Daniella Defiled

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Eric keeps her naked, but who feels most exposed?

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/daniella-defiled.aspx

Finish what you started. Fucking defile me" -

from *Daniella Bound*

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Daniella's pulse raced. Her discomfort was real, but it was countered by a sense of wild excitement. She could have freed herself by a single sharp tug of her wrists but she did not want to. Not for an instant. Never in her life had she felt like this.

She was irked that he had left her so damn long, but then it should hardly have surprised her now she had submitted to his games. So she remained seated on his kitchen chair, naked and waiting. Her ankles had been secured with thin nylon rope to the outside of either front chair-leg, heels propped up in her stiletto sandals, so that her thighs were splayed wide. A sleek state-of-the-art vibrator had been plunged deep into her pussy, so that the protrusion at the base might have nudged her clitoris, had the device not been twisted an inconvenient one-eighty degrees inside her.

She could have adjusted it, switched it on and set it growling within and against her, rather than just fitted there tight and inert. But that would have meant ripping the crepe-paper bonds with which he had tied her wrists behind the chair-back. Her restraints he had improvised from the wrappings of a recently-purchased silk shirt; 'Tear yourself free if you want,' he had whispered in her ear having completed the delicate knotting, 'but if you do I'll truss you up properly and deprive you for the rest of the day. Either that or the deal's off.' So she was behaving herself, staying in place, shunting back and forth as much as she could to create friction between her cuntal walls and the smooth surface of the sex toy. All this while the images played out before her on screen.

He had picked a DVD from his modest but carefully put-together treasury of hardcore pornography, set aside as it was from the Scorsese, the Almodovar and the Kirosawa. Placing the chair in front of his fifty-inch flat-screen in the nexus of the surround-sound, he had maximized her audio-visual

experience of the sweating, groaning, foul-mouthed fuck-action. 'Pay special attention to the third scene,' he had advised her prior to his departure. 'Because everything he does to her, I'm going to do to you.' How her toes had curled at the velvet intensity of his promise. How her nipples had hardened and her cunt turned moist.

The sometimes limited appeal of porno visuals was hugely enhanced by her current situation. She watched, enthralled, as a parade of porn slutlets drizzled themselves liberally with oily lubricant, massaging it lovingly into their curves, while the hired studs looked on in grinning anticipation, stroking those big erections. The same girls were then worked over vigorously by their hung-and-hoisted admirers, as Daniella gazed, shifting vainly to increase the sense of traction inside her own filled pussy. Not for the first time that weekend she was writhing frustratedly in an effort to bring herself to climax.

Then the other sensation began to compete. There had been an excited knowingness in Eric's eyes at odds with his calm demeanour as he had encouraged her to drink. Two litres of water flavoured with lime cordial she had downed, while tied there to the chair, her not-quite-captor encouraging her softly in between her long gulps. Now the liquid was draining south, filling her up and thwarting the desire which had been mounting, as she clenched her groin muscles to stem the flow. 'You let it out and the weekend's cancelled,' he had warned her mildly. *The weekend's cancelled...* She found herself unwilling to countenance that prospect, not yet at any rate, so she endured her swollen bladder, resisted the urge to relieve herself all over the bastard's living-room rug.

She sat and squirmed and endured, watched as the DVD's third scene kicked in. Physical discomfort could not squeeze out the thrill and the shame as this particular porn scenario unfolded before her. The slender nymphette with the ringletted hair oiling her body to a slippery sheen. Submitting herself to the smug fuck who got to nail her. Now *there* was a guy with a work ethic, Daniella thought in no little trepidation, as he set about his allotted task comprehensively and with fierce enthusiasm. *Everything he does to her...* Her eyes widened and her throat held in her breath. *Oh my God. Oh my sweet Christ, just look at that...* Then the urge to pee and the need to wrestle it overtook her concentration and she cursed Eric all over.

Just another date, that's how it had started. Twenty-four hours ago she'd been expecting a leisurely day of sipping wine with the man she'd thought she might be falling for, following a bout of hot sensual love-making. Maybe cooking something together later, nestling into one another on his plush sofa with a DVD. But then she had been persuaded to let him bind her, properly that first time, to this very chair. A campaign of mortifying tease and casual disrespect. He had fondled and spanked her like a plaything, then fucked her outrageously hard, and through every second of outrage she had been slick with sexual need. Even with the realisation that her debauching was Eric's revenge against her father, hell maybe because of that, she had come with an intensity that shook her to her bones.

I've got a whole fun weekend all planned out. He'd delivered the words midway through that furious fuck and they'd stuck in her head. She would have walked out on him afterwards, though, however much he flattered himself she wanted him, had it not been for his sudden muted contrition. No full-spate outpouring of remorse, far from it, but enough to temper her fuming anger and make her stay. Stay for more. Her blood still seethed with desire; she had wanted to know what this sexy fucker had stored up in his imagination for her. Hell, she had craved the knowledge.

The disarming Eric of their first dates had returned. The beast lurked once more beneath a charming, attentive surface, but her nipples had still tingled with wariness. 'I'll see what I've got in the fridge,' he had said lightly, and suddenly it was pork stir-fry, Pinot Grigio and snuggling on the sofa. In his bed that evening the sex had been tender. He had caressed her contours and pressed his face into her yielding mound as though trying to erase the memory of the afternoon's harsh thrusting. She had straddled him and gently ridden his impressive cock, Eric letting her establish pace, so sore was she still from his earlier reaming. No screams now, rather a long aching moan on climax. He had hardly moved within her as he reached his own peak, just clasped tight to her hips and exhaled a slow voiceless breath as he jettisoned his load. As she had drifted to sleep she had declined to let him enfold her in a full-body embrace, but her hand had lain softly in his.

Then this morning - fresh orange juice, scrambled eggs and coffee brought to her on a tray. So much for the debauchery he had promised with such brio the day before. Still, if his self-reproach provided her with some pampering, why complain? It was only when she had finished the last of her eggs that he made the suggestion.

'I've had an idea to make the rest of the weekend more - fun.'

Her pulse quickened on the final word, so strong was its resonance from the day before. She kept her tone as level as possible. 'Do share.'

'Well since you've actively requested that I continue yesterday afternoon's exploration...' She blushed, it was exactly what she had done. '...I think it would be interesting if you made a certain... commitment to the proceedings.'

'Oh do you?' She raised an eyebrow, sitting up naked in the bed with the covers around her middle. It was impossible not to be intrigued. 'And what's the nature of this commitment?'

He produced the sheet of paper from his pocket. She unfolded it and read the print with a degree of incredulity. The gall of the man. 'Not going to happen,' she told him with finality. 'It's not that I don't like a surprise...' She reddened again at how the previous afternoon's surprise had affected her mind

and her pussy. 'But I promise myself to nothing unless I know what it is.' She handed back the sheet.

'I respect that,' said the man who had so recently abandoned all respect. 'And yet I'd love to make this a challenge. I know you always rise to those.' He returned minutes later with a freshly-printed and revised wording. She read and her heart raced. The erotic thrills implicitly promised in those lines... 'What do you think?' he asked softly. 'Why don't we do it this way?'

She was aware of her own hoarse breath in her throat, the thump of blood in her temples, with that dangerous, unpredictable, sexy man so close to her on the bed. 'Okay, get me a pen,' she said, holding his gaze. 'I'll sign.'

His eyes had glinted with secret wickedness as he watched her writer her name to the contract. She could see it now on the coffee table as she sat in her makeshift bonds, the single sheet of A4 plucked from the printer, bearing the legend he had typed:

I hereby submit to the sexual cravings of Eric Lehane for the duration of this weekend, 17-19 July 2009. I will obey his every whim without protest, on the understanding that refusal of any demand will result in the termination of the entire entertainment.

Just too tempting, too playful to resist. And with a get-out clause just in case.

'Care to choose a safe word?' he had inquired, taking the sheet from her hand. 'That you can use if...'

'I know what a safe word is,' she had said coolly, moving in so that her face was inches from his. 'And I choose... 'prick'.' She had leaned on the word, mock-contempt all over her face.

How he had grinned. 'Time will tell if you choose to remind me of that. Go get showered. Make it quick.' His first command? The terse undercurrent to his velvet tone had made her think so and her lower abdomen had squirmed. The daggers her eyes had shot as she padded towards the bathroom had been expelled smartly, when he smacked her naked ass to propel her on her way.

She had not donned a stitch of clothing since. Having towelled herself dry and brushed her wet hair to midway down her back, she had been taken by the hand and led silently to the prepared seat. This was all new - subservience was not a role to which she was used. The tightened thrill she had felt in her tummy was new too. He had stood her in place, makeshift bonds at the ready, and made her slip into her heeled sandals, so that her petite five foot four was pushed up higher against his tall masculine bulk. Then he had drawn her nude body to him, so that her breasts crushed into the crisp white of his starched shirt, raised her head with a light touch to the tip of her chin and claimed her mouth with his.

She yielded to him easily, before his teeth snagged her lower lip and tugged, causing her breath to catch. Then his hands clapped hard to her buttocks as he let go her lip, and she registered the look on his face - all softness, all geniality replaced by lupine hunger. The same look he had worn yesterday, as his finger-fucked her vigorously to orgasm on the chair. He dropped to his knees, palms still impressing themselves against her ass-flesh, and burrowed his tongue between her thighs to tease her budding clitoris, to slither beyond her labia and writhe lustily within her. She wobbled in her heels at the thrill of his mouth's assault, but he gripped her ass to stabilize her and she gave herself up to him, fingers clutching through dark hair to his scalp in her ecstasy at being so claimed.

And then abruptly he had stopped, his tongue fleetly withdrawing. He had sat her down, trussed, prepared and instructed her. Thus she remained, with a swollen bladder and a cunt stuffed full with a plastic phallus and a head crammed with images even more lewd than those playing out on the TV screen. Daniella had become complicit in her own defilement. Eric was going to make her wait, really wait, before the game developed. So full of surprises, and smug with it. Well he'd just better match the build-up, live up to all she expected. Because she was good for it. Come on, you bastard. Her head lolled a little and her hands clenched into fists behind her back. Show me what you've got...

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In his favourite independent coffee shop Eric was playing a waiting game. He ordered a second cappuchino and sipped it slowly, leafing with supreme casualness through the Arts supplement of the Saturday Independent. The purchases he needed to make were limited; most of what he would need had been bought in advance of the weekend. The main reason for his trip into town had been simply to provide his guest with some reflection time. An opportunity for her to contemplate her subservient status. For that, he admitted to himself, had briefly been in question.

His post-coital reaction to Daniella just a day earlier had surprised him. Strange how the expelling of semen from one's balls could change all perception of a situation. He had never fucked as an act of revenge prior to that. It had seemed a terribly good wheeze to seduce Jonathan Blanchford's beloved girl, maybe capture some footage on camera later that weekend for the pompous oaf to view - indeed the idea still held a certain relish. He had simply not been expecting a sense of regret once the fog of angry lust had been dispelled. The smooth transition to the next act of debauching should have been easy; how could he have known that his thoughts would have reverted to Daniella's playfully ironic smile across a dinner table, to her animated chatter on subjects no twenty-year-old should know much about? Damn it if he hadn't balked at continuing his plan any further. Christ, he had suggested a further date in his efforts to appease. He had worn his contrition on his bloody sleeve.

She had let him off the hook of his own guilt. It had been more than he deserved, that much he

accepted. How amusing that she should step willingly back into the trap from which he had let her walk free, prompted by her own filial grudge. *Daddy broke his promise to make you a partner in the firm and he cut me off, risked my whole university career. Let's get back at him together*. What a deliciously conspiratorial moment it had been. But with their pact had come an inevitable decrease in his power. She had witnessed the reflex regret in his face, she had seen weakness in him. By choosing to stay she had made the situation her own. The clever minx had thought she was in charge now. But he'd known just how to wrest the situation back to himself.

Eric smiled, his mind straying from the review of the new Black Eyed Peas album. How hard the little sweetheart had come for him, as he subjected her to his full evil intent on that kitchen chair. He'd seen it in her eyes - Daniella had never been aroused to such a pitch before, she had not believed such a thing were possible. Her sticking around was about more than getting back at dad. She needed to feel that way again, lost to wanton bliss. And who knew to what she would submit herself in order to attain such a state? What indignities would she swallow in her need for the continuation of this adventure? The contract, that stupid sheet of paper, had been a masterstroke.

He leaned back in his chair, mind flooding suddenly with sweet recollections. Daniella's orgasm-deprived body racked with helpless pleasure as his fingers plunged inside her. The clutch of her contracting pussy on his cock as he boned her hard from the rear, her limbs bound by rope and her soul by sweet lust. Those wild, full-throated cries that filled his house, as her anger at his presumption gave way to fierce ecstasy. Then later, later on when all had changed - her firm young breasts jogging lightly above him as she rode slowly and gently, fingertips on his chest and fronds of brunette hair dropping about his face. Oh God, hot little darling, hot sexy little sweetheart - sweet, sweet Daniell...

Shit, enough with the endearments! If he kept that up he'd be letting them slip out while he was with her. He shook himself from his reverie, finished his coffee and made to depart. He had trouble moving due to his erection, however, and so sat back with his newspaper for cover. Pretty girl, he told himself calmly. Relatively smart. Perfectly adequate company. Good conversationalist, nice sense of humour. Piece - of - ass. Hold to that and it would be one very satisfactory weekend. Revenge with benefits. Everyone happy. Particularly him.

Eric chinked several pound coins against his coffee cup as a tip, folded his newspaper and left. No more floundering, no more stupid guilt. *This girl needs controlling and that's what she's going to get*. He checked his watch on the way out - two hours, and if he went straight home that'd be two thirty. Long enough to make her squirm - yes, that'd do nicely. He just had one call to make before returning home, a short walk down the High Street.

'Is that everything sir?' the check-out girl asked, as he handed over the item he had chosen.

'That's all.'

'Is she frisky?' The girl smiled at him sweetly as she scanned the bar-code.

'Oh she's a feisty little thing all right.'

'She'll take a bit of house-training then. You'll have to show her who's the boss.'

Eric took his purchase and the receipt and returned her smile. 'Trust me, she's about to find out.'

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By the time Daniella heard Eric's key rattle in the lock, she had held herself on the edge of bursting for over an hour. The DVD was still churning out its explicit content, incoherent fuck-noise pouring from the speakers, but she was long past paying it any mind. All her focus was on holding in her water. She was not even sure why she was bothering any longer, short of what humiliating remarks her host for the weekend might lavish on her if he found her seated in a puddle of her own piss.

She met his gaze squarely as he came through from the entryway, tilting her chin back defiantly whatever the torment from below, whatever thrilling fear she might feel regarding his next move. And she stayed silent, just stared him a challenge through her suffering and waited to see where his whims would take her. The expression on his finely-carved features was something between benevolence and amusement. She marvelled that he could assume his old air of presumption after that rather crestfallen look of a day ago. Or was he just a very good actor? Her pulse accelerated further as he approached her; the arrogance in his bearing was tempered by something almost respectful, as he reached out and stroked her damp hair. Her arousal she felt only dimly through the pain from her distended bladder.

Eric contemplated his put-upon houseguest a moment. 'Irresistible' was the word that occurred to him, though that he kept to himself. Raven-black hair draping her slim shoulders rather stickily right now. A sheen of moisture glossing ever inch of her pale skin on that hottest of summer weekends. He watched a trickle of sweat make its path between her breasts' pert mounds, descending over the lightly-padded trim of her stomach towards the pink, vibrator-crammed revelation of her split thighs. Her exotically-tinged features were upturned to him, alert, expectant and curiously demanding. How new she was to this role and how fiercely she was sublimating the fire of her nature to explore it. *I'll let you control my body,* her eyes were telling him, *but you'll never have my mind.* Well he'd see about that.

'You *have* been a patient girl. I'm impressed.' His voice was soft and only mildly taunting, she thought. He tossed aside the bag he had been carrying and his firm hand touched her face gently. She gasped as his fingers traced a sweat-slick path down her neck, her body responding to him in spite of her need to relieve herself. His hand cupped the moistened curve of her left breast and he fondled her rhythmically till she groaned. Slowly his fingers glided to a point over her sweat-moistened surface and pinched hard at her engorged nipple. Her shudder was visible, she knew. She felt she could hardly hold herself in any further. Then he was behind her, kneading again, his other hand flat on her sternum and plunging gradually, till it firmly applied pressure to her lower stomach. 'Miss me?' his voice growled softly, as she winced and clenched.

'I was distracted,' she told him, her voice shallow. 'Sensory overload. And no joke, but if you keep that up I'm going to piss all over your throw-rug and nothing to be done.'

'Woops,' he said, raising his hand from her stomach. 'My bad. Let me help you - you've been very dutiful. So far.' The final words were as ominous as they were soft-spoken. She tried to hide her trembling as he dropped to his knees and began to untie her bound ankles, head between her thighs, breath flowing all over her splayed gash as he worked. Having completed the unfastening he leaned in - she watched in fascination as his carefully groomed head of dark hair homed in on her crotch - and clamped strong teeth about the base of the vibrator. Grasping her hips for leverage he drew the silver torpedo out; her pussy's residual moisture made it a comfortable reverse slide, but she thought she was going to pee herself nonetheless.

She managed to hold on and did not even tear her sweat-sodden paper wrist-bindings as she so easily could have done. That was for him to do, she understood these rules. Considerable was her surprise, though, when he arose with the vibe in hand and stowed it her mouth nearly choking her with her own flavour. 'Hold that while I get your wrists.' There was a casual roughness to his tone that pissed her off even as it drove her wild. Then with a rip she was free of all bonds, saving the printed one to which she had signed.

He leaned in behind her, hands encircling her slippery waist, his voice in her ear tender again. 'Now, anywhere you'd like to go?'

Arousal was overriding her suffering, she could feel her nipples resolve into hard points at his touch, at his breath on her face. 'Bathroom, please. Seriously. I can't hold it in...'

Eric was beguiled once more by the natural sensuality of this young woman, the way her back arched and her breasts thrust out searchingly as he caressed her. He strolled around the chair as casually as he could muster, slithered his hands about her waist and under her thighs and scooped her petite form easily up into his arms. She linked herself around his neck for support and gazed hazily into his

eyes, as he carried her sweet nude form from the living-room. 'You...are a baaaad man,' she said breathily.

He stared back into those mesmerising dark eyes and felt he was actively resisting something in their allure. 'You have no idea, little girl.' It was a promise to himself as much as to her; he needed to make good on all yesterday's innuendo. The expectant sexual wonder on her face betrayed a hint of anger and disbelief as he conveyed her past the toilet and into the adjoining room. Her expression gratified him hugely.

'Why are you...' Carried into his capacious bathroom, his tread echoing on the polished-wood floor, she realised with a jump of her heart how literally he was taking her request. She clung to his neck as he tipped her back and laid her over the end of his huge antique bath, the one with the wrought-iron legs and the chrome shower attachment. The porcelain surface was cool on her hot skin. She found herself almost inverted, ass plumped against the curving wall, legs spread and hooked over the curved end of the bath, the intimacy of her swollen sex all on display for him.

'There you are,' he said lightly, as he disentangled himself from her grip. His hands went meandering over the wet slopes of her breasts, upwards to her stomach and thighs. He was enjoying this intensely, enjoying her body and her predicament. 'You asked for the bathroom. Now piss yourself. While I watch.'

She had to hand it to him, he had shocked her. The bastard was playing hardball from the start. A sense of mortified abasement was burning in the heart of her, she knew it was registering on her face as indignation. And for all the physical urgency to release, she felt her loins spontaneously tighten against it. But then he wanted her shock, didn't he? To overwhelm her with his wickedness, humble her in her submission. Maybe perversely he wanted her to give in early, prove she hadn't the courage of her big-talk the previous day. Well if that were the case she was equal to him. And, undeniably, there *was* something hot about this, something amazingly fucking hot. To be laid out and opened-up, as naked as could be. With his eyes all over her as he waited to see what she would do.

'Well?' His face hovering some way above the split between her legs. 'What are you waiting for? I can let you do it alone, but I'll tie you up after and leave you alone for the longest time...'

'No need.' Her face was hot and flushed, embarrassment vying with excitement. Then sudden resolve came upon her. She raised herself head and shoulders from the tub and her right arm shot up, hand latching itself to the back of his head, fingers clutching into his hair. Her upper body was taut as she clung to him for support, but her lower part thawed and gave itself up to its natural function. He thought he saw the faintest smile on her parted lips as the urine welled up from her urethra and began to river over her stomach, pooling in her belly button and then draining over her sides. He

stroked her face as she gripped him, sharing his gaze between the sweet wellspring from which her piss fountained and that intense, unreadable look in her eyes. She released her hold on him, laid herself back onto the bath surface, allowed the pale gush of her water to roll across her belly, spilling around her breasts and channelling through their valley, splashing around her neck and precociously upturned chin. She closed her eyes, gave herself up to her release, embraced and enjoyed the moment, as he stared. The erection which had swelled strong inside his trousers was only part of how it moved him.

Then when she was all done and soaked in her own piss, she just stared languorously up at him. 'Did I do well?' There was a little-girl meekness to her voice that belied a whole lot else.

'You did,' he breathed, trying not to let show the strange awe that he felt. 'You were a *very* good girl.'

Daniella felt tired and weirdly pleased with herself. The smile on Eric's face was a softer one. She watched as he fetched the shower head from above and ran it first in the sink, testing to gain the required temperature. The water was lukewarm and comforting as he hosed down her body, starting with her displayed crotch. Her whole body undulated in sudden excitement as he directed the strong jets into her, allowed the water to filter into and spill from her spread pussy. Then he ran the head gently over the rest of her, till all her piss was thoroughly swilled away. She luxuriated in his attentions, more so when he removed his shirt, prelude to gathering together the long tresses of her dark hair and treating them with apple-scented shampoo. His fingers massaged the viscous fluid slowly and strongly into her scalp till it lathered, then he painstakingly washed her thick mane to its very tips, his face a picture of loving application to his task. He all but climbed into the tub with her as he drew her up to rinse. Her face was drawn close to his hard worked-out chest, he balanced on the bath's curved rim and gently grasping her head as he washed away the last of the suds.

'There,' he said, 'all done.' And he laid her back down again, flipped the cap on the shampoo once more and squirted the green gel all about her lower stomach.

She gasped a little as he began to spread it all around her smoothly waxed mound. 'Don't have any hair down there,' she pointed out breathlessly, while speech was still an option.

'Just making sure you're properly clean.' His voice was soft, his attentions careful and deliberate. He soaped with one hand, the circular movement slowing till his thumb rested on her clitoris. She gasped at the delicious sensation, her whole body bridling under his exquisite touch. Peering up she could see him working her intently, his fingertips moving in minute circles on her, while the hard bulge of his cock strained in response against his jeans. He reached with his other hand between the fork of her legs and she felt him strum back and forth for a moment over her sensitized cunt lips. Her body sang in response. Then two of his fingers plunged inside her and commenced to fuck briskly in and out and

she was lost to all else.

The only thing she knew was Eric playing her and the erotic swell of his music throughout her being. Her eyes closed and she gave herself up to it, moments from earlier flashing across her consciousness: the firmness of his hands as he tied her to the chair, his words in her ear - 'everything he does to her...' - the writhing, thrilling torment in which he had left her. Only now with her clitoris able to bloom freely under his touch, her pussy responding and lubricating to the traction of his diligently thrusting fingers. She recalled the way he had denied her so cruelly in the recent past and feared he would inflict that agony again, but his touch only intensified and quickened, bringing her rapidly to a symphonic crescendo. She clasped her breast and squeezed till she was plucking hard at her nipples, her pelvis bucking upwards against her lover's busy hand.

'Oh God... Oh God...Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!' Eric found himself cherishing the sight of Daniella's lovely young form squirming and humping under his attentions. He clutched her loins all the way through her orgasm, her cunt tightening urgently on his pumping fingers, her juice flowing all over his palm. His dick was squeezing against the zipper of his trousers as though trying to burst its way out. *Naughty girl, naughty sexy little girl.* She had played him even as she pissed herself, she had claimed that moment for herself, the cunning little bitch, and if he could recall a sexier moment in his life, well he was damned. She'd done it again, lulled him into tenderness. *Well have your victory, sweetheart, and enjoy your reward, because it's all about to change.* This was no longer about Eric and her father, this was all about Daniella. Proving to the sweet little darling how much *she* wanted *him*. How much she was willing to do for him. *That's right, squirm for me, baby, wriggle and squirm under my touch, you little...you little...* Oh shit, he really needed to fuck her...

She slumped back onto the porcelain, spasming just a little further from his hands on her. He reached across and drew her up with one hand to her upper back, the other still between her legs gently stroking the hot wet slash of her cunt. 'How did that feel?' He could hear the edge to his own voice, betrayer of his soaring lust. 'How did it make you feel? All of it?'

She stared at him as through a daze, temporarily rung out by her loins' climactic explosion. 'Open.' Her eyes fixed on him more firmly. 'And exposed. It made me feel exposed.'

'And did you like that?' he pursued with quiet relish.

'Yes. Yes I did.' Eric felt a surge as though of victory at her confession. Now he knew the route down which he wanted to take her.

'Good,' he said, and as his hand slid up and grasped her by the roots of her hair, he could see the disconcerted look return to her face. 'Well then you're going to have much more of what you like.' He

rose from the bath's edge and with his cunt-smeared hand plucked at the front of his jeans, unfastening in a few swift moves. Both trousers and briefs he wrenched down, allowing his erection to spring stridently into view. 'Now get your mouth around that.'

Daniella felt the prompt of his clutching hand against her scalp, but after the sweetness of her orgasm she needed no urging to give the sexy shitheel what he wanted. Pushing all reservations aside as to his longer-term intent, she gobbled up the hard velvet of his bulging glans and sucked. She heard the snarl of pleasure in his throat and worked harder, feeling him resolve to steel in her mouth as she provided hard suction on his first few inches. Oh he liked this, the bastard liked what she could do to him, she had it in her power to...

His fingers tightened in her hair and he shoved her down onto him, his smooth thick pole surging to the back of her throat so she choked. He held her firmly in place for a moment, then retracted his cock and began to thrust repeatedly, fiercely into her gullet. She could hear the sound in her own throat as she gagged on him - gluk gluk gluk - straight out of the porn scene to which he had drawn her attention. She was the girl from the on-screen action now, the little facially-abused slut. He pulled right out, leaving her lips drooling before him.

'Remember the safe word?' His voice was a bass growl.

Daniella stared past his saliva-wet cock, straight into his eyes. 'Uh-huh.' She'd know when she'd had enough. For now, she stared and opened wide, inviting his renewed plunge. When it arrived it was at least as demanding as the first and she took it all the way down this time without flinching, swallowed him to the balls and let him fuck her face. She felt scared and exhilarated to feel his length filling up her mouth, attacking her throat, and to succeed in accommodating it all. He withdrew again and she let her mouth slobber freely, never breaking his gaze.

'You want more?' There was evil in his voice, as though he expected her to be cowed by his onslaught.

'Yeah, I like it,' she whispered, and found herself almost daring him.

He stalled for slightly, then set about ripping at his footwear, divesting himself completely of clothing in brief seconds. 'So come get.' He backed away, cock still erect and slick with saliva. 'Come on little girl, come and get it.' In a different circumstance she would have laughed at such a proposition, but she loved the game, loved every twist this ridiculous arrogant fuck was inventing. And yes, she did crave his cock back in her mouth. So dignity be damned, she climbed soaking over the side of the tub, clambered onto the floor and began to crawl after him, wondering how well he liked her lithe bare form pursuing him like this.

Well enough, it seemed, for as he paced in reverse to the bathroom door his voice was hoarse with enjoyment. 'That's it, baby, come to me, come get another taste...' She made a mad shuffling dash for him, mouth agape to take in his organ's bobbing head, but he caught her by the shoulder and held her off. 'Come on, suck me.' But as she struggled to capture him with her lips, he persisted in his restraint. 'That's it, show me how much you want it. Try and get your mouth around that cock.'

Fucker, she thought, even as she strived. *You think so damn much of yourself. I'll show you if you give me a fucking chance...* He did. He let her go and this time it was she who surged onto him, fitting her mouth and slotting herself forcefully to near the base in a single fluid motion. She was rather impressed by her own success.

Eric was truly taken aback to find his cock all but engulfed by Daniella's hot greedy mouth. Then her hands clapped to his upper thighs and he gasped deeper, as she hauled him tight to her, taking the last of him down herself. She held her face there, lips adhered to his trimmed pubic zone, her gaze homing in on his and holding the look. *See how good I am? See how good* this *is?* He could totally read her thoughts. And shit it *was* good. So deep and wet - that throat contracting so tight, that wicked little tongue, goddammit, flicking out to serve drool all over his balls. Feisty little bitch! So he did nothing till she let him go and pulled herself off him to suck in air.

He grabbed her by the hair, harder than before, so she yelped. 'Bad little girl,' he chided. 'And you were being so, so good. Keep your hands to yourself.'

'But you liked it, didn't you?' Eric recognised the mischief in her voice.

'We do this on my terms,' he said evenly, and hoped he had masked his admiration with sternness.

'Can't I improvise a little?'

She had nearly been smirking, so he crammed four fingers in her mouth to shut her up. Her eyes bulged at his assertive intrusion. 'You don't improvise at all,' he told her. 'You do what you're told. You speak when you're told. Apart from one word. And that word ends everything, okay?'

Daniella nodded, mouth still full with his fingers. Her heart was thumping from the sheer sport of it all. She had taken all he had given so far, taken it with aplomb, for all that she was a novice in these games. He thought he could shock her? Let him try.

'Now get your ass to the living-room,' he was saying as he withdrew his fingers, 'just as you are. And then you'll find out what's next.'

What's next... She had hardly absorbed the words when his hand splatted hard on her ass and she was squealing in excited terror, scrambling along the passageway to the living-room. Eric was in pursuit, swatting her bum cheeks with hearty swings of his arm. 'Ow - ow - owwwww!' That much she could scarcely refrain from saying.

Scurrying with sore knees into the apartment's open-plan reception rooms, she took his next command. 'Fetch the bag. The one I came in with.' *Fetch?* Did he say 'fetch'? She could feel her natural indignation rise once more as she shuffled her naked self to the sofa and made to grab the bag.

'In your teeth.' This time she actually froze, as understanding of at least certain of his intentions crystallised in her mind. Now might be a good time to use that safe-word. Thing was, her pussy was wet again, and just like at university she loved a challenge. So she brought him the bag clenched in her teeth and offered it to him like a good bitch. And when he reached in and produced a diamante-studded dog collar with accompanying leash she hardly flinched, however fast her heart was racing.

'You going to be a good little doggie?' He dangled the leash in front of her so that it brushed her nose.

'Yes,' she said, her loins tingling once more at his sheer gall. '*Master*.' She resisted the urge to give a little pant, lest he spank her again on her already sore bottom. Instead she swallowed her irony, remained still and silent, as he looped the collar around her slim neck and buckled it, his cock raised like a suspension bridge just inches from her face.

Now that it happened, the experience was bizarrely comforting. The past eighteen months had been a hell of self-preservation, due to the financial strictures imposed by her father. College fees, subsistence, rent - she had paid for the lot, missing numerous lectures along the way as she worked her various jobs. She had made up her academic ground through on-line research, clawed her way to respectable grades in her end-of-year exams. It felt somehow luxurious to give up all struggle and allow this charming dangerous bastard control of her body. If only for a while.

'Master?' Eric's erection reasserted itself at the word and all its connotations. The sense of his own badness swelled him utterly hard. Christ, he wanted to stick himself inside her with a fucking vengeance, but that could wait. 'Yeah, I could get to like that.' He touched his hand briefly to her cheek. 'Wait here. Don't move. And close your eyes.' Once she had obeyed the final command he went to his bedroom, to the bottom drawer where he had stored those items he deemed appropriate prior to the weekend. He smiled on his cache. Time to bring them *all* into play. Show this spirited little hussy who was in charge. Mobile phone, he'd need that as well, if he were to up the exhibitionist factor. He fetched it from the bathroom.

'Eyes still closed?' he checked on returning to the living-room. 'Keep it that way.' He could smell her trepidation as he set down the various accoutrements on the floor next to the leash. She was disconcerted once more - good. The sleep mask first. 'Remember this old friend?' Her whole body tremored slightly as he slipped it in place over her eyes. 'We're going to play a little party game. Guessing game. You have to guess where things go...before I put them there. Okay?' It pleased him to hear the response dry in her throat, so she could only nod her agreement.

For Daniella all was darkness. Dark too was her understanding of this man with whom she could talk politics and ethics and movies, science and spirituality come to that. With whom she had laughed on dates past - clever laughter, stupid laughter. Comfortable laughter with a man of easy charm, who was fucking sexy with it. Before his games and his agenda became apparent. Even now with their supposed understanding he was playing mind-games, undermining, trying to re-establish himself as someone she had almost come to hate a day earlier. But as he played his game, she hardly cared to think why.

She felt the cold tip first, a blunt point making contact with the nape of her neck - glass, hard plastic? - and tracing a slow path the length of her spine to her very tail bone, where its presence made her shudder. He teased it in reverse a moment, then renewed its progress towards the untried little star at her rear.

'What have we got here?' he asked gently, and even if she'd been the dunce back at school, one or two scenes from today's film show would have given her the answer.

'It's a plug,' she said, but her attempted matter-of-fact tone was spoiled by the tremble in her voice. 'It's a plug for my ass...'

'Yes it is.' She squeaked as he demonstrated, pressing the tip to her reflexively tightening entrance. 'But it needs help.' A flick of something, and liquid, silky and warm on that hot day, splashed all over her lower back, draining down between her buttocks, trickling its way into her little sinkhole. Her heart was thudding already, her breath catching, when he began smoothing it down between her cheeks. More liquid being poured, pooling a little, then that tip probing again, insinuating its way slowly past her anal defences. Stretching, delving into her secret place, a fucking suppository that just expanded and opened her up. And she let it happen, allowed shrill little cries to leak out of her throat, till something that felt fat, nearly globed, slid neatly into her rectum and nestled there, making a home in its new tight space.

'You get used to that.' His voice softer than suede. 'Go on, shake that ass a little, while I try something else.' The 'something else' she could hardly contemplate; she was still wriggling her bum from side to

side, giving out stifled aching cries as she tried to adjust to the rear intrusion. As she did she could hear a creak as of some hinged container being opened, followed by a metallic clink. Then something small, cold and brittle was being drawn along her jaw line from her chin and down the curve of her neck.

'Sit up,' she was instructed, and like an obedient little doggie she did, shifting her bottom gingerly to rest on her heels, the bulbous intruder continuing to exert its pressure within her anal passage. The intricate metal device was touched to her left breast and traced in a full circumference; it then began a gradual spiral inward to her mound's hard tip, till it teased her nipple in slow circles. The sensation, combined with sudden scared understanding, was exquisite and unbearable.

'You know what this is?'

She had knowledge of such accessories, but no practical experience. 'Nipple clamp. Right?' She could hear how breathy her own voice was.

'Correct.' He continued to tickle lightly about her areola. 'Tweezer clamp this type is called. There are worse. Of course I won't even try at all if you use your word. Your choice at all times.'

The prospect was frightening, made her whole body shudder, but she never even thought of getting out. 'Do it,' she said in a whisper, and then held her breath.

Tiny curved prongs were placed either side of her fully-budded nipple. Then Eric's other hand was up close applying a sharp twisting motion and the clamp seized on her, like wicked little jaws biting her breast's sensitive blood-gorged tip. 'Aaaaaagh! Ohhhhh God...' The shock of pain channelled through her like electrical current, as though connecting her sore nipple to her groin, causing her already-wet pussy to well up with new moisture. She breathed quickly and rhythmically through her sobs, trying to absorb and control the intensity of sensation.

Eric was already drawing the linking chain between her breasts, fitting the second twin-prong to her right teat. He did not pause, just twisted and tightened, sending a second fiery shock through her via her tender nipple-flesh. 'Ohhhhhh fuck!' Cruel yet thrilling, the initial bite of the clamps subsided to a dull throb; combined with the squeeze of the plug it threatened to overwhelm her senses. Her cunt was a mess of excitement. She could feel the trickle down her thighs.

'Good girl.' Eric looked on in approval at his own work. He let her kneel there for a while, panting and sweating, acclimatising to all this new sensory experience. That her loins were soaking was obvious. She was in thrall to him now, he could feel it - trembling for relief, yet unable to say the word that would relieve her from her sweet torment. Daniella was his. It was time to make his call, but only right

he give her fair warning.

'Now this may seem a little presumptuous of me, but I've a small select audience all primed to look in on the next part. If you agree.' Her head jerked up. Even in her present circumstances this was a development to be reckoned with. 'My neighbours,' he explained swiftly. 'Interesting couple - they host swingers' events in their home, so anything they might see between us won't shock them. And we can easily give them a nice view.'

Swingers' events... And he knew this how? Because he'd been invited to attend some very possibly. How much of Eric's social habits did she really know about? 'And if I don't agree?'

'You know how to terminate the contract.'

Daniella burned. Eric was determined to push this to its fucking limit. Not enough that he enslave her, he wanted to share her exquisite shame with the neighbours. *Terminate the contract* - if she did that, then - what, he'd be done with her? He'd milk the weekend for all he could, then find someone else more suited to his games? Well to hell with his plans. She was enjoying this for her own reasons. And maybe she *liked* the idea of being watched.

'Let them take a good look,' she told him. 'Give them a fucking ringside seat.'

She never failed to surprise him, this girl. He could not help but be impressed. Eric flipped open his phone and re-fitted his Bluetooth for convenience. 'Gareth, hi - you and Marisha still at home? Oh, you are? Well I'll bring her right out.' He snapped the phone shut. 'They've already taken their seats,' he informed Daniella once the call was ended. It was with a good degree of self-congratulation that he hooked the leash to her collar. 'Get back on all fours. We're going walkies.' It was hard to resist, rubbing her face a little more in her plight. He savoured the moment, as she dropped back into her crawling position, then he yanked his pet into motion.

The clamps pinched tight on Daniella's nipples, clung harder on every movement she made, sending little shooting-pains into her chest. Her breasts swung lightly as she moved into a slow crawl, the suspended chain clinking as she progressed, but even that mild pendular sway accentuated the prongs' grip on her tender extremities. She could feel the plug shifting about her rectal walls on every advance of her legs and the insistent tug of the leash on her neck. It was all she could do not to cry out from her suffering tits and filled bottom, but she held her head up even so, bit on her lip to stifle her own sobs and went to her next trial bravely. *Go on, show off your hot little slave. Because that's what she wants.*

As he unlocked and slid open the French windows at the back of his apartment, Eric could not help

but be struck by the bearing of the young creature he had leashed beside him. Lithe and slippery once more with sweat, carrying herself with stubborn pride and biting down all expression of what she felt, she reminded him more of a reined-in jaguar than a tame little tail-wagging spaniel. And God how he loved it when she chewed like that on her plump lip... *Damn*! He brushed away those thoughts, urged her over the threshold and onto his veranda with one sharp tug at her collar. He propelled her shuffling with a hard slap to her bum cheek that made her cry aloud, past the garden furniture to the white railings, to where his neighbours could have a good view of his naked bitch.

'Climb up against the fence. Let them see you.' She did, clambering up in her stilettos and balancing herself evenly with her legs spread, leaning against the thin metal bars with her clamped breasts thrust precociously over the top rail. He felt a sudden surge of pride at having this delicious young thoroughbred to show off. The leash he dropped, letting it dangle in front of her, the phone he set aside, his hands moving to caress her body smoothly.

'Touch yourself. Go on, show how hot you are for this. Remember you're being watched.' God... Eric naked behind her, his touch starting to flow all over her, his engorged cock pressing into her ass-crack against the base of the plug, and eyes out there somewhere fixing themselves on her plight - her heat didn't take much showing. Her right hand dropped down between her thighs and her middle finger slithered easily inside the wet folds of her cunt to probe and search. The metal teeth on her nipples continued to shoot wicked little darts of sensation that lubricated her further, made her finger slip all the more easily into her pulsing channel. Eric's palms flexed on her thighs, fingertips pressing into her yielding, slightly buttery flesh until they trailed upwards over her loins, either side of her working hand, breaking and settling again to cup her poor sore breasts from below and gently massage them. 'That's it, explore yourself, give in to it. You want to give a good show, don't you?'

She delved deeper, lower back arching spontaneously, so that her shoulders strained back into Eric's broad torso and her breasts jutted more prominently even as they were stroked. Her body was over-stimulated and moving fast through the normally subtle gradations of arousal. Outdoors and on display to strangers, gripped from behind by this hard-bodied sexy fucker whose hard dick was ready to plough he any moment he chose, nipped at her front and plugged in her rear - it was mere seconds before her finger was buried to the third knuckle inside her, the heel of her palm mashing itself against her enflamed clit, juice issuing freely from the tight, swollen tunnel of her cunt.

'That's it, that's it, frig yourself, get yourself off. Go on, sweetheart, show what a hot little bitch you are. Go on, baby.' His fingers were pressing more urgently into her painful tit-flesh, his loins squeezing hard into her buttocks. He was loving this. Loving that he was parading her hot little body before his decadent neighbours, but crazy for her too, despite himself. She could hear the fierce, warm excitement in his voice, at odds with the cool he so often tried to adopt with her. Despite her myriad bodily sensations it was the knowledge of his desire for her that tipped her into orgasm. Her

mewling cries increased to a full-throated scream, as pain and delight exploded together to consume her.

In that instant Eric reached up and whipped the sleep mask from her eyes. Light had already been exploding in her head, so she hardly registered the summer daylight till her wild excitement began to subside. As her second climax of that day shuddered its way free of her, her audience became very apparent. A huge two-storey house of grand design had been built into the slopes stretching away from Eric's apartment block. Its white stonework had a rough-cast Mediterranean look about it and on the upstairs veranda a couple were relaxing, replenishing their glasses from a large jug as their afternoon entertainment played out. She was blonde, svelte and bikinied in her late thirties, he around the same age as Daniella's father, only better-preserved, hair silvering and bare torso tanned and muscular. Thing was, she recognised him.

'Gareth Malone,' Eric muttered into her ear. 'Ring any bells?' *Bastard. Fucking bastard.* Gareth Malone - accountant to Daniella's father over half her life. She had met him on numerous occasions at their home growing up, most recently the previous Christmas. He appeared to be scrutinising her intently from a couple of hundred yards away. 'Of course he may not have realised it's you,' Eric whispered his hands still patrolling her gently.

'You fucker,' she breathed, almost ready to turn around and slap him with all the force she could summon. She had no doubt from the transfixed look on Malone's face and the asides he was making to his voyeur-partner, that he was fully aware at whom he was looking. 'You think you're so damned clever.'

'Even if he does recognise you, he's hardly going to say anything to your dad,' Eric pointed out. He leaned into her so that his dick was more pronounced against her ass. 'Think how surprised he'll be to see you all grown up.'

'You smartass fucking...' She felt like her blood temperature was shooting skyward.

'*Prick*? Say it if you mean it, Daniella.' He manipulated his erect organ downwards, slipping it between her thighs so he could slide it back and forth against her wet slit. And he continued to goad as he did it. 'Because if you don't, I'm going to fuck you right in front of them both. Go on, sweetheart, what's it to be? Call the whole thing off or my dick inside you while they watch? Your call. Tell me what...'

Daniella twisted her neck around and glared at him. 'Look, just shut up and fuck me, you idiot!'

Eric paused just a fraction. This girl never did quite what he expected. And what she *did* do had the regular knack of turning him on even more than he already had been. He responded in the only way

appropriate. By adjusting the head of his cock to the entrance of her simmering pussy, laying claim to her waist with both hands and launching a mighty fuck-stroke that buried him inside her to the balls.

Daniella clung to the rail and cried out loud enough to rouse an entire block's worth of neighbours. Her tits shook, nipples burning, as Eric assaulted her cunt with a protracted hard-pounding barrage. He always filled her well, but this time she had the plug inside her for added company, each dick-thrust forcing it tight against her rectal walls. 'Ohhhh God...' Eric was groaning, as he made his repeated plunge. 'Ohhhhh fuck...' He was commencing to whack one of her plump bum-cheeks with great swinging flourishes of his palm, as though words had run out and that was the only way he could express himself. That, and what he did next - to grab the leash where it linked to the collar and drag it towards him, like he were reining in a recalcitrant dog; Daniella felt herself pulled up by the neck, her breasts thrusting out and her back curving, as Eric's cock continued to ream her pussy. She was all but lost to herself. Naked and subjugated, leashed and thrashed in public, boned to her centre before those prurient eyes - and loving every searing-hot second of it. And in all this she had just a hint of mischief left lurking within...

'Gimme the Bluetooth,' she gasped, the first time Eric slowed a little in his thrusting, and he let go the leash so as not to constrict her speech. 'Put it on me,' she insisted. 'You were going to phone him anyway, weren't you? Go on, do it and let him hear me.' His cock had slowed further; in a moment he had scrabbled the device from his ear and fitted it to hers. He was still pumping her though, as he retrieved the mobile and hit the repeat-call.

Across the short valley they could see Gareth Malone pick up his phone to answer, his amorous partner draped around him so she could listen in. Eric immediately rammed hard again, smacking into Daniella's ass cheeks with force and unleashing a loud, ecstatic scream from her lungs. She continued to moan her excitement down the phone connection; on the opposite veranda the blonde woman's hand was delving below the table, presumably to begin tugging on Malone's stiffening cock.

For all Eric's fierce effort, Daniella succeeded in catching her breath so she could communicate more coherently, even as his hard strokes whacked into her. 'Hey Mr Malone, you getting all this? Good view? You like watching Jonathan's little girl getting fucked?' Nothing on the other end but rapt attention and hoarse breathing. She continued between her own gasps. 'He feels so big inside me, Mr Malone, he's fucking me so hard... Would *you* like to do me like this? Would you? Well I'm sorry, you'll just have to wank off on the memory, because looking is all you're going to get...'

Eric would have laughed, had he not been channelling all his energy into a hard fuck. Wicked little bitch... He just couldn't throw this girl off her stride - not for long anyway, game-playing little nymph, sexy little... little... The ear-piece he tore off her, chucking it casually aside. Then he grabbed her by the shoulder in a reckless moment, pulled her face to his and kissed her hard, fervently, his fingers

searching their way into her hair as their tongues slid together. They broke but remained close, lips almost brushing, both breathing hard, his motionless cock thrust deep inside her.

The sudden intimacy she had drawn from him triggered in Eric a similar reaction to before. He felt a need to up his game. 'I want to take your ass.'

There had been a deliberate hardened his voice as he said it, but she didn't miss a beat in responding. 'You can have it. But not here.'

Eric had been all set to act, before her final words stalled him. 'But not...' What, was she trying to set conditions now?

'Come on, Eric, if you want to fuck my ass, where do you really want to do it?' There was a rawness to her tone. He got her meaning instantly. 'Daddy's out all afternoon, I know it for a fact...'

'Is that so?' Eric so wanted to take this bait. 'Well maybe I'll finish off fucking you here and then do it all over again at his...'

'You won't.' She ran her tongue along his jaw line and spoke into his ear. 'You want to fuck my ass on Daddy's bed, you take me there right now, or it's never going to happen. Your call.'

Devious little... She had him, there was no denying it. 'Okay,' he said, gripping her waist as he slowly withdrew his unsated cock from the tight sheath of her cunt. 'This we do your way.'

'And one other thing...' He gave her a warning stare, but was met with a pleading frown in response. 'Would you please take off the nipple clamps? They're starting to hurt like fuck.'

That much he did for her, stroking her hair as he unscrewed each ring to loosen the clamps' grip on her. He even laved both her nipples with slow swirls of his tongue, making her moan and cry out her relief as the pain subsided. In the midst of all his commands, this act of tenderness seemed all the more special. Then he took charge again, roughly, grabbing her by the collar and hauling her to the bedroom as she stumbled and squealed in scared delight. Her whole body thrilled now to every nasty thing he did. Her impromptu move had undermined all his carefully laid-out plans and she relished his efforts to wrest control back to himself. She almost felt distracted from the fact that she was soon to get ass-fucked for the very first time. *Everything he does to her...* Had she ever doubted he would follow through?

The man-size tee-shirt he slung at her with a brusque 'Put it on and get your bag,' once he had struggled into jeans, shirt and trainers himself. It was the first above-ankle piece of clothing - the

collar hardly counted - that she had worn all day. The garment stretched to just below her otherwise naked ass. She felt that scary sense of exposure once more, tugging at the hem as they took the lift down to the ground-level garage, the jewelled dog collar still circling her neck. The young couple who shared the descent with them tried not to stare at what was surely an obvious mid-fuck break, likewise the middle-aged man departing his car next to Eric's Lotus. Daniella knew that guy would be looking back in advanced interest as Eric bundled her unceremoniously into the back of his vehicle, her naked pussy and plugged ass on display as the tee rode up around her waist. She wondered if anyone had noticed Eric gripping the currently detached leash.

In the urgency of the stalled fuck she did not care. As Eric revved the car and swung out of the garage, as he drove the few short miles through town to the suburb where Daniella spent holidays living with her father, she lay on the back seat with her legs spread, fingering herself in hot expectation. If her partner-in-lust gave a damn about her pussy leaking all over the suede upholstering of his car he did not show it. He was all grimly intent demeanour and silent willing of traffic at busy junctions, as he homed in on the destination where he would complete his defilement.

Jonathan Blanchford's car was notably absent from the gravel drive that fronted the house when they arrived. 'You sure he's not going to make an appearance?' Eric asked, as he pulled Daniella briskly from her reclining position and out of the vehicle.

'Playing cricket. He won't be back for another hour,' she said, face flushed as he propelled her towards the front door of the plush Blanchford residence. 'Why, you scared?'

'Just get us inside.' He clapped his hand hard to her bum right on the base of the plug, with no thought as to what neighbours or passers-by might see. She shrieked, then almost quivering with renewed longing delved into her Sarah Bergman bag and rummaged till she found the keys. Then Eric was bustling her into the house where she had grown up, hardly allowing her time to switch off the security alarm, shoving her tee-clad form into the...

'Kitchen?' He was dragging open the big refrigerator door, still clutching her by the arm, before she'd registered what was going on.

'Forgot the lube,' he explained tersely, as he ransacked the fridge's contents. 'Need to improvise. Butter - too damn hard. Got to be something... Here we go, shit, this is fucking perfect. And it's full, too.' She was already palpitating when he slammed shut the stainless steel door and shoved her up against it, brandishing the can of squirt cream in front of her. 'Ever played with this?'

She shook her head mutely, awaiting his next move in a kind of joyous turmoil. Then he was grabbing her tee-shirt by the hem, ripping it upwards and dragging it over her head and off her arms to expose

her fully once more, this time in her dad's kitchen. He wrenched the top off the can of compressed cream and pinned her to the fridge, pointing the long nozzle in her face. 'Now where first?' She watch him flip it downwards and hit the trigger hard, felt the cold splurge of refrigerated cream all over her tits. Felt him trace the nozzle down her stomach leaving a creamy trail, till he fitted it between her pussy lips and shot a brief blast into her recently fucked channel.

He was down on his knees next second grabbing her ass, his tongue thrusting inside her, feasting on the synthetic cream as it melted into her cunt juice. She could not help but picture her dad's expression were he to walk in now and find Eric tongue-fucking all the flavour out of her right there in the old family kitchen. Or her mother for that matter, were she to make one of her rare return-appearances - jealous perhaps to see her daughter being eaten out so thoroughly? Her hands pressed flat against the steel surface as she succumbed totally to Eric's ravenous enjoyment.

Delicious, so fucking delicious. The cream was just garnish to the gourmet delight that was Daniella. Having scooped the last of the sweetness from the hot receptacle of her cunt, he followed the trail he had left back up her body, till his tongue was slavering over her stickily-coated tits. He skated in broad circles over one gorgeous mound, lapping up every last trace of cream till he was focused on the sore nipple, sucking it hard. Then he repeated the process on her other breast, lavishing his tongue on her, homing in on the tender peak. She was still bleating in pained response to his sucking attentions when he rose, put his mouth on hers and engaged her in a creamy tongue-kiss.

The union of their mouths was long and luxurious and soon he felt his cock pressing bone-hard against his jeans once more. He let her hear the zipper's rasp and saw the flash of response in her eyes. 'Knees,' was all he said, and she slithered her naked back all the way down the fridge surface, till she was kneeling dutifully on the kitchen floor before his freshly exposed cock. He had already taken the canister and he sprayed generously from base to tip, leaving a great inviting blob dancing on the glans.

Daniella's eyes widened up at the treat proffered to her in Daddy's kitchen - a hard cock frosted like a great cream-doughnut for her delectation. So fucking naughty. She licked the great glob from the head with relish, then gobbled her way down the shaft, sucking and slurping the fondant mess from Eric's smooth, bulged length. She took him in again all the way, then relinquished him, creamy drool dangling between her lips and his dick, running down her chin. Then she skated above and below, covering all of his surface to the very balls, licking him clean. She even rubbed him, saliva-soaked all over her face and he just stood motionless and staring, letting her get on with it.

They were both off-script and improvising now, and Eric was somehow fine with that. In fact, he wouldn't have had it any other way. Maybe he could never bend this girl completely to his will. But the fun was in the trying. He hoisted her from under the armpits to her feet and locked her into another

long, hard kiss. Then 'Bedroom, now,' he said, having broken their lip-lock, and her eyes blazed with fearful, needy anticipation. He had made a promise and they both knew he intended to keep it.

Daniella found herself dragged once more through the hallway, then stumbling up the stairs to the second storey, compelled by a madman with a dog leash and a can of compressed dessert cream. She was just as compelled from within herself, though. At least part of his dynamic lust was down to her, she knew that now, and with every move he made her heart and loins exulted. 'Which room?' he demanded, and she indicated with her head. He hauled her inside; she watched his eyes flick around for a moment to take in the sparsely-adorned walls of Jonathan Blanchford's divorcee bedroom. Then he threw her face-down and yelping onto the navy covers of the adequately-made bed.

She was picking herself up when he grabbed her wrists and circled the leash around them, pulling it tight. He looped on end around the iron railing at the head of the bed and fastened it to the band on her wrists, tethering her securely. Swift, spontaneous and unnervingly sexy. He was stripping now, right beside her. His handsomely rigid fuck-stick bobbed as he divested himself of his jeans. No talk, not so much as a word - just the swift undertaking of a fevered sex-mission. Then he was gone from her view and she only felt him - wrenching her thighs apart, climbing onto her from behind, positioning himself and re-uniting cock and cunt in a single fluid stroke.

Fleet, hard sword-thrusts to her depths, filling and juicing her to the utmost. 'Ohh yes... Nice and wet, that'll help,' he was saying, and she recalled the girl from scene three, knew she was about to get cored in exactly the same way as that rectally besieged porn slut, only for the first time and on her own father's duvet. Her anal muscles throbbed around the ever-present plastic bulge at that thought, as Eric rammed home a few more cunt-slamming strokes.

He pulled out, cock slick and shiny with her, and grabbed for the base of the plug, making her seize up in response. 'Slow and easy,' he reassured, and set about withdrawing the tight-fitted toy, watching her anus swell to spit it out.

Daniella groaned at the lewd sensation of her rear-entrance stretching to expel the fat plastic bolus from her ass. She was just registering the sense of emptiness when the next anal indignity was perpetrated - the nozzle of the canister poked into her asshole and probed as far as it could go. The whole business was compellingly sordid. She felt dirty and used and thrilled beyond all previous imaginings.

'You ready for this?' There was exuberance in Eric's voice.

'Just do it,' she said in a fervency of lust. 'Shoot it up me.' She felt him squeeze hard and a great cold surge of cream filled up her anal cavity like iced insulating foam. 'Oh my God...' Her wrists were

pressed tight against the rail, hands clenched at the inundation of fake dairy into her bowels. Eric pulled the hard tube out of her and she immediately felt the thick fluid start to ooze and fart its way in pursuit. That was until her wicked lover plugged the escape route with himself. The hard swollen sponge of Eric's cock-head thrust dramatically into her already cream-filled ass.

'God, baby, I think this is going to work. You all set? No safe-word?'

What, did he want her to plead? Get all concerned and reluctant? She knew this was going to hurt, her whole body was bracing in preparation, but she actively needed this to be underway. She wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of going all helpless and girlish. 'Screw the safe-word, I'll just think it. Now bring it on... Fuck my ass, right now, right here on Daddy's bed...'

Too beautiful an invitation to resist. Eric gritted his teeth and pushed hard, recklessly, sinking the first of his length into Daniella's rectum till the lubrication could do no more against her tightening sphincter. Curls of cream spurted out around his invading pole as she cried out wildly. He retreated and went in again, slower this time, more warily, trying to draw out no more than a fearful moan. The hot little thing had got him all fired up. She would insist on doing that, wouldn't she? He gripped her globed ass and slid back and forth in a smooth motion, easing his shaft gradually deeper, sinking himself incrementally into Daniella's tight rectal chasm. Ohhhh God, right to the balls, right to the balls inside this crazy little darling...

Danialla's whole body felt ablaze along with her bottom. Adrenalin was pumping through her, endorphins firing in her brain. It hurt, but it was glorious. Plug be damned, now she had a great throbbing-hard length of cock-flesh sunk inside her ass, powered by a bastard at the height of his sexual powers. So nasty, so wrong, to be strapped and anally dominated on her father's bed - so fucking perfect. He was gripping her hard, burying the last of himself, holding still with his balls nestling cosily against her bum. Now he was withdrawing a little and pushing. Repeating the same movement. Asserting himself inside her. She could almost see the blissful snarl on his face. 'You like that?' She could only speak in ragged panting gasps. 'Feel - Feel as good as you hoped?'

'Ohhhh sweetheart, yes...' His voice gutteral and constricted.

'You going to fuck me then?'

'Am I...'

'Going to fuck me? Really fuck me?' Her voice quaking yet taunting. She could hardly believe her nerve in saying it. 'What sort of a defiler are you? Are you going to... Aaaaaaaagh!!!' He had pulled halfway out and powered back in, cramming her with cock.

'That it? That what you want?'

'Fuck! Yeah... No! Not so hard...'

'Alright, alright, sorry...'

'It's okay, it's okay...' Christ, that had been way more than she could chew. His apology was a surprise. 'That's better, that's good, keep it like that... Ohhhhh...'

He was pumping slow, smooth and deep now, watching himself glide in and out of Daniella's expanded anus, cream still spewing forth as he thrust, frothing around his bollocks. Her voice achieving a consistent mid-level keening, as his cock gently, persistently opened up her ass.

'Touch me...' she managed to moan. 'Eric, I want to come... Please...' He leaned further into her, slipped his hand beneath her and found with ease the wet, pulsing cherry of her clitoris. He thrust and rubbed in unison, palm flat on her pubic mound, knowing at once the wetness of her cunt and tightness of her clutching asshole. He wanted her to come, wanted her pussy spasming and her body bucking as he fucked into her ass. Not just for the physical sensation though, not just for his own stupid ego, but because...well...he wanted *her* to feel good, to feel wild and filthy and special and...and wanted. He wanted her to feel wanted. So he screwed her slowly and frigged her hard and pressed his arm tight to her breasts until her semi-anguished cries melted subtly into the pre-orgasmic.

'Oh fuck,' she was saying, 'that feels so good, so good... Fuck me, *fuck me*, I'm going to come, you're going to make me come...'

He was going to be right there with her. Urgency was upon him... speeding up his strokes... he was squeezing himself tight to her, pressure building, building in them both, rocketing towards something incendiary... He was about to blow, about to spew forth all the things he'd sworn he wouldn't say... 'Oh God, Daniella, that feels amazing, *you* feel amazing, you're so fucking... so fucking...'

'...What?'

'So fucking *amazing*...'

They both came, extravagantly. Her ass clutched him hard, as he blew an enormous wad deep inside her; it stayed clutching till her body was as spent as his cock . It occurred to Eric afterwards that this was probably as romantic as pumping a girl's ass full of semen ever got.

Daniella's thoughts were muddled for a while. All she could feel was Eric's sweaty embrace and the slow messy retraction of his cock from her tight-clenched bumhole. and she clung to the unexpected revelation of her amazingness. Gradually he slid off her and rolled back on the duvet, panting at the ceiling.

'You okay?' he inquired, eyes flicking to her briefly.

'Fine,' she replied through her weary haze, thick milky fluid sliming out of her. 'Any time you want to untie me. Or are we still playing?'

'Ah. Apologies.' He smiled ruefully and made to free her. Then the car was heard turning into the drive. They froze momentarily, looking at each other in considerable shock.

'Shit. Cricket over?'

'Daddy's team must have collapsed again. Their having a bad season.'

'Right. Well - I'd better get you sorted. Quick.'

'Thought you'd already done that,' Daniella said slyly, as he released her from her bonds. 'And isn't it your sweetest fantasy, him finding me trapped like this? What, are you frightened?'

'Not for myself.' Eric was briskly gathering up his clothes. He could hear the car radio blaring, the ignition shutting off. Blanchford would already be wondering why Eric's car was parked outside his house. 'I've as good as resigned, but you've got to live with him, in the short-term at any rate.'

She was kneeling nude on the bed, with a daring look on her face. 'Don't you want him to walk in on us, just a little?'

He got exasperated. 'Are you fucking crazy? Get your ass into your own room and clean up now! Take the damn plug and the whipped cream and the leash, and...and turn the duvet, it's a fucking mess! I'll sort myself out in the bathroom - I came round to see him and you let me in, that's the story. For God's sake go!'

Daniella had been more than slightly thrown by her father's return, but the chance to make Eric sweat a little had been too tempting. She flipped the soiled duvet - a temporary measure - and scurried to her room with all dubious items plus a throbbing rectum, her fuck-partner diving simultaneously for the bathroom. There followed a rather desperate clean-up at her sink, not least due to the continued

leakage of cum from her newly-taken asshole. Her dad's voice sounded through the house as she carried out her frantic and somewhat acrobatic ablutions: 'Hello? Who's here?' A minute later she heard Eric's voice joining her father's in a brusque exchange.

She hurried downstairs shortly after, having slipped on panties, flip-flops and a pale blue summer dress, hoping that brushed hair and a blast of antiperspirant would mask the whole just-fucked thing. The scene she found in the hallway was something of a stand-off. Her father, still in his too neatly-fitting cricketing whites, was wielding his bat in sitcom fashion, she thought. His hair was awry and his rather puffy face was reddening.

'Anything I had to tell you, I did yesterday over the phone. And my mind hasn't changed,' he was blunting informing his current employee.

'I didn't come here to change you mind,' Eric retaliated calmly. Blanchford was a big, broad man, but Eric had a height advantage. He had managed, she noticed, to cover over his post-copulative untidiness with admirable ease.

'Well what did you come for in that case? I don't particularly care to come home and find you in my house.'

'I invited him in,' Daniella interrupted swiftly. 'And no, he didn't come here to change your mind about anything. He didn't come here to talk to you at all.' Her father looked to her for explanation. So did Eric, come to that. 'He came to ask me out. On a date.'

'He did what?'

'And I said yes. He's taking me to the Latymer Restaurant. That's the *five-star* Latymer Restaurant. Tonight. Aren't you, Eric?'

'Y-es,' Eric concurred, after the briefest of hesitations. 'Yes I am.'

'What? You're... You mean...'

Daniella swept past the perturbed parent, catching Eric's arm and spiriting him towards the front door, before her dad's perplexity could turn to anger. 'Reservation at seven,' she explained. 'No time to spare.' She paused at the doorway, reconsidered and dashed back. 'I love you, Daddy,' she said, kissing him smartly on the cheek, 'but sometimes you're an ass. Like breaking your word to Eric over the partnership, very short-sighted if you ask me. Bye.' She left him too stunned even to fume.

She and Eric had reached the Lotus before he reminded her about the man's tee-shirt on the kitchen floor. 'I'll think of something before I see him next,' she said offhandedly, as they slid into the front of the car.

'And the lingering smell of sex in the bedroom?'

'He might have forgotten what that is,' she shrugged. 'It's been a while for him, poor love. Anyway, I keep house too well for him to chuck me out. He secretly dreads me going back to college now that mum's left. You know, I'm feeling forgiving towards him already. Anyway - could we stop at your place before dinner? I think we both really need to shower.'

Eric stared at her primly expectant face. He was still reeling slightly from their conversation with her father. 'Excuse me,' he said lightly, 'anywhere we might go to eat is subject to my decision.' He plucked the A4 sheet from his back pocket - he had stowed it there before leaving his apartment - and held it up for her to see. 'You're still bound by this, for the rest of the weekend.'

She snatched it from him without breaking his stare, ripped it in two, then four, and handed him back the pieces. 'Prick,' she said firmly. 'Self-regarding, arrogant *prick*. It's a bloody wonder I still like you. Now get on the phone to the Latymer and if they're booked up, take me somewhere else up-market.'

Eric struggled a moment for words. He could not break from Daniella's gaze, from the wicked wisdom and beauty of those dark eyes. The feelings he had tried to conceal from Daniella and himself, he feared, were plastered all over his face. He made a valiant attempt to fight back nonetheless. 'And...what the hell makes you think I'm not going to kick your ass out of the car and pack you back to Daddy right now?'

'Because,' said Daniella with a confidence born of one crazy afternoon, 'you've *never* had ass like this before. Go on, deny it.' He said nothing. She leaned over and kissed him softly on the mouth. 'You want more nasty, take me somewhere nice.'

Eric's pulse raced. His discomfort was real, but it was countered by a sense of wild excitement. He could have freed himself by a single sharp rebuke and by damn well driving off alone, but he did not want to. Not for an instant. It just wasn't an option. Never in his life, never once, had he felt quite like this.

He drew Daniella to him and returned the soft kiss to her mouth, lingering just a little. 'Let's go eat,' he said.