Bed Head II

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A retired banker misses his work

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By John Young

Good idea to read Bed Head first.

It took some time getting dressed, there was the white corset, and the stockings, and then a long dress that buttoned down the front. A careful job on her hair, and then a little makeup. She didn't bother with these things mostly, run a comb through her hair, a quick sniff test on whatever was on top of the pile of clothes, and out the door. Today it needed to be different, she thought.

The house was easy to find, and she parked in a turnout at the base of the drive, very nice place. Deep breath. Did she really want to do this? Deep breath, yes. She walked up the stone walkway to the door of the half-timbered house and rang the bell. After a moment, the varnished oak door opened and a man, salt and pepper hair, tall and powerfully built, looked her up and down before saying, "hello?".

"You don't know me, exactly," after finding her voice, she said, "but I would like to talk to you, if you have a minute."

He tilted his head, a questioning look on his face.

"I have seen you somewhere, are you a friend of one of my daughters?"

She shook her head. Reaching up to the front of her dress, she undid a button, and the material fell to one side slightly, revealing the a bit of the lace on the corset. She let her hand fall to her side and looked straight at him.

He licked his lips slightly, seeing the lace, and then looked up at her.

"Ah, well, I understand now where I have seen you. Come in, come in, let's find out why you are here.

I thought I made it clear to the carpenter that I was to remain anonymous, but I can see you wrangled it out of him, somehow.” He waved her in to the house and told her to make herself at home at the kitchen table, that he had something in the office to finish.

The kitchen was lovely, one of those show-pieces in walnut and stone, with an old French cabinet maker’s bench, of all things, for the table. She sat down and after a moment or two he walked into the kitchen and sat with one hip on the table.

“One thing I want to make clear,” he said, “is that if you have come here to ask me to pay you to keep quiet about the video or the bed or something like that, the answer is no. I do not do that kind of thing in principle, and in any case I am single and do not care what is said about me.”

She looked up at him, he had a very strong presence, a physicality that she had seldom encountered, and she felt it in her belly.

“No, something like that would not have occurred to me.” She paused, touched the next button on her dress and squared her shoulders to him, looking him straight in the eye. “I do need money though, right now. What did occur to me was that if you would pay that kind of money for a bed like that and the video, you might be happy to pay more to have me in person.”

He laughed easily, looked down for a moment, thinking, and then stood up and walked around the table. He reached down and touched her cheek, running his thumb over her lips. She didn’t flinch, just sat there looking up at him. He ran his hand back into her hair, his fingers parting the tresses and then he bunched up his hand into a fist, tightly, but not painfully, and pulled her head back. With his other hand he ran his fingers down her bared neck, down her chest to top of the corset.

“I would be willing to do that. I have no plans for the day. Let’s say $1,000?”

She couldn’t look away from him. But she found her voice “Twelve hundred.”

He nodded. “Ok, twelve hundred it is.” He ran his thumb over her lips, his finger tips just touching her cheek. Slowly he pushed the thumb into her mouth. She, almost involuntarily, touched it with her tongue, looking up into his eyes, and then thinking she might as well give him a taste of what he was going to be paying for, started to caress it with her lips and tongue. He sighed and closed his eyes. “Yes,” he said, half to himself.

Letting her go he walked out of the room and she heard a door close. Moments later he was back, holding a thin stack of bills. “You’re in luck, normally I don’t keep cash like this in the house, but it was poker night last night and I had a couple of big hands.”

Putting the cash on the table, he held out his hand and when she took it, he pulled her to her feet. He towered over her. He was standing very close and again she felt his presence, a bigness and strength that made her feel, not afraid, but small and pliant. She leaned back against the table and he reached out and started unbuttoning her dress.

Closing her eyes, feeling his fingers on her body, on the buttons, she wondered at how unstrange this felt. That morning she had got up and got dressed and driven across town to fuck a man she had never seen, for money. Knowing that if she thought about it, it would never happen, she hadn't thought about it. So here she was, in this man's kitchen, a stack of bills on the table there, being undressed by him, and it didn't feel strange, it felt like she belonged here. Mostly, she thought, it was the guy. If she had come to the house to sell girl scout cookies and he had invited her into the kitchen, talked to her, and then started to unbutton her dress, such was his force that she thought she might have just let him. Unbelievable. It was not love at first sight, not lust, not at that moment even the money, much. He was going to spend the day fucking her senseless, and that was how it was going to be.

The last button came undone and he pulled the dress down off her, revealing the white corset and stockings.

"Lovely" he said running his hand down to cup her breast through the lace. "You are lovely, just like in the video."

"Tell me, I don't mean to, um, say anything about it any particular way, but why do you like to tie girls up and sodomize them?"

He looked at her quizzically, a little thrown off his train of thought for a moment.

"Oh, you know, I was a mortgage banker, I loved and still miss my work."

She could see his cock stirring in his pants, and he adjusted it and then reached back into his pocket and brought out a pair of handcuffs. Thick, expensive, cop-style cuffs. He took her hands in his and put them on her. The clicking of the locks was loud in the silent kitchen, it vibrated through her as she felt the cool steel close on her wrists. She wanted to move, to flinch, to escape, and didn't want to. Like with the carpenter, putting her wrists and head into the stocks. She felt the lassitude stealing into her limbs, a heat in her skin. She looked down. What was this?

Reaching under the table he pulled out a drawer. "I bought this bench on vacation last year, picked up many of the tools at the same time. Nice stuff, though I don't do much woodwork any more." He

pulled out a sort of L-shaped iron. “This is called a valet in French, or holdfast, used to hold stuff down on the bench top.” He walked around to the other side of the bench, pulling her down onto her stomach across it. Putting the long part of the iron into a hole in the top, he hooked the chain of the cuffs under the short part and reached down into the drawer, picked up a wooden mallet and tapped the angle of the iron sticking up between her wrists, wedging the shaft down into the thick oak top. “Amazing how well these things hold. Couldn’t pull it out if you tried, I couldn’t, even.”

She did try, a bit, testing her bonds, but it was stuck in there like it was set in cement. He walked around the table and rested a hand on her back and she let him push her down onto the table. She sighed. All the strength had gone out of her. His knee went between her legs spreading them apart and she felt his hands on her hips and then his hard cock through the material of his pants pressing into her pussy and ass. This is what she was here for today, she thought dimly as she felt him untying the knot on the laces on the back of her corset. She had come here, the money was just there on the table, and he was going to fuck her, to do what he liked with her. She could feel the tool marks of many decades on the surface and edge of the table under her. Probably the first time the bench had been used for this kind of work, she thought.

“We are going to tighten up this corset a bit, please breath out.”

She did and he cinched up the laces, over and over until she could hardly breath. He was strong, his hands felt like iron tools. Soft skin, not a working man’s hands, but she could imagine what they were going to feel like on her body that day. When he was finished the corset felt like a sheath of iron around her, like the cuffs that held her wrists. She could feel his cock pulsing against her ass. He was big, that she could feel too. Oh fuck what had she gotten herself into? But there was a part of her that, money or no, would not have gotten up and walked out the door, even if she could have.

When he was finished, she felt his hand slip down into her panties and she gasped as he ripped them off her, felt the sudden cool air on her pussy and ass. She heard his zipper and felt a moment of panic, tried the cuffs again, saw almost in slow motion her hands trying briefly to push the valet loose, heard the clink of the chain on the iron. No, nothing, she felt the struggle flow back out of her. The heaviness come back into her body and she laid her head back down on the table. He paid no attention to her brief struggle.

“No, not so fast,” she heard him say to himself. He lifted her effortlessly and turned her over stretching her out on her back on the bench. His eyes devoured her and his hand slipped under the corset to caress her breast. Soft skin, iron fingers cupping her softness, rolling the stiff nipple. She moaned. He smiled at her, the kind of half cruel smile of a man fully aroused who was going to take what he wanted.

He reached back into the drawer and pulled out a coil of rope, old natural fiber stuff, stained with the years and used it to tie her ankles to the feet of the table, stretching her out until she could feel the pull of the cuffs and with her legs spread out could barely move.

“No, not so fast. I don’t know if it is the custom in these cases, but I find I enjoy fucking women more after they have cum. To see in their eyes that they want it, are taking pleasure from it. Let’s see if it will work with you, now.”

He caressed her again and moved his other hand down to her mound, and began caressing her, dipping his fingers in and out of her just a bit. She felt her body respond, she was already wet, she couldn’t take her eyes off his as one hand played with her breasts and caressed her face, pressing a thumb into her mouth for her to suck. She watched his eyes and felt his hands and very soon she surprised herself with the burning pleasure creeping up and then coming out of her. The orgasm washed over her and she wanted to move, to take his fingers into her cunt, to make it last. But she couldn’t move, couldn’t do anything and it went on and on as she felt his fingers press down onto her clit.

“Ah, yes, that was what we were looking for.” He left her there, and walked across the kitchen. “What this calls for is a little champagne. Normally don’t start this early, but this has already been an unusual day.”

She watched him pop the cork on the bottle and pour two glasses. He sipped and gave her some too, a little awkwardly on the table. It fizzed in her mouth and he sat the glass down on the table and started in on her again. She started to protest that it was too soon, she was still too sensitive, but he took her nipple and pinched it cruely between his finger and thumb, wrenching a cry from her lips.

“You are on my schedule today, and I will do what I like when I like it and you will be begging me to fuck you before we are done here.”

And it worked and she felt the burning in her belly starting again, and then the second orgasm washing through her leaving her limp on the table under his hands.

He leant down and kissed her on the shoulder. “My turn,” he whispered. He untied her legs and shifted her over to the edge of the table so that her head hung down off it. He took out another coil of thick white rope, and started looping it around her neck. It was kind of tight and she felt a pang of fear and opened her mouth to protest. But he, catching her look, put a finger on her lips.

“Sh, don’t worry. Relax.”

When he was finished tying it off, it formed almost a neck brace, a collar, it went from her shoulders up under her jaws, very tight, like the corset, like the cuffs on her wrists, but she could breath easily. He took her by the hair at the back of her neck again, and turned her head toward him. She watched as he unzipped his pants and took out his cock. It was big, bigger than she had thought, bigger than she had known before, and now he was going to fuck her with it. She saw it coming at her head and she opened her mouth and he pushed in slowly edging back over her tongue to the entrance to her throat. God, no she couldn't deep throat that, but he began fucking her, his hand in her hair like a vise, a little bit farther, a little bit deeper each time. She could feel his cock pulsing against her tongue, felt the spongy head pushing back into her farther and farther. It seemed to go on forever.

He was talking to her telling her how beautiful she was, what a slut she was for having come to him. "Think about it. I am going to cum down your throat and then pull out and cum all over your face and chest. Can you feel the pulsing of my dick on your tongue as I do that? Think of the cum drying on your skin when you are bound to the table waiting for me to take your ass. I am going to let you lube my cock up, it's almost as big around as your wrist. Think about what it is going to feel like busting your butt. If you are good, if you please me now, take me down your throat, I'll tie you so that you can caress yourself while I am fucking you."

She groaned around his cock and he pressed all the way into her throat, ravaging her mercilessly as he held her face toward him, to take him into her, bound to his table.

She moaned around his cock, as he jammed the head down into her throat, again and again and then she could feel the pulsing in the urethra start and he lost control, drilling her once or twice more and then she felt the first spurts of cum in her mouth and then he was gone, and the cum was spraying all over face and chest.

He picked her up off the workbench and put her on her stomach, bent over it again, tying one ankle off to a leg. She was limp like a rag doll. Her mouth felt reamed out, her lipstick smeared all over the place and mixed up with the cum. She just lay still and closed her eyes as he walked out of the room.

She didn't know where she had drifted off to, but the first she noticed that he had come back into the room was a cold greasy dab of something being put on her ass. She clenched and then felt a finger being pushed up inside her. Slowly, he forced his way into her. She gave a short cry, felt him go all the way in, pull out, more lube, and then back in, he curled the tip of his finger, stroking her sheath and her vagina in front of it. My god his fingers were strong. The touch of his tip on her g-spot, wrenched a moan from her lips.

"Ah, yes, that's working," he said.

The finger pulled out of her, a little more lube and then pushed back in, stroking her there. Slow, powerful circles on that most sensitive, erotically charged place. She tried to move, heard the chain on the cuffs rattling against the valet in the desk as she tried to move, to push herself down harder onto his finger. It went on forever. She was just on the edge of cumming, but couldn't quite.

"Will you just cut that out and fuck me," she moaned. "Stop it and do it."

A low chuckle. "OK, my little bit of beautiful ass. OK."

Walking around the table he put some lube in her hands in the cuffs, and then wrapped them around his cock. It was big, she couldn't imagine how he was going to get it into her. Fuck it was big. No it was impossible.

He fucked her fists a bit, until she could feel that he was rock hard again and lubed up everywhere and then he pulled away and walked behind her. She felt the head of his cock press against her pucker.

"No, please not there, fuck my pussy I can't take you in my ass, please, you're too big," she cried, fighting, kicking with her free leg.

She felt two stinging slaps on her ass, and then felt him press his bulging cock up against her, wedging her against the bench. He reached over and took the mallet off the table and tapped the back of the steel bar and it came loose. She had stopped struggling, wondering what he was going to do. Kick her out? What?

"We had a deal and I intend to keep my end," he said. "You will keep yours too."

He unlocked the cuffs, pulled her hands back behind her neck, and tied them there with the white rope around her neck. The cuffs had been solid. The rope was soft to touch but, as he turned it several times around and then between her wrists and tightened it down it felt like an iron band, like the rope around her neck, and the corset around her body and hips. He reached down and untied her leg and then pulled her up off the table.

On her feet, her head swam, she had a hard time catching her breath, the corset was so tight, the rope collar was so tight. She felt bound, encircled, only the bits useful for fucking were free to be used.

She looked up at him. He had that slight smile, hard eyes, looking down at her. He put a hand in the small of her back and she let him guide her out of the kitchen and up the stairs to what looked like an

extra bedroom. The new bed was in there, the large slab of walnut with the light colored wood inlays at the head of it, where the carpenter had fucked her a month ago. She stopped in the doorway, remembering the day, the feel of her neck and hands clenched in the stocks where the inlays came out. The videos, the orgasms. Her head started swimming again. This was all too much. What was this guy going to do, she could barely breath.

Picking her up like a doll, the guy walked over to the bed and tossed her down onto it. She rolled onto her back to see him taking off his clothes. The button down shirt and the jeans, the boxers. His cock was huge and hard as a rock as he looked down on her. Hair messed, lipstick smeared, she could feel his cum drying on her face, the iron vise of the corset and the rope around her neck and wrists, her stockinged legs splayed out. She felt tiny on the giant bed, bound, helpless, but accessible, her mouth and her pussy and her ass there for him to use as he liked. She closed her legs unconsciously as he walked across the room and took out another bottle of lube.

Her body burned when she saw what he had in his hand, but she couldn’t move, felt like molten lead, as he walked back across the room and climbed onto the bed. He put his arm down through the ring where her arm was bound to the back of her neck and leaned on his elbow as he wrapped his legs around her thigh. She watched, mesmerized as he pulled his cock between her legs and began rubbing lube on it. She watched him caress himself, his cock jutting up between her legs, its base touching her pussy, caressing her clit as he stroked himself. She was pinned down, couldn’t move. Her world narrowed down to that giant cock between her legs and the obscenity of his hand stroking it. Then he lifted her thigh, spreading her legs, and pressed the head of his cock between her cheeks against her pucker.

Oh fuck, here it comes she thought and closed her eyes. She felt it slowly pushing into her, felt his legs tighten around her thigh. They felt like two slabs of marble, the spongy head parting her cheeks and the pain started. He paused and she felt him reach down and rip the cup on her corset down, snapping the string and ripping the fabric off. Her eyes flew open and she moaned as he caressed her breast, pinching her nipple between two fingers as his hand devoured her tiny breast. She could see every blue and hazel fleck in his cruel eyes and a cry was wrenched from her lips as he took her nipple between his fingers and pinched it. But that cry was choked off as he kissed her, filling her mouth with his tongue as she felt him swivel his hips, levering his cock into her ass. He devoured her mouth, devoured her screams as she fought her bonds, fought him, but was slowly impaled on his burning shaft. It filled her and she writhed on it, her struggles only serving to push it farther into her.

After he had sunk himself into her he pulled out. She felt suddenly empty, the relief rushed to her head. Her body came back to her and she could feel the iron grip of the corset and the ropes binding her hands and neck. She wanted to scream, to cry, but she could barely breath she was bound so tightly. He held her head and she watched as he lubed up again, the impossibly obscene sight of his

cock jutting out between her legs, his hand caressing himself, the slight movement against her pussy and clit. Then she watched as he tucked himself back between her cheeks and again his mouth clamped down on hers as he pushed back into her.

This time too her scream was devoured by his lips, gagged off by his tongue ravishing hers. The pain was still there but not as bad, by the third or fourth time she had lost track of it all, her world narrowed down to his lips on hers and the cock plunging in and out of her ass. It seemed to go on forever, like her whole life had been spent here bound on this bed with this giant cock pistoning in and out of her. She felt her self starting to move to meet him, clamping down on his cock, willing him to cum in her. She couldn't imagine how it worked but she could feel the arousal starting in the base of her belly, she welcomed it, courted it, tried to picture herself from outside watching her on the bed getting fucked by him. But it didn't happen, she begged him to touch her, to caress her, to untie her so that she could do it. But it just went on and on, and then she felt him speeding up, going deeper and deeper and then he growled from deep in his chest and she felt the head of his cock explode deep inside her, pulsing again and again, shooting his seed into her.

He lay back on the bed, spent, pulling her onto his chest like a blanket. After a while he pushed her off of him and got up. He smiled down at her.

"Well, that was something. You are a beautiful little whore, couldn't have imagined all this this morning when I woke up," he said. "Little while for round three. I have read some porn sometimes, even by women, where the girl is forced to clean the cock covered with cum and shit in her mouth. Can't imagine it, myself. Disgusting. I'm going to go get a shower, and then we'll see about your little problem there, your hungry little pussy that wants attention."

He started to walk off, and then kind of shook his head, turned and came back over to her.

"First lets give this bed a tryout, shall we?" he said, and untied her hands. He rolled her over and opened the holes in the head board, lifting her to put her head and hands into the pillory. She was limp, spent, pliant and felt the little slides coming down, locking her hands and head in the board, and then the top closed with a cushioned thump and she was alone, in the dark, cut off from the world.

She lay there in the silent dark for she couldn't say how long. Five minutes? An hour? She could feel her hole closing, aching from the abuse it had taken. She slowly relaxed, but the burning in her belly stayed with her. Where the fuck had he gone?

Then, like with the carpenter, when she had been shut into this bed in his loft and then fucked, the little screen below her came on, and she saw herself, just minutes ago, being carried over to the bed and tossed onto it. Watched him climb on to her and lube up and start fucking her. She heard her own

cries, saw her tiny breasts bobbing as he pounded into her. The white corset and the white rope and her white body against the black sheets, the muscles in his arms and back and ass working under his skin, the base of his cock moving in and out of her ass as he took his pleasure in her. The video finished and then started over again.

Now she started to struggle. It was impossible. She had to free a hand, to touch herself, to relieve the burning in her belly that was becoming unbearable. But they were clamped tight in the pillory, she couldn't move, not a millimeter. She heard nothing, but almost cried with relief when she felt his hands on her back just at he reached his climax on screen, his body jerking and trembling as he came in her ass.

The video switched over to a live feed and she watched him toweling off, looking down at the girl on the bed. His cock was getting hard again and she saw him place the black leather bolster under her hips, lifting her ass up off the bed. He wedged his knees between her legs, and she watched herself spread her legs and tilt her ass to allow his cock to plunge into her dripping snatch. She was wetter than she ever remembered, needed this cock in the worst way. But he was huge and she felt herself being stretched apart as he took her slowly, watched him onscreen, pushing his thick shaft into her with one long stroke.

Two or three strokes and she came, hard, her back humping and arching onscreen, her legs flailing on the bed, a scream torn out from deep in her chest, his cock pumping in and out of her. No it really was too much it had to stop, she fought the pillory holding her wrists and neck like a vice, kicked and bucked outside the box. But she felt his weight come on her, watched on the screen as he bore down on her, pinning her onto the bolster, immobile, driving into her again and again. She felt the pleasure start again, too much but she was helpless to do anything about it, felt her snatch start to spasm, clutching the cock pounding her as if she could stop it, hold it, give herself time to rest for a moment. But of course she couldn't and on screen she watched him arch his back, close his eyes and felt him explode inside her as the wave of pleasure washed over her again.

When he had finished he opened the lid and released her, pulling her out to lie on the bed, spent, his cum dripping out of every hole, drying where it had splashed on her face and breasts.

He told her to lie there and relax, take a shower if she wanted. He kissed her briefly and walked out of the room. Later, after a nap and a long hot shower, she walked downstairs, there was a note laying on top of the cash.

Thank you for coming, what a morning. Please lock the door on your way out, I had some business to take care of. Same time next month? and a phone number.