The Wet Domme

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Desperate, she is totally under his control

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You wonder how do you get yourself into these situations. Dressed in only black fishnet stockings, garter belt and stiletto heels, you lie on the bed on your back. The leather cuffs on each wrist are tight but not uncomfortable. Two feet of chain, wrapped over the bar of the headboard bind one to the other. Each ankle is cuffed separately to each bedpost.

You smile, still breathing hard from the recent love making session where he ravaged you lustfully. You must have climaxed at least 3 times before he came deep inside you.

But now he has left you like this, doing God knows what in the kitchen. You hear a flush and realize that after all the beer you drank earlier, you have to go as well. In fact, as you think about it you become more desperate.

He comes back with a smile on his face knowing full well your predicament. You growl at him, “I have to go!” He smiles. He swings a bandanna in his hand with a playful smile and then wraps it around your mouth, not too tight, but clear there is to be no talking back. You glare and squirm, squirm and glare, and he smiles again, sitting on the bedside, offering you some water. You grunt at him.

You begin to wonder whether he will actually go through with this as your grimace in pain. He runs his hands lovingly over your body, circling your nipples. God that feels good. No, you won't give up your resolve. His hands explore the skin of your tummy, gently brushing the hair over you pussy, and then squeezing your thighs. It feels so nice but you are quite desperate now.

He peers at you as you squirm. He traces your lips with his fingertips. Parting them to see your clit. Oooh, that feels so nice. As you relax at the touch you immediately feel a squirt of wetness and clench again. He smiles. You blush. He stops, lifting his hands and you hope that he will undo you, but to your chagrin he lifts the vibrator from the table. You panic. He smiles. Again.

Buzzzz. He runs it along the skin of your tummy. Mmm. Downward along the inside of your hip, then your inner thigh. You clench as tight as you can. Bracing for it. Your pussy is dripping now and it's not

urine. He places the vibrator right next to your lips, you start to squirm in excitement now. 'No! I must not! Stop!' The vibrator touches your lips as he slides it along them slowly, and to the flesh over your clit. Oh my God!. Another squirt. You clench again, determined not to wet yourself.

He inserts the tip between your lips and slowly slides it into you. Your body starts to shake as you feel yourself slipping, but oh, how wonderful it feels. You realize you are loosing control as he slides the vibrator in and out slowly. Then you feel it coming. Another climax. Nooo. You surely will loose control of your bladder.

He slides it deep pressing up against the top of your vagina. Here it comes. You groan wildly trying to brace and failing, loosing control, your body spasms. Christ!, the feeling as you let go of everything. Totally release. But why aren't you peeing?

He has the vibrator deep against your urethra blocking it. Another wave. Fuck, yes. Your body bucks.

He slides the vibrator in and out. A mini-waterfall gushes with each stroke, up over the tip of the vibrator and over your thighs. It is running down, along your ass. FUCK you’re wetting yourself in front of him. So naughty! With each contraction you feel immense relief, surrendering everything to him until at last you are empty, exhausted, and still shaking.

He smiles at you, and undoes your gag. He lovingly cleans you with a warm wash cloth. Wow, what an orgasm! He kisses you tenderly. You look up, and smile.

God help you, you love him