Leather

By Leather

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Leather has a new toy to play with...

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Leather, with her pale white skin and jet black hair that matches the leather she wears, pushes me up against the wall, the back of my head colliding sharply with the cold plaster- board behind me.

Now that I'm shackled to the wall, Leather can have her fun with me. She runs her hands down my arms, over my shoulders right to my feet, causing my already totally turned on body to shudder in anticipation. Running her hands back up my body, she stops at my shoulders and leans in, kissing me as she pushes me further into the wall. She pulls away, kneels down, and runs her lips and tongue over my completely naked body to my dripping wet sex.

So, as she runs her tongue along my clit, she sticks two fingers into me, pulling the in and out, gaining speed and losing her gentle touch. Suddenly I am brought back to reality as she bites down hard on me, causing me to cry out in pain. She stands up, looks at me and reprimands sharply "No! I did not tell you to speak! Silence. Now I will have to punish you!" she reaches down to undo my leg restraints and I catch a lance of her voluptuous cleavage, and I see that her nipples are hard. She straightens up and sees me looking, commenting that now she will have to punish me even worse...

She undoes my wrists and pushes me roughly to the ground, and a blindfold is tied around my head then I feel a ball gag put into my mouth, and her voice whispers, deadly soft in my ear: "this will stay there until you learn..."

So now I am lying on the floor, blind and silenced. I hear a door open and then close. Lying on the carpet in a silent, dark room, I wonder what is happening. Leather has not given me instructions, I wonder if I am allowed to touch myself? My hand is just starting to wander down to my pussy when I hear the door open. This time, the foot steps are heavier, not leather's petite footfalls, but someone else's heavier steps. I feel rough hands pull me up, and they are a man's hands, and I pull away, unsure of what is happening, but excited all the same. As the man lifts me off the ground, he tells me not to make a struggle or he will have to make it harder for me when leather returns. He places me on a bed, and turns me onto my back. I feel his hands running over my body, and this time I shudder harder, right on the brink of an orgasm. I can smell him, the manly scent of his body close to mine.

His hands run down my body and stop at my dripping sex, and he sticks two fingers in me, gauging my wetness. Sticking them in my mouth, I am forced to taste my own tangy, musky wetness, and before I realise what is happening, he is inside me, slowly thrusting in and out, filling me as much as he can before pulling almost completely out. Slowly he starts to make his strokes faster, rougher, and he gets louder, grunting as he comes closer to orgasm. he is still holding one of my hands down, but I have managed to free my other arm enough to be able to rub my fingers over my clit, and I am coming closer and closer to cumming. We both do, and I am left on the bed, panting, with this mystery man on top of me. After a few minutes, he got off me, and I heard the door open and close.

This time, I was sure it was Leather's steps I heard on the carpet. She walked across the room until her knees hit the bed. I felt her breath on my neck, and voice in my ear was deadly as ever. "My man-servant tells me you came without my permission. You'd like to know what the punishment for that is, wouldn't you, Bitch?"