

MADDY MINE

MASTERS OF THE CASTLE, BOOK SEVEN



MAREN SMITH

BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



*H*e was the Dungeon Master, the Jail Keeper, the mysterious and oft-times feared Gaoler. Master Dominick to the customers, his friends called him everything from Dom to Nick to Dominick, and his lovers... ah, his lovers—like the nubile woman sweating before him, her arms bound in a sleeve behind her back, and her thighs and ankles strapped to the Sybian she rode—his lovers called him Sir. And sometimes, as it was in this case with sweet, seductive little Diane, he was: "Please, dear God, no please, no please, no please..."

He liked being God.

Diane moaned, head bowed, the short, spiky curls of her dark hair sticking out all over, and her eyes tightly closed. Sweat poured from her, every inch shining under the orange-amber glow of the fake wall torches. Her buttocks tightened, quivering in time with the low hum of the Sybian. Her nipples were hardened peaks, little tan buds straining high on glistening breasts as she arched her back. She shivered. Her hips worked relentlessly, grinding and grinding in undulations that quickened and slowed, quickened and slowed, in time with the tensing of her belly and thighs. She had a

detachable cock in her pussy, another in her ass, and a nub of textured bumps that she rocked on, preferring to rub to keep the buzzing tight against her clit. It was the dildo in her ass that kept her from riding with the same wild abandon that he so often saw when it came to Diane. She hated anal. So Dominick made sure she got plenty of it every time she requested him. He loved that clench of her jaw, the way her brow beetled and her eyes squeezed, the way her mouth flinched as she felt both cocks invading her at once, rattling inside her, humming along in time with the faint buzz of the machine between her legs.

Dominick circled her, crop in hand, admiring the way she trembled as she neared orgasm. She'd come twice already. She'd wanted to quit after the first one, but three biting lines of his crop across the round swells of her ass and his command—"Ride through it. I didn't say you could quit."—kept her going.

"I can't," she whimpered, shaking her head, but her belly betrayed her. Tiny spasms made the soft rounding of her abdomen flex. Her thighs shook and shook and shook. Between that and the Sybian, it made her whole body jiggle in all the most alluring places. "I c-can't..."

Without a word, Dominick walked behind her, letting her feel the flat, slapper-style tip of the crop caress a wandering path across her shoulders as he circled. Her skin shivered, goosebumps breaking out in a pepper of trepidation as he stroked the nape of her slender neck, down the slope of her right shoulder, following the curve of her arm as he rounded to her front. Her whole body shuddered when it descended to her right breast.

"No!" she gasped, head thrown back, her eyes flying open wide—a pleading storm of grey fixing on him so desperately.

"No is not a safe word," he said, and struck. All considering, it was a light tap, but his aim was dead-on. The slapper caught the thrusting tip of her nipple and Diane shrieked, her mouth rounding in a way that made his already hard cock strain against the zipper of his black leather pants. Yet, the jerk of her body was not a writhe

to avoid the crop's next stinging bite. Her back arched, offering her breasts for more, and he gave it to her. Harder this time. Three sharp downward snaps that grazed the very tip of her nipple, making it swell with welts and need.

She moaned, her stomach tightening. The muscles fluttered as he let the crop tip wander down between her breasts to her belly, teasing a circle around her quivering navel before journeying lower still.

A soft, two-knuckle rap at the door caught his ear, signaling him that time was almost up. At this point, Diane had two hours before the buses departed for the day and she would have to be on one of them. Two hours wasn't a lot of time once he figured in the necessary aftercare, but it was long enough.

"No," she gasped, bowing forward. As if that could prevent him from reaching any lower. "Please no..."

With her arms bound behind her and her legs strapped to the Sybian, she had no real defenses, and no way but one in which to stop him once the crop found her clit, trapping it between the humming nubs of the Sybian and the slapper. She knew what that way was, too, and he could see she was thinking about it. It was right there, haunting the depths of her stormy eyes as she gazed up at him, her expression one of pleading but her moan betraying nothing but the depth and intensity of her building desire.

One side of his mouth quirking into a smug smile, Dominick used the crop to caress between her trembling legs. She bit her bottom lip, rolling them tight together to keep back the moans but, teased into prominence by the constant vibrations, her clit made such an easy target. She could have called 'red' at any moment. He gave her plenty of time to consider it, while first he rubbed, then patted, then pressed, forcing her clit to the rattling thrum of the seat to which she was bound, and finally, with her wide eyes locked so helplessly upon him, both begging him no and pleading him yes, he commanded, "Now," and struck.

It wasn't hard. One didn't need force to make a blow to so

tender an area unbearable, but she still shouted, her need so guttural and hoarse, her hips bucking up into the kiss of the crop and her bottom grinding to ride both cocks. Her belly was a mass of quivering muscle, each straining to reach what she had claimed she couldn't. What she had thought she couldn't.

It was his job to prove her wrong.

And damn, but he was good at his job.

The smell of sex and leather tainted every breath, teasing him with the allure of her body's responsiveness. She was so stimulated, so aroused that she'd forgotten how much she hated anal. She rode the Sybian with abandon, the twitches of her orgasming body reacting to the trailing crop, both offering herself for the next bite and welt, and shying away from the coming pain.

He loved those little twitches. He loved every flinch and moan, the increasingly frantic undulations of her lithesome body as she absorbed both pleasure and pain, every indrawn gasp for breath that begged so wordlessly for more, for everything he had and all he could give her. He loved the way the Sybian dripped with her fragrant oils, the way her pussy smacked so wet and eager upon one cock while the dusky pucker of her anus took the widest curve of the other, over and over again, as she rode from one orgasm to the next, and all because he had ordered her, "Again."

He loved that he could so exhaust her, without ever taking out his cock.

He loved every rolling drop of sweat that cut rivulets through the sheen of her nubile body. He loved every gasp, every groan, every sob she wept out, both in desire and in despair. But most of all, though he would never admit as much out loud, he loved it when her time was up, because that meant he could put her back on the bus for home—sated, sore in all the right ways, with bruises on her nipples, ass, and the insides of her thighs—and he wouldn't have to see her again until the next time. Not that someone new wasn't waiting in some shadowy line somewhere for her turn to

kneel before him. There was always someone else. But then, that was his job, wasn't it?

For all that he might find it at times tedious and somewhat repetitious, he loved his job. He was good at it. One or two or even three naughty little girls at a time, oh yes.

Dominick was good at being God.