

*Questionable  
Consent*

THE NEARLY FORBIDDEN SERIES  
BOOK THREE

*Gemma Stone*

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Questionable Consent  
Nearly Forbidden Series, Book Three  
*by Gemma Stone*

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## Chapter One

### *Uncertain Consent*

A naked and erect Peter Porter loomed over a supine woman on the bed. Her hair was tousled from struggling. She was lashed in the T-bone position, wearing only a brassiere and panties. They were black, standing out against her pale skin. Peter held a large pair of scissors with which he menaced her

“Don’t you know,” he said, “you’re not allowed to wear anything in my presence? Look around you. Do you see anyone else in this room wearing clothes?”

The scared woman glanced furtively at the small crowd of both men and women casually watching her plight. One woman was videoing the whole thing. All were nude. Peter placed the blades of the scissors under the center of her bra. “Let’s free those beautiful tits of yours,” he said.

“Please don’t,” she pleaded.

Peter snipped the front of the bra in-two. Then he cut each strap, pulling the remnants away from her body. Roughly massaging her breasts, he said, “There, that’s better. But you are still overdressed.” He slid the scissors between her skin and the waistband of her panties. They felt cold against her skin, causing her to shiver. He cut the elastic first on one side and then the other.

“Please stop. Don’t do this,” she pled in a voice bordering on panic.

Peter pulled what was left of her underwear off. Cupping her mound and fingering her labia, he declared, “Now are you are dressed properly for this little party. In fact, you are the guest of honor.”

“What are you going to do to me?” the woman asked, desperate.

Peter stroked her face. “Isn’t it clear, my pet? We’re here to give you an old-fashion gangbang.” The woman looked at those watching her predicament and doing nothing. Two

were men, also with hard-ons. "You need it, and you'll love it. Just relax."

"No! No!"

Peter slapped her hard, causing the female onlookers to wince. The woman filming the encounter continued without hesitation. "Shut up!" he demanded.

The woman teared up and began to cry. Her mascara ran, streaking her cheeks. She looked directly at the woman with the camera. "Please help me!" The callous spectators all laughed.

Peter said, "Help you? We are helping you, bitch. We're giving you a calling. We're making you our whore."

Peter was on top of her. He thrust his penis into her vagina. Because she was not lubricated, he only managed to penetrate to the base of his glans. He repeated the violent strokes, each time entering her deeper.

The woman whimpered, "Stop! No! I can't."

By the time Peter was completely inserted, the woman was sufficiently wet he could develop a rhythm. The woman fell silent. "That's better," he said. "Just take it and enjoy it."

Involuntarily, the woman felt an orgasm building inside her. She would not give her attacker the satisfaction. She gritted her teeth and waited it out.

The added friction that came with Peter's taking the woman aroused him, and he soon shot his semen inside her. As he did, he said, "There, take it like a good bitch." He withdrew and stood. Turning to another of the men, he directed, "Neptune, your turn for sloppy seconds. Have fun."

Neptune had no trouble inserting his cock into her. She was well-lubricated from her engagement with Peter's. Once again, the woman started to climax. She did not try to fight it off. Rather, she simply attempted to conceal her predicament from her tormenters.

After Neptune came inside the woman, he too pulled out and got up. "OK, Dorian," Peter ordered, "it's your turn in the saddle." Dorian was overstimulated from having been

erect and watching the other two men have sex with the woman in bondage. He did not last long. When he had finished and risen, Peter took the shears and cut the woman's bonds, her legs first so she could extend them in front of herself after having them so long been so long stretched out to the sides in a split. Then he released her hands.

The woman stood on shaky legs. She wiped the tears from her eyes, which only succeeded in smearing her mascara across her face. Blood spotted the sheet where she had lay from the vaginal tearing she experienced from the assault. "Thank you, Peter," she said. "That was very realistic."

"If it were any more realistic," one of the women said, "I'd have called the police." The woman stopped filming.

In fact, all that had transpired had been consensual, as unconventional as it may have been. The participants were all Peter's slaves. The one filming was Caile. The victim was Colette, another of his slaves (Peter vacillated on the spelling of her name. Was it Colette or Collette? He reasoned that since he had bestowed the name, it was his prerogative to change it as he wished. Besides, the name was usually spoken and very seldom written.).

Peter had mentioned "play rape" with Caile early in her training. She had hesitated, and he had brushed away the notion, not wanting her to panic. He had never tried a rape scenario with her. "Play rape is not my thing," he declared.

"You could have fooled me," Phryne said curtly.

Colette came to his rescue. "It's true," she stated. "Has he ever performed such a scenario with any of us before? I went to him and asked. At first, he said no, but I reminded him I have had rape fantasies since I was an adolescent. Back then I imagined myself being captured and ravished by pirates. After repeated my request, he finally relented. These three weren't buccaneers, but they sufficed. I do

wish, however, that you had not fucked me in descending order of size, Peter. No offense, Dorian.”

At eight-and-a-half inches, Dorian had nothing to feel inadequate about. It was only in comparison with Peter and Neptune that he looked “small.” He made no verbal reply and only waved in response, as if to say, “No worries. We’re good.”

“How much of what you required us to witness was preplanned?” asked Phryne.

“Well, Colette obviously knew she would be in bondage and fucked by all three of us. She was dressed in bra and panties, which I would never permit, so she knew I would be cutting them off. She was also aware—in fact, she requested—that the scene be taped. Other than that, most of the rest was improvised.” Peter put on his silk robe. “I’m thirsty. Who else wants a drink?”

Dorian was not yet of legal drinking age. He passed. The others all opted for wines, except Phryne, who said, “After that little scene, I need a brandy.” Peter, of course, would have a scotch himself.

“Phryne, I’ve never known you to be a prude of any kind,” Peter stated, surprise evident in his voice.

“Let’s just say it’s not my thing,” she replied.

Peter turned to go for the drinks. “Let’s gather in the study and watch the video. Anyone want popcorn?”

“Peter, please,” said Phryne, exasperated.

Colette replied, “Oh, Phryne, lighten up. Enough pecksniffery. I asked him to do it. I didn’t use my safe word, and I *liked* it.”

Before Peter left, he said, “I was afraid you’d be too turned on by the scenario and would be wet before I started.”

“I did a bit of acting in school. I just totally shutdown before we started,” replied Colette.

Peter had connected his laptop to the television. Once everyone was seated, Peter distributed the wines first,

giving Phryne her brandy last. Caile queued up the video, turned off the lights, and hit play.

Phryne was still registering disapproval. “Master, just make sure the police never see this little episode of *Game of Thrones*. They probably wouldn’t be very understanding.”

For her part, Colette enjoyed reliving the experience. When she turned and looked directly at the camera, Caile zoomed in on her face. “I’m ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille,” she said, referring to the last shot of Billy Wilder’s classic movie *Sunset Boulevard*. “You deserve an academy award for your cinematography, Caile.”

“And you deserve the best actress Oscar™ for that pathetic plea for help,” her sister answered.

When the onlookers’ laughter was heard, Colette continued, “And for their improvisation, the entire supporting cast deserves special recognition.”

For her part, Phryne continued to look as though she had walked into the kitchen and smelled cabbage boiling on the stove. “Lighten up, slave,” Caile ordered. “It may not be your cup of tea, but apparently it is Colette’s. Try and let her enjoy it. You’re right about one thing, though: it’s a good thing she doesn’t have an OBGYN appointment coming up. The doctor would look at the tearing and ask if she’d been sexually assaulted.”

## Chapter Two

### *Rewind*

As the new school year began, Peter Porter's complicated living arrangements were beginning to simplify, for which Peter was grateful. Neptune's advisor in the history department at State had accepted an offer from St. Trinian's and would be starting in January. Though continuing their relationship would not be a technical violation of the university's code of conduct, Peter thought it would be best to avoid even the appearance of possible impropriety. At the start of the second semester, Neptune and Diana would be moving out. He had saved his money and could afford to rent a two-bedroom bungalow in the city's "grad ghetto," not unlike where Peter and Jenny, his girlfriend and slave, lived during college.

Spicewood had elected to go with them. Peter felt a twinge of regret at that. After Caile, Spicewood was probably his favorite, though Colette was in the running, as well. He took solace from the fact he had not released any of them. Though Neptune would still be off limits, he could command Diana or Spicewood to come over and serve him any time he desired. Both would also be available for play parties, as well as the two annual swim team events, the "naked party" orgy and the charity slave auction.

Colette's divorce from her husband Hal became final. He took a job with another institution on the west coast and moved away, definitively closing the book on that chapter of her life. Similarly, Jerry had accepted a position at another university. He and Sigrid moved away, though they would still be close enough that should he require her, she could—and would—make the drive.

Despite the twinge of loss and regret Peter felt at the dispersal of his slaves, he was nonetheless appreciative to have his home a little less crowded and to be relieved of the daily experience of having to look to the welfare and sexual satisfaction of so many. Just as his household situation was

clarifying, an unexpected force roiled the waters, making them murky again.

That force was Phryne. Phryne's given name was Evelyn or Evie. She had become involved with Peter and Jenny in college. When Peter moved to Paris to do his doctoral studies, it broke Jenny and him up, but Evie had moved in with him in France. When he returned to the United States, she stayed on, becoming the mistress of a wealthy French businessman.

It all started with an unexpected phone call.

The voice on the other end of the receiver said, "Peter, this is Evie."

"Evie, what a pleasant surprise to hear your voice!"

"I don't know if you'll feel that way when you hear why I'm calling," she replied. Peter remained silent. "Yves, my, what shall I call him, my patron died suddenly of a massive coronary. Even in France, wives don't continue to support their husbands' mistresses after a husband's death. I have no prospects and no skills to speak of. Yes, I have a St. Trinian's degree. I need to move back to the States. I'm hoping I can move in with you."

"You have a St Trinian's degree, and you want to move to the city with the greatest concentration of its grads." It was Evie's turn to remain silent. "Look, I've told you about my living situation here. I have six live-in lifestyle slaves, plus one that also lives in town. I only have one spare bedroom to serve as a guest room when I need it."

"I realize that, but you *do* have that one room," Evie responded.

"I'll have to discuss it with Caile. I made her Mistress of all my slaves. If you were to come, it would be the same for you."

Evie had to chuckle silently to herself. The conversation seemed to be going her way. "If you can't permit me to move in—and I completely understand, given your situation—can I at least stay with you temporarily while I figure

things out?” She said that, though she had no intention of it being anything short-term.

“Besides also serving Caile—if she consents—for the duration of your time here, you’d have to obey all of our house rules.”

“Of course, Master,” she said innocently. “Absolutely. My rent is paid through the end of the month and my pantry is well-stocked. Just get back to me after you talk to Caile.”

“Oh, and one other thing, if we do this, I’ll give you a new slave name, as is my current practice, and that will become your identity.”

“Oh, goody,” Evie said gleefully. Peter couldn’t tell over the phone if she genuinely pleased or was simply feigning it. “Who shall I be?”

Peter had already given thought to this matter. “Phryne,” he said.

“Like the Phryne Fisher mystery novels?”

When Evie mentioned the name, Peter remembered that she enjoyed those books. Perhaps that was in the back of his mind in selecting the new name. “No,” he said. “Phryne, the source of your lady detective’s name, was a courtesan in ancient Greece. She was tried for impiety, a charge that carried the death penalty. She was represented by the great orator Hypereides. At the end of the proceeding, when it looked as though things were going against them, he pulled her robe off, leaving her naked. The judges, pitying her and moved by her beauty, decreed that they could not convict a priestess and prophetess of Aphrodite and spared her. There’s a famous painting of the incident by Jean-Léon Gérôme that I saw once in a museum in Germany.”

In fact, Evie knew the whole story from one of the early mystery novels, but she pretended not to. “What a lovely story, Master. I like it. If it is your wish, Phryne I shall be.”

Peter paused. “OK, I’ll call you after Caile and I confer.”

“Thank you, Master. I appreciate your consideration.”

He and Caile discussed the matter. Initially, she was less than pleased to have another woman move in, one for who she knew Peter had feelings. They agreed, however, that in the short-term, the woman was over a barrel. Caile consented to permitting the interloper to stay with them temporarily. They would play the rest by ear. Caile would assess how the headstrong Evie—now to be Phryne—accepted her as Mistress.

King Canute is an obscure ruler of England and Denmark who reigned from 1016 to 1035. He is best remembered for an incident that probably never took place. There are two significantly different versions of events. In the most common story, after a pilgrimage to Rome, Canute wanted to prove to his subjects that a king is not God. He went to the seashore and, standing on the beach, commanded the incoming tide to stop, knowing he would fail.

The less charitable account is one of both hubris and flexibility. Canute went to the shore and commanded, “Tide roll out.” When it continued to come in, he decreed authoritatively, “Tide roll in!”

As the newly rechristened Phryne moved in, Peter found his mind running to Canute’s story. Caile and Phryne were an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. He had no idea which strong-willed woman would yield first. Would Phryne bow to reality and recognize Caile’s superior status within the household? Or would she stage a one-person slave revolt? Was he crazy for evening entertaining her moving in?

From the day Phryne moved in, Peter wanted to send both her and Caile signals about the state of things. Peter’s house had six bedrooms, three on the first floor and three on the third. The old ballroom on the second story also had a bed, and with a little furniture additions could be yet another. On the day, Phryne called, the three upstairs were the master bedroom, which Peter occupied with Caile. Next