

Love Don't Run ch 3

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Joy has her first taste of being a slave

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Love Don't Run Pt 3 By: Hisangelbeauty and Ropetease copyright 2011 Joe looked at the feast she had on the table, trying to remember the last time he had such a good breakfast. Joe noticed she wasn't eating and was just watching him when he picked up a pear slice off his plate with one hand then pulled her chair closer to him with the other. He recalled their breakfast in the cafeteria and how she picked at her food. Hell, if he was honest she really hadn't taken more than a few bites that day. Raising the pear to her mouth, running it across her lips, and touched the fruit to her lips telling her to open wide. He noticed the juices coating her plump lips. Joy opened her mouth and let him push the fruit inside her mouth. She loved the way Joe teased her with the pear. It amazed her that feeding someone could be so erotic or make her feel this sexy. The look in his eyes made her heart start to pound painfully in her chest. "Lets play a game, Joy. If you guess right, you get a kiss. Guess wrong, I get to spank that tight ass later, okay?" Joe teasingly said. "Sure Joe, lets play your game," she replied, thinking to herself that was going to be easy. Pushing his chair away from the table Joe stood up then walked back into her bedroom to get his duffel bag. When he returned s he watched him open the duffel bag then take out a red bandanna. Turning towards her with it in his hand, she saw the little smile and glint in his eyes. "You didn't think I would it make it easy on you, do you?" he jokingly said. Walking up behind her Joe placed the bandanna over her eyes and tied it around the back of her head. Joe let his hands touch her shoulders and felt her shudder under his touch. He heard the giggle from her as he walked back to his chair and sat down. Joy sat in her chair waiting for him to start. Picking up a piece of bacon he placed it in her mouth, "What do you taste?" He asked her. "Bacon," she replied with a moan. "Yes, it was bacon," Joe said, leaning over giving her a kiss on the lips. "Mmm," Joy moaned thinking this wasn't bad so far. Picking up a small piece of scrambled egg, he dipped it in syrup, "Just taste with your tongue, don't bite it yet." Joy stuck her tongue out as Joe rubbed the egg on her tongue, "Pancake," she said. She heard Joe chuckle then say, "Nope, you're wrong. You will get a swat later." "It was pancake. I tasted the syrup," Joy protested. "Nope. I dipped the egg in the syrup," Joe told her. Joy scrunched up her nose at hearing it was egg dipped in syrup, t hen thought that this was going to be more difficult for her if he was going to keep playin g the game like this. She was starting to like his game, even if it meant getting spanked later. Joy felt the slight puddling of her juices on her chair. Joe teased her some more with different foods, changing

the flavors and textures. Joy got some right and a lot more wrong. She squirmed in her chair thinking that her ass might be sore before long, but the kisses he gave her were making her wetter by the minute. He saw her slightly squirming in her chair as her hardened nipples pushed against his t-shirt. Her breathing deepened after each of his kisses. He noticed that after each answer she spread her legs wider and her hips slightly slid forward in the chair. The t-shirt riding up her thighs hid her with each movement, slowly her glistening wet pussy was exposed. He loved the fact that she kept her pussy bare. His cock was straining in his shorts and he knew he would have to end this game soon. "Two more chances to guess what it is. First, pull your shirt up around your waist. I want to see more of my wet pussy," Joe told her. "Yes, Sir," Joy replied, raising the t-shirt around her waist. "Open your mouth and tell me what you taste," he said as he placed the tip of a strawberry against her lips. "Mmm, strawberry," Joy moaned His cock twitched hard in his shorts and he had to swallow a groan. When he saw her tongue curl over her bottom lip touching her chin for a drop of the strawberry juice. Knowing that soon she would be licking his cock the same way. "Right again, my slave. Ready for your last taste," Joe asked her. "Yes Joe, I'm ready," Joy giggled, adding, "Where is my kiss, Joe? I answered it right." "Soon slave, real soon," Joe told her as he pulled her out her chair and sat her down on his lap. Joy felt his hard cock on her ass as her weight settled on him. "Oohh," Joy gasped. Before Joy could say thing else Joe grabbed her hair tilting her head back pressing his lips hard on her open mouth. Allowing his tongue to explore her open mouth, flicking his tongue along hers making Joy press her lips harder against his lips. Her hips began moving involuntary on his lap. Joe released his grasp of her head as he pulled his lips away from her mouth. Her deep gasp for breath mixed with a deep moan showed just how turned on she was. "What was that last taste, slave?" Joe asked her. "You, Sir," she whispered, already missing his tongue in her mouth. All he did remember was her chocolate brown eyes staring into his. Joe enjoyed the food tasting game, spanking Joy was going to be wonderful. But his real motive had been to make sure Joy actually ate something to give her energy for the spanking she was going to receive later Cuddling her in his arms, Joe began to feed her breakfast despite her protest of not really being hungry. Joy leaned back into him allowing him to feed her after he tightened his hold around her waist. Her slight moans of pleasure after each bite made Joe's cock twitch against her ass even more. He let Joy rest her head on his shoulder for a few minutes as he held her in his arms. Joe could feel the wetness from her pussy seeping onto his boxer covered thighs. Smiling to himself, he collected a small amount of her juices on his fingers. Bringing his fingers up to his lips, he tasted her sweet nectar for the first time. Placing his other finger on her lips, he asked her, "What do you taste now, slave?" Joy sucked his finger in her mouth as her tongue licked the tip tasting the slightly sweet and salty flavors not really sure she liked the taste, "Hmm you Joe," she answered. "No slave, that isn't me you're tasting. It is your own wetness on your lips and I have to say you taste wonderful. I can easily see it becoming my favorite food." Joy blushed at Joe saying her essence could become his favorite food and was rather stunned to hear she had tasted herself. Joy was also slightly relieved to hear that it was her own flavor, even if she still wasn't sure she liked the taste. Picking her up in his arms and carrying her in to her bedroom laying her down on her back, Joe trailed his fingers down her body making her tremble under his touch. Joy

found herself parting her thighs as his fingers trailed along her overly sensitive skin towards her hot wanting sex. As his hands moved closer to the top of her slit, Joy felt a small wave of nervousness flow through her body. Her hands moved trying to intercept him from touching her pussy. She wanted him desperately to touch her pussy, but she was afraid also. "Slave, " Joe admonished as he grasped her hands in his, "You need to listen to me for a minute. I don't want you to fight me on this. I don't want to tie you down, so just keep your hands up near your head understand me?" "Yes, Joe," Joy replies. "Slave, that is Sir or Master to you! I have been very lenient with that so far but I won't be any longer," Joe told her in a stern voice. Joy's sharp intake of breath was very telling to Joe as he got closer to her wet pussy. Joe wanted desperately to lick her wet pussy with his tongue as his fingers parted her swollen pussy lips. Her moans of pleasure were getting deeper as he dragged the tip of his finger over her clit. Her hips moved slightly under his fingers as she grasped the sheets on the bed then started to scoot up the bed trying to get away from tingling sensations Joe's finger caused to run throughout her sweat covered body. "Be still, slave," Joe growled out as he smacked her on her left breast causing Joy to yell out his name. "That's Sir or Master, slave!" Joe growled, smacking her right breast to get his point across. "Yes, Sir," Joy hissed out as the pain from the slapping spread across her breasts. Joy couldn't believe how much his slapping her breasts turned her on. Yes it hurt, but it wasn't overly painful as she could feel more juices puddling under her. Part of Joy wanted to beg Joe to fuck her, she was just that turned on by the things he did and how he made her feel. Joe could feel and see the slickness between her thighs as he placed his palm over her warm sex. Sitting at her side, his mind tortured him with visions of his cock sliding in and out of her tight toffee center. The contrast of their skin tones making his already painfully hard cock even harder. Joe felt the tip of his cock become wet. Looking down, a small stain appeared on his boxers. Reaching down to the opening of his boxers he pulled his hard cock free. Wrapping his hand around his hard shaft, he gave it a squeeze watching another drop of pre-cum form on the tip. Running his other finger over the drop, he smoothed it over the head of his cock. How he wanted her hand doing this to him soon. Looking over at Joy laying on the bed her eyes still covered by the blindfold, her lower lip sucked deep in her mouth as his other hand continued to rub her wet slit. Moving his wet finger towards her lips, "Open your mouth, slave, " Joe told her as he held his finger close. Joy opened her mouth slightly allowing him to place his finger on her lip. Her tongue darting out to lick her lip as he rubbed it across. "Ooo, it is still you I taste, Joe," she moaned, adding, "It's a little more salty than before." "What you just tasted baby was my essence, a drop of my cum," He told her. Joy felt his finger slide a little deeper and she hungrily sucked his finger. "Ooo, mmm, Joe," she moaned a little louder. Joe took his hand away from her wet pussy and slapped her left breast hard. "Ouch!" Joy screamed. Her hand almost went to cover her sore breast and she thought she had better not. "That slap was for not saying 'Sir', slave." "Sorry, Joo, Sir," she replied, almost making the same mistake again. Joe placed his hand back between her soaked thighs cupping her pussy getting more of her juices on his fingers. Breaking contact from her pussy he brought his wet fingers to her lips. "Now, slave, what do you taste?" He asked as he placed the wet fingers on her lips. Joy quickly sucked his finger deep in her mouth thinking it was the same taste as before. This time it wasn't the same, this time it had a sweet less

salty taste. Hesitating just a second she answered, "You, Sir." "Nope not this time, slave. You have just tasted your own juices again," Joe told her, adding, "I told you before you taste great." What Joy did not see was the huge smile Joe had on his face. Leaning closer to her face he reached up and lifted the blindfold that covered her eyes. It took several seconds for her eyes to focus on his face. Joy knew he meant business when she looked into his light brown eyes and saw the specks of gold in them staring back at her. What she saw in their depths she did not like. Gone was the tender smile and longing in his eyes. His eyes had taken a darker glow, something sinister lurked in them making her body shudder uncontrollably. "Sit up on the bed, slave. You are not going to like what I have to say right now," He told her in a stern tone. Joy placed her hands on the bed pushing her self up to a sitting position and lowered her head. She felt his fingertips lift her chin. "Baby, it pains me to no end but I have to punish you for last night. I had hoped it would be awhile before I had to do this to you. You have to understand what is about to happen must be done," Joe told her, his eyes looking deep into hers. "Yes Sir, I understand," Joy only managed to say it in a whisper. Her breath caught in her throat, never had she felt such pain in her heart as she did at this moment knowing she was the cause of the disappoint on Joe's face. Joe went on explaining why he had to punish her for her actions and those actions would not be taken lightly. "Do you understand what I am telling you, my slave? Yes, you're my slave now. You belonged to me from the moment you asked me to train you to be my slave and I accepted. You had no right to disrespect or dismiss me the way you did," he told her adding, "Now stand up. Remove the t-shirt, slave. You will not need any clothes from this moment on for the rest of today." "Yes Sir," Joy said as she turned her body, her legs going over the side of the bed. Hesitantly she stood up on wobbly legs. He watched as her hands grasped the bottom of the shirt as she lifted it up her body and over her head. She held the shirt in her hands. "Drop it to the floor, slave," Joe commanded and watched the shirt fall from her hands. Joy wanted to cover her nakedness, but she kept her hands by her sides lowering her head. For the second time today she stood totally naked in front of Joe. This time was different than before. This time she did not want to be naked in front of him and her pussy betrayed her by clenching tight, forcing some of her juices to flow down her thighs. Joe stood up in front of her and wrapped his arms around her body hugging her tight. Pulling her head back by her hair, Joe lowered his lips down and kissed her hard. Joy responded by arching her body towards his body. She felt his hard cock press into her stomach as he held her in his embrace. Joy wanted this to never end. He played her body like a finely tuned violin, giving her so many new sensations that she had never felt before. At this moment she was ready to let him do anything he wanted to do to her and she would gladly let him. Breaking his kiss, stepping back away from her, "Stand with your hands behind your back, slave," Joe ordered. "Yes, Sir," she replied as her hands went behind her back. Joe raised his hands back up to her blindfold on her forehead and pulled it back over her eyes, sending her back into darkness. Joy stood still as her body began to shake just a bit as Joe walked away from her. She heard him search through his bag looking for something, her senses on overload as she felt his hand grasp her wrists in his. The soft feel of another scarf circled her crossed wrists as he tightened the scarf knotting it out of reach of her fingers. Joe still standing behind her placed his hands on her shoulders sliding them down her bound

arms. "Ooo, mmm," a deep moan escaped from her lips as she tried to arch her ass towards his body. Joe felt her bound hands touch his stomach, her fingertips tracing around his bellybutton trying to touch his cock. Joe stepped back away from her just as she brushed against his waist band. Joy's moans of desperation filled the room. Standing away from her, Joe pushed the boxers down his legs, kicking them away. His hard cock standing straight out no longer confined. Joy stood there trembling as Joe ran his hand over her ass as he walked by her. She heard him sit down on the bed. Reaching out to her Joe grasped her hips and pulled her closer to him guiding her to one side of his knees. "You will lean forward slave, and place your body over my knees. Don't worry, I will not let you fall," he promised. Joy slowly walked the few feet it took to bump into Joe's knees. Then with Joe's guidance, Joy laid her body over Joe's muscular thighs and started to shake with anticipation as Joe placed his hand on the curve of her ass. Joy suddenly squirmed as she felt his bare skin on hers and realized that he had removed his boxers. His hard cock was resting on her stomach for the first time. She felt her thighs get wetter as his heart beat pulsed up his cock. All Joy could do was wait and wonder how bad her punishment would be. She knew Joe had been right about the way she had spoken to him earlier. Closing her eyes, she was ready to accept what punishment he felt she deserved. Joy was willing to accept any punishment Joe was going to give her as long as the hurt look on his face disappeared. She wanted the look he had at breakfast as they played his game. A single tear fell from her eye and flowed down her cheek before Joe even struck her. Joe laid his hand on her quivering ass and marveled at the contrast of his pale hand on her mahogany ass. As his hand rested on her ass he felt her muscles tighten under his hand. Joe slowly rubbed his hand over her ass as he told her, "You will count each slap and say, 'Thank you Sir, one Sir' and so on for each slap. If you fail to count each slap I will start over. Understand, slave?" "Yes, Sir. I will thank you for each slap and count," Joy replied. Taking a deep breathe, Joe ran his hand along Joy's spine and ass, reluctant to actually punish her. He could feel her body shake as his hand traced along her skin. Grasping her tied hands tight in one hand, he raised his other. He felt her tense just as the first blow rained down against her ass. Joy jumped at the blow that landed on her left ass cheek, "Thank you Sir, One Sir," she cried out. Joe raised his hand again striking the right ass cheek harder, the blow sounding louder than the last. Gritting her teeth Joy hissed, "Thank you Sir, two Sir." Without giving her time to recover Joe slapped her ass hard three times in quick succession.. "Goddd," Joy screamed out, "Thank you Sir, five Sir!" Joe felt the heat starting on her ass as he rubbed her ass and heard the soft moan from her throat. Just when Joy thought it was over, Joe slapped the sweet spot just under her ass cheeks really hard 4 times. Joy tried to hold back the scream but it was no use as she flailed on his knees. Her legs trying to curl up to protect her ass and her body weight resting on his cock. "Oh fuck, that hurts, Joe! Nine, Sir!" Joy yelled adding, "Thank you Sir, nine Sir!" Joy was taking deep heavy breathes, her almond shaped brown eyes flowing with tears, her ass was on fire and her thighs were soaked. She let her feet fall back to the floor as Joe rubbed his hand over her red hot ass. His touch seemed to cool the pain, but the fire between her thighs grew hotter. Using his hand, Joe parted her legs and cool air flowed up her slit. He still held her bound hands keeping her still as he felt her push her stomach harder on his cock. With her legs parted, Joe raised his hand up and swung down hard

between her legs striking her swollen pussy lips. She would have stood up if it wasn't for his hand holding her wrists crying out, "Thank you Sir, Ten Sir! Oh my god Sir!" Just as the last words escaped her mouth, Joe rubbed her clit hard with his fingers. Joy responded to his touch by raising her ass higher seeking his probing fingers. Joy's stomach began to tighten, a feeling she never felt before as her juices flowed from her pussy onto his waiting fingers. Her breathing became short gasps as her pussy walls spasmed and a wave started to build. Noticing how close she was, Joe stopped rubbing her pussy and her whine of desperation filled his ears. "Not yet, slave," he told her removing his hand. "Your punishment is over, slave," Joe told her as he leaned over, running his tongue from her spine to her curve of her ass, licking the sweat from her body. While cooling some of the heat radiating off of her ass from the spanking, "This is for pleasure, slave," Joe whispered to her. Gently he helped her up from his lap and set her knees on the floor. Leaning over to her head, Joe licked a salty tear that fell from under her blindfold. He noticed her tear stained face and felt sorry he had to punish her as he did. Joy's mouth opened into a perfect O when she felt Joe's tongue on her cheek licking her tears away so gently. Breathing heavily as his tongue trailed down to the side of her neck, she couldn't help but close her eyes and whimper from beneath the blindfold as Joe began to suck on her neck. Joy's heaving breast caught Joe's attention. Taking one of her breasts in his hand, he had an evil thought. Deciding to first lick her hard nipples one at a time, alternating between them which caused the pulse in her neck to jump. Done with pleasuring Joy for the moment, Joe raised his hand and began to slap each of her breasts. He didn't slap her hard enough to hurt her badly, but hard enough that when she laid on her stomach or put on a shirt that she would have sensations with each jiggle or wiggle they would make. Joy could feel the heat coming off of her breasts along with a slight stinging pain with each slap as Joe would smack her breasts. Joy tensed her body so hard she began to shiver. After a few hard slaps Joe stopped, looking at the imprint his hand had left over her large breast. Using his hand he traced around the raised welts causing Joy to shiver and let out a gasp. Standing up by the side of her bed looking down on her kneeling body, he moved his towards her face and lightly let his fingers drag down the side of her face. Joy tilted her head towards his touch. In a light loving tone Joe told her, "Joy, you are mine now." Then he asked her, "Are you ready for this?" Joe reached around to the back of her head pulling the knot of her blindfold over her head. Her eyes slowly focused as Joe's naked image came into view. Her eyes stared at his hard cock just inches in front of her face. His cock looked so huge and her eyes became as large as saucers as her body began to shake at the thought of his cock going inside her. All Joy wanted to do when she first saw the size of Joe's cock was to clamp her thighs closed to keep him out. Joe continued running his fingers through her hair as she stared at his cock. After staring at his cock for what seemed like hours, Joy began to think it looked rather pretty with throbbing veins along the shaft after a while. Joy wanted to reach out and touch it with her fingers, but Joe left her hands tied behind her back. Joy felt his hand on the back of her head as he slightly pushed her head closer to his cock. His musky aroma filtered up her nose as the tip of his cock came closer. Joe held his cock in his other hand, rubbing the tip across her lips. Her tongue slipped between her lips and she tasted his cock for the first time. She felt a flow of wetness down her inner thighs. Taking the head of his cock he rubbed along the side of her face and

she gave a little moan from her throat "Open your mouth, slave," Joe told her as he rubbed the tip on her lips again. Joy's mouth slowly opened as the tip pressed against her lips...