The Room

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The room is dark and dingy, grime crawls its way up the walls in a random incoherent pattern as one light dangles on the ceiling casting an anonymous yellow glow over a single bed, which dominates the room is laid in the centre of the room. The walls around the outside of the room to the sides of the bed have 2 tables planted firmly against them, on these tables rests an assortment of items consisting of 2 belts laid out straight spanning the length of the table, one made of leather while the other made of basic fabric.

A riding crop sits upright on another table, brand new and unused with a number of butt plugs arranged neatly next to it in size order, going from largest to smallest from left to right, each of them a different colour. A wooden hair brush with a oval shaped back sits next to the belts with two vibrators, both entirely different from one and other, one is the traditional shape of a penis while the other is designed to be placed around the penis and then to stimulate the clitoris during penetration of the vagina as well as two bottles of lube sat on each of the tables, two flavoured and two unflavoured. These however are not what one would notice upon first entering the room from the door situated a few feet away from the foot of the bed. The girl is the most noticeable feature.

She lays there naked, her luscious curves fully visible as well as her perfectly smooth and shaven pussy on display to anyone who happened to walk into the room, her hands are bound to the railings of the bed holding her in place while her legs, her long smooth perfect legs which were easily one of her best features, on the other hand are free to move as she so pleased. Her nipples are erect and hard from the cold air sat on top of two gorgeous 34C breasts though her golden blond hair, which goes down to her upper back does an admirable job of hiding them from full view of the rest of the room.

Her eyes, though not visible to the rest of the room due to the scarf which is tied firmly around her head, blindfolding her and hiding a pair of beautiful cobalt blue eyes from public view. The girl remains motionless on the bed but she is not asleep, her lips are parted slightly as she breathes lightly waiting for Him to return. She knew he would be back soon, he’s never gone for long after all, and he hated leaving his pet alone for too long.

That’s what you are to him Claire, a pet she thinks to herself as the only image of his face flashes in

her mind for the briefest of moments. The image is blurred and she can only make out His long brown hair which covers his eyes and that smile. That small smirk he had on his face when he grabbed her from behind in that alley only three days ago though they met before that…in the vast world of cyberspace.

She thought back to that first message, when she was sat in her quite spacious apartment scanning over a website she had recently joined which allowed people to talk to any other member they wanted to unless blocked.

“Hey there. I haven’t seen you on here before, are you new?” The words flashed on the screen right in front of her eyes as she instinctively looked down to his profiles bio. It was empty though, no name, no likes or dislikes, not even a profile picture could be seen. The only pieces of information she had to go on were that he was male and that his username: Cross, which in turn led to no conclusions on what this person was like. She argued with herself on whether to reply or not.

But he’s right; I am new…so should I reply and not seem rude then? She thinks to herself still staring at her laptop screen as it illuminates her face in the darkness of her bedroom *Come on already….make a choice. Answer him or not.*

She makes her decision and her elegant fingers skim across the keyboard before quickly hitting enter to watch as her reply appears on screen “LOL y3ah Im n3w h3r3 so what d0 u d0 4 fun on h3r3”. The girl sits back and smiles waiting for his reply, which appears quite suddenly at some speed.

“First off: Do not speak to me in leet speak. I’m sure you’re a bright enough girl to use proper grammar”

She scowls and quickly sends a reply back “And Y not?”

“Because it makes you seem stupid and I refuse to talk to you when you use such slang”

She sighs and begins to type out again, slower this time “Fine then, whatever you say”

“Thank you. So you’re new here Buttercup564?”

“Yes I am. Why is it you wanted to talk to me?”

“You looked interesting that’s why”

The girl sits back and opens her eyes blinking widely. *Interesting? How am I interesting….who calls someone interesting?*

She composes herself however and quickly types a reply to this stranger “Excuse me? Do you mind explaining how I’m interesting?”

“I do mind explaining actually. You are interesting that’s all you need to know”

From that moment she was drawn to this random stranger, he continued to be cryptic as they talked more and more often. He would always start the conversation off and then would similarly choose when it would end. He was in full control even that early on but she enjoyed it for some odd reason and couldn’t help but do as he wanted. He never revealed anything about himself while she on the other hand told him everything he wanted to know, and he wanted to know a lot. Sometimes she couldn’t believe the things she told him but he just had a way of making it seem like it was ok to do so. Then one day he did in fact reveal one thing about himself.

“I live near you, you know” the words appeared on her screen suddenly as she sipped a cup of tea after just having finished dinner, her eyes opened wide at the words and she leant forward quickly sending a reply his way.

“Are asking to meet up!?”

“No. I don’t want to meet up” His reply read and she couldn’t help but feel a tinge of disappointment.

“Why not?”

“I have no intention of meeting up with you Butter but I will let you see my Room”

“Your room? Like bedroom? But why?”

“No not my bedroom, my Room but once you go in you cannot leave for one week and you will become my pet for the duration”

The girl couldn’t believe what she was reading, this total stranger who only went by Cross wanted her to be his pet and live in this Room of his. *Well no way, I am not going to do anything like that!* She thinks to herself as she shuts down her laptop quickly and walks away from it.

The rest of the week goes by without her ever logging on, the thought of talking to him after leaving like was the thing she was more ashamed of weirdly enough. That night she sat and stayed at the

login screen of the website debating with herself whether to face him or not. She made her choice and the welcome screen promptly pooped up followed by a number of messages she'd received when she was offline. All from Cross. Before she has time to read any a new message pops up from none other than her 'owner'.

"Where have you been? I have been waiting for you Buttercup"

"I've been staying away from you. You're just a creep you know that!"

"I actually laughed when I read that. Don't you remember everything you told me? I can give you all that and more. What do you say? Want to come in to my room?"

Her mind can't help but open up every single fantasy she's ever had and cram them all together in a strange mergence of thoughts and feelings. She feels a moist feeling in-between her legs as her fantasies just keep coming and her hand runs down to her knee as she allows it slowly to run up to her the hem of her skirt before pulling it up slightly while also opening her legs. Her hand reaches up the skirt and her fingers gently caress the swell of her pussy, feeling its heat and growing wetness between her legs.

Her fingers slowly begin to move her underwear to the side and she runs her finger up the outside of her pussy, stopping at her clit where she proceeds to apply gentle bits of pressure to it before running her finger back down to her opening and slowly pushing it inside. A quiet moan escapes her mouth as she slides the finger in deeper and begins moving it around slowly, leaning right back in the chair her finger begins moving quickly inside of her expertly finding her G-spot where she begins rubbing her finger up and down on it quickly. Her moans become louder as she slides a second finger inside to join the first one in its rhythmic momentum. Her moans become louder as her fingers increase in pace, the wetness which they find themselves sticking between them as she pushes them in deeply to her and lets out one more moan as she cums all over her fingers and relaxes her body in the chair before letting them slide out of her.

She looks down at her fingers, covered in her cum and licks her lips slowly before bringing them to her mouth and slowly sucking on one of her fingers, rolling her tongue around it as she moans quietly at the taste of her own sweet cum. Her eyes open for a second and she looks at the laptop and gives out yet another quiet moan before typing in a quick reply.

"Fine. I'll do it"

Claire sits for the rest of the night, her eyes fixed to the screen as Cross posts detail after detail on what was going to happen, she bites on her button lip and smiles as she realises that all the things he

is currently typing will happen in only a week.

The day finally arrived and Claire spent most of that morning preparing her with what was to come, she shaved every strand of body hair she could find off of herself and carefully applied her make-up with skilled precision, never failing to apply it just the way she wanted it. Her hair was her next priority however and she curled the tips into delicate little circlets, making her look far more cute and innocent than she intended to look.

But I need to make a good impression…I don't even know what he likes she thinks to herself absent mind idly as she leaves the apartment, closing the door firmly behind her as she slings her red handbag over her shoulder and walks down the hall wearing her pink dress with white polka dots on it along with some pink heels which shows off her legs, her best asset in her opinion. The elevator ride down drags on, taking much longer than usual, or was it just her imagination?

Claire chooses to take the bus as she looks at her red Corsa parked outside the block of apartments. *If I'm going to stay in his 'Room' for a week there's no point in driving to the café*

The bus ride is uneventful, as she sits in the middle of the bus, feeling the eyes of a group of teenagers on her back. It was obvious what they wanted but they weren't going to get it from her, *the local sluts can see to them*

Finally at long last the bus stops and she daintily hops off to the sight of the small café situated in the town centre, she'd enjoyed many coffees here but now this meeting was for something entirely different. As Claire walks over to the small circular table outside the café she sits down, crossing her legs and shaking her head from side to side slowly, shaking her hair into place. For one hour she sits patiently awaiting her mysterious Cross but no one came, not a single person whom she could see nearby seemed to exude the required amount of presence she had always felt he would have. She sighs and stands to her feet before walking off down the street heading towards her favourite jewellery store down a small alley.

Suddenly a hand is covering her mouth stifling her scream; she goes to kick behind her at this unknown assailant when a soft voice whispers into her ear gaining her full attention

"Going to walk off on me? That's no way to treat your master"

She relaxes slowly and notices the softness of his skin as his hands grip loosens as he spins her around giving her the first sight of him. It doesn't last long however before a clean linen cloth is placed over her mouth, it's not before she's falling asleep that she realises that it was covered in chloroform.

Claire’s head is spinning when she awakes however all is dark, no that’s not right, she’s blindfolded. Her head is spinning and she roans quietly attempting to roll over onto her side only to fail finding her hands bound to some bars, of a bed perhaps? Then she notices it, the mortifying fact that she’s naked, he had undressed her.

Did he? She asks her herself quietly in her mind.

“Oh you’re awake, good. I was beginning to grow tired of waiting for you to wake up” the soft voice with that hint of a Scottish accent comes out of the darkness nearby.

“Did you do anything while I was out?” she mumbles quietly crossing her legs over to hide her exposed pussy.

“Of course not. I would never do anything so vulgar. I like my pets to remember everything I do to them” his voice echoes around the room as he speaks and she finds herself captivated by it.

“What’s your name?” She blurts out curiosity giving way at long last to ask him one simple question.

“Henry” he mutters. The humour evident in his voice “now no more talking or you will be punished”

Claire finds her mouth clamping shut instinctively as she listens quietly to his footsteps, circling the bed she now lay in waiting, anticipating that first touch.

His hand was on her then, running slowly up her leg. She gasped quietly at his touch, the softness of his hand creating a small tingling, electric feeling runs up her leg straight to that spot between her legs. His finger slowly traces its way up her leg, round to the inside of her thigh when suddenly she feels his lips on her skin, just below her knee kissing her slowly, letting his lips remain on her skin longer than required before letting his head rise up again. As his fingers continue their path up her thigh she finds herself opening her legs without even intending to, his finger never slowing as it reaches her pussy. A soft moan escapes her mouth as he gently begins to rub his finger up and down her pussy, continuing to kiss her legs as he does so until his lips are at her pussy. She squirms a little as she feels his breath hitting her skin and gasps loudly when she feels him kiss her pussy suddenly, sucking lightly on her as he does so, his hand moving to the back of her knee as he lifts her legs up a little, letting her ass rise off the duvet ever so slightly.

His kissing continues as does his sucking when one of his hands lets go off her and suddenly the feeling of something at her ass dominates her attention, she’d never seen or felt one but she knew. He was using a butt plug on her, she tries lowering herself to stop him when all of a sudden she feels his hands taking a firmer grasp onto her, holding her in place as the plug forces its way inside of her

virgin anus, the tip of it thankfully lubed up to allow it to slide in a little more gently than it would have been.

It doesn’t move however, it remains perfectly still, lodged inside of her ass. It’s his tongue which attacks her body next, sliding inside of her pussy suddenly with out warning and licking around the inside of her as he continues sucking lightly on her every so often. She moans louder when she hears and feels him moaning into her now very wet pussy but then his hand moves again and the butt plug slowly pulls out a little and then pushes itself back inside of her. She winces at the pain for a few minutes but soon it melts away and she finds herself, surprisingly enjoying it raising her ass up a little to allow more to slide inside of her.

Then it happened, she felt her whole body tense up as she cummed, knowing that his face was going to be covered in her sweet juices. His tongue continues to lap up her cum for a few moments before pulling away slowly. The bed sinks down a little then rises again suddenly as she feels him getting off, the butt plug still inside of her ass. She listens quietly trying to figure out what he was doing when suddenly his hands have her again and her legs are hoisted into the air, her ass with the plug inside of it now on full display when she feels the sting of leather hitting her ass suddenly.

A squeal emits from her mouth as the belt hits her again, slapping her other cheek this time, stinging her a little and leaving red marks. The belt is felt hitting each cheek another three times before the sound of the belt dropping to the floor can be heard. Then his hands are around her legs again opening them wider as the butt plug is pulled from her anus and dropped onto the bed. She knew what was coming and opened her legs expectantly feeling his dick rub up against her pussy and then down to her ass then back up again.

She had no idea how big he even was but wished quietly that he would fill and her wish was granted as she feels his hardened cock slowly slide into her, inch by inch and kept going filling her completely. She smiles as she hears his groans when she tenses her pussy gently around his eight inch dick, making the space much tighter than it already was, he thrusts suddenly in response banging against her G-spot with no effort, letting her legs fall to the bed but she lifts them again wrapping them tightly around his waist as he begins thrusting back and forth. His dick pounding in and out of her, never slowing, never being gentle on her, giving her insides the attention she had always craved as she feels her body tensing again around his cock as she cums again, covering him completely in it.

He slow his assault however and instead speeds up, pulling more of his dick out of her before thrusting back inside suddenly. Her moans grow louder, echoing as she begins to try bucking her hips up into him in time with his thrusts making him go even deeper into her grinding forcibly against her G-spot. Her neck soon becomes ravaged by his teeth digging into her soft flesh, his moans tickling her a little but she ignores the feeling and focuses on his dick inside of her. She gasps loudly as she

cums again just as he pulls his dick from inside of her and pounds it back inside of her roughly before pulling it out and again and spraying his cum all over her body. He groans quietly as more of his hot sticky cum lands on her, covering her breasts and stomach.

She lays there quietly, panting a little when she notices that he's no longer on the bed. Then the feeling of his still semi erect dick is felt running over her lips and she takes it into her mouth, tasting his and her own cum mixed together on it as she sucks a little harder cleaning it off, roiling her tongue around the head slowly, making him groan quietly and grip roughly to the back of her head and pulling her head in closer to him. She gags suddenly and he releases his grip pulling his dick away from her. The room is silent for a long time, until she feels a wipe on her body, slowly cleaning off all of his cum from her before the sound of the door opening is heard.

"I'll be back with you're dinner later my sweet pet" his voice calls from the bottom of the bed and she smiles to herself. Then the door clicks closed followed by the sound of the key turning in the lock.

That was only the first day she muses, still laying there on the bed waiting for him. Her ass was becoming impatient wanting to be filled again but by his cock this time, not some butt plug. The sound of the key turning in the lock is then heard and she smiles to herself and opens her legs, displaying her pussy to the man walking in through the door.