

# The EX ch2 finale

By jimyzgrl

Published on Lush Stories on 26 Mar 2009

**This story is property of Jimyzgrl. All names dates and places are fictional or have been changed to protect the innocent ;) No copying of my material, unless you have my permission to do so. Thanks!**

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/the-ex-ch2-finale.aspx>

Mark was right on time. Shane had spent the afternoon, working herself into a frenzy. Making herself cum two more times. She hadn't really given a lot of thought over the years, as to why she allowed herself to allow Mark to treat her the way he did. During their sessions anyway. Outside of the dominating state, Mark was loving and sweet. Affectionate lover. He was giving in every aspect of their normal sex life. She always came first. Had he not cheated on her, they would still be together and she knew it. Nobody did to her, what Mark could do. Bring out that side of her like he could. She loved how demeaned she felt. She never talked with anyone about the life she had behind closed doors. Wouldn't. She knew that it was a dark place, that very few would understand. Some would even consider abuse, she supposed. But she loved the darkness, the nastiness of all of it.

Shane opened the door, to a gorgeous face smiling down at her. She had chosen to wear the black backless dress, that Mark had actually bought for her. She had no bra on, and Mark looked down the front of her and smiled. He could clearly see the tiny nipple clamps in place. He knew what it must be doing to her. She loved the feel of the tight pinch. The pain and swelling. He leaned in and kissed her cheek.

"You look incredible." He smiled. "How do they feel?"

Shane wasn't quite sure how to answer. Part of her didn't want to put them on. Knowing immediately where the pleasure would take her. Knowing that dinner, if somehow miraculously forgotten, he would just drive her to his place, and take her to the basement. Not caring whom he'd had down there in the last eight months. His jacket brushed her tender breast. It sent waves straight to her inner walls. She hadn't felt this alive since she'd left him. "Good" She answered softly. Looking up at him. He could see the lust already in her eyes. Knowing that she was already horny and wanting him. He'd known when he talked to her on the phone.

"You hungry?" He asked softly.

She looked up into his eyes. Knowing he wasn't talking about food. "Yes, very" Her eyes, she knew pleaded with him.

"Do you have the stockings and panties on?" He asked, in almost a demanding tone.

"Yes," She replied still looking into those dark lust filled eyes.

"Let me see." He started sliding her dress up. A dress that barely came to mid thigh as it was. He looked down and watched the dress reveal her slender toned legs. Slide further up. Reveal the top of the garter, and finally her hot center. The center of his world. He regretted so many times, fucking up, and losing her. Her smooth lips glistened. He knew that she was wanting him. Now. Could see the moisture that was there, begging him to slide his finger over her slit, tease her, and then dive it straight inside her wet core. Feel the walls tighten around his fingers, and watch her eyes go smoky with lust. The thought had him rock hard, and ready. He envisioned picking her up right then and there, and taking her against the wall. Not to play, like he knew she'd want, but to make love with her. Take her back into his possession. All in time, he thought.

He offered his arm, as she slid the dress back down. She took it and they left. After dinner and almost sharing an entire bottle of wine, Shane was feeling even more randy then she was when he picked her up. She slid her hand up her leg, and gently slid her fingers across her wet slit. Knowing that when she stood, juice was going to slide down her inner thigh. Mark noticed her eyes go liquid.

"You ready," He stood, and came up behind her. He ran his fingertips down her arms, and pulled her hand that was under the table up. He placed her wet fingers to his lips. He could smell her sex. The glorious scent of her. He licked the wetness from her fingers. She closed her eyes.

"Yes," Barely escaped her mouth. She stood, and he placed his hand in the small of her back and led her outside and in the car. Once down the road, Mark could wait no longer.

"Show me that wet pussy." He asked rather then commanded. He knew that she'd want him to tell her but he wanted to make sure that he could get her back within his reaches before completely giving her what she wanted. A soft smiled curved Shane's mouth. She reached down and slowly pulled the dress up to reveal her pussy. Again Mark could see the glistening drops of moisture on her lips.

"Show me." He said with a little more conviction. Shane spread her legs, spreading her lips apart, and giving Mark full view of how wet she really was. Shane reached her hand down and ran her finger

through her soft folds. Sliding easily over her clit. Sending a bucking wave through her hips. Mark was having a hard time keeping his eyes on the road. He knew that he had to get them home soon, or they might crash. He watched as Shane circled her clit with her fingers, and ran the moisture over her lips. She was so wet. He couldn't wait to feel that wetness and her tight canal suck his fingers in.

"Can you still cum for me Shane?" He pleaded. She didn't need anymore of a request. She dove two fingers straight into that honey hole. Drew them out quickly, and dove back in. Her eyes closed, Mark watched her chest heave with her breaths. Her nipples clearly visible with the clamps. Her hips grinding against her hand. "Cum for me Shane. Cum." Shane's hand worked quickly, bringing her to orgasm fast. She came for Mark, hard. "AAhhhhhhhhh," She moaned loudly, as her juices expelled onto the leather seats of his BMW. She continued to slowly work her clit with two digits. Her legs shaking. Her body completely relaxed. She knew even now that she would do anything for this man.

"Good girl." He said. Feeling his cock throb in his pants, begging to be released. He wanted to take her quickly, and then get her home and play. Play the way she wanted, like he knew she hadn't. Mark took his opportunity when a rest stop exit appeared. He looked over at Shane. Her eyes still closed, and fingers gently working her clit. Her breath slowing, but he knew she wanted more. She always did. He took the exit, and parked on the far side, under a tree. He stopped the car and freed his engorged member quickly. He crossed the center console and had Shane's seat reclined before she could even ask what was going on. He dove into her. Slick and waiting pussy. She was tight, and he felt he had to fight to get inside of her. Even if she was wet as she was. She heaved out a pain filled gasp, and looked into his eyes. His mouth crushed to hers, and he continued to push harder to spread that tiny pussy for him.

"Your tight." he whispered into her ear.

"It's been a long time." She moaned into his neck.

"Raise your legs for me baby." He pleaded. Shane could tell, this was not a dominating fuck, but he was making love to her. Making love to her now, in this car, because she knew he couldn't wait any longer. It wasn't quite what she was hoping for, but it was incredible none the less. She wanted that darkness. Wanted him to order her to bend over and suck him off in the car. His chest against her tender nipples was sending wave after wave of pain. Sending more eruptions to her already fiery core. Mark now completely inside of her, he released his breath. "Fuck your tight" his pace quickened. He knew this wasn't going to last long. Watching her had worked him over, and the fact that she was so wet and tight, his cock couldn't take it. He knew that if he came too quickly, he could make it up to her later. He just wanted, needed the quick satisfaction of her.

"Cum in me Mark." She softly said into his ear. Knowing that he was making love to her. "I want to

feel it." He obliged. He pressed his mouth hard to her, and filled her. Moving slowly to save every inch of her pussy against his cock. He rested on her for a moment, and lifted himself back into the other seat. Shane sat up, feeling wonderful. Even though he had been quick, and she didn't come, she knew he would make that up to her.

"I'm sorry baby." He said softly. "It's been a long time, and you felt so incredible."

"A long time?" Shane said a little shocked as she adjusted herself and the seat.

"Yes, four months in fact." He said putting himself away. "I haven't even jacked off"

"What? Mister can't keep his dick in his pants?" Shane smiled.

"I know. I told you I've missed you." He smiled.

"Are we going to your place now?" Shane asked apprehensively. Wanting it more than anything.

"Yes. Have you-"

Shane cut him off, "No Mark. You are the only one, I play with like that." she paused. She had never asked for it before, but was going to now, "And I want to. Please." Mark taking her cue, knowing now that he was going to feel better than he had in months.

"Shut up, don't beg to be fucked like a whore."

Mark's tone sent another wave crashing through Shane. She closed her eyes. This man knew her. Knew what she needed.

"Yes sir." she replied.

"Get that fucking dress off." he commanded. Wanting to smile. But repressing it.

This felt so right. He started driving back on the road. Heading towards the place he knew he could take Shane, over and over and over again. Shane slid the straps off her shoulders. Revealing the sore tiny buds of her nipples still tightly in the clamps. She slid the dress down and over her hips.

"You think I want the stockings on you? Get them off."

Shane thought she might cum again with just the sharp tones of his voice. She felt exhilarated and

alive. They pulled into the drive of Mark's home. Shane reached for the door handle.

"Don't you fucking touch it. Keep your hands on your lap." he barked.

Shane was loving every minute of this. "Fucking whore," he said as he got out of the car.

Walking around the car, to open the door for Shane, he felt a little apprehensive. He knew this was what she was wanting, but he didn't want to lose her again. He didn't know what state of mind she was in. But wanted this need so badly as well. He had never been with another woman as he had with Shane. Their bondage play began slowly. And as they both found how much they enjoyed it, it just got rougher and more what Shane wanted. He had to give her what she wanted. He took a deep breath. He opened the door.

"Get out." He ordered. Shane stood, and Mark got hard immediately watching her superb body move. The tight stomach muscles. The large breasts with perfect pea sized pink nipples. Hard and red now from the clamps He knew how much they must hurt right now. The thought excited him, in taking them off. and watching her squirm, before biting down on them. Her long slender legs. Her tight round ass. As she stood in front of him, the compulsion overwhelmed him. He slapped her ass. Hard. Shane immediately threw her head back, and a moaning gasp escaped her lips. "Fuck yeah," She whispered.

"What was that? I don't think I gave you permission to speak, did I?" Shane grabbed a handful of her blonde hair. Spoke deliberately and low into her ear.

"No sir. I'm sorry sir." She said softly, full of lust.

"That's right bitch, you better be sorry." He let go of her hair, with a push of her head forward. Shane wanted to cry out, thank you. Please hurt me. But knew now, they were playing she couldn't say anything, unless he wanted her to.

"Get inside." Mark ordered. He stood a couple steps behind her, and watched the muscles in her legs, and ass tighten as she walked. Her hips sway, and her long hair blow down her back. The hair tickling her skin. He had thoughts of walking up behind her, bending her over, and taking her, on the concrete.

Shane walked into the house. Mark moved her aside and led the way downstairs. Typical of a dominate room, looked that of a dungeon, it was clear to Shane, nothing had been touched since their last night there together. There was even a thin layer of dust coating the pommel horse looking table. Mark took her by the hair, and pushed her over towards the wall. He pushed her back up

against the stone. He raised her left arm, and shackled it to the wall, then her right. He pushed her legs apart and shackled each leg in place at the ankle. He looked into her eyes. Shane noticed his eyes were a little soft.

"You okay." She broke the game. She knew she wasn't supposed to speak.

He was taken back, that she'd spoke. She rarely disobeyed the rules. "Shane?" he questioned.

"You look hurt." She replied. She didn't want the game to be over. But knew something was plaguing him.

"Did I say you could fucking speak?" He stiffened, knowing that to many of his emotions were showing through. And all he wanted was to satisfy her.

"Sorry sir." She fell back into role, as his eyes stiffened. He smacked her breast with his hand. It sent pain throughout her entire chest. She clenched her teeth, as she felt her cunt restrict.

"Oh, you liked that." He devilishly smiled at her, and smacked the other breast in return. Harder this time. Shane closed her eyes. She squirmed a bit. She could feel the moisture slid down her thigh. Mark ran his hand in between her pussy lips. "You did like that." He smiled again. He walked over and got the flogger that was hanging on the wall. A little dust on it. He shook it off. Feeling the power. His cock now throbbing hard. He wasn't sure if he could wait to pain her before he pleased her. He wanted her now, again. He stopped, and wanted to show her what she was doing to him. He took off his button up shirt and his jeans. Freed his giant swollen cock. Shane stared at him. She had forgotten how large he was. He had damn near torn her pussy in two in the car, but just the magnificent site of him was overwhelming. He walked up to her naked, and with black leather flogger in hand. He brushed it lightly across her breast. Giving Shane tingling waves of pain and pleasure. She knew what was coming, and couldn't wait. He brushed it across her breasts again. He could see in her eyes, she was pleading. Wanting the next move. Rather than give in to her right away, he pulled it back and slapped it between her legs, on her dripping pussy. She bucked against the shackles holding her. He brought it back again, and this time, harder between her legs. He watched as her lips swelled and reddened. She cried out the third time. Throwing her head back. Gripping the chains in her hands pulling down. The fourth time, he gave her what she wanted, and brought the flogger piercing hard across her chest. The sound it made was like a leather band snapping from pressure.

She screamed out in pain. "Fuuuuuuccckkkkkk" Her breaths were coming in short pants.

She tried to regain her breathing, but couldn't. Just about the time she thought her breath would come, smack! Again another jolt of pain. Her core burning and aching. She knew she was going to cum.

"Can I cum?" she asked. Knowing that she had to have permission.

"You wanna cum baby?" He asked in a commanding voice. "Not yet. Don't cum yet"

Smack, again across her tender pussy lips. The chain dug into her hands, she gripped it so hard. Smack. across her tits. Mark could see her body squirming. Watching the wetness run down her thigh. He knew how hard it must be for her to control the orgasm that was obviously trying to rip through her. But he wanted to wait until he was inside her. And feel that tidal wave she was going to go through. One more time across her breasts. She cried out again. Screaming. He watched a tear roll down her cheek. He knew she was in bliss. He set down the flogger and walked up to her slowly. Feeling his own desire becoming to strong. His cock harder then it had ever been, he needed it now also. He slowly ran his fingertips over her tender breasts. Ran then down her stomach and caressed her pussy lips. She grind into his cupped hand. Wanting to feel his penetration of her soft core. He reached up and released one of the clamps. Sending fresh pain into Shane's center. He sucked the tender nipple into his mouth. She cried out again. "You want to speak Shane? Something to say?"

"No sir" she cried.

He released the other. Again with the same result. He knew now was the time. He tipped her hips towards him, and forced himself deep inside her. In one hard trusting move. He could feel her inner walls quivering.

"You wanna cum now Shane?"

She nodded her head. She was biting her bottom lip and her eyes were tightly closed.

He pushed harder into her. "Cum for me. Cum now, Cum hard on this cock."

Shane threw her head back, and gripped the chains tighter. Having him inside her was more then she could stand. The orgasm tore through her entire body as she finally was able to let go. Gush after gush released from her. "Maaarrcussssss. FUckckkkkkkkk" She screamed over and over again. Mark could stand no more, releasing himself inside her, and her pussy convulsed on him, over and over again. Tightening and releasing in quick waves. He came so hard, he dropped to his knees, once he was completely expelled inside her. He knelt there catching his breath. he looked up at Shane, and noticed that she was basically hanging by the chains that held her wrists. He quickly

stood and released her. She fell limp into his arms. He carried her over to the bed, with black satin sheets. Knowing that this game was over, he wrapped her in his arms and held her, as they both drifted off to sleep. Mark knowing, that she was his again, and this time, he would never do anything to destroy that, ever again.