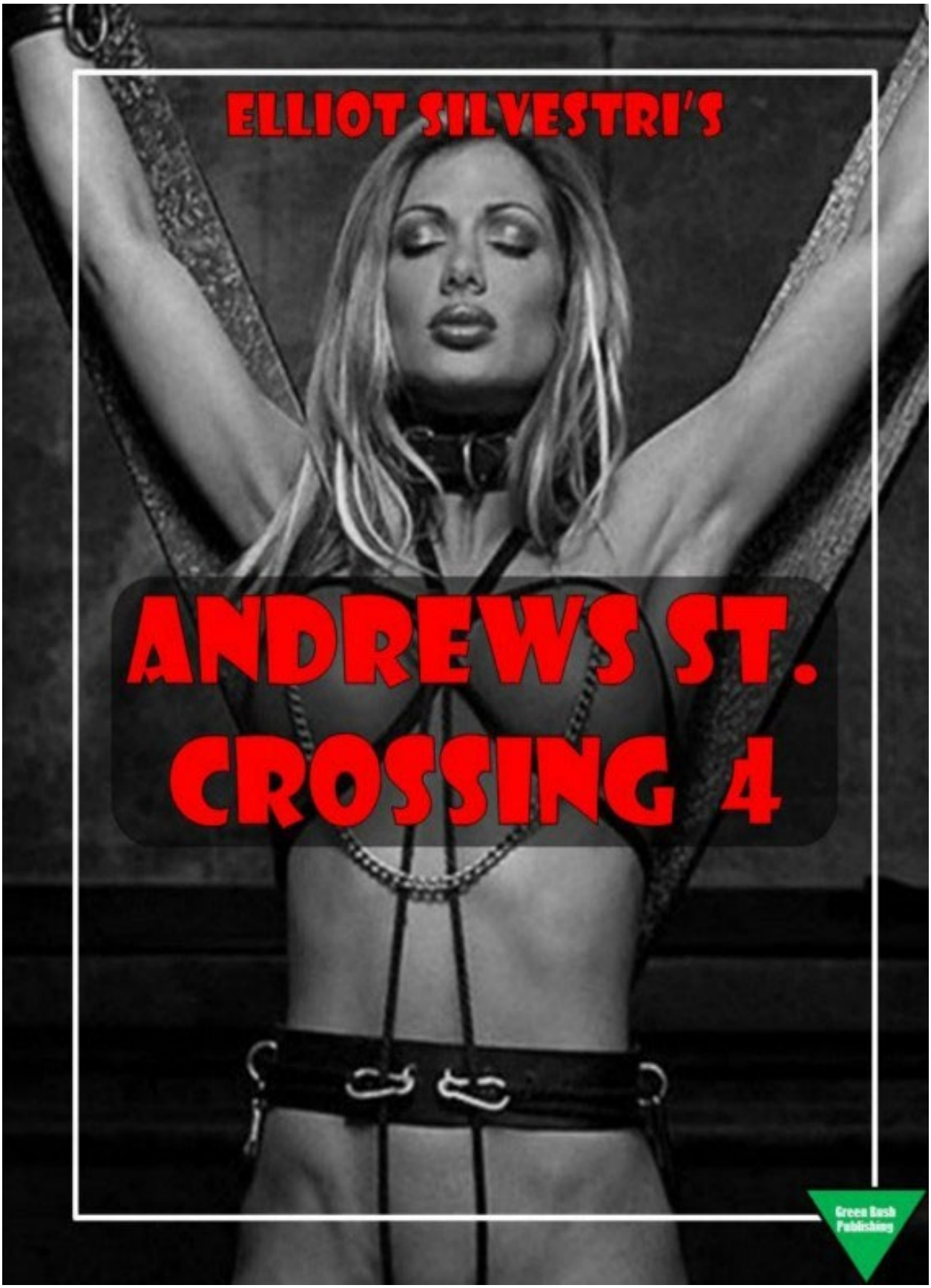
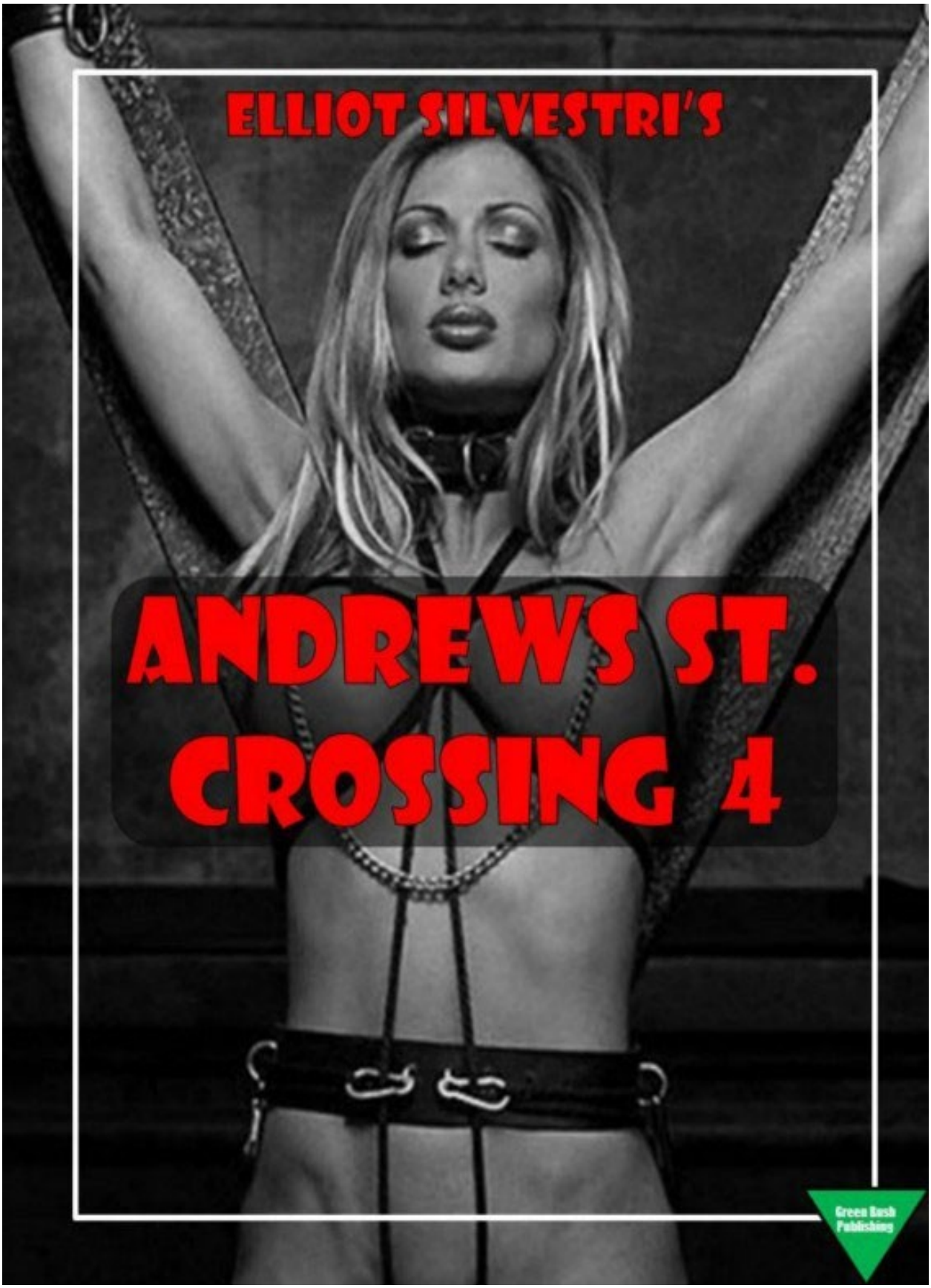

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Four

Chapter Twelve

Donnella settled back on the saltire. This was her time and she was enjoying it. The warm wood on her back and limbs thrilled her. Kurt in his tight black polo shirt had just finished putting clamps on her nipples. These clamps were weighted and were dragging her tits downward, giving her a little extra thrill, a little extra pain. It was new, but it wasn't something she couldn't handle. Her smart smile was fixed firmly on her face as Kurt stepped back and looked at her.

"Having a good time?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. It was impossible to deny. He knew her too well.

His hand went between her legs. They were held well apart by the restraints of the saltire but there was no reason for her to deny him access to her cunt. She wanted him to touch her; she knew she was that sort of woman, that sort of slut.

"You're wet," he said, telling her nothing she didn't already know. The moment the first clamp went on her nipple, her pussy became a swamp.

"I know. I need to cum." She grinned at him, waiting to see what bit of cleverness he would come up with to excite her, give her a thrill of pain, and then another incredible orgasm.

Instead of playing with her pussy a bit, which she desired terribly, he instead walked away, grabbed a small towel from the cabinets and wiped it along her pussy, drying her, removing all her wonderful lubrication.

"It's more fun to cum when I'm wet," she told him.

"Mmm-hmm," Kurt said absently. After making sure her cunt was good and dry he grabbed another pair of clamps and weights from the drawers. He knelt down and pinched one of her labia between his fingers and carefully attached the clamp.

This was new to Donnella, but certainly not unexpected. When he had pulled the

clamps from the drawer she wondered if one was going to go on her clit.

After the first clamp was secure, a second was placed next to it on her other labia. It pinched, but not painfully so. Donnella could easily handle the pain and though her pussy was slowly getting wet again, it wasn't gushing with juice like a true thrill of pain would cause in her body.

"How's that?" he asked her.

"Nice. It pinches, but it's not that bad. Not yet."

He smiled thinly at her and then added weights to the hooks at the bottom of her labia clamps.

"Uhhmmm," Donnella almost purred. The weights dragged down her labia. She could feel her sex being stretched out. She smiled through the pain causing little starbursts in her eyes. It was just the right level of enjoyable.

"How's that?" Kurt asked.

"Even better."

He nodded at her answer. She rotated her hips a bit, letting the weights move. She felt them just barely touch her inner thighs.

"Do you know what the worst type of pain in the world is?" he asked her.

After a second Donnella realized she didn't have an answer for that question. "No."

"Psychological pain," he told her. "Physical pain can be overcome easily enough with determination. But psychological pain…only the strongest people in the world can overcome that sort of damage." He stood up and left the room closing the door behind him.

Donnella wasn't big on alone time. She came to Kurt for some physical abuse and powerful orgasms, not head games. He had left her alone before for short stretches, five or ten minutes at the most. She knew there were women—and at least one man—who he would put on the saltire and leave them alone for hours. That wasn't her kink and she wouldn't pay for it, even if he did have clamps and

weights on her most sensitive flesh.

She wasn't alone for long. After a couple of minutes the door opened and in walked Nerris, Kurt's tall, redheaded partner and supposed wife. Donnella regarded her coolly. She was certain that she could withstand anything that Nerris could dish out. The redhead was wearing a white corset, white G-string, white garters belt, white stockings, and white heels. Not for a moment did Donnella believe the redhead was an innocent virgin. They stared at each other without saying anything and then Jeremy entered the playroom.

She hadn't expected to see her husband there.

As soon he walked in Nerris broke off her staring contest with Donnella and went to Jeremy. She gave him a quick kiss on the lips and then slid down his body, going to her knees in front of Donnella's husband.

At first Donnella didn't know what to think because she couldn't think straight, distracted as she was by the clamps and weights on her nipples and labia. When Nerris started pulling at Jeremy's belt and zipper, Donnella knew what was going to happen and she realized that there was nothing she could do about it.

Yes, she had fucked all those other men at the party, but in her mind that didn't give Jeremy the right to have sex with Nerris. She could have argued that she had been bound to the saltire and had no choice in being fucked by the men, but that was really splitting hairs. She might not have had the choice, but she had wanted to be fucked; she wouldn't have said no. Even though Kurt had made her cum many times with his flogger and paddle and hand, that was hardly the same thing.

"No," she said firmly, ordering them to stop. Jeremy was staring down at Nerris, who had just fished out his cock and was opening her mouth to suck on the slowly growing head; he didn't look up. Nerris, however, turned her head to regard Donnella. They were doing this just feet away and directly in front of her; that was no accident. Nerris's eyes narrowed.

"Keep your mouth shut or I'll put a gag in it. Is that what you want?" The redhead, as usual, was cold and unfeeling.

Donnella almost opened her mouth to answer, but then just shook her head no. She knew the rules of the game. She knew she could stop this if she truly

wanted, but in doing so she would spoil everything.

Nodding once at Donnella's submission, Nerris turned her head back to Jeremy and put his cock in her mouth. Donnella's heart was thumping in her chest and she wanted to tell her husband to stop, to not let the other woman suck his cock, but she was stuck. She would have to suffer.

Kurt had been right; seeing her husband blown by another woman was a worse pain than anything physical he had ever done to her. The worst part wasn't that Nerris was sucking on him; the worst part was that Jeremy was enjoying it.

The room was strangely silent during the process. Nerris ignored the other woman and Donnella remained silent, unwilling to risk what might happen if she protested what was happening. The only sounds were the occasional slurps from Nerris and the moans that Jeremy made. As much as she hated to acknowledge it, Donnella realized that Nerris was an accomplished fellatrix and Jeremy was completely enjoying the blowjob. Maybe it was because Jeremy was getting attention from a new woman, maybe it was because Donnella wasn't as good as Nerris, but it didn't take terribly long for Jeremy to climax and shoot his load into Nerris's mouth and down her throat.

Or at least that was what Donnella thought.

When Nerris was done with Jeremy, she stood up and silently approached Donnella who said or did nothing because she didn't want to risk something worse happening.

Nerris grabbed Donnella's face between her hands. Donnella didn't resist wanting to see how this would play out. She didn't resist when Nerris kissed her, pressing lips to lips. When Nerris pushed her tongue against Donnella's lips, she automatically opened up because she was a good submissive.

She knew she shouldn't have been, but Donnella was surprised at the taste of Jeremy's cum on Nerris's tongue. It was a flavor familiar to Donnella. She could have closed her mouth and turned away, but that would have been worse for her she knew. Instead she sucked on Nerris's tongue removing every little trace of Jeremy's cum from the redhead's mouth, swallowing it all.

At first she did it because Nerris was forcing her to, but halfway through the process she did it much more eagerly, not wanting her husband's cum to stay in

the other woman's mouth. When Nerris determined she was done, she pulled away and patted Donnella on the cheek. "Very good, girl," she said, an amused smile on her face. "Are you ready to cum now?

Donnella both hated and loved the praise. She just stared at Nerris, not saying anything. That made Nerris laugh. "What's the matter, little girl, cat got your tongue?"

"No," Donnella blurted out. "No, I mean, yes." Her face flushed crimson and she glanced at Jeremy who was finishing zipping his pants.

Nerris laughed again. "Which is it?"

"I'd like to cum, please." The weights were still tugging at her nipples and pussy. She needed some real relief for the distracting torture.

Nerris shook her head. "Sad little girl," she declared. "I'll let you cum, but I think I will make sure the cat has your tongue. Jeremy?"

Donnella glanced at her husband as he went to the cabinets and removed a simple device which he handed off to Nerris. It was just two wooden sticks, each no thicker than a pencil. They were held together lengthwise, a thick rubber band at each end. At first Donnella didn't understand, but then Nerris said, "Stick out your tongue, little girl." She flexed the sticks in front of Donnella's face, creating a gap between them.

She just stared, not believing what Nerris wanted. "Do it, or things will get much worse for you," the redhead insisted.

Not knowing what else to do, Donnella extended her tongue, but very tentatively. Nerris fitted the flexed sticks around her tongue, grabbed the tip and dragged it forward as far as she could. Donnella was alarmed at how painfully the little device pinched her tongue. It pressed tightly into the corners of her mouth and she found she had essentially lost the power of speech. This was worse than a ball gag because a ball gag just took away her ability to speak clearly; this did that as well as causing a huge amount of pain.

"Hmm, it would stay in place better if you had a tongue stud," Nerris said coolly. "But I think I can trust you for the moment to keep it in place, can't I?"

It was obvious that Nerris expected an answer. Donnella nodded.

“Very good. Now…I believe I said you could cum.” Nerris all but flounced over to the cabinets, opened a drawer, and pulled out a large vibrator. She plugged in the tool for it was no simple battery operated toy, and then stood next to the saltire.

Jeremy watched all of this silently, but intently. Donnella glanced nervously at her husband, but he was stone faced.

Nerris turned on the vibrator. To Donnella’s ears it made a terrible racket, but it probably wasn’t that loud. The redhead put her fingers on one of the clamps on Donnella’s pussy, but then paused. “I don’t think we need to take these off. You might like this more if we keep them on.” Nerris placed the vibrator’s bulbous head between the clamps and firmly against Donnella’s clit.

An instant later Donnella was sweating and writhing. She knew her pussy was already incredibly wet—pain, whether psychological or physical, always turned her on—but she didn’t realized how aroused she was. The vibrator was powerful but that alone wasn’t it. It took less than a minute for Donnella to cum which she did with shaking legs and straining arms.

To her great embarrassment she realized the sticks around her tongue were causing her to drool. Saliva dripped over her lips and down her tongue to land on her chest. The orgasm didn’t help her sense of control. The sounds she made with her trapped tongue were like those of an animal which greatly amused Nerris.

“Did you like that?” the redhead asked, her lips twisted in sadistic pleasure.

Not wanting to displease the other woman, Donnella nodded emphatically, but the truth was she was ashamed she was drooling, didn’t like that Nerris had all but forced her to cum, and hated the fact that she had cum so easily. But the worst part was that she had so much enjoying cumming with the clamps on her nipples and pussy. Everything about this was wrong, but it felt so wonderfully good at the same time.

“I bet you’d like to cum again, wouldn’t you?” asked Nerris, an evil smirk on her face.

This time Donnella emphatically shook her head no.

Nerris frowned. “I can tell you’re lying. That’s the trouble with liars, you can never believe them.” She pressed the vibrator back onto Donnella’s pussy. She tried to twist her hips out of the way, but she was too well restrained against the saltire, and Nerris was too crafty to be thwarted by a simple twist of the hips.

Donnella cried out and sobbed around her all but paralyzed tongue. She looked imploringly over at Jeremy. He did nothing. Even under the stress and pain, from the bulge in his pants she could tell he was already aroused again.

Nerris grinned and watched Donnella suffer. It was obvious she too was a sadist taking great delight in causing Donnella’s pain and making her body enjoy the stress it was under. “Jeremy,” she said sharply. “Come over here and help. When I tell you to, remove her nipple clamps.”

Jeremy did as he was told. Donnella tried to get his attention with her eyes, but he refused to look at her face. He just put his hands to her clamps and waited for Nerris’s order.

“Right when she cums,” Nerris said. It was obvious she was getting turned on my Donnella’s suffering as well. She wasn’t ashamed to realize her tiny white panties were getting damp between the legs. “Don’t do it until I say so,” she instructed Jeremy.

Donnella had suffered under nipple clamps many times before. The pain of them going on was nothing compared to the pain of them coming off with the blood rushing to oxygen-starved tissues. It was a thrill of pain she often looked forward to, but Donnella realized this was going to be terrible. She had no control over body or her sexuality; she was just a plaything for Nerris.

And then it started to happen. Her clit engorged and her pussy became incredibly wet. Her limbs started shaking and she cried out as she came. It was a primal sound that Donnella loved to make during great sex. It was normally music to her ears. It was music to Jeremy’s ears.

“Now!” Nerris shouted.

Jeremy released the clamps on Donnella’s nipples and immediately her tits were on fire. She screamed in the middle of her orgasm, not because it felt so good,

but because it hurt so much, but her body told her exactly what it wanted and it wanted exactly this.

Never before had her climax been so powerful, so intense, so painful all at the same time.

Nerris didn't pull the vibrator away. She kept it pressed tightly to Donnella's pussy. The two clamps on her labia would occasionally rattle against the clamps and weights, tugging harder on labia.

Donnella felt the climax fading, but because Nerris didn't remove the vibrator, she felt her body betray her yet again and she started to climb the mountain back up to another orgasm. She was gasping around her immobilized tongue wanting everything to stop. She was feeling too much and she wanted to feel nothing.

"Now the ones on her cunt!" Nerris cried and Jeremy pulled away the clamps and weights that had been dragging down Donnella's labia. The blood rushed through her nether lips and she peaked quickly and unexpectedly.

Only then did Nerris pull the vibrator away.

"Good little pain slut," she told Donnella. The vibrator was off and placed on the ground. Nerris slipped the rubber bands off the ends of the sticks and Donnella found her tongue freed. It still hurt and was incredibly dry, but Nerris wasn't done with her yet. Lifting up Donnella's chin, Nerris gave the masochist the lightest, yet incredibly sensual, kiss on the lips.

"I think we know exactly what type of woman you are, don't we?" she asked before walking out of the room.

Donnella didn't trust herself to speak, but she couldn't help but watch the other woman walk confidently away, her shapely ass perfectly highlighted by the G-string and lingerie she wore. Donnella wished she had that poise and confidence and body.

The door closed behind the striking redhead.

Jeremy reached up and started unbuckling Donnella's wrists from the saltire. "I love you," she blurted to her husband.

“Of course you do,” he said to her pleasantly. “And I love you as well.”

Donnella’s heart shuddered in her chest but she knew if she could withstand being humiliated in front of her husband she could withstand anything.

Chapter Thirteen

“The problem is,” said Jeremy, “that you have an established business and clientele but no actual collateral and you don’t want to involve more people. Your business is essentially you and some equipment that can easily be bought off the internet. I’d have to either keep the loan amount small enough that I can approve it without any real oversight, or I’d have to bring it to at least one officer in the bank.”

“So…what do we do?” asked a glum and disappointed Kurt. They were sitting at the table in his kitchen. It wasn’t a very professional place to have a business meeting, but Jeremy wasn’t confident enough in the situation to actually have Kurt show up at the bank’s offices.

“I’ll have to pick the officer I bring this to very carefully,” said Jeremy.

It took a lot more research than Jeremy had anticipated. There were a dozen officers of the bank that he worked with on a regular basis. For the amount of money that Kurt was looking to borrow he’d only have to get one officer to sign off on the deal. He knew he couldn’t just bring it to anyone because some of the officers were borderline incompetent and others were far too straight-laced and conservative for the type of business Kurt was running. The only option for Jeremy was to carefully examine all the business loans that the bank had made over the past few years. It wasn’t an especially difficult job; it was just mind-numbing and time-consuming.

The answer surprised him.

Mildred Scott was the most unassuming woman the bank employed. She was barely five feet two inches tall, almost always wore tweed business suits in the winter and Italian wool suits in the summer. Jeremy had only ever seen her jet-black hair pulled back into a bun; he suspected she dyed it because she was old enough to start going gray and had a few lines on her face. She was quiet and only spoke about business matters in the office. Her wedding ring indicated she

was married, but Jeremy had never once heard her refer to a spouse.

Timing was everything with Mildred. Jeremy knocked on her open door first thing Monday morning. It was eight a.m. and she was already hard at work. She barely glanced up at him over her reading glasses before waving him in with a sigh. “How can I help you?” she asked curtly as she continued to tap at her keyboard.

Knowing her business always attitude, Jeremy got right to the point. “I’d like you to review a loan application and sign off on it.”

She made a curt gesture toward a box on the corner of her desk. “Put the signed work there and forward me the computer file. I’ll get to it in the next couple of days.”

Jeremy shook his head. “I’ve got the paperwork, but I need this ASAP.”

Mildred glanced up at him. “Why?”

“I know the business owner. He’s a private man and wants to keep this loan as private as possible. Everything’s on the up and up, but…discretion is key here.” Jeremy smiled thinly.

“Why?” Mildred demanded.

He didn’t directly answer her question. “I’ve looked at the loans you’ve originated or approved for DT Operations, Post Executive Holdings, NorthEast Transport, Green Valley Growers, and a few others. All the loans are good and legitimate, and more importantly they’re profitable for the bank. But I looked into the companies as well. Some are shells and some are for questionable purposes, but are small enough that no one really cares.”

Her eyes narrowed. “What exactly are you looking for, Jeremy?” She was expecting him to ask for a raise or perhaps a bribe, maybe he even wanted to be brought onto her side of the business. The answer he gave actually surprised her, but she didn’t give him any indication of that.

“Just for you to approve the loan, but only if you think it’ll work. You’ll have to investigate the business on your own. I’ve given the owner your information; he’ll be expecting your call.”

Jeremy left without another word. Mildred's expression never changed, but she was worried…and curious.

It was a simple setup that Jeremy had created in the bedroom. The pulley was set into the ceiling above the bed with a simple eyebolt that could easily be disguised with an ornament or light fixture, but at the moment it was just the pulley.

Donnella was on the bed, naked and face up. She had ben excited at first when Jeremy presented her with the nipple clamps and put them on her. She had been to enough sessions with Kurt to know Jeremy was using the high quality clover clamps she had grown to love and hate. They were adjustable and had pinch pads that were wide enough to firmly bite down on the ends of her nipples and still stay securely in place. The pinch pads were covered in silicone, not rubber or metal, which prevented them from slipping off easily.

The leather cuffs he put on her wrists were definitely borrowed from Kurt. She knew she had worn them before. It was easy to attach the D-rings on the cuffs to the posts that lined their headboard. She wasn't immobilized like she was on the saltire, but it was good enough for play in the bedroom.

"Comfortable?" he asked her after putting on the nipple clamps.

She hissed pleasantly as the silicone grips tightly pressed her sensitive flesh. "As comfortable as a girl can be," she replied smartly.

He smiled thinly at her. "Let me show you something that Kurt taught me." From there he proceeded silently. The first step was putting the thin cotton rope over the pulley above the bed. The second was attaching one end of the rope with an elaborate knot around her left big toe and ankle. The moment she figured out what he was doing, she smiled and shook her head in amusement.

"This is silly," she told him.

"You won't think that in a few minutes." He attached the other end of the rope to the chain connecting her nipple clamps with a sliding, adjustable knot. "Lift your leg up," he instructed and she automatically did as she was told. Donnella was used to obeying orders when she was in bed or tied up; it was second nature to

her now.

“Comfortable now?” he asked.

“It’s fine,” she told him, but a few seconds later the true purpose of this elaborate setup became apparent. She was able to keep her leg up in the air, but for how long? Already she was starting to tire and her nipples were already being pulled out slightly by the tension on the line. There was almost no slack at all.

Jeremy was just in his pajama pants which were being tented by his erect cock. Just tying up his wife and putting her in a stressful situation was enough to get him hard. He put his hand to her pussy which was fully exposed because of her raised leg. As he expected, she was wet with anticipation. His wife was nothing if not predictable in her lusts. He easily slipped two fingers inside her and then asked, “Would you like me to make you cum, or would you like a bit of pain first to make it more exciting?” It took every bit of his self-control to keep a smile off his face.

Normally Donnella would say she wanted a bit of pain first. It made things more exciting. But she realized either choice would be painful. Making her cum would just cause her limbs to spasm and as a consequence she would pull on her nipple clamps, pinching them tighter and pull on her tits. If she said pain, the same result would occur, and maybe with an orgasm. If she chose nothing, she would still be subjected to the pain in her nipples and eventually her leg would descend adding to her pain. Not choosing was also making a choice.

Already there was a burning in her leg. She wanted to lower it, but that wasn’t going to happen. She needed to distract herself. “What type of pain?” she asked.

He chuckled lightly. “Does it matter? You’ve already picked that, haven’t you?”

“Uh-huh,” she half answered. Her nipples were starting to burn now and it was difficult to keep her leg up in its ungainly position.

Jeremy kissed her on the lips; she barely kissed back. He disappeared for a second and when he returned there was a vicious smack on the back of her upraised thigh. It was low enough that the paddle Jeremy used hit her exposed labia. Her pussy stung with the ferocity she loved.

“Oh,” she commented, the calmness of pain spreading throughout her body.

“That was—”

Before she could finish her sentence there were three more sharp smack to her nether regions that left her gasping, and both wishing it would stop and wishing Jeremy would keep going until she came. Only in the pause did she realize her tits truly hurt. They were definitely on fire now. She glanced down and saw a slight purpling to the ends of her nipples where the clamps were slowing the blood flow. It was a wonderful thrill of pain.

Jeremy rested a single finger on the line causing the clamps to pinch tighter and pull upwards. She groaned in the back of her throat, wanting more and wanting it to be so powerful she’d pass out with pleasure.

“Is this what you wanted?” he asked her and kissed her lips again.

Donnella nodded emphatically. Tears were slipping out of her eyes, not unlike tears of joy. “Uh-huh.”

“I’m going to keep paddling your cunt and bottom until you cum or until you lower your leg all the way and pull those clamps off,” he whispered lovingly in her ear.

She gasped. “But that will…hurt.” It was the only word she could think of to use.

Jeremy slipped a finger into her hairless pussy and slid it up to her engorged clit. Donnella shivered deliciously. “I know,” he told her. “Won’t it be wonderful?”

He spanked her bottom and she lifted her leg to give him better access. The little cry she made was delight to his ears. After the spank her leg went back up in the air, but she saw the torture to her nipples as the easiest escape. The moment after the spank she started to lower her leg but Jeremy was right there with another bit of abuse for her bottom and cunt.

“Lower your leg or cum,” he told her, but didn’t give her the chance to do either. The spanks weren’t fast enough to excite her pussy and clit to the point of orgasm and when she tried to put her leg down, Jeremy was right there with another sharp smack to her bottom. It was a delicious conundrum and Donnella could have savored it all night if not for the whipsaw effect of pain and more pain and then pleasure her body didn’t understand.

“Put your leg down or cum,” he told her again. They had already created a steady rhythm for the situation and Donnella wondered how long she could endure this physical brutality that was the height of pleasure.

Without realizing it, she started crying true sobs of pain.

Jeremy paused in the use of his paddle. “You’re beautiful when you cry,” he told her with a loving smile. It was almost enough to get her to stop, but then he slapped her across the face, stinging her cheek, turning it bright red.

She gasped as the sudden pain.

“You need a little more, don’t you?” he asked. The words made her shiver with fear. His hand went between her legs and found her engorged clit. It was swollen and pulsing, easily found between her slick labia. Instead of rubbing it lovingly Jeremy pinched it between his fingers causing her gasp and try to sit upright. This in turn caused her leg to pull on her nipples and it felt like her entire body was on fire.

“Cum, or get those clamps off,” he said again. Jeremy pinched harder and twisted her clit in a most unnatural manner.

That was more than enough. Her entire body shook with the torment. Her leg came all the way down yanking the clamps free and leaving behind red abrasions to her nipples and areola.

All of that together was just enough to get her to cum which she did with a spasmodic shaking of limbs and unnatural noise issuing from her mouth.

Donnella’s heart swelled with love for her husband; he truly knew how to properly treat her body.

Chapter Fourteen

Jeremy didn’t know the man on the saltire. That wasn’t unusual; he was used to seeing new clients with Kurt all the time now.

He estimated the man was in his late twenties, handsome and muscular but not overly so. Luis was obviously Latino which Jeremy found slightly strange because everyone he had seen on the saltire before today had been of obvious Anglo descent. The man’s cock was engorged but not yet hard. He was anticipating what was about to happen.

“I prefer the flogger to paddles or crops,” said Kurt as he ran his preferred tool over and over his fingers, the thin leather thongs creating a visual distraction. “What are you accustomed to?”

This was Luis’s first time on Kurt’s saltire. “The riding crop. My mistress, she likes the marks it leaves on me.” He grinned confidently, happily. Jeremy still couldn’t get over how many submissives were eager to get on the cross and subject themselves to painful torment for a bit of sexual pleasure. But he didn’t question it either because it provided a perfect outlet for his sexual desires as well

“You’ll find the sensations inflicted by the flogger to be different,” Kurt said. “Not so sharp and not as initially painful, but the burning, it remains longer and once it settles it, you can’t forget it.”

Right away Kurt started working on the man, lashing out with the flogger, reddening his skin. Kurt was methodical, starting at the ankles that were restrained with leather cuffs against the dark, heavy wood of the saltire, up the legs, skipping over the groin and cock, and then up the abdomen and chest to eventually cover the arms as well. Luis twisted and grunted and let out little cries of pain when Kurt caught him exactly the right way,

For most men, the flogging process would be enough to make their cock shrivel up to almost nothing. For Luis, his cock grew steadily larger. It wasn’t really erect by the time Kurt finished his first treatment, but Jeremy was impressed

with the size of the man.

“Did you like that?” Kurt asked as he grabbed Luis’s nipple and twisted it between his fingers.

“Yes,” the muscular man gasped.

Kurt caressed Luis’s cock, encouraging it to grow steadily larger. The bit of physical attention was all Luis needed to fully blossom and become erect, the purplish head pointing up toward the ceiling. Luis’s eyes ran around the room, half in panic, half in lust. Jeremy carefully evaluated Kurt’s technique from his position in the corner. He was there for observation and learning a few new tricks. He wasn’t getting involved in the process.

“You’d like to cum, wouldn’t you?” asked Kurt, his hand going down to the other man’s balls and just barely trailing his fingers over the velvety sack. Luis hadn’t removed any significant body hair which gave him a rough and ready appearance.

“Yes,” the bound man answered honestly.

“Not like that,” Kurt said sharply pulling his hand way from the straining cock. “Do not cum. If you think you’re going to cum, you need to tell me immediately. Understood?”

“Yes,” Luis panted once again. It was obvious he wanted release, but he wasn’t going to get it easily.

Without giving any warning, Kurt brought his flogger sharply against Luis’s cock with made the bound man yelp at the unexpected pain. It was an underhand blow that Kurt had used, catching Luis’s vulnerable cock on her underside along with his balls. Almost immediately his sensitive light tan skin started to redden. Waiting just half a second Kurt brought the flogger down so the falls reddened the top of the cock. Luis cried out again. He might have been a masochist, but he wasn’t used to this sort of pain. Kurt said nothing as he started whipping the Luis’s manhood from all angles: top, bottom, and side. He even used his years of experience to land a few blows exactly on the glans.

Each slap of the flogger sounded like a gunshot to Jeremy. He was glad he was wearing his thick black pants that mostly hid his erection. It didn’t come as a

surprise to Jeremy that he got off on seeing another man sexually abused and he wondered at his own love of sadism. Each time Kurt landed a perfect blow on Luis's cock it would shake up and down or side to side as if it were not truly a part of the man, but an instrument used only to torture him. There was a certain beauty in what Kurt did to Luis and Jeremy could appreciate that beauty. A man's cock was supposed to be the center of his world, his tool to the land of pleasure, but Kurt was taking that away from Luis making it his own, using his pleasure tool as a means of torture.

"I'm going to cum," Luis gasped. "I'm going to cum!"

Kurt stopped his use of the flogger and grabbed Luis's cock with both hands. He pinched the organ as hard as he could, on band of fingers at the cock's base and one just behind the head. "Don't you dare fucking cum. Don't you fucking dare cum!" Kurt commanded the helpless man.

Luis just nodded and tried to calm himself. He wasn't crying like a woman—sobbing, that would have been too emasculating—but unbidden tears were pooling at the corners of his eyes and sliding down the edges of his cheeks. He was gasping now, not wanting to fail.

His breath came fast and ragged for a minute while Kurt tightly gripped his cock. Eventually his breathing slowed and he got himself under control.

"Bravo!" The sound of hands clapping came from the opposite corner of the room. "You are an expert at your craft, Mr. Schmidt," Mildred praised. Jeremy had almost forgotten she was there. She—and Luis—were the reason Jeremy was there at all.

It was also the first time that Jeremy had ever heard Mildred actually praise someone. It was unnerving.

"Thank you," Kurt said. He extended the flogger to Mildred. "Would you like to finish him off."

Mildred glanced at the tool and casually brushed it aside. "Thank you, but no. Not like that. Whatever I do would be inadequate next to your practiced hand. I'll do it my way."

Jeremy and Kurt looked on as Mildred Scott went to her knees in front of Luis

and took his cock in her hand and put it in her mouth.

It was more than just passing strange for Jeremy. In his few months with Kurt he had seen a wide array of human sexual behavior and he wanted to think that nothing really surprised him any longer. It was the act of Mildred fellating Luis that surprised him; he had seen plenty of porn showing the exact same thing and had seen it in person as well in Kurt's playroom and during parties.

It was the collision of the expected with the unexpected. Luis might have been Mildred's husband; Jeremy didn't know for certain. Both wore wedding rings but that hardly meant anything. And even if they weren't married, Jeremy wouldn't have been surprised. Infidelity was more than common in Kurt's playroom. It was the collision of Mildred in her wire-rimmed glasses, hair pulled back into a severe librarian bun, and her tweed business suit with Luis's abused and naked body as she sucked on his cock. It was oddly formal and sexual at the same time.

Since Kurt watched the display dispassionately and impassively, Jeremy did the same, not wanting to disrupt the proceedings.

Luis was already on edge. He obviously enjoyed having his cock abused by Kurt and now the enthusiastic blowjob that Mildred was giving was also causing him pain while pulling him inexorably toward orgasm. The agony on his face wasn't faked; it was real. He wanted and needed to cum, but the pain was preventing it even while Mildred piled on more and more pleasure.

Eventually his body met its limit and he cried out with release from the strain as he came. Mildred was well-attuned to her lover's body. The second he reached his moment of crisis, she backed off and caught his semen not in her mouth, but in her hand. One stray glob did fall to the floor and one of the first managed to land on her cheek, but the majority she easily caught.

Once he was done cumming, Mildred stood up and stretched up her hand to his mouth. "Such a good boy," she praised him. "You came so hard for me. Now you need to clean up your mess." It was a tone Jeremy was well-familiar with. He had heard it from Mildred dozens of times before, but only within the bank. And here, like there, the target of her command did exactly as she wanted. Luis lowered his lips to her hand and lapped up the warm and sticky spunk he had recently gifted to her.

Jeremy watched in fascination. The dynamic between the two was strange and powerful. He wanted to believe that they were married, but the age difference and Mildred's otherwise straight-laced appearance and demeanor told him no. If she was married to someone else, Jeremy wondered if her husband knew about her lover and what she did in her free time.

Kurt waited patiently while Mildred and Luis finished their little ritual. Once her hand was clean of Luis's spunk, she wiped the wetness off on his chest causing him to hiss at the pain, and then she turned and walked up to Kurt.

"You are excellent at what you do," she told him and looked around the playroom. "This is an adequate space, but obviously you need more in which to grow your business." She nodded once and adjusted her glasses. "I think we'll be able to assist you and work together, Mr. Schmidt."

The next day at the bank Jeremy went into Mildred's office. "Thank you for approval on the Schmidt loan," he said to her.

"It's a good opportunity for the bank," said Mildred in her usual clipped tone.

Jeremy wasn't stupid; he knew not to discuss the details of Kurt's business in the office, but he couldn't help himself. Part of his experience in banking was keeping personal relationships going. Since Mildred had brought Luis to Kurt's playroom, he had to know. "Is Luis your husband?" he asked without really thinking about her possible reaction.

Mildred frowned. It was a common expression on her face but it unsettled Jeremy. "I don't discuss my personal life at work, Jeremy," she said, effectively dismissing him from her office.

At home Jeremy couldn't stop himself from talking business. He was in bed with Donnella and had her hands twisted behind her back while tweaking her nipples. It nothing more than a little foreplay for them. She was naked and he was still fully dressed. He liked the power disparity shown by the amount of their clothing.

"Mildred's a strange bird," he was telling his wife. "I bet she's got lots of secrets hidden away."

“Uh-huh,” Donnella vaguely agreed while straining lightly against Jeremy’s hands and rubbing her thighs together. She wished he’d let go of her tits and start abusing her clit; it was throbbing with desire and she could feel her juices starting to leak out of her slit.

“I bet she’s a registered Republican but votes for the Green party because it completely subvert what everyone thinks about her.”

“Uh-huh.” Donnella wished her husband would stop talking and stick his fingers inside her pussy.

“I wonder what she’s underneath that business suit,” Jeremy mused.

“Do you want to fuck her?” Donnella asked, but what she really wanted was Jeremy to fuck her.

“Sure. Do you want to watch that?” Jeremy teased. Finally his hand traveled down her body and rested lightly on her pussy, his fingers just barely feeling the moisture of her pussy.

“You’d like to hurt me like that, wouldn’t you?” she snapped at him.

His fingers burrowed into her slit and found her clit. Donnella gasped in pain as he pinched her pleasure nub.

“You know me so well, darling,” he said and kissed the side of her neck.

Chapter Fifteen

Donnella was lead out to the large room area by Nerris. She didn't feel the least bit of shame wearing only a tiny black G-string, clamps on her nipples joined by a thin chain, and a collar around her neck, to which the leash that Nerris pulled on was attached. She only felt pride as the guests leered at her and nodded in approval.

Appearing naked among many strangers didn't disturb Donnella at all now. A few months ago it would have—and it did—scare her, but now it was all part of the humiliation process. It was supposed to humiliate her, but it really didn't because she wanted it.

There were saltires all along the wall of the room, some empty but some with bodies already strapped to them. Small groups gathered around each occupied saltire, watching the masochist being tormented. The victims on the saltires were evenly split between men and women and all were naked except for collars and occasionally a bit of jewelry. Only a few were gagged. The sadists running the event wanted to hear the cries and moans from the victims.

The air was already filled with those noises. She heard yelps of pain, groans of pleasure, laughter of amusement, gasps of delight. Intermingled with all this was the sound of leather striking flesh, flesh on flesh, and other noises of pain intermingled with pleasure. It was all beautiful music to Donnella's ears.

She swayed her hips back and forth as she walked, twisting her torso a bit, almost shimmying. This wasn't because she was showing off for the guests nor was she trying to attract additional attention and entice the casual viewer to her saltire. No. Donnella was trying to get the nipple clamps pinching her soft flesh to pull a little bit harder each time she jerked her body. She had become a little too accustomed to the delightful pinch of the clamps and she needed something more. It didn't matter if it happened or not because she knew true and glorious pain would shortly be found on the saltire.

Nerris eventually ended Donnella's parade through the party in front of one of the empty saltires. Above the dark and heavy crossed timbers the number eleven

was artfully painted on the wall. Cuffs were waiting for her on the little table next to the saltire. A small crowd gathered around as Nerris put the cuffs on Donnella and placed her on the saltire. It would have been easier for Donnella to put the cuffs on herself, but it was all part of the ritual. A victim could never be seen to have agency for herself; she had to be controlled and handled by others. Donnella didn't mind. She liked to be waited on in this fashion.

Donnella waited calmly, all four limbs pinned to the saltire and wearing only her tiny silk G-string. She might not have a face like a model or the body of an athlete, but she felt sexy on the saltire and like the touch of the guests' eyes on her nearly naked body. Observation was part of the fun and she waited patiently for her dom to appear. It wouldn't be Nerris—thankgod!—because the redhead had brought her out. While Nerris was nearly as good as Kurt with the flogger and paddle, she liked the cane a little too much for Donnella's taste. It wouldn't be Kurt, of course, he was too busy with everything else. She hoped it wouldn't be Jeremy. While she loved her husband she could have him tie her up and torment her body anytime she wanted; there was no fun in that. Half the reason to have these parties was to meet new people and see what exquisite torment a stranger could offer.

Her hope was that it would be some handsome and fit man who knew exactly how to make her body sing. That was pure fantasy, of course. The men and women who attended these parties were reliably middle-aged and typical of most Americans. While they might have been in better shape than most, there were plenty of them who were overweight and exceedingly average in looks. That didn't stop anyone's enthusiasm for their combined passion of sadism and masochism, but it did remind all participates that they were ordinary in every meaning of the word.

Eventually a woman carrying a plastic tag with the number eleven on it appeared next to Nerris. "I believe this one belongs to me," she said politely.

Nerris accepted the tag from the newcomer and formally handed over the leash to her. It was a largely unnecessary ritual; Donnella was already restrained, but it made a nice ceremony. The new woman, who was short with her dark hair pulled back into a severe bun, paused Nerris briefly. "It's too bad you aren't on the cross," she said to Nerris. "Redheads are renown for their ability to withstand pain. Hurting a beauty like you would be like creating fine art."

Her words were unsettling to both Donnella and Nerris. Still, it was a largely public forum so Donnella felt safe.

Mostly safe.

She still wondered where her husband was.

“I’m afraid I prefer inflicting pain not experiencing it,” Nerris said after a moment’s time to recover. “But I’m sure you’ll enjoy Theodora tonight.”

“I’m sure I will, dear,” the woman said politely as Nerris quickly faded away. Donnella’s dom for the night had brought a rather large retinue with her, mostly younger men, but a few women as well, all eager to see the older woman make Donnella scream in pain. And pleasure. Donnella scanned the crowd but didn’t recognize any of the faces. They all seemed so eager and hungry. The press of their bodies made it easy for Nerris to disappear.

“Theodora, a pretty and unusual name,” the short woman said, snapping Donnella’s attention back to her. “My name is Mildred, but you may address me as ma’am or mistress. I like the old formalities. But I don’t think you’ll be doing much talking tonight; I only want to hear what you sound like when you’re screaming or crying.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Donnella said automatically. She was a few inches taller than Mildred and the saltire’s platform gave her another few inches as well so she was looking down at Mildred and took in her appearance for the first time.

She saw the older woman’s wire-rimmed glasses and with that the named clicked in her mind. This was Jeremy’s co-worker. Donnella was smart enough to say nothing, but she carefully took in every detail.

From the neck up Mildred looked like a librarian. Hair bun, minimal makeup, wire-rimmed glasses. From the neck down, she was something else entirely. The first thing Donnella really noticed was the long metal-link necklace Mildred wore. It would have hardly been remarkable but for the fact that it looped around her neck and instead of completing a circle, the ends of the chain were instead attached to two separate rings. Each ring was firmly embedded in Mildred’s nipples. Donnella could clearly see the older woman’s dark red nipples through the fine lace of the corset she wore. It was tight fitting and mostly leather around the torso, but the cups were lace for the express purpose of showing off the

wearer’s tits.

She wore black silk fingerless gloves that extended up nearly to her elbows. Fingers would have been more elegant, but it also would have meant less grip and control on any tool she held. On her bottom half she wore rather modest panties that covered everything. Why exactly Mildred chose panties that a grandmother would wear was beyond her because there were precious few secrets on the bodies of all the party guests. Instead of wearing practical shoes and perhaps some stocking, Mildred wore leather boots that came up to her knees. They were high heeled giving her a few extra inches of height, but it was obviously an artificial height, though Donnella wasn’t going to comment on that.

“I suppose we should begin with the unwrapping,” said Mildred. From the supply box under the table she pulled out a pair of safety scissors and cut away the two strings that went over Donnella’s hips, holding the G-string in place. A second later the lingerie was a scrap of fabric at her feet. Mildred glanced once at Donnella’s bare pussy and nodded in approval.

“Are you married?” she asked Donnella.

“Yes.”

“Your husband likes your cunt naked?”

The crudely worded question threw Donnella’s perception of Mildred, but she managed to answer, “Yes.”

“Does he know what you’re doing here tonight?” Mildred was now looking through the tools hanging on the wall next to the saltire.

“Yes.”

“Good for you,” said Mildred as she selected a riding crop and bent it experimentally. “There’s no shame in having kinks, only hiding them.” Seeing the nervous look on Donnella’s face, she glanced down at the crop in her hands. “I like doing things the old fashioned way. Feel free to scream and cry all you want. It won’t bother me. One of the most beautiful sights in the world is a woman pushed to the edge of her limits and loving every moment of it.”

The way Mildred said the words unsettled Donnella, but she gamely played

along. “I…I think so too,” she agreed.

“Good. Let’s see if I can find your limit.” Without further discussion she lashed out with the crop using the wide leather tip to leave a series of marks up and down Donnella’s side. The pain quickly erupted and Donnella was left gasping at the sensation. “Good balance,” Mildred commented mostly to herself as she adjusted her grip on the crop. “Let’s get rid of those clamps, shall we? I like my victims fully naked.”

For just a second Donnella thought that Mildred was going to release the clamps or perhaps try to pull them off through sheer force. What she actually did was a hundred times worse. The crop flicked out again and again, so fast that Donnella couldn’t follow it with her eyes, but she certainly felt it with her body.

The clamp on the right nipple gave way first, quickly followed by the left. Donnella wasn’t sure how the other woman was doing it, but eventually the chain linking the two clamps fell to the floor with a clatter. The audience around them applauded lightly but none of the hundred other guests in the building noticed.

Mildred put her hand to Donnella’s pussy and slipped a finger into the masochist. It slid in easily; Donnella was soaking wet.

“I should have tested you before I started,” Mildred commented. “I have no baseline to compare this wet pussy against.” She firmly rubbed Donnella’s clit, preventing her from replying.

Masturbating Donnella prevented her from answering as well. Already having been keyed up by the new experiences in the new space that Kurt was operating, Donnella had walked out into the party ready for fun. It didn’t take much at all to make her cum the first time.

She gasped and almost gagged at how quickly the orgasm came. “Good girl,” Mildred complimented her. “Very good girl. Let’s see how you do for endurance.” She then proceeded to fill every inch of Donnella’s skin with bright red marks from her crop.

Donnella screamed and cried out, much to the delight of the crowd. Everyone in the room was excited at the display of pain and passion; no one outside the building even heard the cries.

Across the room Jeremy was working the flesh of Luis. The handsome young man was restrained against his own saltire and while he had started the whole process showing off for the crowd, leaning into the flogging that Jeremy gave him, it had now gone on too long. The pain was starting to get to be too much.

Pausing to rest him tired arm, Jeremy considered the lightly tanned skin that he had turned pink in most spots and red in few as well. Luis's cock had grown and shrunk over the past ten minutes depending on how much he was enjoying the thrashing Jeremy was giving him. The problem with Luis was that he was used to having pleasure readily combined with pain and right now Jeremy was only giving Luis pain. At the moment Luis's cock was flaccid. It was the perfect moment to move forward.

"Enjoying yourself?" Jeremy asked while laying the flogger aside to search through the supply basket. He knew exactly where what he was looking for was, he just wanted to stretch out the moment and make Luis suffer the anticipation of what was to come.

"At the moment, not really," Luis answered more candidly than Jeremy wanted.

"You'll get used to it soon enough," Jeremy replied as he pretended to find what he needed and held it up to inspect the metal device. "You know where this is going, right?" he asked the handsome young man.

"Yes."

"It won't hurt a bit." Jeremy wasn't sure of that, but there was no reason to unduly upset Luis.

The thick metal ring was heavy and smooth. Jeremy was uncomfortable about handling another man's cock and balls, but pretending he was a urologist, a professional, made it easier. He put Luis's velvety soft balls through the opening of the ring first and the inserted his flaccid penis to hold Luis's manhood apart from the rest of his body. As soon as Jeremy let go of the man's cock, it started to grow. Jeremy was curious to know if that happened because Luis liked men to hold his cock, or if he was excited by the new situation, or—and Jeremy considered this the most likely answer—the cock ring was tight enough to control Luis's blood flow and create an erection where normally one wouldn't grow.

The most likely case was a combination of all three.

Once the cock ring was in place and Luis's erect was growing, Jeremy began the process of releasing the young man from the saltire which elicited a groan of disappointment from the small crowd.

"Don't worry, folks," said Jeremy smoothly, "follow me for the end of the show."

He hooked a leash to the collar around Luis's neck and gently tugged him forward. The young man with the abused pink skin carefully followed and the group of a half dozen onlookers trailed behind.

By the time he arrived at space number eleven Donnella was at the end of the endurance. Her skin felt like it was on fire and she wanted to scream in frustration. She could have ended the torture at any time, but she didn't consider herself a weakling and wanted to see how far she could go. The problem was, she didn't know where the end goal was.

Seeing Jeremy and Luis out of the corner of her eye, Mildred paused in her torment of Donnella. "Ready for her?" she asked.

It wasn't obvious if she was directing the question to Luis or Jeremy, but Jeremy answered by tapping on the head of Luis's cock. "Doesn't he look ready?"

That brought a smile to Mildred's face. "Bring him up here," she said and then addressed the crowd who watched in fascination. "Saltires can be used either face up or face down," she explained to them. "Right now we're going to use this one both ways." She smiled thinly and the crowd tittered.

Jeremy took the hooks from the cuffs Luis was wearing and attached them to the many eyebolts that lined the saltire, essentially putting Luis's limbs directly atop Donnella's. It would have been a pleasurable experience to them both, if they both didn't already have their skin on fire from being flogged and cropped.

Alignment was a bit of a problem, but Jeremy easily solved that with a bit of rough handling of Luis's cock.

From out of nowhere Kurt appeared. "A good submissive, a good masochist likes pain," he said to the crowd. "But pain by itself is useless. The real trick is

to combine pain with pleasure."

Jeremy and Mildred, working together, managed to slip Luis's cock, forced into an erect with the cock ring, into Donnella's pussy, wet and ready from Mildred's attentions. Although they both already were suffering from their skin being too sensitive to touch, they were both helpless to push down the lust in their bodies.

Luis started to thrust his hips into Donnella while she rocked her hips back and forth to accept his awkward prodding. It was hardly elegant, passionate love making, but it got the job done and appealed to the crowd.

Both submissives were already on the edge so it didn't take long for either to cum. Donnella's body shook with her autonomic response even as she whined from the pain. Pushing his semen past the tightness of the cock ring made the experience more painful than pleasurable for Luis, but it was an impossible situation to escape.

After she came Donnella looked desperately at her husband, wondering what he thought of her for letting another man fuck her right in front of his eyes. Jeremy just stared at his wife, a slightly bemused smile on his face and his arms folded across his chest.

"What should I call this place?" Kurt said. They were outside the old brick building. Some people a few yards away were smoking. Kurt had come outside for the fresh air after feeling smothered in the stifling heat of the large playroom. They were on the edge of the industrial part of the city where land was cheap and no one but artists and vagrants lived. The building was an old factory or perhaps a bakery that long ago fell into disuse. The money from the bank brought it back to life, but in a fashion no one would have anticipated.

Mildred tapped her fingers on her chin thoughtfully. "Andrews St. Crossing has a certain ring to it, don't you think? Let's those in the know exactly what goes in inside."

Kurt nodded in agreement. "Thanks for helping with the money," he told her.

Mildred smiled thinly. "Oh, I'm sure this will work out well for the bank. I did it mostly for my own amusement, though."

He looked at her, puzzled. “How’s that?”

Mildred looked off into the distance, studying the lights of the city’s distinctive skyline. “I know a lot of people who will put this place to good use.”

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.

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