# Alone Time

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*Alone time can be incredibly satisfying.*

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I found myself alone for the evening, but not without an agenda. I had been givenvery specific instructions as to what my night time activities wouldentail. He had written them for me in painstaking detail and he would expect me to comply fully and completely justas if he were there to carry out his demands himself.

During the day, in anticipation of an elaborate session of self-gratification, I broke up the day's mundane activities by taking my fingers and exploring my recently waxed and very smooth pussy, thinking of prior days when I was tied to a bed, teased and tantalized until I begged to be fucked hard and deep, to be allowed to cum. I so enjoy being denied my cum. The buildup ofmy anticipation which makes my body ache and throb. The complete submission as I'm pleading to cum and being told no. Untilfinally, I'mtold to cum and submit to the overwhelming sensations that are flooding my entire body. Over and over during the day I stroked my pussy with my fingers. My soaking wet, hot,and aching pussy which longed to cum. I would stop, just shy of my reward. I needed to be teased more. I could almost hear his voice telling me, "No. Not yet."

I prepared my room. I lit a candle and retrieved four of my toys. First, a remote vibrator that is u-shaped and able to vibrate my clit at the same time that it vibrates my inner spot, a sensation that wreaks havoc with my body. Second, a dildo of such girth and length that I have nicknamed it "stretch" for how much it fills my hungry and wanton pussy. It is intimadating. Third, a curved acrylic toy that angles perfectly to stroke my inner spot. And lastly, a simple green vibrator, perfectly suited to driving my clit into gut wrenching spasms over and over again.

My instructions were very specific. I began by laying on the bed and spreading my legs wide, letting my ankles be bound by the restraints I envisioned in my head. My pussy was already dripping onto the bed. Swollen, hot, aching for release, and frustrated at being made to wait. I slid one side of the u-shaped vibrator inside, pushing until the vibrations began to gently tease and entice my inner spot into awareness. The other side of the u then rested perfectly on my hard clit, it's vibrations coarsing throughout, making me want to cum immediately, but I resisted. As I let go and stretched my arms above my head, my pussy grabbed onto the vibrator, determined not to be denied anymore.

He was very specific. Four cums with the remote vibrator. No hands. No dildo. Nothing but laying as I had before with my body stretched wide and at themercy of the vibrator secured between my legs. The sensations started to build deep inside every core muscle. My legs started to shake and I strained to keep them spread wide. I could feel my juices running down to my ass which made my ass ache for attention. Each time my juices ran the path down to my hole, I felt the familiar pucker of my ass and overwhelming desire to be filled with his cock even though I wasstill feelingslightlysorefrom the last time his cock had stroked my ass deep, hard, and relentlessly until he filled it with his hot cum.

The memory plunged me further into my personal oblivion andI came hard as my pussy clamped down like a vice on the vibrator. As it overwhelmed my body, I was tempted to pull out the vibrator, to give my clit a reprieve before I continued, but that was not allowed. Had I not been alone, the restraints would be real and digging into my ankles and wrists as I struggled with each successive cum, marking my flesh with each moment of struggle. Perhaps I would have been left alone or perhaps he would watch. Either way, there would be no break.

The vibrations continued to cover and consume my clit. The waves of pleasure began to build again from deep within my pussy. The second cum came quicker than the first, prompted by the intense sensitivity of my clit. As I continued to cum, I could feel my juices pouring out of my pussy in a continuing stream downmy ass.

I then removed the vibe and I felt my clit twitch as I did so, but I only paused brieflyto scoop some of my juices from my pussy with my fingers. I rubbed my lips, smellingand tasting my sweet pussy, reviving memories of his fingers deeply strokingmy pussy and his quiet moans as I would suck my juices off of his thick digits. His breath would quickenslightlythe harder I would suck, but I could not lose myself in pleasant memories. I had been given instructions and knew I must comply fully or there would be consequences.

"Stretch" is intimidating. He is long and reaches the verydepths of my pussy and so thickthatmy pussy feels stretched to it's very limits with each stroke. One hundred strokes. I could hear him in my head. The first 25 strokes were slow and I could feel each inch spread my pussy wide open as I pushed it deeper and deeper inside. The feeling is deliciously erotic as each inch produces waves of pleasurable painwhen I'm stretched further and further apart. My pussybarely begins to accept the large intruder when the next 25 strokes come hard andfast. Thedeep relentless pounding spirals me closer and closer to the edge of my fifth cum.

The next 25 are agonizingly slow. Building each sensation within my pussy to the very extreme limits. Each inch as I push forces my pussy open wide, on the edge of painful, yet so pleasurable. Stretch is

covered in my juices, yet soaking my substitute cock in pussy juices does nothing to make it easier to take as it is so big. But I hear him in my head. "Such a good girl. Taking such a big cock. Take it all, fucktoy. You have so much more to take."

My head is swimming as I begin to pound the last 25 strokes deeper and harder than ever. I can hear my wet pussy being pounded. I feel my inner depths building up as I stroke faster and faster and it feels so good. I am so full and so stretched out. I need to cum again so much. I am such a fucktoy. My entire body tenses as I reach my 100th stroke and cry out as my entire body convulses in my cum, sweat dripping down my tits, tears running down my face from the intensity.

As I lay on the bed, drained and exhausted, I briefly consider stopping. Again, it is not allowed. I have his detailed instructions. I allow myself a healthy drink of cold water before I reach for my curved toy. It is clear acrylic and curves to just the right angle to reach my inner spot. The spot that he rubs gently with his fingerwhile he envelopes my clit with his mouth. It is a sensation that builds up my inner cum and makes my body cum in a way that it never has before. I begin to gently rub my spot and almost instantly I hear myself let out an involuntary moan.I rub slowly and gently over and over. I can feel myself getting full. I can feel myself losing control of my own body and then the rush of sensationfrom the very depths of my pussy as I cum so hard. I feel the liquid rushall over my fingers asmy cum squirts hard from my pussy. The release is overwhelming and I am soaked and exhausted, but I have one more task.

I take green and turn it to high. As I place it directly onmy clit, I can hear myself cry out in protest fromthe intensity. Having just cum so hard, my poor clit feels assaulted and yet welcomes it. Mycum is almost instanteous, coarsing through myraw clit, thevibrations are relentless, causing my clit to twitch and convulse from the onslaught of cumming so hard and so fast.

As I lay on the bed, soaking wet, breathless, and exhausted, I remember that I must make a mental note of the evenings events. As permy final instruction, I am expected andmust give a fulldetailed report in the morning of my activities, reliving every moment of self-imposed pleasure for his vicarious enjoyment. Or perhaps, I shall just publish the details...