

# Bound to Please

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*Aida straps a young stud*

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"Good morning Aida, how was your weekend?" "It was pretty routine, had the grand kids over on Sunday; but other than that pretty boring." I loved walking up to the front office in the mornings; Aida dressed impeccably, sexy yet very professional. Her hair and nails were always nicely done. While she wouldn't create any beauty standards now, when younger she must have been pretty hot. Now, I have a huge foot fetish and she knows it. We often joked that my reason for stopping by was to check out her toes. She was partially correct, silver rings on both feet that made my cock twitch, but her round ass had me salivating. Self conscious about the weight around her middle, her style of dress flattered her assets while diminishing unwanted attention to those areas. Our conversations were superficial and never went beyond the usual chit-chat, a widow going 4 years she wasn't seeing anyone. While we ate lunch at different times, on one of the occasional overlaps, she mentioned, "I was updating the employee emergency list ... we live pretty close to each other, in fact less than 10 minutes away." "That's good to know," I said. "If you ever need any help just give me a ring." Time passed and the status quo remained, but this time she looked at me directly. "I have a favor to ask." "Sure ... what is it?" "Would you mind stopping by one evening to help me rearrange a few things?" "No problem ... Just tell me when." "How about Tuesday?" "Tuesday is fine." Her shift ended an hour before mine so we confirmed that I would stop by after I finished my shift. "I will have a little something prepared for you," she said. The implication of her statement caused me to raise my eyebrow but she had already turned and was heading to the copy machine. The image of her fine ass seared slowly into my brain. The week started on a fast pace and for the rest of the day into Tuesday I had no time to visit Aida, late that evening I managed to catch her before she left. Confirming that we were still on, I got the details of her address and her number just in case. "See you later," she said. I nodded my reply. I resumed working, but as luck would have it, due to last minute details I got stuck for an extra 15 minutes. By the time I left the office, traffic had started to build delaying me even further. I rang the doorbell, Aida greeted me in the tightest black leather pants I had ever seen. "You are late," she said. "I hate to be kept waiting." "Sorry, traffic." I stared at her strapless open-toed

pumps, feasting my eyes on her freshly painted toes. Bright cherry red, her toes glistened. There was also another ring on her middle toe in addition to her normal pair. "You seem to adore them so much, why don't you get on your knees and lick them?" She hooked her hand behind my head, impelling me downward. I dropped to my knees to avoid losing balance. I had fantasized of taking her toes in my mouth and sucking them on the road to seducing her. What was happened now was different, I was being dominated into submission. I resisted her efforts till she pinned my hand with her heel. I could not afford injury as I had a tourney in less than two weeks. "Okay, okay," I said and began to kiss her toes. A stinging slap resounded across my face. "You little whore. I see the lust in your eyes each day and how your cock hardens each time I take my shoes off. You little fish. Didn't you know I was just playing with you? I could have had you anytime I wanted." "You like my ass, don't you?" "Speak up." "Now kiss it. Kiss my fucking ass you dirty little whore." My cock throbbed; straining against my jeans, it pulsed and grew. Aida spied it and nudged it roughly with her toe. "Oooh this turns you on, you nasty fuck," she said, nudging me harder this time. She then started to slap my face. "Why are you flinching? You are a big boy. Are you afraid of me?" Defiantly I allowed her to continue, her talk got me horny. "I am going to fuck you and I am not going to stop till I am completely satisfied. I am going to ride you like a whore, every inch of your black cock will be mine. Then I am going to make you my bitch." I wasn't quite sure what she meant, but at this moment I didn't care. "Get back down on your knees and lick my toes." My ass now in the air, she slapped it hard, straddling my back as she squeezed and pulled my cheeks apart through the material. "Nice ass. Well, now it's mine. I have been planning this a long time. Take your clothes off. I want to see your cock." Spinning around while doing a little strip tease; I did as she requested, displaying my body proudly. "I will soon wipe that smug look off your face," she said. Grabbing my ear she led me to the sofa. Still on my knees, she pulled my face into her bosom. I inhaled her sweet perfume as she pressed me tightly against her. Pretty soon I was gasping for breath, on release, oxygen flooded my brain leaving me dizzy. She repeated it a few more times and suddenly I was weak and in her control. My cock was throbbing but everything seemed a blur. Removing her pants, she presented me with her ass. "Would you like to touch it?" I nodded. "Of course." My hand reached out to cup the curve, only to have it slapped away. "I asked if you would like to, I never gave you permission to do so. You will do what I say, not what you want." This was so uncharacteristic; the rather demur receptionist with whom I had worked, had been replaced by this woman bent on dominating me and I was completely taken aback. Kneeling over the back of the sofa, she called me over. I could see her succulent asshole, her pussy appeared moist, the dark brown patch of hair dewy and wet. "Come here and lick me." Sticking my tongue out I began lapping at her pussy. With small stabbing strokes I parted her lips. I leaned my head back for a moment to admire the pinkness of her cunt. "Get on with it," she said, expressing her impatience and sticking her bum out further. I resumed my foray between her legs trying to lick upwards to her clitoris. At times she would sink down to allow me access, moaning as my tongue caressed her little button. With swift flicks of my tongue I tried to usurp control. She moaned louder as I continued to eat her. Her fleshy ass cheeks compressed on my face as she raised and lowered her butt. "Lick me ...Lick me ...stick your tongue out." I realized what she wanted and took the initiative. Sticking my tongue

out, I probed her nether regions. She responded by clasping her hands to lock me in place. Aida now bucked and bucked through the wave of her first orgasm. Not stopping for a breather she pulled me around and mounted me. With a firm grip, she guided my cock into her gaping maw. Clamping her pussy like a voracious animal, she swallowed my cock inch by inch. She was one hot bitch, wild and with an attitude. "I haven't had a cock since my husband passed. Oooh this feel sooo good!" I lay back, enjoying the view of her bouncing titties as she rode me up and down. Leaning forward, she stuck her tongue deep into my mouth. Biting my lips, she drew blood and greedily licked her lips at the warm taste. She also bit my ears and neck while raking my chest with her nails. The sharpness of the pain was intense and my cock throbbed deep inside her as I rose to meet her action. We established a rhythm and soon she was motoring along to another orgasm. Breaking stride, she dismounted. Leading me by the hand, she took me to her bedroom. My cock was intensely hard and in need of some action. She began to mouth the throbbing head while I lay back groaning. She gave good head, if a little rough at times. Her soft tongue kissed away the pain of her teeth. Her kisses became more intense as she worked her way up my stomach, to my chest where she sucked my nipples, biting them roughly then caressing as the intensity subsided. Aida had a penchant for inflicting pain. She was very good at manipulating that fine line, keeping me in an exaggerated state of desire. "I want to fuck you," she said as her hand now cupped my balls. "Okay," I said, thinking she meant she wanted to mount me again. "You don't understand, do you? I want to fuck you in the ass." This time her finger was reaching, seeking and probing my little hole. I winced as I felt her finger penetrate, but she cooed me into submission by softly blowing across my nipples. Spinning around, she began to lick my balls then began biting my inner thighs as she got closer to my asshole. In what seemed like slow motion she began filling it with spit. Her hot breath made me tremble in anticipation of her tongue. "Moan for me. Tell me you want me to lick you there...tell me what a nasty little slut you are." "Are you a virgin back there?" I groaned my response, not quite sure what I was getting into. Her insistent tongue and fingers were driving me wild, my legs were now splayed wide open as she continued to finger my ass. Reaching inside her night table, she removed a black strap-on and harness and also a tube of lube. She squirted some lube on her fingers and then began to finger me again. "Loosen up that tight ass you little bitch." Her wanton fingers showed no mercy. Aida was in control and there was nothing I could do to detain her from her prize. She began to narrate how many fingers she now had in my ass. "One...two... three." Once she'd successfully inserted three slick fingers, she confirmed that I was ready to take her dick. Slapping my ass, she pulled me to the edge of the bed so my legs were on the ground, but placed my ass at a good angle of attack. I pleaded with her but she held my balls tightly and said, "Be quiet if you ever want to fuck me again." I felt her position the dildo between my cheeks, increasing the pressure as she leaned her weight forward. My muffled scream was baffled as I bit the pillow. "Dear, dear," she said, kissing me on my back and neck, while maintaining a steady push. "Relax ...relax its almost in." My insides were on fire, my breathing hot and stilted as I tried to remain calm. Aida squeezed more of the gel on my ass as she inched her tool deep inside. Her rocking motion was gaining territory, the friction on my cock against the satin sheets was pleasurable and distracted me from the assault. I felt her grasp me firmly and

with a smooth jerk she pushed her cock to the hilt. With piston like precision she began riding me. She fucked me hard and deep, it felt good the way she was pummeling me and helped overcome the pain. Each time she withdrew, she arched her hips, rose on tip toes and plunged it right back in. Grunting with pleasure, she slammed me hard, pulling me back or restricting my attempts to move away. "Come back here, you bitch." She began to berate me. "You little ass whore, I am going to leave your pussy sore. Bet you never imagined being fucked like this, you little bitch. Well get used to it as I am going to have you every chance I get." Lifting her leg on the bed for leverage she continued to stroke it in and out. "That's it, moan for me bitch." Flicking my exposed balls a few times caused them to inflate and swell. "You will learn to love this," she told me, twisting them for emphasis. "You will adore me and seek ways to please me. First I control your mind and then your body." Smothering me even further into the bed, she reached for her camera and began shooting pictures of me with the dildo in my ass. "What will they think of you at the office? Come here and lay on your side." Scooting in behind me, she held my rigid cock with one hand while raking my back with the other. "You like being taken like a bitch, don't ya? Ha ha, look how hard your cock is." Positioning my upper leg forward at right angles she exposed my ass to another attack. Moving slowly, she sensuously rotated her hips. Grinding my ass, she reached around to fondle my cock. She fucked me tirelessly, the friction of the strap-on stimulated her clit and triggered many orgasms. Fulfilling her erotic desire to fuck my ass provided more spectacular ones. Pleasure overcame my pain, the stigma of feeling gay evaporated, replaced instead with a desire to please her. Relaxed now and moving involuntarily to her motion, I gave her greater access to my body. Her hands and mouth roamed freely, eliciting pain and pleasure; corresponding to her needs and desires. Thrusting faster she continued frigging my cock. "Cum for me, go ahead and shoot." The fast action in my rear in addition to her fondling, I was soon spent and could barely move. More soft kisses to relax me, I fell asleep in her arms. Later that night I gently touched my sore spot; every thing seemed okay. Aida lay nude, her body tempting. Seizing the opportunity I decided to mount her. Once my cock touched her pussy lips she woke. "No no no!" she laughed. Then she reached for her strap-on!