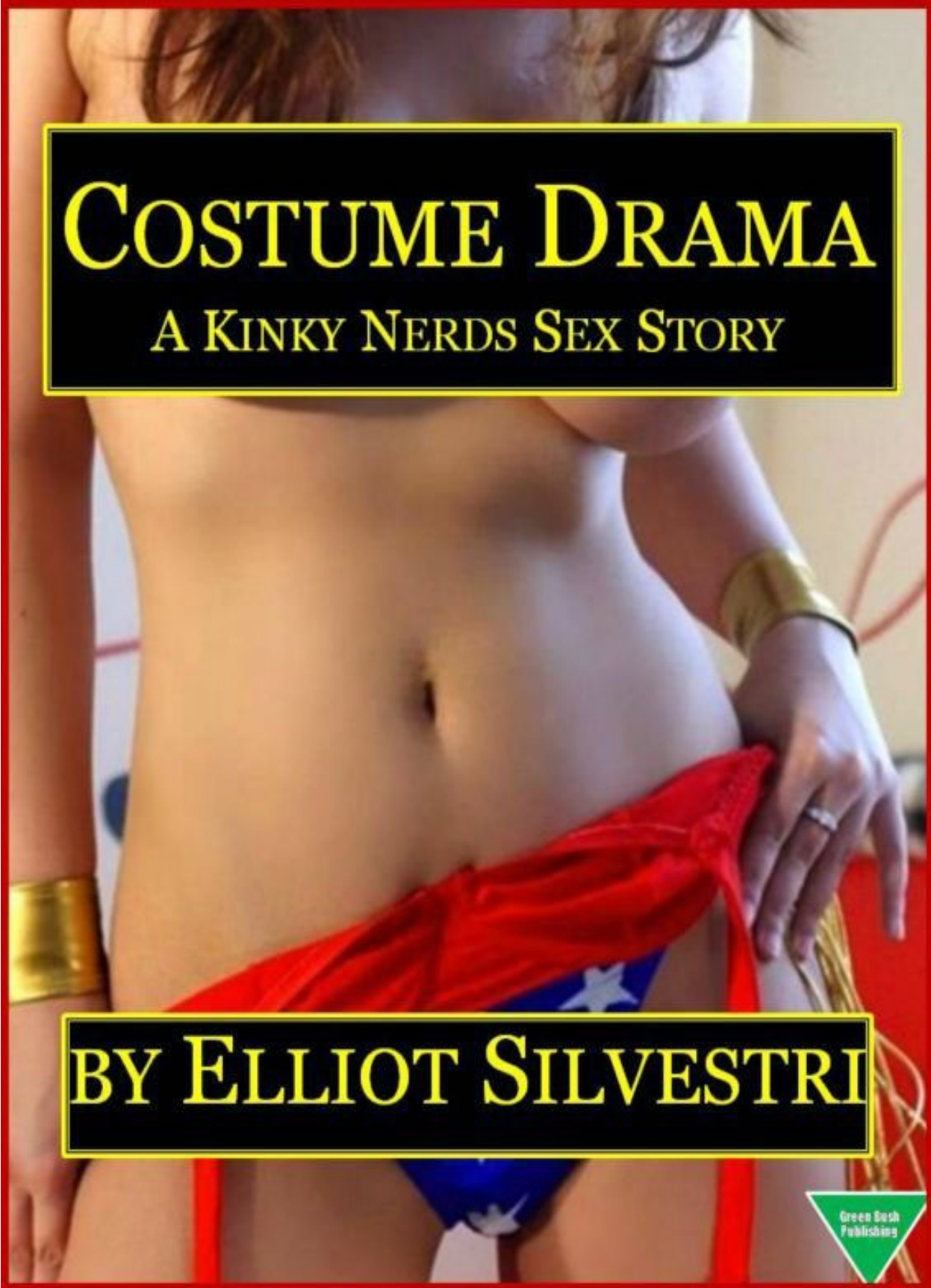


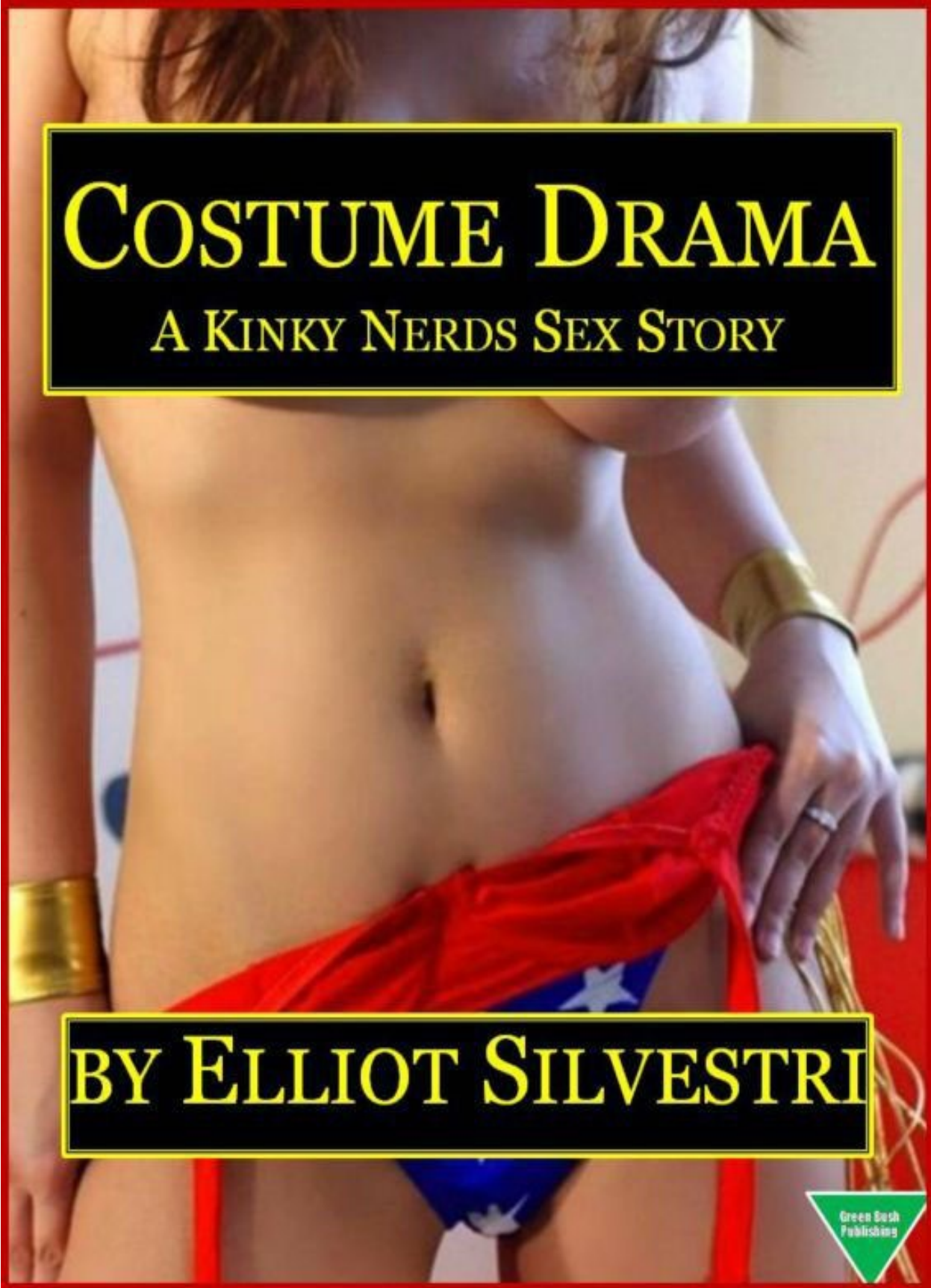
A photograph of a woman's midsection and arms. She is wearing a red top with a blue star pattern and gold armbands on both arms. Her hands are resting on her hips. The image is framed by a red border.

COSTUME DRAMA

A KINKY NERDS SEX STORY

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
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Costume Drama No. 1
A Kinky Nerds Sex Story

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“I don’t care what you think, the new guy is cute.” Sandra looked over Monica’s head, across the lunch room, at the new guy, and tried to tell herself not to drool.

Monica glanced over her shoulder, rolled her eyes, and shook her head dismissively. “Really, Sandra? Dirty blond hair—probably because it’s unwashed—that’s too long. Guys with shoulder length hair went out years ago. He’s reading a book and eating lunch at the same time. How tall is he? Six foot eight? No muscles that I can see. And a goatee? What is this, the 90s?”

“It’s a Van Dyke.”

“What?”

“It’s a Van Dyke,” she repeated. “Goatee is just the chin. Van Dyke is chin and moustache.”

Monica now rolled her eyes. She spent too much time every morning putting on eye makeup, shadow, liner, and every other trick in the book to make her dark brown eyes stand out. It was an effective technique, but it also made her face look like a semi-psychotic character from a batshit insane anime series. “Does it really matter?”

“Ever have a guy with a beard go down on you?” Sandra asked softly so no one else in the crowded lunchroom would hear.

“No,” Monica said quickly. “Whenever Don starts to get the least bit stubbly I make him shave. I don’t let him kiss me if he hasn’t shaved in the last twenty four hours.”

“You should give it a try,” Sandra said as she ran her fork through her half-forgotten container of pasta. “It feels especially good if you shave?”

Monica blinked. “How can he shave if you like a beard?”

Sandra tried to keep her smile restrained. “If you shave,” she clarified. “Down

there.”

“Your pussy?” Monica asked bluntly.

“Shh!” Sandra hissed at her coworker. “Yes.”

“You’re a kinky little girl.”

“Shut up!”

Monica stirred her yogurt. She was constantly dieting. She didn’t need to lose weight, in Sandra’s opinion. Monica was already rail thin to the point of being bony and unattractive, but she never said anything. “Are you going to ask him out?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I just couldn’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m a meek little girl and I wasn’t raised to be the saucy little minx who goes out asking boys for dates.”

Monica regarded her across the table. She carefully evaluated the tall busty girl with the long black curly hair and said, “But you are the type of girl who shaves her crotch bald?”

“Shh!” Sandra hissed again. “Well. Yes. But that’s a hygiene thing.”

Monica shrugged. “If you say so. You might want to ask him out soon, I’m sure other girls are circling him, looking for a bit of new meat.”

Sandra glanced around. “Really?”

“How long have you worked here? What’s the male/female ratio? Five to one? He works in the graphics department. He’s an artist. Women like that. You either need to make your move soon or get him to notice you.”

As Sandra watched Carlene from HR walked by Dalton and said hello, lingering longer than what was really appropriate or necessary. Maybe Carlene knew him; maybe she was trying to get a date. Sandra's panties got wet every time she looked at Dalton. She stood up and with weak knees, marched across the lunchroom, unbuttoning the two buttons on her shirt to put her breasts on display.

"Eager little slut," Monica said.

Sandra plopped down across from Dalton. When she did so, he looked up, startled. "Hi!" she said brightly.

"Hello," he replied nervously with a glance up and down, quickly taking in Sandra, then his eyes shot back down to the manual he was reading.

"I'm Sandra. Call me Sandy." She smiled her most winning smile, one that had taken years of orthodontia.

Dalton glanced up again. "Hi, Sandy." He didn't introduce himself.

"You're Dalton, right?" she asked to move the conversation along. He seemed afraid to talk to her, or even look at her.

"Yes," he said with barely a glance her way.

"You're new in the graphics department." Sandra started to get worried now; the conversation wasn't going at all the way she had planned. For a somewhat dreamy looking guy he was a dud in the conversation arena.

"That's right."

"When did you start?"

"A week ago."

She already knew this, but didn't know what else to discuss. He didn't seem the least bit interested in the cleavage she was exhibiting for him. It occurred to her that he might be some idiot savant, but that didn't seem likely, not for the company they worked for. It wasn't at all charitable to any group of people. Maybe he was just super-shy. Or gay. Then her gaze fell to the company manual

Dalton was studying. He wasn't fully studying it; he was adding his own doodles to the pages. His little figures were amusing and well-constructed.

"You aren't supposed to deface company property," she commented with a wry smile.

This time he didn't even look up. "I'm supposed to help with the redesign of this manual. They say it's too boring the way it is now."

Upon a second inspection Sandra noticed that the little stick figures Dalton was drawing were performing a variety of acts that would be considered lewd in most contexts and a fireable offense in a corporate setting.

"If you use those pictures to liven it up, I guarantee it'll make the manual more interesting, but you'll probably get escorted to the front door before the end of the week."

He flushed and quickly covered up the page he had been working on. "I'm sorry. Is there something I can help you with?" For just a fleeting moment his dark brown eyes locked with her brilliant blues and then he looked away. She decided he was shy. Now was the moment.

"It's not work related," she said.

He looked back to her, blinked, and then again looked away. "What is it?"

"I was wondering if you were busy Friday night."

"Why?"

Sandra found her courage hiding in her ovaries. "I'm not busy and I thought it might be fun to go out with you." She found herself squirming inside, wishing she was somehow more relaxed, smoother in talking to this attractive and artistic man who seemed to have absolutely no interest in her. The moment hung silent between them for far too long. The sounds of the lunchroom filled the air and Sandra had just decided to get up and leave when Dalton finally said, "Are you asking me out on a date?" His voice plainly spoke to his absolute astonishment of the moment.

"Yes," she said plainly and relaxed a tiny fraction. Much to her surprise her

pussy moistened at just the thought of him saying yes to her proposal.

“I’m not doing anything Friday night.”

When they walked out of the theater Dalton was shaking his head and clutching his fists. The movie hadn’t been terrible, but neither was it very good; it was just another plain Hollywood effort that would be forgotten in six months, a year at most.

“Is something the matter?” Sandra asked as Dalton all but hurled the mostly empty popcorn bucket into the giant garbage can as they exited.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized. Dalton was still having trouble making eye contact with her, but that hadn’t been all that necessary during the movie or when they were walking side-by-side. “That was a shitty movie. I shouldn’t have taken you to it.”

She laughed. “It wasn’t that bad. It was sort of amusing. Don’t be upset by it.”

“Sorry,” he said again. “Sometimes I get carried away by things I can’t control.”

They continued their way out of the theater. Instead of going to one of the megacomplexes at the mall he had taken her to the downtown theater that could actually boast they were an actual theatre not just some empty space with a projector and seats. It was an easy walk around the old building to the parking lot where cars slowly wound their way out the narrow exit lane. This gave them time to discuss the movie as they waited their turn to be let into traffic.

“Relax. You can’t control everything. Sometimes life just takes you away. It was just a movie; it’s not a big deal.”

He continued to grip the wheel angrily. “I know. I sometimes have trouble getting over little...disappointments like this. I wanted the movie to be better so you’d have a good time.”

“Don’t worry about it,” she told him. “What would you like to do next? I know of a couple of bars in the area if you want to get a drink. There’s a pretty good late-night café a few blocks over.”

“I’d like to take you home and fuck you,” he blurted out.

The response shocked and delighted Sandra. But the surprise of the moment made her burst out laughing. She didn’t dare look at Dalton because that might make him angry.

“Wow. That’s honest and blunt,” she said when she had recovered from her laughing fit.

“I like to have sex when I’m angry,” he explained. “It calms me down.”

“I see.” Much to her consternation, Sandra was intrigued. After all, she had been planning on bedding Dalton if everything had went well. This wasn’t the exact route she had planned, but why delay if they had already decided on a destination, the short route there would be better than a long one.

Dalton’s apartment was very nice on the outside and just as nice on the inside. It had a parking lot—a luxury for a downtown location—and a security door. Inside she expected a certain amount of bachelor pad disorder. Instead upon walking in she found everything carefully arranged on shelves and racks. Of course, in this case everything in this instance meant boxes or comic books, shelves crammed full of novels and art books, and display racks of a manner of science fiction memorabilia. Framed posters of fantastic and technological drawings covered the walls that weren’t hidden by the racks and shelves. She felt like she was halfway between her younger brother’s bedroom when he was in high school, and an art museum dedicated to popular culture.

“Wow,” was all she said after she took in the view. In one corner was an artist’s table that shared space next to a computer desk. From across the room she could see some of the sketches he had been drafting at their office.

“Thanks,” he replied.

“Um...yeah. You’re really into all this stuff?”

He shrugged and didn’t look her in the eye. “Yes. If I started decorating with sports memorabilia I figured I’d drive off the babes.”

That made her laugh. And then she relaxed and laughed again when she realized he was making a joke and wasn’t just being overly serious about his choice of

living arrangements. “At least you’re honest about yourself.” She turned around in a circle wondering how much money he had spent on all of the toys and books that stuffed the shelves. “This explains the Batman tie you wore to work yesterday.”

“I suppose so, yes.”

“Are you going to offer me a drink?” she asked suddenly nervous. They had only briefly discussed sex in the drive over, they hadn’t even kissed yet. Sandra was nervous and needed some beer or wine to calm herself.

“If you want one. I’d rather just go to the bedroom and have sex.”

Another nervous giggle escaped her lips. “I like how you get right to the point.”

He shrugged. “I’m horny. You’re beautiful. I don’t have much beyond water, milk, or some Pepsi, I think.”

She shook her head. “I came here to get laid, why dance around the issue, right?”

“Right,” he agreed. He took a couple of quick steps over to her, got close very suddenly, and lightly rested his hands on her upper arms. “I’m not scaring you, am I?”

“No,” she shook her head. There was a flutter in her tummy—half lust, half anticipation.

“I’m pretty tall, some women don’t like that.”

“How tall are you?” she asked.

“Six foot five.”

“I’m five ten,” she replied. “Over six foot in heels. You don’t intimidate me,” she said with some bravado.

“Do you mind if I kiss you?”

“Not at all.”

His kiss was sudden and fierce. His tongue invaded her mouth and she opened

her lips to him, and then found herself kissing back. Their bodies pressed together. He felt her tits crush against his chest. She felt his hard cock press into her abdomen. Dalton broke off the kiss as quickly as it had started. "To the bedroom then?"

He was a gentleman until they walked through the door. Then he was all hands and their clothes starting flying off. Sandra helped him, she was just as eager to fuck as he was; something that both startled and elated her. They tumbled onto the bed together and Dalton pulled back the plain comforter so they could wiggle between the sheets.

The room was only half-illuminated by a small lamp on the dresser and Sandra was distracted by Dalton's body and what he was doing to her body to notice any details of the bedroom at first. He showed a fascination with kissing and nibbling her neck, after a while he proceeded down to her full breasts where he teased both her nipples, kissing and sucking one while lightly squeezing the other. Only when he had been satisfied by playing with her tits did he continue his progress down her body, licking her alabaster white skin, stuffing his tongue into her belly button, and then headed lower.

Sandra wasn't the least bit shy about opening her legs for his face. She had shaved herself just hours before and knew her pussy was clean and smooth. A shiver ran down her spine as Dalton's lips grazed her sex. The whiskers of his beard tickled her just and bit, then he plunged his face in and searched out her clit. He had just sucked it out of the hiding spot under the hood when he abruptly brought his head up and asked, "You don't mind if I go down on you, do you?" he asked.

It brought Sandra out of the moment and her eyes snapped open. "No! No, I don't mind!" She grabbed his head and forced his face back where it belonged. As she did so he eyes caught the light playing across the sheets. She wasn't so naïve or unaware of pop culture that she didn't immediately recognize the pattern inscribed all over the fabric. Even though Dalton was busy with her pussy, she was still out of the moment. "Are these Star Wars sheets?" she asked.

Dalton's head came back up from between her thighs. "Yes. You wouldn't imagine how hard it is to find queen sized Star Wars sheets in the original 1970s pattern."

“Um. Yeah, I really wouldn’t know. Expensive, I bet.”

“Sort of,” he said and placed a few kisses on her wet pussy.

“Should I be worried about them?”

“No.” He wiggled he tongue up inside her cunt. She liked what he was doing but was still distracted.

“I’ve never been laid on Star Wars sheets before,” she commented.

“I have,” he said and inserted a finger in her pussy. It reached upwards, right behind her pubic bone. Somehow he knew exactly how to please her body. She gasped as he slurped on her clit and manipulated her insides. Without much of a buildup she found herself hyperventilating and clutching at the sheets trying to crawl away from Dalton’s cunning fingers and mouth, but not wanting to at the same time.

When she came she tried to stifle her cry and the way it washed over her body. She failed in both respects. The scream that issued from her throat wasn’t unbridled, but it was terribly loud. That didn’t upset Dalton, neither was he perturbed by the wash of pussy juice that flowed over his face when she squirted because of his manipulations.

“Don’t worry about disturbing the neighbors,” he told her when she had recovered from the moment of crisis. “They never say anything to me when I hear them thumping the headboard against my wall.”

Sandy laughed at his comment. When she looked down at him—he was still giving her little kisses on her bare pussy—she noted the amount of moisture on his face. “Oh fuck, I squirted, didn’t I?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

“I’m so fucking embarrassed.”

“Don’t be. I liked it.”

“I stained your sheets, I bet.”

“Don’t worry about it.” He kissed her inner thigh, and then the space between her navel and her slit, and then her belly button, and then worked his way up between her breasts to finally arrive at her lips whereupon he kissed her passionately on the mouth. She returned the ferocity of the kiss, tasting the salty tang of her pussy on his lips and tongue. It wasn’t an unpleasant taste, Sandra reflected, just not one she was accustomed to. “Do you mind if I fuck you now?”

The mere fact that he asked permission amused her, but then she realized he was merely being polite. Dalton had gone down on her first because as host it was his responsibility to make his guest at home and comfortable, now that he wanted a bit of pleasure, he would need her permission first. “That would be fantastic,” she told him. He started to move and then she placed a panicked hand on his chest. “Oh please tell me you have condoms,” she blurted out. “I didn’t bring any.” She should have known better, of course. Sandra had always been well-prepared in her life, but she had been certain it would be several dates with Dalton before she managed to get him in a bed.

“Yes. Of course I do. I was in the Boy Scouts. Be prepared.”

She laughed at his Boy Scout comment. “I’m not surprised you were a boy scout. It fits you somehow.”

He grinned and climbed off her and got out of the bed. “Captain America was a Boy Scout,” he commented and fished the box out of his dresser drawer. She studied his body as he moved. He wasn’t muscle-bound but had the body of a runner, lean and lithe. It was his cock that pleased her at the moment. It was erect and ready for her. It was also larger than she would have guessed. Not huge, but large enough to make a good impression on a girl.

After he took one from the box she gestured for Dalton to come back to the bed. “Here, let me put that on you,” she offered.

“Really?” he asked and handed the small plastic package over.

Sandy ripped it open and reached out for his cock. It was smooth and warm under her fingers and it jumped a bit as she grasped the shaft which made her giggle a bit. “Relax,” she told him. “I know what I’m doing.”

“I don’t know if that makes me relaxed or worried you’ve been around the block one too many times,” he commented as she placed the rubber ring over the

swollen head of his cock and smoothly rolled it down his length. Her movements were sure and practiced.

“I’ve been around the block a few times, but not yet once too many,” she said. Her offer to armor him wasn’t pure altruism. More than once in her life a guy offered to put on a condom, then only pretended to do so. She had been lucky so far—no mistakes, but she wasn’t willing to let any man take advantage of her.

When he was fully encased Sandra leaned back onto the mattress and pulled his cock along, guiding him between her legs, fitting the head at the opening of her slit. Again, this wasn’t done because she was eager to fuck—though she was—it was because she didn’t want him to slip free of the rubber.

If Dalton knew her motives or even cared, he gave no hint of it. Once presented to her pussy, he plowed forward and sank deep into her warmth. Her cunt gave no resistance to his cock; heightened anticipation and a good orgasm combined with a squirting episode did that to Sandy.

“Oooh,” she moaned. “That’s fucking good.” He filled her nicely and then started fucking. Sometimes the best way to be fucked was by a man who was just trying to take his pleasure. They rutted hard and fast for a few minutes. Sandra had a pair of small orgasms as Dalton varied his strokes and angles. He let his weight crush down on her and pinched a nipple with one hand as they fucked. That certainly made her cum once.

“Turn over,” he ordered, abruptly pulling out of her pussy and resting his weight on his knees and feet.

“Fucking me like a dog?” she teased as she languidly stretched and rolled to her hands and knees. She knew she should check his cock when he re-entered her to make sure the condom was still in place, but she didn’t bother. For some reason she trusted him though he hadn’t done anything truly to earn her trust. When his skin contacted hers again, he didn’t immediately push his cock into her, instead he kept his legs and stomach against the back of her thighs and ass, his cock running along her slit and poking at her belly while he swept her long black, wavy hair over her shoulder to pile on the pillow. Then he ran his hands down her sides and slipped them around her front, cupping her breasts. She moaned a bit as he held her heavy mounds.

“Drop your shoulders,” he said softly, telling her the position he wanted her in.

She obeyed happily; he pushed her down a bit more until her face was on the pile of pillows. In order to breathe she turned her head to the side, away from the puddle of her hair. Her tits just barely rested on the mattress. “Put me inside of you.”

Doing as she was bade, Sandy reached between her legs, found his cock still encased in latex, wriggled her hips a bit until she was able to guide his cock into her cunt. It felt wonderful to be re-entered. “Ooh,” she said softly as he once again filled her up.

He took his weight off her back and rested it on his hands on either side of her body. She folded her arms just beneath her chin and sighed with a small quake of nerves. Her ass was up in the air—she could feel his pubic hair tickling her exposed anus—and her head was down low. She was exposed and vulnerable. The way he had positioned her felt incredibly sexy and submissive. It would be impossible for her to admit it, but she liked to be treated that way—every once in a while.

When he started thrusting again, she started moaning. He was hitting all her right spots. Then he moved his hands under her breasts. His palms were still flat on the mattress to take his weight, but then he opened his fingers and caught both her nipples between thumb and forefinger. This time it wasn’t a pleasant squeeze, it was a real pinch. She jumped, startled, trying to get away from the pain, but his grip was firm. Her nipples were caught in a vice-like grasp.

“Ow!” She tried to pull up, but Dalton held her in place. “That hurts!”

“Too much?” he calmly asked her as he continued to thrust his cock in and out of her.

It took a few long moments for Sandra to formulate her answer. Her mouth wouldn’t work and she was distracted by the pain in her tits and the pleasure being inflicted in her pussy. “No,” she gasped out finally.

“Good.” He thrust hard and faster. “I like fucking you this way.”

Sandra silently agreed and when he finally erupted with a hard orgasm, he fell against her heavily, forcing her to the mattress. Her nipples pulled loose from his hands and she yelped with her own shocking climax. She could feel his cock pulsing inside her cunt and for half a moment wished she had told him to fuck

her bareback, but kept that wish silent.

“Do you fuck all your girlfriends that way?” she asked, her voice half muffled by the pillow.

“Just the ones I want to keep,” he replied.

They rested together a minute, then she wiggle a bit and he rolled off her. “I’ll be right back,” she told him and made a beeline for the bathroom. A minute later she was peeing on the toilet wondering what she had gotten herself into. The bathroom wasn’t a particularly relaxing place to think. His shower curtain was emblazoned with Superman launching himself off a building and into flight. Sandra felt Supe’s eyes were carefully watching her. She also tried to ignore the matching Batman and Robin shampoo and conditioner bottles in the shower.

Chapter Two

Much to her surprise, Sandra's relationship with Dalton grew very nicely. They found a routine that worked for them. While they didn't ignore each other at work—because personal relationships were strictly forbidden within the company, though more than a few of their co-workers flouted that rule—they didn't give away that they were dating outside working hours.

"C'mon, give," Monica implored her one day as they walked back from the lunchroom. Dalton's schedule didn't always intersect with hers. This was one of those days. "Have you two done the tangled sheets tumble yet?"

Sandra kept her eyes resolutely forward. "Why would you ask that?"

"Because it's obvious to everyone except the old biddies in HR that you two have been dating up a storm...if not more."

"Umm...more."

Monica gasped. "How long have you two been knocking boots?"

Sandy rolled her eyes. "Geez, could you be even more infantile," she hissed at her friend. "We've gone on a few dates. We've had sex a few times. Grow up."

"Is that what he calls it?" Monica asked. "Having sex." She lowered her voice in a terrible approximation of how a man might sound.

"No, of course not," Sandra replied. "He calls it forming the beast with two backs."

Monica gave her a blank look. "What's that, some Kama Sutra position?"

That response caused Sandra to sigh with frustration, not sexual frustration. Sometimes she regretted taking her job. It paid well, but there were more than a few idiots running around the hallways. Having an advanced degree wasn't always a wonderful thing. "No, it's Shakespeare."

“Oh.” Monica paused and digested this. Sandra thought it was passing strange that Monica knew about the Kama Sutra but not the Shakespeare reference. Then again, maybe someone had given her coworker a copy of the sex manual—Monica claimed to have played all manner of sex games during her life—but had never bothered to read Othello in high school. “How long have you two been dating now?”

“Almost a month.”

The answer caused Monica to do some quick mental math. Her eyes widened. “You two have been fucking since date one, haven’t you?”

Sandy said nothing.

“Look out, girl. He’s going to ask you to do something kinky soon. Mark my words.”

That night Dalton presented her with a gift wrapped box. “Technically our one month mark is tomorrow, but I thought you might want it to wear for our date.” He looked shyly at the floor. He still couldn’t make eye contact with her on a regular basis.

“Should I open it now?”

“Yes. It would be nice if you...well...”

She didn’t bother to let him finish. She tore off the wrapping paper and expected to find a Victoria’s Secret box underneath. Instead she found a plain brown box. She raised her eyes at him, but Dalton was still looking at the ground. His face was slightly red, embarrassed at what he was giving her. Did the box contain some weird sex toy? Now she was nervous to open it.

There was nothing to do but plow forward. What was inside wasn’t—much to her relief—paddles or whips or something worse, but some clothing. When she pulled the garment out of the box, she started to understand.

“You look a lot like Diana Prince,” Dalton said. “At least, you have her hair and body.”

Sandra held up a red cotton camisole that was emblazoned with a golden eagle over the cups. In her other hand she held a pair of dark blue panties covered with white stars. Remaining in the box were a pair of red and white knee high stockings, a yellow headband, and a pair of leather bracelets painted silver. At the bottom of the box was a length of yellow rope.

“You want me to dress up like Wonder Woman?” Sandra wasn’t stupid. It was easy to see why Dalton wanted this. She was even a little bit tickled to be asked to don a costume for him. She’d never done role playing in sex before.

“If you wouldn’t mind,” he said. “The camisole and panties you can wear under your clothes tomorrow. Maybe the stockings too. The other stuff you can put on later.”

“What’s the rope for?” she asked.

“That’s for Wonder Woman to tie me up and make me tell the truth.”

When wearing the new undergarments beneath her clothes, Sandra felt oddly bold and proud. Certainly she had a secret she was keeping from everyone else in her office, not that one would have inquired what color and style of bra and panties she was wearing that day—or any other—but knowing she was dressed as Wonder Woman gave her a little thrill that couldn’t be easily described or denied. The bracelets, rope, and headband were hidden in the bottom of her large purse. Instead of wearing a skirt or dress this day she opted to wear long pants that hid the red knee high stockings that were an approximation of Wonder Woman’s boots.

“You’ve got something kinky planned with Dalton tonight, don’t you?” Monica accused her the moment she caught her friend’s unstoppable grin while she sat at her desk and poured over a dense accounting report.

“What makes you say that?” she asked innocently. Or tried to.

Monica’s eyes narrowed. “I can tell.

That night in Dalton's apartment she hadn't lost an ounce of her boldness. They had a quick dinner then Sandra ordered him out of his clothes and into the bedroom. She watched as he stripped, but stopped him when he was down to his boxers.

Hold on a second, don't move," she ordered, then ran back to the living room where she found her purse. It took only a moment to pull off her outer clothes and then another moment longer to put on the wrist cuffs, the headband to hold back her hair, and loop the rope around her waist in a rough approximation of how it should be carried by the warrior princess. There was a small mirror in the kitchen where she checked her appearance before going back to the bedroom. It wasn't perfect, but it was sexy enough for the moment.

His face split into a giant grin the moment she walked in. Sandra said nothing, but quickly took the cotton rope from her waist and placed it in a loop around Dalton's body. "You have to do what I say," she told him.

"Actually, I have to tell the truth," he said.

"Fine, tell me the truth: do you want to fuck tonight?"

The answer was quick and to the point. "Yes."

"Take off your pants and get on the bed."

He did so. It was almost comical seeing his hard cock straining upwards at the ceiling. For a fleeting instant Sandra wanted to use the rope as a whip and slap his cock with it. That gave her the realization she was enjoying the game as much as he was. She liked being in control. The costume was a little silly but it also somehow gave her an inner will she hadn't experienced before.

Sandra didn't immediately get on the bed with him. She wanted to draw out the moment. Instead she let her fingers drag across his skin, starting at his knee and trailing up to his cock as she moved along the bed. "Sit up," she ordered and lightly held his cockhead between her fingertips. He did so and she slipped the golden lasso around his torso, leaving his arms free but keeping it about his body to amplify her authority.

"Maybe I should just jerk you off," she mused. "Why should I have sex with you?"

“Because I’m evil,” he told her with a leer. Was this role playing or the actual truth? Sandra pondered.

“You’re evil?” she asked. “In what way?”

“I find innocent women and have my way with them. Find the right woman and for a little attention and some vigorous sex she’ll do anything if you ask her the right way.”

Was this another truth or just another part of the game? Sandra was unsure but she lightly stroked his cock and played along. “Really? It seems you’re under my control right now.”

“That’s true,” he readily agreed.

Sandra hopped on the bed and threw one leg over his hips. It was fun to be fully dressed—or nearly so—while he was naked. She rubbed her panty covered pussy along the underside of his straining cock. “Do you like that?” she asked.

“Yes. But I’d rather fuck you.”

Surprising herself, Sandra grabbed his face and said, “I’ll be the one doing the fucking tonight.” She wanted him inside her as much as he did, but it would be wrong to reveal that piece of information. “Don’t move unless I tell you. Don’t do anything unless I tell you, understand?” She continued to move her covered pussy up and down on his prick.

“Yes.” His arms were thrown out to the sides. She wanted him to grab and fuck her, but that would be wrong, she needed to remain in charge.

“Don’t touch me unless I tell you to.”

“Okay.”

She didn’t want to take off her sexy Wonder Woman costume. But that problem was easily solved. Reaching between her legs she yanked the star covered blue panties to the side exposing her wet pussy to the air. With that simple motion it was easy to push herself down on his rod and enjoy the sudden fullness of his cock inside her cunt.

“You may fuck me,” she relented. It was either that order or she would need to start humping Dalton with some wild bucking of her hips. At once he started thrusting upward into her pussy. It was unlike sex she’d ever had before. Certainly she’d been on top of other men, but never before had she been fucked while wearing panties and a top.

Dalton abruptly stopped thrusting up into her. “Tired?” she asked, an edge to her voice.

“No,” he shook his head. “No condom. Aren’t you—”

She cut him off. “My present to you. I’m wearing a diaphragm.” Sandra was pleased with herself for planning that far ahead. It was amazing what one could do in the locked bathrooms at work. She then pulled down the neckline to her camisole exposing her tits. As always they were big—they’d been almost D sized since high school—and they were tipped with her big pink areolas and fat nipples. Exposing herself in such a fashion made her feel slutty. She liked the feeling. “Suck my tits.”

He was a good lover. He didn’t need to be told twice. He resumed fucking her pussy while he moved his head back and forth between her breasts, alternating sucking on one nipple then the other. Perhaps the fantasy becoming reality was a little much for Dalton. He suddenly lost control of his cock and it started spurting inside her tight pussy.

Sandra was disappointed. She hadn’t gotten more than halfway to an orgasm and already Dalton was expending himself. He grunted several times and strained. At first he tried to stifle the climax, but it was no use with a man. It came regardless of what he wanted. When he was done she looked down at him, half sadly, half angrily. “I’m not done yet,” she told him.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized.

Unexpectedly Sandra had a bit of rage in her and wanted to use the golden lasso on him in ways that Dalton certainly hadn’t expected. Then another idea dawned up on her. “Move down,” she ordered. “Get your head off the pillows.” She got off his body, stood up, pulled down her panties, and then got back on the bed after tucking her boobs back into the camisole. This time instead of facing Dalton’s prostrate body, she turned around and faced his feet. Then she back up slowly until her nether region made contact with his face. “Make me cum,” she

ordered.

He wanted to hesitate. Dalton looked at Sandy's reddened pussy, wet with her desire and his leavings. It wasn't exactly how he had planned on the encounter progressing, but the golden rope was still around his torso. He needed to obey. Lifting up his head he licked her pussy from clit to perineum. It was a little far to reach, so he lifted up his hands, lightly grasped her curvy hips, and lowered her cunt down to his face.

Sandra allowed him that one slight violation of her rules only because it pleased her and then settled in to receive his treatment. Never before had a man gone down on her when her pussy was full of his cum. She liked the idea. Her pussy and clit her already energized by the fucking she had received and because she had no concern for what Dalton was going through, she relaxed and enjoyed every sensation.

When his tongue rasped along her clit, she shivered. When he finger slipped into her anus up to the first knuckle, she sucked in her breath. When he put another finger in her pussy, stroking her inner walls, she quivered and tightened her thighs around his head. When he nibbled ever so slightly at her engorged clit, she came.

After getting off his body, she regarded his wet and sticky face, then gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Go clean up," she ordered slipping the rope from his body.

Even with the golden lasso removed Dalton willingly followed her instructions.

"Are you really evil?" she asked when he pressed his naked body up to hers. While he was in the bathroom she had put her panties back on and stretched out on the bed and removed the rope and headband. She was intent on sleeping wearing the wrist bands and stockings.

"Yes. I have a Van Dyke, I don't relate well with my coworkers, I'm introverted, and I seduce women to follow my will," he said. "That's nearly every characteristic of a comic book villain."

She kissed him on the cheek. "You don't seem very evil," she told him. "You seem sweet."

He half-smiled at her. "That's the sign of true villainy, the ability to fool those

who trust him the most.”

They showered together in the morning. When Dalton offered to shave her pussy, she was at first delighted and then terrified. One of the reasons she didn't get waxed was because she didn't like anyone other than a qualified doctor to approach her pussy with a sharp implement or hot wax. But she had come to trust Dalton. He removed the bits of stubble that had grown overnight on her labia and bikini region. Out of the shower he surprised her with another question. Once again he was unable to look her in the eye while asking the favor.

“Can I put a little drawing, a little doodle, on you?”

“What?”

He repeated his request.

She smiled. “Why?”

“I think it'll make you look sexier.”

“What kind of doodle and where?” she asked already knowing the answer.

A minute later she was on her back in the bed while Dalton dropped a handful of permanent fine point Sharpie markers next to her nude body. “That tickles,” she said when he carefully pressed the point against her smooth, clean, alabaster skin.

“Hold still,” he said.

“I'm trying,” she giggled and held her hand over her mouth. It was difficult. While she didn't mind a dick pounding into her pussy or a hand groping around in her panties, it was another matter entirely when someone was drawing with markers on her most intimate region. True, it wasn't right on her pussy, but the moment she pulled her underwear on Dalton's little bit of artwork would be covered completely.

“Talk to me,” he said. “It'll take your mind off the process.”

“What should I talk about?”

“Whatever you want.”

“Why did you want to put artwork on my body?” she said, asking the most obvious question of the moment.

“To make you more beautiful,” he said absently.

“No one but me and you is going to see it,” she pointed out.

“Because I wanted to mark you with my artwork,” he said, changing his answer.

“Uh-huh, and do you like doing that?”

“It used to pay the bills,” he said.

“What?”

The pens continued to move across her skin. The doodle was getting larger and would soon stretch up to her tummy. She let him continue to work; it would wash off easily enough.

“I used to work at a tattoo parlor.”

“Really?” That seemed completely out of character for the quiet and sedate Dalton.

“It’s an easy gig for someone with a talent for simple artwork.”

“Oh. But you don’t have any tattoos.”

“No. Marking myself that way isn’t for me.”

“But you worked in a place that did,” she pointed out.

“I wasn’t making anyone get tattoos. If they asked, I told them I didn’t have any. I never got any complaints.”

“I suppose that’s good,” she said. As he had progressed up her body the pen work became less ticklish or perhaps she just became used to it.

“Almost done,” he said. “I don’t want to get too carried away with this.”

Sandra had been staring at the ceiling and now looked down at what he had done to her body. It was actually very nicely done. It wasn’t a tattoo style she had ever seen, but he had taken the Wonder Woman motif and spread it out across her tummy and down to her pussy. She laughed at it. “I don’t think I’d ever get that done for real,” she commented.

“Do you mind if I take a picture of it?”

“What?” It was one thing for her boyfriend to doodle on her body; it was another entirely for pictures to be taken of her nude body.

“For my album. I always took pictures of any tats I thought were particularly good or unique.” He already had his camera in hand. It wasn’t a crappy cell phone camera, she saw, but a high quality digital camera that an artist might use. He waited expectantly for her answer.

“Where’s this album?” she asked.

“On the art shelf in the living room. I’ve also got digital copies on my computer.”

“Any online?”

“A few on the studio’s website. I wouldn’t post these without your permission.” He still waited expectantly, camera in hand.

“Is my face going to be in these?”

“Not unless you want it to be.”

“No. But you can take pictures if you want.”

“Thank you.” He took the lens cap off and powered on the camera.

Sandra flopped her head back on the pillow. “I can’t believe I’m letting you do this?”

“If it makes you any less worried, I am a licensed tattoo artist.”

“No, that doesn’t do anything for me.”

When she put the pair of panties she kept at his place for emergency overnight stays, she wasn’t the least bit surprised the plain white bikinis did not completely hide what she had thought would be a small drawing. Dalton got down on his knees and snapped a few more pictures of her wearing the panties and the fake tattoo growing out of her underwear. When she pulled on her jeans it was completely covered and Sandra was relieved, even though no one would be seeing her in just her bra and panties any time in the foreseeable future.

Later that day while walking through the grocery store she once again experienced that thrill of having a secret under her clothes that no one else knew. She pondered what type of person she would be if she actually got a tattoo.

Chapter Three

Dalton had requested that she come over to his place again wearing her Wonder Woman lingerie under her clothes. I want to play a little game. Would you like to play a game with me? he asked through text message.

A dangerous game? she replied back.

No danger to you. Maybe a little rough.

How rough?

No permanent damage.

I don't know...

I'll give you a safe word. Princess. I'll stop the moment you say it. Want to play?

The one thing that Sandra loved about text messaging at work is that long gaps between responses weren't rude. She could always pretend she was busy with actual work. I'll play, she finally texted back after long consideration.

"Come inside," he greeted her at the door. When she started unbuttoning her shirt he stopped her. "Don't get undressed. Not yet. Put on your headband and bracelets."

She followed his orders and followed him through his apartment to his bedroom. The headband was somewhat of a concession to reality. Wonder Woman wore a tiara, but one of those would never stay on during sex. When they were inside his room, he stepped behind her, closed the door, and put a blindfold over her eyes.

"What kind of game is this?" she asked nervously.

"Remember the safeword. Princess. I'm not going to hurt you. It might be a bit scary for you, but I promise nothing will hurt. Do you still want to play?"

The sex with Dalton was always good. Even great. Usually it was fantastic. She was a bit scared and nervous, but figured that would only heighten the experience. “Yes.”

He led her forward and she sensed she was near the foot of his bed. She stood there quietly a moment and then he reached around her body to begin unbuttoning her shirt. “Is this a sex game?” she asked, a little giddy.

“Yes,” he replied.

When her shirt was off he knelt down behind her reached around and unzipped her pants and pulled them down to her ankles. With a bit of assistance he helped her step out of them. Once again she had worn the red knee high stockings under her pants and she stood there in her Wonder Woman outfit wondering what was going to happen next. He kissed he lightly on the side of her right buttock and then stood up.

“Do you know what Wonder Woman’s biggest weakness is?” he asked.

“Umm. No. Being without her golden lasso?” She realized she had left that in her purse. No big deal.

“No. She loses al her powers—strength, courage, telepathy, astral projection—when a man chains her.” And then Sandra felt a cold chain go around one wrist. She froze for a moment wondering what to do. She heard the clink of the chain and her hand was raised up toward the ceiling. “Do you want me to continue?” he asked her.

Sandra was practically shaking with fear—but she was also shaking with lust. “Yes.” The cold metal went around her other wrist and he raised that hand up too. Then Dalton took off her blindfold.

“Are you scared?” he asked her, whispering in her ear.

“Yes.”

“Good. Remember your safe word.” He kissed her left cheek and she looked up at the ceiling. A heavy hook projected near the light fixture. She wondered if it had been there before or if it was recently installed. A small block and tackle rig hung from the hook and the chains hung from the rig. “It’s strong enough to hold

twice your weight.”

Looking at her wrists she saw that he had replaced her play bracelets with new ones, still in the Wonder Woman style, but with ring projecting from them for the chains. How had he so smoothly replaced them without her realizing it?

Dalton pulled on the block and tackle and Sandra soon found herself up on her toes. Her heels were just above the floor’s surface. “You’re going to enjoy this, I think.” He said and walked in front of her. He pulled his shirt over his head and kicked off his shoes, leaving himself barefoot in black jeans. “Would you like to have an orgasm?” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied nervously wondering what he was going to do to her.

There was no abuse of her body. He simply walked behind her, turned her head to the side, kissed her deeply, held her left breast with one hand, lightly pinching the nipple, and plunged the other hand inside her star-covered panties. Her pussy was slick with her pussy lube. “You like this,” he said as he eased his fingers up inside her.

Sandra wasn’t able to make much more than a light moaning. His fingers found her clit and started rubbing. Not hard, but slow and steady. It took only a minute for her to go out of her mind. She wanted him to go faster, be rougher, but he instead used a long, slow build up to enhance her desire. It was impossible for her to say how long she was in that position, her entire mind was focused on her clit. And then she came, she gushed her juices and soaked her panties.

Much to her surprise that caused Sandra to cry. It was one of the best orgasms she had ever had and it made her cry, tears rolling down her cheeks and hard sobs of misery. If her weeping affected Dalton he gave no indication. “We’re not done,” he told her.

Because her arms had been raised above her head for so long they were starting to go numb. She wanted a respite from the torture anyway possible. She could have screamed, cried, begged, demanded he stop, and even used the safeword. She didn’t. Sandra just nodded her consent.

Dalton pulled her panties down her legs. She didn’t resist. Then he pulled her tits out over the top of her red, blue, and gold camisole. Her heavy breasts obscured the eagle decoration on the material. Only then did he walk behind her and

spread her legs wide. This stance was hard, but Sandra didn't complain. He stood behind her reached between her legs, touching her softly starting at her clit and then running his fingers over her open pussy to rest ever so lightly on her anus.

Sandra's breathing slowed and shallowed. She wasn't scared, she told herself, but she wasn't sure what he'd do next. The fingers went away. Though he hadn't forbidden it, Sandra didn't dare look behind her to see what he was doing. When his fingers returned they were covered with a sticky slickness. What was to happen next she already knew, but still made not a word of complaint. Her only protest was a slight whine of dread.

"Are you ready?" he asked her.

"Uh-huh."

The feeling on his bare cock on her lubricated anus wasn't unpleasant. Neither was the sensation—at first. It was pleasant if a bit firm. Then he slipped by the outer ring of muscle and he was inside her where he didn't belong and she cried out in pain.

It wasn't truly painful. But pain was mixed with pleasure and fullness and pressure and the emotional baggage of being penetrated the wrong way for the first time. Her tears started again as Dalton started thrusting into her.

The thrusts were slow and short, barely any motion at all, but it made her ass feel like it was on fire. Her body swayed back and forth, half-suspended by the chains, half supported by Dalton's lithe body. It wasn't terrible, but she wanted it to end. Then he reached around her hip and found her clit and rubbed it. That caused her to moan. The tears didn't stop sliding out of her eyes—she was devastated that she liked being buggered this much.

"Do you like this?" he asked her as he barely moved his hips back and forth.

"Uh-huh," she reluctantly admitted.

When she climaxed again her sphincter clamped down tight on Dalton's cock. That caused him to cum, shooting a heavy load of semen in her ass.

She would never admit it to herself but it might have been the best orgasm of her

life. She wouldn't admit it to Dalton either.

Later, when he had lowered her arms, freed her from the chains, cleaned her up, and put her in his bed, Dalton asked, "Did you enjoy that?"

It was hard for her to say it, but eventually Sandra found herself saying, "Yes. I wished you'd told me what you were doing before you did it?"

He laughed at her. "Why?"

"Because I've never been fucked in the ass before!" Her answer was a little stronger than she had intended but that didn't stop him from kissing her.

"But you liked it?"

"Yes."

He kissed her again. "Do you like to be humiliated and abused?"

The words were asked kindly, but Sandra wasn't stupid. She knew exactly what he was planning. "No. I don't like it at all."

"But you liked me chaining you up and making you cum and fucking you in the ass?"

She sighed. "You know I did."

"Would you have liked it more if someone else was watching?"

This time her answer was a vehement shake of her head. "No."

"Not even if Carlene was lounging here on the bed in her panties while I fucked you in the ass. I bet you'd like that."

"No!" She sat up and clutched the sheet to her chest, hiding her breasts from him, as if that tiny act of modesty would protect her from anything else he might have planned. "Why would you say such a thing?"

He shrugged, unable to meet her angry glare. "Carlene has been coming to visit

me almost every day.”

“And?” she prompted.

“I’m not stupid. She doesn’t need to see me every day. Everything with HR has been settled. She just wants to flirt with me.”

“Huh. I thought you were shy.”

“I am shy. But I’m not stupid either. I know when someone’s flirting with me; I just don’t know how to flirt back.”

Sandra wondered if that was the truth. “You’re not going to go out on a date with her, are you?” What he had revealed suddenly made her very jealous, something Sandra hadn’t been expecting. Maybe she was more attached to Dalton than she thought. Maybe she should extract a promise of exclusivity from him.

“No. Of course not.” He paused and looked up at the ceiling. “Would you like me to chain you up again, maybe the next time we have sex?”

Did she really want to indulge him in such strange sex practices?

“Yes.”

Chapter Four

Dalton had left the lights off inside his apartment. When she stepped inside Sandra was wearing a black business suit and red high heel shoes. As he had promised there was a table next to the door. She quietly closed the door behind her, took off her jacket, and laid it on the table. Next she removed her blouse and skirt, adding them to the small pile on the table. On top of these garments she rested her purse and opened up the large bag.

In the back of her mind Sandra wondered how real superheroes did the costume change at moment's notice. She shook her hair back and placed the tiara headband in place, followed by the heavy steel bracelets Dalton had recently given her. A belt for the golden lasso went around her waist and she was ready to fight crime in her slutty high heels. Repressing a giggle Sandra walked forward in her red, blue, and gold costume and searched out Dalton.

Since it was his apartment it was much easier for him to catch her than she would have anticipated. The quickness he used to slip up behind her was impressive, as was his strength used to twist her hands behind her back. She gasped at his roughness. He didn't seem to have such muscle in his limbs, but apparently his lean figure was deceptive. Before she knew it, he had hooked her bracelets together and hissed in her ear. "That was a pathetic attempt. It's time for your punishment."

She opened her mouth to protest but the moment she did so, he shoved a ball gag in her mouth and buckled it in place behind her head. That was new. She wasn't sure how she felt about it, but decided to play along with the game; he had promised not to hurt her...much. Since she couldn't protest with her mouth full of a hard rubber ball and her wrists were bound behind her back there was no way for her to prevent the heavy hood from going over her head and blinding her. Suitably hobbled, she was led into the bedroom.

Even with the blindfold on she could sense it was dark. Dalton had some odd music playing; maybe to muffle their sounds, maybe because he liked the weird noises emanating from the speakers. He released her hands from behind her back, but quickly hooked them up again to the chains that hung from the high

ceiling. In but a moment her hands were held firmly above her head and she was almost giddy with anticipation of what he would do to her next.

“Do you know what Wonder Woman is called in fan fiction?”

Since her mouth was gagged, Sandra could only shake her head.

“The bondage queen of comics. Do you know why?”

Again she shook her head, but she had a good idea.

“Look at her costume. It’s little more than panties and a corset. She wears knee-high leather boots.” He toed her calf and added, “Even if you are just wearing slutty red shoes tonight. She wears bracelets that are little more than anchors for her to be bound up tight. She likes to tie up men with her golden lasso and make them tell the truth. And of course if a man bind her wrists she loses all her powers.” He chortled lightly. “Though I’ve often wondered what happens if a woman does that. Does Diana turn into a lesbian? I suppose we’ll never find out in the comics, will we?”

Unexpectedly Dalton removed the gag from her mouth but let the blindfold in place.

“Do you ever use a vibrator?” he asked.

She didn’t want to tell him the truth, but somehow she felt the need to be honest.

“Yes.”

“How often?”

“Whenever I’m horny and I’m not dating someone.”

“How many times a month?”

“May—maybe ten times, I guess.”

“How many times since we started fucking?”

“Not once,” she answered proudly. It was the truth. Dalton had satisfied her completely in their short relationship.”

“Lying slut,” he said and slapped her on the ass. The blow didn’t hurt because it was softened by her blue panties, but the surprise made her yelp. Sandra danced out of the way of his hand and half-stumbled in her heels.

“It’s true,” she insisted.

“We’ll see,” he said and yanked her panties down to her feet. She kicked the clear and then heard the unmistakable noise of a vibrator. There was nothing for her to do but stand there and accept what Dalton would do to her body. Right before the device touched her sensitive skin she realized she was still wearing her belt and golden lasso. That was just odd.

Then the vibrator Dalton wielded was between her legs and she jumped with the impact. It was a much more powerful device than the one she kept hidden in her nightstand drawer. Knowing she was going to be playing this game her body was already half-way ready. She knew her body and could just imagine her prominent clit sticking red and wet out at the top of her naked slit. After only a few seconds of the powerful waves going through her body and over-stimulating her clit she went weak in the knees and had her first orgasm. It wasn’t exceptionally powerful, but Dalton realized what had occurred and pulled the vibrator away.

She sighed with relief and wondered what he was going to do next. After just a second’s reflection she realized she’d like the vibrator back. She needed another orgasm. Could she be so bold as to ask for such a favor?

Instead there was a flash of light in the dim room. “What was that?” she asked loudly wondering if there was a thunderstorm approaching. Wonder Woman might not be frightened of such Earthly phenomena but Sandra Duke was.

“Just a picture,” Dalton answered. Another flash filled the room.

“Nude pictures of me?” she squeaked.

“Yes. But don’t worry, your blindfold makes you impossible to identify.”

Sandra didn’t know if that was true or not, but she didn’t use her safeword. Not yet. She wanted to see what else he was going to do to her. There were a few more pictures. She could sense the camera right up close to her pussy. She opened her legs up a bit and displayed herself for him. Then he went around

behind her a fired off a few more.

A moment later he reached inside her top and pulled out her tits. In a way she had been expecting that. The camera fired a few more times. With each flash she became more comfortable being the subject of nude pictures. He played with her nipples a bit and then backed away. She could hear him moving around the room.

“You like having your nipples played with, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yes. It turns me on.”

“Ever wear nipple clamps?”

That question made her shake her head. “No.” Her knees started going weak and then she reminded herself she was strong and he wouldn’t hurt her.

“Let’s see if you like them.”

The first one went on her left nipple. It was tight, but not painful. It wasn’t comfortable either, but after he adjusted it and moved on to the right breast, she started to realize why someone would want clamps on their nipples. It was right on the edge of painful without true pain. The clamps he was using were heavy and pulled down on her breasts. The tightness expanded from her nipples to her entire body, warming her and making her pussy start to drip with anticipation.

“Remember how I told you I was a licensed tattoo artist?” he asked. Again he was moving around the room.

“Yes.” Her voice was slightly ragged. The clamps affected her more than she realized at first.

“I’m also a licensed body piercer,” he said.

Her heart sank into the pit of her stomach.

“Hold still,” he instructed her as he picked up the left clamp. “The pain isn’t much, but if you jump at the wrong moment...well, things can get messy.”

Sandra’s mouth and throat worked but no sound came out of her lips. She

wanted to run away, but she was restrained. Then there was sudden sharp pressure on her nipple and she screamed. It wasn't a long scream. The pain wasn't that great, but it was wrong. Her body had been violated in a way she didn't wish and the tears started welling up in her eyes. She didn't cry. She bit her lip and forced herself not to cry. What would happen if the inside of the mask got wet? she wondered.

"Very good," he said absently. "Let me get the ring in place." There was some pulling and twisting and a wrong sliding of metal through her flesh, all of which was followed by an audible click as Dalton set the ring.

"Now, the second nipple is always the worse one because you've felt the pain and you're anticipating it and you know what's going to happen but you can't stop your body from flinching no matter what you tell yourself. You'll just have to suffer." He was quick. He grabbed the clamp and shoved the needle through her other nipple as she yowled and hopped away.

"See?" he asked pointedly. "The second one is always worse. Are you in pain?"

Now her voice came back to her. "What do you fucking think?"

"I bet it's very painful. But it's a sacrifice you will endure."

There was nothing Sandra could think to say to that.

"Now hold still and let me finish. I still need to put in the second ring."

For just the briefest of moments Sandra wanted to watch what he was doing, then thought better of it. There was no way she could endure witnessing her flesh violated so sadistically. It was one thing for a woman to have her nipples pierced because she wished it but another thing entirely to have it done without her permission. She realized she wasn't thinking straight and the shock of the moment had taken her reason from her.

It was good her mind was distracted by the morality and ethics of Dalton's actions because she—remotely—felt him tugging and adjusting the ring that was now inside her flesh. There was another distinctive click and then he was done.

"Beautiful," Dalton announced. She said nothing. Then there was a return of the flash. More pictures were being taken. She didn't bother to worry about them.

Her nipples were sore—a dull throbbing accompanied by a warmth that wasn't exactly a fiery pain, but close to it. She knew her nipples were being tugged downward. The rings he had installed were heavy and then she realized she wasn't just wearing a new set of surgical steel rings.

Without preamble Dalton took off her blindfold and automatically she looked down at her breasts to see exactly what he had done. The rings through her nipples weren't terribly large or heavy. They appeared to be silver, but in the back of her head she knew they were most likely nickel or surgical steel. At most they were an inch in diameter, perhaps a bit more, but fairly thick. Her normally light red nipples were now a dark red—a reaction to the trauma they had just suffered—and seemed slightly swollen. None of this was particularly distressing—she had seen enough pictures of pierced nipples before to know what she was seeing was perfectly normal. The distressing part was the chain that connected the rings in her nipples.

“What the fuck is the chain for?” she asked. As she spoke the chain jiggled ever so slightly. It wasn't long; the length was just enough for two inches of slack between her nipples. The chain wasn't a fine, delicate decorative device either—it was nearly as thick as the rings.

And then she realized the rings were lacking a gap, an opening of some sort. She was familiar enough with body jewelry to know there should have been a small bead connecting the ends of the ring. They were perfect bands, like a ring she would wear on her finger. There was no obvious way to remove the jewelry.

He tilted his head to the side, as if he didn't understand what she was asking. “You already know. When a man binds Wonder Woman, she loses all her power and becomes this thrall.”

A ferocity she didn't know she had suddenly burned in Sandra's belly. “I'm not going to become your fucking slave!”

Dalton's response was calm. “Not my slave, my thrall. I don't want a useless slave.”

The pair glared at each other for a long moment. And Sandra realized she might be standing there for the rest of the night—perhaps forever?—until he decided to release her wrists from the chains.

“Fine,” she said. “Your thrall. But the moment I leave here, I’m taking out these fucking rings and you’ll never see me again. You’ll be fucking lucky if I don’t call the cops.”

Dalton shrugged, unconcerned. “You are free to do as you wish. The rings are self-locking. No easy way to remove them. I’d suggest a pair of heavy-duty wire cutters. You might need some assistance, doing it yourself might be more difficult than you think.” He stood there calmly as she seethed in anger. All she needed to do was wait for him to let her down and she’d be out the door and out of his life. “I’ve left aftercare instructions in your purse. Please follow them carefully. I don’t want you to get an infection.”

Then he moved carefully, slowly, around her and lowered the chain from the block and tackle attached to the ceiling.

True to her word Sandra pulled her lingerie back into place and stalked out of the bedroom. She found her clothes undisturbed but for a piece of paper in the front room. Not bothering to dress she grabbed everything and ran into the hallway, took an immediate right into the stairwell. It wasn’t exactly private, but no one was walking up the steps that moment. She pulled on her clothes, moving carefully so as not to irritate her nipples, and headed home.

It was her intention to call Monica and her boyfriend the moment she got home. Instead she found herself climbing into her bed, exhausted. Morning would be good enough to make the call, why disturb Monica late on a Friday night?

Waking up she expected to be in excruciating pain, but instead her nipples just had a dull throbbing. She stumbled to the bathroom and found some ibuprofen. After downing twice the recommended amount—fuck her liver and kidneys, her tits hurt— she decided to take a shower to see if the ache could be alleviated with warm water.

Washing herself was nothing like a steamy Hollywood movie or even a cheap porn production. Every motion caused a flare of pain to arc through her body. She cleaned her nipples and breasts very carefully. Out of the shower drying herself was another exercise in careful motions but she was becoming used to the odd sensation of her breasts linked together and the constant tugging from the chain.

And then she caught her image in the bathroom mirror that filled the wall above

her sink. She didn't consider herself a beautiful woman—striking perhaps, interesting to the artistic eye, maybe—but the chain that now connected her nipples suddenly made her much more... appealing.

She had been intent on calling Monica and getting the rings and chain removed, but now a hint of doubt crept up in her psyche. Sandra got dressed, putting on a soft, shapeless white cotton bra that was only good for lounging around the house on Saturday mornings when nothing was getting done. With the bra and a t-shirt it was impossible to see the rings or chain, though Sandra knew they were inside her clothing. It was an even better secret than wearing silly lingerie under her business suits.

The call kept getting put off and she eventually didn't make it at all.

On Monday she ignored Dalton.

On Tuesday he sent her several texts that she also ignored. No one commented on her possibly having gotten her nipples pierced over the weekend, not even Monica who asked her, "What secret are you keeping, honey?"

"What?"

"You've got the grin of a girl who did naughty things over the weekend."

"What? No. Just the usual."

Monica shook her head. "No you did something. It was anal, wasn't it? First time I did it I couldn't stop thinking about what a little slut I was."

Sandra laughed and said nothing. Let Monica think what she wanted.

Dalton ignored her for Wednesday and Thursday as well. That made her nervous. Sandra didn't know what she was going to do about him and her chain, but she knew she needed to speak with him.

Friday dragged on interminably. Just before quitting time Dalton sent her a terse text. My place. 8pm.

She didn't respond.

Sandra wasn't disappointed that she followed his order and knocked on the apartment door sharply at eight. She wasn't wearing her Wonder Woman lingerie. She wanted to prove she had a streak of independence in her that he couldn't see.

The moment the door opened, she went weak in the knees and wet in the panties. Dalton stood there bare-chested wearing his black jeans and nothing else. He said nothing and merely gestured for her to come in. She stepped inside and he closed the door behind her. "Strip," he said. It wasn't an order or a request. It was just a word.

She took off her clothes, but he stopped her before she was naked. "Leave on your bra and panties."

Somehow that made things worse but she stopped when she was down to her last two garments.

"Hold out your hands."

There was a moment's hesitation before she relented. Around her wrists he put on a simple pair of leather binders, linked together with a silver chain. Inside her bra she could feel the metal chain linking her nipples and wondered about the significance of her wrists matching her nipples. He didn't need to say anything when he presented her with the blindfold.

There was barely any need to lead her to the bedroom. Her feet knew the way. Once inside her wrist chain was hooked to the chain from the ceiling and her arms were forced up over her head.

A strip of cold metal pressed against her thigh. She inhaled sharply. "Just a pair of scissors," Dalton told her. "Perfectly safe. Your panties look nice, but not very expensive I think." The cold metal moved upward and he cut her bikinis on her right hip, then her left. The scrap of cotton fell to the floor leaving her smooth pussy—shaved immediately after work before going over to Dalton's—exposed to the air.

"The bra isn't any fancier," he commented. Though he could have taken a minute to unhook the straps and remove it from her, he didn't bother. Two snips from the scissors and it too fell to the floor. Now she truly was naked but for her wrist cuffs, nipple chain, and blindfold. She felt strong and proud.

“Have you enjoyed being my thrall?” he asked her, running a finger down her spine.

She shivered. “No.”

He laughed. “You lie.”

She said nothing.

“How would you like me to humiliate you tonight?”

“I want you to fuck me,” she said.

He chuckled again. “That’s not going to happen. How about I make you incredibly jealous?”

“Humph,” was her wordless answer.

He left the room, not responding to her grunt, and closed the door. She didn’t stay tied up in the room alone for long. Fifteen minutes. Maybe twenty. Thirty at the outside, and then he opened the door again. But something was wrong. The air moved in a strange manner and there was more than one set of footfalls on the thick carpeting.

“I know you, Sandra,” he said, resting one hand on the curve of her hips, standing close enough she could feel his breath on her ear. “You want to be humiliated. You want to be jealous. You want me to do this.”

She started to speak, to ask what he was going to do, but the moment she opened her mouth he stuffed a ball gag into it and bound it behind her head. Only then did he take off the blindfold. It was the worst thing he could have done.

Carlene was lounging on his bed, her long red hair falling to the side as she propped up her head with one hand. “She is pretty naked. I do like the chain. Does she mind it?”

“Not at all,” said Dalton. “It puts her in her place.”

Carlene wasn’t naked, not yet. She wore a matching set of bra and panties covered with an animal print. Tiger? Leopard? Sandra’s eyes narrowed and she

wanted to growl something at the interloper but the gag made that a useless effort.

“Come, Carlene,” Dalton said. “Show Sandra you can be a good hostess.” He was behind Sandra, his hands resting on her hips, keeping her from moving away. Carlene slowly and languidly rolled off the bed and padded up to Sandra. She braced herself for some sort of abuse, but instead Carlene fell to her knees in front of the taller woman and leaned in to inspect Sandra’s pussy.

“You’re right, she does have a pretty pussy,” purred Carlene. Then the redhead thrust her head forward and licked Sandra’s sex.

She tried to shy away, to escape the other woman’s tongue, but Dalton had a firm grip on her. The only option was to stand there and let Carlene eat her pussy. Much to Sandra’s chagrin Carlene was adept at cunnilingus and soon she was breathing heavily wishing for a quick and dirty orgasm, but that wasn’t to be. The vile woman knew exactly what she was doing and pulled back before Sandra could climax. She wiped her saliva and Sandra’s pussy lube from her face with the back of her hand. “And she’s tasty too.”

Carlene stood back up and paced back to the bed, in the process she shed her bra and wiggled out of her panties. Unlike Sandra she wasn’t clean-shaven. Her cunt was decorated with a bright red triangle of curls. “Come to me, Dalton,” the other woman begged. “Fuck me while your thrall watches. She’ll love that.”

Sandra couldn’t stop the tears from flowing as Dalton lay on his back so that Carlene could drop her pussy onto his erect cock. The evil minx mounted Dalton in reverse cowgirl fashion, displaying her trim buttocks to her lover, but showing her tits and cunt to Sandra who tried to close her eyes to the display in front of her. She couldn’t stop looking. Watching Dalton fuck another woman was exciting and humiliating.

“Do you like fucking Dalton?” Carlene asked.

Sandra couldn’t answer. She didn’t like being taunted by Carlene either.

“His cock fits me nicely. Ooh.” She gasped as Dalton’s thrusts hit her in just the right spot. “I know why you like fucking him.”

There was nothing she could do other than close her eyes or watch. Sandra

wasn't going to give in to petty humiliation. She glared angrily at her rival and watched as they fucked. She tried to hide her rising lust; she didn't want Carlene to see her pussy getting wetter by the minute.

They fucked furiously. Dalton lasted a long time, Sandra noted, all the while wishing she were the one receiving his cock. They abruptly switched positions in the middle of their animalistic rutting; Carlene moved forward on her hands and knees and Dalton took her from behind. He didn't look at her; he didn't acknowledge her. Carlene did. She hardly ever moved her eyes from staring at Sandra. When they switched positions her face was only inches away from Sandra's bare pussy.

She knew she could have turned around or stepped back further to show her disdain for the other woman, but she didn't.

"You want me, don't you?" Carlene asked.

From behind her gag Sandra snorted.

Carlene reached out as David continued fucking her. She touched Sandra's belly. Much to her shame Sandra didn't pull back; she didn't even stand stock still. Instead, she tilted her hips forward and opened her legs wider. Carlene's fingers found Sandra's clit and only then did Sandra's eyes close as she retreated into a world of ecstasy.

Behind her closed eyes she could hear Carlene continued to be banged by Dalton; there was the unmistakable sound of flesh slapping on flesh. Sandra rocked her hips back and forth trying to get additional friction on Carlene's fingers, but the other woman was only teasing her.

The Carlene's breathing suddenly changed rhythm. She started making mewling sounds, letting both of the other people in the room know that she was rapidly approaching orgasm. When it happened Sandra's eyes snapped open and she watched the other woman climax. It was a beautiful and devastating sight. When Carlene was done her eyes opened again and she smiled at Sandra. "He's good. He going to fill me up with his cream. I like that feeling, being wet and sticky inside my pussy. Watch him. Watch him cum because he's fucking me." Carlene didn't let go of Sandra's pussy.

Sandra's eyes flicked up to Dalton. He was still humping away at the redhead.

His hands were on her hips and he was up on his knees. Then it happened, he grunted, once, twice, and he thrust hard into his partner. She groaned in appreciation.

“That’s the way it’s supposed to be done,” Carlene said when Dalton was done. He pulled out of her and collapsed back on the bed with a satisfied grin on his face. He watched as the scene played out in front of him.

“Would you like me to make you cum?” Carlene asked.

Sandra said nothing and flicked her eyes away, staring at the wall above Dalton’s head where he had mounted a custom painting of Spider-Man in an ungainly but also elegant pose.

“If you don’t say yes, I’ll leave you like this,” Carlene taunted her, pulling her fingers away. “Do you really want to be standing there for the next hour needed to cum and without the chance to?”

Sandra shook her head. She didn’t even realize she was doing it.

“Would you like me to make you cum?” she repeated her question.

This time Sandra nodded her head yes and lowered her gaze to the floor. Carlene’s fingers returned to her cunt: index and middle slipping upward to find her secret spot and her thumb on the hard little clitoral nub.

It only took a minute for Carlene to bring Sandra her much needed relief and Sandra gushed her appreciation all over the redhead’s hand. She was elated and humiliated at the same time. Worse, she wanted more and more of both.

At some point during her ordeal Dalton had walked behind her. He now removed her gag and asked her, “Satisfied?”

“More,” is all Sandra could say. “More, please.”

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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