



MY SUBMISSIVE PAIR

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

I was riding on top of Dean's cock with my eyes closed, just feeling him inside of me, enjoying the sensations. I don't consider myself a size queen, but Dean was big enough to fill me up and think there's no way I could ever get a bigger cock in my pussy. Just because I like to ride on top of my lover doesn't mean I'm not concerned about their pleasure. I'd already had two tiny orgasms and decided to ramp up Dean's intensity.

I arched my spine and twisted my hand down behind my back. It only took a second to find his manhood going in and out of my pussy, and then I let my hand drift lower and cupped his balls. He shaves them. I like that. Dean grunted just a little when I gently squeezed his sack.

"Not yet," I whispered to him.

"Uh-huh," he agreed. He was so easy to control when his cock was inside me. He was even easier to control when I was holding his balls.

I opened my eyes and looked down at him. Dean wasn't model-handsome, but he was easy enough on the eyes. Dark curly hair, just a hint of a five o'clock shadow, and enough muscles to look good even for a guy who spent most of his time behind a desk plowing through terribly boring accounting problems. He had just the right scattering of hair on his chest that trailed down to his trimmed pubic hair. His job was boring and tedious. I was his distraction from all that.

He thrust his hips up at me and I twisted his balls in retaliation. "No. You know the rules. I'm fucking you. You lay there and take it."

"Yes, Gail."

His words surprised and angered me. He was probably close to cumming and had forgotten himself. I let go of his balls and slapped him across the face. "What did you call me?" I asked him sharply.

The moment my hand met his lightly stubbled face his eyes snapped open in

alarm. And possibly a bit of pain. I don't play gently. "Yes, ma'am. Yes, mistress," he quickly corrected himself.

"You don't have my permission to cum yet," I told him as I resumed holding his balls.

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated and hissed slightly in pain as I squeezed. I moved my hips up and down a minute to enjoy his length within me.

"Do you want to make me cum?" I asked him.

"Yes!" he cried out.

"Do it then." I stopped moving my hips but didn't let go of his balls. He anxiously started thrusting up into me. I loved it, but I couldn't let him know that. When I'm riding a man and I'm in control it all goes to my head so quickly. Before I knew it I was cumming. I let out my customary whimper and satisfied groan. Once my orgasm had passed I spoke again. "You may cum," I said, giving him permission for the moment he had been waiting for ever since we had pulled off each other's clothes inside this hotel room and gotten into bed.

And he came. He came in great gouts of hot cum erupting inside my pussy. Each time his cock pulsed I had another little orgasm. That's why I like fucking men who cum inside me. The little deaths are the best part.

I let go of his balls and trembled against his warm body for a minute as I enjoyed the steady pulse of his cock inside of me. He slowly shrank and eventually slipped out of my cunt ending our coupling. "I love you," he murmured in my ear.

I sat straight up and glared at him. His eyes opened and when they did I slapped his across the face again. "What the fuck!" he exclaimed and struggled to move his arms to stop me from slapping him again. He didn't have anything to fear. I wasn't going to hit him again.

Besides, he could barely move. Before we had started fucking I had taken our usual precaution of putting leather manacles around his wrists and then tying them together underneath the bed. It was effective in keeping my favorite submissive lover restrained, but also gave him enough freedom to move the way I liked. Though it is sometimes hell to have to carry two leather manacles and a

five foot length of clothesline in my purse. Luckily I have a big purse.

“What did you say?” I asked him as I climbed off the bed and began searching for my clothes.

He blanched. He had broken one of my explicit rules. “I said I loved you,” he mumbled.

“That’s not fucking allowed.”

“I know.” Dean closed his eyes and laid his head back on the mattress. Resting like that—arms bound and eyes closed with his thick, wet cock lying on his thigh—I started to get wet again. Not that I wasn’t already wet enough for another fuck.

“I should just walk out of here and never get in bed with you again,” I told him. I kept a hard edge on my words but truly I didn’t mean it. I would have fucked him right then and there—again—if he could get his cock up.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” he apologized. “It’ll never happen again.”

“Damn right it’ll never happen again.” I found my bra but not my panties. First things first. I pull it on, hooked it, and twisted it around my torso, placing the cups just so. He said nothing; Dean just watched me. He was easily distracted by a pretty face and decent body like most men were. “We have another problem as well,” I said walking to the bathroom giving him a good look at my ass.

“What’s that?” he called.

I took a minute, wet a washcloth and wiped between my legs to remove most of his cum. Doubtless I’d be leaking it all out the next hour, but that couldn’t be helped. On the way out of the bathroom I found my panties and pulled them on. “Have you told your wife yet?” I asked him. My shirt and skirt were tossed on the other bed. I pulled them on and started looking for my shoes. How could I just throw off my clothes without a care in the world but stop to think enough to tie up my lover before getting in bed with him? Sometimes I didn’t understand how my brain worked.

“No,” he admitted.

“We’ve got a real problem there, don’t we?”

“Do I really have to tell her?”

I rested my hand against my hip and looked at him, helpless on the bed. He was cute but he needed to follow my rules. That was the role of a good sub. “Yes. We agreed on that. I’ve been fucking you for...what four months now?...I don’t mind having sex with married men—I love it in fact—but I’m not going to have you lie to your wife.”

“You have strange rules,” he told me.

“They’re my rules. If you don’t want to follow them, you can stop calling me.”

He nodded and looked away. “I’ll do it,” he promised.

“That’s what you told me a month ago.” I shook my head. “No, I need to force the issue.”

“What are you going to do?” he asked watching as I started hunting around the room for his clothes. Eventually I found his pants and pulled out his cell phone. “Hey, don’t go through that!”

I ignored him. It only took me three guesses to find his password. “3-7-4-6? Really?”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“It’s your wife’s name. Easy guess.” I scrolled through his contacts until I found Erin’s number and transferred it to my phone. “I’m giving you forty eight hours for her to contact me,” I told Dean. “If she doesn’t call me by the deadline, I’ll call her. If she doesn’t call me by then, you don’t get back into my panties for a long, long time. Maybe never again.”

He looked at me, wide-eyed. Stunned. We had met at one of those inter-agency conferences that are dreary and boring. I can sniff out a man who likes to be dominated. Dean was a near-perfect sub...except he was married and wouldn’t confess his proclivities to his wife. She should be the one dominating him, not me. I was doing them both a favor while simultaneously losing myself a good fuck. Such is the lot in life of the female dominant. I could tell he was going to

do everything possible to avoid telling his wife he wanted her to dominate him. I needed to force the issue. "I'll do it," he told me.

"Uh-huh," I agreed absently and dug through my purse.

"Are you going to untie me?" he asked. "It takes me too long to do it myself."

I found a black Sharpie marker. I usually had a few rattling around. "Hold still a minute, this won't hurt." I got on the bed and straddled his hips. For just a moment he thought we were going to fuck again but he knew something was wrong the moment I put the marker to his chest.

"Wait! Don't!" he protested.

"Let me do this or you will never get in my cunt again!" I warned him. He settled down and I carefully wrote in my most feminine hand possible "Erin—Call me—555-2342—Gail."

"I can wash it off," Dean told me as I climbed back off him and found my shoes and jacket.

"You certainly can," I agreed. "You know the penalty if she doesn't call me." Then I silently untied the rope and removed his manacles. Then, without another word, I walked out of the hotel room door.

The call came the next evening. I was honestly surprised. I had guessed that Dean would wait until the last possible minute to resolve the issue. Then again, maybe my temporary tattoo had forced the issue into a fight the previous night.

"Hello?" I didn't immediately recognize the number on the ID but I made a good guess as to who it was.

"Gail?"

"Yes."

"This is Erin. Dean's wife."

The moment I heard those words I was in immediate dominant mode. Her voice was thick and weak and unsure. I was ready for a screaming argument or a strong, confident woman who didn't mind sharing her husband. I wasn't ready for a scared little girl. That didn't matter at the moment. I slipped into my other skin.

"I've been waiting for your call. What took Dean so long?" I demanded.

There was a pause before she answered. "We had a...disagreement last night."

"I see. I don't like conducting this sort of business over the phone. I'll text you an address off a coffee shop I like. Be there tomorrow at four." I disconnected the call.

I had trouble sending her the text because my hands were shaking so hard. It isn't always easy being the dominant.

Still, my pussy was wet when I was done.

I went to my bed, lay down, and had a nice masturbation session to fantasies of what was about to happen.

I got to Madeline's fifteen minutes early. I wanted to be there and be ready for her. It took me a few minutes to take on my domme persona and ordered a simple cup of tea. I always got a strange look for ordering tea in an overpriced coffee shop. I had learned to ignore the looks and then relish them later on.

Erin walked in exactly on time. She was a small thing, barely five feet tall. Thin. Almost too thin with an elfin face and short thin blonde hair. She was pretty enough but walked with a lack of confidence. She obviously didn't know what I looked like even though I was familiar with her face from the pictures on Dean's phone. I raised my hand and signaled to her.

The moment she spotted my hand I could see a shiver of nervousness run through her body, but still she allowed herself to come over and sit down at my table.

"Hello Erin."

“Um. Hi. Uh. Gail.”

“Call me Abigail.”

“Oh?”

“It’s my full name.”

“I see.” She put her purse on booth seat next to her and then rested her hands on the table. They were shaking. It wasn’t that cold outside. I reached out and rested my hands on top of hers.

“Settle down,” I told her. “Are you scared or nervous?”

“Both,” she admitted.

“What do you have to be nervous about?” I said to her. “I’m the one fucking your husband.”

At that moment the waitress came over to take Erin’s order. Perfect timing. I sighed and Erin was completely distracted. I’m sure she didn’t understand what she ordered.

When the waitress left I repeated, “I’m the one fucking your husband.”

“I know,” she said casting her eyes down at the table.

“And you aren’t upset by this?” I asked her. Then I realized she was upset and she was spiraling into a depression because of it. Shit. “Oh, my mistake. You are upset. Honey, don’t worry. I’m not going to steal your husband away from you. He’s a good lay and all, but I’m not going to marry him.”

She shook her head. “I know that. He told me you like to dominate him in bed.” She shook her head again. “No, he said he likes to be dominated. He wants the woman in charge.”

I nodded in sympathy. “And I like to dominate men. It’s my kink.” I patted her hand again. “I wanted to meet with you because I want to tell you how you need to take control of your husband.” I smiled sweetly at her. “I don’t want to wreck your marriage. I want to make it happier. And you can do that by dominating

him.” I thought the last statement was a helpful one. Hi, I’m just here to fuck your husband. Nothing to worry about. You can have him back when I’m done.

Tears started to well up in her eyes. “I can’t.”

I froze my smile. “Of course you can. He wants it. You can supply it. It’s a marriage made in heaven. Almost.”

“I can’t. I...I...I want him to treat me like that.”

Now I was confused. “Treat you like what?”

“I want him to dominate me.” She shyly lifted her eyes up at me. “It’s my secret. I’ve never told anyone. I didn’t even tell Dean when he told me about you.”

I sighed. “You should probably tell him. This isn’t going to work with you two.” I grabbed my purse and was about to get up and leave when she quickly reversed her hand to be on top of mine.

“No. Wait. It can work.”

“Ah. No. You need to find a nice man who will be your dom.”

“I don’t want a man to dominate me. I want you to do it.”

“What?”

“I want you to dominate me and Dean. At the same time. We’re both subs. You can be our dominant.”

“Ah. No. That’s a nice idea, but no.”

“Why not?” she asked. She wasn’t letting go of my hand which was annoying because I was trying to make a graceful exit. “Is it because you don’t do couples?”

I’ve been in more three-ways than you have fingers, lady, I thought to myself.
“No.”

“It is because I’m a woman? You don’t do women?”

First time I had sex in high school was with a girl, I thought. Best lover I ever had was a woman...while her boyfriend watched. "No."

"Then what is it?"

I opened my mouth to answer but didn't have one.

"I'll even pay you," she said. "I know a lot of submissives have to pay their dommes."

The money was tempting—even if it only was a token of the relationship, I'd taken money I didn't need from a few men who wanted me to dominate them—but it didn't change the situation. "No, I don't need or want your money."

Her tears started to appear again. "Then what is it?" she pleaded. "If I can't find someone to dom me and Dean we'll wind up getting divorced and..." she trailed off.

Being sexually miserable in a relationship was a certain road to ruin. And I felt a certain amount of guilt for being the impetus of the coming dissolution of their marriage. I sighed again. Guilt was always a powerful motivator for me. "I'll consider it. Tomorrow is Friday. I'll come by your place at six and we'll try it out. Tell Dean everything. If you're going to be my sub you need to learn to obey my commands. You both need to be ready."

Chapter Two

I waited as they stripped off their clothes, neatly folded each garment, and piled them on the entry hall table. Now that she wasn't crying Erin was a pretty little thing. I gave her nude body the once over. "Acceptable," I proclaimed. Her skin was smooth and flawless. No tattoos. That was nice. Her pubic hair was groomed, shaped and trimmed, but I needed to exert my authority immediately over her body. "Next time I see you all of your pubic hair will be removed. Shave it or wax it."

Erin nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

I looked over at Dean. He already regularly shaved his balls. I never asked him why; it didn't matter. "You too," I ordered. "All pubes gone."

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

There were small smiles on their lips. They were enjoying this. God help me. "You've made me dinner?" I asked.

They glanced guiltily at each other. "No, ma'am," Erin finally said.

"Fine. Make me something. I don't care what. No leftovers."

I walked through the entry hall and into their house proper. They had one of those great rooms that combined the kitchen with a living room area and a dining room area. I went to the couch, sat down, put my feet up, and turned on the television. From my vantage point I could see the two of them consulting each other in the kitchen. "And a glass of wine," I called.

I watched them out of the corner of my eye. It was nice to see Dean's muscular bottom hurrying back and forth in the kitchen as they cooked. Erin had a sweet little body. Her breasts were almost too small, but when compared to her frame they were nicely proportioned. They bounced nicely as she moved. Her tiny little ass jiggled just a little bit as she worked. They were a cute pair.

They brought me wine. They brought me food. They waited respectfully as I ate and drank. I wasn't truly hungry; I just wanted to see how far I could push them. Apparently the pair had spent some time talking and were trying to be the perfect pair of subs.

I wasn't looking for slaves. I was looking for a nice man to be my sub. I was willing to take his wife as a sub as well, but I wanted them to have some free will. I didn't want to play a constant game of ownership and total domination. I wanted bed a sub...or two.

"Okay, that's enough," I said when I was done eating. They looked at me blankly. They were cute standing there together, naked, waiting on me. I wasn't looking for cute. I was looking for sex.

After a couple of surreptitious glances between them it was Dean who spoke first. "What's enough?"

"I want a submissive sex partner," I said explaining the type of relationship I was looking for. "I don't want a pair of meek slaves. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. You don't have to play silly games of keeping your eyes downcast and fulfilling my every request and being naked in front of me all the time." I paused. "Though I like the nudity. You can keep doing that."

"Oh," Erin said softly.

"Yes. Oh." I agreed with her. "I'm ready for sex. Where's your bedroom?" The two looked nervously at each other and then Dean gestured toward the hallway and up the stairs. When we walked into their bedroom I was impressed. "I can work with this," I announced. They had a king-sized bed and while not a proper four-poster bed it had a frame that was suitable for all sorts of restraints.

"Have you ever had sex with a group before?" I asked Erin.

She shook her head no. "No. I, uh, I've always been too shy."

I smiled at her honest answer. In my experience everyone has the secret fantasies they are almost too shy to reveal. We live in a world of hidden desires.

"Neither have I," added Dean.

That wasn't entirely unexpected. I've been in more three-ways than I care to remember. "I can work with that," I told them. "Just remember the safeword," I reminded them.

"Red," Dean said helpfully to his wife.

"You are here to please me," I instructed. "You aren't to touch each other without my permission. You don't have to be afraid of a casual touch; I'm talking about caresses and sexual stimulation. I didn't bring my crop or any restraints with me tonight. We need to get to know each other as a group first before we get to the more complicated stuff. Understand?" They both nodded. While I had been talking I had also been stripping. I was now down to my favorite red bra and matching green panties. Erin's eyes were huge. My tits were much bigger than hers, but body size and shape encompasses such a range she didn't need to be jealous. Her body was every bit as desirable as mine. True, she was a little thinner than I liked in a woman—and I was a little heavier than I liked—but once skin hits skin, it doesn't really matter. "Erin, please unhook my bra for me," I said.

She slowly moved to comply. Dean said nothing and watched as his wife helped me undress. He had seen me naked before so the exposure of my tits wasn't what was making his dick hard. It was the idea I'd soon be having sex with his wife. I decided to tease him a bit more than necessary.

"Have you ever seen your husband have sex with another woman, Erin?" I asked my newest sub after she carefully folded my bra and placed it on the dresser.

"No," she said softly. She looked at me. Or, more properly, she looked at my tits. I let her stare.

"Have you ever had sex with a woman?"

"No."

I watched Dean's cock get bigger.

"Do you want to?"

She hesitated a moment. I came to her rescue. "It's okay to be honest. Most women have had the fantasy. You'd be...different...if you never had the desire

to bed another woman. All women are bisexual. At least, those who are honest with themselves are. I wouldn't trust another woman who wasn't bisexual."

"I do...but I'm scared to."

I smiled at her. "We'll take care of that tonight." I rested my hands on her shoulders and pressed down. She understood and knelt down. "Take off my panties."

Erin was being a good sub and carefully pulled down my underwear. She looked with great trepidation at my carefully groomed pussy and didn't know what to do. I looked away from her and back to Dean. "I'm already wet. Ready to fuck?"

He nodded. I walked away from Erin and lay down on the bed, spreading my legs open, and bending the knees. Dean quickly scrambled to get between my legs, but I stopped him from penetrating me with a hand on his chest. "Erin, come up here. I want to hold your hand." Erin crawled up next to me and grabbed her hand, interlacing my fingers with mine. She giggled nervously but had an eager smile on her face, as if watching her husband about to fuck another woman was the most normal thing in the world. "Guide him into me," I told her, taking her other hand leading it to Dean's cock.

Dean didn't need any help fucking me. He knew my body well enough. In fact, her helping him into my cunt was more a hindrance than a help, but I wanted her to know exactly her role. And his. It was wonderful to see the painful mix of emotions running through her face as she held Dean's cock as it slipped into me. Love. Confusion. Arousal. Anger. Hate. Desire. Loneliness. Fear. Lust.

"Uh," I groaned when Dean's length filled me up. "Fuck me." He already was. I said it for the benefit of Erin. I didn't let go of her hand as I lay on my back. She watched our bodies fuck as I watched her face. Just once she tried to pull away. Maybe she thought we wanted to be left alone, but I kept a grip on her hand.

"He's such a good fuck," I moaned to her. Erin just nodded. "Do you like watching this?" I asked her.

Erin's face was still a mixture of pain and lust. It was beautiful. "No," she said. There was just a hint of tears in her eyes. I let go of her hand and quickly snaked my arm between her legs. She was kneeling upright while she watched us. To her credit she didn't move away even when my fingers touched her cunt. It was

sopping wet. “Your pussy says otherwise.”

“I know,” she whined. If she was shocked at my touch she didn’t show it. I desperately wanted to slip a finger into her little pussy, but that would have to wait.

“Get off me,” I told Dean. He rolled off and I got on him, taking his wet cock in my hand and slipping my pussy back down its length. “You need a little relief,” I told Erin and gestured her over. “Sit on Dean’s face.”

“I...uh...I,” she spluttered.

“Now is not the time to disobey,” I barked at her. “Face me and put your pussy on his face.”

A good command was all she needed. Erin’s thin thighs went on either side of Dean’s head and her pussy made contact with his face. I didn’t care if he ate her out or not. What I needed was her face in front of mine.

When she was settled and Dean apparently set to work on his wife’s pussy, I cupped her face in my hands and pulled her forward and firmly kissed her lips. She didn’t resist, she didn’t pull away, she didn’t kiss back either. I put my tongue in her mouth and she accepted me. After a minute of intense kissing, she finally brought her tongue into play and kissed me back.

“That’s good,” I told her. She smiled back at me. It was her first honest smile. “Are you feeling better?” I asked.

“Dean’s tongue is on my clit,” she sighed. I kissed her cheek and let my hands slid down to her tiny tits. I squeezed her nipples and she yelped. I laughed. “You’ll get used to that soon enough,” I told her.

“Uh-huh.” Her eyes rolled up into her head as Dean’s tongue did something fantastic to her cunt. I wondered how often he ate her out. She was certainly enjoying it and I knew how Dean could make me cum with just his mouth and tongue.

“Okay, I need to cum now,” I told the both of them. “Fuck me, Dean.”

He complied and hit me in the right spots. I cum best when I’m on top. It was

only a minute later when his cock erupted inside my pussy filling me with his hot, sticky cum. I groaned and shook with pleasure. There's nothing more erotic to me than being filled with cum. It's dirty and nasty and sexy and everything I was told never to do as a teenager.

As I came I hugged Erin to me. She let me hold her. When my orgasm was over I whispered in her ear. "Your husband came inside me."

"I know."

"Are you upset?" I asked.

Her answer was slow to come. "Yes," she sobbed.

"I can fix that." I pushed her over to the far side of the bed and uncoupled from Dean. I was done with him for the moment. I knew that Erin was supposed to be my sub and I wanted her to be my sub, but she needed a bit of encouragement at the moment. It wasn't hard for me to get between her legs and kiss her inner thigh. She tried to bring her legs together to protect her sex, but I wasn't having any of that. I circled my arms around both legs and pressed my face to her cunt.

"Oh, he's left you wet," I told her. "And don't tell me you don't like a good tongue lashing between the legs."

She relaxed just a little and I applied my tongue to her cunt. Her pretty trimmed blond curls tickled my nose, but that was okay. She was already worked up. It wouldn't take long. I lost track of Dean. He didn't matter at the moment. Erin started moaning and I let go of one leg and slipped a pair of fingers up her twat. The combination of my tongue on her clit and the stroking of her hidden g-spot pushed her over the edge and rewarded me with a little gush of her girl-cum. I laughed with delight.

"Oh, god, I'm so embarrassed," she declared.

"Why?" I asked. "Cumming is a beautiful thing."

"I don't like it when I gush like that."

"Girl cum is beautiful," I told her.

“I tell her that all the time,” Dean said. “When she gets really worked up it always happens.” He handed me a moist washcloth. I wasn’t sure what he expected me to do with it, but I cleaned my pussy. I had more plans for my subs.

“It’s so weird,” Erin declared.

“It’s sexy,” Dean said.

“It’s perfectly natural,” I assured her and crawled up her body to plan a kiss on her lips with my face still soaked from her juices. “Ready for the next step?” I asked her.

She giggled nervously. Her orgasm had loosened her up a bit. “Sure.”

“I need you to go down on me. I can’t just have one orgasm tonight.”

He eyes filled with trepidation but I didn’t give her any time to think. I got on my back and rolled her on top of me. That is one of the big advantages of being stronger than your partner. Again, she responded to just a bit of gentle pressure on her shoulders and slowly Erin worked her way down my body kissing my skin as she went. She was still on an orgasm high and that made it easier for her. She even went so far as to give my nipple a nice lick and suck before going down further and ending up at my cunt. After closing her eyes she dove in and I put my head back to enjoy her cunnilingus skills.

She wasn’t very skilled. It was obviously her first time, but that didn’t matter. She was trying hard. I occasionally opened my eyes to look down at her. Her eyes remained shut but she was enjoying her task. I glanced over at Dean and saw he was stroking his cock. Without a word I slapped his hand away and he resigned himself to simply watch his wife go down on his lover.

Once I’ve started down the orgasmic path, I’m easy to make cum. It only took the untalented Erin a few minutes to find my groove and make me cum. I didn’t soak her face like she did mine, but that was okay. I didn’t need to one-up her; a sub needs something to be proud of.

“Oh, that was good,” I complimented her. Actually, her cunt licking technique needed a lot of improvement, but we’d work on that. “We’ll make an exemplary pussy eater out of you yet.”

“Thank you.” Her eyes were shining with lust. Apparently Erin wasn’t repressed; she just needed a firm hand in the bedroom.

We lay in bed, the three of us, absently discussing nothing at all while we rested from our exertions. I don’t know how long this went on for but they got nervous when I asked, “Do you two have a guest bedroom? I’d like to use it on occasion if I need to stay the night. Or for some games I have in store for you.”

It was Dean who offered up the answer. I didn’t cajole him into answering; he knew he’d have to give me the information sooner or later. “Well, what would be the guest room is now our office. There is room for a tiny bed if you want...” Then he trailed off.

“Out with it,” I demanded.

It was Erin who came to his rescue. “The other two rooms are our children’s bedrooms.”

And with that the bedroom became deathly quiet. I needed to shatter the silence. “I didn’t know you two had kids.” I didn’t notice any stretch marks on Erin’s body, but that didn’t mean anything. “Where are they now?”

“With their grandparents,” Dean answered.

“Good. I can work with that. I hope they like their grandparents, they’re going to see a lot more of them.”

Chapter Three

It took a few weeks before we were able to coordinate schedules again. The kids were gone and my subs were ready to play again. This time we went right to the bedroom before I made them strip. Both Dean and Erin had followed orders and removed their pubic hair. I did a quick appraisal of Erin's body and quickly concluded that from the neck down she was completely hairless. I liked that. Very smooth and clean. Dean had shaved off all the hair around his cock which was an improvement over his black Italian curls, but his legs looked funny with their hair still in place. I refrained from giggling at him and instead I reached between Erin's legs to feel her smooth pussy.

I was impressed. I didn't feel any stubble at all. "Waxed?" I asked.

"Yes. Dean shaved. He was too embarrassed to go to the salon with me."

I smiled. "Maybe next time that will be his punishment if he doesn't perform well tonight." Out of the corner of my eye I saw Dean's face flush with the red of embarrassment. "But never mind that now. I've got a fun game for us to play tonight. It's a simple game. Whoever cums first, loses."

"What happens to the loser?" Erin asked eagerly.

"What does the winner get would be a better question," I said and opened up my bag. "Actually, before I get out the toys, why don't you help me undress, Erin?"

It's nice to be asked to help. I could have commanded her, but there was no reason for her to be humiliated, she was already naked and knew her place. Off came my sweater and blouse and pants. She folded each item and carefully placed each one on the dresser. I was down to a sturdy black bra and panty set that weren't quite an athletic bra and matching bottom combo, but close enough. They made my somewhat ample curves look almost sexy. I stopped Erin when she reached for the hooks of my bra. "No. Wait. There's something I need." I knelt down next to my bag and pulled out tonight's toys.

They watched quietly as subs should as I laid out my strapon, bottle of lube,

condoms, and string of anal beads. “Who is this for?” Erin asked eagerly picking up the strapon.

“I’ll be wearing it.” Then I glanced at Dean. “He’ll be taking it up the ass.” Dean took a half-step back in apprehension. There followed a short series of protests and questions. I quickly put an end to them all. “First one who cums, loses,” I repeated. “Erin, get on your back and spread your legs. Dean will be eating your pussy. While he does that, I’ll be pegging him.”

“But that’s not fair,” Erin whined. I quickly silenced her. “You’ll also have the anal beads inside you. He can pull them out at any point to try and push you over the edge.”

“I’ve never used them before,” Erin said softly.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass before?” I asked Dean.

He shook his head. I noticed a touch of fear in his eyes. That was okay. I’d pegged other men before. They’re scared at first, but once they settle into it and experience their first orgasm that way, their opinion changes. “So it’s fair,” I said.

It only took me a minute to put on the strapon. I wore it over my panties. I wasn’t at their house for pleasure. I was finding my first victim. There are plenty of strapons that are double ended for both partners to enjoy, but I found them awkward and distracting. Keeping at least some of my clothes on further asserted my authority over my subs.

Erin willingly got on the bed, raised her ass, and let me lube her up. From there it was easy to push the four anal beads inside her. She grunted with each one but they all fit. “You’ve never had anal beads up your ass before?” I asked.

She panted a bit before answering. “No. Never.”

“Anal sex?”

She shook her head. “No. Not that either.”

“You’re doing very well. Get on your back and spread your legs.” I left the little handle hanging from her anus. It looked funny but now was not the time to crack

jokes.

“Get between her legs and put your face in her pussy,” I told Dean. He complied. That was the easy part. He shied away when I applied some lube to his asshole. “Don’t,” I warned him. “Just settle down. You don’t want to do this without lube, do you?”

“No,” he said to his wife’s pussy. Even in her state of slight distress she managed to giggle.

I used a healthy amount of lube, greasing him up good before rolling the condom on the smallish strapon I’d chosen for him and then lubing that up as well. Before we got things rolling I reached between his legs, grabbed his semi-erect cock and greased that as well.

“What’s that for?” he asked as I stroked his length.

“You don’t think I’m just going to fuck you in the ass, do you? I need to jerk you off as well. That way I can be sure of when you’ve cum. Don’t worry, you can do anything you like to your little wife to make her cum. But don’t start playing with her pussy until I’m inside of you.”

The strapon I was using was on the small side. I didn’t want to send Dean out of the room screaming in pain. Taking my time I eased the length into Dean’s ass and found he was nicely receptive to getting his asshole penetrated. He grunted and strained a few times, but that was it. He knew what I expected of him and he did what was required.

“Go ahead,” I told Dean and he lowered his face to Erin’s cunt. I couldn’t see exactly what he was going, but I knew how well he could eat pussy. Erin had no chance of winning this contest unless I was on my game.

The good thing about men is they are predictable. Dean didn’t need me pounding in and out of his ass as hard and fast as I could. He just needed something, anything up inside of his backside. I just reached around and grabbed his cock and started stroking. Dean was such a sub to the core of his psyche that it hit all his buttons to be possessed by a woman and brought off by her. There was no way he could resist. His body was a slave to his mind. It only took—at most—three minutes for his cock to erupt with great gouts of jism landing on my hand and the bed.

He cried and whimpered as he came. That was the sweetest part. Erin's eyes popped open when he stopped eating her smooth cunt. "What happened?" she asked, looking at the pained expression on Dean's face.

"He came," I told her.

"Already?" she asked.

"Men are easy," I explained to her.

"But I need to cum," she whined.

Dean seemed to recover a bit. "I'll make you cum," he promised.

"Wait a minute," I interrupted their little love fest. "You have something to take care of first," I said and pulled my strapon out of Dean's ass. He grunted with relief. I had only caught about half his load in my hand, but it was enough. I presented his leavings to him.

"Lick it up," I ordered. His eyes went wide and I knew he wanted to say no. I didn't give him the chance. "Don't make me discipline you," I barked. "Do it quickly and your wife can have half."

His tongue came out of his mouth and he closed his eyes as he licked up some of the cum in my hand. It was good enough; it was just enough to display his subservience to me. I moved up to Erin, feeling a little ridiculous with my fake cock sprouting out from my crotch, but no time to worry about that now. She was eager to taste Dean's cum. She'd probably had it plenty of times before and she was fully aroused. Her eyes were dilated and her breathing was quick and shallow. In an instant she grabbed by wrist and licked up the remaining bits of cum clinging to my palm and fingers.

"Delicious," she said and then settled back to the bed.

"Get to work," I told Dean. He lowered his face again to Erin's pussy and set to work.

I couldn't let him just get her off without a bit of a distraction. I jumped off the bed and pulled a small buttplug from my bag. I buttered up the business end and pressed it against Dean's puckered hole. Once again he jumped.

“What are you doing?”

“It’s not fair for Erin to be filled with those beads and you to be empty,” I said. The buttplug went in easily and Dean lowered his face once again. By now it was slick with Erin’s pussy juices. He didn’t even need to pull out the beads—he should have, but his timing was poor—to make her cum. There was a little squirt of her girlcum in his face and a scream that would have woken the dead. It was a good thing their kids were with the grandparents again.

“Erin wins,” I announced unnecessarily.

“He didn’t use the beads,” Erin whined.

“Let me,” I said to her. Dean moved out of the way as I reached for the small ring that was attached to the sting leading to her tight anus. The balls were only an inch and a half in diameter so it was an easy matter to pull each one out slowly. Erin fought each step of the way. That was good. Each time one of the bright yellow balls popped out a quiver of a tiny orgasm raced through her body. It was beautiful to watch.

“Imagine if Dean had done it right when you were cumming,” I said to her.

“What’s my prize?” she asked unconcerned about her husband’s failure.

“You get to spend the night with me at my place while Dean stays home with the kids.

My apartment is in a very nice building. It’s quiet, full of state workers and the traveling staff of politicians from all over the state. Most of the apartments are rented out but were empty half the time because the renters traveled so much. I had limited contact with my neighbors, which I liked, and there was only one creepy guy. He seemed to have a lot of female visitors. I figured they were high quality prostitutes. I didn’t begrudge him that. I just wish he wouldn’t leer at me when I walked by him in the hallways.

When Erin walked in with her overnight bag I immediately gave her a peck on the cheek and closed the door behind her. “What’s that?” I asked, pointing to her bag.

“Just a few things, in case,” she said shyly.

I shook my head. “The only thing you will need tonight is your toothbrush. I have all the toys we’ll need tonight. I suppose I can punish you later. Strip,” I ordered her. She happily divested herself of her clothes. Erin was a good sub. She had taken the role on much better than Dean. He still resisted, Erin knew her place in the order of the world. When she was naked I held out my hand to her. “And your rings as well.”

She only wore her engagement ring and wedding band. For just a moment she hesitated and then pulled them off her finger. “When you’re in my home, you belong to me. Let’s not have any reminders of your marriage, shall we?” I asked.

“No, ma’am.”

“Open your bag and empty it.” She did as I ordered. It wasn’t anything. Besides the toothbrush she could have put in her purse she brought a change of clothes, two pairs of panties, and an small nightie. “None of this is necessary. Follow me.” I walked to the kitchen table and sat on one of the chairs. “Bend over my lap.”

I was happy she obeyed without question and rested my hand on her tiny ass. “Have you ever been spanked before?”

“No...well, yes sort of. Just playfully. Nothing serious. Are you going to hurt me?”

“You’ll probably have some pain, but this isn’t about pain. It’s a reminder that you need to obey my orders exactly. Plus a good spanking reminds you of the order of things. I am in charge. I am your domme. You are subservient to me. Are you ready?”

“Yes, ma’am.” I liked the way she responded.

My hand came down in rapid succession on her pert little ass. She cried and whimpered with each blow. I lost count but meant to give her ten swats to each cheek. When I stopped her skin was a nice red.

“Will you do better in the future?” I asked her.

“Yes, ma’am,” Erin sobbed to me.

“Very good.” I rested my hand on her hot skin and then let it slip between her legs. Already her pussy was moistening. “Was it coming to my place or getting spanked that made you wet?”

“Both,” she answered.

“Good girl. Let’s go to the bedroom.” I led the way and she followed. When I glanced back she was suddenly acting shy and nervous, not the confident sub I had been looking forward to.

“What’s the matter, honey,” I asked her, taking her hand and pulling her into my bedroom. She didn’t get a chance to look at how carefully I’d cleaned for her, made my bed, and put away the sex toys I normally leave lying out because I’m a slob at heart.

“Nervous,” she confessed.

“Why?”

“I haven’t had sex with just you,” she said. “It’s been with Dean before. I’ve never been alone with a woman.”

I laughed at her. “I’ll be gentle.” Her eyes brightened. “No I won’t,” I corrected myself with another laugh. “But I’ll make sure you have a good time.”

She nodded eagerly, but also nervously, and I knelt down in front of her. I had already chained the cuff to my bedpost and it was easy enough to wrap the heavy leather strap around her thin ankle and use the small padlock to secure it. She looked at me, puzzled.

“Don’t I get more restraints?” she asked. Sometimes subs are eager to be tied down so they can’t move at all and then get fucked as hard as humanly possible, if not harder. I didn’t want that. I wanted her to remember her assigned role. Having sex with a restrained man is fucking incredible; having sex with another woman who is tied up can be terribly boring.

“No. Just this one; it’s so you can’t escape.”

“Oh.”

“Now bend over and hold onto the footboard.”

That made her excited. I moved her hips and legs about a bit, then walked over to my dresser and pulled out a leather flogger from the top drawer. It really wasn't anything beyond a flap of leather attached to a handle. It made a nice tool.

“Scream if you want,” I invited her.

I only applied three strokes to each cheek. She yelped and cried out with each blow. I didn't need to abuse her. I just needed to keep her in line. “Very good. Let's make love.” I got on the bed and invited her up with a crooked finger.

There are very few pleasures in life better than making love with another woman when it isn't being done of an audience or a tease for a husband or some other goal. I just wanted to have sex and a nice orgasm with Erin. She was a pretty little thing and she knew what she was doing. It took her a few minutes to understand what I wanted, but then it was pure pleasure. She stripped me, kissed me, went down on me, and made me cum with her lips and then her fingers. We played a little poke-and-tickle and finally I went down on her and made her cum. It wasn't porn star sex, but it was great sex.

When we were done we curled our bodies together, I was spooning her and cupping her tiny breast with one hand. “That was nice,” I told her.

“It's great to get away from the kids,” she admitted.

I laughed. “I bet.”

“I was half-expecting all sorts of weird things tonight. Is this it?”

“Is this it?” I repeated back to her. “Hell no. We're just getting started.”

“What are we waiting for?”

“You'll see.”

“Oh.” She held up her leg and admired the cuff I had put on her. The white

leather wasn't anything special but it was the only part of the set that was from a fetish website. The chain and lock were all from the hardware store. She had over eight feet of chain so it was easy to play with her on the bed. "I've never been chained up before. I played a little with bondage back in college and a little with Dean, but never like this. That stuff I knew I could slip out of. This is different."

"And what would you do if I never took it off you?" I asked her.

Her frightened expression returned. "I don't know...where's the key?"

I laughed at her. "It's safe. Don't worry. You'll get used to it." That's when my phone rang. I had left it in the kitchen. "Wait here," I told her. As if she had any choice. I grabbed my purple silk robe and wrapped it around me as I exited the room.

I don't know what Erin went through while she waited. I had been expecting the call and it took a few minutes to arrange everything. But eventually I walked back in with Keller in tow.

Erin sat up immediately and pressed her hands to her breasts and twisted her hips in the classic pose of a woman trying to hide her sexuality. It wasn't working. She was somehow sexier when she did that. I didn't let her get away with it however.

"Erin, is that any way to show respect to our guest? Take your hands down and open up your legs. Be a lady."

She was scared but when she looked over Keller and evaluated him she started to relax a touch. "This is Keller." I liked to introduce him to colleges and family members as my "umfriend" because we were really just friends with benefits. He wasn't my type really—I'm not sure I have a specific type but I wasn't going to marry him, that I knew—except when it came to sex. He knew how to fuck me every way plus sideways. "He's going to fuck you tonight. You'll like that, won't you, Erin?" I asked her in the tone a mother uses with a petulant child who is expected to answer yes regardless of her wishes.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied. Her hands were down from her tits and she let her legs relax a bit exposing her tiny slit to Keller's dark blue eyes.

“You chained her up?” he asked me. Keller stands just under six foot five and weighed in at just over two hundred pounds of muscle. He was some athlete in college and said he didn’t like fucking tiny cheerleaders because he was always certain he’d crush them with his bulk. Which is why he said he liked fucking me. Sometimes having a few extra curves works to my great advantage.

“Yes, can’t let submissives have the run of the place,” I told him.”

“She’s a tiny little thing.”

“She likes to fuck. Don’t worry, she can handle you.”

“Okay,” he agreed and started pulling off his clothes. I liked to watch him strip. He had a fantastic body.

“You just do what Keller says, okay, Erin?” I asked her.

She looked at me apprehensively and swallowed hard. “Yes, ma’am.”

“She’s very obedient,” Keller commented.

“She’s a very good sub,” I told him as I stepped over and stroked her hair to calm her down a touch. Together we watched Keller finish removing his clothes. His cock was already half-erect. That wouldn’t do. “Before we start, let’s get a picture.” My phone was still in my hand. I snapped a quick picture of the quizzical look on Erin’s face then I backed away. “Give Kell a nice blowjob,” I ordered her. “You don’t want that beautiful cock to go into your pussy only half-hard do you?”

Keller presented his cock to her mouth and she opened up. Subs live to please. She made short work of his cock and then found herself on her back. I didn’t bother to ask if Kell should use a condom. Did it matter?

I watched as Keller fucked her good and hard. It was my own personal sex show. I might have preferred to enjoy Keller with her, but that wasn’t the point of tonight’s exercise. As they fucked I gave Erin words of encouragement. She seemed happy to be full of a stranger’s cock.

All the while I took pictures of them. Erin could have had a sideline as an amateur porn actress if she wanted. I should have videoed Keller cumming

insider her tiny pussy. She screamed with such pleasure I flushed with jealousy.

When he was done with her Keller thanked Erin—who seemed barely conscious after being fucked so thoroughly—and then me. “When do I get back in your pussy?” he asked before he left.

“Ha ha! When I’m done with this sub. Maybe in a few weeks,” I half-promised. Then I ushered him out the door.

When Erin had sufficiently recovered I showed her the pictures on the phone. “You’re beautiful,” I told her.

“Thank you, but I’m not really.”

“You are and you should accept a compliment a little better.” I took the phone away from her and started making a few adjustments to the pix. “It’s easy to tell from your face you love getting fucked. I’m going to leave the chain on your leg tonight. You need to remember your place. Do you have any objection to that?”

“No, as long as you hold me when we sleep.”

I smiled at her and said. “Of course. What domme wouldn’t want to possess her sub every possible moment?” Then I showed her my phone again. It took her a moment to understand what she was looking at.

“That’s Dean’s phone number,” she blurted.

“I want to send him your pictures. I think he’ll enjoy them.”

Her face froze. “But...he’ll know what I’ve done.”

I gave her a disparaging look. “He already knows what you’ve been doing.”

“But he thought I was just going to have sex with you.”

“Dean’s smarter than that. Or he should be after having an affair with me for months.”

“But...he’ll know. I’ll be rubbing his face in it.”

“I’m sure Dean likes a little bit of humiliation. He’ll get off on it. Oh shit! That

reminds me. Lay back and spread your legs. I need an after photo.”

I was certain that she was going to say no, declare red and get the hell out of my apartment. Then her will collapsed and she lay back on the mattress and spread her legs. Her poor little pussy was bright red. Keller’s cum was just starting to leak out of her. I added a few more pix to the collection and readied the message for Dean.

It was then I showed the phone to her again. “Press the send button for me,” I told her. “Or not. It’s your choice.”

We exchanged a look and she understood everything that sending those pictures to her husband meant. She confidently pressed the button.

Ten minutes later Dean sent me a picture in response. It was his semi-hard cock and his hand was full of his cum. I showed it to Erin. “See, he does love you.”

Her face brightened and she sighed with relief. “Wow.”

Subs are so easy to please sometimes. We curled up next to each other in bed and drifted off to sleep.

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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