

Chapter 782

As we prepared to depart, the office called. I had a client appointment...with Rhada. She was going to pick me up at my place. I imagined that the addresses of the other employees was rather confidential. Rhada was a 'somebody' and I was only a male. I didn't bother asking Katrina to intervene. This was my job. She was respectful enough not to inquire one last time if I'd make a run for it.*www.NoVelworm.com*

A taxi got me home and I took the stairs three at a time, racing up to my apartment. My keys worked the lock. I heard the TV on and it was loud. I was moving through our cramped common area on the way to the bedroom.

"Timothy," I greeted my roommate, "I'm expecting a client to come by any minute, so don't be surprised if some bossy chick shows up and treats you like crap."

"Let me guess," Timothy mused. "A late teen/early twentyish, long black hair in a braid, the complexion of Southern India, clearly exercises with B-cup breasts and sweet ass."

"Ah...yeah?" I worried.

"Oh, she came by thirty minutes ago. She's bound up, naked and gagged on your bed, waiting for you."

"What the fuck!" I screamed. "I'm dead. Hell, you are probably dead too."

"Nah," Timothy smirked. "This was how it was going to end up anyway. All I did was save you the anxious and pointless foreplay. Go in there and fuck her silly. You'll have to change the sheets - she's gushing."

I rushed into my room. Sure enough, Rhada was nude, her hands bound behind her back by black leather cuffs, as were her ankles. She had a bright orange ball gag, secured with black straps, in her mouth and her eyes were bombarding me with a deadly furor.

"Shit, Rhada, I'm sorry. My roommate doesn't know who you are," I pleaded. I crawled onto the bed and pulled down the ball gag.

"I'm going to fucking kill you," she screamed. "I'm going to cut out your heart and shove it down your throat. You are so fucking dead, you Asshole! I'm going to slice..." I put the ball gag back in place and staggered out to see Timothy. I tossed my coat and tie aside then sat down beside him.

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"I can't begin to describe how massively screwed we are," I muttered. Timothy sidled down the sofa and put his arm around my shoulder. I wasn't worried. Timothy respected my life choices.

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"Brother, trust me. That girl came over to be tied down and fucked. My Ex was really into that, so I recognized the signs," Timothy consoled me.

"You are worrying about nothing. Trust me. Hammer her the way you did that flight attendant on Saturday and she'll leave here with a bounce in her step," Timothy chuckled. "Oh, she'll act bitchy, but when she makes for the stairs, she'll look back and smile at you. I'd bet my life on it."

"We are, you knucklehead," I sighed. I returned to my bedroom. I wasn't a rapist. Power games were games, not something I got off on. Determining how to get out of my personal tragedy was short-circuited by Rhada herself. Her look was still as lethal, her body was still struggling against her bonds, and a teardrop of vaginal fluid was making it down the crease between her buttocks and thigh.

I turned around and walked back to Timothy, who looked amused.

"Did she bring any weapons?" I inquired.

"Yeah, this decent double-edged blade," he nodded. "On the counter." I went to the kitchenette, retrieved the sheathed knife - an early 20th century ceremonial creation, I guessed - and returned to Rhada. I shut the bedroom door and locked it.

"Well, Rhada," I leered. "Katrina is probably going to kill me for this. I might as well tear some enjoyment out of you before I die." I brandished the sheathed blade. Rhada's eyes grew wide with arousal and fear. I slowly stripped myself bare. Rhada's eyes feasted on my physique. She didn't even try to hide her fascination.*wWw.NoVeLworm.Com*

After I crawled over her body, the knife was unsheathed and the point pressed to her neck. Rhada moaned through her ball-gag. I leaned down and kissed her cheek.

"Rhada, I am going to despoil you," I whispered, my lips only millimeters away. "I'm going to wreck your body." The tip of the knife migrated down her chest, between her breasts in an achingly slow process.

Four years of some serious sexual exploration told me Rhada was on the cusp. My free hand moved unseen until it hovered over the juncture between her ass cheeks and thighs, giving minute access to her dripping cunt. I rammed two fingers into her vagina, praying she wasn't a virgin. She wasn't, my intrusion sent her off into convulsions and I yanked the knife away to keep her safe from the blade.

As her orgasm spent itself a final series of tremors, I rolled Rhada onto her stomach and began spanking her. First she gasped then gave forth furious, but muted, declarations. The moaning started with a few stifled utterances. I broke off the beating long enough to sheath the knife and put on a condom before resuming my play.

"Now you get fucked, my slave - my prisoner," I taunted her. She moaned louder and sobbed. I pulled her up by her hips and unceremoniously shoved my cock into her love canal. It was snug, not tight. Her shudder of shame and pleasure pulsed throughout her body. A few rotations into her pleasure center and I realized the strain on her shoulders, neck and head had to be harsh.

I quickly decided that putting Rhada with her knees off the bed to make it easier on her. My withdrawal then rapid manhandling caught her off-guard. My penetration returned her to that state of bliss. I put my pinkie in my mouth, got it nice and slick, then began wiggling it against Rhada's sphincter.

Her protestations were more verbal than physical though she winced when I actual pushed in to the first knuckle. That accomplished, I began to mercilessly pound that pussy and tease that ass for thirty minutes, until she was unresponsive. I took the break to lay out some more condoms - and answer my bedroom door. Timothy had a bagel in his mouth and a box of 'toys' in his arms.

He shoved it at me, mumbled something that could have been 'get to work', laughed and lastly shut the door. A quick sniff test suggested the goodies were clean. A few clearly contravened the UN Accords on Human Rights so I hid them away. I wasn't sure what would have been worse: Rhada freaking out when she saw them, or begging for one to be used on/in her.

The vibrators checked out, the lube seemed reasonably fresh and clamps, lash and paddles were in working order. Rhada moaned softly when I began working the blue, ribbed dildo into her cunt. Even after it was deeply in place, she didn't react much. Only when the smaller, more flexible, dildo began penetrating her ass did she come around.

Rhada frantically thrashed around in a futile effort to save her back passage.

"How wretched does a woman have to be to submit to a man forcing something up her ass?" I teased her softly. "What would Madi think if she could see you like this, giving up your pleasures like some breeding bitch?"

Rhada's resistance turned feeble and I could tell she was crying. I finished pressing the second dildo up her butthole before turning them both into vibrators. Her whole body was wrapped up in the throes of passion. I got off the bed, retrieved my phone then moved around so she could see me.