+120 Points at most

Chapter 11 EMILY

I was naked, switching between too warm and too cold; there was no middle ground. My skin was covered in a light sweat, and my nipples were puckered into two tight bundles of nerves.

"Is this what you wanted?" A man with a smooth, silky voice asked.

It was dark, too dark for me to see anything but a shadow of a man. He towered over me, and I... I was tied to something. I realized-both at my ankles and wrists. The rope pressed into the skin as I tested the strength cords; it was a little uncomfortable and a whole lot delicious.

St. Andrew's crosses, the thought flashed in my mind. Was that what I was attached to?

Whack.

Something hit me on my thigh, bringing a bite of pain with it. The sting was everything I'd ever imagined it would be, and far too brief, disappearing soon after that initial hit.

"I asked you something, and you would do well to answer me," he commanded, and my pussy clenched at the sound.

"Yes," I moaned, looking up at him through hazy eyes.

Whack.

"Yes, what?" My pussy squeezed once more, both by his voice and the feel of what I imagined was a whip.

"Yes, Sir," I answered breathlessly.

"Good girl, Bella," he cooed, and I gasped. Bella... That man from the bar had called me Bella.

"What do good girls get?" He seduced me with his words, with all the things I'd fantasized about.

"Whatever you choose to give, Sir." I didn't recognize my voice, too soft, too complacent to what I was used to.

"Ahh, you're paying attention. What if I wanted to punish you some more, just because I could? Would you like that, sweet Bella?"

Oh God, I wanted that. I wanted anything the man would do to me. "Yes, Sir." Please...

"And if I wanted to give you pleasure?" I couldn't see him anymore, but I could feel him behind me.

+120 Points at most

"I want whatever you are willing to give, Sir," I answered honestly.

He stayed quiet for a while. A few moments later, all I could hear was him retreating. I tensed; afraid he would leave. I shut my eyes, disappointed that I might not get more than I'd already gotten.

A drawer slid open and then closed. I heard him move some more.

"I think I want to give you pleasure," he mused. He was closer again. So close, I could feel his breath teasing my skin.

His rough stubbles scratched my cheek as he bent down and nibbled my ear. "I'll make it good for you," he whispered.

The sound of buzzing appeared so sudden, I stiffened. What was that? A second later, and I didn't have to guess. I jerked as vibrations touched my left breast. He tracked the device right around the nipple but never on it.

A low whimper escaped me as I mentally urged him to move it just half an inch to the right.

He ignored me and instead moved on to the other breast and did the same to that one. My nipples were so hard and sensitive at that point, I was sure if he put the vibrator on either one of them, I would come.

Slowly, so slowly, he trailed the toy down, tickling my stomach on its journey southward. I tightened my muscles, trying to stop the tremors traveling through my body.

I let out a breath, my whole body excited for what came next, but then... he left me disappointed. Rather than going to where I needed it, he jumped right over it, starting anew just above where my ankles were tied.

Letting out a groan, I looked down at him, hoping he could see the pleading in my eyes even when I couldn't see him.

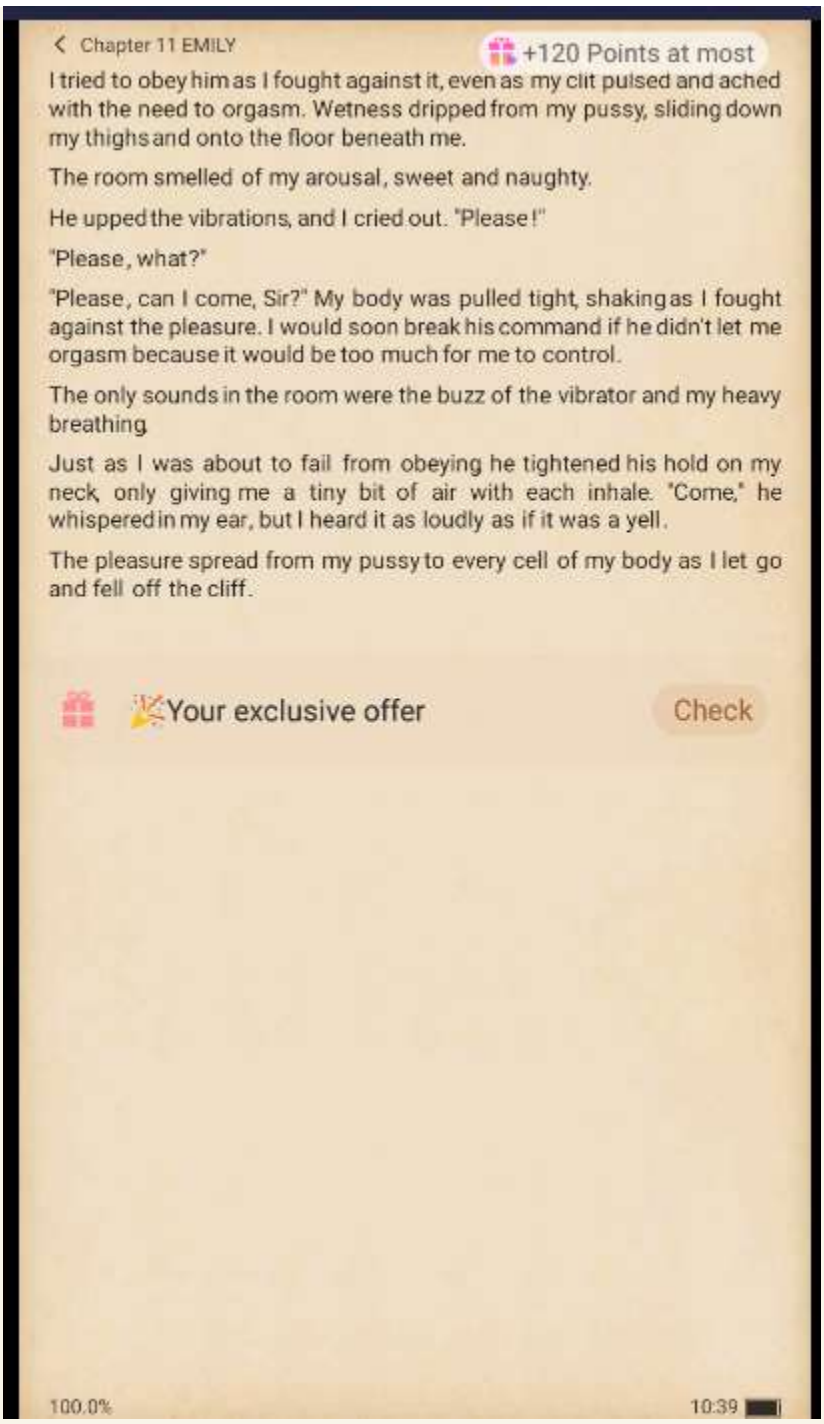
"Patience, Bella. You have no choice but to take what I have to give. If you complain too much, maybe you won't get anything," he tsked.

Ashamed, I hung my head. I didn't like not being the good girl he wanted.

Bit by bit, he worked his way up. I shivered as he touched the back of my knee, and then further up, on the inside of my thighs.

When I felt like I couldn't stand it anymore, he placed the vibrator on my clit, dragging another whimper from me. I'd waited so long that now that he was finally giving me the pleasure he had promised, I was ready to come.

He must've known how close I was because he closed a hand around my neck, squeezing slightly. The vibrator was still placed on my clit, giving me the most delicious feeling. "You come whenever I say you come. Hold it," he commanded, squeezing my neck just a tad more.


Chapter 11 EMILY
+120 Points at most
I tried to obey him as I fought against it, even as my clit pulsed and ached with the need to orgasm. Wetness dripped from my pussy, sliding down my thighs and onto the floor beneath me.
The room smelled of my arousal, sweet and naughty.
He upped the vibrations, and I cried out. "Please!"
"Please, what?"
"Please, can I come, Sir?" My body was pulled tight, shaking as I fought against the pleasure. I would soon break his command if he didn't let me orgasm because it would be too much for me to control.
The only sounds in the room were the buzz of the vibrator and my heavy breathing.
Just as I was about to fail from obeying he tightened his hold on my neck, only giving me a tiny bit of air with each inhale. "Come," he whispered in my ear, but I heard it as loudly as if it was a yell.
The pleasure spread from my pussy to every cell of my body as I let go and fell off the cliff.
Your exclusive offer
Check
100.0%
10:39