport with a suitcase of her personal belongings, to a new beginning...  
  
SoHo, NEW YORK CITY.  
  
It had been two months since Julie came to New York City. She had settled in nicely at work and started living comfortably, albeit alone, in her luxurious SoHo apartment.   
  
After all the years of having been controlled and used, this was a welcomed change. She was in full control of her life now. It was going to take some time to get used to this new lifestyle.   
  
She needed to start dating. But her whole life was an experience of loneliness and she was very rusty in the dating department. "Well, I never dated anyone really. Only my husband." She mused to herself.  
  
She went online and purchased a whole slew of sex toys. She was hooked on erotic stories on the web and not as much on porn. Erotic stories fueled her imagination and put her into a continuous state of arousal.  
  
She read mostly on exhibitionism and voyeurism. But also a lot of anal play and threesomes involving a man and two women.   
  
Today was a Friday. She was ready for the dating scene. Her work week was over and she was happily walking down to the subway station, thinking possibilities.   
  
She noticed a young girl, obviously headed to the gym, in a tank top that rode high in her mid-back and exposed her belly button. Her thin stringed thong was showing on the back of her tights. Her pink underwear was providing a nice contrast against her pale and smooth skin.   
  
"How sexy she must be feeling wearing that thong," Julie thought to herself. "I wonder if she gets aroused with that thin strip of fabric constantly teasing her entrance as she walks!" And this thought gave an immediate erection to her nipples and she felt her pussy juices flowing.   
  
The short subway ride seemed amazingly slow. She had to get home fast and get herself off. She was soaking wet by the time she got home. If she didn't have a panty liner on in her underwear, her juices would be flowing down on her inner thighs.   
  
As she threw her keys down on the dining room table she had to sit down.   
  
"I'm a mother of two, what's gotten into me!" Julie scolded herself, squeezing her thighs together to stop her soaked pussy from further leaking into her panties. The feeling of shame and helplessness shook her to the core.   
  
After composing herself, she got up and went in to her bedroom. She undressed in front of her full length mirror and got fully naked admiring her beauty.  
  
She was determined she was going to get over feeling horny and shameful. After all, sex was a normal need for anyone, male or female. She was going to get laid tonight.   
  
She had done her homework and made a list of bars near her apartment where the middle aged people hung out.   
  
"Time to get ready," she thought as she proceeded to her bathroom after grabbing her supplies from her toy drawer. She wanted to be totally clean for tonight and be ready for any action, even anal play.   
  
She hooked the thin water hose with the specially bent tip at its other end to the faucet. She turned on the water and adjusted the water temperature. She positioned the hooked tip to the opening of her rosebud and pushed on the lever to let the water enter her.   
  
She didn't feel dirty. She felt sexy. Very sexy. She visualized the water entering her bowels the sperm of a man exploding inside her ass and the thought shuddered her body. She had to finish this quickly and get herself off.   
  
After several iterations, the water started coming out crystal clear. She was totally cleansed and ready for any type of action the evening had for her. She wanted all her cavities filled. She was desperate to feel cum inside her, all over her tits, on her face, in her mouth...  
  
She took a shower and lathered her pussy with moisturizing shaving cream. Taking a fresh razor, she decided to have a fresh shave and get rid of all the pubic hair that had a three-day stubble.   
  
With all the pulling and tugging at her pussy lips during shaving, and spreading the shaving cream all over her pussy, she was getting even more aroused. She started rubbing her clit and pinching her nipples.   
  
The slippery feeling of the shaving cream felt so sexy. She started rubbing the shaving cream all over her abdomen, her swollen breasts, up her neck, down her armpits. She was covered all over with the slippery cream as she caressed herself with both hands.   
  
Bending over to reach her ass, her pussy lips flicked behind between her clenched buttocks, which heightened her sexual desires. Reaching behind, she played with the opening of her ass, making circles. She could take it no more and decided to go one step further. When she inserted the tip of her middle finger into her ass it felt great and she was amazed how easily she had penetrated herself in her aroused state.  
  
She imagined herself being in the shower at the gym, late at night. Thinking that she was all alone, she was fingering herself. Her back was against the shower wall, her legs apart, one hand pinching her nipples, the other deep in her pussy.   
  
She caught a glimpse of a young naked woman in her peripheral vision. The intruder had a mesmerizing smile on her face as she sat down on the bench facing the shower.  
  
Julie's mind was flooded with shameful thoughts as she quickly withdrew her fingers from her sopping wet pussy and closed her legs to hide her sex from the intruder's view.  
  
Their eyes met. The intruder looked at Julie with glossy eyes. Julie realized that the young woman was totally turned on with the sight of stumbling into this masturbation scene. The woman moved forward on the bench, opened her legs and started rubbing her pussy.  
  
"Continue please, don't let me interrupt you. You're so sexy!" intruder cooed.   
  
"How long have you been watching me?" Julie managed to say in an embarrassed tone, still clenching her legs and covering her breasts with her hands.  
  
"Long enough. You were so into it, it's such a turn on. I was intrigued by hearing your low moans. And then I peeked. And now we're both caught. I want to cum with you. Please continue, I want to see how you climax!"  
  
Julie was already on the verge of an orgasm. Nodding her head in agreement, she opened her legs, tilted her pelvis towards the young woman for a full display and inserted two fingers into her pussy. The shameful feeling turned into full lust as Julie started pumping her hand while kneading her breasts playfully, never breaking eye contact. The intruder was mimicking every move Julie made and she started moaning with the sight of Julie nearing climax...  
  
The shower scene in her head was too much to bear. She tried to shake the scene out of her mind but she was too aroused. She was getting week in her knees. Julie squatted down and gave her back against the shower wall.  
  
She ran her fingers down her slit and entered her pussy with her index and middle fingers. Finding her g-spot, she started rubbing it rapidly with increasing pressure. She climaxed with a gushing orgasm. She sat on the shower floor and let the water run all over her body while she recovered.  
  
She rinsed and got out of the shower and dried herself.   
  
She was still aroused. It was like ecstasy on steroids. Even a gushing orgasm fueled by the shower scene fantasy wasn't enough.   
  
She was dying for more.   
  
She headed straight to her toy drawer. Selecting a medium sized butt plug, she grabbed a bottle of lube and went right back into the bathroom.   
  
She lifted the toilet seat, placed the butt plug on the front ledge of the ceramic, applied lube to her ass and positioned herself above the butt plug and lowered her ass to meet the tip.   
  
She was about to experience her first anal invasion. She took a deep breath and lowered herself slowly while holding the plug base in place with one hand.   
  
When she felt a little pain, she realized she was going too fast. She raised herself and tried again, much slower this time. When it started hurting, she went back up, found courage and went back down.   
  
Her legs were shaking. But she was amazed that it was getting easier with each push. She realized she was starting to open up. When it started getting painful on the next push, instead of getting back up she held still and let her sphincter relax.   
  
She found her rhythm. The pain went away and arousal consumed her body. She fantasized being slowly ass-fucked by an experienced lover and this tipped her over the edge. This was too much foreplay for her ass on her maiden voyage. With one final push she impaled the remaining part of the bulbous plug.  
  
She felt full, intoxicated with fantasies filling her whole being. She was near insanity with desire to climax again.  
  
She got up on trembling legs and bent over against the mirror in the bathroom. She turned her head to look at her ass. All she could see was the round base that was holding the butt plug from disappearing altogether in her ass. And her shaved pussy was on full display under the black circle hiding her rosebud. Her pussy was glistening with her juices. She felt great.   
  
She smiled against her reflection in the mirror.   
  
"You're going to get fucked tonight, you horny slut!" she said to herself, her grin going from ear to ear.   
  
She went to her toy drawer and removed two items. One was a good sized dildo in the shape of a real dick, and the other was a powerful cordless vibrator with a large cylindrical head.   
  
She applied ample amount of lube all over her pussy. She turned on the vibrator to its highest setting and started shoving the dildo in and out of her sopping wet pussy.   
  
The vibrations and her two holes being fucked took her into another dimension. She was swimming in ecstasy, eyes half closed, mouth half open, vibrator assaulting her clit, dildo destroying her wet pussy, butt plug making her feel filled everywhere.   
  
She almost passed out when she climaxed. Her knees buckled and she collapsed on the floor, legs spread apart, dildo still inside her, vibrator still in her outstretched hand vibrating against the carpet. She didn't want this to end.   
  
Once she calmed down, she was glowing. A happy feeling consumed her entire being.  
  
It was time to get ready and go out. She showered again and cleaned up. She wore no bras. She didn't need to. Her perky breasts were going to be hanging free tonight.   
  
She put on a lacy thong and decided to keep the butt plug in. It made her feel sexy. She wanted all her holes plugged tonight.   
  
She put on a sparkly top that displayed some cleavage but not too revealing either. She didn't want to look like a total slut on her first night out.   
  
She wore a pearl necklace, matching earrings and a tight miniskirt that rode about six inches above her knees.   
  
"Nice sexy lady, but not a slutty whore," she said out loud. She felt good, really good! And sexy!  
  
She put on four inch stilettos and dried her hair. After putting on light makeup she took one final look and took her reflection on the mirror all in.   
  
It was now or never. This was it. Her time had come.   
  
She slung her bag over her shoulder and headed straight for the bar.   
  
At nine o'clock at night the bar was in full swing. Dimmed lighting and crowded atmosphere gave her more confidence and she blended right in.   
  
She saw an empty seat at the bar and seeing no drinks in front of the seat, she assumed it was unoccupied. She sat down and placed her bag on the counter, waived at the bartender.   
  
The bartender was a young girl with big boobs. She wore short shorts and a tank top with deep cleavage. Her midriff at full display, she was dressed to kill to ensure good tips. Guys eyed her out constantly.   
  
Looking at her ass-cheeks that were showing through the bottom of her shorts, Julie's mind dove into the fantasy world. She wondered how she would feel groping those butt cheeks, licking the crack, sliding down and putting her tongue into her rosebud. She felt her nipples push against her blouse and she became self-conscious. She looked down at her blouse.

"Darkness is my best friend," she smiled.  
  
"What'll you have love?" the bartender asked and woke Julie up from the fantasy world.   
  
She managed a courageous smile and said "A vodka martini, please, love!" right back at her.   
  
She was amazed at how she was able to be playful with the bartender. If she couldn't pick up a guy, perhaps she could make a move with the bartender? As Julie started swimming in the fantasy world, the bartender turned around and left. But she came back two minutes later with a big sexy smile and served the vodka martini. She quickly collected the money, winked at her as if she was wishing her good luck, knowing what Julie was after, turned around and left again.   
  
"I suck at this," thought Julie. She couldn't even get the attention of a twenty something year old for more than two seconds.  
  
Julie turned around on her rotating seat and started scanning her surroundings. The place was full of people, men and women. A total meat market.   
  
Fear was starting to engulf her. How was she going to do this? How was she getting laid tonight? She couldn't go and strike a conversation with a guy. She never had! Her earlier memories came flooding to her mind. If a guy approached her, just like she did in college, she would say something to repel him quickly.   
  
But she came here to get laid. Not to repel guys. She was desperate for a solution.   
  
An idea came to her. A plan!   
  
She grabbed her bag, got the attention of the bartender, and made a gesture for her to hold on to her drink.   
  
She went to the lady's room, locked herself in one of the stools and took both her breasts out. She reached for her iPhone and took a selfie of her breasts, a close up that did not reveal any of the sparkling top she was wearing. She checked the selfie to make sure it was a good picture. Her perfect breasts were pushed up by her blouse and looked even perkier. Her areolas were puffy and her nipples were erect.  
  
She was going to be an anonymous exhibitionist.   
  
But something was missing...   
  
Imagination!   
  
Bare boobs were something, but were they going to be enough to cause a reaction she craved?  
  
She reached into her purse, took out her lipstick and wrote on the soft skin of her cleavage. "Cum here!"  
  
She snapped another selfie, checked it out again, and was satisfied. A big sexy smile formed on her face. She decided not to wipe off the lipstick from her chest.   
  
She put her breasts back in her blouse and looked down. Some of the lipstick was out in the open. That was no good. Not on her very first try in exposing herself. She wasn't that daring yet. She took her boobs out of her blouse again, and using her spit and some toilet tissue she wiped off the writing and flushed the toilet with the evidence in it.  
  
"Let's see how this is going to turn out," she said to herself. Her heart was racing. She was scared and aroused at the same time.  
  
Mission accomplished, she returned to her seat at the bar.   
  
Keeping her phone under the overhang of the counter, she selected the selfie and hit "airdrop everyone". She waited for any unaware victims to show up on her screen. She really was going to expose herself!   
  
Three iPhones nearby popped up on her screen. Two women, one man.   
  
"That's a thought," she wondered in ecstasy. Perhaps she should expose herself to a woman. But a quick assessment of the situation revealed logic that those women are more likely seeking a man than a woman. And exposing herself to a totally un-expecting woman can have dire consequences.   
  
But you never go wrong exposing yourself to a guy, "Almost never!" she smiled into the darkened room.  
  
The time had come. She selected the guy and pressed on his icon on the screen.   
  
She immediately hid her phone upside down in her lap and reached for her drink. Her heart was beating so fast it was about to burst through her chest.   
  
She couldn't look anywhere but stare at her lap, thinking "Oh my god, what have I done?" But there was no turning back the clock. The fun, or the disaster was about to begin.   
  
A moment later she heard a man shout.   
  
"Whoa, yeah baby, look at this!" the man screamed with joy over the crowd.   
  
He was in his late thirties with a bald, shaved head and a trimmed beard holding his phone up. He could not believe what just happened, out of the blue, totally unexpected. He had a huge smile on his face as he showed the picture to his buddies and started scanning the place.   
  
She was so wet and aroused, she crossed her legs trying to contain her pussy juices, a trait that became a habit lately. She was blushing a crimson deep red. She bent her head low to hide her face with her hair while she was acting as if taking a sip of her drink, but with a trembling hand.   
  
At that instant she felt a guy hug her from behind, wrapping his arms around her waist, bringing his mouth just behind her ear, and making full contact with his cheek against her hair.   
  
"I saw what you did," said the man, whispering into her ear.   
  
She didn't even have enough time in her anxiety to process what was going on. She tried to flinch and look up to see who this guy was. But his grasp was firm. He held her in place.  
  
To any onlookers, they looked like a loving couple, the guy caressing his girlfriend or his wife from behind and they were cheek to cheek.   
  
He had a bass baritone voice. Although he was whispering into her ear, his voice boomed in her brain.   
  
"Don't move! And don't turn around to look at me, understood?" Ordered the man.   
  
She was so scared at being found out, all she could do was to shake her head in agreement. Her legs were trembling with adrenalin. She forgot about sex for the first time in a long time. She didn't know what to do. She was paralyzed.   
  
Tightly hugging her from behind, still cheek to cheek, the man reached into her lap and pried her iPhone away from her hand. She just let go, helpless...  
  
"So you want to have fun!" the man said, still holding her tight around her waist, and pressing his chest against her shoulders.  
  
"You're going to be my slut whore tonight and you're going to do exactly as I say," said the booming voice.   
  
She shook her head again in agreement. She was so scared. Well-honed submissive feelings engulfed her. She was going to obey anything this man was going to ask of her.   
  
"Go to the lady's room. Take your panties off. Shove three fingers into your pussy. I want to smell your juices. And bring your panties to me."  
  
And don't try to turn around and look at me. Understood? Head down, no peeking!"  
  
She shook her head again in full obedience. He released his grip slowly, her phone still in his hand.   
  
She turned her seat the other way, put her head down and headed straight to the lady's room.   
  
She was shaking uncontrollably in the stall. She had to compose herself. She had to calm down and do what this stranger asked of her. Tears started trickling down her face. What had she gotten herself into?  
  
She tried to compose herself and find reason. "You started this nonsense, you dig yourself out of the mess you created."   
  
But how? She felt so helpless. The only way forward was to comply with this stranger's demands for the time being.   
  
She pulled up her skirt and hooked her fingers on both sides of her hips and rolled her underwear down and slipped it over under one foot, then the other. Having taken off her panties, and feeling the butt plug in her ass, she went right back into the ecstasy world. She pulled her head up in defiance, confidence coming back to her.  
  
Her fingers slid into her pussy easily as she was incredibly perplexed and aroused by this stranger's invasion.   
  
She took her fingers out and brought them to her nostrils. Her aroma was intoxicating.   
  
She went back to her seat, head down. She took her seat. She didn't dare looking around. A moment after she sat down, she felt his arms around her waist and they were cheek to cheek again.   
  
He placed his hand palm up on her lap and she put her wet lacy thong in his open hand. He closed his palm, engulfing the tiny cloth in his closed fist and reached his pants' pocket and deposited the soiled item. He brought his hand back to wrap around her waist again, tightly.  
  
With his other hand, he lifted her still glistening hand in a kissing gesture and smelled her fingers.   
  
"Good girl," the whisper boomed in her head.   
  
Placing her phone in her hand, he ordered her again;  
  
"Slide forward in your chair, open your legs wide and take a picture of your pussy and ass," the bass baritone voice whispered in her ear.   
  
She shook her head wildly, NO!   
  
He held her still. One of his caressing hands traveled to her boob and squeezed hard. "Do as I say!"  
  
She was so confused, so wet...  
  
She slid all the way forward on her seat, opened her legs as wide as she could under the circumstances, and snapped the selfie he commanded.   
  
Still cheek to cheek, the man took a look at the picture under the counter. He saw the glistening wet pussy and the butt plug.   
  
"You horny slut!" the man exclaimed.   
  
"Nice touch with the butt plug!"  
  
"Find another guy and send it," he said, tightly embracing her, still cheek to cheek.   
  
She went through the same routine, this time selecting another man. She was helpless, trembling in this stranger's embrace.  
  
"Yoo-hoo," shouted the victim. "Oh my god, look at this," he raised his phone for all around him to see. And started scanning the bar just like the other victim did.   
  
She was shaking uncontrollably. The man held her tight.   
  
"You did well," the booming voice whispered.   
  
When her trembling subsided, he gave her a gentle tug. "It's time to get out of here. Head down, do not look at me!"  
  
"What's with this guy?" she screamed in her head. "Why can't I look at him? Is he that ugly?"  
  
And another thought struck Julie. "Oh my god! Is he someone I know? Is he saving me the embarrassment? But if so, why the second selfie with my bald pussy and butt plug?"  
  
The thought was too much to bear. Tears started running down her cheeks again.   
  
Whatever the reason was, she figured she would soon find out who he was and what her fate was with this stranger.   
  
She shook her head in agreement again. He caressed her waist tight against his side, her head buried in his shoulder. They walked out, like two lovers with not a single care in the world, leaving all the commotion behind.   
  
"Which way?" he asked.   
  
She pointed her finger in the direction of her apartment.   
  
"Is it near, or do we need to take a cab?"  
  
"We can walk, it's right around the corner," she timidly answered.   
  
Giving her ass cheek a squeeze, he said, "I like your voice!" She could feel he said it with a smile. It put her at ease.  
  
"I like your voice too, it's so sexy, so commanding!" She said with a low, husky voice.   
  
He chuckled in response.  
  
They walked like lovers, tightly hugging each other, arms around one another's waist.   
  
When they came to her apartment building he asked, "Which apartment?"  
  
"6K."   
  
"Go in and await my instructions. Tomorrow is a big day for you!" he said giving her ass another squeeze.   
  
She was so aroused, and wanted him so badly. Whoever this guy was, she didn't care. She wanted him to have his way with her tonight.  
  
"Aren't you coming up?" She managed to say.   
  
"No!" He said. "You'll be a good girl tomorrow and do everything exactly as I order you to."   
  
"How am I going to find you?"  
  
"I'll be in touch. Not your concern. Go!"  
  
Remember, head down, no peeking!"  
  
She didn't dare look up. She didn't quite understand why, but she obeyed. She wanted to please him. She kept her head down and went into her building.  
  
She closed her apartment door, leaned against it with her back and kicked her shoes off. Closing her eyes in exasperation, she took a deep breath, exhaling slowly.   
  
"Well, that didn't go too well did it?" She said out loud with a sad smile that held such a weight on her shoulders.   
  
But she was also hopeful and curious about tomorrow. Tonight was such an amazing night, a first in her adventures, she was actually happy how things turned out.   
  
She exposed herself and didn't get caught, well almost, except the bloody stranger.   
  
Although she did not wind up in bed with Mr. Bass Baritone, the thrill was exhilarating. She was so tired of the adrenaline that coursed through her system all night, she felt like she was cramping in all her muscles, including her pussy walls. She smiled a happy smile.  
  
Was he going to really going to reach out to her somehow? How? Did he take her phone number while she was in the lady's room? Her mind was going a mile a minute, running through scenarios in her head.  
  
Or was it a fun play for him and he was never going to look her up. She couldn't even go back to the bar and look for him, she never saw his face!  
  
She cleaned her makeup, took the butt plug out, and took another shower to calm down her nerves. Her mind busy, intoxicated with tonight's events, she didn't want to play with herself.  
  
Exhausted, she went to bed with a Mona Lisa face, half smiling, half worried, and went into a deep sleep.  
  
SATURDAY  
  
Julie woke up late in the morning. She was still groggy from last night's events.  
  
She reached her phone to see if there were any missed calls.   
  
Nothing!  
  
She checked her SMS message icon.   
  
Nothing! No new messages.  
  
Giving in and giving up, she decided to check up her emails. Among many unread messages, the one on the top was from her building's email notification system. It informed her that an envelope was left for her at the concierge's desk downstairs.  
  
Her heart started pounding in her chest. She got up, didn't even go into the bathroom to pee. She quickly tied her hair into a ponytail, put on a t-shirt, no bras, and slid into a pair of blue jeans, no panties. She slipped on her flip flops and headed to the elevator bank.  
  
The concierge smiled and reached for her envelope. He somehow knew what she came down for. His eyes were fixated on her hard nipples poking through her t-shirt.  
  
She noticed his gaze, but didn't care. She was busting to pee. The thought of torturing the guy with playful casual talk while he was fixated on her boobs came to her mind. But if she didn't go up that very moment she would cause herself embarrassment. She was desperate to pee. Saying a quick "Thank you!" she turned around and went into the first elevator that came down.   
  
Once she was safely inside her apartment, she rushed straight to the bathroom. Lowering her jeans, she let go. Oh what a relief. It felt good to pee. She imagined herself peeing on Mr. Bass Baritone's dick. "I'm such a slut!" she screamed with joy.   
  
She was still holding the envelope in her hand. Sitting on the toilet, she opened the envelope eagerly with anticipation.  
  
"Good morning slut!"  
  
3:00PM, this afternoon. Middle Century hotel, downtown, room 1211."  
  
Key card inside the envelope."  
  
Dress in a sexy blouse with deep cleavage, no bras."  
  
Tight miniskirt, no panties."  
  
High heels."  
  
Go inside the room, take your clothes off. Go on all fours on the bed, face buried into the pillow, ass up in the air, pussy on full display, butt plug in!"  
  
Both hands on your butt cheeks, pulling them apart."  
  
I will find you in this position exactly at 3:00PM."  
  
No matter what happens when I enter the hotel room, do not raise your head or try anyway to look at me."  
  
Stay still or I will punish you!"  
  
She didn't know whether to be scared or happy. What was this sick bastard up to?   
  
There was only one way to find out. She had to go with her instincts. He had a very sexy voice and if he wanted to really hurt her, he already would have. While he had fun with her and had her expose her pussy and her plugged butthole, he actually saved her from the crowd.   
  
Trusting that he was going to give her the fucking she desperately needed, she decided to comply.  
  
She had plenty of time to get ready. She read the news, answered few work emails, spoke to her daughters and ensured them that all was well.  
  
After breakfast she went through the same routine as she did the previous night, cleansed herself and playfully put the butt plug in, this time more expertly!  
  
She dressed exactly as ordered. When she looked in the full length mirror she blushed. While she looked very sexy, she was dressed like a porn star. How was she going to go out like this? She took a wide brimmed hat and put on a large pair of sunglasses.  
  
She was desperately hopeful that none of her neighbors on the same floor would see her leaving her apartment dressed like this in the middle of the day.  
  
She opened her door and peeked out. Her heart was racing. Making sure there was no one in sight, she quickly locked her apartment door and went to the elevator bank. The seconds felt like a lifetime.  
  
She went in the elevator, thankful that she was alone. She pulled down her miniskirt and adjusted her boobs in her blouse one last time to ensure that her areolas were not visible on her cleavage.   
  
She was so nervous, so wet...  
  
When she came down to the lobby the concierge was smiling. Obviously he watched her at his desk monitor, through the elevator's camera.   
  
If she was going to go out like this, she had to have a brave and confident look. "I should have taken my boobs out for him in the elevator," she said to herself with the afterthought.  
  
She returned the concierge's smile, nodded her head without saying a word, held his gaze for a moment to acknowledge that she knew he watched her in the elevator, and headed out of the building with a very sexy, seductive walk.  
  
She quickly hailed a cab while everybody on the sidewalk was looking at her, especially men, with admiring glances.   
  
Getting in the car, she decided to flash a young man nearby who was mesmerized with the way she looked. She opened the door, put one leg in first to ensure her miniskirt rose up. She opened her other leg wide and took two extra seconds climbing in the cab. The shocked smile on the young man's face got her juices flowing.   
  
She had a huge, satisfied smile on her face. She hoped that the young man also caught a glimpse of her butt plug. She was feeling very sexy and horny.  
  
At 3:00PM she was in the exact position demanded in the letter. She was anxiously waiting to see what was going to happen next.   
  
At least he chose a clean, upscale hotel, but with a decoration of the middle ages. The hallways looked like a castle's corridors, or a dungeon's! Worried feelings came all over her again. What if this man would hurt her somehow?   
  
"No!" She thought, "Not this day and age, not in downtown New York."   
  
She tried to calm her nerves, ass plugged up in the air, face buried in the pillow, hands on her ass cheeks, pulling them apart. She started laughing a nervous laugh.  
  
She jumped with stinging pain from the sudden smack on her but cheek.   
  
"What are you laughing about, you slut?" Said the familiar bass baritone voice.   
  
Not a sound from scolded Julie. And she wasn't laughing anymore.   
  
He slammed his palm against the other butt cheek with another loud smack.   
  
"I asked you a question!"  
  
"I was laughing at myself. Look at me! Ass plugged up, in the air, waiting for a guy I never saw. Don't you think this is funny?"  
  
She wondered how funny her situation was or wasn't going to be when he held her hair by the back of her head, lifted it up a bit and placed a hood over her head in one swift motion and cinching the string under her chin, cutting all vision around her.   
  
She was so scared. She came here to play and to get fucked, but this guy put a hood over her head? Sick bastard!  
  
How was she going to get out of this? She was running through a thousand scenarios in her mind when she realized that she was able to breath easily. There was a big cutout where her mouth and nose were.  
  
She found relief that at least her hands and feet were free.

Before she could finish her thoughts, as if he read her mind, he started placing Velcro cuffs on her wrists and ankles. Before she grasped what was going on, he quickly fastened her wrists behind her back.   
  
"Keep your head on the pillow and spread your knees apart," He commanded.   
  
She complied.  
  
He pulled her ankles further out. This last move frightened her. What was he planning? Her heart started racing and she started perspiring.  
  
Julie started worrying more when she felt him walking around the bed, smacking what sounded like flogger against his pants' leg, wondering where and how to start.  
  
What had she gotten herself into?  
  
Mr. Bass Baritone started swirling the flogger on the bottom of her exposed foot, tickling her. She was ticklish to start with and with her heightened senses the feeling was more intensified. She couldn't help but let out a giggle as her foot jumped.  
  
Wham! The flogger hit her ass cheek with such force, she cried out in pain. "Ouuuuccch!."  
  
"Hold still!" He roared. He brushed his flogger against her pussy lips and then parted her pussy with the handle of the flogger.  
  
"I see!" Said the man, "We are wet and ready!"  
  
He started lowering the tips of the flogger and swinging them to dance on her calves, giving Julie tingling sensations. He moved up her legs, went over her lover back and down the other leg, never going near the butt plug and not touching her pussy.   
  
His brushing the flogger all over her lower part of her body drew Julie into ecstasy. She started moaning and tilting her ass out every time the leather straps of the flogger came near her pussy. She was eager to accept whatever this man had in mind. Her pussy was soaking wet, her insides were constricting and making her more aware how deeply settled the butt plug was in her ass.  
  
The flogger moved onto her upper back, to her shoulders, and started swinging in the air and coming down in light smacks against her butt cheeks every time he traveled down from tickling her upper back.   
  
At first she easily tolerated the light whipping of the flogger, but as the repetitions increased her ass cheeks started burning, and her pussy juices started flowing out of her pussy. Just like when her husband spanked her. But this was different. This man was not her husband. He wasn't punishing her. He was using her as his sex toy. And she was hell bent on pleasing him.  
  
She desperately hoped that a good fuck would follow.  
  
He held her head by the hood and had her bite the handle of the flogger. Now it was dangling out of her mouth.  
  
"I'm going to untie your hands and get you up. Not a move unless commanded, understood?"  
  
She nodded her head a couple of times to indicate she understood.  
  
"I asked you a question!" He smacked her butt hard with his open palm. She winced but did not move.  
  
"Understood?"  
  
"Yes!" She tried to say as best she could, with the flogger in her mouth.  
  
"Yes Sir! you will answer."  
  
"Yes Sir!" Came the muffled reply.  
  
"OK. One more time. I'm going to untie your hands and get you up. Not a move unless commanded, understood?"  
  
"Yes Sir!"   
  
He unfastened the clasped hooks that were holding the Velcro straps joined. He led her off the bed into a standing position at the foot of the bed.  
  
There she was, a hood on the head, unable to see, nipples erect as if they were going to pop out of her areolas, and a soaked pussy, with juices running down on her thighs.  
  
Taking the flogger out of her mouth, he shoved it on her inner thigh with its handle to indicate that he wanted her legs apart. She complied.  
  
She felt his presence all around her as he walked around her, taking mental notes on her body, as if he was a slave owner.  
  
It was true though. She felt like a sex slave to him. "No," she thought. She "was" a sex slave to him. She wanted to be used, to please him, so he would reward her at the end.  
  
He grabbed her wrists and clasped them together in the front and without saying a word. He attached what felt like a rope to the ring on the clasp.  
  
He led her to the bathroom door, stood her under the door frame, and turned her around to face the hotel room. She had no idea where she was in the room exactly, or what was going to happen next.  
  
Julie felt his body so close to hers, she flinched.   
  
"Shhh" whispered the bass baritone voice.  
  
She could smell his breath. He raised her hands above her head, bringing the door to the almost-close position, pulled the rope tight over the door tying the end on the inside and closed the door behind her.  
  
Her hands taut, high above her head, she thought she got what she wished. She was his sex slave.  
  
He started at her wrists with the back of his hand, his nails making contact with her skin.   
  
He brought his face so close to her face, she felt his unmistakable presence all over her body.  
  
She felt an electric shock coursing through her body when she felt his open palm cupping her pussy firmly. He held her just like that for an eternity, his face so close, her pussy melting in his palm. Her legs were shaking.  
  
He moved his face away while keeping her pussy in his palm. His face moved towards her armpit. She felt his tongue at the center of her armpit where she was the most sensitive and ticklish. When the tip of his tongue touched her and started twirling it in such a tease, she found her knees buckling and handcuffs straining under her weight.  
  
"Shhh" said the bass baritone voice once more.  
  
His tongue moved to the side of her swollen breast, making contact just where the smooth, bulbous boob meets the armpit and tickled her along the side. This man was driving her insane. She was so turned on, she was moving her hips forwards and backwards in a humping motion against his palm.  
  
He pushed his palm against her pelvic bone, pinning her against the door.  
  
"Shhh, hold still"  
  
"Yes, sir," came the strained reply.  
  
Moving his palm up, soaked with her pussy juices, he traced her slit with his middle finger, came back down and slid his finger into her pussy.  
  
He face still at her armpit, rested his tongue for a second and started moving towards her areola traveling through the side of her round breast with the lightest of a touch.  
  
She turned in a subtle motion towards his mouth, desperately hoping that he would take her nipple into his mouth, suck her nipple, bite it.  
  
He made a circle with the tip of his tongue around her areola, and without touching her nipple he traced his tongue down to underside of her breast, leaving her to crave his mouth on her nipple.  
  
His face moved away from her body. The only remaining contact between them was his finger in her pussy. He started finger-fucking her slowly. She thought she was going to go blind.  
  
As she started matching his rhythm, he suddenly removed his finger and walked away from her, leaving her breathless, her head in the hood, still tied up against the bathroom door, butt plug still inside her, pussy dripping...  
  
She never wanted to be fucked this much, and she was so close to being fucked, and he moved away? What was going on?  
  
Not a sound in the hotel room. Just their breathing. Hers heavy, his steady.  
  
It seemed like eternity. No movement!  
  
"Sir?" she called out. She pulled against her strains.  
  
Nothing!  
  
"Sir?"   
  
She was starting to freak out, and she was about to start yelling and screaming and curse him out... She felt his breath on her lips.  
  
She had just opened up her mouth but words never came.  
  
His mouth was so close, she could smell his breath, feel the hunger in him, he was about to give her what he needed. She hoped...  
  
He cupped her face gently in his hands, tilting her head sideways just a little. She felt like she was in a safe cocoon inside his hands. She felt the slightest touch of his lips on her half open mouth, barely touching. He just stood there, savoring the moment. She was mesmerized. Conflict raging through her head, bound like a slave, with the most romantic light kiss, still on her lips.   
  
The man had him... She was melting...  
  
His face moved, his lips still with the light touch against her mouth, making small circles around her lips with the slightest pressure.   
  
He brought his tongue out very gently and made contact with her lip, making her feel how much he desired her. He traced his tongue along the outer edges of her lips and then started kissing her lips softly. Lifted his mouth off, tilted his head a bit and kissed her again, and tilted his head the other way and kissed her again, and again and again...  
  
This was the unspoken communication between the two bodies that understood one another feelings.  
  
To love, to be loved...   
  
She was overwhelmed with emotions.  
  
There they were, in a hotel room, having sex, kinky sex, bound and hooded. Ass plugged! And this guy was kissing her as if they were two teenagers in love.  
  
And then it her. This guy was really making love to her. Emotions ran through her like never before. Her husband never kissed her like this, never this tender, never with so much love.   
  
She started crying and kissing him back. She kissed him back more, and more, and more. She matched his rhythm, kissing pulling back, coming back together, kissing...   
  
Their tongues met in the warmth of their mouths. They touched and twirled around with a sensuous dance, separating and going away to explore the smooth pearls, letting each other feel the sharpness of their front teeth, enjoying the sensation of teeth on the tongue and then coming back together to twirling tongues just like a couple of figure skaters coming back together to entangle and twirl more.  
  
She wanted to hug him with her arms, but she was still bound, so she did the next best thing. Holding on to her restraints, she jumped and wrapped her long legs around his waist and pulled him together and continued kissing him.  
  
He was caught in the heat of the moment too. He started kissing her back desperately with hungry kisses.  
  
He grabbed her thighs around his waist and ran his hands along to her ass cheeks.   
  
She held on tight. He started kneading her ass cheeks. She felt the butt plug starting to move around slightly and giving her sensations she had never felt.  
  
His hands were exploring her body. She was bound to the door, hands over her head, legs wrapped around his waist, and he was still kissing her hungrily, caressing her back, her boobs, her ass. He was going wild all over her body. And she was loving it. They were lost in the moment of heat.  
  
And she felt his throbbing penis at the opening of her pussy, pushing, teasing, testing...  
  
"How did he... when did he get undressed?" thought Julie in her crazed state of mind. But she didn't care. She pulled herself up a little with her arms against her restraints, pushed herself up with her legs just enough, squeezed him in just a tad more and positioned her pussy against his erection.  
  
And he pushed hard, in one swift move. She let out a moan as the testimony for years of denial. Her head was spinning. With every push she was feeling as if she was having an orgasm after orgasm. It felt so good, she was so hungry, she didn't want this to end.   
  
He slowed his motion and came to a full stop when he felt Julie was starting to get tight around his penis. He knew she wasn't going to hold out too long. And he pulled out.   
  
She cried out a cry of lust, a cry of disappointment, a cry of unfinished business. She wanted his dick right back inside of her pussy where it belonged. She was so close. How could he torture her like this?  
  
He unwrapped her legs from around his waist and brought them down on the floor. She was still convulsing with desire. He reached up and undid the rope from her restraints and brought her bound hands down.  
  
Her arms were stiff and in pain but she didn't care.   
  
"I want you back inside me!" she whispered inside her head, not daring to say it out loud.   
  
He pushed her shoulders down and made her squat. Her pussy was on full display, with puffy lips and her erect clit poking out of its hood.  
  
He positioned his dick in front of her face and her mouth eagerly and automatically opened up.  
  
She cupped his balls with both her cuffed hands and took his throbbing dick as deep as possible inside her warm mouth. She started lightly massaging his balls and tickling the back of his balls with her index fingers where they are most sensitive. It didn't take long for him to respond to this amazing stimulation. He started bucking forwards and backwards as she started face-fucking his dick.  
  
She moved her hands to her pussy and got her fingers totally wet. She then came back up and started making small circles on his ass with her wet fingers. She felt he deserved a prostate blow job.   
  
He let out a moan with multiple contacts on all his genitals and she sensed he was getting ready to explode. She started sucking him faster and ran both her hands on his dick as her mouth continued her magic on him.  
  
He stopped her, helped her up from her squatted position and led her back to the bed in trembling legs. He re-cuffed her hands behind her back and put her on the bed, head down, ass in the air, legs apart.  
  
He started running his hands roughly on her thighs, smacking her ass cheeks and running the back of his hands against the sides of her breasts. He was driving her insane.  
  
He climbed up on the bed, settled between her legs and parted her ass cheeks with both his hands. He was stretching her butt cheeks with the palm of his hands, her pussy lips were getting pulled apart and putting the glistening opening on full display.  
  
She knew he was getting more and more aroused by the way he was handling her pussy and ass rougher and rougher, hungrier and hungrier.  
  
Just when she thought he was going to start fucking her again, he shoved his tongue deep into her wide open pussy and started licking her insides, tongue fucking her...   
  
Until his tongue got tired. It felt so good. She could orgasm right there if he was able to do it for another minute. But perhaps his tongue wasn't tired. What if he sensed that she was about to climax?  
  
He started kissing and sucking her pussy lips and moved on to her clit with his tongue.  
  
"Ohhhhhh," cried Julie. It felt so good being eaten for the first time in more than ten years. Tears started rolling down her cheeks again inside the hood.   
  
His face was still buried in her pussy, licking the slit, going up and sucking her clit, which drove her wild. She was bucking under his tongue.   
  
"Oh yes, suck me, lick me, you are killing me!"  
  
"Quiet!" Ordered the man and slapped her ass cheeks with both hands at the same time with quite a force.  
  
"Ouccccch!" She cried.  
  
"Quiet, I said!" the man and repeated the assault. Having learned her lesson, she didn't utter another sound.  
  
And his tongue dove back in, directly stimulating her clit. Not to get spanked, she didn't dare make a sound, but she started matching his tongue's moves. Every time he licked her up, her ass wiggled down, every time his tongue went down her ass went up in anticipation for contact with her clit.  
  
He decided to take the assault up a notch, he continued sucking and licking her clit, and agonizingly slowly slid two fingers into her wet pussy, making her feel the penetration. Nice and easy, slowly in slowly out.  
  
She didn't know what to feel. She couldn't name the strange feeling or describe in her mind how good it felt. She was on a different planet. Her pussy was being invaded by living flesh, not one, but two fingers, going inside, spreading wide, coming almost out and plunging back inside, but so slowly, making her feel that she was a woman, desired, cherished. This man was taking his time giving her pleasures she never experienced before in her life.  
  
While his face was still buried in her pussy, he reached out and unfastened the clamp that held her hands bound behind her. She brought her arms forward. They were aching but the pain was so intermingled with ecstasy. She didn't have time to dwell on pain right now, she was enjoying his tongue, fingers and mouth in and all around her pussy.  
  
He pushed her sideways and made her lie down on her back. He climbed on her and pinned her arms over her head with one hand and positioned himself between her legs.  
  
She was waiting in anticipation for him to enter her again, and claim what was his since last night, for the second time. She was so ready and hungry for him, this torture had to end and she needed relief now.  
  
He lowered his mouth to her face and they started their hungry kissing again. She felt that kissing while her hands being pinned down was such a turn on, she started biting his lips slightly against his soft kisses.  
  
His hands were running all over her smooth skin and making her feel ticklish on her sides and under her ribcage. He discovered that she was ticklish directly above her knew caps too.   
  
He lifted her legs up, bending them at the knees, pushing her knees up and under her armpits.   
  
He entered her with such force. She cried out with pain. Or was it pain? Or pleasure? Or both? God, it felt so good. She was delirious. He pounded her like she always dreamed of being fucked, with animalistic desires. He was fucking her so mercilessly, she felt her cervix was hit with every push.  
  
He tasted her armpits and sucked on her nipples as he fucked her, kissed her, consumed and devoured her.   
  
Strangely, she never asked for the hood to be removed.   
  
Her perfectly round, erect boobs looked straight at him. Her stiff nipples invited his teeth. He could hold no more. With soft swirls of his tongue he encircled her soft areolas, slightly sucking and biting each nipple in turn. She was squirming under his body, writhing in pleasure.   
  
Her wet insides were so tightly wrapped around his dick. He felt his balls getting tight. He was getting close. He started fucking her faster and harder, continued to bite her nipples. And that brought her over the edge.   
  
She wrapped her legs around his waist in such a crushing strength and held him there. He was still inside her but could not move. Her convulsions seemed as if they were never going to end. She was screaming and trying to move her arms in an effort to set them free. If she could free her arms, she would definitely dig her finger nails in his flesh with the uncontrollable contraction of all her muscles in her body. This was a sex fueled crazy series of spasms, with sounds that didn't have a spelling in the written world, but were clear signs of extreme relief.  
  
When her climax subsided, he started pumping in and out of her slowly, helping her come down to earth and slowly recover.   
  
As soon as her breathing calmed down, he started pumping harder as he was over stimulated physically and psychologically, all his sensory systems on high alert.   
  
It was his turn to start making strange sounds, while squeezing her boobs and biting her hard nipples, while at the same time running his nails lightly above her knees to make her convulse in pleasure.   
  
With all the animalistic moves and feeling his weight on her body, she was turned on again and she started matching his moves. She brought her cuffed hands over his head and started grabbing his ass and help him pound her pussy harder and harder.  
  
When she felt him stiffen and let out a lion-like roar, she came simultaneously with another shuddering orgasm. His semen filling her wet pussy brought her to a climax even stronger than the first time.   
  
Panting, he collapsed on top of her, out of breath, but still inside her, still hard. A moment later he started pumping in and out of her, ever so slowly, while kissing her mouth softly.  
  
After they both came down from their climax, she decided it was time to remove the hood from her face.  
  
He held her hand.   
  
"No!" he said.   
  
"It is better this way. You never know when or where you may find me again. But you'll know my voice"

And you will obey my commands!"   
  
Wait in anticipation."  
  
I saw your clever plan in exposing yourself last night. I will come up with more dares for you, and have you seduce someone I choose."  
  
She opened her mouth to speak but he put his finger on her lips.  
  
"Shhh, not a word."  
  
With that, he got up, still sticky with their juices, got dressed and left the room.   
  
She was still on her back on the bed, feeling good with the afterglow. Cuffs still around her wrists and ankles, butt plug still in her ass, hood on her head.  
  
She decided to lay there a while longer, in sweat, and his cum leaking out of her pussy.  
  
She was about to take the hood off her head when she heard a key on the door.   
  
She decided to keep the hood on thinking it was him.  
  
She heard footsteps towards the bed. A hand grabbed her left hand and tied it up against the leg of the bed with a rope. Same was repeated with the other hand, and then her legs too were bound. She was spread eagled on the bed, still with the hood on her head and the butt plug in her ass.  
  
She wasn't frightened this time. She was happy he was back.   
  
She felt a set of lips on her left breast nipple and she let out a moan.   
  
And she felt another set of lips on her right breast nipple...  
  
And two sets of hands started running all over her body...  
  
And she couldn't move...  
  
Stay tuned...