

Cornered



By Elliot Silvestri

Greco Book
Publishers

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

DELANA WAS ENJOYING her corner time.

At least, that's what she told herself. She wasn't sure exactly how to describe corner time. It wasn't exactly relaxation because she knew something was coming at the end of it and anticipation was often the worst thing that could happen. She wasn't able to meditate because she had to stand. There were noises coming from elsewhere in the house, and the room, and so she was constantly distracted. But she had also requested to be put in corner time on a regular basis so long ago that it had become part of her, just like breathing and eating. Without it, she knew she would slowly go insane, and yet at the same time it was infuriating to endure.

So she told herself to enjoy her corner time.

It would have been easier to enjoy the time if it weren't for the rigid metal collar around her neck. The collar wasn't some simple slave collar ordered up out of a catalogue or from a BDSM dungeon fever dream; it was a custom job for her and her alone. The metal was actually a twisted steel cable that was coated and smoothed and polished to the point that it often felt as slippery as butter under her fingertips, but was hard and warm at the same time. The ends of the cable locked in a keyed clasp behind her neck. The clasp featured a heavy, shiny steel ring where a chain or leash could easily be attached.

Currently a short chain was linked to the ring and it ran down her spine to her wrists that were behind her back. Around her wrists were cables that matched her collar; at quick glance they could be mistaken for bracelets and that was intentional. But they weren't bracelets; they were cuffs that were locked to the chain. Her hands were bound behind her back and she was effectively immobilized. It was impossible for her to slip out of the restraints, not that she wanted to, but knowing she couldn't escape made her relax and she didn't have enough relaxation in her life.

Other than the collar, cuffs and chain she wore nothing. No clothing, no shoes, no jewelry, no makeup. All of those things had been removed when she had returned home after work. She had placed the collar and cuffs on herself. The chain had been placed by her dom. He had also placed her in the corner. That was the way it was.

She didn't get to wear a blindfold. That was a privilege she hadn't earned. It was

more torturous to have to stare into the plain white corner. Officially she wasn't supposed to close her eyes, but she often did. Hoyt wasn't going to know.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

Delana wasn't sure how much time had passed since he had placed her in the corner. That was the thing about corner time: time lost meaning.

"Yes," she said softly but clearly. Hoyt didn't like it when she was sulky or mumbled her words.

And that was it. She had no time to prepare. He didn't warn her; the question was supposed to be warning enough.

The cane left a burning hot strip across both her buttocks. She was well familiar with the cane. She had bought it a year ago wanting only the finest implement to be used on her skin. It was made of rattan, slightly thicker than a luxurious fountain pen, and made a perfect whistling when it cut through the air. The sound of its impact on her skin was a sound of beauty and pleasure, even as it caused a burst of pain to lance through her body.

Although she didn't want to, Delana let out a little shriek from the pain.

Normally the cane would be used several times in quick succession, but her shriek had stopped Hoyt's beating of her. The pause was terrible. She could sense his anger through the air even though she was still staring at the plain white corner.

"That behavior is unacceptable," he told her.

This she already knew. She didn't know why she had lost control in that way. Delana had spent years perfecting her poise so that she never lost control of her body when being beaten or when she was having sex. She needed permission from her dom to lose control enough so that she could climax. She never lost control when at work; she had such a reputation as an ice queen that she was often tempted to dye her plain brown hair to a platinum blond to accentuate her demeanor.

"I'm sorry, sir," she apologized immediately. "It won't happen again."

“See that it doesn’t.” The anger in his voice was obvious.

She knew she was going to be punished for her mistake and had already resigned herself to that consequence.

The swish of the cane came fast and fierce. Each blow landed with precision across the buttocks. Delana kept perfect control. She didn’t make a noise and she didn’t shrink away. Hoyt didn’t demand a count so she kept silent, but still counted in her head. Starting from the first one that caused her to shriek to the last one that landed harder than all the others, there were a perfect total of twelve. When he was done Hoyt had left her ass a series of crisscrossing welts that were now white lines surrounded by red. She was sure they were beautiful but there was no way for her to easily see the damage he had left behind.

“Much better,” he murmured. It was praise she barely deserved; Delana was embarrassed at her behavior. In a way it was good he had left her with painful stripes on her bottom. She wouldn’t be able to sit down tomorrow and that would give her an air of authority as she stood and walked while conducting her many meetings scheduled for the next day.

“Turn. Down on your knees.”

Delana did so. Her bedroom with her dom was the one place in her life where she took orders from someone else. It was the one place where she was allowed to be used and humiliated by anyone. Hoyt was still fully dressed, but as she knelt down gracefully—having done the same thing a hundred times before with her hands behind her back—he unzipped his pants and pulled out his semi-hard cock. Delana licked her lips and took the organ into her mouth, eagerly sucking to please him.

It was back in college when Delana had perfected her fellatio technique. She had to relearn to give head without her hands when she entered the submissive lifestyle. Most men wouldn’t admit it, but they loved to get head with the able assistance of a pair of hands. Without her hands Delana had to relearn everything. She taught herself how hard to suck, when to lick, when to bite or nibble, and how to relax her throat enough to allow a big organ to slip down to an obscene depth. If she were a whore, she could have charged thousands of dollars just for sucking off a man, but as a respectable businesswoman she provided this service for free.

Respectfully, Delana never looked up while sucking off Hoyt. She could feel his eyes on her, but it was insulting to him to look up. Occasionally she would feel his hands on her head, running his fingers through her short, practical hairstyle, but that was the only contact between them while she serviced him.

It didn't take her that long to finish him off. Hoyt was predictable. He liked hurting her and she liked taking the abuse. He was already hard from giving her the beating and it didn't take that much effort to coax him to a climax. Hell, she was certain under these circumstances she could have given him a hands free back in college and still managed to make him cum.

When he did erupt in her mouth, she backed off just enough to suck down every spurt, letting the thick, salty fluid travel over her tongue before she swallowed it. Hoyt only made a few noises as he came, indicating the blowjob was acceptable.

"Don't move," he said as he pulled his cock from her mouth and headed to the bathroom. Delana happily remained kneeling on the floor, grateful that when she had remodeled the house she had sprung for the expensive carpeting and thick pad in the bedroom, otherwise her knees wouldn't be able to take the abuse she had heaped upon them over the years.

When he returned from the bathroom he had changed into a pair of sleeping pants. "On your feet," he said helping her up. When she was steady on her feet Hoyt abruptly slapped her across the face. It wasn't unexpected; her performance had been less than acceptable. Besides, she liked the sting of his fingers on her face. "I suppose I shouldn't make you sleep like that," he said.

Delana said nothing; she hadn't been given permission to speak.

Hoyt turned her around and released her wrists from the steel chain. He then spun her collar around and brought her hands up to her neck in front of her chest. It was easy to hook the cuffs to the collar and since it was a relaxed position, Delana knew she could endure it all night.

"A picture, I think, before you sleep." He picked up his cell phone and turned her around again, taking several pictures of her sore buttocks before drawing her to the bed and laying her down on her back. Delana would have loved for him to take a picture of her face with the slap mark on her cheek, but that wouldn't be acceptable for posting. Her face was too well known.

“Slaps or rubs?” he asked when she was down on the satiny sheets. Delana knew what he meant. The insides of her thighs were already slick with her dripping lubrication and her desire was on edge. Given half a chance she would rub her sex against any surface for a chance to get off, but it wasn’t her right to have an orgasm without Hoyt’s permission. He was the one who doled the out to her.

“Slaps, please,” she said, parting her legs. She should have had light brown hair covering her cunt, but Delana had her pubic hair permanently removed long ago as a matter of convenience. This left her sex completely exposed and vulnerable. She liked that.

When Hoyt slapped her cunt, his meaty palm impacted on her tender lips with a shocking force. The moisture she was producing only made it more painful. He let his hand rest on her cunt for a moment after each slap, rubbing her hard little clit. Each slap became more painful and each rub became rougher until, as a way to escape the pain, she finally came, gushing her girlcum on his fingers.

At one point in her life Delana had been ashamed at how her body reacted to a strong climax. She was a mature woman now and wasn’t the least bit ashamed at the pleasure she received from being caned, whipped, cropped, spanked, or slapped. She was content with herself and her sexuality.

“Ready to sleep?” Hoyt asked after covering her up with a sheet and blanket and settling in next to her.

“Yes. Thank you.” He didn’t give her the opportunity to move out of the wet spot she had left behind.

Hoyt kissed her on the forehead and turned off the lights. In a minute he was breathing steadily, already having drifted off to sleep. As always, Delana remained awake for quite a while afterwards listening to her lover and dom breathe steadily and contemplating how happy she was at having found contentment in her life. She knew herself well and even if she had to hide her desires from the public, that was a price she was willing to pay. Not everyone could show their sexuality to the world.

What she didn’t know was how hard she would find herself pushed in the near future.

Chapter Two

IN THE MORNING Hoyt removed her cuffs and Delana went for her morning run. It was one of the few times she got to be alone and free, although her freedom was tempered by the reality of the collar around her neck. It was almost always around her neck, but she liked it that way.

The day was warm enough that Delana ran wearing only athletic pants and a jog bra. She was grateful she had small breasts which made running easier and truly loved running with a minimum of clothing. She would have done it naked given the opportunity. The pants were soft enough that they caused only a little discomfort across her buttocks. The welts from the previous night still stood out boldly.

After showering she presented herself to Hoyt for dressing. He didn't actually care what she wore, that she knew, but he liked the control over her. Or at least control over her lingerie.

On the bed he had arranged her pink thong along with a matching bra and garter belt. Inwardly she groaned. Delana was not a fan of thongs in general, but it was really the best option for the day. Her welts would slowly abate but a pair of tight panties pulling across her damaged skin would be painful. The thong wouldn't touch the sore skin. A business skirt and jacket comprised the bulk of her wardrobe. The skirt was loose and soft enough it wouldn't bother her bottom, the garter belt assured her that stockings wouldn't rub on her either.

It was like Hoyt had planned it.

Before she left he removed the thick steel collar from her neck using the key he kept in his pocket. She was always forbidden from touching the collar. It was hers, but not for her to remove. He replaced it with a simple necklace that had a single charm dangling from the chain with Hoyt's name surreptitiously carved on the back. And under his name was the one word inscription "Property."

After climbing into her BMW Delana raced the engine and tore out of her driveway, once more a respectable businesswoman.

Leo had to prevent himself from gasping but largely failed. "You weren't lying."

“Why would I?” asked Hoyt.

They were admiring Delana who stood in the middle of the living room. Stood was actually incorrect. Her wrists were in cuffs above her head. The cuffs were attached to a chain that traveled up to a hook in the center of the ceiling. Delana had told the contractors it was to support a heavy chandelier being custom crafted. The hook was just to support a body: hers.

As usual in her house, Delana was naked except for her cuffs and the metal collar. Today she also wore cuffs around her ankles but those weren't being used at the moment. She was forced to remain on the balls of her feet, but only just barely. There was some range of motion for her legs, but very little.

“She likes this?” Leo asked.

“She loves it.” Hoyt couldn't resist grinning. Almost more than he liked abusing Delana's body, he liked showing her off as well. Long ago she had told Hoyt she was both an exhibitionist and desired more than a touch of humiliation when it could be offered.

She wasn't blindfolded or gagged. Delana had much better control than that.

“But you can't be serious about...” Leo didn't finish his statement. He was too polite to actually voice the words, the promise that Hoyt had made.

“Completely. But first, the warm-up.” He handed Leo a small soft leather paddle. It was roughly the size of a table tennis paddle, with a similar wooden handle, but the paddle itself was pliable leather in an oval shape. “You need to warm up her skin with this.”

The paddle looked limp in Leo's hand. “I can't hit her with this,” he said almost plaintively.

“Of course you can,” Hoyt contradicted him. “You just do it like this.” He snatched the device from Leo, smartly smacked one of Delana's small breasts with the leather business end, and quickly returned it to Leo's hand.

Delana didn't flinch or make a sound after being struck even though her breast turned a bright and beautiful red. Leo's eyes goggled.

“You need to do it or you won’t get to fuck her,” Hoyt informed his friend.

“But isn’t she your...girlfriend?” Leo looked at the paddle as if he still didn’t understand what to do with it.

Hoyt shrugged. “Sort of. We have sex. I paddle her when she needs it. But more importantly we play these little games she loves.”

“She wants this?” Leo asked, looking back and forth between the paddle and Delana’s naked body. She smiled warmly at him, waiting for the beating to begin.

“It’s the only way she can really enjoy sex. She likes to be a plaything.”

“I still can’t believe it,” Leo continued to marvel.

“Well, are you going to fuck her or not?” Hoyt asked. “You can fuck her standing up like that, but it takes a bit of practice, I can tell you. But first you need to smack her around a bit.” He gestured to the paddle in Leo’s hand. “Paddle her first or I won’t let you fuck her at all.”

Not knowing what else to say, and certainly eager to fuck the beautiful and naked woman, Leo asked, “Where?”

“Her tits and her ass, mostly. Thighs are okay. Avoid the back and face. A few smacks on her arms would be fine.”

Leo started off slowly, carefully, and with too little force. He walked around behind Delana and spanked her a few times experimentally with the paddle. She jumped a tiny bit on the first impact, and then not at all, but her skin still blushed a lovely shade of pink.

“Good start,” said Hoyt. “Now harder. Give her tits a few smacks. You don’t get to fuck her until she cries or begs you to stop.”

“What?” Hoyt’s statement startled Leo. “That wasn’t part of the deal.”

“I’m altering the deal. Pray I don’t alter it again.” He paused and grinned. “But look, she loves it. And you want to fuck her, don’t you?”

Leo nodded and spanked Delana a few more times, harder now, strong enough to make her flinch and gasp a little. Her ass started turning red. It was almost too much for Leo and he had to walk around to the front of Delana where he gamely hit her breasts with the paddle alternating from left to right, turning them from pale to pink to red. To his great surprise, Leo found himself enjoying inflicting pain on the bound woman. He started to get hard inside his pants and realized the delight some men took in hurting women; but Delana didn't complain. In fact, her eyes seemed to beg him to continue to paddle her.

"Focus on her ass again," instructed Hoyt.

Nodding eagerly, he followed the suggestion and resuming paddling the two rounded pieces of flesh that were already sore. The additional application of the pliable leather paddle was almost too much for Delana, but she endured it, wanting to be pushed over the edge. She gasped out loud with each audible smack while pulling on her chained hands. Finally, without fully realizing what she had done, she screamed out loud, startling Leo and bringing a smile to Hoyt's face.

"That's the victory bell, Leo," he announced. "You've earned your reward."

"I have?" He was stunned.

Hoyt smoothly took the paddle from his friend and kissed his lover. She eagerly kissed him back. "One more," he told her. "Assume your ballet position, on pointe."

True fear flashed in Delana's eyes. "No," she whispered to him.

"I think you want to," he said softly. "And I won't let you down until you do. Now I know you're a strong, brave girl who can endure anything and this is the last test you need to pass before Leo rewards you with his cock. You want that, don't you?"

She nodded yes, but couldn't bring herself to say the word. Slowly she shifted her balance to her right foot while drawing her left up and away, just like a ballet dancer—an obscene ballet dancer—exposing her cunt for inspection. And worse.

Hoyt handed the paddle back to Leo. "One firm smack on her cunt. It's what she needs before you can fuck her. Go ahead."

Leo found the paddle in his hand but he resisted. “I can’t,” He protested. “It’ll hurt her too much.”

“Do it or you don’t get to fuck her. And she can’t hold that position forever. Do it right and you’ll make her cum and she’ll want you forever.” Hoyt grinned malevolently, eager to see what would happen.

Leo looked at Delana’s exposed and open cunt. It was bare, hairless and vulnerable. Her lips were open in anticipation and—to Leo’s great surprise—wet with desire. Seeing her that way activates something within Leo’s soul. The angle was difficult, but when there was enough will—and Leo found he had enough will—it wasn’t impossible.

The impact of the leather paddle on her aching cunt was like a whip crack filling the silence. Leo stared, shocked at what he had done. Delana cried out in pain and her body shook as a fierce orgasm swept through her. Hoyt grinned in satisfaction as he lowered Delana’s arms down.

She realized what was happening and quickly put her foot down. The moment she had some slack between her wrists, she grabbed Leo’s belt and opened up his pants. He was too overwhelmed to move. In a second she had his cock out and was pulling him down to the living room floor. Leo dropped the now wet paddle to the floor.

Delana did all the work, pulling him on top of her, guiding his cock into her cunt, and actually shaking her hips to draw him into her. He got the hint and started thrusting. Neither of them lasted a minute. He came first, filling her pussy with his cum. She came—a second time—just after him.

Leo had to control himself and not pull out his cock and start wanking right in front of them. That would be unseemly.

Chapter Three

IT FELT LIKE Hoyt was stabbing her in the heart. She knew he was intentionally inflicting emotional pain on her because she had grown to enjoy physical pain just a little too much. He needed something else to unsettle and excite her.

The girl in bed with him was pretty. She was younger than them both, not tremendously so, but young enough to remind Delana she was no longer the height of physical perfection. She was a blonde—because he knew that would annoy Delana—and seemed to enjoy getting fucked by Hoyt. But maybe what she enjoyed the most was the thrill of having sex in front of another person. Was this girl, Jessica was her name Delana recalled, an exhibitionist or was she emotionally damaged to the point where she liked stealing boyfriends literally out from under a woman's nose? Or maybe she just enjoyed sex with new partners and didn't mind if the submissive girlfriend watched.

Delana had played the perfect role of the silent, obedient submissive all evening. She had served them dinner, waited on them for drinks, helped them undress, and now waited patiently while they had sex. She didn't want to admit it, but she was extremely jealous of the other woman and she didn't know exactly why.

She did know partially why. She had been made to wear a ridiculous merry widow outfit that showed off everything and hid very little. It was unsettling to wear it while serving dinner to Hoyt and his strumpet and it was just as unsettling to wear it while watching them fuck.

And yet, she hated to admit it, she was enjoying the humiliation that Hoyt was forcing upon her.

Jessica was moaning in time with Hoyt's thrusting. Obviously she was enjoying getting fucked by Hoyt and being watched by Delana; she kept opening her eyes to look at Delana, making sure she was still watching. Delana hated the satisfied grin the blonde put on each time she saw Delana still watching.

Delana's stomach clenched tightly when Hoyt made the heavy grunting sounds that indicated him was cumming. He hadn't used a condom much to Delana's distress and when he rolled off Jessica, he kept a hand on her knees preventing her from modestly closing her legs. Delana was certain Jessica had no interest in modesty. She couldn't help but look and her heart sank when she saw Hoyt's cum slowly leaking out of Jessica's pussy.

“You have a very pretty pussy,” Hoyt said, looking down at the girl’s sex.

“Thank you,” she said and then kissed Hoyt while keeping her legs spread, showing off to Delana exactly the type of woman she was.

“I’m sorry I left it a mess.” Hoyt smiled at the pretty blonde.

“Oh, that’s fine. I can clean up.” Jessica started to get up from the bed but he put a restraining hand on her shoulder.

“You don’t need to do that,” Hoyt said. “I can get my servant girl to do it for you.”

Jessica laughed nervously and then asked a question that twisted the knife in Delana’s heart. “Is she a whore you hired?” It was obvious Jessica meant the question to hurt Delana, and even if she didn’t know the full extent of the relationship between her and Hoyt, she obviously realized that they were well familiar with each other.

Hoyt laughed, which hurt even more, but he answered. “No. She’s just a woman I like to fuck. She gets off on this.”

His words were truthful—and hurtful. And secretly Delana exulted in them.

“Well then,” Jessica said with a giggle. “Have her get a washcloth and clean me up.”

Hoyt shook his head. “No. There’s a better way than that.” His smile at Delana was vicious, that of a triumphant predator. “Use your mouth on her, Delana.” The words were calmly spoken, but what he was asking was something new. They had never discussed this before and it clearly violated the bounds of what was permissible. And still, Delana found herself moving between Jessica’s legs. She was bound to obey and Hoyt knew that. She hated and loved him for that at the same time.

Delana never considered herself bisexual and hadn’t the least inclination to experiment with a woman, but when Hoyt demanded it, she obeyed. Going down on Jessica wasn’t retched. The first thing Delana did was lick a little glob of Hoyt’s cum that had slid out of the blonde’s pussy and settled in the crease between her groin and thigh. The familiar salty-clorox flavor calmed her. The

scent of Jessica's pussy was strong and immediately reminded Delana of her own aroma. The blonde took time to carefully groom herself and Delana had to admit that Hoyt's assessment was correct: she did have a pretty pussy. Closing her eyes, Delana leaned in and pressed her tongue to the other woman's pussy, broadening her tongue to lick from the bottom of the slit all the way up to her carefully manicured pubes.

All the while she reminded herself that she wasn't doing this for Jessica, she was doing it for Hoyt.

Jessica moaned slightly. It might have been a tease, a taunt, but it was still music to Delana's ears. She prided herself on being a good lover.

The mixture of Hoyt's cum and Jessica's pussy juice on Delana's tongue was a new mélange of flavor. She was familiar enough with the flavor of a woman, having tasted herself on her own fingers along with Hoyt's fingers and his cock, and was familiar with Hoyt's cum. All in all, it wasn't a terrible experience. What she didn't know was if Hoyt was just looking for her to clean Jessica's pussy or if he wanted his lover to pleasure the other woman. She couldn't ask—that wasn't allowed—so Delana took the safe route and did both tasks.

The disturbing part was that she enjoyed all of it.

It didn't take long before Jessica was writhing and moaning from Delana's attention, looking for her next orgasm, when Hoyt asked, "Do you want her to get me hard or would you like to suck my cock?" The question was addressed to Jessica.

Delana's heart pounded in her chest when the evil blonde said, "Have her suck you. I'd like to watch. Maybe I'll join in."

It was an easy enough act to switch from eating pussy to sucking cock and Delana did it eagerly. Jessica watched intently as Delana got on her knees in front of Hoyt to suck him, while Jessica casually rested a hand on his hip, reminding Delana of her subservient position. She tasted the already familiar flavor of Jessica's pussy on his cock and decided it wasn't a bad flavor at all.

When she judged that Hoyt was sufficiently hard, she backed up.

"Here," said Jessica. "Let me finish that up for you." She lowered her mouth on

Delana's lover which upset her because it was entirely unnecessary. She saw through the simple-minded woman. Jessica was trying to establish some ownership over Hoyt but that wasn't going to happen.

She only sucked Hoyt for maybe ten seconds, before she pulled the man back down to her and they started fucking again.

This time Delana didn't feel so jealous. Jessica was nothing more than a ridiculous distraction, an amusing toy for Hoyt, and nothing more. She smiled as her lover fucked the blonde and made her come. Hoyt would never be enamored of such a shallow woman.

Chapter Four

“IT’S NOT A good idea,” Delana insisted.

Hoyt wasn’t interested in her complaint. “Put on the panties and get dressed. I’m not taking off your collar. It’s very pretty and looks good on you.”

The red thong panties weren’t the problem. She could easily do that; she liked feeling sexy under her business clothing. The problem was wearing her collar not just out in public, but to work where she was all but advertising her submissive slave status to everyone.

“I can’t,” Delana said once more.

Moving faster than her eye could follow, Hoyt grabbed her, threw her on the bed, and pinned her down with one hand while he spanked her ass with the other. Every swat was hard and fierce. She didn’t have time to react until the pain hit her and she found herself sobbing without realizing it. Her bawling didn’t stop Hoyt, however. He kept going, beating her ass until it turned bright red and he was satisfied with her contrite attitude.

“Do I make myself clear?” he asked when he was done.

“Yes,” she replied meekly, getting up and pulling on the thong panties. The steel collar around her neck would stay on. It could pass as a necklace; it would have to. The key that Hoyt kept on a ring in his pocket wasn’t coming out to remove the collar that was a source of pride at home and in private, but now scared her that she was going to wear it in public.

Her first instinct was to pick out a blouse that completely hid the necklace, but she knew that Hoyt wouldn’t approve of that and he wouldn’t allow her to wear something that could easily be buttoned up to conceal the loop of silver cable. No, she’d have to show it but she could make it seem like it was merely just another piece of jewelry. It took some doing, but she had blue and black blouse with silver buttons that closely matched the collar’s bright color. It would have to do.

With Hoyt’s approval she went to work with a sore bottom, a red thong, and her slave collar on display.

For all her fretting and worry, it all turned out to be for nothing. Her assistant did

comment she seemed distracted that morning, and Delana had made up a lie about a sick uncle. Other than that, everyone treated her with their usual deference and respect. By the end of the day, she had to resist opening up her blouse's collar even more to display the slave jewelry.

When Hoyt greeted her at home that evening he asked how wearing the collar went.

A smile spread across Delana's face. "No one noticed," she said and realized she was a bit sad at that revelation. "But it excited me." She dragged her lover's hand into her pants, inside the thong so he could feel her wetness.

Though he tried to resist it, a smile spread across Hoyt's face as well. "You know what you have to do tomorrow, don't you?"

She nodded. She was eager to show off the yellow blouse that was designed to display jewelry.

The second day was much the same as the first. Hoyt gave her a little paddling to remind her who she was, but she breezed through the day with confidence. Her assistant did comment on the necklace and Delana breezily thanked her, saying it was a present.

On day three the collar hadn't been removed since it went on Friday night and Delana was fully enjoying this new aspect of her life. She could periodically check the collar to make sure the locking mechanism was on the back of her neck, but that was just good grooming.

The morning had a meeting scheduled for their IT contractor. Details had to be worked out over the new contract. It was during a break that she was approached by Justin, the slightly pudgy manager that accompanied the lawyer and two assistants. The words he spoke softly to Delana chilled and excited her. "I know what your necklace is for." In the palm of his hand he displayed a small key exactly like the one Hoyt carried, but it wouldn't work on her lock. "What is your SLRN?" he asked.

For the first time that day she found that her voice failed her.

"Don't make me repeat the question," Justin said.

Automatically Delana rattled off the digits she had long ago memorized. It was part of the little ceremony she and Hoyt had created when he had officially collared her. Justin wrote them down and pulled out his phone. She knew what he was doing. The SLRN website told him everything about her, and even displayed a few semi-private pictures. She knew what was on her profile and when he grinned, she knew he was contacting Hoyt. Already she was afraid and excited for what Justin was going to say to her.

A few minutes after their meeting resumed, her phone buzzed with a message. Her fingers were trembling when she looked at the screen. The text was from Hoyt. Good subs obey. Go home with Justin tonight. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on work, but that was impossible.

The rest of the day was a disaster for her. She couldn't concentrate because Justin kept looking across the table at her with a knowing smile...and she knew she was going to have to go home with him that evening. It caused shivers up and down her spine and moistness in her panties. She gave away far too many concessions to the contractor but they were extremely happy with the results, which assured Delana she would be well-treated in the evening.

And then she received her first text message from Justin and she nearly died inside.

Good subs obey. Go to the bathroom, take off your panties and give them to me.

As always, it was Delana's first reaction to resist, to say no. But she knew she was a good sub, a good slave. She would obey. But it was one thing to play private games in the bedroom, in a hotel room, and on the internet. It was against the rules to play games at work and in public.

Delana loved to break rules.

Like any problem at work, Delana broke down Justin's instructions into discrete steps and solved them one by one. There was no particular time frame given in the text message, but she knew he meant for his order to be completed before the end of the meeting. It was already late afternoon so the clock was ticking. The first part was easy. She excused herself to use the restroom and there she simply dropped her pants and removed her underwear. There was no real challenge here, especially since the bit of lilac colored lace was nothing more than a small triangle of thin lace joined by strings that fitted around her hips and between her

buttocks. It was small enough that she could ball it up and hide it in her hand, but even carrying that would be a little obvious in the meeting. Instead she tightly wound the strings around themselves until her thong became nothing more than a small ball of material. This she tucked into her jacket pocket and headed back to the conference room.

Once she was seated at the table Justin gave her a quick look with raised eyebrows. She just nodded slightly. It was all he needed. Delana didn't mind going commando at work—she had done it before—but she wondered if just the very idea excited the man who was going to dominate her.

After what seemed an interminably long time, though really was less than an hour, the meeting wrapped up and handshakes were exchanged all around. When it came time for Delana to shake Justin's hand, she slipped her hand into her pocket, grabbed the panty ball, and passed it to him as they shook hands. Delana covered the surreptitious gesture by actually grasping Justin's hand with both of hers and taking extra time to thank him for his assistance.

She was relieved that Justin was equally furtive about slipping her panties into his pants pocket.

One of her underlings escorted the contract negotiation team out of the office and Delana went back to her office to relax a few minutes before leaving. She had barely sat down when her phone buzzed with a message. It was from Justin, of course, and contained only his address and an arrival time that was just over an hour from now. She had plenty of time which did not calm her. At the same time she wanted the ordeal to start and to be over. Waiting was not Delana's strong point.

The drive to Justin's house was easy. It was in the middle of one of the many generic suburbs that surrounded the city. The development was incredibly boring to Delana's eyes. Every house was sided in one of three shades of beige and followed one of three designs. She estimated there were roughly two hundred and fifty homes in the subdivision but only nine houses to pick from.

Standing on the front porch and ringing the bell, Delana felt excited and exposed. She knew that no one looking at her could tell she was sans culotte but the feeling wouldn't go away. The hard knot in the pit of her stomach would go away once she was on her back with Justin's cock inside her pussy. It was the

wait that was driving her insane.

It only took Justin a minute to come to the door. The moment he opened it he smiled, though she could tell he didn't want to, and pointedly looked at his watch. "Right on time," he said. "Maybe a little early."

"I try to be punctual." Delana had spent almost fifteen minutes driving through the development killing time so she wouldn't be too early at his door.

"Come inside," he invited her. "I have such wonderful things to show you."

She was nervous, not knowing exactly what he was going to do to her, but that was part of the fun and excitement. The inside of the house was generically bland and pleasant as the outside. It was entirely forgettable. "What are we going to do?" she asked him as he led her to the living room.

Since arriving home Justin had removed his suit jacket and tie and rolled up his sleeves. He still wore his plain white dress shirt and suit pants. She had noted the wedding band he wore but hadn't commented on it. It simply made her wonder where his wife was.

"You are going to remove your clothes and go up to my bedroom. Leave your shoes on."

His order presented one problem. She couldn't remove her pants without first taking off her shoes. That was her first thought. It wasn't that it was a strange order to be receiving from a man she barely knew. She was happy to remove her clothes. While she didn't consider herself an exhibitionist, she liked obeying orders given by dominant men.

Delana looked him right in the eye as she shrugged out of her suit jacket and tossed it on the couch. She proceeded to remove her blouse, exposing her bra, and then stepped out of her shoes. Justin watched her carefully. Dropping her pants was easy and she didn't feel any shyness about being partially naked in front of him. His eyes traveled down to her cunt and he nodded in approval of her bareness. Reaching behind her back, it took a practiced effort to unhook her bra and drop it on top of the rest of her clothes. She then stepped back into her shoes, completely naked except for them, her slave collar, and the wedding ring on her finger. "What next?" she asked calmly, as if she did this all the time.

He pointed at the stairs. "Go upstairs, bedroom at the end of the hall. Wait for me there. Don't do or say anything until I join you."

She nodded. "As you desire." She turned and headed up the stairs. From his vantage point he could see her ass ascending the steps, she was certain, and perhaps he could even see the pout of her labia as well. The second floor hallway had a thick carpet and she walked silently to the end. The door was partially shut. Upon opening it and walking inside, the answer to her earlier question was answered.

Justin's wife stood facing the corner of the large bedroom. She was naked, like Delana, and showed her curvy bottom and pale skin, but it was impossible for Delana to see her face. Her arms were folded behind her back, a pose familiar to Delana. On the bed was a brown leather riding crop; it has obviously been recently used because the woman's ass was covered with several bright red welts that told her exactly what Justin was doing when Delana had arrived. Since he knew she was arriving at this precise time, this was obviously something he had planned.

After a moment's hesitation, she stepped inside and stood at the foot of the bed, saying and doing nothing. She folded her arms behind her back and waited patiently.

It was only a minute or two before Justin arrived. He could have made her wait for hours and she would have done so happily, but he was eager to play with his new toy. "I see you've met Cynthia," he said.

"Not formally," replied Delana.

"She is much like you," he said. "Your collars are similar." He went over to his wife and lifted up her hair, displaying the collar around her neck. It was of a slightly different design than Delana's, but the lock was unmistakably the same. Delana shivered at the coincidence.

"Do you like pain, Delana?" he asked her.

That was a hard question for her to answer. She liked being humiliated and ordered around, but physical pain was something else. Hoyt liked inflicting it on her and she enjoyed pleasing him and her body responded the way it did for reasons she didn't understand. "I like it well enough."

He nodded. “Do you like inflicting it?”

“Ah...I don’t know. I never really have.”

“Pick up the crop. I wasn’t done with Cynthia when you arrived. You’ll have to finish for me. If you do it well...then you’ll be rewarded.”

Delana had never whipped, caned, or spanked anyone in her life, though she had endured all of them herself. Justin picked up the crop and handed it to her. The stiff leather handle felt strange in her hand. It was well-used and cared for. She could smell the oiled, rich leather and thought she understood why some dominants were so obsessed with the feel, smell, and sight of leather.

“I’ve never done this before,” she admitted.

“You’ll do fine. Every expert started as a novice.”

Delana had never been asked to do this before and found herself intrigued. She walked up to Cynthia and drew the crop back. If Cynthia was aware of what was about to happen, she gave no indication. She had remained in the corner, silently waiting an order from her husband. Delana found it a wonderful mirror of her own life. She wondered if Cynthia loved and obeyed Justin like she loved and obeyed Hoyt.

The first blow landed without Delana realizing what she had done. It the slap of leather on flesh was familiar to her, but actually doing the beating was new. Cynthia barely flinched at the harsh touch of the crop. Delana watched in fascination as the point of impact blossomed bright red.

“Very good,” said Justin. “Again. Harder.”

To her disappointment, Delana felt nothing as she commenced the beating of Cynthia. Intellectually she knew how to use the crop, having seen it used on herself and others before, but she was hardly skilled with it. The mess of marks she left behind on Cynthia were not attractively placed but it appealed enough to Justin. He stopped her. “Very good. Excellent. I don’t want you to over abuse her tonight. She might want to sit down sometime next week.” Cynthia’s bottom was bright red and for just a moment Delana worried that maybe she had gone too far.

“Oh my. Did I do that?” she asked aloud.

Justin laughed as he took back the crop and Delana realized she was breathing heavily from the exertion—and excitement—of having administered her first caning. And, oddly, she still felt nothing, neither the desire to do it more or revulsion of having done it at all. Sadly, she realized, being a dominant—even a forced dominant—was not in her soul. She would have to continue to suffer happily under the command of others.

“You certainly did. And did you enjoy it?”

She shook her head. “No. Not really.”

He shrugged. “Too bad. Some slaves really enjoy hurting others. I guess you’re not one of them. Turn around, place your hands on the footboard.”

Knowing what he wanted actually calmed Delana’s pounding heart. For her troubles she received two swift swats on her bottom causing a pair of gasps to escape her lips. As always, a bit of punishment soothed and centered her. She smiled and breathed steadily and easily as Justin rested his hand on top of her burning marks.

“On your knees and suck my cock.”

That was what Delana had been waiting for. In a flash she was kneeling in front of him, opening up his pants and getting out his erection. Sucking him wouldn’t be an exercise in getting him excited; he was already there. It would be all pleasure.

She half wished he’d make his wife turn around to watch them, but that wasn’t part of his plan. While Delana would have been happy to fellate Justin until he came in her mouth, he wasn’t interested in casual oral sex. After a few minutes of worshipping him, Justin pulled her to her feet and forced her onto the bed. His clothes came off and before she knew it, his cock was nudging open her pussy which easily took his curved and well-shaped cock.

They rutted for a bit and then Justin rolled them over so she was on top. Never one to be shy, Delana leaned back and displayed herself to him, letting Justin maul her tits with his hands which she rocked up and down on his cock. After a minute she looked wistfully over at Cynthia in the corner.

“Is your wife going to join us?” she asked boldly.

Justin shook his head, his brow furrowed as he concentrated on the sensations of his hard cock in her wet cunt. “No. She’s being punished.”

Curious, Delana asked, “For what?”

Justin frowned at her, his face a quick mask of anger. “For asking too many questions.”

Taking the hint Delana silenced herself and focused on making Justin cum. His eventual eruption of hot spunk into her cunt was a wonderful release. She loved fucking other men, it made her feel dirty and sordid that she had to do these things for herself and for Hoyt. It was wrong and that meant she loved it.

After he was done with her he rolled her off his body and retrieved his pants from the floor. “I believe these are yours,” he said, handing her the balled up lilac colored panties.

“Thank you,” she said, accepting them from him.

“Put them on and get dressed. You may go. It was very pleasant. I’m sure I’ll have you back soon.”

The mere fact that he spoke as if he had control over her both nauseated and thrilled her. Delana pulled on the tiny scrap of material and headed downstairs to retrieve the rest of her clothing, sad that she wasn’t being forced to further humiliate herself. Before she even reached the pile of clothes in the middle of living room, Justin came thumping down the stairs, cell phone in hand.

“I knew I forgot something,” he said. Right away she knew what he wanted, even before he spoke the words. “Just a couple of pictures to commemorate tonight.”

As always, her first instinct was to protect herself and her hands started to go up to hide her breasts, but she belayed that instinct. Yes, there were nude and explicit pictures of her posted on the internet, but posted exclusive sites chosen with careful consideration because they were good at concealing her identity. She wasn’t ashamed of what she liked in her sex life, but she didn’t go around advertising it in public either. It was one thing to enjoy kinky, extreme sex, but it

was another entirely for that to be revealed about a woman in her position of authority.

But then Hoyt trusted Justin for they were part of the same discrete brotherhood.

She lowered her hands and adopted an only slightly salacious pose with a come hither look.

With a nod Justin took one quick picture and then said, "Take off your panties. I want to see your cunt."

It was a crude question, but Delana obeyed. She always obeyed because, deep down, she was a good girl even though she often acted like a very bad girl.

Justin took a few more photos, mostly with her putting her clothes back on, though in reversed order it would look like she was stripping. All in all, they were not very explicit at all. Nothing very sexual or kinky, except for the corded slave collar around her neck for those few who truly understood its symbolism. There were a dozen pictures of her displaying and doing everything that Hoyt had posted.

"Going back to Hoyt now?" Justin asked when she finished dressing.

"Of course."

"Is he going to fuck you?"

Once again the crudeness, but Delana reminded herself he could be as crude as he wanted with her. It was allowed. And it still made her shiver. "Of course. He can't stand it knowing someone else has fucked me last."

Justin nodded as she picked up her purse and prepared to leave. Before she could take a step toward the door, he was next to her, pulling her close and kissing her. She allowed it because she couldn't forbid it. His tongue explored her mouth in a surprisingly intimate and loving way. She kissed back and pressed her body tightly to his, getting his thigh between her legs for that little thrill of friction. He held her in place with his hand on her ass.

"Tell him I enjoyed you and want you again. Soon. And naturally he's entitled to my wife any time he wants," said Justin when he ended the kiss.

“Of course,” she agreed. “I’ll pass along the message.”

Delana got into her BMW and exited the suburban development. She didn’t drive far before she pulled into a Stewart’s shop. The car didn’t need gas and she didn’t need to buy anything in the convenience store. She just parked at the edge of the lot, rested her forehead against the steering wheel, and silently cried for a two minutes, indulging herself far too much.

When she arrived home she went to the bedroom where Hoyt was lying in bed, reading. “Enjoy yourself?” he asked, a slightly bemused smile on his lips.

She wouldn’t—couldn’t let him know how she truly felt. “Tremendously,” she replied as she started undressing.

“Go slowly,” he said, picking up his cell phone from the nightstand.

“More pictures?” she sighed as she slipped off her jacket but didn’t complain further when the flash went off.

“Justin took some of you?”

“Yes.”

“Did he fuck you?”

“Yes.”

“Is he still in your cunt?”

Delana glanced at Hoyt crotch, only covered by his thin pajama pants. His cock was stirring.

She couldn’t resist the honest truth. “Yes. And I’m dripping.” She dropped her pants and the wetness on her crotch was obvious.

Hoyt grabbed her and tossed her on the bed. His hand went between her thighs and together they pulled off her panties. She spread her legs as he kneeled between her knees, his phone in his hand. It was embarrassing and humiliating displaying herself like that because she knew exactly what he was going to be doing with the pictures. She knew evidence of her encounter with Justin was still

clinging to her cunt lips. The pictures were both close ups of her cunt and full body shots that included her face. It was wrong—so wrong—but she loved it anyway.

“Do you enjoy being this?” he asked her as he struggled out of his clothes, revealing his big erect cock.

“Being what?” she teased, running her hand over her wet lips, spreading the last bits of Justin’s cum into her cunt.

“Being a slut.”

It was supposed to insult her, but being called a slut didn’t hurt Delana’s feelings. She liked it and he knew it. “I’m not a slut; I’m a good sub girl. I’m your slave.”

“I know,” he said as he sank his cock into her open cunt. It was an easy entrance. It always was.

They rutted a few minutes, both loving their time together when their bodies rejoined. Eventually Hoyt came inside her, once again establishing his dominance over her, his control over her, his ownership of her, body and soul.

“He’s still in me, you know,” she taunted him as he rolled off her body.

“And so am I,” he reminded her. “And there’s more of me in you, and I own you, and he doesn’t. Did he try to tell you that he owned you?”

“No.”

“What did he tell you?”

“He said to tell you that he enjoyed fucking me and wanted to fuck me again. Soon.” She smiled over at him.

“Is that all he said?”

Right away she knew that Hoyt knew everything. Or close enough to everything that it didn’t matter. Justin must have called or texted him. Something. Only the full truth would do. Once again she’d have to expose herself.

“He said to say that you’re entitled to his wife any time you want,” she said, passing along Justin’s message.

“I think I’ll have her tomorrow night.” It was the statement of a man who was teasing his lover. He was entirely serious about what he said.

“That’s your right,” she replied.

“And I think I’ll have her here with your help.”

She knew that he was fully aware that she didn’t particularly like being with women. That was why he insisted that she be in bed when Cynthia was there.

Cynthia wore her pubic hair in a simple landing strip that just barely covered the width of her pussy. Delana wondered why Justin allowed her to keep her pubes, she always thought that a slave looked better when her cunt was bare. Still, that wasn’t her decision.

Delana lifted her head up from between Cynthia’s head. The other man’s wife had been making the correct moaning noises as Delana went down on her. Hoyt was next to them, stroking his cock, appreciating the sight of two women—two slaves—making love.

“She’s ready,” Delana reported. Hoyt leaned over and kissed his lover, tasting Cynthia’s pussy on her lips.

“But you’re not.” He reached over and sharply spanked her ass. It wasn’t a friendly, loving gesture. It was a real spanking, hard and hot and fierce. By the time he was done her ass was flaming red, but that’s the way she liked it. She wondered if he was going to fuck Cynthia first, or her.

Hoyt abruptly pulled her off the bed by her collar. “Go stand in the corner.”

“What?” She was stunned. Maybe she wasn’t going to get fucked first, but to have to do corner time while he was with Cynthia was humiliating.

“Corner. Now.”

Delana nodded and swallowed. Standing in the corner she stood facing the blank wall with her hands folded behind her back she listened as Hoyt started fucking Cynthia.

As she stood there, facing the wall, Delana found herself once again enjoying her corner time.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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