

Red-Handed

Rhette is Red 2

**A SPANKING
AND BDSM
EROTIC STORY**

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing

Red-Handed

Rhette is Red 2

**A SPANKING
AND BDSM
EROTIC STORY**

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing

Red-Handed:

Rhette is Red 2

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Red-Handed: Rhette is Red 2

Copyright © 2018 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work 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.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

About the Author

Part Two

Chapter Four

Helena got a towel from one of the cabinets and ran it under the hot water from the corner sink. Rhetta was apprehensive at first because she didn't see the logic in a hot compress on her reddened ass, but Helena insisted, so she bent over the spanking bench again and allowed the older woman to do as she wanted.

There was a flare of pain when Helena applied the hot compress to her ass, but then it quickly faded. It wasn't bad at all. "This will bring out the bruising," she said with a smile. "Just let the heat work for a minute."

Now that she was up close and facing her, Rhetta could see that Helena was about ten years older than her. She had some lines on her face but amazingly her hair was still a brilliant blonde; or perhaps she had the best dye job in the world. Behind her Nick was pulling up his pants, tucking his still-limp cock away, and then he disappeared from Rhetta's view.

Uncomfortable with the silence, Rhetta felt she had to say something. After seeing Helena peg Nick after getting fucked by her, Rhetta had a lot of questions. The older woman had taken off the strap on cock she had worn to fuck Rhetta and Nick and had pulled her dress back down over her hips. She almost looked like someone who had merely walked in from an office somewhere. "How long have you and Nick been partners?" She used the term that Helena had used because she still wasn't sure what was going on.

Helena smirked and sat down on one of the stools scattered around Nick's workshop. "How long? Shit. I've known him almost twenty years now. We've been fucking for...eighteen I guess. Business partners for ten. Does that answer your question?"

Rhetta thought she had somehow managed to fuck up a simple question. "Yes. Sorry. I didn't mean to pry."

Her response managed to make Helena laugh. "I usually keep our relationship... quiet. But since I just fucked you, I suppose you are entitled to some information."

“It’s none of my business,” said Rhetta, eager to get off the topic.

“We’ve been married for twelve years.” She displayed a silver band on her finger. It was modest and there was no engagement ring. “Didn’t you see the ring he wears...not that a ring means anything nowadays.”

Giving it a moment’s thought Rhetta realized she had seen several rings on Nick’s fingers. None of them had registered as a wedding band. “Uh...I guess not.”

“His is black because he thinks that’s cool. It tends to blend in because it doesn’t look like a wedding band. He wants to make women think he’s not married.”

“But the...the...” Rhetta didn’t know how to proceed with her sentence.

“But the cage I have on his cock prevents any fun for him? Yes. Irony that would be, I suppose.” She lifted the hot towel from Rhetta’s ass. “Very nice. Time for a cold compress now.”

At first the cold towel hurt worse than the hot one, and then, just like the hot towel, it started to soothe. “You have beautiful skin,” Helena said running her fingers along Rhetta’s back, admiring the younger woman’s pale color. “But it isn’t the flawlessness of skin that makes beauty, it’s the tiny flaws that draw out the beauty. That’s why so many men admire the bruises a woman can carry after a spanking or paddling.”

Rhetta jerked slightly as Helena ran her fingers over her skin, but managed not to freak out.

“Redheads are highly desired among spanking aficionados and in the BDSM community, did you know that?”

“No, but Nick said as much.”

“It’s because you can take the pain better than anyone else. You can take the pain and you can sport the bruises. I’m a little jealous. I hate receiving pain, but I love giving it. I’m pale enough, but you’ll never see me with a bruise.”

Rhetta was confused by Helena’s short speech. “I don’t understand.”

Helena smiled. "You will soon enough."

It took a day for her to set up a time with Jordan. They both had separate lives, even if they both had physical needs.

"I never expected to hear from you again," he said when she let him into her house.

"Why is that?" she asked sweetly. Jordan was nicely dressed in a pair of tan Dockers and a golf shirt. He looked like he just left the office on casual Friday. That was fine with Rhetta; she wasn't interested in what he was wearing. For her part, she was wearing a dress she hadn't worn in a year. It was black and tighter than she would normally wear. Jordan didn't know it, but Rhetta was purposely imitating Helena's style, minus the yellow highlights. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

"I sent you a bunch of messages. You never responded."

She had gotten the messages. She didn't tell him that she had purposely ignored them. It was too much to explain. Yes, she was using him for sex, but if he didn't want to fuck her, he could just say no. Nancy Reagan's terrible advice didn't just apply to drugs.

"I was trying to decide if I wanted to see you again," she said.

"You could have decided quicker." He put his hand on her upper arm, running his fingers up and down her lightly freckled skin. It was forward and presumptuous of him, but she allowed it anyway. She couldn't wait to fuck him.

"It's a girl's prerogative to be picky," she said. She looked around the kitchen. It was clean, but she hadn't set out any snacks or drinks. She hadn't invited him over for socialization; she had invited him over for sex and sex alone. "Shall we go to the bedroom?"

Jordan blinked and laughed. "I forgot how forward you are."

"I know what I want. Why waste time."

“I was hoping to take you out on an actual date,” he said.

Rhette was horny but she gave it some consideration. “Tell you what. We’ll have sex now and if it’s good enough, I’ll let you take me out.”

“Deal!” he said, taking his hand from her arm and putting it between them instead. She looked down at his proffered appendage and shook it as if agreeing to a bargain.

“You’ve better make me scream,” she told him. “Otherwise no date.”

“Where’s the bedroom?” he asked, eager to prove himself.

Because she knew what she wanted, the moment they walked into the bedroom, Rhette grabbed the bottom of her dress and pulled it up over her head, dropping it to the floor. Jordan’s eyes roved over her body, taking in the semi-transparent bra and panties she was wearing in addition to the stockings. Maybe she knew what she wanted, but she didn’t mind putting on a little show for him as well. When Jordan opened his mouth to say something, she quickly approached him and silenced him with a kiss.

Kissing was nice. She was eager to fuck, but kissing was a nice warm up. It gave her the opportunity to feel his body through this clothing. It gave them the chance to undress him together. Before Jordan knew it, he was down to his underwear and Rhette was kissing her way down his body. “Wow,” he said.

“Wow what?” she asked, her fingers at the edge of his waistband. Her forearm was purposely pressing against his erect cock that threatened to burst out of his briefs.

“I just didn’t ever expect anything like this.”

She smiled at him and took pulled down the last piece of clothing he wore. By putting his already hard cock into her mouth, she stopped any possibility of a conversation.

Giving head was fine, but Rhette wanted to fuck.

She backed off and said, “You taste wonderful. Shall we fuck?”

He blinked at her. “Uh. Yeah. That’s why I’m here, right?” He grinned and tried to adopt an attitude of confidence, that he wasn’t being used by her for sex, that he was an equal participant.

Rhette got off her knees and turned around. The bed was only two steps away, but before she crawled onto it, she shimmied out of her see-through panties. But Jordan’s eyes were already stuck on her ass before she removed the panties.

“Holy fucking shit!” he exclaimed looking at her ass.

Rhette peered over her shoulder to see what he saw. “Aren’t they pretty?” she asked. “I’m surprised at how well they came out.”

“Came out?” Jordan asked.

“After Nick paddled me. I like the pain and I like the bruises. They tell me who I am.”

“Do they...do they hurt?” Jordan asked.

“A little. But they are worth it.”

Jordan didn’t know what to think. His cock was starting to droop because he was distracted by her bruises. “How...how did you get them?” He didn’t know what to say. He was afraid to have sex with her and possibly hurt her.

“I already told you?” she said, exasperated. “My dom gave them to me. Nick paddled me.”

“Why?”

“Because I wanted him to. Because I like to be spanked. Because it makes sex better.”

In truth she had never had sex with Nick either before or after being spanked. Helena had fucked her with the strap on after being paddled, but that wasn’t really the same thing. Masturbating after being paddled wasn’t the same thing after. What she really desired was to be fucked and spanked at the same time.

“I mean...I know some women like to be spanked during sex...but not so hard

that it hurts. That it leaves bruises.”

“You don’t know everything,” she told him. “Now are you going to fuck me or are you just going to stand there with a limp dick?”

Jacob looked down at his cock. He had faded. He wanted to fuck her, but Rhette’s unusual sexual desires had made him...confused and distracted. He put his hand to his cock, pulling on it, masturbating to make it bigger and harder. “How do you...I don’t want to hurt you any more than you already are.”

She laughed at him. “I’m not hurt. I’m not carrying any scars. I’m carrying trophies of achievement.” Crawling onto the bed, she made sure to keep her legs apart so that he could see the opening of her pussy. He was a man and would respond, of that she was confident. Maybe her ass was a little large, but he liked it well enough the first time.

Arching her back, Rhette reached between her legs, making sure Jordan could see her fingers going into her pussy, drew them down along her slit, and splayed open her nether lips. “Come on and fuck me,” she begged.

Jordan stepped out of his underwear, his cock almost back to its previous glory, and joined her on the bed. When he touched her she felt the thrill of pain from the bruises. It wasn’t much, but it was a pleasant reminder of the paddling. His cock slipped between her thighs and she guided him inside. “Ooh...isn’t that better,” she purred at him.

“You’re crazy,” Jordan said with absolute sincerity.

“Crazy sex is the best sex,” she laughed. “Now fuck me.”

He did. Gently at first, but when she demanded that he do it harder, he grabbed her hips and fucked her like he would any other woman. Every impact of his body against hers sent a thrill of pain to her head. It was glorious. When he pounded into her with all his strength, she could feel his balls slapping against her clit.

“Fuck yes!” she cried out. “Harder! Faster!”

“Do you want me to pull your hair too?” he asked, half sarcastically.

She looked over her shoulder at him. “If that’s what you want, then fuck yes!”

It took little effort to tangle the fingers of one hand in her long, thick hair. Pulling back he started fucking her harder and the noises that Rhetta made were inhuman. It was violent sex. That was the sort of sex that Rhetta loved, but it was new and disturbing to Jordan.

Rhetta came first. The tightening of her pussy on his cock made him cum shortly afterwards.

“I think I need more hair pulling during sex,” she told him as she curled up under his arm.

“Okay,” he agreed, exhausted by the exertion of sex. “Was it good enough?”

“Good enough for what?”

“For me to take you out on a date?”

“Uh-huh.”

They didn’t go out on a date that night. They slept in.

Chapter Five

Helena was there the next time she went to see Nick. “I’d love to take your picture,” she said to Rhetta who glanced nervously at Nick who was gathering some equipment in the back of the workshop.

“What? No. I’m not a model. I’m not even pretty enough to be a model.”

That made Helena laugh. “Oh please. Have you seen some of the ugly women out there making a living by having their picture taken? You’ve got it all: skin, bone structure, freckles, lovely bruises, long and lovely hair. I’ll even do you the favor of not including your face if you’re shy.”

All Rhetta wanted was to visit Nick, get her ass whipped, and then see Jordan for the date they had planned for that night. Why was Helena trying to disrupt a perfectly lovely Friday evening with her need to take pictures? She knew what Helena wanted: pictures of Rhetta naked and being whipped. Rhetta wasn’t ready for that. She didn’t think she’d ever be ready for that.

“No thanks. I don’t want to do that.”

“There’s money in it.”

Rhetta shook her head. “Not interested.”

Helena blew out a breath. “Too bad. It’s only a hobby for me, but I’m sure we could make a little extra cash. You could profit from this instead of having to pay Nick for the pleasure of being beaten. Do you like dropping a hundred every time you visit my husband?” She smiled at Rhetta, but let the issue drop.

She didn’t, however, leave the workshop; she just settled into the background. Nick distracted Rhetta by suddenly brandishing a large metal implement that unintentionally scared Rhetta. “Do you know what this is?” he asked an eager grin on his face.

Rhetta carefully pushed away Nick’s hand that was holding the tool. “Um...fish

hook for a toothless shark? A giant toothless shark?”

It wasn't a bad guess; it was a terrible guess and Rhette making a joke of it failed to lighten the mood. What Nick held was a shiny metal J-shaped hook about a foot long. It could have been used as a fishing hook for extremely large fish, except instead of a point on the end of the curve it had a smooth ball about the size of a golf ball. Rhette didn't think Nick had any interest in golfing.

“Why don't you take off your clothes and I'll show you what it's used for,” he said.

Rhette had already started unbuttoning her shirt, but his words and the tool gave her pause. It was metal and she was certain she didn't want to be hit with it. “It looks painful. How can you possibly use that without hurting me?” She removed her shirt and put it on the end of one of the long workbenches. Unzipping her skirt, she adopted the attitude of unconcern with being the only one naked in the room. Her bra and panties were rather plain because she hadn't come to Nick's workshop to put on a lingerie show.

“It's not designed to cause you pain. It's designed to hold you in place.” He indicated the spanking bench that Rhette was eager to settle onto, though she was suddenly shy about admitting it.

She shed her bra and panties before asking, “What about the cuffs?” She then bent over the bench which put her ass in the air. Her hands rested on the smooth wooden rests and she grabbed the rubber-covered metal grips. The metal rings to hook cuffs to were still set into the wood.

“This is something a little more freeing,” Nick explained as he moved her feet further apart. “Do you enjoy anal sex?”

“What?” The question startled her.

“Do you enjoy anal sex?” he repeated.

She turned her head and looked at Nick. He had a bottle of lubricant in his hand and was squeezing the slippery gel only to the ball head of the hook.

“I've never...I've never had anal sex.”

“Then I’ll be gentle.”

She looked at him in confusion and panic for a moment before remembering that Nick’s cock was in a cage. He couldn’t get hard, let alone penetrate her; he was still wearing his pants, though, and he was holding the hook. And he wouldn’t do it front of his wife; Helena was still in the room watching them. “What...what are you going to do?”

“You’ll love it, I promise,” Helena said from across the room, giving Rhetta the impression this was her idea.

Nick put his hand on her ass, pulling one buttock aside to inspect her two entrances. She froze and didn’t know what to do. Was she really paying him money for this? His fingers went between her cheeks and she felt cool wetness against her tight pucker. “What are you doing?” she demanded, but she didn’t physically stop him or move away. She was curious.

“Relax,” he said in a soothing voice. She felt the cold of the hook pressing against her anus. Just as she started to open her mouth to protest that hell no you aren’t putting that inside me! the slick ball slipped by the ring of muscle and was suddenly inside her.

“Oh,” was her reaction.

“It’s not unpleasant,” Nick said. “You might feel a little full, like you have to go to the bathroom, but let it settle in for a moment.”

“All the way in,” Helena demanded from across the room. Without giving her a chance to react, Nick settled the anal hook against the curve of Rhetta’s spine. She shivered at the cool metal but was surprised at the lack of pain...and was secretly happy at the way it made her feel.

“Oh,” she said again. “That’s nice.” She wiggled but butt a bit, settling the hook into her flesh. “But how is it supposed to restrain me?” It was weird to have a piece of metal up her ass, but it was also easy to see the pleasure that it gave her. She wasn’t one to judge new, strange experiences; she liked to have her ass paddled so she was well beyond judgment of weird pleasures.

Nick began working behind her. At the edge of her vision, Rhetta saw Helena move and approach them. “What are you doing?” Rhetta asked Nick.

“Just attaching a short rope,” he said as he threaded a piece of yellow cotton line through the hole on the end of the large hook that wasn’t in Rhetta’s ass and tied it securely.

“It’s less a hard point restraint like wrist cuffs,” said Helena as she took hold of Rhetta’s long red hair that was held back in a simple ponytail, “and more a soft restraint designed to keep you from making wild movements. It’s almost a psychological hold rather than a physical one.” As she worked, she manipulated Rhetta’s hair. She recognized the pressure she felt as getting her hair braided, but something else was going on as well.

“What are you doing?” Rhetta asked nervously. She could have stopped the process at any point, but she didn’t. She was curious and eager to see what they would do to her.

“Braiding your hair,” said Helena.

“But you’re doing something more...”

“Braiding the hook’s line into your hair.”

She wanted to ask why, but the why was fairly obvious. They had to have done this before. There was some muted discussion of “how tight” and “length adjustment” but it sounded more like professional talk rather than confused amateurs figuring things out. When they were done Rhetta was still face down on the spanking bench, her breasts crushed against the bench’s wide body, her ass in the air, with her head back and neck exposed. There wasn’t much strain on her neck or in her ass, but if she tried to move her neck to a natural position, it was impossible.

“Jesus,” she breathed.

“Too much?” asked Helena.

Rhetta’s first instinct was to shake her head back and forth, indicating no, but the moment she started to move her head, the rope attached to her braid pulled on the anal hook and she froze. Instead she said, “No, it’s...it just takes some getting used to, I guess.”

Helena laughed lightly. “It sure does. Usually I’d have the rope attached to a

collar around your neck, but you have such beautiful, long red hair I couldn't resist this old trick. It places more strain on you—and it's certainly not for beginners, which you are, and I'm sorry for that, but we do what we have to do—but the results are worth it. Are you enjoying it?"

"No, not really," Rhetta answered with a nervous sigh. "Do people actually like this?"

"Of course they do. And I think you like it more than you're letting on."

Rhetta didn't know what to think, but at the same time she didn't regret allowing herself to be bound like this by Nick and Helena. Curiosity got the better of her, and she reached behind her back to feel for the hook and rope but Helena slapped her hands out of the way. "No. Don't do that. You don't know what you're doing."

"But I wanted to feel—"

Helena cut her off. "I could take a picture for you."

That made Rhetta fall silent but her hands still strayed toward her back.

"Nick? The double sleeves, I think will be necessary for today."

A little too eagerly for Rhetta's taste, Nick said, "Sounds good!"

"What are you doing?" Rhetta asked nervously. She tried to push herself off the bench, but found with the anal hook buried in her ass and the rope braided into her hair, her normal center of gravity and balance was completely off.

"Don't move," Helena told her. "This won't hurt. It's for your own protection."

Nick returned a moment later with what looked like a long tube of dyed yellow leather. It sort of looked like an evening glove, but it was far too long and had a cord laced through the small grommets set along the length of the sleeve. It was obviously a piece of bondage equipment. "What is that?" she asked.

"You put it on like a glove," said Nick. He and Helena worked together to get Rhetta on her feet. It was awkward to stand up with the hook in her ass, but it was manageable. The unusual restraint they were using in her hair and ass made

her chin point upwards, but she mostly had her full range of vision. Nick helped her slide the leather sleeve up her right arm and realized it was a pair of tubes parallel to each other. The tube ended in a fingerless glove. He then helped her slide her left arm in the second sleeve so that when she was done her forearms were touching and were held in place under her breasts. Nick tightened the cord and tied it off. She wasn't left helpless, but she was so fucking close it made no difference.

"Jesus," she exclaimed when she realized she couldn't really move steadily without help.

"Hold still," Helena told her. "Nick's going to spank you now. I think you'll like it."

Rhette didn't feel stable on her feet. "No. I'm not ready."

"You're more than ready," Helena reassured her.

Nick had pulled on a pair of his own gloves. They were thin red leather, contrasting with the black jeans and tank top he wore, and Rhette tried to step away from him, but Helena stopped her with a simple hand on her shoulder. "Don't move. This is just practice. We'll do it later in heels. You'll look good doing this in heels."

"I don't think—" Rhette started to say, but was cut off by her own gasp when Nick spanked her several times in rapid succession on her left buttock. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes.

"Very good," Helena complimented her. "You stayed on your feet. Do you like this?"

Nick moved around her and placed his right hand on her shoulder, holding her in place.

"Y-y-yes," Rhette admitted. It didn't hurt to admit, but she still felt shame about it.

"Good. I knew you would."

Five quick spanks landed on her right cheek, courtesy of Nick. The sting was

lovely.

“I like how you hold still,” Helena complimented her, placing a hand on each shoulder. “It will do you well.” Then Helena gave her a quick peck on the cheek and stepped away. “Redden her ass,” she told Nick. “Just enough to get her going.”

Rhette stood stock still while Nick started spanking her ass, moving back and forth between her left and right cheeks, making them sting, and then burn, and then the pain developed into a throbbing that wouldn’t go away. All the while Rhette sobbed slightly and let the tears flow out of her eyes. She wanted this. She was paying for this. She didn’t understand why she had the need to do this but it was good. She didn’t regret it at all.

“Stop,” said Helena and Nick paused in his spanking. Rhette and breathing fast and shallow and she realized that she was closer to orgasm than she realized. Was her sexuality so fucked up that she could cum from being spanked? It made no sense.

“Do you want to cum?” Helena asked her. She was standing directly in front of Rhette. When had she moved there?

“Yesss,” Rhette begged.

Helena’s hand reached between her legs and the soft touch of the other woman’s finger on her clit was too much. Helena didn’t do anything to encourage Rhette, but the redhead started grinding her pussy down on Helena’s hand. The blonde woman smiled and allowed her fingers to go up into Rhette’s slit and find her clit. It didn’t take long for Rhette to cum. When she did, she stumbled forward into Helena who helped her remain on her feet.

“Jesus, I’m sorry,” Rhette cursed.

“I’m sure Jesus doesn’t care,” Helena replied and took her fingers from Rhette’s pussy and sucked them, tasting the other woman’s juices before offering her them to Rhette. Knowing what was expected, Rhette sucked, tasking herself.

It was hardly the kinkiest thing she had ever done.

Unlacing the sleeve was easy as was releasing the cord from her braid. Taking

the hook out of her ass was an...unusual experience. When she came, her sphincter had clamped down tightly on the unyielding metal. It heightened the orgasm, but it made her sore as well. It also made her start thinking about what it would be like to be fucked in the ass.

“Thank you,” she said to both Helena and Nick before she left.

Nick’s cocky smile caused a thrill in her stomach. “The pleasure was all mine.”

It made her wonder if he was going to ask Helena to peg him while she was on her date with Jordan.

Chapter Six

When Jordan asked if she had a preference where they went to eat dinner, she said simply, “Some place with heavily padded seats.”

To his credit, Jordan didn’t question it at all. The small Italian place he took her to had well-padded seats, which made her happy.

It was an actual date. They played the usual getting to know you conversation games and pretended like they hadn’t already fucked. She didn’t tell him that Nick had spanked her earlier that day, but she was equally confident he already knew or at least had suspicions. Ten minutes after arriving at the restaurant, she had decided he’d get to fuck her. She knew her ass wasn’t that red from her spanking; maybe she’d let him add to the redness.

Her phone buzzed several times in rapid succession. She could feel it in her purse sitting next to her on the booth’s seat. Even Jordan paused in eating.

“I’m not going to answer it,” she told him. “We’re on a date. It’s rude to check one’s phone during an actual date.”

“It buzzed like a hundred times. It might be something important.”

He was exaggerating but Rhetta thought about her grandmother who only texted when it was important and maybe a hundred other scenarios where someone was dying in a hospital. “Just to make sure it’s not an emergency,” she said.

She didn’t have preview set on her lock screen. When she saw the pictures she had been sent, her eyes went wide and her face went a red as her hair.

“Problem?” Jordan asked.

“Just my friends being asses,” she said dismissively, trying to recapture her previous positive attitude.

Not wanting to spoil the date or upset Rhetta unnecessarily, Jordan just nodded and moved forward with the conversation. It was apparent, even to him, that

whatever message Rhetta had seen on her phone had upset her greatly.

For her part Rhetta tried not to think about what she had seen on her phone. It was stupid, she knew. She could have called off the date with Jordan and rescheduled, making up a lie about a sick relative. What was unsettling was not so much what she had seen; the pictures didn't surprise her so much as what her reaction to them had been. Rhetta knew she should have been upset and horrified; instead she was turned on more than she wanted to admit to herself.

The dinner proceeded apace and she let Jordan carry most of the conversation flow. She was terribly distracted by the pictures that she had been sent and even more distracted by her reaction to them. Under other circumstances she would have slipped off to the bathroom and jilled off for some relief, but she had earlier made a promise to herself that she'd fuck Jordan. While that wasn't a legally binding agreement—and Jordan didn't even know about it—she still felt a certain sense of obligation from it; Jordan was going to get laid as long as he didn't say or do something incredibly stupid.

“Dessert?” Jordan asked as the waitress cleared their plates. Rhetta's first reaction was wondering if he was teasing her because she needed to lose some weight. She wasn't that fat, but she knew her ass was larger than average. But she remembered that he had already fucked her several times and didn't seem the least but put off by her extra weight. He was just being polite.

“No thanks,” she said politely.

“What would you like to do next?” he asked. “Drinks? Movie? Extravagant shopping trip?”

“I do most of my shopping online. Let's go back to your place and fuck.”

Her sudden bluntness actually caused him to blush and look around to see if anyone had heard her. All the other patrons in the restaurant were ignoring them.

“Okay,” he agreed. “If you insist.”

His apartment was nice, clean and neat for a guy who lived alone. She wasn't interested in the interior decorating; she was only interested in the bedroom. His sheets smelled only very vaguely of him, but strongly of laundry detergent, so he either went overboard on measuring out the Tide or had recently changed the

sheets. Either way was good.

Jordan wanted her to ride on top of him, which wasn't her favorite position, but she needed to keep her mind occupied and having his cock inside her while he played with her tits did the trick. She couldn't, however, cum.

"Do you want to switch positions?" he asked after they had been at it a while and she was close to cumming, but not there yet. "Lots of women can't cum when they're on top."

"No," she said, distracted by his conversation. "Keep going. I want to cum this way." She leaned forward, mashing her tits into his chest. "Just fuck me hard."

He responded by shoving his cock up into her straight and fast, doing his best to make her cum, but she knew it wasn't enough.

"Slap my ass," she groaned.

"What?"

"Slap! My! Ass!" she barked at him.

He paused. "Didn't you...didn't you get that done already today?" he asked. Jordan didn't know how to bring up the fact that he knew she had already been spanked that day. When they undressed, he had seen her ass and it was still red from whenever she had been with the guy she described as her dom.

A wave of embarrassment swept across Rhetta's face. "Sorry," she said.

"What are you apologizing for?"

"You...you don't like me doing that, do you?"

Jordan was confused. "I never said that...and what you do with your body...that's up to you."

"You sound like a pro-choice commercial."

He shifted uncomfortably underneath her; it wasn't from her weight, it was from the situation. "Well...it is. And it's kinda hot, if you ask me."

She blinked at him. “You think it’s hot that I like getting my ass paddled by a near-stranger.”

“Um...yeah. Makes you seem really adventurous.”

It wasn’t a lie detector, but she could feel his cock throbbing inside her pussy. Maybe it actually did turn him on. “Then slap my ass and make me cum,” she told him. “I’m not going to keep fucking a guy who can’t spank me the way I need.”

“Really?” he asked.

“Just do it fucking right,” she told him. “I need to cum.”

“How do I know if I’m doing it right?”

“You’ll know,” she said with an eager grin as she started riding his cock again. She wasn’t doing it as vigorously as before, but there was a steady rhythm to her hips.

Jordan slid his hands down her side to rest on her hips but he hesitated there.

“Don’t stop,” she told him. “If you can’t spank me, I can’t be with you.”

He lifted up his hand but hesitated. Reminders of never to hit anyone, let alone a woman, let alone a woman he was sleeping with, stopped him from doing what she wanted.

“Dot it!” she told him, looking him in the eye.

He wanted to please her. That’s the only reason he slapped her.

The softness of her flesh under his hand was surprising. The thud that filled the air sounded like a gunshot. Her body jerked in pleasure.

“Yesss,” she hissed.

“You liked that?” He was alarmed.

“More. Do it harder.” She started bucking her hips in anticipation of the flare of pain.

Jordan took a breath and slapped her harder. There was a pause in Rhetta's motions as she absorbed the pain.

"More," she begged.

If it was what she wanted, Jordan was willing to give it to her. After the first two spanks, it was easier for him to keep hitting her ass. She gasped in pleasure each time he landed a blow and her pussy clamped around his cock. He held back as long as he could but eventually the dam burst and he started cumming. That allowed him to spank her hard and fast. That's exactly what Rhetta needed. Cumming on top of Jordan's cock was mind-clearing; she knew exactly what she wanted to do.

Afterwards, when Jordan stumbled to the bathroom to pee and clean up, she grabbed her purse and extracted her phone.

It was a foolish risk, but she quickly thumbed through the pictures that Helena had sent her. Rhetta had to admit that she looked beautiful in them with her reddened ass and the look of pleasure and torture on her face.

The question attached to the bottom of the message caused her stomach to flip-flop. She already knew the answer, but actually sending it was another matter.

Sent these to some friends. Blurred your face out. You've been invited to a party to show off your skills and body. Interested?

Helena knew her so well. The other woman had lied about taking her picture while Nick had spanked her, but that didn't truly upset Rhetta. In truth, she almost expected it of the blonde. There was a thrill of pride in knowing that others admired her skill at...at being spanked? Was that a skill? Doubtless Helena already knew how Rhetta was going to answer.

When and where? Rhetta picked out on her phone, but paused before sending the reply. Did she really want to do this or was she just flirting with a fantasy? It was one thing to play in private, but another entirely to do it in front of a group of strangers.

The toilet flushed and Rhetta panicked. She hit the send button and tossed her phone back into her purse before Jordan reappeared.

He didn't need to know everything yet.

Chapter Seven

There had been a girl in Rhetta's high school class who was deemed a major beauty by the class and the general public of their town. Monica had gone on to some minor status as a model. She had eventually died of a drug overdose of some sort; Rhetta purposefully forgot the details.

There had been a boy in her class who was labeled a major acting talent, starred in all the school plays, and headed to Hollywood to make it big. He wound up as the young and handsome host of some minor game show. It ran for a while then it was announced Scot was taking a break from the show and disappeared from sight for a couple of years. Eventually she learned that he had died of some AIDS related illness.

The point being that Rhetta had neither beauty nor talent and yet Helena claimed some strangers wanted to see her body and skills. Rhetta knew she was too fat to be beautiful—even though there were plenty of men and women in the world who admired the type of curvaceous body she had. The skill of being able to enjoy being spanked...and whipped...and paddled...and caned seemed an odd skill to want to see, but Rhetta taught math, not psychology. She didn't know everything about the human brain and sexuality.

What she did know was that Nick and Helena would certainly want her naked in front of a group of strangers while she was spanked.

The idea should have repulsed her.

It would have repulsed her parents.

Instead the idea excited her more than she cared to admit. She would go through with it, but she wasn't going to tell anyone or let on to anyone, how much she found it exciting. Maybe she was depraved, but she was fine with that.

"It's just a little party," Helena said, lecturing to her really while Nick got her prepared. "Maybe a few more than a dozen people, all eager to see something new. And you are something new." Helena was perched on a stool in Nick's

workshop. She was wearing a white summer dress with yellow flowers worked into the design along with her golden jewelry and brilliant saffron hair. If not for the incongruous location, she could easily have been a modern day aristocrat holding court.

Rhette had a simple question that she knew would cause problems. “What am I expected to do? Do I...do I have to fuck someone?” She tried to keep her voice level, even, and hinting at fear, but inside she was so eager it hurt.

“You have to stand there, be admired, and take a good spanking and paddling. Maybe a caning. And then, maybe, just maybe, if you are in the mood, you might be allowed some...carnal delights.”

She was glad that her head was tilted up at the moment; that made it difficult for Helena to see her smile. Nick was wearing his usual black boots, black jeans, black tank top, all topped by his thick shock of black hair which made her wonder if he was color blind or just lazy at shopping. At the moment he was working the rope to the anal hook into her braid, braiding and re-braiding her hair trying to get it just right. The fact that she was naked didn’t disturb or bother anyone in the workshop. For her it had become her natural state.

“Perfect,” Nick finally declared and spun Rhette around so she could be inspected by Helena. The pair of sunshine yellow rope interwoven with her hair highlighted the redness and dangled down her back, brushing the swell of her buttocks.

“Do you think you can do it faster Saturday night?” Helena asked.

“Yes,” he snapped at her. “That’s why we’re practicing now.”

“How come you didn’t put the hook in me first?” Rhette asked.

“Don’t be so impatient, dear,” said Helena, trailing her fingers down Rhette’s back and the ropes, lingering a moment too long on her smooth buttocks.

“Because it’s easier this way,” Nick replied, actually answering her question. “Don’t worry; we’ll put it in soon enough. And you’ll get what’s coming to you.”

It took all of Rhette’s self-control not to giggle.

“Put your hands behind your back,” he told her. She automatically complied.

“Such lovely breasts,” Helena commented. “We should really decorate them.”

Nick clucked his tongue while he helped Rhetta into the leather sleeves that immobilized her hands. These were shorter than the ones she had previously used, but more comfortable. “Don’t give in to that temptation,” he said. “We need to keep the focus on her ass.”

As Nick worked Rhetta had to adjust her posture which made her tits stick out further than normal. Helena reached out and caressed Rhetta’s tits which caused a shiver to run down her spine. It was entirely too familiar a gesture but Rhetta didn’t object.

“The sleeves will keep your arms immobilized,” he told her. “So you’ll need to walk carefully. Are you good in heels?”

“I haven’t fallen in years,” she said boldly. “But I don’t think I have anything over two inches.”

From the canvas bag on the bench Helena pulled out a pair of sky high yellow heels. “I checked your other shoes, these should fit perfectly.” As she knelt down to slip the elaborate footwear onto Rhetta, the redheaded woman wondered when Helena had the opportunity to sneak a look at her shoes and get the correct size. As it was, Helena was correct. The shoes were perfectly sized and angled so sharply that Rhetta felt like she was nothing more than a display for her tits and ass. That, she supposed, was the point.

“Walk carefully now,” Helena instructed her.

Rhetta took a few tentative steps. She felt the weight of the hook hanging from her braid, tapping lightly against her ass. Her hands were trapped behind her back which threw off her sense of balance and she started to stumble and fall before she took more than a half dozen steps. Nick was there to catch her.

“We’ll practice,” Helena told her. “And if you aren’t good enough, we’ll make sure either Nick or I are at your elbow.”

“That’ll make her look like a dowager who can’t find her way to the funeral parlor,” Nick groused.

“So put a collar around her neck and we’ll add a leash to it. She’ll look fine. Inexperienced but fine. There’s a charm to those who are inexperienced but eager,” Helena said, catching Rhetta’s eye with a knowing look. “Have you ever worn a collar before?”

Rhetta slowly shook her head. “No.” The chill ran down her spine again.

“Find her a nice one,” Helena said to Nick. And then to Rhetta: “Now bend over the spanking bench. I want to put the hook up your ass.”

The practice was easy. It was actually showing up to the party and performing that was difficult. As much as she wanted to embrace her secret self, Rhetta realized that while she had become comfortable with being naked and used sexually by Nick and Helena, doing it in front of strangers was another thing entirely.

And the couple acted like it was just a normal thing for her to strip down and be the object of sexual interest for a small crowd.

She started hyperventilating in the backseat of Helena’s car. Nick was driving and Helena was sitting with her. They had insisted on dressing her at their place and then driving over to where the party was being held. Dressing was an overstatement; Rhetta was wearing the yellow heels Helena had bought for her, thigh high stockings, the yellow collar they determined was necessary, and nothing else. She already had the yellow line braided into her hair and she knew that Nick had brought along the anal hook and sleeves for her hands, but other than that she had nothing. They had given her a light jacket to wear while in the car, it barely came down over her rump, but that was it. She was exposed and at first it had been exiting, her pussy had gotten wet at the thought of getting into the car, but once in the car, she realized what she was doing and it became an issue.

“Okay, I can’t go through with this,” she said between gasps for air.

“You’ll be fine,” Helena reassure her blandly, not concerned. Nick glanced up into the rear view mirror but said nothing.

“But what if someone I know is there? What if it’s too much for me? What if-

what if-”

Helena abruptly cut her off. “You’ll be fine. Everyone there knows how to be discrete. No one is going to reveal your secret life, not if they want to do this again. You are just expressing your own sexuality and you have nothing to be ashamed of. I’m not going to put up with this unreasonable behavior.”

Her voice had the commanding authority of a veteran school teacher who was used to dealing with petulant children. It worked on Rhetta, much to her surprise.

She forced herself to slow her breathing and get control of her emotions. This was supposed to be fun, not a disaster. She wouldn’t let herself fall apart. She was proud of who she was.

The house Nick pulled up in front of was a marvel of contemporary design. It was all unusual angles and bizarre spaces. It was also incredibly large and ostentatious. While it wasn’t billionaire rich, it was the house of someone with too much money who didn’t know how to spend it well. There were a variety of high end cars in the driveway and on the street. Nick and Helena got out of their, in comparison, rather modest car. Rhetta didn’t have their confidence, but she had never been in this situation before; they had. As they walked up the path to the front door, Rhetta stumbled once and Nick steadied her.

“Time for the leash?” he asked his wife.

“Not yet. Not out in public.”

Rhetta was glad for that answer.

The door was answered by a middle-aged woman in a rather modest gray dress. It took Rhetta a second to realize this was the maid or housekeeper. Music was playing inside and she could just barely see people moving about in the large room that made up most of the downstairs. A second glance told her that those in attendance were in all manner of dress and undress, modest and outrageous. She swallowed to steady her nerves and looked at the housekeeper who seemed unperturbed by the unusual trio in front of her. She must have seen dozens of parties like this before.

The maid stepped aside and gestured for them to come in. “So nice to see you again, Mrs. Piellitro. Mr. Venson set aside a guest room for you to prepare...the

entertainment. Would you like me to show you the way?”

“Yes, please.”

Rhette found it interesting that the maid didn’t acknowledge the existence of Nick and only mentioned her in passing as “entertainment.”

The guest room wasn’t far. They skirted the edge of the room where the party itself was going on. Rhette saw drinking and laughing and conversation, plus a good deal of flesh on display, but nothing that was extraordinarily out of place for any party. Inside the room Helena helped her remove the borrowed jacket and Nick opened the case he brought along carrying the equipment for Rhette. She saw the set of whips and canes inside the case, along with the anal hook and sleeves and the chain to be used as her leash. She felt the collar tight around her neck even though it wasn’t tight. It was loose. Nick turned her around and bound her hands behind her back with the leather sleeves.

“Nick, bend her over the bed and then put the hook in her,” said Helena. She had turned to the mirror over the dresser to adjust her makeup. As always Helena looked elegant, this time in a brilliant golden dress with tiny red flowers. Nick was wearing his black jeans and a black t-shirt which seemed out of place for the party.

The insertion of the hook with the aid of the lubricant was actually a familiar ritual at this point. Rhette didn’t mind being used as an object in front of the married couple, but when Nick set her back on her feet, naked but for the collar, sleeves, stockings and hook, she started to panic again.

“I can’t! I can’t do this!” Rhette insisted. Her stomach was dropping. She felt dizzy and hot. The hook, while comfortable in her ass, pulled her head back awkwardly and that threw off her sense of balance further.

Helena stepped in front of Rhette; even in heels Rhette was still a few inches shorter than the other woman. “You can do this,” Helena insisted.

“I can’t!” Rhette practically wailed.

Helena frowned and moved to the side, swiftly picked up a short-handled whip with many soft leather falls and smacked Rhette smartly on the upper thigh with it. The pain made Rhette focus. “You can and you will,” Helena commanded.

Her voice mixed with the pain made Rhetta remember her place and what she really wanted. "I can do this," she said. "I'm not ashamed."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," Helena told her. "You will be the center of attention and you will be praised and honored."

She nodded and looked to Nick for some additional support. During her mild panic attack, Nick had been busy. He was naked now, completely naked head to toe, except for the black metal cock cage that dangled from his manhood. Her eyes went wide.

"What are you doing?" she blurted out.

"Nick is part of the entertainment as well," Helena explained. "Give me a moment and I'll be right back."

She disappeared through the door, closing it behind her. Rhetta looked nervously at Nick.

"What am I doing?" she asked, not really expecting an answer.

"Being yourself. It'll be fine," he reassured her. "I've done this with a few others." He snapped the metal leash to the ring in her collar.

Rhetta wondered what happened to those others, but didn't have time to ask before Helena returned.

"Let's go," she said, taking the leash from Nick and leading Rhetta out the door.

Action and motion was good. It took the focus away from her anxiety.

Rhetta was paraded out in front of the party with her head back and Rhetta at her side holding the leash. Somehow Rhetta found the confidence she needed and managed not to fall and humiliate herself in front of the crowd. There was music playing, not loudly and she couldn't identify it, which she figured was a good thing because she didn't want to associate some well-known or popular song with her public sexual humiliation.

The crowd was quiet but watched her closely studying her every move. Rhetta didn't like being the center of attention so it was good that her head was back

and she couldn't meet anyone's eyes.

Somewhere someone was talking loudly over the music. "Helena brings us a new initiate to our circle." There was polite applause. Rhetta tried not to think of it as mocking her size. "She isn't experienced but she is, Helena assures me, a very talented beginner.

To Rhetta's eyes every woman was more beautiful than the one next to her. She was ugly compared to them. The men were all tall and handsome and none of them wanted to fuck her.

And then she started looking around as she was twice walked in a circle through the crowd. One woman wore a corset and nothing else; her ass and pussy were exposed and she needed to lose some weight. Nick wasn't the only man nearly naked. A man with large arms and a gut wore nothing more than a pair of black leather boots and a matching thong. There was a woman crouched on the floor wearing a blindfold, stockings and plain white cotton underwear that would have been appropriate in the 1950s. A few men wore suits. One woman wore a man's suit as well. Most of the women wore tight dresses regardless of their body shape, and most were showing off unseemly amounts of cleavage. One man looked like a bodybuilder a few years past his prime and he wore jeans but no shirt.

Rhetta started to settle into her role.

Helena led her over to a bench not unlike the spanking bench that Nick had in his workshop. Automatically Rhetta moved into position, helped by Nick, putting her knees on the supports and then carefully leaning forward under her chest rested on the center board, her breasts on either side of the padded bit of wood. Her ass was facing the crowd, which made it easy to pretend she was back at Nick's.

"I could go on and on about dear Elisabeth's talents, but mindless bragging is uncouth. It's better to see it in person."

A murmur from the crowd conveyed agreement. For just a second Rhetta wondered who Elisabeth was, but then she remembered Helena's comment about discretion. Elisabeth was her; they were one and the same.

"Nicholas, if you would?" asked Helena. She moved alongside the spanking

bench, trailing her fingers along Rhetta's side before bending down and giving her a quick kiss on the cheek. "You can scream and cry," she whispered. "They like that."

She backed away and for just a moment Rhetta was alone. The sound of the leather falls on her ass reached her ears before the pain flared up her spinal cord. Rhetta let her body jerk and she let out a muffled sound that was halfway between a moan and a scream.

It was Nick who had hit her. She turned her head to see him holding the whip, wearing his cock cage, and nothing else. His cage was moving ever so slightly. Was he trying to get hard or was it moving because he had just whipped her?

"Beautiful coloring," someone in the crowd said as her pale skin turned pink.

"Natural redhead?"

"Of course. Didn't you see her cunt?"

"Helena wouldn't bring us anything fake."

"Pretty hips," a woman commented which Rhetta found odd. "Nice and curvy."

Before other compliments and comments could be made Nick hit her again. The falls covered both her buttocks and she gasped in surprise again. The pain was exquisite.

"I'd be a puddle of tears by now," another woman said.

"Can I touch the heat?" a man asked.

"Not yet," Helena's voice answered.

"Does she bruise well?"

"Only with a cane."

"Are you caning her as well?"

"Not tonight."

A disappointed noise passed through the partygoers which was quickly silenced by Nick slapping out quickly twice with the whip. This time the falls hit not only her buttocks, but her upper thighs as well. She hissed in pain.

A foot nudged her legs further apart. Rhetta was certain her pussy was on display to whomever was in the right position to see between her legs. Even so, her pussy started seeping moisture.

Nick slapped her twice more, this time on the inner thighs, coming dangerously close to her pussy. At that moment Rhetta wasn't sure if she would have minded or not. A scattering of applause filled the room.

"Is she going to be fully initiated tonight?" a deep male voice asked.

"Yes," said Helena. "I think she's earned that right."

Nick then started on a slow, steady rhythm with the whip, lashing in across her ass, making her whimper with every blow. The crowd slowly shifted to Rhetta's left. Some choose to get a good view of her face while others focused on her ass. The fact that she was being watched almost faded to the background, it was just a new element in her desire to have her ass whipped hard enough to make her cry and make her cum.

The whistle of the whip through the air. The stifled cry from her lips. The delighted murmur of the crowd. The music in the background. All of these engraved a memory into Rhetta's mind that she would never forget.

Before she knew it, tears were seeping from the corners of her eyes and flowing down her cheeks. Her face was a red as her ass, bright red from crying and the stress Nick was putting her through, but not from embarrassment. She wasn't humiliated to be paraded in front of strangers and have her ass abused; she loved it.

The sobs are what gave Nick pause. He had never pushed Rhetta so far before. She was pulling in deep breaths of air, straining to keep herself from wailing. The pain and the pleasure of being spanking was mixed together and her body didn't know what to do with it. Nick looked to Helena who frowned at his uncertainty.

"Finish her off," she ordered him. It was obvious to everyone that she was on the

edge and ready to cum.

Nick moved to a position more directly behind Rhetta and considered switching tools. The whip he was using had multiple falls on the end and maybe it wasn't enough for her. Rhetta needed a firm hand and a firm cane to make her cum.

Before he could act, however, a man pushed through the small crowd. "I'll take care of her," he grunted. Everyone looked and saw he had his cock in hand. It was erect and ready for use. The fact that he was stimulated and ready for sex wasn't strange. The fact that he was still fully clothed in dress pants and an Oxford shirt made the display of his manhood out of place with his clothing.

Rhetta didn't know what was going on when she felt his hands on her body, grabbing her hips, adjusting the angle on the spanking bench, and the sudden introduction of his cock to her pussy. He slid right in. She was wetter than a river. He was as rigid as steel. She should not have wanted a stranger's cock, but her body told her it was exactly what she needed. He was a middle-aged man who was well-familiar with all manner of sexuality and this show was something that was hardly unusual or strange to his eyes, and yet he needed to fuck Rhetta more than he had ever wanted to fuck any other woman in his life.

Their coupling was short and fierce. He couldn't have thrust more than a half dozen times before he came in her, emptying his seed well into the recesses of her womb. It was exactly what Rhetta needed. She moaned once as he entered her and less than a minute later she was crying in lust, her voice rawly, raggedly declaring her approval of his cock and his entrance.

Polite but enthusiastic applause passed through the assembled guests. It was the perfect conclusion to the show. It wasn't unexpected, but usually those on the bench getting fucked weren't new initiates to their informal group.

After resting a few seconds from his brief labors, the man pushed himself off Rhetta's body. The maid was there with a towel to clean his cock.

"It would have been polite to ask first, Riordan," Helena said, mocking the silver-haired man slightly.

"Better to ask forgiveness than permission," he grinned at her, tucking his cock back into his pants. "Besides, I couldn't just let her suffer like that. She needed what I gave her."

“Undoubtedly,” Helena said, glancing down at Rhetta who was still confused over exactly what had happened. It wasn’t that she hadn’t enjoyed or wanted or expected any of it, but the situation was strange and new to her. “I don’t suppose your maid has a towel for Elisabeth?”

The maid started to move forward to clean Riordan’s cum from between Rhetta’s legs, but he stopped her.

“I’ve a better solution,” he said and snapped his fingers at a man who was kneeling on the floor next to a woman who held a leather leash attached to a collar around his neck. From the collar a metal chain went down to a ring around the base of his cock which was soft. Helena thought that was odd considering the situation. She herself felt a great deal of moisture and desire in her pussy. “Clean the girl,” he ordered.

If the woman holding the slave’s leash had any real control over him she didn’t exert it. She allowed him to crawl forward and press his face into Rhetta’s round ass, his mouth and tongue seeking out her pussy to lap up Riordan’s cum. Rhetta found it strange to have a man’s face between her legs after being so recently fucked, but it wasn’t at all unpleasant.

“I suppose the man of the house gets a few liberties,” Helena said while placing her hand on his arm. She wanted to reach between his legs and grab his cock, but she restrained herself. She didn’t have the same lack of control she saw in those who were submissive, unlike herself. Besides, she had had Riordan’s cock before and he wouldn’t be able to get it back up again right away.

“Yes, yes I do get to take a few liberties,” Riordan said with confidence, looking at her hand on his arm. “She had a sweet cunt.”

“I wouldn’t bring you anything but the best.”

“Does that include your cunt?” he asked.

Rhetta had recovered enough to follow their conversation and was perturbed at the silver-haired man’s language.

“Of course it does,” Helena said, flirting back. “I have the best cunt here. You know that.”

“I’d love to take you right here, right now,” he replied with a confident smile. He was a man who got what he wanted when he asked for it. Her slight resistance was an aphrodisiac to him. He glanced at Nick. “But would you do it with your husband here?”

Helena laughed at him. “Oh, that’s not the question. The question is can you get it back up again?”

Riordan squared his shoulders and stiffened his spine. “Of course I can. Perhaps with your assistance, or maybe even Nicholas can help.”

The first thing Nicholas helped with was getting Rhetta off the spanking bench. The odd quartet moved through the large room, which Rhetta thought of as the living room, and she noticed the crowd had moved into a new mode. Before the sexual tension in the room was palpable; now it was active. There was a woman on her knees giving a blowjob to a man naked from the waist down while two others watched. A man was being led to the spanking bench recently occupied by Rhetta. Two women and a man were clumped together kissing each other. Eventually they wound up in a huge bedroom occupied by a king-sized bed.

“Have you ever seen a live sex show before?” Helena asked Rhetta as she loosened the leather sleeves, freeing her hands from behind her back. She didn’t remove the hook from Rhetta’s ass and Rhetta didn’t ask. “I know you’ve participated in one,” she laughed.

“No,” said Rhetta quietly as Helena moved her to a corner of the room.

“You’re in for a treat,” she said and moved away.

Both women’s eyes went to the two men. Nick still wore his cock cage and was now kneeling in front of Riordan. The older man unbuttoned his shirt and dropped his pants. To Rhetta’s surprise Nick took Riordan’s soft cock in his mouth and started sucking.

“You’re in a for special treat,” Helena clarified.

Rhetta couldn’t move her eyes from the scene.

End Book 2

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)