

# **Tales of Discipline**

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## Cheaters Never Prosper

William could not believe what he was seeing. Sitting on the couch glaring at the TV, he watched as his wife of twelve years – the first love of his life, the mother of his three beautiful children, his best friend in the world, cheated on him. Not with one man. Not with two, three or even five men. No, he watched in furious anger as eighteen black men gang banged his wife. On top of one, another double penetrated her pussy as a third rammed his long, thick pole down her throat. When he received the package in the mail he thought it was some sick joke, or that someone sent him a bunch of pornos starring a woman that closely resembled his wife, but the second her clothes came off he knew from the tattoo of their children's names and dates of birth on her right side, the fairy on her hip and a rose running the length of her spine that it was, in fact, the love of his life.

Eyes watching, mind processing, William watched his wife being used as the personal fucktoy and cum dumpster to eighteen men. Looking at the box sitting on the couch to his left – a box containing another thirty or so cases, his heart sank in his chest even as his cock sprang to life at all the ways he could get back at her for this complete and utter betrayal. And it all boiled down to the prenap they had signed before getting married. As the ideas began forming, he watched. Fast-forwarding through the bulk of the action if only to get through the video as quickly as possible, he removed it from the player and replaced it with another. Then a third, fourth, and fifth – each of them showing his wife being gang banged by large groups of men in crystal clear 4k resolution.

By the end of the seventh video, after watching his wife performing yet another gang bang – this time with twenty-three well-hung white men, he lost his boner as the realization struck him that their kids may not be his. Turning it off, he slumped back into the couch and stewed in his misery.

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Exhausted from a long day at the office, Brittany had never been so thankful for the weekend than she was that fine Friday evening. Entering the house, she saw her husband relaxed on the couch. “Hey babe.”

“Hey yourself,” William replied, using every ounce of restraint he possessed not to fly off the handle. “Rough day?”

“The usual. I’m just glad it’s Friday because if I had to deal with one more incompetent client I’d pull my freaking hair out.”

*More like you’re happy because all your gang bangs happen over the weekend you fucking whore!* William thought even as he gave his wife a sympathetic smile. “Going out with the girls again or will you be home this weekend?”

“Not this again. You know damn well I always go out with friends on the weekend so do we really need to do this after twelve years?”

“Nope. But before you go I need to ask you a very serious question. Are you happy?”

“What?”

“Are you happy? With me and the kids and our lives together. Do we make you happy?”

“Of course you make me happy. What the hell kind of question is that?”

“Are the kids mine?”

“What. The. Actual. Fuck? I don’t know what you’re insinuating but...”

“Come over here and sit down.”

“I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but...”

“I said, sit!” William seethed with an anger he had never shown before.

Too shocked to reply, Brittany walked over and sat as far from her husband as the piece of furniture would allow. “What’s wrong with you, babe? I’ve never seen you like this before? Did something happen? Is everything...”

“And until today I never saw you like this,” William said as he turned the TV on.

As the black screen lit up, Brittany suddenly saw herself in the middle of a gang bang with over twenty men. “W-What the... OH GOD! I can...”

“I’d really love to hear you explain your way out of this one. Go ahead, I’ve got thirty-seven more where this came from. Thirty-eight videos. Thirty-eight gang bangs. Over seven hundred different men. So, I’ll ask again, are the kids mine or were you knocked up at some gang bang?”

“Of course they’re yours! I would never...”

“What? Cheat on me? Yeah, I think we both know that’s a lie. I want paternity tests.”

“They’re yours! Every time we were trying to get pregnant I stopped doing gang bangs and only went back after you had knocked me up!”

“And for that I only have the word of a cheater. This is what’s going to happen. We’re going to get paternity tests to confirm whether or not they’re mine. Not that it’ll change anything as I will always love them as my own, but they deserve to know what a cheating whore their mother is.”

“I will not...”

“You will shut up and listen or you can pack your bags and get the hell out! I’m giving you one chance to maintain appearances. Refuse and I’ll file for divorce and you’ll get nothing. Accept and we’ll carry on business as usual.”

“If you divorce me I’ll take you for everything you’ve got!”

“Good luck with that. Or did you forget about the prenup stating that you get absolutely nothing?”

“W-What do you want?”

“I watched hours and hours of you having sex with hundreds of men. I watched you getting gang banged, double, triple and even quadruple penetrated. I watched you begging them to breed you, to use you as their personal cum dumpster. You see that paper on the coffee table? You’re going to read it and if you agree to the terms you will sign it and then we’ll get started. If not, then you can pack your shit and get the fuck out of my life.”

Hands trembling, Brittany picked the paper up off the coffee table and began reading what she quickly realized was a slave contract expertly disguised as one employing her as a porn star with very clear and detailed list of fetishes she would be required to perform and for how long. “Y-You can’t be serious! I’m not a sex slave and I’ll be damned if I’ll let you or anyone else treat me like one!”

“Then you have one hour to pack your things.”

“Come on, there has to be some wiggle room. You can’t seriously expect me to do everything you listed! Especially posting it on the internet! I’ll lose my job!”

“Refuse and you lose me, the kids and the comfy life that comes at the expense of my bank account. This is not up for debate or negotiation. You have one hour to sign or get the fuck out. Your choice. And just in case it wasn’t perfectly clear from the contract, no matter what you

decide, I will never have sex with you again. I will pretend to love you, but there will be nothing but contempt in my heart.”

“I’m sorry...”

“Save it for someone that buys into your bullshit. I see you for what you truly are. You have your options. Choose wisely as there’s no going back.” And with that, William got up from the couch and walked out of the room.

Her world shattered into a billion pieces, Brittany stopped the video and then threw the remote so hard it broke against the wall. Teary eyes drifting over more than a dozen pictures of their happy family, she knew the kids were not his. Thanks to paternity tests already taken, she knew beyond a shadow of doubt that each of her three kids was fathered by different men. Paper in hand, she walked into the kitchen where her husband paced back and forth. “I’ll sign but only on one condition.”

“I told you this wasn’t up for negotiation.”

“Please just hear me out before shutting me down.”

“Go on.”

“I’ll sign if, and only if, you add a clause stating that you will never seek paternity.”

“The kids aren’t mine are they?”

“Please don’t make me answer that. Just add the clause and I’ll sign. I’ll be your damn sex slave.”

“I want the truth, Brittany!”

“No... the kids are not yours! There, are you happy now?”

“No, no I am not. I’m as far from happy as it’s humanly possible to be! I assume you were knocked up at gang bangs?”

“Breeding parties,” Brittany clarified. I only went off birth control and did gang bangs with white men when I wanted to get pregnant. I would say there’s technically a small chance you’re the father but I’ve already had paternity tests done and know that you’re not. Um, speaking of which, where are they?”

“My parents are watching them so that we can have the entire weekend to ourselves. If you’re going to sign, sign. Otherwise, please just get out.”

“I’ll sign after you add the clause. Hate me all you want, but our kids are innocent and don’t deserve it.”

“No, what they deserve is to have their real father in their lives.”

“If their real fathers wanted them in their lives they’d have made an attempt. You’re the only father they’ve known and to deprive them of that is cruel and heartless. Please, for their sake add the clause and I’ll be... I’ll be your sex slave. Porn star. Whatever.”

“If you disobey a command, no matter how trivial you think it might be, I’ll tell them the truth.”

“Keep this a secret and continue treating them as you always have and I’ll do whatever the hell you want.”

“Fine, I’ll change the contract. If you don’t immediately sign the new one we’re finished. Is that understood?”

“Yes... M-Master”

“Follow me to my office. How many men have you whored yourself out to?”

“I’m not a whore!”

“Says the woman that accepted money for sex. How many?”

“Since we’ve been married? Thousands.”

“Thousands? As in multiple? More than a thousand?”

“Way, way more.”

“Do you know exactly how many men you’ve had sex with since we’ve been together?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me,” William said as she walked into his office.

“I’ve done a gang bang a month for the last twelve years with an average of fifteen men. I’ve done a hundred and forty-nine gang bangs, been fucked by twenty-two hundred and fifty-seven men not including you.”

“Jesus Christ!”

“I saw you accepting fairly large amounts of money at the end. How much were you charging?”

“Three hundred per man.”

“So, you’ve made over six-hundred grand being gang banged and yet you still saw the need to spend my money? How much do you have left?”

“All of it. With your money and what I made working I was able to save every penny of the gang bang money.”

“After signing the contract you’ll get online and transfer it into our joint account which I will then transfer to my personal account.”

“Bullshit! That’s not even remotely fair!”

“And fucking thousands of men behind my back and spending my money like it’s going out of style is? Consider it partial repayment. You’ll do it or everyone will quickly learn what a whore you are.”

“Absolutely not! I’ll give you part of it, but you will not leave me penniless.”

“You’ll transfer half a million to our joint account or can get the fuck out!”

“Fine,” Brittany seethed.

Document amended; William printed out a copy. They both signed and then he scanned and printed off another copy which he handed his wife. Her life as a sex slave begun, Brittany sat at her husband’s desk, logged into her bank account and then made the transfer as demanded.

“It’ll take a few days for the transfer to go through.”

“If I see any activity on our joint account the deal is off and I’ll show everyone what a cheating, lying slut you are. Now take off your clothes and get on all fours. And from this point forward you’ll call me Master or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Master.”

“As punishment for cheating on me I’m going to give you one hundred swats for every man you fucked behind my back. But don’t worry, I won’t give them to you all at once. No, they’ll be spread out a hundred swats per day every other day until you get through them all,” William said as he watched the look on his wife’s face go from humiliation to fear. “At that rate it should only take about twelve years to finish but I’m more than willing to put in the effort. On the other hand, I’ll forgive some of them in exchange for another tattoo.”

“A tattoo of what and how many will you forgive, Master?”

“You will get ‘cheating whore’ tattooed across your shoulders. Do it and I’ll forgive a quarter of the swats.”

“If I did that then anyone seeing me in a bikini will know what I’ve done, Master!”

“As my slave I can just command you to do it, but I’m willing to give you the choice so I’ll only offer it one last time. Will you get the tattoo or not?”