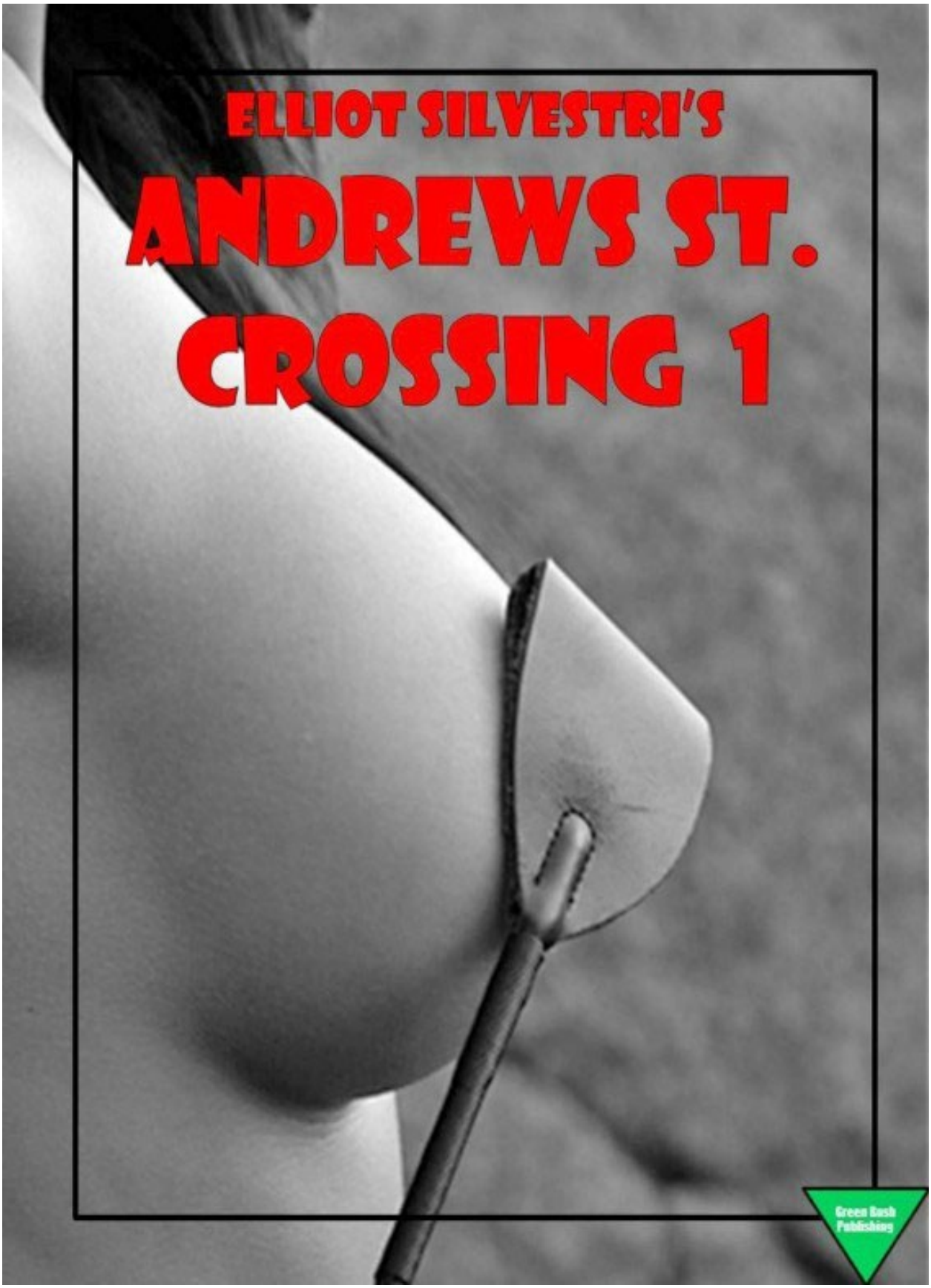
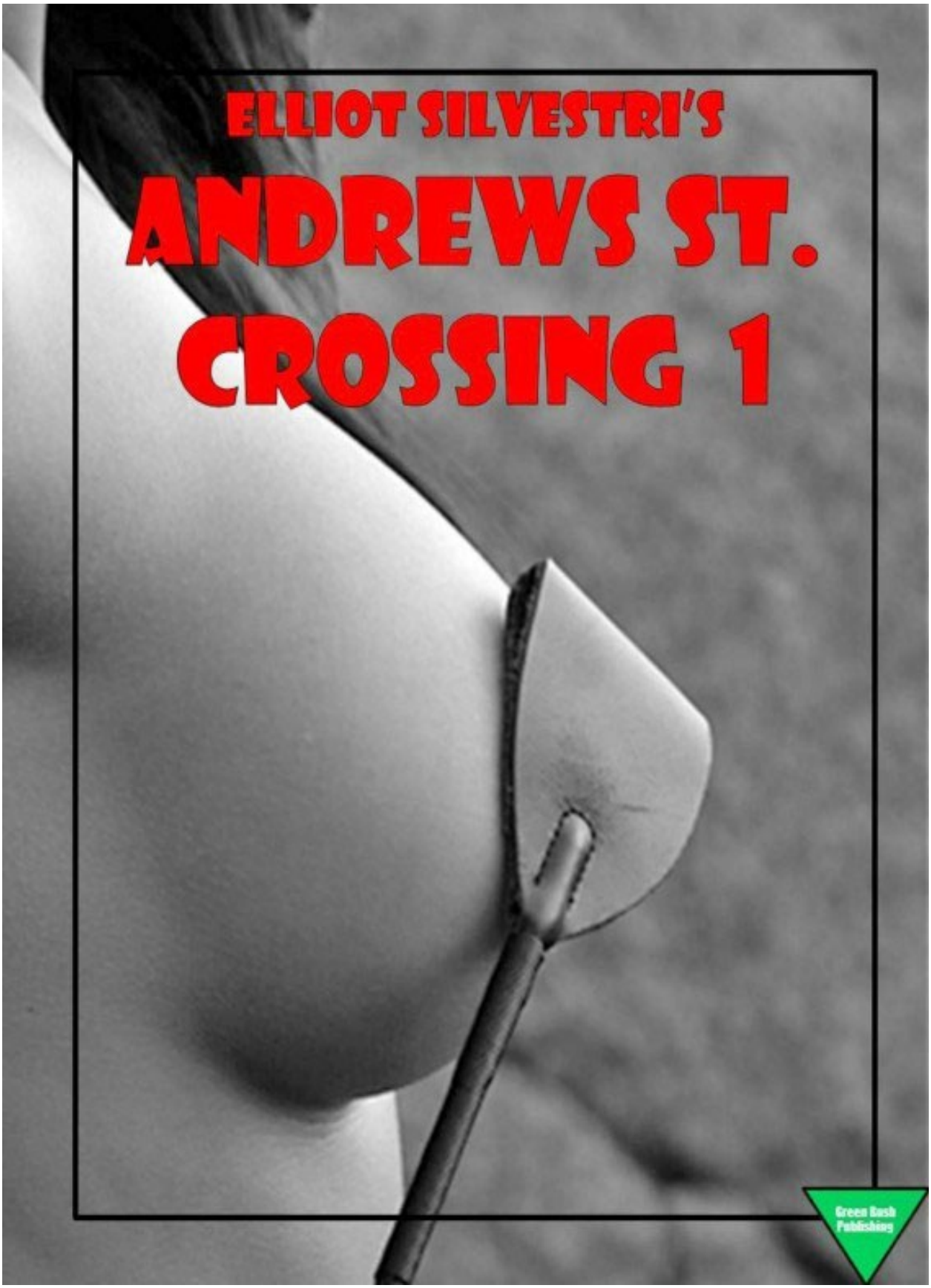

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Chapter One

Donnella rested her head back on the small padded support and gently stretched and pulled her arms against the restraints around her wrists. She had been nervous at first, but this was exactly as she had envisioned it and once her body was taken care of her mind and emotions started to settle down.

Maybe she was being a little self-centered, but being the mother to two children barely in school was exhausting. Her husband's job kept him busy all day during the week and he wasn't good for much on the weekends, especially those weekends when he had to work. Once her youngest had started Kindergarten Donnella had started looking for something else to do with her time because being a fulltime housewife and mother just wasn't going to cut it for her. Other women in her neighborhood and other mothers at the elementary school threw themselves into charity work or got jobs to fulfill themselves, but that wouldn't have satisfied Donnella.

It had been a bit unnerving going to a stranger's house, stripping down to her bra and underwear and allowing herself to be restrained, but that was part of the thrill. She wasn't going to allow herself to slowly grow to hate her life and become an alcoholic like her mother. She needed something else to make her complete.

Glancing down at her body, she felt a little self-conscious. Her body wasn't perfect; the stretch marks of motherhood had mostly faded and while she didn't have her old fit and trim body back yet, she was still working on it. What had been taut before was now soft and curvy but some men liked that and her husband wasn't complaining. She felt a little silly wearing black heels with her black lacy panties and matching bra, but that was part of the fun, part of the costume. What was entirely new to her were the thick leather cuffs she had placed around her wrists and ankles. She had put them on herself at Kurt's insistence. There had to be some psychological reason why because he had watched her struggle at first with trying to figure them out, but hadn't offered to help. Eventually everything was in place and he led her across the room and up against the cross.

It wasn’t like a crucifix like in church that she avoided going to at all costs, but found herself attending when her parents and siblings insisted. It was inclined back a few degrees so when her back pressed against the thick timbers she wasn’t standing upright but neither was she fully reclined either. The X the cross made wasn’t vertical, like in a church, but was diagonal so her arms were lifted up halfway between vertical and horizontal. Her legs were spread in a completely unladylike pose. Her legs and arms perfectly followed the contours of the X; she was exposed, vulnerable and helpless. This was exactly how she wanted to be.

Kurt had clipped her wrist and ankle restraints to the bolts set into the ends of the wood. She had to stretch out a bit, but that was fine. There weren’t any elaborate locks which was good because actually being locked against the heavy crossed timbers frightened her. Seeing that she could possibly escape given enough time and determination settled her down. When he stepped away from her after restraining her legs, he smiled at her.

He was a handsome man, tall and lean with an almost feral smile. He had sharp, angular features under his blond hair. Obviously Kurt had a strong Teutonic heritage which contrasted with her olive skin and dark brown hair; all her ancestors harkened from the Italian peninsula. He was wearing black pants, black boots, and a tight black t-shirt. Donnella wouldn’t have minded seeing him without the shirt or pants, but she was focused on herself at the moment.

“Comfortable?” he asked her.

She laughed nervously. “Sort of. I’m not in pain.” She pulled on her restraints and loved how she could barely move her arms. “I’ve never done this before.”

“So you said in your emails.” Donnella had found Kurt online, of course. That’s how all modern romances and sexual relationships formed. It had taken some emailing back and forth to work out all the details, but she eventually wound up in his house waiting for him to perform his magic “I’m not going to gag you. If you feel the need to scream, go ahead. The house is well-insulated. The neighbors won’t hear. If you want to stop, use the safe word.”

“Eclipse,” she told him.

He grinned with half his mouth. “Just practicing or do you want to stop.”

She almost violently shook her head and felt her ponytail rub against the headrest. “Just practicing.”

“Since you’ve never done this before, today we’re going to find out your limits.”

Donnella nodded in understanding. “Yes, sir.”

He all but smirked at her. “I’m not big on the whole formal master and submissive protocol. You can call me Kurt or sir or whatever pleases you. This is for you, not for me.”

While Donnella was certain that Kurt got some pleasure out of doing this, she understood what he meant. “That sounds perfect.”

He stepped close to her. He was tall enough that she wanted to shrink back, but that was impossible because she was restrained. His hand went to her face and when down her neck until he was trailing two fingers between her breasts. He stopped when his fingers reached the small bit of fabric between the cups. “This isn’t a front closure,” he commented.

“No. I didn’t have one.” She frowned, nervous she had given the wrong answer.

He stepped back and opened a drawer in the row cabinets against the far wall. Her heart thudded for a minute in her chest, but then saw he only had a pair of paramedic scissors in his hand. These he ran up her belly, starting at her navel, until he reached the material of her bra. The metal was cold on her skin and she shivered. “Don’t,” she begged, but he ignored her and quickly cut through the fabric. The stretchy material of the bra snapped back once it had been cut, exposing her breasts.

Donnella’s face briefly flushed red with embarrassment but she covered it up with anger. “Why’d you do that? You ruined my bra!”

Kurt was dispassionate in his response. “I told you to wear a front closing bra. Once you’re on the cross, it’s impossible to get a bra off you without cutting it.” He glanced down at her tits. “For a mother, you have very nice tits.”

Again she blushed with embarrassment. “Thanks.” She couldn’t remember the last time someone new, someone other than her husband or a doctor, had seen her bare breasts. She’d been married too long.

When Kurt placed his hands on her tits, she gasped at his forwardness, but this was what she was here for. “Nice. Full and firm and a little heavy.” He pushed back the remains of the bra to better inspect her. If there was one feature to her body that Donnella wasn’t ashamed about, it was her breasts. Maybe they were a little small, but they were perky and topped with light tan nipples. They had changed with her pregnancies and breast feeding, but they were largely back to normal, except she now had the inescapable feeling that she needed to wear a bra all the time when before she wasn’t ashamed of going out in pubic braless.

Kurt tweaked her nipples and she felt a little thrill that ran through her body. “Well play with these a bit,” he said and went back to the row of cabinets where he searched for a minute. “It’s been a while since I used these, but you look like the sort of woman who would enjoy them.” What Kurt had in his hands were two small glass cups maybe twice as large as a shot glass that had nozzles on the bottom closed end, some rubber tubing, and a hand pump. She watched in fascination as he attached the pump to one end of the tube and the other end to the nozzle on one cup.

“Is this like a breast pump?” she asked as he placed the glass cup over her right nipple.

“Something like that,” he commented as he squeezed the pump once which pulled her small nipple forward into the cup. Her eyes goggled at how much her flesh was distended. It didn’t exactly hurt, but she could feel the force of the suction working against her soft tissue.

“Holy shit,” she gasped. “That’s amazing.” For some reason this abuse of her body pleased her.

“Does it hurt?” Kurt asked.

“Let’s see if I can fix that.” He squeezed the pump two more times. Her nipple and areola was only drawn forward slightly more, but the pressure increased and Donnella could feel it. She was right on the edge of pain. “Better?” he asked.

She wasn’t sure what he meant by “better” so she just nodded. “Uh-huh.”

The cup and pump was specially designed for this sort of thing. Kurt detached the hose from the nozzle, leaving the glass cup in place clinging to her breast. He then attached the hose to the second cup, fitted it over her nipple, and squeezed

the pump once.

This time Donnella was ready for the treatment and looked forward to it. The way her flesh, tip of her nipple to the base of her areola, was suddenly pulled forward filling up the space in the cup, it turned her on. She let out a low moan. It felt good. It felt even better when Kurt squeezed the pump twice more and she felt her body trembling ever so slightly in pleasure.

He detached the hose and stepped away. “Perhaps a commemorative photograph for your memories?” he asked.

Donnella made a non-committal sound and continued to stare at her tits. It was odd seeing the small glasses hanging off the tits, but it also felt oddly invigorating. She shimmied her shoulders slightly, moving her breasts to see them move with the weight. “I’m leaking,” she announced.

“Is the seal not holding?” asked Kurt, looking up from his phone where he was saving the photos he had taken.

“No. My milk is leaking out.”

Kurt crossed the room to look at her cupped tits. Both nipples were slowly dripping cloudy white fluid. The weight of the glass cups pulled her tits forward and down enough so the milk pooled at the bottom, near the nozzle seal.

“Are you still breast feeding your kid?” he asked.

“No. I stopped three years ago. I mean, my husband plays with my boobs when we have sex, but I didn’t think I was still making milk.” Donnella continued to stare at her breasts, fascinated by them. “I didn’t think that was enough stimulation to keep them making milk.”

“Huh. Maybe you’re a bit of an outlier in the way your tits work,” Kurt commented.

“I don’t know,” she replied and shrugged her shoulders as much as her restraints allowed. Her shoulders didn’t move all that much, but her tits shook fetchingly.

“Time to take these off,” said Kurt. “I don’t want to bruise you for your first time.” He grasped the glass and manipulated the nozzle. The pressure released

and Donnella felt a little thrill of sensation returning to her breast. Kurt considered the small amount of liquid in the glass; it couldn't have been more than a few tablespoons. "Have you ever tasted your own breast milk?" he asked her.

It was a strange question to be asking, but Donnella answered it honestly. "Sort of. I mean, when I was feeding my kids, it tends to get everywhere, so yeah, but not directly or anything like that."

"What's it like?"

Donnella didn't know how to answer that. "Okay. Sort of sweet, I guess."

"Tell me what it tastes like today," he said as he lifted the glass to her lips.

The suggestion came from nowhere and Donnella didn't know what to do. She wanted to protest, but the glass was against her lips and he was tilting it upwards. The milk touched her lips and she automatically opened them, letting the few drops slide into her mouth.

It wasn't that difficult to swallow and Kurt watched her closely. "Well?" he prompted her.

Donnella closed her eyes and thought for a moment. "Sweet. Thin. I mean, babies love it, right?"

Kurt didn't have any reaction to her answer and just released the pressure on the other glass. This time he didn't offer it to Donnella but instead tasted it himself. He swirled the liquid in his mouth and swallowed. "You're right. It is sweet." He put the cups and pump aside to pull out a new tool from the drawers. "Let's get back to business. This is just a simple flogger." He displayed it for her. Attached to the short wooden handle were a score of foot long pliable leather straps the width of her little finger. "You ever use one of these before?"

Just looking at the device made Donnella's eyes go wide. "No," she answered, slowly shaking her head.

"It doesn't hurt," he said. "It's really more of a stimulant than anything." He lashed out with the toy snapping the leather thongs across her belly. It felt like a light slap to Donnella but even so she gasped a bit at the sudden flare of pain.

“See?” he asked.

“It hurt,” she protested, but knew this was exactly what she had signed up for.

“No, it didn’t, trust me on that,” Kurt replied as he began swinging the flogger with expert efficiency and accuracy.

Each little strike didn’t hurt Donnella, but the cumulative impact started to affect her. She glanced down at her belly and saw her skin starting to turn bright pink like a sunburn. Kurt varied where he hit her, starting with her belly he moved to her ribcage up to under her breasts and her sides where she was exposed. He occasionally dipped down to her thighs as well. There was just the littlest thrill of pain before he unexpectedly laid the flogger’s falls across her tits, first the left one and then the right.

She shrieked in pain.

He stopped working her body.

“Did it truly hurt that much?” he asked her dispassionately.

Donnella took a moment to compose herself. “Well, no, it was just the shock of you doing it.” She looked at her tits and saw they had already acquired a beautiful pink tint. “My boobs weren’t made to be slapped.”

“Of course they were,” Kurt contradicted her and to emphasize his point he abused both her tits, slapping them both repeatedly with a steady beat, alternating between left and right. Without realizing it, Donnella started shrieking with each slap, trying to twist her body out of the way but she was too well restrained. It felt like her tits—her nipples especially—were on fire.

But she didn’t tell him to stop.

It hurt like hell, but she couldn’t deny that her pussy was starting to get incredibly wet and she wanted it to stop—but at the same time she wanted it to go on forever.

Abruptly he stopped but before Donnella could catch her breath, he caught one nipple between his thumb and forefinger. He squeezed it tightly, tight enough to make her legs trembled and to stop her from shrieking.

“Are you enjoying this?” he asked her upon releasing the nipple. His voice was calm and soft.

“No,” she moaned and then corrected herself. “Yes.”

“Mmm-hmm,” he murmured as he transferred the flogger to his left hand. There was nothing she could do when he slipped the fingers to his right hand down into her panties to feel her pussy. A blush of shame blossomed across her face as his fingers explored her sex—and she knew she was incredibly wet. This was the first time someone new had explored her pussy since she got married to Jeremy. “You are enjoying this,” he said, pulling his fingers out of her sex and displaying the wetness to her.

“Yes,” she agreed.

“Open,” he said, holding his hand in front of her face.

There was a moment’s hesitation before she did as he asked. She had tasted her pussy before, on her husband’s fingers and cock, but this was something different. Kurt wasn’t trying to turn her on or had lost his manners because he had gotten worked up. He was making her taste herself because he could force her to do anything he wanted.

“Good girl,” he complimented her. “Keep sucking; get my fingers good and wet.”

She didn’t know why that was necessary. Her pussy was already wet, but she did as ordered.

After Kurt withdrew his fingers he absently wiped them no her sore tummy. It was still pink and it hurt, but Donnella didn’t complain. He looked down at her panties and clucked his tongue. “There’s no getting these off easily. I’ll have to cut them.”

Grabbing the scissors he had used to destroy her bra, Kurt snipped two spots on her panties, the thin strip of material between the waistband and the leg hole. Just like that she was instantly naked. Kurt tossed aside the ruined panties and shook his head slowly. “You need to shave,” he said staring at her hair-covered pussy.

“I don’t have a lot of time to groom,” she said, trying to explain away her almost unruly patch of pubic hair. It wasn’t out of control, but she kept hers thicker and longer than most women with an active sex life. Then again, Donnella didn’t have that much of an active sex life.

“Find the time,” he told her. “Clean it up. Shave it. Take some pride in your cunt.”

The last word chilled her. Donnella wasn’t much for dirty talk and even calling her sex a pussy sometimes made her uncomfortable. It was all about breaking down her inhibitions and dull suburban lifestyle. “What about my husband?” she asked him.

Kurt all but rolled his eyes at her. “I’m sure he’ll love his sexy and horny new wife. Do it before the next time I see you.”

Those words made her heart sing. This was supposed to be a trial visit. Kurt didn’t welcome everyone who inquired of his services. He had told her from the outset he only worked with a select group of clients that he enjoyed working with. Apparently she had made the cut. Or maybe she had offered him enough money.

“Yes sir,” she replied.

He put his hand back between her legs and rasped his fingers over her clit. She took in a deep, shuddering breath as his fingers curled up and into her. “I’m going to make you cum,” he said.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed, unable to form true words. She was already halfway there. Immediately Kurt set to work, rubbing her clit and filling her pussy with two, then three fingers. She felt loose and wet and like she had never been properly fucked before—but she wasn’t being fucked, she was being fingered, but that didn’t matter because she came to a quick, hard climax that had her all but screaming with pleasure as her orgasm took control of her body and she shook as much as the restraints allowed. She wanted to grab and hold onto something, anything, but that was impossible as she was held tightly to the corners of the saltire. And then without any true warning, she came all over Kurt’s hand.

He took his fingers from her pussy and presented them to her mouth.

Immediately she opened and sucked on them, savoring the taste of her pussy.

“You cum easily,” he told her.

Donnella had never thought that to be the truth. Cumming had been a skill she had learned after being married a few years. Maybe her husband was lousy in bed. Maybe her body didn’t work like other women’s. Maybe she just needed to be restrained to a heavy wooden saltire and be abused a bit before she was ready to orgasm. None of that mattered at the moment. “Thank you,” she accepted the compliment when she had sucked all the flavor from his fingers.

“Can you easily cum more than once?” he asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Let’s see then.” He shoved his fingers back into her pussy and she gasped in pleasure. He rubbed her roughly while carefully watching her expression. She loved the way he was rough with her. “Tell me when you’re going to cum,” he ordered. “Don’t you dare cum without telling me first!”

She nodded and panted heavily, working her hips in counterpoint to his fingers. There was nothing more than Donnella wanted at that moment than to cum. She knew her body well enough to do what he wanted.

The moment rapidly approached. “I’m gonna cum,” she rasped out.

It was the worst thing she could have said.

Kurt pulled his fingers away and denied her the orgasm. She wailed in frustration.

“No, no, no,” she complained as she twisted her hips and desperately tried to get some friction between her legs to finish off her orgasm. It was an impossible goal.

“You need to be trained to cum from pain,” he told her.

“What?”

She didn’t even see the flogger in his hand, but she certainly felt it when the falls

smacked her between the legs on her wet and open and exposed pussy. Donnella grunted at the spike of pain. Her entire body turned hot. And then Kurt used the flogger again on her pussy. She tried to scream in pain, but it came out as a long groan of pain that morphed into pleasure and she realized she was cumming.

“You’ve already learned that trick,” Kurt said as he grabbed her ponytail and pulled her head back to look into her eyes. “An orgasm from pain is so much better than one from gentleness, don’t you think?”

Donnella wasn’t sure she could think, so she just nodded in agreement, pulling her hair against his strong grip. “Oh god yes.”

He let her suffer on the cross for a few more minutes, not giving her any pleasure or pain, but eventually he let her down. Donnella had to kneel on the floor for a minute before she could climb back to her feet. She felt a bit ridiculous wearing just her high heels, but she was certain she’d get over it.

“Did you bring a change of clothes?” he finally asked her.

It seemed to Donnella that was a question he should have asked before they started their session. “Yes.”

“Good. Please get dressed. I have a few minutes before you need to leave. I don’t want to rush you.”

The oversized handbag that Donnella had brought with her contained everything she needed…except a bra and underwear. She had expected to just put those back on, but they were ruined. Kurt gave her a modicum of privacy as he cleaned up and put away his equipment. She just pulled on her leggings, t-shirt, and large sweatshirt. She wasn’t really going out in public sans lingerie, she was just dashing to her car, driving home, and dashing to her house.

“Next time,” Kurt told her as he escorted her to the door, “bring an extra pair of panties and bra. Or wear more appropriate lingerie.”

She nodded and walked to her car, a changed woman.

Chapter Two

By the time the kids got home from school Donnella was back into mother mode. By the time Jeremy got home, late as usual, she had slipped into wife mode. She had showered and noted her skin was back to its normal color. There was no obvious bruising to her flesh, and that was good. She had enough time for a shower so she took advantage of the free moment. Heeding Kurt's instructions, she trimmed back the length of her pubes and shaved the edges. It wasn't a dramatic change, but she didn't want to completely shock her husband.

As she finished her showed and made sure the curls she had removed were safely washed away, Donnella realized she was still horny after her session with Kurt. Her husband was going to be the beneficiary.

When he finally crawled into bed with her, she was wearing a silky red nightie and nothing else. She wondered if he even noticed that she was without panties before he lay down next to her with a groan.

"Long day?" she asked him.

"Uh-huh." His eyes were already closed and he was trying to go to sleep. This was not the relationship they had before kids and before he decided to throw all of his energy into his career and not his family.

"That's too bad," she said taking his hand in hers and placing it on her thigh.

"I'm tired, hon," he complained. It was almost more of a whine.

Donnella wasn't interested in his words. "You just lay there," she told him, pushing back the covers and climbing on top of him. "I'll do all the work."

Jeremy's eyes opened, but just barely. "What got you in the mood?"

She just grinned at him. "Do you want me to suck on you first or can you get it up without me?" Already she was rubbing her wet pussy on his pajama bottoms —when had he started wearing pajamas?—and she could tell he was soft.

“Go down on me.”

“My pleasure,” she said as she moved down his body and pulled down his pants. Maybe it was the guilt of having spent their money on a professional sadist, but Donnella was certain the blowjob she gave him was the best he had ever received, even if he didn’t cum in her mouth. She finished the job by riding his cock, letting him watch her bouncing tits as he came.

The sex was okay. Her orgasm wasn’t nearly as good as it had been when she was strapped to the saltire. And Jeremy didn’t even notice her grooming. He just went to sleep.

Chapter Three

Instead of being alone when Kurt escorted her into the special room in the back of his house, Donnella was shocked to see a naked young man bound to the saltire. The young man was impossibly handsome with just the right amount of muscles and a thin rope tied around the head of his cock. The thin rope ran to a pulley attached to the ceiling. From the other end of the rope hung a metal weight which stretched his cock, which was already thick and long, to what looked like a painful degree.

“I was wondering if you would help me out with young Trent,” said Kurt.

Donnella couldn’t take her eyes off the handsome young man who smiled at her around the black ball gag in his mouth and though the pain of his tortured cock. “What—what help do you need?” Except for the cuffs on his ankles and wrists and the gag in his mouth, he was gloriously naked and hairless. A quick evaluation let Donnella know that maybe he was young enough to not have any chest hair, but he was also hairless on his arms, legs, and crotch. The young man was over-groomed.

“He’s in desperate need of a blowjob and I’m not gay. He’s been a very good boy today and deserves a bit of release. Normally he’s a shit and I can’t stand him, but today he didn’t complain about the flogger at all.”

The bright pink tone to Trent’s skin told Donnella that Kurt must have worked the boy hard with the flogger.

“I was wondering if you would help Trent out,” said Kurt.

“What?” asked Donnella, coming out of her reverie. She realized she had been staring at Trent’s body—especially his tortured cock—and had missed almost everything that Kurt had said. She had even forgotten she was wearing just her bra and panties, pink this time and the bra with the proper front closure and the panties with ties at the sides so they could both be removed easily while she was on the cross. Maybe Kurt had explained everything to her, but she was so enraptured by Trent’s appearance that she missed everything.

She knew she had been fooled. Kurt's instructions were to come to his house promptly at 10:30 because he had other clients scheduled. Kurt wasn't the sort of person who would allow a client to overstay his welcome or time frame. But she still had to admire how smoothly Kurt had admitted her into his house via the front door, let her take off her clothes, put on the wrist and ankle restraints, put her heels back on, and bring her into the work room, all without the slightest hint that Trent was waiting for them.

For just a moment Donnella felt a little uncomfortable in her revealing lingerie. The pink silk was thin enough for Kurt and Trent to see the outlines of her nipples and the panties were small enough that the bottom curves to her buttocks were exposed. But then she realized that she had on more clothing than Trent, and Kurt was in his usual all black outfit of boots, pants, and tight t-shirt.

"I was wondering if you would help Trent out," Kurt repeated for her. "He needs. No. He deserves blowjob. Would you give him one?"

Donnella was unsure if she was truly being asked or ordered. It didn't really matter. She had already made her decision. But… "His…penis. It's tied up," she pointed out, unnecessarily.

"You can call it a cock," Kurt told her. "Just lift the weight and free it."

A nod of acknowledgement was the only indicator to either man that Donnella had made her choice. She knelt down in front of Trent and looked at the set-up that was torturing his cock. The thin rope was wrapped several times around his shaft and secured with a simple knot in the last wrapping that was snugged behind the ridge of the corona. From there the rope went up and over the pulley, and then down to the weight. Figuring the best thing to do was to release the weight she lifted the metal sphere with her hand, but then she was too far away to free his cock and as the weight was lifted, Trent's cock started to grow, changing from its semi-firm state to a full blown erection. This caused him unnatural pain and the head to purple. Trent made some noises of distress behind his gag and Donnella quickly dropped the weight back into place, which tugged on Trent's cock and he cried out again.

Kurt chuckled at the dilemma. "Poor boy. He wanted this, but often people don't realize the consequences of their desires. If you aren't able to free him he just might suffer some permanent damage to the beautiful cock."

Donnella hoped that wasn't true. It didn't seem like it was true, that Kurt would intentionally cripple the boy, but it had a ring of possibility to it that frightened her.

The only real experience Donnella had with knot tying was from summer camp and learning all the correct knots needed to operate the large sailboat the camp used on the large lake. She inspected the rope around Trent's cock and thought she recognized the knot, and the dangling bit of rope seemed a logical place to start. She gave it a tug and the knot under the glans came free, whipping the rope off the shaft and allowing the weight to fall to the hardwood floor with a bang.

"Clever girl," Kurt complimented her. "Now you need to get him off."

It wasn't like having to suck her husband's cock to get him hard enough to stuff into her pussy. The moment after Donnella had freed Trent's cock, it rose into a beautiful erection. He pointed up to the ceiling with a slight curve to the shaft. In her eyes it was perfectly shaped and sized, plus he had a pleasant, masculine scent. Donnella didn't hesitate at all to put his manhood in her mouth and start sucking.

The flavor of his precum filled her mouth. It was strong, but not unpleasant. She glanced up at Trent and saw his eyes were closed; he was already in another world, concentrating on her mouth and his cock. It occurred to her that she hadn't spoken one word to this man and she was already giving him head. While that should have felt very, very wrong, instead it was actually something she found added to the thrill of the moment. She wanted him to look down at her, to see her eagerly sucking on his cock, but he steadfastly refused to open his eyes as she bobbed her head up and down, making him wetter and harder, working him up to an orgasm.

Jeremy never had much of an interest in blowjobs. He preferred a simple fuck and not much else beyond that, which was a shame because Donnella had discovered in college that giving head was a hidden talent of hers. All her oral skills were wasted on the handsome man she married. But Trent appreciated what she could do with her mouth. She had barely been sucking him for a couple of minutes when she felt his pulse pounding in the veins along his shaft and his balls tightened up to his body.

The noise he made was unmistakable. She pulled back so just the glans was in

her mouth and continued to work the shaft with one hand while cupping his balls with the other. A moment later he flooded her mouth with his cum. She swallowed the first shot and quickly took the next few spurts, swallowing each one. All the while Trent was moaning behind his ball gag and thrusting his hips, desperate for the orgasm to last forever.

When his balls were finally drained, Donnella backed off and wiped the drool from her lips and chin. Even in its semi-deflated state Trent's cock was still handsome. She wanted to lick the little bit of cum dangling from the tip, but she didn't dare. She didn't know if that was permitted.

"Isn't she a good little cocksucker?" Kurt asked as he began releasing Trent from his restraints. The cross was slightly reclined with more than adequate back support, but when Trent stepped away from the bondage apparatus he stumbled and almost fell. Donnella wasn't sure if his uncertain steps were from being held on the cross for so long or was from her blowjob.

She slipped out of the way and watched the two men.

"Get dressed and get out of here," Kurt told the handsome young man. He was brusque and cold in his voice. Donnella was fairly sure that's the way Trent wanted to be treated. "Don't email or text me until I contact you. I'll tell you when I'm ready to see you again."

Both Donnella and Kurt watched as Trent quickly dressed from the neatly folded pile of clothes on the corner of the counter and then left without a word.

Feeling bold from the semen happily sitting in her stomach, Donnella said, "I would have liked for him to stay. We could have played a bit more."

Kurt just grunted. "Stand up and put these on," he said, handing her wrist and ankles cuffs he removed from one of the many drawers on the far wall. Unlike the last session, these restraints were pink, closing matching her panties and bra. She wondered how many sets of restraints Kurt owned. The black ones Trent had just removed remained on the counter along with his ball gag. She wondered if they were the same ones she had used last week. She also wondered what it was like to be tortured while wearing the ball gag. As she put on the leather bands, she wished she had thought ahead and bought a pair of pink heels to match her lingerie. Who knew that bondage games were so much about fashion as well?

When she was done with the preparations Kurt ordered her against the saltire and started clipping her restraints into place. The wood of the cross was still warm from Trent's body heat. "Do you think Trent would like to do a session with me?" she asked, feeling her boldness still.

Kurt laughed at her as he finished attaching her left leg to the thick timbers. "I seriously doubt it. He probably hated what I did to him today."

That puzzled Donnella. "Why? Isn't this what he's paying for, like me?"

Putting on a lazy half smile, Kurt said, "He pays me to push his limits. He wasn't expecting to get a blowjob from you today."

"Well, it was a surprise to me too." She smiled at the memory of sucking off a stranger.

"It was a special surprise for him. He wasn't expecting a woman to blow him." Kurt's grin didn't waver at he looked her in the eyes. His were cold ice blue.

"Why?"

Kurt snorted. "The boy is gay. The last thing he wanted was a woman to suck him off."

Donnella didn't know what to say. "Oh. I didn't know."

He chuckled at her. "Of course not. That was the point. Why do you think his eyes were closed? He was probably imagining you were some pretty boy sucking on his rod. It was probably the first time a woman has ever touched his cock." Kurt laughed again. "And he paid me for it. I'm pretty pleased with myself."

"I didn't know he was gay," was all Donnella could think to say.

"Does it matter?" asked Kurt. "I'll give him a few days to stew and then I'll email him, telling him when his next appointment is. He'll come regardless. He told me I'm the only one who abuses him the way he likes."

That was a lot more information than Donnella wanted, but she couldn't stop herself from being intensely curious. "How long has he been coming to you?"

Kurt advertised himself as a professional dungeon dom. Judging by the home he kept it paid very well. She knew how much she paid him and if he was busy all day, he was making very good money. “About four years now.”

Donnella didn’t believe him. “He’s too young. How could he afford you?” She laughed nervously, not wanting to know the answer.

Her dominator walked to the cabinets and pulled open a drawer. “Mommy and daddy make very good money that he loves to waste. I’m happy to take it.”

“But he’s too young,” she insisted.

Kurt turned around with a short bit of silver chain in his hands. “He was legally old enough to start with me. He’s young and stupid, I’ll grant you that.” He tilted his head to the side. “Have you ever blown a guy who was ten years younger than you?”

Donnella shook her head, slightly queasy at what Kurt was telling her. “No.”

“First time for everything,” Kurt said. “For both you and him today. I think you’ll find this pleasantly painful,” he said, switching the subject as he snapped open her bra, exposing her tits.

This was only Donnella’s second time on the saltire, but she had been looking forward to it for the entire week since she had last been on it. Kurt was of the opinion that a regular schedule and waiting heightened the pleasure, anticipation being one key component of proper bondage, sadism, and masochism games. The other key component was surprise. When Donnella walked into Kurt’s house the second time she was more than willing to do anything he asked just to get that heightened orgasm.

“You wore the correct bra this time,” he told her as he inspected her tits with his eyes and hands. She liked his strong fingers sliding over her skin because it was very wrong for him to be doing that and so she took his actions as great pleasure.

“Thank you. I listened and learned.” The bra was still wrapped around her arms and behind her back, but that was fine. Being half undressed and messily undressed worked perfectly well for Donnella’s needs.

He grabbed a nipple and pulled it forward. She had been anticipating him using

the cups and pumps on her a second time, but surprises were nice too. The chain that Kurt held was roughly two feet long and at each end were little clamps controlled by springs. He attached one clamp to the nipple he had pulled forward and listened to Donnella hiss at the sudden pinch of pain.

“How does that feel?” he asked her.

“It hurts,” she complained and looked down to see he had put the clamp not directly on the nipple, but slightly behind it so the clamp actually squeezed the areola, but that didn’t decrease the pain all that much.

“Good. It’s supposed to hurt.”

Instead of attaching the other clamp to her left nipple to let the chain dangle between her breasts, Kurt instead put the chain behind Donnella’s neck, almost like a towel draped over a swimmer’s shoulders, and then attached the second clamp to her free nipple. It bit down painfully as well, but the chain also served to pull her breasts upwards, exposing their soft undersides.

She breathed slowly and steadily, trying to work through the pain. This was exactly what she was paying him for

“I feel,” Kurt said conversationally, “that the tops of breasts get far too much attention. The undersides are well-hidden and are much more sensitive, don’t you think?”

“I—I—I—sure,” Donnella managed to say. The pain wasn’t that great but she knew what was coming. The flogger was in Kurt’s hand and he was experimentally swishing it back and forth. She wanted to feel the leather falls strike her exposed breasts. Feeling a little foolish, she leaned forward in anticipation of the sting.

Kurt noticed this, of course. “Little girl wants to feel the lash?” he asked her, teasing.

“Uh-huh,” she nodded eagerly, pushing her chest forward for him.

“I think a little psychological pain first would be best.” He put down the flogger and went to a cabinet on the far wall. She didn’t know what to expect, but when he displayed an iPad to her, Donnella was confused. “A little souvenir of your

last time here," he told her before turning it on and pulling up pictures.

She recognized herself at one, strapped to the saltire. A bit of shame ran through her mind, but she couldn't remember exactly when he had taken the photos. Before she thought to ask, he then tapped on a video file and the screen was filled with a moving image of her being beaten with the flogger. Although she had lived through and remembered it, the sight of herself being abused turned Donnella on. She smiled.

The video had been taken from two semi-hidden cameras recessed into the ceiling. Glancing up she saw them now. The editing wasn't professionally done, but it was good enough to catch most of the action and her reactions.

"Usually I use the recordings to protect myself in case something goes wrong during a session," said Kurt. "But when I reviewed your videos, I couldn't resist." He turned the iPad away from her and tapped a few more icons. A moment later he showed her the video again, but this time it was playing on a porn site. The hit counter for the video of her being flogged and made to cum was already into the thousands.

"You're very popular," he told her and she gasped.

"Everyone is going to know!" she blurted out.

Kurt frowned. "I doubt it. Your face isn't really in focus, the angles make it difficult to really identify you. And if someone does recognize this single drop of water in the ocean that is the internet, they'll also be admitting what exactly they were looking at."

Donnella was frightened and thrilled at the same time. Strangers were seeing her naked, being flogged, having her tits abused, and then made to cum by Kurt's hand. As much as she hated to admit it, her pussy was getting wet even as her anxiety rose.

"I'll leave this up for the internet to peruse for a while. Maybe if you're good, I'll take it down."

She remained silent, watching herself cum. The pain in her tits had faded to a background sensation. Kurt moved the iPad away from her and placed it on the counter.

“Let’s get back to business, shall we?” he asked and flicked the flogger at the exposed bottoms of her breasts.

He was right. The underside of her tits were much more sensitive. Donnella was gasping and writing in pain and desire after just a few flicks of the leather falls. He then moved up and down her body, letting the flogger pink up the skin on her stomach and sides, her thighs, and her arms. Her entire body came to life, but she hadn’t subjected herself to the saltire for a simple flogging. She had come for the powerful orgasms her body craved.

Eventually he put the flogger into his back pocket and flicked the ends of her nipples with his fingertips. “Are you ready to cum?”

Donnella nodded eagerly, her ponytail bouncing behind her head, hitting the padded rest. “Yes. Please.”

“Let’s see if you’ve followed orders.” He pulled at the ties on the sides of her panties, letting them fall away to the floor.

Kurt frowned. “It’s better,” he said with disappointment. “But it’s hardly the smooth piece of flesh I was hoping for.”

“I’m sorry,” Donnella immediately apologized. “My husband—” she started to explain but he cut her off.

“Did you see Trent today?” he asked sharply. “Not a hair on his cock, his crotch, or his balls. Smooth like a good submissive. And then you come here with those dark curls hiding your cunt.”

“I’m sorry,” she apologized again.

The words had barely left her lips when the flogger struck her between the legs. Her labia burst into a flower of pain. Donnella gasped from the shock, tried to bend over to protect her sex, but the restraints stopped her.

“Very bad girl,” said Kurt. He struck her again and the pain shot from her pussy throughout her body.

“No,” she begged.

He didn’t listen. He didn’t have to. The blows from the flogger came steadily and each time seemed to be stronger. Donnella twisted and flailed her limbs as much as she could, which wasn’t much at all. Only one thing would get Kurt to stop.

“Let me see you cum,” Kurt demanded, each word punctuated with another slap from the flogger.

She wasn’t sure how long it went on for. Her pussy was on fire and the pain seemed never-ending, but then the falls caught her clit in just the right way, or maybe her body gave up resisting. The orgasm she had was the most painful she had ever experienced. The release was strange, leaving her wanting more pain and more stimulation at the same time.

It was enough, however, to make Kurt stop with the flogger.

“I hope you’ll remember this lesson,” he told her.

“Yes,” she promised.

He then grabbed the clamps that were still attached to her nipples and released them. The rush of blood back into the abused flesh was like setting her flesh on fire. It was painful when it shouldn’t have been and she loved the pain. Donnella wasn’t sure, but it was almost like she was cumming again.

“Good girl,” he told her and gave her the lightest kiss possible on the forehead while setting the clamps and chain aside. She settled back against the cross and waited for whatever happened next.

“I’ll be right back,” he said and closed the door behind him.

Donnella quickly lost track of time.

She liked the feeling of the restraints on her arms and legs. There was a certain loss of control because she was bound, but that was reassuring on its own. At home she had so many responsibilities and obligations, here on the saltire there was nothing required of her other than to do as she was told and suffer however Kurt wanted her to.

The door opened and woke her up. At least she thought she woke up. Donnella

wasn’t completely positive she had been sleeping, but maybe had been in some other state of mind. She looked eagerly over at Kurt to see what he had in store for her.

Seeing a woman walking into the room was a shock and Donnella briefly tried to hide her nudity, but it was a wasted effort.

“Testing the bindings?” the woman asked.

“You—you surprised me,” Donnella answered.

“I don’t see why that should be. You’re the intruder here.” The woman was tall and elegant with dark red hair that hung to her shoulders. Donnella was immediately jealous of her hair, both the length and the color along with the slight wave and curl. She was dressed in a dark blue skirt that hugged her hips and legs, a black blouse, black, stockings, and black heels. Her outfit made Donnella wonder if the blue skirt was an anomaly of the color scheme or if she purposely chose it to break up the blackness. And her lips—they were cherry red with a bright lipstick.

“I’m—I’m sorry,” said Donnella, not knowing what else to say. “Kurt left me here. Alone.”

The redhead smirked. “I know.” He eyes flicked down to Donnella’s hips and once more she wanted to hide herself, but found her courage. “I don’t approve of submissives having hair down there.”

“Kurt told me—that is, Kurt said I have to shave it.” Donnella wasn’t sure why she was so uncomfortable with this confrontation. The other woman was the intruder and she felt, up to a few moments ago, completely at ease on the saltire.

A frown now painted the redhead’s face. “You’ll have to take care of it now,” she said firmly. With a twirl of her finger indicating Donnella’s pussy, she said, “This is completely unacceptable.”

“I’m sorry,” Donnella apologized without having a real reason to apologize.

The redhead ignored her and started searching through the drawers. “Honestly, I don’t know why he lets some of you continue on after the initial session if you’re not going to obey the rules.” When she turned around Donnella wanted to shrink

away because she knew exactly what was going to happen.

“I don’t want you to do that,” she blurted out.

The redhead’s brilliant blue eyes became ice cold. “If you don’t do this now you’ll never be allowed back here.”

That was enough of a threat to change Donnella’s mind. “Okay, okay. It’s fine.”

The redhead smiled and knelt down in front of Donnella. She put most of her equipment on the floor, but kept the scissors in her hand and started snipping away at the longer bits of Donnella’s pubic hair. After just a couple of snips there was a small pile of hair on the floor between her legs. Donnella watched in fascination as her hair slowly disappeared.

“I’ve never had anyone do this for me before,” she admitted to the redhead.

That made the other woman stop working. “You’re kidding. You’ve never been to a spa and had a waxing?”

“No. I guess I’ve been a mother for too long.”

She sniffed at Donnella. “That’s no excuse for poor grooming.” She put down the scissors and picked up the can of shaving cream. After dispensing a generous amount she smeared the cream between Donnella’s legs and over her pubic mound. “Just relax. I’ve done this many times before.”

Donnella would have been more at ease if the redhead was using a safety razor and not a straight razor. The single exposed edge and the shiny side scared her. As a consequence she froze but allowed the other woman to do her work, which she did quickly and efficiently, wiping the bits of hair and shaving cream onto a towel. It only took a few minutes. The redhead worked fast. Donnella didn’t like it when her labia was tugged on and stretched, but the results were excellent. After the redhead wiped away the last of the shaving cream she ran a bare finger over Donnella’s skin and they could both feel the smoothness of her skin.

“You have a pretty pussy,” the redhead complimented her as she rubbed a bit of lotion onto her soft skin.

“Thank you.” Donnella didn’t know how to take the compliment, especially

from a woman.

“It’s very pretty,” she said. Her tone had gone from icy cold to soft. Donnella barely felt the redhead’s finger slip inside her pussy. “Very wet,” she declared. “Very good.”

Donnella didn’t know what to say. She had purposely gotten herself into this situation to explore her sexual boundaries and figure out if her fantasies of being tied up and abused were just fantasies that rolled around in her head, or if they were something she needed to explore. So far, they had been things she needed to explore, but this—get shaved by a woman and then having her finger stuck up her pussy—was not a fantasy she had ever had. But still, she didn’t shy away from it either.

“What are you doing?” she nervously asked the redhead. Even though Donnella was uncomfortable at the moment, her body was still responding to the redhead’s physical attention.

“I’m going to make you cum.”

“Why?” Donnella asked. She had to say something.

The redhead didn’t reply. She had teased out Donnella’s clitoris and was touching it ever so gently. Donnella had never before seen her clit stick out so prominently. It was pink and swollen and much more visible from the lack of hair. Donnella wanted to cum—she always wanted to cum—but wasn’t sure if a gentle caress would do it for her, especially after being disciple with Kurt’s flogger.

Her body shook with anticipation but the miniscule amount of friction wasn’t enough for her. She needed more.

The tiny caress that the redhead gave her only lasted a minute to be replaced by her lips and tongue. Donnella gasped and looked down to see the beautiful woman licking and sucking on her pussy. This was entirely new to her. Men had gone down on her before, but the redhead’s touch was completely different than a man’s over-eager need to eat pussy. This was feminine cunnilingus at its finest.

Almost at once Donnella was on edge and ready to cum, but the redhead wouldn’t let her do it. She judiciously applied her tongue and lips, bringing

Donnella right up to the edge, and then backed off, denying her the peak that she so desperately wanted.

She was unsure how long this went on for, but Donnella desperately wanted it to stop. “I need to cum,” she begged.

The redhead backed off a little and grinned up at Donnella. Her cheeks and chin were covered in Donnella’s juices. Her eyes were sparkling with anticipation. She obviously enjoyed tormenting other women strapped to the saltire. Looking down at her Donnella found it odd that the redhead was still fully dressed. She could look straight down into the other woman’s cleavage, and saw she was wearing a gold necklace with a pendant that hung between her rather ample breasts. “Not yet,” she whispered and reapplied her mouth.

Donnella groaned and desperately rubbed her pussy on the other woman’s face. She wanted that friction more than anything else in the world at the moment. While her limbs were held captive, the rest of her body wasn’t; she could twist and turn and thrust her hips, but the redhead was wise to all these tricks and didn’t allow Donnella any friction that she didn’t want to give.

And then it happened. Donnella came when the redhead abruptly rubbed her clit with her spade-like tongue while simultaneously sucking. Donnella felt like her body had been turned inside out and the spike of the orgasm was the relief she needed, but at the same time it wasn’t enough to satiate her.

There was soft applause coming from the far corner of the room. Donnella opened her eyes to see Kurt slouching against the wall, clapping his hands. “A beautiful performance.”

“Have you been watching long, honey?” the redhead asked, standing up and wiping her face with her hands.

“When—when did you come in?” asked Donnella, stunned she had been watched without knowing it.

“A few minutes ago,” Kurt answered both of them. “No reason to watch the preliminaries. I only want to see the best part of the performance.”

“I can’t believe you allowed her in here with that muff,” the redhead said, indicating the remains of Donnella’s pubic curls on the floor. “I had to shave her

first.”

Kurt smiled smugly. “I knew you would, that’s why I allowed it.”

The redhead rolled her eyes. “You’re such an asshole, Kurt. You really can be.”

“She liked it and you went along willingly,” Kurt countered. “Everyone had a good time.”

Donnella was confused as to what was going on. Having a strange woman go down on her was not what she had come to Kurt’s for. She had enjoyed it, but it was completely unexpected.

“What do you think of her, dear?” Kurt asked.

That little affectionate term told Donnella that the two obviously had a relationship.

“She’s pretty enough,” said the redhead and she lifted her hand to Donnella’s chin and turned her head either way, carefully inspecting Donnella like a piece of meat. “Nice tits, cums easily enough.” She trailed her hand down Donnella’s body, tweaked her nipple and let her fingers fall free right above Donnella’s pubic bone. It shocked Donnella how much she wanted the redhead to touch her pussy again.

“Yes or no, Nerris?” Kurt asked.

“She’s rather plain. We’ve had several brunettes lately. She’ll fade into the background that way. No tattoos or piercings, that’s nice. But what about these stretch marks and saddle bags?” She ran her finger over the faded remains of Donnella’s pregnancies and then poked the little bulge of fat she had on the outside of her thighs.

“Makes her more real,” Kurt countered. “Not like those artificial—and boring—girls that have been brought to the parties lately.”

“Hmm. Maybe,” said Nerris. It was a strange name, but Donnella liked the sound of it. “Well, girl, what do you think? Would you like to be the star attraction at our next party? How are you at sex with strangers?”

“What?” asked Donnella.

Kurt took her chin in fingers and looked into her brown eyes. “We need a pretty young thing to be on the saltire as decoration and distraction. Are you interested?”

Donnella didn’t know what to say.

“Yes?”

Chapter Four

Donnella waited in bed for her husband. She couldn’t wait for him to get home so she could show him her smooth, well-shaved pussy. She was determined to fuck him tonight, mostly because of the guilt.

Her pussy was already wet. She was wearing the sexy little nightie that was bought years ago before children, and nothing else. Periodically her fingers would dip between her legs just to make sure she was still smooth and wet. She always was. Then she couldn’t resist. She tasted her pussy from her fingers. The savory tang of cunt was both familiar and strange at the same time.

She was going to lie to Jeremy. There was no way around it. The party she had been invited to was at night and someone would have to be home to watch the children. It could damn well be Jeremy.

It was one thing to lie about going to a girls’ night out. It was another to lie about going to a sex party where she was supposed to be a decoration on the wall. He might approve the girls’ night out, but a sex party? No. Jeremy was plain vanilla all the way. Maybe he liked sex, but he liked sex the way most people liked water. Donnella liked sex the way some people liked alcohol: it made life exciting and worth living.

She had no shame in lying to her husband. She might have felt guilt, but no shame.

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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