



INFERNO:

Training Session

By

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Dedication

For Deanna Lee.

Thank you for giving this series a chance when no one else would.

“Strip.”

I reached for the buttons of my blouse with shaky fingers and tried to ignore Sir and Mistress who stood watch over me. Sir had given the order.

Concentrating on my husband’s dark eyes, I fumbled over each button that seemed to have shrunk to the size of seeds in the last few minutes.

“Faster, woman,” Sir commanded, his voice sharp. I flinched when he flicked the ends of the flogger against his leather pants making a snapping, hissing sound that terrified me. *Excited* me.

I worked the buttons faster. I knew what was to come. Jared and I had met with Sir and Mistress a week ago, discussed all the details, but now that we were here with them, beginning our training, I was both exhilarated and scared out of my wits.

Shrugging out of the shirt, I let it fall to the floor since there had been no instructions to do otherwise. Following instructions was the first step in finding the freedom of release I longed to obtain.

I pushed my jeans down my legs, kicked off my shoes, and peeled off the denim along with my socks, leaving them in a heap on the cool, tile floor.

“Everything,” Sir said in an almost amused tone.

When I glanced in his direction, I was again startled. We’d met at their house just days ago, and he and Mistress had both been dressed casually. Not tonight, though. Sir was all in black, reminding me of Zorro with the leather pants, silk shirt, mask, and bandana. He was an imposing

figure standing over six feet tall. A very well built, sexy Zorro. He even wore black leather gloves. I imagined the sensation that supple leather would bring to my skin when he touched me, and I shivered with anticipation.

He flicked his wrist, and the flogger slithered against his leather. Goose bumps popped out on my arms and bared thighs. I reached behind me for the clasp of my bra. I hadn't been naked in front of another man since marrying Jared five years ago.

Looking back at my husband, I saw his nostrils flare as I dropped the lacy bra onto the heap of clothes at my feet. He'd always loved my body. He loved me. If he hadn't, we wouldn't be here. Tonight was about me, he'd said on our way to Inferno, the fetish club where we were. He wanted me to experience all my fantasies. *Happy anniversary, Sheri*, he'd whispered just before we walked through the front door into a place filled with sex and revelry, loud music and more sex. Luckily, Sir and Mistress had reserved this private room for us so we didn't have an audience to our newcomers' training.

My underwear was the last thing I removed, shoving them down my legs and stepping out of them, and then I stood totally naked in front of three fully clothed people. I concentrated on Jared, how his eyes sparkled in the candlelit room, how his darkly tanned skin seemed to glow, but since Mistress stood next to him, she was hard to miss. In her fire-engine red leather mini dress that hugged every beautiful, ample curve of her body, she was the type of woman even I, a definite heterosexual, found attractive. Unlike Sir, she hid little of her body. Her long red hair was pulled back into a ponytail that fell nearly to her butt, and four-inch red stilettos made her calves gorgeous.

I licked my lips and stood tall as Sir came toward me. I wasn't afraid of the pain he would eventually inflict—in fact, I anticipated it. I wasn't afraid he'd cause permanent damage to my body or mind—he and Mistress had reiterated over and over their policy of safe, sane, and consensual BDSM play. Jared and I had been given safe words to use should anything become too overwhelming for either of us to bear.

What I worried about was how, in reality, my dear husband would

take to watching another man lay hands on me.

“Raise your arms over your head,” Sir instructed.

I complied without hesitation. I was to be bound now. My breathing sped a bit beyond my control as excitement coursed through my blood.

Sir handed the flogger to Mistress before taking my left wrist into his gloved hand. He stretched my arm as far as it would go, and then the padded insides of a thick cuff closed around my wrist.

Jared’s jaw ticked as he clenched his teeth, but what I saw in his eyes was desire, not anger. He stood next to Mistress, hands at his sides flexing and clenching as if he wanted to get his hands on me.

Sir clasped my other wrist into the cuff suspended from the ceiling then moved out of my line of sight for a moment.

Jared and I had tried delving into the world of BDSM on our own several months back, but the one thing we learned was that we were both bottoms. We both wished to be the submissive in the bedroom. He feared he’d hurt me even though I begged to be spanked harder than his gentle taps. And I found little pleasure by inflicting pain of any kind upon him and constantly wished to be on the receiving end.

Though we shared a contented sex life, we’d been looking for a little excitement, a change. With the discovery of our submissive natures, it explained why neither of us were ever totally satisfied after sex, even though we both reached orgasm frequently and easily together. That discovery led us here, to the husband and wife training team of Sir and Mistress. Both Dominants. Both had been part of the well-guarded life of BDSM fetish clubs for over fifteen years.

“Spread your legs as far as you can,” Sir said from behind me, touching my inner thigh with one gloved hand, “and still remain flat-footed.”

I did as told, and he placed a spreader bar between my ankles, shackling me to it with more padded cuffs. I wiggled my hips, testing my range of movement, and got popped on the ass for it. I groaned when that supple leather glove over Sir’s big hand rubbed the sting he’d inflicted.

“Silence,” Sir commanded in a harsh tone. “Not a sound unless I

permit it.”

My nipples puckered, but it wasn’t because the room was cold. In fact, I was overly warm. All the blood seemed to rush to my skin, flushing my face and making my breasts heavy.

His hand lingered on my bottom an extended moment, and then was gone. I wanted more. More of the spanking; more of the soothing.

“Your turn,” Mistress said to Jared. “Strip. And don’t take as long as Sheri, or the consequences will be severe. I’m not as lenient as Sir.”

Though I didn’t wish to flog him myself, I wasn’t beyond wanting to witness my husband’s submission. I’d always had voyeuristic tendencies, and I very much enjoyed hard-core pornography, especially of the BDSM variety. The harder the sub got it, the hotter I became. The thought of experiencing it in person rather than through a DVD was something that forced my blood to pound through my veins.

Jared did move much faster than I had. He kicked off his shoes as he unbuckled his belt. Within moments he stood naked just feet in front of me, his cock already semi erect, his breathing labored. He was excited, and that made my cunt grow damp. His excitement spurred my own body. My fears abated that he wasn’t totally with me on this training session.

Being the strong, silent type that he was, it had been difficult to discuss our visit to the club, though we’d muddled through because both Sir and Mistress had made it clear that communication was vital in a BDSM relationship. Jared had agreed, but I’d feared it was only for my benefit. He’d do anything to make me happy, to express his love to me, but the very last thing I wanted was for him to be uncomfortable.

“Good,” Mistress purred. “You follow directions well, it seems.”

Damn. I’d been hoping he’d get the flogger first so I could see just what kind of pain would be inflicted upon him before it came to my turn.

Sir stepped around me and shackled Jared into the same position as I was held. Arms and legs spread. Then he took the flogger from Mistress’ hand and came back to me. He looked me in the eye, his glittering a steely blue behind his black mask.

“Is it your wish to continue, Sheri? To let me show you the freedom

of your submission?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered without an ounce of trepidation. For months, I'd fantasized about this. About finding my subspace—of losing myself to my Dom—even if that Dom wasn't Jared.

He nodded. "Then we begin."

He lifted his hand and ran his gloved palm from my neck down between my breasts. The cool, buttery leather slid over my heated skin, making me tingle all the way to my core. Lower he trailed his hand, over my ribcage, stomach, but stopped short of my pussy. He stepped to my side, sliding his fingers over my hip, up my side, which tickled me, though I fought not to squirm. Then he flicked his index finger over my right nipple, and I jerked in surprise at the intense flash of heat that sparked through me. It surprised me that another man's touch could do this to me. I really thought Jared was the only one I'd ever crave. I did not have a wandering eye, and even in my darkest fantasies, it was Jared inflicting the pain, the pleasure.

He leaned in and whispered, "You will receive everything you've asked for, Sheri. Is there anything you wish to discuss before we get under way?"

God, no. Do it. Do it now! I wanted to scream. I wanted the pain, the pleasure, everything he and Mistress had promised us as we sat at their dining room table and had dinner last week. I kept my voice even, though, as I said, "No, Sir."

His fingers closed over my left nipple in a sharp, biting pinch, which he held.

I gasped.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Sir," I moaned, and he released me.

When I glanced across to Jared, his heated gaze was on me. His lips were slightly parted, and from the rise and fall of his chest, he panted nearly as hard as I did. Then I realized why. Mistress had her hand wrapped around his cock, stroking it with long, slow pulls. His cock was hard, the tip flushed a deep red of his arousal.

My insides quivered, and my pussy clenched. He looked so good

there, tied up, his rippled abs hard as he stared at me while another woman fucked him with her hand.

"You like watching my wife touch your husband?" Sir whispered in my ear.

His breath tickled the hair on the nape of my neck, making me shiver even as I nodded in answer. In the back of my mind, I thought I should experience some kind of resentment. Another woman had her hands on my husband's dick, but I couldn't find it in me. This was all so new and exciting. I wanted to experience it all. I wanted Jared to experience it, too. And seeing him so hard and sexy, unable to reach for him, made my cunt hot and needy.

"You think he likes watching me touch you?" That big hand closed over my breast, softly squeezing the pebbled nipple between two fingers.

Jared's eyes widened, and his nostrils flared as he watched Sir fondle me.

I arched into the soft leather of his glove, silently begging for more than the gentle touch. "Yes, Sir."

Jared obviously liked it. Who would have ever guessed? I'd always thought of him as the jealous type. Not obsessively possessive, but he didn't like it when men flirted with me in front of him.

I licked my lips as I glanced down to see a drip of pre-cum glistening on the tip of Jared's cock. Damn it, he was going to get to come before I did. So not fair!

Just as Sir spoke softly to me, Mistress murmured to Jared. I couldn't hear her words, but Jared responded with small nods or shakes of his head. Then mistress met my gaze and gave a catlike grin before she turned her head and nipped my husband's nipple.

Jared growled and jerked.

My pussy creamed and throbbed.

Mistress switched to his other nipple. At the same time as she bit down on him, she slipped a cock ring over his shaft, all the way up to his balls, and tightened it.

I grinned with a little malice. *So there. Try and come now, Jerry.*

"Oh, fuck. *Fuck,*" Jared said on a groan as he pumped his hips into

the air a couple of times, his head thrown back.

Mistress moved behind him, picked up a riding crop off the bench against the wall, and popped him on his ass. Hard. "You will not speak." *Slap*. "You will not move." *Slap*. "You will not come unless given permission." *Slap*.

With each strike of the riding crop, he jerked forward, his cock stabbing into the air in front of him as if seeking my cunt. Or Mistress' hand.

Sir's hand squeezed my breasts, alternating back and forth between them. The thin straps of the flogger teased the back of my right thigh, tickling, making me squirm. My cunt spasmed with each thrust of Jared's hips, and I wanted Sir to touch me between the legs. Just a flick or two of that gloved hand would push me over the edge, I was sure. I couldn't believe how fast I'd reached the pinnacle.

And then Sir struck me with the flogger. I screamed in surprise as the dozens of straps nipped the flesh of my upper thigh.

"Silence," Sir commanded, and he pinched my breast.

I moaned and thrust my chest forward, squeezing my eyes shut to experience more, *feel* more.

"You like that, Sheri?"

"Yes, Sir," I cried when he moved to my other nipple.

Another strike, this time to my other thigh, the snap and hiss of the flogger adding to the cerebral stimulation and the sensation of stinging heat. Then he moved away from me again, and I almost cried with the frustration. Just when it was getting good...

I opened my eyes and looked at my husband. His face was flushed. His eyes dark and dangerous. A look I'd never before seen from him. It was a bit frightening, a lot thrilling. He looked as if, were he released right then, he'd attack me and fuck me as I'd only dreamed of. Hard, without finesse or technique.

Sir's hand returned to my nipple, tweaking and twisting it. I hissed at the pain he caused, but couldn't tear my gaze from Jared. Mistress stood beside him, trailing the leather tip of the riding crop over his bare chest and stomach, side and thighs. She whispered something in his ear,

but never did he look away from me.

"Ouch!" I cried when the pinch to my breast sharpened to a pinpoint.

I was snapped on the ass with the flogger for my outburst, which turned into a moan of pleasure as the sharp pain from the nipple clamp he'd put on me eased into a dull throb that echoed the pulse in my cunt. A trickle of moisture slipped from my pussy and slicked my inner thigh.

Jared's gaze dropped from my face to my breast to my middle. His nostrils flared again, as if he could smell my cream.

When Sir put on the other clamp, it didn't come as quite the shock, and I merely breathed through the intense pinch until it, too, echoed out into a pleasurable throbbing.

"I see you enjoy the pain," Sir muttered as he reached around me from behind and slid his hand up my inner thigh. His thumb flicked my clit once, making me push my hips against his hand, before he pulled away.

"Nice and wet," he said, his voice louder, for Jared's benefit I assumed. "Slick. Hot. Is your cunt nice and tight? Does it grip Jared's cock like a fist when he makes you come?"

Jared actually whimpered, which drew my gaze back to him. He stared at Sir's hand as it moved up my body.

"Answer me, Sheri," Sir commanded. He tugged the chain between the clamps, refreshing the sharp ache in my nipples.

I gasped and nodded. "Yes, Sir." Though I couldn't quite remember the question.

Mistress flicked the tip of Jared's cock with her fingertip. "You want Sir to flog your wife while you watch? You want him to make her ass all rosy red for you?"

"Yesss, Mistresss," he hissed as she flicked his cock again.

My cunt spasmed, and I thought I might come right then, without a single touch. I seriously wondered if I'd ever loved him more than I did at that moment.

Sir spun me around then so I faced the black wall and flickering candles that lit the room. I hadn't realized the chains over my head would

permit such an action, but they did. I faced Sir then, and he lifted my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes.

"I'm going to flog you now," he said, his voice low but definitely loud enough for Jared and Mistress to hear. "Are you prepared for it?"

I trembled inside. This was what I'd been waiting for. What I wanted and needed to be fulfilled. My chance to reach my subspace. "Yes, please, Sir." I'd wanted to experience the ultimate release since I first read about it a few months ago. Jared and I had both tried to help the other achieve that ultimate goal, but we'd failed miserably. Now, here, with the security of my husband nearby, it would finally happen.

The first strike was so light it surprised me. Just barely a sting to my right ass cheek. The second and third followed suit, and disappointment washed through me. It was no harder than the light slaps Jared had given me at home. Decidedly less than what Sir had already done to me.

My body relaxed from its tense state. I dropped my head forward and waited for it to be over. I'd never reach—

I screamed as the straps bit into my skin, sending my body forward in a subconscious attempt to get away from the pain. But then the next strike fell, in a different spot on my upper thigh. I threw my head back and moaned as the pain spread from the point of impact through my whole body. "Yes, yes, yes!" I cried as the third, fourth, fifth strike hit me. The endorphins raced through me, invigorating me, making me shake. The candles seemed to glow brighter with each snap of leather against my flesh. I could smell my own arousal. It mixed with the scent of the beeswax and tantalized my nose.

The tips of the flogger reached around my side on the next strike, stinging my already over-sensitized nipples. I cried out as my body thrashed, and my hands fisted around the chains holding me up.

Slick moisture slid down my inner thigh, and I wanted to fuck those lashing strips.

The next strike kissed my mound. Fireworks went off behind my eyes.

I heard a sound that seemed far away, but I knew it was Jared's

deep voice. As I focused on it, I realized he was urging Sir on. With every word he uttered, Sir struck a tiny bit harder. Never in the same place, never enough to draw blood or even break my flesh, but the bites of the leather grew in intensity until I screamed and thrashed with each lick of the straps.

My skin burned from the whipping. My cunt pulsed with need of release. My nipples throbbed beneath the clamps.

And then Sir stopped. I slumped against the chains. "Nooo..." I moaned in agony. I'd been so close.

"You will not come until I allow it," Sir said, spinning me around to face Jared and Mistress.

I panted, could barely catch my breath. My skin was on fire, and my entire body quaked. I had no strength to raise my head.

He lifted my chin with his finger. "Understand, Sheri? You are under my control until I leave this room. Until then, you will not come unless I permit it."

I swallowed back my disappointment, wondering if he'd ever permit it, and nodded. "Yes, Sir."

Then I turned my gaze toward my husband. Mistress held his balls with one hand and a handful of hair at the back of his head with the other. She murmured in his ear, her voice too low for me to catch her words over my own sawing breaths.

His cock was still hard, and I wondered just how long his erection could last. We'd never tried using a cock ring before, and I knew nothing about them other than they looked rather uncomfortable.

Sir tugged the chain between my nipples, drawing my attention back to him. "Jared seems to like to watch his wife get flogged. Could you hear him telling me to do it harder?"

I nodded and met his steely eyes. "Yes, Sir."

"Does that turn you on? Does your husband watching your punishment make you wet?"

Couldn't he tell? Couldn't he smell it? My thighs were slick with it. "Yes, Sir."

"Does your husband eat that hot, wet pussy of yours?"

Not nearly often enough, I thought. Then again, even when he did, it never made me come. "Sometimes, Sir."

A half smile kicked up the right side of his lips before he turned away and went to Jared. He nodded toward Mistress as he reached for my husband's wrist.

"You're going to eat your wife's cunt," Mistress said to him, her hand still in his hair, the other rolling his balls beneath his straining cock.

"Yes, Mistress," Jared said, and I could hear the tension in his voice. The pent up frustration of not being allowed to come—the same that echoed through my body.

She tugged his head back and bit his neck as though she were a vampire—without drawing blood, of course.

Jared groaned. I knew he liked to be bitten, and sometimes I'd do it for him, but seeing another woman's teeth sink into his flesh made me so fucking hot I almost couldn't stand it.

Per our agreement drawn up after dinner last week, Sir and Mistress, though they would have physical contact with our genitals, wouldn't actually fuck us. Jared and I didn't want intercourse with anyone but each other. Right that second, as I watched Jared's eyes roll back in pleasure while Mistress' teeth left bite marks on his neck and shoulder, I realized I wouldn't mind watching her fuck him. Not if she brought him the kind of pleasure he craved.

Then again, as frustrated as I was, I'd gnaw on him all night if I got to orgasm.

While Mistress nipped and bit, Sir released both of Jared's hands and refastened them behind his back with a pair of leather-padded handcuffs.

She released his hair, finally, as she worked her way down his body. I almost cringed when her teeth came dangerously close to his cock, but she bit down on his inner thigh instead, making him alternately groan and grunt in enjoyment of the inflicted nips.

Sir released Jared from the spreader bar shackles, and I realized the control Jared held over his own body. If I'd been released, and in the state he was in, I probably would have ripped off that cock ring and stroked

myself to orgasm. Instead, he stood still and let Mistress work over his body. The red teeth imprints she left on his flesh were dark and deep, and I knew her bites must be very hard to leave that kind of mark.

"Okay," Sir said.

Mistress stood up and smacked Jared on the ass with that riding crop, hard enough to make him jump. "On your knees."

Jared obeyed, instantly dropping to his knees on the hard floor.

She hit him again, and he grunted, his hips thrusting forward. God, I don't think I'd ever seen his cock that hard, that long. I licked my lips, wanting to wrap them around him and suck him off. Hard. I'd even bite if that was what he wanted.

Another trickle of cream dripped from my cunt and slicked my thighs. I couldn't stand this. I wanted to be released, to throw myself at Jared and impale myself on that cock.

"Eat her pussy, Jared."

In five knee steps, he was in front of me, his gaze focused on my cunt. I'd shaved it clean except for a tiny triangle over my mound. If the look in his eyes was any indication, he liked it. It was something I'd never had the courage to do before.

"Now, Jared," Mistress commanded, her voice harsh. This time it was Sir who swung and snapped my husband with the flogger.

Jared growled and leaned forward, burying his face against my cunt.

I screamed and thrust forward, wishing I could spread my legs wider, wind them around his shoulders and pull him in deeper.

Sir swung again, and I watched the dozens of leather strips bite into Jared's back, heard the snap and slither.

Jared grunted, and the vibration of the noise echoed through my cunt, making me hotter, wetter, needier. He suckled and licked me. I was so close. So damn close!

"Don't come."

Fuck you, I thought in response to Sir's command as I glared at him. I was going to come all over Jared's face, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"If you come," Sir said as if he knew my thoughts, "it all ends."

I clenched my teeth and fought back the orgasm growing within me.

Sir lashed Jared again.

"Harder," Mistress commanded. "Suck that clit. Shove your tongue into her cunt. Make her squirm."

And he did all those things like an expert—as he never had before.

I twisted my body this way and that, needing more, wanting to ride his face harder. Watching him made it even harder to hold off the climax. He slurped up my juices as though it were the best thing he'd ever tasted.

His teeth scraped my labia, and I cried out.

"That's it, Jared," Mistress purred just as Sir struck again. "Do that again. Make her scream."

He latched onto my clit with his lips and sucked so hard I thought I'd die if I didn't let go.

Sir stepped behind me.

"Please," I begged. "*Please!*"

Jared made a humming sound as he jabbed his tongue deep into my core. I heard him swallow.

Mistress reached around Jared and pinched his nipple.

His teeth scored my engorged flesh.

"Please...."

"Come now, Sheri," Sir whispered in my ear an instant before the flogger stung my ass.

I screamed, every muscle in my body tightening. Another bite of pain from the leather lashes, and Jared nipped my clit. I dropped my head back and let go. The orgasm raged through me as if it would tear me in two.

"More," Sir whispered in my ear. "Again."

His soft words spurred my body, which was no longer under my control. I thrust my cunt against my husband's face as he tortured my flesh with his lips and teeth and tongue. Stars exploded behind my eyelids and I whimpered—the only sound left inside of me.

"Once more," Sir said in my ear at the same time Mistress

instructed Jared to, "Suck her clit hard."

All I could do was thrust against him. Then something cold and slick touched my anus, and I tensed an instant. I didn't have time to think about what was happening behind me because the suction Jared placed on my clit grabbed all my attention, and another shimmering orgasm spiraled through me, sucking the breath from my lungs.

Then that *something* was seated in my ass, filling me, stretching me.

"Oh, God," I cried as the low vibrations of a vibrator kicked on in inside my ass. I bucked and squirmed, felt as if I should have another orgasm even though I'd never before experienced three in a row in so short a time.

"Enough, Jared," Mistress said.

"No! Not enough," I cried to no avail.

For my outburst, Sir reached around me and grabbed the tip of my nipple, making a lightning bolt of pain rush through my upper body. I gasped.

"Silence, Sheri. Don't anger me."

I couldn't think. I whimpered, mewled like a kitten. "Please, Sir. Oh, God..." I'd never had anything up my ass before. Never knew the sensation would be so fucking incredible, yet so unfulfilling. I needed...*something*!

I slumped against the chains holding me up, letting myself hang for a moment as I desperately tried to catch my breath, bring my brain back into my body and think straight. The first thought that came was, *What the hell have I gotten myself into?*

The second was to wonder why my husband stood there in front of me with a look of...*satisfaction*...on his smug face.

I narrowed my eyes at him as I forced myself to stand upright again, locking my knees so I didn't fall on my face. Not that I could because of my bound hands above my head.

"Are you done?" Sir asked.

I nodded even though with that damn thing buzzing in my ass and my cream dripping down my thighs, I was far from done. What I needed now was Jared's cock inside of me. So hard, pounding the hell out of me.

"What do you want?" Sir asked.

Mistress was back to stroking my husband with the tip of her riding crop. She stood to his side, facing him, her other hand tweaking his nipple. His eyes were glazed with lust. He obviously enjoyed what Mistress did to him, but he had eyes only for me.

"I want more, Sir," I said, trying desperately to keep my voice from quavering. If I asked to fuck my husband, that would be the end of our time here. No one had told me so, but it's what I assumed. Once Jared came, it was over. Wasn't it?

"I'm going to blindfold you now," Sir said.

Before I could respond either way, blackness covered my eyes. I sucked in a sharp breath. Naked and blindfolded with Jared was one thing. Naked and blindfolded with Jared and two other people was a little scary. A lot terrifying.

"Do you need to use your safe word?" Sir asked.

I shook my head. I trusted him, and Mistress. We had a contract. They'd inflict pleasurable pain. They wouldn't kill me. *I hope.*

"Say it."

"No, Sir. I don't want to use my safe word now."

I heard Jared's breathing grow deeper, unsteady. What the hell was happening to him?

I didn't have time to think on it because the sting of hot wax hit the swells of my breast. I bit my tongue to keep from whining and waited for it to cool. It didn't take long because someone blew on it, hardening it.

The next drops slipped down my chest between my breasts. Again, cool breath eased the sting.

I yelped when the heat touched my tortured nipples.

"Yes, baby," Jared whispered. He was too far away to touch me, for me to feel his body heat, and he definitely wasn't the one blowing on the wax to cool it, but his voice made me shiver.

Watching my torture made him hot. I loved that. Craved that. God, how I loved that man.

"More," Jared said, urging Sir—or Mistress—whichever held the candle. "She likes it."

I did. It was different than the flogging. Almost more intimate. The silence of the room, broken only by the sounds of breathing and my husband's deep voice. I wish it were him doing it to me. His breath cooling the sting. His body next to mine.

More wax fell across my breasts, teasing my nipples. I tensed when Sir's gloved fingers stroked over the hardened wax. It was an odd sensation, and I realized why he'd blindfolded me. He wanted me to *feel* more.

The strange sensation of hardened, cooled wax peeling from my skin made me shiver. I'd never experienced anything like that before. I wanted more. More of all of it. *Everything*.

"Lick her," Mistress purred.

A tongue lapped the upper swell of my left breast where the wax had been. Breathing in, I got a whiff of Jared's musky cologne, and I groaned.

The tip of his cock teased my abdomen, and I thrust against him.

An open-handed pop on my ass made me yelp because it was so unexpected while Jared tenderly laved my breasts.

"Don't move," Sir commanded.

The vibrations in my ass sped up a bit, and I whimpered. I *needed* to move.

"Lick her nipples," Mistress commanded.

His tongue streaked over the swell of my right breast, then flicked my aching nipple.

I squirmed and did my best not to make a sound, but still a whimper slipped out. It hurt, yet...I couldn't even explain the incredible pulsing pleasure that throbbed inside me. My skin even seemed to vibrate with each one of my fast, heavy heartbeats.

He moved to my other breast, flicked that nipple, then closed his mouth over the pebbled tip before he lightly sucked.

My breath hissed through my teeth. More of my silky juices slipped from my cunt to coat my thighs. I fisted my hands around the chains holding the cuffs on my wrists and fought my own need to squirm.

"Kiss her," came Mistress' purred command.

Jared released my nipple with one long swipe of his tongue, and then that tongue was in my mouth. He invaded, plundered. He bit my bottom lip then speared back inside with more force than ever before.

He seemed so powerful, so demanding. I wished I could see him. I could taste myself on his lips, which heightened my arousal even more—though I don't know how that feat even could have been possible by that point.

Thick fingers jabbed into my cunt right then, and I cried out in my lover's mouth. Sir pumped my core with those gloved fingers, and I bucked back against him while trying to suck Jared's tongue into my mouth. Between Sir's thrusting and the vibrations in my ass from the toy, the orgasm was imminent. I heard the sounds coming from me and didn't recognize them. I grunted and groaned as I did everything I could to get Sir's fingers deeper within me and not lose contact with Jared's mouth.

"Don't come," Sir said in my ear.

Please!

Then a hand gripped my hair and pulled my head back, breaking my connection to Jared, and I growled in frustration. Sir kept up the steady in and out of his fingers.

"Don't come," he said again.

Jared nibbled my exposed neck, nipped my shoulder, sucked the tender flesh at that sensitive tendon.

"Don't come," Sir said yet again.

"I know!" I shouted in frustration. I was doing all I could not to come. Every muscle in my body was clenched tight, and I fought back the imminent pleasure hovering so very close to the surface I could practically taste it.

The fingers left my cunt, and I growled, thrusting my ass toward Sir. "I'm sorry, Sir," I cried. "I'm *sorry*."

Slap. I thought it was the riding crop that time on my upper thigh.

I screamed and clenched to fight the climax. Oh, God, I didn't want to come because I didn't want it to end. On the other hand, I was sure my body couldn't take any more of this exquisite torture. I'd never been held on the edge so long, never in my life tried to fight off an orgasm. When

they were available, they were meant to be taken and enjoyed.

The hand in my hair tightened, and I felt the light scrape of nails over my scalp. Mistress was the one with her hand in my hair. Jared still nipped at my skin, just hard enough to tease but without pain. Still, every touch seemed to tantalize another part of me. He nipped my neck, which made my pussy tingle. He licked my shoulder, and my nipples ached. Oh, God, did my nipples ache.

My right arm fell limp at my side, and I realized I'd been released from the chains, but when I tried to reach for Jared, my wrist was snatched behind my back. I twisted, trying to fight Sir's gloved grip, which got me another slap, this time on my lower back, with Mistress' riding crop.

A tear trickled from my eye beneath the silk blindfold and trailed down my cheek. Not from pain but from frustration. I couldn't do this anymore. I couldn't. If I didn't come, my heart would explode and I'd die right there in front of these fucking people who wouldn't let me come!

My hands were cuffed behind my back. Mistress yanked my hair then pushed my head forward until my mouth and nose bumped into Jared's smooth chest.

"Bite him," Sir commanded in a harsh whisper.

I opened my mouth and nipped Jared's flesh. It was his pec. I felt his puckered, male nipple against my chin, and his muscles jumped beneath my lips.

"No, Sheri. *Bite him*. The way Mistress did."

I clamped my teeth on his skin.

"Ahhhhgh." That noise rumbled up Jared's chest, and he pressed harder into me.

I moved a bit lower and did it again.

"Yessss..." my husband hissed.

I moved to his nipple and clamped on with my teeth as I stroked the little pebble of his nipple with my tongue.

"Harder." That command came from my own husband, so I did it.

His breath puffed against the top of my head.

"He likes it, Sheri," Mistress purred in that sultry voice right in my

ear. She still held a handful of my hair in her hand, and I anticipated that riding crop lashing across some part of my already stinging skin.

I moved over Jared's chest, biting down here and there, licking, tasting his salty skin. His flesh was hot, his muscles bunched, quivering. Mistress' hand pressed my head down, so I moved to his stomach. A big, gloved hand closed over my left arm to steady me, since I still had the spreader bar between my feet and would have landed in a heap on the floor.

Jared's cock, so hard and silky, bumped my chin as I tipped my head to the side to bite his hip.

He lurched and growled deep in his throat.

"Again," Sir commanded. And those gloved fingers returned to my cunt with a hard invasion that made me grunt and press back against him. I did it again, only harder.

"Sheri," Jared groaned. His cock twitched against my cheek.

I wanted to suck that dick. Make him come. I wanted to drink his essence.

Using my hair as a guide, Mistress moved me to his other hip, a spot he obviously found very pleasing if his reaction was any indication. I bit right above his hipbone then scraped my teeth over him, down his thigh as far as I could go. Then I moved back up between his legs, placing hard bites on his inner thighs as I went until my face pressed against his puckered ball sac.

Jared pumped his hips forward a couple times, and I drew his balls into my mouth.

"Fuck," he exclaimed as I sucked them hard—what I would have thought was too hard to be pleasurable—but he didn't attempt to pull away from my mouth.

The vibrations in my ass turned up a notch again. The thrusting of Sir's fingers was fast and hard. My pussy clenched around that supple leather invading my core, but I concentrated on pleasuring my husband and not coming. I couldn't come yet. I couldn't. Jared needed me.

"Suck his cock," Sir commanded. He sounded a little winded, and I vaguely wondered if even he was getting excited at what was going on

here.

I wasted no time complying with the instruction. I pulled back and engulfed Jared's dick with my mouth.

The sounds he made spurred me on. I sucked hard on the tip then took him deep, down my throat, then swallowed around the thickness of his shaft. Something that until now I'd been unable to accomplish. In my excitement, my gag reflex had shut off and the only thing in my head seemed to be pleasuring him.

"No. No. I..." Jared's voice trailed off into a moan that could have been pleasure but could have also been pain.

The hand left my hair. Mistress must have been satisfied with my fulfillment of the instructions. But then I heard the *slap* of her riding crop yet again.

Jared shouted.

Another hard *slap*.

"More, Mistress," he said on a heartfelt groan. "More, Sheri."

I sucked as hard as I could, bobbing my head in time to the punishment within my cunt that Sir wielded. I took him deep again and again. The *slap, slap, slap* of the riding crop, combined with Jared's grunts and groans and moans and whispered pleas spurred me on. I'd never heard him like this. Begging. I loved it. Every sound he uttered brought me closer to the edge.

"Don't come," Sir said.

I hummed around Jared's cock. A whine of frustration; a whimper of agreement. I would fight the orgasm. I would not come until he allowed it.

"As long as I'm in this room," Sir said, his fingers stretching my cunt with each deep stroke, "you are not allowed to come again."

"Fuck her mouth," Mistress told Jared.

Jared's hips moved then, and again I realized the control he'd held over himself. He pumped his cock deep on each thrust. I relaxed my jaw and throat and let him take what he needed as I stroked the underside of his silky shaft with my tongue.

"Mistress, I can't..." His words ended on a moan as he pulled back,

out of my mouth.

He still wore the cock ring. He couldn't come.

One last slap sounded. Sir's fingers left my core. I slumped forward a bit, and he steadied me. The only sound in the room was unsteady breaths and the soft hum of the vibrator up my ass.

"Don't move," Mistress said, though I wasn't sure if she spoke to Jared or me.

Then I felt her hands fiddling with the shackles on my ankles. It had to be her, because Sir still held me.

"On your knees, Sheri," Sir said as he lowered me to the floor.

I groaned as my muscles protested the change in position after having my legs locked straight for so long.

Sir's gloved hand pressed against my chest, and I sat up, tensing and releasing my muscles to work some limberness back into them.

"Good girl," Sir said softly.

I felt Mistress' fingers on my wrists, and then she released me from my cuffs. She massaged one arm from fingers to shoulder, while Sir did the same on the other side. It felt good. Soothing. I closed my eyes behind the blindfold and breathed out a slow sigh, trying to steady my quivering insides and cool the lust still throbbing through me.

In my new position, the slick moisture between my thighs was even more noticeable. The vibrations in my ass more intense. I whimpered with the pleasure of the massage and the climax which hovered so close, yet out of reach. I knew if I wiggled my ass against my heels, I could make myself come, but I didn't do it. I fought the urge. I needed to know what would happen next. What Sir and Mistress would command of us now.

"Better?" Sir asked.

"Yes, Sir," I answered.

"Good. Go down on your hands." He guided me forward and planted my palms on the cool tile. It felt great. I wanted to rest my cheek against it. I was burning up, inside and out.

"Look at that rosy ass," Mistress said.

"Pretty," Jared said, his voice a strained whisper.

"You want to fuck that sweet, juicy cunt?" she asked him.

“Yes, Mistress.”

I stayed still in my exposed position, my ass in the air, the thing buzzing inside of me. I still wore the blindfold, and knowing that three people stared at my exposed pussy made me shiver. I liked it more than I ever thought I would—could. I’d never known I was an exhibitionist until now, but I realized I definitely was. I even liked Mistress commenting on my cunt. I wondered, just a little bit, what it would feel like if she touched me in a sexual way. I’d never in my life entertained those kinds of thoughts, but I was now. And I wondered what Jared would think if he saw me with another woman. Would it thrill him? Would it make him hot?

“On your knees,” Mistress said.

“Yes, Mistress,” Jared responded.

“Shove that gorgeous cock into her then stop. Don’t move.”

I quivered and spread my thighs a bit. The tension was killing me. It seemed to take forever for him to comply with the order.

I screamed and lunged back against him when he finally entered me. With the vibrator up my ass, he filled me fuller, tighter, than ever before. Stars exploded behind my blindfold, and I didn’t think I could hold off the orgasm any longer. Though I tried. I did. With all my might, I fought the need coursing through me.

“Don’t come,” Sir said as if reading my thoughts. He was right next to me, his low voice in my ear. “Don’t come, yet,” he whispered. “Jared’s going to fuck you and fuck you until you can’t stand it any longer. He’s going to pound that cunt of yours until you can’t walk. The longer you hold off, the more you experience, the better it will be.”

I nodded my head in understanding, even as I clenched my muscles and prayed I could hold off the orgasm. I wanted to experience it all, but I’d never forced myself to withhold against pleasure. I’d sought pleasure my whole adult life. To deny myself now was near impossible. I had no control, no will power.

Yes, yes I did. I could do this. I needed to do this. For myself. For my husband. I owed it to both of us to follow the instructions and be a good girl.

"Spank her," Mistress ordered.

Jared tapped my right butt cheek—in that same soft way he always did at home.

I heard the slap of her riding crop, and Jared lurched forward with a grunt. His balls teased my clit, and I whimpered, afraid I couldn't hold back any longer.

"I said spank her not pet her. Spank your wife! Let her know who's boss!"

The next blow that landed stung, and I whimpered. The next was even harder, and the next brought tears to my eyes.

"Please, Sir. More," I cried.

Jared complied, his open palm landing again and again on my ass, alternating cheeks. His cock nudged deep inside of me with each blow, and I couldn't take it. I couldn't.

"Let go. Let him have control over your body," Sir whispered. "Feel his big cock inside of you. Feel the bite of his hand on your flesh. Know that he loves you. He wants you to experience everything you've ever wanted."

I never doubted my husband's love, but for him to be here, taking instruction the way he was when in his everyday life he was the CEO of a huge company...

I cried out and thrust back against him, needing him, only him.

"Let go," Sir said again. "Let go of your control. Let him rule your body."

Over Sir's words I heard Mistress whispering, though I couldn't concentrate enough to understand her. I assumed she spoke to Jared the way Sir spoke to me. Giving instructions.

"You don't have to be in control of your body," Sir continued, "when you're in your lover's embrace. Trust him to see to your needs. To your care. Trust him to know when you need to come. Trust him."

"I do," I said on a whimper. "I do."

"Fuck her, Jared. Take care of her."

And then Jared was moving within me, and the vibrator's buzzing reached even higher.

At first he took long, slow strokes, cramming his dick in as far as it would go with each thrust, his balls teasing my clit as they swung against my body.

My muscles clenched tight, and I fought the building tension inside of me. Jared would know when I should come. Jared would know. *Trust my lover. Don't come until he tells me. He knows me. He loves me. Jared is in control.*

His strokes grew faster, harder, even deeper. He grunted on each push, and the sound of his pleasure made me quake. My entire body shook. Sweat slicked my skin. My arms quivered as I tried desperately to hold myself up and not fall on my face.

My breasts swayed beneath me with each hard stroke of his cock.

A sharp slap stung my left ass cheek, and I cried out.

"More?" Jared asked.

"Yes, Sir. *Please.*"

Deeper thrusts, another spanking, and then another. Harder each time until I could hold still no longer and pushed back against him with each stroke.

I couldn't think then. Could only *feel*. The cool, hard tile beneath my hands and knees. The ache in my breasts where the chain swayed with my movements, adding to the deep sensation that had been there since Sir put the clamps on me. The vibrations in my ass and its fullness. The hard slap of my husband's hand against my ass. He never hit the same place twice and didn't have a steady rhythm, so as I rocked back against him, I never knew when the next one would land.

And then there was his cock, stroking me deeper than ever before, harder than he'd ever dared. With each thrust, he brought me closer and closer and closer to forgetting where I was.

Then he reached around me and flicked my clit with just the tip of his finger.

My motions faltered as the electrical current of that one touch zinged through me. I gasped.

He did it again, and my cunt clamped tight around his thrusting cock.

Jared's groan made me thrust back against him harder, mindless now of anything but reaching my orgasm.

His pounding into me became harder. He grunted with each press of his hips against my ass. His balls slapped my clit.

The sound of our heated flesh slapping in the silent room was beautiful to me.

He gripped my left hip, leaned over my back slightly, and said, "Come now."

He jerked the chain between my breasts, snapping the clamps from my nipples. Intense heat and the flair of pain that surged to the tips made me scream. Then he pinched my clit hard between two fingers, and I flew off the precipice as the orgasm consumed me and pulled a keening cry from me I didn't recognize as my own.

Still he fucked me. So hard and deep. He rubbed his fingers over my clit in an action that should have caused pain not pleasure, but it was so good. So perfect.

"Again!" Jared shouted at me, and my body responded.

I couldn't breathe. Sweat trickled from my temples into the blindfold. Every muscle in my body convulsed as yet another and then another powerful wash of the climax tried drowning me.

I gasped for breath, only to scream it away as the most intense emotions and sensations flowed through my body.

I'd found my subspace.

And then my arms collapsed from beneath me.

Jared came down over me, still pumping into me, his hot breath against my shoulder blade. He gripped my shoulders and slammed into me, harder and harder and harder.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes," he chanted.

His weight pressing on the vibrator still buzzing in my ass, along with the changed direction of his cock, now aimed directly over my G-spot, sent me spiraling again. Bright lights flashed behind my eyelids. I screamed and cried for mercy. I couldn't take any more. My body was done. Jared had killed me.

Another rush of heat and sizzling sensations scored through me.

Another orgasm. And then another.

And then...

Blackness.

* * * * *

Something cool and soft swiped over my forehead, cheeks, then down between my breasts.

I sighed and tried opening my eyes, but my lids were too heavy.

"Shh, sweetheart," Jared whispered. "Let me take care of you."

I wasn't on the cold floor any longer, but a soft bed with satin sheets. They felt good against my heated flesh. I didn't know where I was or how I got there, but it seemed rather unimportant.

The cool cloth swiped under each of my breasts then lower, over my rib cage and stomach.

"I love you." Jared kissed my cheek in that sweet, tender way that had made me fall in love with him so many years ago. "How do you feel?"

The cloth trailed down over my pelvis then between my legs.

"Ahh," I sighed. I was really tender down there. Just the rasp of the soft, cool cloth brought a pulsing reaction to my cunt. "I feel well fucked."

Jared chuckled as he carefully administered to my pussy and inner thighs with that wonderful cloth.

Finally, I got my eyelids to lift. Jared leaned on one elbow, hovering over me, while he kept massaging me with the damp towel.

Seeing the love shining in his eyes, the spent passion, my cunt clenched, and I tensed. There was no way I could come again so soon. No fucking way!

He grinned and dropped the cloth to the bed between my legs, then replaced it with his hand, his fingers softly gliding over my plump, tortured flesh.

"You're insatiable," he murmured. "God, I love you."

My heart swelled, even as my hips lifted against his caress. "I love you, too..." My words ended on a sigh as he slipped two fingers into me

and thumbed my clit.

"Did you find it? Your subspace?" he asked as he probed my slick channel.

I nodded and stared into his gorgeous dark eyes. "Yes."

"I found my space, too."

I sucked in a breath, surprised. "How?"

He dipped his head and kissed me softly. "Even after they left the room, I heard Mistress' words in my mind. The harder I fucked you, the more pleasure you got, the more I got. I thought about every bite you placed on my body. The way you devoured my dick. Mistress said the only way for us to reach each of our ultimate orgasm was for us to teach each other and do what the other needs."

He rolled over me then, and his hard cock nudged my cunt. My eyes widened in surprise. If I thought I couldn't come again...

"You...still...?"

He slowly slid into me, deep and sure. "Still." He grinned. "We have the room for two more hours."

Grasping my wrists in his hand, he brought them over my head. Before I could even put two thoughts together, I was cuffed to the bed.

"Hey," I yelped and jerked against the bonds.

He chuckled and pressed his hips against me, burying his cock all the way to my womb. "You're mine, Sheri. And I'm going to make you come again..." He nipped the curve of my breast. "...and again..." He flicked his tongue over my nipple, and I realized just how sore they were, which made me jerk against him and moan. "...and again."

I arched up against him, raising my legs along his sides so he could go as deep as he wanted.

He pulled all the way out of me. "Only this time," he said, a sparkle in his eye I'd never seen before. Excitement mixed with contentment. "I'm going to fuck that gorgeous ass of yours."

Before I could think a protest, he reached under me, tilted my hips up, and dove into my slick, tight ass, nicely stretched from the vibrator.

I moaned in pleasure and surprise. He filled me better than the vibrations had, and I clamped down on his cock. He didn't fuck me,

though. He held still, buried deep within me.

"You're going to come until you can't walk," he warned.

I grinned. "Promises, promises."

He raised an eyebrow of censure, which spiked renewed excitement through me. Then he reached over to a table by the bed I hadn't noticed because I'd been so completely focused on him, and picked up a long, thick dildo.

"Oh, I promise." Rising up on his hand, his cock still buried in my ass, he slid that fleshy dildo into my cunt, stretching me to the point beyond pleasure.

"Ahhgh," I protested. I couldn't take it all. Couldn't...

But he pushed it all the way into me, its fake balls resting against my pussy lips and clit.

He sucked in a deep breath, as if the pressure was almost too great for him. Then he flicked a switch on its base and it came to life, humming, buzzing, more than just vibrating, it seemed to twirl within me. The latex balls danced against my clit.

"Oh, God! Oh, God..." It was too intense. Too...*focused*.

But when Jared started to fuck my ass with long, slow, steady strokes, I knew he really was going to kill me. There was no way to survive that much pleasure.

"Scream for me, sweetheart. I love it when you scream." He came down over me, and the change in position forced the dildo balls to clamp over my clit, and I did scream.

I tugged at my bonds and wanted to get away. Wanted the torture to end. *Never* wanted it to end!

"I'm going to fuck you and fuck you until you can't stand it anymore. And then I'm going to do it again."

"Yes," I cried. It was my dream-come-true. *Jared* was my dream-come-true.

As he pumped into me and the dildo fucked my cunt inside and out, I desperately tried to focus on his face. His gorgeous eyes and high cheekbones. The tanned skin of his throat.

"Next week," he said as sweat beaded on his brow and he never

faltered in his steady, hard strokes, "Sir is going...to teach me...how to flog you. And Mistress...will teach you...how to use a riding crop on me."

I tipped my head back into the soft pillows and wrapped my legs around his ass. "Yes. Oh, God, I want you to flog me!"

"I will, sweetheart. I will. Now...bite me."

I reared up and clamped onto his shoulder with my teeth.

He shouted and fucked me harder, deeper. The vibrations in my cunt were so hard, I couldn't hold back another second.

I moved my mouth and bit another spot as the bright lights flared behind my eyes, and I screamed...and screamed...and screamed.

Tonight wasn't even over, and I couldn't wait for next week's lesson.

The End

Author Bio

Anna Leigh has been reading and penning romance for as long as she can remember. After she met and married her very own real-life hero, romance took on a whole new meaning. She now knows married life can sizzle and romance can be erotic—even in her own home. Now her writing has taken on a spicier flavor and, while hubby's off at work, she lets her imagination soar.... Anna loves to hear from her readers. You can email her at anna@annaleighkeaton.com or visit her website at www.annaleighkeaton.com for all her upcoming and previously published works, and meet her alter ego at www.leannekarella.com.