

Pearl's Possession

The Red Petticoat Saloon

By

Lee Savino

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Published by Blushing Books®,
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ABCD Graphics and Design
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901
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Savino, Lee
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EBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-646-3
Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

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Chapter One

My name is Pearl and I'm a whore. I work as one of Madame Jewel's gems at the Red Petticoat Saloon.

Some women are here because they need money, or safety, or work. I'm here because of those things, but also because I'm a wanton woman, overflowing with craven desire.

Let me explain.

When I first came to the saloon, Madame Jewel heard my life story in full. She examined me carefully and told me that with my sizable curves and height, I was perfect to fill a request a certain client had. In one night I could guarantee my place in her saloon and make a profit besides. All I had to do was agree to the terms. I heard them, and immediately did. Not because of the money, although that certainly helped. But because what she offered—a night where I was bound and captive while a party of men took over my body—was exactly what I craved.

My former husband had loved my sexual appetite, but soon had grown tired of my constant need and accused me of cheating on him. I had never looked at another man, but I couldn't help my appetite. I was always wet and ready. Even the sound of the shop clerk reading out a list of groceries sometimes made my special places clench and slicken.

I was a Jezebel of the worst kind. But Madame could use me, and so I agreed to start off my career with a bang.

My first night working in the saloon, I was bathed and prepped for the party. Madame Jewel helped me herself. She did not paint my face, saying the men would wish to see my pale skin, blue eyes and dark hair without any paint or artifice. I was clothed in a loose white gown, the thin, silky fabric clinging and revealing more than it concealed.

By the men's request, I was bound lightly by my wrists to the headboard of a large bed. The scarves wound around my arms. My legs were left free. I didn't mind, just having the scarves securing my wrists made me feel like I was tied down and helpless, and couldn't escape what would be wrought on my body.

But I wanted it.

As soon as the door creaked open, I was in a puddle of my own juices.

Madame Jewel had put out punch and cakes in an effort to entertain the idea of a party. It was all a farce. The men surrounded the bed almost immediately. I could hear their boots on the floor and smell the slightly smoky masculine scent of leather and the outdoors, along with a faint trace of soap. My eyes were blindfolded by another scarf, but I could imagine them standing around the bed, some short, some tall, some with broad shoulders, some lean but still muscled from their work, and all of them staring very hungrily down at the bed.

"Her nipples are already hard," one of them murmured and I couldn't help but shiver.

"Gentlemen, she's all yours," Madame Jewel said, and I heard the door close.

For a beat, nothing happened, no sound no movement. I waited, wondering if they were pleased with me, or whether they would leave and tell the Madame to cast me out, that I was unfit for even this purpose.

I heard a whisper of something near my right ear, and turned.

"Are you afraid, lass?" a very soft Scottish brogue asked.

I shook my head, not trusting my voice to work.

"We're going to put our hands on ye, and fuck ye. You're verra beautiful and we want you verra much, but first we want to know that you give your consent."

To my left, someone was working the scarves free, starting to unbind me.

"No, please," I gasped, and caught the hands at my wrists, stopping them in their work. "I want this."

"Do ye truly? It is not some artifice that the Madame trained ye for?"

I shook my head.

"Her body's already aroused, Brock," one of the men reminded him, and I heard other voices around hushing him. "No names."

But lest the pronouncement of my arousal did not convince Brock, I gave a humiliated sob, and spread my legs so they all could see every inch of my wantonness—the thick and shiny juices painting my inner thighs, and my little pale pearl glistening in the pink shell of my lips.

One of the men—maybe Brock—sucked in a harsh breath at the sight.

"Easy," someone murmured. "You'll get your turn. We all will."

The words made me shiver.

The man at the headboard took my hands and, very gently, bound them back up. They did not, to my great relief, touch the blindfold.

"All right, lass. We're gonna give ye a good fucking and no mistake. Ye've earned it."

I had never heard such admiration in anyone's tone.

The men were true to their word, first they touched me, a myriad of hands stroking up and down my limbs lightly, then with more certainty. My heart beat faster—they could touch and see me but I could do neither. I was truly helpless. Whether they loved me or broke me was up to them.

One of them—Brock, I liked to think—leaned down and kissed my cheek. By now I was warm to their touch; I turned my head and sought his lips. The other gems who worked at the Petticoat warned me about kissing men and making eye contact. The connection of lips and gaze was dangerous because it could easily ensnare a woman. I was still blindfolded so I figured I was safe.

The man's face was bristled and scratchy with a beard, but his lips were sweet and the kiss we shared I'll never forget. Especially because it ended when another man bent his head and put his hot mouth over my breast.

"Oh." I jerked a little in my bounds.

"You like that?" Brock whispered as the mouth at my breast continued to worry the flesh.

"Yes, sir. Very much."

He chuckled. "Keep calling us 'sir.' If ye're a good gem, we'll reward ye." And with that, all manner of hands fell on me, two for each leg, rubbing and massaging, enjoying my soft skin.

My other breast was claimed by a large mouth. A slight beard chafed my soft flesh, and I loved it. Arching my back, I tried to encourage them to suck harder, but then someone put their hand between my legs and I jerked again in surprise.

"Soaked," the man confirmed and a second hand joined the first, two sets of fingers swirling on my thighs, dipping down to collect some of the dew there.

"Taste yourself, love," Brock said, and two fingers touched my lips. Immediately I opened and sucked them in, swirling my tongue around the digits, lapping up the sweetness.

"She wants it."

"Someone's going to give ye another kiss," Brock narrated. "But this time on yer cunny. Get ready. Ye'll know much pleasure before the night is out."

He was right. Slowly one of the hands and mouths broke away from the others, and started licking up my leg. He took his sweet time. Every second felt like forever, and I fought to stay quiet as the men stoked my passion higher and higher. They were touching me nonstop, so many hands I couldn't keep track.

Someone even sucked on my toes while rubbing my feet a little with a giant hand. I wasn't a small woman but I felt tiny and petite compared to the hands on my skin, dominating, claiming. Someone else kissed my cheek, and tugged my hair gently, pulling my head to the side so he could continue kissing down my neck. Hot breath swirled against my skin before a tongue stabbed into my ear. At the same time, the man settled between my legs, reached my honeypot and laid a hot wet mouth right on my cunny.

"Oh!" I arched up off the bed, feeling the tongue in my ear shoot pleasure straight south while the warm mouth at my special place sent sparks shooting everywhere.

I moaned loudly, and the tongues rewarded me, probing, sucking, licking. I could hear my juices squelching but I wasn't ashamed. This was what my body was made for, to be worshiped, to be handled, to be loved. And then to be taken, completely claimed.

But that would come later. For now, the men continued their work, pushing me inexorably towards the brink. I had pleased myself earlier, so I might relax and focus on my customer's needs (another bit of advice from the other gems). My desire ran so hot I usually pleased myself several times a day. When I told Madame Jewel this, she had smiled. My high level of passion made me the perfect gem.

But I wasn't a wanton, wicked woman at that moment. I was a treasure, a pearl, shiny with desire and cherished by many men.

Five in fact. Eventually, when I had cum screaming and the man between my legs came up to give me a wet and sloppy kiss, Brock announced their intention. "We're gonna fuck ye now. And ye'll like it, and cum again. We're not small but we'll make sure ye receive your pleasure."

Before the fucking, though, there was more touching, and teasing, and massage, until finally I put my feet on the mattress, spread my legs as wide as they would go, and pushed my bottom up, offering my pussy in full view.

"Please, sirs," I begged, shameless. The mouths at my nipples paused their delicious torture. "Please, fuck me."

"With pleasure," one of the men growled in a deep voice.

"We'll fill ye, soon enough," Brock said, and even his voice was growing raspy, hoarse with desire.

The man between my legs pulled me to where he wanted me. His rough hands cupped my bottom, kneading my fleshy globes and his large hands and presence made me feel petite. The head of his cock slid up and down my slit, stimulating the sensitive area and gaining plenty of lubrication. He put his cock right at my entrance, and as he pressed in, a smile curved my lips. He was not small. He wasn't too big, either. He was just right.

Then he surged forward and I was in heaven. His cock stretched me quickly, and filled my channel, I couldn't help but move my hips and meet him. There was no one to judge me and tell me I was a hussy to enjoy this so much. I was a gem; I was supposed to give the ultimate pleasure to the men who paid. If I took some at the same time, who would know? Perhaps my eagerness would add to the excitement.

There were still hands on my breasts. Brock came around to my head, touching my hair and kissing me every once in awhile, telling me how beautiful I was in his distinct brogue. I made sure to smile at him, even as his friend between my legs pounded me towards another orgasm.

"So tight, and wet," the man gasped. "Perfect."

"My turn," said another, higher voice, and a second cock took the first one's place. This one was long and narrower, but slid in easily and hit a deep place inside me that had me convulsing in no time. He came and gave my lips a very chaste kiss. So sweet, I nibbled on his lips a little to encourage him.

"Take my place," Brock said, and he went down for his turn. The sweet mouth stayed near my face, while Brock filled me. When he came I was wet and slick, full of their seed. My body was buzzing, each part of me alive and singing, but not replete. Not yet.

The men first gave me a break. My blindfold was askew. Before I could ask, someone tightened and straightened it while another undid my scarves.

"Help her up." Two men did, careful of the blindfold. "Drink this." They gave me some water, and then some punch, and then more water by my request. One man sat to my left and one to my right on the bed, cradling me, helping me drink.

"You tired, lass?"

I shook my head. I was well used, but ready for more. They laid me down again and tied my wrists apart this time, one to one bedpost and one to another so my chest was exposed to them. It was less of a strain than the other position, though I had been grateful for the first as the tighter binding made me feel more helpless, a feeling I enjoyed.

With my arms stretched apart, the man who climbed on could lick and suck at my breasts while he sat his cock at my entrance. Which is exactly what he did. He was absolutely huge, but I was so wet and stretched from the other three, it felt wonderful. I wrapped my legs around his massive form as far as they would go, and encouraged him to take me hard.

As the giant between my legs bottomed out, I was shouting my pleasure so loudly someone else gave me fingers to suck. He'd dipped them in punch to make them sweet and I licked and caressed them with my tongue.

"I want her mouth," he sighed.

"Next time," someone told him, and I felt a thrill that there would be a next time.

The fifth, and final, played with my pussy, then touched my bottom hole.

"Right here," he said. I clenched as his finger probed the little dark star of my bottom. It didn't feel awful, just different.

"Not tonight," someone said firmly, and the finger retreated.

"I want to unbind your hands," the fifth said. "I want you to touch me."

"All right," I whispered. At the moment I wanted that more than anything too.

One of the men undid my bindings, but checked my blindfold. "For your protection," he said gruffly.

"More for ours," Brock said reprovably. I was barely listening. I didn't care who these men were, or why they all wanted to take me at once; I wanted to get fucked. The man's cock at my cunt nudged forward, my arms came down and closed around him, and started to stroke up

and down his muscled back. He wasn't as big as the fourth man, or as long and narrow as the second. His cock curved down a little, so he asked for and got a pillow to put under my ass, angling me to take him deep. I sang my praises of this position when my last—and largest—orgasm crashed over my entire body.

They took such good care of me, taking turns cleaning me with a damp cloth, and helping me drink more water. One of them fed me some cake, bit by bit. My hands were unbound, but both of us pretended I was still tied and helpless.

"Lovely," he sighed, and kissed me. All the men kissed me. The big one very gently, the smallest man with more ardent force. They were thanking me, I understood, and felt a pang that they had to leave. I would never see them again, and even though I hadn't actually seen their faces, I felt a connection to all these men. When they were gone, I would feel the loss.

For a moment I wondered what it would be like to be joined to one or more of these men. To be whole and worthy enough for them to cherish me, and come to my bed for more than just my services. What would it be like to spend all night with them, tucked between two of their large bodies? To feel safe, protected, and, for the first time since my disastrous marriage, loved.

I knew it could not be. I was not a whole or proper woman; my marriage had taught me that. I was not fit to be a wife. The most I could give was my body, an hour or a night of pleasure. My craven desires were too much for one man, and, at the same time, my love could never be enough.

Brock was last. He kissed my lips, then my forehead in a tender gesture.

"You're a gem, lass," he said. I smiled. I *was* a gem; I was one of Madame Jewel's gems now. If this was to be my life, night in and night out, I had no complaints.

I wanted him to stay—to prolong the sweet moment. But this was the last minute I had with him—and I had to let him know what he meant to me. I was so tired, but I reached out, catching his arm so I could keep him close enough to hear my whisper.

"Thank you," I sighed. "So much." And then I slept like the dead.