Minuet In G, Chapter VI

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Alice and Gerald begin to discover the eroticism of light pain

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Alice stopped reading and said, “He really was a control freak, wasn’t he? I think I don’t like him very much.”

“I don’t either. There is something really creepy about the way he likes to keep people off balance, so that he can order them around,“ Gerald replied. “I’m so glad he wasn’t part of the family. Well, not blood, anyway.”

“Oh,” Alice said, laughing, ”you have a little of that in you, too. You’re just lucky that I’m immune to your little games.” She paused, and said, bemusedly, “Doris sure wasn’t, though.”

Gerald laughed, and said, “Well, I guess it’s good that you see through me. That’s part of why I fell in love with you.” He leaned over then, and placing his arm across her waist, pressed his lips to hers.

Their mouths opened automatically, and their tongues did a little dance, before Alice pulled away. “Stop, now. You’re getting me all hot and bothered, and I want to read more, to see what happens.”

Gerald grinned. “Actually, I want to know, too,” he said. “I was just thinking about what might happen.”

“Here, or in the notebook?” Alice asked, looking up at him out the corner of her eye with a mischievous twinkle.

“Both, Silly. Now read on, or else I’ll have to tickle you,” Gerald said, poking a finger into her side.

“HEY! No fair tickling the reader,” Alice giggled. “Besides, you might make me damage this notebook. It really is brittle, you know. Now. Where was I? Oh yes…” And she began to read again.

“Right, then,” I replied smartly. “Off we go. Oh, you will not need clothing, Miss Wilson. You may leave that all right here. Just follow Sarah down the stairs.”

Sarah, of course, is used to walking around in the house clad in nothing but her shoes, but clearly Ellen Wilson was not. That was my intent. I was hoping she'd find it a bit titillating, and sure, enough, she did. And said so to no one in particular. "Oh this feels naughty," she exclaimed.

I took the opportunity, being several steps above her, to look over her shoulder at her nipples. They were standing out very strongly, and were mounted atop a pair of very crinkly cone-shaped areolae. I quickened my step, and reached over her shoulder, flicking one nipplenonchalantly with my fingertip.

"I see you find this a little exciting," I said, gently. "Don't worry. I'm sure you will enjoy yourself, and , of course, no one ever need know. What takes place inside this house is completely private. Is it not, Adoule?" I asked, suddenly.

I was hoping to both catch him off guard, and to ascertain that he had sense enough to keep his mouth shut about whatever was about to take place.

"Oh, yes. Absolutely," was his quick reply. He was on the step next to me, and I surreptitiously snuck a quick look at his crotch.

He was clearly aroused, which was no surprise to me; he had been following Sarah down the stairs, and looking longingly at her bottom as she negotiated the stairs. I have suspected for some time he has been harboring lascivious thoughts about my Sarah, and his gaze and his crotch confirmed my suspicions. I decided to strap them together in the basement, while I tended to Miss Ellen Wilson. It occurred to me, that it might be fun to flog them as they were strapped together, making them thrust toward one another with each stroke of the flogger.

As we continued our descent down the stairs, and down the stairway to the basement. I noted with some satisfaction that Miss Wilson's breasts were quite large, and while not pendulous, most certainly would respond to a little constriction at their base.

Upon reaching the basement and the door to the play room, I thought of another ruse to throw them all off a bit. Fishing around in my waistcoat pockets, I said, "Oh I left the key upstairs. Why don't you explain everything to them, Sarah, while I go back for it."

She spun on her heel then, and almost, but not quite, met my eye. I saw she was visibly aroused, just from knowing what would be forthcoming, thoughshe knew not exactly how, or when.

"Of course. First off, " she began, "no one is allowed to enter the play room clothed, except Da… um… Daniel, though, once in the room he prefers to be called …"

I spun on my heel, and pretending to hurry, took the stairs two at a time.

Knowing it might take a little bit of coaxing form Sarah to get Adoule to go along, I tarried a bit upstairs, and went into the front hallway to check the afternoon mail. Glancing through the door lights, I saw that Miss Wilson's gelding was standing in full sun, so I went out and moved him to a shady spot, where he could easily reach the watering trough. Ioccurred to meitmight be good to tell her that; she would think it thoughtful of me. That could work to my advantage.

He is a liver chestnut Morgan, very close-coupled, and with good conformation. I'd seen him at the trot some days ago, and thought him a very handsome driver. I made a mental note to ask her if she'd like to sell him, as my old mare is getting a little long in the tooth, and soon will be ready for the knacker.

Having tended to the animal, and dallied with the mail for a bit, I decided I'd left my, I was sure, nervous guests long enough, and started back down stairs. Three steps from the bottom, I was pleasantly surprised to see Adoule clenched in an embrace with Miss Wilson, his hand on her buttock, andhis other hand filled with Sarah's womanhood. His member was fully erect, and the veins stood out strongly. Things were progressing far better than I had hoped. I said nothing, but crossed the room, and placed the key into the lock.

I stood in the doorway, holding the door open, and as each of them passed by me, gave each of them a sharp swat on the buttock. Sarah didn't react at all, as she knew it was coming. Ellen yelped, and scooted forward quickly on the balls of her feet. Adoule spun around, and appeared about to confront me, but a sharp stare soon put him in his place.

"Please stand together in a line, hands on top of your heads, and I shall decide what pleasures each of you are to receive."

"Please, Sir," Adoule said, "may I ask a question?"

"Well?"

"Sir, I've never… well… that is… I mean…"

"Been with a woman?" I asked him.

"Yes sir, I mean no sir. No I have not, and don't know…"

“Ah well, then, I think we’ll have Sarah show you where the parts fit. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, Sarah, my girl?”

“Yes sir, I mean, that is, if you don’t mind sharing, sir,” she said, almost too quickly.

“Oh, I don’t mind sharing, Dear, as it is you who will be watching.”

Her eyes widened then, as she suddenly realized my intention.

“Yes, Young Lady. You knew there would be consequences for your actions earlier today, so you may as well accept them.” I watched with satisfaction, as I saw the tears well up in her eyes.

“Lie on your back on the table. Adoule, you get on top of her, facing her, with your head over her left shoulder. That’s it, Sarah. Guide him in and turn your head to the left.” As I was speaking these directions, I strapped them to the table, with both their limbs in the same straps.

Adoule was visibly shaking with arousal, and I could see he was trying to move inside her, but they were strapped too tightly together for him to do much more than the slightest of motions. I picked up the flogger, and tentatively swatted it across his buttocks. He gasped and thrust hard into her, and as he did, she also let out a gasp. It was most satisfying to see and hear them both.

Turning to Ellen, I saw she was visibly damp from watching them, she shifted her weight from one leg to the other, trying to rub her inner lips together. I reached out, and cupped her breast in my hand. Quickly, without warning, I closed my thumb and fingers around the base of her breast, forcing it outward into a small globe. She gasped, but did not pull away, as I had expected her to. I was fully prepared to release her if she had; I didn’t want to cause her any real pain. Seeing her reaction, I suddenly decided she would be an ideal candidate for the breast pillory, and retaining my hand around her right breast, led her over to it. I soon had her bent forward with both breasts firmly clamped between the wooden slats of the pillory. They were beginning to redden as their circulation was constricted. Her nipples were, if such a thing be possible, swelling even further than they had been prior. I bent down beneath her, and licked my tongue across one of them. She sucked in her breath as my warm tongue was followed by cool air across their dampness.

I then wheeled the pillory over so that it was perfectly within Sarah’s line of sight, and so that, once I had penetrated Ellen, I would still be able to reach Adoule’s buttocks with the flogger. I reached down then, and pressed my hand to Ellen’s mound. She moaned, and spread her legs slightly. Still playing with her portal with my left hand, I unbuttoned my trousers front with the other. Once released, I sprang upward, hard, and firm. Moving behind Ellen, then, I slowly entered her with my manhood, all the while caressing her female button with my fingertips.

She began moaning, and thrusting her hips back against me as much as she was able with her breasts restrained as they were. Using my right hand, I picked the flogger from its hook, and began flaying it across Adoule's buttocks. With each stroke of the flogger on Adoule, I thrust myself deeply into Ellen. It took all the will power I had to keep silent, but I wanted to hear the moans and growls of my subjects. It wasn't long before Adoule cried out, and Sarah did too, though hers was a cry of frustration, knowing she would not be able to achieve satisfaction on his rapidly softening member. I smiled then, and thrust harder into Miss Wilson's ever tightening tunnel. Soon, she gave out with a loud shriek, and began grasping my member with her inner walls. I continued thrusting until I could hold out no longer, and with a mighty upward push of my hips, emptied my seed deep inside of her. I looked over at Sarah and smiled. She was visibly, but silently sobbing. Pulling out of Ellen, I walked around to the other side of the table while I refastened my trousers. Adoule's face was crimson red . I took it to be anger, though he said nothing. I could see his jaw muscles clenching and unclenching. Feeling quite satisfied, and knowing they all three needed to cool down a bit, I went upstairs and made a pot of tea.

Alice closed the notebook on her finger again, and looked at Gerald. "Now I REALLY dislike him," She said.

"Me, too. He seems to get off on other people's humiliation. I'm sorry, but that's not fun; it's abuse."

"And I'm REALLY glad you didn't inherit any genes from him."

"Me too," was his reply.

They sat there, for a moment, and Alice opened the notebook again.

"Shall I read on?" she asked.

"May as well. As they say in England, 'in for a penny; in for a pound'."

"all right. Here goes nothing."

And she began reading again.

"After the tea had brewed, I put together a tray with four cups and saucers, cream, sugar, and spoons; and went back downstairs. Approaching the doorway, I could hear Sarah moaning again, and I saw Adoule was clenching and unclenching his buttocks. Ellen was watching them, fascinated, as they fucked. None of them noticed my presence, and I quietly set the tray down, being careful not to

rattle the cups. I could tell they were both very close to their peak, and I silently picked up the leather paddle. Ellen saw me then. Her eyes widened, and I quickly put my finger across my lips, signaling her to keep quiet. She figured out my intention, and smiled. *She is a fine playmate, I thought to myself. Smart and quick-witted, and obviously likes to handled a bit roughly.* I smiled back at her, and she licked her lips, seductively.

Turning my attention to Adoule and Sarah, I saw they were right on the edge of explosion, and brought the paddle down smartly upon Adoule's buttocks with three swats in rapid succession. He let out with a huge groan and thrust himself deeply into Sarah.

Sarah's eyes had been tightly shut. They flew wide open then, and rolled back up into her head, as she let out with and long scream of ecstasy. Her legs were shaking rapidly in the restraints, and a gush of fluid dripped off the table edge between their legs.

While they were regaining their breath, I disengaged Ellen from the pillory, and massaged the circulation back into her breasts.

"Oh God," she cried out. "That hurts, but it feels so hot, and so good. I think I am going to … "

She doubled up, then, and sank to the floor, her abdomen visibly clenching and unclenching in what I knew were the paroxysms of her orgasm.

"Right," I said, turning once more to Adoule and Sarah. "Let's get you two undone. And we'll all have a cup of tea."

Alice closed the notebook once more, and said, "He is a complicated man. I dislike that he get's off on other people's humiliation, but he redeems himself by allowing them all to have their release. And they seem to enjoy it."

Gerald didn't respond, sitting deep in thought.

"Cat got your tongue?" Alice asked.

"No. I was just thinking about the juxtaposition of pain and pleasure, and wondering …"

"What it would feel like to experience pain at the instant of orgasm," Alice finished for him.

"Exactly. You don't suppose we, I mean ...Would you like to ...Well, don't agree if you don't want to, but maybe … "

“Yes,” she said breathlessly. Her cheeks flushed as she thought what a brazen hussy she was becoming.

They kissed then, a long, deep and passionate kiss. As their lips parted, Alice placed the notebook on the bedside table, and said, “Take me now. Hard and fast. Don’t stop until I scream, and then flip me over and enter me from behind. Make me cum, and spank my ass.”

“You mean…” Gerald began, but Alice interrupted him, saying, “Just shut up and fuck my brains out.”

Gerald rolled over on top of her, and using his legs, spread her knees far apart. With one quick thrust, he buried himself deep into her.

Alice gasped, and thrust herself up to meet him.

Gerald was pumping rapidly into and out of her with his full length. Then suddenly, without stopping, he raised up on his knees, and pulled Alice’s ankles up over his shoulders. He looked down at her abdomen, and could see it swell each time he thrust his cock up into her.

Alice was saying “Oh, oh, oh,” each time he hurled himself into her.

He could feel the sweat running down the center of his back, and into the crack of his ass, and he still kept pumping.

Suddenly, Alice gave out with a loud, high-pitched shriek, and began convulsing beneath him.

He quickly pulled out, grasped her roughly around the waist and hips, and spun her face down onto the mattress. Gripping her hips with both hands, he lifted her and impaled himself into her from behind. Once more, thrusting as hard as he could, he heard Alice begin screaming with each thrust.

“Oh yes! Yes! Fuck me like that! Hard! Hard! I’m cumming again! Spank me!”

He drew his hand back, and swatted her buttock.

“NOT LIKE THAT,” she shouted breathlessly, “HARD. Spank me hard!”

He raised his hand again and really put some force behind it that time.

Her buttock reddened immediately. Alice gave out with a loud scream, and began squirting fluid out

around his cock.

That was it for Gerald. He gave out with a mighty groan, and fell forward onto her back, burying himself deeply inside her, as the semen shot out of him.

They lay there, soaked in sweat and sex, both gasping for air.

Alice was the first to recover, and said, “Holy shit, Honey! That was incredible! But could you roll off of me, you’re squishing me and I can’t breathe.”

Gerald rolled off her and flopped onto his back, right into the wet spot. It made an audible splat, and they began laughing together.

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