

Shining in the Dark

by Bex vanKoot

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She laid the wide canvas out onto the floor of the play space, her freshly scrubbed feet tiptoeing from one corner to the next, tacking it down all along the floorboards and leaving only a thin track between the edge of the worn fabric and the wall. Her skill had developed from months of practice, and just thinking about all those incredible sessions started Adam's cock stiffening, pushing to free itself from the long, thin robe as he watched her from the hallway.

She moved in silence, gorgeous and graceful as always even with her ankles hobbled by the rope cuffs, stepping carefully, naked but for the thick leather panties that locked tight at her hips. Light, nervous chit chat filtered in from the living room where the other four artists sat in matching robes and waited to be invited into the studio. Their hard work, planning, testing and boundary-setting to bring this all together was about to come to its climax. Tonight would be their final night together and everyone was on edge.

Adam stood back and admired their work. Last month Lily had gone through the same painstaking routine with this same canvas and after she had taken her place, laid out like a gorgeous star in the center, they had gone to work painting her beautiful body. The men had taken turns with their paint and his wife in the center of the room while the rest watched and stroked themselves, made colorful messes of their own bodies in preparation.

Yellow, red, black and blue paints were rubbed, brushed and caressed into her skin and when she was covered in color, when each corner of the canvas was painted in one hue of hand prints and footprints and butt prints, they had finished her off with a film of hot cum and left her there to dry. Adam had waited until she was able to stand again and carried her through the maze of wet paint, leaving a gorgeous white void behind like a blazing shadow.

After he had gently washed her and rubbed her skin with a soft towel, he had given her the good news. The look on her face had been priceless.

“A whole month?” she had asked with that tragically beautiful edge of self-doubt.

He had smiled at her, taken her cheek in his hand and kissed her lips. “Yes. Will you sacrifice your orgasms for an entire month? Can you do that for me? For your art?”

She didn't take the question lightly. He remembered getting hard again just watching her think about it, commit to doing it even though she knew it would be excruciating. She also knew it would be exquisite. She had nodded, but he wanted to hear her say yes.

This would be the longest she had gone without an orgasm since her husband had bought her that very first vibrator, the beautiful toy that would finally make her cum for the first time when she had opened herself up to him nearly four years ago, before their wedding, before she had agreed to become his and before he had given her everything - the gallery and the inspiration to fill it. He had introduced her to this side of his sexuality, the pain and domination she had always craved but never known, with the same slow unbearable patience she mustered with every stroke of her own brush.

“Yes Sir. I vow not to cum until we finish this canvas.”

Satisfied, he had lain back and watched her tortured eyes well up with hot, wet excitement and tears to match the hot, red wetness in her cunt as she sucked his cock with the perfect skill that belied her years of training. They both knew this would be her greatest challenge yet.

The next night he had brought home the chastity belt, already anticipating her whimpers when he locked it in to place. Except to shower, when she was closely monitored, she had not been allowed to take it off. It looked gorgeous on her and Adam could tell by the slick look of her thighs that even the tight leather couldn't hold her wetness in. She was dripping.

When she finished prepping the room, she walked to the center of the canvas and stood, staring at him in silence. Her usual silly smile was shadowed by a solemn and furrowed brow and he knew it was time to get started, before her worries got the best of her. He took off his robe and picked up his tool box, calling to the men in the other room. "It's time."

Surrounded by the four naked men for the third time – there had been a larger group for their auditions – she closed her eyes and let their smells and the sounds of them moving bring her back to her last orgasm. The memory revealed itself between her legs, her hips gently swaying from side to side so that her sex splayed unconsciously outward toward an eager crowd, even hidden inside the leather case. Adam took his time approaching her, meeting her gorgeous face with a wide grin. She smiled back now with her usual confidence. The smell of his sweat and the brush of his hand to sweep her hair from her eyes were all she needed to know she was ready.

He moved behind her at a snail's pace, savoring every second of the slow expansion of pleasure and awareness she experienced. Their breath began to sync and her mind began to sink, deep into that place where the magic happens. She closed her eyes and he slid the blindfold into place, dropping her into darkness. He inserted an earplug into each of her ears and pulled her hair back into a loose ponytail.

Adam untied the ropes that attached her ankle cuffs and stood up, taking the key from around his neck. He unlocked the back of the gorgeous platinum collar he had given her on their wedding day. From it he slipped the key to her belt and locked the collar quickly back in place, holding her neck and jaw in his strong hands for just a moment. The pressure took her breath away and she shivered with excitement. Though he could have easily worn the chastity key himself, he had wanted Lily to be always reminded of her wanting.

He didn't hesitate removing the belt, unlocking each tiny metal latch quickly and pulling the leather to the floor. The scent of her excitement filled the room and she shivered again with her hot skin exposed to the cool air. He pushed her legs roughly apart and grabbed the spreader bar from the rack hanging beside him on the wall.

With her body sufficiently accessible, he tied a cuff on each wrist and one by one, the men who stood just off the canvas in the corners of the room came to him with the ropes that were anchored at the corners of floor and ceiling. He latched the metal clips in place so she was suspended, legs held in place and arms immobilized out at her sides.

Adam stood back to admire his work. He touched her breasts and let his hand trail down her abdomen and hip, finding her inner thigh. She sighed. He got close enough that she could hear him in her dark, quiet void. "You are a star shining in the dark."

The energy in the room grew thick as the men gazed at her naked body, their own arousal growing as Adam left her side to grab his implements. When he was ready, he put one hand around her neck and the other on her back, pushing her forward so she was bent at the waist with her arms out like the wings of a proud bird – time to fly.

He smacked her ass hard, without any warning, a bare open palm that left a large red welt. She cried out and he rubbed the hot spot. He needed to hurt her first. She needed paint for her canvas. There was going to be blood. Despite the growing lump in her throat, her cunt fluttered with excitement. Adam beckoned to the man in the first corner and his cock jumped to life. He approached and took her by the shoulders to support her, his cock bouncing up and down in her face, and she opened her mouth wide. Adam stroked her hair, acknowledging her obedience. The hard flesh in her face found her waiting lips and plunged into the back of her throat, pulling out after only a few quick strokes.

Lily knew why when the cane came crashing down onto her exposed backside, painting its screaming pain in one thick red welt that sang hot praises to Adam's strength and skill. She sang with them, her voice rising and falling in a long wail, cut short by the hard cock once again seeking out the depths of her mouth. The man would prod at her gag reflex just until her breath began to run out, then Adam would wind up and land the searing pain upon her flesh once, sometimes twice until she was a screaming, sobbing mess.

Somewhere just on the edge of too much, as the welts began to melt into one another and she didn't think she could stand any longer, the edges of her body began to blur. When the first blow broke through her delicate skin and the blood began to flow, she was gone and her spirit soared outward, filled the entire room. Adam didn't stop beating her. As her body relaxed into the pain, her jaw went slack and the cock on her tongue broke past the tight walls of her throat. The man moaned as she swallowed him, nodding to Adam that he was close.

With tiny rivulets of red running down her ass and her thighs, the first ribbons of semen splashed over her skin, making beautiful patterns in the sweat and blood and bringing her back to the stinging pain. Spent, he retreated back to his corner of the room and sat down on the wood floor, waiting and watching. Adam moved to flank her left side and took a breast in one hand, lifted her up slightly so he had better access to her soft flesh and a view of her pretty lipstick-smearred face. The next man moved quickly and grabbed her by her hips, guiding her onto his solid dick in one smooth movement. She cried out as her battered, bruising body bumped up against his, but he didn't hesitate, pulling out and diving in again, then again, the sounds of her pleasure and pain driving him forward. He fucked her hard and fast and Adam could tell she was close to coming. He got in close again and made his voice loud and stern, "Not yet."

The second man finished quickly inside her, fucking furiously in uncontrolled motions that forced Adam to steady her body to keep her from falling. He walked away and left her breathless with hot cum dripping down her legs. She jumped when the third pair of hands grabbed her by the hips but only dipped a hand into her hot sex, rubbing the hot mixture of juices on himself before spreading her swollen ass wide and probing her little star with his finger.

When she backed her hips up toward his eager hands, he positioned himself carefully and slowly pushed his way in, holding himself there gripped tightly inside her. As they stood motionless,

Adam slid the needle into her flesh, the pin pointing precariously at her nipple so that even the slightest sway would prick her.

The blood trickled along the cold metallic shaft in her breast and hovered there, clinging to the tight bud at the peak. One more thrust from the man buried in her sacrum sent the drop flying onto the canvas, and then another needle joined the first. Another short burst of hard thrusts followed by a needle, then another and another until they radiated out from the center in a shining silver star. The man behind her moved faster and faster each time, his hands digging into her flesh where Adam had marked her.

The thrusting in her ass grew insistent and Adam moved to the other side, inserting a new needle whenever the man got close and slowed his pace. He moved his hands from her bloody ass to her shoulders, smearing red across her back as he made his final thrusts, bucking wildly as Adam held her in place with his eyes fixated on the tiny red droplets that fell from one breast, then the other. The man behind her let out a loud yelp and unloaded his climax inside of her. When he pulled out, Adam quickly undid the ropes that held her hands and arms in place, and the fourth man joined him to help lay her down on her back, blood, sweat and cum seeping from her broken body and soaking the canvas.

The last man quickly climbed onto her chest and grabbing her swollen, bloody breasts he slid his cock between them and pressed them tight. Adam removed her blindfold and stood back at her feet, stroking his cock as she looked at him with pleading eyes and whimpered through the pain. Tears finally sprung from those deep blue wells and the salt and sweat smeared mascara and sent it trailing down her cheeks. "Please." Only one word, but it caught Adam off guard. She was usually silent and wordless during their scenes. The man above her watched her tortured face with delight as he continued stroke himself inside her ample cleavage. "You want my cum? You need it, don't you?"

She nodded, no longer focused on Adam but the man whose cock nudged at her chin. Adam would have made her say it out loud, forced her to admit her cock hungry cum loving ways, but the other man didn't need to hear the words. Just knowing it was true sent him tumbling over the edge, splattering her face and chest with hot, sticky streams of his delight.

Adam finally approached her. As the man collapsed in his corner, Adam knelt by her side and slowly removed each of the needles, leaving a pattern of bloody pinpricks in circles around each nipple. She smiled at him and he gave her a quick nod before flipping her around on her belly, the mess on her chest and her face another layer on the canvas.

He knelt between her legs and entered her slowly, leaning forward to pin her arms to the ground. He removed the ear plug from one side and whispered, "Are you ready to shine?" He began moving rhythmically, slowly at first but then finding a steady pace. "Can you feel it Lily? Weeks now without an orgasm, can you feel it? Do you want it? Where is it?" She let out a loud moan.

"Not good enough, lover. I want you to tell us all how badly you need it. How much does this art mean to you? What does it make you feel?"

She let out a deep sigh. Her voice quivered. "I want to cum with you. I want to cum forever."

He didn't stop fucking her, continued to move at just the right pace to keep her on edge. "I want you to cum too. Do you know why?"

She was silent, thinking.

"I want you to cum for me, because you are my shining star. You shine for me. I give you the darkness and you give me the light. You burn so bright, that long after you're gone, you will still shine all across the universe. Do you understand?"

She tried to nod with her face plastered against the floor. "I'm yours. My orgasm is yours." She smiled. "I want you to have it. Please, let me give it to you. Fuck me and let me shine."

He kissed her forehead and whispered, "You belong to me because you belong to the world." She closed her eyes and he picked up his pace, finding the perfect angle and fucking her with abandon as her body began to tense and twist beneath him.

She let out deep sobs of pleasure and pain as it welled up in her, the darkness rising like a wave, then crashing down again. It overcame her and she was drowning in it, then floating up and up. Through her broken skin the light grew, through her moans the light shone and as he came to a violent finish, pummeling her body with his own, she exploded into a shower of light, a sea of stars, scattered over the canvas like fireworks.