Oblige

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Kean wants to tie up his girlfriend, and she's not happy about it.....at first.

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The evening had started innocently enough. At least on her side.

Kean sighed grabbing the round of drinks, and moving through the crowded dance floor, checking out bouncing breasts and wiggling asses as he did. He liked what he saw, but he had better at home, or he would especially after this week,hopefully as early as tonight. His cock lurched in his jeans, and he had to slow his pace the let himself adjust. The waitress behind him carrying the order of beers, looked at him.

"Oh I'm ok, the tables just over here." he nodded to a small table with several people crowded around it.

"Here you go, ladies." Kean shouted trying to be heard over the music, handing out the colorful and fizzy drinks to the four of the five girls present at the table. The waitress following handing out the beer to his male friends.

"Thank you Kean," Lirlie, a tall, slender, blond said, leaning in squeezing her large breasts together, holding his gaze. He nodded at her. She and her three friends flirted openly with him, when he had originally met them over a year ago, he had been flattered by the attention, but soon realized the flirting was more a slight to Pax than it was a compliment to him.

Lirlie could have been his twin, attractive, sandy blond hair, green eyes, which was the second of three reasons he'd never do anything with her. The first reason being that she was his girlfriend Pax's friend, the third reason being, he couldn't stand her. She and the three others, Erey, Kirsta and Keila. They were the typical frienemies.

Erey let her fingers drift deliberately on his as he was passing out the drinks. He didn't acknowledge

her flirting.

They had been visiting for the last 2 weeks and their trip, thankfully, was coming to the end.

Pax had generous parents, and when she had wanted to move to a place in the city. They were happy to get it for her. They paid her bills every month, all she was supposed to do was go to class and keep up her grades in college. Needless to say she had a great place, right in the center of the city's night life, spacious furnished all bills paid. A single girls girl. Hell a single guys dream. Kean himself was a little jealous.

So when the harpies(as Kean called them) had "re-connected" with, Pax on facebook or MySpace or whatever, bringing up high school and how they wanted to stay in touch with her, they began inviting themselves down for a girls weekends, and extended several days at a time, then weeks, living at Pax's apartment. Not offering a dime, or a bit of effort. They were rude, bossy, demanding, stereotypical pretty mean-girls, but still Pax always wanted to be the gracious host.

Kean didn't see how she could put up with it.They had been surprised to meet him initially, telling Pax how lucky she was to have a great handsome guy like him, who was totally out of her league.

Over their stay this time, the back handed compliments continued as they stated they were shocked but “happy” that she was able to keep him, all while flirting openly with him; he shrugged off their advances off without a second thought. Pax was gracious and affable as ever, letting it roll off her.

Kean had called in reinforcements for the night, to try to keep the winking and touching to a minimum, it hadn't seemed to help much. But the girls seemed enamored enough with his old roommates and a friend he worked with for the most part, to leave Pax be.

"Where's mine?" Pax asked him teasingly, having not gotten a drink. He looked down at her, seeing a sexy smile on her full pouty lips. He kissed her, lingering for a moment,his tongue snaking into her mouth, then kissing deeper;moans and sighs growing. His cock throbbed again. Their misunderstandings and arguments during the last two weeks, that always popped up around the harpies visits, had been forgiven and forgotten.

"I got you a water," he half shouted,pulling reluctantly from the kiss, handing it to her then,wrapping his arms around her, swaying to the heavy thumping beat of the music. It was good to have her in his arms, it would be better to have her in his bed. He'd keep her there all night, even if he had to tie her down.

Again his cock lurched forward as if trying to grab her. Now that was a thought, tie her up.

He had told her that he wanted to do that she had said that it was okay with a cloth scarf or something maybe even a gag. But no ball gag and especially nothing that restricted her arms, she also hated the thought of ropes, actual rope binding her. From that moment of course he defiantly wanted to do that very thing to her. Taking every chance to get her in the mood. She hadn't shied

away from the idea, she had run away screaming from it. But he continued, going over the idea with her before; handcuffs, kinbaku rope art, showing her pictures and how they would carry it out. Even trying to come up with safe words. But she had been adamant that that wasn't something she wanted to experiment with. She had said it was the thought of being restrained, especially like kinbaku, unable to move, it scared her sent her into a panic. Merinthophobia, she told him after looking it up online .

Kean felt it was something more than just a phobia. Trust. You have to really trust your partner in those situations. And on some level she wasn't quite there yet with him. Through no fault of his own, but her previous boyfriend, which the harpies liked to bring up, had cheated on her.

Kean had been faithful. He saw in her everything he wanted and had no intention of leaving, but she would have to realize that on her own. He thought that by doing a little bondage that could be a trust building exercise. He assured her he wanted to start off light and slow, only doing what she would feel comfortable with. But as of yet, she still hadn't gone for it.

Her long hair dark brown hair was pulled back in a big wild pony tail, stray strands brushing his cheek as she bobbed her head to the music. Her fragrance filled his nostrils even over the thick air of alcohol, heavy perfumes and a hint of weed here and there.

The group was in one of the more darker corners of the club, and as they swayed Kean was sinking a hand into the front of her white short shorts she was wearing and the other had effortlessly moved up her clingy black cotton tshirt. Her hands covered his, preventing each from going to their intended targets.

She had felt out of place coming to the club dressed so casual, but her “friends” had insisted. Kean was sure they were responsible for the mix-up in the plans.

Pax had been under the impression that they were going to a movie but the girls said that plan was to go to one of the clubs the whole time, and insisted there wasn't enough time for her to change. He didn't care,he thought she looked beautiful.

"Please." he whispered in her ear.

"Not here," she replied with a coy smile.

"OMG, Pax, your man didn't even get you a drink. You should dump him." Erey who had been watching the two intently, through narrowed eyes, shouted.

"No," Pax said with a smile looking up over her shoulder at Kean, he kissed her lightly on the forehead trailing kisses down her cheek, nuzzling it while she giggled. "I'm not drinking tonight."

"You mean your gonna let him tell you what to do? We're supposed to be partying and your gonna let him stop you?"

"Its not like that," she said grinding her hips back into him causing him to moan in her ear. From Erey's point of view, she couldn't see these exchanges.

"Oohhh " Kean closed his eyes in pleasure. Finally she was touching him, she acted like a nun in front of them. If they knew what type of freak she could be, they'd be in awe. But lately, the lack of sex had them both on edge. Him more so than her.

"You better not start anything you can't finish." he continued in a low sensual moan.

She had her hand behind her back firmly on his crotch, rubbing him squeezing, gently as she did feeling him grow in her hand. She loved how fast he got hard.

"I mean it, Pax I'll fucking take you in the bathroom right now." He stared in her half lidded eyes as she continued teasing him, challenging him. He wrapped his arms around her, kissing her deeply, she moaned opening her mouth to him.

"AHHHH..... Hellloooo?? Excuse meee, Pax," Erey cut in to the deepening kiss. Lirlie and Kirsta had also began watching.

"Hmm." Pax said in a blissful haze.

I hate that bitch, Kean thought. Fucking cock-blocker.

They had been doing it all week and a half, interrupting them, every time they got a quiet moment together. It had been that way since they had made the call telling Pax they were coming down.

Due to that, when he and Pax had gotten two seconds alone, he'd been a selfish lover. Only looking out for his own needs, which was not something he'd normally do, especially not with Pax. He always liked to please her, make sure she was satisfied and then some. But the visit had them both stressed. She was giving all her attention to these bitches and not even looking out for herself, so of course that left little or no time for him. So he took what he wanted and if he got his before hers, then so be it. She wasn't at all happy about that which led to more stress, and more arguments.

He kind of liked it, though. Just taking what he wanted, dominating her, surprising her with a cum filled cunt right as her orgasm was building. He smiled. Pax would kick his ass if she heard that. She'd gone ballistic after the last few times he'd come early. He had heard her in the bathroom masturbating herself off before she stormed out of his apartment. But tonight was going to be a night of amends.

"What is it then?" Erey pressed the nonexistent issue. Pax had opened her mouth to try and answer.

"Oh, you bitch," Lirlie had started shocked, "Don't tell me you're pregnant."

"What?! No-.." Pax laughed nervously.

"Listen, ladies she's just not drinking tonight," Kean said turning Pax around to face him. He was planning on getting lucky. No booze were to pass her lips, because she couldn't come when she drank. She got aroused, but she couldn't finish. When she couldn't finish didn't see the reason to start. She'd take care of him on horny nights when she had ended up drinking, and she did give great head, but he wanted all of her tonight, to be inside her, come inside her again and again; hear her sweet feminine mewls and moans as she came on his cock or his face. .

Pax, her big sparkling brown eyes, stared up into Kean's green eyes. He loved her so much. She was too kind sometimes. From the time that they had decided to come down this last time, she tried to play good hostess, stopping the plans that she and he already had set in motion. Luckily in wasn't anything serious. But his time with her was cut drastically. Which pissed him off .

Erey didn't seemed satisfied with Kean's answer but she knew she wasn't going to get anything else out of them.

Kean had made sure that all the drinks were on him and they could have whatever they wanted. They weren't shy about it either which was just fine.Trav, Shane, Jamie and Marc kept the harpies occupied so they'd stop having Pax run around like she was a fucking servant.

"You don't want me to tie you up or play Dominant and Submissive, then why are you doing it for those bitches?" Kean had made the observation during one of their many arguments that week.

"Being a good friend doesn't make you submissive?" Pax contended, she didn't like the parallel either. He had taken that opportunity to throw out the idea of being tied up, which she had shot down before he finished his sentence.

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It wasn't long before he had her by the hand, taking her on to the dance floor while the harpies flirted and drank. Kean danced Pax closer and closer to the door until he had his lips on hers maneuvering her into a cab headed to his place. The harpies didn't know where he lived, so he would have her to himself.

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Kean's mouth was still on Pax's, his arm on her waist guiding her as she was walking backward to the door of his apartment. Once inside, he knew they were home free. As soon as the door shut he took her small bag she used as a purse rifling though it, taking her phone as she tried to wrestling it away from him,

“Kean don't.”

“They are not children. You're mine tonight.”

“You don't have to turn it off though, what if something important happens?"

“I don't give a fuck,” he started powering the phone off. "There," he said with a self satisfied smile.

"Give me back my phone," she said reaching for her little crimson device, her lifeline of sorts. "Kean, give it back,"

"NO!" he said firmly holding it over his head, his stern manner gave her pause. The he flashed her that smile that made her melt.

Her slender, curvy, 5'6" frame couldn't reach it as he towered over her at 6'5". He smiled watching her breasts bounce as she jumped up trying to futilely reach for her phone. She stepped back pouting, arms folded.

“Be mad all you want.” He stared at her. Then let his hands fall into the curves of her waist and he pulled her close to him. Leaning down and kissing her softly.

“OK?"

She was still pretending to pout. He kissed her again.

“OK?” He asked again leaning down trying to catch her gaze.

“OK..” she gave in, wrapping her arms around his neck. She was happy that the stress and frustration was pretty much clear up between them.

He steered her easily into his bedroom. Relieving her of her clothes along the way. His cock so hungry for her, he had bypassed all preliminaries, a flurry of kisses, licks, moans and tangled limbs and got right to fucking.

He was always bold and aggressive, but he was still sweet, kind, and thoughtful. He was charming and sexy as hell. Her big sweet horny boy.

She was happy and surprised when they became such fast friends and then when he started pursuing her romantically she was very flattered and her friends very jealous, but she kept him at bay(which he told her later had only turned him more). She thought he may get tried in trying to conquer her and leave things as they were, but months went by he never tired but her resistance failed.

She was glad it did. He knew her so well, just the right buttons to push to set her off easily. They both needed to get their first orgasm out of the way so they could focus on more marathon love making.

She was on top of him riding, his cock, taking what she wanted. He was sure to last a bit longer for

their first round with her on top.

Her head lolling back as she bucked and gyrated impaling herself on his hot stiffness. Kean stared up, hungrily at her body, reaching up grabbing her wobbling breasts, a hand on her hips as he bucked up into her.

Then Pax stopped, her eyes widening in sudden and angry disbelief.

“Fucking, Kean!!!” She shouted feeling his hot cum filling her. Her orgasms still moments away. “You motherfucker, fuck you.” She climbed off his still throbbing cock and rolled off the bed. His eyes closed in mischievous pleasure, didn't register her voice at first until he felt his cock exposed, no longer nestled deep in her tight cunt.

“Wait. Where are you going? I'm still hard. I can make you cum.” He said weakly reaching for her, still in the hazy head rush of his orgasm. His arm flopped on the bed. He opened his eyes hearing the bathroom door slam.

He sat up on his elbow, “What are you doing?..... Hey!”

Rumbling in the bathroom stopped abruptly after the toilet flushed, then the sound of running water as he called after her, trying to hide the smile in his voice. Then the door flew open and Pax was struggling to pull on her t shirt over her bra, she was still naked from the waist down.

Kean scrambled from the bed seeing her looking for her underwear.

“Hey.” he grabbed her arm, chuckling.

“Don't touch me!” she snapped furiously, pulling away.

“Hey. I can fix it, I'm still hard, see.” he rubbed against her, and his cock throbbed. He found her really sexy when she was angry. She always got red faced and cursed like a sailor.

“I told you not to do that. You make this big fucking deal about us not spending anytime together. That were gonna take our time tonight...." she was looking under the bed. "Where is my fucking underwear..... Then you do it again. You keep treating me like I'm your personal sex toy.”

“Aren't you?” he said smiling, looking at her ass wiggle,on her hands and knees , cheeks spread slightly, he could see her pussy glistening with some of his cum that she tried to clean off; she was looking for her garments.

“Fuck you.”

“I want you to,” he grabbed her, kissing her on the neck, her annoyance kept her desire at bay and she pulled away.

She was still looking for her underwear, but had found one of her shoes and had slid it on as she reached for the other one.

“You're not really leaving are you?” he asked incredulously watching her bent over the sofa finding her shorts and beginning to pull them on. He stroked her bare bottom, and she pushed his hand away.

“Ahh yes..” Sarcasm dripping from the words.

He was getting annoyed now, and a lot turned on. He'd just have to convince her to stay, which was always fun.

“I'm sorry baby, I'm sorry.” He was reaching for her trying to get her to slow her down, stop her. She was wildly waving and wiggling away from his touch. There was a smile in his voice which pissed her off.

“Let me fix it.” He grabbed, pulling her forcibly to his bare chest, stopping her movement, one arm around her waist the other around her chest pinning her arms to her body. He rubbed his bobbing cock against her bottom the was half covered by her shorts which she wasn't able to fully pull up. She squirmed and wiggled angrily the whole time.

“Let me go!! Let me go!!” She was very strong when she was angry and pushed him away though he held her wrist and pulled her back to him.

"Hold still, Pax." His big strong arms restrained her as she struggled. He looked in her flashing brown eyes. He was taken aback. She was actually pissed.

"Ooooh, you are mad."

She just glared at him,her annoyance wasn't playful any longer.

She started struggling again. His mind was racing, trying to figure out how he could pacify her.. He had,they both had been waiting, wanting this time alone.

He thought back to how he had been anticipating it earlier. Then it hit him.

“If you're gonna be mad,” he said slyly, she heard the wicked sensuality in his low breathy voice. "I'm gonna make the most of it.” His grip on her arms became more firm. She looked up into to his eyes.

“Wait.” she pleaded, recognizing too late, the devilish glint there. “Wait, Kean!”

He laughed as she tried to pull away, in one swift motion he threw weightless, her over his shoulder and headed to gather supplies; her legs thrashed wildly, her arms tight to her side.

“Kean, put me down. Put me down!” she continued to scream, his mind was plotting how best to do his deeds. Once he had her bound then the rest was bliss.

He kept her over his shoulder, his newly hatched plan evolving as he went along collected his toys. His stiff cock waved in front of him like a long thick wand. He held her legs almost over his head now, so her thrashing about wouldn't hit him.

He rummaged through his drawers while she continued to threaten and insult him. Oh this was going to be fun.

"Fucking Kean." Pax shouted trying to wiggles from his vice grip. "Put me down. You stupid son of a-”

TTTHHHWWWAAPP! Kean smacked Pax hard on her bottom.

"Ow!!!!" a sharp whine came from her, as she relaxed a bit against, shocked by the stinging pain. He went on about his task gathering what he needed from the kitchen.

She may not talk to me for a few weeks...or months, he thought, smacking her ass a few more times as he headed back to his bedroom. He would definitely have to make the very most of this.

He found all that he was looking for holding it in front of him so she couldn't see it.

Then he threw her on the bed, she bounced at bit but before she could get her bearings, he had straddled her back and pinned her again, arms tight to her side.

"Get the fuck off me, jack ass," she shouted trying to turn over and see what he was doing.This was a game they loved to play, they were playing especially rough today, which was always nice too. It came naturally to them like breathing. She'd get mad or pouty and he'd be bolder, sexier and aggressive trying to keep her in line. This was there own version of cat and mouse, Tom and Jerry. She had come to realize that they had a submissive/dominate relationship since day one and she had loved it, loved him all along. But she would never admit.

He fumbled joyfully with his set of toys, the only thing was being behind her he wouldn't fully see the look on her face when she realized what he was going to do.

He curled over her, whispering, his hot breath in her ear. She couldn't help but be turned on. He was in control and he knew it, so did she and heaven help her, she liked it. “I've got my toys ready, but you're gonna hate me for this...”

She stopped moving for an instant.

“For what? What are you gonna go?” she was moving wildly again, trying to move his body from hers.

He was jostled around as he sat up watching her squirm. Should he let her tire herself out? Or do it now while she was frenzied? He decided to wait a few more minutes, he didn't want her to hurt herself when he started.

She was frantic. What could he be planning? But he was just sitting there, she could see him over her shoulder looking down on her, with that stupid sexy smiling. Whatever he had, it was out of her line of sight. Toys? Toys? They had used toys before. Nothing, not matter what they did with them would make her angry or hate him. The only thing that would make her hate him ...

Oh no! The realization went through her.

“Fuck Kean, you better not!!”

He smirked. She had figured it out. That's why he loved her. So beautiful, so smart. But his mind was made up and she would be bound tonight and he'd have his way with her for as long as he wanted.

“Or what.” he said mockingly.

“Or I will hate you forever.” she threatened,staring as fiercely as she could though her body was tingling with anticipation.

“I'll risk it.” He said. It stung and thrilled her. Jackass.

No use in waiting any longer, he said to himself as her movements became more desperate.

He would start with her mouth, a small sized ball gag with breathing holes. He had bought some of these things months ago, so he could be ready if she changed her mind.

He held out the head straps and lowered it down in front of her face. She wanted to scream but she knew he'd take that opportunity to put it in her mouth. Her eyes wide, she pursed her lips tightly shut and turned her head to the side.

He smiled. She is smart. He'd have to start with something else. He lifted himself off her a little and pulled her left arm firmly behind her back, she began to squeal. Bucking as he pulled her other arm around her back folding them behind her. He held her wrists firmly.

He was really going to do it she thought. She had told him a million times she never wanted to do this. The thought of being tied, restrained. It was almost too much, she was panicking, but she felt her clit tingling with electricity. Why? Why now? For this?Maybe this horseplay was turning out too rough. Her body was scaring her though, betraying her. Wanting it.

“Kean please, PLEASE!!!” He chuckled leaning over and kissing her on the cheek, listening to her

pleas. “I'm sorry, please I'll do whatever else you want. “

“And this too, I know.”

Panic spread on her face as she felt the rope around her wrists. Rope. ROPE! Real rope. He was really going to do it. She became hysterical trying to lift up with him on her back.

He had wanted to excite her, scare her a little, but not too much. This was what he had been afraid of, that she'd hurt herself.

“Pax, Pax! Calm down,” He forced more of his weight on her so she'd stop moving.

“Please, Kean don't please.” There was a desperate whine in her voice.It sent a thrill rippling up from his stomach through his body. He hated that he liked the way it sounded so much. The way it made him feel.

“You're gonna hurt yourself if you don't stop.” He had to get her to realize that because he wasn't going to stop until this was done. He reached around and smacked her half exposed ass.She stopped for an instant whimpering again.

"Everything will be alright, you'll see."

She wanted to cry. He was going to make her do it. Her heart was pounding in her ears, she couldn't move, he had her arms and she felt the rope going around and around her wrists.

Then, she went limp under him. His heart skipped for a moment. Had he hurt her ? Had she passed out? Her wrists were tied but not tight at all, he still wanted to do a little more with the rope, though. He got off of her back and lay to her side looking her in the face.

She was conscious, her eyes angry, though glazed as if she might cry.Luckily, she was fine, but pissed.

“Pax?” He asked sweetly kissing her on the nose.

She clinched her jaw when he said her name, and tried to move her head away from his kiss. She was looking past him.

He'd stop if she really wanted him too, he kept telling her in all his other talks to try and convince her that this was a great idea that if she said tapioca then he'd stop. that would be their safe word. But she had dismissed it. Now it was floating in the back of her mind. She could say it and be done with this, all this. He'd take the ropes of and say eh was sorry, then she'd make him pay. But she didn't want to say it, not yet at least.

Kean sat back up. Should he continue? This would have him in the dog house for at least 2 or three

months,maybe more. And he'd never get another chance, she'd be on guard.

Part of him wanted to stop here, kiss her let her know it was all a game. The other part the part that was calling the shots said “Fuck it”

Once he did it, did it right, until she was quivering and coming in his arms again and again, then she'd understand.

“You know I love you.” he said kissing her on the cheek and stroking her hair.

“Shut the fuck up.” She turned her head away from him, she smiled on the inside.

“I'm not gonna stop...This is gonna happen..” he said testing the waters.

“Do whatever.”

That's all he needed. Her consent given,though begrudgingly. That dog house was looking like an extended stay hotel right about now.

She was laying over the bed length wise. He made sure the ropes weren't too tight. Then he stroked her back his big hands kneading her flesh. His hands navigating the curves of her body. Starting at the top of her back then slowly sensuously moving lower to the dip int the small of her back over the rise of her firm round ass, staying there stroking and caressing for a few moments then up again. She tried to wiggle away, he smacked her fairly hard, loving the sound of her girlie yelp.

He grabbed the top of her shorts, yanked them down her legs and off throwing them to the side. He stared at her round supple tanned bare ass. He straddled her legs taking her cheeks in each hand, feeling their heat and stroking them. kneading them. He lay back down, his head by her ass stroking her cheeks lazily, while her kissed her skin softly; he heard her gasps,smiling. He was building tension and anticipation for her, for them both.

He went back to his rope work making sure her forearms were bound all the way to the crease of her elbows then sitting her up on her knees lacing the rope over her shoulders, between her breasts and then under them. He saw that her nipples were erect, poking out against her t- shirt. He took one in his mouth, she turned away trying not to moan. He smiled again, victory already his though she'd never admit it so easily.

He took his time lacing the rope s, letting her feeling the rough texture on her skin as it wound around her. Her took it between her breasts under them then back up over her shoulders. He did the same pattern a total of six times. checking his handy work, he s at back from her. She had her head down, sitting on her knees her ponytail was even more loose and messy which added to the aesthetics for him.

From the waist down she was naked. Her tanned smooth skin, the tight fit of her black t-shirt curving

in with her waist. Then the round supple curves of her hips tapering out.

Stroking his cock with one hand, drinking her in, he was like a kid in a candy store, so much to do, but where to start. He got off the bed, and rummaged in his bathroom. She peeked up from the strands of hair that had fallen in her face like a veil.

He came back with a pair of scissors. Her eyes widened and she felt her mound gush with her own cream.

He sat in front of her smiling, taking his time. She averted her eyes from his smug gaze as the snipping sound of the scissors seemed to echo as he opened and closed them.

She flinched as he came at her with the scissors, cutting her tshirt down the middle. Then her bra, pulling the fabric of her tattered clothes back so that her large breast sprang free, exposed and suspended a bit higher with the ropes between and under them.

He lifted her chin to meet the stare of his hungry, adoring eyes.

“Look at me.” he demanded smiling wickedly, his green eyes seeming to hypnotize her. She tried to pull her chin from his hand,

“Look at me.” his low voice a firm sensual command as he pinched her stiff nipple roughly, her skin was on fire, his touch sending jolts of pleasure through her.

She winced reluctantly looking up at him. He affectionately brushed her hair from her face.

His eyes locked on hers, his lips again engulfed her nipple, this time naked and very sensitive. Licking them achingly, sensually slow. She arched her back into hot mouth, the course ropes rubbing into her skin adding another level to the delicious sexy feel of his tongue and mouth on her nipple. She turned away again trying to stifle her moans of delight.

He took his time exploring, caressing and licking her chest, her neck shoulders, stroking her legs, sucking her bottom lip. All of which she tried to resist, but he could tell it was getting more difficult for her.

Kneeling in front of her. His cock like a pillar of lust still waiting to be attended to, he said.

“My turn.”

He lay down to the side of her so that she was directly to the side of his cock. He took her by the shoulder leaning her forward.

“You think I'm gonna-”

THHHHHWWWAAAAPP!!!

Before she could finish her statement, he had smacked her ass quite hard She started to whimper (her eyes closing not in pain, but at the delicious tingle it sent up her spine and shooting right to her clit.) H e began to lean her over again.

Like a child not wanting to eat her vegetables, she pursed her lips, pouting shaking her head no.

TTTHHHWWWWAAAAPPP!!!!

The sound of his open hand on her skin filled the room. Her bottom stinging. She bent forward herself and took him in her mouth, almost gagging. He was always a mouthful for her.

His salty precum hitting her tongue, oozing from him like froth over flowing on an opened soda can. she began to instinctively try to reach for him, take the length of him in her hands , stroke him and she engulfed his steel hard cock. She whined as she sucked the length of him, only her mouth able to caress him. Wanting him more, feeling him more now that only her hot loving tongue could enjoy him

I guess that's the point , she thought in regards to being bound. she let her tongue really feel and enjoy his stiff hot flesh in her mouth, it was the same yet new different.

He sat back on his hands, rubbing her bottom every once in a while as she licked him, stroking him with her hot wet tongue. Whether she was being gentle because she wanted to or because she didn't want on other smack to bottom, she didn't once take her annoyance out on his cock.

Soon enough it started feeling really good and he was bucking his hips slightly to meet her downward motion. He could feel the back of her throat, when that happened she tried to lift up to keep from gagging.

A roguish smile spread across his sexy lips. H e was close. Her closed eyes peeked, open to see his hands gripping and tugging the sheets, balling them in his fists. She gauged his level of enjoyment by how his hands reacted.

“OK...” He said pulling away from her. He didn't want to climax just yet,this was about sampling as many positions as possible.

He helped her sit up, kissing her softly as he did. Then stacked several pillows in front of her. Laying her shoulders down on top of them, her ass in the air.

“Spread your legs..... wider. Yeah...” She was completely exposed to him. Her pussy was dripping wet, her juice actually flowing from her slit. There was a little pool gathered where she had been sitting, giving him head.

“I think you like this.” She rolled her head onto the pillows to hide her face.

He stroked her hips trying to take in everything, spreading her cheeks apart. So beautiful. His large hand slide up her back and back down then he sunk his head into her flesh, licking and sucking hungrily at her clit.

She arched her back unable to hide her feelings or her excitement any longer, grinding her hips onto his probing tongue. His licking became more insistent.

His mouth was roaming the length of her; she was going crazy.

She hated that she liked this, loved this and he knew she did; she couldn't pretend, not now.

“Nnnnnnggggghh...” Her body erupted in a violent orgasm. She had gone without having one for so many day. Her body was engulfed with waves of erotic bliss that caused her lip to curl up her muscles to stiffen in response.Finally she relaxed in the ebbing sensations, and lay panting on the pillows but his assault hadn't stopped, this time his fingers playing at her anal ring.

She tried to wiggle her hips from him, a firm smack to the bottom had stopped that but another orgasm the swept through her like a wildfire.

He pulled out the next set of toys after making sure her ass was slick and a bit primed. He took the small blue thin toy. It was about five inches long, hardly an inch wide, with thick raised ridges starting small then getting wider along the shaft. Kean was rubbing it up an down on her slit. Then, without warning he pressed the small tip into her tight asshole.

“What?” she began, but with a surprising and arousing amount of pressure he pushed the first nub of the thin dildo into her.

“Kean, doooonn't!!!!”

“Do you want me to gag you?” he was annoyed she was interrupting him. “..... do you?”

“No,” she said in a pouty voice, trying to relax her shoulders back on the pillows. He was driving her insane, she couldn't move her arms, and now her wouldn't allow her to speak.

“Then be quiet!”

He took his time feeling the reaction in her body, the moans that escaped . He let a hand fondle her belly as he pushed the other five ridges of the dildo into her, then rubbing her cheeks upon completion.

“How does that feel?”

But she had hidden her face in the pillows to try and cover her moans, it felt so good. She hadn't

really been up for anal sex and him being quite large she hadn't ever wanted him anywhere back there. This, this was nice. Delicious even. Her clit, her whole body was tingling. But she couldn't give in. Not yet.

“Oh, not talking now.” He said picking up the small device the buttplug was attached to, grinning lecherously as her turned it on. A huge gasp and squeal escaped as she arched up in delight. The toy humming inside her.

“Yeah that's what I thought.” Kean said, seeing her pussy flood with even more cream.

He watched her for a several steamy minutes, stroking himself as she tried to escape the pleasure she was feeling. He leaned in to kiss her cheek and she turned, kissing him full, deep on the mouth, panting and moaning as she did.

“Stick your tongue out.”

All pretense was gone, as she complied willingly her hands twisting in the ropes trying to get at him, grab him, or grab herself.

“Fuck me, Kean.” She begged between kisses. Her wish was his command, renewed fiery lust rippled through his body up from the pit of his stomach. His cock twitching and throbbing in front of him.

He quickly moved behind her. She widened her legs without being told. Her hungry eager cunt waiting, wanting to be filled.

He ran the head of his cock over her slick crevice which was teasing formality before her moans and his immediate desire made him drive into her roughly.

They booth let out a huge sigh of pleasure has he did. He could feel the vibrating toy inside her making her insides shake. He was just about to begin to fuck her when he felt her twitch then stiffen.

" AHHHAhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...nnnnnnnnnnn.” He looked at her, her arms folded,tied behind her back as her chest arched up, her hair fanning wildly like strings of electricity. She convulsed and rocked in another passionate powerful orgasm. his hands gripped her waist to steady, but not stop her. He held as she came on him, kissing her softly as she rode it out. The vibrating toy in her ass, prolonging the orgasms. He waited a few minutes as her jerking slowed, and she finally doubled over panting.

“You ok?” He stroked her back softly, willing himself not to move, even though he was on the brink of climax as well.

"Yess,” she hissed breathlessly,smiling over her shoulder, her face flushed and rosy.

He stared at her as he began to slowly move in and out of her. He helped her position on the pillows,

she began pushing for another orgasm. Whatever it took he'd hold out until she same at least one more time. Her bound naked body, gliding on his cock, it was no easy feat, to hold himself at bay.

He watched as his member disappeared into the shaved haven between her legs.

"Whose pussy is it?"

She tried to resist. He pounded harder.

"Whose. Pussy. Is. It."

"Yours."

"What's my name?"

"It's yours, Kean."

She always hated saying that when they had sex. So it thrilled him that she said it so easily now. It was his, she was his, forever. He knew she 'let' him feel in charge, but he was hers the minute they met.

He pounded her fiercely, his palm open on her lower back to steady his entry into her... He had never wanted her as much as right now.

She bounced on him moaning, mewling wildly, all pretense gone, lost in the animal fucking, the savage urgent need to be together,cum together.

He grabbed her forearms, where she was bound, pulling her up; continuing to hammer her hot wetness mercilessly.It was like pulling on the reins of a bucking horse, he rode her. Slapping hot wet skin, added to the perverse satisfaction as Pax arched her back reveling in being dominated.

Lost in the fragmented thoughts focusing on the madding pace and pleasure, he recognized the mounting cries of her orgasm . She was close, her pussy gripping him. She began to roll her hip erratically, he pinched her nipples watching her orgasms overtake her, again.

And like a devil sent to cause more pain, he pulled himself from her.

“N-Nooo!!” she shouted, not realizing it hurt him as much as her; but he wasn't ready yet.

“Kean, please!” she begged trying to turn to herself on the pillows. He rested his head in the small of her back willing himself to not finish yet.

Several agonizing minutes the two sat in a sort of sexual limbo, their damp naked bodies even more on edge.

Kean began stroking her sides as he sat up. Mischief filled his thoughts again. She was his for the taking so he'd take something else she had been reluctant to give.

Pax wiggled her hips impatiently wanting him, needing him to fuck, her finish her. She moaned in relief when his hand began rubbing and caressing her ass again. He kneaded and spread her cheek, She yelped feeling his hot throbbing cock on her, stroking in her wet pussy, teasing her entrance.

From behind Kean stared at what had been forbidden. Her tight puckered button, that was throbbing and spasming,with the thin long toy he had placed in it earlier.

He continued to coat his cock with more of her flowing honey, he felt her trying to move herself back on to him. He slapped her cheek, she arched up squealing happily but kept moving.

"Please, Kean." She pouted.

He pulled back further, and in a quick change he pulled the ridged buttplug from her ass and sunk the throbbing head of his cock into he closing gap.

“Ahhhh.”

“Shhh.” he said stroking her back to quiet her, relax her.” Shhh baby.” he was trying to calm his own excitement as well.

“Keaannn..” she moaned. She was fighting with herself, her body wanting him there anywhere, but her mind was scared.

“Ohhh,Paxxx..... Ohhh it feels so good, baby.” he was inching himself into her.”Please.... let me in....” he said feeling her ring clamping down hard on him blocking his entry. “Relax baby..”

“I can't...” she choked, trying to pull away. “You're too big.”

“Relax Pax, baby,” he cooed, curling over her his hand dipping between her legs rubbing and groping her hard sensitive clit, slipping deeper in her as he did.

Her moans becoming softer more accepting as her pressed deeper, sinking to the hilt. Her round ass flush against him.

He stayed nestled inside her feeling the warm gooey insides of her bowels. His nails dug deep into her skin unwittingly hurting her.

“Ahhhh. Kean!!” He started to retreat from her ass.

“No, your nails.” he lifted is hands, holding them over his head for few moments catching her

bearings.

“I'm gonna move now.” she wiggled herself on him slightly. His mind struck jolts of pleasure. This would be quick if he wasn't careful.

He moved her ass gripping him like a silky vice. She was heaven, he knew this already, but this just proved it further.

Pax felt like she would split open, at the seems with pleasure. It was glorious. Jolts of pleasure went off in her like fireworks every time he rammed into her.

“You like it don't you.' he breathed heavily in her ear. His sweaty body curled over hers again, fondling her dripping pussy and clit.

“Yessss...” was her passionate mewling response.

His fingers roughly fondled her clit as he stroked into her repeatedly. His eyes closing trying to keep of senses just a bit longer, before going over the edge.

He hammered her with bruising force,as he took hold of her waist, lifting her, while still rooted deep inside her. His cock pulsating. She squealed in shock; that made him shudder with delight.

He held her pressed to his body kissing her on the cheek, nuzzling licking her neck feverishly, lifting her and moving them higher on the bed; pulling the pillows from in front to her and placing them behind his back against the head board.

Pax was still suspended on Kean's cock as he stretched his long muscular sweaty legs out in front of him and let her sit up, impaled on his swollen twitching member. A delicious guttural groan came from her as gravity caused her settle even lower on him.

He stroked her silky damp back affectionately, her hands twisting in the ropes trying to get at him, touch him.

The feel of her weight on him, stuck on him,the curve of her thighs , her smell; a heady rush from her scent almost knocked him back .

He was dizzy with lust and desire, hugging her close and moving into her with short powerful desperate thrusts.

Pax looked over her shoulder, heavy blissful lids barely letting her brown eyes see past her thick lashes.

He buried his head in her back, slathering her already sweaty skin with long sloppy passionate kisses, or sucking and nipping at her again.

Pax's head lolled back and forth as she undulated almost rhythmical on his powerful thrusts into her ass. Kean reached around grabbing her breast with one hand and with his left, fumbled on the sheets reaching for another toy he had handy. He bowed his legs out, causing her's to spread wider as they were draped over his.

He lifted the long jelly pink ridged vibrator out, it was Pax's favorite.

“Suck it!” he commanded.

She did as she was told happy to take the cock in her mouth, all the way to her throat. She gobbled the toy wantonly, moaning as if she was taking Kean in her mouth. When it was sufficiently coated, (not that it mattered, Pax was a geyser of cream, her juices flooding down his balls to the sheets.) he trailed the toy down her body over her shaved swollen mound and slid it into her.

He slowed his thrust feeling the foreign object sharing his space in her body, the thin lining of her body that separated the toy and the man, just a formality.

She squealed and moaned at the lascivious delight. He was so bad, so nasty. But that's why she loved him.

He stroked it in and out of her as she writhed in his lap, causing him to jerk at the intense sensations he was causing both of them. He turned it on. Both of them seized and quaked. Kean sat back as Pax lay there like his toy, being pleasured in both holes. He could feel the intense vibratory of the toy and her pussy, twitching and clutching. It was more than enough as he pounded her erratically.

Deep low carnal growls accompanied Kean's violent orgasm as his arms snaked around Pax's waist and between her breast holding on for dear life. He bucked into her, his heels digging into the bed for leverage. He pounded into her unable to stand the maddening pleasure any longer, his stomach tightened toes curling, and he drove himself into one final unrelenting time, emptying his load into her. Mindless fucking erupted into stark white hot pleasure, maddening erotic bliss, his cum exploding into her ass, gush after gush after hot gooey thick gush.

“NNNYEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSS.....!!!!!”

Pax voiceless cry of ecstasy was written on her face in contorted raw carnal delirium, her cunt throbbing wildly, satisfied again.

It seemed like a pleasurable forever, as they rode out the waves of erotic bliss that seemed to have no end. The vibrating toy still humming in Pax's hot slamming pussy.

Kean rocked absently into her for several minutes more. Pax all but unconscious against him. Both panting, sweaty and spent,ears ringing from the intense rapturous bliss of the moment. Soon heads cleared and sound came back into the focus only the soft hum of the toy still inside her could be

heard slightly above the labored breathing. The constant stimulation of the toy kept him hard inside her.

He rolled her gently to her side and slide from her. His cock spent. His cum trailing stings from her ass. Jealous, he took the still vibrating toy from her other orifice.

Pax was still far away, her body still coming down from the sensory overload.

He pulled out his scissors, cutting her ropes. And soon she was free from her bonds, though fatigue kept her arms in place behind her.

Kean went and cleaned himself up and brought her a warm cloth as well. He spooned, her laying in the haze of what had just happened. Nuzzling her moist neck, smelling her hair. Smelling the sweaty raw sex on her, on him, in the very air. He loved it.

Kean's stroked Pax's hair from her face, dabbing her brow.

Slowly she came back to him, looking over her shoulder,

“Hi,” she said weakly as if she hadn't seen him in years.

“Hi.”

“I hate you.”

It irritated him when she said that to him,it hurt his feelings. He gave her a love tap on her red bottom.

“No, you don't.” he pulled her closer into his broad chest, nuzzling her neck.

“You're right... I don't." She pulled her arms in front of her and snuggled into the curl of his body. He draped is arm over her lazily. "I'm still mad at you, though.”

“I don't care...You're happy aren't you?”

“Yeah.....I'm gonna get you back for this.”

“I hope so.”