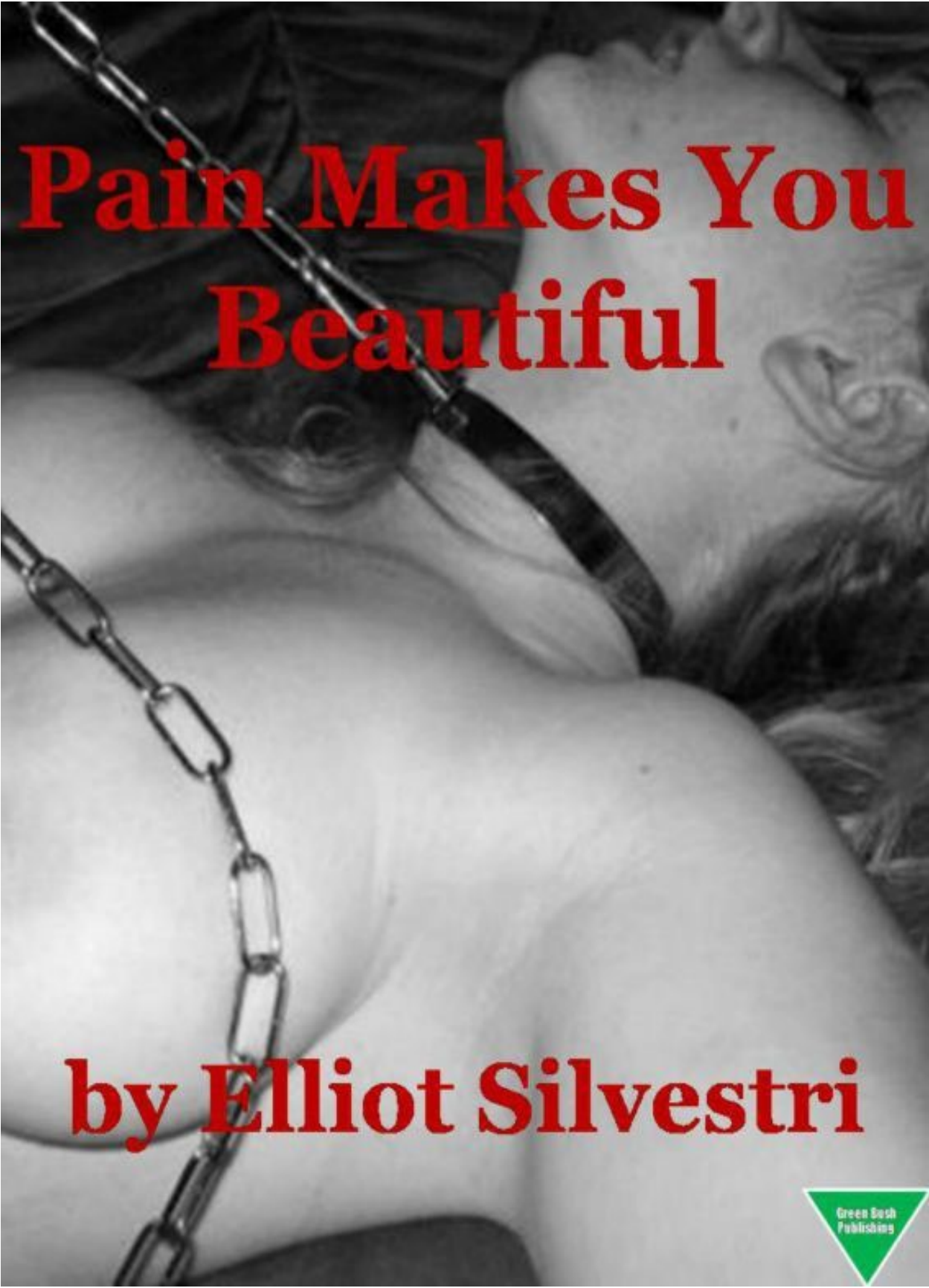
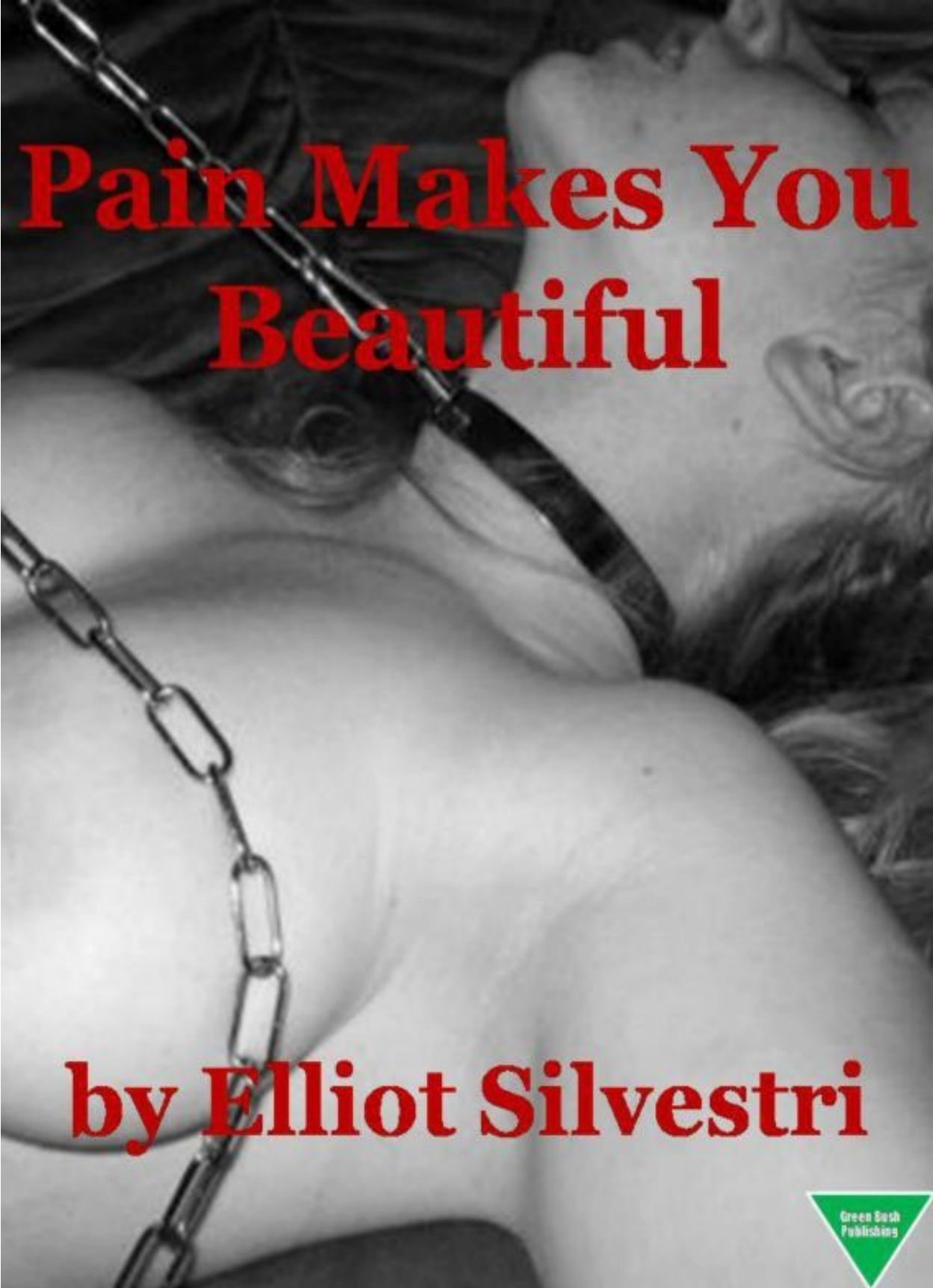


A black and white photograph of a person's neck and shoulder. A metal chain is wrapped around the neck and extends down the shoulder. The person's head is tilted back, and their face is partially visible in the upper right corner.

# **Pain Makes You Beautiful**

**by Elliot Silvestri**

Green Sash  
Publishing



# **Pain Makes You Beautiful**

**by Elliot Silvestri**

Green Sash  
Publishing

# **Pain Makes You Beautiful**

By Elliot Silvestri

Copyright 2012 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

Smashwords Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.  
Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

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

If you're the type of person to read copyright notices, why don't you go to [elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com](http://elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com) and get a coupon code for a free book at [Smashwords.com](http://Smashwords.com).

## **Also by Elliot Silvestri**

*And Giselle's Mother*

*Astrophil & Stella*

*The Breast of Dawn*

*The Breast of Day*

*The Breast of Night*

*The Collegiate Milkmaid*

*Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around*

*Gretchen's Twins*

*His and Hers Affairs*

*Jillian's Contract*

*Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski*

*Luke's Milkmaids*

*Margeaux Known As*

*Ménage á Milk*

*Milk Addict*

*The Milk Thief*

*Milking the O'Malleys*

*Misanthrope – First Summer*

*Never Too Many Pregos*

*Penny's Secret Life*

*The Red Collar*

*Rosemilk*

*The Troll's Trollop*

*True Cow Girl*

*Victor's Chastity*

*A Virgin Sacrifice*

## **Collections**

*The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection*

*The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader*

*The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1*

*The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2*

*The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3*

*Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation*

# Chapter One

Raff ran into his new neighbor in the morning while he was finishing some trimming the bushes in front of his house. Normally he never rose so early on a Saturday morning for any reason, let alone yard work, but he needed to speak with her. He didn't even know her name, but he knew that she went outside every morning to let their dog out into the yard. After working for just half an hour she appeared. While trying to make it appear casual Raff stopped his cutting, waved, and casually walked over to make it appear like he was just approaching her for a neighborly chat.

They had moved in two weeks earlier and seemed—at a distance—a nice couple. Raff didn't know either of their names but that wasn't stopping him. She was pretty—but plain. Her straight black hair was cut bluntly at chin level. The dark hair contrasted with her pale skin—she looked like she didn't spend enough time in the sun. As he walked closer he noticed his neighbor was a small slip of a girl. Certainly she was a woman, her t-shirt clung to her body and in the slightly cool air it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath it. Her nipples stood out prominently from her large breasts. Raff tried to avert his gaze from her exposed cleavage and bulging nipples. Instead he focused on the fine bone structure of her face and the thinness of her arms. She wasn't wearing any makeup but was still attractive.

“Hi,” he said. “I’m Raff, your neighbor. Sorry I haven’t been over to introduce myself earlier.” He stuck out his hand and she shook it politely, diving her attention between him and her dog.

“Jenee,” she said. “That’s okay, everything is crazy after moving in to a new place.”

“Right,” he agreed.

“That’s an unusual name, Raff.”

“It’s short for Rafferty. My mother’s maiden name.”

“I thought it was traditional for mother’s maiden name’s to be used as a middle name.”

“My middle is Charles. My parents were social rebels,” he laughed.

“I can see that.” Her dog came over with a tennis ball. It was some type of mutt with a little bit of everything. She grabbed the tennis ball away and threw it to the other side of the yard. The tan mutt scampered away.

Raff glanced around and saw no sign of anyone else in the yard or in their house. “Is your husband around?” he asked politely, as if looking for an introduction.

“Tommy?” she laughed. “He’s still asleep. Dead to the world. You’ll have to meet him later. And he’s not my husband, he’s my partner.”

The slightly unusual use of the word partner caught Raff off guard. He was used to the term partner being used for business associates or cops or gay couples. “I didn’t realize you two weren’t married.”

“We aren’t the marrying type. We’ve been together seven years now.” She laughed ruefully at the statement. “I can’t believe we’ve been together seven years. And a house now.”

“Time flies,” Raff commented than boldly blundered forward. “Look, Jenee, I don’t want to seem like I’m interposing myself where I’m not wanted, but, um, I heard you and Tommy last night. And it sounded like things were getting pretty rough. I heard you screaming.”

Her face immediately flushed red and she looked away from him. “Oh shit. We must have left a window open. I’m so sorry. We’ll keep it down next time.”

That was not the answer or reply he was expecting. It was all Raff could do to keep from goggling at her. “Uh, that wasn’t what I was saying. It sounded like he was beating you up. I could hear the slaps and your screams. I can’t just sit by and pretend I’m being a good neighbor and just let your boyfriend beat you up. Do you want me to help you get in touch with social services?”

Jenee stared at him a moment then burst out laughing. “I’m sorry,” she apologized after a long, uncomfortable pause. “He wasn’t beating me up. We were having sex. I like to be spanked. We like it rough. He isn’t hurting me.” She

paused and mashed her lips together. “Well, he is, but I want him to. It’s a good type of hurting.”

Raff didn’t know what to say. He heard himself speaking words. “Oh fuck. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything. I’ll go now.” He turned and quickly walked away, his face burning bright red.

There was one last burst of laughter from Jenee as he retreated into his garage.

Later that afternoon Raff’s doorbell rang. The moment he saw Jenee through the front door’s window his heart stopped and he wanted to go into hiding, pretending she wasn’t there, but that was impossible because she had already seen him as well. He closed his eyes a moment, then pulled the door open.

“Hello,” she began before he could get a word out of his semi-paralyzed mouth. “I want to apologize about this morning. I didn’t mean to shock or embarrass you like that.” She held up a plate covered with aluminum foil.

“Oh, that’s okay, I was prying where I shouldn’t have been,” Raff said as she pulled back the foil to reveal a plate of chocolate chip cookies. “Oh. Well then. Apology accepted.”

She smiled. “So you’re a man who thinks with his stomach.” Jenee passed the plate to him. Raff accepted it after snatching a cookie off the top of the pile.

“Yes. Too true.” He bit the cookie in half. It was still warm, not too crunchy and full of chips.

“Then Tommy and I would like to invite you over for dinner tonight.”

Dinner was an oddly stilted affair. Tommy and Jenee were polite hosts. Both had dressed casually but with just a touch of suburban class. Raff hadn’t known what to wear so he fell back on his customary work clothes of chino pants and an open neck Oxford shirt. He felt overdressed. Any hints of his new neighbors sexuality was kept well hidden.

As they were finishing dessert—a chocolate mousse that Jenee had made along with everything else for the dinner—they had apparently exhausted every other possible conversation topic. Or perhaps Tommy had thought the time was right to bring up an uncomfortable subject.

“Sorry we left the window open last night,” he said. “Jenee gets kind of vocal when we’re playing. We’ll remember to keep it closed in the future.”

“It quite all right,” Raff said. He wanted to put the whole issue behind him. Already he was flushing red in the face again.

“Your bedroom window must face our playroom,” Jenee commented. “These older houses were oddly placed.

Raff said, “Ah, no. Actually, my work room faces your window.”

“Your work room?”

“I’m a graphic artist. I was finishing up an ad for a client last night.”

Jenee sighed. “Oh. That’s kind of sad. You spent Friday night working and everyone else was...” she paused. “Well, you know what we were doing.” He smile came through her sad tone. Though still casual Jenee had put on some lipstick and added a bit of eyeliner since their morning encounter. “Don’t you have a girlfriend...or something.”

Raff chuckled. “Yeah, I’ve got a pretty serious girlfriend. We’re talking marriage.”

“Then where the hell was she last night?” Tommy asked. “Or tonight? You didn’t leave her all alone over there, did you?”

“No, no. She’s in Rochester finishing her master’s.”

“Long distance relationship?”

“Yeah.”

“How’s that working out for you?” Tommy asked.

Uncomfortable, Raff looked away. “It’s...okay. We spend too much time on the phone and texting instead of actually being face to face.” Tommy and Jeneé could sense his uncomfortable jealousy of their relationship. Jeneé decided to change the subject.

“Would you like a tour of our house? We just finished the major unpacking and most of the decoration.”

What followed was a mundane tour of the house that ended in what Jeneé called the playroom. Raff expected children’s toys to be strewn about. After taking in the room’s contents for a moment he remembered they didn’t have any children.

“One of the reasons we bought this place was to have a private room just for us,” Jeneé said.

“Geez, did you have to show him everything,” Tommy commented from the hallway.

“It’s not like he doesn’t know it exists,” Jeneé replied.

Inside the room was a closed wooden cabinet, a padded bench that had several leather restraints attached to the wooden frame, a large and heavy wooden X-cross bolted to one wall also with leather restraints. Leaning in one corner was what looked like a wooden stockade that Puritans used on lawbreakers. One wall sported a large number of hooks from which hung a variety of whips, switches, paddles, and other devices of torture. Raff wasn’t stupid. He knew exactly what he was looking at. To see it all in one place at one time was jarring in the mundane setting of a suburban home.

“We’re pretty serious about our sex games,” Jeneé said. “We’re always safe and everything is consensual. We just wanted to let you know. We fucked up last night leaving the window open and attracting your attention. We came out here in the middle of dullsville for privacy and quiet and we almost immediately made that mistake. We apologize.”

“Uh, why are you showing this to me?” was all Raff could think to ask.

“Because we don’t want you calling the cops or social services. We’re kinky but not criminals.” Jeneé smiled sweetly at him. In the kitchen she looked just like another suburban woman intent on career and a happy home life. When she

walked into the playroom she and Tommy had crafted, she suddenly looked like a woman overtaken by her sexuality. It was in her eyes, Raff saw unadulterated lust as she touched a well-used crop hanging from the wall.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. Isn’t that what suburbia is about? Anonymity?”

Tommy and Jenee visibly relaxed and exhaled. “Well, that’s fine then,” Tommy said as he stepped over to the door.

“Great!” Jenee agreed. “Want to see what we do?” she asked a little too brightly.

“What?” Raff exclaimed.

“Ha!” Tommy half-snorted. “I think Jenee’s had a little too much wine with dinner. And she’s an exhibitionist, so she likes to show off in front of people, especially strangers.”

“Raff’s no stranger,” Jenee protested. “He’s our neighbor and friend. C’mon. Show him how you use the crop on me!” Without letting him answer Jenee pulled her knit polo shirt up over her head and dropped it to the floor. Underneath she was wearing a plain white cotton bra that more than adequately covered her breasts. It was a typical, boring, middle-class American garment. Raff was mesmerized.

“Honey, don’t,” Tommy protested but Jenee ignored him. She reached behind her back and turned to face the wall at the same time. With one practiced motion she unhooked her bra, pulled it off, and dropped it on top of her shirt. There were a pair of handles bolted to the wall. She reached up and grabbed them, then looked over her shoulder at her partner. “Well?” she asked expectantly. “Are you going to give me my stripes or not?”

She was leaning forward slightly, making her ass stick out and up ever so slightly. It was very attractive and Raff realized he was getting an erection. He couldn’t see her bare breasts, but he knew what she was expecting Tommy to do and that excited him.

“I apologize,” Tommy said. “She shouldn’t be dragging you into our private life,” he said with a bit of an edge to his voice as he looked at his wife.

“You’re no fun, Tommy,” she said to her partner. She hadn’t moved.

“That’s okay,” Raff said. “You don’t need to do this.”

Jenee asked a simple question. “Haven’t you ever seen a woman whipped before? I know you want to, don’t you?”

Raff hesitated. No, he had never seen a woman abused in the way she was proposing—except in porn videos which were mostly fake he knew. And yes, he admitted to himself, he did want to see it.

The hesitation lasted too long. “You want to, don’t you?” she teased and prompted him.

Tommy was silent and motionless. Jenee reached out, slipped the crop off its hook on the wall and handed it to Tommy. “That’s okay, you don’t have to say anything. Just watch.”

Raff was frozen to his spot on the floor. Tommy took the crop and stepped to Jenee’s side. It was silent for a long moment in the room. Raff looked at the smooth white skin of Jenee’s back. It appeared to be unmarked. There were no bruises or scars or cuts that he could see. It looked perfectly smooth—delicate and unmarred, beautiful.

Then the crop whistled through the air and there was a light crack as the crop landed on her skin. Jenee jerked slightly but only made the smallest of noises in protest to the wallop. Almost immediately a thin red line rose up on her skin and she sighed. “Again. More.” The words were softly spoken but they were most definitely commands. Tommy raised his hand five more times, striking Jenee coolly and with great precision. What he left was a crosshatched set of lines down her back. After he was done Jenee looked over her shoulder. Next to the door was a floor length mirror. She admired her new markings in the mirror. “They’re beautiful,” she told Tommy who hung up the crop. “Thank you.”

He nodded.

Jenee fixed her gaze on Raff and turned around displaying her bare breasts to him. Unconsciously his eyes dropped to inspect her tits. They were big, much bigger than looked comfortable on her small, thin frame, but they were undoubtedly real. Jenee didn’t seem the type to go for artificial breast enlargement. What caught his attention much more than their size and the mere fact he was viewing them were the small piercings through the nipples. On each

side of her nipples were small silver balls. He knew that a rod must go through each nipple. It was both erotic and strange to him. Beautiful, no doubt, and matching her personality perfectly. Raff wanted to reach out and touch them but he controlled his impulse.

“Would you like a turn?” she asked Raff. The question seemed so innocent, as if she were asking him if he wanted an opportunity to play with a newtoy. And she was.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Raff said taking a step back and bumping up against the wall.

Jenee chuckled. “No, not with the crop. Don’t be silly. That takes a bit of practice and skill. I want you to use a paddle on me.” She turned to the wall with the hooks and choose a small wooden paddle. It wasn’t much larger than a ping pong paddle, but was covered with a thin layer of leather. There was a leather strap to go around the wrist while holding the handle and it was rectangular rather than round. When she handed it to Raff he automatically took it, not wanting to offend his hosts, and placed the strap around his wrist when he gripped the carved handle. It felt natural in his hand.

“Should I just...?” he started to ask, uncertain as to what was expected of him.

“No, wait. Let me get back in position,” Jenee said. Tommy took a step back and seemed to fade away. Raff was focused on the job in front of him and everything else was set aside.

Jenee went back underneath the handles of the wall, but instead of reaching up she instead unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them along with her plain white panties down to her ankles. She stepped out of the garments and kicked them aside. Only then did she reach up and grasp the handles once more. It was obvious she had done this before. Her butt stuck out at exactly the right angle and height. It was nicely curved and perfectly smooth and white. Raff desperately wanted to fall on his knees and caress her skin but kept control of himself. With a shake of his head he reminded himself he was there to do a job. As he stepped forward he glanced at the one window in the room. It was closed.

She spread her legs just a bit and readied herself. “Don’t be shy,” she told him. “Give me a good smack. You can’t hurt my ass too much.” She smiled and winked at him, then turned to the wall. She closed her eyes and rested her head

on her arm.

Raff realized he was trembling a bit and his breathing had increased to short shallow bursts of air. Taking a moment he focused himself, forgot where he was and intentionally lost himself in the moment. Looking down at the paddle he concentrated on it, looked at Jenee's perfect ass, swung the paddle back, then quickly forward.

At the last moment he pulled back slightly partly ruining the impact. Still it struck the skin of her right cheek with a satisfying crack! Jenee jumped a bit at the blow and yelped just a tiny bit. He wondered if that was for his benefit or if she actually felt the blow. "Again!" she ordered.

He pulled back his arm and let loose another smack. This one he didn't pull back at all. It landed solidly on her left cheek exactly where he meant to place it. The audible crack was much more satisfying. A pink blush spread over her ass. It was a vivid contrast to her pale skin. A louder yelp escaped Jenee's lips this time. Raff was confident that this time she wasn't playacting.

"Much better," she complimented him. "Four more strokes on each side please."

Raff nodded and felt a bit of confidence building. She wanted this and was pleased with his performance. The next series of blows he landed in a steady series on her upturned ass, varying the landing target with each one, but keeping the power behind each strike the same. Jenee cried out her approval with each smack. When he was done exhilaration was running through his veins. He felt alive and powerful. He wanted to keep smacking Jenee's ass until she screamed at him to stop and then he wanted to keep going. But he had agreed to ten and catching a glimpse of a closely watching Tommy from the corner of his eye he remembered where he was and what he was supposed to be doing. He stopped.

"Oh. Ow. Fuck that hurt," Jenee sobbed as she leaned against the wall.

That sent Raff into shock. "I'm sorry," he blurted out and stepped forward to put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

Instead she stopped him with a quick tirade. "Don't fucking apologize!" she raged at him. "It was fucking good! It's supposed to hurt!" She sobbed a bit more and when she turned her head he realized she was actually crying; tears were streaming down her cheeks. Jenee released one handle and felt between her

legs. “Oh, fucking hell, I’m so wet.” She looked at Tommy. “He made me wet.”

“It’s the newness,” Tommy said. “New and strange.”

Jenee said, “Fuck me,” to Raff.

“What? No. I can’t.” His cock was bulging at the front of his pants. His body told him Jenee was ready and willing to copulate, but his mind was holding him back.

“No,” she told him. “Just do it. I need to get fucked right now!”

“But...Tommy,” Raff protested, gesturing to her partner.

Tommy shook his head. “No. She wants you. Go ahead. She’s got the tightest pussy.”

“C’mon!” she protested. “Get your pants off and fuck me before I use the goddamn paddle on you!”

Not really understanding why he was following the orders Raff opened up his pants and got behind Jenee. When his skin touched hers it was like she was on fire, running a crippling fever. She didn’t protest at the painful sliding of skin on skin. His cock was already erect and it slipped easily between her thighs. He bent his knees to find the right angle. She was a good deal shorter than him. Then, before he fully realized what he was doing, his cock was in her pussy and he was fucking her while Tommy watched.

Tommy was right. Her pussy was tight and slick with her wetness. Raff held her in place up against the wall and fucked her hard and fast. He grabbed a tit in one hand and her waist in the other and thrust without technique. There was nothing romantic about their coupling, it was raw passion.

All too soon Jenee started cumming with a wailing cry. That was enough to set Raff off and he erupting inside her pussy, bathing her insides with his spunk. He rammed his hips against her as he came, trying to force his cum as deep inside her cunt as possible. When he was done he pulled out and stumbled backwards until he was leaning against the wooden X-cross on the wall.

“Fucking hell,” he breathed.

“That was a great fuck, Raff,” Tommy told him as he handed a towel to the man who just fucked his partner.

Self-consciously Raff took it and cleaned himself up. Jenee turned around and Raff noticed that she had removed all her pubic hair. That didn’t surprise him—it seemed natural and normal with her. Reflecting on their fast and furious fuck he realized he hadn’t felt any hair on her cunt. She grabbed a towel from Tommy as well, wiping between her legs. “That was great,” she complimented him. “You can come over anytime and fuck me six ways from Sunday.”

Raff just nodded. He didn’t remember pulling up his pants or what he said as they recovered from their fornication. Polite goodbyes were made and Raff shambled back to his house. When he rolled into his bed he stared up at the ceiling. “Fucking hell...what am I going to say to Chloë?”

## Chapter Two

“I suggest you tell her exactly what happened the next time you talk to her. Honesty is always the best policy.” Jenée suggested. It was Sunday afternoon and Jenée had wandered over into his yard as Henrietta the dog played behind the fence.

“I already talked to her this morning and I didn’t say a word. She’s got a series of tests tomorrow. She’ll be here next weekend.”

Jenée shrugged. “Maybe wait until then. You don’t have to give her an exact timeline. In person is better, I think. And I can meet her too! I bet she’s a great person like you!”

“You barely know me,” Raff protested.

“But I get a great vibe from you. And a great fuck as well.”

“Don’t say that,” he hissed.

“Why? Who’ll hear?”

“I don’t know!”

“I want you to know anytime you’re horny and Chloë isn’t around, you can come over and fuck me.”

“No. That’s not going to happen. It happened once and it’s not going to happen again.”

Jenée blew a stray strand of hair out of her face and shook her head. “Oh, there you are wrong. I saw you last night. I felt you last night. You enjoyed spanking and fucking me as much as I loved it. It’s certainly not the last time. You don’t know it yet, but you’re addicted.”

Raff didn’t say anything. He didn’t want to admit she might be right and he didn’t know how to fix his life that he had stupidly fucked up.

The resolved to put it behind him. So he had fucked Jenee once and cheated on his fiancée? Worse things had happened. He debated telling her the truth about the new neighbors and was determined to do everything to avoid them. Monday night came and he was once again working at his drafting table. It was a warm early autumn evening and the sounds of Jenee and Tommy's coupling drifted across the narrow gap between their houses.

Raff's concentration was broken as he inked the artwork in front of him. He knew they had intentionally left their window open. Jenee was tempting him. And he was tempted. Raff stood up and closed the window, then turned on the ceiling fan.

Tuesday was the same. He had managed to avoid his neighbors, hiding carefully inside his house until they left for work. Again in the evening their window was open. Raff wasn't working that night. He closed his living room windows and tried to concentrate on watching a movie. He didn't even remember the name of it when the film was over.

On Wednesday night he made sure all his windows were closed but partially broke down and viewed some internet porn and masturbated. He tried to focus on the porn and pull up images of Chloë, but all he could really think of was spanking Jenee's ass.

It was on Thursday night when he broke down and rang their doorbell. Jenee answered. She was wearing a dress shirt and a simple business-casual skirt. She looked so plain and ordinary. So did he, dressed once again in an Oxford button down and tan Dockers. Her grin upon seeing him said everything. "I'm surprised you held out until today. You must have ten times the self control that Tommy had right after I met him." She stepped back and beckoned him inside.

Raff hesitated. "I was just coming over to..." he trailed off. He didn't have a good reason to be at their house. He just wanted to spank Jenee again and then—hopefully—fuck her.

Exasperated Jenee sighed and looked at him with an almost bored expression. "You came over here to get laid," she completed for him. "Just say it, admit it, and we'll move on. I can't deal with people who can't put aside their outward public lives and admit what they like to do in private." She balled up her fists

and planted them on her hips. “So, what’s it going to be? In or out?”

The way she put it Raff had to stop himself from laughing out loud. He realized how the game was supposed to be played. “I came over here to spank you as well,” he said as forcefully as he dared.

Her expression softened into a smile. “Well, thank goodness for that.”

Raff stepped off the front porch and into their house. She led the way back through the living room and into the kitchen. Tommy was cleaning up from their dinner. “Keep washing the dishes, hon,” she said as they passed through. “Raff’s going to give me a bit of discipline and maybe a fucking.”

Her partner wasn’t the least bit fazed by the announcement or Raff’s appearance. Tommy just nodded at her and looked at Raff. “Good luck,” he said with a wink.

It was all Raff could do to nod and keep moving on. Jenee had already disappeared into the playroom. He knew exactly where to go. She was waiting for him unbuttoning her shirt and smiling broadly. “I’m so glad that you came over,” she told him.

“Why?” he asked. He stopped once he took a step inside the room. She continued undressing, dropping her shirt to the floor, followed by her skirt. It wasn’t in Jenee’s psyche to be worried she was getting naked in front of a near-stranger, even if that near-stranger had recently fucked her.

“I need someone else to play with,” she said. “Just playing with Tommy can get dull. I need variety.” She stepped around him and closed the door. She didn’t lock it but Raff wondered why she had intentionally excluded her regular partner from what they were about to do. Without understanding why Raff had been more comfortable with Tommy watching than he was with Jenee along.

“Oh.”

Moving quickly and smoothly Jenee pulled down the straps to her plain white bra, twisted it around her torso and unhooked it, freeing her breasts. Without stopping she hooked her thumbs into her panty’s waistband and pulled them off. In but a few seconds she was naked but for a simple necklace and a bracelet on her right wrist.

“How do you want to do this?” she asked.

“You’re naked,” he said flatly. Raff nervously hand his hand over his short hair and wished he hadn’t taken out his contacts earlier. He felt a bit out of place.

“It’s easier to have sex that way,” she explained. “Why don’t you sit down and I’ll lay across your lap. You can give me a spanking and we’ll go from there.”

“Okay,” he agreed. It was what he had come over for.

“Are you right or left handed?”

“Right.”

She took him by the hand and pulled him over to the bench along the wall with the window. He sat down and she laid across his lap resting her tummy on her lap, then looked over her shoulder expectantly at him. “Go ahead. Or do you want to use a paddle?”

Raff looked at his hand. “No. I think this is fine.”

“Go ahead when you’re ready.” She turned back around and faced the wall. Raff delicately placed the palm of his hand on her right buttock. It was soft and smooth. Her skin was warm. Her muscles moved ever so slightly beneath the skin and there was just the right about of padding in the way of fat on her ass. “Go ahead,” she breathed out.

His cock was uncomfortably large inside his pants and Jenee’s weight, no matter how slight, made the discomfort worse. He tried to focus on his desired but that didn’t help. He looked at her smooth, perfect ass and that just distracted him. Then he thought of Chloë and he brought his hand up and down with a fierce smack.

“Oh!” Jenee exclaimed unexpectedly. “That was good. More.”

And he followed her orders. Each time his hand came down Jenee jerked slightly, trying to avoid his blows. With each wiggle she stimulated his cock. Every slap resulted in her skin changing color starting with her pale white, then to pink, then to a near-red shade.

Spanking Jenee made Raff feel better about Chloë. He didn't mind the guilt as long as he was abusing Jenee. He didn't know for how long he spanked her, but after a while her body was shaking but not in response to each slap he gave her. Raff stopped his steady rain of blows.

"Are you okay?" he asked her.

Jenee nodded, turned around to look at him over her shoulder. She was crying. At that moment it struck him how incredibly gorgeous she was. "Uh-huh," she blubbered.

"Oh shit. I've hurt you."

"Yeah," she sniveled. "But I wanted you to. It feels so good. Feel my pussy. She opened up her legs a bit, twisted around, and still face down on his lap, grabbed his hand, thrusting it between her legs, under her buttocks. Raff didn't even have to penetrate her pussy lips with his fingers. Her cunt was seeping out a small flood of her juices. "Fuck me," she commanded and crawled off his lap onto the floor. Her ass went up in the air, her legs were spread and her head was down.

Presented in this way, Raff had no resistance to Jenee's charms. He hurriedly unbuckled his pants, pulled them down and kicked them free. His cock was rampant and ready with a small smear of precum on the head. There was no subtlety in entering her pussy. He simply sank his manhood into her depths without resistance. "Fuck me fuck me fuck me," she chanted.

And he did.

Their coupling only lasted two minutes at the most. Raff didn't even realize how quickly he came, spewing his seed deep into her. He wasn't even sure if Jenee actually came or not. In the moment it didn't matter. He was sated and humiliated at his weakness.

"Oh, that was good," Jenee complimented him when he pulled out.

"Sorry it was over so quick," he apologized.

That caused her to laugh. "Quick? You must have been spanking my ass for a good ten minutes. Look how red it is!"

Glancing downward he saw that, indeed, the fair skin of Jenee's rump had been turned into a burning red. "Fucking hell! Sorry, I didn't mean to be so rough."

She laughed at him. "But I like it like that. And you gave Tommy the night off, so he'll appreciate that."

The way she referred to her partner as being happy with Raff fucking her disoriented Raff. "If you say so." He stumbled backwards and pulled his underwear and pants back in place.

"When did you say that your girlfriend would be visiting?" Jenee asked.

"Fiancée," he corrected her. "And, uh, it'll be Friday. She'll get in late Friday night. She'll be here for the weekend." He tensed up and started to panic. Raff was the sort of person who didn't do well with confrontation. "You aren't going to tell her about this, are you?"

Jenee pursed her lips in a little moue of annoyance. "Not if you don't want me to. But I really think that you should tell her. Secrets can't last in a relationship."

"Why do you want to know when she's coming," Raff asked, nervous.

"I want to invite the two of you over for dinner. I like to cook," she said with a telling smile

As promised Chloë drove into town late Friday night. She was exhausted to the point of nearly falling asleep at the wheel. Raff got her inside, gave her a kiss, and helped her into bed. Less than a minute later his fiancée was asleep. He brushed her long blond hair out of her face, pulled off her shoes and then started to undress her. She was only mostly asleep and protested his attempts to help her, but he was damned if he was going to sleep next to a woman in jeans and a college sweat shirt. Once she was down to her panties and t-shirt, Raff stopped stripping her. As usual, she wasn't wearing a bra over her tiny tits and that was good enough for him.

He woke up with Chloë rubbing his cock. "Sorry I fell asleep on you last night," she half whispered in his ear. "But I was dead tired. Want to make love?"

There was no need for speaking. The rest of their clothes quickly came off and Chloë climbed on top of Raff's erection. It was their typical reunion sex. He liked to watch as she bounced up and down on his hips. Her small breasts barely moved. They were in high contrast to Jenee's huge tits and Raff immediately hated himself for comparing the two women he was fucking. He knew he needed to tell Chloë about what he had done, but he didn't have the courage before they were fucking, or during, and most especially after he came inside her.

"I needed that," she hissed in his ear as her orgasm washed away.

"You're welcome," he said. She laughed at him and rolled over and off the bed. A minute later the shower was running. He hesitated, then dragged himself from the bed and joined her.

"It's a little crowded in here," she commented as she washed her hair. Raff moved under the water and grabbed the soap.

"I forgot to tell you something," he said.

"Forgot? I came home and fell asleep, then we had sex. When did you have time to tell me anything?"

"Uh, Thursday or Friday."

"So, out with it. What did you forget to tell me?"

"We have a date tonight."

Chloë frowned. "We always have a date on Saturday when I get back home."

"We have a dinner date with the neighbors," he amended.

"Oh! Did you meet them?"

"Yes. They're very...nice."

She laughed at him and moved him away from the water. As she rinsed her long hair she said, "Nice. You make it sound like something bad. Is there something wrong with them I should know about before we go over with a bottle of wine and my homemade cheesecake dessert?"

Now would have been the time for him to tell her about his indiscretion with Jenee. Now would have been the time to tell her that the neighbors were into serious sex and pain games and that he had participated. Now would have been the time to warn Chloë that he was positive Jenee wanted to seduce his fiancée and see what Raff's reaction would be.

He didn't say any of these things. He was a coward.

"No, they're perfectly nice. Maybe a little odd, but who isn't nowadays?"

She squinted at him through the water and soap. "Okay...should I be prepared for crazy cat lady or Satanist or über-Republicans."

Trying to laugh her reaction off he said, "Probably all of the above."

Six o'clock found them ringing the bell on Tommy and Jenee's front porch. Raff was holding the wine, clutching it like it would go shooting out of his grasp the moment his attention was diverted. Chloë held the pan container her homemade cheesecake. She always insisted on making and bringing it to every party they attended. Normally Raff loved it. Now it was the furthest thing from his mind.

Jenee opened the door with a wide smile. "Hello," she greeted them. "You must be Chloë. Raff's told me a lot about you. I'm Jenee."

"Probably all lies and misconceptions," she said in friendly, familiar fashion. "I have to tell you before we come inside that when this place was up for sale I wanted to come over and take a tour because I'm a terrible snoop and I needed to know what the inside was like."

Jenee's smile widened. "Well, we've extensively redecorated, but I'm glad to give you the complete tour."

"After dinner is over," Tommy announced from the kitchen as they walked in. "Ribs are done and we're ready to eat."

Dinner went as well as could be expected. The conversation was light and didn't focus on any particular subject which was a happy event from Raff's point of view. They opened the bottle of wine Raff had brought, then another that Tommy

supplied. Raff was pretty sure another was opened as well, but he wasn't paying close attention and started remembering that even in college he was a drinking lightweight. Before he knew it the dishes were cleared, Chloë's cheesecake was served, and Raff found himself laughing hysterically at Tommy's tales of dealing with mental health insurance for state workers. Then he realized he and Tommy were alone.

"Where are the women?" he abruptly asked Tommy.

He waved his hand vaguely at the back half of the house. "Somewhere. Going on a tour."

Raff jumped to his feet, knocking the chair to the floor in the process, and stumbled toward the playroom. He knew he was already too late.

"Should have told her before you brought her over for dinner, pal," Tommy said as Raff exited the dining room.

As expected he found them in the playroom. If there had been a tour of the rest of the house it had already occurred. He couldn't tell how long they had been in the room, but it was too long. Somehow Jenee had convinced Chloë to allow her to be strapped onto the large wooden X-cross. Both women were both fully clothed. Maybe it wasn't too late...

He just stood in the doorway as they talked and laughed. "You say this is called a St. Andrew's cross?"

"Yes indeed. Named after St. Andrew, of course, patron saint of Scotland and a whole bunch of other stuff. It's a pretty standard, though fancy piece of bondage equipment."

"Why the X?"

"Because St. Andrew was crucified on an X-shaped cross."

As they were talking Jenee finished tightening the leather straps around Chloë's wrists and ankles. She didn't bother with the waist belt. "And you've used this?" Chloë asked with great curiosity.

"Mmm-hmm," Jenee replied. "Many times."

“You...like to get spanked?” she asked incredulously.

“Oh yes. You should try it.”

At that statement Chloë burst out laughing, but there was curiosity in her laughter.

“I don’t think Chloë is into that,” Raff said, trying to come to the rescue of his love.

The women turned their heads and looked at him. Jenee said nothing. Chloë waggled her ass at him. “How do you know that?” she asked her fiancée.

“Umm...just guessing.”

They laughed at him again. “Maybe I want to try it out,” she said boldly.

“You already are,” he pointed out. His head felt fuzzy from all the wine.

“So I am. But I’m not being spanked.” She wiggled her ass again. “Want to give it a try?”

“No, that’s okay,” he demurred.

“Huh.” She looked over at Jenee. “Is it that hard to find a man to spank you?”

“I’ve never had trouble,” she said.

“Yeah? Who? Just your husband?”

“Well, Tommy, yes. But he’s not my husband.”

Chloë rolled her eyes. “Right. Partner.” She wasn’t the least bit bothered that she was all but perfectly vulnerable and helpless on the cross. “Who else?”

“I’ve had a bunch of guys do it to me. And a couple of women.”

That piqued Chloë’s interest. “Really. You swing that way?” She realized from the way she was talking she was drunk. She was never so bold about sexual matters when she was sober.

“Never had sex with a woman,” Jenée pointed out. “They’ve just spanked me. Spanking isn’t sex.”

“Oh. Right.”

Raff was frozen in place. He was too drunk to think straight and he didn’t want to do anything that might jeopardize his relationship with Chloë. And then Jenée asked, “Do you want me to spank you?”

The pause in the conversation was palpable. Chloë was sober enough to realize that if she said yes she’d reveal she had an interest in that sort of thing, which was already apparent because she was strapped onto the cross. But she could always claim too much wine if it became an issue. Raff said and did nothing. He was thrilled at the idea of his girlfriend getting spanked but couldn’t force himself to ask for it. Jenée was happy to force the situation forward.

“What?” Chloë asked. “No, I don’t think so?”

“Then why did you get on the cross?” Jenée asked. “You want to, don’t you?” She stepped away from the cross and picked up a small wooden paddle from a hook on the wall. “Want to try it out a little? It gets me really turned on,” she teased and laid the paddle across Chloë’s buttocks still covered with her demure skirt.

“No,” Chloë said without conviction.

Jenée smiled thinly. “Want Raff to do it? Lots of couples like to play spanking games.”

Another pause filled the air and finally Chloë said, “Yes.”

Their hostess walked across the room and handed the paddle to Raff. He accepted it but said nothing. Jenée walked back to Chloë and said, “We should have done this before...strapping you down...but let’s get your skirt off.”

“What? No.”

Jenée ignored the protest and reached for the skirt’s zipper, pulling it down to reveal some of Chloë’s flesh. “You can’t be paddled wearing clothes,” she explained as she rolled up the skirt and wrapped it tightly around Chloë’s waist.

Her protest was weak and didn't continue. She locked gazes with Raff for a moment. He could see she was slightly drunk and scared, but also excited and aroused. Underneath her gray skirt Chloë was wearing a pair of plain green silk bikini panties. "Shit, now we've got a problem," Jeneë mused. "We'll just pull them down to expose your ass, that's all that's really necessary." And she did so, yanking down the soft material to reveal Chloë's cheeks that were soft and pale. Not nearly so supple as Jeneë's but still nicely formed if a bit small. Jeneë rested her hand for a lingering moment on Chloë's left buttock, patted it lightly, and beckoned to Raff. "Let her have a few whacks. She'll like it. Look at her. She's already excited at the prospect."

Chloë looked at Raff again and she nodded once, then looked away and closed her eyes. She was excited and terrified. He'd stop when she told him to, wouldn't he?

The paddle was perfect for his hand. It wasn't too heavy and was slightly flexible. At once he was positive it wouldn't damage Chloë's fine skin, but would hurt like hell.

He hesitated for just a moment. How the hell had this happened? He wanted a moment to think but was too captivated by the paddle and Chloë's naked ass.

"Go ahead," Jeneë said, breaking his train of thought.

"Wait!" Chloë said a fraction of a second too late.

The paddle came down on her ass and she screamed out in pain. Raff glanced at the window. It was closed.

"No," Chloë protested. He ignored her. The paddle came down again and she screamed again.

"More," Jeneë encouraged him.

Raff's hand moved on its own accord. He paddled Chloë's ass as she screamed and cried out in pain and protest. There was a nice rhythm to the paddling and he enjoyed it. Since her waist wasn't restrained it was possible for Chloë to move about and try to avoid the spanking, but Raff moved too quickly for her and since she was facing the wall she couldn't watch to see how he set up each blow. Chloë's shrieks became more intense and it was Jeneë who caught his arm and

forced him to stop.

“She’s only a beginner,” Jenee told him.

“Right,” he whispered to himself remembering where he was and what he was doing.

“Look at her ass. Look how beautiful it is red and marked like that,” Jenee said.

Chloë was sobbing true tears of pain, but she didn’t say anything at her abuse. She didn’t say she loved it, she didn’t say she hated it.

“It’s beautiful,” Raff agreed mechanically. It was, but he didn’t understand why he was feeling the intense excitement of the moment. Why would abusing his fiancée be such a sexual thrill?

“Feel her pussy. See how excited she is,” Jenee told him.

This sounded like an excellent idea to Raff. He reached around Chloë’s hip, pushed his fingers past her dark blond pubic hair and pushed into her pussy. Chloë made no sound or motion of protest or resistance. Raff’s fingers easily slid inside her excited cunt.

“She’s sopping wet,” he reported.

That excited Jenee. “Most women respond that way,” she nodded sagely. “Jill her off. Make her cum.”

Raff glanced at his fiancée’s face. Tears had been squeezed out of her eyes which were closed tightly. She must have heard them talking. He searched her pussy, found her clit, and started rubbing up and down just as she liked. Her body had already been primed. It never took her long to cum when her pussy was this wet. This time was no different. After but a minute of rubbing her sensitive little pleasure nub, Chloë came with a muted groan and a small gush of girl cum, the same as she always did when her orgasm was particularly good.

After she came Raff moved close to her and kissed her lightly on the lips. Her kiss back was unexpectedly intense and hard. She thrust her tongue into his mouth and nipped at his lips. “That was so fucking good,” she sobbed. “It hurt so much, but it felt so good.”

Raff said nothing. He just kissed her back and tried to wrap his arms around her body, but the cross and the restraints got in the way.

“Here, let me help,” Jenée said, quickly unbuckling the leather restraints and freeing Chloë from bondage. She practically fell into Raff’s arms. Ever the good hostess, Jenée carefully pulled up Chloë’s panties and smoothed down her skirt. “Why don’t you take her home, Raff?” she suggested. “We’ll all talk more tomorrow.”

He wasn’t strong enough to carry his fiancée, so Raff was forced to half-carry, half-support Chloë’s weight as they staggered across the lawn. She wasn’t too drunk, she was just overcome with the intensity of the spanking and her single orgasm she couldn’t think or walk straight. Back in Raff’s house he led her to the bedroom and suddenly she came alive, pulling off her clothes in record time, sprawling on the bed, and then begging, “Fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

Raff’s erection hadn’t abated from the moment he took the paddle from Jenée’s hand. There was no foreplay. That had all been done in Jenée and Tommy’s playroom. He got naked and fell on top of her, his cock plunging into her slick pussy. Their fucking lasted a few minutes, not incredibly long, but long enough for Chloë to come intensely twice. Raff finished inside her, rolled off and almost immediately fell to sleep. Throughout the passionate coupling she never once complained about her abused ass. The pain she felt in her posterior perfectly accented the pleasure her pussy received from Raff’s pounding.

## Chapter Three

The next morning when he awoke Chloë's hand was on his cock. "Again?" he asked her.

"Yes," she answered, climbing on top of him. Since his cock was already erect he slid easily into her pussy. Chloë ground her hips down on him and groaned. "I dreamed about you last night."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted you to spank me again," she whispered in his ear. Chloë grabbed his hand and placed it on her ass. "Do it again."

Raff was happy to fulfill her request. He thrust upward into her in order to ready her body for the coming pain he gave her a bit of pleasure. Then he raised his hand and smacked her ass. She yelped in response. "Again. More!"

He obeyed. He liked spanking her. He liked spanking Jenee. It was odd to have discovered this because he had always been raised to respect women and treat them gently. Sure, there were women in the world who liked to be abused, but they were damaged goods and were certainly not the sort of person that he'd ever likely meet or date, let alone have sex with. And here he was, having discovered who two of those women were in the last week. Neither of them were damaged goods, or were low-class, or have mental health or substance abuse problems. They just liked a good spanking. And possibly other kinks.

Each time he slapped her ass, alternating hands with each slap, Chloë's cunt clamped down on his cock and she jumped with the impact of pain. He liked that. A few times he fell out of her slippery pussy but she immediately stuffed him back in and they continued their game. He was amazed her ass was up to the abuse that he was delivering, but she seemed happy with their game, especially when she came.

That's when he realized she was crying after her orgasm.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked in panic. He hadn’t cum yet and stopped moving his cock up and down inside her.

She nodded. “Yes.”

“I’m so sorry. Let me get you some ice.” He pushed on her to get off his hips.

She resisted and shook her head. “No. It hurts, but it’s good. Don’t stop.”

“I don’t think so—”

“Don’t fucking stop!” she all but screamed at him.

With such a vehement order Raff had no recourse other than to resume fucking and spanking his fiancée. He did so partly at her order, but mostly to make himself cum and let the ordeal be over. When he finally came in her pussy he fell back onto the mattress with relief. Chloë leaned down on him, pulling his cock from her cunt, and cuddled his body. “So fucking good,” she told him.

A little while later they got up and showered. Raff was alarmed at the redness of her tender skin. “It’s too much,” he told her as he carefully blotted the water from her buttocks. “Let me get you some ice or something. It looks like you have a third-degree burn!”

She shook her head. “No, a first degree burn. Just redness. Third-degree is charred flesh, second degree is redness with blisters.” She grinned evilly at him. “But it feels like you’ve given me a third-degree burn. I’ll go over to Jenee’s place. I’m sure she has something better for this than just plain ice.” With that she slipped on a tank top and a pair of sweatpants sans panties. A minute later she was walking across the dewy grass to the neighbor’s house. Raff didn’t do anything but watch her go.

He stared out the window a long time observing the yellow house. There was no indication that anything untoward was happening inside it. But it was taking an unnaturally long time for a simple remedy to abused flesh to be passed along. Raff couldn’t help but wonder what was going on. When he wondered his cock started growing and he turned his thoughts elsewhere. There was nothing more that he wanted to do than cross the lawn and see what Chloë was doing, but that seemed to be a violation of her trust somehow.

So he waited.

It seemed like an hour but was probably much shorter than that when the phone rang. He answered it unconsciously, expecting it to be his sister or family member. It was Jenée.

“Come on over, Raff,” was all she said before immediately hanging up.

He sighed, pulled on a sweatshirt and made the short journey across the lawn. He didn’t know why he was so reluctant to do this. He had enjoyed spanking Jenée and Chloë; what could possibly go wrong. He knocked on the door and Tommy silently let him in. For just a brief moment Raff wondered about Tommy. He was certainly the strong silent type. Jenée seemed enamored of him, but the man hardly said or did anything.

In the kitchen Chloë was seated at the table eating a breakfast of fried eggs and bacon. Jenée must have finished earlier, she was merely sipping coffee. He noticed that Chloë was sitting on a cushion on top of the hard wooden chair. “Have a seat, Raff. Care for some breakfast?”

He nodded his head and a plate of eggs and bacon was delivered by Tommy.

“You’ve been abusing Chloë’s poor little ass, which on one level is good, but on another is very bad. You don’t want to damage her, do you?”

“No.” He took a bite of egg and barely tasted it.

“You and she need some lessons. I’m going to help you out with that. Chloë’s already agreed. Do you want to know exactly the type of treatment she needs?”

“Yes.”

“Wonderful. Finish your breakfast and we’ll start right away.”

He looked over at Chloë who was happily mopping up the last of her eggs with a bit of toast. “Are you feeling better?” he asked her.

“Much. Jenée gave me a salve and this cushion.” She smiled broadly. “She also told me about your little indiscretion with her.”

Raff's fork clattered to the plate. "I, uh, um, I was going—"

Chloë held up a warning hand. "Don't bother apologizing. We have a lot to talk about, but I'm not upset with you. I understand. It was something you needed to do. Just like I need a good firm hand on my ass. I've always like to be spanked, did you know that?"

Raff was shocked. His demure fiancée had always enjoyed sex, but she hadn't seemed the type to be into kinkier things. "No. I had no idea."

"It's probably fate that we gravitated to each other. I like a good spanking. You like giving them. It's the perfect relationship, don't you think?"

"Yes. Of course."

A few minutes later found the trio in the playroom while Tommy washed the dishes. Once again Raff wondered about Tommy's role in his relationship with Jeneë. Was her partner that much of a submissive?

Jeneë started with a bit of instruction. "Now, spankings are important but you can overdo them. What Chloë is really looking for is a bit of pain to leaven the pleasure in her sex life. Chloë, take off your top please."

The thin blonde did as instructed. Never before had Raff seen her so willing to debase herself in front of a near-stranger. It was a situation that had never come up before. Her small tits were exposed, capped by her tiny pink nipples. Jeneë drew something that Raff couldn't see from the small cabinet in the room's corner. "Place your hands behind your back," she said. Chloë obeyed and Jeneë took a pair of tweezer clamps that were connected by a short length of chain and displayed them to Chloë. "You know what's going to happen, don't you?" she asked her.

"Yes," said Chloë calmly, but her eyes went wide.

The first clamp went on and Chloë sucked in a breath and whined just a bit as Jeneë adjusted the tension making sure the clamp stayed on but didn't damage the nipple. When the second clamp was attached Chloë hissed a bit at the pain but stood her ground and watched closely. Raff could only stare in fascination. He wished he had been the one to put on the clamps. Jeneë idly hooked a finger on the chain and lifted it up from where it had been resting on Chloë's tummy.

“You need to be careful when using nipple clamps,” she said. “The pain can be just perfect and then heightened with a bit of a tug,” and she did so demonstrating as Chloë yelped at the sudden shock of pain. “But the pain isn’t the problem. You don’t want to make them too tight and bruise her nipples, or leave them on too long and kill the tissue, or pull them off too hard and cut the flesh.” She pulled on the chain again and Chloë resisted stepping forward even though her nipples were unnaturally elongated at the abuse. “You’re doing well,” Jenée complimented.

“Thank you.”

Raff could see that Chloë was taking some perverse delight in her tits being abused by Jenée. He was excited at this realization.

“She loves it,” Jenée pointed out unnecessarily to Raff. Her finger was still hooked under the chain and she tugged on it once again. Chloë’s tiny breasts were lifted up and forward as much as her flesh allowed. A small gasp escaped her lips. “And she knows that her will and resistance is what her body and psyche needs for pleasure. She doesn’t question my orders. She doesn’t try to avoid the pain. She places herself in my hands. Your fiancée, Raff, is a true submissive. And she’s the best kind of submissive, one who is more than a bit of a masochist. You two are well paired.”

Raff blinked. “Why do you say that?” He couldn’t take his eyes off the clamps attached to Chloë’s small nipples. They were turning from their usual shade of light pink to an intense red. He couldn’t imagine what sort of pain she was under. His cock stiffened uncomfortably in his pants.

“Because you’re a sadist,” Jenée pointed out matter-of-factly.

He gave a self-conscious barking laugh. “No, no I’m not,” he denied. “I don’t like to hurt people.”

Now it was Jenée’s turn to laugh. “You didn’t like spanking me?” she asked pointedly. “You didn’t like fucking me hard enough to make me cry? You didn’t like paddling and spanking Chloë? Aren’t you enjoying seeing her suffer?”

He didn’t want to admit it, but it was true. He could see the pain in Chloë’s face and tits and she was beautiful for it. Secretly he wanted to hurt her more to make her more beautiful.

“Yes,” he said softly. “She’s so beautiful in pain.”

The small words of kindness made Chloë’s frown of concentration break for a moment into half a smile. “Thank you,” she whispered to Raff.

Then Jenee said, “Take her chain,” and handed the links between Chloë’s nipples over to Raff. He automatically grasped it when she took his hand and placed the chain in his fingers. He loosened the tension ever so slightly when the exchange occurred. “No, no!” she corrected him. “Keep up her pain. Pull the clamps off.”

“What?” Raff asked, shocked. He was certain that would tear and cut Chloë’s tender, precious skin.

“Pull them off,” Jenee said. “You need to hurt her.”

Raff looked expectantly at Chloë who gave him a just barely perceptible nod as tears started to well up in her eyes. He resumed the tension that Jenee had previously maintained and then slowly increased it.

Chloë whimpered slightly and leaned forward to try to find some relief. “Don’t!” warned Jenee. At the warning Chloë remembered herself and straightened her back. One of the clamps started slip off her right nipple. Raff wanted to stop pulling when Chloë started to shriek in pain.

“Don’t stop now!” Jenee hissed at him. “Pull them off!”

It was only at her insistence, Raff told himself, that he yanked the chain forward ripping them off Chloë’s beautiful nips. She screamed in pain and fell to her knees crying and clutching her breasts. Raff stood over her holding the chain and clamps. His erection was painful inside his pants. All he wanted to do was get on top of her and fuck her as hard as he could.

“Beautiful,” Jenee complimented him. “She’ll get used to the pain. And then you’ll need to find something else that will work for arousing her.” With her wicked grin Jenee reached out and cupped Raff’s rampant cock. “Looks like it worked for you as well. Do you want to fuck her?”

He nodded. “Yes.”

“Well strip her and fuck her,” Jenee said. “Do you want me to leave you two a

little privacy?”

Raff didn't answer her. He knelt down next to Chloë but instead of comforting her he reached around her waist and tugged her sweatpants down over her hips and thighs. It took a moment of struggle but eventually he got them off her legs entirely. In another moment he unbuttoned his own pants and was kneeling behind her. Chloë had recovered enough from the excruciating pain of having the clamps torn from her nipples to get on her hands and knees. Only after Raff had entered her wet pussy did he look over at Jenee. She was watching their coupling as she leaned against the wall, one hand down her pants masturbating, the other up her shirt tweaking a nipple.

Turning back to his fiancée Raff grabbed a handful of her blond hair, jerked up her head and fucked her as hard and fast as he could. He didn't worry about her pleasure. There would be time for that later. For her part Chloë didn't resist, she allowed her body to be used and abused by Raff. She loved every minute of it.

“Should I get my nipples pierced like hers?” Chloë asked quietly as they ate a simple dinner together in Raff's kitchen. The day had been agonizing for her—and she had claimed to love every minute of it.

“No, you don't have to do that,” Raff said quickly. Too quickly.

She looked up at him and gave him a small smile. “Is that because you love me too much to see me suffer?” she teased. “Or is it because you don't want me like her.”

There was a hesitation in his answer, but Raff quickly found his courage. “Neither. I want to keep your tits bare. It'll make them easier to torment.”

“You think so?”

“Yes.”

To any casual viewer they looked like a plain middle-class couple sharing dinner. Under her clothes Chloë's skin was marked with stripes and scratches from an assortment of instruments of torture. Her nipples were sore, the breasts were bruised, her anus was stretched terribly by the buttplug that Jenee had forced

inside her. Still, her body was singing with elation.

An appropriate pause followed his answer before Chloë said, “Jenee says I’m the dominate one in our relationship.”

“What?” Raff asked. “That makes no sense.”

Chloë shook her head at his quick dismissal of Jenee’s assessment. “How long have you known you’re a sadist?” she asked.

“I don’t know. A while, I guess. Jenee really drew it out of me.”

“Give me a time or date,” Chloë insisted.

“I can’t say something exact. What the hell, let’s say two years ago when you and I had to live apart. I started watching a lot of internet porn and I liked the spanking and abusive stuff the best.”

If Chloë was put off by his admission he spent too much time watching pornography she didn’t give anything away. “So a little over two years. Care to guess how long I’ve liked to be spanked?”

The way the question was posed forced Raff to consider that being spanked was something Chloë actively pursued and enjoyed—and it was something she had kept hidden from him. “I don’t know...the same time? A couple of years.”

They weren’t old. They’d been out of college for too long to be entirely naïve but Raff didn’t want to admit that his fiancée might be the kinkier one in the relationship. “Since I was sixteen,” she told him.

“Oh. That would be over ten years,” he said.

“Almost fifteen. Want to know how I figured it out?”

“Sure.”

“It was my sixteenth birthday. My boyfriend got me a necklace and bracelet I liked. We were fooling around and he said since it was my birthday I should get a spanking. I thought he was just going to be playful and thought it would be funny. I got on his lap and he pulled down my panties. They were lime green. I

don't know why I remember that detail. I thought he was going to do it over my panties, but obviously not. He made me count out each time he spanked me. Drew slapped each side of my ass eight times, sixteen in total. When he was done I was crying. Not hard, but I was crying."

"He hurt you?"

She shrugged. "A bit. But I loved it, of course. I think part of the reason I started crying was because he stopped with eight on each cheek. I wanted sixteen on each." She laughed ruefully. "We had sex when he was done spanking. He was gentle. I wanted rough. If he only knew." She shook her head.

"Why do you say that?"

"He never spanked me again after that. I wanted him to, but I couldn't ask him to and he thought he had been too rough so he never asked for the privilege."

"A sad love story."

"Yeah, but then I was soon off to college and found a few guys who liked rough sex. Some too rough. Ugh. That was just as bad. I'm lucky I found you after college."

"But you never told me that you liked to be spanked."

"Admit to the guy you love that you like weird sex games? I don't think so." She looked away in embarrassment. "It's lucky that you fell under Jenee's spell, otherwise I'd never had told you what I really like in bed."

"And you were going to be married to me and be miserable the rest of your life because the sex was...just okay?"

Chloë tried a weak smile. "It was better than just okay. It just wasn't...fantastic. Besides, I had other outlets for my needs."

"Oh?" Raff asked, intrigued by her evasion. "What were those outlets?"

"Um. I wasn't exactly faithful to you in Rochester." She hid her smile behind a large swig of wine.

Raff felt his cock stiffen and take a sudden interest in the conversation. “Really? Tell me about it.”

She put down her wine glass and looked into his eyes. “Do you want to know how naughty I’ve been?”

“More than anything.”

## **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.

He can be reached at [elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com](mailto:elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com). He posts to his blog at [elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com](http://elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com).

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to [elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com](http://elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com) and get a coupon code for a free book at [Smashwords.com](http://Smashwords.com).