

Cabinetmaker

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Brittany panted as she came around the corner of the block. Her running shoes slapped against the cracked concrete sidewalk in the steady rhythm. She matched her footsteps with her breathing: gasp, step, gasp twice, and step again. It was the same beat that got her through the last two miles.

She couldn't stop, not even for a second. It didn't matter if her side ached and her lungs burned underneath her sports bra. If she did, Marcus would find out. She didn't know how, but it was inevitable as the sun rising or the knowledge she would be on her knees at the foot of his bed that night. There were certain absolutes in her life and Marcus was the first.

She hissed and pushed past the pain. The burn in her thighs was excruciating but it was only another block until she was done. Seventy steps. She ground her jaw together and concentrated on each one. It was agony but she had to do it.

Because he said so.

At the sight of his garage, she sobbed with relief. The alley was narrow, but she couldn't miss the massive structure that stretched across the entire back side of his lot. It was wide enough to park four cars in front of it, but she never saw a single car inside. Instead, a cloud of sawdust hovered outside the doors and windows. It painted the sun-bleached asphalt in swirls of oak, cherry, and mahogany.

She stumbled to a halt next to the garage. Surrounded by the sharp smells of wood stain drifting out of the windows and vents, she leaned up against the hot siding and gasped for breath.

The back door of the garage swung open silently and Marcus stepped out. He was shirtless. Curls of sawdust and wood clung to the thick hair that covered his chest and belly. His black beard, close-cropped to his jaw, was also covered in specks of wood and flecks of paint.

He looked at her, his pale brown eyes scanning her from her sweat-soaked ponytail and down her chest. She could feel his eyes taking in the white shirt clinging to her stomach and the rise and fall of her chest. He continued to take her in as his eyes followed the curves of her hips and down to her shoes.

With a grunt, he gestured further down the alley. "Walk once around the block and then to your spot."

He turned and reentered the garage, closing the door behind him. A whiff of fresh stain washed over her, mixing in with the smell of sweat and cut wood. She closed her eyes and took a long, deep breath. Her body grew hotter as she drank in the scents.

Twenty minutes later, she was back at the garage and no longer gasping for breath. The drying sweat pricked her skin and the soaked fabric clung to her body. She desperately needed a shower, but she needed to obey even more. With a smile, she pushed open the door.

The door swung smoothly open as she entered Marcus' workshop. As she pass across the threshold, she walked as quietly as she could. Even though it was just a wood workshop, it felt like a temple to her. Even the faint click of the door latch was loud to her, despite the scrape of Marcus scraping a metal chisel over a sharpening stone in the corner. The cool air swirled around her, bringing more of the rich smells to her senses. Lips pressed together to avoid panting, she stepped further into the shop and closed the door behind her.

She passed a towering drill press, carefully to step around the yellow and black lines that marked its place on the floor. The miter, router, and even the table saw had their own lines and she avoided crossing them. In Marcus' workshop, everything had its place. The power tools were identified by yellow and black lines. On the wall, the hand tools had been outlined with spray paint to create a perfect silhouette of each item's position on the wall.

She held her breath as she came around the massive table saw in the center of the room and saw her own place in his shop. It was a blocked out area, just like a power tool, but in the center was an outline of her own feet. She remembered when he held her toes down to spray around them, the tickle of cold paint seeped through makeshift plastic shoes. She also remembered when he licked at her pussy on top of the router table as they waited for the paint to dry.

A heat filled her. She stopped by her spot and quickly stripped. The workshop was cool, despite the summer, and her nipples pebbled almost instantly. She could feel his attention on her—he never stopped sharpening—but she didn't dare look at him. She tossed her clothes and shoes on a shelf next to her squared-off area and stepped over the lines.

There were no walls or sides, but she felt as confined as the tools on the wall. Turning around, with her back to the wall, she lined up her bare feet on the outlines and straightened her back. Her breasts, small and glistening with sweat, stood up from her chest as she clasped her wrists behind her back, right at the curve of her ass.

The hardest part of their relationship was the waiting. Marcus always said that good cabinetry took time, but she never realized that until she was standing naked by a door and watching as he carefully planed down a board or sanded the edge of a top with short, meticulous strokes. The one time she questioned his methods, he demonstrated the need for smooth wood when he pinned her on an unsanded top of a dining room table and finger-banged her to a screaming orgasm.

The splinters took an hour to remove, but he did with the same patience as he did everything else. Strong hand holding her down as he plucked the little motes of agony with a pair of tweezers. And she, to her shame, had sobbed like a baby in his arms.

Brittany shivered at the memory. Her dirty blond hair stuck to her neck and she twisted slightly to free it from the drying sweat. Glancing over to Marcus, who was still crouched over a bench as he sharpened, she released her wrists to clear her face.

He continued to sharpen his chisel. She took deep breaths, timing them with each stroke of metal on the whetstone. Around her, the workshop was pristine as the day she entered it. Even though they were in a master and submissive relationship, he never had her

sweep the floors or organize the tools. He never gave her a menial chore so she could do it badly. When she asked why, he said it was comforting to hold a broom and sweep.

Brittany smiled. He had brought order to her life. He gave her exact times to show up at the workshop and when to leave. She hadn't been late for work once since they got together. She even paid her bills on time, working across the table as he paid his own. It was peaceful to be taken care of, but she still wished she could be more subservient for him. She wanted to serve him.

Next to her, one of her shoes struck the ground. She jerked at the noise and stared down. The shoe was in the center of the space between her and the planer, laces splayed out. The other shoe balanced on the edge of the shelf, propped up by her clothes and inches from falling. She stepped out of her spot to grab it before it fell. With quickening breath, she shoved it deeper into the shelf.

Furtively, she returned to her place. Grabbing her wrists, she stuck her breasts out and listened to the pounding of her heart.

"You," she jumped at Marcus' voice, "left the other shoe on the floor."

Guiltily, she glanced at him but he was still crouched over the bench. The soft scrape of metal against the sharpening stones filled the room. It never wavered, never slowed, but she could feel his attention on her skin. It burned and her body grew hotter with the knowledge he caught her.

"S-Sorry." He didn't like to be called master, but he also didn't want her to use his name. When she spoke in the workshop, she only spoke to one person, him.

Marcus' shoulders shook for a moment and then he stood up. Grabbing a rag, he wiped the oil off his chisel. "Grab two red C clamps and come over to the table saw." He never looked at her.

Brittany cringed but her body grew hot and slick. She stepped out of her box and picked up the offending shoe. She set it down on the shell, but stopped. Carefully, she pulled everything off the shelf and folded each piece before setting it back. When she finished, she set her two shoes in a perfect line on top of the sweat soaked fabric.

His attention continued to prickle her skin. She straightened and peeked over at him. He was watching her with a soft smile on his lips. He wiped the oil off his sharpening stone with a white cloth.

“The clamps,” he reminded her and she almost melted at the sight of his hidden lips behind his beard.

“Of course,” she said and hurried over to the cabinet. The red clamps were medium-sized, with about three inches in the “throat”, the space between the screws and the far edge. She didn’t know what he wanted them for, but she unscrewed both of them from the shelf and their spray-painted positions, red for the clamp color, and carried them over to the table saw.

Marcus was on the other side of the saw, bent over as he rotated something.

Confused, Brittany looked around until she saw what he was doing. The jagged-tooth circular blade sank down underneath the table. Moments later, it was just a long, dark slit in the center of a large expanse of shimmering aluminum.

He straightened and she found herself watching the play of his muscles underneath the dark hairs covering his chest. Holding out one large hand, he flipped his fingers for the clamps. “Just one.”

Trembling with anticipation and fear, Brittany handed one clamp over the table to him.

When his fingers wrapped around her wrist, her pussy spasmed. Even knowing he had something in mind, she felt vulnerable as she stared at her slender hand caught in his rough and stained fingers.

He didn’t say a word. Instead, he brought her wrist down to the table and pulled it to the far edge. Brittany lurched forward until her hips pressed against the cool metal. The temperature was a shock and she let out a yelp.

“Quiet,” he ordered softly and pressed her wrist to the metal. With a firm grip, he tugged her further against the table, forcing her to bend over it as he dragged her hand to the far edge.

When her achingly hard nipples touched the metal, she tried to yank her hand away.

“No.” He pinned her wrist to the edge. With surprising grace, he pried the clamp from her fingers and spun it out with his thumb. Setting it down on the table, he caught her wrist in the throat of the metal and then screwed it down to the table.

The heat and moisture of her sex brought a flush to her cheeks. She stared across the quickly warming table at her bound wrist. The sharp edge of the table dug into her hip and she could barely touch

the ground with one toe, but she felt an intense rush as she was spread out over the table. She tried to pull her wrist out, but it caught on the clamp.

“The other one.” He held out his hand.

Brittany shook her head. “I’m sorry for the shoes.”

“I know, but I asked for the clamp.”

Tears threatened to fall as she reached out with the other clamp. She had to hike herself up on her other toes. She tried to rest her weight on her breasts but the edge continued to dig into her hips. She scooted up as high as she could to hand him the clamp.

As he took it from her hand, she took a deep breath and stretched out to grip the far edge of the table. She felt the pressure along her back and stomach, but it warred with the pulsating heat in her pussy. The curls of heated anticipation ran up her straining muscles and she bore down on the discomfort.

Marcus clamped her other wrist down and stepped back. “Comfortable?”

Brittany tried to nod, but then shook her head. “It’s... digging into my hips.”

“Well, we can’t have that.” There was a ghost of a smile across his face. Turning around, he grabbed a thick wad of shop towels and circled around the saw.

She tried to watch him, but couldn’t see over her shoulder, not while stretched out so far.

There was a scrape of wood on concrete and then a wooden box bumped against her ankles. “Step on that.”

She obeyed and then lifted her ass up into the air.

A finger ran down the crack of her ass, through the sweat and into the heated slickness of her slit. She shuddered at the sudden stroke and lurched forward.

As she moved, Marcus wadded up the towels underneath her hips. “Down.”

She gingerly settling her weight on the edge of the table saw and stepped off the box. The thick pads softened the sharpness and she found that only the strain of her body being stretched gave her any discomfort.

“How long have you been coming here?” His deep voice was a rumble.

“S-Seven months.”

“Exactly?”

Brittany frowned for a moment. “And three days.”

“How many times have we fucked?”

Flushed, she shook her head and strained against the clamps. “I don’t know. I wasn’t—”

She was cut off when his hand cracked against her ass. The wide palm sent a bolt of sharp pleasure and she gasped. Reflexively, she strained at her clamps and clenched her buttocks.

“How many times?” She could almost hear the smile in his voice as he pulled up his hand.

“We never fucked.” She tensed in anticipation.

The smack caught her other cheek. She let out a yelp and shuddered. Her cheeks burned from the two strikes.

“I think it was more than that. Remember, oral sex is still sex. You aren’t the president. And remember the fingering.”

One time, he had her give him a blow job while sitting in an unfinished cabinet. It was called a carcass, a word she hated, but he wouldn’t let her off until she referred to it by the right name.

Thinking furiously, she counted the number of times he fingered her into a screaming orgasm or she swallowed his cock. Her hips rocked back and forth at the memories and she squirmed for a long moment before she answered. “Twelve?”

His hand rose up and came down. The crack of flesh on flesh rang out in the room. “Be precise, that’s your role, isn’t it?” He chuckled as he stroked her burning cheeks with both hands.

“Twelve!” She cried out, her legs pressing tightly together.

Marcus grunted. His hand rose up and she closed her eyes tightly. She was sure of it.

Her ass blossomed into pain as his hand came down, one blow on each cheek. She gasped and cried out, but the cry died out as the agony seemed to sink into her clitoris and nipples, setting them on fire. She moaned and pressed her cheek to the metal of the table saw.

Marcus stroked her ass again. “I think you missed one.”

She frowned. “One?”

“That hammer?”

It was the entire reason Brittany had found Marcus. On a dare fueled by too many drinks in an all-night store, Brittany was crouched down in the tool aisle as she shoved a hammer into her pussy. Her friends, just as drunk as her, giggled loudly and shielded her from the cameras and anyone passing by the ends.

But, none of them expected a broad-shouldered man shoving his way past them and yank Brittany to her feet.

Her friends abandoned her in a flash. Brittany tried to join them, but Marcus had pushed her against the shelves and proceeded to give her a very exacting and detailed lecture on how to properly fuck a hammer, along with the respect she should give any tool that she wasn't going to buy.

The next day, she hunted him down with her new hammer in the back seat of her car.

"Thirteen," she said with a smile and a sigh.

He raised his hand.

She whimpered and clutched at the clamps, her knuckles white. She was absolutely sure it was thirteen. "Thirteen! It was thirteen!"

The blow never came. Instead, he dropped his fingers down to her slit. She jumped at the touch, then spread her legs as far as she could.

Marcus slid his fingers up and down her length, pushing aside the short hairs, before screwing his fingers into the opening of her sex. His thick fingers, rough with woodworking and hours of labor, scraped against her inner walls and she moaned. "Good answer."

His knuckles drove into her and he pulled out with a little twisting motion. When just the tips of his fingers were inside her, he jammed them deep into her soaked pussy and drove her against the saw's surface.

She gasped and writhed in her bounds as he finger-banged her.

"Are you happy with me?"

Brittany tried to look over her shoulder, but she couldn't. Instead, she could only listen to his voice as he drove two fingers into her pussy. She wanted to rock into it, but couldn't. She was pinned by nothing more than a pair of clamps and the length of the table saw.

"Seven months and you've never asked for anything from your old life."

She bit her lower lip and struggled to push back on his fingers. She was soaked and she could feel her moisture tickling her thighs. "You always knew," she inhaled as he shoved in a third finger. "I-I don't know how, but you always knew what I wanted."

Marcus' other hand rested between her shoulder blades. He guided her back down to the table. She obeyed and rested her cheek against the warmed aluminum. "Have you ever wanted me to do something? I know that you tried needles and piercings. And I saw that you were flogged on our first session." He pulled out to stroke her thigh and back. His finger left a warm smear on her skin.

"My last boyfriend."

"Have you been back to him?"

Britten closed her eyes. She cheated on Marcus once, but left when the familiar thrill was lost. There was something about Marcus, the silent way he simply gave orders and took charge. He didn't ask for anything she didn't want to give. But, she was afraid of losing everything if she told the truth.

Marcus said nothing. He kept one hand against her shoulders and the other resting on her tailbone. He was waiting for answer.

She let out her breath and clamped her eyes tightly. "Yes."

He said nothing.

Brittany felt the sharp edge of guilt. "I'm sorry."

"Then why did you?" His hands lifted from her body.

Tears ran down her cheeks. She tried to lift her body to keep him touching her, but she couldn't feel his warmth anymore. The world spun around her as she trembled. "I thought it was better, but then... it wasn't. It just," she took a deep breath, "hurt. It wasn't fun, it wasn't sexy anymore."

Marcus grunted. He sounded further away.

Desperate, she cried out. "I haven't been back since, I swear!"

"I know."

Her skin crawled at his answer. Two simple words. And then she cracked. Sobbing, she pressed her face to the saw. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

His arm hand rested against her ass. "It's okay. I knew you would go back to him. Just as I knew you'd be back here."

"H-How?" She sniffed and trembled. She felt bared against his saw, as if he had just cut her in half.

“A good woodworker knows his wood.”

It was a quiet declaration, but she jerked at the sound of it. She had seen how he loved each piece of furniture as he made it, but then walked away without a tear when it got loaded on a truck. Was he about to toss her away? “Is that what I am? A piece to shape?”

His hands rested against her thighs, stroking and teasing. “At the moment. But, there is a lot of beauty in this,” he squeezed her thighs. His thumbs pressed up against her clitoris and labia and she moaned at the firm, commanding touching.

“Will I ever be more?”

He stood up. Something hot and slick bumped against her thigh. “Depends on what you want from me. A lot can come out of a piece of wood: a beautiful cabinet that shines for a hundred years or a simple, mundane hammer. You are in a position,” he spread her buttocks apart, “to ask for the world and I’m willing to... listen to what you need. So,” his fingers caressed her asshole and labia, “what should I do with this piece?”

Seven months ago, she would have begged to be whipped. Or strapped into a chair. But, neither was the right thing with Marcus. He wasn’t into beating or yelling. He was quiet and commanding, covered in sawdust and stain. He cared about the exact position of his tools and liked everything in neat, elegant places.

Marcus didn’t move. He held himself still as if waiting.

Brittany opened her eyes. She stared out at the two bright red clamps holding her wrists. They had their place in the shop, outlined for all of eternity.

The world spun around her and she struggled to breath. She felt like she was on a ledge, her legs dangling over oblivion. The only thing holding her from falling was the two pieces of red painted metal over her wrists. They dug into her skin, leaving a red mark, but they were comforting as Marcus.

She wanted to have her place in the shop but also in his life. He was nothing like she expected, but she could imagine herself standing by the door for many years to come.

Smiling, she realized the answer. Taking a deep breath, she spoke the idea that had been growing in her head. “Let me sweep.”

His fingers froze against her skin. Marcus exhaled hard and then inhaled.

The silence stretched out and she felt vulnerable. “Marcus?”

“T-That,” he sounded surprised, “is a very big thing to ask.”

She clutched her hands into fists as she thought desperately. “I want to be yours. I love my spot. Make me one of your tools, please?”

He chuckled. “I figured you just wanted me to fuck you.”

His cock slid along her labia. She realized he was naked behind her, wearing nothing but a condom. His cock was poised to drive into her pussy and she could feel the heat rising off the lubricated end nestled at the opening of her soaked sex.

She let out a long gasp of need and tried to push back. When she couldn't, she whispered, “Even tools need to be maintained.”

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About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

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