

Chapter 6

Paradise has a Dungeon

He leaned down to kiss me just as the sun was vanishing and all the solar lighting was coming to life throughout the backyard. I felt his hand caress my shoulder as his kisses got more powerful. Then his other hand began twisting my nipple which caused me to moan instantly.

He moved away from my mouth and my breast then put his hand on my thigh. "Here is what I am thinking. We go to the dungeon, look around, but not do anything in there, yet. Afterwards, we can sit in the hot tub and talk about the dungeon and its contents when it is not so scary. Then we can decide if there is anything that we chose to explore back in there. If we go back in, we do, if we don't that is fine too. Either way, I get to have sex in my bed for the first time in my life that didn't involve my hand, Vaseline and a magazine," he said while his eyebrows fluttered.

"It makes me very happy that you want to share this side of your life with me. The dungeon, you said you have seen it but have not taken anyone in there. How is that?" I questioned.

"As each of us turned twenty one we were taken in there by a parent of the same sex. So my dad took me in there after giving me a stern talking to. Most kids learn of the birds and bees when they reach their teens, well as adults my parents wanted us to have the part two version also."

"As far back as I can remember my Saturdays were spent with all my siblings at the rec center taking classes of all kinds. On Wednesday nights, we were picked up by the neighbors and taken back to their house for swimming and movie night. Most kids had an early bedtime every school night; talk about jealous when we would show up for school on Thursday exhausted because we were allowed to stay up until midnight," he glowed, it was a treat he enjoyed greatly.

“My dad told me that he and my mom went to a special room behind his study and would play sex games. Talk about uncomfortable when all of the sudden your dad is talking about BDSM,” he snickered. I could totally understand after the afternoon I had just had.

“It was not creepy, just shocking. He sat me down in his study, a place reserved for times when we were in trouble. He never wanted the other kids to hear what we got in trouble for or how many swipes with the switch we got on our bare ass for misbehaving. We never thought twice about that area being soundproof. We were just grateful not to hear someone crying when they got in trouble for something. My dad was never one to scream at us, all he had to do was point towards the study,” he explained as I am sure memories of that dreaded thin branch came to mind.

“The dungeon or playroom as he called it at that time is completely decked out. I remember him warning me that it is very intimidating to a woman so that when I bring one inside I need to prepare her carefully and thoroughly. He was very clear that no one should bring anyone in there if there was real fear or lack of respect. If he had any suspicions that anything unwelcome was ever occurring, he would teach us a lesson that we would never forget. Not by his hand, as his children were adults he would have another man with no hesitation come and ensure that it never happened again,” we both shuttered at the thought.

I sat listening to all of this and my wetness began to increase, my nipples hardened and my breathing was speeding up. I have never seen anything like what he is starting to describe, but if it means that I get to see that look in his eyes, my body was quickly convincing my mind that it is where I want to go.

“My dad showed me every toy, every apparatus, every lube and lotion and explained how each of them worked or were used. It was instructional, not sexual, I didn’t think of real applications and use until later when I lay in my bed thinking about doing things to a woman as she begs for me to do them,” he said shyly.

“I want you to know, I would never do anything that you did not ask for, that is what he taught me, if you are able to ask for it, then you have the presence of mind to know what you want and how hard you want it,” I gulped, how hard! Oh my!

I finally felt able to speak. “Do you have fantasies about what you want to do in that room?” I asked, almost afraid of the answer.

“I do, I have never acted out on any. But there are certain things that really turn me on,” he held my face in his hands and made me look at him. “I have never had the desire to beat anyone, the whips, canes and chains do not excite me. The toys, the restraints, the positions, they get me hard as hell when I think about it. I have not used a magazine or movie for my alone time since the day of discovering the dungeon. The thoughts running through my head make me so hard, here feel,” and just that quick he put my hand over his crotch.

He was not kidding; his dick was so hard, harder than I have ever felt it. I was almost afraid to look in his eyes for fear I would cum right now.

I stood up, still holding his cock and announced, “Take me to your dungeon!”

I expected him to start sprinting into the house dragging me behind him. Instead, he pulled me close to his chest, kissed the top of my head and chanted how lucky I made him feel. “Everything is perfectly fine if you aren’t ready for any of what that room has to offer, ask me anything you want in there, I am your great big book of knowledge. There is no fear except what you allow to scare you. You can touch anything in there, but as tempting as it may be, I want us to wait until after the hot tub to decide what we want to do afterwards. Just showing you this part of my life will have me so ready to make love to you in my bed I will not last long at all, I can already tell,” then a look of dismay came over his face. “Oh no, we didn’t go make love under the stars at the beach like you wanted,” his frown was sincere and cute as hell.

“How about tomorrow night, tonight I want to learn about this new and exciting sex life I might be having. Now, while I appreciate your thoughtful

planning, if there is something that happens in there now, it will no doubt be because we both want it very badly and I say we should give in! ” I negotiated.

“Oh my, woman you are so sexy. Let’s go inside, we should take some waters with us, this may take a while for me to show you everything,” he said while moving hair that had fallen onto my face.

I could smell fresh cut flowers as we rounded the corner and approached the door to the study. There was a vase on a pedestal on both sides of the doorway, it was incredibly calming as I took deep breaths.

The study appeared to be just as he described it, and the door to the dungeon came into view when he moved another pedestal with a mounted plastic vase and fake flowers. I had to giggle; I guess that is in case someone is a little too anxious to hurry into the room.

The light switch for inside the dungeon was actually in the study. He pushed me in between the door and his body as he opened the door and flipped the lights on. When I say lights, it was more like hundreds of small candelabra bulbs throughout the room. Some lined the walls, some hung from the ceiling, some lit up cabinets filled with devices that held no meaning as of yet.

In the center of the room stood a king size bed, complete with mirrored canopy and black velvet comforter that caught my eye instantly. I walked right to it as if drawn by some unstoppable force. The cold soft coverlet softened the area until my eyes focused on the black leather restraints on all four posts of the bed. There was some sort of a large ring that hung off the center of the headboard by about two feet from the pillows and another set of them facing each other about five feet up the posts. I leaned over the bed to look in the mirror and saw another ring which appeared to be on a pulley system in the very center of the bed. “Whoa,” escaped my mouth before I could stop it.

“Climb on the bed with me,” his voice sounded strangled. We settled in on the pillows with his arm around me as I snuggled up to his side. “Tell me what you see,” he urged.

“I see the restraints you may have been talking about. Although, I won’t pretend that I know why you need to hold someone in place if what is happening is what they also want,” expressing my ignorance.

“Knowing you can’t move is far more powerful than not wanting to move. See the red velvet strips hanging off that post at the end of the bed,” I nodded that I saw them. “Those are restraints that double as blindfolds, remember when we were at the garden and I covered your eyes. Your skin got very flush, even more so when I touched your ass. That was because you did not know what to expect, you lost your sight and then everything else was amplified. Imagine how hard you would cum if your ability to squeeze your legs together to expel whatever is pleasantly teasing you cannot be moved,” he explained as we watched each other in the mirror.

“For me to lie down naked in the middle of this bed and watch you standing naked over me would be so incredible. To see your hands tied together and hooked to that ring in the middle up there. Your breasts hanging, your pussy open for me as you straddle my legs, I can touch, lick, feast and you can’t do anything but feel, just feel.”

“Then as I slowly lower you down to sit on my cock and watch you descend, I can rub your body, warm you up, watch your pussy dripping on my cock as you get closer. Knowing that you are going to come as soon as I thrust up inside of you while I sit up and bite your nipples,” he was rubbing his dick through his shorts as he spoke. “Touch yourself while we talk, just like I am doing, show me what feels good when you do it, I want to watch in the mirror,” he begged.

I pulled my sundress up and put a couple fingers in through the side of my panties. I used my other hand to free one of my breasts and started pinching it, not just the nipple but all over the mound. “I like when you said you would bite my nipple, I liked that kind of pain,” I said as I pinched the nipple extra hard while he watched. “I like the idea of looking in your face as I am being lowered onto that spear you have in your hand, tied up and unable to fall. The thought of you sitting up and eating my pussy almost made me cum when you said it,” I shared in my highly aroused state.

“The bed does not scare you anymore?” He asked as I shook my head no.

“Everything in this room can be just as exciting if you give it a chance, just as you have done with this bed. It was intimidating at first, now how would you describe it?” he asked.

“Erotic, very erotic! The things we can do in this bed, I have a vision of tying you up and hanging you from the center ring. Sucking you off while I watch myself in the mirror and looking in your eyes as you lose control and spray my face with your cum,” I took my hand away from my breast long enough to slap my clit while three of my fingers were thrusting in my pussy.

“I would lick it off your face after you set me free, tie you to the headboard ring, put nipple clamps on those incredibly hard nipples and eat you out until you scream so hard we think the neighbors may have heard through the soundproof walls!” he growled out.

I closed my eyes, picturing the scene, as his hand joined mine inside my pussy. I was so full when he added two of his fingers to my three fingers as he bit down on my exposed nipple. I tried to buck as I was coming and for the first time understood the concept of restraint, he was holding me down with his mouth and his penetrating fingers and I was unable to move.

My whole body shook, I screamed and screamed and barely heard him yell for me to watch myself cum in the mirror. When I opened my eyes, I saw this beautiful woman being pleasured by her own hands and that of her lover. She was breathtakingly pretty as she screamed nonsense and her head was violently shaking from side to side.

As I continued to watch in the mirror, the impact of what just happened began to hit me. I liked being held down, I liked being told what to do. I liked watching as it all came together in one mind bending event.

He started pulling out of me along with dragging my fingers out too. His mouth was still clenched on my nipple but he had pulled back his teeth until he released it with a loud pop. “Let me clean your fingers while you clean mine,” he

directed as he rubbed my lips with his soaked digits. I put my fingers to his lips and he sucked them in so hard that my abdomen cramped up and I started to cum again. He forced his fingers in my mouth and I swirled my tongue around them. He was fucking my mouth, making me gag a couple times as he pushed all the way inside. We tasted what we had done together as my body took over and with no more than us sucking one another's fingers, I got off.

We lay still for a while, his dick looking so hard inside of his shorts. "Does it hurt?" I asked.

"Does what hurt?" he countered.

"Your hard cock, I have cum twice and you have not cum at all. Is it painful when it is hard like that for a long time?" I asked fully ready to take care of the problem.

"I have been alone for a long time, I know my body, and waiting makes it that much more intense when it finally does come. I am saving it for the hot tub, I very much want to fuck you in the water!" he proudly said as he announced his plan.

"Well, I can't risk you making me cum again in this bed. How about you start the tour, beginning with those nipple clamps I just came hard thinking about attached to my tits," I gleefully expressed.

"Tits, huh, I think I created a monster!" he said knowing that the term is not in my usual vocabulary.

He brought me over to the lit up curio cabinet. Each glass shelf had device after scary device. He showed me the rubber tipped nipple clamps. There were also mean looking saw tooth unprotected ones that looked like they could do some real damage. There were strings of smaller clips that he took out so I could better understand. He attached one to each end of my fingers, it didn't hurt but I knew they were there. He explained that they are designed to be connected to the fleshy part of my breasts, much like I was pinching all around earlier. He said the longer they stay on the more intense the feeling, some women like the

pleasurable pain so much that their lovers flick them randomly while the woman is blindfolded.

He showed me a narrower clip with a long chain. A clit clip, he must be joking! Apparently, women like the squeezing feeling of the clip while it is attached, and then other end of the chain hooks to the tit torturers chain. Lovers get a thrill with the randomness once again, pulling on the chains at unexpected times, eliciting loud moaning. But the sheer joy comes as the clip is quickly removed while she is orgasming which brings that to a whole new level of explosiveness.

Dave removed the clips from my fingers which I had forgotten were there and as the blood rushed back to the tips; a tingling sensation took over in my hands. I now could understand the benefit to them being pinned all over your breasts and dare I say; pussy lips.

He opened a dark wooden box that sat on a counter. He told me to reach my hand in without looking inside. What kind of madness could this possibly be? I was so hesitant, but I drew deep breath and reached in. I pulled my hand out quickly and punched him in the shoulder, "Asshole, I thought it was going to be something scary!"

He laughed and laughed, he had seen my apprehension. Just as he had done with the bed, he allowed me to overcome my fear without pressure. The wooden box with carvings of various sex positions contained batteries. Batteries of every size for the many toys that I was about to see.

He stared at me, like he was deciding how to ask me something, "Go ahead, do you want to ask me something?"

"How much do you know about vibrators and dildos?" I pointed to the two different ones and properly named them. "Ass plugs and ass vibrators?" when my look showed that the thought was foreign he laughed, "OK, we will start there."

"This is an ass vibrator, designed the same as a dildo but has batteries and vibrates. The inside of your ass has a lot of nerve endings so using this, stimulates

them. The ass plug is designed to stretch. We already know that you can handle me if we are lying on our sides. When the position and angle change that can greatly affect how much discomfort there will be. Suppose we wanted to use one of those larger dildos in your ass while I fuck your pussy, we want your ass stretched out first,” he explained while I nodded.

“Not that we will ever use it, but this is a strap on. The straps would go on you like this, and a dildo sits inside this pouch here so that women can either fuck men in the ass or can fuck women however they want. Some just like to see a dick in a man’s mouth so they face fuck them with the strap on. Again, don’t get too fond of that, because I don’t have any fantasies about that,” he said with a stern look.

I put on my sweetest face and snuggled up to him, stroking the rod through his shorts and asked, “But what if I want to try those things, you will let me won’t you?” I said while dragging out the last, you.

“If you want to fuck another woman with a strap on, count me in baby!” he teased thereby avoiding the real question.

“Moving on,” he cheerfully announced. “This assortment of balls on a string, these can be inserted in a pussy or an ass, or in both at the same time if the strand is long enough. The lover can fuck you while they are in; creating a very full feeling. And they feel real good when a dick is tightly rubbing against them with nowhere to go,” he said with a gleam in his eyes. I raised my eyebrows so he was quick to add, “Or so I have read!”

He pointed to the giant cross, the round rings through the walls, and the spreaders for keeping feet apart. He waved his hand as if to disregard but make the tour complete, “That’s where the paddles, whips, chains, and canes are all kept.”

He walked over to what looked like a leather covered locker room bench, but it was wider at one end than the other. He lay down on the narrow part of the bench and showed me that the height would be adjusted so that if I were to straddle his dick, my feet would barely touch the ground. This is useful for deep

penetration, he can thrust up into me and there was nothing to stop him from hitting inside of my pussy or my ass.

Then he had me kneel on the other end with my knees to the widest parts and facing towards the narrow end. He slid up behind me and started rubbing his hard dick against my crotch from behind. He pushed a button and the bench tilted a little so my head fell forward as I held on. He pulled the knee restraints out from under the bench and lightly put them on me. He said this way he can fuck my ass as hard as he wants and I cannot slide or go anywhere.

He was no longer rubbing up against me and I struggled to turn around to see where he went. I turned to look the other side of me when I did not see him, then suddenly felt him. He was licking my asshole through my underwear. I could do nothing, with the exception of moan of course. It was incredible feeling, "Ass play is an art all of its own, I so enjoy it and from your moans we are once again compatible."

He left my body on the bench and walked away only to return and straddle it in front of me with his shorts off. His angry reddish purple dick looked right at me, spewing pre cum as he moved under my mouth. "Suck me, baby! Suck me like you cannot wait to have my cum gushing down your throat," he demanded while holding my hair back so he could watch.

After a couple of minutes, I went down as deep as I could go and he held my head in place with his strong hands. I hit the side of his knee so he would let up and let me breath. I brought my head completely off of his throbbing dick and yelled, "Again!" Then slammed my head down on his cock and waiting for him to hold my head there. I was waiting for him to jam that fatty so far down my throat that I would feel it tomorrow. He kept his hands off of my head so I came back up. "I need you to cram that fucking dick in my throat, hold my head down, hard really hard until I tap out, do it, I need it!" I shouted.

I dropped back down his shaft again and this time I slid my hand along the bench and found his asshole. I put part of my finger in his ass as he held my head in place while he squirted right into my stomach. My throat was completely open

for him to use, and use it he did. I wiggled my finger which made him squirt more forcefully. He took his hands off of my head as I abandoned his ass. I loosened up on his cock and sucked the rest of his cum in my mouth but left it in there and did not swallow it. "I muttered lay back," as best I could with a mouth full. I used the spunk to spread around his balls and suck on them as he lay back enjoying the sensation.

When all the man-made lotion was gone, I laid my head on his thigh. He began moving my sweaty hair off of my face and he kind of sounded like he was cooing, like a dove. I looked up at him and he was so satisfied that the grin he was wearing looked painted on. I had done well, even if I do say so myself.

"I want cookies and lemonade," I announced, "I am hungry for sweets and I think we are both ready to get the taste of sex out of our mouths, at least for a little while, don't you think?"

He smiled at me and tried to move, but he complained his legs are like jelly. "Probably similar to mine, I am the one strapped in here," I said while looking back at my knees.

With that realization he jumped up and lowered the end of the bench before unstrapping me. I turned around and sat on the bench, looking around the large room. "When we come back later to play again, can you show me what that is and that thing over there," I pointed to two areas we had not been to yet.

His face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning, "You do want to come back in later, and this didn't scare you off?" as he waved his hand around the whole room.

I took his face in mine and kissed him hard on the lips with my cum covered mouth. "No baby, you have shown me there is nothing to fear from this room or from you. Let's go get some nourishment and take it to the hot tub," I said as I winked at him and headed for the door.

We found a note in the kitchen from his mother.

Dear kids,

I knew you would get hungry. I left you an angel food cake in the cake server and there are strawberries in the frig. Help yourself, and remember honey, Mom's #1 and only rule in the hot tub, no alcoholic beverages!

See you later

Luv ya

"Your mom is incredible!" I announced as I opened the cake server while he gathered plates, forks, and the berries. "Hey, do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"After all we have been through this weekend, I can't imagine anything being off limits with us," he said with a giggle.

"You said that your siblings are no longer living around here. Why would anyone want to be away from this paradise that your mom has created here?" I asked in wonderment because it just did not make sense to me.

"Some left to go with spouses who couldn't handle my mother's pushiness. Some left for work reasons. Some wanted city life after being in the country for their entire lives and growing to hate it," he explained with some disappointment in his voice.

I wondered if he ever felt the need to get away from her but obligation made him remain. "Do you ever think about living somewhere else?" I asked

and found myself fearing the answer, this oasis is a vacation less than a half hour from home, and it is perfect.

He frowned and I feared the worst at first. "Until you, I had not ever thought about it. This is where I am happiest, every Sunday. I have my own life during the week and I have my own escape. But I would definitely think about it if you were like my brothers wives and did not like it here. I never understood them choosing a woman over our mother, until now," he looked at me like he was hoping I would answer that unasked question in his voice.

"I already love your mom, I swear it is like she is a good friend already, this place she has created is nothing short of spectacular. I would never want to move away, I would want to raise my children surrounded by all this nature and love," oops, that slipped out before I even knew it. Why did I have to mention children? Now he is going to think I am going to try to trap him and start spitting out babies as fast as I can.

He turned around very slowly to face me as he processed what I had just said. "We would make beautiful babies. They would grow up knowing they are loved deeply with good family values and cherishing mother earth, just as I did," he said with a shyness that made him even more handsome than he was five minutes ago.

"Until they turn twenty one and then, curve ball!" he shouted and laughed from somewhere deep inside him.

We took our plates and drinks, stripped off our clothes and climbed into the hot tub. It was on the side of the house inside the screened in porch that faced the flower garden. The fragrances that surrounded the area were intoxicating.

"I feel so relaxed, I am afraid I am going to drop my plate right in the water," I mumbled.

He took my plate and put it on the table adjacent to the bubbling water. Forkful after forkful he fed me while I lay back, letting the water work its magic on me. It felt surreal.

I closed my eyes when the cake and strawberries were finished. I felt like I was floating, lifeless and calm, moving about without boundaries. Then I realized that I was moving, my eyes flew open as I gasped for air thinking I was slipping under the water having fallen asleep.

"It is ok, you're fine. Rest your head," he soothingly told me. He had lifted me up to rest my back against his chest and my head on his shoulder. "Take a nap, I have got you, I won't let anything happen to you," he said while kissing my ear.

I awoke sometime later as I felt his dick pushing into my back first. Then I felt the gentle gliding of his fingers over my nipples. At some point he spread his legs out which moved my knees out and opened my pussy to him. He was running a soft touch up and down the lips occasionally bumping into my clit.

"Hi, the bubbles and heat stopped about half an hour ago, You were sleeping so peacefully, I decided to wait and then wake you slowly," he whispered while running his fingers from under my earlobe down my collarbone to my breast and back again. The cooler night air had set in in contrast to the still warm hot tub.

I lunged forward, "What time is it? Did we miss having enough time to go back downstairs?" I asked, crushed at the thought.

"My mom doesn't use the room anymore, at least not that I know of, she does have an awful lot of fisherman that hang out pretending they want worms," he laughed at what he hoped was preposterous. "She would not care if I kept you tied in the giant bed all night , as long as the bedding is in the washing machine in the morning," he tweaked my nipple.

"I know you just woke up, but I have been here, alone with my thoughts about what I would like to do back in the playroom," he wiggled his eyebrows at me and rubbed my clit while moving his dick up my spine.

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

“Nope, I am not saying. I want to hear what you have begun to fantasize about. Make me your fantasy man, I will grant whatever you desire. Take me through the highlights and I will fill in the rest,” he urged.

“You won’t make fun of me? No matter what?” I asked.

“We can go straight to my bed where I can love you tender and right. We can go back downstairs after you tell me things that you want to experience. It is all up to you, I would never laugh at you for wanting what you want, that just is not right!” he lectured.

“I don’t know if it is really a fantasy, but there are things down there that I do think that I would like. I would like to end up tied to the hook above the bed with the soft ties. I would like the nipple clamps and the clit clip with the long chain connected. I would like to have the chain in my mouth so I can pull on it when I want more or less pressure without having to tell you or wait for it. I would like those strings of clips to be pinching the flesh all over my breasts. I would like another string of clips to be pinching all over my pussy lips. I have secretly always wanted to have my ass slapped, not like a spanking, just slapped which I think will really make me crazy with all the clips jiggling around,” I paused while trying to think if I was done.

Before he could talk, I started up again, “I would like an ass plug in while we are playing because I would like to take you in my ass while I am bent over still secured to the bed with all the clips and clamps.”

“I want to feel your teeth on my nipples again. I really liked that. I would like to know more about this ass play that you say is so awesome, because your tongue on my hole was nothing short of mind blowing. I want to be forced to gag on your cock! You can’t imagine how much I like that, the loss of control on both our parts is amazing, I would go so far as to say, possibly the best part. I love more than anything to see your eyes when they turn so dark and you cannot stop yourself because the feeling rising in you is indescribable,” I smiled my sweet and innocent smile like I had just ordered milk and cookies.

“Is that all my woman wants? Well, I will never be able to do most of that if my hardon makes me die of a heart attack first. Stay where you are!” he growled in my ear.

He shifted his body so his cock could line up with my pussy. My legs were still pushed out to the sides and his fingers latched onto my clit. “Play with your tits, while I watch from here, the view is great. I am going to cum inside of you, throw you up on the side of this hot tub and take it all back out of you, lick by lick. Speaking of licking, stick your tongue out and let me see you lick your nipple while I fuck your pussy so hard you forget your own name!”

The water was splashing up and over the sides of the tub as we thrashed around. The owls must have thought it was a mating call when he was groaning as they started hooting back at us as he fucked me harder than he ever had. He had his hands on my hips and was slamming my hips down when he thrust up. I think he hit my cervix quite a few times which added that pleasure pain thing that I was looking forward to after this round.

He bit into my shoulder as he came inside of me while he pinched my clit so hard that I squirted for the first time in my life. He wouldn’t be able to tell because of the water, but I knew, I felt it.

As soon as he recovered and was able to breathe, he hoisted me up on the padding on the deck next to the hot tub and began licking and probing and biting my pussy. He was like a man possessed, he pushed down on my abdomen a couple of times trying to expel some of his fluids. He finally sat back and stared at my pussy as the convulsions finished when he made me cum so hard that I expelled the remainder of his juices that were mixed with mine that he suctioned out.

He pulled me down onto him in the water and kissed me. We shared the taste of us, yet more proof that we are compatible, we taste good together!

My heaving chest had not slowed before he declared time to make fantasies come true. He covered the hot tub while I gathered our dishes and we headed into the house. “Does that count as fucking under the stars since

they watched us, we just couldn't see them?" he teased while pinching my naked ass.

We turned off the kitchen lights and headed downstairs. My breathing and pulse increased with every step. The plastic vase full of fake flowers made even more sense now because I was the one who couldn't wait to get behind that door.