

Kept

Part 1 of Kept, Taken, Controlled.

By Jamie Fuchs

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Smashwords Edition

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 - Taken - I Am His Dirty Little Secret
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- Formal Fingering - Risk It All
- Unannounced Entry - An Erotic Tale Of An Unexpected Lover

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I lay on the bed as he shut the door behind him, his cum dripping out of my pussy, discarded; used. Staring up at the ceiling, my heart was still racing from what had just happened. I had come a long way from the innocent girl my parents had raised.

I waited a few minutes before standing up and getting into the shower, one of the few pleasantries in the room. He'd given no indication of when he would return; he kept all the control for himself.

Like the steam that was filling the shower, memories of the weeks leading up to this point filled my mind, and I allowed myself to indulge in them...

“Hey, Casey,” Mr. Davis called out the window of his car as he always did. I waved to him as he pulled into his driveway before coming over to have a quick chat while I was setting up a bird bath in front of my house.

“How’s school going?” he asked. “I hear you’re trying to get into med school. That’s got to be tough.”

“Eh, it’s okay, I guess,” I replied.

“Keep at it. Nobody likes quitters. If you want something in this life, you have to take it.”

“I know,” I said, smiling shyly at him. “I’ll try my best.”

I don’t think he knew what I would be up to later tonight, and I couldn’t wait until later. Because of him, Fridays were my favorite day of the week.

“Good,” he said before returning to his own house, leaving me to my task.

He would go back inside, change out of his boring business casual clothes and into his good stuff, before heading out on the prowl.

I perched myself on the couch near the picture window looking over the street, waiting eagerly for him to return. I enjoyed watching to see what kind of woman he would bring home. It helped me form a better mental picture for when I needed it.

Just like clockwork, there he was again, dragging another beautiful woman into his house. It never seemed to take him long to find something he desired. It was the same thing every weekend: he and some beautiful woman would step out of his BMW and head straight for his house. This time she was a businesswoman - high heels, hair up, and in her early thirties.

He'd been doing this for as long as I could remember. I started to get curious around the age of fourteen. I'd sit outside his window and listen to what he was doing with those women. I didn't fully understand what was happening, but it provoked weird feelings inside of me, *and I liked it.*

But as a fully-grown nineteen-year-old woman, I knew exactly what was going on. I would still occasionally sit outside his window and listen, picturing what he did to them as my hand would reach below my skirt.

They shut the door behind them and I snuck around the back, quietly making my way over to the window he always seemed to leave open. I could sit there beneath it without being detected, but I had to be careful not to rustle the gravel below too much.

"Sit," I heard him say. "Eyes closed."

I'd never seen the inside of his house, but I always imagined that there was a simple chair in the middle of the room on the other side of the window.

"I told you to close your eyes," he spoke again.

"What are you going to do to me?" the woman asked, a hint of nervousness in her voice.

"Close them," he repeated. "Hands behind the chair."

I could hear his shoes clomping against the wooden floor. Picturing him walking over to her and tying her up always got my juices flowing.

"So, why are you here?" he asked. His voice was deep, like that of thunder rolling in the distance.

"Your reputation," she replied.

"Good, so you know how this works, then."

"I think so."

"Wait here."

"*Hrmmmf.*" She made a surprised grunt through the gag on her face, just like all the rest of them did.

The sound of his footsteps dissipated into the next room. He didn't come back for a good ten minutes. I always hated when he did this. I just wanted to get off and get on with my night.

"Spread 'em," he barked. The sound of a vibrator starting up in his hand sent shivers down my spine. It got louder as his footfalls came closer. I heard her moans intensify, my fingers keeping pace with the woman, rubbing anxiously against my clit. Their uncontrolled orgasms always got me off.

"If you cum, I'll make you regret it," I heard him whisper, but only barely. I could hear that she was getting too close; she wouldn't be able to hold it back much longer. She tried to speak.

"What was that? I can't hear you," he replied. She tried again with no success just before. The unmistakable sounds of the chair legs shaking against the floor started, heralding her orgasm.

Her screams of pleasure were intense. My fingers flicked over my clit furiously, almost

pushing myself over the edge. I had to hold back. I didn't want him to hear me.

"You're going to regret that," he snarled. "This way."

My imagination took over as I pictured him leading her to the next room, where she would submit herself to him. I finished letting out my final moans as quietly as I could, afraid someone might hear me and know what I was doing.

I got up and snuck back to my house to shower and put on my makeup before my best friend, Sarah, showed up.

“How about this one?” I held a black dress up in front of my fit body.

“Hmm, nah. Where’s that little red one?” Sarah questioned.

“This one?” I held up a very seductive red dress with a low cut top and a slit up the side that would show a lot of leg.

“Yeah, that one!” she said. “Just put your hair down and we’ll look hot together!”

I slid the tight dress up over my body and let my long blond hair down. Looking in the mirror, I loved how the dress accented my natural curves.

“I love it!” she said.

“Good, let’s go grab another drink,” I said, leading us out of my bedroom.

“Think Daniels will be there tonight?” Sarah asked hopefully.

“I dunno,” I admitted. “I hope he is so you don’t keep buggin’ me about him!” I smiled at her over my shoulder.

“To The Lounge, cab man!” Sarah exclaimed, pointing toward the windshield.

I grabbed hold of her seat from behind and pulled myself forward. “So, what are you going to do if he’s there?”

“I’m gonna steal him before some other bitch does, but I’ll have to be quick.”

“Yeah, but how?” I replied. “He always has a girl on his arm.”

“We’re gonna have to get rid of her somehow. I might need you for that, though,” Sarah said with a wink.

When we got to the club, there was a long line as usual, but we knew the bouncers and they loved us, so we snuck around through the quiet back alley and met two beefy men at the back door. When they opened the door for us, music flooded out into the alley along with the rolling fog they used inside. The lights shone around us as we walked through the tables filled with people.

We both leaned up against the bar beside a well-dressed man. He turned his head and noticed us before returning his attention to his whiskey. He looked back over a couple of times before finally asking: “Can I grab you two a drink?”

“Of course!” Sarah said with a smile.

He waved the bartender over. “Two for the young ladies please.” He threw a twenty down on the table and signaled for the bartender to keep the change.

“Thanks!” We smiled at the man before continuing around the bar.

“I don’t see him anywhere,” I said, turning to Sarah. “Looks like you’re out of luck tonight.”

“Let’s grab a seat over there.” She pointed to a small, round table with high, classy chairs. We watched the lights flash over the people on the dance floor.

“There!” Sarah pointed behind me.

“What?” I asked as I turned my head. There he was, entering the club. “Aw, too bad. He’s got a girl with him already.”

“That’s okay, she’s not going to be the one leaving with him.” Sarah was determined tonight.

We watched as he walked over to the bar and got a drink. He cracked a joke before bringing her in close for a kiss.

“What if it’s his girlfriend?” I asked.

“Ha, you know how he is just as well as I do.” Sarah’s eyes focused on him, waiting for an opportunity. “Let’s get closer.” She got up and led me to the bar next to them.

I saw the man who bought the drink for us get up and start toward us. He smiled as he got close.

“So, are you two together?”

Sarah didn’t even acknowledge him. She was staring intently at Daniels.

“Well, yes and no,” I replied.

“Oh? What does that—”

Sarah grabbed me and turned me around. She had no interest in that man at all.

“Now!” she whispered in my ear. Daniels was now alone, facing the bar. Sarah let go of me and walked around to his other side, leaning against the metal railing to intentionally expose her cleavage.

“How would you like to upgrade your lover for tonight, hun?”

“An upgrade? Ha, you can’t upgrade from a sure thing, *hun*,” he replied.

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