

Elliot Freund



Between
a ROCK
& a **HARD FACE**

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Between a Rock and a Hard-Face
He had no choice but to...SUBMIT

By

Elliot Freund

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Prologue

“It is most... unusual, Julianne” Rena told her new friend of no more than a month past in her flawless, if slightly accented, English.

The two ladies taking their ease, this as they sat around a white ceramic topped table beneath a large and integral umbrella providing shade from the post-meridian rays of an Indian sun, could not have been more different.

At least physically.

The hostess was a guest to the country while the visitor to her home was a native of that same land. A visitor who epitomised the more affluent women indigenous to the region with smooth brown skin and hair so dark it appeared almost blue. This as it fell from an elfin face belying her forty-one years and continued on past her perfectly formed shoulders.

The other, the aforementioned hostess and occasional visitor to the land of her husband’s birth, creamy of complexion with blonde hair and a cold if physically striking face that, while in no way “elfin”, could certainly be said to make a fine match with the matronly if curvaceous body below.

“How so?” asked the American woman, a somewhat nonsense voice matching looks that would not have been out of place on a Henry James governess or a forbidding nanny from some Victorian pot-boiler – even if the example under discussion did contain a certain... sexuality... of body to offset the sharp and somewhat predatory features at its crown.

Between the two there was a difference of but a year in age, though one would certainly have described the Indian woman on the right side of the age difference as looking younger still, while the aforementioned forbidding quality informing the white woman’s features did not help her cause in this regard.

In the unlikely event anything beyond colour and looks were needed to differentiate them, then the fact one was dressed in the cool and expensive, thin almost to transparency, Saris of her homeland, while the other wore a plain pastel pink dress and heels that revealed plenty of her lightly tanned and powerful legs, would have provided more than ample evidence.

“That you have a manservant of such a kind in this day and age is – and you must believe me when I say I am not criticising in any way; quite the opposite in fact – is remarkable in itself. It is also all the more remarkable when the servant in question is a man from your own country.”

“Not that remarkable, Rena, surely,” the American woman with the surname of ‘Prakash’ parried, though there was something in her expression that betrayed the pleasure she took from having something connected with her described in such terms. “You yourself employ servants and domestics, after all. And the lines between the classes – or castes, as used to be the case here – appears to me even more marked.”

“That is correct, Julianne. The old ways may well have been proscribed but there are many – my husband and I amongst them – who refuse to let them die completely. As you cannot fail to know, given our close proximity, my husband and I own a large home with grounds and, as well as enjoying being waited upon, we both prefer being attended to with respect and deference. My husband, in fact, is quite the martinet upon the subject.”

She hesitated, unsure if what she was about to say would cause offence.

“But...”

Again there was that same hesitation and her hostess was prompted to urge her on.

“But...?” the woman now ‘Prakash’ and once ‘Dietrich’ asked.

Rena Gokhale considered this for a few moments then, as if reaching a decision:

"I sense that, though we have known each other but a short time, we have become friends as well as neighbours."

The American woman's half-smile was a knowing one, sensing as she did what was to come and welcoming the opportunity to... share.

"I am wrong in this?" Rena asked, unsure of that cryptic smile and what it might mean.

"Not at all, my dear Rena. I smile only because you are correct and because I sense many similarities between us."

It was a different kind of smile that prefaced the American woman's words as she added:

"Like me, I get the impression you would enjoy control."

A wistful expression clouded the elfin and Indian features opposite as those of a harder and American provenance finished:

"Especially over men and should, of course, that you ever get to experience it."

"It... It is that obvious?"

Julianne Prakash nodded, smile encouraging now and having the desired effect.

"It... It is not something I have ever shared with another living being – and certainly not my ultra-traditional husband... But..."

"Go on, my dear," Julianne urged when her friend hesitated, pausing to wet suddenly dry lips with the Mojito only just delivered to them by the older woman's manservant. The same American factotum whose presence had triggered this very conversation. "Nothing you say to me will ever be repeated."

Rena Gokhale, formerly "Devi", looked relieved, and even more so when her American friend and neighbour added:

"Given my own... tastes... in such matters, I'm hardly likely to think badly of you should by some happy coincidence it turns out you share them."

Nodding, Rena sipped at her Mojito thoughtfully and it was left to Julianne to provide the boldness of thought and speech required to open the floodgates so badly in need of release.

Something she was more than happy to do in her snappy and no-nonsense accent that had lost little of its Brooklyn roots – this despite her having moved to the West coast over a decade ago to be with the man who had been her intended at the time; even if she remained insecure enough in respect of her roots to add a veneer of sophisticated articulation to her speech patterns in the presence of more... high-tone... company.

That intended had soon found richer and more comely pickings tanning on the sand outside his Laguna Beach apartment and soon moved her on – even if she enjoyed the California lifestyle enough not to make the return trip east.

And even if it did solidify her in those tastes in regard of men that were already a little... strange.

Just the same, and traitorous fiancé or not, when she looked around her and gave some thought to the beautiful home she now had back in Los Angeles and the pride she took in how far she had come from her secretarial days, Julianne found it hard to think bad thoughts of the bastard who jilted her.

When it came down to it, how many legal-secretaries from Brooklyn could boast an eight-berth yacht moored at Marina Del Rey to go with a home in Northridge and a winter residence in a particularly upmarket area of Bangalore?

Had the self-serving asshole not replaced her, after all, she would not have met Rahul.

And had that not happened then none of this would have been possible either.

Returning to earth, she picked up her thread and continued:

“Trust me, my dear,” she said with a reassuring smile, “you have not experienced sexual release until you’ve

received some serious tongue-worship from a man you have literally commanded to perform it after having trained his tongue to please you in a manner of your own choosing.”

As she prepared to enlarge upon her theme, Julianne could see her Indian friend sucking oxygen into her lungs and knew some more was about join it:

“A man who finds himself terrified of the consequences should his efforts at your pussy not be found... pleasing... and puts his heart and soul into his work – even as he hates to do so.”

A gasp escaped the full and sensuous lips of the slightly younger Indian woman who – though certainly no prude and with no cause for complaint in respect of either Mr Gokhale’s length, girth or stamina – had, nonetheless, long fantasised of just that experience her friend and neighbour had described for her with an unmistakable pleasure of her own – even if there were certain aspects of her words she found a little baffling at this point.

Why would a man allow himself to be trained to something he hates, after all?

“Does such a prospect appeal to you, my love?” Julianne inquired, knowing, like the efficient legal-secretary she had once been, that no attorney worth that profession’s ruinous fees would ever consent to ask a question to which he or she did not know the answer beforehand.

An approach that did not prove the cliché wrong on this occasion either.

“It... It is something I have long dreamed of, Julianne,” she answered in hushed tones, despite the fact they were quite alone on the verandah and the spacious grounds were completely devoid of people likely to overhear. “To have such a beast dependent upon my whims in such a way that I could command respect from it in such a way has long been one of my most favourite nightly daydreams...”

Still unsure of herself but too excited to have finally found a kindred on the subject to stop, Rena added:

“If you take my meaning?”

“In its entirety my love,” Julianne assured her, thoughts voicing approval for the way her neighbour and new friend had used the indefinite article to describe the flunkey of whom she had long dreamed. “Believe me, to finally exercise such control over the ‘beast’, as you so accurately describe the inferior gender, is to realise just how little one has known of true sexual pleasure before the happy event. For me, there is no greater pleasure than to have a man completely dependent and unable to refuse the most demeaning demand made of him.”

A thoughtful look crossed her cold and angular features, sculpted nose scimitar like as it curved down and out, and Rena sensed she was assessing whether or not to say what she had in mind and asking herself if it might not be too... full on... at this stage.

“Would it surprise you to discover, Rena,” she began, decision reached, “that it is not only my cunt in receipt of homage from a male tongue?”

“I... I am not sure I understand,” offered a somewhat lost Rena, for whom, and despite her fantasies, this was new ground in the process of being broken.

“The pussy,” Julianne said with a nasty smile and a nod past and below her shoulder, “is not the only orifice the male should find his tongue attending on a regular basis.”

Again, Rena’s jaw descended towards the hardened nipples at her chest, disbelief and perverse desire drawing the two towards each other:

“Surely...? You do not mean?”

Julianne was already nodding, enjoying her role as... mentor... immensely.

“There is something incredibly empowering to know one can command such total obedience over a man that he will overcome all male-pride and... moral... objections simply to fulfil a desire on the part of his owner... Even to drink her bodily wastes should she so direct him.”

“Julianne, I...”

Rena broke off, unable to finish, breathing having become ragged by this point - the inability to take in much needed oxygen, caused by such a proposition, not helping her cause as Julianne finished:

“No matter how utterly demoralising to him the carrying out of that direction may be.”

The white American paused to survey the effect of her words upon the more conventionally attractive but less worldly wise Indian wife.

The words “scandalised” and “aroused” suggested themselves.

Along with, she could not but help confess to herself in regard of her own response...

“Absorbed”.

“I hope I have not offended you, Rena?” Julianne offered. “We can stop this conversation right now if...”

“No!” was the instant response, the animation sparkling in the eyes of the Indian wife too instant and intense to be anything other than genuine.

There was another pause as Rena attempted to fetch her erratic breathing under control, before:

“The events you are relating to me are the most exciting things I have heard in my life until now and... and... It is simply too wonderful to be able to hear and share in them...”

“...But,” Julianne prompted, supplying the opening of what she knew would be her next sentence and going on to add, “your husband is not the kind of man to ever consent to such subservience and regards men who do as less than... masculine.”

It had not been a question but a statement of fact, yet Rena Gokhale nodded an affirmative just the same.

Her disappointment for this inability on the part of her husband written so large across her youthful features as to have no need for neon to advertise it further.

"This may surprise you, my dear, but I agree with your husband."

"You do?" genuine astonishment appeared on the feline and erotic features and Julianne nodded a confirmation before continuing.

"No real man could ever be forced to lower himself in such a way... And yet... I would wager your all-powerful husband has no problem asking you to kneel before him in order to wrap those beautiful full lips of yours around his needy cock."

Again, it was not a question and, had one been required, the high colour transfusing the perfect brown skin of Rena's cheeks would already have provided her outspoken and growingly intimate friend an answer.

"It's something we have all suffered during our lives," Julianne continued with a somewhat distasteful look as Rena waited, absorbed, in what she was saying.

Then:

"Personally, I've always been repulsed by the thought of one of the things entering my mouth and my Rahul certainly knows better than to ask me to do such a thing for him - even though he assures me he likes nothing better than a pair of warm and willing lips around what is, I confess, a most surprisingly and impressive cock."

Rena's perfect almond-eyes crinkled at the corners as her hostess made a somewhat cryptic addition:

"But then it is not always a wife who needs to be the one satisfying a husband's desire."

The puzzlement opposite the American woman only multiplied at this as she went on:

"And, in the case of my own husband, his desire to receive oral sex is one I allow him to satisfy only via the lips of another."

Rena waited for her friend to explain the meaning of this, sure she could not saying what she thought her to be saying. Amazed that a woman as forceful and commanding

as Julianne Prakash would ever consent and give her blessing for a husband to stray. Albeit a somewhat diminutive of stature and none too handsome example of the breed such as Rahul Prakash – even if he did possess an “impressive cock” of the kind she had described.

And even if it was for the kind of oral sex for which the woman opposite professed such a distaste.

No explanation was forthcoming, however, and when the American wife of a younger Indian man went on it was only to elaborate further on the subject of the male penis.

Together with the female mouth, of course.

“I suppose it all goes back to the issue of control, yet despite this I know lots of women who love nothing more than to have a hard and throbbing cock in their mouths from time to time.”

A lock of her blonde and page-boy cut blonde hair was twirled around a finger as she considered this, or would have been had the lock of hair itself not been so short as to make such an action impossible.

“In fact,” she said, coming back to the present, “more than one of them has said they feel there’s no better way of controlling their man than by making him obsessed with the feel of their warm and succulent lips as they work in tandem with a knowing tongue to vacuum the cum from his twitching balls...”

Flicking a glance at the Indian woman opposite and assured from her expression and erratic breathing that she had her full attention, Julianne Prakash finished:

“...Prior to swallowing it as if they had just been gifted the ambrosia of a Greek god.”

She smiled at the Indian woman’s embarrassment going hand-in-hand with the aforementioned rapt attention that betrayed a desire to hear more.

“I suppose,” she went on, “that so long as the cock in question is suitably grateful and knows who has control of it then no harm has been done... And by ‘suitably grateful’ I