Busted 2

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Leah's punishment continues...

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Carrie led me into the spare room that had been hers for the past months. It was a mess – clothes everywhere, empty cups cluttering the desk and window sill, the bin in the corner had various pieces of rubbish around it, as though she had thrown but missed.

“What a dump!” she said, turning with the camera. She then faced me with a mischievous smile, “My, my, my… we simply can’t play in here – we’ll have to use your room. And I’ve always wanted to fuck you in the same bed that I know you’ve been fucked by my brother.”

My face reddened and I began to protest.

“Shut it, bitch,” she snapped, leading me out to the room I shared with Jamie. “You can clean that up later too.”

I groaned. The last thing I wanted after this was to tidy that bombsite, but I didn’t have much choice I suppose.

“Chop, chop,” said Carrie, tugging on the lead. I followed – watching her naked ass bounce with each step. I found myself getting excited again…

“Is doggy hungry again?” said Carrie catching me checking her out.

I blushed and she stopped us walking.

“Sit and beg,” she commanded, standing over me. I sat and stared up at her with big eyes.

“Beg then, bitch. Beg for some pussy.”

“Please Mistress,” I begged, “Can I eat your pussy?”

“Tongue out,” she ordered and when I complied she parted her legs slightly.

Camera in one hand, she filmed herself insert one finger into her pussy. She brought the glistening finger to my open mouth.

“A little treat for the bitch,” she laughed as I sucked on her finger. She then tilted my head upwards and stood over me, not quite touching her pussy to my open mouth, but her juices were dripping. “Lap it up then.”

I did as she said, poking my tongue out to lap at her soaking hole. After her last orgasm I was surprised she had become so wet such a short amount of time! But then again… I could feel the heat between my legs growing.

She lowered herself down onto my face, grinding herself on my tongue as she came. She spurted her juices over my face.

“Such a messy pup,” she scolded when she zoomed in on my cum splattered face, “You're going to have to be cleaned up before you’re allowed in the bedroom.”

She started walking again but in the wrong direction for the bathroom. She saw my hesitation and laughed.

“Dirty bitches don’t get baths,” she sneered.

I was half led half dragged to the back door of the apartment, out into the garden.

“Carrie!” I squealed as she tugged on my lead. I couldn’t go outside! I was completely naked, soaked in cum and wearing a collar. She ignored me, and yanked harshly on the leash.

“Come on bitch!” she called. Afraid that any more talking might draw attention to the garden I followed reluctantly. She placed the camera on the wooden garden table, checked I was in the frame and went to the hose. I shuddered as I thought about the temperature the rainwater was sure to be.

“Get on all fours, back arched, ass up.” Carrie instructed and I hesitantly did so… if a neighbour was looking out now I could only imagine the sight they’d see!

Before I could fully worry about that, a blast of icy water hit me full in the face. I gasped which made Carrie laugh. She was such a bitch!

She carried on hosing me down, paying special attention to my nipples, which hardened instantly from the freezing water. Then she spread my ass cheeks and blasted me from behind making me yelp. She laughed again, and then placed the strong jet of water directly over my clit. I yelped louder – half because of the temperature and half because the current was making me cum.

Just before I climaxed from the water, she switched the hose off. I shivered with relief, but also disappointment. My pussy was on fire but the rest of my body was freezing.

“Shake yourself off then,” she said, picking up the camera and standing in the door way. I was shaking a little already because of the cold, but I did as she said. I could feel my tits jiggling about underneath me.

“Good doggy, you can come in now.”

I began to crawl my way over but she blocked my way.

“Wait a minute,” she said a wicked smile on her lips, “While you’re out here you can go do your business.”

I froze. What?

“Go on bitch, I don’t have all day!” she said, “Go and pee on that bush.”

My face burning in shame I squatted on the grass.

“No bitch. Not like that,” she called. Feeling utterly humiliated, I lifted up on leg and began to let my bladder empty. She filmed me the whole time, laughing in amusement.

“All done, dog?” she asked when I shook my leg and put it down.

“Yes,” I said coldly.

“Now, now that’s no way to address your Mistress.”

“Sorry, I meant yes Mistress.”

“Good bitch. You can come in now.”

I quickly crawled inside, and she shut the door behind me.

She led me to my room then, lying on my bed, with such carefree casualness.

“Come,” she ordered and I crawled over to her. “Sit.”

I knelt before the bed.

“Stay.”

She then danced from the room, leaving me knelt on the floor, feeling like a moron for obeying this canine orders, and even more so for ever getting myself into this mess…

She returned with a bag. I looked at her warily as she produced a set of nipple clamps.

“For the bad bitch who forgot where her place was,” she explained, crouching down to put them into place. I gasped a little at each pinch, feeling the cold metal bite on my hard nipples.

She bent down to kiss my mouth. When she rose she patted my head.

“Don’t worry bitch, you’ll get a good fuck soon – don’t you worry.”

Then she retrieved her video camera and continued filming.

“Now bitch, why have you been punished?” she asked.

“Because I was a bad dog,” I said quietly.

“That’s right, do you deserve a fuck?” she continued, “I don’t think you’ve earnt one…”

I sat silently, and she pulled painfully on the chain that attached my nipples.

“Please!” I gasped, “Please Mistress.”

“Please what?” she prompted.

“Please fuck me,” I said, embarrassed that I had said those words.

She flashed her evil grin and brought the camera close to her face.

“Do you want me to fuck you… like a dog?” she teased.

“Yes Mistress, please fuck me like the bad dog I am,” I begged, feeling with my throbbing pussy not my pride.

She beamed and pulled me up by the collar.

“Get on all fours on the bed, bitch. You want to be fucked like a dog? I’ll fuck you like a dog.”

I positioned myself on the bed I shared with Jamie, and stuck my ass out just as I had outside. I watched her place the camera on my dresser and then rummage in her bag.

She took out a huge strap on. It was at least 10 inches long and was thick too. I worried for a second before realising how horny I was actually getting. I stuck my ass out a little bit higher as she stepped into the strap on and walked over to me.

“My little bitch, all wet for me,” she cooed. Stepping into me, she slid the dildo over my soaking lips.

I moaned as she continued to tease me with the dildo – never quite penetrating my throbbing pussy. I began to thrust back into her when she was near my hole, but she always managed to withhold the fake dick from me.

“Eager little bitch, aren’t you?” she laughed, reaching forward to pull on the nipple clamps. The pain only added to my ever-growing lust.

“Fuck me.” I cried, “Fuck me Mistress!”

With that, she slammed the dildo into my hole. I moaned loudly, feeling it stretch my pussy deliciously. She continued to fuck me hard; ramming the dildo into my aching pussy. She pulled down on the chain, forcing me to drop the lower half of my body into the bed, raising my ass higher up in the air. My pussy even more exposed.

I thrust back into her, her hips meeting my ass with every pound.

“Uh huh, you like that, bitch?” she grunted.

I moaned into the bed sheets, as she reached her free hand round to flick and rub my clit. I felt my muscles contracting and a glorious build up beginning.

“Oh fuck!” I screamed, “I’m fucking cumming so hard Carrie!”

I continued to scream, with slutty thoughts about watching the porn-style movie we’d just made. Orgasm took over me as Carrie continued to pound me from behind. I squirted and dripped onto the duvet, before collapsing completely into a twitching heap.

“Mmm, good doggie,” she said, patting my ass. I turned to face her a smile on my face- I forgot to be mad or ashamed, that was fucking amazing!

“Clean me off, bitch,” she said softly, offering me the dildo. Feeling even sluttier, I licked and sucked my own juices off the rubber dildo, gagging slightly as she thrust deep into my throat.

“You are such a good bitch!” she said when I was done, “We’re going to have lots of fun.”

With that, she got up, unclamped my nipples, removed my collar, picked up her bag and the camera and left. I lay still trembling, on the soaking sheets. What did she mean – we’re were going to have lots of fun? I realised I didn’t feel mortified or betrayed – only turned on and excited.

I sighed, glancing at the clock on the dresser. Jamie was home in two hours – and I had a lot of cleaning up to do.