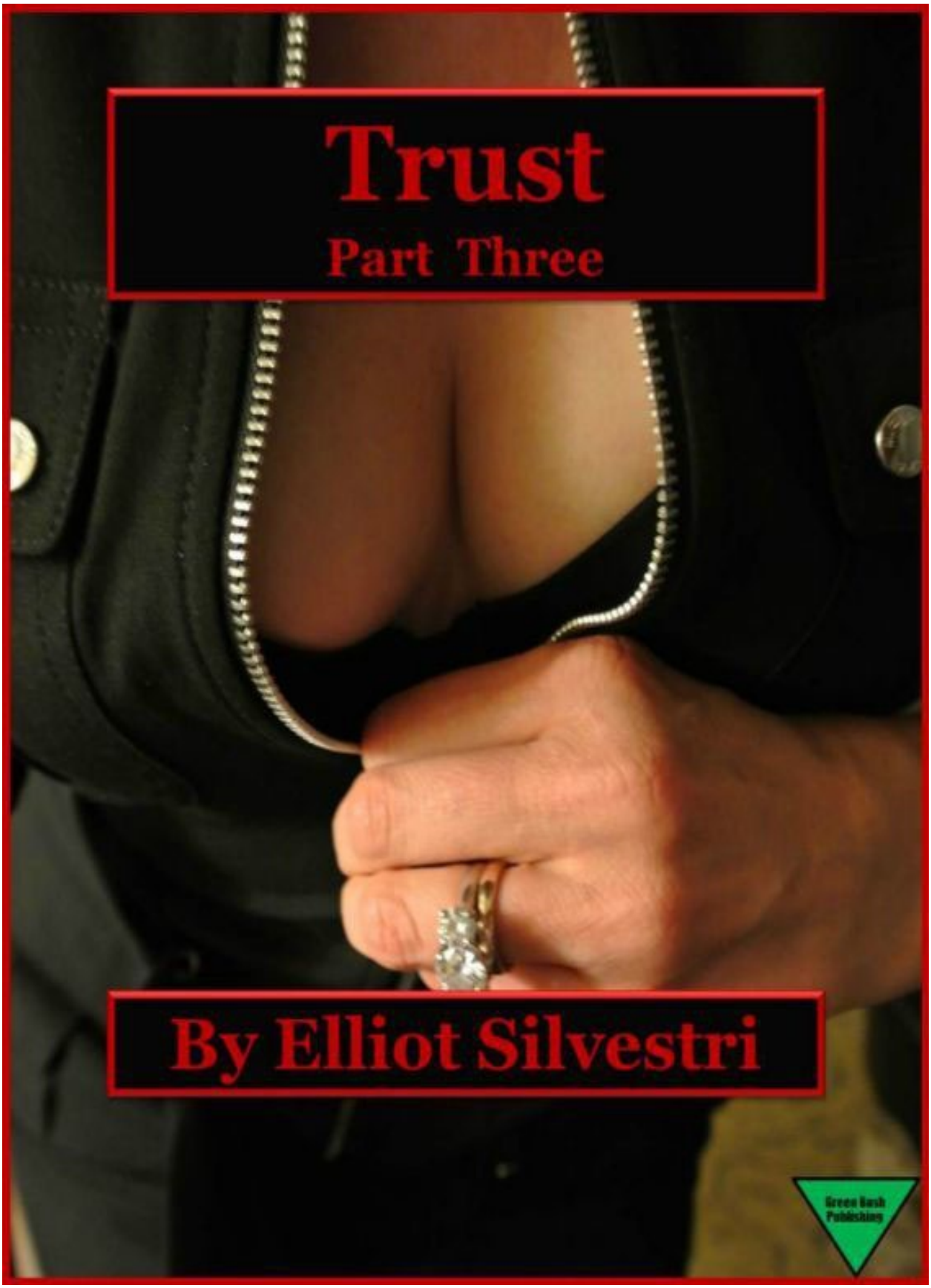
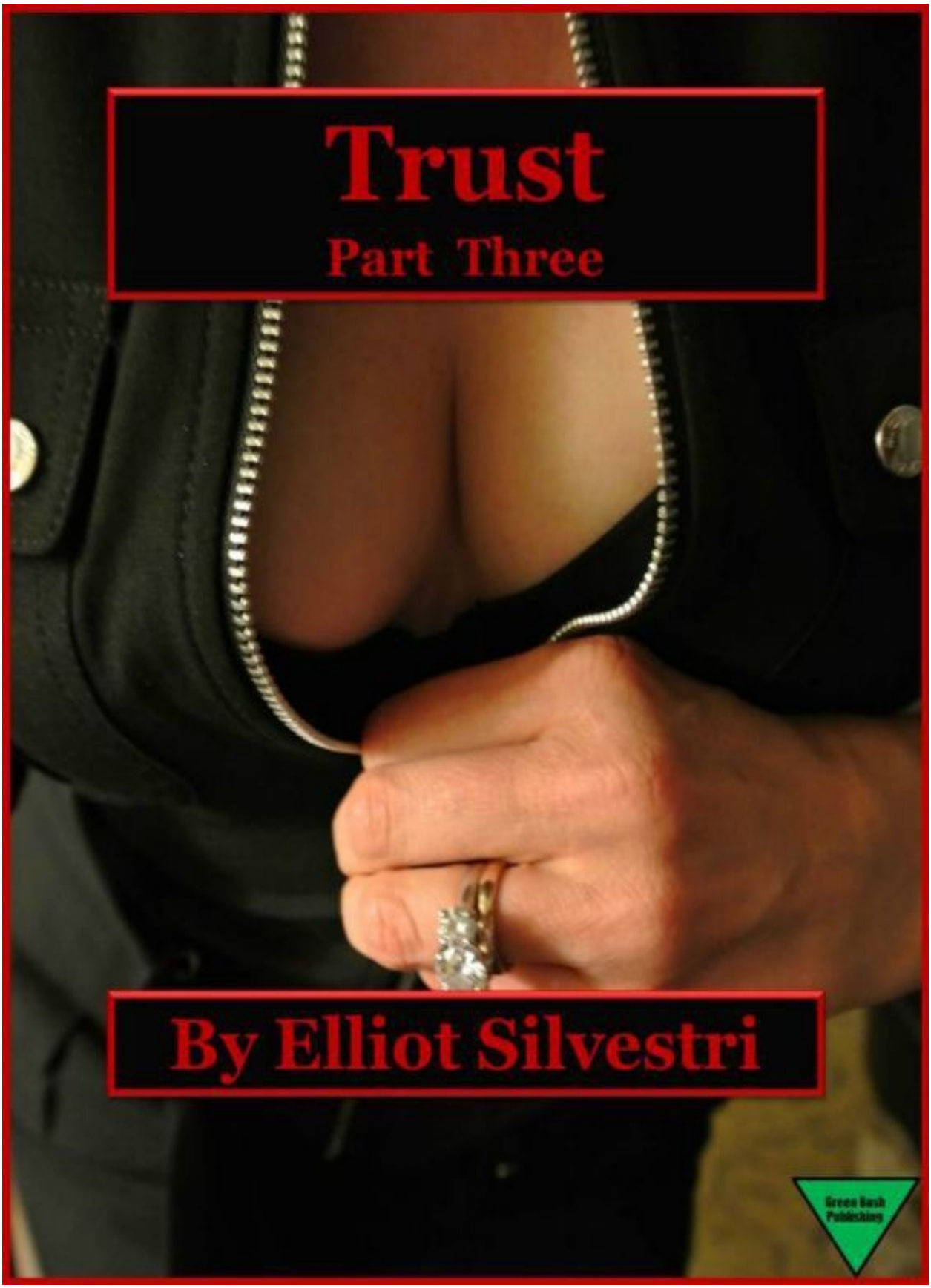

Trust
Part Three
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


Trust
Part Three
By Elliot Silvestri
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Trust

Part Three – The Home

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

The Home

"Imagination is at the root of much that passes for love."

The Trespasser by Gilbert Parker

As much as possible Chloe pushed aside the fact that the pictures of her naked and having sex were on display on the internet. True, she knew she didn't really need to worry about a friend or coworker stumbling across them, but that possibility was always out there. If they did find them, she was determined to discover how and why they were searching out nude pictures of her.

She and Ginny had become friends, which had surprised Chloe since they, on the outside at least, were so completely different. Then again, they had both fallen in love with Trent so maybe they weren't all that different from each other.

"Ginny! Guess what? Trent's going to be out of town for most of next week on a business trip. It's a last minute thing. What to come over to my place and have sex?"

The sudden burst of information caught Ginny off-guard. She finished chewing and swallowed the carrot in her mouth. Chloe had caught her making dinner. "Umm…"

"Don't say no!" Chloe insisted.

Ginny steeled herself. "Hon, you know I'm not into women like you are," she said softly.

"I know, but…"

"I appreciate the invitation, though."

Thinking quickly, Chloe said, “How about you and Sam then? If there’s a cock involved would you be more interested?”

That made Ginny laugh. “I suppose it would. But I can have his cock anytime I want. You’ll probably want him all to yourself.”

“Not when I have a naked woman in my bed. I’ll share equally. I can get a man anytime I want, getting a beautiful woman is harder. You’ve made it easier.”

Her words made Ginny suck in her breath. Being called beautiful made her nervous and self-conscious, partly because she knew that Chloe was doing it specifically to get her back in bed. She changed the subject. “Why is Trent going to be out of town? Isn’t there supposed to be a storm coming next week?”

“A little snowstorm won’t stop this meeting. He’ll be training others on his company’s new software. Blah blah blah. Boring. He’s going to be gone from Thursday to Tuesday. Find a babysitter. Is Friday or Saturday night better for you?”

Already Chloe had assumed that Ginny would automatically want to have sex with her. And Sam. Truth be told, Ginny was temped. Making love with Chloe was completely different than having sex with Trent or Sam…or any other man for that matter. Still, she didn’t consider herself to be bisexual.

“I’ll check with the in-laws. Um, how do you know that Trent isn’t going to be unfaithful to you while he’s gone?”

The shrug was practically audible over the phone. “I don’t. I’m not too worried. Even if he does, so what? It’s not like I’m going to make a big deal about it.”

“Right. But what if it’s a guy?”

They had talked about this before. Both suspected Trent was more than a little interested in having sex with a man, but was either too nervous about it or perhaps thought that doing so would somehow compromise his masculinity. Somehow the rules for men having sex with men were somehow different than women having sex with women. Even though Ginny had had sex with Chloe several times now she still considered herself straight. She knew that Chloe called herself bisexual before they had met. It was Trent who was the enigma. Was it fair to call him bisexual even if he hadn’t had sex with another man? Did

it matter?

“Then he has sex with a guy and he tells me all about it.” Chloe was incredibly blasé about what her husband might be doing and how it might impact their marriage. Ginny shivered. She wasn’t sure if she could as easily deal with the situation if Sam had done the same to her.

“Okay…”

Chloe chuckled. “Don’t get too caught up in what the world thinks, Ginny.”

She lay across Sam’s lap, naked as usual. He didn’t have any of their toys out except for the thin leather driving gloves he wore. Sam’s fingers traced a path down along her spine and then rested on her curvy buttocks. This was the one time when Ginny didn’t mind having a little extra weight. She was certain that the bit of excess fat in her ass somehow cushioned the blows that Sam would rain down on her tender flesh. Often she wondered what it would feel like if she was skinnier. Would it be more painful? Would it be more pleasurable? Both?

The first two spanks came in quick succession, one on each buttock. Ginny didn’t make a noise. She was used to this. The pain level was incredibly low. Sam didn’t follow with a series of slaps; he waited.

“Very pink,” he said to her.

“Thank you,” she replied taking his comment as a compliment. Her very pale skin was one of the things that had attracted Sam to her in the first place.

“Would you like a picture?” he asked. “The fingers are very well defined.”

“Yes, please.”

Sam picked up the camera from the bed and took a couple of quick pictures of her lightly abused ass and then showed her the best of the series. Ginny admired the way the two handprints on her ass stood out in stark contrast to her very white skin. She could feel the heat he had caused in her flesh and savored it. “Oh, yeah. That’s going on the website.”

“You should have made a living as a nude model. That way you could be naked all the time.”

“Are you done?” she asked, shifting her weight a bit, wondering if he was bored with their game.

“No.” Without warning he abruptly spanked her in rapid succession. She wasn’t sure of the count before he stopped. As usual, her body responded without her wanting it to. Her pussy moistened. Tears started to leak from her eyes. Her lust started to rise. She could never decide if she hated the fact a good spanking excited her or if she loved it. It wasn’t an autonomous response she would have chosen for herself, but it pleased Sam and that was good enough for her. She could feel his hardening cock inside his pajama pants. He rested a moment, admiring her now red ass, as she gasped and tried not to cry.

“I love your ass,” he told her.

“I know,” she said, trying not to sob.

Two more hard slaps came down on the very edge of her bum, in the crease between buttock and thigh. Then he was shoving her off his lap and onto the bed. His pants came down to his knees as he knelt behind her and shoved his cock into her slick hole. “Yes,” she moaned as he invaded her.

“You like that?” He grunted at her. It wasn’t much of a question. She didn’t answer it.

Their copulation lasted only a few minutes. It was late. They had to work the next morning.

When they were done and Sam rolled off her, Ginny said, “Chloe invited us over to have sex with her when Trent goes out of town.”

She didn’t even have time to ask the question when Sam said, “Yes!”

“Okay then.”

Sam wasn’t at all nervous about going over to Chloe’s for the night with his

wife, even if Trent wasn't going to be there, but he was a bit concerned about what he wanted to do with her. "What if she says no?" he asked Ginny

"Then she says no and we move on to other things," she sighed with exasperation. They'd already been over this territory a hundred times leading up to the drive over to Chloe's house. She was getting tired of it. "It's not like she's going to throw you out of the house and tell you never to come back. She's too horny for that."

"But maybe this pushes her limits?"

"Like it did mine?" she asked sarcastically. "If you hit a limit, so what? Do you want to have sex with her or not? Do you want to just spank her and leave her hot for Trent?"

Ginny could be forgiven for much of her irritation. Her boyfriend was out of town and she was going to get to witness her husband play with her boyfriend's wife. She could join in if she wanted, but that would hardly satisfy her. Ginny liked taking off her clothes to exhibit herself in front of others. It was unlikely this was to be an overly exciting time for her, but she couldn't tell her friend no and she certainly couldn't tell her husband no. They had both put up with too much of her infatuation with Trent over the past few months. She acknowledged that she was still in love with him on more than one level—which she knew was silly because there was no way she was going to leave Sam for Trent—and that had to be hard on both spouses especially since Trent returned her affection equally.

Parking outside Chloe's place Sam grabbed their overnight bag from the trunk. Strictly speaking it wasn't necessary but it served to transport and easily conceal the toys they were bringing along.

Chloe greeted them at the door in her soccer mom outfit: yoga pants and an oversized sweatshirt. "Hi. Come in. Trent left this morning and the little one's over at a friend's house for a sleepover." She paused. "I hope we don't get interrupted in the middle of the night with a panicked phone call of him looking for Mommy." She grinned. "Where do you want to begin?"

"We brought a bottle a wine," Ginny said stepping inside and looking around at her friend's house for the first time. They had become so intimate with each other over the past months it was odd that they hadn't visited each other's houses

yet.

As Chloe gathered wine glasses she spoke. “Where are your kids?”

“Over at grandma and grandpa’s,” Sam answered.

“Getting spoiled,” Ginny added. Sam uncorked the wine and poured, emptying the contents into the three glasses, making them all a little over-full.

“Trying to get me drunk?” Chloe asked picking up her big glass. “You don’t need to, you know,” she said with a wink. “I’m easy.”

“Maybe not after what I want to try tonight,” Sam said with a leer taking a swallow of his drink.

“What’s that?” Chloe asked with a nervous shiver up her spine. This wasn’t the first time she had planned on fucking someone without Trent in the room or house, but it was the first time she was doing it in semi-secret in her own house and bedroom. She had implied to Trent she was going to get laid over the week while he was gone but had refused to give him any details. She had specifically told Chloe not to give away their secret either, but she wasn’t sure the blonde had kept her promise.

Sam tried to keep his face neutral. Chloe already had an idea. She knew that Sam liked sex a bit rough and he had admitted to being a sadist. She wasn’t sure how much of that she could endure. “Wouldn’t you rather it be a surprise?”

“Should I get really drunk in case it scares me?” she asked.

“No. You don’t want to dilute the emotions and sensations,” he told her.

“Definitely not.” Chloe glanced over at her friend who had removed her shirt and was standing in the middle of the kitchen in her bra and jeans while drinking her wine. Chloe did a slight double take.

“I know you aren’t big on wearing clothes…” she began.

Ginny suddenly realized what she had done and started hyperventilating. “Oh shit. Sorry. I was just getting comfortable.” She grabbed her shirt from the back of the chair where she had set it and started pulling it back one.

Sam snickered and watched his wife attempt to struggle back into her shirt. “She does the same thing at home. As soon as she walks in the door, off come the clothes.”

“Ha ha,” Ginny said scornfully. “I wait until I get to the bedroom.”

“You do now that the kids are older,” Sam said.

Chloe spoke up. “You don’t have to put your shirt back on. I mean, we’re all going to get naked pretty soon, right?” she asked, nodding at both of them. “Besides, look at this.” Chloe set down her wineglass and unzipped her sweatshirt revealing a plain white tanktop underneath. “Whoops. Not that.” She proceeded to pull off the shirt revealing a lacy white bra. It was smaller than what Ginny was wearing because she had much smaller breasts, but it was the exact same design. “Twins,” she declared.

“I can see that,” Sam said admiring her display of cleavage. “Nice tits.”

“Not her boobs, you idiot,” Ginny said as she unbuttoned once again her partially buttoned shirt. “Her bra. It’s the same as mine.” Ginny removed her shirt for the second time in two minutes and displayed herself to her husband.

Sam’s reaction was understated. “Twins. I see.”

Ginny shook her head. “Men. Sometimes…”

“Why don’t you take off the rest of your clothes?” he asked them both. Ginny shrugged and quickly did as he asked, shedding her shoes, socks, jeans, and bra in that order. Her breasts hung heavy in the cool air making her nipples harden and the gold ring through her left nipple stand out proudly. Chloe was slower to take off her clothes. First she took a large swallow of wine, then followed Ginny’s lead divesting herself of the yoga pants and bra in short order. The women were wearing different colored underwear. Ginny’s was bright green and Chloe’s was a demure pink.

“Not perfect twins,” Sam commented pointing at their choice in panties.

Neither woman said anything. Chloe felt a bit out of place being nearly naked in her kitchen, but it that’s the game her friends wanted to play she was happy to go along with it. Ginny stopped her from taking off her panties. “Not yet,” she said

placing a hand on her friend’s arm as she was about to push her panties off her hips.

“Where do you want to play?” Sam asked.

“Where?”

“Is there room in your bedroom or is there more space in the living room or elsewhere?” Sam had looked around the house a bit as they walked in. The kitchen wasn’t appropriate, but the living room looked a little too formal and full of furniture to be the best place to get out their toys.

“The bedroom,” Chloe said. “We’ve got a lot of space up there.”

“Lead the way,” he commanded.

Feeling a bit silly parading around in her house in just her small pink panties, Chloe led them out of the kitchen, through the hallway and up the stairs. Sam grabbed his bag as they went out of the kitchen and admired the sway of Chloe’s ass as she walked up the stairs. “Beautiful view,” he commented as they went up the stairs. The middle of the house was dominated by the large entry hall and stairway. The two-story room had a series of large fixed glass windows in one wall that afforded a nice view of the expanse across the modest valley that was once farmland.

“Thank you,” she told him. “You should see it in the fall when the leaves are changing.”

“I wasn’t talking about the windows,” he said. She blushed a bit at the compliment and her cluelessness; outside the windows it was pitch dark. Ginny brought up the read; Chloe wondered how often Sam commented on her ample ass.

Upstairs in the master bedroom there was plenty of room for the three of them. Chloe and Trent had opted for a huge king sized bed. One wall was dominated by a massive chest of drawers. The opposite wall contained mirrored glass on the outside of the three closets. A bathroom door was visible in the corner. The bed only took up half the space in the room. Most of the room was empty except for the rug over the hardwood floor. “Very nice,” Sam said. “Shall we get right to work?”

“Work?” asked Chloe. “We aren’t playing?”

“You might think its work when we’re done,” Sam commented. “Ginny, over there, I think,” he said indicating the open space next to the bed as he pulled a long, thin cane from the bag.

She nodded and walked to her assigned position as Sam tested the cane’s flexibility.

Chloe looked at them with wide eyes. “You aren’t going to actually use that on her, are you?” she asked. “It’ll hurt like hell.”

“It won’t hurt that much,” Ginny said as she bent over a the waist and rested her hands on the bed.

“Would you please remove her panties, Chloe?” Sam asked as he stepped into position next to and slightly behind his wife. It was an unusual request. Ginny certainly could have done it herself, but Sam wanted to see the other woman’s reaction, how eager she was to see Ginny’s body abused. Chloe had no compunction about taking off another woman’s clothes, especially her panties, and did so willingly for Ginny. The panties easily slipped down Ginny’s round thighs and the blonde woman elegantly stepped out of them as Chloe knelt on the floor. She backed up a few paces holding Ginny’s panties in her hand, as Sam took a few practice strokes, lifting the cane up high, then lowering it to the exact center of Ginny’s ass, much like a golfer would line up a long drive down the fairway.

“Ready?” he asked his wife.

“Of course.”

The cane whipped through the air with a faint whistle. There was a small crack of impact when the cane met flesh. Chloe was expecting a cry of pain to accompany the blow, but Ginny was silent. She looked at her friend’s face and saw her lower lip tremble ever so slightly.

“Good,” Sam complimented her. “Again.”

This time the whistle was higher and louder. The crack of impact was followed by an ever so slight, “Ahh!” of pain.

“You know I don’t like to hear you like that,” Sam said.

“Sorry, dear.”

“Once more then,” he said. The cane sliced the air again and this time the impact was followed by silence. “Very good. Please look at this, Chloe.”

The redhead took two steps back and looked at Ginny’s proffered ass. There were three stripes across it. Two made a neat X across the expanse of both buttocks while the third was a simple stripe in the crease between buttock and thigh. The red lines were raised and angry.

“Would you like me to take a picture, dear?” Sam asked.

“No.”

He looked at Chloe, a bemused smile on his lips. “She likes to parade around naked, but doesn’t like to have evidence of what I do to her on her website.”

Chloe was puzzled, but then realized every picture she ever saw of Ginny on her exhibitionist site never featured any sort of evidence of what she saw before her eyes at the moment. Ginny turned around. There were tears in her eyes but she wasn’t crying. “It’s his fetish, not mine,” she said proudly.

Sam took his wife in his arms and kissed her kindly on both her cheeks. “You did wonderfully, dear,” he told her.

“Thank you,” she said softly. There was a touch of pride in her voice. Chloe suspected that Ginny must have enjoyed the beating more than she let on.

“Did you like that?” Chloe asked, puzzled.

Ginny tilted her head to this side. “What do you mean?”

“Well, it obviously hurt, but you aren’t crying and you let him do it. I was just wondering.”

“Feel his cock,” Ginny told her.

“What?”

Ginny grabbed Chloe's hand and placed it over her husband's crotch. Underneath the material of his pants Chloe could feel his rigid member along with an impressive heat and a vague throbbing. "That's why I do it," Ginny said by way of explanation.

"Are you ready?" Sam asked her, gently removing Chloe's hand.

"Oh…no, I don't think so."

"You really don't have much say in the matter," Sam said firmly. "I'll give you a minute to prepare yourself or we can begin immediately, but we will do this." His voice wasn't demanding or commanding. It was conversational and Chloe was certain she didn't have any option but to say yes.

"I…I can't do it with the cane," she almost sobbed.

"Of course not. The cane is not for beginners. I have just the thing in my bag." Sam stepped away and put the cane away, bringing out a flogger. The handle was no more than a foot long, heavy wood wrapped with a leather grip. From out of the handle extended a dozen or more inch wide strips of soft suede leather. It didn't look at all intimidating. "This is for beginners. Feel how soft the leather is."

He held it out for her to touch and she inspected the leather strips. They were soft, almost velvety. She swallowed and nodded her head.

Ginny turned her around. "Place your hands on the bed, It'll better expose your ass," she said as she knelt down behind her friend and lowered her pink panties for her. "Widen your stance just a bit," Ginny instructed. Sam smiled as he saw the redhead's pussy lips just barely peek out between her legs and buttocks.

"Will it hurt?" Chloe asked. Her legs and hands were trembling slightly. It was exciting to do this with her friends, but it was unknown so she was scared as well.

"A tiny bit," Ginny said. "No more than a friendly swat. You've been spanked in bed before, haven't' you?"

"No."

“Oh.” Ginny paused. “Sam knows what he’s doing. When he’s done it won’t be worse than a slight sunburn. On your bum. And it fades fairly quickly.”

Chloe nodded and was about to speak when she felt the flogger land gently on her upturned buttocks. “Oh. That wasn’t bad at all,” she said with relief.

“That was the practice blow,” Sam said and then wound up fully to let her had the full effect of the flogger.

Chloe’s cry was loud enough to have woken the neighbor’s if the closest one hadn’t been more than a half mile away.

“It wasn’t bad,” Sam said sadly.

“I’m sorry,” Chloe said. Tears were welling up in her eyes and she tried not to sob. “I wasn’t ready.”

Ginny was right there, next to her friend, with a soft kiss on her cheek. “Shh. Shh. You can surely endure more than that.”

Chloe nodded and said. “I know I can.”

Sam handed the flogger over to a slightly surprised Ginny. “Here, I want to watch you flog her.”

Showing great composure Ginny took the implement from her husband and held it in her hand. She was used to being on the receiving end of the weapon, so it felt strange in her hand. Still, it was simple to use and she certainly knew how it was to be employed. After a questioning glance, to which Sam replied with a single nod, Ginny brought back her hand and slapped the leather strips on her friend’s ass.

Chloe yelped in pain again.

“Oh my god, I didn’t mean for that to hurt, Chloe!”

“Then you weren’t doing it right,” Sam said angrily.

“I mean…” Ginny tried to find the words but failed. She looked at the bright red blotch left on Chloe’s ass. It didn’t look bad at all. “Did it really hurt that

much?” she asked.

To her surprise, Chloe had to admit that it did not. “No, not really. I guess I was just expecting it to be much softer than what Sam did. You startled me.”

“Want me to kiss it and make it better?” Ginny jokingly asked.

Teasing her back Chloe said, “Yes.”

With a rueful chuckle Ginny bent forward and planted a soft kiss in the middle of the soft pink spot she had left on Chloe’s buttock. Even the momentary contact of her lips revealed the heat that was coming off the tender skin.

“Okay,” Sam interrupted. “Get back to business.”

“How many lashes should I give her, sir?” Ginny asked, saluting him with the flogger.

“Just keep going until I say stop.” Sam pulled off his shirt and unzipped his pants before getting on the bed. “Chloe, I’d like you to give me a blowjob while Ginny beats you. Is that okay?”

“Do I have a choice?” she asked.

Sam shook his head. “No.”

With a little shrug Chloe acquiesced and started removing his pants. The next slap of the flogger occurred when she had tugged his pants to his knees. This one she endured in silence. “About one every thirty seconds or so,” Sam said to Ginny as he helped Chloe get his socks off. He then sat on the edge of the bed with her hands on either side of his legs. His cock was already hard and when Chloe took it into her mouth it got bigger and harder, much to both of their pleasure.

The next few swats Chloe accepted with hardly any noticeable flinch. On the fifth blow she let his cock slip from her mouth. “How much more of this?”

“Until I cum,” Sam told her.

“I meant the spanking.”

He grinned at her, pleased with himself. “Until I cum.”

“Shit.”

“You don’t like it?”

“I’m not used to it. It’s not my thing. Fuck!” She was interrupted by Ginny landing another swat.

Sam pushed his cock against her lips and Chloe opened up and started sucking again. “Come over here, Ginny.”

His wife moved the few steps across the room to stand next to Sam. “Are you enjoying this?”

Her eyes were sparkling and dilated. There was a faint sheen of sweat on her body from the exertion of wielding the small whip. “I don’t mind it,” she admitted.

Sam stuck his hand between her legs, feeling up into her pussy. “You’re wet.”

“I’m always wet around you,” she said, teasing and lying at the same time.

“What got you wet, being caned or whipping Chloe?”

She knew the answer he wanted to hear. “Whipping her.”

“Check between her legs.”

Chloe’s eyes met Sam’s and he merely gazed down at her, unconcerned with her fate or suffering. She had given plenty of blowjobs in her life and knew that he was nowhere near cumming. She sucked harder and brought one hand into use, balancing herself on the other as she stayed bent over so Ginny could continue to abuse her ass.

For her part, Ginny did as ordered and felt between Chloe’s legs, inspecting her pussy. Her mood was elevated now and checking her friend’s pussy for signed of lust didn’t bother her at all. She took more time than necessary to ascertain exactly what physical state. Ginny was certain to run her fingers from Chloe’s clit to the bottom of her slit and sank her fingers deep into Chloe’s cunt.

When she was done she held up her wet and sticky fingers. “I think she likes it,” Ginny reported.

Sam gestured for his wife to come closer. He grabbed her hand and put her fingers into his mouth, tasting Chloe’s flavor. “You do like this,” he said to the woman sucking his cock.

Chloe didn’t know what to say and so she just continued to suck on Sam’s cock.

“She lied to me,” Sam said. “Well, half-lied. She said she didn’t mind it. Keep going, Ginny. Let’s make her scream.”

“From pain?”

“From either getting her ass beat or from cumming. Whichever happens first.”

Chloe was overcome with the desire to masturbate while she sucked on Sam’s cock and was flogged by Ginny. She knew that wasn’t right because she liked sex to be gentle and playful, but she couldn’t deny the stirrings within her and the moistening of her pussy. She would have done it as well, she had jilled off—and more—in front of these two before, but it simply wasn’t possible as she was standing up, bent over, one hand balancing her weight, and the other holding Sam’s cock as she sucked it. Without realizing it, she opened up her stance and wiggled her hips a bit, hoping the stinging lashes would somehow find their way to her naked and wet pussy.

Enduring the lash and sucking a cock at the same time was more difficult than she would have thought. She had been with two people at once before, having her pussy fucked or sucked while performing oral on a second partner. This was different. It wasn’t all about pleasure. It was about fight through the pain to find the pleasure. She liked sucking cock; she was alarmed at how much she was learning to love having her tender skin flayed by the lash.

After a particularly hard blow from Ginny, Chloe let Sam’s cock slip from her mouth so she could moan out loud.

“Do you need to cum?” Sam asked. His voice was distant as if he didn’t care what happened to her.

“Yes,” she moaned.

“But I haven’t cum yet,” he pointed out.

Her voice now sounded like a little girl whining. “I know...”

Sam sighed in exasperation. “Fine. Spread your legs open a little more so Ginny can use the flogger on it.”

Chloe’s eyes went wide. “You can’t be serious!”

It was Ginny who replied. “Yes. It’ll sting for sure, but when you cum...” she deliberately trailed off.

“What?” Chloe asked looking over her shoulder at her friend who had been happily beating her ass a minute earlier.

Ginny shrugged. “Some of the best orgasms I’ve had because Sam was slapping or caning or whipping my pussy.”

“Really?” Chloe couldn’t believe that. She wasn’t into whips and chains. Then again, Ginny didn’t seem that type either, but she was admitting doing it for Sam’s pleasure. And she couldn’t deny the pleasure she was feeling at being mildly whipped. How bad could it be? “Okay. Do it.”

Her answer alarmed Ginny. It had been months of playing with the flogger before she had been ready for Sam to use it directly on her pussy, and now Chloe wanted to try it the very first time she was being flogged? Looking at Sam with his eager eyes and raging boner, Ginny understood. Sam was getting off on his submissive wife paddling the ass of a much more dominant woman. His breathing was low and shallow. He was on the brink of cumming himself.

Ginny waited a few seconds after Chloe opened up her legs more, then she felt between Chloe’s thighs. Her pussy was hot and wet and inflamed with lust. Ginny wanted to make her friend cum. The first swat on her pussy caused Chloe to jump a little and put her mouth back on Sam’s cock. With the next she moaned deeply in her chest. The blows came faster and faster; Chloe’s head bobbed up and down in Sam’s lap. Ginny felt her arm begin to tire when Chloe brought up her head with a keening wail. Her orgasm was announced with a shriek and Ginny dropped the flogger to cup her hand over Chloe’s bright red pussy. It was hotter and redder than Ginny’s had ever been; she was jealous of her friend.

“I haven’t cum yet,” Sam said, disappointed in the current state of affairs.

“I’m sorry,” Chloe panted.

“Don’t move,” he told her as he got up from the bed. Chloe remained in position bent over at the waist, hands on the bed, awaiting the next torture. Sam simply walked behind her, adjusted her hips, and pushed his cock into her wet and hot pussy.

“Ohh,” she groaned. There wasn’t any real pain when he entered her, just a vague soreness on the outside. Her tender labia were extra puffy and engorged with blood. She knew her pussy must be bright red, with her ass to match, but Sam’s cock in her pussy didn’t hurt. She had been over-fucked before and knew the soreness of a chaffed vagina; this wasn’t that sensation. It was only when he shoved his cock all the way in and impacted her tender lips was there pain. Inside her cunt it was slick and ready to receive him. It didn’t matter all that much because Sam only lasted a minute before he came inside her.

After he pulled out, Chloe collapsed to her knees. Sam staggered the two paces to the bed and collapsed on it. Ginny was turned on by the lusty display she had just witnessed and wanted to get off herself, but she couldn’t stand to see her friend suffer. She helped Chloe up to the bed next to Sam and then went to the bag, extracting a bottle of balm

“What’s that?” Chloe was hyper-aware of everything around her following her trial.

“Just some aftercare balm,” Ginny told her. “It’s got aloe and some anesthetic to soothe and cool your skin. Trust me, it’ll feel good. I’ve used it myself.”

After Chloe nodded, Ginny poured the balm in her hand and started spreading it over Chloe’s red ass. She moved her hand down to Chloe’s pussy as well knowing it would help there too.

“That feels good,” Chloe mumbled into the mattress.

“Mm-hmm,” Ginny agreed. “I just have on question. Now that the two of you got your rocks off, when’s my turn?”

“How do you want to get off?” asked a very satisfied Sam.

The question caught Ginny off-guard. Her automatic answer would have been to ride Trent's cock but that wasn't possible at the moment since he was three hundred miles away.

"I don't know," she admitted. With a willing man and woman available, the possibilities were bountiful.

"When you do know, tell me and we'll make it happen." Sam's reply was smarmy, but was also his right given that he was playing the strong dominant that night.

She turned to Chloe. "Where do you keep your toys?"

Chloe didn't hesitate to point out the drawer. She was curious to see what Ginny would choose. Sam and Chloe watched as Ginny opened the drawer and startled when the contents were revealed. She wasn't shocked at what she found; she was surprised at the quantity of the contents.

"You could open up your own sex shop," Ginny commented.

Chloe laughed. "I don't think I have that much in the drawer."

"You've got so many vibrators in here you could make a rainbow out of them."

"Do you like vibrators?"

"Doesn't every woman?" Ginny's eyes lit up. "Is that a Hitachi Magic Wand?"

"It certainly is," Chloe answered with a bit of pride. "Have you ever used one before?"

"No."

"It's not for beginners," Chloe warned her.

Ginny lifted it out of the drawer. The large appliance was advertised as a personal massager but most women knew it to be a powerful vibrator guaranteed to make the most frigid ice queen experience her very first orgasm that would melt her mind. "I'm no beginner." It was over a foot long with a tennis ball-like attachment at the head. A long electric cord ran out the bottom when Ginny

pulled it all the way out.

“It doesn’t run on batteries?” she asked.

“Oh, honey, no. Once you plug it in you’ll know why.”

Taking that as a challenge Ginny brought the toy into the bed and built a backrest with a mound of pillows. Chloe helpfully plugged in the massager and trotted into the bathroom, returning with a slightly dampened washcloth in her hand.

“What’s that for?”

“You’ll want it, trust me,” Chloe said.

“Um…okay, I’ll see.” Ginny took the magic wand back from the redhead, reclined back on the mound of pillows, brought up her knees and parted her legs revealing her pink pussy to Sam and Chloe who both looked on in interest. Sam rolled to his side to watch his wife. Chloe lay on her stomach at the foot of the bed. She was too afraid to sit on her bottom after the flogging she had received.

After figuring out the simple controls to the wand, Ginny turned it on, pretended she wasn’t alarmed at the large amount of vibrations running through her fingers and down her arm, and carefully applied the soft plastic head to her mons. She was too afraid to press it directly to her clit—that would have been overpowering. Still, just lightly applying it to the little patch of curly blonde pubic hair was more than enough to send powerful waves desire through her body.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, carefully controlling exactly where she placed the vibrator.

“Told you,” Chloe chirped.

“This is gonna make me cum,” she groaned, too afraid to press it harder to her pussy but enjoying it too much to pull it away at all.

“It sure will,” Chloe agreed.

Ginny wanted to put it in her pussy. She liked being penetrated. It didn’t always make her cum, but she loved the way a good cock or a nicely shaped and sized

vibrator filled her up. The magic wand, however, was far too large and she feared the damage it would do to her. There was no need because she knew it would take that long for an orgasm to take control of her body.

“Want the washcloth?” Chloe asked as she watched her friend manipulate the powerful device just across the top of her pussy.

“Why?” her question was breathy, almost quiet.

“You put the cloth on you pussy and then you can put the vibrator directly on your clit,” Chloe explained. “You’ll love it.”

She moved between Ginny’s legs and draped the warm, wet washcloth over her pussy. While it was disappointing to see her sex covered, Chloe knew that her friend would thank her. She even resisted kissing Ginny’s pink slit but did help Ginny guide the strong tool back into place, moving it lower than before, making sure the head was directly on top of Ginny’s clit.

The blonde almost pulled back fearing the sensations would be too much. As it turned out, they weren’t. They were nearly perfect. The washcloth dampened and spread out the vibrations enough that her clit wasn’t in pain. Ginny pushed aside her lust and put off her orgasm as long as possible. The way the strong vibrations ran through her pussy made her want to cum again and again, but she wanted one strong one. The almost jackhammer like intensity right on her clit was making her go numb and her legs were starting to tremble when abruptly her hips started thrusting upward, jerking oddly and she screamed so unexpectedly she scared even herself.

The orgasm was intense. Easily the most intense she had ever had in her entire life. It was long and rolling and took complete control of her body. Her legs flailed around and she gasped for breath. When it was over she didn’t even have the energy to turn off the vibrator, she just let it flop from her hand and shake on the bed until Chloe grabbed it and turned it off.

Sam was softly clapping his hands in appreciation. “Don’t mock me,” Ginny said, extraordinarily grumpy for a woman who just had a powerful orgasm.

“That was the most beautiful display I’ve ever seen,” he told her.

“Wow. Just wow,” Chloe added.

Ginny reached between her legs to remove the washcloth and noticed it was sopping wet, as if it had been dunked in a sink of water. “Shit. What happened? Did I pee myself?”

Now she was embarrassed. She knew she had lost control of her body during the orgasm, but had it been that powerful that she couldn’t control her bladder?

“No, that’s just girl cum,” Chloe said as she took the washcloth away from Ginny. The amount of liquid in it surprised even her. “A lot of girl cum,” she added and looked between Ginny’s legs. The washcloth had prevented the female ejaculate from spraying all over the bed, but it had still managed to soak the sheet between her legs, coat her inner thighs, and keep her pussy perfectly wet as well. Chloe ran a finger along Ginny’s inner thigh, scooping up some of the clear liquid, and tasted it. “Yup. Girl cum. Have you ever squirted before?”

Ginny shook her head.

“That’s fucking hot,” Sam commented. His cock was hard again. Although he had been stroking himself while his wife used the vibrator, it wasn’t hard just because of that. Her squirting and the scent that filled the air brought about his lust once again. “Can I fuck you?” he asked her as he got up on his knees and showed her his rampant erection.

Her first instinct was to say no because her tender pussy had been so well-used by the vibrator. But then she realized her lust hadn’t fully abated. She wanted to have Chloe watch as Sam fucked her; maybe that would make her a bit jealous. “Yes,” she heard herself saying.

Sam yanked her off the pile of pillows and quickly climbed on, sinking his hard cock all the way into her pussy. It was perfect, Sam thought, her pussy was slick and easily penetrated. Her walls closed in and grasped his manhood. She was eager to be filled. The magic wand was satisfying but Ginny liked a cock in her pussy just as much as a good vibrator on her clit.

They rutted like animals as Chloe watched in silence. There was no love making here, just an animalist need to fuck.

It was so short a period that Chloe was surprised when Sam gave out a grunt and thrusted his hips firmly into his wife a few slow times, then rolled off her, done. Chloe looked between Ginny’s thighs at her now red and sore pussy. A bit of

Sam's jism leaked out from between her puffy labia. Chloe licked her own lips.

"Want me to clean you?" she found herself asking.

Sam answered for his wife. "Yes."

They slept together in the large bed, a tangle of limbs with Sam in the middle. When he woke up in the early morning—light was just starting to stream through the windows—he looked at both women, and then climbed on top of Chloe. Since he was sporting morningwood there wasn't much difficulty in pushing inside her pussy. Chloe accepted his need to fuck and let him use her body. Ginny half woke up, saw what they were doing, watched a minute, then rolled over and went back to sleep. When Sam was done he also went back to sleep, leaving Chloe awake and alone. She got out of bed, slipped on a thin robe, and went downstairs to start breakfast.

After getting coffee brewing and arranging ingredients for eggs she was shortly joined Ginny who paraded downstairs stark naked. It shouldn't have surprised Chloe, but it was odd seeing another woman naked in her home.

"Morning. Is the coffee ready?"

"A few more minutes."

Ginny nodded and perched herself on one of the stools that ran along the breakfast bar next to the kitchen. Her heavy tits hung down almost to the counter. Chloe couldn't take her eyes off the twinkling gold ring through Ginny's nipple.

"Is your butt sore?" Ginny asked.

The question shouldn't have surprised Chloe, but it did. "No," she answered, to her great relief. "It doesn't."

Ginny nodded. "The balm performs miracles."

"When should we expect Sam to get up? I don't want to make too much if he's going to sleep until noon."

“Oh, he’ll be up soon. You can count on that.”

“Why?”

“Two willing women who have agreed to fuck him? I’m surprised he’s not downstairs yet.”

Chloe poured two cups of coffee and asked Ginny if she wanted sugar or cream.

“Nope. I like my coffee like I like my men, strong and black.”

Chloe’s eyes went wide. “Really?”

Ginny burst out laughing and shook her head. “Nope. I’ve never fucked a black guy. I’m boring that way. Middle class white guys only. What about you?”

“Does Jewish count as exotic?”

Ginny shook her head.

“What about a guy who claimed to be half Italian and half Egyptian?”

“Was that the truth?”

“I don’t know.”

“Sure. Why not. You win on the exotic guys.”

They heard footsteps on the stairs and a moment later Sam came in wearing a pair of black pajama bottoms and nothing else.

“You brought pajamas with you?” Ginny asked, incredulous.

“Yes. Of course. I have couth.” He smiled at them and Chloe poured him a cup of coffee. “Take off your robe, come around to this side of the bar, and the both of you put your hands on the counter so I can do a little inspection.”

Chloe wasn’t prepared to sex play this early, but it sounded like fun so she dropped her robe to the floor and assumed the position next to Ginny who had already obeyed her husband’s orders. Sam took in the view, a pair of curvy asses pointing at him, waiting.

“What are we doing this morning?” Chloe asked.

From the pocket of his pajamas Sam pulled out a paddle, slightly smaller than a ping pong paddle and displayed it to them. “You each get a paddling,” he told them. “The first to cry out loses.”

“What does the winner get?” Ginny asked, confident of her ability to outlast her friend in the spanking department even with the stripes from last night still outlining her ass.

“A surprise,” Sam told her. “Ultimately, I’m the winner, but someone else might join in the spoils as well.”

Chloe felt her pussy moistening and found she was eager to play this game.

The handle Sam held was made of a round wood and no more than eight inches long and an inch in diameter. Attached to it was the striking surface but it was made of a rectangle of thick leather. It was flexible and painful if used correctly. Chloe was scared but eager to see what was going to happen. Ginny was used to this sort of treatment—when she indulged Sam’s kink—and knew exactly what to expect. Or so she thought.

He admired their asses a moment and then brought the paddle down on Ginny’s ass. Her flesh quivered slightly with the light crack that filled the air, but she was otherwise silent.

“Very good,” he complimented her

Ginny smiled. She was confident she would win this competition.

The paddle then struck Chloe’s ass. She was less experienced in this sort of game and her ass was still a bit pink from the previous night. Right away Ginny knew something was wrong. The paddle didn’t make the same satisfying snap when it hit Chloe’s ass. Ginny looked over at her friend’s braced body and there was barely a mark on her butt. She made a quick glance at her own rounded posterior and there was ample evidence of the blow Sam had landed on her. The splotch of pink was already starting to turn red. “Hey,” she protested. “You didn’t spank her nearly as hard as me!”

“Really?” Sam asked. “I’ll have to correct that.”

He adjusted his stance, moved slightly toward Ginny, and landed another firm slap on her ass, this time on the other cheek. Ginny endured it happily.

When Sam wound up and spanked Chloe's other buttock, the slap was as light as the first one.

"No fair!" Ginny said taking her hands off the counter, breaking the rule that Sam had set. "You can't do it that way!"

"Can't I?" Sam asked. Chloe understood what was happening. Sam was making it so that she would win the competition. For just a moment she took pleasure in that, but then realized that he must have something more evil planned if he was intentionally throwing the game. "Put your hands back on the counter or you'll automatically lose."

"I'm going to lose anyway!" Ginny protested. She was truly angry. Chloe was certain that she wasn't playing a little game with her husband. Something else entirely was going on.

"You think you can't take as much as her?" Sam questioned. "Are you really so weak? I thought you could endure anything."

His words weren't completely flat, but something was amiss. Ginny wasn't truly afraid of Sam, but something was going on Chloe didn't understand.

"I can," she said proudly.

"Good. Prove it."

With a scowl Ginny turned back to the counter and placed her hands on the cool tile. Chloe hadn't moved the entire time and simply waited for the next spank to her upturned ass.

The beatings continued on their unequal settings. Chloe could see and hear that Ginny was enduring much more than she was. The spanking wasn't exactly pleasant, but it didn't bother her either. In a certain way, it felt good. Her buttocks were being stimulated and this transmitted through to her pussy. She couldn't wait to see what the reward for the winner was. On the other hand, she could see that Ginny was suffering terribly yet Chloe's competitive self wouldn't let her call the game off.

Sam paused for a moment, putting his hand between Ginny's legs first, and then checking Chloe's pussy. Sam was please that both women's pussies were moist and ready to fuck. "Are we going to stop for a little fucking?" Chloe asked.

"No," Sam said and swatted her ass again. "Not yet." He swatted Ginny again. "What's the count?" he asked her.

"Twenty one," she told him without hesitation. It hadn't occurred to Chloe to count the number of spanks she had received. Her ass was nearly on fire now, but when she glanced over her shoulder and compared her butt to Ginny's, it was the blonde woman whose ass was nearly bright red. A quick glance over at Ginny confirmed that she was struggling to endure the unfair game. She was biting her lip and her eyes were watery. She wasn't crying. Not yet.

Chloe had to look away. She couldn't deal with what Ginny was going through. Chloe was playing a fun sex game, maybe pushing the boundaries of what she thought she would do in her life, but Ginny was suffering near-abuse levels.

Sam increased the speed of his spanks along with the intensity, but only on Ginny. Chloe wondered why the other woman didn't just give up. Certainly whatever Sam had planned for them couldn't be nearly as bad as what she was going through at the moment. Did Ginny have an incredibly competitive nature as well? Did Ginny actually like to be beaten like this? Unconsciously Chloe reached out with her hand, moving it the six inches across the countertop, and intertwined her fingers with Ginny's. They met each other's gaze a moment, and then Chloe had to look away.

The spankings continued. Chloe opened up her legs a little more wondering if the paddle could reach her pussy lips. Ginny closed her eyes and hung her head. After five more swats she started letting out a little puff of breath with each blow. Chloe knew the game was soon to end.

"Aaagghhh!" Ginny suddenly screamed. It was an odd moment because Chloe had just endured the latest spank. Maybe it was the long seconds of anticipation before she had to endure the paddle again that made her give it. "Stop it. Fine. Chloe wins. Give me my punishment." She turned around as clasped her hands to her butt.

"Well, I have to reward the winner first," Sam said with a devious smile. Chloe took her hands of the counter and stood up. Her butt hurt but it wasn't really

painful; the discomfort would fade quickly. Reaching into the other pocket of his pajama bottoms Sam pulled out a silver chain about a foot long. At first Chloe thought it was a choker necklace but then she was the ends of the chain.

“What’s that?” she asked but she was pretty sure she already knew.

Ginny answered for her. “Nipple clamps on a chain. It’s not bad. I kind of like it from time to time.” She thrust her chest out a little more stepping forward so that Sam could attach the tweezer-like clamps to her nipples.

He looked at her with a slightly puzzled expression. “Who said they were for you?” Sam then moved over to Chloe, opened up one clamp with his right hand while holding her breast with his left. She didn’t know what to do so she simply stood there and allowed Sam to attach the clamp to her nipple. It didn’t hurt at first until he tightened up the ring squeezing the arms of the clamp together. That caused her to suck in her breath at the flare of pain.

“Hurts?” he asked her.

“A little,” she admitted. It wasn’t really bad, but certainly nothing she desired.

“Let me put the other one on,” he said applying the clamp to her other tit. She was ready the second time, but the pain was no less.

“What the hell kind of reward is this?” she asked getting annoyed and a little light headed from the clamps.

“This is just the start,” Sam said. “Why don’t you sit down on the stool,” he suggested.

That sounded like an excellent idea to Chloe until her ass touched the cool seat. The flare of pain from her butt matched the pain in her nipples. She looked down and saw the chain swinging back and forth between her small breasts and wondered if she had actually lost the competition.

“Get down on your knees, Ginny,” Sam said. “And eat her pussy. It shouldn’t be hard to make her cum. She’s halfway there already.”

Ginny glared at her husband for a moment and then followed his order. Chloe happily opened her legs up for Ginny and welcomed her tongue into her pussy.

For someone reluctant to play Sapphic games, Ginny was extraordinarily good at them. When she started to relax Sam hooked the chain between her tits with a finger and gently lifted it, relieving some of the pressure.

“Do you like that?” he asked her.

She wasn’t sure if he meant the clamps or Ginny’s tongue. It didn’t matter. “Yes. It’s good.”

“Very good,” he replied and gently pulled out the chain forcing her to lean forward so the clamps wouldn’t pull harder on the sensitive flesh. “Sit up straight,” he ordered.

The reason why was obvious, to hurt her, to cause pain. Chloe wasn’t big into pain but she felt compelled to obey. She leaned back and felt her tits pulled forward and lifted up by the clamps and chain. There was pain in her ass. There was pain in her tits. And there was Ginny’s lovely tongue bathing her pussy with sweetness. It was all too much to take in and in spite of herself Chloe found a powerful orgasm building and then releasing her from her worldly concerns.

“Was that good?” Sam asked her when she was done.

“Uh-huh.”

“Ginny, go get the balm for her ass.” Ginny stood up, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and disappeared upstairs. Chloe shuffled to her feet to take the pressure off her ass and Sam let the chain free to bounce off her chest. “Ready to take off the clamps?” he asked.

“Yes. Please.” He laughed at her causing a thrill of fright to run through her soul. “You aren’t going to take them off?” she asked very worried for her pretty tits.

“Oh, I’m going to take them off. It’s just that taking them off when they’ve been on for a while…well, you might get another dose of pain.”

“Okay…” she wasn’t sure what he meant, but stepped forward and allowed him to grasp the clamps in both hands. He loosened the retaining rings and pulled them free of her distressed nipples at the same time. Blood rushed back to her tits and she nearly fainted from the return of sensation. He was right. It was more painful than putting them on.

“Good, good,” Sam told her softly and reached between her legs. “A little pleasure to relieve the pain.” His fingers found her pussy and clit and he rubbed her vigorously. She was so keyed up by the new experiences that she came again quickly and easily. “Better?” he asked.

“Yes,” she admitted and felt a little guilty when Ginny returned with the bottle of healing balm. She had caught Chloe and Sam in each other’s arms. There was no reason to feel guilty, she told herself, but the guilt made the fading orgasm even better.

Ginny said nothing and simply opened the bottle, squirted some on her hand, and rubbed the thick liquid into Chloe’s abuses ass. It soothed her and she waited patiently as Ginny worked it into her skin. “Here,” she said when Ginny was done. “Let me help you out.” She took the bottle from Ginny, dumped some of the balm into her hand, and knelt down behind the blonde. Her ass was bright red and she wondered how Ginny endured the pain. When she touched Ginny’s heated skin, it was like touching a sunburn but the balm soothed the anger and calmed Ginny’ irritable mood. When she was done Chloe gave a little kiss to her friend’s bum and asked her, “Which one of us should fuck Sam for all his hard work?”

“You should,” Ginny said. “I can fuck him anytime. You don’t get the opportunity all that often. Neither does he.”

“Here or in the bedroom?” Sam asked.

“You want me to just bend over the table so you can take me like a cheap date?” she asked.

“Sure.”

Chloe shook her head at him. “Nope. You’re going to take me to bed like a proper lady.”

When Ginny returned from her lunch break she wasn’t initially alarmed to see her coworker Harry sitting at her desk behind her computer. He barely glanced up when she walked into the semi-private office. She shared a space with four other employees and it wasn’t unusual for a computer to be borrowed when not

in use. Her company's IT department wasn't always on the ball when it came to maintaining their equipment.

"Hey Ginny," he said.

"Going to be long?" she asked. Except for the two of them the office was otherwise empty at the moment.

"Nope. I'm done. But I do have a word of advice for you," he said. Harry was a nice guy, a few years older than her with a receding hairline but an impeccable sense of style. He almost always wore a suit to work and today was no exception; his suit was black with faint gold pinstripes that he paired a white shirt and a yellow and green tie.

"What's that?" she asked.

"You shouldn't leave personal websites up on your computer before you leave for lunch," he said neutrally.

Ginny tried not to hyperventilate. She had been checking her exhibitionist site in the morning. The view to her computer's display was blocked to all the others in the cramped office and she got a private thrill out of doing naughty things on her company computer when she was supposed to be working. This was the first time she had ever been close to getting caught. "What do you mean?" she asked trying to play dumb and get extra time to think of how to get out of this more than slightly uncomfortable moment.

"I'm not judging, Ginny, but…wow," was all he said as he pivoted the computer screen so she could see it from where she stood. It was the picture of her going down on Chloe. Or one of them. She forgot how many were in that series. Ginny felt her knees going weak. "I wasn't trying to pry but I have to say," his eyes glanced up from the screen, "I wouldn't have gathered you to be the type of woman to have a nipple ring."

Her first instinct was to claim the pictures weren't her, that they were of a woman who looked just like her. But the moment the thought formed in her head she knew it sounded like a complete load of bullshit. "I, uh, I don't know what to say…"

Harry winked at her. "I'm a purveyor of the finer erotic websites on the internet.

I hope you don’t mind that I looked through most of yours.”

She started to breathe a sigh of relief. “Oh thank god,” she sighed. A thought occurred to her. “How much did you look through?” she asked too quickly.

His grin told her everything and her heart sank through the floor. “I’d say about half of what you’ve got up here. I never would have guessed all of this about you.” He shook his head sadly.

“It’s not what you think,” she blurted. It sounded incredibly stupid to her ears.

“That you like to take off your clothes and semi-anonymously show the world your body. Do you get off on it?”

She wanted to avoid the question. “Okay, it sort of looks like that,” she admitted.

“You’ve got a nice body,” he continued. “But I never, ever would have guessed that you were bi as well.”

Her face was bright red now and she sank down into one of the spare chairs. “Oh shit. This is going to ruin me.”

He shook his head. “Your secret’s safe with me,” he said. “I’m not going to say anything to anyone…if you tell me one thing. You can trust me. Does showing off your body get you wet?”

She hesitated to answer. His question was crude and uninvited. But then again she had let him find her secret website and he had made a promise not to tell anyone else if she answered the question honestly. How would he tell if she was answering honestly or not? Of course, he already knew the answer—why else would she have such a website if not for some prurient delight?—so he knew what her answer should be. She had to answer honestly otherwise he would do… what? Reveal her secret to the office?

“Yes,” she said so softly he barely heard her—she barely heard herself. “It gets me wet. It makes me want to fuck.” That was probably a little too much information.

“Do you want to fuck right now?” he asked her.

“What?”

“Do you want to fuck right now?” he repeated. “I’ve looked at half of your naked pictures. They’ve made me hard. Don’t you like doing that to guys?”

“Yes.”

“So do you want to fuck right now?”

She swallowed and forced out her answer. Her panties were wet and she was too nervous to stand up. “Yes.”

“Show me your tits,” Harry said. His voice was calm; it was as if he was asking her to pass him a pencil.

Slowly she complied. Ginny simply unbuttoned the top three buttons on her blouse exposing her bra, and then she pulled down the tops of the bra’s cups to display her nipples. The bra was a rather plain one: white cotton with an underwire, no lace, and full cups. Her little gold ring was on display for the long moment that she showed off for Harry, then her nerves failed her and she pulled her bra back into place and quickly buttoned up.

“Very nice,” he complimented her. “Are your panties wet?”

“Yes,” she said, a bit proud of herself now. There was nothing more that Ginny like than showing off her body for other people. She loved to be naked. She loved for other people to take pleasure in seeing her body. She had more than enough messages from her website to know that many of the men who monitored it—and some women as well—masturbated to her images. That got her off even more than being naked in front of other people.

“Let me see.”

“I’m wearing pants,” she pointed out. “I can’t just pull down my pants here in the middle of the office.” She could have, but the risk would have been extremely high. The office was half-empty due to lunch and it was unlikely her officemates would return any time soon.

“Sure you can,” he encouraged her.

“I can’t.”

“Do you want to?”

Her mouth was dry. “Yes.”

He looked around at the small office a moment, then smiled. “Let’s go to the supply closet,” Harry suggested.

It sounded like a cliché, but it wasn’t really. The supply room at their company wasn’t just a little closet, but took up half the space of the building. There were more than enough places to hide for a few moments of privacy if they wanted. The idea of being caught scared Ginny…but she’d already been caught at least once today.

“Okay.”

After locking her computer Harry led the way out of the office and through the hallways. They moved quickly because they didn’t want to get caught walking together though Ginny was sorely tempted to take his hand as they went to their secret rendezvous.

In the warren of the passages in the supply closet Harry quickly led the way to an out of the way spot behind a pallet of copy paper. “Drop your pants,” he told her once they were half-hidden from passersby.

After quickly checking left and right, Ginny lowered her zipper and pulled down her slacks along with her panties to display her little blond triangle of pubic hair. She smiled at him. “You like it?” she asked.

“Very nice. Better than in the pictures.” He pulled out his cell phone. “Can I take a picture?” he asked politely.

She didn’t hesitate this time. “Just of my pussy. No face.”

“Of course.” He knelt down and quickly clicked off a few still images of her moist cunt. “I can’t tell if you’re really wet or not,” he said.

He meant it as an opening gambit to see how far he could push her. Ginny surprised him and grabbed his hand, pressing it to her sex. His fingers felt her

copious moisture and he pushed his middle finger up inside her pussy. “You are wet,” he said.

“I know,” she moaned. She wanted to ask him to get her off, but that didn’t seem prudent at the moment.

Pushing aside his lust, Harry stood up and said, “Thank you.”

Ginny couldn’t help herself. She saw Harry’s boner through his pants and her compassionate nature took over. Without pulling up her clothing, she went down on her knees and quickly unbuckled his belt, pulling down his pants before a word of protest could be uttered. When his cock popped out of his boxers she immediately started stroking it. The head went into her mouth and she sucked eagerly. Harry was already very worked up; his cock was drooling precum. It was salty on her tongue and she savored the unusual flavor. While she never considered herself an expert on cocksucking, she did give in to her enthusiasm and Harry let himself be overtaken by the moment. The blowjob didn’t last more than two minutes before he was erupting in her mouth.

Ginny showed that she didn’t want to be caught by an inadvertent Monica mistake and swallowed every drop that Harry offered to her. His breathing was ragged and shallow as he spurted again and again in her mouth. The thick cum he left behind was hard to swallow, but Ginny didn’t mind.

When he was finally done she stood up and started pulling up her own pants to hide her naked ass. Harry moved quickly, pressing her up against the cases of copy paper and thrust his hand between her legs.

“Don’t,” she protested but her heart wasn’t in it.

“I can’t let you go unfulfilled,” he said.

He rubbed quick and fast and hard. Her orgasm took less time than his. She bit down hard on her lower lip so she wouldn’t cry out while she came. When she was done he licked her scent from his fingers. “We’ll have to do this again some time.”

Text exchange:

Ginny: I just gave a guy in my office a blowjob.

Sam looked at the message on his cellphone only half believing what his wife had texted him.

Sam: Are you making up a story to get me hot?

Ginny: He made me cum with his hand.

Sam: You are making up a story.

Ginny: No, I'm not. How does it make you feel that your wife is a slut.

Sam: To be honest, it's pretty fucking exciting.

Ginny: Want me to fuck him?

Sam: Right now?

Ginny: No, in the future.

Sam: Yes. But I still don't believe you.

Ginny: What will convince you?

Sam: Pix or it didn't happen.

It took a few minutes, but Ginny forwarded Sam the pictures Harry had taken of her wet pussy. He wasn't entirely convinced, but he was happy with the pictures.

Text exchange:

Sam: Whatever happened to your husband last weekend? Did he get laid?

Chloe: Ha. Nope. He just went to his meetings and jerked off to porn.

Sam: That's kind of sad.

Chloe: Can't win all the time.

Sam: Does he know what you did?

Chloe: Hell yes.

Sam: And what did he think of that?

Chloe: We had the best sex when he got home and I told him everything.

Sam: Did you like me dominating you? Spanking you?

Chloe's reply took a long time to come back.

Chloe: It scared me.

Sam: But did you like it? Did you get off on it?

Her reply was quicker this time.

Chloe: Strangely, yes.

Sam: I want to do it again with you.

Chloe: You do?

Sam: Does that surprise you?

Chloe: No.

Sam: What's your answer?

Chloe: Would you be upset if I said no?

Sam: I'd be upset.

Chloe: When do you want to meet?

He met Chloe just inside the lobby of the office of taxation and finance. When she walked across the slightly boring and far too industrial reception area she didn't expect Sam to embrace her, grab her ass, and kiss her deep, like greeting a

long lost lover. She responded appropriately to his passion, but quickly got him out of the office. It was unlikely anyone passing through at the moment would know Sam wasn't her husband, but there was no reason to let the world know. It was the middle of March. Winter hadn't left the capital city yet, but the season was almost over. Coats were still needed, but Chloe and Sam left their unbuttoned as they dashed across the parking lot for his car.

The hotel was just a mile down the road. It had two primary sources of income: state workers spending the night after traveling from field offices, and state workers having illicit liaisons with other state workers. When they closed the door behind them, Sam immediately ordered her to strip. This time there was no romantic kissing or display of passion. Chloe nodded and proceeded to remove her clothes. When he watched her with almost disinterested eyes.

When she was done she displayed herself with outstretched arms and a slightly bent knee to hide her pussy. "Do you like what you see?"

He nodded and sat down on the bed. "Lay across my lap."

A thrill of fear ran through Chloe's psyche. "Are you going to spank me?"

"Of course."

She looked around a moment. He had brought his work bag with him into the room, but it was still zippered shut. It was impossible to tell if he brought it with him out of habit or if something else was planned. "I don't see a whip or leather gloves or a paddle," she commented.

"Would you like me to use one of those on you?"

Chloe shook her head. "Just saying. That's all."

"Do you like me to dominate you?"

She nodded now. "Yes. Never thought I'd admit that."

"Most people want someone else in charge during sex," he said. "It lets them avoid admitting they like certain deviant acts."

"You think that's how it is with me?" she asked, a bit offended.

“You tell me. Either put your clothes back on and leave, or lay across my lap and let me spank you.”

It was harder to get on his lap than she would have thought. The physical act was easy; the emotional toll was the difficult part. The pain from the spanking was slight. He didn’t hit her that hard nor did he do it very long. She quickly understood the spanking was just to show her who was in control. She liked the feel of his hard cock against her side through his pants as he spanked her.

“Get up, open up my bag, and take out the clamps.”

This was harder. In his bag shoved up against the pile of papers were an assortment of chains and leather restraints. Chloe sorted through them before finding the nipple clamps connected by the short chain. It was the same one she had worn little over a week earlier in her house. When she started to bring the device over to him, he stopped her. “Put it on yourself. Make sure the clamps won’t easily slip off.”

Applying the clamps didn’t hurt that much, but sliding the retaining rings up to the correct location so the tweezers would stay on was the hard part. The pinching was awful but when they were finally in place and not slipping off, Chloe looked up at Sam with a semi-satisfied grin that hid part of her pain.

“Good. Put the bag next to the bed and get back on my lap.”

She obeyed. The spanking recommenced. It was actually more enjoyable with the clamps on but once Sam started, it felt like he wasn’t going to ever stop. Chloe whined a bit and then out of frustration she moved her hand back to stop him from hitting her again.

That made him angry. “It took you that long to think of the solution, did it? Wrong decision.” He grasped her wrist with one hand and rooted through his bag with the other. The handcuffs weren’t police grade, but they were effective enough when he slipped them around her wrists neatly keeping her hands bound above the small of her back. She could attempt to move her hands down to block the spanking, but at this point she didn’t dare.

“Ready?” he asked her.

“Uh-huh,” she said. The spanks continued. Her gaze fell upon the open bag next

to the bed. There were all sorts of toys left inside he hadn't used yet. She shivered and wondered which was next.

"Are you enjoying this?" he asked her.

"Sort of." It was hard for her to admit.

He spanked her a few more times. "But you tried to stop me. You blocked me with your hands."

"I'm sorry," she said, a few tears starting to leak out of her eyes. She was glad he couldn't see her crying. That would have been too humiliating especially since she wanted him to fuck her before they parted.

The next few slaps were harder and then he abruptly stopped. "Stand up," he ordered as he pushed her from his lap. It was a struggle to get to her feet with her hands cuffed behind her back, but she did so with a modicum of dignity. He reached into the bag and pulled out a wide strip of leather. Her knees started to buckle when she saw what it was.

"You aren't going to put a collar on me, are you?" she asked.

"Yes, I am."

"I'm not a dog, an animal," she insisted.

"I never said you were. I think you are more beautiful if you wear this."

The words were what she needed to hear, but she was still reluctant to comply. "I'm not sure if I want to."

"It's not like you have that much say in the matter. I want you to wear this while I fuck you. If you don't want to wear it…then I suppose we can leave."

She didn't want that. She wanted to have sex and so she nodded in agreement. "Okay, I'll do it."

It was peculiar to think that she could have just said no and he would have let her go. It was even odder to realize that he wanted her permission before putting the collar around her neck.

“Scared?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

She was trembling as he stood close, put the heavy leather around her neck and buckled it in place then quickly added a tiny padlock into place so she couldn’t remove the collar without his permission. Not that she could have at the moment with her hands behind her back. Once the collar was in place, she felt herself calming down. It was as if anything that happened to her now wasn’t her fault. She had no control over the events so it was best just to let him use her body as he would and enjoy the ride for as long as it lasted.

Sam took another short length of chain from the bag and attached it to her collar. He then lifted up the chain between her nipples and hooked the second chain into place. It was short enough that it pulled up on the nipple chain but not to a painful degree. “You look very pretty.”

“Thank you.”

“Can I take your picture?”

She wasn’t into exhibitionism as much as Ginny, but she knew that Sam would be discrete. He might share the pictures with his wife and they might wind up on her website, but other than that it would be for his enjoyment only.

“Sure.”

He pulled out his cellphone and took a few pictures of her pink ass, her chained nipples, her defiant chin just above her collar, and then several of her torso. He didn’t take one of her pussy or whole body.

“What are you going to do to me next?” she asked. Chloe was surprised at how eager she sounded.

“What do you want to do?”

“Get fucked?” she asked hopefully.

“Not yet.”

Sam pulled a pair of thin leather gloves from the bag. They were black leather driving gloves, completely innocuous except for the fact she knew he was going to use them to spank and slap her. He had probably used them on his wife already. They might have been the same ones he had used a week ago.

“Should I bend over or get in your lap again?” she asked. She wanted to feel the pain. She could almost taste the anticipation and the way the fear heightened everything she felt.

“Neither. Open up your stance a bit. I need to get to your pussy.”

That wasn’t’ what she had been expecting. She liked that; he was able to surprise her at almost every turn. She moved her feet apart making her pussy easily accessible. Instead of striking her he instead caressed her sex for a few moments, inspecting her. She wondered how much of her he could feel through the gloves. It was a slightly different sensation than being groped by a bare hand. It wasn’t bad at all.

When he was done Sam held up his fingers, showing her the moisture her pussy had left behind. “You’ve enjoying this,” he told her.

“Yes.”

“Let me know if the pain is too much.”

“Okay.”

“The nipple clamps not too bad?”

“They’re fine.” Her tits had actually gone numb but she wasn’t going to tell Sam that because he would wind up removing them and the blood rushing back to her nipples was too much to endure at the moment.

He lightly slapped her pussy. It didn’t hurt at all. She’d felt more powerful impacts from getting fucked missionary style.

“Harder,” she told him.

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

Each slap that followed was stronger and more intense. She endured each happily with a smile. It wasn’t quite like getting fucked, but it wasn’t bad at all either.

“Are you going to cum from this?” he asked her between spanks but didn’t give her time to answer.

“If you want me to,” she said quickly.

“I want you to.”

“Harder,” she told him and bent her knees a bit to let him hit her clit just the right way.

It took almost a minute more of slaps before her clit was overpowered and an orgasm thrilled through her body. She collapsed to the floor with tears flowing freely. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she kept repeated.

“Why are you sorry?” he said. His voice was dispassionate. He stood over her and she was scared.

“Because I came and you didn’t.”

Hauling her up bodily Sam positioned her so that her torso was on the bed and her knees were on the floor. He got down behind her, unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock, and shoved it in her pussy. She was so slick there was no resistance at all. He fucked her hard and fast. It actually hurt, not from his cock treating her cunt roughly but from the cloth of his suit rubbing against her sore ass and the way the bedclothes pulled on the chains to her nipples. It was uncomfortable the way he pressed into her hands, already twisted behind her back. As they fucked one of the nipple clamps came free and she sucked in her breath with the unexpected surge of blood back into her delicate flesh. Sam didn’t even notice her pain.

When he came he grunted a few times and that was the end of it. He pulled out and tucked his manhood away. “Get up and get dressed,” he told her and only then did he see one of the clamps was dangling free. He took in the sight of her looking disheveled and liked it.

“I can’t get dressed until you free my hands,” she told him.

“Right,” he agreed and pulled the key to the cuffs and the lock on the collar from his pocket. She turned around and showed him her manacled hands. He unlocked the metal cuffs and watched as she carefully removed the clamp from her right tit. She hissed fiercely when the blood rushed back in.

“Do you like wearing them?” he asked.

“It’s…different. Very different. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Really? Even with all those men you’ve slept with?”

“Yeah, well, I’ve just had straight sex pretty much. Kinky stuff not so much.”

He watched as she put her clothes back on. She didn’t ask him to remove the collar. She didn’t know if it was permitted to make such a request. When everything was back in place she stood before him, her clothes slightly askew and a few hairs were flying away stray, but she was presentable for public. “Are you ready to go?” he asked her.

She pointed to the collar, no wanting to say the words and somehow anger him.

“What?” he asked.

“This doesn’t go with professional dress,” she told him.

“You don’t want to wear it home?”

“No.”

“You’re not going home. Not right away at least.”

“Where are we going?”

“I’ll take off your collar once we get there.”

She swallowed and nodded. They left the motel room, got in his car, and drove into downtown. When he parked on the street she knew what he was planning. She wanted to say no, that it was wrong, that she wasn’t that type of woman, but what type of woman was she. At this point she didn’t really know. A week ago

she would have claimed there was no way she could have taken pleasure in getting spanked and fucked while her hands were cuffed behind her back. Today that wasn't true.

She followed Sam into the storefront parlor and sat down nervously on one of the plastic chairs in the waiting area while he went to the counter. "I have an appointment."

The woman at the counter had dyed black hair, four rings in each ear, one stud in the side of her nose, tattoos on her neck and arms where he shirt sleeves stopped. "For you or her?" the girl said tilting her head at Chloe.

"For her."

The girl's dark eyes flicked to Chloe. "Nice collar," she said. "Very bold statement."

"Thank you," Chloe said softly.

She then addressed them both. "If this is part of a sex or dominance game for the two of you, be aware she had to sign a release form. We aren't going to be held liable for your stupid games."

Chloe spoke up. "We aren't playing a game. We've talked about this for a long time."

The dark-haired girl shrugged. "All right. It's your body."

The process didn't take very long at all. It hurt much less than Chloe expected. She was glad she had worn a plain white cotton bra this morning. It was lightly padded and that gave her some comfort. Sam paid with the gift card that had been in his wallet for years.

"Haven't seen one of these in a while," the dark-haired girl said as she ran it through their card reader. She shrugged when the transaction went through. "But it works. What the hell do I care?"

"Is Trent going to be upset?" Sam asked as he drove her back to the state employees' parking lot so she could get her car.

Chloe shook her head as she rooted through her purse for a Tylenol or aspirin, anything to take the edge off. She folded the aftercare sheets into neat quarters and shoved them into her bag. In the bottom hidden between folds of the lining she found a couple of pills. The writing had been rubbed off them but Chloe didn't care and popped them in her down to dry swallow them down. "He'll say I look like Ginny now. We'll be twins."

Sam gave her a gentle kiss before she got out of his car. Chloe wanted to linger but she also wanted to rush home to Trent to show him her new ornamentation. She had already forgotten about Francine's eyes that had followed her out of the office when she left early that afternoon. Chloe hadn't seen Francine follow her discretely to the reception area and greet Sam with an unchaste kiss.

About the Author

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

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