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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 81

#### Monday Evening – Joshua and Jessica - Dinner – 24 February 2003

Jessica Silverstein changed from her green OR scrubs into a black strapless little black dress which surrounded her petite body and breasts as if it was custom made for her. She wore black stretch lace topped stockings and black patent leather shoes. Her jewelry accompaniment consisted of a six strand gold choker with matching gold strand earrings. Her makeup was understated but when one looked closely at her face her eyes were surrounded with color that brought out the flecks of gold that accented their turquoise color. She carried a small black satin clutch that was just big enough to contain her driver's license, money, keys, and some touchup makeup.

They took a cab from the hospital to East 61<sup>st</sup> Street where Joshua had cajoled a reservation from the Maître 'D with the promise of a rather large inducement of money. Wilson's, on East 61<sup>st</sup> Street between Madison and Park Avenues specialized in American cuisine with a leaning towards fresh in-season game meats. Upon arrival, Joshua slipped two crisp one hundred dollar bills into the Maître 'D's hand which moved them from a corner table on the first floor to a private table on the second floor which had space reserved for only ten diners. Each table was surrounded by three low walls and chain curtains which provided the maximum amount of privacy. The tables were situated in the little rooms so the people were sitting on each side of a corner but very close to one another.

The waiter brought the menu and the wine list. He asked and then recited the evening's specials. Joshua and Jessica nodded and the waiter backed away from the table. The dinner was a Prix Fixe which meant they each had a choice of an appetizer, an entree, and a dessert. Joshua decided on a bottle of sparkling water and a bottle of an Italian red wine to accompany their dinner. The waiter returned, took their order, and quietly departed leaving them alone in the room. No other patrons were seated on the second floor.

They were both quiet until Jessica asked, "What is going to happen to Dwayne and his friends? Technically, if you drop dead tomorrow, they're dead also."

"Yes, Jessica, they are," replied Joshua. "If you're wondering if I care, I don't."

He watched as she picked up the knife that was next to her place and began to rotate it around the fingers of her right hand. She did it unconsciously and to Joshua it seemed a nervous habit. For Jessica, it was a stress reliever. Over and around her fingers without a care that she could cut herself severely if she miscalculated where the blade was in relation to her fingers. Jessica was so adept at doing it she didn't even have to watch her hand. She could do it just by feel after gauging the weight and balance of the knife.

Once comfortable with her stress reliever, she said, "You are an enigma to me Doctor Goldsmith. On the one hand, you perform lifesaving surgery and on the other you ruin six people's lives one of whom is your wife. Very interesting juxtaposition of personality traits, doc."

"Yes, I do have a dark side and I've kept it under control all my life. As a child, I let it out on two occasions and I was intelligent enough to know that if I continued I'd slide down a very slippery slope. I balance my life on the edge of a very sharp knife that if I err to the dark side I could slide into an abyss from which I never will return," said Joshua.

Jessica nodded her head as if she too had a demon within her she was always trying to keep under control. The knife sped up and then slowed down, but kept on rotating around her fingers. Joshua could not fathom how she kept up her side of the conversation while spinning a sharp knife around her thin fingers without once looking to see where the knife was in relation to her hand.

"Interesting," she said, "I too have a demon that I keep under control. Although it isn't harmful to others as yours is, it could be extremely detrimental to my physical and emotional wellbeing. I fight it as much or maybe more than you fight yours."

"You think so," said Joshua.

"Oh my God, yes," replied Jessica. "I saw the result of your demon and here you are sitting having dinner with me none the worse for wear. If I let mine out, I would sink like the Titanic never to surface. I fight my demon every minute of every day. I have been since I was a very young girl."

The waiter interrupted their conversation with the bottles of water and wine. He set them down and politely backed away having the intuition of a waiter to know when two people did not want to be disturbed. Joshua opened the water and without asking poured two glasses. He took a swallow and placed the glass back on the table.

"You've piqued my interest, Jessica. What could be so terrible?" he asked.

"If I tell, you will be the first person other than my sister, may she rest, who knows. My parents are completely in the dark and I intend to keep it that way."

Joshua wanted to take her hand in his, but knew better. He looked into her beautiful turquoise eyes, and said, "Doctor/patient privilege now controls this conversation. Also, I'd like it to be husband/wife..."

"Please, Joshua, not now," said Jessica in response to his husband/wife remark. "Please let me explain it all and please don't interrupt."

"If you don't know, I am seven years younger than my sister. My parents were going to have only one child and I was their surprise. My sister and I weren't close until I accidentally discovered her voyeurism and ultimately her deviant sexuality. I was five and she was twelve when I discovered it. The side of my parents' house where her room was faced directly over our neighbor's backyard. They have an in-ground pool, outdoor Jacuzzi, an indoor patio with another Jacuzzi, and a large family room that has two walls of floor to ceiling windows. It didn't start when I walked in on her. Her voyeurism started when she was only five years old and I was not even a twinkle in my parent's eyes."

Jessica looked to see any sort of reaction from Joshua, but none was forthcoming. She continued.

"Our neighbors were and still are an open marriage couple. It is a one hundred percent feminine dominated relationship. They also did not think it was abnormal to have sexual relations wherever and whenever they wanted. My sister used to kneel down by her window and watch as the wife verbally, emotionally, and sexually humiliated her husband. He served her unconditionally. My sister discovered her sexuality while watching them. She would masturbate to multiple orgasms several times during their sexual escapades or their lifestyle parties. Friday night, Saturday afternoon, Saturday night, Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon were always the time for them to party

with friends. Most weekends were filled with feminine domination parties comprised of couples and single well-endowed men."

Jessica paused and took a drink of her water. She nodded to Joshua so he would know that she had more to say to him.

"My sister found it extremely sexually stimulating. Especially when the one or more of the invited couples were both submissive. She would kneel and masturbate furiously when our neighbor would dominate another woman or girl. When I walked in on her she didn't yell or scream. She saw an opportunity and made the best of it. My sister used my innocence against me. She quietly informed me that I was a bad girl for walking in on her when she was spying on our neighbors. Over the weeks she forced me to perform orally on her. Instead of having to masturbate, she would kneel open legged over my face and make me lick her instead of her using her fingers. She gained control over me and used my mouth, lips, and tongue as her masturbation tool. I was five years old and forced to suck my older sister's pussy for her pleasure. I was not allowed to touch myself nor was anything explained to me by her about what I was doing sexually or otherwise."

"I can see by your face, you're wondering how long this went on for. She was twenty-three when she was murdered and that is when it stopped. If she was still alive, I'd still be sucking her pussy except I would be doing it at the party instead of in her room. Unbeknownst to her, the neighbors knew she was at the window and that titillated them to the nth degree. Finally, they invited her over one afternoon and revealed to her what they knew. Her penitence was giving her virginity to our neighbor when she was thirteen. The following weekend she was forced to fuck six men with cocks no smaller than eight inches multiple times. I wasn't there, but I did see a lot from the window of her room. Thankfully, I was a lot more careful about watching than she was."

Joshua interjected, "I still don't understand what you're keeping under control Jessica. Do you desire to be like your sister, a slut? Or, is it a desire to be dominant like her and your neighbor? Or, is it a desire to go to your neighbor's house and take retribution out on them for what they did to your sister? I mean, according to you she dominated you and forcibly made you perform cunnilingus on her until her untimely death."

"Damn, it is all of them," she moaned. "I so want to go next door, shove a butcher knife up her cunt, and rip her open. I blame her for everything that happened to my sister. Yes, she was raped. Yes, she was murdered. Yes, there is a possibility that she egged on the five niggers that raped her that evening in the Brooklyn middle school. What fucks my head is my desire to be laid out on a bed getting fucked over and over until I pass out from exhaustion or taking control of men and women and making them do my bidding. I fantasize about making a man or woman do as I command. I have this one fantasy where I receive a man's last orgasm just as I pull the chain that releases the knife that severs his genitals from his body. I don't even masturbate for fear of becoming so addicted to my sexuality I'd go out and offer my orifices to any and all comers. I'm torn between killing the bitch that made my sister into a whore, becoming one myself, or becoming a dominatrix in the same mold as my neighbor."

Amazed at what he just heard, Joshua was a bit dumbfounded. Jessica faced a true sexual conundrum. "So, getting married or tying yourself to one man would not satisfy your sexual hunger? Just because you were abused by your sister, you think you're going to go out and become a nymphomaniac?"

"Oh my God, I don't know," moaned Jessica. "I'm so torn. I was actually close last Saturday night, but something inside me said 'no'. I think about being prone underneath my sister licking her pussy. I was turned off by it at first, but in a very short period of time I actually desired to underneath her. If I admit something to you, you promise you won't go off the deep end?"

Joshua had a decision to make. If he said he won't commit to staying calm and he could lose her. Or he could say yes and hear something he probably didn't want to. Was she that important to him? "Yes, I promise, Jessica."

Hand shaking she took another sip of water and thankfully the waiter came with their appetizers. The break was just what she needed as the wine was opened and tasted by Joshua. He approved it and they watched the waiter pour their first glasses. He told them their entrées should arrive in about fifteen to twenty minutes. The waiter smiled as backed away from the table. Both of them tasted their appetizers and nodded their approval.

"Would you like a taste?" asked Joshua. "Growing up we always tasted each other's food. In fact, it came to the point where we would divide up the portions among the diners so everyone would get a taste."

"Yes, sounds sweet, Joshua," replied Jessica. She watched Joshua equally divide the appetizers and noticed that he used the same easy motions he used when operating.

"So, where were we?" asked Joshua.

"You promised not to get mad."

"Yes, I promised."

Jessica let the full plate sit in front of her. Instead of eating she started spinning the knife again. A sign to Joshua she was nervous and needed to take control of her stress. She sat for a good five minutes spinning the knife before she spoke.

"When I came to your house on Saturday night I had all intentions of seeing where we would take our relationship. What flummoxed me was..." She took a deep breath, held it, and exhaled. She sighed, "You daughter, Sarah. I felt myself get wet and all I did was kneel down and talk to her. A flood of memories filled my head and I smelled and tasted my sister. I used everything I knew and more so to control my desires. I was sitting in your bedroom thinking about Sarah and not you. That is why I told you I was a virgin and finally made the decision to leave."

"You left because you were thinking about my daughter," said Joshua with a bit of an edge to his voice. "I don't understand people that lust after children. I just don't."

She stopped the knife and laid it next to her untouched appetizers. She stared at him, "The edge to your voice tells me you're controlling your temper. I admitted to you something very private and troubling. I know you've never tasted the fear of another person psychologically and emotionally dominating you. I don't mean by getting into some fist fight as a kid, Joshua."

The knife returned to her hand and before it began to twirl around her slim fingers she drank the entire glass of wine the waiter had poured just minutes prior. Jessica Silverstein returned to her stress reliever, "You don't know what it is like to be ordered, coerced, forced to be some sexual slave for an older sibling. Degraded every weekend there was a sex party that became the sole activity for your older sibling. Sitting in the family room watching television and having your sister whisper in your ear that her pussy was waiting for her cunt lapping little sister. Ultimately being forced to drink her urine as a sign of total obedience. My childhood was not normal in any sense of the word."

Joshua noticed that neither of them touched their shared appetizers but their wine glasses were both empty. He needed to admit to her that his childhood was nothing compared to hers. Joshua poured each of them another glass of wine. He sipped his and said, "Yes, my childhood was not anything like yours. I was not sexually abused by an older sibling or adult. I compartmentalized my demons when I understood that killing small animals would grow into killing other humans. My anger is not totally controlled and you saw the results of that anger..."

"Yes, I did," said Jessica.

"Well, young lady, if you give me the opportunity, I will help you modify your thinking. I will take the demon that resides in your head and cast it out. I will open you to a life of love and true sexuality not deviance to attain pleasure. Of course, if that is what you want, then there is nothing I can do to help you. Well, just like you I lied, because I do know someone who could through my good offices allow you to express your sexual desires without any issues of illegality."

The knife stopped, fell tip down, and Jessica held it in place with her index finger. She blinked her eyes in response to Joshua's statement about knowing someone who would enable her desires. Jessica Silverstein was on the edge, "Are you telling me that you know someone who could enable my..."

"I know someone who could do more than enable your desire to relive the time you spent between your sister's legs. This individual has the power and capability to make all your deviant sexual dreams remain a lifelong reality for you. I just want you to make me the man you want between your legs and inside you."

"Shit..." was all she said.

"If you agree and so desire, we can go to my private office on Park Avenue and spend the night. There is a small bedroom and kitchen. It is a simple place, not elegant like my home, but a place where we can be alone without worrying about interruptions. Instead of making love to you in my house where you'll feel uncomfortable, we can go there, relax, and begin the process of making you into the woman you want to be. I'm not a submissive and I never will be, but I do like to experiment and play."

Joshua picked up his knife and fork and began to eat. He watched as Jessica continued to hold the knife point down and thought about his proposal. She did not respond to his invitation. Instead, she picked the knife up and then her fork and began to eat her appetizer. Nothing more was said until both of them finished their first course of the Prix Fixe meal. The waiter cleared the plates and returned with their main course. Without asking, Joshua took each of their main courses and divided them equally. They ate in silence until they both decided they'd had enough. Joshua signaled the waiter to remove the plates and they sat together finishing the bottle of wine. They had no desire for dessert.

Joshua took his right hand and let it slip under the table to Jessica's left thigh. He did not grope her but let it rest at the boundary of the hem of her dress and the smoothness of the nylon. His index and middle finger slipped off the dress and onto her thigh. The quick intake of her breath and her silence told him she was amenable to his advance. He slowly rubbed his fingers on the smooth nylon, looked into her eyes, picked up his glass, and took a sip. Jessica did not move in response or in avoidance to where his hand rested.

"Would you like to go?" asked Joshua.

"I don't know. I want to, but then again I don't. I don't want to disappoint you, Joshua." Her face showed him her indecision.

Joshua removed his hand from her thigh. He nodded understandingly, "Why don't we go? I won't push you into anything you don't want to do. All I'll ask is your acceptance of the fact that I may ask you to help me..."

Jessica smiled, "Help you cum?"

"Yes. Help me if I ask you and it may just be as simple as watching," said Joshua. "Agreed?"

She paused, looked up at the ceiling as she thought about his offer, and replied, "Ask the waiter for the check, Joshua."

That was all he needed to hear.

Fifteen minutes later they were seated next to each other in the back seat of a cab headed to 54<sup>th</sup> Street and Park Avenue. They could have walked the seven blocks but Joshua intuitively knew it would be better to take the cab. The ride down Park Avenue took all of five minutes. Joshua and Jessica were inside the apartment in just under two minutes. Jessica allowed the good doctor to take her coat and hang it in the closet next to the entry door. After he raised the temperature, he guided her to the small bedroom where he sat her on the bed.

"I don't have a living room," he said. "Please don't look at this as I'm trying to make you give yourself to me. Except for my leather executive chair and a couple of beat up leather wing chairs the only other place to sit comfortably is here. I don't have anything special to drink, but I can offer you a soda or bottled water."

Jessica Silverstein nervously rubbed the tops of her thighs. Her small evening bag rested on the bed next to her right hip. She looked up at Joshua who saw the indecision and fear on her face. It was Joshua who got the

surprise of his life when she reached out and took him by the hips. Jessica pulled him closer to where she sat on the edge of the bed. Without as much as a word, she opened his zipper, reached in for his cock, pulled it out, opened her mouth, and then quickly closed it. Her hand released his cock as she turned her face so she would not have to look at it. Jessica had witnessed the act of fellatio being performed hundreds of times, but never until that moment ever had touched a man's penis. The thought of taking his penis into her mouth all of a sudden disgusted her.

Joshua saw her visage change when she suddenly released her hold on his penis and turned her head away. With his cock hanging from his open zipper, he knelt down, stared into the turquoise eyes of the young woman who just had stopped herself from sucking his cock, and said, "Not to worry, Jessica. You will in time. Tonight is all about you, Jessica Silverstein. Tonight is your night to learn about how and why a man wants to make you happy beyond your expectations. I want this to be a night of firsts and ultimate sexual pleasure for you."

He stood, his cock still exposed, took her hands into his and pulled her to a standing position. He looked down at her small face framed in her shoulder length hair and moved his lips to hers. They kissed each opening their mouths so their tongues could play between them. His arms went around her shoulders and the small of her back. He pressed her body into his and stopped her from retaking his cock into her right hand. He held her close and felt the nipples of her breasts press into his chest. His left hand slid down the curve of her lower back and stopped when it reached the height of her small but wonderfully shaped backside. He pressed into her as he thought how sweet it would be to slide his rampantly hard cock between the globes of her backside before he slipped it into her rectum.

Jessica Silverstein felt her body give into her desire. Waves of sexual pleasure roiled throughout her body emanating from the center of the nexus between her legs. When she felt her body pulled into his she sighed inside as she felt his hardening manhood press against her right thigh. For all of her nineteen years, she only thought about this moment for she was always relegated by her sister to performing oral on her. As their lips touched and their tongues caressed each other's, the dark side of Jessica's sexuality began to surface. She felt herself begin to turn off as Joshua's cock grew against her leg.

He felt the change in the musculature of her body as her stress began to take over her desire and body. Joshua Goldsmith broke the kiss, stepped back to arm's length, his cock at full mast, and just looked lovingly into her eyes. He rubbed the soft skin of her upper arms. He smiled and made no effort to stop his erection from sinking into flaccidity. It took another few minutes for Jessica to calm her stress level and when he felt she was in a more balanced state he used his right hand to return his manhood into his pants. The relief was obvious and unmistakably apparent on her face when he was no longer exposed.

Joshua Goldsmith guided her from the small bedroom into the living room he used for his office and quasi-reception area. He turned on the halogen lamp that sat on the corner of his desk. She allowed him to guide her to his large leather executive chair. Jessica Silverstein felt him gently press her into the seat. The leather gave way and allowed her to sink into the comfortable softness of the chair. It felt to her as if she just returned to the womb. Her body began to relax, her voice elicited a small but obvious release of stress, and the strain of the situation drained from her face. She watched him kneel in front of the chair, gently push open her knees, and move his hands to the tops of her thighs.

Joshua slid his hands to the hem of her dress and pushed it up exposing the lace tops of her stockings. His eyes twinkled as he gazed upon her thin legs encased in the black nylon. He pushed again and Jessica moved her hips up allowing the hem of her dress to rise to her hips. She opened her eyes to see Joshua lick his lips when the black lace boy-short panties came into his view. Their eyes met and he simply put his right index finger to his lips in the universal signal that she should not say anything. He changed his position in front of her in preparation to slide between her beautiful legs. His hands remained just below the top of the thigh highs where the lace met her skin.

He kept his eyes locked onto hers as he moved forward. His hand shifted to the insides of her thighs. He pushed gently which allowed him to get her to slide forward and raise her legs. Joshua Goldsmith felt his cock twitch and rise anew as he gazed for the first time at her panty covered virgin vagina. Jessica allowed him to position her on the chair. Her desire rising again from between her legs. They kept their sight connection as Joshua leaned in and placed his lips directly on the small piece of lace that covered her slit. He pressed his lips onto the moist lace and felt his cock dribble in response to her sexually induced moistness. This hopefully proved to him she had the ability and desire to have an enjoyable sexual relationship with a man.

His lips pressed against her virgin vagina as if he was kissing her mouth. Joshua's hands caressed the insides of her thighs and for the first time he felt the smooth skin of her upper thigh. Again his cock twitched in his pants. The connection between his lips and mouth and her lace covered vagina was the sign Jessica needed. Joshua realized she would need time to confront her demons and allow herself to become the sexual woman she wanted to be.

After kissing her panty covered pussy for five minutes, Joshua took the next step. He moved his right hand to the edge and slipped the thin piece of lace off of her labia. The idea of removing her panties entered and left his thoughts in a flash, but her smell caressed his olfactory sensors in his nose and he sighed with contentment. Jessica Silverstein had a wonderfully soft and sensual smell to her vaginal secretions. Something he could get very used to sucking from her and swallowing. To keep her calm, he decided to minimize her exposure as he performed cunnilingus on her. Jessica did not stop him. She relaxed even more and moved on the chair so he would have an easier time licking her pussy.

The moan that emanated from Jessica's mouth was loud, long, and very sensual. She felt for the first time the tongue of another person slip between the lips of her vagina. Jessica pushed her hips forward and into Joshua's mouth. Without thinking, her hand went to the back of his head. His tongue slid from the bottom of her opening to the hood covered clitoris. He licked her as a dog would. Long swipes of his tongue covered her pussy from top to bottom and side-to-side. Inside his pants, Joshua's cock was straining to be released but he knew better than to expose himself.

He watched as she closed her eyes and moved to the reality of being orally stimulated instead of living out a fantasy within her mind. Jessica rested her head on the back of the chair as she felt the soft point of Joshua's tongue push her prepuce off of her blood engorged clitoris. Shivers flowed up and down her spine as his tongue caused waves of tingling sensations to rise from her moistening crotch. Jessica found her sexual voice as Joshua began to slide his tongue over and around her exposed clitoris. Her moans excited him and egged him on as he fought his desire to expose his hard cock so he could masturbate himself.

She felt him stop, place his hands on either side of her labia, and gently pull them open. He pulled his head back just enough to allow him to gaze upon her womanhood. He smiled, released her labia, kissed her mons, and whispered more to himself, "Yes..." He gazed into her vaginal opening and saw her intact hymen. He would not let his fingers enter her body for fear he would rupture the hymen before his cock did the first time he entered her. Joshua Goldsmith never in his thirty-two years ever took a girl's virginity. Their eyes met again. Hers had a concerned look while his tried to convey his love and desire for her. She moaned audibly when she felt his tongue trace a line over her labia, through the top, and down to the skin that covered her clitoris.

Jessica Silverstein pressed her crotch into the face of the first person, male or female, to ever touch her in a sexually provocative and stimulating manner. When Joshua uncovered her clitoris with his tongue and gently sucked it into his mouth, she cried out totally nonsensical gibberish. Her head rolled from side-to-side as she felt Joshua suck on her clitoris as if it were a small cock. His tongue would press and slide over the broad head of her love button sending waves of pleasure throughout her body. Joshua timed his oral ministrations to coincide with her crescendoing waves of sexual pleasure. He also would reduce his oral ministrations to allow her sink back from the edge of sexual release. Jessica's breathing would return to near normal when Joshua would begin his kissing, licking, and sucking of her vagina to restart her rise to sexual orgasm and culmination of her first sexual experience where she was the center of attraction.

Her cries for release kept Joshua between her legs for sixty-seven minutes. He wanted to take her up and back down several times before he took her over-the-top. Her last cry was from the bottom of her sexual soul and Joshua knew it was time – time to take her up and over. Time to see if she would flood his mouth with sweet tasting nineteen year old virgin vagina – vaginal secretions. He placed his hands underneath her backside and lifted her to his mouth. Joshua Goldsmith sucked her twat for all it was worth. He purposely tried to keep her legs from closing around his head as he wanted her to experience her first orgasm with them wide open.

Joshua placed his entire mouth over her sex. He used his tongue to sluice around her engorged clitoris. He felt her press up against his face. He wanted to press a finger into her anus and two into her vagina but kept himself from doing so knowing sometime soon he was going to press his erect cock into her and feel the thin membrane

guarding her womb tear as she became a sexually mature woman. He felt her muscles begin to tense and release as her orgasm began its final preparation to explode from within her body. It took just a few more solid licks and pressure on her clitoris to take her over the top. Jessica's body tightened. Her legs pressed against his hands as she attained her first orally induced sexual orgasm.

She screamed, "FUCK!!!"

Joshua moaned as her sweet tasting fluids filled his mouth. He let her rub her clitoris on the tip of his nose as he kept her vaginal orifice over his mouth so he could relish the taste of her secretions. Five strong spasms and three smaller ones rippled through her body. Her breathing seemed to stop for the time the five strong orgasmic waves pulsed against Joshua's face. He kept his mouth pressed against her vagina until she could not take the sensation that was causing her a modicum of pleasant sexual pain. He pulled his face away, looked up, and saw Jessica staring back at him her face, shoulders, and breasts covered in a light coating of sweat.

He smiled, kissed the inside of each of her thighs, and said, "Again?"

Her eyes sprang wide open when she comprehended his question. Her mouth dropped in amazement. When she regained her composure, "I don't think I could live through another one so soon after that mind blowing orgasm. Now I know what my sister felt like when I got into sucking her off."

Joshua released her legs, stood up, and leaned in to kiss her. She raised her arms to him and their mouths linked in an after orgasm French kiss. He pressed arms around her to get her to lean into his body, but Jessica let the kiss last for a minute before she took her arms back and broke the kiss. He watched her sink back into the leather chair. Her legs were still open because her knees rested on the arms of the executive chair. Joshua gazed upon her naked beauty and unconsciously began to rub the palm of his hand over his crotch. Jessica watched him lick his lips as his hand played with his pants covered cock.

Finally feeling normal after her first orally induced orgasm, Jessica said, "Take it out, Joshua."

His reverie not completely broken by her statement, "What?"

"Take it out," she said again. "Take it out and play with it for me. I want to watch you masturbate. Please..."

Joshua Goldsmith was so taken with her he opened his belt, pulled down his zipper, and then pushed his pants and underpants down to his ankles. He didn't take his eyes from the trimmed patch of black pubic hair that formed a perfect triangle above the separation at the top of her labia. Without taking his eyes from between her legs, he took the shaft of his seven inch cock into his right hand. He held his cock as his eyes went from her pussy to her face where he saw the smile on her face.

"It's ok Joshua. Look at my pussy. Think about when you're going to slip your cock into it," she said just before she paused to run the tip of her tongue over her ruby red lipstick covered lips. "Please, let me watch you play with yourself. Do it and maybe I'll let you expend on my pussy. Would you like that Joshua?"

His answer came out more like a moan than a direct reply. Joshua couldn't support himself on his legs so he leaned back against the edge of his desk. His gaze returned to her saliva coated vagina. The site of her sitting spread legged was enough to get him to stroke his cock. His hand began to move up and down the shaft while the circle created by his thumb and index finger caressed the corona as they passed over.

Jessica couldn't believe the power she held over the older man. She sighed inaudibly when she saw his eyes return to her pussy and his hand renew his masturbatory motion. Scenes from her neighbor's backyard, patio, and family room surged into her consciousness. She did not bring forth the pictures of her older sister being used as a cum dump, but those of the submissive and totally sissified men happily performing degrading and humiliating actions for their dominant wives. Her body reacted to the scenes of male submission and she couldn't help but moaning as she watched Joshua stroke his cock per her instructions.

"Yes..." she moaned aloud. "Stroke your cock for me, Joshua. Show me how much you want to fuck me by jerking off for me. Slide your hand like you're in bed thinking of me. Do a nice job and I'll let you ask to cum all over my pussy, sweet man."

"Argh!!! This is so hot!!!" cried Joshua. "Please... Please, Jessica, may I cum on your pussy?"

"Come on Joshua," she whispered with a bit of derision in her voice. "You can do better than that. Don't you want to cum on my pussy???"

Joshua stopped his motion for a second, looked into Jessica's eyes, and saw the strength of her desire to make him beg her stare back at him. His cock twitched, "Please, Jessica, may I cum on your pussy? Please, I will do anything you ask. Please..."

She answered, "Good boy!!! Tell me what will happen after you spend your male junk all over my pussy?"

Joshua knew where she was headed. He groaned, spit on his hand for lubrication, stroked, and moaned, "I'll go down on you again. I'll lick my cum from your body and pussy. Please... I'm going to cum!!! Please???"

"Yes, Joshua," said Jessica without a hint of sexual tension or loving emotion in her voice. "I give you permission to deposit your male junk on my body. Do it now Joshua."

His hand flew up and down his cock. He couldn't stop the inevitable. He moved forward from the edge of his desk. Joshua fell to a position where his knees were on the edge of the leather executive chair. He looked up from her pussy for a split second. He thought he saw a look of total contempt and ridicule on her beautiful face. His gaze returned to her pussy. He felt the beginning of his orgasm and placed the head of his cock on her labia.

Jessica Silverstein flinched and cried, "Don't touch me with that disgusting piece of flesh. You can spend your junk on me, but don't touch me, Joshua!!!"

Unable to stop, Joshua pulled his cock head off of her labia just in time. He felt his muscles tense, his balls rise, and his asshole pulse in concert with the shaft of his cock. Three strong ropes of seminal fluid departed the head of his cock. They landed on Jessica's mons and labia. Three additional softer expended ropes were deposited on her vagina and left thigh. He fell back against the edge of his desk to support himself as his body relaxed from the orgasm. Unconsciously, he squeezed the last drops of seminal fluid from his cock onto his hand. His breathing was ragged and his body was covered in a sheen of sweat.

It didn't take Jessica but one minute to order him to get between her legs. "Clean your junk off of me. Now, Joshua."

His mind fought his obligation to lick his ejaculate off her body. The thought of doing it while in the midst of a sexual engagement was enticing and very hot, but actually doing it after experiencing an orgasm was always a difficult thing to muster. His breathing became more normal as his cock softened in his hand. He looked down at his manhood, his right hand, and then Jessica's cum covered pussy. His mind was a thousand miles away and was brought back to reality by the sound of a very agitated Jessica.

"You have something to do, Joshua. You made a promise to lick up your junk after you deposited it on me. Forget putting your thing in me if you don't. Forget ever seeing me or my sex if you don't." Jessica moved on the chair so her pussy was positioned at the edge. She looked into his eyes, pointed to her cum covered pussy, and snarled, "Eat me now, bitch!!!"

Joshua's first reaction was to slap her across the face. That lasted exactly one nanosecond. His recovery complete, he knew he had to keep his word. He moved forward, fell to his knees, and paused to look into her eyes. He confirmed what he thought he saw earlier and did nothing about it. He leaned down and began licking his ejaculate that landed on the inside of her left thigh. Doctor Joshua Goldsmith felt his cock twitch which was an unconscious acceptance of his submissive position in their budding sexual relationship.

Jessica Silverstein felt Joshua's tongue press against the inside of her left thigh where she knew a dollop of his male junk hit her. She opened herself up to his licking knowing that it would culminate in her second orally induced orgasm of her life. She felt him move his tongue between her legs. She reached down and placed her right hand on his head acknowledging her need for him to satisfy his duty to her.

With her hand resting on his head, his tongue swiping his spend from her body, and her head resting against the back of the leather executive chair she said, "That's a good boy, Joshua. Lick your junk from my body."