

My Collar

By She

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Fantasy became reality on the night he gave me my collar.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/my-collar.aspx>

The house echoes my uneasy mood,
The clatter of my high heels is too loud
In the eerie room.
Lana Del Rey's soft toned music
And the low light in the corner
Are not helping, either.

Slowly I strip,
Trying to calm myself down with sensual moves.
Perhaps the strong liquor you left for me
Will bring me some comfort.

Naked.
I try to relax on the sofa
As I see
That this is what our sex life needs.

You are in the bedroom,
Waiting for me
As I gather my courage to go,
Stand in front of the door,
Take a deep breath,
And finally step in.

Your presence fills the room
With an almost tangible, sexy atmosphere.
You lean against the wall,
Arms across your naked chest,

Expressionless.

I glance at the bed,
The clean white sheets contrast with
A collar in the middle of it,
Its leash attached to a hook on the wall.

I climb to the middle of the bed,
Fasten the collar around my neck,
Then kneel, exposed.

You watch me
With my hands in my lap.
My subjugation arouses you,
I'm almost unrecognizable, yet so desirable.

I will be used, I think,
Like a slutty bitch.
I am going to be fucked good.

With my posture erect, eyes slightly lowered,
I watch you step towards me.

The bulge is obvious in your pants,
Your body is charged with desire
While you pull my leash
Towards you.

On all fours,
With my head up,
Your fingers grab my collar,
Making my back arch
As you lean in for a kiss.

Our passion is changed,
Even our kiss is different.
You lean in,
Pat my pussy,
And I hear you say,

"Surprises are yet to come."

In an instant my juices run down my inner thigh,
My desire to be used is hardly bearable.

I guess you realize
You were being too gentle,
Because you forcefully grab my long hair
And push your cock into my mouth.

With it deep in my throat,
My tongue teasing your balls,
I see the door opening behind you

A huge black man, fully dressed, enters,
I panic and gag on your cock.
Forgetting to breath,
My eyes are watering
As you keep fucking my face

He doesn't glance in your direction
Or even look at me.
He just takes his rock hard tool from his pants
And goes straight to my pussy.

I get a few spanks
That free me a bit.
I begin to breath
And think clearly again.
I might hate myself tomorrow,
But reason has no place here

I hear myself slowly say,
"Use me for your pleasure.

Fuck me as you please
Fuck me good."

And they did...

At the end of the night,
Every hole in my body was abused.
I lost track of how many times I came.

Covered in cum,
The collar still around my neck,
With a smile in my heart,
We went to take a shower.

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