

# **Bondage Six Pack**

**Faye Valentine**

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## **House Sitting Surprise**

Jack stripped out of his clothes and tiptoed through the house so as not to wake his ex-wife up when he got to the bedroom – a hard feat to accomplish while more than a little tipsy from too many beer and whiskey chasers. Slowly opening the bedroom door, he crept inside, holding his breath as he walked across the plush carpeted floor towards the bed. Throwing back the covers, he saw his ex-wife lying there naked and he was hard almost at once. Climbing up onto the bed between her partially spread legs, he raised her hips and thrust into her.

Abbie's dream of soaring through the air like a bird took a sudden change in direction and she found herself in a bedroom lit by candles on a large, rose petal covered bed tangled in the arms of her lover as he worked his manhood in and out of her in slow, pleasure-filled thrusts that grew more rapid by the second. It was a full two minutes before she realized she was awake, face-down on the bed while someone was taking her from behind. Her first thought was to get away from the man assaulting her and she jerked forwards, but the strong hands gripping her hips pulled her back – the cock slamming into her so deep it hit against her cervix.

"Mmmm, that's it babe," Jack moaned "I like it when you struggle. God, you feel so fucking tight tonight!"

"Let me go you son of a bitch!" Abbie screamed, panicking as she tried desperately to break the hold the man had on her hips. Flailing around, she managed to kick her foot back into his side and her left hand caught him across the neck, but he kept on pounding his cock into her.

"That's it! Fight me babe! Tell me how much you hate my cock now! Uuhhnnnn!" he grunted as he shot his load deep in Abbie's clenching pussy. After a few more thrusts, he pulled out and collapsed onto the bed deep asleep.

Abbie bolted out of the bed and turned the lights on with the flick of a trembling finger. Lying on the bed was a naked man she had seen only twice before – the last time about three years ago just before he and his wife Lisa got a divorce due to his abundant drinking problem. Her first thought was to call the police and report the rape, but somehow she felt sorry for the man. He had genuinely thought he was fucking his ex-wife and, had she not gone out of town at the last minute probably would have. She played his words over and over in her head and wondered if this was a common occurrence for the two ex-lovers.

Semen dripping down her thighs, Abbie went to the bathroom and took a long, hot shower before returning to the bedroom and climbing into bed with the man that had essentially raped her only half an hour earlier. It felt odd lying next to him, and she knew she should be furious, but deep down she knew he would never have done it had the lights been on, or she had worn something to bed. Not that she was blaming herself for what happened, only that she managed to rationalize his actions and deemed him harmless.

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Jack woke to the smell of fresh brewed coffee and bacon cooking. Rolling out of bed, his head aching, he shuffled down the hall butt naked to the bathroom and took care of business before going down to greet his ex-wife. "OH MY GOD, Abbie! What are you doing here?" he gasped, covering his crotch with his hands.

"Hey Jack," Abbie smiled. "I'm house sitting for Lisa for a few days while she's out of town."

"Oh? When did you get here?"

"Yesterday afternoon. Hungry? I've got fresh coffee and bacon."

“Y-Yesterday afternoon? You weren’t...I didn’t...OH MY FUCKING GOD! Please tell me I didn’t...”

“Come into the bedroom and fuck me in the mistaken impression that I was your ex-wife? Yeah, you sort of did.”

“Oh, dear lord! I’m so sorry, Abbie. Please don’t call the cops on me! I thought you were Lisa. Ever since we got divorced I’ve been coming over two or three times a week to drunk fuck her in the middle of the night. She loves that sort of shit, but only when we’re having sex. Any other time she hates my drinking.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to call the cops. I know you would never have raped me if you knew it was me in bed and not your ex, right?”

“HELL NO! That’s not the kind of guy I am. I used to turn the light on at first, but Lisa put an end to that. She said it ruined the scene. I am so, so sorry for what I did to you. I think I should go now.”

“Nonsense. Sit down and have some breakfast and a hot cup of coffee. I forgive you for what you did. The one I’m pissed at right now is Lisa for not warning me something like this could happen, or for at least telling you she was going out of town and not to come over. You know, after thinking about it while trying to fall asleep next to you I had to admit that that long, fat cock of yours felt pretty damn good. I’ve never taken one quite that large before.”

“Um, thanks, I think. Man is this fucking awkward. How can you be so calm and collected when I raped you last night?”

“Like I said, and you confirmed, you would never have done it had you known it was me in bed and not Lisa. As far as I’m concerned you had no intent of raping me so it’s forgiven. And to be perfectly honest, you can come back every night and fuck me if you want,” she grinned and winked.

“REALLY!?”

“Really. It’s been five months since I’ve had sex and you have a cock worth trying again. So, you said something last night that got me wondering. You mentioned how tight I felt. Does that mean Lisa isn’t so tight anymore?”

“Hardly. She’s stretched herself open so much over the years a fist is barely enough for her. Now her ass on the other hand is as tight as can be.”

“WOW! So, you’ve fisted her?”

“Many times. You obviously don’t know what kind of kinky woman you’ve been house sitting for. That also means you haven’t gone snooping or you would have found her toys.”

“I don’t snoop into other’s belongings when I sit for them.”

“That’s a good work ethic to have. You know she’s bisexual, right? We talked about asking you to join us in a threesome, but didn’t want to risk losing your house sitting services.”

“Really? About the threesome, that is. I knew she was bi when I came over about a year ago to house sit and walked in on her and another woman making out. So, what else did the two of you want to do to me?”

“You really don’t want to know.”

“I really think I do. And after giving you a free pass for what you did to me last night I think I deserve to know. And just so you know, I’m not on birth control so you had better hope like hell I don’t end up pregnant.”

“Look, if I told you everything we wanted to do to you you’d run away screaming and never come back.”

“And that just makes me want to know even more!”

“Okay, fine, but don’t say I didn’t warn you. Do you know the room at the end of the hallway with the locked door?”

“Yeah, what about it?”

“Have you ever gone in?”

“Of course not.”

“Well, if you want to know what we want to do to you you’re going to have to. In fact, why don’t you strip naked and I’ll go unlock it so you can take a look.”

“Why do I have to be naked?”

“So that we can have some more fun. You did say I can come back and fuck you anytime, right? Well, I’m here now and hard as a rock as you can see, so go ahead and strip and we’ll have some fun.”

Abbie took the last of the bacon out of the pan and placed it on a rack to drain. Stepping back from the stove, she surprised herself and Jack by taking off her shirt and shorts. While she talked a big game, acting upon it was a whole other matter and this was a sort of test for the young house sitter. She knew if she had the guts to strip naked for him now she would be willing to do almost anything for him. Her bra and panties dropped to the floor and she stood there while Jack stared at her naked body.

“Good god you are beautiful! Bend over the table.” When Abbie did as she was told without question, he knew he had her. Walking up behind her, he spread her open with his cockhead as he eased it into her tight pussy. Abbie pushed back on it – taking all nine, fat inches in one thrust of her hips as a soft moan escaped her lips.

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After spraying his load all over Abbie’s back and then wiping it off with paper towels, Jack led her to the locked door at the end of the hallway. It was originally intended to be a family room, but when it became apparent that neither Jack nor Lisa wanted children, they put the space to better use by turning it into their own personal playroom. Using the key he still had, Jack unlocked the door and stepped aside.

Abbie opened the door with all of the excitement of a kid opening presents at Christmas. The door creaked back and her eyes widened at what they beheld. Sex swings and ropes ending in cuffs hung from heavy hooks in the ceiling while a Saint Andrews cross, fuck bench, spanking bench and five different fucking machines lined the longest wall. To the left was a large, glass-front cabinet containing bottles upon bottle of lube, boxes of rubber gloves, and a plethora of other objects Abbie could not make out while the wall at the other end of the room contained dildo-lined shelves.

Looking down, Abbie saw that the floor was covered in a thick seamless rubber pad with the outer two feet all the way around the room was covered in metal studs. With the assistance of Jack’s hand on her back, she took a step into the room and saw the pegboards hanging on the door wall. To the left were gags, clamps, cuffs, spreader bars, and sleeves while to the right hung canes, floggers, paddles of the imprint and non-imprint variety, whips, ticklers and slappers in a variety of colors, sizes and materials.

“JESUS CHRIST! W-What is this?”

“This is our play room,” Jack explained. “Or rather it was until we got divorced. Now it’s Lisa’s playroom. This is where I taught her to take my fist and turned her into an obedient, submissive slut. And this is where we planned to do the same to you until things went south.”

“Y-You w-wanted to turn m-me into a submissive? You want to fist me?”

“In the worst possible way. Unfortunately, other than the nights I come to wake her with a good fucking I’m not supposed to be here so it’ll fall to Lisa to train you if that’s what you want.”

“What I want? I’ve never been so intimidated by a room in my life! How many of these things did you use on her?”

“All of it over the seven years we built this room up. Want to try some of it out?”

“I’m good.”

“Ah, come on. At least let me put some clamps on you before I go.”

“Go?”

“I told you, I’m not supposed to stay much after waking up and I probably shouldn’t have shown you the room, but you insisted on knowing what we wanted to do to you. So, what do you say to those clamps?”

“Will they hurt?”

“Not a lot.”

“I think I’ll pass. This isn’t really my thing.”

“Suit yourself. I’ll be back in a couple of nights to have sex with you again.”

“I can’t wait,” Abbie smiled. And it was the truth. As odd as she still felt about the whole situation, she could not deny the hormones raging through her body at the mere mention of another nightly romp. Pulling the door shut behind her, she escorted Jack to the front door and watched until he drove out of sight.