

Warehouse slut

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There I sat at my computer, ready for another morning of chatting with my new online lover, much like all other mornings for the last two weeks. It had become quite routine for us to chat for about an hour in the mornings, then off to our lives. I was, quite honestly, starting to lose interest, figuring he was just another of the "Internet fakes". We have all run into them, the guys who are all talk and no action.

This morning, however, would turn out much different and I was in for a quite exciting day. As we chatted about what we wanted to do, I mentioned that I was feeling this was just talk and wondered if we should part ways. With this, he said that he was real and that he was prepared to show me, if I truly was the slut that I said I was. Now the ball was in my court, as I had talked a mean game too and he had turned the tables and was calling my bluff. I thought for a moment and told him that I would meet him, just tell me when and where. He told me that he ran a company that installed underground cable and had a small warehouse in town. He said his crews would be gone in a little while and we could meet there. I was reluctant at first, as it seemed very risky to meet a man I had never met, in a warehouse where anything could be waiting for me. However, the thrill of this was being in all my girly things, sucking and fucking a man I did not know and in a place that took me out of my comfort zone. With that in mind, I agreed to meet him and asked what I should wear. He was very specific in the outfit, as we had chatted quite a bit about my wardrobe, so I was told to wear my matching leopard panty and camisole set, white garter belt and black stockings below my man clothes.

I arrived at the warehouse and it was in a private and somewhat dirty part of town, which actually made me more nervous, yet more thrilled. I got out of my car and headed to the door, not knowing what was awaiting me on the other side. Once in, I did not see anyone, so I walked into the warehouse section and yelled out

"Hello!"

I then saw a fairly small man step out from the upstairs area and say

"Hello, you must be Jenna", with a smirk on his face.

I said I was and he told me to come up there to his office. As I climbed the stairs, I still wondered what in the hell I was doing, as I had no idea what awaited me, which could be any number of things. But, as I said earlier, the fear is like a drug that always makes you want more, so up I went.

Once up there, we traded some small talk and it was a bit awkward, with me wondering if anything was going to happen. But, just like with the online thing becoming what I wanted, he at one point unzipped his pants while sitting behind his desk and pulled out his cock. He looked at me and said

"I am not sure how far you want to go bitch, but this needs some attention".

Well that was my clue, so I stood up, started unbuttoning my shirt and taking off my pants, telling him as I did so,

"Let me show you how far I will go".

Once I was down to exactly what he had told me to wear, he told me I was nothing more than a whore and I was to get around behind his desk. Once back there, he pushed me to my knees and told me to lick his cock head, which I did, making him moan a bit and tell me what a good whore I was. As I ran my tongue down his shaft to his balls, I felt a hand come around to my man-pussy and start to play with it through my panties. This made me horny and I then took his entire cock in my mouth and started running my lips up and down the shaft, making him tense up and grab the back of my head, telling me that I was nothing more than a cock sucking whore.

I thought at one point that he was going to cum in my mouth, as he was moaning more and more, breathing deeper and deeper, but right at that moment he told me

"Get my sissy ass up and bend over my desk".

Now I must tell you that I was not really prepared to be fucked, but the thrill of feeling a man in me was much more than I could control, so I did as told. He forced me over the desk and I gave in to the fact that I was about to be violated by this stranger, getting more excited by the minute. He then opened a desk drawer and pulled out four pair of handcuffs, which scared the hell out of me, but I was in now and there was no turning back. He clicked my hands to two legs of the desk, click my feet to two others, then sat back in his chair. I could not really see him, but he was just laughing at me, saying that he had me in quite a predicament now, didn't he. I then heard another drawer open, but could not see what he was getting from my position. A second later, I felt him slowly start to pull my panties down and then, out of the blue, I felt a hard SMACK on my ass cheek, with him telling me to BEG for his cock. I let out a whimper, but did as told, telling him that I wanted to be his slut bitch and

would he please fuck me. He slapped my ass a few more times, telling me that I was a worthless bitch, but he would show me what a worthless bitch gets.

With that, I felt a cold and wet sensation hit my man-pussy and then a finger roughly violate me, pushing the lube in me, which made me know I was soon going to be fucked by this stranger. I then felt another finger start to go in, which hurt a bit, but telling him did nothing but make him laugh more, smacking my ass even harder. After about 5 minutes, and a third finger, he pulled all of the fingers out and I felt him come up behind me and put the head of his cock up against my pussy. He then leaned over to my ear and told me

"I am going to make you my bitch now".

I then felt the pressure of him pushing harder and harder, until the head popped in, making me cry out and him laugh out loud. He then slowly, but firmly, pushed all 8 inches into me and started to pump in and out, picking up rhythm as he went along, until his balls were slapping my ass cheeks and he was leaning over telling me I was now his bitch and was going to take all his cum deep in my pussy. With this he thrust one last hard time and I felt him swell, then a warm sensation filled my pussy and I knew I had just been marked as his bitch.

He pulled out his cock, came around to the other side of the desk and shoved it in my mouth, still dripping from the fucking I had just received. I thought this would be over in a moment, but I was wrong, as he started to get hard again, grabbing the back of my head and shoving it all the way down my throat, making me gag. This only turned him on more, as he fucked my face harder and harder, until he stopped with it all the way in and shot what seemed like another gallon of cum into my stomach. Now I knew I had been his bitch, with his seed in both ends of my sissy body.

He then unhandcuffed me and told me

"Get your sissy ass dressed and out of my office".

I gathered my thoughts and clothes, put them on and left, never to see or hear from him again.