You Do Not Tease

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Poem/story of a roleplay that blurs the line of pleasure and pain

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"You Do Not Tease" I slam you up against the wall. I had waited a long time to do that, And the time had finally come. You'd been begging for it Your coy little looks Your smart ass mouth Teasing, tempting Torturing My head with your demure resistance Enticing Me with those little girl looks Tantalizing Me with those pouty lips Begging Me and contesting Me Arguing logic against reason against spirit and touch You were beseeching Me to take it from you I was ready to comply I slam you up against the wall. The white cotton blouse, so innocent Ripped from your chest with hardly any effort Growling in your ear as I tear at the fabric Just imploring you to try and escape Daring you Defying you to pull away How could you? I have you up against a wall. My teeth, scrapping at your neck Profanity escaping from My lips Telling you why I was hurting you Making sure you understand "You don't tease Me like that." You knew that. All along. Bra in a pile , next to the torn shirt Your skirt is the next thing to go Naked, against a brick wall Unable to breathe, unable to open your eyes Uncaring about either Lost in the sensation Of paying your debt Paying the Piper Hands gripping your hair Spinning you around quickly, Face up against the wall Soft cheek, rough brick Gasps escaping your lips Hand slapping your ass No care no warm-up Spanking you like a naughty school girl Caught smoking after class Trembling, using the wall to hold yourself up Hands splayed out, fingers digging in Crying real tears Of pleasure and pain Comingling in your body and mind "You do not tease me like that" I chide again And I hear you cry more. My hand slips between your legs Your wetness defying your recalcitrance Pinching, poking, prodding Proving who has the upper hand And I am still smacking your ass with it I stop slapping long enough To pull your head back, and growl in your ear "You do not tease me like that." You gasp for breath. I kick your feet apart And in moments, have thrust My cock in you Pulling your hips back, teaching you a lesson The one you were begging to learn anyway We both know it. I don't let go of your hair My teeth don't leave your tender throat Until I have finished what you started And you did start it "You do not tease Me like that" Think you learned your lesson yet? We both know You never have before!