

5:44 PM

She knew she would go to the seedy hotel again if invited.

She sat on the park bench, still shuddering, and gathered herself. She could still feel the itch of the cheap sheets and the eyes of man who'd slid the key across the dirty counter. She knew she would go to the seedy hotel again if invited. But now, she had to get home to clean up and start dinner for her family.

5:32 PM

“Ma’am? Are you all right ma’am?” asked the doorman. “Can I get your ... uh ... bag?”

Grace tried to smooth her rumpled hair and pulled her coat tighter around her shaking form. The cold wind swept around her bare legs, tripping up her naked thighs to where everything still pulsed. She looked at the plastic trash bag in her hand and smiled.

“Actually, you can throw all of this away.” She handed him the bag and rotated the white-gold band on her left hand. “There’s nothing in there I need.”

5:25 PM

The elevator groaned in its descent with the weight of its passengers. Grace knew each and every one of them was sizing her up—judging her. Her makeup had been rubbed away hours ago. She didn’t have a brush for her long, blond hair, and everything but the coat she had worn to the hotel was in the bag in her hand.

That reminded her. She rummaged through the bag, found her wedding ring and slipped it on. Normally, she didn't even notice it, but after an afternoon of not wearing it, the ring created a gentle pressure around her finger.

In the lobby, two working girls sat on a threadbare sofa and smoked their cigarettes. The older of the two winked at Grace as she passed.

5:12 PM

Grace stretched as she picked up the stack of twenties that lay where her clutch purse had been. He had taken her purse but had left her wedding ring next to the money, as though he were giving her permission to wear it again. She wasn't quite ready.

Parts of her ruined outfit were strewn around the room. It was pointless to try to put the pieces on. He had left her long jacket untouched, though. It would at least cover her to her thighs as she made her way home. Grace pulled the plastic bag from the trash can and gathered the remnants of what could no longer pass as clothes. She dropped her ring into the bag and shoved the money into the pocket of her coat.

She stood naked in front of the wall mirror and examined the marks around her wrists. Her skin was an angry red. Her arms ached from being stretched above—ached from holding so tightly to the headboard. There had been times she thought she might break off the wood in her bare hands. The thought made her smirk. She put on her coat, grabbed her trash bag of belongings, and looked around the hotel room.

It was a clean room, but that was all that could be said for it. Even so, it looked worse for wear from their visit.

A last trickle of semen slipped from her body to make its way down her leg. Grace pulled the ruined bra from her makeshift bag, wiped herself, tossed it onto the flowered bedspread crumpled on the floor, and left.

4:42 PM

He dressed in the clothes he had carefully folded before he'd fucked her. He loosened the straps on her wrists, kissed her on the cheek, and left before she could even begin to move.

Lying prone—filled up and used up at the same time—Grace pulled her arms out of her restraints. Her ass rested in a puddle of come.

She knew he'd always wanted to tie her up, ever since the beginning. There was no way she would have considered it before, yet here she was, untying her thoroughly fucked body. It was the amount of money he promised that finally tipped her over the edge.

4:15 PM

He wrapped his arm around her waist and bent her body for better access to her ass. The pillow under Grace's head was yanked away and wedged under her hips.

His fingers teased around the outer rim of the butt-plug that filled her ass. He lightly pulled it outwards to create tension at her opening, which stretched and then relaxed as the plug slipped back inside.

With a finger on her clit, he circled the already overwhelmed nub and pulled out the toy.

Grace's body registered the void for just a moment before he stuffed his thick cock into her backside. Still greased up from the toy, her body took him entirely, with only the slightest pain as he hit his full depth.

He worked her clit in matched rhythm to the increasingly harder and faster strokes in her ass. Grace struggled against her tethers, grasping at the air and the headboard. Her eyes fluttered back in her head as an orgasm ripped through her. Her whimpers and moans had left her body an hour ago. She screamed without words or meaning.

His come spurted inside her before the clenching of her muscles subsided.

3:37 PM

“Fuck! Fuck ... Fuck!” Grace fought her ties as his mouth worked her pussy. She wanted to sit up, to grab him, to make him fuck her when *she* wanted, instead of at his pace. He could spend days eating her cunt, and she always grew impatient and pulled him up to fuck her. But he wasn’t letting that happen.

The muscles of her legs were strained to the point of pain and a cramp was forming in the arch of her right foot.

The muscles of her legs were strained to the point of pain and a cramp was forming in the arch of her right foot. She had never come so many times in a session. Between each climax, he waited for the previous orgasm to calm, for her body to come down from its heights, for her labored breathing to hint at settling. He waited for that moment to begin again.

His hand, lubricated with the fluids of countless climaxes, massaged her cunt, manipulated her lips, stretched her hole. And then his mouth would make contact with her clit and Grace would beg to be set free. Would he please suck harder, higher, lighter, more, less? Would he fuck her, just for a minute?

Grace learned to take what was given, not fight for it. She had always stalked each orgasm as if it were a runaway dog, instead of just putting out the bowl of food and letting it come to her.

3:05 PM

“Is that all you wanted? To tie me up and slam your dick in me? Is that all?” Stretched out on the bed, Grace shot him a sour look.

“Actually, no.”

2:29 PM

He undressed and neatly folded his clothes. He came around to the side of the bed and sat—close enough that Grace could have touched him had her arms not been bound. He reached out and grabbed her breast like so many times before. Not a gentle caress or a lusty squeeze, but something more playful and, to Grace, downright annoying at the moment.

His dick grew harder as he ran his hand along her waist, over her belly.

He reached into the small green duffel bag and pulled out a black bottle of lube and a modest butt plug.

“Spread your legs.” And Grace did. That was, after all, why she was there.

He dribbled lube over the head of the plug, massaged the fluid into her anus and up into her pussy. Grace forced herself to relax as the cool tip of the toy pressed at her opening. Her body stretched to accommodate it as he buried it to its flared end.

His cock bounced as he climbed onto the bed and between her legs. “I haven’t come in over a week,” he said. “I’ve been saving my load for your cunt.”

Without the slightest foreplay, he forced his cock into her lubed pussy and began frantically pumping her. He came almost immediately with copious amounts of come dumping into her.

2:00 PM

“Thanks for coming. Take off that ring. We want no reminders of what a dutiful wife and mother you are. Now lie on the bed with your arms above your head.”

Grace made herself comfortable on the old mattress and stretched out with a flash of theatrics. “Like this?” she sneered.

“That will be fine.” Calmly, he reached up and pulled tethers and cuffs from under the pillow. “Give me your wrists.”

He cinched the straps. "Ow! Dammit!"

Grace rolled her eyes and thrust her wrists out as if for a cuffing. He cinched the straps. "Ow! Dammit!"

"Just be quiet, Grace."

He reached into his bag, pulled out a pair of kitchen shears and moved to the end of the bed. Her shoes were the first to go as he snipped the ankle strap, slipped them off and sat them next to her coat.

Grace's thigh-high stockings and garters were flimsy foes for the sharp utensils. The point of the scissors was cold and unyielding as he pressed them to the edge of the short skirt of her dress. He cut the slight material up her thighs, over her stomach and between her breasts, cracking through the underwire of her lace bra.

With his work finished, Grace lay in a ruined pile of clothes.

THE NOTE was taped to her door:

For \$1,000, you will be at the Crestwood Hotel at 2 PM on Wednesday the 14th.

Dan

God, what was her husband up to now?

END