Mrs Vandermeer's Rules

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“Do you trust me?” she asked, and I’d answered without thinking, my words followed with a soft kiss, my body tingling all over as she pulled me closer, her tongue slipping easily between my lips.

“Of course I do. Why would you even ask?” I answered breathlessly, feeling the welcome warmth of desire kissing the insides of my thighs. She gave my ass a quick squeeze and was rewarded with a sharp intake of breath.

“You make me want to do bad things to you, baby.”

“I like it when you do bad things to me, Mrs. Vandermeer.”

She smiled wickedly, her gaze holding mine as I trembled against her, rubbing my wet pussy against her thigh and letting out a fevered moan of desire. She kissed me playfully on the nose, and shook her head before pushing herself away from me. Helplessly I watched her retrieve her black lace bra from the dresser and slip her arms into the straps.

She hadn’t really given me an answer, but I hadn’t really expected one. Abby was good at not giving answers. You might even say she was a professional. It came with the territory. She was a Professor at a prestigious university, teaching courses in political science. Up until now, she’d done all the right things. Gone to the best schools, graduated at the top of her class, met all the right people and kept her reputation above reproach. She’d married into money and given birth to two perfect, blonde, blue eyed, kids, just like her... And then she’d met me.

I was her Achilles’ heel she’d tell me from time to time. Usually it was while putting her clothes back on, like right now. I lay on the sheets, just watching her dress, my naked body covered with our perspiration and cum, a satisfied smile glowing on my face as she’d pause, a rare haunted look in her clear blue eyes.

“Baby,” (She always called me baby, never used my real name, Shannon. Okay, that’s not totally true. There were other names she called me in the throes of passion. Her dirty little whore, her slut, her fuck doll, but afterwards, it was always ‘baby’.) “Why do I keep coming back to you? Anyone finds out, my career is toast.”

“Because your husband doesn’t let you do *this*, Abby.”

Wincing softly, I rolled away from her so that she could get a good look at my ass. It was bright red from the paddling she’d given me. I could still feel the heat in my tender flesh spreading down my thighs and translating in my pussy as pleasure as I did my best to point at my cherry red cheeks. With my forearms bound tightly together behind my back, it took some effort.

“God, you are such a nasty little girl.”

She laughed, resignation in her voice, and I felt her sit down on the edge of the mattress. She ran her fingers through my hair, pausing to tease out the occasional tangle. I closed my eyes, enjoying her soft touch, the care with which she worked so at odds with how she’d treated me before and during our little sex romp. Then, I was just her plaything, to be used and abused to her heart’s content. Not that I minded! Still, the moments when she’d treat me like a well-loved pet rather than her whore were rare, and I enjoyed them almost as much as the sexual things we did.

A dreamy smile turned the corner of my mouth up as I struggled to my knees, presenting my bottom to her, hoping she’d give it a little TLC as well. Instead, she gave it a playful, if painful, smack. I let out a groan, but it didn’t stop me from spreading my thighs and exposing my neatly trimmed cunt for her, hoping she’d get a good look at the gold barbell that pierced my hood. After all, I’d gotten it done as a present for her. I could feel the warmth of my desire spilling slowly from between my engorged lips. Sometimes I wondered if there was an end to my lust. It seemed the more she satisfied it, the more I wanted. No, wanted isn’t the right word. I *needed* it. Hungered for it. Craved it. I was becoming a junkie, and she was my fix.

“You are an insufferable little tart.” She laughed, her voice thick with lust.

“It’s why you keep coming back to me, Abby.”

That earned me another swat, this one less playful, leaving me breathless.

“Don’t get fresh with me, young lady.”

Warm tears filled my eyes and slid down my cheeks, the pain intense as she struck me again, this time raking her nails over my abused bottom in the aftermath, leaving trails of fire in their wake before carefully undoing the knots that bound my wrists together.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Vandermeer!” I managed, my words melting into a startled gasp as she went to work on my ass again, the smack of her hand ringing out as loud as my cries of pain. By the time she unbound my arms, I’d been reduced to tears as well as filled with an unbearable lust. I could feel my pussy juices running down my thighs like warm, slick honey. I could almost taste them, my fragrance hanging almost palpably in the air, the faintest hint of strawberries teasing at my nostrils. By the glint in her eyes, I could tell she was all too aware of my state.

“Go ahead, baby. I want to watch you play with your pretty like cunt for me. Just remember my rules this time.”

“Yes, Mrs. Vandermeer.” The words slipped eagerly from my mouth, nodding at her reminder. I wasn’t allowed to climax without her permission. Sometimes she gave into my whimpering pleas quickly, holding me against her as I drove myself over the edge, frantic to cum, knowing she might change her mind and deny me at any moment. And then there were those times that she just watched, lips pressed tightly together, silent save for her soft, controlled breathing as she regarded me coldly. It was pure torment not knowing how long she’d keep me on the edge like that. More often than not, she’d refuse me satisfaction no matter how much I begged. Once, I made the mistake of calling her a cold hearted bitch while in the throes of unfulfilled desires. She only laughed. I wasn’t allowed to even touch myself for a month. I never made that mistake again.

I met her eyes, feeling suddenly shy as I lay back against the pillows, spreading my legs wide open for her, my knees raised. I sucked in my breath, biting down firmly on my lower lip as I was painfully reminded of the paddling she had just given me. She just smiled, her eyes glittering with amusement, her eyes drifting from my face and down my body, until they reached the soft golden down that decorated my mound. Shyly, I ran my fingers over it, letting out a soft sigh as the pain faded and the first stirrings of pleasure began somewhere deep inside of me. It didn’t take much to tease my clit out of hiding, my middle finger dipping into my drenched virgin slit until it shone with my juices.

“That’s it, baby. Nice and slow while I watch. How does it feel?”

“Nice, Mrs. Vandermeer. I am pretending it’s your tongue...”

She let go a little snort of genuine amusement and her voice sounded pleased as she replied.

“You are such an insatiable little slut.”

I could feel my cheeks burning with embarrassment as I performed for her, coating my swollen nub with my slick fluids, my eyes glued to my mistress. God, but she was beautiful, even at 40. Where I was still a girl growing into womanhood, Abby Vandermeer had embraced it. Her full breasts strained against her bra, her nipples pushing through the sheer black lace, swollen with lust. She kept in shape, her narrow waist accenting her full hips. I glanced down, pleased to see my effect on her, her black lace panties darkening with desire as she settled on the edge of the bed, her hands resting upon her thighs, her fingers curling as her nails made moon-shaped dents in her flesh.

“I can’t help myself.”

The words weren’t just for her benefit. They were true. She awoke something inside of me, something dirty and depraved and willing to do pretty much anything. Before I’d met Abby, I’d never even imagined this girl I’d become. She’d thrown open a door to a new world, full of dark rapture.

“I know, baby. That’s what I love about you. You’re held prisoner by your desire. Sometimes, I wonder if there isn’t anything you wouldn’t do if I asked it of you.”

An almost pleasurable sensation of fear rolled through me, knowing that I couldn’t begin to imagine the demands she might make of me and wondering if she was right. Would I refuse any of them? There were times that I felt so out of control, wondering if this is what an addict felt like between fixes as I slowly teased my engorged clit for her. My heart began to hammer in my chest like a bird yearning to be free, and my breath quickened as I felt the surge of desire spiral though my body. My nipples grew pointed, swollen and aching to be touched. With my free hand, I grabbed one, twisting it between my thumb and forefinger, moaning lewdly, my hips pushing upwards as pleasure pulsed through my core.

“My dirty little whore’s not going to last very long if she’s not careful.” She cautioned me, her voice thick with lust.

I watched her through dark lashes, disappointed that she’d managed to keep her hands from dipping between her thighs, cursing her self-control silently. Usually, she only let me cum when she did, or sometimes after. I let out a soft cry, one born of frustration, and was answered by a husky chuckle.

“One of these days I am going to teach you patience.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” I managed shakily, a shudder running through me as, unable to stop myself, I abandoned my tits, so that I could spread my folds wide, showing off the sopping entrance to my cunt. It was an obscene show, worthy of a porn star, or so I hoped as I slowly slid my curved fingers

inside of myself. My thighs trembled, and I began to shake uncontrollably. My entire being became centered on the need to explode with passion, made worse by the knowledge that she was in complete control of whether or not I would be allowed to fulfill the promise of pleasure that threatened to overwhelm me.

“Good girl.”

A frustrated sound, trapped somewhere between a sigh and a groan, floated from my parted lips as she punctuated her words by raking her nails along over my leg, leaving a wake of pain. I squeezed my eyes shut, feeling their sharply rounded tips along my inner thigh, nearing my finger filled cunt, closing in. I knew, despite her rules, that I’d implode if she didn’t stop soon. Mercifully, she did. I almost screamed with frustration, which earned me a mirthful chuckle.

“Poor little horny cunt. Maybe if she begged for it?”

“Please?” I didn’t need to fake the desperation in my voice as I pushed my fingers in and out of my dripping wet pussy, teasing my recently discovered g-spot unmercifully. I’d learned, early on, that she expected me to do everything in my power to make myself cum and yet, somehow hold off until and unless she gave me her blessing.

“Please? That’s it? Just please?”

I cried out sharply, my legs parting even further apart as her claws sought out my ass, digging painfully into my flesh. I shook my head back and forth, fighting the overwhelming sensation that burned through me, pain becoming pleasure, pleasure, pain, until every nerve ending felt like it was on fire. Not content to stop there, she did the same to my tit, her finger tips sinking into my swollen nipple.

“Don’t stop, slut. Keep fucking that sweet little pussy, baby. Don’t you dare cum, either!”

As much as I wanted to just let myself go, I held on, wanting to please her with my obedience even more.

“Oh my god, please, Mrs. Vandermeer? Please? I’ll do anything if you let me cum. Anything.”

I meant it too. It was all I could do to keep myself from going over the edge. Any minute now, and I would lose it. Frantically, I tried to slow myself down. Perversely, I started finger fucking myself even harder, faster, my body lifting as if by magic until only my head and shoulders and my feet remained in contact with the silky smooth sheets.

“Anything, Miss Spencer?”

Had I been more in control of my senses, the use of my actual name would have given me pause. As it was, I grasped on her question like a lifeline, my answer a panicked moan.

“Anything!” I promised her.

“Go ahead, then. Cum for me.”

The words were barely out of her mouth when I felt pleasure ripping through my body like an endless tidal wave of electricity, swelling and ebbing and robbing me of coherent thought. I vaguely sensed her mouth on mine, forcing her kiss on me as she swallowed my scream, her fingers tangling in my hair as I jerked and shook with unbearable pleasure. It seemed to last forever and, even when it was over I couldn’t stop myself. Much to her amusement, I kept at it, my fingers noisily pistoning in and out of my slick hole until I came again, arching my back as it tore through me like a seizure. This time, she simply held me down as best as she could while I thrashed against sheets soaked in perspiration and lubrication from my seventeen year old pussy.

Finally, she grabbed me by the wrists and forcibly restrained me from bringing myself to a third orgasm, holding me until I collapsed on the bed, tears running down my cheeks, the only sound in the room my sobs as I fought for breath in the aftermath of my earth shaking climax. As I recovered, Abby gently ran her hands over me, her touch sending lovely shivers throughout my body. It was more like an owner comforting a pet than a lover caressing her partner which was, perhaps, her intent.

“Thank you.” I whispered, finally breaking the silence, her indulgent smile making me hopeful.

“You are so beautiful. Especially when you cum like that for me.”

Her smile reached her eyes, if only for a brief moment. And then, as fast as it appeared, it was gone, leaving her with a calculating look.

“Remember your promise, baby?” she asked, quirking her perfectly penciled eyebrow.

I must have looked slightly bewildered, for she quickly went on.

“You said you do anything for me if I let you cum. Remember that?”

Vaguely remembering, I nodded, too worn out to speak, the pleasurable glow slowly wearing off,

replaced by a dull burning pain spreading through the cheeks of my ass, as well as my breast. Glancing down, I could still make out the indentations in my nipples, deep enough that I surprised that she hadn't drawn blood with her nails.

"Good. Don't forget. Anything. I'm going to consider it a binding contract, understood?"

Once again, I simply nodded, a vague sense of unease worming its way into my hazy, post-orgasmic thoughts.

o-O-o

Sometimes I wonder if she'd planned it this way or if it had just happened. What had started out as a last minute baby-sitting job when her usual sitter had cancelled at the last moment on the eve of an important fund raiser for her department, one she was*expected*to attend, had quickly become something else. It hadn't even been a slow seduction. One night she simply called me over to sit for her. As soon as she closed the front door behind me, she'd told me to take my panties off (I'd been wearing a skirt). Shocked, I protested. Without a word, she grabbed my arm and marched me into her immaculately furnished living room and bent me over the leather upholstered ottoman, yanked my skirt up over my ass, and pulled my pink cotton panties down around my thighs before spanking me with the flat of her hand.

"As long as you are in my house, young lady, you will follow my rules." She told me as I cried out in protest. Afterwards she gave me my first ever non-self-induced orgasm, spreading my thighs wide while I was still sprawled over the ottoman, her mouth on my pussy, driving me to ecstasy not once, but several times. The last time, she'd even ass fucked me with her tongue, something I'd never even heard of, let alone fantasized about. After that, I was hers and we both knew it.

Whenever I ask her what she saw in me that first night she seduced me, she shrugs, and does what she always does, answers me with a question of her own, usually;

"Why do you keep coming back for more?"

Because I'm hooked, that's why. I'm not sure why the way she treats me fills me with such urges. I only know that nothing else seems to satisfy me. Funny thing, I was a virgin before I met her. I guess, technically, I still am. She laughs when I ask, telling me I can be anything I want, making it sound like how she talks to her students. Then she'll press her finger firmly against my mouth and the corners of her lips will curve upwards in a wicked, knowing smile. One of these days I'm going to call her on it, and get a straight answer out of her. Yeah, right. Not with the promise of what she does to me hanging between us like some sort of narcotic haze, making it impossible for me to say 'no' to even

her most outlandish requests.

o-O-o

“Do you trust me?”

There it was, that probing question once again. This time, I had to pause a moment to think about it, recalling my promise to her at our last meeting. Once again, she’d had me meet her at ‘a friend’s house’, one I’d never met and whose existence I was beginning to question. It seemed strange that, as many times as I had visited her here, I’d never seen another soul, despite the fact that the modest two story house appeared lived in. Still, there was a lack of personality to it, making it feel more like a lavish hotel suite then someone’s residence.

“I think so.” I finally murmured, watching my hands as I absently twisted my charm bracelet about my slender wrist, unwilling to meet her eyes, something she obviously wasn’t pleased with. She made that clear by taking my chin in her hand and lifting my face up, forcing me to meet eyes the color of a cloudless sky.

“Yes or no, baby. You know I don’t like vague answers."

Taking a deep breath and focusing upon her appraising frown, I searched inside of me for an honest answer, finally finding one.

“I trust you, Mrs. Vandermeer.” I told her sincerely, following my declaration with a softly worded addendum. “Sometimes, I feel… scared. Like this is just… so out of control…”

A cold smile touched her eyes, making me shiver. At least she seemed pleased with my answer.

“I think you like it being out of control, Miss Spencer. Or rather, out of*your*control.”

I wondered at that, blinking as she held me with her gaze, her fingers squeezing my chin uncomfortably as the silence stretched on. Finally, she chuckled, releasing me from her grip, turning her back on me as she mounted the stairs.

“You don’t*have*to come, slut. It’s not like you don’t have a choice.”

Her voice was mocking. I think she knew what I had begun to suspect. I didn’t*really*have a choice, only it wasn’t her that was forcing me to keep coming back every time her cryptic messages appeared in my email account. It was my own needs and desires. Watching her take the steps one at a time,

feeling the warm dampness spreading through my panties, I gave in once more to my cravings and followed, a delightful shiver teasing through me as I wondered what unknown pleasures she would inflict upon me tonight.

She halted me at the top of the stairs by simply raising a finger in the air; by then, I'd learned what that meant. It was a command to stop whatever I was doing and give her my complete and total attention.

"Turn around." There was a note of authority in her request, more than usual, turning it into a demand. With the barest hint of hesitation, I did exactly that, my fingers curling and uncurling nervously. I'd committed myself to her whims once again, knowing that she took great delight into pushing me into unknown territory each and every time we'd meet here. Last time, she'd bound my arms behind my back before paddling me mercilessly. Afterwards she'd made me masturbate while she watched, toying with me until I was allowed to cum. The memory of it made me weak in the legs and filled my belly with butterflies. What would today bring, I wondered, suddenly unable to catch my breath? I would soon find out.

"Good girl, now hold still. I bought you a present. I hope you like it. Hold out your hands and close your eyes. I'll tell you when you may look."

Curious, I did just as she asked, knowing from experience that her 'presents' weren't so much for me as for her. The last thing she'd given me was a paddle. It took all my will power to keep from rubbing my ass gingerly and wincing. This was probably no exception.

She placed something in my hands. It jingled softly, reminding me of a small bell. Whatever it was, it was long and thin, stretching across my palms.

"Go ahead, open them."

Had she given me a little more time, I would have figured it out, I was sure of it. A collar, much like you'd put on a dog. I caressed it with my thumbs, examining it carefully, seeing as she seemed in no hurry to speak. It was made of supple leather and had been dyed blood red. It was fairly simple, a single silver buckle on one end, a serious of holes on the other. To one side of the buckle was a D shaped ring. That had been the source of the soft jingle. I realized with a sudden shock, that it was for attaching a leash. The other touch was almost sweet, and it made me smile. My name, carefully tooled along its length. She'd personalized it for me, her… pet. I smiled to myself, liking the feel of it. In a sense, she*did*own me, after all. It had just taken me a while to come to that realization.

"Well?" she asked, her voice so close to my ear that I could feel her warm breath against my neck.

Startled, I stumbled over my words briefly, before finding the ones I wanted.

“It’s beautiful. Thank you, Mrs. Vandermeer.”

She seemed pleased, kissing the back of my head softly, her hands resting on my shoulders, her body pressing up against mine, radiating warmth and comfort. I wondered if she heard what I felt, that subtle shift in our relationship.

“Would you like me to do the honors?”

This time, I didn’t bother with words, simply nodding shyly as she took it,*my*collar, from my hands, and carefully buckled it around my neck, leaving it snug, but not so tight that I was in any danger.

“It fits you perfectly, pet.”

I closed my eyes in bliss as she traced a circle around my throat, just above my new accessory, blushing at the sudden flood of warmth as my pussy betrayed me, soaking suddenly into my blue and white striped cotton panties.

“One more thing...” She said it like it was an afterthought, but I wasn’t convinced. This, like everything else she did, had been carefully thought out long before I’d arrived; days perhaps, or even weeks ago.

“I’m going to blindfold you. Think of it as a game.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” I mumbled, worrying at my lip nervously with my teeth, filling my lungs slowly with a deep breath as she carefully pulled my dark mane behind my ears. I was expecting a scarf or perhaps a tie, so I was a little surprised when she showed me what looked like sunglasses made of shiny black patent leather and fitted with a strap and a silver buckle similar to my collar. It was easy enough to guess how they worked.

“There’s a place for a padlock on them. I think we won’t worry about that for now, though.”

Her voice was matter of fact, as if she was giving a lecture in political science or something. Somehow, that made it less reassuring. She’d done this before, I kept thinking. What had I gotten myself into? I felt her buckle the blinder on, careful not to let my hair get caught in it, and just like that, I was engulfed in darkness. We could have been outside in the middle of the day, and it wouldn’t have made any difference. That thought rocked my world. She wouldn’t dare, would she? After all,

she had more at stake in keeping our affair a secret than I did. Still, once the seed was planted, I couldn't help but think about it. From this point on, I couldn't really know where I was or what she was doing. I had committed myself into her hands, powerless to do anything other than submit to her desires. I should have been anxious, perhaps even scared. So why was it that I was in danger of creaming myself right there in the hallway?

"Come."

How could one word carry so much meaning, so much innuendo? She spoke firmly, if softly, taking me by the arm, securing my wrist in her strong, slender fingers. Helplessly, I followed, thankful that she moved slowly, feeling vulnerable and clumsy without my vision. I'd heard somewhere that, when you lost one sense, the others became more acute. I wondered if that only became true over time. While I became more aware of the sound of her breathing, her foot steps, the slight creak of the floor, I think it was only because I was concentrating on them more. I recalled the layout of the house enough to guess that she was leading me past the master bedroom to the doorway at the end of the hall, pausing only long enough to push open the door and lead me through, her fingers tightening painfully as I stumbled over the thick rug.

"Sorry." I muttered, my cheeks warm with embarrassment.

"Shush, baby. We'll be more careful. Just a few more steps…"

I giggled nervously, knowing that she must be leading me to the bed. We didn't always end up in the master bedroom. I actually liked this room better. It had a better feel, I guess. Dark stained oak paneling and plush carpeting that felt delightful to bury your toes in. Or lie naked beneath Mrs. Vandermeer on. Anticipation rose within me, making my hyper aware of the blood pulsing through my veins, and the way my heart seemed to skip in my chest as I stood there in her grasp. I pictured the bed in my head. A king sized mattress, piled with plump pillows. The bed frame matched the walls; four posts, railed bars making up the foot- and headboards. It was a bed to inspire wet dreams; if you were a young girl harboring fantasies of being tied to a bed and fucked, that is. Yes, those were the dreams, both waking and sleeping, that accompanied me this past year. I secretly reveled in them.

"Can you guess what happens now?"

Her voice held a hint of mockery in it, as well as a recognizable desire, fueling my own. My hearing might not have been improved but my sense of smell was. Either that or the fragrance of my pussy had risen to humiliating levels. I cursed myself for the decision not to wear perfume.

"Yes." I whispered. "I think so?"

“I want to hear you say it, Miss Spencer.”

She let go of my wrist, yet I could still feel her phantom grip upon me. I swallowed hard before speaking, hoping I was right.

“You tie me…” I stopped suddenly, the realization of what was about to happen hitting me. All my fantasies were about to be realized. What scared me most, however, was that I was sure there were things she’s thought of that I’d never even imagined.

“Go on.” She coached, her voice measured and patient as if she was coaxing a skittish kitten out from under the bed. Or, in my case, on to it.

“To the bed.” I finished, lamely, a sexual haze making it hard to translate my thoughts into speech.

“And then…?”

“You… I… don’t know.”

Her laughter sent chills up and down my spine.

“I suspect, however, that you have given it at some thought, baby.”

I simply nodded, unsure of what to say, hoping it was enough. Robbing me of my sight had left me feeling unsure and anxious, a calculated move, I am sure.

“Why don’t we find out then? First, though, we need to get you out of those clothes and into something better suited for our little game, don’t you think?”

Once again, I simply nodded, not trusting my voice. I think she took pity on me and decided to overlook my breach of etiquette. I felt her hands on my shoulders, guiding me to turn to my left, and I complied, not daring to do anything more unless directed. There were times when I was afraid of her, of what she would do if I wasn’t obedient. This was certainly one of them. Strangely, that fear heightened the sexual tension until it was a palpable force, so much so, that I let out as soft moan as I felt her hands upon the top button of my blouse, working it free from the button hole. That earned me a soft chuckle.

“My kitten must be in heat. Poor thing. Don’t worry, we’ll scratch that itch for you soon enough.”

She continued on, undoing my buttons slowly, until my top hung open. I felt her hands slide over my shoulders, shivering as she exposed them, letting my top slide down my arms.

“How pretty.”

I wondered if she was referring to the blue and white striped bra that held in my small breasts or to me. Either way, I felt a thrill go through me. That was one of the things I liked best about Abby. When I was with her, I felt desired. It was intoxicating, as well as addictive, that sense that she truly wanted *me*. I was breathing hard and fast, almost hyperventilating as lust washed through my body replacing my fear. I found myself wanting her to hurry up; the sooner I was tied to the bed, the better. I let out another soft moan, this time the source was her fingertips brushing my sensitive nipples through the thin material of my bra. I could feel them swell, aching to feel her lips upon them, to be pulled and twisted, something, anything but what she did, which was nothing.

“Soon enough, my sexy little fuck doll. Sometimes it’s better if we take our time, though. We have all evening, pet. Let’s make the most of it.”

“Yes Ma’am.” I managed to whisper, doing my best not to shake too much as I felt her hands trace the curves of my breasts, moving along the strap of my bra, stealing my breath away until I felt faint. She circled me, like a hunter would her prey. Nimbly, she unhooked my bra, brushing my straps carefully from my shoulders, than peeling it from me, leaving me naked from the waist up. The air seemed cooler then I remembered it, or perhaps it was my temperature rising. I felt both hot and cold, a delightful combination that had me trembling from head to foot. Her fingers danced slowly down my spine like a butterfly, barely there, yet it was all I could concentrate on, anticipating each touch with hunger.

“No…” I sighed so softly that even I was unsure if it had been a word.

She paused at the small of my back, perhaps sensing her quarry’s nervousness, waiting, watching for the right moment. I took a deep breath, hoping it would wash away the tension within me, letting it out in a rush as she reached around me, pressing her breasts gently against my shoulders, her arms around my waist.

“Good girl.”

Her voice was gentle, yet firm, her lips brushing the curve of my ear. It was as much a command as it was praise, and I obeyed, the sudden realization of how quickly I slipped into my role as her plaything worrying at my thoughts briefly, before being lost in a miasma of unquenchable lust as her fingers deftly unbuttoned my jeans, pushing them down off my hips enough to reveal my now soaked

panties.

“What kind of nasty thoughts are you harboring, baby?”

I took a shaking breath, my head listing backwards until it rested against her shoulder. I felt her smile, or perhaps imagined it for one fleeting moment, before my attention was elsewhere; upon her hand as she stroked my mound, her fingers forming a crease in my wet panties, pressing them between my puffy lips, moving torturously towards my pulsing clit. Unable to help myself, I pushed my hips forward.

“Bad girl.”

This time, her words were sharp and I froze, her fingers stilling as well, poised at the top of my soaking wet slit, a heart’s beat away from the magical place of ultimate pleasure.

“Please?” I whimpered, abandoning what little dignity I had left.

In response, she placed her hands upon my hips, leaving me aching for her touch. Slowly, she peeled my panties from me, exposing my overheated pussy to the cool air. She didn’t stop at my thighs, this time, pulling both both jeans and underwear down around my ankles, burying my pink and black plaid chucks.

“You have the best ass, baby.” She chuckled while cupping my bottom and gently squeezing it. “Can you blame me for wanting to do this?”

I let out a squeak of surprise, her swat coming unexpectedly. It wasn’t as painful as when she used the paddle on me and afterwards, it left a lovely warm glow spreading through my cheek. I waited for the next blow, disappointed when it never came. Instead, she took my hands and place them against what I was sure was the wooden bed post, and helped me out of my sneakers, and then my jeans and panties, leaving me completely naked and blushing.

“I forgot to mention that from now on, whenever you are in my presence, I will expect you to be wearing your collar. No exceptions. Is that clear?”

I nodded, my throat suddenly dry. Besides being Mrs. Vandermeer’s plaything, I still baby sat her kids from time to time, which meant that there were times it was her husband who’d let me into their house while she was busy putting the finishing touches on her make-up. Perhaps I’d invest in a turtle neck sweater.

“Good. Now, let’s see about giving you your wish. Put out your hand.”

Obediently, I offered her my right hand, doing my best to keep it from shaking as she fitted my wrist with what could only be a leather cuff, buckling it snuggly. It, like my collar, jingled softly. Another metal ring was my guess.

“Now, the other hand.”

By the time she had both my wrists and my ankles imprisoned, a trickle of moist warmth had made its way half way down my quivering inner thigh. I was suddenly torn between hoping she noticed and praying her attention was elsewhere when I felt the touch of her fingers. Soundlessly, she drew them through the errant juice seeping from my overripe cunt.

“You ever taste yourself?”

Before I could answer, she had my face in her hands, her fingers squeezing my cheeks, forcing my mouth open as she forced me to taste my own pussy. I’d tasted hers before, of course, but never my own. She let go, but kept her fingers in my mouth so that I could prove just how depraved I was. I didn’t disappoint her, sucking my juices from her fingers eagerly and swallowing them down, groaning softly as she reached between my legs once more, this time merely wiping her fingers off on my lips so that I could lick them. I took my time, my tongue sliding easily over my coated lips, saliva mixing with other fluid; leaking from one corner of my mouth and down my chin, much like my other orifice.

The room was quiet, only the sound of our shared breathing and the soft jingle of the hardware on my collar and cuffs breaking the almost eerie silence. She commanded me by touch, truly treating me like a doll, her directions easy to follow as she turned me around and guided me slowly backwards until I felt the bed pressing against the backs of my legs. I sat, her hands upon my shoulders, caressing my gently as I did my best not to tremble. One thing led to another and soon I was laying down upon cool silk sheets while she positioned me so that my hands and legs were spread, each pointing towards an unseen bedpost. If I’d ever felt more vulnerable in my life, I couldn’t remember it.

“I wish you could see yourself, baby. So ripe for... well, all sorts of things.”

There was no warmth in her voice. In fact, I think I detected a sneer which inexplicably turned me on even more, judging by the trickle of fluid teasing at my asshole and seeping between my cheeks.

“You look like a slut. I wager you’d stay like that, your legs spread obscenely, your virgin cunt on display, and let me do anything to you. If only your daddy could see you now…”

In the following silence, I heard the soft whirr and click of the camera, my head jerking towards the sound despite being robbed of my eyesight.

“That’s it, baby. Smile for the camera.”

I heard it again, moaning softly at her chuckle, confusion washing through me as I realized that, beneath the sharp spike of fear at the thought of her taking photos, an even stronger emotion was at work as the fear of discovery and humiliation raged rampant inside of me. Breathlessly, I let my head fall back and, with an effort, kept my hands from straying between my legs so that I could sink my fingers deep into my dirty little hole like some sort of over-sexed porn starlet.

“I know what you want, baby. I can see it in your eyes.” She taunted me. I suddenly felt the mattress shift as she put her weight upon the bed.

“Just the thought of your unknowing daddy seeing these little souvenirs makes you want to cream yourself. He has no idea, does he? About the things you do at night in the privacy of your room, the depraved fantasies you indulge in while rubbing your nasty little cunt. I bet you have to smother yourself with your pillow to keep from giving yourself away as you cum, don’t you baby? And if he had any idea what you let*me*do to you….”

There it was again, the sound of her digital camera. I’m not sure when I’d started whimpering, but once I’d begun, I couldn’t seem to stop.

“Poor little teen-slut.” There it was again, her soft chuckle, devoid of warmth or humor, that turned my insides to jelly once I’d figured out what it meant; there would be no mercy shown. The first time I’d heard it, she’d made me cum over and over until I begged her to stop. The last time, she’d paddled me until my ass was on fire. I couldn’t help but wonder what she’d do to me this time.

“Ok, enough games, baby. Time to get serious. If you know what’s good for you, you won’t move a muscle.”

I shivered at the note of cruelty in her voice and did as instructed, staying perfectly still as she attached what I guessed to be rope to my cuffs, a separate length for each one. Soon, I found myself truly trapped, my limbs taut, my body pulled in four different directions. Unable to resist, I tested my bonds, much to her amusement. There was no give, not even a little. The best I could do was flap my hands uselessly against the sheets, and move my head back and forth as a feeling of helplessness set in.

I felt her presence on the bed once more, my breath catching in my throat at the feel of nails teasing

my belly, then combing through the down of my pubes.

“This will have to go. Perhaps next time we’ll take care of shaving you clean. Would you like that?”

She sounded very business-like, like I imagined she would at work. Swallowing, I nodded as if somehow the illusion that I had any say in the matter might give me a little comfort. The truth was, she would do anything she wanted to me, and I would let her. It was far too late to put a stop to this now, even if I had wanted to.

“You’re making a mess of my sheets. Leaking all over them like the dirty, sex starved slut you are. “

Her comment was accompanied by a gentle pat on my hip, as if she was telling me not to worry, that she understood. Perhaps she did. Still, I felt compelled to apologize.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Vandermeer. I can’t…”

“Hush, baby. No more talking. Just relax and enjoy this. I think you want it as much as I do. Maybe even more, hmm?”

Her words were gentle, almost kind. I nodded in reply, doing my best to follow her instructions as I felt her velvety moist lips brush against my aching nipple, robbing me of breath and any thoughts beyond the need to cum.

She teased me like that for what felt like hours, although I’m sure I am exaggerating, her touch both sweet and cruel. She pulled my nipple between her lips, sucking at it until I moaned, the edge of her teeth just brushing my tender skin, slowly applying pressure until the pleasure became almost unbearable pain. Or, sometimes, it was the pleasure that was unbearable. Her hands were everywhere, caressing my breasts, stroking along my outstretched arms, tickling me, her laughter taunting as I squirmed uncontrollably. She kissed me, invading my mouth with her tongue, her fingers tangling in my hair, pulling it until there were tears in my eyes. I loved every minute of it as she began to awake something inside of me that I never suspected existed.

Not once did she stop and ask me if I was okay, if what she was doing was too much for me, if she was pushing me too far. I was her little fuck doll, after all, and it was a role I found myself accepting, even reveling in.

“Remember what you promised I could do to you if I let you cum, slut?”

“Anything, Mrs. Vandermeer. Anything you wanted to.” I gasped, her fingers pushing between my

velvet folds, forcing themselves deep into my cunt for the first time since she'd tied me down, seeking out my g-spot, teasing me closer to climax, and then leaving me wanting, panting with lust, my hips raised as far off the bed as I could manage, hoping she'd take advantage of me.

"Would you like me to take some more pictures, Shannon?"

I nodded, not really caring one way or the other; I was too far gone to think straight, let alone protest.

"I want to hear it, baby. Say please."

"Please, Mrs. Vandermeer?" I gasped as I felt her rough tongue sluicing through my cunt, pushing my engorged lips apart, than teasing at my hungry clit. I began to writhe on the bed, pulling hard against the ropes that held me spread out like a sacrifice, my hips rocking up and down frantically as I tried, unsuccessfully to climax. I began to beg, first for relief she began sucking on my clit and then for her to stop as she sank her teeth into my fleshy nub. I screamed, my body spasming, pain radiating through my core. I did the only thing I could think of to stop it.

"Please, I*want*you to take pictures of your nasty little slut!"

I sobbed as she released my throbbing clit, pain and pleasure pulsing through me, realizing for the first time that my hands had turned to fists and it'd dug my nails into my palms. I was reward by a kiss, not on the lips, but on my poor abused clit.

"Good girl. You're learning." She praised me as she took my picture. I could only imagine what I looked like, covered in sweat, squirming in my bonds, my tangled hair framing my face, a heavy leather blindfold blocking my eyes.

"I'm going to get a few shots, Shannon. Some close ups, too. Your cunt is so nice and juicy right now, your lips parted like an exotic flower. I want you to have a record of this as well, something to make yourself cum late at night in your bedroom, if you'd like."

I groaned, knowing that now the seed had been planted, I'd do just that; masturbate to pictures of myself.

"Or, perhaps you'll want to share them? I know of plenty of sites you can post them on. If you'd like, I can send you their links, baby."

"No." I whimpered, shaking my head from side to side, my eyes wide with fear behind my blindfold, amusing her to laughter.

“Don’t worry. If you’re too shy do it yourself, perhaps I’ll do it for you. Would you like that?”

She didn’t give me a chance to answer, filling my wet, hot, tight little pussy with what felt like three fingers.

“Of course you would, baby. All those strange men out there, jacking off to pictures of you tied to my bed…”

She began to finger fuck me roughly, driving her digits deep into my squishy hole mercilessly. I raised my hips for her, giving her full access to me, savoring the feeling of my impending orgasm, barely heeding her words.

“I bet some of your friends at school might even see them, maybe even guess who it is, the star of their dirty little fantasies…”

“Oh, god…” I moaned, my back arching almost painfully, my body burning with desire and unquenched lust as she pushed me closer and closer to the edge.

“Maybe even your daddy… you could always send him an anonymous email with the link… I wonder what he would do if he saw his daughter looking like a bondage slut. I bet it would turn him on. Every time he looks at you, you’ll wonder what he’s thinking, Shannon. Is he picturing you tied down to the bed while he fucks that tight little virgin pussy? Or would he just force you down on your knees and make you suck his sweaty cock, baby?”

As she talked, her words grew strained. I wondered, very briefly, if she was getting herself off at the same time as she pushed me closer and closer to the edge.

“God, oh god…” I cried out, unable to take it anymore. I almost screamed when she stopped, leaving me teetering on the edge, yet unable to push myself over the brink without her help.

“Don’t you *dare*, slut.”

An impassioned and wordless moan followed, and I felt her shifting on the bed, brushing against me as she re-arranged herself. At first, I wasn’t sure of her goal, but it soon became clear, the sweet scent of her sex wafting across my nostrils as I felt her denting the mattress just above my head. Her hands came to rest upon my collarbone as a warm droplet from her cunt landed upon my lower lip, my tongue snaking out to capture it.

“You’re such a nasty little thing.” She breathed, clearly aroused, perhaps as much as I was. “You want more, baby? Stick out your tongue.”

I didn’t hesitate, spearing my tongue upwards, awaiting what I suspected and hoped, my anticipation focused on the heat of her skin mere moments before I felt her sodden cunt against my face. I didn’t waste a moment, running my tongue the length of her slit, greedily lapping up her offering, reveling in the tang of her desire. I felt her weight bearing down upon me, the softness of her belly against my young breasts, my hard nipples pushing into her flesh, my mouth and chin already slick with her juices. Her appreciations coursed through her, her thighs trembling against my ears, her ass shaking as I strained to force my tongue deeper into her, doing my best to pleasure her like the dirty little slut I so loved to be for her.

“That’s it, fuck your Mistress with your filthy little tongue, baby.”

I felt her warm breath in quick blasts upon my own cunt, and I began to shake as well, straining upwards, praying for her to mash her face against my damp mound, crying out softly into her cunt as she spread my lips apart with her fingers and slowly ran the tip of her tongue along the engorged edges of my folds. It was torture, worse than any spanking she’d given me.

“Oh my God, make me cum!” I cried out, pulling my face from her beautiful, grasping cunt, trying to catch my breath before plunging back between her thighs once more.

Her response was crueler then I’d ever imagined. I felt her lips surround my pulsing clit, the tip of her tongue flickering like a snake against it, sending electricity through my entire being, once again pushing me right to the edge. I sank my tongue deeper, pounding my face against her sex, her ass, gasping as I fought the ropes that held me prisoner, the sound swallowed by her soaking wet cunt, my drool mixed with her juices running down my chin and smearing my cheeks. My face burned with pleasure, and I felt my eyes rolling back…

Sweet agony roared through me as her teeth clamped down on my swollen nub, sharp needles of hurt shooting through my nervous system. I began to writhe beneath her, my back arching painfully, pushing my shoulders deep into the mattress, curling my toes and turning my hands into helpless claws, still trapped in the cuffs I wore. I had never imagined there could be so much pleasure in pain. I screamed. At least I think I did. I felt her shuddering above me as she twisted my throbbing clit with her teeth, her devilish tongue dancing faster and faster against its tip as she drove me mad, intense pain and pure pleasure mixing into a cocktail of indescribable ecstasy.

Vaguely, I recalled that she’d warned me not to cum, but there was no way for me to stem the tidal wave she’d unleashed inside of me. My entire body tensed and then exploded, bucking like a rodeo

bronco, held in place by the ropes that pulled my limbs towards the four corners of the bed, fighting against them as if my life depended upon it. I felt her rapture as it took her, shuddering through her entire being, as our bodies melted into one another. Blood poured into my clit as she let out a lingering cry, releasing me from her bite. She almost smothered me, her juices gushing from her grasping cunt, filling my mouth, drenching my face. Desperately, I gulped them down, wanting only to drink her dry, fill my belly with her hot cum.

“Jesus fucking Christ!” Abby groaned, her body still shuddering in orgasmic throes.

Wanting to prolong this moment, my own flesh desperately clinging to the excruciating bliss that still held me in its thrall, I pushed my face between the globes of her cheeks, hardened my tongue, and with her fluids leaking from the corners of my mouth, searched desperately for the tight pucker of her ass. I felt her clench against my attempted invasion, and then relax, allowing me to push the tip of my tongue past her tight anal ring. She groaned softly into my drenched cunt, gently kissing every inch of it, wordlessly showing her appreciation and urging me on, not that I needed much encouragement.

”That’s it, you filthy ass licking whore. Stick your tongue up my tight asshole. Show me what a dirty little creature you really are.”

I didn’t bother answer, my mouth too busy for words. Instead, I did my best to give her what she wanted; a dirty little slut who would do anything she asked of me. Without the use of my hands, it wasn’t easy, but I did my best, pushing my face between the tight cheeks of her ass, and driving my tongue into her tight anus as far as I could, over and over, while she egged me on with obscenity after obscenity, calling me every name in the book. I felt deliciously depraved and perverted, and proud too, as I finally drove her over the edge once more, her thighs squeezing powerfully against my temples as she shuddered through another orgasm, laughing softly as it receded and she rolled off of me, her head resting upon my thigh, the perspiration coating her cheek feeling cool against my balmy flesh. She induced shivers in me, her fingers trailing languidly up and down my inner thigh. I could feel her smile against my leg, and I mimicked it, my body relaxing slightly, and then tensing again as she began tenderly caressing tummy, teasing at the light covering of down upon my mound, then running a single finger along the edge of my quivering lips, coaxing a pathetic sounding moan from me.

“My dirty little sex doll wants to cum again, doesn’t she?”

“Yes, Mrs. Vander...” I managed, the sudden intake of breath cutting off my answer as she slid her fingers into my cunt, filling it.

“Go ahead, you have my permission. Only I don’t feel like doing any work. It’s up to you, baby.”

I did my best, pumping my hips, trying to push her fingers deep into my womb as she simply held them there. Her soft laughter was rich and mocking at my attempts. Try as I might, spread eagled as I was, I couldn't manage to make myself cum on her fingers. All I did was work myself up until I was ready to scream, to cry, to beg her to help me out.

"It's getting late, baby." She cooed, brushing her thumb over my clit, giving me hope that I might finally achieve nirvana, if only she would help me, my hopes sinking as she went on.

"I really should be going. Mr. Vandermeer expects me for dinner. Looks like you're going to just have to go without."

"No, please, please, please? I'm so close."

I could hear it in my voice; desperation. Embarrassed by my needs, and yet, I didn't care. Once again, I would have promised anything for relief. With her thumb circling my swollen clit, rubbing against it, I was moments away from a mind blowing orgasm so, of course, she withdrew her touch, leaving me in misery as I felt the pressure of her body departing, leaving me with hot tears of frustration filling my eyes and spilling down the sides of my face.

o-O-o

She left me there, still bound helplessly, while she showered, washing off all evidence of our affair while I stewed helplessly, my attempts to free just one hand so that I could finish the job she'd started, ending in failure. It was only after she'd dressed and was ready to depart, looking for all intents and purposes as if she'd spent the afternoon grading papers, that she acknowledged my presence, freeing my from my bonds, her demeanor brusque and business like.

"You should see yourself, Shannon." She addressed me after I'd taken my turn in the shower, turning it up as much as I could stand, the hot water soothing my sore muscles. Sullenly, I avoided any contact with my sex, not wanting to give her any reason for displeasure.

"You are a rare flower, just beginning to bloom. Already, you are beautiful beyond words."

My pout became a smile of shy delight as she put her hands upon my shoulder and gently maneuvered me before the mirror. The girl who looked back at me took me by surprise. I met Mrs. Vandermeer's eyes in the reflection, her head just over my right shoulder, melting a little at the way her lips turned softly up and her eyes lit up with genuine warmth. Trying to see what she saw, I studied myself with startlingly bright emerald eyes. My breasts were smaller then hers, but firmer.

Perkier was the word she liked to use. My nipples were still swollen and stiff, giving them a pointed look. My hips were slender, but my narrow waist and flat belly made them look wider then they really were.

Even without makeup, my lashes were dark, matching the chocolate tangle that gleamed wetly as it cascaded over my shoulders, framing my high cheek bones and reasonably plump lips. I watched as the tip of my pink tongue pushed them apart, sliding between them, the memory of where it had been not too long ago surging through my body. I trembled with an overwhelming urge of desire, recalling the taste of her delightfully tangy cunt, and the slightly pungent taste of her ass. Too, I remembered the feel of her collar, buckled snuggling, encircling my neck.

With her prompting, I turned slightly, almost trance-like as the memory of what had happened in the next room making me tremble with renewed desire. I watched my cheeks turn rose as I felt the kiss of honey tickling the top of my thigh, slowly crawling towards the tiles. Doing my best to ignore the surge of lust her touch inspired in me, I concentrated on the mirror, admiring what I considered my best feature; my ass. It was pretty much the perfect shape and just the right size. I gave it a wiggle, catching her gaze in the glass as I did so, giggling as I reached for her hand, turning towards her.

“Don’t get me wet, baby.” She warned, giving my fingers a quick squeeze as she brushed my lips with a kiss that made me yearn to press myself against her and devour her. She must have seen it in my eyes, for she gave a little warning shake of the head, her beautiful blue eyes never leaving mine.

“I can’t help it, Mrs. Vandermeer. I just want…”

She pressed her finger to my lips, silencing me, her gaze sharp and predatory once more.

“What you want isn’t important, Miss Spencer. Is that clear?”

I nodded, holding in a sigh that would only get me into trouble.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

She left me on my own, trusting me to follow her instructions. That is, to get dressed and not to touch myself. Before I left, she rewarded me with a kiss, followed by the reminder that I was to keep my hands off of my, or rather,*her*cunt and that I had better not forget to wear my collar next time she summoned me.

“When will that be, Mrs. Vandermeer?”

“Soon, baby. Soon.” She gave me one last kiss, startling me with the intensity of it, and let me out the door, the touch of her lips lingering on mine even as I slipped under the sheets of my own bed that night, somehow keeping my hands from straying into my soaking wet red lace panties.