# Rope at the Top of the Stairs: The Lesson in Pussy

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*She uses her imagination*

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A Lesson in Pussy

By John Young

(continued from "The Rope at the Top of the Stairs")

She came back into the room and walked over to the shower. Picking up the soap she soaped him up again, taking time with his cock and his ass. He was as hard as a rock, and wanted more than anything to grab her and throw her on the couch and take her. But the water had soaked the rope, and it felt like an iron bar around his wrists. One time he moved to kiss her and she grabbed his balls in one hand and squeezed a bit.

“Not a chance buddy. Your ass is mine,” she said, spinning him around in the shower and sticking a soapy finger into him. “We want you nice and clean for your lesson in the virtues of pussy.”

He started to ask why he needed a clean asshole for a pussy lesson, but she gave him another quick squeeze on his testicles to shut him up.

“Compare and contrast, just like in school.” She pulled the shower head off the wall and rinsed him off.

After drying him off, she lead him by the balls over to the coffee table, a heavy plank of maple with thick legs and pushed him down to his knees at one end. She grabbed a rope and tied one end around his neck, looped it around both legs at the other end, and pulled him flat onto the table. She tied his thighs to the legs and then, as he flexed his wrists, involuntarily testing his bonds, she took another length of rope and looping it through the loop around his neck, tied it to his wrists, pulling them up his back and tightening the already tight ropes even more.

She stepped back to survey the job, nodding approvingly.

She walked over to his desk and picked up the phone. There were a few brief words and then she put it back down and walked into his darkroom and came out a few seconds later wearing her jeans and zipping her jacket up over the bustier.

“I’m just going to step out for a moment. Don’t worry, I’ll be right back." She patted him on the ass, and walked out the door.

Outside on the street, he heard a car start up and drive off. Where the hell was she going? She was gone for a while. He tested the ropes and then just settled in to wait. What the fuck had he gotten himself into?A few minutes later, she blew back into the loft carrying a bag and laughing to herself. She gave him a quick peck on the lips and disappeared into the darkroom.

He heard some packages being opened and a moment later she emerged from the darkroom. Tied down to the table, he couldn’t keep his eyes off of her. The sweet little black lace outfit and the high sheer stockings he knew. But now she was wearing a thick, long red strap-on dildo. The sight was mesmerizing, obscene. He groaned as she walked toward him.

“You know, boy, this is a special one,” she said slowly stroking the dildo. “The base has a plate that cups my mons, and at the bottom of the plate, there is a second dildo that goes inside me. I can tell you that it is rubbing me the right way even now. I think I am going to enjoy this far more than you.”

She grabbed him by the hair and lifted his head off the table. “Let’s see how this works. You know I'm no expert, but let's see if I can make up for my lack of experience with enthusiasm. She cradled his head in both hands and thrust the dildo into his mouth.

“Oh, yeah, that works fine.”

The head hit the back of his throat and he started to gag, and she eased out before driving back in. He gagged again this time she held it there and swiveled her hips around.

“That’s it,” she whispered, “Relax and take it. Oh, you wouldn’t believe how this is rubbing me the right way. Can’t imagine why I didn’t try one of these things earlier.”

He fought against gagging and fought his bonds, the ropes like steel cables around his wrists. She pulled most of the way out and then thrust back in letting out a moan. His throat was getting raw as she worked him, and he was wondering when she was going to stop and amuse herself elsewhere and how painful and humiliating that was likely to be, when she let go of his hair and pulled out of his

mouth.

Taking a step back, she looked down at him. “Boy, you stepped in it this time.”

She walked away, her plastic cock bobbing gently, incongruous, impossible, when framed by her full woman’s hips and the way she rolled her ass when she walked. She paused at the dinner table and sipped the wine looking back over her shoulder at him, half turned. He just couldn’t get enough of looking at her, and felt himself getting hard again as he gazed at the divine line of her breast in the bustier, and her ass framed by the garter straps and remembered the fucking he had given her just an hour ago.

She caught his glance, and ran a caressing hand down over her breast and stomach finishing on her ass cheek. “You like. Remembering me a couple of minutes ago? You are getting hard again I see. Well it won’t be long, or too long anyway. Not that you have any say in the matter any more anyway.”

She finished off the glass of wine and picked up the bottle of olive oil and walked, in her best slutty-hipped roll back over to him. She set the bottle on the floor and tossed a throw pillow from the couch behind him between his calves. He turned to look at her and reaching over she picked up the cloth he had used to blindfold her. He felt the rubber cock between his ass cheeks, and the faintly scratchy lace of her bustier on his bound hands as she leaned over onto his back and blindfolded him. A couple of drops of oil fell onto his ass and she slipped just the tip of one of her fingers into him to lube him up. He felt the tip of the cock against his hole and she leaned over him.

“When your ass feels like it is about to split wide open and you want to scream,” she whispered, putting one hand on his shoulder and the other on his hip, “I want you to try to concentrate on how much pleasure you are giving me, and maybe it will feel a little better.”

With that last word her hand tightened on his shoulder and she drove into him, wringing a strangled moan as he felt the cock ripping into him. She pulled most of the way out dripped some more oil onto his gaping ass and then pushed back in. He fought and jerked against the ropes until he almost passed out from the rope around his neck, but the ropes and her hands held him more or less in place as she rode him unmercifully, swiveling her hips and rocking around on the cock with one end embedded in him and the other in her. After a couple of minutes of it he was lying still, just taking it and he heard her cum. Felt her lace covered breasts against his hands as she collapsed onto him.

“Fuck, that was nice. I was on the edge for a while there, but managed to hold it off. Makes it stronger in the end though, and I didn’t want to let you down.”

She reached around him and felt his cock, half erect. “Couldn’t have been all bad for you either, I

see.”

She took the blindfold off and left him gasping on the table.

“Now we are entering the transition part of the program. You know all about ass now, so it is time to move on.”

She walked over to the darkroom and he heard her unwrapping another toy. It turned out to be some kind of sick snowman - A pointy purple cap on top of four balls in black latex the top one maybe an inch and the one at the base more like one and a half inches on a plastic base with a strap. She went over to his desk and pulled out one of the wooden-seated chairs and strapped the thing to the seat.

She walked over and started to free him from the table. He started to speak, but it was clear what her intentions were and he just let it go. What was there to say really. She untied his legs and the rope around his neck and lead him over to the chair. Kneeling down she tied an ankle to each leg, and with a giggle, took his cock into her mouth, working the tip with her tongue for a moment before standing up and walking around behind the chair. She dripped some oil on the new toy and tied a rope around his waist and then looped it under the lowest rung of the seat back.

He felt her hands take his and guide them over the back of the chair and then she pulled on the rope and he felt himself being pulled back and down onto the butt plug. He felt one ball enter him and then the second, and he tried to hold himself off the seat with his arms and legs but the angle was bad and the pull of the rope inexorable. The balls entered him easily, and after the reaming he had just received, without much pain. But the next ball he could feel was going to start stretching him again, painfully, and he fought to keep himself off of it.

After the second ball, she tied off the rope and walked around in front of him. The muscles on his legs and arms were standing out like cords and starting to burn. She walked over to the table and poured herself some wine and watched him, a half smile on her face.

“All kind of crazy things going on this evening. I want to thank you, really. I haven’t ever done anything like any of this. You know a silk scarf once in a while... But this something really new.”

She walked over to him and got down on her knees. Taking a long pull on the wine, she bent over and went down on him, the wine still in her mouth. Her wet lips and the cool wine and fizzy bubbles on his cock had him hard in an instant and almost without noticing he slipped down onto the third ball. He groaned in pain and pleasure. His head was starting to swim and he didn’t think he could hold himself up too much longer. She sat back, giving him a playful nip with her teeth as she pulled off him. She stood up and folded down the cups on her bustier revealing her breasts. She reached over

him and took the back of the chair in her hands, and pressed her breasts into his face.

“I want you to caress my tits with your tongue and your teeth,” she said, guiding a nipple into his mouth. He did what he could, but his arms and legs were screaming, trying to hold himself off the base of the snowman, and after a minute she said, “Ok, you can’t concentrate, I can understand. We are just going to have to get it over with.”

She put one foot on the side rung of the chair, swung the other leg over, and reaching down, she took his cock in her hand and used the tip to caress her clit before guiding it into her and easing down on his rod. He fought briefly as he felt her descend onto him but her legs on either side of his thighs held him in place and he cold feel her cunt, soft but squeezing him like a vice, and as her weight came on he could do nothing and sank onto the fourth ball. It hurt, like hell, but his moan was smothered as she took him by the hair on the back of his head and kissed him and rocked back and forth on him, working him all the way into her.

“There, don’t you feel better now?” she asked playfully. “Don’t come too quick, I want to enjoy this. Pussy, especially my pussy, is really nice, isn’t it? You should have taken advantage of it earlier, but then, how were you to know? Greedy assfucker that you are.”

She rode him, grinding herself on him, pinching his nipples, kissing him, taking him by the hair and forcing him to lick and bite her nipples, bouncing up and down on his shaft. It was sensory overload and then his world gradually narrowed down to his cock in her snatch and the evil snowman working round and round in his ass.

He felt her rhythm increasing. His ass had settled down to a dull ache and as she worked him inside her he could feel his orgasm starting to build. She took him by the hair and guided his mouth onto her nipple again and then as she felt him moan on her breast and starting to try to move under her, she tilted his head back.

“Don’t you dare come. Hear me? Watch me, look at my face. I am almost there, and it is going to be a crushing, crashing, eyeballs rolling back into my head kind of transcendental experience. Wait for me, it’ll be worth it.”

She kissed him and kicked it up another notch. All the while holding him by the hair on the back of his head, looking down into his eyes. She was beautiful, savage, in taking her pleasure, he couldn’t have looked away even if she had let him go. Her eyes drew him in and he knew he would wait until she had almost finished before he let himself go. Some switch had been thrown inside him, somewhere. This girl...

“Hang in there,” her voice was hoarse, guttural.

She was rocking her hips back and forth a mile a minute, almost as if she had a cock and was fucking him. “Oh, fuck me,” she screamed and came, a deep cry torn from her chest. Her head went back and he could see the whites of her eyes, and she literally bounced him up and down on the seat with the force of her fucking him. After a few moments she plunged herself down on him, pressing her sex against him and she lowered her head bit the lobe on his ear and whispered “Cum, cum now, I want to feel you explode inside me again.”

She tilted his head back and smiled into his eyes. One hand went to his nipple and squeezed it cruelly. He was lost in her eyes and then he poured it all into her, more an eruption than an orgasm.

“Look at me,” she said. Her cunt clamped down on the base of his shaft and he came and came. He could see every iridescent fleck of brown in her eyes inches from his. He wanted to move, to pump her, to fuck her, but he couldn’t, not an inch. Just this sitting there emptying himself into her.

When it was finished she kissed him. Long and deep. He could feel himself shrinking inside her.

"Tell you what. I am going to untie you and we are going to take a long hot shower together. Then we are going to go up to your bed and I am going to teach you something really innovative. No ropes, no toys, just us, naked as the day we were born. It's call the missionary position. Lot's of fun, too, I promise you."