Awakening Her desires VIII

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David was beginning to realise Charlotte was tantalisingly adept at the fine art of Submission....

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“ Come here Charlotte.Take off your knickers and lay across my lap.” His tone made her it apparent that this was a command, not a request.

David was sitting on the sofa, a jar of something on the seat beside him. Charlotte whimpered in dread, despite herself. She found she was squirming in her place. She was perched on her side on the floor of the library, until just now happily devouring the incredible collection of historic erotica David had spent much of the day revealing to her.

“ Oh. Oh, please. No David. No. I don't think I can take another thrashing.” her voice was small and anxious. An edge of panic in it. Pleading.

David regarded her through half closed lids and smiled in a wicked way.

“And what if I ordered you to take another Charlotte? Would you co-operate then? We have discussed the implications of the word “submission” have we not?”

Charlotte met his gaze. Her heart thudded and she felt something akin to panic rising within her. Her mouth opened slightly and her breathing became audible. She felt her hands begin to tremble. Her bottom was so sore. Stiffening up now. When she moved suddenly the ache became an actual pain again, similar to the pain she had felt last night a moment after the belt landed. Meaty and sharp. Deep. What would it feel like if he slapped or paddled her over those welts? More terrifying still was the spectre of how another application of the belt on top of those screaming welts might sorely test her threshold of pain.

She shuddered at the prospect, but at the same time she felt pin pricks of moisture begin to lubricate her well fucked little quim. Sensed a now familiar tingling in her clitoris and deep within her vaginal

walls as they spasmed in response to his deep, commanding voice. He mesmerised her.

Unthinkingly, she found herself standing up and moving toward him. Drifting to him, almost as if in a haze or the dream sequence from a film. Indeed she felt as if she were watching herself move across the dimly lit room. Observing it happen from a long way off. She stopped when she stood in front of him, still wearing his silk pyjama jacket. She gazed at the floor, as he had taught her to do last evening, when he was explaining some of the more important rules of her new role to her.

David leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees, a fascinated gleam in his eye, a small triumphant smile appearing at his lips and said, low and commandingly,

“ Take off your knickers.”

Without looking up, Charlotte hastened to do his bidding. She was shaking harder now. Wincing as the elastic of her white cotton lace knickers slid down over her swollen, inflamed arse cheeks. Stinging and burning it anew. She applied her hand experimentally to the left one. Feeling the welts there, hot and tender still; standing out in clear relief from the warm, smooth flesh surrounding them.

When her knickers were at her ankles she bent quickly, delicately stepped out of them and picked them up. David had made it clear that she was not to be sloppy when she shed clothing at his command. That everything was to be carefully folded as each article of clothing was removed, and stacked neatly during the course of any disciplinary procedure he undertook.

“ Neatness counts in my classroom baby.” he had informed her. Thus she dutifully folded the tiny lace triangle of fabric and moved to place it neatly on the arm of the wing backed chair beside the Chesterfield sofa.

“ Good. You remember how much I like a tidy girl.” David murmured appreciatively, quietly marvelling at how utterly she had taken in so many of the little things he had been trying to introduce to her. This penitent, obedient, pliant face she was turning to the floor for him now for instance. Christ some of them never got that down properly.

She stood in front of him once more. Head still bowed. Clamping her thighs together to try and stem the sudden flood of moisture he had propelled from her with his approving few words.

The fear made her quiver like a leaf in the morning breeze. Fuck she made him so horny. He felt his cock begin to come to life again, inside his loose cotton house pants. He rubbed at its swelling head absently and muttered hoarsely to her.

“ Hands on your head Charlotte. Turn around and show me your arse. Let me see the marks I left on you. My brand on your luscious little bottom. The brand proclaiming that you belong to me and to me alone.”

Charlotte raised her hands to her head and turned around, but the jacket was so long on her that David could still only see the backs of her smooth thighs.

“ Lift the back up Charlotte. Secure it somehow. So I have an unobstructed view of the damage I have caused to your delicate nether regions.“

Charlotte quickly unbuttoned the last three fasteners on the jacket. Lifted it up over her arse cheeks, and tied it off in front at her slender waist. When it was done she placed her hands once more, without being bade, on top of her head. He nodded in approval, though he knew she couldn't see him do so. It was a nod to himself more than anything. Acknowledging the rightness of his judgement when it came to her potential.

The view was, David had to admit, disturbingly good. The swell of her perfect, peach shaped arse. The vivid colouration of the marks his handiwork had left on her and her current shaking, submissive, frightened pose all working together to excite him anew.

He leaned back on the sofa and continued slowly rubbing his hand across the head of his now completely erect cock, still hidden within the light fabric of his pants.

“ Spread your legs Charlotte. To about shoulder width. Keep your hands on your head.”

She obeyed immediately, shaking more now. Eyes still downcast. He could see the colour suffusing the back of her neck. The blushing evidence of both her embarrassment and her mounting desire, he knew only too well.

“ Bend over Charlotte and grasp your ankles.”

She followed his instructions, gasping in pain as the tortured, tightening skin of her poor beaten bottom stretched to allow the manoeuvre. She was thus exposing her moist little quim to him beautifully. He rose from the sofa and laid his hands on both cheeks of her arse. The heat from them was astounding. Christ she had taken a significant thrashing on those virginal arse cheeks last night, he thought admiringly. He knew he had laid the blows upon her harder than he had intended, such was the level of his excitement. He never usually lost control for a second. She frightened him as much as he frightened her, he mused. The strength of the passion and the tenderness he felt for her was totoally foreign to him. Though he could obviously never let her see that.

They must be hurting badly now, those poor tortured little bum cheeks, he thought wryly. Stiffening up something fierce. The strained muscles underneath the welts would be screaming at the punishing shocks they had withstood only hours before. And the agonising stretching they were being subjected to now.

“ Does it hurt your poor beaten buttocks to stretch them like that baby?” he asked, concern edging in his voice, but a lustful gleam in his eye as he ran his hands over and over her arse cheeks, squeezing and kneading them none too gently. She was whimpering softly as she replied.

“ Yes Sir. Th - thank you Sir.”

David lowered his head and dropped a feather-light kiss on the top of each inflamed and throbbing buttock.

“ I know it must hurt baby. That's why I never had any intention of thrashing you again. Not for quite some time anyway. Come.” He helped her to stand upright, guiding her with infinite care to the sofa.

“ Lay over my lap. I have the most wonderful salve for you. Cooling and soothing. It will make the skin more supple as those welts fade. Even work down to your poor aching muscles, easing their trauma.”

Her eyes flew up to meet his.

“ You mean - you mean you *don't* want to paddle me?” Her relief was palpable and David felt suddenly just how much he loved her for it. He shook his head wonderingly.

“ You'd have let me do it though, wouldn't you my angel?” he said as he kissed her neck. Kneading and squeezing at her beautiful little boobs through the fine silk of the jacket. Her nipples were at full attention and she whimpered again, but in pure pleasure and happiness this time, melting against him as he stimulated her swollen, red raw little teats.

“ Yes” she breathed at him, hands still on her head, for he had not told her yet to put them down. She leaned against him. “If you had wanted to. If it would have pleased you. I would have tried to stand it”

He kissed her. Long and deep. “Put your arms down baby.”

David took her lowered arm and gently guided her to lay face down over his lap as he sat once more. He crossed his leg under her hips to raise her arse up, forcing her lovely back into an arch like a

question mark.

“ I cannot tell you how much I value knowing that Charlotte.” He kissed the small of her back. Licked at it. Ran his hands down from her shoulders to the fine crease that separated her thighs from her sweet cheeked little bottom.

His hand was drawn to the lovely spectre her arse made, poking up at him, only inches from his devouring eyes. The cherry red colouration of last evening had turned now to bright pink undertones from his hands and paddles. The darker welts caused by the much harsher belt criss crossing the perfect cheeks. Hot under his hand, the ridges of each individual welt were clearly discernible at the intersecting points, raised millimetres above her otherwise smooth and flawless flesh. He rubbed it in circles, lightly, lovingly. He was careful not to exert undue pressure and thus cause her any more pain than she need suffer. He traced the lines of each individual welt with the forefinger of his right hand, dreamily, recalling what he had felt like while he was inflicting those blows. What she had looked like. Sounded like.

She sighed, her fear evaporating and relaxed all her muscles, quivering now with pleasure and anticipation, not only of his sensual touch but of the much needed soothing balm he had promised her.

She was in fact suffused with relief. Flooded with love and gratitude toward him upon finding he had not wished to thrash her again on top of her battle scars from last evening. She was certain she would have called out her safe word after the first blow and the look of quiet disappointment on his features when she had used it just the once last night had made her promise herself she would try to not ever let him down like that again.

As this day had worn on, she had begun to realise the truth of what David had told her about accepting Discipline as part of her life. The effects on her delicate arse would be there to remind her for days after a session. He had told her that the pain would be worse today. When adrenaline had abated, and muscles stiffened. When the welts began to show dry, healing edges which strained and bit as she moved even slightly. Sitting or laying flat on her back on any surface, even a soft mattress was impossible for her today, whereas last night, in the aftermath of the thrashing and fucking she had almost been unaware of any lingering sting.

Stretching her arse cheeks so far as was necessary to grasp her ankles like that had been a searing kind of agony. He was so kind, she found herself thinking incongruously, not to have slapped her as she was standing there, open and wanton. Submissive and ripe for his strict, practiced hand.

David opened the jar and a sweet, herbal aroma assailed Charlotte's nose. Of lavender and

camomile she was certain. As for what else was in his miracle salve, she had no notion. All she really knew was that when he applied the first generous scoop of it to the cheek of her left buttock, the relative cold against her burning little bottom was like ice being applied. It made her jump and yelp, then settle back down, writhing her pelvis with grateful pleasure into his groin as she moaned.

“ Oh Sir *yes*. Thank you. Oh Sir, that feels so *good*.”

He applied a similar amount to her right arse cheek and began to slowly circle his hand around her lovely red raw little bottom, soothing it and fondling it it one movement. His fingers occasionally slipped down between her legs, massaging his salve covered fingers into her swollen labia and vulva, her tortured clitoris.

“ It soothes there too,” she said in wonder.

“ Yes baby. It's made especially for the sore bottoms and pummelled quims of naughty little girls like you. I order it from England. Those Poms know a thing or two about smacked bottoms. Kinky bastards.”

He massaged her clitoris firmly, circling his index finger around, feeling clearly that her little quim was slick with both the sweet smelling cream and her now freely flowing juices. He moved back up to her arse, scooping still more of the cream into his hands and redoubling his circular caresses.

She moaned and wriggled, squirming her pelvis into his groin and beginning to whimper and pant.

Thwack!!

He brought the flat of his hand down, hard across both her writhing arse cheeks.

Her scream rent the air. Oh fuck that had hurt. It seared, the erstwhile soothing cream proving, under a harsh slap, to be an excellent pain conductor and greatly intensifying the hurt.

“ I did not say you could come Charlotte. Remember? When I am in Discipline mode, you may not come until I expressly say so.” His voice was harsh. Displeased with her.

“ Yes Sir. Sorry Sir.” Charlotte panted out, trying gamely to hold back her sobs. David heard the catch in her voice.

“ Do you wish to cry Charlotte?” he asked her quietly.

“ Not – not if it would displease you Sir” she choked out, fighting now to keep back the tears that had formed in the corners of her lovely eyes at the pain and the shock of his sudden sharp blow. She deeply wished to cry. The pain, melded with the disappointment of knowing she was not to be allowed to soar to the heights of pleasure she had felt so near just moments ago was too intense to hold in.

“ It would not displease me Charlotte. You may indeed find it cathartic. A good old sob often clears a girl's head.” Here, I'll show you what I mean.”

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The four blows were hard and rained down on her in lightning quick succession, thus aimed at maximising the shock driven adrenalin to flow out of her brain and flood through her system.

Charlotte screamed and indeed began to sob, deep, rhythmic sobbing that shook her, as she lay over his lap, shuddering indrawn breaths and a rain of great big tears flowing from her lovely, tightly closed eyes.

David wordlessly resumed his gentle circles, seeing the red welts standing again at full attention. Damn he hadn't meant to hit her that hard at all. His hand stung from it. How must her poor already sorely abused little arse feel? He breathed deeply, reminding himself sternly that she was a beginner, no matter how precocious and keen, and he needed to back off a tad. Again he was aware of how dangerously exciting he found her.

“ I'm sorry baby. I'm sorry I had to do that to you, but you need to learn so much. The pain is a reminder for you, of all the knowledge I am trying to share with you.”

Charlotte could barely speak for sobbing but she nodded and gamely gasped out.

“ I know Sir. Th - thank you Sir.”

David's hand once again drifted down to her sopping little quim. She hadn't waxed for a few days now and he could feel a few ultra fine short silky hairs under his fingers as he took the cream all the way up to her clitoris and over the smooth little mound, ran his fingers over the Y shaped crease at the top of her smooth young thighs.

He leaned down as she quivered and visibly attempted to control herself. Stopping herself with a strength of will that stirred his loins. She was trying gamefully not to react to the intensely pleasurable touch he was deliberately inflicting on her incredible little cunt.

“ That's right baby. Don't be eager. Only bad sluts are eager. You're not a bad slut are you?”

“ No Sir. I mean, yes Sir? I mean...I don't know what to say Sir.” and she sobbed again, burying her face into his ox-blood leather upholstery and squirming, sure she had ,with her admission of nonplussedness, earned another rain of blows on her quivering, tormented arse. “I'm so sorry Sir!” she pleaded, not knowing quite where or how she had erred, but certain that she had and dreading what penitence she might be made to do for having done so.

“ No baby. You're a good slut. You're my good little slut aren't you?:”

“ Yes.” She breathed her answer, the relief palpable in her sudden cessation of the uncontrollable shaking that had consumed her slender body for long moments.

“ Yes Sir!” she added quickly, cursing her careless forgetfulness.

David decided to let the small slip pass. He had a plot to hatch.

“ Now Charlotte tell me this. You have learned this weekend to give and receive oral sex. To be fucked from behind and in front and on top of me. You have taken the hand and the paddle. The belt.” He paused here to gently squeeze one inflamed cheek, and lick at the length of the topmost welt upon it.

“ So tell me this,” he repeated as he raised his head, “What would you like to study next my sweet? Which act of sensual delight should I introduce you to in this new week of our new love?”

Charlotte knew from his gloating tone that he already had made up his mind, and as she at any rate was at a loss to think of a sex act they had not performed in the last 72 hours, simply said,

“ Whichever you choose for me, Sir.”

“ Are you sure Charlotte?” he asked her ominously. She looked back at him and could see the hungry gleam returning to his eyes. The one that made her feel almost preyed upon.

“ Y-Yes. I am sure, Sir.” she said softly. Not sure at all really but knowing, even through her all encompassing fear that she would obey him, whatever he asked of her. She would let him decide everything for her, sexually. He had brought her to heights of ecstasy she had never dreamed of and she could not bear to think that by refusing to satisfy even the smallest of his needs and wants she might push him away from her. Into the arms of a more experienced lover. Who knew how to please him better than she.

For she was utterly certain that no other man would ever be able to lift her to those heights of ecstasy which David had led her to scale.

“ Good girl. Good baby slut. I knew you were my good obedient little whore.” David murmured, as he dug his hand once more into the jar of pale green cream. This time he used only his index finger to scoop out a sizable dollop .

He turned his face down to her luscious if sadly sore and sorry little arse. Traced the cream covered index finger from the top of the crack of it, down the deepening crease and pausing when he reached her sweet, untouched little rose bud hole.

He circled the cream covered fingertip around its puckered little bud. Charlotte, suddenly panicked at what she realised he meant to try, struggled wildly to get up, but he held her calmly with one strong hand in the middle of her back and continued unfazed, to circle her little tight arsehole.

“ Oh no Sir. No please. Not that. That's – Sir you're so big and I have never – oh Sir it will hurt me so - and - and Sir- it's *dirty* there!”

She was sobbing again, hard this time and squirming to move away from his invading finger. He held her firm and continued.

“ Shhhh baby. Calm down. I'm not intending to fuck you up the arse tonight sweetheart. I'm exploring is all. Will you allow me to explore your lovely little pucker hole? Just with this one finger for now. Just poking at it, rubbing and teasing it. To see what you think of the feeling, eh?”

She was quaking in fear and some degree of revulsion. Charlotte was so particular in her habits of cleanliness. So private about the less attractive bodily functions. She was terrorised by the thought of David having access to her arsehole. Afraid of him witnessing any of the unpleasantness associated with that orifice almost as much as of the pain and the injury she was certain would accompany being breached “back there” She was in reality afraid it would prove fatal if he tried lodging his long thick phallus up her delicate virgin arsehole.

David was not an animal. He too knew that had he tried invading her arse without significant preamble he could seriously injure her. He had no intention of doing anything like that. Nor however did he have any intention of never getting up her back alley. It was, he reflected, possibly not his particular favourite sexual orifice, but it was essential in a true Disciplinary relationship.

Surrendering her untouched anus to a man was the ultimate act of submission a woman could offer.

It was especially exciting to David that she was so reluctant. He had until now found precious little that brought her up so short and so fearful as this light, subtle anal play had instantly done.

David continued to rub the cream around the tightening little rosebud hole. He slid his finger up and down the crack of her arse, holding her captive over his lap all the time with the firm pressure of his strong left arm as she struggled and kicked and fought to get off .

“ I don't want to have to slap you again Charlotte” he warned her ominously, as her frantic kicking began to distract him from his task.

She was still at once. Tensed and quivering. Not knowing which she feared more. His finger making its inexorable journey onto her tight little arsehole, or his strong hand slapping her swollen and inflamed buttocks again.

His finger definitely hurt far less, so she opted to go with that. For now.

He began to twist it at the entrance to her hole. Using his other hand, now that he had stilled her struggling, to pull the cheeks of her arse apart, allowing him better access and visual surveillance of his target.

Her tight little puckerhole squeezed shut, but he worked at it with his cream covered index finger. Screwing it this way and that. Applying steady pressure to it, hoping to feel it slide in naturally. But he knew after a few moments he would need to push harder than he had hoped might be needed to breach her. She was battening down her rear hatch now, just as she had her front a few nights ago.

David exerted far more force and his finger slid good a way into her anus. She moaned now, low and long. Not a moan of pleasure David knew, but of dread and, he discerned, quite some level of pain. That was sad, he thought, but unavoidable. All virgin arseholes hurt when breached. There were things he could to to lessen the hurt and do them he would. But it could not be avoided and nor, being that its purpose was to reinforce his dominance over her, ought it to be.

He removed his finger, to her short lived relief, but only in order to cover it in still more cream, and not just the tip this time Further up, all the way up in fact. He intended full well to breach her barricades utterly with this next assault.

He began to play with her clitoris again. Rubbing and teasing at the little nubbin with his left hand. Vaguely, softly circling her now tender and reddening anus with his greased finger. He could feel her holding her pleasure sounds back, as he had told her not to come, but he realised that some level of elevated excitement would be advantageous to him as he tried to violate her tight little back door

opening.

He leaned down and whispered to her.

“ You can enjoy me touching your clit now baby. You can move and sigh and moan if you like, my beautiful little harlot. You can even come, if you want to baby”

He continued to go slowly at her arse, but he redoubled the pressure and the pace of his attentions to her cunt and clitoris. Her breathing became ragged and audible. Her hips began to move back on the hand at her vagina. This pleased David no end as it had the decided advantage of making the tip of his finger enter her arse a little, and then come away again...enter and some away...enter and come away. Not far in. Just to the first knuckle, but she wasn't demurring so obviously now when he breached her.

“ Play with your tits baby.” he whispered. “It'll feel better if you play with your tits.”

Charlotte slowly brought her slender hands to her breasts. She was still now, apart from the shaking. Terrified by the fact that she found herself giving in to his attentions to her arse. Her breathing had begun, with the concentrated attentions his left hand was paying to her rapidly engorging clitoris, to become ragged and audible, despite her fear and misapprehensions.

David slowly slowly raised the level of his upper knee, so that her arse was higher, wider open and he had better sight of and access to her hot little clit and her sopping wet sex. He left his right finger where it was, partially inserted in her anus, swivelling it until his wrist was facing toward the curve of her back. It afforded him better sight of her glistening little puss.

He plunged the middle finger of his left hand into her clutching little fuck hole. All the while he rolled his thumb gently but insistently over her clitoris. He began to slowly and gently finger fuck her vagina. Two fingers in now. In and out. In and out. Increasing the pressure and pace of his thumb on her clitoris as he did so.

He craned his head to make sure she had followed his instruction to play with her nipples and noted with a grunt of approval that she had indeed. Her eyes were closing and the frightened little grimace on her face was smoothing out, to what he had come to recognise her pre-orgasmic expression of quiet, almost dozy bliss.

“ Squeeze your nipples harder baby. Twist them. Like I do.” his voice was hoarse with desire. She had been until now terribly shy of pleasuring herself in front of him. Oddly though she had allowed him access to all parts of her body and explored his own thoroughly, she had been terribly reticent

about touching any part of herself within his sight.

Hmmmm. . . he thought, enjoying the vista immensely. I'll have to insist I see more of this sort of thing.

She acquiesced with such haste to his direction to squeeze harder that it drew a smile from David. He watched closely as her facial expression changed again to the wide eyed, open mouthed gape that signalled she was on the brink of coming. As her eyes rolled back in her head, with his thumb now making frantic circles on her clit and two fingers well up inside her tight little vadge, David took his chance and plunged his long index finger right into her arsehole. Drew it out again as she began to convulse and then plunged it back in again and again. She shook and writhed to a climax as one of her hands came back to push at his right hand weakly, gesturing him to stop even as she shuddered with the aftershocks of her orgasm.

He slowly removed his finger from her arse, though he continued to finger fuck her still convulsing quim and leaned down, grazing both her inflamed buttocks with his two day stubble. Kissed each hot, cream slicked cheek tenderly and murmured to her,

“Ok baby. Enough bottom play for now. Good girl. My good, *good* girl. You were very brave and obedient., even though you didn't like it. Now.” His voice became businesslike and bland. Lost its threatening undertones. “Off you go down on the floor on your hands and knees. I want to fuck that red raw, clutching little cunt of yours till you beg me for mercy.”

Charlotte smiled dreamily as she slithered off his lap, eager to comply with his commands again now.

“ Yes Sir.” She beamed at him.

“ Oh but first darling, something lovely for you to wear.” He smiled at her as she turned. She saw what he was holding out and her intake of breath was followed by a naughty little giggle.

“ Oh *Sir!* Are they. . .?”

“ Nipple chains my lovely. They're not clamps as such, but the adjustable loops on them will train those tender little teats of yours to accept clamps far more comfortably.”

She stood before him. She was aware that inside her poor, abused bottom she was still tender and stinging from the rough, unwanted presence of his finger, but her mind was taken from the slight discomfort by her fascination with the new toy he had got her. She found herself watching rapt and then gasping in pleasure as he slipped the heavyish silver chain, with its twin loops of adjustable

metallic cord over each of her engorged and erect little teats. He tightened them as he looked into her eyes, not stopping till he saw a slight wince furrow her smooth brow. Then he tightened them just a shade more. She drew her breath and slowly closed here eyees. Breathing deep and evenly as he had taught her to. Getting control of the new level of pain. Meeting its call to her.

She settled into it slowly. David waited, observing her do so with a glow of pride in her abilties. When she was calmed he acted again.

“ Must make sure they're securely on now.” he said, as if to himself and gave the chain hanging between her breasts a swift sharp tug towards him. Her breasts pulled out. The cords bit harshly into her ravaged nipples. She gasped and moaned. Closing her eyes and throwing her head back reflexively. The loops held firm, her constricted nipples engorging further yet against the strain he was putting on the glinting chain.

“ Oh yes. They fit nicely, don't they?” He stood and rubbed her arse as he reached around her, the cream still slick but warm now beneath his probing hand. “How do they feel baby?”

“ Lov – lovely.” Charlotte gasped out, terrified that she was about to come when he had not said she could. She squeezed her vaginal muscles and with an effort of will alone forced their convulsing to slow a degree or two. *“Sir!”* she recalled suddenly, hoping she had not angered him. “They feel lovely, *Sir.*”

Her voice shook with some returning fear. She loved the gentle David after the curt and commanding one had been appeased. She hoped she had not angered him with her careless forgetting to use the Honourific.

David watched her struggle and win over the pleasure she was feeling. Knowing that he had not yet overtly released her from her submissive role and greatly appreciating the way in which she was acknowledging that she was still under his command, despite his gentle turn of manner in the last few minutes.

His arms encircled her lovingly. He kissed her neck and shoulders, running his hands up and over her back and sides, leaning in to kiss her mouth and probe around inside it with a soft, seeking tongue.

“ Not 'Sir' now baby. 'David'. I'm not fucking my slut now. I'm fucking my Charlotte. My beautiful, sensual, glorious goddess, Charlotte.”

He gathered her in his arms and carried her back to the thick red and blue Persian rug, beset with

the pillows and the fine wool blanket that had warmed her for so many hours. He set her in front of the fire with infinite care.

“ Get down baby. Hands and knees.” he rasped in her ear as his tongue explored her earlobes and neck. He bit and gnawed at her soft nape as she lowered herself and turned to do his bidding. She gasped as she took her position and felt the most immense pleasure flood through her whole being at the sensation of the heavy nickel plated chain pulling on the tightened loops around her nipples.

“ Now. You pull on that chain while I fuck you baby,” David told her quietly as he rubbed the dripping glans of his thick and rigid penis up against her winking little hole. “You pull on that chain and you tell me all about how it makes you feel, OK?”

He pushed, applying hard but steady pressure against her quivering little hole, sliding down her well greased channel with no preamble but relative ease, while still feeling the incredible sensations created by the snugness of the fit her petiteness always allowed him, no matter how ready she was to be taken. He felt himself bump to a stop against her cervix and she gasped again, and began to pull on the chain as he had instructed her to do.

“ Oh *yes* David. Oh yes. Yes I *will*. . . “