The Move, Pt. 2

As the weeks turned into months and time passed by, he became more accustomed to the routine of his new life in the retirement community. He wasn’t sure if everyone was enjoying life here the way he was, but you just never knew what went on behind closed doors. He kind of wondered what that couple who always ate together got up to by themselves.

He had been nervous at first with his new relationship with his neighbor. She was such a sweet person and everybody loved her. He wasn’t too sure how long he’d get to stay if the community knew the games they played together during these long boring afternoons and nights. She may have forgotten a lot about her life, but her tastes for degradation and pain seemed to have stayed with her.

His heart always skipped a beat or two whenever they ate together and she’d catch his eye and burst into a fit of giggles and blushes. The rest of the table seemed to put it off to her mental disabilities.

Still, she would occasionally walk back to their wing and with a red face and a girlish giggle asking if he would come over for a bit later. Despite telling himself that he shouldn’t, he always gave in to temptation and resumed their sick games.

Today was no exception as he walked down the hall towards her apartment. He wondered what toy she’d pull out of her big box. He couldn’t believe that her ex-husband had packed all this stuff for her when she moved from Texas. Considering what shape she was in at the time, he failed to understand how Tommy thought she’d ever get back to that level of play. But then again she was, wasn’t she?

The dogs started barking even before he knocked on the door. He could hear her fussing at them to shut up which never worked, but then there she was wearing a bathrobe over some kind of outfit. He could see the stocking on her fit legs and wondered what creation from Neiman-Marcus she had pulled out of her closet.

“Come on in.”

Grabbing his hand, she pulled him into the bedroom and closed the door before the dogs could get in.

He immediately noticed a large bottle of Astrolube on the bed along with rope and the quirt she used to use when riding horses. A ball gag and blindfold rounded out the toys for the day.

“I bought that quirt in a western store so many years ago. I actually had with me the day I fell off the horse and broke my head. I can’t believe that it made the move.”

She pulled off her robe and he admired the tight black and red wasp corset that encircled her ribs. It accentuated her round ass and big boobs just right. Her legs were covered by lovely black stockings attached by snaps and as she turned around, he noticed the flare of a butt plug between her cheeks.

“Does that feel nice stuck up your tight asshole?”

“I don’t think it’s very tight anymore. I’ve been trying to us this big one and finally got it in yesterday and left it in for an hour. Then worked my way back up to it right after lunch today.”

Holy shit, he remembered that King Kong of a butt plug and couldn’t believe she had that monster stuck up her pretty white ass. He felt his dick stir at the thought.

As she slowly knelt on the floor, she whispered, “Use me anyway you want today as long as it’s hard, Sir.”

He walked over to the bed and picked up the bundle of rope that she had laid out.

“Stand up and come over here.”

She did as she was told and he had her stand at the end of the bed between the two large end posts. It was a heavy wooden structure that had survived the move from Texas. He started looping an end up near the top then grabbing one hand, he quickly fastened her wrist securely. In moments the other was secured as well to the other post so she was standing with her legs spread and both arms held up so her body formed a nice X.

Since there was rope left over, he started wrapping it around one large breast attaching it the post as well and yanking hard on it he managed to pull her right tit apart from its twin so it looked toward the side. Her other breast was manhandled in a similar manner. Then he placed the blindfold over her eyes.

He noticed that her breathing was speeding up so he assumed that she enjoying herself a little.

“No one’s going to hear you down at this end of the hall so I’m not gagging you today. I want to hear your whimpers as I beat you.”

“Yes, Sir.”

A quick flick of his wrist landed a nice little smack on her ass with a quickly reddening blotch. Stepping to one side, he started slow pausing to rub the welts that he was creating on her white butt cheeks.

She flinched a lot and started moving her ass around in a circle as he upped the ante with harder blows. He could see her ass cheeks tightening as her anus gripped and squeezed the huge plug in her ass. He slowly moved up her back with the quirt until her whole back and ass was red with a mass of welts and marks.

Stepping around so she could see him, he looked at her restrained breasts with their slightly bluish color.

Catching her eyes, he watched as they flickered between his and the quirt in his hand. With a slight yes nod from her, he raised his arm and landed it right across her left tit. Other than a quick jerk backwards and a gasp, she said nothing. Just closed her eyes as she enjoyed the intense sensations. So he continued hitting her breasts harder and harder until she was moaning out loud yet never asking for him to stop.

But finally, he did as he felt she was reaching the edge of her endurance. He stood behind her and let his fingers roam through her bush and felt the wetness that was starting to seep down her thigh. She panted hard as he rubbed her clit and stuck his finger in her sopping wet cunt.

Kneeling, he slid his fingers deep inside of her and felt the intruder in her ass through the vaginal wall. Pushing against it elicited a sharp cry of pleasure from her.

“More, Sir, please more.”

So he kept finger fucking her hole pushing against the plug in her ass. He could get four fingers deep inside, but no more.

With his other hand, he moved the plug around in her butt. He could feel it slowly slide out a bit and he wondered, could he………..?

Taking a few seconds to rub her wet juices over his left hand, he gripped the flare tightly and pulled it out quickly. He heard her sharp gasp, but paid it no mind as he swiftly cupped his thumb against his palm and slowly yet firmly slid his fingers then his whole hand up inside her rectum.

“AAAaaaaaaagh, nooooooooooo!”

As he felt her anus tighten around his wrist, he kept rubbing her stiff clit furiously. Eventually, he felt her body relax and start shoving her ass against his arm.

He braced himself as he held his arm up so she could ass fuck herself with his hand and she quickly moved towards her climax. Within seconds, he heard her scream as her body trembled and shook from her intense orgasm.

Her legs were shaking so he slowly withdrew his fist with a loud slurping sound and a soft moan from her. Then he stood up and quickly untied her hands and helped her lay down across the bed.

They lay there together as he spooned her and felt her breathing get back to normal rhythm

He cupped her breast in his hand and idly rubbed her nipple. I guess the “Golden years may have some meaning after all.

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