

Facesitting Short Stories Vol 1

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Facesitting Collection
By Alison Reddick
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Saddle Up

He had lost the bet, fair and square, Tina thought, and now he would get what was coming to him.

Tina and Joel had each bet that the they, and not the other could last longer on the mechanical bull ride. Joel had a bit of riding experience, but Tina had been riding since she was a child, coming from a long line of ranchers and rodeo performers. Joel had done well, lasting about two and a half minutes, but Tina was still on after five minutes with no indication she was about to be tossed. She had won, fair and square.

It was Joel who had started the bet, Tina knew that he had fancied her for months. The alcohol coursing through his veins, combined with stereotypical male confidence and hormones had prompted him to propose that if he won, she would have to blow him. At first Tina was angry, alcohol or no, they were not romantically involved and she had show no interest in becoming so. His proposition had come completely out of left field and he had begun to push it a bit beyond her comfort zone. Joel was a bit slow and thick, but he had never been as brazen or pushy like this before. After a while she decided, the hell with it, if he wasn't going to drop it she would make him regret it while she enjoyed it. She agreed to his proposal, but only if he agreed that if she lasted longer, she would get to ride his face for an hour.

Joel didn't really see a downside to this. To him it was win-win. He would either fuck Tina's pretty little mouth with his cock, or he would get to see her naked while eating her pussy; which in his mind could easily lead to fucking her. He did not understand that when Tina said she was going to ride his face, that she meant that literally.

Tina had, for many years, fantasized about tying a man down and grinding on his face, coming as many times as she could for as long as she could. She had found a few partners who were willing to let her tie them to the bed or push their head down on the sofa and riding their face, their tongues lapping and licking at her pussy as she ground against them. They never lasted for long though, they could not keep up with her appetite or handle how rough she wanted to get.

A few years ago, she had even had custom made a saddle with a hole in the seat. The hole was just big enough for a man's face and the billet strap repositioned and shorted enough to fit tightly around a man's head. She had never had anyone who she could use it on, the one time she had tried to convince one of her partner's to try, she ended up single. She had long desired to tie a man don't preferably to a bar stool with his head bent back, tighten the saddle around his head and over his face, grab the horn and ride him until she broke him, just as she had broken the mechanical bull in the bar.

She would get her wish now though, thanks to Joel. He had no idea what he was about to step into when he strode up to her front door. Knocking, Tina answered and ushered him in.

"I have to say," Joel began, "that I can't help thinking that even though I lost I won. I mean, I lost and

I'm still going to get to see your naughty bits up close." he laughed.

"Well if that's how we feel I suppose we both win." Tina added. "Supposing that your going to be any good."

"Oh , I've gone down on a few women, I've never heard any complaints." He boasted. "Unless one counts moaning and screaming as complaints."

"I have to admit," Tina said leading him into her bedroom. "I was surprised that you pushed as hard as you did to make that bet, or that you agreed to my terms."

Joel became more serious. "Look, I like you, I think you are as hot as hell. You never say or suggest anything though, and I've always been a little too chickenshit to do so. I was in a good mood and yeah, probably a little too drunk the other day when I said what I said, but I don't regret it. Hell, I must have been on to something or else you never would have agreed and we wouldn't be here now." He shrugged.

You might regret it soon she thought.. "Well I don't know about that. Maybe I just want to ride your face, Did you ever think about that?"

Joel shrugged again, not quite catching on to her meaning. "No well, obviously I would have preferred if I won but who knows where the afternoon will lead.

He thinks he's still got a chance to get his way. Tina thought, a flash of anger and annoyance ran through her, she was going to enjoy breaking Joel all the more. "Take your shirt off and sit with your back to the legs of the stool." she told him.

He complied, suspecting nothing. Joel didn't even appear remotely curious about why there was a bar stool in the bedroom in the first place. Tina shook her head,; it was more than clear which head Joel was thinking with right now. Tina came back with several feet of thick course rope. She looped it around his hands and the stool legs several times before wrapping it around the legs of the stool, binding Joel around the chest and stomach.

Joel was a little confused as Tina pushed his had back on the seat. "What's going on here Tina? Why are you tying me up?"

"Just a second, I'm trying to see if I guessed your height right? She told him, The stool was perhaps an inch too short , but it wouldn't matter, her plan would still work. I'm tying you up so you won't move or slip out from under me while I ride your face Joel." She told him in an everyday tone, as if she were explaining how to turn on the oven.

Tina walked over to her closet, opening the doors. Joel turned his head and watched as Tina lifted boxes and blankets off of, well something, that was sitting on the floor. He watched as Tina lifted a saddle, tucking both arms beneath it, rose and came back towards him.

Joel had a confused look on his face, Tina saw, as if he thought she was playing some sort of joke on him. The joke quickly became less funny as she set the saddle on his face and adjusted it so that his face fit snugly into the opening. "Tina this really isn't funny." he told her as she did up the strap under her his head, causing his forehead and chin to press tightly against the edge of the padding.

"It's not meant to be." she told him., pushing the back of his head down on the hard oak seat of the bar stool. "It really wont be funny if you move around to much. If i were to fall while I'm riding you, I'll get hurt. But you, you might end up with a broken neck or paralyzed." she explained. He could feel her feet on the rungs of the stool and was soon after looking up at her. He noticed for the first time that Tina was wearing white denim jeans, her ample breasts were barely contained by a simple cotton t-shirt. He watched as her crotch moved forward, closer and closer until it was hovering over his face.

Tina looked down at him, saw his face framed almost perfectly by the tanned brown leather of the saddle. He looked confused, Tina ventured as to why. "You thought that I would have to be naked to ride your face, didn't you?." she asked, her voice full of mock concern. "Don't worry, we might get there in a while, but for now you'll just have to make due."

She lowered herself on his face, the denim and the weight causing her to press down hard on his face. The hard coarse material of her jeans quickly pressed down Joel's nose and flattened it painfully against his face. He attempted to groan and grunt in pain but any and all attempted were silenced as Tina's ass settled down over his mouth, cutting off his speech and his air supply along with it. Tina wrapped her hand around the horn and sat there, for just longer than a moment, and took everything in. She could feel him, under her now, just as she had felt his nose flatten and his attempt to protest. She felt him now wiggling his face ever so slightly, she imagined that the seat of the stool pressing hard into the back of his head must be uncomfortable to say the least, and she felt him struggling, but not too much for fear of upending her, against his bonds.

On a shim, she took both feet off of the rungs, redistributing her full weight directly onto his face, she felt him jerk from the increase. He tried to cry out again, but he could not,. Tina soon felt a pop where his nose had been flattened. She returned her feet to the rungs and lifted up, looking down at Joel to see. His face was red and a vein had begun to protrude from his forehead, he was breathing heavily. Tina reached down and pinched the bridge of his nose between her thumb and forefinger. It did not seem to be broken, just somewhat flattened. All concerns abated, Tina lowered herself back down and settled on his face.

Joel, seeing her descend, had immediately tried to protest, to plead for her not to. She had only been sitting on his face for less than a minute and his entire face already ached. He felt the bridge of his nose collapse and flatten against the hard denim, he was amazed it wasn't broken. He fought the urge to struggle free as his lungs tried and failed to expel the air trapped inside them, mindful of what Tina had told him would happen if she fell. The pain all through his head increased sharply as Tina took her feet off and sunk down heavier on him. He tried to scream, his head felt like an egg that someone was trying to crack. He fought the urge to thrash, it was difficult, he felt the urge to throw her off him, if he even could, as a primal need.

She lifted off of him again, she looked down at his face, its features scrunched up in pain, he was

breathing hard now that he could. She reached down with one hand and stroked his face with her hand. "Poor baby, you look so uncomfortable already. And to think I've only been sitting, I haven't even started riding yet." she told him. "Do try to help and keep the stool upright." she cautioned before sitting her bottom hard back down on his face.

Gripping the horn of the saddle she began to rock back and forth on his face. The denim rubbed hard against Joel's features, she felt his muffled cries under her bottom. She felt him grip the stool hard, trying to keep it upright. *Good boy* she thought to herself. She kept going, keeping an eye on the time, always making sure to lift up about once every minute, to let Joel breathe. She would count loudly to three and then sit back down and continue grinding and rocking against his face. Tina rocked and rode fast and faster, Joel was practically screaming under her. Each time she lifted off of him he looked worse and worse, his face was red and raw from the friction of the jeans, she noticed that there was blood around his nose and on his gums.

"Tell me" she asked crossly, hovering her ass over his face. "Did you get blood on my jeans?"

Joel blinked, his vision had long gone fuzzy. He had made the mistake of not closing his eyes in time the last time she sat down. He could see faint red lines along the stitching. He swallowed, his throat dry, before answering. "Yeah Tina, you got my blood on your pants."

The slap surprised him, rocked his face. "Wrong Joel. *You* got blood on my jeans, not the other way around." She hopped off of the stool and began to undo her belt, then her pants. "Those jeans are white, if that doesn't come out first wash you'll be buying me a new pair."

"I'll buy you two Tina, just let me out of here now. Please."

"Why would I want to do that?" she asked, kicking the leg of her pants off from around her ankle. "You still owe me another forty minutes. I've been keeping track." She turned and climbed back onto the stool, treating Joel to the view of her purple cotton briefs.

She looked down and saw the concern on his face. "Oh don't worry," she told him, voice dripping with fake comforting, I'm sure that this will be much more comfortable. She lowered her self back down, this time feeling her ass cheeks mold around his face and the saddle it was now a part of. His nose pressed up, pushing the cotton fabric of her panties between her labia. He couldn't breathe, she knew, she felt him squirm, little that he could, already desperate to draw breathe. She could see his eyes as her panty covered mound only extended just over the bridge of his nose. They looked up at her, pleading with her as his face turned crimson around them. Tina simply wrapped her hand around the horn and began to rock slowly.

She felt him try to grunt as his nose pressed against her pelvic bone. It was undoubtedly still sore from its time under her jeans. Rocking back and forth on him, with it pushing in and out of her pussy, probably wasn't doing it or him any favors either, she thought. Tina didn't care though, she was enjoying the feeling of his battered nose rubbing against her clit as she rocked slowly on him. She also enjoyed the level of helplessness and desperation in his eyes as he smothered beneath her. She only hoped that he still had some fight in him, she would be sad to see that he had given in so easily.

She lifted up off of him again, gave him his three count, and sat down hard, her ass slapping soundly against his face as she did so. She loved the feel of his groans and moans as she felt them on her ass. He should be grateful for this, Tina thought, especially after the first twenty minutes when she was wearing jeans. This must feel a whole lot nicer than that, she thought, she was certainly enjoying the warmth of his face between her legs. It wasn't every day that you got a saddle with a heated seat.

His face had gone from crimson to a dark violet as she lifted off of him again, she turned to look at the time as she counted, she still had half an hour to go. Sitting back down, she ground and rocked hard against his face, ten more minutes and she would have to change up again. She looked back over her shoulder on a whim, only to see that his entire body was tensed up, straining against her and his bonds. She stifled the urge to laugh, amazed how something that could feel as good as this for her, could be so painful to him.

Joel was indeed in a world of pain, he ached more than he had ever known he could, his whole body felt stretched and pulled taut. Every square inch of him ached, especially his neck and head, which felt like it would collapse in on itself any second now. His lungs were beyond aching, they burned with the need to exhale, even the warm cotton covered softness of her bottom caused him pain, rocking back and forth over his battered face as it did. He could smell her, feel her getting wet through the fabric as she rocked. It must be an hour soon, he thought, it had to almost be over. He looked up at her, she had not looked back at him in quite some time. It was becoming more difficult to stay focused, his vision was blurring and tiny lights began to flash in the corner of his eyes.

Tina looked over at the clock again. She had become quite wet from feeling his nose inside her pussy. She had also felt quite the thrill from having her mouth over his ass, his moans and groans causing a tingling sensation that ran right up her spine. She had twenty minutes left to her hour. She hopped off of him and pulled the damp panties down and off. She climbed back onto the rungs of the stool and looked at Joel. He was still breathing heavily; his face red and contorted in pain. She lowered her pussy, slowly, towards his face. Joel tried to protest. "Please...don't." he wheezed between breathes. He had the sense to inhale as deeply as he could as Tina covered his face with her wet slit.

He could not breathe beneath her. His mouth was pressed hard against her slit and his nose pushed up into her mound, the tiny, well trimmed, public stubble jabbing and scratching his face. She pulled the lips of her pussy and stretched them over his nose, completely trapping him inside her. "tongue out" she shouted at him, slapping Joel on the forehead when he didn't immediately respond. He caught on eventually and Tina felt his tongue push inside her, slipping along her walls as she grabbed the horn and began to rock on his face.

Tina looked down. Joel was changing colours again, gradually moving from crimson to violet again. Instead of getting up, Tina leaned back in her saddle and pulled her labia up away from his nose, permitting Joel to breathe, with difficulty, through his nose. She could feel the rush of air blast against her nethers as he sucked air in and out, making a loud sniffing sound as he did. She counted five breaths before leaning back forward and covering his nose with her pussy again. "That's all you need for now." she told him, content to rock on him again.

She began to rock faster and faster, grinding hard on his face as she did. She felt his nose press and rub

against her clit as his tongue lapped and flicked over the entirety of her pussy, back to front and front to back, as she rode and bucked harder and harder in the saddle. Every minute or so, she would quickly scoot back enough for him to breathe through his nose. The sniffing sound became a slurping sound; Tina was so wet that Joel could not breathe without sucking her wetness into his nose along with the air. She was determined though, getting closer and closer to coming. She was working against Joel's exhaustion, his tongue, frantic in panic in the beginning, was beginning to slow as he became more and more exhausted. To compensate, she began to bounce in the seat slapping her wet pussy and bottom hard against the seat of the saddle and his upturned face.

He grunted and cried out, but Tina did not care or slow down. Gripping the horn with both hands, she bounced harder, moaning, squashing his face under her again and again. She felt her orgasm building, increasing with each bounce, each flick of Joel's tongue, until she couldn't take it anymore. She slammed down hard as she came and ground against his face, squashing and crushing his face in her pussy as she came. Tina took her legs off the rungs; all of her weight now rested on the saddle and Joel's face as she bucked on her seat.

She kept bucking, not realizing that the seat began to tremble beneath her, her body trembling from her pleasure as it was. Panting heavily, Tina looked down and noticed that Joel was in dire straights. She lifted off of him, letting him breathe out of his mouth and nose. He choked and gasped as he did so; his face deep purple, veins she did not know he had were sticking out, raised on his forehead. His eyes listed side to side, vacant and empty. It amazed Tina that something she felt as good as riding his face, covering him with her arousal, could be so painful and torturous for him. She stepped down from the bar stool and checked the clock. It had taken her a little over ten minutes of grinding rocking and bouncing on the saddle to come. She couldn't complain, she had loved every second of it, it was her fantasy, her dream made reality.

She walked around the other side of the saddle, stepping up from the front of the saddle this time and not the back. Tina leaned forward and felt the horn press against her mound as she looked down at him, still panting, still gasping, still red, and still looking miserable. Too bad, she thought. She placed her legs on each side of the stool her ass hovering above his face. If he was miserable now, she thought, it would only get worse from here on out. Spreading her ass cheeks with her hands, she sat down, covering his mouth and nose with her bottom and silencing his weak pleas. She could not slap him to get his tongue inside her, she was covering his entire face with her ample bottom, it was as if he was not even there. Instead, she took one leg off of the stool rung and dug her heel several times into his chest.

He did not seem to be getting the message, so she stuck harder, kicking in earnest now. She felt him grunt and cry out, or try to, in her bottom. It tingled, even tickled a bit; Tina wiggled on his trapped face to get back comfortable again. She had about five minutes left to her hour, and she would sit there kicking the whole time until she felt his wet slippery tongue inside her back passage. She grabbed the back of the saddle and began to kick lazily with both heels now, the shift in weight pressed his face even deeper into her ass. He screamed under the assault until he was unable to any longer, his bound body shook and trembled beneath her. Tina eventually, hesitantly, lifted up to let him breathe. It had either been that or cause him to black out completely.

"I still have time left in my hour." she told him, "I only have a minute or so left Joel. A minute or so to ride you face how I want. So if I don't feel that tongue in my ass before then, I'm just going to assume that this was a practice, that I get a do over." She told him, smiling "Its not like you can really do anything to stop me or change my mind."

She sat back down, cheeks spread wide over his face. She could feel his lips pressed against her anus, but no tongue. She began to kick again, hearing and feeling his muffle groans inside her. She began to wiggle on his face forcing him as deep and as completely inside her ass as possible. Tina refused to move, she watched the clock tick away, every second Joel becoming more miserable, more desperate inside her ass. Finally he broke, he felt his tongue push against and then past her back passage; wiggling and flicking frantically inside her.

Tina closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment. An hour ago Joel had probably imagined getting the chance to put his cock in there; and now she had forced him to use his tongue. She had completely broken him. Tina could probably make him do anything like this she thought. She lifted slightly and leaned towards the back of the saddle, letting Joel get a pair of ragged breathes through his nose; his tongue slipped out of her bottom and now lapped at her anus, before sitting down and forcing his tongue deep inside her asshole once again.

Joel was in hell. His head ached and his lungs burned, the pain throbbed in time with his pulse which beat like a base drum in his head. He could not see, as Tina's ass covered his whole face, yet brilliant white explosions were being set off behind his eyelids. His face, covered as it was, felt as if it were being molded to better fit and accommodate her bottom on him; as if the weight and the grinding were shaping him into a better seat. His tongue was inside her ass, he had never considered being in a position where he would have to do this, never even knew that it was something that Tina had ever thought of. He had had no choice though, it was either that or unconsciousness or worse. The brassy taste on his tongue and in his mouth was awful, yet not as bad as he would have imagined. He could only hope that he would not get sick, as that would be one of the few ways that he could imagine things getting worse.

The only thing that kept him going, was that Tina had said there was only a few minutes left in the hour. Once free, he would leave this house and hopefully never see Tina again. He could endure a few more minutes if it meant this being over for good.

His face exploded with pain as Tina twisted around on his face. She gripped both the back and horn of the saddle and, freeing Joel's tongue from her asshole in the process, spun completely around. She was now facing forward on him, looking down into his eyes, no longer covered, as they blinked to adjust to the change in light and weight on them. She stood up and got off of him, and Joel, feeling ecstatic, felt that his torment must surely be over, that any second now he would feel her hands on him and his bonds loosen. He was confused and disappointed, when she returned with her phone. His eyes closed reflexively at the flash of the camera as Tina took several photos of him in his predicament. She then climbed back into the saddle and sat back down on his face, forcing his nose into her pussy yet leaving his eyes uncovered and took several more pictures of his face close up before lifting up.

"What are you doing?" he croaked, clearing his throat after.

"Well I thought it would be nice to have some souvenir photo's of our time together." She told him, looking down at him as she spoke." But it also occurred to me that I might like some evidence of our time together just in case you decide to cause problems for me or declined to agree to a repeat performance."

She began to turn around on top of the stool, Joel watched as her leg swung over him, causing the stool to wobble slightly as she did so. Soon his field of vision was completely filled with her ass, inches away from his face, he could smell the mixed scents of her arousal, her sweat and her asshole, clinging to her body and to his face.

"I thought, but I thought the hour was over." He said, his voice sounding shaky with nervousness.

"I did say it was almost over didn't I?" Tina asked rhetorically, "But I also said that if I didn't feel that tongue in my ass by the end of it, that I would count that as a do over. You were close, very close Joel, but you waited just a few seconds too long" she explained, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks as she continued."I think I'll take my do over now Joel, I might just spend the entire hour sitting here, riding your face with my tongue in your ass.."

Tina lowered her asshole back over Joel's mouth, he was sobbing, pleading with her to stop, to let him go, but she didn't care; she was having too much fun. She felt his nose between her ass cheeks, felt it become compressed and squeezed by the soft yet firm flesh of her bottom, and after a moment, she felt his hot wet tongue push into and make slow circles inside her sweat, dirty asshole. "I think I will sit here like this for the whole hour Joel, *I bet you could take it.*" She told him, unsure if he could even hear her. She wiggled her bottom side to side, laughing softly before adding. "You'd better hope that I'm right.

The Getaway

He lay there bound on the bed, could hear the sound of the water pouring into the tub and feel the humid heat of the steam wafting in from the adjoining bathroom. She had left him here with the TV on while she went to relax in the bath. He could not see the TV or call out to his wife as he was both blindfolded and gagged. All he could do was lay here in the hotel room his wife had booked and wonder how he had gotten to this point.

She had told him she had planned a surprise weekend getaway, somewhere where it would just be the two of them for some much needed alone time. They packed the car and he loaded several bags that he had not seen before “All part of the surprise” she had told him and drove, destination unknown. They went deep into the country to a small series of cabins that he had never seen before and that were so far off the beaten track that he wondered how she had known it was here. What he did know was that she had something sexy, maybe even a little kinky, planned. On the drive she lifted her skirt and revealed to him both a complete lack of panties and a freshly shaved downstairs. She rubbed herself in the passenger seat as she gave him directions to what would turn out to be the cabins, pausing occasionally to take her tangy finger and press them into his mouth. About halfway through the drive, he reckoned, she produced a slender pink wand which buzzed to life against her labia and clit, filling the car with the sound of her moans and the scent of her arousal,

As he drove she kept feeding him her nectar on her finger tips. When she came she came hard against her fingers and the wand. Her body shook and she bucked against her seat belt until her desire subsided. She removed the wand from between her legs and offered to him as a slick velvety lollipop, which he licked greedily as he made the last few turns to their destination. Once she was satisfied the wand was clean she wiped his slobber off with a tissue, popped it back into her purse and produced a pair of lacy panties which she slid on as if nothing had happened.

They checked in quickly and quietly and he hastily brought the mystery bags into the cabin, anticipating what they might get up to after the teaser in the car ride here. He did take the time to note that while appearing as a rustic log cabin on the outside it was the picture of modern convenience on the inside. The cabin was one large room containing a king bed, leather sofa, hardwood desk, small kitchenette and an en-suite bathroom that, as far as he could see, contained a large jet tub and stand up shower. Two bottles of sparkling wine waited for them at the foot of what had to be the largest TV he had ever seen.

Once he had everything she had wanted in the room she locked the door and pulled down the blind on the window. She turned toward him and commanded him to strip, which he did eagerly. Naked she guided him to the bed and told him to lay down, spread eagle. With a smile on her face she produced four long leather ties, one end she tied to each leg of the bed, the other to his wrists and ankles. He protested at first but she quieted him with one finger, still smelling faintly of her sex, pressed gently to

his lips and the other gently fondling his balls. "Don't you want to find out what the surprise is?" she asks, a coy smile on her lips. He does so he gives in. As she binds him to the bed he notes the cold feeling of the leather straps on his warm skin and the gentle brushing of her skirt and blouse against his naked flesh. It is then that he realizes that, while he is completely naked, she has not removed a single article of clothing. His hands and wrists bound, she slinks down towards his feet. He can feel the soft warmth of her breath on his body and his genitals as she moves. It is only after his ankles are bound that he realizes how tight and unyielding his bonds are. He swallows nervously but is still more excited than anything else, his erect cock serving as more than enough evidence of that.

She gets up and tells him she needs to get something to "properly deal with that". That being his cock. His head turns and his eyes follow her as she goes to the mini fridge and opens the freezer. He looks on confused as she empties the ice tray into a dishtowel and jumps in surprise when the makeshift ice pack makes contact with his cock and balls. "Fuck! What are you doing!" shock and surprise take him as his once proud manhood shrivels but she looks on calm as ever. She keeps the ice there until his cock is completely shrunken and limp, then removes it and produces from one of the bags a curved metal tube. She fits a metal ring over the limp cock and forces his testicles and scrotum through it, he can feel the cold metal pressed against his flesh. That is nothing compared to the tube which swings open on a hinge then swings closed over his now tiny member. He winces as he feels several sharp points poking him all over his cock. He watches in amazement as a thin rod from the ring is pushed through where the tube splits connecting the two and keeping the tube closed. As a finishing touch she snaps a small padlock on the end, its tarnished brass a contrast against the shiny metal of what can only be some sort of chastity belt. It is clear that with the lock, it is not going anywhere. He finds this strangely arousing and pays for this as his arousal causes the small spikes to stab deeper into his cock. He groans and curses in pain as she steps back and, with the same coy smile, admires her handiwork.

She is not done yet. She takes a small bag and straddles his chest. He asks her, rudely, what she is doing and what she is playing with. "We'll have to do something about that rude mouth of yours my dear." She produced a round black ball which she forced into his protesting mouth then, picking his head up, tightly fastened a leather buckle behind. The gag, as he knew that's what it was had been drawn tight to force the gag deep into his mouth but caused the strap to bite into the corners of his mouth. He could taste the rubber in his mouth and, looking down his nose, was surprised to see what appeared to be a shiny black cock head extending past it. She continued to fumble behind his head and he heard a click, followed by his head flopping back on the bed and his wife jingling a set of keys above him.

She had just on more addition to her masterpiece, a padded blindfold which, like the gag, she pulled tight against him and locked into place. He could not see, could not speak, which at present hadn't stopped him from trying, and could not move. She needed his attention and gathered it via a hard slap to his balls. "You just wait here quietly and be good. All that playing around in the car has gotten me all sticky so I'm going to go relax in the bath for 30 minutes, maybe an hour. Behave and maybe I'll go easy on you, I'll even leave the TV on so you'll have something to listen to."

She turned on the TV and turned it over to something she thought he might enjoy listening to. Rather than go straight to the bathroom she opened up some of the bags to produce several cameras, tripods and clamps. She quietly set up two on tripods at the foot of the bed and clamped a third to the headboard. She angled them and zoomed them so they were primarily focused on her bound husband. She would not be visible from the shoulders up. The fourth one, which had a hand-strap on the side, she

put down on the dresser for use later. She then went to the desk and set up her laptop. Satisfied with the setup, she entered the bathroom, ran the tub, and began to strip down.

She added a strawberry bath foam to the hot running water and, taking a moment to simply enjoy the warm scent, stepped carefully into the tub. She sank into the foam shoulder deep and exhaled deeply, allowing the foam to soak the tension out of her completely. Resting her head against the lip of the tub she engaged the jets and was transported to a warm soapy heaven. She smirked to herself as she pictured her husband on the be, the picture of frustration and discomfort while she reclined in the lap of luxury. Separated only by a few feet and a single thin wall they could not be further apart in situation.

Something that would only increase as the weekend progressed.

He lay strapped down on the bed, forced to breathe through his nose, what felt like pins sticking almost randomly at his cock, and wondered what he had gotten himself into. Correction what his wife had gotten him into. He knew that she had a bit of a thing for kinky sex, she had always taken the lead in lovemaking and introducing new things to their bedroom activities, but he had almost always shied away from things like this. Some of the things she had talked about, he recalled, were really quite intense. He worried a little as he recalled some of the chats they had had and materials she had shown him from what she called her "collection". Had he not been so horny from the car ride's activities he never would have let her tie him up in the first place, He cursed himself as he lay there for what seemed like an eternity.

She had decided to take her time in the tub and, after an hour, finally pulled herself free from the slowly cooling cauldron and toweled herself off. She donned her favorite bathrobe. A pink plush number that only extended a few inches past the hips, leaving her legs and most of her bottom bare. She removed the towel from her hair and let the wet strands fall where they may on her back and shoulders before gathering the remotes and the hand-held camera and approached the bed. As she climbed on he took notice of her and tried to say something. the gag did its job muffling the words but she was fairly certain what he had said was along the lines of "untie me". Ignoring him, she turned on the cameras and, swinging her leg over his head, straddled his face between her thighs. She hovered over him, knees resting on his chest, and looked down at him. She turned on the hand-held and videotaped while, with the other hand, held him by the chin and slowly, slowly lowered her bottom down onto his face.

As she sat she felt the tiny 3 inch dildo on the gag push against her vulva and his nose against her puckered anus. Neither met much resistance as she continued down on him, video taping this historic moment. Once he had realized roughly what was happening he tried to turn and twist his head away but was too late, the gag and her ass cheeks held him firmly in position as she sank his face into her bottom, leaving little more than the tip of his chin and at top of his head visible beneath her. Her pussy and ass consumed his face as she relaxed her full weight onto him.

He immediately began to struggle, pulling vainly against his bounds and wriggling his head in every possible direction in the hopes of escaping. He couldn't breathe, she knew that. The gag was impossible to work around with the weight of her pussy on him and his nose was currently halfway past her ring. She could feel him trying to sniff air through it uselessly. Uselessly for him, his nose felt good up there,

better than she had thought it would.

She decided to force him to calm down and decided to sit a full minute without moving, watching as his struggles grew weaker. At the minute mark she lifted up and let him draw three quick breathes through his nose, the air blasting like a furnace against her back passage as he did. On three she lowered herself down and worked his nose back inside her ass. Another minute passed, his struggles grew weaker, she let him have a few more quick hot breathes, then another minute, the same. On minute six she felt that he had been worn down enough to listen to what she had to say as his efforts to free himself from his predicament had become much more laboured in appearance.

He had become laboured as he had thrown everything he had into trying to free himself. He knew he was in trouble the moment his nose had made contact with her bottom. He fought and struggled as the overwhelming need to exhale and draw another breath left him straining against his bonds in a panic. He couldn't get away, a fact he would have realized had he been thinking rationally, but he was not so he fought weaker and weaker chest burning and muscles tensing more each time she let up. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest beneath her warm silken legs and her pulse through his squashed face and inserted nose.

The first time she had gotten up he breathed in relief, only to have her plop back down on him again before he was ready, making the second sitting more of a hell than it had to be. Each time it felt like she sat longer and longer, harder and harder. He felt his nose slip deeply past her cheeks and into her waiting brown hole. She would wiggle and work it in almost as if she had an unpleasant itch that only the tip of his nose could take care of. To make matters worse the situation had the effect of making him quite aroused. He wasn't sure if it was his body's natural reaction to the lack of air he was experiencing or the combination of her scents and softness but the result was an erection in what was perhaps the single worst time in his life he could have had one. As he grew the pins naturally pressed harder against him. To say the pain was intense would be a significant understatement. He tried to shift or turn or do anything that might lessen the pain of his cock being turned into a pincushion. This only caused him to fight harder against his bonds, the sole impact being exhaustion as he was reduced to only the most futile of struggles.

He was surprised to learn that all of this had taken place over only six minutes. She lifted off of him, but only slightly. He could still feel her cheeks brushing against his face and suspected that the gag was still partially inserted within her. She spread her bottom and worked his nose deep into her anus before continuing.

"How do you like my surprise?" She asked. She heard a muffled grunt from beneath her and laughed playfully. "Well I'm not entirely sure what that means, but if you're not enjoying this yet I'm sure I can help you come around to the idea over the next two days. If it helps I'm already having a great time."

She leaned slightly pressing her buttock down hard on the left side of his face. She then pulled her right buttock up just enough for his nose to slip out of her bottom. He breathed frantically in response. On the fourth breath she rolled back and pressed his nose back deep inside her back passage, he moaned forlornly in response. "Remember all those pictures and videos that I had you look at over the last few years, the ones with men in nearly the exact position that you find yourself in now? I've tried to be

subtle honey, I really have but you keep telling me maybe another time or keep brushing it off. Nicely I admit, your not rude about it or anything. But I have been waiting and waiting and as you can see I am tired of waiting."

She lifted again, the other side this time, and a few short breathes later he was back inside her. "This is something that I need to do, so that means it's something that you need to do, or at the minimum endure. I've decided that, at the end of this weekend if I enjoy sitting on you face than it will be an nightly thing in our home. You will spend no less than half an hour with your nose either up my bum or inside my pussy, whether or not you get to use your mouth is another thing all together." She paused to wriggle her bottom, almost as if she was using it to emphasize her point, before continuing. "Just in case you were thinking different down there you should know that there are four video cameras train3d on you recording right now. They will be recording us all weekend and you won't be untied until I've up loaded the videos on line."

She felt him struggle with renewed vigor upon hearing this news. She began to bounce her bottom slightly on his face, slamming 5he back of his head roughly against the hotel mattress as she did. He got the message and stopped. " You'd better play nice. Nothing says I have to get up as often as I do. Would you like me to sit longer? Tap your right hand for yes, left for no."

He tapped his left hand vigorously. " Too bad." She told him "If you act up you will be punished. This time I'm going to sit an extra five seconds. Keep this sort of think up and it will get worse."

She slowly and loudly counted to 5 then shifted only long enough for him to grab a single breath before forcing his face firmly between her cheeks again. She wiggled her bottom roughly on his face and as she did c9ntinued her speech. "Now as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted." she began " there are four cameras on you right now. None of them can see your face. That will change. Before this weekend is out I will videotape a "mystery woman" , me, sitting on your bare face and should you protest the necessary changes, and baby they are necessary, to our relationship I will email that video to your family, your parents, your co workers, your boss, everyone. So if I were in your position, and what a lovely position it is if i do say so, your very lucky." She paused to wiggle her bottom on bis trapped face to drive home how lucky he was indeed. "I would simply accept this as what it is."

She felt that it was time to let him have a few more quick breaths before dropping the last bit of 5he new development on him. " I feel I should mention that these cameras aren't rolling just for my enjoyment or your blackmail. They're actually part of our new careers. You and I are going to be spend8ng most of our weekends here on out as porn stars. I did s9me looking on the internet and facesitting and smothering videos retail for over a dollar a minute. That jumps to two if I do something really extreme to you. If it pans out think of what we could do with the extra money, don't you?"

There was a stressed but emphatic mmph that barely escaped her bottom at this. She assumed that her fairly vanilla straight laced husband clearly did not think this was the best use of their weekends, but she chose to willfully misinterpret it. "I'm glad we agree." She told him in a sing song voice, then leaned forward and felt the hot breath exit his nose and blast her asshole before sucking it along with the air up against his nose. She leaned back in the middle of the fourth and wiggled him back up her. "You'll still get to go to work, the gym, and even spend some evenings out with your friends but the rest

of the time you'll be home with me either training, making me money, or under me for my amusement. Got it?"

She felt another muffled grunt and him try to move his head side to side, as if he was trying to shake it no. "Your not telling me no are you? After a generous offer like that? You have to be the most ungrateful husband there is." She leaned back pressing her hips and bottom harder and heavier against his face. "Well we'll both have to just sit here and wait for you to change your mind."

Despite the recent turn of events he had not at first realized that she literally meant sit right here as in here on his face. When it became clear that she wasn't moving and likely had no intention of doing so he tried to fight against his bonds or twist his head around but neither did him any good. He felt the pressure in his lungs grow and a burning sensation develop in his chest. He panicked and his whole body tried to twist and pull. This caused the spikes to stab his cock both more often and more frequently and he cried out in pain. "Not until we have an agreement." She said sternly and he felt her hand push down on his chest. He cried out in panic now shaking violently, the leather straps that bound him slapping off the side of the bed but holding. The pulse racing in his head he heard her say. "Do you agree now?"

She felt a frantic up and down motion between her ass cheeks and a frantic "oophh" noise. Smiling she lifted her bottom and let him regain his wind. She couldn't tell for sure but she was fairly confident that a few more moments would have resulted in him passing out in her bum. He clearly needed the time. Once confident that he had had enough time, she sat back down and worked his nose past her ring. "Now that we agree on that we can have a proper discussion about this weekend. I'm going to spend most of today on your face, smother training you as the website calls it.

"For the first ten minutes I'm going to sit for 30 seconds, then let you have two quick breathes, then sit back down for another 30. That's the first 10 minutes." She began to rock back and forth slowly on his face, causing his nose to be pushed and pulled in and out of her anus and, he imagined, the dildo in and out of her pussy. "For the next 10 we'll do 35 seconds each, with two quick breathes, then 40, then 45, all the way up to one minute. Same two breaths in between sits. If you can handle that I'll give you a five minute "breather" in between and we'll start over. Oh, I should mention that I will be rocking and grinding on your face the whole time. That gag and your nose feel real good in my pussy and ass just to let you know. I think I deserve a little play to go with my work, don't you agree?"

This time she felt him nod almost right away. She lifted her bottom off of his nose, gave him two breathes, then sat back down. "Good, your learning. Now lets get started." She reached over and grabbed her phone. She set the timer to 30 seconds and clicked the starter. As she sat she began to slowly rock back and forth on him face, causing the dildo gag to slip in and out of her wetness ever so slightly and his nose to do the same in her back passage. She watched, 20 seconds in, as he began to tense up and pull against his wrist restraints. She smirked at this and continued to ride out, in more ways than one, the last 10 seconds.

At the 30 mark she leaned forward, just enough for his nose to clear her asshole. The action forced her weight down on his chin and buried the dildo as far as possible inside her. Spreading her cheeks with her hands, she lowered back down on his face during the second breathe and felt his nose slip back in

her. The full weight of her bottom now planted firmly back on his face she continued rocking back and forth as if he wasn't even there.

He felt that he was holding out well beneath her. He only seemed to strain a few seconds before she lifted off to give him his painfully short respite. The ability to swap out the air trapped in his lungs along with the slight coolness of the air was like a gift, one he would not squander. Though not unbearable the weight of his wife on his face had taken him by surprise and, combined with her rocking and grinding motions, had become quite uncomfortable. It was beginning to feel like she was trying to rub his face clean off of his head and the pressure on his cheekbones and eye-sockets became worse with every passing minutes. It was as if she were trying to fuse his face with her buttocks.

He tried counting how many backs and forths to make the time pass better, but this only made the time slower and the pain in his head and lungs grow stronger. He tried to focus on the TV, to listen to what

was going on and forget about the time. Here he met with more success, but he was surprised at how much could be said in half a minute. He desperately took in the air that his wife allowed him but, pull and squirm as he may, was completely helpless to do much else.

He had also unfortunately lost count early on of how many times she had sat and therefore did not realize when she increase the time to 35 or 40 seconds at a time. He became more desperate in his struggles, but at the same time did not have the strength to make more than the most feeble of struggles. He tried twisting his head - impossible with his nose and dildo buried deep as they were in her bottom - and his body but achieved nothing except increasing the arousal of his wife.

She watched as he strained and bucked against his restraints. She knew he was desperate for air but she was up to 50 seconds now and he would just have to wait like a good boy. This display plus the rocking had left her quite wet and aroused. She began to rock harder even buck against his face as he bucked against his bonds, becoming wetter and wetter as she did so. She made certain though to keep him firmly trapped in her bottom and to keep track of the time as she did so. It would be no good to ruin his training by slipping up and allowing him an extra breath or two by mistake.

She leaned forward and could bear the mixed sniffing and slurping sound as his ability to inhale was partially frustrated by the flow of her arousal down below. He moaned and whimpered now when she covered him again, and found his desperate situation and his torment to be powerful aphrodisiacs. She ground down harder on his face, finding herself closer and closer to orgasm with each thrust of her hips against his face. A flush feeling came over her spreading outwards and upwards from her sex.

She came, flooding his face, his chest, and the sheets beneath with a torrent of her juices. She lifted up partway though to the sounds of panic muffled by the gag as her wetness, not air, entered and poured down his nose. She clamped back down on his face with a wet slap and kept rocking, hard, gritty, and animalistic as her orgasm continued. She had a minute, a full minute to chase the waves of her pleasure on top of his face.

He was already bucking and fighting her suffocation of him. He had barely gotten any air at all the last time, it had mostly been her fluid burning down his nose with only a bit of warm air filled with the duel

scents of her ass and arousal. He wasn't even consciously struggling now, it was more some primal need to free himself that had taken over. It had been clear to him that she had cum, and might have even still been coming when she lifted back up as the experience was mostly the same. He had no idea how long she was up to now and wondered if she had really decided to stop at a minute. Each time felt like several.

He could now longer distract himself from his ordeal, not even a little bit. He felt warm and sweaty all over. His head was beginning to pound and his eyes and jaw ached from the constant grinding of her bottom against his face. His lungs were desperate to expel their contents and draw in fresh useful air. She burned with frustration. After what seemed like forever she lifted again and he drew two soggy breaths through his nostrils before his nose again penetrated her ass. He was feeling lightheaded and a bit drowsy. It occurred to him that if this went on much longer he would pass out inside of her ass. Would she even notice in the state of bliss she currently enjoyed?

He was weak, he barely had the energy to pull against his wrist restraints. He had completely forgotten the spiked chastity cage, his cock having shriveled so small the spines barely made contact. His arms and legs fell motionless to the bed. He tried pleading with her, but his muffled begging made it not further than the gag and her bottom. All it did was waste precious air and giving her a tingle down below.

She enjoyed the pleading. She knew those noises for what they were having heard them on many many videos. Men who were drawn to the fetish quickly found out that it was more about the woman than the man and it was not at all pleasant after 20 minutes of non stop use as human furniture. She knew he was begging her to stop, that he was too weak to even try to fight, and it turned her on immensely. The tingling feeling and the knowledge that he was completely under her control was simply delicious.

As she sat back down for the last minute she realized the experience was everything that she had hoped it would be, and found it all the better for the fact that he had not wanted to do this. She would still have enjoyed it if it was his fantasy as well, and she had no doubt muffled pleading would be echoing in her bottom either way, but the fact she was making him do this, that she was forcing him and could, would, continue to force him was the icing on the cake.

She noticed he had stopped moving, but she still had 20 seconds left. In the last minute. Uncertain, she reached out, pinched his left nipple between her fingers, and twisted. She was greeted by a muffled cry of pain and therefor continued to sit. She grabbed both nipples and twisted, on and off again, adding to his anguish but ensuring his consciousness during this, the final minute. Time up she lifted, wobbly legged, off of his face, the mouth dildo exiting her with a slight but noticeable sucking sound. He breathed frantically at first, then slowed to an even regular pace, moaning as he did. "Remember, five minutes rest and we start over again."

His response was clear and pathetic begging. She couldn't make it out but knew he wanted his freedom, probably more than he had wanted anything before. She swung out her hand and struck his scrotum in response. He jumped. She reached out again, this time grabbing his balls, and squeezed. His pleas turned to whimpers of pain, made worse as this caused his cock to involuntarily swell in its spiky prison. "I said five more minutes and we do it again. Right?" He nodded frantically. "Don't upset me or I'll have

to punish you. If you think this is bad, and you'll come to like this by the time we are through, you'd better believe it, but if you think this is bad, its nothing to what I could be doing."

And that was the fight out of him. A few more minutes passed and she climbed back on top, reinserted the dildo, and rocked her way through another hour, coming twice, with a barely conscious husband beneath her by the end of it. She got off at the end and looked down at him, his chest heaving. He looked like he had ran a marathon and had been beaten severely after crossing the finish line. She got off the bed, her legs were like jelly, her joints cramped and her lower back was starting to get sore. She was amazed that anything still worked below the waist and could only imagine the misery that two straight hours of smother torture and training would have had on her husband. She considered a third go but was uncertain, it seemed like more than anyone could bare without either passing out or cracking. Should she?

She swung a leg over his face and lowered her bottom back down, she made contact with the dildo first his nose second and cut off a long sobbing moan as his face once again disappeared in and under her ass. "One last go, I'll need to soak my aching back in the tub after. I hope you appreciate the lengths I go to for us." He was completely silent beneath. His struggles abated much quicker as well. He had effectively given up by the time she was counting 45 second goes. His body would tremble at times and he was always eager for the air, but sometime was different this time. The fight was gone out of him, either by choice or by total exhaustion.

She became concerned at how still he had been the last several minutes and twisted a nipple. Her efforts rewarded her with a faint muffled groan. She continued to twist every so often. Satisfied that he was still awake and suffering beneath she turned back to her own needs. His chin was once again dripping with her and she was closing in on yet another orgasm. She came hot and heavy on his face and felt him squirm beneath her as she flooded his face with what must have seemed an endless supply of her arousal. He struggled a bit then, the breathes he was allowed sounding more like slurping that breathing, then went still and quiet again.

It was in the fifth minute long that she noticed the nipple twists were no longer getting a reaction. She lifted off him and could feel him breathing, but not as frantic as usual. Concerned she got off of him and, turning round, took out the gag and delivered a few hard slaps to the face.

He came to sluggishly. His face wore a pained expression and he carefully opened and closed his jaw. His face had been almost purple, but was now red, a deep crimson that extended well down his neck. He let out a long low moan of anguish. He tried to speak, he asked to be untied, to be let go, in a sobbing pleading tone. She responded by taking one of her socks from the floor and forcing it, over his protests, into his mouth.

"You don't ask to be let go, you get told when you will be let go. By me." She informed him tersely. "I thought that I made that clear before. I also though i made in clear that you were not going anywhere this weekend." She said as she undid the blindfold and pulled it off. He blinked several times before squinting. No longer accustomed to the light, his eyes were red and bloodshot.

"You deserve to be punished." She told him, but I don't have the time right now. I'm going to go soak in

the tub. It's hard word training you to be my smother seat. I know you appreciate what I'm doing for us right?"

He knew to nod and did so with fear in his eyes. He had heard the word "punish" and remembered her not getting up until he said what she wanted. "Good." She told him. "Maybe your punishment wont be as bad after all. I'll consider it while in the tub. Now though its time for your close up." She picked up a remote and heard a whirring noise above him. He cran3d to look and saw a camera clamped to the hotel bed headboard. It could see his whole face.

She sat on his chest facing his feet and edged and bounced up until her buttocks were grazing his chin. "I'm going to spread my ass over your mouth for the camera and you are going to rim me." She told him. " then I'm going to smother you in my ass, not as bad as before,but long enough for anyone watching to think you were enjoying it." She leaned back, buttocks spread and lowered herself until her naked asshole was hovering over his face. "Cross me and this gets mailed to everyone, refuse me and it gets mailed to everyone. Worse still I'll pretend that this isn't me and claim you cheated. The sounds off so how would anyone who doesn't known what my bare ass looks like tell?." He was frozen, transfixed by her naked ass, her weapon of choice that she used to smother him, he had spent almost 3 hours suffocating with his nose deep 8n her ring. He hadn't seen that though, he could see it now and was transfixed with awe and fear.

She was becoming impatient. "Get your tongue in there before I think of something worse to do to you with it on video." She threatened. She felt his tongue press against her sphincter and slowly but carefully enter her ring. His hot breathe and the warm, wet, and slippery feeling of his tongue was bliss and she cursed herself for not having made him do this before. He strained to insert his tongue as far as he could without compromising the ability to breathe. He was well aware that each breath he took could well be the last one before she sat the rest of the way down and buried his face back in her bottom.

She gradually, almost unnoticeable at first, pushed her buttocks back and against his face. Bis first warning was the tip of his nose touching and slowly being squashed by the crack of her bottom. His breathing became more panicked, more frantic as more and more of his face disappeared between her cheeks. Eventually she removed her hands, allowing her cheeks to slap closed against his face, cutting off any and all air.

She wiggled her bottom on his face, encouraging him with both words and actions to insert his tongue deeper, stretch it out, stick it in. He felt her fingers and knuckles rubbing against his chi and heard the slick wet sounds of her pleasuring herself. He struggled breathless in her bottom, trying to tilt his head back and free his nose but could not. She was too good at this and too focused to give him up.

She knew what he was trying to do and it only made her wetter and press down harder. She wouldn't let him escape, nor would she let him breathe until she was ready. He was pulling against his bonds and twisting fairly frantically so she leaned forward enough for his nose to clear her tailbone. She allowed him a few breaths then covered his nose and eyes again, continuing to insert her fingers and press them against her g spot. She could feel it building inside her but she couldn't quite go all the way.

As she leaned forward again he was again presented with a close up view of her shapely bottom and a worms eye view of her figure from behind. His eyes had just enough time to spot the camera and its blinking red light that signified it was still recording before her ass descended again, hiding his face from view once more. He heard a buzzing sound then a slight vibrating sensation radiate from her ass and over his face. He put two and two together and realized that she had decided to employ "her little helper" as she called it to assist her coming. He grunted and winced as the though make his cock swell against its spiky prison once more.

The bullet vibrator had been just what she needed. It buzzed and tingled inside her as she teased her clit with her fingertips. She could feel the warm flush feeling she knew to be the precursor to orgasm growing within her. She was so absorbed with what was going on in her pussy, that she nearly forgot about her husband smothering in her ass. It was only when he began thrusting and arching his back in what she presumed to be frantic panic that she leaned forward, but only long enough for him to sneak barely more than a single breath before lower8ng back down. He made a muffled cry into her bottom and began twisting and straining again almost immediately. It was exactly what she needed and she came with pa9ned moan after pained moan atop his face. She pushed down on his chest with both hands, overpowering him and pinning his struggling form as wave after wave of body shaking orgasm crashed over her. Her whole body trembled from pleasure as his trembled from lack of air. When she felt she could take no more (and moments before he could genuinely take no more) she lifted off and pulled the vibrating round edged cylinder from within her and collapsed beside him on the bed.

He had though for sure that that would be it for him. He had seen colours exploded behind his eyelids and felt the whole word go dull and fuzzy. Suddenly, just before he slipped under the darkness he was given clemency and could feel the warm air, thick with the scent of his wife's pussy, on his face and in his lungs. He savoured every moment and every breath. He looked up into the camera lens and knew that she had him. She was smart enough to upload the video and password protect it before untying him. She had the ultima5e blackmail on him meaning that he would have to do whatever she wanted, which in turn gave her more material to hold over him or, he remembered with a slight shudder, sell on line.

She got up, put the blindfold back on and a gag, this time a simple red ball in his mouth. He began to breathe frantically as she lifted his head to attach the padlocks to hold them in place. " Don't worry" she told him in a sweet reassuring voice, "this is just to keep you comfortable while I go have another bath. I'm feeling a little sore and sticky from all our fun and just need a nice hot bath to soak it out of me. I'll turn the TV up for you so your not too bored waiting for me." He felt her press her lips to his forehead, kissing him, then heard the volume of the TV increase. A few minutes passed and he realized that he was alone. He tried to twist and turn out of his bonds for several minutes but simply could not get his hands or fingers into a position where they could reach or even find where they were fastened. Feeling defeated and dejected on top of everything else he resigned himself to laying there until his wife returned to continue his training.

She sat in the tub, the scent of the strawberry foam mixed with the heat of the water created an unparalleled feeling of relaxation. She though of all the toys that she had in her bags and all the items that she could now order once they were back home. She had been dreaming about ordering a smotherbox to use on him for years, now she could. After the bath she would smother him more, training him as she did before, and once weak enough would turn him around with his face at the edge

of the bed and smother him more as she edited and uploaded the videos from earlier today. The thought excited her and brought an involuntary smile to his face.

He may not enjoy his new position in their relationship at the moment, but she knew that he would come to accept it and even love it eventually. The more he spent under her bottom the sooner that would happen, and if it didn't she would have plenty of blackmail material to force him to comply so it really didn't matter in the end. If he was good she would reward him with the privilege of tonguing her ass and, on rare occasion her pussy. If he forgot his place or his position she would simply find new and inventive ways to torture his cock, which would stay locked up for weeks at a time minimum. No need him getting any ideas about cumming, those days were over. Now it was about her pleasure, her satisfaction, her enjoyment and few things brought her more enjoyment than turning her husband into her smother slave and personal seat cushion. She had told him this weekend was a getaway from their lives but it had not been so in the sense she had allowed him to believe. It had been a getaway from their mundane boring vanilla lives, a life she had no interest in going back to, and the beginning of a new life where she was on top and he in his rightful place beneath her, in every sense of the word.

She looked at the clock. An hour had passed. She got up, exited the tub and toweled off. She felt refreshed, energized. Letting the towel drop she exited the steamy bathroom, content to spend the rest of the weekend introducing and training her husband in his new role in their new life.

An Evening In

I decided to do some writing on the laptop today. I sat on my favourite seat on the sofa. Leaning down, pillow supporting my back, laptop gradually growing pleasantly warmer in my lap with every typed word as I lounge out chez lounge style on top of my favourite cushion as I brainstorm and think of what to write about today.

I call it a cushion but really he's my husband. He needed only a few slight alterations to get my creative juices flowing, but as always he was more than willing to go along with them. Stupid man. I am sitting on his face now, the spandex of my yoga pants pressing down hard on the spandex of the hood he wears. I think its funny as it helps him blend in with our sofa and makes him more like a cushion. The hood only has one hole over his mouth. There are no eye holes so he cannot see me to brace himself, he doesn't need to, its a privilege to be even this close to my clothed ass. I take no precautions though and he also wears a blindfold underneath.

Although I cannot see it underneath me I know that the black of the mask is broken only by the bright teal of a rubber ball gag the edges of with are ringed in the pink of his lips. He wouldn't dare use his mouth on me without my express permission, but the ball gag, also worn under the hood, both removes the temptation and adds to his torment. It keeps him from breathing out of his mouth, meaning it is only his spandex covered nose, buried deep within the softness of my bottom is his only source of air. Remembering this i shift slightly to one side and hear the sound of desperate sniffing, too desperate for so early on. I'm still only on page one. Once, twice, enough and I lower my bottom and wriggle his face comfortable back between my cheeks. The gag is locked, a tiny padlock, probably digging into the back of his neck right now, holds it in place.

The key is on a bracelet around my wrist, i can hear it clicking against the top of the laptop as I type. It's not alone. There are others, several others with it. I look down the body of my husband, my cushion, to and see the locks that they fit as perfectly as his face fits my bottom. I have stripped him naked, because i enjoy looking at his naked wiry frame which still holds the marks of all the kinky fabulous things that I do to him. Looking at his body is like taking a walk down a memory lane full of scandalous romance novels. I look at my handiwork necessary for an evening of lazy typing. I see the locks on the leather cuffs around his ankles, both are joined to each other by 3 sturdy links of chain. Rather up there is a belt around his waist, much like those that prisoners might wear during transport only it is a sexy sleek black and the wrist cuffs are firmly attached to the belt. A heavy padlock on the belt as well as two smaller ones on the wrists keep his arms firmly bound in place. Laid out on the sofa, his shackled feet just hanging over the edge he cannot move.

My favourite, and I must admit it makes me feel a little randy and dirty even to look at, is his cock. I spread my legs a little to take a good look at my handy work. It is swollen and purple, and kept painfully that way, both by my erotic smothering of him, but the solid steel rings, five in all, which ring

it. Each ring is slightly smaller than the last and slightly closer than the last, squeezing his cock and keeping him erect and proud whether he wants it that way or not. Arousal is painful, visibly so, and I can see where his cock strains to grow around the metal. The head of his cock extends beyond them, a furious dark purple colour. Sometimes i like to probe it with my tongue or pop it into my mouth, causing him a fit of pain and pleasure as his cock swells; his release and pleasure denied by the steel rings and leather bounding them together.

The rings are held on by two small locks, one fastening it to a strap of leather pulled tightly around him above the base of his shaft, and another below tightly separating his balls from his cock. Red, swollen, and above all else vulnerable. A single swat to them is enough to drop him to his knees. If i feel he is doing too well in my bottom I will often give him a swat to throw him off his game. I can't have him enjoying himself too much after all.

The tip of his cock cage, as I like to think of it, has a small metal loop on it. Like most occasions there is a length of string tied to it, the end of it is up by the laptop. I tug on it, pulling his cock upright. Despite the gag and the fan of the laptop i hear a muffled grunt beneath me. I close my legs trapping his cock between my calves. I can feel the heat of his tortured cock and balls mixed with the coolness of the steel and leather. I squeeze his orbs with my legs and hear an almost pleading groan. As much as it hurts I know he enjoys it as I watch his dark purple member try and fail to swell more than it already has.

The laptop is warm, real warm, in my lap. I don't think I am the only one to notice. My cushion's chest is developing a sheen. I can feel him try, failing, to squirm his way to air beneath me. His head wiggles futilely under my bottom and I can both feel and see his arms straining against there bonds. Its been a bit over a minute since I've let him breathe and he's beginning to have difficulty. I could keep typing, its not yet so distracting that I would have to stop, but I am on the second page and can afford to give him a little respite so I arch my back and lift my bottom off of his face just enough for him to desperately sniff through the sweaty spandex hood. I tug the string and keep his cock between my calves.

On the third sniff I lower down, without warning, and blot out his face again. Naturally he did not see it coming and therefore I caught him mid breath and unprepared. This is not his day, this evening will be a difficult one. I don't care as that is his concern, not mine. I have to do the writing, bring home the pay cheque, put food on the table. All he has to do is what I want and to do it exactly how I want, no fuck ups. If having his face in my ass like this is too much for him than there are plenty of others who would be happy to take his place. He's lucky really, and he knows it.

There are few real rules and they are as follows: Do what I say, when and how I say it. If I want a home cooked meal on the table when I get home, it better be there. If I want him naked on his hands and knees kissing my feet, it better happen quickly. If I need a comfortable seat to sit on to write on the sofa, well here we are. When it comes to being smothered or used as furniture he knows that he is not allowed to shift me, not allowed to breathe without permission, not allowed to cum without permission (he used to, on occasion, cum just from being smothered alone, that's one of the reasons his cock is now in a cage) and not pass out without permission. I take a dim view of passing out. If both he and I are doing it right he should be awake and at least somewhat coherent during the entirety of the face sitting and smothering experience. We do have a hand sign if he feels like it might happen, and he

knows to rarely use it. That's why I have the same punishment for both passing out and using the signal, restarting from the beginning. It may seem cruel but doubling the time that he is going to be under me is only fair to me and fair to him. After all I shouldn't have my fun ruined by him and it gives him the "extra practice" that he so clearly needs.

As a deterrent it works well. I can see and feel him now, wanting to struggle but fighting the urge to do so. Its not that he doesn't like being smothered or sat on, but everyone reaches a point, one minute 30 minutes, one hour or several, where it is no longer enjoyable to have over one hundred pounds of woman perched on your face. To his credit he usually holds out for at least an hour, though judging by his wriggling, how his arms and wrists strain against their bonds he'll reach that earlier. I know him better though and he can hold on longer. I turn my attention back towards the laptop and wonder what I will write about tonight.

I think back to the last few days. This week I spiced things up a bit by telling him he could not wear any clothing, save for the collar and chastity device, during the day. The one I bought him looks a bit like a man's thong, nothing but strings in the back, but a small poach in the front that uncomfortably confines his cock and balls. The poach has two locks, the keys to which I keep not on the bracelet but in a small capsule that I insert in myself. I think its hilarious that the only way to free his cock is tucked away in my pussy. When its time to let him out i make him take the cord in his mouth and pull the capsule out.

I've also made him my morning coffee stool. In the morning i lead him over to the island and tie the lead to the eyelet I've installed. He now knows to drop to his knees, lean back, and plant his hands firmly on the floor. I then gag him and pull the same spandex hood over his face before standing on his thighs and planting my bottom on his face. He's just the right height, much better than the crappy stools that came with this place when we bought it. I can put all of my weight on his face and legs and, when the need to give him some air arises, lean forward on my elbows to give him a short rest. I have to be fair, after all, this is a new thing for him. I'm sure his back and neck will adjust to the strain, in fact i know it will because my morning coffee has never tasted so good. He doesn't know but I've taken more than one selfie to show some of the more raunchy girls at work and fuck I look hot on him like that.

Just to clear up you did hear right. I do tell and show a few of the girls at work about him. He doesn't know, and he'd be ever so embarrassed to know that three of the women I work with have seen multiple pictures of him with a face full of my ass. They can't believe that he does it and that he lets me do these things to him. They tell me that I'm lucky and I correct them, he's the lucky one. Very few men get to experience anything like what I do to him on a regular basis.

Sometimes I think about inviting them over and having a party, but I always change my mind. As amusing as it would be to make him service strangers or have someone else use him as a chair I enjoy having him to myself. The others will just have to get wet and masturbate to the pictures I take for them and the videos that he thinks I am making "just for us"

I look at the laptop clock and realize its been nearly two minutes, I lift up again, this time letting him have several undisturbed breathes before fitting him back in there. The heat is radiating, not just from the laptop, but also from him beneath. He does try so hard to please but not ten seconds after his face is

back where it belongs I can see him start to subtly twitch and squirm again. His body is already a sheen of sweat and it hasn't been ten minutes yet. I'm not planning of getting off of him until I have something finished here. A short story was what I was planning on writing and I don't even have 3 full pages yet.

I think about the other recent change I've instituted. He helps me get ready in the morning now, I take him into the bathroom now and, while I freshen up he is on his knees behind me, slowly licking the crack of my ass. It started as something I told him to do to wake me up in the morning, but I enjoyed his hot wet tongue on my ass hole so much that I've held off putting on pants and a skirt as long as I can in the mornings, just to feel it a little longer. I've been more than pleased with his efforts but I don't think that I could write a whole story about any of them.

I noticed that, while on his face typing away, I've been taking small breaks to rub myself through my yoga pants now and then. I sign as I realize that I have been absentmindedly playing with myself. That is always the problem with trying to think of something to write. The more I think about it the more I gradually become turned on. It doesn't help that, no matter how much I try to put it out of my mind, sitting on my husband like this is an amazing turn on.

I look down and my hips and notice that there is absolutely no sign of his body above the collar bone, my juicy bottom covers him completely. I lift the laptop and spread my legs, letting his captive cock flop down and see the smallest amount of black spandex poking out from under my pants. I give the string a sharp tug to pull his cock back up and and rewarded by a muffled whimper. A quick flash of excitement I give a few more quick tugs and few a long rumbling moan roll around the ball gag and into my bottom. I wrap my calves back around his cock and balls and continue sitting, writing, brain storming.

It's not long before he is clearly in need of more air. I've considered trying to figure out a way to let him breathe the whole while I do this but have decided against it. It's much more fun for me and rewarding for him to keep him constantly on the edge like this. I can feel him now, trying to keep his whole body from trembling with only partial success. I place my elbows on the sofa's armrest and lift myself just enough to free his nose. The spandex of my pants is wet from sweat and, I think, condensation from his hot breathe. I resign myself to the possibility that I will soon have to remove them as to not means feeling like i wet myself. His breathes sound particularly desperate and even a little forlorn this time. I don't care, I still only give him three, three is enough. I don't lower myself this time, I drop right after the third inhale. The shock causes his body to jerk slightly in surprise as i wiggle him back in.

I type away thinking about the power that I have over him when I use him like this. He has not only turned himself over to me, but has allowed me to completely dehumanize him as well having his bound face pressed into my clothed bottom has always been a turn on for him, ever since the first time we experimented with facesitting in bed years ago. He's not just pussy whipped, he's ass whipped too. It's hard not to become instantly turned on with him like this, under me and my control. I love absolutely love the feeling of him squirming under me, feeling him trying to turn his head under me to breathe and feeling him fail. I love looking at him fighting the urge to struggle to try to get away. Even better is that I know full well that if he gives into the urge he still won't get away. I've become adept at binding him up over the years and to date he has only once managed to do so much as pull a wrist free.

I love on occasions like this keeping him in a constant state of arousal and painful frustration. All I have to do is look down at the swollen purple member between my legs to know that he loves this, it turns him on, he wants to come, but he can't. I wouldn't be surprised that keeping him in that state is part of why he enjoys it for as long as he does. Above all else though, it is when he stops enjoying it that I think I really enjoy. He enjoys being used, but is he really being used if he is enjoying this? Once past that point where he only wants it to end, where, if it could, it would beg for me to stop, is when I really get wet and bothered. It is then that I have had some of my most intense orgasms. I love my husband but knowing that I am using him selfishly and greedily as a sex toy or a piece of furniture flips a switch deep down inside of me.

I think about this now, and find myself lazily stroking my mound through my pants again. I really will have to take them off soon. I'm beginning to think that this is not going to be a very productive night, or at least not productive in the way I wanted it. My creative juices are dry, but others have already begun to flow.

I think about the times that I have masturbated on my husband's face. I've done this many times. I enjoy fingering myself or using a vibrator while he remains trapped in or under my ass. Sometimes I press his naked nose against my pussy or anus, taking in my womanly scent while he watches helplessly as I bring myself off on him. Lately I've preferred it like this bound, blind, gagged under my ass struggling so hard for air that he doesn't even know what I'm doing until I'm so far along I can no longer suppress my moans. When I come I leave my scent all over him, soaked into the spandex of the hood. Sometimes, after I've finished cumming, I leave him tied up with my scent, frustrated, while I go have a relaxing bath to come down from it.

I love the feeling of his face in my bottom, trying to wriggle his nose free of my bottom. I can feel him doing it now and it's turning me on as I type this. He's been under there now for over a minute and predictably he's trying to moan or plead through the gag and my ass. I can barely hear him, I can more feel it than anything else. It's a stupid thing for him to do, wasting what little air is left in his lungs when he knows I won't lift off until I'm ready. Ultimately I am the judge of how much he can and will take, not him. He should know this by now. I find myself feeling a little offended. I was going to get up but I think I'll add a ten count before I do. It's the only way he'll learn.

I count down nice and slow. When I get to zero I lift myself up on my shoulders and am greeted with quick desperate sniffs the second my ass releases his face. Three breathes, that's all I give him. He moans as the weight of my bottom presses down and traps his face again. The moans feel nice, they give me a little tingle, a shiver, deep inside me. I tug the string pulling his cock up straight again, bring my foot up, and bring my heel in contact with his bound swollen scrotum. I feel him jolt and another moan enter my bottom. I hit him again, and a third time, and lick my lips as the moan becomes a sort of muffled sob and he begins to jerk and pull against the restraints in earnest. I don't hit hard, the way his balls are trussed up I don't have to. The "taps" as I refer to them have the desired effects, tickling my fancy and causing him to squirm prematurely.

The moaning causes him to lose his composure and, most important for him, his air supply. He will need air soon I know, but not yet. I look over my laptop and see him clenching and unclenching his fist, fidgeting his feet, bending and unbending his legs ever so slightly. I ignore it for now, and turn my

attention back to the laptop, he can go a little longer.

I feel him start to shake before I see it. Its like an uneven tremor. I don't want to get up off of him yet so I ride it out a fit longer until he starts to slow. That's the real sign that I've pushed him as far as he can go, any longer and I have knocked him out. I lift my bottom off, just enough that he can breathe through the hood My spandex of my bottom grazing the spandex of his mask and the rubber of the gag. I wiggle my bottom side to side slightly, teasing him, making him uncertain but letting him have a few extra breathes while doing so. Satisfied, I increase the weight gradually. I feel him try to turn his head away. Foolish, as I work it back in like I always do, silencing him and trapping him again in my bottom. I'll have to punish him for trying to turn away, he knows that his face belongs in my ass. I'll have to sit on him longer, harder, and rougher.

A few taps to the balls will have to do for now. I enjoy dishing it out to him. I love the fact that the cock cage makes him so vulnerable, so exposed. The added helplessness just serves to further turn me on. I can feel him whimpering through the gag into my bottom. I wait a short bit, to let him thing its over, then hit him again. This time I do it hard. He jerks so hard that his ass lifts off of the sofa. He's practically sobbing into the gag now. I wait him out. The moans soon change to squirms as he fights for air again. Struggling, squirming, pulling against his bonds. I find it harder and harder to type and catch myself gently stroking my mound through the pants.

I get so turned on by this. I can't help but get turned on my his helpless struggles. I know I should ignore him beneath me, just continue on typing like he's just a piece of furniture. It's what I planned to do. I stroke myself harder pressing my fingers against myself through the spandex of the yoga pants. An involuntary sigh escapes my lips. I decide to compromise. I lean back, squashing my ass even harder against his face and pull my top off, revealing a black sports bra to...well to no one but myself. Its not as if he can see it from his vantage point after all.

I lift off him, higher than before. Again I am greeted by the furtive sound of his breathing. He grunts slightly into the gag as I dig my heels into his legs for balance. Carefully, as not to upset the laptop, I peel my pants down over my ass and shimmied them down my thighs. He clearly knows that something is happening, and while he likely suspects that I am getting more comfortable he doesn't know for sure.

I lower my bottom, clad now in nothing but hot pink thong back onto his face. I notice, as I pull the laptop back up that there is a dark, damp, patch over my pussy. I touch myself through the sheer cotton blend for a few moments before I resume typing. I really need to focus on the writing for a short time. I sit there, in my underwear, pants around my knees, on my bound, naked, tortured husband, attempting to write as if doing so was the most natural and normal thing there was.

He takes a lot longer to start to fidget this time, he did get more air as a result of my stripping. I pause what I'm doing and bring fold my knees up towards my chest. He grunts as the full weight of my bottom presses down hard on his cheek bones. Reaching down I pull my pants down over my knees and pull them off one foot at a time, shifting painfully on him as i do. I then stretch back out, his ringed cock again between my calves, and resume typing. He is squirming again, but I put it out of my mind and keep typing.

He begins to try and wiggle his face back out of my backside, but it just serves to wiggle his nose deeper into my bum. I can feel it pushing through the fabric of my panties and ever so slightly inside my anus. I feel him grow ever more restless beneath me, desperate for air. It's not time yet, I decide, he needs more time to understand the totality of his position. I decide to wait a little longer, enjoying the squirming and the feeling of his nose probing my bottom.

I lift off and give him his three quick breathes then sit back down, I work his nose back inside my tight ring as far as it will make it. I decide to get into what I like to think of as "my routine". I sit and type, staring at the clock on the laptop as I do so. Every time the minute changes over, I shift my ass up just long enough for him to sniff a quick breath or two, before lowering back down. I only lift up far enough for him to suck air past my cheeks, his nose just grazing my flesh. I enjoy the slight tickling sensation as the air is sucked and then blasted against my anus. Sometimes I can feel a faint tugging of the skin of my buttocks as he inhales furiously.

Back down on his face another minute passes, and I shift up again. I feel him wearing down and weakening under me minute after minute, the struggle draining out of him. His body is a shiny with his sweat. I'm feeling the heat as well; from the laptop, from his face, and from the general sexiness of the situation. I feel flush, warm, comfortable. It's not as easy to type sitting on him as it would be on a regular chair, but for some reason I don't mind sitting here extra. I'm sure my chair minds greatly, especially after the first hour has passed, but what it feels is of no consequence to me. It knows that, we've talked about the fact that once we begin only I can decide when it ends.

No matter how worn down my chair gets under my ass he still squirms, sooner and sooner into the minute as time goes on. He's now starting about thirty seconds in. I think they are involuntary, that at this point it's just reflexes taking over and he can't help but weakly struggle against his inescapable bonds and my ample, round, and even more inescapable bottom. At this point it's a matter of fighting to stay conscious with the little air I give him. It grows a little harder each time.

He's now long past enjoying this, his cock has finally shriveled and pulled back inside the rings, red lines visible where it once bit into the cool steel. His balls though have no option to remain stretched and exposed. I tap him with my foot every so many minutes. The slight sharp groan is how I tell that he is still conscious. He knows better than to pass out but sometimes I do go a bit further than I should. It happens, but only rarely. I of course punish him for this when I wake him, it wouldn't do to act or accept that I might be a fault.

Ninety minutes have passed since I sat down to type. I've managed just over six pages and he's managed to keep conscious. I know it's been a struggle for him, he no longer tries to pull or turn his head away. He only trembles now the moment that I obstruct his nose with my ass, completely involuntary. I'm covered in sweat, my hot pink panties are a dark cotton candy from it and my arousal. I sit up straight, stretching my arms up before I pull the sports bra up over my breasts, causing them to jiggle slightly as I do so. I smirk, that's another little thing he's missing, blindfolded, hooded and trapped in my ass. The sports bra is damp with sweat and offers resistance as it clears my shoulders and comes up over my head.

I set the laptop down on the coffee table nearby. It is in arms reach but leaning over allows his spandex

covered face to momentarily slip free of my sweaty sticky ass. This is quickly resolved by me leaning back over, his face now fully back under my ass. I count out the next minute, I've closed the laptop. At sixty I lift my bottom up high and pull my moist damp panties off down my ass and to my knees. I drop my buttocks hard on his face, lean forward, he still grunts when I do, and push them down far enough for me to kick them off. I was quick but he was still able to draw a couple of extra breathes while I finished stripping. I know I should be annoyed by that, several extra breathes in the last few minutes, but he has been well behaved for most of the time that he has been in my bottom and I know that he is in hell right now.

I know that he's in hell because I've had him tell me what it's like after this long. He's told me how he gets dizzy and dazed, how he sees colours flash and explode in the darkness behind his eyelids. His mouth gets dry, despite the ball gag in his mouth. He aches, his head aches, his jaw aches, his neck aches, his whole body aches. His cock and balls ache too but that's more from the cage and the "taps" than anything else. He becomes warm, flush sweaty. He starts off trying to fight, then get to a point where he feels panicky and either gives into it or rides it through. We took months when I first started sitting on him to work through this, and he now largely rides through it until he becomes too drowsy, too dazed and too lightheaded to do anything about it. By the time the drowsy feeling hits he is too weak to do anything, any energy that he had has long since been drained out of him by my expert sitting. By now he is basically able to sluggishly wiggle his hands and feet and pull weakly, pathetically so I might add, against the cuffs. I could untie him now, release him from his bonds, and it wouldn't make a difference.

I don't because I like the look of him all done up. The cuffs, restraints and masks that I have on him now are only a small part of our collection. I have other gags muzzles, dildo gags that I can ride, and other masks and hoods that I like to subject him to, some we use often, some we just experiment with. I have a whole drawer of different restraints in our bedroom. Some we like and some we don't but it only really matters if I like them or not. Currently I enjoy this arrangement for sitting on him. I know he's not a fan of the gag but he can be a naughty boy who isn't, to be trusted. There have been times when I just want to sit where he has thought that, maybe if he licks me, pleases me, I might decide to get up or otherwise let him have air. If he reads this he will know; this does not please me. The last time he tried that he walked around with a gag *and* a muzzle on his face for every waking moment, save meals, he was in the house, both held on by a lock that I had, "on my person", for a full week.

I lower my hot ass and wet pussy back on his face and count another minute, rubbing myself as I do. I will give him ten full seconds to let him breathe before I begin to finger myself in earnest. A minute passes, I lift, and I begin the countdown. I lower my bare ass back over his helpless face and begin, my fingers easily slipping inside my wetness. I wonder if he is there enough to know that something is up, he might not even realize, poor boy, that his nose is poking past my ring and that my pussy is dripping on his ball gagged mouth and chin.

I can feel his lips, wrapped around the ball gag, against my bottom. They are smooth as I have long ago decided that his face shouldn't have any prickly little hairs to cause me any discomfort. I of course don't feel the same way. While I do shave regularly down there I like to let them grow for a few days. When I'm done pleasing myself I might sit down on his cock with the stubble digging in later, just to tease. I know he can probably feel it now, poking through the spandex of the hood. I enjoy the feeling of his lips pressed against my labia, knowing that he can feel my pussy, but can only taste the rubber of the

ball gag and, with his nose buried deep inside it, smell my ass. At first I used the taste of my pussy as an incentive, now i enjoy, hell, I even get off on limiting it to a rare treat or privilege.

As my fingers slip in and out of my sopping pussy and flick over my slick clit I close my eyes and concentrate. I concentrate on the feeling of his fabric covered nose inside my anus and the feeling of the rubber ball pressing against my perineum. The gag feels strange yet pleasing as I slouch down and bury his face even more into my bottom. I leisurely finger myself, closing my eyes and sucking my lip as he weakly squirms. I slightly regret gagging him now, as it means I have to periodically stop what I'm doing to lift off of his nose. Had I took it out I would just have to lean back and let him suck air past my lips. The sound of the desperate sniffs and the groan as I slam my ass back down and work his face between my cheeks keeps me wet enough to make the trade off worth it though, so I don't mind.

I'm so wet now I can feel it run out of me and trickle down to his chin, where it gets absorbed into the fabric of the hood. Even though I'm focused mostly on myself, I see the tell tale sign that he's at least aware of what I'm doing above him as his cock begins to stir within its metal prison. Perhaps my ass slamming down on his face and his nose being forcibly wiggling past my ring has made him a bit more alert, in more ways than one. I take another few seconds to lift off and let him two sniffs. There is a wet slapping sound and his nose is forced back inside my passage. I do this many more times over the next 10 minutes or so. It takes longer to bring myself off like this, but its worth it. I can feel the slow but steady buildup towards orgasm inside me. It takes longer this way but longer is better when you have your husbands face trapped under your bottom.

My orgasm is mind-blowing, I stifle a cry but am not entirely successful, I'm breathing heavy, rapidly and roughly rubbing my clit as if i were trying to wear it clean off. I don't often squirt but I do this time, a simple burst of liquid jutting forth from my pussy and onto his chest. I'm shaking, and he's squirming, and damn lucky that I still had the presence of mind to lift off. Still playing with myself I thrust my already extended hips further outward, randomly smacking his face with my buttocks on the return. Spent, I slump back down onto his face and feel his features mash into my cheeks rather than my crack but I am simply too tired to care. I lay there for several minutes, periodically rolling and lifting slightly to give him enough to keep him conscious. I feel exhausted and sticky all over, the whole room smells of my arousal.

I pull myself up and decide to go have a bath. I leave my husband on the sofa but before I go I make sure to do two things. I pull a length of chain from beneath the sofa and lock it to the small length of chain that connects his shackles. I then disappear into the bedroom for a bit and return with a collar and lead. I fasten the collar round his neck and use yet another key on my bracelet to make sure it stays there. I take the lead and tie it to the leg of the sofa. I didn't think that he would be able to move, bound, blind and gagged as he is, but a few extra straps and chains only add to his helplessness and my arousal. I take a step back and admire my handiwork before reminding him to stay awake until I return, else i will punish him. I then turns and walk out of the room, louder than necessary so he can hear me and know that i have left him like this.

I run the bath with strawberry scented foam and light a few candles before slipping in up to my shoulders. I take the loofah and gently scrub myself all over. The hot water and scent both doing much to relax me. Sometimes it can be hard work, sitting on my husbands face, but I do go out and earn all

day. Its only fair that once I get home he's mine to smother and use however i see fit. Speaking of which i think, as i lounge in the flickering candle light, of what I might do to him after the bath. This is what most of my evenings entail by the way. I come home, have a prepared meal and inspect the house to make sure everything is as I expect it. If all is well than all is good, If its not he has until the end of my meal to fix it, least his punishment be even worse than it will be for fucking up in the first place. Assuming a night like tonight where I was pleased I prepare him how I want him for being sat on and then do just that. When I need a break relax in the a bath, leaving him to wait for my return. Some nights I have two baths, read into that what you will.

At night when we go to bed I put on one of a number of special pair of panties that I own. Some are made of cotton, some silken and some latex all with hoods that connect by a touch of material to my ass or to my pussy. I tie him up first and position him on the bed before pulling the hood on, tying or locking it on as happens, than slip the panties on pulling his face or mouth tightly against me. I get comfortable with a sheet, where as its rarely comfortable for him. He tells me it's impossible to get a good nights sleep like that and, with the regrettable exception of a few days a month, he hasn't had a good night sleep in over a year.

I check the time as I get out of the tub, I've been in here and he's been trapped out there for over thirty minutes. That should be more than enough time for him to have fully recovered. Well, it really isn't I just did spend nearly 2 hours smothering him before coming out, but I always present it as enough time no matter if it had been 5 seconds. He needs to know expectations and needs to learn to be better. If I tell him he's doing OK or give him a pass he'll never push himself. In any event 30 minutes is more than enough time to recover enough for him to have no complaints.

I think about what I'm going to do and have made my decision. A luxurious evening in. I pull on my soft and fuzzy bathrobe, which runs just halfway down my thigh and loosely tie it closed to go about my business. I pick up a few "necessary" items from the bedroom, grab a bottle of wine and a glass and return to the living room. I walk quietly, hoping he won't hear me come back in. As I approach I hear him breathing through the hood, inhaling the scent of my ass with every sniff. I reach out with the wine bottle and touch the cold punt to his balls and watch him jolt with surprise. I am certain that he was awake but I put on my harsh voice and accuse him of sleeping, threatening him with punishment. His muffled pleading and protesting are as desperate as they are hilarious. I tell him I will go easy on him this time, provided that he behaves top notch for the rest of the night, but also inform him that he owes me a favour for my generosity and to thank me. He desperately thanks me through the blue rubber ball.

I pull the coffee table close pop the cork in the wine, pour it into the glass, and set both bottle and glass down. I take a small rounded black cylinder from the pocket of my robe. It is soft and velvety in my fingers and has a long plastic loop attached, I insert it inside my vagina, leaving only the cord hanging out of me. I take the remote for the device out of my pocket and disrobe. Before taking my place back on my husbands upturned face.

I click the remote and feel the vibrator buzz to life inside my pussy. I reach over, hear him grunt, and grab both the TV remote and my glass of wine. With another groan I settle down on him and wiggle his nose back inside my anus. I lean back and cross my legs on top of him occasionally bobbing my heel down on his balls, now redder than ever for having been painfully stretched and trapped by the leather

strap for several hours. I smile as his moans join the buzz of the vibrator, and turn on the TV. There is usually something on the movie channel but I'm not looking for something engaging, just something to relax to while I sit. I prop myself up on my shoulders as usual and allow him a couple of quick sniffs before settling on a feature film. I notice that the sequel follows immediately after and say so out loud. I can't hear him over the TV and the buzzing of the vibrator, slowly doing its job inside me but I can feel the forlorn moan transfer from the ball to my bottom and smile. I push down with my bottom, forcing his nose further past my ring and take several small sips of wine. I'm going to be sitting here for two, maybe five, hours and need to pace myself accordingly.

I sit on him, making sure that my full weight is pressing my ass down into his face and, as a result, his nose deeper into my waiting asshole. I do my best to relax myself on top of him, the wine certainly helps, so his nose meets as little resistance as possible. I know from what he has told me that he can feel the buzzing of the vibrator inside me when I sit on him, so he knows that I am settling in for a prolonged period of "me time". It used to be so hard to just relax and catch a film on the TV, this has made it so much easier. Its also leads to some of the best orgasms I've ever had. I like to tease him that he's made me cum better more often while tied up and stuck in my ass than he ever did when he was "free" to put the effort in. I'm not sure if he takes this as a compliment or not.

I lean over just enough to give him two quick sniffs and feel him suck and blow the air up and down my crack. The feeling leaves me with a particularly naughty tingle along my back passage which only heightens the buzzing toy inside me. Leaning lets me sip wine and watch the program with minimal disruption while ensuring that his face never truly escapes my bottom. I fiddle with the settings on the remote to bring the time up on the top corner of the screen. Every minute he gets two breathes. Those are the rules. I could break them if I wanted, but all that would mean is that he would either pass out if I didn't get up or would be let off too easy. It took a few years to get him to the point where he could endure this much suffering. When we started I had to let him breathe out his nose every twenty seconds or so and we could barely get through a half hour of TV. Every night I trained him until I worked him up to several hours of minute long smothering with a minimum of fifty five our of sixty seconds of each minute breathless in my asshole. As admittedly impressive as this is I make sure not to let it go to his head, I keep pushing him further, harder. The most he's ever gone without air on my face was a two minutes and six seconds, I've sat longer but that's the longest that I've gone without him passing out. The longest marathon we've done is 7 hours of this. I had a long weekend and couldn't think of anything better to do on the holiday.

The pattern of smothering and sniffing goes on as I sip my wine. I'm becoming wetter and wetter. I have my first orgasm about fifteen minutes in. I leave the vibrator going though and cum 4 more times in the first hour of the movie before I can take no more and pull it out. I buck and grind on his face as I cum, my moans joining his as each time. He shakes and begins to thrash the third and fourth times as I break my rule, too overwhelmed and too exhausted from the pleasure to properly keep track. I don't know who is worse for where me from cumming so much in so little time or him from suffering under me during it. I lean back, hot and sweaty, I can feel the heat pouring off of my body as I look down at his squirming body. He is red from the edge of the mask straight down to his collarbone. I run a heel along his stomach, he is slick with sweat, his whole body has a damp look to it.

I lean and free his nose from its proper place in my back passage. I give him five breathes instead of two to make up for the times I forgot, I can be kind and generous at times. The occasional act of

kindness does no harm, unless you consider being able to suffer under my bottom “harm”. I don't. It clearly a privilege. One that he'd better appreciate when I give him the additional privilege of speaking to me.

I make my way through the bottle as the movie continues. It was unremarkable, serving as little more than a reason to keep him where he is and prolong his torture. I continue to sit through the end credits, well aware that he can likely hear the accompanying music. I can feel him squirming a bit, but continue on as I have throughout the movie. I can only guess that he feels hope that his suffering and torment in my ass will soon end, even through that means that it will be replaced with being cuffed and bound with his face between my legs in bed for the next 8 or so hours. The music ends and I lift up, he breathes frantically through his nose, desperately as this is the first time in nearly 2 hours without my full weight on him.

His breathing slows and settles at a normal pace. The second film begins and I climb back on top of him. I slowly press my bottom on top of him and work his face deep between my cheeks, engulfing him completely within me. I feel him squirm and twitch, he's unsure, confused as to why he is once again beneath me. I lean over to refill my wine glass, letting him have a few quick breathes in my ass while doing so. I say loud enough for him to hear “Don't you remember? I told you there was a sequel”. He moans into my asshole as a response, a long tingling moan which I interrupt with several heel strikes to his red and swollen balls. Satisfied, I put my feet back up on his sweaty body and take a long sip of wine as we both settle in for a long night in.

In The Bag

They had talked about it for months and, finally they decided to experiment with it. Both of them had come to the kink from a different direction. He loved to give oral, he'd been a big fan of eating pussy ever since his early teens, earning him an interesting reputation among the girls and a few colourful nicknames along the way. What most didn't know, but a select few were aware of that he had as big a taste for ass as he did for pussy. More than a few girls were introduced to the joys of being rimmed over the years. He was game for any position, and often didn't care if he came or not in the process. He was as eager to please as a new found puppy.

She on the otherhand enjoyed facesitting, smothering included, more for the control and dominance that the fetish provided. While she enjoyed a hot eager tongue inside her, front or back, she was just as content to sit and smother a man under her pants or skirt. She preferred to used restraints; handcuffs, ties, blindfolds, even masks and gags on her partners regardless of if she planned to plant her bottom on their face. She had a secret fetish for male chastity, and fantasized about locking her man's cock up for weeks at a time, while concealing the key inside her. She liked the feeling she got from controlling and ultimately tormenting a man, making him squirm and strain against the bonds, all with her soft feminine private parts.

They had tried it a few times. He was eager to please and to bury her tongue deeper inside her holes and she was more than happy to sit there on top of him and be pleased. They started off with her lightly hovering over his face, but she gradually sat lower and heavier. Little by little she introduced breathe play and bondage into what had quickly became their favorite bedroom activity. Eventually he even got her to confess her desire lock his cock up and hide the key. He went along with it, more interested in pleasing his partner than his own gratification and the facesitting and, as they later became known, smother sessions continued to develop and intensify.

She knew that she was incredibly lucky. Most men she had dated in the past were concerned with just a quick in and out in the bedroom. The few who she had convinced to let her tie up had mostly not enjoyed it and would break things off soon after. The same was true of most of her friends. She did love him, not just for his eagerness to please in the bedroom but because he was a wonderful person. She was so glad when, instead of being freaked out by her interests he offered to explore them with her. They shared similar interests, he was great with her friends. She would hate to lose him.

That was her dilemma now. She enjoyed the light bondage, the oral attention, and the bit of real smothering that they did together but it didn't feel like enough, she wanted more. She wanted to entirely take control for her to have all the power and for him to be completely helpless, even if just for a few hours or a day. She surfed the web looking at online shops that sold extreme bdsm equipment and found sites that sold smotherboxes, smotherchairs, special pants and panties made for smothering, sleep sacks hoods, virtually every time she could think of and even a few she couldn't. Sometimes she would

finger herself and imagine that she was doing so while smothering him with a smotherbox, a rubber hood, a modified chair, or any number of items that she might find real or imagined, online.

She was worried about scaring him so she kept trying to be subtle. She would leave the store's web pages up on the computer monitor for him to find, things like that. He began to take notice, it wasn't hard to put two and two together. Like always they talked and they agreed they could give some of what she was talking about a try. The conversation ended with her saying she would order a few things, and order she did.

She hid what arrived early until everything had come. When the last item arrived she sprung the big day on him the following Saturday. She was both excited and afraid, excited her passion might be realized, afraid he might reject this and her.

"So how does this work?" He asked, picking up two shiny, leathery pieces that she presented him with. One was much smaller than the other, both resembled some sort of sac.

She told him that the large one was a sleep sack, full body bondage. She noted the ties for his wrists inside and the zipper that ran midway down the front. There appeared to be belt loops around the neck, but she told him to never mind that. It mainly bound him by being tight but was also a little stretchy.

The second piece, she said was a hood. When he mentioned it didn't seem to have any way to breathe she brought his attention to the two tiny holes for his nostril. He seemed a bit down at this, as he would not be able to see her or lick her, but she reassured him that she would more than make up for this later.

He was a little unsure, more than a little he was surprised to note to himself, but he stripped off his clothes and began to crawl into the bag. He did not notice how intently she stared at him and his cock, encased as it was in shiny metal. She helped him lay down in the stretchy bag and tied his wrists in place. She zipped up the bag, struggling and stretching the material at times, stopping just below the top of the zipper. He tried to move, but found even sitting up to be impossible due to the tightness of the sac.

Next she pulled the hood down over his head. Made from a similar stretchy material, it pulled down tight over his face, chin and neck. He felt her adjust it so that the nose holes lined up properly. She asked him if she could breathe and be tried to speak, but could not. The rubber made it difficult to open his mouth and what did come out was largely muffled. He nodded his head instead.

He felt her tuck the excess of the hood down inside the collar of the sac and zip it the rest of the way. She mentioned that she had to go get a few quick things and would be right back. He lay there on the floor and waited, his breath making a faint sniffing noise as he inhaled and exhaled through the twin openings under his nose. He tested the bag and found that while he could move a bit and probably roll over he was largely immobile. He hoped that she didn't leave him here alone for long.

A few minutes went by and he heard her approaching footsteps. She didn't say anything, and he naturally could not see anything through the thick rubber, but he felt something running along his collar and neck. He quickly realized that some sort of hard cord was being fitted through the top of the bag.

He heard a click then some rustling before being rolled over on his stomach then his back again, grunting as he went. He could feel or thought he could feel something under him, and had this confirmed as he felt not one, not two but five lengths of something tighten around his chest stomach and arms. He tried to move and while he could still turn his head he could not move his body even to rock himself. He was even more immobile than before.

She looked down at him bound in the the sac reinforced with the leather strapping. The hard cord he had felt against his neck was a length of flexible bike chain that she had bought expressly for this purpose. It ran through the loops meaning even if he had somehow gotten the sac to unzip, a near impossible feat given his other bindings he would not be able to get out of the sac. While the cord was tight around his neck it was not so tight that it would restrict his breathing, at least not too much. She stood there and watched him try and struggle against his bonds, and watched him try to figure out what he could and could not do. Satisfied that, save for some head and neck motion, he was completely immobile she began her approach.

She straddled his face, his head resting between her ankles as she looked down at him. He must have somehow guessed her location because he began to breathe more heavily. Probably heard my footsteps she thought to herself. She was still wearing what she had been earlier, a simple yet comfortable sundress with just a simple pair of panties underneath. She lowered herself, taking care to ensure the dress still covered her bottom, coming to a rest on top of his rubber covered face. She felt her cheeks part to accommodate him and the sniffing sound of his breathing suddenly stop. She could feel his nose pressing against her pussy through the fabric and his jaw and chin up against her anus. She relaxed, letting her full weight finally settle and forcing his face further up into her nethers.

Time was passing very slowly for him. He had some experience with her smothering him, seriously smothering him, in the past but never anything like this. He was able to guess at her approach but had no real warning of her decent on top of him. Here he was completely trapped with his partner sitting her full weight on him driving his face into her privates and the back of his head into the floor. He felt not just the pressure of her bottom pressing down on him but a faint squeezing of her thighs on the sides of his head holding him in place. It was not long before he began to panic trying to move his body and turn his head without success as his lungs began to burn with desperation.

She could feel him try to move his head. The feeling of it pressing against one thigh then the other. She cast a glance over her shoulder and notice that he was not moving at all from the neck down. There was now no question that he was completely at her mercy and that there was no escape from her bottom. She sat there for ten more seconds enjoying the knowledge that he was completely helpless to resist being smothered in her ass and that, should she choose, she could just stay there and make him pass out. That would be a very quick end to her fun though so she lifted off, allowed him three long sniffs, and covered his face again.

He was thrilled to be able to breathe but forlorn that it was over so soon and without warning. He tried to stay still, knowing the less he fought the longer he could hold out but shortly gave in to instinct and tried in vain to twist or turn his head, to escape the warm soft prison of her thighs, her ass, and her pussy and feel what passed for fresh air pass in and out of his lungs. He failed, his lungs burned and his head began to ache as she just continued to sit there, free of any apparent care or concern for what he

felt or how he suffered beneath her. She had told him, he recalled, that she enjoyed smothering him and why. He now wished that he had paid a bit more attention and had taken what she had told him a bit more seriously.

While he suffered beneath her she was having the time of her life, her fantasy was being realized and so far it was everything that she had envisioned. She would sit for around thirty seconds to a minute, lift off for a few quick breathes, then sit back down again, reburying his face in her ass. After about ten minutes of this he began to moan when she got up or lowered back down, after another ten the muffled moans became muffled cries about thirty seconds in. She lifted up the first few times he did this and let him take in a few quick breathes, she could hear him make a low sad moan through the mask as he did this, but then decided that he was cheating her and that he could surely stay under there for forty five seconds, heck even a minute at a time, without passing out and was ultimately proven right.

Beneath her he had no concept of how long he was under her bottom each time he could hear nothing, see nothing, taste nothing but his own sweat and the rubber of the hood. She sat on him like he wasn't even there, no moaning, no chit chat, no taunting or teasing; just sitting. He was hot, incredibly hot. He was so hot and sweaty that the sac and the hood stuck to him as if it were a second skin. Everything hurt, his temples pounded his jaw ached, his nose felt flattened and his neck and shoulders felt as if he had walked into amateur hour at an acupuncture clinic. His eyes, though closed, were aching under the pressure and were seeing colours in the darkness that he did not know existed. Worse of all were his lungs which burned as if on fire and ached for air went empty and felt like they would burst when they were full and needed to exhale. The back of his head was, in addition to the pain felt from being pushed against the hard floor, becoming numb and tingly. He felt as if it were gradually getting darker, a seemingly impossible task within the hood. He would feel himself become sleepy, try to move and fight it, then become sleepier as she sat longer and longer.

About thirty minutes in she noticed that he had stopped moaning groaning or even turning his head. She began to slap his face to make sure he was still conscious when she lifted up, not stopping until he let out a groan or grunt at the pain. She simply had no other way to tell. She knew that he was in a terrible state, she had never smothered him or anyone with anywhere near the intensity she was doing to him now. That he was still conscious was probably quite the testament to him and his natural abilities.

As much as she wanted to continue, she knew that she was walking the knives edge and suspected that at any point the next smother could be the one to put him out. She was feeling quite wet, she could feel the damp gusset of her panties pressed against her crotch when she moved. She was also becoming quite warm and decided to try another part of her fantasy, giving him a chance to recover a little bit in the process.

She stood up and watched as he inhaled deeply two, three, four, and then more times. It might have just have been a trick of the lighting but it looked like he had even begun to relax a bit. She smiled, perhaps he thought that it was over and that she was going to be freeing him soon. He was in for disappointment. She stripped out of the sundress, tossing it onto a nearby armchair and let her ample bosom bounce freely. She then slid her panties with their moist gusset down to her ankles and stepped out of them. She picked them up, reversed them, and then set them down on his face with the gusset against the

nostril holes. "Keep those there for me until I get back" she told him, before walking down the hall.

He laid there in the darkness, waiting. At first he thought this would be like the other times, three quick breaths and then god knows how long underneath her again. But after the tenth breath he began to relax. What she had done to him had been far far more intense and hardcore than anything they had ever done before. Maybe she was done, maybe she was going to free him from this warm sticky prison.

He began to doubt those thoughts when the moist gusset of her panties were pressed against his nose and his hopes disappeared completely once she told him she'd be back. He inhaled her scent through her panties as he heard her walking away. It was a bit more difficult to breathe through the material but not so much that he was having difficulty. He was more worried about what she went to get and how long before she came back. What was she planning? More of the same? Something different? Something worse?

He would have his answer soon she came back and set something heavy down at the crown of his head with a dull thud. He felt her lift the back of his head up and slide something, something u shaped underneath. The back of his head felt like it was on a cushion, a welcome change from the hard floor. He felt something close over his adam's apple and something firm yet slightly yielding press against his chin. There was a click and he realized that he could no longer move his neck or head. The one way that he could move now gone, and now completely immobile, he began to silently panic in the darkness.

She looked down at the sight of the black rubber hood rimmed in the glossy black leather of the smother box. She knew he could not do more than twitch his head, which was now forced into a face up position in the center. She had locked the box, knew it was unnecessary, but had just wanted him to hear the click of the lock as she did. She placed the keys on a nearby end table then, long slender vibrator in hand, she approached her trapped partner. She straddled the box, still naked from the waist down, facing his body and feet. She lowered herself slowly, watching the frantic rise and fall of his chest as he no doubt knew that the next one could be critical, and savoured the moment. She felt the cool softness of the leather mixed with the warmth of the hood on her bottom and wriggled his rubber clad face deep between her cheeks. She leaned back and felt something, likely his nose, pressing against the rim of her anus, and relaxed herself on top of him. She was sitting on a seat fit for a queen and felt the part.

With the click of a button her vibrator whirred to life. She lowered it down to her labia and teased the outsides, feeling little resistance as she was already incredibly wet. She teased herself slowly. She had all day and could afford to take her time. Around a minute passed this way before she remembered what she was sitting on and lifted off ever so slightly, just far and high enough to hear him sniffing air in and out of his nose. She almost giggled at both the feeling of air blasting against her bottom and the knowledge that he was forced to breathe in her ass with every breath he took. She decided three was enough to start and lowered herself back onto him, resuming her self teasing as she did.

She sat on him, legs spread to allow easy access to her nethers, bottom squashed down on his helpless face. She teased herself, toying with her lips, refusing to give into the growing urge to push the vibrator deep inside her and thrust it in and out repeatedly. While she tormented herself with her self denial, it

was her partner who was experiencing genuine suffering. Unlike before, she was not keeping regular time and only lifted off of him when she remembered and though enough time had passed. Even the number of breathes he was allowed was random as she was more focused on the growing urges and needs growing inside her and less occupied with his condition. It was not long before the familiar aches pains and dizziness returned and, unable to speak or move, he began to make his muffled pleas for mercy.

She could not here him over the sound of the vibrator, only feel the muffled moans as a slight tingling in the bottom. They felt good and had she not been occupied with the increasing firmness with which she pressed the vibrator against her lower lips and clit she would have relished in the fact that she was literally receiving pleasure from his suffering. She leaned forward again pressing her pussy and pelvic bone against his chin as she did. He breathed once, exhaled, then on the second breath she sat right back down, too hot and horny to wait any longer. She felt a long tingle in her bottom as she pressed the vibrator hard against her clit. She looked down and saw the dark damp droplets of her arousal all over the leather seat of the box, then looked up to see the unmoving form of her partner grow out of it. Panting heavily she lifted herself and purposefully allowed him three quick breaths, feeling the flesh of her bottom get sucked against the nose holes of the mask. She sat back down quickly, her legs were becoming tired and wobbly from both sitting and self pleasure, and plunged the buzzing toy deep inside her body.

He was not getting enough air. One breath here, two there, followed by half a breath and god only knew how much of a wait. He was focused only on fighting off the hazy darkness and staying conscious until the next opportunity for air. It was all that mattered. He was sure that if he passed out in this state that she wouldn't even notice and that might be it for him. Everything pounded, he could hear his own heartbeat like a base drum and feel the blood rushing through his body. Although the contraption he was in decreased the pressure on his face from her ass the lack of oxygen had given him a massive throbbing headache all on its own. His lungs were fit to burst and he strained against his bonds, not because he wanted to, but because he could no longer override his instincts. The only things his senses could pick up were the smell of her now sweaty ass when he breathed and the sound low buzzing of the vibrator.

She thrust the vibrator, now slick and shiny with her arousal, in and out of her hot wet pussy moaning deeply as she did. Gone was the restraint from before and the cautious teasing that went with it. Now was the time to give into lust, arousal, and the raw base urges to cum. Each rapid thrust brought her ever so closer to her big moment. She could feel it coming soon, very soon. Before she reached a point where she knew she would no longer have full control over herself she pressed down with one hand and lifted her bottom off of his face, continuing to thrust the toy in and out of her as she did. She needed to let him have as much as she could as she did not know when she would be getting up again.

She held on for one breath, two breathes, but she could not hold out any longer and dropped her ass hard on his face as he drew his third breath. She began to rock her bottom back and forth over his face as she felt the once distant feeling grow bigger and stronger inside of her until it burst forth. Her whole body jerked in a rhythmless fashion as she came hard on top of the smotherbox. She cried out a short, sharp cry with each convulsion and angled the vibrator inside her, pressing it against her g-spot as she did. After the intensity of it passed she squeezed her thighs together on her hand and toy and began to grinding hard against it and the trapped face of her partner below.

He had not had a reprieve for quite some time and he was feeling the effects. He knew something was happening as he could hear her exclamations over the constant buzzing and feel her buck against his face. Had he thought about it he would likely have realized that she had reached her climax, but at present all of his dwindling concentration and focus was making it to the next breathe. He could feel himself slipping away, the darkness closing over him, slowly at first, but with increased intensity the longer she stayed sitting. He had not the strength to moan or beg anymore, just lay there in torment and hope that somehow, it would all work out and she would eventually release him from his misery. She continued to buck and grind but slower now. He did not know why, nor did he know why his cock, only semi rigid, began to ejaculate involuntarily and without stimulation. She might get up soon, he thought, he just needed...to hold out...a little...bit...longer....

Her panting slowed as the last waves of her orgasm trailed off. Almost immediately she realized that it had been quite some time before she had lifted off of his nose and practically leapt off of the smotherbox. She looked down at his face framed by the oval shape of the material of the box. The mask and leather were both smeared with a slippery and sticky combination of her sweat and arousal. He did not appear to breathe at first, but exploded into a large noisy sniff, the nasal equivalent of a desperate gasp, before his breathing returned to normal. She looked at a nearby clock, she had only been on him for a little over two hours.

Secure in the knowledge that he was probably fine and conscious, she straddled the box once more and looked down at the blank featureless mask. His breathing came quicker and it took on an almost shuddering quality. He was afraid that she was going to sit back down again she realized, and smother him more. She smiled at the thought. She might yet do so, but first she wanted to have what would have to pass for a chat with him.

"It's barely been two and a half hours since I started sitting on your face." She told him. "Did you think it was longer? Moan once for yes and twice for no." He moaned once. "Well it has only been that long, I was planning to go the whole afternoon and maybe some of the evening. Would you like that?"

Two very emphatic moans followed. "No? Are you not enjoying this? Don't you like being tied up and smothered?" Two more moans. "Well I'm enjoying it. I came on your face not too long ago. It was probably the best orgasm I've ever had, and all you had to do is lay there. You want me to feel good, don't you?"

She thought she detected a slight hesitation but heard him groan once. "I'll bet you enjoyed it more than you think. Did you know that some men can cum just from being smothered alone? Did you cum while your face was up my ass?" There was a longer pause this time, followed by what sounded like a reluctant grunt. She smiled. "Did you pass out under my soft smooth bottom?" she asked, a playful teasing tone entering her speech. "He groaned twice. "Did my poor little man think he was going to pass out?" Groan "but you didn't." She said "See? I know what I'm doing and how far I can take you." She said with as much false innocence as she could muster. She knew full well that simple chance played a greater roll in him staying awake than anything she had purposefully done.

"Now its time to get to business." She said, the playful teasing gone out of her now serious voice. "I am not going to let you out...yet. I think I will get dressed, I'm completely naked by the way just to let

you know what you are missing, and its getting a bit cold in here. After I'm going to turn you so that your feet are pointing at the TV and I'm going to sit down watch a movie or whatever and maybe gab on the phone to Pauline and Nikki. Would you like me to tell them about what we've done today?" Two quick grunts. "How about if I invite them over for drinks?" Two more grunts quicker and louder than before. "Well we'll just see." She said leaving it hanging in the air.

"Now I really, really enjoyed smothering you, and I really really got turned on doing it with you like this. You git me so wet I had to toss my dress in the wash." She told him. "What I saying is I don't want this to be a just one time thing, when I undo all of this and let you out, and like I said that probably won't be for at least a few more hours, I want to know that we are going to do this again. Will you agree to this or not?"

There was a long pause, much longer than she had hoped for, too long she thought for the answer that she wanted to hear to come. She was right. Two grunts. She sighed, she had hoped that despite the pain, the torment, the breathless suffering, that he would have agreed for her. She could have made it worth his while in other ways, and still might down the road, but not now. Though not the answer she wanted, she had been prepared for it and had decided to make the most of it.

Though he could not see she went back into the bedroom and returned with a small black box. "Well I admit I'm disappointed, I thought that I meant more to you, what we've shared meant more, and I also see that I'm just going to have to win you over to my point of view. What you cant see that I am holding is a metal chastity device, when I take you out of here, before I free your hands and feet, I'm going to slip it over your cock and balls and lock it on. I'll make sure to hide the keys in a safe place before I finish freeing you, you'll never find them." She paused to let this information sink in.

"Not only will it make any erection painful and impossible, but the inside of the device is lined with tiny electrodes that will be inconstant contact with you cock and balls. I tell you to do something, like lay down to I can tie you up like this, and you do it. Refuse and a simple push of a button will result in a painful electric shock being delivered straight into your genitals until you change you mind and decide to listen." She leaned down and stroked the rubber covered cheek of the hood. "I'm sure you'll come to see things my way, It might take a while, months, maybe a year or two, but I'm sure if with the help of this cage and regular, maybe even daily smother sessions, you'll come to appreciate, even love, being my smother seat and having me masturbate while smothering you."

He lay there shocked and afraid. Chastity cage? Electric shocks? Daily smother sessions? How did this happen? He felt as breathless now as he did when she was actively trying to smother him. He didn't see how he could ever come to enjoy this, especially not done with the intensity and for the length of time that she was promising to do it. He knew she meant to torture him until he gave in and suffered willingly beneath her. The only difference would be that she would make him do it and say that he wanted it. He couldn't believe that the woman that he loved would treat him so dismissively, so cruelly, like nothing more than a simple chair or seat cushion. Even more astonishing was how much she seemed to enjoy the pain and suffocation that she had inflicted on him and how much, from her voice, that she looked forward to doing it again. The word "daily" flashed through his mind again. He felt like sobbing.

Several minutes passed before he felt himself being dragged and repositioned. He could only assume that he had been turned as she said so she could sit and watch the television. He felt her weight on his face and her bottom, clad in what he could only assume was some sort of pants and undergarments, mold around his face. His fate sealed as tightly as her ass over his nose, he lay there doomed to his fate. Listening as the sound of the TV was slowly drowned out by the sound of his own pulse and the throbbing of his own head as she used him as nothing more than a place to sit.

He did not know but when she had repositioned him she had pulled him by the shoulders back far enough that the box was resting against her favorite armchair. She leaned back against the cozy, pillowy material and brought her legs up on his chest and thighs, and felt her bottom sink down further and press harder against his face. She leaned over, as if to break wind, but really just to give him a little break and some air. Three breathes and she settled back in, taking a deep relaxing breath of her own. She felt totally relaxed as she sat there and surfed through the channels. She leaned slightly, but not enough to let him have any air, patted to side of the box and said. "Don't worry, you'll learn to love this." Then, having settled on a program turned her attention away from her partner, who for now was nothing more than a simple piece of furniture, and enjoyed the show.

It was not long before the familiar feelings of dread and helplessness claimed him again, before the pain of his lungs threatened to burst him and the darkness was closing around the edges. Unlike when she was pleasuring herself though she was keeping an eye on him, and let him breathe just enough, just often enough, to keep him conscious. It wouldn't do either of them any good if she went too far and smothered him out that would end the fun for both of them too soon. She would need to train constantly, and train him constantly, as so she could sit and smother him for as long as she wanted.

As she sat there wondering how it could get any better, an amazing partner who she could smother and masturbate on whenever she desired, and he, physically and mentally drained, bound so tight and complete that he could not even twitch to avoid the seemingly endless punishment that she gleefully meted out on him, wondering how things could possibly get any worse than today, she had an idea. She leaned over and grabbed her phone, letting him have a few cheeky breathes through his nose in the process. While in the future, she thought, she would have to devise a punishment for this, she could forgive it today. Especially given what she was about to do. She scroll partway down her contacts and clicked the call button. Holding her phone, she heard it ring twice before the click that indicated someone on the other end had answered. She relaxed for a moment, then said;

"Hi Nikki, it's me. Can you come over straight away? I have something I really want to show you."

The Addict

We agreed to quit together, that it was a dirty habit and that we would be better off without it

You agreed, we shared our last together, broke our smoky bonds and tossed away our cheap cardboard markers.

I stayed true to the plan. I was faithful, honorable. But you were not as true to me and to us as I was to you.

I began to be suspicious. I could smell it on you clothes and on you breath and eventually found the evidence, tiny brown and forensic, in the inner pocket of your smoking jacket.

We argued. I shouted , you pleaded. I threatened, you begged. I told you that these would leave you tired weak and short of breath. You promised, never again, you said and I believed.

You were good for a while, but while I was strong throughout you began to weaken and eventually your strength let up. You couldn't hold up your end.

It took me longer to notice the second time. You tried to be clever, covering it up with minty gum and scented soap. I didn't even become suspicious when you started folding the laundry more often. You probably thought you could keep getting away with it but you forget. You are an addict and addicts always make mistakes. They always get caught in the act. Always.

The same was true of you. I was all the more angry this time, not just for the broken promises but for the attempted cleverness. You may have thought yourself smart but really what you did was show me how stupid you thought I was. You pleaded again, and you sealed your fate with out knowing it.

You said you would do anything. "Anything?" I asked. "Anything" you confirmed.

The next night you must have thought you had won the lottery. I tied you to the bed naked, the back of your head resting on the foot of the bed. You didn't seem to care that I remained fully clothed, or notice how cross I must have looked. It was only when I turned my backside, still hidden from view by the skirt I wore to work, and quickly lower it on your upturned face that you finally realized that this evening was not going to go as you hoped.

Not feeling so clever now, are we ?

You struggled pulled on the bonds twisted your body and your head. You managed to turn your face out

from under my bottom so many times that I had to lose the skirt. Rather than treating you to my silky panties or bare bottom I slipped on a tight fitting pair of leggings and, trapping your head between my thighs sat.

I watched you struggle as I sat. Felt you try to turn your head and twist your body free of my handiwork with no effect. You not the first man I've tied up and I'm far better at doing that than you are at escaping. I watch as you thrust your body desperate for air and only when I feel you might pass out do I lift off you.

Over the course of the evening you beg and plead with me. I've heard them all before. I'm sorry, please stop, I can't take it anymore, your hurting me, your going to make me pass out, I can't breathe. Etc etc.

You can't breathe? Cigarettes will leave you breathless. Unlike your smoking and your lying at least I get some enjoyment out of you being breathless this way. I've heard you plead and beg and promise before. I know it means nothing, so I ignore it and you and plant my bottom back down on your protesting face.

I sit for hours, smothering you and bringing you as close to passing out as I can each time before lifting up. You try to plead with me at first but soon realize how stupid that is. I'm not going to change my mind or stop. You said anything, and I took you at your word and will make you keep it. You may not be clever but your clever enough to eventually realize that you should use the scant few seconds that I give you to breathe to do that and only that.

I sit on you clothed the whole night and almost every other night. You wondered for days before you felt brave enough to ask why. That's when I told you about my secret, my addiction. I love to just sit and smother you. Sometimes as you will find out, I will do it bare bottomed and instruct you to pleasure me as I do but for me the excitement, the joy, the true pleasure of the experience comes from you suffering breathlessly and helplessly beneath my bottom. I get such a rush from the feelings of control, dominance and power I exert over you. The fix you get from your petty vices simply can't compare.

You could have simply left and parted ways but you are a coward, weak, pathetic, whereas I am strong, beautiful, in control. It's only fitting for you to realize your place and accept being beneath me both as a person and as my seat. I think you secretly like it.

It's not long before I find the proper place for you. I enjoy my morning coffee with my bottom on your face and my feet on your thighs. I feel you struggle to support my weight and keep me level with the table, all while not being able to breathe. I lay you on the sofa and smother you sideways, one cheek over your mouth the other planted on your forehead and your nose up the valley between.

In the evening I arrange the pillows so I may recline back, your face so deep in my ass it may well be a part of me. Sometimes, as you know, I slip my hand and fingers down under my pants and play with my pussy while you struggle under me. I masturbate to demonstrate my mastery over you.

If anything you should be thankful to be my seat. I notice that you've lost weight since we started,

probably due to the constant straining and struggling. Your muscles are tone, you always said you wanted to shape up, lose a few pounds. You're welcome. I can only imagine how your lung capacity has improved. Well I don't have to, I know your limits better than any.

You have gotten a little pale i notice but mostly in your face which doesn't get as much natural light as it used to. You also seem a bit more tired and stupid than you used to. No big loss there.

Perhaps the most ironic change has that in the months since your smoking landed you beneath me I've picked the habit back up myself. Don't be mad. After all you broke the promise to me, your beautiful goddess, and I broke it with you, a piece of furniture. You don't make promises with furniture.

Promising you I'd quit would be the same as promising the toaster that I'd call the next day.

You just keep sitting there beneath me while I partake in your chosen vice, your downfall, while perched on top of your face. Not only are you a good place to sit and enjoy a smoke but you make the perfect ashtray as well. Don't worry though, I won't burn you anywhere that people will notice.

I know now what you didn't realize until far too late. I'm an addict, I'll always be an addict. I won't stop, I wont give up my fixes, not ever. Of all my vices you face in my ass gives me the most powerful rush of them all. I'll never give it up, no matter how much you beg and plead. I'm hooked and I'll never let you go.

After all, once an addict always an addict.