

Banging Brad

Emily Sinclair

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“You go ahead without me,” Brad said looking at the long of men and women scantily dressed in latex and leather.

“Oh no you don’t!” Lori shot back. “You agreed to go to the club with me if I allowed you to fuck me up the ass all week. I held up my end of the bargain and now you’re going in there with me or we’re through!”

“Really? You’d break up a three year relationship because I don’t want to go to a damn club?”

“You’re damn right I will! I’m sick of this bullshit, Brad! I’m sick of making deals that you get to keep breaking without consequence. Well, now there’s consequence. Either go in with me or get the fuck out of my car and my life!”

Brad could see she was upset and with good reason. For three years she had been trying to get him into Club Bliss and for three years he’s made one deal after another only to break his promise at the last minute. First it was learning to deep throat. After that it was inducing lactation – something she still did some two years later despite him going back on his word. Then there was sex with women and finally losing her anal cherry during a week of butt sex. She had been pissed in the past, but this was the first time she threatened to leave him over it and he could see she was being completely serious.

“Alright, fine, I’ll go in, but I’m not going to enjoy it one bit.”

“Please, just don’t make a scene. I don’t want to be banned my first time in because you don’t want to be there. You know the rules and if you follow them you’ll be fine.”

“You have an hour to get your fill of the place and then we’re leaving.”

“Oh no we’re not. The agreement was to stay until closing and that’s how long we’re staying. Besides, this is my car and I have the only set of keys. God! It’s like you can’t help breaking every fucking promise you make!”

“Only when it comes to this place. You know this isn’t my scene.”

“And taking it up the ass several times a day for a week isn’t mine, but I did it anyways. That’s what couples do Brad. It’s called compromising. Come on, let’s go before the line gets any longer.”

After nearly an hour in line, Brad and Lori finally paid the entrance fee and entered Club Bliss. Techno music thumped rhythmically in the background while men and women of all ages comingled. To Brad it was like walking into a scene out of some bizarre porno with bondage equipment and devices hanging from ceiling and walls while leather and latex clad men and women crawled around on all fours like dogs as others lead them on leashes, flogged them, or rode them like steeds. He had never been so humiliated in his life.

The exact opposite could be said for Lori. For her, this was a dream finally come true and down she went onto her hands and knees – the tight latex dress she wore riding up over her hips to show her naked ass. She crawled to a bench and climbed up on it – lying flat along the wide center support with arms and legs resting on smaller supports at the sides. It was not long before a small group of men and women surrounded the spanking bench and secured her to it by wide leather cuffs at the waist, wrists, ankles and thighs.

Brad knew this was one of her kinks and did not care to watch. Finding an empty table, he sat down and folded his arms over his chest in irritation. He watched as three men and two women took turns spanking Lori with canes, paddles and belts until her ass and the backs of her legs were practically glowing red. Every swat brought a moan of pleasure from her and a groan of discontent from him and after about twenty or so, he had enough. Getting up, he walked over

to where his girlfriend was still securely tied to the bench. He leaned close so that she could hear him over the music. “Stay here if you like, but I’m done. I’ll call a cab.”

Lori was furious at yet another betrayal from the man who claimed to love her. But she was not going to let it ruin her perfect evening. Lowering her head, she gave the swatters permission to continue.

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When she finally got home, Lori said nothing to her boyfriend. In fact, she said little to him for the next two weeks as he did everything in his power to avoid her. But she was plotting and waiting. He had snubbed her for the last time and she meant to get revenge the best way she knew how.

It took two weeks for the first opportunity to put her plan in action and she was not going to let it slip by. It was after midnight when he came crawling in drunk and horny. He woke her with a hard squeeze to the right breast and three fingers shoved into her pussy. Her first reaction was to slug him in the face, but she capitulated to his advances and lured him out of the bedroom and out to the barn where she would enact her revenge. But first, she had to let him have his way with her. So, she coaxed him to the straw-covered floor and straddled his dick – riding him like a bucking bronco until he unloaded in her and passed out.

It took every ounce of Lori’s strength to lift Brad’s deadweight from the barn floor and onto the padded bench she moved out of the far corner into the center of the room. She stripped him out of his clothes and strapped him down much as she had been at Club Bliss and then she climbed up into the loft where she placed an inflatable bed on a thick blanket and fell back asleep.

Lori woke before Brad and she quickly made her way into the house to make the necessary phone calls. She then returned to the barn and gathered up all of the new toys she had bought for the occasion. First in use was a ball gag to prevent him from screaming and alerting the neighbors before she had a chance to explain what was going on. And then she waited for him to wake up. And boy was it a sight when he did.

Confused, groggy and hungover, Brad suddenly found himself unable to move or speak in more than gibberish. His eyes darted around until he found Lori sitting ten feet to his left grinning mischievously. He pulled against the bonds holding him down, but they did not budge. He screamed into the gag every profanity he could think of, but all that came out was non-sense.