

Written for the Female Sub

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Married couple enjoy slut slave

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There is a knock at the door. You are exactly on time, down to the minute. As expected. I let you wait a short while, thinking of how the anticipation must be affecting you - as it is affecting me. I open the door and smile at you, taking in your beauty. For a moment it is tender as I gently grab your hand and lead you inside. As the lock on the door clicks into place behind you, though, I can no longer hold back. I grab you by your hair and push you against the wall. "Did you follow all the instructions I gave you?" I ask. You nod. When we spoke over the phone earlier, I told you to completely shave your pussy, and to make sure it was sopping wet before you knocked. This, of course, calls for a closer inspection. With one hand I hold your arms above your head and with my other I begin to explore. It is the first time I am touching you like this, and I take my time. My hand travels over each breast in turn, stopping to pinch your nipples sharply. My hand travels lower, roaming over your mound through your clothes before going under the waistband of your skirt. I don't even have to go under your panties to know you are wet...they are already soaked...but I most certainly do. Your pussy is freshly shaven and silky smooth. I find your clit first and toy with you, enjoying your quick intake of breath when I first make contact. Then I finger you, first one, then two. "My God, you dirty little whore, you are soaking wet. It was a long drive for you, wasn't it? Did you finger yourself in the car?" "I did, Mistress." I run my fingers down your wet slit and up to your sweet little asshole, rubbing your juices over it, and letting just the tip of my finger enter that puckered little opening. "Good." I say, removing my hand, to your obvious disappointment. I hold my hand, covered in your cunt juices, up to your face. "Clean it up, slut." I shove my fingers into your mouth and you enthusiastically suck and lick away the taste of your own pussy. "Follow me." I lead you to the living room, where my husband sits on the couch, casually dressed with a glass of wine in his hand. You had already forgotten he would be here and find yourself blushing, knowing that he had heard everything that was said. I instruct you to stand in the middle of the room, then take a seat with him on the couch. "Strip, whore." I can see you hesitate - my husband and I are still fully dressed and I know how embarrassed you are to be the only one naked. You know the consequences of disobedience, though, and so soon your clothes are all laying at your feet, and your beautiful body is fully displayed to us. "Slut, this is my husband. You may call him Sir. Husband, this is Slut." He smiles, a little bemused. "Um, Hello, Slut." "Hello Sir" "Put your hands on the back of your head and spread your legs." I order. You comply. I walk over to you and

begin a thorough examination of your body, commenting to my husband about it as if you aren't even there. "Such great tits...look at how dark her nipples are...Look at how her labia stick out, like she's pouting.." After completing my examination of your front, I tell you to turn around and grab your ankles, giving us a fantastic view of your wet pussy and asshole. I take advantage of your position and finger you some more, first your pussy and then your ass. When I notice you starting to grind against my hand, I stop. "Stand up." I order, then grab the long silk tie that is sitting nearby. "Hands behind your back." I tie you from behind, from your elbows to your wrist, until you have to stick your chest out to relieve the pressure on your shoulders. A spreader bar ensures that your legs stay open wide. I grab you by the hair and lead you to a table, bending you over it face down. This is the thought that has been driving me to distraction since I met you - having your round ass bent over and exposed, begging to be beaten to a bright, rosy pink. I start off slow - a sharp spank followed by a finger teasing your pussy and ass - then increase the power and speed behind the blows, testing your limits. You stay strong for awhile, but soon your hips are bucking, trying to avoid the blows, your breathing has become ragged, and your moans have turned to sobs. I have mercy - for now. My pussy is so wet now, I can't wait any longer. I pull you from the table and send you to your knees. I strip, grab you by the hair and grind my sopping cunt against your face. Your tongue goes to work, and before long I am shuddering against your mouth, my juice gushing over your face, in the grips of a powerful orgasm. You have pleased me, very much. I caution you to hold still while I undo your bindings and spreader. I lead you to the bedroom, then tie you spread-eagle to the bed. I put a pillow under your hips so your sweet pussy is pushed up and fully accessible. My husband takes a seat where he can fully enjoy the view of your naked exposed body. Now I go to work on you - so helpless - teasing with my tongue and fingers, driving you to the point of nearly coming, then withdrawing. Again, and again. Your pussy is intoxicating - I spend forever exploring it with my tongue. After an hour, you slip up and beg me to let you come. I look you in the eye, then dart down to your pussy and begin to work in earnest. I can feel your whole body tense up, knowing that you will come in seconds. But you do not make demands of me, and I stop then. You scream in frustration. I get up off the bed and pull a big pink dildo from off of my shelf. I shove it into your wet, wet pussy and turn it on. It vibrates, and feels incredibly good and filling to you, but it is not enough...and you are out of your mind wanting to come. "Keep that dildo buried in your pussy or there will be hell to pay." I leave you there, desperately wanting, and turn to my husband. He stands up and I fall to my knees, opening his fly and releasing his cock. I bend over the bed so that my head is near yours and you can see the expression on my face as he fucks me. You lie there, so envious of me and the pleasure I am receiving. When I come, I come hard, and loud. I collapse for a moment, leaving my husband to stroke his cock while admiring the sight of two women in his bed. After gathering myself, I check to see that the dildo is still buried in your pussy (it is, good girl), then I untie you. "Slut, I want you to please my husband. Get on your hands and knees and get to work on his cock with your mouth." You obey, taking his cock deep in your throat and bobbing up and down. As you do, I get behind you and run my tongue over your tight little asshole while finger fucking your pussy. "Face fuck her, baby." I tell him. He is happy to oblige. He grabs your hair tightly and begins to use your mouth like a pussy,

ramming his cock in and out. I can feel your body shudder every time you gag on his hard dick. Because of my tongue and your own pussy juices, your asshole is very wet, and I use the opportunity to slide the pink dildo into that tight little hole. At the same time, I move under you so that my tongue can get at your clit. Your pussy is so soaked now that when I come up, my face is covered in your sweet juice. I pull the dildo from your ass, and push my husband away from your mouth so that I can kiss you. I savor your mouth, letting my tongue play tag with yours. I know how turned on you are, and how badly you want to come. "Do you want to be ass-fucked, you dirty little whore?" I ask. "I do, Mistress." "Then beg my husband to put his cock in your ass." "Please, Sir, " you say, looking him in the eye, panting, "Please drive your hard cock into my tight asshole. I need you to give this dirty little slut a hard ass pounding." "Oh, yeah?" he says as he climbs on to the bed. I instruct you to lay on your back, with your legs held up, ankles by your head, as he lines his cock up with your ass. It slides in easily and you revel in the feeling of being completely full. Without meaning to, you begin to buck your hips against him, driving his cock deeper into your ass. "Hold still, you silly slut, " I say, with a quick slap to one of your breasts. I look at him, buried to the hilt in your ass, "You too." I lean down and find your clit with my tongue. No teasing, this time. I work it hard and fast with quick strokes, and you are soon gasping. "Please, Mistress, may I come?" I come up, only for a second. "You may." Down again, working that clit for all it's worth. Being given permission, it only takes you seconds. You come harder than you ever have before, completely out of breath, your pussy and asshole clenching up, your whole body shaking. But it doesn't stop there. He begins to ram his cock in and out of your ass, and your orgasm doesn't stop, it just keeps going with every thrust deep inside of you. It goes on for what seems like forever. "Don't come in her ass, I want it all over her." I say. Another orgasm rips through you as his cock pulls out of your ass and is suddenly spewing a huge load of come on your face, your breasts, your ass. You are only half-aware in your cloud of sexual bliss as I scoop the hot jizz off of your body and feed it to you, but still you suck it off my fingers greedily.