

Sweet Pain

I wait for another couple of breaths until I feel a rough texture brush over my skin. It takes a while until I realize what it is.

A quite coarse rope.

It gets wrapped around my breasts, pulled tight, and I gasp, feeling how my breasts are constricted. The rope is wrapped around me again, just below the first, and then a third time. I feel a hand stroke over the three swellings between the rope—my breasts trying to get out.

And while I know that it was Richard who tied me up, I doubt it is still him now. His hands feel different. I can feel long nails, more like claws.

The rope tightens and I sigh at the tension. The structure is rubbing against me and it feels painfully good.

Another hand rubs against my pussy, but there's a rope in between. The rough texture causes me to inch at first, but I give in and eventually grind against the resistance.

In response, I get slapped across my chest. Some electroshocks are sent through my clit and I scream out. I inch again and groan, but at the same time, I can feel my pussy get wetter and wetter.

"Punish me," I breathe and as a reply, I feel the whip on my thighs and belly. The sweet pain makes me moan and wiggle.

The game goes on for a while. The whip is replaced by another one with what I would guess to be rivets. Every whip must leave red marks on my body and the more I think about it, the more it turns me on. I never knew I could be into that sort of thing.

The harder I get whipped, the hornier I am. And just when I think I can't take it anymore, my arms and ankles are released. I drop to the ground, but before I can even reach up to my face to remove the blindfold, my hands are pulled behind my back. My face lands on the ground, my ass up in the air, but when I want to get up again, I can feel a foot on my neck holding me down.

"Who do you belong to?"

I hear a dark, impressive voice, full and somehow velvety. The voice alone could drive me to ecstasy.

"Des," I answer, even though I know that's not what the person wanted to hear. In response, I hear a soft chuckle, before I get whipped hard on my ass. The rivets cut into the flesh and I moan, another wave of electroshocks following.

"Who do you belong to—now?" he repeats himself. I'm pretty sure it's a guy, not so sure about being human, though.

"You," I sigh and out of a notion I add under my breath, "master."

The guy growls in response. I'm sure it's one of pleasure.

"You're such a nice little pet," the voice says and I feel a hand grab my hair, pulling my head up. "Now open wide."

I readily open my mouth, which he comments with a chuckle.

"Hang out your tongue."

I do that as well, just before I feel the tip of a cock on my tongue.

The guy gently slaps his hard cock on my stretched tongue, and I sigh when he pulls my hair a little harder.

"I'm going to fuck you now, and I don't want you to make any sound, understand?" he asks, and I nod. "If you do make a sound, I will punish you."

"I understand, master," I whisper, and he lets go of my hair, walks around me, and I feel him behind me, but there is no body warmth.

He puts his hands on my hips, still no warmth. He's cold.

I expect him to pick me up, but instead, I get lifted from the ground, magically floating up. I think of how Mehdi used to fuck me the first time, but I doubt it's a djinn.

Before I feel anything else, the force suddenly stops, and I drop down, thinking I will land on the ground, but instead, there's a strange table under me now, appearing out of nowhere apparently. I feel wood, some bumps or devices or whatever, but before I can investigate anything, my legs are pulled back, and I feel a cock ramming into my pussy.

I open my mouth, and just as I'm about to moan, I remember my task. Not making a sound. I bite my lip hard, making the guy chuckle, as he starts thrusting, fast, aggressively.

I fucking love it. The wood below me is slightly scratchy, and the rope that's still around my body feels like it's getting tighter, while there are constant pulses of electroshocks going through my nipples and clitoris.

My ass is pulled up a little higher, so the angle is steeper and he penetrates deeper. I dig my nails into my own palms, but it's so hard not to react.

And when I feel his thumb press into my asshole, I break and sigh—it's quiet and barely audible, but it's enough.

He pulls out immediately and I am dropped, barely keeping balance on the table, crawling up a bit to not fall down completely.

"Didn't I tell you to shut the fuck up?" he whispers sweetly, stroking my face with one nail.

"I'm sorry," I breathe, but I guess it doesn't help.

Because the next thing I feel is something huge being pushed into my ass, while the rope on my hands disappears. I groan and sit up on all fours, trying to figure out what it is.

"This is a plug. I know you're a shapeshifter, so I know spreading you won't be any pain for you. So, I thought of something more...crafty." He laughs eerily and I can't wait to find out what it is.

"Punish me, master," I beg and push my ass back further, making him chuckle again.

"Oh, but you *are* punished as we speak. This little plug here." He turns it around and it makes me moan instantly. "Prevents you from orgasming. You will feel *everything* intensely, but you can't climax. This is the highest form of pain I can inflict on you, my little shifter."

Fuck. It was hard enough with Mehdi, but he was merciful. I have no idea about this person.

Before I can react, I am bound to the table and can't move anymore. The table strangely shifts, so my arms and legs are spread open wide. Then, I am impaled by his dick again, moaning and wiggling in the process. Maybe it's the plug or something else, but this feels fucking amazing. But at least I can make a sound now.

He grabs my hips tightly and keeps thrusting and hammering. I hear his thighs and balls smack against my body. When he puts his hand on my back, I can feel the rope getting tighter and tighter. The pain increases, but it feels so fucking good. The rope that's still around my pussy rubs against my clitoris, which is repeatedly electroshocked, and I know this is when I'd normally scream out in orgasm. But now, I'm just constantly on the edge, a screaming mess of wetness and horniness.

I feel another rope manifesting around my throat and the guy grabbing it. He pulls it back and I feel how I'm losing air fast, gasping and at the same time spreading my legs further. This is a new kind of fucking ecstatic pain.

And just when I'm sure I'll blackout, the tension is gone and I can breathe in again, coughing and moaning at the same time.

The procedure is repeated again and again. I love it and by now, I'm begging.

"Please...let me orgasm," I plea and whine, making the guy laugh at me.

"Be a good girl and maybe I will."

"What do you want me...to do?" I shriek, as he pulls me up by the rope around my neck, so I'm kneeling now, his cock in my pussy, my back against his chest and my throat in his hand.

"Tell me your secret," he whispers and I nod, so he lets loose.

"I...am repeatedly fucked by something invisible and I can't seem to figure out why. And I haven't told Des about it."

"Why?" he asks and slowly starts fucking me again, his fingers now removing the little shocking device and pinching my clitoris hard, making me moan loudly.

"I don't...know," I whisper, but he pulls at my clit, so I scream out and rethink my answer. "I... I'm afraid and I don't know why. I feel like I'm cheating on him and I don't know why!"

"Good girl," he whispers and then he pulls out the plug and I instantly orgasm hard, loud, elongated.

I am left alone on the table, the ropes are gone and I feel like I'm alone.

It takes a long time until I find the strength to remove the blindfold.

When I sit up with shaking arms and legs, I can see an unknown person.

"She's really a special one," the man says.

"I know."

I turn around and see Des standing there, a smile on his lips, his arms folded. Richard is slightly behind him, looking pleased.

"I...you watched?" I whisper and somehow feel...dirty. Which is ridiculous enough, after all, he knows what I've been doing all along—it's what he trained, no, created me for.

"Of course, my love." Des comes over and lovingly strokes my face. "I wouldn't let anybody hold your life in their hands without me being able to step in. Nobody could ever hurt you—*really* hurt you—without you liking it."

"Why did you watch?" I ask in confusion and he chuckles.

"I am Desire, Cat. Whatever gives you pleasure, gives me pleasure."

"Then...you know now," I whisper and tears start to build up in my eyes, making him frown. "I'm so sorry."

"There is nothing to be sorry about. You are not cheating, you cannot cheat because this is no game, my love. You hold my heart in yours and no other soul can change that. But I will find out what it is that keeps hiding from you, you deserve to know," Des explains and I shake my head.

"Why? Why do you not care? I still don't understand," I say and he smiles.

"Why do you enjoy getting ravaged by these monsters? Even a vampire you have never met?" he points to the guy and I look back at him, who waves and looks smug. "That's an old friend of Richard. Ivar."

Vampire. Yeah, kind of makes sense.

"I... Richard said something about the semen inside of me, they make me want more..."

"That's partly true. But the other part is...you like to serve them. You like to help. And this is what helps them." Des gently strokes over my folds. "It brings them salvation of sorts. I feel like you have a dragon's heart in a human's body. Or...a shapeshifter's."

"This is all so confusing..." I sigh and Des nods, pulls me down from the table.

"I know. You will understand with time. Let's get you some rest for now." He makes clothes appear on my body and right now, I'm grateful for it.