

SEDUCTIONS 4

(By MrSpraycan)

Monday is a day off for Maria at the salon. We had a wild time Sunday, but when I dropped her at the end of her block that evening, she was insistent that she wanted to spend more time with me. Well, I made time. Monday is only a big day for me in the sense of a lot of mail. So I did a few chores, made a PO Box run, picked up a coffee at Starbucks, sorted the mail there in record time, wrote a few checks, went by the bank to deposit a handful too. Then drove over to get her. I didn't want to get her family talking, so I'd arranged to pick her up further down the street from her place, where she normally waited for the bus. Maria waved as I rounded the corner, jumping up and down. Despite our fairly exhausting evening, she still had that girlish bounce that I really like. As we drove, I saw that she was in a clinging mood.

Good, I like devotion.

"Where are we going?" she asked, smiling happily.

"We just need to stop by my office, and then, back to the apartment. Suit you?" She hugged me. Just what she had in mind, apparently. During our pillow talk yesterday, I'd discovered some interesting weaknesses, some fears, some secret, hot desires that I can exploit. And, of course, I will.

To me, seduction isn't just the process of getting a woman's panties off and sticking my cock in. I want to go further, and work through the possibilities, to explore and probe. To teach, in my own way, if it's appropriate. To learn, sometimes. It's not a purely selfish wish on my part, though it is great fun. With Maria, my idea is that I will liberate her, help her find herself, make her truly happy. It's not just sex she needs, though she does, and will get plenty.

She needs art, opera, books, culture. And she needs out from her blue collar, TV-watching family. She needs a career. Can do, or impossible?

We'll see. There's no way it's going to be 'luuuuhhhv' without that, for me. Will I keep her? Early to say, and I don't want to think about it yet. Maybe not, though she is very cute. A lucky find, my best discovery this year. A little fledgling bird, and I want to see her fly. If she returns every now and then, I'll be satisfied.

What is my thing with women this age, why do I seem to like them more? Not that I don't prong lots of others, my friends, most in their thirties and forties and chosen for their attitude rather than simple visual appeal. "No Skanks or Hippos" is an unwritten house rule, however.

Perhaps it's because the little puppies have that 'forbidden fruit' tang to them. They're way beyond any legal restraint age -- even here in puritanical land they're old enough to be wives, mothers -- they still have that teen taste, that bubblyness that lecherous old fuckers like me enjoy.

The spontaneous urge to do things, just because it's new and different . . . They're wasted on guys their own age, totally wasted. So, am I a closet mo'Lester? No, I'm not! But here's an insight I'll

present you: Do with it as you will.
Believe or disbelieve.

Why are people in the USA so obsessed with children and keeping them from any exposure to sex, literature about it, or experiences that might educate them? Answer: for the same reasons Moslem men make their women wear chadors, veils, robes. They're trying to keep these tasty treats for themselves. Literally as well as figuratively. You wouldn't believe the number of babes I've screwed -- far, far more than you, I'll bet -- whose first erotic experiences of some sort or another were with daddy (most often), or some male relative: brother, uncle, cousin. With mummy, it's rare. Older sisters? More often than you'd think! Don't take the first denials for granted, either!

Hypocrisy, people, hypocrisy.

And Maria? What if we put her in this context? Did she? Did they? You'll have to wait and see . . .

We go to my small office over the sushi place on main street, the vast worldwide virtual cyberplex HQ of DG Smith Editorial Enterprises. I have two rooms: one a tiny studio, the other a cupboard with a desk, and (miracle! but it's the top floor) a private bathroom. I close the door, put up the 'Do Not Disturb' sign. About 10.30, so we might get some express mail, messengers, but they'll leave it at the door. Phone machine goes on.

She's looking around, somewhat awed by the hardware. I file some papers, put some stuff in the safe. Now I'm ready for her. She's wearing a skirt, blouse, jumper, sneakers, socks. I quickly strip her, leaving her sneakers and socks on. She has some good angry red marks on her cute round ass, and her breasts are swollen and bruised. But her nipples are hard with desire, and she's eager to kiss and be kissed, offering herself to be touched. I'd sniffed her panties when I pulled them down, and her arousal was very apparent. She's obviously thinking I'll ask her to masturbate for the camera again.

Wrong, for now. I grab her arm, lead her into the bathroom. And there she sees what I have in mind. We'd discussed it last night, with my prick in her ass for the second time that day. I have all the necessary enema equipment laid out. Several filled bags of soapy water hang from a hook. She obviously didn't think it'd be so soon.

She swallows, turns to me and gives a shy, sick little smile, hesitates. Then she bends over the sink and reaches back and spreads her cheeks in a very unladylike way. I choose a big nozzle, let her kiss it, then start to wriggle it into her a half-inch at a time. I attach a tube and bag when the nozzle is buried snugly in her rectum. Undo a tap, and begin to fill her up, stroking her bottom, telling her to be brave. It takes a few minutes, because I'm giving her four bags. A full half-gallon, plus. Why mess around?

She moans a little, fidgets, gasps a couple of times as the liquid stretches and swells her. I'm sure that however tight her anus is, she's going to leak. So when she's full, she's promptly corked with

a fat plastic bung. She straightens up hesitantly, her belly bulging dramatically, like a famine victim.

I hand her a short white cotton minidress to put on, something cheap like a hospital gown. No underwear, of course. Then, the keys to my apartment, three blocks away, just off main street.

"Off you go."

She's hysterical, pleading, frantic, telling me she's sure she won't be able to make it without an accident.

"Really? Won't that be entertaining! Well, I advise you to be careful then," I tell her. I say: "Don't rush, I'll catch up." She waddles out, painfully. I shut down cameras, stuff her clothes in a zipper bag, lock up.

I catch up with her at the first crossing, smile and walk on. She's pale, shaking. The dress is tight, so her huge bulging belly makes her look like a poor white teenager, pregnant and abandoned. In this rich area, a rare sight. A few old ladies passing by exchange knowing glances, ask her if she's okay.

Ten minutes or so later, she arrives. Ashen, sweating, sheer panic on her face. I block the way and insist on the dress being handed over. She tears it off, then hurries to the bathroom, and squats, not even bothering to shut the door. I wouldn't have allowed it anyway, because I'm right there to enjoy the show.

I witness the fumbling for the cork, the noisy, messy explosion, her tears of shame and cries of relief, the subsequent red-faced embarrassment. And, as intended, this is all beautifully captured on video and digital camera, set up long before. Several more big soapy enemas follow, despite her weak pleas that she doesn't want me to see her like this.

Why? I'm enjoying it a lot. Her shame, humiliation and discomfort has given me a very pleasant erection. Then it's time for the big irrigation nozzle hooked up to the shower faucets, with her squatting on the edge of the tub. It's a while before I'm satisfied about her cleanliness, and also her attitude. I want complete submission today, and it looks like I'm going to get it.

I'm being much rougher than yesterday, and she's aroused by it. Just the way she'd indicated the first time, she's used to being pushed around, grabbed, shoved.

"Are you going to rape me?" she asks anxiously, very invitingly.

I pull her head back, my hand twisted in her hair. I maul her tits, smirk: "All three holes, Maria. But, by the very nature of it, I'll do it when I want to, you juicy little fuckslut. Not before."

She's been showered to get all the splashes off her ass and legs, and her hair's wet. Couldn't get any cleaner, this young lady. Inside and out. I've gotten quite wet. Oh well.

I tell her: "Time to undress me, isn't it?"

She hurries to pull my clothes off, fawning over me, caressing and cooing.

"Want to do your job, washer girl?"

She nods brightly: "Your hair?"

"All of me."

"In the shower?"

"Good place to do it, but I actually meant something else. Like, with your tongue . . ."

She gasps, claps her hand to her mouth.

"Head to toe, Maria. You decide the details, hmm? But whatever, let's zero in on the appropriate areas . . . the ones you mustn't neglect. My feet. My armpits . . ."

She looks down, licks her lips.

"Yes, my balls, my cock, of course. And . . .?"

She stares at me, disbelieving what I'm suggesting. "Oh! You want me to . . . lick your ass?"

"Yes. My asshole, to be precise."

Her expression is priceless. Total revulsion, frustration. But no angry rejection yet. A long pause.

"Is it . . . clean?"

"Very. And, come here . . ." I pull her to the sink. "I always think young ladies need their mouths washed out with soap when they think nasty thoughts or use bad language, don't you?"

She gives a nervous chuckle, and shakes her head slowly. "Oh, my God, no! You knew!"

"You told me. Because we both know you have been thinking very dirty thoughts, don't we? And you certainly said some filthy, provocative things in the heat of passion yesterday, young lady." The liquid soap dispenser is out and waiting. I pick it up. "Open wide." Several squirts of the orange gel go on to her tongue.

"So, let's start with some toesucking, shall we? Let me know when you need more soap, darling."

She starts, grooming my toes individually with her mouth. Licks the soles of my feet. Accepts more soap in her mouth. She wants to run the shower, wash my hair. Which she does very expertly, considering the standing position. It's still running when she begins to run her tongue

over my back and chest. To lap at my armpits. Now, my legs. My scrotum and pubic hair, lots of soap. I turn the shower off, so she has to work harder.

My cock, but with cleaning, not sucking off in mind. She asks nervously: "Ready?"

"Sure!" I laugh. "And you?" I bend over, and I enjoy the sweet sensation of her tongue tickling my backside, then up and down my butt crack and finally, rimming my asshole. Perfect. It's easy to persuade older women to give you this

Devil's Kiss: they have nothing to lose, everything to gain, often take it as the reckless dare it really is. But younger women? It's a trick with them, alright.

Maria's tongue is not only willing, she's enjoying herself. I can smell her pussy, and I'm sure this means she is rubbing herself as she licks me. Saucy wench, as they say. Well, I'll attend to her sexual needs in a big way, in just a moment . . .