

I'll Be Watching

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Lauren will do anything to avoid being caught cheating

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Lauren sat at the bar, a sly smile washed over her face as she fingered the straw of her vodka tonic. Memories of the past day with her lover washed over her mind, sending a wave of pleasure thru her. She looked down at her wedding ring and a pang of guilt briefly dampened her mood. She ran her hands over her body, even at thirty five; she had the body of a much younger woman. She took painstaking care of her figure, her hair was always done, skin tight and firm; her husband on the other hand did not see the need to appreciate what he had. She had taken a lover about six months before and it energized her. They met only occasionally but when they did, it was so hot. She craved to be wanted and he gave that to her. Still tingling with giddiness, she took a last sip of her drink and went about ordering another. "Let me get that for you Lauren," a voice called over her shoulder. She turned on her bar stool to see who had spoken. "Is this seat taken?" he asked while already sitting down next to her. Lauren turned back to address the stranger, her skirt pulled up to mid thigh. She noticed the man checking out her legs. He was nice looking, dark skinned, dark eyes, muscularly built with a broad chest and strong arms. He carried himself with confidence; he was sexy. He touched her arm as if he knew her and she pulled away, "I'm sorry, do I know you?" she asked. "You don't, but you will soon", he said cryptically. It sent a chill up her spine. "We have some business to discuss, you and I". He slid across an envelope. "Don't be shy, take a look". Lauren opened the envelope and photographs spilled out. She recognized a black teddy slightly out of place revealing her breast. She blushed with embarrassment. "What, how...?" she stammered. She continued, photo after photo, showing every moment. All were photographs of her, just an hour earlier, with her lover. "What do you want? How did you get these?" She fired question after question at him in a panic. "Calm down, sweetheart, I was hired by your husband", he interrupted her. "Oh my God, please don't show my husband," she pleaded, "I'll do anything." "Anything?" he asked. "Good, I was hoping you would say that." He grabbed her arm, threw some money on the bar for the drinks and forced her to her feet. "Let's go then." "Wait you're hurting me," she cried as he escorted her to his car. "Where are we going?" He didn't answer her and the second the car door slammed Lauren began plotting her escape. What was she going to do, how was she going to get out of this? They drove only about 2 miles to the hotel where she met her lover earlier. "If you try to leave or don't follow my instructions, my next call is to your husband". He walked her to the elevators. Lauren grew aroused by his forceful

tone. Her nipples grew erect and her tongue moistened her lips. She did what she was told. As they entered the elevator, Lauren turned to face him. "Why are you doing this to me?" "I don't even know your name." "Shut up and turn around," he ordered. He hiked her skirt up and forced her against the wall of the elevator. His cock pressing against her "Do you feel that?" He whispered, "I have to watch little sluts like you all day for men who don't know how to keep their women satisfied, but today I'm going to get a taste". "My name is Eric. You remember that because you're going to be screaming it later." The door to the elevator opened and they were on the 27th floor. She knew where they were going, room 2725. "I don't have a key." He laughed as he removed a key from his pocket and opened the hotel room door. Of course he would have a key, he must have been in the room when she was here earlier; in the closet, perhaps? Lauren felt her panties grow wet with the thought of having been watched earlier. She looked around taking in the familiar room. The maid had already cleaned up; the bed was turned down from her earlier afternoon tryst. He pushed her further into the room. He went to sit on the bed, his pants bulging from his erection. "Come here," he ordered her. "Take off your clothes; do it slowly". Lauren tried hard to feign disgust at what she was being asked to do. She knew she should be outraged but she was secretly very excited. He had watched her with her lover; he knew she liked rough sex. What he would do to her, she wondered. "Take off your clothes bitch! I won't ask again." She turned around slowly for his enjoyment so her back was facing him. She looked over her shoulder and unzipped her skirt sliding it down to reveal her garter belt and stockings. She turned to face him. She unbuttoned her blouse from the top down. Slowly revealing her black lace bra and her ample cleavage; she leaned forward slightly and gave her breasts a shake so he could see her. "Nice," he stated lustfully, "very nice". "You forget I've already seen them through my camera lens my dear". He commanded her once more to take off the blouse and she complied. She reached to remove her stockings and he stopped her. "Wait", he instructed. "Come over here just like that". She walked toward him as he stood to meet her. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back forcefully revealing her neck to him. He dove in kissing her neck down to the tops of her breast. His other hand roaming freely over her breast as he pulled her bra down and squeezed her nipple. "What are you thinking?" he whispered in her ear. "Please don't hurt me," she said. "No, that's not it, what are you thinking?" He asked her again reaching under her panties to examine the wetness between her pussy lips. "Be honest, I know you're a little slut." "Yes, I am a little slut and I need to be taught a lesson." she cried out. She gasped as the words left her mouth; shocked at her own inhibition. "That's right," he smiled, "and you want me to fuck you, don't you little whore?" She nodded as he unzipped his pants and removed his shirt. His hard cock sprang from his pants freed from its prison. "Now get on your knees and suck this cock like you love it." She complied, kneeling in front of him, grabbing his muscular buttocks and pulling the six inch cock into her waiting mouth. She licked and sucked with ravenous frenzy. She couldn't take him deep enough as she longed for him to fill her mouth with his hot cum. She struggled to keep up with the intense rhythm as he began pulling her head toward him and thrusting deep into her throat. She looked up at him staring down at her "You're a little whore, suck my cock whore," he repeated which only caused her to lick the full length of his shaft with more intensity. Finally she felt wave after wave of his orgasm and her mouth was full of his thick hot juice.

She swallowed joyfully and lapped up what was left as she gave herself completely to what was about to happen. He sat back on the bed and instructed her to lie down next to him. He slowly removed her stockings and her bra and panties so she was fully exposed. He examined her slowly. She raised her hips, arching her back to get closer to him. Her body now desired her next instruction. "Look at you, you dirty cum-slut," he laughed, "you look like a bitch in heat". "Turn over", he commanded, "Let me see that hot ass of yours". Lauren rolled over exposing her toned ass. As soon as she was on her stomach, she felt the hot burn of a smack across her backside. "You've been a naughty girl, Lauren." He repeatedly spanked her building her excitement with every lashing. Just when she didn't think she could take it any longer, he spread her legs and forced two fingers inside her pussy and moved another finger to rub her clit. The rhythmic fingering pleasure built waves through her body, she felt her climax was eminent. She was writhing around yearning for some release when all of a sudden; Eric stopped and pulled her hips up until she was on her knees. She felt his hardness push against her soaking wet opening, coating his now magnificent erection in her juices. Her hole was begging to be filled. "I want to hear you beg for it bitch." "Please fuck me Eric, please" Lauren begged. "I've never had a man like you before; I need you to fuck me please". With her still crying out, Eric plunged his cock deep into her pussy. "Take all my cock." "Let me feel how much you want it whore." He grabbed her again forcefully by the back of the hair as he guided her to orgasm after orgasm. Her legs were shaking from the forcefulness of his thrusts. She moaned in ecstasy, "yes, Eric, yes!" "Oh, fuck me harder." She was building to a final climax when she felt him began to meet her intensity. Lauren did her best to receive his gift as he pumped her full of hot cum. They collapsed on the bed, Eric's body on top of hers; her cunt sore from the pounding it just experienced. He got up from the bed, moved some papers aside revealing a small video camera. "Now I have tape and photos," he smiled. "Go home and fuck your husband," he instructed. "Remember, I'll be watching you." Lauren couldn't hide a smile any longer, she laughed as the entire role-play had been her idea, "I can't keep character anymore baby". Eric frowned, "You have to admit this one was pretty hot. I can't wait to watch the video."