

Spent

By SirNathan

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Aug 2007

Allison is one happy wife.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/spent.aspx>

I had teased her mercilessly. Almost every hour I'd called her. I had just asked her if the sound of my voice still turned her on. She cleared her throat and in a quiet voice said that it did. I had her brush her fingertips over her nipples to check whether they were hard. She did and said they were. I smiled and hung up. When next I called I asked her why my voice turned her on. She replied that she loved its depth and tone, and that listening to me never failed to give her butterflies. She admitted she had been thinking about the sound of it for the last hour. I told her to pinch her nipples gently. She moaned softly into the telephone and I hung up again. When I called again I could hear the eagerness in her voice. I said I thought someone was getting excited. She agreed she was. I had her squeeze her thighs together and tell me what she had been thinking about. Breathlessly she said she didn't know. I said that wasn't good enough and to separate her knees. She sighed plaintively and said, "Yes, Sir." I told her to answer the question and I listened to her breathe down the telephone line as she fought to answer. "I... I've been thinking about p... playing, M... Master," she whispered. I smiled and made her sweat. I loved how she stuttered as she became excited. It was utterly adorable. I finally broke my silence. "Playing?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. Her breath shortened. "P... Playing with myself, Master." "Perhaps you mean... solitaire?" I asked teasingly. I heard her swallow again. I love what 'dirty talk' does to her. It's so much fun. "I mean, m... masturbating, Master." "I see," I said, lowering my voice. "So you mean, playing with your cunt." "Yes, Master," she rushed, breathing hard. "Say it." "Playing w... with my c... cunt, M... Master." "Good girl." I hung up. An hour later I called her again. I talked about the weekend. I asked her if we had plans. I asked whether we had time to visit my mother. She answered but she sounded a little desperate. "Are you all right, pet?" I asked, smiling. "Yes, M... Master." "I have to go." "Ohh..." she moaned in frustration as I hung up the receiver. I was enjoying this far too much. I chuckled. By now she would have realised I was calling almost on the hour. I left it an extra fifteen minutes before I called her back. "Hello, pet." "Thank you for calling me so many times today, Master." "You are welcome, little one," I said, as if distracted. For a moment I listened to her soft, halting breath. I knew she was wondering if I had to leave again. However, she also knew the importance of silence and not to fill it unnecessarily. I finally asked, "Are you wet, Ally?" "Oh... yes, Master," came her quick reply. I could hear her smile. "You have a wet cunt." She gasped then replied quietly, "Y... Yes, Master." "Say it." "I... I have a w...

wet cunt, Master." "Are you still in your nightie?" "It's after midday, Master!" "I beg your pardon?" "Oh!" I hung up. This time it was an hour and a half before I called her back again. I was enjoying myself. She probably thought she was in trouble. "Hello, Allison." "Oh, Master. I'm so sorry. I didn't think before and I just -" I interrupted her. "If I ask a simple question, I expect a simple answer. I do not expect the simplicity of the question to be pointed out to me." She gulped. "Yes, Master. I'm sorry." "Apology accepted. Now pinch your nipples and squeeze your thighs together." Her breath quickened. "Y... Yes, Master." "When I hang up, you will go and get your nipple clamps and put them on, tighten them to medium, and not remove them unless someone comes to the door. If you are not in shorts and t-shirt already, go and change now. Nothing else. Clamps under the t-shirt." "Yes, M... Master," she breathed. I hung up. I called her back just before I left work for the day. I smiled as I pressed the numbers. It had only been twenty minutes. "Hello, my pet." "Oh, Master. Th... Thank you for calling back." Now she was desperate. "You are welcome." "I h... hope your day is g... going well, Master." "Hold up your t-shirt with your teeth. Take off the clamps." "Y... yes, Master." In moments her breathing became laboured as her bunched up t-shirt was held in her mouth. She was breathing fast through her nose, right into the receiver. I imagined her unscrewing one of the clamps and in a second she gasped. "Good girl," I said. "Now the other one." "Mmm... MMMMmmm..." she protested, right on cue. "Good girl. Caress them." She moaned as she did so. "Drop the shirt. Pinch them gently through the material." "Ohh..." "Tighter." "Ohhhh..." "Lift them up a bit." "Oh, Goddd..." "Let go." "Mmmmm..." "Caress them." "Oh, Master. They're throbbing and hot." "And hard." "Oh, yes, Master. So hard... Mmmmm..." "Squeeze your thighs together again." "Ohhh..." "How wet are you?" "So wet, Master." "Dripping?" "Y... Yes." "Your cunt is dripping." "M... My c... cunt is dripping." "Good girl. I have to go. I'll see you soon." "Please, no, Master!" "What is it?" "Please Master, please, please may I play?" "No. Wait until I get home. Then, if you ask nicely..." I let the implication sink in. She would have to ask face to face. She swallowed and in a small voice replied, "Y... Yes, Master." "I'll be home in forty-five minutes." "Y... Yes, Master." I hung up. Ally had outdone herself. When I entered our home, I was pleasantly surprised by the sight of so many candles, and by the soft music wafting through the house from the lounge room. I decided then and there that I would have to tease her more often. The scent of a delicious dinner wound itself around my senses as I dropped my briefcase in the walk-in wardrobe and changed into jeans and a t-shirt. I washed my hands and face before making my way to the kitchen. Ally greeted me with a kiss on my cheek and asked if my day went well. I chuckled and replied that it had been delightful. Small talk ensued and I studied her as she put the finishing touches on our meal. She caught a couple of my looks and smiled back. Ten minutes later we were eating. After dinner I loaded the dishwasher, turned it on, and returned to my recliner to read while Allison showered. Throughout dinner I had said nothing about our phone calls. The persistent light blush in Allison's cheeks told me she was still thinking about it, and turned on. While we ate, I almost relented, but I wanted to tease her some more. When she returned from her shower I looked up, resting my book in my lap. She stood between my recliner and the couch, hands clasped behind her back, waiting for instructions. She had put her t-shirt and shorts back on. "Wouldn't you have felt more comfortable in something else, little one?" I asked. "I um... I didn't know... what to..."

um..." "Ahhh... I hadn't asked you to change, had I?" I asked, smiling up at her. "No, Master," she replied. Her bottom lip was getting a work over. "Good girl." "Thank you, Master," she said, bowing her head. I returned my attention to my book, smiling to myself. Noticing the music had ended, I glanced across at the stereo system. "Would it please you to listen to something light in the background, Master?" she asked quietly. "It would," I replied. "You may amuse yourself on the couch when you have done so, little one." "Thank you, Master." She was the expert when it came to music and she had excellent taste. She chose something classical then sat chastely on the edge of the couch across from me. After a while she began flicking through a magazine. She even hummed to herself and twirled an errant tendril of the hair framing her face. But nothing held her attention and I noticed that she kept glancing at me. Barely fifteen minutes had passed before she had finally worked up her nerve. I smiled as she whispered, "May I please play now, Master?" "Sure, little one," I replied, continuing to read. "Th... Thank you, Master. Thank you." She stood and made to leave. "Where are you going?" I asked, looking up from my book. She stopped in her tracks and turned to me. "T... To the bedroom, Master," she answered quietly, standing still and looking down at the floor. "I did not say you could leave the room to play." She bit her lip again. "Forgive me, I just thought - " "It's all right, Ally," I said softly, interrupting her. "Just ask the right questions." "Y... Yes, Master," she whispered, her eyes flicking up to mine. As she continued, she broke into a naughty grin. "I... I like p... playing for you, M... Master." I closed my book and placed it on the coffee table, relaxing back in my chair. "Why?" I asked, smiling back at her. "B... Because it t... turns you on, Master." Her chest began to rise and fall more noticeably as she stood before me. Her nipples hardened and pressed against her t-shirt. She wrung her hands together as she looked up at me in desperation. "Yes?" I asked, smiling at her. "M... My toys are in the other room, Master," she whined. "Your toys?" I asked, feigning annoyance. "Um, I mean, the toys you gave... I mean..." Her head dipped again and she spoke quietly. "Y... Your toys, Master." "I see. Did you ask if you could use my toys?" "N... No, M... Master." "So," I smiled, "You assumed that because you asked if you could play and I agreed, that you could leave the room and play with my toys." "Y... Yes, Master." She blushed scarlet. "You are a naughty girl, aren't you Allison?" "Y... Yes, Master." "Sit." She sat back down on the edge of the couch. "While you are sitting there, I want you to think about what you want little one. Be specific, honest, and forthright. Open. Understood?" She nodded. I repeated myself a little louder. "Understood?" She looked up at me. "Yes, Master." "Take off your clothes." "Master?" she asked brightly, her smile returning. "Well, I did say it was all right to play, didn't I?" She smiled hopefully. "You did, yes, Master." "Then take off your clothes," I repeated, smiling. "Um, okay." I leaned forward and picked up my Jamieson's, taking a sip and watching her carefully. Allison had a lovely body. Of course she worked at it. Because of her body type, and her daily gym regimen, she was slender and toned. Her skin was very pale, blushing readily and marking easily. Her yellow-flecked green eyes nicely offset her long, dark auburn hair. Tonight it was in a ponytail braided down her back, with a little left out to frame her face. I liked it like that. Allison peeled her t-shirt over her head. I smiled when she looked at me and bit her lip once more. I let my eyes appreciate her lovely breasts. She knew how her nipples looked. They were crinkled and screwed into tight little balls of sensitive pink flesh. In the flickering

candlelight, they cast dancing shadows across the generous curves of her breasts. Her chest appeared airbrushed with a dusting of coral-coloured paint. Her cheeks reddened as she undid the catch at the waistband of her shorts. I sipped again as I watched her. As I was starting to harden, I adjusted myself in my jeans. A little smile curled at the corners of her lips and I realised she had noticed. I winked. She blushed again as she rocked her hips, sliding her shorts down over them, then down her legs and off. She shuddered a little as she took a deep breath, preparing to speak. She licked her lips. "Master, w... would it please you to have your naughty girl play with some of your toys?" I smiled. "Much better, little one. Yes, it would. But allow me to choose which ones." "Y... Yes, Master," she replied. I watched her for a moment. The skin of her chest had turned from light coral to slightly darker blotches. I watched as she swallowed and smiled eagerly, her eyes dancing. I put down my glass and stood, rounding the coffee table and standing before her. I gathered cushions and placed them strategically at the end of the couch. Leaning down to kiss her forehead, I placed my hands on her shoulders and guided her into a reclining position, facing my chair. With both feet still on the floor her body was bent awkwardly. I lifted her right leg with one hand behind the knee and the other around her ankle, then made a wish and spread her legs, placing the sole of her right foot on the couch. Ally's chest was rising and falling more rapidly now, and she blushed more as she attempted to close her knees. I smiled into her eyes and she gasped as I pushed her right knee against the back of the couch. "Leave them like that." "Yes, M... Master," she whispered. I took her left hand by the wrist and placed it on her left breast, then took her right hand and placed it on her pussy. "Just gently, okay?" "Y... Yes, Sir." Her eyes closed and she mmmmed softly as she began slowly caressing herself. "Hey," I said, getting her attention as I rose to my full height, smiling down on her. "Um... Y... Yes, Master?" she asked, halting her movements. "You are absolutely fucking beautiful. So stop worrying about how you look. Okay?" "Mmmmm... Y... Yes, Master," she said softly and smiled, closing her eyes again. I watched her for a minute and stole a few lengthwise strokes of my cock. She was so delicate. So beautiful. Such a nasty girl when she was worked up. Okay. Time to get some toys, I thought. Allison gasped in thin air as I made to leave. "Master..." "Just relax for a moment," I said. "I'll be back in a minute or two. Keep playing." She relaxed into the cushions and resumed her gentle caresses. I smiled again. Walking purposefully into the playroom, I kneeled down in front of the toy box and opened its lid. Tonight will be about pleasure, not pain, I decided. I selected the big dildo, holding it up in front of my eyes. This is the one that stretches her so much she shudders, I thought. I smiled and shook my head. I also chose a ball gag, some anal beads, fancy vibrating nipple clamps, three silk scarves, her 'licker', and a slim, silver, three-speed vibrator. I grabbed some lube and bundled everything into the scarves and returned to the lounge room. Entering as quietly as I could, I peered over the back of the lounge to see her still gently stroking her body. With her eyes closed, I had a moment to admire her. Slowly scanning down between her legs, I was pleased to see she was not penetrating herself, but continuing to sensuously caress her opening in small circles. The moisture on her fingers glistened in the candlelight. "Aren't you a good girl," I said softly, leaning on the back of the couch. She slowly opened her eyes and looked up at me. Again she swallowed before asking, "Master, may I slide my f... fingers into my pussy? Just to... f... fuck it a little

bit?" "You may," I answered. "But only two." "Yes, Mastoohhhh..." She moaned, sliding her fingers up her cunt and arching her back. I walked around the couch and backed up to my recliner. As I sat, I leaned forward and moved my book, placing the little sack on the coffee table. Fortunately, nothing rolled away as I opened the scarves to reveal all the toys I'd brought. "Oh, Master..." Ally pleaded, watching me and sliding her fingers in and out of herself faster. I looked into her eyes. Her desperation had returned. Scanning down her body then back up again, I liked what I saw. "Yes, pet?" "H... How is it that you m... make me like this?" "Slow down your fingers." "Yes, Master," she said, slowing down and scooting up a little from her slumped position. Meeting her eyes with mine, I stared for a moment then scanned slowly down to her pussy once more. Allison's pussy is very pretty. It is very pink and her outer lips redden and swell markedly when excited. The colour contrasts extremely with the surrounding skin, and she gets very wet. Her fingers slowly slid back and forth in and out of herself, making a lewd but quiet sucking sound. I smiled and she spread her legs wider. "Continue fucking your cunt," I said simply. I barely recognised my own voice and immediately realised I too had become breathless. "Y... Yes, Master," she breathed as the blush flared anew in her cheeks. I picked up my Jamieson's again and sipped. I was getting hard all over again. I thought about her question. "How is it you make me like this?" I decided a question like that needed an answer. "Allison?" I asked. She licked her lips before leaning up a little and responding, "Yes, Master?" "The answer to your question about how I make you like this... is... I don't." She swallowed. "I'm not sure if I... I understand, Master." "My job is to provide you with a safe place where you can be yourself, my pet. I don't 'make' you do anything. You choose your own fate, pet." She laid her head back on the cushions and closed her eyes. I heard her whisper, "Mmmmm... Yes, Master," as the two fingers began to pump more quickly in and out of her cunt. "Keep your eyes closed and do as I say, little one. You know that's what you want." She slumped down a little in the couch and I saw her twist her fingers at the full extent of her digital penetration. She moaned softly. This was moving too fast. "Fingers out and look at me, little one. Play with your nipples. Both hands." She slid her slick fingers from her pussy then brought both hands up to her breasts. She opened her eyes halfway, looked at me and she gave me a sexy smile. I glanced down at her chest. Her right nipple was shiny with her juices. I smiled, then looked back up into her eyes. "Roll them between your fingers and thumbs, sexy girl." "Mmmmm..." "Make them hurt a little..." "MMMmmm..." "Harder..." "Oh!" Her thighs began to close as if she wanted to squeeze them together. I let her almost get there. "Keep your legs spread." "Ohhh..." she moaned, then bit her lip. "Lift your breasts by the nipples." She did. "Oh... Oh, Goddd... M... Master..." "Higher." "Oohhhhh..." "Release and caress them." "Mmmmmmm..." "Look at me," I said. She opened her eyes and breathed hard. She looked like she was about to laugh and her chest was heaving. "Why are you so happy?" I asked. "Because I am free, Sir," she grinned, rolling her hips and displaying herself to me. Now 'that' is a fine answer, I thought to myself. I chuckled and shook my head, letting my eyes travel back down her body. "You are such a dirty girl." "Uh huh," she replied, giggling. She cupped her breasts and squeezed, sending her nipples pointing in absurd directions. Holding her breasts firmly and squeezing inwards, in moments her nipples were again between her fingers and thumbs, being pinched savagely. "MMMmmmmmmmm..." she moaned. With an

idea in my head I looked down to the table and found the clamps. They had bright pink weights hanging from them concealing a battery. A switch on the outside set them vibrating. Unfortunately when I purchased them, they weren't tight enough. But after a little tinkering I was able to extract the required compression. I tossed them between her legs. "Clamps now. On your nipples." She sat up a little straighter and diligently applied the clamps, one after the other. I had her tighten them until she made noises that satisfied me. "Turn them on low." "Mmmmm... Yes, Masterrr..." she breathed hotly. She flicked the switches and her hands fell down by her sides. Her fists opened and closed while she gritted her teeth, arched her back and spread her legs widely. "Very pretty, little one," I said, stealing another caress of my aching cock. She closed her eyes and writhed. "MMmmmmmmmm... Ooohhhhhh... M... Master... so goooood..." I picked up the clear latex anal beads, twisting them before my eyes and admiring how they slowly became larger and larger. I tossed the toy and the tube of lubricant between her legs. "Lube up the beads and slide them up your ass, dirty girl." She gulped and picked up the items. I sipped my drink again as I watched her. When she was ready to press the first bead into her ass, I stopped her. "Put a cushion under your ass and slide down a little. And when you push in that toy, I want you to slide two beads in, then one bead out, until it's all the way in. Understood?" She nodded and flicked her eyes over to me. "Yes, M... Master." She lifted her hips and slid a cushion under herself. In doing so she slid down anyway. That's better, I thought to myself. Her eyes closed as the fingers of one hand gripped the cheek of her ass and she brought the lubed toy down to her asshole with the other. She pressed and the two smallest beads slid into her. "Ohhh..." she moaned softly. I smiled as she pulled one bead out then pressed again, sending the next two beads steadily into her asshole. "Oh... Ohhh..." "Caress your clit." She was on autopilot now. A slut was born. My own personal slut. My plaything. My fucktoy. Two fingertips reached for her clit and stroked slowly up and down its length. I continued directing her. "Use a fingernail. Keep pushing in the beads." She arched her back each time she pushed them into her ass. "Ohhh..." I got up and moved over to the couch. Allison's eyes popped open as I sat down on the edge of it. We smiled at each other, before she closed her eyes and lay back again. I dragged the toys over in front of me, picked up her licker and turned it over in my hands. I located the speed control and on/off switch while admiring its wickedness. Made of light blue latex and lewdly fashioned into the shape of a mouth with protruding tongue, when switched on, the tongue vibrated from slow to fast, but frustratingly lightly. Allison's glazed eyes shot open when I turned it on low, recognising it immediately. I smiled into her eyes and offered it to her. She whispered, "Thank you, Master," and took the licker in her hand. "Use the licker as you would like to be licked. Leave three beads sticking out of your asshole." She pressed the last bead in. "Ooohhhhhh... D... Done, Master." "Good girl. Barely graze the licker against your clit as you circle it." She did. Her back arched. "Ohhh..." I slid one of the scarves out from under the remaining toys. I leaned down and deftly tied her ankle to the centre-front support. She sighed as I knotted it tight. "I'm going to blindfold you," I said. "Oh, yesss, Master," she groaned, lifting her hips and pressing her clit more firmly against the licker. I picked up the two remaining scarves and stood, quickly taking a couple of paces around to the end of the couch. Crouching down, I twisted one scarf a couple of times, then had Allison lean forward a little while I looped it over her eyes and tied it tight

under her ponytail. I rearranged the cushions a little so she could put her head back down. I laced the other scarf through the end of her ponytail, knotted it, then gently pulled it down tight over the arm of the couch to the back-corner support where I also tied it tightly. I stood up and looked down on her. A light sheen of perspiration had gathered on her top lip and she was pressing the licker firmly against her clit with her right hand. Two fingers of her left hand slid in and out of her cunt. Her hips rolled in a sensuous circle with each thrust of her fingers. "Mmmmm..." she moaned, feeling her hair tethered. I reached down and caressed her cheek with my fingertips while admiring her body and squeezing my steel hard cock with my other hand. I almost groaned myself. "Oh, Master..." she whimpered. "What is it little one?" I asked, moving back around to sit down between her spread legs again. "I... I feel like s... such a... a whore..." "Why do you feel like a prostitute, little one?" "N... Not a p... prostitute, M... Master... A dirty w... wanton s... slut!" Lifting her wrist gently, I ensured contact between licker and clit was broken. She raised her hips and whimpered in frustration. "Keep fucking your pussy with your fingers," I said. She did. "You look like a sexy girl in need, little one. Anyway, what is a whore?" I asked, lowering her wrist and letting her reach her clit again. "A... Ohhh... A... me... meee... I... I'm a whore! Ohhh..." "No, my beautiful girl. You are not a whore," I said, raising her wrist again and swapping the licker for her vibrator, already turned on low. "You are my whore." "Yess... Yesss..." she said deliriously, feeling the buzzing vibrate inches from her clit. "I'm your whore, I'm your whore..." Her chest heaved and her swollen nipples throbbed. I let her press the tip of the vibrator to her clit and her body shuddered. She was almost on her back and the weights hanging from each nipple clamp hung slightly outwards, providing an extra tugging sensation. Her hair was now pulled taut, and she could slide no further down. Turning off and putting down the licker, I picked up the huge, veiny, cock-shaped dildo. Made of flexible bright pink latex, this enormous ten-inch weapon had a diameter of almost two inches. Without the regular exercise provided by her Ben Wah balls, Allison's muscular little cunt would be ruined by something like this. I turned it in my hands. I could hardly believe she was able to bury the entire length. "Does my whore want to get fucked?" I asked quietly, turning to look at her. Her mouth was open and an almost constant low moan was issuing from her throat. God, she looked so hot. Blindfolded, spread and tied, the blush had consumed her body now, and I was delighted by the micro trembles that ran through her muscles. "Please..." she whispered. "Please what, my whore?" "Please... I need..." "What do you need, little one?" "I need to get... fucked," she whimpered in a little girl voice. "My whore needs to get fucked." "Yesss..." "Say it." "Y... Your whore... needs to... to get f... fucked, Master." "Slide your fingers from your cunt, my slut. Turn the vibrator to medium." She did and I released her wrist. "Ohhhhh..." "Put your fingers in your mouth. Suck them till they're clean. Don't you cum." "N... No, M... Master," she said before slipping her slick fingers between her lips. I reached up and switched the nipple clamps to medium as well. She arched her back and groaned, her fingers falling from her mouth. "Please..." "Beg." "Ohhh..." she almost cried. "Please... please, Master... I want to fuck... I need to fuck..." "Your cunt needs attention, doesn't it, little one?" "Oh, God... YES, Master..." "You want to fuck your hot little cunt for me, don't you, princess?" Her free hand was waving in the air hoping I put something in it. I almost laughed. I thought, God, my cock is so hard. So very fucking hard. I'm going to cum on her. On her face. All over

her. As she cums. "I want to fuck... please, Master... please..." I put her big dildo in her hand. "Tease your cunt for me, little one." "Oh, Master... pppllleaaase..." she protested. But she did. She inverted the big fucking toy and slid it up and down between her lips while panting heavily. "Bang it against your clit, my slut." She bounced it against her clit. "Aahhh... Ahhhh..." "Such a dirty girl..." "Yessss..." "Keep bouncing on it." "Ohh... Ohh..." "Do you want to fuck your hot little cunt, princess?" "Ohhh... fuck... hot... cunt..." "Say it..." "Noooo..." "Say it, fucktoy." "Ooohhhhhh... Pleeeeeasssseeee..." "SAY IT!" "I... I want to... fuck my cunt... Master... pleeeaseeeeeee..." "You are such a dirty girl," I said. "Slide that thing up your cunt." She let go of the vibrator and it rolled off her body. Both hands went to the base of the toy as she took hold of it. I watched mesmerised as she worked the head of it into herself. "Ohhh... Oohhhhhh..." Her thighs trembled and her hips moved in circles. Her lips were pulled inside as she worked the dildo in a little further. "Back and forth an inch." "Ohh... Ohh... Ohh..." "Deeper." "Ohhh... ffuuuckkk..." She was sliding about five inches of its thickness in and out of herself. "That's it. All the way, my dirty girl. In and out." "Ohhh, Masterrr..." "Show me how much you want it... Fuck back, little one... get it all in your cunt..." "Ohhh... Godddd..." She tilted her hips and flexed her thighs, impaling herself repeatedly as she pushed back at the huge toy. Slowly more and more of it was sliding in and out. I leaned up her body and clicked each of the weights hanging from her nipple clamps, setting them to high. "Long strokes, dirty girl. Long strokes." "Ohhhh... Masterrr... Ohh Masterrrrr..." "Use one hand." She dropped her right hand off the toy. "Feel your cunt. Feel it. Feel where the toy slides into your body. Feel how wet you are, you dirty little slut. Harder." "Ohh... Ohh... Ohh..." "Put your fingers back in your mouth. Fuck your cunt harder." She did. Her moans as the dildo slid into her were now muffled. "Mmmm... Mmmm... Mmmm... Mmmm..." "Slow down. Long strokes again. I know you love the taste of your hot cunt, little one, but take your fingers out of your mouth." "Ohhhh... Ohhhh... Ohhhh..." "You love it don't you. Tell me you love fucking your hot little cunt." "Ohh... Ohh... I love... Ohh... I love fucking my... Ohh... Ohh..." "Say it. Say it!" "I love... Ohh... fucking my hot little cunt... Ohh Ohh... Fuck... yesss... Ohh... Ohh..." I picked up the vibrator again and put it in her hand. "Put this back on your clit. Don't cum." She pressed it hard against herself. "Ohhhhh fuckkkkkk... yesss... Mmmmoohhhh..." "Don't you cum..." "Soooo close... Ohhhh..." "Don't you fucking cum you little whore," I said, standing up. "Tell me what you're doing." "Fucking... fuckingmyhotlittlecunt... fuckingmyhotlittlecunt... Ohhh... Ohhh... Please..." I slid my jeans down over my thighs. Stepping out of them, I wrapped my fist around my cock. "Please what, Allison? Does my little slut want to cum?" "Yess... Yesss... Please... Oh... Oh..." "Don't shorten the strokes Allison. Nice long strokes." She tilted her head up toward me. She had realised I was standing above her. "Ohhhh... Yess... Ohhhh... Master... Ohhhh... Please... let... me... cum... pleaseMaster... pleaseMasterpleaseMaster..." "Lift up the vibrator." She whimpered. "Ohhhhhhhh..." "I'm watching you Ally. I'm stroking my long hard cock and watching you. It's throbbing and it's so thick." "Ohhh... Masterrr..." "Do you want it, Ally? Do you want it in your mouth? Turn the vibe on high. Don't use it till I say." She did. "Pleaseplease..." "Harder. Fuck your cunt harder." "Ohh... Ohh... Ohh... please... cum... Iwantyourcum... give me cum..." "Harder." I stroked harder with her. "Put the vibe on your clit!" "Ohhh! Fuckk!! OhhhHHH!!!" "Take it off!" She did, and whined, "Nooo..." "You can cum when you've

swallowed mine." "Please... cuminmymouth... pleaseMaster... please..." "Put the vibe on your clit!" "Ohhhcummm... pleaseeee... cummm... cuminmymouthplease please please... I'm yourwhore... pleasee... cummm... Ohhhh..." "Off!" I stroked faster. I was close. "On!" "Oohhhhh... fuckkkk... Pleeeaaaaseeee... Nooo..." I gripped the hair on the side of her head, turning her face toward me. With one knee on the couch, I brought my cock to her face. I was closer and spoke more quietly, more forcefully. "Off!" "Ohhh... fuck... Master... please... cum... please..." I stroked my cock faster and harder. "On!" I watched as her body convulsed. She was so on edge. It was going to be a huge one. "Off!" She whined and complained and begged for my cum. The tingle started behind my balls. The muscle at the base of my cock began to twitch. "On!" She gritted her teeth, moaning hard. Her left hand pumping that enormous toy deep in her cunt. Her right moving the buzzing vibrator up and down her clit. The hum of the nipple clamps was lost somewhere between the vibrator and her moans. Her nipples were so red and so swollen. She was covered in a sheen of sweat. I looked down on her and her mouth was open, her tongue flicking wildly, hoping for cum. Pulling against her hair. Trying to find my cock. I erupted! "Yesss... Yesss... Cummmmm... Mmmmmmmmmmm..." she groaned, as I exploded across her face. I pushed my cock into her open mouth and held her head tight. She moaned around me and began to shudder. My cock shot hot thick ropes of cum into her sucking mouth again and again. She was swallowing each time. Over and over. "Cum! Cum my little cocksucking whore!" I pulled my cock from her mouth and watched as she swallowed one last time, then all hell broke loose. "Aaaa... AaaaIIIIIEEE... EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE... AAAAHHHH!!!!" "Don't stop! Fuck that cunt. Fuck it! Fuck it harder!" Her moans were constant as her body shook. "Ohhhhhh... Oohhhhhh... OOHHHHHHH!!!!" I wiped my cock all over her face, smearing saliva and cum from cheek to cheek. "Yeah, that's it. That's my little slut. Cum for me! Cum for me, little one!" "Ohhhagain... Ohhh... OhhhHHHIIEEEEEE... Ohhhh... Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh..." "Yes! Keep going. Harder, Allison! Cum again!" I stood back up. My knee was giving out. I shook the cum dripping from my cock onto her face. Then I flicked what was running down my fingers onto her chest. I smiled down on her. "That's my cum, Allison. You like being covered in my cum, don't you, my little slut?" "Ohhhhhccummm pleasepleaseeee..." she moaned, building to another release. I collapsed into the lounge again, once more looking up between her spread legs. I wiped my wet fingers on the inside of her thigh and held her knee against the back of the couch. I reached down with my other hand, taking the end of the anal beads in my fingers. "Cum, baby. Cum for me again." Slowly I began to pull as Allison thrust the big toy harder and harder up her cunt. This time she was silent for so long and her body arched higher and higher as one after the other I pulled the beads from her ass. Her voice burst from her chest when I whipped the remaining few beads out of her, sending her body into ecstasy. "OoooooOOO... OOOOEEEEEEEEEE... AAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" She convulsed. "AHHHHH!!!!" Again. "AAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" Again. Over and over she screamed and convulsed. I sat back so as not to catch her one untethered foot in the face. I'd never seen her like this. I was rapt. Then suddenly, "AaaaaAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" and she collapsed. Nothing. Still. Her once tense thighs fell loosely open. The vibrator rolled out of her slack hand. Her other hand fell from the end of the dildo, still deeply embedded in her. I looked up and was relieved to see her chest rising and falling. Her

mouth was closed. She was breathing hard through her nose. She'd passed out! I moved closer, reaching up and caressing her face. No reaction. Out like a light. I sat back and chuckled, shaking my head. It was time for bed.