

# Mrs Vandermeer's Rules: 2b

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*The conclusion to chapter two. Shannon gets what she needs.*

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Mrs. Vandermeer had returned. She stood there in the door way, a fist resting upon her cocked hip, a leather satchel occupying her other hand. My mouth felt dry as I hung there, suspended by my wrists with only my toes to keep my full weight from my arms and shoulders, a desire so intense that I thought I'd cream myself right then and there. She'd shed her jacket and trousers, as well as her blouse since she'd abandoned me, stripping down to her underwear and a pair of knee high, black leather boots; the very same boots I'd licked clean with my tongue what seemed like a lifetime ago. She was stunning. The changes that giving birth had wrought to her body added to beauty, giving her voluptuousness that I sorely lacked. Lush hips and ripe breasts that accented her still slender waist reminded me that my body was still that of a young girl. She'd worked hard to keep herself looking fit, and it showed. Her creamy complexion was accented by the black lace panties and bra as well as her choice of makeup; cherry red lipstick and dark mascara and lashes. She'd gathered her hair into a bun, a pair of black lacquered chopsticks holding it loosely in place. "I trust you found plenty to reflect upon while I was gone." I found myself blushing, looking away as I recalled my fantasies of being fucked the mysterious owner of the house, a response which drew a peal of mocking laughter from her. "Impure thoughts, Miss Spencer? I'm appalled, if not surprised. Perhaps you'd like to share them?" "If you wish, Mrs. Vandermeer." I answered meekly, which earned me a soft smile. "Perhaps we'll let you keep your secrets for now, baby." She stepped into the room, the heels of her boots clicking on the varnished floor, and place the leather bag near to one side, reaching in, and drawing out a very familiar item; her digital camera. I whimpered, trying to turn my head as she turned it lengthwise upon me. "Say Cheese, slut." She took several photos of me, including a close up of my glistening cunt and one of my tits and my rock hard nipples, which she shared with me before putting the camera away again. "For your collection, baby. And mine. Of course, you can always share them, if you so desire. Or I could do it for you." "No, please don't." I pleaded, my thundering heart nearly drowning out my whispered words. She ignored me, leaving the small room and disappearing from

sight, returning with the chair I'd seen behind the desk. It looked old fashioned, the backrest and seat adorned with padded leather cushions, as were the arm rests. She set the chair before me before closing the door so that the only light within was the one focused on my dripping cunt. "Do you like playing games, slut?" She brushed my hair back from my face, carefully tucking it behind my ear, her eyes fastened upon mine. "I... don't know. I guess?" "I'll take that as a yes. Good. I'll teach you the rules very quickly, and then we'll get started. First, though, I imagine you're getting uncomfortable. Let me fix that for you." With a playful kiss on my cheek, she moved to the back wall and gave the crank a small turn, lowering the manacles that trapped my wrists until my feet here flat on the floor, and I could bend my elbows. I sighed with relief, thankful for the respite. "Thanks you, Ma'am." I said, truly grateful for the gesture, earning me a playing swat on my naked ass as she came into sight once more, bending over to retrieve her satchel and set it down upon the chair. My pulse began to race in anticipation as she reached in, obviously searching for something in particular, eventually drawing out a small ball which she held up to my face, so that I could get a good look at it. It was about the size of a jawbreaker and made of red rubber. It was otherwise featureless, save for a single metal hook that dangled from it. "Open wide." I obeyed, opening my mouth as wide as possible, letting her place the ball into my still dry mouth, the hook dangling in front of my chin. "Now close, baby. You're going to want to keep from dropping that no matter what. Understand?" I simply nodded, not quite sure of what she planned, but fearing the worst. "I should warn you, I am very competitive." This time, she quickly found what she was looking for; a length of chain with a metal clamp attached to each end, something I recognized from some of the sites I'd visited in the past month or so. Nipple clamps. A shudder went through me, having little doubt about her intentions, recalling all the times she'd twisted, pulled, and bit my tender nipples and how exquisitely painful it had been. She held them up to me, giving me a good, long look, lecturing me on their use as if I was one of her students. "These are called clover clamps, Miss Spencer, also referred to as Butterfly clamps. They tend to be a little more painful than either alligator or tweezer clamps. See the way they are constructed?" I nodded, noting the complex construction with rubberized ends as she continued. "Any extra tension causes them to close tighter. Some people attach fishing weights, one at a time, to the chain, pulling them tighter, until the pain becomes unbearable. It's also entertaining to attach them to a fixed object so that if the poor girl moves away they squeeze tighter and tighter until she can't take it anymore. I imagine they hurt like hell. I guess we'll have to find out for ourselves." I watched in horrid fascination as she squeezed on open, holding it just below my nipple. "Take a deep breath, baby." I breathed as deeply as I could with the rubber ball lodged in my mouth, slowly filling my lungs, pushing my tits out at her, my nipples looking like pencil erasers, and held it, wincing as she gently let it close, gasping a little when she finally get go, the pain sharp, but bearable. "Good girl." Had I been able to smile, I would have, relishing her praise as she affixed its twin to my other nipple. Already, my breath grew unsteady as the first one begun to ache and throb, sending fingers of pain through my areola and my breast. I could only hope that she didn't leave them on long. "I should warn you baby, they hurt much worse when you remove them." I tore my gaze away from the metal devices squeezing my poor nipples and met her eyes and her merciless smile and shivered. She'd already warned me that this was meant as

punishment. I wondered how far she would take it as she lifted the connecting chain and attached it to the hook dangling from the rubber ball. If that wasn't bad enough, another visit to her leather bag produced a small lead weight that she also attached to the hook. "And now, our game begins, baby. I'm going to sit right here..." She moved the leather bag from the chair, and reclined, parting her thighs a few inches, her heels flat against the floor. I stared, able to see the crotch of her black lace panties, noticing that it dark with moisture. Likewise, her nipples stood out, doing their best to peek through her bra. "And play with myself. If you can out last me, Miss Spencer. That is, if you can keep that ball in your mouth until after I make myself cum, then you win. If not..." My imagination ran wild. What kind of reward would she give me if I won? And what about if I lost? I felt my own cunt betray me, overflowing with my juices, feeling that warm trickle of honey trailing down the inside of my thighs, glistening in the spotlight still trained on me, Mrs. Vandermeer's chair far enough to one side that she didn't block it. It felt hot wonderfully got against my swollen lips as I spread my legs as well, giving her a better view of my quivering cunt, looking for ways to gain some sort of an advantage. My breasts ached, and already my mouth was growing tired. I felt drool building up in my mouth. I tried swallowing, but it was difficult. Not only that, but I was afraid that, if I tried too hard, I'd let go of the red rubber ball, not only losing the game, but tightening the clamps she'd fastened to my poor, swollen nipples. I quickly gave up, resigned to my fate as drooling idiot. Already I could feel the spittle at the corner of my mouth. It wouldn't be long before it was running down my chin. "My sexy little whore. So beautiful, so wanton." She gave me an appreciative smile, lifting her legs so that her thighs rested on the chair's padded arms, spreading her legs as wide as she could, apparently content so simply enjoy the sight of me as I squirmed uncomfortably, the pain in my nipples static; neither worsening or getting better. As long as I didn't let the ball drop, that is. Finally, Mrs. Vandermeer leaned to one side, her hand dipping into the leather satchel and working my feel. Morbidly curious, I watched, wondering what other instruments of torture she brought along. Finally, she produced a blue egg shaped device as well as a small remote device. She held them up so that I could get a good look. "If you hadn't misbehaved, baby, this would have been your reward instead of the clamps. I would have pushed this up into your tight little cunt and turned it on full and made you cum for me, over and over, until you begged me to stop. Too bad. Guess you'll just have to live vicariously through me." I watched her with hungry eyes, a teardrop of drool suspended on my chin, my clit throbbing with desire as she pushed aside the lace of her panties and inserted it between her puffy lips. Once again, I tried to swallow with no success as she pressed a button on the remote. Concentrating, I could just barely hear it, the soft buzz of vibration coming from between her thighs coupled with her throaty sigh. "I have it on the lowest speed, baby. I could last for hours like this," she teased, settling back in the chair, one hand between her legs, pushing her panties between her lips with her finger until I could see her labia to either side of them, the edges engorged, the sheen of her juices coating them. I let out a strangled sound, part whimper, part sob, forgetting for a moment about my task. Luckily, I remembered in time to keep the ball from popping out of my mouth. Determined, I bit down on it as Mrs. Vandermeer began teasing her nipples through her bra while rocking her hips hypnotically back and forth. "This feels amazing," she informed me with a sultry wink, running the tip of her tongue

slowly over her lips for my benefit. God, I wanted so badly to kneel between her legs and consume her beautiful cunt until she screamed with pleasure, my head trapped between her strong thighs as I savored every last drop of her dripping honey. I shook with need, powerful, overwhelming, mind-numbing lust, as she teased me, freeing her ripe tits and then rolling her swollen nipples between thumb and forefinger and cooing with pleasure all the while watching me as I watched her, obviously taking great delight in my predicament. "What a nasty little creature you are. I can see it in your eyes, Miss Spencer. Such cravings. I often wonder what your limits are. How much depravity and perversion you are capable of. I'm looking forward to discovering what lies beneath the surface." I blushed, my cheeks hot, my cunt even hotter, the heat of the spotlight mercilessly illuminating it. I wondered the same thing myself, almost fearing the answer. "I hope you used the little girl's room before you left home. We might be here a while and I certainly don't want you making a mess on the floor." My face burned at the thought, her words reminding me that it had been a while. She smiled wickedly, well aware of the effect her suggestion had upon me, planting yet another seed in my head alongside the others. Whimpering silently, I did my best to concentrate on my task, that of keep the ball in my mouth, ignoring the ever-present ache in my abused nipples, the need in my dripping cunt, and the growing pressure in my bladder while I was forced to watch her smolderingly sexy exhibition. I'd never even imagined the hunger she inspired in me. She stole my breath, her legs lifting from the armrest, her thighs together as she slipped her panties down her thighs, the crotch dark where it had parted her folds, her legs spread wide on the chair, her pose lewd, allowing me to see a hint of the blue egg within her cunt. How she managed to keep it from sliding out, I have no idea. Reaching down, she drew her fingers between puffy pink lips, moaning softly, her thighs quivering as she drew apart her outer lips, her cunt blossoming like a flower. Mesmerized, I watched, ignoring the drool rolling freely and dripping off the point of my chin. "You're making a mess, slut." She sounded amused. I simply nodded in agreement as she continued to run her fingers up and down her parted slit, pausing to dip them into her pussy, pushing her egg from sight every time it seemed in danger of slipping out. "Time to make things a little more intense," she announced suddenly. "You're doing well so far, baby. Now for the real test." Abby pulled her damp panties back up, trapping the vibrator inside her. Her breasts, she left uncovered, her nipples swollen a lovely shade of dark pink. Retrieving her camera, she took several more pictures, not that I cared anymore and, even if I had, I was unable to protest. Nor did she leave me much time to think about it. Mrs. Vandermeer rose suddenly, two ringing steps covering the distance between us, the tip of her nose a fingers width from mine. I forgot to breathe, my eyes growing wide with surprise as she lifted a single, perfectly plucked, brow. "Can you even imagine what it feels like to have this wonderful toy buzzing away inside of me, bitch? Hmm?" I heard a muffled click. In the silence the soft hum seemed to increase, quickening as well. I wondered if she'd turned it up to full, a faint hope swelling inside my chest that I might outlast her. "God, baby, I'm so close." My breathing quickened, as did my heartbeat. I could feel her warm breath against my parted lips, my mouth forced to form a great O around the rubber ball. I shifted on my feet, a mistake, the silver links connecting the clamps gently swaying and jiggling. The sharp ache in my nipples threatened to become agony. Somehow, I managed not to gasp out loud, all too aware of how

much worse it would be if I were to lose my grip on my gag. "Remember what I told you, you nasty little cunt. Don't you dare cum. Understand?" I would have nodded if I could, but I didn't dare move my head, even a little. I think I would have outlasted her if she hadn't chose to press her hips against me just then, only the soaked lace of her underwear separating us, rubbing up and down against my slit, the waistband catching on my protruding clit. Worse, I could feel the vibration of her toy against my overly sensitive nub with every pass. The constant trickle of cream from my overflowing pussy became a warm stream, or so it seemed, and my eyes began to roll up in my head as I felt myself losing control... I screamed. At first it was simple frustration as she moved away from me, robbing me of the stimulation of her body and of the vibrator. Then the pain hit me as gravity did its job. The ball stopped suddenly, bouncing against my trembling mound, the lead weight actually striking my throbbing clit, tightening the clamps on my nipples. What I had felt before had been nothing compared to the pain that flowed like electricity through me. I began jerking in my bounds, twisting and turning, like a boneless ballerina, suspended in place. All I could think of was somehow tearing the metal clips from my flesh. I cried, I begged, I pleaded, but she showed no mercy, instead falling back in the chair and, tearing her underwear to one side to expose her cunt, began to vigorously work her clit until her cries joined mine; sounds of pleasure and pain mingling in the small room, becoming an erotic symphony. "Oh my God, yes!" I was aware that she climaxed, not once, but twice while I writhed before her, in extreme pain and, even worse, frustration as I prayed for her to take me over the edge with her. The third time she came was the worst. Lifting one leg up, she hooked her foot through the connecting chain and yanked, pulling my nipples taught until the clamps flew off, blood flowing suddenly back into my nipples. This time, I couldn't even scream. I simply collapsed, the weight of my body stretching my arms taut as drool ran down my throat and over my heaving breasts. "Please, no more, please, please, please." I kept repeating the words over and over, sobbing softly, the intense agony fading to barely endurable pain and then to an awful throbbing ache that seemed endless. I barely noticed as she lowered my arms, slowly turning the crank until I knelt upon the unforgiving wooden floor, knees apart, arms bent above my head. Nor did I pay much attention as she freed my wrists, taking me in her arms, her voice soothing, stroking my hair, caressing my arms, kissing my tender breasts, her lips velvety warm. She let me cry for a while, wrapping her arms around me, stroking my back, comforting me as I calmed down, finally quieting, my head resting in her lap, my eyes closed, breathing softly as she combed her fingers through my hair, carefully working out the tangles. "Everything is forgiven, baby. You're my good little girl." I sighed, wiping the tears from my eyes as turned my head, my breath catching as I felt her hand pushing between my thigh, her fingers probing between my legs, gently parting my slick folds, tips dipping into my cunt. My back arched gently as I heaved a yearning sigh, parting my legs for her. I began to tremble again, this time with anticipation rather than pain. "Just relax, baby." I did my best, my hips moving slowly, matching her rhythm as she pushed two fingers in and out of my tight cunt, gently fucking me, as I curled up into her, surrendering myself to my Mrs. Vandermeer, my breath quickening until she had me panting with need. "What a good little fuck bitch." I groaned, her each word punctuated by her fingers sinking deep into my quivering cunt, her thumb finding my pulsing clit, already slick with my own juices.

“Remember, Miss Spencer. You’re still not allowed to climax.” I whimpered, gasping as a third finger joined the others, curving up inside of me, twisting, filling me with a sensation I’d never experienced before. I was about to go mad with pleasure, fighting off what I knew might be the most amazing orgasm of my entire life. “Your g-spot, baby.” “Please...” my pleas sounded pitiful, even to me. “Please, what?” “Please, I can’t... let me... oh, God...” “No.” There was steel in her voice. Cold, hard steel. I didn’t dare disobey her again. So I continued to fight it, softly crying as she pushed me closer and closer, my cunt clenching tightly around her fingers, my hands curling and uncurling, nails denting my palms, the pain in my recently abused nipples reigniting as they filled with blood, my toes curling uncomfortably as she drove me closer and closer to a forbidden orgasm until I was babbling anything and everything that came to mind, unaware of anything but the rising pleasure in my core that threatened to tear me apart with pleasure. “Hold on, baby. Hold on.” “I can’t!” “You will, Miss Spencer.” I did my best, not wanting to disappoint her. My teeth sank into my lips until I was sure I’d break the skin, the hurt helping me focus on obeying my Mistress’s command; not to cum. “Nooo.” I wailed, my spine curving painfully, spasms rocketing through my body, unable to hold it off any longer... It hit me, shaking me apart from within, my entire being focused on the fulfillment of the promise of ultimate pleasure, electricity flowing through my nervous system, hitting every single pleasure point with the intensity of a small nuclear explosion. It wasn’t an orgasm. It was a supernova... I lost consciousness. Not for long, but still... when I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw were the toe of her black leather boot. I groaned, my body awash with a dull hurt, mostly residing in my shoulders, arms, and especially my raw nipples. I was lying on the floor in the beam of the spotlight, while she reclined above me, her legs crossed, one foot firmly planted near my face. I tired lifting my head, wincing as I realized she was standing on my dark brown tresses. “Welcome back, slut.” She wore a mocking smile. Other than that, she was dressed as I last remembered, only she’d adjusted her breasts so that they were once again covered. “How are you feeling?” “Sore,” I mumbled, the wood warm against my cheek, blushing as I added; “And I have to pee...” “Don’t let me stop you, dirty girl.” My heart skipped at the thought. Was she really suggesting I piss on the floor? Humiliation made me blush at the mere thought. “I have all evening, baby.” She leaned forward as she addressed me, uncrossing her legs, and spreading them slightly so that I got a good glimpse of her soaked crotch. Her gaze was intense, boring into mine, daring me to object. I’d learned my lesson, though. Already, I’d disobeyed her twice, the second time when I’d couldn’t stop from cumming. I wondered if this was meant to be my punishment for that. “I tried, Mrs. Vandermeer,” I whispered, sincerity coloring my words. “I really did try.” “I know you did. Still, trying isn’t always good enough. I expect perfect obedience. Such as right now. I want to see you piss yourself, Miss Spencer. I am going to teach you when to cum, and when not to cum. When to piss, and when not to piss. I am going to teach you how to be the perfect fuck toy. Is that understood?” “Yes, Ma’am.” I’m not sure she actually heard my words, soft as they were. Still, she smiled, resting her forearms comfortably upon the padded armrests. “Roll over on you back, baby. Roll over and spread your legs, knees in the air.” Mortified, I moved from my side to my back, lying horizontally from where she sat, my small tits pointing upwards, my cunt still leaking, tickling my asshole while she watched, her eyes never leaving

me, one hand leaving its perch and slipping into her panties, playing with her clit as she waited for me to embarrass myself at her whim. The need to relieve myself overwhelmed me. I fought it, even though I already knew the ultimate outcome. Soon, the need grew too strong and, despite clenching, I couldn't hold it any longer. I pissed, the golden stream making a small arc, splashing on the floor and the insides of my thighs, the sound drowned out by her soft cry as she came again, my debasement apparently triggering her orgasm. When we were both finished, she rewarded me with a round of gentle applause, removing her foot from my hair. "Be thankful I don't make you lick it up, slut." I gulped, meeting her steady gaze, looking away quickly as I realized she was serious. o-O-o She sent me home, after letting me shower, the hot water feeling wonderfully good on my flesh, washing away the majority of my aches and pains, warning me, needlessly, not to play with my cunt without express permission. Like I needed a reminder. It would be hard, but the alternative was much worse. "Will I see you again soon, Mrs. Vandermeer?" I asked. She paused in the doorway, looking me over, judging that I looked the same leaving as I had arriving. "Soon, baby, and don't worry, I'll send you copies of the photos I took for your collection." She closed the door on me, then, leaving me to walk home, groaning softly to myself every time my nipples rubbed against my shirt, my pussy already leaking as I replayed every single moment spent with Mrs. Vandermeer. Had I not known better, I'd have been tempted to run all the way home and lock myself in my bedroom and make myself cum until I'd passed out once more. I only hoped that, this time, she wouldn't make me wait as long. It didn't help that, before I crawled under the covers that night, I checked my email account. As promised, she'd sent me a file of the photos she'd taken that afternoon, attached to a brief message. Thank you for the wonderful afternoon, Miss Spencer. I look forward to seeing you again soon.