

Simply Scarlet

By

Sai Marie Johnson

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Chapter One

Business as Usual

Camille rolled to the side in her bed. It was a restless night, as usual, and once again, Julien had left her to toss and turn repeatedly as sleep eluded her. By now, she should have been used to it, but regardless of how many days went by, in the pit of Camille's stomach, she prayed that someday he would come to love her the way she had hoped he always would. Between his travels and business meetings, Camille really didn't get to see him very much. When she did, it was just enough to draw her breath away as she yearned for her husband to show her the affection she imagined was well overdue. It never came, though. Repeated days and nights passed, leaving Camille eventually coming to the realization that her relationship with Julien von Beirut was simply another merger or acquisition in the holdings of von Beirut Enterprises. The rigidity of the air finally brought Cami out of her bed.

She tossed the sheets off her body and eased her feet to the floor. The house was extensive, and there were several wings in which a person could lose themselves for hours. Cami stood up and crossed the room as her stomach twisted into knots. Lately, Camille had been feeling increasingly nauseous, and in the middle of the night, she frequented the bathroom more than she cared to admit. Light footfalls softly fell upon the carpet, and Cami twisted the doorknob gently as she eased herself into the hall. Her right arm slid to cradle her abdomen, and her left one flew upward to cover her mouth. She desperately needed to vomit and quickly made her way to the bathroom, flinging the door open quickly, with just enough time to fall to her knees at the toilet before she began regurgitating the evening meal. Her stomach wretched and twisted, expelling everything she had eaten before going to bed. As soon as she finished throwing up, she wiped her mouth and pushed herself up to stand, glancing at herself in the mirror just as an odd sound brushed her ears.

The lights were still off, but Camille was sure she had heard something—enough to the point that she immediately wanted to investigate. The sounds were low and seemed to be coming from the last room at the end of the hallway. It was a room Julien used for an office and one he had forbidden his wife from entering. The evasive Julien kept a lot from his trophy wife, and it often irritated Camille to the point of screaming, but becoming boisterous never boded well for her. Still, whatever was happening in that room was enough to send a shiver of fear down Camille's spine and as she walked closer, her heart began to beat wildly. In the moonlight, her scarlet locks radiantly shone, casting a luminance all around the petite young woman's lithe and well-shaped figure. As with all things Julien collected, the craftsmanship had to be pristine. Camille Alessandra de Clervaux was that and so much more. Well educated and well bred, she had a love for horses and art.

Slowly, she eased herself towards the closed door, and at the bottom, she could make out the faint yellow of light within. On the other side of the door, Camille could hear the muffled sounds of low moaning. With her curiosity piqued, Camille could no longer stand with the door shut and suspicious sounds filtering through the wood. She reached forward and pulled the door open in a hurry, to lay her eyes upon a sight that was enough to send her into a fit of vomiting all over again. Her hazel eyes widened, and she stood watching in horror. There, standing before

her, was Julien, stark naked and bent over with his hands flattened against the coffee table. Behind him, a large and shapely man stood with his pants gathered around his ankles. Covered in a thin layer of sweat, the man was violently thrusting his thick cock into her husband's backside. Beneath him was a dark haired Asian woman, who was steadily working her mouth over her husband's own throbbing prick. The man who was pounding him in the ass held Julien's throat with one hand and was clawing into his hip with the other. Jules' head was thrown back with his eyes closed as he continuously moaned aloud. Camille's jaw dropped upon the realization of what she had walked in on. Her eyes scanned the office quickly, and in disbelief, a change overtook her—a dark and deadly change, which made her want to rip his testicles clean off his body and stuff them deep down his moaning throat.

"What the hell is going on here?" she screeched.

The man behind him lifted his face to peer at her, and suddenly, Camille recognized him. By this time, Julien had looked up to see who had walked in on him and his ménage a trois with an expression of loathing and resentment like she had never seen.

"A ginger? What are you doing here, darling?" the man announced as he continued slamming himself inside of Julien's body.

Camille was uncertain of what to say, and just as Julien caught her gaze, she shook her head. As sparkling irises began to fill with tears, she stared in disbelief. There was a reason the saying was 'hell hath no fury like a woman scorned' and, in that moment, Camille began to boil with anger.

"You ever been face-deep in cock before, love?" the blond man asked her as she kept staring. "Oh, don't play shy now, pet. I know you were hired for a purpose." He sneered at her.

Cami turned towards the door, and her eyes quickly fell on the closest thing to her, which happened to be a large Austrian flower vase. She looked back at her husband and lifted the vase angrily with both arms high above her head, throwing it hard at the two men and the woman on her knees.

"You fucking bastard!" she seethed as the vase shattered into a million fragments just beside Julien's left foot. She intentionally avoided hitting the girl because she knew that she was only providing the service she was paid to give. The man behind Julien, however, she knew well enough by reputation only. His name was André DuPointe, a French banker, who often did "business" with Julien at his office. She had heard quite a bit about him, but had never been formally introduced.

Suddenly, André burst into laughter, ridiculing the scarlet femmé with ease. "Oh, this must be the little wife. She's quite a firecracker, Jules. You shouldn't have left her out." With a roaring chuckle, he slid his body from her husband's and gave a quick slap to his ass before striding over to the girl. Slipping his hand into her dark locks, he pulled her up from where she had been sitting on the floor. With a thrust forward, he threw her against the couch and barked, "Get dressed." Then moving towards Camille, his gaze darkened as he leaned in close, nearly pinning her against the doorframe behind her. "Gingers always are, aren't they, Mon Cherie?" He purred the words at her as a true dominant would, but Camille stood in place, more afraid for Julien than she was for her own safety.

"Get the fuck out of my face, you heinous beast!" She scowled at him.

This was the beginning of the end, and as Julien heard his wife ridicule his *Master*, he came unglued, stomping across the floor to slap her hard against the ground. The back of his hand hit her cheek with a loud smack and enough force to send the petite woman straight to the tiled floor beneath her. In shock, she shakily pushed herself upward and looked back at both of

them with a pleading look of fear. She knew what was going to happen next. André already had the desirous glint of a madman flickering in his hazel gaze, whilst Julien now appeared to have a wolf-like grin playing upon his lips.

"Camille, get up and wipe your lip. It seems you are bleeding, beloved." Julien's voice was smooth, commanding, and dominant. The prostitute behind the two men had already begun to put her clothes back on, and André waved Julien away from Camille with a grin.

"Pay the whore her worth. Let me deal with this precious jewel you have kept away from me," he whispered. Each word was like a steely blade, stripping away the silky fabric of Camille's negligee. The fabric clung to her full breasts, and her deep cleavage heaved with each hurried breath she took. André's eyes fell upon her chest quickly, and he leaned forward, pinning her into the wall, as hot breath emitted his nostrils. The man was gorgeous, and in another world, Camille would have found him irresistible. She flattened herself against the wall behind her and sucked in a breath.

Julien turned around and went over to where his pants lay on the floor, lifting them to extract a few loose twenties, which he then tossed at the whore and then waved her onward.

"Get the fuck out of here, harlot. I have nothing else to offer for that piss poor blowjob you just gave," he barked.

Camille's eyes lifted and met André's hesitantly, and within his eyes, she saw the unbridled dangers he held in store for her. He leaned forward and whispered against her earlobe in a teasing manner, "Beauties such as you are worth far more than a bitch on her knees. Shall we start with a name, precious one?" he whispered.

Camille felt her heart still in her chest and froze in terror. Her previous disgust now began to melt away, like ice on an early spring day.

André slid his finger beneath her chin and gripped the side of her jaw firmly, holding her face in position so as never to break his penetrating gaze. "Answer me, or the slap he gave will seem like child's play by the time I am through."

Cami hesitated again, her voice having fled her. "I...Camille Alessandra de Clervaux von Beurutt," she said in a hushed whisper.

"Now, that wasn't so hard was it, Camille?" he asked.

The dominance in his voice sent a shudder down her body, and Camille shook her head.

"No, sir," she whispered.

The word *sir* brought a smile to André's lips, and he looked back at Julien with a chuckle.

"Why did you keep her from me, Jules? Afraid I would know what to do with a woman like this when you had no idea?" he asked. Julien's eyes narrowed, and a glint of jealousy reflected in his amber eyes.

"No, why the fuck would you think that, André? She's much too arrogant and vain to engage in something like this. She's too good for it—entirely too vanilla," Julien stated.

"Ah, I think you are wrong, Jules. I see fire in her eyes that is as vibrant as her deliciously red hair. Isn't that the truth, Camille?" André asked as he looked back at her.

Camille cast a glance back at her husband and, uncertain of how to answer, just gave a nod.

André slid his tongue out to wet his lips and leaned in to whisper against her own. "Fear is something any predator can sense on his prey and, darling, you reek of it. That will never work for this. Do you want it eased or violent? Because, to be honest, violence thrills me more than easy lays any day. Either way, you're going to be mine," he whispered before flicking his tongue across her lips.

"I'm a married woman, Mr. DuPointe," she whispered softly.

This brought a roaring chuckle from André, who immediately peered back at Julien. "Sweetheart, your husband gets his shit packed by me nearly every fucking night. I'm sure I am fucking him more than he has ever fucked your beautiful, tight little figure. Let me show you how much fun this can be. Shall we start with a little party favor?" he asked.

Camille stared at him, uncertain of what to say, and gave a helpless nod.

"Jules, bring the candy box out. It's time we show your little *wife* what fun is all about."

Julien gave a huff and pulled open a cabinet drawer, extracting a small wooden box that he laid on the coffee table. In a matter of a few seconds, he had extracted a long mirror, two straws, and a vial of powdered cocaine. Immediately, he began to sit the lines and murmured a response, "There you go, but I am telling you, the little bitch won't dare touch it." With a sour expression, he fell down onto the couch and leaned back. It was as if he was angry that Camille was getting more attention than he was, and he had the look of a boy throwing a tantrum.

André leaned back and held a hand out towards Camille, with a look of longing. "Come, Camille, let's have a bit of fun, shall we?" he asked.

Camille lifted her hand and placed it in his, following his lead. A mix of emotions had overcome her—everything from anger, fear, curiosity, and, now, even arousal. She had no idea how he had driven her to desire with what he offered, but somewhere between the heat of his body and the flick of his soft tongue, Camille had become enamored with the idea of the forbidden fruit he offered or the taste of sin that drizzled down his perfectly etched physique.

He pulled her towards the table and waved towards the first line. "Ladies first, Camille—trust that it will make this easier," he said.

Camille slid to her knees at the edge of the coffee table and lifted the first straw. She had never done anything even remotely close to as illicit a drug as cocaine, and it shocked her that Julien kept it in the house. It seemed there was so much she did not know about her husband, that she now saw herself literally between a rock and a hard place. Though the rock was not the type she had imagined the saying referred to, and the hard place she never figured would have been a man's rather large cock. She leaned forward and placed the straw into her left nostril, covering the right with her finger as she placed the straw tip to the beginning of the first white line. With a quick inhalation, she drew half the line into her nose and began coughing and sneezing, almost immediately. "Ah heh, ugh. Fuck," she muttered as she dropped the straw and began to wipe anxiously at her nose.

"Shh, hush, darling. Come, sit in my lap and let me see how I can make things better," André said in a directing voice. Camille felt her head begin to swim, and the sounds of his voice became soothing as she did as he had bid her to do. With an easing movement, she pulled herself into his lap and rested her head against his naked shoulder. He smelled of spice cologne and manly pheromones, which only added to Camille's intoxicated state. Julien scoffed and watched in disapproval.

"She will never be a good submissive. She's too dainty and fucking easily bruised. Don't you think I've considered it? She's a trophy wife. I keep her as I would a bloody porcelain doll. Pretty to look at and great for the portfolio—that's all she will ever be good for." He ridiculed Camille with disdain.

André shot him a look of warning and pointed towards the door. "You are a damn pathetic sub, yourself, talking to me like that, Jules. Shut your cockholster and let me do the real man's work. I've found a flower growing amidst your wild ass jungles, and I intend to enjoy her fragrance like a fine fucking vintage."

Camille shifted in André's lap, and felt her body growing limber as she rested against his shoulder.

Andre slid his hand down the swell of her back and gently began to pull up the hem of her negligee. Lacy white panties were all that covered her firm ass, and much to his delight, he grinned as he fanned his fingers over her flesh, "Oh, you are too fucking amazing, Camille. The fun I could have with this round little piece." His fingers slid beneath the fabric and, tugging it with force, he pulled the panties off her body. His forefinger slid down the crack of her ass cheeks and, parting the flesh, he peered down at the pucker of pink that was her forbidden little hole, "Oh, yes, that would look so pretty wrapped around my cock." He spat on her ass crack and slid his finger up and down her slit, taking care to rub the saliva around the rim of her anus before he gently pushed his index finger into her brown eye.

Camille clenched her cheeks, and André coaxed her to still herself as his opposing hand slid between her thighs and began to rub her clit in repeated circles. "Hush, hush, pretty girl. Let Daddy take care of it." He spat again, rubbing her asshole with the fluid and slipping his index finger into her bum once more.

Camille relaxed her body against his hands and shifted, to allow him more access to her erogenous regions.

André peered back at Jules and grinned. "Shall we double or nothing?"

Jules' gaze darkened as he found himself growing harder by the second, watching his master working his wife's forbidden entrance with the skill of a well-versed lover. Jules gave a nod.

"Move out of the way so I can work her for both cocks. She's never been fucked in the ass, and I want to be the first one to give it to her," André said.

Julien stood up and moved to the side, as André pulled Camille from his lap and gently placed her on her back on the couch.

Camille was completely stoned and had no idea of the extent of what was going on, but the sensations that André had brought her body were more than any woman could bear. All along her thighs, she was quivering with the need for him to sate her darkest desires. Desires she had never known existed. Desires that he had awakened within her and now needed desperately to be fulfilled.

André slid his body down over hers, and he began to kiss down her throat, drawing his tongue to slide down her clavicle as it inched towards her cleavage. He tugged at the negligee and ripped the straps from her body, tearing the fabric as he made his way down to take her right breast into his mouth. His tongue greedily slid around her pert nipple and bit into it just enough to draw a whimper from Cami's throat. With a releasing break from the teat, he swirled his tongue towards the center of her chest and slowly drew it down towards her abdomen, slipping his palms between her thighs and quickly thrusting them apart. His lips came closer to her pelvic bone and, parting her pussy lips widely, he flicked his tongue over the nub of flesh at their center and dipped a finger into her tight cunt. Naughtily, he continued his assaulting invasion and parted her thighs even wider as he slid his arms beneath her ass. He brought her legs up over his shoulders and slid his tongue further down her slit, to plunge the muscle deep within her anus. Camille shuddered and squealed at the mixing sensations, writhing against the couch as her body shivered with each flick of his tongue and movement of his mouth.

André relished the taste of her as Julien stared in silence with a fuming jealousy that was written all over his handsome face. Jealousy of what was the question? Was it of his Master as he worked over another or of his wife in the hands of someone who could actually dominate her as

he never could? As if André was aware of that fact, he lifted his gaze to peer up at Julien with a wickedly pleased expression just as he released Camille's body and laid her back down on the couch.

Camille whimpered with want and yearning. The sweet sounds of her feminine cries were a symphony unto André's ears. He arose and motioned to Julien, "You ready, Jules?"

"If ever I could be," he retorted.

André ran his hand down Camille's stomach and lifted her forcefully into his arms. He seated himself with his rock hard cock already standing to full height at the ready for the impaling he intended to give the beautiful girl. He brought Cami down by the hips and rammed his cock into her tight hole. Camille winced and squealed in pain.

Julien stood over her, working his own throbbing dick with his hand as he watched André begin thrusting up into her. André's hands were firmly settled around her hips. Camille leaned her head back against his broad chest and closed her eyes tightly. Jules approached her, and sliding her thighs apart, he slid his cock into the tight recesses of her welcoming vertical grin. Julien placed his palms on the couch on either side of André's head. Immediately, he began to plunge himself deep inside of her as André continued to thrust rapidly into her ass.

Sandwiched between the two men, Camille began to grow woozy from the sensations that came from both pricks slamming into her body. She was completely at their mercy, and somehow, even in the midst of her inebriation, she was becoming freer than she ever thought she could possibly be. A rolling heat singed her flesh, and from beneath her, she could feel André beginning to tighten as his orgasm approached. He slid his right hand up to squeeze her bare breast, rolling the nipple between his fingers, and flicked the nub as his loins began to quiver. André's nails tore into her hip as he felt himself begin to quake in release of his ejaculation. Stream after stream of the pearly fluid shot up into her ass, and he groaned aloud, pulling her ass back down to settle upon his thighs.

Julien kept up the pace, his own body beginning to clench as he watched André fill his wife's body with his creamy semen. He slammed himself into her two more times, until he too squirted his sticky cum deep into her pussy. Julien's forehead dripped with sweat, and he pulled his already softening dick from her body with a grin of satisfaction. As he stepped back, he lifted his hand and wiped his brow with his palm. "Oh, fuck me. That was better than the whore ever would have been," Jules whispered.

André grinned and slid Camille off his lap onto the couch. "She's quite the fun third. I want to bind her, and I'd love to see her reaction to flogging." André stood up and glanced back over her well-used body. He walked across the room and flung open a cabinet, drawing out a jockey's whip.

As Julien watched, he got the idea of what André intended to do and moved to roll Camille over into his arms. He placed her stomach over the armrest, and Camille lolled her head to the side to watch the two of them, completely spent from the experience she had just endured. Julien left her there and moved to grab a pair of handcuffs from his desk. He slapped them on Cami's wrists and then took a belt from his pants loops to bind her at the knees.

André walked over to them with the whip and grinned at the young woman at the ready. "Shall we blindfold and gag her, too?" he asked.

Julien grinned and moved to his desk to pull out a ball gag and a black scarf. He began placing the gag in Cami's mouth and affixed the scarf over her eyes. "I want to burn her," he said, suddenly.

"Burn her? You mean like branding?" André asked.

Julien gave a nod as his lips spread out into a grin. "Yes, right there on that bare ass of hers. One of my cufflinks should do the trick. I'll heat it and sear the flesh. So that everyone knows to whom she belongs," he said.

"Ahh, feeling the need to express ownership, Jules? Are you afraid I may actually have the ability to steal her from you?" André asked with a chuckle.

Julien looked back at him, and scowled.

"Why would I fear you taking her from me? She's only as fun as the holes you can fill, but she has no cock to enjoy. I have both," he stated with a hint of envy in his voice.

"Are you jealous of her, or is it a hint of jealousy over me I detect?" André asked as he stood over Camille.

By now, Cami had become the subject matter of the situation and almost seemed to be an object in a game between two very wicked bisexual womanizers. Their deviance was apparent in every action they took and, had Camille been sober, she would have realized she had just been raped with a drug, to induce her agreeability.

"I'm not fucking jealous of anything. Let's have a go at the branding, and you do the flogging. I want her little bare ass to be riddled with red welts and the beauty of true craftsmanship upon her lily white ass." Julien stated.

André chuckled. He knew better than to think Julien was not jealous over the attention he had given Camille, but in his mind, Camille was far too precious a woman to mar in such a way.

"You're not going to brand her. Branding is not something any Master does without just cause or purpose. It is a ceremonial aspect of mastery, and I will not have you make a joke of the lifestyle, simply to soothe your sadism. Drip wax on her, cut her with a razor, whip her until she bleeds, but do not brand this woman. She must graduate to the place of such a thing. It's not the time," André said firmly. Without further ado, he lifted the whip and drew it down upon her ass cheeks with a firm swat.

Camille flinched in pain and groaned against the ball gag. *Swat! Swat! Swat!* The sound of each slap of the whip against her bare ass sent a jolt through her body. She tensed against the couch, and struggled to maintain her position.

"Hold it well, girl," André said from behind her.

Jules watched in curiosity as his wife continued to be whipped mercilessly.

André grinned appreciatively, and brought the whip down across her back for good measure.

Camille clenched her stomach muscles and did her best to keep from falling off the armrest. With her arms cuffed and knees bound, it was a difficult task, but she rounded her body against the couch and rested her head on the cushions as he continued to whip her across the back and ass. Suddenly, he slid the end of the whip between her thighs and ran the tip teasingly over her clitoris. His free hand slid down to part her ass, and as he watched her reaction, he got a devilish idea. He retracted the whip suddenly and gave a hard smack against her asshole. Camille shuddered involuntarily, and her hip came off the couch.

André laughed aloud as she hit the floor with a loud thud.

Julien began to clap in the background.

"Oh, she didn't hold it well enough. I guess we will have to train her harder," André said as he strode over to lord above Camille on the ground. He lifted the whip and quickly smacked her across the ass again.

Camille flattened her body against the floor. Everything was blackness to her—she could only hear the two men chuckling and André's commands for her to abide his every whim.

"I don't think you have the appropriate premises for this sort of training, Jules, and it is getting late. How about you bring her to the black and white gathering tomorrow night? It will be a glorious event in her honor," he said.

"It was to be a ten-person event, André," Julien stated casually.

"It still will be. I am the host. We won't count me as a person." He chuckled. "Besides, I think she will make a lovely addition to the lineup. With six girls and five men, I don't think any of them will be disappointed by my little addition," he said.

"She will not be as agreeable, once the coke wears off, André," Jules murmured.

"Then give her some more and make her pliant. Don't argue with me on this one, Jules. I want her there for the training event. I want her involved. I *want* her, and you know I always get exactly what I want," André retorted.

"Fine, I will do my best to bring her to the gathering. Is there anything else I need to see to before I show up with your newfound pleasure toy?" he asked in a sarcastic tone.