The Commuter: Day 19

By seemywowzza

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Before I could open my mouth to protest, you smacked my ass again with the crop

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I was so fucking pissed off, I could have spit fire and brimstone. Here I was...again. I had let my guard down, and again, you had me lock, stock and barrel. If my fist could have reached my face, I would have punched my own lights out. DAMMIT! How could I have been so fucking stupid...TWICE!

As Symbian pumped into mid air, you took a large dollop of KY jelly onto your fingertips. You brandished your lubricated fingers in my face, smearing the pastie goo between your fingers and thumb. I guess getting even wasn't good enough for you. You planned to go at least one up on me.

"Hey lover boy." you taunted as you waved the lubricant before my eyes. "I guess there is no need for any further explanation is there."

"You fucking bitch! If you so much as touch my ass with Symbian I swear to fucking g..."

A loud crack shattered the silence and an unbelievable pain burned across both ass cheeks simultaneously. I practically bounced off of the table the pain was so intense. Anger boiled over inside me and now I was equally pissed at me and you.

"Behave lover. I promise this won't hurt... too much." you said rubbing your bare hand across the crimson streaks on my ass. "I'm sorry I gave you a boo-boo lover boy." you said as you leaned over to kiss a whelp.

"I'm telling you bitch, you better fucking take it easy on me, otherwise the next time I fuck that little ass of yours I won't be such a mister nice guy!" I growled with eyes squinted.

"Really now? You're assuming there will be a next time." Another swoosh and a crack echoed through the room like a gunshot as searing pain delivered the news that the crop once again had met ass flesh.

"FUCK YOU THAT HURTS!!! I screamed at you.

'Get on your knees NOW! you ordered, "Because there's plenty more where that came from if you don't."

What the fuck have I gotten myself into I thought as I assumed the employee position. "I-I-I-I've never had anything like this happen to me, so if you are hell bent on going through with this, please be gentle." I pleaded.

You reached over and turned the off switch to Symbian and watched him slowly piston to a stop. Then you told me in great detail what you were doing behind my back as you greased up the 12" rubberized cock. You spared no detail as to what you intended Symbian to do to me. As I laid there in the most compromising position I had ever been in, I felt your fingers smear the KY jelly deep in my ass crack and across my asshole. For good measure, you stuck a finger in and asked, "How's that feel lover boy?"

"I'm fucking warning you." I sneared between clinched teeth.

"Ohhhhh... I see. You, who happened to be, literally and figuratively, strapped to a fucking table, are issuing me, who is walking freely around said table, a warning. Mmmm, do you fail to see the irony here or is it just me? Why can't you just man up and 'tap out' so to speak. It's easy, just admit I am better...and smarter. Just tell me how inferior your skills are to mine. It's really just that simple to... 'save your ass' so to speak." you said with a mischievious snarl.

I looked up to catch your gaze as you walked around the table, slapping the crop in your open hand. "You have done some humiliating things to me the last couple of weeks. Even after I left you cuffed on the train, I was hoping to have made my point with you. But noooo, you felt it necessary to try and exact revenge. I would have thought you were smarter than to leave yourself so vulnerable...again. By the way, your methods of revenge pail in comparison to mine. Don't you agree? In fact, I would almost call your attempts childish, and amateurish by anyone's standards."

As odd as it sounded, you smelled terrific. You must have slipped upstairs and showered while I slept. All you wore while you paraded about was your matching lacy panties and bra, and heels. How in the fucking hell could I be getting a hard on at a time like this I asked myself.

'Back your ass up to Symbian!" you ordered.

Before I could open my mouth to protest, you smacked my ass again with the crop. "Please don't make me tell you again. This really isn't as much fun for me as it appears." you whispered as you leaned near my ear.

As best I could, I reluctantly leaned back towards the tip of Symbian and began to beg for mercy. "C'mon. Everything I've done to you has been mild so far. I concede! You win! You're the best as this game." I continued to plead.

You leaned over again and growled in a low gravely voice, "DO IT! Press that tightly puckered up asshole of yours against the tip...and DO IT FUCKING NOW!"

My ass already stung like never before, but I reluctantly complied. "Just don't hurt me, OK? Remember, I was gentle with you when I fucked your ass the first time. Remember that?"

Happy that you had made me do as instructed, you walked around the table several times, again swatting the crop in your hand. Each time you came near my head, the sweet mix of your muskiness and perfume tantalized my nostrils. "Why was I so fucking aroused?" I kept asking myself.

You stood at the head of the table, leaned down and raised the folded extension of the table into a chair back position near my head. You did a hasty strip tease as I watched, making sure your ass and dripping pussy were pointed my direction as you rolled your panties down your legs. Your panties were soaked completely through. Then you climbed onto the table, straddling my head, your pussy just inches from my face. In just seconds, a pool of your juices formed on the cushion between your legs. Draping your legs over my shoulders and resting your heels on my back, you slid forward until the matted pubic hair of your drenched lips rested against my face.

Your long nails raked through my scalp as you combed my hair away from my face with both hands. You sucked in a long deep breath, then released a heavy sigh, "I've added a second demand for you lover boy. You better give me the best fuck of my life, or they will find you here in a couple of days and Symbian will have 'torn you a new one', ...so to speak of course."

Your heels dug into the flesh of my shoulders as you readjusted your body to a reclining squatting position. With your feet firmly planted on my shoulders, you spread your legs wide. Your lips quivered with excitement and your juices were flowing freely, disappearing between your cheeks. You ran your nails from your hips across your flat tummy, then slowly down your inner thighs to your knees and then back up, stopping at the outer folds of your full lips. Soft moans slipped from your lips as your eyes closed and your extended fingers pushed your outter lips together, squeezing your clit between your meaty lips.

My mouth watered at such a sensuous display of self indulgence. "I need my hands free." I said faintly, hoping you would grant me one request.

Opening your eyes only slightly, you seemed mildly preturbed at my interruption. "Use your tongue! You're the one saying you love to eat pussy. Let's see how good you are." you said patting my two day old stubble.

You leaned back, getting comfortable as I extended my tongue, licking first at your swollen protruding clit. I flickered my tongue across the tip which made you shutter and moan loudly. Goose bumps raced across your body as you fidgeted.

"Ahhhhh, that's a good start." you said, arching your back and pushing your pelvis upward. You took both your breasts in your hands, squeezing them hard and rubbing the palms back and forth across

them. You pulled and pinched at your nipples as your hips rocked.

I nibbled at your meaty lips, sucking each one in, massaging them with my lips and tongue. Your body moved spontaneously as your hips worked your lower body in circles on my face. I heard the sound of the crop hit the floor as it slipped off the table. That's music to my ears I said to myself.

You reached around the backs of both thighs and pulled your lips wide, giving me access to the rosy pink softness inside. Your juices flowed freely as I brought you to your first orgasm quickly. As usual, you grabbed the back of my head, pulling it hard against your pussy as you ground yourself into me. You let out a primal mix of a shrill and a moan before squirting my face good. You sat there shaking as you prepared for another gush. You grabbed the top of my head harder and leaned forward as you unleashed an even stronger splash on me.

I laid there a minute, drenched in your orgasm, watching your pussy quiver and pulse as sweet nectar perculated from your artisian well. Each time I lapped at your juices, your whole body shook and you gasped for short breaths. You slumped down further, reached under your knees and pulled your legs over your body. I could feel your watchful eye on me as I devoured your luscious garden of love.

My tongue darted up and down against your bunghole as you writhed out of control. Waves of immeasurable pleasure rolled over you one after another. I ran my tongue back and forth across your perineum before punching my tongue against your starfish in a fucking motion. Your loud groans and cursing told me I had hit the right spot. After giving your tight bunghole a good tonguing, I licked and sucked and nibbled at your hypersensative lips. Forcing my tongue deep between your soft folds, my tongue danced up and down your pussy. Licking and sucking as you bucked wildly against me. One big splash after another washed against my face.

"Get on your knees and elbows!" you panted heavily as you squirmed to slide yourself under me. "Fuck me! I want you to fuck me now. I want to feel your cock inside me." you commanded as you smothered my neck and mouth with wet kisses.

You wrapped your legs around my waist in a death grip with ankles locked behind me. My throbbing cock slid easily inside you as you wiggled your way on. Your nails dug into my back as I rammed myself deep in you on the first thrust. Your scream nearly broke my eardrum as you welcomed the long hard cock you had demanded. I laid there motionless, letting your pussy feel the blood coursing through my erection as it lay buried deep in you. Then, as if drawing my man sword from its sheath, I pulled myself completely out of you before reentering you hard. Each withdrawal and hard thrust was met with gasps and a hard thrust of your own.

You kissed and sucked at my neck, shoulders and face as I rammed you as deep and hard as I could. My balls slapped at your bunghole with each violent hard thrust. Each time my cock hit rock bottom in you, it took your breath away. Your vaginal muscles gripped at me like a vice. I was sure your nails had drawn blood on my back and ass cheeks they were anchored so deep. We both grunted and gasped for air as we came in an explosive and body shaking frenzy. Our cum mixed inside you and poured from your pussy, then puddled underneath you on the table.

I collapsed on top of you like dead weight. My 6'2" 275 pound athletic frame crushed your petite body beneath me as I laid on top of you. You struggled to catch your breath, to get free, but I laid there practically motionless. You were trapped.

"I can't breath." you gasped as you hit my shoulder. "Get the fuck off of me! GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME or I will start Symbian!" you threatened.

I leaned up on my elbows, giving your lungs room to expand. "Will you now? How are you going to do that with me on top of you?"

In a sudden blur of motion, you leaned up and grabbed my lower lip between your teeth. With eyes glaring at mine, you snarled between clenched teeth, "Because I'll bite your fucking lip off if you don't!"

Then releasing my lip, you shoved your tongue between my lips and kissed me as your body started it's slow grind against mine. Your hips pushing your cum covered pussy against my still erect cock.

"Let me up." you said, pecking at my lips and face as you wiggled to get free. "Pretty please lover." you said batting your eyelashes.

"After you uncuff me." I said.

"Are you going to hurt me if I do?" you asked in a playful tone.

"An hour ago I would have said maybe. Lucky you I took my anger out on your pussy." I said leaning to kiss at your neck.

"Soooooo, you aren't mad at me for restraining you like this, or threatening to fuck your ass with Symbian?"

"If you had shoved that fake cock in my ass, you would have been better off in a witness protection program. I would have searched the world over and when I had found you, it wouldn't have been pretty."

You giggled as you played with my lips, diffusing my returning anger. "Mmmmm, good thing you fucked me good then. You would have spent a fortune finding me." you laughed.

I smiled and kissed you deeply as our tongues battled for space in each others mouths.

You wiggled out from under me and as agreed, uncuffed me. We went upstairs and showered together, having sex again before dressing.

"This was fun lover!" you said, running your fingertips across my lips.

"Indeed it was the best fun ever. Look! It's nearly noon. What time are we supposed to meet your parents to pick up the kids?"