She's late

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She arrives late... and he doesn't like that too much.

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The crisp, winter air bit into her exposed thighs as she stood at his doorstep. She stopped, nerves rising from her stomach, and took a moment to straighten herself, pulling her crisp white stockings up, straightening her black pleated skirt and neatening her striped, short-sleeved top. She was totally underdressed for the cold winter weather and - what was far worse - she was late.

Taking another deep, foreboding breath she knocked on his frosted glass window. Nothing. A minute passed, then another. Every second started to feel like forever until his silhouette loomed, backlit in the window. He opened the door in a slow, almost nonchalant way, hiding his absolute disgust for the unpunctuality of ‘his’ girl. His pale grey eyes analysed her from head to toe, slowly, stopping at her pinched in waist and even longer at her feet, wrapped in shiny black heels embellished with lace bows.

He was pleased with the way she looked, but his face barely even twitched to let her know. She wouldn’t get away with it that easily. She was staring at him, looking somewhere between panicked and aroused, goosebumps breaking out over her pale white arms. He drew her attention to the clock, and quietly asked: “What time is it, Alexandra?”

She stared for a second, wondering if she could get past his perfectionism with an attempt at humour: “It’s about six, sir.”

“What time is it PRECISELY, Alexandra?” He retorted, raising his voice just sufficiently to fill her with dread.

“It’s eight-minutes and thirty-seconds past six, sir. I am late, sir, because…”

He interrupted her “You arrive *at* six. If you might be late, you leave earlier to allow time. If you arrive early you stand at the door until the watch I gave you *says* six. Now go into the lounge.”

He turned around and walked towards the stairwell, his feet softly audible on the oak floorboards. Alex walked in after him, her heels clacking loudly, and turned right into the lounge.

It was immaculate, but far from modern. The wingback leather chairs had the aroma of decades of cigar smoke embedded in them, the solid wood table wore woodworm-holed legs and the lights, incandescent, flickered with a dull orange, faux-candle glow. A deer head mounted over a glass-fronted bookcase oversaw the youthful, innocent faced Alexandra as she entered and stood, afraid to even move. Her knees began to feel week as adrenaline began to surge through her.

A grandfather clock clicked off every second that passed and Alex began to count. Eight minutes, thirty seconds passed, and then he arrived, almost as though to teach her the first lesson of the evening. Alex turned to take in the sight of him. She hesitated to think of him her master, but essentially that’s what he was. He wore a beautifully ironed blue-grey suit, buffed brown brogues and black framed glasses. His tie was narrow and straight, almost a relic of some decade passed, and his temples sported flashes of white hair, contrasted against mousy brown.

He held a large briefcase, and she wondered what he might have in it today – but before her mind could reach any sort of process he began to speak: “It’s not nice to be kept waiting, is it Alexandra?”

“No, sir. It’s not nice at all and I know I need to learn.”

“And I shall teach you. Turn around.”

He placed his case on the thick pile carpet and unclasped the brass buckles, dragging a thin sliver of metal with leather straps at either end from one of the many silk-lined pockets. Alex peeked secretly over her should, eager to see what it was, but she couldn’t figure it out. He pulled her blonde-brown hair neatly to her back and placed the cold metal sliver at her lips. “Open wide,” he commanded. She could tell from his tone that he was smiling to himself as he spoke.

She opened her mouth and he tugged the metal back into it. It drew the flesh of her cheeks and her lips inward over her teeth and pinned her tongue to the bottom of a mouth. She attempted to ask what it was but her mouth denied her the option, letting out something of a gurgle as her tongue clattered against the metal. A small line of spit ran down her chin as he buckled the bit behind her head.

He placed his hands on her hips, firmly enough as to be felt but not enough to hurt, and gently guided her to the green wingback chair, where he asked her to kneel. She obeyed, allowing her hands to run

up its sides and feel each of the little decorative brass studs, chilly against her now hot fingertips. She was distracted – so much that she failed to notice him plucking a riding crop from his case.

As she attempted to loosen her mouth around the bit a little he lifted her skirt up over her pert, beautifully round buttocks, revealing her thin, black cotton knickers and mismatched white suspender belt. As she turned to see what he was doing she felt a sharp, agonising slap as the coarse length of the riding crop streaked across her bum, immediately leaving a ride line topped with a white, raised ridge.

The pain was so sudden and so severe that she couldn't make a sound for a second, but as soon as she could muster it she let out a guttural moan, entirely emptying her lungs. But that was it. One. One whip. She felt almost disappointed. As she turned back to see what was next he noticed her eyes were uncovered. "I made a mistake, Alexandra. You need to be blindfolded." She nodded gently at him, almost too gently for it to be noticeable as he turned to the case.

He came back and skilfully covered her eyes with the smooth, padded blindfold. It totally removed her ability to see – not a single spot of light broke through. He moved so quietly and softly that she had no idea where he was. As she started to wonder what was next she felt it again, another brutal, sharp crack across her arse. She grunted, and then it came again, one last time.

Her beautiful buttocks were burning hot – and, of course, he knew it. He walked to his liquor cabinet and grabbed a cube of ice from the always stocked champagne cooler and sauntered back to his obedient girl, who remained still on the chair, and began to run the freezing cold and soothing cube over each of the red streaks he'd left across her behind. She shivered, arching her back, and then took a deep breath of relief.

The ice melted into beads of freezing water, running down her thighs and soaking into her stockings. Eventually, after a minute or so of contrasted hot and cold it dissolved entirely, so he asked "Would you like more?" Alex tried to respond but her mouth was useless, so she mumbled.

"I can't understand you." He said, mockingly. "Speak up."

Alex moaned a little louder. "I still can't hear you, you little slut. What are you saying? Is your mouth full?"

She attempted to shout, frustrated, but again she couldn't. "You're late, you won't speak to me and…" he hooked a finger around her knickers and pulled them aside. "… and your fuckholes are filthy. You're a disgrace."

After another moment of silence she felt the cold of an icecube again, but this time it was pushing against her snatch. It popped in easily, thanks to her wetness. Painfully cold and big enough to make her feel full, it started to melt at once, shrinking and dribbling out a little into her stubbly pubic hair. She whimpered, her cheeks flush with embarrassment as he pushed another up against her arsehole. It resisted, but he didn't care and with a hefty shove it popped in. She lurched forward, rocking her head back as her bum swallowed up the cube.

She felt it slide deeply into her, sliding around her insides and shooting cold pangs through her stomach. She tried to figure out what she was feeling, but struggled to decide if it was painful or pleasurable. As her brain pondered the confusion of new feelings he undid his belt and tossed it aside, unbuttoning the top of his trousers. "Turn around. Sit." He demanded. "And you can take out your gag."

Alexandra reached behind her head and struggled with the buckle, eventually unclipping it. She wiped her wet mouth on her arm and then turned in the seat, sinking into it. Her holes both seeped water onto the leather. As she settled he started to question her. "What are you, Alexandra?"

She moved her lips, her face expressing bewilderment "I don't know, sir."

"You know what you are. You're a filthy little whore. What's filthy, Alexandra?"

"My cunt, sir, and my arsehole."

"Why?"

"Because I have been so wet all day long, sir!"

"Good girl." He undid her blindfold and right in front of her face was his dick, standing straight, thick and upright, hard as rock.

She struggled to hide her smile as he tilted it forward and stepped towards her, impying that she should suck it. He pushed it against her lips and she eagerly opened her mouth, gently running her tongue around the head, curling it skilfully upwards and circling it. He let her try for a moment and then started to speak again.

"You're very good at this but your mouth isn't just a tongue. It's another fuckhole, and I'm going to fuck it. Take a breath."

Her eyes widened with a look of panic as he pulled his cock out of her mouth, but she knew she'd

regret not doing as he told. She filled her lungs just in time before he plunged back in, pushing his cock deeply into her mouth and down into the back of her throat.

She opened her eyes widely as her gag reflex took over control of her mouth. Her tongue pushed forward and she almost panicked, flailing her arms forward against his still covered thighs, but it was useless. He started to thrust in and out of her mouth, and with each blow the end of his dick pushed on the back of her throat causing her to gag, tears building in her reddening eyes.

He built speed, faster and faster, and with every stroke she felt more and more degraded. Her saliva clung to she shaft of his cock in strings which stuck to her chin as she gasped, managing to time short breaths with his strokes. She moaned as she choked, but he was relentless. He carried on, building speed, faster and faster, making her feel almost concussed from the force of his blows.

As he get more and more excited and aroused he realised it was time to slow down, rather than pump her stomach full of his cum. Alexandra's makeup smeared down her cheeks in black lines and when he looked down at what he'd done he smiled and thrust one last time, so deeply into her throat that his balls pushed against her sodden chin.

He pulled out and stepped back, watching Alexandra breath rapidly and deeply, her face a complete mess of smeared make up and her own spit. "Take your knickers off. Now." He commanded, not considering that she might need a moment to compose herself and think. Little did he know that she felt more proud than he did of how depraved she could be…

She stood, unclipping her suspenders, and dropped her knickers. They snagged on her shoes and she fumbled a little, then she stepped out of them and posed coyly and sweetly. He picked them up and used them to wipe her face dry. The salty-sweet smell of her soaking snatch caught her nose and excited her. He asked her to get to her knees and turn around, which she readily did.

Forcefully he pushed her head forwards, causing her to lose her balance and stumble. She steadied herself against the arms of the chair and noticed the sticky wet her cunt had left, shiny on the leather, mixed with the melted ice from her holes. She didn't ask - she just got straight to tasting it, slurping it through pouted lips.

He stared down at her from behind and grinned widely to himself. "That's a good girl. Well done!" he exclaimed, unable to keep the pride out of his voice. She carried on, licking the leather seat as she sensed him playing with his cock behind her. She kept at it, even after she'd licked it completely clean, noticing that her eagerness made him speed up.

Suddenly he dropped to his knees and gently pressed his dick against her still cold asshole. She felt

him throb, unleashing a hot, huge load of thick cum against her hole. As it streaked upwards onto her back and dripped down between the slit of her cunt she let out an excited gasp, losing all her inhibitions as she was splattered and coated. “I forgot lubricant.” He uttered through his breath, his heart beating audibly.

He shuffled back, walked over to the toy case and pulled a small bag out. It looked to be filled with balls, and as he tipped it onto the chair in front of her face it turned out to be a selection of anal beads. Strings of them, four or five, ranging from small to golf ball sized. He picked up the smallest set and jiggled to untangle it from the others, then he took it to her behind, pushing the first ball against her tight and now slick, cum coated hole. It popped in easily.

“Oh this is no good,” he said, disappointed that it took no effort. He pushed the rest of the string in, four little balls, and then tugged them out at once. He reached forward and dangled them in front of her face. They glistened with cum. “Clean these, they’re disgusting, you filthly anal-loving slut. Taste your arse and my cum.”

Alex took them from him and sucked each one in turn as hard as she could, pulling them out with a pop. Maddened and feverish from the filth she was enjoying she grabbed the biggest string of five black, golf-ball sized beads and offered them back. He smiled and took them, tugging them against her gently and slowly from her cunt upwards between her buttocks, letting her feel their cold hardness.

She reached back to grab them and, keen to see what she could do, he let her. She found the end ball and pushed it hard, forcefully against her tight anus and after a second of pressure it popped in, sending a stinging pain up her back. Her hole tightened in protest, winking shut before relaxing. She worked on the next one, which was easier, then the next. The next… that was it, they were all in. A little cotton loop peeked out.

Alexandra’s mouth hung open as she took in the feeling of being completely full. She massaged a little circle around her hole, rubbing in the stickiness of his cum. His dick was twitching again from the sight of her filling her arse up. “You’re a very good girl, Alexandra.” He said as he started to tug his cock back to its full size.

“I’m the best, sir. I’m the dirtiest, filthiest, most depraved, nasty little cumslut to ever walk the earth, and I don’t have any limits. Use me up, sir, I’m yours and I will do everything you ask. No exceptions.” She panted as she spoke, some of the words broken by her overwhelmed, slurred speech.

With that he was throbbing again, and he felt just as taken by animal desire as she did. He grabbed her waist and used it to pull his full length into her sopping cunt. As he pushed deeper into her

saturated twat he felt each of the balls on the string crammed in her arse, and driven by how tight it made her he started thrusting. Rapid, full length blows, his balls slapping wetly against her, splattering her juices down her thighs and stockings.

Alex moaned out, feeling completely loaded up to the brim. He ran a finger through the wetness and offered it to her mouth, as if a treat, and she accepted, greedily tasting the mixture of tastes, every one of her holes being used. He continued to pound her, slamming with ever increasing speed and vigour, and, unable to contain herself, Alexandra reached between her legs.

Just as she reached her clitoris he stopped, pulling out. “I didn’t say you could cum yet, you fucking disgraceful little slut. But you’ve done well. What do you want as a reward?”

“I want you cock in my arse, sir. It’s been everywhere else and it’s all that’s left. I want it all.”

With that he tugged firmly on the string of balls and pulled in one swift, firm movement. They all popped out in unison, leaving Alex shuddering with a feeling of sudden emptiness. Her hole relaxed, wide open and waiting for his fat cock, and he didn’t waste a moment.

Pushing in his full length slowly he let her enjoy every millimetre as it slipped into her. She felt almost weak from how much she needed the release, her mind full of depravity, pride creeping through her at how dirty she had been. As he sped up she started circling her clit with her finger tip, gently pushing against it, then adding more speed, more pressure as he built up his haste.

Before long he was a blur, relentlessly hammering her arse, pounding it ferociously, stretching it more than ever before. Alexandra’s moans quickly rose to screams, which grew louder and louder with every second until her body stiffened, her legs shaking, and her back arched. Her body tensed as she let out one last scream, and then limply dropped. She was shattered, stretched and spent.

He pulled out and carried on, staring down at her still red-streaked buttocks, her stretched, cum coated holes and her stockings, wet and fallen. She said and did nothing as he came again, painting lines of white onto her thighs, arse and still clothed back. He stood up and looked down at her.

“That was a good start,” He said, “There’s a drink in the cabinet. Pull the door to when you leave.”

Alexandra eventually mustered the strength to get up. She didn’t pour herself a drink, she just smiled widely to herself and walked out, leaving her knickers in a bundle on the floor as a parting gift.

Next time, she planned to be arrive even later…

he hhew