The Move

The past few weeks had been such a brutal and sudden change. But he knew that it was ultimately for the best. It had happened so much sooner than he had planned, but the combination of his failing health and other concerns finally pushed him over the edge and he signed the lease for a nice apartment in a senior community.

Geez, I‘m so not ready for this, he kept thinking as the days were spent putting stuff away and organizing the place as he wanted it. Each day was filled with constant reminders that he was the youngest person in the building. The talk at mealtime was constantly filled with discussions about grandchildren and past exploits rather than today’s events or plans to enjoy their last days to the fullest.

So the days passed as he settled in and made new friends. At least he wasn’t the only one walking around with a cane and he wasn’t ready for a rolling walker just yet. A few of the ladies were even young enough to contemplate what a bedroom excursion might be like. But he knew it would be fruitless. His tastes had always run to the extreme end and even more so since his prostate problems. No one here could possibly be in to that.

So even though it was nice to occasionally dream of Marilyn’s huge breasts being subjected to various torments, her deep religious convictions were a definite turnoff. His neighbor next door, Julie was still attractive and looked firm under her dowdy clothes. But her docile and sweet personality masked a brain injury and mental disabilities that became apparent in just a few minutes of conversation. While his physical sadism knew no bounds, his emotional side did and it just didn’t feel right to flirt with her at all let alone do more.

So his days were now spent enjoying his non-structured life; minor errands for his acquaintances here in the senior village, basic domestic chores and spending way too much time on the computer looking at porn or reminiscing about his past glory days as a sadistic dominant Master.

So helping Julie with various activities became a weekly routine whether it was taking her and her little dogs to the groomer or finding websites on the net or answering a plethora of simple questions that most people took for granted.

Today seemed no different as he waited at the door for her to answer his knock to see what her problem was now.

“Hey, come on in,” she said. He noticed that she was wearing the same blouse as the past 2 days.

“I’ve decided to go on a diet and I wanted you to have some of these snacks since you can obviously eat what you want and not worry about it.”

Yeah, like she wasn’t already the skinniest women here. He could play with that apple shaped ass all day if she didn’t giggle like a 12 year old at the mention of sex.

So they looked through her cabinet and he picked out a variety of chips, cookies and other junk food to help her get started on her new Weight Watcher’s diet plan.

“I found something that I wanted to show you about my divorce. But here, I found some old pictures of my dogs too. So sit down and take a look.”

The two toy Maltese yapped and jumped around on the couch as he took a seat and started leafing through the photo album.

There she was over the past 40 years with a wide collection of dogs ranging from huge Great Danes to previous toy Maltese yappers and almost everything in between. Still, she always looked nice with a big smile in each picture.

“I’ll be out in a minute; I can’t find what I was looking for.”

“No problem, take your time.”

Ooooh, very nice. The skimpy bikini left nothing to the imagination. She sure had the California beach body back then.

Holy shit!! The next page showed the same bikini bottom, but no top. And those big tits looked so sexy and white next to her tanned skin. Oh no, the next pages were even worse with no bottoms at all and as he quickly flipped through the album, it was a menagerie of her in various poses by herself and eventually with men doing those things that they’ve done throughout the ages.

He nervously glanced at the bedroom door, but still he flipped on and couldn’t believe his eyes as it progressed to increasingly harder play from double penetrations, huge toys, her gaping asshole (hmm, a natural redhead, who would have thought?) and bondage as her mouth was stuffed full with a huge cock while she was tied to a chair.

“I used to be so skinny, didn’t I?”

He looked up and there she was standing outside the bedroom door. The silky negligee was tight in all the right places particularly her big breasts which the stretched the thin material so her nipples looked like they’d poke through.

“I know that I’m kind of stupid compared to the way I used to be, but just because I forget some things doesn’t mean that I haven’t noticed or felt your eyes on me.”

His brain raced through all kinds of response, but he decided that the truth might be needed here. “Well, I just didn’t want to start anything. We’re neighbors and friends and I didn’t want to complicate the situation.”

“I do appreciate that along with all the little things that you do to help me get through my day. But I still remember how good it felt to have a man wrap his arms around me along with other stuff.”

I then noticed that her necklace was a Triskele, the BDSM symbol.

“Well, maybe we could at least talk about it.”

She stepped across the room and then straddled my lap putting her breasts right at mouth level and he inhaled the scent of her perfume and of her body in heat.

“Yes, ever since I caught a glimpse of your girlfriend’s Story of O ring, I knew we’d end up having this conversation……………Sir.”

She reached up and started fondling her breasts in a rather seductive manner. He kept staring at those big nipples and incredibly they got even bigger. His own hands moved up and started squeezing and pinching her nipples resulting in a low moan from her. Then she lowered the straps and the negligee feel free and at once he started licking and sucking them. Using his teeth to lightly nip at her nipples, she kept encouraging him to do more and harder.

His other hand slipped underneath her gown to fondle her wet slit and pinch her rock hard clit. He was too dazed and surprised to react any other way.

Finally, he grabbed her hair and pulled her face away from his.

“Look, this isn’t such a good idea. There’s no sense in confusing things. We’re neighbors here and we need to get along as long as we live here.”

“Maybe that’s true, but I know I’m bored to death without enough to do. I’ve thought about you often and figured that maybe you would enjoy having a sex slave to do your bidding once in awhile. Besides, the way my mind is going, I’ll just forget about it eventually.”

Well, she had a point and besides, she was so docile most of the time, certainly, a nice prerequisite for a submissive. She felt nice enough in his lap, what could it really hurt?

“I do promise to be a very good girl, Sir.”

“Good? My definition might be different than yours. Stand up and take that gown off.”

He stood up as she pulled the gown over her head and stood there waiting for instructions.

“Sit down and show me that well used hole.”

Her face flushed red, but she did as told and spread her legs wide and pulled her labia far apart.

“Come on, touch it and make it wetter.”

Her fingers rubbed her clit furiously and then she started sticking her fingers in her cunt, first one, and then two; eventually, she had four sliding in easily.

“My late husband taught me the pleasures of fisting, Sir. Before he died, I was able to take a wine bottle all the way in to entertain him and his friends. I can take as much as you want, Sir.”

“Be quiet and get up on your knees and show me that big butt of yours.”

As she did that, he walked over to the table and picked up a hand shaped fly swatter.

“Keep playing with your pussy, but I’m going to punish that white ass for being such a brazen slut today.”

“Yes, sir, I was very naughty to do this to you.”

So she continued to rub her clit and insert her fingers as deep as they would go. He started slapping her ass with the flyswatter and as her butt turned pink, her breathing grew more rapid and the wet sounds from her cunt grew louder. Her four fingers and hand was easily sliding all the way in to her thumb. So he turned the fly swatter around and started using the long thin plastic handle to smack her ass.

“Aaaaah, that hurts, Sir.”

“Yeah, but you’re enjoying it, aren’t you, cunt?”

“Oh, yes, sir. Don’t stop.”

“My arm is getting tired, so you have 2 minutes to come or I’m laying you on the floor so I can beat that nasty big hole of yours.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Her fingers moved rapidly and circled her clit and her gasps and moans grew louder as she worked herself to a frenzy. His arm rose and fell harder creating such delightful stripes and welts on her now very pink ass.

Just when he thought she was close enough to her orgasm, he stepped over and quickly slipped his fingers inside of her steaming wet cunt and with just a little effort forced his whole hand deep inside. Her cry of ecstasy was immediate and he could feel her cunt spasm and clench around his wrist as she came.”

“Oh, my God. Oh, my God!!”

Her cunt continued to throb and spasm uncontrollably around his fist, but he eventually withdrew it from her with a loud slurping noise and her exclamation of delight.

Looking down at her as she curled into the fetal position, he thought that maybe this move might work out for the best after all.

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