

Carl's Story

Red Rose™ Publishing



Kissa Starling

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By

Kissa Starling

Dedication

To every woman out there who truly doesn't know how beautiful she is because of socially preconceived notions that tell her otherwise...figure out who you are and be yourself—everyone else is taken.



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Chapter One

Marquis DeSade... *There are thorns everywhere, but along the path of vice,
roses bloom above them.*

I watched from the bedroom door. Sylvie wrapped the extra-large bath towel around her body and stepped out of the shower. Citrus fruit smells lingered in the air. She leaned forward and twirled a smaller towel around her long hair and twisted. Her finger held her eyelashes up tight while another finger met her eyeball with a blue-tinted contact. Luckily, the door blocked her view of my peeping. Steam covered the mirror in front of her. That was the way she liked it. She thought it better if no one could see her bulging tummy or drooping breasts. I loved her just the way she was.

“Hey, babe. Mind if I join you?” I squirmed into the tiny bathroom naked and grabbed her from behind. “How long before you go to work?”

“Um, I’m off today. I switched with Brenda.”

I growled into her ear and bit down on her earlobe. The fresh taste of her skin drove me mad. “Mmm, then we can spend the day in bed. Come with me, my

doll.” Sylvie moaned and turned her head to give me better access. I rewarded her by moving her head completely and making out with the opposite ear.

I led her to the bedroom, placed her by the bed, and then jumped over the side to lie upon the top sheet. “Strip.”

It came out as a command, and that was how I meant it. Sylvie tilted her head up and removed her towel. Wet hair fell everywhere to cover her shoulders. She shook back and forth, and the remaining towel fell to the ground. God, what a body. I pressed a button on my remote and the notes of Def Leppard’s *Pour Some Sugar on Me* blasted into the room.

Sylvie turned with her back to the bed and wiggled her ass. I am a self-admitted ass man, so that really did it for me. “Oh, shake it baby. You know what I like. Make your daddy’s cock hard.”

That girl of mine loved the dirty talk. Every time they sang, “pour some sugar on me,” she grinded down to the carpet. It made it easier to see the brand I’d put on her on our honeymoon—a heart-o-gram with our names intertwined.

“Come up *slowly*.” I removed a small, ceramic bowl from the drawer beside the bed.

“Take it *all* off, baby. I love to gaze at your beautiful, sexy body in all its glory.”

She hesitated, and then tried to get back into the groove of the song. The towel pooled around her feet. Her palms came up to raise her breasts. She pushed them together and bent to lick the tips of her nipples.

How hot is this?

“Now take this bowl and empty the contents onto your neck so I can watch.”

This show was sending me to pleasure land. My cock pointed straight up, and that is where my hand rested. *God, I love it when she obeys my orders.*

Sylvie tilted the bowl up and sugar shimmered down across her skin, sticking to the wet parts. She ran her hands up and down the sides of her body and undulated to the beat. The glittering cane brightened against her flawless skin. My tongue ran across the front of my teeth in anticipation.

“I got my own personal whore here. Damn I want some of you!”

Her finger dipped into the cleft between her thighs. I jumped up, clutched her around the waist and threw her onto the bed. “You’re mine, Bitch.”

I landed on top of her. She looked into my eyes. “I see love and I see pure unadulterated lust. The latter seems to be in control at the moment.” The words came out as whispers. Her impertinent smile held my heart. Sweet Sylvie was a titillating temptress!

“How right you are. I’m both in love and in lust with you.”

I reached into the bedside table and removed a coil of rope. Part of it slipped behind her back and the rest lay across her tits.

It took a good five minutes to circle each breast. First I circled the right one, and then I crossed down between her legs, around her thigh, and up across the other breast. The rope made a striking design in and of itself, but the way it made Sylvie's mons stand erect and pink was divine. Her body jutted out, begging to be played with.

Now, this is a sexy pose.

“What are you thinking, little one?”

“I was thinking about how sexy I look in this pose.”

“Oh yes, you do. So hot. The things I'm going to do to this body.”

Sylvie giggled. “Please tell me.”

“Oh, be sure that all of them won't make you titter like a schoolgirl. I intend to inflict pain upon your tender skin. Before I'm done, you'll see red lash marks all over these thighs.” My fingers fondled her inner right thigh. Juices surrounded her heated center.

My tongue came out and licked circles around her nipples. “Mmm, sweet.”

Next, I traveled an erratic line from the rope to her navel. For this part of her sexy anatomy, I used my lips. Each time I sucked, she moaned, undulating her hips in small circles. I pulled away just long enough to move between her fleshy thighs.

How I loved simply looking at her beauty before me. The way her creamy-white thighs met her hips enthralled me. Even her red painted toes turned me on. I pushed her feet back against her ass and spread her knees apart. My lips brushed against her skin and traveled up her leg, with my last kiss landing on her outer bare pussy lips.

“Open your lips; use your fingers.” She was so erotic, touching herself like that.

Sylvie reached down with her pointer fingers and pulled back those erogenous full lips. I sat up and reached once again into the drawer by the bed. A rectangle of hard candy lay in my hand when I retracted it. The candy slipped easily into Sylvie’s warm core. “Now close your pussy.”

Her arms rose above her head-which juttred her tits out even more.

“Soon you’ll see v-marks all over this fine ass of yours.” I flipped her over and smacked her right ass cheek with my hand. Her moans started out quiet but became louder as the torture continued.

“Ooh.”

“Whatever you do, don’t drop the candy.”

I removed the v-flogger from the still-open drawer and flicked it against my hand a few times. Sylvie’s body tensed at the sound. She drew her legs up even closer to her body and her bottom rose up to greet me.

“Good girl.” This was the conditioned response I looked for during our play. My index finger bent the leather back and then released it against her buttock. Her knees drew in to her chest and emerged even closer to the instrument of pain. The stings alternated from cheek to cheek. Slant marks embedded in her flesh and showed up as red v’s. It was almost a brand, but this one was merely temporary. “Look in the mirror, Pet. See how I’ve marked you as mine.”

She turned her body so that the mirror was visible. “Oh, Master. I love it. It’s almost like a rainbow of welts. I do wish they’d stay more than a few days.

After about ten minutes I traded the v-flogger for a box wrapped in red, shimmery paper. “Open it.” I held it out and waited while she turned to lie on her back. The paper had exquisite silver swirls and the box inside flipped open to reveal a rose flogger. A dozen roses were attached and three thorns per tail adorned the leather. The thorns were made of tiny, silver metal circles.

“I ordered it online.”

“I love it!” She jumped up and hugged me. “Thank you. I’ve wanted one of these since we saw Roger’s submissive getting flogged at the sex-con.”

“I know. I saw the look in your eyes when she went into subspace. It was a look of envy if I’ve every saw one. I talked to her personally before I bought it for you. I wanted to know the extremity of the pain it inflicts. I know you *think* your

body has no limits, but it does. I believe this will help you surpass a new boundary.” I held her hand. She sat in front of me on her knees.

“Well, of course it’s intense. That’s why I wanted it. And I talked with her as well. She loved every part of it. Can you use it right now?”

“I thought we’d use it this weekend for your birthday...at the club.”

Her body grew limp and her face turned away.

“I’m sorry, Sylvie, but I don’t understand this reluctance to public play. You did it plenty of times before the kids were born.”

“That’s just it, Carl. That was *before* the kids were born. My body’s changed. My tits sag, my belly protrudes, and my thighs brush when I walk. I don’t *want* people to see this body because I don’t want to see it myself.”

“Babe. Let’s talk about this. Sure, your body is different, but it’s still attractive. Don’t you see the way the men turn their heads when you enter the dungeon? There isn’t a dominant there who wouldn’t like to flog your fine ass.”

“I’m sorry, Carl. I just can’t.”

“You can, and you will. I expect you to be ready to go to the club Friday evening. We’ll leave right after I get home from work.” I didn’t usually lose my cool like that, but I know what’s best.

“You may leave, but I’ll be sitting on the couch in my pajamas watching old movies.” She turned away from me.

“And if I command you to go?”

“Then I shall go. But I won’t forget you making me do something against my will, and our relationship will change forever.”

“Go wash up!”

I huffed out of the room leaving my gorgeous wife marked and unsatisfied. It wasn’t a state I wished to leave her in, but now wasn’t the time for playing. I needed time to think.

Chapter Two

I ended up at Ricky's *Down and Under* bar. For a strip joint, it wasn't half bad. Sylvie didn't like it here, so I always came alone.

"How 'bout a beer, Ricky?"

"Sure thing, Carl. Where's your better half? Not that you aren't good company, but she's sure something to look at."

"I wish she knew that," I mumbled so low that he didn't hear.

Louder, I said, "She stayed home tonight. Will you be at the dungeon this weekend?"

Ricky was also known as Sir Rick. He and I had gotten into the lifestyle around the same time and often bounced ideas off of one another.

"I'll be there. I wouldn't miss Sylvie's surprise birthday for anything. Think she'd be willing to do a scene with me? If you'd allow it."

"I'd more than allow it, Rick, I'd encourage it. Listen, since no one's around, let me tell you what's going on. Sylvie thinks since the children were born she's lost her pizzazz or something. She refuses to play in public anymore. I wouldn't mind so much, but she's developed a self-esteem issue, and it's my job to fix that.

Sometimes at home she tries to pull up the covers. I don't allow that, but it's getting to be a wall between us. She won't talk about it, and I don't understand."

"Oh, man, that's tough. I wondered why you two turned into watchers. You were always so into it. I know you like showing her off and making every other dominant jealous, me included."

"I fucking loved every one of those scenes. That's why I want to get her back out there now...but I don't want to lose her trust. It took a long time to earn what I have now, and I'm not willing to break that."

"Do you think she'd play in lingerie?"

"Probably, she loves the stuff. I'd prefer to see her walk around naked twenty-four-seven, but she insists on wearing sexy outfits for *me*. Why are women like that? I swear she's dressing for other women instead of me."

"That's it." Rick snapped his fingers together. "Let her play with a woman for her birthday. She's always admiring Davina. Why don't you call and see if she's interested in doing a scene with Sylvie? She can wear all the lingerie she wants; it's one of Davina's fetishes."

"That might work. Thanks, Rick." I swilled down my beer and hurried out to the truck. I dialed the number Rick gave me and Davina answered straight away.

"Hello?"

“Davina. This is Carl. Friday is Sylvie’s birthday, and I want to fulfill one of her fantasies.”

“Keep talking.”

“She’s been with other women before, but never with you. Did you know she shares your fetish for lingerie?”

“No, just another connection we have. Every time I saw her play with you, it was in the nude or a thong.”

“Yeah, well that was my fault. I prefer her in no clothing at all, but if she had her way about it, she’d be dolled up in lingerie and heels all the time.”

“Mmm, I like the vision. You know I’ve always wanted a crack at Sylvie, and you’ve always said no. Why the change of heart?”

“Plain and simple – I need you to help me squelch a fear of hers. It’s a self-esteem problem. She doesn’t feel attractive anymore. Sure, she’s put on a few pounds and she isn’t twenty-three anymore, but dang it I love her just the way she is. She’s still the hottest woman I’ve ever seen.”

“As well she should be, Carl. Hmmm, I’ll take you up on this. Let’s work out the details over the phone and then I’ll meet you Friday evening. One catch, though. I want her in a private room by myself.”

“Why?”

“Trust me, Carl. I’m a woman too. I can and will help her, but I have to do it my way. You know I would never hurt her.”

“Of course not. I’m not worried about that. Okay, I’ll agree to your terms as long as Sylvie does. I won’t put her in that situation without consent.”

“And I wouldn’t expect you to. I’ll call you Friday morning with all of the details. Or most of them, at least.” I could almost see the smile on her face. She was enjoying this.

“Just for the record, I always said no before because you’re a domme and she’s never shown an interest in that type of relationship with a woman. I’m hoping this works out for both of us. Talk to you soon.”

I hung up the phone and pondered the scene I’d created for my little one. She loved lingerie, and it had been a while since she’d played with another female. Besides, it was time to remind her that Master always knows best.



I opened the front door, and there she sat. Sylvie lounged on the couch, wearing a loose-fitting cotton robe, with one of those talk shows on the television. She propped herself up on her elbow and smiled. I loved nothing more than seeing her smile. What man wouldn’t like being greeted by a half-nude, sexy nymph?

That's one of the reasons I had to go through with this strategy that Davina had worked out.

We hugged, side-by-side, and nuzzled close.

"How was your day?" The look in her eyes said it all. *She really loves me*, I thought. For so many years I thought true, everlasting love was unattainable. And then I met her.

"Do you remember the first time we met? In person I mean."

"Of course I do, Sir. We met at that fancy-shmancy restaurant downtown. I swerved in at two minutes 'till time to meet you and parked in such a hurry I almost banged into the concrete divider. I remember you saying that somehow you knew that must be me."

"I did know, Little One."

"I was in such a hurry to see you, and I didn't want to be late. I fiddled with my clothing for so long that I cut my driving time short."

"I remember that you packed a bag and had it in your back seat just as I requested. You wore a beautiful skirt with nothing underneath, also per my request. It was love at first sight. I knew when I looked into your eyes that my search was over."

"It took you long enough to tell me I was the one. You are sweet to reminisce. What's up?"

“I don’t want you to think I take you for granted. I love you more than the first night we met. I love spending time with you. I can’t imagine my life without you.”

“Oh, Sweetie. I feel the same way.”

“I’ve decided how we will celebrate your birthday.” Sylvie tensed and pulled away.

“Yes, Sir. Do you care to share your plans with me?”

“I will, Pet.” I reached out and pulled her back into the niche her body made against mine. “Davina asked to scene with you, and I have decided to allow her request to be considered. It’s up to you.”

“You’re letting me make the final decision?”

“Yes, the same as every sharing situation we enter into. I wouldn’t share you without consent, My Pet. And keep in mind that she is a domme so this will be a new experience for you. Tell me what you think so I can set things up.”

“All masters don’t give their submissives choices.”

“And I’m not like everyone else. You should know that you’re nothing like those other women at the club – you’re exceptional. Now, give me your answer.”

“She’s that hot brunette that loves lingerie isn’t she?”

“That she is.”

“She never does scenes fully nude.”

“No, she doesn’t. I’ve noticed that about her as well.”

“I agree. I’d love to spend my birthday with a dome, on one condition – afterwards I want to spend time with you – alone.”

“That goes without saying, Little One.” We kissed, our tongues intertwining. The fresh taste of her body enticed me. Her straight, red hair fell into my hand, and I grabbed a handful and jerked.

“Ouch!” She tried to get up from the seat, but I pulled her back.

“Ouch is right, My Pet. Don’t forget who you belong to. Kiss me.” My body heated up with each command. Our lips smashed together. I devoured her lips and tongue. *Ripppp*. I tore the robe from her body and threw it to the floor.

My teeth bit into her bottom lip. Her sultry grin egged me on.

“The kids won’t be home for two more hours.”

With both arms, I reached under her ass and lifted her up. “To the dungeon we shall go.”

I carried her down the stairs and leaned to the left so that she could pull the string that would illuminate the basement-slash-dungeon, as we called it.

“I’d love to feel the mink glove against my naked skin, Sir.”

“It matters not what you’d like, Little One. Never forget who controls your destiny.” She spoke not a word, but waited for my next command.

“Straddle the bar.” I’d used a two-by-four board and a little red paint to create *the bar*. She had one leg on each side of the board, which was held up by thick silver chain on either side. “Don’t move.”

I raised the bar to the correct height. Her pussy lips separated and lay against the sides of the wood. The initial sensation would be pleasurable, but soon after the aching feeling would take over.

She started a rocking movement against the bar.

“Stop!”

Her body stiffened in surprise. I usually allowed a pre-gasm, but not today. She watched as I moved around the dungeon, deciding which instrument might strike my fancy. My hand settled on a spiny glove. It had fleece inside that surrounded my hand when I put it on. On the outside were tiny barbs of metal.

Her eyes widened, but she remained mute.

“Bend over.” The position was pleasing to me. An ultimate submissive pose, her ass up, her pussy filled, and her lovely torso elongated across the bar. I knew from our reflective talks that the position was uncomfortable, and that’s what I wanted.

I reached down with the glove and pressed against her right buttock. Her ass automatically rose. I pressed against her left buttock, and that side rose as well. It was when I spread her ass cheeks that she gasped and held her breath.

My un-gloved hand soothed her back. “Breathe, my pet.”

Once her breathing was normal, I slapped the tiny barbs into her center. I lifted it just a bit and made small slaps around to her silken cleft. Her body shook, and her head lay down even more. Her grip lessened on the bar. I reversed my slaps to the top of her ass and then down across the backs of her thighs.

Her ass lifted once more and I pushed it, forcing her juicy folds down.

“Ohhh.”

The moans excited me even more. “Fuck it, Little One. Fuck the bar while I watch. When you’re done, you’ll fuck my cock and the cocks of all my friends.” We’d had yet to live out that fantasy, but the words got her going like nobody’s business.

Up and down her body bucked. Her motions became faster. The force she used to slam her pussy against the red wood grew. I knew she was going to come when she rose up and her head leaned back to look at me.

“Please, Sir, may I come?”

I hesitated. Not because I wished to impede her pleasure but because I could. “Yes, Little One, come NOW.”

My Little One lifted up, slammed her clit down on the wood and screamed. “Ahhh.”

She fell forward a few inches every time an after-gasm hit her.

“I didn’t say you could come three times, My Dear.” Without another word, I pressed the glove into her left breast, still bound from the scene interrupted before.

Sylvie came again instantly.

“Oh, so now you come without permission?”

I said it as sternly as I could. “No, Sir, no. I’m sorry.” Her head hung low. She knew she’d disappointed me. I removed the glove and walked to the far side of the dungeon.

“Come here.”

Sylvie lifted her leg and pulled her pussy away from the board. She shuffled over and stood beside me. “Lay down on your back.” I positioned myself over her. “Use this band to hold your hair back.” She knew I didn’t like anything getting in the way of a good tea-bagging session, so she lifted up long enough to bind her hair.

My little one held my balls in her hand and pulled them slightly to the left.

“Careful.”

Once taut, she wrapped her lips over her teeth and took my balls into her mouth. She kissed and licked my scrotum and stimulated me with her tongue. My body shook with pleasure. Oh, God I loved how she bobbed me in and out.

When I couldn't take it anymore, I pulled away. "Sit up and suck me off, Pet." Sylvie pushed against the carpeting to get into a sitting position. Her lips wrapped around my cock and I slid down her throat. Her forefinger and thumb surrounded the base.

"Hum it, Baby."

Sylvie began to hum *Pour Some Sugar On Me*. The vibration of her lips and tongue drove me over the edge. What started as a ball job ended in my cum spurting down my pet's throat. She held me on her tongue until I withdrew, just as I'd taught her.

"Let's go shower, My Dear. The kids will be home soon. Besides, I want you to have lots of energy for your first domme experience."

The rest of the week was unbearable for me, and I don't think it was much better for Sylvie. We didn't have sex, and I refused her repeated requests for self-pleasurization.

I wanted her hot, wet, and wanting more when Davina got her hands on her.

Chapter Three

Sylvie chose her own clothing. A black claw-like contraption held up her hair. She'd curled the ends to fall onto the tops of her shoulders. The long, black trench coat covered lingerie, I was sure, but she didn't reveal what type before we left the house. The only item viewable, her heels, stood three inches high and appeared to be what she'd clued me in to label 'spiky'.

Her confidence appeared to be shaky at best, but she was going through with this. I held the car door and shut it after she pulled in the sides of her coat. We drove in silence the entire way to the private club. When we arrived, I pushed the gear into park and turned the key. Our familiar home away from home seemed different tonight. Maybe it was due to the task at hand and our change of play scenes.

“Are you okay? Are you sure you want to go through with this, Little One? I'll think nothing less of you if you back out. It's as simple as a phone call. This car does have a reverse, you know.”

Sylvie opened her door, shut it, and stepped carefully across the parking lot. She walked through the door of the public play-room and removed her coat

without instruction. I knew that she was preparing her mind already, and I also knew that she was doing this for me as much as herself. My eyes almost popped at her play outfit.

A red thong spread out from her ass cheeks and formed a small triangle just above her buttocks. A red-velvet corset pushed up her breasts so high that the nipples poked above the fabric. The black lacings in the back criss-crossed all the way to the bottom where she'd tied a bow. Loops and curls hung enticingly over the v of her thong.

Every head turned. Good thing the meet-and-greet session was almost over, or man and woman alike would be fawning all over her. Davina rushed forward and took Sylvie's hand. "I believe you're mine this evening." My wife nodded her head forward, and I watched them disappear into a private room.

For the first time in years, I was at a loss. I wanted to be in that room. What if she needed me? Why in the hell had I ever agreed to something so stupid? I only knew Davina through others. I'd researched her tactics, of course, but...fuck!

I walked towards the door the women had passed through with long, forceful strokes. A dungeon master stepped in front of the door to block my entrance.

"Move it, Chris. I need in that room."

“You certainly seem to *want* in that room but that’s a far cry from need. Was Sylvie taken in there under duress?”

“No, of course not. She agreed most willingly.”

“Do you have reason to believe that she is in danger?”

“No.” My hands twisted one over top of the other.

“Don’t do anything you’ll regret, Carl. I know how hard it is to share your wife. And I know about the trouble Sylvie’s been having. I talked to Rick about it. You agreed to this, now give her the time to work through her block. Davina is hard, but fair. Sylvie’s safe with her.”

“It’s not the sharing that’s hard, it’s the loss of control. I can’t protect her if I’m not in there.”

I paced back and forth in front of Chris. I knew I was keeping him from patrolling the rest of the scenes, but I didn’t care. He nodded once towards Matrick, and that took care of that. Matrick walked through the curtain that divided the play spaces. I guess he was taking part of the DM responsibility.

“Why don’t you go get a drink or something, Carl? They may be a while.”

Deep breath. “I’ll wait here.”

One of Matrick’s littles approached me with a smile. “Hey, Carl. My Daddy said you might want some company.” The female tossed her pony tails around.

When I didn't speak, she smoothed the front of her school-girl outfit and looked at the floor.

"I'll be fine. Tell your *daddy* to mind his own god-damn business!"

Chris reached out and held the little's right arm. "That won't be necessary, Gina. Just go play with your friends, all right?"

Gina hurried off with a look of disbelief on her face. The group of ladies she joined at the table were sipping through straws and giggling. Enough of this. I owned Sylvie, and there was no reason for me to be waiting out here.

Chris opened his mouth to protest once again, and the door opened. Both women walked out. Davina's left eyebrow rose when she saw me so close to the private room.

"Is there a problem, Carl?"

"No, no problem. I was just...um, waiting."

"Your submissive knows you well. We'd barely covered my rules and she requested a favor. An impertinent one, she is. She asked for our play to be semi-public so that you could be in attendance."

I couldn't help but to smile. "Normally, I wouldn't grant such a favor on a first play scene, but since this is the very end that you hope to achieve, I thought it best. In other words, you owe me, Carl."

“I believe that play with my gorgeous wife will be enough from me to you, but know that I’m always in favor of helping out *friends*.”

“So we agree.”

The gorgeous domme led my pet to another room. I followed at great distance. This room held only a small, elevated stage with a chair on it. I hung out near the door. My presence was like a beacon for watchers. Sylvie and I had been a hot spot for observers back when we scened together. Several people entered the room in silence.

Davina removed her wrap and stood before my wife. Her black-latex lingerie hugged her curves. I ogled at her breasts so pert and out there. *Too bad she’s not a sub*. I imagined Sylvie was doing a good bit of drooling herself. She loved women’s bodies to the point of obsession. We’d even discussed obtaining a full-time slave once the children had grown up and moved away.

“I understand that you are a full-time, consensual slave to Carl, as well as his wife. Today, for the duration of this scene, you will be my play slave. We’ve already gone over the rules. I will remind you that I use the club safe-word protocol. Green means great, keep going. Yellow means slow down and let me breathe a moment and red means stop immediately.”

At this point, Sylvie stood facing her temporary master.

“Straddle the chair, face the back wall and hold hands together behind the back.”

How sexy was this pose? Sylvie leaned forward, as I'd taught her to do, and her ass poked up, slightly off of the chair. As many times as my wife had been with women, none of them had been public.

Davina reached into her black bag and retrieved a black dragon cane. I knew from my time in Indonesia that she held one of the densest canes and therefore one of the deadliest. “Get up on your knees and raise your ass to me, Little One.”

Sylvie's promptness pleased me. Her knees pressed into the cushion on the chair. She leaned forward enough to raise her ass. Her hands held onto the underneath of the sturdy piece of furniture. Davina pushed a button on a remote, and dark music filled the room. I'd forgotten that this room was wired throughout. The music set the stage, something dark and classical that I couldn't recall the name to.

The cane travelled up and down Sylvie's body, always pausing at her ass. “You pose well, slave. And what an ass.” With that, Davina struck down hard. Sylvie flinched, but nothing else. I knew how much she enjoyed a good caning. Repeated strokes hit her ass. Sylvie absorbed it all.

“Now get down from the chair and lay your upper torso on the pad of the chair. With or without the corset- you decide.” One moment's hesitation caused a

fierce cut with the cane. Sylvie used the steel pop hooks in the front to release the corset from her body. She wore nothing beneath it.

The one time she'd used a safe-word with me had been during a caning scene with a corset on. I suspected at the time that the bones of the contraption holding her breasts up were to blame. This confirmed it. Caning is easier handled in the nude, or so I've been told by several submissives.

Sylvie bent over the chair and wrapped her arms around the back.

“Ahhh, yes. Your thighs offer as much promise as did your ass. Spread them!”

I watched Sylvie's thighs spread and warmth pervaded my groin. Oh, God, was she hot. Davina had a mink glove on her opposite hand. I wondered when she'd put that on. She set into a series of motions – cutting with the cane and smoothing over with the glove, always on the ass. Sylvie's head bent back. Her eyes were closed. Her breathing was spaced and even. I knew she was deep into subspace by now.

Davina smoothed over Sylvie's ass and thighs with the glove. “Hold out your palms, slave.” The cane sliced through the air and landed on Sylvie's white palm. One and then the other. Davina's eyes dazed a bit. I deduced that she was bored.

“Change of position. Sit on the chair and raise up your legs. I wish to cane the bottoms of your feet.”

I have a bit of a foot fetish, so Sylvie was used to all types of foot play. My beautiful wife sat on the chair, scooted her ass forward, and flipped her legs in the air.

“Apart!” Davina demanded. I expected the domme to cane her pussy or maybe even her thighs. I think everyone in the room did. What she did, though, was take out a pair of scissors and cut the thin fabric that made up the top of Sylvie’s thong. She then ripped it away and began to cane Syvie’s shoulders. Back and forth she went, stroking the cane into the fleshy part of the shoulders. Everyone in the room moved a little closer. It was magical the way she wielded the cane from side to side. After a bit, I realized the music and the cuts coincided. Even in Asia I hadn’t seen talent of this magnitude, and my sweet pet loved it.

As quickly as it started, it ended. Davina motioned to one of her regulars, and the girl returned with a bowl of ice and a towel. The ice went into the middle of the towel. She set it down and offered her hand to Sylvie. I watched as Sylvie stood. Davina sat down in the chair and took Sylvie into her lap. She held the towel-wrapped ice on the tiny welts appearing on creamy-white skin. “There, there Little One. You’ve done well.”

Davina continued to whisper, but I couldn’t hear the exact words. It didn’t matter so much what she said, just that she brought her back slow and made her

feel safe. I looked around, amazed to find that everyone else had left the room. I, alone, remained enthralled by the entire scene.

“Come forward, Carl. I believe she needs both of us to bring her back safely.” I strode forward and joined into the gentle whispering. Sylvie struggled to focus. Her eyes blinked and her brows knit in puzzlement.

“I’m here, Baby. Davina is holding you, and I’m rubbing your back. You’re so good, Darling. It was one of your best scenes ever. So many people watched. You drew them in, that’s for sure.”

Another of Davina’s girls brought a clear glass of water and offered it to me. “Here, drink this, Baby.”

Sylvie drank from the glass until it was empty. I checked her pulse and her eyes. Her heartbeat was normal, and she gazed at me through clear, bright eyes.

“May I stand?”

I looked to Davina. This was her scene. “Yes, Slave. You may stand.”

The hot domme commenced repacking her bag. The dragon cane went in last.

“This was fun. I think in our next session we should try one of my rattan canes. It’s my English Vice.” She laughed out loud at her own expression.

“Next time?” I know my face must have mirrored my confusion.

“Yes. Before, in private, I asked Sylvie if we could meet for several scenes in the next few weeks. She agreed. As soon as you grant your permission, we’ll finalize our dates and times. I do hope that now you trust me enough to have her in private?”

Sylvie’s eyes pleaded with me.

“So you do want this?”

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

I turned back to Davina. “I will agree for as long as Sylvie feels comfortable. Anything I can do to make my wife happy.”

Davina left the room with her bag. One of her girls returned with Sylvie’s long, black trench coat. I assisted her in putting it on.

“I’d like to go home now, Sir. If you don’t mind, that is.”

“I don’t mind at all; I didn’t imagine us staying this long. There is one problem, though.”

“What’s that?”

“I planned a surprise party for you and everyone is waiting to jump out in the other room. I’m such a fool. I should have known you wouldn’t be up to this. I’ll get rid of them.”

“No, no it’s fine. I’ll smile and eat a bite of cake...on the way to the car.”

“Such a precious, gorgeous woman you are. How did I get so lucky?”

“Just fortunate, I guess.” She was tired. I saw it in her eyes. “Yes, Pet. A short thank you and we’re out the door.”

True to her word, Sylvie smiled and ingratiated our guests at all the right times. We were in the quiet of the car within twenty minutes, and she wasn’t any worse for wear. My worry built. I’d just about forced this night on her. We had to discuss it.

“Pet? I think we need to reflect. Decide what you liked and didn’t like about tonight. Whether or not you really *want* to return, or if you’re doing it because you think I want you to.”

She didn’t say a word, and I respected her silence. Often she thought before she spoke and this seemed to be one of those times. I pushed the button on the steering wheel that would turn on the radio. Ironically, *Pour Some Sugar On Me* came over the speakers. We ended up singing along with the tune together. Sylvie moved closer and snuggled into my right side. I loved these moments with her.

At home, in bed, she opened up. “I was so against this, Carl. More than you’ll ever know. I don’t want people looking at me. It didn’t feel right...until tonight. I almost hate to say it, but you were right, I needed something to get me out of this doldrums, and you gave it to me. It wasn’t that I didn’t want to break out of this with you, but I needed something different. I needed *someone* different to tell me I was beautiful.”

“Hon, let’s not make this about who was right or wrong. I saw what you needed and I acted. You trusted me enough to play along even though you weren’t sure. In the end, we both got what we needed. And for the record, I never stopped seeing your beauty.”

Sylvie cuddled close to me. “I hope you don’t mind the additional sessions with Davina.”

“No, if that’s what you seek. Does this mean you prefer scening with women?” I bit my lip so she wouldn’t see how important her answer was to me.

“No, I prefer to scene with my hunky husband. And I believe I can even do it in public, but...”

“Yes?”

“That Davina is one smoking-hot domme!”

“She is hot. But no woman holds a candle to you, Pet.”

“So how about using that new flogger now?” Sylvie’s eyes twinkled.

“You’ll always be my rose, little one, but I decide when the rose blooms.”

We laughed, we embraced, and we loved. I knew that relationships involved work, but marriage is like a double-connection. And I wouldn’t give mine up for anything in the world.

The End

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Author Bio:

Kissa started writing with crayons on her mother's walls when she was very young. Journals in school were next and she eventually moved onto diaries. Writing has become a natural, fun way to express her imagination.

Kissa lives in Georgia with her family and numerous pets. She spends most of her time watching movies at the drive-in, playing board games, cards, or video games, and enjoys doing anything outdoors. Yoga, meditation, and her pink ipod help her relax from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. Writing, reading, and reviewing are just a few of her passions. Come experience the many sides of Kissa Starling...

You can find other books by Kissa Starling at the following places:

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