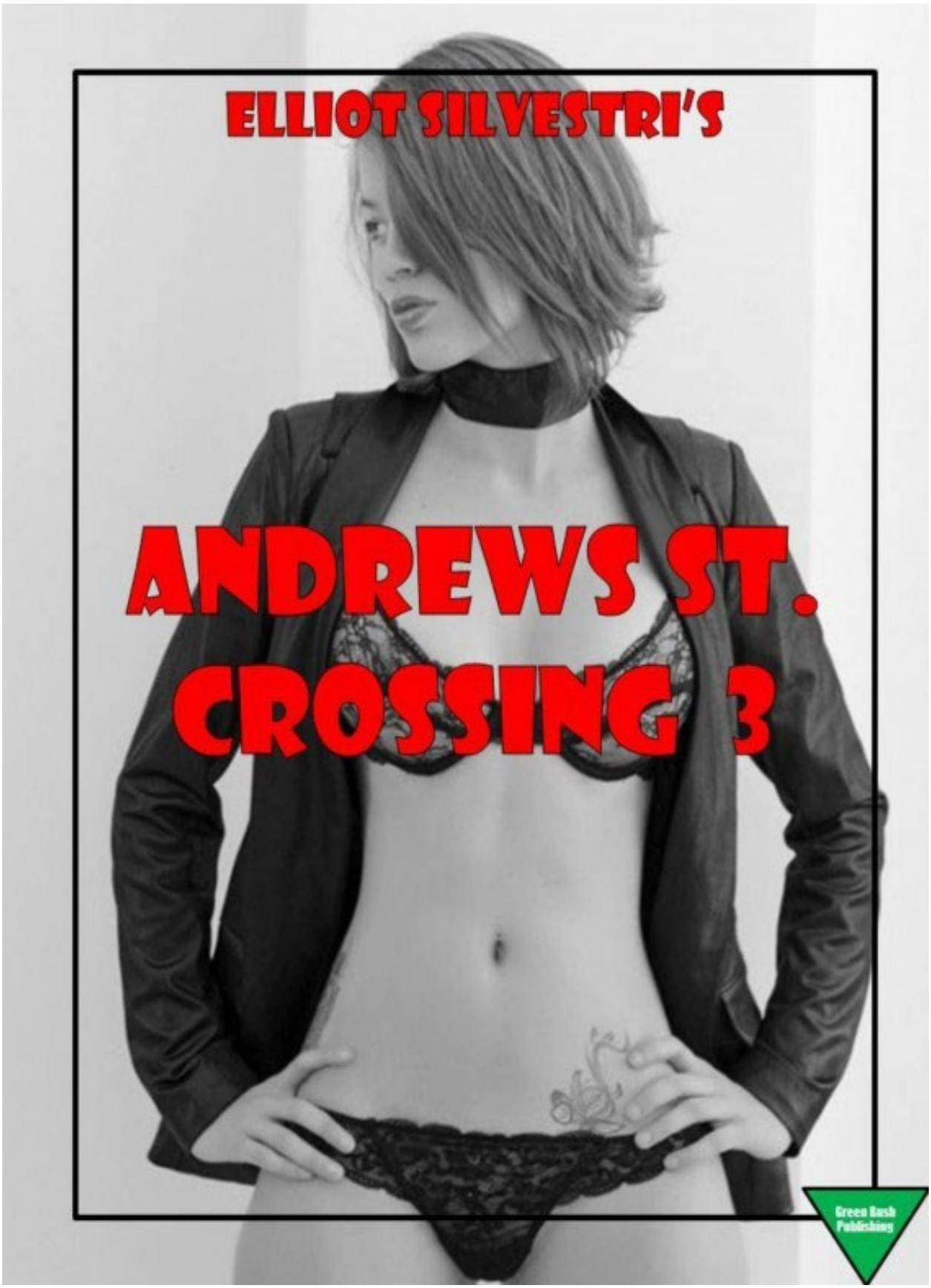
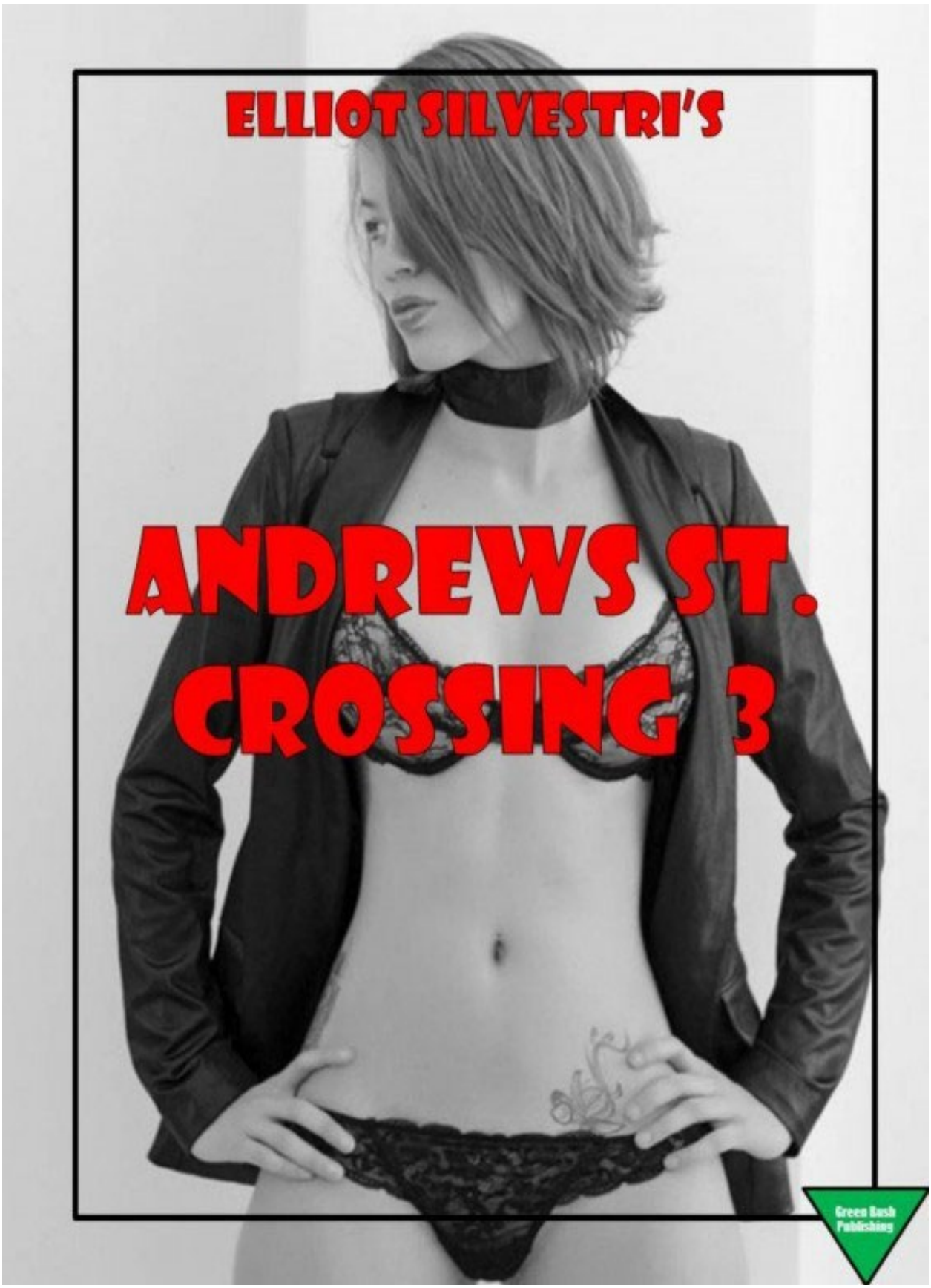

ELLIOT SILVESTRI'S
ANDREWS ST.
CROSSING 3
Green Bush
Publishing


ELLIOT SILVESTRI'S
ANDREWS ST.
CROSSING 3
Green Bush
Publishing

Andrews St. Crossing 3

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright © 2017 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

The characters and events portrayed in this work are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're

reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing’s eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Part Three

Chapter Eight

“She needs it,” Kurt said.

They were sitting side by side at the bar of the pub just down the street from Kurt’s house. Jeremy wasn’t much of a drinker, but he had accompanied his wife’s dom to the bar because he knew that his wife would want him to.

“I know,” Jeremy agreed. “It’s just hard to understand.”

Kurt shrugged and sipped at his beer. “I’m not a marriage counselor, but one of two things is going to happen. Either she’s going to leave you or you’re going to find a role for yourself in her new life.”

“Shit,” Jeremy cursed. “I’m not like Donnella. I mean, I love her, but I’m not like her.”

Kurt looked askance at the man next to him. “Let me ask you this: in the sexual relationships you’ve had in your life, have you been the dominant one, or the submissive? Do you like to tell your partner what to do or do you like to be told what to do?”

Jeremy looked nervously at the bartender who took no interest in the men’s conversation. That didn’t make Jeremy relax at all. The place was busy enough that they had some privacy but they were still in public.

“I don’t know. Some of column A and some of column B. It depends on the woman and the circumstances, I guess.”

“You might be a switch,” Kurt told him.

“What? I’m not gay!”

Kurt actually laughed. Jeremy was a nice enough guy, a little boring and work-obsessed, but nice enough. He just wanted to save his marriage which he was certain was falling apart because his wife had sought out the services of a professional dom. That was the opposite of the case.

“No, no. No bi, that’s something different. A switch is someone who is happy to be either dominant or submissive. Your wife is most definitely a submissive. She gave me no indication what you are, but it seems you’re a switch. Unless…” he trailed off.

“Unless what?” Jeremy demanded and nervously took a pull of beer from the mug in front of him.

“Unless you’re vanilla.”

“Vanilla?”

“Plain. Boring. Dull. No interest in kink,” Kurt explained. “Your wife is not vanilla. Neither am I. She’s a submissive who is into kink, especially bondage and pain. It’s who she is.”

“Yeah. Okay.”

“If you’re vanilla, you have two choices. Either you can participate in her kink to make her happy even though it does nothing for you, or you can let her have her separate life and be content in the knowledge that she’s getting her sexual needs met outside your bedroom.”

The dark look that passed over Jeremy’s face gave Kurt his answer.

“I don’t like what she was doing with you,” he all but growled.

Kurt wasn’t nervous. He had seen this reaction before and Jeremy wasn’t the type to make a giant scene in a public place. “Did you not like that she wants to be tied up and whipped or did you not like that someone other than you was doing it for her?”

The question gave Jeremy pause.

“I saw you in my playroom after I whipped her. You loved her reaction. You say you love her. You loved her enough to fuck her in front of me. What you saw excited you.”

Jeremy stared straight ahead, unable to directly confront what Kurt was telling him.

“I can teach you how to be a good dominant. I can show you the pleasures of being a submissive. Or I can give you the name of a good divorce lawyer. It’s your choice.” He stood up and dropped a few bills on the bar to pay for their drinks. “You know how to contact me,” he added before walking out of the bar, leaving Jeremy alone with his thoughts.

Jeremy came home late that evening to find Donnella in bed reading.

“Did you have a good discussion with Kurt?” she asked him.

He didn’t directly answer her question. “Do you really like getting tied up and beaten?” he asked her as he sat down on the corner of the bed.

Kurt understood her without her having to voice her feelings about her sexuality. Speaking to her husband, the man who she should be able to say anything to, about how she had grown to desire sex a certain way, was almost impossible. “Sort of. The process is exciting. I’m not so into the rituals roles that some people into BDSM like. What I really like—. No. What I really need is the mixing of pain and pleasure. When we have sex, sometimes I can cum, sometimes I can’t. The orgasms are only okay.” Once she had warmed to her subject, Donnella found it easier and easier to speak. The words came spilling out. “When I get tied up and Kurt uses the flogger or a paddle on me…it hurts, I won’t lie. But then when I cum afterwards, the orgasm is a hundred times better than plain vanilla sex.”

“Are you telling me I’m terrible in bed?” Jeremy asked, half angry and half disappointed.

Donnella sat up and put her hand on his arm. “No. You’re fine. It’s me, it really is. I need something much more exciting and adventurous and…well, painful to really satisfy me.”

“I don’t understand,” he said, shaking his head.

“Me either,” she agreed. “But I had these thoughts and desires running around in my head for so long. When the kids started going to school…I just had too much time on my hands and I was bored and I needed to do something about it.” She let her chin fall to her chest and slowly shook her head. “I realized that I was

probably spending the same amount of money on Kurt as I could have spent seeing a shrink. I think I got better results too."

Jeremy scoffed. "How would you know that?"

She looked up at him. "Back in college, before I met you, I was really depressed. I saw a counselor for most of my freshman year. The therapy was okay…but what really helped was when I would go back to my dorm after my sessions and masturbate. He's was incredibly hot."

"You never told me that."

She looked away. "It's a little humiliating. Seeing a shrink to feed sex fantasies and getting almost nothing out of the therapy. It was kind of stupid." She smiled, remembering. "He was a big guy. He must have been an athlete before becoming a therapist. He had big, strong hands and I would always shake his hand when I left, to thank him. I would always wonder what it would be like for his hands to be on me, to throw me around, to choke me. I wanted him to hurt me because I needed to feel some pain." She shuddered. "Dark fantasies but they got me through college."

Jeremy just stared at her. "I had no idea. It's like I don't know you."

"I'm sorry. I kept a lot of things hidden from you." She put her book aside and, without any warning, slipped the straps of her nightgown off her shoulders, revealing her breasts. They were still perfectly sized and shaped even after two kids and many years of marriage. "No more secrets. Do you want to have sex?"

"What?"

"Do you want to have sex? It's been a week since you fucked me at Kurt's and I really need an orgasm." She smiled and pushed her chest out a bit, showing him what she was offering, even though he was already well familiar with her body.

Not knowing what else to say, Jeremy replied, "I suppose you'd like me to tie you up and hurt you too."

She smiled. "That would be nice," she agreed. "We don't' have any bondage stuff here, or a flogger or a paddle, unless you secretly bought something…?" She ended the sentence with a hopeful tone.

“You’re not kidding,” Jeremy said.

Taking in a deep breath, Donnella said, “This is who I am, Jer. I’d love to have sex with you right now. Hold me down. Fuck me. Choke me. Slap me. Spank me. I need it to be rough and painful and I’ll cum for you and I’ll make sure you cum too.” She grabbed his hand—he wasn’t as big and strong as her counselor in college, but he was strong enough—and brought it up to her breast. “Please,” she begged.

Anger rose in Jeremy. This was not his life but he still loved Donnella. He hated that she needed pain but he still loved her. Without thinking, his fingers found her nipple and pinched and twisted it, causing her to gasp in pain.

“Like that?” he hissed at her.

Without missing a beat she nodded, her eyes sparkling. He couldn’t tell if the sparkle was from tears or lust. “Yes. More,” she begged.

He grabbed her other nipple and gave it the same treatment, not letting go of the first. She moaned in pain as he pushed her back down to the bed. His anger and her reaction caused his lust to rise. It was a strange feeling to be hurting his wife and seeing her love it.

Not knowing what else to do, Jeremy twisted her nipples in the opposite direction cause Donnella to let out a little yelp of pain. He involuntarily let go of her nipples.

She immediate grabbed his hand and brought it between her legs. “Look what you did to me.”

Donnella wasn’t wearing any panties. Her pussy, covered with just a hint of pubic hair growth from her shave that morning, was sopping wet, as if he had been eating her out for an hour. Jeremy was surprised and pleased at the same time.

“Fuck me,” she begged. “You have to fuck me. I need it.”

Jeremy jumped out of the bed and quickly stripped off his clothes. His cock stood up from his crotch, erect and ready to be put to use. While he stripped she turned over onto her hands and knees, sticking her ass up in the air for him. She

didn’t bother to take off her nightgown; it just bunched up at her waist and hung below her breasts.

They usually fucked missionary style, but like animals would be just fine with Jeremy tonight. He got on the bed and knelt behind her, probing between her legs with his cock. Using her hand she guided him into her opening. Her cunt was hot and wet.

“Fuck me hard,” she begged and grabbed his hand he was using to help support his weight, bringing it to her breast. Taking the hint, he found and pinched the nipple, not pausing to think about possibly hurting her too much. She gasped and then chuckled at the pain. “Good,” she moaned. “You’re learning.

“Yeah,” he grunted.

“My clit too,” she told him.

Balancing his weight on his knees and her back, with his other hand he reached down between her legs and felt her vulva. It was moist and slippery. In his experience with her she had never before gotten so wet. He parted her slit with his forefinger, fishing out her clit.

“Yes,” she encouraged him.

Once her engorged clit had been encouraged to come out of hiding it was easy to use his thumb to pinch it.

She screamed into the pillow and he realized she was cumming. Her pussy was spasming around his cock. He had barely filled her and had only thrusted into her a few times. This was truly what his wife wanted and needed.

Jeremy didn’t let go of her nipple or clit. He rested his weigh on her back and started fucking her as hard as he could. She grunted under the strain but didn’t complain. She was sweating from the exertion and making little noises to deal with the pain, but at that point Jeremy didn’t care.

“Is this what you want, slut?” He words burst out of his mouth. Never before had he insulted his wife like that. “Is it, bitch?” he demanded.

“Yes,” she whined. “Yes, yes.”

That was all he needed to hear. He came. His balls tightened up and he had with her the most intense orgasm that he could remember.

Chapter Nine

“Being a good dominant is more difficult than being a good submissive.” Kurt told him.

“Why is that?”

Kurt smiled. It was almost impossible to tell the change in his expression because of his thin lips. “In reality, the sub controls the scene. The dom is there to bring the scene to life and to bring about the sub’s fantasy. The sub can end the scene at any point; the dom has to know how far to push the sub without upsetting him or her.”

Jeremy nodded, trying to understand. The woman bound to the saltire where he had fucked his wife stood there patiently. It seemed to him that he was in charge, but Kurt was telling him the complete opposite.

The blonde man went to the middle-aged woman on the saltire. She was attractive enough for someone approaching fifty. She had brown hair that fell to her shoulders, breasts that were just starting to sag and a tummy that protruded more than was traditionally attractive. It was her upper arms that distracted Jeremy. They were round and a little flabby, but upraised against the arms of the saltire, to his eyes they were incredibly beautiful. He wondered what it would take to get his wife to put on a few pounds and make her upper arms soft and round and sexy.

Kurt introduced her as Salome; it was obviously a pseudonym, but Jeremy didn’t question it. Like Donnella, Salome’s pussy was shaved bare which made her already prominent inner labia seem to pout out even more. She also had a ring in her belly button and a small butterfly tattoo on her ankle. Salome hadn’t questioned Jeremy’s presence and had willingly taken off her clothes in front of him and allowed herself to be strapped to the saltire.

“Is it hard finding subs?” Jeremy asked as Kurt finished adjusting the last of the straps.

Standing up, Kurt grinned broadly. It was a display of emotion that wasn't common for him. "Incredibly easy. They come to me. You'd be surprised how many housewives, especially well-to-do housewives, are in need of a good dominant. Isn't that right, Salome?"

She nodded once. "Yes. I had two shitty boyfriends who were also terrible doms before I found you."

Kurt patted the woman on her meaty thigh. "We've talked about your language when on the saltire, Salome. I'm afraid I'll have to gag you."

Her eyes went wide. "No," she begged. "Please don't. You know I hate that."

Kurt ignored her words. Jeremy wasn't sure if this was play acting or if Salome was actually afraid, but Kurt retrieved a ball gag from his cabinets. It was a red rubber ball attached to a black leather harness. He started to lift it to her mouth, and then stopped.

"I think you should do this, Jer." Kurt handed the device over to Jeremy. This was why he was in the playroom with Kurt: to learn how to be a good dominant. Apparently he was going to have hands on experience the first day.

Taking the ball gag from Kurt, he quickly figured out how it would go around her head. When he presented it to Salome, she clamped her jaws shut and closed her lips, shaking her head, refusing to accept it into her mouth. Jeremy looked to Kurt for guidance.

"Figure it out," Kurt told him.

"Open," Jeremy ordered the sub.

She shook her head again.

Jeremy felt humiliated in front of his teacher and tried a tactic that seemed smart. He pinched Salome's nose shut in the hope of getting her to open her mouth.

Instead she just parted her lips and breathed through her teeth.

Jeremy frowned.

“Clever girl,” Kurt commented.

“Now what?” Jeremy asked, mostly of himself, but Kurt wasn’t a cruel teacher.

“A submissive often wants to push back against her dom, to see her limits and freedom. A submissive should always expect physical discipline when not compliant.” He didn’t tell Jeremy what to do; he let the other man figure it out.

After a moment’s consideration, Jeremy slapped Salome across the face, not hard enough to hurt her, but just enough to sting, to let her know he was in charge.”

Salome gasped in shock. When she did, he pushed the ball into her mouth and brought the straps around the back of her head, buckling it firmly in place.

“Very good,” Kurt complimented him. “Never let a sub think she’s in charge.”

“But you said—” Jeremy began to say.

“I said the sub is in control of the scene, but isn’t in charge. A sub needs discipline to fully become who they want to be.” He handed Jeremy a flogger. Twenty thin leather falls were connected to a thick wooden handle. It felt natural in his hand.

“The flogger is the primary tool of pain and pleasure for a dom to use on a submissive,” Kurt said. “You’ll become an expert in its use…and if you play tennis your swing should improve in strength as well. Use it carefully all over her skin. Salome has very pale skin, so she pinks up quickly and easily. Don’t worry; she’s not afraid of it. Don’t let her screams distract you. Start at her ankles; cover the legs, belly, chest, and arms. Avoid the pussy and tits; we’ll do those later.”

Salome made an unintelligible noise behind her gag along with a violent shaking of her head. Jeremy ignored her reaction and started laying the flogger down over the sub’s skin.

Kurt watched and narrated. “Not too soft, you want to stimulate her, but not too hard either. This is to make her squirm and push her limits, not to put her in the hospital. You’ll be able to tell from her little yelps, moans, groans, and cries when you’re doing it right and when you’re doing it wrong. Watch her skin, you

want it to turn pink, even red, but you don't want to permanently damage her or cut her. You don't want to leave scars."

While Kurt instructed, Jeremy went up both of Salome's legs with his flogger, then to her belly and ribcage, and then to her arms. As instructed he left her tits and pussy alone. He was sorely tempted, however, to curl the falls around her neck.

"Very good," Kurt said when Jeremy was done. His arm was tired, but there was a certain satisfaction to the work as well. Salome looked like she had been at the beach all day wearing a bikini. The sunburn wasn't terrible, but it was obvious.

"Touch her skin, feel the heat of what you've done."

Jeremy pressed his hand to Salome's stomach. Her skin was hot, much hotter than if it had just been body heat. He smiled and nodded.

"Now check her cunt. A true submissive, a pain slut, she'll be wet and ready."

The request was odd, but not out of context. Jeremy knew he was there to please and service the women, the submissives, who came to Kurt, but to touch a woman's sex without her express permission seemed rude at the least if not a gross violation of trust. But he did what he was supposed to do.

Her cunt was hot, hotter than where he had turned her skin red, and she was wet to the point of dripping.

"Push your fingers inside her. It'll be easy."

Kurt was right. Jeremy's fingers easily went up into Salome. She was panting around the large rubber ball in her mouth but her eyes weren't telling him no so he explored her cunt. She was slick and smooth inside; the inner walls gripped at his digits as he experimentally fingered her.

"Well?" Kurt asked.

Jeremy pulled out his fingers. "Hot and wet," he declared, displaying his fingers for Kurt.

The blonde man nodded. "She's a randy bitch. Loves the flogger; can't get

enough of pain when she's cumming. Use it on her cunt until she cums."

Jeremy expected the woman to start screaming and yelling behind her gag. Instead she tilted her pelvis and settled back on the saltire. She was waiting expectantly.

"Are you sure?" asked Jeremy.

"She cums easily from the flogger. I'll be watching. If you can't make her cum with it, I'll tell you to stop and you can get her off with your hand." Kurt nodded and smiled to show his confidence in the other man.

After taking a moment to adjust his grip on the flogger's wooden handle, Jeremy brought it up sharply between Salome's legs. She screamed behind her gag and tried to jerk out of the way, but the restraints prevented any escape.

"Again," Kurt encouraged him. "Harder. She needs this."

Salome shook her head and tears started forming in the corners of her eyes. Jeremy hesitated.

"Do it," Kurt ordered.

Jeremy slapped the flogger on Salome's pussy again. Once again she screamed and the tears started spilling down her cheeks. He paused once more; the flogger's falls were wet from the bound submissive's pussy juice and he stared at this evidence of her arousal.

"More. Harder and faster. You need to make her cum."

Once he started moving, Jeremy gave himself over to the moment. Salome's screams because a beautiful song in his ears, her crying only enhanced her beauty, and he could feel his cock growing ever harder inside his black pants. He watched the expression on her face change from fear to anticipation to ecstasy with each additional swat of the flogger. When she finally came, he was thrill he had given her exactly what she needed.

"Finish her off," Kurt said. "Use your hand on her. Grab that cunt and make her cum. She needs a little jolt of pleasure now to cement the pain and orgasm in her head."

Jeremy was more than glad to do it. Her pussy was sopping. It was impossible to get a grip on her, but that was okay. He just slapped the palm of his hand upward into her cunt, his fingers curling upward to her pubic bone. It didn't take much effort to make her cum again, this time with a low, throaty groan and a reaction he hadn't expected.

At first he thought Salome was peeing, but she was in the throes of ecstasy. Salome was a squirter and her pussy was responding in the best possible way, drenching his hand, her thighs, and the floor between her legs.

Jeremy was shaking as much as Salome by the time they were done.

"How did it go?" Donnella asked him when he returned home that afternoon.

Jeremy said nothing, but pulled out his cell phone and showed his wife the pictures Kurt had taken of him abusing Salome. Even in still pictures it was obvious he was enjoying hurting the sub. Salome's reaction was a visibly greater than his.

"When are you going to do that to me?" Donnella asked, breathless.

"When do you want to do it?"

"Now would be great," she told him, tugging down on her shirt, showing off more than just a hint of her cleavage. "But the kids," she added, with a look toward the living room. "Tonight."

Jeremy was glad she had delayed the inevitable. He wasn't ready to face what he had done.

Time waits for no one. Eventually the evening rolled around and the couple found themselves alone in their bedroom, the kids safely asleep on the other side of the house. Donnella hadn't gone all out on dressing for her husband. She had briefly considered putting on some of the elaborate lingerie she had. It wasn't much, but it was something. But that wasn't what this was about. She was certain he would be much happier with her fully naked, nothing else needed.

It was Jeremy who was uncertain about what was expected of him. He didn't

know how to deal with himself. It was pleasant seeing his wife in a lace red camisole that didn't hide the outline of her erect nipples nor their color. To the cami she had added a pair of small red panties, not really lace, but sexy enough considering they'd be off in a few minutes.

"Ready for me?" she asked with a grin. They were facing each other across their bed. She had just emerged from their en suite bathroom in her little outfit. He was still dressed almost casually in khakis and a button down shirt. The look on his face broadcast that he was lost. In her eagerness for the evening's activities Donnella had missed that. "I have a few toys you can use on me, but I wouldn't mind you just using your hand on my ass." She turned her hips and showed off that her panties reveled most off her ass.

She crawled onto the bed and started making her way across the bed. Never before had Donnella gone for sexy games and roleplaying, but this seemed the perfect opportunity to start. "Would you like to spank me?" she asked. "I've been very good and I think I deserve a reward. My reward is you getting to turn my ass bright red."

Confronted by the moment, Jeremy just shook his head.

Thinking he was resisting, teasing her, Donnella ignored his dour face and turned around, displaying her ass to him, wondering what her trim ass looked like with the thin span of lace splitting her cheeks and just barely hiding her pussy from him. "I'm ready for you," she told him, wiggling her hips a bit. She didn't have much in the way of fat in her ass, but it was a noble effort.

"No," Jeremy finally said.

"No what?" asked Donnella. "I've got a little paddle hidden in my dresser. You can use that if you like. I enjoy the sting."

Jeremy sat down on the edge of the bed and shook his head again. "No. I don't want to hurt you."

Donnella laughed at him. "You're not really hurting me. I mean, I'll experience a bit of pain, but I want that. It'll get me wet and then you'll fuck me. It'll be great." She started to wiggle her ass one more time, looking over her shoulder at him, but realized something was truly wrong.

“What’s the matter?” she asked him, dropping the act. She was incredibly disappointed they weren’t going to do what she wanted, but Jeremy was on the verge of tears. The last time she had seen him cry was at his father’s funeral two years ago.

It took him a moment to form the words. “When I was at Kurt’s today, beating that girl…” he trailed off, unable to continue to where he needed to go.

She prompted him. “Salome?”

“Yeah. Her.”

“Kurt says she’s a real experienced submissive. Likes sharp pain.”

Jeremy stared at the wall; he couldn’t face his wife. He consciously looked away from the mirror on the wall, unable to risk facing himself. “He kept pushing me. It was exciting. She was screaming and in pain, but she came too.” The words were coming easier to him now. “I didn’t understand what was going on.”

“Kurt was there,” she said confidently. “I’m sure everything went exactly as it was supposed to, otherwise he would have stopped the scene.”

“I came in my pants like a teenage boy,” he blurted out.

Donnella was silent a moment. “Wow. You must have really liked it.” She smiled at him.

“I shouldn’t like it!”

“You shouldn’t like giving a woman what she wants?” Donnella was puzzled.

“I shouldn’t like hitting and hurting women! Making them scream in pain! Making them cum when they don’t really want to!”

It took all of Donnella’s self-control in order to not laugh at her husband. “No,” she corrected him. “You should like it. It’s exactly what she wanted. If it wasn’t, she would have told you and Kurt when she was done. She would have used her safe word, and she didn’t, did she?”

“No,” admitted Jeremy.

“You’re ashamed because you enjoyed what isn’t considered correct behavior?” she asked him.

He put his face in his hands. “Uh-huh.”

“Jer, I’ve spent the last I don’t know how many years denying that I really wanted to be hurt during sex, that I wanted a little thrill of pain. I finally gave into myself and I’m happier now than I’ve been for as long as I can remember. I’m a masochist. I can admit that to myself—and you—now. And we’re very lucky. You’re a sadist. You like causing pain in others. We’re a perfect match. Somehow the universe decided it wanted us to meet and be happy together.”

“It’s just so…wrong,” he complained.

“But it feels so good,” she told him. “I can give you a hundred things to read which will explain that maybe we’re a little fucked in the head, but liking pain during sex isn’t all that different from marathoners who look that that endorphin high after a grueling race.”

Jeremy said nothing.

“Deny it all you want, but you’re a sadist and you can run away from it and be miserable, or embrace it and be happy.” She sat down next to him and kissed his cheek. “I embraced it and I’m happy. Do you want to be miserable?”

“No.”

She took his hand in hers and kissed the back of it before pushing it down into her panties. He felt the smooth patch of skin above her slit that had only a few weeks ago always been covered by curly dark hair. Pushing his hand lower she made him feel her pussy, how wet and hot it was.

“I’m wet,” she whispered in his ear. “I’m wet just from getting ready for tonight. If you can’t or won’t fuck me the way I want…I’ll find someone who will. Is that what you want?”

He shook his head. “No.”

Taking his hand from between her thighs she crawled back on to the bed, her ass still pointed at him. “Do what I need.”

Jeremy looked at his wife's ass. There was absolutely nothing wrong with it. Her ass was perfect. Unable to spank her soft flesh, he instead ran his hand over her smooth skin. She purred in response.

"Think of how it will feel when it's red and hot," she told him.

"Where's the paddle?" he asked.

"Top dresser drawer. Center."

He found it exactly where she had said. It was small, about the size of a spatula, but made of wood and covered with a veneer of leather. It looked incredibly painful to use on bare flesh. The moment he thought that, Jeremy's cock started to get hard inside his pants. He was torn both ways.

"Spank me or leave me," Donnella said.

It was easier to obey his wife than to fight his own nature.

When he brought the pain-inducing toy down on her right ass cheek, the sound it made startled the both of them. It was much louder than he had anticipated and was immediately grateful the kids' rooms were on the opposite side of the house and his own bedroom door thick, heavy, and closed.

"Yes," Donnella breathed.

The little rectangle of red on her ass made Jeremy's cock stiffen. There was no fighting it now. He smacked her ass again, this time on the other side.

Donnella yelped a little in response, jumping reflexively. The pain was a thrill, but it was pain all the same. She was warmed up, but a masochist always relishes every sensation.

"Hold still," he ordered her.

"Sorry. I'm used to being tied up when this happens."

"Do you have restraints?" he asked her, a hint of eagerness in his voice.

She shook her head. "No. Sorry. Didn't think I'd need them tonight."

He glanced around the corners of the bed. It wasn't a classic four-poster, but the corners of the frame could easily be used as anchor points for ropes. "My neckties…" he suggested.

"No. I'm used to real restraints. Just spank my ass. I promise I'll hold still." Donnella didn't want any more delays. She wanted to be spanked and then fucked. She needed it more than Jeremy realized. She dug her fingers into the comforter, willing herself not to move at all. She looked over her shoulder at him. "Do it!"

As if to prove a point, Jeremy brought the paddle down on her ass several times in rapid succession, varying back and forth between each cheek. She gasped and grunted with each blow but true to her word she barely moved. After only a dozen stroked Donnella's ass was burning red with an internal fire. Jeremy paused for a second and admired his handiwork.

Unable to resist he touched her abused skin with his hand. It was hot and beautiful. He wondered if she would bruise and silently hoped that she would.

"Yes," she moaned again. "Don't stop."

Following her request Jeremy pulled his hand away and give her another series of whacks, hard and fast enough to have her gasping in agony and tears dripping from the corners of her eyes.

"Stop," she begged. It was barely a whisper. She had to say it when he paused because the sound of the slaps would have drowned out her plea.

"I thought you liked pain?" he asked with a ferocity that scared him.

"I do. Feel my pussy."

He could see the wetness staining through her thong. Jeremy yanked the scrap of material down to her mid-thigh. Her pussy was opened up and dripping; she was waiting to be fucked like an animal in heat.

"Please," she begged.

Dropping the paddle and scrambling to get on the bed with her, Jeremy pulled his pants down far enough to get his cock out and shove it between her legs.

Once more Donnella gasped, partly in pain because of the way his abdomen and thighs met her sore skin, and partly in lust because of the way his beautiful cock filled her up.

Jeremy had a nice cock, or so Donnella had always thought. He wasn't huge, but he was always extra-hard when needed and he had filled her up nicely. Tonight was different. It felt like he was huge. Even when he easily slipped inside her cunt, it felt like he was twice his normal size. The pussy juice she was dripping made it simplicity itself to delve deeply into her cunt and they started rutting like mindless animals.

The sounds that came out of Donnella's mouth surprised and shamed her. She sounded like a cheap porn actress. Was this how it was supposed to be for a woman who was truly in her element during mind-blowing sex?

Jeremy was largely silent. He was concentrating on not cumming because the moment he entered her pussy he was already on the verge. He managed to thrust into her a few dozen times, slapping his flesh against her abused skin. The sensations were almost overwhelming for Donnella. She had a quick, sharp orgasm a few seconds after he entered her. She had a second one when she put her fingers to her slit and vigorously rubbed her clit a few times. The third orgasm in little more than a minute happened when he came deep in her pussy, pumping out a huge amount of spunk. It overflowed her tight pussy and started leaking out immediately.

It was the most satisfying orgasm Jeremy had ever had.

He was ashamed and thrilled.

"See," she said to him, panting heavily. "You have it in you to hurt others and make them cum too."

Jeremy already knew that he liked hurting others, seeing them suffer. What scared him was how much he enjoyed it.

"Are you okay?" he asked with great concern as he carefully withdrew her cock from her still pulsing pussy.

She grinned at him. "Yes. It hurts a little, but I like that, don't forget."

He nodded, still uncertain about his feelings.

Chapter Ten

Jeremy looked at the bound form of Trent on the saltire. The young man was handsome and didn't outwardly appear nervous. Kurt claimed he wasn't gay, though Trent was. Kurt offered his services to anyone willing to pay, regardless of sexual orientation. Jeremy wasn't gay either, but he could appreciate that Trent spent a lot of time on his body. His muscles were well-defined and his skin was well-maintained. It wouldn't have surprised Jeremy if Trent spent a lot of time at a spa making sure his skin was soft and supple. He was clean shaven, not just his face, but his entire body. There wasn't a single hair on his chest, arms, legs, or abdomen. While the young man didn't have a huge cock, it was impressively sized and probably looked larger than it actually was because it wasn't half hidden in a nest of pubic hair.

"Like what you see?" Trent asked Jeremy with a grin.

That startled Jeremy out of his distracted stare. Being more than a decade older than Trent, he didn't quite have the same body so he was a bit jealous, but he had been admiring the young man's body in a non-sexual way. It was obvious Trent was flirting with him, even as he was firmly bound against the heavy saltire.

"What?" Jeremy blurted out.

"Quiet," Kurt said, cutting short the stilted conversation. "Don't make me put a gag in you, Trent."

"That could be fun too," Trent said quickly.

"I want to hear him scream," the other man in the room said. He was a bit of a dandy, dressed in a well-tailored suit with a pocket square that matched his tie and shoes shined so brightly Jeremy was certain he could see his reflection in them. Frederick was apparently Trent's boyfriend. He knew that Trent had been coming to Kurt and was fine with it. He had accompanied his boyfriend this day to observe Trent's special treatment.

"You will," Kurt promised. "You will."

“No I won’t,” Trent quickly contradicted him. “I mean, I know it’ll hurt, but I’m not some little baby who screams and cries at a little pain.”

“This isn’t just a little pain,” Kurt told him yet again. “You might not even feel it at first, but this is going to hurt for the next week.”

“I can take it,” Trent said confidently.

Kurt shook his head. “I just want to remind you once again that I think this is a terrible idea.”

“It’s my body,” Trent said. “I can do anything with it that I want!”

“Actually, I think you made me a promise letting me do anything I want to your body,” interjected Frederick. He had extracted his cell phone from his inner jacket pocket and was preparing to film the event. Jeremy glanced at Frederick. They were roughly the same age and Frederick claimed to be an attorney; Jeremy believed it. Normally for his banking job he was as well-dressed at Frederick, but today he was wearing the uniform that Kurt demanded: black shoes, black pants, black t-shirt. It wasn’t creative but it did project a certain image for the both of them.

The attorney adjusted a lock of hair that had fallen onto his forehead. His hair, like everything else about him, was carefully maintained. “Where’s the best place for me to stand while filming this? I don’t want to miss anything.”

“Wherever you want,” Kurt replied. “Just don’t get in the way.” He turned back to Trent who was pulling lightly against his restraints in anticipation of the big event. “Are you ready for this?” he asked.

“Of course,” the young man said with confidence and bravado. “I’ve been ready since I walked in the door.”

“When was the last time you came?” Kurt asked.

Jeremy found that an odd question, but Trent answered it readily. “A few hours ago. Freddie and I fucked like a couple of good homos before we came over… because we won’t be able to do it again for a while.” He rotated his hips a bit, showing off his cock.

“Don’t be crude, Trent,” his boyfriend admonished him.

If nothing else, Trent was being realistic about what he was about to do, Kurt reflected. But he still wanted Trent to know what he was doing to himself. “This is permanent, there’s no going back and there’s no corrective to this process, it’s not like a piercing you can take out and not like a tattoo that you could have removed or altered.”

“Oh please.” Trent rolled his eyes. “You say it like I’m a scared little boy who doesn’t know what he’s getting into.”

That’s exactly what he looked like to Jeremy, but he was the apprentice here for Kurt. It was his job to remain silent and do as he was instructed. “I don’t want you getting hard in the middle of this,” Kurt said. “Makes things messier than you can imagine.”

“He won’t be getting hard easily,” Frederick said confidently.

“He sucked me off and then I fucked his ass,” Trent confided in Kurt and Jeremy with a stage whisper. “But I can still get hard again if you want.” He punctuated his statement with a little giggle.

Kurt was unimpressed. “Wipe his cock down with the alcohol wipes. While you do that, make sure there are no obvious cuts or abrasions on the skin that might allow infections or problems with healing.”

Jeremy swallowed and nodded. He had never handled another man’s cock before; there had never been a need or desire to. He tore open the first packet of wipes and carefully started cleaning Trent’s cock. In his head Jeremy pretended he was a medical professional just dealing with a piece of flesh. He could sense Trent looking down at him, his stupid grin plastered across his face; Jeremy didn’t look up.

Air quickly filled with the alcohol smell and Jeremy could feel Trent’s cock want to swell and grown under his attentions, but apparently he was temporarily fucked out and maybe knowing what was to come actually scared him to flaccidity.

Jeremy cleaned Trent’s shaft and balls, not really worrying about the head. He tried to handle the other man’s cock like he’d handle his own, not too roughly,

but firmly enough to show confidence. He couldn't see any cuts or scrapes and Trent didn't involuntarily hiss or twitch from alcohol seeping into a hidden wound. After swabbing down Trent's manhood with three packets of wipes, he told Kurt he was done.

"Hold up the head of his cock and don't flinch away. I don't want this fucked up." Kurt grinned as he turned back from the counter. "And even with all his bravado, I'm sure Trent doesn't want it fucked up either."

Jeremy pinched the head of Trent's cock between his thumb and forefinger, lifting it up, pointing it at the ceiling. He was certain that Trent's manhood shrunk a bit when Kurt approached him with the red hot branding iron in his hand.

He had just pulled the iron from the little oven on the counter. The iron was eighteen inches long with an insulated handle on one end and the brand design on the other. This one seemed very small to Jeremy, but then again it didn't need to be big. Jeremy saw the mirror image F on the end of the brand as Kurt approached.

The room was already hot from the excess heat of the oven. Both Jeremy and Trent started sweating profusely as Kurt approached. Frederick watched nervously through the screen of his cell phone. Only Kurt seemed calm and cool.

When he was inches away, Trent started to shy away. Jeremy was proud that he held firmly onto the man's cock. "Wait. No. Don't," Trent said quickly, his cool, calm exterior collapsed at the moment of truth.

Jeremy thought that Kurt would stop.

He didn't

Kurt pressed the iron to the right side of Trent's cock where the shaft started to meet his balls and abdomen.

Trent screamed. It was ear-piercing.

Jeremy was certain he heard the sizzle of flesh and a second later the air was scented like a backyard barbeque.

Trent was crying and sobbing, his whole body was shaking with the sobbing. “It hurts, oh god, it hurts, don’t do it anymore!”

Seeing how the supposed willing victim and declared masochist fell apart at the simple treatment disgusted Jeremy. He had asked for this and now—too late—he was regretting his decision. It was a good thing that Trent was bound to the saltire and this was being done in Kurt’s playroom instead of in a professional body mod office. Anyone else would have stopped; Kurt was determined to go forward because it was Frederick who was paying for this branding, not Trent.

Kurt returned the F iron to the heating oven and extracted the second one. This one had a Y on the end. It wasn’t in mirror image for Jeremy because a Y couldn’t be a mirror image. Jeremy couldn’t see the second branding because he was standing on the opposite side, but the process was much the same, except this time Trent kept begging all the way through the process.

“No, no, no. Please don’t! Stop! I changed my mind!”

Kurt ignored him and pressed the red hot iron to the left side of Trent’s cock with the same sizzle and the same smell. Trent screamed again.

By the time it was over, Trent was heaving and sobbing. Tears were streaming down his face and he had lost what little emotional control over himself that he had.

Frederick put away his cell phone and went to the still-bound form of Trent. “Oh my baby,” he said softly, kissing the other man and wiping away his tears. It was a tender moment, but Jeremy had no patience for it because Trent’s behavior had lowered Jeremy’s opinion of him. A true masochist would have been happy to absorb such pain.

“Smear some Vaseline on the brand marks,” Kurt said. “And then you can release him.”

Kurt’s tone told Jeremy he had the same low opinion of Trent. He did as Kurt asked.

“I already went over the healing and after-care instructions with you,” Kurt said. “I doubt your cock will want to do anything for the next couple days.”

Jeremy unbuckled the restraints and helped Trent down from the saltire. Frederick and Trent embraced and kissed. Trent continued crying and Frederick stroked his hair. Jeremy helped Kurt clean up and put away the tools. It was Frederick who loosely wrapped some gauze around Trent's cock and helped him get dressed. A few minutes later the couple was out the door, much to Jeremy's relief.

"Why didn't you stop when he was begging for you to stop?" Jeremy asked.

Kurt looked at him coolly in the eyes. "I'd already been paid for the service. Trent said he wanted to do it. Sometimes you have to know when a submissive and a masochist really wants something and when they're just playing. I think Trent needed a little lesson in knowing when to be serious and when to use his safe word."

Jeremy raised his eyebrows. "Is that…ethical?"

Kurt grinned. "He forgot I'm a masochist. It's the submissive's job to keep himself under control. I think he's learned his lesson, but it's also a good thing his boyfriend is named Frederick Young."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, he's got an F on one side of his cock and a Y on the other. If they break up—and I'm fairly certain they will, Trent's not a one-man submissive—he'll still have those branding scars on his cock."

"Yeah…and?"

"I can just brand an E on the underside and then it'll spell out "FEY" when you look at it from underneath. Of course, any guy on his knees in front of Trent's cock will have already figured out Trent is gay." He grinned and Jeremy shook his head.

"You're spending a lot of time with Kurt," said Donnella to her husband that night. "What beautiful woman did you get to whip today?" She grinned at him because she could see the outline of his hard cock through his pants." She was already in bed, naked but under the covers, not letting him anything.

Jeremy shook his head at her. “No women today. We branded a gay guy for his boyfriend.”

“Ooh, sounds hot,” Donnella commented wryly. “Did you like doing that?”

He wasn’t sure if she was asking if his sadist side liked hurting another person or if she was asking if he liked doing it to a man. Was she trying to see if Jeremy had a bi streak in his sexuality?

In silent answer to her, Jeremy undressed and showed her his erect cock. Donnella pushed back the covers and opened up her legs, displaying her wet pussy to him. He got between her legs, burying his cock into her wet cunt. In a few seconds they were rutting almost like a normal, married couple. Jeremy wasn’t sure if he wanted to be a normal, married couple any more.

He started slamming his cock into her as hard and fast as he could. She moaned in pleasure under the assault. Taking that as encouragement, Jeremy reached for her nipple, twisting and pinching it as hard as he dared.

She cried out in pain. “Oh…fuck yes!” she exclaimed, encouraging him along.

Without realizing what he was doing, he bit down on her shoulder, exulting in the thrill of causing pain and listening to how she cried out in excitement as he did it. Her cunt contracted and pulsed on his cock as she came.

Jeremy didn’t want their session to be over too quickly. He slowed his pace and savored the pain he was giving her.

“You’re hurting me,” she whined. His teeth were cutting into her skin, bruising her flesh.

“I know,” he grunted.

“You like doing it, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh.” He was on the edge and wanted to cum, but wanted the moment to last forever as well. He twisted her nipple a little more.

“Careful,” she gasped. “I’m going to Trent tomorrow. I want to be fresh for him.”

That infuriated him. He bit and twisted harder right before he came.

Jeremy wasn’t sure how he felt about his wife going to another man—another sadist—for her sexual relief. He was confident he could do it all for her.

Chapter Eleven

The woman on the saltire was attractive. Jeremy couldn't be certain of her age, but he guessed she was pushing fifty based on how her breasts had just started sagging and the slight wrinkles and lines on her face. She hid it well, but when a woman took off her clothes and allowed herself to be strapped to a large wooden cross, there wasn't much she was hiding.

Jodi had bright blue eyes and straight blond hair that hung to her shoulders. Her makeup was minimal and tasteful. She wore simple sapphire stud earrings and a thin gold chain around her neck. On her left hand she wore a flashy diamond engagement ring and a gold wedding band. To the casual viewer she was just another middle-aged mom and housewife. When she walked into Kurt's playroom, she was a different woman.

Her body was in good shape; while her breasts might have been sagging a bit, her body was otherwise well-toned. A younger woman would have been sporting a belly button ring, but not Jodi. She knew she was too old to pull that off. Instead she had two gold rings through her nipples. Just slightly above and to the right of her pubic mons she had a tattoo of a dolphin. It was easily hidden under her clothes and easily hidden by the right choice of swimsuit. Her pubic hair wasn't completely shaved, but she had removed almost all of it, leaving behind just a simple strip that barely hid her labia.

To all appearances she was a plain and unadventurous woman…except now she looked excited and eager to please. Her eyes were shining with anticipation of what was to happen. Her wrists and ankles were restrained by thick leather bands and her hands gripped the heavy pegs at the ends of the saltire's arms.

Kurt was sitting silently in the corner, watching. Both Jodi and Kurt's eyes were on Jeremy who stood in the middle of the room testing the flexibility of the cane between his hands. He was stalling and he was certain that they knew, but he was hoping they were thinking he was making Jodi wait, letting anticipation build up.

The problem was he didn't know how to engage her. Jeremy was almost afraid to talk with the naked woman waiting to taste the sting of the flogger he was

holding. He knew Kurt wasn't going to help; the dom was determined and silent when he wanted to be.

It was Jodi who broke the impasse. "You've been staring at my nipple rings. Do you like them?" She turned her torso slightly, displaying the rings from side to side. The action gave her the appearance of a wanton woman.

"I was wondering when you had them done," Jeremy asked. It wasn't what he was wondering at all, but he had to say something.

"Five years ago. A gift to myself for my birthday. Shocked the hell out of my husband, but he likes them. He likes that I have a secret I keep only between him and me." Jodi smiled, happy in revealing her secret. "And anyone else I take my clothes off for."

She struck Jeremy as the type of woman who would happily have affairs behind her husband's back and not feel the least bit of guilt over them.

"And the tattoo?" he asked, gesturing with the flogger.

"Ten years ago. I got it done with some friends from college during a reunion weekend." She smiled again, letting him know exactly what went on during that weekend. "I might have been a little drunk when it happened."

"And you like pain?" Jeremy asked.

"I love pain," she answered, leaning forward, letting him know exactly what she wanted.

"Flogging, caning, paddling?"

"All of that."

"Kurt and I were discussing your inclinations before you arrived. You haven't had a new dom in a long time. He thought that you might want to try something new."

"I'm always up for something new." She was flirting with him. It had been a long time since a woman had really flirted with Jeremy. He liked it and his cock was stirring in his pants.

Jeremy nodded. “I think you needed to be blindfolded for the preparations.” He pulled a black hood from his pocket and pulled it over Jodi’s head. It covered her entire head from crown to chin. Having put it on briefly before she arrived, Jeremy knew that she couldn’t see anything while wearing it.

The preparations went quickly, Kurt and Jeremy having done most of the initial work before Jodi arrived. All he had to do was set up the box, plug it in, and attach the wires to Jodi’s nipple rings.

She felt the tugging on her rings and smiled; she knew this was going to be exciting and new, the two things she craved most in her life.

When Jeremy took off the hood, she looked down at changed her mind. Alligator clips had been attached to her gold nipple rings; the clips were the ends of insulated wires that ran down to a box that looked like a car battery charger that her father used to keep in the garage. The box was plugged into a wall outlet. Jodi wasn’t dumb, she knew what was going to happen and her first thought was that her expensive eighteen carat gold nipple rings were perfect conductors for electricity.

“No,” she breathed out. “No. Don’t.” The tone in her voice was something she hadn’t heard in a long time. Fear. Her limbs shook with the initial rush of adrenaline and she pulled on her restraints, but she knew from past experience that there was no way she could pull free of the leather cuffs and strong chains.

Jeremy’s heart sang when he heard her fear. “Don’t worry,” he said quietly. “This is perfectly safe. You’ll feel pain, of course, but that’s the whole idea, right?”

Jodi was ashamed she was trembling. “No. Let’s not do this—”

“The controls are simple,” Jeremy interrupted. “See?” There were two dials and two buttons on the box along with a needle gauge. He pressed one of the buttons allowing electricity to flow directly to Jodi’s nipples. She gasped and twisted her body, Trying to escape the torture.

It only lasted a few seconds but it seemed like forever. When Jeremy let go of the button, she felt like she could breathe again. Jodi let out her breath with a sob and dropped her chin to her chest.

At that moment Jeremy’s cock was rock-hard. Under other circumstances he

would have dropped his pants to show Jodi, but he was being professional.

“Did you enjoy that?” he asked calmly.

“No,” she whimpered.

“Do you want me to stop?” he asked.

“Yes,” she begged looking up at him with tear-filled eyes.

He pressed the button again sending another jolt to her tits. Jodi let out a little scream as the electricity flowed. Again, he only did it a few seconds, but the effect on her was undeniable.

“Please,” she implored him.

Jeremy knew he had a cruel streak within him and he couldn’t resist doing it again. Once more he pressed the button and she screamed at the jolt.

Now Jodi was crying. Tears were flowing down her cheeks and her entire body was shaking. Her tits weren’t that big, but they shook fetchingly, or so Jeremy thought, causing the wires to sway back and forth. Jeremy checked to make sure the alligator clips were still firmly attached to her nipple rings.

“You’re a liar,” he told her.

“No, I’m not,” she contradicted him. Maybe it was part of the game, maybe it wasn’t, but Jeremy didn’t care.

“You are enjoying this,” he told her as he reached between her legs. Jodi tried to stop him from touching her cunt, but it was a useless gesture. Her slit was wet with her juices and Jeremy easily slipped his finger up inside her. “You told me you weren’t enjoying this when you obviously are.”

Jodi opened her mouth to answer, but no words came out. She didn’t know what to say and she was distracted by his fingers reached up inside her pussy while his thumb slowly circled her clit.

“Are you enjoying it?” he asked.

“Yes,” she managed to moan.

“Do you want me to shock you tits again?” he asked.

“No!” She violently shook her head back and forth. Her hair whipped into her face and a few strands caught at the corners of her mouth.

If she had wanted him to stop, she should have used her safe word. Maybe she forgot or maybe she was playing the game. Jeremy knew the rules and was happy to enforce them. He pulled his fingers from her cunt and just as he was about to press the button on the box, she realized what was going to happen.

“No, no, no—”

But it was too late. Jeremy mashed down the button and she was greeted with another zap of electricity. Her tits were on fire and her nipples were going numb. Jodi wondered if he kept at it, if she would stop feeling anything.

Jeremy let go of the button and put his hand back to her hot, wet cunt. “It’s too bad you don’t have a piercing here,” he told her. “Imagine how easy it would be for you to cum with a little ring through your clit and just the lightest little shock.”

Jodi locked eyes with him. The idea frightened her and at the same time excited her. It was the same feeling she had years ago when she first went on the saltire and faced the pain of the flogger and paddle. It was the same feeling she had when she went to get her nipples pierced. She didn’t tell Jeremy, but she already knew what was going to happen in the near future.

“Do you want to cum?” he asked her.

“Yes,” she begged.

“You’re not lying,” he replied and started rubbing her clit, roughly and without any technique. That was fine with Jodi. She came after only a few seconds.

He left his fingers inside her as she came, letting her pussy clamp down on his fingers. When her orgasm had passed, her wiped his hand on her stomach and unhooked the alligator clamps.

“Thank you,” Jodi sighed as he helped her down from the saltire.

“The pleasure was mine,” he told her.

It wasn’t a lie.

As Jeremy and Kurt cleaned up the playroom when Jodi had left, Kurt started talking. “Are you enjoying your apprenticeship?”

Jeremy laughed. “Yes. Why wouldn’t I? I’ve finally got an excuse to leave my job on time every day instead of working late. My bosses don’t like it, but I feel like I’m alive again.” He carefully wound up the cords for the electric shock box and put them in the cabinet.

“When I had Donnella on the saltire yesterday, she told me you are a banker. Is that right?”

Jeremy placed Jodi’s leather cuffs in the drawer where they belonged but didn’t look at Kurt. He didn’t like the idea of his wife going to Kurt for the physical attention she craved, even when he was giving it to her at home. He hadn’t fully come to grips with their new relationship.

“Yes.”

“You do business loans and such?”

“Yeah, mostly for established clients and new large businesses.”

Kurt leaned against the counter and caught Jeremy’s eye. “Do you do business loans for small companies looking to expand?”

Jeremy knew where Kurt was going with this. “Occasionally.”

“I’m looking for some cash to make my business grow. But I need someone who can be discrete.”

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.

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri