You make these sounds

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Published on Lush Stories on 22 Mar 2008

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Slut describes how she enjoys Sir's sounds when he enters her.

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"I love the sounds you make," she said. "It's like you've entered heaven when you penetrate me.

"Did you know that the sounds you make are different for each hole you fuck?"

"Are they, my little slut?"

"Oh, yes Sir, they are. You moan when you fuck my pussy."

"Whose pussy, slut?"

"Yours, Sir. I am sorry, Sir."

"No need to apologize. I just want to make sure you remember who you belong to."

"Oh, yes, Sir. How could I forget when you have me at such a disadvantage?"

Her predicament was clear. She was tied in a chair, hips and ass tight against the back, arms straight down to her sides and feet one to each leg, on the outside, so that her pussy was spread wide open, fully accessible to my attentions.

But I hadn't stopped at tying her to the chair. Once she was secure, I laid the chair back, so that she lay on the floor, pussy pointing straight up. Then, I put a condom over the end of a tapered candle and inserted it into her wet hole.

"Tell me why you like it when I fuck you, slut," I instructed as I lit the candle, holding in a wicked giggle as her eyes widened in fear.

"S-Sir?" she asked, her eyes never leaving the flickering flame, even as I began passing the tines of my Wartenburg Wheel through its heart.

"Don't question me. Tell me why you like it when I fuck you!"

"Yes Sir. I am sorry, Sir.

"I love the sounds you make," she said. "It's like you've entered heaven when you penetrate me.

"Did you know that the sounds you make are different for each hole you fuck?

"Are they, my little slut?"

"Oh, yes Sir, they are. You moan when you fuck my pussy."

"Whose pussy, slut?"

"Yours, Sir. I am sorry, Sir."

"No need to apologize. I just want to make sure you remember who you belong to."

"Oh, yes, Sir. How could I forget when you have me at such a disadvantage?"

"So I moan when I fuck my pussy. Continue."

Her eyes widened as the first molten stream of wax made its way toward her cunt, then slipped over the edge of the condom and licked her labia with its hot tongue.

Her breath hissed, and I looked into her eyes. "You are not answering, slut. Have you forgotten who is in charge?"

I punctuated the question with the Wartenberg Wheel, rolling its spikes over her mound and directly toward her swollen clit.

"You growl for my ass, Sir. When you slide your cock inside it!" This she almost spat out, writhing within her bonds as the next bit of the pool of wax dripped down, yet upward toward her clit from the opposite direction of the wheel. I timed the roll to coincide, wax and tiny teeth meeting in the middle at the center of her beautiful maidenhood. She came instantly, breath stopping and then returning in a

gasp and a cry.

"Sir, you are in charge. You are in charge!"

"So I growl when I fuck your ass. What else, slut?" I asked again, returning her mind to her predicament.

"Sir, you ... Oh! Oh!"

The wax and wheel had moved back down, or up, her body, and as the wax pooled in her navel, I rolled the wheel toward her breasts, causing her exclamation.

"When I'm sucking your cock your breathing gets labored, Sir!"

"It does, does it? Like yours is now?

"Y-Y-Yes, Sir. It ... OH!"

With that, she lost all semblance of conscious thought. A Huge pool of wax had run down the candle and coated her labia and clit in heat, and I was running the wheel across her breasts, paying attention to the tight skin of her aureoles and nipples. She was completely flying now, lost in the throes of orgasm after orgasm as her body became the canvass for my attention. And as she continued to fly, I found my arousal even greater, finally succumbing myself and pushing my cock into her hungry mouth as I blew out the candle.

Such a good little slut.