Bent over for the Madam

By pussygalore

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Madam abuses her plaything

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"Crawl over here!" he was told. Madam had a wicked swing, so he knew better than to argue. He did his best to position himself the way she had pointed for him to do. She stood before him in all her glory with the cruelest instrument of torture. He hated and loved it when Madam chose to give him her attentions. "Now, worship my feet as you have been taught!" he crouched farther down and began kissing each one of her toes. She allowed him to gently suckle each and every toe. He gave her his softest touch. When Madam stepped back out of his reach, he obediently placed his cheek on the floor. She wiggled the instrument of torture at him in his line of sight. Satisfied with the tremor that rippled across his backside, Madam slowly walked around his prayerful form.

She knew he didn't see the cane she had picked up from the counter. She believed that she had seen him move. "Stay still!" She said as she gently tapped the cane across his raised ass. Madam lubricated her eight inch strap on and pushed it into his dark hole. She followed the toy on to the rise of his hind quarters. With one deep plunge she stopped to allow him to catch his breath and adjust himself for her. She was crouched behind her plaything. She eased his body back onto her kneeling lap. She smiled as he rocked his ass back on her legs and then stopped, still. With her arm around his shoulders, Madam, could feel his breathing and a quivering of both the slightest pain and an anticipation of how she would use him. This time, Madam traced circles, with the tip of her cane, around his nipples and down to his now rising cock. “I knew it!"

She whispered, “My plaything is a closet homosexual.
Well, this is the only down low, you are allowed! "
She tapped the tip of her cane across the head of his cock.
Instead of going flaccid, it reared itself higher toward
her. She began to then rock in and out of him with her cock.
She knew he was where she wanted him to be. She knew he needed
her. She held on to him and rocked gently inside his stretched
depths. As she rocked in him, she pulled at his now fully
engulfed cock, and allowed a rhythm to develop between
both actions. As she felt his climax begin to rise to her
handywork, she stopped masturbating, him. She dropped
the cane and grabbed a handful of his hair. She turned his
face to her, and kissed him hard on his lovely mouth. Madam nibbled his lower lip and then let him go. She began to shove
her cock into him harder. She would pull back and then quickly
push in again. She listened at the cadence of his breathing.
She kept battering his ass, until he made the groaning
sound that she had come to know and expect. She permitted
this orgasm. She even felt satisfaction as he clenched
and unclenched his ass on her cock. She pushed him forward
and onto his stomach and the wood floor. He calmed his breathing
yet did not dare move. Madam tossed aside the strap on, and
tossed down a pillow in front of her plaything. The Madam
slid herself onto the pillow. She then pulled his face to
her wetness. “Now Madam wants her payment!"

She allowed him to look up at her this time without any punishment
for being so bold. He quickly caught what he had done without
asking. To gaze upon her normally without an order to do
so would have brought him punishment. She saw the smile
and then felt his face press farther into his task. She, his Madam, slid tighter to his lips. She rocked and delighted
herself in his service. She lingered long after several
climaxes with him between her thighs. After her needs were
satisfied, she pulled him up to lay beside her. He was allowed
to linger there for a few hours. Then Madam kicked his ass
out of her bed. She stretched and snuggled tighter into
the place where he had lain only minutes before. "
Have a good night at work." Madam bid her plaything,

her one, as he left to further serve her desires... She curled up and went to sleep in the warmth that he had left her.