



Red-Bottomed

Rhette is Red 1

**A SPANKING
AND BDSM
EROTIC STORY**

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Red-Bottomed: Rhette is Red 1

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Prologue

Rhette gripped the handles attached to the table and sucked in a deep breath as she tried to get control of herself. The pain wasn't terrible but it was more than she had been expecting. Just as she got her breathing under control the paddle came down sharply across her buttocks and she let out her breath with a heaving sob. Tears burst out of her eyes and she lost what little control she had.

It was what they wanted.

"Beautiful." The person speaking the word wasn't Nick. It was a feminine voice and it purred as Rhette continued to cry, her tears and sobbing punctuated by the sound of nick swishing the paddle through the air.

Chapter One

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

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

Client. She was a client.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Lean forward,” Nick instructed.

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

“Comfortable?” Nick asked.

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

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

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

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

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

“Jesus!”

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

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Let’s begin,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You have lovely pale skin."

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

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

Perfectly pale skin so eager to freckle.”

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

“Can you take the pain?”

“Yes,” she said boldly.

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

The pain was lovely.

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

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

“Done,” he said when he had completed the five.

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

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

“More?” he asked.

Rhette straightened her back and shook her head slowly. “No. That was...that was lovely.” As she backed up from the spanking bench, she stumbled, her knees suddenly going weak but Nick caught her before she could fall to the floor.

“Thank you,” she said. She was gripping one of his forearms and one of his biceps. His muscles weren’t huge, but they were incredibly firm. Wetting her lips with her tongue she said, “I’m really horny right now. Would you—”

He cut her off before she could finish the question. “I’m sorry, but I can’t do that for you.”

With those words, she was both crushed, but figured he had to be gay. What man would spank a woman for money and then not want to fuck her? A gay man, obviously.

“That’s fine,” she said, hiding the disappointment from her voice. “I just need to cool down a little before I can...before I can go home.”

“I’ll bring you a cold pack for your bottom,” he said, getting her to her feet.

“I should have brought my vibrator,” she said regretfully. “I’m so horny.”

“I can leave you alone if you’d like to get yourself off,” he offered.

“You wouldn’t leave a lady alone, would you?” she asked, leaning back against the spanking bench, but only resting her thigh against it. Her bottom was too sensitive for any pressure.

“Not if you don’t want me to.”

Staring into her brilliant blue eyes, Rhette slipped her fingers into her thong, sliding them over the little triangular patch of hair before curling them up into her pussy. Nick didn’t seem the least upset or offended that a woman was masturbating next to him. He did take a step back and watched her but didn’t do anything else.

Rhette put her other hand into her bra and pinched a nipple. Her pussy was awash with her desire, her clit faintly thrumming with need. It only took a few busy strokes of her hand before her entire body trembled and she threatened to fall down again. The orgasm she had wasn’t extremely powerful, but considering

that her only foreplay was a leather strap to her ass ten times and then fifteen seconds of jilling, there was no reason she would have a powerful climax.

As it was Nick still needed to catch her before she fell. “Was that okay?” she asked, suddenly embarrassed because of her behavior.

“That was fine. Most of my clients get themselves off when I’m done.”

“Oh.”

“How about that cold pack now?” he asked.

“Yes. Please.”

Chapter Two

The next day while she was in the classroom, Rhetta found she wasn't able to sit down on the stool she had in front of the whiteboard. A few of her students commented on her slow, unsteady steps, but she made up a convincing lie of slipping on the slippery steps to her house and landing ungracefully on her ass. The entire class giggled politely. She liked her students. Community college meant they were adults and she didn't have to reprimand their every unconscious slip of the tongue but she still demanded respect in the classroom.

If only they knew the truth of why she couldn't walk correctly.

The thought was embarrassing, but it also made her pussy wet. Rhetta had trouble getting through the day. The office space she had was shared with two other instructors so she couldn't take care of her problem there. She was reduced to using the private, single occupant faculty bathroom where she could safely lock the room and jill herself off to release the tension that had been building during the day.

After getting herself off, she inspected, as best she could, her ass. The redness had faded, which was only natural. The bruising wasn't as bad as she had expected, but it hurt like hell. If she was a bolder woman, she would have taken pictures of her butt and posted them on the internet.

Rhetta wasn't that sort of woman.

But she wanted to be.

Her office hour was the worst. Usually she had a few students come in asking questions and wanting help on the latest assignment. Today, however, it was Austin who stopped by to see her. The boy was handsome, but was also as dumb as a bag of broken hammers. She had carefully explained to him over and over the basic mathematical processes they were supposed to be learning and had suggested the tutoring center as well. But even so, she couldn't determine if he was just renting empty space behind his eyeballs, or was willfully stupid.

“Do you dye your hair?” he unexpectedly asked her.

“What?” She was taken aback by the question and shifted uncomfortably in her padded chair. By now she was used to most of the off-topic questions her students called out, but somehow Austin managed to make her stumble.

“It’s very pretty and looks so natural, but don’t most redheads go gray when they get old, like thirty or so?”

She didn’t know how to unpack all that his question implied. Apparently in his eyes, she was already old. “It’s natural,” she said curtly. “I couldn’t justify the expense of dying it all the time.”

“Oh. Then you look a lot younger than you actually are,” he said with a smug grin.

He was maybe twenty and wouldn’t make it to twenty one if he kept saying those things to women. Some girl he was dating would kill him as a favor to the gene pool.

“I can give you five more minutes of my time, Austin. Then I have an appointment. You’ll have to go to the tutoring center.”

After the five minutes, she made him leave. Jonathan, the other instructor in the office space popped up over the divider between their desks.

“You shouldn’t let him speak to you like that,” the older man said.

“He’s so clueless he doesn’t know what he’s saying,” she replied, dismissing Jonathan’s concern and Austin’s mental abilities

The only thing to do then was to leave office and jill off in the bathroom. Again. And she didn’t even find Austin all that attractive. He was young and dumb, but he probably had a big cock that would make her hurt when he fucked her.

“I’m glad you came back,” Nick said as she shimmied out of her pants and took off her top without a second thought. The workshop was the same and she liked the feel of the non-skid floor under her feet.

“You must get a lot of repeat customers,” Rhetta said as she approached the spanking bench.

“Some. A lot just want to try it out once. A lot find someone else—usually a romantic partner—they want to spank them. They just needed me to help them decide they needed to move forward on that relationship.”

Rhetta nodded and leaned over the bench, grabbing the handles. She had moved on from a thong to a G-string and even wearing the tiny bit of lingerie under her pants it seemed like a lot. She considered removing it entirely for when Nick applied the whip to her ass, but she liked the decoration it gave her. It seemed sexier to have on something rather than nothing.

“That makes sense.” She chuckled ruefully. “And I don’t have a romantic partner at the moment.”

Nick didn’t comment on her romantic status. “Did you bruise?”

“Yes, I had a few, but they weren’t terrible.”

“They’ve healed nicely. Do you like the bruising? Some women like to show them off.”

“I don’t care about the bruises. I just like the...like the...”

“You like the thrill of the pain.”

She nodded and noticed that Nick had placed a mirror on the far wall where she could see herself. Rhetta looked away, focusing on the tools on the wall.

“I do,” she said. “Does it upset you that I know I’m going to jill off when you’re done with me?”

Nick laughed. “No. Not at all. I consider it a compliment.”

She considered asking him about his romantic partner, if any, but she didn’t want to get involved in a discussion of his sexuality. She wasn’t there for him, but for her. Instead, she asked, “What are you going to do to me today?” It was important not to discuss too much of her personal life.

“What do you want me to do to you today? We started out with the easier strap. I can suggest something with more impact that will definitely cause bruising if we apply some hot towels right after, or something thin and hard that will leave stripes, if that’s something you’d like.”

“Like a cane?” she asked a little too eagerly.

“Not a cane exactly. I’d want to work with you a little more first. I was thinking perhaps a thin braided whip. Almost like a riding quirt. Or a cat o’ nine tails. Very painful.”

“The braided whip,” Rhette decided because the name of the second implement of torture sounded too scary or bizarre for her.

“Would you like me to restrain your hands?” he asked.

Rhette looked down at the thick metal rings set into the wooden handles.

“No. I don’t think that’s necessary,” she said, trying to keep her voice from trembling.

“A bold and strong woman. I like it,” Nick said admiringly. “Are you ready?”

That was it. No warm up. It was just her taking off her pants and bending over to receive the blows. That was it.

“Yes,” she said with determination she didn’t actually feel.

Rhette was determined to give as good a performance this week as she had the previous week, mostly for her own pride but for some reason she didn’t want to disappoint Nick either.

The blaze of the braided leather across the twin mounds of her ass caused Rhette’s eyes to go wide. The pain was much more focused, much more intense. Her bod jumped and she wanted to scream, but she didn’t. She didn’t so much make a squeak.

“Did you like that?” Nick asked.

“No,” she said with determination.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No.”

“Very good.”

This time he made the impacts of the whip come in a slow, steady beat. Rhetta kept her lips clamped tightly together to prevent making any untoward noise, but by the time he got to number six, she was freely sweating from the pain and she wanted to wipe away the tears that were forming in the corners of her eyes.

“Do you want a break?” he offered.

“No. Keep going.” She spoke the words through clenched teeth.

“You’re crying.” She looked up at him in the mirror and realized he had placed it there for his benefit, not hers.

“Just a little. I’m not used to the pain. Don’t stop.”

He flicked out the whip; it didn’t look like he put that much effort into it. It was still enough to make her shudder. “Are you sure?”

“Y-y-y-yes.” She hated how her voice gave her away.

“I don’t think you are.”

“Jesus! Finish the job!” she all but screamed at him. “I’m paying for this!”

“It’s your dollar,” he admitted with a shrug and flicked out the whip several more times and then paused as she was gasping and her knees were buckling. It took all of her effort to stay on her feet.

“If I had restrained your wrists, it would have been easier to stay on your feet,” he pointed out, which only pissed her off further. She wanted the pain, but the pleasure was slow in coming. “I could do it now. I can even restrain your knees so you can’t fall.”

Rhetta had felt the hollows in the bench where her knees fit in and imagined it was an easy thing to accomplish, but she wanted to endure the torture she was

putting herself under on her own. “No. Keep going. How many more do I have to go?”

“As many as you want,” Nick told her. “You have my services for an hour.”

“More,” she said, not knowing what else to say.

He laid the whip across her ass one more time and she shuddered. The climax she wanted was right there, almost within reach. Her knuckles were white as she kept a firm grip on the rubber-covered metal handles. One of her knees gave way but she quickly recovered.

“Are you going to faint or cum?” he asked her, implying she was too weak to endure what he was dishing out.

“Cum,” she said boldly. She didn’t feel that bold.

“Do you want me to make you cum?”

“I thought you didn’t...you didn’t do that.”

“I have my tricks.” He idly cut the whip through the air and she winced at the sound.

“Do it.”

“Spread your legs wider,” he ordered. “And lock your knees.”

The unpadded edge of the spanking bench cut into her abdomen, but that was a mild irritant at best. Nick didn’t give her any warning or time to prepare once she was in position. He just snapped his wrist and there was a bloom of fire inside her right thigh.

“Argh!” This time she actually screamed. The flesh inside her thigh was super-sensitive compared to her ass.

But her moment of intense pain was quickly wiped away when he did the exact same thing to her left thigh. Now she actually was crying silently. Tears dribbled down her cheeks and she wanted it to stop and at the same time, she wanted to cum.

“Ready?” Nick asked her. It was the only time he had ever offered a bit of preparation. “Are you ready to cum?”

“Yes,” she said, practically begging him to come fuck her. That would have been her dream, but Nick was undoubtedly gay and nothing she had interested him.

The whip cracked through the air again. She was expecting it to snake across the backs of her thighs or to painfully cut into her well-added ass, but Rhetta was pleasantly surprised when the tawsed end tickled at the entranced to her pussy. She was wearing the thin G-string and the impact was barely felt through the silk, but just the fact that her sex was so open and exposed scared the hell out of her.

It was the first time that Rhetta had an orgasm without a hard, firm hand or cock to her pussy and clit. She came when she realized that his whip could have permanently scarred her pussy. Just the thought alone was more than she could bear.

It wasn't an intense orgasm, but it was the most unusual one she had ever had. Her hands slipped from the rubber grips and her knees gave way. Collapsing on the floor, her body quivered for another half minute before she was able to get control of herself.

“Did that meet your needs?” Nick asked as he approached her, a smug smile on his face. Strictly speaking he wasn't supposed to manipulate her body in a manner that would cause her to climax, but he knew exactly what he was doing and wanted to show off his skill.

“Yesss,” she drawled out. “But I still want more. I want to cum again.”

He knelt down to help her back onto her feet, but Rhetta moved quickly. Her hand snaked out and ran all the way along his inseam until she reached his crotch. Nick was surprised by her move and didn't initially react, even when her hand closed around his cock.

“Oh, fuck yes,” she hissed. “You're incredibly hard. Please, please fuck me. I need it. I won't tell anyone. Please.” Her words sounded pathetic, even to her, but her need was too strong to just ignore what her body wanted.

“No,” he said firmly, moving her hand away from his tool. “I can't.”

“I promise no one will know.”

He laughed and stood up but left her on the floor. She felt pathetic now. He was gay and had no interest in her. The awkward pass—or sexual assault from a certain perspective—only embarrassed her.

Nick took a step back and unzipped his jeans. For just half a second she thought that maybe she was going to get her wish, but then his cock came into view and whatever hope she had was rudely crushed.

At first she thought he just had an extremely dark-colored cock, but that wasn't it at all. A cage of metal surrounded his flesh. It was black metal, unpolished and permanently attached to his body. She saw the small padlock that kept it in place and she wondered how much it hurt when he got an erection. Then she wondered why he would agree to wear such a device.

“I'm sorry,” she quickly apologized. “I didn't mean to...” Her words were pathetic, even to her own ears. She obviously meant to and was only apologizing for her own humiliation and awkward gesture.

“It isn't that my wife doesn't trust me,” Nick said, tucking his caged cock back into his jeans. “It's that she likes to have full control over my sexuality. To be honest, it's a bit of a thrill. It makes sex better when she takes it off.”

“I...I thought you were gay,” Rhetta said lamely, which made Nick laugh.

“No. Just a man too in love with his own wife.”

“I'm sorry. I'll leave.” She started to struggle back to her feet.

“Wait,” he said. “You promised me you were going to jill off. I want to watch that.”

She looked at him and then realized it was a half-promise she had made. Sitting carefully on the rubberized floor, her ass still aching from the whipping he had given her, she pulled her G-string aside, revealing her red-crowned pussy, and stuck her fingers inside. She was incredibly wet and slick and although she had already cum, she was ready for another orgasm. It took very little time or effort to push her over the edge again, and she looked proudly up at Nick when she was done.

“Very sexy,” he complimented her. “I can’t wait to tell my wife. It’ll make things hot for us tonight...whether or not she unlocks me.”

After leaving Nick’s workshop and torture chamber, Rhetta very carefully sat down in the seat of her car and breathed a sigh of relief at the comfortable padding. Her first instinct was to grab her phone to start the plan she had to relieve the urge that was still in her loins, but she had the good presence of mind to drive away from the somewhat isolated location of the workshop and pull over at the first Stewart’s store she drove past.

Her bottom was still sore, but that didn’t stop her needs.

Rhetta had too many dating and hookup apps on her phone. She chose the one she used the most often and started quickly running through the possibilities for a casual encounter that evening. Sitting in her car she sent out more messages and invites than she cared to think about. That was the best way to deal with her needs at the moment, just act and don’t think about it. Thinking about it, thinking in general, hadn’t gotten her what she wanted.

On the fifteen minute drive home she heard her phone buzzing with replies to her messages. Each time it buzzed she felt her pussy getting wetter, but she exerted great self-control and didn’t look at any of them until her car was parked in the driveway. Rhetta congratulated herself on her further self-control by taking the time to walk inside before she looked at the replies. Only then did she luxuriate in the many responses. Too many were overly aggressive or just obnoxious. Even so, it was easy to pick out one that suited her needs.

Jordan was a few years younger than her and either had a thing for redheads or slightly older women or was just desperate to get laid. He had the look of a lot of her students and she tried not to think about that as she invited him inside her place.

“Usually I meet my dates at a coffee shop or bar,” he said, looking around her house. It wasn’t huge or overly impressive, but it was hers and she was proud of it. “I don’t think I’ve ever been invited over to a date’s house first.”

“It makes things easier,” Rhetta said, leading him back to the kitchen and small dining area. She had set out some glasses and bottles, but didn’t have any

intention of using them.

“Easier?”

“Why meet at some place and have to come back to someone’s house to have sex when it’s just easier to just meet at the house and have sex.”

It took Jordan a moment to digest what she was saying. “Usually there’s a...a date first,” he said lamely.

Rhette smiled at him like she would smile at one of her students who suddenly realized a universal fact that everyone else already knew. “I’m not interested in a boring conversation and an overpriced and oversized restaurant meal. I’m just interested in sex. Then maybe a date.”

“Oh.” Jordan’s face was blank. Either he couldn’t believe his good luck or he thought he was being played.

The dress that Rhette was wearing was covered in green and yellow flowers. It was cut low enough to show off some cleavage but at the same time it was still respectable. Reaching behind her back, Rhette, pulled down the zipper and let it fall from her body. Standing in front of her, Jordan’s mouth dropped open at her forwardness. He normally had to put on hours of charm and politeness in order to get a woman into bed. This was too easy.

Striking a pose that she hoped was both casual and sexy, Rhette asked, “Care to go to the bedroom?” She could feel his eyes on her, check out some of her too large curves and inspecting every inch of her skin and lingerie. She was wearing shoes, no stockings, bright yellow panties that were as far from a thong as possible, but still sexy, and a bra that kept everything in place but still looked good under her dress, even though she wasn’t wearing it any longer.

“Um...sure?”

She laughed at him and beckoned the way. Maybe she put a little more wiggle into her walk than necessary, but that was part of the fun.

The moment she walked into the bedroom, which she had thoroughly cleaned and picked up and changed the sheets while waiting for Jordan to arrive, he suddenly pressed up against her, wrapping his arms around her body. She could

feel his cock, already hard, against her lower back. Turning her head he ducked his head down and kissed her. For Jordan it was a crazy experience because it was never this easy for him. For Rhetta, it was thrilling because it had been far too long since she had gotten properly fucked.

His hand went into her bra, found her nipple, and pinched it. She moaned in her throat and pressed harder into him. His other hand found the hooks to her bra and in a moment the garment was off and on the floor. His hands were everywhere on her body except he showed that he was a gentleman and didn't dip into her panties.

Rhetta stepped out of her shoes, which dropped her down a few more inches compared to him. Jordan took the opportunity to back up and yank off his shirt. She glanced over her shoulder at his muscular chest and nodded in approval. Still not wanting to mess up his golden opportunity, Jordan went down to his knees and kissed the small of her back while placing his fingers on the elastic of her panties. "May I?" he asked.

She liked both his polite nature and his good grammar.

"Of course. Why do you think you're here?"

He looked up at her and grinned, then slowly lowered her panties over the ample curve of her ass.

When her bare skin came into view he gasped, not because she was now fully naked, but because of the state of the skin on her ass. The welts had faded slightly along with the redness, but she was still very pink and bruises were starting to form.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed. "What happened to you?"

"My dom whipped me today, but doesn't fuck me. That's why I'm fucking you tonight." She did her best to adopt the attitude that she wasn't embarrassed or ashamed, when in fact she was both of those. It dawned upon her right then that maybe, just maybe, that was part of the thrill.

"Your dom?"

She couldn't tell if Jordan was confused or surprised or both.

“Mmm-hmm. It’s not a sexual relationship. He gives me the pain I want, but he won’t fuck me. That’s what you’re here for.”

He should have known how crazy Rhetta was from the moment she invited him into her house and then her bedroom. The advice from his older divorced brother bubbled up. Never stick your dick in crazy.

“Won’t it...won’t it hurt to have sex with your ass like that?” he asked, still staring at her abused bottom. His face was only inches away from it; he could tear his eyes away.

“Jesus, I hope so,” she said boldly.

“We...we don’t have to do it doggy style,” he said graciously, figuring that would make it easier on her. He had already made his decision in spite of his brother’s advice.

“I want to do it doggy,” she said. “That’s my favorite position.” She moved forward and crawled onto her bed, wiggled her ass at him. “Aren’t you going to join me?” she asked, arching her back and spreading her legs.

From his position on the floor, he could see her pussy lips bulging between her thighs. They were pouting and she was wet. Jordan unsteadily got to his feet and kicked off his sneakers while dropping his pants. Rhetta watched. She was amused when his cock came into view. It bounced up and hit his abdomen when he pulled off his underwear.

Jordan’s wasn’t huge, but he was more than big enough. She was thrilled that he was already hard; they had all the foreplay they had needed. She had invited him over for sex, nothing more, and that’s what they were both going to get.

He knelt on the bed behind her and she reached back between her legs, found his cock, and guided it into her pussy. He slid in with ease. Jordan shuddered as he filled her up.

“Jesus I needed that,” she breathed as he stretched her.

“Jordan,” he said as he carefully put his hands on her hips, avoiding the pinkest parts of her skin.

“What?”

“Jordan. My name is Jordan.”

It took Rhetta a second to figure out what he was saying and then she burst out laughing. “I know your name is Jordan. It’s a figure of speech, or if you’re my mother, it’s taking the Lord’s name in vain. Either way, it’s just an exclamation of how good it is.”

“Right,” he agreed, only understanding half of what she said.

“Just fuck me,” she told him, pushing her ass back against him.

Jordan reacted like any man and started thrusting his hips. Each time he slammed into her ass a jolt of pain ran through her body. It was terrible and wonderful. She started making a low, steady moaning as he fucked her.

“Am I hurting you?”

“Yes,” she sighed. “Keep going.”

It was odd, Jordan thought as he continued to fuck Rhetta. They had briefly chatted and flirted on their phones, and a few hours later he met her for all of five minutes before fucking her. In a way, he knew he should have felt used, but from another perspective, it was the perfect way to meet someone to even consider dating. Why spend all that time getting to know someone if they turned out not to be sexually compatible. As far as Jordan could tell as he fucked Rhetta harder and faster, with her moans and little cries of pleasure keeping time with his hips, they were more than sexually compatible.

“Jesus, slap my ass,” she begged. She could feel her climax was right out of reach and she needed just a bit more of a push to get over the edge, or in her case, a good firm spanking.

And Jordan wasn’t the man to do it.

He paused in his thrusts. “Are...are you sure?” He looked down doubtfully at her welted and reddened ass.

At least he wasn’t stupid enough to repeat his Jesus/Jordan joke—if it had been a

joke and not just natural stupidity on his part. “Jesus Fucking Christ! Yes, I’m serious! Slap my fucking ass!”

He did so, once, and he did it reluctantly and poorly. In response, Rhetta slammed her hips backwards onto his cock, desperate for more stimulation. “More!” she screamed at him. “Harder!”

It took Jordan a few tries, but eventually he got it. He tangled his left hand in her long red hair to better control her body and slapped her ass with his right hand. Each swat was painful and caused tears to well up in her eyes. That’s exactly what Rhetta wanted.

When she came, her pussy clenched Jordan’s cock, pulsing around it, making her orgasm much more intense. He thrust a few more times and then lost his control and dumped his entire load into her, emptying his balls in just three huge spurts. She felt his hot liquid gushing inside her pussy; it made her shake and shudder, or maybe that was the spanking. It was hard to tell.

Jordan hadn’t been fully ready for such an intense sexual session. He had given his all and now needed a rest. He pushed her face down into the mattress and settled on top of her. Rhett rather liked his weight pressing into her curves.

“I’m sorry I came so quick,” he said after a minute as he rolled off her body. “I wasn’t expecting this.”

Rhetta rolled to her side to face him. Her right ass cheek pressed on the mattress giving her a little more burn, but that was a nice distraction. She liked him looking at her. His eyes took in every inch of her body. Maybe her tits could have been a little smaller. Maybe her hips should have been a little narrower, but overall she could tell he was pleased with her body. Or at least he didn’t give off an aura of being disgusted by her.

“You’re a natural redhead,” he said, looking at the little triangle of pubic hair above her pussy.

“Yes. Of course.”

“Good,” he nodded. “A lot of redheads...well, they dye or they’re really just brunettes with some auburn highlights.”

A smile tugged on her lips. "You're into redheads?" she asked, a little bit pleased. It was okay to be objectified if it worked to her advantage or was a trait that was admired and not fetishized.

He blushed which was an odd, but charming, reaction. "Yeah. I don't know why. But I've only ever dated redheads, or I've only ever tried to," he said.

"Why is that?" It was odd pillow talk, but they were hardly a conventional couple.

He shrugged. "I don't know. I love the color. And redheads usually have such beautiful pale skin and lovely freckles." He was starting to wax poetic, but then stopped himself. "Sorry. You're not a piece of meat, but you are beautiful."

While she was sure he was exaggerating, or was so taken with her it was almost cute, she still laughed at him, and then leaned forward to give him a kiss. His tongue was warm in her mouth and if nothing else he was a good kisser. Actually, she reflected when she broke the kiss, he was good in bed and more than willing to take instruction from her. He was handsome with sandy blond hair, a firm chin, and a nice cock. There was the possibility he might be boyfriend material.

Reaching down, she grabbed his cock, which was mostly soft now, but was also slightly sticky from their recent intercourse. "Want to go again?" she asked boldly.

"What?"

"I'm not going to waste time with a guy who can't fuck me at least twice a nice," she told him. Her words caused a reaction in his flesh. She could feel him getting hotter and his cock was coming back to life.

"I'm not sure I can get hard again so soon."

"I want to fuck like an old married couple, missionary style. But I'll help you get hard first." She wiggled down and took his cock into her mouth, savoring the mixture of their juices on his skin, working to get him hard.

"Oh...okay," he said, closing his eyes.

It wasn't going to be much of a date, but what was he expecting from a woman who had a dom that spanked and whipped her, but didn't fuck her?

Chapter Three

On her third visit to Nick's workshop, Rhetta didn't hesitate in stripping off all her clothes. Shoes. Shirt. Pants. Bra. Panties. Today she had worn her traditional boring panties: practical and cotton. No lace, no silk, no thong cut. She was at the workshop to get something done, not to play silly games. The fact that she could remove all her clothes without hesitation or prompting from Nick gave her a bit of pride. Maybe she was a little fat, but there was no reason to be ashamed of who she was.

When she marched over to the spanking bench and assumed the position where Nick could whip her ass, he chuckled softly. "Eager today, are you?"

"I'm not here to mess around," she said, wiggling her butt a little, not so much to tease him, but in anticipation of what was to come. Rhetta watched as Nick selected one of the many spanking implements from the wall in front of her. Instead of using a leather whip like before, this time he chose a long, narrow paddle that had holes drilled through it. Just the sight of the highly polished dark brown wood gave her an excited shiver down her spine.

"Want to experiment with getting some bruises?" he asked her as if discussing the weather.

"Yes." Rhetta was eager for everything.

"I think you need to be restrained for this," he said.

"What?" She scoffed at him because she knew her own willpower. "Why?"

"This will hurt a hell of a lot more than you're used to," he said mildly.

Rhetta looked down at the rubber covered handles she was ready to grip. Where the handles went into the wooden frame was a pair of metal rings obviously designed to restrain the victim on the bench. Initially she had been afraid of what the rings implied. Now she was curious to find out how they were used.

“Okay...but will you use rope or something else?”

Nick shook his head. “Not rope. I’m not good with knots.” He turned around, opened one of the many boxes that filled the far wall, and produced a pair of bright red leather cuffs. These are easier to use.” He showed her the cuffs and right away Rhetta knew she wanted to wear them.

Standing up from the bench, she inspected the cuffs. Made from leather dyed red, they were padded on the inside and had been used before. They were adjustable and could be tightened up with a buckle. In essence, they were nothing more than a belt shortened up. The buckle was designed to accept a small padlock, but Nick didn’t produce any locks today. He just wrapped the first one around her wrist and cinched the buckle firmly in place. He paused after helping her put the first one on.

“You okay?” he asked her.

Looking up at Nick in his tight black t-shirt and black jeans, she felt her heart pounding and her knees were about to go weak. This was what she was constantly looking for. When sex became a routine, it became boring. She needed novelty and excitement to make it interesting. When it was a little bit scary, it was better.

“Y-y-yes,” she said. She wanted to sound confident, but it came out as scared and uncertain.

“We don’t have to do this.”

“I want to,” she said firmly, finding her confidence. “I just haven’t done it before.” She held out her other wrist to him. Her heart was still pounding, but she locked her knees. There was no way that Rhetta was going to swoon in front of Nick. The hardest part was pushing the thought that he was probably still wearing that cage around his cock. Maybe he couldn’t fuck her while wearing it, but there were other things he could do to her and that got her even hotter. She could feel her face getting hot as she blushed.

Nick said nothing and fixed the cuff around her hand. She smiled at him and confidently resumed her position on the spanking bench.

“Hold the grips,” he told her and then grabbed a pair of carabiners from a box on

the workbench and snapped them on the D-rings sewn into the cuffs and then that onto the metal rings set into the frame.

Looking down at her hands Rhette figured with a bit of stretching and extreme bending of her wrists, she would be able to free herself from the carabiners, but certainly not while she was being beaten.

Rhette wanted to press her thighs together to prevent her pussy from dripping, but that would give away how excited she was.

“Are you ready now?” Nick asked, picking up the narrow paddle.

She wanted to say no, because she wasn’t ready. Instead she asked a question. “Why are there holes in it?”

“Makes a little whistling sound,” he explained. “Less air resistance when it cuts through the air. It supposedly causes a harder impact.”

“You’re kidding,” she said. His words were making her nervous again.

“Nope.” He experimentally swung the paddle back and forth, getting the weight of it. He hadn’t been lying. Just moving it slowly caused a faint whistling.

“I’ve changed my mind,” she said pulling back from the spanking bench. The cuffs and rings held her in place. “Don’t.” The word left her mouth but Nick ignored her.

The paddle cut through the air. The whistle was clearly audible now. The smack of wood on flesh reached her ears before the pain registered in her brain.

“Jesus!” she screamed, dancing faintly on her feet, trying to escape but was prevented from going anywhere by the restraints.

“Do you want me to stop?” Nick asked calmly.

Her pussy was throbbing with desire. One smack from an overly fancy fraternity paddle and she wanted to fuck. What was wrong with her? Rhette started to cry but choked back the sobs and the tears. “No.” It hurt to admit she wanted to be hurt.

“Do you know your safeword?” he asked.

“Yes.”

The paddle whistled through the air again. The impact this time wasn't so bad. Either Nick had pulled back on the power or she was already becoming accustomed to it. She could feel the two line of pain on her ass, across both buttocks. Focusing on the pain made her wonder what her ass looked like. Would it be just bright red or would there be stripes? When would the bruises bloom?

“Too soft,” Nick muttered.

The next blow was much sharper and the whistle louder. It hurt.

“Jesus Chris fucking the whore!” she cursed.

“Such a mouth on you,” he chided her. The next two slaps of the paddle struck differently; the first hit her left cheek and the second hit her right. In most ways, that was actually worse.

Rhette gripped the handles attached to the table and sucked in a deep breath as she tried to get control of herself. The pain wasn't terrible but it was more than she had been expecting. Just as she got her breathing under control the paddle came down sharply across her buttocks and she let out her breath with a heaving sob. Tears burst out of her eyes and she lost what little control she had.

It was what they wanted.

“Beautiful.” The person speaking the word wasn't Nick. It was a feminine voice and it purred as Rhette continued to cry, her tears and sobbing punctuated by the sound of nick swishing the paddle through the air.

“You shouldn't be here, Helena,” said Nick.

“I couldn't stay away, not after hearing you wax poetic about your new client,” said Sharon. Rhette turned her head and through her tears saw a woman walking purposefully across the room. She wore a plain black dress that reached her knee accessorized by a yellow belt and yellow jewelry. Even her shoes were yellow and it wasn't just carefully thought out fashion. Her bright blonde hair matched her accessories and was currently carefully kept under control via means of a

tight bun at the nape of her neck.

“She didn’t consent to your being here,” Nick said. It was obvious he was annoyed.

“I don’t hear her objecting,” said Helena as she walked up behind Rhetta. Once she passed out of Rhetta’s line of sight it was easier to deal with being naked in front of a complete stranger.

That was until Helena’s hand touched her ass. Rhetta could feel Helena’s cool, dry hand against the burning heat of her rump. She was started back to an unpleasant reality. Rhetta was about to object to being touched in such an intimate way when Helena slid her fingers down between her legs and ran then along her drooling pussy. Her first instinct was to bring her thighs together to protect the tiny bit of modesty she had left, but then she felt Helena manipulating her clit and she moaned in pleasure.

“The poor girl loves it,” Helena declared.

“As I said,” said Nick.

Rhetta knew she should have been humiliated, and she was, but at the same time, she loved it. She wanted Helena’s fingers to keep rubbing, to go deeper and up inside her and make her cum. She wanted Nick to keep swatting away at her ass until she was screaming for him to stop but him not stopping anyway.

Much to her disappointment, Helena pulled her fingers away. “Beautiful color,” she commented, wiping her wet hand on Rhetta’s thigh. “Are you done with her?”

“Not yet.”

“I’d love to photograph her.”

“No,” Nick said firmly. “You know I won’t allow that. I never even discussed that with her.”

“A shame. Her skin tone. Her freckles. Her supple flesh. Even the way she pinks up. Everything about her is perfect.”

“Please leave, Helena,” Nick pleaded.

Helena ignored Nick’s words and directly addressed Rhetta. “Girl, would you like Nicholas to keep paddling your ass while I watch?”

Rhetta swallowed. The tears had stopped sliding down her face. The pain was still beautiful. “Yes, please,” she said.

Nick sighed. “Fine.”

“It’s all I wanted, dear,” said Helena as she stepped away.

Rhetta couldn’t see Helena, but her presence was palpable. Nick unexpectedly cut the paddle through the air and the sudden burning across her ass made Rhetta cry out.

“I won’t stop until you tell me,” he said and then began a series of swats that weren’t terribly hard, but were slow and steady and deadly accurate. Her already sore bottom was forced into the territory of aching and angry. Having an audience made Rhetta want to endure more and more. Even though her pussy hadn’t been touched by Nick’s paddle it was on fire and ready to cum.

She wanted to cum, but couldn’t stand the torture of Nick’s paddle any longer. “Stop!” she begged. “Red! Red! Safeword!”

“Such endurance!” Helena enthused, suddenly appearing at the edge of Rhetta’s vision. “Did you cum?”

Rhetta shook her head, disappointed. “No.”

Helena smiled. “Would you like to?”

“Yes,” she begged.

“Would you like me to fuck you to make you cum?”

At first Rhetta didn’t understand the question. Was Helena trans? She certainly didn’t have any of the tell-tale signs of transition. How could a woman fuck another woman? Maybe Helena was lesbian and simply used the word fuck to indicate any type of sex? Rhetta’s mind was already primed for anything. The

position from the interloper was enough to get her to agree.

“Yes,” she said and added a polite, “please.” It sounded so pathetic, but she wanted it.

“That’s what I thought,” said Helena.

“Don’t,” Nick pleaded.

She ignored him.

Rhette couldn’t tell exactly what Helena was doing, but she was moving around behind her. It took a minute, whatever the blonde was doing. While Rhette had never had sex with another woman, she wasn’t opposed to the idea. It was just that all her sex partners in her life had been men. At the moment, she’d do anything to cum.

It wouldn’t have been that difficult to crane her neck all the way around on the spanking bench, but that would have spoiled the surprise.

When she heard Helena’s voice again, it was incredibly close, right behind her. “This is probably going to hurt a bit. Your ass is all red and sore. But you probably like that, don’t you?”

“Yes.” Rhette’s head was whirling.

And then Helena’s body was pressing against hers. A cock was probing between her legs, looking for the slick entrance to her pussy. No, not a cock. A dildo. Whatever Helena was using, it wasn’t a real cock. But that didn’t matter, Rhette arched her back a bit and tried the best she could to help Helena enter her.

The other woman knew exactly what she was doing. She must have done this exact thing before with other women. The fake phallus pushed into Rhette and she groaned aloud. It felt wonderful...until Helena was all the way in and her stomach and thighs pressed against Rhette’s abused ass. It rubbed against the rawness but she was able to power through it.

A few second later Helena was fucking her like a man and Rhette was grunting along in pleasure. She wouldn’t last long. She wanted to put a hand between her legs to play with her clit, but couldn’t because they were bound. And then she

was cumming. The cries that escaped her lips frightened Nick, but he did nothing other than watch Helena fuck the curvy redhead.

“Thank you,” Rhetta whispered as her legs trembled and her body shook.
“Thank you, thank you.”

“It was my pleasure,” Helena said smugly as she pulled her fake cock free of Rhetta’s body. Rhetta looked over her shoulder and saw a set of straps around Helena’s hips and thighs holding the cock in place resting on her pubic bone. Helena had hiked up her dress to put it on, but had left on a pair of black silky panties that hid her sex from view. The striking blonde smiled at her briefly and then turned to Nick.

“Take off your pants and get on your hands and knees,” she said.

“I don’t—” Nick began, but Helena cocked her head and lifted her eyebrows. He sighed. “Okay.” Before he did as she asked, he went to a container on the bench near the door and found a bottle of lubricant. He started to move out of Rhetta’s sight, but Helena snapped her fingers and indicated the floor in front of Rhetta.

“There,” she said. “The redhead gets to watch.”

What followed was something that Rhetta would only have imagined seeing while viewing porn. Nick took off his shoes, jeans, and underwear. In contrast to the thick hair on his head and arms and legs, around his cock all the hair had been removed. Rhetta wondered if he took off his shirt if his chest would be bare as well. Obviously he shaved, but that was only for the benefit of the cock cage he wore.

After he got down on all fours, he applied a liberal dose of lube to his ass and Helena did him the favor of lubing up her dildo once she had covered it with a condom. Rhetta couldn’t keep her eyes off Nick’s cock. It had filled the space inside the small tubular cage and it was obviously trying to get hard and break free, but that was never going to happen. As Helena got into position behind him, Rhetta saw a droplet of precum drip from his cock down to the floor.

Holding her tool Helena pressed into Nick’s ass. He groaned and slowly the dildo disappeared into his backside. Rhetta was amazed.

“You like that, baby?” she asked him.

“Yeah,” he moaned. Rhette hadn’t expected that. Always before Nick was in control and now it seemed like he was a toy for Helena to use. And he liked it.

What followed was a slow and steady fucking of Nick’s ass. His cock bobbed with the cage adding weight to the flesh. Helena gripped his shoulders and hips and the moment struck her, but she didn’t pound away like a lust-crazed teenager. She used skill and expertise to bring their fuck session to what was the inevitable conclusion.

“I don’t wanna cum,” Nick groaned suddenly.

“Too bad, baby. It’s gonna happen.” Once Helena said those words, thick ropes of semen burst forth from the head of Nick’s cock. He wasn’t hard and he was cumming. Rhette marveled at what that must have felt like. It puddled on the rubberized floor beneath him and he groaned with every stroke the Helena gave to him until she finally pulled out, satisfied.

The blonde stood up and rolled off the condom, casually tossing it into the garbage can in the corner of the room before she approached Rhette. It was strange having a woman unhook her from the spanking bench, especially since that woman was sporting a fake cock standing up from her crotch. Once she was free, Rhette stood up. Helena immediately stuck out her hand.

“Hello. I don’t think we’ve properly met. I’m Helena. Helena Briggs. I’m Nick’s partner.”

Rhette shook the other woman’s hand. “Rhette Shaungessy. Um...thank you?”

Helena laughed pleasantly. “I think we’ll get along marvelously.

End Book 1

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri started out his career in erotica by stealing adult magazines from the local corner store and selling them to classmates in high school. It was a lucrative enough start and an easy jump from there to writing kink for the internet. He lives in upstate New York and tries to avoid the worst in humanity. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: [at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com](http://elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com)

Twitter: [@GreenBushPub](https://twitter.com/GreenBushPub)