Mrs Vandermeer's Rules: 3b

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Published on Lush Stories on 22 May 2011

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I lay there for what seemed an eternity, tied face down to the dining room table, told to make an impossible choice while Mrs. Vandermeer was ‘taking care of business’. It was cruel beyond imagining. Choose, she’d said, the feel of her tongue against my dripping wet cunt still making me shake with uncontrollable lust. Choose. I stared at the tightly braided leather quirt, and beyond that, the rubber cock in its harness. I’d never seen a dildo up close and personal before. It was purple, and semi-transparent, looking freshly polished, the lights of the dining room shining against the smooth surface. The end was bulbed like the head of a penis. It looked huge to me. I wondered what it would feel inside of me, stretching my virgin pussy, forcing my tight little hole wide as Mrs. Vandermeer drove it deep inside of me, her hands gripping my slender hips, as she thrust her hips against my ass and fucked me without mercy, my cries echoing in the empty dining room. And when she was done with my cunt, she’d pull it from me, dripping with my cum, and press it against my ass, slowly forcing my anal ring to expand, ignoring my pleas as the pain became too much for me to bear, slowing sinking it between the cheeks of my ass, her nails raking my torrid flesh as she took me from behind… “I can’t.” I squeezed my eyelids closed, feeling hot tears of frustration clinging to my lashes. Not only didn’t I want to make a choice, but I couldn’t. I found myself wanting both and neither, a third choice invading my thoughts; me laying spread on the carpet, my hands tied behind my back, while she squatted above me, her hand tangled in my hair, forcing my tongue into her pulsating cunt, licking her dirty brown hole, my face buried between the globes of her gorgeous ass, listening to her moans as I drowned in her cum, her climaxes coming one after another until she collapsed on me, my tongue still buried in her twitching pussy, her juices filling my mouth, my nostrils, running down, swallowing as I filled my belly with her bittersweet nectar… Why was she taking so long? I wondered what ‘business’ was so important that she would leave me here, ready and willing for whatever perversions she wanted to inflict upon me. The thought that she was watching me, her ice blue eyes full of amusement, from some hidden vantage point plagued me, that this was simply another form of cruel torture. Other possibilities passed through my thoughts as well; that she and I weren’t alone in the house. Perhaps another girl spread eagled in the bedroom upstairs, or hanging by her wrists in

the room adjoining the study… I felt a stab of jealousy at that. It was short lived as I wondered what it would be like to taste another girl's cunt on Mrs. Vandermeer's lips. Or perhaps she was on the phone, calling someone, her husband, perhaps, or the mysterious owner of this house, her voice business-like as she told them about what she'd done. I could imagine the conversation so vividly; Yes, the little slut's tied to the table, dripping wet. You should stop by. Sure, I'd let you fuck her. Would she suck your cock? Yes, if I told her to. She'll do anything I tell her. Yes, she really is that nasty. The image of Mr. Vandermeer standing behind me, between my legs, the tip of his meaty cock teasing the opening of my pussy, slowly pushing my folds apart, sinking into my hot, steaming cunt while Mrs. Vandermeer pulled up a chair and watched. Breathlessly, I pictured him taking my virginity, gentle at first, then rougher, spurred on by my Mistress to savage my nasty little cunt, ramming his thick swollen cock into my slick fuck hole, the entire table shaking, ignoring my grunts, my cries of pain, using me like a cheap whore, while his wife urged him on… I was shaking all over, whimpering in sudden panic, fighting the ropes that bound me too securely. I called out her name, desperately praying she was close enough to hear, anxious to hear her voice or feel the touch of her soft fingertips on my skin. I felt so alone… Finally, I surrendered, going limp, my breathes ragged, the muscles in my outstretched arms aching, discomfort slowly turning into dull pain. Choose, she'd said. I couldn't do it. It wasn't really my place to make decisions, anyway. It was hers. I was her fuck doll, after all, and fuck dolls don't get to choose. They just get used. It wasn't fair of her to make me do this! Anger surged swiftly through me, my fists curling up into balls, my nails digging into my fleshy palms as I vainly tried to pull my legs together, denying access to my pussy for all the good it did me. "Well?" I jerked, tugging hard against my bonds, startled by her voice. I'd been too lost in my thoughts to hear her enter the room. Still feeling petulant from my private little rant, I pressed my lips closed, refusing to acknowledge her presence, my lids tightly closed as I turned my face away from her voice. She laughter sounded like warm honey and a thrill of desire rolled like a wave through my traitorous stomach and into my nether regions. "Looks like someone is feeling a bit testy." I did my best to ignore her. It lasted for all of five seconds. That's when I felt the touch of her hand on my ass, her finger teasing along the length of my spine. I managed to keep my head turned from her, but was less successful in keeping my lips together. Somewhere, between the small of my back and my shoulder blades, they parted, and a sound of animal lust spilled across the table top. "Poor baby." She cooed, stroking my hair, her fingers combing through my tangled tresses. "Sorry I had to leave you like this. I promise to make it up to you. Now, be a good girl and turn your head towards me." I resisted the urge or, rather, I tried to as she traced the curve of my ear with the tip of her finger, stroking the hard cartilage until, finally, I lifted my head enough to turn towards her, peering through blurry slits, my breath catching in my throat… She was naked. I felt myself melting at the sight of her. Magnificent came to mind, her heavy breasts ripe on her slender frame, the V of her thighs, the slight roundness of her tummy, the soft golden curls decorating her mound. Mature beauty, something that I'd yet to achieve. While I was still girlish, Mrs. Vandermeer had acquired the grace of a goddess. Even the faint hints of age enhanced, rather than detracted from her beauty. Smitten, I stared, unable to stop the rope of drool that hung from the corner of my mouth, attaching me to the table top like a tether.

“Have you decided, baby? Or do you need more time?” “No, please don’t leave me again.” I didn’t care how pitiful I looked or sounded, straining to meet her gaze, my dark brown eyes searching locking gazes with her for a moment, shivering at the predatory glint harbored in her sapphire orbs. I quickly lowered my gaze to her tauntingly erect nipples, unconsciously wetting my lips with the tip of my tongue. “I’m waiting, Miss Spencer. Quit stalling.” “I can’t.” My words came out half way between a whimper and a wail. She bent forward at the waist, her hands flat upon the table, to either side of the harness and the quirt she’d left behind, her smile menacing, her teeth perfect and pearly white framed by blood colored lips. I drew back as best I could, my heart hammering against the shiny surface of the table. “Remember, I gave you a choice.” She lifted the harness casually, watching my face as I watched her step into it, the back of one of the chairs partially blocking my view. She pulled it over her thighs, fingers easily working the buckles, making it clear she’d had experience putting it on, adjusting it so that her cock rose from her hips, pointed obscenely outwards, bobbing up and down every time she moved. I found myself unable to tear my eyes away from its hypnotic presence. “I was going to go gentle on you, too, slut. I think I’ve changed my mind, though.” I watched the leather quirt disappear from the table, gripped loosely in one fist. A sudden flick of the wrist brought it cracking against the oak near my face, making me flinch in terror, much to her amusement. “I’m going to turn your ass red, Shannon. You have no idea how much pain I can inflict.” I hung on her every word, watching as she drifted along the edge of the table, trailing the tail end of her quirt over my shoulder, my flank, the rise of my bare bottom, until I lost sight of her, the strain of keeping my head turned too much. “Usually, I’d gag you. Not today, baby. Today, I want to fill the room with your screams, I want to hear you begging me to stop with that pretty little, pussy eating mouth of yours.” She lifted my skirt, exposing my rubber clad bottom, leaving it folded over the small of my back, letting loose a soft, appreciative whistle, presumably at way my bottom filled my red rubber panties. I managed a shaky smile, feeling a sudden wash of pride at that thought that she found me desirable. “Such a beautiful sight, Miss Spencer. I am going to enjoy fucking your sexy little cunt with my purple monster and hear you begging for more. Maybe, if you ask nicely, I might even let you cum, my cock stuffed in deep in your hot little ass.” I tensed as I felt it against at the edge of my rubber panties, teasing over the thin blue rubber until it found my exposed entrance. I jerked as she pressed the knotted ended against my tight ring, slowly twisting it like a corkscrew, pushing it slowly in, just enough to make my uncomfortable, not enough to hurt me. It felt like a promise of things to come. “Afterwards, you can clean it off with that filthy little mouth of yours. Have you ever tasted your own ass, baby? If you’re a good girl, maybe I’ll let you. Would you like that?” Moaning, I lay there helplessly as she stroked my cunt with the length of the quirt, pushing it between my swollen lips, the braided leather catching and tugging on my already over stimulated clit. I shook, suddenly on the edge, my eyes rolling back in my head as grasped the ropes leading to my wrists and held on for dear life… “First, though, I am going to teach you the meaning of pain.” My eyes flew suddenly wide, an explosion of white hot fire against the back of my thigh, the crack of leather against flesh echoing in my ear drums, the intense pain forcing a soundless cry between my trembling lips as it spread, like glass shattering, up and down the back of my leg, leaving me shaking from head to toe in its wake. “That’s just a taste, cunt. Now, I

want you to be a good girl and keep count. That was one. Better not lose track, or I'll have to start all over again. That would be a shame." This time my cry wasn't silent, nor were the sobs that followed as she left a matching stripe of agony against my other thigh. "Don't worry, baby. I won't break the skin, although you might end up with a few welts. It looks so pretty, a pair of bright red stripes against your pale flesh. You'll have to remind me to take some photos so you have a reminder." "Thank you, Mrs. Vandermeer." I choked out. She responded with a hearty chuckle, the sound drowned by a third crack of leather against flesh. My teeth clenched, I endured it, managing not to embarrass myself by screaming as she struck me fourth time. "Enjoying yourself, Miss Spencer?" she teased, tapping between the forced open folds of my cunt, emphasizing each syllable with a kiss of braided leather. "Please..." It came out as half sob, half moan of please as she began stroking my clit, the leather coated with my cunt-juice, the ache of pleasure dulling the throbbing pain filling the backs of my legs. "Please what, Shannon?" "Please let make me cum?" I responded, doing my best to lift my ass into the air, presenting as much of my dripping hot slit as I could, purring as she slowly pushed me closer and closer to the edge, taking me right to the brink and leaving me hanging there, only a sharp reminder holding me back. "You don't cum until I give you permission, baby. Remember?" "Yes, Mistress. It's.. oh my god! Fuck!" I felt my entire body tense up, my spine curving almost painfully, my teeth sinking into my lip, hoping that the pain would keep me from spilling into an abyss of ultimate pleasure that threatened my sanity. "Hold back, Shannon. I know you can. Be my good little girl, and fight it." "Nooo." I moaned, thrashing against the bonds like a mindless creature, heat pouring through my cunt, into my belly, my nipples about to burst, my clit pounding with each beat of my heart, the burst of agony as she landed a stinging blow against my cunt following my protest almost welcome. This time, I didn't even try to hold back my screams, as I heard a second crack, her blow the fleshy nub that had pushed free from its hooded hiding place. Fists pounded the table, as did my head, my tits, my hips, all of me. I'd never even imagined so much pain. I felt it rocket through me and then, unable to help stop myself, I climaxed… Cumming hurt almost as much as being whipped, perhaps more, it was hard to tell. I screamed, spasming, twisting and turning, bouncing against the table, driving my hips against the hard surface, my legs turning into jelly so that only the ropes pulling me across the surface kept me from collapsing. I felt my toes curl in my shoes, my calves cramping, screaming as she struck me again, just as my climax reached its zenith, pushing me into a second, this one no less intense… "My nasty little fuck toy gets off on pain, doesn't she." I was unable to answer her, unable to make my mouth do anything, even draw breath. I wondered, for one brief moment if I would black out or even die from pleasure. Then, even those thoughts were driven from me as I felt her peeling my rubber panties roughly off my hips, leaving them pulled taught half way down my thighs, as my orgasm finally began to crest… She struck me again, this time using my bare ass as a canvass, Each blow controlled, measured, perfectly landed to leave a burning stripe of pain, marking me as hers, and hers alone, at least that's how I saw it. Again. And again, until I was howling with pain, sure that I couldn't endure one more blow and yet, I heard myself begging her not to stop… "This is what I do to bad girls," She growled, her voice thick with lust. "What did I tell you about cumming without permission, cunt?" I had no answer, only my continued cries, pain and pleasure of

the purest form overwhelming me. I felt it again, rushing through my veins, my setting my nerves on fire, each stroke of her quirt leaving me in a state of frenzied bliss. I'm not sure how she knew, but she did. She left me like that, waiting for one more, the blow that would push me into a world of leave me screaming with delight once again, the blow that never came… "Please," I sobbed, her my body tensing in anticipation of a climax that never came, my moans sounding hoarse as ecstasy faded from my flesh, replaced with an excruciating shiver of raw pain. Tears pooled beneath my cheek, mixing with the drool that ran endlessly from gasping mouth. Perspiration covered my body, my hair clinging to my damp skin, my slick torso sliding on the smooth table top as I writhed, fighting through the spreading hurt. "Remember how I told you I was going to fuck that virgin cunt of yours, baby? How I was going to deflower you with my cock?" There was no mercy in her voice, nor in her deeds as she pressed the head of her cock against my opening, the bulbed head pushing its way between my abused labia. I felt my cunt clenching, welcoming the invasion. I pushed back with my hips, grunting against my bonds, the rope digging painfully into my wrists. "Oh, god. Fuck!" It felt huge inside of me, like it was going to tear me apart. I had imagined, once upon a time, that my first time would be gentle. Slow, tender love making. How wrong I'd been. She shoved her cock into my cum-slick hole with one smooth motion, her hips bumping against my throbbing ass, gripping my waist as she began to grind against me. "There goes one cherry, slut. Your first cock. How do you like it? Not at all like my tongue, or my fingers, or your hair brush. How does it feel?" "Hurts," I whimpered. "This is nothing, baby. Wait until I shove it in your tight little asshole." She began to slowly pump it on and out of me, holding me down, stretching my cunt apart, ignoring my sobs, pulling out until on the thick head of it was inside of me pushing forward, the tip pressing against my womb, over and over, never changing her rhythm, talking dirt to me the whole time. "I wish you could see your dirty little pussy, slut. Spread wide open, my cock dripping with your cum, your crimson ass shaking. You're just a dirty little whore, a hole for me to use. What would your daddy say if he saw you like this? Your friends? Your teachers? You know that, when I'm done with you, I'm going to take pictures, don't you? Hang them on my walls so everyone can see what a dirty little fuck doll you are. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Miss Spencer." "Yes." I whimpered, gasping as he thrust her cock deeper and deeper inside of my soaking wet hole, her pace quickening. I reminded myself, silently, not to cum. Or at least, to try. I wasn't sure I could hold out much longer. It felt so good inside of me, pushing me apart. Helplessly, I gritted my teeth and held on as if my life depended on it. "Remember my promise, baby? That I was going to fuck that tight little ass of yours? All you have to do is ask." "No." I gasped, my spine curving, my belly flattening against the table, my ass high in the air as I began to shake uncontrollably. "But baby girl, fuck toys don't get to choose." She abandoned my cunt, her cock slipping from my tight sheath, leaving me empty. Desperately I fought, the silk rope digging into my ankles and wrists as she parted my ass cheeks with her hand, her nails digging into my fleshy globes, the hard tip of her strap-on pressing against the tightly sealed rose of my anus. "Beg me, cunt. Beg me to fuck your sweet little ass." There was an edge in her voice, chilling me, making it hard to breathe, to think, even to move. I opened my mouth, ready to beg for mercy, beseech with her not to do this, perhaps simply burst into tears like a frightened little girl… "I want you fuck my ass." I mumbled a puddle of drool.

“Speak up, pet.” She spat, impatience coloring her words. It was like listening to someone else speaking, words spilling from my mouth that I’d knew I’d regret as soon as the left my lips. “I want you to fuck me up the ass, Mistress.” I announced, loud and clear, almost defiantly. “You want ? You think you can make demands of me, slut?” “ Please , Mrs. Vandermeer? Please shove your giant cock in my dirty little hole and ass fuck me?” “Is that what you really want, baby?” “Yes.” I admitted, whimpering as she forced the admission from me, regretting it instantly. “Take a deep breath, baby, and hold it until I tell you to let it out.” This time, she was careful, pushing the big purpled dildo, liberally lubricated with my cum, into my tightly puckered hole. God, it hurt. As much as I tried not to, I cried out. It was huge. The enlarged end finally slipped past my virgin anal ring. I felt myself clenching around the shaft. “Push out, Shannon. It will make it easier on you, baby.” “I’m trying!” I wailed. “It hurts so much!” “I know, honey. It will get easier. Relax, just lay there and let me do all the work. Relax, honey.” God know, I tried. It did help a little, although it still felt like she was going to tear me apart, but it important that I didn’t disappoint Mrs. Vandermeer as she guided me through my deflowering, telling me when to breath, when to hold my breath, when to push, and when to relax, my ass stretched beyond bearing. It wasn’t the rough fucking I’d feared. Yeah, it hurt, at least at first, but it was also slow, and sensual and yes, it made me feel like a dirty whore, a feeling I relished. Here I was, Sixteen years old, tied to a table top and being violated by a woman almost old enough to be my mother. I wonderful sense of perversion unleashed itself, stroking my thoughts like a lover, whispering dark fantasies in my ear, most of which had come to bear fruit in this very house. There was no warning. One moment I was submitting to her, my body rejecting the rubber cock invading a hole it had no business in being in, and the next I was shaking with indescribable pleasure, losing all control of my body as an orgasm rocked through me, rocking my hips backward, just as she thrust into me. I came, screaming out her names, as well as very obscenity I had ever learned, impaled upon her tool, agony warring with ecstasy, my ass bouncing against her, driving it deep, deep, deep into my hole, unable to stop myself… Finally, I collapsed, exhausted beyond belief, barely taking notice of her pulling slowly out, the soft pop when it was finally free marked by me bursting into grateful tears. “You did good, baby. I’m very proud of you.” She gave me an encouraging pat on the ass reminding me of the stinging hurts she’d inflicted upon my earlier. “Is it over?” I moaned, resting against the table top, feeling too drained for even the simplest movement. “It’s over, honey. No more for today.” There was a hint of tenderness in her voice that I clung to, relaxing, all the hurts that I’d endured;, the angry red stripes that crisscrossed my thighs and bottom, the ache of my muscles, the throb deep inside my drenched fuck holes suddenly assaulting me. “It hurts, Mrs. Vandermeer.” “I know, honey. My poor little girl. Let me make it better, baby.” She freed me, untying my ankles and then my wrists, helping me to stand. I felt unsteady on my feet and was thankful for her assistance as he laid me out on the carpeting, my belly sinking into the plush surface, a soft cushion under my head. “This will sting, Miss Spencer, but you’ll thank me later.” Carefully, gently, she washed me, paying special attention the places she’s whipped me with her quirt. Tender as she was, intense shivers wracked my body; as much the effects of what she had done as what she now did. Somehow, I endured it in silence, tears leaking from my eyes, biting down on my lip rather than humiliate myself by crying out again as she

attended to my injuries, massaging cool lotion into my flesh, working the stiffness from my limbs, her caresses soothing me into an exhausted drowse… o-O-o I awoke to her voice, surprised to find my head resting against her naked thigh as she gently shook me. “Nap times over, baby.” I lay in silence, my gaze searching her face, particularly her gentle smile and smiling eyes, trembling as the memory of what had been done to me seeped slowly into my addled brain. Uncertainly I clutched at her hand with mine, grateful to feel the reassuring squeeze of her interlaced fingers. “Mrs. Vandermeer?” Confusion and more than a little fear wrapped steel claws around my heart as she watched over me. Perhaps sensing the gravity of the moment, her expression turned serious as she brushed the hair from my face with her free hand, murmuring soft wordless consolations. “Yes, baby?” “I… like it when you hurt me. It makes it… when I… cum, it’s… so intense. What’s wrong with me?” Suddenly frightened, hot tears welled up in my eyes and clung to my dark lashes. Did she look at me and see some sort of freak? What was the phrase I’d found online? Pain slut? How could she begin to understand what she’d awoken with me when even I didn’t? Unable to take her imagined rejection I begin to sob silently, feeling suddenly abandoned and alone… I needn’t have. I felt the touch of her lips against the back of my hand, kissing each knuckle as if it were precious to her, helping me to rise, encircling me with her strong arms, pulling me close, her full breasts crushing mine, her mouth on my wet cheeks as she licked my tears away, returning them to me with kisses sometimes savage, sometimes gentle, but always sensual, her tongue coaxing its way between my lips until, finally, I returned her affections, tentatively at first, and then with an insatiable hunger, my hands tangled in her blonde tresses, the weight of my body pushing her down, my only goal to show her my gratitude in the only way I know how. I sought out her nipples, suckling at them, rewarded my her soft moan, her hands tightening in my hair as she guided my mouth from one to the other and then, between her thighs, allowing her voracious little lap dog the honor of plunging my tongue into her fragrant cunt, deep, deeper, oh so very deep, fucking her violently, my muscle turned hard, my nose flattening her clit, a single finger twisting inside of her ass, her orgasmic cries as she shuddered though and endless climax. Then, and only then, did I abandon her sweet pussy, clinging to her once, more, showering her with kisses, my lips smeared with her cum… I lost track of time, lost in her, our kiss stretching into eternity, my hands clinging to her shoulders, afraid to let go, her arms squeezing the air from my lungs, my heart thudding against hers until I worried it might leave bruises on her skin. “Oh, sweet, beautiful girl.” Her words were sweet footnotes, whispered breathlessly into my mouth with such tenderness that tears threatened once more. How I held them back, I’m not sure, but I did. “Shannon, baby. There’s nothing wrong with you. You’re perfect. Some people are just wired differently. It’s nothing to be ashamed of, or afraid of. It’s what makes you so special.” I surrendered to her, letting her comfort and hold me, feeling the warmth of her body, her words filling the hole I sometimes felt inside of me, giggling shyly as she playfully teased my rubber framed nipples through the fabric of my blouse, finally rousing me from my satisfied stupor. She helped me un-dress, mindful of my hurts as she removed my what the rest of my costume. I was especially grateful when she carefully folded my clothes into a shopping bag, lending me a pair of her sweats, a tee-shirt, and a powder blue hooded sweatshirt. “You’re going to feel it for a few days, honey. I’d suggest, if you don’t

want to answer uncomfortable questions, you steer away from skirts.” Before she sent me home, she held me loosely, her arms around my waist, mine around her shoulders, our bodies pressed tightly, like puzzle pieces that belonged together. Her kiss was familiar, inciting lust, making me moan with need. Laughing, she shook her head disbelievingly. “You are a treasure, Miss Spencer. Now, go, before I decide to keep you forever.” I think she meant it as a joke. My heart skipped several beats and I found it suddenly difficult to breath. Time stood still as I searched her eyes for some deeper meaning, unsure of I should try to put feelings that I couldn’t quite put a name to myself, into words. And then, the moment was over. I was sent home, wincing as I climbed into the seat of the Yaris, even the soft cotton pants feeling rough against my abused ass and thighs. Later that night, in the privacy of my room, my door locked against intrusion, I examined myself in the mirror, trying to recall each kiss of braided leather, each thrust of her rubber cock into my no longer virgin cunt, the way it felt when she violated my backdoor, unable to keep my fingers from pulling on my tender and swollen nipples, nor from drifting down between my legs. I watched myself, flooded with hot lust, fingers circling my throbbing clit, dipping into my cunt, finger fucking my sopping wet snatch. I fell to my knees, my legs too shaky to support myself, and climaxed, not caring if the whole house heard my cries of passion. Then, and only then, I crawled under the sheets, groaning with discomfort, my head hitting the pillow moments before I fell into a deep, and satisfied sleep full of dreams of Mrs. Vandermeer standing behind me, thrusting her hips against mine, her cock sunk deep into my pussy, crying out as she climaxed, my own orgasm tearing through me moments later, waking me to sheets soaked with sweat and smelling of cunt, as I lay there praying no one had heard me and wondering if, by cumming in my sleep, I’d broken one of my Mistress’s rules.