

Blood, Sweat, and Fears

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As the leather of the dragon's tongue lashed against my breast once more I felt the sting

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He would be arriving shortly to pick me up from work, Usually I had a pretty good idea what he was up to with his late night antics that he has become so accustomed to. My husband and I have been together for about 2 years and we were the best of friends for several years before this. So when it comes to knowing each other we have it down pat.

I was nervous this time, he didn't give me any clues and he usually stumbles up and I don't have a hard time figuring out what he is up to. But this time was different. Fear ran through me as the clock hit 10:30pm and I punched the time clock to leave and go outside. When I opened the front door of our building and looked for him in the parking lot I didn't see his motorcycle so I thought maybe he was just running a little late, the next thing I know a white commercial sized van, completely bare of any graphics or lettering pulls up to the front and my husband gets out of the drivers side. He walks me to the back and doesn't say anything except for "here put this on." He tosses me a blindfold and he helps me into the back of the van. I started to feel around to see if I could get some idea of what I might be up against but before I could get far with my efforts he was restraining my wrists together with some rope.

He slams the door shut and jumps into the front seat and pulls away from my store. A little nervous because I don't really want my co-workers to have to much insight into my personal life I am left wondering how much was seen if anything. We have been into the lifestyle for many years as individuals and 2 years as a couple. I was his submissive and he was my Master. I always give him shit telling him he never plays with his favorite toy enough and that I would like more scenes to happen between us. I guess he heard me.

What seems like an hour of trying to stay upright along what seems to be some bumpy and unstable terrain. The van finally comes to a stop. Everything is quiet I hear no movement or sounds that might

give me some recognition as to what he is up to. Within an instant the back doors to the van are heaved open and I am being pulled out of the back.

My panties are soaking wet and I am so scared but exhilarated all at once. Nervous and intrigued. He says nothing to me and has me stand facing the inside of the open van back door. In a low gruff voice i hear "Raise your arms above your head and grab the top of the door." My only response is "Yes Daddy." As soon as my fingers hit the top of the door he binds my wrist restraints to the van door with more rope. SHIT. I am stuck. I can barely move except enough to turn around if need be. The only sound I hear next is a simple "CLICK" which speaks volumes in my mind. I know exactly what that sound is. It's his work knife that never leaves his side. He began to shred my clothes to the ground. Tear by tear he has me standing there stark raving nude with just the sound of my racing heart beat and heavy breathing. I start to protest when a dirty rag is shoved in my mouth and he says to me "Spread your legs." I didn't try to object I wanted to feel his touch. To have his fingers invade my tight little pink slit.

As his fingers found my lips, he felt that my juices were already yearning for his invasion. With no warning he rams to fingers into my pussy and began to bang the shit out of me until I try to climb up the van door. He stops after a few minutes and I am well on my way to what I am sure to be an earth shattering orgasm when I am ripped back to reality from a loud crack and the sharp sting of leather tearing at my skin. His Dragon's Tongue. I hated that fucking thing and he knew it. It would cut into my flesh with the slightest flip of his strong arms, and wrists. I tried to spit the gag out of my mouth but before I could get very far I felt his hot breath in my ear as he says "For all the times you doubted your master, your skin will be the lesson taught." As another lash against my ass cheeks almost sends me into unconsciousness he keeps going on my backside for at least 10 minutes.

Next thing I know he is turning me around so I am facing him and my throbbing hot ass is now pressing against the cool steel of the door. His type of aftercare. The Dragon's Tongue finds a new resting ground along my breasts now and the juices are flowing down my leg and yearning for his hard thick cock to bang the fuck out of my hot little pussy. He takes notice and says "Not yet. I will let you cum when I am ready." That almost sent me over the edge itself. As the leather of the Dragon's Tongue lashed against my breast once more I felt the sting along with something warm hitting my lips. I stick my tongue out and taste a drop of blood. FUCK! He put all he had into it for the next 5 minutes with me screaming and crying, allowing the depth of the lesson to take hold of me, and before I realized what was going on he was sliding his hard thick cock into my aching cunt.

Thrusting like he had never fucked before. He rammed me so hard we almost broke the door to the van. He rips the rag out of my mouth and tells me "Tell me how much you like daddy' s cock? Tell me how much you like me tearing that hot pink little snatch of yours." "I love it Daddy I love how your cock takes what it wants. It's your pussy Daddy." With that he grabs my throat and we fall into a

rhythmic pattern of hardcore fucking. Fucking like it would be the last time. Fucking like you were out to win the porn Olympics. It was the best, hardest, most painful fuck I have ever had and I wanted more. My cheeks begin tingling and my throat was so parched. I felt my body rocking on the edge of the dark abyss I so highly desired falling into. With one last hard jab into my pink little hole we fell off the edge together, screaming as I rode the wave of my orgasm for as long as I could.

He stayed in me for a couple of minutes stroking me gently, calming me down. Lightly caressing the marks he bore across my chest. Kissing the raw skin as he kept saying "That's a good little submissive. Now you won't bother daddy anymore, You'll trust that you will get what's coming to you." I could only moan at this point. Completely oblivious to my surroundings, Hell to the entire world at that point. He unhooks my hands and free's me of the bondage. He says " Keep your eyes closed after I take of the blindfold." My only response yet again was "Yes Daddy."

He removed the blindfold and I could sense a bright light in front of us. He leans in and whispers "Open your eyes." As I do I realize we were far from alone this entire time. We were in the middle of a field surrounded by at least a dozen cars with their headlights all shining on the back of our van. People all over the place just start standing up and cheering shouting "ENCORE! ENCORE! WE WANT MORE!." Mortified and suddenly very shy I just look at my husband with my mouth hanging open not knowing what to say. "What are you thinking?" Was his only question, My only response was, "Thank you Daddy may I please have another?"