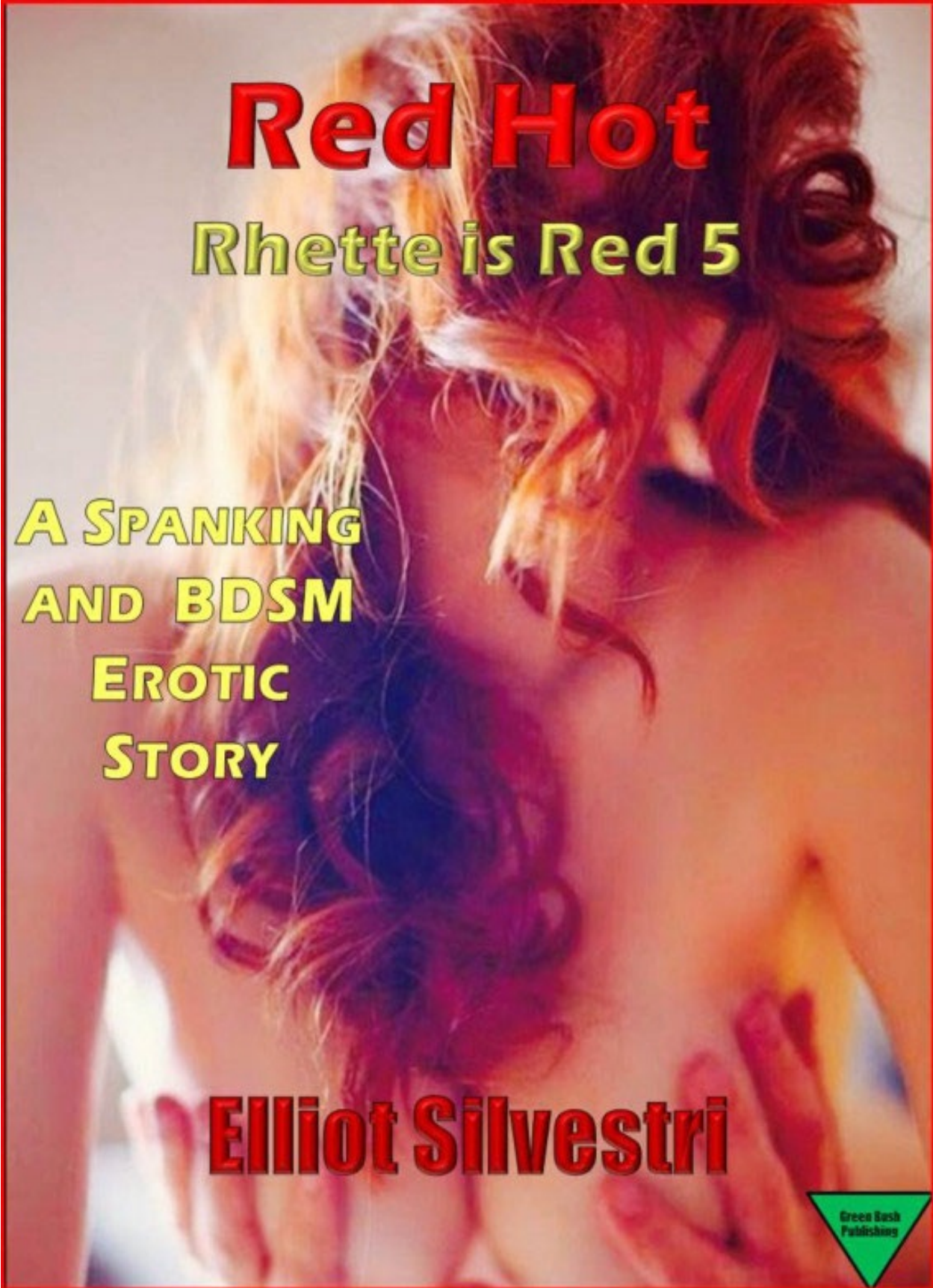




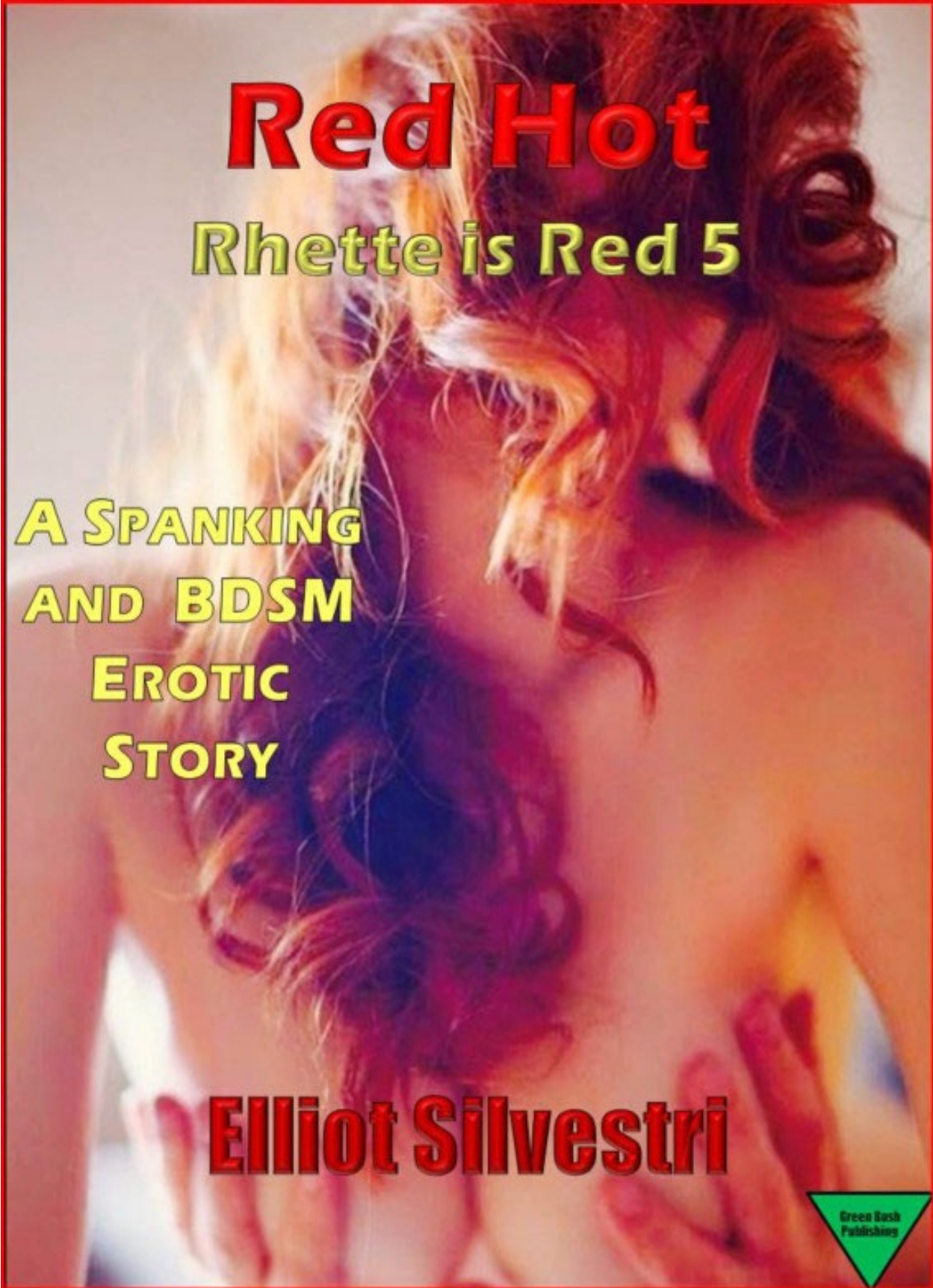
Red Hot

Rhette is Red 5

**A SPANKING
AND BDSM
EROTIC
STORY**

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



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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 Letter: Rhette is Red 5

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Part Five

Chapter Sixteen

“You’re not upset?” Jordan asked, amazed. They were driving home from the party and his emotions seesawed back and forth between elation and shame.

“No. Of course not. I wanted it to happen.” Rhetta was strangely blasé about what they had done. “What did you think was going to happen?”

“I...I honestly didn’t know.” She nodded and shifted in the seat. “How can you sit down?” he asked. He had seen how the three strangers had paddled her ass. It was bright red and striped with the aftereffects of the caning, and yet Rhetta still wanted to be fucked.

“You get used to it,” she smiled at him. “And lucky for you and me, I like it.”

“How can you like it?” he asked, still surprised at her proclivity for pain. “I mean...it hurts.”

“How can you like the idea of getting your cock locked inside a tiny little cage?” she asked him.

Jordan looked at Rhetta in surprise until she indicated he should be watching the road and not her. “Why would you ask that?” he asked, trying to turn the conversation.

“Because I saw you watching Helena put Nick’s cock into his chastity cage. I could tell you were hard.”

He dodged the question. “I was just...I just reacted to the situation.”

“Do you want to try it?” she asked casually and once more he discovered that Rhetta could easily stun him into silence.

“No...”

She laughed at him but didn’t push the issue. For that, he was grateful.

The truth of the matter was he found it thrilling to watch another man fuck Rhetta, even though he wanted her all to himself. The truth was he loved getting a blowjob from Maureen as he watched that man fuck Rhetta. And the shocking truth was that he couldn’t get the image of Helena locking up Nick’s cock in the

metal chastity cage and making him cum with a vibrator.

He didn't want to admit it to himself, but trying something so kinky and so dangerous and so transgressive...

It was something he knew he couldn't leave alone.

Rhette surprised Jordan when they arrived back at her house. It was easy for her to surprise him; he was getting used to it. "Come in with me?" she asked. It was a casual invitation and it wasn't terribly late, not for a date night. She lived in a safe area and there was no reason for her to be worried about mythical prowlers or burglars.

"Sure." It was the gentlemanly thing to do.

The moment they got inside her house, she was all over him, kissing and hugging and groping. He didn't mind it, he just hadn't expected it.

She was tugging at both his clothes and his body, encouraging him to come back to her bedroom. Jordan was out of reasons to resist. He just went along with her, arriving at her bedroom nearly naked and was happy to pull her dress up over her head, revealing her ample tits unimpeded by a bra along with her tiny panties. At some point after getting fucked by the stranger who had lashed her with his belt, Rhette had put back on her G-string. He liked that she wore such tiny undergarments. Maybe he still held onto some schoolboy fantasy of having a girlfriend with slutty panties, but he had to admit her ass always looked good in a thong or G-string. Maybe it was larger than most men liked, but Jordan just loved her all the more for her generously proportioned ass.

"I want to fuck you," she whispered in his ear as she pulled him to the bed. They collapsed on the mattress with her underneath him. Rhette used her hands and bare feet to push down his underwear, freeing his cock that was already proudly standing erect. That was one of the reasons she kept him around, Rhette mused as she ran her fingers along his length. A young man had little trouble in getting it up. Riordan might have been a good lover, but it took effort to get him hard and even when he was up to the task, he wasn't nearly as hard as she wanted him to be. A well-muscled man with an iron bar for a cock would be perfect for her.

"I got that impression," Jordan answered as he got between her legs. She pulled his cock so that the head nestled against her pussy and he could feel she was wet.

That's what made him pull back just a bit. Was she wet with her desire or was she still full of that other man's cum. He remembered what they had done just a few hours earlier. Was this the life he wanted to have?

"What's the matter?" she asked, plainly annoyed.

"Is this what you really want?"

"I'm still fucking horny and my ass is still sore, so I don't want to be spanked, but I would like to get fucked, so yes." Her eyes narrowed. "Why? Is there a fucking problem?"

"Uh...no, but we both...we both...you know, we both had sex with other people an hour ago."

"So?"

"Just...is this what we're going to be?"

"Yes," she said firmly, definitively. "And if you can't deal with it then..." She trailed over. Her hand was still on his cock. She reached lower, over his balls to grasp the root that secured his organ to his body. She pulled him forward. "It looks like you want to fuck me," she said.

Jordan wanted to resist, but then realized he had the opportunity to fuck a beautiful and sexually voracious woman. He wondered why the hell he was resisting. Allowing her to pull his cock into her body was an easy decision.

"Jesus I love it how you fill me up," she moaned as he thrust into her several times. It was an automatic response; he couldn't help himself.

"It's good," he agreed, already too far gone to give it any real thought.

She didn't let him thrust into her for very long before she pushed back and made them roll over together. It wasn't often that she had the desire to ride on top of a man. While she wasn't that big, she was big enough and she knew her ass was bordering on huge, but guys seemed to like watching her as they fucked. They liked playing with her tits and she liked having her tits played with.

"You like this?" she asked him, slowly rocking her hips back and forth as his

hands instinctively came up to cup her breasts and pinch her nipples.

“Yes,” he moaned. Her pussy wrapped around his cock, warm and wet. Her weight pleasantly pressed down on him and he lost himself in her tits.

“We’re going to do this,” she told him.

“Uh-huh,” he absently agreed. Even though he had received a blowjob an hour earlier from Mo, the slutty woman who had caned Rhetta and then wanted to fuck her but was rejected, his body—and his mind and heart—still desired Rhetta. He couldn’t deny it to himself or to her and now he needed to reconcile his needs with his reality.

“You’re going to learn to properly spank and fuck me,” she told him, grinding down on his cock, “and you’re going to love it.”

He would have agreed with her, but at that moment his orgasm started and words truly failed him.

Chapter Seventeen

“I don’t know if this is a good idea or not,” Rhetta said as Riordan admitted her to his house. “I mean, I do have a boyfriend and you are married.”

Riordan scoffed and shook his head at her. “And yet here you are. Or aren’t you the same woman I saw two days ago getting fucked by my good friend Chris while her boyfriend—is that what you’re calling him now?—was getting a blowjob from Mo?”

“No, that was me...and Jordan.” She tried a smile that was supposed to be sweet and innocent but she was sure it came off a lot more lascivious than she wanted. “You were watching me?”

“Everyone who wasn’t busy was watching you. The doorway was crowded.”

“Really? I didn’t see you there.”

He guided her into the living room where the weekend’s debauchery had taken place. It was spotlessly clean. He must have had a very good cleaning service.

Riordan indicated that she should sit. “You were occupied.”

“Not the entire time,” he said smoothly.

She knew people and Riordan well enough to know he was hiding something. Her eyes quickly scanned the room but didn’t detect what she was looking for. “Where are the hidden cameras?” she asked.

“Would I really do something so sleazy as to break the trust of my guests?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said flatly.

His smile told her everything she needed to know. “You know me too well.”

“Where are they?”

“Well hidden,” he said. “It’s amazing what you can get for cheap security cameras nowadays.”

“And you used them to watch me?” she asked.

“Well...yes. Actually, during the party I was fucking a woman that I believe works with my wife. I watched you getting fucked later on. I’m not ashamed to admit that I beat off to it.”

His admission made her feel proud. For no good reason she trusted that he wouldn’t do anything untoward with the recording of her and the party. “So did you invite me over here for an afternoon fuck or was it something else?”

“Can’t it be two things?” he asked.

Her smile was cautious and knowing. “What do you want, Riordan?”

“I’ll come right to the point.”

“Great. I have a class to teach in an hour. Very little time for a fucking or a spanking.”

He nodded and glanced once out the window and then turned back to her. “I want you to be my slave.”

Although she understood the words, Rhette heard herself saying, “Come again?”

“I often do with the right woman. But that’s not what you meant. I’d like you to be my slave. Sexual slave, obviously. Consensual. I think we’ll both enjoy it.”

“What? Why?” Rhette knew exactly what Riordan was asking, but she didn’t want to give him an answer. She needed to clear her head and think because it was too much stress to deal with because she hadn’t foreseen him asking this question. It would have been understandable if he had asked her to be his regular lover while remaining married to his wife. That she would have said yes to because she knew herself better now. She even would have understood and said yes to a proposition from him asking her to regularly submit to spankings, canings, and paddlings from him. Even making it an exclusive relationship. She would have understood if he had asked her to break off her relationship with Jordan because he wanted her all to himself.

But...sexual slavery? The idea was thrilling at first blush, but while she knew she most definitely had submissive tendencies, she had never seen herself as a slave, a complete submissive. And the idea was still exciting as she examined it, but ultimately she knew what the answer was going to be.

But that didn't mean she couldn't contemplate the idea.

He answered her blurted questions. "Because you are beautiful." Right away she knew he was lying or exaggerating, but she let him continue. It was nice to be flattered. "Because I can't resist a woman with red hair and freckles. Because you and I both know you are submissive and I'm sure I can make you more submissive and we'll both like that. Because it is a pleasure to spank you and I want to keep that pleasure entirely to myself. Because you are a woman who needs to be spanked and I'm certain I'm the man who can do it the right way for you. Because my wife has given me permission to take a slave and she rather likes you and she knows if you're my slave you're essentially hers as well and she's eager to fuck you again. Shall I go on? I can give you more reasons."

Rhette shook her head, her long red hair touching her cheeks. For the first time in her life she wished it was curlier because that would have helped hide her expression. She was flattered and wanted to say yes, but knew she was going to say no. What she wanted was less concrete reasons as to why he wanted her as his slave and a single reason for his motivation. Everything he had said up to that point was true, but he was still hiding something.

"I've never seen myself as a slave," she said dodging the question.

He waved his hand, dismissing her concern. "It's just a title I like. It enhances the idea that you'll be submissive to me and I'm in charge. When I call you for sex, you come. We can work out details later, but I wanted to ask you first if you were open to the idea." He smiled, confident she would say yes, but giving her time to come to that decision. Pushing wouldn't help. Persuading wouldn't help.

"I'm not sure I like the idea," she said hesitantly.

"Being the object of someone's sexual desires? I can make you feel fulfilled, both spanking you and fucking you...and you can make me fulfilled as well because I like to paddle your ass and I like fucking you."

"But when you call, I have to come running?"

"Yes."

"I'm not sure I like that idea."

He smiled and patted her hand. "I think you do. I think you've decided to say yes, but you haven't found the courage to say the word yet."

"And you're going to give me time to find that courage?"

"Yes."

It was the worst class that Rhetta had ever taught. She was distracted and unfocused. The class sensed it and was unsettled the entire hour she was explaining the more complex parts of college algebra. It was terrible. She let the class out fifteen minutes early and it was still excruciating. She would have rather have taught the class with an ass bright red after the worse paddling of her life.

As she reflected on that idea, it occurred to her that maybe that wasn't such a great idea. There were a few attractive men in the class who she would have gladly fucked if her ass was aching from a paddling.

Rhetta managed to deflect the two students who came up to her after class asking for help and quickly left campus. It didn't take her long to drive to Nick's workshop. She hadn't arranged a meeting or even knew if he was there. She didn't know where else to go because she couldn't talk about this with anyone else.

The workshop was in a semi-industrial part of the city. It was an innocuous location for the business and it shared a common parking area with several businesses. She walked boldly into the workshop like she owned the place. The door was open and Nick was there talking to a middle-aged man. He was holding a large cardboard box; there was no telling what was inside the box and it wasn't Rhetta's place to ask.

"Rhetta, we don't have an appointment scheduled, do we?" Nick asked after she stepped inside. The other man seemed startled, but said nothing. "I don't have anything written down."

"No," she answered, glancing at the man. "But can we...have a discussion about..." She let her request trail off.

Nick looked back at the man. “If you need anything else, Johan, just text me.” The man nodded and scurried from the workshop. Nick turned back to her, his face sour. “Don’t come here without an appointment,” he admonished her. “You know my clients—like you!—want to conduct their business in private.”

She ignored his demand and his tone. Without an introduction, she just said, “Riordan just asked me to be his slave.”

Nick paused and raised his eyebrows. They disappeared into his shock of black hair. “And what did you say?”

“I said...I said I need to think about it.”

“Have you thought about it?” he asked her. He wasn’t counseling her. He was merely curious.

“Yes...and I don’t know what to say to Jordan. What should I do?” She had barely given him any information and she was asking him to help determine the direction of her life. Nick knew he was in well over his head. Pulling his phone from his pocket, he tapped a few buttons as Rhetta waited. “Hon? Yeah. Rhetta’s here. Uh-huh. She says that Riordan asked her to be his slave.” He paused and then disconnected the call. “She’ll be here in fifteen minutes.”

“Thanks.”

“Want me to paddle your ass while you wait?”

She couldn’t tell if he was kidding or not and just shook her head.

Nick went back to work on some project and she sat on a stool waiting for Helena. Obviously Nick didn’t feel prepared to counsel her on the choice Riordan had presented.

When Helena arrived she asked a hundred and one questions, more curious about the situation that had developed than actually helping Rhetta come to a decision.

“So what do you think?” she finally asked Rhetta. “Do you want to do it or not?”

“Become his sex slave? I mean...it’s crazy...”

“But you’ve already made a decision. Just tell me what it is and it’ll be easier for you to tell him.” Helena smiled encouragingly at her friend. “I’ve seen this before. It’s not a life-changing choice. Most times people who enter into these relationships...it lasts a few months. The longest I’ve seen is a year. Don’t stress too much about it. What’s your answer?”

“If I wasn’t seeing Jordan, I’d say yes. If Riordan wasn’t married, I’d say yes. I want to say yes, but...”

Helena shook her head, her smile now bemused. “You overthink everything, my dear. So talk to Jordan, talk to Sylvia, and tell Riordan your decision. Don’t think of it as some gigantic decision. This is more like...more like taking a part-time job. A job that has a lot of sex.”

Jordan came over that night. It was a date they had prearranged. She made him a quick dinner and then brought him into the bedroom. She lay across his lap, gave him the paddle she liked, and insisted that he turn her ass red.

He did.

And then they fucked. It made it easier for Rhetta to talk to him.

“You can have sex with other people if you want,” she said after she rolled off him and lay next to his body on the bed.

“What?”

“I know you’re uncomfortable with me having sex with other people, so I’m giving you permission to fuck other women.”

His eyes narrowed. “Is this because that woman Maureen gave me a blowjob?”

She laughed a little. “No. Not at all. I just don’t want you getting jealous or conflicted if some pretty girl offers to fuck you. I just want things to be fair between us.”

“I thought...I thought you wanted to be exclusive,” Jordan said.

“Romantically exclusive. I’m not ready to be sexually exclusive yet.”

He shook his head. “I can’t believe I’m having this conversation with a beautiful woman willing to fuck me.”

“I just want things to be fair,” she repeated.

“Why?” he asked unnecessarily.

“Because...because...because Riordan asked me to be his sex slave.”

“What?” Jordan sat bolt upright. He hadn’t expected her to say that. “What... what did you say?”

“I didn’t say anything. Not yet. I wanted to talk to you first.”

“Jesus fucking Christ. What do you want me to say? Do you want to be his slave?”

“Sort of,” she said softly. “It sounds fun...but I don’t want to lose you because of it.”

“It sounds fun?”

“Yeah, having someone see to your every sexual need? What’s not fun about that?”

“You’re bending my mind.”

“Sorry. If you don’t want me doing it, that’s fine. But you need to tell me.”

Jordan just gaped at her. “You want to do it?”

She didn’t answer him directly. “If you found someone who was willing to fuck you every way you wanted, all you had to do was ask, would you?”

He didn’t answer.

“And I wouldn’t tell you no that you couldn’t do it.” Rhetta reached over and found Jordan’s cock was hard. He had gone soft when they were done fucking and he was hard again. “You liked watching when that guy fucked me. How is

this any different?”

“Are you trying to talk me into it, or yourself?” he asked.

Both, was the answer, but she didn’t say that to Jordan. It was too honest.

Getting a chance to speak with Sylvia was the most difficult conversation to arrange. Rhetta couldn’t articulate exactly why she needed to speak to Riordan’s wife, but she knew she couldn’t tell Riordan yes or no without speaking to her first.

In the end she had to ask Riordan for Sylvia’s phone number. He happily sent it to her. Contacting the other woman—Riordan’s wife!—was a difficult process for Rhetta, but she managed it.

“Hello?”

“Hi. Sylvia? This is Rhetta. Riordan said he was going to tell you I was going to call—?”

“Yes! Darling, of course. Why don’t you come over and we’ll do this in person. Phone calls are highly impersonal, don’t you think?”

And that was how Rhetta found herself in Riordan’s living room—again—speaking with Sylvia. The older woman was wearing a casual suit that made her look like she was going to a suburban housewife’s fundraiser for the local college scholarship fund. Rhetta felt positively underdressed in her casual jeans and black silk blouse. After a moment’s reflection it occurred to her that Sylvia had set it up that way. She always had to be in control.

“So, I said I wanted to speak to you because—”

“—because Riordan asked you to be his slave,” Sylvia cut her off. “You should do it. Say yes.”

“Oh. Wow. That was...but you already knew what I was going to ask.”

“And I knew the answer I was going to give.”

“Shouldn’t we discuss it a bit first?”

Sylvia lifted on shoulder in a half-shrug. “If you want. But if you insist on that, I’ll need you to take off your clothes so I can whip your ass first.”

Rhette found herself almost gagging on her words. It was so cold and blunt...and she found the idea of the supremely confident Sylvia whipping her ass to be intensely desirable.

“Why?” she finally managed to say.

“Because I want to whip you,” Sylvia said bluntly. “I’ll enjoy it. You’ll like it. You’ll realize that being Riordan’s slave will be fun.”

“I don’t think—”

Once more Sylvia cut her off. “No. No more discussion. Take off your clothes and then maybe we can talk about it more.”

Rhette almost opened her mouth to object, but the tone in Sylvia’s words made her fall silent. She stood up from the couch and Sylvia settled back in her chair. While she wasn’t ashamed of her body, or maybe she wasn’t as ashamed as she had once been, but it was one thing to get naked in front of Nick or Jordan or Riordan, but it was another entirely to take off her clothes in front of another woman who was eyeing her critically. Still...Rhette gave in to her submissive self. She unbuttoned her shirt and let it slip off her shoulders, falling to the floor. She left her bra on and unbuttoned her jeans while kicking off her shoes.

It was easy to wiggle out of the jeans and stand in front of Sylvia.

“Turn around.”

Rhette did so. Not having to face Sylvia made it easier.

“Do you always wear a thong?”

“Yes. Usually.”

“Good. You have a beautiful bottom.” Rhette shivered as she felt Sylvia’s fingers on her ass.

“Thank you.”

“Take off your bra and bend forward. Put your hands on the arm of the couch. I’ll be right back.”

Once more Rhetta did as she was told, unslinging the bra from around her torso and tossing it on top of her jeans and shirt. She bent over, placing her hands as Sylvia had ordered. Her breasts hung beneath her body. She didn’t like being positioned like this, but she did it anyway.

It seemed like she was waiting forever. It wasn’t forever, of course, but she felt vulnerable which was exactly why Sylvia made her stand like that. It was all part of the game.

The thought didn’t make her feel any better.

She wished she had worn a watch or could see a clock from where she was bent over. The wait was only a few of minutes, but it felt like much longer. And yet, while she was vulnerable in this position, she sort of liked it. Wearing just her tiny thong she was vulnerable and exposed. She liked it more than she cared to admit.

When she heard the soft footfalls of Sylvia’s confident stride on the thick carpet, Rhetta relaxed a little. That was her mistake.

There was no warm-up or time to prepare, Sylvia just walked up to her and smacked her ass with a leather riding crop.

“Jesus Fucking Christ!” Rhetta exploded.

“Something the matter?” Sylvia asked casually.

“That hurt!”

“It was supposed to.”

“But...Jesus!”

“Oh stop complaining. You’ve suffered worse...and I can see that you like it.”

“How could you possibly see that? All you did was give me a red mark on my ass.”

“Your wet panties tell me.” Without asking permission Sylvia touched Rhetta’s pussy through her panties. She was hot and wet.

“Don’t...” Rhetta begged.

“Do you actually want me to stop?”

“Yes...”

“Liar,” Sylvia laughed and then brought the riding crop smartly across Rhetta’s ass again.

“Jesus!” Rhetta exclaimed.

“I heard he was into being whipped as well.”

Despite the situation, Rhetta let out a burst of laughter for which she was rewarded with another strike of the crop.

“Do you want more of this?” Sylvia asked.

“Fuck. Right now? No.”

“No, not right now. Shit. Christ!”

“No, do you want more of this tomorrow...and the next day...and next week...and next month.”

Rhetta knew the answer but didn’t want to say it. The pause was too long so Sylvia hit her again. The sting helped focus her thoughts.

“Yes...”

“See? Was that so hard? You already knew the answer.” Sylvia stepped to the side and, holding the crop lightly, caressed Rhetta’s nipples with the leather-covered wood. She shivered. Getting her ass beaten was one thing; she didn’t think she could stand that sort of abuse to her tits.

Sylvia took the crop away and stepped to the side. Rhetta turned her head in time to see Sylvia unzipping her skirt and dropping it to the floor. Underneath she wore an elegant pair of white lace panties that were both sexy and demure at the same time.

“Stand up,” she told the redhead.

Rhetta did as she was told and Sylvia placed her hands on Rhetta’s shoulders to slowly push her to the floor on her knees. “What...what do you want?” Rhetta asked.

“You know.”

She did know. Licking her lips, Rhetta leaned forward and placed her fingers on the waistband of Sylvia’s panties to ease them down over her hips. Her carefully manicured triangle of pubic hair confronted Rhetta. Sylvia leaned back against the couch arm and spread her legs.

Rhetta found going down on the other woman again to be a pleasant distraction from the pain in her ass. Sylvia was appreciative of Rhetta’s efforts and moved and moaned to let her know. After the many changes in her life, Rhetta found that her new skill of eating pussy was one she appreciated the most. Lots of men had trouble making women cum, but Rhetta didn’t seem to have that problem.

She came on Rhetta’s face which was paying her a compliment.

After she rested for a moment, Sylvia struggled to her feet and said to Rhetta, “Stand up!”

It was easy for Rhetta to obey.

“Thank you,” Sylvia told her and gave her a light kiss on the lips. “Would you like to cum too?”

“Yes.”

The crop had never left Sylvia’s hand. She now put it between Rhetta’s legs, pressing it up against her panty-covered pussy, separating her lips, forcing the material tightly against her body. “So make yourself cum.” She pressed the crop harder into Rhetta’s pussy, searching for her clit.

When Rhetta started to slide her hand into her panties, Sylvia slapped it away.

“Make yourself cum with the crop only,” she told her.

Rhetta nodded and started rocking her hips back and forth, trying to get friction between her clit, her panties, and the crop. She closed her eyes and steadied herself by putting one hand on Sylvia’s shoulder. Sylvia didn’t object.

It only took a minute before Rhetta’s legs were trembling and she came. It was the most difficult orgasm of her life, but she took pride in it.

Sylvia withdrew the crop. It was wet from Rhetta’s pussy. “You should choose yes,” Sylvia said.

“What?”

“Either your relationship, such as it is, with Jordan will come to an end fairly quickly in the next few weeks or months, in which case a slightly shortened time with him makes no difference in the grand scheme of things.”

“And if it doesn’t?” asked Rhetta.

“If it doesn’t, then you’ll either need to lead a life of sneaking around and hiding what you really want out of your sex life, or he’ll agree that you having sexual and masochistic relationships with others is necessary. And he should be happy for you for that.”

Rhetta just nodded.

“You know who you are. You can either choose to live happily as you are or pretend to be someone else and be miserable.”

Chapter Eighteen

“I’m going to be Riordan’s slave. I don’t know if it’ll be for a week or a month or a year or forever, but I’m going to try it.”

Jordan nodded, pretending understanding, and prepared for her to finish whatever little speech she had written in preparation of dumping him.

“Is there anything I can do or say to convince you to stay with me while I’m his slave?” she instead asked, not ending their relationship, but attempting to continue it against all reason and logic.

“What?”

“I’m going to be fucking Riordan,” she told him. “And he’s probably going to make me fuck other men. Well, not really make me fuck other men. I’m sure I’ll want to, especially after he spansks and whips me. That’s a burden on you, but I want us to stay together. What can I do to convince you to stay with me?” She smiled. It wasn’t her usual sexy smile but a winsome one, trying to be a bit coquettish and cute at the same time.

“You want to know what you can do for me so we don’t break up?”

“Right. The one exception being me not being Riordan’s slave.”

Jordan nodded and looked away from her. If they were outside he would have stared into the distance. If they were in a different room, he would have looked out the window for some sort of inspiration. Instead he had to stare at the wall and study the cheap art print that Rhetta had framed and hung. It was nice. It only struck him right then that the flowers were definitely vaginal in appearance. He couldn’t decide if it was lewd or sexy.

“I want to wear a cock cage like Nick,” he said and tried not to sound like he was too eager.

“I’m certain I can arrange for that,” Rhetta said quickly without judgment in her voice. It was easy for her to sound that way. She wasn’t judging him.

“I want you to hold the key to it.”

“No,” she said immediately.

“What? Why not?”

She smiled. “Because if you asked me to unlock you, I would.”

He nodded and looked back at the print of flowers. “Who then?”

“Sylvia,” she said immediately. “She has a cruel streak and will be more than happy to inflict torment on you.” Rhetta declined to add that she rather liked the torment that Sylvia could inflict.

Rhetta stood bent over in the exact same spot where Sylvia had abused her. Her hands were on the same couch, and she was similarly vulnerable. Her panties were halfway down her thighs and her skirt was hiked up to her waist, leaving her ass exposed.

Riordan gave her one last wallop to her ass which caused Rhetta to let out a stifled gasp of pain.

“Did you like that?” Riordan asked.

She winced. “Yes,” she answered and wiggled her ass a bit. It was bright red and burning. She liked the feeling but she couldn’t wait for his cock and spread open her legs a smidge wider.

His hand went between her legs and a finger went along the length of her wet slit. Rhetta moaned softly. His finger continued on up, passing by the entrance to her pussy and lingering at her anus.

“Is that what you want today?” she asked him. Rhetta wondered what it would feel like to be fucked in the ass and then have to go teach her afternoon class.

“No,” he said and pulled his finger away, much to Rhetta’s disappointment. “But I have a present for you.”

“Please give it to me,” she all but begged.

“And I have a present for your...boyfriend? Is that what you calling him?” Riordan asked.

“Yes. Boyfriend. Jordan.”

There was a long moment of silence as Riordan stepped away and then returned, placing a small open box on the couch in front of Rhetta. It contained the steel frame of a cock cage, courtesy of Nick.

“It’s so...small.”

“It will comfortably contain him, unless he is unusually small or large. Is he unusually small or large?”

“No. Jordan is...average.”

She was still looking at the small cock cage but could feel Riordan’s smile. “It will do, I assure you. An average man with an average cock.”

“Thank you,” said Rhetta as she reached out for Jordan’s cage.

He slapped her hand away. “Not yet. I still have your present.”

“You do?” She figured the cage for Jordan’s cock was her present as well.

Once again his fingers were between her legs, but they were colder. And then she realized what she was feeling wasn’t a finger, but something else.

“What are you doing?” she demanded, not panicking, but curious.

“Just an anal plug,” he said as he pushed harder. The coldness was the metal of the plug, a plug coated with slick lubricant. It opened up her sphincter and suddenly the weight of the plug was inside her. It wasn’t painful, but it wasn’t something she was accustomed to either. Once the plug was settled into place, it was rather like having a reminder that Riordan was constantly with her.

“Comfortable?” he asked her.

“No, not really.”

“You’ll get used to it. Go teach your class and then go see your boyfriend. Show him my presents.”

“You know I have a class to teach?” she asked.

Riordan helped her to stand upright. The plug stayed in place. “I know everything about you,” he whispered in her ear.

“Would you look at my ass?” Rhetta asked Jordan.

“Always,” he said, half serious and half joking.

Rhetta shimmied out of her skirt and turned around. They were in the kitchen so she put one hand on the table and used the other to pull down her panties. “Is it still red from when Riordan paddled me?”

There was a pause and then Jordan managed to stammer out, “Y-y-yes.”

“He didn’t fuck me today,” she assured him, “but he did leave me a little present.” Rhetta turned her head and shoulders to look at Jordan from the awkward position she had placed herself in. “Do you like it?”

“He put a princess plug in you?” Jordan asked, trying to wrap his head around what Rhetta was up to and what she expected out of him.

“Princess plug?” she asked, never having heard the term before. “I like that. Yes. He put it in me after he spanked me this afternoon. And then I went and taught my class with it in me. I was terribly distracted. And then I came home to you and I’m really horny.” She wiggled her butt at him. “Can you help me out with that?”

“Do you...do you want me to take it out of you?” It sounded like Jordan didn’t know what the hell Rhetta expected out of him. She liked that.

“No. I want you to fuck me while I have my...princess plug up my ass. I want to see what it feels like to be fucked that way.”

“Oh.”

She turned back around and arched her back a bit more, a silent invitation to use her body. “So get your cock out and fuck me. Or are you soft? Do you need me to suck you a bit first?”

Jordan said nothing. She heard him unzip his pants and pushed them down. A moment later the velvet hardness of his cock head was probing at her pussy's entrance and he easily slipped inside. She was as wet as she had ever been and he was rigid like a bar of steel.

Rhette gasped as he went all the way inside her with just a few easy strokes. This was different from regular sex. This was different from anal sex. She was incredibly full and while it didn't hurt, it was like a whole new world of sex had opened up for her. The moan she made as he pulled out almost all the way and shoved his cock back in as hard as he could scared her because it was so licentious and revealing.

"Did I hurt you?" Jordan asked, pausing in his use of her body.

"N-n-no," she mumbled. "It feels really good." She could feel his cock pressing against the hard metal of the princess plug and that was almost too much. "Make me cum."

"I won't last long," he promised.

Jordan moved in closer to her body, curling his around hers, letting her support his weight with her forearms on the table and his hand searching under her body for her tits to grasp them and hold on as he fucked her. It was a largely stupid gesture since she still wore her shirt and bra, but that didn't matter.

They only fucked for a minute. It didn't take much effort to make Rhette cum. When her pussy clamped down on his cock, he was good for one more pump before spewing his seed into her.

It was later, when they were laying her bed, still both exhausted by their quick, powerful fuck, that Rhette revealed she had a gift for him. When he asked what it was, she silently went to her work bag, took out the box, and opened it in front of him, displaying the steel cage.

Jordan couldn't talk. He just nodded and indicated to her that he wanted her to put the device on his cock. It took a bit of figuring things out, but the chastity cage wasn't a puzzle and it was easy enough to slip it around his balls and onto his shaft. The little padlock that came with it was almost ornamental, but once the hasp joined the base with an audible click, their eyes met and they shared a smile.

Despite the situation, Jordan felt his cock starting to swell. He knew that would happen and tried to think of something—anything—else. He could only focus on a practical matter. “Where’s the key? Do you have the key?”

Rhette actually giggled. It was a sound that was almost unnatural for her. “I gave it to Helena. If you want it off, it’ll be a while.”

“Oh. Right.” She gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek, because it seemed appropriate. Even with her still slightly reddened ass, Rhette managed to fall asleep immediately. It took Jordan some time. It was the most restless night of his life.

He realized as he drifted back and forth between consciousness, that with the cage on his cock, he was a slave to Riordan as well.

“Do you like it?” she asked him as he got out of the shower the next morning. It was strange walking around and showering with a cage of metal around his cock. Peeing had been an interesting experience, but once he figured out the process, it wasn’t so difficult.

“I guess.” Jordan was unsure about everything now. It was like Rhette and Riordan now owned his cock. That was a scary and thrilling thought.

Rhette had showered first. She had only progressed in dressing to put on her bra and underwear. The underwear was her now usual G-string that left her cheeks fully exposed. He glanced at the bed to see what she was going to wear for the day. The demure dress laying atop the sheets was a strong contrast to the leather-covered paddle next to it. She saw him staring at the bed and smiled.

“I want you to spank me before I go to work,” she said.

He nodded and mechanically went over to the drawer where he was now storing the few outfits he kept at her place now. “Why?” He pulled out some underwear and clothes, but she stopped him before he could start dressing.

“I want you to spank me while you’re naked?”

Jordan shook his head in confusion. “Why?”

“Because it’s hotter that way.”

“Why do you want me to spank you now?” he asked, gesturing to his caged cock. “It’s not like we can do anything.”

Her smile was so sexy he wanted to melt and get hard at the same time. Both were impossible.

“Because it’s hotter that way,” she explained again and bent over the bed, her ass in the air, the red G-string mostly hidden in the crevice between her buttocks. He picked up the paddle and glanced at the stand next to her bed. The princess plug she had removed the night before was gone. She saw him looking. “It’s here,” she told him as she used one hand to part her buttocks further. Behind the G-string he could see the base of the plug half-hidden by the string of her panties.

The thought of Rhetta having a piece of Riordan inside her made Jordan angry. That was enough to get him to paddle her. She appreciated his enthusiasm.

“I’ll get the key from Helena on the way home tonight,” she told him as she pulled her dress over her head. He dropped the paddle on the bed and started getting dressed. “We’ll fuck then.”

“Okay.” His response was mechanical and she noticed it.

“Hey,” she said, touching the edge of his jaw with her fingertips. “This is fine. It’ll take some getting used to, but I love it and you wanted this as well.” Her hand went to his steel-covered cock. “You’ll get to use this again. Tonight. I promise.”

It was the worst day of Jordan’s life. Every time he thought of Rhetta, he started getting hard, but couldn’t, and it hurt. Every time he went to the bathroom, he had to sit down and felt humiliated.

At the end of the day, he got a text from Rhetta. Change of plans. Meet me at Riordan’s at 6. Sex guaranteed.

When he texted her back, she didn’t reply.

For her part, it was one of the best days of Rhetta's life. She quickly became accustomed to wearing the princess plug; it was a reminder that Riordan owned her. Her ass was sore from Jordan's paddling so she had trouble sitting down. Her body was desiring sex more than she ever had before. Her plan was to rush over to Helena's, get Jordan's key, and fuck him the moment he walked through her door.

All of that was thwarted by a simple text from Riordan.

Come to my house when you're done with work. I want to fuck you in the ass.

That was it. Short and to the point. Any other day she would have rushed to his place, but she had an obligation to Jordan.

Gritting her teeth, she sent him an apologetic message. I'll be there as soon as I can. But I left Jordan in chastity all day. I have to get Helena to unlock him.

The wait for his reply was excruciating. You left him locked up all day?

Yes

Was this his first time in a cock cage?

Yes

He replied with a shaking head emoji, which seemed out of character for an older man. Stop at Helena's, get the key, have him meet you at my place. But I'm caning your ass extra hard because of this.

Thank you. Rhetta didn't want to say anything more.

Helena had rolled her eyes at Rhetta when she quickly explained the situation as she picked up Jordan's key. "You're a very foolish girl," Helena admonished her.

"Yeah. I know."

"There's a penalty for that," Helena said. "Lift your dress up."

Rhetta could have protested, but that would have taken more time and pissed off

Riordan. And she wanted to get to his place as quickly as possible.

Helena just gave her an open-handed spanking on her bottom. Rhetta was thankful it wasn't more painful and that Helena didn't use an implement.

"I'm going to tell him you were a bad girl," Helena told her when she gave Rhetta permission to pull her dress back down.

"He already knows."

"Did he give you that plug in your ass?" Helena's sharp eyes missed nothing.

"Yes."

"You are a dirty little girl as well."

Rhetta was rather proud of that fact.

"Where is Jordan?" Riordan asked when she appeared at his front door alone.

"He'll be here shortly," she said and hoped that was the truth.

A smile pulled at the corners of his mouth. "For your sake, you'd better hope so."

Her owner led her through the house to a room she hadn't seen or been in before. It wasn't in the basement, but it might as well have been because she felt like she was walking into a smaller version of Nick's workshop. This was where Riordan stored his sex toys that couldn't easily fit inside the house. He indicated a spanking bench almost exactly like the one Nick had. She figured that Nick must have built it.

"Take off your dress first," he said.

She did so and took her position on the bench. He wrapped restraints around her wrists and ankles, holding her in place. The bench forced her ass up and out, but it was well-padded so she didn't mind.

"You're wearing the plug."

“You didn’t tell me to take it out.”

He laughed at her. “So obedient.”

“Thank you.”

Riordan had moved behind her, out of her line of site, and was moving around in what was probably intended as a storage room. She felt the burning sting of the can across her ass before she heard it. Rhetta wanted to cry out in pain, but it was so sudden that she couldn’t even gasp.

“Did that hurt?” he asked her, running his fingers along the G-string that cut slightly into her left hip.

“Y-y-yes,” she stammered out.

“Good. It was supposed to.” He pushed aside the thin bit of fabric that had been pressed against her princess plug. “Very pretty. You’ll get one caning every minute that we wait for Jordan,” he said setting down his phone on a small table within Rhetta’s sight. He had set a countdown timer. “He is coming, isn’t he?”

Rhetta nodded. “Yes. He said he was.”

She watched as the phone counted down to zero and then the can burned across her ass a second time. She whimpered. Her pussy heated up.

“Where is your phone?” Riordan asked.

“In my purse. Out in my car.”

“I suppose I could ask you to go get it...”

“You’ll release me from the bench?” she asked.

“No. Just teasing you. Where’s his key?”

“On my—” The timer buzzed and Riordan didn’t give her a chance to finish her answer before cutting a blazing line on her ass again. She gasped. “On my...on my bracelet,” she managed to finish, shaking her left hand slightly, limited by the restraint, but showing off the small key.

“I hope he loves you,” Riordan said softly.

“Why?” Rhetta was confused.

“Because if he doesn’t show up soon, you won’t be able to sit down for a week.”

It was fifteen minutes before Jordan showed up. By that time Rhetta was positive her ass was both on fire and bleeding. Riordan assured her neither of those were the case. Her legs were trembling and she was crying, openly sobbing with tears running down her cheeks. When they heard the doorbell ring she hauled in a last gasp of air. It was her relief.

“Let’s hope that’s Jordan and not my Amazon delivery,” said Riordan as he placed the cane down on the table and walked out of the room. She tried to get ahold of herself. As much as she loved being spanked and abused, there was always the pain to work through, and now she had the added wrinkle of being presented to Jordan this way.

She tried to wish away the shame but found herself savoring it.

A few minutes later Riordan reentered with Jordan following behind him...and Sylvia behind Jordan. A surge of embarrassment at her position, state of undress, and overall state went through Rhetta.

Looking over her shoulder, Rhetta saw that Jordan was plainly shocked at the way she was bound to the spanking bench with her ass turning into a crosshatching of bright red lines over her lilywhite skin. She didn’t voice it, but she liked his reaction.

“I’m almost done with her,” said Riordan, clearly loving every moment of this little play. “As soon as I am, you can have her. She said something about freeing you?”

Jordan said nothing, which was fine with Riordan. He went to Rhetta and reached between her buttocks, pulling on the base of her princess plug. It took a firm tug, but it slowly came out, leaving her gaping open a moment and Rhetta’s face flushed as deeply red as her face.

“She said I could fuck her ass,” Riordan said conversationally as he picked up a bottle from the table where he had put down the cane. “As soon as I’m done with

that, she's all yours." He upended the bottle above Rhetta's ass and squirted a huge amount of lube onto her crevice and then onto his cock which he had pulled out of his pants. He was erect. Rhetta wondered if he was in that turgid state because he had just spanked her or because he was eager to show off in front of his wife and Jordan.

There were no loving preliminaries. Riordan took his cock in hand and pressed it against Rhetta's tightly puckered opening. There wasn't any resistance. He easily slipped inside.

Rhetta moaned in appreciation.

Riordan smiled confidently.

Jordan's mouth went dry and his cock tried to get hard.

Sylvia sidled up to Jordan and grabbed his neutered cock through his pants. "Want to fuck me when they're done?"

Jordan didn't answer; he just watched.

They didn't fuck very long. Riordan was pleased at being able to show off. He fucked her ass for a minute at most before pulling out, pumping his cock twice, and shooting his load all over her ass and lower back.

The group watched this in silence. After Riordan tucked himself away, he reached around Rhetta's body and plucked the tiny key from the bracelet on her left wrist. He handed it to his wife. "If you'd do the honors, my dear?"

Sylvia knelt before Jordan and started opening up his pants. He almost stopped her, but realized there was little point to it. Everyone already knew about him. When she got out his caged cock, she smiled up at him, but spoke to her husband and Rhetta. "He's trying to get hard. It must hurt."

"A little," Jordan admitted. His face was red with shame, but he wasn't ashamed enough to stop her.

The older woman knew exactly what she was doing. She slipped the key into the tiny lock, opening it and slipping it free which allowed the cage to fall away in two parts. The moment he was free, his cock inflated like an iron balloon.

“So handsome,” Sylvia said softly, caressing him. She glanced at the exhausted Rhetta, still strapped to the spanking bench. “I think your girlfriend is a little too tired to help you out right now.” She opened her mouth and engulfed his cock head, sucking him deeply into her throat.

“Oh fuck,” Jordan uttered.

“Jesus,” Rhetta exclaimed as the other woman deep-throated all of Jordan’s cock. It was a neat trick and Rhetta was sure she would never be able to do something like that.

After being caged for a day, Jordan was more than ready to cum. The blowjob didn’t last more than a couple of minutes. He tried to get control of his cock from Sylvia, but she wasn’t having any of that. When he was ready to cum, she sensed it, pulled back a bit, and allowed him to finish in her mouth.

“Did you enjoy that?” Sylvia asked after audibly swallowing and getting to her feet and stretching.

“Yes,” he said. Jordan was leaning against the wall, unable to stand on his own two feet.

Riordan began loosening the straps holding Rhetta to the spanking bench. She didn’t know what to think.

Chapter Nineteen

Rhette shifted uncomfortably on her bed. She liked to sleep on her side, but the stripes that Riordan had given her extended across both hips so while laying on either side wasn't nearly as bad as laying on her back, she knew she was going to have to sleep on her stomach.

"What did you think of Riordan caning and spanking me?" she asked Jordan as he settled into the bed next to her. Like her, he was naked. Well, almost naked like her.

"And fucking you as well?" Jordan asked.

"Yes, that too." She ignored what he was implying and played innocent.

He sighed. "Actually, it was pretty fucking hot," he admitted. "I mean, you looked like you were in pain and I couldn't do anything about it, but it was also like I was getting a sex show like I couldn't get anywhere else and...and..."

"And you were turned on. I saw how you were swelling in your cage, trying to get hard. And I saw how quickly you got hard once it was off. And I saw how little effort Sylvia had to put in to make you cum."

"Okay, yeah, I liked it," he finally admitted.

"And did you like it when she put the cage back on your cock?"

They both looked down at his emasculated member. The cage fit snugly behind his balls and around his shaft. The completely bold sexuality of having her boyfriend wear a cock cage was undeniable to Rhette. What was even better was that Rhette wasn't the one holding Jordan's key; it was Sylvia. Rhette had willingly become Riordan's slave and was proud of that. Just the thought of being sort-of-literally and definitely more-than-metaphorically owned by another person gave her pussy a pulsing feeling that wouldn't go away. Maybe Jordan wasn't exactly Sylvia's slave, but he definitely didn't own his entire body any longer. His cock belonged to whomever had the key to his cage. Back at Riordan's house, as Sylvia had been putting the cage back onto Jordan's cock, she asked Rhette if she wanted the key.

"No. I'll give in too easily. You keep it." Rhette knew that if she was Jordan's keyholder, she'd be too eager to take off his cage to fuck him. She knew she was

that weak-willed.

Sylvia had smiled. “I won’t let him out unless you say it’s okay,” she had quickly agreed. “I like seeing men suffer.”

“Believe me, that’s true,” Riordan joked as he kissed his wife after witnessing the little exchanged, but Rhetta couldn’t tell how serious they were being.

“I liked it,” Jordan admitted. “I think I like wearing it more than I want to admit.”

Taking his neutralized cock in her hand, wrapping her fingers around the metal cage, she gave him a little shake. “I like you like this.”

“You do?” From his tone, it was obvious that he didn’t fully believe her.

“Jesus, yes. I was raised Catholic and my family’s life was centered around sacrificing everything for God and family.” She glanced nervously at him. “I’m not a practicing Catholic, just so we’re clear. I haven’t been for years.”

“I kinda picked up on that,” he said dryly.

“Anyway, just like God sacrificed his only son for humanity—not that I buy that logic, it’s crazy pants—you’re sacrificing your cock and your sexuality for me.” She smiled and gave his encased cock another little shake. “It’s almost like you’re in love with more.”

“Or maybe this is just my kink,” he countered.

“Or maybe both,” she suggested.

“Maybe,” he warily agreed. “But this is really fucked up.”

“How so?” Rhetta asked innocently.

“You really have to ask that?”

She shrugged a little as she rolled from her side to her stomach, her breasts squished into the mattress and her position gave Jordan a good look at the slowly fading red stripes that still decorated her ass. He wasn’t into the spanking and

caning as much as she was, but he could appreciate what she liked. There was a certain beauty in seeing her suffer bravely for her sexuality. And though he wouldn't bring it up to her, she was making a sacrifice with her body as well, for both her own sexuality and for Jordan's pleasure.

"Okay, we've barely begun a relationship. You've agreed to be the sexual slave of a man you hardly know. You have a fucked up kink of liking to be spanked and paddled and caned before actual sex. You basically picked me out of a random assortment of men and are happy to go along with your new boyfriend's need to have his cock put under lock and key controlled by another woman. How is any of that not fucked up?"

She laughed. Rhetta knew their kinks and relationship was hardly middle of the road or even experimentally kinky. It was solidly into the territory of strange bordering on bizarre. Certainly arguments could be made that what they liked was marginally criminal, which made it even more exciting.

Leaning toward him she pursed her lips and he bent down for a kiss. "It's all fucked up," she agreed. "But I think it's also hot. Red hot? White hot? Red, white, and blue hot? I'm always confused as to which color flame is the hottest."

Jordan rolled his eyes and tangled his fingers in her dark crimson hair, looked at the cherry-bright marks on her pale ass and shook his head. "No, it's just fucked up."

"Why should we be any different from everyone else in the world?"

Running his finger along the necklace that Riordan had given her before they left, a subtle reminder that she belonged at least partially to a man other than Jordan, he said, "We shouldn't."

"Good. I'd fuck you right now, but I'm exhausted and your cock is in that little thing so..."

"So why don't we save something for tomorrow?"

"Excellent idea."

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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Preview

Lactation Control

Petranella cursed as the liquid spilled across the back of her hand. The nitrile gloves she wore should have protected her, but they only covered up to her wrists. The chemical mixture spilled all the way up to her forearm.

It didn't burn, but she could feel the warmth of the liquid. She immediately dropped everything she was doing and rushed to the emergency wash station. Pulling the handle, gallons of water rushed out and swept away the offending chemical. She knew it wasn't supposed to be dangerous, but she only had Ron's word to go on that. She was doing the tests for him as a favor, and though he was largely trustworthy for a supervisor, he was also known for pushing the limits of acceptable risk.

"I'm going home early," she told her coworkers after the emergency was over. They had rushed over and assisted her, but it wasn't much of an emergency in the end. It was still good enough for an early end to the workday.

"How was your day, hon?" Ben asked when she walked through the door. Of course he was home. It wasn't like he was a slacker and didn't work. Ben had a nine to five that was banker regular. She was the one with the job with the weird hours. Petranella had no reason to complain; Ben was a wonderful husband doing more than his fair share around the house and everywhere else, but it still hurt to see him lounging on the couch playing a video game. Even if the house was clean. Even if dinner was in the oven. Even if she loved him.

"Shitty. I'm home early. I dumped a beaker of...hell, you don't want to hear about a long string of organic compounds, do you?"

"Dinner's almost ready," he said in response, pausing the game.

She nodded and dropped down on the couch next to him, staring at the frozen image on the television. That's when Ben saw the bright red mark on her forearm.

"Jesus! What happened to you?" He sat bolt upright, suddenly understanding

what she had said.

“It’s nothing,” she said. “Not even a burn. Just some discoloration.”

He frowned doubtfully at the mark but deferred to her expertise. “Did you have someone look at it?”

“Yes, the lab nurse cleared me. I’m fine but if it swells or itches or anything out of the normal happens, I’m to go to my local emergency services location immediately.”

It was an almost normal evening after that. Dinner, some chores, relaxation, showers, and bed.

When they got into bed was when Petranella felt it. Maybe it was when she had been showering. It was her habit to sleep in one of Ben’s over-large t-shirts and panties. She had dug into her dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of panties that were covered in tiger stripes, what little material there was to show tiger stripes.

Her sex panties.

She only wore them when she wanted sex.

She didn’t even wait for Ben to see them. As soon as he got into bed next to her, she threw a leg over his body and rolled on top of him.

“What’s got you in the mood?” he asked as she sat up and pulled the large blue t-shirt with a logo from a long-forgotten sci-fi movie on it up over her head, exposing her breasts.

“Can’t a girl want to get laid just because?” she asked, running her hands over her breasts. They weren’t very large, but Ben claimed B cups were the perfect size, neither too big nor too small.

“Sure,” he agreed, resting his hands on her thighs and watching her lightly twist her nipples. Her crotch was positioned right over his. He could feel the heat of her pussy and she could feel this hardness of his cock through his thin pajama pants. “But who says you’re getting laid tonight?”

She laughed at him, wiggling her hips a bit, feeling his cock pressing against her

thickening labia, enjoying how it felt. “I do. You don’t have any say in the matter.”

“I don’t?”

Petranella had been looking down at her tits, watching what her fingers were doing to her nipples. Normally they were small and very light brown, but now they had swollen up and had taken on a darker cast. It felt good when she squeezed and rolled them. She wanted them played with a little more and so she leaned forward, offering her small breasts to her husband’s mouth.

“You don’t. I’m getting laid tonight and you’re going to provide all the necessary services.”

Ben was willing. He took one nipple into his mouth and gently sucked, getting the bit of delicate flesh between his teeth. Petranella inhaled sharply when he found her other nipple with his fingers and pinched it hard enough to make her thighs quiver.

“God yes, do that,” she encouraged him.

He sat up, pulling her up with him, while keeping his mouth on one nipple and his fingers on the other. Her legs went around his body as he wiggled his way out of the pajama bottoms he wore.

“I want to fuck you,” he said around her nipple as it swelled in his mouth.

“Just my tits,” she mumbled, only half aware of what he was doing.

Ben ignored her and picked her body up enough to get his cock out and situated between her legs. Her tiger striped panties prevented easy penetration, but that didn’t stop Ben. With a touch of effort he lifted her up a little higher and pushed aside the thin piece of silk that was preventing him from penetrating his wife. He was good and hard, which wasn’t unusual but Ben was surprised at how eager he was to have sex with Petranella—she was beautiful and willing and he loved her, of course, but usually it took him a little more effort to get hard.

He lowered her lithe body down on his cock, even as he continued to suck on her nipple. He slid easily into her. Her pussy was a swamp of desire. They fitted together perfectly and once inside he inhaled deeply through his nose,

luxuriating in how good it felt to have their bodies joined together.

“Harder,” she told him, which confused Ben because he hadn’t thrust once yet and with her sitting on his lap she was in control of their joining, he was literally just there for the ride.

Pulling back from her breast he asked, “Harder what?”

“Suck on me harder,” she told him with some frustration. “Pinch my nipple harder!”

It wasn’t that his wife was averse to having her tits played with; it was just that she had never encouraged him like that before. “Sure, Ella, tell me if I’m hurting you.”

She nodded eagerly, a feral look on her face. He switched between her breasts, sucking on the one he had been pinching and vice versa. When she made a low, satisfied noise in the back of her throat, he knew he was onto something.

“Feels fucking good,” she said to him between clenched teeth.

He smiled around the fullness of her breast, please he was making her happy. He moved his hips a little and she got the hint. A moment later she started grinding her hips, riding his cock.

“More,” she told him. “More.”

He kept sucking and pinching while she slowly humped him. Her pleasure wasn’t coming from her pussy, but from his attention focused on her tits. This wasn’t something they had done before, but it wasn’t all that strange either. Ben figured if his wife wanted to fuck like this, he was happy to accommodate her.

Sex with Petranella was always good and this time was no exception. Ben held back as long as possible, but the way she was riding him, the moans she was making, and her insistence on holding his head against her chest where he had to suck on her nipples was all too much. He wanted to make her cum first, not only was it polite, in his opinion, but he knew that once he came, he was done and his wife deserved as much sexual fulfillment in her life as possible. It was one of her few released.

But this night he couldn't last. All too soon he felt himself on the brink and then her moans and her body pushed him over the edge.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he gasped after he came. "I didn't mean to. I'm so sorry."

"Shh, shh," she vocalized to him. "It's fine. It's good. It's what I wanted."

She stayed on top of him, straddling his body, exchanging kisses, holding him close, until he drifted off to sleep. That was the one real problem with Ben. He was a good lover, but almost immediately after he came, he'd fall asleep. It wasn't so bad.

After a minute he was snoring lightly and his cock shriveled up and slipped out of her pussy. She waited a little longer, and then carefully threw her leg over him, cautiously slipping out of the bed. Padding lightly to the bathroom, she sat on the toilet and cleaned up with a washcloth, tossing it into the hamper when she was done.

Sex with Ben was good, but she hadn't cum. Petranella liked cumming. For years in high school and college she had thought that sex was just okay but then, her first boyfriend out of college and taught her that sex wasn't just nice, but with the proper attention to her needs, she could climax so hard that she wanted to pass out. Ever since the sex had been great.

But tonight she was disappointed. She had wanted to cum, but it didn't happen. She didn't blame Ben, though she could have. She had been overly aggressive and overeager. It had been too fast for her husband.

Staring at herself in the bathroom mirror, she took quick stock of herself. Sex hair, too pale skin, slightly overly curved tummy, and breasts that her husband claimed to love but she thought were too small. Tonight they looked bigger than usual. She thought about where she was in her cycle and the swelling was early, but it seemed much larger than normal. Or maybe they were just sore because of the attention she had demanded from Ben.

It seemed to her that her nipples wanted more. They were standing up proudly and she wasn't cold, just aroused. Without thinking about it, her hands went to her breasts and she found herself playing with her nipples. It felt good and she didn't want to stop.

Not that Petranella was morally against masturbation of any sort, she just didn't do a lot of it. Thinking back, she was certain that most of her masturbation had been in front of a partner or on the phone when she was doing a long distance relationship. Rarely had she done it entirely for herself.

This night was different. It felt like her tits were on fire, but a pleasant warming fire. A fire that needed to be stoked. She stared at herself in the mirror and continued to twist and pull her nipples. It felt really good. Cumming from nipple play alone wasn't something that worked for Petranella, but that wasn't a reason to stop. Backing up a bit, she pressed her back against the wall and let go of her right breast so that she could play with her pussy.

Her eyes closed and she focused on her body. It would have been easier if she was laying down, but that was too much effort. She needed to cum and she'd do it standing.

As much as she liked what her fingers were doing to her clit, it was actually more of a distraction. She pulled her hand from between her legs and focused on her nipples. A quick glance down showed that maybe they had enflamed to twice their normal size. They didn't hurt. The more she played with them the better they felt.

Slowly she slid her back down the cool tile until her bare ass was resting on the floor. She couldn't see herself in the mirror any longer, but she didn't need to stare into her face. Closing her eyes made it easier to cum. She was used to cumming with Ben's hand or cock in her pussy, but just her nipples now was fine. Perfect. Exactly what she needed.

What worked best was squeezing as hard as she could and twisting at the same time. It felt incredibly good; it should have hurt, but it didn't it was what her body was craving.

When she came, it was the sort of relief like after expecting the worst news and getting good news instead. She slid to her side and recovered on the tile floor. Her cheek rested on the bathmat but it provided no warmth.

Standing up she caught sight of herself in the mirror once more. Petranella had never thought she was beautiful or even just plain pretty, but now, after her intense climax, she re-evaluated herself and thought that maybe she was more attractive than she had always considered herself. Giving herself a quick once

over, she thought that maybe her tits were much better than she always thought. They looked bigger than normal, but that had to be from the way she had been abusing herself. Her light brown nipples had taken on a red cast and looked positively radiant.

Her hands were wet and slick. When she came she tended to get sweaty, she grabbed the washcloth out of the hamper and dried off her hands, chest, arms and legs. Smiling one more time at herself in the mirror she flicked off the lights and went back to bed with Ben.

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