



Red Letter

Rhette is Red 4

**A SPANKING
AND BDSM
EROTIC
STORY**

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



Red Letter

Rhette is Red 4

**A SPANKING
AND BDSM
EROTIC
STORY**

Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing

Red Letter:

Rhette is Red 4

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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

Red Letter: Rhette is Red 4

Copyright © 2018 Green Bush Publishing

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

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

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

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

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[About the Author](#)

Part Four

Chapter Thirteen

“More,” Rhetta said to Jordan.

“Are you sure?” He was kneeling between her legs, bottle of lubricant in hand. She was on her back, two pillows under her ass, and had so much lube on her pussy and ass that it looked like a bottle of olive oil had been spilled between her legs. Jordan was pretty sure they had gone overboard.

“I know what I’m doing,” she said confidently. She was lying. While she wanted him to think she knew what she was doing, she only had the barest basics on anal sex, but it wouldn’t do to have him know that. “More is always better whether it’s sex or lube or money or education.”

He nodded and added some more lube to his mostly erect cock. He was nervous but at the same time he was curious as to how this was going to play out. Rhetta always seemed to know exactly what she wanted and even though she made it so that she was in the more subservient position, somehow she also seemed to be in charge.

“Put it in my ass,” she told him.

“Okay,” he said and set the bottle down on the bed.

As he went to wipe the remaining slickness from her hand, she rolled her eyes and sighed. “Not yet.”

“What?” Jordan was confused. “I thought you wanted me to—”

“Put the lube in my ass,” she specified and inhaled deeply, calming herself. Sex was exciting, but anal had to start in a relaxed state. That’s how it worked. That’s the only way it could work.

“Oh. Right.” He grabbed the bottle and poured some more on her nether regions before pushing his finger against her puckered sphincter, forcing some of the lube into her body. She didn’t seem to mind his probing finger. It was odd feeling the tightness of her ass around his finger; it was completely different from a pussy.

“Okay, are you ready?” she finally asked him.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” he said, setting the bottle aside again. He felt a bit like his freshman year of college when he somehow managed to hook up with a junior who thought he was cute. She was also a hell of a lot more experienced than he was. While it was fun leering from her, it was also somewhat emasculating because Dana’s attitude was everything she asked for he should have been at least passingly familiar with. He wasn’t.

There was some repositioning of bodies and Jordan tried to maintain his composure. Before Rhetta had seriously suggested that he fuck her in the ass, anal sex was something that he always intended to try but just hadn’t gotten around to doing yet. When it was time—now—to actually do it, he wasn’t sure what the hell he was actually doing.

“Don’t go too fast,” she cautioned him as he pressed his cock head against her back hole.

“No problem.” He pressed forward anyway and was amazed when her asshole opened up and allowed him to plunge forward. Her ass was tight, almost painfully so, but the amount of lube they had used made it as slippery as her pussy. It was incredible.

“Oh...Jesus fuck yes!” she cried out as he went half the length of his cock.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked in a panic.

“No, it feels...lovely.” She paused and gave him her wild grin. “Pull out a bit and ease it in. See how far you can go.”

He followed her instructions. The word “lovely” made him nervous. It was the same word that she had used when he was done paddling her ass twenty minutes earlier. She liked a mix of pain and joy with her sex. That’s what was fucked up about Rhetta.

It was also what made him crazy about her.

That and her red hair. He was a sucker for it. It made him wonder if all redheads were as crazy as she was.

Anal sex for Jordan was...interesting. It wasn’t exactly what he expected but it wasn’t unexpected either. She was tight and while that was new, it wasn’t the be

all and end all of sex that some guys made it out to be. For her part, Rhetta seemed to love having his dick up her ass. She was moaning and straining as he continued to fuck her. The expressions on her face were lovely to see. It was fucking hot if nothing else. He savored every moment of it up until...

"I'm gonna cum," he blurted out, stopping his thrusts well before he climaxed.

"Go ahead," she encouraged him.

"What about you?"

She laughed. "I already came twice."

He goggled at her. "You did?"

Rhetta laughed harder. "You were too wrapped up in yourself to notice."

"Should I...should I cum in your ass or..." He didn't know how to ask the question.

"Cum on me," she said. "Shoot your load all over me."

Her words probably would have been beautiful music to most other guys. Jordan just took it as another command from Rhetta. He pulled his cock out of her ass. It gaped open for just a moment before it closed up and returned to normal. Taking his cock in hand he noticed it was still sufficiently lubed and pumped his fist over it several times before losing control and spurting his spunk on Rhetta's tummy several times, with a few drops landing on her elegant triangle of curly red hair above her pussy.

She ran her fingers through the rapidly cooling liquid, a knowing smile on her face. She savored the moment and worked the cum into her skin. "That's exactly what I was looking for," she told him.

Jordan didn't know what to think.

The next day Rhetta was pleased that her ass didn't really hurt. She felt some of the aftereffects of the spanking, but Jordan didn't give her the thorough spanking

she was used to from Nick or Riordan. He was learning, but he'd need to step up his game if he intended to stay her boyfriend. She taught her classes at the community college without any difficulty. As usual she sat on the tall stool in the front of the classroom during her lectures and relished the slowly ebbing pain.

She wasn't the least bit surprised that Austin approached her at the end of class. He was a nice, if clueless boy, who was obviously hot for teacher. He was too young and too dumb to interest her, but that didn't stop him from making unsubtle and inappropriate passes at her.

"Professor?"

"Call me Elisabeth, please, Austin. I don't have a Ph.D."

"Umm...Elisabeth...when do you have private office hours? I think I'm going to need some...private tutoring." He smiled and tried to make it seem subtle, but his pass was ham-handed and terrible. If it had happened in front of even one other student she would have been mortified for him.

"I don't do private tutoring, Austin. You can get that at the writing center or the student union. I have office hours tomorrow morning if you need something."

He went to put his hand out to stop her as she headed toward the door, but she gave him a warning glare and he quickly withdrew it. "I have something that I do need," he tried again.

"Then I'll see you tomorrow morning," she said curtly, making a mental note to make sure someone else was in the office tomorrow morning during her hours. With a sharp nod she stepped around him, headed toward the classroom door saying, "If that's all, I have an appointment I must keep."

As she walked down the hallway she pulled her phone from her purse and tapped out a quick message. On my way. I'll be there in less than thirty minutes.

Before she reached her car, the response came back. I expect you here promptly.

It gave her a shiver down her spine that resulted in a little unexpected dampness to her pussy. She was glad her car seat was well-padded. Her thick ass was going to be suffering by the end of the night.

It was an act of boldness on her part to wear a tiny G-string to teach class in, but she was wearing campus casual jeans that were visually appropriate. She had gotten used to wearing hardly-there underwear as a warm-up to her kink. Walking into Riordan's house she wasn't the least bit ashamed of kicking off her shoes, tossing aside her jacket, pulling down her jeans, and presenting her ass for Riordan's inspection and pleasure.

"Are you happier?" he asked as she knelt perched on the guess room—the sex room?—bed, her ass in the air. She had left on her blouse, bra, and G-string. Somehow wearing some clothes was nastier than being completely naked.

"Happier than what?" she asked, eager for him to start punishing her ass.

"Happier than before. Happier than when you finally gave into you need to be spanked."

"Jesus fuck yes," she breathed. "That's an obvious answer."

"But the punishment your body takes—"

"Is more than worth it," she told him quickly. "Now are you going to paddle my ass or not?" She looked at him knowingly, eagerly.

He opened the closet to display the shelves and drawers that contained every sex toy she could possibly imagine. She had only had a tiny fraction of them used on her, but she was always eager to expand her repertoire. The paddles, whips, floggers, and other tools of abuse designed to heat up her ass weren't as wide-ranging and abundant as what Nick had in his workshop, but it was more than sufficient for Rhetta's current needs.

"This one, I think," he said thoughtfully, removing a flogger that had three leather straps attached to a wooden handle. At first glance it looked like any other flogger, but when he drew close she noticed the little metal barbs embedded in the falls. She shivered in fear.

"That'll tear up my skin," she said, but she didn't say no and she didn't shy away from what he was planning. She was always pushing herself. Fear was part of the game.

“It’ll hurt more,” he promised. “But it won’t cut you.” Riordan displayed the metal tabs for her to inspect. “Not sharp. I know what I’m doing.”

The fear of the unknown made it more exciting and more dangerous. She found herself looking forward to the experience. “Do it,” she told him. As always, Rhette was in control. Riordan was eager to spank and whip her, but she was ultimately in control.

There was no preparation or soft introduction. He stood directly behind her, admiring the curve of her ass. Maybe it was fatter than was appropriate or desirable to middle America, but a few extra pounds in the ass made her that much more desirable to the men who were happy to indulge her in her kink.

The flogger cut through the air three times in rapid succession. It made an unusual noise, not a whistle and not a thrumming. The familiar pain of leather on skin sparkled in her spine, but the familiar pain was spiked with strong, unexpected jolts from the metal tabs. She cried out at the pain.

“You can do better than that,” Riordan chided her.

“Sorry,” she breathed. “It’s just new.”

“Did you like it?”

That question was easy to answer. “Yes.”

His response was to give her three more lashings. Rhette found herself wishing she was in a cheesy swinger’s bedroom dungeon filled with mirrors so she could see the red blossoming of her ass as Riordan gave her the treatment she desperately desired. As always, she’d have to wait until afterward when she could admire it in the mirror or have Riordan take a few pictures on her phone.

“Jesus! Fuck! Shit! Cunt!”

Riordan laughed at her. “Does the swearing help?” he teased her.

“It fucking does, just like Jesus had a big fucking dick.”

That made him laugh. “I didn’t know you were such a religious scholar.”

“Well known fact,” she grunted into the pillow. “I should know. I spent too many Sunday mornings listening to sermons. Jesus has to have had a big dick because so many people are eager to suck on it to prove they’re good Christians.”

The flogger’s unsettling noise filled the air again. “You have a sacrilegious mouth on you.”

“Yeah? So?” There was a pause and Rhetta felt a tug on her G-string. It parted and fell away. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw Riordan putting away a small knife. “You ruined my panties!” she complained.

“I’m going to ruin something else now,” he commented, placing both hands on her hips and explored the entrance to her pussy with his cock. She moaned deep in her throat. The whipping had made her pussy wet and his cock hard. In that respect they were the perfect couple.

She would have happily invited him to fuck her in the ass, but after Jordan using it the day before she felt like she needed a bit of a break from that hole being used. It was nice just to be fucked normally...after being whipped and having her G-string cut off her body while in the house of a man she barely knew. Normal sex. The thought floated through Rhetta’s head and she laughed silently to herself, her body shaking not only with the rigorous fucking that Riordan was giving her, but her own amusement. If this was normal...well, she was happy to embrace that.

Gripping the sheets with her fingers, Rhetta settled in for a good, long fucking. She had earned this pleasure. If she was going to live this life, she was going to have to embrace every part of it. Embracing every part of it was actually easy.

They were so deeply involved in each other that they missed Sylvia walking in and watching. She was wearing a skirt suit, heels, and an amused expression on her face. Her long brown hair was pulled back into a tight bun because that always said sophisticated to her. The elegant woman observed the two naked bodies vigorously fucking and was rather pleased with what she saw. It wasn’t a private sex show, but it was the next best thing. She wasn’t exactly spying, but as time passed it felt more and more like she wasn’t just a casual observed and more like a voyeur.

Being a voyeur wasn’t the worst thing that Sylvia had ever done in this bedroom.

“I’d tell you to slap her ass, she looks like she needs it, but I think you’ve already done that.” Sylvia spoke the words coolly and calmly, poised like she always was but they were enough to make Rhette nearly jump off the bed and off Riordan’s cock. He kept her in place with firm hands gripping her hips.

“Hello dear,” he said back to her.

“Am I interrupting something?” Sylvia asked.

“Who the fuck are you?” Rhette blurted out, angry at Riordan for having strangers wander through his house without warning her and embarrassed that she was caught having sex, not that she was actually doing anything wrong. “Wait. Did you call her ‘dear’?”

Keeping a firm grip on Rhette’s ass because he didn’t want her literally jumping to any conclusions or acting on a bad decision, he said, “Yes. Rhette, this is my wife, Sylvia. You two might have met at the party we hosted where you were the featured entertainment.”

Rhette wasn’t the least bit calmed by the realization that Sylvia had previously seen her naked...and had previously seen her fucked. Her face flushed bright red, which she knew was a ridiculous reaction, but it still happened. She was human and having a little bit of shame about her kink made it that much more fun indulging in it. She wanted to say something. To make some protest, but all she managed to force out of her mouth was a pathetically weak, “Oh.”

Taking control of the situation Sylvia walked the few steps further into the bedroom with her hand extended. Despite the awkwardness of the situation and the ridiculousness of it, Rhette lifted one hand off the bed and accepted Sylvia’s warm hand in hers. She was slightly off-balance on just her knees and one hand, but Riordan’s cock inside her pussy stabilized her somewhat, and that made the situation even more uncomfortable. “Hello, I’m Sylvia McMaster. I’m Dan’s wife, but you figured that out already, I think.”

“Jesus Christ, I’m so sorry,” Rhette blurted out.

Sylvia laughed. “I’m not Jesus, I can assure you of that. And what are you apologizing for?”

Rhette dropped the other woman’s hand and placed her own back on the bed, it

was easier to look down and speak rather than looking at the pretty woman directly. She was so elegant in her suit, she was thin in every way that Rhetta wasn't. How could Riordan like fucking her? Or maybe he liked the variety? "I'm fucking your husband." It wasn't much of an apology, but it was better than nothing.

It only made Sylvia chuckle more. "Well, he's fucking you as much as you're fucking him. Maybe more than you. Don't worry dear. You were beautiful when you were being abused in the living room. I watched while he fucked you then. It was delightful. I don't limit my husband to sex with just me. We have an open marriage."

Rhetta understood the words, but in the middle of sex, it made no sense to her. "Oh," she said again and wondered how Riordan managed to keep his cock hard while having this conversation.

"Speaking of which, hon," Riordan said. "What are you doing home so early. This was supposed to be my private time with Rhetta."

"Right," said Sylvia. "I was just going to ask you what you're doing taking so long to fuck her. We said six o'clock."

"Seven," he replied.

"Six," she insisted.

Riordan sighed. "Why would I not be done with her by our arranged time. I already fucked her in front of you and everyone else. Doing it in private it becoming my kink."

Sniffing, Sylvia whipped out her cellphone and proceeded to open up her calendar to prove her point. And then she saw that her husband had blocked out the time in the guest room until seven. "Shit," she cursed. "You're right." She dropped her phone back into her purse and tried a winning smile. "Sorry. I can either leave you alone or maybe I can make up for the interruption by joining if you'd like that Rhetta." She smiled at the woman fucking her husband.

Rhetta didn't know what to think. She wanted to get off and run from the house. Giving it a second thought she would have been fine with running from the house and being done with everything. There was a vibrator in her bedside

drawer that would be just as good as Riordan's cock. "Umm..."

"Not into women?" Sylvia teased.

"Hon," Riordan said with a sigh. "You're putting her on the spot. How about you give us fifteen minutes and we'll talk afterwards?"

"Right. Good idea." She bent down a bit and kissed her husband on the lips. It was another unusual situation for Rhetta, but the married couple seemed to take it in stride. The woman pivoted on her expensive heels and left the room, carefully closing the door behind her.

"Now, where were we?" Riordan asked as he started thrusting again.

Rhetta didn't know what to think. "You're married?"

"Uh-huh." His cock was still hard. That was amazing. Had he planned all this? The interruption even? He seemed to get off on it. "I thought you knew?"

He was reaching her in all the right spots. Being dirty felt very good. "No. Of course not."

"We have an open marriage." He slid forward, cupping one breast and supporting himself with the other hand. That changed the angle of his cock in her and she was incredibly close to cumming.

"So. I. Heard."

"She wants to fuck you," Riordan whispered in her ear.

"What?"

Two more thrusts and then another whisper. "Sylvia doesn't make scheduling mistakes. She wants to fuck you. I want to watch her fuck you."

He came. The flood of his spunk in her pussy made her cum as well.

Rhetta didn't know what to think of what she was being enticed into.

Chapter Fourteen

It was fascinating to watch but Rhetta couldn't imagine herself actually doing it. However, for her part, Sylvia seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. The young man on all fours on the hardwood floor seemed to be enjoying himself as well, though it might have been an act. It all might have been an act. The reality of everything around her was suddenly called into question and Rhetta had a minor existential crisis.

He was young, probably as young as one of her students. And of course he was handsome because what young man would willingly get naked and get pegged in the ass by a woman nearly twice his age. His name was Hollister and he went by Lister and it was impossible for Rhetta to tell if he was gay or bi or straight. She supposed that was his intriguing attraction. He was the entertainment for the night. It hadn't taken Rhetta long to figure out how the group worked.

Every member had an avid interest in sex and new sexual adventures. When they had a party someone had to bring the entertainment, a new member, or so it seemed, or at least someone willing to do some sexual performance for the group. They were polite and open-minded, they had to be for the group to work, and there didn't seem to be any restrictions on what activity was highlighted, gay or straight or somewhere in between, extreme and exotic and novel were all encouraged. Rhetta suppressed a giggle when she thought that maybe the members of the group had never seen a married straight couple having missionary sex; that might be new and novel to them. Boring, but new and novel.

Where Sylvia had found her new companion Rhetta had no idea but the small crowd seemed appreciative of the way the striking woman dominated and controlled Lister. She wore a harness around her hips with a dark blue dildo attached to his. Lister had willingly stripped down naked and presented his ass to her to be used. A generous dose of lube and some, from Rhetta's perspective at least, uncomfortable maneuvering before Sylvia sank the fake cock into his ass.

It was thrilling and lovely to see them fuck. Rhetta felt her desire rising and her pussy getting wet; this was the only appropriate response to the show. Clucking her tongue and disapproving would have been frowned on to say the least. It was more likely she would have been shown the door and asked to never come back. Presumably Nick and Helena would have been given the same treatment and she couldn't do that to them. Besides, Rhetta was enjoying the show more than she

would have admitted to anyone.

Lister's cock was erect. It wasn't just erect, from her crouched position on the couch Rhetta could see he was hard enough that the organ curved up along his lower abdomen to point directly at his belly button. Like too many young men he had a few poorly drawn tattoos scattered across his body which Rhetta found distracting, but to each their own. The way Sylvia fucked him in the ass told Rhetta that Riordan's wife had definitely done this sort of thing before and presumably so had Lister. It was better than porn because it was real life and it was right before her eyes.

"Are you going to cum, little slut?" Sylvia asked in her refined accent that gave her crude words an odd contrast.

"Fuck yes," he groaned as the fingers of one hand balled into a fist. She had been pounding away at his ass for ten minutes now and there were murmurs from the audience about how long he could last and whether or not he would need extra stimulation to cum. Rhetta's guess was that he wouldn't. He was young and healthy and undoubtedly his cock was on a hair-trigger; the least little thing could set it off.

"Don't you dare fucking cum," Sylvia demanded of him even as she slipped her hand around his hip but didn't touch his cock directly. From where she was Rhetta could see that Sylvia was only carefully cupping his balls.

The audience was in the same mix of formal clothing and undress. A few men and women were naked or nearly so, wearing only elaborate lingerie or some fetish gear. Nick and Helena had allowed her to wear a G-string and some leather restraints on her wrists and ankles. The collar around her neck made her assume a more submissive attitude, which she was certain what the married couple wanted. She had asked for a bra or corset or something similar to cover her breasts but Helena had just shook her head and painfully pinched her exposed nipples. Helena was wearing a cocktail dress and looked completely at ease and in place at the party. Nick wore his usual black t-shirt but had added to that a pair of pants that didn't really have a crotch, exposing his cock which was, of course, hidden away in the black iron cock cage that Helena always wanted him to wear.

They were not the most outrageous trio at the party.

Sylvia dragged her finger along Lister's length and he whimpered, actually whimpered as he strained not to cum. Rhetta felt sorry for him. He had been told at the very start of being pegged that he wasn't allowed to cum, but Sylvia then told him she wanted him to cum. He only had to endure a half hour of being pegged and she'd release him. It was an impossible goal, but he willingly went along with her instruction.

"Ready to cum?" Sylvia stage-whispered in his ear.

"Yes," he whined.

"I haven't given you permission to cum," she teased him.

"I-I-I want to cum," he begged.

"No," she said with a cruel laugh and removed her finger from his cock, but only to reposition herself behind him and thrust her fake phallus in him again.

"Ooohh," he moaned.

"Would you like a pretty girl to suck your cock and make you cum?" Sylvia asked.

"Yes," he replied quickly and then realized the error of his answer. "No. Please no."

There had been a punishment mentioned at the beginning of their show, but the details weren't divulged. On the one hand, Rhetta wanted to see Lister fail, but on the other hand she wondered what it would be like if she were the one to help make him cum.

"I think you want to cum," Sylvia announced to the group. "I think you want a moment of pleasure at the expense of a punishment."

Lister said nothing. He was gritting his teeth in an effort to last longer.

Sylvia caught the eye of an audience member and nodded. An unassuming middle-aged man pushed through the group. He was wearing a suit; no socks or shoes and his shirt was open at the neck. Rhetta couldn't get a read on him, but he happily knelt down next to the copulating pair and reached under Lister's

body for his cock. The man whimpered and pulled away, but the interloper still caught the bit of hard flesh.

It would have been an overstatement to say Lister was masturbated. The man stroked Lister maybe once before his cock erupted. A jet of thick cum splashed against his belly, stuck there a moment, and then dripped down to the floor. Once the orgasm started it was impossible to stop. Spurt after spurt came out of him, his balls tightening up to his body and his entire body jerking with the climax. A ragged breath of relief escaped his lips as he came down from his peak, but it was also acknowledgement of his failure.

“Tsk tsk,” Sylvia clucked her tongue as she withdrew her dildo from his ass. “I knew you’d fail.”

Even in failure the audience was appreciative; a scattering of polite applause filled the room. Some watched had their hands restrained so it was impossible for them to applaud. Rhette applauded; she didn’t want to seem rude and she had enjoyed the show.

Sylvia levered herself off the floor and stood up, her already impressive height enhanced by her four-inch-tall heels. She shook her head at her lover and bent over to slap him on his baby smooth ass. “Get on your feet,” she ordered. “Time for your punishment.”

“Okay, okay,” he stammered. “Just give me a moment.” Slowly he unfolded himself, his cock still hard, but losing size and firmness.

“Nicholas, if you would do the honors?” Sylvia said.

Nick had brought along his case of tools and toys. Rhette hadn’t given it a single thought. Now Nick went over to Lister who was unsteady on his feet.

“Leanne, clean up this mess,” Sylvia said as if asking a waitress for a glass of water. She loosened the straps around her hips and dropped the pegging tool to the floor. While Lister had been naked, it would have been inappropriate for her to be similarly unclothed; instead she wore a pair of full-coverage panties and a corset. Sexy, revealing, and modest—by the standards of the group—all at the same time.

Rhette didn’t understand what was going on but continued to watch. Nick pulled

a cage out of his kit and proceeded to fit it to Lister's cock. It seemed inordinately small compared to his relative size, but Nick had an ice pack ready which encouraged the shrinkage of Lister's cock and eventually the bright pink plastic cage encased Lister's now compact manhood. Nick slipped a lock in place and handed the key over to Sylvia who took it with a smile, gave Nick a kiss on the cheek for his work, and slipped the key onto a chain around her neck.

"I believe we agreed a week, didn't we, dear boy?" she asked Lister.

He nodded glumly, looking at his cock. Rhetta wondered what had transpired to get him to agree to the bet of the loss of the use of his manhood for a week, but she wasn't bold enough to ask the question. The crowd started to disperse, encouraged by the show to indulge in their own kinks, in pairs and trios and larger groups, some stayed in the large living room to show off for those who wanted to watch while others slipped away to private rooms.

Somehow in the confusion of the group moving around, Rhetta lost track of both Nick and Helena and found herself alone in the middle of the living room while a pretty young thing started cleaning up the puddle of cum that Lister had left behind. Even Lister had disappeared.

Starting at the young woman on her knees wiping up Lister's cum made Rhetta uncomfortable. The fact she was mostly naked didn't make the situation any easier. The fact that the other woman was completely naked made it even more difficult.

When she was done the woman with long black hair shoved the paper towels she had wiped up Lister's leavings with into a plastic bag and stood up to see Rhetta watched her. She smiled and walked up to Rhetta who didn't know what to do. Offering her hand the dark-haired woman said, "Hello. I'm Leanne. You're Elisabeth aren't you? I watched you last time the group met. You have beautiful breasts."

Rhetta had automatically taken Leanne's and shaken it. Leanne was completely naked. Her long black hair ended just above her small breasts that were topped with dark nipples. When Leanne mentioned Rhetta's breasts she dropped the other woman's hand and covered herself all the while knowing it was a stupid gesture. "No, no. I'm Rhetta." Her face was bright red at being put on the spot. "And thank you, I guess," she said with a laugh and forced her hands to stop

hiding her tits.

“You aren’t supposed to use your real name here,” Leanne said in a stage whisper. There wasn’t anyone paying them the least bit of attention.

“Right. Sorry. Elisabeth. That’s me.”

“You can take a good spanking,” Leanne complimented her. “I’m jealous. My master gives me a couple of slaps and I’m a blubbery mess, but he still likes me. Apparently I give head much better than his wife,” she said with a conspiratorial wink.

Rhette laughed. “Where is your...um...master?” she asked not knowing how to handle a conversation under these circumstances.

Leanne shrugged. “Probably fucking someone else. It happens a lot here.”

“Yeah. I get that.” She looked Leanne up and down. If Rhette was being honest with herself Leanne was probably her age and had a nearly perfect athletic body with a belly ring, narrow hips, and a perfectly rectangular patch of pubic hair that mostly hid her labia. “How do you do it?”

“Do what?”

“Just...be naked here and not let it bother you?”

Leanne smiled and gestured for Rhette to follow her. They went to the kitchen. “I like being naked, but I’m fully dressed.”

“Uh...you are?” Rhette’s eyes went to the other woman’s firm ass. She had an intricate tiger tattoo on her right cheek.

Tossing the plastic bag in the trash can, Leanne turned back to her and pointed at the fancy leather collar around her neck. “I’m wearing my collar. I’m fully dressed.”

It was all a mindset, Rhette could understand that, but it was hard for her to make the transition to that sort of thinking. “Your collar is very pretty,” Rhette said wanting to not make a fool of herself.

“Master gave it to me when I agreed to be his slave.”

“Are you actually his slave?” Rhetta asked, trying to wrap her head around the concept.

“Yes. Of course. His sexual slave. His wife approves, don’t worry about that. I’d never do anything unethical like sleeping with a man who was married and not in an open relationship. I think she likes that Master has a slave because it takes some of the sexual responsibility away from her.”

Before Rhetta could ask a follow up question, the kitchen door swung open and Sylvia walked in. “Ah. Good. Two girls who need a firm hand. Somehow I’ve managed to fuck a man tonight and gotten almost nothing out of it myself. I’m in need of some feminine help for a bit of relief and my husband is missing.” She smiled eagerly and Leanne let out a long sigh.

“What?” asked Rhetta. She was confused, but then she checked the expressions on the two women’s faces and the meaning dawned upon her.

“Where is my master?” Leanne asked Sylvia.

“He’s...occupied,” she answered which gave Leanne no information. Rhetta understood what was about to happen, and she wasn’t sure how she felt about it. “I’m positive he won’t mind me borrowing you.”

“Yes ma’am,” Leanne said meekly, hanging her head.

“Follow me,” she told them. She was still wearing her corset and panties, but was barefoot. Rhetta couldn’t remember if Sylvia had worn shoes or not when she had fucked Lister. It didn’t matter.

Sylvia brought them through several rooms, all populated with people performing a variety of sexual acts. Moans and groans filled the air, but that didn’t distract Rhetta. She found herself fascinated by how purposefully Sylvia strode through the house, a queen surveying her lands and approving of it all. But she was still apart from the commoners and needed her own special retreat.

The room the three women wound up in was a private bedroom, feminine to the point that Rhetta knew Riordan was rarely, if ever, invited into it. If the couple had a shared bedroom, this wasn’t it.

“Your ass isn’t very red tonight,” Sylvia observed of Rhetta.

“No. Nick didn’t spank me before we came here and...and then I just watched you with Lister.”

“I want to solve that little problem. Leanne, a nice flogger, if you would.”

“Yes ma’am,” the slave said and pulled a large box from under the elegantly carved bed. From inside she removed a flogger with bright pink falls and a sturdy pine wood handle.

“Bend over the bed and show me your ass, Elisabeth,” she said. “I’m feeling cruel tonight.”

This was exactly the sort of thing that Rhetta liked to do and she went to the bed’s footboard and gripped the thick bar that ran its length, bending forward to proffer her ass to Sylvia.

“Take your panties off, dear,” Sylvia chided her.

“Sorry,” Rhetta mumbled and quickly pulled off the offending garment, tossing the G-string to the floor and resuming the position.

Sylvia didn’t immediately start whaling away at Rhetta’s ass. Instead she ran her hand over the redhead’s smooth skin and round buttocks. “Very lovely. I’m jealous of your body.”

It was said with such honesty that Rhetta was taken aback. “But...but you have the perfect body!” she exclaimed.

That made Sylvia laugh. “And I work for two hours every day to maintain it and I watch everything I eat and I’ve been to a doctor more times than I care to think about whenever Riordan perceives some minor flaw. Do you do any of that?”

Rhetta shook her head.

“No. I thought not. You come by your body’s beauty naturally without effort. Fuck that makes me hot and jealous.” And with that she smartly brought the flogger down over Rhetta’s delicate backside. Rhetta yelped in surprise.

“Beautiful,” said Sylvia. “You need to work on your exclamations a bit to make them less of a screech and more of a cry of passion, but your skin. So pale that it turns pink perfectly.” Sylvia touched the abused bit of skin. Even Rhetta could feel the heat her skin was generating. “So hot.” And then Sylvia’s fingers went down her crevice and over her anus to rest gently against Rhetta’s labia. She wasn’t wet, not yet, but it would only take a few more stroke of the flogger for that to happen.

Having Sylvia probe at her pussy wasn’t at all what Rhetta expected. Her touch was gentle but firm, looking for information rather than giving pleasure. Rhetta liked it.

The strong-willed woman gave Rhetta another three quick swats to her bottom; each sharper and more pleasurable than the last. Rhetta found herself sticking her rump out and anticipating the last blow.

“Pain slut,” Sylvia declared and then gave Rhetta another swat on her bottom, this time aiming low, letting the falls strike her pouting labia.

“Ouch!” Rhetta exclaimed, swinging her hips back and forth while bringing her knees together.

Sylvia didn’t seem to care about Rhetta’s distress. “Here!” she said sharply to Leanne, handing off the flogger to the slave. “I’m not going to whip this poor girl without getting anything out of it. You know what to do.”

Rhetta started to straighten up, confused as to what was happening, but Sylvia shoved her head back down to the footboard. “Don’t move. I’m not done with you yet.”

Not knowing what to do or say, Rhetta stayed where so was as Sylvia crawled onto the bed. She wasn’t surprised when the pretty woman flopped on her back and shimmied out of her panties. There was just the barest hint of a triangular patch of hair above the older woman’s pussy. Her nether lips were completely bare, giving evidence that Sylvia spent a lot of time either grooming herself or having someone do it for her.

Working herself down the bed, Sylvia flung her legs over the footboard and centered her pussy directly under Rhetta’s face. “You know what to do.”

Rhette had already acknowledged to herself what type of woman she was. It was easy to fall under Sylvia's domination, especially when Nick and Helena weren't around to protect and guide her, so she did the other logical thing and lowered her mouth to the pretty woman's pussy.

Her scent was strong, most likely because of her desire, as was her taste. Rhette ran her tongue from the top of Sylvia's slit all the way down to the depth of her hole.

"Mmm," Sylvia moaned. "Keep going. Don't stop. Leanne, I want to hear you using that flogger on her."

Rhette wrapped her arms around Sylvia's thighs and was about to start sucking on the other woman's clit, when Leanne hit her for the first time. She jumped and shrieked a little which brought a slap across her face from Sylvia. "Don't you fucking dare stop eating my cunt," she said, her voice low and fierce. "You'd better make me cum before you can't take your punishment any longer."

Nodding, Rhette lowered her face back to Sylvia's pussy. It was easy to hide her smile that way. She doubted that Leanne could do anything to make her beg for the flogging to stop especially since Sylvia seemed ready to cum as it was.

Eating pussy, Rhette pondered as she started licking and sucking on Sylvia, was very much an art. Knowing what the other woman wanted and how to make her cum. She'd only gone down on Helena and now Sylvia, but she couldn't see why any woman would object to sharing a little Sapphic love. It was both fun and enlightening. It was easy to understand why some men loved eating pussy.

Sylvia's was hot and pungent, but in a pleasant way.

Leanne barely knew what she was doing with the flogger. She didn't hit hard enough and her accuracy was all over the place. Maybe she was a slave and hadn't been taught the correct skills, but it was the lamest paddling that Rhette had ever received. It was more distracting than anything else; she wished that Leanne would just focus on one area of her ass. That would be much better.

When Sylvia got close to cumming she reached down and tangled her fingers in Rhette's hair, holding her face exactly where she wanted the redhead to concentrate. It was an oddly intimate gesture and Rhette focused on making the other woman cum. She wanted to make Sylvia cum because it would give her a

sense of accomplishment.

Looking up at the older woman, Rhette tried to catch Sylvia's eye before she made her cum. It wasn't possible because Sylvia's eyes were screwed tightly shut as she rapidly ascended the path to climax. When she did cum, the noise she made was unnerving and unpleasant, like she was in pain but got no relief from the orgasm. Still, since Sylvia didn't say to stop, Rhette didn't, and continued to lick and suck as a steady flow of juices filled her pussy.

"Stop stop stop!" Sylvia suddenly gasped, using the heel of her hand pushing back on Rhette's forehead. "Too much! Stop!"

The other woman was panting, her orgasm having been wrested from her by Rhette's talented tongue. Rhette and Leanne paused in their activities to see what Sylvia needed next. It took a long minute for her to do anything other than pant.

"I needed that," she said between gasps of breath. "You know how to eat cunt."

"Thank you."

"When did you know you were bi?"

"I'm not bi," Rhette said quickly.

Sylvia laughed. "Of course you're not. You just have a natural talent at eating pussy."

Rhette said nothing. It was one thing to go down on another woman when ordered to do so; it was another entirely to do it and enjoy it.

"Did you cum yet?"

"No." Rhette had to force herself not to say Yes ma'am like Leanne would have.

Sylvia flicked her eyes up at Leanne. "Put down the flogger and use your mouth on her."

"Yes ma'am."

Rhette made to move up on the bed. The footboard was pressed hard against her

hips and she wanted to turn over so that Leanne could lie between them in the same position she had always been in when a man had eaten her out.

Sylvia held her in place. “Don’t move. I want to watch your face while she makes you cum.” The older woman wrapped her thighs over Rhetta’s shoulders and all but pinned her to the bed.

Leanne pressed her face between Rhetta’s buttocks. She could feel the slave’s breath on her labia. Her skin was hot and needed a soothing balm; instead she got a wet tongue exploring her pussy. It took Rhetta a moment to realize the strange sensation against her anus was Leanne’s nose. The flow of air as Leanne breathed was a queer feeling, but Rhetta found she enjoyed it.

Sticking her ass out further, Rhetta rested on cheek on Sylvia’s thigh and looked contentedly up at the other woman. She didn’t know Leanne’s thoughts about sex with women, but she was obviously experienced in this sort of thing. Rhetta just let herself go and let the climax take her. It was the most unusual orgasm she had yet had in her life.

The light kiss on her lips brought her back to reality. Sylvia was beaming down at her. “You’re extremely beautiful when you cum,” she said.

“Thank you?”

Leanne had withdrawn her face from Rhetta’s ass and pussy and was crouching on the floor. Sylvia laughed at Rhetta’s response and unlocked her thighs from around Rhetta’s shoulders and rolled to the side of the bed. She slipped off the edge and walked to Leanne, turning around to present her with her backside. For a moment Rhetta was certain Sylvia was going to order the slave to eat her pussy as well, but instead she made a different request.

“Unhook my corset. I need to get out of this. I’m exhausted.”

Rhetta crawled all the way on the bed and settled onto her side to watch the two. Leanne had nimble fingers and the corset quickly came off. Sylvia did a quarter turn and faced Rhetta directly.

The redhead’s eyes went wide. She had seen pierced nipples before, but Sylvia not only had pierced nipples but a short chain connected the rings through her nipples. The chain had a golden ring on it, pulling the chain down into a V-shape

rather than a graceful parabola.

Without thinking, Rhette pointed at the odd bit of jewelry and blurted out, “Jesus Christ, what is that?”

Smiling, Sylvia said. “My wedding band, of course. I wear it everywhere I go.” She gave a one-shouldered shrug. “Some men say no too easily if I wear it on my finger. This is the compromise I’ve worked out.”

Not for the first time Rhette wondered what the hell she had gotten herself into.

Chapter Fifteen

“You have to come with me at the next group meeting,” Rhetta said to Jordan.

Jordan had listened to her story with a mildly shocked and mildly amused expression on his face. “I’m not sure that’s the life for me.”

“It’s the life I want,” she said firmly.

Jordan didn’t know what to think of that. “Is it?” he asked.

“Yes. And I want to share that life with you. And I can’t do that if you don’t want to go all in with me.”

“But...why?”

“Let me explain to you everything about Riordan.”

“The other guy you’re fucking?”

“It’s not just that...please let me explain.”

Jordan looked at her expectantly but Rhetta found that all words failed her. She didn’t know what to say. All she knew was that to be happy in her life right then she had the physical need to be spanked and dominated as part of her sexual makeup. If she couldn’t find a man who was willing to do that to her and was able to fill her emotional needs as well, there was no point in staying with him. It was a simple thought, but she was unable to convert the thought to words.

Or possibly she was afraid to.

“Well?” he prompted her.

“I...I can’t really put it into words,” she said hesitantly. “But I need you to come with me to the next group meeting, otherwise you can’t be my boyfriend and I have to stop seeing you.”

He looked at her. “Orgy.”

“What?”

“Orgy,” he repeated.

“The synth-rock musician?” she asked, trying to make a joke of the situation.

He ignored her lame attempt at humor. “Call it what it is. An orgy. This isn’t a group meeting of some community organization. It’s just a bunch of people getting together for sex.”

“Yeah? So?” This wasn’t how Rhetta had envisioned the conversation going. She was going to invite him to the next group meeting, he’d say yes, they’d celebrate the important decision by him spanking her and then they’d have sex. Jordan was ruining all of that.

“Is that what you like?”

The way he said it was like he was accusing her of doing something wrong. It annoyed and angered her.

“Yes,” she said boldly. “It is what I like. Does that bother you?”

Jordan started to answer, but Rhetta interrupted him.

“And I know what I like. Do you know what you like? Are you going to live a life that is boring and dull? You haven’t shared one kink or something fun for sex with me. Please don’t tell me you’re that boring.”

Jordan wanted to answer, but didn’t know how to approach it. “I don’t think I’m that boring,” he said cautiously.

“Great,” she said brightly. “Then you’ll come with me to the next meeting. And tonight you’ll paddle my ass until I’m crying and then you’ll fuck me.” She turned around from him, hiked her dress up over her hips to expose her ass and panties. Rhetta paused halfway to the door to her bedroom. “Coming or not?”

“Coming,” he said, wondering what he had gotten himself into.

Shaking hands with Riordan was the weirdest experience of Jordan’s life. The man was a good deal older than him and appeared completely confident. Just as they shook hands he flashed on the thought that Riordan’s hand had absolutely been used to spank Rhetta’s ass. The other man’s hands had probably been all

over her body. Jordan was simultaneously repulsed and jealous...and he had the same privileges with Rhetta.

“So nice to meet you, Jordan. Rhetta has told me so much about you.” The man was maybe an inch taller than him, with silver eyes and an assured manner. It helped that they were both wearing the same general style of clothing. Jordan hadn’t known what to wear to an orgy, having never been to one, and Rhetta was of little help. She had opted for a black dress that clung to her curves. Underneath she wore one of her G-strings and no bra. Jordan couldn’t wear that so she said khakis and a blazer were fine, almost too formal. He wore a black t-shirt under the blazer which made him feel slightly less like his father who wore a blazer with golf shirts all the time.

Riordan wore a blazer as well, but underneath he had on an Oxford. At least it wasn’t a golf shirt. That would be too much. While Riordan didn’t look much like his father, the manner was similar and Jordan couldn’t compete for a woman with his father.

“It’s probably all lies,” Jordan said, trying to act casual. The manner of dress of those already at the party had unsettled him. Two women were wearing lingerie more appropriate for a strip club and one man was wearing nothing more than a leather thong. Everyone else seemed normal, but Jordan found himself re-evaluating what was actually normal.

“I don’t think so, she seems happy with you.” Riordan glanced across the room where Rhetta was getting them drinks from the table set up as a bar. “If I wasn’t married I’d probably have to fight you for her.”

Jordan’s throat closed up but he managed to force out the words, “You’re married?”

“Yeah. Rhetta didn’t tell you that?” He smiled. “She might be a little young for me, but I’d happily make her my slave. My wife likes her too so it would be a nice combination.”

Nodding was all that Jordan could manage. Luckily Rhetta returned with wine glasses and handed one to him. He took a sip to cover his failure to maintain the conversation. “Talking about me?” Rhetta asked.

“Yes,” Riordan said. “I was just telling Jordan I want to make you my slave and

fuck you while my wife watches.”

Jordan wanted to finish the glass of wine. He instead only drained half of it.

“I think that Sylvia would rather join in than watch,” Rhetta said, her face slightly blushed. Was it from the wine or the conversation? Jordan couldn’t tell.

“Would you like to watch that, Jordan?” Riordan asked.

The wine wasn’t helping him talk. Jordan just stared. Rhetta stepped in to help. “He probably would,” she said. “He’s into voyeurism, I told you that already.”

“Right, right,” Riordan absently agreed. The crowd was moving back from the center of the living room to make space for the main entertainment of the night.

Rhetta leaned over and whispered in Jordan’s ear. “Remember, I told them your kink was watching. Normally on everyone’s first visit they get to be the entertainment.”

“Right,” he said.

The center of the room was dominated by the blonde that Rhetta had told him was Helena. She was wearing a rather modest, long red dress. Her husband, Nick, was with her and he casually unbuttoned his shirt and pulled down his jeans to reveal he wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Jordan was relieved to see the man’s cock wasn’t huge or erect.

“Chastity doesn’t have to be just for fun,” Helena said, “it can be to keep your partner under your thumb as well.” The crowd tittered at the joke but pressed in to see what the pair were going to do. “Well, not literally. I like to keep Nick’s key around my neck on a chain, next to my heart.”

A small, falsely sincere “aww” emanated from the group, which then quickly dissolved into titters of amusement again.

From that introduction Helena gave a detailed explanation on how to put a man’s cock into a chastity device. She used two different ones on Nick’s cock and Jordan watched, fascinated and horrified at the same time. Both were constructed in similar ways: a curved, tube-like covering went over the shaft of

his penis while a retaining ring went behind Nick's balls, and the two pieces locked together with a small, simple padlock or an embedded lock in the device itself.

Two things struck Jordan about Nick's cock; first, he kept his pubic hair trimmed short or shaved and even might have completely denuded his balls. Jordan figured this had to be for comfort because getting a hair caught and pinched in any part of the device had to have been painful. Second, Nick had a Prince Albert piercing at the end of his cock. Jordan thought getting that done must have been incredibly painful, but was taken by the look of the thick ring dangling off the end of his cock and then circling back up through the underside. As Helena explained, the PA ring was not only attractive—at least to her eyes—but it was also practical from a chastity viewpoint.

The first chastity cage she put on her husband was bright pink, Pepto-Bismol pink, Barbie pink, and the color alone had to be a bit humiliating. It was made out of a hard rubber that was sturdy yet pliable.

"It's not rubber," Helena explained to the audience member who asked a question about the device. "It's a durable silicone-like material used in a lot of vibrators and other sex toys. It moves enough to be comfortable and utilitarian. Plus it comes in a bunch of colors, whatever suits your fancy." She slipped the lock through the hard rubber and showed off Nick's now-useless cock to those watching.

There was soft, scattered applause. Then someone asked a question. "Okay, so he can't get hard inside the cage but can't he just...I don't know...cut it off?"

Helena smiled. "How would he do that?"

The man who asked the question seemed like he was suddenly embarrassed by his inquiry, but he pressed on. "That padlock is tiny. Any decent pair of bolt cutters would shear right through it. And you can buy those at Home Depot. Same for the thing itself. It's just rubber or silicone. A sharp pair of shears or scissors would make short work of it."

Helena's smile didn't waver. "You're correct. That would be cheating at the game, and enforced male chastity is a game for a man and his partner—or partners—but if it's security you're worried about, then there are other types of cages."

She quickly removed the pink silicone cage from Nick's cock and pulled the black metal one that Rhetta was familiar with from the box at her feet. She proceeded to put it on Nick's cock, all the while extolling its virtues and features. "Case hardened steel," she said, tapping the bars of the cock cage with her fingernail. "Again, not impossible to cut through, though much more difficult... and dangerous. Most men aren't willing to risk their cock to possibly escape chastity. It's easier to give in to the key holder and do as she or he wants. Nick's piercing assures the keyholder that pullout is impossible. Again, cutting away the cage is always an option, but that lets the keyholder know that maybe their partner isn't up to their part of the bargain. It's a game, consensual torment and imprisonment, all for the fun."

"Or to keep a cheating partner under control?" asked a woman holding a chain that was attached to her male partner's collar. He was bare-chested and hairy. She was wearing a corset and nothing else as far as Jordan could see.

Helena laughed. "If you want."

"What if you want to fuck?" the woman asked.

"Then you take off his cage and fuck him," Helena answered.

"What if you want to fuck with the cage on?" the woman asked, making a joke.

"The ingenuity of the human mind compelled by sexual desire is incredible," Helena said, sounding a bit like a college professor. "But there is one last little trick I'd like to show you."

From the box Helena drew out a vibrator. It was unremarkable in every respect. "This doesn't work as well with the silicone sleeve covers because the vibrations are muted, but on a metal cage..." she proceeded to press the device against Nick's cage and everyone could see that it started to swell.

"Don't," Nick begged.

"This will be your release for the week," Helena told him.

As he reached for the vibrator, she grabbed his wrist and twisted his hand behind his back. He was a strong man and could have broken away from her, but he didn't. It was part of the game.

Everyone watched in rapt attention as Nick's cock swelled within the cage.

"For some men it's necessary to use a prostate stimulator in the ass, but Nick generally doesn't need that. He hasn't been allowed to cum even once in the past two weeks."

That information gave Jordan a pang of sympathetic pain.

Jordan figured what was going on was at least partially a show because it didn't take Nick very long for his cock to swell unmercifully inside the metal cage and then he ejaculated.

It was the weakest, most pathetic ejaculation that Jordan had ever seen. It didn't seem like Nick enjoyed it. The expression on his face was one more of pain than of relief, which only made sense since he hadn't been able to get properly erect. The cum dribbled out of his cock weakly but there was plenty of it. Jordan found himself thanking his stars that he wasn't in the same position as Nick.

But at the same time he was intrigued and wanted to know exactly what Nick was going through.

He didn't tell this to anyone.

Jordan was still staring at the display when Rhetta pulled at his arm. "Come with me," she said and it took him a second to comprehend her actual meaning. "Riordan wants me to choose who is going to fuck me tonight."

The first thought to enter Jordan's head was that he wanted to fuck her right then and there, in the middle of the living room, everyone else around them be damned. He didn't mind if they watched, but he wasn't able to say that. He was ashamed of his desires.

She led him to a smaller room of the living room where two men and a woman stood waiting for them along with Riordan. They were all holding different spanking implements.

There was a high-backed chair in the corner of the room that Rhetta mounted the wrong way and stuck out her ass. She hiked her dress up over her hips exposing her ass and red G-string. This was all done silently and as Jordan watched, one of the men approached her, brandishing what looked like a ping-pong paddle. He

swatted her butt several times. The sounds of the impacts were like gunshots in the small room. When he was done, Rhetta looked over her shoulder at him and sadly shook her head. He stepped back to the edge of the room, but continued to watch.

The woman was next.

She carried a thin cane just over two feet long. The sound it made as it cut through the air made Jordan's heart jump. The bright red lines it left on Rhetta's ass were a stark contrast to the gentle pink the paddle had left behind. Rhetta endured the punishment in silence but when it was over, she also shook her head at the woman who retreated to stand next to Jordan.

The last man held a belt. Jordan couldn't tell if it was just a plain leather belt repurposed as a tool of sexual torment, or a specially made device. It didn't matter. He lashed out with it several times, further abusing Rhetta's ass, but he finished the punishment by twisting his wrist and bringing the belt up between her legs. She jumped and let out a little cry.

It was a cry of pleasure. Jordan was more than familiar with Rhetta's vocalizations during sex.

This time when she turned around, a smile was on her face. All she said was, "Yes."

The man went down to his knees and yanked down Rhetta's G-string. Rhetta leaned further forward and moved her knees further apart. It was all happening so quickly. The man's pants were opened up and down around his knees and his hard cock was pressing into Rhetta's pussy before Jordan knew what was happening.

Rhetta moaned appreciatively.

"She's quite a woman."

Jordan tore his eyes away from the sight of his girlfriend being fucked by another man to glance at the woman who had moments before caned Rhetta. She was blandly pretty with brown hair cut into a bob, a white shirt that showed off her cleavage and tight black pants. "Yes," he agreed, not knowing what to say.

“I’d have loved to have fucked her.”

“I have fucked her,” Jordan said to fill the silence. He wondered if she was serious about having sex with Rhetta.

“Nice,” she said. “I’m Mo. Maureen.”

“Jordan.” He put his hand out to shake hers in greeting, but she ignored it.

“Mind if I suck your cock?” she asked while going down to her knees.

He didn’t have enough time to form an adequate answer. She knew what she was doing and had his pants open and cock out in short order. Without meaning to, his cock quickly got hard as she started sucking and bobbing her head back and forth.

Not knowing what to do, Jordan looked up from Mo fellating him to Rhetta who was getting fucked from behind by the other man. She caught his eye and smiled. Jordan closed his eyes and focused on the sensations Mo was giving him. He knew he wouldn’t take much to cum and he desperately wanted to fill her mouth.

End Book 4

About the Author

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

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

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