Mrs Vandermeer's Rules: 2a

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Shannon finds herself, once again, under Mrs Vandermeer's control.

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It had been two weeks since I'd seen Mrs. Vandermeer. Two excruciatingly long weeks during which I wasn't even allowed to touch myself, let alone do something about the terrible hunger she'd set loose within me. It wasn't too bad during the day. After all, I kept busy with my normal day to day routine; going to school, spending time with my friends, homework and chores, time spend with my family. Not that I didn't think about Abby at odd moments. I'd be sitting in class while Mrs. Morgan tried to explain the difference between moles and molecules and I'd find myself drifting off, the memory of being tied, spread eagled, my tongue buried in Abby's sopping wet cunt replaying itself in my head. Thankfully, I hadn't been called on during those moments, but I'd had to hurry to the restroom as soon as the bell rang, doing what I could to clean wipe my soaking wet panties clean in the toilet stall. It got so bad that I'd started wearing my mother's pads to school, replacing them each day at lunch and again before catching the bus home.

Thankfully, I was able to take refuge in the relative privacy of my room, concentrating on my homework (I should mention that Mrs. Vandermeer had made a point of telling me that, should my grades ever falter she'd make certain that I lived to regret it, so I made sure that schoolwork always came first, despite my occasional issues with paying attention in class) and then helping my mom out with dinner, able to escape my lurid fantasies until shortly before bedtime, when there was nothing to do put play around on my lap top and imagine myself at her mercy, my waking dreams becoming even dirtier as I explored some websites that I most definitely shouldn't have been allowed to visit. It took me very little time to realize that, so far, my experiences were quite tame in comparison with what was out there. I should have been repulsed by some of what I read about, or saw. Instead, it merely awoke different cravings within me. By the time I turned the lights off and crawled under the covers, I'd once again have to wear a pad to keep my aching pussy from leaking all over my sheets as I buried my face in my pillow, my fingers clenching the corners as I fought against the urge to twist and pull my aching nipples, only able to stop myself from humping the mattress with inhuman effort.

And that was before the emails started arriving, almost undoing me.

The first one arrived exactly one week after our last meeting, and was short and to the point, as always

Miss Spencer,
I hope you have been following my instructions to the letter.

I read it and then quickly deleted it, my pulse racing, suddenly hyperaware of the noises within our house, listening for footsteps, irrationally worried that my secret would somehow be discovered. That night my dreams were vivid. Thankfully, I woke early enough to take a quick shower and rinse the smell of unfulfilled desire from between my thighs.

The next day was more of the same, my normal routine capped off by a second email, this one making my heart beat wildly and robbing me of breath.

Miss Spencer,
A memento.

Attached to the email was a document file: Recreation. Curious, I opened it, quickly shutting it again before covering my mouth with my hands, my eyes wide, fear crashing through my body. It contained the photos she'd taken of me. Me, naked, my legs spread obscenely, wearing nothing but leather collar, my wrists and ankles cuffed and attached to the bed post. Some, I couldn't even remember her taking such as close ups of my face I licked her glistening fluids from my lips, my smile ecstatic. Panicking, I closed the file, my hands shaking so badly that it took me several attempt. If anyone ever saw these…

I shut off my computer, pushing it away from me, heels of my palms pressing against my cheeks painfully, my fingertips upon my forehead as I did my best not to hyperventilate as I recalled her words; *If only your daddy could see you now… Just the thought of your unknowing daddy seeing these little souvenirs makes you want to cream yourself…*

She wouldn't dare! After all, she had more to lose than I did if our affair was uncovered. At least I hoped she did. I pushed myself away from my desk, and threw myself on my bed, all too aware of the state of my panties. They were soaked through. Not only that, but I could feel the warm trickle making its way between the crack of my ass, coating my tightly puckered hole. Was it at the memory of our last play session or the thought of being exposed, I wondered? Perhaps a little bit of both.

Eventually, I rolled over, and sat up, my feet sinking into the sky blue wall to wall carpet that matched the rest of my room. My lap top beckoned me, like a siren. I fought it for as long as I could; perhaps five minutes, before I surrendered to my carnal curiosities.

As I downloaded the file, saving it in my Private Journal file, the one that, hopefully, no one would ever dare invade, a strange thrill washed through me. I was saving unmistakable proof of what a nasty little slut I was. If anyone was to find out…

That night was the worst. When I was sure that my parents had both gone to bed, I fired up my lap top again, making sure the screen was facing away from the door and that my curtains were closed. One by one, I brought up the photos, enlarging them so that they filled the entire screen, staring at myself in shock. This was what I looked like to Mrs. Vandermeer. This is what she saw when she looked at me. I stayed up far later then I'd planned, the images burned into my retinas. The only time I'd left my chair was to grab a towel, setting it under me when I realized I was in danger of drenching the cushion with my juices. Even after I'd fallen asleep, the images stayed with me, tormenting my dreams. I awoke several times, panting as I resisted the urge to play with my pussy, knowing that it wouldn't take much to make myself cum. Only Mrs. Vandermeer's rules kept me from doing just that. In the morning, I sent a short reply:

Dear Mrs. V,
Please tell me I will be seeing you soon? I can't take this much longer.
Shannon.

She didn't reply for three days. When she did I almost wept with relief.

o-O-o

I could hear the faint chime of the bell through the front door as I pressed the button, my trembling finger betraying my nervousness as I stepped back and waited, the rapid pounding of my heart competing with the sounds of the quiet, suburban neighborhood. As I waited on the front porch, I tried to imagine what it looked like to anyone driving past. . I was fairly confident that no one would think twice if they even noticed me at all. After all, I was a typical teenage girl in fashionably tight low rise jeans, hands shoved into the pockets of a red hoodie, my chocolate brown hair tied loosely in a ponytail. Licking my suddenly dry lips, I did my best not to think of what I was, or rather wasn't, wearing underneath. Other than a pair of red slip on Vans and the collar Mrs. Vandermeer had given me on our last meeting, I was naked. No shirt, no bra, no panties, just as Abby had instructed in her last email. The wait for the door to open seemed endless and, by the time I heard the lock click, I felt like my heart might explode.

“Good afternoon, Miss Spencer. Come in.”

Her predatory smile sent shivers racing up and down my spine and rendered me speechless. She was, of course, dressed very properly and yet still managed to look sexy. She wore a charcoal grey suit that clung to her curves like a second skin, and a black silk blouse, unbuttoned at the collar. Her black leather boots were polished to a shine. As for jewelry, she kept them to a minimum. In this instance, a pair of small silver hoops in her ears and a Rolex that probably cost an arm and a leg.

Swallowing my anxiety, I entered her borrowed lair in near silence, coming to a sudden stop as I heard the door swing close, the metallic click of the dead bolt being turned seeming to echo in the entry way.

“I missed you, baby.”

The words were soft, almost sweet. I smiled, willing myself to relax as I felt her presence at my back, the rise and fall of my chest my only motion.

“I missed you too, Mrs. Vandermeer.”

My words were so soft that even I had to strain to hear them. I felt suddenly shy. Had she chosen to lead me to the couch and pull me into her arms, I’d have been content to cuddle the evening away. Instead, she tenderly teased my scrunchie off, and arranged my hair so that it fanned over my shoulder, dragging her fingers slowly through my tresses. I felt her warm breath against my ear and closed my eyes, savoring the moment, my body trembling with need. The moment was over. I no longer wanted to be simply held. I wanted her to do nasty things to me.

“Can you guess what I have in store for you today, baby?”

She must have read my mind, not that I was so hard to read. My head moved from side to side in reply, at which she chuckled.

“Good. I like to keep you guessing, slut.”

A soft sigh issued forth from between my lips at the name. It held so much promise of what was to come. After two weeks of unfulfilled lust, the hunger within threatened to overwhelm me. I wanted to fall on my knees and wrap my arms around her legs, begging her to take me to the edge right there in the entry way, over and over, until I was too exhausted to speak. I think she knew it too, each touch, each word, designed to torment me until I’d do anything she asked, no matter how depraved. I wondered if I should tell her that I was already past that point.

Stepping around me, she traced my cheek bones with the tip of her perfectly maniucured finger, her nails painted a fiery red, matching her cherry colored lipstick. I wondered if I should have taken the time to apply more than a touch of mascara and a coat of lip gloss for her, trying not to worry too much about it. After all, she'd let me know.

I held my breath as she drew her finger between my lips, parting them, then pushed between them, allowing me to suck gently on it while she held my gaze with cold blue eyes that made me shiver. Whatever it was, I wasn't sure I'd like it. Not at first, at least.

Finally, she withdrew her fingertip, her eyes still locked with mine. I felt, rather than say, her take the key to my zipper and pull it slowly down, revealing the collar hidden beneath the cover of my hoodie.

"Good girl. You remembered."

I nodded, melting at her praise, my arms dangling at my sides, finger tips rubbing nervously against denim as she continued the motion, parting my top to reveal my modest cleavage, the swell of my small breasts, my ribs, my tummy, my belly button. Soon, I was undone, partially unwrapped, the dark pink of my areola still hidden from view, my nipples swollen and aching as they rubbed against the rough cotton with each ragged breath.

Reaching into the pocket of her jacket, she produced a coiled leash which, with an economy of motion, she clipped to the D ring on the front of my collar, her eyes flashing with mirth at my sharp intake of breath that accompanied the sudden pulsing of my clit as wet stain in the crotch of my jeans spread.

"You took to this quickly, pet, Like you were born to the leash." She commented, turning towards the hallway, holding the looped handle loosely in one hand. And I followed, my feet taking on a life of their own, unable to tear my eyes from her ass, her trousers clinging to it like a second skin, her jacket keeping it half hidden from my sight.

This time, we didn't go upstairs. She led me past the entrance to the garage and the bathroom, past the stairs and the guest room, the soft jingle of my chain the only sound, our footsteps swallowed by the plush beige carpet. She paused at the open door of the study, tugging at my leash until I stood to one side of her. Although I knew it existed, I'd never actually been inside.

Besides the door I stood in, there were two others, side by side against the far wall, both closed. Brocade curtains covered the windows, dimming the interior. The carpeting was a deep shade of burgundy, and the paneling was mahogany. It wasn't hard to imagine that, if the lights were dimmed,

it would be very dark indeed. Shelves from floor to ceiling lined one wall, filled with books on every subject imaginable. At the other end was an old fashioned oak desk behind which sat a comfortable looking chair, its padded seat and back with red leather. Beyond that stood an antique liquor cabinet. There were two other chairs in the room, one an extravagantly upholstered armchair. It was covered in black leather. The other was a simple wood ladder-back that lacked even a cushion.

Mrs Vandermeer seemed content to study the room, so I let my eyes wander about the walls. Framed photos hung upon the walls; artistic rather than personal. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised that they were erotic in nature. Nothing as simple as nude pinups. Mostly, they were black and white and the subjects were in various states of bondage, some simply blindfolded, others tied securely to chairs, and yet, all quite tastefully done. My heart skipped a beat, recognizing the bed that one of the women reclined on as the one that I'd been tied spread eagled to on my last visit.

"This is where I do my writing, Miss Spencer." Her tone was casual.

I nodded. Mrs. Vandermeer wrote erotic fiction. I only knew that because she'd told me, working under a 'nom de 'plume' as she liked to say, never even hinting at what it might be. *All in good time* she'd tell me. It was a phrase she was fond of teasing me with.

"It's very…" *nice*, I almost said. I paused, searching for a word that might impress her. "Opulent."

She run her fingers though my hair, the tips of her nails raking gently against my scalp, her chuckle sounding pleased.

"Yes, it is very *opulent*, pet. It's time to learn a rule, one that only pertains to this particular room. It's very important you remember it. No matter what the circumstance, you must adhere to it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Vandermeer." I said, shuffling my feet against the thick carpet and shoving my hands nervously into my jean pockets as she took my shoulders and turned be towards her, forcing me to look her squarely in the face. My gaze drifted to her plump red lips until she gave me a gentle shake, drawing me to her eyes once again.

"Dirty little sluts are not allowed to wear clothes in here. Under *any* circumstances."

Squirming under her intense gaze, I nodded my understanding. "Yes, Ma'am. What about… my collar?"

I was rewarded with a soft kiss, her lips brushing mine fleetingly, sending a thrill through my entire

body and turning my cunt into liquid fire for one tantalizingly brief moment.

“Your collar is part of you, baby. It stays on.”

“Thank you.” I felt my cheeks warm, embarrassed by how important that question had been to me, realizing that it had become more than just an accessory. It had become a symbol of our relationship, at least in my eyes. I belonged to her. It was a heady thought, one that frightened me more than a little.

This time, her kiss was much more intimate, despite that she planted it on my forehead.

“You belong to me. Now don’t make me stand here, waiting Miss Spencer. Strip.”

She caught be by surprise. Still, I didn’t hesitate, the tone of her voice making it clear that she meant business. I tried not to think about what I was doing too much as I pried the heels of my Vans off with my toes, kicking them to one side, clumsily unbuttoning jeans and drawing the zipper down before hooking my thumbs in the waist band and wiggling out of them. There was nothing erotic about it; not so much a strip tease as simply shedding my clothes as quickly as possible. Shrugging out of my unzipped hoodie was almost an afterthought.

“My beautiful little slut.”

I blushed, unsure of what to do, my arms folded across over my tits. I felt so vulnerable and exposed, far beyond just being naked.

“Don’t be shy, baby.”

Her voice was gentle, as if coaxing a skittish kitten from under the bed. Blushing, I lowered my arms, letting her take a good look at my body. The air felt cool against my skin, particularly my dripping cunt and my painfully erect nipples. I followed the curve of the leash as it swayed between us, surrendering to her as she gave it a sharp tug and turned. I had no choice but to follow, my bare feet sinking into the thick carpet. Strangely, a sense of rightness came over me. I belonged here, at the end of her leash, in this room, in this house. There was no other place I would rather be. I longed to feel her touch, gentle or otherwise, on my flesh. At night I dreamed of her, of things she done to me as well as things I both hoped and feared she would. My heart beating painfully in my chest, I followed her, went to her as she took a seat in the leather armchair, my eyes fastened to her as if nothing else existed.

She sat, reclining casually, her hands resting on the armrests of the chair, my leash looped loosely

about one wrist. Crossing her legs, she smiled knowingly sending shivers up and down my spine. I fought for breath as I stood there unmoving, awaiting her command, the minutes ticking by as she let her gaze wander over me from head to toe as if appraising something newly purchased. My cheeks burned. I could feel my cunt overflowing, trickling down the insides of my thighs, dripping onto the plush carpet, much to her amusement. I wondered if I would be punished for that and then I wondered if it was normal that I hoped so.

“Kneel, slut.”

I almost cried with relief when she broke the silence, following her uplifted finger and kneeling before her, sitting on my heels, my hands shaking as they rested upon my thighs.

“Each time you come to me, baby, I wonder how far I can push you, how far you’ll let me take you down this path. I am beginning to suspect I’ve just brushed the surface so far. Am I right?”

I shrugged, unable to meet her eyes, knowing she’d see the truth within them, not knowing myself if I there were limits to the depravity she’d unleashed within me.

“Look at me, pet.”

I felt a sharp tug on my leash, and I obeyed, staring into her ice blue eyes, the tip of my tongue wetting my lips nervously as she leaned dangerously forward and plumbed the depths of my soul with her gaze. Finally, seemingly satisfied, she sat back, one corner of her mouth lifting in a smirk.

“Put that pretty little mouth of yours to work, Miss Spencer. I want my boots spotless.”

My eyes must have grown as wide as saucers for her smirk grew into a mirthless laugh as she tugged on my leash again, forcing me to lean forward. I grabbed her ankle, using her to keep my balance as she pulled the leather strap taut, coiling it about her forearm.

“I gave you an order, slut!”

She lifted her foot until I felt her toe caress my cheek, then press against my lower lip. Grasping it in both hands, the smooth leather cool against my fingers and palms, I kissed the tip of it tentatively, my eyes never leaving her face.

“Use your tongue, girl. Really, do I have to tell you everything? “

“Sorry, Mrs. Vandermeer.” I replied meekly before taking a deep breath and pushing my tongue

between my lips, running it over the pointed tip of her boot. At first I was hesitant, but with her encouragement which consisted of a mixture of praise, threats, and humiliations, I quickly learned what she expected of me, learning to make love to her boots with my mouth and tongue. When she was satisfied, she simply uncrossed her legs, and re-crossed them, offering me the other foot until it, too, shone spotlessly. My mouth felt dry as she let up the tension on my tether, allowing me to sit upon my heels before her once again.

“Good girl. I think you’ve earned a small reward. Come closer.”

Her smile was genuine, filling me with warmth as I slid myself closer to her chair. She uncrossed her legs, clasping her hands upon her right thigh, as I repositioned myself on the floor before her.

“That’s good, baby. Sit up straight, knees apart… farther. That’s perfect. Now, stay perfectly still.”

I didn’t have long to wonder what she intended as she slid one foot forward, grazing the soft flesh of my inner thigh with the edges of her sole. I watched in fascination, my hands fists upon the tops of my thighs, nails digging into my palms, as her shiny leather toe sought out my sopping wet cunt, pressing between my puffy lips. I moaned, this time loudly, my entire being behind it, as I felt her pushing her foot into me. Unable to stop myself, I arched my back, thrusting my tits towards her, my knees separating on the carpet as wide as I could manage, allowing her access to my most intimate being as I began to rock my hips back and forth, doing my best to fuck her the toe of her boot. She let me. I kept fearing that I’d feel a tug on my collar or a growled command to stop, but they never came. Instead, she encouraged me, urging me on.

“That’s it you nasty little slut. Fuck your Mistress’s boot with that tight little cunt of yours. Ride it like the nasty little fuck toy you are, baby. You want to cum, don’t you? I want to hear you say it. Beg for it, you fucking little teenaged whore!”

“Please, Mrs. Vandermeer? Please let me cum?”

The words weren’t just for her benefit. I could feel it rising inside of me, lust and heat and insatiable need wrapping their coils around me. My hands found purchase in the carpeting, my fingers like claws, gripping it tightly, my ass sinking into it as I did my best to drive her foot into my wide open cunt, unable to get it to penetrate me as deeply as I needed it too, her foot being too wide. Oh, but I tried, much to her amusement. It hurt, stretching me out, but I was behind caring, filled with the need to cum, growing closer and closer and closer…

I almost screamed with rage when she withdrew her foot, planting her heel against my mound, her sole against my belly, and pushing me away. I found myself sprawled backwards upon the carpet,

writhing franticly, my hips pumping air, my back arched so that only my head and shoulders and my ass were touching the floor, my hands suddenly between my legs to finish me off.

“Don’t you dare!”

For two weeks now, I’d been denied this bliss, my thoughts slowly taken over by the need to touch myself, to rub my clit until I exploded in pleasure, to thrust my fingers deep into my tight cunt, fucking myself until I couldn’t contain my cries of pure ecstasy. I heard her words, wanted to obey them even, but my body overrode that desire with one much stronger. Feeling almost fevered, my heels found purchase in the carpeting and, with my knees bent at right angles, I savagely fucked myself, my body tensing almost painfully until…

She wasn’t gentle, wrapping her hands around my wrists and yanking them apart. I fought her, too far gone, focused only on the need that raged through my body, tearing me apart from within. It became a contest, and one I needed desperately to win. She was too strong for me, not by much, but enough. Panting, I finally gave up, hot tears of frustration running down the sides of my face, whimpering as I lay, naked and damp, my wrists trapped in her iron grip, her eyes fixed on mine, full of fury.

“It looks like I am going to have to teach you a few lessons, Miss Spencer, until you learn what it means to obey. This is the last time I will allow such disobedience from you!”

She kept her anger in control, but it was there. I could sense it seething beneath the surface. Trembling, I tore my gaze from her, fighting the urge to twist away from her and escape and yet, all my cunt felt like it might ignite, my warm, sticky juices flowing freely, soaking into the expensive carpeting. I wondered if I would be punished for that as well.

“If I release you, will you behave, slut?” Her voice was hard and her eyes burned through me. Shame washed over me like angry waves, knowing I had disappointed her. Not trusting my voice, I nodded, then started to sob silently as she released her grip, fighting the urge to plunge my hands between my legs once more by, instead, rolling to my side and clutching at her arm.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Vandermeer.” I somehow managed to squeeze out the words, trying to get my tears under control, wondering what had come over me as emotions flooded though me. “It won’t ever happen again, I promise. I’ll be a good girl. I *will*, please just let me show you.”

We stayed like that for minutes, me laying on my side, imploring her with my eyes while clinging on to her for dear life while she squatted bedside me, her eyes never leaving mine, her lips turned downward in a stern frown that dissolved into a sympathetic sigh, followed by the ghost of a smile.

She reached out, stroking my hair tenderly until I let go of her and relaxed, my heart hammering in my chest, awaiting her verdict.

“Oh baby, I was so looking forward to reward you for being such a good girl. Get up. Quickly now.”

I complied, scrambling eagerly to my feet, hoping to make up for my earlier behavior. I stood before her, my eyes downcast feeling like I was on display, forcing myself not to cover my pussy or my tits. My leash hung between my breasts, swaying back and forth, brushing maddeningly against my sex. I withstood it as best I could, doing my best to remain motionless and silent, daring to watch her beneath my lashes.

She turned to one side and, with her hands clasped behind her back, began to pace, circling me, once again bringing to mind a huntress and her prey.

“If you wish, you can leave, Miss Spencer. Just get dressed and walk out the door…”

I shook my head vigorously

“I want to be with you.”

“Even if it means being punished, baby?”

I giggled a little at that, shrugging my shoulders slightly, unable to keep my arms from folding beneath my breast, hands clasped over my elbows.

“Maybe I want to be punished, Mrs. Vandermeer.”

Her bark of laugher was full of delight and warmed me from within. I allowed myself a nervous smile, as I felt her lift my hair up and kiss the nape of my neck, just above the collar she had fitted me with, her lips sliding over my soft skin until they reached my earlobe.

“Remember this moment, Shannon. Remember that I gave you a choice.”

Her words caressed me like silk. I sighed at the touch of her lips against the hard ridge of my ear, her kisses full of heat, the touch of her hands as she slipped them beneath my arms, encircling me. She pried my hands apart, forcing them gently to my sides. It felt so good to feel her pressing up against me from behind. I wished she was naked, so I could feel her skin against mine. Still, it was nice, her breasts against my shoulders, her hips flattening my ass as she cupped my tits in her hands and massaged my painfully stiff nipples with the pads of her thumbs.

“I was going to make you cum for me, baby.”

I didn’t dare move, sighing softly as her words filled my ear. The attention she was giving my aching nipples was just enough to make me crave more. I released another sigh, this one born of frustration, recalling what it felt like to have my nipples pinched and twisted or, better yet, sucked and bitten.

“If you’d left, you could have gone home and fucked yourself silly, baby. You could have orgasm after orgasm. Now…”

She chuckled softly as her hands moved slowly over my belly to settle against my shaking mound, teasing through the soft down of my pubes.

“You’re not going to cum today, Miss Spencer. No matter how much you beg and plead. When I’m done with you, I’m sending you home again with the same instructions. You won’t be allowed to touch…”

I held my breath, my lips parted, drool pooling in my mouth as she teased my clit free with her fingertip.

“This. Oh, you’ll think about it, I’m sure. Wonder if you could get away with it without me knowing, but I’ll know when I look into your eyes and ask you if you’ve been a good little slut, baby. I will know.”

I let out a soft moan as she teased my folds to one side, her finger travelling between them, up and down my drenched slit, then returned to my clit, coating it with my own juices, caressing it with a circular motion.

“Oh, and baby, if you’re wondering, this isn’t the punishment you’ve been promised. It’s simply a reminder of what you’re missing because you couldn’t behave yourself…”

This time, she slipped her finger into my grasping cunt and just held it there. I felt my legs growing weak as my thighs grew slick with the desire flowing like warm honey from me, dripping from my engorged labia as my body spasmed, my cunt tightening around her finger.

“Feels good, doesn’t it, my nasty little beauty. It will be hard going to bed each night, remember what it felt like to have my fingers inside your tight little pussy, fucking you slowly, unable to do anything about it.”

As she talked, she did exactly that, pushed a pair of her long, slender fingers in and out of me,

fucking me in slow motion as I stood there, helpless, ignoring my whimpers and moans.

“And worst of all, guess what I’ll be doing, baby. Lying in bed with my husband, my legs spread while he tongue fucks me until I scream.”

“Noo…” I managed, the word melting into a throaty moan.

“Oh, yes, baby. Just because I have you to play with, doesn’t mean I still don’t enjoy others. Poor thing. You have no idea what it feels like to have a thick cock inside you, pounding away, filling you, over and over. That’s it baby, hold back, don’t you dare cum.”

I gasped for air, sucking it deep into my lungs, fighting off the fierce need to climax as she speeded up her thrusts, sinking her fingers deeper into my hole until I could hear as well as feel the squish of each thrust. I began to pant, my back arching, head rolling back until it lay upon her shoulder, my hands clenching empty air, fingers and toes curling almost painfully.

“I can’t. Oh my God, please, no.”

“Hold back, baby.” She teased, pulling her fingers free, stroking only the edges of my quivering folds, teasing me as she kept me on the brink of nirvana, my entire body full of electricity, heat radiating from my cunt, flowing like liquid fire through me, filling my belly, my tits, my limbs, robbing my of breath, my heart pounding madly…

“Please…” I cried, aware that I was holding back, waiting for her to say yes. That’s all it would take, one simple word. I almost cried when she released me, falling to my hands and knees, my legs unwilling to support me, fighting for breath, knowing that I could push myself over the edge simply by touching myself, fighting it with all my might. After all, she’d told me ‘no’. As much as I need to cum, I needed to obey Mrs. Vandermeer more.

I’m not sure how long I stayed like that, willing my body to back away from the earth shattering climax it so craved. I was aware of her watching me, standing over me as tears of relief mingled with frustration on my cheeks, their taste salty on my lips.

She took up my leash again, gently tugging until I was following her on my hands and knees like a true pet, something she apparently found amusing. She led me over to the pair of unopened doors. They were identical to the door I’d come through; heavy, single slabs of thick wood that matched the paneling with gold knobs.

“Sit, slut. Stay.”

Without hesitation I sat back on my heels, my palms pressing into the carpeting, a little embarrassed that I could fall so easily into the role of tamed slut. I hoped she wouldn't command me to bark for her. I probably would have.

"Ever wonder about this house, baby? Who it belongs to?"

I looked up at her, nodding. More than once, in fact. I knew that it didn't belong to her but beyond that, it was a mystery.

"It belongs to a friend with very similar tastes. He loans it out from time to time. To me, to a few select others. Trust me, you're not the only one to enjoy being used behind closed doors here."

I followed her hand as she reached into the pocket of her trousers and pulled out a set of keys, sorting through them until she found the one she wanted, suddenly curious as to what she had planned for me now. Her voice was crisp, very business-like. As she spoke, she fit the key into the keyhole, unlocking the right hand door with a soft click.

"There are other secrets, ones that I've yet to show you, Miss Spencer. I'm going to share you one of them now. Perhaps, in time, you will see more. If I decide to keep you, that is."

A thrill passed through me. It wasn't the first time that I wondered if it was a little sick that I could get so turned on by the way she treated me and her promises to do worse; there was no denying how my body reacted to her abuse of me. Shame colored my cheeks, but with it came a craving so overpowering that all I could think of was surrendering to her, letting her use me in any way she desired. And of cumming, of course. More than anything, I wanted to be allowed to cum.

The door swung open. I stared into a room perhaps a little wider than a typical walk in closet. It was dim within, lit only by the ambient light of the room. From what I could see, it was empty save for some sort of apparatus hanging from the ceiling and another mounted on the far wall.

"A little light, I think."

She flipped the light switch, and the room brightened, a spot light above the door way providing a focused beam of intense white light against the far wall, illuminating what looked like a winch on the far wall, what looked to be cable wound around its spool, a crank-like handle attached to one side. Mrs. Vandermeer let me take in the sight in silence, her hand resting upon the top of my head, stroking reassuringly. It felt wonderful. I think I might have even purred.

I followed the cable up to a pulley hanging on the ceiling. A pair of brightly polished steel manacles were attached to it, dangling menacingly about 9 feet above the hardwood floor. Like the study, the walls were covered with dark paneling. Despite my Mistress's comforting touch, a knot of fear formed in my belly and a soft whimper escaped my lips.

She chuckled softly, her fingers tightening in my hair, pulling my head back almost painfully until I was staring directly up and into her cruel blue eyes.

"Today, I am going to give you a taste of what happens when my dirty little fuck toy can't be bothered to obey my wishes. Hopefully, it will be lesson you'll take to heart."

Releasing my hair, she stepped into the room, giving my leash a hard tug. I took the hint and followed her in, still on my hands and knees. I didn't want to make this any worse than I feared it might be. What she had planned for me, I had no idea. Images taken from the internet filled my mind; girls hanging from chains in dark dungeons while their Masters or Mistresses did unspeakable things to them. They weren't erotic thoughts. I winced at the memory of one sight I'd stumbled across with the girl's ass had been covered with angry red stripes after being beaten with a bamboo cane.

"On your feet, bitch."

There was steel in her voice and I scrambled quickly to my feet. Without a word, she man-handled me until I was standing directly beneath the pulley, facing the door, squinting into the spot light. I could feel its heat on my exposed skin. Thankfully, it wasn't pointed directly into my eyes, but rather just below my belly. I stood there, not daring to move, as she slipped behind me. I heard the sound of a mechanism being released followed by the well-oiled winch as she turned the handle. Although my back was to her, I had no trouble imagining the spool slowly turning as, above me, the manacles slowly descended.

"Hands on top of your head, slut."

She never once raised her voice. She didn't have to. Already I'd been trained to follow her commands without question. My hands shook as I put held them above my head, forcing myself not to flinch as she fitted my wrist with leather lined steel cuffs, locking them with an audible click. My breathes became ragged and my heart was pounding inside my chest like it might burst through my ribs.

"I won't hurt you more than you can stand, baby."

Beneath the iron, there was warmth in her words. They were followed by a soft kiss upon my cheek,

and I began to breathe a little easier, a strange sense of anticipation replacing my fear as I heard the handle on the winch slowly turn, pulling my arms slowly skyward, not stopping until I was stretched taut, and balanced precariously on tiptoe.

I hung there, my cuffs comfortably snug, knowing how a trapped animal must feel. She ran her fingertip slowly down my spine, from my neck to the crack of my ass and I moaned in response much to her amusement.

“Not really so bad, is it, baby.”

She stepped around me, her fingers trailing my flesh, along my hip bone until she stood before me, stroking the soft down between my legs.

“Remember what I said last time, Miss Spencer? I like my pussies bald. Perhaps we should do something about that while I have you at my mercy. Would you object to that?”

Knowing better than to protest, I shook my head meekly. Her touch was driving me wild, and forming words just seemed beyond my reach.

“Good girl. There’s hope for you yet.”

Reaching up, she took my face between her hands, holding my head still as she kissed me, devouring me with her soft, wet, warm mouth, her tongue forcing my lips apart. I moaned into her mouth, into her hot kiss, my spine curving gently as I pressed into her, her touch re-igniting lust as she stroked my mound, letting the tips of her fingers brush my swollen clit, than abandoning it as she fucked my mouth with her tongue. My moans turned to whimpers of need. I wanted to touch her so badly, pulling helplessly at the steel cuffs that held my wrists, my body twisting as I did my best to rub against Mrs Vandermeer.

“This is torture for you, isn’t it, slut?” She asked, finally breaking our kiss.

“Yes.” I breathed, fighting for each breath, feeling the heat of the light on my cunt as she stepped aside, hands on her hips, a smirk playing on her glistening lips.

“Good. I think I’m going to leave you to think about why you’re being punished for a time. I have some calls to make and then… well, you’ll find out soon enough.

“No, please, don’t leave me.”

I knew it was a mistake as soon as the words were out of my mouth. I breathed a sigh of relief at her answering laughter, pressing my lips together so that I wouldn't make that mistake again.

"If you knew what I had planned, you wouldn't be so eager, slut."

With those cryptic words, she closed the door, leaving me alone, the glare of the spot light fixed between my legs, heating my already overheated cunt. The click of the lock seemed exaggerated, leaving me in a silence punctuated by my ragged breathing and the thump thump thump of my heart, my mind conjuring up nightmare images. Did her calls have anything to do with me? Was she inviting someone else over? Perhaps the mysterious owner of the house?

Hanging there, my body stretched taut, I began to sweat, a combination of the hot light upon me and fear. With nothing better to do, I tested my bounds. Although comfortable, the leather lining them soft and thick, there was no give in them. My toes soon grew tired, and a sudden vision of them cramping up, my weight solely upon my arms invaded my thought, joining the already chaotic swirl within. I wondered if the owner was a male or female. I'd never been fucked by a guy before. Would Mrs. Vandermeer let him have me?

Closing my eyes, I imagined the scene, me helplessly impaled on a thick, sweaty, cock, hearing his grunts as he thrust himself into my soaking wet cunt, my weight forcing me down on him, the tip of his prick forcing my tight hole open, over and over, deeper and deeper while my Mistress watched.

I pictured her standing just behind him, her eyes never leaving my face, her smile cold. *This is what happens when you don't obey my rules, baby.* And then, he'd groan, a sound like thunder, his hands cupping my ass, squeezing my cheeks, digging his fingers in as he exploded inside of me, filling my womb with thick ropes of his cum, over and over. I could almost feel it pouring from slit, running down my legs, his balls slapping against me as he rammed his hips violently against me, until I began to scream, unable to stem the tide that washed over me, my own orgasm a force of nature that rocked me from head to toe…

I whimpered as I hung there, the fluids from my cunt dripping from my sensitive lips, leaking over my thighs, turned on beyond all reasoning. How long had it been, I wondered. I glanced down at myself, my breast rising and falling with each breath, my upward pointing nipples swollen a dark red, my lightly tanned flesh covered with a light sheen of perspiration. I wondered if it was natural to be turned on by your own body. God, if I could, I'd cup my perky little tits, lifting them to my mouth and suck and bite and lick my own nipples, making passionate love to them.

"Please, I need you, Mrs. Vandermeer." I whispered, squirming helplessly, a new scenario entering my thoughts centered on Abby's unknown benefactor. This time, he stood behind me, his strong

hands gripping my hips was he slid his cum drenched cock into me from behind while Abby knelt between my legs, her lips fastened to my clit, her sharp teeth trapping my swollen nub as the tip of her tongue flickered teasingly…

It was almost enough to make me cum, despite being unable to touch myself. Almost, but not quite. Frustrated, tears running down my cheeks, my arms and legs growing tired, I waited, praying that she'd return soon. At first, I had dreaded the door opening, remembering her promise to punish me, but as time wore away at me, I began to anticipate it, feverishly praying for the moment when I'd hear the sound of the key in the knob, and the door would swing open to reveal her, standing there, a nasty smile on her lips, her eyes full of cruel promises…

When it finally happened, I let out a loud sob of relief. Had my arms not been secured above my head, I would have fallen to the hard wood floor and wept.

To be Continued...