

A Natural

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A guy brings out the submissive side of his prude girlfriend

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He told her he had a special surprise for her...She didn't know what. Maybe he was going to propose?! They already lived together so he couldn't be asking that. Or maybe it was just a puppy or a necklace. Maybe he got a promotion and wanted to celebrate it?! He told her to wear something sexy. I don't own sexy, she thought with a grimace. She put on her shortest dress, which was still just above her knees, and did her hair. She slid on her tallest heels that matched the dress and wore the only pair of panties she owned that had lace on them. She waited for him. God she was so nervous. What was going on?! She waited, tapping her foot, constantly checking the time, then her make up, then her outfit again. Five minutes before he was to arrive she remembered a black cocktail dress he bought her. She slipped into it and finished pulling up the zipper just as the knock came to the door of her apartment. She grabbed her tall black heels that she had bought once for a modeling audition and went to open the door. When she answered he looked at her with a smile, clearly approving of her choice of "sexy". He told her to go ahead and slip the heels on. Once she was finished he closed the door behind him. She realized he had nothing in his hands. "Where are we going honey?" she inquired. "Going my love?" "You told me to get dressed sexy, so I did. I thought we were going out." He chuckled, making her feel a little silly. "No love we're staying here. When I said sexy I meant something like bra and panties or lingerie." She hesitated, confused since he had never asked this of her before or anything like it. "You know I don't own any of that kinda stuff, Jesse." All Jesse did was shrug, making her feel confused even more. He came up to her then, backing her up to the pillar behind her that was supposed to separate the living room and small dining room area. All of a sudden his fingers were wrapping in her hair rather roughly. She tried to slip past him, give herself some space, but he gripped and covered her mouth before she could protest. She felt oddly aware of everything about her body. From the yearning feeling in her small, perky breasts to the inside of her thighs. She felt the wetness between her legs and was shocked. That meant she wanted him. It means she liked this roughness with him. That was impossible. She tried to free herself again but he stopped her, gripping harder. She cried out, into his mouth. And he chuckled softly. Her hands were between them, trying to push him away. But he was too strong. His hand still in her hair, he roughly guided her to his bedroom (she had insisted that they should have separate beds). Once there he still didn't let go. Her hands were gripping his forearm, trying to ease the pressure on her head. She was

quiet, confused but still horny as hell. He opened a drawer in his night stand and pulled out rope. She asked what was wrong and why he was doing this. He never answered, only stared at her with a thin and evil smile on his face. He threw her onto his bed. "Lie down Sierra." He wasn't shouting or demonic sounding when he spoke the words. Only authoritative. She did as she was told. He got on top of her, placing his hand on the side of her face. Gently, he said, "My love, there are going to be some new rules around this house from this moment on. I know for a fact that you are a submissive girl by nature and that's the only reason I can do this. We will have the same bed from now on, the other room we'll use as an office or guest bedroom. You will do what I say, when I say so. No matter what it is. Understand?" He paused only to wait for her silent nod, then continued. "You will do whatever sexual action I tell you to my love. No more of this business about not sucking my cock. I lick that sweet little pussy of yours don't I? so you'll do that for me." She nodded again. He continued, "If you don't do what I say or you talk back to me, I will punish you. You might like it a little, but it will still hurt. Understood?" She nodded again. Wishing he would just make love to her again. God! How could she think such a thing when he was being so brutal?! "I will not include any of our family or friends into our sexual business. It will be our secret okay babygirl?" He had never called her that before but she said, "Okay Jesse." "And from now on, whenever you're wet, like I know you are now, you call me sir. I am in control of you. Deal?" Her eyes got huge when he spoke the rule of what she would call him. How did he know she was wet?! This was impossible. He let his hand, still lying on her cheek, slide down to her neck. He slowly applied pressure, just a small amount, not enough to scare her. He could tell it turned her on more. He could also tell that the little fact confused her and she was trying to fight it. He wouldn't let her. He took the rope that he had placed by her head and started to tie it around one of her wrists. Sierra started to protest but stopped at the warning look he gave. She tried to scramble out from under his straddled legs across her thighs but felt his erection through his pants, immediately freezing. "May I ask what you're doing that for exactly...Sir?" she said it so quietly she almost whispered it. He understood and felt excited at her curiosity and willingness/submissiveness to the entire process. He didn't answer; making her squirm was his goal tonight. One of them. She kept quiet as he finished tying one wrist, then tying the other – a length of free hanging rope hanging off of each wrist. He got off her and told her to slide up onto the bed farther. She slid up slightly, still scared but getting wetter by the second. "Lie down. Head on the pillows. Now." She immediately did. Hands glued to her sides, legs pushed together and biting her full, cherry red bottom lip. Jesse got on top of her again taking her wrists and tying them to the headboard. Panic surged through Sierra but she kept frozen, feeling her breasts straining against her bra, just begging to be covered by his hands and mouth. When he was done tying, she almost started to beg him to touch her somewhere, but she wouldn't admit that she loved what he was doing. Because she didn't. right? He unzipped the side of her dress then ripped the rest off. He suddenly had the look of a demon on his face, ready to do what he wanted to her, no matter her protests. She shrieked but he immediately covered her mouth. He reached to his side table and opened a drawer, taking out a pair of scissors and roughly cutting off her bra and panties. Of course she protested, but her hesitant fighting made his cock rock hard. He was ready to ravish her and she had just gotten fully naked. His

fingers went to her lips, he touched and played until she instinctively took his finger into her mouth. She sucked and licked. She was inexperienced, letting her teeth graze his finger, blindly licking. Not practiced at all. But that turned him on even more. He pulled his finger out, leaving her whimpering quietly. His hands roughly gripped her small perky breasts and a loud moan escaped her. He pinched her nipples and she cried out slightly; still confused about how much she liked this roughness. His lips descended onto her nipple and gently bit, she loved the pain, she realized. But that scared her. She shook her head and bit her lip, eyes closed not wanting these feelings to stop, but not wanting the pain with it. He stopped biting only to whisper into her ear, "Baby girl, if it ever hurts too much, to where you can't stand it, there is a safe word. It's 'mercy'. Understood?" She opened her eyes at his gentleness. Confused even more how he could be so rough then so sweet. But she replied, "Yes, sir." He moved down her body, biting and licking down to her pussy. She was terrified the first time he went to lick her virginal pussy. It made him chuckle now thinking about it. He was gonna go easy on her today but tomorrow, she would do everything he ever wanted her to do. His tongue ran up and down her wet and hot lips, touching her little clit, taking it into his mouth and sucking on it. He faintly heard her moans as his finger slid in, something she never let him do before. She uttered a protest and for a small punishment he bit her pussy lips rather roughly. She arched and cried out. He only said, "That's a small punishment. If you protest again it will hurt even worse." She murmured her apology and nodded, letting him know that she understood. His finger went fully in and she practically screamed with pleasure when his finger curled, hitting her g spot just right. Her hips dug into his finger as much as it could. He pulled out slightly and she begged him to go deeper. Losing herself to the pleasure. She loved this. His one finger was making her climb higher on the mountain than their sex was... how could that be? He slid another finger in at the moment and then pushed as deep as he could, giving his good little girl what she wanted. He knew she had never come with their sex before. But he knew that she was about to. He plunged his two fingers deep. Curving them and pushing against her g spot over and over while sucking on her tiny clit. She exploded right away. He licked up all her sweet tasty cum, looking up at her face to see her tired, ecstasy filled face. He moved up her body, biting and saying good girl. When his eyes met her, he didn't stop moving up. He moved up till his cock was in line with her mouth. And she took it into her mouth without question. He plunged into her mouth and fucked it rather hard for her first time. She licked and sucked and took his cock deep. Just like a good girl. She was so innocent but so good at it that it took everything he had not to fill her mouth with cum. He was trying to go slow. He grabbed her head and stopped her, taking his cock out of her mouth. His cock twitched suddenly when she pouted like a child who had just gotten her candy taken away. He slammed into her pussy without warning and she screamed, another orgasm beginning to rip through her body. She pulled on the rope around her wrists but it didn't give. It turned her on more. It made her pussy tingle and made her scream, "Thank you sir! Please sir, don't stop! You feel so good!" Over and over she screamed either his name or that she loved his cock in her. She was his little bad girl. She was his. He was going to love this. He leaned down and looked into her eyes. He told her, "When I tell you to, cum. If you don't then you will be punished, Sierra. Do you understand?" She said, "Yes sir! Anything you want. I'm yours." He thrust

and thrust, her pussy gripping tightly as she held off her orgasm with a struggle. She begged for him to let her cum but he wouldn't let her. Finally, when she couldn't even speak, she was trying so hard to listen to his command, he grabbed her breasts and ordered his little girl to cum. She let go and screamed his name loudly, letting her body take over! Screaming, "Thank you sir! Thank you!" He exploded, feeling her orgasm. And he just stayed inside her. Jesse kissed her lips gently as they both caught their breath, and untied her wrists from the bed. He turned her around, lying on her stomach and tied her hands behind her back. She barely noticed but didn't say anything. He walked away and she closed her eyes. She felt a rope wrapping around her ankles. He tied them tightly together and then lifted her hips, sliding a pillow under them. He pulled out a vibrator/dildo (one that curved to hit the girls g spot while vibrating against her clit), something she had never used before, and slid it inside of her, turning it on low. She jumped as it touched her still sensitive clit. She felt his breath on her ear as he whispered, "Don't cum, Sierra. If you're going to, scream for me, but don't cum unless I order it." At that he turned the vibrator to the second highest speed and walked to their conjoined bathroom, taking a shower, leaving her squirming and panting for Jesse, her master.