

(Dangerous BDSM Games with Dominant Mistress, Female Domination, Heatplay, Male Submission, Feminization, Sissification, CFNM, Femdom Humiliation)



# PUNISHED PEGGED

**Punished and Pegged**  
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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This bundle of stories is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, heatplay, blindfolds, **pegging with a strap on** and more.....

**Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.**

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**Excerpt**

“I want you to think about what you did, Little Slave. I want you to really contemplate the severity of your actions. Stealing is a crime.” She sounded like she was a teacher, imparting her thoughts

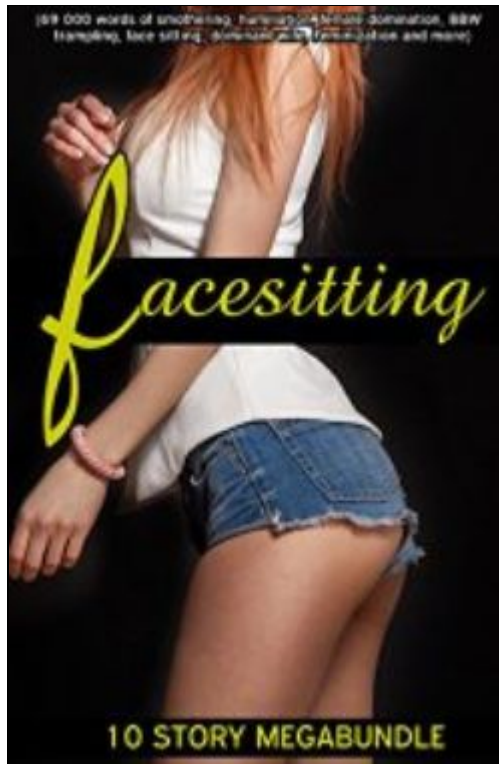
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Without warning, Nicole leaned in and grabbed my testicles again. She pinched them and massaged them in the palm of her hands, unconcerned with my unsteady position on the floor. I wondered if it was raining, because it sounded like small droplets were landing on garbage pails outside, but I could see nothing. It felt cool again, and I figured that Nicole must have let her torch flame die out. It was a welcome relief, because my skin was growing unbearably warm from the flames. Yet before I could enjoy the cooling sensation, he started up once again.

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“I have something new for you.” I could hear Nicole flicking matches until she got a flame, but I couldn’t see what she was lighting. It terrified me because I never knew what she was holding, and I never knew what to anticipate. “These are some special candles that I received in Brussels not too long ago.” Nicole lit them and then circled me again, playing with my balls and running her fingernails across the length of my shaft. I wanted to lie down and thought that my knees would give out. She must have read my mind because she decided to change the scenery.

I could feel the cold, damp air blow against my skin and I stood in silence, my hands at my side and my face looking forward. The blindfold was thick, with a faint smell of perfume, and I wondered what lied before me. It was a strange sensation, being able to hear and smell what surrounded me, but being unable to see anything. I wondered what Nicole had in store for me next. I said nothing, and instead simply waited for her cues.

Thinking back, I shouldn’t have been surprised that I ended up being under Nicole’s control. After all, I had made her look like a fool that night back in July. She had come sauntering out of the Sinners

Club down on West Bodden, and I knew that she would be the perfect target. I was always a stellar pickpocket, and the summer months always brought in more money than I ever knew what to do with.

On that particular night, I got hold of Nicole's leather handbag, and for a split second, it seemed as though my life could have changed. She had over five grand in cash stuffed inside that small holder, and I jammed it all down my pants before she could even tell what was happening. As it turns out, she knew all along that she was being robbed, but she didn't do anything to stop it. In fact, she said that in retrospect, she felt really bad for me because she knew that I needed the money and that had I known who she was, I wouldn't have even attempted to rob her.

I continued to stand blindfolded, back straight and head high. Nicole tightened the knot behind my head and I felt the fold press down on my eyes. I didn't like being unable to see. It was intimidating, and it evoked a sense of entrapment that made me question whether I would actually come out safe in the end. I took a deep breath and tried not to let the anxiety overcome me. Her dungeon was not far from the square, and I could hear the bells of the old tower clock chime eight times as I waited with increasing anticipation.

Nicole was a tall brunette, confident in herself and so she should be. Her ample cleavage showed her level of confidence and she dressed to steal attention. The first time I saw her outside the

club I noticed how she walked with a sultry walk that made traffic stop and watch as she passed by. I didn't think for a second that she'd be much of a challenge for me. And the first time, she wasn't. But I got greedy, like most people who get a flavor for something that they enjoy.

The second time that I ran into Nicole it was outside of the same club, only this time she walked out with a female friend. They were both laughing and making a lot of noise, which I considered the perfect signs of distraction. I crept quietly along the edge of the banister that separated the club from the parking lot, and waited for her to round the corner. Then I reached for her handbag. I grabbed her leather bag with no hitches, but unlike the first time I had snatched it, the second time was different. She caught me this time.

She swiftly grabbed my crotch and started to squeeze, I felt sudden surge of pain, she had held me so tightly I thought she would crush me. Then she snickered. "Nice try, sweetheart." She grinned with satisfaction and my heart raced with fear. What would she do with me? I had never been caught before and never had I felt a pain like this. I gulped and looked around. It was dark, and nobody was outside the club except for a couple of drunken teenagers that would surely be useless in coming to my aid. I looked down at the ground, wondering what would happen next.

"So here's the deal. You got me the first time. Made off with one hundred pounds if I recall correctly." She looked up at the sky and tightened her grip on my crotch as if she were expecting

answers . “But this is the second time, and I’m not going to be as nice.” She narrowed her eyes, started twisted my package and got in my face. “I’m giving you an ultimatum. You can do one of three things.” She sounded like she was excited to corner me like this . “Your first choice is to hand over my purse.” I huffed under my breath.

“Fat chance.” I tossed back my head and waited to hear her other options.

“Your second choice is to turn yourself in to the police.” She looked at me with a frown and I laughed.

“I don’t deal with the police.”

“Okay. That leaves us with the third choice, which is to take my special punishment.” She chuckled, squeezed my crotch tighter as she slowly start to twist it and looked at me, her head cocked to the side and her eyes glaring at me. I can still remember telling her that I would take the punishment, laughing at her like it was some kind of joke.

As I stood there with the blindfold, shaking and nervous, I wondered if going to the police would have been a better alternative. She called me “Little Slave,”. I knew that there was no point in telling her that I wanted to take off the blindfold. I had agreed to the punishment, thinking at the time that it was better than the alternatives. Now I wasn’t so sure.

A flock of birds flapped their wings and I heard them settle outside her dungeon window. Her mansion was dim, even with the few lit candles that she liked to keep out in the hall. I could sense her body coming closer to me, and I flinched out of instinct. She laughed and then slapped a kiss on my cheek. Then I felt the heat. Nicole must have had her torch in front of me, because I could feel the temperature gently rising in front of me. She liked to hold the torch about three inches from my cock, as close as she could get without physically burning my clothes or my skin.

I didn't want to move because one false step and I could easily be set on fire. Nicole enjoyed watching me stand in fear. She chuckled to herself as she started to circle me, and I lowered my head in submission. "You've seem to have a nice trim figure, Little Slave." I always wondered why she referred to me as "little" when I was quite clearly the opposite.

"Don't you think I've endured enough of your punishment?" I tried to be respectful, yet assertive. After all, I had no idea what she might choose to do. What if she got angry with me in a moment of retrospect, and decided to impart harsher vengeance upon me? I wanted to see that she felt satisfied with her punishment, yet I wanted to remain safe and unharmed in the process.

"I'm not sure that I will ever feel that you've endured enough." Nicole sneered at me and then adjusted her tone. "On the other hand, maybe after I get you tied up with some of this twine, I'll feel a

littler more at peace.” With that, she unraveled a long piece and grabbed my wrists. Then she wrapped it around several times, with each circular movement growing increasingly tighter. I winced but she didn’t let up on her task.

“Surely that is enough. My wrists feel like the circulation is cut off.” I exaggerated a little, but for the most part it was terribly uncomfortable, and the only reason that I endured the wrapping of the twine around my wrists was because she let up on the torturous heat from the torch for a few moments. I wanted to break free, and my legs were growing weary from standing for so long. Yet Nicole still had more torture to inflict.

“Maybe if you had been more cognizant of how your behavior would affect your future, you wouldn’t be in this situation.” Nicole started to sound intimidating. I wanted to tell her that I would never steal from another soul ever again, but I knew that it would be of no use. She was set on making me endure her punishment and I had to submit to her demands.

Nicola grabbed me by the arm and told me to get on my knees. I knelt down and could tell that the temperature was changing outside. A cool breeze swept into the room, and I guessed that it was probably close to sundown by now. No sooner had the coolness of the air come inside when I felt the familiar presence of something hot beside my body. It was Nicola wielding her torch once again, and this time I was too weary to protest.

I knelt down, my knees crunching on the hardwood floors. I wanted her to release me, wanted her to let me just apologize for robbing her twice. But a piece of me still had too much pride, and Nicola would not be moved by my pleas for mercy. “When I untie your wrists, I want to see you take off your shirt and trousers off then I want you to get back on your knees.” Nicole gave me new orders and I waited while she sliced through the rope and unbound my hands.

Once free, I did as she requested. I rubbed the raw skin around my wrists once to see if there was still sensation. Then I gingerly lifted my arms up over my head, pulled my top off and slid my jeans off, followed shortly by my boxers. I gently laid them on the cold, marble floor, and then stood silently. Nicole always liked to stare at my cock, admiring its hesitancy to rise in front of her. She said she loved seeing men bared naked in front of her, standing in her cold dungeon, with their members hanging at her mercy. . I waited for her instructions, and she approached me with the torch once again.

“I’ve got something new for your hands, Little Slave.” Nicole didn’t have any time for complaints or resistance. I couldn’t even see a shadow from underneath the blindfold, so I tried to guess what she might do next. Within minutes she had produced something that made a clanging sound. I guessed that it must be chains of some sort, and I was right. “I want to see restrained yet unable to control your sexual desires while you’re chained up, and I want you to

remain on your knees in submission. Do you understand?” Nicole questioned me and I nodded my head in submission.

She circled in front of me and I could tell where she stood by the smell of her perfume. It was a sweet strawberry scent and I actually grew fond of it, but the sensations I had were so unpredictable. In one moment I was reeling from the intensity of the torch’s heat, and in another I was contemplating what it would feel like to be truly at the sexual mercy of a dominant and overpowering woman. Something about being dominated was enticing, and I wanted to know what it felt like to be truly under Nicole’s complete control.

“I want you to think about what you did, Little Slave. I want you to really contemplate the severity of your actions. Stealing is a crime.” She sounded like she was a teacher, imparting her thoughts in a classroom of children who were thirsty for knowledge. I lowered my head and tried to move my hands, but my wrists were bound so tightly in the chains that I could barely concentrate. I tried to think about something that would take my mind off the pain, like a warm bath or a glass of wine. But even such mind games proved useless. My knees were growing wobbly and my back hurt from remaining in the same position.

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were landing on garbage pails outside, but I could see nothing. It felt cool again, and I figured that Nicole must have let her torch flame die out. It was a welcome relief, because my skin was growing unbearably warm from the flames. Yet before I could enjoy the cooling sensation, he started up once again.

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“Come with me into the bedroom.” Nicole led me by the arm. She held onto my chained wrists and then sat me back on her bed. It was a welcome relief, to be sitting on a soft surface and to have a respite from the heat. But it didn’t last for long. Nicole climbed up on the bed and proceeded to chain my feet. Then she told me to lie back, and to lie still while she got another candle lit. “Here, just for fun, I’ll give you a little peek.” Nicole pulled the blindfold up over my eyes.

I looked around the room, trying to absorb as much as I could in a short period of time. She had candles lit everywhere, and a large scorched torch sat beside the bed. Her mansion was so large

that I couldn't tell what time of day it was because the curtains were drawn in the bedroom, and the next room was several feet down the hall. I shuddered when I looked again at the torch, wondering what she planned to do with it next.

I glanced at my hands and noticed that the chains were making my skin raw. The bed covers were purple satin, and I wanted to turn over and sleep, but Nicole would have no parts with my resting. She ran her hands over my chest and then onto my stomach. Then she started to massage the tip of my cock, which she always said were one of her favorite parts of my body. I looked at her and for a second and again, despite the torture she had put me through, I felt curious about what she would feel fully sexually overpowering.

Nicole was so dominating that it gave me an odd sense of both fear and protection. I knew that she could have her way with me, could put me through whatever kind of harsh treatment she desired. At the same time, I was attracted to her womanly curves and her golden tanned legs. She told me to sit still while she moved her hand up and down my thought and pulled the blindfold back up over my eyes.

“Little Slave, you're going to feel some more heat.” Nicole giggled to herself and lit the torch. I could hear the flames licking up toward the ceiling and I worried that she might burn the place down. But she must have known what she was doing, because she was back in front of me again, holding a torch in front of my cock,

watching me squirm from the heat. It was a sensation that I could never forget, no matter how hard I tried. I now knew what it must feel like to be a moth that has flown right into the path of a flame. The heat got more and more intense, as I become harder and harder until finally, I screamed. But Nicole didn't let up.

“Little Slave, you're cock looks gorgeous when it's standing to attention, showing me the respect I deserve even when it is in the face of danger in front of the fire. It gets me off.” Nicole got quiet for a second, and I had a feeling that she was eyeing my hard cock, I couldn't hear anything. I tried to move my feet but they were chained so tightly that all I could do was wriggle my toes and try to focus on being freed from her bondage. Nicole backed off with the heat and I took a deep breath. A cool breeze came through the bedroom and then there was silence.

“Let me feel you” Nicole climbed onto the bed. She must have blown out the flame because it was cool once again, and I felt like I could breathe better. Before I knew what was happening, I felt her wrap her fingers around the base of my cock, slowly starting to pump it the full length. She continued pumping me for about almost a full minute, and I groaned softly on the bed. I knew that she wasn't done torturing me, but it felt so good to get a little bit of pleasure. She circled her finger over the top of my cock egging my to explode but she stopped abruptly and yanked back the chains on my wrist.

“Get back on your knees.” She commanded me from the bed, and I did as she asked. It was a little harder to remain steady on the

bed, but I did as best as I could, considering that both my hands and my feet were tied. Nicole got a length of chain out and smacked my ass with it a few times. It was painful, but I endured it without saying a word. I wanted to ask her how much longer I had to stay in the bedroom, but I knew that she would either yell at me or ignore my question so I remained silent.

I gasped. Nicole had dripped candle wax on the tip of my cock. It came as a shocking surprise and I wanted to scream, but she covered my mouth with her hand. I writhed under her arm and then relented. There was nothing I could do except allow her to continue. She poured more across my hard shaft and then listened to me cry out in pain. It was a tantalizing sensation. The heat was so intense that it made me shake. Yet as soon as it had penetrated my core, I was overcome with a feeling of calm sensuality. I knew that she was enjoying what I looked like, and that made me feel sexy and fresh.

“You like that, Little Slave?” Nicole giggled as she teased the length of my cock with her fingernails, but it was hard to feel what she was doing because the hot wax provided a numbing sensation. I wanted to see Nicole’s expression, but it was only darkness from underneath my blindfold.

“I was actually thinking that it might be fun for you take it even further.” I went ahead and told her what I was thinking. All of my body belonged to her now, and it only made sense for me to submit to her fully for her entire presence now. She chuckled and then I

could hear her striking matches again. She dripped some wax on my feet and I let out a cry, hoping that she would ease up soon and let me get un-chained.

“Do you want to see how much you can take?” Nicole questioned me and then the heat came again with full force. It was so hot that I wanted to scream. The intense heat from the flames was right in front of my face and my stomach. She held it there until she could see the beads of sweat forming on my brow. Then she blew it out and I had my period of mercy.

“I do. I want to know if you’re as commanding with your raw body as you are with all of your torture devices.” My voice was slightly muffled from speaking through the blindfold, but she heard me.

“Well, maybe you’ll get your chance.” She got behind me and then pulled out her whip. I could feel the thin but painful strips of leather hit my ass with force. Then she took her hands and rubbed started to rub my ass cheeks. Something inside of me wanted her to both hurt me even more and but to also submit myself to her sexually. I wanted her now, and the torture was becoming too much to handle. I knew that if she would just allow me some release, all of the pain from the chains and then flames would disappear. My cock was now fully rock hard, slowly leaking just from fantasizing about her, and I knew that it would be would be time soon.

She slowly spread open my ass and then ran her delicate finger along my crack. It gave me chills and I wanted her to just unchain me, even if it were only for a few minutes, but I knew that she would deny my request. All of London bustled outside, yet we were so far removed from that reality that it seemed almost surreal. She told me to stop kneeling and to lie on my back, so I did what she asked and then waited. I didn't want anymore heat torture, but she wasn't done with me yet. The torch was lit, yet again, and she waved it in front of me, trying to get a reaction.

I was defenseless to her motives and her desires. She inched the flames closer and closer until I could practically feel them reaching up for my skin. She moved them in front of my face and I worried that she would accidentally burn me, but she didn't. I could feel the heat move once again toward my cock. "Your hard cock could use a little heat." Nicole spoke and I remained motionless. Then finally, the heat was gone again. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"You know, I hope that this all gives to time to reflect on your actions." Nicole got next to me on the bed and played with the chains that were tied round my wrists. "You didn't have to go through this, you know." She reminded me of my choices, and I nodded my head in agreement. Then she leaned forward and lifted up the blindfold. It was such a relief to see daylight again. She leaned forward and then kissed me gently on the lips. I smiled. Maybe she would decide to unchain me, as well.

“The tightness is killing me.” I motioned to my hands and then to my feet, hoping that she would set me free. But I wasn’t so lucky yet. She looked at them and then cocked her head to the side, as if contemplating what to do next. Then she got up from the bed and left the room. I looked around again, wondering if she would ever let us out of this bedroom. She came back with another torch, but this one was smaller. She pulled the blindfold down over my eyes and I knew what was coming next.

The unbearable heat stifled me once again. She had a way of holding the torch so that the flames were close enough to my body to make me scared and uncomfortable, but not so close that I would burn. It was a delicate balance that she was able to strike, and I found it impressive in a strange sort of way. She was skilled and domineering, yet she knew how to back off and she knew how to proceed. I lied in silence as she continued to torture me with the flames. Just when I thought that I couldn’t take it anymore, she stopped.

I heard her snuff out the flame and then felt her get back on the bed. She ran her hands across my pulsing and eager hard cock, slowly taking the time to explore every inch of its hardness. I sighed and thrust gently back and forth. She slid a finger under the chains that were around my feet and I begged her to take them off, but she denied me. “You will have to get used to the discomfort.” Nicole answered me and then ran her hands back over my body, stopping when she reached my testicles.

She cupped my testicles and gently squeezed them as she kissed the tip of my cock, gently nibbling on the tip and she continued to massage my balls, I patiently waited for her to give me more. I was becoming turned on and fully immersed in both her beauty and style.

Nicole licked and nibbled on the tip of my cock for a few more minutes. Then she stopped and reached for my hands. "I will give you this one break by untying your hands. But only for a little while." She unfastened the chains from my hands and I was amazed to find out that they still had sensation in them. I shook them several times and then ran them over my head, then down my body. It felt so good to use them again.

Nicole then got up suddenly and left the room. My spirits sank because I knew that she wasn't yet done with the torture. I wanted to feel something pleasurable, and the torture made me crave it even more. When Nicole came back in the room, she reached for my hands and led me off the bed and against the wall.

"Stand her and let me tie you to this chair." With that, Nicole unwound what sounded like an enormous amount of chain. She wrapped it around my body, starting up around my head, and winding her way down my body, around my back and my chest, then circling my stomach and my thighs, all the way down to my calves. The weight of the chain made me unable to move, so I simply stood motionless and waited to see what she would do next.

“Please tell me that you are almost done torturing me. I feel that I have had time to think about my behavior, and I swear that I’ll never rob you again.” I knew deep inside that I was making a serious statement, and I hoped that I would be able to live up to my word. Nicole said nothing, and I heard the strike of matches once again, followed by the intense heat. This time, I wanted to wail. It was too much. I was bound and blindfolded, and the intense heat was making it hard for me to concentrate. I just wanted her to end the torture in any way she wanted so that I could put all of my misdeeds behind me.

“If you had only picked my pocket once, then maybe I would believe you. But Little Slave, you did it twice. I’m still outraged that you stole my money and my valuables. You get what you deserve.” Nicole sounded angry whenever she re-told the story, so I decided to remain quiet from that point forward. She tightened up the chains that encased me and then opened a window. I could feel the cool air come through the room and it felt relieving.

“I promise that I’m sorry.” I bowed my head and tried to shuffle my feet but the weight of the chain was too much. I stood still and finally, after what felt like an eternity, Nicole came to my side and started to slowly unravel the chain. I savored each length that she peeled off, and by the time she reached my feet, I was ready to beg for mercy. I wanted the torture to finally be over, and Nicole must have decided to give in. She approached me and pulled the blindfold up, looking deeply into my eyes.

“I want to believe you, but you have given me so many reasons to distrust you. I suppose only time will tell.” She frowned and then sat down on the bed. I stood before her, weary and naked, my entire body wanting to collapse. Yet when I looked in her eyes, an energy coursed through me and I felt lighter. I wanted her to touch me again, but I knew that it would be on her terms, when she was ready, so I bowed my head in submission and waited for her next command. When she stood up and put her hand on my arm, I hoped that she was ready. She guided me to the bed and then sat by my feet.

The chains were still tight around my ankles, and I hoped that she would take them off. She reached in her pocket and produced the key that was needed to unlock the chains. Then she turned it, slowly, and I could feel the lock drop and the chains slide down below my ankles. It was an invigorating sensation. “Thank you, Nicole.”

She looked at me with a wry smile, and then she sat down on the bed and motioned for me to sit next to her. She ran her hands over the raw skin on my wrists, and then held them close to her chest. She guided my hands over my breasts and I could feel myself get harder again, I could feel the beating of her heart and I sensed that she was allowing me some relief. I looked in her eyes, she stood back and eyed me suspiciously.

“Just remember. This is all on my terms. You do whatever I say, Little Slave Sam.” I had only heard her call me by my real name

one other time. It got my attention, and I thought that she was beginning to realize that I wanted to amend my ways. She asserted her power with her dominant yet sexy voice and I looked at her and nodded. The scorched torch was propped against the wall and I hoped with all of my might that she wouldn't light it again.

Nicole stood with her hand on her hips, and then grabbed me by the shoulders. She leaned in and whispered "Close your eyes for me Little Slave" There was no need for a blindfold this time as I shut my eyes, I heard her high heels clicking against the floor as she walked away.

She shortly returned, with my eyes still closed, she leaned in to me and pressed her body against mine. I felt her breasts pressing against my chest and then suddenly, I felt something else.

As she leaned in to kiss me, I felt Nicole's gentle hands grab my ass cheek and push me closer to her. My thrust into her was met with a bulge between her legs. Curiosity grabbed the better of me as I started to move my hand down her body towards her legs. My fingers traced the outline of her strap-on hidden inside her underwear. Barely contained by the thin material, I felt at her mercy and under her control. I was under her spell, she felt so strong and confident. I had never been with a woman who exuded so much power. She was beautiful, powerful and confident. I had never submitted my body fully to a woman before but as my tongue lingered with her's, I wanted to submit myself to her dominance and control in any way. She ran her hands down my thighs, circling my

hard shaft and complimenting me on my masculinity. Then she reached a hand between my legs, as she cupped my testicles she asked “Can you handle it?”. Deep down inside, I knew I would finally get something that I wanted.

“Please, take me, take me like I’ve never taken before.” I whispered into Nicole’s ear and She looked at me with a seductive glint in her eye. She sat up and started to stroke her strap-on through her underwear. The bulge was large and intimidating through her black lacey material. I leaned forward and admired the bulge that I was hungry to take. I placed my hand on the thick bulge and then gently squeezed at the prospect of submitting myself to my Mistress for the first time. She closed her eyes and held on to my arm. Then we both got comfortable on the bed and she allowed me to explore the possibilities that lay in her knickers.

“Remember, I will always be in control.” Nicole held my arms down and licked my neck. Then she nibbled on my ear and gently climbed on top of me. I could feel her large breasts pressing against my chest. I tried not to think back to all of the chains and flames, but it was hard not to see the images in my mind. Nicole started to grind on top of me and I didn’t want to wait any longer. I yanked at her flimsy knickers and then pulled them off so that I could wrap my hand her thick plastic dick.

She started to move on top of me and I wrapped my arms around her waist, pulling her body as close to me as possible. I spread open my legs and then waited for the pleasurable sensation

to arise. She moved slowly, as each inch of my tight and ready ass met the thick hardness of her plastic cock. I moaned softly, and she thrust inside of me, harder with every thrust. I could still imagine the blindfold on my eyes, and when I opened them and saw Nicole's face in front of mine, it was almost shocking because I was so accustomed to the darkness.

“Nicole, this is what I've waited for.” I whispered slowly in her ear as she moved with precision inside of me. Her body felt so strong and firm that I wanted to hold on to the feeling as long as I could. The many hours of torture had all led up to this final scenario, and I felt thankful to be where I was at that moment. I didn't want to think back to the night that I picked her pocket outside of the club, and I didn't want to think that she would never be able to trust me again.

“This is just a little break, you know.” Nicole whispered to me as I arched my back underneath the weight of her body. “I'm going to have to chain you up again once we're finished.” She continued to thrust her cock inside of me and I cried out because it felt so amazing. I didn't want to think if those chains, so I pretended not to hear what she said. Instead, I ran grabbed her back and pulled her harder against me. She was sweating, and I could feel every inch of the hardness of the dildo pressing against the inside of anal walls. Just when I thought that it would be too much pleasure to handle, she slowed down.

It was getting cold inside the mansion, and I needed her body against mine to keep me warm. I wrapped my ankles around her legs and her breasts pressed down even further on my chest. She started to move again rhythmically inside me until my cries became faster and louder. I was starting to reach an orgasm and I didn't want her to slow down. My body absorbed her sexual energy and my mind was entirely focused on the physical pleasure I was receiving.

Just then, I felt my cock start to twitch as she continued thrusting inside of me. I was harder than ever, waiting to release, I could sense it coming if Nicole continued to penetrate me with as much force as she started with. I closed my eyes as then it became too much to contain. I opened my mouth and let out a resounding groan as one, two, then three, I suddenly came, harder than ever, I released a flood of ecstasy over her chest. I had never experienced such intensity before, and I was in awe that it had happened from a woman strapping herself and entering me..

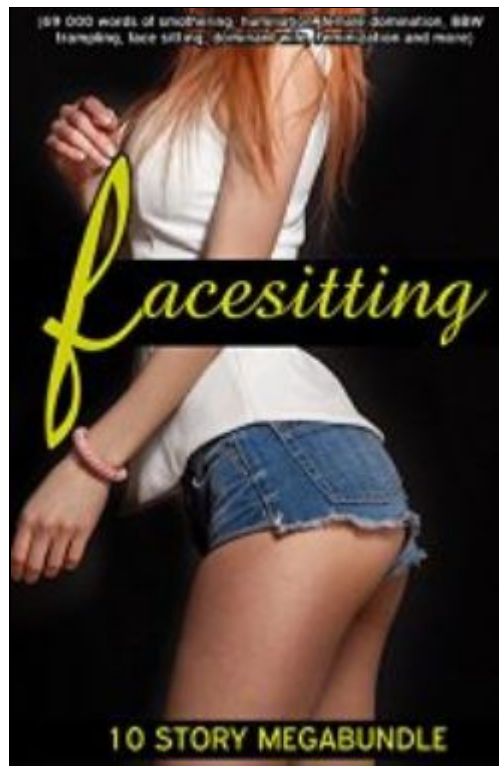
Nicole continued to thrust into me, ignoring my orgasm. Pushing harder and faster, Nicole paused as she reached her own orgasm. She screamed in ecstasy as she released over my satisfied cock. As she perched on her elbows, she looked into my eyes. Words were no longer needed, I knew that she had more torture planned for me, but in that one quiet moment, the two of us simply savored the delicious aftermath, in perfect and utter silence. I closed my eyes and thought back to the night at the club when I had picked Nicole's pocket. Maybe I had made the right choice, after all.

THE END

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