All Business - Part 3

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Toy after toy brought her to a place of no return.

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I felt flushed after the excitement of the convienence store. The feel of his fingers inside my still throbbing pussy, the look of the clerk as she had watched him pump his fingers in and out, and his desperately hard cock pressed into my back were all lingering in my brain as I returned to the car. As we left the parking lot, I wondered just how much longer he would deny me the satisfaction of his hard cock which was clearly yearning to be free ofhis constraining pants. I reached over and started to run my fingers slowly up his thigh, savoring each tensed muscle as I inched my way up. I was beginning to think I was going to be allowed my prize, when he reached for my hand and placed it on the box of toys.

"I have so much more planned for you.First, remove the dress. Then retrieve green."

With the darkening of the sky, I felt a little more at ease removing the thin summer dress, thinking that our activities would not be quite so visible, but Istill felt incredibly vulnerable as we traveled down the highway. He reached over and started to run his hand over my incredibly sore nipples, still harder than ever from the previous torture of the clamps. He sensedthe tendernessas he simply brushed over each one. The smallest touch was sending subtle waves of pleasure through my raw nerves andrunning throughout my body. My back arched, hoping he would pull, pinch, twist...anything so that the sensations running through my nipples wouldn't end. As he pinched my left nipple hard in his hand, I could hear the sharp intake of my breath and the small escape of a moan. I closed my eyes, remembering the feel of his mouth...his teeth.Suddenly, his hand was gone and I was left feeling the subsiding pain and wanting so much more.

"Green. I want you to put it directly on your very sensitive clit, on high. Count to 30...and no cumming. You have to fight it."

I reached into the box and retrieved the compact green vibrator. It was slightly curved on one side, making it the perfect toy to reach my tender g spot if I had inserted it in my expectant pussy. But that was not what I had been instructed to do. I turned the vibrator to high and felt the familiar tingle run down my fingers. Having cum so hard, so recently, it would be a struggle to count to 30 without

cumming again, but I obediently placed the tip of green to my sensitive clit. Hard, fast, and never ending vibrations enveloped my tender clit, making juices pour from my pussy and threatened to derail any control of my body that I was fooling myself into believing I possessed.

"Count. As slow as you can."

With monumental difficulty, I began to count. Each number more difficult than the last. Each one coming faster and faster in a desperate attempt to deny my body the growing need for sweet release. As I neared 30, my eyes closed in concentration, breathless, with glistening sweat beginning to bead down my breasts, I felt the familiar clamp of metal shoot pain through my left nipple, and then my right. Pleasurable agony coursed through my nipples almost pushing me to the edge as I reached the magic number of 30. My clit throbbed in protest as I removed green.

"Pick a number."

I looked over to try and find some indication of what he had in mind, but found nothing but his wry smile.No matter what number I picked, he would choose something that would make me question my choice. I took a breath, "Five." A slow, wicked smile crossed his lips.

"Take the plug. Position your pretty little ass so that I can see you struggle as you stretch yourself to take it. Then, when you have fully pushed it in...pump it up five times."

I studied the plug. It didn't look too overwhelming, but I knew each pump would expand it ever outward, filling my ass to capacity and beyond. I rubbed it against my pussy, letting my juices cover and lubricate it for my expectant hole. As I pressed the tip to my ass, I angled myself so that he could see my efforts to push it in, and the look on my face as each delicious inch penetrated my tight resistant ass. Harder and harder I pushed until I finally reached the moment of pure pleasure when my ass wrapped around the base of the plug, determined not to let go of it's new found treasure.

"Now, five pumps."

With each pump the plug expanded, making my ass tighten even more around it's welcome intruder. After each pump, I wasn't sure I could take it any bigger, but I had been instructed, so I kept going. I'm sure the struggle was clearly etched on my face as I pumped it the fifth and final time. I felt stretched to capacity when he reached over and gave the pump one more deliberate squeeze. It was enough to push me over the edge and the orgasmic rush made me moan loudly.

"I don't believe I gave you permission to cum again, my little fucktoy. Hand me the paddle and lean into the back seat."

I reclined the seat, getting on all fours so that he had perfect access to do whatever he wished to my round bottom. I could see by the look in his eyes that he was thoroughly enjoying seeing my perfect little ass sticking up in the air with a plug poking out for anyone to see under the passing lights of the highway. He began with a particularly hard strike of the paddle on my soft supple skin, making me cry out from the shock and the sting it left. Strike after strike left me breathing harder than ever, and just when I thought I could take no more, he put the paddle down and began to gently caress my sore, red hot bottom, soothing the stinging sensations with his hand.

"Such a pretty shade of red..."

He reached overto turn on the vibrating function of the plug now filling my ass, making my ability to fight any impending orgasm completely futile. His fingers trailed down until they reached the outer lips of my sopping wet pussy. My pussy was throbbing from how swollen it had become and I could feel it ache for the feel of his thick hard cock. My desperation was becoming obvious as he circled the hard button that was my clit. "Please...," I moaned. He continued to circle my clit, only more slowly.

"Turn over. Spread wide for me. Put green on your clit. You're not allowed to take it off until I tell you."

I obediently rolled over, feeling the soreness of my paddling as I settled into the seat. He reached over and pulled the chain connecting the clamps still firmly grasping my raw nipples and placed it in my mouth so that if I pulled my head back too far, I would be pulling and stretching my nipples into agony.I placed green on my sensitive little clit, which simply couldn't stop the oncoming orgasm. I had lost control. "I can't stop..."

"Don't stop."

One after the other, they came. Each harder than the last. Each coming faster than the last. There was no stopping the onslaught of orgasms that now had taken over my body. I writhed in pleasurable agony, pulling the chain in my mouth, streaming juices out of my pussy, beads of sweat dripping down my breasts, moaning and unable to find any words. My legs started to shake uncontrollably and I could feel the building sensation inside of my pussy of an impending liquid rush, one that I had rarely experienced, but knew it well.

The car stopped. We were in a rest stop. Darkness surrounded the parking lot, but we were still visible to anyone who had ventured to where he had parked.

"Now, my little fucktoy, it's time."