The Masquerade

by Niham87

Summary

Beth fucks things up, as per usual! Now she has to pay penance by submitting to Rio's dark ways via a perverse Bal Masqué - it isn't like she won't enjoy it! But what about the pesky feelings growing in her chest?

Notes

We back with a 2 part story!
Hope you enjoy, I certainly did 😊
Dom Rio makes things happen to me!

For Hilda with love, thank you for revising my works and bearing my foolishness! ❤️

Playlist - https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL97D6YQgZAAxSozDfgY_DDx2jp4txEN3

See the end of the work for more notes.
The dance music boomed through the place, reverberating in the dimly lit corners of the sub lounge. Beth selected an herb Grissini from the platters brimming with all kinds of finger food set on the table in front of her. She wasn’t hungry but she was having a hard time knowing what to do with her hands.

By the corner of her eye, she saw movement at the entrance. Her pulse thrummed near her throat in anticipation, she choked her uneasiness with a bite from the crispy breadstick. But it was for naught — the figure, while dark and tall, wasn’t him. She sighed into the tumbler, itsy-bitsy waves rippling the amber liquor. She drowned the remains of bourbon - her 4th of the night. She was starting to feel more than a little buzzed, it didn’t mar her disappointment, by now it was obvious he was going to be a no-show tonight as well.

Things between them were... bumpy - lacking a better word - since she took it upon herself to strongarm him into a fifty/fifty partnership.

For a while, it was just simple. Their “relationship” made sense - She was a mom and (kinda) married. He had a kid and an ex (something). And although what they had was way more intense than any other attachment Beth had in her life, it wasn’t really part of her life. What they did behind closed doors, stayed behind closed doors. Perhaps it meddled with business, sometimes it was inevitable. However, it didn't bleed into her life because she could put it behind her when she left the playroom— left him. Even when the marks were visible for weeks, they were still undisclosing. She’d been able to keep all of it sealed tight in the back of her mind and go about her life or so she thought.

Annie thinks she’s just getting dicked down by gangfriend, that her new-dick-glow would fade away and the dong-fog eventually disperse. But Ruby... Ruby knew better. Beth just denied it, anything and everything but deep down she knew it too.

Fucking it up with Boomer was unintentional but the pills morass— that was deliberate.

It hadn’t been jealousy. It was something else that prompted her into rash action. She saw him hugging that woman, and strangely the first thing she thought was I trust him. That’s when it hit her.

He never asked for anything that she wasn’t willing or capable of giving him and yet she was giving more to him than she’d ever given to anyone.

She hadn’t set that much faith in Dean— ever, and yet he’d hurt her so bad. She couldn’t possibly imagine what would happen if she was wronged by him.

The revelation had scared her and she did what she’d ever done when scared - Act up and fuck everything up.

The exchange in her backyard had been intense - the gun under her chin prompting harmful words from her mouth.

That night she’d lost his trust for the gain of her power. And he’d made her sweat for every ounce of it ever since, working her out for the partnership she’d earned by force. He hadn’t touched ever since either.

Then she’d had ruined things with one of their clients, an important client. Jane went missing and eventually found. Rio took his turn to throw some ugly truths in her face. She thought they were over
for good after that but then she’d ended up with the recovered Dubby in her hands and the absolute certainty that he still cared.

The lump in her throat had been impossible to swallow ever since. She’d made a terrible mistake—another one. She knew he wasn’t keen on excuses or apologies and she—well, she wasn’t that great with words neither, hence why she was here, in the sub lounge - where she wasn’t supposed to be - for the second night in a row trying to provoke a reaction. Honestly, she didn’t know what else to do.

With a sigh, Beth fished her phone from her purse. It was late and the lounge was practically empty by normal standards. Dressed in a prudish satin white pussy-bow shirt, tailored navy cigarette pants and matching blazer, she stood out like a sore thumb between the leather, latex and birthday suits the few subs left wore.

Rio hadn’t been kidding when he said the other Club members had a growing interest in her. The previous night she’d received at least ten offers in the first fifteen minutes that she’d perched herself in the farthest and darkest corner. Tonight she didn’t bother with hiding. Tonight she wanted to be seen and if he didn’t show up— he’d still hear about it. He had exactly fifteen minutes then she had all the intentions to play with someone else… anyone else.

Impatient, she signalled one of the waiters for another bourbon. Her order was noted almost immediately. Once again she ravished in the dark efficiency that the whole club was managed - the beautifully rich and decadent atmosphere. The small booths next to the lounge were mostly full with people enjoying their kinks, the intermittent but familiar sounds unwinding her a bit.

The sight of two gorgeous men having sex in one of the private booths piqued her interest. Her mouth parched as a woman came into her line of sight. Curvy and well-formed, she wasn’t particularly attractive, at least not to Beth, but there was something powerful about her—Dom—Beth identified as she firmly instructed the two men to fuck harder. A scented candle emerged on her hand, both men moaned and hissed as hot wax descended onto flesh, the solidification happening almost as soon as the liquid touched their sweaty bodies.

Beth swallowed hard, feeling the tug of want deep in her core. It had been… weeks, painful long weeks, since she last—

So absorbed in the scene playing just a few yards away, Beth didn’t notice the figure next to her until a slim and perfectly manicured hand snapped fingers in front of her.

“Well, well, well…” The French accent immediately denoted the power - Vivienne. “What do we have here? A lost pet?”

Beth lowered her eyes instinctively. Vivienne laughed picking up the iPad stationed on the table and scanned her club wristband. “Look at you all improved! Rio already tired of you, huh, ma chère?”

Beth felt a pang of shame surge in her stomach and flush to her face as her limit list popped up on the tablet’s screen. Rio had made her a member just before everything went to shit, all the unattached subs had to wear one, ergo, the first time Beth was wearing one. Vivienne scrolled through the list humming. If in approval or disapproval, Beth didn’t know, nor did she care. She had zero interest in what the woman thought of her. Limits were personal and hers were pretty reasonable - She was willing to try most things as long as it wouldn’t permanently affect her body.

“I am surprised! Très bien!” The woman said.

Beth took her in again - how beautiful Vivienne was. The long dark-blond hair was set up-high on
her head, the tight ponytail whipped around her every movement. Her toned slim body was second
skin to a leather jumpsuit, the full breasts were secured by fine spaghetti straps that delineated the
hollow of her clavicle, the tanned skin there glowed with golden highlighter. The waitress wearing a
chastity belt and nothing else, walked their way with her bourbon on a tray, startling her from her
wandering thoughts.

Beth ground her teeth when Vivienne took it and sent the waitress away with a wave of her hand.

Vivienne took a sip, staring at her in a way that made her uncomfortably bothered. Confused, Beth
lowered her eyes first noticing the man waiting patiently and submissively at Vivienne’s feet. He was
wearing a collar and a shiny latex mask that covered most of his face, the parts it didn’t - mainly the
area of his lips and nose - were bloody and swollen. And by the way he was whimpering softly,
unable to sit still on the heels of his feet— Oh, god! His feet!

Bright bloodied and deep cuts barcoded the soles. Vivienne hadn’t even bothered in the most basic
form of aftercare, treat the wounds. My God! Had she done that to Rio? No wonder he despised the
woman… that was barbaric.

As if reading her thoughts, Vivienne smirked. “Oh, Eliza! Don’t be a prude, everyone has their
tastes.” She patted the man’s head, “Isn’t that right, mon minou?”

“Yes, Mistress.” The man whined, arching into her touch like the cat she’d just called him.

“I respect limits like everyone else,” Vivienne said sweetly— too sweetly. Something that told Beth,
the only limits the woman respect were her own.

She proceeded to round Beth predatorily, the whip coiled around her hand snapped against the black
leather of her pants, her heels were lewdly high… it should be humanly impossible to walk on those
with such confidence.

“Perhaps I could interest you in a scene,” Vivienne suggested.

Cladding her free hand to the side of Beth’s neck, she placed the whip under her chin, nudging it
towards the entrance, but Beth had already felt his presence. The hairs on the back of her neck had
raised, and the goosebumps were now progressing all the way down her body.

Still, she watched his feline grace saunter to the bar. His dominant aura permeated her skin,
tightening her nipples.

“Can you imagine, him watching me play with you?” Vivienne added, the pressure of her acrylic
nails over the sensitive skin aided by the handle of the whip pressed tightly against her throat, sent a
shudder towards her private parts. “Would you like that, Elizabeth?” She whispered in her ear.

Beth’s initial revolt to the idea was pushed aside with her apprehension towards the woman as soon
as Rio saw them. She felt the immediate reach of his anger. At least anger she could deal with, it was
the cold-shouldering that she was having a hard time with.

“I… I-I don’t know,” Beth murmured doubtfully. The woman’s behaviour was at a minimum
dubious.

“Tu ne sais rien, Eliza…” You know nothing, Vivienne purred in that thick sexy accent.

A copper acrylic nail trailed down the slope of her cheek and the elegant curve of her neck and
found the collar of her shirt. Beth couldn’t move her eyes from Rio’s boiling gaze while the woman’s
fingers waltzed with the ends of the pussy-bow, not quite pulling but not letting go either. “But I can
show you. You just have to say yes.”

Vivienne grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked until the blond strands were tautly pulling at her temples, making Beth hiss in pain. The finger previously playing with her pussy-bow, descended easily down the satin, her nail finding an erected nipple underneath her open blazer. She prodded the taut tip over the satin and the lace of her bra, making Beth gasp.

“Mostly you like that he’s watching but you also enjoy my touch, ma chère ,” She said smugly. “Say yes, Eliza... and we both win.” She whispered in her ear.

The wicked concept churned in her brain but so did Rio’s silent warning from the other side of the room.

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There wasn’t much in this world that was capable of making him tick. Mrs Boland seemed to had come into his life with that only purpose in mind. He should have known she wouldn’t take her disciplinary sentence quietly. Since when did she behave like she was supposed too?

Her little dare last night got his attention all right; perching herself in the sub lounge like she didn’t belong to him. She was lucky he was away on business or that pretty lily ass would have gotten a one-on-one with his palm. She’d been testing the waters with her toe last night but tonight she’d crossed the goddamn shoreline. He wouldn’t tolerate anyone touching her, much less Vivienne.

Seething, Rio drowned the shot of tequila and propelled himself from the bar stool frown where he’d been observing them. The loud bass of music was only making hot blood fizz in his head... both heads.

When he reached them, Viv had Beth’s nipple taut between her fingers, the self-assuring smile on the woman’s lips told him that she knew exactly what she was doing.

He lowered his gaze to Beth, her passion almost matched his own. Almost.

That was the difference between them - He knew how to control his passions. That's what she sought in him. The fact that she couldn’t control hers was what made submitting her to his will so incredibly sweet.

When he spoke it was smooth, his voice lingering like drizzled honey but nonetheless a warning. “What are you doing, Elizabeth?”

Perhaps if he’d spoken out of hatred and violence she could have maintained her facade, instead, her eyes lowered submissively, making his cock jerk painfully in its confinement.

“I-I’m misbehaving?” She replied tentatively, her voice so low it was merely a breath. Fucking lil’ tease!

“And what happens when you do, Elizabeth?” He asked firmly, letting her see a glimpse of how much trouble she was really in.

He saw her neck move graciously under V’s whip as she swallowed hard. “I get punished, Sir .”

Vivienne let go of her with a scoff. Beth promptly fell to her knees at his feet, hands over her thighs and head bent low on her neck. Only her shoulders moved, undulating with each laboured breath.
The picture-perfect of obedience.

“Goddamn right, you do.” A wave of pride washed over him as she asserted his dominance; his cock grew impossibly harder, his hands aching to give her what she deserved, but he knew she’d only enjoy it. Nah, he had other plans for her.

Vivienne turned her lip to him, visibly upset, something unusual for her. “You two are perfect for each other… both weak imbeciles.”

Rio made the space that separated them with one long stride, his voice was low so only she could hear him, “Don’t pull this shit again Viv. I’m warning you.”

The woman’s cynical laugh gelled the room, “Or what? What are you going to do, mon cheri? I did not break any rules.”

Rio pegged her with a murderous look through his lashes, “Not yet. But one slip, Viv. It’s all it takes.”

Vivienne clenched her jaws as hard as she twisted the grip of the whip coiled around her hand. For a moment Rio saw the familiar blood thirst in her icy blue eyes but it disappeared as soon as it had emerged. She commanded her pet to follow her and marched away with all the dignity she had left, only then he began to relax.

Beth didn’t know she was playing with fire. Vivienne was not a Dom, she was a fucking Sadist who wouldn’t bat an eye in injuring her.

By instinct or knowing V well enough to know she wouldn’t back down so easily, he sensed the crack of the whip before he heard it. Somehow he knew it wasn’t directed at him, intuitively he curled over Beth’s kneeled body. He raised his arm but not in time. The sharp end slashed deeply into his cheekbone.

The music stopped and a string of gasps filled the room. Vivienne stood yards away, heaving in anger, her whip fully extended in front of her body, tip bloodied.

Rio snarled as the initial sting gave way to burning pain, hot blood started to gush from the cut. Beth wiggled free from his tight embrace, gasping when she saw his face.

“Rio…” She whispered cradling his face. He knew the cut was close enough to his eye. Then she was up, marching towards Vivienne with her teeth bared, “You Fucking Crazy BITCH!”

Rio grabbed her by the elbows, effectively locking her arms behind her back while she trashed against him. “Elizabeth, enough!”

“She could’ve blinded you!” Beth chastised, the trashing only diminishing when Carlos — the 6 foot 5-inch giant that played bartender — and two other aids stopped in front of Vivienne.

“I know!” Viv snarled in her thick accent, coiling the whip around her the crook of her thumb and elbow with precise circles.

“Madame Vivienne Delacroix…” Carlos’ voice thundered through the acoustic room, “Your membership is revoked as a result of breaking our rules of conduct. The severity of the offence makes you excommunicated from all our services, effective immediately. Let me show you the exit.”

“I know the way out,” Vivienne yanked free from Carlos’ huge paw and snapped her head towards
them, “This isn’t the last you’ll see of me, mes chers! This means nothing! I built this shithole!”

Somehow Beth didn’t doubt her but she didn’t have the time to dwell on the woman’s petty exit as Rio was already dragging her away.

There was nothing gentle about his touch as he literally shoved her inside their playroom. The light was so poor that she didn’t notice she was landing on the bed until she felt the coolness of the satin covers but none of that mattered. What Rio had in mind didn’t require gentleness nor lighting.

His hard mouth fell over hers, honed teeth bit into her lower lip until she tasted her own blood. She didn’t have time to protest, her pants were being yanked along with her underwear. Then she was on her belly and he was inside her.

Beth groaned at the sudden invasion.

It was quick. And it was hard.

The buckle of his belt bit into the tender rear of her thigh as she arched to his powerful thrusts.

*Five + One.*

Beth counted them in her mind, throughout each ragged moan. It was all she could do with his hand flushed to the back of her head, burying her face in the covers.

Five balls deep thrusts, where each deliberated ram made her bound wholesome.

The one, and final, was so fucking far inside her that it felt like she was splitting in two while his cock shuddered against the tight gloving of her walls, filling her up with gushing blasts of hot cum.

Quick, to deny her pleasure. Hard, so he could get his.

Beth whimpered as he slid off her with an indecent squelch. His open hand descend to her buttock for a tremendous swat that made her jump while utterly prostrated on the bed. She heard him fumble with his belt. Her arms shook as she tried to prop herself up. It took her a second try to see him already at the door.

“Rio, please wait…” He halted at her words but didn’t even bother to look at her, “I—”

*“Go home, Elizabeth.”*

The door shook in its hinges with the force of his blast.

It took her a second to realize she was crying.

It took her till the next day to realize it was all part of her punishment.

The box arrived in the early morning, just as she was about to leave for work. She recognized his hand-writing at the glance of the E’s that looked like R’s in her written name. Her heart jumped to her mouth, her hand shook as she signed for the delivery. She didn’t open it until she was at Boland Motors, behind her desk, with the blinds closed and the door locked.

Once she unlaced the bow tie, the black carton top slid easily, revealing blood-red tissue paper. Nestled between the soft paper was a smaller box, a thick envelope sealed with dark red wax and a rose, almost as black as the outer box itself.

Beth smiled bringing the rose to her lips, the soft petals leaving a lingering velvety caress on her skin.
Next, she carefully cracked the envelope’s seal, it was an invitation to a *Bal Masqué* - a Masquerade party at the club in two weeks time.

She opened the small box to find a set of Ben Wa jiggle-balls and a note. She got to the note first:

“For the next two weeks, I’ll be the first thing you think about when you wake up in the morning and the last thing you think about at night.

You’ll touch yourself and fuck yourself with the toys I see fit.

You’ll pleasure yourself until my name is on your lips.

You won’t say it until I make you say it.

You won’t come until I make you come.

R.”

By the time she finished the note she was squirming on her seat, uncomfortable heat pooled between her legs while she lifted the weighted balls from the box, a small note was attached to the cord: “Wear them all day long.”

Beth was totally cognizant of what the little balls did to you, she’d experimented with them once or twice.

Every slight movement would move the balls inside you, pressuring every single little point of pleasure inside of you until you were so aroused that you had to fight against gravity and natural lubrication and forced to contract your pelvic muscles to keep them in, making them even more pleasurable in the process. The cycle was vicious and delirious but it wouldn’t be enough to make her come and yet she would be on the edge soon enough. By the end of the day... she couldn’t possibly imagine her state.

This was the worst kind of punishment she could possibly think of, but Rio’s expertise was unlimited.

Every other day a new package would arrive. Sometimes it was just a garment she was to wear and instructions for the masquerade.

Most times it was the toys he’d promised. Butt plugs, weirdly shaped vibrators for specific pressure points, anal beads, once even a balm she had to rub on her nipples, clit and vagina that made her muscles contract and the instructions not to come impossible to follow.

She’d moaned his name that night, but it didn’t exactly give her the release she so desperately needed, she’d still felt empty and aching. Beth wondered if he knew, if he did it on purpose to further punish her.

Either way his plan succeeded. By the time the two weeks had passed, just sliding the ribbed stockings over her freshly waxed legs had her nervous system overwhelmed by sensation.

With an audible gulp, Beth adjusted the sheer thong over the patch of curls she’d been priming at his request.

She wasn’t particularly hairy, even her leg hair was fine and blonde but her pubes had a natural dark-copper tint. The last time she’d let her pubic hair grow this much she had her half-waxing debacle which was not exactly the best memory. She usually went bare, sometimes she kept a closely
trimmed landing stripe mostly because she liked the way Rio always praised the fiery patch, so the demand didn’t exactly surprise her.

She affixed the suspenders of the matching garter-belt to the band of her stockings and slid into the Louboutins that had arrived this morning with her final instructions. A strap and exaggerated satin bow added pizzazz to the poised pointy-toe pumps, and the slender 5” stiletto heel aided by the sheer vertical lines of her stockings made her already long legs seem obscenely endless. The red lacquer sole completed the look with a flash of the signature Louboutin glamour.

Beth reached for the eye-mask on top of the bed and took a look at herself in the full body mirror. Like the rest of the lingerie set, the underwire bra was made of sheer tulle mesh, with golden details and a hand embroidered trim of intricate flowers that barely covered her nipples. The large white mounds were one breath away from spilling from the delicate confinement.

Tentatively she arranged the dainty lace mask over her eyes, parting her hair and tying the ends within concealment. Silken twists of hair heaped around the mask, framing her face. Her dark blue orbs looked incredibly mysterious under a golden and very dramatic liquid-eyeliner wing and the lush layer of lashes. Her skin, usually pale, glowed almost rosy with her excitement, nicely complementing the dark and exquisite lingerie.

_Damn, she looked— breathtaking._

Rio had a way of choosing things for her— the whole look was lascivious but somehow the striped stockings gave her a touch of innocence while the lovely trims and details made her look almost ethereal.

Feeling incredibly aroused, Beth bit into her bottom lip, letting the pads of her fingers skim over her breastbone. Goosebumps raised the fine hairs of her body as she descended down her navel all the way to the crotch of her panties, the sheer tulle at her apex let the tarnished hues of her curls come thru with a silky promise.

She couldn’t avoid but gently circle her clit, her lips - painted with a creamy rosy lipstick - parted with a low moan.

Her phone buzzed over the covers of her bed, interrupting the mood. It was Dean. The kids were staying at his mother’s for the weekend and wanted to say goodnight. Like a dutiful mother, she wished each one good dreams while reapplying her lipstick and quickly ended the call on Dean’s face once he started to ask too many questions.

Things between them had hit a new low since they’d swapped roles and he was finally figuring out that her book club was more about pleasure than business. It wasn’t like he could blame her solely… It took one last and below mediocre fuck to finally sink in they wouldn’t satisfy one another in any way. Beth wasn’t even sure what kept them together anymore; perhaps they both needed the sense of normalcy and safety their married status provided, for very different reasons obviously— _Ahh, fuck!_ She’d promised herself not to think about nothing but Rio and the fine balance between pleasure and pain. No Ruby and the knife she’d stabbed into her back, no Dean, no troubles besides the kind she enjoyed.

True to her avoider praxis, Beth shook her head and went in search of her coat, it was almost 10 pm, her ride should arrive in a matter of minutes.

The faux mink fur had been stuffed in her hallway closet for a while, one of the family heirlooms that she’d safe from Annie’s thirsty hands - she wasn’t tall enough to wear it anyways, she’d look like Hobbit stuffed in it - The ostentatious thing almost reached her ankles, it was hard to find an occasion
to wear it. But tonight there was no excuse.

She fastened the belt around her waist, the sleek lining brushed against her skin in all the right places renewing her interest in the night ahead. She was nervous about it. She didn’t know what to expect and yet it wasn’t happening soon enough.

There was a knock at her door at exactly 10. The driver didn’t even bat an eye at her masked attire, simply taking her overnight bag with a good evening and opening the elegant Mercedes’ door for her. Beth carefully climbed in, aware the belted coat didn’t provide much concealing waist down.

A bottle of vintage Dom Pérignon - 400$+ a pop - rested gracefully on a bucket of ice, next to it a flute bubbling with the light liquid awaited her. Beth took it, sipping pensively as the motor revved to live and the driver set into a speed limit navigation. All this pampering was making her apprehensive, she was aware she didn’t deserve any of it.

When they finally arrived she had polished her 3rd flute of the champagne and the bubbly liquid was just starting to produce the desired effect. A line of cars awaited in front of the massive but unidentified doors of the club, getting anxious by the second she filled her glass a 4th time and quickly drown the contents.

The driver assured her he would take care of her bag and wished her a good evening as he stopped by the red-carpeted entrance. A masked valet promptly opened the door, taking her hand and guiding her through the opening doors.

The muffled beat of music roared to a louder thump as she reached the reception. She was momentarily blinded by a flashing laser and then there he was, waiting for her.

At first, he was just an outline, contoured by the spotlights at his back, then she got closer to see all the glorious details.

His hands were causally tucked in his pockets, but there was nothing casual about him. All of him was black, a tailored three-piece suit hugged the sinewy lines of his body to perfection. The shiny calfskin oxford shoes had to be something Italian for sure. The crisp black shirt had the collar open, exposing his throat tattoo to her hungering eyes. And while the jacket and pants were plain black, the vest was embroidered with the same delicate pattern as her lingerie and eye-mask, the ornate stitched lines glowed like polished onyx under the moving flashes of light. But it was his Horned Devil mask that refined the look.

The solid golden mask was tarnished by black smirches, substantial gold horns began to curve side and upwards at the temples and extended way beyond his head, the mask ended just under his cheekbone in a reversed U shape that delineated the hollows of his cheeks and jagged his nasolabial folds. The etched brows portrayed a sinister scowl to the deep-set holes for his dark eyes, the furrowed nose and flared nostrils made the mask daunting but it was the hard line of his lips that truly scared her.

“Elizabeth,” He greeted placing a kiss over her knuckles, his voice deep but lacking its usual tender inflection.

Beth immediately lowered her gaze, not really enjoying the gesture - it was how he’d always greet Vivienne, until she’d crossed the line.

Rio’s adroit fingers undid the tie on her coat, he circled her with an appreciative gaze, “Fur looks great on you, sweetheart. I’ll remember that.”
The use of the endearment made her relax a little as he slid the coat over her arms and passed it to the awaiting staff.

“Thank you, Sir.” She said dutifully.

The hard line of his body rested against her back for a moment longer than needed, his enticing scent invaded her nostrils. He wore an understated cologne, but like always smelled like power and money, musky and rich. He proceeded to circle her, denuding her of the little clothing she already wore and making her pulse tick sultry.

He placed a finger under her chin and made her look at him, “You look ravishing, Elizabeth. I’m pleased. Very pleased.” He emphasized lowering his midnight gaze to the accelerated stir of her breasts.

Despite all the champagne, her mouth felt parched all of a sudden. “Thank you, Sir.”

“This night will be full of surprises, my little Nymph.” He said cryptically. “This Devil has a full bag o’ tricks to succumb the naive minx that crossed him,” He continued, placing his hands on her jaw and fastening a leather choker around her neck. But it wasn’t a choker, it was a collar.

She sucked in a breath startled. He’d never made her wear one before. She was blindsided by the snugness against her skin and the surprising weight of the heavy gold chain attached to it - a leash.

His smile was complacent, “Remember, you can use your safe words at any time. That hasn’t changed between us.”

Beth frowned taken aback by the augury in his words. Unfortunately, she didn’t have time to think much of it as he gently yanked at the chain, the gold ring on the leather tensed pulling her closer to him. “Swing those lovely hips, my errant nymph.”

So she was an unsuspecting nymph being tempted by the Devil’s dark ways. Her debauched ethereal appearance not only fit the theme of the night but also wasn’t far from the truth; Succumbing to him was all she’d done since the day she met him.

Beth followed Rio’s easy lead into the ballroom, aware that if he chose to, he could drag her without a problem, and more than excited for whatever he had in mind.

The theme of the ball was Witching Hour and the rooms were decorated to rigour; dark corners with painted demonic circles and red candles, liquid nitrogen brewing cauldrons, bones, skulls and fake blood drips on the gothic architecture stone walls, ample seating with dark leather upholstering.

Plenty of Witches, Demons, Vampires and other mystical and night creatures milled around in all stages of nakedness. Two tulle wearing fairies, tugged at her chain playfully before Rio shooed them with a stern stare. The naughty pointy-eared sprites stuck their tongues out before running away in giggles, their shimmering white wigs bobbing under their crowns of flowers and wispy ends caressing their bare butt cheeks. Beautiful.

The club hadn’t spared expenses anywhere, beautifully dressed servers - with a red glitter stripe as eye-masks - held trays filled with flutes of expensive champagne and delicately decorated canapés. The music was sensuous, slower than the usual dance beat. And of course, there was fucking and spanking of all kinds.

Masked people raised their glasses as they strolled by, some stopped Rio, complementing her, sometimes even touching her while seeking plays which Rio promptly but politely refused. She’d seen the same type of thing done to other partygoers; it wasn’t uncommon practice during this type of
event where rules were more easily bent - you wouldn’t usually touch a Sub without her Dom’s permission.

Beth kept her eyes cast down and took the praises silently, mindful that she was not allowed to talk to anyone but him as per her instructions.

A group of furries dressed as werewolves caught her attention. They looked like they were having fun howling and grinding against each other in a frenzy and although she had nothing against the kink, she hoped that Rio liking her in furs didn’t mean a full body-suit.

Rio slowed down to a stop by the dance floor, “If you promise to be a good girl I’ll unleash you and we can have a dance. Are you willing to be a good girl tonight, Elizabeth?”

She’d been willing for weeks. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good,” He said.

The gold chain unhooked from the O ring with a soft clink, he coiled it into his pocket, it matched the gold of his cufflinks. He guided her to dance floor and Beth wondered if the mask was made of solid gold too. She still felt uneasy by it, or maybe it was the vengeful line of his mouth. This was new. Not only the mask and collar, but his mood, his voice, his touch, all of it felt new.

Then they started dancing and Beth questioned if it really was the Witching Hour and a demon had possessed the real Rio. They had performed various dances in their time together, tongue enthralment, balanced on a sex-swing, swayed to the notes of sex and moved to the melody of slapping skin. But this wasn’t a dance, at least not one she knew.

Otherworldly, his moves made her dazed with desire. There wasn’t a part of her body he hadn’t or wasn’t going to awake. Her senses buzzed and the lyrics of the song made no sense at all, but it really didn’t matter, all she needed was the guidance of his rotating hips, stimulating her to the erotic rhythm.

She could feel the hard length of his cock pressing against her ass and tried not to pant as a thick finger played with the exposed band of flesh between the garter-belt and the trim of her panties.

A waitress passed by, bearing a tray of brimming champagne flutes with floating strawberries, Rio took one and sipped at the crystal glass before taking her mouth. His mask was designed to not interfere with his mouth, but the 5’o’clock shadow made sinful things happen to her while the bubbling liquid exploded like fireworks over her tongue, or maybe it was his taste, she wasn’t sure, not when he pawed at her breast and the sheer fabric of her bra provided no respite to his maddening caress.

He rolled his hips against hers, this time her pants were impossible to contain. She had to grab the nape of his neck for support because her knees were failing her. Then he was pushing the rugged flesh of the strawberry against her lips. She took a bite at the ripe berry, slurping at juicy pulp drenched by fizzy champagne. Then he was slurping at her, her lips, her neck, her pulse, the trembling arch of her breast, all while his big hands clamped her ass.

Fuck, if his plan was to punish her by overindulging her, then he was succeeding.

“Ah, minx! You’re so fucking horny I can feel the heat of your cunt without even touching it,”

Fuck, it was no lie.

“I am,” She mumbled as his fingers dipped under the hem of her panties.
“You want my cock, Elizabeth?” He said against her ear lobe, sending all kinds of excitement down her body.

The answer was easy and eager, “Yes, please, Sir.”

“That’s too bad, sweetheart. You don’t get to get my cock... just yet.” Enhanced by the lines of the malefic mask, his crooked smile looked even more devious, “In fact, you might not get it at all. You’ve been a bad, bad girl, Elizabeth. Kind of bitchy actually. Good thing I know exactly how to fix that.”

There he was. The real Rio was still behind the mask. Somehow the cold hauteur to his voice made her even hornier, her treacherous pussy shouldn’t be clenching to deprivation.

He tinkered with the hoop on her collar and fastened the leash back on. The golden chain was tightly coiled around his hand, this time he pulled her tight and close, still drowsy from their dance, she had to focus on not tripping on her own feet.

“You’re overdue to a spanking, miss,” Rio warned sharply.

Her pussy gushed, avidly. Her cheeks burned as he snaked them through the crowd. It wasn’t just her pussy that had caught the whiff of Pissed-Dom mood emanating from him, some masked faces were following them with interest.

Rio hunkered onto a massive armchair, the dark throne sported carved horned demon skulls at the headrest, the sturdy legs mimicked the human spine which ended with skulls for hand rest.

That’s how he was perched, his big tan hands rested over the skulls, the gold leash taut under his grasp. His sinewy legs splayed widely, the outline of his thick shaft visible through the fabric of his fitted pants, he wasn’t wearing underwear, she didn’t think he wore them that often.

Beth looked at him, blue eyes on his impossibly dark ones. He tilted his head and yanked at the chain, a gasp of surprise filled the room as she bounded forward. Whimpered as he arranged her over the chair’s armrest.

“Stop moaning or I’ll have to punish you further, you teasing little minx.”

“I’m sorry, Sir... Please, don’t.” She said devotedly, holding her ass up in the air like the compliant toy that she was.

The pads of his fingers caressed the fine rounds of her buttocks for long minutes, the soft treatment sending all the opposite signs for danger to her brain. The moment she relaxed... *Smack.*

Beth almost collapsed over the armrest, gnarling at the burning pain on her right buttock.

“Repenting won’t save you from punishment,” He grumbled, cracking his hand down the virgin butt cheek. “And if I listen to you complaining again I’m gonna gag you, do you understand?”

“Yes...” She snarled, upbraided by the - in her opinion - overly harsh handling.

*Smack.* A desperate yelp left her mouth as soon as the searing pain was interpreted by her brain.

“Yes?”

"Yes, Sir,” Beth whined.

“That’s right— Sir. Good girls are polite,” He advised, then the real punishment began.
It wasn’t like any spanking he’d given her before, there were no playful, sexy smacks, warming her up, nope, this was straight to a major ass-whooping.

Beth knew better than to try and writhe away — like any sane person would — but as he alternated from cheek to cheek, spanking harder and harder each time, her jerks became as compulsory as the ones of the gold chain nestled on her cleft.

He slid an arm around her waist, trapping her in place and switched hands. But she couldn’t be still, her howls of pain expanding with the speed of his spanking. Except it wasn’t spanking, it was freaking torment and agony.

“Ow! God! That hurts!” Beth cried out. “Please, enough!

The next descend of his open palm stopped halfway, “Is that a complaint?”

“No, Sir.” She wheezed through her trembling lips. God, she going to cry!

“Good, cause enough is when I say it’s enough.”

Smack, smack, smack. The spanking continued and she trembled, all of her trembled with the effort not to scream but she couldn’t hold the fat tears seeping from the mask, eventually she entered the zone.

Pain and ache bypassed by something else. Her painful screaming gave way to little yelps of startling pleasure then proceed to moans and gasps of satisfaction.

When he finally stopped she held very still, terrified and hopeful that he'd start again. He didn’t, instead, he tortured her with gentle brushes of his fingernails all over his dandy work. Her buttcheeks burned with the strength of a thousand suns and she was sure a thousand was also the number of impressions his hands left into the creamy flesh.

He stroked the throbbing skin, for how long she didn’t know, might have been hours or mere minutes. Once her legs finally stopped shaking he scooped her onto his lap, a big hand slid up and down her spine. And an uncontrollable, big ol fat sob escaped her throat.

“Don’t cry,” He murmured against her jaw while his knuckles played with the sensitive skin of her inner thigh.

“You hurt me,” Beth snivelled, overwhelmed by the complex feelings - hers, and the betrayal - his. It was never like that before, not even with the cane.

“I know,” He assured as his fingers brushed the crotch of her panties away, “You’re mine to hurt.”

“Mine to punish,” He whispered while fondling with her petals.

When he brought his fingers back up, Beth gaped stupefied at the glistening juices coating them. Her musk. Her pleasure. Her pain.

“Mine to pleasure.” He drawled before capturing her lips.

He kissed for a while, playing with her soft downy vulva until she turned a pliant mass all over again, by then she wasn’t thinking about anything else but getting her release.

“Oh, please... I need to—” Her gentle plead ended with an abrupt mewl as he held her clit between his fingers.
“My precious lil’ nymph needs to come, huh?” He teased, pinching the little nub harder, but not hard enough.

*By God… he knew his way around her clit.*

“Yes,” She nodded fervently, “Please, please, my King.”

“You know what being mine means, Elizabeth?” He continued, stretching her thong above the wet curls. Beth still shook her head, aware it was a rhetorical question, but all of her was shaking anyways.

“It means I can make you feel good but I can also make you feel bad.”

He released her thong, the elastic snapped into place, making her jump on his lap but not as much as the following swat of his hand over her pussy lips.

A scrap from coming, Beth squirmed. She knew he liked to watch her squirm, liked the way she bit her lower lip and moaned, the way her hips would roll and follow his touch. He said that’s why she was so sweet, the way she’d challenge him even when she was submitting to him. That she was rare and precious. That she was his.

“Now, be a good girl and sit.” He ordered with her leash in hand, nudging her towards the set of plush cushions amassed by the gothic chair.

Beth obeyed, her ass stinging and her pussy clenching as she perched herself onto a comfortable position, mimicking the other subs nearby but keeping her body to Rio’s reach.

“Good little Nymph,” He praised satisfied.

Beth flushed suddenly aware of all the eyes still on them.

“She’s very beautiful,” The male voice came from the chair at the other end of the pillows, but Beth kept her eyes down.

“She’s a feisty work of art,” Rio conceded.

“We’ve been watching you, my Succubi and I would love to help the Devil corrupt this little Nymph,” The man said suggestively.

Beth couldn’t hold her curiosity any longer and risked a look at the man and his pets.

The three beautiful Succubi watched her with keen red eyes—contact lenses, she hoped—all wearing the same stripes of ragged leather around their breasts, genitalia, and as eye-mask. Bright fangs were visible under their blood-red lipstick and little red horns came thru silky jet-black hair that reached way below their asses, plugged with red devil’s tails. Leathery black wings and thigh-high stiletto boots complemented the look of the corrupting dreams demons.

The Master was a large muscular man, wearing a white Roman toga that left half of his chest exposed, his skin gleamed with golden glitter and his head sported a crown of vines and little golden horns, his hand held a golden cup filled with wine — Bacchus, the God of debauchery.

*How fucking appropriate.* Despite already knowing Rio would refuse, Beth couldn’t help but wonder what the bacchanal would be like.

“The Devil is flattered by the offer,” Rio said. “Your pets are gorgeous little things, but the Devil
doesn’t share.”

“Ah, what a shame! I’d love to stick my cock down her nymph throat.” Bacchus shrugged, “Oh, well, no hard feelings.”

Rio tilted his masked face, in that manner that gave away he’d come up with some idea. “Perhaps you can still help,”

Bacchus smile was filled with curiosity, while his demon pets gave little squeals of enthusiasm.

Beth squirmed nervously on her seat. Although the thought was fascinating and shocking at the same time, Beth knew she wasn’t really interested in having another man’s cock shoved down her throat. She only wanted Rio.

Rio tugged at the chain bringing her to her knees, “To whom your sweet mouth belongs, Nymph?”

“Oh, well, no hard feelings.”

Rio tilted his masked face, in that manner that gave away he’d come up with some idea. “Perhaps you can still help,”

Bacchus smile was filled with curiosity, while his demon pets gave little squeals of enthusiasm.

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Rio tugged at the chain bringing her to her knees, “To whom your sweet mouth belongs, Nymph?”

“Only to you, Sir.” Beth said gravelly

“That’s right, it does. And what is it for?” He asked, gripping a fistful of her hair.

“It’s for your cock, Sir. My mouth is for your cock.” She said, watching his dark eyes gleam with pride.

“That’s goddamn right, it is.”

Rio raised from the gloomy throne, his crotch and the evidence of his desire right in front of her face. He reached for his fly and unzipped. With a little adjustment, his tight balls were out and his beautiful cock was in her face.

“You like it to be watched don’t you?” He gripped the thick shaft, pulling the foreskin back and teasing her lips with the engorged head.

She could hardly control the urge to lick it, but she couldn’t until he said so. “Yes, Sir, I do.”

“Why don’t you show Master Bacchus there how much you like it?”

“Yes, Sir.” She whispered already feeling renewed desire wreathe her lower belly.

“Don’t tell me, little minx. Show.”

And she did. Tentatively she licked the fat head, all ready to grab the girth of him on her palm, when he yanked at the chain. “No hands, take me in your mouth. You know how I like it.”

She did - He liked when she took all of him.

Beth looked up at him and opened her mouth, her tongue slightly out to accommodate his size. She took him slowly, sliding inch by inch, watching his lust burn and knowing it was she who instigated that fire in his eyes.

She opened wider, wider, gagging as he hit the back of her throat, it was impossible not to, he had a big fucking cock but by now it was a matter of pride taking all of it. She fought it by pushing the last of him down her throat.

“There, that’s a good girl!” He grunted when he was seated balls deep, “Now, let's show him how much you love being taken in the mouth, yeah?”
He held her head in place and sank his thickness deep in her mouth. Beth whimpered at the sudden invasion but he was right, she loved it. She loved sucking his cock, and the way he tasted. Loved having her face held while he fucked her mouth hard. She loved being taken. She loved being watched. And he knew it. All of it.

He kept driving deep into her throat while she sucked him ravenously. Moaning around his hot and velvety skin. His fingers curled on her scalp, tight on her hair as he sped his thrusts. All she wanted was to slip a finger between her legs and play with her clit. Slip a finger into her wetness and fuck her pussy like he was fucking her mouth. Come all over the floor while his cum flooded her mouth.

As if he’d just read her mind and intentions he took his cock all the way out. Saliva slid all over the magnificent member and trickled from her chin.

“Hands behind your back, minx.”

Fuck! He had to let her come sometime, right? A tiny voice reminded her it wasn’t her choice. She didn’t get to choose any of it.

Harshly, he shoved his cock all the way down her throat. He held there, until all she could do was whimper and gag, while the drool ran freely from the sides of her mouth and the tears swelled the back of her eyes. When she was sure she couldn’t bear it one more second, he pulled out.

“Good girl,” The fucker had the grace to smirk as she sucked air frantically. He circled his dick, and tapped it over her lips, “Would you like to come for me, sweetheart?”

His words were a sinister whisper. She knew he wouldn’t let her but her treacherous pussy still clenched. And she couldn’t lie, not with him looking at her like that.

Her voice was raspy, her throat hurt, her ass throbbed and her pussy was killing her, but she wanted to come more than anything. “Yes, please, Sir.”

“You are a wonderful little teasing minx, ain’t you?” His left hand gripped into the tangled mess of her hair and he forced himself back between her lips.

It was like a primal force of nature. All she could do was take it. Take his fierce domination in her mouth. She was his. To use and abuse. To punish and pleasure. And she took it. Trembling, whining and moaning. She was mad at him and hungry for her own pleasure, but she took him. All of him, looking him right in the eye.

He didn’t say anything else for several moments. There was only them and the obscene squelching and gagging sounds as he slammed himself into her mouth, over and over again.

Beth could tell he was close, not only by the throbbing of his cock against her working tongue but by the look in his eye.

“Fuck, Elizabeth. I love fucking your pretty mouth.” He muttered looking down at her before his eyes drifted closed.

His cock quaked, feeling even bigger in her mouth. Then he groaned, throwing his head back as all of him throbbed and the hot gushes of cum splashed the back of her throat. She gulped him down, all of it, then licked the remains of his pleasure from his shaft like it was expected. Like he liked.

“Maybe I was wrong,” He said as she finished, a languish side smile on his mouth as he grabbed her jaw between one of his large and his dark head swooped to her mouth. “Maybe you are a very, very good girl after all.”
He planted a kiss on her mouth before tucking his licked-clean cock back into his pants. “We shall find out, my minx.”

He was still hard. And she, well— she was still needy.

She had completely forgotten about Bacchus and his Succubi pets, currently sucking his balls and licking cum from his half-limp cock.

One of the girls crawled her way to Rio with a business card between her sharp faux-fangs. Bacchus smirked, “In case the Devil ever changes his mind about sharing.”

Rio didn’t say anything but tucked the card into his pocket before turning to Beth. “Come my Nymph, it’s time to prep you.”

Beth rose, totally confounded. Prep her?

Rio saw her confusion but just smirked in that smug way that she loved to hate, and guided her to the private rooms area without another word.

Once they were inside their usual playroom, he unhooked the gold chain from the collar and dropped it by his feet. Beth held his stare, even daring a jut to her chin, feeling she had the right to be defiant since he hadn’t fulfilled her more basic needs.

She saw his eyes flash in the darkness of the mask. His hand was fast as lightning, grasping the back her collar. Beth wobbled on her feet as he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her closer, tugging at the back of the collar until it was snugged firmly against her skin. When she didn’t waver, his fingers twisted the material. Beth gasped as her airflow was impeded, just enough, to remind her who was boss, who ruled who behind these doors.

“Do not defy me again, Elizabeth. If I don’t like it, neither will you. Is that clear?”

Once again she was taken aback by the severity of the mask. Once again she understood that tonight was different, that she was still toiling penance.

“Yes, my King.” Her voice came out strangled by his choking and her throat still raw from the harsh fucking, but her answer was firm enough to satisfy him.

“Good,” He released his hold, and undid the buckle at the back, freeing her from the contraption. He dropped it next to leash and his hand was back to her neck, fingers rubbing the mark she was sure he’d left, “I need you to keep being a good girl and listen to me for the rest of the night.”

Her head lolled back and she sighed as he found a sensitive spot on her neck. He knew everything about her body. Sometimes it scared her but mostly it still amazed her as something as a simple touch could raise her belly to a burning fire. Was it Magic? Science? Luck? She really didn’t care as long as he kept doing it.

He grabbed her hand and guided her into the adjacent bathroom, her heels clicked over the beautiful Italian streaked marble that ran the spacious length from floor to ceiling. The whole thing was decadent, equipped with a fireplace and a wicked oval bathtub big enough for four. The gold spigots and features finished everything with a splash of money. A lot of money.

Cherry blossom scented candles set the mood, but he still turned on the bright LEDs overhead, then guided her to the luxurious velvet ottoman in the centre. More champagne and berries rested on a golden tray by the corner of the seat but he didn’t bother with it.
“Leg,” He commanded tapping the soft seat.

Beth complied lifting her leg and placing her shoe on the cushioned seat. Rio circled her thigh with both hands, barely grazing her flesh all the way down to the strap and unbuckled it with precise moves, then cupping her calf, his fingers dipping into her muscle and gingerly removing her pump. By the time he was done with her other leg she was heaving again. Something happened to her when his touch was meant to barely graze her, and he knew it.

His dark frame towered over her without the aid of heels. He removed his jacket, then his vest, throwing them carelessly to the floor. Beth watched in trembling awe as long fingers worked on the collar of his shirt. She couldn’t peel her eyes from the eagle tattoo and the way the corded muscle underneath it waved with each movement. The crisp material snapped at each button undone, revealing bit to bit of light brown skin. She felt her lips separate, suddenly dehydrated, and her fingers ached to touch all that smooth expanse.

He pulled at the ends of fabric tucked in the suit pants before undoing the last buttons. Then one by one the cufflinks joined his clothes on the floor, he might as well throw money away, he obviously didn’t care.

She didn’t have much time to fret either cause he was removing his shirt. His shoulders bucking, hard steep muscle contracting and relaxing under the melanated skin. His belt followed suit, and Beth forgot to breathe when the pants waist dropped slightly down the narrow of his hips - God, he was gorgeous... so fine and virile.

“Lay,” He commanded.

She did, sitting and dragging her buttocks over the velvet. It was almost as delicious his voice, still sharp and domineering, but the evidence of arousal making it drag more than usual. Once she was propped on her elbows, he kicked his shoes off.

He looked good enough to sin, wearing nothing but that unholy mask and fitted pants. He reached for something at his back, she heard the steel being unsheathed before she saw the knife.

It was as golden and as wicked as the mask, the Karambit’s blade curved into a sharp point, the grip sported a hole in which Rio had his indicator. He flipped the knife in his hand and in a blink of an eye the sharp tip was between her breasts, right under the bridge of her bra.

It sliced the beautiful garment like butter, the sheer fabric split, and her breasts spilled along with her blood. A thin vertical line forming right under her eyes.

Beth hissed in astonishment. Rio smiled in his crooked way. It was no mistake, his head was tilted to the side, enjoying her pain.

Bastard.

Before she could protest he was between her legs, arm laced around her waist and the cold flat of the blade fanned over her ribs, his free hand pawed her tit and his trimmed beard nestled between the valley of her breasts. Then proceeded to flatten his tongue over the wound he’d inflicted, licking her all the way up to her chin dimple. Teasing her mouth with a playful lick that left her half dazed.

Beth could do nothing but shudder as he swooped to latch on her already tight nipple.

“Stay still, you little tease.” He warned, “I know you ain’t afraid of a little blood.”

How was she supposed too, when he spoke like that? Over her piqued nipple, sending shivers all the
Then the blade was on her thigh, slicing the exquisite suspenders like they were nothing. She didn’t dare to protest when he cut the pretty lingerie piece by piece - what a waste. She tried her best to be still but it was hard work when his tongue caressed the points where the knife had been, either he cut her skin or not.

Finally, it was just the stockings left. He wouldn’t cut those, would he? There was no way he could do it without injur— too late he was already doing it. Beth started to heave in panic.

He stopped dragging the sharply curved tip to look at her, “You trust me?"

Ah, the million dollar question. Months ago she’d spat a big fat no in his face. When he’d ask a second time, she’d said she could try. Now she just clenched her jaws and didn’t say anything.

Rio chuckled, “Y’know you’re the most troublesome lil’ Nymph this Devil had to crack.”

He dragged the blade again and Beth just held everything, her breath, her hope, her fears. The sheer hosiery split little by little, spreading over the smooth expanse of her legs like breeze. All she wanted to do was squirm, but she held still, only daring to breathe again once the blade stopped at the end of her big toe. Not even one tiny little cut.

“See, you just need to listen.”

Beth wasn’t so sure that was all she needed. He did the same thing to the other stocking and then she was completely naked, all of her exposed except for the mask.

Rio studied her for a long time, his dark eyes rummaging through her all her perfection and all her flaws. She felt way more naked than she really was. Overwhelmed, she looked away.

Rio was grabbing her chin faster than greased lightning, “You don’t look away unless I tell you to look away. Is that clear?"

“Yes, my King.” She whispered, bolted to that imperative midnight gaze.

His hands danced on her body, arranging her over the dark velvet, thighs spread wide and knees bent, posted on her elbows and fully opened to him.

“You have any idea of how beautiful you are Elizabeth?” He asked while his indicator travelled all the way from her rigid nipple to the start of her pubic mound.

Beth quivered, her breasts heaving and hips undulating, her body silently asking for what she couldn’t. He had mercy on her, his finger searched between her damp curls - wet… she was so wet already - and found the little nub. Beth gasped has he pressured the hard protuberance, barely, but at least it was something.

“Especially when you come. I love when you come for me, baby,” He continued as Beth nodded frantically, “But you ain’t trusting me yet, right?”

FUCK!

Beth groaned her disappointment out loud as he veered away from her pussy.

“Is that a complaint that I’m hearing, sweetheart?”

“No, Sir.” Beth whimpered reminded of the gagging threat. She liked to breathe, thank you very
much.

“Good,” He got up and fumbled with the vanity drawers, unloading a bunch of stuff, she couldn’t see exactly what, “I like that pretty mouth free for my use, but this is your last warning.”

Fuck her! What did he want from her? Make her go crazy… flash news, she was! Who in their sane mind would want this? Why couldn’t she just enjoy vanilla missionary super boring sex? Why couldn’t she be like—

The sight of a razor cut her line of thought. Fear rose, paired with desire. “W-What is that for?”

“Silence!” He snapped at her. “You impertinent, lil’ cunt, always forgetting your place. Should I put you in all fours and give you another spanking, Elizabeth?”


Beth lowered her eyes and replied with a meek, “No, Sir.”

He smiled sardonically at her modest demeanour, “Oh, I think I do.”

“No, please…” Her pulse thrummed loud in her ears, “I promise to be good, Sir. I promise!”

“We’ll see,” Rio hummed full o’ promises.

He grabbed one of the small towels - folded so neatly that made Beth’s impressive folding skills lack-lustre - and soaked it under the hot water tap.

Beth watched his muscular arms work as he twisted the towel until it was merely damp. The hot towel was placed between her legs, the extra heat on her aroused genitalia almost insupportable. It wasn’t until she saw the shaving cream that she grasped what he was doing.

He was going to shave her pussy.

“I thought you wanted me with hair,” She said softly.

“As much I adore your pussy hair, this is about you trusting me with something sensitive and delicate,” He said removing the towel, the steam had made her hair even softer. He squeezed a dollop of cream into his palm and combed his fingers through her pubis, spreading it all over, “And your pretty-gushy-pussy couldn’t be more precious or delicate.”

He spread her outer lips and gently rubbed more cream there. Beth lolled her head back, a little moan ruffling her all over.

He was right, there was something very intimate and trusting about shaving a woman’s pubis, no doubt. It was also extremely sensual.

Once she was thoroughly soaked in cream he began a long, slow sweep through her curls. For the next fifteen minutes, Beth watched him work, mesmerized.

Her mound was shaved clean by long, gentle strokes, stopping between each sweep to rinse the razor in the bowl of warm water by the floor.

His strokes coursed wave after wave of pleasure through her and quite soon her rich honey was dampening his fingers, and her moans and gasps filling the room. He was tender and teasing, using his fingers to ply her open and stretch the skin when needed or simply to work her out.
The hairs surrounding the outer vaginal opening took the most time, he shaved the folds of sensitive skin with extreme care. Then went back to her clit, it was hard to get the small hairs that crowded the top of her slit, but he knew every beautiful part and secret nook of hers. He took its time there, taunting her clit until she was a squirming mess.

“Be still,” The teasing gleam in his eye told her he knew exactly what he was doing to her.

When Beth thought she couldn’t take his touch one more time without coming all over his fingers, he finally reached for the towel, wiping her shaved smooth skin with the damp cloth.

Beth did know what she hated more, that he stopped shaving her or that the gentle taps over her stimulated pussy wouldn’t stop. But he wasn’t finished. Nope. Far from it.

“Legs up, let me see that splendid asshole,”

A bit more than mortified, Beth held her legs together above her head, exposing her cleft to his grunt of approval - practising yoga had its advantages, she was very flexible and also double-jointed. Rio almost had a heart attack the first time he saw her joints bend the wrong way, he thought he had broken her arms and Beth went with it, fake screaming and crying - it was all fun and games until he realized she was bluffing, then it had been all about pain and pleasure.

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Gingerly he shaved the tiny, fine hairs around her asshole then rinsed her of any shaving cream leftovers, then when she was nice and dry, he planted a kiss over her ultrasensitive slit and ran his finger around her clenching anus.

He loved that her slit was so pink and plump, loved that her creamy ass cheeks still bared the prints of his hands. He bit each one gently to gain a little mewl from her lips. He loved how responsive she was, such a fucking tease.

He spread her wide and swatted her perineum, this time she graced him with a shriek, her whole body shivered and her pussy gleamed with fresh cream.

_Fuck!_ He didn’t want to let her come yet, but she was so damn sumptuous, all that pussy juice couldn’t go to waste. So he fucking ate it.

Rio cinched the back of her thighs to hold her steady and snatched her pussy in his mouth. She tasted like heaven, peachy and rich. Completely smooth and slick, he glided easily over her bare flesh, suckling her little nub of pleasure into his mouth, and flicking it in rapid succession with his tongue. She squirmed under him, her moans as divine as her taste.

“Please! Oh, please, can I come, Sir?” She wailed as he dipped his tongue inside her cunt as deeply as it would go.

“No.” He snarled, hovering above her, so she could his face, “You’ll come when I say so and if you ask again, you won’t.”

To his pleasure she cried a little and trashed her head, the silky blond locks fanned all over the dark velvet was the prettiest picture. But that corazón ass and chubby pussy lips… _damn_!

He let his spit drip over her ass before taking it in his mouth, letting the mask’s hard lines dip into her supple skin. Beth roar was mostly pain, all of her clenched, her body tensed like a bowstring to hold her orgasm.
“Oh, God! I can’t—” She cried between the thrusts of his tongue in her ass, “I can’t!”

“Shush that pretty mouth! You can and you will.” He gnarled while she sobbed and desperately shook her head.

He spat on her asshole again and lick his way up her cunt while driving his chin whiskers into her sensitive skin. Her sobs turned into a guttural moan.

Only then he grabbed the buttplug and rubbed it onto her exquisite wetness. She was fucking gushing, he wondered if he could make her squirt. He was usually too eager to push her this much further.

He prodded her asshole with the tip of the plug and she sucked air in sharply. It wasn’t that big, she had taken way much more up her ass, he had big plans for the remaining of the night this was just the beginning. She had a lot of penance to do. He hadn’t forgotten any of her bullshit.

All of her heaved and quivered, her mouth hanged, slightly open with her pants, and her nails were fucking driving into the skin of her upper thighs so hard he was sure she would have pierced it, but fuck it he loved to mark her. Unfortunately, he was also aware she wouldn’t be able to hold much longer.

He pushed the buttplug in, slowly but steadily, while Beth huffed and puffed. She was gorgeous doing his bidding while her eyes burned with resentment. She wanted to defy him so bad, but her need to surrender was greater. Truly perfection.

Once the plug was fully seated, he leaned away to look at her. “Spread your cheeks for me, Elizabeth.”

She whimpered and trembled but did his bidding. He'd never seen a more beautiful being. Spread and plugged to perfection. Clenching and aching with need.

Rio leaned over her palpitating pussy, her huge blue eyes pleaded at him silently a feverish sheen gleamed on them.

“You can come now, sweetheart.”

It was all she needed. She let go of her ass, her legs flumped to her sides and she arched into his face. He obliged pushing his face into her pussy and bit her clit all so gently. With the loudest cry, she exploded. And he drank.

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She never came so hard in her life. It was the only thought in her mind, over and over again. She was still shaking, curled into a ball over the ottoman. The plug deep in her ass and her thighs sticky-wet with her cum. She might be also crying. She wasn’t sure. She couldn’t feel her face.

Rio was looking down at her, chin propped in the palm of his hand looking extremely pleased with himself. The mere caress of his fingers on her side was making her skin fizz and crackle like static, the tiny convulsions were impossible to stop. She thought she was broken or something... that she was never getting up from that godforsaken ottoman let alone talk. So she was extremely surprised when the question left her mouth, merely a decrepit whisper but still.

“What have you done to me?”

He had the decency to hide his chuckle while brushing a tuft of hair from her face, “Why,
sweetheart, I made you come.”

Once he was done twitting her misery he scooped her onto his lap and fed her lush berries between sips of champagne. She couldn’t do much but open her mouth and chew to his soft edict, her body on its very own oomph of sensation. She didn’t know if she drifted away into sleep or if she’d step into a different dimension but it seemed like a decade had transcurred when he spoke again.

“You trust me?”

Maybe she was plain stupid, insane or just delirious with the things he did to her body but this time her answer was yes.

“Good girl.”

It was all he said before he blindfolded her.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Your comments, critics and suggestions are always appreciated! Also if u have a thirsty song recommendation, I live to for them!

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