Allie's Birthday Present, Part 2

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SassyCheerGirl gets the second part of her birthday present

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Tuesday

Yesterday was hell. After the excruciating tease of the morning, he just disappeared. You felt every drop of your shower on your skin, felt the water flowing down your neck, between your ample breasts, tickling slightly as it ran down your tummy and then flowing over your smooth shaved mound to tease anew at your clit. Your skin was so sensitive, so alive. You didn't know how you were going to survive another day, never mind two, but, through more willpower than you knew you had, you made it through the shower, then through your shift.

The feeling of need never really left you and your mind was definitely not on your work. You managed not to touch yourself but you're still not sure how. At night, you dreamed of him, running scenario after scenario after scenario of how he was going to let you cum. Would he use his fingers? Would you get to cum around his cock? Dear God, let it be with his tongue…

You wake this morning with a wet throbbing between your legs, the need having blossomed with your dreams. You look around cautiously, half-expecting to be pounced on again but knowing he's not the kind of man to be that predictable.

You shower, jumping a bit with every sound, wondering/hoping for it to be him. You spend more time than necessary cleaning your pussy, finding it hard to pull your hand away from the lubricious feeling and the pleasure of your touch on your very sensitive lips. You try to think of other things—taxes, bills, the World Cup—and by a concerted effort, by the time you're ready for the day, you've calmed down a bit and have convinced yourself that he'll come for you later, if at all today.

You have an evil series of thoughts—he wouldn't do that would he? He wouldn't work me up like this and then abandon me! He would! That evil, evil man really *would* leave me hanging!

These run through your mind and you're nurturing a little anger here, finding that it distracts you effectively from the continuous sexy daydreams you've been having over the last day. Reaching the bottom of the stairs to the ground floor, you turn the corner, enter the kitchen, and stop dead in your tracks as you see him.

He's sitting at your breakfast bar, every bit the slender devil you remember. He looks up from his coffee casually and fixes you with his dark, almost black eyes. The world disappears for a moment and your knees buckle, knowing he's here to play with you again.

"Good morning s-Sir," you manage.

"Good morning, Allie," he replies, his voice low, velvety, and relaxed. "I want you to meet my friend, Kate," he says, gesturing the woman you swore wasn't sitting there a moment ago.

"Um, hi Kate," you stumble, your voice small and uncertain, turning your gaze to the floor.

She laughs, making a sound like a cross between a purr and the tinkling of fine crystal. "She's so cute; she seems nervous." She giggles. "She won't even look at me."

"Allie, look at my friend, you're being rude," he commands.

You raise your eyes slowly from the floor to look at her. As your eyes travel up, you see expensive 3-inch heels cradling creamy feet leading up to well-toned but not muscular calves. You feel a little jealousy as you notice her thighs, smooth, toned, and creamy ending at the hem of a form-fitting green dress about halfway up her thigh.

Her hips are womanly and her body tapers quickly to a slender waist, the dress accentuating the curve. Her flat tummy leads to her natural breasts. Your gaze rests here for just a moment before taking in the cleavage above the low neckline of the dress, and then travelling up her long smooth neck. Her face is delicate and almost doll-like, with fine features, thin lips and almost porcelain skin. Her green eyes are compelling, and contrast stunningly with the long naturally curly hair that frames her face. Your attempts at self-distraction shatter and a flood of erotic images tumble across your mind, a surprising number including this gorgeous woman.

"Hi, Kate," you say sheepishly, trying but failing to be able to look directly into her eyes.

"Allie, is it?" she says confidently, looking you over.

You nod in response.

“Kate sells some things I was thinking of getting as part of your birthday present. We were talking about what you might like and she thought it would be best if we just came over and got your opinion directly.”

You look at him and wonder what he could be talking about. “OK….what does she sell?”

They look at each other and giggle at some secret joke before she answers for both of them, “Sex toys,” and they both laugh again.

You feel the flush rise on your cheeks, on your chest, and a little clench in your pussy. “S-sex toys?”

“Yes, Allie, sex toys. Kate says every woman’s desire and response is different, so without meeting you, she said it’s hard o know what you’ll like.”

“Um, do you want me to tell her what toys I like?” you ask, uncertain if you’d be able to look at this woman and tell her what you like to use to pleasure yourself.

“No, of course not Allie,” he says, “Kate’s very good at what she does, she’ll know what you like, you won’t have to say a thing.”

You have a suspicion now, but ask to be sure. “Um, how will she know what I’ll like?”

He smiles broadly, revelling in the big reveal. “She’ll know by the way it makes you react.”

Gulp.

“Now remember, Kate, she’s not allowed to cum," he reminds her.

“That’s going to be the best part,” she replies, a sexy but evil grin on her face.

She pulls a bag from the floor and puts it on the counter in front of you. “I brought a range of products to try,” she says as she opens the bag. You catch glimpses of shiny chrome, braided leather, fleshy silicon, and several things that don’t seem familiar at all as she rummages inside.

“I’ve learned that I should start simple….In your case, I think we’ll need to start with these,” she announces, pulling a blindfold and something that looks like a cross between handcuffs and a leather belt.

She fits the black leather blindfold to you and it covers your sight completely. The furry edging tickles a bit but seals the edge, effectively preventing any light from coming through.

“Can you see anything?” she asks, her voice coming from a completely different location than you’d expected.

You turn your head to look in the direction of her voice, but aren’t sure. “No, I can’t see a thing.”

“Good,” she says approvingly.

You hear the click of her heels coming around the counter and approaching you. You can feel her close to you, smelling of something slightly musky but very feminine. You hear a sound that’s a mix of metal and leather and assume it’s those belt/handcuff things.

“Hold out your hands, Allie,” he orders and you comply quickly.

You feel the cool unyielding metal close around your wrists and wonder how this is going to work when the two sides aren’t connected together. You then feel your wrists being pulled forward, towards the other side of the counter. “Now bend over,” he says, “and let Kate do her job.”

You stumble forward a bit and feel the counter against your belly. The pull on your wrists pulls your body horizontal until you’re lying on the counter.

“Good girl.”

You feel her hands on you, sliding up your legs and over your ass. “Mmmm, she has a nice ass, doesn’t she?” she admires aloud.

“She certainly does. And I’ll bet you know how it looks best.”

“I’ll bet I do,” she responds, her tone a little more husky now.

You feel her take hold of the fabric of your skirt over your ass, pinching some of the flesh underneath in a seeming accident. Your body tries to jerk away from the pinch but you’re held against the counter.

She lifts the fabric a few inches and then pinches some more, lifting it as well. You feel the hem sliding up your bare legs and over your ass, knowing you will soon be exposed to this exquisite

woman and wondering, hoping, and worrying what she will do to you.

The skirt lifted, she pushes the fabric onto your back, leaving your panties the only barrier between you and the brightly lit room. She leans down and kisses just above your waistband before standing back up, her fingernails scratching their way slowly up from your knees to your ass as she stands. The scratching makes you shiver, pleasure and pain mixing exquisitely. You feel the scratches burn a little behind her nails, picturing the thin red lines she has marked you with.

She leans down and whispers huskily in your ear, “Ever been ***fucked*** by a woman, Allie?” The tone on the word making it clear that she means the kind that leaves you quivering and sore and not the gentle caressing you always pictured when you imagined being with a woman. The word itself registers in your pussy, causing it to clench hard. You picture how this goddess would look naked and your breath catches as you try to answer, “No”.

“Well, we’re going to have to fix that soon, aren’t we?” she purrs rhetorically. Your mental image of her naked body continues to play in your mind and you nod, not wanting to admit how much you want this.

She straightens up and you can feel her eyes appraising your bent-over body. You feel self-conscious and your hands automatically try to pull back to cover yourself but are stopped by the belts.

You can hear the smile as she tells him, “Wow, she’s a horny one. I think I’ve already made her wet. At least that’s what the spot on her panties would say.” You blush hotly, embarrassed, but have to admit that she’s right.

She strokes thin fingers lightly over your wet spot, bringing the tease from yesterday back in full force. You realize that you’re moving against her fingers and try to stop, resulting in a giggle from behind you. Her fingers hook into your waistband and pull it down to mid-thigh and stop.

The feeling of being exposed and the knowledge that you are going to be pleasured soon makes you heart race. Your panties being only partway down making you feel somehow more exposed than if they were all the way off, like you are waiting to be spanked.

Oh gawd, she’s going to spank me, you think. She wouldn’t would she? She couldn’t. No one spanks a grown woman. Why am I even thinking about this? All of these thoughts are surprising you by making you wetter. You wait for what comes next.

You wait…

…and wait….

Wondering what is coming.

Excited and worried.

Exposed to this beautiful stranger, wondering what she thinks when she looks at your shaved pussy and upturned ass. Somehow, having a woman looking at you makes you so much more self-conscious than if it was a man.

You feel the light of the room on you, the slight currents of the air, and notice that you are once again pushing against the counter and you're not sure what you're hoping for.

You quiet your hips and start to wonder if she's still there when SMACK! She spanks you with her bare hand.

You jolt at the impact, the restraints once again doing their job, grunting as your body tenses. You feel her hand print burning on your cheek and you wait for the next one.

SPANKSPANKSPANK! She hits you quickly and hard, leaving more hand prints. It hurts but excites you at the same time, so helpless and submissive to this strange woman. She rubs her fingers lightly over the hot patches, cooing as you whimper.

"I see you figured it out pretty quickly," he says approvingly.

"Yeah, it really does look good like this," she agrees.

You wait for the next blow, but it doesn't come. Instead, you feel something hard and plastic being pressed against your slit. Sliding smoothly up and down, the feeling is familiar, feeling just like your own vibe. You wait for the vibration to start, knowing this won't be so bad. The tip slides down around your clit and then back up to your opening, teasing just slightly inside before sliding back to your clit.

She turns it to let the cylindrical toy lie along your lips, sliding back and forth, but still no vibration. You feel the smooth plastic gliding between your folds, easily and smoothly passing over your clit, but giving you precious little friction. She starts to slide it faster, getting up to a moderate fucking tempo, sawing back and forth along your slit. Your mind goes to the feeling of being fucked like that, but you're frustrated by the smooth, almost frictionless contact and the emptiness inside.

"She seems pretty horny," she says from behind you, "I'm not even moving it." And you realize that

you’ve been the one pushing back and forth on the toy.

“Having fun?” she taunts.

“No! Can you please turn it on?” you beg.

“How do you know it turns on?” she teases.

“Gawd, please, I need it. Please turn it on. Pleeeeeassse!” you beg some more.

You hear a ‘click’ and the toy comes to life, buzzing between your lips and causing little shocks to go through your clit.

You moan at the feeling. “Gawd, yes.” You push back and slide back and forth on it, taking your pleasure, masturbating yourself in front of her, feeling your pleasure mount and then—silence. She turns off the toy and pulls it away. You groan with need as you hump the air, needing more contact, and being left frustrated.

He laughs from the other side of the counter. “Nah, she already has one of those. What else do you have?’

The next toy is a dildo. Moderate in size in length, she pushes is easily into you in one motion. You grunt at the sudden fullness, clenching around it and then moaning as it grinds against your cervix. It feels very real, the firm core under a softer, more skin-like layer. She starts to move it in and out, as before getting you started before simply holding to toy to watch you fuck yourself on it. You feel like such a slut humping a dildo in your kitchen like this as she watches, but, you have to admit, the feeling is pretty exciting. She lets you get more and more excited, once again nearing the brink, before pulling it quickly out of you, making a wet sucking sound as it pops free and leaves you hanging.

The empty feeling is relieved when you feel the head of another dildo, much thicker and heavier than the first push against you. This one is a challenge. The head of it starts to split you open as you push against it, wanting so badly to be filled again, but it won’t fit. You feel it stretching you, the pressure becoming intense as she pushes your body into the counter with the phallus. She backs off the pressure for just a moment before pushing again.

This time you get some more, the velvety head causing a wonderful discomfort as your brain switches off. She pulls back again and pushes it very hard into you this time. You push back, determined to get it in, needing to be filled, panting as you rock your hips trying to get it past your tight opening. Finally,

she twists it and it pops in, boring a wide hole through you. You groan as it tunnels into you, bucking against your impaler as it forces a path to your limit. Your pussy is fluttering around the toy. She doesn't even have to move this one, just the incredible fullness of this tool making you quiver. She twists it inside you and your knees buckle; knowing that, were it not for the counter, you would be on the floor now.

"She seems to like this one," the evil smile easily heard in her voice. "You should see how she looks stretched around it."

"Mmmm, I'm sure I will," he promises.

She starts to turn the toy again while pulling slightly in and out. The strokes are maddeningly short, maybe a half inch or so even this slight movement of the beast inside you is almost more than you can bear. You feel your juices flowing freely around it and down your thighs as you clench, buck, and moan loudly. It feels like it's going all the way through your body. Back and forth, twisting side to side, the penetration defines you and your mind can conceive of nothing else but this deep and thick feeling.

You feel her fingers lightly tracing around your tightly stretched opening. The skin is hard under the intense tension, like an over-tightened guitar string. She traces around the shaft of the toy, and then down, following your lips until her finger rests on your clit. She starts to trace small circles around your nub, starting to move the dildo in sync with her fingers. Still using short deep strokes, she pushes against your cervix, grinding deep inside you as your clit brings a tingling electric sensation to the area. Your pussy tries to clench around it with each strum of your clit, but has no room to manoeuvre and ends up just fluttering helplessly around it.

You're vibrating now, biting your lip to keep from screaming, feeling the pressure mount, knowing the end is near.

Closer and closer, your pleasure builds. You feel the tingling starting deep inside, and your vision starts to cloud with stars. You reach the brink, feeling the impending release, knowing it will leave you spent, caring about nothing right now but this intense pleasure.

"Uh...

UUuhh...

Ooooh...

Uuuuhhhh.”

You’re on the edge.

Then, “Sllllurrrrrpppppp!” The big dildo slides quickly out leaving you stretched and empty.

“AAaarrrggggHHHHhhhh!” you complain, feeling the cool air inside your pussy where you desperately need the dildo to be.

SMACK! She spanks you. SMACKSMACKSMACKSMACK SMACK! She unleashes a series of blows on your ass.

You whimper as the stinging hot hands replace the feeling of fullness from just a moment before. Tears form in your eyes, the frustration, pleasure, and pain too much to take all at once. You let out a keening moan, your hips still gyrating in the air, feeling loose and open after the stretching you received.

“Naughty girl! You’re not allowed to cum remember, Allie.” She laughs cruelly at you, watching your desperation from the perfect angle.

“I think we found the toy,” he says, clearly approving.

“Then my work here is done,” she declares, and raises your panties back up your legs. You feel the cold wet spot from your panties against your molten pussy and you moan in frustration, knowing that your fun is over for now. She smoothes your skirt back down, your almost too-sensitive skin feeling every rustle.

“Well, not quite,” he says and you feel him hand the straps back to her. “I think Allie needs to say ‘Thank you’ for all you’ve done for her.”

“Thank you, Kate, thankyou thankyouthankyou,” you babble from the support of the counter, expecting her to undo your handcuffs.

“I have something else in mind,” she says and pulls your hands back down to your sides. You feel her push one strap under your tummy and rest the other over your back. Too compliant right now to do anything about it, she attaches each strap to the opposite cuff and pulls them tight. Your hands are now resting on your hips, as if you’re striking a sassy pose, but they are bound there, ensuring you can reach neither your pussy nor your tits.

She pulls you back from the counter and orders you, “On your knees, Allie.” You fall unsteadily to your knees and look up at her from the backs of your heels. She pulls the blindfold up over your eyes, looking down at you kneeling submissively at her feet. Your eyes blink rapidly as they try to adjust to the bright light of the room. As your vision returns, the effect is as if she is an angel, materializing out of pure light.

“You made me pretty wet, Allie. And you know nothing says ‘thank you’ like cleaning up.” She chuckles down at you, making it clear that she’s no angel. At this, she lifts the hem of her dress and reveals her pussy. Her closely trimmed naturally red pubic hair provides an arrow down to her swollen lips and you know exactly what she is asking for.

You’ve never done anything like this before and kneel uncertainly. She wraps her fingers in your hair and pulls you roughly into her crotch, the scent of another woman filling your nostrils, so familiar but unique in its own way.

You nuzzle into her snatch, knowing what she wants but not sure you can lick another woman there.

“What are you doing down there? Lick me!” she says, pushing your face into her as she pushes her hips forward. You push out your tongue reluctantly and she grinds her pussy against it. Her taste on your tongue is hard to describe. It’s almost more of a sensation than a taste, the feeling one that can only be described as hot, sexy, and silky. The clean womanly scent of her arouses you in a way you hadn’t expected as your tongue feels the delicate smooth folds within.

You give in and start to eat her in earnest, licking her as best you can. “You really suck at this,” she chides. “Just stick out your tongue,” she orders you. Holding your head, she rides your tongue with her pussy. You feel used and dirty as she masturbates herself with your face. You can feel her hard clit on your mouth, getting harder.

Her legs start to tremble and her movements become more erratic. When she comes, a thinner, sweeter fluid gushes out of her and soaks your face and down your neck. She pushes you hard into her slit, smothering you with her sex, holding onto your head for support as she screams in orgasm. She releases your head, allowing you to breathe again and you do your best to lick up this sweet nectar as she rides your tongue to after-shock after after-shock.

Her screams have subsided and she has reduced to moans, and then finally purrs of contentment.

She steps back from you on shaky legs and smoothes her dress down.

“I have no idea how you can go without that, Allie,” reminding you of your loss.

“Yeah, must have been hard making Kate cum like that when you can’t,” he openly mocks you from his seat. “Well, tomorrow is your birthday, so maybe you don’t have much longer to wait.”

“Tomorrow?” Kate asks.

“Yeah, why?” he asks, both of them completely ignoring you.

“You mean, her birthday is on *Hump Day*? How fitting!” The two of them burst into a round of giggles.

He eventually unties you and lets you get on with your day, admonishing you one last time. “Don’t you **dare** cum before I tell you.”

“Yes Sir,” you reply in a defeated tone.

“OK, well, we’re off.”

“Have a nice day, Allie! See you tomorrow!” he says casually, turning and sweeping out of the house, his arm around Kate, feeling a pang of jealousy.

You hear him tell her as they leave, “You know, I seem to have a little problem of my own that you might be able to help me with.”

“Oh, you know I can help you with that one,” she says, both of them giggling as they walk out the door.

(to be continued…..)