Alex's Audition

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I awaken slowly, the soft light streaming through the curtains warming my still-closed eyelids. I sigh contentedly as I recall the events from the night before. I stretch my neck slightly, feeling the dried cum cracking on my soft skin. Patrick loves my hot, wet mouth almost as much as I enjoy being the masterpiece he paints when he unleashes spurt after spurt of steaming hot, sticky cum all over my face, neck, and tits.

He pinches my hard tight nipple again and I realize this is what has awakened me. He tugs, pulling at my tender nipple and my pussy immediately tingles in delight. My hips automatically press backward, my round ass reaching for him. He is hard as granite, and I feel his cock press into my back.

“Mmmmmm….good morning,” I mumble, stretching my limbs slightly.

“Good morning to you, too, my sexy little slut,” he says, rolling me over onto my back. His fingers continue their work on my breast as his head lowers, his tongue flicking my other ruby nipple. His mouth engulfs it, his breath hot on my skin.

I let out a low moan as his teeth find their purchase, nibbling gently at first. His quick, soft nibbles escalate into a more firm bite, his teeth clamping down and pulling hard, sending shocks through my tits and down to my already dampening pussy.

I open my eyes, squinting into the brightening sunlight that floods the room. Patrick reaches under his pillow, retrieving one of my favorite toys. His mouth leaves me and he returns to pinching my delicate nipples with his fingers. His efforts make them stand up, erect, as he places the cold metal clamps onto each one. I arch up as the initial sharp pain morphs into a wonderful burning pleasure. He tugs roughly on the beaded chain connecting the clamps, assuring they won’t slip off.

Satisfied that the clamps are securely biting my nipples, Patrick grasps my hands, pulling them above my head. He holds both wrists tightly in one hand and kisses me hard, his other hand pulling rhythmically on the metal chain between my heaving tits. My hips grind into his, my pussy already aching for his thick cock.

“Patience, my little slut,” he says, breaking our kiss. He grabs the silk ties on the bedposts and works them around each of my wrists in turn. He pulls them tight. Satisfied that I can’t move, he gets up and moves quickly to the end of the bed. My hips writhe impatiently as he ties my ankles down with more silk fabric. His knots secure, he takes a step back to admire his work. I am tied down to his queen-sized bed, spread eagle and naked except for the shiny metal nipple clamps. My pussy is throbbing with the need to be filled. I can feel my juices already painting my swollen cunt lips.

“Damn, you are a very sexy little slut,” Patrick says approvingly. He returns to the bed, straddling my face. He presses the tip of his hard cock against my waiting lips and I open my mouth obediently. My tongue flicks softly on the sensitive underside before swirling around his pulsing cock head. My efforts are almost immediately rewarded by several glistening drops of pre-cum, which I lap up eagerly. He tastes so incredibly sweet. I begin to lick him earnestly from root to tip, soaking him with hot saliva. Once he is sufficiently wet, I lean my head back and open my mouth wide for him. Patrick points his throbbing cock into my waiting mouth. I open even wider, my tiny mouth stretching to accommodate his impressive girth. He inches in, careful not to make me gag as he goes.

“Mmmmmm…” I breathe when he is finally buried in my hot mouth, my nose pressed firmly into his soft, curly hair.

“That mouth of yours is heaven, little slut. God, it feels like the softest silk,” Patrick says, pulling his dick slowly out of my mouth. My tongue swirls hungrily along his shaft and he buries himself down my throat again. He reaches behind his back and pulls the chain of my clamps upward, away from my body. My burning nipples rise up and another flood of sweet juice pools between my legs. I am sucking and licking him in earnest now, my tits tingling from the clamps, my pussy pulsing in anticipation. Patrick speeds up, fucking my face with his hard dick, his balls bouncing off of my chin with each thrust. I feel him getting even harder, his cock twitching in my fiery mouth. He groans, burying himself down my open throat.

“Fuck, Alex. God. Don’t move…just…Oh,” He gasps. We both hold completely still as he works to stave off his impending orgasm. “I love fucking that pretty little mouth of yours,” He growls at me.

I open my eyes, looking up at him, his throbbing cock shoved all the way in my mouth.

“Do you have any idea how hot that is?” he asks, slowly pulling out of my mouth. “Those sexy blue eyes gazing up at me, that hot mouth wrapped around my cock…” he grunts, leaving my mouth completely. “I don’t wanna cum, not just yet,” he explains, rolling off of my chest.

Patrick moves down the bed, pulling rhythmically on my chain. He knows each tug sends another shock of pleasure straight from my tits to my pussy. His free hand mauls my tender skin, kneading it

roughly. My body responds automatically, lurching into his grasp. His hands find their way to my inner thighs. He molds the meaty flesh of my legs, pulling, spreading my pussy lips even further apart without ever touching them. I moan in anticipation. His nose brushes against my smooth-shaven mound as he breathes hotly on my clit. He continues pulling at my thighs while his soft lips trace around my lips and down my slit. There is no tongue, just the torture of his hot breath, his soft lips teasing me. I try to buck my hips toward him, needing more, but he holds me down fast with his hands. My restraints keep me from moving more than an inch or two.

“Please, Patrick, fuck me. Lick me. Anything! I need…” I stop, realizing demanding anything of him was not a good idea as he moves away from me, off of the bed. He leaves the room abruptly. I hold back my panic and take a deep breath. I arch my hips into thin air, my pussy clenching in need.

I hear him going down the stairs and sigh. “I’m sorry, Patrick. Please don’t leave me! I’ll do anything you want, I promise!” I yell to the empty room.

Although I am alone, and the curtains are drawn, I suddenly feel very exposed. His silk restraints are not uncomfortable, but are tied tightly to all four bedposts, allowing no movement from any of my limbs. I can’t help but test them, attempting to move each arm and leg in turn, but to no avail.

I hear his footsteps returning up the stairs and quiet myself. Soon he stands in the doorway, video camera in hand, a sly grin playing on his lips.

“Anything I want, huh?” He smirks.

“Anything,” I promise earnestly.

Patrick sets the camera gently on the dresser near the bed, its red eye blinking knowingly at me.

“You know I like to watch our little movies when you aren’t around,” he says with a grin. “But we haven’t made one in quite awhile. I’m getting bored, I need new material.”

My pussy spills even more cream at his admission. He knows I love to be watched, and knowing that he enjoys our movies makes me even hotter. He checks the camera angle, and once he is satisfied returns to the bed with me.

This time there is no teasing. His tongue goes straight for my slit. He laps gently, long strokes from my hard engorged clit, straight down to my pink, rosebud ass. I shove my hips up as much as I can, pressing into his face. His stubbly goatee tickles my most sensitive skin. I moan loudly as his tongue probes past my swollen lips. His mouth feels like velvet, covering my pussy, his tongue pressing

inside me further. His thumb finds my hard nub and rubs gentle circles as he fucks me with his mouth slowly. My heart races as I grind my sex onto his face.

He pulls away suddenly, leaving my exposed pussy open to the eye of the camera, his thumb still slowly working my clit. Before I can protest, he is kissing me, his tongue filling my mouth with my own sweet cream. I raise my head toward him, hungrily licking my juices from his mouth and beard. His thumb leaves my hard button as he positions himself between my spread legs. I feel the smooth head of his cock press firmly against my opening. He teases me for a moment, pressing there firmly but not entering me. I whimper in anticipation.

“Tell me what you want, Alex,” he demands.

“I want your cock, Patrick. Fuck me! Please! Please fuck…” My breath is forced out in a whoosh as he plows his massive thick cock into my puffy engorged pussy in one heaving stroke. He is buried inside me in one quick motion, his balls pressed against my ass.

“Is that what you wanted, my little slut? You like my cock shoved deep inside you, don’t you?”

“God, yes,” I pant as he shoves himself even deeper. I feel my slippery walls contract down on him, hard. He starts moving slowly in and out of me, his pubic bone rubbing delightfully on my exposed clit. His strokes are long and deliberate. The rhythmic pressure on my hard nub mixes with the sensation of being filled by him and I feel the fire ignite in my belly. It spreads quickly, he has teased me so much this morning. My breath catches in my throat as the waves crash through my body. My pussy clamps down on him forcefully. He continues his long, slow strokes as I ride through my orgasm, moaning blissfully.

My pussy finally slows its pulsing and Patrick pulls away from me. He quickly releases the restraints from my trembling limbs and orders me onto my knees on the floor. I sit back on my heels obediently as he rummages around in our toy drawer.

“You keep telling me you want to be a cum slut, Alex. But I’m not sure you can even handle more than one cock at a time,” he says. He turns away from the drawer, presenting me with a toy I’ve never seen before. My eyes instantly light up. He is holding a dildo. Well, one toy with two lovely, huge cocks connected at the base, with a suction cup at the end. Patrick slams it down now, the suction cup gripping the wood floor, both rubber cocks standing at attention. He grabs a bottle of lube and drizzles a generous amount onto the head of the smaller of the two cocks. “Rub it in, little slut,” he demands.

I grasp the dildo with my hand, smoothing the cold lube all over it. I pump my hand up and down the

long shaft a few times, my mind in overdrive. The smaller of the two, meant for my ass, is just as huge as Patrick. The bigger one is nothing short of monstrous. I can't imagine my tiny body being able to accommodate both of these massive dildos at the same time. Patrick chuckles at the look of concern on my face.

"You can do it," he encourages. He helps me into a squat and maneuvers me over the huge dicks. I lower myself slowly, feeling the cold rubber press against both of my sensitive holes at the same time. I gaze up at Patrick.

"Take them, do it!" he demands, and I lower my body even further. The bigger dildo is slightly longer and penetrates my pussy first. It is quite thick, and I feel my tender lips spreading more than I thought they could. Once the head of that dildo is finally inside me, I feel the "smaller" one pushing hard and insistently against my tiny rosebud. I realize I've been holding my breath. Slowly I release my air, lowering myself inch by inch onto the second dildo. The slippery head finally passes my ring with a pop, and determination overcomes me. I shove myself down hard, filling both of my holes with huge fake dicks.

"Oh my god!" I scream. I have never felt so full. My skin is pulled tight around the dildos, my clit poking out, exposed and hard.

"You are indeed a little slut," Patrick says approvingly. "Now, suck my cock." My blue eyes look deeply into his as I open my mouth to accept the rigid dick dancing in front of my face. I swallow him down my throat in one motion, my body rising up almost completely off of the dildos. He grabs my shoulders, pushing me back down, the fake cocks filling my holes completely again. I settle into a rhythm, fucking the dildos and sucking his cock eagerly. His hands move to the back of my head forcefully, pulling my mouth deeper onto him. His fingers pull at my short, spiky hair as he fucks my face. I am bouncing on the dicks filling my ass and cunt, my fingers sliding quickly in circles on my huge, engorged clit.

Remembering the camera, I glance over to be sure its red eye is still blinking at me. Patrick follows my gaze and says, "This is your audition, slut. This movie is for a couple of my friends. You do a good job and maybe they'll come fuck you for real."

The thought of him showing our movie to his friends, and the possibility of having several REAL cocks fucking me at the same time sends me over the edge. I cry out around Patrick's cock as a flood of spasms overtakes my entire body. I ride the dildos hard, both of my holes rhythmically clenching down on them. I keep fucking myself with the huge rubber dicks, sucking Patrick's amazing throbbing cock, until the convulsions finally subside. He suddenly yanks his dick out of my mouth and strokes it quickly a few times. I see the purple head twitch just as rope after rope of hot cum shoots all over me.

He milks every last drop out, moaning, once again painting my body. The sticky, sweet liquid covers my face and tits and drizzles slowly down my belly.

“Fuck, Alex!” he moans. “You are such a hot little slut!”

I grin up at him, rubbing his cum into my skin as I slowly stand up, the dildos coming out of my drenched, swollen holes with a pop. I return to the bed, splaying myself on top of the sheets, exhausted.

“Do you think your friends will like my audition video?” I ask Patrick, grinning slyly.

“They’re crazy if they don’t, Alex,” He replies pulling me into his arms on the bed. “Maybe we’ll have to have a party next weekend…”