Friends first

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Watching her head snap to the side made me hesitate a moment. She looked shocked for a second then stared at the floor.
“Get up”, I growled but meant it to sound more menacing than it did because I, too, was surprised at the force of the backhand delivered. I could already see the imprint of my hand creeping across her jaw and cheek.
She stands awkwardly while cuffed behind her back. I turn her around forcefully and push her hard into the wall. I can hear the breath escape her briskly. I uncuff her hands and pull her toward me by her hair. When her back slams into my chest I wrap my arm around her neck and grasp her tightly. She struggles momentarily and I hold her wrist firmly to her waist. As she relaxes I squeeze her throat tighter taking care to cut off blood supply and not oxygen. I release her wrist as she leans against me, muscles throughout her body finally allowing her to surrender. I clamp down on her sharply for a few seconds after I notice she has a hard time swallowing then let her go. She bends forward; slightly gasping and I grab her hair in my fingers jerking her back to me again and bite hard into the flesh of the muscle along her shoulder. I’m temporarily overtaken by her scent and realize I have to get her away from me, shoving her to the ground. She is intoxicating; naked from the waist up and as beautiful as I’ve ever seen her. On her knees, she immediately brings her hands together at her back and lowers her gaze. We’ve played together for a while now and she has been very well taught.
She is completely mine when we are together. We have little need for words as each of is assured of what the other is thinking. She is undeniably one of the greatest bottoms I’ve ever known. A moderate masochist and always willing to push her limits far beyond what her intellect tells her is possible. She’s highly trusting of me, knows that I will read her nearly perfectly every time. She understands my skills and limits and never tries to play any smart-assed games that are so common in the scene. When I tell her that she can do something, even if she doesn’t think she can, she will try and then undoubtedly succeed. She’s never spoken her safe word but tells me later she was thinking about it sometimes.
It took us quite a while after meeting to actually hook up. We were friends for several years before getting together that first time. I realized right away that she had a lot of untapped submissive potential. The next morning she had called to tell me I’d left her with oval shaped bruises along her back and shoulders, my teeth imprinted to her for the next two weeks. She later admits to looking at them in the mirror every day during this time and beginning to wonder what else she was capable of. What began as fairly mild turned utterly harsh as she began to trust me more. I would mark her body

with lashes and welts that kept me with her throughout each passing day.
She and I rarely speak about what goes on between us. Our day-to-day existence is not tempered by the time we spend together in the dark. No one would ever guess that she carries my scars underneath her clothes and we each prefer it that way.
I lean down and whisper close into her ear, "'Red' means…."?
"Stop", she replies, finishing the sentence.
"Good. Don't fuck around but don't hesitate to use it."
She nods at the reference to her safe word that we each know will be unused.
I lay out several items within her line of sight if she were to choose to glance upwards. Next to a heavy leather flogger with several knots tied to the tails I place a thick one made of rubber. A light, flat, riding crop and a thin acrylic cane are laid out next to the floggers. She doesn't dare to look.
She barely moves when I hit her the first time, striking her softly and watching as the knots drop vertically down her back. As the rhythmic tempo increases I can tell she is dropping into the space. I tap her hands once behind her back and she moves them to the front of her body placing them in her lap. When she feels the different flogger she shifts her weight from side to side and I know she's not quite ready. I try to aim for areas that will subdue her thoughts and not cause too much pain until she can get into the space she needs to allow us to continue. As her chin drops to her chest I begin to hit her harder, the reddened areas marking each tail as it lands along the top of her back. The strikes that fall on her shoulders are heavy with momentum and form brilliant crimson lines easily seen even in the partially darkened room.
I signal her to stand and then guide her to the bed with one hand.
"Strip", I command and she immediately begins to comply. Like I say, we never waste words.
She strips the bottom half of her body in a flash and continues to stand before me. I make a gesture of gawking at her knowing it makes her uncomfortable. She's a beautiful woman but insecure in this amazing body. I circle around her, admiring first the hair that flows down her shoulders and spills on to the lines we've created on her back then at her exquisite ass which, now too, is marked by our time together. In front of her I admire her breasts – the perfect size and shape for ones mouth or hands. I trace her frame from top to bottom until she sighs lightly and raises her head. I place my hand on the imprint of the same on her cheek and kiss her lightly.
Behind her again, I push her forward gently and encourage her to lie down on her stomach. I walk around to each corner of the antique four-poster and tether each wrist with self-adhesive Ace bandage which is much more binding than cuffing and faster to release one from if need be. I wrap each of her limbs tightly to the wooden frame. She is very into being bound as securely as possible as it allows her to physically push and pull to the limit while her mind does the same.
Restraints in place, I move her along to the next level by running the crop along her thighs and ass. This is one thing I already know that she hates and it's better that she is tied down when delivering the strokes that she detests so much. I adore the spots it makes along her flesh and care not that she doesn't enjoy it. I tap quickly in the more fleshy areas of her backside. Her shoulders have endured the abuse of the leather and the sting of the crop is going to exacerbate that exponentially. I place

several well-spaced horizontal lines from the top of her ass to the middle of her thighs with a bit more force and she is already trying to anticipate where I'll strike her next in a vague to attempt to get away. From the opposing side I hit her ass harder, splicing through the air with an audible thud with each contact. I give her the briefest time between strokes knowing the pain comes in two generally distinct waves as the nerves compress and alternately relax. Her face is buried in the ample comforter on the bed and I cannot see her reactions well, which bothers me. When I land a few heavy strokes along the top of her thighs she cries out and tries to pull her arms toward her but is stopped short by the restraint. I ease off in intensity for a moment striking her mostly with the flat end of the crop but increase the speed at which I land each blow. She lays her head to the side facing away from me and I make my way to the other side of the bed, picking up the cane as I move toward her. The blanket is marked by the wetness of her tears and her eyes are tightly closed, her breathing rapid and shallow. I run my hand from the top of her head, through her hair, down her back and linger for a moment on the raised area on her ass. When her breathing evens out I bounce the cane as lightly as possible along the center of her body from her neck to the back of her knees.

"Please….don't…. I can't do this", she tries to explain to me.

"Yes, you *can* do this. And you will." I keep moving the clear acrylic up and down her body as we speak.

Her voice is shaking and she sounds like she may start to cry again, "I've had enough, please, let me up".

"You know I can't do that", I reply, adding her name for emphasis.

She is pleading now, "I've had enough. I'll do whatever you'd like".

We both know she is not going to use her safe word and I reply by bring the cane down on her with enough force to draw a long thin line of blood on her along the length of contact. She screams then begins to sob loudly when I deliver a second slice to her only millimeters away from the first. She and I both know she can handle even this extreme level of pain if it's meted out just right, she is just having a hard time remembering that right now. I can hear the bed creaking under the pull of her thrashing around and wonder momentarily if it was the best idea to leave her no freedom to move at all. The next time I strike her she begins to speak in long sentences of incomprehensible words that are all strung together. The blood from the wounds is trickling along the sides of her ass and gathering in tiny pools seeping into the bed below. She is crying hard when I drop the cane to the floor and sit on the edge of the bed. Her breathing is coming is gasps and hitches and I know she's really hurting. She knows that I will push her and that's why she keeps showing up here. I brush back the hair that is soaked to her face with my fingertips and run my hands slowly through it. She is covered in sweat and the coloring of the bruises is already a stark comparison to her pale skin.

I opt for speed when releasing her from her restraints by cutting through the fabric with a pair of safety scissors. She pulls each limb towards her as it is freed and curls into a fetal position. I let her catch her breath while I put some of our stuff away.

I reach for her hand and she suppresses a smile as I pull her from the bed. Facing away from me I bite her shoulder hard, leaving a welted copy of my teeth on her flesh. When I lean her forward onto

the bed she puts her hands above her head. I kick her foot further away from her forcing her to spread her legs wider and reach in to feel how excited she is. I push three fingers into her with no warning. I let her begin to grind against my hand but fuck her only a moment before pulling out and hear her release a disappointed breath. I grab her hair in my hand pulling her head back sharply as I draw my nails down her back. The reddened lines from her neck to her ass are broken up only be the welts and forming bruises of the earlier abuses. She growls deep in her throat when she feels me pressed in between her legs again. I hold the handle of the flogger against her cunt, letting her wonder what it is she is about to get fucked with. I tease her with the ridged handle for a moment before driving it inside her. She is initially surprised before beginning to push against me, grinding her ass backward forcing me to fuck her harder. The tails of the flogger tap against me as I repeatedly push and pull it from her. I lose the length of it within her as she rides the object of her hatred to a powerful orgasm flanked by her screaming wildly then collapsing halfway on the bed. When I extract the toy from her she shudders and I hold her against the bed with my leg, wait for her to steady herself. I smack her ass leaving my handprint as she crawls onto the comforter. I hold her face in my hands as I kiss her after climbing in next to her.