

# Power Play

By RubyRyder

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*Nash is in complete control until Amanda shows up and plays rough..he loves it that way.*

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She arrived exactly on time; seven o'clock. I heard the doorbell ring and felt a small rush of adrenalin. With Amanda, I had learned to expect the unexpected. Thus the adrenalin.

I opened the door to all 5'11" of her, and smiled. She was so good at this. Standing there with her massage table and linen bag, dressed in loosefitting pants, a collared work shirt and tennis shoes, she looked every bit the part of a normal masseuse. In fact, any curious neighbor of mine probably wouldn't give her a second look.

But I did. I saw the deep red lips that contrasted so beautifully against her dark hair, pulled back in a ponytail. I saw the makeup that was a bit too sultry. Her dark eyes looked me up and down. She smiled and walked in my house without a word. I knew better than to say anything, even a word of greeting. It was not my place to speak first and I knew my place. I returned her smile and watched her walk in.

Amanda was tall and leggy with nice curves in nice places. No stickthin woman for me, I thought, closing the door behind her. Truth be told, though, I would have likely declared whatever body type Amanda had as my favorite...because of what she brought to my life. Thrill after thrill...after thrill. And Lord knows I needed a few thrills to leave the stress of my career behind. Amanda consistently provided them....every Friday night.

After work on Fridays, I left one world and entered a completely different one. The definition of my job was telling people what to do. I directed, delegated, supervised, corrected, dictated and remonstrated all day, five days a week. I wore a suit and tie. I oozed control and importance. My job was so much about control that I couldn't wait to lose that control when I left the office. That's where Amanda fit into my life. She was more than happy to take that control and run with it.

Amanda was a professional masseuse. We'd met by chance at a Christmas party of mutual friends.

After quite a few drinks, we ended up in a private corner confessing our sexual preferences to each other. Initial surprise and drunken giggles soon became delight as we realized our particular proclivities seemed perfectly suited to each other. That was six months ago, and we had tested and proven the “perfectly suited” theory...many times. I’d had relationships with good sex before, but never this exciting. Never a coupling that seemed to reach deep into my hidden fantasies, draw them out into the light and peruse them, tinker with them, play and dance with them. In a word, what we shared was *Hot*.

In the months since we met, our relationship had overflowed from the strictly sexual world into regular dating to our mutual delight. Still, we both voted to keep up the Friday night routine we had come to love...and look forward to with great anticipation.

Amanda was easily the most sexually provocative woman I’d ever met. There was a relaxed air of complete confidence that permeated her walk, her voice and her whole being. I found her confidence incredibly arousing in such a different way. She brought out a part of me that was intensely eager to please in a “tell me exactly what you want me to do” kind of way. No wonder my past sexual partners failed to satisfy me completely – they had all expected me to be in charge. Not Amanda.

Wordlessly, she set up her table in the spacious living room. I closed the curtains and turned down the lights. Soon soft cotton sheets covered the table. Without being asked, I retrieved a few pillows from my bedroom and placed them on the table, guessing we would need them later. That earned me a sweet smile. Nodding at me in that deliciously deliberate manner, Amanda picked up her bag and went off down the hall to the bathroom.

I knew my part well. As soon as she closed the bathroom door I jumped into action. Amanda liked things a certain way and I so wanted to please her. Champagne came out of the refrigerator, was quickly opened and poured. Just one glass, for her. I set it on the table next to her favorite spot; an overstuffed red velvet chaise lounge that had a lush, erotic appearance to it. Visitors to my home often remarked how it was a lovely piece but didn’t seem to fit in with the rest of my fairly masculine furnishings. True. It fairly reeked of sex. I would just smile and say it was a favorite.

I lit several candles and turned the lights down a little more. Then I quickly removed my suit, laying it carefully over the back of the couch. I’d gotten in trouble the last week for leaving my clothes in a heap on the floor. I was so excited to see her I forgot about my clothes. She wasn’t pleased. I sat down carefully for 2 days following that incident! My cock throbbed just remembering it. I stripped down to my required underwear for Fridays; a thong.

Amanda had rules, most of which gave me a thrill to follow. This one I especially liked. When I dressed for work every Friday morning I was required to wear a thong. She had given me several in a

variety of colors. All day I felt the thin strap of silky fabric lay tantalizingly between my ass cheeks and the pouch held my junk firmly in the front. All day my naked butt was right next to the soft fabric of my pants. I felt disconcerted and exposed, like everyone knew what kind of underwear I was wearing and what I was going to be doing that night. Controlling my cock took effort, focusing on work was sometimes a struggle. Consequently, on Fridays I tended to spend more time seated at my desk. All those sensations were a constant reminder of the pleasure that would arrive at my doorstep at seven o'clock. Though I arrived home at six, I wasn't allowed to take off my suit until Amanda arrived. No loosening my tie or even removing my shoes or jacket.

Now, I wore none of my business garb. As I stood waiting, nearly naked in my living room, I felt so clearly the contrast she intended. My suit in all of its constrained propriety was suddenly gone from my lean six foot frame, and I wore only the thong. This morning I had chosen the purple one. Gone was the power suit. Instead, my naked skin tingled with a heightened sensitivity. I ran my hands nervously through my thick blond hair and rubbed the 2 day beard I always wore. I felt bare and vulnerable. Standing with my feet slightly apart I clasped my hands behind my back and waited for Amanda.

I glanced down at my cock, still at half mast remembering my punishment from last Friday. The deep purple fabric stretched as my need for space grew. Ahh...the waiting. Anticipation brought such delicious excitement. I'd felt it all day.

Finally, I heard the click of the bathroom door and straightened my posture. I looked up to see Amanda walking down the hall – a vision of steamy sensuality and power. She'd loosed her silky hair and soft dark curls surrounded her face and fell over her smooth white shoulders. She wore a strapless black leather bustier which presented her ample breasts for optimum viewing. Her forearms had intriguing black leather cuffs from wrist to elbow. An impossibly short black leather skirt covered neither the tops of her shocking red stockings nor the black garters that held them up. Four inch black leather come-fuckme heels completed her outfit. I couldn't take my eyes off the stockings, so startlingly red amidst all the black. They looked so out of place I was fascinated by them. It was then that I saw the riding crop in Amanda's right hand, held loosely at her side. The end of it brushed her calf as she walked. I shivered involuntarily.

She sauntered slowly up to me and stood so close I could feel the heat of her skin. I inhaled her scent, a spicy vanilla sandalwood mix she always wore. Now 6'3", Amanda looked down at me, held my blue eyes with her brown ones and paused, her look self-assured and playful. She was so good at drawing out the moment. Timing and anticipation was everything. Finally she lifted my chin with her fingers and brought her lips to mine. The kiss started soft, lips caressing lips and tongues dancing gently together. She pulled back, held my gaze for a moment and then returned to my waiting tongue. We kissed for a long, sweet moment. Jesus...I'd been dreaming of this all day.

Without breaking our kiss she pulled me firmly against her, her hand at the small of my back. I took a step forward to close the gap between us. Her mouth opened wide and she demanded my tongue, which I gave eagerly. Her red, luscious lips pressed hard against mine and her arm went round my neck to hold my mouth to hers...for her pleasure.

My hands remained behind my back as Amanda kissed me. I knew the rules. She broke the kiss, leaving me breathing a little harder and my cock a lot harder. Reaching up with one hand she gently twisted each of my nipples in turn and I gasped. She walked around behind me. My thoughts returned to the crop and I felt my ass tense up. She took my hands and gently separated them, placing them at my sides.

I heard her low voice murmur, "Mmmmm...I do love you in purple." I felt her warm hand caress my tense cheeks and squeeze each one in turn. I was proud of my butt, actually. I worked out hard four days a week and had even consulted with a trainer to achieve the firm, round, muscular bottom I now possessed. I knew Amanda loved it. To my surprise I did not feel the kiss of the crop. Instead, she walked away, settled herself on the red velvet lounge and sipped her champagne.

"Hello Nash."

I took a mental snapshot of the moment; a vision in red and black with creamy thighs and breasts that teased me to my very core. I watched her lay back and cross her legs, knowing the piece of leather attempting to pass for a skirt did little to cover her down-covered lips peeking out clearly from underneath, and being quite unconcerned about it. She never wore panties. She said they just got in the way, and why cover something that beautiful? I had to agree.

"Hello Amanda." I tried to sound calm, but it was a challenge, as usual. Tonight my cock was already ferociously hard, peeking its head out of the top of my thong.

"So how's my boy tonight?"

"...Excited." I had difficulty getting the word out.

"Excited? Good. Because tonight, I brought a new toy for you." She held up the crop that had not left her hand. It was medium in length with a flexible rod. Attached to the end was a soft piece of doubled-over leather. She whistled it through the air and my ass clenched again.

"Come here, Nash. Undies off." Amanda's voice was soft but there was no room for disobedience. I could think of nothing but the crop, but I complied.

I had the thong off in a flash and was standing at Amanda's side. I watched as one hand brought the champagne to her lips while the other hand ran her fingers over my hard cock, now at her eye level. She spent time teasing and caressing my cock and balls with a light touch...a touch that made me want nothing but more and harder. I resisted the urge to slip my hardness between those full red lips; definitely against the rules. I was in heaven as her fingers traced around the head of my cock, producing my first moan of the evening. The delicious sensations ceased when she held out her empty glass to me in a wordless request. I dashed into the kitchen to refill it, my cock waving in front of me. When I returned and handed her the glass, she smiled and sipped more...and then her eyes fell upon my thong in all its purple glory, on the floor.

"Nash, baby...what's that?" She gestured with her glass.

"Uhhh...my thong." Damn. What could I say?

"Why is it on the floor?"

"I'm sorry Amanda. I was so excited..." I trailed off. I quickly picked it up, folded them and placed them next to my suit.

"Yes." She smiled. "You did say you were excited. But that is no excuse for not taking care of your things...especially a present from me."

"I'm sorry...Y..You're right."

Amanda gave a low throaty laugh. "Yes...I am. *Prepare for your punishment, Nash.*" No matter how many times I heard those words uttered, even though I knew they were coming...still the thrill.

Okaaaaay. The adrenalin returned bigtime as I walked to the end of the massage table, spread my legs and laid my upper body down on the soft cotton sheet. That crop scared me. Amanda had a bag that she'd pull new toys out of pretty regularly, but I'd never seen a crop. Last week with the suit mistake she'd paddled the hell out of my bottom with a wooden hairbrush. This could be worse. I took a couple of deep breaths.

"You really need to take care of the things I give you, Nash." I heard her approach me and I willed myself to relax. No matter how many times we played this way I still felt the slight rush of fear. I loved it...it got me off like nothing else. Nearly every Friday Amanda would discover some transgression of mine; a reason to punish my ass. I looked forward to it. I loved the helpless, vulnerable sensation of my naked ass in the air, waiting for Amanda's hand or paddle to fall...or tonight I guess it was her

crop. I trusted Amanda and would do just about whatever she asked...but a riding crop? Jesus Christ.

She stood behind me and slowly spread my cheeks, again stroking my ass gently with a finger and sending pleasure coursing through me. Ahhh...that choice again...open to the pleasure or anticipate the punishment. It was an interesting push pull I was very familiar with.

“What will you do with your thong when you take it off next time?” Her voice was stern behind me – she meant business. Her touch was gone.

“I will fold it and lay it carefully next to my suit.”

“That’s *right*.” The first stroke came as she emphasized the word. My mouth opened in a silent O as I pushed my face into the table. Yes, it stung all right, and the heat followed quickly. “Don’t say another *word*,” she commanded, landing another stroke on my other cheek, just as hard. I kept silent as she had asked. In fact neither of us uttered another word for the rest of my punishment, which kind of freaked me out. I was so used to Amanda announcing the number of strokes I was to receive and then I had to count them aloud as she applied them to my ass. There was a reassurance in that; knowing how many were left, steeling myself to be able to handle that number.

But this was craziness... I lay there flinching from the strokes, feeling completely untethered. I was so unnerved that I didn’t even think to count the strokes in my head. As the crop cracked down again and again, sometimes soft and sometimes hard, I felt my cock, rock hard and throbbing against the table underneath me. Again, and in a different way, I was in heaven.

Amanda paused occasionally to caress my balls or perhaps to give my red, angry rear a break. Some of her pauses were so long I thought my punishment ended. Then another sting would land on my hot, sore ass, and I’d jump and squirm. Her crop was not actually any more painful than the other implements she had used to punish my butt in the past, just scarier. The way it whistled through the air...the way it stung.

Suddenly she applied 5 strokes in quick succession to each cheek, no pauses. I struggled mightily to stay in position. Usually Amanda would crank up the intensity just before my punishment ended...but tonight I wasn’t sure about anything. She placed the crop on a couch next to us, right where I could see it, and then caressed my hot bottom gently with her cool fingers. I felt myself unwind, relax, open up. She bent down to kiss the back of my neck. I felt her hot breath. My cock, balls and ass – sore as it was all ached with a need for...more. God, just more. It was insatiable, that desire. A Pavlovian response? Perhaps. With Amanda, my body had certainly learned that good things always came after “punishments”.

“Come here, Nash.” Amanda’s voice was rough and smoky. I straightened up from the table, turned to face her and she took me in her arms, pulling me close and soothing my sore cheeks with her touch. Then she took one of my hands down between us, pulled up that leather skirt and inserted my middle two fingers into her slippery wetness. I dared to caress her clit briefly and she pushed against my fingers in response.

“Taste.” I pushed my fingers deep inside her and then brought them to my mouth, savoring the flavor of her. I knew our games got Amanda off just as much as me. She drew me to her lips for a breathy kiss, tasting herself on my tongue. My body melted into hers and she held me firmly, possessively, gently teasing my lips with hers. I felt her pelvis push against my cock, acknowledging its presence. The cool leather of her skirt felt good against my nakedness. As we kissed, Amanda pulled my ass cheeks apart and trailed a finger up my crack, producing an involuntary gasp when she paused to tease my anus. I so wanted it.

Her next words were a surprise, spoken in a whisper. “Touch me.” That was my permission to unclasp my hands from behind my back and explore Amanda’s soft loveliness...within limits. In times past I had been clumsy and too eager, going straight to her nipples and crotch. The paddle had fallen hard on those occasions. Through trial and error (and let’s face it, even the errors had pleasant outcomes) Amanda had basically trained me to know exactly what she liked. And no matter how wet she was she liked a slow start. I ran my fingers slowly and sensuously over any place I could find bare skin...the tops of her thighs, her soft bottom, her shoulders and neck, her arms and hands.

Our lips were connected again in another kiss, my head tilted up to hers. The way she held me, her height in those heels and her confidence all combined to turn me buttery soft inside, utterly willing to do as she pleased. Being subjugated for Amanda’s pleasure rocked my world in a way I had a hard time explaining to myself. I wasn’t into humiliation. The most pain I was into was a good spanking to warm up my bottom. But the thought of basically being Amanda’s bitch, to do with as she pleased? That was a kick I never tired of.

I trusted her with my willingness. And parts of me emerged with Amanda that surfaced in no other way. Writhing, ecstatic, impossibly hot parts. Gone was Nash the CEO, Nash the guy in charge, Nash the Head Honcho and the Craving, Nasty Nash appeared. My kink drawer was open, I enjoyed my spankings and looked forward to obeying every command Amanda gave me, shamelessly. Because she knew me...all of me.

My hands soothed and caressed her soft skin, lifting her skirt and tracing circles on her smooth, round butt. She sighed in pleasure and pushed against me a little harder, rolling her hips rhythmically. I felt her take my hand and push my fingers back inside her wetness, and I zeroed in on her g-spot,

another thing she'd trained me to do. As our endless kiss continued, my hand and her hips created a nice rhythm for a lovely slice of time. The head of my stiff cock rubbed against her thigh, teasing me. Amanda moved away slowly and reluctantly, leaving me with cock waving and hands that returned to their position behind my back, with no soft curves to touch...but not until after I'd licked her juices from my fingers.

Draining her glass of champagne, she turned and smiled at me. "On the table, Nash." Yes! I loved it when she let me lay on the table. It had been a long time since we played that way. I took the pillows, placed them under my hips and lay face down. Ass presented for your pleasure, Ma'am, I thought. I flexed my ass cheeks for show. Her teasing earlier had been a clue – it was an ass night.

So right when I thought I knew what was happening, Amanda threw in a twist. A silk scarf came around my face. I lifted my head slightly to allow her to tie it snugly into place over my eyes. Damn. Now I was Amanda's *blindfolded* bitch. The alliteration was not lost on me, even with my rear in the air, hard cock pushing in to the pillows and my ass still hot and sore. I laughed a little giggle of nervousness.

My lack of sight increased my feeling of vulnerability. There was nothing to be done but wait for whatever came next. Anticipation...intensified. I heard a zipper, which I guessed was her skirt. Or maybe the bustier? Then rustlings and muted sounds that were unidentifiable.

The crack of the crop on my ass was so unexpected that I nearly jumped off the table. Jesus! She'd never punished me twice...ever! Until now. I gasped in surprise. Utter unpredictability. Yes. I had stopped trying to figure out why that dynamic turned my crank so much a long time ago. It just did. I received so much positive reinforcement every time we played, I trusted her with the reins of control. And I'd never been sorry.

Another snap of the crop on my other ass cheek to show a lack of favoritism. I clenched the sides of the table as well as my butt cheeks and wondered what would come next. Amanda laughed deep in her throat. Then soft fingers gently eased apart my hot tense cheeks and a cool drop of lube fell right on my anus like a fucking ice cube from heaven. I squeaked a sigh of relief and pleasure and was almost embarrassed at the sound. She circled a finger around the outside of my anus, over and over again until I wanted to beg her to stick it inside me...which she did, gently and slowly. I felt myself clench tightly around her finger, the last vestige of control I had brought home from work. It was like this every time. I had a hard time opening up for her. I felt her finger slide slowly inside me, pushing further into my tight ass.

"Come on, Nash...you know you want it..." she purred in my ear, stroking my prostate gently with the one finger she'd worked into my bottom. I moaned and felt my ass let go a little more, opening up to

her ministrations. “That’s my boy…” I could hear the smile in her voice, and I smiled, too. She teased me, pulling her finger out again and massaging me until I pushed back with a silent request for more. This time her finger slid in smoothly and again stroked my prostate. I swooned.

Before Amanda, I had no clue how much pleasure I was missing by not indulging in ass play. Like a lot of men, I was all for fucking a woman up the ass but had sadly never explored my own. Amanda rectified that situation right off, since ass play was one of her favorites. Now I couldn’t get enough. I was basically always hoping she would pay some attention to my butt. And I was pretty sure I was going to get the deluxe ass job tonight.

My cock twitched underneath me as her finger stroked my ass rhythmically. Small sounds of pleasure came out of me, moans and whimpers. God I loved this. I felt soft lips kiss my hot, whipped cheeks and thought my situation couldn’t possibly improve. Until she started to work her second finger in, of course. I felt my ass stretch as Amanda patiently opened me up to accept both fingers. Jesus. I loved the full feeling, reveled in it. She worked her fingers in and out of my ass for a deliciously long time.

Suddenly her fingers were gone and I heard rustlings. Then I felt the cool surface of a toy push against me. As she pushed it in deeper, it felt a bit bigger than her 2 fingers. I took a deep breath, relaxed, and felt it slip inside me, the base nestling between my cheeks. My ass was now well plugged. What took me by surprise, though, were the vibrations! When Amanda flipped the switch I pushed my cock into the pillows and got religious.

“Oh...God...” Amanda laughed with delight at my squirming. She varied the speed from a flutter to a powerful buzz I could feel in my balls and watched me writhe on the table. I could so easily have come right then and there, with just a little more thrusting into those pillows. But I knew if I did I would be in *big* trouble. No orgasms without permission. She knew I was struggling to maintain control, and turned down the vibration to back me off a little. I felt her grasp the base of the plug and work it gently in and out of me, fucking me with it buzzing softly in my ass. I could definitely get used to this. No sooner had the thought gone through my head and I felt Amanda slowly remove the plug. That was all too brief, and now I felt a yearning emptiness and my cock was still hard, hard, hard. My lack of sight was frustrating; what would she do next? This wasn’t the first time she had blindfolded me, but it had been a long time.

“Nash, baby, I am so going to fuck you...” Amanda’s voice was deep and dripped with passion.

I was good with that. I heard the clinking of the metal buckles of her strapon and pictured it in my mind. The only question was which dildo was I going to have up my ass tonight? She had several sizes. The blindfold kept me wondering, ass waiting, still lusting to be filled.

“End of the table, Nash.” I slid carefully off the table and felt my way to the end, positioning myself exactly like I had for my punishment, with one difference. This time my feet were outside of the table legs and I was spread wide for her. That was how she liked me. Immediately I felt two fingers inside me again and I moaned.

“Tell me what you want, baby...” Her voice was low and close to me. I could feel her hot breath and then her lips on the back of my neck, giving me shivers suddenly. All the while her fingers pushed into me further, beginning to work in a third.

“I...want to be fucked...please.” There was something about saying it out loud that revved me up something fierce. It wasn’t easy. Each time it was tough to say those words. But the whole being Amanda’s bitch thing came into full bloom when she made me ask for it. She didn’t just fuck my body; she fucked my mind, too.

“How do you want it, Nash?”

Uh oh. I was suddenly acutely aware of my dilemma. With the blindfold securely in place, I had no idea what size of dildo would be filling my ass tonight. She had several. So...if I asked her to fuck me hard and deep and she’d chosen the big one – that could be a serious challenge. But I so wanted it...bad. Pushing back against her fingers (were there 3 inside me now?) I decided to take the risk.

“Hard and deep...please.”

“Ahhhh, that’s my boy.” She murmured in my ear, pushing fingers just a bit further inside me. I felt my ass open up even more and pushed back hard. Amanda chuckled at my eagerness, stroked me a few more times and then the emptiness returned. When she moved behind me, I felt the vulnerability of the blindfold most acutely at that point. What the hell had I asked for? I felt the head of the dildo touch me, cool and smooth. She leaned in a bit and stopped. I knew she’d allow me the time I needed before the “hard and deep” commenced. That trust was such a sweet and necessary element to all this kinkiness.

I kept pushing back little by little, breathing and relaxing until the head slipped in. That feeling was always so nice; simultaneously a relief and a thrill. I felt stretched and incredibly filled...with what, I still wasn’t sure, I thought to myself. I stopped wondering and got lost in the sensations as she slid gradually inside me, inch by glorious inch. As good as her fingers or a plug felt, there was just nothing like her strapon in my ass for the delicious and intense coupling I craved. Her, inside me was what made me come the hardest, interestingly enough.

Amanda leaned over and laid her soft breasts against my back. Some far recess of my mind thought, wait a minute...wasn't she wearing a bustier? Now all I could feel was soft warm nakedness – when did that happen? I could feel her erect nipples hard amidst the softness and she rubbed them back and forth across my back. The sensation was exquisite. She pulled her hips back a little and pushed back in. Mmmmm. Then I heard the buzz of vibrations and realized she'd slipped a clit vibrator in the harness for her own pleasure.

I felt her snug her hips right up against my butt and lean in, increasing her own pleasure as well as mine. She tested my ability to accept the full length of her toy as she pushed deep inside me. No problem. Give it to me, I thought. I arched my back and leaned back into her, sending that message very clearly.

The game was on. Long slow strokes to start. All the way out, and all the way in, pushing deep at the end of each stroke. Over and over and over. Oh Jesus I loved getting fucked. I moaned and whimpered my pleasure. I heard her noises behind me, too. A soft, "oh...oh...oh." With all the relaxing I had done to accept Amanda's cock, my own had softened in the process. Now my hard on was returning with a vengeance. Then I felt Amanda pull out and apply more lube. That's when I knew it was bitch time. She slid back in easily to the hilt and paused. I felt her breasts touch my back again as she reached up and slipped off my blindfold. I knew there was a large mirror on the wall next to us and instinctively turned my head to look.

"Check it out, Nash..." What a vision we made. Then she gave a quick thrust and I saw a flash of hot pink color disappear into my ass. Holy Shit...the pink dildo was her largest!

"Wow...is that...?" Laughing, Amanda grabbed my hips and thrust again, pushing me against the table. That was what she liked, knowing I had nowhere to go. I was pinned, spread wide, and my ass was at her mercy. She stayed deep inside me and made slow short thrusts even deeper, driving us both insane with the level of pleasure it brought.

Then began the hard and deep. It was all I could do to keep my knees from buckling with the sensations that coursed through me. I was once again, in heaven. I felt her hips pound against me and her toy fill me up completely with every stroke. The sensation of that huge cock rubbing against my prostate was almost too much pleasure to handle.

"Oh...God...Oh...Oh..." The end of each stroke brought another exclamation out of my mouth. I was at that point. I couldn't have stopped the sounds even if I'd wanted to. Amanda did indeed work me deep and hard, for a blissfully long time, pausing only to apply more lube...twice. She was sweating and I could hear her breathing behind me as she slowed, her body beginning to tense. I knew what was coming...or rather, who. Fascinated, I watched in the mirror as Amanda arched her back and

pressed into me. Her nipples were rock hard and she was flicking them with her fingers as she climaxed. Her head tossed in ecstasy as she jerked against me for some time with her spasms, moaning.

Quickly she removed the vibrator, too intense for her postorgasm sensitivity. Still impaling my ass with that huge pink dildo, she laid down over my back for a moment. Soft words in my ear, "Mmmmmmm...that was nice." Amazingly, my cock was still hard and imploring me for release.

She pulled my hips back from the table to give my cock some extra room. She rotated her hips, finding the angle of the deepest penetration. She reached around, applied lube to my cock and began to stroke it as she fucked me. Then she replaced her hand with mine. She straightened up and began pushing into me hard. Her special justbeenfucked voice, always deeper and a little raw after she came, started talking sweet nasty things in my ear.

"Come for me, Nash. Come while I slide this cock deep inside your sweet ass just like you wanted. You know your ass is mine, and you are my *bitch*." With the word 'bitch' she pushed into me hard and I moaned. I was going to explode, just from her words. I stopped stroking my cock...I wanted this moment to last roughly forever. Or perhaps it was that I wanted this *rough* moment to last forever...

"I want you to know that next time...I am going to walk in and fuck your ass before you can even get your suit off. I'm going to pull down your pants, bend you over the back of that couch and fuck you right there...with all of your clothes on and your pants around your ankles."

That juxtaposition flipped my lid...the image of Nash the CEO with my pants down getting my ass fucked. I started stroking my cock again, powerless to stop myself.

"I'm going to bury my cock in you, Nash, as deep as it will go, and *fuck you until you come*." She timed her strokes with the words and pushed me right over the edge.

A guttural noise came out of me. My entire body was flooded with pleasure so intense I started screaming.

"Ahhh! Ahhhh! Oh God! Oh Fuck!" She stroked her cock quickly in and out of me 3 more times to intensify the sensations of my impending orgasm. Each thrust produced another, unintelligible yell from my lips, without my consent. Then she stayed buried deep in me, not moving as I jerked my cock almost violently. I shot cum to the opposite end of the massage table in an orgasm so intense I wasn't sure I could handle it. Every spasm was accompanied by a high squeal, the kind that was definitely embarrassing...the kind that really proved I was her bitch. My orgasm felt like it was never going to end. Finally, my breathing ragged, the spasms subsided. I lay on the end of the table, my

legs trembling. Amanda rubbed my back and neck for a while until my breathing slowed. She pulled very slowly out of my ass, which in itself was a little slice of heaven, I was so sensitive. I moaned.

“Oh my God, Amanda....” I said, marveling at what she had just put my body through.

She was a vision, standing next to the table completely naked, sweating and flushed, her hips framed by a black leather harness holding a glistening hot pink dildo that swayed when she moved.

We gently cleaned each other up with warm, wet towels and then tumbled into my sumptuous bed, cuddling. For the first time that night I was behind Amanda as we spooned contentedly.

“Hey Nash...” she murmured as we drifted closer to sleep, “...Don’t ever quit that job, okay?”

I smiled. “Not a chance, Amanda.”