**Helen's Evening**

by[ThisWillBeFun](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5474435&page=submissions)©

She was panicking to get ready. A quick look at the clock by the bed told her that it was getting close to seven o'clock. Her day had been spent doing the usual jobs; clearing her daughter off to her father's house; cleaning and laundry; tidying the lounge.

She had done her exercises in preparation for his arrival and was feeling taut in all the right places. Passing a hand over her belly, she knew she was feeling muscles there as well as everything else. It made her proud. Hard work always paid off.

It was her time now. Personal time. Her time for pleasure. She hadn't been allowed an orgasm for a week but complied with his instructions to edge herself every night - she took herself to the brink religiously and without fail before sleep. Gave her some discomfort and an ache of yearning between her legs. It meant her body after a week was jangling with excitement. Nerve endings on alert to touch and sensitive to everything. One finger in the right place and she wouldn't be responsible for her reaction.

She rubbed further down to the two reasonably sized rings through her pussy lips, and for the millionth time stared down in wonder at them. The day she had had them fitted replayed in her mind's eye repeatedly. The eroticism of having a stranger, albeit professional stranger, with their hands at her delicate place... the girl's knuckle on her clit.

The slight tinkle as they rubbed together enthused her every time. A finger between - fingers either side. A rub back and forth. A delicious feeling when an exploratory one entered her always well lubricated channel. The rings had been a brilliant accessory; a wonderful thought; the initial small puncture wounds healed completely, the sound of them alone; the gentle tink of the rings - it excited her every time.

No, Helen!

Her inner voice was speaking. She had been told what to do. This was to be an evening of her submission. A game that they played on occasion. One that heightened her senses, gave her uncontrollable orgasms and blew her mind. She had been given instructions to obey, and though he had never hurt her, there had been times that sitting down a following day had been a touch awkward, and memories of these times encouraged her compliance right now. She wasn't going to disobey.

She wrenched her hand away.

Slipping a little flower-patterned sundress on, she made sure it created a decent cleavage of her breasts. It was the smallest she could get that fitted her. Clinching her waist in, and pushing everything else up, it made her feel ravishing. The flaring skirt part ended way above the knee and gave her an hourglass look. She felt good. She felt 10 years younger.

Slipping her feet into the five inch black stilletos, she admired the final look in her mirror. Her hair had taken a while to get right but was worth it. Her makeup accentuated her eyes and a bright red lipstick made her feel slutty. She was pleased with the results of her efforts and hoped he would be too. No doubt the lipstick would get smeared, either on his lips or round his cock. She didn't care which.

No underwear. No surprise there. She would be open and on offer all evening if the last time they played this game was anything to go on. Her body was his for the taking; no resistance. He would make it worthwhile for her, she had no doubt. And the events would play in her mind for weeks afterwards. It was worth every moment.

She lifted the skirt and brushed her hand over her pubic mound one last time. Freshly shaved and with a copiously applied soothing cream, meant it was looking good. Smooth. Edible even. She lifted a foot onto the dressing table. It made her lower lips gape obscenely, the minute weight of her rings helping to pull the labia apart. Running her fingers from there to her ass, twisting her raised leg left and right, she checked she had cleared every last hair.

She noticed her lips were pouting. She mimicked them with her facial lips but couldn't help it quickly turning to a smile. She looked gorgeous. Sexy as hell. She wouldn't be surprised if she didn't find herself bent over the arm of the sofa in a few moments with his cock stuffed in her.

Her inner voice laughed with glee.

She returned her foot to the floor, smoothed her dress back down and wrenched herself away from the mirror. It was time to finish off downstairs.

Used to the heels now, there was no lack of confidence with movement. They made her feel taller and more confident. Gave her an air of assertiveness despite what she knew was coming that evening. She closed the bedroom door and descended the stairs to the kitchen.

Tea tonight was a simple pasta and sauce. She had prepared it all, but was leaving the cooking for later. She opened the bottle of red. Time for it to breathe.

Swinging her hips happily, she walked to the lounge to light some candles for the fireplace. She pulled out a yoga mat from beneath the sofa and adjusted the location of the coffee table. Helen expected to be spending a lot of time on the floor that evening. She didn't assume that she would be allowed on the furniture.

One last look around. Was she ready?

The glass!

The most important thing of all. She was a copious squirter. She had had to find a way to cope with the issues caused. Towels always soaked through. It wasn't always practical to be over a hard surface. A tray was inefficient.

No. A glass was the easiest and most efficient solution. It caught the majority of her leakage and was easy to clean after. Sometimes it even had the effect of making her orgasms stronger; more erotic. The level of liquid after, giving her a very good indication of how much her body needed it. It was just remembering to not leave it lying around when not in use.

She had affectionately christianed it her 'cumpot'. Trying to stop her family drinking from it without offering a reason had meant a few odd moments.

She retrieved it from the dishwasher and placed it on the floor at the foot of the sofa.

Blissfully happy right at that moment, she surveyed the scene with a full heart and a big smile. The clock on the mantle clicked over to the hour. A knock on the door.

Opening the door to him, her heart beating like a jack hammer, she allowed herself to be swept into his arms for a full on kiss. She enjoyed being lost in the moment and over-whelmed by the close contact. Her hands gripped his biceps; his hands on her face, holding her for his passion, cupping her cheeks and stroking her neck.

Eventually they broke apart and he removed his coat whilst they chatted briefly about their day. He kicked his boots off by the door and visibly relaxed after his journey.

He seemed very pleased with the effort she had gone to, to look nice for him. She did a quick twirl to show off her sundress and gave him a cheeky unrequested flash to show off her lack of underwear. He nodded appreciatively and slid a hand between her legs and then up her thighs to cup her pubic mound. A common move on his part, she instinctively opened her legs to accommodate him, desperate to feel his fingers where only hers had been for so many days.

She gasped at his touch, but wasn't entirely surprised by his audacity. She felt his finger exploring her rings. A gentle tweak. Rolling them between thumb and forefinger. Her eyes closed in bliss at the attention her labia was getting. Her breathing felt a little harder but she really wanted his probing fingers which usually made her gasp.

A click!

The sound of a spring.

A tug on her lips.

A feeling of weight.

He stood back away from her, but the pressure that he had created on her lower lips had not alleviated. Swaying slightly on the spot due to her heels, she felt the touch of metal on the inside of her thighs. It almost felt jagged.

What on Earth?

She pulled the hem of the skirt to one side to see that he had attached his entire set of house and car keys using a heavy spring clip through both the two rings pierced through her flesh, effectively pinning them together and dragging them down.

How many keys did he have?

They weighed a ton.

She was feeling very stretched, the lips looking slightly elongated from her particular viewpoint.

What was he saying to her now?

'Be a good girl and look after those!'

Cheeky!

Well, she was in no position to argue the case, and he obviously wasn't going anywhere soon, not with the keys to his car attached to her crotch. Ce la vie. No doubt he would retrieve them at some point. She felt mildly relieved that they were in the privacy of her house and not some restaurant - in public. Felt lucky he hadn't used her keys, which held goodness knows how many extra toys and charms to save her losing them. Her labia would have been at her knees.

Something else to get used to.

Wine!

She turned and left him for the kitchen, the keys knocking gently into her thighs, the jangle louder than any of the previous tinkling sounds that her lower regions had previously produced since having the rings. She felt like a cat with a bell on its collar. No stealth walking around the house now. The weight dragged a little but instead of discomfort, it created an enjoyable tug on her clit.

She shrugged non-commitably to herself - she was almost leaking now. It would only get worse. She collected what she needed from the kitchen and returned to the lounge with the wine and a couple of glasses.

He was already seated comfortably on the sofa, one leg crossed over the other, but he reached forward to take and hold the glasses for her to pour into. Setting the bottle on the coffee table, she looked to him for instructions.

She wasn't disappointed.

He pointed down at the yoga mat and she understood that she was to squat and assume a submissive position that she had practiced so hard as part of her fitness and exercise regime.

Easier with heels than on a usual evening without, the angles were conducive to keep her thighs parallel to the ground, her bottom above her heels, maintain the squat and to steadily retain her balance. It pulled her belly in and made her feel good.

She folded her arms behind her back and thrust out her chest proudly. She felt the keys grazing the mat every time her body twitched, which in turn dragged and pulled her clit once more. She really felt her body responding the way it always did.

He raised his eyebrows at each jangle, and desperately tried to maintain her position without swaying. The perfect act of subjugation and obedience. She fixed her eye-line and stared straight ahead as though a sex slave waiting for her master's instruction.

After 30 seconds, he nodded for her to finish and kneel, and she responded gratefully, legs still apart but now sat on the floor next to his foot. She felt relief as the weight between her legs lay dormant and unmoving but a slight disappointment that she couldn't stimulate herself.

He passed her one of the wine glasses. A clink of a brief toast, and they drank.

Conversation flowed and they stuck to the mundane realities of life and away from anything sexual. Glasses were drained and refilled and drained once more. Typically finding it hard to sit still for too long, a couple of times she went to stand. She found herself denied this freedom of will by the simple act of him placing a foot on his keys, and she got the idea that she had to relax. Stay still. Remain at his feet

Eventually the conversation came around to her evening sexual practices and urges and at this point he leaned forward for a kiss.

She responded gratefully, her nipples feeling stiff beneath the thin cotton outfit. His hand was now between her legs, unclipping the keys. Having become almost used to their feel against the skin at her thigh, it was actually a feeling of disappointment when her pussy lips parted immediately.

'Time for a task,' she was told.

He stood up and helped her to her feet plucking her cumpot off the floor too. Taking one of her art markers from her sideboard, he drew a line half way up.

She wondered what was in store for her, but again, felt no desire to deny his instruction.

He led her into the kitchen, switched on the light and paused her in the doorway.

Finding the food packets waiting, he picked them up one by one and turned them over. It transpired that he was checking the cooking directions. 20 minutes, he read and repeated over his shoulder to her.

20 minutes.

So what?

She was puzzled.

But it all became clear when he placed her cumpot on the counter top and suggested she slip her pretty dress up over her head for a moment.

It left her naked except for her heels in the middle of the brightly lit kitchen and made her wish she had curtains on the windows.

20 minutes.

He repeated the words.

She apparently had a task time limit.

He invited her to sit on the edge of the counter top and assisted her up. It was hard on her bottom, but her gaping ringed pussy was more of a focus than her cold bottom. She lifted her knees slightly towards her chest, her heels now almost touching her pussy, pussy and most of her anus angled up.

He passed her the cumpot, and nonchalantly stroked her exposed clit with his thumb as though it was the most natural thing in the world for her to be sat there in heels, exposed so lasciviously; on full display.

Her task was, in 20 minutes, to fill it with her own squirt while he cooked the meal. The closer she got to the line, the better.

She felt the tell-tale dribble already start. She instinctively held it beneath her, pushed the glass against her bottom. Leaning forward, he again kissed her hard. As he pulled away, a thin thread of saliva hung between them for a moment before it broke, leaving complete desire etched on her face. Her other hand found her clit and started work on herself.

20 minutes was not long.

She was already incredibly turned on.

She had almost leaked already climbing up to her temporary perch.

How he managed to cook the meal was anyone's guess. The sight and sound of her hand in her pussy was very distracting; the smell of her arousal pervaded the kitchen. A loud squelching sound always pre-emptied another disgorged flood of her own liquids, the majority caught in the glass; her face contorting beautifully with the effort each time.

He continued to make their meal, lounging against the opposite counter at times to watch her. She felt a delicious humiliation in what she was doing.

Exposed.

Mortified.

Turned on completely.

Safety by the sheer fact it was her kitchen and not in public. But at the same time the indignity of what she had been instructed to do meant her own immediate destiny was out of her hands, so to speak. She was just a slave to his will.

At times he reached forward and caressed her face, kissed her mouth, pulled and pinched her nipples, stroked her clit and opened her pussy using the rings. She felt like a piece of living art, set up in the kitchen for amusement: for an audience. Each time brought an extra torrent almost.

The liquid in the glass was a quarter of the way up the side. Half the distance he had challenged her to reach, and she had orgasmed several times. Was feeling a little light headed in fact.

The meal was ready now on a tray.

It was time to stop.

She wrinkled her face as she had one last deluge into the glass.

She felt flushed. Her face was red. Panting, she was feeling doe-eyed but proud of her accomplishment as he relieved her of the glass but also embarrassed. His ready smile told her that he was pleased with her, and she relaxed.

Gentlemanly, he helped her feet back to the floor and assisted her from her perch. He went to pass back the sundress, but seeing her still soaking fingers, paused and looked ruefully at them. Not wishing to dampen the material, she quickly sucked on each of her wet digits to clean them off, relishing the familiar taste but needing a break from orgasm, and looking forward to her healthy meal too.

Once they were a little more dry, he passed back her sundress, helped pull it over her head and watched her tug it down over her belly. Back to decency. Back to decorum.

But.

Watching her eyes widen, he carefully and deliberately placed the quarter filled cumpot next to the plates and picked up the tray.

Indicating that she was to precede him, he followed her back to the lounge...

Entering the lounge, they both seated themselves on the sofa this time. She was feeling rather worn out and slightly sore after her twenty minutes of pretty much constant orgasm and felt grateful for the pause from being the evening's obedient entertainment. Lifting the bowls of food and cutlery from the tray, he passed her her meal.

She eyed the glass of squirt suspiciously, wondering what he had brought it in for. A quick sidelong glance at him gave her no indication either. She didn't mind. Her body was still in recovery mode; could do with some recuperation time. She knew that her evening wasn't yet over.

He clicked the TV on, and they ate their meal contentedly, supping their drinks and enjoying their shared experience. Watching an old comedy rerun - flitting through the channels for a reasonable film. Happy couple life as though she hadn't just had her legs open in the kitchen and played with herself on display.

Returning the used wares to the trays, she once again noticed her cumpot amongst the clutter. The sight of it excited her slightly. The slight sweet smell of the liquid screamed for attention; she felt once again a warmth spreading below her belly that had nothing to do with the meal that she had enjoyed.

Eyeing it curiously but with no other direction from him, she snuggled down into the crook of his arm and enjoyed the remaining run time of the program, allowing her meal go down in peace.

It was a romantic time. They kissed often. Shared small talk. He stroked her face while she his chest. A contented time. Idyllic even.

At the final theme music however, he nudged her to indicate it was time to clear away. Wondering if the evening was over, she got to her feet obediently and picked up the tray from the table. At a noise from him though, she paused to allow him, with a broad smile on his face, to relieve her of the cumpot and carefully place it down on the short coffee table. Smiling in reply, she hurried off to clear the tray resigned to the fact that he still had plans.

Maybe there was more?

She had found that 'not thinking' was always the best course of action. She was a willing passenger along for the ride of her life.

Upon her return, she found him leaning forward in his seat silently holding out two things to her. Reaching forward and taking them, she inspected them carefully.

It was two of the clips he had used earlier to attach his car keys to her. Commonly used, spring catch. Largish and slightly weighty, the only things attached, was a widish piece of material connecting the two. Nothing else.

At his raised eyebrows and instinctively knowing what was required, she lifted her dress once again and clipped them to herself - at his insistence this time though, one clip on each ring. At the upward flick of his fingers she unabashedly removed her sundress and folded it on the sideboard.

A glance at the clock. It was coming up to half past nine. They had eaten and now she stood, in her own candlelit front room, (naked as usual) in her heels, on the yoga mat awaiting instruction. The slight weight on each of her rings once again pulled on her labia, which in turn pulled on her clit. She placed her hands on her hips, ignored the tug, crooked a leg seductively and smiled at him. Her face was going red.

She felt beautiful.

She felt gorgeous.

She felt alluring.

He indicated she should kneel and she complied without question. Quickly and efficiently, mindful of the swinging weights and careful not to catch the only remaining material on her body.

He prodded her thighs with a foot, and she opened her legs as wide as possible and placed the backs of her hands on her knees without request. He sat upright in the seat, and she mimicked his movement to achieve the same result - her chest thrust out, shoulders down. Posed and poised.

Albeit with a leak starting again between her legs. Damnit. Why did her body betray her so quickly when she was with him? He was obviously aware. Those clips on her rings were about to get wet. That material was going to get drenched. Did he think that that was enough cloth to collect it all?

The passing thought that he was not as clever as he thought he was, left her head a split second later.

It was now she found out the purpose of the connected clips, for he leaned forward and picked up the cumpot. With one hand opening her labia and smoothing the little strip of material flat to the mat, his other placing the glass squarely on it.

The simple device had the effect of pinning open her lower lips over the glass, the metal clips clinking dully on the lip, the sound deadened by the liquid inside. Any drop leaking from her now would automatically drip into the glass. If she sat too high, the material would upend the glass; too low, and her clit risked rubbing the rim and potentially knocking it over, the liquid into the mat or her carpet.

She didn't know whether to be aghast at this, or amused. The weight of the glass would effectively keep her in one place. If she moved without removing it first, she would lose its contents. Her hands were still on her knees. She was immobile for the moment.

He was obviously turned on by her predicament. A small tent had started in his trousers. Standing up, he started to remove them. Briefs too. His shirt followed; he tended to overheat.

She watched him without daring to move. He was tall and leanly built. Strong looking but without the overly bulging muscles which usually indicated self obsession. Sinewy perhaps. His flat belly despite his middle age was a turn on for her and he was sporting a developing erection by the looks of it. She felt like she was salivating.

He approached her, his cock now in her face. She opened her mouth obediently, and he fed her with his girthy hardening flesh.

Conscious not to move any other part of her body, she kept her tongue as flat as she could and felt him probing towards the back of her mouth. Closing her lips around him, she tried to create a bit of suction, and to grip him effectively.

It was obvious he was turned on; he was very hard in her mouth. Wrapping his hands around the back of her head, he started a few pelvic thrusts. It jarred her head slightly but she didn't care. She wanted to be used. Abused. A living sex toy for the moment.

Her mouth salivated.

She was feeling very horny at his use of her; feeling a few more of her own dribbles on her inner thighs as they cascaded down to join the rest in the glass. Pinned to the spot and taking it all.

That last thrust was right at her tonsils.

She concentrated on keeping him straight in her mouth, her tongue as a guide. Her eyes fluttering closed in ecstasy; no other part of her body dared to move. He seemed to be alternating between having his head back in apparent pleasure, or staring down at her with a hard blazing look on his face. Those moments usually accompanied a forceful forward thrust.

She took it all, happy to be the temporary recepticle for his cock. It turned her on and frustrated her in equal measure. Wanting to move her body, to grip his shaft, to gyrate and control the angle but desperately not doing so for upsetting the glass between her legs. Having to remain still and just have her warm wet mouth used for fucking made the whole experience even more obscene. She felt heat rising in her face; his hands on her head. She felt a little heady. She gasped in oxygen whenever she could.

He seemed to be getting closer and closer to his own climax. She sensed his change in breath, in posture, in ferocity. It excited her more than anything else.

And then he stopped. He pulled his cock out and stood before her, a stream of precum and her saliva slickly coating it. His helmet was almost purple, the veins almost looking painful.

Why?

Why had he stopped?

She had been ready for the final shot.

Willing for it.

Aching for it.

Needing it, like an addict for cum.

She found herself begging.

Begging for him to use her.

Begging for him to fuck her.

Begging for him to take her.

Pleading in her eyes.

Why had he stopped?

She wanted him inside her.

Fuck me. Take me. Screw me. Bend me over. Any hole. Any place. Any where. I need you. I want you. I have to have you.

"Anything."

She was pleading out loud now.

She'd do anything. Anything.

The glass!

His eyes flicked down.

The glass that prevented her standing. That kept her effectively pinned to the floor. That had kept her lips open for so long. It was obvious what she needed to do to demonstrate the urgency she was feeling, the necessity she had to feel that cock filling her; wouldn't even care where he'd put it.

He had never mentioned it.

Never asked her to touch it.

Hadn't offered it as an option.

But it was the only way. Staring him straight in the eyes, she lifted a hand from her knee. He grimaced but didn't say anything.

She plucked the cumpot from between her legs. Cautiously. Carefully. Deliberately.

A curious look on his face now.

She raised it to her lips.

How else could she prove that she would do anything? Prove that it wasn't just all words? Prove that she deserved his final climax. His face was full of anticipation.

Throwing her head back, she drained the glass in one gulp, the sweet smelling nectar filling her mouth momentarily before cascading quickly down her throat.

The quantity wasn't half bad on reflection. She had expected a slightly more acidic quality to the liquid; thought it would have been a more pungent taste in such a volume. It was like a womanly flavoured water. She had had taste of it before. How could she not? A copious squirter, she had had it on her fingers during those quiet lonely evenings. On her fingers cleaning it from her thighs; from the sheets on the bed during a quiet few moments after her child had gone to bed. Tasting her fingers was very different from drinking from a glass. Better in fact. Actually quite pleasant. The thought of what she was doing was more erotic than the act.

She wasn't about to tell him that though.

He didn't need any encouragement to think of even more perverse elements to their love making. He had enough ideas that kept her entertained and involved. She smacked her lips contentedly as though draining a fine wine or whisky. Licked her lips as nonchalantly as she could, keeping it sexy and alluring.

She put her cumpot deliberately back on the table out of the way, pointedly not on her pussy torture device.

Damnit, she had started leaking again. She needed stimulation there. Desperate now but trying to stay demure and relaxed.

It had worked though.

His cock waving stiffly in her face, he was helping her up; her legs unlocking from the position on the ground. She got her feet under her. Her heels didn't help much and she made a few Bambi type moves before he had got her bent over the sofa arm rest. Her face was pushed down to the seat cushion; her breasts swinging low. She felt like a pretzel, pushed into a large arch, her heels keeping her bum high and her head much lower.

Her feet apart.

Her thighs apart.

Her weighted lips apart.

She could imagine the view from behind. She could feel her ass cheeks open; a slight cooling draught from the door to the much colder hallway. Her pussy was pulled open and displayed and she could only imagine what that looked like for him. She struggled for a smile in her head. She felt like an opening rose, the folds of flesh displayed enticingly. Reaching between her legs she took a gentle hold of the makeshift strip of material and twitched it a touch more. It shook the heavy clips. It teased not only him, but the stimulation was returning her to the brink of yet another of her own orgasms. Her breathing deepened. The flush was returning to her face.

It proved too much for him.

The target open alluringly, it was now calling him almost. One swift movement saw him inside her. Thigh to thigh. His kempt pubic hair at the crack of her ass. Her pussy clenched and pulsated with the excitement of his intrusion. She was rising fast to her peak. A couple of pumps and they had both cum.

Simultaneously it had seemed.

The taste of her own sex on her tongue still, his erection deep inside her lower lips. The excitement of the evening events: all too much for her. One last pull on the material connecting her lips and it was one long drawn out climax that she felt shattered the Earth.

Gripping her waist with both hands, he was as deep as he could go. Her pussy flexed happily around him. One last drip of her arousal unfortunately dropped to the arm rest of the sofa.

A low moan.

Who made that?

It must have been her.

He was too controlled.

Yep. There it was again.

Just a moment! She needed a moment. Her heart rate needed to abate.

Her brain struggled to come back down, but was doing so slowly.

He was no longer behind her. A grey shape now in front. Her eyes focused. His knob was beside her. Her head was being held.

What?

Oh!

Sure.

He wanted her to clean it up. She shifted her position and opened her mouth obediently. White creamy residue coated him from tip to ball sack. She slavishly sucked him clean. Tongued his shaft. Licked it dry too as much as possible.

One last humiliation.

One last control.

One last act of debauchery.

One last memory of the night that would repeatedly play in her head forever more.

Looking up at him, they smiled at each other. It was over. It was time for that ready made bed with new clean sheets and soft pillows that she had prepared. It was time to curl up together and spoon perhaps and fall into delicious sleep. Feel his arms around her.

He needed the toilet.

Pausing to playfully pat her on the head with his now flaccid cock, he left the room and she heard him ascending the stairs, leaving her still presented and open.

...

She looked across at the glass.

She rested her head back down on the seat cushion; felt the draught from the open door at the crack between her legs.

Felt the flex in her taut legs, angled by the heels she wore. Felt the drag on her pussy from the attachments. Felt the drip of descending spunk on her thighs. Tasted the drying semen residue in her mouth.

She reached for it.