

Picture Me



By JJ Argus

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Smashwords edition

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

At first, I thought the picture of me was real. It was on an 8 1/2 by 11 sheet of paper, apparently printed up from one of our laser printers, as if taken from the internet. I found it on my keyboard when I walked into the office on a Monday morning. And of course, it shocked me, because I was naked! Almost immediately I knew it couldn't be real, though. Because I'd never posed for any such picture, nor ever been tied up.

It was of me, or my face on a body which was somewhat similar to mine, naked save for white lace stockings, and white gloves which rose almost to my shoulders, kneeling on a floor with my legs spread wide. You could see the base of a dildo which was stuffed up into my naked sex, and my breasts were wrapped around with rope which made them bulge. I was wearing a collar and a ball-gag, and my arms were bound together behind my back.

I was shocked, of course, and gaped at it, my purse still in hand! After a few long seconds I remembered to breath, and snatched it up, my face red as I glared around the office. No one was nearby, though.

I looked at it more closely, expecting to find that my head had been photoshopped onto some model's body, but after closer examination I realized it wasn't a picture so much as a very, very good drawing. I mean, my face was remarkably life-like, and the way my body was depicted was also very realistic except for the breasts.

Even with the rope circling them and making them puff out those breasts were too hard and fat and the nipples ridiculously large. My areolas were nowhere near as big as the drawing, either, and down below, between her thighs was an enormous, swollen pink clitoris.

I crumpled the paper up and threw it into the trash, but then I reconsidered. I didn't want anyone coming and finding it! I took it out and folded it up instead, putting it into my purse, and sat down, heart pounding, and face still very red.

Someone was sending me a none too subtle message about how he saw me!

That a picture like that even existed was embarrassing! That someone had carefully drawn it of me, colored it all in to make it seem so very realistic, that

was even worse! But it was so good it looked like it was professionally done, by a very talented professional! Who here had that talent?

Well, more than a few people, I thought anxiously. I mean, I was working for an advertising agency on Madison Avenue in New York. I'd only started a few weeks ago, and everyone had been very nice. Of course the men had kind of expressed their... approval, if not admiration of me. But I'm used to that.

I am attractive, and have a really good body, as these things are assessed. I make no claim to anything but luck for my oval, delicately sculpted face, but I work hard at the body, going to the gym on the way home every day. And in anything form fitting I get attention.

But I don't go out of my way to emphasize my body, at least, not at work! It's just that, well, I'm tall and young and attractive. Unless I deliberately dress in bulky, loose clothes I'm going to get noticed. I've come to accept that, and I don't pretend I don't like it at times. But only if the attention is polite.

This most definitely was not!

That morning, for example, I was wearing a white sweater dress. It was a turtleneck, and unadorned, thinly ribbed of stretchy cotton and cashmere which came to about mid-thigh. Then I had black knee high boots with a four inch heel underneath. Okay, I know I looked good, but this was Madison Avenue! It wasn't like the women here came to work in potato sacks!

I thought about reporting the picture to HR, but the very idea of showing anyone that picture would have been just too embarrassing! So I decided to ignore it, pretend it didn't happen, and dismiss my not 'secret admirer' as an anonymous pervert.

By noon I had more or less forgotten it. Then when I came back from lunch there was another picture on my keyboard! Or, well, it was the same one, I realized, only expanded. The picture of me kneeling naked with the dildo and my breasts and gloved arms bound had shrunk down to the left bottom of the page.

And there was a man standing next to 'me'. He was naked, and incredibly well-built and well-hung. He had a gorgeously muscled, powerfully built body, from his ankles to his muscled thighs, to his washboard abs and powerful, barrel chest. His arms were muscled, and his cock... hanging limp, looked thicker and longer

than most any erect one I'd ever seen! He was holding a riding crop in his right hand as he stood before me.

But the top of the eight and a half by eleven piece of paper ended at his neck.

I wondered if this could possibly be the body of the man who was harassing me, or if it was just his ridiculous, idealized version of some man he thought should do ... well, what was being done in the picture to me.

I mean, when thinking of what kind of man had left the first picture on my desk my mind had run to a skinny, cowardly, balding guy with pimples and a long nose, not to anything like... that!

But no, I was sure that wasn't him. Hell, if that was the guy I'd have let him tie me up, I thought! What a body! Duh! If the face was anything like the body I'd throw myself on my knees in front of him with no need to tie me up!

Again, I folded it up and put it in my purse. No way was I showing this to anyone!

But as the day wore on I have to admit I kept my eyes open for barrel chested men!

I took the pictures home with me that evening, eyeing men suspiciously on the subway. And that evening at home I took them out of my purse, intent on tearing them into tiny pieces and throwing them away, but as I looked at them I found myself shaking my head at the quality.

I mean, aside from the oversized nipples and perfect breasts, well and the huge clitoris, the drawings were almost as good as pictures taken with a camera! And that one with the guy... wow. The way his body rippled with muscles, and the perfect abdomen down to that... cock.

I found myself wishing the unknown artist had drawn him erect!

Instead of destroying them I put them in a drawer, just in case I needed to call the police or something. Though the idea of that was pretty embarrassing, too.

The next morning I was wary as I approached my cubicle, but heaved a sigh of relief when I found no pictures. I sat down and got to work, opening up inter-

office mail, and was caught quite off guard when I opened an envelope and pulled out – another drawing!

This time I was standing up. My legs were straight and apart, and I was wearing white high heels as well as the white stockings and gloves. I was standing with my back against a horizontal metal bar. My ankles were tied apart, and my arms were clearly tied up behind me and also bound to the bar.

Standing in front of me and to the side, was him again. He was taller than I was in the picture, and again, the top of his head was cut off, but I could see his lower jaw. It was a strong jaw. He was holding the riding crop again, and this time he was pressing it up between my legs, against my clitoris.

The girl in the picture, that is to say, me, was arching her back in evident pleasure, and I flushed anew at the thought of someone drawing this!

I couldn't help rolling my eyes over the man in the picture, though, for now he was pictured partly from the rear, and he had a beautiful back and a gorgeous ass. Nowhere had there ever been a man with such a fantastic body, I thought derisively. Then again, the girl in the picture had a fantastic body, too, and aside from the breasts it wasn't that far off.

But this was two days in a row, three pictures! I was going to have to do something about this! But what!? I examined the envelope. It was one of those ones which was used over and over again until all the little boxes on the sides had been used up. The last name before my own was simply 4th floor, photography.

Who would get such envelopes? Probably the admin girl, which was what I was up here. But then they'd go on a shelf for reuse by anyone. Of course, that didn't mean whoever took the envelope was from photography. It could have been taken by anyone in the building, especially if they wanted to direct suspicion elsewhere.

I tried to put it from my head, still uncertain what I could do, but a bit anxious now, and a bit paranoid as men eyed me walking by. Then I got another one in the afternoon. It was me, arms also bound behind me, on my belly in front of a man!

This time my bottom was raised high, and knees spread, and it was evident that

in addition to the dildo in my sex I also had one in my ass! My upper torso was flat against the floor, and I was... licking a man's dark polished shoes!

My wrists were lifted up and back behind me, between my shoulder blades, and white rope bound them together, and also circled my arms, pulling my elbows in and back. All you could see of the man was his shiny shoes, his pressed trousers, going up his legs, and a hand with a riding crop.

I gulped and put it away. I told myself that some pervert had put a lot of time and effort into drawing these things. It would serve him right if I looked at it as briefly as possible, then simply discarded it.

But it was that evening in the shower that the images first really came to my mind in, well, and erotic way. I mean, I was naked, after all, and looking at myself in the mirror was what reminded me of the pictures. Then when I stepped into the shower and started soaping myself up my slick hands gliding across the softly rounded surface of my body started to make me think erotic thoughts, as it sometimes did.

And then those pictures came to mind, and I suddenly felt a jolt, a really big surge of arousal even as my fingers caressed my breasts. My nipples, already starting to tighten, grew rigid and tingling, and when I slid my hand down the front of my body I felt the sudden swelling of my clitoris.

I moaned, breathing quickening as I let my mind imagine myself in those lewd poses, before that incredibly powerful looking man, as I imagined surrendering to him, being his prisoner, being used by him and that incredible cock of his!

I consider myself to be pretty normal, which means that along with other sexual fantasies I've had ones about domination and submission, too. I'd always found them kind of exciting – as fantasies. I mean, I've never tried anything like that with men.

I admit, though, that when a man really asserts himself in bed, especially if he's a pretty strongly built guy, it can really, really turn me on. So thinking of myself all tied up so... exotically, and forced to submit to that hunky, muscled man was really making my pulse race as my fingers stroked faster and faster against my clitoris.

It quickly brought me a powerful orgasm, too, and my buttocks slapped wetly

against the tiles behind me as my hips bucked against my fingers! My back arched and my head drew up and back, rolling against the wall, my mouth in a soundless-O of helpless pleasure!

And next morning, another picture came. This was again of me on my knees, wrists bound up between my shoulder blades, breasts tied, and a dildo in my pussy and another in my ass. This time I was kneeling directly in front of the man, who was naked once more, and his cock was erect!

The picture was drawn from the side, and my mouth was open as his huge cock hovered an inch from my lips! This time there was a leash attached to the collar around my neck, though, and it was being tightly held by the unknown man!

God, I thought! What a pervert!

And then I got to work, trying to forget it. I got another interoffice envelope later in the morning, though. This one had Dennis Driscoll, Operations Manager, as the previous address. It was an identical picture to the first one except now the man's cock was half buried in my mouth! My lips were taut and straining, and my eyes wide!

I didn't think Driscoll was the one who had sent the pictures, though. He was short and fat, and besides, he'd have to be crazy to use an envelope with his name on it. Someone had simply grabbed envelopes from various parts of the building and was using them.

And then toward the end of the day another came. Again, it was almost identical to the first two, except this one had the man's long, thick cock buried in my mouth! In my throat! You could actually see the front of my throat bulging! My lips were wrapped tightly around the very base of the absurdly thick shaft!

I went home that night wary and uncertain ... but also gripped by a kind of low, simmering heat. My sex life had been, to be honest, kind of ordinary, even boring. I knew guys had fantasies about me, but not this kind! They were... threatening, which made me uneasy. They were embarrassing too! But they had put the thought in my head of what it would be like, being tied up and helpless in front of some kind of gorgeously powerful man, and I found that darkly arousing.

I masturbated again, thinking about those pictures, thinking about that powerful

man and me helpless on my knees in front of him, and by the next morning I was almost as eager as I was anxious about what nasty pictures I would get!

The first one was much like the first one I'd gotten the other day, with me on my belly with my bottom high in the air and legs spread, my arms bound up behind my back! This time, though, the man wasn't standing in front so I could lick his shoes. He was naked and kneeling behind me, and fully erect!

I gasped at the thickness of his cock, the swollen head poised an inch in front of the tight line of my sex! There was a dildo jammed almost to the hilt in my ass, but my pussy was naked and ready for him to penetrate!

The pose was so... submissive! It showed me just waiting obediently, my bottom raised high, legs spread, waiting to be penetrated, waiting to be used, waiting to be ridden like a bitch in heat!

Who was doing this!? Who was drawing these things!?

I had been keeping my open all week, of course, for men eyeing me. Unfortunately, that was not much help. Where I went men eyed me. I wandered up and down the cubicle aisles of my floor, then did the same to the one above and the one below, trying to spot a man who had a build anything like that in the picture.

It was a forlorn hope, I knew. I mean, the man who had drawn these filthy drawings was probably half the size of the one in the picture, and his cock was probably tiny! But what else could I do unless I went to the police and they fingerprinted all these envelopes and pictures!?

I was strongly considering going to the police, too! This guy could be dangerous! I asked around, as casually as I could, with other girls, asking if anyone had ever bothered them, or sent them nasty letters or pictures, but no one admitted to getting anything.

When I came back to my desk around eleven there was an interoffice envelope of the right size, and inside was a second picture. This time that long thick cock was half buried in me, the lips of my sex straining wide around it!

I felt a surge of anxiety, but also a helpless rush of heat! The picture was so... erotic! And it was me! I looked around warily, then got up and walked around,

but no stranger was nearby. I went down to the art department and wandered around there, up and down the aisles, but all I saw were women, and ordinary sized men.

Nobody gave me more than the usual looks as I walked around, but there were a lot of drawings on walls, and I inspected them, looking for any similarity between the style of the artist, and the guy who had drawn those pictures of me. I didn't spot anything, but then, I'm hardly an expert.

Later in the afternoon I got another picture. This time his hips were flush with my buttocks, indicating he was fully buried inside me! His left hand was gripping my hair, pulling my head up and back, and my eyes were wide, the ball gag forcing my lips wide too. His other hand was jammed under me, filled with my breast, squeezing it so that the soft pink flesh oozed out between his big fingers.

That night I looked over all the pictures again, feeling my mind squirming with discomfort, embarrassment and anxiety, but also feeling my nipples tingle and my lower belly thrum with energy. They were so perverted! But they were darkly erotic, and seeing myself, or a drawing which looked so much like myself they might have been pictures, gave me a strange, twisted kind of heat.

I masturbated during the shower again, to images of me being dominated and used by the powerful man in the picture, and then again, twice, in my bed at the end of the night. I put myself on my belly, raised my bottom high, and then shoved my fingers in under me, thrusting them into my sex, gasping and moaning as my body burned up and then exploded.

The next day there was a fresh picture for me. This one had me standing naked, spreadeagled, arms raised up and apart. I had the ball gag in my mouth again, and the collar around my neck. Small round weights dangled from clips attached to my nipples, and clitoris, and the two dildos protruded from my sex and ass!

And behind me and off to one side was him, naked, his cock flaccid, a whip in his hand! There was a line of red painted diagonally across my back, and I was arching sharply as if just struck! God, how sick!

Another picture, around noon, showed me covered in criss-crossing red lines, sweating, head drooping.

And then, when it was almost time to go home for the weekend, a box arrived. It wasn't a big box, about the size of a shoe box, I guess, and wrapped in brown paper. I opened it only very, very warily and anxiously.

Inside were a pair of white stockings, a pair of white gloves, like the ones in the pictures, two dildos just like the ones in the pictures, and coiled white rope! OhmyGod! This time I was really anxious and worried! I even picked up the phone to call the police, but put it down. I couldn't possibly talk to them at work.

I resolved to call them from my apartment that night, and brought the box home, trying to touch it as little as possible in case they wanted to check it for fingerprints.

Along the way, though, my resolve faded. It would be horribly embarrassing to talk to police and show them all these pictures! I mean, the resemblance to me was uncanny! And they were so... pornographic and obscene!

I put the box away, but I could not forget it was there. I kept thinking about those pictures, and thinking about the box and what was in it! I masturbated even more that night, and even thought about taking the dildos out of the box and using them! I didn't, though.

The next day was a Saturday. I went to lunch with some friends, went shopping, and then visited my mom and dad, trying to forget about the dirty pictures, and largely succeeding. When I came home, though, it was another story. I thought about that box as soon as I entered my apartment.

I tried to ignore it, but then I finally came and pulled it out from under the cupboard and opened it, glaring at the things in there. But as soon as my eyes saw them I was reminded of those very real looking pictures, and I started to feel a breathy, tense feeling.

I finally got out the pictures and I went to my bedroom and laid them out on the bed, then examined the contents of the box. Feeling my pulse rate quicken, I stripped naked, and then slid the stockings up my legs. I gulped and found a pair of white high heels in the closet to put on, then stared at myself in the mirror.

I pulled on the gloves. They slid up past my elbows, halfway up my biceps, and then saw there was a collar underneath! I felt like I was being sick, perverted, but I put the collar on, and then pulled my hair back tightly into a tail, and stared

at myself in the mirror, my heart pounding!

I went back to the bed and took out the rope, looking at it dubiously. I could not tie my arms behind me but I could have it circle my breasts, each individually. I kept it close to the ribs, making my breasts kind of swell out hard and fat as I tied the soft rope off.

Then came the ball gag. It was white, while the narrow strap which went around my cheeks and behind my head was black. I washed it, first, then put it into my mouth and slipped the strap around my head, buckling it behind me.

Then I took the first dildo and slowly pushed it against my pussy. I was already very wet, so needed no further lubrication, even though it was quite a thick dildo. I slid it deep into my body so that just the cap at the base remained, then looked at the other. I didn't usually have any interest in putting things in my bottom, but tonight was different.

I had to get some lube. I used baby oil, then squatted over it and slowly sank down, gasping as it pushed deeper and deeper. When it was all the way inside and I was kind of aching from the fullness, I knelt in front of my mirror and as soon as my gloved fingers stroked my clitoris I came powerfully!

I wasn't done, though. I put myself on my belly, with my bottom in the air, and masturbated to another massive orgasm, crying out helplessly, the gag stifling my cries as my bottom thrust back against my fingers!

I got up and looked at myself in the mirror again, panting, moaning, and still hot, still aroused, my nipples tingling and burning. There was still rope remaining, meant to tie my arms up, but I still couldn't tie them behind me unaided.

Instead I cut the rope, tied a length around my wrists and ankles, then tied my ankles to the foot posts of my bed. I had a vibrator which I taped to the crosspiece at the foot of my bed, then tied my left wrist up to the post above. I had to pretend, obviously, for my right hand. I wrapped the rope loosely around the post, then gripped it, and pretended I was firmly tied up as I brought my swollen clitoris in against the vibrator.

With the two dildos deep inside me and the way my body was already burning and thrumming with heat, the effects of the vibrator were intense! I began to writhe and twist and buck almost immediately, and was soon climaxing again!

And again! And again and again!

God, it was so intense! I was breathless, gasping, trembling and overheated!

And the next day I did it all again! Only this time I set up my camera to take pictures on time delay! Then I compared myself in the pictures to the ones in the drawings!

I know you're thinking what a sick pervert I am, but I couldn't help myself! I was just so obsessed with it all!

And then when I was repacking all that stuff in the box I realized that there was a piece of paper at the bottom which was the exact same size as the box. I gulped and turned the box over so it fell out. This paper didn't have a picture. Instead it had a story, neatly typed.

And it was about me!

*

Melissa carefully tied her breasts and then put the two dildos into her body. She took some rope and wrapped it around her waist, then drew it down between her legs and around the base of the two dildos to ensure they didn't fall out. Then she put on her long black skirt, her black boots, her white blouse, and her black jacket, and went to work.

At Nine-Thirty Melissa went up to the Sixteenth floor. In cubicle 1631 she reached into the right desk drawer and found a key, then took this key with her to room 1654 and let herself in. She removed her clothing and put on the white gloves and collar. She knelt on the edge of the sofa, with her face against the rear cushion, her bottom raised high, wrists crossed behind her back, and knees spread wide, and she waited for her master to arrive and make use of her.

*

I read the story with a sense of disbelief. Did this pervert really think I would do any such thing!? But then I thought, well, could I use this to find out who he was? If he intended to come in and find me like that, but I was waiting for him fully clothed, well, I'd know, wouldn't I? Then I could report him!

So Monday morning at ten I went up to the sixteenth floor. I discovered it was largely empty, with renovations going on. I went to the cubicle, though, which was also empty, and found the key, my heart beating faster and faster! I looked around but didn't see anyone, so I went to the office and unlocked it.

It was a walled office, a corner office, like the ones you get if you're a vice president or something. I went in, pulse racing, filled with anxiety and stress and no small fear. I mean, what if he was crazy and attacked me!? I had my cell phone on me, ready to call nine-one-one! But it was still dangerous! I had to know, though!

I waited, but nothing happened. I was both relieved and disappointed. I went back to my cubicle, thinking what a chicken he was.

What I found there was a note

You weren't wearing the right clothes.

I gaped at it, then tried to think of who I might have seen up there. The floor had been practically empty except for some workmen off in the distance!

I masturbated repeatedly that evening, though, with images in my head of me kneeling just as he'd written, and him coming in and fucking me hard and fast, and I came furiously!

The next day I wore the long skirt and boots, along with my white blouse and black jacket, and again, heart pounding, went to the office and waited. Again, nothing happened. And again, when I got back to my desk, I found a note.

You didn't tie your breasts, it said.

I glared at it and glared around. Someone had seen me and noticed! Who!? At least he hadn't known I wasn't wearing the dildos and stockings. He'd have had to be able to look under my skirt to know that!

I went home that evening and put all that stuff on again, then masturbated furiously again and again, trembling and shaking with the swirling, churning heat and pleasure!

And the next day, very reluctantly, but filled with anxiety and anticipation, I tied

my breasts with the rope. My breasts are full and firm, but they're too big not to wear a bra or they'll jiggle too much. The rope kind of.. kept them in place, because it squeezed them all around the sides, making them taut – and pushing them out more than usual.

But wearing a jacket over that should be able to disguise that, and I brought my bra in a small bag in my purse to put on afterward.

I went into the room at ten-thirty and waited, but again he failed to show. Then an envelope was slipped under the door! I gasped and ran to the door, yanking it open and rushing out into the aisle. I turned my head from side to side just in time to see a man in a dark suit. Well, I could see his back, anyway, just before he rounded a corner!

And he was big and powerful looking! I hurried after him, but when I reached the corner he was gone! I went back to the office and picked up the envelope. It had a note inside.

You are being a bad girl and, it said. Position yourself properly as you have been instructed.

God! How had he known!?! Had he eased the door open just a crack without me noticing, and seen I wasn't on the sofa positioned as he'd ordered!?

I wasn't sure, but that back, that body, that had been him! I was sure of it! And he was no wimpy, fat, balding guy! He was big and powerful, just like... surely he didn't have that ... body! I mean, that drawing might have been fairly accurate with regard to me, but surely it was wildly flattering and exaggerated about him!

It must have been!

That afternoon another picture was delivered. This one was a drawing of the office I had been to, with me on the sofa, face down, bottom up, legs spread! The dildos were clearly deep in my pussy and bottom! God!

There was no way I was going to do that! I mean, it could be anyone who showed up!

That night I added that picture to my collection, and my mind swept through

possibilities of what might have happened if I had done as he told me. Of course, the possibility which I fixated on was that it was a man just like the one in the picture, and that he... well... used me just as thoroughly as he promised to!

But this was ridiculous! If he was that good looking, and that interested in me, why didn't he just come over and introduce himself!? Was he shy? That didn't seem likely, given what I'd seen of him. Big, powerful guys didn't tend to be very shy, in my experience.

I have to admit that idea became something of an obsession, and I masturbated several times imagining it.

The next day I got another envelope, with another drawing! This was identical, or nearly so, to the one I'd gotten the other day. The exception was that in the drawing, I was blindfolded, and my wrists were tied together behind my back. My legs were also together, and my bottom was bright red!

For the first time, words were typed on the back of the picture. And they too were familiar, and only slightly changed.

*

Melissa carefully tied her breasts and then put the two dildos into her body. She took some rope and wrapped it around her waist, then drew it down between her legs and around the base of the two dildos to ensure they didn't fall out. Then she put on her long black skirt, her black boots, her white blouse, and her black jacket, and went to work.

At Nine-Thirty Melissa went up to the Sixteenth floor. In cubicle 1631 she reached into the right desk drawer and found a key, then took this key with her to room 1654 and let herself in. She removed her clothing and put on the white gloves and collar, as well as the blindfold. She knelt on the edge of the sofa, with her face against the rear cushion, her bottom raised high, wrists crossed behind her back, and knees tightly together, and she waited for her master to arrive and punish her for being disobedient.

*

What blindfold, I thought wonderingly. And then I shook the envelope, and a thin black silk scarf wafted down! God!

Well I wasn't going to do it, so forget it, I thought!

I did, however, go upstairs at around nine and walk endlessly around the floor, watching for that big man to show up again. He didn't, though. And when I got back to my floor, to my cubicle, I wasn't surprised to find another picture waiting.

In this one I was dangling upside down from my ankles, legs spread wide, suspended with my arms dangling down below me!

He was shown standing ready, naked, from neck to knee, holding a kind of whip with multiple thin laces, like a flog. God, this was perverted!

Typed on the back of the page was a single sentence.

Everything you've seen drawn will happen, slave girl.

I flushed hotly and felt that now-familiar rush of fear, alarm and embarrassment and... and dark, breathless heat.

I realize I was becoming obsessed with this, but I couldn't do anything about it. My mind was alive with a whirl of emotions and thoughts about who or what it was and what he and I might do together. Well, clearly kinky sex was high on the list! But what else? Who was he? What was he like?

And what would it be like to be with such a man?!

Every sexual experience I had ever had paled into insignificance compared to the kinds of sex this man looked like he was offering up. It was like I had only ever driven in the cheapest of economy cars, and now along comes this absurdly high priced super sports car from Europe offering me a ride.

Oh, don't get me wrong. The guys I had been with were sexy in their own way. I mean, it wasn't like I didn't have a lot of offers and couldn't pick and choose. But sex with them had been kind of... well, very simple and vanilla.

Most of my sexual experiences came in two categories. Either the guy was eager and hurried and mostly drunk, and the sex was rough and lasted very little time, or he was more skillful and sensitive and the sex was gentle and romantic and sweet, but not exactly breathtaking.

What if... what if this guy was something on a whole other level? That body... and that... that in-your-face determination, the domineering, arrogant do-what-your-told mentality was something I'd never come across before. It was, on the one hand, outrageous and insulting, and on another, darker level, thrilling and passion-filled.

*

I had to know.

That was all there was to it. No matter what happened. I had to know. If it got me fired, then okay. If it got me humiliated, okay. If I got hurt, okay. I had to KNOW!

And so I did exactly what the note ordered, right down to the blindfold, positioned myself, naked on the sofa, arms behind my back, knees together, gagged, and heart pounding like a drum, and I waited.

I was terrified. Though I was more terrified of being discovered by a stranger, than of what HE might do. I waited, on edge, pulse racing, my ears listening for every tiny sound, jerking and gasping if it sounded like it might be someone near the door, or worse, someone opening the door!

I waited in an agony of emotional turmoil, cursing myself for ten different kinds of fool and weakling and slut, ready to bolt at any second!

Yet, despite listening, I heard nothing. The first I realized someone was in the room with me was when two very large and powerful hands slid around my wrists and held them tightly!

I screamed involuntarily, jerking my head up and back! But of course, I could see nothing because of the blindfold!

I felt my wrists pinned together with one big hand, then rope being wrapped around them. My heart pounded and I felt my face flaming hot with humiliation at being seen by some stranger in this position! But in seconds my wrists were bound together and I was helpless!

I felt the big hands leave my wrists and slowly slide down my back and over my bottom, gliding across the soft surface of my skin, then in against the base of the

dildo in my bottom. I flushed even more hotly, then gasped as I felt the dildo twisted and turned and pushed deeper!

The hand slid lower, twisting and turning the other dildo and giving it a push, then a large finger stroked lightly across my swollen clitoris! I whimpered and moaned at the shocking rush of heat and sensation this produced, my legs involuntarily jerking apart.

The big hands slid down to grip my thighs, and jerk them further apart! Then I felt hot breath on my sex, and a moment later, a tongue against my clitoris! I jerked convulsively, gasping, crying out, but more in startlement at the sensation than alarm!

The tongue licked harder and faster, hands very firmly wrapped around my thighs, and I felt the sensation redouble and grow, my entire body feeling a wild churning shock of sensation and heat that felt like the pressure on a boiler about to explode!

I was still mortified, but the breathless heat was building to the point where nothing else mattered, where it took over my life and became a fever that had me trembling and moaning in desperate passion and helpless lust, drunk on the dark thrill of it!

And then he stopped! I moaned, still grinding my hips and hardly aware I was doing so, breathless, heart thumping wildly.

The big hands pulled my legs back together, and I felt the sudden pressure of my buttocks around the base of the dildo there, and my thighs squeezed in against the base of the other one.

And then he spoke, just one word.

“Obey,” he said.

And I felt a sudden sharp stinging pain across my bottom as something hit me! It felt like... like a belt or a strap!

“Obey,” he said again.

Crack! The belt cut across my bottom again, and I squealed into the gag.

“Obey,” he said, his voice deep and stern.

Crack!

Again I yelped and jerked.

“Obey,” he said.

Crack! The belt cut across my bottom again with a jagged, stinging lash of pain!

My bottom felt red and hot, and I was panting and moaning and squirming helplessly.

“Obey.”

Crack!

“Obey.”

Crack!

“Obey.”

Crack!

My bottom got hotter and hotter, the stinging pain turning my flesh more and more sensitive! I moaned and whimpered as the pain mounted, and yet... and yet I was still gripped, still enthralled by the dark wild thrill of what was happening, my mind still swept up in a fever storm of lust and anticipation!

Even as my eyes began to tear up I could feel the shimmering heat gripping me, and was squeezing and grinding my thighs together around the base of the dildo jammed into my sex!

The blows stopped, as I knelt there, gasping and moaning, and I felt those big hands jerking my thighs apart again! I shuddered in anticipation, then felt his fingers circle the dildo, pulling it slowly out, then pushing it in, then again, and again, and again!

I felt fingers on my clitoris, stroking rapidly as the dildo pushed in and out, in and out, and my hips began to grind and roll in helpless thrall to the heat

sweeping through me! Then the orgasm hit and my mind was swept into a storm of sensation as I gurgled and shuddered and sobbed in pleasure!

He stopped briefly, and then I felt his mouth on me there again! I shuddered, trembling and moaning as he captured my swollen clitoris between his lips, sucking rhythmically as the dildo began to pump again, twisting and turning, pulling out and thrusting in!

His tongue lapped at me with a quick, flickering movement, then harder, faster strokes, with unbelievable pressure! My hips rolled up and back to every lick as sexual pressure began to roil my mind once more, making my muscles spasm involuntarily!

And then... it stopped, leaving me shaking and panting. For a moment there was nothing. Then the dildo slid completely out of my body! I felt his fingers running up and down along the line of my sex, then penetrating me, sliding into the mouth of my sex, then deeper – much deeper!

I cried out weakly at their thickness as they pushed in, as they pumped inside me. They got thicker, as he added another finger, pushing in and out hard and fast, using me roughly! I moaned at the ache, but was still gripped by a dark fever heat!

His fingers stopped, pulled back, and then I felt what had to be his cock, the head sliding up and down along the line of my sex, pushing in slowly, slowly, the pressure mounting as I knelt there breathlessly. I groaned at the increasing pressure, my eyes in tight slits behind the blindfold!

He eased back, then pushed in, eased back, then pushed in, slowly forcing the thick spongy head of his cock into the mouth of my sex! And then, slowly, he sank deeper, the pressure hard, relentless, aching, as his cock forced the walls of my sex back, stretching and straining them as it pushed into my body!

My arms pulled fitfully against the ropes restraining my wrists, and my head rolled up and back as if I could see him, my mouth gagged and preventing me from speaking. I was feeling an incredible surge of energy, but the kind of energy which made you hyperactive, unable to keep still, unable to concentrate or focus.

He sank deeper, making me ache, filling me to bursting! I had never had

anything so thick inside me, yet he was soft, and warm and... slick, though perhaps with my own juices. He eased back, and I groaned in relief, but then he pushed forward once again, and I felt that deep ache as I was stretched wide once more.

God, was he really that big!? Was this real!? I shuddered and writhed at the pressure as he pushed deeper and deeper, groaning into the gag, and still he pushed deeper! He pushed into what was surely the very end of my vaginal tube, and still kept pushing!

I whimpered and moaned, then was distracted as his big hands began to slide over my body, over my still sore bottom, up along my sides. I cried out as it seized my hair and jerked my head up and back, raising it off the sofa, and then another hand pushed in to roughly cup and fondle my breast!

He started to pump in and out, and it ached! But... but the more he did it the less it ached, or at least, the less the aching mattered. I began to feel a strange dark, obsessive fixation on the thick cock pushing into me, following it with my mind's eye, not to mention the hot, raw sensation of being penetrated.

I cried out at every thrust, moaned at every withdrawal, and still it ached, but now a bubbling, seething heat seemed to be spilling through my groin, and a dark, liquid pleasure accompanied every stroke so that my cries became those of dazed pleasure and heat more than pain!

I was being impaled! I was being used! I was being pounded! I was being fucked! My body rocked to the growing force, the growing speed, and now he slapped my bottom as he yanked on my hair, and the world seemed to reel around me, or maybe it was my mind that was spinning!

But then the world narrowed, narrowed to every thrust into the center of my body, every explosion of sensation and thrilled passion and lust as he impaled me, as his cock drove incredibly deep, on that incredibly long stroke, until finally his hips struck my upraised bottom and I came violently!

It was the most intense orgasm of my life, and I screamed and writhed in the madness of its grip, my body lashed by sensation, my mind torn by shocked delight, by, by rhapsody! Again and again he thrust into me, his hips striking my bottom with enough force to jar my body and mind, and the orgasm seemed to go on and on and on!

He jerked sharply on my hair and he slapped at my bottom and he groped my breast, and he pounded into me, until I thought wonderingly whether the orgasm would ever stop! It rose and fell, rose and fell, rose and fell, and then I realized it wasn't one orgasm but a continuous string of them!

He was moving smoothly inside me, now, despite his thickness and length, pounding me, riding me, uncaring as to my comfort, using me with a ruthless lust of his own, and I, nothing but a helpless, naked slut tied up and submitting to his will!

I was getting light-headed for lack of breath, for I kept forgetting to breathe as those wild rushes of pleasure tore through me. My muscles spasmed so much they ached, especially in my belly, and still he rode me, pounded me, used me until I was so dazed that I was barely conscious!

He halted, but I had no way of knowing if that meant he had come. I didn't care anyway. I was drained and dazed and still trembling and shaking even as he pulled out.

I felt myself lifted, raised, and set on the floor on my knees. I moaned dazedly, my back feeling the sofa behind me, letting me arch back across it, chest heaving.

I felt hands on my breasts, then lips, then teeth, and moaned helplessly as he sucked and licked and chewed on my soft, sensitive flesh! He pinched my nipples, then sucked gently, then bit on them, then licked tenderly, making them crackle and throb and swell to the point of being hypersensitive.

And then his hands were behind my head, undoing the gag. He pulled it gently out of my mouth, but all I could do was gulp in ragged breaths of air.

I felt his fingers in my hair, then a large finger slid back and forth along my lower lip before sliding deeper into my mouth. I started to close my mouth,

instinctively, but his finger was already caressing my tongue, and then my lips closed around it.

He pulled back, and suddenly it was something much thicker and yet... softer, caressing my lips! I moaned dazedly as it pushed forward, and my lips were suddenly forced much wider, then wider still as I realized what it was. God, he was thick! My mouth could hardly get any wider as his thick cock slid into it!

I moaned around him, trying dazedly to suck, to lick, as he pumped just the first few inches in and out.

Then, quite abruptly, I felt him draw back. Suddenly I was being lifted into the air and dropped heavily onto my back on the sofa. A moment later I felt the hands dragging me up across the arm, my back arching as my head and shoulders were forced over the outside of the padded arm and my head was almost upside down!

And then that cock pushed against my mouth again, which, already open, was easily penetrated! I felt his hands caressing my body, kneading my breasts, then sliding lower. Fingers caressed my sex, then plunged into me, and I felt his weight, or the weight of his elbows anyway, on the sofa as he began to lick me!

I shuddered, my hips grinding against him as he slowly pumped his cock in my mouth. I felt those big hands force my thighs wide apart as he licked, then he held them there with his forearms as his fingers pushed into me once again, his tongue working hungrily!

I felt as though I were tumbling through a storm tossed sea, completely helpless to affect where I was going, my mind scattered, my thoughts disjointed. And the rising sensations of lust and pleasure were intoxicating as I sucked hungrily on his cock!

But he was pumping with longer strokes now, pushing deeper into my mouth, making me gurgle and gag on occasion as I sought to suck and pleasure him. It was, but should not have been a shock, when he suddenly thrust his fingers, more than one, deep into my sex and at the very same time plunged his cock into my throat!

My eyes bulged and I bucked and jerked in shock as his slick, thick cock pushed slowly down my throat, no amount of twisting and turning influencing its

passage as his heavy body pinned me down. My head was locked between his thighs and pressed against the outside of the arm as his cock slid down deeper and deeper, all the way through my neck, I was sure, and into my chest!

And then I could feel his balls against the silk covering my eyes, could feel my lips wrapped around the base of him, pressed firmly against his body! My head pounded and my heart raced and I could neither breath nor think for long, long seconds!

He slowly withdrew, raising his hips, drawing the long, thick length of him slowly up out of my throat until the head popped free and I could gulp in air in desperate, ragged sobs. He was still licking and sucking at my clitoris, though, and his cock was still filling my mouth.

He seemed content to pump slowly as I sucked and licked, a part of me desperate to please him in my mouth so as to avoid having him plunge down my aching throat again!

Meanwhile he was still busy between my own thighs, which were splayed achingly wide as his mouth ravished me, and the raw heat began to bubble up through my body again to form a pulsing churning storm of sensation within my mind!

I was taken by surprise again when his strokes lengthened, and then he was sliding deep into my throat once more! I was less shocked and less panicked this time, but still struggled and gurgled and gagged weakly even as my mind continued to be swept by dark heat.

He pulled back slowly and I gasped as I could breath again, my head pounding, my chest burning, light-headed as well as dazed and disoriented. My throat ached, but my body burned, and as he redoubled his efforts I felt myself about to be swept away. I cried out weakly, and then the orgasm hit.

I bucked and twisted and sobbed as the orgasm screamed through my nervous system, and in the midst he plunged deep into my throat once more, only this time he began to pump in and out in hard, fast strokes.

The lack of ability to breath made my head pulse and throb, but with the orgasm screaming through my mind it felt as though it actually increased the sensations, made them more powerful, more intense, and locked them within my brain as I

trembled, shook and burned with the howling storm of pleasure!

I lost myself in that storm of pleasure. I'm not sure if I entirely lost consciousness, or whether I was just so dazed I no longer understood or cared what was going on. I began to return to a semblance of awareness, and found myself laying along the sofa, my wrists no longer bound.

I felt... shell-shocked, and it took me some time before I could reach up and pull off the blindfold to reassure myself I was alone.

And I still hadn't seen him.

I got dressed and dazedly made my way back to my desk. I told my boss I was sick and went home, still dazed, sore in many places, my body still resonating with the stunning explosion of sensation, of pleasure, of heat, which he had forced upon me.

I could hardly believe that I had done that! I kept shaking my head in disbelief that I'd actually gotten naked and put myself at the mercy of some stranger and then... and then... I was just stunned! The intensity of the sexual high was still resonating through my body and mind like an echo of an explosion, and I was still twitching just from the memory.

And I still hadn't even seen him! Hadn't even touched him! Didn't even know his name! Fuck! Was I out of my mind!?

My throat ached. My pussy ached. My breasts ached. I felt sore inside. Even my scalp ached from him pulling at my hair!

And yet I also felt ... giddy. The way I'd felt as a kid after my first wild roller coaster ride. Like I had survived something... amazing and thrilling. Which, I suppose, was not far from the truth.

I looked at myself in the mirror – naked. I turned and posed my body as HE had seen me, flinching, blushing, squirming in my mind as I imagined him staring at me, seeing me like this! A complete stranger I'd never even spoken a word to, never even met!

I looked at the drawing again, with a sense of awe, looking at his body, not mine. Had he really ... had I really... with ... him!?

He had felt enormous inside me! I still ached hours later!

He was, I thought, an older guy. Not old, of course, but not someone my own age. That made it... better, somehow. Maybe because I'd spent a lifetime doing as I was told from older people.

Parents and relatives, babysitters, coaches, teachers, club leaders, all had been telling me what to do since I was born, and accepting the authority of older people was still ingrained within me.

God! He'd fucking strapped me with a belt! I'd just let him! Bent over and getting my ass whipped with a strap! That was stunning all on its own!

My buttocks didn't show any sign of the punishment, and didn't still feel sore, especially compared to my pussy! I felt bruised deep inside, like the head of his cock had pounded against me somewhere tender.

The next morning I wore something as innocent as possible, as if to make it up to the world and myself for acting like such a whore the previous day. There was nothing waiting for me, but every time the mail got dropped off my pulse rate rocketed up, and I treated each inter-office envelope like it was potentially explosive!

And then the first picture came! Only this time... this time it wasn't a drawing! It was a real picture! My eyes closed briefly as my face burned to see it. It was almost identical to the drawing I had at home, only this was real! Fortunately, with the blindfold over my eyes and my face pressing into the back of the sofa, you couldn't identify it as me.

I hid it at once, heart pounding, adrenaline surging through me, but there was no sign of the big man who had ... used me. No one I passed or talked to acted any differently, which they certainly would have if they knew or even suspected what had happened.

And then I got another picture in the afternoon! And it too was a picture, not a drawing! Again, the blindfold helped disguise me, so did the way my mouth was distorted, my lips wrapped around his ridiculously thick cock! I knew it was me, though! And my heart beat furiously as I gaped at the picture of myself!

It was, once again, the same full-body picture as he'd drawn days ago, showing

me from knees, to bound breasts, to mouth wrapped around his thick shaft halfway down its length! I gulped, thinking of the other drawings he'd made, and that warning he'd sent me, that I would do everything the drawings had depicted! It felt much more real now!

And of course, his lower body was in the picture too, up to about his lower chest, and it really was like the ones in the drawings which had given me fantasies! God, what a body!

Another picture came at the end of the day. This time it had him buried to the hilt in my mouth and throat, and it had a little story attached.

*

At Five O'Clock, Melissa went up to the 14th floor and to cubicle 1631 where she took a key from the desk drawer. She left work, took the subway to the upper west side. She got off on 72nd street, then walked two blocks east on 73rd street and stopped at number 130. She took the elevator up and went to apartment 703.

Once inside she stripped naked, except for the white socks, gloves and collar. She put the ball gag into her mouth. She moved straight into the apartment and stopped in the empty room before the bay window. There she tied the ropes to her ankles, then raised her arms and put them through the loops hanging overhead, pulling them tight, and waited for her master.

*

I felt my heart and pulse racing faster and faster as my eyes skimmed along the words, and by the time it was finished I had already broken out in a sweat! There was no way I was going to do this!

The upper west side... that meant... whoever he was, he wasn't just incredibly well-built, but he likely had money. I mean, apartments in that area, near Central Park, were worth a fortune! It certainly wasn't where you lived if you were struggling to get by on a salary!

But anything could happen to me if I went there! What if... what if no one ever saw me again!? What if he was a white slaver and sold me to Arabs!? What if he was a crazed killer!? There was no way I was going to go there!

And I didn't!

I held out for days.

Days and nights of arguing with myself, of obsessing over it, of scanning the pictures and 'stories' again and again and again. I even went there one day, just to look at the building, to look up, and wonder which of the bay windows up there was the one he wanted me to be standing before.

And then, I finally gave in. I gave in with a kind of sick feeling of surrender, of acceptance, of anxiety and fear, of accepting the inevitable, but also with a breathless sense of hope and anticipation. I felt worn down and hopeless. It was like I had no choice. Which was crazy, I know!

But that was how I felt as I got the key, and took the subway there. As I let myself into the lobby my heart pounded faster and faster. I went to the elevator and took it up to the seventh floor, which was as high as it went.

There were only four apartments on the floor, and I walked over to number 703 and turned the handle. It opened and I pushed it open a crack, peering through, listening. I opened it a bit more, and saw that the apartment was empty. I mean, completely empty. It was unoccupied.

I went inside and closed the door, then locked it. I moved warily around the apartment. It was large and airy, with many windows. The kitchen was fabulous! It was practically as big as my apartment, with shining stainless steel appliances and granite counter-tops.

I checked all the rooms and closets – including the huge walk-in closet in the enormous master bedroom, which had a fireplace as well as an enormous window and fabulous en-suite bathroom, but he wasn't there.

I went back out front, to the main room, with the bay window. I gulped and looked around again, then out the window, which looked over the tree-lined street and above the five story building across from this one.

In the center of the floor was a carpet about three feet square. Two ropes emerged from holes in the carpet, both already tied in loops. I bent and lifted the carpet up and saw that there were rings set in the floor, in shallow metal depressions, which could be lifted up, or pushed back so as to be unnoticed.

Above the carpet were two more loops of rope, the rope dangling from hooks in the ceiling a good fourteen feet above me. They were out to either side, which confused me, at first, but then I realized that if I were to put my wrist through one, and then step towards the other, grabbing it... they would both angle my arms up and apart, as in one of the drawings.

This was totally and absolutely insane. I told myself that again and again and again. I paced up and down the hall, glancing it at the main bathroom, at the spare bedroom, shaking my head at how great the apartment was, and wondering what it would cost to own or rent.

I opened the fridge, and found a bottle of champagne and two glasses. That made me jerk, first in alarm and then in hope. Champagne for two didn't sound very threatening. I mean, he wouldn't need them if he was going to kill me, would he!?

I waited but nothing happened. The thought of leaving and... and enduring more days of fixating on things and wondering who it was and what he was like and what he wanted of me – assuming he wanted anything beyond sex – made my stomach sink.

Finally, with an almost grim determination, I stripped naked, save for the stockings and gloves, and of course, my high heels. I put on the collar and pushed the ball gag into my mouth. The story hadn't said anything about a blindfold, at least, so that was hopeful again. At least I'd get to see him this time!

It was easy to step into the first loop and draw it tight. It was on a slip knot. I had to spread my legs far apart to slip my foot through the second knot, though, and then draw my left foot back until it tightened around my ankle. That still left my legs well apart, though.

Slipping my left hand through the loop in the rope dangling to my left wasn't hard either. But then I had to reach out for the other one, stretching my right arm up and out and kind of shifting my body to the right – well, as much as I could given my left leg would not come in any farther.

I got my fingers through it easily, and pulled the rope in towards me, but that drew the loop closer together. I had to kind of wriggle my fingers through it and then get it snug down around my ankle before I could ease back to my left. And, of course, with my heart hammering in my chest, I felt the loop tightening

around my wrist.

And that left me standing there in the middle of the rug, a couple of feet from the bay window, pulse racing, basically spreadeagled! And waiting.

The ropes around my wrists and ankles were soft, but the one around my wrists was more complicated, with a triple loop which made it easier against my soft flesh. And I came to be grateful for that because it wasn't a natural position to hold, and my arms started to tire as the minutes ticked away.

Not that it was especially easy to know how much time had gone by. I was filled with a crackling energy which combined adrenaline, anxiety, embarrassment and fear with the helpless thrill of anticipation.

The longer I stood there, waiting, the more tense I became, and the more my mind spun through a wild variety of horrible scenarios. What if someone else showed up? What if he never came and I couldn't get loose!? What if he came and brought a lot of others with him!? What if he came and was a crazed killer!?

I kept craning my neck over my shoulders towards the door, desperate to see the instant he or anyone arrived, but the minutes continued to tick by without him showing up. I finally decided that he wasn't going to arrive, and tried to pull my wrists out of the loops, wriggling and twisting them, turning them and trying to widen the knots.

But to get the loop to go loose I had to first ease the pressure on it. That meant going as far to one side as I could so the rope would lose its tautness. But then trying to pull my wrist back through it would tighten it once again! I kept trying and failing, and was starting to grow more and more panicky!

What if I couldn't get loose at all!? What if I was stuck like this all night!? And maybe all day tomorrow and... and maybe was only found one day by a stranger, dead!?

I exhausted myself trying, then kind of slumped, panting, recovering, then trying again. This time I wound up panicking, yanking and pulling and straining against the ropes, feeling my eyes beginning to tear up in frustration and fear and alarm!

More time passed, and it got dark outside – and dark inside since I'd turned on no lights. I continued to try intermittently to pull myself free, but couldn't, and

was gripped by a dreadful sense of misery and hopelessness.

The room darkened, the only light now the street light reflected through the window before me. The moon was rising, and that bathed me in moonlight, and I moaned weakly into the gag, wrists kind of hanging from the loops above, body slumped a little, my chin hanging down.

And then there a sound – the sound of the door closing firmly. It hit my mind like an explosion, and my head spun around to crane over my shoulder to see it. But... the room was in darkness! I was in a pool of light coming from the moon, and my eyes had adjusted to the moonlight!

I moaned, eyes wide, staring over one shoulder, then the other, then the first, then the second, heart suddenly beating furiously, pulse racing, adrenaline rushing through my system!

And hope, and relief, tremendous relief! Because I wasn't going to be stuck standing here all night and all day and who knows how long!

But I saw nothing, and heard nothing. Had I imagined it!? I couldn't have! And then there was movement, at least! I saw a shadow moving slowly forward! I could make out a man's bare legs, and the the soft, pale light, as he approached, crept up his body to reveal powerful thighs, black shorts, and then a washboard firm stomach!

The hands and arms appeared, and the upper chest, with a shadowed face just above, just out of the light. I could kind of make out its shape but not its features!

“Turn your head around,” he said.

I gasped, for it was definitely the same voice as had spoken so sparingly in the office room! It had spoken only one word, in fact – obey. It was deep, and somewhat throaty.

I hesitated, then obeyed, trembling, blushing hotly. I felt him approaching, and started to turn my head, but felt my hair seized, and gasped as he jerked sharply on it to hold my head in place!

“Obey,” he growled.

He released my hair, and I felt his hand at my wrists, tightening the loops, tightening the ropes so that they were both quite taut, then doing the same to the ropes binding my ankles. He moved before me, blocking out the light from the moon, and I stared at his shadowy face.

Then there was silence for long seconds.

“You have the body of a goddess,” I heard from in front of me.

I blushed hotly but also felt a fierce rush of excitement and pleasure!

I saw his arms rise, and I felt fingers at my stiff nipples, felt the pads of those fingers closing against them, rolling and caressing them, plucking lightly, then pinching them so that I winced, and pulling them up and out. I cried out as the pinching grew worse, back arching as my nipples were pulled further away from me.

Then they were released.

“It's only heat,” he said. “Just another kind of heat.”

Fingers brushed my nipples. “Isn't it?”

He was right. They burned. It was... just heat.

He moved beside me, and I cried out as a hand gripped my hair and yanked my head up and back again.

“I will hurt you,” he said, “but I will never harm you.”

His other hand dropped onto my abdomen, sliding slowly up and down, rising higher, along my lower chest, then up over my breast, kneading the soft flesh, then sliding down again, down between my legs, down two where two fingers could stroke firmly across my clitoris and down the line of my sex.

They moved, caressing my hip, and another hand kneaded my buttocks. Then they were spread and something pushed against my bottom. I flushed hotly as it twisted from side to side, slick with something, pushing insistently against my sphincter, spreading me open as it penetrated.

I gasped as it stretched me, then... it was like a golf ball passing into me, but then another, and another, and another, all sort of glued together, pushing higher, deeper, until I began to ache and feel cramps.

All the while I felt his fingers against my clitoris, stroking and rubbing me as a wild storm of sensations caused me to tremble and my hips to grind and spasm.

“Every woman,” he said, in a slow, deep voice, “is a whore in her heart, but few have the courage to be one in real life.”

I flushed at the word, at the implied insult, and yet it sounded like he thought it was a compliment. How could being a whore be a compliment?!

He released the thing he'd pushed into my bottom, and his fingers penetrating me in front, spreading the lips of my sex, circling and dipping into me, pulling back, slick, like the thing he'd pushed into my ass. They slid deeper, and I moaned helplessly as he continued to stroke my clitoris.

The pent up stress, and the sudden relief, the intense sensations and the shocky state of my mind left me weak and helpless to the pleasure, and my body began to tremble and shake, my hips grinding against him!

I came, crying out into the gag, arching and straining against the ropes, my hips spasming against his fingers as he continued to stroke me and pump his fingers inside me.

His fingers withdrew, and he jerked my head back by the hair again. But I felt something else there, something thick and hard, but not, I thought him. A dildo, and it pushed slowly up, twisting from side to side, drawing back, then pushing forward as I groaned to feel the deep sense of fullness. It was bigger than the one I'd used before, though not as big as he was!

It pushed deep, even as his thumb continued to stroke and rub at my clitoris. And as he pumped the dildo and his fingers stroked me, I felt his lips around the center of my breast, felt his teeth digging gently, then more firmly into my breast as he sucked, as his tongue lapped at me, and I came again, hips bucking more violently this time as he thrust harder and faster with the dildo!

“Excellent,” I heard him say, almost as if to himself.

I cried out weakly as he practically buried the dildo inside me! Then he disappeared into the darkness for long seconds. When he returned, he stood before me once again, the light behind him. He moved forward, then dropped to his knees. I felt his lips on me, kissing my stomach! I moaned as I felt his teeth nipping lightly, then his lips and tongue moving downward, down low on my abdomen until they were lapping at my clitoris!

The sensation was so... sensual, so erotic! Yet also so relaxing! So slick and soft and warm and gentle as I felt myself soothed by it. Of course, I wasn't soothed for long, as his fingers kneaded my buttocks and his tongue began to lick harder and faster.

Soon my hips were grinding against him as I gasped breathlessly, moaning at the surge of heat! He started pumping the dildo in my pussy, and then I felt him gripping the one in my ass, pumping that slowly in and out! That strange sensation of thick, then thin, thick then thin, like balls sliding slowly out of my back passage, then pushing in again, was a wild contrast to that of the dildo!

And then his tongue licking hard, drove me over the brink and I came again, even more powerfully, more intensely, writhing and twisting, my hips grinding desperately as pleasure swept my mind and sent it tumbling in helpless confusion.

He buried the two dildos inside me and moved away, but soon returned. His fingers caressed my breasts, and his mouth followed. He moved slowly around me, kissing the back of my neck and my shoulders, his lips and tongue easing down, his hands stroking my bare back as his lips moved along my spine.

And then I heard a click, and a buzzing sound. I felt his fingers massaging my clitoris but... there was something very different about them now. I could feel the vibrations in them, and it was a startling sensation! He worked the dildo in my pussy, then the one in my ass, but all the while he stroked those buzzing fingers against me until my hips were grinding again!

But then he halted, leaving me gasping and moaning, chest heaving.

“You've been a bad girl,” he whispered, his voice behind my ear!

Then he was in front of me. “Bad girls must be punished,” he said. “Especially slave girls.”

I felt him cupping my right breast, then felt something pressing against it, against my nipple, something flat and leathery. It was not large, perhaps an inch or so wide, and maybe twice that long. It was soft and supple, like leather.

His big hand lifted my breast a little, squeezing it, and making the nipple stand out harder. There wasn't a lot of clarity in what he held in his other hand because it was shadowed by his body from the moonlight. It looked like something very thing and long. Then... it drew back and struck my nipple a sharp blow. It didn't have a lot of weight behind it, but it stung anyway, especially because I was so sensitive.

I jerked, and gasped aloud.

“You must always obey when given a command,” he said sternly, his voice still low.

Again it struck the center of my breast, and again and again, rapidly, so that I moaned and tried to twist my breast free of his hand. But he held it easily, and suddenly I knew what he was using, for it had been in one of the pictures. It was a riding crop! One of those ones with the thin leather tip!

My nipple began to burn and ache as he struck it, and I moaned and shook my head in denial, but couldn't protest because of the gag! The center of my breast began to burn and I sobbed a protest through the gag, but was ignored.

“You will obey,” he said.

He stopped, and then cupped my other breast. I moaned in denial but he began to strike that nipple too, quick, rapid little slapping sounds echoing through the room as my nipple ached and burned and I shuddered helplessly.

He halted and I gasped in relief, but when his fingers pressed in firmly on my flesh just behind the nipple I half suspected what was coming. Sure enough, I felt a sort of loop passing around my nipple, a loop which quickly closed, pinching it! I moaned again, but when he let go I could feel a weight dangling from my nipple!

He did the same to my other one, of course. The weights felt like they were on the ends of short chains or strings or cords, and they jounced and tugged at my nipples whenever I moved.

I heard the buzzing again, then his fingers began to stroke my clitoris. I was helpless to resist, and my hips began to grind against them again as I panted like a whore, awash in lust and heat and passion and dark, seething sexual need!

He drew back, and then I heard his voice behind me.

“Slave girls must learn to obey,” he said.

I cried out as he seized my hair and yanked it up and back.

“Will you obey?” he growled.

He shook my head slightly.

“Will you?”

“Yes!” I cried through the gag.

I forced my head back further.

“The correct term,” he said, “Is yes master.”

“Yes, master!” I exclaimed, as best I could around the gag.

He released my hair and I gasped in relief, but then cried out as a short, thin sound was followed by something cutting diagonally across my upper back. I felt a sharp sting, though it clearly wasn't very weighty, and a line of pain – heat followed!

I tensed, hearing another sharp, thin sound, and then the feel of the whip struck me again, sideways, across my buttocks! I squealed, hips rocking forward, body jerking in response to the quick, short sting so that the weights tugged repeatedly at my nipples.

“Will you obey?”

“Yes, master!” I moaned.

Again the whip struck, cutting across my back, then again across my bottom, then again and again and again!

I writhed and twisted and cried out as the lines of fire ran across my thighs and back and then the whip sliced across my hip and down between my legs! I squealed and thrashed against the bonds, but to no avail! They cut around my ribs and snapped at my breasts again and again, until tears filled my eyes!

I was frantic with the continual stinging blows, breathless and moaning, and when he finally stopped and jerked my head back by the hair I felt a wild rush of hope that it was over!

“Are you going to obey, slave girl?” he asked.

“Yes, master!” I moaned around the gag.

He moved around in front of me, and the moonlit was behind him so that again, his face was shadowy. His hands moved up my body, cupping my breasts gently, making the nipples burn and throb. He gripped my hair again, jerking my head back, and then his mouth slid in along the nape of my neck, kissing me, chewing lightly, sucking against my skin as his naked flesh pushed in against my own.

I felt my breasts pillowing out against his chest, his cock, stiff and hard now, pressed against my abdomen and slid up to be squeezed between his belly and mine. His hands slid down my back and squeezed my buttocks, pulling me in even more firmly against him.

They rose and slid through my hair, then undid the strap of the gag and pulled it out of my mouth. I gasped, my jaw stiff, and he kissed me lightly, then with much more passion, overwhelming me! I moaned into his mouth, still having a hard time seeing his features with the moonlight behind him!

He kissed me for long minutes, his hands roaming up and down my helpless, sweating, straining body, then his mouth moved downward. He mouthed the center of my throbbing breasts, sucking fiercely so that my throbbing nipples burned!

Then he slid lower, and I shuddered as his tongue found my clitoris, and he began to lick! His fingers gripped the dildo, pumping it in and out as he licked, and the raw sensation seemed to build upon itself, doubling and redoubling so that it felt as though my entire body was humming like a tuning fork from the intensity of the pressure inside me!

He stopped and rose, gripping my ankles and taking them with him! He had, I guess, untied them when he was kneeling, and now he lifted them up, taking my legs with them, so I was hanging from my wrists!

He pressed my legs up and back against my shoulders, my feet going over them, and then further back, his powerful arms forcing them in behind my neck so that my lower body arched up towards him obscenely!

“Tell me you want me to use you, slave girl,” he said in a low voice.

“I-I-I do!” I gasped.

“Beg me to use your body.”

“Please use me!” I moaned.

“Master,” he growled.

“Please use my body, master!”

“Again.”

“Please use my body, master!”

He released my left leg momentarily so that it was held up mostly by the pressure of his chest against it. I felt the dildo being pulled back and out, and then his cock pressing in harder, and then pushing into the mouth of my sex! He gripped my ankle again, and then his hips thrust himself deep into my body!

I cried out, staring into his shadowy face as his hips began to move in and out! My body was... folded up, crushed in two, my feet up above my head as his powerful body locked my legs in against my own chest! His hips moved faster, harder, and I cried out again and again, then began to twist and shake, convulsions wracking my body as the orgasm erupted like a volcano!

He thrust harder and faster, his hips slapping against my buttocks as he leaned in to kiss and chew at the side of my throat again. The storm of sensations was sweeping through me in a long, extended wave of exultant pleasure as he rammed himself into me again and again and again!

He eased back, sliding out of me, letting my legs drop, and my head lolled back dazedly as he moved around behind me.

Crack! He slapped my bottom sharply!

“Push your bottom back, slave girl, and rise onto the balls of your feet,” he ordered.

I dazedly obeyed, panting, moaning, and felt him grip the other dildo, pumping it in and out of my ass, then pulling it free. A moment later his cock sank into me, and I shuddered as he gripped my thighs, jerking them even harder back and apart, his hips working his thick cock up inside me into that little used back passage.

I felt an aching there, but not pain. I felt a sense of... discomfort, emotional discomfort with what he was doing, too, but the dark thrill of what was happening overwhelmed it, and when his right hand pushed forward over my thigh, far enough for his finger to start stroking my clitoris, I felt myself swept by waves of pleasure once again!

He thrust deeper and harder as I cried out at the dull ache of the blows deep inside me, at the cramps which arose from every deep thrust. But my body was thrumming and burning again, despite the massive orgasm, and then another hit me as he used me savagely, as he rammed himself into me and stroked my clitoris, and the weights bounced and tugged repeatedly at my burning nipples!

I was so dazed I was barely conscious by the time he finished. He untied me and carried me into the master en-suite, then ran a bubble bath in the deep soaker tub. The only lights were candles which circled the tub, but it was enough for me to see his face, the strong, square jaw, the high, aristocratic cheekbones, the full, sensuous lips and pale blue eyes.

We took a bath together.

“Wh-what's your name?” I asked.

He looked at me for a moment. “Master is all the name you need, slave girl.”

I felt a sense of disappointment, but also a strangely twisted excitement.

“But – .”

He put his finger against my lips to silence me.

“You will move in here on Saturday morning,” he said.

I stared at him, eyes widening.

“You will take no clothing, no furniture with you. Not even food. It will all be provided.

“But – .”

His fingers gripped my lips, pinning them together.

“I will provide everything you need. You will learn to obey and please me.”

It sounded insane, and impossible, but he brooked no argument. And his gently stroking fingers against my soapy sex brought me to climax half a dozen times as I sat across his lap!

And so I decided to do it. I couldn't get enough of running my hands over his chest, over his belly, over his ass, marveling at the feel, almost ready to climax from the sheer tactile delight of it! I was ready to give myself to a man whose name I didn't even know out of sheer greed at the sensuous banquet that was his body.

Saturday morning I would move in, and my training would begin!

I could hardly wait!

END

Buy part two: Order Me

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