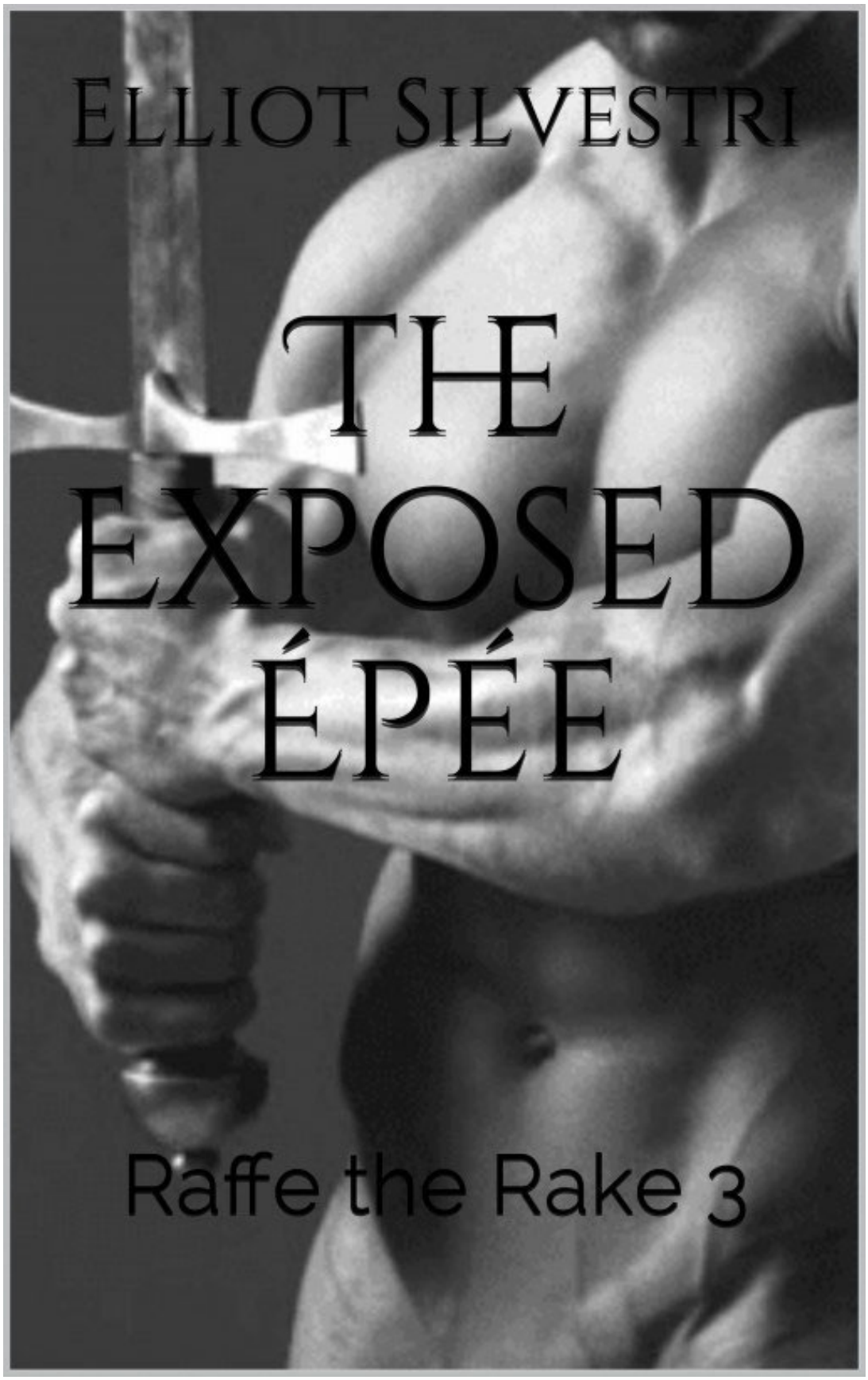
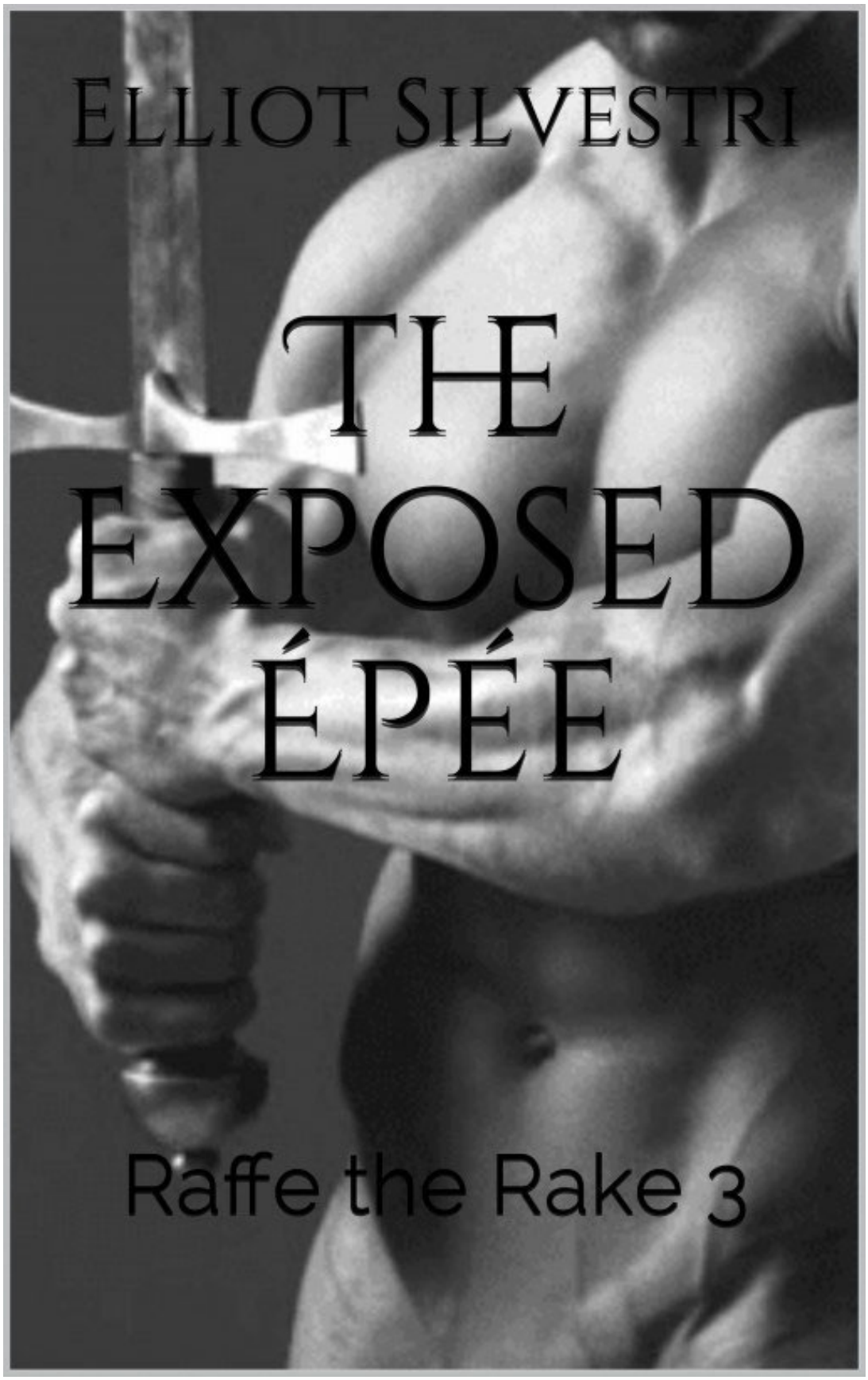

Elliot Silvestri
THE EXPOSED ÉPÉE
Raffe the Rake 3


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Raffe the Rake 3

The Exposed Épée

Raffe the Rake 2

A Magical Erotic Fantasy

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Exposed Épée

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Part Three

Chapter One

Raffe was already awake and partially dressed when she woke up the next morning. It wasn't the first time she had spent in a client's bed, but this was a different than usual circumstance.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked when he saw that she was awake.

"Owe?" she asked. Because of her job she had a routine that didn't involve early rising and she wasn't fully awake.

"I've got the usual number of ducats, but I don't know if I owe you extra for… everything." He gave her a gentle smile that neither of them believed. "Never let it be said that Lord Rafferty vanRivenscuv didn't deal honestly with those he transacts with."

"You don't owe me anything."

"You won't make a living giving it away for free," he told her.

Vanda laughed at him. "Don't worry about me. I'll always survive. The three lands will go to war with each other and wipe out their armies and I'll have a little tent already set up to service the survivors."

His smile melted away. "Don't say things like that." In his hand was a small pouch that clinked pleasantly as he shook it. "Your usual fee."

She shook her head, climbed out of the bed and stretched gloriously. Even under the circumstances Raffe had to admire her body. She was a natural beauty and events of the gods had made it so that she could share it with as many men and women as she wished. Once she had properly stretched, she found her clothes and began dressing. Vanda might have been a whore, but she had good manners, good enough manners to be invited into the palace of the most powerful woman in the world and service lusty men. "Keep it. I've already been paid."

"You keep it," he said. "If the queen paid you then consider this a tip."

"It was my pleasure to serve you last night."

"I'm certain it was," he told her. A quick pass of his eyes around the room let him spy her silk purse. He grabbed it off the table and stuffed his coins inside.

“You sound more like yourself,” she told him.

“I’m always myself.”

“See. Full of braggadocio.”

He said nothing for a moment. “You slipped,” he told her.

“Slipped?”

“Braggadocio? You aren’t any common whore.”

“I’m a very special whore,” she said. “You already knew that.”

“You’re hiding something.”

“So are you. We all hide things.”

“You didn’t come from some farm in the middle of nowhere taken in by Lady Bellechose just because you’re beautiful and fuck like a goddess.”

“I assure you, young man, I am exactly that.”

Before Raffe could answer her there was a sharp rap at the door and it opened before he could reply. The ambassador bustled in, his face beaming with job. “Wonderful news from last night’s negotiations.” He stopped short when he saw Vanda standing half-naked in the middle of the room, her bare breasts exposes. She smiled at him.

“Wonderful to meet you, your eminence,” she said politely.

The ambassador was flabbergasted.

Vanda turned to Raffe. “Just a bit o’ skill I learned at Lady Bellechose’s. We only service men and women of quality. Courtly manners are highly valued.”

Raffe looked at her skeptically but turned his attention to the ambassador. “I want to speak with Vastiv again. Today. Or try to speak with him. I’ve given it some thought and maybe it was just too much too fast for him.”

“He’s lost his country, my dear boy. It might be some time before he wants to

even see you."

"I can wait."

"Well, he's not going anywhere, not for a few days. He'll be in the infirmary healing. After that…well, he won't be returning to the Novarn Empire, that's certain."

"We can offer him a position with Uncle Raymar's soldiers," Raffe said eagerly.

"Perhaps," the ambassador hedged. "But more importantly because of what you did for the Free Folk, things are moving rapidly." His eyes flicked to Vanda who had rapidly dressed. She recognized the look of disappoint when her nudity was covered up; she had seen it in so many men's eyes.

"What I did?" asked Raffe. "What did I do?"

"Well, no one asked you to, but your little liaison with the Novarn Vastiv resulted in the Empire withdrawing from all negotiations. That opened things up and it looks like there will be a few marriages very shortly and it Free Folk are going to benefit from those marriages. Now the downside is that the Novarn Empire is unhappy with Queen Froanta and the Free Folk, but that's part of the cycle of politics. More importantly, they're angry with you." He cleared his throat. "You might want to take precautions against assassins."

"All because I fucked a beautiful and willing boy?" Raffe sighed.

"Yes," the ambassador said curtly. "You'll be smarter when you're older about where you put your flesh wand, but what's done is done and we need to take advantage of it."

"I doubt the queen will let you marry me off to her scullery maid at this point," Raffe said, not caring.

"True, but she had pledged to give us extra support in our guardianship of the north pass if you will do just one small favor for her."

"What is it?" Raffe asked, sitting down on the bed. Vanda finished dressing and gave him a kiss on the forehead before slipping out of the room. She was good like that.

“You won’t mind doing it at all. It’s perfectly in line with what you do on a day to day basis anyway.”

“What is it?”

“Your…seed is needed.”

“Of course it is.”

“I thought you were keeping your relationship secret,” said Raffe as he stripped off his jerkin. He looked across the bed at Alma where she was being assisted in removing her formal dress by a disinterested maid. Raffe couldn’t help but take a close look at the maid; she was young and passably pretty, nothing notable. While he certainly would have flirted with her and tried to seduce her into his bed under other circumstances, it didn’t seem the best course of action at the moment.

“We were,” said Alma, indicating Cahira as she helped the maid remove her clothes. The maid seemed annoyed by Alma’s attempt at helping.

“But you did some…things that changed the entire dynamic of the conference,” said Cahira from where she was lounging on the opposite side of the room. Except for her outer jacket, she was still in her full military uniform. She had one leg draped over the arm of the chair, the back of her knee against the arm. Her leg was slowly swinging back and forth as she pretended not to watch Raffe and Alma. Raffe couldn’t help but admire how highly polished her black boots were. They reached all the way to her knees and he wondered if that would be a better look for him rather than the mid-calf style he currently favored.

“That was unintended.” Raffe kicked off his boots and, right after making a short mental note to ask Cahira where one could acquire a pair of military boots like hers, he pulled off his pants and stood in front of the three women, naked and unashamed.

“Whatever,” said Cahira as she sipped from the crystal glass that was half-filled with amber liquid. Raffe could smell the alcohol from across the room and he wondered how drunk she was and how drunk she was going to get while she watched. “Just do what you came here to do.” She looked pointedly at Raffe’s

limp cock. “Though it doesn’t look like you’ll be able to do anything with that today. What do you think, Chelle?”

The question was directed at the maid whose face turned bright red. Even though Alma still wore her corset and tiny underpants, the maid quickly exited the room. As Cahira watched her leave, she started laughing. “We need maids who aren’t so…shy.”

“Love,” Alma said in warning. “You are here only because I’m allowing it. Just because you are my betrothed and I love you doesn’t mean you get to watch me have sex with a man.”

“I’m here to protect you.” No one believed Cahira’s lie. The two looked at the general who pointedly ignored them and sipped her drink.

“Just pretend she’s not here,” said Alma as she circled around the bed, approaching Raffe. “This is really the perfect time for me, if you understand.” Just before she reached Raffe she twirled around and swept her hair over her shoulder, exposing the intricate laces that held her corset closed. “Would you be so kind as to unlace me? It’ll make the sex easier.”

Raffe nodded and looked down at her. He couldn’t help but admire the swell of her buttocks and how they were barely covered by the very small underwear she wore. “Why even bother with these?” he asked while lightly caressing the exposed skin of her ass.

“Tradition,” was her reply.

Cahira was watching them closely. “I’d say military necessarily, but we have different perspectives.”

Taking his hand away from her ass, he untied the knot at the bottom of her corset and expertly loosened the laces. She sighed with relief as the garment let her breathe freely and pulled it down her body, over the curve of her hips, and dropped it to the floor, before turning around once again to display her breasts to him. “Thank you. You did that very well. Have you ever worked as a lady’s maid?” she teased.

“Never. I’ve just spent a lot of time with ladies in need of having their corsets removed.”

Cahira snorted at their banter. In reply, Alma stepped forward, wrapped her hands around the back of Raffe's neck, and pulled him down to her for a kiss.

His body didn't betray him. The kiss was enough to make his cock start to stiffen. That wasn't good enough for Alma. She broke the kiss and went down to her knees. Out of the corner of his eye Raffe could see Cahira closely watching them. Alma sucked on his manhood, bringing it to life as she bobbed her head back and forth. He couldn't help but wonder if she was doing it out of obligation to the political concord they had all signed or if she was doing it because she wanted to fuck him. Or maybe she was trying to annoy her lover—it seemed to be working on Cahira. Or maybe she was doing it as a thank you to Raffe for getting her the permission she needed to marry her lover.

"You have an amazing cock," said Alma, taking a brief respite from sucking.

"Thank you."

"Not that I have much to compare it against. I've only had a few."

"Enough to give you a reputation," commented Cahira.

"A good reputation," Alma told Raffe.

"You are very good at sucking cock," he told her. "But I'm sure you're also a natural at it."

She pretend pouted. "Why would you say that?"

"Because normally women only get as good at sucking cock like you by practice. Lots and lots of practice."

"You should avail yourself to her cunt eating skills. Fucking amazing!" Cahira called out. Raffe was certain the general was well inebriated by now.

Alma ignored her lover and reapplied herself to Raffe's cock. He didn't need it at this point, but he was more than happy to let her keep going if that's what she wanted. He suspected that Alma, in the end, almost always got what she wanted.

Eventually it proved to be too much for Raffe and he was forced to pull her up off her knees. "Don't you want more?" she asked, teasing.

“I wouldn’t mind…but there’s something else I think you want more.”

Grabbing his wrist, Alma pressed his hand between her legs. He could feel her heat and wetness through the thin silk. “Is that what you think I want?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want it?”

“Yes.”

She shoved his hand away. “Then you’ll have to fight for it.” Whirling around she started walking toward Cahira. To safety. To something she didn’t really want. At least that’s what Raffe wanted.

Raffe had never forced himself on a partner before. He had cajoled and persuaded and seduced, but never forced. Maybe she was just playing a game with him.

Before Alma could get more than two steps away he grabbed her around the waist, picked her up off the floor, and deposited her roughly onto the bed. She called out in protest. Raffe stole a quick look at Cahira who seemed unperturbed by the proceedings. He took that as a good sign.

Climbing on the bed with Alma, there was a bit of a struggle between the two. It was less wrestling and fighting than it was a struggle to get into position for both of them. She resisted, but didn’t put her heart into it. Eventually Raffe found himself on top of her but she was on all fours. It wasn’t that Raffe minded fucking doggy, but he was prevented from easy entrance by the silk panties she wore.

“Tear them off her,” Cahira advised. “She likes that.”

What proceeded from there was another struggle where Raffe tried to get her exposed but when he used his hand in an attempt to remove them, she started to get free of his grip and escape. While he was sure he would eventually be able to pin her down again, it annoyed him while also inflaming in lust.

“She struggles like a cat, doesn’t she?” Cahira asked. Raffe spared her a glance and saw that the general had opened up her uniform and hand one hand down the

front of her pantaloons. The other was still holding the mostly empty glass. Of the trio it appeared that Cahira was the one enjoying herself the most.

Instead of trying to fully remove the offending garment, Raffe switched tactics and used his weight to pin her down. He had one hand on her wrist and the other he used to shove aside the gusset of the garment, exposing her cunt lips. From there it was easy to angle his cock along her slit and find entrance to her heaven.

Alma groaned in satisfaction as he pushed inside her. “So good,” she murmured.

“Then why did you fight it?” Cahira asked from across the room. The general missed nothing.

Turning her head, Alma looked at her lover. “Because it’s better that way. Plain sex is boring.” She grinned in triumph at the two of them, craning her head as far back as she could to catch Raffe’s eyes.

He wasn’t angered by her behavior, but he was annoyed even as he started moving his hips back and forth, unable to resist the urge to impregnate her.

“Fuck her,” Cahira said.

“I am,” Raffe grunted.

“No. Fuck her! Fuck her hard. Make her beg you to stop, then keep going until she begs you not to stop.”

Raffe looked over at the general whose eyes were lit up with lust. Her hand was very busy between her legs now. “Are you—”

“Do it!” Cahira barked in the tone of a warrior who was used to soldiers obeying without question. Raffe responded to her command.

He had been supporting himself half on his knees and half on one hand with Alma holding herself up on her knees and hands. Abruptly he grabbed both of her wrists and twisted her hands behind her back while falling on top of her firmly pinning her to the bed. Only then did Raffe start to truly fuck her. Alma gasped and protested, but he didn’t stop. She struggled against him, trying to pull her hands free, but he was the one skilled in fighting; she had never been in a true physical fight in her life. Very quickly Alma came to the realization she was

trapped and being used by Raffe.

“Stop!” she called out. Even when playing games Alma had always been in control; she wasn’t in control now.

He ignored her plea and started slamming his hips into her as hard as he could. She gasped and cried out again. It was half pain and half pleasure making it impossible to separate the two. The sound of flesh on flesh violently filled the air.

“Harder,” Cahira urged.

Raffe could tell that Alma wanted him to stop but wasn’t able to form the words.

He didn’t stop.

And then she changed her mind and wanted him to keep going. “More,” she begged, tears starting to squeeze out from her eyes. “More…”

That Raffe could do. For once in his life he didn’t focus on the pleasure of his partner; he focused on himself. The impending orgasm was going to be powerful.

“Make her cry,” Cahira commanded. She couldn’t see Alma’s face or she would have known her lover was crying. The source of her tears was debatable.

The orgasm caught Raffe by surprise. It was intense enough that it actually hurt his balls—or maybe that was because of the violence of their copulation. It didn’t matter. He came and cried out in triumph.

“Yes!” sobbed Alma. “Yes! Thank you!”

It was over and Raffe rolled off her. He was ashamed and embarrassed at how he had used her. The sound of his cock pulling free was a wet slurp that only served to heighten the embarrassment he felt.

The moment he moved away, Cahira was there kissing and embracing her lover. The two women moved together, one comforting the other but Raffe couldn’t tell who was more upset. He did see Alma’s hand go between her legs. For a moment he thought that maybe he had injured her, but then he saw her fingers

were busy up inside her cunt. Cahira pulled back enough to help her lover strip off her panties and then she followed that with removing her own clothing, leaving her naked below the wait, though she kept on her tunic, hiding her tits.

Raffe couldn't blame Alma for jilling herself. He wasn't sure if she had cum or not. What followed though, he didn't expect. She pulled her wet fingers from her cunt and inserted them into Cahira. The general didn't object at all; instead she rolled to her back and opened her thighs. Alma repeated the process several times while Raffe watched in amazement. Alma wasn't trying to get herself off or even try to get her lover off. She was transferring Raffe's seed from her cunt to Cahira's. Both women were intelligent; they knew what they were doing.

Still, Raffe asked "What are you doing?"

Cahira ignored him, but Alma did not. "Equal risk. Equal reward. We will have a child."

Raffe shook his head. "I thought that you, Cahira…"

"What?" she barked at him. "Couldn't or wouldn't have a child with the woman I love?"

"No. Not at all. It's just…not a very efficient way of trying to get pregnant."

She looked at him. "I don't wish to have my body sullied by a cock."

There was sexism in the Ashton Queendom, just like there was sexism in the Novarn Empire. It was just a different sort of sexism.

Chapter Two

When the closing day of the epic conference finally arrived, Raffe was exhausted, but not from meetings with politicians and nobles. He had spent too much time in bed with Alma. There was no way to be certain, but she said if she wasn't pregnant by not, it wasn't from a lack of trying.

General Cahira agreed. She was there during most of the time Raffe and Alma had fucked. She had watched and occasionally participated. Raffe tried not to give judging looks to the women's weird ritual of sharing his seed.

"Don't worry," Cahira told him when she caught his odd stare as the women passed his white cum back and forth. "You see this scar?" she asked, indicating the one low on her belly.

"Yes."

"It pretty much assures me that I'll never have children."

"Oh. Then why—"

"Because. Because you don't need to know why."

That was good enough for Raffe.

The party, as far as Raffe could judge it, was a success. There was music and dancing and drink and merrymaking. While he tried to do his part, he was barely in the mood. While he had escaped the conference without being married off the ambassador wasn't disappointed. Everything he had been told to do by Lord Raymar had been accomplished and without marrying Raffe to anyone.

"We'll hold your marriage in reserve," the ambassador confided in him. The ambassador was swaying back and forth unsteadily on his feet. He had had far too many glasses of wine but no one was telling him to stop.

"Wonderful plan," Raffe said sarcastically.

The sarcasm was lost on the ambassador. "I know. I thought of it myself."

"Will she be ugly?"

The ambassador smiled. “That’s the wonderful thing about you, my boy. You’re available to the marry man or woman. He might be a pretty woman or an ugly man. Who’s to say?” The ambassador cackled.

Raffe, while showing no offense, just smiled wanly and excused himself from the old man. “I think I see a pretty young thing that needs my attention.”

“Of course, of course, my boy. Give her a seeing to,” he chuckled. “Give her a good one for me.”

Giving the ambassador a tight smile, Raffe nodded and took his leave. He hadn’t seen a single woman he wanted to give his attention to. He just wanted to get away from the ambassador. If at all possible, he would have gotten away from his life, but that was for another day.

Winding his way through the crowd, Raffe avoided eye contact with everyone, avoided the table piled with food, avoided the waitresses carrying drinks, and headed for the door. Somehow he had gotten turned around and instead of winding up in the hallway that would lead him back to his room, he found himself out in the large balcony that overlooked the palace’s central gardens. The night air was cool so instead of heading right back into the ballroom, he waited a moment, letting his head clear.

He waited a long time. Looking down at the flowers and bushes below him, he considered how dangerous it would be in his semi-inebriated state to climb down to the garden and slip back inside to get to his room. Before he could make a resolution on the momentous decision, a voice stopped him.

“Someone has been looking for you.”

Raffe turned to see a matron standing just a few feet behind him.

“You?” he asked. After killing the Novarn he had become somewhat infamous in the palace and at the conference.

“No. I believe her name is Princess Jeanne Madrae Almadine Risona Effervin.” The matron smiled and moved into the light. She was pretty, but faded. A few wrinkles were forming at the corners of her eyes and age was starting to show. Maybe twenty years earlier…

Raffe snorted when he realized who the matron was talking about. “Princess? Alma knows where to find me if she wants me.”

“I heard she’s had plenty of you.”

Shaking his head Raffe said, “There are no secrets in a palace, are there?”

“Just open ones. And the ones everyone pretends not to know.”

“I’m a little tired of Princess Alma,” he confessed. That was unlike him and he figured it was the alcohol talking.

“From what I heard she’s the one who tired you out.” The matron joined him at the railing and looked across the moonlit gardens. “The girl is desperate for a baby. Can’t blame her with the butch lover she’s taken.”

“She’s not so tough,” said Raffe with more boldness than he actually felt.

“Truth? I suppose. Love will do that to anyone.” After a moment’s silence she added, “Princess Jeanne gives you the greatest of compliments. Says you’re the best lover she ever had in bed. I believe that included General Cahira.”

That made Raffe burst out laughing. “Are you making that up or is she plotting something?”

“I’m not making anything up. She’s a cousin by a complicated and circuitous route of family connection. We talked and I have to say that I’m intrigued. I’ve never seen her so smitten. Of course she is marrying General Cahira, but that makes you even more valuable.”

“I’m no political pawn.”

“You, unfortunately, are. But some pawns grown to become incredibly powerful.” The matron finished the last of the wine in her crystal glass and placed it carefully on the railing. “But I’m not interested in your political status. I’m interested in your cock.”

Raffe looked askance at her. “I’m worn out, milady.”

Showing the sort of boldness only an experienced matron would have, she

reached down to Raffe's crotch and gripped him through the form-fitting pants he wore. Much to her disappointment, he was flaccid. "I told you."

"I bet I could fix that little problem of yours," she said boldly, massaging him a bit before letting go.

To his surprise, his cock didn't responds. That was strange to Raffe. "Lady, I don't even know your name." Raffe wasn't trying to be flippant. It just came to him naturally. "And I can assure you, it's not a little problem."

"Oh really? Rumor has it that it's a perfectly averaged sized…problem. And I'm no lady. I had quite the reputation when I was younger. When I was…well, close to your age."

"I don't hear many women bragging about how they fucked their way around the palace."

"You haven't spent much time in the Ashton palace then. And I told you, I'm no lady."

"So you say. And I believe you."

"I'm a marquess. And I'd be happy to prove to you I'm no lady."

Raffe let his eyes drink in every inch of the marquess's body. Without doubt there were more supporting undergarments than were readily apparent, but she still had a nice shape. The dress hid very little of her body and showed off her cleavage to great advantage.

Despite the situation, Raffe found himself rising to the occasion. He wondered if his body had a mind—and a lust—of its own.

"How exactly does a woman prove she's no lady."

"Marquess. I'm a marquess, dear boy. And there's only one way for you to find out I'm no lady, but you'll have to do that in my private quarters."

Even though he knew better, Raffe found himself nodding in agreement. "Princess Alma knows were I'm staying. Does she know where you're staying."

“Not that I know of, but she could find out if she wanted.”

“That’s part of the game too, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Should you tell me where?”

“Know. I want you to escort me to my rooms. I want everyone to know what we’re going to do tonight.”

“No discretion?”

“Discretion. If I can get you into my bed, young man, I’ll have a reputation better than the queen herself. You’re quite a hero to almost everyone in the royal family.”

“Shouldn’t I be fucking the queen then?”

“She only fucks the men I recommend to her,” the marquess said boldly.

“How do I know if you are lying or not?”

“You don’t.”

“That’s part of the game as well?”

“Yes.”

“Are you going to tell me your name?

“Not until I have your cock inside of me.”

Raffe had fucked other women with even less of an enticement. It was easy to slip his arm into hers and let her guide him off the balcony and through the ballroom where everyone they passed took careful note of the mismatched pair. Raffe didn’t see Alma; he took that as a good sign. He also felt proud to be in the marquess’s company. Without a doubt she was the highest-ranking woman he would ever fuck.

Unless she wasn’t lying and recommended him to the queen.

Wouldn’t that impress the ambassador?

The marquess’s demeanor didn’t change once they were in her rooms. If anything, it became more intense. At first Raffe thought they were in private, but there was a maid hiding in the shadows that came out only when the marquess announced, “I need to undress.”

Raffe had moved forward to assist his newest lover-to-be, but he was quickly out maneuvered by the maid. Although he had rank, Raffe had never availed himself to the limited privileges that were supposed to be part of his status. It wasn’t just because the vanRivenscuv family fortune and status wasn’t great. It was that he preferred to do things for himself. He would have preferred to undress the marquess himself, but she had other plans.

He watched as she was undressed down to corset and stockings and a piece of silk between her legs. Without clothes and supports, the marquess had a body that was still impressive to Raffe. While he didn’t know her exact age, he could make a good guess. Not only was she going to the highest-ranking woman he had ever fucked, she was going to be the oldest as well.

“Do you like what you see?”

“What’s not to like?”

“The little sluts you find around the palace nowadays,” she said dismissively. “They barely know how to suck a cock. Oh, I’ll give them credit. They’re beautiful, but they don’t have the experience necessary to make it in this world.”

The maid moved to Raffe and he waved her off, undressing himself. The maid quickly exited, probably to spread the gossip of what she had just seen. The marquess didn’t seem to care.

“I suppose you’re going to prove to me exactly what a woman with experience can do,” he said as he put his hands to his briefs, about to completely strip himself.

She moved quickly and stayed his hand. “Let me,” she said, going down to her knees. They were on a thick carpet which was much better than hard stone and she lowered his briefs while taking his semi-turgid cock into her mouth.

She was warm and wet. Raffe was impressed. Her hands circled around to his buttocks and she gripped him tightly, not letting him escape. Once she had settle into the position of power, the marquess was seemingly eager to prove her fellatio skills.

He had received oral attention from more women and men than he could count, but Raffe was surprised at her enthusiasm and skill. She didn't just suck or lick. She did both. She didn't just use her mouth; she knew how to use her hands as well. Many of his lovers forgot the erotic possibilities that the ball sack contained, but not the marquess. Everything was action and refined skill. Raffe's cock rose quickly and proudly. He might have been exhausted, but when the moment was necessary, he never failed to please.

"Told you," she said, slurping his cock, savoring the bit of precum that was leaking. "You're ready to cum, aren't you?"

Raffe knew better than to lie. "Do you want me to finish in your mouth?"

She laughed at him. "You're nowhere near ready to finish."

"I think I am."

The marquess playfully slapped at his cock and rose smoothly off her knees. She knew exactly how to strike a man in order to keep him under control. She didn't aim for the balls but the shaft. It was just enough to let him know she was in charge and he was completely vulnerable to her.

"You're not," she told him. "You're not to cum until you've completely satisfied me. Now get on the bed. I'm going to ride you."

He liked her take charge manner. After he got on the bed with his cock pointing skyward, she climbed onto the bed and onto him. Somehow in the short amount of time it took them to get into position, the marquess had removed the scrap of silk from between her legs. In the dim light Raffe couldn't see, but he could certainly feel; her cunt was as wet as a flowing river and he could feel the fuzz of her pubic hair. He was eager to have her slip him inside her cunt, but she took her time, getting him slick with her juices.

"Anticipation is everything," she told him.

“I can appreciate that.”

“I understand you like…exotic fucking.”

“I like sex of any sort.”

“Every fuck a woman’s ass?”

“Of course.”

She frowned. “I was hoping to be your first, but I suppose when it comes to a cocksman like you…” Her words trailed off as she lifted her hips, shifting slightly the angle she was holding his cock. Once he felt her position the head against her tightly puckered anus, he was certain he knew what she wanted.

“Are you sure?”

“I’ve done things I’m sure you’ve only dreamed of,” she said as she lowered herself onto his cock. Despite the lack of lubrication, he went in with little resistance. The marquess was an expert as what she was doing, going slow and easy until she found the right depth for what she wanted. Raffe restricted himself to using his hands on her hips and let her balance herself on his cock. She was more squatting than kneeling which opened her wider than normal.

“I’ve done some things in my time,” he said. “Would you like to know them?”

“Not now,” she sighed. “Right now I want to concentrate on your cock and my cunt.” Pumping her thighs a bit, she rode him for a minute and then dragged his hand to her clit. “Rub me. Do it and make me cum and you’ll be rewarded.”

The only reward that Raffe wanted was cumming, hopefully in her mouth or cunt; cumming in anyone’s ass was never his preference. “What reward?” he asked as he started to manipulate her clit.

“More than you can possibly dream.” She sighed and moaned. He wasn’t sure if her reaction was real or just well-practiced and acted.

He doubted her hyperbole but it didn’t stop him from enjoying the moment. Her cunt continued to drip a steady flow of wetness onto his stomach as she rode him. His fingers became slippery as he played with her clit. “Do you like that?”

he asked, wanting to be sure he was giving her what she liked.

“It’s better when I had a cock in my ass and one in my cunt,” she told him.

“I’m not that talented.”

The marquess angrily shoved his hand out of the way and began frigging herself hard and fast, much more so than Raffe would have risked. He was amazed she could continue to go up and down on his cock while also frigging herself. She was truly an accomplished lover.

“I’m going to cum and you aren’t,” she said.

“As you wish.” Now that he was deep within their coupling—and her ass—Raffe’s interest had perked up. He grabbed hold of her hips and helped her maintain a steady rhythm as she obscenely rode him. While he wasn’t the strongest of men, he was more than capable of lifting her body up and down to make her cum.

When she came, her sphincter clamped down on his cock to an almost painful degree. She let out a glorious howl and, to Raffe’s surprise and delight, her cunt went from a steady drip of juice to a river-like flow. The amount of liquid she produced was incredible and a small puddle formed on Raffe’s stomach before it started to flow off the sides of his torso.

The marquess looked down at him with a vulgar sort of triumph. “I should have warned you.”

“I’ve had worse happen. Was that my reward?”

She shook her head. “No. Not yet. Let me rest a second.”

Since Raffe was still hard, it was easy for her to sit down on him, fully enjoying the way his cock filled her out and stretched her. He wasn’t huge, but that was fine with her. Too large was just uncomfortable, too small was a waste of time. She liked a perfectly sized man.

“Tired?” he asked her.

“I’m not as young as I used to be. I’m a better lover, but I have to go slower.”

“Want me to take over?”

“I like to be in charge. It suits my personality and my position,” she said while perched atop his cock. “I’m a marquess and you are nothing but a lowly lord.”

“As a marquess you should lay back and relax and let me do the work.”

Just as she started to open her mouth to protest, Raffe abruptly flipped their bodies over, putting her on her back and him on top of her. He managed to do this while keeping his cock inside her back entrance. To allow him proper access to her most vulnerable bits she had to put her legs straight up in the air. He gave her gentlemanly assistance by putting her ankles over her shoulders.

“It’s rude not to obey the wishes of your betters,” she said but didn’t specifically tell him to stop.

Raffe eased his cock in and out of her experimentally a few times before finding his rhythm. “I wouldn’t say you’re better than me. Perhaps we are equals in bed. It’s so hard to judge between men and women.”

She listened to him because she had to and she was enjoying the way he fucked her tight entrance, but she wasn’t going to be talked down to.

“I’ve had many more men than you have. I think I’m an excellent judge.”

“I’ve fucked many women’s asses. I’ve had better. Perhaps I should fuck your cunt instead?” he asked, easing his cock almost all the way out, just letting the ridge of the glans stay inside her tight sphincter.

“Oh no,” she moan, upset at the loss her body had experienced. “No, no. You can’t do that. My cunt is for my husband only.”

That gave Raffe pause. He had fucked many a married woman in his time, but never one who claimed her cunt was only for her husband’s use.

“I didn’t realize you were married.”

The marquess gave a roll of her shoulders. “He’s just an Ashton man. He’s nothing really. My marriage is just the remnant of a leftover political alliance. I have three children and only one is his. A boy.” She rolled her eyes. “The other

two were from better lovers and they were wonderful little girls. Women now." She smiled with that look of a woman on the hunt. "You would make one a good husband, but she likes her lovers to deal with her…roughly."

While he was as open minded as he thought possible, Raffe was off put by the marquess's blunt talk about her children and her marriage. It didn't seem… correct. He tried to get the conversation—and their intercourse—back on track.

"Then how can you save your cunt for just your husband?"

She pulled him down to her face and kissed him, an intimate act for two lovers who had recently met and had no plans beyond simple fornication. "I had to save my cunt for the right man and the right marriage. Politics, don't you know. But a young woman has needs…and a young woman has a perfectly willing ass. More men have been where you are right now than have been in the fount of life between my legs."

A cheating wife was something that Raffe could understand. He didn't need to understand everything about the marquess. They weren't going to have a relationship, just an encounter.

"I want to fuck your cunt," he told her, pushing back into her ass and finding a slow steady, rhythm.

"I told you, it's off limits." Her hand went down to her cunt, found her clit, and her eyes closed as she frigged herself, enjoying the double sensations.

Raffe kept up his steady pace, watching her face change as she got more and worked up. A woman was most beautiful when she was climaxing. Her second peak showed the marquess to him in all her glory.

"I'm going to make you beg me to fuck your cunt," he told her.

She laughed at him. "Good luck. Better men than you have tried and failed."

He withdrew again, leaving in just the tip. "Are you sure you won't easily agree?"

"Positive."

Raffe pulled all the way out of her ass and she moaned in disappointment. “No… put it back in.”

“Do you have oil or something to keep things smooth?”

The marquess slipped off the bed and retrieved a jar from the dresser that squatted along one wall of the room. “A smart woman is always prepared,” she said, applying the thick cream first to his cock, and then after she had laid back down on the bed, to her ass. He lifted her legs back up and prepared to enter her ass once again, but paused.

“Are you sure you won’t give me the honor I want?”

“I don’t change my mind.”

Raffe started to enter her, but then abruptly flipped her over, face down. She was surprised as his roughness but not upset by it. This was all a game. The marquess even played along as he forced her to her knees and got her ass in the air. She actually assisted him in getting his cock back into her ass.

“Yes…that’s the way I like it.”

He thrusted into her a few times, getting her excited again. Her hand went down to her cunt and she started playing with her clit. It was then pushed forward, pinning her down to the bed, using his weight to keep her in place.

“Remember, you said you liked it this way.”

It took nearly half an hour, but Raffe was a patient and skilled man. He knew how to handle his cock. He knew how to fuck a woman, either her cunt or her ass. He knew what it took to make her pussy sing with the right manipulation of her vulva and clit. It didn’t take all that long before the marquess had lost track of how many orgasms she had had and she was begging him to stop for she was exhausted.

“You know the one thing that’ll make me stop.”

She was sore and sweat covered and literally completely spent by the number of times her body had trembled with climax.

“My cunt is only for my husband,” she whined.

“Make an exception.”

“Do it,” she whined sounding nothing like a refined marquess; she sounded like a whore who had been used and abused by a client and wanted everything over.

Raffe was only all too happy to pull his cock out of her ass and plunge it into her cunt which was wet and ready to receive him. Even though he was young and fit and an accomplished swordsman, Raffe was on the edge of his endurance. He only managed a couple of thrusts before he spent himself inside her cunt.

It was the most glorious orgasm she had ever had. The marquess cried from what Raffe figured was relief.

Raffe was well satisfied with himself and rolled off her body and went into the hazy dreamlike state between sleeping and consciousness.

The pleasant moment was completely destroyed by a man entering the bedroom.

The marquess looked lazily over at the angry middle-aged man who had barged in. Raffe knew from experience that a man barging into a bedroom where there was a recently fucked woman was never a good way to start a pleasant conversation.

“You said he’d be gone by now,” the man said to the marquess.

She smiled lovingly at the disturbed man. “Time got away from me. But you’re still welcome to join us.”

Raffe had been in the game long enough to know how to spot a husband, but this was Ashton where men didn’t have nearly any of the rights of women so he didn’t know how the marquess’s husband would respond.

“You know I don’t like that. I like being alone.”

The marquess beckoned him over. “But I want my new lover to watch us. He’s a handsome man and I won a great honor by bedding him. The least you can do is honor me now.” She looked over to Raffe. “You don’t mind, do you? Jaysen deserves to join us. He doesn’t prefer men, but he’s been well trained to do what

I want."

"I don't mind at all," said Raffe, intrigued.

With a sigh and some reluctance, Jaysen started moving forward, but the marquess clucked her tongue at him. "You know the rules. Not until you are ready."

Jaysen stiffened and didn't move for a minute, but then he let out a long, slow breath and started to remove his clothing. He was dressed in the military uniform of the Ashton Queendom, but he didn't have any of rank insignia on it. Only women could be officers in the Ashton military, so that wasn't unusual. Raffe dismissed his concern as Jaysen exposed his body and he couldn't help but smile. The man might have reached middle age, but he was still fit and attractive. It was only when Jaysen had removed his briefs did Raffe see something new. It shouldn't have surprised him, but it did. And he realized he liked it.

While he knew it was part of the culture of Ashton, seeing a man for the first time with a ring through his cock was a revelation. It was not unlike the piercings that Cahira had through her nipples, but Raffe couldn't help but think it had to be much more painful and completely impractical.

"He's staring at my cock," Jaysen said, almost whining to his wife.

"Don't be such a baby," the marquess replied. She looked over to Raffe. "It's an adequate cock, but nothing spectacular. Would you not mind embarrassing him or are you interested…?"

"I've never seen a ringed cock before," Raffe commented.

"All men in Ashton get one when they come of age," she said offhandedly. "It's necessary."

"Necessary?"

"How else can we be expected to control our men?" she replied. "A little piercing, a little witchcraft, and the strong scent of cunt. That's all that's needed. Come over here, my darling," she said patronizingly to her husband. "Raffe wants to inspect you."

While that was a stretch of the truth, Raffe didn't mind taking Jaysen's cock in hand and examining it. He admired the man for his self-control because he didn't get the least bit hard while Raffe manipulated him. Then again, while Raffe was opened minded about sex with anyone, the marquess had already said that he had no interest in men.

The ring was gold and it was nearly pure gold, if Raffe was any judge. It was perfectly smooth and went through the man's tiny slit and then out a small hold on the underside of his cock. It took Raffe a minute to discover how the ring was held in place. There was a tiny seam where the ends of it locked together. The jewelry of the Ashton Queendom was highly prized along with their small mechanical technologies. This was just further evidence of that.

Raffe wondered what it would be like to give the man head with the ring. Would it clack noisily against his teeth or would it just be an additional feature to his manhood's topography? He wished he was bold enough to ask, but Raffe knew when there was a strong undercurrent of power dynamics and he didn't wish to get embroiled in whatever battle was going on between the marquess and her husband.

"How long have you had this?" Raffe asked.

"Ever since I became a man," Jaysen snapped at him. "I wouldn't dare go out in public without it. I'm not some…savage."

The insult fell flatly. If he deemed Raffe a savage, Raffe was fine with that. He liked his cock as is and didn't hold any special admiration for the culture of Ashton. "Apparently the women of your country do have thing for savages," he commented mildly.

Before the argument could get out of control, the marquess interrupted. "The ring makes it easier to control the cock. Some women use full chastity devices on their husbands, but I've never had to do that with Jaysen. He's always been very obedient. I do give him some physical affection. It's a small price to pay. And, Jaysen, don't you have a duty to perform?" She had rolled over and opened up her legs. Even though he had just gone through an exhausting round of vigorous sex with her, Raffe couldn't help but admire her body and felt his cock start to stir.

Jaysen started to crawl between his wife's legs while she pulled her knees to her

chest, showing remarkable flexibility. While Raffe wasn't a proponent of this sort of act, he didn't judge the man for what he was about to do. Every culture was different and there were good and terrible things about each one.

Watching closely because Raffe couldn't resist a good show, Jaysen lowered his face to his wife's cunt and ass to begin eating her out. The lapping of his tongue only lasted for less than half a minute before he abruptly pulled back with a disgusted and angry look on his face.

"He fucked you!" he accused his wife.

"Of course he did," she said mildly.

"He fucked your cunt!"

"So?"

"Our agreement. Our compact! Your cunt is only for me!" He sounded like a petulant child.

The marquess rolled her shoulders, unconcerned. "He fucked my ass but that wasn't good enough for the hero of the conference. I let him have my cunt. If you were in my position, you would have too." Her smile asserted her authority. "It was more than worth it."

Jaysen wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He went from disgusted and angry to emotionally wrought and agitated. "That's not how it works!" He withdrew from her and climbed off the bed. His limp cock dangled between his legs; Raffe couldn't help but still look at it.

"Oh please, Jaysen. Don't be such an emotional wreck. I'm done having children. You got your son. I doubt anyone—you or Raffe or the next greatest cocksman to come by—is going to get me pregnant again."

"That's-not-the-agreement!" At this point Jaysen was stalking about the room and his words bordered on screaming.

"I can end the agreement." The marquess's words weren't just cool. They were cold. Whatever politics made their marriage a necessity was now a thing of the past. Raffe could see himself as the catalyst in the situation and quietly slipped

out of the bed. While he hadn't been in this exact situation before, he had been in variations of it and he knew how it ended every time: badly.

"The hell you will!" Jaysen bellowed at his wife. He was a soldier and he reacted like a well-trained soldier. There were no easily accessible weapons in the room but a good soldier knew how to improvise. Or to plan ahead. Jaysen started tearing through the clothing he had recently shed and came up with a small but wicked-looking knife. It flashed in the dim light.

The marquess screamed.

Raffe stopped putting on his clothes and pulled his rapier out of its scabbard and immediately felt over prepared and useless.

He was an accomplished swordsman and all of his training had been with the rapier. Against any opponent he could easily hold his own. Knife fighting was an entirely different skill and Jaysen seemed more than capable just by the way he held the weapon. Still, Raffe wasn't going to run like a coward. There was also the safety of the marquess to consider.

Holding his sword in a classic forward guard position, he spoke, feeling more than a bit foolish weapon only his briefs and one boot. "Consider what you're doing," he said firmly and calmly, not wishing to anger the man. "Murder isn't a smart move for you. Or anyone."

For her part, the marquess had been edging across the bed and had grabbed a pillow to defend herself. She was showing her lack of combat skill; it was a terrible shield.

"Fucking leave!" Jaysen bellowed at Raffe. Not wanting to be taken in a vulnerable position, Raffe started advancing on Jaysen. He had a wild look in his eyes which made him doubly dangerous because of unpredictability.

"Put down the knife," said Raffe. "We don't want anyone getting hurt."

Jaysen made a feint at Raffe and swiped once with his knife. Raffe kept up his sword and kept Jaysen at bay. He didn't want to kill the man, especially since Jaysen was completely naked. It didn't make him—or them all—look good.

He was saved by good security and chance. The bedroom door slammed open

and a handful of guards rushed in. They were a mix of men and women and they took no immediate action, confused by the two naked or nearly naked men facing off against each other while the marquess watched. Their leader looked questioningly at the marquess. “Your ladyship?” she asked. “What is the cause of this…disturbance.”

“My husband,” she said firmly. “He is jealous of my love and he needs to be removed immediately.”

“Ma’am,” was the sergeant’s response.

Jaysen wasn’t going to go easy, even if he was only armed with just a knife and had no armor. His opponents were armed with spears and short swords. They carried shields and wore armor. “Put down the weapon, sir,” the sergeant ordered. The guards closed ranks and brandished their weapons.

“I demand satisfaction! I demand to face the man who has wronged me!” Jaysen screamed.

“Not here, not now, sir,” the sergeant said firmly. There was no verbal command given, but the guards moved in as one, forcing Jaysen into a corner. He didn’t go down without a fight and struck out with his weapon. It glanced off one of the guard’s shield. As a group they pressed him to the wall, quickly disarmed him, bound his hands and marched him from the bedroom.

They ignored Raffe who stood their ineffectually with his rapier. As they left, the tip of the sword slowly drifted down to the floor. “That’s your husband?” Raffe asked the marquess incredulously.

“Yes. Why?”

“You don’t have the most loving relationship,” he observed dryly.

“Our marriage was one of political convenience. That political alliance has ended.”

“So I gathered.”

“I do feel badly for you, though.”

“Why is that?”

“Jaysen has—had?—some standing in the army. He said he demanded satisfaction before they dragged him out of here. He’ll get it.”

Raffe sighed. “What does that mean.”

“I think you’ll have to fight another duel before you get to leave our lovely queendom. Now why don’t you come back to bed. I’m not in the mood for more sex, but it is lovely to cuddle up to a man’s body in the night, don’t you agree?”

He couldn’t think of a way protest to her suggestion. In fact, he agreed with it. He just wished he wasn’t so exhausted that he couldn’t fuck her again.

Chapter Three

“Why do you do these things?” the ambassador asked as Raffe prepared himself.

“I’d say my cock does my thinking, but I think we both know that’s not true. I don’t think things through.” Raffe gave the ambassador his customary smile but it was a wasted effort. The old man stared levelly back at him.

“Your cock has gotten you into two duels in the past week and there’s no guarantee you’re going to survive this one.”

“Of course I am,” said Raffe. It was partially bravado, but he was confident. Jaysen was old and unhinged, which made him not much of a challenge. There was also the arrangement that the dual was to first blood; no death was necessary.

“I’ve seen men killed in the simplest of duels,” the ambassador replied.

Raffe gave him a look. “When?”

Without missing a beat the ambassador replied, “Do you think I was always an old man talking politics. I was in the Freebooters when we faced down the orc invasion over the Long Winter.”

That caught Raffe flatfooted. “Truly?”

“I’d show you my scars, but you know what that leads to.”

It took Raffe a second to understand his meaning. “There are truly no secrets in a palace, are there?”

“No, my boy, there are not.”

Rolling his shoulders, Raffe loosened up and unsheathed his rapier. The rules of the contest were simple. Whoever drew first blood was the winner. Loser was to leave the Ashton Queendom immediately. Raffe had no problem with that. He was determined to leave Ashton forever. His only consideration was whether or not to throw the contest and let Jaysen nick him so he would lose and have a graceful exit. It would be the easiest way.

They were on the edges of the city. The queen had forbidden a duel since it was

not part of the Ashton code of justice. The men who spent their lives in the military had a way around that. Raffe had been invited to the barracks to participate in a training exercise. He was to show them new rapier techniques.

Everyone knew this was a lie.

Both he and Jaysen had already stripped down to their breeches and boots. Raffe sized up his opponent and realized that he wasn't some incompetent old man. He had a few scars on his body telling of his time serving under dangerous conditions. He was fit and trim as Raffe had remembered. More importantly Raffe was glad they were no longer naked and Jaysen couldn't distract him with his cock ring.

Everyone began moving back from the practice ring. It was time. The ambassador had one word of advice for Raffe before he left. "Don't die."

"I'll try to remember that."

A soldier walked to the middle of the ring to signal the start of the match. He was also supposed to act as referee, but Raffe had doubts any actual refereeing would happen. Jaysen took up a formal pose to signal he was ready. The stance he took was old-fashioned and no longer favored by the instructors Raffe had had, but that didn't make him any less dangerous. Raffe took his spot and nodded to the referee.

The man dropped a red handkerchief to the ground signaling the start of the match. The two combatants carefully circled around each other, taking their measure, ready for any attack. Raffe held his blade steady while Jaysen moved his in a confusing old style that kept Raffe wary.

They exchanged soft blows, getting the feel of the other's skill. Jaysen stepped aggressive forward but Raffe refused to give ground and forced him back.

"I'm happy to leave," said Raffe conversationally as they continued to circle each other. The crowd watching them wasn't cheering, but watching intently. If Raffe knew anything about soldiers most of their monthly pay had been bet on the outcome of the contest. It was a heavy burden to carry especially knowing that he intended to throw the fight. "Give me a good nick on the side and I'll concede. You'll never see me in Ashton again."

“I’ll never see you again,” Jaysen snarled at him, charged and pulled back. Raffe brandished his sword but was uneager to end the contest so quickly.

Before he could make another offer, Jaysen cut the air with a series of wild swings designed to move Raffe a certain way and force his weapon to the side. Raffe didn’t fall for such obviously tactics and fought back, forcing Jaysen to give ground. The older man was surprisingly quick. This wasn’t a contest of strength, but of skill and speed.

Jaysen lunged again, making himself vulnerable, but bringing his sword dangerously close to Raffe’s face. Raffe riposted but that didn’t stop Jaysen from trying again. Raffe brought his rapier into play, directing it at Jaysen in an aggressive guard rather than a defensive guard.

It shouldn’t have surprised Raffe that Jaysen lunged again. A lot of things shouldn’t have surprised Raffe, but they did. Jaysen even dropped his guard and didn’t try to bat Raffe’s weapon out of the way. The sharp blade easily pierced Jaysen’s torso, slipping between two ribs and slicing open a lung and an artery.

He was dead before his second had time to reach him on the sand.

The caravan that Raffe rode in had been prepared before the duel. It was nothing more than two overland coaches and a wagon, all pulled by draft horses. Raffe was in the coach with the ambassador and stared gloomily out the window. They weren’t fleeing from the city, but it felt that way. Raffe hadn’t had time to say goodbye to Alma or the marquess. Or even Cahira. He wasn’t sure it would have been a good idea to say anything to them.

“He killed himself, my boy,” the ambassador told him mildly.

“I know. But why? And why use me?”

The ambassador rolled his shoulders. “Because he hated his life? Who knows why? I’ve been told the men of Ashton are miserable, but then again I’ve met many who are happy with their lot in life.”

“Why me? Why not just throw himself off a cliff or lead some stupid charge in a war?”

“There’s a remarkable lack of violent wars right now,” the ambassador noted dryly. “Suicide is always an option, but it is frowned upon in Ashton society for both men and women.”

“Killing himself in a duel of honor, that apparently is a fine death,” said Raffe bitterly.

“Yes.”

“But it doesn’t take into consideration…” He didn’t finish his thought.

“What?”

“Me. It doesn’t take into consideration me.”

“When have you ever considered anyone but yourself?”

Raffe didn’t answer the ambassador. He didn’t want to hear the truth from his lips.

End Part Three

Preview

Red-Bottomed: Rhette is Red 1

“Do I need to remove…do I have to take off…” Rhette found she was unable to actually ask the question which was stupid because she was paying for this and she was supposed to be in charge.

The tall man with a shock of dark hair that kept falling into his eyes grinned at her. “Take off whatever you feel comfortable removing,” he said. Nick. Nick was his name. Was it short for Nicholas? He was friendly, but that had to be part of the service, right? “I’ve done it with my clients wearing jeans and wearing nothing at all. It’s up to you.”

Client. She was a client.

Rhette wiggled out of her pants. They were a little too tight, but that was the problem with having a fat ass. While she told herself she needed to lose only twenty pounds to have a great body, it seemed every time she lost a tiny bit of weight, it came from everywhere but her ass. Nick said nothing as she undressed. He didn’t even comment on the thong she was wearing. Rhette didn’t wear thongs; she knew her ass was too big. But here she was in the very clean workshop of a man who offered BDSM services and equipment wearing a thong while he leered at her.

Except he wasn’t leering at her. He was politely waiting.

Why in the hell did she send him an email request? She knew why. She found his website because all things BDSM intrigued her and she quickly figured out that his workshop was less than an hour from her home. It was too much to resist.

The workshop smelled like freshly cut wood and leather and wood stain. She tried to push from her mind the idea that the smells reminded her of her father’s workshop attached to their house when she was growing up.

She had kicked off her shoes in order to get her pants off, leaving her in her socks and shirt. Feeling ridiculous with the socks, she pulled them off as well,

tossing them on top of her pants. “Should I take off my shirt?” she asked.

Nick smiled and shrugged. “Whatever makes you the most comfortable.”

Her pink blouse was tight. She had gained a little weight since she had purchased it. Underneath the pink blouse she was wearing a black lace bra that was doing a good job of keeping her large tits under control. The bra and thong were a matching set, bought for just this special occasion. But the lace was definitely see-through which had excited her in the store, but now at the moment of truth, she was getting shy. What could Nick see?

She knew the answer was practically everything and still she took off her shirt. The buttons were already straining so it was easy to pop them open. Glancing down once, carefully dropping the shirt on top of the pants, she noted her nipples were clearly visible through the lace and were erect, making large dents in the material. The correct thing to feel was humiliation, but Rhette didn’t know what she thought.

Finding a bit of courage, she walked the few steps over to the bench Nick had indicated. The floor was cold; concrete with some sort of rubberized, non-skid surface. The bench was wooden, nothing more than a glorified sawhorse. But there was a nice pad made of leather that was soft to lean against. The bench took her weight and she found it surprisingly comfortable.

“Lean forward,” Nick instructed.

When she did her hands reached out for support and automatically grabbed a pair of handles placed for this awkward position she was placing herself in. Her ass was exposed. She was leaning forward. It was exciting and scary. The handles she was holding had thick metal rings embedded through the thick wood. She knew what the rings were there for, but they weren’t going to be used today.

“Comfortable?” Nick asked.

“Yes,” she replied automatically and then nervously laughed. “Well, as comfortable as I can be like this.”

“The height is adjustable. But try spreading your feet a little further apart.”

She did so and what little strain she had was eased even as the back of her thong disappeared between her buttocks. It was like she was naked. All but naked.

Not wanting things to proceed even though she wanted them to proceed, she delayed with conversation. “How much does this cost?” she asked running her hands over the handle grips and highly polished wood.

“Base cost is fifteen hundred dollars, but I’ve had custom orders go over three thousand.”

“Jesus!”

“People like their toys,” he commented. “Do you like it?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to try out the straps?” he asked.

It was why she had come to his workshop, but she still wanted to say no. “Yes.”

“I’ll start with something easy. The leather shop I work with does most of their business for horses. They’re actually a high end tack and saddle shop. But they have a large side business with well…this.”

He brandished the implement in front of her. A wooden handle connected to a three foot long leather strap. On the wall not too far in front of her were other whips, quirts, canes, and more implements of torture and delight.

“The leather is soft and supple, wide enough for impact play without leaving welts. It won’t break the skin. Ready to try it out?”

Rhette couldn’t speak. Her mouth was dry. She wrapped her fingers around the grips and nodded her head. It was all she could do.

“Safe word is ‘red’,” Nick said, stepping back. “Or ‘safeword’. Or ‘snake.’ I’ve used all of them. Or you can just stand up and I’ll stop, okay?”

She nodded again, unwilling to let her voice betray her fear.

“Let’s begin,” he said.

There was no long pause, no warm up. There was just the whistle of the leather through the air and then a burning sensation across both cheeks of her ass. Rhette wanted to scream, but didn't. She clamped her lips together and just made a quick moaning noise. Her body jerked and she savored the pain.

There was a long pause before the next blow. Was he waiting for a signal from her? Was he drawing out the moment to torment her? Was he letting the pain start throbbing from the one swat he had given her? Right as that happened he laid the leather strap across her ass a second time and she had the same reaction. Her body jerked. She stifled a scream. Her knees trembled a bit. "Jesus that's good," she whispered at the pain flared on her skin.

"My name's not Jesus," Nick said good-naturedly and right as she started to laugh, he lashed her again.

"Ooh!" This time her verbal reaction was clearly audible. She was certain her ass was either on fire or she had a third-degree sunburn. Nick laid down his tool and moved behind her. Rhette kept her eyes focused on the implements hanging from the wall, wondering which he would choose. The sound of him moving something large behind her came to her ears and then Nick walked into her line of sight carrying a large hand mirror.

She didn't want to see herself because she was certain the tears that had started to squeeze out had ruined her makeup. But he didn't make her look at her face; instead Nick expertly angled the mirror so that when she looked up into it, she saw herself gazing at a large free-standing mirror he had rolled behind her.

Rhette's ass, in all of its large and curvy glory, had three large red stripes across it.

She wetted her lips with her tongue, her saliva having miraculously returned. "It's beautiful," she heard herself say and at the same time she wondered what was wrong with her. The black string on her thong wasn't visible between her cheeks, but she saw where it split into a T and curved around her hips.

"You have lovely pale skin."

"And a lot of freckles," she said sourly,

"Not on your ass," he replied. "That's the conundrum for redheads, isn't it?

Perfectly pale skin so eager to freckle."

Rhette glanced at her shoulders that were covered with permanent freckles even though it wasn't even the start of summer yet. "Can you do more?" she asked him, not wanting to talk about her body.

"Can you take the pain?"

"Yes," she said boldly.

"That's why you see so many redheads in the BDSM scene," he said as he put down the mirror and moved back behind her. "They can take the pain." His arm moved fast and another red stripe erupted on her ass. She gasped at the pain and felt herself getting wet between her legs. "I can't tell you how many women I've seen with dyed red hair. They aren't fooling anyone." The fifth strike was right at the bottom of her ass, right at the top edge of her thighs. She gasped again.

The pain was lovely.

"More," she begged, surprising both herself and Nick. Though Rhette couldn't see it, Nick nodded once to himself and adjusted his shoulders. He'd gotten a good measure of her and now he'd see if she lived up to what she promised.

He let her have a quick succession of five blows with the strap. They came too quickly for Rhette to react individually to each one; she just stood there, bent over, mostly in shock, as Nick's arm became a blur which turned her ass into a field of fire.

"Done," he said when he had completed the five.

There was a pause between his word and the full effect of the five blows, and then pain hit her. She didn't gasp in surprise or scream in pain. Instead, she just burst into tears.

Nick didn't offer her any comfort. She didn't want him to comfort her. She just wanted the pain and to enjoy it on her own. She was an independent woman who knew what she wanted; she just had trouble admitting it to someone else.

"More?" he asked.

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