



Red-Headed

Rhette is Red 3

**A SPANKING
AND BDSM
EROTIC
STORY**

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Red-Headed: Rhette is Red 3

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Chapter Eight

Rhette watched in fascination as Nick gave head to Riordan. The silver-haired man kept his gaze focused on Helena who slowly undressed for him. Rhette kept glancing at Nick's cock cage, the only bit of clothing he wore, but the black metal enclosure didn't move. It was designed to keep his erections under control.

After being placed in the corner, the anal hook still up her ass and held in place by the ropes braided into her hair, Rhette didn't know what to do or think. She wasn't upset by what was going on, but she was intensely curious.

When Helena finished removing her clothes, Rhette couldn't help but look at her. The tall blonde, while being at least ten years her senior, had a body of a twenty year old athlete. While not muscular, she was well-toned and perfectly proportioned. Her skin was nearly flawless and had a hint of a tan that complimented her blonde hair. Naturally there wasn't a single hair on her body below her shoulders. Rhette wasn't sure about that look. She liked to show off that she was a natural redhead.

Nick didn't seem the least bit put off at sucking another man's cock. Rhette didn't know much about his sexuality, but to learn he was bisexual was hardly the biggest revelation of the evening. She didn't know how to stand in her corner. Her ass was burning with the whipping that Nick had given her, but she didn't want to touch her sore skin because that would make it worse. What she wanted was to ask for a salve or balm to cool her skin, but interrupting Riordan and Helena seemed a bad idea.

And if she were honest with herself, it was exciting to watch Nick suck cock and it was exciting to see Helena naked, ready for sex. She wanted to see Helena and Riordan fuck. It distracted from her from thinking about the pain in her ass.

"He's a good cocksucker, isn't he?" Helena asked as she draped herself onto the bed. Laying on her side she bent her knee slightly, hiding her bare pussy, but her small tits were on display, and enticement to Riordan.

The older man pushed Nick's mouth away. His cock was once again standing up

proudly from his crotch. Unlike Helena he didn't remove all his body hair. Other than the silver on his head, his body hair was still a dark brown and formed a frame around his cock. "Maybe it's knowing I'm going to fuck you that got me hard," Riordan said as he approached Helena on the bed.

She laughed and started to say something, but he silenced her with a kiss. They started rolling around on the large bed, getting into position, playing with each other, trying to assert dominance. Rhette looked to Nick. His eyes were riveted to his wife as she prepared to fuck another man. His hand was on his cock, but not really because the cage prevented him from masturbating and from getting hard. Rhette almost felt sorry for him.

But she wasn't limited like he was. She put her fingers to her pussy and gently massaged her flesh; she was dripping with anticipation. While it might have been her own juices, she was certain the Riordan had left some of his essence behind as well.

Eventually the two people in the room free to make their own sexual decisions settled down with Helena on top of Riordan and both of them holding his cock as she slowly slid down his hard pole. From her position Rhette got a perfect view of their bodies joining. For no reason what so ever, she was certain that Nick had witnessed this at least once before, probably many times before.

That made it better.

Porn was fine, not that Rhette watched a lot of it. A live sex show? That was something else entirely and she found it much more intense. They both made the usual noises and went through the motions. It wasn't anything special other than the fact that Rhette got to witness it firsthand and, even better, it was being done by a woman cheating on her husband.

And for all Rhette knew, Riordan was also married to someone.

The sounds that Helena made when she came were beautiful. It took Riordan a little longer to get off, but eventually he came as well. Helena slumped off his body once he had completed.

Riordan looked at the two semi-bound submissives in the room and grinned at them like a wolf before looking back at Helena. "Did I give you a full cunt?"

“As always,” Helena said with an exhausted smile.

“Who do you want to clean your precious cunt?”

She hooked her fingers under his jaw and drew him down to her face for a kiss. “You choose,” she said after their lips parted.

“The girl,” he quickly decided. “I’ve seen Nick clean you out more than once. I crave the novel.”

Helena rolled to her back, bent and parted her knees, showing off her well-used pussy. “Elisabeth,” she called. “My pussy is a mess. You need to clean it with your mouth.”

It took Rhetta a second to remember that Elisabeth was her pseudonym. It took her another second to realize she wouldn’t be able to properly perform cunnilingus on Helena with her head permanently tilted back, her braids tied into the rope attached to the anal hook that still followed the curve of her lower back and penetrated into her most secret part. She wasn’t sure if she could perform cunnilingus at all.

Nick came to her rescue...or her doom. It was one thing to have another woman lick her clean between the legs, but it was another to do it herself. He loosened her braids from the anal hook but didn’t remove it. He reattached the lines to her collar which gave her a much greater range of motion. Taking her hand, he brought her over to his wife where Rhetta was expected to perform her first lesbian act in her life.

Rhetta didn’t hesitate. She was more than happy to see where this adventure took her and didn’t care what anyone else thought of her after the fact. Helena looked at her expectantly between raised knees and smiled. That made it easier. Rhetta lowered her face to Helena’s pussy, inhaled her scent, and licked Helena along the length of her pussy. She must have recently shaved her pussy because there was no stubble or resistance on her labia. It was a rather pleasant way to begin. Helena’s pussy opened like a flower and Rhetta got to work. She knew how she liked her pussy to be eaten, so it was easy to apply that to Helena.

At first all she tasted was Helena’s pussy, but then the familiar flavor of semen infiltrated her mouth. It wasn’t bad at all tasting Riordan’s leavings and it was a unique way to help another woman clean up after sex. After having been the

recipient of a similar cleaning just a few minutes earlier, it wasn't hard to do. She had a template to follow.

The only thing she wasn't sure of was if she should be cleaning Helena's pussy or if she was supposed to be pleasuring her, so she did both.

"Your little bit of entertainment has a talent for eating cunt," Riordan said to Helena while bending down to kiss her. Rhetta flicked her eyes upward to see the overly familiar expression of affection between the two. Rhetta couldn't imagine kissing another man in front of her husband, but Helena apparently liked it. Or maybe she did it because Nick had some perverse desire to see his wife cheat on him. At this point Rhetta would have believed anything.

"She does," Helena moaned in agreement. "You should fuck her again."

Riordan laughed. "I've come twice tonight. I'm spent."

Helena tangled her fingers in Rhetta's thick red hair and pulled her face back from her pussy. "I deserve to cum again," she said. "She's going to make me cum. I'd have Nick fuck her, but his dick is useless."

"You could free his cock," Riordan pointed out.

That made Helena laugh and she pulled Rhetta's face back to her pussy where the redhead got back to work, this time focusing on Helena's throbbing clit. She wanted the hook out of her ass and a cock in her pussy, but she knew that neither was going to happen any time soon.

When Helena arched her back and cried out, Rhetta smiled to herself. It was the first time she had made a woman cum. She was certain it wouldn't be the last.

Chapter Nine

Rhette woke up early Saturday morning to the gentle vibration of her phone. Her body was sore and she was exhausted. She didn't want to get up and didn't need to get up and her phone was ruining that.

But it could be her mother. Or her aunt. Or one of a handful of cousins. It seemed like there was always someone in her family who was in the middle of a crisis.

I'd love to come over and see you today

The text was from Jordan. Naturally. She didn't want to reply but her automatic instinct was to at least acknowledge that she had seen the text.

"Jesus," she muttered. "I don't need this shit this early in the morning." Before tapping out a reply she glanced at the time. 10:48am. Okay. Maybe it wasn't that early.

Tired. Sore. Exhausted. She wasn't up to elaborate texts at the moment.

Too much partying last night?

She had told Jordan that she wasn't available for a Friday night date because she had an obligation to her dom. It was strange revealing this hidden bit of her life to a man she was considering calling her boyfriend, but if she couldn't be honest with him, what was the point of even trying to have a relationship?

Even though he had woken her up and she had participated in all manner of debauchery the night before, Rhette was still a bit horny. She couldn't resist sending back a blunt note.

The put an anal hook in me, whipped my ass, I got fucked by a stranger, and went down on a girl. I'm spent.

She had decided that if he couldn't deal with her kinks, she didn't want him around.

Sounds hot. Want me to bring over OJ and bagels? You like board games?

Not having to make breakfast was appealing. Having brunch served to her was even better.

I'm waiting.

Rhette had managed to drag herself from bed and take a shower before Jordan arrived. In order to dissuade him from any ideas of sexual congress, Rhette had dressed herself in loose fitting sweatpants and an old t-shirt, underneath which she had a camisole and plain white cotton panties. She pulled her hair back into a simple, loose ponytail. It was as far from sexy as she could imagine. Right before she answered the door to let Jordan in, she caught the image of herself in the mirror.

“Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick.”

Maybe it wasn't going out on the town elegant and sexy, but she could see a certain attractiveness to herself, something she had never really seen in herself because she was too fat. There was the possibility, she conceded, that there was more than one type of woman that was pretty and desirable.

“My ass is too sore. I'm not going to fuck him today.”

The bagels Jordan brought were warm and the orange juice was just the right mix of sweet and tart. Coffee would have been better, but he didn't offer it and she didn't ask. They lounged on her couch and ate. When the small talk ran out, Rhette attacked the elephant in the room head on.

“I'm not going to fuck you today, my ass is too sore.”

He looked at her blankly for a long moment. “Is it?” he asked.

“Yes. It is. Nick took me to a party, stripped me, whipped me, put a large steel hook in my ass, and then watched as another man fucked me.”

Jordan didn't know what to say. He chewed the bagel in his mouth and then swallowed. “Did you like all of that?” he asked calmly.

“I did.” It was easy to admit because it was the truth. If Jordan couldn’t accept that truth, she’d have to cut him out of her life.

“That would explain why you don’t want to be fucked today.”

She sized him up. “Aren’t you jealous?” she asked him.

“I’m sorry I missed it,” he said. “It sounds exciting.”

“Would you like to watch while another man fucks me?”

“I wouldn’t mind it.”

Rhette was sure he was lying. “Maybe I’ll let you join us some time.”

“I’d like that,” he replied.

She sniffed at him. “If you want to be my boyfriend, you’ll have to learn to give me a good spanking. That’s what I need in my life.”

For just a second his pupils dilated in excitement and a flush passed over his face. “Are we headed down that path?” he asked. “Are we supposed to be romantic partners or are we just convenient hookups?”

“Which do you want?” she asked.

“Which do you want?” he countered.

“I don’t know what I want,” she blurted out, tears brimming in her eyes. Her emotions were getting the best of her.

“I could certainly learn to give you a proper spanking,” he ventured. “But to watch you fuck someone else...”

“Can’t take it? Too much for you?” she demanded, wiping away the tears.

“That’s who I am. I’m a debauched slut who only likes kinky sex and I’ll never be true to one man. That’s why we can only be friends with benefits, never romantic partners.”

The silence hung between them far longer than either of them found comfortable.

“I...that’s...” Jordan didn’t know what to say.

“Ask for what you want,” said Rhetta, finding her boldness again. “I can only say yes or no.”

He cleared his throat. “Fine then. Can I have a blowjob?”

It wasn’t what she was expecting him to say or ask. “What?” she asked uncertainly.

“Can I have a blowjob?” he repeated. “You said you didn’t want to have sex, and I’m guessing that means both from the front or back. I’m sure the anal hook hurt your ass and the guy you fucked was probably huge, so your pussy is still sore, so why not a blowjob?”

“I didn’t fuck him.”

“What?” Jordan scoffed. “Two minutes ago you told me you fucked a stranger.”

“He fucked me. I didn’t fuck him.”

“There’s a difference?”

“An important difference.”

“I’d still like a blowjob,” he said.

Rhetta didn’t know what to say. Was he just horny and wanted sex in some way, any way? Was he giving into the idea that she could never be happy with just one man and needed to have her kinky desires pandered to at every turn? Was he going to be happy to have to spank and whip her when she felt the need? She hoped the answers were yes.

“Fine then, I can give you a blowjob,” she agreed. “It’s the easiest thing in the world. Every girl who wants to be happy in the world learns to give a good blowjob in high school.”

Carefully pivoting from her position on the couch, she went down on her knees in front of Jordan where he sat leaning back on the couch.

It was easy to pop open his pants and pull out his cock. He wasn't rock hard, but was hard enough. She wrapped her lips around his erection, tasting the precum already leaking out, hooking her lips over the edge of his glans. He must have showered that morning because she smelled soap clinging to his skin, but it was mixed with a musky, masculine smell that was overpowering. Giving head was, in many ways, more intimate than actual sex. To take a man's cock into her mouth, to possess his manhood in an organ that could be tender or could rend flesh, was chilling and exciting.

She sucked and licked with enthusiasm. His balls tightened to his body, but she kept them in hand, to control his cock and to massage them to give him greater pleasure. Maybe she was servicing him, but he was exposing himself to her completely.

Fellatio was safe for young lovers because there was no chance of pregnancy. Giving head made her feel younger. Fellatio was also extraordinarily dangerous for young lovers because it led to other things. Sucking off Jordan at this moment was somehow sealing a deal that neither was ready for.

When he came, he flooded her mouth with his semen. It was salty and sweet at the same time. She eagerly swallowed his load and he immediately filled her mouth a second and a third time. Before swallowing the last drops, she opened her mouth and displayed his cum on her tongue to Jordan, then closed her lips again and audibly swallowed.

"Is that what you were looking for?" she asked him.

"Yes," he sighed deeply. "Exactly what I was looking for. It's been a while since I had a blowjob like that."

"High school has been a few years for me as well," she replied and got unsteadily to her knees. There was a glass of orange juice on the floor and she picked it up, quickly drank down the contents, and handed him the empty glass. "A refill?" she asked, walking away. The carton was only a few feet away; she could have served herself, but that was not the point.

"You have a beautiful ass," he told her.

She looked over her shoulder at him as he struggled off the couch and poured the juice for her.

While she was certain her ass was far too big to appeal to most men, Nick obviously enjoyed spanking her and Jordan was so enamored of her that a few extra pounds didn't bother him at all.

"You're a lovely liar," she said, but continued to walk away, wiggling her ass more than necessary.

Jordan didn't know what to think, but he was more intrigued at every turn by Rhetta.

Chapter Ten

Nick ran his hand over her bare ass and Rhetta sighed contentedly. She was leaning on the familiar spanking bench and was ready for her treatment from Nick. Helena wasn't around, but Rhetta was fine with that. She just needed a good firm spanking, then she'd get herself off, and then she'd call Jordan. Maybe he'd want another date. She was always in the mood for more sex after being spanked. If only he could do it as well as Nick, or if Nick's cock wasn't locked away from her touch. Anyone could see that the married couple didn't care if they had sex with someone else. She wasn't intimately familiar with the details of their marriage, but she had a good idea.

Would Helena be offended if she asked if it was okay to fuck Nick. Helena would have to provide the key, of course, and maybe she'd want to watch...

"Your skin is starting to toughen, to leather," Nick said as he lifted up his hand. She braced herself for an impact, but realized he was choosing a tool from the rack, making her wait.

"Is that bad?" she asked.

Nick shrugged. "It happens. There's no way around it. You keep getting spanked and whipped on your ass long enough, you'll toughen up."

"What...what's going to happen?" she asked nervously. This wasn't part of her plan. She hadn't anticipated this at all. It couldn't be that bad because he wasn't worried and who really got to see her ass besides Nick and Helena? Jordan, sure. Other lovers, of which there were none at the moment...except for the stranger who fucked her at the party. Riordan. That was his name. And all the strangers at the party got to see her ass as well. After a moment's reflection it occurred to Rhetta that quite a few people had seen her bare ass—and other bits as well—lately.

"The skin will feel tougher. You'll be able to take a spanking and whipping longer and harder. You won't pink up so easily. You won't bruise so easily... unless you use the hot and cold compresses. But you never seemed to into the

bruising. You were more about the sensation.”

“That’s right,” she nodded eagerly. “Is it going to make me less sensitive?”

He nodded and selected a new spanking tool from the rack and smiled sadly at her. “A little. But you’ll get to enjoy having longer sessions. You’ll be able to get your ass nice and bright red, if you like that.” He paused and turned the tool over and over in his hands. It was a slightly flexible leather paddle with no holes. It was three inches wide and was flexible enough to scare her. She pressed her thighs together in anticipation of the pain to come. When she did so, she could feel her pussy was oozing wetness.

“I guess I’ll have to live with it,” she said boldly.

Nick nodded and moved behind her. “Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to leave on your thong?” he asked.

“Oh shit. I forgot,” she laughed and briefly considered leaving her tiny panties on, but she wanted to feel the full effect of the paddle that Nick had selected for her. Shrugging to herself, she eased her panties down to midthigh and resumed her bent over position, ass up and ready for abuse.

Stepping to her side and slightly behind her Nick measured the distance of his swing and rested the paddle again her bulbous buttocks. She felt the coolness of the leather and smiled broadly to herself. The pain was going to come and she was going to cry and she was going to cum.

“You were very popular at the party last week,” he said casually as he lifted the paddle.

“I was?” she asked. It was surprising to hear.

Before Nick could answer the paddle came down with a audible smack and she gasped at the thrill of pain. “Very popular according to Helena.”

“That’s good right?” she managed to ask.

“Very good.” The paddle came down again, this time only on her right cheek, and she let out a low, murderous groan. “They want to know when you’ll be back.”

“They do?” she asked, unable to think any further.

SMACK! This time the paddle came down on her left cheek. The burn was coming.

“Yes. Very much. I told you redheads were popular. You can make money off this, you know.”

“The pleasure is enough,” she said airily.

Almost as if trying to contradict her Nick landed the paddle again, this time at the crease between thighs and buttock. She let out one sobbing gasp. “You need to find a partner who will do this for you for free,” he said.

“This is better than seeing a shrink,” she said and ducked her head down to her hands where she was clutching the rubber-coated grips.

CRACK! This time the paddle hit where it had first landed. Tears were flowing out of her eyes now, but she wasn’t sobbing. It was a strange, lovely sensation.

“Probably cheaper too,” Nick said.

“If only my mental health insurance would pay for a well-trained sadist to center me for the week,” she half-joked.

WHACK! “Or a lousy one. The regular health insurance will cover the damage.”

She wanted to laugh, but the noise wouldn’t come out. “Jesus! You’re going to make me cum just from paddling.”

“Would you like that?” Smack! It was starting to hurt less and feel better. She looked forward to the next impact.

“Fuck yes.”

CLAP! He caught her flesh perfectly. "You'll make someone very happy someday," he commented, resting his hand on her hot ass. His palm felt cool atop the abused flesh.

"I think I might have found someone," she blurted out. It was strange how the paddle loosened her lips and brought out the truth in her.

"Oh?" he asked, intrigued. SMACK! She wanted him to stop now...but to keep going as well. Rhetta sucked in a breath and did everything she could to keep from gasping and sobbing.

"Yes. His name is Jordan." Why was she being so honest and open. This was none of Nick's business.

"Does he like spanking you?" CRACK! The last blow sent a surge of energy to her pussy. She was already on the edge of cumming. What was wrong with her?

"Sort of. He's...getting into it."

Nick smiled. She couldn't see his smile, but she sensed it. Or maybe she wanted to sense it. The whole situation was fucked up, as normal.

WHACK! She hated it when he hit the tops of her thighs. It was just pain and no pleasure was transmitted to her pussy. "I have something special to give to you then."

"You do? What?"

SMACK! CRACK! "I'll give it to you when we're done here."

"What is it?" Rhetta's curiosity was killing her. It was worse than the paddle.

CLAP! She sobbed and suddenly all her emotions, pent up and barely under control, flowed out with tears and sobs and crying. It was terrible and wonderful at the same time. This was what she came to Nick for. Her body knew what she needed more than she did.

"You'll see." SMACK!

"Jesus fuck!"

“There’s something else.”

“There is? What?” CRACK! “Jesus fucking Christ!”

“Remember the guy who fucked you?”

“Riordan? Yes.” SMACK! “Jesus’s hairy balls!”

“He asked about you.”

“So?” CRACK! “Shit!”

“He wants to take you out on a date.”

The words hit her ears stronger than Nick’s final smack to her ass. Her tears were flowing easily and her body was shuddering. She had cum and didn’t even realize it. It was the worst thing ever, except it was the best thing at the same time. She had no idea how long it was before she could speak. She had lost all control of her body.

“A fucking date?” she asked, stunned.

“I think his words were: ‘A proper date, a proper spanking, and a proper fuck.’ He expects you go put out.” Nick paused. “Did you already cum?”

“Yeah. Jesus that was the best and the worst orgasm I’ve ever had. What the fuck is wrong with me?”

“Nothing’s wrong with you,” he reassured her. “Cool towel or hot?”

A hot towel would bring out her bruises. The cool one would soothe her. She didn’t care about bruises. “Cool.”

“What should I tell Riordan?”

Rhette started laughing and then moaned in pleasure as he draped a wet, cool towel across her ass. “I’m sort of seeing someone,” she reminded him. “Jordan. Remember?”

“How could I forget?” Nick asked as he hung up the long paddle and examined his rack of pleasure-inducing torture implements. “I’m pretty sure that Riordan

isn't hung up on you being exclusive to him." A thought occurred to Nick. "Or does Jordan want that?"

"I don't know what he wants," Rhetta said honestly and levered herself up from the spanking bench. There was no need to jill off now; Nick had made her cum. She carefully pulled up her panties, making sure the thin string went between her buttocks. That wasn't something she had to worry about two months ago.

"So go on a date with Riordan. Drinks and dinner."

"And then a spanking and a fuck," she reminded him.

"You've already done two of those four things with him already."

Rhetta had the good manners to blush at his reminder. She wasn't truly ashamed...but it was a verbal reminder that she wasn't the same person she had been just a few months ago.

"Okay. Set it up for me."

Nick smiled, happy with her answer. He then handed her a paddle. It was roughly the same size and shape as a ping-pong paddle, only covered with burgundy leather with a heart-shaped hole cut in the middle. It was odd to say the least. "I'll do that."

"What's this," she said, indicating the paddle now in her hand.

"It's for Jordan. He'll need to get used to using it on you if you plan on continuing to...date him."

Rhetta swallowed. "I can't accept a present like this." Was it really a present? She pushed it back at him.

Nick put his hands behind his back. "I made it a couple of years ago. It never sold. It's just taking up space in my workshop. Take it. Have him use it on you. If he can't...well, then maybe he's not the guy for you."

Rhetta had to admit that Nick was right on that issue. If Jordan couldn't paddle and spank her the way she needed their relationship was doomed.

Chapter Eleven

It was easily the nicest restaurant Rhetta had been inside in...well, forever. She knew that Riordan had money, after all, she had been inside his house, and she had been expecting something nice, but she was determined not to let herself be impressed by him flaunting his cash.

And, oddly, he didn't. The place was nice, but not ostentatious. The food was good, but not overly expensive. She even glanced at the wine list and saw that he didn't even try to impress her by ordering the most expensive bottle in the house. He let her choose what she wanted.

Riordan was, by her initial measure, the sort of polite, well-manner, and modest man that she would have done anything to date. Except he was easily ten and probably fifteen years older than her. His silver hair was distinguished, but she wasn't sure she wanted distinguished in a boyfriend. She wasn't that old...yet.

"Thanks again for agreeing to see me," he said. They were finishing dinner and she was tempted by the thought of having a rich dessert, but had already decided against it. He didn't need to see a fat girl eating more than she should and she didn't want to be overly full when they went back to his place for the evening's entertainment. A nervous thought occurred to her. What if he wanted to go back to her place? It was nice but he'd probably be put off by her modest lifestyle. Rhetta forced herself to remain calm.

"Why wouldn't I accept a date from a very nice man?" she said. It wasn't exactly a lie and she hoped that Nick hadn't told Riordan every detail of their conversation.

"Because some people are leery of dating inside our...our group. Some people like their kinks to be one part of their lives and their romantic attachments to be another part," he explained.

That didn't make much sense to Rhetta, but she just nodded her head in agreement and went along with him. She hated how he spoke openly about the both of them having a kink. No one in the restaurant had a reason to be

eavesdropping, but that didn't mean they weren't. "I see. I'm new to all that."

"I know," he said confidently. "Speaking of which, I'd like to take you back to my place for a repeat performance." His smile broadened. "If you'd like."

Deep in her heart, and elsewhere in her body, Rhetta liked that very much.

He drove a Mercedes, because of course he did. She followed him in her little Ford Fusion that was white and boring, at least that's what it looked like. He led her back to his house and she found her pussy was soaking through her panties. She wouldn't have been surprised to look down at the driver's seat of her car and see a wet spot. He parked in the garage; she parked behind him in the driveway, blocking him in. He beckoned to her inside the garage. The moment she stepped inside the garage, which looked more like a automobile showroom than a proper garage, he activated the automatic door closer. For just a second she started to feel trapped, but then she realized she was there for a reason and she wasn't a woman who moped around and was scared for no good reason. Nick and Helena wouldn't have sent her here if it wasn't safe.

She noticed he wore driving gloves even though the weather was warm. He didn't take them off even as they headed inside the house. He hadn't forgotten about them; he was wearing them for a good reason.

They both knew why she was there and a tour or formalities weren't needed.

"Where are we going to do this?" she asked, almost too eager to take off her dress and show off the lingerie she had worn for this special occasion. "Living room? Bedroom? Secret sex dungeon room in your basement?" She smiled and tried to adopt an attitude that she was eager for this to happen. It was easy because she was eager.

"We've already done it in the living room," Riordan observed as he adjusted his blazer. Somehow he managed to dress casually yet still looked completely put together and ready to either enter a boardroom full of stockholders or relax on the poolside deck of a resort. "And I don't have a secret sex dungeon in the basement. That's for next year's remodel. So..."

"So the bedroom it is," she said, casting her eyes around the central room of the house, looking for an obvious path to the bedroom. "Where is it?"

He smiled and gently took her arm; together they walked what seemed a circuitous path through the house, up a set of stairs, down a short hallway, and through a door into a rather modest bedroom. Rhette was confused at first, and then she puzzled it out. This wasn't his actual bedroom, the place he slept. It was a guest room or maybe the place where he brought all his dates to fuck them and not actually have them enter the most private part of his life. That was fine with Rhette; she wasn't interested in a long-term relationship with him. This was just going to be one date.

And then he turned to her and asked, "Are you comfortable with this? I don't want you doing something out of a misplaced sense of obligation."

"Oh no," she said quickly. "I want to do this."

"You do?" he asked, more than a drop of skepticism in his voice.

And she realized that maybe this encounter had the potential for so much more. His money and easy attitude were comforting. She wasn't going to marry him, just date him.

That's what she told herself as she turned to face him and reached behind her back to lower the zipper to her dress and let it fall to the floor. It probably would have gone a little more elegantly if she didn't have so many generous curves, but he had seen her naked before—he had fucked her before!—so she wasn't letting him see anything he wasn't already familiar with.

The bra was big enough to contain her tits. Red and black lace seemed like a sexy, safe choice. Her panties were barely there; it was a thong matching her bra, red and black, see-through, and really nothing more than a scrap of material to claim she hadn't gone out in public without any underwear. Her mother would have been mortified either way because no panties was certainly a sin and the panties she was wearing was worse than sin because she intended to sin while wearing them.

Sometimes Rhette hated it that her mother could still get inside her head without the slightest bit of effort.

Pushing the thought aside, she pivoted around, showing off her ample assets to Riordan, bending ever so slightly forward which took advantage of her heels.

“Yes,” she said confidently. “I want to do this. I want you to spank my ass and then fuck me. That is why you kept the gloves on, isn’t it?” She smiled knowingly at him and sauntered to the bed. It was fun to take on a role that was not her normal self. It was fun to do it this way because she could just walk away at any point and not look back and not have any regrets.

“Yes, it is,” he replied. His eyes were riveted to her backside. Clearly he was an ass man.

“How do you want me?” she asked. The bed in the room was tall and she placed her hands on the mattress. It angled her ass further upward and Rhetta wiggled it a bit. Her panties were completely soaked now. She could smell her desire and was certain Riordan could as well.

“No, not like that,” he said quickly. For the first time there was the slightest bit of doubt and uncertainty in his voice, which puzzled her. All he had to do was ask and she’d do whatever he wanted.

“How do you want me then?” she repeated.

Clearing his throat, he said, “Let me sit down and I want you across my lap.”

“Sure.” She gestured expansively to the bed and waited for him.

Riordan took his time, first shucking off his blazer and tossing it aside before kicking off his shoes and seating himself far enough back on the bed that she’d have room to lay across his legs.

While Rhetta wasn’t that heavy, she was a bit nervous about this intimate position he wanted. Still, she wanted it almost as much as he did and they got into their positions easily enough. Her warm belly pressed into his legs and he tentatively rested on gloved hand on her right ass cheek.

“Taking your time?” she teased him.

“Savoring the moment.”

Rhetta tensed her buttock, making them move beneath his hands. “I want you to turn my ass red,” she told him. “And don’t stop if I start crying. I like it when I cry.”

“You do?”

“It helps me cum.”

“That’s...unusual.”

“No. Go ahead and say it. It’s fucked up.”

He ran his leather-covered fingers along the edge of her thong, tracing the fabric down into her crevice, but not deeply, and then back up again. He wasn’t probing, he was playing. “I don’t want to judge.”

“I was raised by parents who were borderline crazy with religion.”

“I suppose they don’t approve of your kinks...and I suppose they don’t know about your kinks.”

“I barely speak to them any longer,” she said. “We have a lot of other differences as well.” She inhaled deeply. He was taking too long. “I didn’t come here to talk about my parents. I came to get my ass spanked and then fucked.” She looked over her shoulder at him. “Are you going to keep up your part of that agreement?”

Riordan brought his hand down sharply on her ass. The impact stung. She loved it and sucked in her breath to savor the flare of pain. “Yesss...more, please.”

Her date was no stranger to the fine erotic art of spanking. While his skills might not measure up to what Nick could do, he knew how to smack her ass with just the right amount of force to make it sting and to make it thud through her body. It was heavenly. Rhetta kept her thighs together because that way she could give herself a little friction on her clit. She would have tried to rub it on his thigh, but that proved to be impossible.

In no time at all her ass was burning from the spanking and she was breathing in short little gasps. There were no tears, not yet, but she was clutching the sheets and felt humiliated like she had so many times when she was little and corporal discipline was the order of the day.

He paused and she immediately begged, “Keep going.”

“Can I take off your thong?” he asked.

She didn’t like that he asked permission. She would have preferred that he just take the initiative and do it. Being polite put them on equal footing and she wanted to be submissive to him. “Do it,” she begged.

He pulled them down, but only to mid-thigh. That was more than enough for Rhetta and she parted her thighs as much wide as her panties allowed.

Riordan gave her another smart slap on the ass for that. “What are you doing?” he abruptly demanded. Before she could gather her thoughts he continued on. “You don’t spread you legs and invite me to fuck you! When I’m giving you a seeing to, you take it and remember to behave like a lady!” He punctuated his point with another smart slap. She gasped at the impact.

“Sorry!” she gasped.

“You will be!” he promised. Ripping of a glove, he shoved his hand between her legs. Three fingers easily fit into her pussy while the pinky touched her clit and his thumb pressed against his asshole. That was unexpected.

“Don’t,” she begged.

Ignoring her plea, Riordan forced his thumb into her ass. She whimpered...and discovered it wasn’t nearly as bad as she thought it would be and she rather enjoyed the uninvited penetration.

“Jesus,” she gasped.

He snorted at her exclamation but left it alone. “I bet I can make you cum just like this,” he said.

She was inclined to agree but said nothing and only moaned to encourage him to do to her as he wanted.

“I can tell you like it,” he said softly.

Rhetta had never had anal sex in her life. It wasn’t that she was morally opposed to it. And she had had boyfriends in the past who expressed an interest in being the first to explore that unconquered land, but she hadn’t been interested...or

maybe she hadn't met the right man who she'd allow to do that to her. She had liked using the anal hook and the idea appealed to her and she liked watching others get buggered, so why not indulge in it herself? Still, she wasn't able to form any coherent words between his fingers in her pussy and against her clit and his wide thumb up her ass.

When he eased his thumb out of her and stopped rubbing her clit, it became easier to talk. "That was nice," she ventured.

"Do you want me to make you cum like that, or would you rather I fuck you in the ass?" It was blunt and bold; that was the type of treatment she needed from a lover.

Her smile was naughty, bordering on wicked. "Can't a girl have both?"

Pushing his thumb back in, Riordan said, "Yes," and resumed rubbing her clit.

Rhette liked steady, firm pressure on her clit and somehow Riordan seemed to know that. In a few seconds her had her body quivering. She wasn't crying, which was amazing because she couldn't remember the last time she had been this close to orgasm without being spanked and was crying. She couldn't even curse, the only control she had over her body was varying the speed of her panting.

And then she came. It was the most unusual orgasm of her life. The old debate of vaginal versus clitoral orgasms always struck her as odd because to Rhette there wasn't any real difference. This one was different. And she loved it. She knew she should have been ashamed, but she wasn't. She was proud.

"Can you do that to me again?" Her ass was burning, not just the skin that covered her buttocks but the passage as well. And she savored the pain and wanted more. Looking over her shoulder at Riordan her smile was both innocently cautious and wickedly eager.

"I can do better than that," he told her as he carefully moved her off his lap and stood up to begin shedding the last of his clothing. For an older man he was in good shape. Maybe he didn't have the well-toned and near perfect form that Jordan sported, but he had nothing to be ashamed of either. He must work out on a regular basis and took care of himself; his manscaping wasn't exactly porn star quality, but it wasn't bad.

Almost instinctively, after sliding her thong the rest of the way off, Rhetta went down on her knees and took his semi-hard cock in hand. Without asking she started fellating him, enjoying the feel of his cock in her mouth and how it slowly and steadily got harder. She looked up at him to see Riordan smiling down at her, approving of her actions.

“You’re a good submissive, you know that, don’t you?”

Taking his cock out of her mouth she said, “I’m starting to realize it, yeah.”

“There’s nothing wrong with it,” he was careful to add. “But it’s good to know yourself.”

Rhetta just nodding, having gone back to sucking on him. She desperately wanted to make him rock hard so that she could feel him in her ass. What she really liked about the anal hook was how it felt so wrong when it buried in her flesh and she wanted his cock to be the same.

“You know it,” he murmured, running his fingers through her hair. “If only you had known who you were when you were younger. I could have done such lovely things to you.”

Worried that he was distracting himself, she backed off his cock. “Can I do anything else to get you harder?” she asked.

He shook his head. “No, but I have a little trick I like to use.” Walking over to the closet on the far side of the room with his cock proudly leading the way, he opened the door to reveal shelves and drawers. Opening a drawer he extracted a small black rubber ring. Turning back to Rhetta, he let her watch as he carefully moved it over his cock and stretched it far enough to allow his balls to fit through as well. It snugged up against his body, almost making his cock an entity unto itself.

It grew firmer.

Taking a bottle from the shelf, he walked back to Rhetta. “Get on your back on the bed,” he instructed her. She had been watching from her knees.

“Shouldn’t I...you know...get on my hands and knees?” she asked but started to do as he asked anyway, removing her bra in the process so that she was fully

naked for him.

Riordan shook his head as he lubed up his cock. “No. I want to see your face when I stick it in your ass. The first time is always special.”

It took the assistance of a pillow shoved under her ass and liberal application of lube to her tight sphincter before she was properly positioned and ready. For half a second she considered cautioning him about ruining the pillowcase, but it was his place and his money and if he wanted to ruin a pillow while fucking her ass, that was his prerogative.

It should have hurt more, she reasoned as he eased his cock into her forbidden entrance. It didn’t hurt at all, but she had been well-prepared. It wasn’t pleasurable at first, but he said he loved the mixture of pain and surprise and pleasure on her face when he put it all the way in. His kiss was a reward for taking all of his cock. It wasn’t the hard, vigorous sex she preferred, but this was something new and he made her cum. It wasn’t hard to make her cum. He did it two times to her ass that evening before he came as well.

The only problem she had was when she was driving home, wondering what she would tell Jordan...or if she should tell him at all.

Chapter Twelve

Jordan's apartment was modest. Rhetta chalked that up to him being younger than her and him being a man. He probably didn't care where he lived. He at least had enough good common sense to clean the place before she showed up. Or maybe he normally kept his home tidy. She wasn't in a position to judge that.

The box she handed him was wrapped in old happy birthday paper from some office event or now forgotten party. The box was flat and small and repurposed from its original Amazon delivery function. He grinned at her. "It's not my birthday."

She rolled her eyes. "Jesus. Sorry. It's all I had. Unwrap it and enjoy."

With a shrug he thanked her and ripped off the paper with the intent of destroying it so it could never be reused.

"Oooo...an Amazon box. Can't get this just anywhere."

"Shut up and open it."

Before doing so, he went through the routine of shaking the box, weighing it in his hands, trying to get a good idea of what was in it. Rhetta's expression clearly communicated that she wasn't impressed with his antics. When he finally broke the seal of tape, he tossed aside the crumpled-up paper that served as padding and grabbed the leather and wood paddle.

Holding it up, he looked at her with a puzzled expression. "I don't play ping pong."

"Hmm. I understand fans prefer that it be called table tennis. And it's not a ping pong paddle."

"Yeah. I got that. The leather and heart hole gave it away." He suggestively shoved his finger through the hold and wagged it back and forth, implying terrible love-making was in Rhetta's near future.

“It’s for me,” she said. “And my ass. If you can’t use it on me the way I like... then I don’t think this is going to work out long-term,” she told him flatly.”

Jordan removed his finger from the hole and set the paddle down on the coffee table in front of him. “Long-term?” he asked.

“Yeah. I like you,” she admitted, trying to hide her emotions in her face, but verbally reveal them to him at the same time. “Do you want to try and make this something serious...or should we just leave this at friends with benefits?”

“Wow. I...I don’t know what to say,” Jordan stammered. “I thought you just came over for a casual night of bad television and great sex.”

“I’m hoping for the great sex.”

He picked up her hand which she had been holding in her lap. Rhetta decided that was a good sign. Though it was impossible, she was certain that he could hear her heart trying to pound its way out of her chest. “Do you want to make this exclusive?” he asked. “I’m willing to give that a try.”

The word exclusive grated on her nerves because she already knew the answer to that question. “Exclusive? For sex?” She didn’t define her questions further.

“Yeah...why? If you want to make this long-term...”

Rhetta closed her eyes. That would mean giving up Nick...and Helena...and the group...and Riordan. That was a lot to give up. “Maybe,” she said haltingly. “But you know my needs. I need to have my ass paddled. That’s why I gave you the present. If you can’t do for me what I need, we can’t be exclusive and we can’t be long-term.”

“So, is this a try out?” he asked picking up the paddle again and absently spinning it in his hand. “If I can give you the paddling you think you deserve, we can be exclusive?”

“Sort of,” she admitted. Maybe she could limit herself to only having sex with Jordan, even if she was tempted to go back to Riordan and have him fuck her in the ass again, but having Nick paddle her ass was a strong temptation. And being the center of attention at the group was something she was sure she needed to do again. Maybe...maybe she could tempt Jordan to come along and try all of that,

at least as an admiring observer if not an active participant. This was what he was going to get as a girlfriend if he wanted her.

“I suppose I can try,” he said.

Rhette bounced up to her feet and wished she had worn a dress or skirt instead of pants. She wanted to show him the little thong she was wearing and have him paddle her ass right there in the middle of the living room, but she took it slowly and carefully. “No time like the present,” she said, smiling at her little pun, putting her finger on the edge of the paddle. “Do you want to try it out on me here or in the bedroom?”

“Jesus you move fast.”

Saying nothing she slowly pivoted and arched her back, presenting her ample backside to his face. “I thought guys liked fast girls.”

“You’re crazy,” he laughed.

“I know what I like. I like you fucking me. I’m sure I’ll like you paddling me. Let’s combine those two. You can even cum in me if you want.”

“I’ve already done that,” he pointed out.

Rhette ignored him and unbuttoned her pants to lower the zipper. They didn’t move down very far, but just far enough to show Jordan that she was wearing a thong.

“How’d I get so lucky to find you?” he asked as he reached up and tugged down her pants to just below her buttocks and ran his hand over her skin.

She wasn’t ashamed or embarrassed at doing this. She wanted this. She leaned forward and rested her hands on the arm of the couch. Maybe the angle was just right for him to see her swollen pussy lips through her panties; she could only hope.

“Go ahead and try out your present,” she told him.

Looking at the paddle in his hand, he wondered what the fuck he was doing. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to give Rhette what she wanted, and what she wanted

wasn't all that strange, she just happened to pursue it with more zeal than anyone he had ever slept with before. "Are you sure you want this?" he asked.

Jordan had spanked a girl or two during sex, but that was when they were halfway done and at the peak of bad decisions and need for any wild stimulation. Rhetta liked it to start things and she liked to cry because of it.

He thought of that old advice: never stick your dick in crazy.

He thought of a friend dissecting a failed relationship. She was crazy like a cam girl with daddy issues, but it was a hell of a fucking ride! Was it worth it? Is it worth it to get a sunburn on the beach of Acapulco? There is a thing called sunscreen...

"Are you going to do it or not?" Rhetta demanded of him, looking over her shoulder at him, her brilliant red hair just partially covering her face enough to make her look sultry and irresistible.

Inhaling deeply through his nose, Jordan didn't answer. He just lifted up the paddle and brought it down smartly on her ass. He did it quickly and without warning. Rhetta yelped at the sudden attack and thanked him with a feral smile. "More," she breathed.

Jordan started to repeat the action, but this time aiming for her other cheek, when he noticed the slowly spreading pink flush to her right cheek. The mark of the paddle was obvious, but the hole in the center that was supposed to be a heart was more like a smudge. Was that because he didn't know what the hell he was doing or was it because the whole premise was flawed.

"C'mon," she begged. "I need this before you fuck me."

By now more than enough blood had gotten trapped in Jordan's dick to assure that he wouldn't make good choices. He knew he wasn't making a smart choice, so he reasoned that it would all turn out just fine.

Just fine.

The sharp report of the paddle hitting Rhetta's flesh filled his ears. Oddly, it caused his semi-hard cock to jump and she let out another little moan. It was completely fucked.

The left cheek looked just like the right. It was almost beautiful.

“Yesss...” Rhette hissed.

He gave her a few more swats to the bottom, not as hard as he could because that would seriously damage her, but with more impact than seemed sane. She loved it and for some reason it made his cock harder and harder.

“Do it,” she was whispering, her ass now the highest point of her body; her head was hanging over the edge of the couch. “Do it. Make me hurt. Make me love it. Fuck me. Take me. I’m yours.” It was the worst type of begging. Jordan gave into it.

Her thong was pressed tightly against her pussy. He could see the individual bulges of her lips and he could also see that it was soaked through with her wetness. His erection was so strong that it was actually painful to keep his jeans on.

Not stopping to think, because thinking about it would only lead to good decisions, he wrenched down the thong, exposing her pussy, making her completely vulnerable.

He took in the view for just a moment. She was swollen and pink. Rhette must have spent a good deal of time grooming herself. Her labia were completely hairless, but he could just see the hint of dark red hair rising toward her belly from the top of her slit. But now wasn’t the time to relive schoolboy fantasies of women throwing themselves at him—even if it had come true—and he clumsily pulled at his zipper, button, underwear, and jeans until he was able to get out his cock and plunge it into Rhette.

If she was surprised or alarmed at his eagerness, she didn’t give any obvious signs of being upset. She just grunted once, adjusted the angle of her hips, and allowed him to grab her tightly so that he could slam in and out of her as hard and fast as he could.

“Yes, yes,” she moaned. If he could have seen her face he would have seen the tears seeping out of her eyes. It wasn’t that he was causing her pain; it was that he was giving her exactly what she wanted and what she wanted happened to deceive him, if only slightly.

“Fast, hard, and straight,” she told him, settling into the moment.

Jordan knew he wouldn’t last long. It wasn’t the sort of fuck that two people enjoyed together. This was a fuck of desperation and need—and use. Jordan knew he was being used and—oddly—he was okay with that. At least at that moment.

“Make me cum!’ Rhette begged, almost sobbing. “Harder! Make it hurt.”

No matter what she said, Jordan was going to do whatever he needed to do. He wished his cock was made of solid steel just to see how much she could actually take. There were wonderful ways to hurt her—

“Jesus fuck yes!” she screamed. Her words announced her climax and her pussy clamped down on his cock, flooding it with a heat he found surprising. That was more than enough to make him cum as well, which resulted in him filling her pussy with more spunk than he thought he could ever produce.

With each spurt he slammed his cock into her so hard that the previous deposit he had put in her leaked out around his cock. It was incredible, but it couldn’t last. Nothing like this could.

The moment passed and he experienced that sudden loss of strength that accompanied post-climax. His cock slipped from her pussy and she moaned in grief at the loss.

Jordan stumbled backwards and fell onto the couch. Rhette wasn’t nearly as overcome as he was, and managed to have some dignity as she lowered herself to the floor. He gave a brief thought as to her leaking cum all over the carpet, but that didn’t matter, not now. He also wondered how she sat on her ass after the paddling he gave her, but she was the experienced sort of woman that could take more pain than he could imagine.

“Okay, yeah. We can keep doing this,” Rhette announced with a smile, somehow compelling him into an agreement he wasn’t entirely sure he wanted. “The next time we fuck, you’re going to put it in my ass.”

I am? Jordan thought, but he knew he didn’t have a choice in the matter.

End Book 3

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:

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