Vitated

By rxtales

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A client wants a father daughter roleplay

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I clutched my bag and hopped up onto the teal porch, avoiding the steps. I rang the doorbell frantically, knowing that I was late again. I have always prided myself with how early I was for everything, but over the past few weeks I was a bit scatterbrained and couldn't show up on time for anything. I could hear the shrill ringing of the doorbell through the oak doors. They were soon accompanied by familiar heavy footsteps that belonged to Carlos who opened the door.

“Calm the fuck down, and stop with the fucking bouncing.” He said opening the door for me. I was a bit jittery from all the caffeine I had had.

“Is Max here?” I whispered.

“You bet your fucking ass he is.”

I gave Carlos a hug and pecked him on each cheek before stepping around him and walking through the narrow hallway.. As I passed him, he reached out intending to slap my ass, but he misjudged how far away I was, so his fingers barely brushed my bum. Carlos was a hefty bloke and acted as a sort of bouncer or guard for the house. He let the workers and the clients in. He was known for unsuccessfully hitting on all of the girls and a few of the lads too. I was off limits as I was fucking the boss, so he never did more than slap my backside.

The corridor opened into a spacious sitting room which was neatly arranged. Max was sitting on the love seat in the middle of the room, reading a book. I dropped my bag on the seat next to him and stood above him waiting for him to acknowledge me. He lowered his book and peered over his reading glasses.

“Your late.”

“Good thing I am fucking the boss then.” I said leaning down to kiss him. I put my hand on his shoulders as our lips met. My tongue wrestled it's way into his mouth, finding his. I was lost inside his

mouth immediately. His hands began to roam around my torso and up to my breasts before he pulled away.

“You better get ready for Paul in case he comes early.”

I groaned as I pulled away from him. Paul was definitely a regular. In the few weeks I had been in California, I had fucked him close to ten times. There wasn't a whole lot to do to get “ready” for him. I took a small plastic bag out of my pocket and emptied the remaining contents onto the coffee table. The white powder fell into a small pile onto the dark wood. I took a piece of card and out of my back pocket and began racking the white powder into two lines. Max slid off the couch and joined me on the floor with a rolled up bill in his hand. I watched him as he lent over the table and in one swift motion snorted the cocaine. I followed his example and did the same.

“She does not need that fucking shit.” Carlos said peering into the living room. “She's acts like a crack addict without drugs.”

“It's not crack.” I pointed out.

Carlos just gave me the middle finger in response. “That girl needs to take it down a notch.” He said to Max.

“Sorry I need the caffeine.” Max just shrugged. My hyperactivity didn't seem to bother him. I didn't sleep much and would inhale coffee just to keep me awake which meant I couldn't sleep the next night either; a vicious cycle I have yet to break.

“It's called youthful exuberance Carlos. That's what I like about her.” Max said nonchalantly.

I stuck my tongue out at Carlos playfully. Max looked at me, shaking his head before hoisting himself up onto the sofa. I got off my knees and stood in front of him. Rubbing my sore knees. Max pointed downstairs, signalling that he wanted me to get ready. I unbuttoned my jeans and slid them sexily down my thighs and off my legs. Or at least I imagined it was a sexy move. I had lost a lot of weight so my baggy jeans plummeted to the floor instead of wiggling off my hips. I unhooked my bra and took it off from under my t-shirt. It too fell to the ground.

I held my arms above my head, stretching my body out. A grin spread across my face. “I'm ready.” I swung a leg over Max's lap so I was straddling him. I began kissing him again, passionately; his dark face clasped tightly in my pale hands. I loved the look of my pale white skin against his black when we made love; our bodies intertwined. Afterwards I would lie with my palm placed flat on his chest, looking at the contrast of our colour.

“No you're not.” He said as he broke away from my kiss. It came out garbled as I bit his lip, not wanting to stop.

“Okay, I'm not. I know who he is, and I dislike him more than I did before.” I moaned burying my head in his neck. I had recently found out Paul was a broadcaster for a local conservative radio station. I had so many problems with the opinions he loudly voiced on his show.

Max just smiled. He obviously had known who Paul was. “You're not paid to like him, you're just paid to fuck him.” Max had his hands on my breasts again, my nipples between his fingers. He tweaked them before telling me to get my ass in gear.

I knew that was true, and as much as I disliked Paul he wasn't as sadistic as many of the men I had been with. I pulled myself off Max once again and headed to the basement. This house in Montecito was small with only one room in the basement. It was windowless, dark and had concrete floors. It was damp, but private, easy to clean and cheap to maintain. It was smaller than the other buildings in Los Angeles, which were constantly in use. It was spacious and allowed ample space for the various toys and devices that filled the cupboards and lined the walls.

There was a wooden table in the middle of the room. Rings were nailed into each end, allowing a rope to be strung through them. It was adjustable and could be lowered to look like a bed. The height looked right. I checked to make sure everything was in the right place and when I was satisfied that it was, I took my position on the table. I closed my eyes and waited for the doorbell to ring. The cold caused my nipples to stand erect and my pussy began to moisten in anticipation of what was to come.

I soon heard the doorbell. Carlos would have opened it. I heard Paul's heavy footsteps pound above me. I slipped my hand into my panties, familiar with the role play he wanted. I ran my fingers up and down my wet slit, before plunging two fingers inside myself. I closed my eyes and began moaning, enjoying the feeling of my own hands. I knew Max would probably be watching. I assumed there was a camera somewhere, allowing him to take a peak when he pleased. Or if there was trouble, Carlos would be sent down to rescue me.

Paul opened the door to the basement quickly. The hard panel knocked loudly as it hit the wall. He studied me briefly as I fingered myself in the dimly lit room, before diving straight into his role.

“Addy! What are you doing?” He shouted.

I pulled my hand out of my knickers. “N-n-n-nothing Daddy.” I stuttered, hiding my hand behind my

back. I could be a pretty good actress when I need to be.

“That doesn't look like nothing to me. Tell Daddy what you were doing slut.” He sneered as he came closer to where I was lying.

“It itches. I just had to scratch there.”

Paul continued to walk closer to me until his large belly was pressing against the wooden table. I put him in his mid-fifties. He was tall but slouched at the shoulders when he walked. The bags under his eyes highlighted his exhaustion. He had deep wrinkles etched into his face. He was overweight and would sweat profusely under any physical exertion. He slipped his hand into my panties and felt my wet snatch.

“That doesn't feel like an itch to me, you dirty cunt. You were playing with your self weren't you, you little whore?” He raised his hand and brought it down on my pussy with a smack, the thin cotton of my knickers softening his blow. “Naughty girl. What were you thinking of?”

“Just a boy at school Daddy.” I continued to act afraid of him. I am a pretty soft spoken person, which allowed me to easily act as a vulnerable school girl.

“This is Daddy's cunt.” He told me, grabbing my labia, and pinching it. I pulled back from him. “This is for my use only, and nobody else. I think I need to show you who it belongs to.”

He grabbed my hair in his hand and wrapped it around his fist. He pulled me off the table gently, then dragged me to the middle of the room. My head stinging from the force of him pulling my hair. He pushed me down to the ground and my knees smacked the hard concrete floor. He pulled my hair so my torso was completely straight. He wedged his foot between my knee and splayed my legs.

“Stay there, bitch.” He was out of breath already. I could hear his heavy breathing as he walked away from me, to get something that was up against the wall.

The Spanking Bench. It was a favourite of many of my clients. I found it uncomfortable as it put a lot of strain on my neck. But as far as the devices in the basement went, the spanking bench was one of the more comfortable ones. He dragged it out to the centre of the room, before pulling me up by my hair again. He pushed me onto it so my torso was flat against the leather covered board. First, Paul strapped cuffs around my wrists so I was locked in place. I pretended to struggle against him as he did this. He leant on my body to keep me still, his full weight pressed me further into the board making it difficult for me to breathe. I gasped for air. Once my wrists were secure, he bent down to cuff my ankles to the legs of the bench. The chains which attached the cuffs to the bench were short, allowing

little movement. I let my head fall so that I was looking at the ground.

Paul walked over to one of the cupboards behind me. I couldn't see what he was doing but knew what he was getting. He walked over to me and placed the paddle he had gotten out of the cupboard on my bare lower back. My shirt had ridden up so it only covered my breasts and upper back. I couldn't see what else he had in his hands but I knew he had a pair of scissors, like always. I could hear him opening and close them.

“Don't move. Daddy's going to get rid of all that clothing for you.”
I was careful not to move. The paddle was balanced carefully on my back and any movement caused it teeter. Paul cut through my panties and let them fall to the floor; my naked ass and pussy vulnerable to him. Next he cut through my t-shirt and pulled it out from under me. This caused the paddle to fall to the ground. It clanged against the bench as it did so. My breast were now pressed against the flat leather.

Paul reached down to pick the paddle up. I could feel his presence over me, but I stayed still, anticipating what was to come. The paddle he had chosen had holes drilled into the flat wood so less power would be lost before it smacked against my bum. I heard him swing his arm back before he brought the paddle flat down onto my ass. I closed my eyes in pain as he did so.

“I told you not to move, bitch.”

Many clients were tentative with their movements before getting into the swing of things, as though they had to adjust to being able to do what they pleased to the slut they had paid for. Paul, however, had always treated me as his object. He did what he wanted, but never crossed the line like many did. His pain was controlled, he knew what he was doing. I felt what he wanted me to feel. His power and control were immense.

He brought the paddle down onto my ass again and I flinched.

“What do you say to Daddy?” He asked, spanking me hard twice more.

“I'm sorry Daddy. I didn't mean to move. Please don't hurt me.” I whined through clenched teeth. My ass was already sore from the numerous spanking I had received that week.

“You don't know what pain is yet, princess.” Smack. Smack. Smack. “How many is that?”

“I don't know. Eight maybe?” I really knew it had been six, but my answer didn't really matter.

“You weren't counting? I guess I'll have to start from the beginning. You need ten good hard smacks. Don't make any noise or I will have to start again.”

I mentally counted every time the plank met my cold skin. Smack. One. Smack. Two. Smack. Three. Smack. Four. Smack. Five.

“How many is that now?” He asked, pausing for a moment. He probably needed a break from the quick movements. I still couldn't see him, but I could imagine that he was drenched in sweat, already.

“Five, Daddy.”

He didn't say anything, just grunted in acknowledgement of my correct answer. Smack. Six. Smack. Seven. Smack. Eight. The ninth one had a considerable amount of force behind it. Smack.

“Niiiinnnneeee.” I shouted out, accidentally, my head jerking upwards. The pain was so immense I had to stop tears from streaming out of my eyes. He had never spanked me this hard before.

“Did you say something, whore? I think that means we need to start again.”

I sighed and let my head fall again. I was beginning to feel the blood rush to my head. I didn't know if the sensation was just because of my position or because of the drugs I had snorted earlier. Paul grabbed a fistful of my hair again and pulled it towards him so my I was looking straight ahead of me. The next ten smacks were delivered in quick succession and I took them silently; my short breaths the only indication of the pain. He let go of my hair and walked in front of me. I continued to hold my head so I could look at him. He unbuttoned his slacks and kicked off his shoes before pulling his trousers and boxers off. This released his wobbling stomach and his fully erect cock. He walked closer to me.

“Open your mouth, bitch.” He said forcing my jaw open with one hand while his other grabbed my hair.

“But Daddy, I don't want to.” I protested.

“It's okay angel.” He said as he plunged his cock deep into my mouth. With his first thrust he managed to plunge it deeply into my throat. I gagged and sputtered. I tried to straighten my neck so I could accommodate more of his length. His first few thrusts were rough and slow. Each time he paused with his cock inside me, filling up my mouth. I swished my tongue around his shaft as he entered me from different angles. After a few more thrusts he was able to gain rhythm and began fucking my mouth quickly.

My moans came out garbled as I had trouble timing my breaths to counter his thrusts, but was soon able to find my own rhythm. I began to feel more strain on my neck and shoulders as he continued to fuck me. His moans were louder than mine and he muttered obscenities as he invaded my throat.

“Oh you're such a dirty slut. You know exactly how to take Daddy's large cock in your mouth.” Large was more than an overestimate, but I just grunted in agreement.

I felt his cock twitch followed by his sour cum which spurted against the roof of my mouth and down my throat. He pulled his cock out and I shut my lips, ensuring that all of his cum was swallowed. Paul was silent as he walked behind me again. He felt my wet pussy and was easily able to slip in two fingers. He thrust them in a few times before pulling them out just as I was beginning to moan.

He slapped my sore ass before walking towards the back of the room. I heard him pick up something heavy and then drop it down onto the floor. From the sound it made as it hit the concrete, I could tell it was metal. I had a few ideas of what it might have been, but Paul was beginning to deviate from his regular routine. I also heard him drop a few smaller objects onto the floor. He walked back around so he was facing me.

“Did I tell you to close your mouth, slut?” I opened it straight away, dreading the abuse I suspected my ass would soon receive.

It didn't come though. He stood there for a moment. Naked in front of my vulnerable body. I didn't know what was coming until it was too late. I felt his hot piss on the lower part of my face. I closed my eyes tightly as his urine stream continued to hit my face. I had to fight the urge to close my mouth. I could feel droplets of the salty tangy liquid hit my tongue. The bitter taste in my mouth was better than the pain my body would feel if I closed it.

Once Paul had relieved himself he began to undo the cuffs that bound my wrist and ankles to the bench. As he did so, his piss continued to drip off my skin onto the floor leaving my skin feeling dirty. It was hard not to grab my clothing from the floor to wipe away the liquid on my face, or the humiliation I felt because of it. I felt the strain leave my body as I stood up.

Paul didn't grab my hair this time. He clasped my thin wrist in his giant hand and pulled me with him to the opposite side of the room where I saw a spreader bar on the floor, with a ball gag, clamps and a flogger. Paul ordered me onto my hands and knees. The concrete was cold against my skin, but I tried to make myself as comfortable as possible. I spread my weight equally on my appendages, knowing that I would probably be in this position for a while. My legs were already spread wide apart, but they were spread even further apart as the spreader bar was placed between them and my

ankles placed through the loops. There were loops to lock my wrists next to my ankles, but Paul left my arms where they were.

First he picked up the clamps which were attached to a box by a wire. I had only had them used on me once before. They set small and not so small electric currents through them. He rubbed each of my nipples between his fingers before placing a clamp on each one. I arched my back wanting to pull away from the cold metal. Paul walked over to the box and pressed a few buttons. The first electric current was sent through the wire to my nipples. My breasts felt the initial pain, but the electricity was felt in my entire body. It was weaker as it got further away from my shoulders, but could still feel my pussy tingle. I shouted out from the shock. The zap was stronger than any I had felt before.

“That's what this is for.” Paul said holding up the ball gag which he placed in my mouth and fastened around my head, spreading my mouth open. My jaw began to ache as Paul faffed around with the buttons on the box connected to my body. I saw him press the button which increased the electricity and I winced as another jolt was sent through my body. I moaned as I bit into the gag. There were small intervals between each shock, allowing me time to regain my posture.

Paul picked up the flogger and for the first time I realised that I was frightened of him. I knew what people were capable of when they used me as their play thing, but I didn't think Paul would ever subject me to the level of pain they did. He didn't say anything before he brought the leather onto my bare skin. The leather hit my skin at the same time as the current.

“Oh fuck me.” I shouted. It came out as one moan because of the gag though.

“Harder did you say?” He asked. I turned my neck around so I could look up at his face; a wide grin spread across it.

He brought the flogger down again, each strand stinging a different part of my back. He kneeled down beside me and continued flogging my body. As he did so, he slipped a finger into my pussy. He began fingering me, causing him to loose momentum with the whipping and the blows were softened. My body felt overwhelmed. It felt torn between pain and pleasure as it was whipped, shocked and finger fucked. The strain from the position I was in added to this feeling. Every few thrusts, Paul slipped another finger into my pussy until he had all of them in.

I had been fisted once before and was hoping that was not where he was going. He put down the whip as he slipped behind me. Every time he thrust into my cunt, he would inch his hand further inside.

“You're a little too tight for my hand today.” He finally announced. I exhaled in relief as I felt him smear

my juices onto my anus.

My entire body tensed as I felt him push a finger into my tight hole. He paused for a moment, giving my body a break from the sensations it was feeling, but the next current which verberated through my body interrupted the stillness. I peered behind me as Paul pulled his finger out from my ass. He leaned over my body, a leg on either side of my lower back. I could feel his hard prick and balls against me as he bent down further. He grabbed my wrists and pulled them to my ankles, causing my body to somewhat form a ball. My wrists were put through the extra loops by my ankles on the spreader bar and were locked into place. I leaned back, shifting my weight in an attempt not to fall forwards. Paul reached over to the box, turning it off, but still leaving the clamps attached to my nipples.

He resumed his position behind me. He began wanking himself with the head of his dick against my back, his hand running into me every time he reached the top of his shaft. He rubbed my pussy then my anus, as though he were deciding which orifice to penetrate first. I made a deep guttural moan, but was unaware what had caused it. The anticipation was killing me. I wanted to feel his hard cock inside me, my pussy wanted to engulf him. I wanted him to punish me like the dirty filthy whore I was.

He was so intent on what he was doing that it was almost like he stopped the charade. It no longer mattered who we were, but I was his and he had complete control over body. He could do anything he wanted.

He took no time in plunging his cock into my pussy, in one motion. It was sopping and easily accommodated his entire shaft in one movement. I moaned and was pushed forward as he filled me. He grabbed my hair once again to pull me back. He placed his other hand on my neck and held me with his tight grip as he pounded me hard from behind. With each thrust, he slammed his pelvis against my ass and I could feel his belly spill out from under his shirt.

I wanted to reach over to my clit and rub it. The lock which held me in place reminded me that this wasn't for my pleasure, it was for his. I moaned into the gag as he fucked me hard. He tightened his grip against my hair and neck. I instinctively leaned forward to get away from his grasp, but this only made him hold me tighter. I wasn't going anywhere.

His moans were unobstructed and louder than mine. They echoed off the walls in the room we were in. His breaths were deep, and his body sweaty. His sweat was running over me, and my skin became moist where he touched me. His thrusts began to slow, I could feel he was about to cum. He thrust into me once more. He stayed there, but didn't cum. My pussy tightened around his cock. I didn't want him to stop, but he did. He was trying not to cum.

After a moment, he pulled out of me. My juices covered his member. He pressed the head of his cock against my ass. My body tensed once again as he pushed into my anus, our juices the only lubrication. He didn't pause as his shaft entered me. He didn't care what this felt like to me. I wasn't ready for it, but his hard prick entered me anyway. I cried out in pain and he began fucking me. My tears shattered my strong appearance. His thrusts were shallow at first, allowing me to get used to the feeling. He soon gained momentum and his thrusts got deeper. My snatch still yearned for his cock, but he continued to invade my tight hole.

He pulled my head up more so the skin on my neck was stretched tight. The hand on my neck went to my nose. He held it for a moment as he continued pounding me. I struggled to breathe for a moment, my airways obstructed. My moans became desperate as I bucked underneath him. He removed his hand and threw my head down as pushed me away and released his cock from inside me. He came into his hands as he pulled out. He reached over me and smeared the puddle of his sperm into my hair and over my face.

“Who does your dirty filthy cunt belong to whore?” He shouted at me.

“Yours Daddy.” I whispered into the gag even though I knew he couldn't understand me. He didn't need an answer though. We both knew that in that room I was his.

He unbuckled me and got dressed, leaving me in the basement utterly exhausted, gaping and covered in his cum and piss.