

Painful Pleasures

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Putting the tattoo gun down, Mack picked up an alcohol wipe and gently cleaned Sadie's entire back. "You're all finished and let me be the first to say how amazingly fucking sexy it looks," he said, taking in the badass bondage fairy he had just completed in various shades of blue and black.

"It looks so real," her friend Keira said. "Almost like it's going to fly right off your skin."

"I'm proud of you, Sadie," Connie added as she moved in for a closer look at the four-winged fairy with wild dark blue hair and bluish-black opera gloves, thigh-high boots and corset. It looked incredibly lifelike, but something was off and it took her a moment to figure out what it was. "OH MY FUCKING GOD! That...that's *me*! You made her fairy look just like me!"

"WHOA! He did?" Sadie exclaimed, looking over her shoulder but unable to see any more than the tip of a wing.

"You know what, you're right," Kiera confirmed. "I didn't notice until you said it, but yeah, that looks just like you."

"And the one on your back will look like Kiera and Kiera's will look like you," Mack said to Connie. "I thought it was a nice touch given that the three of you are such close friends. Speaking of which, who's next?"

"That'll be me," Connie said.

Sadie got up off the chair, the huge dildo buried in her stretched open pussy covered in juices as it slowly slid free. "Can you take a picture of it so I can see? That's the problem with back tattoos. Everyone can see it but the person it's on."

"Sure thing, Cum Dump," Kiera grinned, referring to the words dangling from her friend's nipple rings. "And when I'm done you're going to get in position so I can give you the punishment for letting those men gang bang you three nights ago without permission."

"I never let..."

"Do you want to add another fifty swats for lying? I went for a walk and I saw you with them. I can't believe you let thirty men dump their loads in you like that. One might get the impression you are trying to get knocked up."

"You got the wrong woman as I only got fucked by...DAMN IT!"

"Fucked, or should I say bred by how many?"

"Fourteen. I let fourteen men gang breed me. I told them not to cum in me, but with these damn piercings that's the only hole they now fill."

"Get in position while I get the cane. I know how much you enjoy taking all those men at the same time, but we have rules and you broke the cardinal one. How many orgasms did you have?"

"Eleven, Mistress," Sadie blushed, knowing that if she lied her punishment would be worse. "I don't know why I like getting gang banged so much, but when the urges strikes me, it hits hard and I can't ignore it. I'm sorry, Mistress." While not technically her Mistress in the classical sense of the word, the three friends agreed to a set of rules three days after arriving at the Whispering Pines Nudist Resort that effectively made them all slaves and Dominants to each other.

"Eleven orgasm equals one-hundred-ten swats," Kiera said as she swooshed the length of bamboo through the air. "Before we begin, since it is over one hundred, I must offer you an alternative punishment. Will you take the swats, or would you rather let Mack pierce your outer

labia with gang bang for one hundred swats, leaving you with only getting ten for being such a naughty little slave?”

“What sort of piercings are you talking about, Mistress?”

“I’m not telling. Swats or piercings? You have three minutes to make up your mind.”

“I’ll take the piercings, Mistress.”

“Are you sure, slave? Remember, if you change your mind before her pierced you the punishment is tripled.”

“I’m sure Mistress.”

“Then Mack, when you are finished tattooing Connie will you please pierce Sadie’s outer labia using plugs reading gang down one and bang on the other?”

“Can do, but I’m going to be at least four more hours here so you can either wait, or I can call in James to do them for you.”

“Is he any good?”

“He taught me everything I know about body modifications so, yeah, he’s one of the best.”

“Please call him in then. And slave, after he’s finished you’ll let him fuck your ass and give you one of those creampiees you love so much.”

“Hate to be the bearer of dad news, but James is one hundred percent gay.”

“Will he touch her pussy to pierce her then?”

“Absolutely. Just because he doesn’t get turned on by it doesn’t mean he won’t do his job. Still want me to call him?”

“If he’s the best, then yeah, give him a call. I want to see the little cum dump suffer as much as possible. While we wait, assume the position, you still have ten swats coming, slave.”

“Yes Mistress.” Walking over to the wall to her right, Sadie bent over at the waist, placed her hands on the wall above her head and arched her tattooed back as her legs spread shoulder width apart. There was no warning, no warmup as the cane bit into her ass. Knowing better than to jump around and cry, she gritted her teeth as a groan escaped her lips. “One. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress. I strive to be the best slave possible for you.”

WHACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress for teaching me discipline.”

WHACK! Kiera lined up and slapped the cane as hard as she could across the back of Sadie’s legs in the hopes of making her break position so she could add twenty more to the total. The result, however, took everyone, Sadie included, by surprise.

“FOUR! OH GOD THANK YOU MISTRESS FOR MAKING THIS WORTHLESS SLAVE CUM!” Sadie moaned as she squirted like a garden hose turned on full blast. Legs trembling, she locked her knees to prevent herself from hitting the floor. The cane struck again, and again more juices shot out. “Five! Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson!”

“Holy fucksticks Batman! Are you seriously getting off on being punished?”

“I don’t...I can’t...OH GOD YES MISTRESS! Hit me again! Flay the skin off my worthless ass, Mistress,” Sadie begged, the words causing her clit to throb as her head went swimming in an ocean of pleasure.

WHACK!

“Six! T-Thank you Mistress!”

WHACK!

“Seven. Thank you Mistress.”

“You know this is supposed to be punishment, right?”

“Yes Mistress. I’m sorry, I can’t help it.”

WHACK! “Well, from here on out we’ll have to think of more creative ways of disciplining you for breaking the rules.”

“Eight. Thank you Mistress.

WHACK!

“Nine. Thank you Mistress.”

WHACK!

“Ten. Thank you Mistress. Does this mean you won’t cane me anymore, Mistress?”

“Absolutely not. But it won’t be as a form of punishment. When did this happen, slave? You’ve been having sex for all of two weeks now so when did you become a masochist?”

“Around the time Mack finished the outline of the tattoo on my back, Mistress. At first I thought I had the orgasms from riding the huge dildo, but I was wrong. I can’t explain it, but I think I get off on pain and being humiliated. When you and Connie talk down to me, treat me like a piece of meat here for you to play with, I get so excited and horny I can barely contain myself. Is...is there something wrong with me, Mistress?”

“Absolutely not,” Mack answered. “There are plenty of men and women who are into pain and humiliation here at Whispering Pines and based off of everything I’ve see these last two weeks tattooing your back I’d say you’re not really playing slave.”

“I don’t understand.”

“What I mean to say, is it’s not an act. You, dear sweet Sadie *are* a slave. Please correct me if I’m way off the mark, but you follow every command to the letter no matter what it might be, gain immeasurable joy from pleasing others and have now confessed to being a masochist. You were a virgin when you came here and in only a couple of weeks have fully realized your bisexuality and done what, four gang bangs?”

“Five,” Sadie corrected him. “It was the fifth that warranted the punishment.”

“Which wasn’t a punishment at all. Are you going to orgasm when James pierces your pussy?”

“Most likely, Mistress. Does that mean you’re not going to have him do it now?”

“Oh, you’re definitely getting it done. But it will not be as punishment. As punishment for breaking the rules and letting fourteen men gang bang you I think fourteen days without sex of any kind is fitting.”

“No sex at all, Mistress? Not even with you and Connie?”

“None. No blowjobs, handjobs or footjobs. You will not take it up the ass or in the pussy for a full two weeks. Is that understood, slave?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And because we all know how weak you are when it comes to resisting sex, James will lace your pussy shut so that you can’t even fit a finger in there. You’ll also wear a plug at all times. If you are caught having sex during the next fourteen days make it so you can never have sex again. Do you understand me, slave?”

“Y-Yes Mistress. Um, how exactly can you prevent me from having sex again, Mistress?”

“I’ll have you permanently sewn shut with only a small hole for you to piss.”

“OH MY GOD! You wouldn’t!”

“Want to test me, slave?”

“No Mistress. I believe you’ll do it so I’ll be good and refrain from all sexual activity for two weeks. Though that kind of defeats the purpose of coming here.”

“Not at all. Take the time to reflect on your mistakes and work on your tan. Your punishment will be to watch and not engage. Besides, you’ll have two whole months to have all the sex you like unless you continue breaking the rules.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“So, is Mack right?” Connie asked as the man continued tattooing her back. “Are you really a slave at heart?”

“Honestly? I really think he might be and I am at a loss to explain it as I’ve never had these thoughts or feelings before the two of you brought me here. How can I be a sex slave and not know it?”

“The same way I was in the closet about my love for pussy,” Kiera answered. “Some things are just too crazy to believe true. Not to get all creepy or anything, but how did getting spanked as a kid make you feel?”

“I got good at learning to cry because I was afraid they’d learn my secret and stop spanking me, but I loved it,” Sadie admitted. “I’d run to my room afterwards and spend hours thinking about it while looking at my red behind in the mirror. Here’s something about me I’ve never told anyone. When I discovered how much I like getting spanked, I started doing it to myself. When home alone I would take a belt or paddle and go to town until I got weak in the knees, but I never associated it with pleasure because I didn’t know what pleasure was back then. God, I can’t believe I finally got that off my chest.”

“You know that means you’ve been a masochist for at least that long, right?”

“I never really thought about it until now, but, yeah, you’re right. And maybe I was born to be a sex slave. All I know is the last couple of weeks have opened my eyes to a whole new world of sex and I don’t ever want it to end.”

“Your eyes aren’t the only thing this place has opened,” Kiera said as she slid her fist into her friend’s pussy.

Sadie jumped back as the hand went deep and she stared at her friend. “What are you doing? You said no sex and then you ram your fist in me? I’m not getting extra punishment for that!”

“Your punishment begins when James is finished. Speaking of which, I’d like to change what he puts on her labia if that’s okay. I’d like him to put born slave on her instead of gang bang.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem. He was finishing another client and should be here in ten or fifteen minutes.”

“Perfect, just enough time for our sexy little slave to make me orgasm using only her tongue.”

“With pleasure, Mistress,” Sadie smiled, easily assuming the submissive role for another scene.