

The Mansion : Tom and Mary

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Tom and Mary are finding themselves in a delicate situation

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Frank sat in his office, a small part of the basement, hidden behind a fake wall, staring at the big computer screen in front of him. He went there after Brianna left. She said she needed to think about it, and was going to call him. She left so quickly that Frank doubted he would ever hear from her again. Frank opened a big safe behind him, flicked through the hundreds of DVDs that were stored inside the safe, and found the one he was looking for. The DVD tray was labeled, "Tom and Mary, August 27th, 2010." Frank took out the DVD and put it in the player, and then leaned back in his chair to watch the screen. The camera showed a part of the basement. A woman was standing in the middle of the room. She was totally naked except for a scarf tightly wrapped around her mouth, and one around her eyes. Her hands were cuffed together and pulled up above her head by a chain that was attached to a hook in the ceiling. Her spread legs were cuffed with ankle cuffs and hooked into the floor. She was a beautiful woman and must have been in her fifties; her body showed the signs of aging, and that gave her a natural look. Long, brown hair waved down her back and stopped just below her shoulders. The movie was shot with hidden cameras. Frank's Mansion had a lot of hidden cameras; it was the main reason why he wanted to have double walls everywhere. Frank appeared on screen, guiding a blindfolded man and leading him to a comfortable chair facing the chained woman. He made the man sit down and strapped him with ropes to the chair. Then he took off the blindfold. "Now Tom," Frank said, "What did we agree upon last week?" Tom mumbled something vague and kept flashing his eyes from the naked woman to Frank. "You were supposed to fix my garden lights... for free." Tom nodded shyly. "And now you send me a bill?" Frank had the bill in his hand; he fumbled it and threw it in Tom's face. "There you have your precious bill." Tom stared at the floor and watched how Frank walked to his wife. Mary rattled her chains; she knew she couldn't get out of them but she had to try it anyway. "And now," Frank smiled, "Your wife has to pay." Frank flipped his head and pointed at Tom "It's your fault that she has to suffer; remember that the next time you want to send me a bill for something stupid." Tom was sweating—he couldn't do anything. He wiggled his arms but they were strapped tightly to the arm rests. "Leave her alone!" he cried and wiggled his whole body, but it was useless. He was strapped and forced to watch whatever Frank

was going to do. "Leave her alone?" Frank grinned "Maybe she wants it?" He turned his face to Mary, grabbed both her naked tits and pinched her nipples. Mary clutched together and she screamed. The scream was smothered by the scarf and made it sound like mumbling. "Do you want it?" Frank asked and pulled on Mary's nipples. Stretching them as far as they would go. Mary shook her head, she didn't want this, she wanted to get out of here, away from this crazy guy. The stinging pain increased as Frank pulled harder on her nipples. He pulled her nipples upwards and lifted her C-cup breasts. "Oh, I am sure you want it, my dear," Frank smiled. He dropped Mary's tits and she was glad the burning sting in her nipples was over. Frank pushed his hand between Mary's legs and squeezed his fingers, pinching her vagina. Mary tried to retract but had nowhere to go. No matter how she squirmed and wiggled, Frank's hand stayed on her pussy. "Jesus!" Frank cried, "Haven't you people heard about shaving?" His fingers wiggled through the dark hairs. Mary was indeed unshaven and had a full bush. She liked it like that, but now she felt a bit ashamed. Frank plucked and pulled on Mary's pubic hair; he pulled so hard that her skin bulged out. Again she cried out in pain but no one really heard her. "My God," Frank said. His face looked disgusted and he shook his head. "I was going to fuck you, but I'm not sure if I want to stick my cock in this?" On the last word he squeezed Mary's pussy as hard as he could. Tom was crying behind him, "God damn mother fucker; if I get my hands on you..." Frank rapidly turned and within seconds he stood next to Tom. "Then what, you lying piece of shit?" He grabbed another scarf to shut him up. "There," Frank smiled when he secured the knot behind Tom's head. He walked towards Mary again and stood behind her. She looked scared. Tightly blindfolded and gagged, she had to go through this whether she wanted it or not. Tom couldn't help her. Frank laid his hands on Mary's back. "Don't be afraid. Whatever happens is happening because of your lousy husband." Frank dug his nails into Mary's back and started to scratch down. Mary threw her body forward to escape the scratching nails but reached the end of her chains. Slowly she felt the nails scratching down to her lower back. Frank kneeled down and pulled her ass cheeks apart. "Let's see what we have here," he smiled. Mary's cheeks were pulled apart roughly and Frank stared at her ass. Mary cried and mumbled behind her scarf but was ignored by Frank. "God damn," Frank mumbled, "You even got hairs around your asshole." He moved his fingers to Mary's little hole, pushed his hands flat on her skin and moved them apart, slowly opening her ass. "Nah," he said, "I'm not going to fuck this—it looks disgusting." From the back he laid his hand on Mary's pussy again. Tom didn't see what Frank was doing behind his wife, but now he could see Frank's hand again between his wife's legs. He wiggled harder and was yelling at Frank, but his voice was smothered by the scarf. "Let's see if you like what I am doing so far," Frank said to Mary, and he pushed a finger inside her vagina. Mary retracted again and wanted to close her legs, but the ankle chains wouldn't let her. She had to stand with her legs wide open, exposed, vulnerable and humiliated. Tom watched how Frank raised his middle finger and how he pushed it inside. Frank pushed until the palm of his hand was pressed against Mary's pussy. "Oh, you dirty little bitch," he laughed, quickly pulling out his finger. He walked to Tom and smeared Mary's wetness on Tom's cheek. "Feel that, loser—your precious wife is soaking. Her dirty cunt drips with pleasure. Do you feel it?" Tom turned his face; he felt it but didn't want to feel it. He couldn't believe his wife was getting wet. Frank went back to Mary.

“So, you like to be a submissive slut.” He rubbed some of her own wetness on her cheek. He pushed his finger back inside her pussy, circled it around and pulled it out again, smearing more of her own juices on her face. “Let’s see if we can make you cum, let us”—Frank looked at Tom—“see the whore that you actually are.” Mary was really embarrassed. It was true, her vagina had become moist and she had no explanation for it. She couldn't see Frank or Tom; she figured Tom was tied up as well and that made it worse... and more exciting at the same time. Frank knelt down behind Mary again, pushed his finger back in Mary’s pussy and began to fuck her with it. Frank’s finger slammed straight up and the palm of his hand began to slap on Mary’s ass. “You like it, my dear?” Frank moaned but Mary kept silent. Frank’s cock almost burst out of his pants, but he had something else in mind for Mary. He pushed a second finger inside and jammed both fingers up and down her pussy. Frank smiled when he felt Mary get wetter with each finger he inserted. He peeked around Mary to look at Tom. “She sure gets wetter and wetter. I wonder why this slut married a loser like you?” Mary blushed behind the scarf. She softly moaned and was hoping no one could hear her. Frank’s fingers pounding inside her began to arouse her. She knew it was a bad thing, she knew Tom was watching and was not liking this, she knew it was Frank who was ramming his fingers inside her, but she simply couldn't help it. With each slam of Frank’s fingers she got more aroused, until the point that she actually got horny. Frank pushed a third finger in her pussy and Mary felt how he jammed them inside. Just before he pulled them out he would spread his fingers and begin to stretch her pussy. Inevitably Mary got horny and wanted nothing more than to cum all over those fingers. Frank’s way of fucking her with his fingers was special. Mary felt his fingers slide inside her, swallowed by her inside walls. When he pulled them out, Frank not only spread them but hooked them in a certain way so that they scratched along her inside. All of this was guided by a constant battering on her clit by the rest of his fingers. No pussy in the world could resist this. Tom saw this happening. He knew his wife and knew by her reactions that she was getting off on this. He didn't blame her—she was a victim just like he was. Tom’s cock began to roar himself and he had no idea why. He and his wife were being humiliated—he was forced to watch Frank ram his fingers inside his wife and he knew she was getting horny—but still his cock was roaring? Frank pulled out his fingers, grabbed a black tube from the floor and quickly unscrewed the top. Mary had no idea but Tom saw it happening. Frank grinned and pushed the tube with the open side in Mary’s pussy. She clutched and screamed underneath her scarf, not because it was too big or that it was painful. She screamed because she didn't expect it. The tube was cold and she felt it sinking inside her, she couldn't see the tube but felt the shape scraping along her inside. Suddenly, a cold fluid was squirting inside her pussy and she had no idea what it was. Then the cold tube was pulled out again and Frank pushed his fingers back inside her. Mary felt the three fingers slamming up and down her pussy and slowly she realized that the fluid was a lubrication, she began to feel the tickling sensation inside her as Frank jammed his fingers deeper. Frank pushed a fourth finger inside and pushed them until Mary’s pussy was stretched to its maximum. He managed to get his fingers inside to his knuckles. “Not bad,” he smiled. “Not bad for a dirty slut like you.” He spanked Mary’s ass with his flat hand. Mary clenched together when Frank’s hand touched her cheek. At first there was a short, stinging burst of pain, followed by a warm glow

spreading out through her cheek. Mary actually liked it. Tom was observing all of this, his cock still roaring inside his pants. He shook his head, his wife standing in front of him being abused by another man, and he was getting hard. He was so hard that he was thinking about asking Frank to release him so that he could free his cock and jerk himself while he was watching. He felt ashamed for his thoughts and knew that he had to act upset. Frank in the meantime was wiggling his thumb on top of the other fingers, trying to get it in Mary's cunt as well. Mary began to moan louder. She felt Frank's thumb slipping inside her and realized she had now five fingers inside her—it excited her. She knew he was going to try to fit his whole hand inside her and at this point she didn't care anymore; she was simply too horny. Frank pushed and pushed and Mary felt her pussy stretch when Frank's knuckles were trying to get inside. Her pussy resisted, fighting back, but there was no defense against Frank's fist. Mary gasped for air when Frank's knuckles slipped inside. She felt completely stuffed and it seemed her pussy was about to burst open. She wasn't scared; after all, she was a mother of three and all were born the natural way. She knew she could easily take a whole hand inside but this was her very first time. Frank stopped pushing when the widest part of his hand was barely inside. "Look at you," he grinned and looked up to Mary. "You almost got a big fist in your dirty little cunt." Mary's leg were trembling and she wished she could cry out to Frank to just keep on going. Her body filled up with ecstasy and she was getting into a whole new state of mind. She wanted to push her body down on that fist; she wanted to feel it sinking deeper and deeper; she wanted to cum and cum and cum. Tom's eyes grew bigger with every inch of Frank's fist going deeper. "Damn," he mumbled inside his head when he saw Frank's knuckles sink inside. He saw how his wife was about to squirm on that fist, how she almost threw herself down to take in the whole fist. Her nipples were hard and pointing straight at him, like they were laughing at him. "See me... see me enjoying this..." The expression of lust on her face, the sexual tension that seemed to hang around her—she was never like this when they had sex, not that they had much sex anymore. Mary was fifty-five and Frank fifty-nine. Their sexual relations went downhill after their third child was born. In the beginning they simply didn't have any time, and if they did they were too exhausted. The kids grew up but by then priorities had changed; it seemed that sex wasn't that important and they had other things to worry about. They still had sex; of course they did. First once a month, then once every six weeks, once every eight weeks, only at holidays. Now they were down to maybe three or four times a year. Frank finally pushed his whole hand inside Mary's cunt. She gasped, squirmed and clutched together. Her scream sounded loud, even through the scarf. The feeling was enormous and stimulated by the thought of having a fist inside her pussy. "Oh, my god..." she screamed inside her head, "There's a whole hand inside me; there's a hand inside me..." Frank began to slowly fuck her with his hand. Still kneeling down behind her, he moved his hand slowly up and down. His fingers were still stretched out and he was waiting for the right time to form a fist. He moved it slowly and made short strokes, giving Mary's cunt time to adjust to him. Mary felt the hand moving inside her. Her pussy quickly adjusted and once the hand was inside it wasn't that bad... not bad at all. She forgot about Tom; forgot the fact that he was sitting there and watching her. She even forgot that she was tied up and had no choice than to take this hand inside her. It all was wiped away by this overwhelming feeling of being completely

stuffed and filled up. Frank began to fuck her faster and increased the rhythm of his strokes. Slowly he began to turn and twist his hand inside her, touching every nerve inside Mary's pussy. Each time he pulled his hand out a bit further until he could see his knuckles again. Mary felt how her pussy stretch. The knuckles were the hard part, making her as wide as possible, but it also was the most excited feeling she had ever had. Frank now only fucked her with his knuckles and that feeling drove her wild. Each time Frank pushed his hand inside, his knuckles would slip over her clit. The twisting and turning enhanced that feeling and she simply couldn't get enough of it. Mary squirmed on the hand and soaked him with her juices. She threw her head from left to right and panted heavily, making her tits slowly bounce up and down. The scarf began to slide down, loosened by her wild movements. Suddenly, she felt how her pussy bulged out on the inside; it seemed something was blowing up and it took her a few seconds to realize that Frank had folded his hand into a fist. Frank began to fist fuck Mary, and Tom was going nuts. He couldn't believe what he saw—his wife being fisted? She squirmed and moaned like some cheap slut, and yet his cock was bursting out of his pants, but no one seemed to care about him. Frank and Mary were too busy to pay any attention to him. Tom was glad he still could get a hard-on by looking at his wife—she was gorgeous. Her tits swayed from left to right each time Frank pushed his fist inside her. Mary was slim and although her body showed her age, she was still looking hot. Tom loved Mary's full bush and couldn't believe Frank was so freaky about it that he didn't want to fuck her. His cock bucked up and down watching Frank's fist sink into Mary's hairy pussy. Over time it had become harder for Tom to have sex with his wife. In the beginning it seemed normal that he couldn't perform—too busy, too much stress and too much worries about bills, the kids and everything else. He assumed it would get back to normal when the kids left home, but it didn't. Mary loved him dearly and would never cheat on him, but Tom knew she was frustrated. She never blamed him or made comments about it, but once Tom caught her while she was masturbating with a dildo she had secretly bought. It turned him on, seeing his wife fucking herself and his cock came alive. They had sex that afternoon—the best sex in years—and Tom thought the “problem” was finally solved. Frank became rougher; his fist moved fast and each time he pulled it out a bit further. He was fascinated by it and got completely lost in what he was doing. He didn't care if it was painful for Mary or not; it didn't matter if he was going too fast or too deep. All that he cared about was seeing his fist slam inside Mary's hairy cunt... the faster, the better. Mary squirmed harder and harder, throwing herself around in the chains. The feeling of Frank's fist sliding inside her drove her over the edge. She was sweating and, together with her wild movements, it made the scarf slide down to the point she could see again. She blinked her eyes a few times and then she saw Tom for the first time in his terrible position. Seeing him sitting there, tied to the chair and with a scarf around his mouth, did send a strange feeling through her body. Her senses tickled and pushed her whole body over the edge. “He is watching me!” flashed through her mind. “He has to watch while someone else uses my body.” It aroused her seeing him like that; it made her feel in control and automatically her eyes dropped to his crotch. Her heart stopped for a second when she saw the big bulge inside his pants. Was he getting off on this? Did he actually like seeing her like this? Frank was now pulling out his fist completely and pushing it back inside as soon as it popped

out. He pushed as far as he could before he pulled back again. He loved seeing Mary's cunt bulge out when he pulled his fist out, and the way her pussy stayed wide open and almost looked like it was talking to him. "Push it back in!" Pushing his fist back in made her pussy crumble, her lips and skin bending inside a bit before they folded back. Frank kept on pushing and Mary's pussy opened up a little bit more with each stroke he made, until it just gave up and stayed wide open. From that point on, Frank began to pound his fist up and down, pulling his fist completely out and slamming it back inside right away. He had no mercy for her cunt; he knew she could take it and he knew that Mary liked it. Deep down inside she was a sexual beast and Frank was just unleashing it. Mary felt his fist slam inside her and the feeling was incredible. The little bit of pain she felt when his fist punched on the outside, trying to force himself in, was nothing compared to the feeling of the fist slipping inside. It seemed that her pussy almost sucked in Frank's fist and as soon as it did there was no stopping any more. Mary had no control over her own body. At home, when she masturbated, her body made her slow down at this point. When she was working herself to an orgasm with her toys, the tension would build up and become so strong that she had to stop. She had no idea why and hated it; she would rather keep on ramming her dildo faster and faster until she exploded but her body forced her to stop just before she reached her orgasm. Still, it was an awesome feeling, but nothing like what was going on right now. Frank just rammed his fist inside her and no matter how hard her body tried to deal with the pleasure, there was always something more. She stood there, chained, while Frank was ramming his fist up her cunt and she just exploded. Her body trembled, her nipples hard and sensitive; her pussy seemed to be one big lusty zone, sending passion throughout her whole body, and Mary simply let her juices flow while she screamed out through the scarf. Tom was, although he would never admit it, horny as hell. Watching Frank's fist batter his wife's cunt turned him on. Seeing that fist disappear in Mary's hairy pussy was amazing; it seemed to be swallowed by a hungry beast and then spat out again. He completely forgot he was looking at his own wife, the mother of his children, the sophisticated and gracious woman he fell in love with. All he saw was a squirming and screaming slut who kept on exploding while a fist tore apart her horny cunt... and he loved it! Mary went over the edge as Frank's fist kept on pounding inside her. She screamed as loud as she could and all of her muscles squirmed and clutched together into a giant spasm. The first time she thought that this was it, an overwhelming feeling arose inside her that slowly sharpened around her clit. Her pussy began pulsating and an exquisite sensation spread through her body... just what she was used to. Frank didn't stop, and Mary's orgasm didn't have time to complete itself. Frank's fist pounded straight back inside her throbbing cunt and his knuckles tickled her sensitive nerves. A new wave rolled over her fading orgasm and from there they just kept coming like waves beating down on the shore. Mary twitched, clutched and squirmed while her pussy pushed out her cum and erupted like a volcano that had suddenly become active. The feeling was enormous and something she had never felt before. Time after time she drained herself while Frank kept on slamming his fist down her pussy. Her vagina kept on pulsing and trying to have another orgasm but her body was completely empty. Mary hung, exhausted and weakened in her chains, unable to stay on her legs. Little spasms still flickered through her body and her pussy and clit seemed to relax now, but she knew that one little touch

would start it all over again. Frank had stopped fisting her and slowly stood up. "Good job, my dear," he whispered behind her and kissed her gently on her neck. Tom was speechless. Watching his wife having multiple orgasms while she was screaming and squirming turned him on. He knew why she exploded like she just did. It must have been months ago that they last tried to have sex and normally that meant that Mary had to be quick and ignore her own feelings to use this rare moment of Tom's cock being active. Frank removed the scarf from Mary's mouth and opened the chains. She fell, still weak and exhausted, in his arms and he carried her to the sofa and laid her down, covering her with a blanket. Then he walked to Tom and released him as well. Tom quickly got up and rushed to comfort his wife. "Are you okay?" he whispered and caressed her hair. "Oh yeah," she smiled, "It was awesome." They both turned their heads towards Frank. "Thanks," Mary whispered. "It was, as usual, a great experience." Tom smiled. "Yeah... it sure helps us a lot." Frank smiled, nodded his head and left the room without saying anything.