Bound

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I tested the straps around my wrists, they were still secure. Damn!

The leather snapped against my bare arse, I breathed heavily through the sodden material in my mouth, and fought back the tears. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. I ground my teeth against the lace of my panties, (he'd stuffed them in my mouth during the last tirade of abuse I'd hurled at him,) and let out a small growl of defiance.

The floorboards creaked as he moved to talk to me. I could see him out of the corner of my eye but refused to look him. He hooked a firm finger under my chin and pulled me to face him, using his other hand to pull the panties from my mouth, wary of my teeth this time.

“It doesn't have to be this difficult you know. Just say it and this stops now.”

It was a tempting offer. If only he hadn't looked so smug I might have given in, I might have given him what he wanted, what we both wanted.

“Difficult?” I said, hating the slight breathlessness in my voice. “I thought we were just warming up.”

He smirked, the bastard smirked at me.

“I can always make it harder.”

“If you really think you're up to it.”

“If you really think you're up to it, Sir.” He gently corrected me.

“A-” he pushed the underwear back into my mouth and moved behind me again. I heard the click of the metal as he picked up his belt. He brought it down in a skilled motion, once, twice, three times, in quick succession. This time I couldn't hold back the tears, they pricked my eyes and started to fall.

The speed of the strikes preventing me from recovering between blows. I found myself grateful for the makeshift gag, it muffled my cries.

His hands briefly stroked my skin, removing some of the sting. It took all my strength not to lean into his touch. His hand withdrew and was replaced by the sting of leather, seven swift and hard strokes. My arse felt as though it was on fire. I found myself pulling at the restraints on my wrists, squirming around on the bed in a desperate attempt to escape and get away from his belt. It didn't work. Each strike found it's mark and I felt my will to fight ebbing way.

“How about now?”

I could hear the arrogance dripping from every word, so I did the only thing I could. I tried to kick him.

He deflected the blow with ease, along with the next two. He started laughing at me, so I kicked out harder. I didn't connect, but I must have come close because he pinned my legs down to the bed. His firm grip sending electricity coursing through my body,I had to work even harder to fight my body's need to submit.

He climbed on the bed behind me, pinning my legs under his. I tried to thrash him off. One of his now free hands yanked my head back by my hair, and the other rubbed lightly over my pussy lips.

He chuckled, “You're soaking.”

I tried to move away from him, but he held me firmly in place and all I managed to do was rub myself against his fingers.

“Who's in charge?”

I growled in response. He pinched my clit turning my growl into a gasp. Then he leaned over me, pressing his chest against my back and whispered in my ear.

“Who's in charge?”

I pushed up as hard as I could, to no effect. I tried pushing back, it did nothing to push him off me, instead my pussy connected with his cock. A moan escaped my lips and I was overwhelmed with a need to have him stretch and fill me. I pushed back again, not to push him away this time, I was trying to push myself onto him.

He pulled back, and I cried out with frustration. The mattress shifted as he got off the bed, my body

felt cool without his warmth and I ached with need for him. I waited to feel him touch me again, to have him say something in that smug voice of his. Nothing happened. Apprehension began to twist in my stomach, and my body began to prickle and tingle, wondering what was coming.

Eventually he moved, slowly, purposefully, until he was stood near to my head. He paused to look at me, sensually moving his hand over my body, paying close attention to my lower back – which he knows is my weakness. His fingers drew lazy patterns, my skin tingling under them. My breath caught as he moved his hand around over my ribs and up to my breasts, circling my nipples. The tingling sensation grew, until I was moaning through my makeshift gag, I shuddered as he pinched my nipples, it pushed me to the edge of an orgasm without letting me tip over.

He knelt down, his head level with mine. He didn't turn me to face him this time, he didn't need to. I tried to fight it, but his hands made it difficult to keep a clear thought in my mind long enough to remember why I was trying. Slowly, I turned until my eyes were locked with his, the intensity of his gaze trapping me. He lifted a hand and my mouth opened automatically, allowing him to remove the panties with ease, no threat of teeth this time. He casually dropped them on the floor.

“Who's in charge?”

My mouth opened to answer his question, but no words would come, I just couldn't bring myself to say it. I tried to say I was in charge instead, but those words wouldn't come either. We just stared at each other for a minute, the silence punctuated by my heavy breathing.

He chuckled, “I see you're having difficulty speaking again. Maybe I should release your hands, we could have them point to who's in charge. We both know how well that worked last time.”

I mumbled incoherently, it was so hard to think straight.

“I didn't quite catch that.”

I scowled at him, my annoyance making it easier to think.

“What makes you think I won't use them against you?”

His eyes sparkled, “I know how weak your arms get when you see me, fucktoy.”

I shivered in response and he laughed, my mind quickly fogged over again. I tried to speak, to call him a name, to swear at him. To say something, anything, to wipe the smile off his face. Once again, words failed me. It was probably best, he was so smug that his self satisfied smile wouldn't budge,

but it would have made me feel better.

Again, we stared at each other for a couple of minutes, silent except for my gasps, my mouth opening with each attempt to speak. He raised a hand and stroked my cheek. My face turned to him, my body tried to move closer, craving his touch. I needed more. I needed to feel his hands explore my body, pinch my nipples, I needed to feel his warm body on mine, his cock inside me, and his hands around my wrists.

How is it possible to have so many thoughts from such a simple touch?

He released my hands, helped me off the bed and gently pushed me to my knees. My eyes were drawn to his cock, it was rock hard in front of my lips and the tip was glistening with his pre cum. I leaned forward to taste. He quickly grabbed my hair and pulled me back. I tried again, but he had a firm hold. He gathered my hair up and wrapped it around his fist. I wouldn't be going anywhere without his permission.

With his free hand he cupped my chin and tilted my head so I was looking up at him. I became aware of the tears drying on my face, I must have looked a mess, but as I felt his cock brush against my lips, I didn't care about anything but him. I wasn't quick enough to capture it. He held my head firmly between his two hands, my eyes closed with a flutter as I licked my lips and savoured his taste.

“Look at me.” My eyes opened and flashed back to his. “Say it.”

“You.” It came out as barely more than a breath.

“I can't hear you.”

“You. You're in charge.”

He pressed his cock against my lips, but held me still. I flicked my tongue against the tip, getting more of a taste of him. I needed him in my mouth, now!

He gave me a firm look and I knew what I had to do. I swallowed what was left of my pride and opened my mouth to speak.

“I am yours, Sir.”

A smug smile spread across his face, he had won and we both knew it. He pulled me up by my hair and threw me onto the bed like a rag doll, I shivered when I saw the glint in his eye. No more games,

no more holding back. I was his fucktoy, and he was going to use me any way he saw fit.